

# The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



# Songs

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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 Roxbury?"  
 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

## C

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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  
 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.  
 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?

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## 2 *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 Ill pay you back  
some day  
The revenueurs came for him a slipping through  
the woods  
Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his  
goods  
Dooley was a trader when into town hed 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 Dooleys on the mountain he lies there all  
alone  
They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a  
stone  
(Chorus)

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## 3 *Annie Laurie*

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

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## 4 *Auld Lang Syne*

Should (C) auld acquaintance (G) be forgot,  
And (Am) never brought to (F) mind  
Should (C) auld acquaintance (G) be forgot,  
And (F) auld (G) lang (C) syne!  
(Chorus) For (C) auld lang (G) syne, my dear  
For (Am) auld lang (F) syne,  
We'll (C) take a cup o' (G) kindness yet  
For (F) auld (G) lang (C) 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!

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## 5 *BLACK AND TANS*

I was (Bm) born in the Dublin street  
Where the (A) loyal drums do beat,  
And the (Bm) loving English feet walked all  
over us;  
And (D) every single night when me (A) dad  
would come home tight,  
He'd (Bm) invite the neighbours (A) out with  
this (Bm) chorus:  
[Chorus] Come (Bm) out you black and tans,  
Come out and (A) fight me like a man,

Show your (Bm) wife how you won medals  
down in Flanders;  
Tell her (D) how the IRA made you (A) run like  
hell away,  
From the (Bm) green and lovely (A) lanes of  
(Bm) 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)

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## 6 *Edelweiss (Richard Rogers)*

(G) Edelweiss (D), (G) Edelweiss (C)

(G) Every (Em) morning you (Am7) greet (D7)

me

(G) Small and (D) white, (G) clean and (C)

bright

(G) You look (D) happy to (G) meet me.

(D) Blossom of snow may you (G) bloom and

grow

(C) Bloom and (Am7) grow (D) forever (D7)

Edelweiss, Edelweiss

Bless my homeland forever

(Repeat 2nd verse, then repeat entirely)

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