

The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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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?

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)

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)

4 *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)
Ive 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)

5 *NEW YORK GIRLS*

As (G) I walked down the (C) Broadway one
(G) evening in (D) July
I (G) met a maid who (C) asked my trade A
(G) sailor (D) lad says (G) 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
(Chorus) And (G) away (C) Santy (G) My
dear (D) Annie
(G) O you (C) New York girls, (G) can't you
(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)

Hes 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.

Ill never court another girl, Ill stick to rum and
beer

(Chorus)

I joined a yankee slug boat, were set to sail next
morn,

Dont ever mess with women boys, youre safer
round cape horn!

(Chorus)

Repeat 15 more times or so.

6 *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]

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

8 *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

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(Chorus)

9 *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

10 *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!"

11 *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.

12 *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 (G) how the trade winds (D) drove her
She had (G) twenty-three masts and she (C)
stood 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

13 *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

14 *Molly Malone*

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

15 *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)

16 *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.

17 *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

18 *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.

19 *Leaving of Liverpool*

Fare-(C)-well to you, my (F) own true (C) love,
I am going far, far a-(G)-way
I am (C) bound for Cali-(F)-forni-(C)-a,
And I know that I'll (G) return (C) someday
(Chorus) So (G) fare thee well, my (F) own true
(C) love,
For when I return, united we will (G) be
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)

20 *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya*

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

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

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

A (G) doleful (D) damsel (Em) I heard (Bm)
cry,

(Em) Johnny I hardly knew ye.

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

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

With your drums and guns and (D) guns and
drums

The (Em) enemy nearly (Bm) slew ye
Oh my (G) darling (D) dear, Ye (Em) look so
(Bm) 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.

21 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, well 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)

22 MY SON JOHN (*Cannonball*)

(Em) My son John was (G) tall and (D) slim
And he (Em) had a leg for (G) every (D) limb
(Em) Now he's got no (D) legs at all
(Em) Theyre both shot away by a (G) cannon
(D) ball
(Chorus) (Em) Hoo-rum rye, (G/D) fadda
riddle dye
(G) Whack fo' the diddle To me (G) hoo (D)
rum (Em) 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 wasnt drunk and I wasnt blind
To leave my two fine legs behind
Twas 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 cant win a race with a cannon ball

23 *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!

24 *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)

25 *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)

26 *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!

27 *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]

28 *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)
