

# SEANRÓG

# CONTENT

1	Its A Long Way To Tipperary	C
2	Dirty Old Town	G
3	Avondale	G
4	The Holy Ground	C
5	Molly Malone	G
6	Farewell To Carlingford	D
7	The Springhill Mining Disaster	e
8	Downfall Of Paris	G
9	Avenging And Bright	a
10	Black Velvet Band	G
11	Dainty Davie	D
12	Hey Ho The Morning Dew	G
13	Boulavogue	D
14	Home Boys Home	G
15	The Town That I Loved So Well	A
16	The Wild Rover	G
17	Sang a Song For Ireland	G
18	The Rare Old Times	A
19	I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me	G
20	The Old Triangle	E
21	Fairies' Hornpipe	G
22	The Irish Washerwoman	G
23	Tell Me Ma	D
24	Kimmage	G-A
25	Oro Sé Do Bheatha Bhaile	g
26	Whiskey In The Jar	C
27	Leaving of Liverpool	C
28	The Charlie Lennon's Jig	A
29	The Foggy Dew	d
30	All For Me Grog	G
31	Dicey Reilly	D
32	Spanish Lady	G
33	The Lambs On The Green Hill	G
34	Take It Down From the Mast	G
35	Weile Weile Waila	D
36	The Band Played Waltzing Matilda	D
37	Father O'Flynn	D
38	Will Ye Go Lassie Go	D
39	Seven Drunken Nights	A
40	Peat Bog Soldiers	e
41	Night Visiting Song	D
42	James Larkin	C
43	Prodigal Son	G
44	Maids When You're Young	G
45	The Enniskillen Dragoons	C
46	Peggy Gordon	E
47	Kelly, the Boy From Killane	C
48	A Nation Once Again	G
49	The Rising Of the Moon	D
50	Irish Rover	C
51	Jug Of Punch	D

52	Donegal Danny	D
53	Mursheen Durken	D
54	The Sea Around Us	D
55	Fiddlers Green	C
56	Four Green Fields	G
57	The Nightingale	E
58	Whiskey On A Sunday	G
59	The Lark In The Morning	d
60	The Lord Of Dance	G
61	Finnegan's Wake	e
62	Come My Little Son	C
63	McAlpine's Fusiliers	D
64	Mo Ghile Mear	G
65	Raglan Road	D
66	Roddy Mc Corley	D
67	Róisín The Bow	D
68	Gypsy Rover	G
69	Working Man	G
70	The Fields of Athenry	D
71	You Raise Me Up	D
72	Quare Bungle Rye	G
73	Mrs McGrath	G
74	Courtin' in the Kitchen	C
75	Pat works on The Railway	d
76	Galway Races	G
77	Amazing Grace	D
78	Whiskey before Breakfast	D
79	Son of a Scoundrel	D
80	Wild Colonial Boy	D
81	God Save Ireland	G
82	The Molly Maguires	D
83	Sam Hall	E
84	Step it out Mary	e
85	Smith Of Bristol	D
86	Pub with no Beer	G
87	MacPherson's Rant	C
88	The Little Beggarman	D
89	Monto	G
90	The Ferryman	C
91	Don't Give Up	G
92	Drunken Sailor	d
93	Sally Gardens	C
94	Streets of London	C
95	The Star of County Down	e
96	Viva La Quinta Brigada	C
97	Hand Me Down	G
98	The Merry Ploughboy	A
99	Rare Old Mountain Dew	C
100	Last Thing On My Mind	G
101	South Australia	C
102	Gentleman Soldier	G
103	In Heaven There Is No Beer	D
104	Nancy Whisky	E
105	The Boys From County Cork	D

106	Scotland The Brave	B
107	The Banks Of The Roses	D
108	The Parting Glass	G
109	On The One Road	G
110	Dublin Jack Of All Trades	G
111	Red Is The Rose	D
112	Greenland Whale Fishery	D
113	I Am A Rover	G
114	Carrickfergus	C
115	Mormond Braes	D
116	Galway Girl	D
117	Lifeboat Mona	h
118	Lowland of Holland	
119	Green Fields of France	G
120	Charlie Is My Darling	e
121	Lily of the West	C
122	Paddle Your Own Canoe	G
123	Spencil Hill	a



Ászár 2012

# Content by Title

A Nation Once Again	48	Last Thing On My Mind	100
All For Me Grog	30	Leaving of Liverpool	27
Amazing Grace	77	Lifeboat Mona	117
Avenging And Bright	9	Lily of the West	121
Avondale	3	Lowland of Holland	118
Black Velvet Band	10	MacPherson's Rant	87
Boulavogue	13	Maids When You're Young	44
Carrickfergus	114	McAlpine's Fusiliers	63
Charlie Is My Darling	120	Mo Ghile Mear	64
Come My Little Son	62	Molly Malone	5
Courtin' in the Kitchen	74	Monto	89
Dainty Davie	11	Mormond Braes	115
Dicey Reilly	31	Mrs McGrathN	73
Dirty Old Town	2	Mursheen Durken	53
Don't Give Up	91	Nancy Whisky	104
Donegal Danny	52	Night Visiting Song	41
Downfall Of Paris	8	On The One Road	109
Drunken Sailor	92	Oro Sé Do Bheatha Bhaile	25
Dublin Jack Of All Trades	110	Pat works on The Railway	75
Fairies' Hornpipe	21	Paddle Your Own Canoe	122
Farewell To Carlingford	6	Peat Bog Soldiers	40
Father O'Flynn	37	Peggy Gordon	46
Fiddlers Green	55	Prodigal Son	43
Finnegan's Wake	61	Pub with no Beer	86
Four Green Fields	56	Quare Bungle Rye	72
Galway Girl	116	Raglan Road	65
Galway Races	76	Rare Old Mountain Dew	99
Gentleman Soldier	102	Red Is The Rose	111
God Save Ireland	81	Roddy Mc Corley	66
Green Fields of France	119	Róisín The Bow	67
Greenland Whale Fishery	112	Sally Gardens	93
Gypsy Rover	68	Sam Hall	83
Hand Me Down	97	Sang a Song For Ireland	17
Hey Ho The Morning Dew	12	Scotland The Brave	106
Home Boys Home	14	Seven Drunken Nights	39
I Am A Rover	113	Smith Of Bristol	85
I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me	19	Son of a Scoundrel	79
In Heaven There Is No Beer	103	South Australia	101
Irish Rover	50	Spancil Hill	123
Its A Long Way To Tipperary	1	Spanish Lady	32
James Larkin	42	Step it out Mary	84
Jug Of Punch	51	Streets of London	94
Kelly, the Boy From Killane	47	Take It Down From the Mast	34
Kimmage	24	Tell Me Ma	23

<b>The Band Played Waltzing Matilda</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>The Parting Glass</b>	<b>108</b>
<b>The Banks Of The Roses</b>	<b>107</b>	<b>The Rare Old Times</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>The Boys From County Cork</b>	<b>105</b>	<b>The Rising Of the Moon</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>The Charlie Lennon's Jig</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>The Sea Around Us</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>The Enniskillen Dragoons</b>	<b>45</b>	<b>The Springhill Mining Disaster</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>The Ferryman</b>	<b>90</b>	<b>The Star of County Down</b>	<b>95</b>
<b>The Fields of Athenry</b>	<b>70</b>	<b>The Town That I Loved So Well</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>The Foggy Dew</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>The Wild Rover</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>The Holy Ground</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>Viva La Quinta Brigada</b>	<b>96</b>
<b>The Irish Washerwoman</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>Weile Weile Waila</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>The Lambs On The Green Hill</b>	<b>33</b>	<b>Whiskey before Breakfast</b>	<b>78</b>
<b>The Lark In The Morning</b>	<b>59</b>	<b>Whiskey In The Jar</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>The Little Beggarman</b>	<b>88</b>	<b>Whiskey On A Sunday</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>The Lord Of Dance</b>	<b>60</b>	<b>Wild Colonial Boy</b>	<b>80</b>
<b>The Merry Ploughboy</b>	<b>98</b>	<b>Will Ye Go Lassie Go</b>	<b>38</b>
<b>The Molly Maguires</b>	<b>82</b>	<b>Working Man</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>The Nightingale</b>	<b>57</b>	<b>You Raise Me Up</b>	<b>71</b>
<b>The Old Triangle</b>	<b>20</b>		

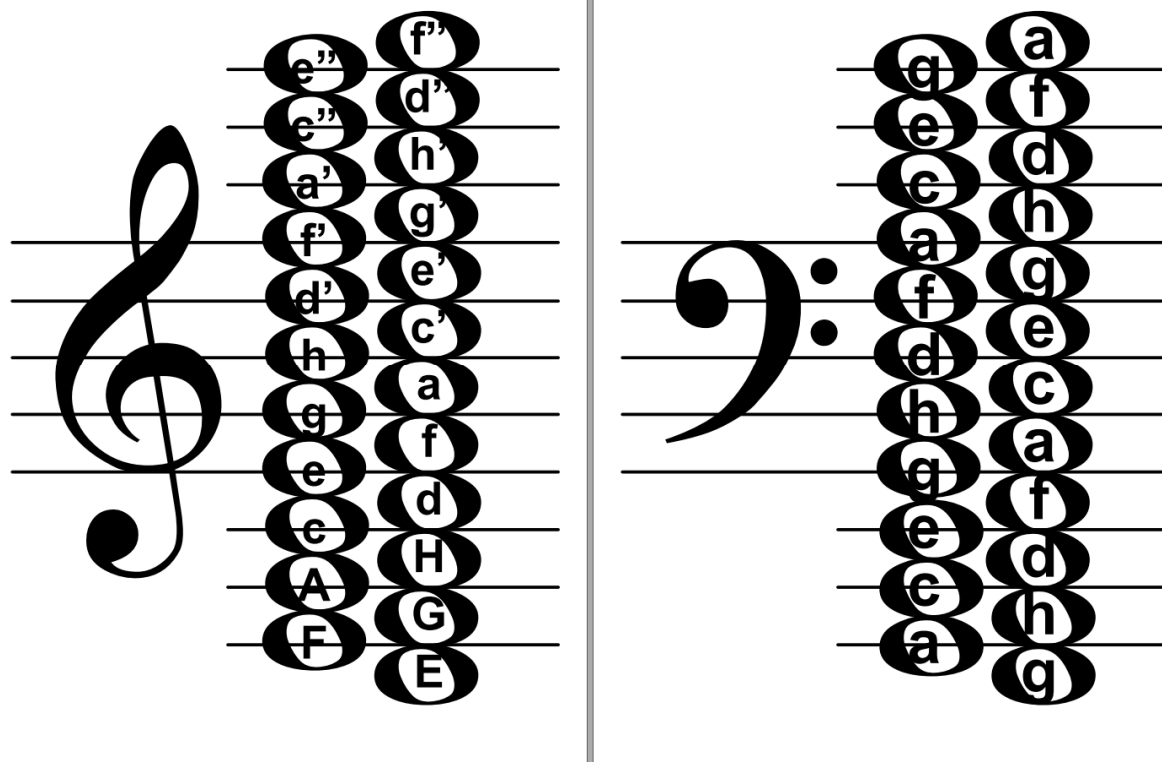


Abaliget 2014



Tata 2016

# Hangok



## Fokok és hangnemek

	<b>F#</b>	<b>C#</b>	<b>G#</b>	<b>D#</b>	<b>A#</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>H</b>
	<b>Gb</b>	<b>Db</b>	<b>Ab</b>	<b>Eb</b>	<b>B</b>							
	6#/6b	bbbb	bbbb	bbb	bb	b	#	##	###	####	#####	
<b>I</b>	<b>F#/Gb</b>	<b>Db</b>	<b>Ab</b>	<b>Eb</b>	<b>B</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>H</b>
<b>ii</b>	<b>g#/ab</b>	<b>eb</b>	<b>b</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>c</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>f#</b>	<b>c#</b>
<b>iii</b>	<b>a#/b</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>c</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>f#</b>	<b>c#</b>	<b>g#</b>	<b>d#</b>
<b>IV</b>	<b>H/Cb</b>	<b>Gb</b>	<b>Db</b>	<b>Ab</b>	<b>Eb</b>	<b>B</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>E</b>
<b>V</b>	<b>C#/Db</b>	<b>Ab</b>	<b>Eb</b>	<b>B</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>H</b>	<b>F#</b>
<b>vi</b>	<b>d#/eb</b>	<b>b</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>c</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>f#</b>	<b>c#</b>	<b>g#</b>
<b>vii°</b>	<b>E#°/Gb°</b>	<b>C°</b>	<b>G°</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A°</b>	<b>E°</b>	<b>H°</b>	<b>F#°</b>	<b>C#°</b>	<b>G#°</b>	<b>D#°</b>	<b>A#°</b>

Dob:XXYX

M+ Git

Zene

Tutti

?Közönség

# 01- It's a long way to Tipperary

1 C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>4</sup> F F<sup>4</sup> C<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

It's a long way to Tip-pe - rar - ry, Its a long way to go. It's a

10 C G C am D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>5</sup> G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

long way to Tip-pe - rar - ry, to the swee-test girl I know!

18 C G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>2</sup> F<sup>6</sup> F E<sup>4</sup> E<sup>5</sup>

Good by Pic - ca - dil - ly, fare - well Leis - ter square. It's a

26 C C<sup>6</sup> F C<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C +F+C+G<sup>7</sup>+G<sup>7</sup>

long long way to Tip-pe - rar - ry, but my heart's right there!

# It's a long, long way to Tipperary

Jack Judge 1912.01.30

Up to mighty London  
 Came an Irishman one day.  
 As the streets are paved with gold  
 Sure, everyone was gay,  
 Singing songs of Piccadilly,  
 Strand and Leicester Square,  
 Till Paddy got excited,  
 Then he shouted to them there:

*It's a long way to Tipperary,  
 It's a long way to go.  
 It's a long way to Tipperary  
 To the sweetest girl I know!  
 Goodbye, Piccadilly,  
 Farewell, Leicester Square!  
 It's a long long way to Tipperary,  
 But my heart's right there.*

	C	G7	C
C	F	F	C
C	G	C	a
D	D	G	G7
C	G7	C	C
F	F	E	E
C	C	F	C
D7	G7	C	C

Paddy wrote a letter  
 To his Irish Molly-O,  
 Saying, "Should you not receive it,  
 Write and let me know!"  
 "If I make mistakes in spelling,  
 Molly, dear," said he,  
 "Remember, it's the pen that's bad,  
 Don't lay the blame on me!"

Molly wrote a neat reply  
 To Irish Paddy-O,  
 Saying "Mike Maloney  
 Wants to marry me, and so  
 Leave the Strand and Piccadilly  
 Or you'll be to blame,  
 For love has fairly drove me silly:  
 Hoping you're the same!"

Zene  
 Z  
 J  
 La  
 Zene  
 Tutti  
 1. Tutti //ism.

# 02- Dirty Old Town

Bev: Mand:>>                      G                      G                      G                      G                      Bev: Heg:>

Melody

Zene

Z I met my love                      by the gasworks wall,                      Dreamed a  
 J Clouds are drifting                      across the moon,                      Cats are  
 La I heard a si - - - ren from the docks,                      Saw a

Counter 2

Counter 3

Bass

6                      C                      C                      D                      G                      G                      Bev: Mand,Heg:>

M

dream                      by the old ca - nal,                      (I)Kissed my  
 prow - - - - ling on their beat                      Springs a  
 train                      set the night on fire,                      Smelled the

2

3

B

## Dirty Old Town

10 G G G G Végül: ||:

M

girl by the fact - ry wall, Dir-ty old  
 girl from the streets at night, Dir-ty old  
 spring on the smo - ky wind, Dir-ty old

2

3

B

14 D D e m D Végül: :||  
e m

M

town, dir - ty old town  
 town, dir - ty old town  
 town, dir - ty old town.

2

3

B

Zene ----->-----

Tutti I'm going to make me a good sharp axe,  
 Shining steel,tempered in the fire,  
 I'll chop you down like an old dead tree,  
 Dirty old town,dirty old town.

+ 1. vsz. Tutti /erősödik //ismétléssel

# 02- Dirty Old Town

Ewan McCall

Violin

The violin score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics. Chords G, C, D, and Em are indicated above the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

I met my love at the gas works wall  
Dreamed a dream by the old ca - nal  
Kissed my girl at the fact - ory wall  
Dir - ty old town, dir - ty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
Springs a girl in the street at night  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

Heard a siren from the docks  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
Will chop you down like an old dead tree  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

# Dirty Old Town

copyright 1985 Ewan McCall

I met my love by the gas works wall  
 Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
 Kissed a girl by the factory wall  
 Dirty old town  
 Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon  
 Cats are prowling on their beat  
 Springs a girl in the street at night  
 Dirty old town  
 Dirty old town

Heard a siren from the docks  
 Saw a train set the night on fire  
 Smelled the spring on the smoky wind  
 Dirty old town  
 Dirty old town

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe  
 Shining steel tempered in the fire  
 Will chop you down like an old dead tree  
 Dirty old town  
 Dirty old town

I	-	I	-	I	-	I	-
IV	-	IV	V	I	-	I	-
I	-	I	-	I	-	I	-
V	-	V	-	vi	-	vi	-

Bev/J  
 La/La,J  
 Zene/-  
 Z/Tutti

# 03- vondale

G G6 G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> hm em C am<sup>6</sup> am

Melody

Zene: La Where fame and an - cient glo - ry fate Such was the land where  
 Z Long years that green and love - ly vale Has nursed Par-nell, our

Counter

Bass

5 fism D D2 G<sup>6</sup><sub>5</sub> G<sup>4</sup><sub>3</sub> C<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> Bev: Git>> - - - - - Fuv >  
 C6 G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> em6

M. he was laid Like Christ was thir - ty pie - ces paid For  
 gran-dest Gael And cursed the land that has be-trayed Our

C.

B.

8 C D D7 G6

M. A - von - dale's proud eagle  
 A - von - dale's proud eagle

C.

B.

## Avondale

10 G G6 G<sup>6</sup>4 h m e m C a m6 a m

M. J,La Oh have you been to A - von - dale And lin - ger'd in the

10 Tutti

C.

B.

14 fism D D2 G<sup>6</sup>5 G<sup>4</sup>3 C<sup>6</sup>4 C6 G<sup>6</sup>4 e m6 Végül: Lassít

M. love - ly vale Where tall trees whis - per all the tale Of

14

C.

B.

17 C D Végül: , D7 G6

M. A - von - dale's proud eagle

17

C.

B.

# 03- Avondale

Melody **G G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> h<sup>m</sup> e<sup>m</sup> C a<sup>m</sup>6 a<sup>m</sup>**

Where fame and an - cient glo - ry fate      Such was the land      where  
 Long years that green      and love - ly vale      Has nursed Par-nell,      our

M. **Zene: -----> La  
Z**  
**fis<sup>m</sup> D D<sub>2</sub> G<sup>6</sup><sub>5</sub> G<sup>4</sup><sub>3</sub> C<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> C<sub>6</sub> G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> e<sup>m</sup>6**

he was laid      Like Christ was thir - ty pie - ces paid      For  
 gran-dest      Gael      And cursed the land      that      has be-trayed      Our

M. **C D** **Rey: Git>> - - G<sup>6</sup> - - - - Fuv >**

A - von - dale's      proud eagle  
 A - von - dale's      proud eagle

M. **G G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> h<sup>m</sup> e<sup>m</sup> C a<sup>m</sup>6 a<sup>m</sup>**

Oh have you been      to A - von - dale      And lin - ger'd in      the

M. **fis<sup>m</sup> D D<sub>2</sub> G<sup>6</sup><sub>5</sub> G<sup>4</sup><sub>3</sub> C<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> C<sub>6</sub> G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> e<sup>m</sup>6**

love - ly vale      Where tall trees whis - per      all the tale      Of

M. **C D** **D<sub>7</sub> G<sup>6</sup>**

A - von - dale's      proud eagle

# Avondale

Dominic Behan

Where fame and ancient glory fate  
 Such was the land where he was laid  
 Like Christ was thirty pieces paid  
 For Avondale's proud eagle

*Oh have you been to Avondale  
 And linger'd in the lovely vale  
 Where tall trees whisper all the tale  
 Of Avondale's proud eagle*

Long years that green and lovely vale  
 Has nursed Parnell, our grandest Gael  
 And cursed the land that has betrayed  
 Our Avondale's proud eagle

I	-	-	iii	vi	-
IV	ii	-	vii	V	-
I	IV	-	I	vi	-
IV	V	-	V7	I	-

//Bev  
P/Tutti  
P,Z/Tutti  
Zene\*/Tutti  
Tutti/||:Tutti:||

# 04- The Holy Ground

C. G<sup>6</sup> C. C<sup>6</sup> C. G<sup>7</sup> C. C<sup>6</sup>

Melody *Fine girl you are!*

Zene\* P A - dieu to you my Di - nah a thousand times a - dieu We`re  
P,Z And now the storm is ra - ging, And we are far from shore And the  
Tu And now the storm is o - ver and we are safe on shore, We will

Counter

Bass

6 G<sup>6</sup> F D G<sup>6</sup> C. a m d m G.

M. go - ing a - way from the Ho - ly Ground and the girls that we love true We will  
good old ship is tos - sing a - bout, And the rig - ging is all tore And the  
6 drink a toast to the Ho - ly Ground and the girls that we a - dore. We will

C.

B.

10 C. G<sup>4</sup> C<sup>6</sup> C. G. F. D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

M. sail the South sea o - ver and then re - turn for sure To  
sec - ret of my life, my love, You're the girl that I a - dore But  
10 drink strong ale and por - ter and make the raf - ters roar, And

C.

B.

# The Holy Ground

2

Zene\* Végül: ||:

14 C. C<sup>6</sup> F. C. G. C. G<sup>7</sup> C. C<sup>6</sup> Fine girl you are!

M. see a - gain the girls we love and the Ho - ly Ground once more Your`re the  
still I live in hope to see, the Ho - ly Ground once more  
14 when our mo - ney is all spent we`ll go to sea for more.

C. 14

B. 14

Bev: Heg, Bend: >>

18 G. F D<sup>6</sup> G. C. C<sup>6</sup> F. C (D6)

M. girl I do a - dore and still I live in hopes to see The

C. 18

B. 18

Végül: :||

22 C<sup>6</sup> G. C. Fine girls you are!

M. Ho - - - ly Ground once more.

C. 22

B. 22

# 04- The Holy Ground

Irish Folk

Fare thee well, my love - ly Di - nah, A  
thou - sand times a dieu. We say good - bye to the  
Ho - ly Ground and the girls we all love true. We'll  
sail the salt see o - ver, and we'll re - turn once  
more, And still I live in hope to see the  
Ho - ly Ground once more. Fine girls you are! You're the  
girl I do a - dore, And still I live in hope to see the  
Ho - - - ly Ground once more.

Chords: C, G, C, G, C, C, G, F, D, G, C, a, d, G, C, G, C, G, F, D, G7, C, F, C, G, C, G, C, G, C, G, C, C, G, C, G, C

# The Holy Ground

**C G C C G C**  
Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah, a thousand times adieu.

**G F D G C a d G**  
We say good bye to the Holy Ground and the girls we all love true.

**C G C G F D7 G**  
We'll sail the salt seas over and then return to shore,

**C F C G C G7 C**  
To see the again the girls we love and the Holy Ground once more.

*Fine girl you are!*

**G F D G**  
*You're the girl I do adore,*

**C F C G C**  
*And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.*

And now the storm is coming, I see it rising soon.  
The night is dark and dreary; we can scarcely see the moon,  
And the good old ship she is tossing and her riggings is all tore,  
And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.

*Fine girl you are!*

*You're the girl I do adore,*

*And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.*

And now the storm is over and we are safe on shore.  
We'll go to a public house to the girls we all adore.  
We'll drink strong ale and porter and we'll make the taproom roar,  
And when our money is all gone we'll go to sea once more.

*Fine girl you are!*

*You're the girl I do adore,*

*And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.*

*Fine girl you are!*

/KRS - *mf*  
 J/KRS - *p*  
 La/KRS - *f*  
 Zene/Zene  
 Z/KRS - *mf*

# 05- Molly Malone

G e m a m <sup>6</sup> D5

Melody

Zene

J In Dub- lin's Fair Ci - ty Where the girls are so pret - ty I  
 La She was a fish - mon-ger But sure 'twas no won-der For  
 Z She died of a fe - ver And no one could save her And

Counter

Bass

G C6 A D

M

first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone As she  
 so were her fat - her and mot - her be - fore And they  
 that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone But her

C

B

G e m6 a m6 <sup>4</sup> D3

M

wheel'd her wheel bar-row Through streets broad and nar-row Cry-ing  
 each wheel'd their bar-row  
 ghost wheels her bar-row

C

B

# Molly Malone

Bev: KRS-*mf*>>

14 G6 C4<sup>6</sup> G C G D7 G Lassul:

M  
cock-les and mus-sels a - live, a - live o! A -

C

B

18 G6 e m a m6 D7

M  
live, a - live o!, a - live, a - live o! Crying

C

B

22 G C G4<sup>6</sup> C G D7 G Gyorsul: G

M  
cock-les and mus-sels a - live, a - live o!

C

B

# 05- Molly Malone

Traditional Irish

Voice

In Dub - lin's fair ci - ty, Where the girls are so

pret - ty, I first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly ma - lone As she

wheeled her wheel - bar - row Through streets broad and nar - row, Crying,

"Cock - les and mus - sels, A - live, a - live - o!" A - live, a - live -

o! A - live, a - live o! Crying, "Cock - les and

mus - sels, A - live, a - live - o!"

# Molly Malone

Composer

## In Dublin's Fair City

Where the girls are so pretty  
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
 As she wheel'd her wheel barrow  
 Through streets broad and narrow  
 Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive o!

*Alive, alive o!, alive, alive o!*  
*Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive o!*

She was a fishmonger  
 But sure 'twas no wonder  
 For so were her father and mother before  
 And they each wheel'd their barrow

She died of a fever  
 And no one could save her  
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
 But her ghost wheels her barrow

	I	-		vi	-		ii	-		V	-	
	I	-		IV	-		II	-		V	-	
	I	-		vi	-		ii	-		V	-	
	I	IV		I	IV		I	V		I	-	

# 06- Farewell to Carlingford

G A D

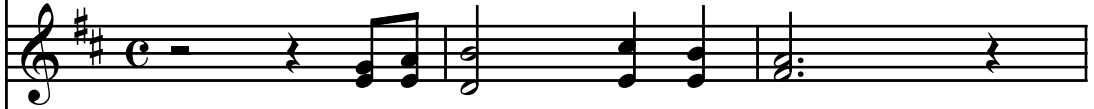
Bev  
P  
Z  
La,P  
Zene  
Tutti-Lass!||:Tutti:||

Voice



P When  
Z On  
La,P Now, I

Voice



Bev:>>

Bass



D G D G D A



I was young and in my prime And could wan - der wild and free There was  
all of the stor - my se - ven seas I have sailed be - fore the mast And on  
had a girl called Ma - ry Doyle And she lived in Gree - nore And the



Cb.



D G A D h m e m



al - ways a lon - ging in my mind to fol - low the call of the  
eve - ry voyage I e - ver made I swore it would be my last  
fore - most thought was in her mind To keep me safe on -



Cb.



## Farewell to Carlingford

11 *Végül: ||:*

A D G D D A

sea So I'll sing fare-well to Carling ford And fare-well to Gree-nore And I'll shore

11 So I'll sing fare-well to Carling ford And fare-well to Gree-nore And I'll

Cb.

16 D G A A

think of you both day and night Un-til

16 think of you both day and night Un-til

Cb.

19 e m E A G A D *Végül: :||*

I re turn once more Till I re-turn once more

19 I re I re-turn once more

Cb.

Zene----->-----

Tutti: Now, the landsman's life is all his own

He can go or he can stay

But when the sea gets 'in your blood Lasulva!

When she calls you must obey Lasulva!

# 06- Farwell to Carlingford

Irish Folk

Violin

When

I was young and in my prime And could wan-der wild and

fee There was al - ways a lon - ging in my mind to

fol-low the call of the sea So I'll sing fare - well to

Car - ling ford And far - well to Gree - nore And I'll

think of you both day and night Un - til

I re-turn once more Till I re-turn once more

# Farwell to Carlingford

I IV I  
When I was young and in my prime

IV IV  
And could wander wild and free

I IV V I  
There was always a longing in my mind

vi ii V  
To follow the call of the sea

## *Chorus*

I IV I  
So I'll sing farewell to Carlingford

I V  
And farewell to Greenore

I IV V  
And I'll think of you both day and night

ii II V IV V I  
Until I return once more, until I return once more

On all the stormy seven seas  
I have sailed before the mast  
And on every voyage I ever made  
I swore it would be my last

And I had a girl called Mary Doyle  
And she lived in Greenore  
And the foremost thought in my mind  
Was to keep me safe onshore

A landsman's life is all his own  
He can go or he can stay  
But when the sea gets in your blood  
When she calls you must obey..

P,  
La,Li,  
La,Z,  
Tutti,  
A,  
Tutti

# 07- Springhill Mine Disaster

h m E. h m fism

Melody

P In the town of Spring - hill, No - va Sco - tia  
 La,Li In the town of Spring - hill, you don't sleep ea - sy  
 La,Z In the town of Spring - hill, No - va Sco - tia  
 Tutti Three days past and the lamps gave out Our

Counter

Bass

h m D. E. Fis. Fis.

6

M

Down in the dark of the Cum - ber - land mines There's  
 Of - ten the earth will tremb - le and roll When the  
 Late in the year of fif - ty - eight The  
 fore - man rose on his el - bow and said We're

C

B

h m E. A. D. Fis. Fis.

11

M

blood on the coal and the mi - ners lie In the  
 earth is rest - less, mi - ners die  
 Day still comes and the sun still shines But it's  
 out of light and water and bread So we'll

C

B

## Springhill Mine Disaster

h m E. h m fism

17

M

roads that ne - ver saw sun nor sky In the  
Bone and blood is the price of coal But it's  
dark as the grave in the Cum-ber-land mines So we'll  
live on song and hope in - stead

17

C

17

B

h m E<sup>4</sup> h m Fis. Fis. h m A. Fis Fis

21

M

roads that ne-ver saw sun nor sky  
Bone and blood is the price of coal  
dark as the grave in the Cum-berland mines  
live on song and hope in - stead

21

C

21

B

A

Tutti

Listen for the shouts of the black-faced miners  
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team  
Three hundred tons of coal and slack  
Hope imprisoned in the three foot seam  
Hope imprisoned in the three foot seam

Twelve days passed and some were rescued  
Leaving the dead to lie alone  
Through all their days, they dug a grave  
Two miles of earth for a marking stone  
Two miles of earth for a marking stone

P,  
La,Li,  
La,Z,  
Tutti,  
A,  
Tutti

# 07- Springhill Mine Disaster

Melody

**h<sub>m</sub> E. h<sub>m</sub> fis<sub>m</sub>**

P In the town of Spring - hill, No - va Sco - tia  
 La,Li In the town of Spring - hill, you don't sleep ea - sy  
 La,Z In the town of Spring - hill, No - va Sco - tia  
 Tutti Three days past and the lamps gave out Our

M

**h<sub>m</sub> D. E. Fis. Fis.**

Down in the dark of the Cum - ber - land mines There's  
 Of - ten the earth will tremb - le and roll When the  
 Late in the year of fif - ty - eight The  
 fore - man rose on his el - bow and said We're

M

**h<sub>m</sub> E. A. D. Fis. Fis.**

blood on the coal and the mi - ners lie In the  
 earth is rest - less, mi - ners die  
 Day still comes and the sun still shines But it's  
 out of light and water and bread So we'll

M

**h<sub>m</sub> E. h<sub>m</sub> fis<sub>m</sub>**

roads that ne - ver saw sun nor sky In the  
 Bone and blood is the price of coal  
 dark as the grave in the Cum - ber - land mines But it's  
 live on song and hope in - stead So we'll

M

**h<sub>m</sub> E<sup>6</sup> h<sub>m</sub> Fis. Fis. h<sub>m</sub> A. Fis. Fis.**

roads that ne - ver saw sun nor sky  
 Bone and blood is the price of coal  
 dark as the grave in the Cum - ber - land mines  
 live on song and hope in - stead

# Springhill Mine Disaster

Ewan McColl – Peggy Seeger (1958..1960, about disasters in 1891/125, 1956/35, 1958/74 lost)

**In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia  
Down in the dark of the Cumberland mines  
There's blood on the coal and the miners lie  
In the roads that never saw sun nor sky  
In the roads that never saw sun nor sky**

vi	II	vi	iii	
vi	I	II	III	
vi	II	V	I	III
vi	II	vi	iii	
vi	II	vi	III	
III	vi	V	III	

**In the town of Springhill, you don't sleep easy  
Often the earth will tremble and roll  
When the earth is restless, miners die  
Bone and blood is the price of coal  
Bone and blood is the price of coal**

**In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia  
Late in the year of fifty eight  
The Day still comes and the sun still shines  
But it's dark as the grave in the Cum-berland mines  
But it's dark as the grave in the Cum-berland mines**

**Three days past and the lamps gave out  
Our foreman rose on his elbow and said  
We're out of light and water and bread  
So we'll live on song and hope instead  
So we'll live on song and hope instead**

**Listen for the shouts of the black faced miners  
Listen through the rubble for a rescue team  
Three hundred tons of coal and slack  
Hope imprisoned in the three foot seam  
Hope imprisoned in the three foot seam**

**Twelve days passed and some were rescued  
Leaving the dead to lie alone  
Through all their days, they dug a grave  
Two miles of earth for a marking stone  
Two miles of earth for a marking stone**

# 08- Downfall of Paris

1

Melody

3 G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> G. G<sup>6</sup> am am<sup>6</sup> am<sup>4</sup> am

Counter

M

C

6 G. G<sup>4</sup> G. G<sup>6</sup> am am<sup>6</sup> am<sup>4</sup> D.

M

C

10 G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> G. G<sup>6</sup> am am<sup>4</sup> am am<sup>4</sup>

M

C

14 G. G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> G. G<sup>4</sup> D. G.1. G<sup>4</sup> 3 G.2.

2

M

C

19 G. G<sup>6</sup> C. C<sup>6</sup> am am<sup>4</sup> D. D<sup>6</sup>

M

C

23 G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> G. G<sup>6</sup> am am<sup>4</sup> am D.

M

C

27 G. G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> G am am<sup>6</sup> am<sup>4</sup> am

# Downfall of Paris

2

M 31 G<sup>6</sup> G. G<sup>6</sup> G. G<sup>6</sup> D. G. G.

C 31

**3**

M 35 G<sup>6</sup> C. G. D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup> am G. D.

C 35

M 39 G. C. G. D. G<sup>6</sup> D. G. 1. G. 2. 3

C 39

**4**

M 44 D<sup>6</sup> D. am am<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D. am<sup>6</sup> am<sup>6</sup>

C 44

M 48 G. C. G<sup>6</sup> D G<sup>6</sup> D.

C 48

M 51 G. 1. 3 G. 2.

C 51



# 8 Downfall of Paris 4/4

<b>1</b>  :	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>a</b>	
	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>
	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>a</b>	
	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b> =

---

<b>2</b>  :	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>	
	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>
	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>a</b>	
	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b> =

---

<b>3</b>  :	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	
	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>		=

---

<b>4</b>  :	<b>D</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>a</b>			
	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>

# 09- Avenging and Bright

a m e m<sup>6</sup> F e m

F / F,La  
\*Zene Melody  
J,La / Tutti

Zene\*

Counters

Bass

F A - venging and bright fall the swift sword of - E - rin, On  
F,La We swear to re - venge them! no joy shall be tas - ted, The

6 a m e m F G a m G

M him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For  
harp shall be si - lent, the mai - den un - wed, Our

C

B

10 C e m<sup>6</sup> F<sup>4</sup> C<sup>6</sup> G

M ev' - ry fond eye he hath wa - ken'd a tear in, A  
halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie was - ted, 'Till

C

B

14 C e m<sup>6</sup> d m G a m a m e m<sup>6</sup>

M drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade! J,La By the  
vengeance is wreak'd on the mur - de - rer's head! Tutti Yes,

C

B

# Avenging and Bright

2/19 a m e m<sup>6</sup> F e m

M  
 red cloud that hung o - ver Con - ner's dark dwel - ling, When  
 mo - narch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, 'Tho

C  
 19

B  
 19

23 a m e m Bev: Git >> F<sup>6</sup> G a m G  
 Bev: Fur >

M  
 U - lad's three cham - pions lay slee - ping in gore By the  
 sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'

C  
 23

B  
 23

27 C e m d m<sup>6</sup> C G

M  
 bil - lows of war, which so of - ten, high swel - ling, Have  
 sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re -

C  
 27

B  
 27


31 C<sup>6</sup> e m<sup>2</sup> d m<sup>2</sup> G<sup>4</sup> a m a m

M  
 waf - ted these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore  
 venge on a ty - rant is swee - test of all!

C  
 31

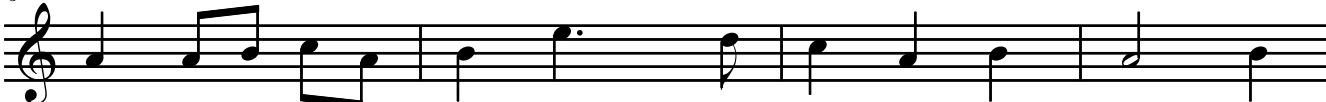
B  
 31

# 09- Avenging and Bright

Melody  **a m** **e m<sup>6</sup>** **F** **e m**

A - venging and bright fall the swift sword of - E - rin, On  
We swear to re - venge them! no joy shall be tas - ted, The

6 **a m** **e m** **F** **G** **a m** **G**

M 

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For  
harp shall be si - lent, the mai - den un - wed, Our

10 **C** **e m<sup>6</sup>** **F<sup>4</sup>** **C<sup>6</sup>** **G**

M 

ev' - ry fond eye he hath wa - ken'd a tear in, A  
halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie was - ted, 'Till

14 **C** **e m<sup>6</sup>** **d m** **G** **a m** **a m** **e m<sup>6</sup>**

M 

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade! By the  
vengeance is wreak'd on the mur - de - rer's head! Yes,

19 **a m** **e m<sup>6</sup>** **F** **e m**

M 

red cloud that hung o - ver Con - ner's dark dwel - ling, When  
mo - narch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, 'Tho

23 **a m** **e m** **F<sup>6</sup>** **G** **a m** **G**

M 

U - lad's three cham - pions lay slee - ping in gore By the  
sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'

27 **C** **e m** **d m<sup>6</sup>** **C** **G**

M 

bil - lows of war, which so of - ten, high swel - ling, Have  
sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re -

31 **C<sup>6</sup>** **e m<sup>2</sup>** **d m<sup>2</sup>** **G<sup>4</sup>** **a m** **a m**

M 

waf - ted these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore  
venge on a ty - rant is swee - test of all!

# Avenging And Bright

Lyrics by Thomas Moore 1811 to an old Irish Air Crooghan

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin,  
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!  
 For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,  
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade!

By the red cloud that hung over Conner's dark dwelling,  
 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore  
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,  
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore

We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted,  
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
 Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,  
 'Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,  
 'Tho sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;  
 Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,  
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

	vi -		iii -		IV -		iii -		
	vi -		iii -		IV V		vi V		
	I -		iii -		IV -		I V		
	I -		iii -		ii -		V vi		vi iii
	vi -		iii -		IV -		iii -		
	vi -		iii -		IV V		vi V		
	I -		iii -		ii -		I V		
	I -		iii -		ii V		vi -		vi -

# 10- Black Velvet Band

Z  
La  
P Melody  
\*Zene / Tutti  
Tutti / ||:Tutti:||

-->> G G<sup>6</sup> G G<sup>6</sup> G

Z In a neat little town they call Bel - fast, app - ren-tice to  
La (I) took a stroll with this pret-ty fair maid, and a gent - le - man  
P (Be-) fore the judge and the ju - ry, next mor-ning I

Counter

Bass

7 C D D G G em em

M trade I was bound And Ma - ny's the ho - urs the hap - pi - ness, I  
pas - sing us by Well I knew she meant the doing of him, by^the  
had to ap - pear The judge he says to me: "Young man, your

C

B

14 am D G G G G<sup>6</sup> G G<sup>6</sup>

M spent in that sweet litt - le town There a sad mis - for - tune came o - ver me, which  
look in her ro - guish black eye When a gold-watch she took from his poc - ket and  
case it is pro - ven clear We'll give you ten years in a ser - vi - tude, to be

C

B

22 G C<sup>6</sup> D D G G em em

M caused me to stray from the land Far a - way from me friends and re - la - tions, be -  
placed it right in to my hand And the ve - ry first thing that I said was bad, and  
spent far - a - way from the land Far a - way from your friends and re - la - tions, be -

C

B

## The Black Velvet Band

\*Zene Végül lassan, gyorsulva, ismétléssel

M 30 *a* D G G G G<sup>6</sup> G

trayed by the black vel-vet band Her eyes they shone like dia - monds  
 look to the black vel-vet band  
 30 trayed by the black vel-vet band

C 30

B 30

M 37 G<sup>6</sup> G C<sup>6</sup> D D G G

I thought her the queen of the land And her hair it hung o-ver her

C 37

B 37

M 44 *em em am D* G<sup>2,3.</sup> G 4. No Chord G

sho - ul - der Tied up with a black vel-vet band I band.  
 Be

C 44

B 44

\*Zene -----&gt;----- / Tutti

Tutti

So come all you jolly young fellows a warning take by me

When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens

For they feed you with strong drink, "me lads", 'til you are unable to stand

And the very first thing that you'll know is you've landed in Van Diemens Land

# 10- Black Velvet Band

Irish Folk

Voice

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is accompanied by guitar chords indicated by letters G, C, D, and e. The lyrics are: "In a neat lit - tle town called Bel - fast Appren - ti - ced in trade I was bound And ma - ny an hour of sweet hap - pi - ness I spent in that neat lit - tle town." The score consists of four lines of music. The first line starts with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The second line continues with a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The third line has a quarter note F#4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The fourth line has a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, and a quarter note G3. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The word "neat" is split as "neat" and "lit - tle". The word "hap - pi - ness" is split as "hap - pi - ness". The word "neat" is split as "neat" and "lit - tle". The word "town." is split as "town." and "town.".

In a neat lit - tle town called Bel - fast

Appren - ti - ced in trade I was bound And ma -

ny an hour of sweet hap - pi - ness I spent in that

neat lit - tle town.

# Black Velvet Band

**G** **C** **D**  
 In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound,  
**G** **e** **a** **D** **G**  
 And many the hours sweet happiness have I spent in that neat little town.  
**G** **C** **D**  
 But a sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land.  
**G** **e** **a** **D** **G**  
 Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band.  
**G** **C** **D**  
*Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land,*  
**G** **e** **a** **D** **G**  
*And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band.*

I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay,  
 When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid,  
 come traipsing along the high way.  
 She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swan's.  
 And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by.  
 Well, I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye.  
 A gold watch she took from his pocket, and placed it right into my hand,  
 And the very first thing that I said was: 'Bad cess to the black velvet band'.

Before the judge and the jury next morning I had to appear.  
 The judge he says to me, 'Young man, your case it is proven clear.  
 We'll give you seven years penal servitude, to be spent far away from the land  
 Far away from your friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band'.

So come all you jolly young fellow, a warning take by me  
 When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty Colleens  
 For they'll feed you with strong drink, me lads, 'til you are unable to stand  
 And the very first thing that you'll know is you've landed in Van Dieman's Land.

# 11- Dainty Davie

Z(P),A / Tutti  
 Z(P) / Tutti  
 Zene  
 Z(P) / ||:Tutti:||

D G D

Z(P),A It was in and through the win-dow broads And a' the  
 Z(P) It was doon a - mang my Dad-dy's pease And un-der -  
 Z(P) When he was chased by a dra - goon In - to my

A D

tir - lie wir - o't The swee - test kiss that  
 neath the cher - trees Oh, there he kissed me  
 bed he was doon I thought him wort - hy

G D em A D

e'er I got Was from my Dain - ty Da - vie.  
 as he pleased For he was my ain dear Da - vie.  
 o' his room For he's my Dain - ty Da - vie.

Dainty Davie

Végül II:

25 G A D h m e m E7

Oh, leeze me on your cur - ly pow Dain - ty Da - vie,

32 A A7 D Bev.:Bend->> Git.:> G

Dain - ty Da - vie Leeze me on your cur - ly pow My

40 D e m A D Végül :||

ain dear Dain - ty Da - vie

# 11- Dainty Davie

Irish Folk

Violin

It was in and through the win - dows broads

And a' the tir - lie wir

o't The swee - test kiss taht e'er I

got Was from my Dain - ty

Da - - - vie Oh, leeze me

on your - cur - ly pow Dain - ty Da - vie,

Dain - ty Da - vie Leeze me on your cur - ly

pow My ain dear Dain - ty

Da - - - vie

# Dainty Davie

It was in and through the window broads  
 And a' the tirlie wirlies o't  
 The sweetest kiss that e'er I got  
 Was from my Dainty Davie.

*Oh, leeze me on your curly pow  
 Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie  
 Leeze me on your curly pow  
 My ain dear Dainty Davie*

It was doon amang my Daddy's pease  
 And underneath the cherry trees  
 Oh, there he kissed me as he pleased  
 For he was my ain dear Davie.

When he was chased by a dragoon  
 Into my bed he was laid doon  
 I thought him worthy o' his room  
 For he's my Dainty Davie.

2 / 4						
I	I	I	IV	IV	IV	
I	I	I	V	V	V	
I	I	I	IV	IV	IV	
I	ii	V	I	I	I	
IV	V	I	vi			
ii	II7	V	V7			
I	I	I	IV	IV	IV	
I	ii	V	I	I	I	

Bev  
 J/Kórus  
 La/Kórus  
 P/Tutti  
 Zene  
 Kórus/||:Kórus:||

# 12- Hey Ho the Morning Dew

G

Voice

G G6 C hm am D7

My  
 My  
 O

Soprano

Alto

Bass

G G6 C D G em am D

5

fa - therbought at great ex - pence A grand high step - ping grey, But  
 mo - therbought a like - ly hen, On last St. Mar - tin's day: She  
 Mus - tard is my bro - ther's dog, Who whines and wags his tail, And

S

A

B

C hm am D C A D7 D7

9

when he puts her to the fence, She backs and backs a - way. Sing,  
 clucks and clucks and clucks a - gain: But ne - ver yet will lay!  
 snuffs in - to the mar - ket bag, But dar' not snatch the meal!

S

A

B

# Hey Ho the Morning Dew

13

G G<sup>6</sup> C G<sup>6</sup> am D G G<sup>7</sup> C h<sub>m</sub>

Hey ho, the mor-ning dew, Hey ho, the rose and rue! Fol - low me, my

S

A

B

18

am D G<sup>6</sup> D<sup>7</sup> C<sup>6</sup> G G D<sup>7</sup> G

bon - ny lad, For I'll not go with you! I'll not go with you!

S

A

B

When walls lie down for steeds to step,  
 When eggs themselves do lay,  
 And^the groats jump into Mustard's jaws,  
 To you my court I'll pay!

# 12- Hey Ho the Morning Dew

G

Voice

My  
My  
O

5

G G<sup>6</sup> C D G e<sup>m</sup> a<sup>m</sup> D

fa - therbought at great ex - pence A grand high step - ping grey, But  
mo - therbought a like - ly hen, On last St. Mar - tin's day: She  
Mus - tard is my bro - ther's dog, Who whines and wags his tail, And

9

C h<sup>m</sup> a<sup>m</sup> D C A D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

when he puts her to the fence, She backs and backs a - way. Sing,  
clucks and clucks and clucks a - gain: But ne - ver yet will lay!  
snuffs in - to the mar - ket bag, But dar' not snatch the meal!

13

G G<sup>6</sup> C G<sup>6</sup> a<sup>m</sup> D G G<sup>7</sup>

Hey ho, the mor - ning dew, Hey ho, the rose and rue!

17

C h<sup>m</sup> a<sup>m</sup> D G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D<sup>7</sup> C<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> G

Fol - low me, my bon - ny lad, For I'll not go with you!

21

G D<sup>7</sup> G

I'll not go with you!

# Hey Ho The Morning Dew

Composer?

	I	-		IV	iii		ii	V7		I	-	
--	---	---	--	----	-----	--	----	----	--	---	---	--

**My father bought at great expense  
A grand high stepping grey,  
But when he puts her to the fence,  
She backs and backs away.**

*Sing, Hey ho, the morning dew,  
Hey ho, the rose and rue!  
Follow me, my bonny lad,  
For I'll not go with you!*

	I	-		IV	V	
	I	vi		ii	V	
	IV	iii		ii	V	
	IV	II		V7	-	
	I	-		IV	I	
	ii	V		V	V7	
	IV	iii		ii	V	
	I	V7		IV	I	

**My mother bought a likely hen,  
On last St. Martin's day:  
She clucks and clucks and clucks again:  
But never yet will lay!**

**O Mustard is my brother's dog,  
Who whines and wags his tail,  
And snuffs into the market bag,  
But dar' not snatch the meal!**

**When walls lie down for steeds to step,  
When eggs themselves do lay,  
And the goats jump into Mustard's jaws,  
To you my court I'll pay!**

# 13- Boulavogue

Melody

Chords: D h m D<sup>6</sup> G

At Bou - la - vogue as the sun was set - ting On the  
 He led us on 'gainst the com - ing sol - diers; The  
 At Vine - gar Hill o'er the plea - sant Sla - ney Our

Counter

Bass

Melody

Chords: D h m e<sup>6</sup>4 e m6 A7

bright May mea-dows of Shelm - aliar, A  
 co - ward - ly yeo - men we put to flight. 'Twas  
 he - ro - es vain - ly stood back to back, And^the

Counter

Bass

Melody

Chords: D h m G e m

re - bel hand set the hea - ther bla - zing And  
 at the Har - ra the boys of Wex - ford Showed  
 Yoes at Tul - low took Fat - her Mur - phy And

Counter

Bass

Melody

Chords: D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>4</sup> h m A<sup>6</sup>5 D A

brought the neigh-bours from far men and near. Then  
 Boo - kies' regi - ment how up - men could fight. Look  
 burned his bo - dy on rack. God

Counter

Bass

# Boulavogue

M 18 D A h G

Fa - ther Mur - phy from old Kil - cor - mack Spurred  
 out for hire - lings, King George of Eng - land, Search  
 grant you glo - ry, brave Fat - her Mur - phy, And

C 18

B 18

M 22 D h m e e m6 A

up the rocks with a war - ning cry; "Arm,  
 ev' - ry king hea - dom that breathes a slave, For  
 o - pen hea - ven to all your men; Forthe

C 22

B 22

M 26 D h m G E

arm," he cried, "for I've come to lead you; For  
 Fa - ther Mur - phy from the coun - ty Wex - ford Sweeps  
 cause that called you may call to - mor - row In

C 26

B 26

## Kiállás

M 30 D 6 D4 A D

Ire - land's free - dom we'll fight or die."  
 o'er the land like a might ly wave.  
 ano - ther fight for the green a - gain.

C 30

B 30

# 13 Boulavogue 3/4

<b>V</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	
	<b>D</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>A7</b>	
	<b>D</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>	
	<b>D</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>

---

<b>R</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>G</b>	
	<b>D</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>A</b>	
	<b>D</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>E</b>	
	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>	

# Boulavogue

Jim McCann

At Boulavogue as the sun was setting  
 On the bright May meadows of Shelmaliar,  
 A rebel hand set the heather blazing  
 And brought the neighbours from far and near.

*Then Father Murphy from old Kilcormack  
 Spurred up the rocks with a warning cry;  
 "Arm, arm," he cried, "for I've come to lead you;  
 For Ireland's freedom we'll fight or die."*

He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers;  
 The cowardly yeomen we put to flight.  
 'Twas at the Harra the boys of Wexford  
 Showed Bookies' regiment how men could fight.

*Look out for hirelings, King George of England,  
 Search ev'ry kingdom that breathes a slave,  
 For Father Murphy from the county Wexford  
 Sweeps o'er the land like a might ly wave.*

At Vinegar Hill o'er the pleasant Slaney  
 Our heroes vainly stood back to back,  
 And the Yoes at Tullow took Father Murphy  
 And burned his body upon the rack.

*God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,  
 And open heaven to all your men;  
 For the cause that called you may call tomorrow  
 In another fight for the green again.*

I	vi	I	IV	
I	vi	ii	V7	
I	vi	IV	vi	
I	vi	V	I	V

I	V	vi	IV
I	vi	ii	V
I	vi	IV	II
I	I	V	I

# 14- Home, Boys Home

G. G<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> G. D<sup>6</sup> C.

Melody

Oh well who wouldn't be a sail-lad a sail-in' on the main. To gain the good-will of  
 O Well I asked for a candle for to light me up to bed And likewise for a hand-kerchief to  
 O Well she jumped in-to bed, and making no a-larm Thinking a young sailor lad could

Counter

Bass

8 G<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> G. D<sup>6</sup>

M.

his captain's good name? He came a-shore one even-ing for to be. And  
 tie a-round me head. She ten-ded to me needs like a young maid ought to do, So  
 do to her no harm. I hugged her, I kissed her the whole night long, Till she

C.

B.

14 G. A7 D7 G. G. D<sup>6</sup>

M.

that was the be-gin-ning of my own true love and me. And it's home, boys,  
 then I says to her "Now won't you leap in with me too?"  
 wished the short night had been se-ven years long.

C.

B.

Home, Boys Home

2  
20

M.  $G^6$   $G^4$  G.  $D^6$  C. G.

home! Home I'd like to be! Home for a while! In me

C. 20

B. 20

26

M.  $A^7$  D. G. C. G. D.

own coun - t - ry, Where the oak and the ash and the bon-ny ro - wan tree Are

C. 26

B. 26

32

M. G.  $A^7$   $D^7$  G.

all a - gro - win` green in the old coun - t - ry.

C. 32

B. 32

4. Well early next morning the sailor lad arose  
 And into Mary`s apron threw a handful of gold  
 Saying "Take this me dear for the mischief that I`ve done  
 For tonight I fear I`ve left you with a daughter or a son."

5 "Well if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse,  
 with gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse,  
 and if it be a boy child he`ll wear the jacket blue  
 and go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do"

6. Oh come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me,  
 Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee,  
 For I trusted one and he beguiled me,  
 He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee

# 14- Home, Boys Home

Melody

G. G<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> G. D<sup>6</sup> C.

Oh well who woul-dn`t be a sai-lor lad a sai-lin` on the main. To gain the good-will of  
 O Well I asked for a candle for to light me up to bed And likewise for a hand-kerchief to  
 O Well she jumped in-to bed, and ma-king no a-larm Thinking a young sailor lad could

M. 8 G<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup> C<sup>4</sup> G. D<sup>6</sup>

his captain`s good name? He came a - shore one even - ing for to be. And  
 tie a-round me head. She ten - ded to me needs like a young maid ought to do. So  
 do to her no harm. I hugged her, I kissed her the whole night long, Till she

M. 14 G. A7 D7 G. G. D<sup>6</sup>

that was the be - gin - ning of my own true love and me. And it`s home, boys,  
 then I says to her "Now won`t you leap in with me too?"  
 wished the short night had been se - ven years long.

M. 20 G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>4</sup> G. D<sup>6</sup> C. G.

home! Home I`d like to be! Home for a while! In me

M. 26 A7 D. G. C. G. D.

own coun - t - ry, Where the oak and the ash and the bon-ny ro - wan tree Are

M. 32 G. A7 D7 G.

all a - gro - win` green in the old coun - t - ry.

# Home Boys, Home

Oh well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a sailin' on the main.  
 To gain the goodwill of his captain's good name?  
 He came ashore one evening for to be.  
 And that was the beginning of my own true love and me.

I	I	IV	I
V	IV	I	V
I	IV	I	V
I	II <sup>7</sup>	V <sup>7</sup>	I

*And it's home, boys, home!*

*Home I'd like to be!*

*Home for a while! In me own country,*

*Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree*

*Are all agrowin' green in the old country.*

I	V	I	I
I	V		
IV	I	II <sup>7</sup>	V
I	IV	I	V
I	II <sup>7</sup>	V <sup>7</sup>	I

O Well I asked for a candle for to light me up to bed  
 And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around me head.  
 She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do,  
 So then I said to her "Now won't you leap in with me too?"

O Well she jumped into bed, and making no alarm  
 Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm.  
 I hugged her I kissed her the whole night long,  
 Till she wished the short night had been seven years long.

Well early next morning the sailor lad arose  
 And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold  
 Saying „Take this me dear for the mischief that I've done  
 For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son.”

“Well if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse,  
 With gold in her pocket and silver in her purse,  
 And if it be a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue  
 And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do.”

Oh come all your fair maiden, a warning take by me,  
 Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee,  
 For I trusted on and he beguiled me,  
 He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on my knee!

|: Chorus :|

# 15- In My Memory

- Bev  
 1. Z / Tutti  
 2. Z+ / Tutti  
 Zene / R1 Tutti  
 3. Z+ ///:Tutti://

A E A fis<sub>m</sub> D h<sub>m</sub> E<sup>6</sup> E

\*Zene----->-----Z, A Z In my  
 Z,La There was

9 A E<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup>

me - - mo - ry I will al - ways see The  
 ear - - ly mor - - - ning the shirt fac - tory horn Called  
 mu - sic play in the Der - ry air Like a

13 D A<sup>6</sup> A E

town that I have loved so well: Where our  
 wo - - men from Creg - gan, the Moor and the Bog While the  
 langu - age that we all could un - - der - stand I re -

17 A E<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup>

school played ball by the gas yard wall And we  
 men on the dole played a mot - her's role Fed the  
 mem - ber the day that i earned+my first pay When I

## In My Memory

D A<sup>6</sup> E A A D D<sup>6</sup> E E<sup>6</sup>

21  
 laughed through the smoke and the smell. *Z* Go - ing home in the rain run - ning  
 child - ren, and then walked the dog. *Tutti* And when times got tough, there was  
 played in a small pick - up band. *Tutti* There I spent my youth, and to

27  
 up the Dark Lane, Past the Jail and down be - hind the Foun - - tain, Those  
 just a - bout e - nough And they saw it through with-out comp - lai - ning For  
 tell you the truth I was sad to leave it all be - hind me For I'd

33  
 were hap - py days on so ma - ny, ma - ny ways, In  
 deep in - side was a bur - ning pride In the  
 learned about life and I'd found a wife In the

37  
 D A<sup>6</sup> E A Végül: A D hm E A  
 the town I loved well.  
 town I loved so well.  
 town I loved so well.

The musical score is written for three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass clefs. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The score is divided into four systems, each with a measure number (21, 27, 33, 37) at the beginning. Chord symbols are placed above the staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score ends with a double bar line.

But when I returned, how my eyes were burned  
 To see how a town could be brought to its knees  
 By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars  
 And the gas that hangs on to every breeze  
 Now the Army's installed by the old Gas-yard wall  
 And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher  
 With their tanks and guns, oh my God what have they done  
 To the town I love so well

Now the music's gone, but they still carry-on  
 Though their spirit's gone, but never broken  
 They will not forget for their hearts are all set  
 On tomorrow, and peace once again  
 For what's done is done, and what's won is won  
 And what's lost is lost and gone forever  
 I can only pray for a bright brand new day  
 In the town I love so well

# 15 In my Memory 4/4

<b>I</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>
	<b>C</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
<b>V</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>
	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>
<b>R</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>
	<b>C</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>D</b>
	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>
			<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
			<b>aD</b>	<b>G</b>

# The Town I Loved So Well

Phil Coulter

**A**

In my memory I will always see  
The town that I have loved so well:  
Where our school played ball by the gas yard wall  
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell.  
Going home in the rain running up the Dark Lane,  
Past the Jail and down behind the Fountain,  
Those were happy days on so many, many ways,  
In the town I loved so well.

I	V	I	vi
IV	ii	V	V
I	V	IV	I
IV	I V	I	I
IV	V	I	vi
IV	ii	V	V
I	V	IV	I
IV	I V	I	I

In the early morning the shirt factory horn  
Called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog  
While the men on the dole played a mother's role  
Fed the children, and then walked the dog.  
And when times got tough, there was just about enough  
And they saw it through without complaining  
For deep inside was a burning pride  
In the town I loved so well.

There was music play in the Derry air  
Like a language that we all could understand  
I remember the day that I earned my first pay  
When I played in a small pickup band.  
There I spent my youth, and to tell you the truth  
I was sad to leave it all behind me  
For I'd learned about life and I'd found a wife  
In the town I loved so well.

But when I returned, how my eyes were burned  
To see how a town could be brought to its knees  
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars  
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze  
Now the Army's installed by the old Gasyard wall  
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher  
With their tanks and guns, oh my God what have they done  
To the town I love so well

Now the music's gone, but they still carry on  
Though their spirit's gone, but never broken  
They will not forget for their hearts are all set  
On tomorrow, and peace once again  
For what's done is done, and what's won is won  
And what's lost is lost and gone forever  
I can only pray for a bright brand new day  
In the town I love so well

Tutti  
 F,La  
 P,Z  
 \*Zene/Tu  
 Tutti

# 16-The Wild Rover

Bev---

-->G-C-D7-G

G. D7 G. C. C<sup>6</sup>

I've been a wild ro-ver for ma-ny's the year, And I've  
 I went in-to an ale-house I used to fre-quent, And I  
 I^then took from my poc-ket ten so-ve-reigns bright, And the

7 G. D. D7 G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub>

spent all my mo-ney on whis-key and beer, But  
 told the land-la-dy my mo-ney was spent. I  
 land-la-dy's eyes o-pened wide with de-light, She

12 G. D. G. C. C<sup>6</sup>

now I'm re-tur-ning with gold in great store, And I  
 asked her for cre-dit, she ans-wered me "Nay. such a  
 says, "I have whis-kies and wines of the best, And the

The Wild Rover

Végül ||:

17 G. D7 D7 G. \*Tutti

ne - ver will play the wild ro - ver no more. And it's  
 cus - tom as yours I can have eve - ry day!"  
 words that I told you were on - ly in jest."

21 D. D. D. D. G. G. C.

no, nay, never, X X X X no, nay, ne-ver, no more, Will I  
 5.( próza.....)

29 G. G. am C. G<sup>6</sup> D. G. Végül :||

play the wild ro-ver, no, ne-ver no more!

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,

And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.

And if they caress me as oft times before,

Végül Refr ||: :||

Then I never will play the wild rover no more!

# 16- Wild Rover

Traditional Irish

Voice

I've been a wild ro - ver for man - y a  
year And I've spent all my mon - ey on whis - ky and  
beer; But now I'm re - turn - ing with gold in great store And I  
ne - ver will play the wild ro - ver no more. And it's no  
nay ne - ver No nay ne - ver no  
more Will I play the wild ro - ver  
No ne - ver no more.

# Wild Rover

Intro | G | C | D | G↓ |  
**G                    D7            G            C**

1. I've been a wild rover for many a year

**G                    D7                                    G**  
 And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
**G                    D7                    G                    C**  
 And now I'm returning with gold in great store  
**G                    D7                                    G**  
 And I never will play the wild rover no more.

**D7**  
 And it's no, nay, never,  
**G                    G7                    C**  
 No nay never no more,  
**G                    C**  
 Will I play the wild rover  
**G                    D7                    G**  
 No never no more.

2. I went to an ale-house I used to frequent

And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay  
 Such a custom as yours I could have any day.

3. I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright

And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
 She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best  
 And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."

4. I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done

And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
 And if they forgive me as ofttimes before  
 Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

- Zene  
1. Z  
2. J,La  
3. Tutti

# 17- Sang a Song for Ireland

G G6 D D6 am em6 C D4 G G4

—  
Z  
4.

Voice

Zene--->  
Z Wal-king all the day Near tall to - wers where fal-cons build their nests  
J, La Drink-ing all the day In old pubs where fidd-lers love to play  
Tutti Tal - king all the day With true friends who try to make you stay  
Me-gyek nap-ra nap, u - tam kar - csú tor-nyok közt ha - lad.

Voice

Bass

6

G G6 D D6 am em C D G G6

Sil - ver-winged they fly They know the call of free - dom in their breasts  
Saw one touch the bow He played a reel which seemed so grand and gay  
Tel - ling jokes and news Sin - gingsongs to pass the time a - way  
A kecses soly - mo - kat ott hív - ja rég a sza - bad - ság sza - va.

Cb.

11

C \ am C4 D6 G em4 C \ am D D2 \

Saw Black Head a - gainst the sky Where twis-ted rocks they run to the sea.  
Stood on Ding - le Beach and cast In wild foam we found At - lan-tic bass.  
Watched the Gal - way sal - mon run Like sil - ver dan-cing, darting in the sun.  
E - züst szár-nyuk az ég - be vág, csak a kő gu - rul lenn, gör - geti az ár.

Cb.

**Bev: >>**

16    a m    C<sup>6</sup>    D<sup>6</sup>    e m<sup>6</sup>    G<sup>6</sup>    G<sup>6</sup>    D<sup>6</sup>    D<sup>6</sup>    a m    a m<sup>6</sup>

Li-ving on your western shore Saw sum-mer sun-sets, asked for more I stood by your At-  
El-ér - tem az ó - ce - ánt, a nap is már nyu - gat - ra járt. A víz - hez é - ne-

16    G<sup>6</sup>    D<sup>6</sup>    \ / a m    e m    C D    G    G

lan - tic Sea And sang a song for I - re - land.  
kelt a szél, egy dalt e szép ír föl - dért.

Cb.

Dreaming in the night

I saw a land where no one had to fight

Waking in your dawn

I saw you crying in the morning light

Sleeping where the falcons fly

They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky

# 17 Song for Ireland 4/4

<b>G</b>		<b>D</b>		<b>a</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>
<b>G</b>		<b>D</b>		<b>a</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>
<b>C</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>
<b>a</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>G</b>		<b>D</b>		<b>a</b>
<b>G</b>	<b>D'</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>CD</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>G</b>		

An arrow points from the **D** in the 7th cell of the 4th row to the **a** in the 8th cell of the 3rd row.



# Song For Ireland

Composer

Walking all the day  
 Near tall towers where falcons build their nests  
 Silver winged they fly  
 They know the call of freedom in their breasts  
 Saw Black Head against the sky  
 Where twisted rocks they run to the sea.

*Living on your western shore  
 Saw summer sunsets, asked for more  
 I stood by your Atlantic Sea  
 And sang a song for Ireland.*

Drinking all the day  
 In old pubs where fiddlers love to play  
 Saw one touch the bow  
 He played a reel which seemed so grand and gay  
 Stood on Ding-le Beach and cast  
 In wild foam we found Atlantic bass.

Talking all the day  
 With true friends who try to make you stay  
 Telling jokes and news  
 Singing songs to pass the time away  
 Watched the Galway salmon run  
 Like silver dancing, darting in the sun.

Dreaming in the night  
 I saw a land where no one had to fight  
 Waking in your dawn  
 I saw you crying in the morning light  
 Sleeping where the falcons fly  
 They twist and turn all in your air-blue sky

I -	V -	I
ii vi	IV V	I
I -	V -	I
ii vi	IV V	I
IV ii	IV V	I
V vi	IV ii	V
ii I	V vi	I
I -	V -	I
ii -	I V	I
ii vi	IV V	I I

# 18- Rare Old Times

Irish

Z\* A A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup>

Raised on songs and stor - ies, he - roes of re - nown Ah, the  
 Well my name it is Sean Demp - sey, as Dub - lin as can be Born  
 And I cour - ted Peggy Dignam as pret - ty as you please A

5 A<sup>6</sup> A D<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> E E<sup>6</sup> E<sup>6</sup> E E

pas - sing tales and glor - ies that once was Dub - lin town The  
 hard and late in Pimli - co, in a house that ceased to be By  
 5 rogue and child of Ma - ry, from the re - bel Li - ber - ties I

9 A<sup>6</sup> A D A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D

hal - lowed halls and hous - es, the haun - ting child - ren's rhymes That  
 9 trade I was a coo - per, lost out to re - dun - dan - cy Like my  
 lost her to a student chap, with skin as black as coal When he

# Rare Old Times

2  
13

A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> E E<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>6</sup>

once was part of Dub - lin in the rare ould times  
house that fell to prog - ress, my trade's a me - mo - ry  
took her off to Bir - mingham, she took away my soul.

17

A Z\* A<sup>6</sup> D A<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>6</sup> fis<sup>m</sup>

Ring a ring a ro - sey, as the light de - clines I re -

21

A<sup>6</sup> A D<sup>6</sup> D E<sup>6</sup> E A

mem - ber Dub - lin ci - ty in the rare ould times

Z\*

A D A D  
The years have made me bit - ter, the gargle dims me brain

A D A E  
Cause Dublin keeps on chang - ing, and nothing seems the same


A D A D  
The Pillar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down

A D E A  
As the grey unyielding concrete, makes a city of my town

# 18- Rare Old Times

Irish

Z\* A A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup>



Raised on songs and stor - ies, he - roes of re - nown Ah, the  
Well my name it is Sean Demp - sey, as Dub - lin as can be Born  
And I cour - ted Peggy Dignam as pret - ty as you please A

5 A<sup>6</sup> A D<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> E E<sup>6</sup> E<sup>6</sup> E




pas - sing tales and glor - ies that once was Dub - lin town The  
hard and late in Piml - co, in a house that ceased to be By  
rogue and child of Ma - ry, from the re - bel Li - ber - ties I

9 A<sup>6</sup> A D A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D




hal - lowed halls and hous - es, the haun - ting child - ren's' rhymes That  
trade I was a coo - per, lost out to re - dun - dan - cy Like my  
lost her to a student chap, with skin as black as coal When he

13 A<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> E E<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>6</sup>



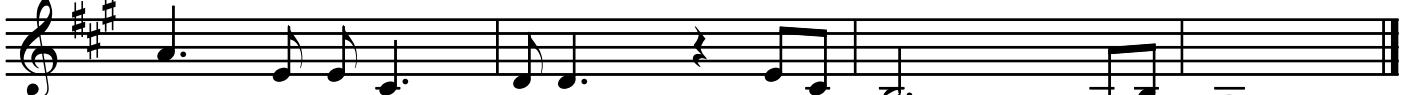
once was part of Dub - lin in the rare ould times  
house that fell to prog - ress, my trade's a me - mo - ry  
took her off to Bir - mingham, she took away my soul.

17 A A<sup>6</sup> D A<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>6</sup> fis m



Ring a ring a ro - sey, as the light de - clines I re -

21 A<sup>6</sup> A D<sup>6</sup> D E<sup>6</sup> E A



mem - ber Dub - lin ci - ty in the rare ould times

# Rare Old Times

Pete St.John 197X

**Raised on songs and stories, heroes of renown  
Ah, the passing tales and glories that once was Dublin town  
The hallowed halls and houses, the haunting childrens' rhymes  
That once was part of Dublin in the rare ould times**

*Ring a ring a rosie, as the light declines  
I remember Dublin city in the rare ould times*

**Well my name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as can be  
Born hard and late in Pimlico, in a house that ceased to be  
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy  
Like my house that fell to progress, my trade's a memory**

Solo

**And I courted Peggy Dignam as pretty as you please  
A rogue and child of Mary, from the rebel Liberties  
I lost her to a student chap, with skin as black as coal  
When he took her off to Birmingham, she took away my soul.**

|: Refr :|

**The years have made me bitter, the gargle dims me brain  
Cause Dublin keeps on changing, and nothing seems the same  
The Pillar and the Met have gone, the Royal long since pulled down  
As the grey unyielding concrete, makes a city of my town**

**Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey, I can no longer stay  
And watch the new glass cages that spring up along the quay  
My mind's too full of memories, too old to hear new chimes  
I'm part of what was Dublin in the rare ould times**

	I	-		IV	I		I	-		IV	-	
	I	-		IV	I		V	-		V	-	
	I	-		IV	I		I	-		IV	-	
	I	-		IV	-		V	-		I	-	
	I	-		IV	I		I	-		vi	-	
	I	-		IV	-		V	-		I	-	

# 19- I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me

Irish

G e m C G

Melody

I wish I had some - one to love me,  
 To - Meet me to - night in the moon - - - light,  
 I - night is our last night to the get - - - her,  
 I wish I had ships on the o - - - cean  
 I wish I had wings of a swal - - - low,

Counter

Bass

6 G A D

M

Some - one to call me his own,  
 Meet me to - night all a - lone,  
 Nea - rest and dea - rest must part,  
 Li - ned with sil - ver and gold  
 Fly o - ut o - ver the sea I The

C

B

10 G G C G

M

Some - one to sleep with me night - - - ly, I'm  
 have a sad sto - ry to tell - - - you I'm  
 love that has bound us to get - - - her  
 Fol - low the ship arms that of he sails in love And  
 Fly to the arms of my true love

C

B

14 C D G G

M

wea - ry of slee - ping a - lone.  
 tel - ling it un - der the moon.  
 Is shred - ded and torn a - part.  
 A lad of nine - teen years old.  
 bring him home safe - ly to me.

C

B

# I Wish I Had Someone

Bill Massey

*I wish I had someone to love me,  
Someone to call me her own,  
Someone to sleep with me nightly,  
I weary of sleeping alone.*

**Meet me tonight in the moonlight,  
Meet me tonight all alone,  
I have a sad story to tell you  
I'm telling it under the moon.**

**Tonight is our last night together,  
Nearest and dearest must part,  
The love that has bound us together  
Is shredded and torn apart.**

**I wish I had ships on the ocean  
Lined with silver and gold  
Follow the ship that he sails in  
A lad of nineteen years old.**

**I wish I had wings of a swallow,  
Fly out over the sea  
Fly to the arms of my true love  
And bring him home safely to me.**

	I		vi		IV		I	
	I		II		V		V	
	I		I		IV		I	
	IV		V		I		I	

1,2,K,  
3,4,K  
5,K  
6,K,/K

# 20- The Auld Triangle

8  
Laci 1-2. A hung - ry fee - ling Came o'er me stea - ling And he  
To be gin the mor - ning Ach the screw was baw - ling "Get  
3-4. On a fine Spring eve - ning The lag lay drea - ming And he  
Now the screw was pee - ping, Humpy Gussy was slee - ping As I

6  
8  
6  
Kórus  
mice were squea - ling In my pri - son cell And the  
up, ya bow - sie! And clean up your cell!"  
sea - gulls're squee - ling High a - bove the wall  
lay there drea - ming of my girl, Sal

10  
8  
10  
, La,Z  
Li  
auld tri - ang - le went jin - gle jan - gle All a -  
J,P  
F

14  
8  
14  
,  
- long the banks of the Ro - yal Ca - nal.

For the Love of Jesus,  
increase me religious  
From dirty shillings  
up the two pence ten

Kórus

Up in the female prison,  
there are seventy-five women  
And among them,  
I wish I did dwell

Kórus, /Kórus

# The Old Triangle

Dominic Behan

**A hungry feeling  
Came o'er me stealing  
And the mice were squealing  
In my prison cell**

*And the auld triangle went jingle jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.*

**To begin the morning  
Ach the screw was bawling  
"Get up, ya bowsie!  
And clean up your cell!**

**On a fine spring evening  
The lag lay dreaming  
And the seagulls're squeeling  
High above the wall**

**Now the screw was peeping,  
Humpy Gussy was sleeping  
As I lay there dreaming  
of my girl, Sal**

**For the Love of Jesus,  
increase me religious  
From dirty shillings  
up the two pence ten**

**Up in the female prison,  
there are seventy five women  
And among them,  
I wish I did dwell**

# 21- Fairies' Hornpipe

Melody

Counter

Bass

3

3

M

C

B

7

7

7

1.

2.

1.

2.

3

M

C

B

12

12

12

G

D

G

D

em

# Fairies' Hornpipe

M 26 G D G D G em C G

C 16

B 16

M 21 em am D G am D hm am hm em G C em amD

C 21

B 21

M 26 G. am C D G G. am C D G

C 26 1. 2.

B 26 1. 2.

- 1. All: A, Z
- 2. A, 2Z, +F, P
- 3. A, Li, 2Z
- 4. A, Li, Z gyors 1.
- 5. A, Li, Z gyors 2
- ?? 6. A, Li, Z gyors 3

# 22- The Irish Washerwoman

G G G G am am

Melody

Counter

Bass

M

C

B

5 am am G G G G

M

C

B

8 am D G am D G

1. 2.

1. 2.

The Irish Washerwomen

M 12 G G G G D D

C 12

B 12

Detailed description: This system contains measures 12, 13, and 14. The Melody (M) staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. Above the staff, the chords G, G, G, G, D, and D are indicated. The Chorus (C) and Bass (B) staves are in treble and bass clefs respectively, both with a key signature of one sharp. They provide harmonic accompaniment with dotted and eighth-note patterns.

M 15 D D C G am G am D G

C 15 1.

B 15 1.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 15, 16, and 17. The Melody (M) staff continues with eighth-note patterns. Above the staff, the chords D, D, C, G, am, G, am, D, and G are indicated. The Chorus (C) and Bass (B) staves include first endings, marked with '1.' and a repeat sign. The Melody staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

M 20 am 2. D G

C 20 2.

B 20 2.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 20, 21, and 22. The Melody (M) staff features a change in rhythm to quarter notes. Above the staff, the chords am, D, and G are indicated. The Chorus (C) and Bass (B) staves include second endings, marked with '2.' and a repeat sign. The Melody staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# 23- I'll Tell me Ma

Irish

Melody

D· D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A· A<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D

I'll tell my ma when I go home The boys won't leave the girls a-lone They

Counter

Bass

M

6 D D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A· A<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D· D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D· G· G·

pulled my hair and they stole my comb But that's al-right 'til I go home. She is hand-some she is pre-tty

C

B

M

12 D D A A<sup>7</sup> D D G G D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A· D<sup>6</sup> D·

She is the belle the Bel-fast Ci-ty She is cour-ting 1, 2, 3, Please won'tyou tell me who is she?  
/Let the

C

B

# I'll Tell Me Ma

28 D· D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D· D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A· A<sup>6</sup> D· D<sup>6</sup>

M  
Al - bert Moo - ney says he loves her All the boys are figh - ting for her They  
wind and rain and the hail blow high And the snow come tumb - ling from the sky

18  
C  
18  
B

22 D· D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D· D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A· A<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D· D<sup>6</sup>

M  
knock at the door and \_ - ring the - bell Say - ing, oh my true love, are you well?  
She's as nice as app - le pie She'll get her own lad by and by

22  
C  
22  
B

26 D· hm G· A7 hm fism E· A<sup>6</sup><sub>5</sub>

M  
Out she comes as white as snow Rings on her fin - gers and bells on her toes  
When she gets a lad of her own^She won't tell her ma 'til she comes home

26  
C  
26  
B

30 D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D<sup>6</sup> G· A D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A7 D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> D·

M  
Old Johnny Mur - ray says she'll die If she doesn't get the fel - low with the rov - ing eye  
Let them o come as they will For it's Al - bert Moo - ney she loves still.

30  
C  
30  
B

# 23- I'll Tell Me Ma

Irish

Violin

I'll tell me ma when I go home, the boys won't leave the  
girls a-lone. They tossed my hair and stole my comb But that's all right till I go home  
She is hand-some, She is pret-ty, She is the belle of Bel-fast ci-ty She is court-in'  
one, two, three, Please won't you tell me who is she.

1. I'll tell me ma when I go home,  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb,  
And that's 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.

2. Albert Mooney says he loves her,  
All the boys are fighting for her,  
They rap at the door and they ring at the bell,  
Saying 'O my true love are you well.'  
Out she comes as white as snow,  
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,  
Old John Murray says she'll die,  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

3. Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,  
And the snow come travelling from the sky,  
She's as nice as apple-pie,  
And she'll get her own lad bye and bye.  
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 'tis Alber Mooney she loves still.

## I'll Tell Me Ma

*I'll tell me ma, when I go home  
The boys won't leave the girls alone they  
Pulled me hair, they stole me comb  
But that's alright, till I go home*

*She is handsome, she is pretty  
She is the belle of Belfast city  
She is courting one, two, three  
Please, won't you tell me who is she?*

**Albert Moorey says he loves her  
All the boys are fightin' for her they  
Knock at the door, and ringin' the bell saying  
"Oh, my true love are you well?"**

**Out she comes as white as snow  
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes  
Ol' Johnny Murray says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye**

**R**

**Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
And the snow come tumblin' from the sky  
She's as sweet as an apple pie  
She'll get her own lad by and by**

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

**R**

I	-	V	I
I	-	V	I
I	IV	I	V
I	IV	I V	I

# 24- There were Three Lovely...

Li  
P  
Li  
P Melody  
La, P  
J, La, Z  
J, La, Z

G G G G

Li There were three love-ly las - sies from Kim-mage, From  
 P Now the cause of the row was Joe Ca - shin Joe  
 Li Now he told me he thought we should mar - ry Should  
 P When he gets a few jars he goes fran - tic Oh

Counter

Bass

6 D7 D7 D7 D7 G G

M Kim-mage, from Kim-mage, from Kim-mage And when-  
 Cas - hin, Joe Cas - hin, Joe Cas - hin For he  
 mar - ry, should mar - ry, should mar - ry For he  
 fran - tic, oh fran - tic, oh fran - tic But he's

C

B

12 G G G G

M e - ver there with a bit of a scrim-mage Sure  
 told me he tought I looked smas - hing At a  
 said I was foo - lish to tar - ry So I  
 tall and he's dark and ro - man - tic And I

C

B



# 25-O'ro Se' do Bheatha Bhaile

g m g m d m g m d m d m d m d m

1.'Sé do bheat - ha a bhean ba léan-mhar, B'é ár greach tú bheith i ngéib hinn, Do  
 Sé do bá há á bhánn bol - lém - mor Bé or grák tú vé - han léb - ho Du  
 2.Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sái - le, Óg - laigh arm - tha léi mar ghar - da,  
 3.A bhúi le Rí na bh Feart go bhfeiceann, Muna mbíonn beoina dhiaidh ach seach-tain,

5 g m g m d m g m c m d m a m g m g m

dhú - iche bhreá i sei - libh meir-leach... Is^tú díol - ta leis na Ga - llaibh!  
 hú - ih brá i zse - lob már - lóv tsjú díl - tó lessh - ná gál - jab.  
 Gaeil iad féin is ní Gaill ná Spái - nmigh... Is cuir - fidh siad ruaig ar Ghal - laibh!  
 Gráinne Mhaol is mí - le gai - scíoch... Ag fóg - airt fáin ar Gha - llaibh!

10 g m g m g m g m d m d m d m d m

Ó - ró 'Sé do bheat - ha 'bhai - le, Ó - ró 'Sé do bheat - ha 'bhai - le,  
 Ó - ró se-do bah - há bal - já Ó - ró se-do bah - há bal - já

14 g m g m g m g m c m d m F g m g m

Ó - ró 'Sé do bheat - ha 'bhai - le, A - nois ar theacht an tsamh - raidh!  
 Ó - ró se-do bah - há bal - já An - iss er anht an faom - réd

# Blank Page

Place holder for missing lyrics

# 26- Whiskey in the Jar

C. C<sup>6</sup> C. a m a m<sup>6</sup> a m<sup>6</sup>

Melody

As I was go-in' o - ver the far famed Ker - ry mountains I  
 I coun - ted out his mo - ney and it made a pret - ty pen - ny I  
 I went up to my cham - ber, all for to take a slum-ber I  
 'T was ear - ly in the morning, just be - fore I rose to tra - vel Up

Counter

Bass

F. F<sup>6</sup> F<sup>4</sup> C. a m<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup>

M.

met with cap - tain Far-rell and his mo - ney he was coun-ting I  
 put it in me poc-ket and I took it home to Jen - ny She  
 dreamt of gold and je-wels and for sure 't was no won-der But  
 comes a band of footmen and like-wise cap - tain Far - rell I

C.

B.

C<sup>6</sup> C. C<sup>6</sup> C. a m a m<sup>6</sup> a m

M.

first produced my pis - tol and I then pro - duced my ra - pier Saying  
 sighed and she swore that she ne - ver would de - ceive me But the  
 Jen - ny blew me char - ges and she filled them up with wa - ter Then  
 first produced me pis - tol for she stole a - way me rapi - er I

C.

B.

## Whiskey in the Jar

14 F. F. G<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> C. a<sub>m</sub><sup>6</sup> a<sub>m</sub><sup>4</sup>

M. "Stand - and de - li-ver" for he were a bold de - cei-ver  
de - vil take the wo-men for they ne - ver can be ea - sy Mush - a  
sent for cap - tain Far-rell to be rea - dy for the slaughter  
couldn't shoot the wa-ter, so a priso-ner I was ta - ken

14

C.

14

B.

18 G. G<sup>6</sup> G. C. C.

M. ring dum a do dum - a da Wack fall the dad-dy - o,

18

C.

18

B.

22 F. F<sup>6</sup> F<sup>4</sup> F. C<sup>6</sup> G. C.

M. wack fall the dad - dy - o There's whis - key in the jar

22

C.

22

B.

5. There's some take delight in the carriages a rolling  
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling  
but I take delight in the juice of the barley  
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright  
and early

6. And if anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army  
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney  
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenney  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting  
Jenny

# 26- Whiskey In the Jar

Irish Folk

Violin

As I was go-ing o-ver the far fa-med moun-tain, I  
met with Cap - tain Far - rell and his mon - ey he was coun - tin'. I  
first pro-duced my pis - tol and I then pro-duced my ra - pier.  
Saying Stand and de - li - ver for you are my bold de - ce - iver. Mush - um  
rig - ge - dum dig - ge dum dah, - - - - whack for the dad - dy O,  
whack for the dad - dy O. There's whis - key in the jar.

## Whiskey in The Jar

1. As I was a going over far framed Kerry Mountains,  
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'.  
I first produced me pistol and then produced me rapier,  
Sayin' stand and deliver for you are my bold deceiver.

R. *Musha riggedum diggedum da*

*Whack fall the daddy oh, whack fall the daddy oh  
There's whiskey in the jar.*

	:	I		vi	
		IV		I	:
		V			
		I		IV	
		I	V		I

2. He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,  
I put it in me pocket to take home to darling' Jenny.  
She sighed and swore that she never would deceive me  
But the devil takes the women for they never can be easy.

3. I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and of course it was no wonder.  
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,  
Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

Z

4. 'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,  
Up came a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell.  
I first produced me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

5. They put me into jail with a judge all a writin'  
For robbing Captain Farrell on Kerry Mountain.  
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,  
And bid a farewell to this tight fisted town.

6. If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army,  
If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney.  
And if he'll go with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny,  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darling sporting  
Jenny.

7. There's some take delight in the carriages and rolling,  
And others take delight in the hurlin' or the bowlin'.  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,  
And courting pretty fair maids in the mourning bright and early.

# 27- Leaving Of Liverpool

C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> F. C C<sup>6</sup> e<sub>m</sub> e<sub>m</sub><sup>6</sup>

Melody

Fare - well to Prin - ces lan - ding stage Ri - ver Mer - sey  
 I am bound for Ca - li - for - ni - a by the way of the  
 I've shipped on Yan - kee clip - per ship, 'Da - vy Croc - kett'

Counter

Bass

M

7 a<sub>m</sub> D D<sup>2</sup> G<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>2</sup> F<sup>6</sup> C

fare thee well I am bound for Ca - li - for - ni - a, a  
 stor - my Cape Horn And I write to you a let - ter, love, when  
 is her name And Bur - gess is the cap tain of her and they

C

B

M

14 C<sup>6</sup> G. C C<sup>6</sup> C G. G G. G<sup>2</sup>

place I know right well So fare thee well my  
 I am home - ward bound  
 say that she's a floa - ting hell

C

B

2

## Leaving of Liverpool

3. C↓ F↓ G↓  
20 C<sup>6</sup> F· G· C C<sup>6</sup> F· G· G<sup>6</sup>

M  
own true love When I re-turn u - ni-ted we will be It's not the

C

B

(D46)

26 C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>2</sup> F<sup>6</sup> C· G<sup>6</sup>

M  
leaving of Li - ver - pool that grieves me But my

C

B

30 C<sup>6</sup> G· C C·

M  
dar - ling when I think of thee

C

B

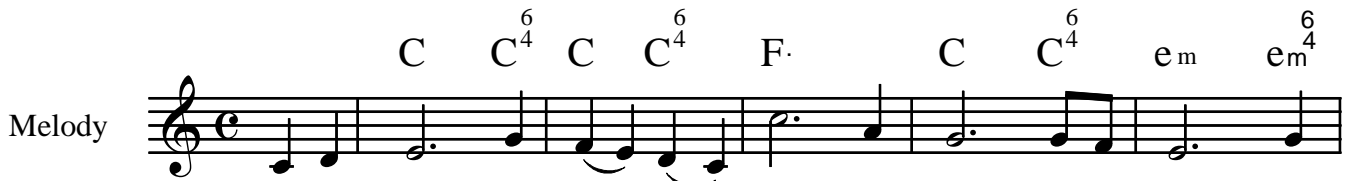
I have sailed with Bur-gess once be-fore, I think I know him well  
If a man`s a sai-lor he will get a-long, if not then he`s sure in hell

Fare-well to Lo-wer Fre-derick Street, An-son Ter-race and Park Lane  
I am bound a-way for to leave you and I`ll ne-ver see you a-gain

# 27- Leaving Of Liverpool

Melody

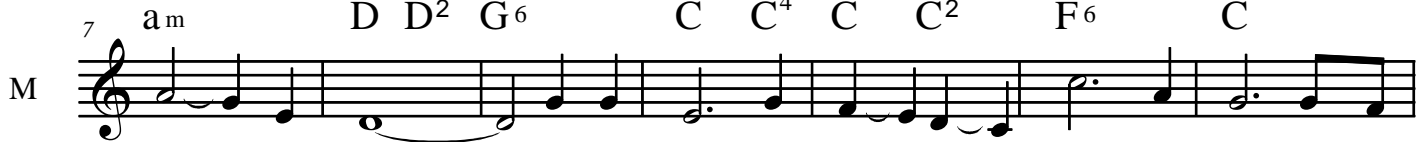
C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> F. C C<sup>6</sup> e m e m<sup>6</sup>



Fare - well to Prin - ces lan - ding stage Ri-ver Mer - sey  
 I am bound for Ca - li - for - ni - a by the way of the  
 Zene\*-----> I've shipped on Yan - kee clip - per ship, 'Da-vy Croc - kett'

M

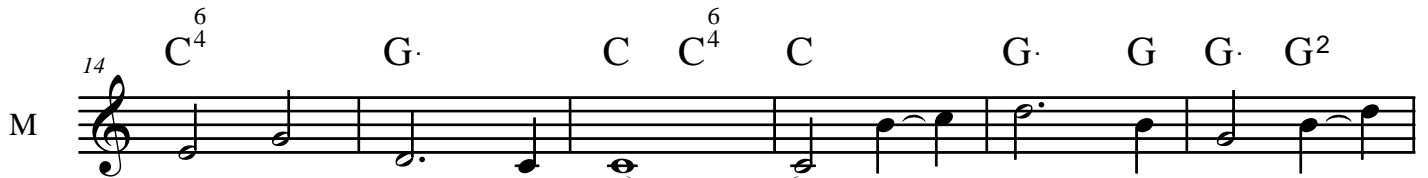
7 a m D D<sup>2</sup> G<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>2</sup> F<sup>6</sup> C



fare thee well I am bound for Ca - li - for - ni - a, a  
 stor - my Cape Horn And I write to you a let - ter, love, when  
 is her name And Bur - gess is the cap tain of her and they

M

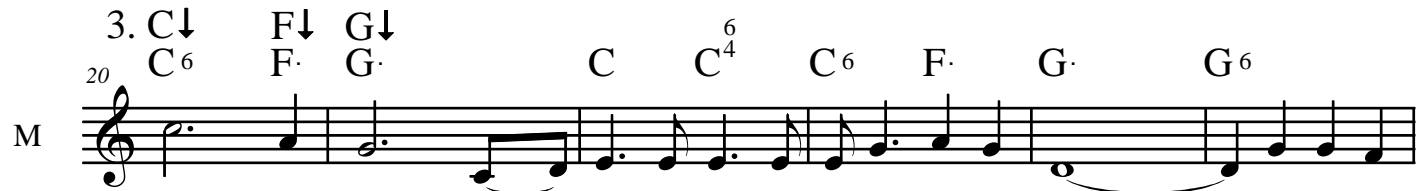
14 C<sup>6</sup> G. C C<sup>6</sup> C G. G G. G<sup>2</sup>



place I know right well So fare thee well my  
 I am home - ward bound I say that she's a floa - ting hell

M

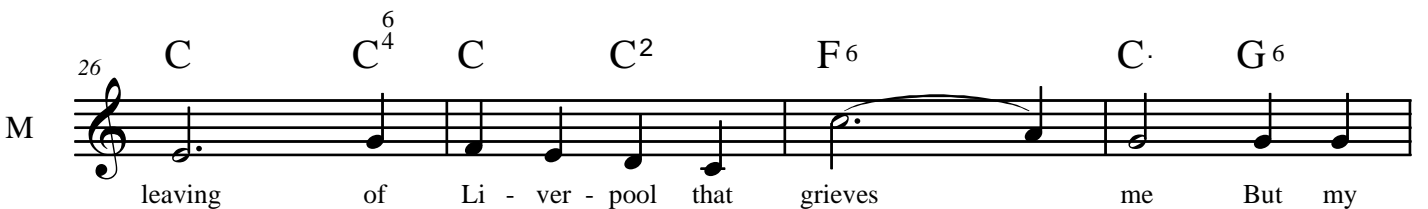
20 3. C↓ F↓ G↓ C<sup>6</sup> F. G. C C<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> F. G. G<sup>6</sup>



own true love When I re-turn u - ni-ted we will be It's not the

M

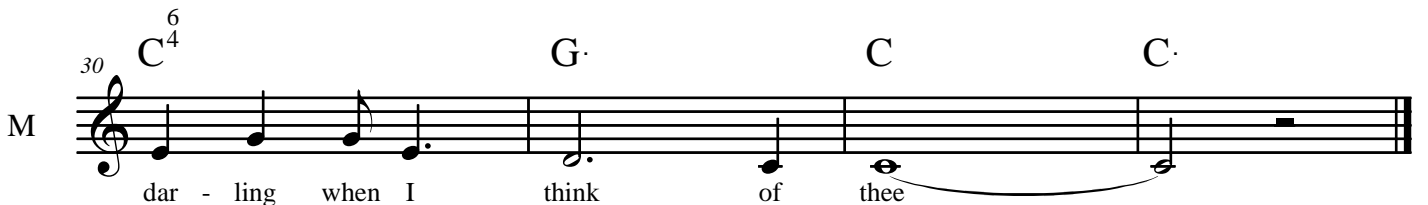
26 C C<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>2</sup> F<sup>6</sup> C. G<sup>6</sup>



leaving of Li - ver - pool that grieves me But my

M

30 C<sup>6</sup> G. C C.



dar - ling when I think of thee

# Leaving of Liverpool

Farewell to Princes` landing stage  
 River Mersey fare thee well  
 I am bound for California,  
 a place I know right well

*So fare thee well my own true love  
 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*

I am bound for California  
 by way of stormy Cape Horn  
 And I will write to thee a letter, love,  
 when I am homeward bound

Z + R tutti

I`ve shipped on a Yankee clipper ship,  
 `Davy Crockett` is her name  
 And Burgess is the captain of her  
 and they say that she`s a floating hell

I have sailed with Burgess once before,  
 I think I know him well  
 If a man`s a sailor he will get along,  
 if not then he`s sure in hell

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street,  
 Anson Terrace and Park Lane  
 I am bound away for to leave you  
 and I`ll never see you again

I -	I -	IV -	I -
iii	vi	II -	V -
I -	I -	IV -	I -
I -	V -	I (V)	I -
V -	V -	I IV	V -
I -	I -	V -	V -
I -	I -	IV -	I(V)
I -	V -	I -	I -

# 28- The Charlie Lennon's Jig

[Composer]

Violin

4

7

10

13

16

19

22

25

28

31

# Blank Page

Place holder for missing lyrics

# 29- The Foggy Dew

$d_m d_m^6$   $d_m d_m^6$   $g_m$   $C$   $d_m B^b6$   $g_m a_m$

Melody

As down the glen one Eas - ter morn', to a ci - ty fair rode  
 Right proud - ly high o - ver Dub - lin town they hung out the flag of  
 But the bra - vest fell and the Re - quiem bell rang mourn - ful - ly and

Counter

Bass

$d_m$   $d_m$   $d_m C^6$   $d_m6$   $a_m$   $B^b$   $C$   $C^6$

M.

I war. There ar - med lines of marc - hing men in  
 clear, 'Twas bet - ter to die 'neath an I - rish sky than at  
 For those who died that Eas - ter tide, in the

C.

B.

$B^b6$   $g_m$   $a_m$   $d_m$   $d_m$

M.

squad - rons or passed me by No  
 Sul - va or Sud el Bar; And  
 spring - time of the year: And the

C.

B.

# The Foggy Dew

2

Zene\* Végül: ||:

18 F. C<sup>6</sup> g<sup>m6</sup> A. d<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> C.

M. pipe did hum, nor battle drum did sound it's loud ta -  
 from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hur - ry - ing  
 world did gaze with deep^a - maze, at those fear - less men but

C. 18

B. 18

24 Bev: Heg, Git:>> d<sup>m</sup> G. a<sup>m</sup> d<sup>m</sup> d<sup>m6/4</sup> d<sup>m</sup> d<sup>m6/4</sup> g<sup>m6</sup> g<sup>m</sup> C.

M. ttoo But the An - gelus bell o'er the Lif - fey swell, Rang  
 through, While Brit - tan - i - a's Huns, with their great big guns, Sailed  
 few, Who bore that fight, that free - dom's light might

C. 24

B. 24

30 B<sup>b6/4</sup> g<sup>m</sup> a<sup>m</sup> d<sup>m</sup> d<sup>m</sup> Végül: :||

M. out in the foggy dew.  
 in through the foggy dew.  
 shine through the foggy dew.

C. 30

B. 30

# 29 Foggy Dew

<b>4/4</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>C</b>
	<b>d B</b>	<b>g a</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>d</b>
	<b>d C</b>	<b>d a</b>	<b>B</b>	<b>C</b>
	<b>B</b>	<b>g a</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>d</b>
<hr/>				
	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>A</b>
	<b>d</b>	<b>B C</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>G a</b>
	<b>d</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>C</b>
	<b>B</b>	<b>g a</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>d</b>

# The Foggy Dew

Canon Charles O'Neill (1887-1963), after 1919; about Easter Uprising in 1916

As down the glen one Easter morn', to a city fair rode I  
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by  
No pipe did hum, nor battle drum did sound it's loud tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell,  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town they hung out the flag of war.  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud el Bar;  
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through,  
While Brittania's Huns, with their great big guns,  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell and the Requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,  
For those who died that Easter tide, in the springtime of the year:  
And the world did gaze with deep amaze, at those fearless men but few,  
Who bore that fight, that freedom's light  
might shine through the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year  
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
might shine through the foggy dew

Ah, back through the glen I rode again and my heart with grief was sore  
For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see more  
But to and fro in my dreams I go and I'd kneel and pray for you,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,  
When you fell in the foggy dew.

# 30- All For Me Grog

Irish Folk

*Refr*

Violin

And it's all for me grog, me joll-y, joll-y grog, All for me beer and to-

Vln.

bacc-o! Well I spent all me tin with the lass - ies drink - ing gin Far a -

Vln.

cross the western o - cean I must wand - er. I'm  
Oh,

*Verse*

Vln. **G C G G**

sick in the head and I have-n't gone to bed since I first came a-shore with me  
 Where are me boots me nog-gin' nog-gin' boots They're all sold for beer and to-  
 Where is me shirt me nog-gin' nog-gin' shirt It's all gone for beer and to-  
 where is me bed me nog-gin' nog-gin' bed It's all sold for beer and to-  
 where is me wife me nog-gin' nog-gin' wife She's all sold for beer and to-

Vln. **D G**

plun - der. I've seen cen - ti - pedes and snakes and my  
 bac - co You see the sole's were get - tin' thin And the  
 bac - co You see the sleeves they got worn out And the  
 bac - co You see I sold it to the girls And the  
 bac - co You see her front it got worn out And her

Vln. **C G G D D7 G**

head is full of aches, And I'll have to make a path for way out yon - der.  
 uppers were let - ting in, And the heels are look - ing out for bet - ter weat - her  
 collar was turned a bout And the tail is look - ing out for bet - ter weat - her  
 springs they got all twirls And the sheets they're look - ing out for bet - ter weat - her  
 tail been kicked a - bout And I'm sure she's look - ing out for bet - ter weat - her.

# 30- All For Me Grog

Irish Folk

*Refr*

Violin

And it's all for me grog, me joll-y, joll-y grog, All for me beer and to-

Vln.

bacc-o! Well I spent all me tin with the lass - ies drink - ing gin Far a -

Vln.

cross the western o - cean I must wand - er. *Verse*

Vln.

sick in the head and I have-n't gone to bed since I first came a-shore with me  
 Where are me boots me nog-gin' nog-gin' boots They're all sold for beer and to -  
 Where is me shirt me nog-gin' nog-gin' shirt It's all gone for beer and to -  
 where is me bed me nog-gin' nog-gin' bed It's all sold for beer and to -  
 where is me wife me nog-gin' nog-gin' wife She's all sold for beer and to -

Vln.

plun - der. I've seen cen - ti - pedes and snakes and my  
 bac - co You see the sole's were get - tin' thin And the  
 bac - co You see the sleeves they got worn out And the  
 bac - co You see I sold it to the girls And the  
 bac - co You see her front it got worn out And her

Vln.

head is full of aches, And I'll have to make a path for way out yon - der.  
 uppers were let - ting in And the heels are look - ing out for bet - ter weat - her  
 collar was turned a bout And the tail is look - ing out for bet - ter weat - her  
 springs they got all twirls And the sheets they're look - ing out for bet - ter weat - her  
 tail been kicked a - bout And I'm sure she's look - ing out for bet - ter weat - her.

# All for Me Grog

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed  
 Since first I came ashore with me plunder  
 I've seen centipedes and snakes  
 And my head is full off aches  
 And I'll have to make a path for way out yonder

I	-	IV	I
I	-	V	-
I	I7	IV	I
I	V	V7	I



*And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog  
 All for me beer and tobacco  
 Well I've spent all me tin with the lassies drinking Gin  
 Far across the western ocean I must wander*

Mandolin

Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin' boots  
**They're all sold for beer and tobacco**  
 You see the sole's were gettin' thin  
 And the uppers were letting in  
 And the heels are looking out for better weather

Gitár

Where is me shirt me noggin' noggin' shirt  
**It's all gone for beer and tobacco**  
 You see the sleeves they got worn out  
 And the collar was turned about  
 And the tail is looking out for better weather

Bendzsó

Oh, where is me bed me noggin' noggin' bed  
**It's all sold for beer and tobacco**  
 You see I sold it to the girls  
 And the springs they got all twirls  
 And the sheets they're looking out for better weather

Where is me wife me noggin' noggin' wife  
**She's all sold for beer and tobacco**  
 You see her front it got worn out  
 And her tail been kicked about  
 And I'm sure she's looking out for better weather

# 31- Dickey Reilly

D· D<sup>6</sup> A· D·

Melody

Counter

Bass

O poor aul Di - cey Reil - ly she has ta - ken to the sup, O  
 She walks a - long Fitz - gib - bon Street with an in - de - pen - dent air And  
 Long years a - go when men were men and fancied May Ob - long Or

A· A<sup>6</sup> D· D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup>

M

C

B

6  
 poor aul Di - cey Reil - ly she will ne - ver give it up, It's  
 then it's down by Sum - mer - hill, and as the peop - le stare She  
 love - ly Bec - kie Co - o - per or Mag - gie`s Ma - ry Wong, One

# Dicey Reilly

2 D· D<sup>6</sup> A· A<sup>6</sup>

M <sup>10</sup>

off eachmor-ning to the pub, Where she goes in for a - no - ther litt - le drop. Ah the  
 says "It's near - ly half past one It's time I went for a - not - her litt - le one." Ah, the  
 wo - man put them all to shame, just one was wort-hy of the name, And the

C <sup>10</sup>

B <sup>10</sup>

D· D<sup>6</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D·

M <sup>14</sup>

heart of the rowl is Di - cey Reil - ly  
 heart of the rowl is Di - cey Reil - ly.  
 name of the dame was Di - cey Reil - ly


C <sup>14</sup>

B <sup>14</sup>

Oh but time went catching up on her like many pretty whores,  
 And it`s after you along the street before you`re out the door,  
 The balance weighed and they looks all fade,  
 but out of all that great brigade,  
 Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly


# 31- Dicey Reilly

**D.**                      **D<sup>6</sup>**                      **A.**                      **D.**

Melody 


O poor aul Di - cey Reil - ly she has ta-ken to the sup, O  
 She walks a-long Fitz - gib - bon Street with an in - de - pen - dent air And  
 Long years a - go when men were men and fancied May Ob - long Or

**A.**                      **A<sup>6</sup>**                      **D.**                      **D<sup>6</sup>**                      **D<sup>6</sup>**

M 


poor aul Di - cey Reil - ly she will ne - ver give it up, It's  
 then it's down by Sum - mer - hill, and as the peop - le stare She  
 love - ly Bec - kie Co - o - per or Mag - gie's Ma - ry Wong, One

**D.**                      **D<sup>6</sup>**                      **A.**                      **A<sup>6</sup>**

M 

off each mor - ning to the pub, Where she goes in for a - no - ther litt - le drop. Ah the  
 says "It's near - ly half past one It's time I went for a - not - her litt - le one." Ah, the  
 wo - man put them all to shame, just one was wort - hy of the name, And the

**D.**                      **D<sup>6</sup>**                      **A<sup>7</sup>**                      **D.**

M 

heart of the rowl is Di - cey Reil - ly  
 heart of the rowl is Di - cey Reil - ly.  
 name of the dame was Di - cey Reil - ly

# Dicey Reilly

O poor aul Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup  
 O poor aul Dicey Reilly she will never give it up  
 It's off each morning to the pub  
 Where she goes in for another little drop  
 Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

She walks along Fitzgibbon Street with an independent air  
 And then it's down by Summerhill and as the people stare  
 She says it's nearly half past one  
 It's time I went for another little one  
 Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

Long years ago when men were men and fancied May Oblong  
 Or lovely Becky Cooper or Maggie's Mary Wong  
 One woman put them all to shame  
 Just one was worthy of the name  
 And the name of the dame was Dicey Reilly

Oh but time went catching up on her like many pretty whores  
 And it's after you along the street before you're out the door  
 Their balance weighted and they looks all fade  
 But out of all that great brigade  
 Still the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

*O poor aul Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup  
 O poor aul Dicey Reilly she will never give it up  
 It's off each morning to the pub  
 Where she goes in for another little drop ↓  
 Ah, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly*

	I		I		V		I	
	V		V		I		I	
	I		I		V		V	
	I		I		V		I	

# 32- The Spanish Lady

G. G<sup>6</sup> em em<sup>6</sup> C. G. am D<sup>6</sup>

Melody

As I went down to Dub - lin Ci - ty at the hour of twelve at night  
 As I came back through Dub - lin Ci - ty at the hour of Half past Eight,  
 As I re - turned to Dub - lin Ci - ty, as the sun be - gan to set  
 I've wandered North and I've wan - dered South through Sto - ney - batter and Pat - rick's Close

Counter

Counter

Bass

G. D<sup>6</sup> em<sup>6</sup> G. C. A<sup>5</sup> G<sup>6</sup> D.

M.

Who should I see but a Span - ish la - dy wash - ing her feet by can - dle light.  
 Who should I spy but the Span - ish La - dy, brush - ing her hair in the broad day - light  
 Who should I spy but a Span - ish la - dy Catch - ing a moth, in a gol - den net.  
 Up and a - round, by the Glou - cester Dia - mond And back by Nap - per Tan - dys' house

C.

Co.

B

G. D<sup>6</sup> em am<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup> em D<sup>6</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

M.

First she washed them then she dried them o - ver a fire of am - ber coals In  
 First she brushed it, then she tossed it On her lap was a sil - ver comb In  
 First she saw me, then she fled me Lif - ted her petti - coats o'er her knee In  
 Auld age has laid her hands on me Cold as a fire of as - hy coals.... But,

C.


Co.

B

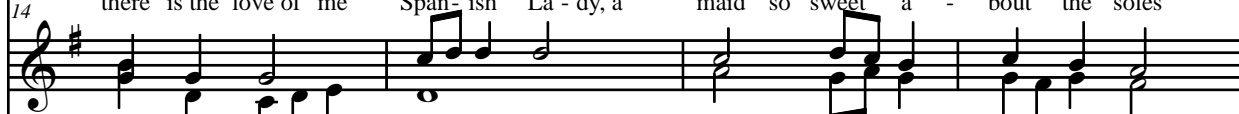
# The Spanish Lady


2

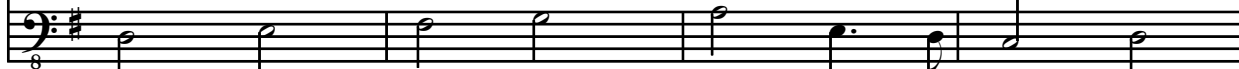
14  $G^6$   $C^6$   $D^6$   $G$   $a_m$   $e_m$   $C.$   $D.$

M. 


all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet a - bout the soles  
 all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair since I did roam.  
 all me life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair as the Spanish La - dy  
 there is the love of me Span - ish La - dy, a maid so sweet a - bout the soles

C. 

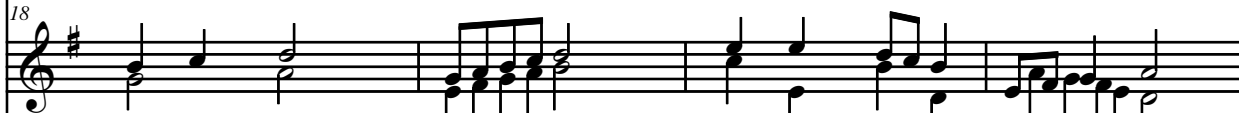
Co. 


B. 

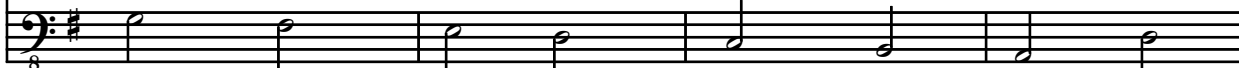
18  $G$   $D^6$   $e_m$   $G^6$   $C.$   $G^6$   $A^5$   $D^7$

M. 

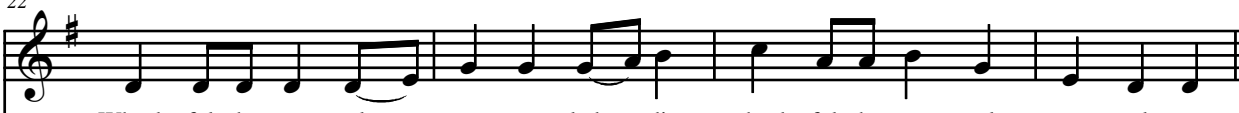
Whack fol the too - ral - too - ral - lad - die Whack fol the too - ral - oo - ral - ay.  
 Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray La - dy, whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye

C. 


Co. 


B. 


22  $G.$   $D^6$   $e_m^6$   $G$   $C.$   $A^6$   $G^6$   $D.$

M. 

Whack fol the too - ral too - ra - lad - die whack fol the - too - ral - oo - ral - ay.  
 Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray La - dy, whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye

C. 

Co. 

B. 

# 32- The Spanish Lady

Traditional Irish

As I went down to Dub - lin Ci - ty

at the hour of twelve at night Who should I spy but a

Span - ish la - dy wash - ing her feet by can - dle light.

First she washed them then she dried them o - ver a fire of am - ber coals In

all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet a - bout the sole.

*Chorus*

Whack fol the too - ral - too - ral - lad - die Whack fol the too - ral -

oo - ral - ay. Whack fol the too - ral - too - ral - lad - die

Whack fol the too - ral - oo - ral - ay.

# The Spanish Lady

**G** **e**  
 As I roved out thro' Dublin city  
**C** **D7**  
 At the hour of twelve o' the night,  
**G** **e**  
 Who should I spy but a Spanish Lady  
**C** **D7**  
 Washing her feet by candlelight.  
**G** **D7**  
 First she washed them, then she dried them  
**G** **D7**  
 Over a fire of amber coal.  
**G** **e**  
 In all my life I ne'er did see  
**C** **D7**  
 A maid so neat about the sole.

*Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy*  
*Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-lee*  
*Whack for the too-ra loo-ra-laddy*  
*What for the too-ra loo-ra-lee.*

As I came back through Dublin City,  
 At the hour of half-past eight,  
 Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady,  
 Brushing her hair in broad daylight.  
 First she toss'd it, then she brushed it,  
 On her lap was a silver comb.  
 In all my life I ne'er did see  
 So fair a maid since I did roam.

As I went down thro' Dublin City  
 When the sun began to set.  
 Who should I spy but a Spanish Lady,  
 Catching a moth in a golden net.  
 When she saw me, then she fled me,  
 Lifting her petticoat over the knee,  
 In all my life I ne'er did spy  
 A maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.

# 33- The Lambs on the Green Hill

G.                      G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub>                      G<sup>6</sup>                      C.

Melody

The lambs on the greenhills, they sport and they play And  
 The bride and bride's par - ty, to church they did go The  
 The first place I saw her, 'twas in the church stand Gold  
 The next place I saw her, 'twas on the way home I

Counter

Bass

G<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub>                      am<sup>6</sup>                      em                      C.

M

ma - ny straw - ber - ries grow round the salt sea And  
 bride she rode fore-most, she bears the best show But  
 ring's on her fin - ger, and^her love by the hand Says  
 ran on be - fore her not knowing where to roam Says

C

B

# The Lambs on the Green Hill

2 G· em G<sup>6</sup> C·

10

M

ma - ny straw - ber - ries grow round the salt sea And  
 I fol - lowed af - ter with^my heart full of woe To  
 I my wee las - sie, I will be the man Al -  
 I my wee las - sie, I'll be by your side Al -

C

B

G<sup>6</sup> D· C· G·

14

M

ma - ny's the ship sails the o - cean  
 see my love wed to an - o - ther  
 though you are wed to an o - ther  
 though you are wed to an - ot - her

C


B

Stop, stop, says the groomsman, til I speak a word  
 Will venture your life on the point of my sword  
 For courting so slowly you've lost this fair maid  
 So, begone for you'll never enjoy her

O make now my grave, both large, wide and deep  
 And sprinkle that over with flowers so sweet  
 And lay me down in it to take my last sleep  
 For that's the best way to forget her

# 33- The Lambs on the Green Hill

**G.                      G<sup>6</sup>                      G<sup>6</sup>                      C.**

Melody 

The lambs on the green hills, they sport and they play And  
 The bride and bride's par - ty, to church they did go The  
 The first place I saw her, 'twas in the church stand Gold  
 The next place I saw her, 'twas on the way home I

**G<sup>6</sup>                      a<sup>m</sup>                      e<sup>m</sup>                      C.**

M 

ma - ny straw - ber - ries grow round the salt sea And  
 bride she rode fore - most, she bears the best show But  
 ring's on her fin - ger, and^her love by the hand Says  
 ran on be - fore her not knowing where to roam Says

**G.                      e<sup>m</sup>                      G<sup>6</sup>                      C.**

M 

ma - ny straw - ber - ries grow round the salt sea And  
 I fol - lowed af - ter with^my heart full of woe To  
 I my wee las - sie, I will be the man Al -  
 I my wee las - sie, I'll be by your side Al -

**G<sup>6</sup>                      D.                      C.                      G.**

M 

ma - ny's the ship sails the o - cean  
 see my love wed to an - o - ther  
 though you are wed to an o - ther  
 though you are wed to an - ot - her

# The Lambs On The Green Hill

Traditional

The lambs on the green hills, they sport and they play  
 And many strawberries grow round the salt sea  
 And many strawberries grow round the salt sea  
 And many's the ship sails the ocean

The bride and bride's party, to church they did go  
 The bride she rode foremost, she bears the best show  
 But I followed after with my heart full of woe  
 To see my love wed to another

The first place I saw her, 'twas in the church stand  
 Gold ring's on her finger, and her love by the hand  
 Says I my wee lassie, I will be the man  
 Although you are wed to another

The next place I saw her, 'twas on the way home  
 I ran on before her not knowing where to roam  
 Says I my wee lassie, I'll be by your side  
 Although you are wed to another

Stop, stop, says the groomsman, till I speak a word  
 Will venture your life on the point of my sword  
 For courting so slowly you've lost this fair maid  
 So, begone for you'll never enjoy her

Oh make now my grave, both large, wide and deep  
 And sprinkle that over with flowers so sweet  
 And lay me down in it to take my last sleep  
 For that's the best way to forget her

	I		I		I		IV	
	I		ii		vi		IV	
	I		vi		I		IV	
	I		V		IV		I	

# 34- Take It Down

James Ryan - Dominc Behan

Violin

Take it down from the mast, I-rish pe-ople It's  
the flag we Re - pub-licans claim. It can ne - ver be-long to Free  
Sta - ters, For you've brought on it no - thing but shame.

**Why not leave it to those who are willing  
To uphold it in war and in peace,  
To those men who intend to do killing  
Until England's tyranny cease.**

**You have murdered our brave Liam and Rory  
You have slaughtered young Richard and Joe  
And your hands with their blood are still gory  
Fulfilling the work of the foe.**

Intro

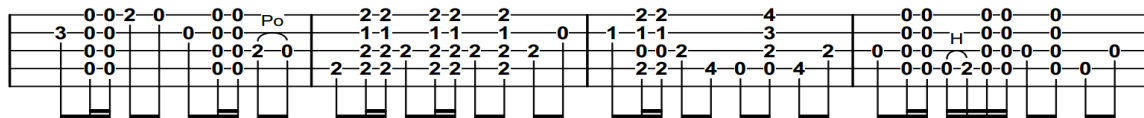
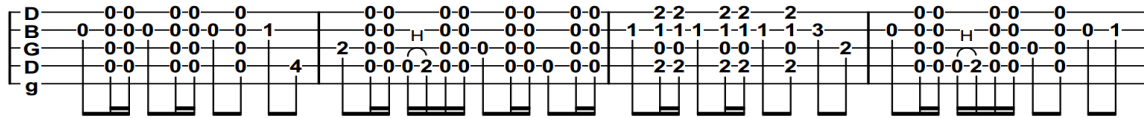
| I | I7 | ii | V7 | IV | V | I | I |



# Take It Down From the Mast

James Ryan 1923, Dominic Behan 1950s

Remembering Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows, Richard Barrett & Joseph McKelvey



*Take it down from the mast, Irish traitors,  
It's the flag we Republicans claim.  
It can never belong to Free Staters,  
For you've brought on it nothing but shame.*

**Why not leave it to those who are willing  
To uphold it in war and in peace,  
To those men who intend to do killing  
Until England's tyranny cease.**

**You have murdered our brave Liam and Rory  
You have slaughtered young Richard and Joe  
And your hands with their blood are still gory  
Fulfilling the work of the foe.**

**We'll stand by Enright and Larkin  
With Daly and Sullivan the bold  
And we'll break down the English connection  
And bring back the nation you sold.**

**You sold out the Six Counties for your freedom  
When we have" given you McCracken and Wolfe Tone  
And brave Ulstermen have fought for you in Dublin  
Now you watch as we fight on alone.**

**And up in Ulster we're fighting on for freedom  
For our people they yearn to be free  
You executed those men who fought for us  
With a hangman from over the sea.**

**Repeat first stanza**

	I	-		I	-		I	-		I	-	
	IV	-		IV	-		I	-		I	-	
	I	-		I	-		ii-	-		V	-	
	IV	-		V	-		I	-		I	-	

# 35- Weile Weile Waila

Irish Folk

Violin

I

There was an old wo-man And she lived in the woods

IV I V7

Wee - la Wee - la Wai - la There was an old wo - an and she

I

lived in the wood Down by the ri - ver Sái - le

**She had a baby three months old, weile weile waile  
She had a baby three months old, down by the river Saile**

**She had a pen knife long and sharp, weile weile waile  
She had a pen knife long and sharp, down by the river Saile**

**She stuck the pen knife in the babys heart, weile weile waile  
She stuck the pen knife in the babys heart, down by the river Saile**

**There were three loud knocks come a'knockin on the door, weile weile waile  
There were three loud knocks come a'knockin on the door, down by the river Saile**

**There were two policemen and a special-branchman, weile weile waile  
There were two policemen and a special-branchman, down by the river Saile**

**They took her away and they put her in the jail, weile weile waile.  
They took her away and they put her in the jail, down by the river Saile.**

**They put a rope around her neck, weile weile waile  
They put a rope around her neck, down by the river Saile**

**They pulled the rope and she got hang, weile weile waile  
They pulled the rope and she got hang, down by the river Saile**

**And that was the end of the woman in the woods, weile weile waile  
And that was the end of the baby too, down by the river Saile**

# Weile Weile Waile

Traditional

**There was an old woman and she lived in the woods, weile weile waile  
There was an old woman and she lived in the woods, down by the river Saile**

**She had a baby three months old, weile weile waile  
She had a baby three months old, down by the river Saile**

**She had a pen knife long and sharp, weile weile waile  
She had a pen knife long and sharp, down by the river Saile**

**She stuck the pen knife in the babys heart, weile weile waile  
She stuck the pen knife in the babys heart, down by the river Saile**

**There were three loud knocks come a'knockin on the door, weile weile waile  
There were three loud knocks come a'knockin on the door, down by the river Saile**

**There were two policemen and a special-branchman, weile weile waile  
There were two policemen and a special-branchman, down by the river Saile**

**They took her away and they put her in the jail, weile weile waile.  
They took her away and they put her in the jail, down by the river Saile.**

**They put a rope around her neck, weile weile waile  
They put a rope around her neck, down by the river Saile**

**They pulled the rope and she got hang, weile weile waile  
They pulled the rope and she got hang, down by the river Saile**

**And that was the end of the woman in the woods, weile weile waile  
And that was the end of the baby too, down by the river Saile**

I -	I -	I -	IV I
V7-	V7-	V7-	V7 I

# 36- And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle (1971)

Violin

The image shows a musical score for a violin part. It consists of nine staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The time signature is 6/8. The music is written in a simple, melodic style. Above the staves, there are lyrics and chord symbols. The lyrics are: "Now when I was a young man I carried a pack, and I lived the free life of a rover. From the Murray's green basin to the dusty out-back, well I waltzed my Matilda all over. Then in nineteen fifteen the country said, 'son, It's time you stopped roving there's work to be done.' So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun, And sent me away to the war. And the band played 'Waltzing Matilda' As the ship pulled away from the quay, And 'midst all the tears, the flag waving a cheers, we sailed off to Gallipoli." The chord symbols are: D, G, D, h, D, A7, D, D, G, D, h, D, A7, D, A7, G, D, A7, G, A7, D, G, D, h, D, G, D, D, G, e9, A7, D, G, D, h, D, A7, D.

Now when I was a young man I carried a pack, and I  
lived the free life of a rover. From the Murray's green basin to the  
dusty out-back, well I waltzed my Matilda all over. Then in  
nineteen fifteen the country said, "son, It's time you stopped roving there's  
work to be done." So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun,  
And sent me away to the war. And the  
band played "Waltzing Matilda" As the ship pulled away from the  
quay, And 'midst all the tears, the flag waving a cheers, we  
sailed off to Gallipoli.



# And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda



Eirc Bogle 1971 (Gallipoli Campaign between 25 April 1915 and 9 January 1916)

Now when I was a young man, I carried me pack,  
And I lived the free life of a rover.  
From the Murray's green basin, to the dusty outback,  
Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over.  
Then in 1915, me country said "Son,  
It's time you stopped ramblin', there's work to be done.'  
So they gave me a tin hat, and gave me a gun,  
And they sent me away to the war.

*And the band played Waltzing Matilda,  
As the ship pulled away from the quay  
And amidst all the cheers, the flag-wavin' and tears,  
We sailed off for Gallipoli.*

And how well I remember that terrible day,  
When our blood stained the sand and the water.  
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay,  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.  
Johnny Turk he was ready, he'd primed himself well.  
He rained us with bullets, and he shower'd us with shell.  
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell:  
Nearly blew us back home to Australia.

*But the band played Waltzing Matilda,  
When we stopped to bury our slain.  
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs,  
Then we started all over again.*

And those that were living, just tried to survive,  
In that mad world of blood, death and fire.  
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive,  
Though around me the corpses piled higher.  
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head,  
And when I woke up in my hospital bed,  
And saw what it had done, well I wished I was dead,  
Never knew there were worse things than dying.

*For I'll go no more Waltzing Matilda,  
All around the green bush far and near.  
To hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs.  
No more Waltzing Matilda for me.*

I	IV	I	vi
I	V7	I	-
I	IV	I	vi
I	V7	I	-
V7	-	IV	I
V7	-	IV	V7
I	V7	I	vi
I	V7	I	-
I	IV	I	-
I	IV	ii	V7
I	IV	I	vi
I	V7	I	-

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

**They collected the wounded, the crippled, the maimed,  
And they shipped us back home to Australia.  
The legless, the armless, the blind and insane.  
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla.  
And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay,  
I looked at the place where me legs used to be,  
And thanked Christ there was no one waiting for me -  
To grieve, and to mourn and to pity.**

*But the band played Waltzing Matilda,  
As they carried us down the gangway.  
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared,  
Then they turned all their faces away.*

**And now every April I sit on my porch,  
And I watch the parades pass before me.  
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march,  
Reviving old dreams of past glories.  
I see the old men all tired, stiff and worn,  
Those weary old heroes of a forgotten war,  
And the young people ask "What are they marching for?"  
And I ask myself the same question.**

*But the band plays Waltzing Matilda,  
And the old men still answer the call.  
But year after year their number gets fewer,  
Someday no one will march there at all.*

**Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?  
And their ghosts may be heard as they march by that billabong,  
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?**

	I	-		IV	-	
	I	IV		I	V7	
	I	V7		I	vi	
	I	IV		V7	I	

# 37- Father O'Flynn

D· D<sup>6</sup> G· A· D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup> D A

Melody

Counter

Bass

3

M

C

B

6 D· D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D· A D A·

3

M

C

B

10 D· D<sup>6</sup> G· A· D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup> D A<sup>6</sup>

M

C

B

14 D· D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D A D A D·

3

Father O'flinn

M 18 D D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A<sup>6</sup> A· G<sup>6</sup> G· A· A<sup>6</sup>

C 18

B 18

M 22 G G<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> G· A<sup>4</sup><sub>3</sub> D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A· D·

C 22

B 22

M 26 D D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A<sup>6</sup> A· G<sup>6</sup> G· A· A<sup>6</sup>

C 26

B 26

M 30 G G<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> G· E<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A· D· D<sup>6</sup><sub>4</sub> A· D·

C 30

B 30

# 38- Will You Gou, Lassie Go

Francis McPeake

Voice

Oh, the summ-er - time is comin' And the  
trees are sweet - ly bloom-in', And the wild moun - tain  
h thyme Grows a - round the bloom - in' heath-er; Will ye  
D G D G go, las - sie, go? And we'll all go to -  
D G f# h geth - er, To pull wild moun - tain thyme All a -  
G e G D G round the bloom - in' heath - er; Will ye go, las - sie,  
D go?

D G D f# h

G e G D G

D

# Will Ye Go, Lassie Go

Oh, the summertime is coming,  
 And the trees are sweetly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 Grows around the blooming heather  
 Will ye go, Lassie go?

*And we'll all go together  
 To pull wild mountain thyme  
 All around the blooming heather,  
 Will ye go, Lassie go?*

I will build my love a tower  
 Near yon' pure crystal fountain  
 And on it I will build  
 All the flowers of the mountain  
 Will ye go, Lassie go?

If my true love she were gone  
 I would surely find another  
 Where wild mountain thyme  
 Grows around the blooming heather  
 Will ye go, Lassie go?

Oh, the summertime is coming,  
 And the trees are sweetly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 Grows around the blooming heather  
 Will ye go, Lassie go?

I	IV	I	-
I	-	I	-
IV	iii	vi	-
IV	ii	IV	-
I	IV	I	-
IV	-	I	-
IV	iii	vi	-
IV	ii	IV	-
I	IV	I	-

# 39- Seven Drunken Night

Jim Mc Lean

<http://martindardis.com/id104.html>

Solo Violin

As I went home on a Mon - day night as drunk as drunk could

S.Vln.

be I saw a horse out - side the door where my old horse should

S.Vln.

be. Well I called me wife and I said to her: "Will you kind - ly tell to

S.Vln.

me, who owns that horse out - side the door, where my old horse should

S.Vln.

be?" "Ha you're drunk, you're dran you sil - ly old fool, and still you can - not

S.Vln.

see That's a lo - ve - ly sow, that my mot - her sent to

S.Vln.

me." Well it's ma - ny a day I trav - elled, a hund - red miles or

S.Vln.

more, but a sad - dle on a sow sure I ne - ver saw be -

S. Vln.

33 A

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.  
 I called my wife and I said to her:  
 Will you kindly tell to me,  
 who owns that coat behind the door,  
 where my old coat should be?  
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk  
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.  
 That's a woolen blanket that my mother sent to me.  
 Well, it's many a day I've traveled,  
     a hundred miles or more,  
 but 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 upon the chair,  
 where my old pipe should be.  
 I called my wife and I said to her:  
 Will you kindly tell to me,  
 who owns that pipe upon the chair  
 where my old pipe should be.  
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk  
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.  
 That's a lovely tin-whistle, that my 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 came home on Thursday night,  
 as drunk as drunk could be.  
 I saw two boots beside the bed,  
 where my old boots should be.  
 I called my wife and I said to her:  
 Will you kindly tell to me,  
 who owns them boots beside the bed  
 where my old boots should be.  
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk  
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.  
 They're two lovely flower pots my mother sent to me.  
 Well, it's many a day I've traveled,  
     a hundred miles or more,  
 but laces in flower pots I never saw before.

As I came home on Friday night,  
 as drunk as drunk could be.  
 I saw a head upon the bed,  
 where my old head should be.  
 I called my wife and I said to her:  
 Will you kindly tell to me,  
 who owns that head upon the bed,  
 where my old head should be.  
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk  
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.  
 That's a baby boy, that my 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, sure,  
     I never saw before.

As I came home on a Saturday night,  
 as drunk as drunk could be  
 I spied two hands upon her breasts,  
 where my old hands should be.  
 I called to my wife and I said to her:  
 Will you kindly tell to me,  
 Who's hands are these upon your breasts,  
 where my old hands should be?  
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk,  
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see  
 'Tis nothing but a Living Bra Jane Russell gave to me.  
 Well, it's many a day I've travelled  
     a hundred miles or more,  
 but fingernails on a Living Bra, I never saw before.

Now when I came home on Sunday night,  
 a little after three.  
 I saw a man running out the door  
 with his pants about his knee.  
 So I called to my wife and I said to her:  
 would you kindly tell to me,  
 who was that man running out the door  
 with his pants about his knee?  
 Oh you're drunk, you're drunk,  
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
 Twas nothing but the tax collector the Queen sent to me.  
 Well, it's many a day I've travelled,  
     a hundred miles or more,  
 But an Englishman that could last 'till three  
     I never saw before.

# 40- Peat Bog Soldiers

Rudi Gougel - Johann Essler

Violin

e a e

Far and wide as the eye can wan - der, Heath and bog are

H7 e G

eve - ry where. Not a bird sings out to cheer us

a e H7 e (D) G

Oaks are stan - ding gaunt and bare We are the peat bog

D e H7

sol - diers mar - ching with our spades to the

e G D e

moor.

H7 e

# Peat Bog Soldiers

Lyrics: Johann Esser & Wolfgang Langhoff; Music: Rudi Goguel, Hanns Eisler and Ernst Busch 1933  
English lyrics by Pete Seeger

**Far and wide as the eye can wander,  
Heath and bog are everywhere.  
Not a bird sings out to cheer us.  
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.**

*We are the peat bog soldiers,  
Marching with our spades to the moor.*

**Up and down the guards are pacing,  
No one, no one can get through.  
Flight would mean a sure death facing,  
Guns and barbed wire greet our view.**

*We are the peat bog soldiers,  
Marching with our spades to the moor.*

**But for us there is no complaining,  
Winter will in time be past.  
One day we will cry rejoicing.  
Homeland, dear, you're mine at last.**

*And will the peat bog soldiers  
March no more with their spades to the moor.*

	vi	-		vi	-	
	ii	vi		III	vi	
	I	-		I	-	
	ii	vi		III	vi	
	I	-		V	-	
	vi	-		III	-	
	vi	-		vi	-	

# 41- The Night Visiting Song

Melody

D D D. G. D. D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>4</sup> G<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D D<sup>4</sup>

1. I must a - way - now; I can no lon - ger tar - ry, this  
 2. And when he came - - - to his true love's dwel - ling, he  
 3. Wake up, wake up, love, it is thine own true lo - ver, wake

Counter

Bass

M. 11

D. G<sup>6</sup> D<sup>4</sup> D<sup>6</sup> G. A /h/ A<sup>6</sup>

mor - ning's tem - - - pest, I have to cross. I  
 knelt down gent - - - ly, up - on a stone. And  
 up, wake up, love, and let me in For

C. 11

B. 11

M. 19

D. D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>4</sup> D<sup>4</sup> A G. D<sup>6</sup>

must be gui - ded with - out a stumb - le,  
 through her wind - ow, he's whis - pered low - ly,  
 I am tir - ed, love, and oh so wea - ry,

C. 19

B. 19

## The Night Visiting Song

M. <sup>26</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> G. D<sup>6</sup> A. D D<sup>6</sup> D

in - to the arms I love the most  
is and my true love near wit - hin at home?  
and more than near drenched to the skin.

C. <sup>26</sup>

B. <sup>26</sup>

4 D G D.D6 D46 G A D D46 D  
She's raised her u...p her down *soft* pill-ow,  
D G D46 D46 D6 G A /h/ A6  
she's raised her u...p and^she's let him in.  
D D6 D46 D46 A G D6 A46  
And they were locked in each-*other's* arms,  
D6 G D46 A D D46 D  
until that *long* night was past and gone.

5. D G D D6 D46 G A D D46 D  
And when that long nigh was past *and* over,  
D G D46 D46 D6 G A /h/ A6  
and when the small clouds be-gan to grow,  
D D6 D46 D46 A G D6 A46  
he's ta^ken her hand and they *kissed* and part-ed,  
D6 G D46 A D D46 D  
then^he saddled and *mount*-ted^and away did go.

# 41- The Night Visiting Song

Melody

D. G. D. D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>4</sup> G<sup>6</sup> A<sup>6</sup> D D<sup>4</sup>

1. I must a - way - now; I can no lon - ger tar - ry, this  
 2. And when he came - - - to his true love's dwel - ling, he  
 3. Wake up, wake up, love, it is thine own true lo - ver, wake

M. 11

D. G<sup>6</sup> D<sup>4</sup> D<sup>6</sup> G. A A<sup>6</sup>

mor - ning's tem - - - pest, I have to cross. I  
 knelt down gent - - - ly, up - on a stone. And  
 up, wake up, love, and let me in For

M. 19

D. D<sup>6</sup> D<sup>4</sup> D<sup>4</sup> A G. D<sup>6</sup>

must be gui - ded with - out a stumb - le,  
 through her wind - ow, he's whis - pered low - ly,  
 I am tir - ed, love, and oh so wea - ry,

M. 26

A<sup>6</sup> D<sup>6</sup> G. D<sup>4</sup> A. D D<sup>4</sup> D

in - to the arms I love the most  
 is my true love wit - hin at home?  
 and more than near drenched to the skin.

# **The Night Visiting Song**

Composer

**I must away now; I can no longer tarry,  
This morning's tempest, I have to cross.  
I must be guided without a stumble,  
Into the arms I love the most**

**And when he came to his true love's dwelling,  
He knelt down gently, upon a stone.  
And through her window, he whispered lowly,  
Is my true love within at home?**

**Wake up, wake up, love, it is thine own true lover,  
Wake up, wake up, love, and let me in,  
For I am tired, love, and oh so weary,  
And more than near drenched to the skin.**

**She's raised her up her down soft pillow,  
She's raised her up and she's let him in.  
And they were locked in each other's arms,  
Until that long night was past and gone.**

**And when that long nigh was past and over,  
And when the small clouds began to grow,  
He's taken her hand and they kissed and parted,  
Then he saddled and mounted and away did go.**

# 42- James Larkin

Donagh McDonagh

Violin

In Dub - lin ci - ty in nine-teen thir - teen The boss was  
rich and the poor were slaves The wo-man wor-king and child-ren  
star-ving Then on came Lar-kin like a mighty wave The wor-kers  
cringed when the boss man thundered Se-ven-ty hours was his week-ly  
chore He asked for litt-le and less was gran-ted Lest gi-ven litt-le he'd ask for  
more

# James Larkin

Donagh McDonagh

In Dublin City in nineteen thirteen  
 The boss was rich and the poor were slaves  
 The women working and children starving  
 Then on came Larkin like a mighty wave  
 The workers cringed when the boss man thundered  
 Seventy hours was his weekly chore  
 He asked for little and less was granted  
 Lest given little then he'd ask for more

I	IV
V	I
I	IV
V	I
V	ii
I	V
I	IV
V	I

In the month of August the boss man told us  
 No union man for him could work  
 We stood by Larkin and told the boss man  
 We'd fight or die, but we wouldn't shirk  
 Eight months we fought and eight months we starved  
 We stood by Larkin through thick and thin  
 But foodless homes and the crying of children  
 It broke our hearts, we just couldn't win

Then Larkin left us, we seemed defeated  
 The night was black for the working man  
 But on came Connolly with new hope and counsel  
 His motto was that we'd rise again  
 In nineteen sixteen in Dublin City  
 The English soldiers they burnt our town  
 The shelled our buildings and shot our leaders  
 The Harp was buried 'neath the bloody crown

They shot McDermott and Pearse and Plunkett  
 They shot McDonagh and Clarke the brave  
 From bleak Kilmainham they took Ceannt's body  
 To Arbour Hill and a quicklime grave  
 But last of all of the seven heroes  
 I sing the praise of James Connolly  
 The voice of justice, the voice of freedom  
 He gave his life, that man might be free

# 43- Prodigal Son

John Seahan

Violin

5

10

15

19

23

28

32

36

1. 2.

1. 2.

1. 2.

1. 2.

1. 2.

3

3

3

1. 2.

2. *D.C. al Fine*



# 44- Never Wed an Old Man

Irish Folk

Violin

An old man came court-ing me, Hey do a dor um da  
 An old man came court - ing be - ing so young, An  
 old man came court - ing me, All for to mar - ry me,  
 Maids when you're young ne - ver wed an old man

*Because he's got no falurm, fal-ding durum da  
 He's got no falurum fal-did di daa  
 He's got no falurum he' lost his ding durum  
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man.*

When we went to church hey ding duruhm daa,  
 When we went to church, me being young  
 When we went to church, he left me in the lurch  
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

When we went to bed hey ding dorum da,  
 When we went to bed me being young  
 When we went to bed, he lay like he was dead,  
 Maids when you're woung never wed an old man.

So I threw me leg over him, hey ding dorum da  
 just to oblige him, me being young  
 I flung me leg over him damned nearly smothered him  
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

When he went to sleep, hey ding dorum da  
 when he was half asleep, me being young  
 when he went to sleep out of the night I creep  
 into the arms of a handsome young man.

And I found his falurum, fal-diddle dei durum  
 I found his falurum, fal-diddle do dei  
 I found his falurum, he got my ding durum, now  
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man

# Never Wed An Old Man

*Because he's got no falurm, fal-ding durum da  
He's got no falurum fal-did di daa  
He's got no falurum he' lost his ding durum  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.*

An **I** old man came courting me, hey ding **V** dorum da'  
An **I** old man came courting me, being **V** young,  
An **I** old man came **IV** courting me **I** saying would you **V** marry me,  
**I** Maids when you're **IV** young never **V7** wed an old **I** man.

When we went to church hey ding duruhm daa,  
When we went to church, me being young  
When we went to church, he left me in the lurch  
Maids when you're your young never wed an old man.

When we went to bed hey ding dorum da,  
When we went to bed me being young  
When we went to bed, he lay like he was dead,  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

So I threw me leg over him, hey ding dorum da  
Just to oblige him, me being young  
I flung me leg over him damned nearly smothered him  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

When he went to sleep, hey ding dorum da  
When he was half asleep, me being young  
When he went to sleep out of the night I creep  
Into the arms of a handsome young man.

*And I found his falurum, fal-diddle dei durum  
I found his falurum, fal-diddle do dei  
I found his falurum, he got my ding durum, now  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man*

	<b>I</b>	-		-	<b>V</b>	
	<b>I</b>	-		-	<b>V</b>	
	<b>I</b>	<b>IV</b>		<b>I</b>	<b>V</b>	
	<b>I</b>	<b>IV</b>		<b>V7</b>	<b>I</b>	

# 45-The Enniskillen Dragoons

Tommy Makem

C                      C                      G                      C

8  
Our troupe was made ready at the dawn of the day From  
Oh Spain is a gallant land where wine and ale flow free There's  
We fought for Ireland's glory there and many men did fall From  
Well now the fighting's over and for home we have set sail Our

6  
F                      G                      G                      C                      F

8  
lov - e ly En - ni - skil - len, they were march - ing us a - way They put us then on -  
lots of lov - e ly wo - man there to dand - le on your knee And of - ten is a  
mus - ket and from bayo - net and from thun'd - ring can - non - ball And ma - ny foe - man  
flag a - bove this lof - ty ship is flutter - ing in the gale They've gi - ven us a

6  
6

11                      G                      G                      C                      C                      C

8  
board a ship to cross the rag - ing main To fight in bloo - dy batt - le in the  
tav - ern there, we'd make the raf - ters ring When ev - ry sol - dier in the house would  
we laid low a - mid the batt - le trong And as we pre - pared for action you would  
pen - sion boys of four - pence each a day And when we reach En - ni - skil - len ne -

11  
11

Enniskillen Dargoon

G C C C G C

16

8  
sun - ny land of Spain Fare the well En-ni - skil-len, Fare the well for a while And  
rise his glass and sing  
of - ten hear this song  
ver more we'll have to say

16

16

F G G C F G G

22

8  
all a-round the bor-ders of E - rin green isle And when the war is o-ver we'll re - turn in full

22

22

C C C G C

29

8  
bloom And you'll all wel-come home your En - ni - skil-len Dra - goons

29

29

# The Enniskillen Dragoons

Traditional

*Fare thee well Enniskillen, fare thee well for a while  
And all around the borders of Erin's green isle  
And when the war is over we'll return in full bloom  
And we'll all welcome home the Enniskillen Dragoons*

**A beautiful damsel of fame and renown  
A gentleman's daughter from Monaghan town  
As she drove by the barracks this beautiful maid  
Stood up in her coach to see Dragoons on parade**

**They were all dressed out like gentlemen's sons  
Their fine shining sabres and their carbine guns  
Their silver mounted pistols, she observed them full soon  
Because she loved an Enniskillen Dragoon**

**Flora dear Flora your pardon I crave  
It's now and forever that I'll be your slave  
Your parents have insulted me both morn, night and noon  
Because you would wed an Enniskillen Dragoon**

**Willie dearest Willie don't heed what they say  
For children their parents are bound to obey  
But when the war is over they'll all change their tune  
And you'll roll me in your arms by the light of the moon**

<b>I</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>V</b>	<b>I</b>
<b>IV</b>	<b>V</b>	<b>V</b>	<b>I</b>
<b>IV</b>	<b>V</b>	<b>V</b>	<b>I</b>
<b>I</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>V</b>	<b>I</b>

## The Enniskillen Dragoons Tommy Makem

Our troop was made ready at the dawn of the day  
 From lovely Enniskillen, they were marching us away  
 They put us then onboard a ship to cross the raging main  
 To fight in bloody battle in the sunny land of Spain

*Fare thee well Enniskillen, Fare thee well for awhile  
 And all around the borders of Erin's green isle  
 And when the war is over, we'll return in full bloom  
 And you'll all welcome home your Enniskillen Dragoons*

Oh, Spain it is a gallant land where wine and ale flow free  
 There's lots of lovely women there to dandle on your knee  
 And often in a tavern there, we'd make the rafters ring  
 When every soldier in the house would raise his glass and sing

We fought for Ireland's glory there and many a man did fall  
 From musket and from bayonet and from thundering cannonball  
 And many a foeman we laid low amid the battle throng  
 And as we prepared for action, you would often hear this song

Well, now the fighting's over and for home we have set sail  
 Our flag above this lofty ship is fluttering in the gale  
 They've given us a pension boys of fourpence each a day  
 And when we reach Enniskillen, never more we'll have to say

I	I	V	I
IV	V	V	I
IV	V	V	I
I	I	V	I

# 46- Peggy Gordon

Irish Folk

Violin

Oh, Peg - gy Gor - - - don you are my dar - - - ling, Come sit you down up - on my knee, And tell to me the ve - ry rea - son, Why I'm slight ed so by thee.

I'm so in love I can't deny it  
My heart lies smothered in my breast  
It's not for you to let the world know it  
A troubled mind can know no rest

I did put my head to a cask of brandy  
It was my fancy I do declare  
For when I'm drinking I am thinking  
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was away in Ingo  
Far across the briny sea  
Sailing o'er the deepest ocean  
Where love nor care never bother me

I wish I was in some lonesome valley  
Where womankind can not be found  
Where the pretty small birds do change their voices  
And every moment a different sound

Oh, Peggy Gordon you are my darling  
Come sit you down upon my knee  
Come tell to me the very reason  
Why I am slighted so by thee

# Peggy Gordon

Oh **I** Peggy Gordon you **IV** are my **I** dar**V**ling,  
**IV** Come sit you **I** down upon my **V** knee,  
**IV** Come tell to **I** me the **IV** very **I** reas**V**on,  
**IV** Why **I** am I slighted, **V** so by **I** thee,

I'm so in love I can't deny it  
 My heart lies smothered in my breast  
 It's not for you to let the world know it  
 A troubled mind can know no rest

I did put my head to a cask of brandy  
 It was my fancy I do declare  
 For when I'm drinking I am thinking  
 And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was away in Ingo  
 Far across the briny sea  
 Sailing o'er the deepest ocean  
 Where love nor care never bother me

I wish I was in some lonesome valley  
 Where womankind can not be found  
 Where the pretty small birds do change their voices  
 And every moment a different sound

Oh, Peggy Gordon you are my darling  
 Come sit you down upon my knee  
 Come tell to me the very reason  
 Why I am slighted so by thee

	I	-		I	-		I	IV		I	V	
	V	IV		I	-		I	-		V	-	
	V	IV		I	-		I	IV		I	V	
	V	IV		I	-		V	I		I	-	

# 47- Kelly From Killane

Melody

C F. C a<sub>m</sub>

What's the news what's the news Oh me bold Shel- ma - lier with your  
 Tell me who is that giant with the gold cur - ly hair He who  
 lassan Enn - is - cort - hy's in flames and old wex - ford is won And the  
 But the gold sun of free - dom grew dar - kened at Ross And is

Counter

Bass

M. 4

C G<sup>6</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> C

long barrel - ed gun from the sea Say what  
 rides at the head of the band Se - ven  
 Bar - row to - mor - row we will cross On a  
 set by the Sla - ney's red waves And poor

C.

B.

M. 6

C F<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> F.

wind from the south blows his mes - sin - ger here with a  
 feet is his height with some inches to spare And he  
 hill ore that town we have plan - ted a gun That will  
 Wex - ford stripped na - ked hung high on a cross And her

C.

B.

M. 8

C<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>6</sup> C

hymn of the dawn of the free. Good - ly  
 looks like a king in com - mand "Ah me  
 bat - ter the gate - way at Ross All the  
 heart pierced by trai - tors and slaves 'Glo - ry

C.

B.

KellyFrom Killane

M. <sup>2</sup>  
10 <sup>6</sup>G<sup>5</sup> G<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>4</sup> C

news good - ly news do I bring youth of forth good - ly  
 boys that's the pride of the bold Shel - ma - liers A - mong our  
 forth men and bar - gy men march o'er the heath With brave  
 Oh 'Glo - ry Oh to her brave sons who died For the gorsulva

C.  
10

B.  
10

M. <sup>12</sup> F D<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>4</sup><sub>3</sub>

news shall you hear bar - gy man For the  
 grea - test of he - roes a man Fling your  
 Har - vey to lead on the van But the  
 cause of long down - trodd - en land Glo - ry

C.  
12

B.  
12

M. <sup>14</sup> C C<sup>2</sup> F<sup>6</sup> C<sup>4</sup> ( a d<sub>m6</sub> D<sup>6</sup> <- end, first)

boys march at morn from the south to the nord Led by  
 bea - vers a - loft and give three ring - ing cheers For John  
 for - most of all in that grim gap of death Will be  
 oh to mount Leins - ter's own dar - ling and pride daunt - less

C.  
14

B.  
14

M. <sup>16</sup> C<sup>4</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>4</sup> C

Kel - ly the boy from Kil - lane  
 Kel - ly the boy from Kil - lane  
 Kel - ly the boy from Kil - lane  
 Kel - ly the boy from Kil - lane

C.  
16

B.  
16

# 47- Kelly from Killane

Irish Folk

## Verse

Violin

What's the news what's the news Oh me bold Shel-ma-lier with your  
long barrel - ed gun from the sea Say what  
wind from the south blows his mes - sin - ger here with a  
hymn of the dawn of the free. Goody news good-ly news do I  
bring youth of forth good-ly news shall you hear bar-gy man For the  
boys march at morn from the south to the nord Led by  
Kel - ly the boy from Kill - an

Chorus

# Kelly the Boy from Killane

I IV I vi  
 What's the news what's the news Oh me bold Shelmalier

I V7 I  
 With your long barreled gun from the sea  
 Say what wind from the south blows his messenger here  
 With a hymn of the dawn for the free

IV I  
 Goodly news, goodly news do I bring youth of forth

IV V7  
 Goodly news shall you hear bargy man

I IV I vi  
 For the boys march at morn from the south to the north

I V7 I  
 Led by Kelly the boy from Killane

Tell me who is that giant with the gold curly hair  
 He who rides at the head of your band  
 Seven feet is his height with some inches to spare  
 And he looks like a king in command  
 Ah me boys that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers  
 Among our greatest of heroes a man  
 Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers  
 For John Kelly the boy from Killane

Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won  
 And the Barrow tomorrow we will cross  
 On a hill ore that town we have planted a gun  
 That will batter the gateway to Ross  
 All the forth men and bargy men march o'er the heath  
 With brave Harvey to lead on the van  
 But the foremost of all in that grim gap of death  
 Will be Kelly the boy from Killane

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross  
 And is set by the Slaney's red waves  
 And poor Wexford stripped naked hung high on a cross  
 With her heart pierced by traitors and nails  
 'Glory Oh 'Glory Oh to her brave men who died  
 For the cause of long downtrodden land  
 Glory oh to mount Leinster's own darling and pride  
 dauntless Kelly the boy from Killane

	:I	IV	I	vi
	I	V7	I	I :
	IV	IV	I	I
	IV	IV	V	V
	I	IV	I	vi
	I	V7	I	I

# 48- A Nation Once Again

Thomas Osborne Davis ~1840

Voice

When boy - hood's fire was in my blood I  
read of an - cient free - men, Of Greece and Rome who  
brave - ly stood, Three hund - red men and free men; And  
then I thought I ever might see our fet - ters rent in  
twain, And Ire - land, long a pro - vince, be A na - tion once a -  
*Chorus*  
gain! A Na - tion once a - gain, A Na - tion once a -  
gain, And Ire - land long a pro - vince be A  
Na - tion once a - gain

# A Nation Once Again

Thomas Osborne Davis ~1840

When boyhood's fire was in my blood  
 I read of ancient freemen,  
 Of Greece and Rome who bravely stood,  
 Three hundred men and free men;  
 And then I thought I ever might see  
 Our fetters rent in twain,  
 And Ireland, long a province, be  
 A Nation once again!

*A Nation once again,  
 A Nation once again,  
 And Ireland, long a province, be  
 A Nation once again!*

And from that time, through wildest woe,  
 That hope has shone a far light,  
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow  
 Outshine that solemn starlight;  
 It seemed to watch above my head  
 In forum, field and fane,  
 Its angel voice sang round my bed,  
 A Nation once again!

So, as I grew from boy to man,  
 I bent me to my bidding  
 My spirit of each selfish plan  
 And cruel passion ridding;  
 For, thus I hoped some day to aid,  
 Oh, can such hope be vain ?  
 When my dear country shall be made  
 A Nation once again!

I	-	I	-
IV	V	I	-
I	-	I	-
IV	ii	V	-
V	-	V	-
IV	I	I	-
IV	-	IV	V
I	V	I	-
I	-	IV	-
ii	-	V	-
I	-	IV	V
I	V	I	-

# 49- The Rising of the Moon

John Keega Case, 1846-1870

MIDI from <http://ingeb.org/home.html>

Sequenced by Barry Taylor

*Intro* **D**

1. And come tell me Sean O'  
 2. And come tell me Sean O'  
 3. Out from many a mud wall  
 4. All a - long that sing - ing

**A** **G**

Far - rell, tell me why you har - ry so. Husha buac - hal hush and  
 Far - rell where the gat - hering is to be At-the old spot by the  
 ca - bin eyes were watch - ing through the night Many-a man - ly heart was  
 ri - ver That black mess of men was seen High-a bove their shi - ning

**D** **A** **D**

lis - ten, and his cheeks were all a - glow. I bear or - der from the  
 ri - ver quite well known to you and me One more word for sig - nal  
 beat - ing for the bles - sed warn - ing light Mur - mors rang a - long the  
 wea - pons flew their own be - lo - ved green Death to ev - ery foe and

## The Rising of the Moon

14

A G

cap-tain Get you rea-dy quick and soon, For the pikes must be to-  
to-ken whist-le out the mar-ching tune, With your pike up-on your  
val-ley to the ban-shees lon-ely croon And a thou-sand pikes were  
trai-tor! Whist-le out the mar-ching tune And hur-rah, me boys, for

18

D A D Refrain

get-her at the ris-ing of the Moon. At the ris-ing of the Moon At the  
shoul-der at the ris-ing of the Moon. At the ris-ing of the Moon At the  
flash-ing by the ris-ing of the Moon. By the ris-ing of the Moon By the  
free-dom, 'this the ris-ing of the Moon. This the ris-ing of the Moon This the

23

A G D A D

ris-ing of the Moon For the pikes must be to-get-her At the ris-ing of the Moon.  
ris-ing of the Moon With your pike up-on your shoul-der At the ris-ing of the Moon.  
ris-ing of the Moon For the pikes must be to-get-her By the ris-ing of the Moon.  
ris-ing of the Moon And hur-rah, me boys, for free-dom, This the ris-ing of the Moon.

# 49- The Rising of the Moon

John Keega Case, 1846-1870

MIDI from <http://ingeb.org/home.html>

Sequenced by Barry Taylor

*Intro*

**D**



1. And come tell me Sean O'  
 2. And come tell me Sean O'  
 3. Out from many a mud wall  
 4. All a - long that sing - ing



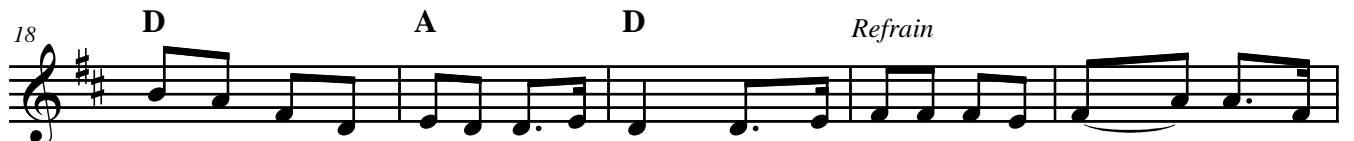
Far - rell, tell me why you har - ry so. Husha buac - hal hush and  
 Far - rell where the gat - hering is to be At - the old spot by the  
 ca - bin eyes were watch - ing through the night Many - a man - ly heart was  
 ri - ver That black mess of men was seen High - a bove their shi - ning



lis - ten, and his cheeks were all a - glow. I bear or - der from the  
 ri - ver quite well known to you and me One more word for sig - nal  
 beat - ing for the bles - sed warn - ing light Mur - mors rang a - long the  
 wea - pons flew their own be - lo - ved green Death to ev - ery foe and



cap - tain Get you rea - dy quick and soon, For the pikes must be to -  
 to - ken whist - le out the mar - ching tune With your pike up - on your  
 val - ley to the ban - shees lon - ely croon And a thou - sand pikes were  
 trai - tor! Whist - le out the mar - ching tune And hur - rah, me boys, for



get - her at the ris - ing of the Moon. At the ris - ing of the Moon At the  
 shoul - der at the ris - ing of the Moon. At the ris - ing of the Moon At the  
 flash - ing by the ris - ing of the Moon. By the ris - ing of the Moon By the  
 free - dom, 'this the ris - ing of the Moon. This the ris - ing of the Moon This the



ris - ing of the Moon For the pikes must be to - get - her At the ris - ing of the Moon.  
 ris - ing of the Moon With your pike up - on your shoul - der At the ris - ing of the Moon.  
 ris - ing of the Moon For the pikes must be to - get - her By the ris - ing of the Moon.  
 ris - ing of the Moon And hur - rah, me boys, for free - dom, This the ris - ing of the Moon.

## The Rising Of The Moon

1. And come **I** tell me Sean O'Farrell  
Tell me **V** why you hurry so  
Husha **IV** buachail hush and **I** listen  
And his **V** cheeks were all a **I** glow  
I bear orders from the captain  
Get you ready quick and soon  
*For the pikes must be together*  
*At the rising of the moon*

At the **I** rising of the moon At the **V** rising of the moon

Intro  For the **IV** pikes must be to **I** gether At the **V** rising of the **I** moon

2. And come tell me Sean O'Farrell  
Where the gathering is to be  
At the old spot by the river  
Quite well known to you and me  
One more word for signal token  
Whistle out the marching tune  
*With your pike upon your shoulder*  
*At the rising of the moon*

3. Out from many a mud wall cabin  
Eyes were watching through the night  
Many a manly heart was beating  
For the blessed warning light  
Murmurs rang along the valley  
To the banshees lonely croon  
*And a thousand pikes were flashing*  
*By the rising of the moon*

4. All along that singing river  
That black mass of men was seen  
High above their shining weapons  
Flew their own beloved green  
Death to every foe and traitor!  
Whistle out the marching tune  
*And hurrah, me boys, for freedom*  
*'Tis the rising of the moon*

# 50- Irish Rover

Melody

C. C<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> C<sup>4</sup> F.

On the Fourth of Ju - ly eight - een hun - dred and six we set  
 We had one mil - lion bags of the best Sli - go rags, we had  
 There was awl Mic - key Coote who played hard on his flute when the  
 There was Bar - ney Mc - Gee from the banks of the Lee, there was

Counter

Bass

M. 4 C<sup>6</sup> a m<sup>6</sup> d m G.

sail from the sweet cove of Cork We were  
 two mil - lion bar - rels of stone We had  
 la - dies lined up for a set He was  
 Ho - gan from Coun - ty Ty - rone There was

C.

B.

M. 6 C. C<sup>6</sup> C<sup>4</sup> F<sup>6</sup>

sail - ed a - way with a car - go of bricks for the  
 three mil - lion sides of old blind hor - ses hides, we had  
 toot - lin' with skill for each spark - ling quad - rille, though the  
 John - ny Mc - Gurk who was scared stiff of work and a

C.

B.

M. 8 C<sup>4</sup> G<sup>4</sup> C.

grand Ci - ty Hall in New York what a  
 four mil - lion bar - rels of bones We had  
 dan - cers were flut - her'd and bet With his  
 man from West - meath called Ma - lone There was

C.

B.

the Irish Rover

2

M. <sup>10</sup> C. C<sup>6</sup> C. G<sup>6</sup> G C<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup>

won - der - ful craft, she was rigged for and aft and oh how the wild wind  
 five mil - lion hogs, and six mil - lion dogs, seven million bar - rels of  
 smart wit - ty talk, he was cock of the walk and he rolled the dames under and  
 Slug - ger O' - Toole who was drunk as a rule and Fighting Bill Treacy from

C. <sup>10</sup>

B. <sup>10</sup>

M. <sup>13</sup> G<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>6</sup> C. C<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> C<sup>6</sup> F<sup>6</sup>

drove her She stood se - ve - ral blasts, she had twenty - se - ven masts and they  
 por - ter We had eight mil - lion bails of old nan - ny - goats' tails in the  
 o - ver They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance that he  
 Do - ver And your man, Mike Mc - Cann from the banks of the Bann was the

C. <sup>13</sup>

B. <sup>13</sup>

M. <sup>16</sup> C C<sup>6</sup> G. C C.

called her the I - rish Ro - - - ver.  
 hold of the I - rish Ro - - - ver.  
 sailed in the I - rish Ro - - - ver  
 skipper on the I - rish Ro - - - ver

C. <sup>16</sup>

B. <sup>16</sup>

C ^ C C F C a e G  
 For a sailor it's a bother of life, it's so lonesome by night and by day

C C C F C G C  
 When he longs for the shore and a charming young whore who will melt all his troubles away

C C G G C C G G  
 All the noise and the rout swillin` poitin and stout, for him soon is done and over

C C C F C G C  
 Of the love of a maid he is never afraid, that ould salt from the Irish rover

C C C F C a d G  
 We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out and the ship lost it's way in the fog

C C C F C G C  
 And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two, just meself and the Captain's old dog


C C G G C ^ C ^ G G  
 Then the ship struck a rock, Oh Lord! what a shock, the bulkhead was turned right over

C C C ^ ^ F C G C  
 Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned, I'm the last of the Irish Rover

# 50- Irish Rover


Irish Folk

Voice



I (C)

In the year of our Lord, eigh - teen



I (C)      IV (F)      I (C)      vi (a)      ii (d)

hund - red and six We set sail from the fair Cobh of Cork. We were




I (C)                      I (C)                      IV (F)                      I (C)                      V (G)

bound far a-way with a - Car - go of bricks For the grand ci - ty hall in New -




I (C)                      I (C)                      V (G)

York. She was won - der - full craft, she was rigged fore and aft And



I (C)                      V (G)                      V7 (G7)                      I (C)

how the wild wind drove her She could stand a great blast in her



I (C)                      IV (F)                      I (C)                      V (G)                      I (C)

twenty se - ven masts And we called her the I - rish Ro - ver.

# Irish Rover

C

On the Fourth of July eighteen hundred and six  
we set sail from the sweet cove of Cork  
We were sailed away with a cargo of bricks  
for the grand City Hall in New York  
what a wonderful craft, she was rigged for and aft  
and oh how the wild wind drove her  
She stood several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts  
and they called her the Irish Rover.

I -	I IV
I vi	ii V
I -	I IV
I V	I -
I -	V -
I -	V -
I -	I IV
I V	I -

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,  
we had two million barrels of stone  
We had three million sides of old blind horse's hides,  
we had four million barrels of bones  
We had five million hogs, and six million dogs,  
seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails  
in the hold of the Irish Rover.

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute  
when the ladies lined up for a set  
He was tootlin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille,  
though the dancers were fluther'd and bet  
With his smart witty talk, he was cock of the walk  
and he rolled the dames under and over  
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance  
that he sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,  
there was Hogan from County Tyrone  
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work  
and a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
and Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover  
And your man, Mike McCann from the banks of the Bann  
was the skipper on the Irish Rover

For a sailor it`s a bother of life,  
it`s so lonesome by night and by day  
When he longs for the shore and a charming young whore  
who will melt all his troubles away  
All the noise and the rout swillin' poitin and stout,  
for him soon is done and over  
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid,  
that ould salt from the Irish rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out  
and the ship lost its way in the fog  
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two,  
just meself and the Captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock, Oh Lord! What a shock,  
the bulkhead was turned right over  
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned,  
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

# 51- Jug Of Punch

Traditional

Violin

*Intro*




I vi V

*Verse*



I I vi

'Twas ver - y ear - ly in the month of June I was



V I vi7

sit - ting with my glass and spoon. A small bird sat on an

*Chorus*



IV V I V7

i - vy bunch, and the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch." Too - ra



I vi V

loo - ra - loo, too - ra loo - ra - loo, Too - ra loo - ra - loo Too - ra -



I vi7 IV

loo - ra - loo A small bird sat on an i - vy bunch, and the



V I

song he sang was "The Jug of Punch."

# Jug Of Punch

Traditional

One pleasant evening in the month of June  
 As I was sitting with my glass and spoon  
 A small bird sat on an ivy bunch  
 And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch"

*Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay, too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay*  
*A small bird sat on an ivy bunch*  
*And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch"*

What more diversion can a man desire?  
 Than to sit him down by an alehouse fire  
*Upon his knee a pretty wench*  
*And on the table a jug of punch*

Let the doctors come with all their art  
 They'll make no impression upon my heart  
*Even a cripple forgets his hunch*  
*When he's snug outside of a jug of punch*

And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own  
 And if them don't like me they can leave me alone  
*I'll chung me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow*  
*And I'll be welcome wherever I go*

And when I'm dead and in my grave  
 No costly tombstone will I have  
*Just lay me down in my native peat*  
*With a jug of punch at my head and feet*

	I	-		vi	-	
	V	-		I	-	
	vi7	-		IV	-	
	V	-		I	V7	

# 52- Donegal Danny

Irish Folk

Violin

I re - member the night that he came  
in From the win - tery in cold and damp  
A giant of a man in an oil - skin  
coat and a bundle that told he was a tramp  
He stood at the bar and he called  
a pint Then turned and gazed at the fire  
On a night like this to be safe and  
dry is my one and on - ly de - sire  
*Chorus* So here's to those that are dead and  
gone the friends that I loved dear

And here's to you then I'll bid you a -

dieu Sa - yin' "Don - e - gal Dan - ny's been here me -

boys Do - ne - gal Dan - ny's been here"

Then in a voice that was hushed and low  
 He said "Listen, I'll tell you a tale"  
 How a man of the sea became a man of the road  
 And never more will set sail  
 I fished out of Howth and Killybegs,  
 Ardglass and Baltimore  
 But the cruel sea has beaten me  
 And I'll end my days on the shore

One fateful night in the wind and the rain  
 We set sail from Killybegs town  
 There were five of us from sweet Donegal  
 And one from county Down  
 We were fishermen who worked the sea  
 And never counted the cost  
 But I never thought 'ere that night was gone  
 That my fine friends would all be lost

Then the storm it broke and broke the boat  
 With the rocks about ten miles from shore  
 As we fought the tide, we hoped inside  
 To see our homes once more  
 Then we struck a rock and hold the bow  
 And all of us knew that she'd go down  
 So we jumped right into the icy sea  
 And prayed to God we wouldn't drown

But the ragin' sea was risin' still  
 As we struck out for the land  
 And she fought with all her cruelty  
 To claim that gallant men  
 By Saint John's point in the early dawn  
 I dragged myself on the shore  
 And I cursed the sea for what she'd done  
 And vowed to sail her never more

Ever since that night I've been on the road  
 Travelin' and trying to forget  
 That awful night I lost all my friends  
 I see their faces yet  
 And often at night when the sea is high  
 And the rain is tearing at my skin  
 I hear the cries of drowning men  
 Floating over on the wind

# DONEGAL DANNY

1. I remember the night that he came in From the wintry cold and damp  
A giant of a man in an oilskin coat and a bundle that told he was a tramp  
He stood at the bar and he called a pint Then turned and gazed at the fire  
On a night like this, to be safe and dry Is my one and only desire

Ch *So here's to those that are dead and gone The friends that I loved dear*  
*And here's to you then I'll bid you adieu*  
*Sayin' "Donegal Danny's been here, me boys, Donegal Danny's been here"*

2. Then in a voice that was hushed and low He said "Listen, I'll tell you a tale"  
How a man of the sea became a man of the road And never more will set sail  
I fished out of Howth and Killybegs, Ardglass and Baltimore  
But the cruel sea has beaten me And I'll end my days on the shore
3. One fateful night in the wind and the rain We set sail from Killybegs town  
There were five of us from sweet Donegal And one from county Down  
We were fishermen who worked the sea And never counted the cost  
But I never thought 'ere that night was gone That my fine friends would all be lost
4. Then the storm it broke and broke the boat With the rocks about ten miles from shore  
As we fought the tide, we hoped inside To see our homes once more  
Then we struck a rock and hold the bow And all of us knew that she'd go down  
So we jumped right into the icy sea And prayed to God we wouldn't drown
5. But the ragin' sea was risin' still As we struck out for the land  
And she fought with all her cruelty To claim that gallant men  
By Saint John's point in the early dawn I dragged myself on the shore  
And I cursed the sea for what she'd done And vowed to sail her never more
6. Ever since that night I've been on the road Travelin' and trying to forget  
That awful night I lost all my friends I see their faces yet  
And often at night when the sea is high And the rain is tearing at my skin  
I hear the cries of drowning men Floating over on the wind

# Donegal Danny

1. I remember the night that he came in From the wintery cold and damp  
 A giant of a man in an oilskin coat and a bundle that told he was a tramp  
 He stood at the bar and he called a pint Then turned and gazed at the fire  
 On a night like this, to be safe and dry Is my one and only desire

Ch *So here's to those that are dead and gone The friends that I loved dear*  
*And here's to you then I'll bid you adieu*  
*Sayin' "Donegal Danny's been here, me boys, Donegal Danny's been here"*

2. One fateful night in the wind and the rain We set sail from Killybegs town  
 There were five of us from sweet Donegal And one from county Down  
 Then we struck a rock and hold the bow And all of us knew that she'd go down  
 So we jumped right into the icy sea And prayed to God we wouldn't drown
3. But the ragin' sea was risin' still As we struck out for the land  
 And she fought with all her cruelty To claim that gallant men  
 By Saint John's point in the early dawn I dragged myself on the shore  
 And I cursed the sea for what she'd done And vowed to sail her never more
4. Ever since that night I've been on the road Travelin' and trying to forget  
 That awful night I lost all my friends I see their faces yet  
 And often at night when the sea is high And the rain is tearing at my skin  
 I hear the cries of drowning men Floating over on the wind

## Refrain

*So ↓here's to ↓those that are ↓dead and ↓gone The ↓friends that ↓I loved ↓dear*  
*And ↓here's to ↓you then I'll ↓bid you a ↓dieu*  
*Sayin' "Donegal Danny's been here, me boys, Donegal Danny's been here"*

# 53- Muirsheen Durkin

Traditional Irish

Violin

So Good - bye Muir-sheen Dur-kin I'm sick and tired  
of workin' No more I'll dig the pra-ties, no lon - ger I'll be poor; Sure  
as my name is Bar-ney I'll be off to Ca - li - for - nee, And in -  
stead of dig - gin' pra-ties I'll be dig - ging lumps of gold.

**In the days I went a courtin', I was never tired resortin'  
To the alehouse and the playhouse or many a house beside,  
I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and go right famous  
And before I'd return again I'd roam the world wide.**

**I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarney  
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork.  
But goodbye to all this pleasure, for I'm going to take me leisure  
And the next time you will hear from me  
Will be a letter from New York,**

**Goodbye to all the boys at home, I'm sailing far across the foam  
To try to make me fortune in far America,  
For there's s gold and money plenty for the poor and gentry  
And when I come back again I never more will stray**

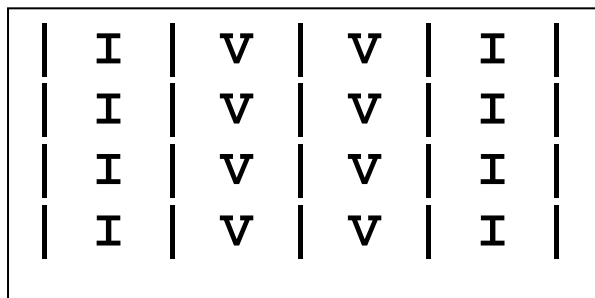
## Muirsheen Durkin

In the days I went a courtin', I was never tired resortin'  
 To the alehouse and the playhouse or many a house beside,  
 I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and go right famous  
 And before I'd return again I'd roam the world wide.

*So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of working,  
 No more I'll dig the praties, no longer I'll be fool.  
 For as sure as me name is Carney I'll be off to California, where  
 Instead of diggin' praties I'll be diggin' lumps of gold.*

I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarney  
 In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork.  
 But goodbye to all this pleasure, for I'm going to take me leisure  
 And the next time you will hear from me  
 Will be a letter from New York,

Goodbye to all the boys at home, I'm sailing far across the foam  
 To try to make me fortune in far America,  
 For there's s gold and money plenty for the poor and gentry  
 And when I come back again I never more will stray



# 54- The Sea Around Us

Dominick Behan

Voice

They say that the lakes of Kil - lar-ney are fair, that no stream like the Lif-fey can

4 e - ver com-pare, If it's wa - ter you want you'll find no - thing more rare than the

7 stuff they make down by the o-ccean. The sea, o the sea is the gradh geal mo croide

11 long may it stay be - tween Eng - land and me, It's a sure guar-an - tee that some

14 hour we'll be free, Oh thank God we're sur - roun - ded by wa-ter.

midi source: <http://www.8notes.com/scores/6250.asp?ftype=gif>

# The Sea Around Us

Dominick Behan

They say that the lakes of Killarney are fair  
That no stream like the Liffey can ever compare,  
If it's water you want, you'll find nothing more rare  
Than the stuff they make down by the ocean.

*The sea, oh the sea is the gradh geal mo croide\**  
*Long may it stay between England and me*  
*It's a sure guarantee that some hour we'll be free*  
*Oh, thank God we're surrounded by water.*

I	V
V	V
I	I
V	I
I	I
V	V
I	I
V	I

Tom Moore made his "Waters" meet fame and reknown  
A great lover of anything dressed in a crown  
In brandy the bandy old Saxon he'd drown  
But throw ne'er a one in the ocean.

The Danes came to Ireland with nothing to do  
But dream of the plundered old Irish they slew,  
"Yeh will in yer vikings" said Brian Boru  
And threw them back into the ocean.

The Scots have their Whisky, the Welch have their speech  
And their poets are paid about tenpence a week  
Provided no hard words on England they speak  
Oh Lord, what a price for devotion.

Two foreign old monarchs in battle did join  
Each wanting his head on the back of a coin;  
If the Irish had sense they'd drowned both in the Boyne  
And partition thrown into the ocean.

\*gradh geal mo croide = great joy of my heart

# 55- Fiddler's Green

John Connolly

Violin

C d C

Oh Fidd - lers Green is a place I've heard

a C F C

tell. Where fish - er - men go if they don't go to

G d C

Hell. Where the weath - er is fair and the dol - phins do

e C F

play. And the cold coast of Green - land is far far a -

G *Chorus* C G C

way. Wrap me up in my oil - skins and jum - pers.

F C G

No more on the docks I'll be seen. Just

F C e d

tell me old ship - mates I'm ta - king a trip, mates, and I'll see you

G G7 C

some - day on Fidd - - - lers Green.

## Fiddler's Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,  
 To view the salt waters and take in the salt air,  
 I heard an old fisherman singing a song,  
 'Oh, take me away boys me time is not long'.

*Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumpers,  
 No more on the docks I'll be seen.  
 Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,  
 And I'll see you someday on Fiddler's Green.*

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,  
 Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell.  
 Where the skies is all clear and the dolphins do play,  
 And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale,  
 And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail.  
 Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,  
 And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

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

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me,  
 Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea.  
 I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along,  
 With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

*Last chorus 3<sup>rd</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> row ↓ on 1*

I	ii	I	vi	-
I	IV	I	V	-
ii	-	I	iii	-
I	IV	-	V	-
I	V	I	I7	
IV	I	V	-	
IV	iv	I	iii	
ii	V	V7	I	

# 56- Four Green Fields

Tommy Makem

Violin

**G D G G C C G G**  
What did I have, said the fine old woman

**G D e e A A D**  
What did I have, this proud old wo-man did say

**D G D e e G C D**  
I had four green fields each one was a je-wel

**D G D e e C C D**  
But stran - gers came and tried to take them from me

**D G D G G G C D**  
I had fine strong sons, who fough to save my je-wels

**D C C G G G D G G**  
They fough and died, and that was my grief said she

# Four Green Fields

Tommy Makem

What did I have, said the fine old woman  
 What did I have, this proud old woman did say  
 I had four green fields, each one was a jewel  
 But strangers came and tried to take them from me  
 I had fine strong sons, who fought to save my jewels  
 They fought and they died, and that was my grief said she

Long time ago, said the fine old woman  
 Long time ago, this proud old woman did say  
 There was war and death, plundering and pillage  
 My children starved, by mountain, valley and sea  
 And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens  
 My four green fields ran red with their blood, said she

What have I now, said the fine old woman  
 What have I now, this proud old woman did say  
 I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage  
 In stranger's hands, who tried to take it from me  
 But my sons had sons, as brave as were their fathers  
 My fourth green field will bloom once again said she

I	V	I	-	IV	-	I	-
I	V	vi	-	II	-	V	-
I	V	vi	-	I	IV	V	-
I	V	vi	-	IV	-	V	-
I	V	I	-	I	IV	V	-
IV	-	I	-	I	V	I	-

# 57- The Nightingale

Irish

Violin

As I went a wal-king one mor-ning in  
May I met a young cou-ple so far did we  
stray And one was a young maid so  
sweet and so fair And the ot-her one was a sol-dier and  
brave gre - - - na - dier

# The Nightingale

Composer

As I went a walking one morning in May  
 I met a young couple so far did we stray  
 And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair  
 And the other was a soldier and a brave grenadier

*And they kissed so sweet and comforting  
 As they clung to each other  
 They went arm in arm along the road  
 Like sister and brother  
 They went arm in arm along the road  
 'Till they came to a stream  
 And they both sat down together, love  
 To hear the nightingale sing*

Out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle  
 He played her such merry tunes that you ever did hear  
 He played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring  
 And softly cried the fair maid as the nightingale sings

Oh, I'm off to India for seven long years  
 Drinking wines and strong whiskies instead of strong beer  
 And if ever I return again 'twill be in the spring  
 And we'll both sit down together love to hear the nightingale sing

"Well then", says the fair maid, "Will you marry me?"  
 "Oh no", says the soldier, "however can that be?"  
 For I've my own wife at home in my own country  
 And she is the finest little maid that you ever did see

	I		I		V		I		
	I		vi		IV		V		V
	I		vi		I		V		
	I		IV		V		I		

# 58- Whiskey on a Sunday

Glen Hughes

He sits on the corner of Beg - gers Bush, the stride of an old packing case

8 And the dolls on the end of the plank were dancing As he croo-

15 ned with a smile on his face mmm Come day, go day

21 Wish in me heart for Sun-day; mmm Drink - ing -

27 but-ter milk all the week Whis - key on a Sun-day

Chords: G, e, a, C, D, G, G, e, a, C, D, G, C, a, D, G

# Whiskey on a Sunday

Glen Hughes ~1959

He sits on the corner of Beggars Bush,  
the stride of an old packing case,  
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing,  
as he crooned with a smile on his face.

*Come day go day, wishing me heart it was Sunday,  
Drinking Buttermilk all the week, Whiskey on a Sunday*

His tired old hands from the wooden beam,  
And the puppets they danced up and down,  
A far better show than you ever will see,  
In the fanciest theater in town.

In nineteen O two old Seth Davy died,  
And his song was heard no more,  
The three dancing dolls in the dustbin were thrown,  
And the plank went to mend the back door.

On some stormy night when you're passing that way,  
With the wind blowing up from the sea,  
You can still hear the sound of old Seth Davy,  
As he croons to his dancing dolls three.

:I	vi	ii	IV	
V	-	I	- :	
:IV	-	ii	-	
V	-	I	-:	

# 59- The Lark In The Morning

Traditional

Violin

The lark in the mor - ning she ri - ses off her  
nest And she goes off in the air with the dew all on her  
breast. And like the jol - ly plow - boy she whis - tles and she  
sings, She goes home in the eve - ning with the dew all on her  
wings.

The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff is for the Violin, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest, then a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staff. The second through fifth staves are for the voice, also in treble clef, one flat, and 6/8 time. They continue the melody and lyrics. The first staff of the voice part has a '7' above the first note. Chord symbols (F, C, a, d) are placed above the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

# The Lark In The Morning

Traditional

*The lark in the morning she rises off her nest  
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast  
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings  
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings*

**Oh, Roger the ploughboy he is a dashing blade  
He goes whistling and singing over yonder leafy shade  
He met with pretty Susan, she's handsome I declare  
She is far more enticing then the birds all in the air**

**One evening coming home from the rakes of the town  
The meadows been all green and the grass had been cut down  
As I should chance to tumble all in the new-mown hay  
Oh, it's kiss me now or never love, this bonnie lass did say**

**When twenty long weeks they were over and were past  
Her mommy chanced to notice how she thickened round the waist  
It was the handsome ploughboy, the maiden she did say  
For he caused for to tumble all in the new-mown hay**

**Here's a health to y'all ploughboys wherever you may be  
That likes to have a bonnie lass a sitting on his knee  
With a jug of good strong porter you'll whistle and you'll sing  
For a ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a king**

	I	-		I	-		V	-		iii	-	
	vi	-		I	-		V	-		vi	-	
	vi	-		I	-		V	-		iii	-	
	vi	-		I	-		V	-		vi	-	

# 60- The Lord Of The Dance

Melody

G e<sub>m</sub> G<sup>6</sup> e<sub>m6</sub>

1.I danced in the morn - ing when the world was young I  
 2.I danced for the Pha - raoh and the pha - ri - sees They  
 3.I danced on the Sab - bath and I cured the lame The

Counter

Bass

M. 4 a<sub>m</sub> D<sup>6</sup> C A<sup>6</sup> D.

danced in the moon, and the stars, and the sun I  
 wouldn't ly dance, they wouldn't it fol - low me I  
 ho - ly people said it was a shame They

C. 4

B. 4

M. 6 G<sup>6</sup> e<sub>m6</sub> G<sup>6</sup> e<sub>m</sub>

came down from Heaven and I danced on the Earth At  
 danced for the fish - er - men James and the John They  
 ripped me stripped me and hung me high

C. 6

B. 6

M. 8 a<sub>m6</sub> D. C<sup>6</sup> G<sup>6</sup>

Beth - le - hem I had my birth  
 came with me so the dance went on  
 Left me there on the cross to die

C. 8

B. 8

## The Lord Of the Dance

M. 10 G. e<sub>m</sub> h<sub>m</sub> e<sub>m</sub> C. G. E<sup>6</sup>  
 R.Dance, dance, wher - ever you may be I am the lord of the

C. 10

B. 10

M. 13 A. D G<sup>6</sup> e<sub>m6</sub> G G<sup>2</sup> E  
 dance said he And I lead you all wher - ever you may be And I

C. 13

B. 13

M. 16 a<sub>m6</sub> A<sup>6</sup> D. G C. G<sup>6</sup>  
 lead you all in the dance said he

C. 16

B. 16

4. I danced on a Fri-day when the world turned black

It's hard to dance with the de-vil on your back

They bur-ied my bo-dy; they thought I was gone

But I am the dance, and the dance goes on

R. .Dance, then, wher-ever you may be  
 I am the lord of the dance said he  
 And I lead you all wher-ever you may be  
 And I lead you all in the dance said he

# 60 Lord of Dance

<b>4/4</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>
	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>C↓ A↓ D↓</b>	
	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>
	<b>a</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G↓ C↓ G↓</b>	<i>Z</i>
<b>R</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>e C</b>
	<b>G</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>
	<b>G</b>	<b>e</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>E</b>
	<b>a↓ A↓ D↓ D↓</b>		<b>G↓ C↓ G↓</b>	<i>Z</i>

# The Lord of the Dance

**G e G**  
 I danced in the morning when the world was young  
**a C D**  
 I danced in the moon, and the stars, and the sun  
**G e G**  
 I came down from Heaven and I danced on the Earth  
**a D G C G**  
 At Bethlehem I had my birth

**G**  
*Dance, then, wherever you may be*  
**G D**  
*I am the Lord of the Dance said he*  
**G**  
*And I lead you all wherever you may be*  
**a D G C G**  
*And I lead you all in the dance said he*

I danced for the Pharaoh and the Pharisees  
 They wouldn't dance, they wouldn't follow me  
 I danced for the fishermen James and John  
 They came with me so the dance went on

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame  
 The holy people said it was a shame  
 They whipped, they stripped and they hung me high  
 Left me there on the cross to die

I danced on a Friday when the world turned black  
 It's hard to dance with the devil on your back  
 They buried my body; they thought I was gone  
 But I am the dance, and the dance goes on

# 61- Finnegan's Wake

Irish Folk

Voice

Tim Fin-ne-gan lived in Walk - in' Street, A  
gen - tle I - rish-man, Might - y odd. He had a brogue both  
rich and sweet, And to rise in the world he car-ried a hod. Now  
Tim had a sort o' the tip - plin' way, With a love for the liq-uor poor  
Tim was born, To help him on with his work each day, He'd a  
"drop o' the cray - thur" ev - 'ry morn. Whack fol the darn Ó,  
Dance to your part - ner Whirl the floor, your trot - ters shake;  
Was - n't it the truth I told you, Lots of fun at  
Fin - ne - gan's Wake.

# Finnegan's Wake

- e**  
 1. Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,  
       **D7**  
 A gentle Irishman, mighty odd.  
       **e**  
 He had a brogue both rich and sweet,  
                                   **C D7 G**  
 An' to rise in the world he carried a hod  
       **G**                          **e**  
 Now Tim had a sort of a tipplers way  
       **G**                                  **e**  
 With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,  
       **G**                          **e**  
 To help him on his work each day,  
                   **C**                          **D7 G**  
 he'd a drop of the craythur every morn.
- e**  **h**  
 Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner  
       **e**                          **D7**  
 Whirl the flure yer trotters shake  
       **e**                                  **h**  
 Wasn't it the truth they tell ye,  
       **e**                  **C D7 G**  
 Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake.
2. One morning Tim got rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake.  
 Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and they carried him home his corpse to wake.  
 Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out upon the bed.  
 A bottle of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head.
3. His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch.  
 First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.  
 Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?  
 Tim, mauvrneen! O, why did you die?", "Will ye should your gob?" said Paddy McGee.
4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "O Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure."  
 Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor  
 Then the war did soon engage, t'was woman to woman and man to man.  
 Shillelagh law was all the rage, and a row and a ruction soon began.
5. Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of whiskey flew at him.  
 It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim!  
 Tim revives; see how he rises! Timothy rising from the bed  
 Said, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes, Thanum an Dhul! Do ye think I'm dead?"

# 62- Come My Little Son

Ewan McColl

Violin

I IV I  
Come my litt - le son And I will tell you

IV I I  
what we'll do Un - dress your - self and get

IV I vi IV  
in - to bed And a tale I'll tell to you

I IV  
It's all a - bout your daddy He's a

I vi I  
man you sel - dom see For he had to

IV I IV  
roam, far a - way from home A - way from you and

I  
me

# Come My Little Son

Ewan McColl

C

**I** Come my little **IV** son

And **I** will tell you **IV** what we'll **I** do

Undress yourself and get **IV** into **I** bed

And a **vi** tale I'll tell to **IV** you

It's **I** all about your **IV** daddy

He's a **I** man you seldom **vi** see

For he **I** had to roam, far **IV** away from home

A **I** way from **IV** you and **I** me

***I** Remember laddie, **IV** he's still your **I** dad*

*Though he's working far **vi** away*

*In the **I** cold and heat, all the **IV** hours of the week*

*On **I** England's **IV** motor **I** way*

Now when you fall and hurt yourself

And get a feeling bad

It isn't any good

To go a running for your dad

For the only time since you've were born

He's had to spend with you

He was out of a job, and we hadn't a bob

He was signing on the brew

Ah Sure we'd like your daddy here

Yes sure it would be fine

To have him working nearer home

And to see him all the time

But beggars can't be choosers

And we have to bear our load

For we need the money your daddy earns

A-workin' on the road

*Remember laddie, he's still your dad*

*And he's soon be home to stay*

*For a week or two, with me and you*

*When he`s built the motorway*

# 63- McAlpine' Fusiliers

Dominic Behan 196X

Violin

As down the glen came Mc Al - pine's

men With their sho - vels slung be - hind them

'Twas in the pub they drank the

stub And up in the spike yuo'll find them

They swea - ted blood and they washed down

mud With pints and quarts of beer

And now we are on the road a -

gain With Mc Al - pine's Fu - si - liers

# McAlpine's Fusiliers

Dominic Behan 1960

As down the glen came McAlpine's men  
 With their shovels slung behind them  
 'Twas in the pub they drank the sub  
 And up in the spike you'll find them  
 They sweated blood and they washed down mud  
 With pints and quarts of beer  
 And now we're on the road again  
 With McAlpine's fusiliers

	I	-		I	-		IV	-		IV	-	
	I	-		V	-		I	-		I	-	
	I	-		I	-		IV	V		IV	-	
	IV	-		I	-		IV	-		IV	-	
	I	-		I	-		IV	V		IV	-	
	IV	-		I	-		IV	-		IV	-	
	I	-		I	-		IV	-		IV	-	
	I	-		V	-		I	-		I	-	

I stripped to the skin with Darky Flynn  
 Way down upon the Isle of Grain  
 With the Horseface Toole then I knew the rule  
 No money if you stop for rain  
 McAlpine's God was a well filled hod  
 Your shoulders cut to bits and seared  
 And woe to he who to looks for tea  
 With McAlpine's fusiliers

I remember the day that the Bear O'Shea  
 Fell into a concrete stairs  
 What the Horseface said, when he saw him dead  
 Well, it wasn't what the rich call prayers  
 I'm a navy short was the one retort  
 That reached unto my ears  
 When the going is rough, well you must be tough  
 With McAlpine's fusiliers

I've worked till the sweat has had me bet  
 With Russian, Czech and Pole  
 On shuddering jams up in the hydro dams  
 Or underneath the Thames in a hole  
 I grafted hard and I've got me cards  
 And many a ganger's fist across me ears  
 If you pride your life, don't join by Christ  
 With McAlpine's fusiliers

# 64- Mo Ghile Mear

Seán Clárach Mac Domhnail

Violin

The musical score is written for a violin in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The notes are: G4 (quarter), e4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), C/E4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). The second staff starts with a measure rest for 4 measures, then a treble clef, key signature of one sharp, and 4/4 time signature. The notes are: G4 (quarter), e4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), b4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter). The third staff starts with a measure rest for 4 measures, then a treble clef, key signature of one sharp, and 4/4 time signature. The notes are: G4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), b4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). The fourth staff starts with a measure rest for 4 measures, then a treble clef, key signature of one sharp, and 4/4 time signature. The notes are: G4 (quarter), b4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), e4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), b4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), D/F#4 (quarter). The piece ends with a double bar line.

5

9

13

# Mo Ghile Mear

Seán Clárach Mac Domhnaill (1691–1754)

*He is my hero, my dashing darling  
He is my Caesar, dashing darling.  
I've had no rest from forebodings  
Since he went far away my darling.*

**For a while I was a gentle maiden  
And now a spent worn-out widow  
My spouse ploughing the waves strongly  
Over the hills and far away.**

**Pain and sorrow are all I know,  
My heart is sore, my tears a' flow  
Since o'er the seas we saw him go  
No news has come to ease our woe.**

**The cuckoo sings not pleasantly at noon  
And the sound of hounds is not heard in nut woods,  
Nor summer morning in misty glen  
Since he went away from me, my lively boy.**

**Noble, proud young horseman  
Warrior unsaddened, of most pleasant countenance  
A swift-moving hand, quick in a fight,  
Slaying the enemy and smiting the strong.**

**Let a strain be played on musical harps  
And let many quarts be filled  
With high spirit without fault or mist  
For life and health to toast my lion.**

**Dashing darling for a while under sorrow  
And all Ireland under black cloaks  
Rest or pleasure I did not get  
Since he went far away my dashing darling.**

I	vi	IV	I
IV	I	IV	V
I	vi	IV	iii
I	-	IV	I
I	-	IV	I
I	iii	IV	V
I	iii	IV	vi
IV	iii	IV	V

# 65- Raglan Road

Patrick Kavanagh 1946

**D** **G**

On Rag - lan Road on an au - tumn day I

5 **D** **G** **D** **G**

saw her first and knew That her dark hair would we -

11 **D** **h** **A**

ave a snare That I might one day true I

17 **G** **D** **h**

saw the danger - ger and I passed A - long the en - chan - ted

23 **A** **D** **G**

way And I said "Let grief be a fal - ling leaf At the

29 **D** **G** **D**

daw - - - ning of the day"

# Raglan Road

Thomas O'Connellan 16XX – Patrick Kavanagh 1946

**On Raglan Road on an autumn day  
I saw her first and knew  
That her dark hair would weave a snare  
That I might one day rue**

**I saw the danger, and I passed  
Along the enchanted way  
And I said, "Let grief be a falling leaf  
At the dawning of the day"**

**On Grafton Street in November  
We tripped lightly along the ledge  
Of a deep ravine where can be seen  
The worth of passions pledged**

**The 'Queen of Hearts' still making tarts  
And I not making hay  
Oh, I loved too much and by such, by such  
Is happiness thrown away**

**I gave her gifts of the mind  
I gave her the secret sign  
That's known to the artists who have known  
The true gods of sound and stone**

**And word and tint without stint  
For I gave her poems to say  
With her own name there and her own dark hair  
Like clouds over fields of May**

**On a quiet street where old ghosts meet  
I see her walking now  
Away from me so hurriedly  
My reason must allow**

**That I had loved not as I should  
A creature made of clay  
When the angel woos the clay  
He'll lose his wings at the dawn of day**

I -	I -	I -	IV-
I -	IV -	I -	I -
IV-	IV -	I -	-
I -	iii-	v -	v -
IV-	IV -	I -	I -
I -	iii-	v -	v -
I -	I -	I -	IV-
I -	IV -	I -	I -

# 66- Roddy McCorley

lyrics by Ethne Carbery  
1898

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes, and guitar chords are indicated above the staff lines. The lyrics are: "O see the fleet foot host of men, who march with faces drawn; From farmstead and from fisher'scot, along the banks of Ban; They come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late! Too late are they, For young Roddy Mc Corley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today." The chords are: G, D, G, e, C, D7, G, G, h, C, G, A7, a, D7, G, h, C, G, A7, a, D7, G, D, G, e, C, D7, G.

O see the fleet foot host of men, who march with faces  
drawn; From farmstead and from fisher'scot, along the banks of Ban; They  
come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late! Too late are they, For  
young Roddy Mc Corley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

McCorley was hanged near Bridge of Toome on 28 february 1800.  
His role in the 1798 rebellion is unclear.

<http://www.8notes.com/scores/6111.asp?ftype=midi>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xkknnyuEE498>  
<http://www.irish-folk-songs.com/roddy-mccorley-lyrics-and-chords.html>  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roddy\\_McCorley](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roddy_McCorley)

# Roddy McCorley

lyrics by Ethna Carbery in 1898

Fiddle

O see the fleet-foot host of men, who march with faces drawn,  
From farmstead and from fishers' cot, along the banks of Ban;  
They come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late! Too late are they,  
*For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.*

Oh Ireland, Mother Ireland, you love them still the best  
The fearless brave who fighting fall upon your hapless breast,  
But never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray,  
Than he who marches to his fate on the bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stepped, so smiling, proud and young.  
About the hemp-rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung;  
There's ne'er a tear in his blue eyes, fearless and brave are they,  
*As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.*

Fiddle

When last this narrow street he trod, his shining pike in hand  
Behind him marched, in grim array, an earnest stalwart band.  
To Antrim town! To Antrim town, he led them to the fray,  
*But young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.*

The grey coat and its sash of green were brave and stainless then,  
A banner flashed beneath the sun over the marching men;  
The coat hath many a rent this noon, the sash is torn away,  
And Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

Oh, how his pike flashed in the sun! Then found a foeman's heart,  
Through furious fight, and heavy odds he bore a true man's part  
And many a red-coat bit the dust before his keen pike-play,  
But Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

There's never a one of all your dead more bravely died in fray  
Than he who marches to his fate in Toomebridge town today;  
True to the last! True to the last, he treads the upwards way,  
*/: And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today. :|*

I V	I vi	IV V7	I -	
I iii	IV I	II7 ii	V7 -	
I iii	IV I	II7 ii	V7 -	
I V	I vi	IV V7	I -	

# 67- Roisin the Bow

Traditional

Melody

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is accompanied by guitar chords indicated by letters above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into four systems, each starting with a measure number (1, 9, 17, 25). The first system ends with a fermata over the final note. The second system ends with a fermata over the final note. The third system ends with a fermata over the final note. The fourth system ends with a double bar line.

1 I've tra-veled all o-ver this wide world And now to a - nother I'll go

9 And I know that good quarters are wai - ting To welcome old Ro-sin the Bow

17 To wel-come old Ro-sin the Bow To wel-come old Ro-sin the Bow

25 And I know that good quarters a-wai - ting To welcome old Rosin the Bow

# Rosin the Bow

I've traveled all over this wide world  
 And now to another I'll go  
 And I know that good quarters are waiting  
 To welcome old Rosin the Bow

**Tutti:** *To welcome old Rosin the Bow  
 To welcome old Rosin the Bow  
 And I know that good quarters are waiting  
 To welcome old Rosin the Bow.*

I -	I -
I -	vi -
I -	I IV
I V	I -
I -	IV -
I -	vi -
I -	I IV
I V	I -

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter  
 A voice you will hear from below  
 Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey  
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Bow"  
*Take a drink ...*

Then get a half dozen stout fellows  
 And line them all up in a row  
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles  
 To the memory of Rosin the Bow  
*To the memory ...*

**Solo:**  
 Verse & Refr  
 Then get this half dozen stout fellows  
 And let them all stagger and go  
 And dig a great hole in the meadow  
 And in it put Rosin the Bow  
*And in it put ...*

Then get ye a couple of bottles  
 Put one at me head and me toe  
 With a diamond ring scratch upon them  
 The name of old Rosin the Bow  
 The name of old Rosin the Bow  
*The name of old ...*

I've only this one consolation  
 As out of this world I go  
 I know that the next generation  
 Will resemble old Rosin the Bow  
*Will resemble ...*

I fear that old tyrant approaching  
 That cruel remorseless old foe  
 And I lift up me glass in his honor  
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Bow  
*Take a drink ...*

# 68- Gypsy Rover

Irish Folk

Voice

G D7 G D7

Gyp - sy ro - ver come o - ver the hill, down through the val - ley so

G D7 G D7 h e

sha - dy. He whis - tled and he sang till the green - woods rang. And he

G a G C G D7

won the heart of a La - - - - dy

- 1. Gypsy rover come over the hill, down through the valley so shady.  
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang. And he won the heart of a Lady.**
- R. Ha dee doo, ha dee doo, ha dee day. Ha dee doo, ha dee da-ay.  
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang. And he won the heart of a Lady.**
- 2. She left her father's castle gate; She left her own true lover;  
She left her servants and her estate To follow the gypsy rover.**
- 3. Her father saddled his fastest steed And roamed the valley over.  
He sought his daughter at great speed, And the whistling gypsy rover.**
- 4. He came at last to a mansion fine Down by the River Clayde;  
And there was music and there was wine For the gypsy and his lady.**
- 5. "He's no gypsy, my father," said she, "He's lord of freelands all over;  
And I will stay till my dying day With my whistling gypsy rover."**

# Gypsy Rover

Leo Maquire 195X

Gypsy rover come over the hill,  
down through the valley so shady.  
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang.  
And he won the heart of a Lady.

*Ha dee doo, ha dee doo, ha dee day.  
Ha dee doo, ha dee da-ay.  
He whistled and sang till the green woods rang.  
And he won the heart of a Lady.*

She left her father's castle gate;  
She left her own true lover;  
She left her servants and her estate  
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed  
And roamed the valley over.  
He sought his daughter at great speed,  
And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine  
Down by the River Clayde;  
And there was music and there was wine  
For the gypsy and his lady.

"He's no gypsy, my father," said she,  
"He's lord of freelands all over;  
And I will stay till my dying day  
With my whistling gypsy rover."

	I	V		I	-		
	I	V		I	V		
	I	V		iii	vi		
	I	ii		I	IV		I V

# 69- Working Man

Rita MacNeil

Fiddle

G G C

1. 3. 5. It's a working man I am And I've beendown un - der -  
 2. At the age of six - teen years he guar - rels with his  
 4. At the age of six - ty four he will great you at the

G G a D

5

ground And I swear to god If I e - ver see the sun  
 peers Who vow they'dne - ver see anot - her one  
 door And he willgent - ly lead you by the arm

D Intro G G C

9

Or for a - ny length of time I can hold it in my  
 In the dark recess of the mine whereyou age be - fore your  
 Throughthe dark recess of the mine he will takeyou back in

G G D G C G

13

mind And I ne - ver - a - gain will go down un - der - ground  
 time And the coaldust lies hea - vy on your lungs  
 time And tell you of thehard - ships that were had

# Working Man

Rita MacNeil ~1980

*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, he quarrels with his peers  
Who vow they'd never see another one  
In the dark recess of the mine, 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 underground  
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 underground*

Solo

**At the age of sixty-four, he will greet you at the door  
And he will gently lead you by the arm  
Through the dark recess of the mine, he will take you back in time  
And tell you of the hardships that were had**

*:It's a working man I am and I've been down underground  
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 underground:| \* 3*

	I		I		IV		I	
	I		ii		V		V	
	I		I		IV		I	
	I		V		I		I IV I -	
	I		V		IV		I	

# 70- Fields Of Athenry

Melody

D D G D

By a lone - ly pri - son wall, I heard a young girl cal - - -  
 By a lone - ly pri - son wall, I heard a young man call - - -  
 By a lo - nely har - bor wall, she watched the last star fall - - -

Counter

Bass

M. 6 A A D G A A

ling Mic - hael they have ta - ken you a - way For you  
 ing "Noth - ing mat - ters, Mar - y, when you're free Against the  
 ing As the prison ship sailed out a - gainst the sky For she

C.

B.

M. 12 D G D A

stole Tre - vely - an's corn so the young might see the morn A  
 fa - mine and the crown, I re - belled, they cut me down. Now  
 lived to hope and pray for her love in Bo - tany Bay It's so

C.

B.

M. 16 A A D D

pri - son ship lies wai - ting in the bay.  
 you must raise our child with dig - ni - ty."  
 lone - ly round the fields of A - then - ry.

C.

B.

# 70 Fields Of Athenry

2  
20

M. D G D h<sub>m</sub>

C.

B.

Low lie the field of At-hen - ry Where

24

M. D D A A

C.

B.

once we watched the small free birds fly Our

28

M. D G D A

C.

B.

love was on the wing We had dreams and songs to sing And so

32

M. A A D D

C.

B.

lone - ly round the fields of At - hen - ry.

# 70- Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John

Violin

The image shows a musical score for a violin part. It consists of nine staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. Roman numerals (I, IV, V, V4) are placed above the notes to indicate chord positions. The lyrics are: "By the lon - ly pri - son wall, I heard a young girl cal - - - ling Michael they have ta - ken you a - way For you stole Tre - vely - an's corn so the young might see the morn A pri - son ship lies wai - ting in the bay. Low lie the fields of Athen - ry Where once we watched the small free birds fly O - ur love was on the wing We had dreams and songs to sing And so lone - ly round the fields of At - hen - ry."

By the lon - ly pri - son wall, I heard a young girl  
cal - - - ling Michael they have ta - ken you a -  
way For you stole Tre - vely - an's corn so the  
young might see the morn A pri - son ship lies wai - ting in the  
bay. Low lie the fields of Athen - ry Where  
once we watched the small free birds fly O - ur love was on the  
wing We had dreams and songs to sing And so lone - ly round the  
fields of At - hen - ry.

# The Fields of Athenry

Pete St.John 1970

**I IV I V**  
By the lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl cal-ling

**I IV V**  
Michael they have taken you away

**I IV I V**  
For you stole Trevelyan's corn so the young might see the morn

**V I**  
A prison ship lies waiting in the bay

**I IV I vi**  
*Low lie the fields of Athenry*

**I V**  
*Where once we watched the small free birds fly*

**I IV**  
*Our love was on the wing*

**I V**  
*We had dreams and songs to sing*

**V V<sup>4</sup> I IV I↓**  
*And so lonely round the fields of Athenry*

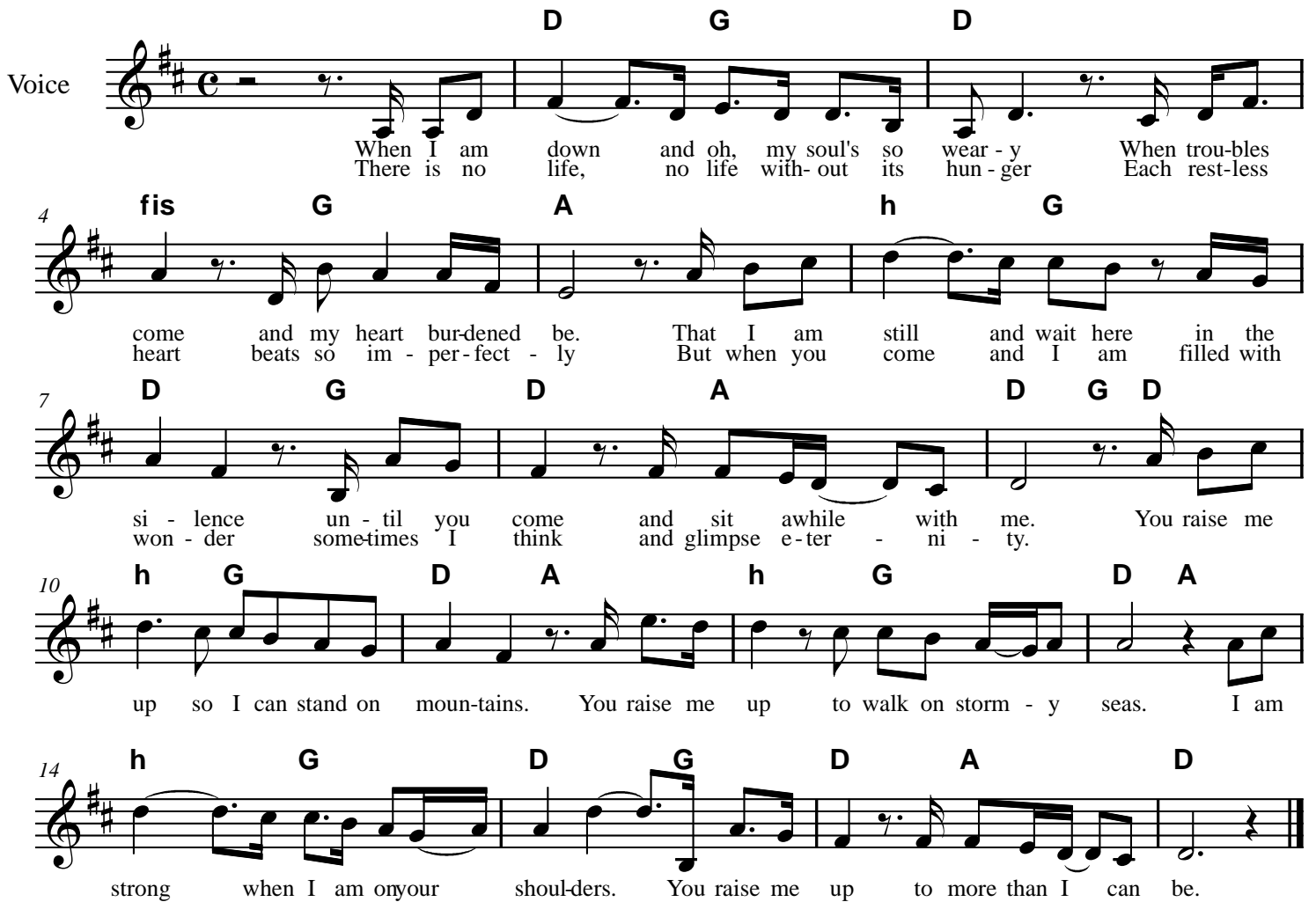
By the lonely prison wall, I heard a young man cal-ling  
Nothing matters Mary when you're free  
Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled they caught me down  
Now you must raise our child with dignity

By the lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star fa-lling  
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky  
For she lived to hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay  
And it's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

# 71- You Raise Me Up

Rolf Lovland - Brendan Graham

Voice



4

7

10

14

When I am down and oh, my soul's so wear-y When troubles  
There is no life, no life with-out its hun-ger Each rest-less

come and my heart burdened be. That I am still and wait here in the  
heart beats so im-perfect-ly But when you come and I am filled with

si-lence un-til you come and sit awhile with me. You raise me  
won-der sometimes I think and glimpse e-ter-ni-ty.

up so I can stand on moun-tains. You raise me up to walk on storm-y seas. I am

strong when I am on your shoul-ders. You raise me up to more than I can be.

D G D

fis G A h G

D G D A D G D

h G D A h G D A

h G D G D A D

## You Raise Me Up

When I am down and, oh my soul, so weary;  
 When troubles come and my heart burdened be;  
 Then, I am still and wait here in the silence,  
 Until you come and sit awhile with me.

*You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;  
 You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;  
 I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;  
 You raise me up... To more than I can be.*

There is no life - no life without its hunger;  
 Each restless heart beats so imperfectly;  
 But when you come and I am filled with wonder,  
 Sometimes, I think I glimpse eternity.

*You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;  
 You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;  
 I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;  
 You raise me up... To more than I can be.*

*You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;  
 You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;  
 I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;  
 You raise me up... To more than I can be.*

*You raise me up... To more than I can be.*

	I	IV		I	-	
	iii	IV		V	-	
	vi	IV		I	IV	
	I	V		I	IV	I
	vi	IV		I	V	
	vi	IV		I	V	
	vi	IV		I	IV	
	I	V		I	-	

# 72- Quare Bungle Rye

Irish Folk

Violin

Now Jack was a sai - lor who roamed in the

town And met with a dam - sel who skipped up and

down Said the dam - sel to Jack as she pas - sed him

by Would you care for to pur - chase some quare bung - le

rye rod - dy rye? Fol the did - dle rye rod - dy

rye rod - dy rye.

# Quare Bungle Rye



Now **I** Jack was a **V** sailor who **I** roamed on the **iii** town  
And he **IV** met with a **I** damsel who **V7** skipped up and **V7** down  
Said the **I** damsel to **vi** Jack as **I** she passed him **iii** by  
Would you **IV** care for to **I** purchase some  
**ii** quare bungle **I** rye roddy **V** rye?  
**I** Fol the diddle **V7** rye roddy **V7** rye roddy **I** rye

Said Jack to himself, "Now what can this be?  
But the finest ol' whiskey from far Germany  
Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly  
And the name that it goes by is  
quare bungle rye roddy rye?  
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye"

He gave her a pound and he thought nothing strange  
She said, "Hold me the basket while I run for your change"  
Jack looked in the basket and a child did he spy  
Why b'damn me, says Jack, this is  
quare bungle rye roddy rye?  
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye

To get the child christened was Jack's next intent  
For to get the child christened, to the parson he went  
Said the parson to Jack, "What will he go by?"  
Begorrah, said Jack, Call him  
quare bungle rye roddy rye?  
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye

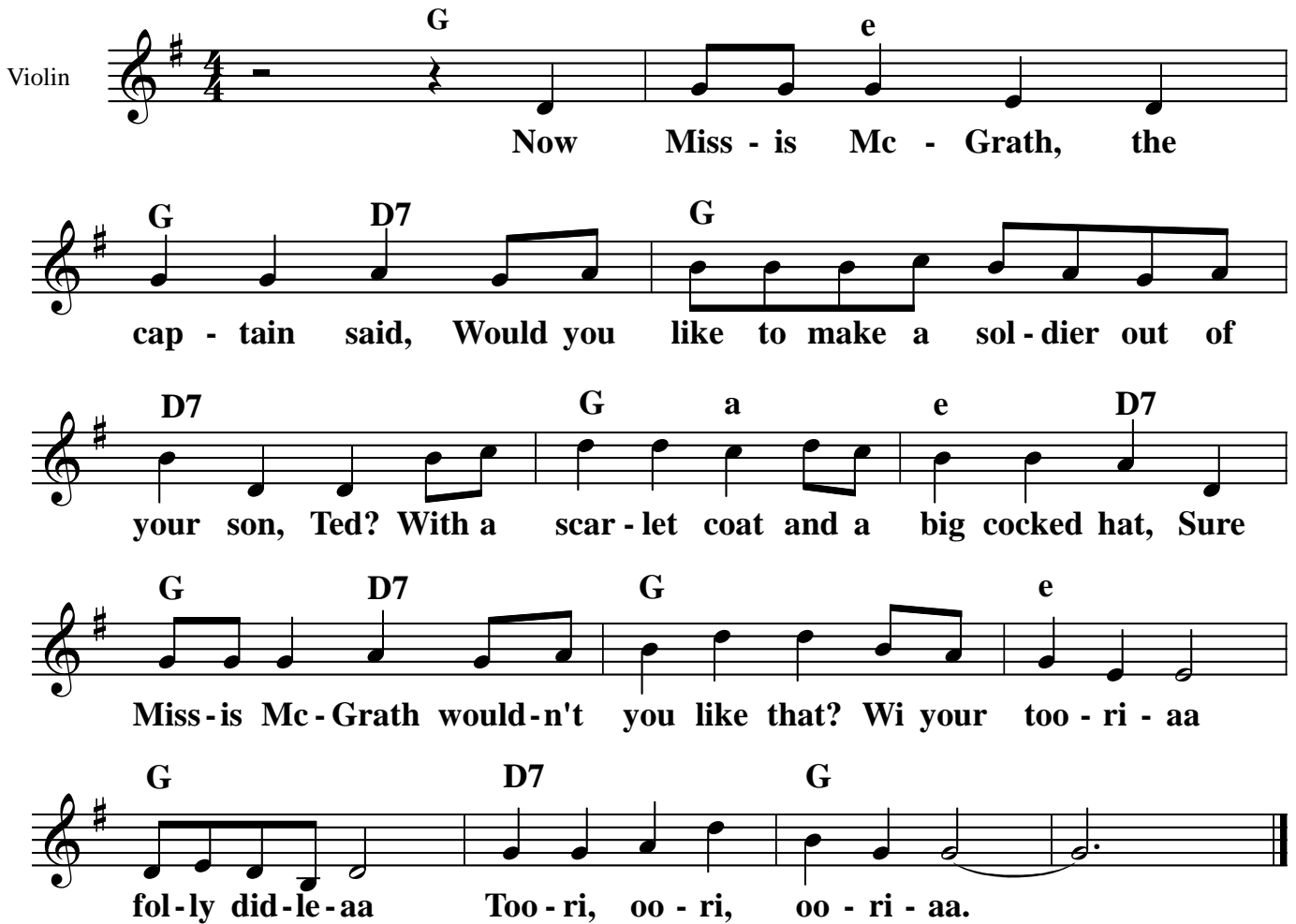
Said the parson to Jack, "That's a funny queer name"  
'Ah b'damn me, said Jack, "It's a queer way he came  
Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly  
And the name that he'll go by is  
Quare Bungle Rye roddy rye?  
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye

Come all you young sailors who roam on the town  
Beware of those damsels who skip up and down  
Take a look in their basket as they pass you by  
Or else they may sell you some  
quare bungle rye roddy rye?  
Fol the diddle rye roddy Fol the diddle rye roddy  
Fol the diddle rye roddy rye roddy rye

# 73- Mrs. McGrath

Irish Folk ~1815

Violin



Now Miss - is Mc - Grath, the  
cap - tain said, Would you like to make a sol - dier out of  
your son, Ted? With a scar - let coat and a big cocked hat, Sure  
Miss-is Mc-Grath would-n't you like that? Wi your too - ri - aa  
fol-ly did-le-aa Too - ri, oo - ri, oo - ri - aa.

# Mrs. McGrath



I IV I V  
Now, Mrs. McGrath, the captain said,  
I V  
Would you like to make a soldier out of your son Ted?

I IV I V  
With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat,  
I V I  
Now Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like that?

IV I  
*Wi your too-ri-aa, folly diddle-aa*

I V I  
*Too-ri, oo-ri, oo-ri-aa*

IV I  
*Wi your too-ri-aa, folly diddle-aa*

I V I  
*Too-ri, oo-ri, oo-ri-aa.*

Now Mrs. McGrath lived on the seashore  
For the space of seven long years or more,  
Till she saw a ship sails into the bay,  
Says, it's my son Ted, will you clear the way,

Oh captain, dear, where have you been,  
Have you been sailing in the Meditereen,  
And have you any news of my son Ted,  
Is the poor boy alive or is he dead?

Well, up comes Ted, without any legs,  
And in their place he's got two wooden pegs.  
She kissed him a dozen times or two,  
Saying, Holy God, it isn't you,

Now was you drunk, or was you blind,  
When you left your two fine legs behind,  
Or was it walking on the sea,  
Wore your two fine legs from the knees away?

No, I wasn't drunk, and I wasn't blind  
When I left my two fine legs behind,  
But a big cannon ball on the fifth of May,  
Took me two fine legs from the knees away,

Oh Teddy, my boy, the widow cried,  
Your two fine legs were your mammy's pride.  
The stumps of a tree won't do at all,  
Why didn't you run from the big cannon ball?

All foreign wars, I do proclaim,  
Between Don Juan and the King of Spain,  
And I'll make them rue the time,  
They took two legs from a child of mine,

Well then, if I had you back again,  
I'd never let you go to fight the King of Spain,  
For I'd rather have me Ted as he used to be,  
Than the King of France and his whole navy,

# 74- Courtin' in the Kitchen

Irish

Violin

I  
 Come sin - gle belles and beans, To  
 V I  
 me now pay at - ten - tion, And love, I'll plain - ly  
 IV V  
 show Is the De - vil's own in - ven - tion; For  
 I iii IV  
 once I fell in love - - - With a dam - sel most be -  
 V vi V IV ii  
 witch - in' Miss Hen - ri - et - ta Bell, down in  
 II7 V I  
 Cap - tain Kel - ly's kit - chen, To me too - ri - oo - ri -  
 V I  
 ay, Me roo - ri - oo - ri ad - dy, Me too - ri - oo - ri -  
 IV V I  
 ay, And me too - ri - oo - ri ad - dy!

# Courtin' In the Kitchen



**I** Come single belle and beau, to me now pay a **V** ttention  
And **I** love, I'll plainly show, is the **IV** divil's own in **V7** vention.  
For **I** once I fell in love with a damsel most bewitchin'  
Miss **IV** Henrie **V17** tta **ii** Bell, down in Captain **II7** Kelly's **V** kitchen

*To my **I** toora loora la, my toora loora **V** laddy  
Ri **I** toora loora la, ri **V** toora loora **I** laddy.*

At the age of seventeen, I was 'prenticed to a grocer  
Not far from Stephen's Green, where Miss Bell for tea would go, sir  
Her manners were so free, she set me heart a-twitchin'  
She invited me to tea, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen.

Next Sunday bein' the day we were to have the flare-up  
I dressed myself quite gay, an' I frizzed and oiled my hair up  
The Captain had no wife, he had gone out a-fishin'  
So we kicked up high life, below-stairs in the kitchen.

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table  
She served me tea and cakes --- I ate while I was able,  
I ate cakes, drank punch and tea, till my side had got a stitch in  
And the hours flew quick away, while coortin' in the kitchen.

With my arms around her waist, I kissed ---she hinted marriage  
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage!  
Her looks told me full well that moment she was wishin'  
That I'd get out to Hell, or somewhere far from the kitchen.

She flew up off my knees, full seven feet or higher  
And over heads and heels, threw me slap into the fire  
My new Repealers coat, that I'd bought from Mrs. Stichen  
With a thirty-shilling note, went to blazes in the kitchen.

I grieved to see my duds, all besmeared with smoke and ashes  
When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she dashes.  
As I lay on the floor, still the water she kept pitchin'  
Till the footman broke the door, and marched into the kitchen.

When the Captain came downstairs, and seen my situation  
In spite of all my prayers I was marched off to the station  
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was itchin'  
And I had to tell the tale of how I got in the kitchen.

I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial  
For assault she did indict me, and I was sent for trial.  
She swore I robbed the house, in spite of all her screechin'  
And I got six months hard, for my coortin' in the kitchen.

# 75- Pat Works On The Railway

Traditional Irish

Voice

The musical score is written in 8/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest, then a series of eighth notes. The second staff continues with eighth notes and a quarter note. The third staff features dotted quarter notes and eighth notes. The fourth staff concludes with eighth notes and a quarter note. Chords are indicated above the staff: Dm, C, Dm, G, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm.

In eigh - teen - hund - red and for - ty one I put my cord - u - roy  
brech - es on, I put my cord - u - roy brech - es on to work up - on the  
rail - way. Fil - li - me oo me oo me ray, fil - li - me oo me oo me ray,  
fil - li - me oo me oo me ray to work up - on the rail - way.

- 1. In eighteenhundred and fortyone, I put my cord'roy breeches on,  
I put my cord'roy breeches on to work upon the railway.**
- R. Fill i me oo me oo me ray, fill i me oo me oo me ray,  
Fill i me oo me oo me ray, To work upon the railway.**
- 2. In eighteenhundred and fortytwo, I left the Old World for the New,  
Bad cess to the luck that brought me through, To work upon the railway.**
- 3. In eighteenhundred and fortythree, 'Twas then I met sweet Biddy McGee,  
An elegant wife she's been to me While working on the railway.**
- 4. In eighteenhundred and fortyfive I thought myself more dead than alive,  
I thought myself more dead than alive While working on the railway.**
- 5. It's "Pat, do this" and, "Pat do that" Without a stocking or a cravat,  
Nothing but an old straw hat While Pat worked on the railway.**
- 6. In eighteenhundred and fortyseven, Sweet Biddy McGee, she went to heaven,  
If she left one kid, she left eleven To work upon the railway.**
- 7. In eighteenhundred and fortyeight, I learned to drink my whikey staright,  
An elegant drink that can't be beat, For working on the railway.**

# Pat Works on the Railway

d

In eighteen hundred and forty one  
I put my corduroy breeches on  
Put my corduroy breeches on  
To work upon the railway.

*Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay*  
*Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay*  
*Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay*  
*To work upon the railway*

	d	-		d	-	
	C	-		C	-	
	d	-		d	-	
	d	G		d	-	
	d	-		d	-	
	C	-		C	-	
	d	-		d	-	
	d	C		d	-	

In eighteen hundred and forty-two,  
I left the old world for the new,  
Bad cess to the luck that brought me through,  
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three  
'Twas then I met sweet Biddy Magee,  
An elegant wife she's been to me,  
While working on the railway.

When I left Ireland to come here,  
To spend my latter days in cheer,  
Bosses they did drink strong beer,  
While Pat worked on the railway

It's "Pat do this" and "Pat do that"  
Without a stocking or cravat,  
And nothing but an old straw hat  
While Pat works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-six  
They pelted me with stones and brick.  
I was in a hell of a fix  
While working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven,  
Sweet Biddy Magee, she went to heaven,  
If she left one kid, she left eleven,  
To work upon the railway.

*Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay*  
*Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay*  
*Fi-Li-Mi-Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay*  
*To work upon the railway.*

# 76- Galway Races

Traditional Irish

**G**

As I went down to Gal-way Town to seek for-re - cre - a - tion On the

**e D G D**

5  
se - ven-teen of Au - gust Me mind being-ele - va - ted There were pas - seng-ers as-semb - led With their

**e G b e**

11  
tic - kets at the sta - tion - And me eyes be - gan to daz - le And they off to see the ra - ces

**G D e**

17  
wack fol the do fol the did - le i - dle day

# Galway Races



As I went down to Galway Town  
To seek for recreation  
On the vi seventeenth of August  
Me V mind being eleva I ted  
There were passengers assem V bled  
With their vi tickets at the I station  
And me eyes began to iii dazzle  
And they vi off to see the races

*With me I wack fol the V do fol  
The vi diddle idle day*

There were passengers from Limerick  
And passengers from Nenagh  
The boys of Connemara  
And the Clare unmarried maiden  
There were people from Cork City  
Who were loyal, true and faithful  
Who brought home the Fenian prisoners  
From dying in foreign nations

And it's there you'll see the pipers  
And the fiddlers competing  
And the sporting wheel of fortune  
And the four and twenty quarters  
And there's others without scruple  
Pelting wattles at poor Maggie  
And her father well contented  
And he gazing at his daughter

And it's there you'll see the jockeys  
And they mounted on so stably  
The pink, the blue, the orange, and green  
The colors of our nation  
The time it came for starting  
All the horses seemed impatient  
Their feet they hardly touched the ground  
The speed was so amazing!

There was half a million people there  
Of all denominations  
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew, the Presbyterian  
Yet there was no animosity  
No matter what persuasion  
But failte hospitality  
Inducing fresh acquaintance

# 77- Amazing Grace

Lyrics John Newton (1725–1807)

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a Soprano/Tenor part and two Violin parts. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "mazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now I'm found, was blind, but now I see." The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. A section labeled "INTRO" is indicated in the third system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

**Soprano/Tenor**  
A: maz - ing grace, how sweet the  
B: sound that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now I'm  
found, was blind, but now I see.

**Violin 1**  
D A  
D A  
D A  
D A

**Violin 2**  
B  
B  
B  
B

**INTRO**

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

**Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost but now I'm found  
Was blind but now I see**

**Tw'as grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!**

**When we'd been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.**

**Zene**

**Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
We have already come;  
Tw'as grace that brought us safe us far,  
And grace will lead us home.**

# 78- Whiskey Before Breakfast

Traditional

Arr. M. Stangeland

System 1 (Measures 1-4):

Musical notation: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter notes and eighth notes. Chords D, G, and D are indicated below the staff.

Guitar notation: Shows fretting patterns for the bass strings (E, A, D, G) for measures 1-4.

System 2 (Measures 5-8):

Musical notation: Continuation of the melody. Chords A and D are indicated below the staff.

Guitar notation: Shows fretting patterns for the bass strings (E, A, D, G) for measures 5-8, including a slide from the 5th to the 7th fret.

System 3 (Measures 9-12):

Musical notation: Includes first and second endings. Chords G, D, A, and D are indicated below the staff.

Guitar notation: Shows fretting patterns for the bass strings (E, A, D, G) for measures 9-12, including a double bar line and repeat sign.

System 4 (Measures 13-16):

Musical notation: Continuation of the melody. Chords Em, A, D, and A are indicated below the staff.

Guitar notation: Shows fretting patterns for the bass strings (E, A, D, G) for measures 13-16, including a 5/7 chord.

System 5 (Measures 17-20):

Musical notation: Includes first and second endings. Chords G, D, G, D, A, and D are indicated below the staff.

Guitar notation: Shows fretting patterns for the bass strings (E, A, D, G) for measures 17-20, including a double bar line and repeat sign.

# Whiskey Before Breakfast

Traditional Fiddle Tune (lyrics by Mike Cross?)

Early one morning 'fore the sun could shine  
I was walking down the street, not feeling so fine  
I saw two old men with a bottle between 'em  
And this is the song that I heard them singing.

*Lord protect us  
Saints preserve us  
We've been drinkin'  
Whiskey 'fore breakfast.*

I passed by the steps where they were a'sitting  
I couldn't believe how drunk they were getting  
I said, "Old men, you been drinking long?"  
"Long enough to be singing this song."

They handed me a bottle, said, "Take a little sip"  
And it felt so good, I just couldn't quit  
So I took a little more, next thing I knew  
There were three of us sitting there singing this tune.

One by one everybody in town  
Heard our ruckus and they all came down  
Pretty soon all the streets were a-ringing  
With the sound of the whole town laughing and singing.

	I	-		I	-		IV	I		V	-	
	I	-		I	-		IV	I		V	I	
	I	-		I	-		ii	-		V	-	
	I	V		IV	I		IV	I		V	I	

# Whiskey Before Breakfast

Arranged by David Neuman  
www.bluegrassbanjo.org

C F C G

4 4 5 0 3 5 3 7 5 0 6 7 6 5 5 0 5 0 0 0 5 0 0 0

C F C G C

5 0 3 5 3 7 5 0 6 7 6 5 5 0 0 0 1 0 0 0

Dm G

9 1 2 2 2 5 0 5 5 0 0 0 0 5 3 0 5 0 0 5 7 0

C G F C F C G C

13 13 14 13 12 12 7 8 7 10 8 9 6 7 6 5 5 0 0 0 1 5 0 0

# Whiskey Before Breakfast

Traditional

Arranged by  
Mike Stangeland

8va

C F C G

2

T  
A  
B

8va

C F C G C

6

T  
A  
B

8va

C Dm G

10

T  
A  
B

8va

C G F C F C G C

14

T  
A  
B

# 79 - Son of a Scoundrel

Kris Kristofferson

**D**  
Big bar-ney Fitch, he got sud-den-ly rich He got a big fan-cy house— in

7 **A7**  
Mel-bourne With buck-ets of loot and big black leat-her boots—

13 **D**  
Ac-ting so haugh-ty and well-born But we of Aust-ra-lia, We're child-ren of

20 **G** **A7**  
con-victs And some of us wear it quite proud-ly So as he rides by in his

27 **D** **D**  
car-riage so fine I wave and I call to him loud-ly Was

34 **A7** **D** **G** **A7**  
your grand-ma a whore, was your grand-pa a thief Where they for-gers and

40 **D** **G**  
graf-ters who fell to their grief If you're born of Aus-tra-lia I know who ya

46 **A7** **D**  
be You're son of a son of a scound-rel like me.

# Son of a Scoundrel

Kris Kristofferson

**Big Barney Fitch, he got soddenly rich  
 He got a big fancy house in Melbourne  
 With buckets of loot and big black leather boots  
 Acting so haughty and well-born**

I	-	-	-
-	-	V7	-
-	-	-	-
-	-	I	-

**But we of Australia, we're children of convicts  
 And some of us wear it quite proudly  
 So as he rides by in his carriage so fine  
 I wave and I call to him loudly**

I	-	-	-
-	-	IV	-
V7	-	-	-
-	-	I	-

*Was your grandma a whore, was your grandpa a thief  
 Were they forgers and grafters who fell to their grief  
 If you're born of Australia, I know who ya be  
 You're the son of a son of a scoundrel like me*

I	-	IV	-
V7	-	I	-
-	-	IV	-
V7	-	-	I

**Maggie McKay's got a sweet-lovin' way  
 And I know that she does adore me  
 But her parents, they feel it would be a bad deal  
 They say that she's much too good for me  
 So as we said goodbye, with a tear in her eye  
 They were smiling and glad of the breakin'  
 But they didn't look so proud when I shouted out loud  
 'Til the whole floggin' town was awakened**

**Madam Marie loves the men from the sea  
 She says that they're good for business  
 Her daughters are found in a section of town  
 Known for a certain rudeness  
 Then the cops paid a call, and the judge says, "That's all  
 It's time for a new profession"  
 Marie laughed out loud, and in front of the crowd  
 Says, "Judge, will you answer this question"**

# 80- The Wild Colonial Boy

Traditional Irish-Australian

Voice

There was a wild co - lon - ial boy, Jack  
Dug - gan was his name He was born and  
raised in Ire - land, in a palce called Cas - tle -  
maine He was his fat - her's on - ly son, his  
mot - her pride and joy And dear - ly did his  
par - ents love the wild co - lon - ial boy

# The Wild Colonial Boy



Traditional Irish-Australian

There was a wild colonial boy,  
Jack Duggan was his name  
He was born and raised in Ireland,  
in a place called Castlemaine  
He was his father's only son,  
his mother's pride and joy  
And dearly did his parents love  
the wild colonial boy

At the early age of sixteen years,  
he left his native home  
And to Australia's sunny shore,  
he was inclined to roam  
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor,  
he shot James MacEvoy  
A terror to Australia was  
the wild colonial boy

One morning on the prairie,  
as Jack he rode along  
A-listening to the mocking bird,  
a-singing a cheerful song  
Up stepped a band of troopers:  
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy  
They all set out to capture him,  
the wild colonial boy

Surrender now, Jack Duggan,  
for you see we're three to one.  
Surrender in the Queen's high name,  
you are a plundering son  
Jack drew two pistols from his belt,  
he proudly waved them high.  
"I'll fight, but not surrender,"  
said the wild colonial boy

He fired a shot at Kelly,  
which brought him to the ground  
And turning round to Davis,  
he received a fatal wound  
A bullet pierced his proud young heart,  
from the pistol of Fitzroy  
And that was how they captured him,  
the wild colonial boy

I	-	IV	-
V	-	I	-
I	-	V	-
IV	-	I	-
I	-	V	-
IV	-	I	-
I	-	IV	-
V	-	I	-

# 81- God Save Ireland

Melody: George F. Root 1864

Lyrics: T. D. Sullivan 1867

Violin

High up - on the gal-low tree Swung the nob-le heart-ed three By the  
wenge - ful ty - rant stricken in their bloom But they  
met him face to face With the cou - rage of their race And they  
went with souls un-daun-ted to their doom God save Ire-land, said the  
he - roes — God save Ire - land said they all Wet-her  
on the scaf - fold high Or the batt - le field we die Oh what  
mat - ter when for E - rin dear we fall

G C G  
G D  
G C G  
G D G G  
D  
G C G

# God Save Ireland

Melody: George F. Root 1864  
Lyrics: T. D. Sullivan 1867

*God save Ireland, said the heroes  
God save Ireland, said they all  
Whether on the scaffold high  
Or the battlefield we die  
Oh what matter when for Erin dear we fall?*

I			
V			
I		IV	I
I	V	I	

**High upon the gallows tree  
Swung the noble hearted three  
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom  
But they met him face to face  
With the courage of their race  
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom**

I		IV	I
I		V	
I		IV	I
I	V	I	

**When they're up the rugged stair  
Rang their voices out in prayer  
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast  
Close beside the gallows tree  
Kissed like brothers lovingly  
True to home and faith and freedom to the last**



**Never till the latest day  
Shall the memory pass away?  
Oh, the gallant lives thus given for our land  
But on the cause must go  
Amid joy and weal and woe  
Till we make our Isle a nation free and grand**

**↓God save ↓Ireland, said the ↓heroes  
↓God save ↓Ireland, said they ↓all  
Whether on the scaffold high  
Or the battlefield we die  
Oh what matter when for Erin dear we fall?**

# 82- The Molly Maguires

Irish

## Chorus

Violin

I V  
Make way for the Mol - ly Ma - guires

IV V I I  
They're drinkers, they're li - ars but they're men Make way for the

V IV V I III  
Mol - ly Ma - guires You'll never see the likes of them a - gain

## Verse

vi I iii  
Down the mines no sun-light shines Those pits they're black as

vi I IV  
hell In mo - dest style they do their time It's

I V I vi  
Pad-dy's pri - son cell And they curse the

iii IV V  
day they've tra - welled far Then drown tears with a jar So

# The Molly Maguires

*Make way for the Molly Maguires  
They're drinkers, they're liars but they're men  
Make way for the Molly Maguires  
You'll never see the likes of them again*

I -	V -
IV V	I -
I -	V -
IV V	I -
III↓	

**Down the mines no sunlight shines  
Those pits they're black as hell  
In modest style they do their time  
It's Paddy's prison cell  
And they curse the day they've travelled far  
Then drown their tears with a jar**

vi -	I -
iii	vi -
I -	IV -
I V	I -
vi -	iii-
IV -	V -

*So make way for the Molly Maguires  
They're drinkers, they're liars but they're men  
Make way for the Molly Maguires  
You'll never see the likes of them again*

**Backs will break and muscles ache  
Down there there's no time to dream  
Of fields and farms, of woman arms  
Just dig that bloody seam  
Though they drain their bodies underground  
Who'll dare to push them around**

*So make way for the Molly Maguires  
They're drinkers, they're liars but they're men  
Make way for the Molly Maguires  
You'll never see the likes of them again*

*So make way for the Molly Maguires  
They're drinkers, they're liars but they're men  
Make way for the Molly Maguires  
You'll never see the likes of them again*

# 83- Sam Hall

English Folk

Voice

I IV

Oh me name it is Sam Hall chim - ney

I V I

sweep, chim - ney sweep Oh me name it is Sam

IV I (IV) I IV

Hall chim - ney sweep. Oh me name it is Sam

I V

Hall And I've robbed both great and small And me

I IV I V

neck will pay for all When I die when I die And me

I IV I (IV) I

neck will pay for all When I die

# Sam Hall

Oh, me name it is Sam Hall  
 Chimney sweep, chimney sweep  
 Oh, me name it is Sam Hall  
 Chimney sweep  
 Oh, me name it is Sam Hall  
 And I've robbed both great and small  
 And me neck will pay for all  
 When I die, when I die  
 And me neck will pay for all  
 When I die

I have twenty pounds in store  
 That's not all, that's not all  
 I have twenty pounds in store  
 That's not all  
 I have twenty pounds in store  
 And I'd rob for twenty more  
 For the rich must help the poor  
 So must I, so must I  
 For the rich must help the poor  
 So must I

Oh, they took me to Coothill  
 In a cart, in a cart  
 Oh, they took me to Coothill  
 In a cart  
 Oh, they took me to Coothill  
 Where I stopped to make my will  
 For the best of friends must part  
 So must I, so must I  
 For the best of friends must part  
 So must I

Up the ladder I did grope  
 That's no joke, that's no joke  
 Up the ladder I did grope  
 That's no joke  
 Up the ladder I did grope  
 And the hangman pulled the rope  
 But ne'ar a word I spoke  
 Tumbling down, tumbling down  
 But ne'ar a word I spoke  
 Tumbling down

*Repeat first verse*

I	-	IV	-
I	-	V	-
I	-	IV	-
I	IV	I	-
IV	-	IV	-
I	-	V	-
I	-	IV	-
I	-	V	-
I	-	IV	-
I	IV	I	-

"Sam Hall" is an old English folk song about a bitterly unrepentant criminal condemned to death (Roud #369). Prior to the mid-19th century it was called "Jack Hall", after an infamous English thief, who was hanged in 1707 at Tyburn. Jack Hall's parents sold him as a climbing boy for one guinea, which is why most versions of the song identify Sam or Jack Hall as a chimney sweep.

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sam\\_Hall\\_%28song%29](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sam_Hall_%28song%29)

# 84- Step It Out Mary

Sean McCarthy

Violin

Step it out Ma - ry, my fine daugh - ter, Step it out

Ma - ry, if you can! Step it out Ma - ry, my fine

daugh - ter, show your legs to the count - ry man!

**In the village of Kildorey, there lived a maiden fair  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, she had long and golden hair  
And the countryman came riding, up to her father's gate  
Mounted on a milk-white stallion, he came at the strike of eight.**

**I've come to court your daughter, Mary of the golden hair  
I have wealth and I have money, I have goods beyond compare  
I will buy her silks and satin and a gold ring for her hand  
I will build for her a mansion, she'll have servants to command**

**Oh kind sir I love a soldier, I have pledged to him my hand  
I don't want your wealth nor money, I don't want your goods nor land  
Mary's father spoke up sharply: "You will do as you are told  
You'll be married on next Sunday and you'll wear that ring of gold"**

**In the village of Kildorey, there's a deep stream running by  
They found Mary there at midnight, she drowned with the soldier boy  
In the cottage there is music, you can hear the father say:  
"Step it out Mary my fine daughter, Sunday is your wedding day"**

# Step It Out Mary

Sean McCarthy ~1955 (1923-1990)

**e h e D**  
In the village of Kildorey, there lived a maiden fair

**e h e A h**  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, she had long and golden hair  
And the countryman came riding, up to her father's gate  
Mounted on a milk-white stallion, he came at the strike of eight.

*Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter*  
*Step it out, Mary, if you can*  
*Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter*  
*Show your legs to the countryman*

I have come to court your daughter, Mary of the golden hair  
I have gold and I have money, I have goods beyond compare  
I will buy her silks and satin and a gold ring for her hand  
I will build for her a mansion, she'll have servants to command

**G** Oh kind sir I love a soldier, I have pledged to him my hand  
I don't want your wealth nor money, I don't want your goods nor land  
**BZ** But the father spoke up sharply: "You will do as you are told,  
You'll get married on next Sunday and you'll wear that ring of gold"

**BZ** In the village of Kildorey, there's a deep stream running by  
They found Mary there at midnight, she drowned with the soldier boy  
**All** In the cottage there is music, you can hear the father says:  
"Step it out Mary my fine daughter, Sunday is your wedding day"

# 85- Smith Of Bristol

Traditional

*Intro by Mando or Fiddle*

*Gliss by Guit or Bass*

5 **D** **G**

Smith was a Bris-tol man a rare old sort was he With his cut-lass and his

10 **A** **D** **D**

pis - tols, heave - ye - ho With a noble crew of of cut-throats

15 **G** **A** **D**

he used to scour the sea plun-der-ing and rob-bing high and low

21 **A**

He swore 'twas no concern, he did not give a her-rin' About right or wrong or

26 **D** **D** **G**

a - ny ho - ly show He swore that grab - bing boo - ty was

31 **D** **G** **D** **A** **D**

Brit-ain's fore-most du - ty Wher - e - ver - she could get it, heave-ye - ho

36 **A** **D** **D**

Heaveye - ho, heave-ye ho He swore that grab-bing

42 **G** **D** **G** **D** **A**

boo - ty was Brit-ain's fore-most du - ty Wher - e - ver she could get it, heave-ye -

47 **D**<sup>1</sup> **D**<sup>2</sup>

ho ho, heave - ye - ho

# Smith Of Bristol

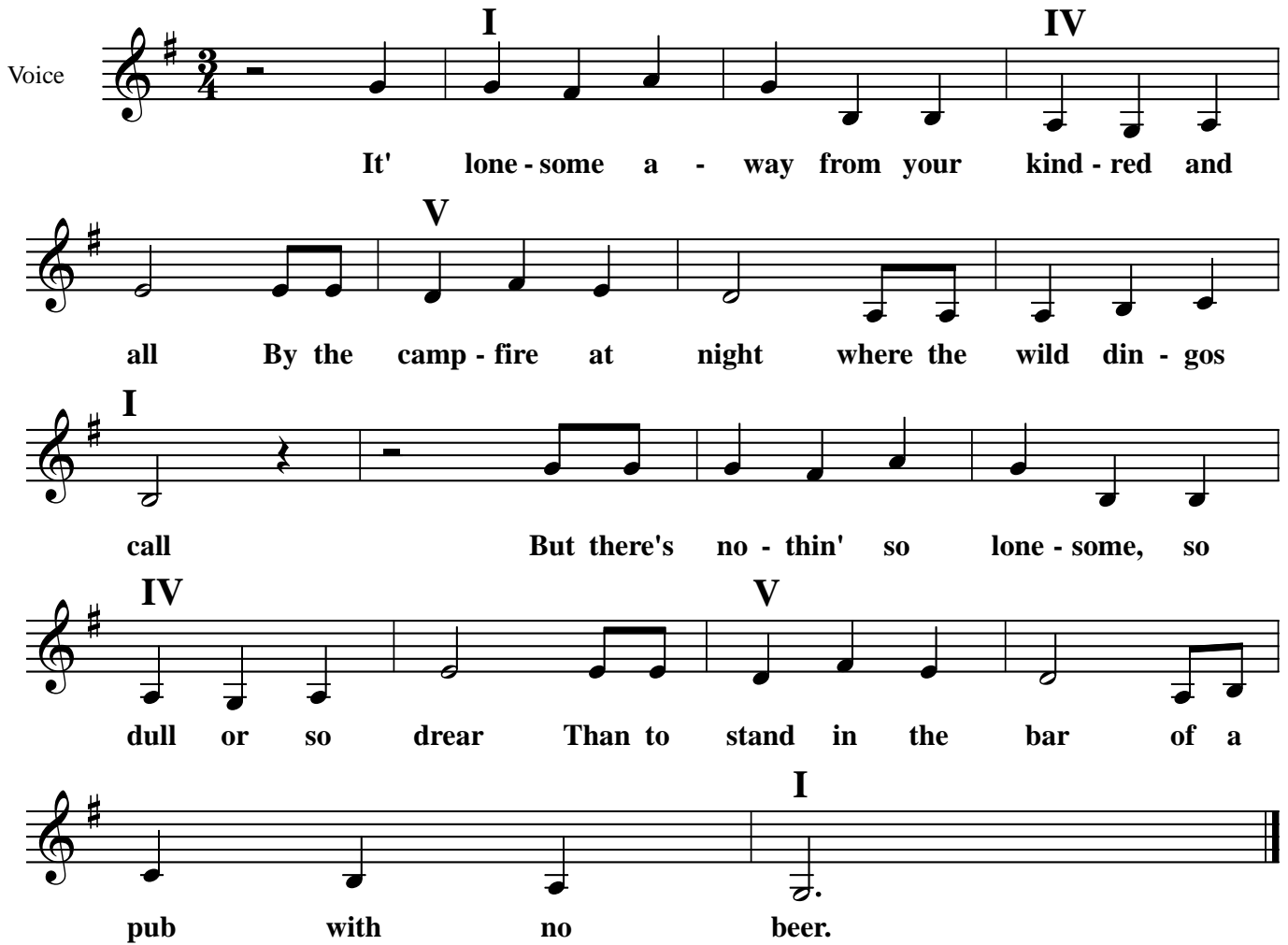


- D**
1. Smith was a Bristol man and a rare old sort was he  
**G A D**  
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ye-ho  
With a noble crew of cut-throats he used to scour the sea  
**G A D**  
A'plundering and a'robbing high and low  
**A**  
He swore 'twas no concern, he did not give a herrin'  
**D**  
About right or wrong or any holy show  
**G D G**  
He swore that grabbing booty was Britain's foremost duty  
**D A D**  
Wherever she could get it, heave-ye-ho
- A D**
- R *Heave-ye-ho, (heave-ye-ho)*
- G D G**
- He swore that grabbing booty was Britain's foremost duty*  
**D A D**  
*Wherever she could get it, heave-ye-ho*
2. Smith had a noble soul and lofty was his pride  
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ye-ho  
He'd watch his beaten foe-men jump out into the tide  
Call you beggars who had nowhere else to go  
And hanging from his lanyards were Portuguese and Spaniards  
And beaten Frenchmen jumping to and fro  
Right along the blazing story shown allure in England's glory  
Pirate Smith of Bristol, heave-ye-ho
3. But accidents will happen even to heroes such as he  
With his cutlass and his pistols, heave-ye-ho  
He was standing at his capstan as happy as could be  
Hoping soon to have another prize in tow  
When a whistling Spanish bullet came and caught him in the gullet  
And very sad to say, laid him low  
He was only ninety-seven but his soul had gone to heaven  
To rest on Nelson's bosom, heave-ye-ho

# 86- The Pub With No Beer

Gordon Parsons

Voice



It' lone - some a - way from your kind - red and

all By the camp - fire at night where the wild din - gos

call But there's no - thin' so lone - some, so

dull or so drear Than to stand in the bar of a

pub with no beer.

# The Pub with No Beer

Gordon Parsons

It's lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the campfire at night where the wild dingos call  
But there's nothin' so lonesome, so dull or so drear  
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
There's a faraway look on the face of the bum  
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer  
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer

The stockman rides up with his dry, dusty throat  
He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer  
When the barman says suddenly: "The pub's got no beer!"

There's a dog on the verandah, for his master he waits  
But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates  
He hurries for cover and he cringes in fear  
It's no place for a dog round a pub with no beer

Then in comes the swagman, all covered with flies  
He throws down his roll, wipes the sweat from his eyes  
But when he is told he says, "What's this I hear?  
I've trudged fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer!"

Old Billy, the blacksmith, the first time in his life  
Has gone home cold sober to his darling wife  
He walks in the kitchen; she says: "You're early, me dear"  
Then he breaks down and he tells her that the pub's got no beer

It's lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the campfire at night where the wild dingos call  
But there's nothin' so lonesome, so dull or so drear  
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

	I		I		IV		IV	
	V		V		V		I	

# 87- MacPherson's Rant

Jamie MacPherson 16th Nov 1700

Violin

Fare - well, ye dun geons dark and strong. Fare -

well, fare-well to thee. Mc Pher - son's life will

not be long, on yon - der gal - lows tree. Sae

raint - ing - ly, sae want - ing - ly, And sae daunt - ing - ly gaed

be. He played a tune - and he danced a - round be -

low yon gal - lows tree.

## MacPherson's Rant

Fareweel ye dungeons dark and strong  
 Fareweel, fareweel to thee  
 MacPherson's song will not be long  
 Upon the gallows tree.

I -	V -
I -	IV V7
I -	V -
I ii	V7

*Sae rantly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly played he.  
 He played a tune and he danced a-roon,  
 Below the gallows tree.*

It's little did me mother know  
 When first she cradled me,  
 That I would become a rovin' boy  
 And die on the gallows tree

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
 An' gae to me my bow,  
 I've naught to leave my brave Scotland,  
 But a tune before I go.

There's some come here to see me hang,  
 And some to steal my fiddle,  
 But before that I do part with her,  
 I'll break her through the middle.

He's ta'en his fiddle into both his hands  
 And breaked her on his knee,  
 Said when I am gane no ither hands  
 Shall ever play on thee.

# 88- The Little Beggarman

Traditional

D D C

I'm a litt - le beg-gar-man a beg - ging I have been For

D C a D

4  
three score years in this little isle of green I am known along the Lif-fey from the

D C D C D

7  
Ba-sin to the zoo And all calls me by the name of John - ny Dhu Of

a C G D

10  
all the trades going, sure the beg-ing is-the best For when a man is tired he can

C a D D C

13  
sit him down and rest He can beg for his din-ner, he has no-thing else to do But to

D C D

16  
slip around the cor - ner with his ould riga doo

# The Little Beggarman

Traditional

I am a little beggarman and begging I have been  
 For three score or more in this little isle of green  
 I'm known along the Liffey from Basin to the zoo  
 And I'm known by the name of old Johnny Dhu  
 Of all the trade's that's going, sure begging is the best  
 For when a man is tired, he can sit down and rest  
 He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to do  
 Only cut around the corner with his old rig-a-doo

I	-	I	VII
I	-	VII	v
I	-	I	VII
I	-	VII	I
v	-	VII	IV
I	-	VII	v
I	-	I	VII
I	-	VII	I

I slept in the barn, down at Caurabawn  
 A wet night came on and I slept 'till the dawn  
 With holes in the roof and the rain coming through  
 And the rats and the cats, they were playing peek-a-boo  
 When who did I waken but the woman of the house  
 With her white spotty apron and her calico blouse  
 She began to frighten and I said "boo  
 Aarah, don't be afraid mam it's only Johnny Dhu"

I met a little flaxy-haired girl one day  
 "Good morning little flaxy-haired girl" I did say  
 "Good morning little beggarman, a how do you do  
 With your rags and you tags and you old rig-a-doo"  
 I'll buy a pair of leggings, a collar and a tie  
 And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by  
 I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll colour them blue  
 And an old fashioned lady I will make her too

Over the road with my pack on my back  
 Over the fields with my great heavy sack  
 With holes in my shoes and my toes peeping through  
 Singing skinny-me-rink a doodle o and old Johnny Dhu  
 I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night  
 The fire's all raked and out goes the light  
 So now you've heard the story of my old rig-a-doo  
 It's good-bye and God be with you says old Johnny Dhu

# 89- Monto

George Desmond Hodnett, 1958

Violin

Well, if you've got a win - go take her up to

Rin - go, Where the wa - xies sing - o, all the day, If you've

had your fill of por - ter and you can't go a - ny fur - ther

## *Chorus*

Give your man the or - der: "Back to the quay!" And take her up to

Mon - to, Mon - to, Mon - to, Take her up to Mon - to,

lan - ge - roo, To you!

# Monto

George Desmond Hodnett 1958

**G e G e**  
 Well if you got a wing-o, take her up to ring-o,  
**G e G D e**  
 Where the waxies sing-O, all the day,  
**G e G e**  
 If you had your fill of Porter, and you can't go any further,  
**G e G D G**  
 Give our man the order, back to the quay,  
**G e G e**  
*And take her up to Monto, Monto, Monto,*  
**G e D G X X D G**  
*Take her up to Monto Lan-ge-ru, to you,*

You heard the Duke of Gloucester, the dirty old imposter,  
 He took the Mot and lost her up in the Furry Glen,  
 He first put on his bowler, and he buttoned up his trousers,  
 Then he whistled for his growler, and he said my man,

You heard the Dublin Fusiliers, the dirty old bamboozileers,  
 They went and got the childer, one, two, three,  
 Marching from the linen hall, there's one for every cannonball,  
 And Vick's going to send them all o're the sea.

When Carey told on "Skin The Goat" O Donnell caught him in the boat,  
 He wished he'd never been afloat, the dirty skite,  
 It wasn't very sensible to tell on the Invincibles,  
 They stood up for their principles, day and night.

Now when the czar of Russia and the king of Prussia,  
 Landed in the Phoenix in a big balloon,  
 They asked the policemen to play "The Wearing Of The Green",  
 But the buggers in the depot didn't know the tune.

Now the Queen she came to call on us,  
 She wanted to see all of us,  
 I' glad she didn't fall on us, she's eighteen stone,  
 Mister Milord the Mayor says she,  
 Is this all you've got to show for me,  
 Why no mam there's more to see "Pog Mo Thoin". *for you*

# 90- The Ferryman

Pete StJohn

Violin

The violin score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature. It consists of ten lines of music. Above the staff, Roman numerals (I, IV, V, V7) indicate the chords. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The melody is simple and melodic, with some notes beamed together and some notes held over from the previous line. The piece ends with a double bar line.

I  
Oh the li - ttle boats are gone from the

IV I IV  
breast of Ann - a Lif - fey the Fer - ry - men are

V I  
strand - ed on the Quay Sure the Dub - lin Docks are

IV I  
dy - in' and a way of life is gone and

V V7 I  
Mol - ly it was part of you and me. Where the

V IV I  
Straw - ber - ry Beds sweep down to the Lif - fey, you

IV V  
kiss a - way the wor - ries from my brow I

I IV I  
love you well to - day and I'll love you more to - mor - row if you

V V7 I  
ev - er loved me Mol - ly love me now.

# The Ferryman Pete St. John



Oh the little boats are gone from the breast of Anna Liffey  
 The ferrymen are stranded on the quay  
 Sure the Dublin docks are dying and a way of life is gone  
 And Molly it was part of you and me

Stop on end of every verse

*Where the strawberry beds sweep down to the Liffey  
 You kiss away the worries from my brow  
 I love you well today and I love you more tomorrow  
 If you ever loved me Molly love me now*

'Twas the only job I know, it was hard but never lonely  
 The Liffey ferry made a man of me  
 Now it's gone without a whisper half-forgotten even now  
 And it's over, Molly, over can't you see

Fiddle  
 banjo  
 Solo

Now I'll tend the yard and spend my days in talkin'  
 Hear them whisper Charlie's on the dole  
 But Molly we're still livin' and darling we're still young  
 And the river never owned me heart and soul

|: *Refrain* :| + last row

Last refrain 1st row:  
 strum on 1st beat only

I	-	-	-	IV	-	I	-
IV	-	-	-	V	-	-	-
I	-	-	-	IV	-	I	-
V	-	V7	-	I	-	-	-
V	-	-	-	IV	-	I	-
IV	-	-	-	V	-	-	-
I	-	-	-	IV	-	I	-
V	-	V7	-	I	-	-	-

# 91- Don't Give Up

Johnny Duhan

Voice

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The notes are: Staff 1: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter). Staff 2: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter). Staff 3: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter). Staff 4: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter). Chord symbols are placed above the notes: I, V, I, IV, I, V, I, IV, I, V, I.

Don't give up till it is o - - - ver  
Don't quit if you can, A weight  
up - on shoul - der Makes you a strong - er  
man

**Don't give up till it's over, don't quit if you can  
The weight on your shoulder will make you a stronger man**

**Grasp your nettle tightly, though it will burn  
Treat your failures lightly, your luck is bound to turn**

**Look at the autumn flowers how they wither and fade  
With nature's hidden powers, next year they'll be re-made**

**Watch the full moon rising, like a ghost of the sun  
Oh, dawn will be more surprising, when a new day has begun**

# Don't Give Up 'till It's Over

Fiddle

*Don't give up till it's over, don't quit if you can  
The weight upon your shoulder will make you a stronger man*

**Grasp your nettle tightly, though it will burn  
Treat your failures lightly, your luck is bound to turn**

*Don't give up till it's over, don't quit if you can  
The weight upon your shoulder will make you a stronger man*

**Look at the autumn flowers how they wither and fade  
With nature's hidden powers, next year they'll be re-made**

*Don't give up till it's over, don't quit if you can  
The weight upon your shoulder will make you a stronger man*

Solo

**Watch the full moon rising, like a ghost of the sun  
Oh, dawn will be more surprising, when a new day has begun**

*Don't give up till it's over, don't quit if you can  
The weight upon your shoulder will make you a stronger man*

*Don't give up till it's over, don't quit if you can*

↓ ↓

*The weight upon your shoulder will make you a stronger man*

	I	V		I	-	
	IV	-		I	-	
	V	-		I	IV	
	I	V		I	-	

## 92- Drunken Sailor

Violin

What shell we do with the drunk - en sail - or?

What shell we do with the drunk - en sail - or? What shell we do with the

drunk - en sail - or, Ear - ly in the mor - ning? Way, hey, and

up she ris - es, Way, hey, and up she ris - es, Way, hey and

up she ris - es, Ear - ly in the morn - ing,

1. What shell we do with the drunken sailor?
2. Put him in the brig until he's sober
3. Put him in the scuppers with the hosepipe on him
4. Make him turn to the shining bright work
5. Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Baj van a részeg tengerésszel,  
*Haj, hé, de húzz rá egyet,*  
 Lökd a fenékre a víztömlővel,  
 Dob'bele, itt van a mentőcsónak,  
 Lógjon a lába az orrkötélen,  
 Kösd hamar oda csak a nagykorlátra,  
 Bele vele gyorsan a tengervízbe,  
 Ez van a részeg tengerésszel,



# 93- Sally Gardens

Irish Folk, W. B. Yeats

Violin

I V IV I

It was down by the Sal - ly Gar - dens My

IV V I I iii

love and I did meet. She crossed the Sal - ly

IV I IV V I

Gar - dens with lit - tle snow white feet. She

vi IV iii IV V

bid me take love ea - sy, As the leaves grow on the

vi I iii IV I

tree. But I, was young and fool - ish, With

IV V I

her did not her a - gree.

# Sally Gardens

(Words: W. B. Yeats, 1889. Tune: Maids of the Mourne Shore, Trad.)

Violin

*Intro*

F C F

G F C F G C

## Song 4/4

I V IV I IV V I

It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.

I iii IV I IV V I

She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.

vi IV iii IV V vi

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,

I iii IV I IV V I

But I was young and foolish, and with her I did not agree.

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand

And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.

She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs

But I was young and foolish, and now I am full of tears.

Solo

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.

She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.

|: She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,

But I was young and foolish, and with her I did not agree. :|

# 94- Streets of London

Ralph McTell

Voice



Have you seen the old man in the closed down  
mark-et, kick-ing up the pap-ers with his  
worn out shoes. In his eyes you see no pride  
hand held loose-ly by his side. Yes-ter-day's  
pap-er tel-ling yes-ter-day's news. So  
how can you tell me you're lone-ly  
And say for you that the sun don't shine.  
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the  
streets of Lon-don I'll show you some-thing to  
make you change your mind.



# 95- The Star of County Down

Cathal McGarvey  
1866-1927

$\text{♩} = 200$

e G D  
 Near Ban - bridge - town in the Coun - ty Down one  
 own - ward sped I Shook my head and I  
 3 e D e  
 morn - ing in last Ju - ly Down a bor - een green came a  
 gazed with a feel - ing rare And I said, says I to a  
 6 G D e D e  
 sweet col - leen and she smiled as she passed me by She  
 pas - ser - by "Who's the maid with the nut - brown hair?" He  
 9 G D e  
 looked so sweet from her two white feet to the seen of her nut brown  
 smiled at me, and with pride says he, "That's the gem of Ire - land  
 12 D e G D  
 hair Such a coax - ing elf I'd to shake my - self to make  
 crown. She's young Ros - ie McCann, from the banks of the Bann, she's the  
 15 *Chorus* e D e G D  
 sure I was stand - ing there. From Ban - try Bay to Der - ry Quay, and from  
 star of the Coun ty Down."  
 19 e D e G D  
 Gal - way to Dub - lin town. No maid I've seen like the sweet col - leen that I  
 23 e D | 1e | 2e  
 met in the Coun - ty Down Down  
 As she

# The Star of County Down

Cathal McGarvey 1866-1927



Bodhran  
intro

Near Banbridge town, in the County Down  
 One morning last July  
 Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen  
 And she smiled as she passed me by.  
 She looked so sweet from her two bare feet  
 To the sheen of her nut-brown hair  
 Such a coaxing elf, I ashamed of myself  
 For to see I was staring there.

*From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
 And from Galway to Dublin town  
 No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen  
 That I met in the County Down.*

As she onward sped I scratched my head  
 And I looked with a feeling rare  
 And I said, said I, to a passerby  
 "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"  
 He looked at me, and he said to me,  
 "She's the gem of Ireland's crown.  
 She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann  
 She's the star of the County Down."

She'd soft brown eyes with a look so shy  
 And a smile, like a rose in June.  
 And she sang so sweet, what a lovely treat  
 As she lilted an Irish tune.  
 At the Lambuth dance I was in the trance  
 As she whirled with the lads from town.  
 And it broke my heart, just to be apart  
 From the star of the county down.

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there  
 So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes  
 For my hat cocked right, and my shoes shone bright  
 For a smile from the nut-brown rose.  
 No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke  
 Till my plough turns rust colored brown  
 Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
 Sits the star of the County Down.

	vi	-		I	V	
	vi	-		V	-	
	vi	-		I	V	
	vi	V		vi	-	
	I	-		V	-	
	vi	-		V	-	
	vi	-		I	V	
	vi	V		vi	-	
	I	-		V	-	
	vi	-		V	-	
	vi	-		I	V	
	vi	V		vi	-	

<b>Finally</b>								
Fiddle Solo								
	vi	-		V	-		*3	
	vi	iii		vi	-			
	I	-		V	-		*3	
	vi	iii		vi	-			
	: Refrain :							

# 96- Viva La Quinta Brigada

Christy Moore

$\text{♩} = 200$

Violin

A - round the time I saw the light of morning

5 A com - rad - ship of he - roes was laid

9 From eve - ry cor - ner of the world came sail - ing

13 The Fifth In - ter - na - tion - al Bri - gade

17 They came to stand be - side the Spa - nish peo - ple

21 To try and stem the ris - ing fas - cist tide

25 Fran - co's all - ies were the po - wer - ful and weal - thy

29 Frank Ryan's men came from the ot - her side

33 *Chorus* Vi - va la Quin ta Bri - ga - da

37 No Pa - sa - ran, the pledge that made them fight

41 A - de - lan - te was the cry a - round the hill - side

45 Let us all re - mem - ber them to - night

# Viva La Quinta Brigada Christy Moore



**Around the time I saw the light of morning  
A comradeship of heroes was laid  
From every corner of the world came sailing  
The Fiftieth International Brigade.**

I	V	I	-
I	I7	IV	-
IV	-	V	-
V7	-	I	-

**They came to stand beside the Spanish people  
To try and stem the rising fascist tide  
Franco's allies were the powerful and wealthy  
Frank Ryan's men came from the other side.**

**Even the olives were bleeding  
As the battle for Madrid it thundered on  
Truth and love against the force of evil  
Brotherhood against the fascist clan.**

*Viva la Quinta Brigada,  
No Pasaran, the pledge that made them fight  
Adelante was the cry around the hillside  
Let us all remember them tonight.*

IV	-	IV	-
IV	-	V	I
I	-	vi	-
IV	V	I	-

**Bob Hilliard was a Church of Ireland pastor  
From Killarney across the Pyrenees he came  
From Derry came a brave young Christian Brother  
And side by side they fought and died in Spain.**

**Tommy Woods age seventeen died in Cordoba  
With Na Fianna he learned to hold his gun  
From Dublin to the Villa del Rio  
He fought and died beneath the Spanish sun.**

**Many Irishmen heard the call of Franco  
Joined Hitler and Mussolini too  
Propaganda from the pulpit and newspapers  
Helped O'Duffy to enlist his crew.**

**The call came from Maynooth, "support the facists"  
The men of cloth had failed yet again  
When the Bishops blessed the Blueshirts in Dun Laoghaire  
As they sailed beneath the swastika to Spain.**

**|: Refrain :|** + last row

# 97- Hand Me Down

Bill Martin - Phil Culter

Violin

Oh - oo - o Glo - ry - o I'm the Lord dis - hand me down my

cip - le Bib - le I like my liq - uor and my liv - in' hard May the

Lord save my soul My sal - va - tion was the turn

of a card My hart is as black as coal Eve - ry - bo - dy has

right to go wrong Ev - ery - bo - dy got to sing my song

Eve - ry - bo - dy got right to go wrong Sing my song, sing my

song



# Hand Me Down My Bible

Intro: | I | IV | fa - mi - re doo |

*Oh-o glory-o I'm the Lord's disciple*

*Oh-o glory-o hand me down ↓123 my bible*

I -	V -	IV -	I -
I -	V -	IV -	I -

**I like my liquor and my livin' hard**

**May the Lord save my soul.**

**My salvation was the turn of a card**

**My heart's as black as coal**

**Tutti** *But everybody's got the right to go wrong*

*Everybody's got to sing my song,*

*Everybody's got the right to go wrong*

*Sing my song, sing my song*

so - la - ti (bass walk)

vi -	iii -	
IV V	I -	
vi -	iii -	
IV V	I -	
IV I	V I	
IV I	V I	
IV I	V I	
IV -	V -	

*Oh-o glory-o now I'm the Lord's disciple*

*Oh-o glory-o now hand me down my bible*

*Oh-o glory-o now I'm the Lord's disciple*

*Oh-o glory-o now hand me down ↓123 my bible*

**I don't give a damm for any man**

**As all the world can see**

**The time has come to make a stand**

**To shine your light on me**

*Come on people let your life begin*

*Come on people let the sun shine in*

*Come on people let your life begin*

*Let it in, let it in*

*Oh-o glory-o now I'm the Lord's disciple*

*Oh-o glory-o now hand me down my bible*

**Solo** (slide at end, no bass walk on guitar, banjo, bass!)

*Oh-o glory-o now I'm the Lord's disciple*

*Oh-o glory-o now hand me down my bible*

*Oh-o glory-o now I'm the Lord's disciple*

*Oh-o glory-o now hand me down ↓123 my bible*

fa mi re do

# 98- The Merry Ploughboy

Dominic Behan

Violin



Oh I am a mer - ry plough - boy and I  
I'm sick and tired of sla - ve - ry since the  
ploughed the fields all day Till a sudd - en  
day that I was born And I'm off  
tought came to my mind that I should roam a -  
to join the I. R. A. and I'm off to - mor - row  
way For we're off to Dub - lin in the green in the  
morn And  
green Where the helmets glisten ten in the sun  
Where the bay - netts - flash and the rif - les crash To the  
rattle of a Thom - son gun.

# The Merry Ploughboy

Dominic Behan

I am a merry ploughboy  
 and I ploughed the fields all day  
 'Till a sudden thought came to my mind  
 that I should roam away  
 I'm sick and tired of slavery  
 since the day that I was born  
 And I'm off to join the I.R.A.  
 and I'm off tomorrow morn.

I	-	V	-
V7	-	I	-
V	-	V7	-
V	-	I	-

*And we're off to Dublin in the green, in the green  
 Where the helmets glisten in the sun  
 Where the bayonets flash and the rifles crash  
 To the rattle of the Thompson Gun.*

I'll leave aside my pick and spade  
 I'll leave aside me plough  
 I'll leave aside me horse and yoke  
 I'll no longer need them now  
 And I'll leave aside my Mary  
 she's the girl I do adore  
 And I wonder if she'll think of me  
 when she hears the rifles roar

And when the war is over  
 and till old Ireland is free  
 I will take her to the church to wed  
 and a rebels wife she'll be.  
 Well, some men fight for silver  
 and some men fight for gold  
 But the IRA are fighting for  
 the land that the England stole

# 99- Rare Old Mountain Dew

Edward Harrigan - David Braham  
1882

Violin

Let the gras - ses grow and the wa - ters flow in a  
free and ea - sy way, but give me e - nough of the rare old stuff that  
comes from Gal - way bay, come Gan - gers all from Don - e - gal,  
Sli - go and Lei - trim too we'll give them the slip and we'll  
take a sip of the rare old moun - tain dew.

# Rare Old Mountain Dew

Edward Harrigan – David Braham 1882

- ① Let the grasses grow and waters flow  
In a free and easy way,
- ② But give me enough of the rare old stuff  
That's made near Galway Bay,
- ③ Come gangers all from Donegal,  
Sligo and Leitrim too,
- ④ Oh, we'll give the slip and we'll take a sip  
Of the rare old Mountain Dew

*hi dee diddley idle dum, hi dee doodle dydle dum,  
hi dee doo dye diddly aye day  
hi dee diddley idle dum, hi dee doodle dydle dum,  
hi dee doo dye diddly aye day*

There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill,  
Where the smoke curls up to the sky,  
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell  
That there's poitin', boys, close by.  
For it fills the air with a perfume rare,  
And betwixt both me and you,  
As home we roll, we can drink a bowl,  
Or a bucketful of Mountain Dew

*Fiddle*

Now learned men as use the pen,  
Have writ the praises high  
Of the rare poitin' from Ireland green,  
Distilled from wheat and rye.  
Away with yer pills, it'll cure all ills,  
Be ye Pagan, Christian or Jew,  
So take off your coat and grease your throat  
With a bucketful of Mountain Dew.

I	-	IV	-
I	-	V	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-
I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-

I	-	IV	-
I	-	V	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-

I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-
I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-

I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-
I	-	I	-
I	-	vi	-
I	-	IV	-
I	V	I	-

# 100- Last Thing On My Mind

Tom Paxton

G C G G C e  
It's a les - son too late for the lear-ning, made of sand,

7 D G G G C G  
made of sand. In the wink of an eye my soul is turning

13 G C e D G G D  
In your hand, in your hand. Are you go - ing a -

19 D C G e h a  
way with no world of fare - well, Will there be not a trace left be -

25 D D G C G  
hind? Well I could have loved you bet - ter I didn't mean to be un -

30 e h D G  
kind And you know that was the last thing on my mind.

# Last Thing on My Mind

Tom Paxton

It's a lesson too late for the learning,  
made of sand, made of sand.  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning  
In your hand, in your hand.

*Are you going away with no word of farewell,  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
Well, I could have loved you better, I didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind.*

You've got reasons aplenty for going.  
This I know, this I know.  
For the weeds have been steadily growing.  
Please don't go, please don't go.

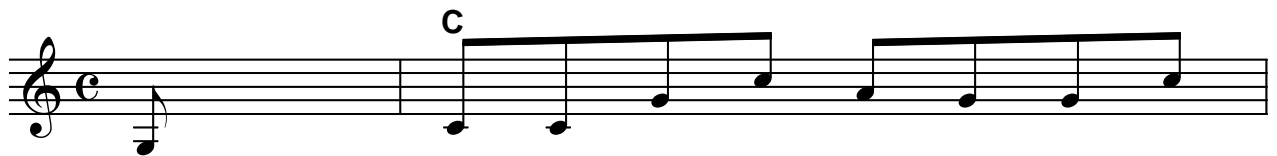
As I lie in my bed in the morning  
without you, without you.  
Every song in my breast dies a borning  
without you, without you.

*Are you going away with no word of farewell,  
Will there be not a trace left behind?  
Well, I could have loved you better, I didn't mean to be unkind  
: You know that was the last thing on my mind. :/*

I -	IV -	I -	
I IV	vi -	V -	I -
I -	IV -	I -	
I IV	vi -	V -	I -   I -
V -	V -	IV -	I -
vi -	iii ii	V -	V -
I -	IV -	I -	vi -
iii -	v7 -	I -	

# 101- South Australia

Sea Chanty



In South Aus - tra - lia I was born (Well,  
 As I rung\_her all night, I mourn - ing fair  
 There ain't but one thing grieves my mind  
 Oh, when we lol - lop 'round Cape Horn  
 I wish I was on Aus - tra - lia's strand



heave a - way, oh, haul a - way) In South Aus - tra - lia 'round Cape Horn (We're  
 'Twas there I met Miss Nan - cy Blair  
 I rung\_her un - til we sailed a - way  
 To leave Miss Nan - cy Blair be - hind  
 You'll wish to God you'd never been born  
 With\_a glass of whis - key in my hand



bound for South Aus - tra - lia.) Haul a-way you roll - ing kings, We'll heave a - way, haul a - way,



All the way you'll hear me sing: We're bound for South Aus - tra - lia!

# South Australia

Sea Shanty

In South Australia I was born  
**(Well, heave away, oh, haul away)**  
 In South Australia 'round Cape Horn  
**(We're bound for South Australia.)**

*Haul away you rolling kings,  
 We'll heave away, haul away,  
 All the way you'll hear me sing:  
 We're bound for South Australia!*

As I walked out one mourning fair  
 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

I shook her up and I shook her down  
 I shook her round and round the town

I rung her all night, I rung her all day  
 I rung her until we sailed away

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind  
 To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

Oh, when we lollop 'round Cape Horn  
 You'll wish to God you'd never been born

I wish I was on some lonesome strand  
 With rum and whiskey in my hand

Two old Ladies sleppin' on the sand,  
 Each on wishin' that the other was a man

I	-	-	-
I	-	V7	-
I	-	V7	I
I	V7	I	-
I	-	-	-
I	-	-	-
I	-	-	-
I	V7	I	-

# 102- Gentleman Soldier

Irish


Track 1

G G D



It's of - a gent - le - man sol - dier as sent - ry he did

G G G D G



stand He sa - lu - ted a fair mai - den by a wai - wing of his hand So

G D C G



then he bold - ly kissed her And passed it of as a joke He

G G D G




drilled her up in the sent - ry box wrapped up in a sol - dier's cloke And the

G D G D



drums are go - ing a rap - a tap tap And the fifes they lo - ud - ly play Fare you

G G D G



well pol - ly my dear I must be go - ing a way

## Gentleman Soldier

It's **I** of a gentleman soldier  
 As **V** sentry he did **I** stand  
 He **I** saluted a fair maiden  
 By a **V** waiving of his **I** hand  
 So then he boldly **V** kissed her  
 And he **IV** passed it off as a **I** joke  
 He drilled her up in the sentry box  
 Wrapped up in a **V** soldier's **I** cloak  
*And **I** the drums are going a **V** rap a tap tap*  
*And the **I** fifes they loudly **V** play*  
*Fare you **I** well, Polly my dear,*  
*I must be **V** going a **I** way*

All night they tossed and tumbled  
 Till the daylight did appear  
 The soldier rose, put on his clothes,  
 Saying, fare you well my dear  
 For the drums they are a-beating  
 And the fifes they so sweetly play  
 If it weren't for that, Polly my dear,  
 With you I'd gladly stay

Now come you gentleman soldier,  
 Won't you marry me?  
 Oh no, my dearest Polly,  
 Such things can never be  
 For I've a wife already  
 Children I have three  
 Two wives are allowed in the army  
 But one's too many for me

If anyone comes a-courting you,  
 You can treat them to a glass  
 If anyone comes a-courting you,  
 You can say you're a country lass  
 You needn't ever tell them,  
 Nor pass it off as a joke  
 That you got drilled in a sentry box  
 Wrapped up in a soldier's cloak  
 Oh it's come my gentleman soldier,  
 Why didn't you tell me so?  
 My parents will be angry  
 When this they come to know  
 When nine months had been and gone  
 The poor girl she brought shame  
 She had a little militia boy  
 And she didn't know his name

# 103- In Heaven There Is No Beer

Irish

Violin

The image shows a violin sheet music score for the song 'In Heaven There Is No Beer'. It consists of three staves of music in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The first staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a quarter rest, then a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Above the staff are Roman numerals I and IV. The second staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, and a quarter rest. Above the staff are Roman numerals V, I, and I. The third staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, and a quarter rest. Above the staff are Roman numerals IV, II, I, V, and I. The lyrics are written below the notes.

In hea- ven there is no beer, That's  
why we drink it here And when we are gone from  
here Our friends will be drin-king all the beer.

**In heaven there is no wine (no wine!)  
So we drink till we feel fine  
And when we leave this all behind  
Our friends will be drinking all the wine**

**In heaven there is no fear (no fear?)  
So we worry too much here  
And we drink ourselves full of beer  
To help us when we deal with the fear**

**In heaven there are no drugs (no drugs!)  
It's why we hang with thugs  
And when the lord pulls the plug  
All the thugs will still be selling drugs**

**In heaven there is no sex (oh, no!)  
So let's do that next  
And when our muscles no longer flex  
Someone else will be having sex**

**In heaven there are no wars (no wars)  
Or cars or movie stars  
And when we no longer are  
The world will probably still be having wars**

# **In Heaven There Is No Beer**

**In heaven there is no beer (no beer!)  
 That's why we drink it here  
 And when we are gone from here  
 Our friends will be drinking all the beer**

	I	-		IV	-	
	V	-		I	-	
	I	-		IV	II	
	I	V		I	-	

**In heaven there is no wine (no wine!)  
 So we drink till we feel fine  
 And when we leave this all behind  
 Our friends will be drinking all the wine**

**In heaven there is no fear (no fear?)  
 So we worry too much here  
 And we drink ourselves full of beer  
 To help us when we deal with the fear**

**In heaven there are no drugs (no drugs!)  
 It's why we hang with thugs  
 And when the lord pulls the plug  
 All the thugs will still be selling drugs**

**In heaven there is no sex (oh, no!)  
 So let's do that next  
 And when our muscles no longer flex  
 Someone else will be having sex**

**In heaven there are no wars (no wars)  
 Or cars or movie stars  
 And when we no longer are  
 The world will probably still be having wars**

# 104- Nancy Whiskey

Scottish

Voice

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver, I'm a rash and a  
As I came in by Glasgow city Nancy Whisky I  
The more I kissed her, the more I loved her The more I loved her the  
I woke up early in the morning, To slake my drought it

ro - ving blade; I've got sil - ler in my pouch - es, I'll gang and fol - low the  
chanced to smell; So I gaed in, sat down beside her Se - ven long years I  
more she smiled And I for - got my mothers teach - ing and Nan - cy soon had  
was my need. I tried to rise but I was me able Nan - cy had me

rov - ing trade.Oh Whis - ky, Whisky Nan - cy Whisky, Whis - ky, Whisky Nan - cy, O.  
loved her well.  
me be - guiled.  
by the heid.

"C'wa, landlady, whit's the reckonin' ?  
Tell me whit there is to pay."  
"Fifteen shillings is the reckoning,  
Pay me quickly and go away."

As I went out by Glesca city,  
Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell;  
I gaed in, drank four and sixpence,  
A't was left was a crooked scale.

I'll gang back to the Calton weaving,  
I'll surely mak' the shuttles fly;  
I'll mak mair at the Calton weaving  
Than ever I did in a roving way.

Come all ye weavers, Calton weavers,  
A'ye weavers where e'er ye be;  
Beware of Whisky, Nancy Whisky,  
She'll ruin you as she ruined me.

## Nancy Whiskey

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver,  
I'm a rash and a roving blade;  
I've got siller in my pouches,  
I'll gang and follow the roving trade.

*O whisky, whisky, Nancy Whisky,  
Whisky, whisky, Nancy, O.*

As I came in by Glesca city,  
Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell,  
So I gaed in, sat doon beside her,  
Seven lang years I lo'ed her well.

The mair I kissed her the mair I lo'ed her,  
The mair I lo'ed her the mair she smiled,  
And I forgot my mither's teaching,  
Nancy soon had me beguiled.

I woke up early in the morning,  
To slake my drouth it was my need;  
I tried to rise but I was me able,  
Nancy had me by the heid.

"C'wa, landlady, whit's the reckonin' ?  
Tell me whit there is to pay."  
"Fifteen shillings is the reckoning,  
Pay me quickly and go away."

As I went oot by Glesca city,  
Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell;  
I gaed in, drank four and sixpence,  
A't was left was a crooked scale.

I'll gang back to the Calton weaving,  
I'll surely mak' the shuttles fly;  
I'll mak mair at the Calton weaving  
Than ever I did in a roving way.

Come all ye weavers, Calton weavers,  
A'ye weavers where e'er ye be;  
Beware of Whisky, Nancy Whisky,  
She'll ruin you as she ruined me.

	I		IV	I	
	I		IV	V	
	I		IV	I	
	I		V	I	
	I		IV	I	
	I		vi	V	I

# 105- Boys from County Cork

Irish Folk

D G D D

Some of them come from Ker-ry some from Coun-ty Clare Dublin Wicklow Don-e - gal

e A D G D

4 and some from^old Kil-dare Some come a-long across the sea from Boston and New York And

D A D

7 the^boys who beat the Black and Tans were the^boys from Coun - ty Cork

**You've read in the history's pages the heroes of great fame  
The deeds they've done, the battles won and how they got their name  
But the boys who made the history for the Orange, White and Green  
Were the boys who died in Dublin town in 1916**

**Now Cork gave us MacSwiney, a martyr for to die  
And Wicklow gave us Dwyer in days so long gone by  
Dublin gave us Pádraig Pearse, McBride and Cathal Brugha  
And Belfast gave us Bobby Saint to lead old Ireland through!**

**Rifles and revolvers were all that we possessed  
A stick or two of gelignite for arms we were hard pressed  
Yet we used them gamely 'gainst all that they did sport  
And none had so much bravery as the boys of the County Cork!**

**In Ireland's rebel county our heroes fought and died  
Tom Barry and his gallant crew filled Irish hearts with pride  
From Skibbereen to Bandon, to Bantry by the sea  
Our brave young Michael Collins fought For Ireland's liberty!**

**We seem to be divided but I really don't know why:  
We had brave men and heroes, and for Ireland they did die  
Now why not get together and join in unity?  
The North, the South, the East and West Will set old Ireland free!**

# Boys from County Cork

*So meet the boys from Kerry  
And meet the boys from Clare  
from Dublin, Wicklow, Donegal  
and the boys from old Kildare  
Some come from along beyond the sea  
from Boston and New York  
But the boys who beat the Black and Tans  
were the boys from County Cork*

**You've read in the history's pages the heroes of great fame  
The deeds they've done, the battles won and how they got their name  
But the boys who made the history for the Orange, White and Green  
Were the boys who died in Dublin town in 1916**

**We seem to be divided but I really don't know why:  
We had brave men and heroes, and for Ireland they did die  
Now why not get together and join in unity?  
The North, the South, the East and West Will set old Ireland free!**

Solo

**Now Cork gave us MacSwiney, a martyr for to die  
And Wicklow gave us Dwyer in days so long gone by  
And Dublin gave us Pádraig Pearse, McBride and Cathal Brugha  
DeValera from America to lead our country through**

**Rifles and revolvers were all that we possessed  
A stick or two of gelignite for arms we were hard pressed  
Yet we used them gamely 'gainst all that they did sport  
And none had so much bravery as the boys of the County Cork!**

**In Ireland's rebel county our heroes fought and died  
Tom Barry and his gallant crew filled Irish hearts with pride  
From Skibbereen to Bandon, to Bantry by the sea  
Our brave young Michael Collins fought For Ireland's liberty!**

Intro →

	I	-		IV	I	
	I	-		ii	V	
	I	-		IV	I	
	IV	I		V	I	

Refrén +  
utolsó két sor ismételve, lehúzásokkal

# 106- Scotland The Brave

Folk - Cliff Hanley

Violin

Hark when the night is fall - ling, Hear! Hear the  
pipes are cal - ling, Loud - ly and proud - ly cal - ling down through the  
glen, There where the hills are sleep - ing Now feel the  
blood a - lea - ping High as the spi - rits of the old High - land  
men. Tow - 'ring in gal - lant fame, Scot - land my  
moun - tain hame, High may your proud stan - dards glor - ious - ly  
wave, Land of my high en - dea - vour Land of the  
shi - ning ri - ver Land of my heart for - e - ver, Scot - land the  
brave!

# Scotland The Brave

Cliff Hanley (~1950 1923-1999)

**I**  
**Hark when the night is falling**  
**I**  
**Hear! Hear the pipes are calling,**  
**IV          iii          ii          V**  
**Loudly and proudly calling down thru the glen.**  
**I**  
**There where the hills are sleeping,**  
**I**  
**Now feel the blood a-leaping,**  
**IV          iii          ii          V          I**  
**High as the spirits of the old Highland men.**

**V**  
*Towering in gallant fame,*  
**I**  
*Scotland my mountain hame,*  
**IV          iii          ii          V**  
*High may your proud standards gloriously wave.*

**I**  
*Land of my high endeavor,*  
**I**  
*Land of the shining river,*  
**IV          iii          ii          V          I**  
*Land of my heart forever, Scotland the Brave*

**High in the misty Highlands,**  
**Out by the purple islands,**  
**Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies.**  
**Wild are the winds that meet you,**  
**Staunch are the friends that greet you,**  
**Kind as the love that shines from fair maiden's eyes.**

**Far off in sunlit places,**  
**Sad are the Scottish faces,**  
**Yearnin' to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain!**  
**Where tropic skies are beamin',**  
**Love sets the heart a-dreamin',**  
**Longin' and dreamin' for the homeland again!**

# 107- The Banks of the Roses

Irish

Melody

8

D G A D

3 3 3 3

On the

Accordion

8

3 3 3 3 3 3

Bass

8

3 8

D D A D

3 3 3 3

banks of the ro - ses me love and I sat down. And

3 8

3 3 3 3 3 3

5 8

G D A D

3 3 3 3 3 3

I took out me fid - dle to play me love a tune, In the

5 8

3 3 3 3 3 3

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the Irish song 'The Banks of the Roses'. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a Melody line (treble clef), an Accordion line (treble clef), and a Bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in a simple, folk style with many triplet markings. The accordion and bass parts provide harmonic support with chords and rhythmic accompaniment. Chords are indicated by letters D, G, and A above the melody line. The lyrics are written below the melody line. The score is divided into three systems, each starting with a measure number (8, 3, and 5 respectively) and ending with a measure number (8, 8, and 8 respectively). The first system ends with the lyrics 'On the'. The second system ends with 'And'. The third system ends with 'In the'.

7 8 **G** **D** **A** **D**

mid - dle of the tune \_\_\_\_\_ she smiled and she said, Oh me

Detailed description: This system contains measures 7 and 8. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 8/8. The vocal line starts with a triplet of eighth notes on 'mid - dle', followed by a quarter note 'of', a quarter note 'the', a quarter note 'tune' with a long horizontal line underneath, a quarter note 'she', a quarter note 'smiled', a quarter note 'and', a quarter note 'she', a quarter note 'said,', and a triplet of eighth notes on 'Oh me'. The guitar line features several triplet patterns: a triplet of eighth notes on the first measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the second measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the third measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the fourth measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the fifth measure, and a triplet of eighth notes on the sixth measure. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

9 8 **D** **G** **D** **A** **D**

John ny oh me John ny don't you leave me.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 9 and 8. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 8/8. The vocal line starts with a triplet of eighth notes on 'John', a quarter note 'ny', a triplet of eighth notes on 'oh', a quarter note 'me', a triplet of eighth notes on 'John', a quarter note 'ny', a quarter note 'don't', a quarter note 'you', a quarter note 'leave', and a triplet of eighth notes on 'me.'. The guitar line features several triplet patterns: a triplet of eighth notes on the first measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the second measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the third measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the fourth measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the fifth measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the sixth measure, a triplet of eighth notes on the seventh measure, and a triplet of eighth notes on the eighth measure. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

# 107- The Banks of the Roses

Irish

Melody

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of five lines of music. Chords are indicated by letters D, G, and A above the staff. Triplet markings (a '3' over a bracket) are used for groups of three notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

On the  
banks of the ro - ses me love and I sat down. And  
I took out me fid - dle to play me love a tune, In the  
mid - dle of the tune she smiled and she said, Oh me  
John ny oh me John ny don't you leave me.

# The Banks of the Roses

*On the banks of the roses me love and I sat down.  
And I took out me fiddle to play me love a tune,  
In the middle of the tune, she smiled and she said,  
Oh me Johnny Oh me- Johnny don't you leave me.*

**When I was a young lad I heard me father say,  
That he would rather see me dead, and buried in the clay,  
Sooner be married to any run away,  
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses.**

**Well now I am not in hurry and sure I'll let them know,  
That I can take the bottle or leave it alone,  
And if her daddy's foolish, finds his daughter at home,  
And then Johnny'll choose another from the roses.**

**And if e'r I get married, will be in the month of May,  
When the leaves they are green, and the meadows they are gay,  
And me and me true love will sit and sport and play.  
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses.**

I	-	-	-	I	V	I	-
IV	-	I	-	V	-	I	-
IV	-	I	-	V	-	I	-
I	IV	I	-	V	-	I	-

# 108- The Parting Glass

Irish Folk (XVII. century)

Violin

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Parting Glass'. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff is labeled 'Violin' and shows a treble clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (F major). The melody is written on a single staff. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font. Above the lyrics, chord symbols (F, C, G) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Of all the mo - ney that e'er I had I spent it in good com - pa - ny. And all the harm that e'er I done, A - las it was to none but me. And all I've done for want of wit To mem - 'ry now I can't re - call So fill to me the par - ting glass Good night and joy be with you all.' The music is written in a simple, folk style with a clear melody line. The lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font. The chord symbols are placed above the notes. The overall layout is clean and easy to read.

a F C G  
Of all the mo - ney that e'er I had I  
a F C G a F  
spent it in good com - pa - ny. And all the harm that  
C G a C G a  
e'er I done, A - las it was to none but me. And  
C C F G  
all I've done for want of wit To mem - 'ry now I  
C G a F C G  
can't re - call So fill to me the par - ting glass Good  
C C G a  
night and joy be with you all.

## The Parting Glass

Of all the money that e'er I had,  
 I've spent it in good company.  
 And all the harm that ever I done  
 Alas it was to none but me.  
 And all I've done for want of wit  
 To mem'ry now I can't recall  
 So fill to me the parting glass  
 Good night and joy be with you all.

a	F	C	G
a	F	C	G
a	G	C	G
a	C	G	a
C	C	C	C
F	G	C	G
a	F	C	G
C	C	G	a

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had,  
 They're sorry for my going away,  
 And all the sweethearts that e'er I had,  
 They'd wish me one more day to stay,  
 But since it falls unto my lot,  
 That I should rise and you should not,  
 I'll gently rise and softly call,  
 Good night and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend,  
 And leisure to sit awhile,  
 There is a fair maid in the town,  
 That sorely has my heart beguiled.  
 Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,  
 I own she has my heart in thrall,  
 So fill to me the parting glass,  
 Good night and joy be with you all.

# 109- On The One Road

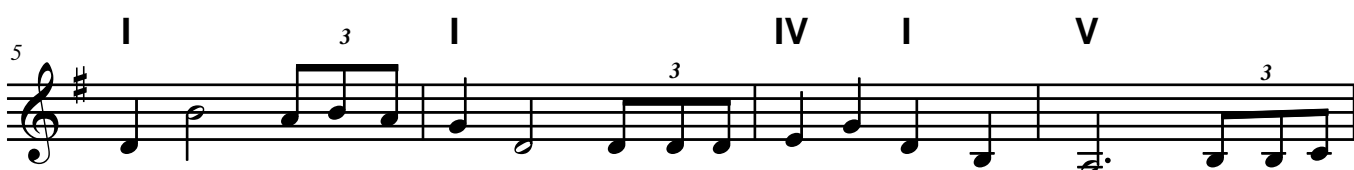
Frank O'Donovan

Violin



We're on the

5



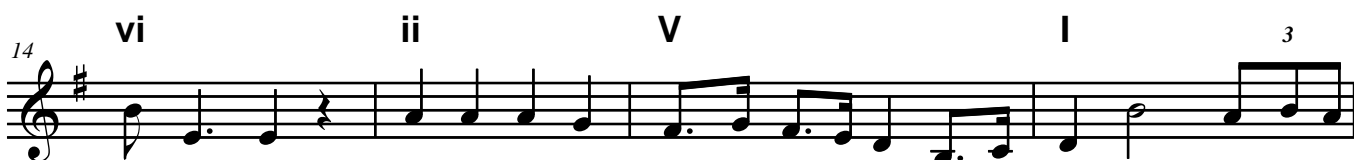
one road sha-ring the one load We're on the road to God knows where. We're on the

9



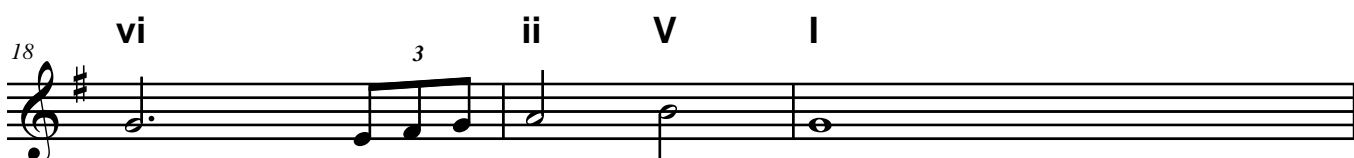
one road may-be the wrong road we're to-get-her now who cares. North men South men,

14



com-rades all Dub-lin, Bel-fast Cork and Do-ne-gal On the one road swing-ing a-

18



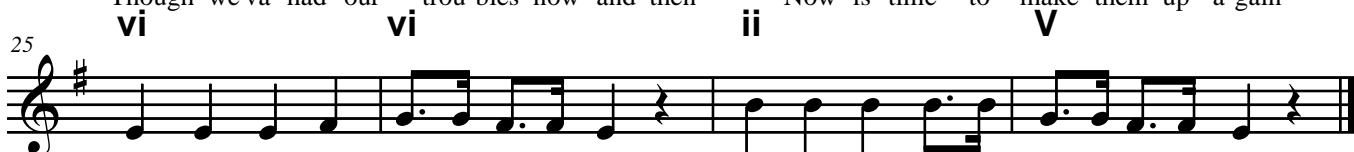
long Sing-ing a sol - dier song.

21



Though we've had our trou-bles now and then Now is time to make them up a-gain

25



Sure aren't we all I - rish a - ny how Now is the time to step to-get-her now

# On The One Road

Frank O'Donovan

*We're on the one road  
Sharing the one load  
We're on the road to God knows where  
We're on the one road  
It may be the wrong road  
But we're together now who cares  
North men, South men, comrades all  
Dublin, Belfast, Cork and Donegal  
We're on the one road swinging along  
Singing a soldier's song*

**Though we've had our troubles now and then  
Now is the time to make them up again  
Sure aren't we all Irish anyhow  
Now is the time to step together now**

**Tinker, tailor, every mother's son  
Butcher, baker shouldering his gun  
Rich man, poor man, every man in line  
All together just like Old Langsyne**

**Night is darkest just before the dawn  
From dissention Ireland is reborn  
Soon we'll all be United Irishmen  
Make our land a Nation Once Again**

G	-			
G	-			
C	G	D	-	
G	-			
e	-			
a	-	D	-	
G	-	e	-	
a	-	D	-	
G	-	e	-	
a	D	G	-	
e	-	e	-	
G	-	G	-	
e	-	e	-	
a	-	D	-	

# 110- Dublin Jack of All Trades

Irish

Violin

$\text{♩} = 200$

Oh I am a ro-ving spor - ting blade they call me Jack of  
all trades, I al - ways place my chief de - light in cour-ting pret - ty  
fair maids. So when in Dub - lin I ar - rived to try for a si - tu - a tion I  
al - ways heard them say it was the pride of all the Na - tions. I'm a  
ro-ving Jack of all trades of ev - 'ry trade of all trades and if you wish to  
know my name they call me Jack of all trades

# Dublin Jack of All Trades



Oh I am a roving sporting blade; they call me Jack of all Trades  
I always place my chief delight in courting pretty fair maids.  
So when in Dublin I arrived to try for a situation  
I always heard them say it was the pride of all the Nations.

On George's Quay I first began and there became a porter  
Me and my master soon fell out which cut my acquaintance shorter  
In Sackville Street, a pastry cook; In James' Street, a baker  
In Cook Street I did coffins make; In Eustace Street, a preacher.

*I'm a roving jack of all trades, Of every trade of all trades  
And if you wish to know my name, They call me Jack of all trades.*

In Baggot Street I drove a cab and there was well requited  
In Francis Street had lodging beds, to entertain all strangers  
For Dublin is of high reknown, or I am much mistaken  
In Kevin Street, I do declare, sold butter, eggs and bacon.

In Golden Lane I sold old shoes: In Meath Street was a grinder  
In Barrack Street I lost my wife. I'm glad I ne'er could find her.  
In Mary's Lane, I've dyed old clothes, of which I've often boasted  
In that noted place Exchequer Street, sold mutton ready roasted.

In Temple Bar, I dressed old hats; In Thomas Street, a sawyer  
In Pill Lane, I sold the plate, in Green Street, an honest lawyer  
In Plunkett Street I sold cast clothes; in Bride's Alley, a broker  
In Charles Street I had a shop, sold shovel, tongs and poker.

In College Green a banker was, and in Smithfield, a drover  
In Britain Street, a waiter and in George's Street, a glover  
On Ormond Quay I sold old books; in King Street, a nailer  
In Townsend Street, a carpenter; and in Ringsend, a sailor.

In Cole's Lane, a jobbing butcher; in Dane Street, a tailor  
In Moore Street a chandler and on the Coombe, a weaver.  
In Church Street, I sold old ropes- on Redmond's Hill a draper  
In Mary Street, sold 'bacco pipes- in Bishop Street a quaker.

In Peter Street, I was a quack: In Greek street, a grainer  
On the Harbour, I did carry sacks; In Werburgh Street, a glazier.  
In Mud Island, was a dairy boy, where I became a scooper  
In Capel Street, a barber's clerk; In Abbey Street, a cooper.

In Liffey street had furniture with fleas and bugs I sold it  
And at the Bank a big placard I often stood to hold it  
In New Street I sold hay and straw, and in Spitalfields made bacon  
In Fishamble Street was at the grand old trade of basket making.

In Summerhill a coach maker; in Denzille Street a gilder  
In Cork Street was a tanner, in Brunswick Street, a builder,  
In High Street, I sold hosiery; In Patrick Street sold all blades  
So if you wish to know my name, they call me Jack of all Trades.

# 111- Red Is The Rose

Scottish Folk

D h e G D h G A  
Come o - ver the hills, my bon-nie I-rish lass Come o - ver the hills to your dar - ling

5 G h e G D G A7 D  
You choose the road, love, and I'll\_ make the vow And I'll be your true love for - ev - er.

9 D h e G D h G A  
Red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows Fair is the li - ly of the val - ley

13 G h e G D G A7 D  
Clear is the wa - ter that flows from the Boyne But my love is fa - irer than a - ny

**Down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed  
When the moon and the stars they were shining  
The moon shone its rays on his locks of golden waves  
And he swore he'd be my love forever.**

**Tw'as not for the parting with my sister came  
Tw'as not for the grief of my mother  
It's all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass  
Now my heart is broken forever.**

# Red is the Rose

arr Larry Minton

Soprano  
Alto  
Tenor  
Bass

Red is the rose that in yon - der-gar - den grows,

5  
S  
A  
T  
B

fair is the li - ly of the val - - - ley,

9  
S  
A  
T  
B

clear is the wa - ter that flows from the boyne, but

13  
S  
A  
T  
B

my love is fair - er than a - - - ny



# Red Is The Rose

Irish Folk (on Scottish tune Loch Lomond)

**Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass  
Come over the hills to your darling  
You choose the road, love, and I'll make the vow  
And I'll be your true love forever.**

*Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows  
Fair is the lily of the valley  
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne  
But my love is fairer than any*

**Down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed  
When the moon and the stars they were shining  
The moon shone its rays on his locks of golden waves  
And he swore he'd be my love forever.**

**Tw'as not for the parting with my sister came  
Tw'as not for the grief of my mother  
It's all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass  
Now my heart is broken forever.**

	I	vi		ii	IV	
	I	vi		IV	V	
	IV	vi		ii	IV	
	I	IV		V7	I	

# 112- Greenland Whale Fishery

Irish Ballad before 1725

Voice

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Roman numeral chord symbols are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic structure. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

I V I

'Twas in eight- een hun- dred and se- ven - ty four on

IV V I

March the eight - tenth day. We - hois- ted our col- ours to the

IV vi I V I

top of the mast And for Green- land bore a - way, brave

V I V I

boys, and for Gren - land bore a - way.

# Greenland Whale Fishery

'Twas in eighteen hundred and seventy-four  
 On March the eighteenth day  
 We hoisted our colors to the top of the mast,  
 And for Greenland bore away, brave boys,  
 And for Greenland bore away.

I	-	V	I	
IV	-	V	-	
I	-	IV	vi	
I	-	V	I	V I
I	V	I	-	

The lookout on the mainmast he stood  
 His spyglass in his hand  
 "There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale fish" he cried  
 "And he blows at every span, brave boys  
 And he blows at every span"

The captain stood on the quarter deck  
 The ice was in his eye  
 "Overhaul, overhaul, let your jib sheets fall  
 And go put your boats to sea, brave boys  
 And go put your boats to sea"

The boats were lowered and the men aboard  
 The whale was full at view  
 Resolved, resolved was each whalerman bold  
 For to steer where the whale fish blew, brave boys  
 For to steer where the whale fish blew

The harpoon struck and the line paid out  
 With a single flourish of his tail  
 He capsized our boat and we lost five men  
 And we did not catch that whale, brave boys  
 And we did not catch that whale

The losin' of those five jolly men  
 It grieved out captain sore  
 But the losin' of that sperm whale fish  
 Now it grieved him ten times more, brave boys  
 Now it grieved him ten times more

"Up anchor now" our captain he cried  
 "For the winter stars do appear  
 And it's time that we left this cold country  
 And for the homeland we did steer, brave boys  
 And for the homeland we did steer"

Well, Greenland is a barren land  
 A land that bears no green  
 Where there's ice and snow and the whale fishes blow  
 And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys  
 And the daylight's seldom seen

# 113- I'm a Rover

Scottish Folk

Violin

I'm a ro - ver and sel - dom so - ber  
 I'm a ro - ver of high deg - ree;  
 It's when I'm drink - ing I'm al - ways think - ing,  
 How to gain my love's com - pa - ny

Though the night be dark as dungeon  
 No' a star to be seen above,  
 I will be guided without a stumble  
 Into the airms o' my ain true love.

"It's only me, your ain true lover,  
 Open the door and let me in.  
 For I hae come on a lang journey,  
 And I'm near drenched to the skin."

He steppit up to her bedroom window,  
 Kneelin' gently upon a stone;  
 He rappit at her bedroom-window  
 "Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?"

She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,  
 She opened the door and let him in,  
 They baith shook hands and embraced each other  
 Until the mornin' they lay as one.

She raised her heid on her snaw-white pillow  
 Wi' her arms about her breast,  
 "Wha' is that at my bedroom window  
 Disturbin' me at my lang night's rest?"

The cocks were crawin', the birds were whistlin'  
 The burns they ran free abune the brae;  
 "Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie  
 And the fairmer I must obey."

"Noo, my lass, I must gang and leave thee  
 And though the hills they are high above,  
 I will climb them wi' greater pleasure  
 Since I been in the airms o' my love.

# I'm a Rover

I'm a rover and seldom sober  
 I'm a rover, o' high degree;  
 It's when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking  
 How to gain my love's company.

Though the night be dark as dungeon  
 No' a star to be seen above,  
 I will be guided without a stumble  
 Into the airms o' my ain true love.

He steppit up to her bedroom window,  
 Kneelin' gently upon a stone;  
 He whispers at her bedroom-window  
 "Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?"

She raised her heid on her snaw-white pillow  
 Wi' her arms around her breast,  
 "Wha' is that at my bedroom window  
 Disturbin' me at my lang night's rest?"

"It's only me, your ain true lover,  
 Open the door and let me in.  
 For I hae come on a lang journey,  
 And I'm near drenched to the skin."

She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,  
 She opened the door and she let him in,  
 They baith shook hands and embraced each other  
 Until the mornin' they lay as one.

The cocks were crawin', the birds were whistlin'  
 The burns they ran free abune the brae;  
 "Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie  
 And the fairmer I must obey."

"Noo, my lass, I must gang and leave thee  
 And though the hills they are high above,  
 I will climb them wi' greater pleasure  
 Since I been in the airms o' my love.

9/8

	I	-	IV		I	-	-	
	I	-	-		V	-	-	
	I	-	-		IV	I	-	
	I	-	V		I	-	-	

# 114- Carrickfergus

Trad Irish

The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics, a Tenor staff in treble clef with an 8-measure rest, and a Banjo staff in bass clef. The music is in common time (C) and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the vocal line.

**System 1:** Chords: d, G7, C, G/H, a, a/G. Lyrics: "I wish I was In Car-rick - fer - gus Only for".

**System 2:** Chords: d, G7, C, d, G7. Lyrics: "nights in Bal - ly grant I would swim o-ver the deepest -".

**System 3:** Chords: C, G/H, a, a/G, d, G7, C. Lyrics: "o - cean Only for nights in Bal - ly - grant But the sea is".

Barry Taylor

<http://www.contemplator.com/ireland/carrig.html>

160130-160211

10 C G C G/H a a/G

wide and I cannot swim o - ver And neither have I wings to

13 G d G7 C G/H a a/G

fly I wish I have a handsome boot - man To ferry me

16 d G7 C

over my love and I

18 d G7 C

over my love and I

# 114- Carrickfergus

Trad Irish

The musical score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes, and guitar chords are indicated above the staff. The chords are: d, G7, C, G/H, a, a/G, F, and C. The lyrics are: "I wish I was In Car-rick - fer - gus Only for nights in Bal - ly grant I would swim o-ver the deepest - o - cean Only for nights in Bal - ly - grant But the sea is wide and I cannot swim o - ver And neither have I wings to fly I wish I have a handsome boot - man To ferry me over my love and I".

d G7 C G/H a a/G  
I wish I was In Car-rick - fer - gus Only for

4 d G7 F C d G7  
nights in Bal - ly grant I would swim o-ver the deepest -

7 C G/H a a/G d G7 F C  
o - cean Only for nights in Bal - ly - grant But the sea is

10 C G C G/H a a/G  
wide and I cannot swim o - ver And neither have I wings to

13 G d G7 C G/H a a/G  
fly I wish I have a handsome boot - man To ferry me

16 d G7 F C  
over my love and I

Barry Taylor

<http://www.contemplator.com/ireland/carrig.html>

160130-160211

# Carrickfergus

Traditional Irish

(traced to "Do bhí bean uasal" - "There Was a Noblewoman" - by Cathal Buí Mac Giolla Ghunna before 1745; middle verse by Dominic Bohan in 196X)

Intro:  
Fiddle +  
Guitar

**I wish I was -- in Carrickfergus**  
**Only for nights -- in Ballygrant**  
**I would swim over -- the deepest ocean**  
**Only for nights -- in Ballygrant**  
**But the sea is wide -- and I cannot swim over**  
**And neither have I -- the wings to fly**

+ Mando

**I wish I have -- a handsome boatman**  
**To ferry me over -- my love and I**

**My childhood days -- bring back sad reflections**  
**Of happy time -- there spent so long ago**  
**My boyhood friends -- and my own relations**  
**Have all passed on -- now like melting snow**  
**And I'll spend my days -- in this endless roving**  
**Soft is the grass -- and my bed is free**  
**But to be back now -- in Carrickfergus**  
**On the long road down -- to the sea**

+ Fiddle

**Now in Kilkenny -- it is reported**  
**On marble stones there -- as black as ink**  
**With gold and silver -- I would support her**  
**But I'll sing no more now -- till I get a drink**

+ Banjo  
& Bass

**'Cause I'm drunk today -- and I'm seldom sober**  
**A handsome rover -- from town to town**  
**Ah, but I am sick now, -- my days are numbered**  
**Come all me young men -- and lay me down**

d	-	G7	-	C	G/H	a	a/G	d	-	G7	-	F	-	C	-
d	-	G7	-	C	G/H	a	a/G	d	-	G7	-	F	-	C	-
C	-	-	-	G	-	-	-	a	-	-	-	G	-	-	-
d	-	G7	-	C	G/H	a	a/G	d	-	G7	-	F	-	C	-



# Mormond Braes

Traditional

Violin

The first staff of music is in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 4/4 time. It begins with a 'd' dynamic marking above the first measure. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. A 'C' dynamic marking is placed above the final measure of the staff.

The second staff continues the melody. It features a triplet of eighth notes in the third measure, marked with a 'd' dynamic and a '3' above the notes.

The third staff begins with a 'C' dynamic marking above the first measure. The melody includes a quarter rest in the fourth measure, followed by a dotted quarter note and an eighth note.

The fourth staff continues the melody with a 'C' dynamic marking above the first measure. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and quarter notes.

The fifth staff begins with a 'd' dynamic marking above the first measure. The melody features a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes. A 'C' dynamic marking is placed above the final measure.

The sixth and final staff begins with a 'd' dynamic marking above the first measure. It concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# 115- Mormond Braes

Traditional

Voice

The musical score consists of three staves of music in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time. The first staff is labeled 'Voice' and contains the lyrics 'Oh fare ye well, ye Mor - mond braes, Where'. Above the notes are Roman numeral markings 'I' and 'I'. The second staff continues the lyrics 'oft - times I've been chee - ry, It's fare ye well, ye' with Roman numeral markings 'I', 'IV', 'I', and 'I'. The third staff concludes with 'Mor - mond braes For it's there I lost my dea - rie.' and includes Roman numeral markings 'vi', 'IV', 'V', and 'I'. The music is written in a simple, folk style with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

**As I went in by Strichen toon I heard a fair maid mournin'  
She was makin' sair complaint for her true love ne'er returnin'**

**There's many a horse has slipped an' fell and risen again right early  
There's many a lass has lost her lad an' gotten another right rarely**

**There's as guid fish intae the sea as ever yet were taken  
I'll cast my nets an' try again for I'm only once forsaken**

**So I'll put on my gown o' green, it's a forsaken token  
An' that will let the young lads know that the bonds of love are broken**

**So I'll gang back to Strichen toon, where I was bred an' born in  
And I will get me another young lad to marry me in the mornin'**

# Mormond Braes

Traditional

*Fare thee well ye Mormon Braes,  
Where oft times I been cheery  
Fare thee well ye Mormon Braes  
For it's there I lost my dearie*

I	-	I	-
I	-	IV	I
I	-	vi	-
IV	-	V	I

As I went in by Strichen toon  
I heard a fair maid mournin'  
She was makin' sair complaint  
For her true love ne'er returnin'

*Refr*

There's many a horse has slipped an' fell  
And risen again right early  
There's many a lass has lost her lad  
An' gotten another right rarely

D	-	D	-
D	-	G	D
D	-	h	-
G	-	A	D

*Solo 1-2-3-4*

	:	d		d		C		C		d		d		C		d	:	
--	---	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---	---	--

There's as guid fish intae the sea  
As ever yet were taken  
I'll cast my nets an' try again  
For I'm only once forsaken

*Refr*

So I'll put on my gown o' green,  
It's a forsaken token  
An' that will let the young lads know  
That the bonds of love are broken

*Solo 1-2-3-4*

So I'll gang back to Strichen toon,  
Where I was bred an' born in  
And I will get me another young lad  
To marry me in the mornin'

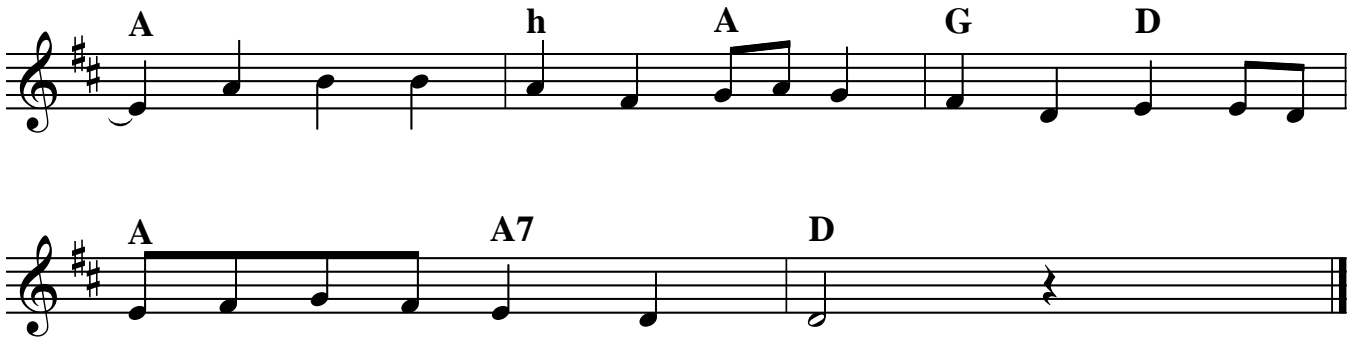
|: *Refr* :|

# 116- Galway Girl

Steve Earle

Voice

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk On a  
day - I - ay - I - ay I met a little girl and we  
stopped to talk On a fine soft day - I - ay And I ask you, friend,  
what's a fel-la to do 'cause her hair was black and her  
eyes were blue And I knew right then I'd be ta-kin' a  
whirl 'Round the Sal - hill Prom with a Gal - way girl



**We were halfway there when the rain came down  
on the day -I-ay-I-ay  
She asked me up to her flat downtown  
on a grand soft day -I-ay  
And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do  
Ah - because her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
So I took her hand - and I gave it a twirl  
Then I lost my heart to a Galway girl**

**Well when I woke up I was all alone  
(on a day -I-ay-I-ay)  
With a broken heart and a ticket home  
(on a fine soft day -I-ay)  
And I ask you now, what would you do?  
Well if her hair were black and her eyes were blue  
I've travelled around, I've been all over this world  
Boys - I've never seen nothin' like a Galway girl**



# Galway Girl

Steve Earle

Well, I **D**took a stroll on the old long walk  
on a day -**I**-ay-**I**-**G**ay

I **D**met a little girl and we stopped to talk  
on a fine soft day -**A****I**-**D**ay

Well I **G**ask you, **D**friend, what's a **G**fella to **D**do  
'cause her **h**hair was **A**black and her **G**eyes were **D**blue  
And I **G**knew right **D**then - I'd be **G**takin' a **D**whirl  
'Round the **h**Salhill **A**Prom with a **G**Galway **D**girl

(A) | **D** - | **D** - | **G** - | **D** - |  
| **h** **A** | **G** **D** | **A** **A7** | **D** - |

We were halfway there when the rain came down  
on the day -**I**-ay-**I**-ay

She asked me up to her flat downtown  
on a grand soft day -**I**-ay

And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do  
Ah - because her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
So I took her hand - and I gave it a twirl  
Then I lost my heart to a Galway girl

(A)(A) | :**D** - | **D** - | **G** - | **D** - |  
| **h** **A** | **G** **D** | **A** **A7** | **D** - : |

(B) | **G** - | **G** - | **D** - | **A** - |  
| **h** **A** | **G** **D** | **A** **A7** | **D** - |

Well when I woke up I was all alone  
on a day -**I**-ay-**I**-ay

With a broken heart and a ticket home  
on a fine soft day -**I**-ay

And I ask you now, what would you do?  
Well if her hair were black and her eyes were blue  
I've travelled around, I've been all over this world  
Boys - I've never seen nothin' like a Galway girl

(A)(A)

# 117- Lifeboat Mona

Craic solo transcribed by Márti

**A**

Violin

Banjo

Section A consists of two staves: Violin and Banjo. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 2/4. The Violin staff features a melodic line with two triplet markings (indicated by a '3' below the notes). The Banjo staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with two triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes). A dashed line is positioned below the Banjo staff.

Vln.

Bjo.

This block continues section A. The Violin staff shows the continuation of the melodic line with two triplet markings. The Banjo staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment with two triplet markings. A dashed line is positioned below the Banjo staff.

**B**

Vln.

Bjo.

Section B begins with a double bar line. The Violin staff features a melodic line with two triplet markings and a slur over the final two notes. The Banjo staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with two triplet markings. A dashed line is positioned below the Banjo staff.

Vln.

Bjo.

This block continues section B. The Violin staff shows the continuation of the melodic line with two triplet markings and a slur. The Banjo staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment with two triplet markings. A dashed line is positioned below the Banjo staff.

# Blank Page

Place holder for missing lyrics

# 117- Lifeboat Mona

Peggy Seeger

*Intro*

Voice

Re - mem - ber De - cem - ber,

fif - ty nine The howl - ing wind and the driv - ing rain

re - mem - ber the gal - lant men who drowned On the

life boat, Mo - na was her name

# Lifeboat Mona

Peggy Seeger (1959.12.08)

*Remember December fifty-nine  
The howling wind and the driving rain  
Remember the gallant men who drowned  
On the lifeboat, Mona was her name*

	vi	-		V	vi	
	vi	-		I	III	
	vi	-		I	-	
	ii	-		III	vi	

Solo | :vi - | IV - | I - | III7: |

**The wind it blows and the sea roars up  
Beats the land with mighty waves  
At St. Andrew's Bay the lightship fought  
The sea until her moorings gave**

**The captain signalled to the shore  
"We must have help or we'll go down"  
From Broughty Ferry at two a.m.  
They sent the lifeboat Mona**

Refr

**Eight men formed that gallant crew  
They set their boat against the main  
The wind's so hard and the sea's so rough  
We'll never see land or home again**

**Three hours went by and the Mona called  
The wind blows hard and the sea runs high  
In the morning of Carnusty Beach  
The Mona and her crew did lie**

Capo on 2nd fret

	a	-		G	a	
	a	-		C	E	
	a	-		C	-	
	d	-		E	a	

	h	-		A	h	
	h	-		D	F#	
	h	-		D	-	
	e	-		F#h		

Refr +

A

B

Solo | :vi - | IV - | I - | III7: | :vi - | I V | ii vi | III7 vi: | A↓ | A |

**Five lay drowned in the cabin there,  
Two were washed up on the shore  
Eight men died when the boat capsized  
And the eight is lost forever more**

**Remember December fifty-nine  
The howling wind and the driving rain  
The men who leave the land behind  
And the men who never see land again**

Refr + last row

# 118- Lowlands Of Holland

Trad ~1750

Violin

I I I IV  
Now when that I was mar-ri - ed And

I vi I  
in my marri - age bed There came a bold sea

I IV I V I  
cap - tain And he stood in my bed head Sayin' A -

I V IV I IV I  
rise a - rise young wed ded man And come a - long with

vi I I  
me To the - Low - lads of Hol - land For to

vi IV I  
fight the e - - - ne - my

# Lowlands of Holland

Scottish – British – Irish 1750



Now **I** when that I was marri **IV** ed  
And **I** in my marriage **vi** bed  
There **I** came a bold sea cap **IV** tain  
And he **I** stood at **V** my bed **I** head  
Saying, 'A- **I** rise, A- **V** rise, young **IV** wedded **I** man  
And **IV** come **I** along with **iv** me  
To the **I** lowlands of Holland  
For to **iv** fight **IV** the **I** enemy'

Now Holland is a lovely land  
And in it there grows fine grain  
It is a place of residence  
For soldiers to remain  
Now the sugarcane grows plentiful  
The tea grows on each tree  
I only had the one to love  
And now he's gone far away from me

I	I	I	IV
I	I	vi	vi
I	I	I	IV
I	V	I	I
I	V	IV	I
IV	I	vi	vi
I	I	I	I
vi	IV	I	I

Said the mother to her daughter  
'Give up your soil and bed  
Is there ne'er a man in Ireland?  
That will be your heart content  
Way there's men enough in Ireland  
But alas there is none for me  
Since high wind and stormy sea's  
Have parted me love and me

I'll wear no shoes all on my feet  
No comb all in my hair  
I'll wear no handkerchief around my neck  
For to shade my beauty fair  
And neither will I marry  
Until the day I die  
Since high wind and stormy sea's  
Have parted me love and I

# 119- Green Fields of France

Eric Bogle 1976

Voice

Well how do you do, young Willie Mc - Bride, do you mind if I  
sit here down by your grave - side? And rest for a - while, 'neath the  
warm sum-mer sun, I've been wal-king all day, and I'm near - ly done.  
I see by your grave-stone you were on - ly nine - teen when you  
joined the great fal-len in nine-teen six - teen. I hope you died  
well and I hope you died clean, or young Wil-lie Mc - Bride was it  
slow and ob - scene? Did they beat the drum slow-ly, did they play the fife  
low - ly, did they sound the dead - march as they lo - wered you down?  
Did the band play the Last Post and cho-rus? Did the  
pipes play the "Flow'res of the Fo - - - rest"?

# Green Fields of France

Eric Bogle 1976



Well **I** how do you **vi** do, young **IV** Willie Mc **ii** Bride,  
do you **V** mind if I sit here down **I** by your grave **V** side?  
And **I** rest for a **vi** while, 'neath the **IV** warm summer **ii** sun,  
I've been **V** walkin' all day, and **I** I'm nearly done  
I see **I** by your **vi** gravestone you were **ii** only nine **IV** teen  
when you **V** joined the great fallen in **I** nineteen six **V** teen.  
**I** **I** hope you died **vi** well and **I** **ii** hope you died **IV** clean,  
or young **V** Willie McBride was it **I** slow and obscene?

*Did they **V** beat the drum slowly, did they **IV** play the fife **I** lowly,  
did they **V** sound the death march as they **IV** lowered you **V** down?  
Did the **IV** band play the **ii** last post and **I** chorus? **vi**  
Did the **I** pipes play the **IV** "Flowers of the **V** Fo **I** rest"?*

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind  
in some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?  
Although, you died back in 1916  
in some faithful heart are you forever nineteen?  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
enclosed in forever behind the glass frame  
in an old photograph, torn, battered and stained,  
and faded to yellow in a brown leather frame?

Now the sun shines down on the green fields of France  
there's a warm summer breeze makes the red poppies dance.  
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds  
there's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now.  
But here in this graveyard it's still No Man's land,  
and the countless white crosses stand mute in the sand  
to man's blind indifference to his fellow man,  
to a whole generation that was butchered and damned.

Now Willie McBride I can't help wonder why  
Those that lie here know why did they die?  
And did they believe when they answered the cause  
did they really believe that this war would end wars?  
And the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain  
and the killing and dying was all done in vain  
For young Willie McBride, it's all happened again,  
and again, and again, and again and again.

# 120- Charlie Is My Darling

Scottish Folk 1796

## Music

Violin

5

## Verse

9

Twas on a Mon - day mor - ning right ear - ly in the year That

14

Char - lie come to our town the young Che - va - li - er

## Refrain

18

Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling,

22

Charlie is my dar - ling, the young Che - va - lier

# Charlie Is My Darling

1796 Trad Scotch

## Guitar

|: *Intro* = **Music** :|

1. 'Twas on a Monday morning,  
Right early in the year,  
That Charlie came to our town,  
The young Chevalier.  
  
*Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.*
2. As he was walking doon the street,  
The city for to view,  
O there he spied a bonie lass  
The windae peekin' through.  
*Refr + Instr: Verse + Music*
3. So light he jumped up the stair,  
And Tirl'd at the pin;  
And wha's sae ready but herself  
To let the laddie in?  
*Refr*
4. He set his Jenny on his knee,  
All in his highland dress;  
For bravely weel he kent the way  
To please the highland lass.  
*Refr + Instr: Music + Music*
5. It's upon yon heathery mountain,  
And down your scroggie glen,  
We daunae gang a-milking,  
For Charlie and all his men.  
|: *Refr* :| \* 4  
*Instr: Music + Music*

e	a	e -	H7	
e	a	e H7	e	
H7 -	e -			
H7 -	e -			
C -	G -			
a -	H7 -			
e -	e -			
a -	e -			
e -	e -			
C H7	e -			

# 121- Lily of the West

Trad Irish

Violin

C G F C

When I first came to I-re-land some plea-sure for to find

4 C a e C F

It's there I spied a dam-sel fair, twas plea-sing to my mind

8 C a e C F

Her ro-sy cheeks and spark-ling eyes like ar-rows pier-ced my breast

12 C G F G C

And I call her love-ly Mol-ly O', the li-ly of the west

# Lily of the West

Traditional Irish

## *Intro (4 rows)*

When first I came to Ireland some pleasure for to find  
 It's there I spied a damsel fair, 'twas pleasing to my mind  
 Her rosy cheeks and sparklin' eyes like arrows pierced my breast  
 And I call her lovely Molly O', the lily of the west

One day as I was walkin' down by a shady grove  
 I spied a lord of high degree conversing with my love  
 She sang her song delightfully while I was sore oppressed  
 Saying I bid adieu to Molly O', the lily of the west

## *Solo (one row)*

Well, I stepped up with my rapier and my dagger in my hand  
 And I dragged him from my false love and boldly I bid him stand  
 But being mad with desperation I swore I'd pierce his breast  
 I was then deceived by Molly O', the lily of the west

## *Solo (4 rows)*

Then I did stand my trial and boldly I did plea  
 A flaw was in my indictment found and that soon had me free  
 That beauty bright I did adore, the judge did her address  
 Now go, you faithless Molly O', the lily of the west

Now that I've gained my liberty a-rowin' I will go  
 I ramble through old Ireland and travel Scotland o'er  
 Though she thought to swear my life away she still disturbs my rest, ↓123456  
 I still must style her, Molly O', the lily of the west.

## *Ending (one row)*

	I	-		V	-		IV	-		I	-	
	I	-		vi	iii		I	-		IV	-	
	I	-		vi	iii		I	-		IV	-	
	I	-		V	-		IV	-		I	-	

# 122- Paddle Your Own Canoe

Harry Clifton (1832-1872)

Violin

The image shows a musical score for a violin. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody starts with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by eighth notes in the second and third measures, and a quarter note in the fourth measure. The second staff continues the melody with eighth notes in the first measure, a quarter note in the second, a quarter rest in the third, and eighth notes in the fourth. The third staff concludes the piece with eighth notes in the first measure, eighth notes in the second, a quarter note in the third, and a half note in the fourth. Chords G, C, D, and G are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: "Well I have no wife to bot-her me life, no lo - ver to prove un - true The whole day long I laugh with the song and pad-dle me own ca - noe".

Well I have no wife to bot-her me life, no

lo - ver to prove un - true The whole day long I

laugh with the song and pad-dle me own ca - noe

# Paddle Your Own Canoe

Written and performed by Harry Clifton (1832-1872)



## *Intro*

I've travelled around a bit in me time,  
of troubles I've seen a few  
I found it far better in every clime  
to paddle me own canoe  
Me wants they are small I care not at all,  
me debts they are paid when due  
I drive away strife from the ocean of life  
and paddle me own canoe

	I	-		IV	-	
	I	-		V	-	
	I	-		IV	-	
	I	V		I	-	

*And I have no wife to bother me life, no lover to prove untrue  
The whole day long I laugh with the song and paddle me own canoe  
+ Fiddle*

It's all very well to depend on a friend, that is if you proved him true  
You'll find it better by far in the end to paddle your own canoe  
It's better I say to make your own way, As the world you go travelling through.  
You never will sigh if you only will try to paddle your own canoe.

*Refr + Fiddle*

So love everybody, trust only the few as the world I go travelling through  
And never sit down with a tear and a frown, but paddle your own canoe.  
I rise with the lark from daylight to dark; I do what I have to do  
I'm careless in wealth, I've only me health to paddle me own canoe

*Refr + Fiddle*

Though England has ruled our small little land and manys the country too  
Just take my advice and never think twice to paddle your own canoe  
I rise with the lark from daylight to dark; I do what I have to do  
I'm careless in wealth, I've only me health to paddle me own canoe

*Refr + Fiddle + Refr (↓) + Fiddle*

I've travelled around a bit in me time, of troubles I've seen a few  
I found it far better in every clime to paddle me own canoe  
I rise with the lark from daylight to dark; I do what I have to do  
I'm careless in wealth, I've only me health to paddle me own canoe

*Refr + Fiddle End*

# 123- Spencil Hill

Michael Considine (1850-1873)

$\text{♩} = 66$

Violin

**a G G**

Last night as I lay dream - ing of plea - sant days gone

**a a a C G**

4 by, — Me mind bein' bent on ram - bling to Ire-land I did fly I

**a a C G**

9 stepped a-board a vi - sion and fol - lowed with my will, Till

**a G G a**

13 next I came to an - chor at the Cross near Span - cil Hill.

# Spancil Hill

Michael Considine (1850-1873)

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by  
 Me mind being bent on rambling, to Ireland I did fly  
 I stepped on board a vision, and I followed with a will  
 'Til next I came to anchor at the cross at Spancil Hill

It being on the 23rd of June, the day before the fair  
 When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there  
 The young, the old, the brave and the bold came, their duty to fulfill  
 At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill

I went to see me neighbors, to see what they might say  
 The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones turning gray  
 But I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still  
 Ah, he used to mend me britches when I lived in Spancil Hill

I paid a flying visit to my first and only love  
 She's as white as any lily, and gentle as a dove  
 And she threw her arms around me saying, "Johnny, I love you still"  
 As she's Nell the farmer's daughter and the flower of Spancil Hill

I dreamed I held and kissed her as in the days of yore  
 Ah Johnny, you're only jokin', as many's the time before  
 Then the cock, he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill  
 I awoke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill

	vi		V		V		vi	
	vi		vi		I		V	
	vi		vi		I		V	
	vi		V		V		vi	

A Nation Once Again	48	Pat works on The Railway	75
All For Me Grog	30	Paddle Your Own Canoe	122
Amazing Grace	77	Peat Bog Soldiers	40
Avenging And Bright	9	Peggy Gordon	46
Avondale	3	Prodigal Son	43
Black Velvet Band	10	Pub with no Beer	86
Boulavogue	13	Quare Bungle Rye	72
Carrickfergus	114	Raglan Road	65
Come My Little Son	62	Rare Old Mountain Dew	99
Charlie Is My Darling	120	Red Is The Rose	111
Courtin' in the Kitchen	74	Roddy Mc Corley	66
Dainty Davie	11	Róisín The Bow	67
Dicey Reilly	31	Sally Gardens	93
Dirty Old Town	2	Sam Hall	83
Don't Give Up	91	Sang a Song For Ireland	17
Donegal Danny	52	Scotland The Brave	106
Downfall Of Paris	8	Seven Drunken Nights	39
Drunken Sailor	92	Smith Of Bristol	85
Dublin Jack Of All Trades	110	Son of a Scoundrel	79
Fairies' Hornpipe	21	South Australia	101
Farewell To Carlingford	6	Spencil Hill	123
Father O'Flynn	37	Spanish Lady	32
Fiddlers Green	55	Step it out Mary	84
Finnegan's Wake	61	Streets of London	94
Four Green Fields	56	Take It Down From the Mast	34
Galway Girl	116	Tell Me Ma	23
Galway Races	76	The Band Played Waltzing Matilda	36
Gentleman Soldier	102	The Banks Of The Roses	107
God Save Ireland	81	The Boys From County Cork	105
Greenland Whale Fishery	112	The Charlie Lennon's Jig	28
Green Fields of France	119	The Enniskillen Dragoons	45
Gypsy Rover	68	The Ferryman	90
Hand Me Down	97	The Fields of Athenry	70
Hey Ho The Morning Dew	12	The Foggy Dew	29
Home Boys Home	14	The Holy Ground	4
I Am A Rover	113	The Irish Washerwoman	22
I Wish I Had Someone To Love Me	19	The Lambs On The Green Hill	33
In Heaven There Is No Beer	103	The Lark In The Morning	59
Irish Rover	50	The Little Beggarman	88
Its A Long Way To Tipperary	1	The Lord Of Dance	60
James Larkin	42	The Merry Ploughboy	98
Jug Of Punch	51	The Molly Maguires	82
Kelly, the Boy From Killane	47	The Nightingale	57
Kimmage	24	The Old Triangle	20
Last Thing On My Mind	100	The Parting Glass	108
Leaving of Liverpool	27	The Rare Old Times	18
Lifeboat Mona	117	The Rising Of the Moon	49
Lily of the West	121	The Sea Around Us	54
Lowland of Holland	118	The Springhill Mining Disaster	7
MacPherson's Rant	87	The Star of County Down	95
Maids When You're Young	44	The Town That I Loved So Well	15
McAlpine's Fusiliers	63	The Wild Rover	16
Mo Ghile Mear	64	Viva La Quinta Brigada	96
Molly Malone	5	Weile Weile Waila	35
Monto	89	Whiskey before Breakfast	78
Mormond Braes	115	Whiskey In The Jar	26
Mrs McGrathN	73	Whiskey On A Sunday	58
Mursheen Durken	53	Wild Colonial Boy	80
Nancy Whisky	104	Will Ye Go Lassie Go	38
Night Visiting Song	41	Working Man	69
On The One Road	109	You Raise Me Up	71
Oro Sé Do Bheatha Bhaile	25		