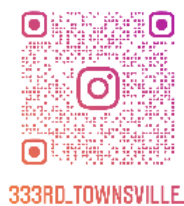
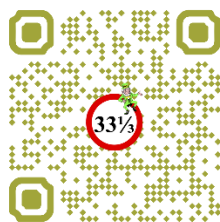




The Session Song Book



333RD.TOWNSVILLE



Contents

All for me grog	5
Arthur McBride.....	6
Auld Triangle.....	8
Back Home in Derry.....	9
Bang on the Ear	10
Belfast Mill.....	11
Black Velvet Band	12
Black and Tans	13
Bold O'Donahue	14
Botany Bay.....	15
Brown Eyed Girl.....	16
Bugger Off.....	17
Charlie Mopps	18
Danny Boy.....	19
Dirty old town.....	20
Donald, Where's Your Troosers.....	21
Fiddlers Green	22
Fields of Athenry	23
Fisherman's Blues.....	24
Flower of Scotland.....	25
500 miles.....	26
Galway Girl	27
Gypsy Rover	28
Irish Rover.....	30
Johnny Jump Up	31
Leaving of Liverpool	32
Molly Malone	33
Navigator	34
Parting Glass	35
Raggle Taggle Gypsy	36
Reilly's Daughter.....	37
Sally McLennane.....	38
Save the Whales	39
Skibbereen.....	40
South Australia	41
The Little Beggarman	42
The Night Pat Murphy Died.....	43

The Orange and the Green	44
The Shores of Botany Bay	45
The Star of The County Down	46
The Wellerman	47
When will we be married Molly	49
Whiskey in the Jar	50
Wild Rover	51

All for me grog

D *G* *D*
And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
 A
All for me beer and tobacco
 D *G* *D*
Well I've spent all me tin with the lady's drinking gin
D *A* *D*
Far across the western ocean i must wander

Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin' boots
 They're all gone for beer and tobacco
 You see the soles were getting thin and the uppers were letting in
 And the heels are looking out for better weather

instrumental

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

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

Chorus x 3

Arthur McBride

D A D
 Oh me and my cousin one Arthur McBride
 G D Em G
 As we went a-walking down by the seaside,
 D G D Bm
 Now mark what followed and what did betide
 D A
 For it being on Christmas morning.
 D Bm
 And for recreation we went on a tramp
 G D Em G
 And we met Sergeant Napper and Corporal Cramp.
 D G D Bm
 And the little wee drummer intending camp
 D A D
 For the day being pleasant and charming.

“Good morning, good morning” the Sergeant did cry.”
 “And the same to you gentlemen,” we did reply
 Intending no harm as we meant to pass by
 For it being on Christmas morning.
 But says he “My fine fellows if you will enlist
 It’s ten guineas in gold I will slip in your fists
 And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust
 And drink the King’s health in the morning.

For a soldier he leads a very fine life
 And he always is blessed with a charming young wife,
 And he pays all his debts without sorrow and strife
 And always lives pleasant and charming.
 And a soldier he always is decent and clean
 In the finest of clothing he’s constantly seen
 While other poor fellows look dirty and mean
 And sup on thin gruel in the morning.”

Says Arthur, “I wouldn’t be proud of your clothes
 For you’ve only the lend of them, as I suppose,
 And you dare not change them one night for you know
 If you do you’ll be flogged in the morning.
 And although that we are single and free,
 We take great delight in our own company
 And we have no desire strange faces to see
 Although that your offers are charming.

And we have no desire to take your advance,
All hazards and dangers we barter on chance.
For you would have no scruples for to send us to France
Where we would get shot without warning.”
“Oh no,” says the Sergeant, “I’ll have no such chat
And I neither will take it from spalpeen or brat
For if you insult me with one other word
I’ll cut off your heads in the morning.”

And then Arthur and I we soon drew our odds
And we scarce gave them time for to draw their own blades
When a trusty shillelagh came over their heads
And bade them take that as fair warning.
And their old rusty rapiers that hung by their sides
We flung them as far as we could in the tide
“Now take them out, devils,” cried Arthur McBride,
“And temper their edge in the morning.”

And the little wee drummer we flattened his pouch
And we made a football of his rowdy dow dow
Threw it in the tide for to rock and to roll
And bade it a tedious returning.
And we having no money, paid them off in cracks
And we paid no respect to their two bloody backs,
But we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks
And left them for dead in the morning.

And so to conclude and to finish disputes
We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits,
For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts
And bid them look sharp in the morning.
Oh me and my cousin one Arthur McBride
As we went a-walking down by the seaside,
Now mark what followed and what did betide
For it being on Christmas morning.

Auld Triangle

A hungry feeling, came o'er me stealing
All the mice were squealing in my prison cell

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

The lags were sleeping, humpy Gussy was peeping
As I lay there weeping for my girl Sal

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

To begin the mornin', the screw was bawling
"Get up ya bowsie! and clean up your cell!"

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

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

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

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

Back Home in Derry

Intro Am | C | G | D | Am

Am Em/C G D Am
In 1803 we put out to sea, out from the sweet town of Derry.

Am Em/C G D Am
Australia bound, if we didn't all drown, And the marks of the fetters we carried.

Am Em/C G D Am
In our rusty iron chains we cried out in vain, for the good wives we left all in sorrow.
Am Em/C G D

Am

As the main sails unfurled, our insults were hurled, on the English and thoughts of tomorrow.

Chorus

C G Am G Am
Oh oh oh oh oh I wish I was back home in Derry.
C G Am G Am
Oh oh oh oh oh I wish I was back home in Derry.

We cursed them to hell as our ship fought the swell,
It danced like a moth in the firelight.
White horses rode high as the devil swept by,
Taking souls to Hades by twilight.
After five weeks at sea, we were just forty-three,
We buried our comrades each morning.
And in our own slime we lost track of time,
As we waited for death without warning

Chorus and Instrumental

Just off the Cape we lost Captain and Mate,
took down to Davy Jones Locker.
Our shipsail was torn and the mast it was shorn,
and all the rigging swept off her.
We're were now down to five, the last left alive,
and we knew that our days they were numbered.
But with our last breath, we cursed to the death,
All the English and their royal sovereigns.

Bang on the Ear

G D G C D
 Lindsay was my first love she was in my class
 G D G C D
 I would have loved to take her out but I was too shy to ask
 C G C G D
 The fullness of my feeling was never made clear
 G D C D G
 But I send her my love with a bang on the ear

Nora was my girl when I first was in a group
 I can still see her to this day, stirring chicken soup
 Now she's living in Australia working for an auctioneer
 But I send her my love with a bang on the ear

Deborah broke my heart and I the willing fool
 I fell for her one summer on the road to Liverpool
 I thought it was forever but it was over within the year (oh dear)
 But I send her my love with a bang on the ear

Instrumental

The home I made with Bella became a house of pain
 We weathered it together bound by a ball and chain
 It started up in Fife, it ended up in tears
 But I send her my love with a bang on the ear

Krystal was a rover from Canada she hailed
 We crossed swords in San Francisco we both lived to tell the tale
 I don't know now where she is but oh if I had her here
 I'd give her my love with a bang on the ear

Instrumental

So my woman of the hearthfire, harbour of my soul
 I watch you lightly sleeping and I sense a dream that does unfold (like gold)
 You to me are treasure, you to me are dear
 So I'll give you my love with a bang on the ear

Belfast Mill

C Am G F C x 2

C Am
At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill

G F C
There's a chimney so tall, it says Belfast Mill

C Am
But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack

G F C
For the mill has shut down and is never coming back

Chorus

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind

As she blows through the town weave and spin, weave and spin

The mill has shut down 'twas the only life I know
Tell me what will I do? tell me where will I go?
There's no children at all In the dark narrow streets
And the mill has shut down It's so quiet I can't sleep

Chorus

I'm too old to work And I'm too young to die
Tell me where will I go now My family and I
And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
As she blows through the town weave and spin, weave and spin

instrumental

Chorus

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill
There's a chimney so tall, it says Belfast Mill
But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack
For the mill has shut down and is never coming back

Chorus x 2

Black Velvet Band

G C G D
 In a neat little town they call Belfast, Apprenticed to trade I was bound
 G Em C D G
 And many an hour of sweet happiness, I spent in that sweet little town
 G C G D
 Till sad misfortune came over me which caused me to stray from the land
 G Em C D G
 Far away from me friends and relations betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

Chorus

G C G D
 Her eyes they shone like the diamonds I thought her the queen of the land
 G Em C D G
 And her hair it hung over her shoulder Tied up with the Black Velvet Band

As I went walking down Broadway, not meaning long for to stay
 I met with a frolicsome damsel, as she came a tripping away.
 A watch she pulled out of her pocket, and slipped it right into my hand.
 On the very first day that I met her, bad luck to the Black Velvet Band

Chorus

Before judge and jury next morning, both of us did appear
 When a gentleman claimed his jewellery, the case against us was quite
 clear
 Seven years transportation, right down to Van Diemens Land.
 Far away from your friends and relations betrayed by the Black Velvet
 Band

Chorus

Come all you brave young Irish lads, a warning take from me.
 Beware of the pretty young maidens, that knock about Tralee.
 They'll treat you to whiskey and porter, until you're unable to stand.
 And before you've had time to leave them, you're bound for Van Diemens
 Land

Black and Tans

Am G
 I was born on a Dublin street to the sound of the Raglan beat
 Am Em
 And the bloody English feet they walked all over us
 C G Em
 And every single night when me da would come home tight
 Am Em Am G Am
 He'd invite the night to fight him with this chorus

Chorus

Am
Oh, come out you black and tans
 G
Come out and fight me like a man
 Am Em
Tell me how you won medals down in Flanders
 C G Em
Tell me how you ran away when you fought the IRA
 Am Em Am G Am
From the green and grassy hills of Killashandra

Come to tell me how you slew the Zulus two by two
 Tell me how you frightened them right to the marrow
 Tell me how they run, from your rattlin' gattlin' gun
 When the only thing they has was bows and arrows

CHORUS

Tell me of your wars, show me your battle scars
 Tell me how you fought the Boars way down in Africa
 Tell me how you charged with your bayonets raised at large
 And how they used to sit and bloody laugh at you

CHORUS

Bold O'Donahue

D G
 Well here I am from Paddy's Land, the land of high renown
 A D
 I've broken the hearts of all the girls from manys the country town
 D G
 And when they hear that I'm away they'll raise one hullabaloo
 A D
 For they miss all this handsome lad, the Bold O'donahue

Chorus

D G
 For I'm the boy to please her and I'm the boy to tease her
 A D
 I'm the boy can squeeze her up and I'll tell you what I'll do
 D G
 I'll court her like an Irishman, with a brogue and blarney to is me plan
 A D
 With me hannigan, swannigan, rannigan, brannigan, Bold O'donahue
 A D
 With me hannigan, swannigan, rannigan, brannigan, Bold O'donahue

I hear that the Queen of England has a daughter fine and grand
 Perhaps she'll take it in to her head for to marry an Irishman
 And if I can only get a chance to have a word or two
 Then perhaps she'll take a fancy to the bold O'Donahue

Chorus

Instrumental – D G A D

Well see yourself a blushing rose upon the garden wall
 And me I'll be a dew drop, on your petal fall
 The instant that I touched your skin, you'd bloom a shade or two
 You would never stand a chance with the Bold O'Donahue

Chorus x 2, end on beat after final chorus note

Botany Bay

C G C
 Farewell to old England for ever
 C F G
 Farewell to my rum culls as well
 C F C
 Farewell to the well-known old bailee
 C G C
 Where I used for to cut such a swell

CHORUS

C G C
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
 C F G
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ay
 C G C
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
 C G C
We're bound for Botany Bay

There's the Captain as is our commander
 There's the bo'sun and all the ships crew
 There's the first and the second class passengers
 Knows what we poor convicts go through

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Now all my young dookies and duchesses
 Take warning from what I've to say
 Mind all is your own as you touchesses
 Or you'll find us in Botany Bay

Brown Eyed Girl

Intro instrumental – D G D A

D G D A
Hey, where did we go days when the rain came

D G D A
Down in the hollow playing a new game

D G
Laughing, and a running, hey, hey

D A
Skipping and a jumping

D G
In the misty morning fog,

D A G A D Bm
with our hearts a thumpin' and you.....my brown eyed girl

G A D A
You.....my brown eyed girl

Whatever happened to Tuesday and so slow
Going down to the old mine with a transistor radio
Standing in the sunlight laughing
Hiding behind a rainbow's wall
Slipping and a sliding
All along the waterfall
With you, my brown eyed girl
You, my brown eyed girl

A7

Do you remember when we used to sing

D G D A7

Sha la la la la la la te da Just like that

D G D A7 D

Sha la la la la la la te da la te da

So hard to find my way,
Now that I'm all on my own
I saw you just the other day,
My how you have grown
Cast my memory back there, Lord
Sometime I'm overcome thinking 'bout
Making love in the green grass
Behind the stadium with you
My brown eyed girl
You my brown eyed girl

[Bridge] [Chorus]

Bugger Off

Chorus

G C G
 well, bugger off, you bastards, bugger off(fuck you)
Em C D
 well, bugger off, you bastards, bugger off(fuck you)
G C G Em
 you're like a herd of bloody swine that refuse to leave the trough
G C D G
 you'll get no more this evening so you better bugger off

G C D G
 You've been a splendid audience but aye your time has passed
C G D
 So don't you all be letting that door hit you in the ass
C G Em
 You've been a splendid audience but oh enough is enough
G C D G
 We'd take it very kindly if you'd all just bugger off

Chorus

Heres to the bar keeps' and waitresses whos been servin' you your beer
 They've put up with your noxious breath stupid drunken leers
 Be leavin' all your money on the table when you go
 Tomorrow you'll have a throbbin' headache and nothing else to show

Chorus

Here's to all the lovely ladies waitin' for the band
 Thinkin' maybe one of them might make a charmin' night stand
 But please don't be offended girls, because this song is not for you
 We'd be happy to oblige you when this nasty' job is through

Chorus

Now you've promised the ladies a night of love and bliss
 When truth be told you're far too drunk to stand up straight and piss
 So give it up you bloody' sods oh you'll not be laid
 The sooner you were out of here the sooner we'll be paid

Chorus

G C D G
 You'll get no more this evening so you bustard's bugger off (slower)

Charlie Mopps

D G D
 A long time ago, way back in history
 D G A
 When all there was to drink was nothing but cups of tea
 D G D
 Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops
 D G A7 D
 And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops

Chorus

D G D
Oh he must to be an admiral, a sultan, or a king
 D G A7
And to his praises we shall always sing
 D G D
Look what he has done for us, he's filled us up with cheer
 D A7
Lord bless Charlie Mops, The man who invented
 D A7 D
BEER, BEER, BEER TIDDLY BEER, BEER, BEER
 D A7 D
BEER, BEER, BEER TIDDLY BEER, BEER, BEER

The Jury's Bar, the Clancy's Pub, the Hole in the Wall as well
 One thing you can be sure of, it's Charlie's beer they sell
 So come on all me lucky lads at eleven O'clock ye stop
 For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mops
 One, two, three, four, five

A barrel of malt, A bushel of hops, you stir it around with a stick,
 The kind of lubrication to make your engine tick.
 Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.
 It's only eight pence ha'penny and one and six in tax
 One, two, three, four, five

Chorus x 2 (no tiddly in between)
The lord bless Charlie Mops!

Danny Boy

C F
 Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
 C G
 From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
 C F
 The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
 C G C
 It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

Am F C
 But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
 Am F G
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
 C F C Am
 It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
 C F G C
 Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
 If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
 You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
 And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
 And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
 For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
 And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Dirty old town

G

I met my love by the gas works wall

C

G

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

G

I kissed my girl by the factory wall

D

Em

Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon

Cats are prowling on their beat

Springs a girl from the streets at night

Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks

Saw a train set the night on fire

I smelled the spring on the smoky wind

Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe

Shining steel tempered in the fire

I'll chop you down like an old dead tree

Dirty old town, dirty old town

Repeat first verse

Donald, Where's Your Troosers

Em

I just come down from the Isle of Skye

D

I'm no very big but I'm awful shy

Em

The lassies shout as I go by,

Em D Em

"Donald, Where's Your Troosers?"

Chorus

Em

Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low

D

Through the streets in my kilt I'll go

Em

All the lassies say, "Hello!"

D Em

Donald, where's your troosers?"

A Lady took me to a ball

And it was slippery in the hall

I was feared that I wid fall

'Cause I had nae on ma troosers

I went down to London town

To have a little fun in the underground

All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,

"Donald, where are your trousers?"

To wear the kilt is my delight.

It is not wrong, I know it's right.

The highlanders would get a fright

If they saw me in my troosers.

The lassies love me every one

Just let them catch me if they can

You canna put the breeks on a highland man,

'Cause he does nae wear his troosers?"

Fiddlers Green

D Bm
 As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
 D A
 To view the salt water and take the sea air
 G D Bm
 I heard an old fisherman singing a song
 Em G A
 Won't you take me away boys my time is not long

CHORUS:

D A D
Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper
 G D A
no more on the docks I'll be seen
 G D Bm
Just tell me old ship mates I'm taking a trip mates
 Em A7 D
And I'll see you someday in Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I hear tell
 Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
 Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
 And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

When you get to the docks and the long trip is thru
 There's pub and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
 Where the girls are all pretty and beer it is free
 And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

Now I don't want a harp or a halo, not me
 Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
 I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
 With the wind in the rigging to sing us a song

Fields of Athenry

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

Chorus

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

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling
 Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
 Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled, they cut me down
 Now you must raise our child with dignity

Chorus

By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star falling
 As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
 For she'd live in hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay
 It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

Chorus x 2 last line twice

Fisherman's Blues

G F Am C x 2

G F
I wish I was a fisherman, tumbling on the seas
Am C
Far away from dry land, and it's bitter memories
G F
Casting out my sweet line, with abandonment and love
Am C
No ceiling bearing down on me, save the starry sky above

Chorus

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

G F Am C

I wish I was the brake man, on a hurtlin' fevered train
Crashing headlong into the heartland, like a cannon in the rain
With the beating of the sleepers, and the burning of the coal
Counting towns flashing by me, in a night that's full of soul

Chorus

I know I will be loosened, from bonds that hold me fast
And the chains all hung around me, will fall away at last
And on that fine and fateful day, I will take thee in my hands
I will ride on the train, I will be the fisherman

Chorus

G F Am C X 3

Light in my head, you in my arms x3

Flower of Scotland

G D G
 Oh flower of Scotland, When will we see your like again
 C G D G/
 That fought and died for, Your wee bit, hill and glen
 G C G
 And stood against him, Proud Edward's army
 C G F G
 And sent him homeward, To think again

The hills are bare now, And autumn leaves lie thick and still
 O'er land is lost now, Which those so, dearly held
 And stood against him, Proud Edward's army
 And sent him homeward, To think again

Those days are passed now, And in the past they must remain
 But we can still rise now, And be the nation a-gain
 That stood against him, Proud Edward's army
 And sent him homeward, To think again

Oh flower of Scotland, When will we see your like again
 That fought and died for, Your wee bit, hill and glen
 And stood against him, Proud Edward's army
 And sent him homeward, To think again

500 miles

D

When I wake up yeah I know I'm gonna be

G A D

I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you

D

When I go out yeah I know I'm gonna be

G A D

I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you

If I get drunk yes I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you

And if I haver yeah I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who's havering to you

Chorus

But I would walk 500 miles

And I would walk 500 more

Just to be the man who walked 1,000 miles

To fall down at your door

When I'm working yes I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you

And when the money comes in for the work I'll do

I'll pass almost every penny on to you

When I come home yeah I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you

And if I grow old well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you

Chorus

When I'm lonely yes I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you

When I'm dreaming well I know I'm gonna dream

I'm gonna dream about the time when I'm with you.

When I go out, well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you

And when I come home, yes I know I'm gonna be

G A Bm

I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you

G A D

I'm gonna be the man who's coming home with you

Galway Girl

D

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk

D A G

On a day -I-ay-I-ay

Bm A G D

I met a little girl and we stopped to talk

D G D

On a fine soft day -I-ay

G D G D

And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do

Bm A G D

'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue

G D G D

And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl

Bm A G D

'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

D ///

G // D

G D A D

A // D

We were halfway there when the rain came down

On a day -I-ay-I-ay

And she asked me up to her flat downtown

Of a fine soft day -I-ay-I-ay

And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do

'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue

So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl

And I lost my heart to a Galway girl

D ///, G // D, G D A D, A // D (x2)

G ///, D / A /, G D A D, A // D

When I woke up I was all alone

(With a day -I-ay-I-ay)

With a broken heart and a ticket home (With a day -I-ay-I-ay)

And I ask you now, tell me what would you do

If her hair was black and her eyes were blue

'Cause I've traveled around. I've been all over this world

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

Gypsy Rover

G D7 G D7 G D7 G D7 Bm Em G C G C G D7

G D7 G D7
A whistling gypsy came over the hill

G D7 G D7
Down to the valley so shady

G D7 Bm Em
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang

G C G C G D7
And he won the heart of a lady____

Chorus

G D7 G D7
Ah de doo, ah de doo dah day

G D7 G D7
Ah de doo, ah de day-hey

G D7 Bm Em
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang

G C G C G D7
And he won the heart of a lady____

She left her father's castle gates
She left her own fond lover
She left her servants and her estates
To follow the gypsy rover____

Chorus

"He is no gypsy, my father," she said
"But lord of these lands over
With him I'll stay till my dying day
And follow the gypsy rover____"

Chorus

A whistling gypsy came over the hill
Down to the valley so shady
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady____

Chorus

Holy Ground

D A D A D
Fare thee well, my lovely darlings, a thousand times adieu

D Bm G A
We're saying goodbye to the Holy Ground

D A
And the girls we all love true

D A D Bm G A
We will sail the salt seas over and then return for shore

D Bm G D A D
And still I live in hopes to see the Holy Ground once more
Fine girl you are!

Chorus

D Bm G A
You're the girl I do adore

D Bm G D A D
And still I live in hopes to see the Holy Ground once more

And now the storm is raging and we are far from shore;
And the good old ship is tossin' around
And the rigging is all torn
You're the secret of my mind, my loves,
You're the girls I do adore
And still I live in hopes to see the Holy Ground once more
Fine girl you are!

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

Chorus x 2; sharp finish then

Fine Girls you are

Irish Rover

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

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
 We had two million barrels of stone
 We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
 We had four million barrels of bones
 We had five million hogs, And six million dogs
 And seven million barrels of porter
 We had eight million bails of old nanny-goats' tails
 In the hold of the Irish Rover

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

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

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
 And the ship lost its way in the fog
 And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two
 Just myself and the Captain's old dog
 Then the ship struck a rock, oh what a shock
 The bulkhead was turned right over
 Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned
 I'm the last of The Irish Rover

Johnny Jump Up

Em

I'll tell you a story that happened to me,

D

Bm

One day as I went down to Youghal by the sea.

Em

Bm

The sun it was hot and the day it was warm,

Em

Bm

Em

Says I a quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm.

Em

I went in and I called for a bottle of stout.

D

Bm

Says the barman, I'm sorry, all the beer is sold out.

Em

Bm

"Try whiskey or Paddy, ten years in the wood."

Em

Bm

Em

Says I, "I'll try cider, I've heard that it's good."

Chorus (chords as the verse)

Oh never, oh never, oh never again.

If I live to a hundred or a hundred and ten,

For I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up

After drinking a quart of the Johnny Jump Up.

After leavin' the third I came out by the yard
Where I walked into Brophy the big civic guard;
"Come 'ere to me boy don't you know I'm the law?"
I upped with me fist and I shattered his jaw.

Well he fell to the ground with his knees doubled up
'Twas not I that hit him, but Johnny Jump-Up
The next thing that I met down by Youghal by the Sea
Was a cripple on crutches and he said to me

"I'm afraid for me life I'll be hit by a car
Won't you help me across to the railwayman's bar?"
But after drinkin' a quart of the cider so sweet
He threw down his crutches and danced in the street.

Well I went down the Lee road a friend for to see,
They call it the Madhouse in Cork by the Sea
But when I got there sure the truth I will tell
They had the poor bugger locked up in a cell

Said the guard, testing him, "Say these word if you can:
'Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran."
"Tell them I'm not crazy, tell them I'm not mad
'Twas only the sup of the bottle I had.

A man died in the Union by the name of McNabb
They washed him, they laid him outside on a slab
And after O'Connor his measurements did take
His wife took him home for a bloody fine wake

Well, about twelve o'clock and the beer it was high
The corpse he sits up and says he with a sigh
"I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up
'Till I bring them a quart of Johnny Jump-Up

Leaving of Liverpool

G C G
 Farewell to you my own true love,
 G D
 I am going far, far away,
 G C G
 I am bound for California,
 G D G
 And I know that I'll return some day.

Chorus

 D C G
So fare thee well my own true love,
 G C G D
When I return united we will be,
 G C G
Its not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
 G D G
But my darling when I think of thee.

I have slipped on board a Yankee ship
 Davey Crockett is her name,
 And her captain it is Burgees,
 And they say that she's a floating hell.

I have sailed with Burgess once before,
 And I think I know him well,
 If a man's a sailor he will get along,
 If not then he's sure for hell.

Oh the sun is in the harbor love,
 And I wish I could remain,
 For I know it will be a long, long time,
 Before I see you again.

Molly Malone

G Em Am D7
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

G Em A D
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.

G Em Am D7
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow, through the streets broad and narrow,

G C G
Crying cockles and mussels,
C G D G
A-live, A-live oh.

Chorus

G Em Am D7
A-live, alive O, A-live, alive O,
G C G C G D G
Crying cockles and mussels, A-live, alive oh.

She was a fishmonger, and sure twas no wonder,
For so were her Father and Mother before.
And they wheeled their barrow, through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels, A-live, alive oh.

Chorus and Instrumental

She died of a fever, and sure no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow, through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels, A-live, alive oh.

Navigator

G C
 The canals and the bridges, the embankments and cuts,
 G C D
 They blasted and dug with their sweat and their guts
 G C
 They never drank water but whiskey by pints
 G D G
 And the shanty towns rang with their songs and their fights.

CHORUS

G C G
Navigator, navigator, rise up and be strong,
 G C D
The morning is here and there's work to be done.
 G C G
Take your pick and your shovel and the bold dynamite
 G C D G
For to shift a few tons of this earthly delight,
 G C D G
Yes to shift a few tons of this earthly delight.

They died in their hundreds, with no sign to mark where,
 Save the brass in the pocket of the entrepreneur.
 By landslide and rock blast they got buried so deep,
 That in death if not life they'll have peace while they sleep.

CHORUS

Their mark on this land is still seen and still laid.
 The way for a commerce where vast fortunes were made.
 The supply of an empire where the sun never sets,
 Which is now deep in darkness but the railway's there yet..

CHORUS

Parting Glass

Oh of all the money that e're I spent
I spent it in good company
and of all the harm that e're Ive done
alas it was to none but me
for all I've done for want of wit
to mem'ry now I can't recall
so fill to me the parting glass
good night and joy be with you all

Oh if I had money enough to spend
and leisure time to sit awhile
there is a fair maid in this town
and she surely has my heart beguiled
her rosey cheeks, her ruby lips
I own she has my heart enthralled
so fill to me the parting glass
good night and joy be with you all

Oh of all the comrades that e're
I've had they are sorry for my going away
and of all the sweethearts that e're I've had
they would wish me one more day to stay
but since it falls unto my lot
that I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
good night and joy be with you all

Raggle Taggle Gypsy

Dm

There was three of the gypsies came to our hall door

F Am

They came brave an' bol-del-o

C

One sang high and the other sang low

Dm

C

Am Dm

And the other sang The Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o

It was upstairs, downstairs the lady went
Put on a suit of leather-o
And there was the cry around our door
She's away with the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o

It was late last night when the lord came in
Inquirin' for his lady-o
And the servin' girls says to the Lord
She's away with the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o

Saddle for me my milk-white steed
My bay horse is not speedy-o
And sure I will ride and I'll seek my bride
She's away with the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o

O for he rode east and he rode west
He rode north and the south also
Until he rode to the wide open field
It was there he spied was his lady-o

Why do you leave your house or your land
Why do you leave your money-o

Why do you leave your own wedded Lord
All for the Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o

What do I care for me house or me land
What do I care for money-o
Or what do I care for my own wedded Lord
I away with me Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o

It was 'ere last night in a goose-feather bed
With the blankets drawn so combley-o
But tonight you'll lie in the cold open field
In the arms of your Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o

What do I care for a goose-feather bed
With the blankets drawn so combley-o
Tonight I'll lie on a cold barren floor
In the arms of my Raggle-Taggle Gypsy-o

O for you rode east when I rode west
You rode high and I rode low
I'd rather get a kiss of the yalla gypsy's lips
Than all Lor' Cash's of money-o

Reilly's Daughter

G D
 As I was sitting by the fire talking to old Reilly's daughter
 G
 Suddenly a thought came into my head,
 G D
 I'd like to marry old Reilly's daughter

Chorus (after each verse)

G D
Giddy I ae, giddy I ae, giddy I ae for the one-eyed Reilly
 G D G
Giddy I ae, (clap, clap, clap) try it on your old big drum

Reilly played on the big bass drum,
 Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter
 Reilly had a bright red glittering eye,
 and he kept that eye on his lovely daughter

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue,
 the colonel and the major and the captain sought her
 The sergeant and the private and the drummer-boy too,
 but they never had a chance with Reilly's daughter

I got me a ring and a parson too,
 got me a scratch in a married quarter
 Settled me down to a peaceful life,
 happy as a king with Reilly's daughter

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs,
 who should it be but Reilly out for slaughter
 With two pistols in his hands,
 looking for the man that had married his daughter

I caught old Reilly by the hair,
 rammed his head in a pail of water
 Fired his pistols into the air,
 a damned sight quicker than I married his daughter

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs,
 who should it be but Reilly out for slaughter
 With two pistols in his hands,
 looking for the man that had married his daughter

I caught old Reilly by the hair,
 rammed his head in a pail of water
 Fired his pistols into the air,
 a damned sight quicker than I married his daughter

Sally McLennane

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

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

D G D
We walked him to the station in the rain
 D G A
We kissed him as we put him on the train
 G D G
And we sang him a song of times long gone
 D A D A
though we knew that we'd be seeing him again
 D
Sad to say I must be on my way
 G D A
so buy me beer and whiskey 'cause I'm going far away
 D
I'd like to think I'll be returning when I can
 G D A D
to the greatest little boozer and to Sally McLennane

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

I played the pump and took the hump and watered whiskey down
 I talked of whores and horses to the men who drank the brown
 I heard them say that Jimmy's making money far away
 Some people left for heaven without warning

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

Save the Whales

Dm C
 When my grandpa was a boy, he went down to the general store
 Dm C Dm
 Saw a picture book of a whale shooting its spout and flashin' its tail
 Dm C
 Then he got a sailor's dream 'bout cruisin' around on the salty sea
 Dm C Dm
 Joinin' up with a fishin' crew to go out and get him a whale or two
 Dm C
 Tell me what kind of men are these who sail upon the salty seas
 Dm C Dm
 Up in the rigging in the afternoon, swabbin' the decks and sharpenin' harpoons

Dm C
 Hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises
 Dm C Dm
 Hooray and up she rises, early in the morning
 Dm C
 Hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises
 Dm C Dm
 Hooray and up she rises, early in the morning

There're lots of whales in the deep blue sea, we kill them for the industry
 We drag 'em 'longside and chop 'em in two and melt 'em down and sell 'em to you
 There hardly is a sailor alive who can keep the tears from his eyes
 As he remembers the good old days when there were no whales to save
 Thank the Russians and Japanese for scouring the deep blue seas
 Looking for ivory and perfume and plastic toys and pet food

Shanghaied by the light of the moon, put out from Boston in the middle of June
 After six months out at sea, it's nothin' but death and misery
 Set out on a three-year cruise, a union ship and a union crew
 And after six months you begin to see, that whalin's not what it used to be
 A modern ship and a modern crew with sonar scopes and explodin' harpoons
 A mechanical boat made outta steel, a floating machine built to kill the whales

First verse again

Skibbereen

Em C Em
 Oh father dear, I often hear you speak of Erin's isle
 C G G D/F# Em
 Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
 C G G D/F# Em
 They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell
 D G Em
 Then why did you abandon it, oh the reason to me tell

Oh son, I loved my native land with energy and pride
 Till a blight came over all my crops, and my sheep and cattle died
 The rents and taxes were to pay, and I could not them redeem
 And that's the cruel reason I left old Skibbereen

'Tis well I do remember the bleak November day
 When the bailiff and the landlord came to drive us all away
 They set the roof on fire with their cursed English spleen
 And that's another reason I left old Skibbereen

Oh your mother too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground
 She fainted in her anguishing seeing the desolation 'round
 She never rose, but passed away, from life to immortal dreams
 And that's another reason I left old Skibbereen

Oh you were only two years old, and feeble was your frame
 I could not leave you with my friends, for you bore your father's name
 I wrapped you in my cóta mór in the dead of night unseen
 And I heaved a sigh, and I said goodbye to dear old Skibbereen

Oh father dear, the day will come when on vengeance we will call
 And Irish men both stout and tall will rally unto the call
 I'll be the man to lead the band beneath the flag of green
 And loud and high, we'll raise the cry, Revenge for Skibbereen!

South Australia

D G D
 In South Australia I was born
 G D G A
 Heave away, Haul away
 D A D
 In South Australia 'round Cape Horn
 D A D
 We're bound for South Australia

D G D
 Haul away your rolling king
 G D G A
 Heave away, Haul away
 D G D
 Haul away oh hear me sing
 D A D
 We're bound for South Australia

There's just one thing that's grieves my mind
 It's leaving Nancy Blair behind

I'll tell you the truth and I'll tell you no lie
 I'll love that girl until I die

And as we wallop round Cape Horn
 You'll wish to God you've never been born

And now I'm on a foreign strand
 With a bottler of whiskey in my hand

(wind that shakes the barley in D with dry breaks)

The Little Beggarman

D G
 I am a little beggarman and begging I have been
 D C
 For three score or more in this little isle of green
 D G
 I'm known from the Liffey down to Segue
 D C D
 And everybody knows me by the name of Johnny Dhu
 C
 Of all the trade's that's going, surely begging is the best
 D C
 For when a man is tired, he can sit down and rest
 D G
 He can beg for his supper, he has nothing else to do
 D C D
 Only cut around the corner with his old rig-a-doo

Instrumental (background lilt)

I slept in the barn, one night at Caurabawn
 A wet night came on and I slept 'till the dawn
 With holes in the roof and the rain coming through
 And the rats and the cats, they were playing peek-a-boo
 When who did I waken but the woman of the house
 With her white spotty apron and her calico blouse
 She began to frighten and I said "boo
 Aarah, don't be afraid mam it's only Johnny Dhu"

I met a little flaxy-haired girl one day
 "Good morning little flaxy-haired girl" I did say
 "Good morning little beggarman, a how do you do
 With your rags and you tags and your old rig-a-doo"
 I'll buy a pair of leggings, a collar and a tie
 And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by
 I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll colour them blue
 And an old fashioned lady I will make her too

Over the road with my pack on my back
 Over the fields with my great heavy sack
 With holes in my shoes and my toes peeping through
 Singing skinny-me-rink a doodle o and old Johnny Dhu
 I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night
 The fire's all raked and out goes the light
 So now you've heard the story of my old rig-a-doo
 It's good-bye and God be with you says old Johnny Dhu

The Night Pat Murphy Died

D Bm G D
 Oh the night that Patty Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
 D Bm G A
 Some of the boys got loaded drunk, and they ain't got sober yet;
 D Bm G D
 As long as a bottle was passed around every man was feelin' gay
 D Bm G A D
 O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

Chorus

D Bm G D
 That's how they showed their respect for Patty Murphy
 D Bm G A
 That's how they showed their honour and their pride;
 D Bm G D
 They said it was a sinner's shame and they winked at one another
 D Bm G A D
 And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

D G A x 4

As Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner pouring out her grief
 Kelly and his gang came tearing down the street
 They went into an empty room and a bottle of whiskey stole
 They put the bottle with the corpse to keep that whiskey cold

About two o'clock in the morning after emptying the jug
 Doyle rolls up the ice box lid to see poor Patty's mug
 We stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time
 And at a quarter after two we argued it was nine

They stopped the hearse on George Street outside Sundance Saloon
 They all went in at half past eight and staggered out at noon
 They went up to the graveyard, so holy and sublime
 Found out when they got there, they'd left the corpse behind!

Repeat first verse and chorus

The Orange and the Green

Oh, it (C)is the biggest (Am)mixup that (G)you have ever seen
Me (F)father was an (C)Orangemen, me (G)mother she was (C)green.

Oh, me (C)father was an (Am)Ulsterman, proud (G)Protestant was he
Me (F)mother was a (C)Catholic and from (G)county Cork was (C)she.
They were married in two (Am)churches and lived (G)happily enough
Un(F)til the day that (C)I was born and (G)things got rather (C)tough.

Baptized by father Reilly I was rushed away by car
To be made a little Orangemen, me father's shining star.
I was christened David Antony but still in spite of that
To me father I was Billy while me mother called me Pat.

With mother every sunday to mass I'd proudly stroll
And after that the orange lord would try to save me (C)soul.
And both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because
I'd play the flute, I'd play the harp depending were I was

And when I'd sing those rebel songs much to me mother's joy
Me father would jump up and say "Look here, now Bill me boy!
That's quite enough of that lot.", he'd toss me o'er a coin
He'd have me sing The Orange Flute or the Heroes Of The Boyne.

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

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

Repeat Chorus x2

CHORUS

The Star of The County Down

Em G D Em C D
 In Banbridge Town in the County Down, One morning last July,
 Em G D Em D Em
 From a boithrin green came a sweet cailin, And she smiled as she passed me by.
 G D Em C D
 She looked so sweet from her two bare feet, To the sheen of her nut brown hair.
 Em G D Em D Em
 Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself, For to see I was really there.

Chorus

 G D Em C D
 From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and From Galway to Dublin Town,
 Em G D Em D Em
 No maid I've seen like the fair Colleen That I met in the County Down.

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

Chorus

She'd soft brown eyes with a look so shy, And a smile like the rose in June
 And she sang so sweet what a lovely treat, As she lilted an Irish tune
 At the Lammas dance I was in the trance, As she whirled with the lads of the town
 And it broke me heart just to be apart, From the star of the County Down

Chorus

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there, And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
 With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right, For a smile from my nut brown
 rose.
 No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, Till my plough turns a rust coloured brown.
 Till a smiling bride by my own fireside, Sits the star of the County Down.

The Wellerman

Dm

There once was a ship that put to sea

Bb

Dm

The name of the ship was the Billy of Tea

Dm

The winds blew up, her bow dipped down

Am

C

Dm

Oh blow, my bully boys, blow (huh)

Chorus

Bb

F

Soon may the Wellerman come

Gm

Dm

To bring us sugar and tea and rum

Bb

F

One day, when the tugging is done

Am

C

Dm

We'll take our leave and go

She'd not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow (huh)

Chorus

Da-da-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down low (huh)

Chorus

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not of greed
And he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow (huh)

Chorus

Da-da-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

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

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all (huh)

Chorus x 2

When will we be married Molly

Am **Em**
When will we be married Molly, when will we be wed?

Am **Em** **G**
When will we be bedded in the same bed?

Am **Em**
When will we be married Molly, when will we be wed?

Am **Em**
When will we be bedded in the same bed?

You huv' your eye on Jimmy, long Jimmy Lee
You huv' your eye on Jimmy and a fine man he
You huv' your eye on Jimmy but you'd better let him be
Cause when ye go, Molly-o you'll be gaun wi' me

CHORUS

Am / G / F / G X 4

You huv' your eye on Johnny, thin Johnny Phee
You huv' your eye on Johnny and a fine man he
You huv' your eye on Johnny but you'd better let him be
Cause when you go, Molly-o you'll be gaun wi' me

CHORUS

I made a black bow for your pretty head
When will we be married Molly, when will we be wed?
I made a black bow... for your bonnie head...

CHORUS

Outro on guitar
Am / G / F / G x4

Whiskey in the Jar

C Am
 As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains,
 F C G
 I met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin',
 C Am
 I first produced my pistol, and I than produced my rapier,
 F C
 Sayin': "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver".

Chorus

G
 Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,
 C
 Whack for the daddy ol',
 F
 Whack for the daddy ol',
 C G C
 There's whiskey in the jar.

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

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

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

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

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

Wild Rover

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

Chorus

D
 And it's No, Nay, never,
 G C
 No, nay, never no more
 G C
 Will I play the wild rover,
 D G
 No never no more

I went in to an alehouse I used to frequent
 And I told the landlady me money was spent
 I asked her for credit, she answered me nay
 Such a customer as you I can have any day

Chorus

I took up from my pocket, ten sovereigns bright
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
 She says "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
 And the words that you told me were only in jest"

Chorus

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
 And, when they've caressed me as oft times before
 I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus