

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 ^C love,
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 Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)

^G The gypsy rover came over the ^C hill ^D
^G Down through the valley so sha—dy ^C ^D
^G He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang ^{Am} ^D ^{Em}
^G And he won the heart of a la—dy ^{Am} ^D ^G

^G Ah dee do, ah dee do da day ^C ^D
^G Ah dee do, ah dee day dee ^C ^D
^G He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang ^{Am} ^D ^{Em}
^G And he won the heart of a la—dy ^{Am} ^D ^G

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

7 Wagon Wheel

^G Heading down south to the ^D 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 momma like a wagon wheel ^D
^{Em} Rock me momma any way you feel ^C
Hey momma rock me
Rock me momma like the wind and the rain
Rock me momma like a south bound train
Hey momma 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 turning 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)

8 *Rose Red Round*

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.

9 *Molly Malone*

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

10 *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

11 *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?

12 *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)

13 *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)

14 *Auld Lang Syne*

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

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

15 *Carrickfergus*

^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} 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.

16 *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!

17 *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)

18 *Tell Me Ma*

(Chorus) O ^GTell me ma when I ^Cgo ^Ghome
^DThe boys won't leave the ^Ggirls alone
^GThey pull my hair, they ^Cstole my ^Gcomb
^DBut that's all right till I ^Ggo home
^CShe is handsome, she is pretty
^GShe is the belle of ^DBelfast city
^GShe is a-courting ^Cone two three
^GPray, would you ^Dtell me ^Gwho is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
Knock at the door and they ring that bell
Oh my true love, are you well
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murray says she will die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye
(Refrain)

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come toppling from the sky
She's as sweet as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma till she comes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still
(Refrain)

19 *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.

20 *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)

21 *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

(Chorus) *Em* *G/D*
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

22 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
D There's whiskey in the *A* jar *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)

23 *The Irish Rover*

In the ^G year of our Lord, eighteen ^C hundred and six,
We set ^G sail from the Coal Quay of ^D Cork
We were ^G sailing away with a ^C cargo of bricks
For the ^G grand City ^D Hall in New ^G York
We'd an ^G elegant craft, it was ^D rigged 'fore and aft
And how ^G the trade winds ^D drove her
She had ^G twenty-three masts and she stood ^C several
 blasts
And they ^G called 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

24 *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]

25 *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 colleen
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
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]

26 *Red is the rose*

D Come over the hills, my *Bm* bonnie *Em* Irish *G* lass
D Come over the hills to your *Bm* darling *G* You *A* choose
Fm the rose, love, and I'll make the *G* vow *Bm* *A*
D And I'll be your true love for--ever. *Bm* *Em* *A* *D*

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

'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)

27 *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'

[Chorus] *D* And whack Fol-De-Dah now *Bm* 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]

28 *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

29 *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.

30 Blacks and Tans

Bm
I was born in the Dublin street
A
Where the loyal drums do beat,
Bm
And the loving English feet walked all over us;
D *A*
And every single night when me dad would come
home tight,
Bm *A* *Bm*
He'd invite the neighbours out with this chorus:

[Chorus] *Bm*
Come out you black and tans,
A
Come out and fight me like a man,
Bm
Show your wife how you won medals down
in Flanders;
D *A*
Tell her how the IRA made you run like hell
away,
Bm *A*
From the green and lovely lanes of
Bm
Killeshandra.

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

31 One More Dollar

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

(Chorus) *Em D C D*
One more dime to show for my
G
day
Em D C D G
One more dollar and I'm on my way
Em D C
When I reach those hills, boys
D G
I'll never roam
Em D C D G
One more dollar and I'm going home

No work said the boss at the bunk house door
There's a freeze on the branches
So when the dice came out at the bar downtown
I rolled and I took my chances.

| (Chorus)

A long time ago I left my home
Just a boy passing twenty
Could you spare a coin and a Christian prayer
For my luck has turned against me.

| (Chorus)

32 *Sally Gardens*

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

33 *Four Green Fields*

^G What ^D did I ^G have',
^C Said the ^D fine old ^G woman.
^G What ^D did I ^G have',
^C This ^D proud old ^G 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.
They fought and they died
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.

34 *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?

35 *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

36 *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 revenuers came for him a slipping through the woods Dooley
goods Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come Sugar by the bu
I remember very well the day old Dooley died The women folk looked
cried Now Dooley's on the mountain he lies there all alone They pu
stone (Chorus)

37 *The Foggy Dew*

Bm 'Twas down the glen one *A* 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 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 I'll go
And I'll kneel and pray for you
For slavery fled, O glorious Dead,
When you fell in the foggy dew!

38 *Marie's Wedding*

(Chorus) *G* Step we gaily on we go
C D Heel for heel and toe for toe
G Arm and arm and row and row
C D All for Marie's 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 kreen
Plenty bonnie bairns as well
That's the toast for Marie
(Refrain 2x)

39 *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)

40 *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

41 *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

^G ^C ^D
(Chorus) 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)

42 *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)

43 *Edelweiss* Richard Rogers

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

D *G*
Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow
C *D* *D7*
Bloom and (Am7) grow forever Edelweiss,
Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever
(Repeat 2nd verse, then repeat entirely)

44 *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.

45 *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."

46 *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,
I lay me ^Ddoon and ^Gdee.

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.

47 *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.
