

# The Thousand Good Songs

2022

This songbook belongs to



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## 1 *Wild Mountain Thyme*

Oh the <sup>D</sup> summer <sup>A</sup> time is <sup>D</sup> comin'  
And the <sup>G</sup> trees are <sup>D</sup> sweetly <sup>D</sup> bloomin'  
And the <sup>G</sup> wild <sup>D</sup> mountain <sup>Bm</sup> thyme  
Grows <sup>Em</sup> around the <sup>G</sup> bloomin' <sup>G</sup> heather  
Will <sup>D</sup> you <sup>G</sup> go, <sup>D</sup> lassie, go?

And we'll <sup>G</sup> all <sup>D</sup> go together  
To <sup>G</sup> pluck <sup>D</sup> wild <sup>Bm</sup> mountain <sup>Bm</sup> thyme  
All <sup>Em</sup> around the <sup>G</sup> bloomin' <sup>G</sup> heather  
Will <sup>D</sup> you <sup>G</sup> go, <sup>D</sup> lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower  
By yon pure crystal fountain  
And on it I will pile  
All the flowers of the mountain  
Will you go, lassie, go?

| (Chorus)

If my true love she were gone  
I'd surely find another  
Where the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the bloomin' heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?

| (Chorus)

I will roam through the wild  
and the deep glens so dreary  
and return with my spoils,  
to the bower of my dearie  
Will you go, Lassie, go?

| (Chorus)

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## 2 *The Minstrel Boy*

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him  
His father's sword he hath girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him

"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,  
(Should) "Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain  
Could not bring that proud soul under  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder

And said "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free  
They shall never sound in slavery!"

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### 3 *Fields of Athenry*

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

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

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

[Chorus]

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## 4 *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 listen and his <sup>D</sup> cheeks  
were all a <sup>D</sup> glow  
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready <sup>A</sup>  
quick and soon  
For the <sup>G</sup> pikes must be together by the <sup>D</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 together by the <sup>D</sup> rising  
of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the  
gath'rin is to be  
At the old spot by the river quite well known to  
you and me  
One more word for signal token, whistle out the  
marchin' tune  
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising  
of the moon  
(Chorus)  
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the  
moon  
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising  
of the moon

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were  
watching through the night  
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed  
warning light  
Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees  
lonely croon  
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising  
of the moon  
(Chorus)  
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the  
moon  
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising  
of the moon

All along that singing river that black mass of  
men was seen  
High above their shining weapons flew their own  
beloved green  
Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the  
marching tune  
And hoorah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising  
of the moon  
(Chorus)  
Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the  
moon  
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising  
of the moon

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## 5 *Leaving of Liverpool*

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

(Chorus) So <sup>G</sup> 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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## 6 A Man's A Man For A' That

Is there for honest poverty  
That hings his heed and a' that  
The coward slave we pass him by  
We dare be poor for a' that  
For a' that and a' that  
Our toils obscure and a' that  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp  
The mands the gowd for a' that

What tho' on hamely fare we dine  
Wear hoddin-gray and a' that  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine  
A mands a man for a' that  
For a' that and a' that  
Their tinsel show and a' that  
The honest man tho' e'er sae poor  
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord  
Wha struts and stares and a' that  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word  
He's but a coof for a' that  
For a' that and a' that  
His riband, star and a' that  
The man o' independent mind  
He looks and laughs at a' that

A prince can mak a belted knight  
A marquis, duke and a' that  
But an honest mands aboon his might  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that  
For a' that and a' that  
Their dignities and a' that  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may  
As come it will and a' that  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth  
Shall bear the gree and a' that  
For a' that and a' that  
It's coming yet for a' that  
That man to man the warld o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that  
For a' that and a' that  
It's coming yet for a' that  
That man to man the warld o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that

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## 7 Gypsy Rover (Whistlin Gypsy)

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

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

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## 8

*G* Heading down south to the land of the pines  
*Em* I'm thumbing my way into North Carolina  
*C* Staring up the road and pray to God I see  
 headlights  
 I made it down the coast in seventeen hours  
 Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers  
 And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby  
 tonight

*G* So rock me mamma like a wagon wheel  
*Em* *C* Rock me mamma any way you feel  
 Hey mamma rock me  
 Rock me mamma like the wind and the rain  
 Rock me mamma like a south bound train  
 Hey mamma 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 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)

## 9

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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## 10 Molly Malone

<sup>G</sup> In <sup>Em</sup> Dublin's fair city  
<sup>Am</sup> Where the girls are so pretty <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma—<sup>Am</sup> lone <sup>D</sup>  
As she <sup>G</sup> wheeled her wheel—<sup>Em</sup> barrow  
<sup>Am</sup> Through the streets broad and narrow <sup>D</sup>  
Crying <sup>G</sup> "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh" <sup>Em/C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Alive, alive, oh <sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>Am</sup> Alive, alive, oh <sup>D</sup>  
Crying <sup>G</sup> "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh" <sup>Em/C</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
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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## 11 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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## 12 The Wild Rover

<sup>G</sup> I've been a wild rover for many's the <sup>C</sup> year  
<sup>G</sup> and I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer. <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> But now I'm returning with gold in great store <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> and I never will play the wild rover no more <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

(Chorus) And it's <sup>D</sup> no, nay, never, no, nay, <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> never, no more  
<sup>G</sup> will I play the wild rover <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> no, never, no more <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent  
and I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay,  
Such a custom like yours I can have any day

(Chorus)

Then out of me pocket I took sovereigns bright  
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
She said I'd have whiskey and wines of the best  
and the words that she told me were only in jest.

(Chorus)

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've  
done,  
and I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And when they've caressed me as oft' times before  
then I never will play the wild rover no more

(Chorus)

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## 13 *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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**14** *My Comrade*

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

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

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

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

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

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**15** *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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**16** *Auld Lang Syne*

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

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

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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**17** *Courtin in the Kitchen*

Come single belle and beau, unto me pay  
attention  
Don't ever fall in love, it's the devil's own  
invention  
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin'  
Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's  
Kitchen

(Chorus) With my tooral-ooral-I, and my  
tooral-ooral-addy  
With my tooral-ooral-I, and my  
tooral-ooral-addy

At the age of seventeen, I was 'prenticed to a  
grocer  
Not far from Stephen's Green, where Miss Henry  
used to go sir  
Her manners were sublime and she set my heart  
a-twitchin'  
And she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen  
(Chorus)  
Next Sunday being the day, we were to have the  
"flare-up"  
I dressed myself quite gay and I frizzed and oiled  
my hair up  
The captain had no wife, faith he had gone out  
fishin'  
And we kicked up high life down below stairs in  
the kitchen  
(Chorus)  
Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the  
table  
She handed tay and cake and I ate while I was  
able  
I drank hot punch and tay till me side had got to  
stitchin'  
And the hours passed quick away when you're  
courtin in the kitchen  
(Chorus)  
With her arms around my waist, she slyly hinted  
marriage  
To the door in dreadful haste, came Captain  
Kelly's carriage  
Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was  
spittin'  
When the captain at the door, walked right into  
the kitchen  
(Chorus)  
She flew up off me knees full five feet up or higher  
And over head and heels through me slap into the  
fire  
Me new repealer's coat that I bought from Mr.  
Mitchell  
With a twenty shilling note went to blazes in the  
kitchen...  
(Chorus)  
I grieved to see me duds all smeared with soot  
and ashes  
When a tub of dirty suds right in me face she  
dashes  
As I lay on the floor the water she kept pitchin'  
The footman broke the door and walked straight  
into the kitchen  
(Chorus)  
When the captain came downstairs, though he  
saw my situation  
In spite of all my prayers, I was marched off to  
the station  
For me they'd take no bail, but to get home I was  
itchin'  
And I had to tell the tale how I came into the  
kitchen  
(Chorus)

I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial  
For assault, she did indict me and I was sent for  
trial  
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her  
screechin'  
And I got six months "hard" for my courtin in  
the kitchen  
(Chorus)

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## 18 Carrickfergus

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

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

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

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**19** *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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## 20 *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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## 21 Hills of Connemara

<sup>G</sup> Oh gather up your pots and your <sup>C</sup> old tin <sup>G</sup> cans  
<sup>D</sup>  
The mash, and the corn, the barley, and the bran  
<sup>G</sup> Run like the devil from the <sup>C</sup> excise <sup>G</sup> man  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney

Now keep your eyes well peeled today  
The excise men they're on their way  
Searching for the mountain tay  
In the hills of Connemara

**(Chorus) Gather up your pots and your old  
tin cans  
The mash, and the corn, the barley, and the  
bran  
Run like the devil from the excise man  
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney**

Well the mountain breezes as they blow  
Echo down to the hills below  
Big tall men are on the go  
In the hills of connemara

(Chorus)  
Well swing to the left, now swing to the right  
The excise man they can dance all night  
Drinkin 'up the tay 'til the broad daylight  
In the hills of Connemara

(Chorus)  
Well a gallon for the butcher and big Mick Klein  
A bottle for the poor old Father Stein  
Keep him off that altar wine  
In the hills of Connemara

(Chorus)  
Stand your ground, for it's too late  
The excise men, they're at the gate  
Glory be to paddy, for they're drinking it straight  
In the hills of Connemara  
(Chorus)

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## 22 Midnight Moonlight

<sup>G</sup> If you ever feel lonesome, and you're down in <sup>D</sup>  
San Antone  
<sup>Am</sup> Beg steal or borrow two nickels or a dime and <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>D</sup>  
call me on the phone  
And I'll meet you at Alamo Mission where we can  
say our prayers  
And the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mother will  
heal us as we kneel there.

(Chorus2x) <sup>Am</sup> In the <sup>D</sup> moonlight in the <sup>Am</sup> midnight <sup>D</sup> In  
<sup>Am</sup> the <sup>D</sup> moonlight <sup>G</sup> midnight moon—light.

If you ever feel sorrow for things you might have  
done  
With no hope for tomorrow and the setting of the  
<sup>D</sup>  
sun

And the ocean is howling of things that might  
have been  
And that last good morning sunrise will be the brightest  
<sup>C</sup>  
you've everseen.

**| (Chorus)**

Repeat both verses

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## 23 Tell Me Ma

(Chorus) O <sup>G</sup>Tell me ma when I <sup>C</sup>go <sup>G</sup>home  
<sup>D</sup>The boys won't leave the <sup>G</sup>girls alone  
<sup>G</sup>They pull my hair, they stole my <sup>C</sup>comb  
<sup>D</sup>But that's all right till I <sup>G</sup>go home  
<sup>C</sup>She is handsome, 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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## 24 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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## 25 *El Paso*

*D*                                *Em*  
Out in the West Texas town of El Paso  
*A7*                                *D*  
I fell in love with a Mexican girl  
*D*                                *Em*  
Nighttime would find me in Rosa's cantina  
*A7*                                *D*  
Music would play and Felina would whirl

Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina  
Wicked and evil while casting a spell  
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden  
I was in love but in vain, I could tell

*G*                                *C*                                *G*  
One night a wild young cowboy came in  
   *D* *D7*  
Wild as the West Texas wind Dashing and daring,  
   a drink he was sharing  
With wicked Felina, the girl that I loved *G*  
   *A*  
So in anger

I challenged his right for the love of this maiden  
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore  
My challenge was answered in less than a  
   heartbeat  
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the  
   floor

Just for a moment I stood there in silence  
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done  
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood  
   there  
I had but one chance and that was to run

Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran  
Out where the horses were tied  
I caught a good one, it looked like it could run  
Up on its back and away I did ride  
Just as fast as I  
Could from the West Texas town of El Paso  
Out to the badlands of New Mexico

Back in El Paso my life would be worthless  
Everything's gone in life; nothing is left  
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden  
My love is stronger than my fear of death

I saddled up and away I did go  
Riding alone in the dark  
Maybe tomorrow, a bullet may find me  
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my  
   heart  
And at last here I  
Am on the hill overlooking El Paso  
I can see Rosa's cantina below  
My love is strong and it pushes me onward  
Down off the hill to Felina I go

Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys  
Off to my left ride a dozen or more  
Shouting and shooting, I can't let them catch me  
I have to make it to Rosa's back door

Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel  
A deep burning pain in my side  
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle  
I'm getting weary, unable to ride

But my love for  
Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen  
Though I am weary I can't stop to rest  
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle  
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest

From out of nowhere Felina has found me  
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side  
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for  
One little kiss and Felina, goodbye

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## 26 *The Devil's Courtship*

"I'll buy you a pennyworth o' priens  
If that be the way true love begins  
If ye'll gang along wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang  
along wi' me?"

"Ye can hae your pennyworth of priens  
Though that be the way true love begins  
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang  
wi' you."

"I'll buy you a braw snuff box  
Nine times opened, nine times locked  
If ye'll gang along wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang  
along wi' me?"

"You can hae your braw snuff box  
Nine times opened, nine times locked  
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang  
wi' you."

"I'll buy you a silken goon  
Wi' nine stripes up and nine stripes doon  
If ye'll gang along wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang  
along wi' me?"

"You can hae your silken goon  
Wi' nine stripes up and nine stripes doon  
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang  
wi' you."

"I'll buy you a nine stringed bell  
Tae call yer maid when'er you will  
If ye'll gang along wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang  
along wi' me?"

"You can keep your nine stringed bell  
Tae call my maid when'er I will  
For I'll never gang wi' you m'dear, I'll never gang  
wi' you."

"I'll gie you a kist o' gold  
Tae comfort you when you are old  
If ye'll gang alang wi' me m'dear, if ye'll gang  
    alang wi' me?"

"These are fine words you say  
So mount up lad you've won the day  
I'll gang along wi' you m'dear, I'll gang along wi'  
you."

They'd scarcely gone a mile  
Before she spied his cloven heel  
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'  
you."

"I'll grip ye hard and fast,  
Gold won your virgin heart at last  
And I'll no part wi' you m'dear, I'll never part wi'  
you."

And as they were galloping along  
The cold wind carried her mournful song  
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'  
you."  
"I rue I come wi' you" she says, "I rue I come wi'  
you."

**27** *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* Hoo-rum rye, fadda riddle dye *G/D*  
*G* Whack fo' the diddle To me *G D Em* 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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## 28 WHISKEY IN THE JAR

*D* As I was going over the *Bm* Cork and Kerry  
mountains  
*G* I met with captain Farrell and his money he was *D*  
*A* counting.  
*D* I first produced my pistol, and then produced my *Bm*  
rapier.  
*G* Said stand and deliver, for ya are a bold deceiver, *D*  
[Chorus] musha ring dumma do damma da *A*  
*D* whack for the daddy 'ol  
*G* whack for the daddy 'ol  
There's whiskey in the jar *D* *A* *D*

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty  
penny.  
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.  
She sighed and she swore, that she never would  
deceive me,  
but the devil take the women, for they never can  
be easy  
(Chorus)  
I went into my chamber, a' for to take a slumber,  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no  
wonder.  
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them  
up with water,  
Then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the  
slaughter.  
(Chorus)  
It was early in the morning, just before I rose to  
travel,  
The guards were all around me and likewise  
captain Farrel.  
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my  
rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was  
taken.  
(Chorus)  
If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,  
I think that he is stationed in Cork or in  
Killarney.  
And if he'll go with me, we'll go roving near  
Kilkenny,  
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darlin'  
sportin' Jenny  
(Chorus)  
Some take delight in the fishin' and the trappin',  
But others take delight in the carriages a-rovin'.  
But me I take delight in the juice of the barley,  
And courting pretty women in the morning bright  
and early  
(Chorus)

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## 29 *The Irish Rover*

In the <sup>G</sup>year of our Lord, eighteen <sup>C</sup>hundred and six,  
We set <sup>G</sup>sail from the Coal Quay of <sup>D</sup>Cork  
We were <sup>G</sup>sailing away with a <sup>C</sup>cargo of bricks  
For the <sup>G</sup>grand City <sup>D</sup>Hall in New <sup>G</sup>York  
We'd an <sup>G</sup>elegant craft, it was <sup>D</sup>rigged 'fore and aft  
And how <sup>G</sup>the trade winds <sup>D</sup>drove her  
She had <sup>G</sup>twenty-three masts and she stood <sup>C</sup>several  
    blasts  
And they <sup>G</sup>called her the Irish - - <sup>D 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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When I was a young man I carried my pack  
 And I lived the free life of a rover  
 From the Murrays green basin to the dusty  
     outback  
 I waltzed my Matilda all over  
 Then in nineteen fifteen my country said Son  
 It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's work to  
     be done  
 So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun  
 And they sent me away to the war  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
 As we sailed away from the quay  
 And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the  
     cheers  
 We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day  
 How the blood stained the sand and the water  
 And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay  
 We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter  
 Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well  
 He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shells  
 And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell  
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia  
 But the band played Waltzing Matilda  
 As we stopped to bury our slain  
 We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs  
 Then we started all over again

Now those that were left, well we tried to survive  
 In a mad world of blood, death and fire  
 And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive  
 But around me the corpses piled higher  
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over  
     head

And when I woke up in my hospital bed  
 And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead  
 Never knew there were worse things than dying  
 For no more I'll go waltzing Matilda  
 All around the green bush far and near  
 For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs  
 No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the  
     maimed

And they shipped us back home to Australia  
 The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane  
 Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla  
 And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay  
 I looked at the place where my legs used to be  
 And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for  
     me

To grieve and to mourn and to pity  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
 As they carried us down the gangway  
 But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared  
 Then turned all their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch  
 And I watch the parade pass before me  
 And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they  
     march

Reliving old dreams of past glory  
 And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and  
     sore

The forgotten heroes from a forgotten war  
 And the young people ask, "What are they  
     marching for?"

And I ask myself the same question  
 And the band plays Waltzing Matilda  
 And the old men answer to the call  
 But year after year their numbers get fewer  
 Some day no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
 Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me  
 And their ghosts may be heard as you pass the  
     Billabong  
 Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me?

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## 31 *Fiddler's Green*

As I <sup>C</sup>walked by the <sup>F</sup>dockside one <sup>C</sup>evening so <sup>Am</sup>fair  
To <sup>C</sup>view the salt <sup>F</sup>waters and take in the salt <sup>G</sup>air  
I <sup>F</sup>heard an old fisherman <sup>C</sup>singing a song  
Won't you <sup>G</sup>take me away boys me <sup>C</sup>time is not <sup>G</sup>long

(Chorus) Wrap me <sup>C</sup>up in me <sup>G</sup>oilskin and  
Jumper  
No <sup>F</sup>more on the docks I'll be <sup>G</sup>seen  
Just <sup>F</sup>tell me old shipmates, I'm <sup>C</sup>taking a trip  
mates  
And <sup>G</sup>I'll see you someday on <sup>G7</sup>Fiddlers <sup>C</sup>Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell  
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell  
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do  
play  
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away  
(Chorus)  
Yes the weather is fair and there's never a gail  
And the fish jump on board with one swish on  
their tail  
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do  
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew  
(Chorus)  
When pull into port and the long trip is through  
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies  
there too  
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free  
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree.  
(Chorus)  
Now I don't need a harp nor a halo, not me  
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea  
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along  
With the wind in the riggin to sing me a song  
(Chorus)

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## 32 *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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### 33 *Star of the County Down*

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

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

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]

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### 34 *The Ridde Song*

I (C)gave my love a (F)cherry that had no (C)stone

*G* Gave my love a chicken that had no bone *C* *G*  
*G* I gave my love a baby with no crying *C* *G*  
*Am* And told my love a story that had no end *F* *C*

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?  
How can there be a baby with no crying?  
How can you tell a story that has no end?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone  
And a chicken when it's pipping, there is no bone  
A baby when it's sleeping, there's no crying  
And when I say "I love you", it has no end

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone  
I gave my love a baby with no crying  
And told my love a story that had no end

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## 35 *Red is the rose*

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

(Chorus) *D Bm Em*  
Red is the rose that in yonder garden  
*G A D Bm G A G*  
grows Fair is the lily of the valley Clear is  
*Fm G Bm A D*  
the water that flows from the Boyne But  
*Bm Em A D*  
my love is fairer than 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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## 36 *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'

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

## 37 *Edelweiss*

*G* *D* *G* *C* *G* *Em* *Am7*  
 Edelweiss , Edelweiss Every morning you greet  
*D*  
 me  
*G* *D* *G* *C*  
 Small and white, clean and bright  
*G* *D7*  
 You look happy to meet me.  
  
*D* *D7* *G*  
 Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow  
*C* *A* *D* *D7* *G* *D* *G*  
 Bloom and grow forever Edelweiss , Edelweiss  
*C* *G* *D7* *G*  
 Bless my homeland forever

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## 38 *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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## 39 *A Little Bit More*

<sup>G</sup> When I was young me <sup>C</sup> father said,  
<sup>G</sup> It's time the children <sup>C</sup> went to bed, <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> We would always cry and roar,  
<sup>G</sup> I want to stay up just a little bit more. <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

(Chorus) <sup>G</sup> A little bit more a little bit more <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Not very much just a little bit more, <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> A little bit more a little bit more <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> Not very much just a little bit more, <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>

And when the morning came around,  
You could hear that same auld sound  
When they came rapping on the door  
I want to lay on a little bit more.  
(Chorus)  
The barman says theres no more beer,  
Drink up your drink and get out of here,  
Still you see them hanging 'round the door,  
Hopeing to get in for a little bit more.  
(Chorus)  
I met a girl called Mary Rose  
I said young girl can I kiss your nose,  
She said I met your likes before  
All you want is a little bit more.  
(Chorus)  
And when your days are nearly done  
Before you cross that rubicon  
The doctor says your time is done,  
And you pray to the Lord for a little bit more.  
(Chorus)

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**40** *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya*

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

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

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,  
hurroo  
Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo,  
hurroo  
Where are your eyes that were so mild  
When my heart you so beguiled  
Why did ye run from me and the child  
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.  
(Chorus)  
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo,  
hurroo  
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo,  
hurroo  
Where are your legs that used to run  
When you went for to carry a gun  
Indeed your dancing days are done  
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.  
(Chorus)  
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo  
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo  
I'm happy for to see ye home  
All from the island of Sulloon  
So low in flesh, so high in bone  
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.  
(Chorus)  
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo,  
hurroo  
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo,  
hurroo  
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg  
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg  
Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg  
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.  
(Chorus)

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo  
They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo  
They're rolling out the guns again  
But they never will take our sons again  
No they never will take our sons again  
Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

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## 41 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)

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## 42 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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**43** *Sally Gardens*

<sup>G</sup> It was down by the <sup>D</sup> Sally <sup>C</sup> gar—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—dens  
<sup>C</sup> With little <sup>D</sup> snow—white <sup>G</sup> 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 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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**44** *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 <sup>G</sup> old woman.  
<sup>G</sup> What <sup>D</sup> did I <sup>G</sup> have',  
<sup>C</sup> This <sup>D</sup> proud <sup>G</sup> old woman <sup>D</sup> 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 <sup>C</sup> fought and they <sup>D</sup> died  
<sup>G</sup> And that was my <sup>D</sup> grief', said she. <sup>G</sup>

'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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## 45 *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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## 46 *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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## 47 *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 put  
stone (Chorus)

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## 48 *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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## 49 *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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**50** *Amazing Grace*

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His Word my hope secures;  
He will my Shield and Portion be,  
As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

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## 51 *New York Girls*

As I <sup>G</sup>walked down the <sup>C</sup>Broadway one <sup>G</sup>evening in  
<sup>D</sup>July  
I met a maid who asked my trade – A <sup>G</sup>sailor <sup>D</sup>lad  
<sup>G</sup>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 <sup>G</sup>away <sup>C</sup>Santy – My dear <sup>G</sup>Annie <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>O you <sup>C</sup>New York girls, can't you <sup>G</sup>dance the <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>G</sup>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)

## 52 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

## 53 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

(Chorus) <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 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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## 54 *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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**55**    *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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**56**    *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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**57**    *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 will be, <sup>G</sup>  
And for <sup>C</sup>bonnie <sup>G</sup>Annie Laurie,  
<sup>D</sup>I lay me <sup>G</sup>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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**58** *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.

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**59** *Danny Boy*

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,  
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,  
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

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**60** *Cavan Girl*

As I walk the road from Killeshandra, weary, I  
sat down  
For it's twelve long miles around the lake to get  
to Cavan Town  
Though Oughter and the road I go once seemed  
beyond compare  
Now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan  
girl, so fair

The Autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees  
will soon be bare  
Each red-coat leaf around me seems the colour of  
her hair  
My gaze retreats, defies my feet, and once again I  
sigh  
As the broken pool of sky reminds the colour of  
her eyes

At the Cavan cross each Sunday morning, where  
she can be found  
And she seems to have the eye of every boy in  
Cavan Town  
If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer  
of her smile  
And to break the hearts of Cavan men she'll talk  
to me a while

So next Sunday evening finds me homeward,  
Killeshandra bound  
To work the week 'til I return to court in Cavan  
Town  
When asked if she would be my bride, at least  
she'd not say no  
So next Sunday morning I'll rouse myself and  
back to her, I'll go

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