



Ukulele Celtic Songbook

3	500 MILES - EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE
4	A PUB WITH NO BEER
5	BACK HOME IN DERRY
6	BEESWING
7	BELLE OF BELFAST CITY
8	BIDDY MULLIGAN
9	BLACK IS THE COLOUR
10	BLACK VELVET BAND
11	BRIAN O'LINN
12	BROWN EYED GIRL
13	CELTIC SYMPHONY
14	DANNY BOY
15	DELIRIUM TREMENS
16	DIRTY OLD TOWN
17	DON'T GO DRINKING WITH HOBBITS
18	DRUNKEN SAILOR
19	FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK
20	FINNEGAN'S WAKE
21	FORTY SHADES OF GREEN
22	GALWAY BAY
23	HAND ME DOWN ME BIBLE
24	IF WE ONLY HAD OLD IRELAND OVER HERE
25	IF YOU'RE IRISH
26	IRISH HEART
27	IRISH PUB SONG
28	ISN'T IT GRAND BOYS
29	LILLY THE PINK
30	LORD OF THE DANCE
31	MAGGIE
32	MOBY DUCK
33	MOLLY MALONE (Cockles & Mussels)
34	MY BOSTON ROSE
35	ÓRÓ 'SÉ DO BHEATHA 'BHAILE
36	RED IS THE ROSE

INDEX

[Chord Charts](#)

[Information Page](#)

[YouTube Playlist](#)

www.tinyurl.com/celticsb2024

Song titles link to the song sheets

37	RIDE ON
38	ROSLIN THE BEAU
39	SALLY MCLENNANE
40	SCHOOLDAY'S OVER
41	SICK NOTE
42	STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN
43	SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY
44	THE AULD TRIANGLE
45	THE CHANDLER SHOP
46	THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY
47	THE FOGGY DEW
48	THE GALWAY GIRL
49	THE GYPSY ROVER
50	THE HOLY GROUND
51	THE HOT ASPHALT
52	THE IRISH ROVER
53	THE JUICE OF THE BARLEY
54	THE RED ROSE CAFÉ
55	THE RISING OF THE MOON
56	THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN
57	THE ROOSTER
58	THE STREETS OF KINSALE
59	THE WELLERMAN SHANTY
60	THE WILD ROVER (NO NAY NEVER)
61	TIPPERARY
62	UNICORN SONG
63	UP AMONG THE HEATHER
64	WASN'T THAT A PARTY
65	WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
66	WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN
67	WHISKEY IN THE JAR
68	WILL YE GO LASSIE GO
69	ZOMBIE
70	INFORMATION PAGE

500 MILES - EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE - Pomplamoose

[G] [G] [G] Every breath you take
Every move you **[Em]** make
Every bond you **[C]** break
Every step you **[D]** take
I'll be watching **[G]** you

Every single **[G]** day
And every word you **[Em]** say
Every game you **[C]** play
Every night you **[D]** stay
I'll be watching **[G]** you

But **[G]** I would walk 500 miles
And I **[C]** would walk **[D]** 500 more
Just to **[G]** be the man who walked 1,000 **[C]** miles
To fall down **[D]** at your door

[G] When I wake up yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna **[C]** be the man who **[D]** wakes up next to **[G]** you
When I go out yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna **[C]** be the man who **[D]** goes along with **[G]** you

[G] If I get drunk yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna **[C]** be the man who **[D]** gets drunk next to **[G]** you
And if I haver yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna **[C]** be the man who's **[D]** havering to **[G]** you

Oh can't you **[C]** see, you belong to **[G]** me
How my poor heart **[A7]** aches,
[A] with every step you **[D]** take

And every move you **[G]** make
And every vow you **[Em]** break
Every smile you **[C]** fake
Every claim you **[D]** stake
I'll be watching **[G]** you
I'm gonna **[C]** be the man who
[D!] comes **[N.C.]** back home --- **[G]** to you

But **[G]** I would walk 500 miles
And I **[C]** would walk **[D]** 500 more
Just to **[G]** be the man who walked 1,000 **[C]** miles
To fall down **[D]** at your door

But **[G]** I would walk 500 miles
And I **[C]** would walk **[D]** 500 more
Just to **[G]** be the man who walked 1,000 **[C]** miles
To fall down **[D]** at your door

Da da **[G]** da (da da da) Da da da (da da da)
Da da **[C]** da dun diddle un **[D]** diddle un diddle uh **[G]** da
Da da **[G]** da (da da da) Da da da (da da da)
Da da **[C]** da dun diddle un **[D]** diddle un diddle uh **[G!]** da

A PUB WITH NO BEER - The Dublin City Ramblers

INTRO – Per first 2 lines: [C]-[C7] [F] [G7] [G7] [C]

It's-a [C] lonesome [C7] away from your [F] kindred and all
By the [G7] campfire at night we'll hear the wild dingoes [C] call
But there's-a nothing so [C7] lonesome, [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar of a pub with no [C] beer

Now the [C] publican's [C7] anxious for the [F] quota to come
And there's a [G7] far away look on the face of the [C] bum
The maid's gone all [C7] cranky and the [F] cook's acting queer
What a [G7] terrible place is a pub with no [C] beer

Then the [C] stockman rides [C7] up with his [F] dry dusty throat
He breasts [G7] up to the bar and pulls a wad from his [C] coat
But the smile on his [C7] face quickly [F] turns to a sneer
As the [G7] barman says sadly the pub's got no [C] beer

Then the [C] swaggie comes [C7] in
smothered [F] in dust and flies
He [G7] throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his [C] eyes
But when he is [C7] told, he says [F] what's this I hear
I've trudged [G7] fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no [C] beer

Now there's a [C] dog on the [C7] v'randa,
for his [F] master he waits
But the [G7] boss is inside drinking wine with his [C] mates
He hurries for [C7] cover and he [F] cringes in fear
It's no [G7] place for a dog 'round a pub with no [C] beer

And old [C] Billy the [C7] blacksmith, the first [F] time in his life
Why he's [G7] gone home cold sober to his darling [C] wife
He walks in the [C7] kitchen, she says you're [F] early Bill dear
But then he [G7] breaks down and tells her
the pub's got no [C] beer

Oh, [C] Billy the [C7] blacksmith, rides [F] home on his horse
The cops [G7] pull him over, but he's sober of [C] course
He blows in the [C7] bag and they all [F] shed a tear
There's [G7] no place for a Booze bus
'round a pub with no [C] beer

Oh, it's [C] hard to [C7] believe that there's [F] customers still
But the [G7] money's still tinkling in the old ancient [C] till
The wine buffs are [C7] happy and I [F] know they're sincere
When they [G7] say they don't care if the pub's got no [C] beer

So it's-a [C] lonesome [C7] away from your [F] kindred and all
By the [G7] campfire at night we'll hear the wild dingoes [C] call
But there's-a nothing so [C7] lonesome, [F] morbid or drear
Than to [G7] stand in the bar of that pub with no [C] beer

OUTRO: [F!!! !] [G7!!! !] [C! !!] [G7!] [C!]

BACK HOME IN DERRY - Christy Moore

INTRO: [Am] [Am]

[Am] In eighteen-o-three we [C] sailed out to sea

[G] Out from the [D] sweet town of [Am] Derry

For Australia bound, if we [C] didn't all drown

[G] The marks of our [D] fetters we [Am] carried

[D] In our rusty iron chains we [C] cried for our weans

Our [D] good women we left in [Em] sorrow

As the [Am] main sails unfurled, our [C] curses we hurled

On the [G] English and [D] thoughts of [Am] tomorrow

[Am] At the mouth of the Foyle, bade [C] farewell to the soil

As [G] down below [D] decks we were [Am] lying

O'Doherty screamed, woken [C] out of a dream

By a [G] vision of [D] bold Robert [Am] dying

[D] The sun burnt cruel as we [C] dished out the gruel

Dan [D] O'Conner was down with a [Em] fever

[Am] Sixty rebels today, bound for [C] Botany Bay

How [G] many will [D] reach their [Am] receiver

CHORUS:

[C] Oh oh oh [G] oh oh

I [Am] wish I was [G] back home in [Am] Derry

[C] Oh oh oh [G] oh oh

I [Am] wish I was [G] back home in [Am] Derry

[Am] I cursed them to hell as our [C] bow fought the swell

Our [G] ship danced like a [D] moth in the [Am] firelight

White horses rode high as the [C] devil passed by

Taking [G] souls to [D] Hades by [Am] twilight

[D] Five weeks out to sea, we were [C] now forty-three

We [D] buried our comrades each [Em] morning

[Am] In our own slime we were [C] lost in the time

[G] Endless [D] night without [Am] dawning

CHORUS

[Am] Van Diemen's Land is a [C] hell for a man

To [G] end out his [D] whole life in [Am] slavery

Where the climate is raw and a [C] gun makes the law

Neither [G] wind nor [D] rain care for [Am] bravery

[D] Twenty years have gone by, I have [C] ended my bond

My [D] comrades' ghosts walk [Em] beside me

A [Am] rebel I came, [C] I'm still the same

On the [G] cold winds of [D] night you will [Am] find me

CHORUS x 2

Transposition for original key:

Am → Gm , C → Bb , G → F , D → C

BEESWING - Christy Moore

I was [C] 18 when I came to town they called it the summer of love
Burnin' babies burnin' flags the [G] hawks against the [F] dove
I took [C] a job at the cleaners - way down Victoria Street
Fell in love with a laundry girl that was [G] workin' next to [F] me
Brown [C] hair zig-zagged around her face and a look of half surprise
Like a deer caught in the headlights there was [G] animal in her [F] eyes
She said [C] to me can't you see I'm not the factory kind
If you don't take me out of here I'll [G] lose my [F] mind

CHORUS 1:

She was a [Am] rare thing, fine as a [C] bee's wing
So [Am] fine a breath of [G] wind might blow her [F] away
She was a [Am] lost child, she was run-[C]nin' wild (she said)
So [Am] long as there's no [G] price on love I'll [F] stay
You [Dm] wouldn't want me [G] any other [F] way

We [C] busked around the market towns fruit pickin for a cent
We could tinker pots and pans or [G] knives wherever we [F] went
We [C] were campin' down in Nelson, the work was mighty good
She wouldn't wait for the harvest, I [G] thought we [F] should
I said [C] to her we'll settle down, get a few acres dug
With a fire burning in the hearth and [G] babbies on the [F] rug
She [Am] said Oh man you foolish man that [G] surely sounds like [C] hell
You might be [F] lord of [C] half the world, you'll [G] not own me as [F] well

CHORUS 1

We were [C] drinking more in those days
our tempers reached a pitch
Like a fool I let her run away
when she [G] took the rambling [F] itch
Last I [C] heard she was living rough
back of Commerce Street
A bottle o' Johnny in her pocket,
a wolf-[G]hound at her [F] feet
They say [C] that she got married once
to a man called Romany Brown
Even a gypsy caravan
was too [G] much like settlin' [F] down
They [Am] say her rose has faded,
rough [G] weather and hard [C] booze
Maybe [F] that's the [C] price you pay
for the [G] chains that you [F] refuse

CHORUS 2: (Play 3 times)

Last time through: Instrumental only first three lines

She was a [Am] rare thing, fine as a [C] bee's wing
I [Am] miss her more than [G] ever words can [F] say
If I could [Am] just taste all of her [C] wildness now
If [Am] I could hold her in [G] my arms to-[F]day
I [Dm] wouldn't want her [G] any other [F] way

Transposition for original key: C→A , G→E , F→D , Am→F#m

BELLE OF BELFAST CITY

INTRO: [G] [G] [C] [D]-[G]

CHORUS:

[G] I'll tell me ma when I go home - The [D] boys won't leave the [G] girls alone
[G] They pull my hair, they stole my comb - But [D] that's all right 'til [G] I go home
[G] She is handsome, [C] she is pretty - [G] She is the belle of [D] Belfast City,
[G] She is a-courtin', [C!] one, [C!] two, [C!] three - [G] Please won't you [D] tell me [G] who was she?
[G] Now Albert Mooney says he loves her - An' [D] all the boys are [G] fighting for her.
[G] Knocking on the door and they're ringing on the bell - [D] Saying, "Oh my true love, [G] are you well?"
[G] Out she comes as [C] white as snow - With [G] rings on her fingers and [D] bells on her toes.
[G] Old Jenny Murphy [C] said she'll die - If she [D] doesn't get the fellow with the [G] roving eye

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL – As per CHORUS:

ALTERNATIVE: [G---] [C-] [D-] [G---] [C-] [D] [G] x 3 [G-] [C---] [D-] [G---] [C-] [D] [G] → Matches Video

[G] Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high - Let the [D] snow come tumbling' [G] from the sky.
[G] She's as nice as apple pie - [D] She'll get her own man [G] by and by!
[G] When she does get a [C] lad of her own - [G] She won't tell her ma when [D] she gets home.
[G] Let them all come [C] as they will - For it's [G] Albert [D] Mooney [G] she loves still!

CHORUS x 2

INTRO: [G] [G] [C] [D]-[G]

BIDDY MULLIGAN

CHORUS:

You may [D] travel from Clare to the [A] County Kildare,
From [D] Dublin right down to [A] Macroom,
But [D] where would you see a fine [A] widow like me,
Biddy [D] Mulligan the [A] pride of the [D] Coombe

I'm a [D] scruff of a widow that [A] lives in a place,
In [D] Dublin that's known as "The [A] Coombe"
And me [D] comfort and ease [A] sure no king could excel
Though me [D] palace [A] consists of one [D] room

By [D] Patrick's street corner for [A] 35 years
I [D] stood by me stall, that's no [A] lie
And [D] while I stood there, there was [A] no one would dare
To say [D] black was the [A] white of me [D] eye

CHORUS:

You may [D] travel from Clare to the [A] County Kildare,
From [D] Dublin right down to [A] Macroom,
And [D] where would you see a fine [A] widow like me,
Biddy [D] Mulligan the [A] pride of the [D] Coombe

I sell [D] apples and oranges, [A] nuts and split peas,
[D] Bulls eyes and sugar sticks [A] sweet,
On a [D] Saturday night I sell [A] second hand clothes
From me [D] stall on the [A] floor of the [D] street,

Now I [D] have a son Mick, and he plays [A] on the pipe,
He [D] belongs to the Longford street [A] band
It would [D] do your heart good
Just to [A] see them march out
On a [D] Sunday to [A] Sandymount [D] Strand

CHORUS:

You may [D] travel from Clare to the [A] County Kildare,
From [D] Dublin right down to [A] Macroom,
And [D] where would you see a fine [A] widow like me,
Biddy [D] Mulligan the [A] pride of the [D] Coombe, me boys
Biddy [D] Mulligan the [A] pride of the [D] Coombe

BLACK IS THE COLOUR

INTRO – As Verses:

[F] [G] [Am] - [F] [G] [E7]
[F] [G] [E7] - [F] [G] [Am]

VERSE 1

Black is the [F] colour, [G] of my true love's [Am] hair,
Her lips are [F] like, [G] some roses [E7] fair,
She has the sweetest [F] smile,
[G] and the gentlest [E7] hands,
And I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [Am] stands.

VERSE 2

I love my [F] love, [G] and well she [Am] knows,
I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [E7] goes,
I wish the [F] day, [G] it soon would [E7] come,
When she and [F] I [G] could be as [Am] one.

VERSE 3

I go to the [F] Clyde [G] and I mourn and [Am] weep,
And [F] satisfied, [G] I never can [E7] be,
And there I write her a [F] letter,
[G] just a few short [E7] lines,
And suffer [F] death, [G] a thousand [Am] times.

VERSE 4

For Black is the [F] colour, [G] of my true love's [Am] hair,
Her lips are [F] like, [G] some roses [E7] fair,
She has the sweetest [F] smile,
[G] and the gentlest [E7] hands,
And I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [Am] stands.

INSTRUMENTAL – As Verses:

[F] [G] [Am] - [F] [G] [E7]
[F] [G] [E7] - [F] [G] [Am]

VERSE 5

Black is the [F] colour, [G] of my true love's [Am] hair,
Her lips are [F] like, [G] some roses [E7] fair,
She has the sweetest [F] smile,
[G] and the gentlest [E7] hands,
And I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [Am] stands.
Yes, I love the [F] ground, [G] whereon she [Am] stands.

BLACK VELVET BAND

INTRO: [D!!! !] [Bm!!! !] [G!!!] [A!] [D]

In a [D] neat little town they call Belfast,
An apprentice to trade I was [A] bound
And [D] many's the hour of sweet [Bm] happiness,
I [G] spent in that [A] neat little [D] town
Till [D] sad misfortune came over me,
And it caused me to stray from the [A] land
Far [D] away from me friends and [Bm] relations,
[G] betrayed by the [A] black velvet [D] band

CHORUS:

Her [D] eyes they shone like the diamonds,
He would think she was queen of the [A] land
And her [D] hair hung over her [Bm] shoulders,
tied [G] up with a [A] black velvet [D] band

[D] As I was strolling one evening,
Not meaning to go very [A] far
I [D] met with this ficklesome [Bm] damsel
She was [G] selling her [A] trade in the [D] bar
A gold watch she stole from a pocket,
And placed it right into my [A] hand
Then the [D] law came and took me to [Bm] prison.
Bad [G] luck to the [A] black velvet [D] band

CHORUS

(Now) [D] before the judge and the jury,
next morning I had to [A] appear
The [D] judge he said to [Bm] me "Young man,
the [G] case ag-[A]ainst you is [D] clear
Seven long years is your sentence,
to be spent far away from your [A] land.
Far [D] away from your friends and [Bm] relations,
[G] who follow the [A] black velvet [D] band

CHORUS

So [D] c'mon ye jolly young fellows,
I'll have you take warning by [A] me
For [D] when you're out on the [Bm] liquor, young lads,
[G] beware of the [A] pretty [D] colleens
They'll fill you with whiskey and porter,
'til you are not able to [A] stand
And the [D] very next thing that you [Bm] know me boys,
You'll [G] wind up in [A] Van Diemen's [D] Land

CHORUS x 2

BRIAN O'LINN

Now [D] Brian O'Linn was a gentleman born
He lived in a time when no [G] clothes they were [A] worn
When [D] fashion walked out, sure Brian walked in
"I'll give yis fashion," says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

RIFF After Each Verse:

[D] [D]-[G!!]-[A!] [D]-[G!!]-[A!] [D] [A!!]-[D!]

[D] Brian O'Linn was hard-up for a coat
So he borrowed the skin of a [G] neighbouring [A] goat
With the [D] horns stickin' out from his oxters he grinned
"Sure they'll think that they're pistols,"
says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

Now [D] Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear
So he got him a sheepskin to [G] make him a [A] pair
With the [D] fleshy side out and the wooly side in
"They're pleasantly cool," says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

[D] Brian O'Linn had no shirt to his back
So he went to the neighbour and [G] borrowed a [A] sack
Then he [D] puckered the meal-bag up under his chin
"Sure they'll take them for ruffles," says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

Now [D] Brian O'Linn had no brogues for his toes
So he hopped in two crab shells to [G] serve him for [A] those
Then he [D] split up two oysters, that matched like a twin!
"Sure they'll shine like buckles," says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

Now [D] Brian O'Linn had no watch to put on
So he scooped out a turnip to [G] make him a [A] one
Then he [D] slipped a young cricket in under the skin
"They'll think that it's ticking, " says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

Now [D] Brian O'Linn to his house had no door
He's the sky for a roof and the [G] bog for a [A] floor
He'd a [D] way to jump out and a way to swim in
"Tis a fine habitation," says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

Now [D] Brian O'Linn went a courtin' one night
And he set both the mother and [G] daughter to [A] fight
To [D] fight for his hand they both stripped to the skin
"Sure I'll marry yis both," says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

Now [D] Brian O'Linn went to take his wife home
But all he had was an oul nag
that was [G] all skin and [A] bone
"I'll [D] put her before me as neat as a pin
"And her mother behind me," says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

Now [D] Brian O'Linn and the wife and wife's mother
They were all going home o'er the [G] bridge to-[A]gether
The [D] bridge it fell down and they all tumbled in
"Sure we'll go home by the water," says [A] Brian O'Linn [D]

BROWN EYED GIRL - Van Morrison

INTRO: [G] [C] [G] [D7] [G] [C] [G] [D7]

[G] Hey, where did [C] we go,
[G] days when the [D7] rains came
[G] Down in the [C] hollow, [G] playing a [D7] new game
[G] Laughing and a [C] running, hey, hey,
[G] skipping and a [D7] jumping
[G] In the misty [C] morning fog,
[G] with our hearts a [D7] thumpin' and
[C] You, [D] my brown eyed [G] girl [Em]
[C] You [D7] my brown eyed [G] girl

[G] Whatever [C] happened to [G] Tuesday and [D7] so slow
[G] Going down to the [C] old mine with a
[G] transistor [D7] radio
[G] Standing in the [C] sunlight laughing,
[G] hide behind a [D7] rainbow's wall
[G] Slipping and a [C] sliding, hey, hey,
[G] All along the [D7] waterfall with
[C] You, my [D7] brown eyed [G] girl [Em],
[C] You [D7] my brown-eyed [G] girl

[D7] Do you remember when [D7!!] [STOP] we used to sing
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D] da (Just like that)
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D] da - la te [G] da

[G] So hard to [C] find my way,
[G] Now that I'm [D7] on my own
[G] I saw you just the [C] other day,
[G] my, how [D7] you have grown
[G] Cast my memory [C] back there Lord.
[G] Sometimes I'm [D7] overcome thinkin' 'bout it
[G] Makin' love in the [C] green grass
[G] behind the [D7] stadium with
[C] You, [D] my brown eyed [G] girl. [Em]
[C] You, [D] my brown eyed [G] girl.

[D7] Do you remember when [D7!!]
[STOP] we used to sing
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D] da
(Just like that)
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te
[D] da - la te [G] da
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te [D] da
(Just like that)
[G] Sha la la la [C] la la la la [G] la la la la te
[D] da - la te [G!] da

CELTIC SYMPHONY

INTRO: | [Gm] [F] [Gm] [F] | [F] [Gm] | x4 {as Oh ah up the 'Ra...}

VERSE 1:

It was [Gm] far across the sea, when the devil got a hold of me,
He [F] wouldn't set me free, so he kept me soul for [Gm] ransom.
Na [Gm] na na na na na, na na na na na na na na na na
[F] Na na na na na, na na na na na [Gm] na na

VERSE 2:

I'm a [Gm] sailor man from Glasgow town,
I've [Bb] roamed this world [F] around and round,
He's the [Gm] meanest thing that I have found,
in [Gm] all me [F] days of [Gm] wandering.
Na [Gm] na na na na na na na, na [Bb] na, na [F] na na na
Na [Gm] na na na na na na na, [Gm] na na [F] na na [Gm] na na

VERSE 3:

And [Gm] I could see his evil eyes, was [F] then he took me by surprise,
[Gm] Take me to your paradise, I [F] want to see the [Gm] jungle!
[Gm] Na na na na na na na, na [F] na na na na na na na na na
Na [Gm] na na na na na na na, [F] na na na na [Gm] na na

CHORUS:

[Gm] Here we [Bb] go again; we're on the [F] road again
We're on the [Gm] road again; we're on our way to [F] paradise.
We love the [Bb] jungle deep, that's where the [F] lion sleeps,
For then those [Gm] evil eyes, they have no place in [F] paradise.

[Gm] Graffiti on the wall just as the sun was going down
I see [F] graffiti on the wall – Up the Celts! Up the Celts!
[Gm] Graffiti on the wall, it says we're magic, we're magic,
[F] Graffiti on the wall, - - - [Gm] graffiti [F] on the [Gm] wall...

It says [Gm] Ooh [F] ah [Gm] up the [F] 'Ra, say [F] ooh ah up the [Gm] 'Ra (x6)

INSTRUMENTAL:

[Gm] Graffiti on the wall just as the sun was going down
I see [F] graffiti on the wall – Up the Celts! Up the Celts!
[Gm] Graffiti on the wall, it says we're magic, we're magic,
[F] Graffiti on the wall, - - -

VERSE 4:

We went [Gm] through each jungle deep, for the paradise that we did seek,
'Twas [F] no trip for the weak, we're waltzing with the [Gm] natives.
Na [Gm] na na na na na, na na na na na na na na na na
[F] Na na na na na, na na na na na [Gm] na na

VERSE 5:

From the [Gm] Amazon to Borneo,
from [Bb] Africa to [F] Tokyo,
To the [Gm] darkest jungles of the world,
but [Gm] nowhere [F] could I [Gm] lose him!
Na [Gm] na na na na na na na, na [Bb] na, na [F] na na na
Na [Gm] na na na na na na na, [Gm] na na [F] na na [Gm] na na

VERSE 6:

[Gm] Around in circles every way, he [F] turned to me and he did say,
"I [Gm] think you're leading me astray, I [F] want your soul, me [Gm] boyo!"
[Gm] Na na na na na na na na, na [F] na na na na na na na na na
Na [Gm] na na na na na na na, [F] na na na na [Gm] na na

CHORUS

DANNY BOY

INTRO: [G7] O Danny [C] Boy, o Danny [F] Boy, I [G7] love you [C] so

[G7] Oh Danny [C] Boy, [C7] the pipes, the pipes are call-[F]ing,
From glen to [C] glen and [Am] down the mountain [D7] side [G7]
The summer's [C] gone and [C7] all the roses [F] falling
'Tis you, 'tis [C] you - must [G7] go and I must [C] bide [G7]

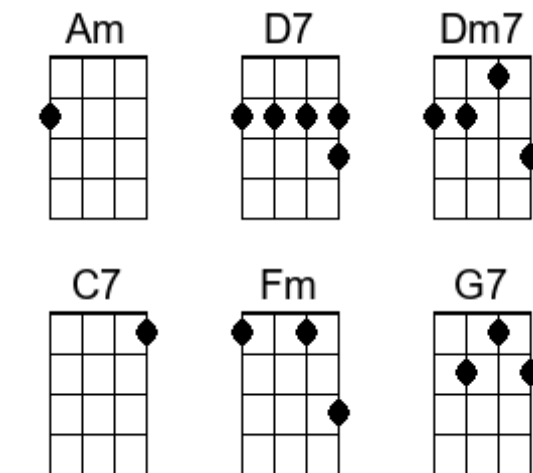
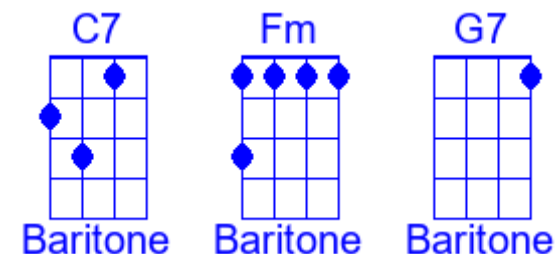
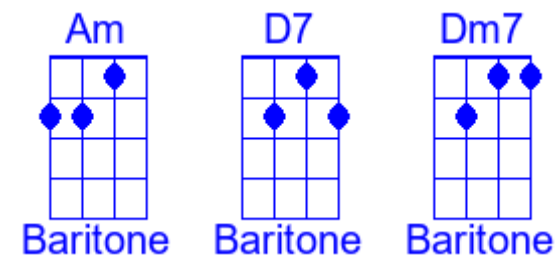
^[G7] But come ye [C] back when [F] summer's in the [C] meadow
Or when the [Am] valley's [F!] [STOP] hushed and white with [D7] snow [G7]
'Tis, I'll be [C] there in [F] sunshine or in [C] shadow [F]
O Danny [C] Boy, o Danny [Dm7] Boy, I [G7] love you [C] so [G7]

[G7] But if you [C] come and [C7] all the flowers are [F] dying [Fm]
And I am [C] dead, as [C7] dead I well may be [G7]
You'll come and [C] find the [C7] place where I am [F] lying [Fm]
Then kneel and [C] say an [G7] Ave there for me [C]

^And I will know tho' [F] soft you tread [C] above me
For then my [C] grave will [F] warm and sweeter [G] be [G7]
And you'll bend [C] down and [F] tell me that you [C] love me [Am]

SLOWING

And I will [C] rest in peace un-[G7]til you come to [C] me



DELIRIUM TREMENS

CHORUS:

[C] Goodbye to the Port and Brandy, to the [F] Vodka and the Stag,
To the [G] Schmiddick and the Harpic, the bottled draught and [C] keg.
As I sat lookin' up the Guinness ad I could [F] never figure out
How your [G] man stayed up on the surfboard after 14 pints of [C] stout.

[C] I dreamt a dream the other night - I [F] couldn't sleep a wink
The [G] rats were tryin' to count the sheep and I was off the drink
There were [C] footsteps in the parlour - and [F] voices on the stairs
I [G] was climbin' up the wall and movin' round the chairs.
I [C] looked out from under the blanket - [F] up at the fireplace.
The [G] Pope and John F. Kennedy - were starin' in me face
[C] Suddenly it dawned on me, I was [F] getting the old D.T.s
When the [G] Child o' Prague began to dance
around the mantle [C] piece.

CHORUS

[C] Well I swore upon the bible - I'd [F] never touch a drop.
My [G] heart was palpitatin' - I was sure 'twas going to [C] stop,
Thinkin' I was dyin' - I gave my [F] soul to God to keep.
A [G] tenner to St. Anthony - to help me get some [C] sleep.
I fell into an awful nightmare - [F] got a dreadful shock.
When I [G] dreamt there was no Duty-free at the airport down in [C] Knock.
George Seawright was sayin' the rosary - and [F] SPUC were on the pill.
I dreamt Frank [G] Patterson was gargled - and singin' Spancil [C] Hill.

CHORUS

I [C] dreamt that Mr. Haughey - had re-[F]captured Crossmaglen
Then [G] Garret got re-elected - and he gave it back a-[C]gain.
Dick [C] Spring and Roger Casement
were on board the [F] Marita-Ann
As [G] she sailed into Fenit - they were singin' Banna [C] Strand.
[C] I dreamt Archbishop McNamara
was on Spike [F] Island for 3 nights
Havin' been [G] arrested - for supportin' Traveller's [C] rights.
I [C] dreamt that Ruairi Quinn was smokin' mari [F] juana in the Dail
Barry [G] Desmond handin' Frenchies out to scuts in Fianna [C] Fail

CHORUS

Oh I [C] dreamt of Nell McCafferty - and [F] Mary Kenny too
The [G] things that we got up to - but I'm not gonna tell [C] you.
I dreamt I was in a jacuzzi - along with [F] Alice Glenn
'twas [G] then I knew I'd never ever, ever drink a [C] gain

CHORUS x 2

DIRTY OLD TOWN

INTRO MELODICA:

[Bm] I found my [D] love, by the gas works wall
Dreamed a [G] dream, by the old ca-[D]nal
Dirty old [Em] town, dirty old [Bm] town

[NC] I met my [G] love, by the [C] gas works [G] wall
Dreamed a [C] dream, by the old ca-[G]nal
I [C] kissed my [G] girl, by the [C] factory [G] wall
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town

Clouds are [G] drifting a-[C]cross the [G] moon
Cats are [C] prowling on their [G] beat
[C] Spring's a [G] girl from the [C] streets at [G] night
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town

INSTRUMENTAL MELODICA:

[G] I found my [C] love,
by the gas works wall
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal
I [F] kissed my [C] girl, by the [F] factory [C] wall
Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town [N.C.]

I heard a [G] siren [C] from the [G] docks
Saw a [C] train set the night on [G] fire
I [C] smelled the [G] spring on the [C] smoky [G] wind
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town

I'm gonna [G] make a [C] big sharp [G] axe
Shining [C] steel tempered in the [G] fire
I'll [C] chop you [G] down like an [C] old dead [G] tree
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town [N.C.]

I met my [G] love, by the [C] gas works [G] wall
Dreamed a [C] dream, by the old ca-[G]nal
I [C] Kissed my [G] girl, by the [C] factory [G] wall
Dirty old [Am\] town, dirty old [Em\] town

[Em] Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em!] town

EZ Play Notes: Play the first verse in key of [G] as the **INTRO** and **INSTRUMENTAL**

DON'T GO DRINKING WITH HOBBITS

CHORUS:

[C] Don't go [G] drinking with [C] hobbits.
Sure, you'll [F] have a grand time all night [C] long.
But [F] if you go drinking with [C] hobbits, my [A7] friends
You may [D7] not want to [G7] wake up at [C] all. [C] [G7] [C]

[C] They were thoughtful and [G] kind
when they [C] invited me to drink,
A lone [F] human among hobbit-[C]kind.
They [F] bought me a half, then [C] another and one [A7] more
And told [D7] stories of days long gone [G7] by.
The [C] brew was strong. My [G7] glass never [C] empty,
As if [F] time stood still and [C] bare.
But [F] when I awoke the next [C] morning [A7]
I [D7] felt like Old Smaug had been [G7] there.

CHORUS

You may [C] wonder [G] how it all [C] happened.
Well, I'm still [F] wondering what happened [C] too.
I had [F] tea, dinner, and [C] supper. [A7]
Quite [D7] full, I thought I was [G7] through.
But they [C] insisted I [G] come to the [C] Flagon
And [F] drink to the health of new [C] friends.
But [F] when I go there, I met [C] more hobbit friends
And the [D7] toasts seemed [G7] never to [C] end.

CHORUS

When the [C] sun it [G] rose the next [C] morning,
And I [F] lifted my head from my [C] drool,
There were [F] beer mugs spilled on the [C] tables [A7]
And [D7] hobbits lying next to their [G7] stools.
A young [C] hobbit lass [G] grinned cross the [C] barroom
And [F] nudged each of my new hobbit [C] friends.
Then [F] sometime after second [C] breakfast
We [D7] all started [G7] drinking [C] again.

CHORUS

I left [C] Hobbiton a [G] few days [C] later.
My [F] head it was swollen and [C] sore.
It [F] felt like a dwarven [C] anvil [A7]
[D7] After a terrible [G7] war.
I [C] don't think I'll [G] ever [C] recover
From the [F] food, the drink, and the [C] cheer.
And I [F] swear I'll never drink with [C] hobbits [A7] again
At [D7] least, 'till I [G7] see them next [C] year.

CHORUS x 2

DRUNKEN SAILOR

[Em] What will we do with the drunken sailor?

[D] What will we do with the drunken sailor?

[Em] What will we do with the drunken sailor?

[Em] Ear-ly **[D]** in the **[Em]** morning

CHORUS:

[Em] Way hay, and up she rises

[D] Way hay, and up she rises

[Em] Way hay, and up she rises

[Em] Ear-ly **[D]** in the **[Em]** morning

[Em] Shave his belly with a rusty razor

[D] Shave his belly with a rusty razor

[Em] Shave his belly with a rusty razor

[Em] Ear-ly **[D]** in the **[Em]** morning

CHORUS

[Em] We'll put him in a long boat till he's sober

[D] Put him in a long boat till he's sober

[Em] Put him in a long boat till he's sober

[Em] Ear-ly **[D]** in the **[Em]** morning

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL – As Verses

[Em] Stick him in the scupper with a hose pipe on him

[D] Stick him in the scupper with a hose pipe on him

[Em] Stick him in the scupper with a hose pipe on him

[Em] Ear-ly **[D]** in the **[Em]** morning

CHORUS

[Em] Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

[D] Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

[Em] Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

[Em] Ear-ly **[D]** in the **[Em]** morning

[Em] That's what we do with the drunken sailor!

[D] That's what we do with the drunken sailor!

[Em] That's what we do with the drunken sailor!

[Em] Ear-ly **[D]** in the **[Em]** morning

CHORUS X 2

FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK

[G] [D] [G] [Asus4] [D] [A]

It was Christmas [D] Eve babe, In the [G] drunktank
An old man [D] said to me, won't see [A] another one
And then he [D] sang a song - The Rare Old [G] Mountain Dew
And I turned my [D] face away And [G] dreamed [Asus4] about [D] you

[A] Got on a [D] lucky one - Came in [G] eighteen to one
I've got a [D] feeling - This year's for [A] me and you
So happy [D] Christmas - I love you [G] baby
I can see a [D] better time when [G] all our [Asus4] dreams come [D] true

[G] [D] [G] [Asus4] FASTER NOW [D] [D]-[A] [D]-[G]-[A]-[D]

They've got [D] cars big as [A] bars, they've got [Bm] rivers of [G] gold
But the [D] wind goes right through you, it's no place for the [A] old
When you [D] first took my [Bm] hand on a [D] cold Christmas [G] Eve
You [D] promised me Broadway was [A] waiting for [D] me
You were [D] handsome, You were pretty
Queen of New York [A] City
When the [D] band finished [G] playing they [A] howled out for [D] more
[D] Sinatra was swinging, all the drunks they were [A] singing
We [D] kissed on the [G] corner, then [A] danced through the [D] night

The [G] boys of the NY-[Bm]PD [A] choir
Were [D] singing 'Galway [Bm] Bay'
And the [D] bells were [G] ringing
[A] Out for Christmas [D] day
[D]-[Bm]-[G] [D]-[A] [D]-[G] [D]-[A]-[D]

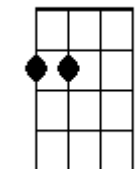
[D] You're a bum, You're a [D] punk
You're an old slut on [A] junk
Living [D] there almost [G] dead
on a [A] drip in that [D] bed
You [D] scum bag, You maggot
You cheap lousy [A] faggot
Happy [D] Christmas your [G] arse
I pray [A] God it's our [D] last

The [G] boys of the NY-[Bm]PD [A] choir
Still [D] singing `Galway [Bm] Bay`
And the [D] bells are [G] ringing
[A] Out for Christmas [D] Day
[D] [G] [D]-[G] [A]-[D]-[A]-

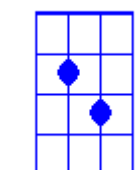
[A] I could have [D] been someone
Well, So [G] could anyone
You took my [D] dreams From me
When I first [A] found you
I kept them [D] with me babe
I put them [G] with my own
Can't make it [D] all alone
I've built my [G] dreams [A] around [D] you

And the [G] boys of the NY-[Bm]PD [A] choir
Still [D] singing `Galway [Bm] Bay`
And the [D] bells are [G] ringing
[A] Out for Christmas [D] Day
[D] [G] [D] [A] [D] [G] [D]-[G] [A]-[D]-[A]-
[D] [G] [D] [A] [D] [G] [D]-[G] [A]-[D]

Asus4



Asus4



Baritone

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

INTRO: Play First Verse Through

[C] Tim Finnegan lived in [Am] Walkin Street,
 a [F] gentleman Irishman [G] mighty odd
 He'd a [C] beautiful brogue so [Am] rich and sweet,
 to [F] rise in the world he [G] carried a [C] hod
 You [C] see he'd a sort of a [Am] tippler's way
 with the [C] love for the liquor poor [Am] Tim was born
 To [C] help him on his [Am] work each day,
 he'd a [F] drop of the craythur [G] every [C] morn

CHORUS:

[C] Whack fol the dah now [Am] dance to yer partner
 [F] Welt the floor yer [G] trotters shake
 [C] Wasn't it the [Am] truth I told you?
 [F] Lots of fun at [G] Finnegan's [C] Wake

One [C] morning Tim got [Am] rather full,
 His [F] head felt heavy which [G] made him shake
 [C] Fell from a ladder and he [Am] broke his skull,
 So they [F] carried him home his [G] corpse to [C] wake
 [C] Rolled him up in a [Am] nice clean sheet,
 And [C] laid him out [Am] upon the bed
 A [C] gallon of whiskey [Am] at his feet
 A [F] barrel of porter [G] at his [C] head

CHORUS

His [C] friends assembled [Am] at the wake,
 And [F] Mrs. Finnegan [G] called for lunch
 [C] First they brought in [Am] tay and cake,
 Then [F] pipes, tobacco and [G] whiskey [C] punch
SLOW: [C] Biddy O'Brien [Am] began to cry,
 "Such a [C] nice clean corpse, did you [Am] ever see,
 [C] Tim avourneen, why [Am] did you die?",
FAST: "Arrah [F] hold your gob!" said [G] Paddy [C] McGee

CHORUS

[C] Patty O'Connor took [Am] up the job,
 [F] "Ah Biddy" says she, [G] "You're wrong, I'm sure"
 [C] Biddy gave her a [Am] belt in the gob
 Then [F] left her sprawlin' [G] on the [C] floor
 [C] Then the war did [Am] soon e nrage,
 [C] Woman to woman and [Am] man to man
 [C] ShillelaghAlaw was [Am] all the rage
 And a [F] row and a ruction [G] soon [C] began

[C] Mickey Maloney [Am] raised his head
 And a [F] bucket of whiskey [G] flew at him
 [C] Missed, and fallin' [Am] on the bed,
 The [F] liquor scattered [G] over [C] Tim!
SLOW: [C] Tim revives, see [Am] how he rises,
 [C] Timothy risin' [Am] from the bed
FAST: Sayin' [C] "Whirl your liquor [Am] around like blazes,
 [F] Thunderin' Jaysus, do ye [G] think I'm [C] dead?"

SING CHORUS – Then OUTRO: Play First Verse Through Twice

FORTY SHADES OF GREEN

INTRO – As per last two lines of the chorus:

[C] With the breeze as sweet as [G] shalamar,
And there's [D] forty shades of [G] green.

[G] I close my eyes and picture
the [C] emerald of the sea,
From the fishing boats at [G] Dingle,
To the [A7] shores of Donagha-[D]dea;
I [G] miss the River Shannon,
And the [C] folks at Skibbereen,
The moorlands and the [G] meadows
With their [D] forty shades of [G] green.

CHORUS:

But [C] most of all I [D] miss a girl in
[G] Tipperary town.
And [C] most of all I [D] miss her lips,
As [G] soft as eider-[D]down;
A-[G]gain I want to see and do
The [C] things we've done and seen,
With the breeze as sweet as [G] shalamar,
And there's [D] forty shades of [G] green.

BREAK – As per last two lines of the chorus:

With the [C] breeze as sweet as [G] shalamar,
And there's [D] forty shades of [G] green.

[G] I wish that I could spend an hour
At [C] Dublin's churning surf,
I'd love to watch the [G] farmers drain
The [A7] bogs and spade the [D] turf;
To [G] see again the thatching
Of the [C] straw the women glean;
I'd walk from Cork to [G] Larne to see
The [D] forty shades [G] of green.

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL – As per VERSE above

CHORUS

Yes, With the [C] breeze as sweet as [G] shalamar,
And there's [D] forty shades of [G!] green.

GALWAY BAY

[NC] If you **[F]** ever go across the sea to **[C]** Ireland
Then maybe at the closing of your **[F]** day
You could sit and watch the moon rise over **[A#]** Claddagh
Or **[C]** watch the sun go down on Galway **[F]** Bay

Transposition for original key:
F → **Bb** , **C** → **F** , **A#** → **Eb**

[F] For the breezes blowing o'er the sea to **[C]** Ireland
Are perfumed by the heather as they **[F]** blow
And the women in the uplands diggin' **[A#]** praties
Speak a **[C]** language that the strangers do not **[F]** know

{Play more upbeat - BASS UKE over this verse only}

[F] For the strangers came and tried to teach **[C]** their way
And scorned us just for being what we **[F]** are
But they might as well go chasing after **[A#]** moonbeams
[C] Or light a penny candle from a **[F]** star

[F] And if there is going to be a life **[C]** hereafter
And somehow I am sure there's gonna to **[F]** be
I will ask my God to let me make my **[A#]** heaven
In **[C]** that dear land across the Irish **[F]** sea

HAND ME DOWN ME BIBLE

INTRO: [G]-[C] [C]-[G] [G]-[C] [C]-[G]

CHORUS:

[G] Oh Oh [D] Glorio,
[C] Now I'm the [D] Lord's [G] disciple
[G] Oh Oh [D] th' Glorio,
[C] Now hand me down - my [G]-bible-[C] [C]-[G]

[Em] I like my liquor and my [G] livin' hard,
May the [C] lord [D] save my [G] soul
[Em] My salvation was a [G] turn of the card
My [C] hearts as [D] black as [G] coal

But [C] every-[G]body's got the [D] right to go [G] wrong
[C] Every-[G]body's got to [D] sing my [G] song
[C] Every-[G]body's got the [D] right to go [G] wrong
[C] Sing my song, sing my [D] song

CHORUS x 2

[Em] I don't give a damn for [G] any man,
As all [C] the [D] world can [G] see;
[Em] The time has come to [G] make a stand,
[C] Won't you [D] shine [G] your light on me

[C] Come on [G] people let [D] the world [G] begin
[C] Come on [G] now let the [D] sun [G] shine in,
[C] Come on [G] people let [D] your life [G] begin;
[C] Let it in, let [D] it in

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL: As per Chorus

CHORUS x 2

IF WE ONLY HAD OLD IRELAND OVER HERE

[G] [D] [G] I was dreaming of old [C] Ireland and [G] Killarneys lakes and fells,
I was [C] dreaming of the [G] shamrock and the [A] dear old Shandon [D7] Bells,
When my [G] memories [C] suggested in a [G] vision bright and clear,
All the [C] strange things that would [G] happen if we [D7] had old Ireland [G] here.

CHORUS:

If the [G] Blarney stone stood [C] out in Auckland [G] Harbour,
And [C] Dublin Town to Wellington came to [G] stay,
If the Shannon River [C] joined Waikato [G] Waters,
And [A] Killarneys lakes flowed into Golden [D] Bay,
If the [G] Shandon Bells rang [C] out in old [G] Dunedin,
And [C] County Cork in Nelson did [G] appear,
Erin's [Em] sons would never roam, all the [G] boys would stay at home,
If we [G] only had old [D] Ireland over [G] here.

Transposition for original key:
G → E , C → A , A → F# , D7 → B7 , D → B

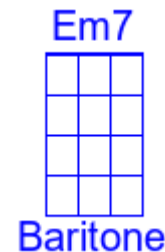
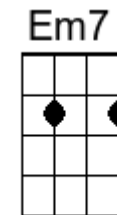
[G] [D] [G] There are lots of lovely [C] Faeries dancin' [G] on the village green,
There are [C] lots of lovely [G] Cailíns, the [A] finest ever [D7] seen,
Where the [G] boys are all called [C] Paddy, and the [G] girls called Molly Dear,
Sure we'd [C] wrap the green flag [G] round them, if we [D] had old Ireland [G] here

CHORUS

IF YOU'RE IRISH

INTRO: [D] [D]

[D] If you're Irish come into the [E7] par~lour
There's a [A7] welcome there for [D] you
And if your [Em7] name ~ is ~ [D] Timothy or Pat
So [A7] long's y' come from [E7] Ireland
There's a [A7] welcome on the mat



[A7] If you [D] come from the Mountains of [E7] Mour~ne
Or Kil-[A7]larney's lakes so [D] blue
We'll [A7] sing you a song and we'll make a fuss
Who-[D]ever you are, you're [A7] one of us
If you're [D] Irish, [A7] this is the place for [D] you

INSTRUMENTAL – As First Verse:

Repeat Verse 1 and Verse 2

IRISH HEART

INTRO: [Gm] – [F] – [Bb] – [C] – [F]

[F] My faithful friends
It's been [Bb] so long
Since I sailed [C] away
From my [Bb] own native [F] home [Gm] [C]

But Ireland's [F] always been
Here on my [Bb] mind
And o what I'd [C] give
Just to [Bb] be there
one more [F] time [Gm] [C]

CHORUS:

I'll [F] always have an Irish [Bb] heart
No [C] matter where I go
I know where I [F] came [Gm] here [C] from
My [F] homeland and I
Will never be [Bb] far apart [F]
For I'll [Gm] al-[F]ways [Bb] have an [C] Irish [F] heart

BREAK: [Gm] – [F] – [Bb] – [C] – [F]

[F] My faithful friends
My time has [Bb] come
To leave this [C] world
And to enter god's [F] home [Gm] [C]

I pray he'll [F] fly me high
He'll [Bb] understand
I need to [C] say goodbye
To my Ire-[F]land [Gm] [C]

CHORUS

(Optional Key Change to [F#] from here on)

INSTRUMENTAL – As CHORUS

CHORUS:

I'll [F] always have an Irish [Bb] heart
No [C] matter where I go
I know where I [F] came [Gm] here [C] from
My [F] homeland and I
Will never be [Bb] far apart [F]
For I'll [Gm] al-[F]ways [Bb] have...[Gm]...[F]...[Bb]
Yes, I'll [Gm] al-[F]ways [Bb] have an [C] Irish [F] heart

IRISH PUB SONG

INTRO: [Dm] [Dm]

Well you're walkin' through a city street,
 you [F] could be in [C] Peru
 And you [Dm] hear a distant calling
 and you [Am] know it's meant for [C] you,
 Then you [Dm] drop what you were doin'
 and you [F] join the merry [C] mob,
 And [Dm] before you know just [C] where you are,
 you're [Dm] in an Irish pub.

CHORUS:

They've got [F] one in Honolulu they've got one in Moscow too,
 They got [Dm] four of them in Sydney
 and a [Am] couple in Kathman-[C]du.
 So [Dm] whether you sing or pull a pint
 you'll [F] always have a [C] job,
 'Cause [Dm] wherever you go around the world
 you'll [C] find an Irish [Dm] pub.

[Dm] [C]-[Dm] Now that [Dm] design is fairly simple
 and it [F] usually works the [C] same,
 You'll have [Dm] "Razor Houghton"
 scoring in the [Am] Ireland-England [C] game
 And you [Dm] know your in an Irish pub
 the [F] minute you're in the [C] door,
 For a [Dm] couple of boys with [C] bodhrans
 will be [Dm] murdering Christy Moore.

EZ Play Notes:
 Omit the **Bridge**

CHORUS

[Dm] [C]-[Dm] Now the owner is Norwegian
 and the [F] manager comes from [C] Cork,
 And the [Dm] lad that's holding up the bar
 says [Am] 'Only Eejits [C] Work'
 He was [Dm] born and bred in Bolton
 but his [F] mammy's from Kil-[C]dare,
 And he's [Dm] goin' to make his [C] fortune soon
 and [Dm] move to County Clare.

CHORUS

BRIDGE: ("The Kesh Jig" in F, then G)

[F] [C] [Bb] [C] - [F] [C] [Bb] [C]
 [G] [D] [C] [D] - [G] [D] [C] [D] - [Dm]

[Dm] Now it's time for me to go
 I [F] have to catch me [C] train,
 So I'll [Dm] leave ye sitting at the bar
 and [C] face the wind and [Am] rain,
 For I'll [Dm] have that pint you owe me,
 if I'm [F] not gone on the [C] dry,
 When we [Dm] meet next week in Frankford
 in the [C] fields of Athen-[Dm]ry.

CHORUS x 2

[Dm] Wherever you go around the world
 you'll [C] find an Irish [Dm!] pub.

ISN'T IT GRAND BOYS

[D] [D]

[D] Look at the coffin, with golden [G] handles

CHORUS

Isn't it [D] grand, boys [Bm] to be bloody well [A7] dead

[N.C.] Let's not have a [D] sniffle, [G] Let's have a bloody good [D] cry

And [G] always remember, the [D] longer you live the

[A] Sooner you'll bloody well [D] die

[D] Look at the mourners, [G] bloody great hypocrites **CHORUS**

[D] Look at the flowers, [G] all bloody withered **CHORUS**

[D] Look at the preacher, [G] bloody sanctimonious **CHORUS**

[D] Look at the widow, [G] bloody great female **CHORUS**

LILLY THE PINK

CHORUS:

[G!] We' - - -ll [C] drink a drink a drink to lily the [G] pink the pink the pink
The saviour [Dm] of [G] the human [C] race
(For) she invented medicinal [G] compound most effi-[Dm]cacious [G] in every [C] case

Transposition for original key:

G→B , C→E , Dm→F#m

Now here's a [C] story, a little bit [G] gory, a little bit [Dm] happy, [G] a little bit [C] sad
About Lily the Pink and her medicinal [G] compound and how it [Dm] drove her [G] to the [C] bad

[C] Well, Ebenezer thought he was Julius [G] Caesar, so they [Dm] put him [G] in a [C] home
And then they gave him medicinal [G] compound and now he's [Dm] Empe-[G]ror of [C] Rome

CHORUS

[C] Fred the Gringah, the opera [G] singer could break a [Dm] glass [G] with his voice [C] 'tis said
Rubbed his tonsils with medicinal [G] compound, now they break [Dm] glasses [G] over his [C] head

Johnny [C] Hammer had a te-te-terrible [G] stammer he could [Dm] hardly [G] sa-sa-say a [C] word
And so they ga-ga-gave him medicinal [G] compounds, and now he's [Dm] s-s-seen [G] but never [C] heard

CHORUS

[C] Uncle Paul he, was very [G] small he, was the [Dm] shortest [G] man in [C] town
Rubbed his body with medicinal [G] compound, now he [Dm] weighs only [G] half [C] pound

[C] Lily died and went up to [G] heaven. All the [Dm] church bells [G] they did [C] ring
She took with her medicinal [G] compound. [STOP] Hark the [Dm!!!] herald [G!!!] angels [C!] sing

[G!] We'll - [G!] We'll - [G!] CHORUS x 2

LORD OF THE DANCE

INTRO – Drum 4 bars, then as per the Chorus:

CHORUS:

[G] Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the **[D7]** Dance, says He!
And I'll **[G]** lead you all, wherever you may be
And I'll **[D7]** lead you all in the **[G]** Dance, says He!
[G] [D7]-[G]

I **[G]** danced in the morning when the world begun
I **[D7]** danced to the Moon & the Stars & the Sun
I **[G]** came down from Heaven & I danced on the Earth
In **[D7]** Bethlehem I **[G]** had my birth

I **[G]** danced for the scribe & the pharisees
But **[D7]** they would not dance
And they wouldn't follow me
I **[G]** danced for the fishermen, James & John
They **[D7]** came with me & the **[G]** dance went on

CHORUS

BREAK – as per the Chorus

EZ Play Notes: Omit the
Breaks and **Outro**.

I **[G]** danced on the Sabbath & I cured the lame
The **[D7]** holy people said it was a shame!
They **[G]** whipped & they stripped
And they hung me high
And they **[D7]** left me there on a **[G]** cross to die!

CHORUS

BREAK – as per the Chorus

I **[G]** danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
It's **[D7]** hard to dance with the devil on your back
They **[G]** buried my body & they thought I'd gone
But **[D7]** I am the Dance & I **[G]** still go on!

They **[G]** cut me down and I leapt up high
I **[D7]** am the Life that'll never, never die!
I'll **[G]** live in you if you'll live in Me - **[D7]**
I am the Lord of the **[G]** Dance, said He!

CHORUS x 2

OUTRO – as per the Chorus:

MAGGIE

INTRO: [D] [D] [G] [G] [D] [A] [D] [D]

I [D] wandered today to the [G] hills Maggie
To [D] watch the scene be-[A]low
The [D] creek and the creaking old [G] mill Maggie
As [D] we used to [A7] long, long [D] ago [D7]

The [G] green grove is gone from the [D] hills Maggie
[A] Where first [E7] the daises [A] sprung [A7]
The [D] creaking old [D7] mill is [G] still Maggie
Since [D] you and [A7] I were [D] young

Oh, [D] they say that I am feeble with [G] age Maggie
My [D] steps are much slower than [A] then
My [D] face is a well written [G] page Maggie
And [D] time all [A7] alone was the [D] pen

They [G] say we have outlived our [D] time Maggie
As [A] dated as [E7] songs that we've [A] sung [A7]
But to [D] me you're as [D7] fair
As you [G] were Maggie
When [D] you and [A7] I were [D] young

INSTRUMENTAL:

As you [G] were Maggie
When [D] you and [A7] I were [D] young

They [G] say we have outlived our [D] time Maggie
As [A] dated as [E7] songs that we've [A] sung [A7]
But to [D] me you're as [D7] fair
As you [G] were Maggie
When [D] you and [A7] I were [Bm] young -[A]-[E7]-[G]
When [D] you and [A7] I were [D] young -[G]-[D!]

MOBY DUCK - The Longest Johns

After [Am!] fourteen years I left the sea, for a [!] life upon a lake
 [!] After all the storms I'd seen, I [E7!] needed a good break
 I thought still [Dm!] waters would mean peace for me
 But [Am!] that was a mistake
 For the [Am!] place I chose was [E7!] bedevilled
 By a giant evil [Am] drake

A [Am] mallard of such malice, twice the size of any man
 A [Am] bill to give you night-[E7]mares
 and a monstrous wingspan
 You [Dm] cannot hope to fight it so [Am] avoid him if you can
 That [Am] terrifying waterfowl,
 the [E7] beast beyond the [Am] dam

CHORUS:

[Am] Row-ho Row-ho Row with all our might
 Row with harpoons loaded and [E7] spoiling for a fight
 [Am] Row-ho Row-ho and with any luck
 We'll [F] win the day and [Am] do away
 the [E7] dreaded Moby [Am] Duck

I'm [Am] not one for surrender so a vengeful oath I swore
 I gathered up me hearties like so [E7] many times before
 We [Dm] shod our ship with weapons
 and [Am] prepared to go to war
 'Til the fetid feathered fearsome
 flying [E7] duck will breathe no [Am] more

CHORUS

There was [Am] bonnie brave Marie, who to her arms had waved goodbye
 And handsome Jack whose duck-attack left [E7] him without an eye
 The [Dm] Derby twins with one leg each on [Am] deck were standing by
 Only a couple dozen limbs between a [E7] crew of [Am] twenty-five

CHORUS

The [Dm!] fight raged on for several hours, [Am!] defend and then attack
 With [Dm!] beatings from those wicked wings
 our [F!] boat began to [E7!] crack
 The [Dm!] beast reared up to finish the job,
 and [F!] with a mighty [E7!] quack... (quack)
 I [A] rammed my harpoon in his throat and [E7] made a tasty [A] snack!

CHORUS 2:

[A] Row-ho Row-ho Row us back to shore
 [A] We'll drag his broken body back and [E7] roast it on an oar
 [A] Row-ho Row-ho barbecue the beast, with [E7] hoisin sauce and pancakes
 We will have the biggest [A] feast

CHORUS 3:

[A] Row-ho Row-ho Row with all our might
 [A] We rowed with harpoons loaded and [E7] spoiling for a fight
 [A] Row-ho Row-ho Row we had all the luck
 [E7] We won the day and did away the dreaded Moby [A] Duck
 [E7] We won the day and did away the dreaded Moby [A!] Duck! (quack)

INSTRUMENTAL – As per CHORUS 3

MOLLY MALONE (Cockles & Mussels)

INTRO – as per first Verse:

In [C] Dublin's fair [Am] city,
where the [Dm] girls are so [G7] pretty,
I [C] first set my [Am] eyes
on sweet [F] Molly Ma-[G7]lone

As she [C] wheeled her wheel [Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] “Cockles and [Em] mussels,
a-[C]live, a-[G7]live [C] O!”

CHORUS:

A-[C]live, alive [Am] O! A-[Dm]live, alive [G7] O!
Crying [C] “Cockles and [Em] mussels,
a-[C]live, a-[G7]live [C] O!”

She [C] was a fish-[Am]monger,
And [Dm] sure 'twas no [G7] wonder
For [C] so were her [Am] father
And [F] mother be-[G7]fore

And they [C] both wheeled their [Am] barrows
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] “Cockles and [Em] mussels,
a-[C]live, a-[G7]live [C] O!”

CHORUS

She [C] died of a [Am] fever,
and [Dm] no one could [G7] save her
And [C] that was the [Am] end of
sweet [F] Molly Ma-[G7]lone

Now her [C] ghost wheels her [Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] “Cockles and [Em] mussels,
a-[C]live, a-[G7]live [C] O!”

CHORUS X 2

OUTRO – as per Chorus:

MY BOSTON ROSE

INTRO – as per highlighted Break

[YouTube](#) (T) [Index](#)

Now the [G] autumn [D] leaves are [G] falling
and the [C] tourists [D] have all [G] gone
And the [C] children they have [G] all gone back to [D] school
And my [G] life is [D] as it [G] was before
I [C] work [D] eight hours a [G] day
But the [C] company's still [G] making all the [D] rules

But there's a [C] girl in [D] Massa-[G]chusetts
South of [C] Boston [D] town she [G] said
And her [C] lovely face is [G] with me all the [D] day
Sure I [G] met her [D] down in old [G] Tralee
Golden [C] hair up-[D]on her [Em] head [C]
And I [G] took her heart, and [D] she stole mine a-[G]way [C] [G]

CHORUS:

[G] Goodbye my [D] Boston [G] beauty
Fare-[C]well my [D] Boston [G] Rose
I'll [C] wait for you, I'll [G] think of you
No [Am] threat to you I'll [D] pose
Good-[G]bye my [D] Boston [G] beauty
Fare-[C]well my [D] Boston [Em] Rose
I [C] wish that you were [G] here, but I know
[D] that's the way life [G] goes [C] [G]

There's a [G] song we [D] sang all [G] summer
In the [C] bars of [D] Dublin [G] Town
I can [C] hear it on the [G] factory radi-[D]o
And the [G] feelings [D] I re-[G]member
when [C] I hear [D] that simple [G] tune
Make me [C] wonder if it [G] really happened [D] so

For we [C] laughed and [D] loved to-[G]gether
'Til the [C] summer [D] days were [G] done
And she [C] had to fly a-[G]cross the ocean [D] wide

BREAK:

So, good-[G]bye my [D] Boston [G] beauty
Un-[C]til we [D] meet a-[Em]gain
And I'll [G] keep the fire [D] burning deep in-[G]side [C] [G]

CHORUS

And some [G] nights when [D] I'm [G] drinking
And my [C] friends have [D] gathered [G] round
Well [C] just for fun [G] someone brings up your [D] name
Well I [G] smile there [D] with the [G] rest of them
But [C] I can't [D] hear a [G] sound
I [C] love you but to [G] them it's all the [D] same

And [C] nights when [D] I'm a-[G]lone my love
You [C] come [D] into my [G] mind
And [C] visions flash u-[G]pon that inward [D] eye
Well I [G] watch that [D] moon there [G] up above
Then I [C] leave this [D] earth be-[Em]hind [C]
And I [G] call to you as [D] I go sailing [G] by [C] [G]

CHORUS

I [C] wish that you were [G] here
So fare-[D]well my [C] Boston [G] Rose [C] [G]

Transposition for original key:

G → Bb , D → F , C → Eb , Em → Gm , Am → Cm

ÓRÓ 'SÉ DO BHEATHA 'BHAILE

INTRO: [Em] – [D] – [Em] – [D] – [G] [D] [Em]

CHORUS:

[Em] Oró, sé do bheatha abhaile

[D] Oró, sé do bheatha abhaile

[Em] Oró, sé do bheatha [D] abhaile

A-[G]nois ar [D] theacht an [Em] tsamhraidh.

[Em] 'Sé do bheatha, a bhean ba léanmhar,

[D] (do) b'é ár gcreach tú bheith i ngéibheann,

[Em] (do) dhúiche bhreá i seilbh [D] méirleach,

is tú [G] díolta [D] leis na [Em] Gallaibh.

CHORUS

CHORUS - Anglicized:

[Em] Oh-roe, shay duh vah-ha wol-ya

[D] Oh-roe, shay duh vah-ha wol-ya

[Em] Oh-roe, shay duh vah-ha [D] wol-ya

Ah-[G]nish air [D] hawkt un [Em] tao-ree!

[Em] (Tá) Gráinne Mhaol ag go duill ar sáile,

[D] óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,

[Em] Gaeil iad féin is ní Gaill ná [D] Spáinnigh,

is [G] cuirfidh siad [D] ruaig ar [Em] Ghallaibh.

CHORUS

[Em] A bhuí le Rí na bhFeart go bhfeiceam,

[D] mura mbeam beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain,

[Em] Gráinne Mhaol agus míle [D] gaiscíoch,

ag [G] fógairt [D] fáin ar [Em] Ghallaibh.

CHORUS x 2

Anglicized Verses:

Shay duh vah-ha uh vahn bah layn-var,
B-Ay air grack too veh EEnn gay-vin,
Do-oo-EEv rah-EE shay-live mare-lawchck...
Iss too deal-tah lesh nah Gah-live!

Tah gran-yah wail egg chawkt ar saul-yah
Oh-gulEE ar-muh lay mahr gard-uh
Gayl EE-ad fayn iss nEE Gahl nah spahn-EE...
Iss cur-fee(d) shEE-id roo-ig air Gah-live!

Ah vEE leh rEE nah vairt guh veck-ann
Mun-uh mEEEn b-yo in-uh jeh-i(d)-ock
shawktan
Gran-yah wail iss mEE-leh gahsh-kEE...
Egg foe-gurt fahn air Gah-live!

RED IS THE ROSE

INTRO: [D] [Bm] [Em]-[G]-[A] - [D] [Bm] [Em]-[A]-[D]

[D] Come over the [Bm] hills,
my [Em] bonnie Irish [G] lass [A]
Come [D] over the [Bm] hills to your [G] dar-[A]ling
You [G] choose the [F#m] road, love
and [G] I'll make the [Bm] vow [A]
And [D] I'll be your [Bm] true love [Em]-forever-[A]-[D]

CHORUS:

[D] Red is the [Bm] rose
that in [Em] yonder garden [G] grows [A]
[D] Fair is the [Bm] lily of the [G] valley [A]
[G] Clear is the [F#m] water
that [G] flows from the [Bm] Boyne [A]
But [D] my love is [Bm] fairer than [Em]-any-[A]-[D]

[D] [Bm] [Em]-[G]-[A] - [D] [Bm] [Em]-[A]-[D]

[D] 'Twas down by [Bm] Killarney's ← [Video Key Changes](#)
[Em] green woods we [G] strayed [A]
The [D] moon and the [Bm] stars they were [G] shining [A]

The [G] moon shone its [F#m] rays
on her [G] locks of golden [Bm] hair [A]
She [D] swore she'd be [Bm] my love [Em]-forever-[A]-[D]

[D] It's not for the [Bm] parting
that [Em] my sister [G] pains [A]
It's [D] not for the [Bm] grief of my [G] mother [A]
'Tis [G] all for the [F#m] loss
of my [G] bonnie Irish [Bm] lass [A]
That [D] my heart is [Bm] breaking
[Em]-forever-[A]-[D]

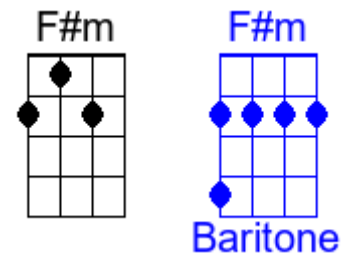
INSTRUMENTAL – As Per Chorus:

CHORUS:

INSTRUMENTAL:

But [D] my love is [Bm] fairer than [Em]-any-[A]-[D]

[G] Clear is the [F#m] water
that [G] flows from the [Bm] Boyne [A]
But [D] my love is [Bm] fairer than [Em]-any-[A]-[D]



RIDE ON - Christy Moore

INTRO: [Bm] [G] [A] [Bm] x 2 – As per CHORUS

VERSE 1:

[Bm] True you ride the finest horse [G] I've ever seen
[A] Standing 16 one or two with [Bm] eyes wild and green
[Bm] You ride the horse so well, [G] hands light to the touch
[A] I could never go with you no matter how I [Bm] wanted to

CHORUS:

[Bm] Ride on, [G] see you
[A] I could never go with you no matter how I [Bm] wanted to
[Bm] Ride on, [G] see you
[A] I could never go with you no matter how I [Bm] wanted to

VERSE 2:

[Bm] When you ride into the night [G] without a trace behind
[A] Run your claw along my gut [Bm] one last time
I [Bm] turned to face an empty space [G] where you used to lie
And [A] look for the spark that lights the night through the [Bm] teardrop in my eye

CHORUS

OUTRO: [Bm] [G] [A] [Bm] x 4 – As per CHORUS

ROSIN THE BEAU

[D] [D] [D] I've travelled all over this wide world
And down to another I [Bm] go
And I [D] know that good quarters are waiting
[G] To [D] welcome old [A] Rosin the [D] Beau

[D] To welcome old Rosin the [G] Beau
To [D] welcome old Rosin the [Bm] Beau
I [D] know that good quarters are waiting
[G] To [D] welcome old [A] Rosin the [D] Beau

[D] When I'm dead and laid out on the counter
A voice you will [Bm] hear from below
Saying, [D] "Send down a hogshead of whiskey
[G] Take a [D] drink with old [A] Rosin the [D] Beau"

[D] Take a drink with old Rosin the [G] Beau"
Take a [D] drink with old Rosin the [Bm] Beau"
Saying [D] "Send down a hogshead of whiskey
[G] Take a [D] drink with old [A] Rosin the [D] Beau"

INSTRUMENTAL – As per first two verses

[D] Then get a half-dozen stout fellows
And line 'em all up in a [Bm] row
Have 'em [D] drink out of half-gallon bottles
[G] To the [D] memory of [A] Rosin the [D] Beau

[D] To the memory of Rosin the [G] Beau
To the [D] memory of Rosin the [Bm] Beau
Have 'em [D] drink out of half-gallon bottles
[G] To the [D] memory of [A] Rosin the [D] Beau

[D] Then take this half-dozen stout fellows
And let 'em all stagger and [Bm] go
And [D] dig a great hole in the meadow
[G] And [D] in it put [A] Rosin the [D] Beau

[D] And in it put Rosin the [G] Beau
And [D] in it put Rosin the [Bm] Beau
Let [D] them dig a great hole in the meadow
[G] And [D] in it put [A] Rosin the [D] Beau

[D] Then get ye a couple of bottles
Put one at me head and me [Bm] toe
With a [D] diamond ring scratch upon 'em
[G] The [D] name of old [A] Rosin the [D] Beau

[D] The name of old Rosin the [G] Beau
The [D] name of old Rosin the [Bm] Beau
With a [D] diamond ring scratch upon 'em
[G] The [D] name of old [A] Rosin the [D] Beau!

SALLY MCLENNANE

INTRO: [G] [D] [A] [D]

Well [D] Jimmy played harmonica in the [G] pub where I was [D] born
He [D] played it from the night-time to the [G] peaceful early [A] morn
He [G] soothed souls of psychos and the [D] men who had the [A] horn
and they [D] all looked very [G] happy in the [A] mor-[D]ning

But [D] Jimmy didn't like his place [G] in this world of [D] ours
Where the [D] elephant man broke strong men's necks
when [G] he'd had too many [A] powers
So [G] sad to see the grieving of the [D] people he was [A] leaving
And he [D] took the road for [G] god knows in the [A] mor-[D]ning

CHORUS:

We [D] walked him to the [G] station in the [D!] rain (Drum 4)
We [D] kissed him as we [G] put him on the [A!] train (Drum 4)
And we [G] sang him a [D] song of times long [G] gone
though we [D] knew that we'd be [A] seeing him [D] again [A] (Drum 12)
I'm [D] sad to say I must be on my way
so [G] buy me beer and [D] whiskey 'cause I'm [A] going far away
I'd [D] like to think of me returning when I can
to the [G] greatest little [D] boozier and to [A] Sally Mc-[D]Lennane

The [D] years passed by the times had changed
I [G] grew to be a [D] man
I learned to love the virtues of sweet [G] Sally [A] McLennane
I [G] took the jeers and drank the beers
and [D] crawled back home at [A] dawn
And [D] ended up a [G] barman in the [A] mor-[D]ning

[D] I played the pump and took the hump
and [G] watered whiskey [D] down
I talked of whores and horses
to the [G] men who drank the [A] brown
I [G] heard them say that Jimmy's making [D] money far [A] away
And some [D] people left for [G] heaven without [A] war-[D]ning

CHORUS

BREAK: [G] [D] [A] [D]

When [D] Jimmy came back home
he was [G] surprised that they were [D] gone
He [D] asked me all the details
of the [G] train that they went [A] on
Some [G] people they are scared to croak
but [D] Jimmy drank [A] until he choked
And [D] took the road for [G] heaven in the [A] mor-[D]ning

CHORUS

OUTRO: [G] [D] [A] [D] - [G] [D] [A] [D!]

SCHOOLDAY'S OVER

[C7] x4 School day's [F] over come on then [Dm] John,
[Gm] time to be getting your [Bb] pit boots [C] on [C7]
[F] On with your sark and [Dm] moleskin [Am] trousers
[Dm] time you were on your [Bb] way
[F] time you were learning [Dm] the pit man's job
And [Gm] earning the pit man's [C] pay
[C7] [C] [C7] [C] [C7] [C]

[C7] Come on [F] then Jim it's time to [Dm] go
[Gm] Time you were working [Bb] down [C] below [C7]
[F] Time to be handling a [Dm] pick and [Am] shovel
you [Dm] start at the pits to-[Bb]day
[F] Time you were learning the [Dm] collier's job
And [Gm] earning the collier's [C] pay
[C7] [C] [C7] [C] [C7] [C]

[C7] Come on [F] then Dai, it's almost [Dm] light
[Gm] Time you were off to the [Bb] anthra-[C]cite [C7]
The [F] morning mist is on [Dm] the [Am] vally
It's [Dm] time you were on your [Bb] way
[F] Time you were learning the [Dm] miner's job
And [Gm] earning the miner's [C] pay
[C7] [C] [C7] [C] [C7] [C]

[C7] School day's [F] over come on then [Dm] John,
[Gm] time to be getting your [Bb] pit boots [C] on
[C7] [F] On with your sark
and [Dm] moleskin [Am] trousers
[Dm] time you were on your [Bb] way
[F] time you were learning [Dm] the pit man's job
And [Gm] earning the pit man's [C] pay
[C7] [C] [C7] [C] [C7] [C]

INSTRUMENTAL – MELODICA as below:

[C7] School day's [F] over come on then [Dm] John,
[Gm] time to be getting your [Bb] pit boots [C] on
[C7] [F] On with your sark
and [Dm] moleskin [Am] trousers
[Dm] time you were on your [Bb] way
[F] time you were learning [Dm] the pit man's job
And [Gm] earning the pit man's [C] pay [C7]
[C7] [C] [C7] [C] [C7] [C]

SING LAST LINE:

[C7] School day's [F] over [F!]

Dear [G] Sir, I write this note to you to [D] tell you of me [G] plight - and [C] at the time of [G] writing, I am [C] not a pretty [D] sight; me [C] body is all [G] black and blue, me [C] face a deathly [D] gray - and I [G] write this note to say why Paddy's [D] not at work to-[G]day.

While working on the fourteenth floor some [D] bricks, I had to [G] clear; now, to [C] throw them down from [G] such a height was [C] not a good i-[D]dea the [C] foreman wasn't [G] very pleased, he [C] being an awkward [D] sod - he [G] said I'd have to cart them down the [D] ladders in me [G] hod.

Now, clearing all these bricks by hand it [D] was so very [G] slow, - so I [C] hoisted up a [G] barrel and se-[C]cured the rope be-[D]low. But [C] in me haste to [G] do the job I [C] was too blind to [D] see - that a [G] barrellful of building bricks was [D] heavier than [G] me.

So when I untied the rope the [D] barrel fell like [G] lead - and [C] clinging tightly [G] to the rope I [C] started up in-[D]stead. Well, I [C] shot up like a [G] rocket till to [C] my dismay I [D] found - that [G] halfway up I met the bloody [D] barrel coming [G] down.

Well, the barrel broke me shoulder as [D] to the ground it [G] sped, - and [C] when I reached the [G] top I banged the [C] pully with my [D] head. Well, I [C] clung on tight, though [G] numbed with shock from [C] this almighty [D] blow and the [G] barrel spilled out half the bricks some [D] fourteen floors be-[G]low.

Now, when these bricks had fallen from the [D] barrel to the [G] floor - I [C] then outweighed the [G] barrel and so [C] started down once [D] more; still [C] clinging tightly [G] to the rope, [C] I sped towards the [D] ground and I [G] landed on the broken bricks that [D] were all scattered [G] round.

Well, I lay there groaning on the ground, I [D] thought I'd passed the [G] worst, when the [C] barrel hit the [G] pully-wheel and [C] then the bottom [D] burst A [C] shower of bricks rained [G] down on me, I [C] hadn't got a [D] hope - as I [G] lay there moaning on the ground, I let [D] go the bloody [G] rope.

The barrel than being heavier, it [D] started down once [G] more, - and [C] landed right a-[G]cross me, as I [C] lay upon the [D] floor. Well, It [C] broke three ribs and [G] my left arm and [C] I can only [D] say that I [G] hope you'll understand WHY PADDY'S [D] NOT AT WORK TO-[G]DAY!

STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

INTRO – as per first Verse:

Near [Em] Banbridge Town in the [G] County [D] Down
 One [Em] morning [C] last [D] July
 Down a [Em] boreen green came a [G] sweet col-[D]leen
 And she [Em] smiled as she [D] passed me [Em] by.
 She [G] looked so sweet from her [D] two bare feet
 To the [Em] sheen of her [C] nut-brown [D] hair
 Such a [Em] winsome elf, I'm a-[G]shamed of me-[D]self
 For to [Em] see I was [D] staring [Em] there

CHORUS:

From [G] Bantry Bay up to [D] Derry's Quay
 From [Em] Galway to [C] Dublin [D] Town
 No [Em] maid I've seen like the [G] fair col-[D]leen
 That I [Em] met in the [D] County [Em] Down

As she [Em] onward sped, sure I [G] scratched my [D] head,
 And I [Em] looked with a [C] feelin' [D] rare,
 And I [Em] says, says I, to a [G] passer-[D]by
 "Who's the [Em] maid with the [D] nut-brown [Em] hair?"
 Well He [G] looked at me, and he [D] said to me
 "That's the [Em] gem of [C] Ireland's [D] crown.
 Young [Em] Rosie McCann from the [G] banks of the [D] Bann,
 She's the [Em] Star of the [D] County [Em] Down."

CHORUS

She had [Em] soft brown eyes with a [G] look so [D] shy
 And a [Em] smile like the [C] rose in [D] June
 And she [Em] sang so sweet, what a [G] lovely [D] treat
 As she [Em] lilted an [D] Irish [Em] tune
 At the [G] Lammass dance, I was [D] in a trance
 As she [Em] whirled with the [C] lads of the [D] town
 And it [Em] broke me heart just to [G] be a-[D]part
 From the [Em] Star of the [D] County [Em] Down

At the [Em] Harvest Fair, she'll [G] surely be [D] there
 So I'll [Em] dress in my [C] Sunday [D] clothes,
 With my [Em] shoes shone bright and
 me [G] hat cocked [D] right
 For a [Em] smile from my [D] nut brown [Em] rose.
 No [G] pipe I'll smoke, no [D] horse I'll yoke
 Til me [Em] plough is a [C] rust-coloured [D] brown
 And a [Em] smiling bride by me [G] own [D] fireside
 Sits the [Em] Star of the [D] County [Em] Down

CHORUS x 2 [D!] [Em!]

Transposition for original key:

Em → Gm , G → Bb , D → F , C → Eb

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

Yes... [Bm] I can't be-[D]lieve the news [G6] today
 [Bm] Oh, I can't [D] close my eyes and [G6] make it go away
 [D] How long... [Em] How long must we sing this song?
 [D] How long? How [Em] long...
 'cause to-[Bm]night..[D]..[G6]..we can be as one to-[Bm]night... [D] [G6]

[Bm] Broken [D] bottles under [G6] children's feet
 [Bm] Bodies [D] strewn across the [G6] dead end street
 [Bm] But I won't [D] heed the battle [G6] call
 [Bm] It puts my [D] back up, puts my [G6] back up against the wall

CHORUS:

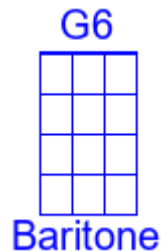
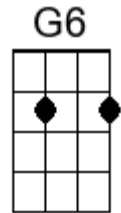
[Bm] Sunday, [D] Bloody [G6] Sunday x 2
 [F] Sunday, [Em] Bloody [D] Sunday
 [F] ..uh [Em] let's go... [D]

INSTRUMENTAL: [Bm] [D] [G6] [G6] x 2

[Bm] And the [D] battle's just be-[G6]gun
 [Bm] There's many [D] lost, but tell me [G6] who has won
 [Bm] The trench is [D] dug within our [G6] hearts
 [Bm] And mothers, [D] children, brothers, [G6] sisters torn apart

[Bm] Sunday, [D] Bloody [G6] Sunday x 2

[D] How long... [Em] How long must we sing this song?
 [D] How long? How [Em] long... 'cause to-[Bm]night..[D]..we [G6] can be as one
 To-[Bm]night... [D] [G6] ...tonight
 [Bm] Sunday, [D] Bloody [G6] Sunday
 [Bm] (tonight) [D] Sunday, Bloody [G6] Sunday ...oh yes oh



INSTRUMENTAL: [Bm] [D] [G6] [G6] x 5

Wipe the tears [Bm] from your [D] [G6] eyes
 Wipe your [Bm] tears [D] [G6] away
 Wipe your [Bm] tears [D] [G6] away
 I wipe your [Bm] tears [D] [G6] away
 (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)
 I wipe your [Bm] blood shot [D] [G6] eyes
 (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)

CHORUS:

[F] Sunday, [Em] Bloody [D] Sunday
 (Sunday, Bloody [F] Sunday) [Em] [D]
 [F] Sunday, [Em] Bloody [D] Sunday
 (Sunday, Bloody [F] Sunday) [Em] [D] ...Yeah! Let's go!

INSTRUMENTAL: [Bm] [D] [G6] [G6] x 2

OVERLAY "Sunday, Bloody Sunday"

[Bm] And it's [D] true we are [G6] immune
 [Bm] When fact is [D] fiction and [G6] TV reality
 [Bm] And [D] today the millions [G6] cry
 [Bm] We eat and [D] drink while [G6] tomorrow they die
 [Bm] The real [D] battle just [G6] begun
 [Bm] To claim the [D] victory Jesus [G6] won

OUTRO:

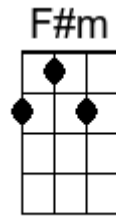
On... [Bm] Sunday, [D] Bloody [G6] Sunday
 [Bm] Sunday, [D] Bloody [G6] Sunday [Bm]

Transposition for original key:

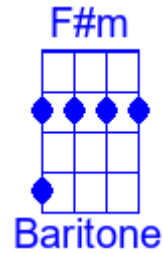
Bm → Bbm , D → Db , G → Gb , F → E , Em → Ebm

THE AULD TRIANGLE

[D] [D] [D] A hungry feeling
 [F#m] Came o'er me stealing
 And the [G] mice were [D] squealing
 In my [E7] prison [G] cell
 And the [D] auld triangle went [F#m] jingle-jangle
 All [G] along the [D] banks of the [A] Royal [D] Canal



[D] To begin the morning
 The [F#m] screw was bawling
 "Get [G] up you [D] bowsie!
 And [E7] clean out your [G] cell!"
 And the [D] auld triangle went [F#m] jingle-jangle
 All [G] along the [D] banks of the [A] Royal [D] Canal



[D] As the lag lay sleepin'
 humpy [F#m] Gussy was peepin'
 As [G] I lay [D] dreamin'
 Of my [E7] girl [G] Sal
 And the [D] auld triangle went [F#m] jingle-jangle
 All [G] along the [D] banks of the [A] Royal [D] Canal

[D] On a fine Spring evening
 The [F#m] lag lay dreaming
 And the [G] sea-gulls were [D] wheeling
 High [E7] above the [G] wall
 And that [D] auld triangle went [F#m] jingle-jangle
 All [G] along the [D] banks of the [A] Royal [D] Canal

[D] Oh! the wind was sighing
 And the [F#m] day was dying
 As the [G] lag lay [D] crying
 In his [E7] prison [G] cell
 And that [D] auld triangle went [F#m] jingle-jangle
 All [G] along the [D] banks of the [A] Royal [D] Canal

[D] Up in the female prison
 There [F#m] are seventy five women
 And it's [G] in among [D] them
 I wish [E7] I did [G] dwell
 Then the [D] auld triangle could go [F#m] jingle-jangle
 All [G] along the [D] banks of the [A] Royal [D] Canal
 All [G] along the [D] banks of the [A] Royal [D] Canal

THE CHANDLER SHOP

As I [G] went into the chandler's shop some candles [D7] for to [G] buy,
I went inside the chandler's shop [A7] but no one could I [D] spy.
Now [G] I was disappointed, some [A7] angry words I [D7] said,
When I [G] heard the sound of a *Tap, Tap Tap* [D7] right above [G] my head.
Oh, I [G] heard the sound of a *Tap, Tap Tap* [D7] right above my [G] head.

[G] Now I was quick and I was slick, so up the [D7] stairs I [G] fled,
And very surprised was I to find the [A7] chandler's wife in [D] bed;
[G] And with her was another man of [A7] quite considerable [D7] size,
And [G] they were having a *Tap, Tap Tap* [D7] right before me [G] eyes,
Oh, and [G] they were having a *Tap, Tap Tap* [D7] right before me [G] eyes,

[G] And when the fun was over and done, the lady [D7] raised her [G] head,
And very surprised was she to find me [A7] standing by the [D7] bed.
[G] "If you will be discreet, me boy, if [A7] you will be so [D7] kind,
Why [G] don't you come up for some *Tap, Tap Tap* [D7] whenever you feel [G] inclined."
Oh, why [G] don't you come up for some *Tap, Tap Tap* [D7] whenever you feel [G] inclined."

[G] So, many's a night and many's a day when the [D7] chandler wasn't [G] home,
To get meself some candles to the [A7] chandler's shop I'd [D7] roam.
[G] But nary a one she gives to me, she [A7] gives to me [D7] instead,
A little [G] bit more of the *Tap, Tap Tap* to [D7] light me way to [G] bed.
Just a little [G] bit more of the *Tap, Tap Tap* to [D7] light me way to [G] bed.

[G] So, come all you married men take heed, if ever [D7] you go to [G] town,
And if you leave your wife alone, be [A7] sure and lie her [D7] down.
[G] And, if you'll be so kind to her, just [A7] lay her on there on the [D7] floor,
And [G] give her so much of the *Tap, Tap Tap* she [D7] doesn't want any [G] more
And [G] give her so much of the *Tap, Tap Tap* she [D7] doesn't want any [G] more – HEY!!!

THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

INTRO: [A] [A] [D] [D]

VERSE 1:

[D] By a lonely prison wall,
I [G] heard a young girl [D] call-[A]ing
[D] Michael, they have [G] taken you [A] away
For you [D] stole Trevelyan's [G] corn
so the [D] young might see the [A] morn'
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the [D] bay-[G]-[D]

CHORUS:

[D] Low [G] lie the [D] fields of Athen-[Bm]ry
where [D] once we watched the small free birds [A] fly
Our [D] love was on the [G] wing
We had [D] dreams and songs to [A] sing
It's so lonely round the [A7] fields of Athen-[D]ry-[G]-[D]

VERSE 2:

[D] By a lonely prison wall,
I [G] heard a young man [D] call-[A]ing
[D] Nothing matters, [G] Mary, when you're [A] free
Against the [D] famine and the [G] crown,
I [D] rebelled, they cut me [A] down
Now you must raise our child with digni-[D]ty-[G]-[D]

CHORUS:

[D] Low [G] lie the [D] fields of [Bm] Athenry
where [D] once we watched the small free birds [A] fly
Our [D] love was on the [G] wing
We had [D] dreams and songs to [A] sing
It's so lonely round the [A7] fields of Athen-[D]ry-[G]-[D]

INSTRUMENTAL – Melodica as per Chorus:

VERSE 3:

[D] By a lonely harbour wall,
she [G] watched the last star [D] fall-[A]ing
As the [D] prison ship sailed [G] out against the [A] sky
For she'd [D] live in hope and [G] pray
for her [D] love in Botany [A] Bay
It's so lonely round the [A7] fields of Athen-[D]ry-[G]-[D]

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL Only:

[A] It's so lonely round the [A7] fields of Athen-[D]ry-[G]-[D]

THE FOGGY DEW

INTRO & RIFFS – as per first line of first Verse: [Dm] [C] [F] [C]-[Dm]

✓ [Index](#)

[YouTube](#)

As [Dm] down the glen one [C] Easter morn to a [F] city [C] fair rode [Dm] I,
[Dm] There armed lines of [C] marching men in [F] squadrons [C] passed me [Dm] by;
No [F] pipes did hum, nor [C] battle [Dm] drum did sound its [Am] loud [Dm] tattoo,
But the [Dm] Angelus bell o'er the [C] Liffey's swell rang [F] out through the [Bb] Foggy [Dm] Dew [Dm] [C] [F] [C] [Dm]

Right [Dm] proudly high over [C] Dublin town they [F] flung out the [C] flag of [Dm] war
Twas [Dm] better to die 'neath an [C] Irish sky than at [F] Sulva or [C] Sud El [Dm] Bar
And [F] from the plains of [C] Royal [Dm] Meath, strong men came [Am] hurrying [Dm] through,
While [Dm] Britannia's sons with their [C] great big guns, sailed [F] in through the [Bb] Foggy [Dm] Dew [Dm] [C] [F] [C] [Dm]

Oh the [Dm] night fell black, and the [C] rifle's crack made per-[F]fidious [C] Albion [Dm] reel
'Mid the [Dm] leaden rain, seven [C] tongues of flame did [F] shine o'er [C] lines of [Dm] steel
By each [F] shining blade a [C] prayer was [Dm] said that to Ireland her [Am] sons be [Dm] true
When the [Dm] morning broke, still the [C] war flag shook out its [F] fold in the [Bb] Foggy [Dm] Dew [Dm] [C] [F] [C] [Dm]

[STOP] 'Twas [Dm\] England bade our [C\] wild geese go, that [F]"small nations [C\] might be [Dm\] free"
But their [Dm\] lonely graves are by [C\] Suvla's waves, or the [F] fringe of the [C\] Great North [Dm\] sea
Oh, [F] had they died by [C] Pearse's side, or [Dm] fought with [Am] Cathal [Dm] Brugha,
Their [Dm] names we would keep where the [C] Fenians sleep, 'neath the [F] shroud of the [Bb] Foggy [Dm] Dew [Dm] [C] [F] [C] [Dm]

The [Dm] bravest fell and the [C] requiem bell rang [F] mournfully [C] and [Dm] clear,
For [Dm] those who died that [C] Eastertide, in the [F] springtime of [C] the [Dm] year
While the [F] world did gaze, with [C] deep [Dm] amaze, at those fearless [Am] men, but [Dm] few
Who [Dm] bore the fight that [C] freedom's light might [F] shine through the [Bb] Foggy [Dm] Dew [Dm] [C] [F] [C] [Dm]

Back [Dm] through the glen I [C] rode again, my [F] heart with [C] grief was [Dm] sore
For I [Dm] parted with those [C] gallant men whom [F] I'll never [C] see no [Dm] more
But [F] to and fro in my [C] dreams I [Dm] go and I kneel and I [Am] pray for [Dm] you, [STOP]
SLOW: For [Dm!] slavery fled! ... O [C!] glorious dead! ... When you [F!] fell in the [Bb!] Foggy [Dm!] Dew [Dm] [C] [F] [C] [Dm] [Am7!] [Dm!] 47

THE GALWAY GIRL

[D] x 4 Well, I [D] took a stroll on the old long walk. Of a day-I-ay-I-[G]ay
 I [D] met a little girl and we [G] stopped to [D] talk. Of a [D] fine soft [A] day-i-[D]ay
 And I [G] ask you, [D] friend, what's a [G] fella to [D] do
 'Cause her [Bm] 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 [Bm] Salthill [A] Prom with a [G] Galway [D] girl

INSTRUMENTAL: {[D] [D] [G] [D] [G]-[D]-[A]-[D] [A] [D]}

We were [D] halfway there when the rain came down. Of a day-I-ay-I-[G]ay
 And she [Bm] asked me [A] up to her [G] flat [D] downtown. Of a [D] fine soft [A] day-i-[D]ay
 So I [G] took her [D] hand and I [G] gave her a [D] twirl
 And I [Bm] lost my [A] heart to a [G] Galway [D] girl
 And I [G] ask you, [D] friend, what [G] would you [D] do
 If her [Bm] hair was [A] black and her [G] eyes were [D] blue

INSTRUMENTAL: {[D] [D] [G] [D] [G]-[D]-[A]-[D] [A] [D]} x 2 {[G] [G] [D] [A] [G]-[D]-[A]-[D] [A] [D]} x 2

When [D] I woke up I was all alone. [D] [melody only in this [G] part]
 With a [Bm] broken [A] heart and a [G] ticket [D] home. [D] [melody [A] only in [D] this part]
 And I [G] ask you, [D] friend, what's a [G] fella to [D] do
 If her [Bm] hair was [A] black and her [G] eyes were [D] blue
 I've [G] traveled [D] around. I've been all [G] over this [D] world
 Boys I ain't [Bm] never seen [A] nothin' like a [G] Galway [D] girl

INSTRUMENTAL: {[D] [D] [G] [D] [G]-[D]-[A]-[D] [A] [D]} {[G] [G] [D] [A] [G]-[D]-[A]-[D] [A] [D]}

THE GYPSY ROVER

INTRO – Whistle the Chorus

[G] The whistling [D7] gypsy came [G] over the [D7] hill
[G] Down to the [D7] valley so [G] sha-[D7]dy,
He [G] whistled and he [D7] sang 'til the [G] greenwoods [Em] rang,
And [G] he won the [Am] heart of a [G] la-[C]-d-[G]-y. [D7]

CHORUS:

[G] Ah-de-[D7]-do, ah-de-[G]-do-da-[D7]-day,
[G] Ah-de-[D7]-do, ah-de-[G]-da-[D7]-ay
He [G] whistled and he [D7] sang 'til the [G] greenwoods [Em] rang,
And [G] he won the [Am] heart of a [G] la-[C]-d-[G]-y. [D7]

[G] She left her [D7] father's [G] castle [D7] gates
[G] She left her [D7] own fond [G] lo-[D7]ver
She [G] left her [D7] servants [G] and her [Em] estate
To [G] follow the [Am] gypsy [G] r-[C]-o-[G]-ver. [D7]

CHORUS

[G] "He is no [D7] gypsy, my [G] father" she [D7] said
[G] "But lord of these [D7] lands [G] all [D7] over,
[G] With him I'll [D7] stay 'til my [G] dyin' [Em] day
And [G] follow the [Am] gypsy [G] r-[C]-o-[G]-ver." [D7]

CHORUS

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

CHORUS – Slowing on last line

THE HOLY GROUND

INTRO: [D] [A] [D] - [D] [A] [D] – as per first 2 lines
{SHOUT} FINE GIRL YA'ARE!

[D] Adeiu to [A] you my [D] Dinah,
A thousand [A] times [D] adieu
We are going [Bm] away from the [G] Holy [A] Ground,
And the [D] girls that we loved [A] true
We will [D] sail the [A] salt sea [D] over,
And then [Bm] return for [G] shore [A]
To [D] see [Bm] again, the [G] girls we [D] loved,
And the Holy [A] Ground once [D] more:
{SHOUT} FINE GIRL YA'ARE!

The [D] girl I [Bm] do [G] adore [A]
And [D] still I [Bm] live in [G] hopes to [D] see,
The Holy [A] Ground once [D] more:
{SHOUT} FINE GIRL YA'ARE!

And [D] now a [A] storm is [D] raging,
We are [A] far from [D] shore
The good old [G] ship she is [D] tossing about,
And the rigging is all torn [A]
And the [D] sea can [A] fog my [D] mind, my dear,
You're the girl I [Bm] do [G] adore [A]
And [D] still I [Bm] live in [G] hopes to [D] see,
The Holy [A] Ground once [D] more:
{SHOUT} FINE GIRL YA'ARE!

The [D] girl I [Bm] do [G] adore [A]
And [D] still I [Bm] live in [G] hopes to [D] see,
The [D] Holy [A] Ground once [D] more:
{SHOUT} FINE GIRL YA'ARE!

And [D] now the [A] storm is [D] over,
We are [A] safe and [D] well
We'll [D] go into a [Bm] public [G] house,
And we'll [D] sit and drink [A] like hell
We will [D] drink strong [A] ale and [D] porter,
And make the [Bm] rafters [G] roar [A]
And [D] when our [Bm] money [G] is all [D] spent,
We'll go to [A] sea once [D] more:
{SHOUT} FINE GIRL YA'ARE!

The [D] girl I [Bm] do [G] adore [A]
And [D] still I [Bm] live in [G] hopes to [D] see,
The [D] Holy [A] Ground once [D] more:
{SHOUT} FINE GIRL YA'ARE!

THE HOT ASPHALT

INTRO: [Dm] as “A-riddle-dee didle-dum dee-deedle deedle-die deedle da”

Good [Dm] evening all me jolly lads, I'm [F] glad to find you [C] well,
If you'll [Dm] gather all around me now the [C] story I will tell,
For I've [Dm] got a situation and be-[F]gorrah and be-[C]gob,
I can [Dm] whisper I've a weekly [C] wage of [Dm] nineteen bob.

It's [F] twelve months come October since I left me native home,
After [Dm] helping in Killarney lads to [C] bring the harvest down.
But [Dm] now I wear the gangee and [F] around me waist a [C] belt.
I'm the [Dm] gaffer at the [C] pot that makes the [Dm] hot asphalt.

CHORUS:

(Well,) [F] we laid it in the hollows and we laid it in the flats.
And if it [Dm] doesn't last forever, then I [C] swear I'll eat my hat,
I've [Dm] travelled up and down the world but [F] sure I never [C] felt
any [Dm] surface that's been equal to the [C] hot as-[Dm]phalt.
A-riddle-dee didle-dum dee-deedle deedle-die deedle da

The [Dm] other night a Peter comes and [F] says to me: [C] "McGuire,
Would [Dm] you kindly let me light me pipe down [C] by your boiler fire?"
And he [Dm] plants himself right down
and flips his [F] coattails up to [C] light,
Says [Dm] “I'm a decent man, [C]
you better [Dm] go home and mind your pint.”

He [F] ups and yells, “O'Donaghue, I'm up to all yer pranks!
Don't I [Dm] know you for a traitor from the [C] Tipperary ranks?”
Boys [Dm] I hit him from the shoulder and I [F] gave him such a [C] belt
That I [Dm] knocked him into the boiler full of the [C] hot as-[Dm]phalt.

CHORUS

We [Dm] quickly dragged him out again and [F] doused him in [C] the tub,
And [Dm] with salt and boiling water we be-[C]gan to rub and scrub,
But the devil, [Dm] when e'er the tar came off, he [F] turned as hard as [C] stone
And with [Dm] every single rub sure you could [C] hear the Peter [Dm] groan.

"I'm [F] thinking", says O'Reilly, "that he's lookin' like Old Nick,
And [Dm] burn me if I am not inclined to [C] maim him with me pick."
“Well”, [Dm] says I, “it would be easier [F] to boil him till [C] he melts,
and to [Dm] stir him nice and easy in the [C] hot as-[Dm]phalt.”

CHORUS

You [Dm] may talk about your sailors, ballad [F] singers and [C] the rest,
Your [Dm] shoemakers and tailors that can [C] please the ladies best.
The [Dm] only ones that know the way [F] their pretty [C] hearts to melt
are the [Dm] lads around the boiler making the [C] hot as-[Dm]phalt.

With [F] the rubbing and the scrubbing sure he caught his death of cold,
And for [Dm] scientific purposes his [C] body it was sold,
In the [Dm] Kelvingrove museum me boys, [F] he's danglin' in [C] his belt,
As a [Dm] monument to the Irish making [C] hot as-[Dm]phalt!

CHORUS

INTRO: [G] [C] [G] [D]

On the [G] Fourth of July, eighteen [C] hundred and six
We set [G] sail from the sweet Cove of [D] Cork
We were [G] sailing away with a [C] cargo of bricks
For the [G] Grand City [D] Hall in New [G] York
'Twas a [G] wonderful craft
She was [D] rigged fore and aft
And [G] oh, how the wild wind [D] drove her
She stood [G] several blasts
She had [C] twenty seven masts
And they [G] called her The Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver

We had [G] one million bags of the [C] best Sligo rags
We had [G] two million barrels of [D] bone
We had [G] three million pairs of old [C] nanny goat's tails
We had [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] stones
We had [G] five million dogs
And [D] six million hogs
[G] Seven million barrels of [D] porter
We had [G] eight million sides of old [Em] flyin' horses hides
In the [G] hold of The Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver

There [G] was awl Mickey Coote [C]
Who [G] played hard on his flute [D]
When [G] the ladies lined up for a [C] set
He was [G] tootin' with [D] skill
For [G] each sparkling quadrille
Though [D] the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With [G] his smart witty [D] talk
He was [G] cock of the walk
And he [Em] rolled the dames under and over
They all [G] knew at a glance
When he [D] took up his stance
That he [G] sailed in The Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver

INSTRUMENTAL – As per the verse below:

There [G] was Barney [C] McGee - From [G] the banks of the [D] Lee
There [G] was Hogan from County [C] Tyrone
There [G] was Johnny [D] McGirr - [G] Who was [G] scared stiff of work
And a [D] man from Westmeath called Malone
[G] There was Slugger [D] O'Toole - Who was [G] drunk as a rule
And [C] Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover - And your [G] man, Mick MacCann
From the [D] banks of the Bann - Was the [G] skipper of The Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver

For a [G] sailor it's always a [C] bother in life
[G] It's so lonesome by night and [D] by day
That he [G] longs for the [C] shore
And a [G] pretty young [D] whore [G]
Who [G] will melt all his troubles away
Oh, the [D] noise and the rout
[G] Swillin' poitin and [D] stout
For him [G] soon the torment's over
Of the [Em] love of a maid
He is [G] never [D] afraid
An old [G] salt from The Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver

We had [G] sailed seven [C] years
When [G] the measles broke [D] out
And the [G] ship lost its way in the [C] fog
And [G] that whale of a [D] crew [G]
Was [G] reduced down to two
Just [D] myself and the Captain's old dog
Then [G] the ship struck a [D] rock
Oh Lord [G] what a shock
The [C] bulkhead was turned right over [N.C.]
SLOW: Turned [G] nine times around
And [D] the poor old dog was drowned
FAST: That's the [G] last of The Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver

THE JUICE OF THE BARLEY

Tuned to 433Hz → [YouTube](#) (T) [Index](#)

In the [G] sweet county Limerick one [C] cold winter's [G] night
All the [G] turf fires were burning
when I [C] first saw the [D7] light
And a [G] drunken old midwife went [C] tipsy with [G] joy
As she [G] danced round the [C] room with her [D7] slip of a boy

CHORUS:

[D7] SINGIN' [G] bahn-ya un boe iss un [C] gow-[G]na,
AND the [G] Juice of the [D7] Barley for [G] me

Well when [G] I was a gossoon of [C] eight years or [G] so
With me [G] turf and me primer to [C] school I did [D7] go
To a [G] dusty old school house [C] without any [G] door
Where [G] lay the school [C] master blind [D7] drunk on the floor

CHORUS:

[D7] SINGIN' [G] bahn-ya un boe iss un [C] gow-[G]na,
AND the Juice of the [D7] Barley for [G] me

At the [G] learning I wasn't such a [C] genius
I'm [G] thinking (I wasn't much for poetry, either)
But I [G] soon beat the master [C] entirely at [D7] drinking
Not a [G] wake or a wedding for [C] five miles [G] around
But [G] meself in the corner was [C] sure to be [D7] found

CHORUS:

[D7] SINGIN' [G] bahn-ya un boe iss un [C] gow-[G]na,
AND the Juice of the [D7] Barley for [G] me

One [G] Sunday the priest thread me [C] out from the [G] altar
Saying you'll [G] end your days with your [C] neck in a [D7] halter;
And you'll [G] dance a fine jig between [C] heaven and hell [G]
And his [G] words they did frighten me the [C] truth for to [D7] tell

CHORUS:

[D7] SINGIN' [G] bahn-ya un boe iss un [C] gow-[G]na,
AND the Juice of the [D7] Barley for [G] me

So the [G] very next morning as the [C] dawn it did [G] break
I went [G] down to the vestry the [C] pledge for to take [D7]
And [G] there in that room sat them [C] priests in a [G] bunch
Round a [G] big roaring fire drinkin' [C] tumblers of [D7] punch

CHORUS:

[D7] SINGIN' [G] bahn-ya un boe iss un [C] gow-[G]na,
AND the Juice of the [D7] Barley for [G] me

Well from [G] that day to this I have [C] wandered [G] alone
I'm a [G] jack of all trades and a [C] master of [D7] none
With the [G] sky for me roof and the [C] earth for me [G] floor
AND I'LL [G] DANCE OUT ME DAYS DRINKING [C] WHISKEY [D7]
GALORE

CHORUS:

[D7] SINGIN' [G] bahn-ya un boe iss un [C] gow-[G]na,
AND the Juice of the [D7] Barley for [G] me!

Transposition for original key: G → B , C → E , D7 → F#7

THE RED ROSE CAFÉ - The Fureys

INTRO: [Gm] [Gm]

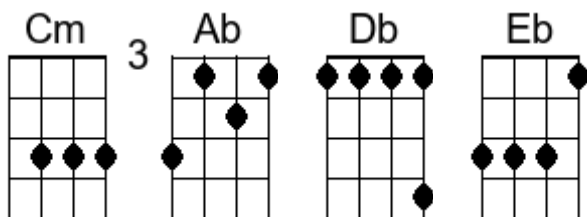
VERSE 1:

[Gm] They come from the farms and the factories too,
And they all soon forget who they [D] are
The cares of today are soon washed away
As they sit at a stool by the [Gm] bar
The girl with green eyes in the Rolling Stones shirt
Doesn't look like she works on the [Cm] land
The man at the end is a [Gm] very good friend
Of a [D] man who sells cars second [G] hand [G!]

CHORUS:

[N.C.] Down at the [G] Red Rose Cafe in the harbour
There by the port just outside Amster-[D]dam
Everyone [C] shares in the songs and the [G] laughter
Everyone [D] there is so happy to be [Gm] there

All other Choruses end with [G]



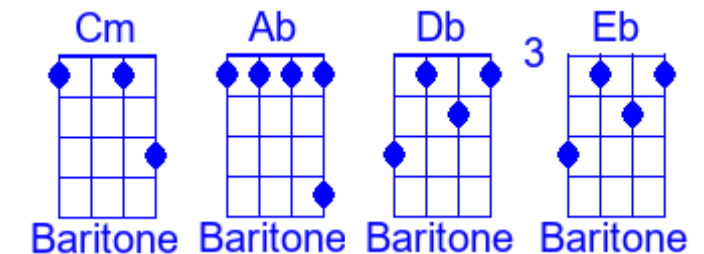
VERSE 2:

The [Gm] salesmen relax with a few pints of beer
And they try not to speak about [D] trade
The poet won't write any verses tonight
He may sing a sweet sere-[Gm]nade
So pull up a chair and forget about life
It's a good thing to do now and [Cm] then
And if you like it here I [Gm] have an idea
[D] Tomorrow let's all meet [G] again [G!]

CHORUS

CHORUS – Acapella

CHORUS



NOTE: The last Chorus in original version goes up 1 key:

Down at the [Ab] Red Rose Cafe in the harbour
There by the port just outside Amster-[Eb]dam
Everyone [Db] shares in the songs and the [Ab] laughter
Everyone [Eb] there is so happy to be [Ab] there

THE RISING OF THE MOON

INTRO: [D] [D] [A] [A] [G] [D] [A] [D]

And come [D] tell me Sean O'Farrell,
tell me [A] why you hurry so
Hush a [G] bhuachail {boo-kill}, hush and [D] listen
and his [A] cheeks were all [D] aglow
I bear orders from the captain,
get you [A] ready quick and soon
For the [G] pikes must be [D] together
at the [A] rising of the [D] moon
At the [D] rising of the moon, at the [A] rising of the moon
For the [G] pikes must be [D] together
at the [A] rising of the [D] moon

And come [D] tell me Sean O'Farrell,
where the [A] gathering is to be
At the [G] old spot by the [D] river
quite well [A] known to you and [D] me
One more word for signal token,
whistle [A] out the marching tune
With your [G] pike upon your [D] shoulder
at the [A] rising of the [D] moon
At the [D] rising of the moon, at the [A] rising of the moon
With your [G] pike upon your [D] shoulder
at the [A] rising of the [D] moon

Out from [D] many a mud walled cabin
eyes were [A] watching through the night
Many a [G] manly heart was [D] beating
for the [A] blessed morning's [D] light
Murmurs ran along the valley
to the [A] banshee's lonely croon
And a [G] thousand pikes were [D] flashing
by the [A] rising of the [D] moon
By the [D] rising of the moon,
by the [A] rising of the moon
And a [G] thousand pikes were [D] flashing
by the [A] rising of the [D] moon

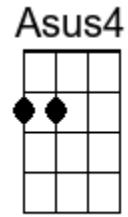
All [D] along that singing river,
that black [A] mass of men was seen
High [G] above their shining [D] weapons
flew their [A] own beloved [D] green
Death to every foe and traitor,
whistle [A] out the marching tune
And [G] hoorah me boys for [D] freedom
'tis the [A] rising of the [D] moon
'Tis the [D] rising of the moon,
'tis the [A] rising of the moon
And [G] hoorah me boys for [D] freedom
'tis the [A] rising of the [D] moon

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

In the [Dm] merry month of June, from home I started
 Left the girls of Tuam, [C] nearly broken hearted
 [Dm] Saluted Father dear, Kissed me darlin' Mother
 Drank a pint of beer, Me [C] grief and tears to smother
 Then [Dm] off to reap the [C] corn, [Dm] Leave where I was [C] born
 [Dm] Cut a stout [C] blackthorn, To banish ghosts and goblins
 [Dm] A brand new pair of [C] brogues, [Dm] Rattlin' o'er the [C] bogs
 [Dm] Frightenin' all the [C] dogs, On the rocky road to Dublin

CHORUS

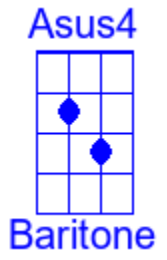
[Dm] One, Two, [C] Three, Four, [Dm] Five
 [Dm] Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
 [C] All the way to Dublin, [Dm] Whack fol [C] lul lee [Dm] ra!



In [Dm] Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary
 Started by daylight, Me [C] spirits bright and airy
 [Dm] Took a drop o' the pure, Keep me heart from sinkin'
 [Dm] That's the paddy's cure, [C] Whenever he's on for drinkin'
 To [Dm] see the lassie's [C] smile, [Dm] Laughing all the [C] while
 [Dm] At me curious [C] style, T'would set your heart a-bubblin'
 [Dm] An' asked if I was [C] hired, [Dm] Wages I [C] required
 [Dm] 'Till I was nearly [C] tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin

CHORUS

In [Dm] Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
 To be so soon deprived, A [C] view of that fine city
 Well [Dm] Then I took a stroll, All among the quality
 Bundle it was stole, [C] All in the neat locality



[Dm] Something crossed me [C] mind, [Dm] When I looked [C] behind
 No [Dm] bundle could I [C] find, Upon me stick a wobblin'
 [Dm] Enquirin' for the [C] rogue,
 [Dm] Said me Connacht [C] brouge
 [Dm] Wasn't much in [C] vogue, On the rocky road to Dublin

CHORUS

From [Dm] there I got away, Me spirits never failin'
 [Dm] Landed on the quay, Just [C] as the ship was sailin'
 The [Dm] captain at me roared, Said that no room had he
 When I jumped aboard, A [C] cabin found for Paddy
 [Dm] Down among the [C] pigs, [Dm] Played some funny [C] rigs
 [Dm] Danced some hearty [C] jigs, The water round me bubblin'
 [Dm] When off [C] Holyhead, [Dm] Wished meself was [C] dead
 Or, [Dm] Better far [C] instead, On the rocky road to Dublin

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL:

[C F C F Gm F Dm A# C F C F Gm Am Am Asus4 Asus4 Dm Dm]

The [Dm] boys of Liverpool, When we safely landed
 Called meself a fool, I [C] could no longer stand it
 [Dm] Blood began to boil, Temper I was losin'
 Poor old Erins Isle, [C] They began abusin'
 [Dm] "Hurrah me soul," says [C] I, Me [Dm] Shillelagh I let [C] fly
 [Dm] Galway boys were [C] nigh, An' saw I was a-hobblin'
 [Dm] With a loud [C] hurray, They [Dm] joined in the [C] affray
 We [Dm] quickly cleared the way, For the rocky road to Dublin

CHORUS – Repeat last two lines Acapella

THE ROOSTER

[D] [D] I was down in the hen house
And on me knees - I thought I heard the chicken sneeze
It was only the rooster saying his prayers
Thanking the Lord for the Hens upstairs

VERSE 1:

[D] We had some chickens - no eggs would they [A] lay
We had some chickens - no eggs would they [D] lay
O' the wife said [G] honey - we're loosin' [D] money (oh yeah)
Because them [A] chickens - no eggs would they [D] lay [G] [D]

CHORUS:

[N.C.] Then came a [G] rooster - into our [D] yard
And he caught them [A7] chickens - right off of their [D] guard
They're laying [G] eggs now - like they never [D] used to
Since that [A] rooster - came into our [D] yard

VERSE 2:

[N.C.] We had a [D] moo cow - no milk would she [A7] give
We had a moo cow - no milk would she [D] give
O' the wife said [G] honey - we're loosing [D] money oh yeah
Because that [A] moo cow - no milk would she [D] give

CHORUS:

[N.C.] Then came a [G] rooster - into our [D] yard
He caught that [A] moo cow - [A7] right off of her [D] guard
She's giving [G] yoghurt - like she never [D] used to
Since that [A] rooster - [A7] came into our [D] yard [G] [D]

VERSE 3:

[N.C.] We had an [D] elephant - And no tusks would he [A] grow [A7]
We had a elephant - And no tusks would he [D] grow
The wife said [G] honey we're loosing [D] money (Oh yeah)
Because that [A] elephant no tusks would he [D] grow

CHORUS:

[N.C.] Then came a [G] rooster - into our [D] yard
He caught that [A7] elephant - right off of his [D] guard
He's laying [G] eggs now out - of solid [D] ivory
Since that [A7] rooster - came into our [D] yard [G]

INSTRUMENTAL: [D] [D] [A] [D]

VERSE 4:

[N.C.] We had a [D] rooster - he was awfully [A7] gay
We had a rooster - he was funny that [D] way
O' the wife said [G] honey - we're loosing [D] money oh yeah
Because that [A7] rooster - he's funny that [D] way [G] [D]

CHORUS:

[N.C.] Then came a [G] chicken - into our [D] yard
And she caught that [A7] rooster - right off of his [D] guard
He's laying [G] hens now - like he never [D] used to
Since that [A] chicken - [A7] came into our [D] yard
Dibly [G] yard, diddly [D] yard - [A!] bum [D!] bum

THE STREETS OF KINSALE

VERSE:

Oh [D] love, white lady who roams in the night
Forever I'll be by your [A] side [A7]
Like the moon in the sky
We could turn and our love comes [D] alive
Why, why did we shoot like a star
With all of the love in our [A] hearts [A7]
We will return and we'll never again be [D] apart [A]

CHORUS:

[G] Walking the streets with
the [D] music aloud in the [A] air
I see us [D] there [D7]
[G] Timeless traditions aboun-[D]ding,
this love will pre-[A]vail
On the streets of [D] Kinsale...

..[G].[D].[A]..

VERSE:

Oh [D] love, white lady who searches for me
Forever I'll come back to [A7] thee
Like waves in the night we return
and our love is [D] complete [A]
[D] Why, why did we drift from the shore
I promise you forever-[A7]more
We will return and our [A] love
will open the [D] door [A]

CHORUS

..[G].[D].[A]..

BRIDGE:

And our [Bm] love won't [F#m] die
It [G] reaches across [D] the ages to-[A]night
[Bm] Take my [F#M] hand,
to-[G]gether forever [A] we'll stand. Oh,

CHORUS X 2 (Quick Turnaround – Overlap [D]→[G])

..[G].[D].[G].[D]..

On the [A7] streets of [D] Kinsale...[D!]

THE WELLERMAN SHANTY

[Am] [Am] [Am] There once was a ship that put to sea
And the [Dm] name of the ship was the [Am] Billy of Tea
The [Am] winds blew up, her bow dipped down
Oh [E7] blow, my bully boys, [Am] blow

CHORUS:

[F] Soon may the [C] Wellerman come
To [Dm] bring us sugar and [Am] tea and rum
[F] One day, when the [C] tonguin' is done,
We'll [E7] take our leave and [Am] go

She [Am] had not been two weeks from shore
When [Dm] down on her a [Am] right whale bore
The [Am] captain called all hands and swore
He'd [E7] take that whale in [Am] tow

CHORUS

Repeat CHORUS with “Da-da da-da-da-da...”

[Am] Before the boat had hit the water
The [Dm] whale's tail came [Am] up and caught her
All [Am] hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When [E7] she dived down [Am] low

CHORUS

No [Am] line was cut, no whale was freed;
The [Dm] Captain's mind was [Am] not of greed
But [Am] he belonged to the whaleman's creed;
She [E7] took the ship in [Am] tow

CHORUS

Repeat CHORUS with “Da-da da-da-da-da...”

For [Am] forty days, or even more
The [Dm] line went slack, then [Am] tight once more
All [Am] boats were lost (there were only four)
But [E7] still that whale did [Am] go

CHORUS

As [Am] far as I've heard, the fight's still on;
The [Dm] line's not cut and the [Am] whale's not gone
The [Am] Wellerman makes his regular call
To [E7] encourage the Captain, [Am] crew, and all

CHORUS – Repeat A Capella with NO instruments 59

THE WILD ROVER (NO NAY NEVER)

INTRO: [G] [G]

[G] I've been a wild rover for many's a [C] year
And I [G] spent all me [D7] money on whiskey and [G] beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great [C] store,
And I [G] never will [D7] play the wild rover no [G] more

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (4 stomps or claps)
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more

[G] I went to an ale house I used to fre-[C]quent,
And I [G] told the land-[D7]lady me money's all [G] spent,
I asked her for credit, she answered me [C] "Nay...
Sure a [G] custom as [D7] yours I could have every [G] day."

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (4 stomps or claps)
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more

WALTZ

[YouTube](#) ✓ [Index](#)

[G] I then took from me pocket, ten sovereigns [C] bright,
And the [G] landlady's [D7] eyes opened wide with de-[G]light,
She [G] says, "I have whiskeys and wines of the [C] best,
And the [G] words that you [D7] told me were only in [G] jest."

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (4 stomps or claps)
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more

[G] I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've [C] done,
And I'll [G] ask them to [D7] pardon their prodigal [G] son,
And [G] when they caressed me as oft times be-[C]fore,
I [G] never will [D7] play the wild rover no [G] more!

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (4 stomps or claps)
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (4 stomps or claps)
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover,
No [D7] never, no [G] more [G!]

TIPPERARY

INTRO: [C] [C] [C] [G] [C]

[C] Up to mighty London
 Came an Irishman one [G] day.
 [C] As the streets are paved with gold
 [B7] Sure, everyone was [Em] gay,
 [C] Singing songs of Piccadilly
 [B7] Strand and Leicester [Em] Square
 Till [E7] Paddy got [D] excited,
 Then he [D7] shouted to them [G] there:

CHORUS:

It's a [C] long way to Tipperary,
 It's a [F] long way to [C] go.
 It's a long way to Tipperary
 To the [D] sweetest [D7] girl I [G] know!
 [C] Goodbye, Picca-[C7]dilly,
 [F] Farewell, Leicester [E7] Square!
 It's a [C] long long way to Tipp-[F]era-[C]ry,
 But [D] my heart's [G] right [C] there.

[C] Paddy wrote a letter
 To his Irish [G] Molly-O,
 [C] Saying, "Should you not receive it,
 [B7] Write and let me [Em] know!"
 [C] "If I make mistakes in spelling,
 Molly, dear," said [G] he,
 [E7] "Remember, it's the [D] pen that's bad,
 [D7] Don't lay the blame on [G] me!

CHORUS

[C] Molly wrote a neat reply
 To Irish [G] Paddy-O,
 [C] Saying Mike Maloney
 Wants to [B7] marry me, and [Em] so
 [C] Leave the Strand and Piccadilly
 Or you'll be to [G] blame,
 For [E7] love has fairly [D] drove me silly:
 [D7] Hoping you're the [G] same!

CHORUS

UNICORN SONG

INTRO: [F] [C] [F]

[F] A long time ago [Gm] when the earth was green
There was [C7] more kinds of animals than [F] you'd ever seen
They'd [F] run around free while the [Gm] earth was being born
But the [F] loveliest of them all was the [C] uni-[F]corn

There was [F] green alligators and [Gm] long necked geese
Some [C7] humpty backed camels and some [F] chimpan-zees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but [Gm] sure as you're born
The [F] loveliest of all was the [C] uni-[F]corn [F] [C]-[F]

Now [F] God seen some sinning and it [Gm] gave him a pain
And he [C7] says, stand back, "I'm going to [F] make it rain!"
He says, [F] "Hey, brother Noah I'll [Gm] tell you what to do,
[F] Build me a [C] floating [F] zoo," [N.C]
"and take some of them...."

[F] Green alligators and [Gm] long necked geese
Some [C7] humpty backed camels and some [F] chimpan-zees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but [Gm] sure as you're born
[F] Don't you forget my [C] uni-[F]corn." [F] [C]-[F]

Old [F] Noah was there to [Gm] answer the call
He [C7] finished up making the ark
just as the [F] rain started fallin'
He marched in the animals [Gm] two by two
And he [F] called out as [C] they went [F] through, [N.C]

"Hey Lord," I [F] got your green alligators and [Gm] long necked geese
Some [C7] humpty backed camels and some [F] chimpan-zees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but [Gm] Lord, I'm so forlorn,
I [F] just can't see no [C] uni-[F]corn!" [F] [C]-[F]

Then [F] Noah looked out through the [Gm] driving rain
Them [C7] unicorns were hiding, [F] playing silly games
Kicking and splashing while the [Gm] rain was pourin'
[F] Oh, them silly [C] uni-[F]corns!"

There was [F] green alligators and [Gm] long necked geese
Some [C7] humpty backed camels and some [F] chimpan-zees
Noah cried, "Close the door cause the [Gm] rain's pourin'
And [F] we just can't wait for [C] no uni-[F]corn!" [F] [C]-[F]

The [F] ark started moving, it [Gm] drifted with the tides
Them [C] unicorns looked up from the [F] rocks and they cried
And the waters came down and sort of [Gm] floated them away

[N.C]

SPOKEN: "And that's why ya never seen a unicorn to this very day"

You'll see [F] green alligators and [Gm] long necked geese
Some [C7] humpty backed camels and some [F] chimpan-zees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but [Gm] sure as you're born
You're [F] never gonna see no [C] u-ni-[F]corn... [F!]-[C!]-[F!]

UP AMONG THE HEATHER

INTRO – As per CHORUS:

CHORUS:

[Em] Up among the heather at the hill o' [G] Bennachie
[D] Rollin' with a wee girl underneath the tree
A [Em] bumbee stung me well above the [G] knee
[Bm] Up among the heather at the [Em] hill o' Bennachie [D] [Em]

VERSE

[Em] As I went out a-rovin' on a summer's [G] day
[D] I spied a bonnie lassie strolling on the brae
[Em] She was picking wild berries
and I offered her a [G] hand
Saying [Bm] maybe I can help you fill your [Em] wee tin can

CHORUS

VERSE

[Em] Says I me bonnie lassie, are ya gonna spend the [G] day
[D] Up among the heather where the lads and lassies play?
[Em] They're hugging and they're kissing
and they're making fancy [G] free
[Bm] Among the bloomin' heather
on the [Em] hill o' Bennachie

CHORUS

VERSE

[Em] We sat down together and I held her in me [G] arms
[D] I hugged her and I kissed her, taken by her charms
[Em] Then I took out me fiddle and I fiddled [G] merrily
[Bm] Among the blooming heather
at the [Em] hill o' Bennachie

CHORUS

VERSE

[Em] Come all you bonnie lassies and take my [G] advice
[D] Never let the soldier laddie kiss you more than twice
[Em] For all the time he's kissing you
he's thinking out a [G] plan
[Bm!] To get a wee bit rattle at your [Em!] ould tin can

CHORUS x 2

WASN'T THAT A PARTY

INTRO: [F] [F] [F] [F]

CHORUS:

Could have been the [F] whiskey, might have been the gin,
could have been the three or four six-packs,
I don't know, but look at the mess I'm in.
My head is like a [Bb] football, I think I'm gonna [F] die.
Tell me, [C] me, oh, me, oh, my
[N.C.] ... wasn't that a [F] party?

VERSE 1:

[F] Someone took a grapefruit, and wore it like a hat.
I saw someone under my kitchen table,
talking to my old tom cat,
they were talking about [Bb] hockey,
and the cat was talkin' [F] back.
Along about [C] then everything went black,
[N.C.] but wasn't that a [F] party?

BRIDGE:

I'm sure it's just my [Bb] memory, playin' tricks on [F] me,
but I [G] think I saw my buddy
cuttin' down my neighbour's [C!] tree!

CHORUS

EZ Play Notes:
Omit the Interlude.

INTERLUDE: [F] [F] [F] [F] [Bb] [Bb] [F] [F] [C] [Bb] [F] [F] x 2

BRIDGE:

Billy Joe and [Bb] Tommy, well, they went a little [F] far..
they were [G!] sitting in my backyard blowin' on a siren,
from somebody's po-lice [C!] car.

VERSE 3:

So, you see, your [F] honor, it was all in fun.
That little bitty track-meet down on the main street,
was just to see if the cops could run.
Well, they run us in to [Bb] see you, in an alcoholic [F] haze.
I sure can [C!] use those thirty days
to recover from the [F] party.

CHORUS x 2 – Note Key Change:

Could have been the [G] whiskey, might have been the gin,
could have been the three or four six-packs,
I don't know, but look at the mess I'm in.
My head is like a [C] football, I think I'm gonna [G] die.
Tell me, [D] me, oh, me, oh, my
[N.C.] ... wasn't that a [G] party?

OUTRO x 2:

[G] Wasn't that a party? ... [G] Wasn't that a party?
[G] Wasn't that a party? ... [G] Wasn't that a party?

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

VERSE 1:

There's a [C] tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why
 For it never should be there at all
 With such [G7] power in your smile
 Sure a [C] stone you'd [A7] beguile
 So there's [D7] never a teardrop should [G7] fall
 When your [C] sweet lilting laughter's
 like some fairy song
 And your eyes twinkle [C7] bright as can [F] be
 You must [D7] laugh all the while
 and all [G] other times smile
 And now [D7] smile a smile for [G7] me

CHORUS:

When [C] Irish eyes are smiling,
 Sure 'tis [F] like a morn in [C] spring
 In the [F] lilt of Irish [C] laughter [A7]
 You can [D7] hear the angels [G] sing
 When [C] Irish hearts are happy [C7]
 All the [F] world seems bright and [C] gay
 But when [F] Irish eyes are [C] smiling [A7]
 Sure they [D7] steal your [G7] heart [C] away

[F] [C] [A7] [D7] [G7] [C] – as per last two lines above

VERSE 2:

For your [C] smile is a part, of the love in your heart
 And it makes even sunshine more [G] bright
 Like the [G7] linnet's sweet song
 Crooning [C] all the day [A7] long
 Comes your [D7] laughter so tender and [G7] light
 For the [C] springtime of life, is the sweetest of all
 And there is ne'er a real [C7] care nor [F] regret
 And while springtime is ours
 Throughout [C] all of youth's [A7] hours
 Let us [D7] smile every chance that we [G7] get

CHORUS – in [C], then key change to [D]. Video [C#]

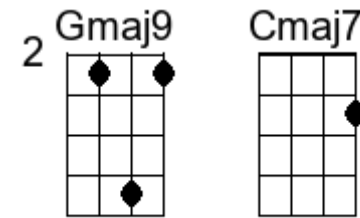
When [D] Irish eyes are smiling,
 Sure 'tis [G] like a morn in [D] spring
 In the [G] lilt of Irish [D] laughter [B7]
 You can [E7] hear the angels [A] sing
 When [D] Irish hearts are happy [D7]
 All the [G] world seems bright [D] and gay [N.C.]

SLOW

But when [G] Irish eyes are [D] smi-[B7]ling
 Sure they [E7] steal your [A7] heart [D] away

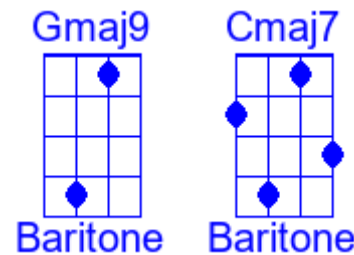
WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN

INTRO: [G] [Gmaj9] [Em] – [C] [Cmaj7] [Am] – [D] [D7] – [G] [D] x 2



VERSE 1:

When [G] first I [Gmaj9] saw the [Em] lovelight in your [C] eyes [Cmaj7] [Am]
 I [D] thought the world held nought but joy for [G] me [D]
 And [G] even [Gmaj9] though we've [Em] drifted far [C] apart [Cmaj7] [Am]
 I [A] never dream, but what I dream of [D] thee [C] [Cmaj7] [D]



VERSE 2:

I [G] love [Gmaj9] you as I've [Em] never loved [C] before [Cmaj7] [Am]
 Since [D] first I saw you on the village [G] green [D]
 Come [G] to me, [Gmaj9] ere my [Em] dreams of long [C] ago [Cmaj7] [Am]
 I [C] love you as I [G] loved [Gmaj9] you, [Em] when you were [Bm] sweet
 When you were [Am] sweet [D7] six-[G]teen [G]

INSTRUMENTAL:

[G] [Gmaj9] [Em] – [C] [Cmaj7] [Am] – [D] [D7] – [G] [D]
 [G] [Gmaj9] [Em] – [C] [Cmaj7] [Am] – [D] [D7] – [G] [D]

VERSE 2

OUTRO: [G] [Gmaj9] [Em] – [C] [Cmaj7] [Am] – [D] [D7] – [G] [D]
 [G] [Gmaj9] [Em] – [C] [Cmaj7] [Am] – [D] [D7] – [G]-[D]-[G]

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

INTRO: [C] [C]

[C] As I was a ridin' over the [Am] far famed Kerry mountains
I [F] met with Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was [Am] counting
I [C] first produced my pistol and [Am] then I drew my sabre
Said [F] "Stand and deliver" for you [C] are my bold de-[Am]ceiver

CHORUS:

Mush-a-[G]rigum durrum da
[C] Whack-fo! the daddy-o. [F] whack-fo! the daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar.

I [C] counted out his money and it [Am] made a pretty penny
I [F] put it in me pocket and I [C] took it home to [Am] Jenny
She [C] sighed and she swore that she [Am] never would betray me
But the [F] devil's in the women for they [C] never can be [Am] easy

Mush-a-[G]rigum durrum da
[C] Whack-fo! the daddy-o. [F] whack-fo! the daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar.

I [C] went into my chamber, all [Am] for to take a slumber
I [F] dreamt of gold and jewels boys
and [C] sure it was no [Am] wonder
But [C] Jenny took me charges and she [Am] filled them up with water
Then [F] sent for captain Farrell to be [C] ready for the [Am] slaughter.

Mush-a-[G]rigum durrum da
[C] Whack-fo! the daddy-o. [F] whack-fo! the daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar.

[C] Next day as I was leavin, 'twas [Am] early in the morning
The [F] captain and his soldiers
they [C] came at me without [Am] warnin'
I [C] then produced me pistol, for she [Am] stole away me sabre
I [F] couldn't shoot the water, so a [C] prisoner I was [Am] taken.

CHORUS:

Mush-a-[G]rigum durrum da
[C] Whack-fo! the daddy-o. [F] whack-fo! the daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar.

I'd [C] like to find me brother, he's the [Am] one that's in the army,
I [F] don't know where he's stationed,
is it [C] Cork or in Kill-[Am]arney?
To-[C]gether we'll go ridin' o'er the [Am] mountains of Kilkenny,
Oh I [F] know he'll treat me better
than me [C] darlin' sportin' [Am] Jenny.

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL – As per VERSE then CHORUS:

There's [C] some delight in fishin' [Am] and some delight in bowlin'
And [F] some take delight in their [C] carriages a- [Am]rollin'
But [C] I take delight in the [Am] juice of the barley,
and [F] courtin' pretty girls in the [C] morning bright and [Am] early.

CHORUS x 2

WILL YE GO LASSIE GO

INTRO – As per Verse 1: ← Play twice

VERSE 1:

Oh the [D] summer [G] time is [D] coming
and the [G] trees are sweetly [F#m] blooming,
And the [G] wild [D] mountain [Bm] thyme
grows [G] around the [Em] blooming [G] heather.
Will you [D] go [G] lassie [D] go?

CHORUS:

And we'll [G] all go [D] together.
To pull [G] wild [D] mountain [Bm] thyme,
all [G] around the [Em] blooming [G] heather.
Will you [D] go [G] lassie [D] go?

EZ Play Notes: Play the
Intro through once only.

VERSE 2:

I will [D] build my [G] love a [D] bower
By yon [G] clear and crystal [F#m] fountain
and [G] all [D] 'round the [Bm] bower
I'll pile [G] flowers [Em] of the [G] mountain
Will you [D] go [G] lassie [D] go?

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL – As per Verse 1

VERSE 3:

If my [D] true love [G] she won't [D] have me,
I will [G] surely find [F#m] another
To pull [G] wild [D] mountain [Bm] thyme
all [G] around the [Em] blooming [G] heather
Will you [D] go [G] lassie [D] go?

CHORUS x 2

ZOMBIE - The Cranberries

INTRO: [Em] [Cmaj7] [G] [D] x4

[Em] Another [Cmaj7] head hangs lowly, [G] child is slowly [D] taken
[Em] And the violence [Cmaj7] caused such silence [G] who are we mis-[D]taken
But you [Em] see it's not me, it's not [Cmaj7] my family,
In your [G] head, in your head, they are [D] fighting
With their [Em] tanks and their bombs and their [Cmaj7] bombs and their guns
in your [G] head, in your head, they are [D] crying.

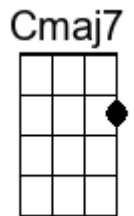
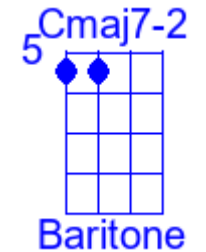
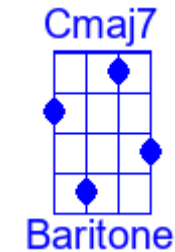
In your [Em] head, in your [Cmaj7] head, zom-[G]bie, zombie, zom-[D]bie
What's in your [Em] head, in your [Cmaj7] head, zom-[G]bie, zombie, zom-[D]bie

BREAK: [Em] [Cmaj7] [G] [D] x2

[Em] Another [Cmaj7] mother's breaking, [G] heart is taking [D] over.
[Em] When the violence [Cmaj7] causes silence, [G] we must be mis-[D]taken.
It's the [Em] same old theme since [Cmaj7] 1916,
in your [G] head, in your head, they're still [D] fighting
With their [Em] tanks and their bombs and their [Cmaj7] bombs and their guns
In your [G] head, in your head, they're [D] dying.

In your [Em] head, in your [Cmaj7] head, zom-[G]bie, zombie, zom-[D]bie
What's in your [Em] head, in your [Cmaj7] head, zom-[G]bie, zombie, zom-[D]bie

OUTRO: [Em] [Cmaj7] [G] [D] x2



- A YouTube Playlist for all the songs is available here: www.tinyurl.com/celticsb2024
- Each song sheet has a YouTube link to that song's video at the top right of the page, most include lyrics.
- A tick ✓ to the right of the YouTube link means the video is in the same key as the song sheet.
- A number in brackets (#) to the right of YouTube shows the capo position to match the video key.
- A (T) to the right of YouTube means there are Transposition Notes on the page to match the video key.

- An exclamation mark in the chord brackets, e.g. [G!], means you only strum that chord once, then stop.
- Multiple exclamation marks indicate a rudimentary strum pattern and timing, e.g. [D!!! !].
- A backslash in the chord brackets, e.g. [C\], means you trill the strings down once, then stop.
- [N.C] means "No Chord". Stop playing, like [!] and [N], then resume on the next chord illustrated.
- Blue text for the lyrics means they are unsung and used as a melody guide for the instrumental parts.

- Some songs have **EZ Play Notes:** with tips to simplify the songs a little for flow or easier playing.

- There are two simplified Chord Charts at the end of this songbook. We recommend learning the first three columns of chords - Major, 7th and Minor chords - as these are usually not illustrated on the sheets.
- GCEA and DGBE (Baritone) chord diagrams may appear on some song sheets for rarely used chords.

- This songbook has been a labour of love for ukulele players to learn for educational purposes only.
- No commercial use of this content is allowed and all copyrights remain with their holders.

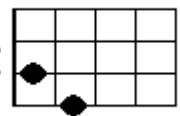
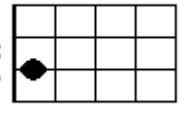
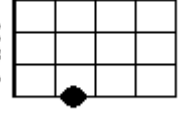
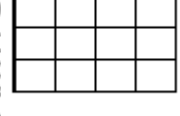
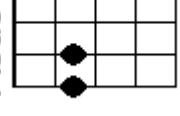
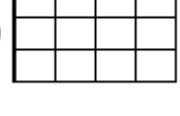
Ukulele Chord Chart (Baritone DGBE)

Ab	A	Bb	B	C	Db	D	Eb	E	F	Fb	F#	G	Gb	G#	Ab
Abm	Am	Bbm	Bm	Cm	Dbm	Dm	Ebm	Em	Fm	Gbm	Gm	Abm	Amb	Bbm	Bmb
Abm7	Am7	Bbm7	Bm7	Cm7	Dbm7	Dm7	Ebm7	Em7	Fm7	Gbm7	Gm7	Abm7	Amb7	Bbm7	Bmb7
Ab6	A6	Bb6	B6	C6	Db6	D6	Eb6	E6	F6	Gb6	G6	Ab6	A6b	Bb6	B6b
Abdim	Adim	Bbdim	Bdim	Cdim	Dbdim	Ddim	Ebdim	Edim	Fdim	Gbdim	Gdim	Abdim	A6dim	Bb6dim	B6dim
Abaug	Aaug	Bbaug	Baug	Caug	Dbaug	Daug	Ebaug	Eaug	Faug	Gbaug	Gaug	Abaug	A7aug	Bb7aug	B7aug
Abm3	Am3	Bbm3	Bm3	Cm3	Dbm3	Dm3	Ebm3	Em3	Fm3	Gbm3	Gm3	Abm3	A7m3	Bb7m3	B7m3
Ab9	A9	Bb9	B9	C9	Db9	D9	Eb9	E9	F9	Gb9	G9	Ab9	A9b	Bb9b	B9b

A	A#	B	C	C#	D	D#	E	F	F#	G	G#
	Bb			Db		Eb			Gb		Ab

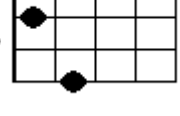
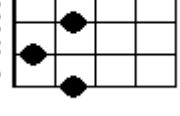
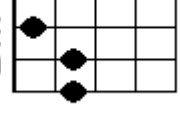
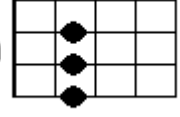
M O V E A B L E

C H O R D S

A  **A7**  **Am**  **Am7/C6**  **Asus4**  **C** 

T U N I N G

G C E A

F  **F#m**  **Dm**  **D** 

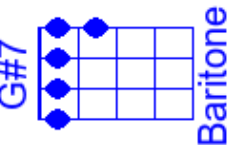
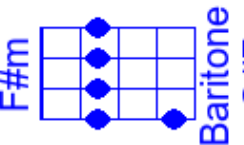
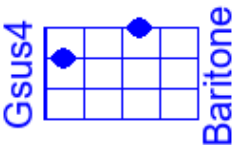
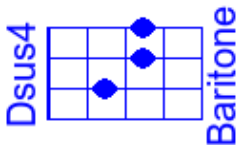
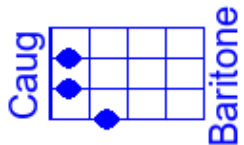
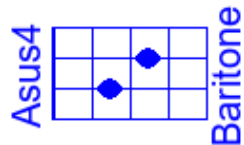
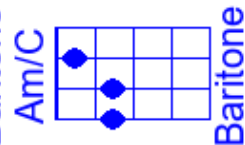
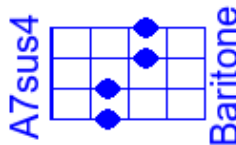
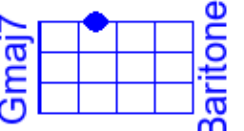
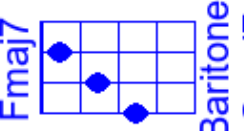
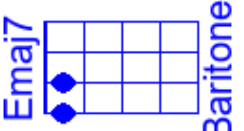
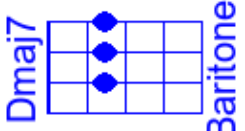
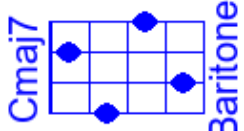
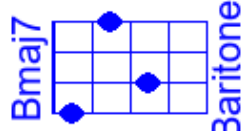
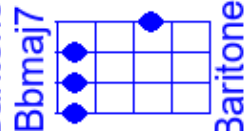
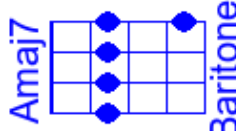
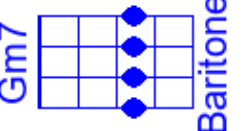
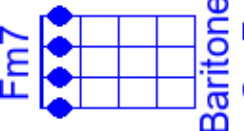
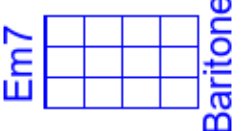
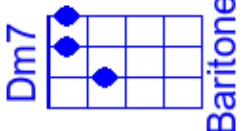
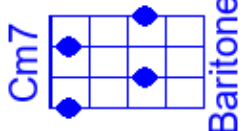
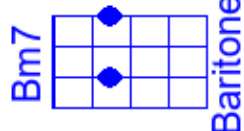
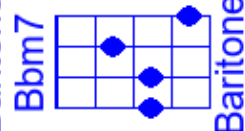
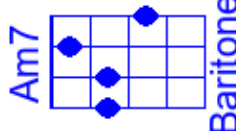
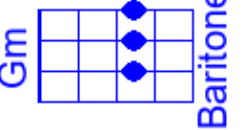
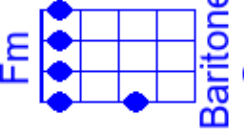
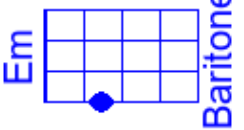
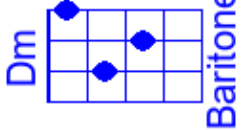
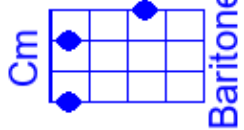
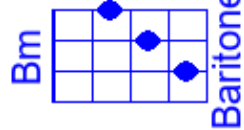
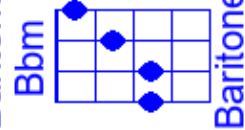
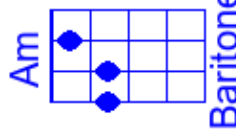
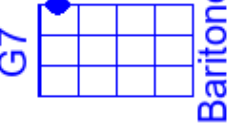
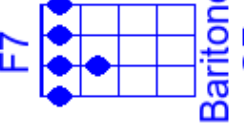
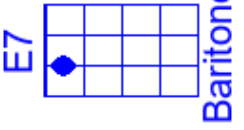
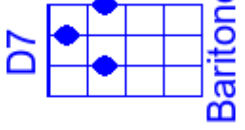
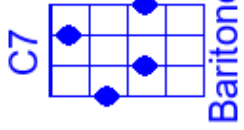
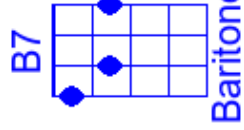
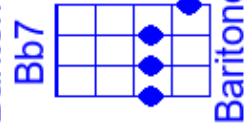
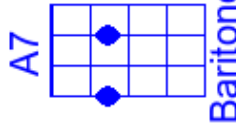
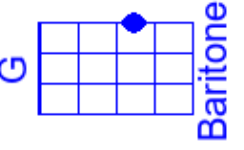
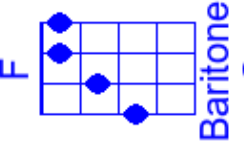
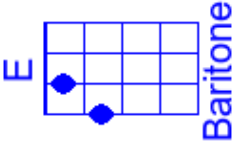
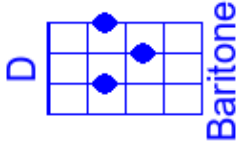
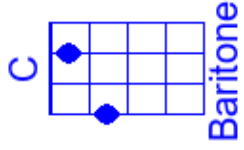
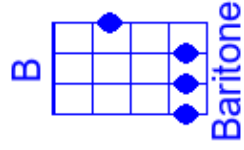
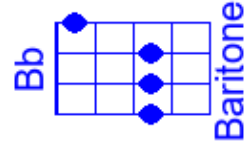
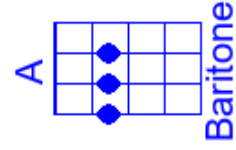
UKULELE CHORD CHART

Soprano, Concert & Tenor

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
A 	Am 	Aaug 	Adim 	A6 	Am6 	A7 	Amaj7 	Am7 	A9
Ab 	Abm 	Abaug 	Abdim 	Ab6 	Abm6 	Ab7 	Abmaj7 	Abm7 	Ab9
B 	Bm 	Baug 	Bdim 	B6 	Bmb 	B7 	Bmaj7 	Bm7 	B9
Bb 	Bbm 	Bbaug 	Bbdim 	Bb6 	Bbm6 	Bb7 	Bbmaj7 	Bbm7 	Bb9
C 	Cm 	Caug 	Cdim 	C6 	Cm6 	C7 	Cmaj7 	Cm7 	C9
D 	Dm 	Daug 	Ddim 	D6 	Dm6 	D7 	Dmaj7 	Dm7 	D9
Db 	Dbm 	Dbaug 	Dbdim 	Db6 	Dbm6 	Db7 	Dbmaj7 	Dbm7 	Db9
E 	Em 	Eaug 	Edim 	E6 	Em6 	E7 	Emaj7 	Em7 	E9
Eb 	Ebm 	Ebaug 	Ebdim 	Eb6 	Ebm6 	Eb7 	Ebmaj7 	Ebm7 	Eb9
F 	Fm 	Faug 	Fdim 	F6 	Fm6 	F7 	Fmaj7 	Fm7 	F9
G 	Gm 	Gaug 	Gdim 	G6 	Gm6 	G7 	Gmaj7 	Gm7 	G9
Gb 	Gbm 	Gbaug 	Gbdim 	Gb6 	Gbm6 	Gb7 	Gbmaj7 	Gbm7 	Gb9

UKULELE CHORD CHART

Baritone – DGBE Tuning



UKULELE CHORD CHART

Soprano, Concert & Tenor

