

# The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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## 1 *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!"

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## 2 *Fields of Athenry*

*D* *G*  
By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl  
*D A*  
call—ing  
*D G A*  
Michael, they have taken you away,  
*D G*  
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,  
*D A*  
So the young might see the morn  
*Em A D*  
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

*D G D Bm*  
[Chorus] Low lie the fields of Athen—ry  
*D*  
Where once we watched the (\*Bm) small  
free birds *A* fly  
*D G*  
Our love was on the wing  
*D A*  
We had dreams and songs to sing  
*Em A D*  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athen—ry

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man  
calling  
Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free  
Against the famine and the crown,  
I rebelled, they cut me down  
Now you must raise our child with dignity  
[Chorus]  
By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star  
fall  
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky  
For she lived to hope and pray for her love in  
Botany Bay  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

| [Chorus]

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### 3 *Rising of the moon*

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

(Chorus)

By the <sup>D</sup>rising of the moon, by the <sup>A</sup>rising of  
the moon  
For the <sup>G</sup>pikes must be <sup>D</sup>together by the <sup>A</sup>rising  
<sup>D</sup>of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the  
gath'rín 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

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### 4 *Leaving of Liverpool*

Fare—well to you, my <sup>C</sup>own true <sup>F</sup>love,  
<sup>G</sup>I am going far, far a—way  
I am bound for Cali—forni—a, <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>And I know that I'll return <sup>C</sup>someday

(Chorus) <sup>G</sup>So fare thee well, my <sup>F</sup>own true  
<sup>C</sup>love,  
For when I return, united we will be <sup>G</sup>  
It's not the <sup>C</sup>leaving of Liverpool that <sup>F</sup>grieves  
<sup>C</sup>me,  
But my darling when I <sup>G</sup>think of <sup>C</sup>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)

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## 5 Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)

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

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

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

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## 6 Wagon Wheel

<sup>G</sup> Heading down south to the <sup>D</sup> land of the pines  
<sup>Em</sup> I'm thumbing my way into North Carolina <sup>C</sup>  
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

<sup>G</sup> So rock me momma like a wagon wheel <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>Em</sup> Rock me momma any way you feel <sup>C</sup>  
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)

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## 7 *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.

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## 8 *Molly Malone*

*G* *Em*  
In Dublin's fair city  
*Am* *D*  
Where the girls are so pretty  
*G* *Em* *Am* *D*  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma—lone  
*G* *Em*  
As she wheeled her wheel—barrow  
*Am* *D*  
Through the streets broad and narrow  
*G* *Em/C* *D* *G*  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"  
*G* *Em*  
Alive, alive, oh  
*Am* *D*  
Alive, alive, oh  
*G* *Em/C* *D* *G*  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"  
She was a fishmonger  
And sure, t'was no wonder  
For so were her mother and father before  
And they wheeled their barrow  
Through the streets broad and narrow  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"  
(Refrain)  
She died of a fever  
And sure, so one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow  
Through the streets broad and narrow  
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"  
(Refrain 2x)

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## 9 *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

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## 10 *Charlie on the M.T.A.*

Well, let me tell you of the story of a man named  
Charley on a tragic and fateful day  
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and  
family, went to ride on the M.T.A.

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown  
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul  
Revere)  
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.  
He's the man who never returned

Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square  
Station and he changed for Jamaica Plain  
When he got there the conductor told him, "One  
more nickel." Charlie couldn't get off of that  
train

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown  
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul  
Revere)  
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.  
He's the man who never returned

Now, all night long Charlie rides through the  
station, crying, "What will become of me?!"  
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea or  
my cousin in Rocksbury?"

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown  
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul  
Revere)  
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.  
He's the man who never returned

Charlie's wife goes down to the Sculley Square  
Station every day at quarter past two  
And through the open window she hands Charlie  
a sandwich as the train comes rumblin'  
through

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown  
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul  
Revere)  
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.  
He's the man who never returned

Now, you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a  
scandal how the people have to pay and pay?  
Fight the fare increase! Vote for George O'Brien!  
Get poor Charlie off the M.T.A.

Well, did he ever return? No, he never returned  
and his fate is still unknown  
(What a pity! Poor ole Charlie. Shame and  
scandal. He may ride forever. Just like Paul  
Revere)  
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston.  
He's the man who never returned

He's the man who never returned. He's the man  
who never returned  
E tu, Charlie?

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## 11 *My Comrade*

Fighting bravely in the battle  
Galloping on and on,  
Riding in the ranks of horsemen  
Thou wert my dearest comrade  
Thou the one I loved the most, (x2)

An arrogant Cavalier  
The strongest of his corps  
Lunged at me in thirst of blood  
But thy faithful love showed no fear  
And thy heart the lance did find (x2)

I've avenged this mortal wound  
That thou received in my stead  
Deep and deep into the dark of night  
I have wept for thee my comrade  
Kneeling by thy holy grave, (x2)

In my sadness, how I wander  
Without meaning I must ride  
From this o so deadly ambush  
I have lost my dearest comrade  
I will never laugh again, (x2)

O prince pray thee, hear my ballade  
Listen to my pleading call  
I pray God who loves the soldier  
To quickly place him, my comrade,  
At the right of Christ the Lord, (x2)

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## 12 *The Rattlin' Bog*

(Chorus) <sup>G</sup>Ho, ro, the <sup>C</sup>rattlin' bog  
<sup>G</sup>The bog down in the <sup>D</sup>valley-o  
<sup>G</sup>Ho, ro, the <sup>C</sup>rattlin' bog  
<sup>G</sup>The bog down in the <sup>D</sup>valley-o <sup>G</sup>

<sup>G</sup>In that bog there was a tree  
<sup>D</sup>A rare tree, a rattlin' tree  
<sup>G</sup>The tree in the bog  
<sup>D</sup>In the bog down in the valley-o <sup>G</sup>(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)

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## 13 Auld Lang Syne

<sup>C</sup> Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
<sup>Am</sup> And never brought to mind  
<sup>C</sup> Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> And auld lang syne!

(Chorus) <sup>C</sup> For auld lang syne, my dear  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> For auld lang syne,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> For auld lang syne!

And surely ye 'll be your pint' stowp,  
And surely I 'll be mine,  
And we 'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne!

(Chorus)  
We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine,  
But we 've wander'd monie a weary fit  
Sin' auld lang syne.

(Chorus)  
We twa hae paidl'd in the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine,  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
(Chorus)  
And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
And gie 's a hand o' thine,  
And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught  
For auld lang syne!

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## 14 Carrickfergus

<sup>G</sup> I wish I was in Carrickfergus  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> Only for nights in Ballygrand  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> I would swim over the deepest ocean  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> Only for nights in Ballygrand  
<sup>Em</sup> But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> And neither have I the wings to fly  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> I wish I had a handsome boatsman  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> To ferry me over my love and I

My childhood days bring back sad reflections  
Of happy times there spent so long ago  
My boyhood friends and my own relations  
Have all past on now with the melting snow  
So I'll spend my days in this endless roving  
Soft is the grass, my bed is free  
Oh to be home now in carrickfergus  
On the long rode down to the salty sea

Now in Kilkenny it is reported  
On marble stone there as black as ink  
With gold and silver I would support her  
But I'll sing no more now til I get a drink  
Cause I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober  
A handsome rover from town to town  
Ah but I'm sick now my days are numbered  
Come all me young lads and lay me down.

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**15** *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!

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## 16 *The Green Fields Of France*

*D* *Bm* *G* *A*  
Oh how do you do, young Willy Mc—Bride  
*G*  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your  
*D*  
grave—side  
*Bm* *G* *A*  
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun  
*G* *D*  
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done  
*Bm* *G*  
And I see by your gravestone you were only  
*Em*  
nine—teen  
*A* *G* *A*  
When you joined the great fallen in 19—16  
*D* *Bm*  
Well I hope you died quick  
*G* *Em*  
And I hope you died clean  
*A* *G* *D*  
Or Willy McBride, was is it slow and obscene

(Chorus) *A* Did they beat the drums slowly  
*G* *D*  
Did they play the fife lowly  
*A*  
Did they sound the death march as they  
*G* *A*  
lowered you down  
*G* *D*  
Did the band play the last post and chorus  
*Bm* *G*  
Did the pipes play the flowers of the  
*A* *D*  
for—est

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind  
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined  
And though you died back in 1916  
To that loyal heart you're forever nineteen  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane  
In an old photograph torn, tattered, and stained  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame  
(Chorus)  
The sun shining down on these green fields of  
France  
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies  
dance  
The trenches have vanished long under the plow  
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now  
But here in this graveyard that's still no mans  
land  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
And a whole generation were butchered and  
damned  
(Chorus)  
And I can't help but wonder oh Willy McBride  
Do all those who lie here know why they died  
Did you really believe them when they told you  
the cause  
Did you really believe that this war would end  
wars  
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the  
shame  
The killing and dying it was all done in vain  
Oh Willy McBride it all happened again  
And again, and again, and again, and again  
(Chorus)

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## 17 *Tell Me Ma*

(Chorus) O <sup>G</sup>Tell me ma when I <sup>C</sup>go <sup>G</sup>home  
The <sup>D</sup>boys won't leave the <sup>G</sup>girls alone  
They <sup>G</sup>pull my hair, they <sup>C</sup>stole my <sup>G</sup>comb  
But <sup>D</sup>that's all right till I <sup>G</sup>go home  
She is handsome, <sup>C</sup>she is pretty  
<sup>G</sup>She is the belle of <sup>D</sup>Belfast city  
<sup>G</sup>She is a-courting <sup>C</sup>one two three  
<sup>G</sup>Pray, would you <sup>D</sup>tell me <sup>G</sup>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)

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## 18 *Rose Red Round*

Rose, Rose, Rose red,  
Will I ever see thee wed?  
I will marry at thy will, sire  
At thy will.

Ding ding ding dong  
Wedding bells on an April morn'  
Carve thy name on a moss covered stone  
On a moss covered stone.

Heigh-ho, nobody home  
Meat, nor drink, nor money have I none.  
Yet I will be merry.  
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

Little bird  
Take thy flight,  
High above the sorrows  
Of this dark night.

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**19** *Haul Away Joe*

O when I was a little lad  
Or so my mother told me,  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!  
That if I did not kiss the gals  
Me lips would all grow moldy.  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

(Chorus) Sing it!

Way, haul away, we'll haul for better  
weather,  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

King Louis was the king of France  
Before the revolut-i-on  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!  
But then he got his head cut off  
Which spoiled his constitut-i-on  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!  
(Chorus)  
First I met a yankee girl,  
But she was fat and lazy  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!  
Then I met an Irish girl  
She darn near drives me crazy!  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!  
(Chorus)  
Saint Patrick was a gentleman  
He came from decent people,  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!  
He built a church in Dublin Town  
And on it put a steeple,  
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!  
(Chorus)

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**20** *My son John (Cannonball)*

*Em* *G* *D*  
My son John was tall and slim  
*Em* *G* *D*  
And he had a leg for every limb  
*Em* *D*  
Now he's got no legs at all  
*Em* *G* *D*  
They're both shot away by a cannon ball

(Chorus) *Em* *G/D*  
Hoo-rum rye, fadda riddle dye  
*G* *G* *D* *Em*  
Whack fo' the diddle To me hoo rum rye

Well were ya drunk or were ya blind  
To leave your two fine legs behind  
Or was it from walkin upon the sea  
That took your legs from the ground to the knee  
(Chorus)  
Well I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind  
To leave my two fine legs behind  
T'was a cannonball on the fifth o' May  
That took my legs from the ground to the knee  
(Chorus)  
Each foreign war I'll now denounce  
'tween this King of England and that King of  
France  
I'd rather my legs as they used to be  
Than the king of Spain and his whole navy  
(Chorus)  
I was tall and I was slim  
And I had a leg for every limb  
But now I've got no legs at all  
You can't win a race with a cannon ball

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## 21 *The Irish Rover*

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

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## 22    *The Rocky Road to Dublin*

*Bm*  
While in the merry month of June from me  
home I started,  
*A*  
Left the girls of Tuam Nearly broken hearted,  
*Bm*  
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,  
*A*  
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to  
smother,  
*Bm* *A* *Bm*  
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was  
*A*  
born,  
*Bm* *A*  
Cut a stout black thorn to banish ghosts and  
goblins;  
*Bm* *A* *Bm* *A*  
Bought a pair of brogues rattling o'er the bogs  
*Bm* *A*  
And fright'ning all the dogs on the rocky road to  
Dublin.

[Chorus] *Bm* *A* *Bm*  
One, two, three four, five,  
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky  
road  
*A* *Bm* *A* *Bm*  
all the way to Dublin, Whack fol la de rah  
!

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,  
Started by daylight next morning blithe and early,  
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from  
sinking;  
Thats a Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking.  
See the lassies smile, laughing all the while  
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a  
bubblin'  
Asked me was I hired, wages I required,  
I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.  
[Chorus]  
In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity  
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.  
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality;  
Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality.  
Something crossed me mind, when I looked  
behind,  
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'  
Enquiring for the rogue, they said me Connaught  
brogue  
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to  
Dublin.  
[Chorus]  
From there I got away, me spirits never falling,  
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.  
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had  
he;  
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy.  
Down among the pigs, played some hearty rigs,  
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me  
bubbling;  
When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead,  
Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin.  
[Chorus]  
Well the boys of Liverpool, when we safely  
landed,  
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it.  
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing;  
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing.  
"Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly.  
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a  
hobble in,  
With a load "hurray !" joined in the affray.  
We quietly cleared the way for the rocky road to  
Dublin.  
[Chorus]

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## 23 *Star of the County Down*

<sup>Em</sup> In Banbridge Town in the <sup>G</sup> County <sup>D</sup> Down  
<sup>Em</sup> One morning last July,  
<sup>Em</sup> From a breen green came a sweet colleen  
<sup>Em</sup> And she smiled as she passed me by.  
<sup>G</sup> She looked so sweet from her <sup>D</sup> two bare feet  
<sup>Em</sup> To the sheen of her nut brown hair.  
<sup>Em</sup> Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself  
<sup>Em</sup> For to see I was really there.

[Chorus] <sup>G</sup> From Bantry Bay up to <sup>D</sup> Derry  
 Quay and  
<sup>Em</sup> From Galway to <sup>C</sup> Dublin <sup>D</sup> Town,  
<sup>Em</sup> No maid I've seen like the <sup>G</sup> brown <sup>D</sup> colleen  
<sup>Em</sup> That I met in the <sup>D</sup> County <sup>Em</sup> 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]

## 24 *Red is the rose*

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

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

'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)



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## 25 *Finnegan's Wake*

*D*  
Tim Finnegan lived in *Bm* Wattling Street  
*G* *A*  
A gentle Irishman mighty odd  
*D* *Bm*  
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet  
*G* *A* *D*  
To rise in the world he carried a hod  
*D* *Bm*  
See he'd sort of a tripling way  
*D* *Bm*  
With love for a liquor poor Tim was born  
*D* *Bm*  
To help him on with his work each day  
*G* *A* *D*  
He'd a drop of the Craythor every morn'

[Chorus] *D* And whack Fol-De-Dah now *Bm* dance  
to your partner  
*G* *A*  
Round the floor, your trotters shake  
*D* *Bm*  
Wasn't it the truth I told you  
*G* *A* *D*  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One morning Tim was rather full  
His head felt heavy, which made him shake  
Fell from the ladder and broke his skull  
So they carried him home, his corpse to wake  
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet  
And laided him upon the bed  
A bottle of whiskey at his feet  
And a gallon of porter at his head  
[Chorus]  
His friends assembled at his wake  
And Missus Finnegan called for lunch  
First they brought in tay and cake  
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch  
Biddy O'Brien begged to cry  
Such a nice clean corpse did you see  
Aye, Tim me boy, oh why did you die?  
Arrah shut your gob said Paddy MCGee  
[Chorus]  
Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job  
Biddy says she you're wrong I'm sure  
Biddy then gave her a belt on the gob  
And left her sprawling on the floor  
There the war did soon engage  
Woman to woman and man to man  
Shillelah-law was all the rage  
An a row and a ruction soon began  
[Chorus]  
Mickey Maloney raised his head  
When a bottle Of whiskey flew at him  
It missed him falling on the bed  
The liquor scattered over Tim  
Tim revives, see how he rises  
Timothy rising from the bed  
"Whirl your whiskey around like blazes?  
Tonamondeal, do you think I'm dead!?"  
[Chorus 2x]

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## 26 *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

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## 27 Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya

*Em* While goin' the road to sweet Athy, *Bm* hurroo,  
*Em* While goin' the road to sweet Athy, *G* hurroo,  
*D* While goin' the road to sweet Athy  
*Em* A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye *Bm*  
*G* A doleful damsel I *D* heard cry, *Em* *Bm*  
*Em* Johnny I hardly knew ye.

*Em* (Chorus) With your drums and guns and  
*Bm* guns and drums, hurroo, hurroo  
*Em* With your drums and guns and guns and  
*G* drums, hurroo, hurroo  
*D* With your drums and guns and guns and  
drums  
*Em* The enemy nearly slew ye *Bm*  
*G* Oh my darling dear, *D* Ye look so queer *Em* *Bm*  
*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.

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## 28 Blacks and Tans

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

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

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

## 29 One More Dollar

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

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

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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**30** *Sally Gardens*

<sup>G</sup> It was down by the <sup>D</sup> Sally <sup>C</sup> gar—<sup>G</sup>dens  
<sup>C</sup> My love and I <sup>D</sup> did <sup>G</sup> meet  
<sup>G</sup> She crossed the <sup>D</sup> Sally <sup>C</sup> gar—<sup>G</sup>dens  
<sup>C</sup> With little <sup>D</sup> snow—<sup>G</sup>white feet

(Chorus) <sup>G</sup> She <sup>C</sup> bid me to <sup>D</sup> take life <sup>D</sup> easy  
<sup>Em</sup> As the <sup>C</sup> leaves <sup>D</sup> grow <sup>G</sup> on the <sup>G</sup> tree  
<sup>Em</sup> But I <sup>D</sup> was <sup>C</sup> young and <sup>G</sup> fool—ish  
<sup>C</sup> And with <sup>D</sup> her <sup>G</sup> did not agree

In a field down by the river  
My love and I did stand  
And upon my leaning shoulder  
She laid her snow-white hand

She bid me take life easy  
As the grass grows on the weirs  
But I was young and foolish  
And now I am full of tears

(Repeat 1st verse and refrain)

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**31** *Four Green Fields*

<sup>G</sup> What <sup>D</sup> did I <sup>G</sup> have',  
<sup>C</sup> Said the <sup>D</sup> fine old <sup>G</sup> woman.  
<sup>G</sup> What <sup>D</sup> did I <sup>G</sup> have',  
<sup>C</sup> This <sup>D</sup> proud old <sup>G</sup> woman did say.  
'I had four green fields,  
Each one was a jewel.  
But strangers came  
And tried to take them from me.  
But my fine strong sons  
They fought to save my jewels.  
They fought and they died  
And that was my grief', said she.

'Long time ago',  
Said the fine old woman,  
'Long time ago',  
This proud old woman did say.  
'There was war and death,  
Plundering and pillage.  
My children starved  
By mountain, valley and stream.  
And their wailing cries  
They reached the very heavens.  
And my four green fields  
Ran red with their blood', said she.

'What have I now',  
Said the fine old woman.  
'What have I now',  
This proud old woman did say.  
'I have four green fields,  
One of them's in bondage.  
In strangers' hands,  
That try to take it from me.  
But my sons have sons  
As brave as were their fathers.  
And my four green fields  
Will bloom once again', said she.

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## 32 *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?

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## 33 *Eileen Aroon*

*D* *G* *D*  
I know a valley fair, Ei—leen A—roon  
*D* *G* *D*  
I know a cottage there, Ei—leen A—roon  
*D* *G* *D* *A*  
Far in the valley shade I know a tender maid  
*D* *A* *D* *G* *A* *D*  
Flow'r of the hazel glade, Ei—leen Aroon

Who in the song so sweet, Eileen Aroon  
Who in the dance so fleet, Eileen Aroon  
Dear are her charms to me, dearer her laughter free  
Dearest her constancy, Eileen Aroon

Were she no longer true, Eileen Aroon  
What would her lover do, Eileen Aroon  
Fly with a broken chain, far o'er the sounding main  
Never to love again, Eileen Aroon

Youth will in time decay, Eileen Aroon  
Beauty must fade away, Eileen Aroon  
Castles are sacked in war, chieftains are scattered far  
Truth is a fixed star, Eileen Aroon  
*G D G D G A D*  
— - Eileen Aroon, Eileen Aroon,  
Eileen Aroon

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## 34 *Dooley*

Dooley was a good old man  
He lived below the mill  
Dooley had two daughters and a forty gallon still  
One gal watched the boiler the other watched the spout  
Mama corked the bottles when old Dooley fetched them out

(Chorus) Dooley, slipping up the holler  
Dooley, trying to make a dollar  
Dooley, give me a swaller and I'll pay you  
back some day

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

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## 35 *The Foggy Dew*

*Bm* 'Twas down the glen one *A* Easter morn  
*D A Bm* To a city fair rode I.  
*Bm A* When armed line of marching men  
*D A Bm* In squadrons passed me by.  
*D A Bm* No pipes did hum, no battle drum  
*A Bm* Did sound its loud tattoo  
*Bm A* But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell  
*D Bm* Rang out in the (A/Fm) foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town  
They hung out a flag of war.  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.  
And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men came hurrying through;  
While Britannia's huns with their great big guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go  
That small nations might be free.  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
On the fringe of the gray North Sea.  
But had they died by Pearse's side  
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,  
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep  
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.  
The night fell black and the rifle crack  
Made Perfidious Albion reel  
Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame  
Shone out o'er the line of steel  
By each shining blade a prayer was said  
That to Ireland her sons be true  
When the morning broke still the war flag shook  
Out its folds in the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide  
In the springing of the year.  
And the world did gaze with deep amaze  
At those fearless men, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew.

And back through the glen  
I rode again and my heart with grief was sore  
For I parted then with valiant men  
That I shall see no more  
But to and fro in my dreams I'll go  
And I'll kneel and pray for you  
For slavery fled, O glorious Dead,  
When you fell in the foggy dew!

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## 36 *Marie's Wedding*

(Chorus) *G* Step we gaily on we go  
*C D* Heel for heel and toe for toe  
*G* Arm and arm and row and row  
*C D* All for Marie's wedding

Over hillways, up and down  
Myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the sheilings through the town  
All for the sake of marie  
(Refrain)  
Red her cheeks as rowan's are  
Bright her eyes as any star  
Fairest of them all by far  
Is our darlin' marie  
(Refrain)  
Plenty herring, plenty meal  
Plenty peat to fill her kreen  
Plenty bonnie bairns as well  
That's the toast for Marie  
(Refrain 2x)

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## 37 *New York Girls*

As I<sup>G</sup> walked down the C Broadway one evening in<sup>G</sup>  
D July  
I met a maid who asked my trade – A sailor lad<sup>G D</sup>  
G says I  
To Tiffany's I took her, I did not mind expense  
An' I bought her two gold ear-rings, and they  
cost me fifty cents

I joined a yankee slug boat, we're set to sail next  
morn,  
Don't ever mess with women boys, you're safer  
round cape horn!

| (Chorus)

Repeat 15 more times or so....

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(Chorus) And away<sup>G C</sup> Santy – My dear<sup>G D</sup> Annie  
G O you<sup>C</sup> New York girls, can't you<sup>G D</sup> dance the  
G polka

Says she – You lime-juice sailor, now see me  
home you may  
But when we reached her cottage door, she unto  
me did say  
She says her man's a Yankee, with his hair cut  
short behind  
And he wears a pair of tall sea boots and he sails  
in the Blackball Line

| (Chorus)

He's homeward bound this evening, and with me  
he will stay  
So get a move on sailor boy, get cracking on your  
way!

| (Chorus)

I kissed her hard and proper, before her yankee  
came  
So fare ya well you Bowery girl, I know your little  
game.

| (Chorus)

I wrapped me rags right round me and to the  
docks did steer.  
I'll never court another girl, I'll stick to rum and  
beer

| (Chorus)



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**38**    *Take 'Em Away*

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

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**39**    *Sally Gardens*

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
It was down by the Sally gar—dens  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
My love and I did meet  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
She crossed the Sally gar—dens  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
With little snow—white feet

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
(Chorus) She bid me to take life easy  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
As the leaves grow on the tree  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
But I was young and fool—ish  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
And with her did not agree

In a field down by the river  
My love and I did stand  
And upon my leaning shoulder  
She laid her snow—white hand

She bid me take life easy  
As the grass grows on the weirs  
But I was young and foolish  
And now I am full of tears

(Repeat 1st verse and refrain)

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## 40 *The Black Velvet Band*

*D*  
In a neat little town they called Belfast  
*A*  
Apprentice to trade I was bound  
*D* *Bm*  
And many an hour sweet happiness  
*G* *A* *D*  
Have I spent in that neat little town  
*D*  
As sad misfortune came over me  
*A*  
Which caused me to stray from the land  
*D* *Bm*  
Far away from me friends and relations  
*G* *A* *D*  
Betrayed by the black velvet band

*D*  
Her eyes they shown like diamonds  
*A*  
I thought her the queen of the land (And she  
was!)  
*D* *Bm*  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder  
*G* *A* *D*  
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid  
Come a-traipsing along the highway  
She was both fair and handsome  
Her neck, it was just like a swan  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band  
(Chorus)  
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid  
And a gentleman passing us by  
Well, I knew she meant the doing of him  
By the look in her roguish black eye  
A gold watch she took from his pocket  
And placed it right into my hand  
And the very first thing that I said, was  
Bad 'cess to the black velvet band  
(Chorus)  
Before the judge and the jury  
Next morning, I had to appear  
The judge, he says to me:  
"Young man, you're case it is proven clear  
Seven long years penal servitude  
To be spent far away from the land  
Far away from your friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band"  
(Chorus)  
So come all you jolly young fellows  
A warning take by me  
When you are out on the town, me lads  
Beware of the pretty colleens  
They'll feed you with strong drink (Oh yeah!)  
'Till you are unable to stand  
And the very first thing that you'll know is  
You've landed in Van Diemens Land  
(Chorus)

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## 41 *Edelweiss* Richard Rogers

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

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

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## 42 *Rose Red Round*

Rose, Rose, Rose red,  
Will I ever see thee wed?  
I will marry at thy will, sire  
At thy will.

Ding ding ding dong  
Wedding bells on an April morn'  
Carve thy name on a moss covered stone  
On a moss covered stone.

Heigh-ho, nobody home  
Meat, nor drink, nor money have I none.  
Yet I will be merry.  
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

Little bird  
Take thy flight,  
High above the sorrows  
Of this dark night.

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## 43 *The Parting Glass*

Of all the money that e'er I had  
I spent it in good company  
And all the harm I've ever done  
Alas, it was to none but me  
And all I've done for want of wit  
To memory now I can't recall  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be with you all

Of all the comrades that e'er I had  
They're sorry for my going away  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had  
They'd wish me one more day to stay  
But since it fell into my lot  
That I should rise and you should not  
I'll gently rise and softly call  
"Good night and joy be with you all"

If I had money enough to spend  
And Leisure time to stay awhile,  
There is a fair maid in this town  
Who surely has my heart beguiled  
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips  
My own, she has my heart enthralled  
So I'll gently rise and softly call  
"Goodnight and joy to be with you all."

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## 44 *Annie Laurie*

<sup>G</sup>Maxwellton braes are <sup>C</sup>bonnie,  
<sup>G</sup>Where early fa's the <sup>D</sup>dew,  
And 'twas there that <sup>G</sup>Annie <sup>C</sup>Laurie  
<sup>G</sup>Gave me her <sup>D</sup>promise <sup>G</sup>true.  
Gave me her <sup>D7</sup>promise <sup>G</sup>true,  
Which ne'er <sup>D7</sup>forgot <sup>G</sup>will be,  
And for <sup>C</sup>bonnie <sup>G</sup>Annie Laurie,  
<sup>D</sup>I lay <sup>G</sup>me doon and 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.

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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.

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