BUG Jam Songs for March 2014

ceilidh!

BUG Jam Nite
Ballad Of Springhill Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger Am
Beer, Beer, Beer Trad. G
Biplane Evermore Irish Rovers C
Black Velvet Band traditional G
BOTANY BAY Wilhelm Meyer Lutz G
Brennan on the Moor Clancy Brothers F
Citadel Hill Trad. G
Cockles and Mussels Molly Malone D
Danny Boy Frederic Weatherly C
Donald, Where's Your Trousers? Andy Stewart Dm
Don't Get Married Girls Leon Rosselson Am
Doon In The Wee Room Trad / Daniel McLaughlin G
Down By The Sally Gardens Traditional G
Drunken Sailor traditional sea shanty Am
Farewell to Nova Scotia McGinty G
Forty Shades of Green Johnny Cash F
Go Lassie Go Trad. G
Gypsy Rover traditional C
Hanging Johnny Trad. Sea Shanty C
I'se the b'y traditional G
Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor Trad. G
Kelligrew's Soiree Johnny Burke C
Lily The Pink The Scaffold G
Loch Lomond traditional A
Lord Of The Dance Ronan Hardiman C
Lukey's Boat folk song C
Maids When You're Young The Dubliners D
Mairi's Wedding John Roderick Bannerman C
My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean Scottish folk song C
Seagull Stew Ignatius Patrick Matthews (1950-2011) C
Sweet Forget Me Not traditional G
Tell Me Ma children's song C
That's An Irish Lullaby James Royce Shannon G
The Galway Girl Steve Earle D
The Maid on the Shore Trad? Am
The Mermaid Great Big Sea G
The Orange And The Green Irish Rovers C
The Squid-Jiggin' Ground Arthur R. Scammell A
The Unicorn Song Irish Rovers C
Time BUG Members Please aka Time Gentlemen Please C
We all Fall Down Freeman Dre & the Kitchen Party F
Welcome Poor Paddy Home Trad? D
We'll Rant And We'll Roar Newfoundland folk song C
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling Ernest Ball, Chauncey Olcott & George Graff G
Whisky in the Jar Traditional C
Wild Rover folk song C
Ballad Of Springhill
Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger

Key of Am

Am    G    Am    G
In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
Am    D    Am
Down in the dark of the Cumberland Mine
Am    D    G    E7
There’s blood on the coal and the miners lie
Am    G    Am    G
In the roads that never saw sun nor sky
Am    G    Am    Em
Roads that never saw sun nor sky

Am    G    Am    G
In the town of Springhill, you don’t sleep easy
Am    D    Am
Often the earth will tremble and roll
Am    D    G    E7
When the earth is restless, miners die
Am    G    Am    G
Bone and blood is the price of coal
Am    G    Am    Em
Bone and blood is the price of coal

Am    G    Am    G
In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
Am    D    Am
Late in the year of fifty-eight
Am D G E7
Day still comes and the sun still shines
Am G Am G
But it’s dark as the grave in the Cumberland Mine
Am G Am Em
Dark as the grave in the Cumberland Mine

Am G Am G
Down at the coal face, miners working
Am D Am
Rattle of the belt, and the cutter’s blade
Am D G E7
Rumble of rock and the walls close round
Am G Am G
The living and the dead men two miles down
Am G Am Em
Living and the dead men two miles down

Am G Am G
Twelve men lay two miles from the pitshaft
Am D Am
Twelve men lay in the dark and sang
Am D G E7
Long hot days in a miner’s tomb
Am G Am G
It was three feet high and a hundred long
Am G Am Em
Three feet high and a hundred long

Am G Am G
Three days passed and the lamps gave out
Am D Am
And Caleb Rushton, he up and said;
Am D G E7
“There’s no more water nor light nor bread
So we’ll live on songs and hope in-stead,
Am  G  Am  G  We’ll live on songs and hope in-stead.”

Am  G  Am  G  Listen for the shouts of the bareface miners
Am  D  Am  Listen through the rubble for a rescue team
Am  D  G  E7  Six-hundred feet of coal and slag
Am  G  Am  G  Hope im-prisoned in a three-foot seam
Am  G  Am  Em  Hope im-prisoned in a three-foot seam

Am  G  Am  G  Eight days passed and some were rescued
Am  D  Am  Leaving the dead to lie a-lone
Am  D  G  E7  Through all their lives they dug a grave
Am  G  Am  G  Two miles of earth for a marking stone
Am  G  Am  Em  Two miles of earth for a marking ↓ stone

Ballad Of Springhill
Beer, Beer, Beer
Trad.

Intro: G         D         G
Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer...

G         D         G
A long time ago, way back in history
G         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
G         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
G         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
G         D
Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented
G         D         G
Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer...

G         D         G
The Purest Bar, the Country's Pub, the Hole-In-The-Wall as well
G         C         D
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:
D       G       D       G
He......y! He must have been an admiral, a sultan or a king
G       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
G       D
Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented
G       D       G
Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer...

G       D       G
A bushel of malt, a barrel of hops, stir it around with a stick
G       C       D
The type of lubrication to make your engine tick
G       C       G
Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks
G       D       G
It's only eight pence halpenny a pint, and one and six in tax

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

CHORUS:
D       G       D       G
He......y! 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
Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer...
Tiddley beer, beer, beer... the Lord bless Charlie \downarrow Mopps!

Beer, Beer, Beer
Biplane Evermore
Irish Rovers

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 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 Am C Am
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane

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
F C G C C
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       Am    C    Am
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane

C       F       C       F       C
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       Am    C    Am
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane

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 dis-couraged by circumstance or size
F       C       G       C
Re-member Ever-more and set your sights upon the skies
FINAL CHORUS:
C   F   C
Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane
F   C   G   C
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane
C   F   C
Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane
F   C   G   C
Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane

SPOKEN
Am
Goodnight Wilbur
C   Am   C
Goodily night, Orville  ↓

Biplane Evermore
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 o’er me

And caused me to stray from the land

Far a-way from me friends and re-lations

Be-trayed by the black velvet band

CHORUS:

Her eyes they shone 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 was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a ficklesome damsels
She was selling her trade in the bar
When a watch she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the law came and put me in prison
Bad luck to her black velvet band

**CHORUS:**
Her eyes they shone 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
For trial I had to appear
Then the judge, he says “me young fellow
The case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence
You’re going to Van Diemen’s Land”
Far a-way from your friends and re-lations
Be-trayed by the black velvet band”

CHORUS:
Her eyes they shone 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

So come all ye jolly young fellows
I’ll have you take warnin’ by me
And when-ever you’re out on the liquor me lads
Be-ware of the pretty col-leens
For they’ll fill you with whiskey and porter
Till you are not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know me lads
You’ve landed in Van Diemen’s Land ↓
CHORUS:

G     G
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds

D     D
You’d think she was queen of the land

G     Em
And her hair hung over her shoulder

Slow down

C     D     G     G
Tied up with a black velvet band  \textless\texttremelo\textgreater

Black Velvet Band
BOTANY BAY
Wilhelm Meyer Lutz

Key of G

G          D7          C
0 2 3 2    2 0 2 0    0 0 0 3

Briskly 3/4

I:       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
G        C        D7
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
And we're bound for Botany Bay

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

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

BOTANY BAY
Brennan on the Moor
Clancy Brothers

Intro: F C G7 C <last line of CHORUS>

C 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 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
F C Em
"Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me."

CHORUS:
C Em
And it's 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 com-menced to weep and cry
She said “hand to me that tenpenny” and as soon as Willie spoke
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak

CHORUS:

Young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor

Now with this loaded blunderbuss, a truth I will unfold
He made the mayor to tremble and 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:

Did young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor

Now Brennan being an outlaw, up-on the mountains high
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try
He laughed at them with scorn un-till at last ‘twas said
By a false-hearted woman he was cruelly be-trayed

CHORUS:

C

Em

Was young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor

F

C

G7

C

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

Brennan on the Moor

F C G7 C
Citadel Hill
Trad.

G
D
Am7
C

G
D
G

One day in December I'll never for-get

Am7
D

A charming young creature I happily met

G
C
G

Her eyes shone like diamonds, she was dressed up to kill

C
G
D
G

She was tripping and slipping 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
G

Lidy-l-die

G
D
G

I says, "My fair creature, you will me ex-cuse!"

Am7
D

I offered my arm and she did not re-fuse

G
C
G

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 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 G
Lidy-I-die

G D G
So now we are married and of children have three
But me and the missus can never a-gree
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
Cockles and Mussels
Molly Malone

1, 2, 3 / 1, 2, 3

Intro: play chorus - ukes only

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<tr>
<th>D</th>
<th>Bm</th>
<th>Em7</th>
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In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,

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I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,

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As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,

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<tr>
<th>Em7</th>
<th>A7</th>
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Through streets broad and narrow,

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<th>Bm</th>
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Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

Chorus:

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<th>D</th>
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A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!

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She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,

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For so were her father and mother be-fore,

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And they each wheeled their 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 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 '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 here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
Ye'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, will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I shall sleep in peace un-til you come to me

Danny Boy
Donald, Where's Your Trousers?
Andy Stewart

Key of Dm

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm no very big and I'm awful shy
And the lassies shout when I go by,
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

CHORUS:
Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low
Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say, "Hello!
Donald, where's your troosers?"

A lassie took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
And I was feart that I would fall
For I had nae on my troosers
CHORUS:  
  Dm
Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
  C
Through the streets in my kilt I’ll go  
  Dm
All the lassies say, "Hello!  
  C          Dm          Dm
Donald, where's your troosers?"

Dm
Now I went down to London town  
  C
And I had some fun in the underground  
  Dm
The ladies turned their heads around, saying,  
  C          Dm
"Donald, where are your trousers?"

CHORUS:  
  Dm
Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
  C
Through the streets in my kilt I’ll go  
  Dm
All the lassies say, "Hello!  
  C          Dm          Dm
Donald, where's your troosers?"

Dm
To wear the kilt is my delight  
  C
It is not wrong, I know it’s right
The ‘ighlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the troosers

**CHORUS:**

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The lassies want me every one
Well let them catch me if they can
You cannae take the breeks off a Hieland man,
And I don’t wear the troosers

**CHORUS:**

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Dm
Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low
C
Through the streets in my kilt I’ll go
Dm
All the lassies say, "Hello!
C     Dm
Donald, where's your ↓ troosers?"

Donald, Where's Your Trousers?
Don’t Get Married Girls
Leon Rosselson

Am       D       Am
Oh don't get married, girls, you'll sign away your life,
C         G         F         G         Am
You may start off as a woman, but you'll end up as the wife.
Am       D       Am
You could be a vestal virgin, take the veil and be a nun,
C         G         F         E7
But don't get married, girls, for marriage isn't fun.

A       E7
Oh, it's fine when you're romancing, and he plays the lover's part,
D         A         E7
You're the roses in his garden, you're the flame that warms his heart.
D         A         D         A
And his love will last for-ever, and he'll promise you the moon,
E7         A         E7         A
But just wait until you're wedded, and he'll sing a different tune.

D         A         D         A
You're his tapioca pudding, you're the dumplings in his stew,
D         A         E7
But he'll soon begin to wonder, what he ever saw in you.
D         A         D         A
Till he takes without com-plaining all the dishes you pro-vide,
For you see he’s got to have his bit of jam tart on the side.

So don’t get married, girls, it’s very badly paid,
You may start off as the mistress, but you’ll end up as the maid.
Be a daring deep sea diver, be a polished poly-glot,
But don’t get married, girls, for marriage is a plot.

Have you seen him in the morning, with a face that looks like death,
With dandruff on his pillow, and tobacco on his breath?
And he needs some reas-surance, with his cup of tea in bed,
For he’s worried by the mortgage, and the bald patch on his head.

And he’s sure that you’re his mother lays his head upon your breast,
For you try to boost his ego, iron his shirt, and warm his vest.
Then you get him off to work, the mighty hunter is re-stored,
And he leaves you there with nothing but the dreams you can’t af-ford.

So don’t get married, girls, men are all the same,
They’ll just use you when they need you, you’d do better on the game.
Be a call girl, be a stripper, be a hostess, be a whore,
But don’t get married, girls, for marriage is a bore.
When he comes home in the evening, he can hardly spare a look,
All he says is, "What's for dinner?" After all, you're just the cook.
But when he takes you to a party, well he eyes you with a frown,
For you know you've got to look your best, you mustn't let him down.

And he'll clutch you with that "look, what I've got" twinkle in his eyes,
Like he's entered for a raffle, and he's won you for the prize.
Ah, but when the party's over, you'll be slogging through the sludge,
Half the time a décor-ation and the other half a drudge.

So don't get married, it'll drive you round the bend.
It's the lane without a turning, it's the end without an end.
Take a lover every Friday, take up tennis, be a nurse,
But don't get married, girls, for marriage is a curse.

Then you get him off to work, the mighty hunter is restored,
And he leaves you there with nothing, but the dreams you can't afford.

Don’t Get Married Girls
Doon In The Wee Room
Trad / Daniel McLaughlin

CHORUS:
G          C          G
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair
C          G          D
Everybody's happy and everybody's there
G          C          G
We're playin' ukulele, each in his chair
C          G          D7          G          G
Doon in the wee room under-neath the stair

G          C          G
When you're tired and weary and you're feeling blue
C          G          D
Don't give way tae sorrow, we'll tell you what to do
G          C          G
Just tak' a trip tae Ottawa and find the Clocktower there
C          G          D7          G
And go doon tae the wee room under-neath the stair

CHORUS:
G          C          G
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair
C          G          D
Everybody's happy and everybody's there
G          C          G
We're playin' ukulele, each in his chair
Doon in the wee room under-neath the stair

If you play ukulele, and you want to hae some cheer
Take a trip tae Ottawa and order up a beer
Hae yersel' a bevvy, gie yersel' a tear
Doon in the wee room under-neath the stair

CHORUS:
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair
Everybody's happy and everybody's there
We're playin' ukulele, each in his chair
Doon in the wee room under-neath the stair

When I'm auld and feeble and my bones are gettin' set
Ah'll no get cross and cranky like other people get
Ah'm savin' up ma bawbees tae buy a hurly chair
Tae tak' me tae the wee room under-neath the stair

CHORUS:
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair
C  G  D
All the BUGs are happy and everybody's there
G  C  G

We're playin' ukulele, each in his chair
C  G  D7  G

Doon in the wee room under-neath the stair

One more time

G  C  G
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair
C  G  D
All the BUGs are happy and everybody's there
G  C  G

We're playin' ukulele, each in his chair
C  G  D7  G  G

Doon in the wee room under-neath the ↓ stair ↓

Doon In The Wee Room
Down By The Sally Gardens
Traditional

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

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

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

Down By The Sally Gardens
Drunken Sailor
traditional sea shanty

Strumming Pattern:  | D - d u - u d u |

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

Chorus:
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Way hay and up she rises
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G    Am
Earl-aye in the morning

Verse 2:
Am
Sling him in the long boat till he's sober
G
Sling him in the long boat till he's sober
Am
Sling him in the long boat till he's sober
G         Am
Earl-aye in the morning?

**Chorus:**
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Way hay and up she rises
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G         Am
Earl-aye in the morning

**Verse 3:**
Am
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
G
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
Am
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
G    Am
Earl-aye in the morning?

**Chorus:**
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Way hay and up she rises
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G    Am
Earl-aye in the morning
Verse 4:
Am
Send him up the crow's nest till he falls down.
G
Send him up the crow's nest till he falls down.
Am
Send him up the crow's nest till he falls down.
G
Earl-aye in the morning?

Chorus:
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Way hay and up she rises
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Earl-aye in the morning

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

Chorus:
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Way hay and up she rises
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G   Am
Earl-aye in the morning

Drunken Sailor
Farewell to Nova Scotia
McGinty

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

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

I grieve to leave my native land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my parents, whom I held so dear
And the bonny, bonny lass that I do adore
CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

**Final CHORUS:**

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

**Farewell to Nova Scotia**
Forty Shades of Green
Johnny Cash

Key of F

Intro: F C G7 C C (last 2 lines of verse)

C
I close my eyes and picture
  F
the emerald of the sea

C
From the fishing boats at Dingle
  D7 G7
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
  C G7
As soft as eider-down
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

I        F        C        G7        C        C  (last 2 lines of verse)

I wish that I could spend an hour 
F
At Dublin's churning surf 
C
I'd love to watch the farmers 
D7  G7
Drain the bogs and spade the turf 
C
To see again the thatching 
F
Of the straw the women glean 
C
I would walk from Cork to Lian 
G7  C
To see the 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
Go Lassie Go

Oh the summer-time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows a-round the blooming heather

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

Key of C

Strum: I: D - d - u I D - d - u :I:

Intro: C G7 C G7

C G7 C G7
The gypsy rover came over the hill
C G7 C G7
Down through the valley so sha-dy
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--a-dy

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--a-dy

C G7 C G7
She left her father's castle gates
C G7 C G7
She left her own fine lo-ver
She left her servants and her es-state
To follow the gypsy ro--o-ver

CHORUS:
Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day
Ah-de-do, ah-de-da-a-y
He whistled and he sang 'till the greenwoods rang
And he won the heart of a la--a-dy

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
And roamed the valleys all o-ver
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy ro--o-ver

CHORUS:
Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day
Ah-de-do, ah-de-da-a-y
He whistled and he sang 'till the greenwoods rang
And he won the heart of a la--a-dy

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Clay-dee
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his la--a-dy

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 la--a-dy

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

Final 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 la--a-dy
They call me hanging Johnny
Y ay-hay-i-o
I never hanged no-body
And it’s hang, boys, hang

Well first I hanged your mother
Y ay-hay-i-o
Me sister and me brother
And it’s hang, boys, hang

I'd hang to make things jolly
Y ay-hay-i-o
I'd hang all wrong and folly
And it’s hang, boys, hang
F       C       C
A rope, a beam, a ladder
G       C       C
I'll hang ye all to-gether
F       C       C
Well next I hanged me granny
G       G
I'd hang the holy family

C       C
They call me hanging Johnny
F       CC
Y ay-hay-i-o
F       C       Am       Am
And I never hanged no-body
C       G7       C       C
And it's hang, boys, hang

C       C
I'd hang me mates and skippers
F       CC
Y ay-hay-i-o
F       C       Am       Am
I'd hang 'em by their flippers
C       G7       C       C
And it's hang, boys, hang

F       C       C
Come hang, come haul to-gether
G       C       C
Come hang for finer weather
F       C       C
Hang on from the yardarm
Hang the sea and buy a pig farm

I'd hang the highway robber
Y ay-hay-i-o
I'd hang the burglar jobber
And it’s hang, boys, hang

I'd hang a noted liar
Y ay-hay-i-o
I'd hang a bloated friar
And it’s hang, boys, hang

They say I hung a copper
Y ay-hay-i-o
I gave him the long dropper
And it’s hang, boys, hang

They call me hanging Johnny
I never hanged no-body
And it’s hang, boys, hang

Yes they call me hanging Johnny
Y ay-hay-i-o
I never hanged no-body
And it’s hang, ↓ boys, ↓ hang

Hanging Johnny
I'se the b'y

traditional

Verse 1 – ukes only
Intro: G D G C D G D C D G

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-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
Sods and rinds to cover your flake
G        C D
Cake and tea for sup-per
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
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,
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,
       G           C           D
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
       G           D
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
All a-round the circle

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

CHORUS:

Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo,
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,

All a-round the circle

I'se the b'y
Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor
Trad.

INTRO: G D7 G G↓

X G
Now, ‘twas twenty-five or thirty years
D7
Since Jack first saw the light
He came into this world of woe
G
One dark and stormy night
He was born on board his father’s ship
D7
As she was lying to
‘Bout twenty-five or thirty miles
G
Southeast of Bacca- ↓-lieu

CHORUS:
D7 G D7
↓ Oh Jack was every inch a sailor
G
Five and twenty years a whaler
D7
Jack was every inch a sailor
G
He was born upon the deep blue sea
When Jack grew up to be a man
He went to Labra-dor
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
And turned him inside out!
CHORUS:
D7    G    D7
↓  Oh Jack was every inch a sailor
    G
Five and twenty years a whaler
    D7
Jack was every inch a sailor
    G
He was born upon the deep blue sea

Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor
Kelligrew’s Soiree
Johnny Burke

You may talk of Clara Nolan's Ball or anything you choose,
But it couldn't hold a snuffbox to the spree in Kelligrew's;
If you want your eyeballs straightened just come out next week with me,
You'll have to wear your glasses at the Kelligrew’s Soiree.

There was birch rind, tar twine, cherry wine and turpentine,
Jowls and cava-lances, ginger beer and tea;
Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings boiled up in a sheet,
Dandelion and crackie's teeth at the Kelligrew’s Soiree

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 Kelli-grew's.

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 Kelligrew's 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 Kelligrew's 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 Kelli-grew's.

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 Kelligrew's 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 Kelligrew's Soir-ee!"

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

**Kelligrew’s 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         C
For she invented, medicinal compound,
         C  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
G
And so they gave him, medicinal compound
Now they move him round on wheels

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    C
Most efficacious, in every case

C          G
Old Ebe-nezer thought he was Julius Caesar
          C
And so they put him in a home
          G
Where they gave him, medicinal compound
          C
And now he's emperor of Rome

C          G
Johnny Hammer, had a terrible st st st st stammer,
          C
He could hardly s-s-say a word,
          G
And so they gave him, medicinal compound,
          C
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    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

Extra verse:
        C     G
Uncle Markie got awfully snarky,
        C
When they broke his uk-u-le-le,
        G
So he fixed it, with medicinal compound,
        C
and some wood from a shille ↓ lagh

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

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 ↓

Lily The Pink
Loch Lomond

traditional

Key of A

\[
\text{Strum: l: D d - u l D d - u :l:}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{A} & \text{D} & \text{E7} & \\
2 & 1 & 0 & 0 \\
\text{A6} & & & \\
2 & 1 & 2 & 0 \\
\end{array}
\]

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes

Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond

Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond

**CHORUS:**

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{A} & \text{A6} & \text{D} & \text{E7} \\
\text{A} & \text{A6} & \text{D} & \text{E7} \\
\text{A6} & \text{A} & \text{D} & \text{E7} \\
\text{A} & \text{A6} & \text{E7} & \text{A} \\
\end{array}
\]

Oh! Ye’l1 take the high road, and I’l1 take the low road

And I’l1 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

Twas then that we parted by yon shady glen

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:**

\[ A \quad A6 \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

Oh! Ye’ll take the high road, and I’ll take the low road
\[ A \quad A6 \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

And I’ll be in Scotland a-fore ye,
\[ A6 \quad A \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

But me and my true love will never meet a-gain
\[ A \quad A6 \quad E7 \quad A \]

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond

\[ A \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring
\[ A \quad A6 \quad D \quad A \]

And in sunshine the waters are sleep-ing
\[ A6 \quad A \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring a-gain
\[ A \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

Though the waeful may cease from their gree-ting

**CHORUS:**

\[ A \quad A6 \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

Oh! Ye’ll take the high road, and I’ll take the low road
\[ A \quad A6 \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

And I’ll be in Scotland a-fore ye,
\[ A6 \quad A \quad D \quad E7 \quad A \]

But me and my true love will never meet a-gain
\[ A \quad A6 \quad E7 \quad A \]

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond

**Loch Lomond**
Lord Of The Dance
Ronan Hardiman

Key of C

CHORUS:
C
Dance, dance, wherever you may be  G
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
C
And I lead you all, wherever you may be  G7  C  C
And I lead you all in the Dance, said He!

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 the Earth
F  G7  C
At Bethle-hem I had my birth

CHORUS:
C
Dance, dance, wherever you may be  G
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
C
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the Dance, said He!

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, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the Dance, said He!

I danced on the Sabbath, cured the lame
Holy people said it was a shame!
They whipped, they stripped, they hung me high
Left me there on the hill to die!

CHORUS:
Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the Dance, said He!

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
Hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body, they thought I was gone
But I am the Dance & the dance goes on!

CHORUS:
Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
And I lead you all in the Dance, said He!

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

CHORUS:
Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
C
And I lead you all, wherever you may be
G7 C
And I lead you all in the Dance, said He!

C
Dance, dance, wherever you may be
G
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
C
And I lead you all, wherever you may be…
G7 C
And I lead you all in the Dance, said He!

Lord Of The Dance
Lukey’s Boat
folk song

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

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

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

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

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

↓
Maids When You’re Young

¾ waltz time

D  A  A
An old man came courting me, hey ding a 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-loorum, fal diddle li oo rum
D  A  A
He's got no fal-loorum, fal diddle fal day
D  G  D  A
Oh, he's got no fal-loorum, he’s lost his ding-doorum
D  G  A  D  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
D  G  A  D
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man
CHORUS:

D      A
For he's got no fal-loorum, fal diddle li oo rum
D      A  A

D      G      D      A
He's got no fal-loorum, fal diddle fal day

D      G      A      D      D      D
Oh, he's got no fal-loorum, he's lost his ding-doorum

D      A
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

D      A  A  A
When this old man goes to sleep, hey ding a doo rum dow
D      A  A

D      G      D      A
When this old man goes to sleep, me being young

D      G      A      D
When this old man goes to sleep, out of bed I do creep

D      G      A
Into the arms of a handsome young man

Final CHORUS:

D      A
For he's got fal-loorum, fal diddle li oo rum
D      A  A

D      G      D      A
He's got fal-loorum, fal diddle fal day

D      G      A      D      D      D
Yes, he's got fal-loorum, he found my ding-doorum

D      A  A  A  D  D
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man ↓

Maids When You’re Young
INTRO: Chorus – ukes only

**CHORUS:**

**C**
Step we gaily on we go

**F**  
Heel for heel and toe for toe

**C**
Arm in arm and row and row

**F**  
All for Mairi's wedding

**C**
Over hillways, up and down,

**F**  
Myrtle green and bracken brown,

**C**
Past the sheilings through the town

**F**  
All for the sake of Mairi.

**CHORUS:**

**C**
Step we gaily on we go

**F**  
Heel for heel and toe for toe
C
Arm in arm and row and row
F          G
All for Mairi's wedding

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

KEY CHANGE
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

D
Plenty herring, plenty meal,
G          A7
Plenty peat to fill her kreel.
D
Plenty bonnie bairns as well,
G          A7
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
One last time ...
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
My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean
Scottish folk song

Key of C

Chord Diagrams:

- C: 0 0 0 3
- F: 2 0 1 0
- G: 0 2 3 2

My bonnie lies over the ocean
C  F  C
My bonnie lies over the sea
C  G  
My bonnie lies over the ocean
C  F  C
O bring back my bonnie to me

CHORUS:
C  F
Bring back, bring back
G  C
O bring back my bonnie to me, to me
C  F
Bring back, bring back
G  C
O bring back my bonnie to me

C  F  C
O blow ye winds over the ocean
C  G  
O blow ye winds over the sea
C  F  C
O 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
O bring back my bonnie to me, to me
C       F
Bring back, bring back

G       C
O bring back my bonnie to me

C       F       C
Last night as I lay on my pillow
C       G

C       F       C
Last night as I lay on my bed
C       F       C
Last night as I lay on my pillow
F       G       C
I dreamed my poor bonnie was dead

CHORUS:
C       F
Bring back, bring back

G       C
O bring back my bonnie to me, to me
C       F
Bring back, bring back

G       C
O bring back my bonnie to me

My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean
When we were just kids out jiggin' for tom cods,
Seemed like there was nothing left for to do
If you've mind to gather and set at my table,
Here is the story I'll tell unto you

Our father he died in a town they call Gander,
We were just kids, much too young to care
Our mother got killed by thunder and lightning,
Sometime in August the following year

CHORUS:
Oh, those memories don't bring us much joy
Back in the days when we were both boys
No turkey for Christmas but we'll putter through
We'd sit at the table and eat seagull stew
Our sister was Madeline, scarcely sixteen,
Working for the family in the Copper Cove mine
She had to come home, look after four children,
Scarce was the money and hard were the times

CHORUS:
Oh, those memories don't bring us much joy
Back in the days when we were both boys
No turkey for Christmas but we'll putter through
We'd sit at the table and eat seagull stew

We used to get up at four every morning,
The dog and the bunker to the woods we would go
To get us some dry wood to chop up as kindle,
To light up the fire in our Waterloo stove

CHORUS:
Oh, those memories don't bring us much joy
Back in the days when we were both boys
No turkey for Christmas but we'll putter through
We'd sit at the table and eat seagull stew

We used to go over to Mister Bill Martin's,
A gallon of kerosene set in the gloom
He said, "Sure young Matt is too bright for the rabbits,
Haul a great blanket on over the moon"

Final CHORUS:
Oh, those memories don't bring us much joy
Back in the days when we were both boys
No turkey for Christmas but we'll putter through
We'd sit at the table and eat seagull stew
We'd sit at the table and eat seagull stew

Seagull Stew
Sweet Forget Me Not

Key of G

traditional

INTRO: <last line of verse> G D A D

D G 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."

G D A D <last line of verse>

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

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

Sweet Forget Me Not
Tell Me Ma
children's song

Key of C

C F G7

CHORUS:
C F C
I'll tell me ma when I get home
G7 C
The boys won't leave the girls alone
F C
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
G7 C
But that's all right till I go home
C F
\[ \text{↓ She is handsome ↓ she is pretty} \]
C G7
\[ \text{↓ She's the Belle of ↓ Belfast city} \]
C F
She is courtin' one two three
C G7 C C
Please won't you tell me who is she

C F C
Albert Mooney says he loves her
G7 C
All the boys are fightin' for her
C F C
They rap on her door and ring on the bell
G7 C
Will she come out who can tell
C F
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murray says that she will die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

**CHORUS:**

I'll tell me ma when I get home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled me hair and they stole me comb
But that's all right till I go home
She is handsome she is pretty
She’s the Belle of Belfast city
She is courtin' one two three
Please won't you tell me who is she

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

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

no ukes, just singing and clapping

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

Tell Me Ma
That’s An Irish Lullaby
James Royce Shannon

Key of G

G C G G
Over in Kil-larney
Em G D7
Many years a-go
G C G
Me mother sang a song to me
A7 Am7 D7
In tones so sweet and low
G C G G
Just a simple little ditty
Em G G
In her good ould Irish way
C G
And I’d give the world if she could sing
A7 Am7 D7
That song to me this day

CHORUS:
G C G G G7
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo—ral
C C#dim
Too-ra-loo-ra-li
G   C   G
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo—ral
A7          D7
Hush, now don’t you cry
G   C   G   G7
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo—ral
C          C#dim
Too-ra-loo-ra-li
G   C   G
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo—ral
   A7   Cm   D7   G   D7
That’s an Irish lul- la- by

G   C   G   G
Oft in dreams I wander
Em          G   D7
To that cot a-gain
G   C   G   G
I feel her arms a-huggin’ me
   A7   Am7   D7
As when she held me then
G   C   G
And I hear her voice a-hummin’ to me
Em          G   G
As in days of yore
C           G   G
When she used to rock me fast a-sleep
   A7   Am7   D7
Out-side the cabin door

CHORUS:
G   C   G   G7
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo—ral
C          C#dim
Too-ra-loo-ra-li
G   C   G
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo—ral
A7               D7
Hush, now don’t you cry
G   C   G   G7
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo—ral
C                   C#dim
Too-ra-loo-ra-li
G   C   G
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo—ral
   A7  Cm   D7  G   D7  G
That’s an Irish lul-la by

That’s An Irish Lullaby
The Galway Girl
Steve Earle

Key of D

1, 2, / 1, 2
Strum: I: d - D u - u D u l d - D u - u D u :l:
I X= don’t play chords

I D / D / D / D↓

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
We were halfway there when the rain came down
Of a day-I-ay-I-ay
And she asked me up to her flat down-town
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
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
Bm          D          G          D          GD
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
G          D          GD

‘Cause I've traveled a-round
G          D          GD

I've been all over this world   Boys…

Bm          D          A          D          D
I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

| D / D / G / D / G D/ A D/ A / A G D |
| G / G / D / A / G D/ D A/ A / A G D |

The Galway Girl
The Maid on the Shore

Trad?

Am G Em C

There's nothing she can find to comfort her mind

But to roam all alone on the shore, shore shore

'Twas of the young Captain who sailed the salt sea

I will die, I will die, the young Captain did cry

If I don't have that maid on the shore, shore shore

Well, I have lots of silver, I have lots of gold
I have lots of costly ware-o
I'll di-vide, I'll di-vide, with my jolly ship's crew
If they row me that maid on the shore, shore shore
If they row me that maid on the shore

After much persua-ision, they got her a-board
Let the wind blow high, blow low
They re-placed her a-way in his cabin be-low
Here's a-dieu to all sorrow and care, care care
Here's a-dieu to all sorrow and care

They re-placed her a-way in his cabin be-low
Let the wind blow high, blow low
She's so pretty and neat, she's so sweet and com-plete
She's sung Captain and sailors to sleep, sleep sleep
She's sung Captain and sailors to sleep

Then she robbed him of silver, she robbed him of gold
She robbed him of costly ware-o
Then took his broad-sword in-stea-d of an oar
And paddled her way to the shore, shore shore

Well, me men must be crazy, me men must be mad
Me men must be deep in des-pair-o
For to let you a-way from my cabin so gay
And to paddle your way to the shore, shore shore

Well, your men was not crazy, your men was not mad
Your men was not deep in des-pair-o
I de-luded your sailors as well as your-self
I'm a maiden a-gain on the shore, shore shore

a capella ...
Well, there is a young maiden, she lives all alone
She lives all alone on the shore-o
There's nothing she can find to comfort her mind
But to roam all alone on the shore, shore, shore
But to roam all alone on the shore
The Mermaid
Great Big Sea

INTRO: G / D / G / D / G / D / G / D

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

‘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:**

I \(\text{D} / \text{A} / \text{D} / \text{G} \quad \text{A} / \text{D} / \text{A} / \text{D} \quad \text{G} / \text{A} \)

I signed onto a sailing ship

My very first day at sea

I seen the Mermaid in the waves

A-reaching out to me

"Come live with me in the sea," said she

“Down on the ocean floor

And I’ll show you a million wonderous things

You've never seen be-fore."

So over I jumped and she pulled me down

Down to her seaweed bed

On a pillow made of a tortoise-shell

She placed beneath my head

She fed me shrimp and caviar

Up-on 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:

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!"

But then her sister, she swam by

And set my heart a-whirl... ... ...<pause>

‘Cause her upper part was an ugly fish
But her bottom part was a girl

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

Tin whistle: D / A / D / G A / D / A / D G / A
D / A / D / G A / D / A / D G / A

The Mermaid
INTRO:  C / C / G / G / F / C / G / C
<same as CHORUS>

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

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

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

   C         G
Bap-tized by Father Reilly I was rushed away by car
   F    C     G          C
To be made a little Orangemen, me father’s shining star
   Am     G
I was christened David Anthony 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

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

With mother every Sunday to mass I’d proudly stroll

Then 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 de-pending were I was

CHORUS:

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

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

One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me

Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea

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

And me being strictly neutral I bashed everyone in sight

CHORUS:

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

My father he was Orange, and me mother she was green
Now my parents never could agree about my type of school
My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool
They both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught between
That awful colour problem of the Orange and the Green

CHORUS:
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
My father he was Orange, and me mother she was green
Yes, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
My father he was Orange, and me mother she was green

The Orange And The Green
INTRO:  A/ D/ E7/ A/ A/

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

E7  A  D  A
↓ Some are working their jiggers while others are yarnin',
   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  A
As they wait for the squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.  ↓

E7  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,
A-running down Squires on the squid-jiggin' ground.  

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

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

The man with the whisker is old Jacob Steele,  
He's getting well up but he's still pretty sound;  
While Uncle Bob Hawkins wears six pairs of stockings,  
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 in-clined to go squiddin',
Leave your white shirts and collars be-hind in the town;
And if you get cranky with-out your silk hanky,
You better steer clear of the squid-jiggin' ground.

The Squid-Jiggin’ Ground
The Unicorn Song
Irish Rovers

Key of C

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
But the loveliest of them all was the \textit{u-\textit{-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 \textit{u-\textit{-ni-}corn}

C Dm
Now God seen some sinning and it gave Him pain
G C
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"
C Dm
He says, "Hey brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do
C    Dm    G    C
Build me a float-ting zoo,
and take some of those ... 

C    Dm
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
Don't you forget My ↓ u- ↓ -ni-corns

C    Dm
Old Noah was there to answer the call
G    C
He finished up making the ark just as the rain started fallin’
C    Dm
He marched the animals two by two
C    Dm    G    C
And he called out as they went through
Hey Lord,

C    Dm
I've got your green alligators and long-necked geese
G    C
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees
C    Dm
Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn
C    Dm    G    C
I just can't see no ↓ u- ↓ -ni-corns "

C    Dm
Then 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 ‘cause 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

Spoken:
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 \( u \)- \( -ni \)-corns
The Unicorn Song
Time BUG Members Please
aka Time Gentlemen Please

C
Time BUG members please
C#dim G G
It's time you were no longer here
G7
Time BUG members please
Cdim C C
It's time to drink up your beer

C C7
We've had a few stories
F
Some laughter and song
D7
But the time has now come
G7
When we must say so long...
F Cdim
We'll be back here next month
C
So please come along
Now it's time BUG members please ↓ ↓ ↓

Time BUG Members Please
We all Fall Down
Freeman Dre & the Kitchen Party

Key of F

We all Fall Down

Well my good friend he hit rock bottom
Man he’s dangerous when he gets down
He gets down I mean he gets down
And I don’t see him much any more
Ain’t like we’re young now man we’re older
But I still call him just to let him know that I’m a-round

And I know we all fall down
That’s o-kay man it’s no problem
As long as you’ve got friends to help you out
Cuz we all get lost that’s a part of going walking
It’s the gettin’ home, well that’s what it’s all a-bout
That’s what it’s all a-bout
Well my good friend she lost her mind
A couple years back and she gets crying
She can’t go to sleep at night
And she knows that I’m up late
So we go drinking on a weekday
Makes me feel better when she says it makes her feel al-right

Cuz I know we all fall down
That’s o-kay girl it’s no problem
As long as you’ve got friends to help you out
Cuz we all get hurt that’s a part of being human
It’s the healin’, that’s what livin’s all a-bout
That’s what it’s all a-bout

I:  F / C / G / C / F / C / G / G
I:  F / C / G / C / F / C / G / G

And we all fall down
That’s o-kay man it’s no problem
As long as you’ve got friends to help you out
Cuz we all get lost that’s a part of going walking
It’s the gettin’ home, that’s what it’s all a-bout
That’s what it’s all a-bout

We all Fall Down
Welcome Poor Paddy Home

Key of D

\[ \text{Chord Diagrams:} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
  &D &A &G &D \\
  &2 &2 &2 &0 \\
  &A & & & \\
  &2 &1 &0 &0 \\
  &G & & & \\
  &0 &2 &3 &2 \\
\end{align*} \]

I: \[ D / A / D / D \]

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

CHORUS:

\[ \begin{align*}
  &D &A &D &D \\
  &D &A &G &A \\
\end{align*} \]

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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:**

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

One more time ...

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

**Welcome Poor Paddy Home**
We’ll Rant And We’ll Roar
Newfoundland folk song

Key of C

C  Dm  G
My name it is Robert, they call me Bob Pittman,
G7  C  C
I sail on the Ino with skipper Tom Brown;
Dm  G
I'm bound to have Dolly or Biddy or Molly,
C  Dm  G  C  C
As soon as I'm able to plank the cash down.

CHORUS:
C  Dm  G
We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfound-landers,
G7  C  C
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
Dm  G
Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,
G  C  Dm  G  C  C
Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

C  Dm  G
I'm the son of a seacook and a cook on a trader,
G7  C  C
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom;
Dm  G
I can handle a jigger and I cuts a fine figure,
C  Dm  G  C  C
When-ever I gets in a boat's standing room.
If the voyage is good then this fall I will do it,
I want two-pound-ten for a ring and a priest;
A couple of dollars for clean shirts and collars,
And a handful of coppers to make up a feast.

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

I went to a dance one night in Fox Harbour,
There were plenty of girls as nice as you'd wish;
There was one pretty maiden a-chawing on frankgum,
Just like a young kitten a-gnawing fresh fish.

There's plump little Polly, her name is Golds-worthy,
There's John Coady's Kitty and Mary Tib-bo;
There's Clara from Brule and young Martha Foley,
But the nicest of all is my girl from Toslow.

**CHORUS:**

C Dm G C C

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

G7 C C

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

Dm G

Until we see bottom in-side of two sunkers,

G C Dm G C

Then straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

C Dm G

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

G7 C C

Farewell and adieu to ye ones in the cove;

Dm G

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

C Dm G C C

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

C Dm G

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

G7 C C

Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Brule;

Dm G

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

C Dm G C C

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

**CHORUS:**

C Dm G

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
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Ernest Ball, Chauncey Olcott & George Graff

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
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

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Whisky in the Jar
Traditional

Key of C

[Chords]

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

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

With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
\[ C \quad F \]

Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
\[ C \quad G \quad C \]

There's whiskey in the jar.

\[ C \quad Am \]
I went in to my chamber all for to take a slumber,
\[ F \quad C \]
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,
\[ C \quad Am \]
For Jenny drew my charges and then filled them up with water,
\[ F \quad C \]
And she sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus:  
\[ G \]

With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
\[ C \quad F \]

Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
\[ C \quad G \quad C \]

There's whiskey in the jar.

\[ C \quad Am \]
'Twas early in the morning be-fore I rose to travel,
\[ F \quad C \]
Up crept a band of footmen and sure with them Captain Farrell,
\[ C \quad Am \]
I then produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,
\[ F \quad C \]
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          F
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
C          G          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 Kilkenney,
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          F
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
C          G          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:

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad \text{With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!} \\
C & \quad F \quad \text{Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!} \\
C & \quad G \quad C \quad \text{There's whiskey in the jar.}
\end{align*}
\]

Whisky in the Jar
Wild Rover
folk song

Key of C

Strum: I: D – u d | D – u d | D – u d | D – u d :|

I C / G7 / C / C

C F F
I've been a wild rover for many a year
C G7 C C
And I spent all me money on whiskey and beer
C F F
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
C G7 C
And I promise to play the wild rover no more

CHORUS:
G7
And it's no, nay, never <4 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 F
I went to an ale house I used to fre-quent
C G7 C C
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 <4 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

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

CHORUS:

G7
And it's no, nay, never <4 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
I'll go home to me parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they forgive me as oft times be-fore
Then I promise I'll play the wild rover no more!

CHORUS:
And it's no, nay, never  <4 stomps or claps>
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I play the wild rover,
No never, no more
One more time ...
And it's no, nay, never  <4 stomps or claps>
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I play the wild rover,
No never, no more

Wild Rover