

# Fairytales of New York

Text und Musik: Shane MacGowan and Jem Finer

Arrangement: Andreas Fiebig

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. Chord symbols (N.C., A, E<sup>9</sup>, H<sup>7</sup>, E, H) are placed above the vocal line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some lines split across two staves. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line. The score ends with a double bar line and a final chord symbol (A).

in the  
in the  
It was Christmas Eve babe in the

drunk tank an old man said to me, won't see another one. the rare old  
drunk tank an old man said to me, won't see another one. the rare old

drunk tank an old man said to me, won't see another one. And then he sang a song, the rare old

moun-tain dew. I turned my face away and dreamed a-bout you. came in eight-  
moun-tain dew. I turned my face away and dreamed a-bout you. came in eight-

mountain dew. I turned my face away and dreamed a-bout you. Got on a luck-y one came in eight-

een to one. I've got a feeling this year's for me and you. I love you  
een to one. I've got a feeling this year's for me and you. I love you

een to one. I've got a feeling this year's for me and you. So hap-py Christmas. I love you

ba-by. I can see a better time when all our dreams come true.  
ba-by. I can see a better time when all our dreams come true.

ba-by. I can see a better time when all our dreams come true.

E H E A H E H C#m A

They've got cars big as bars, they've got rivers of gold but the

They've got cars big as bars, they've got rivers of gold but the

E H E H C#m A

wind goes right through you, it's no place for the old. When you first took my hand on a cold Christmas Eve, you

wind goes right through you, it's no place for the old. When you first took my hand on a cold Christmas Eve, you

E H E H

promise me Broadway was waiting for me. You were handsome, when the

promise me Broadway was waiting for me. You were handsome, when the

you were pretty, queen of New York cit-ty when the

you were pretty, queen of New York cit-ty when the

E A H E A7+ H

band finished playing they howled out for more. Si - na-tra was swinging all the drunks they were singing, we

band finished playing they howled out for more. Si - na-tra was swinging all the drunks they were singing, we

band finished playing they howled out for more. Si - na-tra was swinging all the drunks they were singing, we

E A H E A H7 C#m H A

kissed on a cor-ner then danced through the night. The boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still

kissed on a cor-ner then danced through the night. The boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still

kissed on a cor-ner then danced through the night. The boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still

E A H C<sup>#</sup>m H<sup>9</sup> E A H H<sup>7</sup> E A  
 singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

31

singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.  
 singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

E H E C<sup>#</sup>m A E A E You're a  
 You're a

34

E H E A H E You  
 bum you're a punk lying there al-most dead on a drip in that bed. You

37

bum you're a punk lying there al-most dead on a drip in that bed. You  
 you're an old slut on junk, lying there al-most dead on a drip in that bed. You

you're an old slut on junk, lying there al-most dead on a drip in that bed. You

E A<sup>7+</sup> H E A H E The  
 scum bag, you maggot, you cheap lous-sy fag-got, happy Christmas your arse, I pray God it's the last. The

39

scum bag, you maggot, you cheap lous-sy fag-got, happy Christmas your arse, I pray God it's the last. The  
 scum bag, you mag-got you cheap lou - sy fag-got, happy Christmas your arse, I pray God it's the last. The

scum bag, you mag-got you cheap lou - sy fag-got, happy Christmas your arse, I pray God it's the last. The

A H<sup>7</sup> C<sup>#</sup>m H A E A H C<sup>#</sup>m H<sup>9</sup> E A H H<sup>7</sup> E  
 boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

41

boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.  
 boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still singing Gal-way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

44

E A E A H E H

I could have  
I could have

48

H E A E A

Well so could a - ny-one. You took my dreams from me when I first  
been someone. Well so could a - ny-one. You took my dreams from me when I first  
been someone. Well so could a - ny-one. You took my dreams from me when I first  
found you.

51

H E A

found you. I kept them with me babe. I put them with my own. Can't make it  
found you. I kept them with me babe. I put them with my own. Can't make it  
found you. I kept them with me babe. I put them with my own. Can't make it

54

E G#m/dis C#m A H E A H7 C#m H A

all a-lone I've built my dreams a-round you. The boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still  
all a-lone I've built my dreams a-round you. The boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still  
all a-lone I've built my dreams a-round you. The boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still  
all a-lone I've built my dreams a-round you. The boys of the N. Y. P. D. choir still

57

E A H C#m H9 E A H H7 E

singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.  
singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.  
singing Gal - way Bay and the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.