

## The Spanish Lady

G C G a  
As I came down through Dublin City at the hour of twelve  
D G a  
at night, who should I see but a Spanish Lady washing her  
G a D e A  
feet by the candle light. First she washed them then she  
e A G C  
dried them oèr a fire of amber coal in all my life I ne`er did  
D G C D7  
see a maid so sweet about the soul.

G C  
**Ref. II: Whack for the tooralora lady whack for the**  
G C D  
**tooralooralay :ll**

As I came back through Dublin City ; at the hour of half past eight.  
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady; Brushing her hair in the broad  
daylight. First she tossed it then she brushed it; on her lap was a silver  
comb. In all my life I ne`er did see a maid so fair since I did roam.  
**Ref.**

As I went back to Dublin City as the sun began to set. Who should I spy  
but the Spanish Lady; Catching a moth in a golden net. When she saw  
me, then she fled me; Lifting her petticoat over her knee. In all my life I  
ne`er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady. **Ref.**

I`ve wandered north and I`ve wandered south through Stonybatter and  
Patrick`s Close. Up and around by the Glouster Diamond and back by  
Napper Tandy`s house. Old age has laid her hand on me; Cold as a fire  
of ashy coals. In all my life I ne`er did see a maid so sweet at the  
Spanish Lady.



## Cockles and Mussels

C                    a                    d                    G                    C  
In Dublins fair city where the girls are so pretty I first set  
A7                    D                    G                    C  
my eys of sweet Molly Mallone. As she wheels her weel  
a                    d                    G                    C  
barrow thro`the streets broad and narrow crying cockles  
G                    C                    G C  
and mussels alive alive O!  
C                    a                    d                    G                    C  
**Alive alive o, alive alive o crying cockles and**  
G                    C                    G C  
**mussels alive alive o .**

She was a fishmonger; but sure `twas no wonder for so were her  
father and mother before. And they both wheeled there barrow  
through streets broad and narrow; crying cockles and mussels  
alive alive O!

### **Refrain:**

She died of a fever; and no one could save her and that was the  
end of sweet Molly Mallone; But her ghost wheels her barrow  
through streets broad and narrow; crying cockles and mussels  
alive alive O!

### **Refrain**



## The Black Velvet Band

**G**

Her eyes they shone like diamonds you`d think she was

**D G D G e**

queen of the land with her hair thrown over her shoulders

**D G**

tied up with a black velvet band

As I went walking down broadway; Not intending to stay very long I met with a frolicksome damsel, As she came tripping along.

A watch she pulled out of her pocket, and slipped it right into my hand, on the very first day that I met her, bad luck to the black velvet band.

Before jugde and jury next morning, both of us did appear. A gentleman claimed his jewellery, and the case against us was clear.

Seven long years transportation, right down to Van Dieman`s Land, faw away from my friends and companions, betrayed by the black velvet band.

## I'll tell me Ma

**\_G** **D7**  
I'll tell me ma when I get home, the boys won't leave the  
**G** **D7**  
girls alone. Pulled me hair stole me comb but that's allright  
**G**  
till I go home.

**G** **C** **G** **D7**  
She is handsome she is pretty she is the Belle of Dublin  
**G** **C** **G** **D7**  
City, She is a courtin`a one two three, pray can you tell  
**G**  
me who is she?

**G** **C** **G**  
Albert Mooney says he loves her, All the boys are  
**D** **G** **C**  
fighting for her, knock at the door and ring at the bell  
**G** **D** **G**  
and Oh, me true love, are you well?

Out she comes, white as snow, Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes.  
Ould Johnny Morrissey says she'll die, if she doesn't get the fella with  
the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high and the snow come  
travellin`through the sky, She's as nice as apple pie, She'll get her own  
lad by and by.

**When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she gets  
home. Let them all come as they will, it's Albert Mooney she loves  
still.**

## Home Boys Home

**D** **G** **D**  
Oh when I was a young boy sure I longed to see the world.

**A** **G** **D** **A**  
To sail around the sea in ships and see the sails unfurled. I

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
went to seek my fortune on the farside of the hill. I've

**D** **A** **D**  
wandered far and wide and of travel I've had my fill

**A** **D** **G**  
**And it's home, boys home, home I'd like to be home for**

**D** **E** **A** **D** **G**  
**a while in me own country, where the oak and the ash**

**D** **A** **D** **G**  
**and the bonny row an tree are all a growin`green in the**

**D** **A** **D**  
**old country.**

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
Well I left my love behind me and I sailed across the tide. I said

**G** **D** **A** **D**  
that I'd be back again and take her for my bride. But many years

**G** **D** **A**  
have passed and gone, and still I'm far away I know she is a fond

**D** **A** **D**  
true-love and waiting for the day. **Chorus:**

**D** **G** **D**  
Now I've learned there's more to life than to wander and to roam.

**A** **G** **D** **A**  
Happines and peace of mind can best be found az home. For

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
money can't buy happines and money cannot bind. So I'm going

**D** **A** **D**  
back tomorrow to the girl I left behind. **Chorus:**

### Take me up to Monto

G e G e  
Well if you`ve got a wingo take me up to ringo where the  
e D D7 G e  
waxies singo all the day. If you`ve had your fill of porter  
G e G e  
and you can`t go any further then give your man the order  
D D7 G  
back to the Quay.

e G e G  
**And take her up to Monto Monto Monto Take her up to**  
e D D7 G D G  
**Monto langer oo (to you)**

You`ve heard of butcher Forster, the dirty old imposter. He took  
a mot and lost her up the Furry Glen. He first put on his bowler,  
then he buttoned up his trousers and he whistled for a growler  
and he said; My men, Chorus

The fairy told him, Skin the Goat, O`Donnell put him on the  
boat. He wished he`d never been afloat, the dirty skite. It  
wasn`t very sensible to tell the Invincibles. They took aboard  
the principals, day and night. Chorus

You`ve seen the Dublin Fusiliers, the dirty old bamboozaliers.  
They went and got the childer, one, two, three.  
Marchin`from the Linen Hall, there`s one for every cannon ball.  
And Vicky`s goin`to send youse all Oér the sea. Chorus



## The rising of the moon

**D**

**A\_**

Oh then tell me Sean O`Farrell tell me why you hurry so,

**G**

**D**

**A**

husha buachaill hush and listen and his cheeks were all a

**D**

low.

I bear orders from the captain get you ready quick and soon  
for the pikes must be together at the risin of the moon.

Oh then, tell me Sean O`Farrell, where the gath`rin is to be?

In the old spot by the river well known to you and me.

One word more for signal token whistle up the marchin tune.

With your pike upon your shoulder by the risin of the moon

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through  
that night. / Many a manly heart was throbbing for the blessed  
warning light./ Murmurs passed along the valleys, like the  
banshees lonely croon./ And a thousand blades were flashing at  
the risin of the moon.

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their  
fate. O, what glorios pride and sorrow fills the name of Ninety-  
Eight!

Yet, thank God, eèn still are beating hearts in manhoods burning  
noon.

Who would follow in their footsteps at the risin of the moon.

## Weile Waile

**D**

There was an old woman and she lived in the woods, weile

**G D A**

weile waile There was an old woman and she lived in the

**A7 D**

woods, down by the river Saile.

She had a baby three month old, weile weile waile,

She had a baby three month old, down by the river Saile.

She had a pen-knife long and sharp, weile weile waile,

She had a pen-knife long and sharp, down by the river Saile.

She stuck the pen-knife in the baby`s heart, weile weile waile,

She stuck the pen-knife in the baby`s heart down by the river  
Saile.

Three policeman knocking at the door, weile weile waile,

Three policeman knocking at the door, down by the river Saile.

They pulled the rope and she was hung, weile weile waile,

They pulled the rope and she was hung, down by the river Saile.

And that was the end of the woman in the woods, weile weile

waile, and that was the end of the baby too, down by the river  
Saile.

## Annabel Lee

G C G e C G  
It was many and many a year ago in a kingdom by the sea  
a G

That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
C D G  
By the name of Annabel Lee

And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to loved and be loved by me Oh, we were so young,  
younger then the breeze Children of the wide and wild sea.

But we loved with a love that was more than love  
I and Annabel Lee, Which a love that each creature in Heaven or  
Hell, went envyn` my pretty girl and me.

G C G C  
**Oh please have mercy, with the human fate.**

G C G C  
**We`re much to young, for the deathmans place**  
C D G C D e

But a chill wind blue and took her right away

C D G C  
And through my tears I had to see, that she was gone  
D G  
taken all away from me.

**Oh please ...**

And the moon never beams without bringin` my dreams  
Of my beloved girl and the stars never rised but I see the bright  
eys of my dear and faithful Annabel Lee

## Days of Yore

          G                  C                  G                  C  
Well he hang all his wild years on a nail which he drove.  
          G                  C                  G                  C  
Through his wife`s lovely forehead that he laid on their stove.  
          G                  C                  G                  C  
Then he looked for his maches and beated the beat.

And his soul claped its hands `bout his deed. Then he took two  
gallons of gas in a can. And doused everything in the  
house. How nice it was burning but he didn`t look back  
Never get caught in a trap!

e

### **ll: And he felt the same old freedom**

          G                  C  D          GCG

#### **He used to feel before in days of yore :ll**

And his boss saw the muzzle of his old army gun  
The trigger was pulled and he gone He was caching the glimpse  
of forthcoming live Well, you`ve gotta be tough to survive.

ll: And he felt the same old freedom

#### **He used to feel before in days of yore :ll**

And the earth kept on turning like in days of yore  
As an old paltryman reached the shore  
And he felt like a little nothing but there was no more pain  
So he jumped and thought "Let`s do it again"

ll: And he felt the same old freedom **He used to feel before in  
days of yore :ll** And he felt the same old freedom He used to  
feel before as he died on the shore :ll

## The Leaving of Liverpool

A                                    D            A                                    D A E  
Fare well to you my own true love I am going far far away. I am  
A                                    D A                                    E            A  
bound for California and I know that I'll return some day.

E                                    D            A  
So fare thee well my own true love for when I return united  
E                                    A                                    D E A  
we will be. It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
E                                    A  
but my darling when I think of thee.

A                                    D            A                                    D A E  
I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship Davy Crocket is here name  
A                                    D A  
And her Captain's name was Burgess and they say that she's a  
E            A  
floating hell.

**Refrain.**

A                                    D            A                                    D A E  
And the sun is on the harbour love and I wish I could remain.  
A                                    D            A                                    E            A  
For I know it will be a long, long time. Before I will see you again.

**Refrain.**

## Dark Streets of London

**D** **G** **D**  
I liked to walk in the summer breeze down Dalling Road by the  
**G** **A** **D** **G**  
dead old trees. And drink with my friends in the Hammersmith  
**D** **G** **D** **A** **D**  
Broadway dear dirty old drunken delightfull old days.

Then the winter came down and I loved it so dearly. The pubs  
and the bookies where you`d spend all your time. And the old  
men that were singing when the roses bloom again. And turn  
once again to a new summertime.

**D** **G** **D**  
**Then the winter comes down and I can` t stand the chill. That**  
**G** **A**  
**comes to the streets around christmas time. And I` m**  
**D** **G** **D** **G**  
**bugged to damnation and I haven` t got a penny to wonder**  
**D** **A** **D**  
**the dark streets of London.**

Every time that I look on the first day of summer takes me back  
to the place. Where they gave ECT  
and the drugged up psychos with death in their eyes. And how  
all off this really means nothing to me.

**2x Chorus**

## Dirty old town

**D**  
I met my love by the gas works wall

**G** **D**  
dreamed a dream by the old canal

kissed a girl by the factory wall

**A** **h (D)**  
Dirty old town Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
Springs a girl in the street at night  
Dirty old town Dirty old town

Heard a sirene from the docks  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind  
Dirty old town Dirty old town

Zwischenspiel

I'm going to make a good sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
Will chop you down like an old dead tree  
Dirty old town Dirty old town

**I'm a man you don't meet everyday**

C G C F  
Oh my name is Jack Stewart I'm a canny gun man  
C G C G  
And a roving young fellow I've been  
C G C F  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me  
C G C G  
I'm a man you don't meet every day

I have acres of land I have men at command  
I have always a shilling to spare  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me  
I'm a man you don't meet every day

So come fill up your glaces of brandy and wine  
Whatever it costs I will pay  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me  
I'm a man you don't meet every day

Well I took out my dog and him I did shot  
All down in the county Kildare  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me  
I'm a man you don't meet every day

### **The Star of the County Down**





One summer evening drunk to hell I sat there nearly lifeless

**G** **C** **a**

An old man in the corner sang where the water lilies grow

**G** **a** **C**

And on the jukebox Jonny sang about a thing called love

**G** **a** **C** **G**

And it's how you are kid and what's your name

**C** **a**

And how would you bloody know

**G** **a** **C**

In blood and death neath a screaming sky I lay down on the ground

**G** **C** **a**

and the arms and legs of other men were scattered all around

**G** **a**

some cursed some prayed some prayed then cursed. Then prayed

**C**

thenbled some more.

**G** **a** **C** **G** **a**

And the only thing that I could see was a pair of brown eyes

**C** **G** **a** **C** **G**

that was looking at me but when we got back labelled parts one to three

**a** **C** **G**

there was no pair of brown eyes waiting for me

**G** **a** **C** **G** **C** **a** **2C**

*And a rovin ` a rovin `a rovin ` I'll go For a Pair of brown eyes*

I looked at him he looked at me all I could do was hate him While Ray and Philomena sang of my elusive dream . I saw the streams the rolling hills where his brown eyes were waiting -

**G** **a** **C** **G** **C** **a**

And I thought about a pair of brown eyes - That waited once for me.

So drunk to hell I left the place - sometimes crawling sometimes walking - A

hungry sound came across the breeze So I gave the walls a talking. And I heard the sounds of long ago from the old canal

**G** **a** **C** **G** **C** **a**

And the birds were whistling in the trees Where the wind was gently laughing

*And a rovin ` a rovin `a rovin ` I'll go For a Pair of brown eyes*

## Spencil Hill

**a** **G** **a**

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by. Me mind  
 C G a  
 been bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly. I stepped on board a  
 C G a G  
 vision and followed with a will till next I came to anchor at the  
 a  
 cross near Spancil Hill.

Delighted by the novelty, enchanted with the scene. Where in my early  
 boyhood where often I had been. I thought I heard a murmer and I think  
 I hear it still. It`s the little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill.

To amuse a passing fancy I lay down on the ground. And all my school  
 companions they shortly gathered round. When we were home  
 returning we danced with bright goodwill. To Martin Moynahans music  
 at the cross at Spancil Hill.

It was on the twenty-fourth of June the day before the fair.  
 When Ireland`s sons and daughters and friends assembled there.  
 The young, the old, the brave and the bold came theie duty to fulfill at  
 the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbours to see what they meight say.  
 The old ones they were dead and gone, the young ones turning grey I met  
 the tailor Quigley, he as bold ever still.  
 For he used to make my britches when I lived at Spancil Hill.

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love.  
 She`s as fair as any lily and gentle as a dove.  
 She threw her arms around me, crying Johnny I love you still  
 She was a farmer`s daughter, the pride of Spancil Hill.

**All for me grog**



**D** **A** **D**  
One pleasant evening in the month of June as I was sitting with my glass and  
**G A** **D G A7** **D**  
spoon, a small bird sat on an ivy bush and the song he sang was the Jug of Punch.

**D** **A** **D**  
**Toor-a-loor-a-lu, Toor-a-loor-a-lae, Toor-a-loor-a-lu, Toor-a-loor-a-lae,**  
a small bird sat on an ivy bush and the song he sang was the Jug of Punch.

If I were sick and very bad, and was not able to go or stand.  
I would not think it at all amiss to pledge my shoes for a Jug of  
Punch.

**Toor-a-loor-a-lu, Toor-a-loor-a-lae, Toor-a-loor-a-lu, Toor-**  
**a-loor-a-lae,** I would not think it at all amiss to pledge my shoes  
for a Jug of Punch.

What more divarsion can a man desire than to sit him down by a  
snug turf fire upon his knee a pretty wench, and upon his table a  
jug of punch.

**Toor-a-loor-a-lu, Toor-a-loor-a-lae, Toor-a-loor-a-lu, Toor-a-loor-**  
**a-lae** upon his knee a pretty wench, and upon his table a jug of punch.

And when I'm dead and in my grave, no costly tombstone I will have  
I'll dig a grave both wide and deep, with a jug of punch at my head and  
feet.

**Toor-a-loor-a-lu, Toor-a-loor-a-lae, Toor-a-loor-a-lu, Toor-a-loor-**  
**a-lae,**I'll dig a grave both wide and deep, with a jug of punch at my  
head and feet.

## **Fiddler's Green**

**D** **D(s4)** **h** **D**  
 As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair. To view  
**D(s4)** **A** **G**  
 the salt water and take the sea air I heard an old fisherman  
**D** **fis** **D** **e** **G**  
 singing a song. Won't you take me away boys my time is  
**A**  
 not long.

**D** **A** **D D7** **G**  
 Wrap me up in my oilskins and jumper, no more on  
**D** **A** **G**  
 the docks I'll be seen. Just tell my old shipmates I'm  
**D** **fis** **e** **A7**  
 taking a tripmates and I'll see you one day in Fiddler's  
**D**  
 Green.

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell, where fishermen go if they  
 don't go to hell. Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play  
 and the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

When you get to the docks and the long trip is through  
 there's pubs, there's clubs and there's lassies there too,  
 where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free, and there's bottles of  
 rum growing from every tree. **Chorus**

Now I don't want 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 rigging to sing me a song. **Chorus**

### Navigator

**G**

**C**

The canals and the bridges the embankments and cuts  
**G** **C** **D**  
 they blastered and dug with their sweat and their guts  
**G** **C**  
 they never drank water but whiskey by pints and the  
**G** **C** **D** **G**  
 shanty towns rang with their songs and their fights.  
**G** **C** **G**  
**Navigator, Navigator rise up and be strong,**  
**G** **C** **D**  
**the morning is here and their`s work to be done**  
**G** **C** **G**  
**Take your pick and your shovel and the bold dynamide**  
**G** **C** **D** **G**  
**for to shift a few turns of this earthly delight**  
**G** **C** **D** **G**  
**yes to shift a few turns of this earthly delight.**

They died in their hundreds no sign to make where  
 save the brass in the pocket of the entrepreneur  
 by landslip and rockblast they got buried so deep  
 that in death if not life they`ll have peace while they sleep.

Their mark on this land is still seen and still laid.  
 The way for a commerce where vast fortunes were made  
 the supply of an Empire where the sun never set  
 which is now deep in darkness but the railways there yet.

### **The Irish Rover**

Vorspiel: C F G C

                  C                  F                  C  
On the Fourth of July, 1806 we set sail from the sweet  
                  G                  C  
cove of Cork. We were sailing away with a cargo of  
                  F                  G                  C  
bricks for the grand City Hall in New York `twas a  
                                  G                                  C  
wonderful craft she was rigged fore and aft and oh, how  
                                  G                                  C  
the wild wind drove here she stood severals blasts. She  
                                  F                                  G  
had twenty-seven masts and they called her the Irish  
                  C  
Rover.

**We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags, we had  
two million barrels of stone. We had three millions  
sides of old blind horses hides we had four million  
barrels of bones we had five million hogs and six  
million dogs seven million barrels of porter. We had  
eight million bails of old nanny- goats`tails in the hold  
of The Irish Rover.**

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on  
his flute when the ladies lined up for a set. He was



tootlin`with skill for each sparking quadrille.  
Though the dancers were fluther`d and bet with his  
smart witty talk he was cock of the walk and he  
rolled the dames under and over. They all knew at a  
glance when he took up his stance that he sailed in  
The Irish Rover.

There was Banny McGee from the banks of the Lee  
there was Hogan from County Tyrone there was  
Jonny McGurk who was scared stiff of work and a  
man from Westmeath called Mallone. There was  
Slugger O`Toole who was drunk as a rule and  
Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover and your man,  
Mick McCann from the Banks of the Bann was the  
skipper on The Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke  
out and the ship lost ist way in the fog and the whale  
of a crew was reduced down to two just myself and  
the Captain`s old dog. Then the ship struck a rock  
Oh Lord! What a shock the bulkhead was turned  
right over turned nine times around and the poor old  
dog was drowned and the last of The Irish Rover.

Reilly`s Daughter

G

C\_\_\_\_\_

As I was sitting by the fire eating spuds and drinking porter  
G C  
suddenly a thought came into my mind I like to marry old Reillys  
daughter.

Ch: G C  
Giddy I ae Giddy I ae Giddy I ae for the oneeyed Reilly  
G D G  
Giddy I ae *BANG;BANG;BANG* play it on your old bass drum.

Reilly played on the big bass drum / Reilly had a mind for murder  
and slaughter / Reilly had a bright red glittering eye / and he  
kept that eye on his lovely daughter.

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue / the colonel, and the  
major and the captain sought her / the sergeant, and the private  
and the drummer-boy too / but they never had a chance with  
Reilly`s daughter.

I got me a ring and a parson too / got me a scratch in a married  
quarter / settled me down to a peacefull life / happy as a king  
with Reily`s daughter.

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs / who should it be but Reilly out  
for slaughter / with two pistols in his hands / looking for the man  
who had married his daughter.

I caught old Reilly by the hair / rammed his head in a pail of water  
/ fired his pistols into the air / a damned sight quicker than I  
married his daughter.

### I`m a Rover

G C G D

**I'm a rover and seldom sober. I'm a rover of high degree.**

**G**

**For when I'm drinking I'm always thinking how to gain my**

**D G**

**loves company.**

**Though the night be as dark as dugeon; Not a star to be seen above.  
I will be guided without a stumble; Into the arms of my own true  
love.**

**He stepped up to her bedroom window; Kneeling gently upon a  
stone. He rapped at her bedroom window; „ Darlig dear, do you lie  
alone.**

**It's only me your own true lover; Open the door and let me in. For  
I have come on a long journey; And I'm near drenched to the skin.**

**She opened the door with the greatst pleasure; She opened the door  
and she let him in. They both shook hands and embraced each  
other; Until the morning they lay as one.**

**The cocks were crawling,the birds were whistling; The streams they  
ran free about the brae. Remember lass I'm a ploughman laddie;  
And the farmer I must obey.**

**Now my love I must go and leave thee; And though the hills they  
are high above. I will climb them with greater pleasure; Since I've  
been in the arms of my love.**

### **The Greenland Whale Fisheries**

**G**

**D**

**G**

**C**

**a**

**D\_**

**In eighteen hundred and seventy four, of march the eighteenth day.**



e C  
True you ride the finest horse I`v ever seen  
D e  
standing sixteen one ore two with eyes wide and green  
e C  
And you ride the horse so well Hands light to the touch  
D e  
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to.

e C  
**ll: Ride on, see you,**  
D e  
**I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to. :ll**

When you ride into the night without a trace behind  
Run your claw along my gut one last time.  
I turn to face an emty space where once you used to lie  
And look for a smile to light the night  
through a teardrop in my eye.

### The Rooster

C  
**I was down in the head house had none on knees, I did her  
heart the chicken sneewes. It was only The Rooster saying**

**his prayers thanking the Lord for the hands upstairs.**

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay:ll the wife said honey this game ain't funny Oh yeh! Weré loosing money no eggs would they lay.

**But then a Rooster came into our yard, He caught them chickens right off their guard. They`re laying eggs now like they necer used to (Oh yeh!) As since that Rooster came into our yard.**

We had some moo cows, no milk would they give :ll the wife said honey this game ain't funny Oh yeh! Weré loosing money, no milk would they give.

**But then a Rooster came into our yard, He caught them moo cows right off their guard They`re giving yoghurt like they necer used to (Oh yeh!) As since that Rooster came into our yard.**

We had some elephants no tusks would they grow :ll the wife said honey this game ain't funny Oh yeh! Weré loosing money, no tusks would they grow.

**But then a Rooster came into our yard, He caught them elephants right off their guard They`re laying eggs now of solid ivory As since that Rooster came into our yard.**

We had this Rooster, he was awfully gay We had this Rooster, so awfully gay the wife said honey this sure ain't funny Oh yeh Oh wer`re losing money he`s awfully gay.

**But then a chicken she came into our yard She caught that Rooster right off his guard. He`s layin hens now like he never used to Oh since that chicken she came into our yard.**

### **A Bucket of Moutain Dew**

Sing dideldeidam, sing dideldeidam, sing dideldeidamdidido :ll

D

G

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way

D G D A D

But give me enough of the rare old stuff that's made near Galway Bay

D G

And policemen all from Donegal Sligo and Leitrim too. We'll

D G D A D

give them the ship and we'll take a nip of the real old Mountain Dew.

-----  
There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill; Where the smoke curls up  
to the sky. / By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell; That there's  
poitin boys close by. / For it fills the air with a perfume rare; And  
betwixt both me and you. / As home we roll, we can drink a bowl; Or  
a bucketful of mountain dew.

-----  
Now learned men as use the pen: Have write the praises high  
Of the rare poitin from Ireland green: Distilled from wheat and rye  
Away with yer pills, it'll cure all ills; Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew  
So take off your coat and grease your throat; With a bucketful of  
mountain dew.

### The Golden Jubilee

A D  
Way down in the county Kerry in a place they call Tralee,

A D A H7 E  
a fine old couple they lived there Kate and Pat Magee.

A D  
They were going to have a party on their Golden Jubilee,

A D A D E A  
now Kate says she to Pat Magee come and listen here to me.

**Put on your ould knee-britches and your coat of emerald green**

**Take off that hat me darlin` Pat. Put on youer ould caibain  
For to-day`s our Golden Wedding and I`ll have you all to know**

**Just how we looked when we were wed, fifty years ago.**

Oh, well do I remember how we danced on the village green  
You held me in your arms, dear Pat, and called me your cailin  
Your hair was like a raven`s wing but now it`s turnung grey  
Come over here ould sweetheart dear, and hear what I`ve to say.

**Chorus**

And well do I remember when first I was your bride  
In the little chapel on the hill where we stood side by side  
Of good friends we`ve had many, of trouble we`ve had few  
Come over here ould sweetheart dear, and here`s what you must do.

**Chorus**

### **The Mermaid**

G C G C D  
It was Friday morn when we set sail and we were not far from

G G7 C G  
the land. When our captain he spied a mermaid so fair, with a

C D G  
comb and a glass in her hand **Chorus**

C D G D



And the ocean waves do roll. And the stormy winds do blow, and  
**G G7 C G C D**  
 we poor sailors are skipping at the top, while the landlubbers lie  
**G C D G**  
 down below, below, below while the landlubbers lie down below

The up spoke the captain of our galant ship, and a well-spoken  
 man was he; I've married a wife in Salem town, and tonight she  
 a widow will be. *Chorus*

The up spoke the cook of our galant ship, and a greasy old cook  
 was he. I care more for my kettles and pans, than I do for the  
 roaring of the sea. *Chorus*

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our galant ship, and a dirty little  
 brat was he. I have friends in Boston town, they don't care a ha-  
 penny for me. *Chorus*

The three times around went of our gallant ship, and three times  
 around went she; and the third time that she went around, she  
 sank to the bottom of the sea. *Chorus*

### Eileen Oge

**d C**  
 Eileen Oge, an that the darlin's name is, Though the barony her  
**d**  
 features they were famous, If we loved her, who is there to  
**A7 d B**  
 blame us, for wasn't she the Pride of Petravore? But her beauty  
**F g A7 d**  
 made us all so shy. Not a man could look her in the eye.  
**B F A7 d**

Boys, O,boys sure that`s the reason why we`re in mournin` for  
A7 d  
the Pride of Petravore.

B F g A7  
Eileen Oge! me heart is growin`grey, Ever since the day, you  
d B F  
wandered far away, Eileen Oge! there`s good fish in the say,  
d A7 d  
but there`s noone like the Pride of Petravore.

d C  
Friday at the fair of Ballintubber Eileen met McGrath the cattle jobber  
d A7  
I`d like to set me mark upon the robber For he stole away the Pride of  
d B F g A7  
Petravore. He never seemed to see the girl at all even when she ogled  
d B F  
him underneath the shawl, Lookin`big and masterful when she was  
A7 d A7 d  
lookin` small, Most provoking for the Pride of Petravore.

### Chorus

d C  
So it went as it was in the beginning, Eilleen Oge was bent upon the  
d  
winning; Big Mc Grath contentedly was grinning, Being courted  
A7 d B F  
by the Pride of Petravore. Sez he I know a girl who could knock you  
g A7 d B  
into fits at the Eileen nearly lost her wits The upshot of the ruction was  
F A7 d A7 d  
that now the robber sits with his arm around the Pride of Petravore

## Chorus

**d** **C**  
Boys, O Boys! with fate `tis hard to grapple, of my eye `tis Eileen was  
**d**  
the apple, And now to see her walkin`to the chapel wid the hardest  
**A7** **d** **B** **F** **g**  
featured man in Petravore now boys this is all I have to say; when  
**A7** **d** **B**  
you do your courtin`make no display, If you want them to run after you  
**F** **A7** **d** **A7** **d**  
just walk the other way for they`re mostly like the Pride of Petravore.

## Chorus

### As I Roved out

**d** **C** **d** **C**  
And who are you my pretty fair maid and who are you me  
honey.  
**d** **a** **C**  
She answered me quite modestly: I am me mothers darling  
**2x** **d** **C** **d** **©** **d**  
With me tooryay sing foldediddleday foldediddle day my  
darling

And will you come to me mothers house when the sun is shining clearly Ill open the door and Ill let you in and divil a one would hear us.

So I went to her house in the middle of the night when the moon was shining clearly She opened the door and she let me in and divil the one did hear us.

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit and she led him to the stable Saying there`s plenty of oats for a soldier`s horse, to eat it if he`s able.

Then she took me by the lily white- hand and she led me to the table Saying theres plenty of wine for a soldier boy, to drinkit if you`re able.

Then I got up and made the bed and I made it nice and aisy  
Then I got up and laid her down saying Lassie are you able?

And there we lay till the break of day and divil a one did hear us  
Then I arose and put on me clothes saying Lassie I must leave you.

And when will you return again and when will we got married?  
When broken shells make Christmas bells we might well get married

### Song for Ireland

**D**                      **A7**        **e**                      **A7**                      **D**  
Walking all the day, near tall towers where falcons build their nests.

**A7**        **e**                      **A7**                      **D**  
Silverwinged they fly, they know the call of freedom in their breasts.

**G**                      **fis**                      **D**                      **h**                      **A7**  
Saw Black Head against the sky where twisted rocks run down to the sea



2/ Now on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb a rattlin limb, with a limb on a tree and a tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O.

3/ Now on that limb there was a branch, a rare branch a rattlin`branch with a branch on a limb and a limb on a tree and a tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O.

4/ Now on that branch there was a twig a rare twig a rattlin`twig, with a twig on a branch and a branch on a limb and a limb on a tree and a tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O.

5/ Now on that twig there was a nest a rare nest a rattlin`nest with a nest on a twig and a twig on a branch and a branch on a limb and a limb on a tree and a tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O.

6/ Now in that nest there was a egg a rare egg a rattlin` egg with a egg in a nest and a nest in a twig and a twig on a branch and a branch on a limb and a limb on a tree and a tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O.







countryman.

I've come to court your daughter, Mary of the golden hair  
I've wealth and I have money, I have goods beyond compare  
I will buy her silks and satins and a gold ring for her hand  
I'll build for her a mansion, she'll have servants to command.

Chorus

Oh kind sir I love a soldier I've pledged to him my hand  
I don't want your wealth nor money I don't want your goods nor  
land /Mary's father spoke up sharply You will do as you are told  
**You'll be married on next Sunday, and you'll wear the ring of gold.**

Chorus

In the village of Kildorey, there's a deep stream running by,  
they found Mary there at midnight she drowned with the soldier  
boy.

In the cottage there is music, you can hear the father say  
Step it out Mary, my fine daughter Sunday is your wedding day.

2x Chorus

The town I loved so well

A            E            D            A            D            A                    E  
In my memory I will always see, the town that I have loved so well.

                  A                    E                    D            A                    D  
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall and we laughed

                  A            E            A                                    E  
through the smoke and the smell.            Going home in the rain, running

D                    A                    D                                    E  
up the dark lane. Past the jail and down behind the fountain. Those were

A E D A D A E7 A  
happy days, in so many,many ways, in the town I loved so well.

In the early morning the shirt factory's horn called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog. While men on the dole played a mother's role fed the children and trained the dogs. And when times got tough, there was just about enough But they saw it through without complaining. For deep inside was a burning bride in the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the Derry air like a language we all could understand. I remember the day when I earned my first pay and I played in a small pick up band. There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth. I was sad to leave it all behind me. For I learned about live and I'd found a wife in the town I loved so well.

But when I returned how my eyes have burned to see how a town could be brought to its knees. By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars and the gas that hangs on to every tree. Now the army's installed by the old gasyard wall and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher. With their tanks and their

guns oh my God what have they done to the town I loved so well.

Now the music's gone but they carry on for their spirit's been bruised, never broken. They will not forget, but their hearts are set on tomorrow and peace once again. For what's done is done and what's won is won, and what's lost is lost and gone forever. I can only pray, for a bright, brand new day in the town I loved so well.