

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 *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]

4 *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
were all a ^D glow
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready ^A
quick and soon
For the ^G pikes must be together by the ^D rising of
^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
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

5 *Leaving of Liverpool*

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

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

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the Captain of her,
And they say that she's a floating hell
(Chorus)
Oh the sun is on the harbour, love,
And I wish that I could remain,
For I know that it will be a long, long time,
Before I see you again
(Chorus)

6 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

7 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

8

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)

9

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.

10 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)

11 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

12 The Wild Rover

^G I've been a wild rover for many's the ^C year
^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, ^{D7} nay, ^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)

13 *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?

14 *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'
D *G*
On down the Mississippi to the 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.

15 *My Comrade*

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

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

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

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

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

16 *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)

17 *Auld Lang Syne*

^C Should auld acquaintance ^G be forgot,
^{Am} And never brought to mind ^F
^C Should auld acquaintance ^G be forgot,
^F And auld lang syne! ^G ^C

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

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!

18 *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 ^G devil's own
^A invention
^D Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin'
^G Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's ^{Em}
^A Kitchen7

(Chorus) ^D With my tooral-ooral-I, and my
^G tooral-ooral-addy
^D With my 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)

19 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)

20 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.

21 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)

22 *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!

23 *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)

24 *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)

25 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)

26 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)

27 *Country Roads*

G Almost heaven, *Em* West Virginia
D Blue ridge mountains, *C* Shenandoah river *G*
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—long *C*
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

28 *Bonnie George Campbell*

C High upon Hielands and *F* low upon *C* Tay,
F Bonnie George *C* Campbell rode oot on a *G* day.
C Saddled and bridled, sae *F* bonnie rode *C* 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.

29 *Midnight Moonlight*

G
If you ever feel lonesome, and you're down in
San Antone
Am *D* *C*
Beg steal or borrow two nickels or a dime and
D
call me on the phone
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) *Am* *D* *Am* *D*
In the moonlight in the midnight In
Am *D* *G*
the moonlight midnight moon—light.

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)

Repeat both verses

30 *Tell Me Ma*

(Chorus) *G* *C* *G*
O Tell me ma when I go home
D *G*
The boys won't leave the girls alone
G *C* *G*
They pull my hair, they stole my comb
D *G*
But that's all right till I go home
C
She is handsome, she is pretty
G *D*
She is the belle of Belfast city
G *C*
She is a-courting one two three
G *D* *G*
Pray, would you tell me who 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)

31 *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)

32 *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

33 *The Devil's Courtship*

"I'll buy you a pennyworth o' priens
If that be the way true love begins
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"Ye can hae your pennyworth of priens
Though that be the way true love begins
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang
wi' you."

"I'll buy you a braw snuff box
Nine times opened, nine times locked
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"You can hae your braw snuff box
Nine times opened, nine times locked
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang
wi' you."

"I'll buy you a silken goon
Wi' nine stripes up and nine stripes doon
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"You can hae your silken goon
Wi' nine stripes up and nine stripes doon
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang
wi' you."

"I'll buy you a nine stringed bell
Tae call yer maid when'er you will
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"You can keep your nine stringed bell
Tae call my maid when'er I will
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang
wi' you."

"I'll gie you a kist o' gold
Tae comfort you when you are old
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang
alang wi' me?"

"These are fine words you say
So mount up lad you've won the day
I'll gang alang wi' you m'dear, I'll gang alang wi'
you."

They'd scarcely gone a mile
Before she spied his cloven heel
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'
you."

"I'll grip ye hard and fast,
Gold won your virgin heart at last
And I'll no part wi' you m'dear, I'll never part wi'
you."

And as they were galloping along
The cold wind carried her mournful song
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'
you."
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'
you."

34 *My son John (Cannonball)*

Em *G* *D*
My son John was tall and slim
Em *G* *D*
And he had a leg for every limb
Em *D*
Now he's got no legs at all
Em *G* *D*
They're both shot away by a cannon ball

Em *G/D*
(Chorus) Hoo-rum rye, fadda riddle dye
G *G* *D* *Em*
Whack fo' the diddle To me hoo rum rye

Well were ya drunk or were ya blind
To leave your two fine legs behind
Or was it from walkin upon the sea
That took your legs from the ground to the knee
(Chorus)
Well I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
To leave my two fine legs behind
T'was a cannonball on the fifth o' May
That took my legs from the ground to the knee
(Chorus)
Each foreign war I'll now denounce
'tween this King of England and that King of
France
I'd rather my legs as they used to be
Than the king of Spain and his whole navy
(Chorus)
I was tall and I was slim
And I had a leg for every limb
But now I've got no legs at all
You can't win a race with a cannon ball

35 *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

36 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)

37 *The Irish Rover*

In the ^Gyear of our Lord, eighteen ^Chundred and six,
We set ^Gsail from the Coal Quay of ^DCork
We were ^Gsailing away with a ^Ccargo of bricks
For the ^Ggrand City ^DHall in New ^GYork
We'd an ^Gelegant craft, it was ^Drigged 'fore and aft
And how ^Gthe trade winds ^Ddrove her
She had ^Gtwenty-three masts and she stood ^Cseveral
 blasts
And they ^Gcalled her the Irish - - ^{D G}Rover

There was Barney Magee from the banks of the
 Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff
 of work
And a chap from Westmeath named Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a
 rule
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man Mick McCann, from the banks of
 the Bann
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrells of bone
We had three million bales of old nanny goats'
 tails
We had four million barrells of stone
We had five million hogs and six million dogs
And seven million barrells of porter
We had eight million sides of old blind horses'
 hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke
 out
And our ship lost her way in a fog
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to
 two
'Twas myself and the captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, oh, Lord what a
 shock
And nearly tumbled over
Turned nine times around then the poor old dog
 was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

38 *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 ^C work to
 be done
 So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a
^{Em} gun
 And they sent me away to the war
 And the band played ^C Waltzing ^G Matilda
 As we sailed away from the quay
 And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the
^{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?

39 *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!

40 *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)

41 *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]

42 *Star of the County Down*

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

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

43 *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 *G*
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

44 *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.

(Chorus) *D* *Bm* *Em*
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)

45 *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]

46 *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

47 *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

48 *A Little Bit More*

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

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

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)

49 *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

50 *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)
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.

53 *Sally Gardens*

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

(Chorus) ^G She ^C bid me to ^D take life ^D easy
^{Em} As the ^C leaves ^D grow ^G on the tree
^{Em} But I ^D was ^C young and ^G fool—ish
^C And with ^D her ^G 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)

54 *All For Me Grog*

(Chorus) ^G And it's all for me ^C grog, me ^G jolly
^G jolly grog
^{D7} All for me beer and tobacco
^G Well I've spent all me tin with the ^C lassies
drinking
^G Gin
^D 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)

55 *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.

56 *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?

57 *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

58 *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

59 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.

60 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!

61 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)

62 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.

63 New York Girls

As I^G walked down the C Broadway one evening in^G
D July
I met a maid who asked my trade – A sailor lad^{G D}
G says 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 away^{G C} Santy – My dear^{G D} Annie
G O you^C New York girls, can't you^{G D} dance the
G polka

Says she – You lime-juice sailor, now see me
home you may
But when we reached her cottage door, she unto
me did say
She says her man's a Yankee, with his hair cut
short behind
And he wears a pair of tall sea boots and he sails
in the Blackball Line

| (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)

64 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

65 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)

66 *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)

67 *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.

68 *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."

69 *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.

70 *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.

71 *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!

72 *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)

73 *Cavan Girl*

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
