

The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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1 *Take 'Em Away*

(Chorus) (G) Take 'em away, (C) take 'em
away, Lord
(G) Take away these (D) chains from me
(G) My heart is broken 'cause my (C) spirit's
not free
(G) Lord take away these (D) chains from (G)
me
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

2

Sally Gardens
It was (G) down by the (D) Sally (C)
gar-(G)-dens
My (C) love and (D) I did (G) meet
She (G) crossed the (D) Sally (C) gar-(G)-dens
With (C) little (D) snow-white (G) feet
(Chorus) She (G) bid me to (C) take life (D)
easy
As the (Em) leaves grow (C) on (D) the (G) tree
But (Em) I was (D) young and (C) fool-(G)-ish
And with (C) her did (D) not (G) 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)

3 *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]

4 *Star of the County Down*

In (Em) Banbridge Town in the (G) County (D)
Down
One (Em) morning (C) last (D) July,
From a (Em) boreen green came a (G) sweet
(D) colleen
And she (Em) smiled as she (D) passed me
(Em) by.
She (G) looked so sweet from her (D) two bare
feet
To the (Em) sheen of her (C) nut brown (D)
hair.
Such a (Em) coaxing elf, sure I (G) shook (D)
myself
For to (Em) see I was (D) really (Em) there.
[Chorus] From (G) Bantry Bay up to (D) Derry
Quay and
From (Em) Galway to (C) Dublin (D) Town,
No (Em) maid I've seen like the (G) brown (D)
colleen
That I (Em) 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]

5 *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.

6 *Rocky Road to Dublin*

While (Bm) in the merry month of June from
me home I started,

Left the girls of Tuam (A) Nearly broken
hearted,

(Bm) Saluted father dear, kissed me darling
mother,

Drank a pint of beer, me (A) grief and tears to
smother,

Then (Bm) off to reap the (A) corn, (Bm) leave
where I was (A) born,

(Bm) Cut a stout black (A) thorn to banish
ghosts and goblins;

(Bm) Bought a pair of (A) brogues (Bm)
rattling o'er the (A) bogs

And (Bm) fright'ning all the (A) dogs on the
rocky road to Dublin.

[Chorus] (Bm) One, two, (A) three four, (Bm)
five,

Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky
road

(A) all the way to Dublin, (Bm) Whack fol (A)
la de (Bm) 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 quitely cleared the way for the rocky road
to Dublin.

[Chorus]

7

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.

8

RED IS THE ROSE

Come (D) over the (Bm) hills, my (Em) bonnie
Irish (G) lass (A)

(D) Come over the (Bm) hills to your (G)
darling (A)

(G) You choose the (Fm) rose, love, and (G) I'll
make the (Bm) vow (A)

And (D) I'll be your (Bm) true love (Em)
for-(A)-ever. (D)

(Chorus) (D) Red is the (Bm) rose that in (Em)
yonder garden (G) grows (A)

(D) Fair is the (Bm) lily of the (G) valley (A)

(G) Clear is the (Fm) water that (G) flows from
the (Bm) Boyne (A)

(D) But my love is (Bm) fairer than (Em) any.
(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)

9 *Rising of the moon*

And come (D) tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me
(A) why you hurry so
Husha (G) buachaill hush and (D) listen and his
(A) cheeks were all a (D) glow
I bear orders from the captain, get you (A)
ready quick and soon
For the (G) pikes must be (D) together by the
(A) rising of the (D) moon
(Chorus)
By the (D) rising of the moon, by the (A) rising
of the moon
For the (G) pikes must be (D) together by the
(A) rising of the (D) 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

10 *The Rattlin' Bog*

(Chorus) (G) Ho, ro, the (C) rattlin' bog
The (G) bog down in the (D) valley-o
(G) Ho, ro, the (C) rattlin' bog
The (G) bog down in the (D) valley-o (G)
(G) In that bog there was a tree
A rare tree, a (D) rattlin' tree
(G) The tree in the bog
In the bog down in the (D) 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)

11 *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 Ill gently rise and softly call
Goodnight and joy to be with you all.

12 *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!

13 *Tell Me Ma*

(Chorus) O (G) Tell me ma when (C) I go (G)
home
The (D) boys won't leave the (G) girls alone
They (G) pull my hair, they (C) stole my (G)
comb
But (D) that's all right till (G) I go home
She is handsome, (C) she is pretty
(G) She is the belle of (D) Belfast city
(G) She is a-courting (C) one two three
(G) Pray, would you (D) tell me (G) who is she
Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
Knock at the door and they ring that bell
Oh my true love, are you well
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murray says she will die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye
(Refrain)
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow
high
And the snow come toppling from the sky
She's as sweet as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma till she comes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still
(Refrain)

14 *Wagon Wheel*

(G) Heading down south to the (D) land of the
pines
I'm (Em) thumbing my way into (C) North
Carolina
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
So (G) rock me momma like a (D) wagon wheel
(Em) Rock me momma any (C) way you feel
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)

15 *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

16 *One More Dollar*

A (G) long time ago (D) I left my (G) home
For a (C) job in the (G) fruit trees
But I (G) missed those hills (D) with the windy
(G) pines
For their (C) song seemed to (G) suit me
So I (G) sent my wages (D) to my (G) home
Said (C) we'd soon be (G) together
For the (G) next good crop (D) would pay my
(G) way
And I would (C) come home (G) forever
(Chorus) (Em) One (D) more (C) dime to (D)
show for my (G) day
(Em) One (D) more (C) dollar and (D) I'm on
my (G) way
When I (Em) reach (D) those (C) hills, boys
(D) I'll never (G) roam
(Em) One (D) more (C) dollar and (D) I'm
going (G) 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)

17 *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?
