

FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK

Words and Music by JEM FINER
and SHANE MacGOWAN

Medium slow

(Man)

1. It was Christ - mas Eve, _ babe, in the
luck - y one, came in

The first system of the musical score for 'Fairytale of New York'. It features a vocal line for a man and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Medium slow'. The lyrics are: '1. It was Christ - mas Eve, _ babe, in the luck - y one, came in'.

drunk tank, when an old man said to me _ "Won't see a - noth-er one". _ And then he
eight - teen to one. I've got a feel - ing _ this year's for me and you. _ So Hap - py

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'drunk tank, when an old man said to me _ "Won't see a - noth-er one". _ And then he eight - teen to one. I've got a feel - ing _ this year's for me and you. _ So Hap - py'.

sang a song, "The rare old moun-tain dew". I turned my face a - way, _ and dreamed a -
Christ - mas, _ I love you ba - by. I can see a bet-ter time, _ when all our


The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'sang a song, "The rare old moun-tain dew". I turned my face a - way, _ and dreamed a - Christ - mas, _ I love you ba - by. I can see a bet-ter time, _ when all our'.

Copyright © 1987 by Universal Music Publishing MGB Ltd. and Universal Music Publishing Ltd.
All Rights for Universal Music Publishing MGB Ltd. in the United States and Canada Administered by Universal Music - MGB Songs
All Rights for Universal Music Publishing Ltd. in the United States and Canada Administered by Universal - PolyGram International Publishing, Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved

1.  2. 
-bout you. 2. Got on a dreams come true.

Medium fast

(Woman)



3. They got

cars big as bars, they got riv - ers of gold; but the wind goes right through you, it's no

place for the old. — When you first took my hand on a cold — Christ - mas Eve, you

pro-mised me Broad-way was wait-ing for me. _ 4. 4. You were hand-some. (Man) You were pret - ty, Queen bum, a you're a punk! (M) You're an

of New York Ci - ty. (Both) When the band fin-ished play-ing, they howled out for more. _ Sin - old slut on junk, ly - ing there al-most dead on a drip in that bed! _ (W) You

-at - ra was swing-ing; all the drunks, they were sing-ing. We kissed on the cor - ner, then scum - bag! You mag-got! You cheap lou - sy fag-got! Hap - py Christ-mas your arse, _ I pray

danced through the night. _ The boys of the N Y P D choir _ were sing-ing _ "Gal - way God it's our last. _ (unison)

1.

Bay". And the bells — were ring-ing out — for Christ-mas Day. —

(Woman) 2.

5. You're a —

(Man)

6. I — could have



been some - one. (W) Well, so could a - ny - one. You took my dreams.



from me when I first found you. (M) I kept them



with me, babe; I put them with my own. Can't make it



all a - lone; I've built my dreams a - round you. The

boys of the N Y P D choir _ still sing - ing _ "Gal - way (unison)

Bay'. And the bells _ are ring - ing out _ _ for Christ - mas Day. _ _ rit.

Additional Lyrics

2. Got on a lucky one, came in eighteen to one;
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you.
So happy Christmas; I love you, baby.
I can see a better time, when all our dreams come true.

5. (Female:) You're a bum, you're a punk!
(Male:) You're an old slut on junk
Lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed!
(Female:) You scumbag! You maggot!
You cheap lousy faggot!
Happy Christmas your arse!
I pray God it's our last.