



Highlands Songbook

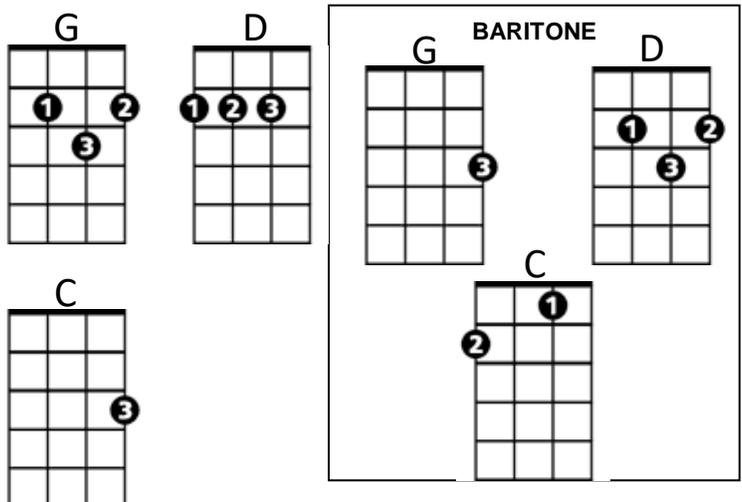
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## A Jug of Punch (Paddy Clancy / Tom Clancy / Liam Clancy / Tommy Makem)

**G**  
One pleasant evening in the month of June  
**D** **G**  
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon  
**C**  
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch  
**D7** **G**  
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"  
**G** **D**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,  
**D7** **G**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay  
**C**  
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch  
**D7** **G**  
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"  
  
**G**  
What more diversion can a man desire?  
**D** **G**  
Than to sit him down by snug turf fire  
**C**  
Upon his knee a pretty wench  
**D7** **G**  
And on the table a jug of punch  
**G** **D**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,  
**D7** **G**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay  
**C**  
Upon his knee a pretty wench  
**D7** **G**  
And on the table a jug of punch  
  
**G**  
Let the doctors come with all their art  
**D** **G**  
They'll make no impression upon my heart  
**C**  
Even a cripple forgets his hunch  
**D7** **G**  
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch  
**G** **D**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,  
**D7** **G**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay  
**C**  
Even a cripple forgets his hunch

**D7** **G**  
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch  
**G**  
And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own  
**D** **G**  
And if they don't like me they can leave me alone  
**C**  
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow  
**D7** **G**  
And I'll be welcome wherever I go  
**G** **D**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,  
**D7** **G**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay  
**C**  
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow  
**D7** **G**  
And I'll be welcome wherever I go  
  
**G**  
And when I'm dead and in my grave  
**D** **G**  
No costly tombstone will I have  
**G** **C**  
Just lay me down in my native peat  
**D7** **G**  
With a jug of punch at my head and feet  
**G** **D**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,  
**D7** **G**  
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay  
**G** **C**  
Just lay me down in my native peat  
**D7** **G**  
With a jug of punch at my head and feet



## A Scottish Soldier (Green Hills of Tyrol)

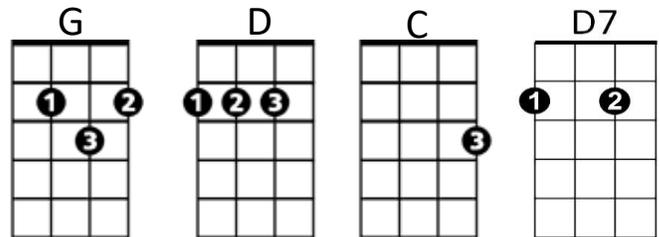
**G**  
 There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier  
**D** **G**  
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away  
**G**  
 There was none bolder, with good broad  
 shoulders  
**D** **D7** **G**  
 He fought in many a fray, and fought and won  
  
**G**  
 He'd seen the glory, he'd told the story  
**D** **G**  
 Of battles glorious and deeds victorious  
**G**  
 But now he's sighing, his heart is crying  
**D** **D7** **G**  
 To leave these green hills of Tyrol

**G**  
 And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier  
**D** **G**  
 Will wander far no more and soldier far no more  
**G**  
 And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside  
**D** **D7** **G**  
 You'll see a piper play his soldier home  
  
**G**  
 He's seen the glory, he's told the story  
**D** **G**  
 Of battles glorious and deeds victorious  
**G**  
 The bugles cease now, he is at peace now  
**D** **D7** **G**  
 Far from those green hills of Tyrol

### Chorus:

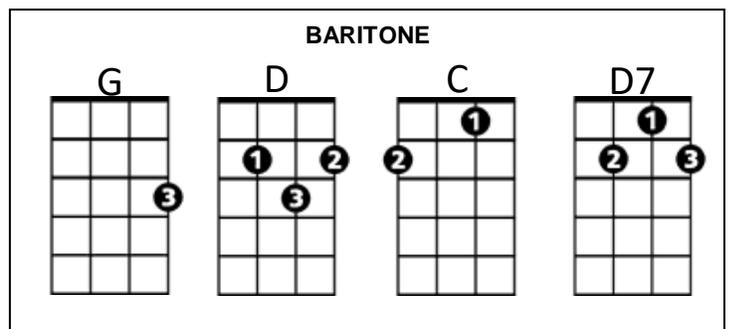
**C** **G**  
 Because those green hills are not Highland Hills  
**D** **G**  
 Or the Island Hills, they're not my land's hills  
**C** **G**  
 And fair as these green foreign hills may be,  
**D** **D7** **G**  
 They are not the hills of home

### (Chorus)



**G**  
 And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier  
**D** **G**  
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away  
**G**  
 Sees leaves are falling, and Death is calling  
**D** **D7** **G**  
 And he will fade away in that far land

**G**  
 He called his piper, his trusty piper  
**D** **G**  
 And bade him sound a lay a pibroch sad to play  
**G**  
 Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside  
**D** **D7** **G**  
 Not on these green hills of Tyrol



### (Chorus)

**Black Velvet Band** (Ronnie Drew, Luke Kelly, Barney Mac Kenna, Ciaran Bourke, John Sheehan)

**C**  
 In a neat little town they call Belfast  
**F** **G**  
 Apprenticed to trade I was bound  
**C** **Am**  
 And many an hour of sweet happiness  
**F** **G** **C**  
 I've I spent in that neat little town

But a sad misfortune's come over me  
 Which caused me to stray from the land  
 Far away from me friends and companions  
 Betrayed by the black velvet band

**Chorus:**

**C**  
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds  
**F** **G**  
 I thought her the queen of the land  
**C** **Am**  
 And her hair hung over her shoulder  
**F** **G** **C**  
 Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway  
 Intending not long for to stay  
 When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid  
 Come traipsing along the highway  
 She was both fair and handsome  
 Her neck it was white like a swan  
 And her hair hung down from her shoulders  
 Held up with a black velvet band

**(Chorus)**

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid  
 Met a gentleman as he passed by  
 Sure, I knew she meant the doing of him  
 By the look in her roguish black eye  
 A gold watch she took from his pocket  
 And placed it right into my hand  
 And the very first thing that I said was  
 "What's this?" to the black velvet band

**(Chorus)**

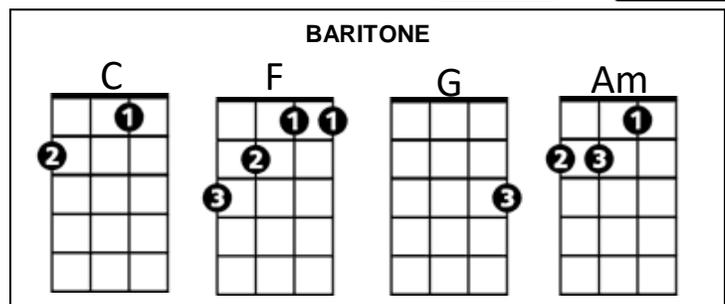
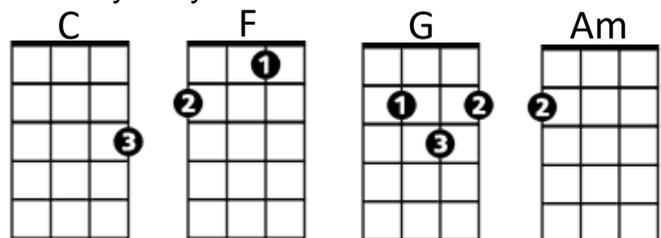
But before the Judge and the Jury  
 Next morning I had to appear  
 And the judge he says to me "Young man,  
 Your case it is proven and clear  
 I'll give you seven years penal servitude  
 To be spent far away from the land  
 Far away from your friends and companions"  
 Betrayed by the black velvet band

**(Chorus)**

So come all you jolly young fellows  
 A warning take from me  
 And if you go out on the town, me boys,  
 Beware of the pretty Colleens

They'll feed you with strong drink, my lads,  
 'Til you are unable to stand  
 And the very first thing that you'll know is  
 You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

**C**  
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds  
**F** **G**  
 I thought she was queen of the land  
**C** **Am**  
 Now I'm far from my friends and companions  
**F** **G** **C**  
 Betrayed by the black velvet band



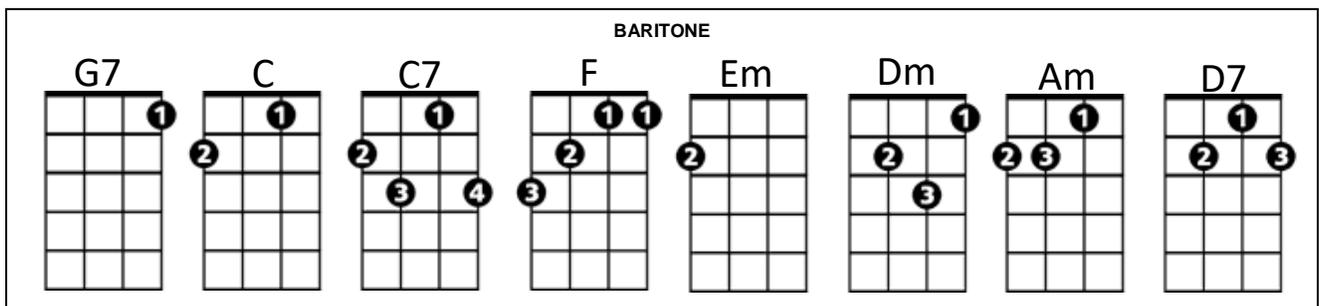
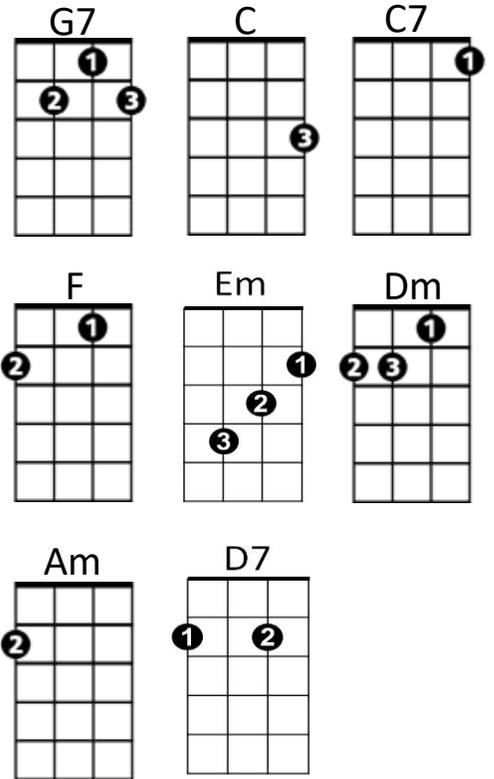
## Danny Boy (Rory Dall O’Cahan)

**G7**      **C**                      **C7**      **F**  
 Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
                  **C**              **Em**      **F**              **G7**  
 From glen to glen and down the mountain side  
                  **C**                      **C7**              **F**  
 The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying  
                  **C**              **Dm**      **G7**      **C**      **G7**  
 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

**Am**              **F**              **G7**      **C**  
 But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
                  **Am**      **F**                      **Em**              **D7**      **G7**  
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
                  **C**      **F**                      **C**      **Am**  
 And I'll be here in sunshine or in sha-dow  
                  **C**                      **F**      **G7**              **C**      **G7**  
 Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

**G7**      **C**                      **C7**      **F**  
 And if you come and all the flowers are dying  
                  **C**              **Em**      **F**              **G7**  
 And I am dead, as dead I well may be  
**G7**              **C**                      **C7**      **F**  
 You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
                  **C**              **Dm**      **G7**              **C**      **G7**  
 And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me

**Am**              **F**              **G7**      **C**  
 And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me  
                  **Am**              **F**                      **Em**              **D7**      **G7**  
 And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be  
                  **C**      **F**                      **C**      **Am**  
 For you'll not fail to tell me that you love me  
                  **C**              **F**              **G7**              **C**      **G7**  
 I'll sleep in peace until you come to me





## Mary Mac (Traditional)

**Dm**

There's a little lass and her name is Mary Mac

**C**

Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track

**Dm**

Lots of other fellows, wanna get up on her back

**C**

**Dm**

But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early

### Chorus:

**Dm**

Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me

**C**

My father's making me marry Mary Mac

**Dm**

Well, I'm gonna marry Mary

For my Mary to take care of me

**C**

**Dm**

We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac

**C**

**Dm**

Rumple umpty dumpty dumty dumty dumty ay

**Dm**

Well, this little lass, she has a lot of class

**C**

Got a lot of brass

And her father thinks I'm gas

**Dm**

So I'd be a silly ass

for to let the matter pass

**C**

**Dm**

My father says she suits me really fairly

### (Chorus)

**Dm**

Mary and her mother go an awful lot together

**C**

In fact you'd hardly ever see

The one without the other

**Dm**

And all the people wonder if it's Mary or her mother

**C**

**Dm**

Or the both of them together that I'm courting

### (Chorus)

**Dm**

The Wedding's on a Wednesday

And everything's arranged

**C**

Soon her name will change to mine

Unless her mind is changed

**Dm**

We're making the arrangements

And I'm just about deranged

**C**

**Dm**

For marriage is an awful undertaking

### (Chorus)

**Dm**

Sure to be a grand affair

And grander than a fair

**C**

There's goin' to be a coach and pair

For every pair that's there

**Dm**

We'll dine upon the finest fare,

I'm sure to get me share

**C**

**Dm**

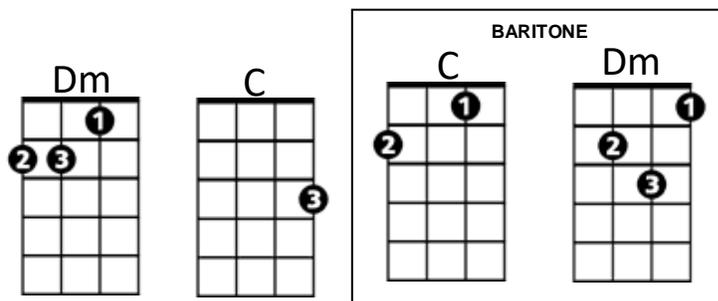
If I don't I'll be very much mistaken

### (Chorus)

Repeat Verse 1:

### (Chorus)

(Optional: 2 or 3 times, getting faster)



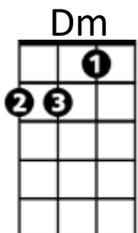
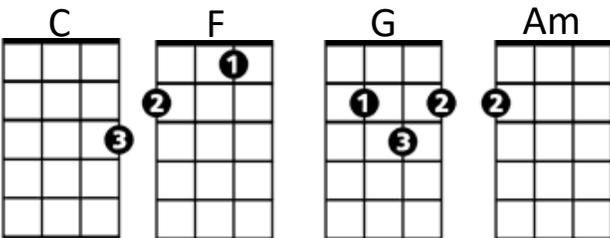
# Men of Harlech (Traditional / version by the Royal Regiment of Wales' Band)

**G C G D G**  
Tongues of fire on Id-ris flaring  
**C Am D**  
News of foe-men near declaring  
**G C G D G C**  
To heroic deeds of da-ring  
**G D G**  
Call you Harlech men!

**G C G D G**  
Groans of wounded peasants dy-ing  
**C Am D**  
Wails of wives and children flying  
**G C G D G C**  
For the distant succor crying  
**G D G**  
Call you Harlech men!

**D**  
Shall the voice of wailing  
**G**  
Now be unavailing  
You to rise who never yet

In battle's hour were failing  
**C G Am G**  
This our answer crowds down pouring  
**Am D**  
Swift as winter torrents roaring  
**G C G D G C**  
Not in vain the voice im-plor-ing  
**G D G**  
Calls on Harlech men

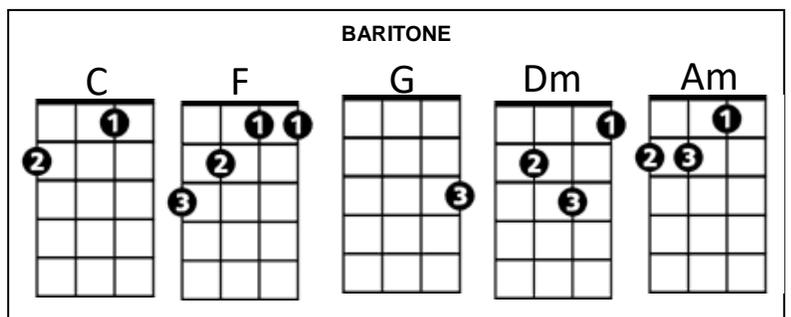


**G C G D G**  
Loud the martial pipes are sounding  
**C Am D**  
Every manly heart is bounding  
**G C G D G C**  
As our trusted chief sur-round-ing  
**G D G**  
March we Harlech men

**G C G D G**  
Short the sleep the foe is taking  
**C Am D**  
Ere the morrow's morn is breaking  
**G C G D G C**  
They shall have a rude a-wake-ning  
**G D G**  
Roused by Harlech men

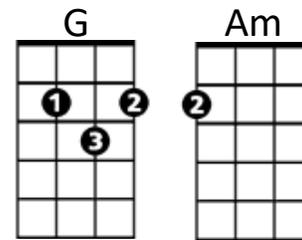
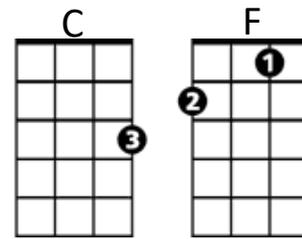
**D**  
Mothers cease your weeping  
**G**  
Calm may be your sleeping  
You and yours in safety now

The Har-lech men are keeping  
**C G Am G**  
Ere the sun is high in heaven  
**Am D**  
They you fear, by panic riven  
**G C G D G C**  
Shall like frightened sheep be dri-ven  
**G D G**  
Far by Harlech men



## Molly Malone (Cockles and Mussels) (Traditional)

**C**            **Am**            **Dm**            **G**  
 In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,  
**C**            **Em**            **Dm**            **G**  
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
**C**                                    **Am**  
 As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,  
**Dm**                                    **G**  
 Through streets broad and narrow,  
**C**                    **Em**            **G**            **C**  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"



### Chorus:

**C**            **Am**            **Dm**            **G**  
 "Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh",  
**C**                                    **Em**            **G**            **C**  
 Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

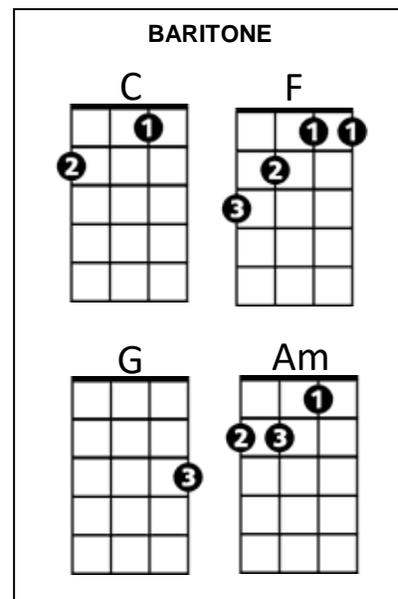
**C**            **Am**            **Dm**            **G**  
 She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,  
**C**            **Em**            **Dm**            **G**  
 For so were her father and mother before,  
**C**                                    **Am**  
 And they each wheeled their barrow,  
**Dm**                                    **G**  
 Through streets broad and narrow,  
**C**                    **Em**            **G**            **C**  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

### (Chorus)

**C**            **Am**            **Dm**            **G**  
 She died of a fever, and no one could save her,  
**C**            **Em**            **Dm**            **G**  
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
**C**                                    **Am**  
 Now her ghost wheels her barrow,  
**Dm**                                    **G**  
 Through streets broad and narrow,  
**C**                    **Em**            **G**            **C**  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

### (Chorus)

**C**            **Em**            **G**            **C**  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"



## Scotland the Brave (Marion McClurg / Cliff Hanley)

**C**  
Hark when the night is falling, Hear! Hear! The pipes are calling,  
**F C G**  
Loudly and proudly calling, down thro' the glen.

**C**  
There where the hills are sleeping, now feel the blood a-leaping,  
**F C G C**  
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

### Chorus:

**G C**  
Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my mountain hame,  
**Am D7 G G7**  
High may your proud standards gloriously wa ve!  
**C**  
Land of my high endeavour, land of the shining river,  
**F C G C**  
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the Brave.

**C**  
High in the misty Highlands out by the purple islands,  
**F C G G7**  
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies.

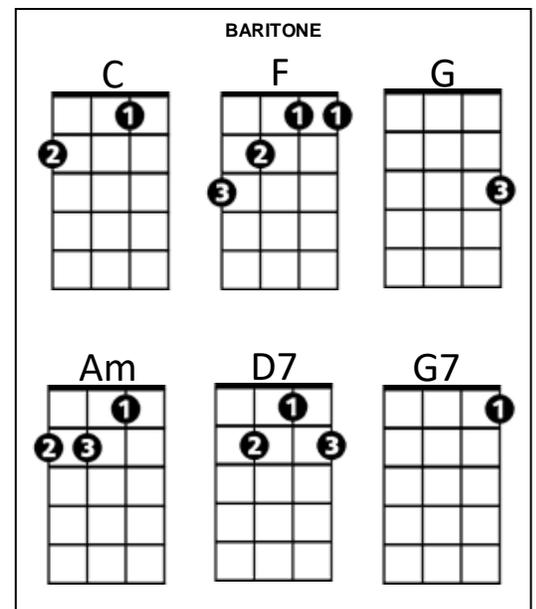
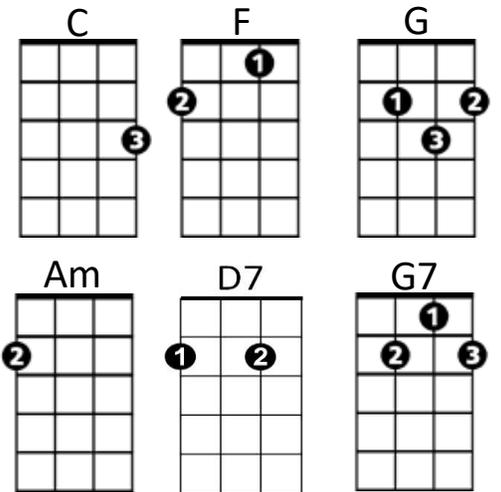
**C**  
Wild are the winds to meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you,  
**F C G C**  
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens' eyes.

### (Chorus)

**C**  
Far off in sunlit places, sad are the Scottish faces,  
**F C G**  
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain.  
**C**  
Where are the tropics beaming, love sets the heart a-dreaming,  
**F C G C**  
Longing and dreaming for the hameland again.

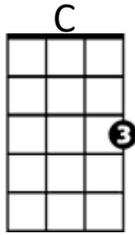
### (Chorus)

**F C G C**  
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the Brave!

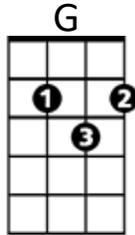


## The Gypsy Rover (Traditional)

**C G C G**  
 A gypsy rover came over the hill  
**C G C G**  
 Down through the valley so sha-dy.  
**C G**  
 He whistled and he sang  
**C F**  
 'til the green woods rang  
**C G C F C F**  
 And he won the heart of a l - a - dy.

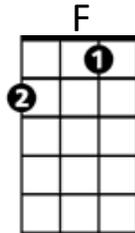


**C G C G**  
 Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed  
**C G C G**  
 With silken sheets for co - ver  
**C G C F**  
 Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground  
**C G C F C F**  
 Beside her gypsy lo - ver  
**C G C G**  
 Her father saddled up his fastest steed  
**C G C G**  
 And roamed the valley all o - ver.  
**C G C F**  
 Sought his daughter at great speed  
**C G C F C F**  
 And the whistlin' gypsy ro - ver.



**Chorus: (Play after every verse)**

**C G C G**  
 Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day  
**C G C G**  
 Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee  
**C G**  
 He whistled and he sang  
**C F**  
 'Til the green woods rang  
**C G C F C F**  
 And he won the heart of a l - a - dy.



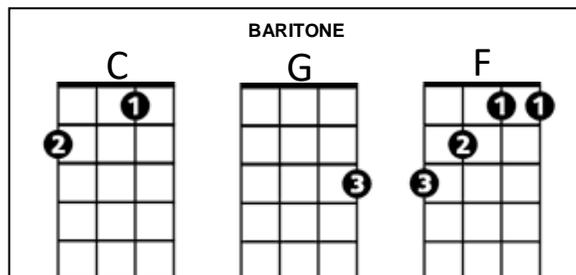
**C G C G**  
 He came at last to a mansion fine  
**C G C G**  
 Down by the river Clay - dee.  
**C G C F**  
 And there was music and there was wine  
**C G C F C F**  
 For the gypsy and his la - dy.

**C G C G**  
 She left her father's castle gate.  
**C G C G**  
 She left her own fine lo - ver.  
**C G C F**  
 She left her servants and her state  
**C G C F C F**  
 To follow her gypsy ro - ver.

**C G C G**  
 "Have you forsaken your house and home?"  
**C G C G**  
 Have you forsaken your ba - by?  
**C G C F**  
 Have you forsaken your husband dear  
**C G C F C F**  
 For a whistling gypsy ro - ver?"

**C G C G**  
 She left behind her velvet gown  
**C G C G**  
 And shoes of Spanish leath - er  
**C G**  
 They whistled and they sang  
**C F**  
 'till the green woods rang  
**C G C F C F**  
 As they rode off toge - ther

**C G C G**  
 "He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried  
**C G C G**  
 "But Lord of these lands all o - ver.  
**C G C F**  
 And I shall stay 'til my dying day  
**C G C F C F**  
 With my whistlin' gypsy ro - ver."



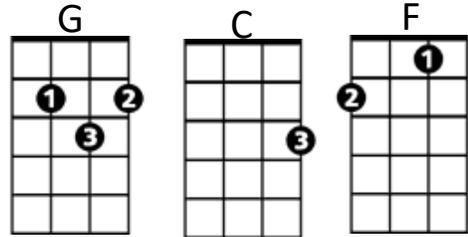




# The Wild Rover (Traditional)

## Chorus:

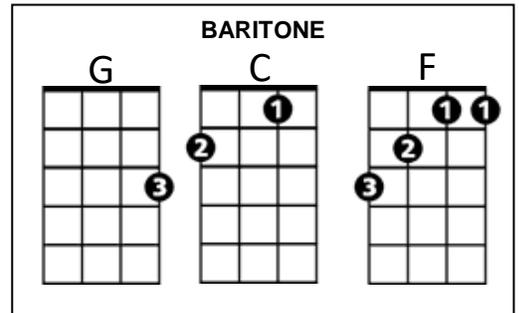
G
 And it's no, nay, never, **(THREE CLAPS)**  
C
F
 No nay never no more, **(TWO CLAPS)**  
C
F
 Will I play the wild rover **(ONE CLAP)**  
G
C
 No never no more.



C
F
 I've been a wild rover for many a year  
C
G
 And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
C
F
 And now I'm returning with gold in great store  
C
G
C
**(Chorus)**  
 And I never will play the wild rover no more.

C
F
 I went to an ale-house I used to frequent  
C
G
 And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
C
F
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay  
C
G
C
**(Chorus)**  
 Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

C
F
 I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright  
C
G
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
C
F
 She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best  
C
G
C
**(Chorus)**  
 And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."



C
F
 I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done  
C
G
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
C
F
 And if they forgive me as oft times before  
C
G
C
**(Chorus) 2x**  
 Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

## When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (Chauncey Olcott, George Graff Jr)

**C**  
 There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why  
**G7 C**  
 For it never should be there at all

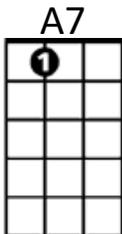
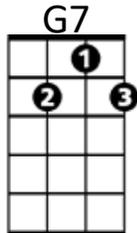
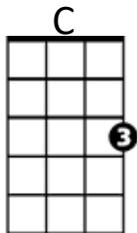
**G7**  
 With such power in your smile  
**C A7**  
 Sure a stone you'd bequile  
**D7 G7**  
 So there's never a teardrop should fall

**C**  
 When your sweet liting laughter's like some fairy song  
**G7 C C7 F**  
 And your eyes twinkle bright as can be  
**D7 G**  
 You should laugh all the while and all other times  
 smile

**D7 G**  
 And now smile a smile for me

**Chorus:**

**C**  
 When Irish eyes are smiling,  
**F C**  
 Sure tis like a morn in spring  
**F C A7**  
 In the lilt of Irish laughter  
**D7 G**  
 You can hear the angels sing  
**C C7**  
 When Irish hearts are happy  
**F C**  
 All the world seems bright and gay  
**F C A7**  
 And when Irish eyes are smil-ing  
**D7 G7 C**  
 Sure they steal your heart away



**C**  
 For your smile is a part, of the love in your heart  
**G7 C**  
 And it makes even sunshine more bright

**G7**  
 Like the linnet's sweet song  
**C A7**  
 Crooning all the day long  
**D7 G7**  
 Comes your laughter and light

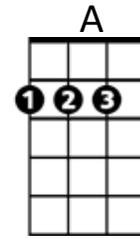
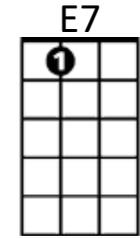
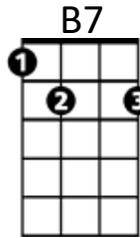
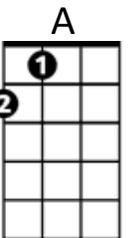
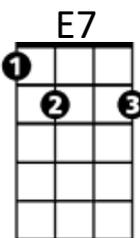
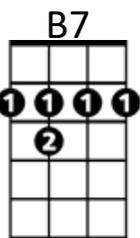
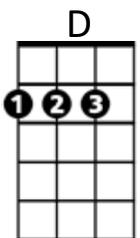
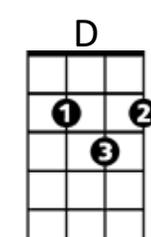
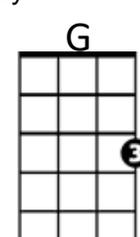
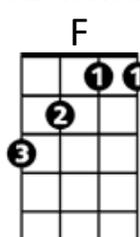
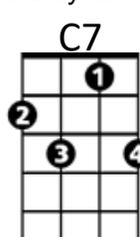
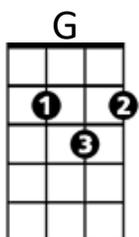
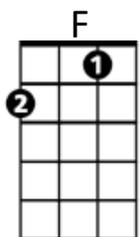
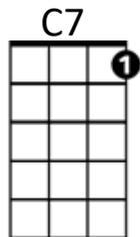
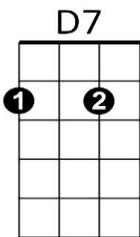
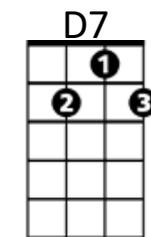
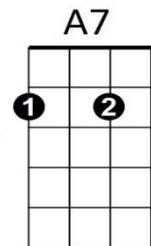
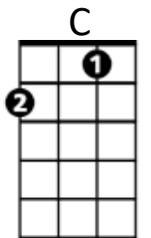
**C**  
 For the springtime of life, is the sweetest of all  
**G7 C**  
 And there is ne'er a real care or regret  
**G7**  
 And while springtime is ours

**C A7**  
 Throughout all of youth's hours  
**D7 G**  
 Let us smile each chance we get

**[Chorus]**

**A7 D**  
 When Irish eyes are smiling,  
**G D**  
 Sure 'tis like a morn in spring  
**G D B7**  
 In the lilt of Irish laughter  
**E7 A**  
 You can hear the angels sing  
**D D7**  
 When Irish hearts are happy  
**G D**  
 All the world seems bright and gay  
**G D B7**  
 And when Irish eyes are smil-ing  
**E7 A7 D**  
 Sure they steal your heart away

BARITONE



## Whiskey in the Jar

**C** **Am**  
 As I was goin' over the far famed Kerry Mountains,  
**F** **C**  
 I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was  
 countin'  
**C** **Am**  
 I first produced me pistol and then produced me  
 rapier,  
**F** **C**  
 Sayin' "Stand and deliver, for he were the bold  
 deceiver!"

**Chorus:**

**G**  
 Musha ring ruma du ruma da  
**C**  
 Whack fol the daddy O,  
**F**  
 Whack fol the daddy O,  
**C G C**  
 There's whiskey in the jar.

**C** **Am**  
 I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny  
**F** **C**  
 I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny  
**C** **Am**  
 She sighed and she swore that she never would  
 deceive me  
**F** **C**  
 But the devil take the women for they never can be  
 easy

**(Chorus)**

**C** **Am**  
 I went up to me chamber, all for to take a slumber  
**F** **C**  
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no  
 wonder  
**C** **Am**  
 But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up  
 with water  
**F** **C**  
 Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the  
 slaughter

**(Chorus)**

**C** **Am**  
 'twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel  
**F** **C**  
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain  
 Farrell  
**C** **Am**  
 I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier  
**F** **C**  
 I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

**(Chorus)**

**C** **Am**  
 Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-  
 rolling  
**F** **C**  
 And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling  
**C** **Am**  
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
**F** **C**  
 And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright  
 and early

**(Chorus)**

**C** **Am**  
 If anyone can aid me 't'is me brother in the army  
**F** **C**  
 If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney  
**C** **Am**  
 And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through  
 Killkenny  
**F** **C**  
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better than me own a-  
 sporting Jenny

**(Chorus) 2x**

