BUG Jam Songs for March 2013

Celtic

BUG Jam Nite

Version 1.00
Always Look on the Bright Side of Life by Eric Idle 1979 in Am
BEER, BEER, BEER by Traditional in G
Biplane Evermore by Irish Rovers in C
Black Velvet Band in G
BOTANY BAY by Wilhelm Meyer Lutz in G
Brennan on the Moor by Clancy Brothers in F
CITADEL HILL by Folk Song in G
Cockles and Mussels by Molly Malone in D
Danny Boy by Irish Folk Ballad by Frederic Weatherly in C
Donald, Where's Your Trousers? by Andy Stewart & Neil Grant in Dm
Down by the Sally Gardens by Music: Traditional in C
Drunken Sailor by Traditional sea shanty in Dm
Farewell to Nova Scotia by McGinty in Em
Forty Shades of Green by Johnny Cash in F
Go Lassie Go by Trad: Francis McPeake in G
Good Old Hockey Game by Stompin’ Tom Connors in C
Gypsy Rover by Traditional in C
I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER by Mort Dixon, Harry Woods in G
I'se the b'y by Traditional in G
Jack was Every Inch a Sailor by Traditional Newfoundland folk song in C
KELLIGREWS SOIREE by Irish Folksong in G
Lily The Pink by The Scaffold in G
Loch Lomond by Traditional Scottish song in A
Lord of the Dance by Trad. Shaker Hymn, words by Sydney Carter in C
Lukey's Boat by Newfoundland folk song in G
Maids When You're Young by Traditional song in D
MAIRI’S WEDDING by Scottish folk song in C
My Bonnie lies over the ocean by Traditional in C
Sudbury Saturday Night by Stompin' Tom Connors in C
Sweet Forget Me Not by Traditional in G
Tell Me Ma by Folk Song in G
The Galway Girl by Steve Earle in D
THE LUCK OF THE IRISH by John Lennon in G
The Orange and the Green by Irish Rovers in F
THE RATTLIN BOG by Traditional in G
The Squid-Jiggin' Ground by Arthur R. Scammell in A
The Unicorn Song by Irish Rovers in C
Time BUG Members Please by aka Time Gentlemen Please in C
WELCOME POOR PADDY HOME by Trad in G
WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR by Newfoundland folk song in G
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling by Chauncey Olcott, George Graff Jr., & Ernest Ball in G
Whisky in the Jar by Traditional in C
Wild Rover by folk song in C
The Mermaid by Great Big Sea in F
Always Look on the Bright Side of Life
Eric Idle 1979

Am    D    G    Em
Some things in life are bad they can really make you mad
Am    D    G
Other things just make you swear and curse
Am    D
When you're chewing on life's gristle
G    Em
Don't grumble give a whistle
Am    D7
And this'll help things turn out for the best

G    Em    Am    D7    G    Em    Am    D7
And always look on the bright side of life
G    Em    Am    D7    G    Em    Am    D7
Always look on the light side of life

Am    D    G    Em
If life seems jolly rotten there's something you've forgotten
Am    D    G
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing
When you're feeling in the dumps don't be silly chumps

Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing

And always look on the bright side of life

Come on always look on the bright side of life

For life is quite absurd and death's the final word

You must always face the curtain with a bow

Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin

Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow

So always look on the bright side of death

Just before you draw your terminal breath

Life's a piece of shit when you look at it

Life's a laugh and death's a joke it's true

You'll see it's all a show

Keep 'em laughing as you go

Just remember that the last laugh is on you
G    Em    Am    D7    G    Em    Am    D7
And always look on the bright side of life
G    Em    Am    D7    G    Em    Am    D7
Always look on the right side of life
(Come on guys, cheer up)
A    F#m    Bm    E7    A    F#m    Bm    E7
Always look on the right side of life
A    F#m    Bm    E7    A    F#m    Bm    E7
Always look on the right side of life  ...  

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life
BEER, BEER, BEER

Traditional

Intro:

G

D   G

Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer...

G   D   G
A long time ago, way back in history,

C   D
When all there was to drink was nothin' but cups of tea,

G   C   G
A long came a man by the name of Charlie Mopps,

D   G
And he invented the wonderful drink, and he made it out of hops.

Chorus:

G   D   G
Hey! He must have been an admiral, a sultan or a king,

C   D
And to his praises we shall always sing;

G   C   G
Look at what he's done for us, he's filled us up with cheer,

D
Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented

G   D   G
Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer, beer...
The Purest Bar, the Country's Pub, the Hole-In-The-Wall as well,

One thing you can be sure of, it's Charlie's beer they sell;

So all you lads and lasses, at eleven o'clock you stop,

For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mopps!

One... two... three... four... five...

**Chorus:**

Hey! He must have been an admiral, a sultan or a king,

And to his praises we shall always sing;

Look at what he's done for us, he's filled us up with cheer,

Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented

Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer...

Hey! He must have been an admiral, a sultan or a king,

And to his praises we shall always sing;

Look at what he's done for us, he's filled us up with cheer,

Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented

Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer...

A bushel of malt, a barrel of hops, stir it around with a stick,
The type of lubrication to make your engine tick;

Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks,

It's only eight pence halpenny a pint, and one and six in tax.

One... two... three... four... five...

Chorus:

Hey! He must have been an admiral, a sultan or a king,

And to his praises we shall always sing;

Look at what he's done for us, he's filled us up with cheer,

Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented

Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer, beer...

Hey! He must have been an admiral, a sultan or a king,

And to his praises we shall always sing;

Look at what he's done for us, he's filled us up with cheer,

Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented

Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer, beer...

Tiddley beer, beer, beer... the Lord bless Charlie Mopps!
BEER, BEER, BEER
Biplane Evermore
Irish Rovers

Key of C

Intro:

C Am  C Am

C F C F C
Way out in London airport in hangar number four
C Am Dm G
A lonely little biplane lived whose name was Ever-more
C F C F C
His working days were over no more would he sail
F C G C
Up-on his wings a-bove the clouds flying the royal mail

Chorus:

C F C
Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane
F C G C
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane
C Am C Am

C F C F C
All the mighty jet planes would look down their nose
C Am Dm G
They'd laugh and say oh I'm so glad that I'm not one of those
C F C F C
And Ever-more would shake away the teardrops from his wings
And dream of days when he again could do heroic things

Chorus:
C F C
Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane
F C G C
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane
C Am C Am

Then one day the fog and rain had closed the airport down
C Am Dm G
And all the mighty jet planes were helpless on the ground
C F C F C
When a call came to the airport for a mercy flight
F C G C
'Twould be too late, they could not wait, some-one must fly to-night

One strum each chord for first two lines of this verse
C Am C Am
Ah they rolled the little biplane out to runway number five
C Am Dm G
And though he looked so small and weak he knew he could sur-vive

C F C F C
And as he rose in-to the storm the big jets hung their wings
F C G C
And they hoped someday like Evermore to do heroic things

Chorus:
C F C
Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane
F  C  G  C
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane
C Am  C Am

C  F  C  F  C
And so my baby bundle I have spun a tale for you
C  Am  Dm  G
You must learn there's nothing in this world that you can't do
C  F  C  F  C
Do not be discouraged by circumstance or size
F  C  G  C
Re-member Ever-more and set your sights upon the skies

Chorus:
C  F  C
Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane
F  C  G  C
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane
C Am  C Am

Chorus:
C  F  C
Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane
F  C  G  C
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane
C Am  C Am

Goodnight Wilbur
Goodily night, Orville
Biplane Evermore
Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast
apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town
Till bad misfortune came over me
and caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations
me followed the Black Velvet Band

CHORUS

Her eyes they shown like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band
Well I went out strolling one evening not meaning to go very far
When I met with a fickle-some damsel she was plying her trade in a bar
When a watch she took from a customer and slipped it right into me hand
And the law it came and ar-rested me bad luck to your Black Velvet Band

CHORUS
Her eyes they shown like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

This mornin' before judge and jury a trial I had to ap-pear
And the judge he says "me young fellow"
the case against you is quite clear
G
And seven long years is your sentence
D
you're going to Van Daemons Land
G      Em
Far a-way from me friends and re-lations
C      D      G
and follow the Black Velvet Band

CHORUS
G
Her eyes they shown like the diamonds
D
You'd think she was queen of the land
G      Em
And her hair hung over her shoulder
C      D      G
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

G
So come all ye jolly young fellows
D
I'll have you take warnin' from me
G      Em
When-ever you're into the liquor me lads
C      D      G
be-ware of the pretty col-leen
G
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter
D
till you are not able to stand
G      Em
And the very next thing that you know me lads
C      D      G
you've landed in Van Daemon's Land
CHORUS

G
Her eyes they shown like the diamonds

D
You'd think she was queen of the land

G  Em
And her hair hung over her shoulder

C  D   G
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

Black Velvet Band
BOTANY BAY
Wilhelm Meyer Lutz

G D7 G G
/ / /

G D7 G D7
Fare-well to old England for-ever
G C D7
Fare-well to my rum culls as well
G C G C
Fare-well to the well known Old Bailee
G D7 G D7
Where I used for to cut such a swell

CHORUS:
G D7 G D7
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity
G C D7
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ay
G C G C
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity
G D7 G
And we're bound for Botany Bay

G D7 G D7
There's the captain as is our Com- mander
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew

There's the first and second class passengers

Knows what we poor convicts go through

CHORUS:

Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity

Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ay

Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity

And we're bound for Botany Bay

'taint leavin' old England we cares about

'taint cos we mis-pels what we knows

But be-cos all we light-fingered gentry

Hops a-round with a log on our toes

CHORUS:

Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity

Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ay

Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity

And we're bound for Botany Bay
For seven long years I'll be staying here
For seven long years and a day
For meeting a cove in an area
And taking his ticker a-way

CHORUS:
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ay
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity
And we're bound for Botany Bay

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove
I'd soar on my pinions so high
Slap bang to tha arms of my Polly Love
And in her sweet presence I'd die

CHORUS:
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ay
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity
G D7 G
And we're bound for Botany Bay

G D7 G D7
Now, all my young Dookies and Duchesses
G C D7
Take warning from what I've to say
G C G C
Mind all is your own as you touchesses
G D7 G D7
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay

CHORUS:
G D7 G D7
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity
G C D7
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ay
G C G C
Singing too-ral li- ooral li- ad-dity
G D7 G
And we're bound for Botany Bay

BOTANY BAY
Brennan on the Moor
Clancy Brothers

Intro: F C G7 C

(LL - Chorus)
C G7 C
Hey it's of a brave young highway man the story we will tell,
C F C
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell;
Am F C
'Twas on the Kilworth Mountains he commenced his wild career,
F C Em
And many a wealthy noble man before him shook with fear.

Chorus: C Em
And it's young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor;
F C G7 C
Bold, brave and un-daunted was young Brennan on the moor.

C G7 C
One day upon the highway as Willie he went down,
C F C
He met the mayor of Cashel a mile outside of town;
Am F C
The mayor he knew his features and he said, "Young man," said he,
"Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me."

**Chorus:**

And it's young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor;

Bold, brave and un-daunted was young Brennan on the moor.

Now Brennan's wife had gone to town provisions for to buy,

And when she saw her Willie she commenced to weep and cry;

She said 'Am hand to me that tenpenny' and as soon as Willie spoke,

She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

**Chorus:**

And it's young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor;

Bold, brave and un-daunted was young Brennan on the moor.

Now with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,

He made the mayor to tremble and he robbed him of his gold;

One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,

So he with horse and saddle to the mountains did re-pair.
Chorus:

C    Em
And it's young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor;
F    C    G7    C
Bold, brave and un-daunted was young Brennan on the moor.

C    G7    C
Now Brennan being an outlaw up-on the mountains high.
C    F    C
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try,
Am    F    C
He laughed at them with scorn until at last, 'twas said,
F    C    Em
By a false-hearted woman he was cruelly betrayed.

Chorus:

C    Em
And it's young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor;
F    C    G7    C
Bold, brave and un-daunted was young Brennan on the moor.

F C G7 C

Brennan on the Moor
CITADEL HILL

Folk Song

Key of G

One day in December I'll never forget,
A charming young creature I happily met;
Her eyes shone like diamonds, she was dressed up to kill,
She was tripping and slipping down Citadel Hill.

CHORUS:

Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
Lidy-I-die.

I says, "My fair creature, you will me ex-cuse!"
I offered my arm and she did not refuse;
Her arm locked in mine made me feel love's sweet thrill,
As we walked off together down Citadel Hill.

CHORUS:

G
Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
G C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
D G
Lidy-I-die.

G D G
The very next day to the church we did go,
Am7 D
The people all whispered, as well you must know;
G C G
Said the priest, "Will you marry?" Says I, "That we will!"
C G D G
So we kissed and were hitched upon Citadel Hill.

CHORUS:

G
Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
G C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
D G
Lidy-I-die.

G D G
So now we are married and of children have three,
But me and the missus can never agree;

The first she called Bridget, the second one Bill,

Says I, "The runt's name shall be Citadel Hill."

CHORUS:

Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,

Lidy-I-die.

Now come all you young fellows, take warning by me,

If ever in need of a wife you may be;

I'll tell you the place where you'll get your fill,

Just go tripping and slipping down Citadel Hill.

CHORUS:

Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,
CHORUS: Optional Last Chorus

G
Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum,

C
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,

G
Fall-de-dol doodle-dum,

D
Lidy-I-die.

CITADEL HILL
Cockles and Mussels
Molly Malone

Key of D

1, 2, 3 / 1, 2, 3

Intro:  play chorus - ukes only

D  Bm  Em7  A7
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
D  Bm  E7  A7
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
D  Bm
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Em7  A7
Through streets broad and narrow,
D  Bm  A7  D
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

Chorus:

D  Bm  Em7  A7
A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!
D  Bm  A7  D
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

D  Bm  Em7  A7
She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
D  Bm  E7  A7
For so were her father and mother be-fore,
D  Bm
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Em7  A7
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

Chorus:
D Bm Em7 A7
A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!
D Bm A7 D
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

D Bm Em7 A7
She died of a fever, and no one could save her
D Bm E7 A7
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
D Bm
But her ghost wheels her barrow,
Em7 A7
Through streets broad and narrow,
D Bm A7 D
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

Chorus:
D Bm Em7 A7
A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!
D Bm A7 D
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

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

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

But if you come, and all the flowers are dying
If I am dead, as dead I may well be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my grave shall warm and sweeter be
If you will bend and tell me that you love me
Then I will sleep in peace until you come to me

Danny Boy
Donald, Where's Your Trousers?

Andy Stewart & Neil Grant

Key of Dm

Dm
I just down from the Isle of Skye
C
I'm no very big but I'm awful shy
Dm
The lassies shout as I walk by,
C Dm
"Donald, Where's your trousers?"

CHORUS
Dm
Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
C
Through the streets in my kilt I go
Dm
All the lassies cry, "Hello!
C Dm
Donald, where's your trousers?"

Dm
I went to a fancy ball
C
It was slippery in the hall
Dm
I was afeared that I may fall
Because I nay had trousers

CHORUS

Dm
Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
C
Through the streets in my kilt I go
Dm
All the lassies cry, "Hello!
C                Dm
Donald, where's your trousers?"

Dm
I went down to London town
    C
To have a little fun in the underground
Dm
All the ladies turned their heads around, saying
C            Dm
"Donald, where's your trousers?"

CHORUS

Dm
Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
C
Through the streets in my kilt I go
Dm
All the lassies cry, "Hello!
C                Dm
Donald, where's your trousers?"

Dm
The lassies love me every one
But they must catch me if they can

You canna put the brakes on a highland man, saying,

"Donald, where's your trousers?"

**CHORUS**

Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low

Through the streets in my kilt I go

All the lassies cry, "Hello!

Donald, where's your trousers?"

Background: "Brakes" are Scottish name for trousers or pants.

**Donald, Where's Your Trousers?**
Down by the Sally Gardens
Music: Traditional

Key of C

C   G   F   C
It was down by the Sally Gar-dens
F   G   C   G
My love and I did meet
C   G   F   C
She passed the Sally Gar-dens
F   G   C
On little snow-white feet

Am   F   G   C
She bid me take love ea-sy
F   G   C   G
As the leaves grow on the tree
C   G   F   C
But I being young and fool-ish
F   G   C
With her did not a-gree

C   G   F   C
In a field down by the ri-ver
F   G   C   G
My love and I did stand
C   G   F   C
And on my leaning shoul-der
F   G   C
She laid her snow-white hand
She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish
And now am full of tears

Music: Traditional, "The Maids of the Mourne Shore." Words: William Butler Yeats (1889), as an attempt to reconstruct a song he heard a peasant woman singing, probably "The Rambling Boys of Pleasure"

Down by the Sally Gardens
Drunken Sailor
Traditional sea shanty

Key of Dm

Verse 1:
Dm
What'll we do with a drunken sailor,
C
What'll we do with a drunken sailor,
Dm
What'll we do with a drunken sailor,
C Dm
Earl-aye in the morning?

Chorus:
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C
Way hay and up she rises
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C Dm
Earl-aye in the morning

Verse 2:
Dm
Sling him in the long boat till he's sober
C
Sling him in the long boat till he's sober
Dm
Sling him in the long boat till he's sober
C \quad Dm
Earl-aye in the morning?

**Chorus:**
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C
Way hay and up she rises
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C \quad Dm
Earl-aye in the morning

**Verse 3:**
Dm
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
C
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
Dm
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
C \quad Dm
Earl-aye in the morning?

**Chorus:**
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C
Way hay and up she rises
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C \quad Dm
Earl-aye in the morning

**Verse 4:**
Dm
Send him up the crow's nest till he falls down.
C
Send him up the crow's nest till he falls down.
Dm
Send him up the crow's nest till he falls down.
C       Dm
Earl-aye in the morning?

**Chorus:**
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C
Way hay and up she rises
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C       Dm
Earl-aye in the morning

**Verse 5:**
Dm
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor.
C
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor.
Dm
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor.
C       Dm
Earl-aye in the morning?

**Chorus:**
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C
Way hay and up she rises
Dm
Way hay and up she rises
C       Dm
Earl-aye in the morning
Drunken Sailor
Farewell to Nova Scotia
McGinty

Key of Em

Intro:

Em

G
The sun was setting in the west
Em
The birds were singing on every tree
G D
All nature seemed inclined for to rest
Em C Em
But still there was no rest for me

Chorus:

G
Fare well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast
Em
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
G D
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Em C Em
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

G
I grieve to leave my native land
Em
I grieve to leave my comrades all
G D
And my parents, whom I held so dear
And my bonny, bonny lass that I do adore

Fare well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

The drums do beat and the wars do alarm
My captain calls, I must obey
So fare well, fare well to Nova Scotia's charm
For it's early in the morning, I'll be far, far away

Fare well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

I have three brothers and they are at rest
Their arms are folded on their breasts
But a poor and simple sailor just like me
Em    C    Em
Must be  tossed and  driven on the  dark, blue sea

G
Fare well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast
    Em
Let your    mountains dark and dreary be
    G    D
For when  I am far    away on the briny ocean tossed
    Em    C    Em
Will you  ever heave a    sigh or a    wish for me?

slower ...
    Em    C    Em
Will you  ever heave a    sigh or a    wish for me?

Farewell to Nova Scotia
Forty Shades of Green
Johnny Cash

CHORDS:

F C G7 C C

C
I close my eyes and picture
F
the emerald of the sea
C
From the fishing boats at Dingle
D7 G
To the shores of Duna' dee
C
I miss the river Shannon
F
and the folks at Skipparee
C
The moorlands and the meadows
G7 C
With their forty shades of green

CHORUS:

F G7
But most of all I miss a girl
C
In Tipperary Town
F G7
And most of all I miss her lips
As soft as eider-down
Again I want to see and do
The things we've done and seen
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar
And there's forty shades of green

I wish that I could spend an hour
At Dublin's churning surf
I'd love to watch the farmers
Drain the bogs and spade the turf
To see again the thatching
Of the straw the women glean
I'd walk from Cork to Lian
To see the forty shades of green

CHORUS:
But most of all I miss a girl
In Tipperary Town
And most of all I miss her lips
C G7
As soft as eider-down
C
Again I want to see and do
F
The things we've done and seen
C
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar
G7 C
And there's forty shades of green

Forty Shades of Green
**Go Lassie Go**  
Trad: Francis McPeake

Key of G

G      Am      G
Oh the  summer-time is  coming,
C       G
And the  trees are sweetly  blooming,
C       Em
And the  wild mountain  thyme,
C       Am       C
Grows  around the  blooming  heather

**CHORUS:**

G      C      G
Will you  go  lassie  go,
C       G
And we'll  all go to-gether,
C       Em
To pluck  wild mountain  thyme,
C       Am       C
All a-  round the  blooming  heather,
G      C      G
Will you  go  lassie  go.

G      Am      G
I will  build my  love a  tower,
C       G
By  yon crystal  fountain,
C       Em
And  on it I will  pile,
C        Am         C
All the wild flowers of the mountain

CHORUS:
            G       C       G
Will you go lassie go,
            C       G
And we'll all go to-gether,
            C       Em
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
            C       Am       C
All a-round the blooming heather,
            G       C       G
Will you go lassie go.

G        Am       G
If my true love she were gone,
            C       G
I would surely find a-ther,
            C       Em
Where wild mountain thyme,
            C       Am       C
grows a-round the blooming heather

CHORUS:
            G       C       G
Will you go lassie go,
            C       G
And we'll all go to-gether,
            C       Em
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
            C       Am       C
All a-round the blooming heather,
            G       C       G
Will you go lassie go.
Go Lassie Go
Hello out there we're on the air, it's hockey night to-night

Tension grows the whistle blows and the puck goes down the ice

The goalie jumps and the players bump and the fans all go insane

Someone roars Bobby scores at the good old hockey game

Chorus:

Oh! The good old hockey game

Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name

Is the good old hockey game

Where players dance with skates that flash, the home team trails behind

But they grab the puck and go bursting up, and they're down across the line
They storm the crease like bumblebees they travel like a burning flame

We see them slide the puck inside it's a one one hockey game

Chorus:
G C
Oh! The good old hockey game
G7
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name
C C
Is the good old hockey game

Speak: 3rd period, last game of the playoffs too!

C G
Take me where those hockey players face off down the rink
C
And the Stanley cup is all filled up for the champs who win the drink
F
Now the final flick of a hockey stick and one gigantic scream
C G C
The puck is in the home team wins the good old hockey game

Chorus:
G C
Oh! The good old hockey game
G7
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name
C C
Is the good old hockey game
Chorus:
G       C
Oh! The good old hockey game
G7
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name
C       C
Is the good old hockey game

Chorus:
G       C
Oh! The good old hockey game
G7
Is the best game you can name
And the best game you can name
C       C
Is the good old hockey game

Scream: He shoots ... He scores!

Good Old Hockey Game
The gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so shady,
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady

**CHORUS:**
Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day,
Ah-de-do, ah-de-da-ay
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady

She left her father's castle gates
She left her own fine lover
She left her servants and her estate
C  F  C  F  C  G7
To follow the gypsy ro- ver.

**CHORUS:**
C  G7  C  G7
Ah-de- do, ah-de-do-da-day,
C  G7  C  G7
Ah-de- do, ah-de-da-ay
C  G7  Em  Am
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
C  F  C  F  C  G7
And he won the heart of a la-d- y

C  G7  C  G7
Her father saddled up his fastest steed
C  G7  C  G7
And roamed the valleys all o- er
C  G7  Em  Am
Sought his daughter at great speed
C  F  C  F  C  G7
And the whistling gypsy ro- ver.

**CHORUS:**
C  G7  C  G7
Ah-de- do, ah-de-do-da-day,
C  G7  C  G7
Ah-de- do, ah-de-da-ay
C  G7  Em  Am
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
C  F  C  F  C  G7
And he won the heart of a la-d- y

C  G7  C  G7
He came at last to a mansion fine,
C G7 C G7
Down by the river Clay- dee
C G7 Em Am
And there was music and there was wine,
C F C F C G7
For the gypsy and his la- d- y

CHORUS:
C G7 C G7
Ah-de- do, ah-de-do-da-day,
C G7 C G7
Ah-de- do, ah-de-da-ay
C G7 Em Am
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
C F C F C G7
And he won the heart of a la-d- y

C G7 C G7
"He is no gypsy, my father" she said
C G7 C G7
"But lord of these lands all o- ver,
C G7 Em Am
And I shall stay 'til my dying day"
C F C F C G7
With my whistling gypsy ro- ver.

CHORUS:
C G7 C G7
Ah-de- do, ah-de-do-da-day,
C G7 C G7
Ah-de- do, ah-de-da-ay
C G7 Em Am
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
C F C F C G7
And he won the heart of a la-d- y
Gypsy Rover
I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER
Mort Dixon, Harry Woods

Key of G

4/4 Sing G, strum: 1...2...1234

G
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
   A7
That I overlooked before
   D7                      G       E7
One leaf the sunshine, the second is rain
   A7                   D7
Third is the roses that grow in the lane

D7+5                      G
You know there's no need explaining
   A7
The one remaining is somebody I adore
   Am7  Cm  G       E7
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
   A7          D7  G    D7
That I over-looked be-fore
G
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
A7
That I overlooked before
D7        G        E7
One leaf the sunshine, the second is rain
A7        D7
Third is the roses that grow in the lane

D7+5                G
You know there's no need explaining
A7
The one remaining is somebody I adore
Am7    Cm   G    E7
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
A7    D7    G    D7
That I over-looked be-fore

I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER
I'se the b'y
Traditional

Key of G

Intro:
G D G C D G D G

(Verse 1 - ukes only)

G D
I'se the b'y that builds the boat and
G C D
I'se the b'y that sails her and
G D
I'se the b'y that catches the fish and
C D G
Brings 'em home to Liza

Chorus:
G D
Hip-yr-partner Sally Tibbo,
G C D
Hip-yr-partner Sally Brown
G D
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
C D G
All a-round the circle
Sods and rinds to cover your flake

Cake and tea for supper

Codfish in the spring of the year

Fried in maggoty butter

**Chorus:**

Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo,

Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown

Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,

All a-round the circle

I don't want your maggoty fish

They're no good for winter

I can buy as good as that

Way down in Bona-vista

**Chorus:**

Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo,

Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown

Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
C   D   G
All a-round the circle

G   D
I took Liza to a dance
G   C   D
As fast as she could tra-vel
G   D
And every step that she could take
C   D   G
Was up to her knees in gravel

Chorus:
G   D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo,
G   C   D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
G   D
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
C   D   G
All a-round the circle

G   D
Susan White she's outta sight
G   C   D
Her petticoat wants a bor-der
G   D
Well old Sam Oliver in the dark
C   D   G
He kissed her in the corner!

Chorus:
G   D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo,
I'se the b'y that builds the boat
And I'se the b'y that sails her and
I'se the b'y that catches the fish and
Brings them home to Liza
Jack was Every Inch a Sailor
Traditional Newfoundland folk song

Key of C

Intro:  
C G7 C  
. --STOP

C  
Now, 'twas twenty-five or thirty years  
G7  
Since Jack first saw the light;  
He came into this world of woe  
C  
One dark and stormy night.  
He was born on board his father's ship  
G7  
As she was lying to,  
'Bout twenty-five or thirty miles  
C  
Southeast of Bacal-hao.

CHORUS:  
G7  C  
Oh, Jack was every inch a sailor,  
C  
Five and twenty years a whaler,  
G7  
Jack was every inch a sailor  
C  
He was born upon the deep blue sea.
When Jack grew up to be a man,

He went to Labrador,

He fished in Indian Harbour

Where his father fished before.

On his returning in the fog,

He met a heavy gale,

And Jack was swept into the sea

And swallowed by a whale.

CHORUS:

Oh, Jack was every inch a sailor,

Five and twenty years a whaler,

Jack was every inch a sailor

He was born upon the deep blue sea.

The whale went straight for Baffin's Bay

'Bout ninety knots an hour,

And ev'ry time he'd blow a spray,

He'd send it in a shower.

"Oh, now," says Jack unto himself,

"I must see what he's a-bout."
He caught the whale all by the tail

\[ \text{C} \]
And turned him inside out.

\textbf{CHORUS:}

\begin{align*}
\text{G7} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{G7} \\
\text{Oh, Jack was every inch a sailor,} & \\
\text{C} & \\
\text{Five and twenty years a whaler,} & \\
\text{G7} & \\
\text{Jack was every inch a sailor} & \\
\text{C} & \\
\text{He was born upon the deep blue sea.} & \\
\end{align*}

\textbf{Jack was Every Inch a Sailor}
You may talk of Clara Nolan's Ball or anything you choose,
But it couldn't hold a snuffbox to the spree in Kelligrews;
If you want your eyeballs straightened just come out next week with me,
You'll have to wear your glasses at the Kelligrews Soir-ee.

There was birch rind, tar twine, cherry wine and turpentine,
Jowls and cavallances, ginger beer and tea;
Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings boiled up in a sheet,
Dandelion and crackie's teeth at the Kelligrews Soir-ee.

Oh, I borrowed Cluney's beaver as I squared my yards to sail,
And a swallow tail from Hogan that was foxy on the tail;
Billy Cuddahie's old working pants and Patsy Nolan's shoes,
And an old white vest from Fogarty to sport at Kelligrews.
There was Dan Milley, Joe Lilly, Tantan and Mrs. Tilley,
Dancing like a little filly, 'twould raise your heart to see;
Jim Brine, Din Ryan, Flipper Smith and Caroline,
I tell you, boys, we had a time at the Kelligrews Soir-ee

Oh, when I arrived at Betsy Snook's that night at half past eight,
The place was blocked with carriages stood waiting at the gate;
With Cluney's funnel up-on my pate, the first words Betsy said,
"Here comes the local preacher with the pulpit on his head".

There was Bill Mews, Dan Hughes, Wilson, Taft and Teddy Roose,
While Bryant, he sat in the blues and looking hard at me;
Jim Fling, Tom King, Johnson, champion of the ring,
And all the boxers I could bring to the Kelligrews Soir-ee

"The Saratoga Lancers first," Miss Betsy kindly said,
I danced with Nancy Cronin and her Granny on the Head;
And Hogan danced with Betsy, well you should have seen his shoes,
As he lashed the muskets from the rack that night at Kelligrews.

There was boiled guineas, cold guineas, bullock's heads and piccaninnies,
Everything to catch the pennies you'd break your sides to see;
Boiled duff, cold duff, apple jam was in a cuff,
I tell you, boys, we had enough at the Kelligrews Soir-ee

Crooked Flavin struck the fiddler and a hand I then took in,
You should see George Cluney's beaver and it flattened to the rim;
And Hogan's coat was like a vest, the tails were gone you see,
Says I, "The Devil haul ye and your Kelligrews Soir-ee"

There was birch rind, tar twine, cherry wine and turpentine,
Jowls and cavallances, ginger beer and tea;
Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings boiled up in a sheet,
Dandelion and crackie's teeth at the Kelligrews Soir-ee.

There was birch rind, tar twine, cherry wine and turpentine,
Jowls and cavallances, ginger beer and tea;
G D C G
Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings boiled up in a sheet,
C G D G
Dandelion and crackie's teeth at the Kelligrews Soir-ee.

KELLIGREWS SOIREE
Lily The Pink
The Scaffold

CHORUS:
G7          C
We'll...... drink a drink a drink,
G
To Lily the pink the pink the pink,
C
The savior of, our human race,
G
For she invented, medicinal compound,
C
Most efficacious, in every case

C          G
Mr. Freers, had sticky out ears,
C
And it made him awful shy,
G
And so they gave him, medicinal compound,
C
And now he's learning how to fly.

C          G
Brother Tony, was known to be bony
C
He would never eat his meals
And so they gave him, medicinal compound

Now they move him round on wheels.

**CHORUS:**

We'll...... drink a drink a drink,

To Lily the pink the pink the pink,

The savior of, our human race,

For she invented, medicinal compound,

Most efficacious, in every case

Old Ebe-nezer thought he was Julius Caesar

And so they put him in a home

Where they gave him, medicinal compound

And now he's emperor of Rome.

Johnny Hammer, had a terrible st st st st stammer,

He could hardly s-s-say a word,

And so they gave him, medicinal compound,

Now he's seen, but never heard.
CHORUS:
G7          C
    We'll...... drink a drink a drink,
            G
To Lily the pink the pink the pink,
            C
The savior of, our human race,
            G
For she invented, medicinal compound,
            C
Most efficacious, in every case

C          G
Auntie Milly, ran willy nilly,
            C
When her legs they did recede,
            G
So they looked on, medicinal compound,
            C
Now they call her Milly Peed.

CHORUS:
G7          C
    We'll...... drink a drink a drink,
            G
To Lily the pink the pink the pink,
            C
The savior of, our human race,
            G
For she invented, medicinal compound,
            C
Most efficacious, in every case
CHORUS:
G7         C
We'll...... drink a drink a drink,
          G
To Lily the pink the pink the pink,  
          C
The savior of, our human race,
          G
For she invented, medicinal compound,
          C
Most efficacious, in every case

Lily The Pink
Loch Lomond
Traditional Scottish song

Key of A

A

D

E7

A6

D d-u D d-u D

A

D

E7

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes

A

A6

D

A

Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond

A6

A

D

E7

Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae

A

D

E7 A

On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond

Chorus:

A

A6

D

E7

Oh! Ye’ll take the high road, and I’ll take the low road

A

A6

D

E7

And I’ll be in Scotland a-fore ye,

A6

A

D

E7

But me and my true love will never meet a-gain

A

A6

E7 A

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond

A

D

E7

Twas then that we parted by yon shady glen

A

A6

D A

On the steep, steep side of Ben Lo-mond
Where in purple hue, the highland hills we view
And the moon coming out in the gloaming

Chorus:
Oh! Ye’ll take the high road, and I’ll take the low road
And I’ll be in Scotland a-fore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet a-gain
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring a-gain
Though the waeful may cease from their gree-ting

Chorus:
Oh! Ye’ll take the high road, and I’ll take the low road
And I’ll be in Scotland a-fore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet a-gain
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond
Loch Lomond
Lord of the Dance
Trad. Shaker Hymn, words by Sydney Carter

Key of C

C
I danced in the morning when the world was begun

G
I danced in the Moon & the Stars & the Sun

C
I came down from Heaven & I danced on Earth

F   G7   C
At Bethle-hem I had my birth.

CHORUS:
C
Dance then, wherever you may be

G
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!

C
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be

G7    C
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said He!

G7      C
(... lead you all in the Dance, said He!)

C
I danced for the scribe & the pharisee
But they would not dance & they wouldn't follow me

I danced for fishermen, for James & John

They came with me & the Dance went on:

**CHORUS:**

Dance then, wherever you may be

I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!

And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be

And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said He!

I danced on the Sabbath & I cured the lame

The holy people said it was a shame!

They whipped & they stripped & they hung me high

And they left me there on a cross to die!

**CHORUS:**

Dance then, wherever you may be

I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!

And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said He!
(... lead you all in the Dance, said He!)

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body & they thought I'd gone
But I am the Dance & I still go on!

They cut me down and I leapt up high
I am the Life that'll never, never die!
I'll live in you if you'll live in Me -
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!

CHORUS:
Dance then, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said He!
(... lead you all in the Dance, said He!)
Lord of the Dance
Lukey's Boat
Newfoundland folk song

Key of G

Well oh, Lukey's boat is painted green,

Ha, me boys!

Lukey's boat is painted green,

She's the prettiest boat that you've ever seen,

A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

Well oh, Lukey's boat's got a fine fore cutty,

Ha, me boys!

Lukey's boat's got a fine fore cutty,

And every seam is chinked with putty,
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

Well I says "Lukey the blinds are down"
Ha, me boys!
I says "Lukey the blinds are down"
"Me wife is dead and she's under-ground"
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

Well I says Lukey "I don't care"
Ha, me boys!
I says Lukey "I don't care"
"I'll get me another in the spring of the year"
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

Oh, Lukey's rolling out his grub,
Ha, me boys!
G          C
Lukey's rolling out his grub,
Em   C          D
One split pea, and a ten pound tub,
G          C          D          G          CD
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
G          C          D          G          CD
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

G          C          D
Well, Lukey's boat's got high-topped sails,
G          C          D
Ha, me boys!
G          C
Lukey's boat's got high-topped sails,
Em   C          D
The sheet was planted with copper nails,
G          C          D          G          CD
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
G          C          D          G          CD
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

G          C          D
Lukey's boat is painted green,
G          C          D
Ha, me boys!
G          C
Lukey's boat is painted green,
Em   C          D
She's the prettiest boat that you've ever seen,
G          C          D          G          CD
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
G          C          D          G          CD
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
G          C          D          G          CD
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
G C D G CG DG
A- ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

Lukey's Boat
Maids When You're Young
Traditional song

Key of D

3/4 waltz time

D     A     A
An old man came courting me, hey-ding- doo-rum dow
D     A     A
An old man came courting me, me being young
D         G         D     A
An old man came courting me, all for his wife to be
D         G         A     D
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

Chorus:

D     A
For he's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-li- oo-rum
D     A     A
He's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-fal- day
D         G         D     A
He's got no fal- oo-rum, he's lost his ding doo-rum
D         G         A     D     D
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

D     A     A
When this old man comes to bed, hey-ding-a doo-rum dow
D     A     A
When this old man comes to bed, me being young
D         G         D     A
When this old man comes to bed, he lays like he was dead
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

Chorus:

For he's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-li- oo-rum
He's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-fal-day
He's got no fal-oo-rum, he's lost his ding doo-rum
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

When this old man goes to sleep, hey-ding-a doo-rum dow
When this old man goes to sleep, me being young
When this old man goes to sleep, out of bed I do creep
Into the arms of a handsome young man

Chorus:

For he's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-li- oo-rum
He's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-fal-day
He's got no fal-oo-rum, he's lost his ding doo-rum
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

I wish this old man would die, hey-ding-a doo-rum dow
I wish this old man would die, me being young
I wish this old man would die, I'd make the money fly
Girls, for your sake, never wed an old man

Chorus:
For he's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-li- oo-rum
He's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-fal- day
He's got no fal- oo-rum, he's lost his ding doo-rum
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

A young man is my delight, hey-ding-a doo-rum dow
A young man is my delight, me being young
A young man is my delight, he'll kiss you day and night
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

Chorus:
For he's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-li- oo-rum
He's got no fal-oo-rum fal-diddle-fal- day
He's got no fal- oo-rum, he's lost his ding doo-rum
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man
Maids When You're Young
MAIRI'S WEDDING
Scottish folk song

Key of C

Intro: Chorus - ukes only

CHORUS:
C
Step we gaily on we go
F   G
Heel for heel and toe for toe
C
Arm in arm and row and row
F   G
All for Mairi's wedding

C
Over hillways, up and down,
F   G
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
C
Past the sheilings through the town
F   G
All for the sake of Mairi.

CHORUS:
C
Step we gaily on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row and row
All for Mairi's wedding

Red her cheeks as Rowan's are,
Bright her eyes as any star.
Fairest of them all by far,
Is our darlin' Mairie

CHORUS: (KEY CHANGE)
Step we gaily on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm and arm and row and row,
All for Mairi's wedding.

Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her kreel.
Plenty bonnie bairns as well,
That's the toast for Mairi.
CHORUS:
D
Step we gaily on we go,
G       A7
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
D
Arm and arm and row and row,
G       A7
All for Mairi's wedding.

CHORUS:
D
Step we gaily on we go,
G       A7
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
D
Arm and arm and row and row,
G       A7       D
All for Mairi's wedding.

MAIRI'S WEDDING
Key of C
103 BPM

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

(Chorus:)
Bring back, bring back
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.
(Chorus:)
C       F
Bring back, bring back
G       C
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
C       F
Bring back, bring back
G       C
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

C       F       C
Oh, blow, ye winds over the ocean
G
Oh, blow, ye winds over the sea
C       F       C
Oh, blow, ye winds over the ocean
F       G       C
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

(Chorus:)
C       F
Bring back, bring back
G       C
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
C       F
Bring back, bring back
G       C
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
**Sudbury Saturday Night**

Stompin' Tom Connors

CHORUS:

C
F

The girls are out to bingo and the boys are gettin' stinko

C       G7       G7
And we think no more of Inco on a Sudbury saturday night

C       F
The glasses they will tinkle when our eyes begin to twinkle

C   G7   C   C
And we'll think no more of Inco on a Sudbury saturday night

C
F

With Irish Jim O'Connell there and Scotty Jack MacDonald

C       G7
There's honky Frederick Hurchell gettin' tight, but that's alright

C       F
There's happy German Fritzy there with Frenchy getting tipsy

C       G7   C   C
And even Joe the Gypsy knows she's Saturday to-night

C
F

Now when Mary Ann and Mable come to join us at the table,

C       G7
And tell us how the bingo went to-night, we'll look a fright

C       F
But if they won the money, we'll be lappin' up the honey, boys,
"Cause everything is funny, for she's Saturday to-night

CHORUS:

C F
The girls are out to bingo and the boys are gettin' stinko
C G7 G7
And we think no more of Inco on a Sudbury saturday night
C F
The glasses they will tinkle when our eyes begin to twinkle
C G7 C C
And we'll think no more of Inco on a Sudbury saturday night

Instrumental CHORUS

C F
We'll drink the loot we borrowed and re-cuperate tomorrow
C G7
"Cause everything is wonderful to-night, we had a good fight
C F
We ate the deli pickle and we forgot about the nickel
C G7 C C
And everybody's tickled, for she's Saturday to-night

C F
The songs that we'll be singing, they might be wrong but they'll be ringing
C G7
When all the lights of town are shining bright, and we're all tight
C F
We'll get to work on Monday, but to-morrow's only Sunday
C G7 C
And we're out to have a fun day for she's Saturday to-night. Yeah..."
CHORUS:
C           F
The girls are out to bingo and the boys are gettin' stinko
C           G7    G7
And we think no more of Inco on a Sudbury saturday night
C           F
The glasses they will tinkle when our eyes begin to twinkle
C           G7    C    C
And we'll think no more of Inco on a Sudbury saturday night

F       C       G7       C
We'll think no more of Inco on a Sudbury saturday night.

Sudbury Saturday Night
Sweet Forget Me Not
Traditional

Key of G

Intro (Last line of verse):

G  D  A  D

D
Fancy brings a thought to mind of a flower that's bright and fair,
G  D  E7  A
Its grace and beauty both combine, a brighter jewel more rare;
D  G  D
Just like a maiden that I know, who shared my happy lot,
G  D  A  D
She whispered when we parted last, "Oh, you'll forget me not."

last line of verse

G  D  A  D

D
We met I really don't know where, but still it's just the same,
G  D  E7  A
For love grows in the city streets, as well as in the lane;
D  G  D
I gently clasped her tiny hand, one glance at me she shot,
G  D  A  D
She dropped her flower, I picked it up, 'twas the sweet forget-me-not.
Chorus:

D G D
She's graceful and, she's charming like a lily in the pond,
G D E7 A
Time is flying swiftly by, of her I am so fond;
D G D
The roses and the daisies are blooming 'round the spot,
G D A D
Where we parted, when she whispered, "You'll forget me not."

last line of verse

G D A D

D G D
And then there came a happy time when something that I said,
G D E7 A
Caused her lips to murmur, "Yes", and shortly we were wed;
D G D
There is a house down in the lane and a tiny garden plot,
G D A D
Where grows a flower, I know it well, it's the sweet forget-me-not.

Chorus:

D G D
She's graceful and, she's charming like a lily in the pond,
G D E7 A
Time is flying swiftly by, of her I am so fond;
D G D
The roses and the daisies are blooming 'round the spot,
G D A Bm
Where we parted, when she whispered, "You'll forget me not."
G D A D
Where we parted, when she whispered, "You'll forget me not."
Sweet Forget Me Not
Tell Me Ma
Folk Song

Chorus:
G     C     G
I'll tell me ma when I get home
D7     G
The boys won't leave the girls alone
C     G
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
D7     G
But that's all right till I go home

G     C
She is handsome she is pretty
G     D7
She's the Belle of Belfast city
G     C
She is courtin' one two three
G     D7     G
Please won't you tell me who is she

G     C     G
Albert Mooney says he loves her
D7     G
All the boys are fightin' for her
G     C     G
They rap on her door and ring on the bell
D7       G
Will she come out who can tell

G        C
Out she comes as white as snow
G        D7
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
G        C
Old Jenny Murray says that she will die
G        D7       G
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

Chorus:
G        C       G
I'll tell me ma when I get home
D7       G
The boys won't leave the girls alone
C       G
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
D7       G
But that's all right till I go home

G        C       G
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
D7       G
And the snow come travellin' through the sky
G        C       G
She's as nice as apple pie
D7       G
She'll get her own lad by and by

G        C
When she gets a lad of her own
G        D7
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
G    C
Let them all come as they will
    G    D7    G
It's Albert Mooney she loves still

Chorus:
G    C    G
I'll tell me ma when I get home
    D7    G
The boys won't leave the girls alone
    C    G
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
    D7    G
But that's all right till I go home

Tell Me Ma
The Galway Girl
Steve Earle

Key of D

The Galway Girl

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk
Of a day-I-ay-I-ay
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk
Of a fine soft day-I-ay
And I ask you, friend,
What's a fella to do
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
And I knew right then
I'd be takin' a whirl
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

1, 2, / 1, 2 d Du uDu/ d Du uDu = don't play chords

D D D DX
/ / /

D
G
Bm
A

D
G
D

X

2 2 2 0
0 2 3 2
4 2 2 2
2 1 0 0
We were halfway there when the rain came down

And she asked me up to her flat down-town

And I ask you, friend,

What's a fella to do

'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue

So I took her hand

And I gave her a twirl

And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

When I woke up I was all alone

With a broken heart and a ticket home
And I ask you now,

What's a fella to do

If her hair was black and her eyes were blue

'Cause I've traveled a-round

I've been all over this world Boys...

I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

The Galway Girl
THE LUCK OF THE IRISH
John Lennon

Key of G

G       C      G
0 2 3 2 0 0 3 4 2 2 2

Bm           D
4 2 2 2

D
2 2 2 0

G         C     G
G         C     G
G         C     G

If you had the luck of the Irish

Bm                   D
You'd be sorry and wish you were dead

G         C     G
You should have the luck of the Irish

Bm   D             G
And you'd wish you was English in stead!

G         C     G
A thousand years of torture and hunger

Bm                   D
Drove the people away from their land

G         C     G
A land full of beauty and wonder

Bm   D             G
Was raped by the British brigands!

C       G         C     G
Goddam! Goddam!

G         C     G
In the Pool they told us the story

Bm                   D
How the English divided the land

G         C     G
Of the pain, and the death and the glory
And the poets of auld Eire-land

Why the hell are the English there anyway?
As they kill with God on their side
Blame it all on the kids and the IRA
As the bastards commit genocide!
Aye! Aye! ¡Genocide!

If you had the luck of the Irish
You'd be sorry and wish you were dead
You should have the luck of the Irish
And you'd wish you was English instead!
Yes you'd wish you was English instead!

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH
The Orange and the Green
Irish Rovers

Intro: (C - LL)

F C G C

Chorus:

C Am G
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F C G C
Me father he was Orange, and me mother she was green

C Am G
My father was an Ulsterman, proud Protestant was he
F C G C
Me mother was a Catholic girl from county Cork was she
Am G
They were married in two churches and lived happily enough
F C G C
Un-til the day that I was born and things got rather tough

Chorus:

C Am G
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F C G C
Me father he was Orange, and me mother she was green
Baptized by father Reilly I was rushed away by car

To be made a little Orangemen, my father's shining star

I was christened David Antony but still in spite of that

To my father I was William while my mother called me Pat

Chorus:

Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen

Me father he was Orange, and me mother she was green

With mother every Sunday to mass I'd proudly stroll

And after that the orange lodge would try to save my soul

For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because

I'd play the flute, or play the harp depending were I was

Chorus:

Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen

Me father he was Orange, and me mother she was green

One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me
F C G C
Just as my father's kinfolk were sitting down to tea
Am G

We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight
F C G C

And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight

Chorus:
C Am G
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F C G C

Me father he was Orange, and me mother she was green

C Am G
My parents never could agree about my type of school
F C G C

My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool
Am G

They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but I was left between
F C G C

That awful colour problem of the Orange and the Green

Chorus:
C Am G
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F C G C

Me father he was Orange, and me mother she was green

Chorus:
C Am G
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
F C G C

Me father he was Orange, and me mother she was green
The Orange and the Green
THE RATTLIN BOG

Traditional

Key of G

{c: 4/4 time)

CHORUS:

G C G D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G C G D G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G G D
Well in that bog there was a hole, a rare hole, a rattlin hole,

G D G
a hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

CHORUS:

G C G D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G C G D G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G G D
Well in that hole there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin tree,

G D G
a tree in the hole and the hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o
CHORUS:
G  C  G  D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o
G  C  G  D  G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G  D
And on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin limb,
G
a limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the bog
D  G
and the bog down in the valley-o

CHORUS:
G  C  G  D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o
G  C  G  D  G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G  D
And on that limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a rattlin branch,
G
a branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole
D  G
and the hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

CHORUS:
G  C  G  D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o
G  C  G  D  G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o
And on that branch there was a twig, a rare twig, a rattlin twig,
and the twig on the branch, and the branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-

CHORUS:
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

And on that twig there was a nest, a rare nest, a rattlin nest,
and the nest on the twig, and the twig on the branch, and the branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-

CHORUS:
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

And on that nest there was an egg, a rare egg, a rattlin egg, and the egg on the nest, and the nest on the twig,
and the twig on the branch, and the branch on the limb,
and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole,

D      G

and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the valley- o

CHORUS:

G      C      G       D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o
G      C      G       D      G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G      D
And on that egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a rattlin bird,

G
and the bird on the egg, and the egg on the nest,
and the nest on the twig, and the twig on the branch,
and the branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree,
and the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog,

D      G
and the bog down in the valley- o

CHORUS:

G      C      G       D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o
G      C      G       D      G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G      D
And on that bird there was a feather, a rare feather, a rattlin feather,

G
and the feather on the bird, and the bird on the egg,
and the egg on the nest, and the nest on the twig,
and the twig on the branch, and the branch on the limb,
and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole,
and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-

CHORUS:

G C G D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G C G D G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G D
And on that feather there was a flea, a rare flea, a rattlin flea,

G
and the flea on the feather, and the feather on the bird,
and the bird on the egg, and the egg on the nest,
and the nest on the twig, and the twig on the branch,
and the branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree,
and the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog,

D G
and the bog down in the valley-o

CHORUS:

G C G D
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

G C G D G
Rare bog, the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley-o

THE RATTLIN BOG
The Squid-Jiggin' Ground
Arthur R. Scammell

Intro:  
A D E7 A

A D A
Oh, this is the place where the fishermen gather,
D A E7 D
In oilskins and boots and Cape Anns batten'd down;
A D A
All sizes of figures with squid lines and jiggers,
D E7 A
They congregate here on the squid-jiggin' ground.

A D A
Some are working their jiggers while others are yarin','
D A E7 D
There's some standing up and there's more lyin' down;
A D A
While all kinds of fun, jokes and tricks are begun,
D E7 A
As they wait for the squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.

A D A
There's men of all ages and boys in the bargain,
D A E7 D
There's old Billy Cave and there's young Raymond Brown;
A D A
There's a red haired Tory out here in a dory,
D E7 A
A-running down Squires on the squid-jiggin' ground.

A D A
There's men from the Harbour, there's men from the Tickle,
D A E7 D
In all kinds of motorboats, green, grey and brown;
A D A
Right yonder is Bobby and with him is Nobby,
D E7 A
He's a-chawin' hard-tack on the squid-jiggin' ground.

A D A
God bless my sou'wester, there's Skipper John Chaffey,
D A E7 D
He's the best hand at squid jiggin' here, I'll be bound;
A D A
Hel-lo, what's the rough? Why he's jiggin' one now,
D E7 A
The very first squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.

A D A
The man with the whisker is old Jacob Steele,
D A E7 D
He's getting well up but he's still pretty sound;
A D A
While Uncle Bob Hawkins wears six pairs of stockings,
D E7 A
Whenever he's out on the squid-jiggin' ground.
Holy smoke! What a scuffle, all hands are ex-cited,
'Tis a wonder to me that there's nobody drowned;
There's a bustle, confusion, a wonderful hustle,
They're all jiggin' squids on the squid-jiggin' ground.

Says Bobby, "The squids are on top of the water,
I just got me jiggers 'bout one fathom down."
But a squid in the boat squirted right down his throat,
And he's swearing like mad on the squid-jiggin' ground.

There's poor Uncle Billy, his whiskers are spattered,
With spots of the squid juice that's flyin' around;
One poor little boy got it right in his eye,
But they don't give a darn on the squid-jiggin' ground.

Now, if ever you feel inclined to go squiddin',
Leave your white shirts and collars behind in the town;
And if you get cranky without your silk hanky,
You better steer clear of the squid-jiggin' ground.
The Squid-Jiggin' Ground
The Unicorn Song
Irish Rovers

Intro:
C G C

C Dm
A long time ago, when the Earth was green
G C
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
C Dm
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
C Dm G C
And the loveliest of all was the u-ni-corn

C Dm
There was green alligators and long-necked geese
G C
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
C Dm
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
C Dm G C
The loveliest of all was the u-ni-corn

C Dm
The Lord seen some sinning and it gave Him pain
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"

He says, "Hey Noah, I'll tell you what to do

Build me a floating zoo, and take some of those...

Green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
Don't you forget My unicorns

Now Noah was there to answer the call
He finished up making the ark just as the rain started to fall
He marched the animals two by two
And he called out as they came through
Hey Lord,

I've got green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn
I just can't find no unicorns"
And Noah looked out through the driving rain
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
Kicking and splashing while the rain was pourin'
All, them silly u- ni-corns

There was green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Noah cried, "Close the door because the rain is pourin'
And we just can't wait for no u- ni-corns"

The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away
(That's why you never seen a unicorn to this very day)

You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
You're never gonna see no u__ ni__ co__rns
The Unicorn Song
Time BUG Members Please
aka Time Gentlemen Please

C
Time BUG members please
   \[C\#dim\] \[G\]
It's time you were no longer here

G7
Time BUG members please
   \[Cdim\] \[C\]
It's time to drink up your beer

\[C\] \[C7\] \[F\]
We've had a few stories some laughter and song
   \[D7\] \[G7\]
But the time has now come when we must say so long
   \[F\] \[Cdim\] \[C\]
We'll be back here next month so please come along
   \[D7\] \[G7\] \[C\] \[G\] \[C\]
Now it's time BUG members please
Time BUG Members Please
WELCOME POOR PADDY HOME

传统

D-ud   D-ud   D-ud   D-ud

G   D   C   G
I am a true born Irishman
G   D   C   D
I'll never de-ny what I am
G   D   C   G
I was born in sweet Tipper-ary town
G   D   G
Three thousand miles a-way

CHORUS:
G   D   G
Hur-ray me boys hur-ray
G   D   C   D
No more do I wish for to roam
G   D   C   G
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
G   D   G
To welcome poor Paddy home

G   D   C   G
The girls they are gay and frisky
G   D   C   D
They'd take you by the hand
G   D   C   G
Saying Jimmy mo chroi will you come with me
To welcome the stranger home

**CHORUS:**

G D G
Hur-ray me boys hur-ray
G D C D
No more do I wish for to roam
G D C G
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
G D G
To welcome poor Paddy home

G D C G
In came the foreign nation
G D C D
And scattered all over the land
G D C G
The horse, the cow, the goat, sheep and sow
G D G
Came into the stranger's hands

**CHORUS:**

G D G
Hur-ray me boys hur-ray
G D C D
No more do I wish for to roam
G D C G
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
G D G
To welcome poor Paddy home

G D C G
The Scotsman can boast of the thistle
And England can boast of the rose
But Paddy can boast of the Emerald Isle
Where the dear little shamrock grows.

**CHORUS:**

G D C D

Hur-ray me boys hur-ray
G D C D

No more do I wish for to roam
G D C G

For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
G D G

To welcome poor Paddy home

**CHORUS:**

G D G

Hur-ray me boys hur-ray
G D C D

No more do I wish for to roam
G D C G

For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
G D G

To welcome poor Paddy home

WELCOME POOR PADDY HOME
WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR
Newfoundland folk song

**CHORUS:**

G   Am   D
We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,
D7   G   G
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
Am   D
Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,
D   G   Am   D   G
Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

G   Am   D
I'm the son of a seacook and a cook on a trader,
D7   G   G
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom;
Am   D
I can handle a jigger and I cuts a fine figure,
G   Am   D   G   G
When-ever I gets in a boat's standing room.

G   Am   D
If the voyage is good then this fall I will do it,
D7   G   G
I want two-pound-ten for a ring and a priest;
Am   D
A couple of dollars for clean shirts and collars,
And a handful of coppers to make up a feast.

**CHORUS:**

G          Am        D
We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,

D7      G        G
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below

Am       D
Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,

D        G         Am        D        G
Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

G          Am        D
I went to a dance one night in Fox Harbour,

D7      G        G
There were plenty of girls as nice as you'd wish;

Am       D
There was one pretty maiden a-chawing on frankgum,

G          Am        D        G        G
Just like a young kitten a-gnawing fresh fish.

G          Am        D
There's plump little Polly, her name is Golds-worthy,

D7      G        G
There's John Coady's Kitty and Mary Tib-bo;

Am       D
There's Clara from Brule and young Martha Foley,

G          Am        D        G        G
But the nicest of all is my girl from Toslow.

**CHORUS:**

G          Am        D
We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below

Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,

Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

Fare-well and adieu to ye fair ones of Valen,

Farewell and adieu to ye ones in the cove;

Now let ye be jolly, don't be melan-choly,

For I can't marry all or in the chokey I'd be.

Fare-well and adieu to you girls of Fox Harbour,

Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Brule;

I'm bound to the westward to the wall with the hole in,

For I can't marry all or in the chokey I'd be.

CHORUS:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,

We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below

Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,

Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.
Fare-well and adieu to ye girls of St. Kyran's,
Of Paradise and Presque, big and little Bo-na;
I'm bound unto Toslow to marry sweet Biddy,
And if I don't do so, I'm afraid of her da.

I've bought me a house from Katherine Davis,
A twenty-pound bed from Jimmy Mc-Graw;
I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle,
And then I'll be ready for Biddy - hurrah!

CHORUS:
We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,
Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go.

WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Chauncey Olcott, George Graff Jr., & Ernest Ball

Key of G

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why,
For it never should be there at all.

With such pow'r in your smile, sure a stone you'll be-guile,
Though there's never a teardrop should fall.

When your sweet lilting laughter, like some fairy song,
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be,
You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile,
And now smile a smile for me.

CHORUS:
When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, 'tis like a morn in Spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, they’ll steal your heart a-way.

For your smile is a part of the love in your heart,
And it makes even sunshine more bright.
Like the linnet’s sweet song, crooning all the day long,
Comes your laughter so tender and light.
For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all,
There is ne’er a real care or regret,
And while springtime is ours throughout all of youth’s hours,
Let us smile each chance we get.

CHORUS:
When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, ’tis like a morn in Spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
A7   D7   D7+5
You can hear the angels sing
G   D7   G   G7
When Irish hearts are happy
C   G   G7
All the world seems bright and gay
C   C#dim   G   E7
And when Irish eyes are smiling
A7   D7   G
Sure, they'll steal your heart a-way.

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting,
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier,
Saying "Stand and deliver for you are my bold deceiver."

Chorus:
With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it was a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny,
She sighed and she swore that never would she leave me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.
Chorus:

G

With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!

C F

Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!

C G C

There's whiskey in the jar.

C Am

I went in to my chamber all for to take a slumber,

F C

I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,

C Am

For Jenny drew my charges and then filled them up with water,

F C

And she sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus:

G

With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!

C F

Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!

C G C

There's whiskey in the jar.

C Am

'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,

F C

Up crept a band of footmen and sure with them Captain Farrell,

C Am

I then produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,

F C

But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.
Chorus:

G
With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
C
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
C
There's whiskey in the jar.

C Am
If anyone can help me it's my brother in the army,
F C
If I could learn his station be it Cork or in Killarney,
C Am
And if he'd come and join me we'd go roving in Kilkenny,
F C
I know he'd treat me fairer than me darling sporting Jenny.

Chorus:

G
With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
C
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
C
There's whiskey in the jar.

C Am
There's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin',
F C
and some takes delight in the Hurley or the Bollin'.
C Am
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
F C
and courtin' pretty maids in the mornin', oh so early.
Chorus:

G
With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
C       F
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
    C    G    C
There's whiskey in the jar.

Whisky in the Jar
Wild Rover

folk song

Key of C

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I promise to play the wild rover no more

**CHORUS:**

And it's no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I play the wild rover,
No never, no more

I went to an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the land-lady me money's all spent,
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay...
Sure a custom like yours I could get any day."

CHORUS:

G7
And it's no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
C F
No, nay, never, no more,
C F
Will I play the wild rover,
G7 C C
No never, no more

C F
And from my pocket I took sovereigns bright,
C G7 C
And the landlady's eyes they lit up with delight,
C F
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,
C G7 C
And I'll take you up-stairs, and I'll show you the rest.

CHORUS:

G7
And it's no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
C F
No, nay, never, no more,
C F
Will I play the wild rover,
G7 C C
No never, no more
C F
I'll go home to me parents, confess what I've done,
C G7 C
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
C F
And if they forgive me as oft times before,
C G7 C
Then I promise I'll play the wild rover no more!

CHORUS:
G7
And it's no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
C F
No, nay, never, no more,
C F
Will I play the wild rover,
G7 C C
No never, no more

CHORUS:
G7
And it's no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)
C F
No, nay, never, no more,
C F
Will I play the wild rover,
G7 C C
No never, no more

Wild Rover
The Mermaid
Great Big Sea

Intro:

F C F C F C G C

C
When I was a lad in a fishing town
F C
Me old man said to me...
C Am
"You can spend your life, your jolly life
F G
Just sailing on the sea.
C
You can search the world for pretty girls
F Em
Til your eyes are weak and dim,
F C Am
But don't go searching for a mermaid, son
F G C
If you don't know how to swim"

F C
'Cause her hair was green as seaweed
F C
Her skin was blue and pale
F  C
Her face it was a work of art,
F  C
I loved that girl with all my heart
F  C  Am
But I only liked the upper part
F  G  C
I did not like the tail.

**Tin whistle:**
CG  C  GCG  CGG

C
I signed onto a sailing ship
F  C
My very first day at sea
C  Am
I seen the Mermaid in the waves,
F  G
Reaching out to me
C
"Come live with me in the sea said she,
F  Em
Down on the ocean floor
F  C  Am
And I'll show you a million wonderous things
F  G  C
You've never seen be-fore

C
So over I jumped and she pulled me down,
F  C
Down to her seaweed bed
F  C  Am
On a pillow made of a tortoise-shell
She placed beneath my head

She fed me shrimp and caviar

Upon a silver dish

From her head to her waist it was just my taste

But the rest of her was a fish

'Cause her hair was green as seaweed

Her skin was blue and pale

Her face it was a work of art,

I loved that girl with all my heart

But I only liked the upper part

I did not like the tail.

Tin whistle:

CG C GCG CG G G

But then one day, she swam away

So I sang to the clams and the whales

"Oh, how I miss her seaweed hair

And the silver shine of her scales
C
But then her sister, she swam by
    F       Em
And set my heart a-whirl..................

    F           C       Am
Cause her upper part was an ugly fish
    F           G       C
But her bottom part was a girl

    F           C
Yes her hair was green as seaweed
    F           C
Her skin was blue and pale
    F           C
Her legs they are a work of art,
    F           C
I loved that girl with all my heart
    F           C       Am
And I don't give a damn about the upper part
    F           G       C
Cause that's how I get my tail.

**Tin whistle:**
CG  C G CG  C G G  G G

CG  C G CG  C G G  G G

The Mermaid