

# The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



## Songs

### A

<i>Annie Laurie</i> .....	9
<i>Auld Lang Syne</i> .....	11

### B

<i>BLACK AND TANS</i> .....	11
<i>Black Velvet Band, The</i> .....	12

### C

<i>Carrickfergus</i> .....	10
<i>Charlie on the M.T.A.</i> .....	3

### D

<i>Dooley</i> .....	9
---------------------	---

### E

<i>Edelweiss (Richard Rogers)</i> .....	14
<i>EILEEN AROON</i> .....	8

### F

<i>Fields of Athenry</i> .....	13
<i>Finnegans Wake</i> .....	6
<i>Foggy Dew, The</i> .....	13
<i>Four Green Fields</i> .....	8

### G

<i>Green Fields Of France, The</i> .....	4
<i>Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)</i> .....	10

### S

<i>St. Brendans Fair Isle</i> .....	5, 7
-------------------------------------	------

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

Well, let me tell you of the story of a man  
named Charley on a tragic and fateful day

He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife  
and family, went to ride on the M.T.A.

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of  
Boston. He's the man who never returned

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall  
Square Station and he changed for Jamaica Plain

When he got there the conductor told him, "One  
more nickel." Charlie couldn't get off of that train

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of  
Boston. He's the man who never returned

Now, all night long Charlie rides through the  
station, crying, "What will become of me?!"

How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea or  
my cousin in Roxbury?"

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of  
Boston. He's the man who never returned

Charlie's wife goes down to the Sculley Square  
Station every day at quarter past two

And through the open window she hands  
Charlie a sandwich as the train comes rumblin'  
through

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of  
Boston. He's the man who never returned

Now, you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's  
a scandal how the people have to pay and pay?

Fight the fare increase! Vote for George  
O'Brien! Get poor Charlie off the M.T.A.

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown

(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul Revere)

He may ride forever 'neath the streets of  
Boston. He's the man who never returned

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

E tu, Charlie?

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## 2 *The Green Fields Of France*

Oh (D) how do you (Bm) do, young (G) Willy  
Mc-(A)-Bride

Do you mind if I sit here down (G) by your  
grave-(D)-side

And rest for a (Bm) while in the (G) warm  
summer (A) sun

I've been walking all day, and (G) I'm nearly  
(D) done

And I see by your (Bm) gravestone you were  
(G) only nine-(Em)-teen

When you (A) joined the great (G) fallen in  
19-(A)-16

Well I (D) hope you died (Bm) quick

And I (G) hope you died (Em) clean

Or (A) Willy McBride, was is it (G) slow and  
(D) obscene

(Chorus) Did they (A) beat the drums slowly

Did they (G) play the fife (D) lowly

Did they (A) sound the death march as they  
(G) lowered you (A) down

Did the (G) band play the last post and (D)  
chorus

Did the (Bm) pipes play the (G) flowers of the  
(A) for-(D)-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)

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### 3 *St. Brendans Fair Isle*

When (D) I was a lad on the (G) Emerald (D)  
Isle

I (Bm) heard many stories both (D) lovely and  
(Bm) wild

(D) About the great dragons and (G) monsters  
that (D) be

That (Bm) swallow the ships when they (D) sail  
on the (Bm) sea

Though (G) I was an artist with canvas and  
paint

I sailed with St. Brendan and his jolly (D)  
saints

We (G) told the good people goodbye for a  
while

(Chorus) We (D) sailed for (A) St. Brendan's  
(D) fair isle, fair (G) isle

We sailed for St. (A) Brendan's fair (D) isle

We'd been on the ocean for 94 days

When we came to a spot where the sea was  
ablaze

Those demons from Hades were dancing with  
glee

And burning the sailors alive on the sea

St. Brendan he walked on the blistering waves

He threw all those demons right back to their  
caves

And all of the saints wore a heavenly smile

(Chorus)

One night while the brethren were lying asleep

A great dragon came up from under the deep

He thundered and light'nend and made a great  
din

He awakened St. Brendan and all of his men

The dragon came on with his mouth open wide

We threw in a cross and the great dragon died

We skinned him and cooked him and feasted a  
while

(Chorus)

At last we came onto that beautiful land

We all went ashore and we walked on the sand

We took our longbows and we killed us a boo  
We roasted it up and had hot barbecue  
And after a while we were singing this song  
We noticed the island was moving along  
We ate and we drank and we rolled in great  
style

(Chorus)

St. Brendan said "Boys, this is much to my wish

"To ride on the back of the world's biggest fish

"Hold on to the line that is pullin' the ship

"We'll need it some day if this fish takes a dip."

We sailed every ocean, we sailed every sea

We sailed every spot that a sailor could be

In 44 days we sailed 10 million miles

(Chorus)

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## 4 *Finnegans Wake*

(D) Tim Finnegan lived in (Bm) Wattling Street  
A (G) gentle Irishman (A) mighty odd  
He'd a (D) beautiful brogue so (Bm) rich and  
sweet

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

(D) See he'd sort of a (Bm) tripling way  
With (D) love for a liquor poor (Bm) Tim was  
born

To (D) help him on with his (Bm) work each  
day

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

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

(G) Round the floor, your (A) trotters shake

(D) Wasn't it the (Bm) truth I told you

(G) Lots of fun at (A) Finnegan's (D) 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]

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## 5 *St. Brendans Fair Isle*

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Isle

I (Bm) heard many stories both (D) lovely and  
(Bm) wild

(D) About the great dragons and (G) monsters  
that (D) be

That (Bm) swallow the ships when they (D) sail  
on the (Bm) sea

Though (G) I was an artist with canvas and  
paint

I sailed with St. Brendan and his jolly (D)  
saints

We (G) told the good people goodbye for a  
while

(Chorus) We (D) sailed for (A) St. Brendan's  
(D) fair isle, fair (G) isle

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We sailed every spot that a sailor could be

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(Chorus)

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## 6 *Four Green Fields*

(G) What (D) did I (G) have',  
Said the (C) fine old (D) woman.  
(G) What (D) did I (G) have',  
This (C) proud old woman did (D) 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.  
They (C) fought and they (D) died  
And (G) that was my (D) grief', said (G) 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.

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## 7 *EILEEN AROON*

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

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## 8 *Dooley*

Dooley was a good old man  
He lived below the mill  
Dooley had two daughters and a forty gallon  
still  
One gal watched the boiler the other watched  
the spout  
Mama corked the bottles when old Dooley  
fetched them out  
(Chorus) Dooley, slipping up the holler  
Dooley, trying to make a dollar  
Dooley, give me a swaller and Ill pay you back  
some day  
The revenueurs came for him a slipping through  
the woods  
Dooley kept behind them all and never lost his  
goods  
Dooley was a trader when into town hed come  
Sugar by the bushel and molasses by the ton  
(Chorus)  
I remember very well the day old Dooley died  
The women folk looked sorry and the men stood  
round and cried  
Now Dooleys on the mountain he lies there all  
alone  
They put a jug beside him and a barrel for a  
stone  
(Chorus)

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## 9 *Annie Laurie*

(G) Maxwellton braes are (C) bonnie,  
(G)Where early fa's the (D) dew,  
And 'twas (G) there that Annie (C) Laurie  
Gave (G) me her (D) promise (G) true.  
Gave me her (D7) promise (G) true,  
Which ne'er (D7) forgot will (G) be,  
And for (C) bonnie Annie (G) Laurie,  
I lay me (D) doon and (G) dee.  
Her brow is like the snowdrift,  
Her neck is like a swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on.  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her ee,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I lay me doon and dee.  
Like dew on th' gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,  
And like winds in summer sighing  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I lay me doon and dee.

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## 10 Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)

The (G) gypsy rover came (C) over the (D) hill  
(G) Down through the valley so (C) sha-(D)-dy  
He (G) whistled and he (Am) sang till the (D)  
green woods (Em) rang  
And (G) he won the (Am) heart of a (D)  
la-(G)-dy  
(G) Ah dee do, ah dee (C) do da (D) day  
(G) Ah dee do, ah dee (C) day (D) dee  
He (G) whistled and he (Am) sang till the (D)  
green woods (Em) rang  
And (G) he won the (Am) heart of a (D)  
la-(G)-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

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## 11 Carrickfergus

(G) I wish I (Am) was (D) in Carrick(G)fergus  
Only for (Am) nights (D) in Bally(G)grand  
I would swim (Am) over (D) the deepest (G)  
ocean  
Only for (Am) nights (D) in Bally(G)grand  
But the sea is (Em) wide and I cannot swim  
(D) over  
And neither have (Em) I the (Am) wings to (D)  
fly  
(G) I wish I (Am) had (D) a handsome (G)  
boatsman  
To ferry me (Am) over (D) my love and I (G)  
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.

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## 12 *Auld Lang Syne*

Should (C) auld acquaintance (G) be forgot,  
And (Am) never brought to (F) mind  
Should (C) auld acquaintance (G) be forgot,  
And (F) auld (G) lang (C) syne!  
(Chorus) For (C) auld lang (G) syne, my dear  
For (Am) auld lang (F) syne,  
We'll (C) take a cup o' (G) kindness yet  
For (F) auld (G) lang (C) syne!  
And surely ye 'll be your pint' stowp,  
And surely I 'll be mine,  
And we 'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne!  
(Chorus)  
We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine,  
But we 've wander'd monie a weary fit  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
(Chorus)  
We twa hae paidl'd in the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine,  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
(Chorus)  
And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
And gie 's a hand o' thine,  
And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught  
For auld lang syne!

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## 13 *BLACK AND TANS*

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

Show your (Bm) wife how you won medals  
down in Flanders;  
Tell her (D) how the IRA made you (A) run like  
hell away,  
From the (Bm) green and lovely (A) lanes of  
(Bm) Killeshandra.  
Come tell us how you slew  
Them ol' Arabs two by two,  
Like the Zulus they had knives and bows and  
arrows;  
Of how bravely you faced one with your  
sixteen-pounder gun,  
And you frightened all the natives to the  
marrow.  
(Chorus)  
Come let us hear you tell  
How you slammed the brave Parnell,  
And taught him well and truly persecuted;  
Where are the stares and jeers that you proudly  
let us hear,  
When our heroes of sixteen were executed.  
(Chorus)  
Oh! Come out you British Huns,  
Come out and fight without your guns,  
Show your wife how you won medals up in  
Derry;  
You murdered sixteen men and you'll do the  
same again,  
So get out of here and take your bloody army.  
(Chorus)  
The day is coming fast  
And the time is here at last,  
When each yeoman will be cast aside before us,  
And if there be a need  
Sure my kids wil sing, "Godspeed!"  
With a verse or two of Steven Beehan's chorus.  
(Chorus)

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## 14 *The Black Velvet Band*

In a (D) neat little town they called Belfast  
Apprentice to trade I was (A) bound  
And (D) many an hour sweet (Bm) happiness  
Have I (G) spent in that (A) neat little (D)  
town  
As (D) sad misfortune came over me  
Which caused me to stray from the (A) land  
Far (D) away from me friends and (Bm)  
relations  
(G) Betrayed by the (A) black velvet (D) band  
Her (D) eyes they shown like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the (A) land (And  
she was!)  
And her (D) hair, it hung over her (Bm)  
shoulder  
Tied (G) up with a (A) black velvet (D) 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)

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## 15 *The Foggy Dew*

'Twas (Bm) down the glen one (A) Easter morn  
To a (D) city (A) fair rode (Bm) I.  
When (Bm) armed line of (A) marching men  
In (D) squadrons (A) passed me (Bm) by.  
No (D) pipes did hum, no (A) battle (Bm) drum  
Did sound its (A) loud (Bm) tattoo  
But the (Bm) Angelus bell o'er the (A) Liffey's  
swell

Rang (D) out in the (A/Fm) foggy (Bm) 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 Britannia's huns with their great big guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.  
'Twas England bade our wild geese go  
That small nations might be free.  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
On the fringe of the gray North Sea.  
But had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,  
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep  
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.  
The night fell black and the rifle crack  
Made Perfidious Albion reel  
Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame  
Shone out o'er the line of steel  
By each shining blade a prayer was said  
That to Ireland her sons be true  
When the morning broke still the war flag shook  
Out its folds in the foggy dew.  
The bravest fell, and the requiem bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide  
In the springing of the year.  
And the world did gaze with deep amaze  
At those fearless men, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light

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

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## 16 *Fields of Athenry*

By a (D) lonely prison wall, I (G) heard a  
young girl (D) call-(A)-ing  
(D) Michael, they have (G) taken you (A) away,  
For you (D) stole Trevelyan's (G) corn,  
So the (D) young might see the (A) morn  
Now a (Em) prison ship lies (A) waiting in the  
(D) bay  
[Chorus] (D) Low (G) lie the (D) fields of  
Athen-(Bm)-ry  
Where (D) once we watched the (\*Bm) small  
free birds (A) fly  
Our (D) love was on the (G) wing  
We had (D) dreams and songs to (A) sing  
It's so (Em) lonely round the (A) fields of  
Athen-(D)-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]

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## 17 *Edelweiss (Richard Rogers)*

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

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

me

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

bright

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

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

grow

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

Edelweiss, Edelweiss

Bless my homeland forever

(Repeat 2nd verse, then repeat entirely)

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