

**BYTOWN UKULELE GROUP (BUG)
KITCHEN PARTY SONGBOOK
for March 17, 2021**

All songsheets in this songbook were formatted by Sue Rogers and are intended for private, educational, and research purposes only, and NOT for financial gain in ANY form. It is acknowledged that all song copyrights belong to their respective parties.

Doon In The Wee Room

Black Velvet Band

Brennan On The Moor

By The Glow Of The Kerosene Light

The Galway Girl (Ukului version)

The Gypsy Rover

I Know My Love

Molly Malone (Cockles and Mussels)

The Old Dun Cow Caught Fire

Mountain Dew/I'll Tell Me Ma

That's An Irish Lullaby (Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral)

McNamara's Band

The Town Of Ballybay

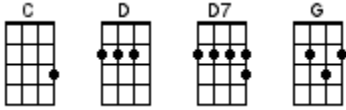
Wild Mountain Thyme

Whiskey In The Jar

Wellerman (Soon May The Wellerman Come)

Doon In The Wee Room

Trad / Daniel McLaughlin



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

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

CHORUS:

[G] Doon in the wee room [C] underneath the [G] stair

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

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

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

[G] When you're tired and weary [C] and you're feelin' [G] blue

[C] Don't give way tae [G] sorrow, we'll tell you what to [D] do

Just [G] tak' a trip tae Ottawa [C] find the Clocktower [G] there

And go [C] doon tae the [G] wee room [D7] underneath the [G] stair

CHORUS:

[G] Doon in the wee room [C] underneath the [G] stair

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

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

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

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

[C] Tak' a trip tae the [G] Clocktower and order up a [D] beer

[G] Hae yersel' a bevvie [C] gie yersel' a [G] tear

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

CHORUS:

[G] Doon in the wee room [C] underneath the [G] stair

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

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

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

[G] When I'm auld and feeble and me [C] bones are gettin' [G] set

I'll [C] no get cross and [G] cranky like other people [D] get

I'm [G] savin' up ma bawbees tae [C] buy a hurly [G] chair

Tae [C] tak' me tae the [G] wee room [D7] underneath the [G] stair

CHORUS:

[G] Doon in the wee room [C] underneath the [G] stair

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

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

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

[G] Doon in the wee room [C] underneath the [G] stair

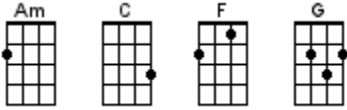
[C] All the BUGs are [G] happy and everybody's [D] there

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

[C] Doon in the [G] wee room [D7] underneath the [G] ↓ stair [G] ↓

Black Velvet Band

Traditional



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

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

In a [C] neat little town they call Belfast
Ap-[C]prenticed to trade I was [G] bound
And [C] many an hour of sweet [Am] happiness
I [F] spent in that [G] neat little [C] town
Till [C] bad misfortune came o'er me
And [C] caused me to stray from the [G] land
Far a-[C]way from me friends and re-[Am]lations
Be-[F]trayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

This [C] mornin' before judge and jury
For [C] trial I had to ap-[G]pear
Then the [C] judge, he says "Me young [Am] fellow
The [F] case against [G] you is quite [C] clear
And [C] seven long years is your sentence
You're [C] going to Van Diemen's [G] Land
Far a-[C]way from your friends and re-[Am]lations
Be-[F]trayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band"

CHORUS:

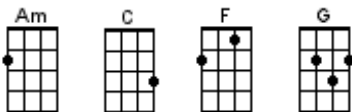
Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds
You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder
Tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

So come [C] all ye jolly young fellows
I'll [C] have you take warnin' by [G] me
And when-[C]ever you're out on the [Am] liquor me lads
Be-[F]ware of the [G] pretty col-[C]leens
For they'll [C] fill you with whiskey and porter
Till [C] you are not able to [G] stand
And the [C] very next thing that you [Am] know me lads
You've [F] landed in [G] Van Diemen's [C] Land [C]

CHORUS:

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

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

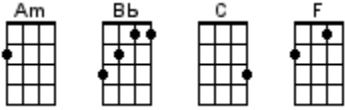


www.bytownukulele.ca

[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

Brennan On The Moor

Traditional 19th century (as recorded by the Clancy Brothers 1961)



INSTRUMENTAL INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[Bb] Brave and un-**[F]**daunted
Was young **[C]** Brennan on the **[F]** moor

It's **[F]** of a brave young highway man
This **[C]** story we will **[F]** tell
His **[F]** name was Willie Brennan
And in **[Bb]** Ireland he did **[F]** dwell
'Twas **[F]** on the Kilworth Mountains
He com-**[Bb]**menced his wild **[F]** career
And **[Bb]** many a wealthy noble man
Be-**[F]**fore him shook with **[Am]** fear

CHORUS:

And it's **[F]** Brennan on the moor
[Am] Brennan on the moor
Bold **[Bb]** brave and un-**[F]**daunted
Was young **[C]** Brennan on the **[F]** moor

One **[F]** day upon the highway
As **[C]** Willie he went **[F]** down
He **[F]** met the mayor of Cashel
A **[Bb]** mile outside of **[F]** town
The **[F]** mayor he knew his features
And he **[Bb]** said, "Young man," said **[F]** he
"Your **[Bb]** name is Willie Brennan
You must **[F]** come along with **[Am]** me"

CHORUS:

And it's **[F]** Brennan on the moor
[Am] Brennan on the moor
Bold **[Bb]** brave and un-**[F]**daunted
Was young **[C]** Brennan on the **[F]** moor

Now **[F]** Brennan's wife had gone to town
Pro-**[C]**visions for to **[F]** buy
And **[F]** when she saw her Willie
She com-**[Bb]**menced to weep and **[F]** cry
He said **[F]** "Hand to me that tenpenny!"
And as **[Bb]** soon as Willie **[F]**↓ spoke, **HEY!**
She handed him a blunderbuss
From underneath her cloak

CHORUS:

And it's **[F]** Brennan on the moor
[Am] Brennan on the moor
 Bold **[Bb]** brave and un-**[F]**daunted
 Was young **[C]** Brennan on the **[F]** moor

Now **[F]** with this loaded blunderbuss
 A **[C]** truth I will **[F]** unfold
 He **[F]** made the mayor to tremble
 And he **[Bb]** robbed him of his **[F]** gold
 One **[F]** hundred pounds was offered
 For his **[Bb]** apprehension **[F]** there
 So **[Bb]** he with horse and saddle
 To the **[F]** mountains did re-**[Am]**pair

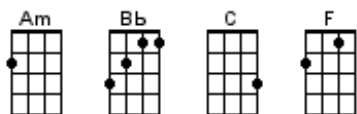
CHORUS:

And it's **[F]** Brennan on the moor
[Am] Brennan on the moor
 Bold **[Bb]** brave and un-**[F]**daunted
 Was young **[C]** Brennan on the **[F]** moor

Now **[F]** Brennan being an outlaw
 Up-**[C]**on the mountains **[F]** high
 With **[F]** cavalry and infantry
 To **[Bb]** take him they did **[F]** try
 He **[F]** laughed at them with scorn
 Un-**[Bb]**til at last `twas **[F]** said
 By a **[Bb]** false-hearted woman
 He was **[F]** cruelly be-**[Am]**trayed

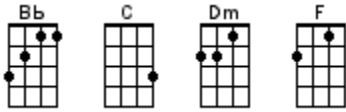
CHORUS:

And it's **[F]** Brennan on the moor
[Am] Brennan on the moor
 Bold **[Bb]** brave and un-**[F]**daunted
 Was young **[C]** Brennan on the **[F]**↓ moor, **HEY!**



By The Glow Of The Kerosene Light

Wince Coles (as recorded by Buddy Wasiname and the Other Fellers 1993)



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[F] / [C] / [F] / [Bb] /
[F] / [C] / [Dm] / [Dm] /
[F] / [C] / [F] / [F]↓

I re-[F]member the [C] time when my [F] grandpa and [Bb] I
Would [F] sit by the [C] fire at [Dm] night [Dm]
And I'd [F] listen to [C] stories, of [F] how he once [Bb] lived
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [Dm] light [Dm]
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [F] light [F]↓

He [F] said Mom and [C] Dad sent [F] me off to [Bb] school
Where I [F] learned how to [C] read and to [Dm] write [Dm]
And they'd [F] listen for [C] hours, as I [F] read from my [Bb] books
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [Dm] light [Dm]
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [F] light [F]↓

INSTRUMENTAL:

And they'd [F] listen for [C] hours, as I [F] read from my [Bb] books
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [Dm] light [Dm]
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [F] light [F]↓

Your [F] grandma and [C] I, we were [F] wed at six-[Bb]teen
Lord, [F] she was a [C] beautiful [Dm] sight [Dm]
And as [F] proudly I [C] placed, the [F] ring on her [Bb] hand
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [Dm] light [Dm]
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [F] light [F]↓

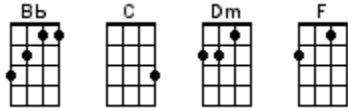
A-[F]bout one year [C] later, your [F] daddy was [Bb] born
And your [F] grandma held [C] my hand so [Dm] tight [Dm]
Oh! I [F] can't tell the [C] joy, as she [F] brought forth new [Bb] life
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [Dm] light [Dm]
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [F] light [F]↓

INSTRUMENTAL:

Oh! I [F] can't tell the [C] joy, as she [F] brought forth new [Bb] life
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [Dm] light [Dm]
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [F] light [F]↓

But [F] having her [C] child, it did [F] weaken her [Bb] soul
She [F] just wasn't [C] up to the [Dm] fight [Dm]
But [F] she looked so [C] peaceful, as she [F] went to her [Bb] rest
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [Dm] light [Dm]
By the [F] glow of the [C] kerosene [F] light [F]↓

[F] Then, as **[C]** now, the **[F]** times they were **[Bb]** hard
To suc-**[F]**ceed you would **[C]** try all your **[Dm]** might **[Dm]**
And **[F]** sometimes love **[C]** bloomed, but **[F]** sometimes dreams **[Bb]** died
By the **[F]** glow of the **[C]** kerosene **[Dm]** light **[Dm]**
By the **[F]** glow of the **[C]** kerosene **[Dm]** light **[Bb]**
By the **[F]** glow of the **[C]** kerosene **[F]**↓ light

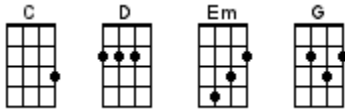


www.bytownukulele.ca

[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

The Galway Girl (Ukului version)

Steve Earle 2000 (as performed by UKULUI)



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[G] / [G] / [G] / [G]↓

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

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

Diddle **[G]** dee, dee, dee, deedle **[G]** dee....dle deedle dee
[C] Dee...dle deedle deedle **[C]** dee dee **[G]** dee dee
[C] Dee...dle **[G]** dee...dle **[D]** deedle deedle **[G]** dee
[D] Dee...dle deedle deedle **[D]**↓ dee **[G]**↓ dee ↓ dee

We were **[G]** halfway there when the rain came down
Of a **[G]** day-i-ay-i-**[C]**ay
She **[G]** asked me up to her **[C]** flat down-**[G]**town
Of a **[G]** fine soft day-**[C]**-i-**[G]**↓ay

And I ask you **[G]** friend **[G]**
What's a **[C]** fella to **[G]** do **[G]**
'Cause her **[Em]** hair was **[D]** black and her **[C]** eyes were **[G]** blue **[G]**
So I **[C]** took her **[G]** hand **[G]**
And I **[C]** gave her a **[G]** twirl **[G]**
And I **[Em]** lost my **[D]** heart to a **[C]** Galway **[G]** girl **[G]**

Diddle **[G]** dee, dee, dee, deedle **[G]** dee....dle deedle dee
[C] Dee...dle deedle deedle **[C]** dee dee **[G]** dee dee
[C] Dee...dle **[G]** dee...dle **[D]** deedle deedle **[G]** dee
[D] Dee...dle deedle deedle **[D]**↓ dee **[G]**↓ dee ↓ dee deedle

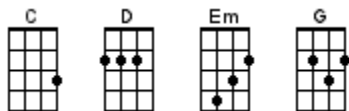
[C]↓ Dee...dle **[C]**↓ dee...dle **[C]** dee, dee, dee, dee
[G] Dee, dee deedle deedle **[D]** dee....dee
[C] Dee deedle **[G]** dee, deedle deedle **[D]** dee
[D] Dee...dle deedle deedle **[D]**↓ dee **[G]**↓ dee ↓ dee

When **[G]** I woke up I was all alone
 Of a **[G]** day-i-ay-i-**[C]**ay
 With a **[G]** broken heart and a **[C]** ticket **[G]** home
 Of a **[G]** fine soft day-**[C]**-i-**[G]**↓ay

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

Diddle **[G]** dee, dee, dee, deedle **[G]** dee....dle deedle dee
[C] Dee...dle deedle deedle **[C]** dee dee **[G]** dee dee
[C] Dee...dle **[G]** dee...dle **[D]** deedle deedle **[G]** dee
[D] Dee...dle deedle deedle **[D]**↓ dee **[G]**↓ dee ↓ dee deedle

[C]↓ Dee...dle **[C]**↓ dee...dle **[C]** dee, dee, dee, dee
[G] Dee, dee deedle deedle **[D]** dee....dee
[C] Dee deedle **[G]** dee, deedle deedle **[D]** dee
[D] Dee...dle deedle deedle **[D]**↓ dee **[G]**↓ dee ↓ dee

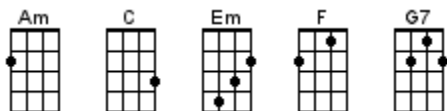


www.bytownukulele.ca

[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

The Gypsy Rover

Leo Maguire 1952



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[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-a-[F]-a-[C]dy [G7]

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-a-[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-o-[F]-o-[C]ver [G7]

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-a-[F]-a-[C]dy [G7]

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

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-a-[F]-a-[C]dy [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-a-[F]-a-[C]dy [G7]

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-a-[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-o-[F]-o-[C]ver [G7]

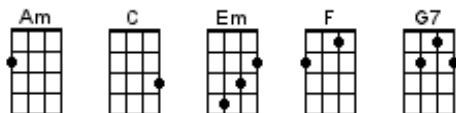
CHORUS:

[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-a-[F]-a-[C]dy [G7] [C] ↓

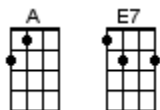


www.bytownukulele.ca

[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

I Know My Love

Traditional Irish first collected by Herbert Hughes and published by Boosey & Hawkes 1909 in Volume 1 of "Irish Country Songs" (as recorded by The Corrs & Chieftains 1997)



STRUM: / d D u d u D D /
TIMING: / 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + /
/ 1 2 3 /

INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[E7] / [A] / [E7] / [A] /
[E7] / [A] / [E7] / [A] ↓

I know my [E7] love by his way of [A] wa-alkin'
And I know my [E7] love by his way of [A] ta-alkin'
And I know my [E7] love dressed in a suit of [A] blue
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A] do-o-o?

CHORUS:

And still she [E7] cried, "I love him the [A] best
And a troubled [E7] mind, sure can know no [A] re-e-est"
And still she [E7] cried, "Bonny boys are [A] few
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A] do?"
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A] do

There is a [E7] dance house in Mara-[A]dy-y-yke
And there my [E7] true love goes ev'ry [A] ni-i-ight
He takes a [E7] strange girl upon his [A] knee
Well now don't you [E7] think that that vexes [A] me-e-e?

CHORUS:

And still she [E7] cried, "I love him the [A] best
And a troubled [E7] mind, sure can know no [A] re-e-est"
And still she [E7] cried, "Bonny boys are [A] few
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A] do?"

[E7] / [A] / [E7] / [A] ↓

If my love [E7] knew I can wash and [A] wri-i-ing
If my love [E7] knew I can sew and [A] spi-i-in
I'd make a [E7] coat of the finest [A] kind
But the want of [E7] money, sure leaves me be-[A]hi-i-ind

CHORUS:

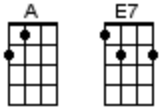
And still she [E7] cried, "I love him the [A] best
And a troubled [E7] mind, sure can know no [A] re-e-est"
And still she [E7] cried, "Bonny boys are [A] few
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A]↓ do?"

I know my [E7] love is an errant [A] ro-o-ver
I know he'll [E7] wander the wild world [A] o-o-ver
In dear old [E7] Ireland he'll no longer [A] tarry
An Ameri-[E7]can girl he's sure to [A] marry

CHORUS:

And still she [E7] cried, "I love him the [A] best
And a troubled [E7] mind, sure can know no [A] re-e-est"
And still she [E7] cried, "Bonny boys are [A] few
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A] do?"

And still she [E7] cried, "I love him the [A] best
And a troubled [E7] mind, sure can know no [A] re-e-est"
And still she [E7] cried, "Bonny boys are [A] few
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A] do?"
What will I [E7] do? [E7] brrrrr [E7] / [E7] / [E7]↓

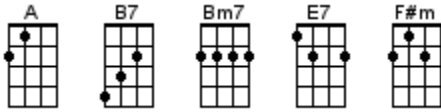


www.bytownukulele.ca

[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

Molly Malone (Cockles and Mussels)

Traditional – origin unknown



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[A] / [F#m] / [Bm7] / [E7] /
[A] / [F#m] / [Bm7] / [E7]

In [A] Dublin's fair [F#m] city, where the [Bm7] girls are so [E7] pretty
I [A] first set my [F#m] eyes, on sweet [Bm7] Molly Ma-[E7]lone
As she [A] wheeled her wheel-[F#m]barrow
Through [Bm7] streets, broad and [E7] narrow
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

CHORUS:

A-[A]live, alive-[F#m]o! A-[Bm7]live, alive-[E7]o!
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o! [A]

She [A] was a fish-[F#m] monger, and [Bm7] sure 'twas no [E7] wonder
For [A] so were her [F#m] father and [B7] mother be-[E7]fore
And they [A] both wheeled their [F#m] barrows
Through [Bm7] streets broad and [E7] narrow
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

CHORUS:

A-[A]live, alive-[F#m]o! A-[Bm7]live, alive-[E7]o!
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o! [A]

< SOFTLY, SLOWLY >

She [A]↓ died of a [F#m]↓ fever, and [Bm7]↓ no one could [E7]↓ save her
And [A]↓ that was the [F#m]↓ end of sweet [B7]↓ Molly Ma-[E7]↓lone... < PAUSE >

< A TEMPO >

But her [A] ghost wheels her [F#m] barrow
Through [Bm7] streets, broad and [E7] narrow
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

CHORUS:

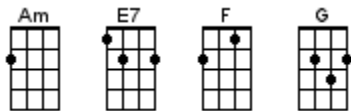
A-[A]live, alive-[F#m]o! A-[Bm7]live, alive-[E7]o!
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

A-[A]live, alive-[F#m]o! A-[Bm7]live, alive-[E7]o!
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

[F#m] / [Bm7] / [E7] / [A] / [A]↓

The Old Dun Cow Caught Fire

Harry Wincott 1893



< ~[Am]~ MEANS TREMOLO ON THE [Am] CHORD >

INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Am] / [Am]

Some [Am] friends and I, in a public house
Were [Am] playing domi-[G]noes one [Am] night
When [Am] into the [G] room the [F] barman [E7] came
His [E7] face all [F] chalky [E7] white
"What's [Am] up," says Brown [Am] "Have you seen a ghost?
[Am] Have you seen your [G] Aunt Mor-[E7]iah?"
"Oh me [Am] Aunt Mor-[G]iah be [Am] bugged!" said [F]↓ he
"The [E7]↓ bloody [F]↓ pub's on [E7]↓ fire!" < **EVERYONE MAKE SIREN NOISES** >

"On [Am] fire," says Brown, "What a bit o'luck
[Am] Everybody [G] follow [Am] me
[Am] Down to the [G] cellar, if the [F] fire's not [E7] there
We'll [E7] have a [F] rare old [E7]↓ spree..." (**HEE HEE!**)
So we [Am] all went down after good old Brown
[Am] Booze we [G] could not [E7] miss
And [Am] we weren't [G] there five [Am] minutes or [F]↓ more
'Til [E7]↓ we were [F]↓ all half [E7]↓ pissed (**WHERE'S BROWN?**)

CHORUS:

And [Am] there was Brown, upside down
[Am] Lickin' up the [G] whiskey off the [Am] floor
[Am] "Booze [G] booze!" the [F] firemen [E7] cried
As [E7] they came [F] knockin' at the [E7]↓ door < **KNOCK KNOCK** >
Don't [Am] let them in 'til it's all mopped up
And [Am] somebody [G] shouted, "MaIn-[E7]↓tyre!" (**MacINTYRE!**)
And we [Am] all got [G] blue-blind [Am] paralytic [F] drunk
When the [E7] Old Dun Cow caught [Am] fire [Am]/[Am]

Then [Am] Smith went over to the port wine tub
[Am] Gave it a [G] few hard [Am]↓ knocks < **KNOCK KNOCK** >
He [Am] started [G] takin' off his [F] panta-[E7]loons
Like-[E7]wise his [F] shoes and [E7] socks
"Hold [Am] on," says Brown, "we [Am] can't have that
You [Am] can't do [G] that in [E7] here
Don't go [Am] washin' your [G] trotters in the [Am] port wine [F]↓ tub
When we've [Am]↓ got all [F]↓ this light [E7]↓ beer (**LIGHT BEER! EWW! -
WHERE'S BROWN?**)

CHORUS:

Oh [Am] there was Brown, upside down
[Am] Lickin' up the [G] whiskey off the [Am] floor
[Am] "Booze [G] booze!" the [F] firemen [E7] cried
As [E7] they came [F] knockin' at the [E7] door < **KNOCK KNOCK** >
Don't [Am] let them in 'til it's all mopped up
And [Am] somebody [G] shouted, "Macln-[E7]↓tyre!" **(MacINTYRE!)**
And we [Am] all got [G] blue-blind [Am] paralytic [F] drunk
When the [E7] Old Dun Cow caught [Am] fire [Am]

Just [Am] then there came an [Am]↓ awful crash < **GO NUTS - DON'T BREAK ANYTHING** >
[Am] Half the bloody [G] roof gave [Am] way
[Am] We were [G] drowned in the [F] firemen's [E7] hose
Still [E7] we were [F] goin' to [E7]↓ stay
So we [Am] got some tacks and our old wet slacks
And [Am] nailed our-[G]selves in-[E7]↓side < **KNOCK KNOCK** >
And we [Am] sat there [G] swallowin' [Am] pints of [F]↓ stout **(BURP)**
'Til [Am]↓ we were [F]↓ bleary-[E7]↓eyed **(WHERE'S BROWN?)**

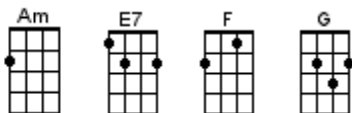
CHORUS:

Oh [Am] there was Brown, upside down
[Am] Lickin' up the [G] whiskey off the [Am] floor
[Am] "Booze [G] booze!" the [F] firemen [E7] cried
As [E7] they came [F] knockin' at the [E7] door < **KNOCK KNOCK** >
Don't [Am] let them in 'til it's all mopped up
And [Am] somebody [G] shouted, "Macln-[E7]↓tyre!" **(MacINTYRE!)**
And we [Am] all got [G] blue-blind [Am] paralytic [F] drunk
When the [E7] Old Dun Cow caught [Am] fire [Am]

[Am] Later that night when the fire was out
We came [Am] up from the [G] cellar be-[Am]low
Our [Am] pub was [G] burned, our [F] booze was [E7] drunk
And our [E7] heads were a-[F]hangin' [E7]↓ low < **SOB, SOB** >
"Oh [Am] look," says Brown, with a look quite queer
It [Am] seemed something [G] raised his [E7] ire
"We've [Am] gotta get [G] down to the [Am] Clocktower [F]↓ Pub
It [Am]↓ closes [F]↓ on the [E7]↓ hour!" **(WHERE'S BROWN?)**

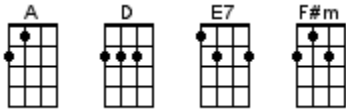
CHORUS:

Oh [Am] there was Brown, upside down
[Am] Lickin' up the [G] whiskey off the [Am] floor
[Am] "Booze [G] booze!" the [F] firemen [E7] cried
As [E7] they came [F] knockin' at the [E7]↓ door < **KNOCK KNOCK** >
Don't [Am] let them in 'til it's all mopped up
And [Am] somebody [G] shouted, "Macln-[E7]↓tyre!" **(MacINTYRE!)**
And we [Am] all got [G] blue-blind [F] paralytic [E7]↓ drunk
When the [E7]↓ Old Dun [E7]↓ Cow caught ~[Am]~ fire [Am]↓



Mountain Dew/I'll Tell Me Ma

Traditional



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [A] / [A]

Let [A] grasses grow and [D] waters flow
In a [A] free and easy [E7] way
But [A] give me enough of the [D] fine old stuff
That's [A] made near [E7] Galway [A] Bay
Come [A] policemen all, from Donegal
From [A] Sligo-Lietrim [F#m] too
We'll [A] give 'em the slip, and we'll [D] take a sip
Of the [A] rare old [E7] mountain [A] dew

CHORUS:

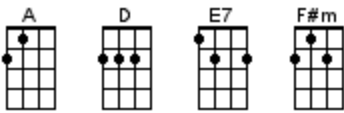
Hi, dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum
Diddley [A] doo rye diddley eye [E7] day
Hi dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum
Diddley [A] doo rye [E7] diddley eye [A] day

At the [A] foot of the hill there's a [D] neat little still
Where the [A] smoke curls up to the [E7] sky
By the [A] smoke and the smell you can [D] plainly tell
That there's [A] poitín [E7] brewin' near-[A]by
It [A] fills the air, with a perfume rare
And be-[A]twixt both me and [F#m] you
When [A] home you stroll you can [D] take a bowl
Or the [A] bucket of the [E7] mountain [A] dew

CHORUS:

Hi, dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum
Diddley [A] doo rye diddley eye [E7] day
Hi dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum
Diddley [A] doo rye [E7] diddley eye [A] day

Now [A] learned men, who [D] use the pen
Have [A] wrote the praises [E7] high
Of the [A] sweet poitín from [D] Ireland green
Dis-[A]tilled from [E7] wheat and [A] rye
Throw a-[A]way your pills, it'll cure all ills
Of [A] pagan or Christian or [F#m] Jew
Take [A] off your coat and [D] grease your throat
With the [A] rare old [E7] mountain [A] dew



CHORUS:

Hi, dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum
 Diddley [A] doo rye diddley eye [E7] day
 Hi dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum
 Diddley [A] doo rye [E7] diddley eye [A]↓ day

< A CAPPELLA >

Hi, dee diddley idle dum, diddley doodle idle dum
 Diddley doo rye diddley eye day
 Hi dee diddley idle dum, diddley doodle idle dum
 Diddley doo rye diddley eye day

< I'll Tell Me Ma >

CHORUS:

I'll [A] tell me ma when [D] I get [A] home
 The [E7] boys won't leave the [A] girls alone
 They [A] pull me hair and [D] stole me [A] comb
 But [E7] that's all right, till [A] I go home
 [A]↓ She is handsome [D]↓ she is pretty
 [A]↓ She is the Belle of [E7]↓ Belfast city
 [A] She is courtin' [D]↓ one [D]↓ two [D]↓ three
 [A] Please won't you [E7] tell me [A] who is she [A]

[A] Albert Mooney [D] says he [A] loves her
 [E7] All the boys are [A] fightin' for her
 They [A] knock on her door, they [D] ring on her [A] bell sayin'
 [E7] "Oh me true love [A] are you well?"
 [A] Out she comes as [D] white as snow
 [A] Rings on her fingers [E7] bells on her toes
 [A] Old Jenny Murphy [D] says she'll die
 If she [A] doesn't get the [E7] fella with the [A] rovin' eye

CHORUS:

I'll [A] tell me ma when [D] I get [A] home
 The [E7] boys won't leave the [A] girls alone
 They [A] pull me hair and [D] stole me [A] comb
 But [E7] that's all right, till [A] I go home
 [A]↓ She is handsome [D]↓ she is pretty
 [A]↓ She is the Belle of [E7]↓ Belfast city
 [A] She is courtin' [D]↓ one [D]↓ two [D]↓ three
 [A] Please won't you [E7] tell me [A] who is she [A]

Let the [A] wind and the rain and the [D] hail blow [A] high
And the [E7] snow come shovellin' [A] from the sky
[A] She's as sweet as [D] apple [A] pie
And [E7] she'll get her own lad [A] by and by
[A] When she gets a [D] lad of her own
She [A] won't tell her ma when [E7] she gets home
[A] Let them all come [D] as they will
But it's [A] Albert [E7] Mooney [A] she loves still

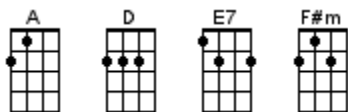
CHORUS:

I'll [A] tell me ma when [D] I get [A] home
The [E7] boys won't leave the [A] girls alone
They [A] pull me hair and [D] stole me [A] comb
But [E7] that's all right till [A]↓ I go home

< A CAPPELLA >

She is handsome, she is pretty
She's the Belle of Belfast city
She is courtin' one two three
Please won't you tell me who is she

She is handsome, she is pretty
She's the Belle of Belfast city
She is courtin' one two three
Please won't you tell me who is she

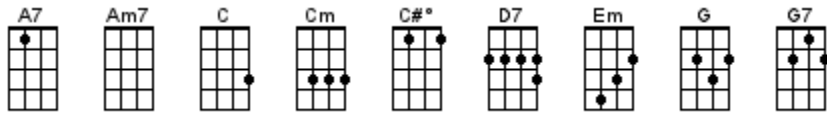


www.bytownukulele.ca

[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

That's An Irish Lullaby (Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral)

James Royce Shannon 1913



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [G] / [G] /

[G] Over [C] in Kil-[G]larney [G]
[Em] Many years a-[G]go [D7]
Me [G] mother [C] sang a [G] song to me
In [A7] tones so sweet and [Am7] low [D7]
Just a [G] simple [C] little [G] ditty [G]
In her [Em] good ould Irish [G] way [G]
And I'd [C] give the world if [G] she could sing
That [A7] song to me this [Am7] day [D7]

CHORUS:

[G] Too-ra-[C]loo-ra-[G]loo-ral [G7]
[C] Too-ra-loo-ra-[C#dim]li [C#dim]
[G] Too-ra-[C]loo-ra-[G]loo-ral [G]
[A7] Hush, now don't you [D7] cry [D7]
[G] Too-ra-[C]loo-ra-[G]loo-ral [G7]
[C] Too-ra-loo-ra-[C#dim]li [C#dim]
[G] Too-ra-[C]loo-ra-[G]loo-ral [G]
That's an [A7] Irish [Cm] lulla-[G]by [D7]

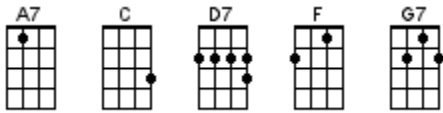
[G] Oft in [C] dreams I [G] wander [G]
[Em] To that cot a-[G]gain [D7]
I [G] feel her [C] arms a-[G]huggin' me [G]
As [A7] when she held me [Am7] then [D7]
And I [G] hear her [C] voice a-[G]hummin' to me
[Em] As in days of [G] yore [G]
When she [C] used to rock me [G] fast asleep
Out-[A7]side the cabin [Am7] door [D7]

CHORUS:

[G] Too-ra-[C]loo-ra-[G]loo-ral [G7]
[C] Too-ra-loo-ra-[C#dim]li [C#dim]
[G] Too-ra-[C]loo-ra-[G]loo-ral [G]
[A7] Hush, now don't you [D7] cry [D7]
[G] Too-ra-[C]loo-ra-[G]loo-ral [G7]
[C] Too-ra-loo-ra-[C#dim]li [C#dim]
[G] Too-ra-[C]loo-ra-[G]loo-ral [G]
That's an [A7] Irish [Cm] lulla-[G]by [G]↓

McNamara's Band

Shamus O'Connor and John J. Stamford 1889 – originally 'MacNamara's Band'
(lyrics as recorded by Bing Crosby and The Jesters 1945)



< NOTE: "JULIUS" PRONOUNCED "YOOLIUS" >

< KAZOO STARTING NOTE: G >

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

[C] / [C] / [D7] / [D7] /
[G7] / [G7] / [C] / [C]↓

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

CHORUS:

Oh, the [C] drums go bang and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away
Mc-[F]Carthy pumps the [C] old bassoon while [D7] I the pipes do [G7] play
And [C] Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute and the music is somethin' grand
A [F] credit to old [C] Ireland is [D7] McNa-[G7]mara's [C]↓ band

KAZOO BAND INSTRUMENTAL:

[C] / [C] / [D7] / [D7] /
[G7] / [G7] / [C] / [C] /
[C] / [C] / [D7] / [D7] /
[G7] / [G7] / [C] / [C]↓

Right [C] now we are rehearsin' for a very swell affair
The [F] annual cele-[C]bration, all the [D7] gentry will be [G7] there
When [C] General Grant to Ireland came, he took me by the hand
Says [F] he "I never [C] saw the likes of [D7] McNa-[G7]mara's [C] band

CHORUS:

Oh, the [C] drums go bang and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away
Mc-[F]Carthy pumps the [C] old bassoon while [D7] I the pipes do [G7] play
And [C] Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute and the music is somethin' grand
A [F] credit to old [C] Ireland is [D7] McNa-[G7]mara's [C]↓ band

KAZOO BAND INSTRUMENTAL:

[C] / [C] / [D7] / [D7] /
[G7] / [G7] / [C] / [C] /
[C] / [C] / [D7] / [D7] /
[G7] / [G7] / [C] / [C]↓

Oh, my [C] name is Uncle Julius and from Sweden I did come
 To [F] play with McNa-[C]mara's Band and [D7] beat the big bass [G7] drum
 And [C] when I march along the street, the ladies think I'm grand
 They [F] shout "There's Uncle [C] Julius playin' and [D7] with an [G7] Irish [C]↓ band!"

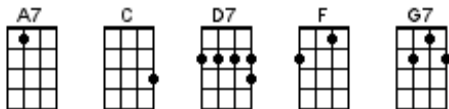
Oh, I [C] wear a bunch of shamrocks and a uniform of green
 And [F] I'm the funniest [C] lookin' Swede that [D7] you have ever [G7] seen
 There is O'-[C]Briens an' Ryans, O'Sheehans an' Meehans, they come from Ireland
 But by [F] yimminy, I'm the [C] only Swede in [D7] McNa-[G7]mara's [C] band

CHORUS:

Oh, the [C] drums go bang and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away
 Mc-[F]Carthy pumps the [C] old bassoon while [D7] I the pipes do [G7] play
 And [C] Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute and the music is somethin' grand
 A [F] credit to old [C] Ireland is [D7] McNa-[G7]mara's [C]↓ band

KAZOO BAND INSTRUMENTAL:

[C] / [C] / [D7] / [D7] /
 [G7] / [G7] / [C] / [C] /
 [C] / [C] / [D7] / [D7] /
 [G7] / [G7] / [C]↓ **That McNa-[A7]↓mara!**
 [G7] / [G7] / [C]↓ [G7]↓ / [C]↓

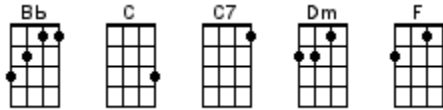


www.bytownukulele.ca

[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

The Town Of Ballybay

Tommy Makem 1977



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
Me-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy

In the [F] town of Bally-[Dm]bay, there [F] was a lassie [C] dwellin'
I [F] knew her very [Dm] well, and her [C7] story's worth a-[F]tillin'
Her [Dm] father kept a [C] still, and he [Dm] was a good dis-[C]tiller
But when [Dm] she took to the [Bb] drink, well the [C] devil wouldn't [F] fill her

With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

And she [F] had the wooden [Dm] leg that was [F] hollow down the [C] middle
She [F] used to tie a [Dm] string on it and [C7] play it like a [F] fiddle
She [Dm] fiddled in the [C] hall, she [Dm] fiddled in the [C] alleyway
She [Dm] didn't give a [Bb] damn, for she [C] had the fiddle [F] anyway

A-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

And she [F] said she wouldn't [Dm] dance, un-[F]less she had her [C] welly on
But [F] when she had it [Dm] on, she could [C7] dance as well as [F] anyone
She [Dm] wouldn't go to [C] bed, un-[Dm]less she had her [C] shimmy on
But [Dm] when she had it [Bb] on, she would [C] go as quick as [F] anyone

A-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

She had [F] lovers by the [Dm] score, every [F] Tom and Dick and [C] Harry
She was [F] courted night and [Dm] day, but [C7] still she wouldn't [F] marry
And [Dm] then she fell in [C] love with the [Dm] fellow with the [C] stammer
When he [Dm] tried to run a-[Bb]way, she [C] hit him with the [F] hammer

With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

She had [F] children up the [Dm] stairs, she had [F] children in the [C] byre
And a-[F]nother ten or [Dm] twelve, sittin' [C7] rottin' by the [F] fire
She [Dm] fed them on [C] potatoes and on [Dm] soup she made with [C] nettles
And on [Dm] rumps of hairy [Bb] bacon that she [C] boiled up in the [F] kettle

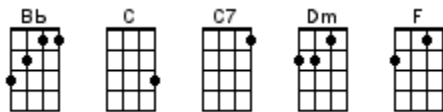
With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [Dm][C] / [Bb][C]

So she [F] led a sheltered [Dm] life, eatin' [F] porridge and black [C] puddin'
And she [F] terrorized her [Dm] man, un-[C7]til he died right [F] sudden
And [Dm] when the husband [C] died, she was [Dm] feelin' very [C] sorry
She [Dm] rolled him in the [Bb] bag and she [C] threw him in the [F] quarry

With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

A-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F]↓ daddy-o

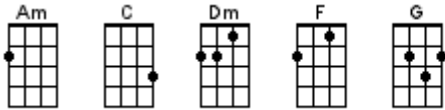


www.bytownukulele.ca

[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

Wild Mountain Thyme

Francis McPeake 1957



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

The [C] summer-[F]time is [C] comin'
And the [F] trees are sweetly [C] bloomin'
And the [F] wild [G] mountain [Am] thyme
Grows a-[F]round the [Dm] bloomin' [F] heather

CHORUS:

Will you [C] go [F] lassie [C] go?
And we'll [F] all go to-[C]gether
To pull [F] wild [G] mountain [Am] thyme
All a-[F]round the [Dm] bloomin' [F] heather
Will you [C] go [F] lassie [C] go?

I will [C] build my [F] love a [C] tower
By yon [F] clear crystal [C] fountain
And [F] on it [G] I will [Am] pile
All the [F] flowers [Dm] of the [F] mountain

CHORUS:

Will you [C] go [F] lassie [C] go?
And we'll [F] all go to-[C]gether
To pull [F] wild [G] mountain [Am] thyme
All a-[F]round the [Dm] bloomin' [F] heather
Will you [C] go [F] lassie [C] go?

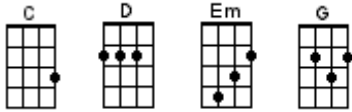
If my [C] true love [F] she were [C] gone
I would [F] surely find a-[C]nother
To pull [F] wild [G] mountain [Am] thyme
All a-[F]round the [Dm] bloomin' [F] heather

CHORUS:

Will you [C] go [F] lassie [C] go?
And we'll [F] all go to-[C]gether
To pull [F] wild [G] mountain [Am] thyme
All a-[F]round the [Dm] bloomin' [F] heather
Will you [C] go [F] lassie [C]↓ go

Whiskey In The Jar

Traditional (The Dubliners' lyrics 1967 are used here)



INSTRUMENTAL INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[C] Whack fol da [C] daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

As [G] I was goin' over, the [Em] Cork and Kerry mountains
I [C] met with Captain Farrell and his [G] money he was countin'
I [G] first produced me pistol and I [Em] then produced me rapier
Sayin' [C] "Stand and deliver" for he [G] were a bold deceiver

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

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

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

I [G] went unto me chamber, all [Em] for to take a slumber
I [C] dreamt of gold and jewels and for [G] sure it was no wonder
But [G] Jenny drew me charges, and she [Em] filled them up with water
Then [C] sent for Captain Farrell to be [G] ready for the slaughter

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

'Twas [G] early in the mornin', just be-[Em]fore I rose to travel
Up [C] comes a band of footmen, and [G] likewise Captain Farrell
I [G] first produced me pistol for she'd [Em] stolen away me rapier
But I [C] couldn't shoot the water, so a [G] prisoner I was taken

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

Now, there's [G] some take delight in the [Em] carriages a-rollin'
And [C] others take delight in the [G] hurley and the bowlin'
But [G] I take delight in the [Em] juice of the barley
And [C] courtin' pretty fair maids in the [G] mornin' bright and early

CHORUS:

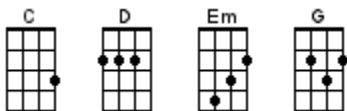
Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

If [G] anyone can aid me 'tis me [Em] brother in the army
If [C] I can find his station, in [G] Cork or in Killarney
And [G] if he'll go with me, we'll go [Em] rovin' in Kilkenney
And I'm [C] sure he'll treat me better than me [G] own, me sportin' Jenny

CHORUS:

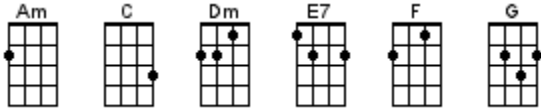
Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] ↓ jar [G] ↓



Wellerman (Soon May The Wellerman Come)

Traditional New Zealand folk song c. 1860-70 (as recorded by The Longest Johns 2018)



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Am] / [Am]

There [Am] once was a ship that put to sea
And the [Dm] name of the ship was the [Am] Billy o' Tea
The [Am] winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
[E7] Blow, my bully boys, [Am]↓ blow, huh!

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

No [Am] line was cut, no whale was freed
The [Dm] Captain's mind was [Am] not on greed
But [Am] he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She [E7] took the ship in [Am]↓ tow, huh!

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

