

The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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1 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.

2 The Ring of Fire

G *C* *G*
Love is a burning thing
And it makes a fiery ring
Bound by wild desire
I fell in to a ring of fire

(Chorus) *D* I fell into a *G* burning ring of fire
D
I went down, down, down
G
And the flames went higher
And it burns, burns, burns
C *G*
The ring of fire
D *G*
The ring of fire

The taste of love is sweet
When hearts like ours meet
I fell for you like a child
Oh, but the fire went wild
(Chorus 2x)

3 Country Roads

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

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

4 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

5 *Isn't It Grand Boys*

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

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

Look at the flowers, all bloody withered
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?

(Chorus)

Look at the mourners, bloody-great hypocrites
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?

(Chorus)

Look at the preacher, a bloody-nice fellow
Isn't it grand, boys, to be bloody-well dead?

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

6 *My Comrade*

Fighting bravely in the battle
Galloping 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)

7 *By The Mark*

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

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

8 *The Rattlin' Bog*

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

^G
In that bog there was a tree
A rare tree, a ^Drattlin' tree
^G
The tree in the bog
In the bog down in the ^Dvalley-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)

9 Sink the Bismarck

D In May of nineteen forty-one the *A* war had just
begun *D*
G The Germans had the biggest ship, they *D* had the
biggest guns
The Bismarck was the fastest ship that ever
sailed the sea
On her deck were guns as big as steers and shells *A*
as big as trees

Out of the cold and foggy night came the British
ship, the Hood
And every British seaman, he knew and
understood
They had to sink the Bismarck, the terror of the
sea
Stop those guns as big as steers and those shells
as big as trees

(Chorus) *D* We'll find the German battleship
that's *A* makin' such a *D* fuss
D We gotta sink the Bismarck cause the world *A*
depends on us *D*
G Hit the decks a-runnin' boys and *D* spin those
guns around
When we find the Bismarck we *A* gotta cut
D her down

The Hood found the Bismarck on that fatal day
The Bismarck started firin' fifteen miles away
"We gotta sink the Bismarck" was the battle
sound
But when the smoke had cleared away, the
mighty Hood went down

For six long days and weary nights they tried to
find her trail
Churchill told the people "put every ship a-sail
'Cause somewhere on that ocean I know she's
gotta be
We gotta sink the Bismarck to the bottom of the sea"

(Chorus)

The fog was gone the seventh day and they saw
the mornin' sun
Ten hours away from homeland the Bismarck
made its run
The admiral of the British fleet said "turn those
bows around
We found that German battleship and we're
gonna cut her down"

The British guns were aimed and the shells were
comin' fast
The first shell hit the Bismarck, they knew she
couldn't last
That mighty German battleship is just a memory
"Sink the Bismarck" was the battle cry that
shook the seven seas

We found that German battleship been makin'
such a fuss
We had to sink the Bismarck 'cause the world
depends on us
We hit the deck a-runnin' and we spun those
guns around
We found the mighty Bismarck and then we cut
her down
