BUG Jam Song PDF Book

March 2016

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Beer, Beer, Beer
Trad.

Intro:  \text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G}

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

\text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G}
A long time ago, way back in history
\text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D}
When all there was to drink was nothing but cups of tea
\text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}
A-long came a man by the name of Charlie Mopps
\text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G}
And he invented the wonderful drink, and he made it out of hops

\textbf{CHORUS:}
\text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G}
Hey! He must have been an admiral, a sultan or a king
\text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D}
And to his praises we shall always sing
\text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}
Look at what he's done for us, he's filled us up with cheer
\text{G} \quad \text{D}
Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented
Beer, beer, beer, tiddley beer, beer, beer...

The Purest Bar, the Country's Pub, the Hole-In-The-Wall as well

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

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

For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mopps!

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

CHORUS:

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, 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

Key of F

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

And I’d listen to stories, of how he once lived
\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{Dm}
\]
By the glow of the kerosene light
\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F}
\]
By the glow of the kerosene light

\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Bb}
\]
I re-member the time when my grandpa and I
\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{Dm}
\]
Would sit by the fire at night
\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Bb}
\]
And I’d listen to stories, of how he once lived
\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{Dm}
\]
By the glow of the kerosene light
\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F}
\]
By the glow of the kerosene light

\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Bb}
\]
He said Mom and Dad sent me off to school
Where I learned how to read and to write
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 ↓

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 sixteen
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 ↓

A-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
F    C    Dm   Dm
To succeed you would try all your might
F    C    F    Bb
And sometimes love bloomed, but sometimes dreams died
F    C    Dm   Dm
By the glow of the kerosene light
F    C    Dm   Bb
By the glow of the kerosene light
F    C    F
By the glow of the kerosene light

By The Glow Of The Kerosene Light
Citadel Hill

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 off together down Citadel Hill

CHORUS:

Sing fall-de-dol doodle-dum

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum

Fall-de-dol doodle-dum

Lidy-I-die

The very next day to the church we did go

The people all whispered, as well you must know

Said the priest, "Will you marry?" Says I, "That we will!"

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
Am7 D
But me and the missus can never a-gree
G C G
The first she called Bridget, the second one Bill
C G D G
Says I, "The runt's name shall be 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
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

Citadel Hill
Cockle And Mussles
Molly Malone

INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS:
D  Bm  Em7  A7
A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!

Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!

D  Bm  Em7  A7
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty

D  Bm  E7  A7
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone

D  Bm
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow

Em7  A7
Through streets broad and narrow

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

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

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

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

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

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{A7} \]

A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]

Crying, cockles and mussels, a-live, alive- \( \downarrow \) o!

Cockle And Mussles
Intro: C / C / G / F /

C
I am green today
G
I chirp with joy like a cricket’s song
C
I am grey today
G
Gloomy and down like a morning fog
C
I am orange today
G
Loud and messy like finger paint on a wall
Gsus2 Gsus2 G G

C
I am red today
G
Hopping mad like a playground ball

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I am black today
Strong and tall a great big bear

I am purple today
Bright and happy like a butterfly in the air

I'm a rainbow today
All the colors of the world

I'm a rainbow today
All the colors of the world are in me

I am yellow today
I shine my light out like the sun

I am white today
Soft and quiet like new snow
C
I am blue today
G        F        F        Gsus2  Gsus2  G  G
Calm as glass and cool like the sea

C
I’m a rainbow today
G        F
All the colors of the world
C
I’m a rainbow today
G        F
All the colors of the world
C
I’m a rainbow today
G        F        F        Gsus2  Gsus2
All the colors of the world are in me
G        F        F        C        C        C
All the colors of the world are in me

Colors
Danny Boy
Frederic Weatherly

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

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

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:
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?"

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

CHORUS:
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 Donald, where's your troosers?"

Dm To wear the kilt is my delight
C It is not wrong, I know it’s right
Dm The ‘highlanders would get a fright
C If they saw me in the 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 Donald, where's your troosers?"

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

**CHORUS:**

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
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?"
Doon In The Wee Room
Trad / Daniel McLaughlin

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

G
When you're tired and weary and you're feeling blue
C
Don't give way tae sorrow, we'll tell you what to do
G
Just tak' a trip tae Ottawa and find the Clocktower there
C
And go doon tae the wee room underneath 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
When I'm auld and feeble and my bones are gettin' set
Ah'll no get cross and cranky like other people get
Ah'm savin' up ma bawbees tae buy a hurly chair
Tae tak' me tae the wee room under-neath the stair

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

One more time
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair
All the BUGs are happy and everybody's there
We're playin' ukulele, each in his chair
Doon in the wee room under-neath the stair
Farewell to Nova Scotia
McGinty

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Final 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?

slower
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?
Green Grow The Rushes O
Robbie Burns

C
There's naught but care on ev'ry hand
Dm
In ev’ry hour that passes-o
F                  C         Am
What signifies the life of man
Dm         Am
An' 'twere not for 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
The worldly race may riches chase
Dm
An’ riches still may fly them-o
F
An’ though at last they catch them fast
C
Dm
Am
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
The sweetest hours that e’er I spent
Dm
Were spent among the lasses-o

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

CHORUS:
C
Green grow the rushes-o
Dm
Green grow the rushes-o
F
The sweetest hours that e’er I spent
Dm
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
Gypsy Rover

Intro: C G7 C G7

The gypsy rover came over the hill
C G7 C G7
Down through the valley so sha-dy
C G7 Em Am
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang
C F C F C G7
And he won the heart of a la--a-dy

CHORUS:
C G7 C G7
Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day
C G7 C G7
Ah-de-do, ah-de-da-ay
C G7 Em Am
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang
C F C F C G7
And he won the heart of a la--a-dy
C   G7   C   G7
She left her father's castle gates
C   G7   C   G7
She left her own fine lover
C   G7   Em   Am
She left her servants and her estate
C   F   C   F   C   G7
To follow the gypsy rover

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 lady

C   G7   C   G7
Her father saddled up his fastest steed
C   G7   C  G7
And roamed the valleys all over
C   G7   Em   Am
Sought his daughter at great speed
C   F   C   F   C   G7
And the whistling gypsy rover
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
He came at last to a mansion fine
C    G7    C    G7
Down by the river Clay-dee
C    G7    Em    Am
And there was music and there was wine
C    F    C    F    C    G7
For the gypsy and his la--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
"He is no gypsy, my father" she said
But lord of these lands all over
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

**Gypsy Rover**
Hielan’ Laddie
Scottish folk song

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:
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  Dm
My bonnie hielan’ laddie

Dm
Was you ever in Baltimore?
Gm  Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Dm
Dancing on that sanded floor
  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 Mobile Bay?
Gm  Am
Bonnie laddie, hielan’ laddie
Dm
Loading cotton by the day
   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 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 ↓

Hielan’ Laddie
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-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
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
I don't want your maggoty fish

They're no good for win-ter

I can buy as good as that

Way down in Bona-vista

CHORUS:

Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo

Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown

Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton’s Harbour

All a-round the circle

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:**

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

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

**CHORUS:**

C  G  C  G
Hip-yer-partner  Sally Tibbo
C  F  G  C
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:
Hip-yer-partner Sally Tibbo
Hip-yer-partner Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton’s Harbour

All a-round the ↓ cir- ↓ cle

I' se The B' y
CHORUS:

Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?

Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?

Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?

Me bride and me sweetheart tae be

Will I gang tae the highlands with you, sir?

Such a thing it never would be, for

I know not the land that ye cam frae

Nor ken I the name ye gae wi'

CHORUS:
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
Me bride and me sweetheart tae be

Noo, lassie, me thinks ye ken little
It ye say that ye dinna ken me, for
My name is Lord Ronald Mc-Donald
A chieftain o' high degree

CHORUS:
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
Me bride and me sweetheart tae be

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE:
Noo, lassie, me thinks ye ken little
It ye say that ye dinna ken me, for
My name is Lord Ronald Mc-Donald
A chieftain o' high degree

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

CHORUS:
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
Will ye gang tae the highlands with me?
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezy Lindsay?
Me bride and me sweetheart tae be

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
Lily The Pink
The Scaffold

CHORUS:
G7        C
We'll...... drink a drink a drink,
          G
To Lily the pink the pink the pink,
          C
The savior of, our human race,
          G
For she invented, medicinal compound,
          C          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
Brother Tony, was known to be bony
He would never eat his meals
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
And now he's emperor of Rome

Johnny Hammer, had a terrible stamper,
He could hardly say a word,
And so they gave him medicinal compound,
Now he's seen, but never heard

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

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

Extra verse:

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

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 ↓
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 ↓

Lily The Pink
Loch Lomond

traditional

Key of A

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

A
By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
D
E7

A
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond
A6
D
A

E7

A6
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
Oh! Ye’ll take the high road, and I’ll take the low road
A6
D
E7

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

A
But me and my true love will never meet a-gain
A6
E7

A
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond
Twas then that we parted by yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lo-mond
Where in purple hue, the highland hills we view
And the moon coming out in the gloa-ming

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

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring
And in sunshine the waters are sleep-ing
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring a-gain
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
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
Am F G
She's the prettiest boat that you've ever seen
C F G C F G
A-ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day! /
C F G C F G
A-ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day! /

C F G
Well oh, Lukey's boat's got a fine fore cutty
C F G
Ha, me boys!
Lukey's boat's got a fine fore cutty
And every seam is chinked with putty
A-ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!
A-ha, me boys, a-riddle-i-day!

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

Well I says Lukey "I don't care"
Ha, me boys!
I says Lukey "I don't care"
"I'll get me another in the spring of the year"

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

Oh, Lukey's rolling out his grub

Ha, me boys!

Lukey's rolling out his grub

One split pea, and a ten pound tub

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

Well, Lukey's boat's got high-topped sails

Ha, me boys!

Lukey's boat's got high-topped sails

The sheet was planted with copper nails
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
Maids When You’re Young

¾ waltz time

D

An old man came courting me, hey ding a doo rum dow
A

D

An old man came courting me, me being young
A

D

An old man came courting me, all for his wife to be
A

D

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

CHORUS:

D

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

D

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

D

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

D

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

D

When this old man comes to bed, hey ding a doo rum dow
A
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
MAIRI'S WEDDING
Scottish folk song

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

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

D
Plenty herring, plenty meal,
G           A7
Plenty peat to fill her krel.
D
Plenty bonnie bairns as well,
G           A7
That's the toast for Mairi.

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

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
CHORUS:
Am
Well Mary Mack’s father's makin’ Mary Mack marry me
G
My father’s makin’ me marry Mary Mack
Am
I'm goin’ to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
Am G Am
We'll all be feelin’ merry when I marry Mary Mack
Am G Am
Hey skiddly idle deedle didle deedle didle dum
Am
Well there's a little girl and her name is Mary Mack
G
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna tak
Am
And a lot of other fellas they would get upon her track
Am G Am
But I'm thinkin’ that they’ll have to get up early
**CHORUS:**

Am
Mary Mack’s father's makin’ Mary Mack marry me
G
My father’s makin’ me marry Mary Mack
Am
I'm goin’ to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
Am   G   Am
We'll all be feelin’ merry when I marry Mary Mack
Am   G   Am
Hey skiddly idle deedle didle deedle didle dum

Am
Well this little lass, she has a lot of class
G
She’s got a lot of brass, and her father thinks I'm gas
Am
And I'd be a silly ass, for to let the matter pass
Am   G   Am
Her father thinks she suits me very fairly

**CHORUS:**

Am
Mary Mack’s father's makin’ Mary Mack marry me
G
My father’s makin’ me marry Mary Mack
Am
I'm goin’ to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
Am   G   Am
We'll all be feelin’ merry when I marry Mary Mack
Am
Hey skiddly idle deedle didle deedle didle dum

Am
Mary and her Mother go an awful lot together

G
In fact you hardly ever see the one without the other

Am
And the people wonder whether it is Mary or her mother

Am G Am
Or the both of them together that I'm courtin'

CHORUS:
Am
Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me

G
My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack

Am
And I'm goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me

Am G Am
We'll all be feelin' merry when I marry Mary Mack

Am G Am
Hey skiddly idle deedle didle deedle didle dum

Am
The weddin's on a Wednesday, and everything's arranged

G
Soon her name will change to mine unless her mind is changed

Am
And I'm makin' the arrangements, I'm just about deranged

Am G Am
Marriage is an awful under-takin'
CHORUS:
Am
Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
G
My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
Am
I'm goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
Am
We'll all be feelin' merry when I marry Mary Mack
Am
Hey skiddly idle deedle didle deedle didle dum

Am
It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than a fair
G
There's going to be a coach and pair for every pair that's there
Am
We'll dine upon the finest fare, I'm sure to get my share
Am
And if I won't well I'll be very much mis-taken

CHORUS: (faster and faster)
Am
Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
G
My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
Am
I'm goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
Am
We'll all be feelin' merry when I marry Mary Mack
Hey skiddly idle deedle didle deedle didle dum

Am
Mary Mack’s father's makin’ Mary Mack marry me
G
My father’s makin’ me marry Mary Mack
Am
And I'm goin’ to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
Am
We'll all be feelin’ merry when I marry Mary Mack
Am
Hey skiddly idle deedle didle deedle didle ↓ dum

Mary Mack
Mountain Dew / I’ll Tell Me Ma

Traditional

Let grasses grow and waters flow in a free and easy way
Just give me enough of the rare old stuff that’s made near Galway Bay
And policemen all from Donegal, Sligo and Lietrim too
We’ll give them the slip and we’ll take a sip of the real old mountain dew

CHORUS 1:
Hi de liddle ly delum, dy de liddle ly delum
Dy de lee dy didle ly day
Hi de liddle ly delum, dy de liddle ly delum
Dy de lee dy diddle ly day

At the foot of the hill there’s a neat little still where the smoke curls up to the sky
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell that there’s poteen brewing near-by

For it fills the air with odours rare and betwixt both you and me

When home you stroll you can take a bowl or a bucket of the mountain dew

CHORUS 1:

Hi de liddle ly delum, dy de liddle ly delum

Dy de lee dy didle ly day

Hi de liddle ly delum, dy de liddle ly delum

Dy de lee dy diddle ly day

Now learned men who use the pen have wrote your praises high

That sweet poteen from Ireland green distilled from wheat and rye

Throw a-way your pills, ‘twill cure all ills, of pagan, Christian or Jew

Take off your coat and grease your throat with the real old mountain dew
CHORUS 1:  
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]  
Hi de liddle ly delum, dy de liddle ly delum  
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{A} \]  
Dy de lee dy didle ly day  
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]  
Hi de liddle ly delum, dy de liddle ly delum  
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \]  
Dy de lee dy diddle ly day  
(a capella with muted strings rhythm)  
\[ \text{Z} \quad \text{Z} \]  
Hi de liddle ly delum, dy de liddle ly delum  
\[ \text{Z} \quad \text{Z} \]  
Dy de lee dy didle ly day  
\[ \text{Z} \quad \text{Z} \]  
Hi de liddle ly delum, dy de liddle ly delum  
\[ \text{Z} \quad \text{Z} \quad \text{Z} \]  
Dy de lee dy diddle ly day  

CHORUS 2:  
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \]  
I’ll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won’t leave the girls alone  
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{A} \]  
They pulled me hair, they stole my comb, but that’s all right, ‘till I go home  
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \]  
She is handsome she is pretty she’s the belle of Belfast city  
\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]  
She is a-courtn’ one two three please won’t you tell me who is she?
Albert Mooney says he loves her all the boys are fighting for her

They’re knockin’ on the door and ringin’ on the bell saying oh my true love are you well?

Out she comes as white as snow, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes

Auld Johnny Murray says she’ll die, if she doesn’t get the fellow with the roving eye

**CHORUS 2:**

I’ll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won’t leave the girls alone

They pulled me hair, they stole my comb, but that’s all right, ‘till I go home

She is handsome she is pretty she’s the belle of Belfast city

She is a-courtin’ one two three please won’t you tell me who is she?

**INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS:**

I’ll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won’t leave the girls alone

They pulled me hair, they stole my comb, but that’s all right, ‘till I go home
D  G  D  A7
She is handsome she is pretty she’s the belle of Belfast city
D  G  D  A7  D
She is a-courtin’ one two three please won’t you tell me who is she?

D  A
Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high and the snow
D
come travelling from the sky
D  A  D
She’s as sweet as apple pie, and she’ll get her own lad by and by
D  G  D  A7
When she gets a lad of her own, she won’t tell her ma when she
D  G  D  A7  D
comes home
Let them all come as they will, for it’s Albert Mooney she loves still

CHORUS 2:
D  A  D
I’ll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won’t leave the girls
alone
D  A
They pulled me hair, they stole my comb, but that’s all right, ‘till
D  G  D  A7
I go home
D  G  D  A7
She is handsome she is pretty she’s the belle of Belfast city
D  G  D  A7  D
She is a-courtin’ one two three please won’t you tell me who is she?
My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean
Scottish folk song <Waltz>

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

Key of C
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:
Bring back, bring back
O bring back my bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
O bring back my bonnie to me

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I 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  C
O bring back my bonnie to me ↓

My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean
Skye Boat Song
Sir Harold Boulder 1884, music by Annie McLeod

Key of G

G      Em    Am7    D7
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
G      C      G      G
"Onward!" the sailors cry

G      Em    Am7    D7
Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
G      C      G      D7
"Onward!" the sailors cry
G      Em    Am7    D7
Carry the lad that’s born to be King
G      C      G      G
Over the sea to Skye

Em     Am
Loud the winds howl loud the waves roar
Em      C      Em Em
Thunderclaps rend the air
Em      Am
Baffled our foes stand by the shore
Em C Em D7
Follow they will not dare

G Em Am7 D7
Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
G C G D7
"Onward!" the sailors cry
G Em Am7 D7
Carry the lad that’s born to be King
G C G G
Over the sea to Skye

Em Am
Though the waves leap soft shall ye sleep
Em C Em Em
Ocean’s a royal bed
Em Am
Rocked in the deep Flora will keep
Em C Em D7
Watch by your weary head

G Em Am7 D7
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
G C G D7
"Onward!" the sailors cry
G Em Am7 D7
Carry the lad that’s born to be King
Over the sea to Skye

Many’s the lad fought on that day
Well the clay-more could wield
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden’s field

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
"Onward!" the sailors cry
Carry the lad that’s born to be King
Over the sea to Skye

Burned are our homes exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet e’er the sword cool in the sheath
Em    C    Em    D7
Charlie will come again

G    Em    Am7    D7
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing
G    C    G    D7
"Onward!" the sailors cry
G    Em    Am7    D7
Carry the lad that’s born to be King
G    C    G    G
Over the sea to Skye

G    Em    Am7    D7
Carry the lad that’s born to be King
G    C    G
Over the sea to Skye

Skye Boat Song
That’s An Irish Lullaby
James Royce Shannon

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

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

That’s an Irish lullaby

That’s An Irish Lullaby
The Crawl
Spirit of the West

Key of C

1, 2, 3, 4 /

Intro:
| Csus4   |
| C      / |
| Csus4   |
| C      / |
| Csus4   |
| C      / |

| F      |
| C      / |
| G      / |
| F      |
| C      / |
| G      / |
| F      / |
| C      / |
| G      / |
| C      |

C G C C G
Well, we’re good old boys, we come from the North Shore
F C G
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you’ve never seen
C G C C G
And this night by God! We drank till there was no more
F C G C C
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between

C G
Well, it all began one afternoon on the shores of Ambleside
G C
We were sittin’ there quite peacefully with the rising of the tide
When an idea it came to mind for to usher in the fall
So we all agreed next Friday night we'd go out on the \( \downarrow \) crawl

Well, we're \( \downarrow \) good \( \downarrow \) old \( \downarrow \) boys, we come from the North Shore
Drinkers and ca-rousers, the likes you've never seen
And this \( \downarrow \) night \( \downarrow \) by \( \downarrow \) God! We drank till there was no more
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between

Oh we planned to have a gay old time, the cash we did not spare
We left all the cars at home, and paid the taxi fare
When I got out to Horseshoe Bay, a little after five
From a table in the corner I heard familiar voices \( \downarrow \) rise

And we're \( \downarrow \) good \( \downarrow \) old \( \downarrow \) boys, we come from the North Shore
Drinkers and ca-rousers, the likes you've never seen
And this \( \downarrow \) night \( \downarrow \) by \( \downarrow \) God! We drank till there was no more
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between
Spirits they ran high that night, old stories we did share
Of the days when we were younger men and never had a care
And the beer flowed like a river, yes, we drank the keg near dry
So we drained down all our glasses and were thirsty by-and-by

Well, we're good old boys, we come from the North Shore
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen
And this night by God! We drank till there was no more
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between

Park Royal Hotel, The Rusty Gull, Square-Rigger and Queen's Cross
We'd started off with eight good boys but half had gotten lost
For you'll never keep the lads together when their eyes begin to rove
But there were 85 of us that made it to Deep Cove

Well, we're good old boys, we come from the North Shore
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen
And this night by God! We drank till there was no more
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between

We arrived out at The Raven just in time for the last call
The final destination of this, the first annual crawl
We dug deep into our pockets there was no money to be found (SHIT)
Nine mile home, and for walking we are bound

And we're good old boys, we come from the North Shore
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen
And this night by God! We drank till there was no more
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between and we're

↓ Good old boys, we come from the North Shore
Drinkers and carousers the likes you've never seen
And this night by God! We drank till there was no more
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between
The Crawl
The Galway Girl
Steve Earle

Key of D

1 2 / 1 2 3 4 /

Intro:  D /  D /  D /  D↓

D
Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk
D        G
Of a day-i-ay-i-ay
Bm    A   G   D
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk
D        G D
Of a fine soft day--i-↓ ay

X            D  D  D
And I ask you friend
G        D  D
What's a fella to do
Bm    A   G   D  D
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
G        D  D
And I knew right then
I'd be takin' a whirl

'Bround the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

Diddle dee, dee, dee, deedle dee....dle deedle dee
Dee....dle deedle deedle ↓ dee ↓ dee ↓ dee dee
Dee...dle dee...dle deedle deedle dee
Dee...dle deedle deedle ↓ dee ↓ dee ↓ dee

We were halfway there when the rain came down

Of a day-i-ay-i-ay
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
I took her hand
And I gave her a twirl
Oh, and I lost my heart to a Galway girl

Diddle dee, dee, dee, deedle dee...dlew deedle deedle deedle
Dee...dlew deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle
Dee...dlew deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle
Dee...dlew deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle
Deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle
Dee, dee deedle deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle
Dee deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle
Dee...dlew deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle...dlew deedle deedle deedle
D
When I woke up I was all alone
D G
Of a day-i-ay-i-ay
Bm A G D
With a broken heart and a ticket home
D G D
Of a fine soft day--i-ay

X D D
And I ask you now
G D D
Tell me what would you do ha!
Bm A G D D
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
G D D
‘Cause I've traveled a-round
G D D
I've been all over this world
Bm A G D D
Boys, I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

D D
Diddle dee, dee, dee, deedly deee...dele deedly deee
G G D
Dee...dele deedly deedly deee ↓ deee ↓ deee ↓ deee deee
The Galway Girl
The Last Saskatchewan Pirate
The Arrogant Worms (1992)

C
I used to be a farmer and I made a living fine
F C G C
I had a little stretch of land a-long the CP line
C F G C
But times went by and though I tried the money wasn't there
F C G C
And bankers came and took my land and told me "Fair is fair"

Am D
I looked for every kind of job the answer always no
Am G
“Hire you now” they'd always laugh, “We just let twenty go!”
Am D
The government, they promised me a measley little sum
Am G
But I've got too much pride to end up just another bum!

Bridge:
F F
↓ Then I thought who gives a damn if all the jobs are gone
D G G7
↓ I'm gonna be a pirate, on the river Saskatchewan-
arrrgh…

C F G C
’Cause it’s a heave (HO!) hi (HO!) comin’ down the plains
F C G
Stealin’ wheat and barley and all the other grains
C F G C
It’s a ho (HEY!) hi (HEY!) farmers bar yer doors
F C G C
When you see the Jolly Roger on Re-gina’s mighty shores
C C
arrrgh…

C F G C
Well you’d think the local farmers would know that I’m at large
F C G
But just the other day I found an unprotected barge
C F G C
I snuck up right behind them and they were none the wiser
F C G C
I rammed their ship and sank it and I stole their ferti-lizer

Am D
A bridge outside of Moose Jaw spans the mighty river
Am G
Farmers cross in so much fear, their stomachs are a-quiver
Am D
’Cause they know that Tractor Jack is hidin’ in the bay
Am G G
I’ll jump the bridge and knock ‘em cold and sail off with their hay
'Cause it's a heave (HO!) hi (HO!) comin' down the plains
Stealin' wheat and barley and all the other grains
It's a ho (HEY!) hi (HEY!) farmers bar yer doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores
arrgh... Well Mountie Bob he chased me, he was always at my throat
He'd follow on the shorelines 'cause he didn't own a boat
But cut-backs were a-comin' so the Mountie lost his job
So now he's sailin' with me and we call him Salty Bob!

A swingin' sword, a skull and bones, and pleasant company
I never pay my income tax and screw the GST (SCREW IT!)
Prince Albert down to Saskatoon, the terror of the sea
If you wanna reach the co-op boy you gotta get by me!
'Cause it's a heave (HO!) hi (HO!) comin' down the plains
Stealin' wheat and barley and all the other grains
It's a ho (HEY!) hi (HEY!) farmers bar yer doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores
arrgh… matey! ya salty dog! ya salty gopher! ya salty bale of hay!

Well pirate life's appealing but you don't just find it here
I've heard that in Alberta there's a band of buccaneers
They roam the Athabasca from Smith to Port McKay
And you're gonna lose your Stetson if you have to pass their way

Well winter is a-comin' and a chill is in the breeze
My pirate days are over once the river starts to freeze
I'll be back in spring time, but now I have to go
I hear there's lots of plundering down in New Mexico!
'Cause it's a heave (HO!) hi (HO!) comin' down the plains
Stealin' wheat and barley and all the other grains
It's a ho (HEY!) hi (HEY!) farmers bar yer doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores

A cappella
It's a ↓ heave (HO!) hi (HO!) comin' down the plains
Stealin' wheat and barley and all the other grains
It's a ho (HEY!) hi (HEY!) farmers bar yer doors

slower and slower
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores

The Last Saskatchewan Pirate
The Maid On The Shore
Stan Rogers, 1976, adapted from traditional Irish

Key of Am

Intro: Am / Am / Am / Am

Am G Em Am
There is a young maiden, she lives all a-lone
Am G Am Am
She lives all a-lone on the shore-o
Am C G Em
There's nothing she can find to comfort her mind
Am G Am G G
But to roam all a-lone on the shore, shore shore
Am G Am Am Am Am
But to roam all a-lone on the shore / /

Am G Em Am
'Twas of the young Captain who sailed the salt sea
Am G Am Am
Let the wind blow high, blow low
Am C G Em
I will die, I will die, the young Captain did cry
If I don't have that maid on the shore, shore shore

Well, I have lots of silver, I have lots of gold
I have lots of costly ware-o
I'll di-vide, I'll di-vide, with my jolly ship's crew

If they row me that maid on the shore, shore shore
If they row me that maid on the shore

After much persu-asion, 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 complete
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 a-way 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 yourself
I'm a maiden again on the shore, shore, shore
I'm a maiden again 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**
The Mary Ellen Carter
Stan Rogers

Intro: G / Gmaj7 / C / D /
I G / Gmaj7 / C / D

G Gmaj7 C D G
She went down last Oc-to-ber in a pouring, driving rain
Am C D
The skipper he’d been drinking and the mate he felt no pain
G Gmaj7 C G
Too close to Three Mile Rock and she was dealt her mortal blow
Am D D
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low

G Gmaj7 C D G
There was just us five a-board her when she finally was a-wash
Am C D
We worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost
G Gmaj7 C G
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to pro-claim
Am D G
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise a-gain /

I Gmaj7 / C / D / G / Gmaj7 / C / D
Well, the owners wrote her off, not a nickel would they spend

"She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end"

But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest below"

Then they laughed at us and said we had to go

But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock

She’s worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock

And with every jar that hit the bar we swore we would remain

And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Rise again, rise again

That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men

All those who loved her best and were with her ‘til the end

Will make the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again /

All spring, now, we’ve been with her on a barge lent by a friend
Three dives a day in a hard-hat suit and twice I’ve had the bends
Thank God it’s only sixty feet and the currents here are slow
Or I’d never have the strength to go be-low

But we’ve patched her rents, stopped her vents
Dogged hatch and porthole down
Put cables to her, ‘fore and aft, and girded her a-round
To-morrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise a-gain

Rise a-gain, rise a-gain
That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men
All those who loved her best and were with her ‘til the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter, rise a-gain /

For we couldn’t leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale
She’d saved our lives so many times, living through the gale
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave

They won’t be laughing in another day

And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow

With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go

Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain

And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise a-gain

Rise a-gain, rise a-gain

Though your heart, it be broken, and life about to end

No matter what you’ve lost, be it a home, a love, a friend

Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise a-gain

Rise a-gain, rise a-gain

Though your heart, it be broken, and life about to end

No matter what you’ve lost, be it a home, a love, a friend

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

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

**Tin whistle:**
\[ \text{D} / \text{A} / \text{D} / \text{G} \]
\[ \text{A} / \text{D} / \text{A} / \text{D} \]
\[ \text{G} / \text{A} \]

I signed onto a sailing ship
My very first day at sea
I seen the Mermaid in the waves
A-reaching out to me
"Come live with me in the sea," said she
"Down on the ocean floor
And I'll show you a million wonderous things
You've never seen be-fore."
So over I jumped and she pulled me down
Down to her seaweed bed
On a pillow made of a tortoise-shell
She placed beneath my head
She fed me shrimp and caviar
Up-on a silver dish
From her head to her waist it was just my taste
But the rest of her was a fish

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

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

D
But then one day, she swam away
G       D
So I sang to the clams and the whales
D       Bm
"Oh, how I miss her seaweed hair
G       A
And the silver shine of her scales!"
D
But then her sister, she swam by
G       F#m
And set my heart a-whirl... ... ...<pause>

G       D       Bm
‘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
Her skin was blue and pale
Her legs they are a work of art
I loved that girl with all my heart
And I don't give a damn about the upper part
Cause that's how I get my tail

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

**The Mermaid**
The Orange And The Green
Irish Rovers

CHORUS:

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

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

**G**
Oh, my father was an Ulsterman, proud Protestant was he

**C**
My mother was a Catholic girl from county Cork was she

**Em**
They were married in two churches, lived happily enough

**C**
Un-til the day that I was born and things got rather tough

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

With mother every Sunday to mass I’d proudly stroll
Then after that the Orange Lodge would try to save my soul
For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because
I’d play the flute, or play the harp de-pending were I was

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

One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea
We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight
And me being strictly neutral I bashed everyone in sight

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

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

CHORUS:
Oh, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
My father he was Orange, and me mother she was green
Yes, it is the biggest mixup that you have ever seen
My father he was Orange, and me mother she was green
The Ryans and the Pittmans
(We'll Rant And We'll Roar)
traditional

Key of C

||| | | |
---|---|---|---|---|
C | Am | Dm | G |
1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
1 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
2 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
3 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
4 | 5 | 5 | 5 |

Intro: 1 2 / 1 2 / C / C /

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

CHORUS:

C Am Dm G
We'll rant and we'll roar, like true Newfound-landers
G G7 C C
We'll rant and we'll roar, on deck and be-low
C Am Dm G
Un-til we strike bottom, in-side the two sunkers
G C Dm G C C
When... straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go
I'm a son of a sea-cook, and a cook in a trader
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom
I can handle a jigger, and cuts a big figure
When...ever I gets in a boat's standing room

If the voyage is good then this fall I will do it
I wants two pound ten for a ring and the priest
A couple o' dollars for clean shirts and collars
And...a handful o' coppers to make up a feast

CHORUS:
We'll rant and we'll roar, like true Newfound-landers
We'll rant and we'll roar, on deck and below
Un-till we strike bottom, in-side the two sunkers
When... straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

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

Fare-well and a-dieu to ye fair ones of Valen
Fare-well and adieu to ye girls in the cove
I'm bound for the Westward, to the wall with the hole in
I'll... take her from Toslow, the wide world to rove

CHORUS:
We'll rant and we'll roar, like true Newfound-landers
We'll rant and we'll roar, on deck and be-low
Un-till we strike bottom, in-side the two sunkers
When... straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

Fare-well and a-dieu to ye girls of St. Kyran's
Of Paradise and Presque, Big and Little Bo-na
C    Am    Dm    G
I'm bound unto Toslow to marry sweet Biddy
G    C    Dm    G    C    C
And… if I don't do so, I'm afraid of her da

CHORUS:
C    Am    Dm    G
We'll rant and we'll roar, like true Newfound-landers
G    G7    C    C
We'll rant and we'll roar, on deck and below
C    Am    Dm    G
Until we strike bottom, inside the two sinkers
G    C    Dm    G    C    C
When… straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

C    Am    Dm    G
I've bought me a house from Katherine Davis
G    G7    C    C
A twenty-pound bed, from Jimmy McGrath
C    Am    Dm    G
I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle
G    C    Dm    G    C    C
And… then I'll be ready for Biddy, hur-rah!

C    Am    Dm    G
I brought in the Ino this spring from the city
G    G7    C    C
Some rings and gold brooches for the girls in the bay
C    Am    Dm    G
I brought me a case-pipe – they call it a Meerschaum
G C Dm G C C
It... melted like butter up-on a hot day

CHORUS:
C Am Dm G
We'll rant and we'll roar, like true Newfound-landers
G G7 C C
We'll rant and we'll roar, on deck and be-low
C Am Dm G
Un-til we strike bottom, in-side the two sunkers
G C Dm G C C
When... straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

C Am Dm G
I went to a dance, one night in Fox Harbour
G G7 C C
There were plenty of girls, so nice as you wish
C Am Dm G
There was one pretty maiden a-chawing of frankgum
G C Dm G C C
Just... like a young kitten a-gnawing fresh fish

C Am Dm G
Then here is a health to the girls of Fox Harbour
G G7 C C
Of Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Bruley
C Am Dm G
Now let ye be jolly, don't be melan-choly
G C Dm G C C
I... can't marry all, or in chokey I'd be
CHORUS:

C           Am          Dm          G
We'll rant and we'll roar, like true Newfoundlanders

G           G7          C          C
We'll rant and we'll roar, on deck and below

C           Am          Dm          G
Until we strike bottom, inside the two sunkers

G           C           Dm          G          C          C
When... straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

a capella
We'll rant and we'll roar, like true Newfoundlanders

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

Until we strike bottom inside the two sunkers

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

The Ryans and the Pittmans
INTRO:  C / F / G7 / C / C /

G7     C     F     C
↓ Oh, this is the place where the fishermen gather,
F     C     G7     F
In oilskins and boots and Cape Ann's battened down;
C     F     C
All sizes of figures with squid lines and jiggers,
F     G7     C     C
They congregate here on the squid-jiggin' ground. ↓

G7     C     F     C
↓ Some are working their jiggers while others are yarnin',
F     C     G7     F
There's some standing up and there's more lyin' down;
C     F     C
While all kinds of fun, jokes and tricks are begun,
F     G7     C     C
As they wait for the squid on the squid-jiggin' ground. ↓
There's men of all ages and boys in the bargain,

There's old Billy Cave and there's young Raymond Brown;

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;

Hello, 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 damn on the squid-jiggin' ground.

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

The Squid-Jiggin' Ground
The Unicorn Song
Irish Rovers

Intro: C G / C

C Dm
A long time ago, when the Earth was green
G C
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
C Dm
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
C Dm G C
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
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"

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

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

Green alligators and long-necked geese

Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees

Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born

Don't you forget My ↓ u-↓-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

Hey Lord,

I've got your green alligators and long-necked geese

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

C     Dm
Then Noah looked out through the driving rain
G     C
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games
C     Dm
Kicking and splashing while the rain was pourin'
C     Dm     G     C
All, them silly ↓ u- ↓ -ni-corns

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

C     Dm
The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide
G     C
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
C     Dm
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away
X
<Spoken> That's why you never seen a unicorn to this very day
C        Dm
You'll see 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
You're never gonna see no        ↓ u_↓-ni_co__rns

I     C↓     G↓     C↓

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
   D7    G7
   C     G     C
Now it's time BUG members ↓ please ↓ ↓

Time BUG Members Please
Two Sisters
Clannad

There were two sisters side by side
C Am C F
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day

There were two sisters side by side
Am G F
The boys are born for me
F C Am

There were two sisters side by side
F Am G
The eldest for young Johnny cried

I'll be true unto ↓ my ↓ love, if ↓ he'll be true to me
C F G C

Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring
C Am C F
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day
C F
Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring
The boys are born for me
Johnny bought the youngest a gay gold ring
He never bought the eldest a single thing
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day
Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat
The boys are born for me
Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat
The eldest didn't think much of that
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day
Am    G    F
The boys are born for me
F    C    Am
Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat
F    Am    G
The eldest didn't think much of that
C    F    G    C
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

C
As they were a-walkin' by the foamy brim
C    Am    C    F
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
C    F
As they were a-walkin' by the foamy brim
Am    G    F
The boys are born for me
F    C    Am
As they were a-walkin' by the foamy brim
F    Am    G
The eldest pushed the youngest in
C    F    G    C
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

C    F
Sister, oh sister, give me thy hand
C    Am    C    F
Sing aye-dum, sing aye-day
C    F
Sister, oh sister, give me thy hand
The boys are born for me
Sister, oh sister, give me thy hand
And you can have Johnny and all his land
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

Oh sister, I'll not give you my hand
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day
Oh sister, I'll not give you my hand
The boys are born for me
Oh sister, I'll not give you my hand
And I'll have Johnny and all his land
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

Oh sister, I'll not give you my hand
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day
Oh sister, I'll not give you my hand
And I'll have Johnny and all his land
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

So a-way she sank and away she swam
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day
So a-way she sank and away she swam
The boys are born for me
So a-way she sank and a-way she swam
Un-til she came to the Miller's dam
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

The Miller, he took her gay gold ring
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day
The Miller, he took her gay gold ring
The boys are born for me
The Miller, he took her gay gold ring
And then he pushed her in again
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

The Miller, he was hanged on the mountain head
Sing aye-dum sing aye-day
The boys are born for me
The Miller, he was hanged on the mountain head
The eldest sister was boiled in lead
I'll be true unto my love, if he'll be true to me

Two Sisters
When I Am King
Great Big Sea

Key of G

1 2 / 1 2 3 4 /

G          D
↓ Wake up, without a care
C          D
Your head's not heavy, your conscience's clear
G          D          C          D
Sins are all forgiven here yours and mine
G          D
Fear has gone without a trace
C          D
It's the perfect time, and the perfect place
G          D
Nothing hurting nothing sore no one suffers anymore
C          D
The doctor found a simple cure ↓ just in time

CHORUS:
G          D          Em          D
All these things if I were King would all appear around me
G          C          D          G
The world will sing when I am King
G          C          D          G
The world will sing when ↓ I am ↓ King
As she walks right in she don't even knock

It's the girl you lost to the high school jock

She shuts the door turns the lock and she takes your hand

She says she always felt a fool, for picking the Captain over you

She wonders if you miss her says she always told her sister

That you're the best damn kisser that she's ever had

**CHORUS:**

All these things if I were King would all appear around me

The world will sing when I am King

The world will sing when I am King

Woah-oh woah oh oh woah-oh woah oh oh

**BRIDGE:**

Daylight waits to shine until the moment you a-waken

So you never miss the dawn
No question, now, you know which road you're taking
Lights all green, the radio, plays just the perfect song

Well, the war's been won, the fights are fought
And you find yourself in just the spot
In a place where everybody's got, a song to sing
And like the final movie scene, the prince will find his perfect queen
The hero always saves the world the villains get what they deserve
The boy will always get the girl when I am King

CHORUS:
All these things if I were King would all appear around me
The world will sing when I am King
‘Cause the world will sing when I am King
When I Am King

G       C       D       G
The  world will  sing when  I am  King

G       D       G
The  ↓  world will sing when  ↓  I am King  ↓
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Chauncey Olcott and George Graff, Jr., music by Ernest Ball

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why
For it never should be there at all
With such pow'r in your smile, sure a stone you'll be-guile
Though there's never a teardrop should fall
When your sweet lilting laughter, like some fairy song
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be
You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile
And now smile a smile for me
CHORUS:

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

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

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

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Whiskey In The Jar
Traditional

Key of A

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

CHORUS:

With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
There’s ↓ whiskey ↓ in the jar

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

**CHORUS:**

```
E
With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
A
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
A E A A
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:**

```
E
With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
A
Whack fol the daddy oh! Whack fol the daddy oh!
A E A A
There’s ↓ whiskey ↓ in the jar
```
’Twas early in the morning before 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:
E  With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
A   D  Whack fol the daddy oh!  Whack fol the daddy oh!

A       F#m
There's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin’,
D       A  And some takes delight in the Hurley or the Bollin’.
A       F#m
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
D       A  And courtin’ pretty maids in the mornin’, oh so early.

CHORUS:
E  With your ring dum-a do dun-a da!
A   D  Whack fol the daddy oh!  Whack fol the daddy oh!

A       E       A       A  There’s ↓ whiskey ↓ in the jar ↓

Whiskey In The Jar
Wild Rover
folk song

Key of C

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

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

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

CHORUS:
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

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

**CHORUS:**

```markdown
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
```

```markdown
C F F
I'll go home to me parents, confess what I've done
C G7 C C
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
C F F
And if they forgive me as oft times before
C G7 C
Then I promise I'll play the wild rover no more!
```

**CHORUS:**

```markdown
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
One more time ...
    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

Wild Rover
Will Ye Go  Lassie  Go

Traditional

Key of D

D  G  D  D  D
Oh the  summer-time is  come
G              D  D
And the  trees are sweetly  blooming
G  D  Bm  Bm
And the  wild  mountain  thyme
G  Em  G  G
Grows a-round the  blooming  heather

CHORUS:
D  G  D  D  D
Will ye go  lassie go
G              D  D
And we'll  all go tae-gether
G  D  Bm  Bm
Taw  pull  wild  mountain  thyme
G  Em  G  G
All a-round the  blooming  heather
D  G  D  D
Will ye go  lassie go
I will build my love a bower
By yon pure crystal fountain
And a-round it I will pile
All the flowers o’ the mountain

CHORUS:
Will ye go lassie go
And we’ll all go tae-gether
Taw pull wild mountain thyme
All a-round the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go

I will range through the wilds
And the deep glens saw dreary
And re-turn wi’ my spoils
G    Em    G    G
Tae the bower o’ my dearie

CHORUS:
  D    G    D    D    D
Will ye go lassie go
  G    D    D    D
And we'll all go tae-gether
  G    D    Bm    Bm
Taw pull wild mountain thyme
  G    Em    G    G    G
All a-round the blooming heather
  D    G    D    D    D
Will ye go lassie go

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

CHORUS:
  D    G    D    D    D
Will ye go lassie go
And we'll all go tae-gether
Taw pull wild mountain thyme
All a-round the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go

*a cappella <slower>*:
Will ye go lassie go
And we'll all go taegether
Taw pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie go

*Will Ye Go Lassie Go*