

The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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1 *Wild Mountain Thyme*

Oh the ^D summer ^A time is ^D comin'
And the ^G trees are ^D sweetly ^D bloomin'
And the ^G wild ^D mountain ^{Bm} thyme
Grows ^{Em} around the ^G bloomin' ^G heather
Will ^D you ^G go, ^D lassie, go?

And we'll ^G all ^D go ^D together
To ^G pluck ^D wild ^{Bm} mountain ^{Bm} thyme
All ^{Em} around the ^G bloomin' ^G heather
Will ^D you ^G go, ^D lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon pure crystal fountain
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain
Will you go, lassie, go?

| (Chorus)

If my true love she were gone
I'd surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will you go, lassie, go?

| (Chorus)

I will roam through the wild
and the deep glens so dreary
and return with my spoils,
to the bower of my dearie
Will you go, Lassie, go?

| (Chorus)

2 *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 he loved ne'er spoke 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!"

3 *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya*

Em *Bm*
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo,
hurroo

Em *G*
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo,
hurroo

D
While goin' the road to sweet Athy
Em *Bm*
A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye

G *D* *Em* *Bm*
A doleful damsel I heard cry,

Em
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Em
(Chorus) With your drums and guns and
Bm
guns and drums, hurroo, hurroo

Em
With your drums and guns and guns and
G
drums, hurroo, hurroo

D
With your drums and guns and guns and
drums

Em *Bm*
The enemy nearly slew ye

G *D* *Em* *Bm*
Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer

Em
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your eyes that were so mild

When my heart you so beguiled

Why did ye run from me and the child

Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your legs that used to run

When you went for to carry a gun

Indeed your dancing days are done

Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo,
hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo,
hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg

Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg

Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

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

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo

They're rolling out the guns again

But they never will take our sons again

No they never will take our sons again

Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

4 *Fields of Athenry*

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl
call—ing
Michael, they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
So the young might see the morn
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

[Chorus] Low lie the fields of Athen—ry
Where once we watched the (*Bm) small
free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
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]

5 *The Fox*

The Fox went out on a chilly night
He prayed for the moon to give him light
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town—o, town—o, town—o
He'd many a mile to go that night before he
reached the town—o

He ran till he came to the farmer's pen
The ducks and the geese were kept therein
He said "a couple of you are gonna grease my
chin,
Before I leave this town "
Said a couple of you are gonna grease my chin,
before i leave this town—o

He grabbed the great goose by the neck
And he threw a duck across his back
And he didn't mind the quack quack
And the legs all dangling down—o
He didn't mind the quack quack
And the legs all dangling down—o

The old grey woman jumped out of bed
She ran to the window and popped out her head,
Crying John, John, the great goose is gone
And the fox is on the town—o, town—o, town—o
John, John, the great goose is gone and the fox is
on the town—o

He ran till he came to his nice warm den
And there were the little ones, eight, nine, ten
Sayin' Daddy, Daddy, better go back again
For it must be a mighty fine town—o, town—o,
town—o
Daddy, Daddy, go back again for it must be a
mighty fine town—o

The fox and his wife, without any strife
Cut up the goose with a fork and a knife
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones—o,
bones—o, bones—o
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones

6 *Rising of the moon*

And come ^D tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me ^A why you
hurry so
Husha ^G buachaill hush and listen and his ^D cheeks ^A
were all a ^D glow
I bear orders from the captain, get you ^A ready
quick and soon
For the ^G pikes must be together by the ^D rising of ^A
^D the moon

(Chorus)

By the ^D rising of the moon, by the ^A rising of
the moon
For the ^G pikes must be together by the ^D rising ^A
^D of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the
gath'rin is to be
At the old spot by the river quite well known to
you and me
One more word for signal token, whistle out the
marchin' tune
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising
of the moon
(Chorus)
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the
moon
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising
of the moon

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were
watching through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed
warning light
Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees
lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising
of the moon
(Chorus)
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the
moon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising
of 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

7 *If I was a Blackbird*

I am a young sailor, my story is sad,
Though once I was carefree and a brave sailor lad,
I courted a lassie by night and by day,
Oh but now she has left me,
And sailed far away.

(Chorus) Oh, if I was a blackbird could
whistle and sing,
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in,
And in the top riggin' I would there build
my nest,
And I'd flutter my wings o'er her lilly white
breast.

Or if I was a scholar and could handle the pen
Once secret love letter to my true love I'd send
And tell of my sorrow, my grief and my pain
Since she's gone and left me
In yon flowery glen.

(Chorus)
I sailed o'er the ocean, my fortune to seek
Though I missed her caress and her kiss on my
cheek

I returned and I told her my love was still warm
but she turned away lightly
And great was her scorn.

(Chorus)
I offered to take her to Donnybrook Fair
And to buy her fine ribbons to tie up her hair
I offered to marry and to stay by her side
But she says in the morning
She sails with the tide.

(Chorus)
My parents, they chide me, oh they will not agree
Saying that me and my false love, married should
never be

Oh but let them deprive me, or let them do what
they will

While there's breath in my body
She's the one that I love still

(Chorus)

8 *Lily the Pink*

Now here's a story, a little bit gory
A little bit happy, a little bit sad
She invented medicinal compound
Tis efficacious in every way.

(Chorus) We'll drink a'Drink a'Drink
To Lily the Pink the Pink the Pink
The savior of (THE SAVIOR OF!) the
human race.

She invented medicinal compound.
Tis efficacious in every way

Now uncle paul, he was terribly small
He was the smallest man around
Then they gave him medicinal compound
Now he's six feet under ground

(Chorus)
Now Charlie hammer had a terrible stammer
He could hardly say a word
Then they gave him medicinal compound
Now he's seen but never heard

(Chorus)
Well Ebenezer, thought he was Julius Caesar
So they put him in a home
There they gave him medicinal compound
Now he's emperor of rome

(Chorus)
Now Freddie Clinger was an opera singer
He broke glasses with his voice 'tis said
But they gave him medicinal compound
Now they break glasses on his head

(Chorus)
A loving couple had a terrible trouble
They just could not procreate
Then they gave them medicinal compound
Instead of one kid they had eight

(Chorus)
(the sound of much wailing)
Now here's the sad part... I can hardly bear to
sing it...

Lydia died and went up to heaven
All the Church bells the did ring, (ding dong)
But she brought with her medicinal compound
Hark the herald angels sing!!
(Chorus)

9 *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)

10 *Leaving of Liverpool*

^C Fare—well to you, my ^F own true ^C love,
I am going far, far a—way ^G
^C I am bound for Cali—forni—a, ^F ^C
^G And I know that I'll return ^C someday

(Chorus) So fare thee well, my own true
^C love,
For when I return, united we will be ^G
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves ^F
^C me,
But my darling when I think of thee. ^G ^C

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)

11 *A Man's A Man For A' That*

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his heed and a' that
The coward slave we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that
For a' that and a' that
Our toils obscure and a' that
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The mands the gowd for a' that

What tho' on hamely fare we dine
Wear hoddin-gray and a' that
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine
A mands a man for a' that
For a' that and a' that
Their tinsel show and a' that
The honest man tho' e'er sae poor
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord
Wha struts and stares and a' that
Tho' hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof for a' that
For a' that and a' that
His riband, star and a' that
The man o' independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that

A prince can mak a belted knight
A marquis, duke and a' that
But an honest mands aboon his might
Guid faith he mauna fa' that
For a' that and a' that
Their dignities and a' that
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will and a' that
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree and a' that
For a' that and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that
For a' that and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that

12 *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

13

G Heading down south to the land of the pines
Em I'm thumbing my way into North Carolina
C 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 wagon wheel
Em *C* Rock me mamma any way you feel
 Hey mamma rock me
 Rock me mamma like the wind and the rain
 Rock me mamma 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 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)

14

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.

15 Molly Malone

^G In ^{Em} Dublin's fair city
^{Am} Where the girls are so pretty ^D
^G I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma—^{Am} lone ^D
^G As she wheeled her wheel—^{Em} barrow
^{Am} Through the streets broad and narrow ^D
^G Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh" ^{Em/C} ^D ^G
^G Alive, alive, oh ^{Em}
^{Am} Alive, alive, oh ^D
^G Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh" ^{Em/C} ^D ^G
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)

16 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

17 The Wild Rover

^G I've been a wild rover for many's the year ^C
^G and I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer. ^D ^G
^G But now I'm returning with gold in great store ^C
^G and I never will play the wild rover no more ^D ^G

**(Chorus) And it's ^D no, nay, never, no, nay, ^{D7} ^G
^C never, no more
^G will I play the wild rover ^C
^G no, never, no more ^D ^G**

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent
and I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay,
Such a custom like yours I can have any day

(Chorus)

Then out of me pocket I took sovereigns bright
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said I'd have whiskey and wines of the best
and the words that she told me were only in jest.

(Chorus)

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've
done,
and I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And when they've caressed me as oft' times before
then I never will play the wild rover no more

(Chorus)

18 *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

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?

19 *John Knacka* I thought I heard the first mate say

John Kanaka-naka too rie ay
Today, today is a holiday
John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

**(Chorus) Too rie ay, oh, to lie ay
John Kanaka-naka too lie ay**

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay
We're bound away at the break of day
(Chorus)
We're a yankee ship with a yankee crew
And we're the boys to beat her through
(Chorus)
So heave away and haul away
Oh heave away and earn your pay
(Chorus)
Flectamus genua
Levate
(Chorus)

20 *The Battle of New Orleans*

G *C*
In 1814 we took a little trip
D *G*
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty
Mississip
C
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
D *G*
And we caught the bloody British in a town in
New Orleans
G
We fired our guns and the British kep a-comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while *D*
G
ago
We fired once more and they begin to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the *D* *G* Gulf of Mexico

We looked down a river
And we see'd the British come
And there must have been a hundred of'em
Beatin' on the drums

They stepped so high
And they made their bugles ring
We stood by our cotton bales
And didn't say a thing

We fired our guns and the British kep a-comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while
ago
We fired once more and they begin to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico
Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise
If we didn't fire our muskets
'Till we looked 'em in the eyes

We held our fire
'Till we see'd their faces well
Then we opened up our squirrel guns
And really gave 'em – well we

Fired our guns and the British kep a-comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while
ago
We fired once more and they begin to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Yeah, they ran through the briars
And they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes
Where the rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast
That the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another
round
We filled his head with cannon balls, and
powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off the gator
lost his mind
We fired our guns and the British kep a-comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while
ago
We fired once more and they begin to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Yeah, they ran through the briars
And they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes
Where the rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast
That the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Hut-two-three-four
Sound off, three-four
Hut-two-three-four
Sound off, three-four
Hut-two-three-four

Hut-two-three-four.

21 *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)

22 *The Rattlin' Bog*

(Chorus) ^GHo, ro, the ^Crattlin' bog
^GThe bog down in the ^Dvalley-o
^GHo, ro, the ^Crattlin' bog
^GThe bog down in the ^Dvalley-o ^G

^GIn that bog there was a tree
^DA rare tree, a rattlin' tree
^GThe tree in the bog
^DIn the bog down in the valley-o ^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)

23 *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 And ^G auld ^C lang syne!

(Chorus) ^C For auld ^G lang syne, my dear
^{Am} For auld ^F lang syne,
^C We'll take a cup o' ^G kindness yet
^F For 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!

24 *Kilkelly, Ireland*

Em Kilkelly, Ireland, *G* 18 and 60, my dear and loving *D*
son John *Em*
Your good friend the schoolmaster *G* Pat
McNamara's so good *D*
As to write these words down. *Em*
Your brothers have all gone to find work in *D*
England, *G*
C The house is so empty and sad *D B Em* The crop of
potatoes is sorely infected, *G*
A third to a half of them bad. *D Em*
And your sister Brigid and Patrick O'Donnell *D*
Are going to be married in June. *C D*
Your mother says not to work on the railroad *Em G*
And be sure to come on home soon. *D Em*

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 70, my dear and loving
son John
Hello to your Mrs and to your 4 children,
May they grow healthy and strong.
Michael has got in a wee bit of trouble,
I suppose that he never will learn.
Because of the dampness there's no turf to speak
of
And now we have nothing to burn.
And Brigid is happy, you named a child for her
And now she's got six of her own.
You say you found work, but you don't say
What kind or when you will be coming home.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 80, dear Michael and
John, my sons
I'm sorry to give you the very sad news
That your dear old mother has gone.
We buried her down at the church in Kilkelly,
Your brothers and Brigid were there.
You don't have to worry, she died very quickly,
Remember her in your prayers.
And it's so good to hear that Michael's returning,
With money he's sure to buy land
For the crop has been poor and the people
Are selling at any price that they can.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 90, my dear and loving
son John
I suppose that I must be close on to eighty,
It's thirty years since you're gone.
Because of all of the money you send me,
I'm still living out on my own.
Michael has built himself a fine house
And Brigid's daughters have grown.
Thank you for sending your family picture,
They're lovely young women and men.
You say that you might even come for a visit,
What joy to see you again.

Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 92, my dear brother John
I'm sorry that I didn't write sooner to tell you
that father passed on.
He was living with Brigid, she says he was
cheerful
And healthy right down to the end.
Ah, you should have seen him play with
The grandchildren of Pat McNamara, your friend.
And we buried him alongside of mother,
Down at the Kilkelly churchyard.
He was a strong and a feisty old man,
Considering his life was so hard.
And it's funny the way he kept talking about you,
He called for you in the end.
Oh, why don't you think about coming to visit,
We'd all love to see you again.

25

Courtin in the Kitchen

D
Come single belle and beau, unto me pay

A
attention

D Don't ever fall in love, it's the devil's own G

A
invention

D
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin'

Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's

A Kitchen7

(Chorus) With my ***D*** tooral-ooral-I, and my

tooral-ooral-addy **G**

With my ***D*** tooral–ooral–I, and my

G A D
tooral—ooral—addy

At the age of seventeen, I was 'prenticed to a
grocer
Not far from Stephen's Green, where Miss Henry
used to go sir

Her manners were sublime and she set my heart
a-twitchin'

And she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen
(Chorus)

Next Sunday being the day, we were to have the
"flare-up"

I dressed myself quite gay and I frizzed and oiled
my hair up

The captain had no wife, faith he had gone out fishin'

And we kicked up high life down below stairs in
the kitchen

(Chorus)

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the
table

She handed tay and cake and I ate while I was able

I drank hot punch and tay till me side had got to
stitchin'

And the hours passed quick away when you're
courtin' in the kitchen

(Chorus)

With her arms around my waist, she slyly hinted
marriage

To the door in dreadful haste, came Captain
Kelly's carriage

Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was
spittin'

When the captain at the door, walked right into
the kitchen

(Chorus)

She flew up off me knees full five feet up or higher
And over head and heels through me slap into the
fire

Me new repealer's coat that I bought from Mr. Mitchell

With a twenty shilling note went to blazes in the kitchen...

(Chorus)

I grieved to see me duds all smeared with soot
and ashes

When a tub of dirty suds right in me face she
dashes

As I lay on the floor the water she kept pitchin'
The footman broke the door and walked straight
into the kitchen

(Chorus)

When the captain came downstairs, though he
saw my situation

In spite of all my prayers, I was marched off to
the station

For me they'd take no bail, but to get home I was
itchin'

And I had to tell the tale how I came into the kitchen

(Chorus)

I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial
For assault, she did indict me and I was sent for
trial
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her
screechin'
And I got six months "hard" for my courtin in
the kitchen
(Chorus)

26 *Isn't It Grand Boys*

Look at the coffin, with golden handles
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?

(Chorus) Let's not have a sniffle,
let's have a bloody-good cry
And always remember: The longer you live
The sooner you'll bloody-well die

Look at the flowers, all bloody withered
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?
(Chorus)
Look at the mourners, bloody-great hypocrites
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?
(Chorus)
Look at the preacher, a bloody-nice fellow
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?
(Chorus)

Look at the widow, bloody-great female
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?
(Chorus)

27 *Hesitating Beauty*

For your sparkling cocky smile I've walked a
million miles
Begging you to come and wed me in the spring
Why do you my dear delay
What makes you laugh and turn away
You're a hesitating beauty, Nora Lee

(Chorus) Well I know that you are itching
to get married, Nora Lee
And I know how I'm twitching for the same
thing, Nora Lee
By the stars and clouds above we could
spend our lives in love
You're a hesitating beauty, Nora Lee

We can build a house and home where the flowers
come to bloom
Around our yard I'll nail a fence so high
That the boys with peeping eyes cannot see that
angel face
My hesitating beauty Nora Lee
(Chorus)
We can ramble hand in hand across the grasses of
our land
I'll kiss you for each leaf on every tree
We can bring our kids to play where the dry
leaves blow today
If you quit your hesitating, Nora Lee
(Chorus)

28 *Annabelle*

Am *F*
Lease twenty acres and one Ginny mule
E *Am*
From the Alabama Trust
Am *F*
Half of the cotton, third of the corn
E *Am*
Get a handful of dust

(Chorus) *F*
We cannot have all things to
 C
 please us
 G *Am*
No matter how we try
 Am *C*
'Til we've all gone to Jesus
 G *Am*
We can only wonder why

I had a daughter called her Annabelle
She's the apple of my eye
Tried to give her something like I never had
Didn't want to ever hear her cry
(Chorus)
When I'm dead and buried, I'll take a hard life of
 tears
Everyday I've ever known
Anna's in the churchyard, she's got no life at all
She's only got these words on a stone
(Chorus)

29 *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

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

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.

30 *Charlie Mops*

A long time ago, way back in history,
When all they had to drink was nothing but cups
of tea,
Along came a mane by the name of Charlie
Mopps,
And he invented a wonderful drink and he made
it out of hops

(Chorus)
**He might have been an Admiral,
a Sultan or a King
And to his praises we shall always sing.
Look what he has done for us: he's filled us
with cheer.
God bless Charlie Mopps, the man who
invented beer beer beer tiddily beer
beer beer**

A barrel of malt a bucket of hops
and add some yeast
put it all together and let it ferment and swell
When it's brewed and ready at 11 o'clock we'll
stop
for 5 short seconds we'll remember Charlie Mopps
(Chorus)

(Put your local pubs here)
At Carnsies and the Flat Iron
and Pickle Bill's as well
One thing I can be sure of
It's Charlie's beer they sell
Some come along you lucky lads
at 11 o'clock we'll stop
for 5 short seconds we'll remember Charlie Mopps
(1..2..3..4..5)
(Chorus)

31 *Hills of Connemara*

(Chorus) ^GOh gather up your pots and your
^Cold tin ^Gcans
The mash, and the corn, the ^Dbarley, and the
bran
^GRun like the devil from the ^Cexcise man
Keep ^Gthe smoke from rising, ^DBarney ^G

Now keep your eyes well peeled today
The excise men they're on their way
Searching for the mountain tay
In the hills of Connemara
(Chorus)
Well the mountain breezes as they blow
Echo down to the hills below
Big tall men are on the go
In the hills of connemara
(Chorus)
Well swing to the left, now swing to the right
The excise man they can dance all night
Drinkin 'up the tay 'til the broad daylight
In the hills of Connemara
(Chorus)
Well a gallon for the butcher and big Mick Klein
A bottle for the poor old Father Stein
Keep him off that altar wine
In the hills of Connemara
(Chorus)
Stand your ground, for it's too late
The excise men, they're at the gate
Glory be to paddy, for they're drinking it straight
In the hills of Connemara
(Chorus)

32 *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!

33 *The Battle Hymn Of The
Republic*

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored
He has loosed the fateful lightening
Of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on
(Chorus) Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His truth is marching on

I have seen him in the watch-fires
Of a hundred circling camps
They have builded him an altar
In the evening dews and damps
I have read his righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on
(Chorus)
I have read a fiery gospel
Writ in burnish'd rows of steel
As ye deal with my contemptors
So with you my grace shall deal
Let the hero, born of woman
Crush the serpent with his heel
Since my God is marching on
(Chorus)
He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment-seat
Oh, be swift, my soul
To answer him be jubilant, my feet
Our God is marching on
(Chorus)

34 *The Green Fields Of France*

D *Bm* *G* *A*
Oh how do you do, young Willy Mc—Bride
G
Do you mind if I sit here down by your
D
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
Did they sound the death march as they
G *A*
lowered you down
G *D*
Did the band play the last post and chorus
Bm *G*
Did the pipes play the flowers of the
A *D*
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 mans
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)

35 Hills of Connemara

^G Oh gather up your pots and your ^C old tin cans ^G
^D
The mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran
^G Run like the devil from the excise man ^C ^G
^D ^G
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

Now keep your eyes well peeled today
The excise men they're on their way
Searching for the mountain tay
In the hills of Connemara

**(Chorus) Gather up your pots and your old
tin cans
The mash, and the corn, the barley, and the
bran
Run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney**

Well the mountain breezes as they blow
Echo down to the hills below
Big tall men are on the go
In the hills of connemara

(Chorus)
Well swing to the left, now swing to the right
The excise man they can dance all night
Drinkin 'up the tay 'til the broad daylight
In the hills of Connemara

(Chorus)
Well a gallon for the butcher and big Mick Klein
A bottle for the poor old Father Stein
Keep him off that altar wine
In the hills of Connemara
(Chorus)

Stand your ground, for it's too late
The excise men, they're at the gate
Glory be to paddy, for they're drinking it straight
In the hills of Connemara
(Chorus)

36 The Cobbler

Oh, me name is Dick Darby, I'm a cobbler, I
spent all me time at old camp
Some call me an old agitator, but now I'm
resolved to repent

(Chorus)
With me ingtwing of an ingthing of an idoh
With me ingtwing of an ingthing of an iday
With me roobooboo roobooboo randy
And me lap stone keeps fading away

Now, my father was hung for sheep stealing, my
mother was burned for a witch
My sister's a dandy housekeeper, and I am the
son of a "Whoah!"

(Chorus)
Ah, it's forty long years I have travelled, all by
the contents of me pack
Me hammers, me awls and me pinchers, I carry
them all on me back

(Chorus)
Oh, my wife she is humpy, she's lumpy, my wife
she's the devil, she's black
And no matter what I may do with her, her
tongue it goes clickety-clack

(Chorus)
It was early one fine summer's morning, a little
before it was day

I dunked her three times in the river, and
carelessly bade her "Good day!"

(Chorus)

37 *Country Roads*

G Almost heaven, *Em* West Virginia
D Blue ridge mountains, *C* Shenandoah *G* river
G Life is old there, *Em* older than the trees
D Younger than the mountains, *C* blowing like a
G breeze

G Country roads, take me *D* home
Em To the place I be—*C* long
G West Virginia
D Mountain mamma, take me *C* home
G Down Country roads

All my memories, gather round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye
(Refrain)

Em *D* *G*
I hear her voice in the morning hour she calls
me

C *D*
Radio reminds me of my home far away

Em *D* *C*
Driving down the road I get a feeling

D
That I should have been home yesterday,
yesterday

(Refrain 2x)

Take me home, down country roads
Take me home, down country roads

38 *Bonnie George Campbell*

C *F* *C*
High upon Hielands and low upon Tay,
F *C* *G*
Bonnie George Campbell rode oot on a day.
C *F* *C*
Saddled and bridled, sae bonnie rode he,
F *C* *G* *Am*
Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he.
F *C* *G* *C*
Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he

Saddled and bootied and bridled rode he,
A plume tae his helmet, a sword at his knee.
But toom came his saddle and bluidy tae see,
Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he

Doon cam' his auld mither greetin' fu' sair,
Oot cam' his bonnie wife rivin' her hair.
"My meadows lie green and by corn is unshorn,
My barn it tae build and my baby's unborn."

High upon Hielands and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rode oot on a day.
Saddled and bridled, sae bonnie rode he
Hame cam' his guid horse, but never came he.

39 *Don't Go For The One*

My friend Harvey married Tracey McCall
By Christ she was a scary old doll
A voice out of hell and a temper to boot
Arms like a navy and a face like dried fruit
I bumped into Harvey back home last year
Says I to him, 'Do you wanna go for a beer?'
'No, me sister's French husband is over, ' says he
'I've been sent to get snails to impress him for
tea.'
'I was down in the snail shop, she told me to go,
'I'm a little bit late because business was slow, '
'If I'm not home by six, I'll surely be done, '
'The Mrs will kill me, let's just go for the one.'

(Chorus) The one, the one, don't go for the one
Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one
The one, the one, don't go for the one
Don't go for the one, for the one, for the one

For the one went down fast, the second did too
Three or four followed, twas a fine
how-do-you-do
Harvey looked at his watch, shrieked out with fright
It was twenty past ten, we'd been drinking all
night
Well cursing my name, he sped 'cross the floor
Clutching the snails, he ran out the door
'I'm a dead man, ' he said, 'I'm drunk and I'm
late, '
As he tore down the road and up to his gate
(Chorus)
Well he opened the gate and he ran down the
path
But he knew he was in for the dragon's wrath
But he tripped and he fell and up in the air
Went the bag with the snails flying everywhere
Hearing the noise she kicked open the door
The snails and Harvey were spread 'cross the floor
'You're three hours late, ' she screamed, loud as
she could
'What's your excuse, this had better be good.'
Well he looks down at the snails
And with a confident air
He says, 'five more feet lads, we're nearly there.'
(Chorus 2x)

40 *Midnight Moonlight*

G If you ever feel lonesome, and you're down in
San Antone
Am Beg steal or borrow two nickels or a dime and
D call me on the phone
D And I'll meet you at Alamo Mission where we can
say our prayers
And the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mother will
heal us as we kneel there.

(Chorus2x) In the *Am* moonlight in the *D* midnight In the *Am* moonlight *D* midnight *G* moon—light.

ne If you ever feel sorrow for things you might have
done
With no hope for tomorrow and the setting of the
D
sun
And the ocean is howling of things that might
have been
And that last good morning sunrise will be the brightest
C
you've everseen.

|(Chorus)

Reapeat both verses

41 *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 stole my ^Ccomb
^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

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)

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)

42 *I'll Fly Away*

^GSome bright morning when this life is over
^CI'll fly away
^GTo that home on God's celestial shore
^D^GI'll fly away

(Chorus) I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away in the morning
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly
(Chorus)
Oh, how glad and happy when we meet
No more cold iron shackles on my feet
(Chorus)
Just a few more weary days and then
To a land where joys will never end

43 *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)

44 *Farewell to Nova Scotia*

(Chorus) ^GFarewell to Nova Scotia, your
sea-bound coast,
^{Em}Let your mountains dark and dreary be
^GWhen I'm far away, on the ^Dbriny ocean
tossed,
^{Em}Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me? ^C ^{Em}

^GThe sun was setting in the West
^{Em}The birds were singing on every tree
^GAll of nature seemed inclined to rest ^D
^{Em}But, still, there was no rest for me. ^C ^{Em}
(Chorus)
I grieve to leave my native land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my poor old aged parents whom I love so
dear
And the bonny, bonny lass that I do adore.
(Chorus)
The drums do beat and the wars they alarm
Our captain calls; we must obey
Farewell, farewell, to Nova Scotia's charm
For it's early in the morning I am bound far away
(Chorus)
I have two brothers and they are at rest.
Their hands are folded on their chest.
But a poor, simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and turned on the deep, blue sea.
(Chorus)

45 *Fiddler's Green*

D *G* *D* *Bm*
As I roved by the dockside one evening so fair
D *G* *D* *A*
To view the salt waters and take in the salt air
G *D*
I heard/spied an old fisherman singing a song
Em *D* *A*
Won't you take me away boys me time is not long

(Chorus) *D* *A*
Wrap me up in me oilskin and
D
Jumper
G *D* *A*
No more on the docks I'll be seen
G *D*
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip
mates
A *A7* *D*
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do
play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away
(Chorus)
Yes the weather is fair and there's never a gail
And the fish jump on board with one swish on
their tail
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew
(Chorus)
When pull into port and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies
there too
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree.
(Chorus)
Now I don't need a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin to sing me a song
(Chorus)

46 *Dublin Blues*

D *G* *D*
Well, I wished I was in Austin, mmm In the Chili
A
Parlor Bar
D
Drinkin' Mad Dog Margaritas
G *D*
And not carin' where you are
But here I sit in Dublin, mmm
Just rollin' cigarettes
Holdin' back and chokin' back
The shakes with every breath

(Chorus) *A*
So forgive me all my anger
D
Forgive me all my faults
There's no need to forgive me
D
For thinkin' what I thought
I loved you from the get go
D
And I'll love you till I die
A
I loved you on the Spanish Steps
G
The day you said goodbye

I am just a poor boy, mmm
Work's my middle name
If money was a reason
Well, I would not be the same
I'll stand up and be counted, mmm
I'll face up to the truth
I'll walk away from trouble
But I can't walk away from you
(Chorus)
I have been to Fort Worth, mmm
And I have been to Spain
And I have been too proud
To come in out of the rain
And I have seen the David, mmm
I've seen the Mona Lisa too
And I have heard Doc Watson
Play Columbus Stockade Blues
(Chorus)
Well, I wished I was in Austin, mmm
In the Chili Parlor Bar
Drinkin' Mad Dog Margaritas
And not carin' where you are

47 *El Paso*

D Out in the West Texas town of El Paso
A7 I fell in love with a Mexican girl
D Nighttime would find me in Rosa's cantina
A7 Music would play and Felina would whirl

Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina
Wicked and evil while casting a spell
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden
I was in love but in vain, I could tell

G One night a wild young cowboy came in
C Wild as the West Texas wind *D* Dashing and daring,
D7 a drink he was sharing
With wicked Felina, the girl that I loved
G
A So in anger

I challenged his right for the love of this maiden
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore
My challenge was answered in less than a
heartbeat
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the
floor

Just for a moment I stood there in silence
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood
there
I had but one chance and that was to run

Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran
Out where the horses were tied
I caught a good one, it looked like it could run
Up on its back and away I did ride
Just as fast as I
Could from the West Texas town of El Paso
Out to the badlands of New Mexico

Back in El Paso my life would be worthless
Everything's gone in life; nothing is left
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden
My love is stronger than my fear of death

I saddled up and away I did go
Riding alone in the dark
Maybe tomorrow, a bullet may find me
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my
heart
And at last here I
Am on the hill overlooking El Paso
I can see Rosa's cantina below
My love is strong and it pushes me onward
Down off the hill to Felina I go

Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys
Off to my left ride a dozen or more
Shouting and shooting, I can't let them catch me
I have to make it to Rosa's back door

Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel
A deep burning pain in my side
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle
I'm getting weary, unable to ride

But my love for
Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen
Though I am weary I can't stop to rest
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest

From out of nowhere Felina has found me
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for
One little kiss and Felina, goodbye

50 *By The Mark*

When I cross over
I will shout and sing
I will know my Savior
By the mark where the nails have been

**(Chorus) By the mark where the nails have
been
By the sign upon His precious skin
I will know my Savior when I come to Him
By the mark where the nails have been**

A man of riches
May claim a crown of jewels
But the King of Heaven
Can be told from the prince of fools
(Chorus)
On Calvary's Mountain
Where they made Him suffer so
All my sin was paid for
A long, long time ago
(Chorus)
I will know my Savior when I come to Him
By the mark where the nails have been

51 WHISKEY IN THE JAR

D As I was going over the *Bm* Cork and Kerry
mountains
G I met with captain Farrell and his money he was *D*
A counting.
D I first produced my pistol, and then produced my *Bm*
rapier.
G Said stand and deliver, for ya are a bold deceiver, *D*
[Chorus] musha ring dumma do damma da *A*
D whack for the daddy 'ol
G whack for the daddy 'ol
There's whiskey in the jar *D A D*

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty
penny.
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
She sighed and she swore, that she never would
deceive me,
but the devil take the women, for they never can
be easy
(Chorus)
I went into my chamber, a' for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no
wonder.
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them
up with water,
Then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the
slaughter.
(Chorus)
It was early in the morning, just before I rose to
travel,
The guards were all around me and likewise
captain Farrel.
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my
rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was
taken.
(Chorus)
If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
I think that he is stationed in Cork or in
Killarney.
And if he'll go with me, we'll go roving near
Kilkenny,
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darlin'
sportin' Jenny
(Chorus)
Some take delight in the fishin' and the trappin',
But others take delight in the carriages a-rovin'.
But me I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty women in the morning bright
and early
(Chorus)

52 *Foxfire*

When I was young and free
and not so very brave
my friends and I had a place
that we called "Devils cave"

We'd meet out there after dark
tell tales by candle light
and event that marked all of our lives
happened there one night

The evening it was bitter cold
and the stars were shining hard
the wind cut through the leafless trees
as a razor through a cord

The feeble glow from the candle flame
Brought us no warmth at all
soon a fire was raging in its place
shadows on the cavern wall

That night the legend offered
was a hard one to believe
but with a chilling wind and warming glow
a spell began to weave

A tale of a native nation
and a culture that's long past
and a people caught up in a flux
in a land that was so vast

A dream about dark rumors
over murder that was done
against the whites off to the east
at the setting of the sun

A dream of a council that was called
and punishment proclaimed
'twas banishment for the one accused
to sooth all those inflamed

Now it was later in that year
in the season of the change
when the rut of stag and the russet tones
spread throughout the range

A ghostly figure hovered
in the valley growing bright
'tis the evil the shaman said
who haunts us here at night

So a council was convened
and a party then dispatched
they were to find the ghostly fiend
its path they were to match

It lead unto a barren cave
where the river ran so wide
the pursuers built a fire so high
the smoke was drawn inside

Not long after flames were
licking at the cavern floor
then the evil one now all ablaze
came screaming through the door

Out to the river's edge
where the river ran so cold
it plunged into the blackened waves
its soul they did enfold

It was found the banished one
had played the ghostly fiend
it was the foxfire made him glow
even as the river gleamed

So it was called the "Devils Cave"
that he ran from the night
and it was called the "Devils Cave"
where we held our vigil rite

Now as the evil one
came screaming through the cavern door
I awoke and found my friends asleep
a-lyin' on the floor

The fire, it had spent itself
smoke filled the dark and damp
the cavern closed in all around
our breath caught in a clamp

And as the moment for our deaths
upon us did appear
a flaming figure split the dark
the "evil one" drew near"

But we all followed close behind
that specter through the door
and out into the evening chill
to breath the air once more

I am told the story's true
there lived an Indian
who rubbed the foxfire on himself
and met a burning end

Perhaps it was his spirit
that appeared to us the night
perhaps to set the record straight
he used the foxfire light

53 *Ha'nacker Mill*
Hillaire Belloc

Sally is gone that was so kindly,
Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Hill
And the Briar grows ever since then so blindly;
And ever since then the clapper is still...
And the sweeps have fallen from Ha'nacker Mill.

Ha'nacker Hill is in Desolation:
Ruin a-top and a field unploughed.
And Spirits that call on a fallen nation,
Spirits that loved her calling aloud,
Spirits abroad in a windy cloud.

Spirits that call and no one answers —
Ha'nacker's down and England's done.
Wind and Thistle for pipe and dancers,
And never a ploughman under the Sun:
Never a ploughman. Never a one.

54 *The Irish Rover*

In the ^Gyear of our Lord, eighteen ^Chundred and six,
We set sail from the Coal Quay of ^DCork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the ^Ggrand City ^DHall in New ^GYork
We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged 'fore and aft
And how ^Gthe trade winds ^Ddrove her
She had twenty-three masts and she stood several ^Cblasts
And they ^Gcalled her the Irish — ^D— ^GRover

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

Em
I'll tell ye a story that happened to me
D
One day as I went out to Youghal by the Sea
Em *G* *D*
The sun it was bright and the day it was warm
Em *D* *Em* *D* *Em*
Says I, A quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm
I went to the barman, I says give me a stout
Says the barman, I'm sorry all the beer tis sold
out
Try whiskey or vodka, ten years in the wood
Says I, I'll try cider, I heard it was good

(Chorus) Oh never, oh never, oh never again
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and ten
I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up
After drinking a pint of the Johnny Jump
Up

After lowering the third I headed strait for the
yard
Where I bumped into Brophy the big civic guard
He says come here to me boy don't you know I'm
the law
Well I upped with my fist and I shattered his jaw
He fell to the ground with his knees crumpled up
But it T'wasn't I hit him t'was the johnny jump
And the next thing I met down in Youghal by the
Sea
Was a cripple on crutches, and says he to me
I'm afraid o' me life I'll be hit by a car
Would you help me across to the Railwayman's
Bar
And after three pints of the cider so sweet
He threw down his crutches and he danced on his
feet
(Chorus)
Now I went up the Lee road a friend to see
They call it the Madhouse in Cork by the Lee
But when I got up there, the truth I do to tell
They had the poor bugger locked up in his cell
Says the guard testing him, say these words if you
can
'Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran'
Tell them I'm not crazy, tell them I'm not mad
T'was only six pints of that cider I had
Now a man died in the Union by the name of
McNabb
They washed him and laid him outside on a slab
And after the corroner his measurements did take
His wife took him home to a bloody fine wake
'Twas about twelve o'clock and the beer it was
high
The corpse he sat up and he says with a sigh
I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up
Till I bring them a pint of the Johnny Jump Up
(Chorus)

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

When I ^G was a young man I ^C carried my ^G pack ^{Em}
 And I lived the free life of a rover
 From the Murrays green basin to the dusty
 outback
 I waltzed my Matilda all over
 Then in ^D nineteen fifteen my ^C country said ^G Son
^D It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's work to ^C
 be done ^G
 So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a ^C
^{Em} gun
 And they sent me away to the war ^G
 And the band played ^D Waltzing ^C Matilda ^G
 As we sailed away from the quay ^G ^C ^D
 And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the ^C
^{Em} cheers
^G We sailed off to ^D Gallipoli ^G

How well I remember that terrible day
 How the blood stained the sand and the water
 And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
 We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
 Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well
 He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shells
 And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia
 But the band played Waltzing Matilda
 As we stopped to bury our slain
 We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
 Then we started all over again

Now those that were left, well we tried to survive
 In a mad world of blood, death and fire
 And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
 But around me the corpses piled higher
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over
 head
 And when I woke up in my hospital bed
 And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead
 Never knew there were worse things than dying
 For no more I'll go waltzing Matilda
 All around the green bush far and near
 For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs
 No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed

And they shipped us back home to Australia
 The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane
 Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla
 And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
 I looked at the place where my legs used to be
 And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me

To grieve and to mourn and to pity
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda
 As they carried us down the gangway
 But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared
 Then turned all their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch
 And I watch the parade pass before me
 And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march
 Reliving old dreams of past glory
 And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and sore

The forgotten heroes from a forgotten war
 And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"

And I ask myself the same question
 And the band plays Waltzing Matilda
 And the old men answer to the call
 But year after year their numbers get fewer
 Some day no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
 Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me
 And their ghosts may be heard as you pass the
 Billabong
 Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me?

57 *Folsom Prison Blues*

^G
I hear the train a comin'
It's rollin' 'round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine
Since, I don't know when I'm stuck in Folsom ^{G7 C}
Prison
And time keeps draggin' on ^G
But that train keeps a-rollin' ^{D7}
On down to San Antone ^G

When I was just a baby
My Mama told me, "son
Always be a good boy
Don't ever play with guns"
But I shot a man in Reno
Just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin'
I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eatin'
In a fancy dinin' car
They're probably drinkin' coffee
And smokin' big cigars
Well, I know I had it comin'
I know I can't be free
But those people keep a-movin'
And that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on a little
Farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison
That's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle
Blow my blues away

58 *Brennan on the Moor*

Tis of a brave young highwayman this story I will tell
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell
It was on the Kilwood Mountain he commenced his wild career
And many a wealthy nobleman before him shook with fear

**(Chorus) It was Brennan on the moor,
Brennan on the moor
Bold, brave and undaunted was young
Brennan on the moor**

One day upon the highway as young Willie he went down
He met the mayor of Cashiell a mile outside of town
The mayor he knew his features and he said,
Young man, said he
Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me

Now Brennan's wife had gone to town provisions for to buy
And when she saw her Willie she commenced to weep and cry
Said, Hand to me that tenpenny, as soon as Willie spoke
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak

Now with this loaded blunderbuss – the truth I will unfold –
He made the mayor to tremble and he robbed him of his gold
One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there
So he, with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair

Now Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountains high
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try
He laughed at them with scorn until at last 'twas said
By a false-hearted woman he was cruelly betrayed

They hanged Brennan at the crossroads, in chains he hung and dried
But still they say that, in the night, some do see him ride
They see him with his blunderbuss, all in the midnight chill
Along, along the King's highway rides Willie Brennan still!

59 *Fiddler's Green*

^C ^F ^C ^{Am}
As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
^C ^F ^C ^G
To view the salt waters and take in the salt air
^F ^C
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
^G ^C ^G
Won't you take me away boys me time is not long

^C ^G
(Chorus) Wrap me up in me oilskin and
^C
Jumper
^F ^C ^G
No more on the docks I'll be seen
^F ^C
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip
mates
^G ^{G7} ^C
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away
(Chorus)
Yes the weather is fair and there's never a gail
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew
(Chorus)
When pull into port and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree.
(Chorus)
Now I don't need a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin to sing me a song
(Chorus)

60 *The Rocky Road to Dublin*

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

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

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

61 *HEALTH TO THE COMPANY*

Kind friends and companions, come join me in
rhyme
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Come lift up your voices, all grief to refrain
For we may or might never all meet here again

**(Chorus) So here's a health to the company
and one to my lass
Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass
Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For we may or might never all meet here
again**

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well
For style and for beauty there's none can excel
There's a smile on her countenance as she sits
upon my knee
There is no man in this wide world as happy as
me
(Chorus)
Our ship lies at anchor, she is ready to dock
I wish her safe landing without any shock
And if ever I should meet you by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me
(Chorus)

62 *Star of the County Down*

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

G *D*
[Chorus] 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]

63

The Ridde Song

I (C)gave my love a (F)cherry that had no (C)stone

G Gave my love a *C* chicken that had no *G* bone
G I gave my love a *C* baby with no crying
Am And told my love a story that had no end *F C*

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
 How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
 How can there be a baby with no crying?
 How can you tell a story that has no end?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone
 And a chicken when it's pipping, there is no bone
 A baby when it's sleeping, there's no crying
 And when I say "I love you", it has no end

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone
 I gave my love a chicken that had no bone
 I gave my love a baby with no crying
 And told my love a story that had no end

64

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
Fm G Bm A
 the rose, love, and I'll make the vow
D Bm Em A D
 And I'll be your true love for--ever.

D Bm Em
 (Chorus) Red is the rose that in yonder garden
G A D Bm G A G
 grows Fair is the lily of the valley Clear is
Fm G Bm A D
 the water that flows from the Boyne But
Bm Em A D
 my love is fairer 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)

65 *Finnegan's Wake*

D
 Tim Finnegan lived in *Bm* 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]

66 *Jock Stewart*

C *G*
Now, my name is Jock Stewart
Am *F*
I'm a canny gaun man,
C *G* *C*
And a roving young fellow, I've been.

**(Chorus) So be easy and free
When you're drinkin wi' me.
I'm a man you don't meet every day.**

I have acres of land;
I have men at command;
I have always a shilling to spare.
(Chorus)
Now, I took out my gun,
With my dog I did shoot,
All down by the River Kildare
(Chorus)
I'm a piper by trade
And a roving young blade
And many a tune I do play
(Chorus)
Let us catch well the hours
And the minutes that fly
And we'll share them together this day
(Chorus)
So, come fill up your glasses
Of brandy and wine,
And whatever the cost, I will pay.

67 *Edelweiss*

G *D* *G* *C* *G* *Em* *Am7*
Edelweiss, Edelweiss Every morning you greet
D
me
G *D* *G* *C*
Small and white, clean and bright
G *D7*
You look happy to meet me.

D *D7* *G*
Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow
C *A* *D* *D7* *G* *D* *G*
Bloom and grow forever Edelweiss, Edelweiss
C *G* *D7* *G*
Bless my homeland forever

68 *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
With her white spotty apron and her calico blouse
She began to frighten, I said, "Boo
Ara, don't be afraid, ma'am, it's only Johnny
Dhu"

I met a little flaxy-haired girl one day
"Good morning, little flaxy-haired girl," I did say
"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"

I must be going to bed for it's getting late at
night
The fire's all raked and out goes the light
So now you've heard the story of me old
rig-a-doo
"It's good-bye and God be with you," says old
Johnny Dhu

69 *A Little Bit More*

^G When I was young me ^C father said,
^G It's time the children ^C went to ^D bed,
^G We would always cry and roar,
^G I want to stay up just a ^D little bit ^G more.

(Chorus) ^G A little bit more a ^C little bit more
^G Not very much just a ^C little bit ^D more,
^G A little bit more a ^C little bit more
^G Not very much just a ^D little bit ^G more,

And when the morning came around,
You could hear that same auld sound
When they came rapping on the door
I want to lay on a little bit more.

(Chorus)
The barman says theres no more beer,
Drink up your drink and get out of here,
Still you see them hanging 'round the door,
Hopeing to get in for a little bit more.

(Chorus)
I met a girl called Mary Rose
I said young girl can I kiss your nose,
She said I met your likes before
All you want is a little bit more.

(Chorus)
And when your days are nearly done
Before you cross that rubicon
The doctor says your time is done,
And you pray to the Lord for a little bit more.
(Chorus)

70 *The Devil Down Below*

I used to be a fisherman, on the icy crests we'd
ride
Like a banshee on the wind, we'd sail the ocean
wide.
From the shoals of Yarmouth Bay to
Newfoundland we'd go...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the
Devil down below

Out to the snows of Greenland, into the
screaming gale
Out into the storm, chasing down the whale
When the harpoon struck, the mighty fish would
blow...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the
Devil down below

In our bunks we'd find no solace, no comfort just
remorse
We'd curse at the bad fortune that had set us on
this course
Gathered 'round the lamplight we'd sing both
high and low...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the
Devil down below

From the rocks of Lizard Reef to Plymouth we
are bound
The skipper's yelling blood as the jagged cliffs we
round
Jack Duggan in the foresail, Billy Reilly in the
crow...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the
Devil down below

Only when we'd quenched this mighty vessel's
appetite
Would the captain tell us "Lads, we'll be going
home tonight!"
We'd turn to the raging sea and we'd raise our
fists and yell,
"You won't be seeing us today, you won't be
seeing us in Hell!"

Once ashore we'd head into the pub for a tankard
full of ale
One day would turn into a week and the time
would come to sail
We'd say goodbye to the girls we love, then off
from the shore we'd row...

And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the
Devil down below
And we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at
the Devil down below

71 *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya*

Em While goin' the road to sweet Athy, *Bm* hurroo,
hurroo

Em While goin' the road to sweet Athy, *G* hurroo,
hurroo

D While goin' the road to sweet Athy

Em A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye *Bm*

G A doleful damsel I *D* *Em* heard cry, *Bm*

Em Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus) *Em* With your drums and guns and
Bm guns and drums, hurroo, hurroo

Em With your drums and guns and guns and
G drums, hurroo, hurroo

D With your drums and guns and guns and
drums

Em The enemy nearly slew ye *Bm*

G Oh my darling dear, *D* Ye look so queer *Em* *Bm*

Em Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your eyes that were so mild

When my heart you so beguiled

Why did ye run from me and the child

Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo,
hurroo

Where are your legs that used to run

When you went for to carry a gun

Indeed your dancing days are done

Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

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

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo,
hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo,
hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg

Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg

Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

(Chorus)

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo

They're rolling out the guns again

But they never will take our sons again

No they never will take our sons again

Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

72 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*
From the green and lovely 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)

73 One More Dollar

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

(Chorus) *Em D C D*
One more dime to show for my
G
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.

| (Chorus)

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)

74 Sally Gardens

It was down by the Sally gar—dens
 My love and I did meet
 She crossed the Sally gar—dens
 With little snow—white feet

(Chorus) She bid me to take life easy
 As the leaves grow on the tree
 But I was young and fool—ish
 And with her did not agree

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

(Repeat 1st verse and refrain)

75 All For Me Grog

(Chorus) And it's all for me grog, me jolly
 jolly grog

All for me beer and tobacco
 Well I've spent all me tin with the lassies
 drinking

Gin
 Far across the western ocean I must (D7-G)
 wander

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
 Since first I came ashore with me plunder
 I've seen centipedes and snakes
 And my head is full off aches
 And I'll have to make a path for way out yonder
 (Chorus)
 Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin' boots
 They're all sold for beer and tobacco
 You see the sole's were gettin' thin
 And the uppers were letting in
 And the heels are looking out for better weather
 (Chorus)
 Where is me shirt me noggin' noggin' shirt
 It's all gone for beer and tobacco
 You see the sleeves they got worn out
 And the collar was turned about
 And the tail is looking out for better weather
 (Chorus)
 Where is me wife me noggin' noggin' wife
 She's all sold for beer and tobacco
 You see her front it got worn out
 And her tail been kicked about
 And I'm sure she's looking out for better weather
 (Chorus)
 Oh, where is me bed me noggin' noggin' bed
 It's all sold for beer and tobacco
 You see I sold it to the girls
 And the springs they got all twirls
 And the sheets they're looking out for better
 weather
 (Chorus)

76 *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.

77 *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?

78 *Big Rock Candy Mountains*

One evening as the sun went down
And the jungle fire was burning,
Down the track came a hobo hiking,
And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning
I'm headed for a land that's far away
Besides the crystal fountains
So come with me, we'll go and see
The Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
There's a land that's fair and bright,
Where the handouts grow on bushes
And you sleep out every night
Where the boxcars all are empty
And the sun shines every day
On the birds and the bees
And the cigarette trees
The lemonade springs
Where the bluebird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
All the cops have wooden legs
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
The farmers' trees are full of fruit
And the barns are full of hay
Oh I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow
Where the rain don't fall
The wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
You never change your socks
And the little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks
The brakemen have to tip their hats
And the railroad bulls are blind
There's a lake of stew
And of whiskey, too
You can paddle all around 'em
In a big canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
The jails are made of tin
And you can walk right out again,
As soon as you are in
There ain't no short-handled shovels,
No axes, saws or picks,
I'ma goin' to stay
Where you sleep all day,
Where they hung the Turk
That invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

I'll see you all this coming Fall
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

79 *Eileen Aroon*

D *G* *D*
I know a valley fair, Ei—leen A—roon
D *G* *D*
I know a cottage there, Ei—leen A—roon
D *G* *D* *A*
Far in the valley shade I know a tender maid
D *A* *D* *G* *A* *D*
Flow'r of the hazel glade, Ei—leen 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
G D G D G A D
— - Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon,
Eileen Aroon

80 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 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 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)

'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.

81 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.

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!

82 *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 kreel
Plenty bonnie bairns as well
That's the toast for Marie
(Refrain 2x)

83 *Amazing Grace*

^D ^{D7} ^G ^D
Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me! ^A
^D ^{D7} ^G ^D
I once was lost, but now am found;
^{Bm} ^A ^D
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

84 *New York Girls*

As I ^Gwalked down the ^CBroadway one ^Gevening in
^DJuly
I met a maid who asked my trade – A ^Gsailor ^Dlad
^Gsays I
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

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....

(Chorus) And ^Gaway ^CSanty – My dear ^GAnnie ^D
^GO you ^CNew York girls, can't you ^Gdance the ^D
^Gpolka

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

| (Chorus)

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)

85 Take 'Em Away

(Chorus) ^G Take 'em away, ^C take 'em away,
 Lord
^G Take away these chains from me ^D
^G My heart is broken 'cause my spirit's not ^C
 free
^G Lord take away these chains from me ^D ^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
 (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 is a-hurtin'
 Gettin' too old now to push this here plow
 Please let me lay down so I can look at the
 clouds
 (Chorus)
 Land that I know is where two rivers collide
 The Brazos the Navaho and the big blue sky
 Flood plains, freight trains, watermelon
 vines
 Of any place on God's green earth, this is
 where I choose to die

86 Sally Gardens

^G ^D ^C ^G
 It was down by the Sally gar—dens
^C ^D ^G
 My love and I did meet
^G ^D ^C ^G
 She crossed the Sally gar—dens
^C ^D ^G
 With little snow—white feet

(Chorus) ^G ^C ^D
 She bid me to take life easy
^{Em} ^C ^D ^G
 As the leaves grow on the tree
^{Em} ^D ^C ^G
 But I was young and fool—ish
^C ^D ^G
 And with her did not agree

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

(Repeat 1st verse and refrain)

87 *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)

88 *Drunken Sailor*

Em
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
D
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Em
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Em D Em
Earl-eye in the morning!

(Chorus) *Em*
Way hay and up she rises
D
Way hay and up she rises
Em
Way hay and up she rises
Em D Em
Earl-eye in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Earl-eye in the morning!
(Chorus)
Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him
Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him
Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him
Earl-eye in the morning!

(Chorus)
Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
Put him the back of the paddy wagon,
Earl-eye in the morning!
(Chorus)
Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
Throw him in the lock-up 'til he's sober,
Earl-eye in the morning!

(Chorus)
Put him in a class with Dr. Olsson, (*Name may
vary)

Put him in a class with Dr. Olsson,
Put him in a class with Dr. Olsson,
Earl-eye in the morning!

(Chorus)
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning!
(Chorus 2x)

89 *Dooley*

G C
Dooley was a good old man
G D
He lived below the mill
G C G G
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) *G*
Dooley, slipping up the holler
C
Dooley, trying to make a dollar
G D
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 all 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)

90 *Rose Red Round*

Rose, Rose, Rose red,
Will 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 thy 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.

91 *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."

92 *Annie Laurie*

^GMaxwellton braes are ^Cbonnie,
^GWhere early fa's the ^Ddew,
And 'twas there that ^GAnnie ^CLaurie
^GGave me her ^Dpromise ^Gtrue.
Gave me her ^{D7}promise ^Gtrue,
Which ne'er ^{D7}forgot will be, ^G
And for ^Cbonnie ^GAnnie Laurie,
^DI lay me ^Gdoon 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.

93 *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.

94 *Danny Boy*

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

95 *Back in the Saddle Again*

G *D* *G* *G7 C*
I'm back in the saddle again Out where a
G
friend is a friend

C
Where the longhorn cattle feed

G *Em*
On the lowly gypsum weed
A *D* *G*
Back in the saddle again

Ridin' the range once more
Totin' my old .44
Where you sleep out every night
And the only law is right
Back in the saddle again

C
Whoopi-ty-aye-oh
G
Rockin' to and fro
back in the saddle (D-D7)again
C
Whoopi-ty-aye-yay
G *Em*
I go my way
A *D* *G*
Back in the saddle again
(Repeat)

As I walk the road from Killeshandra, weary, I
sat down
For it's twelve long miles around the lake to get
to Cavan Town
Though Oughter and the road I go once seemed
beyond compare
Now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan
girl, so fair

The Autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees
will soon be bare
Each red-coat leaf around me seems the colour of
her hair
My gaze retreats, defies my feet, and once again I
sigh
As the broken pool of sky reminds the colour of
her eyes

At the Cavan cross each Sunday morning, where
she can be found
And she seems to have the eye of every boy in
Cavan Town
If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer
of her smile
And to break the hearts of Cavan men she'll talk
to me a while

So next Sunday evening finds me homeward,
Killeshandra bound
To work the week 'til I return to court in Cavan
Town
When asked if she would be my bride, at least
she'd not say no
So next Sunday morning I'll rouse myself and
back to her, I'll go
