

The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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1 *Charlie on the M.T.A.*

Well, let me tell you of the story of a man named

Charley on a tragic and fateful day

He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and

family, went to ride on the M.T.A.

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and

his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.

He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.

He's the man who never returned

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square

Station and he changed for Jamaica Plain

When he got there the conductor told him, "One

more nickel." Charlie couldn't get off of that

train

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and

his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.

He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.

He's the man who never returned

Now, all night long Charlie rides through the

station, crying, "What will become of me?!

How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea or my

cousin in Rocksbury?"

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and

his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.

He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.

He's the man who never returned

Charlie's wife goes down to the Sculley Square

Station every day at quarter past two

And through the open window she hands Charlie a

sandwich as the train comes rumblin' through

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and

his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.

He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.

He's the man who never returned

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned and

his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and scandal.

He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.

He's the man who never returned

He's the man who never returned. He's the man

who never returned

E tu, Charlie?

Now, you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a

scandal how the people have to pay and pay?

Fight the fare increase! Vote for George O'Brien!

Get poor Charlie off the M.T.A.

2 *Take 'Em Away*

(Chorus) ^GTake 'em away, ^Ctake 'em away, Lord

^GTake away these ^Dchains from me

^GMy heart is broken 'cause my ^Cspirit's not free

^GLord take away these ^Dchains from me ^G

Some birds' feathers are too bright to be caged

I know I'm not that colorful but a bird just the
same

Open up your gate now, let me put down my load

So I can feel at ease and go back to my home

(Chorus)

Sun beatin' down, my legs can't seem to stand

There's a boss man at a turnrow with a rifle in his
hand

I've got nine children, nothin' in the pan

My wife she died hungry while I was plowin' land

(Chorus)

Can't see when I go to work, can't see when I get
off

How do you expect a man not to get lost

Every year I just keep getting deeper in debt

If there's a happy day, Lord, I haven't seen one yet ⁵

(Chorus)

Land that I love is the land that I'm workin'

But it's hard to love it all the time when your back

3 *Sally Gardens*

(Repeat 1st verse and refrain)

It was ^Gdown by the ^DSally ^Cgar—^Gdens

My ^Clove and I ^Ddid ^Gmeet

She ^Gcrossed the ^DSally ^Cgar—^Gdens

With ^Clittle ^Dsnow—^Gwhite feet

(Chorus) She ^Gbid me to take ^Clife ^Deasy

As the ^{Em}leaves ^Cgrow ^Don the ^Gtree

But I ^{Em}was ^Dyoung and ^Cfool—^Gish

And with her ^Cdid ^Dnot ^Gagree

In a field down by the river

My love and I did stand

And upon my leaning shoulder

She laid her snow—white hand

She bid me take life easy

As the grass grows on the weirs

But I was young and foolish

And now I am full of tears

4 *Marie's Wedding*

(Chorus) ^G Step we gaily on we go

^C Heel for heel and ^D toe for toe

^G Arm and arm and row and row

^C All for Marie's ^D wedding

Over hillways, up and down

Myrtle green and bracken brown

Past the sheilings through the town

All for the sake of marie

(Refrain)

Red her cheeks as rowan's are

Bright her eyes as any star

Fairest of them all by far

Is our darlin' marie

(Refrain)

Plenty herring, plenty meal

Plenty peat to fill her k reel

Plenty bonnie bairns as well

That's the toast for Marie

(Refrain 2x)

5 *The Irish Rover*

^G In the year of our Lord, eighteen ^C hundred and six,

^G We set sail from the Coal Quay of ^D Cork

^G We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks ^C

^G For the grand City Hall in New ^D York ^G

^G We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged 'fore and aft ^D

^G And how the trade winds drove her ^D

^G She had twenty-three masts and she stood several ^C

blasts

^G And they called her the Irish – - ^D ^G Rover

There was Barney Magee from the banks of the Lee

There was Hogan from County Tyrone

There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of
work

And a chap from Westmeath named Malone

There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule

And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover

And your man Mick McCann, from the banks of the

Bann

Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags

We had two million barrells of bone

We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails

We had four million barrells of stone

We had five million hogs and six million dogs

And seven million barrells of porter

We had eight million sides of old blind horses' hides

In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke
out

And our ship lost her way in a fog

And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two

'Twas myself and the captain's old dog

Then the ship struck a rock, oh, Lord what a shock

And nearly tumbled over

Turned nine times around then the poor old dog

was drowned

I'm the last of the Irish Rover

6 *Fields of Athenry*

D *G*
By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl

D *A*
call—ing

D *G* *A*
Michael, they have taken you away,

D *G*
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,

D *A*
So the young might see the morn

Em *A* *D*
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

D *G* *D* *Bm*
[Chorus] Low lie the fields of Athen—ry

D
Where once we watched the (*Bm) small free birds

A
fly

D *G*
Our love was on the wing

D *A*
We had dreams and songs to sing

Em *A* *D*
It's so lonely round the fields of Athen—ry

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling

Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free

Against the famine and the crown,

I rebelled, they cut me down

Now you must raise our child with dignity

[Chorus]

By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star
fall

As the prison ship sailed out against the sky

For she lived to hope and pray for her love in
Botany Bay

It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

[Chorus]

7 *New York Girls*

(Chorus)

As I^G walked down the C Broadway one evening in
D July

I met a maid who asked my trade – A sailor lad^{G D}
says I^G

To Tiffany's I took her, I did not mind expense
An' I bought her two gold ear-rings, and they cost
me fifty cents

(Chorus) And away^{G C} Santy – My dear^{G D} Annie
O^{G C} you New York girls, can't you^{G D} dance the^G polka

Says she – You lime-juice sailor, now see me home
you may

But when we reached her cottage door, she unto me
did say

She says her man's a Yankee, with his hair cut short
behind

And he wears a pair of tall sea boots and he sails in
the Blackball Line

He's homeward bound this evening, and with me he
will stay

So get a move on sailor boy, get cracking on your
way!

(Chorus)

I kissed her hard and proper, before her yankee
came

So fare ya well you Bowery girl, I know your little
game.

(Chorus)

I wrapped me rags right round me and to the docks
did steer.

I'll never court another girl, I'll stick to rum and
beer

(Chorus)

I joined a yankee slug boat, we're set to sail next

morn,

Don't ever mess with women boys, you're safer

round cape horn!

| (Chorus)

Repeat 15 more times or so....

8 *Star of the County Down*

Em *G* *D*
In Banbridge Town in the County Down
Em *C* *D*
One morning last July,
Em *G* *D*
From a breen green came a sweet colleen
Em *D* *Em*
And she smiled as she passed me by.
G *D*
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
Em *C* *D*
To the sheen of her nut brown hair.
Em *G* *D*
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
Em *D* *Em*
For to see I was really there.

[Chorus] *G* *D*
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and
Em *C* *D*
From Galway to Dublin Town,
Em *G* *D*
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
Em *D* *Em*
That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,

And I looked with a feelin' rare,

And I say's, say's I, to a passer-by,

"Whose the maid with the nut brown hair"?

He smiled at me and he says, say's he,

"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.

It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,

She's the star of the County Down".

[Chorus]

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there

And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,

With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked

Right for a smile from my nut brown rose.

No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke

Till my plough turns rust colored brown.

Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside

Sits the star of the County Down.

[Chorus]

9 Molly Malone

G *Em*
In Dublin's fair city

Am *D*
Where the girls are so pretty

G *Em* *Am* *D*
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma—lone

G *Em*
As she wheeled her wheel—barrow

Am *D*
Through the streets broad and narrow

G *Em/C* *D* *G*
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

G *Em*
Alive, alive, oh

Am *D*
Alive, alive, oh

G *Em/C* *D* *G*
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger

And sure, t'was no wonder

For so were her mother and father before

And they wheeled their barrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

(Refrain)

She died of a fever

And sure, so one could save her

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone

Now her ghost wheels her barrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

(Refrain 2x)

10 *Eileen Aroon*

$\overset{D}{I}$ know a valley fair, $\overset{G}{Ei}$ — $\overset{D}{leen}$ A—roon
 $\overset{D}{I}$ know a cottage there, $\overset{G}{Ei}$ — $\overset{D}{leen}$ A—roon
 $\overset{D}{Far}$ in the $\overset{G}{valley}$ shade $\overset{D}{I}$ know a $\overset{A}{tender}$ maid
 $\overset{D}{Flow'r}$ of the $\overset{A}{hazel}$ glade, $\overset{D}{Ei}$ — $\overset{G}{leen}$ $\overset{A}{Aroon}$

Who in the song so sweet, Eileen Aroon

Who in the dance so fleet, Eileen Aroon

Dear are her charms to me, dearer her laughter free

Dearest her constancy, Eileen Aroon

Were she no longer true, Eileen Aroon

What would her lover do, Eileen Aroon

Fly with a broken chain, far o'er the sounding main

Never to love again, Eileen Aroon

Youth will in time decay, Eileen Aroon

Beauty must fade away, Eileen Aroon

Castles are sacked in war, chieftains are scattered far

Truth is a fixed star, Eileen Aroon

$\overset{G}{G}$ $\overset{D}{D}$ $\overset{G}{G}$ $\overset{D}{D}$ $\overset{G}{G}$ $\overset{A}{A}$ $\overset{D}{D}$
- - Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon,

Eileen Aroon

11 *Rose Red Round*

Rose, Rose, Rose red,
Shall I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire
At thy will.

Ding ding ding dong
Wedding bells on an April morn'
Carve your name on a moss covered stone
On a moss covered stone.

Heigh-ho, nobody home
Meat, nor drink, nor money have I none.
Yet I will be merry.
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

Little bird
Take thy flight,
High above the sorrows
Of this dark night.

12 *The Rocky Road to Dublin*

While in ^{*Bm*} the merry month of June from me home
I started,
Left the girls of Tuam ^{*A*} Nearly broken hearted,
^{*Bm*} Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, me ^{*A*} grief and tears to smother,
Then off ^{*Bm*} to reap the corn, leave where I was ^{*A*} born,
^{*Bm*} Cut ^{*A*} a stout black thorn to banish ghosts and
goblins;
^{*Bm*} Bought a pair of brogues ^{*A*} rattling o'er the ^{*Bm*} bogs ^{*A*}
And ^{*Bm*} fright'ning all the ^{*A*} dogs on the rocky road to
Dublin.

[Chorus] ^{*Bm*} One, two, ^{*A*} three four, ^{*Bm*} five,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
^{*A*} all the way to Dublin, ^{*Bm*} Whack fol ^{*A*} la ^{*Bm*} de rah !

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,	Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.
Started by daylight next morning blithe and early,	The Captain at me roared, said that no room had
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from sinking;	he;
Thats a Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking.	When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy.
See the lassies smile, laughing all the while	Down among the pigs, played some hearty rigs,
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a	Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me
bubblin'	bubbling;
Asked me was I hired, wages I required,	When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead,
I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.	Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin.
[Chorus]	[Chorus]
In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity	Well the boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.	Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it.
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality;	Blood began to boil, temper I was losing;
Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality.	Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing.
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,	"Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly.
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'	Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a
Enquiring for the rogue, they said me Connaught	hobble in,
brogue	With a load "hurray !" joined in the affray.
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.	We quitely cleared the way for the rocky road to
[Chorus]	Dublin.
From there I got away, me spirits never falling,	[Chorus]

13 Gypsy Rover (*Whistlin Gypsy*)

G *C* *D*
The gypsy rover came over the hill
G *C* *D*
Down through the valley so sha—dy
G *Am* *D* *Em*
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
G *Am* *D* *G*
And he won the heart of a la—dy

G *C* *D*
Ah dee do, ah dee do da day
G *C* *D*
Ah dee do, ah dee day dee
G *Am* *D* *Em*
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
G *Am* *D* *G*
And he won the heart of a la—dy

She left her father's castle gate
She left her own fond lover, left her servants
And estate
To follow the gypsy rover
(Chorus)
Her father saddled his fastest steed
Roamed these valleys all over
Sought his daughter at break neck speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover
(Chorus)
he came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady
(Chorus)
"He is no gypsy, my father", she said
But Lord of these lands all over
And I will stay till my dying day
With the whistlin' gypsy rover

14 *Roddy McCorley*

O see the fleet-foot host of men, who speed with
faces drawn,

From farmstead and from fishers' hut, along the
banks of Ban;

They come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late!
Too late are
they,

For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the
bridge of Toome
today.

Up the narrow street he stepped, smiling, proud and
young.

About the hemp-rope on his neck, the golden
ringlets clung;

There's ne'er a tear in his blue eyes, both glad and
bright are
they,

As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge
of Toome
today.

When he last stepped up that street, his shining
pike in hand

Behind him marched, in grim array, a stalwart
earnest band.

To Antrim town! To Antrim town, he led them to
the fray,

As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge
of Toome today.

There's never a one of all your dead more bravely
fell in fray

Than he who marches to his fate on the bridge of
Toome today;

True to the last! True to the last, he treads the
upwards way,

And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the
bridge of Toome today.

And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the
bridge of Toome today.

15 *My Comrade*

Fighting bravely in the battle
Gallop on and on,
Riding in the ranks of horsemen
Thou wert my dearest comrade
Thou the one I loved the most, (x2)

An arrogant Cavalier
The strongest of his corps
Lunged at me in thirst of blood
But thy faithful love showed no fear
And thy heart the lance did find (x2)

I've avenged this mortal wound
That thou received in my stead
Deep and deep into the dark of night
I have wept for thee my comrade
Kneeling by thy holy grave, (x2)

In my sadness, how I wander
Without meaning I must ride
From this o so deadly ambush
I have lost my dearest comrade
I will never laugh again, (x2)

O prince pray thee, hear my ballade
Listen to my pleading call
I pray God who loves the soldier
To quickly place him, my comrade,
At the right of Christ the Lord, (x2)

16 *Blacks and Tans*

Bm
I was born in the Dublin street
A
Where the loyal drums do beat,
Bm
And the loving English feet walked all over us;
D *A*
And every single night when me dad would come
home tight,
Bm *A* *Bm*
He'd invite the neighbours out with this chorus:

[Chorus] *Bm*
Come out you black and tans,
A
Come out and fight me like a man,
Bm
Show your wife how you won medals down in
Flanders;
D *A*
Tell her how the IRA made you run like hell away,
Bm *A* *Bm*
From the green and lovely lanes of Killeshandra.

Come tell us how you slew
Them ol' Arabs two by two,
Like the Zulus they had knives and bows and
arrows;
Of how bravely you faced one with your
sixteen-pounder gun,
And you frightened all the natives to the marrow.
(Chorus)
Come let us hear you tell
How you slammed the brave Parnell,
And taught him well and truly persecuted;
Where are the stares and jeers that you proudly let
us hear,
When our heroes of sixteen were executed.
(Chorus)
Oh! Come out you British Huns,
Come out and fight without your guns,
Show your wife how you won medals up in Derry;
You murdered sixteen men and you'll do the same
again,
So get out of here and take your bloody army.

(Chorus)

The day is coming fast

And the time is here at last,

When each yeoman will be cast aside before us,

And if there be a need

Sure my kids wil sing, "Godspeed!"

With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus.

(Chorus)

17

Edelweiss
Richard Rogers

G Edelweiss, *D G* Edelweiss *C G Em* Every morning you greet *Am7*
D7
me

G Small and white, *D* clean and *G* bright *C*

G You look happy to meet me. *D G*

D Blossom of snow may you *G* bloom and grow

C Bloom and (*Am7*) grow *D D7* forever Edelweiss, Edelweiss

Bless my homeland forever

(Repeat 2nd verse, then repeat entirely)

18 *The little beggarmen*

I am a little beggarman, a-begging I have been

For three score or more in this little isle of green

I'm known from the Liffey down to Segue

And I'm known by the name of old Johnny Dhu

Of all the trades that's going, I'm sure begging is

the best

For when a man is tired, he can sit down and rest

He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to do

Only cut around the corner with his old rig-a-doo

I slept in the barn right down at Caurabawn

A wet night came on and I slept until the dawn

With holes in the roof and the rain coming through

And the rats and the cats, they were playing

peek-a-boo

When who did I waken but the woman of the house	I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night
With her white spotty apron and her calico blouse	The fire's all raked and out goes the light
She began to frighten, I said, "Boo	So now you've heard the story of me old rig-a-doo
Ara, don't be afraid, ma'am, it's only Johnny Dhu"	"It's good-bye and God be with you," says old
	Johnny Dhu
I met a little flaxy-haired girl one day	
"Good morning, little flaxy-haired girl," I did say	<hr/>
"Good morning, little beggarman, and how do you	
do	
With your rags and your tags and your old	
rig-a-doo?"	
I'll buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie	
And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by	
I'll buy a pair of goggles, I'll color them blue	
And an old-fashioned lady I will make her, too	
Over the road with me pack on me back	
Over the fields with me great, heavy sack	
With holes in me shoes and me toes peeping through	
Singing, "Skinny-me-rink-a-doodle-o and old	
Johnny Dhu"	

19 *Red is the rose*

D Bm Em G A
Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass

D Bm G A G
Come over the hills to your darling You choose the

Fm G Bm A
rose, love, and I'll make the vow

D Bm Em A D
And I'll be your true love for--ever.

(Chorus) *D Bm Em G*
Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows

A D Bm G A G Fm
Fair is the lily of the valley Clear is the water

G Bm A D Bm
that flows from the Boyne But my love is fairer

Em A D
than any.

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we
strayed

When the moon and the stars they were shining

The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair

And she swore she'd be my love forever.

(Chorus)

It's not for the parting that my sister pains

It's not for the grief of my mother

'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass

That my heart is breaking forever.

(Chorus)

20 *Rising of the moon*

D A
And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you

hurry so

G D A
Husha buachaill hush and listen and his cheeks were

D
all a glow

A
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick

and soon

G D A
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the

D
moon

(Chorus)

D A
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon

G D A
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the

D
moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gath'rin	Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were
is to be	watching through the night
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you	Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed
and me	warning light
One more word for signal token, whistle out the	Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees
marchin' tune	lonely croon
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of	And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of
the moon	the moon
(Chorus)	(Chorus)
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon	By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of	And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of
the moon	the moon

All along that singing river that black mass of men

was seen

High above their shining weapons flew their own

beloved green

Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the

marching tune

And hoorah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of

the moon

(Chorus)

Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the

moon

And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of

the moon

21 *Finnegan's Wake*

D *Bm*
Tim Finnegan lived in Wattling Street

G *A*
A gentle Irishman mighty odd

D *Bm*
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet

G *A* *D*
To rise in the world he carried a hod

D *Bm*
See he'd sort of a tripling way

D *Bm*
With love for a liquor poor Tim was born

D *Bm*
To help him on with his work each day

G *A* *D*
He'd a drop of the Craythor every morn'

D *Bm*
[Chorus] And whack Fol-De-Dah now dance to
your partner

G *A*
Round the floor, your trotters shake

D *Bm*
Wasn't it the truth I told you

G *A* *D*
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One morning Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
Fell from the ladder and broke his skull
So they carried him home, his corpse to wake
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laided him upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a gallon of porter at his head
[Chorus]
His friends assembled at his wake
And Missus Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien begged to cry
Such a nice clean corpse did you see
Aye, Tim me boy, oh why did you die?
Arrah shut your gob said Paddy MCGee
[Chorus]
Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job
Biddy says she you're wrong I'm sure
Biddy then gave her a belt on the gob

And left her sprawling on the floor
There the war did soon engage
Woman to woman and man to man
Shillelah-law was all the rage
An a row and a ruction soon began
[Chorus]
Mickey Maloney raised his head
When a bottle Of whiskey flew at him
It missed him falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim
Tim revives, see how he rises
Timothy rising from the bed
"Whirl your whiskey around like blazes?
Tonamondeal, do you think I'm dead!?"
[Chorus 2x]

22 *My son John (Cannonball)*

Em *G* *D*
My son John was tall and slim

Em *G* *D*
And he had a leg for every limb

Em *D*
Now he's got no legs at all

Em *G* *D*
They're both shot away by a cannon ball

Em *G/D*
(Chorus) Hoo-rum rye, fadda riddle dye

G *G* *D* *Em*
Whack fo' the diddle To me hoo rum rye

Well were ya drunk or were ya blind

To leave your two fine legs behind

Or was it from walkin upon the sea

That took your legs from the ground to the knee

(Chorus)

Well I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind

To leave my two fine legs behind

T'was a cannonball on the fifth o' May

That took my legs from the ground to the knee

(Chorus)

Each foreign war I'll now denounce

'tween this King of England and that King of France

I'd rather my legs as they used to be

Than the king of Spain and his whole navy

(Chorus)

I was tall and I was slim

And I had a leg for every limb

But now I've got no legs at all

You can't win a race with a cannon ball

23 *Leaving of Liverpool*

$\overset{C}{\text{Fare—well}}$ to you, my $\overset{F}{\text{own}}$ true $\overset{C}{\text{love}}$,

I am going far, far a— $\overset{G}{\text{way}}$

I am $\overset{C}{\text{bound}}$ for $\overset{F}{\text{Cali—forni—}}$ $\overset{C}{\text{a}}$,

And I know that I'll $\overset{G}{\text{return}}$ $\overset{C}{\text{someday}}$

(Chorus) $\overset{G}{\text{So fare}}$ thee well, my $\overset{F}{\text{own}}$ true $\overset{C}{\text{love}}$,

For when I return, united we will $\overset{G}{\text{be}}$

It's not the $\overset{C}{\text{leaving}}$ of Liverpool that $\overset{F}{\text{grieves}}$ $\overset{C}{\text{me}}$,

But my darling when I $\overset{G}{\text{think}}$ of $\overset{C}{\text{thee}}$.

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,

Davy Crockett is her name,

And Burgess is the Captain of her,

And they say that she's a floating hell

(Chorus)

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love,

And I wish that I could remain,

For I know that it will be a long, long time,

Before I see you again

(Chorus)

24 *Annie Laurie*

G *C*
Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
G *D*
Where early fa's the dew,
G *C*
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
G *D* *G*
Gave me her promise true.
D7 *G*
Gave me her promise true,
D7 *G*
Which ne'er forgot will be,
C *G*
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
D *G*
I lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her neck is like a swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I lay me doon and dee.

25 *Four Green Fields*

G D G
What did I have',

C D
Said the fine old woman.

G D G
What did I have',

C D
This proud old woman did say.

'I had four green fields,

Each one was a jewel.

But strangers came

And tried to take them from me.

But my fine strong sons

They fought to save my jewels.

C D
They fought and they died

G D G
And that was my grief', said she.

'Long time ago',

Said the fine old woman,

'Long time ago',

This proud old woman did say.

'There was war and death,

Plundering and pillage.

My children starved

By mountain, valley and stream.

And their wailing cries

They reached the very heavens.

And my four green fields

Ran red with their blood', said she.

'What have I now',

Said the fine old woman.

'What have I now',

This proud old woman did say.

'I have four green fields,

One of them's in bondage.

In strangers' hands,

That try to take it from me.

But my sons have sons

As brave as were their fathers.

And my four green fields

Will bloom once again', said she.

26 *The Foggy Dew*

Bm *A*
'Twas down the glen one Easter morn

D *A* *Bm*
To a city fair rode I.

Bm *A*
When armed line of marching men

D *A* *Bm*
In squadrons passed me by.

D *A* *Bm*
No pipes did hum, no battle drum

A *Bm*
Did sound its loud tattoo

Bm *A*
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell

D *Bm*
Rang out in the (A/Fm) foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town

They hung out a flag of war.

'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky

Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.

And from the plains of Royal Meath

Strong men came hurrying through;

While Brittania's huns with their great big guns

Sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go
That small nations might be free.
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the fringe of the gray North Sea.
But had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.
The night fell black and the rifle crack
Made Perfidious Albion reel
Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame
Shone out o'er the line of steel
By each shining blade a prayer was said
That to Ireland her sons be true
When the morning broke still the war flag shook
Out its folds in the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the springing of the year.
And the world did gaze with deep amaze
At those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew.

And back through the glen
I rode again and my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with valiant men
That I shall see no more
But to and fro in my dreams I'll go
And I'll kneel and pray for you
For slavery fled, O glorious Dead,
When you fell in the foggy dew!

27 *The Rattlin' Bog*

(Chorus) $\overset{G}{H}o, ro, the \overset{C}{r}attlin' bog$
The $\overset{G}{b}og down in the \overset{D}{v}alley-o$
 $\overset{G}{H}o, ro, the \overset{C}{r}attlin' bog$
The $\overset{G}{b}og down in the \overset{D}{v}alley-o \overset{G}{}$

$\overset{G}{I}n that bog there was a tree$

A rare tree, a $\overset{D}{r}attlin' tree$

$\overset{G}{T}he tree in the bog$

In the bog down in the $\overset{D}{v}alley-o \overset{G}{(Chorus)}$

And on that tree there was a limb

A rare limb, a rattlin' limb

The limb on the tree...

(Chorus)

And on that limb there was a branch

A rare branch, a rattlin' branch

The branch on the limb..

(Chorus)

And on that branch there was a twig

A rare twig, a rattlin' twig

The twig on the branch...

(Chorus)

And on that twig there was a nest

A rare nest, a rattlin' nest

The nest on the twig...

(Chorus)

And in that nest there was an egg

A rare egg, a rattlin' egg

The egg in the nest...

(Chorus)

And on that egg there was a bird

A rare bird, a rattlin' bird

The bird on the egg...

(Chorus)

And on that bird there was a feather

A rare feather, a rattlin' feather

The feather on the bird...

(Chorus)

And on that feather there was a flea

A rare flea, a rattlin' flea

The flea in the feather...

(Chorus)

28 *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya*

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo

While goin' the road to sweet Athy

A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye

A doleful damsel I heard cry,

Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus) With your drums and guns and guns and

drums, hurroo, hurroo

With your drums and guns and guns and drums,

hurroo, hurroo

With your drums and guns and guns and drums

The enemy nearly slew ye

Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer

Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,	Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.
hurroo	(Chorus)
Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,	Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
hurroo	Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild	Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg
When my heart you so beguiled	Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Why did ye run from me and the child	Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.	Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.
(Chorus)	(Chorus)
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo	They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo	They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run	They're rolling out the guns again
When you went for to carry a gun	But they never will take our sons again
Indeed your dancing days are done	No they never will take our sons again
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.	Johnny I'm swearing to ye.
(Chorus)	<hr/>
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo	
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo	
I'm happy for to see ye home	
All from the island of Sulloon	
So low in flesh, so high in bone	

29 *The Parting Glass*

Of all the money that e'er I had
I spent it in good company
And all the harm I've ever done
Alas, it was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all

Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it fell into my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
"Good night and joy be with you all"

If I had money enough to spend
And Leisure time to stay awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town
Who surely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
My own, she has my heart enthralled
So I'll gently rise and softly call
"Goodnight and joy to be with you all."

30 *Song of the Pelagian Heresy for the Strengthening of Men's Backs and the very Robust Out-thrusting of Doubtful Doctrine and the Uncertain Intellectual*

Pelagius lived at Kardanoel
And taught a doctrine there
How, whether you went to heaven or to hell
It was your own affair.
How whether you rose to eternal joy,
Or sank forever to burn,
It had nothing to do with the Church, my boy,
But was your own concern.

No, he didn't believe

In Adam and Eve

He put no faith therein!

His doubts began

With the Fall of Man

And he laughed at Original Sin.

With my row-ti-tow

Ti-oodly-ow

He laughed at original sin.

Then came the bishop of old Auxerre

Germanus was his name

He tore great handfuls out of his hair

And he called Pelagius shame.

And with his stout Episcopal staff

So thoroughly whacked and banged

The heretics all, both short and tall —

They rather had been hanged.

Oh he whacked them hard, and he whacked them

long

Upon each and all occasions

Till they bellowed in chorus, loud and strong

Their orthodox persuasions.

With my row-ti-tow

Ti-oodly-ow

Their orthodox persuasions.

Now the faith is old and the Devil bold

Exceedingly bold indeed.

And the masses of doubt that are floating about

Would smother a mortal creed.

But we that sit in a sturdy youth

And still can drink strong ale

Let us put it away to infallible truth

That always shall prevail.

And thank the Lord
 For the temporal sword
 And howling heretics too.
 And all good things
 Our Christendom brings
 But especially barley brew!
 With my row-ti-tow
 Ti-oodly-ow
 Especially barley brew!

Albert Mooney says he loves her
 All the boys are fighting for her
 Knock at the door and they ring that bell
 Oh my true love, are you well
 Out she comes as white as snow
 Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
 Old Jenny Murray says she will die
 If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye
 (Refrain)

31 *Tell Me Ma*

(Chorus) O ^GTell me ma when I ^Cgo ^Ghome
^DThe boys won't leave the ^Ggirls alone
^GThey pull my hair, they ^Cstole my ^Gcomb
^DBut that's all right till I ^Ggo home
^CShe is handsome, she is pretty
^GShe is the belle of ^DBelfast city
^GShe is a-courting ^Cone two three
^GPray, would you ^Dtell me ^Gwho is she

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
 And the snow come toppling from the sky
 She's as sweet as apple pie
 And she'll get her own lad by and by
 When she gets a lad of her own
 She won't tell her ma till she comes home
 Let them all come as they will
 For it's Albert Mooney she loves still
 (Refrain)

32

G Heading down south to the *D* land of the pines

Em *C*

I'm thumbing my way into North Carolina

Staring up the road and pray to God I see headlights

I made it down the coast in seventeen hours

Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers

And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby
tonight

G So rock me mamma like a *D* wagon wheel

[illegible]

Hey mamma rock me

Rock me mamma like the wind and the rain

Rock me momma like a south bound train

Hey mamma rock me

Running from the cold up in New England

I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band

My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now

Oh, north country winters keep a-getting me down

Lost my money playing poker so I had to leave town

But I ain't turning back to living that old life no

more

(Chorus)

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke

I caught a trucker out of Philly had a nice long talk

But he's a-heading west from the Cumberland gap

To Johnson City, Tennessee

I gotta get a move on before the sun

I hear my baby calling my name and I know that

she's the only one

And if I die in Raleigh at least I will die free

(Chorus 2x)

33 *Dooley*

Dooley was a good old man

He lived below the mill

Dooley had two daughters and a forty gallon still

One gal watched the boiler the other watched the
spout

Mama corked the bottles when old Dooley fetched
them out

(Chorus) Dooley, slipping up the holler

Dooley, trying to make a dollar

Dooley, give me a swaller and I'll pay you back

some day

The revenuers came for him a slipping through the woods Dooley kept behind them again, and never lost his
goods Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton (Chorus)
I remember very well the day old Dooley died The women folk looked sorry and the men stood 'round and
cried Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all alone They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a
stone (Chorus)

34 *The Minstrel Boy*

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,

In the ranks of death you'll find him

His father's sword he hath girded on,

And his wild harp slung behind him

"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,

(Should) "Tho' all the world betrays thee,

One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,

One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain

Could not bring that proud soul under

The harp Dooley kept behind them again,
For he tore its chords asunder

And said "No chains shall sully thee,

Thou soul of love and bravery!

Thy songs were made for the pure and free

They shall never sound in slavery!

35 *Swing low*

(Chorus) Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry he home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see

Coming for to carry he home

A band of angels coming after me

Coming for to carry me home

(Chorus)

If you get there before I do

Coming for to carry me home

Tell all my friends I'm coming too

Coming for to carry me home

36 Carrickfergus

G *Am D* *G*
I wish I was in Carrickfergus
Am D *G*
Only for nights in Ballygrand
Am D *G*
I would swim over the deepest ocean
Am D *G*
Only for nights in Ballygrand
Em *D*
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over
Em *Am D*
And neither have I the wings to fly
G *Am D* *G*
I wish I had a handsome boatsman
Am D *G*
To ferry me over my love and I

Now in Kilkenny it is reported

On marble stone there as black as ink

With gold and silver I would support her

But I'll sing no more now til I get a drink

Cause I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober

A handsome rover from town to town

Ah but I'm sick now my days are numbered

Come all me young lads and lay me down.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections

Of happy times there spent so long ago

My boyhood friends and my own relations

Have all past on now with the melting snow

So I'll spend my days in this endless roving

Soft is the grass, my bed is free

Oh to be home now in carrickfergus

On the long rode down to the salty sea

37 One More Dollar

(Chorus)

^G A long time ago ^D I left my ^G home
^C For a job in the ^G fruit trees
^G But I missed those hills with the ^D windy ^G pines
^C For their song seemed to suit me ^G
^G So I sent my wages to my ^D home ^G
^C Said we'd soon be ^G together
^G For the next good crop would pay my ^D way ^G
^C And I would come home ^G forever

A long time ago I left my home

Just a boy passing twenty

Could you spare a coin and a Christian prayer

For my luck has turned against me.

(Chorus)

(Chorus) ^{Em} ^D ^C ^D ^G
One more dime to show for my day
^{Em} ^D ^C ^D ^G
One more dollar and I'm on my way
^{Em} ^D ^C
When I reach those hills, boys
^D ^G
I'll never roam
^{Em} ^D ^C ^D ^G
One more dollar and I'm going home

No work said the boss at the bunk house door

There's a freeze on the branches

So when the dice came out at the bar downtown

I rolled and I took my chances.

38 *The Last Rose Of Summer*

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone
All her lovely companions are faded and gone
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes and give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with
 them
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and
 dead

So soon may I follow when friendships decay
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away
When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are
 flown
Oh who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

39 *The Green Fields Of France*

D *Bm* *G* *A*
Oh how do you do, young Willy Mc—Bride
G *D*
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave—side
Bm *G* *A*
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun
G *D*
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done
Bm *G*
And I see by your gravestone you were only
Em
 nine—teen
A *G* *A*
When you joined the great fallen in 19—16
D *Bm*
Well I hope you died quick
G *Em*
And I hope you died clean
A *G* *D*
Or Willy McBride, was is it slow and obscene

(Chorus) *A*
Did they beat the drums slowly
G *D*
Did they play the fife lowly
A *G*
Did they sound the death march as they lowered
A
 you down
G *D*
Did the band play the last post and chorus
Bm *G* *A* *D*
Did the pipes play the flowers of the for—est

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind

In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined

And though you died back in 1916

To that loyal heart you're forever nineteen

Or are you a stranger without even a name

Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane

In an old photograph torn, tattered, and stained

And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame

(Chorus)

The sun shining down on these green fields of France

The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies

dance

The trenches have vanished long under the plow

No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now

But here in this graveyard that's still no man's land

The countless white crosses in mute witness stand

To man's blind indifference to his fellow man

And a whole generation were butchered and damned

(Chorus)

And I can't help but wonder oh Willy McBride

Do all those who lie here know why they died

Did you really believe them when they told you the
cause

Did you really believe that this war would end wars

Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame

The killing and dying it was all done in vain

Oh Willy McBride it all happened again

And again, and again, and again, and again

(Chorus)

40 *The Black Velvet Band*

D
In a neat little town they called Belfast

A
Apprentice to trade I was bound

D *Bm*
And many an hour sweet happiness

G *A* *D*
Have I spent in that neat little town

D
As sad misfortune came over me

A
Which caused me to stray from the land

D *Bm*
Far away from me friends and relations

G *A* *D*
Betrayed by the black velvet band

D
Her eyes they shown like diamonds
A
I thought her the queen of the land (And she was!)
D *Bm*
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
G *A* *D*
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come a-traipsing along the highway
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck, it was just like a swan
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band
(Chorus)
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
Well, 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
Bad 'cess to the black velvet band
(Chorus)
Before the judge and the jury
Next morning, I had to appear
The judge, he says to me:

"Young man, you're case it is proven clear

Seven long years penal servitude

To be spent far away from the land

Far away from your friends and relations

Betrayed by the black velvet band"

(Chorus)

So come all you jolly young fellows

A warning take by me

When you are out on the town, me lads

Beware of the pretty colleens

They'll feed you with strong drink (Oh yeah!)

'Till you are unable to stand

And the very first thing that you'll know is

You've landed in Van Diemens Land

(Chorus)

41 *Auld Lang Syne*

^C Should auld acquaintance ^G be forgot,

^{Am} And never ^F brought to mind

^C Should auld acquaintance ^G be forgot,

^F ^G ^C And auld lang syne!

(Chorus) ^C For auld lang syne, ^G my dear

^{Am} For auld lang syne, ^F

^C We'll take a cup o' ^G kindness yet

^F ^G ^C For auld lang syne!

And surely ye 'll be your pint' stowp,

And surely I 'll be mine,

And we 'll take a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne!

(Chorus)

We twa hae run about the braes,

And pou'd the gowans fine,

But we 've wander'd monie a weary fit

Sin' auld lang syne.

(Chorus)

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn

Frae morning sun till dine,

But seas between us braid hae roar'd

Sin' auld lang syne.

(Chorus)

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,

And gie 's a hand o' thine,

And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught

For auld lang syne!

42 *Haul Away Joe*

O when I was a little lad
Or so my mother told me,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
That if I did not kiss the gals
Me lips would all grow moldy.
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

(Chorus) Sing it!

Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

King Louis was the king of France
Before the revolut-i-on
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
But then he got his head cut off
Which spoiled his constitut-i-on
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
(Chorus)
First I met a yankee girl,
But she was fat and lazy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
Then I met an Irish girl
She darn near drives me crazy!
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
(Chorus)
Saint Patrick was a gentleman
He came from decent people,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
He built a church in Dublin Town
And on it put a steeple,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

(Chorus)
