BUG Jam Songs
March 2015

Celtic Capers!

BUG Jam Nite

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Bug Jam Song PDF Book

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Ballad Of Springhill
Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger

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,
We’ll live on songs and hope in-stead.”

Listen for the shouts of the bareface miners
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team
Six-hundred feet of coal and slag
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam

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

Ballad Of Springhill
Intro:  C

C          G          C
Oh, the year was seventeen seventy-eight
F          C          G
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
C          G          C
A letter of marque came from the king
G          F
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen

G          C          F
God damn them all, I was told
C          F          C          F
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
G          C          G          F
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
C          F          C          F
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
G          C
The last of Barrett's Privateers

C          G          C
Well Elcid Barrett cried the town
F          C          G
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
C          G          C
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
G          F
Would make for him the Antelope's crew
God damn them all, I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

God damn them all, I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

On the King's birth-day we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were ninety-one days to Mon-tego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way
God damn them all, I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier

The last of Barrett's Priva-tees

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders, we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days
God damn them all, I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

Then at length we stood two cables a-way
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

God damn them all, I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Priva-teers

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main-truck carried off both me legs
God damn them all, I was told
We’d cruise the seas for American gold
We’d fire no guns, shed no tears
But I’m a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett’s Privateers

So here I lay in me twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It’s been six years since we sailed a-way
And I just made Halifax yester-day

Barrett’s Privateers
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:**

He......y! 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:**

He......y! 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...
Tiddley beer, beer, beer... the Lord bless Charlie Mopps!

Beer, Beer, Beer
By The Glow Of The Kerosene Light
Wince Coles

F C F Bb
And I'd listen to stories, of how he once lived
F C Dm Dm
By the glow of the kerosene light
F C F F
By the glow of the kerosene light

F C F Bb
I re-member the time when my grandpa and I
F C Dm Dm
Would sit by the fire at night
F C F Bb
And I'd listen to stories, of how he once lived
F C Dm Dm
By the glow of the kerosene light
F C F F
By the glow of the kerosene light

F C F Bb
He said Mom and Dad sent me off to school
F C Dm Dm
Where I learned how to read and to write
F C F Bb
And they'd listen for hours, as I read from my books
F C Dm Dm
By the glow of the kerosene light
F C F F
By the glow of the kerosene light
And they’d listen for hours, as I read from my books
By the glow of the kerosene light
By the glow of the kerosene light ↓

Your grandma and I, we were wed at six-teen
Lord, she was a beautiful sight
And as proudly I placed, the ring on her hand
By the glow of the kerosene light
By the glow of the kerosene light ↓

About one year later, your daddy was born
And your grandma held my hand so tight
Oh! I can’t tell the joy, as she brought forth new life
By the glow of the kerosene light
By the glow of the kerosene light ↓

Oh! I can’t tell the joy, as she brought forth new life
By the glow of the kerosene light
By the glow of the kerosene light ↓

But having her child, it did weaken her soul
She just wasn’t up to the fight
But she looked so peaceful, as she went to her rest.

By the glow of the kerosene light.

By the glow of the kerosene light ↓

Then, as now, the times they were hard.

To succeed you would try all your might.

And sometimes love bloomed, but sometimes dreams died.

By the glow of the kerosene light.

By the glow of the kerosene ↓ light.

By The Glow Of The Kerosene Light
Citadel Hill

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 re-fuse
Her arm locked in mine made me feel love's sweet thrill
As we walked 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 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

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum

Lidy-I-die
Danny Boy
Frederic Weatherly

Key of C

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
Am    F    G
And all my grave, will warmer, sweeter be
C    F    C    Am
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
C    G    C
And I shall sleep in peace un-til you come to me

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

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:**

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?"

The lassies want me every one
Well let them catch me if they can
You cannæ take the breeks off a Hieland man,
And I don’t wear the 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?"
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?
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
C   G   D7   G   G
Doon in the wee room under-neath the stair

G   C   G
If you play ukulele, and you want to hae some cheer
C   G   D
Take a trip tae Ottawa and order up a beer
G   C   G
Hae yersel' a bevvy, gie yersel' a tear
C   G   D7   G
Doon in 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
C   G   D7   G   G
Doon in the wee room under-neath the stair

G   C   G
When I'm auld and feeble and my bones are gettin' set
C   G   D
Ah'll no get cross and cranky like other people get
G   C   G
Ah'm savin' up ma bawbees tae buy a hurly chair
C   G   D7   G
Tae tak' me tae the wee room under-neath the stair

CHORUS:
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
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
Drunken Sailor
traditional sea shanty

Key of Am

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
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 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          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 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          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

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 away 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:

C

Fare-well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast

Am Am

Let your mountains dark and dreary be

C G

For when I am far a-way on the briny ocean tossed

Am F Am Am

Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

C

The drums do beat and the wars do alarm

Am

My captain calls, I must obey

C G

So fare-well, fare-well to Nova Scotia's charm

Am F Am Am

For it's early in the morning, I'll be far, far away

CHORUS:

C

Fare-well to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast

Am Am

Let your mountains dark and dreary be

C G

For when I am far a-way on the briny ocean tossed

Am F Am Am

Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

C

I have three brothers and they are at rest

Am Am

Their arms are folded on their breasts

C G

While a poor simple sailor just like me
Am      F      Am      Am
Must be tossed and driven on this dark, blue sea

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

Farewell to Nova Scotia
There's naught but care on ev'ry hand
In ev'ry hour that passes-o
What signifies the life of man
An' 'twere not for the lasses-o

CHORUS:
Green grow the rushes-o
Green grow the rushes-o
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent among the lasses-o

The wordly race may riches chase
An' riches still may fly them-o
An' though at last they catch them fast
Their hearts can ne'er en-joy them-o
CHORUS:
C
Green grow the rushes-o
Dm
Green grow the rushes-o
F  C    Am
The sweetest hours that e’er I spent
Dm          Am   Am
Were spent among the lasses-o

C
Gie to me a cannie hour at e'en
Dm
My arms around my dearie-o
F  C    Am
An’ warly cares an’ warly men
Dm          Am
May a’ gae topsal-teerie-o

CHORUS:
C
Green grow the rushes-o
Dm
Green grow the rushes-o
F  C    Am
The sweetest hours that e’er I spent
Dm          Am   Am
Were spent among the lasses-o

C
Auld nature swears the lovely dears
Dm
Her noblest work she classes-o
F     C       Am
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
Dm     Am
An' then she made the lasses-o

CHORUS:
C
Green grow the rushes-o
Dm
Green grow the rushes-o
F       C       Am
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Dm     Am     Am
Were spent among the lasses-o

C
For you sae grave ye sneer at this
Dm
Ye're naught but senseless asses-o
F       C       Am
The wisest man the world e'er saw
Dm     Am
He dearly loved the lasses-o

CHORUS:
C
Green grow the rushes-o
Dm
Green grow the rushes-o
F       C       Am
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Dm     Am
Were spent among the lasses-o
C
Green grow the rushes-o
Dm
Green grow the rushes-o
F C Am
The sweetest hours that e’er I spent
Dm Am
Were spent among the ↓ lasses-o

Green Grow The Rushes O
They call me hanging Johnny
\[\text{C} \quad \text{C}\]
Y ay-hay-i-o
\[\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Am}\]
I never hanged no-body
\[\text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C}\]
And it’s hang, boys, hang

Well first I hanged your mother
\[\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C}\]
Y ay-hay-i-o
\[\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Am}\]
Me sister and me brother
\[\text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C}\]
And it’s hang, boys, hang

I’d hang to make things jolly
\[\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C}\]
Y ay-hay-i-o
\[\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Am}\]
I’d hang all wrong and folly
\[\text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C}\]
And it’s hang, boys, hang
A rope, a beam, a ladder
I'll hang ye all to-gether
Well next I hanged me granny
I'd hang the holy family

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

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

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

I'd hang the highway robber
I'd hang the burglar jobber
I'd hang a noted liar
I'd hang a bloated friar
They say I hung a copper
I gave him the long dropper
They call me hanging Johnny

And it's hang, boys, hang

And it's hang, boys, hang

And it's hang, boys, hang

And it's hang, boys, hang

And it's hang, boys, hang

And it's hang, boys, hang

And it's hang, boys, hang
F    C       Am   Am
I never hanged no-body
C    G7   C    C
And it’s hang, boys, hang

C           C
Yes they call me hanging Johnny
F          C    C
Y  ay-hay-i-o
F    C       Am   Am
I never hanged no-body
C    G7    C
And it’s hang, ↓ boys, ↓ hang

Hanging Johnny
Heilan’ Laddie  
Scottish folk song

Key of Dm

Dm
Was you ever in Quebec?
Gm    Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Dm
Stowing timber on the deck
    Gm  Am  Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

**CHORUS:**
Bb  F  C7  F
Hey ho, a-way we go
Gm  Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Bb  F  C7  F
Hey ho, and a-way we go
    Gm  Am  Dm  Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

Dm
Was you ever in Callao?
Gm  Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Dm
Where the girls are never slow
    Gm  Am  Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

**CHORUS:**
Hey ho, a-way we go
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Hey ho, and a-way we go
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

Was you ever in Baltimore?
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Dancing on that sanded floor
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

CHORUS:
Hey ho, a-way we go
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Hey ho, and a-way we go
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

Was you ever in Mobile Bay?
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Loading cotton by the day
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

CHORUS:
Hey ho, a-way we go
Gm       Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Bb       F       C7       F
Hey ho, and a-way we go
Gm       Am       Dm       Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

Dm
Was you on the Brummallow?
Gm       Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Dm
Where Yankee boys are all the go
Gm       Am       Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

CHORUS:
Bb       F       C7       F
Hey ho, a-way we go
Gm       Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Bb       F       C7       F
Hey ho, and a-way we go
Gm       Am       Dm       Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

Dm
Was you ever in Dundee?
Gm       Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Dm
There some pretty ships you'll see
Gm       Am       Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

CHORUS:
Bb       F       C7       F
Hey ho, a-way we go
Gm       Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Bb  F    C7    F
Hey  ho, and a-way we  go
    Gm   Am   Dm   Dm
My  bonnie  hielan’  laddie

Dm
Was you ever in Miramichi?
Gm     Am
Bonnie laddie,  hielan’  laddie
Dm
Where you make fast to a tree
    Gm   Am   Dm
My  bonnie  hielan’  laddie

CHORUS:
Bb  F    C7    F
Hey  ho, a-way we  go
    Gm   Am
Bonnie laddie,  hielan’  laddie
Bb  F    C7    F
Hey  ho, and a-way we  go
    Gm   Am   Dm   Dm
My  bonnie  hielan’  laddie

Dm
Was you ever in Aberdeen?
Gm     Am
Bonnie laddie,  hielan’  laddie
Dm
Prettiest girls you've ever seen
    Gm   Am   Dm
My  bonnie  hielan’  laddie

CHORUS:
Bb  F    C7    F
Hey  ho, a-way we  go
    Gm   Am
Bonnie laddie,  hielan’  laddie
Bb  F    C7    F
Hey  ho, and a-way we  go
Gm   Am   Dm   Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie ↓

Heilan’ Laddie
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 Kelligrew's.

There was Dan Milley, Joe Lilly, Tantan and Mrs. Tilley,
F       C       G
Dancing like a little filly, 'twould raise your heart to see;
C       G       F       C
Jim Brine, Din Ryan, Flipper Smith and Caroline,
F       C       G       C
I tell you, boys, we had a time at the Kelligrew's Soir-ee

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

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

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

C       G       F       C
There was boiled guineas, cold guineas, bullock's heads and piccaninnies
F       C       G
Everything to catch the pennies you'd break your sides to see;
C       G       F       C
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
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
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 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

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

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
A6                     A                      D         E7
Where in purple hue, the highland hills we view
And the moon coming out in the gloaming

**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
The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring
A A6 D A
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping
A6 A D E7
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring a-gain
A D E7 A
Though the waeful may cease from their gree-ting

**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

Loch Lomond
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
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!

C
I danced for the scribe & the pharisee
G
But they would not dance & they wouldn't follow me
C
I danced for fishermen, for James & John
F G7 C
They came with me & the Dance went on

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 on the Sabbath, cured the lame
G
Holy people said it was a shame!
C
They whipped, they stripped, they hung me high
F G7 C
Left me there on the hill to die!

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 on a Friday when the sky turned black
G
Hard to dance with the devil on your back
C
They buried my body, they thought I was gone
F    G7   C
But I am the Dance & the dance goes on!

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
They cut me down, I leapt up high
G
I am the Life that will never, never die!
C
I'll live in you, if you live in Me
F    G7   C
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!

CHORUS:
C
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!

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!

Lord Of The Dance
Lukey's Boat
Old sea shanty

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

C          F          G
Well oh, Lukey's boat is painted green
C          F          G
Ha, me boys!
C          F
Lukey's boat is painted green
C          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
Well oh, Lukey's boat's got a fine fore cutty
C          F          G
Ha, me boys!
C          F
Lukey's boat's got a fine fore cutty
C          F          G          C          F          G
And every seam is chinked with putty
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 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!
Lukey's boat's got high-topped sails

The sheet was planted with copper nails

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

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

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!

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

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

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

Lukey’s Boat
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 kreeel.
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
Maids When You’re Young

¾ waltz time

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

CHORUS:

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

When this old man comes to bed, hey ding a doo rum dow
When this old man comes to bed, me being young
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-loorum, fal diddle li oo rum
He's got no fal-loorum, fal diddle fal day
Oh, he's got no fal-loorum, he's lost his ding-doorum
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

Final CHORUS:

For he's got fal-loorum, fal diddle li oo rum
He's got fal-loorum, fal diddle fal day
Yes, he's got fal-loorum, he found my ding-doorum
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man

Maids When You’re Young
Seagull Stew
Ignatius Patrick Matthews

Key of C

1, 2, 3/ 1, 2, 3/ 

INTRO:
C G C C
Here is the story I'll tell unto you

C F C
When we were just kids out jiggin' for tom cods
C C D7 G G
Seemed like there was nothing left for to do
C F C
If you've mind to gather and set at my table
C G C C
Here is the story I'll tell unto you

C F C
Our father he died in a town they call Gander
C D7 G G
We were just kids, much too young to care
C F C
Our mother got killed by thunder and lightning
C G C C
Sometime in August the following year

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

Seagull Stew
Tell Me Ma
children's song

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
↓ She is handsome  ↓ she is pretty
C    G7
↓ 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

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
C       G7
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
C       F
Old Jenny Murray says that she will die
C       G7       C
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

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
↓ She is handsome ↓ she is pretty
C       G7
↓ 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
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
G7       C
And the snow come travellin' through the sky
C       F       C
She's as nice as apple pie
G7       C
She'll get her own lad by and by
C       F
When she gets a lad of her own
C       G7
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 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 Am7D7
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 lullaby

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

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk
Of a day-I-ay-I-
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
Strum: I: d - D u - u D u l d - D u - u D u :l:
I X= don’t play chords

D
G
Bm
A

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
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  G  D
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
G  D  G  D

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

I've been all over this world Boys...
Bm  D  A  D  D

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

The Galway Girl
The Maid on the Shore

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

'Twas of the young Captain who sailed the salt sea
Let the wind blow high, blow low
I will die, I will die, the young Captain did cry
If I don't have that maid on the shore, shore shore
If I don't have that maid on the 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 persu-as-ion, 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 stead of an oar
And paddled her way to the shore, shore shore
And paddled her way to the shore

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

Well, your men was not crazy, your men was not mad
Your men was not deep in despair-o
I deluded your sailors as well as your self
I'm a maiden a-gain on the shore, shore shore
I'm a maiden a-gain on the 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 Maid on the Shore
INTRO: G / D / G / D / G / D / G / D

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

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

**Tin whistle:**
I D A D G A D A D G 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:**
I D / A / D / G A / D / A / D G / A

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
G A D
But her bottom part was a girl

G D
Yes her hair was green as seaweed

G D
Her skin was blue and pale

G D
Her legs they are a work of art

G D
I loved that girl with all my heart

G D Bm
And I don't give a damn about the upper part

G A D
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 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 ↓ 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
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 floa-ting 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 \( \downarrow u-\uparrow -ni-corns \)

Old Noah was there to answer the call
He finished up making the ark just as the rain started fallin'
He marched the animals two by two
And he called out as they went through

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 \( \downarrow u-\downarrow -ni-corns \)

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
Time BUG Members Please
V'la L’bon Vent
Trad. French-Canadian > 300 years old!

REFRAIN:
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l’ joli vent
C       G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l’ joli vent
C       Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at- ▼ tend

G       Am
Derrière chez       ▼ nous y'a t'un é- ▼ tang
G       Am
Derrière chez       ▼ nous y'a t'un é- ▼ tang
G       E7
Il n'est pas       ▼ large comme il est gra-a-and

REFRAIN:
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C       G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l’ joli vent
C       Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at- ▼ tend
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant

**REFRAIN:**
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C  G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C  Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at- tend

Avec son grand fusil d'argent

Visa le noir, tua le bla-anc

**REFRAIN:**
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C  G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C  Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at- tend
O, fils du roi, tu es méchant
Tu as tué mon canard bleu-a-anc

REFRAIN:
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C    G
V'là l' bon vent, m'as-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C    Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'as-mie m'at-tend

G    Am
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang
G    Am
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang
G    E7
Et par les yeux les dia-ma-a-ants

REFRAIN:
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C    G
V'là l' bon vent, m'as-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C    Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'as-mie m'at-tend
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent

Que ferons-nous de tant d'argent

REFRAIN:
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C     G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l’ joli vent
C     Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend

Nous mettrons les filles au cou-vent
Am
Nous mettrons les filles au cou-vent
G     E7
Et les garçons au régime

REFRAIN:
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l' joli vent
C     G
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'ap-pelle
Am
V'là l' bon vent, v'là l’ joli vent
C     Am
V'là l' bon vent, m'a-mie m'at-tend
Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent,
trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant.
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
pour y coucher tous les passants.

V'la L’bon Vent
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 inside of two sunkers,
D       G      Am      D
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
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,
G      Am      D
And a handful of coppers to make up a feast.
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:
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 melancholy,
For I can't marry all or in the chokey I'd be.

Farewell 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 Newfoundlanders,
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.

Farewell 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
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
A7       D7       D7+5
You can hear the angels sing
G        D7        G        G7
When Irish hearts are happy
C
All the world seems bright and gay
C        C#dim      G        E7
And when Irish eyes are smiling
A7       D7        G        G
Sure, they’ll steal your heart a-way

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
When Will We Be Married

Traditional

Key of Am

Intro:
Am
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
G
Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed
Am
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed

Am
G
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed
Am
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed

Am
You have your eye on Jimmy, long Jimmy Lee
G
Em
You have your eye on Jimmy, and a fine man he
F
Am
You have your eye on Jimmy but you’d better let him be
G
G
G
Because \(\downarrow\) when you go, \(\downarrow\) Molly-o, \(\downarrow\) you'll be gone with me

Am
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
G
Am     Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed
Am     G
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Am     Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed

Am     G
You have your eye on Johnny, thin Johnny Fee
Am     Em
You have your eye on Johnny and a fine man he
Am     F
You have your eye on Johnny but you'd better let him be
G     G     G
Because down when you go, Molly-o, down you'll be gone with me

Am     G
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Am     Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed
Am     G
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Am     Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed

Am     G
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Am     Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed
Am     G
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Am     Em
When will we be bedded in the same bed

Am     G
I made a black bow, for your pretty head
Am     G
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
Am     F     G     G
I made a black bow, for your bonny head
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
When will we be bedded in the same bed

Outro:
When will we be married Molly when will we be wed
When will we be bedded in the same bed

When Will We Be Married
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.
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
There’s whiskey in the jar.

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

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.

’Twas early in the morning be-fore I rose to travel,
Up crept a band of footmen and sure with them Captain Farrell,
I then produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,
But I couldn’t shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

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.
If anyone can help me it's my brother in the army,

If I could learn his station be it Cork or in Killarney,

And if he'd come and join me we'd go roving in Kilkenny,

I know he'd treat me fairer than me darling sporting Jenny.

**CHORUS:**

D

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

G C

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

G D G

There's whiskey in the jar.

G Em

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin',

C G

And some takes delight in the Hurley or the Bollin'.

G Em

But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,

C G

And courtin' pretty maids in the mornin', oh so early.

**CHORUS:**

D

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

G C

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

G D G

There's whiskey in the jar.

**Whiskey In The Jar**
Wild Rover
folk song

Key of C

Strum: I: D – u d I D – u d I D – u d I 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 frequent
| 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
No, nay, never, no more,
C
Will I play the wild rover,
G7
No never, no more

C
And from my pocket I took sovereigns bright
C
And the landlady's eyes they lit up with delight
C
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best"
C
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
No, nay, never, no more,
C
Will I play the wild rover,
G7
No never, no more
I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done

And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son

And if they forgive me as oft times before

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
Biplane Evermore
Irish Rovers

Key of C

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C</th>
<th>Am</th>
<th>Am</th>
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Intro:  

\[ \text{C Am C Am} \]

Way out in London airport in hangar number four

\[ \text{C Am Dm G} \]

A lonely little biplane lived whose name was Evermore

\[ \text{C F C F C} \]

His working days were over no more would he sail

\[ \text{F C G C} \]

Up-on his wings a-bove the clouds flying the royal mail

**CHORUS:**

\[ \text{C F C} \]

Bye bye biplane once upon a sky plane

\[ \text{C Am C Am} \]

Bye bye hushabye lullabye plane

\[ \text{C F C F C} \]

All the mighty jet planes would look down their nose

\[ \text{C Am Dm G} \]

They'd laugh and say oh I'm so glad that I'm not one of those

\[ \text{C F C F C} \]

And Ever-more would shake away the teardrops from his wings

\[ \text{F C G C} \]

And dream of days when he again could do heroic things

**CHORUS:**

\[ \text{C F C} \]

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, someone must fly to-night

One strum each chord for first two lines of this verse
C       Am       C       Am
Ah they \ down \ rolled the little \ down \ biplane out to \ down \ runway number \ down \ five
C       Am       Dm       G
And \ down \ though he looked so \ down \ small and weak he \ down \ knew he could sur- \ down \ vive
C       F       C       F       C
And as he rose into 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 discouraged 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
Black Velvet Band
traditional

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G
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 away from me friends and relations
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

Key of G
G
Well I was out strolling one evening
D  D
Not meaning to go very far
G  Em
When I met with a ficklesome damsel
C  D  G  G
She was selling her trade in the bar
G
When a watch she took from a customer
D  D
And slipped it right into my hand
G  Em
Then the law came and put me in prison
C  D  G  G
Bad luck to her black velvet band

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
C  D  G  G
Tied up with a black velvet band

G
This mornin’ before judge and jury
D  D
For trial I had to appear
G  Em
Then the judge, he says “me young fellow
C  D  G  G
The case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence
You’re going to Van Diemen’s Land”
Far away from your friends and relations
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 <tremelo>

Black Velvet Band
Botany Bay
Old Air arr. Joseph Williams, Jr.

(Briskly 3/4)

Intro:  G /  D7 /  G /  G

G   D7   G   D7
Fare-well to old England for-ever
G   C   D7   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   D7
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ay
G   C   G   C
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
G   D7   G   G
And we're bound for Botany Bay

G   D7   G   D7
There's the captain as is our Com-mander
G   C   D7   D7
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew
G   C   G   C
There's the first and second class passengers
G   D7   G   D7
Knows what we poor convicts go through
CHORUS:
G       D7      G       D7
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
G       C       D7      D7
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ay
G       C       G       C
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
G       D7      G       G
And we're bound for Botany Bay

G       D7      G       D7
'taint leavin' old England we cares about
G       C       D7      D7
'taint cos we mis-pels what we knows
G       C       G       C
But be-cos all we light-fingered gentry
G       D7      G       D7
Hops a-round with a log on our toes

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

G       D7      G       D7
For seven long years I'll be staying here
G       C       D7      D7
For seven long years and a day
G       C       G       C
For meeting a cove in an area
G       D7      G       D7
And taking his ticker a-way
CHORUS:

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

G  D7  G  D7
Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove
G  C  D7  D7
I'd soar on my pinions so high
G  C  G  C
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly Love
G  D7  G  D7
And in her sweet presence I'd die

CHORUS:

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

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

INTRO:
C       G       D7       G
Brave and un-daunted was young Brennan on the moor

G       D7       G
Hey it's of a brave young highway man the story we will tell
G       C       G
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell
Em      C       G
'Twas on the Kilworth Mountains he commenced his wild career
C       G       Bm
And many a wealthy noble man before him shook with fear

CHORUS:
G       Bm
And it's Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor
C       G       D7       G
Bold, brave and un-daunted was young Brennan on the moor

G       D7       G
One day upon the highway as Willie he went down
G       C       G
He met the mayor of Cashel, a mile outside of town
Em      C       G
The mayor he knew his features and he said, "Young man," said he
C       G       Bm
"Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me."

CHORUS:
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 pro-visions 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

Bold, brave and un-daunted was young 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

Bold, brave and un-daunted was young 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-til at last ‘twas said

By a false-hearted woman he was cruelly be-trayed

CHORUS:

Was young Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor

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

Brave and un-daunted was young Brennan on the moor

Brennan On The Moor
Cockle And Mussles
Molly Malone

INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS:
A  F#m  Bm7  E7
A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!
A  F#m  E7  A
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

A  F#m  Bm7  E7
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty
A  F#m  B7  E7
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
A  F#m
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Bm7  E7
Through streets broad and narrow
A  F#m  E7  A
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

CHORUS:
A  F#m  Bm7  E7
A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!
A  F#m  E7  A
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

A  F#m  Bm7  E7
She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder
A  F#m  B7  E7
For so were her father and mother be-fore
A  F#m
And they each wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
A F#m E7 A
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

CHORUS:
A F#m Bm7 E7
A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!
A F#m E7 A
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

A F#m Bm7 E7
She died of a fever, and no one could save her
A F#m B7 E7
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
A F#m
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Bm7 E7
Through streets broad and narrow
A F#m E7 A
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

CHORUS:
A F#m Bm7 E7
A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!
A F#m E7 A
Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

Cockle And Mussels
Don’t Get Married Girls
Leon Rosselson

Key of Am

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

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

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

Am   D   Am
So don't get married, girls, it's very badly paid,
C   G   F   G   Am
You may start off as the mistress, but you'll end up as the maid.
Am   D   Am
Be a daring deep sea diver, be a polished poly-glot,
C   G   F   E7
But don't get married, girls, for marriage is a plot.

A   E7
Have you seen him in the morning, with a face that looks like death,
D   A   E7
With dandruff on his pillow, and tobacco on his breath?
D   A   D   A
And he needs some reassurance, with his cup of tea in bed,
E7   A   E7   A
For he's worried by the mortgage, and the bald patch on his head.

D   A   D   A
And he's sure that you're his mother lays his head upon your breast,
D   A   E7
For you try to boost his ego, iron his shirt, and warm his vest.
D   A   D   A
Then you get him off to work, the mighty hunter is re-stored,
E7   A   E7   A
And he leaves you there with nothing but the dreams you can't afford.

Am   D   Am
So don't get married, girls, men are all the same,
C   G   F   G   Am
They'll just use you when they need you, you'd do better on the game.
Am   D   Am
Be a call girl, be a stripper, be a hostess, be a whore,
C   G   F   E7
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 décoration 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
Down By The Sally Gardens
Traditional

Key of G

```
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
Forty Shades Of Green
Johnny Cash

Key of C

Intro: Instrumental

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Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar

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And there's forty shades of green

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I close my eyes and picture, the emerald of the sea

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From the fishing boats at Dingle, to the shores of Duna’ dee

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I miss the river Shannon, and the folks at Skipparee

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The moorlands and the meadows, with their forty shades of green

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But most of all I miss a girl, in Tipperary Town

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And most of all I miss her lips, as soft as eider-down

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A-gain I want to see and do, the things we've done and seen

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And there's forty shades of green

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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, 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

Forty Shades Of Green
Go Lassie Go
Trad.

**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
I will build my love a tower
C G G
By yon crystal fountain
C Em Em
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

[Chord diagrams]

**Strum:** I: D - d - u I D - d - u :l:

**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 shady
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 lover
She left her servants and her estate
To follow the gypsy ro--o-ver

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

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-ay
He whistled and he sang 'til 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
I'se The B'y

Traditional

Intro: Instrumental

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

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

CHORUS:

C   G
Hip-yr-partner Sally Tibbo
C   F   G
Hip-yr-partner Sally Brown
C   G
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
F   G   C
All a-round the circle
C   G
Sods and rinds to cover your flake
C   F   G
Cake and tea for supper
C   G
Codfish in the spring of the year
F   G   C
Fried in maggoty butter

**CHORUS:**
C   G
Hip- yer- partner Sally Tibbo
C   F   G
Hip- yer- partner Sally Brown
C   G
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton’s Harbour
F   G   C
All a-round the circle

C   G
I don’t want your maggoty fish
C   F   G
They’re no good for winter
C   G
I can buy as good as that
F   G   C
Way down in Bona-vista

**CHORUS:**
C   G
Hip- yer- partner Sally Tibbo
C   F   G
Hip- yer- partner Sally Brown
C   G
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton’s Harbour
F   G   C
All a-round the circle

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

CHORUS:
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton’s Harbour
All a-round the circle

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

CHORUS:
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton’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:**

C   G
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo
C   F   G
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
C   G
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
F   G   C   C
All a-round the ↓ cir- ↓ cle

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
G
He came into this world of woe
G
One dark and stormy night
G
He was born on board his father’s ship
D7
As she was lying to
G
‘Bout twenty-five or thirty miles
G
Southeast of Bacca-lieu

CHORUS:
D7 G D7 D7
↓ Oh Jack was every inch a sailor
G G
Five and twenty years a whaler
D7 D7
Jack was every inch a sailor
G G
He was born upon the deep blue sea

G
When Jack grew up to be a man
D7
He went to Labra-dor
He fished in Indian Harbour  
G
Where his father fished be-fore  
On his returning in the fog  
D7
He met a heavy gale  
And Jack was swept into the sea  
D7  
G  
And ↓ swallowed by a ↓ whale

CHORUS:
D7  G  D7  D7  ↓ Oh Jack was every inch a sailor  
G  G
Five and twenty years a whaler  
D7  D7
Jack was every inch a sailor  
G  G
He was born upon the deep blue sea

G
The whale went straight for Baffin’s Bay  
D7
‘Bout ninety knots an hour  
And ev’ry time he’d blow a spray  
G
He’d send it in a shower  
“Oh now” says Jack unto himself  
D7
“I must see what he’s a-bout!”
He caught the whale all by the tail  
D7  G
And ↓ turned him inside ↓ out!

CHORUS:
D7  G  D7  D7  ↓ Oh Jack was every inch a sailor  
G  G
Five and twenty years a whaler  
D7  D7
Jack was every inch a sailor
He was born upon the deep blue sea

Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor
CHORUS:

A                      F#m          F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
A                      D            E
Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?
A                      F#m          F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
D                      E            A          A
Me bride and me sweetheart tae be

A                      F#m          F#m
Will I gang tae the highlands with you, sir?
A                      D            E
Such a thing it never would be, for
A                      F#m          F#m
I know not the land that ye cam frae
D                      E            A          A
Nor ken I the name ye gae wi'

CHORUS:

A                      F#m          F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
A                      D            E
Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?
A                      F#m          F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
D                      E            A          A
Me bride and me sweetheart tae be
A F#m F#m
Noo, lassie, me thinks ye ken little
A D E
It ye say that ye dinna ken me, for
A F#m F#m
My name is Lord Ronald Mc-Donald
D E A A
A chieftain o' high de-gree

CHORUS:

A F#m F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
A D E
Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?
A F#m F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
D E A A
Me bride and me sweetheart tae be

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE:

A F#m F#m
Noo, lassie, me thinks ye ken little
A D E
It ye say that ye dinna ken me, for
A F#m F#m
My name is Lord Ronald Mc-Donald
D E A A
A chieftain o' high de-gree

A F#m F#m
She has kilted her coat o' white satin
A D E
And her petticoat up tae her knee, and
A F#m F#m
She's gang wi' Lord Ronald Mc-Donald
D    E    A    A
His bride and his sweetheart tae be

CHORUS:
    A          F#m    F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
    A          D    E
Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?
    A          F#m    F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
    D          E    A    A
Me bride and me sweetheart tae be

    A          F#m    F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
    A          D    E
Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?
    A          F#m    F#m
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
    D          E    A    A
Me bride and me sweetheart tae be ↓

Leezy Lindsay
My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean
Scottish folk song

My bonnie lies over the ocean
My bonnie lies over the sea
My bonnie lies over the ocean

O bring back my bonnie to me

CHORUS:
Bring back, bring back
O bring back my bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
O bring back my bonnie to me

O blow ye winds over the ocean
O blow ye winds over the sea
O blow ye winds over the ocean
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
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
INTRO: <last line of verse>  G  D  A  D

D  G  D  A  D

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

I  G  D  A  D <last line of verse>

D  G  D  A  D

We met I really don't know where, but still it's just the same,
For love grows in the city streets, as well as in the lane;
I gently clasped her tiny hand, one glance at me she shot,
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,
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."
And then 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
The Orange And The Green
Irish Rovers

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

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

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

G     D
Bap-tized by Father Reilly I was rushed away by car
C     G
To be made a little Orangemen, me father’s shining star
Em     D
I was christened David Anthony but still in spite of that
C     G
To my father I was William while my mother called me Pat
CHORUS:

\[ G \quad D \]
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen.

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \quad G \]
My father he was Orange, and me mother she was green.

\[ G \quad D \]
With mother every Sunday to mass I’d proudly stroll.

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
Then after that the Orange Lodge would try to save my soul.

\[ Em \quad D \]
For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because.

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
I’d play the flute, or play the harp depending were I was.

CHORUS:

\[ G \quad D \]
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen.

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \quad G \]
My father he was Orange, and me mother she was green.

\[ G \quad D \]
One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me.

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.

\[ Em \quad D \]
We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \]
And me being strictly neutral I bashed everyone in sight.

CHORUS:

\[ G \quad D \]
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen.

\[ C \quad G \quad D \quad G \quad G \]
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 Ann's batten'd 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 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
Welcome Poor Paddy Home
Trad?

CHORDS:

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:

D  A  D  D
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
D A D D
To welcome the stranger home

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

CHORUS:
D A D D
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 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 ...

Welcome Poor Paddy Home