

IRISH SONGS FOR UKULELE

1. My Wild Irish Rose
2. When Irish Eyes are Smiling
3. Molly Malone
4. Lord of the Dance
5. I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover
6. O Danny Boy
7. The Unicorn Song
8. Wasn't That a Party
9. I'll Tell Me Ma
10. The Wild Rover
11. The Irish Rover
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13. The Gypsy Rover
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15. Mull of Kintyre
16. Whiskey in the Jar
17. Dirty Old Town
18. "I'se the B'y"
19. Mairi's Wedding
20. An Irish Lullabye

My Wild Irish Rose

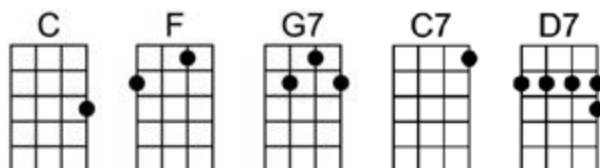
Timing: 1-2-3, 1-2-3,

INTRO: C-3 F-3 G7-3 C-3

C G7 C C7 F G7 C C
My Wild Irish Rose The sweetest flower that grows
G7 C
You may search every where
G7 C
But none can com-pare
D7 G7 G7
With my wild Irish Rose

C G7 C C7
My Wild Irish Rose
F G7 C C
The dearest flower that grows
G7 C
And some day for my sake
G7 C
She may let me take
D7 G7 C C
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose

C G7 C C7
My Wild Irish Rose
F G7 C C
The dearest flower that grows
G7 C
And some day for my sake
G7 C
She may let me take
D7 G7 C-3 F-3 C-2 G7-1 C-1
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose



When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

¾ Timing ~ Waltz Timing (1, 2, 3)

There's a [G] tear in your [D7] eye, and I'm [G] wondering [D7] why,
For it [G] never should be there at [D] all.
With such [D7] pow'r in your smile, sure a [G] stone you'll be-[E7]guile,
Though there's [A7] never a teardrop should [D7] fall.
When your [G] sweet lilting [D7] laughter, like [G] some fairy [D7] song,
And your [G] eyes twinkle bright as can [C] be,
You should [D7] laugh all the while, and all [G] other times [E7] smile,
And now [A7] smile a smile for [D7] me.

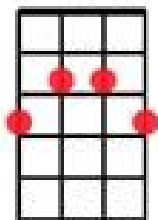
CHORUS

*When [G] Irish [D7] eyes are [G] smiling [G7]
Sure, 'tis [C] like a morn in [G] Spring [G7]
In the [C] lilt of Irish [G] laughter [E7]
You can [A7] hear the angels [D7] sing [D7+5]
When [G] Irish [D7] hearts are [G] happy [G7]
All the [C] world seems bright and [G] gay [G7]
And when [C] Irish [C#dim] eyes are [G] smiling [E7]
Sure, they'll [A7] steal your [D7] heart a-[G] way.*

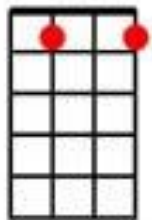
For your [G] smile is a [D7] part of the [G] love in your [D7] heart,
And it [G] makes even sunshine more [D] bright.
Like the [D7] linnet's sweet song, crooning [G] all the day [E7] long,
Comes your [A7] laughter so tender and [D7] light.
For the [G] springtime of [D7] life is the [G] sweetest of [D7] all,
There is [G] ne'er a real care or re-[C]gret,
And while [D7] springtime is ours throughout [G] all of youth's [E7] hours,
Let us [A7] smile each chance we [D7] get.

REPEAT CHORUS

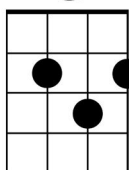
D7#5



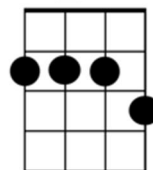
C#dim



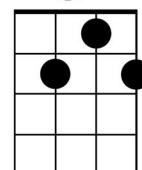
G



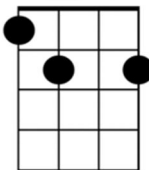
D7



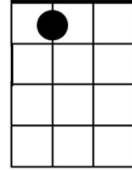
G7



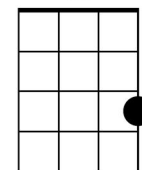
E7



A7



C



MOLLY MALONE (*Cockles And Mussels; In Dublin's Fair City*)

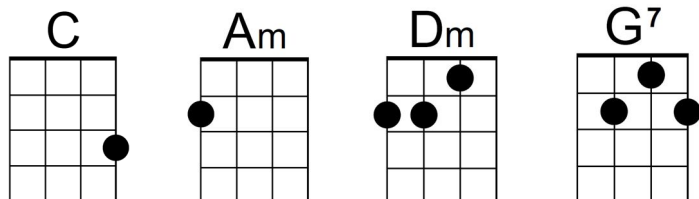
¾ Time: 1-2-3, 1-2-3,...

C Am Dm G7
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
C Am Dm G7 G7
'Twas there that I first met Sweet Molly Ma-lone
C Am
She wheeled her wheel-barrow
Dm G7
Through streets broad and narrow
C C G7 C
Cryin' "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-oh!"

C Am Dm G7
CHORUS: "A-live, alive-oh, a-live, alive-oh,
C C G7 C C
Crying "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-oh!"

C Am Dm G7
She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder
C Am Dm G7 G7
For so were her father and mother be-fore
C Am
And they each pushed their barrow
Dm G7
Through streets broad and narrow
C C G7 C
Cryin' "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-oh!" **Chorus**

C Am Dm G7
She died of a fever, and no one could save her
C Am Dm G7 G7
And that was the end of Sweet Molly Ma-lone
C Am
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Dm G7
Through streets broad and narrow
C C G7 C
Cryin' "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-oh!" **Chorus**



Lord Of The Dance ~ Traditional

I [C] danced in the morning when the world was begun
I [G] danced in the Moon & the Stars & the Sun
I [C] came down from Heaven & I danced on the Earth
At [F] Bethle-[G7]hem I [C] had my birth

CHORUS: [C] Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the [G] Dance, said He!
And I [C] lead you all, wherever you may be
And I [G7] lead you all in the [C] Dance, said He!

I [C] danced for the scribe & the pharisee
But they [G] would not dance & they wouldn't follow me
I [C] danced for fishermen, for James & John
They [F] came with [G7] me & the [C] Dance went on

CHORUS

I [C] danced on the Sabbath, and I cured the lame
[G] Holy people said it was a shame!
They [C] whipped, and they stripped, they hung me high
[F] Left me [G7] there on the [C] hill to die!

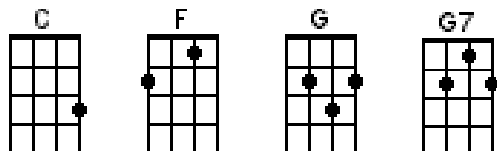
CHORUS

I [C] danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
[G] Hard to dance with the devil on your back
They [C] buried my body, they thought I was gone
But [F] I am the [G7] Dance & the [C] Dance goes on!

CHORUS

They [C] cut me down, and I leapt up high
[G] I am the Life that will never, never die!
I'll [C] live in you, if you live in Me
[F] I am the [G7] Lord of the [C] Dance, said He!

CHORUS, tag the last line



I'm Looking Over A Four-leaf Clover

Written by Mort Dixon, music by Harry M. Woods (1927)

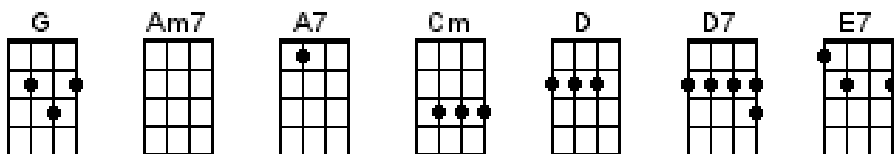
INTRO: Am7 Cm G E7 A7 D7 G D7

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

[G] I'm looking over a four-leaf clover
That [A7] I overlooked before [A7]
[D7] One leaf is sweetheart, the [G] second is [E7] Dad
[A7] Third is the best pal that [D7] I ever had
[G] No need complaining, the one remaining
Is [A7] home where I'll weep no more [A7]
[Am7] I'm looking [Cm] over a [G] four-leaf [E7] clover
That [A7] I over-[D7]looked be-[G]fore [D7]↓

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

[Am7] I'm looking [Cm] over a [G] four-leaf [E7] clover
That [A7] I over-[D7]looked be-[G]fore [G] [D7]↓[G]↓



Oh Danny Boy ~ Irish Folk Song

G7 C C7 F G7
 Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes, are calling

G7 C F-1 C Am-1 G-2 C-2 G7
 From glen to glen, and down the moun-tain side.

G7 C C7 F Dm
 The summers gone, and all the flowers are dying.

Dm C G7 C-2 F-2 C-2
 It's you, it's you, must go, and I must 'bide.

G7-2 C F-2 G-2 C
 But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,

G7-2 Am G-2 C-2 G
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,

C F C
 'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,

F C G7 C
 Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so.

G7 C C7 F
 But when you come, and all the flowers are dying

G7 C F-1 C-2 Am-2 G-2 C-2 G7
 If I am dead, and dead I well may be

G7 C C7 F
 You'll come and find, the place where I am lying,

Dm C G7 C-2 F-2 C-2
 And kneel and say, an Ave there for me.

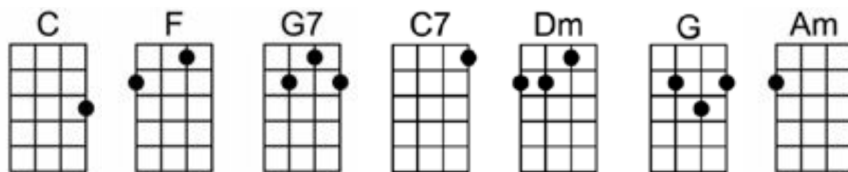
G7-2 C F C
 And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread a-bove me,

G7 C F-2 C-2 G
 And all my dreams will warmer, sweeter be.

C F C F
 If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me

C G7 C
 I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me

Am C F G7 C-2 F-2 C
 Oh, Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy, I love, I love you so



THE UNICORN SONG

Irish Rovers

Intro: [C - 4] [Dm - 2] [G7 - 2] [C - 4]

A [C] long time ago, when the [Dm] Earth was green
There was [G7] more kinds of animals than [C] you've ever seen
They'd [C] run around free while the [Dm] Earth was being born
But the [C] loveliest of all was the [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corn

*There was [C] green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty-backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees
Some [C] cats and rats and elephants, but [Dm] sure as you're born
The [C] loveliest of all was the [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corn*

Now [C] God seen some sinning and it [Dm] gave Him pain
And He [G7] says, "Stand back, I'm going to [C] make it rain"
He says, [C] "Hey brother Noah, I'll [Dm] tell you what to do
[C] Build me a [Dm]↓floa-[G7]↓ting [C] zoo,

And take some of those...

*[C] Green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty-backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees
Some [C] cats and rats and elephants, but [Dm] sure as you're born
[C] Don't you forget My [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corns!"*

Old [C] Noah was there to [Dm] answer the call
He [G7] finished up making the ark just as the [C] rain started fallin'
He [C] marched the animals [Dm] two by two, And
He [C] called out as [Dm] they [G7] went [C] through

"Hey Lord,

*I've got your [C] green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty-backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees
Some [C] cats and rats and elephants, but [Dm] Lord, I'm so forlorn
I [C] just can't see no [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corns."*

The Unicorn Song, P. 2

Then [C] Noah looked out through the [Dm] driving rain
And the [G7] unicorns were hiding
[C] Playing silly games
[C] Kicking and splashing while the [Dm] rain was pourin'
[C] Ah, them silly [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corns!

*There was [C] green alligators, and [Dm] long-necked geese.
Some [G7] humpty-backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees
Noah [C] cried, "Close the door, 'cause the [Dm] rain is pourin'
And [C] we just can't wait for no [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corns!"*

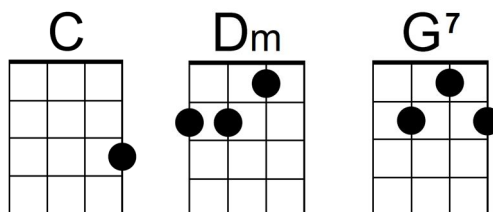
The [C] ark started moving, it [Dm] drifted with the tide
The [G7] unicorns looked up from the [C] rocks and they cried
And the [C] waters came down and sort of
[Dm] floated them away..... [STOP]

(TACET) Spoken:

And that's why you've never seen a unicorn, to this very day!

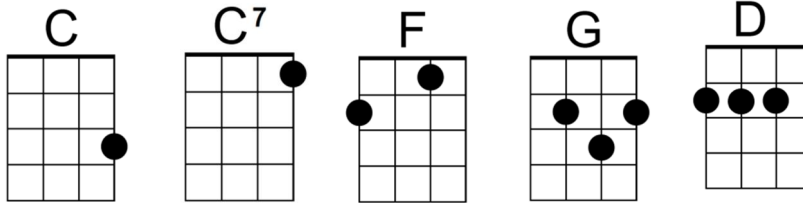
You'll see

*[C] green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees
Some [C] cats and rats and elephants
But [Dm] sure as you're born
You're [C] never gonna see no
[Dm] U___[G7]-ni___[C]corns! [C]↓ [G7]↓ [C]↓*



Wasn't That a Party

Irish Rovers



**[C] Could've been the whiskey, Might've been the gin.
Could've been the three or four six-packs, I don't know
But [C7] look at the mess I'm in
My head is like a [F] football
I think I'm gonna [C] die!
Tell me, [G] me oh, me oh my! [STOP]
Wasn't that a [C] party?**

[C] Someone took a grapefruit, wore it like a hat.
I saw someone under my kitchen table
[C7] Talking to my old tom cat
They were talking 'bout [F] hockey
The cat was talking [C] back!!!
Long about [G] then every-thing went black! [STOP]
Wasn't that a [C] party?

**[C] Could've been the whiskey, Might've been the gin.
Could've been the three or four six-packs, I don't know
But [C7] look at the mess I'm in
My head is like a [F] football
I think I'm gonna [C] die!
Tell me, [G] me oh, me oh my! [STOP]
Wasn't that a [C] party?**

BRIDGE: [C] I'm sure it's just my [F] memory
Playing tricks on [C] me
But I [D] think I saw my buddy
Cutting [G] down my neighbour's tree! [STOP]

**[C] Could've been the whiskey
Might've been the gin.
Could've been the three or four six-packs, I don't know
But [C7] look at the mess I'm in
My head is like a [F] football
I think I'm gonna [C] die!
Tell me, [G] me oh, me oh my! [STOP]
Wasn't that a [C] party?**

2nd BRIDGE: Billy Joe and [F] Tommy
Well they went a little [C] far
They were [D] sitting in the back yard, blowing on a siren
From [G] somebody's Police car [STOP]

Wasn't That a Party, P 2

So you see, Your [C] Honour
It was all in fun
That little bittie drag meet down on Main Street
Was just to [C7] see if the cops could run
So they run us in to [F] see you
In an alcoholic [C] haze
I sure can [G] use those thirty days [STOP]
To re-cover from the [C] party!

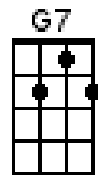
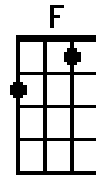
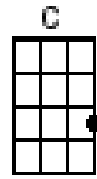
**[C] Could've been the whiskey
Might've been the gin.
Could've been the three or four six-packs, I don't know
But [C7] look at the mess I'm in
My head is like a [F] football
I think I'm gonna [C] die!
Tell me, [G] me oh, me oh my! [STOP]
Wasn't that a [C] party?**

ENDING:

Wasn't that a party? Wasn't that a [C(4)] party? F(4) G7(4) C(1)

I'll Tell Me Ma

INTRO: [C] 1 2 3 4 [F] 1 2 [C] 1 2



CHORUS:

I'll [C] tell me ma when [F] I get [C] home
The [G7] boys won't leave the [C] girls alone
They [C] pulled me hair and [F] stole me [C] comb
But [G7] that's all right, till [C] I go home
[C]↓ She is handsome [F]↓ she is pretty
[C]↓ She is the Belle of [G7]↓ Belfast city
[C]↓ She is courtin' [F]↓ one [F]↓ two [F]↓ three
[C] Please won't you [G7] tell me [C] who is she [C]

[C] Albert Mooney [F] says he [C] loves her
[G7] All the boys are [C] fightin' for her
They [C] knock on her door, they [F] ring on her [C] bell sayin'
[G7] "Oh me true love [C] are you well?"
[C] Out she comes as [F] white as snow
[C] Rings on her fingers [G7] bells on her toes
[C] Old Jenny Murphy [F] says she'll die
If she [C] doesn't get the [G7] fella with the [C] rovin' eye

CHORUS

Let the [C] wind and the rain and the [F] hail blow [C] high
And the [G7] snow come shovellin' [C] from the sky
[C] She's as sweet as [F] apple [C] pie
And [G7] she'll get her own lad [C] by and by
[C] When she gets a [F] lad of her own
She [C] won't tell her ma when [G7] she gets home
[C] Let them all come [F] as they will
But it's [C] Albert [G7] Mooney [C] she loves still

CHORUS + Ending:

[C]↓ She is handsome [F]↓ she is pretty
[C]↓ She is the Belle of [G7]↓ Belfast city
[C]↓ She is courtin' [F]↓ one [F]↓ two [F]↓ three
[C] Please won't you [G7] tell me [C] who is she [C]

The Wild Rover

Traditional

INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [C] / [C] / [G7] / [C] /

I've [C] been a wild rover for many the [F] year [F]
I've [C] spent all me [G7] money on whiskey and [C] beer [C]
But [C] now I'm returning with gold in great [F] store [F]
And I [C] never will [G7] play the wild rover no [C] more

CHORUS:

And it's [G7] no, nay, never <TAP, TAP, TAP>
[C] No, nay, never, no [F] more [F]
Will I [C] play the wild [F] rover [F]
No [G7] never, no [C] more [C]

I [C] went into an ale house I used to fre-[F]quent [F]
And I [C] told the land-[G7]lady me money was [C] spent [C]
I [C] asked her for credit, she answered me [F] "Nay... [F]
Such [C] custom as [G7] yours I can have any [C] day"

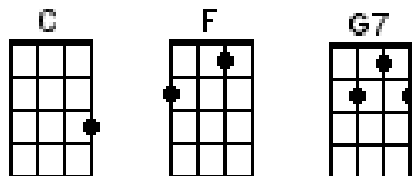
CHORUS

I took [C] up from my pocket, ten sovereigns [F] bright [F]
And the [C] landlady's [G7] eyes opened wide with de-[C]light [C]
She [C] says "I have whiskeys and the wines of the [F] best [F]
And the [C] words that you [G7] told me were only in [C] jest"

CHORUS

I'll go [C] home to me parents, confess what I've [F] done [F]
And I'll [C] ask them to [G7] pardon their prodigal [C] son [C]
And [C] when they caressed me as oft times be-[F]fore [F]
Sure I [C] never will [G7] play the wild rover no [C] more

CHORUS X 2



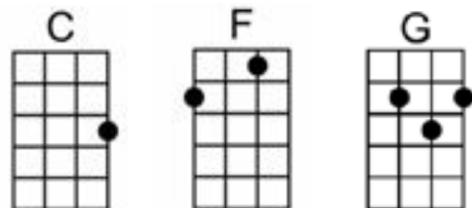
THE IRISH ROVER – J.M. Crofts

On the [C] fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [F] six
We set [C] sail from the [Am] sweet cove of [G] Cork
We were [C] sailing away with a cargo of [F] bricks
For the [C] grand city [G] hall in New [C] York
'Twas an [C] elegant craft, she was [G] rigged fore-and-aft
And [C] oh, how the wild winds [G] drove her
She could [C] stand a great blast, she had twenty-seven [F] masts
And we [C] called her the Irish [G] Ro-[C]ver

We had one million bales of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Jimmy McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

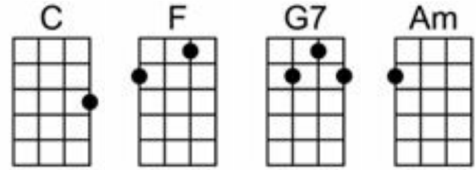
We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost it's way in a fog
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
Just meself and the captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
Turned nine times around, and the poor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



BLACK VELVET BAND

Timing: 1-2-3, 1-2-3,

INTRO: [C] [C] [G7] [C]



In a [C] neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was [G7] bound
And [C] many an hour of sweet [Am] happiness
I [F] spent in that [G7] neat little [C] town.
Til [C] sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the [G7] land
Far a-[C]way from me friends and re-[Am]-lations
Be-[F]trayed by the [G7] Black Velvet [C] Band [C]

CHORUS: (REPEAT AFTER EACH VERSE)

*Her [C] eyes, they shone like the diamonds
You'd think she was Queen of the [G7] land
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder
Tied [F] up with a [G7] Black Velvet [C] Band [C]*

Well [C] I went out strolling one evening, not meaning to go very [G7] far
When I [C] met with a fickle-some [Am] damsel
She was [F] plying her [G7] trade in a [C] bar
When a [C] watch she took from a patron,
And slipped it right into me [G7] hand
And the [C] Law, it came and ar-[Am]rested me
Bad [F] luck to your [G7] Black Velvet [C] Band [C]

Be-[C]fore the judge and the jury, next morning I had to [G7] appear
And the [C] judge, he says "me young [Am] fellow
The [F] case against [G7] you is quite [C] clear
And [C] seven long years is your sentence
You're going to Van Daemon's [G7] Land
Far a-[C]way from your friends and re-[Am]lations
And [F] follow the [G7] Black Velvet [C] Band [C]

So [C] come all ye jolly young fellows
I'll have you take warnin' from [G7] me
When [C] ever you're out on the [Am] town, me lads
Be-[F]ware of them [G7] pretty coll-[C]eens
They'll [C] ply you with whiskey and porter
Til you are unable to [G7] stand
And the [C] very next thing that you [Am] know, mar dhea (my dear)
You've [F] landed in [G7] Van Daemon's [C] Land! [C]

GYPSY ROVER Leo MacGuire, 1952

[1 2] [1 2] (Strum D-d-u / D-d-u)

INTRO: [C] / [G7] / [C] / [G7] /

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

CHORUS: (repeat after each verse)

[C] Ah-de-[G7]do, ah-de-[C]do-da-[G7]day

[C] Ah-de-[G7]do, ah-de-[C]da-[G7]ay

He [C] whistled and he [G7] sang 'til the [Em] greenwoods [Am] rang

And [C] he won the [F] heart of a [C] la-[F]-a-[C]dy [G7]

She [C] left her [G7] father's [C] castle [G7] gates
She [C] left her [G7] own fine [C] lo-[G7]ver
She [C] left her [G7] servants and [Em] her es-[Am]state
To [C] follow the [F] gypsy [C] ro-[F]-o-[C]ver [G7]

Her [C] father saddled [G7] up his [C] fastest [G7] steed
And [C] roamed the [G7] valleys all [C] o-[G7]er
[C] Sought his [G7] daughter [Em] at great [Am] speed
And the [C] whistling [F] gypsy [C] ro-[F]-o-[C]ver [G7]

He [C] came at [G7] last to a [C] mansion [G7] fine
[C] Down by the [G7] river [C] Clay-[G7]dee
And [C] there was [G7] music and [Em] there was [Am] wine
For the [C] gypsy [F] and his [C] la-[F]-a-[C]dy [G7]

"He [C] is no [G7] gypsy, my [C] father" she [G7] said
"But [C] lord of these [G7] lands all [C] o-[G7]ver
And [C] I shall [G7] stay 'til my [Em] dying [Am] day
With my [C] whistling [F] gypsy [C] ro-[F]-o-[C]ver [G7]

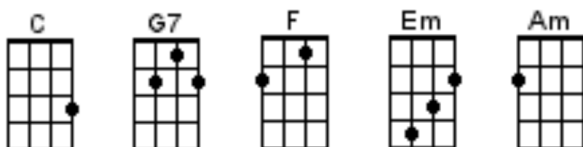
Final CHORUS:

[C] Ah-de-[G7]do, ah-de-[C]do-da-[G7]day

[C] Ah-de-[G7]do, ah-de-[C]da-[G7]ay

He [C] whistled and he [G7] sang 'til the [Em] greenwoods [Am] rang

And [C] he won the [F] heart of a [C] la-[F]-a-[C]dy [G7] [C]



Muirsheen Durkin

C G7 C
In the days I went a courtin' I was never tired resortin'
G7 C
To an alehouse or a playhouse and many's the house beside
G7 C
But I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and be right famous
G7 C
And I'd never would return again 'til I'd roam the world wide, so

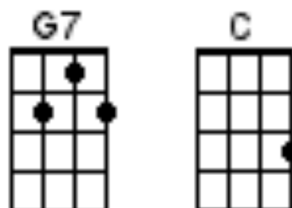
G7 C
Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, sure I'm sick and tired of workin'
G7 C
No more I'll dig the praties and no longer I'll be fooled
G7 C
As sure as me name is Carney I'll be off to California
G7 C
Instead of digging praties I'll be digging lumps of gold

G7 C
I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarney
G7 C
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork
G7 C
Bid farewell to all this pleasure, I'll be off to take me leisure
G7 C
And the next time that you hear from me will be a letter from New York saying

Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin...

G7 C
Goodbye to all the boys at home, I'm sailing far across the foam
G7 C
To try and make me fortune in far Americay
G7 C
Where there's gold and jewels in plenty for the poor and for the gentry
G7 C
And when I return again I never more will say

Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin...



Mull of Kintyre Paul McCartney
 Timing $\frac{3}{4}$ [1,2,3] [1,2,3] Strum: Hit, Du, Du Hit, Du, Du

Refrain:

D **G** **D**
Mull of Kintyre, Oh mist rolling in from the Sea
G **A7** **D**
My desire is always to be here, Oh, Mull of Kintyre.

D **D7**
 Far have I travelled, and much have I seen
G **D**
 Dark distant mountains, with valleys of green.
D7
 Past painted deserts, The sunset's on fire
G **A7** **D**
 As he carries me home, to the Mull of Kintyre.

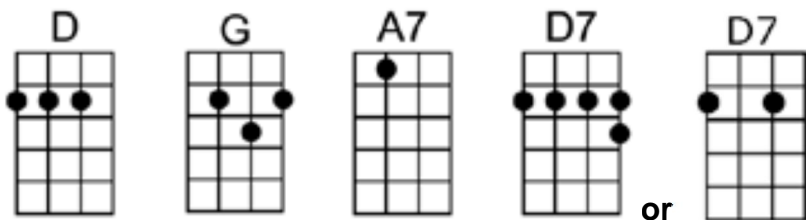
Refrain

D **D7**
 Sweep through the heather, like deer in the glen
G **D**
 Carry me back, to the days I knew then.
D7
 Nights when we sang, like a heavenly choir
G **A7** **D**
 Of the life and the time, of the Mull of Kintyre.

Refrain

D **D7**
 Smiles in the sunshine, and tears in the rain,
G **D**
 Still take me back to where my memories remain.
D7
 Flickering embers, growing higher and higher
G **A7** **D**
 As they carry me back, to the Mull of Kintyre.

Refrain X 2



Whisky in the Jar ~ Traditional

As [C] I was going over the [Am] Cork and Kerry mountains
I [F] met with captain Farrell and his [C] money he was counting,
I [C] first produced my pistol and [Am] then produced my rapier,
Saying [F] "Stand and deliver for you [C] are my bold deceiver."

Chorus:

With your [G] ring dum-a do dun-a da!

[C] Whack fol the daddy oh! [F] Whack fol the daddy oh!

There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar.

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

Chorus

I [C] went in to my chamber all [Am] for to take a slumber,
I [F] dreamt of gold and jewels and for [C] sure it was no wonder,
For [C] Jenny drew my charges and then [Am] filled them up with water,
And she [F] sent for Captain Farrell to be [C] ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

'Twas [C] early in the morning be-[Am]fore I rose to travel,
Up [F] crept a band of footmen and sure [C] with them Captain Farrell,
I [C] then produced my pistol for she [Am] stole away my rapier,
But I [F] couldn't shoot the water so a [C] prisoner I was taken.

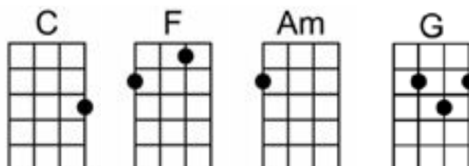
Chorus

If [C] anyone can help me it's my [Am] brother in the army,
If [F] I could learn his station be it [C] Cork or in Killarney,
And [C] if he'd come and join me we'd go [Am] roving in Kilkenney,
I [F] know he'd treat me fairer than me [C] darling sporting Jenny.

Chorus

There's [C] some takes delight in the [Am] carriages and rollin',
and [F] some takes delight in the [C] Hurley or the Bollin'.
But [C] I takes delight in the [Am] juice of the barley,
and [F] courtin' pretty maids in the [C] mornin', oh so early.

Chorus



DIRTY OLD TOWN – The Pogues

INTRO [C] [G]

I met my [C] love, by the gas works wall
Dreamed a [F] dream by the old [C] canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town

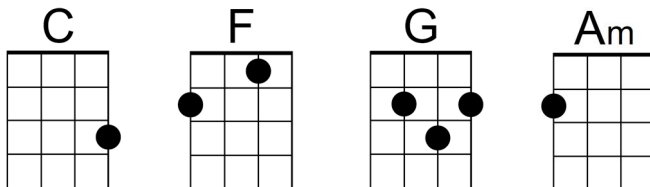
Clouds are [C] drifting, across the moon
Cats are [F] prowling on their [C] beat
Spring's a girl, from the streets at night
Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE (*hum to keep track?)

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

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

I met my [C] love, by the gas works wall
Dreamed a [F] dream by the old [C] canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town
Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town



I 'SE THE B'Y ~ Traditional Newfoundland Folk Song/Ballad

[1 2] [1 2] [C] [G] [C] [G]

[C] I'se the b'y that [G] builds the boat
And [C] I'se the b'y that [F] sails her
And [C] I'se the b'y that [G] catches the fish
And brings ' em home to [C] Liza (*Lizer*)

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Thibault (*Tibbo*)
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate, [G] Moreton's Harbour
All around the [C] circle

[C] Salts and rinds to [G] cover your flake
[C] Cake and tea for [F] supper
[C] Codfish in the [G] spring of the year
Fried in maggoty [C] butter

[C] I don't want your [G] maggoty fish
[C] They're no good for [F] winter
[C] I can buy as [G] good as that
Way down in Bona-[C]vista

CHORUS

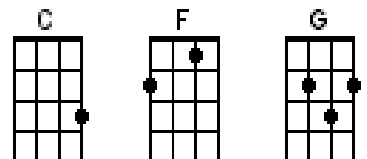
[C] I took Liza [G] to a dance
As [C] fast as she could [F] travel
And [C] every step that [G] she could take
Was up to her knees in [C] gravel

[C] Susan White she's [G] outta sight
Her [C] petticoat wants a [F] border
Well [C] Old Sam Oliver [G] in the dark
He kissed her in the [C] corner!

CHORUS

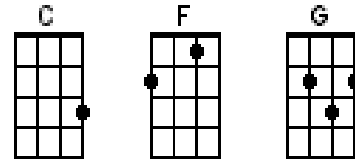
[C] I'se the b'y that [G] builds the boat
And [C] I'se the b'y that [F] sails her
And [C] I'se the b'y that [G] catches the fish
And brings ' em home to [C] Liza (*Lizer*)

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Thibault
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate, [G] Moreton's Harbour
All around the [C] circle!



MAIRI'S WEDDING

Intro: Chorus – ukes only



CHORUS

[C] Step we gaily on we go
[F] Heel for heel and **[G]** toe for toe
[C] Arm in arm and row and row
[F] All for Mairi's **[G]** wedding

[C] Over hillways, up and down,
[F] Myrtle green and **[G]** bracken brown,
[C] Past the sheilings through the town
[F] All for the sake of **[G]** Mairi.

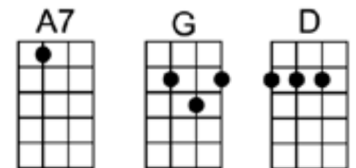
CHORUS

[C] Step we gaily on we go
[F] Heel for heel and **[G]** toe for toe
[C] Arm in arm and row and row
[F] All for Mairi's **[G]** wedding

[C] Red her cheeks as Rowan's are,
[F] Bright her eyes as **[G]** any star.
[C] Fairest of them all by far,
[F] Is our darlin' **[G]** Mairie **[G]**//// **[A7]**//// **[A7]**////

CHORUS (KEY CHANGE)

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

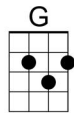
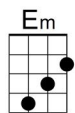
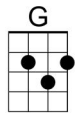


[D] Plenty herring, plenty meal,
[G] Plenty peat to **[A7]** fill her kreen.
[D] Plenty bonnie bairns as well,
[G] That's the toast for **[A7]** Mairi.

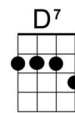
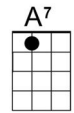
CHORUS (x2)

[D] Step we gaily on we go,
[G] Heel for heel and **[A7]** toe for toe,
[D] Arm and arm and row and row, (slow down for 2nd time)
[G] All for Mairi's **[A7]** wedding. (End on D chord)

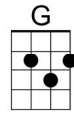
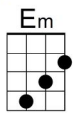
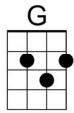
AN IRISH LULLABY – James Royce Shannon



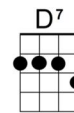
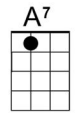
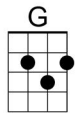
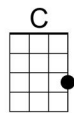
Over in Killarney, many years a- go



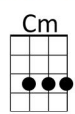
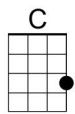
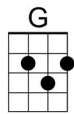
My mother sang a song to me, in tones so sweet and low



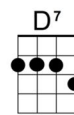
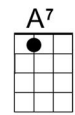
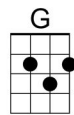
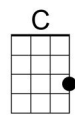
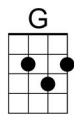
Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way



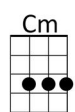
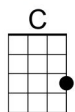
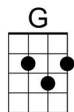
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day:



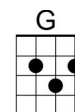
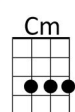
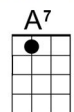
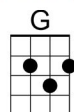
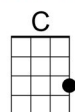
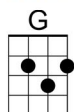
Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li



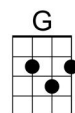
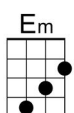
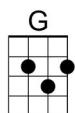
Too ra loo ra loo ral, hush now don't you cry



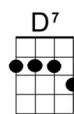
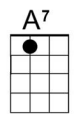
Too ra loo ra loo ral, Too ra loo ra li



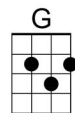
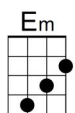
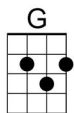
Too ra loo ra loo ral, that's an Irish Lulla - by



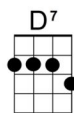
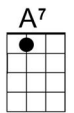
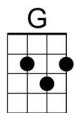
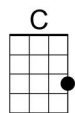
Oft in dreams I wander to that little cot a-gain



I feel her arms a-hugging me, as when she held me then



And I hear her voice a-humming, to me as in days of yore



When she used to rock me fast asleep out-side the cabin door, *Too ra...*