Song Book
March 2017

hooley time!

BUG Jam
Night

Version 1.00
BUG Jam Song PDF Book

March 2017

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Ballad of Springhill
Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger (1959)

Intro: / 1 2 / 1 2 / Am / Am

Am G Am G
In the town of Springhill Nova Scotia
Am D Am
Down in the dark of the Cumberland Mine
Am D G E7
There’s blood on the coal and the miners lie
Am G Am G
In the roads that never saw sun nor sky
Am G Am Em Em Em 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    Em    Em    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    Em    Em    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 belts 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    Em    Em    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    Em    Em    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
Am    G    Am    G
So we’ll live on songs and hope instead
Am    G    Am    Em    Em    Em    Em
Live on songs and hope instead” / / / 

Am    G    Am    G
Listen for the shouts of the bareface miners
Am    D    Am
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team
Am    D    G    E7
Six-hundred feet of coal and slag
Am    G    Am    G
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam
Am    G    Am    Em    Em
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam
Am    G    Am    G
Eight days passed and some were rescued
Am    D    Am
Leaving the dead to lie a-lone
    Am    D    G    E7
Through all their lives they dug a grave
Am    G    Am    G
Two miles of earth for a marking stone
Am    G    Am    Em    Em
Two miles of earth for a marking stone ↓

Ballad of Springhill
Beer, Beer, Beer
Folk Song

Key of G

Intro: / 1 2 3 4 / G↓↓↓↓/

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G Beer ↓ beer ↓ beer ↓ tiddley ↓ beer ↓ beer ↓ beer ↓

G A long time ago, way back in history
G C D
G When all there was to drink was nothin' but cups of tea
G C G
G A-long came a man, by the name of Charlie Mopps
G D G
G And he invented the wonderful drink and he made it out of hops

CHORUS:

Hey! He must have been an admiral, a sultan, or a king
G C D
G And to his praises we shall always sing
G C G
G Look at what he has done for us, he's filled us up with cheer
G D G
G Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented
G D G
G 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 must have been an admiral, a sultan, or a king
And to his praises we shall always sing
Look at what he has done for us, he's filled us up with cheer
Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented beer
A bushel of malt, a barrel of hops and stir it around with a stick
The type of lubrication, that makes your engine tick
Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.
It's only eight pence, ha-penny a pint, and one and six in tax!

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

CHORUS:
G
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 has done for us, he's filled us up with cheer
G D
Lord, bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented
G D G D
Beer beer beer tiddley beer beer beer beer
Beetle beer beer beer the Lord bless Charlie
G
Mopps!

Beer, Beer, Beer
Black Velvet Band
Traditional

Simplified Chord Chart:

<table>
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6/8 TIME / 1 2 3 4 5 6 /

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

C
In a neat little town they call Belfast

C        G
Ap-prenticed to trade I was bound

C        Am
And many an hour of sweet happiness

F        G        C
I spent in that neat little town

C
Till bad misfortune came o’er me

C        G
And caused me to stray from the land

C        Am
Far a-way from me friends and relations

F        G        C
Be-trayed by the black velvet band
CHORUS:
C
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
C G
You’d think she was queen of the land
C Am
And her hair hung over her shoulder
F G C
Tied up with a black velvet band

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

CHORUS:
C
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
You’d think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

This mornin’ before judge and jury
For trial I had to appear
Then the judge, he says “Me young fellow
The case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence
You’re going to Van Diemen’s Land
Far 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:
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
You’d think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
F     G     C
Tied up with a black velvet band

C
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
C         G
You’d think she was queen of the land
C         Am
And her hair hung over her shoulder
F         G      C
Tied ↓ up with a ↓ black velvet ↓ band

Black Velvet Band
Botany Bay

Traditional

Intro: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / A / E7 / A / A

A    E7    A    A
Fare-well to old England for-ever
A    D    E7    E7
Fare-well to my rum culls as well
A    D    A    F#m
Fare-well to the well known Old Bailee
A    E7    A    E7
Where I used for to cut such a swell

CHORUS:

A    E7    A    A
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ad-dity
A    D    E7    E7
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ay
D    A    F#m
Singin’ too-ral-li, oo-ral-li ad-dity
A    E7    A    A
And we're bound for Botany Bay
There's the captain as is our Com-mander
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew
There's the first and second class passengers
Knows what we poor convicts go through

CHORUS:
Singin' too-ral-li oo-ral-li ad-dity
Singin' too-ral-li oo-ral-li ay
Singin' too-ral-li, oo-ral-li ad-dity
And we're bound for Botany Bay

'taint leavin' old England we cares about
'taint cos we mis-pels what we knows
But be-cos all we light-fingered gentry
Hops a-round with a log on our toes
CHORUS:
A    E7    A    A
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ad-dity
A    D    E7    E7
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ay
D    A    F#m
Singin’ too-ral-li, oo-ral-li ad-dity
A    E7    A    A
And we're bound for Botany Bay

A    E7    A    A
For seven long years I'll be stayin’ here
A    D    E7    E7
For seven long years and a day
A    D    A    F#m
For meetin’ a cove in an area
A    E7    A    E7
And takin’ his ticker a-way

CHORUS:
A    E7    A    A
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ad-dity
A    D    E7    E7
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ay
D    A    F#m
Singin’ too-ral-li, oo-ral-li ad-dity
A    E7    A    A
And we're bound for Botany Bay
Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove
I'd soar on my pinions so high
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly Love
And in her sweet presence I'd die

CHORUS:
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ad-dity
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ay
Singin’ too-ral-li, oo-ral-li ad-dity
And we're bound for Botany Bay

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

CHORUS:
Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ad-dity
A        E7        A        A

Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ay
A        D        E7        E7

Singin’ too-ral-li, oo-ral-li ad-dity
D        A        F#m

And we're bound for Botany Bay

Outro:

Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ad-dity
A        E7        A        A

Singin’ too-ral-li oo-ral-li ay
D        A        F#m

Singin’ too-ral-li, oo-ral-li ad-dity
A        E7        A        A

And we're bound for Botany Bay

Botany Bay
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
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 ↓

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
F          C          Dm          Dm
sometimes dreams died
F          C          Dm          Bb
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
Carrickfergus
Traditional Irish folk tune (ARB: Cedric Smith/Loreena McKennitt 1985)

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Intro: / 1 2 3 4 / Bb / Bbsus4 / Bb / Bb

Eb  F       Bb F       Gm
I wish I was in Carrick-fer-gus
Cm  F       Bb  Bb

Only for nights in Bally-gran

Eb  F       Bb F       Gm
I would swim over the deepest ocean
Cm  F       Bb  Bb

Only for nights in Bally-gran

Gm  F  F
But the sea is wide, and I can't get over
Gm  F  F

And neither have, I wings to fly

Eb  F       Bb F       Gm
Boy if I could find me a handsome boats-man
Cm  F       Bb  Bb

To ferry me over to my love and die

Eb  F       Bb F       Gm
Boy if I could find me a handsome boats-man
To ferry me over to my love and die

Now in Kil-kenny it is re-por-ted
They've marble stones there as black as ink
With gold and silver I would trans-port her
But I'll sing no more now 'til I get a drink

I'm drunk to-day, but then I'm seldom sober
A handsome rover, from town to town
Oh, but I am sick now my days are o-ver
Come all you young lads and lay me down /

I wish I was in Carrick-fergus /
Only for nights in Bally-gran ↓
Citadel Hill
Traditional

Key of G

6/8 TIME / 1 2 3 4 5 6 /

Intro: / 1 2 / 1 2 / G / G /

One day in December I'll never for-get

A charmin' young creature I happily met

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

She was trippin' and slippin' down Citadel Hill

CHORUS:

Sing 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
   G       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 fellas, take warnin’ 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
Connemara Cradle Song
Traditional

Key of C

Intro: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / C / Csus4 / C

C G Gsus4 G
On the wings of the wind o'er the dark rolling deep / /
G G7 C Csus4 C
Angels are coming, to watch o'er thy sleep / /
C G Gsus4 G
Angels are coming to watch over thee / /
G G7 C Csus4 C
So list' to the wind coming over the sea / /

CHORUS:

C G Gsus4 G
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow / /
G G7 C Csus4 C
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow / /

C G Gsus4 G
Oh winds of the night may your fury be crossed / /
G G7 C Csus4 C
May no one who's dear to our island be lost / /
Blow the winds gently, calm be the foam / /  
Shine the light brightly and guide them back home / /  

CHORUS:  
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow / /  
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow / /  

C  G  Gsus4  G  
The currachs are sailing way out on the blue / /  
Laden with herring of silvery hue / /  
Silver the herring and silver the sea / /  
And soon there'll be silver for baby and me / /  

CHORUS:  
Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow / /  
Lean your head over and hear the wind blow / /  

C  G  Gsus4  G  
The currachs tomorrow will stand on the shore / /
And daddy goes sailing, a-sailing no more / /
C G Gsus4 G

The nets will be drying, the nets heaven blessed / /
G G7 C Csus4 C

And safe in my arms dear, contented he'll rest / /

CHORUS:
C G Gsus4 G

Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow / /
G G7 C Csus4 C

Lean your head over and hear the wind blow / /
C G Gsus4 G

Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow / /
G G7 C Csus4 C

Lean your head over and hear the wind blow / /

Connemara Cradle Song
Danny Boy
Traditional tune “Londonderry Air”
Lyrics by Frederick Edward Weatherly 1910

Key of A

Intro: / 1 2 / 1 2 / A / A

A | D | D
Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
A | E7 | E7
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
A | D | D
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling
A | E7 | A | A
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide

A | D | A | A
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
F#m | D | E7 | E7
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
A | D | A | F#m
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
A | D | E7 | A | A
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so
And come ye back, when all the flowers are dying
When I am dead, as dead I well may be
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying

And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my grave, will warmer sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me

And I shall sleep in peace un-till ye come to me
And I shall sleep in peace un-till ye come to me

Danny Boy
**Doon In The Wee Room**

**Trad / Daniel McLaughlin**

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

C  G  D7  G  G  
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

**CHORUS:**

G  C  G  
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

C  G  D  
Everybody's happy, everybody's there

G  C  G  
We're all playin' ukulele each one in his chair

C  G  D7  G  G  
Doon in the wee room underneath 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 find the Clocktower there
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, everybody's there

G C G
We're all playin' ukulele each one in his chair

C G D7 G G
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

G C G
If you play ukulele and want to hae some cheer

C G D
Tak' a trip tae the Clocktower 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 underneath the stair

**CHORUS:**

G C G
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

C G D
Everybody's happy, everybody's there

G C G
We're all playin' ukulele each one in his chair
C \ G \ D7 \ G \ G
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

G \ C \ G
When I'm auld and feeble and me bones are gettin' set
C \ G \ D
I'll no get cross and cranky like other people get
G \ C \ G
I'm savin' up ma bawbees tae buy a hurly chair
C \ G \ D7 \ G
Tae tak' me 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, everybody's there
G \ C \ G
We're all playin' ukulele each one in his chair
C \ G \ D7 \ G
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

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 one in his chair
C \ G \ D7 \ G \ G
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair
Drunken Sailor
Traditional Sea Shanty

Intro:  / 1 2 / 1 2 /

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

Am
What'll we do with a drunken sailor
G
What'll we do with a drunken sailor
Am
What'll we do with a drunken sailor
G        Am
Earl-aye in the morning?
CHORUS:
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Way hay and up she rises
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Am
Am
Earl-aye in the morning

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
Am
Earl-aye in the morning
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        Am
Earl-aye in the morning

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       Am
Earl-aye in the morning

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       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

Outro:
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G
Way hay and up she rises
Am
Way hay and up she rises
G         Am     Am
Earl-aye in the ↓ mor- ↓ ning

Drunken Sailor
Fiddler’s Green
John Conolly (1966)

Key of C

Intro: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /
I C / F / C / F

C F C Am Am
As I roamed by the dockside one evening so fair
C F C G G7
To view the still waters and take the salt air
F C G C C
I heard an old fisherman singing this song
C F C G G7
Oh take me a-way boys, me time is not long

CHORUS:
C G C C
Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
F C G G7
No more on the docks I’ll be seen
F C Am
Just tell me old shipmates, I’m taking the trip, mates
G G7 C F C F
And I’ll see you someday in Fiddler’s Green / /
Now Fiddler’s Green is a place I’ve heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don’t go to Hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far a-way

CHORUS:
Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I’ll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I’m taking the trip, mates
And I’ll see you someday in Fiddler’s Green

Now the sky’s always clear and there’s never a gale
And the fish jump on board with a flip of their tails
You can lie at your leisure, there’s no work to do
And the skipper’s below making tea for the crew

CHORUS:
Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I’ll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I’m taking the trip, mates
And I’ll see you someday in Fiddler’s Green

And when you’re in dock and the long trip is through
There’s pubs and there’s clubs and there’s lasses there too
Now the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there’s bottles of rum growing on every tree

CHORUS:
Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I’ll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I’m taking the trip, mates
And I’ll see you someday in Fiddler’s Green

Well I don’t want a harp nor a halo, not me
C F C G G7
Just give me a breeze and a good, rolling sea
F C G C C
And I play me old squeezebox as we sail a-long
C F C G G7
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song

CHORUS:
F C G C C
Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
F C G G7
No more on the dock I’ll be seen
F C Am
Just tell me old shipmates, I’m taking the trip, mates
G G7 C G
And I’ll see you someday in Fiddler’s Green
F C Am
Just tell me old shipmates, I’m taking the trip, mates
G G7 C C
And I’ll see you someday in Fiddler’s Green ↓

Fiddler’s Green
Fisherman's Blues
The Waterboys (1988)

INTRO: 1 2 3 4 /

I G / G / F / F / Am / Am / C / C

I G / G / F / F / Am / Am / C / C

G F F
I wish I was a fisherman, tumblin’ on the seas
Am C C
Far away from dry land, and its bitter memories
G F F
Castin’ out my sweet line, with a-bandonment and love
Am C
No ceilin’ bearin’ down on me, save the starry sky above
G F Am Am
With light in my head, you in my arms, woo-ooh

I G / G / F / F / Am / Am / C / C

G F F
I wish I was the brakeman, on a hurtlin’ fevered train
Am C C
Crashin’ a-headlong into the heartland, like a cannon in the rain
With the feelin’ of the sleepers, and the burnin’ of the coal
Countin’ the towns flashin’ by, in a night that's full of soul
With light in my head, you in my arms, woo-ooh

I G / G / F / F / Am / Am / C / C
I G / G / F / F / Am / Am / C / C

G F F
To-morrow I will be loosened, from bonds that hold me fast
That the chains all hung around me will fall away at last
And on that fine and fateful day, I will take thee in my hand
I will ride on a train, I will be the fisherman
With light in my head, you in my arms, woo-ooh oooh / /

I G / G / F / F / Am / Am / C / C
I G / G / F / F / Am / Am / C "oooh" C

G F F
With light in my head, you in my arms
With light in my head, you in my arms
With light in my head, you in my arms
Am C C
With light in my head, you in my arms

I G / G / F / F / Am / Am / C / C↓

Fisherman's Blues
I'll Tell Me Ma

Traditional

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

CHORUS:

C     F     C
I'll tell me ma when I get home
G7     C
The boys won't leave the girls alone
C     F     C
They pull me hair and 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 is the Belle of  ↓ Belfast city
C     F     F
She is courtin'  ↓ one  ↓ two  ↓ three
C     G7     C     C
Please won’t you tell me who is she

C     F     C
Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fightin' for her
They knock on her door, they ring on her bell sayin’
“Oh me true love are you well?”
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murphy says she’ll die
If she doesn't get the fella with the rovin’ eye

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

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come shovellin' from the sky
She's as sweet as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma when she gets home
Let them all come as they will
But it's Albert Mooney she loves still

CHORUS:
I'll tell me ma when I get home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pull me hair and 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

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

I'll Tell Me Ma
I'm Looking Over A Four-leaf Clover
Written: Mort Dixon, Music: Harry M. Woods (1927)

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
That I overlooked before

Farewell every old familiar face
It's time to go, it's time to go
Backward backward to the little place
I left behind, so long a-go

↓ Watch Mister Casey ↓ Jones ↓ carry this lazy ↓ bones
I should arrive in the day

Only wait, till I communicate

Here’s just what I’ll say

CHORUS:

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
That I overlooked before

One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain
Third are the roses that grow in the lane
No need complaining, the one remaining
Is someone that I adore

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
That I overlooked before

OPTIONAL INSTRUMENTAL:

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
That I overlooked before
D7   G   E7
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain
A7   D7
Third are the roses that grow in the lane
G
No need complaining, the one remaining
A7   A7
Is someone that I adore
Am7   Cm   G   E7
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
A7   D7   G   D7
That I over-looked be-fore

Em   Am   Em
Hello homestead in the new mown hay
B7   Em   Em
I’m glad I’m here, I’m glad I’m here
Em   Am   Em
Hello humble mill across the way
B7   Em   Em
Beside the pond, so cool and clear
D   G
Right to my sweetie’s home oh what a place to roam
D   G   B7
She’ll be as glad as can be
Em   Am   Em
Up the trail, and over hill and dale
A7   D7   D7
Don’t you envy me?
CHORUS:
G
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
   A7               A7
That I overlooked before
D7                 G   E7
One leaf is sweetheart, the second is Dad
A7               D7
Third is the best pal that I ever had
G
No need complaining, the one remaining
   A7               A7
Is home where I'll weep no more
Am7             Cm   G   E7
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
   A7   D7               G   G D7   G
That I overlooked before  ↓ ↓  ↓

I'm Looking Over A Four-leaf Clover
Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor
Traditional (Published Cambridge, Mass 1933)

Intro: / 1 2 / 1 2 / G / D7 / G / G ↓

X G D7
Now, ‘twas twenty-five or thirty years since Jack first saw the light
D7 G
He came into this world of woe one dark and stormy night
G G D7
He was born on board his father’s ship as she was lying to
D7 D7
‘Bout twenty-five or thirty miles south-east of Baccalieu

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

G D7
When Jack grew up to be a man, he went to Labra-dor
He fished in Indian Harbour where his father fished before.

On his returning in the fog, he met a heavy gale.

And Jack was swept into the sea and swallowed by a whale.

**CHORUS:**

↓ Oh Jack was every inch a sailor

Five and twenty years a whaler

Jack was every inch a sailor

He was born upon the bright blue sea

The whale went straight for Baffin’s Bay ‘bout ninety knots an hour.

And ev’ry time he’d blow a spray, he’d send it in a shower.

“Oh now” says Jack unto himself “I must see what he’s a-bout!”

He caught the whale all by the tail and turned him inside out!

**CHORUS:**

↓ Oh Jack was every inch a sailor

Five and twenty years a whaler

Jack was every inch a sailor
He was born upon the bright blue sea

Oh Jack was every inch a sailor
Five and twenty years a whaler
Jack was every inch a sailor
He was born upon the bright blue sea

Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor
Lily The Pink
Based on the folk song “The Ballad of Lydia Pinkham”
ARB: The Scaffold (1968)

Key of G

Intro: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

CHORUS:
G7 C
<~TREMOLO~> We'll... drink, a drink, a drink
G
To Lily the Pink, the Pink, the Pink
G C C
The savior of, the human ra-a-ace
C G G
For she in-vented, medicinal compound
G C C
Most effi-cacious, in every case ↓

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

Brother Tony, was notably bony
He would never eat his me-e-eals
And so they gave him, medicinal compound
Now they move him, round on wheels

CHORUS:
We'll drink, a drink, a drink
To Lily the Pink, the Pink, the Pink
The savior of, the human ra-a-ace
For she invented, medicinal compound
Most efficacious, in every case

Old Ebenezer thought he was Julius Caesar
And so they put him in a Home
Where they gave him, medicinal compound
And now he's emperor of Rome

Johnny Hammer, had a terrible st-st-stammer
He could hardly s-say a wo-o-ord
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 Pink
The savior of, the human ra-a-ace
For she invented, medicinal compound
Most efficacious, in every case

Auntie Millie, ran willy nilly
When her legs they did rece-e-e-de
And so they rubbed on, medicinal compound
Now they call her, Milli-pede

Jennifer Eccles, had terrible freckles
And the boys all called her na-a-ames
But she changed with, medicinal compound
Now he joins, in all their games

CHORUS:
G7
<~TREMOLO~> We-ee-ee-ee’ll drink, a drink, a drink
To Lily the Pink, the Pink, the Pink
The savior of, the human race
For she invented, medicinal compound
Most efficacious, in every case
Lily the Pink she, turned to drink she
Filled up with paraffin in-si-i-ide
And despite her, medicinal compound
Sadly Pica-Lily died...aww....

SLOW and Heavenly...
Up to Heaven, her soul as-cended
All the church bells they did ri-ing
She took with her, medicinal compound
Hark the herald angels sing

G7
<~TREMOLO~> Ooo-ooo, we-ee'll <A TEMPO> drink, a drink, a drink
To Lily the Pink, the Pink, the Pink
The savior of, the human ra-a-ace
For she in-vented, medicinal compound
Most effi-cacious, in every case
G7  C
↓ We'll drink, a drink, a drink
G
To Lily the Pink, the Pink, the Pink
G  C  C
The savior of, the human ra-a-ace
C  G  G
For she invented, medicinal compound
G  C  C
Most efficacious, in every case ↓

**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
G  C  C
The savior of, the human ra-a-ace
For she invented, medicinal compound
Most efficacious, in every case

Lily The Pink
Maids When You’re Young

¾ waltz time

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

CHORUS:

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

D          A          A
When this old man comes to bed, hey ding a doo rum dow
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 falloorum, he found my ding-doorum

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

Maids When You’re Young
McNamara’s Band
Shamus O’Connor and John J. Stamford (1889) – originally ‘MacNamara’s Band’
ARB: Bing Crosby and The Jesters in 1945

Key of C

Note: “Julius” pronounced “Yoolius”

I KAZOO INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / C / C /
I C / C / D7 / D7 /
I G7 / G7 / C / C ↓

C
Oh, me name is McNamara, I’m the leader of the band
F C D7 G7
Al-though we’re few in numbers, we’re the finest in the land
C
We play at wakes and weddings, and at every fancy ball
F C D7 G7 C
And when we play the funerals, we play the march from ‘Saul’

CHORUS:
C
Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away
F C D7 G7 C
Mc-Carthy pumps the old bassoon while I the pipes do play
And Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute and the music is somethin’ grand

F C D7 G7 C

A credit to old Ireland is McNamara’s band

KAZOO BAND INSTRUMENTAL:
I C / C / D7 / D7 /
I G7 / G7 / C / C /
I C / C / D7 / D7 /
I G7 / G7 / C / C ↓

Right now we are rehearsin’ for a very swell affair

F C D7 G7

The annual celebration, all the gentry will be there

C

When General Grant to Ireland came, he took me by the hand

F C D7 G7 C

Says he “I never saw the likes of McNamara’s band

CHORUS:

C

Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away

F C D7 G7

McCarthy pumps the old bassoon while I the pipes do play

C

And Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute and the music is somethin’ grand
A credit to old Ireland is McNamara's band

KAZOO BAND INSTRUMENTAL:
I C / C / D7 / D7 /
I G7 / G7 / C / C /
I C / C / D7 / D7 /
I G7 / G7 / C / C ↓

Oh, my name is Uncle Julius and from Sweden I did come
to play with McNamara's Band and beat the big bass drum
And when I march along the street, the ladies think I'm grand
They shout "There's Uncle Julius playin' and with an Irish band!"

Oh, I wear a bunch of shamrocks and a uniform of green
And I'm the funniest lookin' Swede that you have ever seen
There is O'-Briens an' Ryans, O'Sheehans an' Meehans, they come from Ireland
But by yimminy, I'm the only Swede in McNamara's band
CHORUS:
C
Oh, the drums go bang and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away
F       C       D7       G7
Mc-Carthy pumps the old bassoon while I the pipes do play
C
And Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute and the music is somethin’ grand
F       C       D7       G7       C
A credit to old Ireland is McNamara’s band

KAZOO BAND INSTRUMENTAL:
I  C / C / D7 / D7 /
I  G7 / G7 / C / C /
I  C / C / D7 / D7 /
I  G7 / G7 /
C    A7
That's McNamara
I  G7 / G7 / C↓ G7↓ / C↓

McNamara’s Band
Peein’ In The Snow
Wayne Chaulk 1990 (ARB: Buddy Wasisname and the Other Fellers)

Key of C

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

CHORUS:
C
Peein’ in the snow, and gazin’ down the hole
D7

G
Is the only thing to me that looks like spring, spring, spring
C

G
I said peein’ in the snow, and gazin’ down the hole
D7

G

G
Is the only thing to me that looks like spring
C

G
You know autumn came in summer, winter came in fall
C

G
If it wasn’t for indoor potted plants
A7

D7

There wouldn’t be no spring at all
G

C
I fear the cursed salt trucks will be workin’ late in June
C

G
It’s been so long since I seen the sun
D7

G
There’s a lot more heat from the ↓ moon
CHORUS:

C             G
Peein’ in the snow, and gazin’ down the hole
D7           G
Is the only thing to me that looks like spring, spring, spring
C             G
I said peein’ in the snow, and gazin’ down the hole
D7           G             G
Is the only thing to me that looks like spring

G
I tried for help from government, must be somethin’ they can do
C             G         A7       D7
They tell us before e-lections they can turn the sky to blue
G
But when I showed up at their door, depression I could see
C             G          D7       G
I was so surprised to see ‘em doing the same as me

CHORUS:

C             G
Peein’ in the snow, and gazin’ down the hole
D7           G
Is the only thing to me that looks like spring, spring, spring
C             G
I said peein’ in the snow, and gazin’ down the hole
D7           G             G
Is the only thing to me that looks like spring
I can see why so many people, turn to preachers on T--V
If this winter keeps on hittin’, a victim I will be
You know Swaggart, Roberts, and Baker, seem happy constant-ly
But give ‘em three weeks in Newfoundland
They’ll be standin’ outside with me

CHORUS:
Peein’ in the snow, and gazin’ down the hole
Is the only thing to me that looks like spring, spring, spring
I said peein’ in the snow, and gazin’ down the hole
Is the only thing to me that looks like spring

Peein’ In The Snow
The Rattlin’ Bog

Traditional

Key of C

Intro: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

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

C F C G
Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

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

C G
Well in the bog there was a hole, a rare hole, a rattlin’ hole

C
↓ Hole in the bog

… and the bog down in the valley-o

C F C G
Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

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

Well in the hole there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin’ tree

↓ Tree in the hole,
... and the hole in the bog,
... and the bog down in the valley-o

C F C G
Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

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

C

On the tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin’ limb

↓ Limb on the tree,
... and the tree in the hole,
... and the hole in the bog,
... and the bog down in the valley-o

C F C G
Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

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

C

On the limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a rattlin’ branch
Branch on the limb,
... and the limb on the tree,
... and the tree in the hole,
... and the hole in the bog,
... and the bog down in the valley-o

Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

Rare bog, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

Well on the branch there was a nest, a rare nest, a rattlin’ nest

Nest on the branch,
... and the branch on the limb,
... and the limb on the tree,
... and the tree in the hole,
... and the hole in the bog,
... and the bog down in the valley-o

Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

Rare bog, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

In the nest there was an egg, a rare egg, a rattlin’ egg
C
↓ Egg in the nest,
... and the nest on the branch,
... and the branch on the limb,
... and the limb on the tree,
... and the tree in the hole,
... and the hole in the bog,
... and the bog down in the valley-o

C F C G
Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o
C F G C C
Rare bog, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

C G
Well on the egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a rattlin’ bird
C
↓ Bird on the egg,
... and the egg in the nest,
... and the nest on the branch,
... and the branch on the limb,
... and the limb on the tree,
... and the tree in the hole,
... and the hole in the bog,
... and the bog down in the valley-o

C F C G
Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o
C F G C C
Rare bog, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o
And on the bird there was a feather, a rare feather, a rattlin' feather

C

↓ Feather on the bird
... bird on the egg
... egg in the nest
... nest on the branch
... branch on the limb
... limb on the tree
... tree in the hole
... hole in the bog
... the bog down in the valley-o

C  F  C  G

Ho, ho, the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

C  F  G  C  C  C

Rare bog, the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

C  G

On the feather there was a flea, a rare flea, a rattlin' flea

C

↓ Flea feather
... feather bird
... bird egg
... egg nest
... nest branch
... branch limb
… limb tree
… tree hole
… hole bog
… bog down in the valley-o

C       F      C       G
Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o
C       F      G       C
Rare bog, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o

C       F      C       G
Ho, ho, the rattlin’ bog, the bog down in the valley-o
SLOWER...
C       F
↓ Rare bog, the ↓ rattlin’ bog
G       C
The ↓ bog down in the valley-<~~TREMOLO~~> oooo

The Rattlin’ Bog
Seven Drunken Nights

Traditional

Single strokes for verses; regular rhythm for refrains

As I went home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse out-side the door, where my old horse should be
Well I called me wife and I says to her “Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse out-side the door, where my old horse should be?”

Refrain:

Oh you're drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That’s a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw be-fore
As I went home on Tuesday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door, where my old coat should be
Well I called me wife and I says to her “Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door, where my old coat should be?”

Refrain:
Oh you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That's a woolen blanket that me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But a buttons on a blanket sure I never saw before

As I went home on Wednesday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe up-on the chair, where my old pipe should be
Well I called me wife and I says to her “Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that pipe up-on the chair, where my old pipe should be?”

Refrain:
Oh you're drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool, still you...
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

As I went home on Thursday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the door, where my old boots should be
Well I called me wife and I says to her "Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns them boots 'neath the door, where my old boots should be?"

Refrain:
Oh you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
They're two lovely geranium pots that me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But a laces in geranium pots I never saw before

As I went home on Friday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head up-on the bed, where my old head should be
Well I called me wife and I says to her “Would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed, where my old head should be?”

Refrain:
Oh you're drunk, you’re drunk, you silly old fool, still you cannot see
That’s a baby boy that me mother sent to me
Well it’s many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on I never saw be-fore

Seven Drunken Nights
INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

C G
Can you imagine a piece of the universe
D G G7
More fit for princes and kings?
C G D
I’d trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge
D G G
And the pleasure it brings

G C G
Out on the Mira on warm afternoons
D G C D7 D7
Old men go fishing with black line and spoon
G C G
And if they catch nothing, they never complain
G D7 G G
And I wish I was with them again
Boys in their boats call to girls on the shore
Teasing the ones that they dearly a-dore
And into the evening, the courting be-gins
And I wish I was with them a-gain

CHORUS:
Can you imagine a piece of the universe
More fit for princes and kings?
I’d trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge
And the pleasure it brings

Out on the Mira on soft summer nights
Bonfires blaze to the children’s de-light
They dance ‘round the flames singing songs with their friends
And I wish I was with them a-gain

And over the ashes, the stories are told
Of witches and werewolves and Oak Island gold

The stars on the river, they sparkle and spin

And I wish I was with them a-gain

CHORUS:

Can you imagine a piece of the universe

More fit for princes and kings?

I’d trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge

And the pleasure it brings

Out on the Mira, the people are kind

They’ll treat you to home brew and help you un-wind

And if you come broken, they’ll see that you mend

And I wish I was with them a-gain

But now I’ll conclude with this wish-you-go-well

Sweet be your dreams and your happiness swell
I’ll leave you now for my journey begins
And I’m going to be with them again
Yes, I’m going to be with them again

**CHORUS:**
Can you imagine a piece of the universe
More fit for princes and kings?
I’d trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge
And the pleasure it brings

Can you imagine a piece of the universe
More fit for princes and kings?
I’d trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge
And the pleasure it brings

I’d trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge
And the pleasure it brings
The Bonnie Banks O’ Loch Lomond

Traditional (lyrics as recorded by The Corries)

Key of A

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Intro: / 1 2 3 4 / A ↓</th>
</tr>
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A     D     E7
O whither away my bonnie May
A     D     A
Sae late an' sae far in the gloam-in'
D     A     D     E7
The mist gathers grey, o'er moorland and brae
A     D     E7     A
O whither sae far are ye roam-↓ in'?

CHORUS:

A     D     A
O ye'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the low
A     D     A
I'll be in Scotland a-fore ye
D     A     D     E7
For me and my true love will never meet a-gain
A     D     E7     A
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo-↓ mond
I trusted my ain love last night in the broom
My Donald wha' loves me sae dear-ly
For the morrow he will march for Edinburgh toon
Tae fecht for his King and Prince Char-↓ lie

O well may I weep for yes-treen in my sleep
We stood bride and bridegroom to-geth-er
But his arms and his breath were as cold as the death
And his heart's blood ran red in the heath-↓ er

CHORUS:
O ye'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the low
I'll be in Scotland a-fore ye
For me and my true love will never meet a-gain
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo-↓ mond
As dauntless in battle, as tender in love
He'd yield ne'er a foot tae the foe-man
But never a-gain, frae the field o' the slain
Tae his Moira will he come by Loch Lo- mond

The thistle may bloom, the King hae his ain
And fond lovers will meet in the gloam-in'
And me and my true love will yet meet a-gain
Far a-bove the bonnie banks o’ Loch Lo- mond

CHORUS:
O ye'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the low
I'll be in Scotland a-fore ye
For me and my true love will never meet a-gain
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo- mond
The Galway Girl
Steve Earle (2000) - APB: UKULULI

Key of G

Intro: / 1 2 3 4 /

I G / G / G / G↓

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

X G G
And I ask you friend
C G G
What's a fella to do
Em D C G G
'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
C G G
And I knew right then
I'd be takin' a whirl
'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

Diddle dee, dee, dee, deedle dee....dle deedle deedle deedle
Dee...dle deedle deedle deedle dee dee deedl
de dee...dle deedle deedle deedle deedl
de...dle deedle deedle deedl

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

So I took her hand

And I gave her a twirl

And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

Diddle dee, dee, dee, deedle dee...dle deedle deedle dee

Dee...dle deedle deedle dee dee dee deedle dee

Dee...dle dee...dle deedle deedle deedle dee

Dee...dle deedle deedle ↓ dee ↓ dee ↓ dee deedle

↓ Dee...dle ↓ dee...dle dee, dee, dee, dee

Dee, dee deedle deedle dee...dee

Dee deedle dee, deedle deedle dee

Dee...dle deedle deedle ↓ dee ↓ dee ↓ dee
G
When I woke up I was all alone
G C
Of a day-i-ay-i-ay
G C G
With a broken heart and a ticket home
G C G
Of a fine soft day--i-ay

X G G
And I ask you now
C G G
Tell me what would you do
Em D C G G
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue
C G G
And I've traveled a-round
C G G
Been all over this world
Em D C G G
Sure I've ne'er seen nothin' like a Galway girl

G G
Diddle dee, dee, dee, deedle dee....dle deedle deedle
C C G
Dee....dle deedle deedle, dee dee, deedee
c C G D G
Dee...dle dee...dle deedle deedle deedle dee
Dee…dle deedle deedle   ↓  dee   ↓  dee   ↓  dee deedle

↓  Dee…dle   ↓  dee…dle  dee, dee, dee, dee

Dee, dee deedle deedle   dee….dee

Dee deedle  dee, deedle deedle  dee

Dee…dle deedle deedle   ↓  dee   ↓  dee   ↓  dee

The Galway Girl (UKULUI)
The Leaving of Liverpool

Traditional

Key of C

C
F
C
Farewell to you, my own true love
G7
I am going far a-way
C
F
C
I am bound for Cali-forni-a
G7
C
But I know that I’ll return some day

CHORUS:
G
F
C
So fare thee well, my own true love
G
And when I return united we will be
C
F
C
It’s not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
C
G7
C
But my darling when I think of thee

C
F
C
I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say she is a floating hell

**CHORUS:**

```
G    F         C
So fare thee well, my own true love
```

```
C    F         C
And when I return united we will be
```

```
G    F         C
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
```

```
C    G7       C
But my darling when I think of thee
```

```
C    F         C
O the sun is in the harbour love
```

```
G7
And I wish I could remain
```

```
C    F         C
For I know it will be some long time
```

```
G7       C
Before I see you again
```

**CHORUS:**

```
G    F         C
So fare thee well, my own true love
```
And when I return united we will be

It’s not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me

But my darling when I think of thee

Outro:

So fare thee well, my own true love

And when I return united we will be

It’s not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me

But my darling when I think of thee

The Leaving of Liverpool
The Maid On The Shore

Stan Rogers, 1976, adapted from traditional Irish

1 2 / 1 2 /

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
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-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 **Am** wind blow **G** high, blow **Am** low

She's so **Am** pretty and **G** neat, she's so **Em** sweet and complete

She's sung **Am** Captain and **G** sailors to **Am** sleep, **G** sleep, **Am** sleep

Then she **Am** robbed him of **G** silver, she **Am** robbed him of **G** gold

She **Am** robbed him of **G** costly ware-**Am**

Then **Am** took his broad-sword in-stead of an **G** oar

And **Am** paddled her **G** way to the **Am** shore, shore, shore

Well, me **Am** men must be **G** crazy, me **Am** men must be **G** mad

Me **Am** men must be **G** deep in des-pair-**Am**

For to **Am** let you a-way from my **G** cabin so **Em** gay

And to **Am** paddle your **G** way to the **Am** shore, shore, shore

And to **Am** paddle your **G** way to the **Am** shore / /
Am G Em Am
Well, your men was not crazy, your men was not mad
Am G Am Am
Your men was not deep in des-pair-o
Am C G Em
I de-luded your sailors as well as your-self
Am G Am G G
I'm a maiden a-gain on the shore, shore shore
Am G Am Am Am Am
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
The Mermaid
Great Big Sea

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

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
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

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."
D
So over I jumped and she pulled me down
G       D
Down to her seaweed bed
    D         Bm
On a pillow made of a tortoise-shell
    G          A
She placed beneath my head
    D
She fed me shrimp and caviar
    G        F#m
Up-on a silver dish
    G             D         Bm
From her head to her waist it was just my taste
    G          A          D
But the rest of her was a fish

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

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...

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

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

**Tin whistle:**
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 Mummers’ Dance
Loreena McKennitt (1997)

Key of Dm

Intro:  / 1 2 3 4 /

Dm    F    C    Dm
Ooooooo  ooooooo  ooooooo  ooooooo

Bb    C    D    D
Ooooooo  <2>  ooo-ooo  oooooo

Dm    C
When in the springtime of the year

Am    D
When the trees are crowned with leaves

Dm    C
When the ash and oak, and the birch and yew

Am    D
Are dressed in ribbons fair
When owls call the breathless moon
In the blue veil of the night
The shadows of the trees appear
A- amidst the lantern light

CHORUS:
<2> We've been rambling all of the night
And for some time of this day
And <2> now returning back again
We bring a garland gay

Who will go down to those shady groves
And summon the shadows there
And tie a ribbon on those sheltering arms
In the springtime of the year
The songs of birds seem to fill the wood
That when the fiddler plays
All their voices can be heard
Long past their woodland days

CHORUS:

<2> We've been rambling all of the night
And for some time of this day
And <2> now returning back again
We bring a garland gay

And so they linked their hands and danced
Round in circles and in rows
And ↓ so the journey of the ↓ night descends

When ↓ all the shades are ↓ gone

“A ↓ garland gay we ↓ bring you here

And ↓ at your door we ↓ stand

It ↓ is a sprout well ↓ budded out

The ↓ work of Our Lord's ↓ hand"

CHORUS:

<2> We've been rambling all of the night

And for some time of this day

And <2> now returning back again

We bring a garland gay
We bring a garland gay

Dm  F  C  Dm
Oooooo  ooooooo  ooooooo  ooooooo
Bb  C  D  D
Oooooo  <2>  ooo-ooo  ooooooo  ↓

The Mummers’ Dance
The Shed Song
Wayne Chaulk (ARB: Buddy Wasisname And The Other Fellers 2005)

Key of Dm

Intro:  / 1 2 / 1 2 /

I    Dm / C / Bb / A7 /

Dm C  Bb A7
Oh oh oh oh

Dm Where I pick apart my chainsaw and go to drink my beer
C A couple of dozen games of darts three or four times a year
Bb Dm
Dm Sort me nuts and bolts sharpen up a knife
C Dm
Dm Es-cape from the youngsters, the TV and the wife

CHORUS:
    Dm
In me shed, me shed, me lovely little shed
Bb F A7 Dm
Might as well get a Chesterfield, a toilet and a bed
Dm
It's the only place where I can go and tinker with my toys
Or go and find solitude with a bunch of ugly guys

Dm C Bb A7
Oh oh oh oh

Well the smoke goes up the chimney, a signal to the boys
They all invent excuses and they show up like the flies
We stand around discussing the deeper things in life
Like the beauty of a piston or the marvels of a trike

CHORUS:

Dm
In me shed, me shed, me lovely little shed
Bb F A7 Dm
Might as well get a chesterfield, a toilet and a bed
Dm
It's the only place where I can go and tinker with my toys
Bb F A7 Dm C Bb A7
Or go and find solitude with a bunch of ugly guys

Dm C Bb A7
Oh oh oh oh

There are meaningful activities for men to all enjoy
Like the sharpening of a buck saw, or tying up some flies
To justify your shed time, keep quality in life
You build a coffee table just to satis-fy the wife

CHORUS:
In me shed, me shed, me lovely little shed
Might as well get a chesterfield, a toilet and a bed
It's the only place where I can go and tinker with my toys
Or go and find solitude with a bunch of ugly guys

And I got to say she's beautiful, men will all agree
With her arse to the woodpile, she faces out to sea
An oil drum wood stove, a hole for the mouse
And a thousand little treasures that got banished from the house

CHORUS:
In me shed, me shed, me lovely little shed
Might as well get a chesterfield, a toilet and a bed

It's the only place where I can go and tinker with my toys

Or go and find solitude with a bunch of ugly guys

And I got to say she's beautiful men will all agree

With her arse to the woodpile, she faces out to sea

An oil drum wood stove, a hole for the mouse

And a thousand little treasures that got banished from the house

If the wife ever threatens and forces me to choose

Between me marriage or the shed, either way I'm going to lose

Me tools and me buddies, or me wife and our bed <SLOW>

I guess I'll have to leave it all <A TEMPO>

And move in to me shed!

CHORUS:
Dm
In me shed, me shed, me lovely little shed
Bb F A7 Dm
Might as well get a chesterfield, a toilet and a bed
Dm
It's the only place where I can go and tinker with my toys
Bb F A7 D
Or go and find solitude with a bunch of ugly <TREMOLO>
D
guys ↓

The Shed 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
Will Ye Go Lassie Go

Traditional

Key of D

D G 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
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
Tae the bower o’ my dearie

**CHORUS:**

D  G  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

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

**CHORUS:**

D  G  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**
Intro: 1 2 3 4 / 1 2 3 4 / F / F

It’s a working man I am
And I’ve been down under-ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun
Or for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again will go down under-ground

At the age of sixteen years
Oh he quarrels with his peers
Who vowed they’d never see another one
In the dark recess of the mines
Where you age before your time
And the coal dust lies heavy on your lungs

It’s a working man I am
And I’ve been down under-ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun
Or for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again will go down under-ground

At the age of sixty-four
Oh he’ll greet you at the door
And he’ll gently lead you by the arm
Through the dark recess of the mines
Oh he’ll take you back in time
And he’ll tell you of the hardships that were had

It’s a working man I am
And I’ve been down under-ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun
Or for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
I never again will go down under-ground

It’s a working man I am
And I’ve been down under-ground
And I swear to God if I ever see the sun
Or for any length of time
I can hold it in my mind
F      C      F      F
God I never again will go down under-ground
F      C      Bb      BbF      F
God I never again will go down under-ground  /  /  ↓

Working Man