

BYTOWN UKULELE GROUP (BUG) Jam Songbook for Wednesday, March 15, 2023

Hello BUGs! We're thrilled to be playing together in person again at Red Bird! The songs in this songbook are arranged the order of play. See you soon!

Sue & Mark xoxo

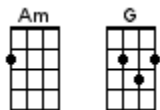
SONG LIST

Mary Mack
Black Velvet Band
I Know My Love
Lukey's Boat
The Mary Ellen Carter
Dirty Old Town
The Mermaid
The Mull River Shuffle
Song For The Mira
The Town Of Ballybay
The Unicorn
Donald, Where's Your Troosers?
Rosin The Bow (a.k.a "Ol' Rosin the Beau")
The Old Dun Cow Caught Fire
The Rambles Of Spring
Skye Boat Song
Toora Looa Lay
Vive la compagnie (Vive l'amour)
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Mountain Dew/I'll Tell Me Ma
Peein' In The Snow
Working Man
The Wild Rover
Wellerman (Soon May The Wellerman Come)

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Mary Mack

Traditional



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

CHORUS:

Well [Am] Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
[G] My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
I'm [Am] goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
We'll [Am] all be feelin' merry when I [G] marry Mary [Am] Mack
Hey [Am] skiddly idle deedle didle [G] deedle didle [Am] dum [Am]

Well [Am] there's a little girl and her name is Mary Mack
[G] Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna tak
And a [Am] lot of other fellas they would get upon her track
But I'm [Am] thinkin' that they'll [G] have to get up [Am] early

CHORUS:

[Am] Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
[G] My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
I'm [Am] goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
We'll [Am] all be feelin' merry when I [G] marry Mary [Am] Mack
Hey [Am] skiddly idle deedle didle [G] deedle didle [Am] dum [Am]

Well [Am] this little lass, she has a lot of class
She's [G] got a lot of brass, and her father thinks I'm gas
And I'd [Am] be a silly ass, for to let the matter pass
Her [Am] father thinks she [G] suits me very [Am] fairly

CHORUS:

[Am] Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
[G] My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
I'm [Am] goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
We'll [Am] all be feelin' merry when I [G] marry Mary [Am] Mack
Hey [Am] skiddly idle deedle didle [G] deedle didle [Am] dum [Am]

[Am] Mary and her Mother go an awful lot together
In [G] fact you hardly ever see the one without the other
And the [Am] people wonder whether it is Mary or her mother
Or the [Am] both of them to-[G]gether that I'm [Am] courtin'

CHORUS:

[Am] Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
[G] My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
And I'm [Am] goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
We'll [Am] all be feelin' merry when I [G] marry Mary [Am] Mack
Hey [Am] skiddly idle deedle didle [G] deedle didle [Am] dum [Am]

The [Am] weddin's on a Wednesday, and everything's arranged
[G] Soon her name will change to mine unless her mind is changed
And I'm [Am] makin' the arrangements, I'm just about deranged
[Am] Marriage is an [G] awful under-[Am]takin'

CHORUS:

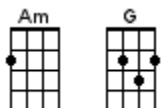
[Am] Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
[G] My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
I'm [Am] goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
We'll [Am] all be feelin' merry when I [G] marry Mary [Am] Mack
Hey [Am] skiddly idle deedle didle [G] deedle didle [Am] dum [Am]

It's [Am] sure to be a grand affair and grander than a fair
There's [G] going to be a coach and pair for every pair that's there
We'll [Am] dine upon the finest fare, I'm sure to get my share
And if I [Am] won't well I'll be [G] very much mis-[Am]taken

CHORUS: < FASTER AND FASTER >

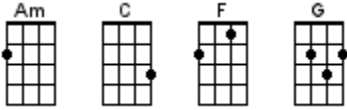
[Am] Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
[G] My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
I'm [Am] goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
We'll [Am] all be feelin' merry when I [G] marry Mary [Am] Mack
Hey [Am] skiddly idle deedle didle [G] deedle didle [Am] dum

[Am] Mary Mack's father's makin' Mary Mack marry me
[G] My father's makin' me marry Mary Mack
And I'm [Am] goin' to marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
We'll [Am] all be feelin' merry when I [G] marry Mary [Am] Mack
Hey [Am] skiddly idle deedle didle [G] deedle didle [Am]↓ dum



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 fickle some [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:

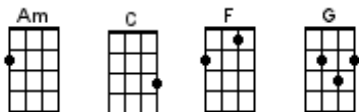
Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds
 You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land
 And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder
 Tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

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

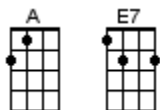


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[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

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:

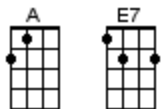
And still she [E7] cried, "I love him the [A] best
And a troubled [E7] mind, sure can know no [A] re-e-est"
And still she [E7] cried, "Bonny boys are [A] few
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A]↓ do?"

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:

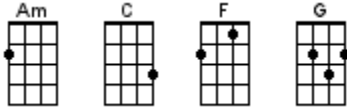
And still she [E7] cried, "I love him the [A] best
And a troubled [E7] mind, sure can know no [A] re-e-est"
And still she [E7] cried, "Bonny boys are [A] few
And if my love [E7] leaves me what will I [A] do?"

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]↓



Lukey's Boat

Traditional



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

**[C] / [F][G] /
[C] / [F][G]**

Well oh **[C]** Lukey's boat is **[F]** painted **[G]** green
[C] Ha, me **[F]** boys! **[G]**
[C] Lukey's boat is **[F]** painted green
She's the **[Am]** prettiest boat that you've **[F]** ever **[G]** seen
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**

Well oh **[C]** Lukey's boat's got a **[F]** fine fore **[G]** cutty
[C] Ha, me **[F]** boys! **[G]**
[C] Lukey's boat's got a **[F]** fine fore cutty
And **[Am]** every seam is **[F]** chinked with **[G]** putty
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**

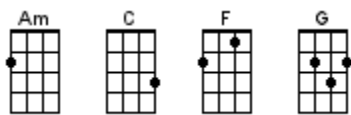
Well **[C]** I says "Lukey the **[F]** blinds are **[G]** down"
[C] Ha, me **[F]** boys! **[G]**
[C] I says "Lukey the **[F]** blinds are down
Me **[Am]** wife is dead and she's **[F]** under-**[G]**ground"
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**

Well **[C]** I says "Lukey **[F]** I don't **[G]** care"
[C] Ha, me **[F]** boys! **[G]**
[C] I says "Lukey **[F]** I don't care
I'll **[Am]** get me another in the **[F]** spring of the **[G]** year"
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**

Oh **[C]** Lukey's rolling **[F]** out his **[G]** grub
[C] Ha, me **[F]** boys! **[G]**
[C] Lukey's rolling **[F]** out his grub
[Am] One split pea, and a **[F]** ten pound **[G]** tub
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**

Well **[C]** Lukey's boat's got **[F]** high-topped **[G]** sails
[C] Ha, me **[F]** boys! **[G]**
[C] Lukey's boat's got **[F]** high-topped sails
The **[Am]** sheet was planted with **[F]** copper **[G]** nails
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]** /

[C] Lukey's boat is **[F]** painted **[G]** green
[C] Ha, me **[F]** boys! **[G]**
[C] Lukey's boat is **[F]** painted green
She's the **[Am]** prettiest boat that you've **[F]** ever **[G]** seen
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]**
A-**[C]**ha, me **[F]** boys, a-**[G]**riddle-i-**[C]**day! / **[F][G]** /**[C]** ↓

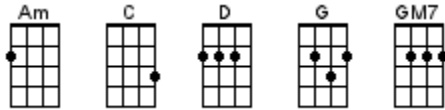


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[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

The Mary Ellen Carter

Stan Rogers 1979



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

**[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /
[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D]**

She **[G]** went down last Oc-**[Gmaj7]**tober in a **[C]** pouring **[D]** driving **[G]** rain
The **[Am]** skipper he'd been drinkin' and the **[C]** mate he felt no **[D]** pain
Too **[G]** close to Three Mile **[Gmaj7]** Rock and she was **[C]** dealt her mortal **[G]** blow
And the **[Am]** Mary Ellen Carter settled **[D]** low **[D]**

There was **[G]** just us five a-**[Gmaj7]**board her when she **[C]** finally **[D]** was a-**[G]**wash
We'd **[Am]** worked like hell to save her, all **[C]** heedless of the **[D]** cost
And the **[G]** groan she gave as **[Gmaj7]** she went down, it **[C]** caused us to pro-**[G]**claim
That the **[Am]** Mary Ellen **[D]** Carter would rise a-**[G]**gain / **[Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /
[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D]**

Well, the **[G]** owners wrote her **[Gmaj7]** off, not a **[C]** nickel **[D]** would they **[G]** spend
"She gave **[Am]** twenty years of service, boys, then **[C]** met her sorry **[D]** end
But in-**[G]**surance paid the **[Gmaj7]** loss to us, so **[C]** let her rest be-**[G]**low"
Then they **[Am]** laughed at us and said we had to **[D]** go **[D]**

But we **[G]** talked of her all **[Gmaj7]** winter, some **[C]** days a-**[D]**round the **[G]** clock
She's **[Am]** worth a quarter million, a-**[C]**float and at the **[D]** dock
And with **[G]** every jar that **[Gmaj7]** hit the bar we **[C]** swore we would re-**[G]**main
And make the **[Am]** Mary Ellen **[D]** Carter rise a-**[G]**gain **[G]**

Rise a-**[Am]**gain **[D]** rise a-**[G]**gain **[Gmaj7]**
That her **[C]** name not be lost to the **[G]** knowledge of **[D]** men
All **[G]** those who loved her **[Gmaj7]** best and were **[C]**↓ with her **[D]**↓ 'til the **[G]** end
Will make the **[Am]** Mary Ellen **[D]** Carter, rise a-**[G]**gain / **[Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /
[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D]**

All **[G]** spring now we've been **[Gmaj7]** with her on a **[C]** barge lent **[D]** by a **[G]** friend
Three **[Am]** dives a day in a hard-hat suit and **[C]** twice I've had the **[D]** bends
Thank **[G]** God it's only **[Gmaj7]** sixty feet and the **[C]** currents here are **[G]** slow
Or I'd **[Am]** never have the strength to go be-**[D]**low **[D]**

But we've **[G]** patched her rents **[Gmaj7]** stopped her vents
Dogged **[C]** hatch and **[D]** porthole **[G]** down
Put **[Am]** cables to her, 'fore and aft, and **[C]** girded her a-**[D]**round
To-**[G]**morrow, noon, we **[Gmaj7]** hit the air and **[C]** then take up the **[G]** strain
And make the **[Am]** Mary Ellen **[D]** Carter rise a-**[G]**gain **[G]**

Rise a-[Am]gain [D] rise a-[G]gain [Gmaj7]

That her [C] name not be lost to the [G] knowledge of [D] men

All [G] those who loved her [Gmaj7] best and were [C]↓ with her [D]↓ 'til the [G] end

Will make the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /
[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D]

For we [G] couldn't leave her [Gmaj7] there, you see, to [C] crumble [D] into [G] scale

She'd [Am] saved our lives so many times [C] living through the [D] gale

And the [G] laughing, drunken [Gmaj7] rats who left her [C] to a sorry [G] grave

They [Am] won't be laughing in another [D] day [D]

And [G] you, to whom ad-[Gmaj7]versity has [C] dealt the [D] final [G] blow

With [Am] smiling bastards lying to you [C] everywhere you [D] go

Turn [G] to, and put out [Gmaj7] all your strength of [C] arm and heart and [G] brain

And like the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain [G]

Rise a-[Am]gain [D] rise a-[G]gain [Gmaj7]

Though your [C] heart, it be broken, and [G] life about to [D] end

No [G] matter what you've [Gmaj7] lost, be it a [C]↓ home, a [D]↓ love, a [G] friend

Like the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain [G]

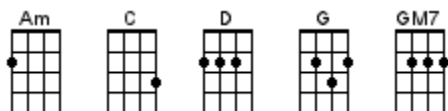
Rise a-[Am]gain [D] rise a-[G]gain [Gmaj7]

Though your [C] heart, it be broken, or [G] life about to [D] end

No [G] matter what you've [Gmaj7] lost, be it a [C]↓ home, a [D]↓ love, a [G] friend

Like the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /

[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C]↓ [D]↓ / [G]↓

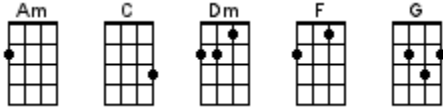


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[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

Dirty Old Town

Ewan MacColl 1949 (recorded by The Pogues 1985)



INSTRUMENTAL INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / 1

I met my [C] love, by the gas works wall [C]
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal [C]
Dirty old [Dm] town, dirty old [Am] town [Am]↓

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

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

INSTRUMENTAL:

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

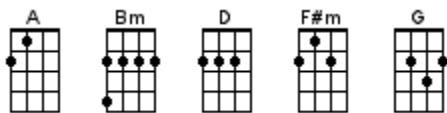
I heard a [C] siren, from the docks [C]
Saw a [F] train, set the night on [C] fire [C]
I smelled the [C] spring, on the smoky wind [C]
Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am] town [Am]

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

I met my [C] love, by the gas works wall [C]
Dreamed a [F] dream, by the old ca-[C]nal [C]
I kissed my [C] girl, by the factory wall [C]
Dirty old [Dm]↓ town 2 3 4 / 1 2 dirty old [Am]↓ town 2 3 4 / 1 2
Dirty old [G] town, dirty old [Am]↓ town

The Mermaid

Shel Silverstein 1965 (as recorded by Great Big Sea 2005)



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / < MELODION OR TIN WHISTLE >

**[G] / [D] / [G] / [D] /
[G] / [D] / [G] / [D]**

When **[D]** I was a lad in a fishing town
Me **[G]** old man said to **[D]** me
"You can **[D]** spend your life, your **[Bm]** jolly life
Just **[G]** sailing on the **[A]** sea
You can **[D]** search the world for pretty girls
'Til your **[G]** eyes are weak and **[F#m]** dim
But **[G]** don't go searching for a **[D]** mermaid **[Bm]** son
If you **[G]** don't know **[A]** how to **[D]** swim"

'Cause her **[G]** hair was green as **[D]** seaweed
Her **[G]** skin was blue and **[D]** pale
Her **[G]** face it was a **[D]** work of art
I **[G]** loved that girl with **[D]** all my heart
But I **[G]** only liked the **[D]** upper **[Bm]** part
I **[G]** did not **[A]** like the **[D]** tail

INSTRUMENTAL: < MELODION OR TIN WHISTLE >

**[D] / [A] / [D] / [G][A] /
[D] / [A] / [D][G] / [A]**

I **[D]** signed onto a sailing ship
My **[G]** very first day at **[D]** sea
I **[D]** seen the Mermaid **[Bm]** in the waves
A-**[G]**reaching out to **[A]** me
"Come **[D]** live with me in the sea," said she
[G] "Down on the ocean **[F#m]** floor
And I'll **[G]** show you a million **[D]** wonderful **[Bm]** things
You've **[G]** never **[A]** seen be-**[D]**fore"

So **[D]** over I jumped and she pulled me down
[G] Down to her seaweed **[D]** bed
On a **[D]** pillow made of a **[Bm]** tortoise-shell
She **[G]** placed beneath my **[A]** head
She **[D]** fed me shrimp and caviar
Up-**[G]**on a silver **[F#m]** dish
From her **[G]** head to her waist it was **[D]** just my **[Bm]** taste
But the **[G]** rest of **[A]** her was a **[D]** fish

'Cause her [G] hair was green as [D] seaweed
 Her [G] skin was blue and [D] pale
 Her [G] face it was a [D] work of art
 I [G] loved that girl with [D] all my heart
 But I [G] only liked the [D] upper [Bm] part
 I [G] did not [A] like the [D] tail

INSTRUMENTAL: < MELODION OR TIN WHISTLE >

[D] / [A] / [D] / [G][A] /
 [D] / [A] / [D][G] / [A]

But [D] then one day, she swam away
 So I [G] sang to the clams and the [D] whales
 "Oh, [D] how I miss her [Bm] seaweed hair
 And the [G] silver shine of her [A] scales!"
 But [D] then her sister, she swam by
 And [G] set my heart a-[F#m]↓whirl < PAUSE >

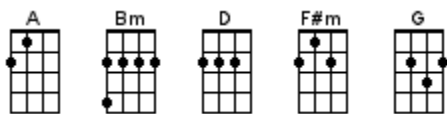
'Cause her [G] upper part was an [D] ugly [Bm] fish
 But her [G] bottom part [A] was a [D] girl

Yes her [G] hair was green as [D] seaweed
 Her [G] skin was blue and [D] pale
 Her [G] legs they are a [D] work of art
 I [G] loved that girl with [D] all my heart
 And I [G] don't give a damn about the [D] upper [Bm] part
 'Cause [G] that's how I [A] get my [D] tail

INSTRUMENTAL: < MELODION OR TIN WHISTLE >

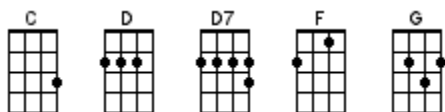
[D] / [A] / [D] / [G][A] /
 [D] / [A] / [D][G] / [A] /

[D] / [A] / [D] / [G][A] /
 [D] / [A] / [D][G] / [A]↓



The Mull River Shuffle

Donald Angus Beaton, J.S. Skinner, Jimmy Rankin, Wilfred Gillis 1993
(from The Rankin Family album North Country, 1993)



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[G] / [G] / [G] / [G] /
[G] / [F][C] / [G] / [F][C] /
[G] / [G] / [G] / [G]

Well **[G]** here comes Mister Mac-**[C]**Neil **[D]**
The **[G]** fine shape that **[C]** he is **[D7]** in
There **[G]** is no tellin' which **[C]** way he'll **[D]** feel
[G] After his twister a-**[C]**round the **[D]** bend

[G] Raisin' the jar and **[C]** raisin' **[D]** hell
There's **[G]** plenty of stories that **[C]** they will **[D7]** tell
[G] Some were born of **[C]** true de-**[D]**tail
And **[G]** some were **[D7]** purely **[G]** fiction

[G] / [F][C] / [G] / [F][C] /
[G] / [G] / [G] / [G] /

[G] Look up yonder it's **[C]** old Mac-**[D]**Phee
He's **[G]** havin' a few he can **[C]** hardly **[D7]** see
[G] Wrapped his buggy a-**[C]**round a **[D]** tree
[G] Someone **[D7]** call the **[G]** Mounties

[G] Raisin' the jar and **[C]** raisin' **[D]** hell
There's **[G]** plenty of stories that **[C]** they will **[D7]** tell
[G] Some were born of **[C]** true de-**[D]**tail
And **[G]** some were **[D7]** purely **[G]** fiction

[G] / [F][C] / [G] / [F][C] /
[G] / [G] / [G] / [G] /

[G] Up spoke fine young **[C]** Camer-**[D]**on
At the **[G]** dance got a fearful **[C]** hammer-**[D7]**in'
[G] They all stutter and **[C]** stammer-**[D]**in'
There'll be **[G]** hell to **[D7]** pay come **[G]** Saturday

[G] Raisin' the jar and **[C]** raisin' **[D]** hell
There's **[G]** plenty of stories that **[C]** they will **[D7]** tell
[G] Some were born of **[C]** true de-**[D]**tail
And **[G]** some were **[D7]** purely **[G]** fiction

[G] / [C] / [G] / [D] /
[G] / [C] / [G] / [D] /
[G] / [G] / [G] / [G] /

[G] Danny Wright [C] had a [D] light
[G] Burnin' bright [C] every [D7] night
[G] Waitin' for the [C] fish to [D] bite
A-[G]long the [D7] shores of [G] 'Hogamagh

[G] Raisin' the jar and [C] raisin' [D] hell
There's [G] plenty of stories that [C] they will [D7] tell
[G] Some were born of [C] true de-[D]tail
And [G] some were [D7] purely [G] fiction

[G] There they stand [C] by the [D] door
[G] Sellin' bush [C] by the [D7] score
[G] Askin' you to [C] buy some [D] more
A-[G]long the [D7] shores of [G] 'Hogamagh

[G] Raisin' the jar and [C] raisin' [D] hell
There's [G] plenty of stories that [C] they will [D7] tell
[G] Some were born of [C] true de-[D]tail
And [G] some were [D7] purely [G] fiction

< A CAPPELLA >

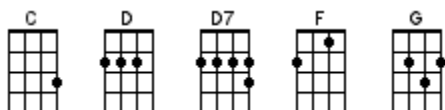
[G]↓ I'll go home, I'll go home
Full of the devil and full of the rum
I'll go home, I'll go home
We'll all go, in the mornin'

I'll go home, I'll go home
Full of the devil and full of the rum
I'll go home, I'll go home
We'll all go, in the mornin'

[G] I'll go home [C] I'll go [D] home
[G] Full of the devil and [C] full of the [D7] rum
[G] I'll go home [C] I'll go [D] home
We'll [G] all go, in the [D7] mor-[G]nin'

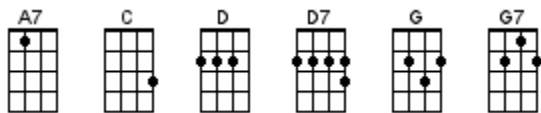
[G] I'll go home [C] I'll go [D] home
[G] Full of the devil and [C] full of the [D7] rum
[G] I'll go home [C] I'll go [D] home
We'll [G] all go, in the [D7] mor-[G]nin'

[G] I'll go home [C] I'll go [D] home
[G] Full of the devil and [C] full of the [D7] rum
[G] I'll go home [C] I'll go [D] home
We'll [G] all go, in the [D7] mor-[G]↓nin'



Song For The Mira

Allister MacGillivray 1973



INTRO: < SING E > / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

CHORUS:

[C] Can you imagine a [G] piece of the universe

[D] More fit for princes and [G] kings? [G7]

[C] I'd trade you ten of your [G] cities for Marion [D] Bridge

And the [D] pleasure it [G] brings [G]

[G] Out on the Mira on [C] warm after-[G]noons

[D] Old men go [G] fishing with [C] black line and [D7] spoon [D7]

And [G] if they catch nothing, they [C] never com-[G]plain

And I [G] wish I was [D7] with them a-[G]gain [G]

[G] Boys in their boats call to [C] girls on the [G] shore

[D] Teasing the [G] ones that they [C] dearly a-[D7]dore [D7]

And [G] into the evening, the [C] courting be-[G]gins

And I [G] wish I was [D7] with them a-[G]gain [G7]

CHORUS:

[C] Can you imagine a [G] piece of the universe

[D] More fit for princes and [G] kings? [G7]

[C] I'd trade you ten of your [G] cities for Marion [A7] Bridge

And the [A7] pleasure it [D7] brings [D7]

[G] Out on the Mira on [C] soft summer [G] nights

[D] Bonfires [G] blaze to the [C] children's de-[D7]light [D7]

They [G] dance 'round the flames singing [C] songs with their [G] friends

And I [G] wish I was [D7] with them a-[G]gain [G]

And [G] over the ashes, the [C] stories are [G] told

Of [D] witches and [G] werewolves and [C] Oak Island [D7] gold [D7]

The [G] stars on the river, they [C] sparkle and [G] spin

And I [G] wish I was [D7] with them a-[G]gain [G7]

CHORUS:

[C] Can you imagine a [G] piece of the universe

[D] More fit for princes and [G] kings? [G7]

[C] I'd trade you ten of your [G] cities for Marion [A7] Bridge

And the [A7] pleasure it [D7] brings [D7]

[G] Out on the Mira, the [C] people are [G] kind

They'll [D] treat you to [G] home brew and [C] help you un-[D7]wind [D7]

And [G] if you come broken, they'll [C] see that you [G] mend

And I [G] wish I was [D7] with them a-[G]gain [G]

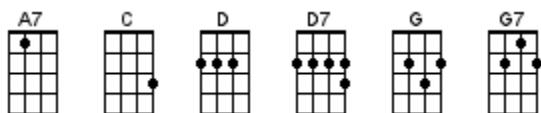
But **[G]** now I'll conclude with this **[C]** wish-you-go-**[G]**well
[D] Sweet be your **[G]** dreams and your **[C]** happiness **[D7]** swell **[D7]**
[G] I'll leave you now for my **[C]** journey be-**[G]**gins
And I'm **[G]** going to be **[D7]** with them a-**[G]**gai-**[D7]**ain
Yes, I'm **[G]** going to be **[D7]** with them a-**[G]**gain **[G7]**

CHORUS:

[C] Can you imagine a **[G]** piece of the universe
[D] More fit for princes and **[G]** kings? **[G7]**
[C] I'd trade you ten of your **[G]** cities for Marion **[A7]** Bridge
And the **[A7]** pleasure it **[D7]** brings **[D7]**

[C] Can you imagine a **[G]** piece of the universe
[D] More fit for princes and **[G]** kings? **[G7]**
[C] I'd trade you ten of your **[G]** cities for Marion **[D]** Bridge
And the **[D]** pleasure it **[G]** brings **[G]**

[C] I'd trade you ten of your **[G]** cities for Marion **[D]** Bridge
And the **[D]** pleasure it **[G]** brings **[G]**↓

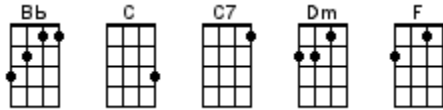


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[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

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]tellin'
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

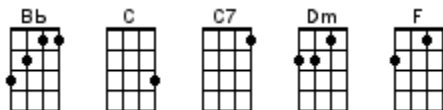
With me [F] ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong, a-[F]ring-a-ding-a-[C7]daddy-o
[F] Ring-a-ding-a-[Dm]dong [C] whack fol the [F] daddy-o

/ [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

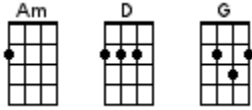


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[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

The Unicorn

Shel Silverstein 1962 (made popular by the Irish Rovers 1968)



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

A [G] long time ago, when the [Am] Earth was green
There was [D] more kinds of animals, than [G] you'd ever seen
They'd [G] run around free, while the [Am] Earth was bein' born
But the [G] loveliest of them all was the [Am]↓ u-[D]↓ni-[G]corn

CHORUS:

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

Now [G] God seen some sinnin', and it [Am] gave Him pain
And He [D] says, "Stand back, I'm goin' to [G] make it rain"
He says [G] "Hey brother Noah, I'll [Am] tell you what to do
[G] Build me a [Am] floa-[D]tin' [G] zoo, and take some of them

CHORUS:

[G] Green alligators and [Am] long-necked geese
Some [D] humpty-backed camels, and some [G] chimpanzees
Some [G] cats and rats and elephants, but [Am] sure as you're born
[G] Don't you forget my [Am]↓ u-[D]↓ni-[G]corns [G]

Old [G] Noah was there to [Am] answer the call
He [D] finished up makin' the ark, just as the [G] rain started fallin'
He [G] marched in the animals [Am] two by two
And he [G] called out as [Am] they [D] went [G] through, "Hey Lord!

CHORUS:

I got your [G] green alligators and [Am] long-necked geese
Some [D] humpty-backed camels, and some [G] chimpanzees
Some [G] cats and rats and elephants, but [Am] Lord, I'm so forlorn
I [G] just can't see no [Am]↓ u-[D]↓ni-[G]corns" [G]

Then [G] Noah looked out, through the [Am] drivin' rain
Them [D] unicorns were hidin' [G] playin' silly games
[G] Kickin' and splashin' while the [Am] rain was pourin'
[G] All them silly [Am]↓ u-[D]↓ni-[G]corns

CHORUS:

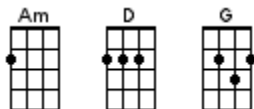
There was [G] green alligators and [Am] long-necked geese
Some [D] humpty-backed camels, and some [G] chimpanzees
Noah [G] cried, "Close the door 'cause the [Am] rain is pourin'
And [G] we just can't wait for no [Am]↓ u-[D]↓ni-[G]corns" [G]

The [G] ark started movin', it [Am] drifted with the tide
The [D] unicorns looked up from the [G] rocks and they cried
And the [G] waters came down and sort of [Am]↓ floated them away

< **SPOKEN** > And that's why you've never seen a unicorn, to this very day...

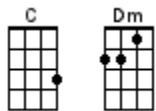
CHORUS:

You'll see [G] green alligators and [Am] long-necked geese
Some [D] humpty-backed camels, and some [G] chimpanzees
Some [G] cats and rats and elephants, but [Am] sure as you're born
You're [G] never gonna see no [Am] u...-[D]ni...-[G]corns [G]↓ [D]↓ [G]↓



Donald, Where's Your Troosers?

Andy Stewart 1960



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

I've [Dm] just come down from the Isle of Skye
I'm [C] no very big and I'm awful shy
And the [Dm] lassies shout, when I go by
[C] "Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?"

CHORUS:

Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!"
[C] Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?" [Dm] / [Dm]

A [Dm] lassie took me to a ball
And [C] it was slippery in the hall
And [Dm] I was feart that I would fall
For I [C] had nae on my [Dm] troosers

CHORUS:

Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!"
[C] Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?" [Dm] / [Dm]

Now [Dm] I went down to London town
And I [C] had some fun in the underground
The [Dm] ladies turned their heads around, saying
[C] ↓ "Donald, where **are** your trousers?"

CHORUS:

Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!"
[C] Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?" [Dm] / [Dm]

To [Dm] wear the kilt is my delight
It [C] is not wrong, I know it's right
The [Dm] 'ighlanders would get a fright
If they [C] saw me in the [Dm] troosers

CHORUS:

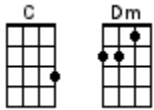
Let the [Dm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!"
[C] Donald, where's your [Dm] troosers?" [Dm] / [Dm]

The **[Dm]** lassies want me every one
Well **[C]** let them catch me if they can
You **[Dm]** cannae take the breeks off a Hieland man
And **[C]** I don't wear the **[Dm]** troosers

CHORUS:

Let the **[Dm]** wind blow high, let the wind blow low
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!
[C] Donald, where's your **[Dm]** troosers?" **[Dm]** / **[Dm]**

Let the **[Dm]** wind blow high, let the wind blow low
[C] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
[Dm] All the lassies say, "Hello!
[C] Donald, where's your **[Dm]** ↓ troosers?"

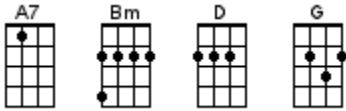


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[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

Rosin The Bow (a.k.a "Ol' Rosin the Beau")

Traditional (similar to The Clancy Brothers' version on their 1973 album "The Clancy Brother with Lou Killen - Greatest Hits")



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[G] To [D] welcome old [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

I've [D] travelled all over this world [G]
And [D] now to another I [Bm] go [Bm]
And I [D] know that good quarters are waiting [G] to
[D] Welcome old [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

CHORUS:

To [D] welcome old Rosin the [G] Bow-o-o
To [D] welcome old Rosin the [Bm] Bow [Bm]
And I [D] know that good quarters are waiting [G] to
[D] Welcome old [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

When I'm [D] dead and laid out on the counter [G]
A [D] voice you will hear from be-[Bm]low [Bm]
Sayin' [D] send down a hogshead of whiskey [G] to
[D] Drink with old [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

CHORUS:

To [D] drink with old Rosin the [G] Bow-o-o
To [D] drink with old Rosin the [Bm] Bow [Bm]
Sayin' [D] send down a hogshead of whiskey [G] to
[D] Drink with old [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

Then [D] get a half dozen stout fellas [G]
And [D] stack `em all up in a [Bm] row [Bm]
Let `em [D] drink out of half-gallon bottles [G] to
The [D] mem'ry of [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

CHORUS:

To the [D] mem'ry of Rosin the [G] Bow-o-o
To the [D] mem'ry of Rosin the [Bm] Bow [Bm]
Let `em [D] drink out of half-gallon bottles [G] to
The [D] mem'ry of [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

Then [D] get this half dozen stout fellas [G]
And [D] let them all stagger and [Bm] go [Bm]
And [D] dig a great hole in the meadow [G] and
[D] In it put [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

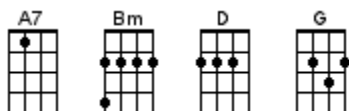
CHORUS:

And [D] in it put Rosin the [G] Bow-o-o
And [D] in it put Rosin the [Bm] Bow [Bm]
And [D] dig a great hole in the meadow [G] and
[D] In it put [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

I [D] hear that old tyrant approaching [G]
That [D] cruel, remorseless old [Bm] foe [Bm]
And I [D] lift up me glass in his honour [G] take
A [D] drink with old [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]

CHORUS:

Take a [D] drink with old Rosin the [G] Bow-o-o
Take a [D] drink with old Rosin the [Bm] Bow [Bm]
And I [D] lift up me glass in his honour [G] take **< SLOW >**
A [D] drink with old [A7] Rosin the [D] Bow [D]↓

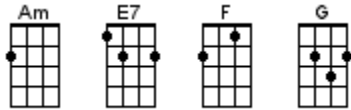


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[BACK TO SONGLIST](#)

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?)

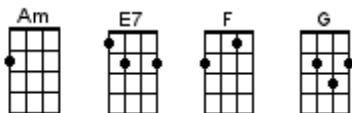
CHORUS:

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 [Am] Red Bird [F]↓ Pub
It [Am]↓ closes [F]↓ on the [E7]↓ hour!" (WHERE'S BROWN?)

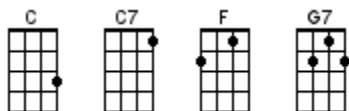
CHORUS:

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]↓



The Rambles Of Spring

Tommy Makem 1977



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

INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS:

I've a [C] fine, felt [C7] hat
And a [F] strong pair of [G7] brogues
I have [C] rosin in my [C] pocket for my [G7] bow [G7]
And my [C] fiddle strings are [C7] new
And I've [F] learned a tune or [G7] two
So I'm [C] well prepared to [G7] ramble and must [C] go [C]

There's a [C] piercing wintry [C7] breeze
Blowing [F] through the budding [C] trees
And I [C] button up my [C] coat to keep me [G7] warm [G7]
But the [C] days are on the [C7] mend
And I'm [F] on the road a-[C]gain
With my [C] fiddle snuggled [G7] close beneath my [C] arm [C]

CHORUS:

I've a [C] fine, felt [C7] hat
And a [F] strong pair of [G7] brogues
I have [C] rosin in my [C] pocket for my [G7] bow [G7]
And my [C] fiddle strings are [C7] new
And I've [F] learned a tune or [G7] two
So I'm [C] well prepared to [G7] ramble and must [C] go [C]

I'm as [C] happy as a [C7] king
When I [F] catch a breath of [C] spring
And the [C] grass is turning [C] green as winter [G7] ends [G7]
And the [C] geese are on the [C7] wing
And the [F] thrushes start to [C] sing
And I'm [C] headed down the [G7] road to see my [C] friends [C]

CHORUS:

I've a [C] fine, felt [C7] hat
And a [F] strong pair of [G7] brogues
I have [C] rosin in my [C] pocket for my [G7] bow [G7]
And my [C] fiddle strings are [C7] new
And I've [F] learned a tune or [G7] two
So I'm [C] well prepared to [G7] ramble and must [C] go [C]

I have [C] friends in every [C7] town
As I [F] ramble up and [C] down
Making [C] music at the [C] markets and the [G7] fairs [G7]
Through the [C] donkeys and the [C7] creels
And the [F] farmers making [C] deals
And the [C] yellow-headed [G7] tinkers selling [C] wares [C]

CHORUS:

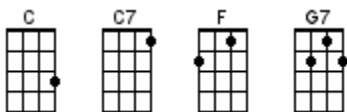
I've a [C] fine, felt [C7] hat
And a [F] strong pair of [G7] brogues
I have [C] rosin in my [C] pocket for my [G7] bow [G7]
And my [C] fiddle strings are [C7] new
And I've [F] learned a tune or [G7] two
So I'm [C] well prepared to [G7] ramble and must [C] go [C]

Here's a [C] health to one and [C7] all
To the [F] big and to the [C] small
To the [C] rich and poor a-[C]like and foe and [G7] friend [G7]
And when [C] we return a-[C7]gain
May our [F] foes have turned to [C] friends
And may [C] peace and joy be [G7] with you until [C] then [C]

CHORUS:

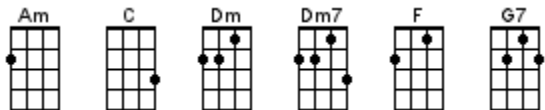
I've a [C] fine, felt [C7] hat
And a [F] strong pair of [G7] brogues
I have [C] rosin in my [C] pocket for my [G7] bow [G7]
And my [C] fiddle strings are [C7] new
And I've [F] learned a tune or [G7] two
So I'm [C] well prepared to [G7] ramble and must [C] go [C]

And I've a [C] fine, felt [C7] hat
And a [F] strong pair of [G7] brogues
I have [C] rosin in my [C] pocket for my [G7] bow [G7]
And my [C] fiddle strings are [C7] new
And I've [F] learned a tune or [G7] two
So I'm [C] well prepared to [G7] ramble and must [C]↓ go ↑↓ / [G7]↓[C]↓ /



Skye Boat Song

Lyrics: Sir Harold Boulton, Music: an air collected by Anne Campbell MacLeod
(First published 1884)



INTRO: < LOW G riff > / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[C]	[Am]	[Dm7]	[G7]	
A -----	A -----	A -----	A -----	A -----
E -3-----3---	E -3---1---0---	E -----	E -----0---1---	E -----
C -----	C -----	C -2-----2---	C -2-----	C -----
G -----	G -----	G -----	G -----	G -----
1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	

[C]	[F]	[C]	[C]	
A -----	A -----	A -----	A -----	A -----
E -0-----0---	E -----	E -----	E -0-----	E -----
C -----2---	C -----	C -0-----	C -0-----	C -----
G -----	G -2-----2---	G -----	G -----	G -----
1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	

[C] Speed bonnie [Am] boat, like a [Dm7] bird on the [G7] wing
 [C] "Onward!" the [F] sailors [C] cry [G7]
 [C] Carry the [Am] lad that's [Dm7] born to be [G7] King
 [C] Over the [F] sea to [C] Skye [C]

[Am] Loud the winds howl [Dm] loud the waves roar
 [Am] Thunderclaps [F] rend the [Am] air [Am]
 [Am] Baffled our foes [Dm] stand by the shore
 [Am] Follow they [F] will not [Am] dare [G7]

[C] Speed bonnie [Am] boat, like a [Dm7] bird on the [G7] wing
 [C] "Onward!" the [F] sailors [C] cry [G7]
 [C] Carry the [Am] lad that's [Dm7] born to be [G7] King
 [C] Over the [F] sea to [C] Skye [C]

[Am] Though the waves leap [Dm] soft shall ye sleep
 [Am] Ocean's a [F] royal [Am] bed [Am]
 [Am] Rocked in the deep [Dm] Flora will keep
 [Am] Watch by your [F] weary [Am] head [G7]

[C] Speed bonnie [Am] boat like a [Dm7] bird on the [G7] wing
 [C] "Onward!" the [F] sailors [C] cry [G7]
 [C] Carry the [Am] lad that's [Dm7] born to be [G7] King
 [C] Over the [F] sea to [C] Skye [C]

[Am] Many's the lad **[Dm]** fought on that day
[Am] Well the clay-**[F]**more could **[Am]** wield **[Am]**
[Am] When the night came **[Dm]** silently lay
[Am] Dead on **[F]** Culloden's **[Am]** field **[G7]**

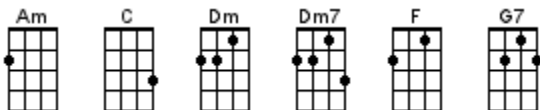
[C] Speed bonnie **[Am]** boat like a **[Dm7]** bird on the **[G7]** wing
[C] "Onward!" the **[F]** sailors **[C]** cry **[G7]**
[C] Carry the **[Am]** lad that's **[Dm7]** born to be **[G7]** King
[C] Over the **[F]** sea to **[C]** Skye **[C]**

[Am] Burned are our homes **[Dm]** exile and death
[Am] Scatter the **[F]** loyal **[Am]** men **[Am]**
[Am] Yet e'er the sword **[Dm]** cool in the sheath
[Am] Charlie will **[F]** come **[Am]** again **[G7]**

[C] Speed bonnie **[Am]** boat, like a **[Dm7]** bird on the **[G7]** wing
[C] "Onward!" the **[F]** sailors **[C]** cry **[G7]**
[C] Carry the **[Am]** lad that's **[Dm7]** born to be **[G7]** King
[C] Over the **[F]** sea to **[C]** Skye **[C]**

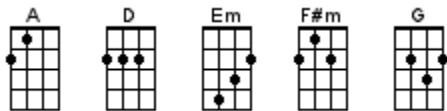
	[C]	[Am]	[Dm7]	[G7]	
A	-----	-----	-----	-----	
E	-3-----3-	-3---1---0-	-----	-----0---1-	
C	-----	-----	-2-----2-	-2-----	
G	-----	-----	-----	-----	
	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	

	[C]	[F]	[C]↓	
A	-----	-----	-----	
E	-0-----0-	-----	-----	
C	-----2-	-----	-0-----	
G	-----	-2-----2-	-----	
	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +	



Toora Loora Lay

Na Fianna and Don Mescall 2015



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[D] / [D] / [G] / [G]

I **[D]** woke up on a Sunday mornin'
[G] Tired eyes to greet the day
A **[D]** rucksack full of expectation
[G] Up on dreary Langton way
The **[A]** train a-waitin' on the platform
The **[G]** diesel hummin' high
A **[A]** one-way ticket stamped for freedom
Time for **[G]** just one last goodbye

CHORUS:

Toora **[D]** loora lay **[D]**
I'm **[Em]** on my way **[Em]**
Make it **[F#m]** New York City, San Francisco **[G]** Botany Bay **[G]**
I been **[A]** prayin', I been waitin' mister
[G] For this faithful day
Toora **[D]** loora lay **[D] / [G] / [G]**

Took **[D]** passage on the early water
[G] Waved the mainland sweet goodbye
Lit a **[D]** cigarette above on top deck
[G] Watched the seagulls soar the sky
I **[A]** woke up to the sound of laughter
And the **[G]** strangers passin' by
[A] Stepped upon the land of dreams
And **[G]** had myself a smile

CHORUS:

Toora **[D]** loora lay **[D]**
I'm **[Em]** on my way **[Em]**
Make it **[F#m]** New York City, San Francisco **[G]** Botany Bay **[G]**
I been **[A]** prayin', I been waitin' mister
[G] For this faithful day
Toora **[D]** loora lay **[D] / [G] / [G]**

Met a **[D]** sham from Blarney, ginger red
On a **[G]** New York City street
He was **[D]** askin' if I'd seen the hurlin'
And **[G]** how the hell we'd meet
At a bar in **[A]** Queens, he knew a man
That **[G]** came from my home town
Then he **[A]** borrowed twenty dollars
Till his **[G]** pay day came around

CHORUS:

Toora [D] loora lay [D]

I'm [Em] on my way [Em]

Make it [F#m] New York City, San Francisco [G] Botany Bay [G]

I been [A] prayin', I been waitin' mister

[G] For this faithful day

Toora [D] loora lay [D] / [G] / [G]

I [D]↓ got some work by Sydney Harbour

With a [G]↓ firm from Antrim town

We were [D]↓ diggin' up the paving stones

Laying [G]↓ concrete pipin' down

Found a [A] place up on the hill for pints

Where they [G] said you'd have the craic

They were [A] singin' toora loora

Sayin' we're [G] never goin' [G]↓ back

CHORUS:

Toora [D] loora lay [D]

I'm [Em] on my way [Em]

Make it [F#m] New York City, San Francisco [G] Botany Bay [G]

I been [A] prayin', I been waitin' mister

[G] For this faithful day

Toora [D]↓ loora lay

I'm on my way

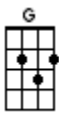
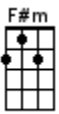
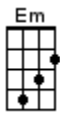
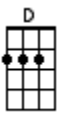
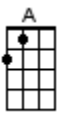
Make it [F#m] New York City, San Francisco [G] Botany Bay [G]

I been [A] prayin', I been waitin' mister

[G] For this faithful day

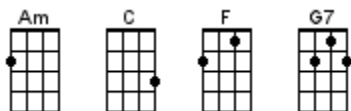
Toora [D] loora lay [D] / [G] / [G]

Toora [D] loora lay [D] / [G] / [G] / [D]↓



Vive la compagnie (Vive l'amour)

Traditional



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

Let [C] every good fellow now join in the song
[C] Vive la [G7] compag-[C]nie!
Suc-[C]cess to each other, and pass it along
[C] Vive la [G7] compag-[C]nie!

CHORUS:

[C] Vive la, vive la [F] vive l'amour
[G7] Vive la, vive la [C] vive la vie
[Am] Vive l'amour [F] vive la vie
[G7] Vive la compag-[C]nie!

A [C] friend on your left, and a friend on your right
[C] Vive la [G7] compag-[C]nie!
In [C] love and good fellowship, let us unite
[C] Vive la [G7] compag-[C]nie!

CHORUS:

[C] Vive la, vive la [F] vive l'amour
[G7] Vive la, vive la [C] vive la vie
[Am] Vive l'amour [F] vive la vie
[G7] Vive la compag-[C]nie!

Now [C] wider and wider our circle expands
[C] Vive la [G7] compag-[C]nie!
We [C] sing to our comrades in faraway lands
[C] Vive la [G7] compag-[C]nie!

CHORUS:

[C] Vive la, vive la [F] vive l'amour
[G7] Vive la, vive la [C] vive la vie
[Am] Vive l'amour [F] vive la vie
[G7] Vive la compag-[C]nie!

With [C] friends all around us we'll sing out our song
[C] Vive la [G7] compag-[C]nie!
We'll [C] banish our troubles, it won't take us long
[C] Vive la [G7] compag-[C]nie!

CHORUS:

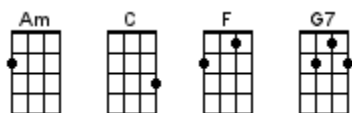
[C] Vive la, vive la [F] vive l'amour
[G7] Vive la, vive la [C] vive la vie
[Am] Vive l'amour [F] vive la vie
[G7] Vive la compag-[C]nie!

Should **[C]** time or occasion, compel us to part
[C] Vive la **[G7]** compag-**[C]**nie!
These **[C]** days shall forever enliven our heart
[C] Vive la **[G7]** compag-**[C]**nie!

CHORUS:

[C] Vive la, vive la **[F]** vive l'amour
[G7] Vive la, vive la **[C]** vive la vie
[Am] Vive l'amour **[F]** vive la vie
[G7] Vive la compag-**[C]**nie

[C] Vive la, vive la **[F]** vive l'amour
[G7] Vive la, vive la **[C]** vive la vie
[Am] Vive l'amour **[F]** vive la vie
[G7] Vive la compag-**[C]**↓ nie ↓

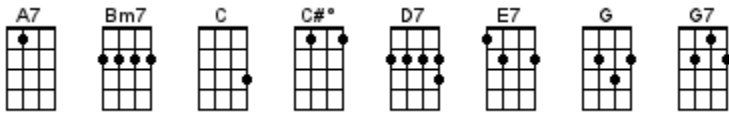


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When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Lyrics: Chauncey Olcott and Goerge Graff, Jr. Music: Ernest Ball (published 1912)



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

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

There's a [G] tear in your [D7] eye, and I'm [G] wondering [D7] why
For it [G] never should be there at 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 liltin' [D7] laughter, like [G] some fairy [D7] song
And your [G] eyes twinkle bright as can [C] be
You should [C#dim] laugh all the while, and all [Bm7] 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
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

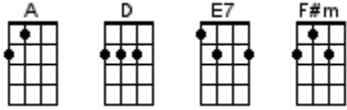
For your [G] smile is a [D7] part of the [G] love in your [D7] heart
And it [G] makes even sunshine more bright
Like the [D7] linnet's sweet song, crooning [G] all the day [E7] long
Comes your [A7] laughter so tender and [D7] light
For the [G] springtime of [D7] life is the [G] sweetest of [D7] all
There is [G] ne'er a real care or re-[C]gret
And while [C#dim] springtime is ours throughout [Bm7] all of youth's [E7] hours
Let us [A7] smile each chance we [D7] get

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
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 [G] ↓

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:

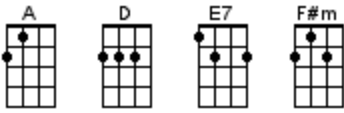
Hi, dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum
Diddley [A] doo rye diddley eye [E7] day
Hi dee [A] diddley idle dum, diddley [D] doodle idle dum
Diddley [A] doo rye [E7] diddley eye [A] day

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

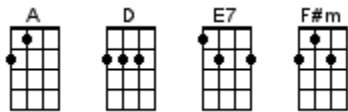
CHORUS:

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

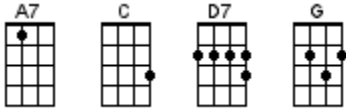


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Peein' In The Snow

Wayne Chaulk 1990 (recorded by Buddy Wasiname and the Other Fellers)



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

CHORUS:

[C] Peein' in the snow, and [G] gazin' down the hole
Is the [D7] only thing to me that looks like [G] spring, spring, spring
I said [C] peein' in the snow, and [G] gazin' down the hole
Is the [D7] only thing to me that looks like [G] spring [G]

You know [G] autumn came in summer, winter came in [C] fall
If it [C] wasn't for indoor [G] potted plants
There [A7] wouldn't be no spring at [D7] all
I [G] fear the cursed salt trucks will be workin' late in [C] June
It's [C] been so long since I [G] seen the sun
There's a [D7] lot more heat from the [G]↓ moon

CHORUS:

[C] Peein' in the snow, and [G] gazin' down the hole
Is the [D7] only thing to me that looks like [G] spring, spring, spring
I said [C] peein' in the snow, and [G] gazin' down the hole
Is the [D7] only thing to me that looks like [G] spring [G]

I [G] tried for help from government, must be somethin' they can [C] do
They [C] tell us before e-[G]lections they can [A7] turn the sky to [D7] blue
But [G] when I showed up at their door, depression I could [C] see
I was [C] so surprised to [G] see 'em [D7] doing the same as [G]↓ me

CHORUS:

[C] Peein' in the snow, and [G] gazin' down the hole
Is the [D7] only thing to me that looks like [G] spring, spring, spring
I said [C] peein' in the snow, and [G] gazin' down the hole
Is the [D7] only thing to me that looks like [G] spring [G]

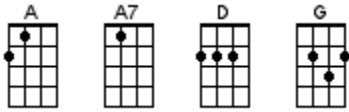
I can [G] see why so many people, turn to preachers on T-[C]-V
If this [C] winter keeps on [G] hittin', a [A7] victim I will [D7] be
You know [G] Swaggart, Roberts, and Baker, seem happy constant-[C]ly
But [C] give 'em three weeks in [G] Newfoundland
They'll be [D7] standin' outside with [G]↓ me

CHORUS:

[C] Peein' in the snow, and [G] gazin' down the hole
Is the [D7] only thing to me that looks like [G] spring, spring, spring
I said [C] peein' in the snow, and [G] gazin' down the hole
Is the [D7] only thing to me that looks like [G] spring [G]↓[D7]↓[G]↓

Working Man

Rita MacNeil 1988



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

It's a [D] working man I am
And I've [G] been down under-[D]ground
And I [D] swear to God if I ever see the [A] sun [A7]
Or for [D] any length of time
I can [G] hold it in my [D] mind
I [D] never again will [A7] go down under-[D]ground [D]

At the [D] age of sixteen years
Oh he [G] quarrels with his [D] peers
Who [D] vowed they'd never see another [A] one [A7]
In the [D] dark recess of the mines
Where you [G] age before your [D] time
And the [D] coal dust lies [A7] heavy on your [D] lungs [D]

It's a [D] working man I am
And I've [G] been down under-[D]ground
And I [D] swear to God if I ever see the [A] sun [A7]
Or for [D] any length of time
I can [G] hold it in my [D] mind
I [D] never again will [A7] go down under-[D]ground [D]

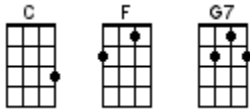
At the [D] age of sixty-four
Oh he'll [G] greet you at the [D] door
And he'll [D] gently, lead you by the [A] arm [A7]
Through the [D] dark recess of the mines
Oh he'll [G] take you back in [D] time
And he'll [D] tell you of the [A7] hardships that were [D] had [D]

It's a [D] working man I am
And I've [G] been down under-[D]ground
And I [D] swear to God if I ever see the [A] sun [A7]
Or for [D] any length of time
I can [G] hold it in my [D] mind
I [D] never again will [A7] go down under-[D]ground [D]

It's a [D] working man I am
And I've [G] been down under-[D]ground
And I [D] swear to God if I ever see the [A] sun [A7]
Or for [D] any length of time
I can [G] hold it in my [D] mind
I [D] never again will [A7] go down under-[D]ground [D]
God I [D] never again will [A7] go down under-[G]ground [G] / [D] / [D]↓

The Wild Rover

Traditional (lyrics as recorded by The Dubliners)



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [C] / [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 went [C] into an ale house, I used to fre-[F]quent [F]
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:

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 then [C] took 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:

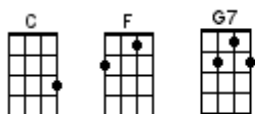
And it's [G7] no, nay, never < TAP TAP TAP >
[C] No, nay, never, no [F] more [F]
Will I [C] play the wild [F] rover [F]
No [G7] never, no [C] more [C]

I'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've caressed me, as oft times be-[F]fore [F]
Then 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 **(one last [C] time!)**

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 **[G7]**↓ **[C]**↓

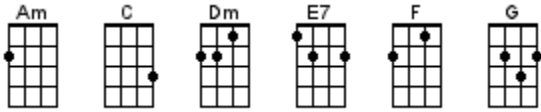


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Wellerman (Soon May The Wellerman Come)

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

