

# The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



# Songs

## A

<i>Annie Laurie</i> .....	17
<i>Auld Lang Syne</i> .....	28

## B

<i>Black Velvet Band, The</i> .....	27
<i>Blacks and Tans</i> .....	11

## C

<i>Carrickfergus</i> .....	25
<i>Charlie on the M.T.A.</i> .....	3

## D

<i>Dooley</i> .....	24
---------------------	----

## E

<i>Edelweiss</i> .....	12
<i>Eileen Aroon</i> .....	8

## F

<i>Fields of Athenry</i> .....	6
<i>Finnegans Wake</i> .....	15
<i>Foggy Dew, The</i> .....	18
<i>Four Green Fields</i> .....	17

## G

<i>Green Fields Of France, The</i> .....	26
<i>Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)</i> .....	10

## H

<i>Haul Away Joe</i> .....	28
----------------------------	----

## I

<i>Irish Rover, The</i> .....	5
-------------------------------	---

## J

<i>Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya</i> .....	20
--------------------------------------	----

## L

<i>Last Rose Of Summer, The</i> .....	26
<i>Leaving of Liverpool</i> .....	16
<i>Little beggarmen, The</i> .....	12

## M

<i>Marie's Wedding</i> .....	5
<i>Minstrel Boy, The</i> .....	24
<i>Molly Malone</i> .....	7
<i>My Comrade</i> .....	11
<i>My son John (Cannonball)</i> .....	16

## N

<i>New York Girls</i> .....	6
-----------------------------	---

## O

<i>One More Dollar</i> .....	25
------------------------------	----

## P

<i>Parting Glass, The</i> .....	21
---------------------------------	----

## R

<i>Rattlin' Bog, The</i> .....	19
<i>Red is the rose</i> .....	13
<i>Rising of the moon</i> .....	14
<i>Rocky Road to Dublin, The</i> .....	9
<i>Roddy McCorley</i> .....	10
<i>Rose Red Round</i> .....	8

## S

<i>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</i> .....	22
<i>Star of the County Down</i> .....	7
<i>Swing low</i> .....	24

## T

<i>Take 'Em Away</i> .....	4
<i>Tell Me Ma</i> .....	23

## W

<i>Wagon Wheel</i> .....	23
--------------------------	----

---

## 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 *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

---

## 3

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)

---

---

## 4 *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)

---

## 5 *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

---

---

## 6 *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]

---

## 7 *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.

---

---

## 8 *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) breen 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]

---

---

## 9 *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)

---

---

**10** *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

---

---

**11** *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.

---



---

## 12 *The 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]

---

---

## 13 *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

---

---

## 14 *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.

---

---

## 15 *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)

---

## 16 *Blacks 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)

---

---

## 17 *Edelweiss*

Richard Rogers  
(G) Edelweiss (D), (G) Edelweiss (C)  
(G) Every (Em) morning you (Am7) greet (D7)  
me  
(G) Small and (D) white, (G) clean and (C)  
bright  
(G) You look (D) happy to (G) meet me.  
(D) Blossom of snow may you (G) bloom and  
grow  
(C) Bloom and (Am7) grow (D) forever (D7)  
Edelweiss, Edelweiss  
Bless my homeland forever  
(Repeat 2nd verse, then repeat entirely)

---

## 18 *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

---

---

## 19 *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)

---

---

## 20 *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

---

---

## 21 *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]

---

---

## 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) They're 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 wasn't drunk and I wasn't 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 can't win a race with a cannon ball

---

---

## 23 *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)

---



---

**24** *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.

---

---

**25** *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.

---

---

## 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 *The Rattlin' Bog*

(Chorus)

---

(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...

---

## 28 *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.

---

---

**29** *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.

---

*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!

---

## 31 *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)

---

---

## 32 *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)

---

---

### 33 *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)

---

---

### 34 *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!"

---

### 35 *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

---



---

**36** *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.

---

---

**37** *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)

---

---

## 38 *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?

---

## 39 *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)

---

---

## 40 *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)

---

---

## 41 *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!

---

---

## 42 *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)

---