

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 èr 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.

| Whiskey in the jar      |                           |                                   |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| C                       | a                         | $\mathbf{F}$                      |
| As I was going over th  | ie farfamed K             | Xerry Mountains. I met with       |
|                         | $\mathbf{C}$              | a                                 |
| Captain Farrell and his | s money he w              | vas counting. I first produced my |
| a                       |                           | $\mathbf{F}$                      |
| pistol and I then produ | iced my rapie             | er, saying stand and deliver for  |
| C                       |                           | G                                 |
| you are my bold decie   | ver <mark>mush a r</mark> | ain gamadugamada                  |
| C                       | ${f F}$                   | $\mathbf{C}$                      |
| Whack fol die dady o    | h Whack fol               | l die dady oh there`s Whiskey     |
| $\mathbf{G}$            |                           | •                                 |
| in the jar.             |                           |                                   |
| I counted out his mone  | ey and it mad             | le a pretty penny. I put it in my |
|                         | •                         | he aighed and ahe avvene that ahe |

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny. I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny. She sighed and she swore that she never would decieve me, but the devil take the women for they never can be easy. **mush a rain gamadugamada.** 

#### Refrain:

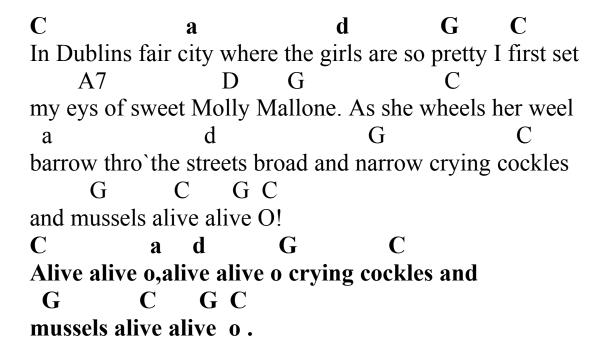
I went into my chamber for to take a pretty slumber. I dreamed of golden jewels and sure it was not wonder. For Jenny took my charges and filled them up with water. And send for Captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter. **mush a rain gamadugamada. Refrain:** 

It was early in the morning before I rose to travel. The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell. I then produced my pistol for the stole away my rapier. But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken. **mush a rain gamadugamada** 

mush a rain gamadugamada.

Refrain:

#### **Cockles and Mussels**



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 O!

#### Refrain

#### **Blarney Roses**

D
Can anybody tell me where the Blarney Roses grow. It might be 

G
D

down in Limerick town, it might be in Mayo. It's somewhere in 
G
D

this Emerald Isle, and this I want to know. Can anybody tell me 

G
A
D

where the Blarney Roses grow.

It was over in old Ireland near the town os Cushendall. One Morn'I met a damsel there, the fairest of them all. It was with my young affections and my money she did go. She told me she belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow

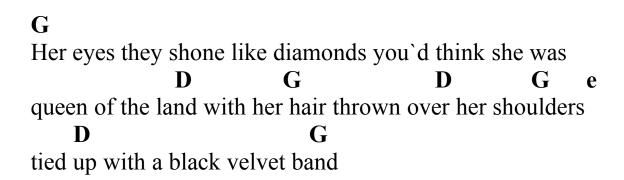
Her cheeks were like red roses and her hair a raven hue before that she had done with me, she had me raving too. She surely left me stranded. Not a coin she left, you know. Did the damsel that belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow.

There's roses in Killarney and there's some in County Clare. But upon my word, the roses, Lads, I can't find anywhere. She blarneyed me for by the power, She left me broke you know. Did the damsel that belonged to where the Blarney Roses grow.

A-Chusla gramo chroi young man, she murmured soft to me. If you belong to Ireland, it's yourself belongs to me. Her Donegal come-all-ye -brogue, It captured me you know. Bad luck to her and bugger the place where the Blarney Roses grow.

#### 2 x Chorus

#### **The Black Velvet Band**



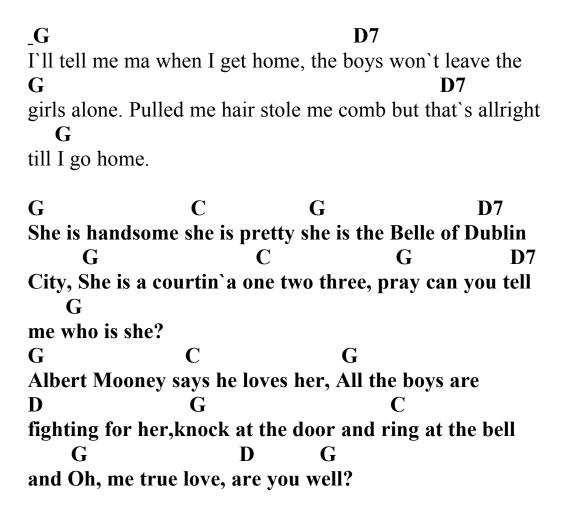
As I went walking down broadway; Not intending to stay very long I met with a frolicksome damsel, As she came tripping along.

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**

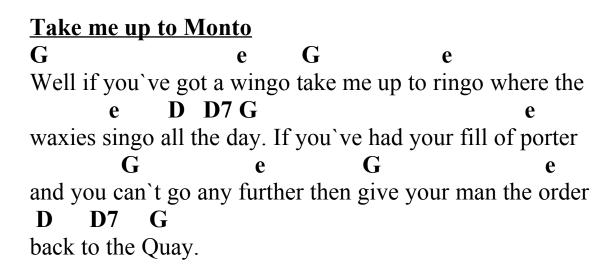


Out she comes, white as snow, Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes. Ould Johnny Morrisey says she'll die, if she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye.

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.

| <b>Home Boys Hom</b> | <u>1e</u>                |                        |                      |          |
|----------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|----------|
| D                    |                          | $\mathbf{G}$           | D                    |          |
| Oh when I was a      | young boy s              | ure I longed to        | see the world.       |          |
| A                    | $\mathbf{G}$             | D                      | A                    |          |
| To sail around the   | e sea in ships           | s and see the s        | ails unfuried. I     |          |
| D                    | $\mathbf{G}$             | D                      | $\mathbf{A}$         |          |
| went to seek my t    | fortune on th            | e farside of th        | e hill. I`ve         |          |
|                      | D                        | $\mathbf{A}$           | D                    |          |
| wandered far and     | wide and of              | travel I've ha         | d my fill            |          |
|                      | $\mathbf{A}  \mathbf{D}$ |                        | $\mathbf{G}$         |          |
| And it's home, b     | oys home, h              | ome I`d like           | to be home for       |          |
| $\mathbf{D}$         | A                        | D                      | $\mathbf{G}$         |          |
| a while in me ow     | n country, v             | where the oak          | and the ash          |          |
| D                    | A                        | D                      | $\mathbf{G}$         |          |
| and the bonny ro     | ow an tree a             | re all a growi         | n`green in the       |          |
| D A D                |                          | _                      | _                    |          |
| old country.         |                          |                        |                      |          |
| D                    |                          | $\mathbf{G}$           | $\mathbf{D}$ A       | <b>\</b> |
| Well I left my lov   | e behind me              | e and I sailed a       | cross the tide. I sa | id       |
| G                    | I                        | )                      | A D                  |          |
| that I'd be back a   | gain and tak             | e her for my b         | ride.But many yea    | rs       |
| $\mathbf{G}$         | D                        | A                      |                      |          |
| have passed and g    | gone, and sti            | ll I`m far away        | I know she is a fo   | ond      |
| D A                  |                          | D                      |                      |          |
| true-love and wai    | ting for the o           | day. Chorus:           |                      |          |
| D                    |                          |                        | G                    | D        |
| Now I've learned     | there's more             | e to life than to      | o wander and to ro   | am.      |
| A G                  |                          | D                      | $\mathbf{A}$         |          |
| Happines and pea     | ice of mind o            | can best be for        | and az home. For     |          |
| D                    | $\mathbf{G}$             | D                      | A                    |          |
| money can't buy      | happines and             | d money canno          | ot bind. So Γm goi   | ng       |
| D                    | A                        | D                      |                      |          |
| back tomorrow to     | the girl I let           | ft behind. <b>Ch</b> o | rus:                 |          |



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   |               | $\mathbf{A}_{\_}$ |
|---|---------------|-------------------|
| Oh then tell me Sean O'Farr                                   | ell tell me v | why you hurry so, |
| G   | D             | A                 |
| husha buachaill hush and lis                                  | ten and his   | cheeks were all a |
| D   |               |                   |
| low.  |               |                   |
| I bear orders from the captain for the pikes must be together |               | -                 |

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

 $\mathbf{D}_{-}$ 

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

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 Le                | <u>e</u>     |              |             |              |              |              |
|---------------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| $\mathbf{G}$              | $\mathbf{C}$ | $\mathbf{G}$ |             | e            | $\mathbf{C}$ | G            |
| It was many a             | and many     | y a year a   | igo in a ki | ingdon       | n by tl      | ne see       |
| a                         |              | (            | G           |              |              |              |
| That a maide              | n there li   | ved who      | m you ma    | iy kno       | W            |              |
| C                         | D            | $\mathbf{G}$ | -           |              |              |              |
| By the name               | of Annal     | oel Lee      |             |              |              |              |
|                           |              |              |             |              |              |              |
| And this maio             | den she l    | ived with    | no other    | thoug        | ht           |              |
| Than to loved             | d and be     | loved by     | me Oh, v    | ve wer       | e so y       | oung,        |
| younger then              |              | _            |             |              | -            | _            |
|                           |              |              |             |              |              |              |
| But we loved              | with a le    | ove that v   | was more    | than lo      | ove          |              |
| I and Annabe              | l Lee, W     | hich a lo    | ve that ea  | ich cre      | ature i      | in Heaven or |
| Hell, went env            | vyn`my p     | oretty gir   | l and me.   |              |              |              |
| G                         | $\mathbf{C}$ | G            |             | $\mathbf{C}$ |              |              |
| Oh please ha              | ive merc     | y, with t    | he huma     | n fate.      | •            |              |
| $\mathbf{G}$              | $\mathbf{C}$ | G            |             | $\mathbf{C}$ |              |              |
| We're much                | to youn      | g, for the   | e deathm    | ans pl       | lace         |              |
| $\mathbf{C}$ $\mathbf{D}$ | $\mathbf{G}$ | $\mathbf{C}$ | D           | e            |              |              |
| But a chill wi            | ind blue     | and took     | her right   | away         |              |              |
| $\mathbf{C}$              | $\mathbf{D}$ | $\mathbf{C}$ |             |              |              |              |
| And through               | my tears     | I had to     | see, that s | she wa       | s gone       | 2            |
| D                         | G            |              |             |              |              |              |
| taken all awa             | y from n     | ne.          |             |              |              |              |
| Oh please                 |              |              |             |              |              |              |
| And the moon              | n never b    | oeams wi     | thout brin  | ıgin`m       | y drea       | ıms          |
| Of my belove              | ed girl an   | d the star   | rs never r  | ised bu      | at I see     | e the bright |
| eys of my dea             | ar and fa    | ithful An    | nabel Lee   | •            |              | _            |

| <b>Days of Yore</b> |                  |              |              |              |
|---------------------|------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| $\mathbf{G}$        | $\mathbf{C}$     | $\mathbf{G}$ |              | C            |
| Well he hang all    | his wild years o | on a nail w  | hich he di   | rove.        |
| $\mathbf{G}$        | C                |              | G            | $\mathbf{C}$ |
| Through his wife    | `s lovely forher | ad that be   | laid on the  | eir stove.   |
| $\mathbf{G}$        | $\mathbf{C}$     | G            | $\mathbf{C}$ |              |
| Then he looked for  | or his maches a  | and beated   | the beat.    |              |
|                     |                  |              |              |              |
| And his soul clap   | ed its hands 'b  | out his de   | ed.Then h    | e took two   |
| gallons of gas in   | a can. And dou   | sed everyt   | hing in the  | e            |
| house. How nice is  | t was burning    | but he didi  | ı`t look ba  | ack          |
| Never get caught    | in a trap!       |              |              |              |
| e                   |                  |              |              |              |
| ll: And he felt th  | e same old fre   | edom         |              |              |
| G                   | C D              | GCG          |              |              |
| He used to fee      | l before in day  | ys of yore   | :11          |              |
| And his boss saw    | the muzzle of    | his old arr  | ny gun       |              |
| The trigger was p   | oulled and he go | one He wa    | s caching    | the glimpse  |
| of forthcoming li   | ve Well, you`v   | e gotta be   | tough to s   | survive.     |
| ll: And he felt the | same old free    | dom          |              |              |
| He used to fee      | l before in day  | ys of yore   | :11          |              |

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 n        | ny own tru       | e love I a     | m going far    | far a   | way. I am  | l   |
| A D                       |                  |                | $\mathbf{E}$   |         | A          |     |
| bound for Californ        | nia and I kı     | now that       | I`ll return so | me d    | ay.        |     |
|                           |                  |                |                |         |            |     |
| E                         | D                | A              |                |         |            |     |
| So fare thee well         | •                | rue love i     | for when I r   |         |            |     |
| E                         | A                |                |                | D       | E A        |     |
| we will be. It's no       |                  | _              | verpool tha    | t grie  | eves me    |     |
| hut my dayling w          | E<br>shan I thin | A<br>k of thes |                |         |            |     |
| but my darling w          | men i unin       | k of thee      | •              |         |            |     |
|                           |                  |                |                |         |            |     |
| A                         |                  | D A            | •              |         | D A        | E   |
| I have shipped on         | a Yankee         |                |                | ocket   |            |     |
| A                         |                  | D A            | 1 3            |         |            |     |
| And her Captain's         | s name was       | Burgess        | and they sa    | y that  | t she`s a  |     |
| $\mathbf{E}$ $\mathbf{A}$ |                  | _              |                |         |            |     |
| floating hell.            |                  |                |                |         |            |     |
|                           |                  |                |                |         |            |     |
| Refrain.                  |                  |                |                |         |            |     |
|                           | ъ                |                |                | ъ       | A 175      |     |
| A                         | D                | A              | 1 7 . 1 7      |         | A E        |     |
| And the sun is on         |                  |                | d I wish I co  |         |            |     |
| A                         | <b>D</b>         | A              | D - C I        | E       |            |     |
| For I know it will        | be a long,       | iong time      | e.Beiore i W   | III Sec | e you agai | ın. |
| Refrain                   |                  |                |                |         |            |     |

## **Dark Streets of London**

| I liked to walk in the summ  G A D  dead old trees. And drink v  D G  Broadway dear dirty old dead             | with my<br><b>D</b><br>runken | friends<br><b>A</b><br>delightfu | in the Ham<br><b>D</b><br>Ill old days | nmersmith    |
|--|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|--|--------------|
| Then the winter came dow<br>and the bookies where you<br>men that were singing whe<br>once again to a new summ | a`d spen<br>en the ro         | d all you                        | ır time. An                            | d the old    |
| D  |                               | $\mathbf{G}$                     |  | D            |
| Then the winter comes de   | own an                        | d I can`t                        | t stand the                            | chill. That  |
|  | G                             |                                  | A                                      |              |
| comes to the streets arou  | nd chri                       | stmas ti                         | me. And I                              | m            |
| D  | (                             | J                                | D                                      | $\mathbf{G}$ |
| buggered to damnation a D A  | D                             | ven`t go                         | ot a penny                             | to wonder    |
| the dark streets of London   | n.                            |                                  |  |              |

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

· r

dreamed a dream by the old canal

kissed a girl by the factory wall

A

h (D)

Dirty old town Dirty old town

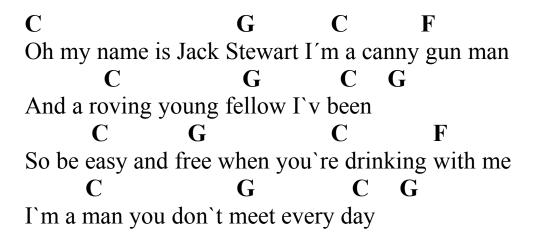
Clouds are drifting across the moon Cats are prowling on their beat Springs a girl in the street at night Dirty old town Dirty old town

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'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

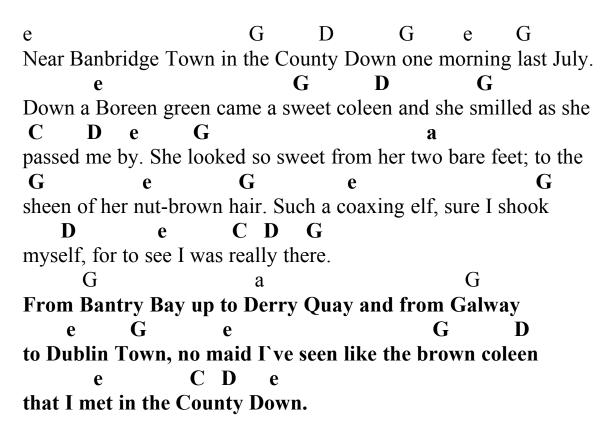


I have acres of land I have men at command
I have always a shilling to spare
So be easy and free when you'redrinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

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

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



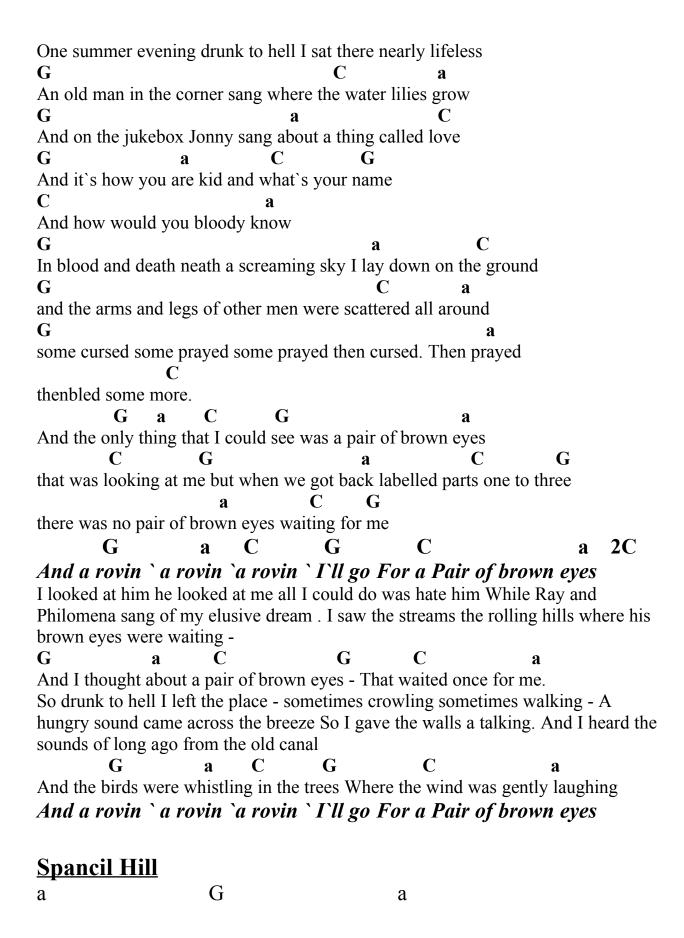
As dhe onward sped, sure I scratched my head, and I looked with a feeling rare. And I says, says I, to a passer-by; Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?

He smiled at me and he says, says he; That's the gem of Ireland's crown. Young Rosie McCann from the Banks of the Bann; She's the star of the Conty Down. **CHORUS** 

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there; So 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 is a rust-coloured brown. Till a smiling bride by my own fireside; Sits the star of the County Down. **CHORUS** 

| A pair of brown Eys |   |   |
|---------------------|---|---|
| $\mathbf{G}$        | a | C |



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 of 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 their duty to fulfill at the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

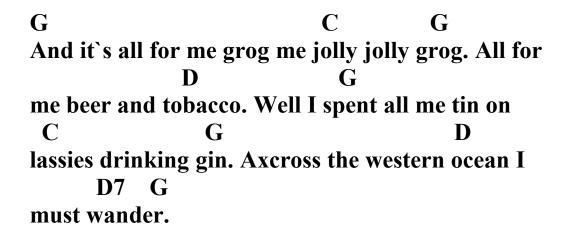
I went to see my neighbours to see what they meight say.

The old ones they were dead and gone, the young ones turning greyI 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



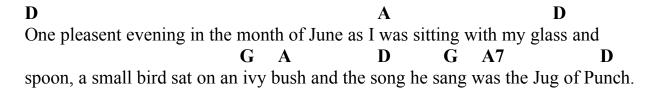
Where are me boots, me noggin'boots they're all gone for beer and tobacco. For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about and the soles are looking out for better weather. **CHORUS** 

Where is me shirt, me noggin' noggin'shirt it's all gone for beer and tobacco. For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves, they are all torn. And the tail is looking out for better weather. **CHORUS** 

I'm sick in the head and I heaven't gone to bed since first I came ashore from me slumber. For I spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know far across the western ocean I must wander.

CHORUS

### **The Jug of Punch**



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.

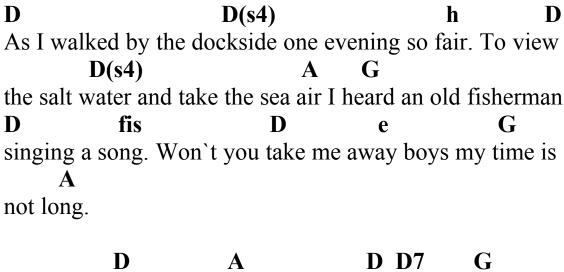
What more divarsion can a man desire than to sit him down by a snug turf fire upon his knee a pretty wench, and upon his table a jug of punch.

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



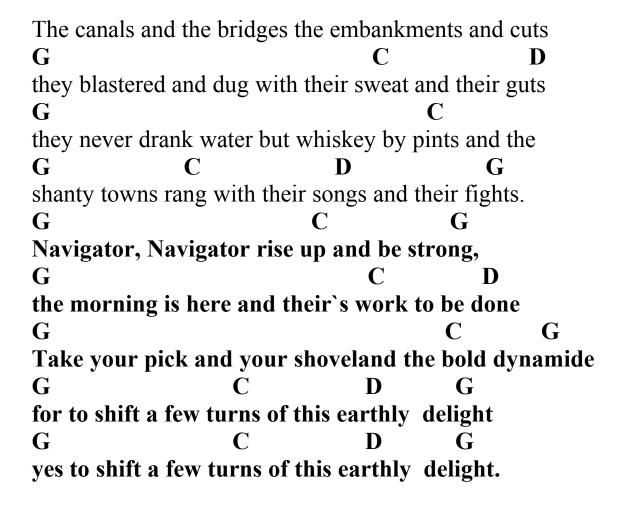
Wrap me up in my oilskins and jumper, no more on D A G
the docks I'll be seen. Just tell my old shipmates I'm D fis e A7
taking a tripmates and I'll see you one day in Fiddler's D
Green.

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** 

| <b>Navigator</b> |              |
|------------------|--------------|
| $\mathbf{G}$     | $\mathbf{C}$ |



Tey 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

C F G 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 Royer.

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

| U |  |
|---|--|
|   |  |

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

Ch: Giddy I ae Giddy I ae Giddy I ae for the oneeyed Reilly
G
D
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.

#### Γm a Rover

 $\mathbf{G}$   $\mathbf{C}$   $\mathbf{G}$   $\mathbf{D}$ 

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 crawing, 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.

G
We hoisted our colours to the top of the mast and for Greenland
D
e
G
bore away, brave boys. And for Greenland bore away.

The lookout on the mainmast he stood/ his spyglass in his hand. "There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whalefish", he cried, And he blows at every span, brave boys And he blows at every span.

The captain stood on the quarter deck,/ the ice was in his eye. ,,Overhaul, overhaul, let your jib sheets fall / and go put your boats to sea, brave boys, and go put your boats to sea."

The boats were lowered and the men put out/ the whale was full in view / Resolved, resolved was each whalerman bold/ For to steer where the whalefish blew, brave boys/ For to steer where the whalefish blew.ZWISCHENSPIEL -Achim

The harpoon struck and the line paid out./ With a single flourish of his tail./ He capsized our boat and we lost five men/ And we did not catch that whale, brave boys, / And we did not catch that whale.

"Up anchor now," our captain he cried,/ "For the winter stars do appear, / And it's time we left this old Country/ And for the homeland we did steer, brave boys. And for the homeland we did steer

Well Greenland is a barren land, A land that bears no green. / Where there?s ice and snow, and the whalefishes blow,/ And the daylight`s seldom seen, brave boys, And the daylight`s seldom seen,

#### Ride on

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: If 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 dideldeidamdido: ll

D G

| Let grases grow and w  | vaters flow in a fro                                    | ee and easy way                        |                           |         |
|--|---|--|---------------------------|---------|
| D  | G   | D                                      | A                         | D       |
| But give me enough o   | f the rare old stuf                                     | ff thats made near                     | Galway                    | Bay     |
| D  |   |  | G                         |         |
| And policemen all from   | m Donegal Sligo   | and Leitrim too.                       | We`                       | 11      |
| D  | G   | D                                      | A                         | D       |
| give them the ship and   | l we`ll take a aip                                      | of the real old M                      | ountain I                 | Dew.    |
| There's a neat little sti<br>to the sky. / By a w<br>poitin boys close by. /<br>betwixt both me and y<br>a bucketful of mountain | whiff of the smell<br>For it fills the<br>you./ As home | you can plainy to<br>air with a perfun | ell; That t<br>ne rare; A | there's |
| Now learned men as u<br>Of the rare poitin from<br>Away with yer pills, it<br>So take off your coat a<br>mountain dew.           | n Ireland green: Date: B                                | Distilled from whe<br>e ye Pagan,Chris | eat and ry<br>tian or Je  |         |
| The Golden Jubilee   |   |  |                           |         |
| A Way down in the co A I a fine old couple the A They were going to  | <b>D</b> A ey lived there K                             | H7 ate and Pat Ma                      | E<br>gee.<br><b>D</b>     |         |

| A  | D                        | A                    |                      | D                   |                   | E              | A              |
|--|--------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|-------------------|----------------|----------------|
| now Kate says s  | he to Pat I              | Magee                | come a               | nd liste            | n here            | to r           | ne.            |
| Put on your oul green Take off that has For to-day's ou know Just how we loo                 | at me dar<br>r Golden    | ·lin`Pa<br>Wedd      | t. Put o             | n youe<br>d I`ll ha | er ould<br>ave yo | l cai<br>u al  | ibain<br>Il to |
| Oh, well do I ren<br>You held me in<br>Your hair was li<br>Come over here<br>Chorus          | your arms<br>ke a raver  | s, dear l<br>n`s win | Pat, and<br>g but no | called ow it's      | me yo<br>turnun   | our c<br>1g gr | eailin<br>eey  |
| And well do I re<br>In the little chap<br>Of good friends<br>Come over here<br>do.<br>Chorus | el on the l<br>we`ve had | hill wh<br>d many    | ere we s             | stood si<br>uble we | ide by<br>e`ve ha | ıd fe          | ew             |
| The Mermaid  G  It was Friday mo  G  the land. When o  C  comb and a glas                    | orn when your captain    | we set               | G7 (<br>ied a m      | $\mathbb{C}$        | G                 |                |                |

D

C D G

| And t  | he ocean w   | aves do roll | l. And the storn        | nywinds do   | blow, and    |  |
|--|--------------|--------------|-------------------------|--------------|--------------|--|
| G  | <b>G7</b>    | $\mathbf{C}$ | $\mathbf{G}$            | $\mathbf{C}$ | D            |  |
| we po  | or sailors a | re skipping  | g at the top, whi       | le the land  | lubbers lie  |  |
|  | $\mathbf{G}$ |              | $\overline{\mathbf{C}}$ | D            | $\mathbf{G}$ |  |
| down below, below while the landlubbers lie down below |              |              |                         |              |              |  |

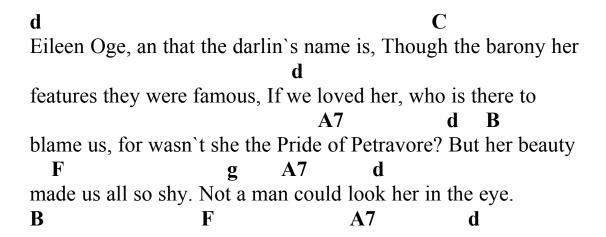
The up spoke the captain of our galant ship, and a well-spoken man was he; I've married a wife in Salem town, and tonight she a widow will be. *Chorus* 

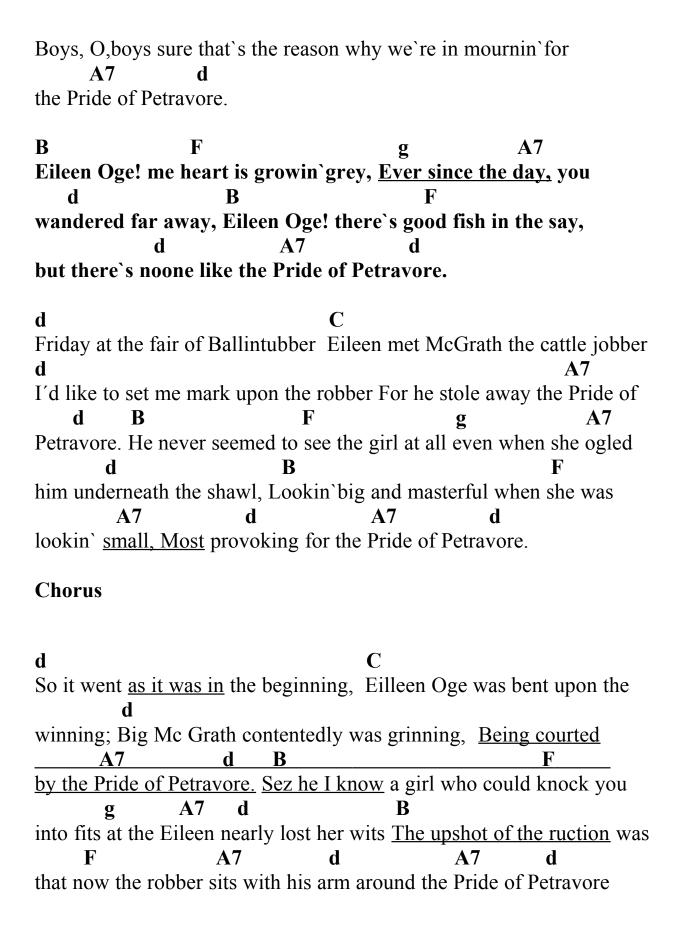
The up spoke the cook of our galant ship, and a greasy old cook was he. I care more for my kettles and pans, than I do for the roaring of the sea. *Chorus* 

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 hapenny 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





## 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, <u>If you want them to run after you</u> <b>F A7 d A7 d</b>   |
| ust walk the other way for they`re mostly like the Pride of Petravore.   |
| <u>Chorus</u>  |
|  |
|  |
|  |
|  |
| As I Roved out<br>d C d C  |
| And who are you my pretty fair maid and who are you me   |
| noney.   |
| d a C  |
| She answered me quite modestly: I am me mothers darling  |
| $\mathbf{2x}$ $\mathbf{d}$ $\mathbf{C}$ $\mathbf{d}$ $\mathbf{C}$ $\mathbf{d}$   |
| With me tooryay sing foldediddleday foldediddle day my   |
| darling  |

And will you come to me mothers housew hen 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.

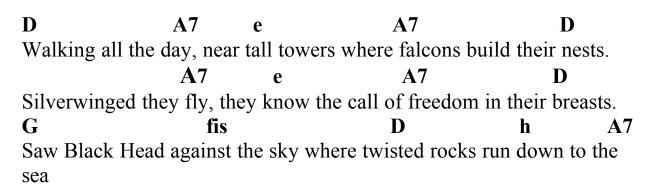
She took me horse by the bridle and the bit and she led him to the stable Saying there's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse, to eat it if he's able.

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** 



| G               | D        | $\mathbf{A}$ | D           |     | <b>A7</b>               |
|-----------------|----------|--------------|-------------|-----|-------------------------|
| Living on your  | western  | shore,       | saw summ    | er  | sunsets, asked for more |
| G               | h        | <b>A7</b>    | e           | h   | <b>G A7 D</b>           |
| I stood by your | Atlantic | Sea a        | nd sang a s | ong | g for Ireland.          |

Talking all the day, with true friends who try to make you stay Telling jokes and news singing songs to pass the night away watched the Galway salmon run like silver dancing darting in the sun

#### Chorus

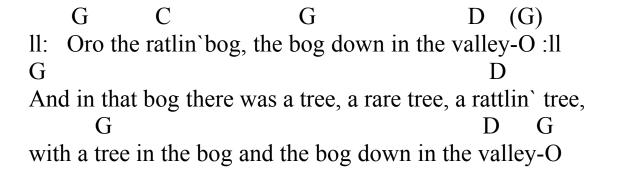
Drinking all the day in old pubs where fiddlers love to play Saw one touch the bow he played a reel which seemed so grand and gay

Stood on Dingle beach and cast in wild foam we found Atlantic Bass

#### **Chorus**

Dreaming in the night I saw a land where no man had to fight Walking in your dawn I saw you crying in the morning light Lying where the falcons fly they twist and turn all in your air blue sky

## The Bog Down in the Valley-O



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.

7/Now on that egg there was a bird a rare bird a rattlin'bird with a bird on a egg and a egg in a nest and 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.

8/Now on that bird there was a feather a rare feather a rattlin' feather with a feather on a bird and a bird in that nest and 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.

9/Now on that feather there was a flee a rare flee a rattlin`flee with a flee on flea on the feather with the feather on the bird and a bird in that nest and 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.

#### **Galway Bay**

G
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the D7
G
closing of your day. You will sit and watch the moon rise over

a D7 G Cladagh, and see the sun go down to Galway Bay.

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream the women in the meadows making hay, and to sit beside a turf-fire in the cabin, and to watch the barefoot Gossoons at their play.

For the breezes blowing oèr the seas from Ireland, are perfumed by the heather as they blow, and the women in the uplands diggin`praties, speak a language that the strangers do not know.

For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way, they scorn'd us just for being what we are, but they might as well go chasing after moonbeams, or light a penny candle from a star.

And if there is going to be a life hereafter, and somehow I am sure there's going to be, I will ask my God to let memakemy heaven, in that dear land across the Irish sea.

#### Step it out Mary ( a G a )

In the village of Kildorey, there lived a maiden fair, Her eyes they shone like diamonds, she had long and golden hair. And a countryman came riding, up to her father's gate mounted on a milk white stallion, he came at the stroke of eight.

Step it out Mary, my fine daughter. Step it out Mary, if you can, Step it out Mary, my fine daughter. Show your legs to the

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 wiil do as you are told **Youll 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         |   |   |   |   |   | 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 factorys 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 it 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.