

'C' EDITION

THE CELTIC FAKE BOOK

OVER 400 SONGS

Traditional Music from Ireland, Scotland and Wales
Plus Irish Popular Songs

the CELTIC fake book



HAL•LEONARD®

'C' EDITION

The CELTIC FAKE BOOK

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- 253 Guitar Chords

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CORPORATION

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What Is Celtic?

What is meant by the term "Celtic"? Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Hebrides Islands, Brittany (a region of France), and Galicia (a region of Spain) were inhabited for many hundreds of years by a group of peoples known as the Celts. Over the last 1,000 years the Celts ceased to exist as an identifiable race. However, their culture still survives in scattered parts of the British Isles and western France. Of the six languages spoken by the ancient Celts (Irish, Scottish Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Cornish and Breton), all but Manx and Cornish are used to this day by native speakers. In modern context, the popular use of the term "Celtic music" is quite loosely defined. In many circles it is simply a synonym for "Irish"; in others it is applied heedlessly to any music (folk, new-age, even classical!) with an Irish or Scottish flavor.

This book presents a unique and diverse collection of "Celtic music." A significant attempt was made to locate and include the ancient traditional music of the Celtic countries, particularly the British Isles. There are many tunes, now otherwise lost, which were collected from native speakers in Ireland, Scotland, and the Hebrides Islands around the turn of the 20th century. More than eighty of the songs include native language other than English.

Beyond authentic Celtic music this book gives particular attention to Irish musical culture. As a bonus, we have included a considerable number of "popular" Irish songs which arose in the 19th and early 20th centuries, such as those made famous by Thomas Moore, various American Tin Pan Alley composers, and other entertainers (from the Emerald Isle and elsewhere) who were influenced by the Irish.

—The Editors

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- 147 McSorley's Twins
- 152 Michael Roy of Brooklyn City
- 154 The Minstrel Boy
- 155 Mrs. Murphy's Chowder
- 156 Molly Bawn
- 160 Mother Machree
- 161 The Mulligan Guard

- 4 My Name Is Kelly
(But I'm Livin the Life of Reilly)
- 3 My Wild Irish Rose
- 2 Off in the Stilly Night
- 9 Paddy Upon the Canal
- 0 Pat Malloy
- 2 Peg o' My Heart
- 5 The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow
- 2 Rory O'Moore
- 4 The Rose of Tralee
- 7 Since James Put on High Collars
- 1 Sweet Rosie O'Grady
- 3 That Tumble-Down Shack in Athlone
- 6 That's an Irish Lullaby
- 5 Throw Him Down, McCloskey
- 4 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer
- 8 Tourelay
- 7 The T'read on the Tail o' Me Coat
- 2 The Wearing of the Green
- 5 When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
- 8 Where the River Shannon Flows
- 7 Who Threw the Overalls in
Mistress Murphy's Chowder
- 1 You Can Tell That I'm Irish
- 2 You Can't Deny You're Irish
- 49 Christmas Duanag
- 48 A Churning Lilt
- 49 Clanranald's Parting Song
- 52 The Cockle Gatherer
- 52 Coll Nurse's Lilt
- 60 The Courting of the King of
Erin's Daughter
- 59 Cradle Spell of Dunvegan
- 62 Cuchullan's Lament for His Son
- 64 Curse of the Aspen Tree
- 66 Dance to Your Shadow
- 71 The Dowerless Maiden
- 73 A Druid of the Isles
- 74 A Dunvegan Dirge
- 80 An Eriskay Love Lilt
- 80 An Eriskay Lullaby
- 81 Ethne's Croon to Her Child Columba
- 82 The Fair Hills of Éire O!
- 83 A Fairy Plaint
- 83 A Fairy's Love Song
- 84 Farewell to the Maigue
- 84 The Fate Croon
- 89 Flora Macdonald's Love Song
- 94 From the Cold Sod That's O'er You
- 98 The Gaol of Clonmel
- 104 The Harp of Dunvegan
- 105 The Harper
- 110 Hunting the Hare
- 126 Kirsteen
- 127 Kishmul's Galley
- 130 The Lay of Diarmad
- 134 The Little Bunch of Rushes
- 135 The Little Saucepan
- 137 Loch Leven Love Lament
- 136 Lochbroom Love Song
- 139 The Love-Wandering
- 140 The Lure of the Fairy Hill
- 145 Mary Fair
- 148 Men of Harlech
- 152 The Mermaid's Croon
- 153 Milking Croon
- 153 Milking Song
- 162 Mull Fisher's Love Song
- 169 O Woman Washing by the River
- 170 O'Hara's Cup
- 171 The Old Crone's Lilt
- 176 Owen Cóir
- 178 The Palatine's Daughter
- 186 Pulse of My Heart
- 187 Putting Out to Sea
- 186 Putting the Taunt
- 196 Sea-Bird to Her Chicks
- 197 Sea Moods
- 198 The Sea-Quest
- 200 Sea Sorrow
- 196 Sea-Sounds
- 201 The Seagull of the
Land-Under-Waves
- 201 The Seal-Woman's Croon
- 204 The Ship at Sea
- 209 The Skua-Gulls
- 210 Skye Fisher's Song
- 210 The Skye Steersman's Song
- 211 Skye Water-Kelpie's Lullaby
- 214 The Snowy-Breasted Pearl
- 215 The Soft Deal Board
- 217 A Soothing Croon from Eigg
- 218 Spinning Song
- 230 Uist Cattle Croon
- 230 Ullapool Sailor's Song
- 232 A Wandering Shade
- 240 Why, Liquor of Life, Do I Love You So?
- 243 The Wind on the Moor
- 243 Witchery Cantrips
- 244 Witchery Croon
- 245 The Witchery Fate Song
- 245 Witchery Graces
- 248 The Witchery Milking Croon
- 250 The Yellow Bittern
- 248 The Yellow Ponee

SONGS IN GAELIC

'Gaelic' refers generically to the Celtic languages which are native to Ireland, Scotland and Wales. These include Irish, Scottish Gaelic, Welsh, Breton, Cornish and others.

- 12 Aillte
- 12 All Through the Night
- 14 Altar Isle o' the Sea
- 19 The Ash Grove
- 18 At the Wave Mouth
- 24 A Barra Love Lilt
- 29 Birds at the Fairy Fulling
- 12 Blessing of the Road
- 16 Caristiona
- 16 The Chanty That Beguiled the Witch
- 18 The Christ-Child's Lullaby

INTRODUCTORY GAELIC PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Many of the songs in this book are presented in their native Gaelic tongue, the language of the Celts, Irish, Picts, Scots, and Welsh. While the dialects vary, they do share one common trait: the spoken Gaelic language is as beautiful and majestic as its homeland—especially in song.

Gaelic has a unique spelling system quite different from English, but don't let that intimidate you. As with any language, it takes time and practice to become accustomed to new sounds and spellings.

The following pronunciation summary is meant only as an introductory guide to help you through the lyrics. The English sounds used to describe the Gaelic pronunciation are sometimes only approximate—especially considering dialectal differences—but always reasonably close.

Foghraíocht (Pronunciation)

from John Gleeson, Coordinator of Irish Studies, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee

<u>Gaelic</u>	<u>English</u>	<u>Gaelic</u>	<u>English</u>
a	like "a" in <i>father</i> (but not quite)	í	like "ee" in <i>bee</i>
á	like "a" in <i>call</i>	j	j
ae	like "a" in <i>lay</i>	l	l
ao	like "a" in <i>lay</i> or "ee" in <i>bee</i> , depending on dialect	m	m
b	b	mh	v
bh	v	mb	m
bp	b	n	n
c	k	ng	n
ch	like "ch" in <i>J.S. Bach</i> (American Pronunciation)	o	like "u" in <i>hug</i>
d	d	ó	like "o" in <i>crow</i>
dh	no equivalent in English, voiced like "ch"	p	p
e	like "e" in <i>check</i>	ph	f
é	like "a" in <i>case</i>	r	r
ea	like "a" in <i>cat</i>	s	like "s" in <i>song</i> when preceded or followed by "a," "o," or "u"; like "s" in <i>sugar</i> when preceded or followed by "e" or "i"; never like "s" in <i>as</i>
eo	like "o" in <i>hole</i>	t	t
f	f	t	like "ch" in <i>chin</i> when followed by "e" or "i"
fh	usually silent	th	h
g	g	u	like "u" in <i>hug</i>
gh	no equivalent in English, voiced like "ch"	ú	like "oo" in <i>zoo</i>
h	h (except when following another consonant)	v	v
i	like "i" in <i>fit</i>		

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR

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Words and Music by William Percy French

E7 A

1. The sons of the prophets are hard - y and bold, And
 2. When they need - ed a man to en - cour - age the van, Or to
 3. There are he - roes a - plen - ty and men known to fame In the
 4. He could im - i - tate Ir - ving, play pok - er and pool And
 5. One day, this bold Rus - sian had shoul - dered his gun And
 6. Young man," said A - bul - bul," had life grown so dull That you're

7.-12. (See additional lyrics)

D A

quite un - ac - cus - tomed to fear. But the
 ha - rass the foe from the rear, Storm the
 troops that were led by the Czar. But the
 strum on the Span - ish gui - tar. In
 donned his most truc - u - lent sneer. Down -
 anx - ious to end your car - reer? Vile

E7 A

brav - est of all was a man, I am
 fort - or re - doubt, they had on - ly to
 brav - est of these was a man by the
 fact, quite the cream of the Mus - co - vite
 town he did go, where he he trod co - on - the
 in - fi - del, know you have trod on the

A/E E7 A

told, Named Ab - dul A - bul - bul A - mir.
 shout For Ab - dul A - bul - vul A - mir.
 name Of I - van Ska - vin - sky Ski - var.
 team Was I - van Ska - vin - sky Ski - var.
 toe Of Ab - dul A - bul - bul A - mir.
 toe Of Ab - dul A - bul - bul A - mir."

Additional Lyrics

- 7. Quoth Ivan, "My friend, your remarks, in the end,
Will avail you but little, I fear,
For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdul Abulbul Amir!"
- 8. They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow moon;
The din, it was heard from afar;
And great multitudes came, so great was the fame
of Abdul and Ivan Skivar.
- 9. As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life -
In fact, he was shouting "Huzzah!"
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.
- 10. The sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer;
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.
- 11. There's a tomb rises up where the blue Danube flows;
Engraved there in characters clear;
"Ah stranger, when passing, please pray for the soul
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."
- 12. A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
'Neath the light of the pale polar star;
And the name that she murmurs as oft as she weeps
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

AIGNISH ON THE MACHAIR

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Dm Gm Dm Am Dm Am G

1. When day and night are o - ver, And the world is done with
 2. And nev - er heed me ly - ing A - mong the an - cient
 3. The grey gulls wheel - ing ev - er, And the wide arch of

C Am Dm Am G Em Am Dm Am Gm

me, Oh car - ry me West and lay me In Aig - nish, Aig - nish by the sea.
 dead, Be - side the white sea - break - ers And sand - drift o - ver - head.
 sky, Oh Aig - nish, Aig - nish on the Mach - air, And qui - et, qui - et there to lie.

ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN

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Irish folksong

1. Oh, the times are hard and the wages low,
 2. Oh the land of promise there you'll see,
 3. And to Liv - er - pool I'll take my way,
 4. There's Liv - er - pool Pat with his tar - p'lin hat,
 5. Be - ware the pack - et ships, I say,

A - me - lia, where you

bound to? { The Rock - y Moun - tains are my home,
 I'm bound a - cross that west - ern sea To join the I - rish ar - my.
 To Liv - er - pool, that Yan - kee school, A - cross the west - ern o - cean.
 And Yan - kee John, the pack - et rat, A - cross the west - ern o - cean.
 They steal your stores and clothes a - way, A - cross the west - ern o - cean.

AILLTE

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. The queen of Loch - lin of the brown shields
 2. The king of Loch - lin, his hard - y hosts
 3. There - were that wound - ed fell

1. Thug Ban - righ Loch - lainn - nan sgiath donn
 2. Chruin - nich Righ Loch - lainn - gu grad a shluagh,
 3. Mur robh fear a chaidh o fheum

Deep love gave, that all en -
 In this hour of need _____
 or died on the field of

Trom - ghaol trom, an gaol nach
 Cabh - lach cruaidh gún tug e
 no chaidh do'n Ghreig a

dur - eth, To Aill - te young of the keen - edg'd blades, -
 gath - er'd, And with them came the might - y stal - warts
 bat - tle, But nev - er one was home re - turn - ing of all the might - y Loch - lin men.
 las - aich, Do Aill - te greadhannach nan arm geur
 leis, 'Se sin a bha aig anns an uair,
 null, Cha dea - chaidh fear d'a thir fein

And se - cret - ly with him fled she.
 Of nine kings from the north - ern shores.
 Gu'n d'fhalbh i ann an ceilg leis.
 Naoi righrean 's an slu - agh leo.
 de na thug Righ - Lochlainn nall.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

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Welsh folksong

1. Sleep, my child and peace at - tend Thee, All through the night; Guard - ian an - gels
 2. While the moon her watch is keep - ing, All through the night; While the wea - ry
 3. You, my God, a Babe of won - der, All through the night; Dreams you dream can't

God will send Thee, All through the night. Soft the drows - y hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in
 world is sleep - ing, All through the night, Through your dreams you're swift - ly steal - ing, Vi - sions of de -
 break from thun - der, All through the night. Chil - dren's dreams can - not be bro - ken; Life is but a

slum - ber sleep - ing, God His lov - ing vig - il keep - ing, All through the night.
 light re - veal - ing, Christ - mas time is so ap - peal - ing, All through the night.
 love - ly to - ken. Christ - mas should be soft - ly spo - ken All through the night.

ALISTER, SON OF COLL THE SPLENDID

(Alasdair Mac Colla)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Am

1. Al - is - ter, brave son art thou, of Coll the splen - did, o - ho
2. Ach - nam - breac lies low By the loch shore o - ho

C F Dm Am Dm C Am Chorus

'Twas thy hand, that struck the blow, Thine the brave deed, trowm ai - ly. How -
Him they bur - y o - ho And for him make moan and wail - ing.

Dm G

lay - leev - o - hee How - lo - ho - ro How - lay - leev - o - how how - low - ho - ro

Em C Am G C Dm Am Em Am

How - la - lo how - ree - o, how - la ho - ro, Ha - o - ee o ho, trowm ai - ly.

Gaelic Lyrics

1. Alasdair Mhìc o-hó
Chòlla ghasda, o-hó
As do laimh gu'n o-hó
Earbainn tapadh trom eile.

Chorus

2. Chall eilìbh o hì chall o ho ro
Ehall eilìbh ohaò chall o ho ro
Chall a lo hao rio chall a ho ro
Hao i o ho trom eile.

AR FOL LOL LOL O

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Irish folksong

E A E

1.,3.,5. Ar fol lol lol o ho - ro, ar fol lol lol ay, Ar
2. There's lilt in the song I sing, there's laugh - ter and love, There's
4. And wheth - er the blood be high - land, low - land or no, And

A B7 E

fol lol lol o ho - ro, ar fol lol lol ay, Ar
tang of the sea and blue from heav - en a - bove, Of
wheth - er the skin be black or white as the snow, Of

A E A E A B

fol lol lol o ho - ro, ar fol lol lol ay, Ar
rea - son there's none and why should there be for bye, There's
kith and of kin we're one, be it right, be it wrong, And

A E A B

Fol lee fol o ho - ro, ar fol lol lol ay, Ar
As long as there's fire in the blood and a light in the eye, Of
As long as our voi - ces join the cho - rus of song, Of

ALONG WITH MY LOVE I'LL GO

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Irish folksong

Musical notation for the song 'Along with my love I'll go'. It consists of four staves of music in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are: Staff 1: Dm, F, C, Dm, Am, A, Dm; Staff 2: F, C, Dm, Am, A, Dm; Staff 3: F, Bb, F, Dm, Am, Bb; Staff 4: Dm, F, C, Dm, Am, A, D. The piece ends with a double bar line.

ALTAR ISLE O' THE SEA (Donull nan Donull)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Musical notation for the first line of 'Altar Isle o' the Sea'. It is in 2/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are: G, Cm/G, G.

1. Eil - ean Rùm, _____	Eil - ean Rùm, _____	Eil - ean Rùm, _____	mo - chree, _____	Ev - er _____
2. Ev - er float - ing,	ev - er float - ing,	ev - er float - ing	by thee, _____	Are _____
3. Eil - ean Rùm, _____	Eil - ean Rùm, _____	Eil - ean Rùm, _____	mo - chree, _____	Sure a _____
1. Gur a boidh - each,	gur a boidh - each,	Gur a boidh - each	na lòn, _____	Gur a _____
2. Nail, a Dhòn - uill	nan Dòn - ull,	Bidh mi bròn - ach	ad dhéidh, _____	Do chul _____
3. Nail, a Dhon -	uill nan Dòn -	ull, Suil mhòdhar _____	ad cheann, _____	'S ma's a _____

Musical notation for the second line of 'Altar Isle o' the Sea'. It is in 2/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are: Bm, Em, C, G, Em.

haunt I the Byall - ach, Gaz - ing out - ward to sea, _____ Float - ing
white clouds of in - cense, Al - tar Isle o' the sea, _____ Like _____
vow I am mak - ing, Al - tar Isle o' the sea, _____ Float - ing
boidh - each an leit - ir Air an sgaoil - eadh an ceò, _____ Gur a _____
bach - lag - ach boidh - each, 'S e mar ait - eal nan seud; _____ Cha bhi _____
dèon - ach le Bri - an, Leat mis - e air laimh, _____ Leat _____

Musical notation for the third line of 'Altar Isle o' the Sea'. It is in 2/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are: G, Cm/G, G, C/G, G.

clouds lie a - bove, Float - ing _____ Cool - ins be - low, Tir - nan -
in - cense of love, Ri - sing _____ out of the _____ gloom, Are the
mist - wreaths a - bove, float - ing _____ Cool - ins be - low, Tir - nan -
boidh - each an Los - aid, _____ 'S Baile - ghrob - an 'na _____ choir; Leam is
òg - bhean 'sna gleann - aibh, _____ Nach bi ort ann an - geall, No _____
mis - e mar gheal - ach, _____ Leat mis - e mar ghrian, _____ Leat _____

Musical notation for the fourth line of 'Altar Isle o' the Sea'. It is in 2/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are: Cm/G, G, C/G, G.

og o' my _____ heart, Floats _____ my _____ dream to thy _____ glow, _____
mist wreaths that _____ float on thy _____ blue peaks, O _____ Rùm, _____
og o' my _____ heart, Glides _____ my _____ dream to thy _____ glow, _____
boidh - che Cinn - loch Far am _____ bi _____ mo sheachd - rùn ag _____ òl, _____
cuach - ag an _____ coill Nach _____ bi _____ lan - tìr - sach ad _____ dhéidh, _____
mis - e mu'n _____ caill mi _____ M'uille _____ chainnt is mo _____ chiall, _____

"ARE YOU THERE, MO-RI-AR-I-TY?"

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Irish folksong

E A E B7 E C#m E A B

1. Whin first I kem to Dub - lin town 'Twas in eigh - teen — eigh - y - three, I
 2. On, on I wint wid - out ac - ci - dent Till the sta - tion — came in view, Then me -
 3. Wid no de - lay I drew me pay And be - gan for to stud - y too, A
 4. Whin to court I went, on bus - 'ness bent, The — Jedge on his binch looked grim; But
 5. The Lat - in I knew in a week or two, And I gave them — soon a shock, Whin I
 6. The la - dies too, I ver - y soon knew, Wor — smit - ten, — wan an' all; For be -
 7. Win me work is done and me course is run, And I've walked on me last long beat, And to

E A E B7 E G#m A E

wint di - rect, wid me head e - rect, For to join the — D. M. P.* Me ma -
 self I saw as a limb of the law, Dressed — out like a big Boy Blue. As —
 po - lice - man I — soon be - came, Pre - pared for me job to do. Thieves —
 af - ter a while I's — see him smile, If I hap - pened to glance at him. Thin I'd
 hurled a junk 'ave a "quid pro nunc," With a "post" and a "prop - ter hoc." A —
 neath me spell, they — quick - ly fell, And I held them — in me thrall. Wid me
 Heav - en's shore I'll — quick - ly soar, Saint — Pe - ter — there to meet, Sure, I

A E B7 E C#m E A B

jes - tic feet woke — Kev - in Street, As I walked up — proud an' free; For
 thro' the gate of me fu - ture fate I — shtrode on — man - ful - ly, All the
 far and near I — filled with fear, Jail - birds a - void - ed me; Male -
 hear him say in a sol - emn way: "Now and who could — that man be?" "My
 "ha - be - as cor - pus" or — "aq - ua for - tis" Was all the — same to me! Whin I'd
 hand - some face, wid me charm and grace, They — thought and they dreamt of me; And whin
 hope he'll say, in a kind - ly way, "Is it there, Tim, yer - self I see; Yer re -

E A E B7 E G#m A E

well I knew that they could not do wid - out me, MO - RI - AR - I - TY!
 po - lice cried when they seen me shtride, "An' is this MO - RI - AR - I - TY?"
 fac - tors trem - bled — when they heard, "Now — here's MO - RI - AR - I - TY!"
 Lord", said the clerk, "he's a man of mark, Name — of MO - RI - AR - I - TY."
 take the floor the — cri - er would roar: "Wish - a! Here's MO - RI - AR - I - TY!"
 I'd pass by I could hear them sigh: "Oh I love MO - RI - AR - I - TY!"
 ward you've won for yer work well done, Shtep — in! MO - RI - AR - I - TY!"

I'm a

C#m G#m C#m E A B

well - known bob - by of the stal - wart squad, I be - long to the D. M. P. And the

E A E B7 C#m7 A E A B7 E

girls all cry as I pass by: "Are you there, MO - RI - AR - I - TY?"

*Dublin Metropolitan Police

ARTHUR McBRIDE

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Irish folksong

1. I had a first cous-in called Ar - thur Mc - Bride, He and I took a stroll down
 2. He says, "My young fel - lows, - if you will en - list, A - guin - ea you quick - ly shall

by the sea - side, A - seek - ing good for - tune and what might be - tide, 'Twas
 have in your - first Be - sides - a crown for to kick up the dust, And

just as the day was a - dawn - ing, Then af - ter rest - ing we both took a
 drink the king's health in the morn - ing." Had we been such fools as to take the ad -

tramp, We met ser - geant Har - per and cor - po - ral Cramp, Be - sides the wee
 vance, The wee bit - ter morn - ing we had run to - chance, For you'd think it no

drum - mer who beat up for camp, With his row - dy - dow - dow in the morn - ing.
 scru - ple to send us to France Where - we would be killed in the morn - ing.

AS I ROVED OUT (I)

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Irish folksong

1. As I roved out on a May morn - ing, On a May morn - ing right
 2. Her boots were black and her stock - ings white, And her buck - les shone like
 3. "What age are you, my - nice sweet girl, What - age are you, my
 4. I went to the house on the top of the hill When the moon was shin - ing
 5. She caught her by the - hair of the head And - down to the room she
 6. "Will you mar - ry me now, my - sol - dier lad, Will you mar - ry me now or
 7.,8. (See additional lyrics)

ear - ly, I met my love up - on the way, Oh, Lord, but she was ear - ly.
 sil - ver; She had a dark and a roll - ing eye, And her ear - rings tipped her shoul - ders.
 hon - ey?" How mod - est - ly she an - swered me, "I'll be six - teen on Sun - day."
 clear - ly, She then a - rose to let me in, But her mam - my chanced to hear her.
 brought - her, And with the root of a ha - zel twig She was the well - beat daugh - ter.
 nev - er? Will you mar - ry me now, my sol - dier lad, For you see I'm done for - ev - er?"

And she sang lilt - a - doo - dle, lilt - a - doo - dle, lilt - a - doo - dle - dee, And she

C F Dm

hi - da - land - da - dee, And she hi - da - land - da - dee, and she land - dae.

Additional Lyrics

7. "No, I won't marry you, my bonny wee girl,
I won't marry you, my honey,
For I have got a wife at home,
And how could I disown her?"

Chorus

8. A pint a night is my delight,
And a gallon in the morning;
The old women are my heartbreak,
But the young ones is my darling.

Chorus

AS I ROVED OUT (II)

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Irish folksong

Bm A Bm

1. And who are you me pret - ty fair — maid And who are you me
2. And will you come to me moth - er's — house When the sun is shin - ing
3. So I went to her house in the mid - dle of the night When the moon was shin - ing
4. She took me horse by the bri - dle and the bit And she led him to the
5. Then she took me by the lil - y - white — hand, And she led me to the
6. Then I got up and made — the — bed. And I made it nice and

7.,8. (See additional lyrics)

A Bm A Bm A

ho - ney, And who are you me pret - ty fair — maid and who are you me ho - ney, She
clear - ly, And will you come to me moth - er's — house When the sun is shin - ing clear - ly, I'll
clear - ly, So I went to her house in the mid - dle of the night When the moon was shin - ing clear - ly, She
sta - ble, She took me horse by the bri - dle and the bit And she led him to the sta - ble, Say - ing,
ta - ble, Then she took me by the lil - y - white — hand, And she led me to the ta - ble, Say - ing,
ais - y, Then I got up and made — the — bed And I made it nice and ais - y, Then

Bm F#m A Esus E

ans - wered me quite — mo - dest - ly; "I am me moth - er's dar - ling, }
o - pen the door and I'll let you in And di - vil a one would hear us, }
o - pened the door and she let me in And di - vil the one did hear us, } With me
"There's plen - ty of oats for a sol - dier's horse, To eat it if he's a - ble."
"There's plen - ty of wine for a sol - dier's boy, To drink it if you're a - ble."
I got up and — laid her down, Say - ing, "Las - sie are you a - ble?"

Bm A F#m Bm

too - ry - ay, Fol de did - dle day, Di - re, Fol de did - dle dair - ie — oh,

Additional Lyrics

7. And there we lay till the break of day,
And divil a one did hear us (repeat)
Then I arose and put on me clothes,
Saying, "Lassie, I must leave you."

8. And when will you return again
And when will we get married (repeat)
When broken shells make Christmas bells
We might well get married.

AT THE WAVE MOUTH (Aig Beul nan Tonn)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. And who may the strange one be, Who croons be - side the wave - mouth Like
 2. Nor merle she nor ma - vis she, St. Bride's bird she nor sea - mew, Nor
 3. And who may the strange one be, Who croons be - side the wave - mouth? Like
 1. Co ì bhain - tigh'rm aill - idh bhinn, Air lì na fea - mann cròic - idh I
 2. Cha lòn i, cha smeor - ach i, cha bhrìd - ean i 's cha'n fhaoil - eann, Cha
 3. Co ì bhain - tigh'rm àill - idh bhinn, Air lì na fea - mann cròic - idh? I

sea - wrack brown and beau - teous, Who may yon strange one be?
 seal from far a way linns, Nor kyle sea - maid - en she!
 sea - wrack brown and beau - teous, Who may yon strange one be?
 seinn leath fhein fo'n tom ud, Aig beul nan tonn 'na h-òn - air?
 ròn o'n linn - idh thall i, Cha mhaigh - dean - mhar' o'n chaol!
 seinn leath fhein fo'n tom ud Aig beul nan tonn 'na h-òn - air?

AULD LANG SYNE

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Scottish folksong
Words by Robert Burns

Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, and nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac - quaint - ance
 be for - got and days of Auld Lang Syne? For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, for
 Auld Lang Syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, for Auld Lang Syne.

AS I WAS GOING TO BALLYNURE

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Irish folksong

1. As I was go - in' to Bal - ly - nure, The day I well re -
 2. As I was go - in' a - long the road, When home - ward I was
 3. Said the wee lad to the wee lass, "It's will ye let me
 4. This cor - dial that ye talk a - bout, There's ver - y few that

mem - ber, For to view the lads and lass - es On the
 walk - ing, For I heard a wee lad be - hind a ditch To his
 kiss ye For it's I have got the cor - dial eye That
 gets it, For there's noth - in' now but crook - ed crumbs And

Em D G Am G

fifth day of No - vem ber, }
 wee lass he was talk - ing, }
 far ex - ceeds the can talk whis - key, }
 mus - lin gowns can catch it, } With a ma - ring - doo - a -

Am G Am Em Am

day, With a ma - ring a - doo - a - dad - dy - o.

THE ASH GROVE (Llwyn On)

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Welsh folksong

A Bm E

1. The ash grove how grace - ful, how plain - ly 'tis speak - ing, The
 2. My lips smile no more, my heart los - es its light - ness, No
 1. Yn Mhal - as Llwyn - On gynt, fe drig - ai pen - def - ig Ef -
 2. Rhy hwyr yd - oedd gal - w y saeth at y llwyn A'r

A D A E7 A

harp through it play - ing has lan - guage for me; When - ev - er the
 dream of the fu - ture my spir - it can cheer, I on - ly would
 e oedd ys - gwei - ar ac spir - ar - glwydd y wlad; Ac idd - o un
 llanc - es yn mar - w yn wel - w a gwan; By - gyth - iodd ei

Bm E A D

light through its branch - es is break - ing, A host of kind - fa - ces is
 brood on the past and its bright - ness, The dead I have mourn'd are a -
 en - eth a past an - yd yn un - ig A hi' nol yr han - es oedd
 gledd - yf trwy gal - on y llenc - yn; Ond ni red - ai Car - iad un

A E7 A D A E7

gaz - ing on me. The friends of my child - hood a - gain are be -
 gain liv - ing here. From ev' - ry dark nook they press for - ward to
 aer - es ei here. Aeth Car - iad i'w gwel - ed, yn hân a phur
 fod - fedd o'r fan. 'Roedd Gol - ud, ei "dar - par" yn hên ac an -

A E F#m E B7 E

fore me, Each step wakes a mem - 'ry, as free - ly I roam, With
 meet me, I lift up my eyes to the broad leaf - y dome, And
 lenc - yn, Ond cod - ai'r ys gwei - ar yn af - ar ac erch, I
 yn - ad, A geir - iau di - wedd - af yr Aer - es hardd hon, Oedd,

A Bm E

soft whis - pers la - den, its leaves rus - tle o'er me, The
 oth - ers are there look - ing down - ward to greet me, The
 saeth - u'r bach - gen - yn, ond gwyr - odd ei lin - yn, A'i
 "gwell gen - yf far - w trwy Er - gyd fy Nghar - iad, Na

A D A E7 A

ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home.
 ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home.
 er - gyd yn wyr - gam i fyn - wes ei ferch.
 byw gyd a Gol - ud yn Mhal - as Llwyn On."

AVONDALE

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Irish folksong

1. Oh have you been _____ to A - von - dale, And lin - gered in it's love - ly vale Where
 2. Where pride and an - cient glo - ry fade, So was the land where he was laid Like
 3. Long years that green _____ and love - ly vale Has nursed Par-nell, her grand - est Gael And

tall trees whis - per and know the tale Of A - von - dale's _____ proud ea - gle.
 Christ was thir - ty piec - es _____ paid For A - von - dale's _____ proud ea - gle.
 curse the land that has be - trayed Fair A - von - dale's _____ proud ea - gle.

BALOO BALEERIE

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Scottish folksong

Ba - loo ba - lee - rie, ba - loo ba - lee - rie, ba -
 loo ba - lee - rie, Ba - loo ba - lee. { 1. Gang a -
 2. Down _____
 3. Sleep _____

wa' come the pee - rie fair - ies, gang a - wa' the pee - rie
 come the bon - ny an - gels, down _____ come the bon - ny
 saft my _____ ba - by, sleep _____ saft my _____

fair - ies. Gang a - wa' the pee - rie fair - ies. Frae oor ben noo.
 an - gels. Down _____ come the bon - ny an - gels. Tae oor ben noo.
 ba - by. Sleep _____ saft my _____ ba - by. In oor ben noo.

BALOO, LAMMY

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Scottish folksong

1. This day _____ to _____ you _____ is born _____ a _____ Child, Of
 2. And now _____ shall _____ Ma - ry's lit - tle _____ Babe, For
 3. Sleep sound - ly, King _____ Je - sus, and know _____ no _____ fear, Thy

Ma - ry _____ meek, _____ the Vir - gin _____ mild; That
 ev - er _____ be _____ our Hope _____ and _____ Joy; E
 sub - jects a - dor - ing, watch o - ver _____ Thee _____ here, God's

G D A D G D A D G D

bless - ed Bairn so lov - ing and kind, Shall now sing
 ter - nal and he be - herds, His and His reign on earth, Re - joice, then all
 an - gels and shep - herds, and kine in their stall, And wise men men and

A G D A7 D G D A7 D

prais - es both heart and mind;
 peo - ple, for this ho - ly birth;
 Vir - gin Thy guar - dians all; } Ba - loo, Lam - my.

THE BAND PLAYED ON

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Words by John F. Palmer
 Music by Charles B. Ward

G D7

Cas - ey would waltz with a straw - ber - ry blonde, and the band played on. He'd

G

glide 'cross the floor with the girl he a - dor'd and the band played on. But his

D7 G7 C Am

brain was so load - ed it near - ly ex - plod - ed; the poor girl would shake with a - larm. He'd

Edim G Em A7 D7 G

ne'er leave the girl with the straw - ber - ry curls, and the band played on.

THE BANKS OF THE SUIR

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Irish folksong

A C#m F#m A E7 A

F#m D C#m D C#m D

F#m A F#m A E7 A

THE BANTRY GIRLS' LAMENT

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Irish folksong

D A

1. Oh, who will plough the field now, or who will sell the corn? Oh,
 2. The girls from the baw - no - ge in sor - row may re - tire, And the
 3. The boys will sore - ly miss him when Mon - ey - more comes round, And
 4. At wakes or hurl - ing match - es your like we'll nev - er see Till
 5. If cru - el fate will not per - mit our John - ny to re - turn, His

D G D

who will wash the sheep now and have them nice - ly shorn? The
 pip - er and his bel - lows may go home and blow the fire; For
 grieve that their bold cap - tain is no - where to be found. The
 you come back to us a - gain, a stoi - rin óg mo chroí, And
 heav - y loss we Ban - try girls will nev - er cease to mourn. We'll re -

G D A

stack that's in the hag - gard, un - trash'd it may re - main Since
 John - ny, love - ly John - ny, is sail - ing o'er the Main, A
 peel - ers must stand i - dle a - gainst their will and grain, For the
 won't you trounce the buck - eens that show us much dis - dain, Be
 sign our - selves to our sad lot and die in grief and pain, Since

D G D

John - ny went a - trash - ing the dir - ty king of Spain.
 long with oth - er pa - tri - ots to fight the king of Spain.
 val - iant boy who gave them work now peels the king of Spain.
 cause our eyes are not so bright as those you'll meet in Spain.
 John - ny died for Ire - land's pride in the for - eign land of Spain.

BARBARA ALLEN

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Scottish folksong

D G A Bm A D Bm E

1. In Scar - let Town, where I was born; There was a fair maid
 2. 'Twas in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds they were
 3. He sent a ser - vant to the town, The place where she was
 4. And as she crossed the wood - ed fields, She heard his death - bell
 5. O Moth - er, Moth - er, make my bed, And make it long and
 6. "Fare - well," she said, "ye maid - ens all, And shun the fault I

A A7 G A7 D A D G A D

dwel - in', Made ev - 'ry youth cry Well - a - day! Her name was Bar - b'ra Al - len.
 swell - in', Sweet Wil - liam on his death - bed lay For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.
 dwell - in', "My mas - ter's sick and bids you come If you be Bar - b'ra Al - len."
 knell - in', And ev - 'ry stroke, it spoke her name, "Hard - heart - ed Bar - b'ra Al - len."
 nar - row. Sweet Wil - liam died for love of me; I'll die for him of sor - row."
 fell in: Hence - forth take warn - ing by the fall Of cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len.

THE BARNYARDS OF DELGATY

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Scottish folksong



1. As I cam' in by Tur - ra mar - ket, Tur - ra mar - ket for to fee,
 2. He prom - ised me the ae best pair That ev - er I set my e'en up - on.
 3. The auld black horse sat on its rump, The auld white mare lay on her wime.
 4. When I gae to the kirk on Sun - day, Mon - y's the bon - nie lass I see
 5. I can drink and no' be drunk, I can fecht and no' be slain.
 6. Noo my can - nle is brunt oot, My snot - ter's fair - ly on the wane.



I fell in wi' a fair - mer chiel, The Barn - yards o' Del - ga - ty.
 When I gaed to the Barn - yards There was nae - thing but skin and bone.
 And for a'that I could "Hup" and crack, They would - na rise at yok - in' time.
 Sit - tin' by her fa - ther's side, And wink - in' owre the pews at me.
 I can lie wi' an - ith - er man's lass, And aye - be wel - come to my ain.
 Sae fare ye weel, ye Barn - yards, Ye nev - er catch me here a - gain.



Lin - ten a - die too - rin a - die, Lin - ten a - die too - rin ee;



Lin - ten low - rin, low - rin low - rin, the Barn - yards o' Del - ga - ty.

BE THOU MY VISION

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Irish folksong
 Ancient Irish poem
 Translation by Mary E. Byrne



1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise.
 3. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word;
 4. High King of heav - en, when vic - t'ry true is won,



Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art;
 Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
 I ev - er with Thee, and Thou with me, Lord:
 may I reach heav - en's joys, bright heav - en's sun!



Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,
 Heart of my heart, what - ev - er be - fall,



Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
 Great God of heav - en, my treas - ure Thou art.
 Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.
 Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

THE BARD OF ARMAGH

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Irish folksong

1. Oh, — list to the lay of a poor I - rish harp - er And scorn not the
 2. At a fair or a wake I could twist my shil - le - lagh Or trip through a
 3. Oh, how I long to muse on the days of my boy - hood, Though four - score and
 4. And when Ser - geant - Death in his cold arms shall em - brace - me, Then lull me to

strains of his old with - ered hand, But — re - mem - ber his fin - gers, — they
 jig with my brogues bound with straw, And — all the pret - ty col - leens — a -
 three years have flit - ted since then. Yet — they bring sweet re - flec - tions — as
 sleep with sweet Er - in go Bragh. By — the side of my Kath - leen, — my

once could move sharp - er To — raise up the mem - 'ry of his dear na - tive land.
 round me as - sem - bled Loved — their bold Phel - im Bra - dy, the — bard of Ar - magh.
 ev - 'ry young joy — should, For — the mer - ry - heart - ed boys — make the best of old men.
 young wife, oh place — me, Then — for - get Phe - lim Bra - dy, the — bard of Ar - magh.

A BARRA LOVE LILT

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. One fine morn - ing Ho - ro - ho - i - o Rose I ear - ly,
 2. On her deck were Ho - ro - ho - i - o Thou - sand fair men,
 1. Dh'ei - rich mi moch Ho - ro - ho - i - o Ma - duinn al - uinn
 2. Mi - le fear fionn Ho - ro - ho - i - o Air a clàr - aidh

Ho - ro - ho - i - o The hill shoul - der Ho - ro - ho - i - o
 Ho - ro - ho - i - o Fair - est of — them Ho - ro - ho - i - o
 Ho - ro - ho - i - o Dhi - rich mi — suas Ho - ro - ho - i - o
 Ho - ro - ho - i - o Is mo lean - nan fhein Ho - ro - ho - i - o

Climbed I ear - ly, Ho - ro - ho - i - o To the sky line,
 My own dear — one, Ho - ro - ho - i - o In what ha - ven
 Gual' a bhrai - ghe Ho - ro - ho - i - o Dh'amh - airc mi bh'uam
 Fear a b'fhearr — dhiubh Ho - ro - ho - i - o Ge b'e ca - la

Ho - ro - i - o Gazed I sea - ward Ho - ro - i - o
 Ho - ro - i - o She to - night rest, Ho - ro - i - o
 Ho - ro - i - o Fad' air fàì - re Ho - ro - i - o
 Ho - ro - i - o Nochd an tamh sibh Ho - ro - i - o

There a great ship, Ho - ro - i - o Brav - ing high seas,
 There be sing - ing, Ho - ro - i - o Mu - sic's laugh - ter
 Chun - naic mi long, Ho - ro - i - o Mhor 'sa bhair - linn
 Gu'm bi fèi - le Ho - ro - i - o Ceòl is màn - ran

Ho - ro - i - o On her deck were Ho - ro - ho -
 Ho - ro - i - o One fine morn - ing Ho - ro - ho -
 Ho - ro - i - o Mi - le fear fionn Ho - ro - ho -
 Ho - ro - i - o Dh'ei - rich mi - moch Ho - ro - ho -

i - o Thou - sand fair men Ho - ro - ho - i - o.
 i - o Climbed I ear - ly Ho - ro - ho - i - o.
 i - o Air a clàr - aidh Ho - ro - ho - i - o.
 i - o Ma - duinn al - uinn Ho - ro - ho - i - o.

BATCHELOR'S WALK

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Irish popular song

1. You true born sons of Erin's Isle, come listen to my song. My
 2. On the twenty-sixth day of July, the truth I'll tell to you. The
 3. The crowds they all kept cheer - ing on as our brave de - fend - ers passed. But their
 4. God save our gal - lant Cap - tain Judge, the he - ro of the band, Who
 5. Next in the list of he - roes is the scout so well re - nowned, With the
 6. The Dub - lin Po - lice were or - dered the Vol - un - teers for to sub - due. But O' -
 7.,8. (See additional lyrics)

tale is one of sor - row, But I won't de - tain you long. Con -
 I - rish Vol - un - teers all swore their en - e - mies to sub - due. They
 cheers were stopped by an out - rage which for some time did last. Our
 near - ly gave his pre - cious life for the just cause of our land. In
 butt end of his ri - fle felled a Bord - er - er to the ground. He dis -
 Neil and Glee - son bold - ly re - plied, "Such a thing we de - cline to do, For to

cern - ing the mur - der - ous out - rage that took place in Dub - lin town, When a
 marched straight out to Howth and soon the peo - ple were a - larmed. When they
 gal - lant men, the Vol - un - teers were met in front and rear By the
 spite of ter - ri - ble in - ju - ries and weak from loss of blood, He
 armed him of his weap - ons and Soon made his es - cape By
 fight a - gainst our coun - try men would on us put a stain, For we

cow - ard - ly reg - i - ment was let loose to shoot our peo - ple down.
 heard the glo - ri - ous news, "Our I - rish Vol - un - teers are armed.
 King's own Scott - ish cow - ards who are doomed for ev - 'ry where.
 fond - ly hugged his ri - fle grand the prize of his broth - er - hood.
 climb - ing a wall in Fair - view, for his young life was at stake.
 wish to see our na - tive land a Na - tion once a - gain.

Additional Lyrics

7. On Batchelor's Walk a scene took place, which I'm sure had just been planned,
 For the cowardly Scottish Borderers turned and fired without command.
 With bayonets fixed they charged the crowd and left them in their gore,
 But their deeds will be remembered in Irish hearts for evermore.

8. God rest the souls of those who sleep apart from earthly sin,
 Including Mrs. Duffy, James Brennan and Patrick Quinn;
 But we will yet avenge them and the time will surely come,
 That we'll make the Scottish Borderers pay for the cowardly deeds they done.

THE BEGGARMAN

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Irish folksong

D G D

1. I am a lit - tle beg - gar - man and beg - ging I have been For three score or more in this
 2. I slept in a barn down at Cur - ra - bawn; A wet night came on and I
 3. I met a lit - tle flax - y - haired girl one day; "Good morn - ing, lit - tle flax - y - haired
 4. O - ver the road with my pack on my back, O - ver the fields with my

C D G

lit - tle isle of green. I'm known from the Lif - fey down to Se - gue, And I'm
 slept till the dawn, With holes in the roof and the rain com - ing through And the
 girl," I did say. "Good morn - ing, lit - tle beg - gar - man, a - how do you do, With your
 great heav - y sack, With holes in my shoes and my toes peep - ing through, Sing - ing,

D A7 G D C

known by the name of old John - ny Dhu. Of all the trades that's go - in' now, sure
 rats and the cats, they were play - ing peek - a - boo. When who should a - wa - ken but the
 rags and your bags and your old rig - a - doo?" "I'll buy a pair of leg - gins, a
 "Skin - ny - ma - rink - a - doo - dle - o and old John - ny Dhu." I must be going to bed, for it's

D C

beg - gin' is the best. Ah, for when a man is tired, he can sit down and rest,
 wom - an of the house, With her white spot - ty a - pron, her cal - i - co blouse;
 col - lar and a tie, And a nice young la - dy I'll fetch by and by. I'll
 get - ting late at night; The fire's all raked and out goes the light. So

D G D

Beg for his din - ner, he has noth - ing else to do, On - ly cut a - round the cor - ner with his
 She be - gan to fright - en and I said, "Boo! Ar - rah don't be a - fraid, ma'am, it's
 buy a pair of gog - gles and col - or them blue, And an old - fash - ioned la - dy I will
 now you've heard the sto - ry of my old rig - a - doo; "It's good - bye and God be with you," says

A7 G D G

old rig - a - doo.
 on - ly John - ny Dhu." } Hey! Did - dle - le die - dee doo die - dle - le dee - dle did - dle dum, Did - dle - le
 make her too.
 old John - ny Dhu.

D C D

doo - dle die - dle did - dle dad - dle did - dle die - dle dum. Di - doo - dle die - dle did - dle die - dle

G D A7 G D

did - dle - le die - dle dum, Did - dle - le doo - dle die - dle did - dle dad - dle doom da - da.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

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Irish popular song
Words by Thomas Moore

A D A E7

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
2. It is not that while beau - ty and youth are thine own And thy cheeks un - pro - faned by a

A E7 A D A E7

day, _____ Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, like the fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
tear, _____ That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known To which time will but make thee more

A D A E7

way. _____ Thou wouldst still be a - dored As this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it
dear. _____ No, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the

A E7 A A7 D A E7 A

will, _____ And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. _____
close, _____ As the sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose. _____

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

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Irish folksong

A7 D A7

1. With deep af - fec - tion and re - col - lec - tion I of - ten think of the Shan - don
2. I've heard bells chim - ing full man - y a clime in, Toll - ing sub - lime in ca - the - dral

D A7 D A7

Bells, Whose sounds so wild would, in days of child - hood, Fling round my cra - dle their mag - ic
shrine; While at a wib rate brass tongues would vi - brate, But all their mu - sic spoke — not to

D A7 Bm A7

spells. On this I pon - der, wher - e'er I wan - der, And thus grow fon - der, sweet Cork, of
thine; For mem - 'ry dwell - ing on each proud swell - ing of thy bel - fry knell - ing it's bold notes

D A7 D A7 D

thee; With thy bells of Shan - don, that sound so grand on The pleas - ant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.
free, Made the bells of Shan - don sound far more grand on The pleas - ant wa - ters of the Riv - er Lee.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM

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Irish popular song
Words by Thomas Moore

There's a bow - er of ros - es by Ben - de - meer's stream, And the
 night - in - gale sings 'round it all the day long. In the time of my
 child - hood 'twas like a sweet dream, To sit by the ro - ses and
 hear the bird's song; That bow'r and its mu - sic I ne'er can for -
 get, But oft when a - lone in the bloom of the year, I
 think, "Is the night - in - gale sing - ing there yet? Are the
 ro - ses still bright by the calm Ben - de - meer?"

BESIDE THE RIVER LOUNE

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Irish folksong

1. Nev - er - more, where yon ash is weep - ing, Old and hoar, o - ver the Loune, Nev - er -
 2. O'er our tryst by the lone Loune Wa - ter, At the Ford of the Sloes, Crept the
 3. All night with the flood - fiend wres - tling, I sought her for the lorn, Till a -
 more shall my heart go leap - ing At the glance of her gown. Nev - er -
 mist, while the wild, brown wa - ter In an - ger a - rose. Step by
 mid the blue for - get - me - not nes - tling, I found her at morn. Like a
 more, when snow flakes fall - ing, Blanch the wrin - kled, with - ing boughs, Shall I
 step, each ford stone seek - ing, She shim - mered at my side, But a
 maid - en of mar - ble mold - ed, All at peace my love lay there, With her
 hear my love's voice kind - ly call - ing her, "Come home!" to the cows. tide.
 sud - den spate it swept her shriek - ing Down the red, rag - ing
 hands up on her bos - om fold - ed, Meek - ly fold - ed in prayer.

BIRDS AT THE FAIRY FULLING

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. Hey! black - bird, haste to our feast, Sing while we toss, at least.
 2. Ho! lin - tie, add to our glee, Tell whose the plaid shall be.
 3.,4. (See additional lyrics)
 1. Ho! lon - dubh, thig thun a choirm, Ho fair - eag - an an clo.
 2. Ho! Bhri - cein, cuir ris an toirm, Ho fair - eag - an an clo.
 3.,4. (See additional lyrics)

Ho fee - rum fo - rum fo, Ho fa - ra - can an cló.
 Ho fee - rum fo - rum fo, Ho fa - ra - can an cló.
 Ho fir - eam fo - rum foirm, Ho fair - eag - an an clo.
 Ho fir - eam fo - rum foirm, Ho fa - rum air na h-eoin.

Additional Lyrics

- 3. Ho! mavie,* whistle and call
To whom the plaid may fall.
Ho, wing and feather and song,
Toss till the web is strong.
- 4. Ho feerum forum fo,
Ho faracan an cló.
Heart's love to Benakshee,**
Well knows she whose 'twill be!

- 3. Ho! smeorach, ceileir is gairm
Ho faireagan an clo.
Ho, sgiath is iteag is gairm,
Ho faireagan an clo.
- 4. Ho fiream forum foirm,
Ho faireagan an clo.
Gradh air a' bheanag shith,
Ho beannachd air na h-eoin!

* Thrush, lowland Scots
 ** Little fairy woman.

THE BLACK CAVALRY

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Irish folksong

1. In the first of me down - fall I put out the door, _____ And I
 2. There I met with a youth and I un - to him said, _____ "Would you
 3. Then I put up and down till I found out the door, _____ And I
 4. She _____ took me up - stairs and she put out the light, _____ And in
 5. All _____ 'round _____ me bod - y they formed _____ an arch, _____ And _____
 6. Now I'm going to me stud - y, these lines to pen down, _____ And if

straight made me way on for Car - rick - on - Suir, _____ Go - ing out by Rath -
 kind - ly di - rect me to where I'll get a bed?" _____ It was then he di -
 knocked and called, "I'll e - ven sleep on the floor!" _____ And the mis - sus came
 less than five min - utes I had to show fight, _____ In _____ less than five
 all 'round me bod - y they played the dead march, _____ The _____ blood - y old
 an - y poor trav - 'ler should e'er come to town, _____ If _____ an - y poor

ro - nan, 'twas late in the night, Go - ing out the west gate for to view the gas - light. }
 rect - ed me down to Cook's Lane, To _____ where old Dick Dar - by kept an old sleep - ing cage. } Rad - ley
 out and these words to me said: If you give me three cop - pers I'll give you a bed. }
 more sure the sto - ry was worse, For the fleas came a - bout me and brought me a curse. }
 ma - jor gave me such a nip That he near - ly had tak - en the use of me hip. }
 trav - 'ler be knight - ed like me, Oh, be - ware of Dick Dar - by and the black cav - al - ry. }

fal the did - dle - I, Rad - ley fal the did - dle ai - ro. _____

THE BLACKBERRY BLOSSOM

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Irish folksong

1. When I was but a wee-shy boy, My mother's pride, my father's joy, My
 2. Till No-rah of the amber hair Who'd been my part-ner here and there, A -

hands and mouth had full em-ploy, When black-ber-ries grew ripe. And oft my mam-my just tried with
 round, a-bout and ev-'ry-where When black-ber-ries came in; When I

she would squeeze The thorns from out my arms and knees; And my good dad, to give me ease, Put
 too much haste The rich-er rar-er fruit to taste That on her lips was goin' to waste, She

by his fav-'rite pipe. And e-ven since I've be-come a man And
 toss-es up her chin, And march-es by me night and morn, Her

dressed on quite a dif-ferent plan, I've still gone car-ry-ing the can, When black-ber-ries grew
 grey eyes on-ly glanc-ing scorn, Re-gard-less of the bit-ter thorn. That in my heart she's

sweet. Yes, tramp-ling through the bram-ble brakes, I'd court the keen-est pains and aches For
 root-ing. Yet some-how, some-thing in my mind Keeps mur-m'ring when she's most un-kind: "Have

two or three fair col-leens' sakes Whose names I'll not re-peat.
 pa-tience! She'll make friends, you'll find Ere black-ber-ries fin-ish fruit-ing."

BLACKWATER SIDE

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Irish folksong

1. One morn-ing fair as I chanced the air
 2. All in the fore part of the night
 3. "That's not the prom-ise you made to me
 4. "Go home go home to your fa-ther's gar-
 5. "There's not a flow er in this whole world

Down by black wa-ter side,
 They rolled in sport and play,
 When you lay up on my breast;
 - den, Go home and cry your fill,
 As eas-i-ly led as I,

C G C G

— 'Twas in gaz - ing all a - round me
 — Then this young man a - rose and he put on his clothes,
 — You could make me be - lieve with your ly - ing tongue
 — And _____ think of the sad mis - for - tune
 — And when fish - es can fly and seas do run dry,

C G

— That an I - rish girl I spied.
 — Say - ing, "Far - el - dy well to day."
 — That the sun rose in the west."
 — I brought on _____ with my wan - ton will."
 — It is then that you'll mar - ry I."

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

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Scottish folksong

C F

1. Oh where, tell me where is your
 2. Oh where, tell me where did your
 3. Oh what, tell me what does your
 4. Oh what, tell me what if your

C G7 C

High - land lad - die gone? Oh where, tell me
 High - land lad - die dwell? Oh where, tell me
 High - land lad - die wear? Oh what, tell me
 High - land lad be slain? Oh what, tell me

F C G7 C

where is your High - land lad - die gone? He's
 where did your High - land lad - die dwell? He
 what does your High - land lad - die wear? A
 what if your High - land lad be slain? Oh,

Am

gone wi' stream - ing ban - ners where
 dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where
 bon - net with a lof - ly plume, and
 no, true love will be his guard and

G D7 G G7 C

no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh, in my
 blooms the sweet blue bell. And it's oh, in my
 on his breast a plaid. And it's oh, in my
 bring him safe a gain. For it's oh, my heart would

F C G7 C

heart I wish him safe at home.
 heart I lo'e my lad - die well.
 heart I lo'e my High - land lad.
 break if my High - land lad were slain.

BLESSING OF THE ROAD

(Duan an Rathaid)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Am Em Am Em Am Em Am

Hin din dan du - i, Hin din dan du - i, Hin din dan du - i,

Em Am A G A

Hin din dan dao. Hao ri o - ro hao ri o

Am Em Am Em Am Em

Hin din dan du - i, Hin din dan dao.

1. May the hills lie
2. May all e - vil
1. Gum bu reidh gach
2. Gum bi olc 'na

Am Em Am A Am Em Am

low, May the sloughs fill up. Hao ri o In thy way!
sleep, May the good a - wake. Hao ri o In thy way!
cnoc, Gum bu düint' gach sloc. Hao ri o Roimh do cheum!
shuain, Gum bi maith 'na luaths. Hao ri o 'Na do cheum!

THE BOLD FENIAN MEN

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Irish popular song
Words by Michael Scanlan

F Dm Gm C

1. See who comes o - ver the red blos - somed heath - er, Their
(2.) prayers and our tears they have scooped and de - rid - ed; They've
(3.) men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shan - non, Let
(4.) side for the cause have our fore - fa - thers bat - tled, Our

F C7/G F/A Gm F/C C7 F

green shut ban - ners kiss - ing the pure moun - tain air. Heads e -
shut out the sun - light from spir - it and mind. Our _____
ty - rants come forth, we'll bring force - it and mind. Our _____
hills nev - er ech - oed the tread of a - gainst a force. Our _____
In _____

Dm Gm C

rect, eyes to front, step - ping proud - ly to - geth - er. Sure,
foes were u - nit - ed and we were di - vid - ed, We
pen is the sword and our voice is the can - non, _____
man - y a field where the lead - en hail rat - tled, Through the

F C7/G F/A Gm F/C C7 F

free - dom sits throned on each proud spir - it there.
met and they scat - tered our ranks to the wind.
Ri fle for ri - fle and horse a - gainst horse.
red gap of glo - ry they marched to the grave.

Fdim F A7 Dm C7

Down the hill twin - ing, their bless - ed steel shin - ing, Like
 But once more re - turn - ing, with in our veins are burn - ing The
 We're made the false Sax - on yield man a bat - tle - field; Will
 And those who in - her - it their name and their spir - it,

F Fdim F Dm G7 C C7

riv - ers of beau - ty that flow from each glen. From
 fires that of il - lum - in - at - ed dark Aher - each glen. Glen;
 God on our side, in - at - ed tri - umph low a - gain; We
 march 'neath the ban - ners of lib - er - ty then;

F Dm Gm C

moun - tain and val - ley, 'tis lib - er - ty's ral - ly; and Hugh;
 raise the old cry a - new, slo - gan of Cann and
 Pay them back woe for woe, give them back blow for blow.
 All who love for - eign law, Na - tive or *Sas - sa - nach Must

F C7/G F/A Gm F/C C7

1-3	F	C7	4	F
-----	---	----	---	---

Out and make way for the bold Fen - ian Men. 2. Our
 Out and make way for the bold Fen - ian Men. 3. We're
 Out and make way for the bold Fen - ian Men. 4. Side by
 Out and make way for the bold Fen - ian Men.

* derogatory term for the English

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

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Irish folksong

D F#m Bm Em

1. Bo - ney was a war - ri - or }
 2. Bo - ney fought the Roosh - i - ans }
 3. Mos - cow was a - blaz - ing }
 4. Bo - ney went to El - ba, men }
 5. Bo - ney went to Wa - ter - loo }
 6. Then they took him off a - gain }
 7.,8. (See additional lyrics)

Way - ay yah! _____ }
 A
 The
 And
 Then
 'Twas
 A

A D/A A D

war - rior and a ter - ri - er }
 Roosh - i - ans and the Proosh - i - ans }
 Bo - ney was a rag - ing }
 Bo - ney, he came back a - gain }
 there he got his o - ver - throo }
 board the Bill - y Ruf - fi - an }

Jean Fran - cois!

Additional Lyrics

7. He went to Saint Helena
 Way-ay yah!
 There he was a prisiona
 Jean Francois!

8. Boney broke his heart and died
 Way-ay yah!
 Away off in Saint Helena
 Jean Francois!

THE BOLD TENANT FARMER

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Irish folksong

Bm G D F#m Bm F#m

1. One eve - ning of late as from Ban - don I strayed, And towards Bal - lin - ga - ry I
 (2.) was - n't a scarce a mile out on the road, when I heard a great fight in a
 (4.) hus - band was drink - ing, now what's that to you? I'd rath - er he drink it than

Bm A Bm G D F#m

made a near way, And in Bal - lin - spid - dal I made a de - lay, When I
 farm - er's a - bode, By the son of a land - lord (an ill - look - ing toad), And the
 give it to you. You hun - gry old mi - ser, you're not worth a chew, And your

Bm A Bm D

wet - ted my whis - tle with por - ter. I light - ed my pipe and I
 wife of a poor ten - ant farm - er. "Oh what in the div - il comes
 moss - y old land is no bar - gain." He shout - ed "hoo - ray" and she

Bm D F#m Bm A

spat on my fist, And out on the road like Old Nick I did twist Say - ing, "I
 o - ver you all? We can't get our rent when for it we do call But
 shout - ed "hoo - roo," And o - ver the fields like Old Nick he flew, Say - ing, "May

Bm G D F#m Bm A

care for no land - lord, no bail - iff or miss, But I'm off like a lark in the morn - ing." 2. I
 sure at next ses - sions you'll pay for it all, Or you'll get the high road to Dun -
 God help the land - lords and old Ire - land too!" *A - gus fag ai - mis siudh a ta

2 Bm D Bm

gar - ven. 3. "Your hus - band was drink - ing in town t'oth - er night, And

D F#m Bm A Bm G

shout - ing and fight - ing for bold ten - ant's right. But our plan of cam - paign will

D F#m Bm A Bm

give him a fright. Oh, we'll bear ev - 'ry wind in your storm." 4. "If my se!

* Let us leave that as it is.

BOLD THADY QUILL

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Irish folksong



1. Ye maids of Du - hal - low who're anx - ious for cour - tin', a word of ad - vice I will
 2. Tha - dy was fa - mous in many oth - er plac - es; at the ath - let - ic meet - ing held
 3. At the great hurl - in' match be - tween Cork and Tip - p'rar - y (twas played in the park by the
 4. In the year nine - ty - one be - fore Par - nell was tak - en, Thade was out - ra - geous - ly
 5. At the Cork Ex - hi - bi - tion there was a fair la - dy whose for - tune ex - ceed - ed a



give un - to ye: Pro - ceed to Ban - teer, to the ath - let - ic spor - tin' and
 out in Clogh - roe He won the long jump with - out throw - ing off his brac - es, goin'
 banks of the Lee), Our own dar - ling boys were a - fraid of being bat - en, so they
 break - ing the peace. He got a light sen - tence for caus - ing com - mo - tion and
 mil - lion or more, But a bad con - sti - tu - tion had ruined her com - plete - ly and



hand in ye'r names to the club com - mit - tee. But do not com - mence an - y
 fif - ty - four feet ev - 'ry sweep he would throw. At the put - tin' of the weight there was a
 send for bold Tha - dy to Bal - lin - a - gree. He hurled the ball left and
 six months hard la - bor for bat - in' po - lice. But in spite of co - er - cion he's
 med - i - cal treat - ment had failed o'er and o'er. "Oh, Ma - ma," said she, "I



sketch of your pro - gress Till a car - riage you see com - in' o - ver the hill, And
 Dub - lin man fore - most, but Tha - dy out - reached and ex - ceed - ed him still. And a -
 right in their fac - es And showed those Tip - p'rar - y boys learn - ing and skill. If they
 still ag - i - tat - in', ev - 'ry drop of his life's blood he's will - ing to spill To
 know what - 'll cure me and all me dis - eas - es most cer - tain - ly kill: Give



down through the val - leys and hills of Kil - cor - ney with that Mus - ker - ry sports - man, the
 round the whole field rang the wild, ring - ing cho - rus, "Here's luck to our he - ro, the
 came in this way, shure he sure - ly would brain 'em, and the pa - pers were full of praise
 gain for old Ire - land com - plete lib - er - a - tion; "Till then there's no rest for me," says
 o - ver your doc - tors and med - i - cal treat - ment; I'd rath - er one shake out - a



bold Tha - dy Quill. }
 bold Tha - dy Quill. }
 for old Thade Quill. }
 bold Tha - dy Quill. }
 bold Tha - dy Quill! } For ram - blin', for ro - vin', for foot - ball or cour - tin', for



emp - tin' a bowl sure as fast as you'd fill. In all your days ro - vin' you'd



find none so jo - vial as the Mus - ker - ry sports - man the bold Tha - dy Quill.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

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Scottish folksong

C#m F#m

1. Ye high-lands and ye low-lands, O where ha' ye been? They have
 2. Now wae be to thee, Hunt-ly, And where-fore did you see? I
 3. Oh lang will his la-dy Look o'er the cas-tle down, E'er she

D F#m

skin the Earl of Mur-ray, And laid him on the green. He
 bade you bring him wi' ye, But for-bade you him to slay. He
 see the Earl of Mur-ray, Come sound-ing through the town. He

A E

was a brow gal-lant, And he rode at the ring And the
 was a brow gal-lant, And he played at the glove, And the
 was a brow gal-lant, And he played at the ba', And the

D A Bm7 A

bon-nie Earl of Mur-ray, He might have been a king.
 bon-nie Earl of Mur-ray, He was the Queen's true love.
 bon-nie Earl of Mur-ray, Was the flow-er of them a'.

BOSTON BURGLAR

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Irish popular song

D Am

1. Oh I was born in Bos-ton, a town you all know
 2. My char-acter was tak-en, and I was sent to
 3. I see my ag-ed fa-ther, he's stand-ing at the
 4. I was put on board an east-ern train, one cold De-cem-ber
 5. Now there's a girl in Bos-ton, a girl that I love

D

well, brought up by hon-est par-ents, the truth to you I'll
 jail. My friends found out it was in vain to try and set my
 bar. Like-wise my poor old moth-er, tear-ing out her
 day. And ev-'ry sta-tion that we passed I'd hear the peo-ple
 well. And when I gain my free-dom, a long with her I'll

A7 D

tell. Brought up by hon-est par-ents, and
 bail. The ju-ry found me guilt-y, the
 hair. Yes, tear-ing out those old grey locks, while
 say, "There goes the Bos-ton bur-glar. In
 dwell. Yes, when I gain my free-dom, bad

Am D

raised most ten - der - ly, 'til I be - came a
 clerk he wrote ___ it down, The judge then passed the
 tears come pour - ing down, cry - ing, "Son, oh son, what
 strong chains he ___ is bound. For some crime or walk - an
 com - pa - ny ___ I'll shun. Like - wise night - walk - ing,

G D/A A+ D

sport in' man, at the age of twen - ty - three.
 sen - tence; I was ___ sen - tenced to Charles - town.
 have you done, to be sen - tenced to Charles - town?
 oth - er, ___ he is go - ing to Charles - town."
 ram - bling, ___ and ___ al - so drink - ing rum.

THE BONNIEST LASS

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Scottish folksong
 Based on a poem by Robert Burns

E A E A

1. The bon - niest lass that ye meet next Gie her a kiss an' a' that. In
 2. Your pa - tri - archs in days o' yore, Had their hand-maids an' a' that. O'
 3. King Da - vie, when he waxed ___ auld, An's blood ran thin an' a' that. An'
 4. Wha wad - na pit - y thae sweet dames He fum - bled at, an' a' that, An'
 5. King Sol - o - mon, prince o' di - vines, Wha prov - erbs made an' a' that, Both
 6. Then still I swear, a clev - er chiel* Should kiss a lass, an' a' that. Tho'

E A E A Bsus B

spite o' ev - 'ry par - ish priest Re - pent - in' stool an' a' that. For
 bas - tard gets, some had a score, An' some had more than a' that. For
 fand his cods were grow - in' cauld, Could not re - frain, for a' that. For
 raised their blood up in - to flames He could - na drown, for a' that. For
 mis - tress - es an' con - cu - bines In hun - dred's had, for a' that. For
 priests con - sign him to the deil**, As rep - ro - bate, an' a' that. For

E F#m E/G# A

a' ___ that an' a' ___ that, Their hol - low sangs an' a' that. In
 a' ___ that an' a' ___ that, Your old - time saints an' a' that, Were
 a' ___ that an' a' ___ that, To keep him warm an' a' that, The
 a' ___ that an' a' ___ that, He, want - ed strength, an' a' that, For,
 a' ___ that an' a' ___ that, Tho'a preach - er wise, an' a' that, The
 a' ___ that an' a' ___ that, Their cant - ing stuff, an' a' that, They

E F#m B7 C#m A Bsus B

time and place con - ven - i - ent, They'll do't them - selves for a' that.
 fon - der o' a bon - nie lass, That you or I, for a' that.
 daugh - ters o' Je - ru - sa - lem Were picked for him, an' a' that.
 as to what we shall not name, What could he do but claw that.
 smut - tiest sang that e're was sung, His Sang o' Sangs is a' that.
 know no more wha's rep - ro - bate, Than you or I, for a' that.

* young man
 ** devil

THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

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Irish folksong



1. By the mar - gin of the o - cean, one morn - ing in the month of June, The
 2. Then up steps young Na - po - le - on and takes his moth - er by the hand, Say - ing,
 3. The first time I saw young Na - po - le - on, down on his bend - ed knee fell he. He
 4. He took three hun - dred thou - sand men, with kings like - wise to bear his train. He
 5. Oh son, don't speak so ven - ture - some, for in Eng - land are the hearts of oak. There is
 6. Now do be - lieve me dear - est moth - er; now I lie on my dy - ing bed. If I'd



feath - ered warb - ling song - sters their charm - ing notes did sweet - ly sing. There
 "Moth - er dear, have pa - tience un - til I'm a - ble to take com - mand. I'll
 asked the par - don of his fa - ther, who grant - ed it most mourn - ful - ly. "Dear
 was so well pro - vid - ed for, that he could sweep the world a - lone. But
 Eng - land, Ire - land, Scot - land, their u - ni - ty was nev - er - broke. Oh
 lived, I would have been clev - er - er, but now I droop - my youth - ful head. But



I es - pied a fe - male, she seemed to be in grief and woe, Con -
 raise a ter - ri - ble ar - my, and through tre - men - dous dan - gers go, And in
 son," he said, "I'll take an ar - my, and o - ver the fro - zen Alps will go, Then
 when he came to Mos - cow, he was o - ver - pow - ered by the driv - en snow, When
 son, think on thy fa - ther, on the Isle of Saint Hel - en - a his bod - y lies low, And you
 whilst our bod - ies lie mould - er - ing, and weep - ing wil - lows o - ver our bod - ies grow, The



sult - ing with young Bon - a - parte con - cern - ing the bon - ny bunch of ros - es, oh.
 spite of all the u - ni - verse, I'll con - quer the bon - ny bunch of ros - es, oh."
 I will con - quer Mos - cow, and re - turn to the bon - ny bunch of ros - es, oh."
 Mos - cow was a blaz - ing, so he lost his bon - ny bunch of ros - es, oh.
 may soon fol - low af - ter him, so be - ware of the bon - ny bunch of ros - es, oh.
 deeds of great Na - po - le - on shall sing the bon - ny bunch of ros - es, oh.

THE BONNY SHIP THE DIAMOND

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Scottish folksong



1. The Dia - mond is a ship, my lads, for the Da - vis Strait she's
 2. A long the quay at Pe - ter - head, the las - ses stand a -
 3. Here's health to The Res - o - lu - tion, like - wise The E - li - za
 4. It will be bright both day and night, when the Green - land lads come



bound, And the quay it is all gar - nish - ed with bon - nie las - ses
 roun', Wi' their shawls all pulled a - bout them and the salt tears run - nin'
 Swan. Here's a health to The Bat - tler of Mont - rose and The Dia - mond, ship of
 hame, Wi' a ship that's full o' oil, my lads, and mon - ey to our

Bm F#m Bm

round. Cap - tain Thom - son gives the or - der to sail the o - cean
 down. Don't you weep my bon - nie lass, — though you be left be
 fame. We — wear the trou - sers of the white and the jack - ets of the
 name. We'll — make the cra - dles for to rock, and the blan - kets for to

F#m Bm D A

wide, Where the sun it nev - er sets, my lad, no dark - ness dims — the
 hind, For the rose will grow on Green - land's ice be - fore we change — our
 blue. When — we re - turn to Pe - ter - head we'll ha'e sweet - hearts — e -
 tear, And — ev - 'ry lass in Pe - ter - head sing, "Hush - a - bye, — my

Bm A Bm

sky. } So it's cheer up, my lads, let your hearts nev - er
 mind. }
 noo. }
 dear." }

A Bm A Bm A Bm

fail, While the bon - nie ship The Dia - mond goes a - fish - ing for the whale.

BOULAVOGUE

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Irish folksong
 By P.J. McCall

D G D

1. At Bou - la - vogue as the sun was set - ting — O'er bright May mea - dows — of
 2. He led us on 'gainst the com - ing sol - diers, — And the cow'rd - ly Yeo - men — were
 3. We took Cam - o - lin and En - ni - scor - thy — And Wex - ford storm - ing, — drove
 4. At Vin - e - gar Hill, o'er the pleas - ant Sla - ney, — Our he - roes vain - ly — stood

Em G D G D

Shel - ma - lier, A re - bel hand set the heath - er blaz - ing — and brought the
 put to flight. 'Twas at the Bar - row the boys of Wex - ford — Showed Book - ey's
 out our foes. 'Twas at Slieve Coill - te our pikes were reek - ing — With the crim - son
 back to back, And the Yeos at Tul - low took Fa - ther Mur - phy — And burned his

Em D G

neigh - bors — from far men and near. — Then Fa - ther Mur - phy — from old Kil -
 reg - i - ment how men could fight. — Look out for hire - lings, — King George of
 stream of the beat - en Yeos. — At Tub - ber - neer - ing — and Bal - ly -
 bod - y — up - on the rack. — God grant you glo - ry, — brave Fa - ther

D Em G D

cor - mack. Spurred up the rocks with a war - ning cry: "Arm, arm," he cried, "for I've
 Eng - land, — Search ev - 'ry king - dom where breathes a slave, For Fa - ther Mur - phy from the
 el - lis — Full man - ya Hes - sian lay in his gore. Ah, Fa - ther Mur - phy from the
 Mur - phy, — And o - pen heav - en to all your men; The cause that called you may

G D G D

come to lead you, — For Ire - land's free - dom — we fight or die. —
 Coun - ty Wex - ford — Sweeps o'er the land like a might - y wave. —
 aid come o - ver; — The green flag float - ed — from shore to shore. —
 call to - mor - row — In an - oth - er fight for the green a - gain. —

THE BRAVE IRISH LAD

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Irish folksong

1. Where - e'er there's fight - ing to be had, You'll find, now ne - ver fear! A
 2. O then so quick he learns his drills, The cap - tain winks his eye, "Look
 3. At fight - ing, faith, the Welsh and Scotch And En - glish aren't so bad, But
 4. And so he smokes and fights and jokes, Till on some fa - mous field, Where

gal - lant, val - iant I - rish lad, The first to vol - un - teer. The
 there! I'll swear that on the hills You've sol - diered on the sly." The
 each of them is just a botch Be - side last his I - rish lad. "Your
 our brave men are one to ten, At last his life he'll yield, For
 Or

ser - geant with a smile he'll shake The stream - ers from his hat; "Well,
 Hon - or, no! but from a boy The u - ni - verse I'd tramp, To
 those for - get their man - ners quite When crack - ing at your crown, But
 ral - ly - ing our bro - ken ranks, Sweep back the sav - age horde, And

you're a man and no mis - take, I'm proud to 'list you, Pat."
 see the troops in pride de - ploy A - round the Cur - ragh Camp."
 och! an I - rish man's po - lite, E - ven when he knocks you down.
 earn his Queen and Coun - try's thanks, A Ma - jor's spurs and sword.

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

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Irish folksong

1. It's a - bout a fierce high - way - man my sto - ry I will
 2. It was up - on the King's high - way Old Bren - nan he sat
 3. Now Bren - an's wife had gone to town, pro - vi - sions for to
 4. Now Bren - nan got his blun - der - buss, my sto - ry I'll un -
 5. Now Bren - nan is an out - law all on some moun - tain
 6. They hung him at the cross - roads; in chains he swung and

tell. His name was Wil - ly Bren - nan and in Ire - land he did
 down. He met the may - or of Moor - land five miles out - side did
 buy, and when she saw her Wil - ly tak - en she be - gan of
 fold. He caused the may - or to trem - ble and de - liv - er up his
 high. With in - fan - try and cav - al - ry to take him they did
 dried. But still they say that in the night do see him

dwel. 'Twas up - on the King's own moun - tain he be - gan his wild ca -
 town. Now the may - or, he had heard of Bren - nan and, "I think," says
 cry. Says he, "Hand me that ten - pen - ny," and as soon as Wil - ly
 gold. Five thou - sand pounds were of - fered for his ap - pre - hen - sion
 try. But he laughed at them and he scorned at them un - til it was
 ride. They see him with his blun - der - buss in the mid - night

reer, and man - y wealth - y gen - tle - man be - fore him shook with
 he, "your name is Wil - ly Bren - nan, you must come a - long, with
 spoke, she hand - ed him a blun - der - buss from un - der - neath her
 there, but Bren - nan and the ped - lar to the moun - tain did re -
 said, by a false - heart - ed wom - an he was cru - el - ly be -
 chill: a - long, a - long the king's high - way rides Wil - ly Bren - nan

A E7 A C#m

fear. me." cloak. pair. trayed. still.

Oh it's Bren - nan on the moor, Bren - nan on the

moor. Bold, _ gay and un - daunt - ed stood young Bren - nan on the moor.

D A D A

BOLD ROBERT EMMET

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Irish folksong

G C G

1. The strug - gle is o - ver, the boys are de - feat - ed. Old
 2. The barque lay at an - chor a wait - ing to bring me
 3. Hark, the bell's toll - ing, I well know its mean - ing.

Em A7 D7 G

Ire - land's sur - round - ed with sad - ness and the gloom, But I We were de -
 O - ver the bil - lows to the land of my death free. But I must see my
 My poor heart tells me it is my death knell. In come the

C G C G

feat - ed and shame - ful - ly treat - ed, And I, Rob - ert Em - met, a -
 sweet - heart for I know she will cheer me, And with her I will sail far
 cler - gy, the ward - er is lead - ing. I have no friends here to

Am D7 G C G

wait now my doom. Hung, drawn, and quar - tered, sure that was my sen - tence, But
 o - ver the sea. But I was ar - rest - ed and cast in - to pris - on, and
 bid me fare - well. Good - bye, old Ire - land, my par - ents and sweet - heart. Com -

Em A7 D7 G

soon I will show them no cow - ard am I. My crime is the
 Tried as a trai - tor, a reb - el, a spy. But no man can
 pan - ions in arms to for - get you must try. I am proud of the

C G C G

love of the land I was born in. } A he - ro I lived _ and a
 call me a knave or a cow - ard. }
 hon - our, it was on - ly my du - ty.

Am D7 G C G

he - ro I'll die. Bold Rob - ert Em - met, the dar - ling of Ire - land,

Em A7 D7 G

Bold Rob - ert Em - met will die with a smile. Fare - well, com - pan - ions both

C G C G Am D7 G

loy - al and dar - ing. I'll lay down my life _ for the Em - er - ald Isle.

BROKEN-HEARTED I'LL WANDER

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Irish folksong

1. Bo - na - par - te com - man - ded his troops for to stand, And he
 2. If you saw my love on sen - try on a cold win - ter's day With his
 3. Oh, if I were a black - bird and had wings to fly, I would
 4. Oh, Bon - ey! Oh, Bon - ey! I have caused you no harm; Tell me

plant - ed his can - nons all o - ver the land. And he plant - ed his
 ros - sy red cheeks and his flow - ing brown hair, All mount - ed on
 fly to the spot where my true love he does lie, And with my lit - tle flut - t'ring
 why, tell me why have you caused me such a - a - larm? We were hap - py to

can - nons the whole vic - t'ry for to gain, And they killed my light horse - man re -
 horse - back the whole vic - t'ry for to gain, And 'tis on the bat - tle - field great
 wings his wounds I would heal, And 'tis all the night long on his
 geth - er, my true love and me, Oh, but now you have stretched him in

turn - ing from Spain. }
 hon - ors to gain. } Bro - ken - heart - ed I will wan - der for the loss of my
 breast I would lie. }
 death o - ver the sea. }

lov - er. He is my bon - ny light horse - man; in the wars he was slain.

THE BUTCHER BOY

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Irish folksong

1. In Lon - don cit - y, where I did dwell, A butch - er
 2. I wish, I wish, I wish in vain, I wish I
 3. I wish my ba - by it was born And smil - ing
 4. She went up - stairs to go to bed, And call - ing
 5. At ev - 'ry word she dropped a tear, At ev - 'ry
 6. He went up - stairs and the door he broke; He found her
 7. "Oh, make my grave large, wide and deep; Put a mar - ble

boy I loved right well. He court - ed me my life a -
 was a maid a - gain. A maid a - gain I ne'er will
 on its dad - dy's knee; And me, poor girl, to be dead and
 to her moth - er said, "Give me a chair till I sit
 line cried, "Wil - lie, dear, Oh, what a fool ish girl was
 hang - ing from a rope. He took his knife and he cut her
 stone at my head and feet. And in the mid - dle a tur - tle

way, But now with me he will not stay.
 be gone Till cher - ries grow on an i - vy tree.
 down the long, green grass grow - ing o - ver me.
 I And a pen and ink till I write down."
 down, To be led a - stray by a butch - er boy."
 dove, And in her pock - et these words he found:
 That the world may know that I died for love.

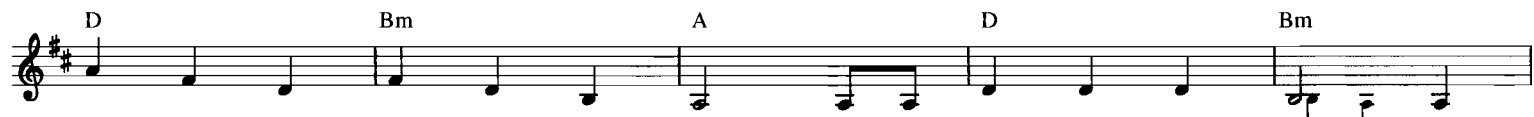
BUNGLE RYE

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Irish folksong



1. Now, Jack was a sail - or who roved on the town, And she was a
 2. Thought Jack to him - self, "Now what can it be But the fin - est old
 3. Jack gave her a pound and he thought noth - ing strange; She said, "Hold then the
 4. Now, to get the child chris - tened was Jack's next in - tent; For to get the child
 5. Said the par - son to Jack, "That's a ver - y quare name." "Oh, be - damned then," said
 6. Now, all you bold sail - ors who rove on the town, Be - ware of the



dam - sel who skipped up and down. Said the dam - sel to Jack as
 whis - key from far Ger - man - y, Smug - gled up in a Jack as
 bas - ket till I run for your change." Jack looked in the bas - ket and a
 chris - tened to the par - son he went. Said the par - son to Jack, "What
 Jack, "and the quare way he came, Smug - gled up in a bas - ket and
 dam - sels who skip up and down. Take a peep in their bas - kets as



she passed him by, "Would you care for to pur - chase some quare Bun - gle
 sold on the sly, And the name that it goes by is quare Bun - gle
 child he did spy. "Oh, be - damned then," said Jack, "this is quare Bun - gle
 will he go by?" "Oh, be - damned then," said Jack, "call him quare Bun - gle
 sold on the sly, And the name that he'll go by is quare Bun - gle
 they pass you by, Or else they may pawn on you quare Bun - gle



Rye Rad - dy Rye?"
 Rye Rad - dy Rye?"
 Rye Rad - dy Rye."
 Rye Rad - dy Rye."
 Rye Rad - dy Rye."
 Rye Rad - dy Rye." } Fol the did - le - i rad - dy rye rad - dy rye.

BYKER HILL

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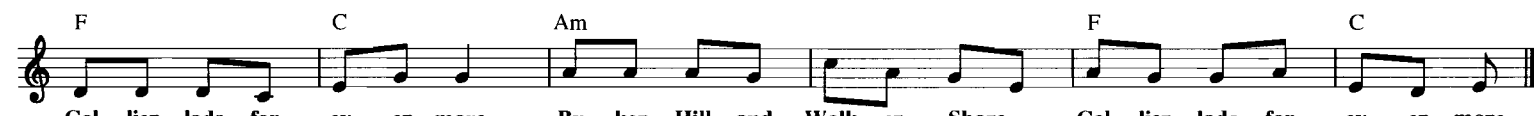
Irish folksong



1. Oh, if I had an - oth - er pen - ny, I would have an - oth - er gill, I would make the
 2. The pit - man and the keel - man trim. They drink Bum - bo made from gin. Then to dance they
 3. When first I went down to the dirt, I had no cowl and no pit - shirt. Now I've got - ten
 4. Now Geor - die Charl - ton, he had a pig. He hit it with a shov - el and it danced a jig all the way to



pip - er play, "The Bon - nie Lass of By - ker Hill."
 do be - gin, to the tune of "El - sie Mar - ley."
 two or three; Walk - er Pitts done well by me. } By - ker Hill and Walk - er Shore, -
 Walk - er Shore, to the tune of "El - sie Mar - ley."



Col - lier lads for - ev - er - more. By - ker Hill and Walk - er Shore, Col - lier lads for - ev - er - more.

A BUNCH OF THYME

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Irish folksong

1,5. Come all you maid - ens young and fair, _____ All you that are bloom - ing in your prime, _____ And
 2. For thyme, it is a pre - cious thing _____ And thyme brings all things to my mind. _____ Thyme
 3. Once I had a bunch of thyme; _____ I thought it nev - er would de - cay. _____ Then
 4. The sail - or gave to me a rose, _____ A rose that nev - er would de - cay. _____ He

al - ways be - ware _____ to keep your gar - den fair; _____ Let no man steal a - way your thyme. _____
 with all its fla - vors, a - long with all its joys, _____ Thyme brings all things to my mind. _____
 came a lust - y sail - or who chanced to pass my way, _____ And stole my bunch of thyme a - way. _____
 gave it to me _____ to keep me re - mind - ed Of when he stole my thyme a - way. _____

THE CALTON WEAVER

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Scottish folksong

1. I'm a weav - er, a Cal - ton weav - er; I'm a brash and a rov - ing blade.
 2. As I cam' in by Gles - ca cit - y, Nan - cy Whis - ky I chanced to smell.
 3. mair I kissed her, the mair I lo'ed her; the mair I kissed her, the mair she smiled. And
 4. I woke ear - ly _____ in the morn - ing to slake my drouth; it _____ was my need. I
 5. "C'wa, land - la - dy, _____ whit's the law - in'? Tell me whit there _____ is to pay."
 6. As I went oot by Gles - ca cit - y, Nan - cy Whis - ky I chanced to smell.
 7..8. (See additional lyrics)

I've got sil - ver in my pock - ets; I'll go and fol - low the rov - ing trade,
 I gaed in, sat doon be - side her. Sev - en lang - years I lo'ed her well.
 I for - got my mith - er's teach - ing; Nan - cy _____ soon had me be - guiled. } Oh, whis - ky, whis - ky,
 tried to rise, but I was - na a - ble; Nan - cy _____ had me by the heid.
 "Fif - teen shill - ings is the reck - 'ning. Pay me _____ quick - ly and go a - way."
 I gaed in, drank four and six - pence; A't was _____ left was a crook - ed scale.

Nan - cy whis - ky, whis - ky, whis - ky, Nan - cy, oh. Nan - cy, oh. The Nan - cy, oh.
 Come

Additional Lyrics

7. I'll gang back to the Calton weaving;
 I'll surely mak' the shuttles fly.
 I'll mak' mair at the Calton weaving.
 Than ever I did in a roving way.

8. Come, all ye weavers, Calton weavers,
 A' ye weavers where'er ye be.
 Beware of whisky, Nancy whisky;
 She'll ruin you as she ruined me.

CAPTAIN MacDONALD'S FAVOURITE JIG

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Irish folksong

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

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Scottish folksong

Musical notation for the song 'The Campbells Are Coming'. It consists of four staves of music in the key of D major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff starts with a D chord and ends with an A7 chord. The second staff has D, G, and D chords. The third staff has D and G chords. The fourth staff has D and G chords, with a first ending (1) and a second ending (2) both marked with a D chord.

CARRICKFERGUS

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Irish folksong

Musical notation and lyrics for the song 'Carrickfergus'. The music is in the key of D major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are as follows:

1. I wish I was in Carrickfergus, on - ly for
 2. Now in Kilkenney it is re - port - ed, they've mar - ble

nights in Bal - ly - grant I would swim o - ver the deep - est
 stones as black as ink with gold and sil - ver I would trans - port

o - cean, on - ly for nights in Bal - ly - grant.
 her but I'll sing no more now 'til I get a drink.

But the sea is wide and I can't swim o - ver nor have I
 I'm drunk to - day but then I'm sel - dom so - ber a hand - some rov - er

the wings to fly if I could find me a hand - some
 from town to town ah but I'm sick now, my days are

boats man to fer - ry me o - ver to my love and die.
 o - ver come all ye young lads, and lay me down.

CARISTIONA

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Folksong from the Hebrides

N.C. E C

My Car - is - tio - na! _____ Wilt an - swer my cry! _____ Naught answer'st to
'S a Chair - is - tio - na! _____ Nach fhrea-gair thu mi? _____ Cha fhrea-gair thu

Am Bb A E N.C.

night? _____ my grief! ah me! _____ My Car - is - tio - na!
nochd, _____ mo dhiobh - ail mi! _____ 'S a Chair - is - tio - na

Bb A C F/C

_____ Wilt an - swer my cry? _____ Deep my heart is griev - ing,
Nach fhrea-gair thu mi? _____ Tha mo chridh - e bris - te

C A F/A Bb A

griev - ing, _____ And my eyes are stream - ing stream - ing,
bris - te, _____ Tha mo shùil gu sil - teach sil - teach, _____

C F/C C Em

I yes - treen stood by thy *Kis - ting, _____ By the
Bha mi'n dé 'gad chur 's a' chistidh _____ Bha mi'n

F G E N.C.

grave to - day am list' - ning, _____ My Ca - ris - tio - na!
diugh air braich do li - ce _____ 'S a Chair - is - tio - na

E C Am Bb

_____ Wilt an - swer my cry? _____ Still answ'rest thou naught. _____ My grief! ah
Nach fhrea-gair thu mi? _____ Cha fhrea-gair thu nochd, _____ mo dhiobh - ail

A Am E Am Bb A

me! _____ My Car - is - tio - na!
mi! _____ 's a Chair - is - tio - na!

*Kisting = laying in the Kist or coffin

THE CHANTY THAT BEGUILLED THE WITCH

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D Em D Em

Ha rim ha ro ho Ho ro leathag i Ha rim ho ro - ho Ho ro leathag i Ha

D Em Bm D Bm Em Fine (last time)

rim ho ro - ho Ho ro leathag i Ho ro ei - le Ho ro leathag i

1. In the ear - ly spring - time morn - ing, Climbed I high the steep hill shoul - der,
 2. Pip - ing, harp - ing, on her floor - ing, Youth blood drawn to ways of yore - dom,
 3. While one tide flows makes she Er - in, While yon tide ebbs, back can sail she,
 4. (See additional lyrics)
 1. Dhi - rich mi moch ma - dainn chei - tein Su - as ri gual - a chais an t - sleibh - e
 2. Piob is clar sach air a h - ur - lar, Mic - a' fas ri fuil an duth - chais
 3. Theid thu dh'Eir - inn ri aon lan, Is till - idh tu ri aon mhuir - tra - igh
 4. (See additional lyrics)

Yo - ho! a ship a - glow in sun - shine, Ho ro ai ly, Ship o' *Sheel - lodge she.
 On sleep - ing sea - birds put she soar - ing, Ship o' mu - sic, Ship o' Sheel - lodge she.
 If stave but hold to stave she'll fare — A - cross the linn - he, Ship o' Sheel - lodge she.
 Chun - na mi long 's i an lain - nir grein - e Ho ro ei - le, Long Shil - Leoid i.
 Cha — robh eun nach d'rinn i dhus - gadh Long a' chiuil is Long Shil - Leoid i.
 'S fhad — 's a lean - as aon chlar ri clar, — Gun snamh thu linn - e's gur Long Shil - Leoid thu

Additional Lyrics

4. Never a wind but fears the strain
 Of filling thy sail when under way.
 I lose e'en the Coolins behind yon sail
 Yo ho ro aily, Ship o' Sheellodge she.

4. Gur deuchainn air gach gaoth a sheideas
 Do shiuil bhana lionadh glelan thug thu 'n
 Ciuilinn mor speur diom
 Ho ro eile long ShilLeoid thu

*Sil Leod = the seed or Clan of Macleod

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

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Scottish folksong

Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling my dar - ling! Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, the

young chev - a - lier. { 1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When
 2. As he cam' march - in' up the street, The pipes played loud and clear; And
 3. Wi' High - land bon - nets on their heads, And clay - mores bright and clear, They
 4. They've left their bon - nie High - land hills, Their wives and bairn - ies dear, To
 5. Oh! there were mon - y beat - ing hearts, And mon - y a hope and fear; And

Char - lie came to our — town, The — young — chev - a - lier. }
 a' the folk cam' rin - nin' out To — meet the chev - a - lier. }
 cam' to fight for Scot - land's right And the young — chev - a - lier. } Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my
 draw the sword for Scot - land's lord, The — young — chev - a - lier. }
 mon - y were the prayers put up for the young — chev - a - lier. }

dar - ling, my dar - ling! Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young chev - a - lier.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S LULLABY

(Taladh Christiata)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. My joy, my love, my dar - ling thou! My trea - sure new, my rap - ture
 2. While sun of hope and light art thou! Of love the heart and eye art
 1. Mo ghaol, mo ghradh, is m'eud - ail thu! Gur m'iunn - tas ùr and is m'eibh - neas
 2. Mo ghaol an t-suil a sheall - as tla! Mo ghaol an cridh' tha liont' le

thou! My come - ly beau - teous babe - son thou, un - wor - thy
 thou! Tho' but a ten - der babe, I bow In heav'n - ly
 thu! Mo mhac - an àl - ainm, ceut - ach thu! cha'n fhiu mi
 gràdh! Géd is lean - abh thu gun chàil Is lion - mhòr

I to tend to thee } Ha - le lu - i -
 rap - ture un - to thee. }
 fhein a bhi ad dhàil }
 buaidh tha ort a' fàs.

a Ha - le lu - i - a Ha -

le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i - a.

A CHURNING LILT

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. Oh Mar - y had a churn - ing A - down by the wick, Sweet
 2. Would but - ter but come quick - ly, Full blyhte were we I wist, With
 1. Am mais - treadh bha aig Moire Air ùr - lar a' ghlinne, A'
 2. Thig na saor - a, Thig na daor - a, Thig na caon - a, Thig na caomh - a,
 3. Tha glug an so, Tha glag an so, Tha glug an so, Tha glug an so, Tha
 4. Thig an lòn, Thig an smeòl, Thig an ceòl, Thig an ceòl as a' bhruth

milk she would be turn - ing All in - to but - ter thick. } Quick, come but - ter
 but - ter to the el - bow, but - ter milk up to the wrist. }
 meu - dach - adh an ime, A' lagh - dach - adh a' bhainne, }
 Thig na gaol - a Thig na claon' A' lagh - dach - adh a' bhainne. }
 rud as fhearr na choir an so Tha rud as fhearr na fion ann. } Thig, a chuin - neig,
 Thig a' chuth - ag, Thig a' cheath - ag Thig an fhos - gag athair.

quick. But - ter - milk and sweet but - ter. Quick, come but - ter quick.
 thig. Blàthach gu dòrn 'S im gu nil - inn, Thig, a chuin - neig, thig.

CHRISTMAS DUANAG

(Duan Nollaig)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Am Em Am Em Am

1. Hey the Ban - nock Ho the Ban - nock Hey the Ban - nock air a viò
 2. Son of Dawn _ Son of Clouds _ Son of Plan - ets Son of Stars
 3. Hey - re Ban - nak Ho - re Ban - nak Hey - re Ban - nak air a viò
 1. Hei - re Ban - nag Hoi - re Ban - nag Hei - re Ban - nag air a' bheo
 2. Mac na niul - a Mac na neul - a Mac na run - na Mac na reula
 3. Hei - re Ban - nag Hoi - re Ban - nag Hei - re Ban - nag air a' bheo

C Em/B Am Em Am Em Am

Tell - ing us that Christ was born King of Kings and Lord of Lords.
 Son of Riv - ers Song of Dew Son of Wel - kin Son of Sky.
 Hey - re Ban - nock Ho - re Bannock Hey - re Ban - nock air a viò.
 'Ginn - se duinn gu'n d'rug - adh Criosd Rìgh nan Rìgh, a tìr na slaint.
 Mac na dile Mac na deire Mac na spire Mac na speura.
 Hei - re Ban - nag Hoi - re Bannag Hei - re Ban - nag air a bheo.

CLANRANALD'S PARTING SONG

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D Bm

1. (He:) Here's _ a health to thee, _ *mo run. We'll drain the
 2. (She:) Be _ true to me, _ mo run. Flies swift the
 1.,2. Biodh _ an deoch - sa 'làimh _ mo ruin. Slaint - e le

G D

cup for soon. _ We shall be part - ing now, mo run.
 hour full soon. _ We two must part - ed, be, mo run.
 fear an Tuir. _ Biodh _ an deach - sa 'làimh mo ruin

§

Sad _ I bide on crag - gy _ coll, and fain would be sail - ing
 Sail - ing I'll be by rock - y _ rum, and by wing - ed Skyle and
 Ged _ a tha mi so an _ Col a, B'e _ mo thoil e
 A - gus as a sin do dh' Uidhist nah d'fhuir mi mo

To Coda ⊕

out with thee. But you'll be true to me, _ mo run.
 U - ist blue. Biodh _ an deach - sa 'laimh _ mo ruin.
 dol a Rùm leam.

Bm

(He:) Here's _ a health to thee, _ mo run I'll _ drain the
 Biodh _ an deoch - sa 'làimh _ mo ruin Slaint _ e le

G D D.S. al Coda

cup for soon _ I shall be sail - ing now, mo run.
 fear an Tuir _ Biodh _ an deoch - sa 'làimh mo ruin.

CODA ⊕

Ere I re - turn to thee, _ mo run. (She:) But you'll be true to me, _ mo run.
 Biodh _ an deoch - sa 'làimh _ mo ruin. Biodh _ an deoch - sa 'làimh _ mo ruin.

*My love

CLARE'S DRAGOONS

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Irish folksong

G C

1. When on Ram - il - lies' blood - y field The baf - fled French were forced to yield, The
 2. An - oth - er Clare is here to lead, Though wor - thy fan of such a breed; the
 3. Oh, com - rades, think how Ire - land pines, Her ex - iled lords, her ri - fled shrines, Her

G C D7 G

vic - tor Sax - on back - ward reeled Be - fore the charge of Clare's dra - goons. The
 French ex - pect some fa - mous deed When Clare leads on his bold dra - goons. Our
 dear - est hope, the or - dered lines, And burst - ing charge of Clare's dra - goons. Then

D7 G C

flags we con - quered in that fray Look lone in Y - pres' choir, they say We'll
 colo - nel comes from Bri - an's race, His wounds are in his breast and face; The
 fling your green flag to the sky, Be Lim - er - ick your bat - tle cry, And

G B7 Em G C D7 G

win them com - pa - ny to - day Or brave - ly die like Clare's dra - goons. Then
 bear - na baoghail* is still his place, The fore - most of his bold dra - goons. Then
 charge till blood floats fet - lock high A - round the track of Clare's dra - goons. Then

C

vi - va la, for Ire - land's wrong! Vi - va la, for Ire - land's right! Then
 vi - va la, for Ire - land's wrong! Vi - va la, for Ire - land's right! Then
 vi - va la, the new bri - gade! Vi - va la, the old one, too! Then

G B7 Em G C D7 G

vi - va la, in bat - tle through, For a Span - ish steed and sa - ber bright!
 vi - va la, in bat - tle through, For a Span - ish steed and sa - ber bright!
 vi - va la, the rose shall fade and the sham - rock shine for - ev - er new!

* bearna baoghail: wherever there is danger

THE COCKIES OF BUNGAREE

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Irish folksong

D A7 D

1. Come, all you wea - ry trav - el - lers who's out of work, just mind; If you take a trip to
 (2.) how I came this wea - ry way I means to let you know; Be - ing out of em -
 (3.) home - stead was of sur - face mud, and his root of moul - dy thatch; The doors and win - dows
 (4.) on the ver - y first morn - ing it was the us - u - al go; He - battled a plate for
 (5.) when I got home for sup - per it was half past nine; And when I had it
 6.,7. (See additional lyrics)

G D G D A7 D

Bun - gar - ee, it's plen - ty there you'll find. Take a trial with the cock - ies, you can
 ploy - ment, I did - n't know where to go. I went to the reg - is - ter of - fice, and
 hung by a nail with nev - er a bolt or a catch. The chick - ens ran o - ver the tab - le such a
 break - fast be - fore the cocks did crow. The stars were shin - ing glo - ri - ous - ly the
 ate well I reck - oned it was bed - time. The cock - y he came o - ver to me and he

A7

take it straight from me: You'll ver - y sure - ly rue the day you go to Bun - gar -
 there I did a - gree To take a job a - clear - ing for a cock - y in Bun - gar -
 sight you nev - er did see; One laid an egg in the old tin plate of the cock - y from Bun - gar -
 moon was high you see; I thought be - fore the sun would rise, I'd die in Bun - gar -
 said with a mer - ry laugh, "I want you now for an hour or two to cut a bit of

1-6 D 7 D G D G D
 ee. _____ 2. Well, one. _____ 8. And now my job is o - ver and I'm at lib - er -
 ee. _____ 3. His
 ee. _____ 4. And
 ee. _____ 5. And
 chaff." _____ 6. And

A7 D A7 D
 ty, _____ I'll nev - er for - get the day I met the cock - y from Bun - gar - ee.

Additional Lyrics

- 6. And when I had it finished, I'd to nurse the youngest child;
 Whenever I said a joking word, the missus she would smile.
 The old fellow got jealous, looked like he'd murder me;
 And there he sat and whipped the cat, the cocky from Bungaree.
- 7. Well, when I had my first week done, I reckoned I'd had enough;
 I walked up to the cocky, and I asked him for my stuff.
 I went down in to Ballarat, and it didn't last me long;
 I went straight in to Sayer's Hotel, and I blew my one pound one.

COME TO THE HILLS

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Irish folksong

E A E A E
 1.,4. Come by the hills to the land where fan - cy is free. _____ And
 2. Come to the hills where life is _____ a song. _____ And
 3. Come by the hills to the land where le - gend re - mains. _____ Where

G#m A B7
 stand where the peaks meet the sky and the loughs meet the sea. _____ Where the
 sing where the birds fill the air with their joy all day long. _____ Where the
 stor - ies of old filled the heart and they yet come a - gain. _____ Where our

E A E B7
 riv - ers run clear, And the brack - en is gold in the sun. _____
 trees sway in time, and ev - en the wind sings in tune. _____ } And the
 past has been lost and our fu - ture has still to be won. _____

E A E A E
 cares of to - mor - row must wait till this day is done. _____

THE COCKLE GATHERER

('S trusaidh mi na Coilleagan)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

E

1. Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel
 2. Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel
 1. I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil
 2. I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil

B7 E

Blythe I gath - er cock - les here, Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro
 While I gath - er cock - les here, Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro
 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro
 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro

B7 E C#m

Ee - tl a doo veel Blythe I gath - er cock - les here. Joy scream o' sea - gulls
 Ee - tl a doo veel While I gath - er cock - les here. Laugh - ter of sea - waves
 I dal a du vil 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an. Roic aig an fhaoil - eag,
 I dal a du vil 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an. Gair aig an fhair - ge

F#m C#m B7 E

Down on the sker - ry there, Joy scream o' sea - gulls While I gath - er cock - les here,
 Down on the sker - ry there, laugh - ter of sea - waves While I gath - er cock - les here,
 shios anns na sgei - rein ud Roic aig an fhaoil - eag 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an
 shios anns na sgei - ean ud Gair aig an fhair - ge 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an

C#m F#m C#m

Joy scream o' sea - gulls On the sker - ry there, Joy scream o' sea - gulls
 laugh - ter of sea - waves Down on the sker - ry there, laugh - ter of sea - waves
 Roic aig an fhaoil - eag shios anns na sgei - rein ud Roic aig an fhaoil - eag
 Gair aig an fhair - ge shios anns na sgei - ean ud Gair aig an fhair - ge

1 2

B7 E B7 E

While I gath - er cock - les here. While I gath - er cock - les here. Ee - tl a doo veel
 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an I dal a du vil

B7 E

Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel Blythe I gath - er cock - les here, Ee - tl a doo veel
 I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an I dal a du vil

B7 E

Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel Still I gath - er cock - les here.
 I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil 'S tru - saidh mi na coil - leag - an.

COLL NURSE'S LILT

(Shibeag, Shibeag)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D G D G D F#m Bm

My blue - eyed *Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, u - vil!
 I u - bhil! Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, u - bhil!

Em Bm Em D G D

Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag o' the brown locks, My blue - eyed Shi - beag, Shi - beag,
 Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag a bhean uas - al, I u - bhil Shi - beag, Shi - beag,

G D F#m Bm Em Bm Em Bm

Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, u - vil! Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag o' the
 Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, u - bhil! Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag a bhean

To Coda ⊕

Em D G D G D

brown locks! I will dance at thy bri - dal, Blythe - ly dance at thy bri - dal,
 uas - al! Ni mi danns' aig do bhan - ais! Ni mi danns' aig do bhan - ais,

Em Bm Em Bm A D.S. al Coda

I will dance at thy bri - dal, Auld wife tho' I be syne. My
 Ni mi danns' aig do bhan - ais sean a bhios mi'n wair (then) sin. I

CODA ⊕

D G D G Bm

Woo - ers fine will come cour - tin', Woo - ers fine come court - in' to thee, But to nane —
 'Sio - ma fear a bhios ad dhéidh Ea - dar - so's Bail - e Dhun - Eid - eann. Cha tu - gainn do (none)

Em Bm Em Bm A D G D G

will I gie thee Want - in' herds o' cat - tle, My blue - eyed gen - tle mai - den, Shi - beag, Shi - beag,
 (give) fhear gun spréidh thu, Euch - dag a chuil dual - aich! I u - bhil! Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag,

D F#m Bm Em Em/B Bm Em D G

gen - tle mai - den, Blue - eyed gen - tle mai - den, Sái - beag, o' the brown locks, I u - vil!
 Shi - beag, Shi - beag, u - bhil! Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, a bhean uas - al, I u - bhil!

D G Bm F#m Bm Em Bm

Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, u - vil! Shi - beag, Shi - beag,
 Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, u - bhil! Shi - beag, Shi - beag,

Em Bm Em Bm

Shi - beag o' the brown locks. (Instrumental)
 Shi - beag a bhean uas - al.

*A child's name, pronounced eepak

COOLEY'S REEL

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Irish folksong

Dm C 3 3 3 3

Dm C Dm

3 3 3 3 C

Dm 3 3 C Dm

COME SIT DOWN BESIDE ME

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Irish folksong

1. When first you came court - ing, My own heart's de - light, I
 (2.) turn then you tried me, My own heart's de - light, For
 met you with sport - ing And sau - cy des - pite, And of
 cold - ly you eyed me Or shrank from my sight, Or with
 o - ther fine fel - lows I made you mad jeal - ous, When
 Nor ah you chat - tered Or Flor - a you flat - tered, Sit - ting
 first you came court - ing, My own heart's de - light!
 close up be - side me. You rogue, you were
 right! (Instrumental) 3. But sit down be -
 side me, my own heart's de - light. To com - fort and guide me. I'm yours from to -
 night! I've teased and I've vexed you, I've pleased and per -
 plexed you; But sit down be - side me, We're one from to - night!

COME BACK TO ERIN

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Irish folksong

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen; Come back, A - roon, to the land of my birth:
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a - way;
 3. O may the an - gels, O wa - kin' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way;
 Come with the sham - rocks and Spring - time Ma - vour - neen, And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
 Ri - ding the white waves that fair Sum - mer morn - in', Just like a May - flow'r a float on the bay.
 And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in' Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.

(Instrumental) Dm/F G7 C Am E7 Am

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
O, but my heart sank when clouds came be - tween us,
When by the fire - side I watch the bright em - bers,

B7 Em Am Em B7 E7 Am E7 Am

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star shine
Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean
Then all my heart flies to En - gland and thee, Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re - mem - bers,

Cm6 G/D D7 G7 C

O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the brays! } Then come back to E - rin, Ma -
Far, far a - way where my Col - leen had flown. }
Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me.

G7 C Dm/F D7 G7 C

your - neen, Ma - your - neen, Come back a - gain to the land of my birth — Come back to E - rin, Ma -

G7 C Dm/F C/G G7 C

your - neen, Ma - your - neen, And — its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

CONVICT OF CLONMEL

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Irish folksong

D A D A D

1. How — hard is my for - tune, how vain my re - pin - ing; The strong rope of
2. No — boy in the vil - lage was ev - er yet mild - er; I'd play with a
3. At my bed foot de - cay - ing my hur - ley is ly - ing, Through the lads of the
4. Next — Sun - day the pat - tern at home will be keep - ing, All the young ac - tive

G A D G

death for the young neck is twin - ing. My — strength is de - part - ed, my cheeks sunk and
child and my sport be no wild - er. I'd — dance with - out tir - ing from morn - ing till
vil - lage my gold ball is fly - ing, My — horse 'mong the neigh - bors neg - lect - ed may
hur - lers the field will be sweep - ing, The — dance of fair maid - ens the even - ing will

D G D A D

sal - low, While I lan - guish in chains in the jail of Clu - ain Mea - la. _____
eve - ning, And my gold ball I'd strike to the light - 'ning — of heav - en. _____
fol - low, While I pine in my chains in the jail of Clu - ain Mea - la. _____
hal - low, While this heart once so gay will be cold in Clu - ain Mea - la. _____

COLUMBUS WAS AN IRISHMAN

(In Ireland He Was Born)

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Irish folksong

♩
D

1. Four hun - dred years a - go they say, Co - lum - bus land - ed here. We're told he was I - tal - ian, but the
 (2.) name was Mi - chael Cool - ey when he sail'd from Ban - try Bay. And when he got well out to sea, 'tis
 (3.) ev - er you may think or say, 'tis ver - y plain to me. Co - lum - bus was an I - rish-man from

G Em7 A7 D

sto - ry's ver - y queer. There's no one liv - ing saw him, and there's no one proof can bring. Yet
 said he lost his way. Up - on the coast of It - al - y his ship was wreck'd at last. He
 Er - in o'er the sea. Just look up - on his pho - to-graphs, you'll see he has a beard. And

G D F#7 Bm A7 D A7

of their great "Co-lum - bus" you will hear I - tal - ians sing: The man who found A - mer - i - ca, I've
 lost his crew, but he him - self up - on the shore was cast. He told his sto - ry to the Queen, she
 e - ven on our post - age stamps, his whis - kers have ap-peared. Now this is ev - i - dence com - plete, that

D D#dim A E7 A7

heard my fa - ther tell was full of nerve and cour - age and an I - rish-man as well. Old
 found him ships and men to find the great U - nit - ed States and start - ed off a - gain. And
 no one can dis - pute his fine old red "Im - per - i - al" you must own is a "beaut." And

D F#7

Chris' was not I - tal - ian sure, 'tis all a lie you see, so
 so they found A - mer - i - ca, Mike Coo - ley won the fame, but
 tell me who has ev - er seen, since this world did be - gin, I -

Bm F# F#7 Bm A7

tell the boys who ask you, that you got it straight from me. _____ } It's
 just to hon - or It - al - y, they went and changed his name. _____ }
 tal - ian or - gan - grind - ers with red whis - kers on their chins. _____ }

D A7 D

all wrong, all a mis-take, they don't know what they say. The whole tale's on - ly a fake, you'll

E7 A F#7 Bm F#7 Bm E7 A7 G A D A7 D G6

find it out some day. It's all wrong, don't you for-get my fa - ther's of - ten sworn, "Co - lum - bus was an I - rish-man," in

1 2 D.S. al Coda

D A7 D Ddim A7 D A7 D

Ire - land he was born. 2. His Ire - land he was born. 3. What -

CODA

D A7 D

Ire - land he was born.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

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Scottish folksong
Words and Music by
Robert Burns

D A7 D

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y com - in' through the rye, If a bod - y
2. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y com - in' frae the toon, Gin a bod - y

A7 D A7

kiss a bod - y, need a bod - y cry? Ev - 'ry las - sie has a lad - die;
greet a bod - y, need a bod - y froom? A - mong the train there is a swain I

D7 G D A7 D A7 D

None, they say, ha'e I, Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' through the rye.
dear - ly love my - sel', But what's his name or what's his name, I don - na care to tell.

THE CORK LEG

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Irish folksong

G C D7 G

1. I'll tell you a sto - ry that is no sham; in Hol - land lived a mer - chant man, and
2. One day he sat as full as an egg when a poor re - la - tion came to beg; he
3. He told his friends he had got hurt; "By a friend I have lost a foot, and
4. A doc - tor came on his va - ca - tion and o - ver it made a long o - ra - tion, and
5. When the leg was on and fin - ished right, when the leg was on, they screwed it tight, but
6. O'er hed - ges and ditch - es and scaur and plain, to rest his wea - ry limbs he'd fain, He

7.-10. (See additional lyrics)

C D7 G

ev - 'ry morn - ing he says, "I am the rich - est mer - chant in Am - ster - dam."
kicked him out with a brogue and a keg, and kick - ing him out, he broke a leg.
and up - on crutch - es I nev - er will walk, for I'll have a beau - ti - ful leg of cork."
just to save his rep - u - ta - tion, he fin - ished it off with an am - pu - ta - tion. } Ri
still he went with a bit of a hop when he found the leg, it would - n't stop.
threw him - self down, but all in vain; the leg got up and a - way a - gain.

D7 G D7 G D7 G D7 G

tid - dy till o - ri - lo - ri - lad di - ti, tid - dy till o - ri - lo - ri - lee.

Additional Lyrics

7. He called to them that were in sight,
"Stop me or I'm wounded quite."
Although their aid he did invite,
In less than a minute he was out of sight.

8. And he kept running from place to place;
The people thought he was running a race.
He clung to a post for to stop the pace,
But the leg, it still kept up the chase.

9. Over hedges and ditches and plain and scaur,
And Europe he has travelled o'er.
Although he's dead and is no more,
The leg goes on as it did before.

10. So often you see in broad daylight
A skeleton on a cork leg tight.
Although the artist did him invite,
He never was paid, and it served him right.

COSHER BAILEY'S ENGINE

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Welsh folksong

D Em A7

1. Cosh - er Bail - ey had an en - gine, it was al - ways want - ing mend - ing, and ac -
 2. On the night run up from Gow - er, she did twen - ty miles an hour; ___ as she
 3. Cosh - er bought her sec - ond - hand, ___ and he paint - ed her so grand; ___ when the
 4. Oh, the sight, it was heart - rend - ing; Cosh - er drove his lit - tle en - gine and he
 5. Cosh - er Bail - ey, he did die, ___ and they put him in a cof - fin, but a -

Bm A7

cord - ing to the pow - er, she could do four miles an hour, ___
 whis - tled through the sta - tion, man, she fright - ened half the na - tion. } Did you
 driv - er went to oil her, man, she near - ly burst her boil - er. }
 got stuck in the tun - nel and went up the bloom - ing fun - nel. }
 las, they heard a knock - ing - Cosh - er Bail - ey, on - ly jok - ing. }

D G A7

ev - er see, did you ev - er see, did you

D G D A7 D

ev - er see such a fun - ny thing be - fore?

THE COUNTY OF MAYO

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Irish folksong
Words by Thomas La Nelle

A E7 A D

1. On the deck of Pat - rick Lynch - 's boat I ___ sit ___ in ___ woe - ful
 2. When I dwelt at home in plen - ty and my gold ___ did ___ much a -
 3. They are al - tered girls in Ir - rul now, 'tis ___ proud - they're - grown and
 4. 'Tis my grief that Pat - rick Lough - lin is not ___ Earl ___ in ___ Ir - rul

A E7 A

plight, Thro' my sigh - ing all the wear - y day ___ and ___
 bound, In the com - pa - ny of fair young maids ___ the ___
 high, With their hair - bags and their top - knots for ___ I ___
 still, And that Bry - an Duff no long - er rules ___ as ___

E E7 A

weep - ing ___ all the night. Were it not that full of
 Span - ish ___ ale went 'round. 'Tis a bit - ter change from
 pass their ___ buck - les by, but 'tis lit - tle, lit - tle now I
 lord up - on the hill, And that Colo - nel Hugh O' -

E7 F#m

sor - row from ___ my ___ peo - ple ___ forth ___ I ___ go, ___ By the
 those gay days ___ that ___ now I'm ___ forced ___ to ___ go, ___ And the
 heed their airs, ___ for ___ God will ___ have ___ it ___ so, ___ that I
 Gra - dy should ___ be ___ ly - ing ___ dead ___ and ___ low, ___ And I

G A D A

bles - ed sun 'tis roy - al - ly I'd ___ sing ___ thy ___ praise, May - o.
 leave my bones in San - ta Cruz far ___ from ___ my ___ own May - o.
 must de - part for for - eign lands and ___ leave ___ my ___ sweet May - o.
 sail - ing, sail - ing swift - ly from the coun - ty ___ of May - o.

CRADLE SPELL OF DUNVEGAN

(Taladh an Leinibh Leoidich)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D Bm

Sleep, my lit - tle child, He - ro ten - der - ling, Dream, my lit - tle child, He - ro
 Ho ro mhile bhog, M'fheoil is m'iubhear thu, Ho ro mhile bhog, Ni a'

F#m D Bm F#m Bm G D

fawn - like one, High on moun - tain brows Be thy stag - tryst, Speed they yew ar -
 bhruid - heann rium, 'Struagh nach faic - inn fhein do _____ bhuail'ard, Co - ta gearr u -

A7 D

- rows straight ant - ler wards. Sleep, my lit - tle child, He - ro gen - tle bred
 - aine mu d' ghuala ghil. Ho ro mhile bhog, M'ul - tach iub - hair thu,

Bm F#m D Bm

Dream, my lit - tle child, He - ro bat - tle bred, Skin like fall - ing snow, Green thy
 Ho ro mh - ile bhog, Shult - mhor ream - har thu, Cha _____ 'n ann o Chloinn, Chuinn mo

F#m Bm G D A7 D

mail - coat, Live thy steeds; Daunt - less thy fol - low - ing.
 lean - abh, Cha _____ 'n ann o Chloinn, Duibhn 'mo lean - abh beag.

Bm F#m Bm G

Blood and pith o' me, Dream thy hero dream, Thro' thy child - sleep, Hang thy
 Siol bu do - cha leam, Siol Leoid nan long, nan lann, nan luireach, Loch - lann do

D A7 D

shield, Loch - lann - like, Heav - en - wards. _____ Ho ro *vee - la - vók,
 dhearbh dhùth - chas, mo lean - abh beag, _____ Ho ro mh - ile bhog,

F#m D

Ho ro ai - ly, Ho ro vee - la - vók Ho ro ai - ly, Our clan
 Ho ro ei - le Ho ro mh - ile bhog, Ho ro ei - le, Ho - ro

Bm F#m Bm G D A7 D

gal - ley sail, To thy dream - land, Through thy child - sleep, Ho _____ ro ai - ly.
 mh - ile bhog, 'Glac nan luir - each, M'fheoil is m'iubhear thu, Ni _____ a' bhruid - heann rium

A7 D

Sail thro' thy child - sleep.
 M'fheoil _____ thro' thy child - sleep.
 M'fheoil _____ thro' thy child - sleep.
 M'fheoil _____ thro' thy child - sleep.

*Honey love

THE COURTING OF THE KING OF ERIN'S DAUGHTER (Nighean Rìgh Eireann)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Em

Bowed her head she, made she laugh - ter, Ha - lin òk, an "stew" - r oo mee?
 Chrom i ceann is rinn i gair - e Chai - lin oig, nach stiù - ir thu mi?

D

E - rin's daugh - ter, she the milk - maid! Ha - lin o "yew" ro - ho,
 Nighean Rìgh Eire - ann shios 'san àir - igh! Chai - lin o iu ro ho,

Em

Ha - lin òk an "stew" - r oo mee? Knew I then my one my true - love,
 Chai - lin oig, nach stiù - ir thu mi? S dh'aith - nich mi - 'san uair mo cheud - ghradh

D

Ha - lin òk an "stew" - r oo mee? Mu - sic's fro - lic, Mu - sic's glad - ness!
 Chai - lin oig nach stiù - ir thu mi? Beul a' m - hire's a' cheol - gair - e!

Em

Ha - lin o "yew" - ro - ho Ha - lin òk an "stew" - r oo mee?
 Chai - lin o iu ro ho Chai - lin oig nach stiù - ir thu mi?

D

Raised her head she, made she laugh - ter, Ha - lin òk an "stew" - r oo mee, The
 Thog i ceann is rinn i gair - e, Chai - lin oig nach stiù - ir thu mi

D

star of E - rin in her share of beau - ty! Ha - lin o "yew" ro - ho
 Reult na h - Ei - reann 'na cuid ail - leachd! Chai - lin o iu ro ho

Em G D Bm A7 D

Ha - lin - òk gun "stew" - r - oo - mee! (Instrumental)
 Chai - lin oig gu'n sti - uir thu mi!

CREDHE'S LAMENT FOR CAIL

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Irish folksong

Bb F7 Gm A7 Dm A7

1. O'er thy chief, thy rush - ing chief, Loch da Conn, Loud the ha - ven is
 2. Hark the thrush from out Drum - queen lifts his *keen Through the choir of the
 3. O, the thrush the mourn - ing thrush mat - ing shall sing, When the furze bloom is

Dm Bb Dm Bb F7 Gm A7

roar - ing; All too late, her dead - ly hate for Crim - tha's son
 thrush - es; With his mate, his scream - ing mate o'er the green
 yel - low! O, the stag, the griev - ing stag in the spring

*Lament

Dm A7 Dm Bb Dm A Dm

Yon - der ___ deep is de - plor - ing. Small com - fort, I trow, to ___
 See! ___ the ___ red wea - sel rush - es. Crushed ___ on the crag lies ___
 With a fresh - doe shall ___ fel - low! But love ___ for ___ me 'neath the

Bb A7 D7 Eb A7 Dm

Cred he is her wail, ___ Slen - der ___ sol - ace ___ now, Oh! my Cail. Och ___
 Glen - si - len's doe; ___ O'er ___ her ___ yon ___ stag ___ tells his ___ woe. Thus, ___
 ev - er - mov - ing mound ___ Of ___ the ___ scowl - ing ___ sea li - eth drowned; While ___

Bbm F7 Gm A7 Dm A7 Dm

one! och, ___ wir - ras thru! Can she, ___ who ___ slew, ___ Bid ___ thee ___ back, Spi - rit soar - ing!
 Cail, och - o - nee! ___ for ___ thee, ___ for ___ thee, ___ My ___ soul's ___ sor - row ___ gush - es.
 Och, och, ___ ol - la gone! the sea ___ fowl ___ moan ___ And ___ the ___ sea beasts ___ bel - low!

THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (Cruiscín Lán)

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Irish folksong

Em Am B7 Em

1. Let the farm - er praise his grounds, Let the hunts - man praise his hounds, Let the shep - herd praise his
 2. Im - mor - tal and di - vine, Great - Bac - chus, god of wine, Cre - ate me by a -
 3. Oh, ___ when cruel death ap - pears, in a few but hap - py years, You'll say "Oh won't you
 4. Then ___ fill your glas - ses high; Let's not part with lips so dry, For the lark now pro -

B7 G D7 Am

dew - y - scent - ed lawn. ___ Oh, but I'm more wise than they, Spend each hap - py night and
 dop - tion your own son, ___ In hopes that you'll com - ply That my glass shall ne'er run
 come a - long with me?" ___ I'll say "Be - gone you knave, For King Bac - chus gave me
 claims it is the dawn. ___ And since we can't re - main, May we short - ly meet a -

B7 Em B Em B Em B7

day With my dar - lin' lit - tle cruís - cín lán, lán, lán, My dar - lin' lit - tle cruís - cín
 dry Nor my dar - lin' lit - tle cruís - cín lán, lán, lán, My dar - lin' lit - tle cruís - cín
 lave To take an - oth - er cruís - cín lán, lán, lán, To take an - oth - er cruís - cín
 gain To fill an - oth - er cruís - cín lán, lán, lán, To fill an - oth - er cruís - cín

Em G D Am B7 Em

lán. ___ } Oh, gradh mo chroide mo cruís - cín Slain - te geal Mau - ver - neen, Gradh mo chroide mo
 lán. ___
 lán. ___
 lán. ___

B7 Em B Em Am Em B7 Em

cruís - cín lán, lán, lán, Oh, gradh mo chroide mo cruís - cín lán. ___

THE CROPPY BOY

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Irish folksong

G C D7

1. 'Twas ear - ly, ear - ly in the Spring, The birds did
 2. 'Twas ear - ly, ear - ly in the night, the yeo - man
 3. 'Twas in the guard - house where I was laid, and in the
 4. As I was pass - ing my fa - ther's door, my broth - er
 5. As I was go - ing up Wex - ford Hill, who could
 6. As I was mount - ed on the scaf - fold high, my ag - ed
 7. 'Twas in the Dun - gan - non this young man died, and in Dun -

G G

whis - tle and sweet - ly sing, Chang - ing their notes from
 cav - al - ry gave me a fright. The yeo - man cav - al - ry
 par - lor where I was tried. My sen - tence passed and my
 Wil - liam stood at the door. My ag - ed fa - ther stood
 blame me to cry my fill? I looked be - hind and I
 fa - ther was stand - ing by. My ag - ed fa - ther did
 gan - non his bod - y lies. And you good peo - ple that

D7 G D7 C G

tree to tree, And the song they sang was "Old Ire - land Free."
 was my tree, down - fall, and ta - ken was I by the Lord Corn - wall.
 cour - age low, when to Dun - gan - non by I was forced to go.
 there al - so, my ten - der moth - er her hair she tore.
 looked be - fore, my ag - ed moth - er I shall see no more.
 me de - ny, and the name he gave me was the Crop - py Boy.
 do pass by, oh shed a tear for the Crop - py Boy.

CUCHULLAN'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON

(Cuchulann 's a Mhac)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Dm Gm Dm F Dm

Woe is me! My son a - keen - ing! Loud o'er the moor my
 Och nan och is och ei - re! Trom mi ri siubh - al

F Dm Dm Gm

wail - cry, Clang - ing thy shield and flame - keen sword, Who
 bein - ne, Arm mo mhic 's an da - ra laimh 'S a

Dm G5 Dm

li - eth a - sleep in death cold. Ma - lis - ons be
 sgi - ath 's a laimh ei - le. Mi - le moll - ached

Gm/D Dm F Dm F

on thee, *Ai - fe, Weav - ing thy spells o' ha - ting,
 air an Ai - fe, 'S i dh'araich mi fo na gea - sa,

Dm Gm Dm Gm

Thou didst wile him to his doom, A - seek - ing Cu - chul - lan of
 'S i chuir mis - e gu'm fhu - lang, A dh'ionn - suidh Cu - chu - lann nan

*The wife of Cuchullan, Pronounced I-fa

Dm Gm/D Dm

great feats _____ Woe _____ is me! My son _____ a - keen - ing!
 cleas - a _____ Och _____ nan och, is och _____ ei - re!

F Dm F Dm

Loud o'er the moors my wail - cry, Cu - chul - lan has slain Cu -
 Trom mi ri suibh - al bein - ne, Arm ___ mo mhic 's an

Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm

chul - lan's son, now ly - ing a - sleep in death cold.
 da - ra laimh 'S a sgi - ath's a laimh ei - le.

THE CUCKOO MADRIGAL

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Irish folksong

A D A E A D

1. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! _____ Our joy - ful ro - ver, At last you're o - ver The o - cean
 2. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! _____ How lad and maid - en Love am - bus - ca - din' In search of

A/E E A D A B7 E

blue, _____ And once a - gain _____ All ears shall lis - ten, All eyes shall glis - ten At your glad
 you! _____ But far and near _____ Ven - tril - o - quiz - ing, With art sur - pris - ing, You mock the

A B7 E F#m E/B B7 E

strain, O yel - low throat - ed, Mel - low - no - ted min - strel!
 ear; Till ai - ry elf. 'Tis E - cho's self they call you.

A D A D A

Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! _____ 'Twas on - ly sor - row Made dark each mor - row The win - ter
 Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! _____ At dawn up - spring - ing, We hear you ring - ing Your joy - bell

A/E E A D A E A

through; _____ And till your voice _____ A - woke to cheer us None, none came near _____ us To cry "Re -
 true; _____ The live - long day, _____ Its mag - ic meas - ure Peals per - fect pleas - ure. Then dies a -

D A D A/E E7 A

joice!" O yel - low - throat - ed, Mel - low - no - ted min - strel!
 way, In far - off whis - pers _____ Thro' our _____ ves - pers steal - ing.

THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE

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Irish folksong

A F#m D E

1. The win - ter it is past and the sum - mer's come at last and the
 2. The rose u - pon the briar by the wa - ter run - ning clear, gives ____
 3. A liv - er - y I'll wear, and I'll comb ____ back my hair and in
 4. I'll wear a cap of black, with a frill a - round my neck, gold ____
 5. I would not think it strange, thus the world for to ____ range, if I
 6. My love is like the sun, that in the firm - a - ment does run; And ____
 7. All you that are in love, and ____ can - not it re - move. I ____

C#m Bm E D A

small birds they sing on eve - ry tree; Their lit - tle hearts are glad but ____
 joy to the lin - net and the bee. Their lit - tle hearts are blest but ____
 vel - vet so green I will ap - pear; And ____ straight I will re - pair to the
 rings on my fing - ers I ____ wear; It's ____ this I un - der - take, for my
 on - ly got ti - dings of my dear; But ____ here in Cu - pid's chain, if I'm
 al - ways proves con - stant and ____ true; But ____ his is like the moon, that ____
 pit the ____ pains ____ you en - dure; For ex - per - ience let me know, that your

Bm E A Bm E

mine is ver - y sad, since my true love is far a - way from me. ____
 mine is not at rest, while my true love is ab - sent from me. ____
 Cur - ragh of Kil - dare, for it's there I'll find tid - ings of my dear. ____
 true ____ lov - er's sake, he re - sides at the Cur - ragh of Kil - dare. ____
 bound ____ to re - main, I would spend my whole life ____ in des - pair. ____
 wan - ders up and down, and ____ ev - 'ry month ____ is ____ new. ____
 hearts are full of woe, and a woe that no mor - tal can cure. ____

CURSE OF THE ASPEN TREE
(An Crithionn Cruaidh)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Dm Am Dm A7 Dm A7

A curse on thee thou as - pen tree, The King o' Bens was nailed to thee, Up -
 Mol - lachd ort a chri - thinn chrann, Ort a chroch - te Rìgh nam Beann,

Dm A7 Dm Am Dm A7 Dm

on the blade a black curse be, And on his hand who set it free. A
 Mol - lachd ei - le air an lann, 'S air an fhear a chum 'na laimh.

Am Dm A7 Dm A7

curse on thee hard as - pen tree, The King o' grace was nailed to thee, The
 Mol - lachd ort a chri - thinn chruaidh Ort a chroch - te Rìgh nam Buadh,

Dm A7 Dm Am Dm A7 Dm

love of men and an - gels he Whose blood flowed down from yon - der tree. A
 Gaol nam Flaith - eas gradh an t - sluagh 'Sfhuil a' sil - eadh ort a nuas

Am Dm A7 Dm A7

curse on thee, thou as - pen tree, A curse that thou should'st e - ver be, A
 Mol - lachd ort, a chri - thinn chrann, Mol - lachd i - dir thu bhi ann

Dm A7 Dm Am Dm A7 Dm

curse on whose - so eye may see And will not curse with me yon tree.
 Mol - lachd air gach suil an ceann Chi's nach mol - laich leam an crann.

DANNY BOY

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Irish folksong
 Words by Frederick Edward Weatherly

C C7 F Fm

1. Oh, Dan - ny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are call - ing, from glen to
 2. But if he come, when all the flow'rs are call - ing, and I am

C Am6 Fm6 G7 N.C.

glen, and as down dead the moun - tain may side. The sum - mer's
 dead, as dead I well may be, ye'll come and

C C7 F6 Fm C/G G7

gone, and all the ros - es fall - ing, It's you, it's you must go and I must
 find the place where I am ly - ing, and kneel and say an A - ve there for

C N.C. C F6 G7 Am7

bide. But come ye back when sum - mer's in the mead - ow, or when the
 me; And I shall hear, tho' soft your tread a - bove me, and all my

Am F6 Em6 D7 G7 N.C. C C9 F F#dim

val - ley's hush'd and white with snow. 'Tis I'll be there in sun - shine or in
 dreams will warm and sweet - er be. If you will not fail to tell me that you

C E7 Am F#m7b5 Fm6 C/G Am7 F6 G7 C

shad - ow, oh, Dan - ny Boy, oh Dan - ny Boy, I love you so!
 love me, then I shall sleep in peace un - til you come to me!

DANCE TO YOUR SHADOW (Bando Ribinnean)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Am C Am
Ho ro ha - ra - dal, "Hind ye" ha - ra - dal, Ho ro ha - ra - dal "Hind ye" han dan.

C Am
Ho ro ha - ra - dal, "Hind ye" ha - ra - dal, Ho ro ha - ra - dal, "Hind ye" han dan.

Dm7 C Dm7
1. Dance to your shad - ow when it's good to be liv - ing, lad, Dance to your shad - ow when there's
2. Dance to your shad - ow when it's hard to be liv - ing, lad, Dance to your shad - ow when there's
3. Dance to your shad - ow when let Fate to her fid - dle, lad, Dance to your shad - ow when there's
1. Ban - dò ri - bin - nean a shio - da's de ri - bin - nean, Ban - dò ri - bin - nean a

C
noth - ing bet - ter near you. Dance to your shad - ow when it's fine to be liv - ing, lad,
noth - ing bet - ter near you. Dance to your shad - ow when it's sore to be liv - ing, lad,
noth - ing bet - ter near you. Dance to your shad - ow for it's fine to be liv - ing lad,
ruid - eal - adh mu'd cheann - sa. Ban - do ri - bin - nean a shio - da's de ri - bin - nean,

Dm7 Am
Dance to your shad - ow when there's noth - ing bet - ter near you. }
Dance to your shad - ow when there's noth - ing bet - ter near you. } Ho ro ha - ra - dal,
Dance to your shad - ow when there's noth - ing bet - ter near you. }
Ban - dó ri - bin - nean á ruid - eal - adh mu'd cheann - sa. }

C Am
Hind ye ha - ra - dal, Ho ro ha - ra - dal, Hind ye han dan. Ho ro ha - ra - dal,

C Am 1,2 3
Hind ye ha - ra - dal, Ho ro ha - ra - dal Hind ye han dan. Hind ye han dan.

DARBY KELLY

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Irish folksong

F C7
1. My grand - sire beat the drum com - plete; his name was Dar - by Kel - ly O! No
(2.) son he had who was my dad, The sec - ond Dar - by Kel - ly O! As
(3.) now, small blame, I bear the name And drum of Dar - by Kel - ly O! My -

F Bb C7 F
lad so true at rat - tat - too, At roll - call or re - veill - ez O! When
quick and true at rat - tat - too, At roll - call or re - veill - ez O! When
self as true to rat - tat - too, To roll - call or re - veill - ez O! With

C G7 C C7
Marl - bro's name first rose to fame So proud he rolled The Point of War, At
great Wolfe died, his coun - try's pride, To arms, to arms the fa - ther beat, Each
Wel - ling - ton, Old Ire - land's son, I've beat the Moun - seers out of Spain. And

F Bb C7 F C

Blen - heim he and Ra - mil - lies — Fired all our cham - pions to the core, And O, his wrist had
dale and hill re - mem - bers still — How loud and long, how clear and sweet! And when for home, from
now we march through lau - rel arch — And wa - ving ban - ners home a - gain. And as my sticks the

G7 C C7

such a twist, When home they marched — with row - dow - dow, _____ With
off the foam, He led the march — with row - dow - dow, _____ Och!
same old tricks They play with pat - t'ring row - dow - dow, _____ Man,

F Bb C7

one great shout the boys ran out, — The girls they gazed you don't know how. 2. A don't know how.
what a shout the lads let out, — The lass - es looked — you don't know how. 3. And
wom - an, child They've all gone wild; — The girls they gaze, you

1,2 F | 3 F

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

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Irish folksong

F C7 F

1. There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint Pat - rick him -
(2.) dear lit - tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the
(3.) dear lit - tle plant that springs from our soil, When its three lit - tle

F/C C C7 F C7

self sure that set it; And the sun on his la - bor with pleas - ure did
daugh - ters of E - rin; Whose — smiles can be - witch and whose eyes can com -
leaves are ex - tend - ed, Do — notes from the stalk we to - geth - er should

F Bb F C7 F C

smile, And with dew from his eye of - ten wet it. It shines through the
mand, In each cli - mate they ev - er ap - pear in. For they shine through the
toil, And our - selves by our - selves be be - friend - ed. And still through the

C/E F C/G G7sus G7

bog, through the brake, and the mire - land, And he call'd it the dear lit - tle sham - rock of
bog, through the brake and the mire - land, Just like their own dear lit - tle sham - rock of
bog, through the brake, and the mire - land, From one root should branch like the sham - rock of

C F C7

Ire - land. }
Ire - land. } The dear lit - tle sham - rock, the sweet lit - tle sham - rock, the
Ire - land. }

F C7/E F/Eb Bb/D F/C Bb F/A C7/G F

1,2 C7 F | 3 C7 F

dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land. { 2. That — Ire - land.
3. That —

DICK DARBY

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Irish folksong



1. Oh, me name is Dick Dar - by, I'm a cob - bler; I ser - ved me time at old
 2. Now, my fa - ther was hung for sheep steal - ing, me moth - er was burned for a
 3. Ah, it's for - ty long years I have trav - eled, all by the con - tents of me
 4. Oh, my wife she is hump - y, she's lump - y; my wife she's the dev - il, she's
 5. It was ear - ly one fine sum - mer's morn - ing, a lit - tle be - fore it was



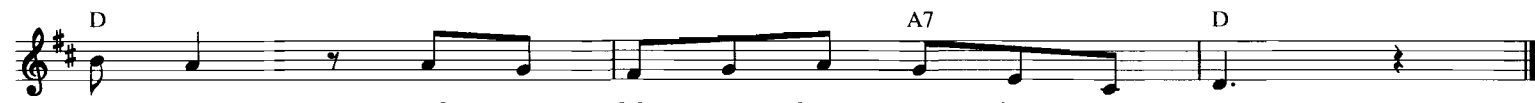
camp. Some call me an old ag - i - ta - tor, but now I'm re - solved to re -
 witch, my sis - ter's a dan - dy house - keep - er, and I'm a me - chan - i - cal
 pack. Me ham - mers, me awls and me pinch - es, I car - ry them all on me
 black, and no mat - ter what I may do with her, her tongue it goes click - et - y -
 day. I dipped her three times in the riv - er and care - less - ly bade her good



pent. }
 switch. }
 lack. }
 clack. }
 day. }
 With me ing - twing of an ing - thing of an i - day, with me



ing - twing of an ing - thing of an i - day, with me - roo - boo - boo - roo - boo - boo

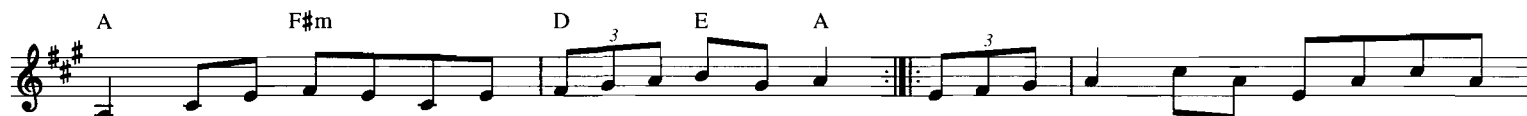


ran - dy, and me lab stone keeps beat - ing a - way.

THE DOON

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Irish folksong



THE DINGLE PUCK GOAT

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Irish folksong



1. I am a young job-ber both fool-ish and air-y; the green hills of Ker-ry I
 2. dar-ing old fel-low I stood for to stare him, al-though I feared he was a
 3. made my ap-proach to the own-er that held him; a bar-gain we struck with
 4. old man de-part-ed and I was for start-ing. Those words that he told me put
 5. came near to Bran-don I thought it was Lon-don; I re-gret-ted my jour-ney when
 6. came on the strand—now quick-ly he ran; — towards Clones— or Cas-tle-maine
 7.,8. (See additional lyrics)



came for to see. I went back to Din-gle to buy up some cat-tle, and I
 mon-ster to see. He wore a long meg-gal as gray as a badg-er that would
 out much de-lay. He said, "If you pay me down twen-ty-two shill-ings, some ad-
 me in des-pair. The first jump he gave, well, he near broke my left arm. I
 I saw the sea. He jumped in to the wa-ter and swam right a-cross it
 sure he did steer. To Mill-town, Kil-lor-gin and like-wise Kil-lar-ney, and



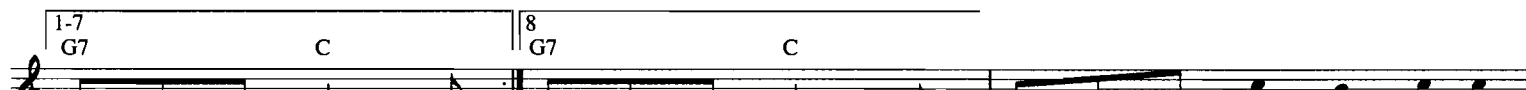
want you to lis-ten what hap-pened to me. As I en-tered the fair on a
 reach— from Din-gle to Ca-hir-ci-veen, with a pair of long horns— like
 vice I will give you be-fore go-ing a-way. This— dar-ing young he-ro was
 jumped on his back and got hold of his hair. Says— I, "My bold he-ro, on
 towards Cas-tle Greg-or-y o-ver the way. The— waves of the o-cean they
 nev-er cried stop till he came to Ken-mare. At— length then he spoke: "We have



Sat-ur-day morn-ing, the first thing I saw was a long-leg-ged goat. Be-
 an-y two bay-o-nets, and just like two nee-dles were point-ed on top. I
 reared on the moun-tains, in the year six-ty-four— he first used to drill, and
 your back I'm land-ed, and un-less I will fall you may go where you will." He
 put me in mo-tion, the fish-es they ate all the nails off my toes, and a
 passed our head-quar-ters. It's where— our an-ces-tors al-ways have been. Then



dad, and say I for to com-mence our deal-ing, I think this bold he-ro is
 am ver-y sure— that you'd be a week laugh-ing if on-ly he hap-pened to
 some of his com-rades were— hung and trans-port-ed, and since he's de-ter-mined some
 ran through the streets— like— some-thing dis-tract-ed and soon made his way—
 might-y big mack-er-el— jumped for my nos-trils, and I thought he was gone with the
 let us re-turn and take— up our lodg-ings at Cur-ragh-na— more where there's



worth a pound note. This some-where re-mote but while I am liv-ing I've a
 hit you a rap. I
 blood for to spill "The
 towards Con-nor Hill. When he
 half of my nose. When he
 lots of po-teen. We



sto-ry worth tell-ing of my ram-bles through Ker-ry on the Din-gle puck goat.

Additional Lyrics

7. We done our returns and stopped there till morning;
 It's during the night I sat up on his back.
 As the day it was dawning he jumped from the corner,
 And t'wards Castle Island he went in a crack.
 To the town of Tralee we next took our rambles.
 I think he was anxious to see some more sport.
 Outside of the town we met some Highlanders.
 He up with his horns and he tore all their clothes.

8. The Highlanders shouted and bawled, "Meela murder!
 Send for the polis and get him to jail."
 But the louder he shouted the faster my goat ran,
 And over the Basin he gave them legbail.
 On crossing the Basin I fell on the footway;
 Away went the goat and I saw him no more.
 Sure if he's in Ireland he's in Camp or in Brandon,
 Or away in the mountains somewhere remote.

DON'T YOU WEEP AFTER ME

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Irish folksong

D A7

1. When I'm dead and bur - ied, don't you weep af - ter me.
 2. good _____ ship of Zi - on, don't you weep af - ter me. On the
 3. Pe - ter is my cap - tain, don't you weep af - ter me. King —
 4. Jor - dan is my riv - er, don't you weep af - ter me.
 5. Oh, _____ look - a Mar - y, don't you weep af - ter me.
 6. look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, don't you weep af - ter me. She's a -

7.-9. (See additional lyrics)

D

When I'm dead and bur - ied, don't you weep af - ter me. On the
 good _____ ship of Zi - on, don't you weep af - ter me. King —
 Pe - ter is my cap - tain, don't you weep af - ter me.
 Jor - dan is my riv - er, don't you weep af - ter me.
 Oh, _____ look - a Mar - y, don't you weep af - ter me.
 look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, don't you weep af - ter me. She's a -

D7 G D

When I'm dead and bur - ied, don't you weep af - ter me. Oh, I don't
 good _____ ship of Zi - on, don't you weep af - ter me. Oh, I don't
 Pe - ter is my cap - tain, don't you weep af - ter me. Oh, I don't
 Jor - dan is my riv - er, don't you weep af - ter me. Oh, I don't
 Oh, _____ look - a Mar - y, don't you weep af - ter me. Oh, I don't
 look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, don't you weep af - ter me. Oh, I don't

A7 1-8 D 9 D

want you to weep af - ter me. On the
 want you to weep af - ter me. King —
 want you to weep af - ter me.
 want you to weep af - ter me.
 want you to weep af - ter me. She's a -
 want you to weep af - ter me. Bright

Additional Lyrics

7. Bright angels are the sailors,
 Don't you weep after me.
 Bright angels are the sailors,
 Don't you weep after me.
 Bright angels are the sailors,
 Don't you weep after me.
 Oh, I don't want you to weep after me.

8. Sailing on the ocean,
 Don't you weep after me.
 Sailing on the ocean,
 Don't you weep after me.
 Sailing on the ocean,
 Don't you weep after me.
 Oh, I don't want you to weep after me.

9. When I do cross over,
 Don't you weep after me.
 When I do cross over,
 Don't you weep after me.
 When I do cross over,
 Don't you weep after me.
 Oh, I don't want you to weep after me.

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

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Irish folksong
Words by William Butler Yeats

D A7 G D G D A9 D

1. Down_ by the_ sal - ley_ gar - dens my_ love and_ I did meet. She_
 2. In a field _____ by the_ riv - er my_ love and_ I did stand. And_

A7 D Bm D G D A9 D

passed the_ sal - ley_ gar - dens with_ lit - tle_ snow - white feet. She
 lean - ing_ on my_ shoul - der she_ laid her_ snow - white hand. She

Bm F#m Bm A7 D

bid me take love eas - y, as the leaves grow on the tree. But
 bid me take life eas - y, as the grass grows on the weirs. But

D9 G D G D A9 D

I, be - ing young and fool - ish, with her now did not a - gree.
 I was young and fool - ish, and now am full of tears.

THE DOWERLESS MAIDEN (Gun Chrodh, Gun Aighean)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D Bm D G D

1. Il - a - ro - bho lai - il - e - o Low on turf or high on heath - land,
 2. Lit - tle heed though I have nei - ther Ewes nor milk - kye, sheep - nor cat - tle,
 3.-5. (See additional lyrics)

1. Ged tha mi gun chrodh - gun aigh - ean, Gun chrodh - laoigh gun chaor - aich ag - am,
 2. Ged nach 'eil no spreidh am buail - e No mo chaor - aich 'san fhraoch u - aine,

Bm A F#m G D A7 D

Il a - ro - bho lai - il - e - o Sure I'll find my true love dear.
 Lit - tle heed though I have nei - ther, sure I'll find my true love dear.
 Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh - ean, Gheobb mi fhath - ast oig - ear grinn.
 Chan 'eil mi gun toch - radh uas - al, 'Sio - ma duan than cùl mo chinn.

Additional Lyrics

- 3. Ilarabho laileo
 High on crag or low on moorland
 I Iarabho laileo
 Sure I'll find my true love dear.
- 4. Ne'er was wealth o'kine on upland,
 Sheep or goat on rock or shoreland,
 Aught to me, and my own dear one
 Far away on stormy seas
- 5. Ilarabho laileo
 High on cragland low on moorland
 Silarabho laileo
 Sure I'll find my true love dear.
- 3. Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean
 Gun chrodhlaoigh gun chaoraich agam
 Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean
 Gheobb mi fhathast òigear grinn.
- 4. Fhir a dh'imicheas thar cuantan,
 Giulain mile beannachd uamsa,
 Dh'ionnsuidh oigear a' chuill dualaich,
 Ged nach d'fhuair mi e dhomh fhin.
- 5. Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean
 Gun chrodhlaoigh gun chaoraich agam
 Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean,
 Gheobb mi fhathast òigear grinn.

DROWSY MAGGIE

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Irish folksong

E5 D5 E5 D5

E5 D5 E5 D5

D A D A G D

A D G D A7 D

DOWN WENT MCGINTY

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Words and Music by
Joseph Flynn

F F6 F C7 F

1. Sun - day morn - ing just at nine, Dan Mc - Gin - ty dressed so fine, Stood look -
 (2.) hos - pit'l Mac went home, When they fix'd his bro - ken bone, To _____
 (3.) Gin - ty raved and swore, 'Bout his clothes he felt so sore, And an

Bb Bb6 F G7 C7 Gm7b5 C7 F F6 F

ing up at a ver - y high stone wall. When his friend, young Pat Mc-Cann, Says, "I'll
 find he was the fa - ther of a child. So to cel - e - brate it right, His friend
 oath he took he'd kill the man or die, So he tight - ly grabbed his stick, And hit

C7 F Bb Bb6 F C7 F Bb6 F

bet five dol - lars, Dan, I could carry you to the top with-out a fall." So on his
 he went to in - vite, And he soon was drink - ing whis - key fast and wild. Then he
 the driv - er a lick, Then he raised a lit - tle shan - ty on his eye. But two po -

G7 Gdim G7 Dm7 G7 C Cm6

shoul - ders he took Dan, To climb the lad - der he be - gan, And he
 wad - dled down the street, In his Sun - day suit so neat, Hold - ing they
 lice - men saw the muss, And they soon join'd in the fuss, Then they

G7 C G7 Gdim G7 Dm7 G7

soon com - menced to reach up near the top. When Mc - Gin - ty, cut old rogue, To win the
 up his head as proud as John the Great. But in the side - walk was a hole, To re -
 ran Mc - Gin - ty in for be - ing drunk. And the Judge says with a smile, "We will

C C7 F Dm7 G7 C Fm6 Cdim C7

five he did let go, Nev - er think - ing just how far he'd have to drop.
 ceive a ton of coal, That Mc - Gin - ty nev - er saw till just too late.
 keep you for a while, In a cell to sleep up - on a pri - son bunk."

F Cdim C7

Down went Mc-Gin - ty to the bot - tom of the wall, And though he won the five, He was
 Down went Mc-Gin - ty to the bot - tom of the hole, Then the driv - er of the cart, Gave the
 Down went Mc-Gin - ty to the bot - tom of the jail. Where his board would cost him nix, And he

F Am7b5 D7 Gm/D Gm7b/Db

more dead than a - live, Sure his ribs, and nose and back, were broke from get - ting such a fall,
 load of coal a start, And it took us half an hour to dig Mc - Gin - ty from the coal,
 stay'd ex - act - ly six, They were big long months he stopp'd for no one went his bail,

C7

Dress'd in his best suit of clothes. 1,2 F Bb6 F 3 F
 Dress'd in his best suit of clothes. 2. From the
 Dress'd in his best suite of clothes. 3. Now Mc - clothes.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW

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Scottish folksong

1. There was a la - dy in the north, I
 2. These nine sat drink - ing at the wine, sat
 3. As he walked up yon high, high hills and
 4. There's nine o' you, there's o' me, it's
 5. And there they flew, and he slew and
 6. O, fa - ther dear, I dreamed a dream, a

7.-10. (See additional lyrics)

ne'er could find her mar - row; she was
 drink - ing wine at Yar - row. They ha'e
 doon by the houns o' Yar - row,
 an un - e - qual mar but I'll
 there he wound - ed sair till her
 dream i' dule and sor row;

court - ed by nine gen - tle - men, and a plough - boy lad frae Yar - row.
 made a vow a - mong them - selves to fecht for her on Yar - row.
 there he saw nine armed men come to fecht wi' him on Yar - row.
 fecht you a' one by one on the dow - ie dens of Yar - row."
 broth - er John came in be - yond and pierced his hairt most foul - ly.
 dreamed I was pu' - ing the heath - er bells on the dow - ie dens o' Yar - row."

Additional Lyrics

7. "O, dochter dear, I read your dream,
 I doubt it will bring sorrow,
 For your lover John lies pale and wan
 On the dowie dens o' Yarrow."

9. Her hair it being three-quarters long,
 The colour it was yellow,
 She wrappit it roond his middle sae sma'
 And bore him doon to Yarrow.

8. As she walked up yon high, high hill
 And doon by the houns o' Yarrow,
 There she saw her lover dear
 Lying pale and wan on yarrow.

10. "O, father dear, ye've seiven sons,
 Ye may wed them a tomorrow,
 But the fairest flooer amang them a'
 Was the lad I wooed on Yarrow."

A DRUID OF THE ISLES

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. Would her wings the sea - duck lend, So I might reach thy sheen - sand, My _____
 2. Ne'er will guide me seal so I might track his se - cret treas - ure, My _____
 3.,4. (See additional lyrics)
 1. Cha toir lach a da sgéith dhomh, Cha tabh - ar b'òg a deigh ort, Mo _____
 2. Cha toir ròn a phliu - ta - gan, cha tabh - ar 's mor an ul - aidh thu Mo _____
 3.,4. (See additional lyrics)

wound - ing, o hee! Thro' the nar - rows sails my cur - ach, Gone her foam - track, o - hee!
 dhiob - hail, o hi! Tha an cur - ach thar a cha - olas, Chaill mi caoir - e, o - hi!

Additional Lyrics

3. Water gat I from thy cool streams,
 Cresses sweet from Odhran.
 My wounding, o hee!
 Thro' the narrows sails my curach,
 Gone her foam-track, o hee!

3. Thug an tobair fuar burn domh,
 'S Odhran biolair ur domh.
 Mo dhiobhail, o hi!
 Tha an curach thara chaolas,
 Chaill mi caoire, o hi!

4. Pith and strength from Carnan gat I,
 Music sweet from Trah-Bàn.
 Thro' the narrows sails my curach,
 Gone her foam-track, o hee!

4. Thug an Carnan li is luth dhomh,
 Rinn an Traigh-Bàn nuall domh
 Mo dhiobhail, o hi!
 Tha an curach thar a chaolas,
 Chaill mi caoir-e, o hi!

THE DUBLIN STAGE

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Irish folksong

Musical score for 'The Dublin Stage' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, G, D, A, D, G, D, A7, D, A7, D, A, D, A7, D. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' and repeat signs.

A DUNVEGAN DIRGE
(Cha tig Mór)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Musical score for 'A Dunvegan Dirge' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music. Chords are indicated above the notes: Em, Am, Em, Am, Bm, Am, F#m, A, D, Em, Am, Em, Am, Bm, Am, F#m, A, Bm, Bm. There are first, second, and third endings marked with '1', '2', and '3' and repeat signs.

1. Ah no more, my wife, — home - ward Nev - er more thou'lt re - turn. For your
 (2.) more, my wife, — home - ward, nev - er more thou'lt re - turn, For your
 (3.) seed - time, come — har - vest, At the shear - ing as of yore, My —
 1. Cha tig Mór mo bhean — dach - aidh, Cha tig Mór mo bhean — ghaoil, Cha tig
 (2.) Mór mo bhean — dach - aidh, Cha tig Mór mo bhean — ghaoil Cha tig
 (3.) bàrr air a' — chuill - i - onn 'S fàs - aidh duill - each air — craoibh, Fàs - aidh

moth - er, my — chil - dren, Night and day now you'll mourn; Help - less
 moth - er, my — chil - dren, Night and day now you'll mourn. Ev - er
 wife will sing — **Luin - neags, At the milk - ing no more. No —
 màth - air mo — lein - ibh, Nochd cha laigh i ri m' thaobh. Bidh an
 màth - air mo — lein - ibh Nochd cha laigh i ri m' thaobh. 'S ged a
 fras air an — luach - air, 'Sfad - a bh'uam mo bhean ghaoil. Cha tig

calves in the — stead - ing With the cat - tle stana — bye, My —
 wea - ry the — *mach - air Dazed and foot - sore I — tread; 'Mong the
 more, my wife, — home - ward, No — more thoult re - turn; For the
 crodh anns an — ead - radh, 'S iad a freag - airt nan — laogh, 'S bidh mo
 shiubh - lainn a' — mhach - air 'San ceum as fhaid - e mu — thuath, Bean —
 Mòr mo bhean — dach - aidh, Cha - tig Mor mo bhean — ghaoil, Cha tig

Mor 'sin Dun - ve - gan, She'll no more tend the Kye. 2. Nev - er
 homes of the — liv - ing Why — seek I the dead? 3. Come —
 mo - ther of — my chil - dren, Night and day now I the mourn.
 Mhòr - s' an Dun - bheag - ain Nochd cha fhreag - air i'n glaodh. 2. Cha tig
 t'aog - ais cha'n — fhaic mi Ann an clach - an nan — sluagh. 3. Cha tig
 màth - air mo — lein - ibh, Nochd cha laigh i rim' thaobh.

*Machair - wide stretch of sandy shore.

**Luinneag - a ditty

DUFFY'S BLUNDERS

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Words and Music by Joseph Flynn

B \flat Eb B \flat C7

1. Old John Mar - tin Duf - fy was Judge of a court, In a small ris - ing town in the
 (2.) Duf - fy one day bought a pair of blind mules, For to drive him a - round through the
 (3.) one night in the win - ter a mur - der oc - curred, And a black - smith was charged with the

Cm7 Cm7 \flat 5 F7 B \flat Eb B \flat

West, _____ He nev - er knew much a - bout rules of the law, But as
 town, _____ But one love - ly night a bold burg - lar stole one, And es -
 crime, _____ They caught him red - hand - ed and tho' he'd two trials, The

Cm7 F7 B \flat Gm Cm

Judge he was one of the best. _____ One day a young ne - gro was
 caped on his back from the ground. _____ Now Duf - fy was great on be -
 ver - dict was guil - ty each time. _____ But he was the on - ly black -

E \flat 7 D D7 Gm

brought to the bar, For steal - ing a new pair of pants, _____ And though we all
 liev - ing in faith, So he pray'd on his knees ev - 'ry day, _____ That the Lord would be
 smith in the town, And they ha - ted to take his dear life, _____ So Duf - fy rose

Cm E \flat 7 D D7 Gm F9

knew he was guil - ty of course, These words from the Judge made him dance. _____ Young
 good and the bur - glar sent back, With the mules he had stol - en a - way. _____ So he
 up on the bench like a Lord, In a few words he set - tled the strife. _____ "I

B \flat Eb B \flat Gm7

man, I dis - charge you, go run a - way home, I'll let you off this time, you're
 pray'd in the night, and he pray'd ev - 'ry day, And soon the good Lord sent the
 move we dis - charge him, we need him in town," Then he spoke out the words which have

C7 F7 B \flat B \flat 7 Eb B \flat F7

free now to roam. For the ev - i - dence shows me right here at a glance, That we
 bur - glar his way. But he came in the night - time for he was no fool, And
 gained him re - nown. We have two Chi - nese laun - dry - men ev - 'ry - one knows, So we'll

B \flat F7 B \flat Gm7 C7 F7

1,2	3
B \flat	B \flat

can't make a suit out of one pair of pants. _____ 2. Judge
 while Duf - fy slept, stole his oth - er blind mule. _____ 3. Now
 save the poor black - smith and hang one of those.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS

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Scottish folksong

1. Dum - bar - ton's drums, _____ they sound so bon - nie _____ when they re -
 2. A - cross the fields _____ of bound - ing heath - er, _____ Dum - bar - ton
 3. 'Tis he a lone _____ that can de - light me, _____ his grace - ful
 4. My love he is _____ a hand - some lad - die, _____ and though he

mind _____ me of my John - nie; _____ what fond de - light _____ can steal up -
 tolls _____ the hour of pleas - ure, _____ A song of love _____ that has no
 eye _____ it doth in - vite me, _____ and when his ten - der arms en -
 is _____ Dum - bar - ton's cad - die, _____ some - day I'll be _____ a cap - tain's

on me _____ when John - nie kneels _____ and kiss - es me. _____
 meas - ure _____ when John - nie kneels _____ and sings to me. _____
 fold me, _____ the black - est night _____ doth turn and see. _____
 la - dy _____ when John - nie tends _____ his vow to me. _____

ÉAMANN AN CHNOIC

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Irish folksong

1. Cé - hé sin a - muigh, A bhfuil faobhar ar a ghuth, Ag réa - baid mo dhor - ais - dhún -
 2. (See additional lyrics)

ta? Mi - se Éam - ann a' Chnoic A - tá bá - te fuar fliuch Ó - shior - shiúl - shébh - te s' gleann -

ta! A lao dhil s'a chuid Cad a dhéanfa - inn - se dhuit, Mu - na gcuirf - inn ort be - inn de m'

ghú - ne, 'S go bhfuil pú - dar go tiubh, Dá - shior - shéi - deadh leat 'S go mbeim - is a - raon - múch - ta.

Additional Lyrics

2. Is fada mise amuigh
 Faoi shneachta is faoi shioc
 'S gan dánacht agam ar aon neach;
 Mo sheireach gan scor,
 Mo bhranar gan chur,
 Is gan iad agam ar aon chor!
 Nil caraid agam
 Is danaid liom san,
 Do ghlacfadh mé moch ná déanach,
 'S go gcaithfidh mé dul
 That farraige soir
 Ó is ann ná fuil aon de m' ghaoltaibh.

THE EARL OF MORAY

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Irish folksong

G Em G

1. Ye high-lands and ye low-lands, and where have ye been, They have slain the Earl of Mor-ay and
 2. Oh, woe be-tide ye Hunt-ley, and where-fore did ye say, "I ___ bade ye bring him to me, but for-
 3. Ye high-lands and ye low-lands, and where have ye been, They have slain the Earl of Mor-ay and

C D G D

laid him on the green. ___ He was a braw gal-lant and he played ___ at the glove, And the
 bade ye him to slay?" ___ He was a braw gal-lant and he rode ___ at the ring, And the
 laid him on the green. ___ He was a braw gal-lant and he played ___ at the ball, And the

Em G D C G

bon-ny Earl of Mor-ay, he was the Queen's own love. } Long will his la-dy look _
 bon-ny Earl of Mor-ay, he might have been a king. }
 bon-ny Earl of Mor-ay was a flow'r a-mong them all. }

Em D G C G

o'er the cas-tle down Ere she sees the Earl of Mor-ay come sound-ing through the town.

ERIN! OH ERIN!

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Irish popular song
Words by Thomas Moore

G D Em D/F# Em/G A G/B A7/C# Bm

1. Like the bright lamp that lay on Kil-dare's ho-ly ___ fane, ___ And burned through long
 2. The ___ na-tions have fall-en, and thou ___ still art ___ young, ___ Thy sun is but
 3. Un-chilled by the rain, and un-waked ___ by ___ the ___ wind, ___ The lil-y lies

D Bm A D D7 G

a-ges of dark-ness and storm, Is the heart that sor-rows have ___
 ris-ing, when oth-ers are set, And through slav-'ry's cloud ___ thy ___
 sleep-ing through win-ter's cold hour, Till the hand of spring ___ her ___

F#m G F#m G D G

frown'd ___ on ___ in ___ vain, ___ Whose spir-it out-lives them, un-
 morn-ing ___ hath ___ hung, ___ The full moon of free-dom shall
 dark ___ chain ___ un-bind, ___ And day-light and lib-er-ty

A D G D A

fad-ing and warm; E-rin, ___ oh ___ E-rin, ___ thus ___ bright ___ through ___ the ___
 beam round thee yet! E-rin, ___ oh ___ E-rin, ___ tho' ___ long ___ in ___ the ___
 bless the young flow'r, E-rin, ___ oh ___ E-rin! ___ Thy win-ter ___ is ___

G D G D G A D

tears ___ of a long night of bond-age thy spir-it ap-pears.
 shade, ___ Thy star will shine out when the proud-est shall fade!
 past ___ and the hope that lived through it shall blos-som at last.

THE EASTER REBELLION

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Irish folksong

Bm Em A Bm

1. As down the glen one Easter morn to a cit - y
 2. Right proud - ly high o - ver Dub - lin town they hung out the
 3. The brav - est fell, and the sul - len bell rang mourn - ful
 4. 'Twas Eng - land bade our "Wild Geese" go that small na - tions
 5. Back to the glen I rode a gain, and my heart with

Em Bm

fair rode I, There armed lines of
 flag of war. 'Twas bet - ter to die 'neath an
 ly and clear For those who died that
 might be free, But their lone - ly graves are by
 grief was sore, For I part - ed then with

Em A Bm Em Bm

march - ing men in squad - rons passed me by. No
 I - rish sky than at Suv - la or Sud el Bar. And
 Eas - ter tide in the spring - ing of the year. And the
 Suv - la's waves and the fringe of the grey North Sea. Oh,
 val - iant men I nev - er would see no more. But

D G D A Bm

pipes did hum, no bat - tle drum did sound its
 from the plains of Roy - al Meath, strong men came
 world did they gaze with deep a maze on those fear less
 had they died by Pear - se's side or fought with De
 to and fro in my dreams I go, and I kneel and

F#m Bm

dread ta - too, But the an - gel - us bell o'er the
 hur - rying through, While Brit - an - nia's sons, with
 men, but few, Who bore the fight that
 Vale - ra too, Their place we'd keep, where the
 pray for you, For slav - er - y fled, oh,

Em A Bm Em Bm

Lif - fey's swell rang out in the fog - gy dew.
 their great guns, sailed in by the fog - gy dew.
 free - dom's light might shine through the fog - gy dew.
 Fen - ian's sleep, 'neath the hills of the fog - gy dew.
 Reb - el dead, when you fell in the fog - gy dew.

EILEEN OGE

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Irish folksong
Words by Percy French

Bm F#7 Bm A

1. Ei - leen Oge! an' that the dar - lin's name is. Through the Bar - o - ny, her
 2. Fri - day at the fair of Bal - lin - tub - ber, Ei - leen met _____ Mc -
 3. So it went as 'twas in the be - gin - ning, Ei - leen Oge, she was
 4. Boys, O boys, with fate 'tis hard to grap - ple. Of his eye 'tis Ei -

E7 A Bm F#7 Bm

fea - tures they were fa - mous. If we loved her, who is there to blame us, For
 Grath the cat - tle job - ber. I'd like to set me mark up - on the rob - ber, For he
 bent up - on the win - ning. Big Mc - Grath con - tent - ed - ly was grin - ning, Be - ing
 leen was the ap - ple; And now to see her walk - in' to the chap - el With the

F#7 Bm G D

was - n't she the Pride of Pet - ra - vore?
 stole a - way the Pride of Pet - ra - vore.
 court - ed by the Pride of Pet - ra - vore.
 hard - est fea - tured man in Pet - ra - vore.

He nev - er seemed to see the girl at all,
 Says he, "I know a girl that could knock you in - to fits."
 And now, boys, this is all I have to say:

F#7 Bm G D

Not a man could look her in the eye.
 E - ven when she o - gled him un - der - neath her shawl.
 At that, Ei - leen near - ly lost her wits. The
 When you do your court - in', don't make a dis - play.

Boys, O boys! sure that's the rea - son why We're in
 Look - in' big and mas - ter - ful when she was look - in' small, Most pro -
 up - shot of the ruc - tion was that now the rob - ber sits With his
 If you want them to run af - ter you, just walk the oth - er way, For they're

Bm F#7 Bm G

mourn - in' for the Pride of Pet - ra - vore.
 vok - ing for the Pride of Pet - ra - vore.
 arm a - round the Pride of Pet - ra - vore.
 most - ly like the Pride of Pet - ra - vore.

Ei - leen Oge! Me

D F#7 Bm

heart is grow - in' grey,
 Ev - er since the day you wan - dered far a - way.

G D Bm F#7 Bm

Ei - leen Oge! There's good fish in the say,
 But there's no one like the Pride of Pet - ra - vore.

EILEEN AROON

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Irish folksong

E A E

1. I know a val - ley fair,
 2. Who in the song so sweet,
 3. Were she no long - er true,
 4. Youth will in time de - cay,

Ei - leen — A - roon;

{ I know a cot - tage there
 Who in the dance so fleet,
 What would her lov - er do,
 Beau - ty must fade a - way }

Ei -

A E F# A E/B

leen — A - roon,

{ Far in the val - ley shade
 Dear are her charms to me,
 Fly with a bro - ken chain,
 Cas - tles are sacked in war,

I know a ten - der
 dear - er her laugh - ter
 far o'er the sound - ing
 chief - tains are scat - tered

B C#m G#m A E

maid, Flow'r of the ha - zel glade,
 free, Dear - est her con - stan - cy,
 main, Nev - er to love a - gain,
 far, Truth is a fixed star,

Ei - leen — A - roon.

AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT

(Gradh Geal mo chridh)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

G D
 Bheir mi ò - ro bhan o Bheir mi ò - ro bhan i Bheir mi ò - ru o
 C D C G Fine G
 ho Sad am I with - out thee. { When I'm lone - ly dear white heart Black the
 'S mi tha bron - ach's tu'm dhitch. { Thou'rt the mus - ic of my heart, Harp of
 'Na mo chlàr - saich cha robh ceòl 'Na mo Ghabh mi
 D C D C G al Fine
 night or wild the sea, By love's light my foot finds The old path - way to thee.
 joy, oh *cruit mo chridh, Moon of guid - ance by night, Strength and light thou'rt to me.
 cuairt is mi leam fhin, Gus an d'rain - ig mi'n t-àit Far'n robh gradh geal mo chridh.
 mheoir - ean cha robh àgh, Rinn do phòg - sa mo leon. Fhuair mi Eol - as an dàin.

*“Harp of my heart,” pronounced “crootch mo chreee.”

AN ERISKAY LULLABY

(The Mermaid's Song)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

G Em G Em D
 Ho - ro { 1. *la - dy bhig, } Ho - ro ei - bain le, Ho - ro
 { 2. lean - a - bain, }
 { 3. la - dy bhig, }
 G D G Em G
 { la - dy bhig, } Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro { la - dy bhig } Ho - ro
 { lean - a - bain, }
 { la - dy bhig, }
 Em D G D G
 ei - le { My babe on a curl - ing green wave, be thy crad - ling. }
 { While the sea - gull and swan for thy cur - ach are car - ing. }
 { With his nets from the Bay will thy fa - ther be far - ing. } Ho - ro
 { A luaidh biodh na stuadh - an 'gad luasg - adh gu bruad - ar. }
 { Biodh an fhaoil - eag's an eal - a a' fair - e do chuas - aig. }
 { Fuaimnan ramh anns, a' Bhaigh, sid mo ghràdh - sa 'gam dhuan - adh. }
 Em G Em D G D
 { la - dy bhig, } Ho - ro ei - le Ho - ro { La - dy bhig, } Ho - ro
 { lean - a - bain, }
 { la - dy bhig, }
 G Em G Em G
 ei - le Ho - ro la Ho - ro la.

*“lady bhig” means “lady wee”; “leanabain” means “little child”

ETHNE'S CROON TO HER CHILD COLUMBA

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Folksong from the Hebrides

C#m F#m C#m F#m C#m

1. Sleep my child, — ho hee, Sleep my child, — ho hey,
 2. Lit - tle Co - lum, ho hee, Lit - tle Co - lum, ho hey,
 3. Je - su on - ly, ho hee, Be my glad - ness, ho hey,
 1. Ba mo lean - abh, ho hi, Ba mo lean - abh, ho hé,
 2. Cal - lum - an, na ho hi, Cal - lum - an, na ho hé,
 3. Io - sa gu robh, ho hi, Io - sa gu robh, ho hé,

F#m C#m E B F#m C#m

Sleep my child, — ho hee, Joy's with me! Co - lum on my knee.
 Lit - tle Co - lum, ho hee, Joy's with me, Co - lum on my knee.
 Je - su on - ly, ho hee, Be my song, Je - su be with me.
 Ba mo lean - abh, ho hi, Aigh - ear leam, Ca - lum air mo ghlun.
 Ca - lum - an, na ho hi, Aigh - ear leam, Ca - lum air mo ghlun.
 Io - sa gu robh, ho hi, Aigh - ear leam, Io - sa gu robh leam.

FAIR HARVARD

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Irish folksong
 Words by Samuel Gilman

D G D A D

1. Fair — Har - vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with bless - ings sur - ren - der thee o'er, — By these
 2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in - fan - tile years, — When our
 3. When as pil - grims we come to re - vis - it thy halls, To what kin - dlings the sea - son gives birth! — Thy —
 4. Fare - well! be thy des - ti - nies on - ward and bright! To thy chil - dren the les - son still give, — With —

G D/A A7 D

fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait - ing be - fore. — O
 fa - thers had warned, and our moth - ers had prayed, And our sis - ters had blest, through their tears: — Thou
 shades are more sooth - ing, thy sun - light more dear, Then de - scend on less priv - i - leged earth; — For the
 free - dom to think, and with pa - tience to bear, And for right ev - er brave - ly to live. — Let not

G D A D

rel - ic and type of our an - ces - tors worth, That has long kept their mem - o - ry warm, — First —
 then, wert our par - ent, the nurse of our souls, We were mold - ed to man - hood by thee, — Till —
 good and the great, in their beau - ti - ful prime, Through thy pre - cincts have mus - ing - ly trod, — As they
 moss - cov - ered er - ror moor thee at its side As the world on truth's cur - rent glides by; — Be the

G D/A A7 D

flow'r of their wil - der - ness, star of their night, Calm — ris - ing through change an through storm! —
 freight - ed with treas - ure thoughts, friend - ships and hopes, Thoudidst launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea. —
 gird - ed their spir - its or deep - ened the streams That make glad the fair cit - y of God. —
 her - ald of light and the bear - er of love Till the stock of the Pu - ri - tans die. —

THE FAIR HILLS OF ÉIRE O!

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Irish folksong



1. Take a bless - ing from my heart ___ to the land of my birth, And the
 2. The ___ soil is rich and soft, ___ the ___ air is mild and bland, Of the
 3. A ___ fruit - ful clime is Éire's, ___ through ___ val - ley, mead - ow, plane, And the



fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O! And to all that sur - vive ___ of ___
 fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O! Her ___ bar - est rock is green - er to
 fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O! The ___ ver - y bread of life ___ is ___



Éibh - ear's tribe on earth On the fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O! In that
 me than this rude land— O! the fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O! Her ___
 in the yel - low grain On the fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O! Far ___



land ___ so de - light - ful the wild thrush's ___ lay Seems to
 woods are tall and straight, ___ grove ___ the ris - ing o - ver grove, Trees ___
 dear - er un - to me ___ than the tones mu - sic yields Is the



pour ___ a la - ment forth for Éir - e's de - cay; A - las, a - las, why pine ___ I a
 flour - ish in her glens be - low on her heights a - bove. O! in heart ___ and in soul ___ I shall
 low - ing of the kine and the calves ___ in her fields, And the sun - light that shone ___ long a -



thous - and miles a - way From the fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O!
 ev - er, ev - er love The ___ fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O!
 go on Gae - lic shields On the fair ___ hills of Éir - e ___ O!

Gaelic Lyrics

- Beir beannacht óm chroí go tír na h-Éireann, Bán-chnuic Éireann Ó!
 Chun a maireann de shóla Ír is Éibhir Ar bhán-chnuic Éireann Ó!
 An áit úd 'n-ar bh'aoibhinn binn-ghuth éan
 Mar shámb-chruít chaoín a'caoine Gaodhal;
 'Sé mo chás bheith míle míl' i gcéin Ó bhán-chnuic Éireann Ó!
- Bionn barr bog slím ar chaoín-chnuic Éireann, Bán-chnuic Éireann Ó!
 'S is fearr ná 'n tír seo diogha gach sléibh'ann, Bán-chnuic Éireann Ó!
 Dob árd a coillte 's ba dhúreach réidh,
 'S a mbláth mar aol ar mhaoilinn géag,
 Tá grá am chroí im inniúnn féin Do bhán-chnuic Éireann Ó!
- Is osgailte fáilteach an áit sin Éire, Bán-chnuic Éireann Ó!
 'Gus tora na sláinte i mbarr na déise I mbán-chnuic Éireann Ó!
 Ba bhinne ná méar' ar théadaibh ceóil
 Seinn is géimre a laogh's a mbó
 Agus taitheamh na gréine orra, aosda 's óg, Ar bhán-chnuic Éireann Ó!

A FAIRY PLAINT

(Ceol-brutha)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. I am sad, O lit - tle sis - ter;} O hi O hu O ho.
 2. Low my hut is low and nar - row,} O hi O hu O ho.
 3,4. (See additional lyrics)

1. Nach truagh leat fhein phiùth - rag a phiuth - ar } O hi O hu O ho.
 2. 'S mi - se bhean bhoichd chian - ail dhub - hach } O hi O hu O ho.
 3,4. (See additional lyrics)

Pi - ty me, O lit - tle sis - ter. } O hi O hu O ho.
 Want - ing wisp o' thatch or heath - rope. } O hi O hu O ho.
 Nach truagh leat fhein nochd mo chumh - a } O hi O hu O ho.
 Mi'm both - an beag io - sal cumh - ann }

Additional Lyrics

3. The hill waters streamsweep through it,
 O hi O hu O ho.
 Cold hill waters streamsweep through it,
 O hi O hu O ho.

4. But not that my cause of sorrow,
 O hi O hu O ho.
 'Tis not that my cause of sorrow,
 O hi O hu O ho.

3. Gun lùb siomain gun sop tughabh
 O hi O hu O ho.
 Uisge nam beann sios 'na shruth leis
 O hi O hu O ho.

4. Ged's oil leam sin cha'n e chreach mi
 O hi O hu O ho.
 Cha'n e chuir mi cha'n e fhras mi.
 O hi O hu O ho.

A FAIRY'S LOVE SONG

(Tha mi sgith)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Why should I sit and sigh, Pu - in' brack - en, pu - in' brack - en, Why should I sit and sigh
 Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich, buain a rain - ich Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin

On the hill - side drea - ry? When I see the plov - er ris - ing Or the cur - lew wheel - ing,
 Buain a rain - ich daonn - an. Cul an tom - ain braigh an tom - ain Cul an tom - ain bhoidh - ich

Then I trow my mor - tal lov - er Back to me is steal - ing. Why should I sit and sigh,
 Cul an tom - ain braigh an tom - ain H-uil - e lath - a m'òn - ar. Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin

Pu - in' brack - en, pu - in' brack - en, Why should I sit and sigh All a - lone and wea - ry?
 Buain a rain - ich buain a rain - ich, Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich daonn - an.

FAREWELL, NANCY

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Irish folksong

Em D Em Am Bm Em G

1. Fare - well, my dear - est Nan - cy, since I must now leave you; Un - to the salt
 2. Like some pret - ty lit - tle sea - boy I will dress and go with you; In the deep - est of
 3. Your pret - ty lit - tle hands can't han - dle our tack - le, And your pret - ty lit - tle
 4. So fare - well, my dear - est Nan - cy, since I must now leave you; Un - to the salt

C D G Em D Bm C Em D

seas I am bound for to go. But let my long ab - sence be
 dan - ger, I shall stand your friend. In the cold storm - y weath - er when the
 feet on our top - mast can't go. And the cold storm - y weath - er, Love, you
 seas. I am bound for to go. Where the winds do blow high and the

G Am Bm Em C G C Em G D Em

no trou - ble to you, For I shall re - turn in the spring, as you know.
 winds are a - blow - ing, My dear, I shall be will - ing to wait on you then.
 ne'er can en - dure; There fore, dear - est Nan - cy, to the seas do not go.
 seas loud do roar. So make your - self con - tent - ed, be kind and stay on shore.

THE FATE CROON

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Folksong from the Hebrides

B5 A5 B5 A5 B5

1. Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro lean - ainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro lean - ainn thu, Ho -
 2. Ri muir lan ri muir traigh, lean - ainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro lean - ainn thu, Ho -

A5 B5 A5 B5 A5 B5

ro - ro - ro - ro lean - ainn thu, Ged bhiodh an uair air a' chuan lean - ainn thu, Ged
 ro - ro - ro - ro, lean - ainn thu, Ri dubh phian, ri dubh ciar lean - ainn thu, Ri

A5 B5 A5 B5

bhiodh an uair air a' chuan, lean - ainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro lean - ainn thu, Ho -
 dubh phian, ri dubh ciar lean - ainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro lean - ainn thu, Ho -

A5 B5 A5 B5 A5 B5

ro - ro - ro - ro lean - ainn thu, Ri muir lan, ri muir traigh, lean - ainn thu.
 ro - ro - ro - ro lean - ainn thu, Ged bhiodh an uair air a' chuan, lean - ainn thu.

FAREWELL TO THE MAIGUE

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Irish folksong

D5 E5

1. A long fare - well I send to thee, Fair
 2. Fare well to her whom 'tis due, The
 3. Cold, home - less, worn, for sak - en, lone, Sick,
 4. Forced by the priest my love to flee, Fair

D5 E5 D5

Maigue of corn and fruit and tree, Of state and gift and
 fair - skinned, gen - tle, mild - lipped, true, For whom ex - iled o'er the
 lan - guid, faint, all com - fort flown, On the wild hill's height I'm
 Maigue through life I ne'er shall see, And must my beau - te - ous

E5 D5

gath - 'ring grand, Of song, ro - mance and chief - tain bland?
hills I go, My heart's dear love, what e'er my woe! 1.-3. And
hope - less cast, To wail to the heath and the north - ern blast!
bird for - go, And all the sex that wrought me woe! 4. And

E5

och, och - one! dark for - tune's rig - our, Wealth, ti - tle, tribe of
och, och - one! my grief, my ru - in! 'Twas drink - ing deep and

D5 E5 D5 E5

glor - ious fig - ure, Feast, gift all gone, and gone my vig - our Since thus I wan - der lone - ly!
beau - ty woo - ing That caused through life my whole un - do - ing And left me wan - d'ring lone - ly!

Additional Lyrics

1. Ó! slán is céad ón dtaobh so uaim
Cois Máighe na gcaor, na gcrabhb, na gcruach,
Na stáid, na séad, na saor, na slua,
Na ndán, na ndrèachi, na diréan gan ghruaim!

Chorus: Is och, ochón! is breóite mise,
Gan chuid, gan chóir, gan chóip, gan chisde,
Gan sult, gan seód, gan spórt, gan spionna,
O seóladh me chun uaignis!

2. Slán tar aon don té dar dual,
An bháinchnis bhéasach, bhéaltais, bhudhach,
Chuir tráth chun sléi me i gcéin am ruaig,
'Sí grá mo chéibh, bé 'n-Eirinn cuach!
(Chorus)

3. Is fánach faon mé, is fraochmhar fuar,
Is támh-lag tréith, 's is taomach trua,
I mbarr an tsléi gan aon, mo nuar!
Am páirt ach fraoch is gaoth adtuaidh!
(Chorus)

4. Ó dháil an chléir dham céile nua,
Cois Máighe go h-éag ní h-é mo chuairt,
Go bráth lem ré támh réidh lem chuaich,
Le mnáibh an tsaol chuir me ar buairt.

(Final Chorus)

Is och, ochón! mo bhrón, mo mhille!
Iomarca an óil is póga bruinneall
Chuir mise lem laethibh gan fód, gan fuithin,
Fós gan lomad fuadair!

FELIX, THE SOLDIER

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Irish folksong

G D7 G

1. They took a - way my brogues, And they robbed me of my spade; They
2. But I could - n't beat the drum, And I could - n't play the flute, So they
3. But the In - juns they were sly, And the French - ies they were coy, So they
4. Then they put me on a ship, And they sent me home a - gain, With
5. I'll bid my spade a - dieu, For I can - not dig the bog, But I
6. I've learned to smoke a pipe And I've learned to fire a gun. To the

put me in the ar - my, And a sol - dier of me made.
hand - ed me a mus - ket And a taught me how to shoot.
shot off the left leg Of this poor I - rish boy.
all my ar - my train - ing Af - ter bat - tle's strife and din.
still can play a fid - dle And I still can drink my grog.
dev - il with the fight - ing; I am glad the war is done.

FATHER MURPHY

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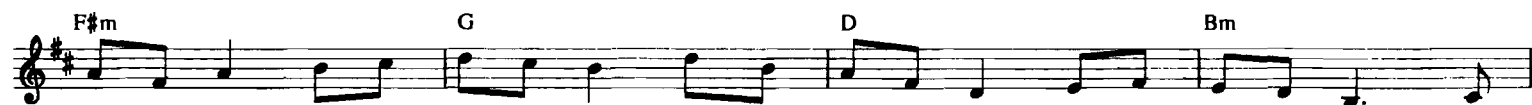
Irish folksong



1. At Boul - a - vogue, as the sun was set - ting O'er bright May mead - ows of Shel - ma - lier, A _____
 2. He led us on 'gainst the com - ing sol - diers, The cow'r - dly Yeo - men we put to flight; 'Twas _____
 3. We took Cam - o - lin and En - nis - cor - thy, And Wex - ford storm - ing drove out our foes; 'Twas _____
 4. At Vin - e - gar Hill, o'er the pleas - ant Sla - ney, Our he - roes vain - ly stood back to back, And the



reb - el hand set the heath - er blaz - ing, And brought the neigh - bors from far and near. Then
 at the Har - row the boys of Wex - ford Showed Book - ey's reg - i - ment how men could fight. Look
 at Slieve Coil - lte our pikes were reek - ing With the crim - son stream of the beat - en Yeos. At
 Yeos at Tul - low took Fa - ther Mur - phy And burned his bod - y up on the rack. God



Fa - ther Mur - phy, from old Kil - cor - mack, Spurred up the rocks with a warn - ing cry: "Arm!
 out for hire - lings, King George of En - gland, Search ev - 'ry king - dom where breathes a slave, For
 Tub - ber - neer - ing and Bal - ly - el - lis, Full man - y a Hes - sian lay in his gore. Ah,
 grant you glo - ry, brave Fa - ther Mur - phy, And o - pen Heav - en to all your men; The



Arm!" he cried, "for I've come to lead you; For Ire - land's free - dom we fight or die."
 Fa - ther Mur - phy of the Coun - ty Wex - ford Sweeps o'er the land like a might - y wave.
 Fa - ther Mur - phy, had aid come o - ver, The green flag float - ed from shore to shore!
 cause that called you may call to - mor - row In an - oth - er fight for the green a - gain.

THE FENIAN MAN O' WAR

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Irish folksong



1. As down by Bos - ton Cor - ner I care - less - ly did stray, I
 2. "Oh, Pat - rick, dear - est Pat - rick, don't go a - way from me, For the
 3. "When I think on the days gone by, my heart with joy does fill To
 4. "I was born in the Bog - side; I hate those Eng - lish laws. My
 5. "Oh, Brid - get dear - est Brid - get, the truth to you I'll tell: The
 6. They both sat down to - geth - er, then he a - rose to stand; A



o - ver - heard a sail - or lad who to his love did say: "Brid - get, dear - est Brid - get, from
 Eng - lish, they are treach - er - ous as ev - er they can be, And from some cruel dag - ger you
 see the thou - sands of peo - ple all as - sem - bled on Vin - e - gar Hill. They were hold - ing a prayer meet - ing for the
 par - ents, they were I - rish and they died for an I - rish cause. If I ev - er go to vis - it them from
 Eng - lish were in - sult - ed and the I - rish knew it well. They might make of me a cap - tain in -
 Fen - ian crew sur - round - ed them which near - ly rowed to land. Then Pat - rick waved a Fen - ian flag and



you I must go far, To fight a - gainst the cruel John Bull on the Fen - ian Man o' war."
 might re - ceive a scar. Oh, Pat - rick, dear, don't ven - ture near the Fen - ian Man o' war.
 dear who were bur - ied a - far, And you could hear the can - nons' roar of a Fen - ian Man o' war.
 thou - sands of miles a - far, It will be for dear old Ire - land's sake and a Fen - ian Man o' war."
 stead of a com - mon tar, So I'll risk my life for Ire - land's rights on board the Man o' war."
 waved it near and far, And Brid - get blessed her sail - or boy on board the Man o' war.

THE FENIANS OF CAHIRCIVEEN

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Irish folksong



1. I am a bold Fen - ian from Ca - hir - ci - veen, That
 2. We marched all a - long and our guns we did load, We
 3. Come shoul - der your arms, ——— come march and o - bey, But a -
 4. Mor - iar - ty came in on the mail car next day To
 5. Then it's off through the moun - tains we of all took our course, Our
 6. Then hur - rah for the Fen - ians of Ca - hir - ci - veen, No



late took my gun for to fight for the green; O'er — moun - tains and wood - lands I
 met a po - lice - man, on horse - back he rode. We asked him to sur - ren - der, but the
 las! we were beat - en all on the next day. Our — plans were found out by some
 lead our brave boys and to join in the fray. To our great - est sur - prise he was
 stom - achs being slack and we had not a horse. We — were in a num - ber a -
 bold - er or brav - er in Er - in was seen. No — sol - diers more true to the



wan - dered a - long, Now I'll leave it a - lone and com - mence up my song.
 an - swer was no, And a ball from young Con - way soon lev - elled him low.
 ug - ly old spy, And on Cap - tain Mor - iar - ty they did cast an eye.
 marched off to jail, Which — left us in sor - row, our loss to be - wail.
 bout six - ty strong, sur - round - ed by red - coats, for some - thing went wrong.
 ban - ner of green Than the true - heart - ed Fen - ians of Ca - hir - ci - veen.

FILIMIOORIOORIAY

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Irish popular song



1. In eigh - teen hun - dred and for - ty - one, I put my cor - du - roy breech - es on, I
 2. In eigh - teen hun - dred and for - ty - two, I left the old — world for the new, Bad
 3. In eigh - teen hun - dred and for - ty - three, 'Twas then I met sweet Bid - dy Mc - Gee; An
 4. In eigh - teen hun - dred and for - ty - six, They pelt - ed me — with stones and sticks; Oh,
 5. In eigh - teen hun - dred and for - ty - sev'n, Sweet Bid - dy Mc - Gee, she went to heav'n. If
 6. In eigh - teen hun - dred and for - ty - eight, I learned to take — me whis - key straight; 'Tis



put my cor - du - roy breech - es on To work up - on the rail - way.
 cess to the luck that brought me through To work up - on the rail - way.
 el - e - gant wife she's been to me While work up - on the rail - way.
 I was in a ter - ri - ble fix, While work up - on the rail - way.
 she left one child, she left e - lev'n To work up - on the rail - way.
 el - e - gant drink and can't be bate For work up - on the rail - way.



Fil - i - mi - oo - ri - oo - ri - ay, Fil - i - mi - oo - ri - oo - ri - ay,



Fil - i - mi - oo - ri - oo - ri - ay, To work up - on the rail - way.

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

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Irish folksong

Em

1. Tim Fin - ne - gan lived in Walk - in' Street, A gen - tle I - rish - man,
 2. One morn - in' Tim was rath - er full; His head felt heav - y, which
 3. His friends - as - sem - bled at the wake, And Mrs. _____ Fin - ne - gan
 4. Then Mag - gie O' - Con - nor took up the job, "Oh Bid - dy," says she, "you're
 5. Then Mic - key Ma - lo - ney ducked his head When a nog - gin of whis - key

D7 Em

might - y odd. He had a brogue both rich and sweet, And to rise in the world he
 made him shake. He fell from a lad - der and he broke his skull, And they car - ried him home, his
 called for lunch. First they brought in tay and cake, Then pipes, to - bac - co, and
 wrong, I'm sure." Bid - dy, she gave her a belt in the gob, And left her spraw - lin'
 flew at him. It missed, and fall - ing on the bed, The li - quor scat - tered

C D7 G Em G

car - ried a hod. Now Tim had a sort o' the tip - plin' way, With a love for the liq - uor poor
 corpse to wake. They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet And laid him out up -
 whis - key punch. Bid - dy O' - Bri - en be - gan to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse did you
 on the floor. And then the war did soon en - gage, 'Twas wom - an to wom - an and
 o - ver Tim! The corpse re - vives; see how he ri - ses! Tim - o - thy, ris - ing

Em G Em C

Tim was born, To help him on with his work each day, He'd a "drop o' the cray - thur"
 on the bed; A gal - lon of whis - key at his feet, And a bar - rel of por - ter
 ev - er see? Oh Tim, mav - our - neen, why did you die?" "Arragh, hold your gob," said
 man to man. Shil - le - laigh law was all the rage, And a row and a ruc - tion
 from the bed, said, "Whirl your whis - key a - round like blaz - es, Than - um an Dhul! Do you

D7 G Em Bm Em

ev - 'ry morn.)
 at his head.)
 Pad - dy Mc - Ghee.) Whack fol the darn O, Dance to your part - ner Whirl the floor, your
 soon be - gan.)
 think I'm dead?")

D7 Em Bm Em C D7 G

trot - ters shake; Was - n't it the truth I told you, Lots of fun at Fin - ne - gan's Wake.

THE FIRST SWALLOW

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Irish popular song
Words by C. Barnard

Bm F#m F# Bm

1. Come back with the south wind, sweet the proph - et of spring, There's
 2. May it ev - er be thus in the time of our grief, When

E7 A D E A D

life in your twit - ter, there's hope on your wing; You bid us for - get all the
 care nips our plea - sures as frost bites the leaf; When the win - ter of trou - ble spreads

A7 D Bm F#m F# Bm

bleak win - t'ry scene, And pre - pare us a - gain for our em - er - ald green.
 o'er us its wing, May we ne'er want a swal - low to tell us of spring.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LOVE SONG

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Dm F Gm7

Al - lan would that thou could'st hear me! Ho Ho fa li
 Ail - ein duinn nach till thu'n taobh - sa? Ho Ho fa li

C7 Dm Bb F

liu o Al - lan, would that thou were near me!
 liu o Ail - ein duinn nach till thu'n taobh sa?

Dm Am C Dm

1. Al - lan toocen, my dear, my trea - sure, Hea - vy load of love I
 2. Harp nor fid - dle e'er can lift it, Nor shrill pipes with firt - ing
 3.-5. (See additional lyrics)
 1. Ail - ein duinn a luaidh 's a thas - gaidh 'Strom an sac a thair mo
 2. Cha tog fìdh - eall e no clars - ach No piob ard nam fead - an
 3.-5. (See additional lyrics)

Am Dm F

car - ry. } Al - lan would that thou wert near me! Ho Ho fa
 chan - ter. }
 ghiul - an }
 siubh - lach } Ail - ein duinn, nach till thu'n taobh - sa. Ho Ho fa

Gm7 C7 Dm Bb F

li liu o Al - lan would that thou were near me.
 li liu o Ail - ein duinn nach till thu'n taobh - sa.

Additional Lyrics

- Sad each day, for thee I'm longing
Gone with thee all joy and gladness.
Allan would that thou were near me.
Ho Ho fa li liu o
Allan would that thou were near me.
- In deep groves and leafy woodlands
Fain would I with thee be wand'ring.
Allan would that thou were near me.
Ho Ho fa li liu o
Allan would that thou were near me.
- Allan of the curling ringlets,
Sweet to me thy honey kisses.
Allan would that thou were near me.
Ho Ho fa li liu o
Allan would that thou were near me.

- Ailein Ailein mo ghaol Ailein
Marcraich nan each seanga sunndach.
Ailein dninn nach till thu'n taobhsa.
Ho Ho fa li liu o
Ailein dninn nach till thu'n taobhsa.
- Ailein dninn an leadain shoilleir
Shiubhlainn coille 's doire dluth leat.
Ailein dninn nach till thu'n taobhsa.
Ho Ho fa li liu o
Ailein dninn nach till thu'n taobhsa.
- Ailein dninn a'bhroillich bhoidhich
'S miles leam do phog na siucar.
Ailein dninn nach till thu'n taobhsa.
Ho Ho fa li liu o
Ailein dninn nach till thu'n taobhsa.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

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Scottish folksong
Words by Robert Burns
Melody by Alexander Hume

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, flow gen - tly, I'll
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, far mark'd with the
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, and winds by the

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by the
 cours - es of clear, wind - ing rills; There dai - ry's I wan - der as
 cot where my Ma - ry re - sides. How wan - ton thy wa - ters her

mur - mur - ing stream, flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou
 noon ris - es high, my flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How
 snow - y feet lave, as, gath - 'ring sweet flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave. Flow

stock dove whose ech - o re - sounds thro' the glen, ye wild whis - tling
 pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, where, wild in the
 gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, flow gen - tly, sweet

black birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green crest - ed lap - wing thy
 wood - lands, the prim - ro - ses blow. There oft, as mild eve - ning weeps
 riv - er, the theme of my lays. My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy

scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
 o - ver the lea, the sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
 mur - mur - ing stream. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

THE FLOWER OF SWEET STRABANE

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Irish folksong

1. If I were king of Ire - land and all things at my will, I'd roam for re - cre -
 2. Her cheeks they are a ros - y red, her hair gold - en brown, And o'er her lil - y white
 3. If I had you love - ly Mar - tha a - way in Inn - i - shoven, Or in some lone - some
 4. Oh, I'll go o'er the Lag - an down by the steam ships tall. I'm sail - ing for A -

a - tion, no com - forts to find still, Of com - forts I would like the best as
 shoul - ders it care - less - ly falls down. She's one of the love - li - est crea - tures of the
 val - ley in wild woods of Ty - rone. I would use my whole en - deav - or and I'd
 mer - i - kay a - cross the brin - y foam. My boat is bound for Liv - er - pool down

you might un - der - stand, Is to win the heart of Mar - tha the flow - er of sweet Stra - bane.
 whole cre - a - tion planned, And my heart is cap - ti - vat - ed by the flow - er of sweet Stra - bane.
 try to work my plan For to gain my prize and to feast my eyes on the flow - er of sweet Stra - bane.
 by the Isle of Man, So I'll say fare - well, God bless you, my flow - er of sweet Stra - bane.

THE FLYING CLOUD

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Irish folksong

1. My name is Ar - thur Hol - lan - din, as you may un - der - stand, I was
 2. My fa - ther, he rose up one day and with him I did go, He ___
 3. It was on Ber - mu - da's Is - land that I met with Cap - tain Moore, The ___
 4. It all went well un - til the day we reached old Af - ri - ca's shore, And five
 5. The plague it came, and fe - ver too, and killed 'em off like flies; We ___
 6. But now our mon - ey, it is all spent, we must go to sea once more, And ___

7.-12. (See additional lyrics)

born ten miles from Dub - lin Town, down on the salt - sea strand; When
 bound me as a butch - er's boy to Pear - son of Wick - low. I
 Cap - tain of the Fly - ing Cloud, the pride of Bal - ti - more. I
 hun - dred of them poor slaves, me boys, from their na - tive land we bore. Each
 dumped their bod - ies on the deck and hove 'em o - ver - side. For
 all but five re - mained to lis - ten to the words of Cap - tain Moore: "There's

I was young and come - ly, sure, good for - tune on me shone, My
 wore the blood - y a - pron there for three long years and more, Till I
 un - der - took to ship with him on a slav - ing voy - age to go, To the
 man was load - ed down with chains as we made them walk be - low, Just
 sure, the dead were the luck - y ones, for they'd have to weep no more, Nor
 gold and sil - ver to be had if with me you'll re - main; Let's

par - ents loved me ten - der - ly, for I was their on - ly son.
 shipped on board of The O - cean Queen be - long - ing to Tra - son.
 burn - ing shores of Af - ri - ca, where the su - gar - cane does grow.
 eight - een inch - es of space was all that each man had to show.
 drag the chain and feel the lash in slav - 'ry for - ev - er more.
 hoist the pi - rate flag a - loft and sweep the Span - ish Main."

Additional Lyrics

7. The Flying Cloud was a Yankee ship, five hundred tons or more,
 She could outsail any clipper ship hailing out of Baltimore,
 With her canvas white as the driven snow and on it there's no specks,
 And forty men and fourteen guns she carried below her decks.
8. We plundered many a gallant ship down on the Spanish Main,
 Killed many a man and left his wife and children to remain,
 To none we showed no kindness but gave them watery graves,
 For the saying of our captain was: "Dead men tell no tales."
9. We ran and fought with many a ship both frigates and liners too,
 Till, at last a British Man-O'-War, the Dunmow, hove in view,
 She fired a shot across our bows as we ran before the wind,
 And a chainshot cut our mainmast down and we fell far behind.
10. They beat our crew to quarters as they drew up alongside,
 And soon across our quarterdeck there ran a crimson tide,
 We fought until they killed our captain and twenty of our men,
 Then a bombshell set our ship on fire, we had to surrender then.
11. It's now to Newgate we have come, bound down with iron chains,
 For the sinking and the plundering of ships on the Spanish Main,
 The judge he has condemned us and we are condemned to die.
 Young men a warning by me take and shun all piracy.
12. Farewell to Dublin City and the girl that I adore,
 I'll never kiss your cheek again nor hold your hand no more,
 Whisky and bad company have made a wretch of me,
 Young men, a warning by me take and shun all piracy.

THE FOGGY DEW

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Irish folksong

Bm Em A Bm Em Bm

1. O - ver the hills I went one day; A love - ly maid I spied.
 2. O - ver the hills I went one morn, A - sing - ing I did go.

Em A Bm

With her coal - black hair and her man - tle so green, An im - age
 Met this love - ly maid with her coal - black hair, And she an - swered

Em Bm D G D A

to per - ceive. Says I, "Dear girl, will you be my bride?" And she
 soft and low. Said she, "Young man, I'll be your bride, If I

Bm Em F#m Bm

lift - ed her eyes of blue. She smiled and said, "Young man,
 know that you'll be true." Oh, in my arms, all

Em A Bm Em Bm

I'm to wed; I'm to meet him in the fog - gy dew.
 of her charms Were cast - ed in the fog - gy dew.

FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

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Irish folksong

Em Bm Em G Em

1. Lift, Mac Ca - hir Oge, your face, Brood - ing o'er the old dis - grace, That old Fitz - will - iam
 2. See the swords of Glen Im - aal, Flash - ing o'er the En - glish Pale! See all the chil - dren
 3. From Tas - sa - gart to Clon - more Flows a stream of Sax - on gore! O, great is Ror - y

Bm Em Bm Em Bm

stormed your place, And drove you to the fern, O! Grey said vic - to - ry was sure
 of the Gael Be - neath O' Byrne's ban - ners! Roos - ter of a fight - ing stock,
 Oge O More At send - ing loons to Ha - des! White is sick and Lane is fled!

Em G Em Bm Em Bm

Soon the fire - brand he'd se - cure, Un - til he met at Glen - ma - lure, Feagh Mac Hugh O'
 Would you let a Sax - on cock Crow out up - on an I - rish rock? Fly up and teach him
 Now for Fitz - will - iam's head - We'll send it o - ver drip - ping red To Li - za and her

Em G Bm D G

Byrne, O! }
 man - ners }
 la - dies! }
 Curse and swear, Lord Kil - dare! Feagh will do what Feagh will dare; - And now, Fitz - will - iam,

D Em G Bm

have a care Fall - en is your star low! Up with hal - bert, out with sword, On we go, for

D G D/F# Em D/F# F#m Bm Em

by the Lord, Feagh Mac Hugh has giv'n the word: "Fol - low me up to Car - low!"

FOR I HAD A SPIRIT ABOVE MY DEGREE

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Irish folksong

C#m E F#m C#m

1. With the lark up a - bove, the Lent lil - ies be - low, Young -
 2. Had he on - ly stood firm I'd have wait - ed for years; But -
 3. But the sweet old croo - nawns* ev - er more, ev - er more, O - wen
 4. For com - fort, for com - fort I cried and I prayed, E - ven
 5. Till one day to a knock when I pushed back the pin, All -
 6. I looked in his eyes and I saw they were wild; With the
 7. My good man is gone, but God has been kind. My -

E F#m E G# C#m F#m

O - wen came court - ing; I could not say, "No" But be - cause I was poor - and of
 O - wen gave way, so I forced back my tears And wed Hugh O' Don - nell long
 whis - tled and sang as he went by our door; Yet I nev - er looked out my old
 when my sweet babe in my bos - som was laid; But when in my face he laughed
 dressed in his best my poor O - wen ran in, And "Ro - sy make haste, dear, make
 sweet old croo - nawns* his mood I be - guiled, Till his heart - bro - ken fa - ther came
 sons they are stead - y; my girls of my mind; My prayers for my lost ones rise

E A E F#m C#m

hum - ble de - gree, His proud par - ents part - ed my O - wen and me.
 hope - less of me, For I had a spir - it a - bove my de - gree.
 sweet - heart to see, For I had a spir - it a - bove my de - gree.
 up from my knee, sweet com - fort, sweet com - fort it came back to me.
 haste - dear!" cried he, "For the chap - el's full up our fine wed - ding to see."
 o - ver the lea With the keep - ers and took him still cry - ing for me.
 fer - vent and free, And be - tween their two graves there's one wait - ing for me.

* country songs

THE FOUR MARYS

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Scottish folksong

D G D

1. Last night there were four Mar - y - ys, To - night there'll
 2. Oh, of - ten have I dressed my queen And night put on her
 3. Full of - ten have I dressed my queen, Put gold on up -
 4. Oh, lit - tle did my moth - er know, The day she
 5. Oh, hap - py, hap - py is the maid my eyes That's born of
 6. They'll tie a ker - chief a - round my eyes That I may not

A D G

be but three. There was Mar - y Sea - ton and
 braw silk gown, But all the thanks I've
 on her hair, But I have got for
 cra - dled me, The land I was to
 beau - ty free; Oh, it was my ros - y,
 see to dee, And they'll nev - er tell my fa -

D Bm Em A7 D

Mar - y Bea - ton and Mar - y Car - mi - chael and me.
 got to - night is to be hanged in Ed - in - bor - ough Town.
 my re - ward The gal - lows to be share.
 trav - el in, The death I was to dee.
 dim - pled cheeks That's been the dev - il to me.
 ther or moth - er But that I'm a - cross the sea.

FROM THE COLD SOD THAT'S O'ER YOU

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Irish folksong

Em Am

1. From the cold sod that's o'er you I nev - er shall sev - er; Were my
 2. This heart, filled with fond - ness, Is wound - ed and wea - ry, A
 3. When the folk of my house - hold Sup - pose I am sleep - ing, On your

C Em

hands twined in yours, love, I'd hold them for ev - er. My fond - est, my fair - est, We may
 dark gulf be - neath it Yawns jet - black and drea - ry. When death comes, a vic - tor, In
 cold grave till morn - ing The lone watch I'm keep - ing: My grief to the night wind For the

Am C

now sleep to - geth - er, I've the cold earth's damp od - our, And I'm worn from the weath - er!
 mer - cy to greet me, On the wings of the whirl - wind In the wild wastes you'll meet me!
 mild maid to ren - der, Who was my be - tro - thed Since in - fan - cy ten - der!

Gaelic Lyrics

- Táim sínte ar do thuama, Is do ghéoir ann do shíor me;
 Dá mbeadh barr do dhá lámh agam Ní sgarfaínn leat choíche
 A úilín is a annsacht, Is am domh-sa luí leat,
 Tá bola fuar na cré orm, Dath na gréine 's na gaoithe!*
- Tá cló ar mo chroí-se 'Tá líonta le grá dhuit
 Lionndubh ar thaobh thíos de Chomh cíordhubh le h-áirne.
 Is má bhaineann aon ní dhom 'S go gclaoifeadh an bás me,
 Bead-sa im shí gaoithe Romhat thíos ar na bánta!*
- Nuair is dó le mo mhuintir Go mbím-se ar mo leaba,
 Ar do thuama 'sea bhím sínte Ó oíche go maidin:
 A' cur síos mo chruatan 'S a' cruaghol go daingean.
 Tré mo cháilín ciúin stuama Do luadh liom 'n-a leanbh!*

FROM ERIN'S SHORES

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Irish folksong
Words by Florence Hoare

D A7 D A7 D A

1. From Er - in's shores we sailed a - way, while morn was sleep - ing
 2. Though mem - o - ry should smil - ing come to cheer the dis - tant
 3. Yet sang the breez - es in our ear like beat of mar - tial

G A7 D A7 D A7 D E7

yet. We saw our home a - cross the bay, and ev - 'ry eye was
 shore, the sim - ple joys of hearth and home would be our own no
 feet, and fame to Er - in's heart is dear, am - bi - tion's paths are

A G D D7 G A7

wet. The flap - ping sails a wel - come threw, tri - um - phant sang the winds, but
 more. As some dear face seems fair - er grown be - neath a lov - ing eye, So
 sweet. And so we turned and sailed a - way while morn was sleep - ing yet, but

D A7 D A7 Bm A7 D

we looked back o'er vales we knew to loved ones left be - hind.
 Er - in wore a grace un - known the day we said good - bye.
 Er - in's Isle and Er - in's smile we nev - er shall for - get.

THE GALBALLY FARMER

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Irish folksong

D Am D G Am C

1. One eve - ning of late as I hap - pened to stray, To the Coun - ty Tip - 'ra - ry I
 2. He made me no an - swer but mount - ed his steed, To the Gal - bal - ly moun - tains he
 3. I well rec - ol - lect it was Mich - ael - mas night, To a heart - y good sup - per he
 4. But what he had said to me I un - der - stood, My — bed in the barn it was
 5. I worked in Kil - con - nell, I worked in Kil - more, I — worked in Knock - ain - y and

D Am D Am D G

straight took my way: To dig the po - ta - toes and work by the day, I
 post - ed with speed; I cer - tain - ly thought — my heart it would bleed To be
 did me in - vite; A cup of sour milk that would phys - ic a snipe Your
 not ver - y good; The blan - ket was made at the time of the flood, The
 Shan - bal - ly more, In Pal - las - a - Nick - er and Sol - lo - hod - more, With

Am C D Am

hired with a Gal - bal - ly farm - er, I asked him how far we were
 trudg - ing be - hind that old fel - low. When I came to his cot - tage I
 stom - ach would put in dis - or - der. The wet old po - ta - toes would
 quilts and the sheets in pro - por - tion. 'Twas on this old mi - ser I
 de - cent re - spect - a - ble farm - ers. I worked in Tip - 'ra - ry, the

G D Am G C

bound for to go; The night it was dark; and the north wind did blow, "I'm
 en - tered it first; It seemed like a ken - nel or ru - ined old church, then
 poi - son the cats, The barn where my head was was swarm - ing with rats, 'Tis
 looked with a frown, When the straw was brought out for to make my shake - down; I
 Rag and Rose - green, At the mount of Kil - fea - kle, the Bridge of A - leen, But such

D Am D G Am C D

hun - gry and tired and my spi - rits are low, I have nei - ther whis - key nor cor - dial."
 says I to my - self, "I am left in the lurch In the house of old Dar - by O' - Lear - y."
 lit - tle I thought it would e'er be my lot To lie in that hole un - til morn - ing.
 wish that I nev - er saw Gal - bal - ly town, Or the sky o - ver Dar - by O' - Lear - y."
 woe - ful star - va - tion I've nev - er yet seen As I got from old Dar - by O' - Lear - y."

GIN I WERE

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Scottish folksong

E

1. Gin I were where the Ga - die runs, where the Ga - die runs, where the
 2. I nev - er had but two richt loves, but — two richt loves, but —
 3. The tane was killed at Low - ren Fair, at — Low - ren Fair, at —
 4. They crowd - ed in so thick on him, so — thick on him, so —
 5. I bought for him a lin - en fine, a — lin - en fine, a —
 6. O, that's twice I have been a bride, I have been a bride, I have

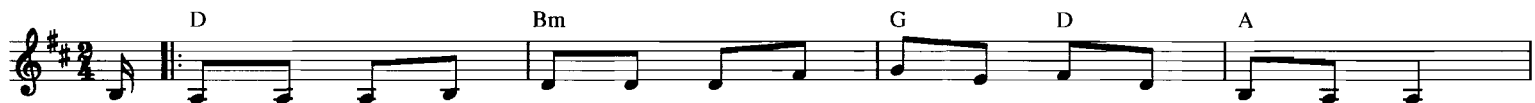
D E D E

Ga - die runs. Gin I were where the Ga - die runs at the foot o' Ben - a - chie.
 two richt loves. I nev - er had but two richt loves and they both dear - ly loved me.
 Low - ren Fair. The tane was killed at Low - ren Fair and the oth - er drowned in Dee.
 thick on him, they crowd - ed in so thick on him that he could nae fight or flee.
 lin - en fine. I bought for him a lin - en fine, his — wind - in' sheet to be.
 been a bride. O that's twice I have been a bride, but a wife I ne'er shall be.

GALWAY CITY

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Irish folksong



1. As I roved out through Gal - way cit - y At the hour of twelve at night,
 2. "So to me you came a - court - ing, My kind fa - vours for to win;
 3. Las - sie, I have gold and sil - ver; Las - sie I have hous - es and lands;
 4. "Did you ev - er see the grass in the morn - ing All be - decked with jew - els rare?"



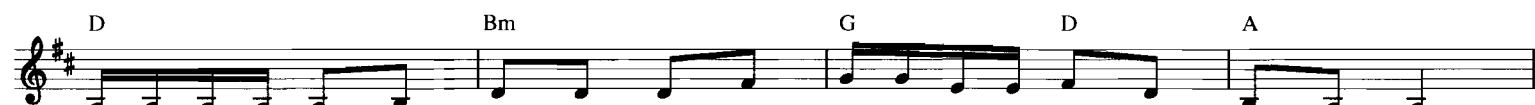
Who should I see but a hand - some dam - sel, Comb - ing her hair by
 But 'twould - give me the great - est plea - sure If you nev - er did
 Las - sie, I have ships on the o - cean; They'll be all at
 Did you ev - er see a hand - some las - sie, Dia - monds spark - ling



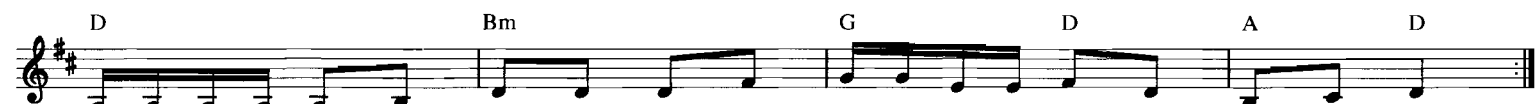
can - dle - light. "Las - sie, I have come a - court - in', Your kind fa - vors
 call a - gain. What would I do when I go walk - ing, Walk - ing out in the
 your com - mand." What do I care for your ships on the o - cean? What do I care for your
 in her hair? Did you ev - er see a cop - per ket - tle Mend - ed with an



for to win; And if you'll but smile up - on me, Next Sun - day night I'll call a - gain."
 morn - ing dew? What would I do when I go walk - ing, Walk - ing out with a lad like you?"
 hous - es and lands? What do I care for your gold and sil - ver? All I want is a hand - some man."
 old tin can? Did you ev - er see a hand - some dam - sel Mar - ried off to an ug - ly man?"



Rad - dy ah the too - dum too - dum too - dum, Rad - dy ah the too - dum doo - dum day,



Rad - dy ah the too - dum too - dum too - dum, Rad - dy ah the too - dum doo - dum day.

THE GALWAY PIPER

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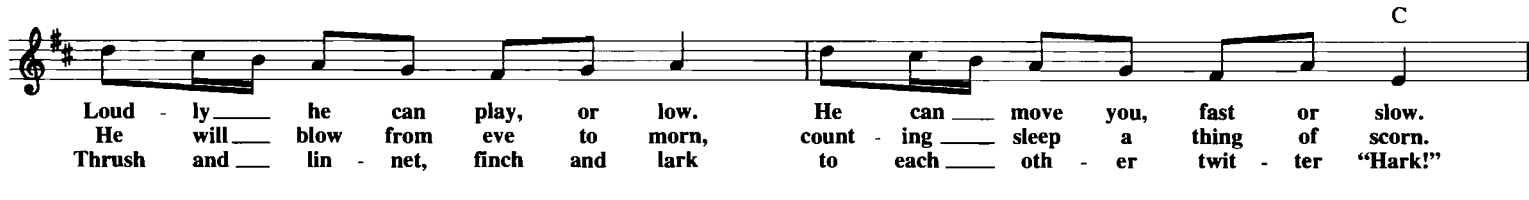
Irish folksong



1. Ev - 'ry per - son in the na - tion or of great or hum - ble sta - tion
 2. When the wed - ding bells are ring - ing, his the breath that stirs the sing - ing
 3. When he walks the high - way peal - ing, 'round his head the birds come wheel - ing



holds in high - est es - ti - ma - tion, Pip - ing Tim of Gal - way.
 Then in jigs the folks go swing - ing, What a splen - did pip - er!
 Tim has car - ols worth the steal - ing, Pip - ing Tim of Gal - way.



Loud - ly he can play, or low. He can move you, fast or slow.
 He will blow from eve to morn, count - ing sleep a thing of scorn.
 Thrush and lin - net, finch and lark to each oth - er twit - ter "Hark!"


D A7 D

Touch your hearts or stir your toe. Pip - ing Tim of Gal - way.
 Old is he, but not out - worn. Know - you such a pip - er?
 Soon they sing from light to dark. Pip - ings learnt in Gal - way.

THE GALWAY RACES


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Irish folksong




1. As I rode out to Gal - way town to seek for re - cre - a - tion, On the
 2. There were pas - sen - gers from Lim - er - ick and pas - sen - gers from Nen - agh, And
 3. There were mul - ti - tudes from Ar - an and mem - bers from New Quay shore, The
 4. It is there you'll see con - fec - tion - ers with sug - gar - sticks and dain - ties, The
 5. It is there you'll see the gam - blers, the thim - bles and the gar - ters, And the
 6. It is there you'll see the pi - pers and the fid - dlers com - pet - ing, And the


7.,8. (See additional lyrics)



se - ven - teenth of Au - gust my mind was e - le - va - ted, There were mul - ti - tudes as - sem - bled with their
 pas - sen - gers from Dub - lin and the sports - men from Tip - p'rar - y. There were pas - sen - gers from Ker - ry and all the
 boys from Con - ne - mar - a and the Clare un - mar - ried maid - ens. There were peo - ple from Cork cit - y who were
 loz - eng - es and or - ang - es and lem - on - ade and rai - sins, And gin - ger - bread and spic - es to ac -
 sport - ing Wheel of For - tune with the four and twen - ty quar - ters. There were oth - ers with - out scru - ple pelt - ing
 nim - ble - foot - ed danc - ers, and they trip - pin' on the dai - sies, And oth - ers cry - in' ci - gars and



tick - ets at the sta - tion, my eyes be - gan to daz - zle and they're
 quar - ters of the na - tion, And our mem - ber, Mis - ter Has - set for to
 loy - al, true, and faith - ful, That brought home Fen - ian pris - on - ers from
 com - o - date the la - dies, And a big cru - been for three - pence to be
 wat - tles at poor Mag - gy, And her fa - ther well con - tent - ed and he
 bills for all the rac - es, With the col - ors of the jock - eys and the



goin' to see the ra - ces.
 join the Gal - way Bla - zers.
 dy - ing in for - eign na - tions.
 pick - ing while you're a - ble. } With me Whack, fol the do, fol the did - de - ly, i - dle ay.
 look - ing at his daugh - ter.
 prize and hors - e's ag - es.

Additional Lyrics

7. It's there you'd see the jockeys and they mounted on most stately,
 The pink and blue, the red and green, the emblem of our nation.
 When the bell was rung for starting all the horses seemed impatient,
 I thought they never stood on ground, their speed was so amazing.
Chorus

8. There was half a million people there of all denominations,
 The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew and Presbyterian.
 There was yet no animosity, no matter what persuasion,
 But fortune and hospitality inducing fresh acquaintance.
Chorus

THE GALWAY SHAWL

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Irish folksong

E C#m

1. In O - ran - more, _____ in the Coun - ty Gal - way _____
 2. She wore no jew - els, _____ nor ___ cost - ly dia - monds, _____
 3. We kept on walk - ing, _____ she ___ kept on talk - ing, _____
 4. She sat me down _____ be - side the fire, _____
 5. I played "The Black - bird" _____ and "The Stack of Bar - ley," _____
 6. 'Twas ear - ly, ear - ly, _____ all in the morn - ing, _____

E F#m A

One plea - sant ev - en - ing _____ in the month of May, _____
 No paint or pow - der, _____ no, ___ none at all, _____
 Till her fa - ther's cot - tage _____ came in - to view. _____
 I could see her fa - ther, _____ he was six feet tall. _____
 "Rod - ney's Glo - ry," _____ and "The Fog - gy Dew." _____
 When I hit the road _____ for old Don - e - gal. _____

E G#m

I spied a dam - sel _____ she was young and hand - some _____
 She wore a bon - net _____ with a rib - bon on it _____
 Says she, "Come in, sir, _____ and ___ meet my fa - ther, _____
 And soon her moth - er _____ had the ket - tle sing - ing _____
 She sang each note _____ like an I - rish lin - net _____
 She said, "Good - bye, Sir," _____ she ___ cried and kissed me, _____

B E B7 E

Her beau - ty fair - ly took my breath a - way. _____
 And 'round her shoul - der was the Gal - way shawl. _____
 And for to please him play the 'Fog - gy Dew.'" _____
 All I could think of was the Gal - way shawl. _____
 Whilst the tears stood in her eyes of blue. _____
 And my heart re - mained _____ with the Gal - way shawl. _____

THE GAOL OF CLONMEL (Príosún Chluain Meala)

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Irish folksong

D A Bm Em A

1. How _ hard is my for - tune and vain my re - pin - ing! The _____
 2. No _ boy in the vil - lage was ev - er yet mild - er, I'd _____
 3. At my bed - foot de - cay - ing my hurl - bat is ly - ing, Through _ the _____
 4. Next _ Sun - day the pa - tron at home will be keep - ing, And _____ the _____

D Bm Em A D

strong rope of ___ fate ___ for this young neck is twin - ing. My ___ strength is de -
 play with a ___ child ___ and my sport would be wild - er. I'd ___ dance with - out
 boys of the ___ vil - lage my goal - ball is fly - ing. My ___ horse 'mongst the
 young ac - tive ___ hurl - ers the field will be sweep - ing. With the dance of fair

A Bm Em A D Bm

part - ed, my cheek sunk and sal - low, While _ I lan - guish in ___ chains _ in the
 tir - ing from morn - ing till e - ven, And ___ the goal - ball I'd ___ strike _ to the
 neigh - bors ne - glect - ed may fal - low, While _ I pine in my ___ chains _ in the
 maid - ens the eve - ning they'll hal - low. While _ this heart, once so ___ gay, ___ shall be

Em A D A Bm

gaol of Cluain Meal - a. My strength is de - part - ed, my cheek sunk and
 light - ning in heav - en! I'd dance with - out tir - ing from morn - ing till
 gaol of Cluain Meal - a. My horse 'mongst the neigh - bors ne - glect - ed may
 cold in Cluain Meal - a. With the dance of fair maid the eve - ning they'll

Em A D Bm Em A D

sal - low, While I lan - guish in chains in the gaol of Cluain Meal - a.
 e - ven, And the goal - ball I'd strike to the light - ning of heav - en!
 fal - low, While I pine in my chains in the gaol of Cluain Meal - a.
 hal - low, While this heart, once so gay, shall be cold in Cluain Meal - a.

Gaelic Lyrics

- Ó! bliain is lá amáireach 'sea d'fhágas an baile
 A' dul go h-Árd Pádraig, 'cur lásaí lem hata.
 Bhí Buachaillí Bána ann, is rás aca ar Eallaibh.
 Is mé go dúch uaigneach i bpríosún Chluain Meala.
- Tá mo shrian agus m'iallait ar iasacht le fada,
 Mo chamán ar fiara fé iarthar mo leapa,
 Mo liathróid dá buala ag buachaillí an ghleanna—
 Is go mbuailfínn poc báire chomh h-árd leis na fearaibh!
- A Chiarraigh, bidh a' guí liom, is bog binn liom bhur nglórtha,
 Is beag a shaoileas-sa choíche ná fillfínn-se beó orraibh:
 Go mbeidh ár trí cinn-ne ar trí spící mar sheó aca,
 Fé shneachta na h-oíche, is gach síon eile 'a nágeoidh chúinn!
- Go h-Uíbh Ráthach má théann tú, beir sgéal go dtí mo mhuintir,
 Go bhfuilim daor ar an bhfód so, is ná fuil beó agam ach go h-Aoine,
 Bailídh gléas tóiraimh agus comhra bhreá im thimpal,
 Sin crích ar Ó Domhnaill, is go deó bídh a' guí leis!

GARRYOWEN

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Irish folksong

C Am C

1. Let Bac - chus' sons be not dis - mayed, but join with me each
 2. We are the boys that take de - light in smash - ing the lime - rick lights
 3. We'll break the win - dows, we'll break the doors, the watch knock down by
 4. We'll beat the bail - iffs out of fun, we'll make the may - ors and
 5. Our hearts so stout have got us fame, for soon 'tis known from

G C Am

jo - vi - al blade. Come booze and sing and lend your aid, to
 when light - ing. Through all the streets like sport - ers fight - ing, and
 threes and fours. Then let the doc - tors work their cures, and
 sher - iffs run. We are the boys no man dares dun, if
 whence we came. Wher - e'er we go they dread the name of

C G C

help me with the cho - rus. } In - stead of spa we'll
 tear - ing all be fore us. }
 tink - er up our brui - ses. }
 he re - gards a whole skin. }
 Gar - ry - o - wen in glo - ry. }

F C E7

drink down ale and pay the reck - 'ning on the nail. No man for debt shall

Am C G7 C

go to jail from Gar - ry - o - wen in glo - ry.

THE GARDEN WHERE THE PRATIES GROW

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Irish folksong



1. Have you ev - er been in love, me boys, oh! have you felt the pain? I'd rath - er be in
 2. Says I, "My love - ly col - leen, I hope you'll par - don me." But she was - n't like the
 3. Says I, "My love - ly dar - ling, I'm tired of sin - gle life, And if you've no ob -
 4. Her par - ents con - sent - ed and we're blessed with chil - dren three; Two girls just like their



jail, I would, than be in love a - gain; Tho' the girl I love is beau - ti - ful I'd
 cit - y girls who'd say, "You're mak - ing free." She an - swered me right mod - est - ly and
 jec - tions I will make you my sweet wife." Says she, "I'll ask my par - ents and to -
 moth - er and a boy the im - age of me. We'll train them up in de - cen - cy the



have you all to know That I met her in the gar - den where the prat - ies
 curt - sied ver - y low, Say - ing, "You're wel - come in the gar - den where the prat - ies
 mor - row I'll let you know If you'll meet me in the gar - den where the prat - ies
 way they ought to go, And I'll ne'er for - get the gar - den where the prat - ies



grow. } She was just the sort of crea - ture, now, that na - ture did in - tend To
 grow. }
 grow. }
 grow. }



walk through-out the world, me boys, with - out the "Gre - cian Bend" Nor did she wear a chig - non I'd



have you all to know And I met her in the gar - den where the prat - ies grow.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

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Irish folksong



1. The hour was sad I left the maid, A lin - g'ring fare - well
 2. Then to the East we bore a - way, To win a name in
 3. Full man - y a name our ban - ners bore Of for - mer deeds of
 4. The hope of fi - nal vic - to - ry With - in my bos - om
 5. The dames of France are fond and free, And Flem - ish lips are



tak - ing, Her sighs and tears my steps de - layed; I thought her heart was
 sto - ry, And there, where dawned the sun of day, There dawned our sun of
 dar - ing, But they were of the days of yore, In which we had no
 burn - ing Is min - gled with sweet thoughts of thee, And of my fond re -
 will - ing, And soft the maids of It - a - ly, While Span - ish eyes are

D E7 D E7 A7

break - ing, In hur - ried words her name I blessed, I breathed the vows that
 glo - ry. Both blazed in noon on Al - ma's heights When, in the past as -
 shar - ing. But now our lau - rels fresh - ly won With the old ones shall en -
 turn - ing. But should I ne'er re - turn a - gain, Still worth thy love thou'lt
 thrill - ing. Still though I bask be - neath their smile, Their charms quite fail to

Bm A7 D G A7 D

bind me, And to my heart in an - guish pressed The girl I left be - hind me.
 signed me, I shared the glo - ry of that fight, Sweet girl I left be - hind me.
 twined be, Still wor - thy of his sire each son, Sweet girl I left be - hind me.
 find me; Dis - hon - or's breath shall nev - er stain The name I leave be - hind me.
 bind me, And my heart falls back to Er - in's Isle To the girl I left be - hind me.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

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Irish folksong

G C G

1. Way down in the Coun - ty Ker - ry. In the place they call Tra - lee, A fine old coup - le
 2. Ah, well do I re - mem - ber when we danced on the vil - lage green, You held me in your
 3. Ah, well do I re - mem - ber when first I was your bride, In the lit - tle chap - el

Em A7 D7 G

they lived there, called Kate and Pat Mc - Gee. They were goin' to hold a par - ty on their
 arms, dear Pat and called me your col - leen. Your hair was like the ra - ven's wing, but
 yon - der there, where we sat side by side. Of good things we've had man - y, of

C G Em A7 D7 G

gold - en ju - bi - lee, And Kate said she to Pat Mc - Gee, "Come lis - ten here to me."
 now 'tis turn - ing grey, Come o - ver here, ol' sweet-heart dear, and hear what I've to say.
 trou - bles we've had few: Come o - ver here, ol' sweet-heart dear, and here's what you must do.

C G

"Put on your ol' knee breech - es, And your coat of em - 'rald green Take off that hat, me

Em A7 D7 G

dar - lin' Pat, put on your ol' Cau - been. For to - day's our gold - en wed - ding, And we

C G Em A7 D7 G

want them all to know The way we looked when we were wed, just fif - ty years a - go."

THE GIRLS OF COLERAINE

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Irish folksong

A E A F#m A D

1. There's a sweet lit - tle spot in the Coun - ty of Der - ry, If ev - er you go there you'll
 2. You may talk a - bout sport - in' in the sweet Glenn of Gor - kin, With Min - nie or Liz - zie or
 3. Though I'm here in this strange land, my heart is in Ire - land, And in that fair spot it will

A E A E A F#m

want to re - main; You may trav - el the coun - try from An - trim to Ker - ry And
 Kath - y or Jane, But more fair and more pret - ty is our on - ly Kit - ty, Who
 al - ways re - main, Not in Gal - way nor Ker - ry nor the cit - y of Der - ry, But

A D A E A

not find a spot like the town of Cole - raine. Sure, the boys and the girls nev - er
 trips with her pitch - er through the fair of Cole - raine. Sure, the girls from Kil - lar - ney they
 where I was born, the wee town of Cole - raine. Oh my star of the north, shin - ing

E D A F#m A E

seem there to alt - er, It's go where you like and they're al - ways the same; And if
 fill you with Blar - ney, The talk of their beau - ty would drive you in - sane; And the
 on yon land's wa - ters, I won - der if ev - er I'll see you a - gain, May good

A E A F#m A D A E A

ev - er you're want - ing a céad míl - e fail - te, Just come to the sweet lit - tle town of Cole - raine.
 girls from the cit - y, though they drink them - selves pret - ty, Could nev - er com - pare with the girls of Cole - raine.
 for - tune shine down on the sons — and daugh - ters That come from the sweet lit - tle town of Cole - raine.

THE GREAT SILKIE

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Scottish folksong

D C D Bm

1. An earth - ly nour - ris - sits and sings, And aye she
 2. Then in he steps - to her bed - side And a grum - bly
 3. "I am a man up - on the land, And I am a
 4. Then he has tak - en a purse of gold, And he has
 5. "It shall come to pass on a sum - mer's day When the sun - shines
 6. "And thou shalt mar - ry a proud gun - ner, And a proud gun -

Em A7 F#m G F#m Em

sings, "Ba lil - ly wean. Lit - tle ken I my bairn - ie's
 guest I'm sure was he, Say - ing, "Here I am, thy bairn - ie's
 silk - ie in the sea, And when I'm far and far from
 put it on her knee, Say - ing, "Give to me my lit - tle
 hot on ev - 'ry stone, That I shall take my lit - tle
 ner I'm sure he'll be. And the ver - y first shot that e'er he'll

Bm E Bm C D

fa - ther, Far less the land that he sleeps in."
 fa - ther, Al - though I be not come - ly.
 land, My home it is in the Sker - ry."
 young son And take thee up thy nour - ris fee.
 young son And teach him how to swim the foam.
 shoot Will kill both my young son and me."

THE GREEN FIELDS OF AMERICA

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Irish folksong



1. Our ship is now wait - ing, her an - chor she's weigh - ing. Fare - well to the
 2. So has ten dear Bet - sy, my dear blue - eyed las - sie, Bid fare - well to your
 3. There's bran - dy in Que - bec at just ten - pence a quart, boys, There's gin in New
 4. So cheer up your hearts all you lads and young lass - es, There's gold here a -
 5. Fare - well to the groves of the sweet Coun - ty Wick - low, Like - wise to the
 6. And if ev - er it hap - pens in some for - eign cli - mate, That a poor friend - less



land that I'm goin' to leave. My Bet - sy has part - ed with
 moth - er and come a - long with me; I'll do my en - deav - or to
 Bruns - wick at a pen - ny a glass, There's rum in the town that they
 mong - us and lots of it too; Suc - cess to the hearts that have
 girls of old Er - in a - round; May their hearts be as mer - ry as
 I - rish - man should come in my way, With the best I can give him I'll



fa - ther and moth - er. With me for to cross o'er the wide west - ern wave.
 make your heart cheer - y, Till we reach the green fields of A - mer - i - cay.
 call Mon - tre - al, And we will drink heart - y each one as we pass.
 cour - age to ven - ture, Mis - for - tune to him or to her that would rue.
 ev - er I wish them, Al - though far a - way on the o - cean I'm bound.
 make him right - wel - come, In my own hab - i - ta - tion in A - mer - i - cay.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O

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Scottish folksong
By Robert Burns

1. There's naught but care on ev - 'ry han' In ev - 'ry hour that pass - es, O; What
 2. The world - ly race may rich - es chase, An' rich - es still may fly them, O; An'
 3. Gie me a can - nie hour at e'en, My arms a - round my dear - ie, O; An'
 4. An' you sae douce, ye sneer at this, Ye're naught but sense - less ass - es, O; The
 5. Auld na - ture swears the love - ly dears, Her no - blest work she class - es, O; Her



sig - ni - fies that life o' man, An' 'twere not for the lass - es, O?
 though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en - joy them, O.
 world - ly cares an' world - ly men May a' gae tap - sal - teer - ie, O!
 wis - est man the world e'er saw, He dear - ly loved the lass - es, O.
 pren - tice han' she tried on man, An' then she made the lass - es, O. } Green - grow the rash - es, O.



Green - grow the rash - es, O; The sweet - est hours that e'er I spend Are spent a - mong the lass - es, O.

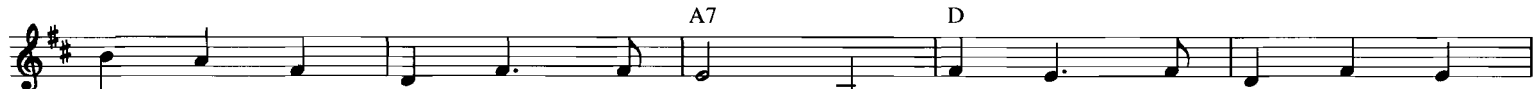
GREEN GROWS THE LAUREL

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Irish folksong



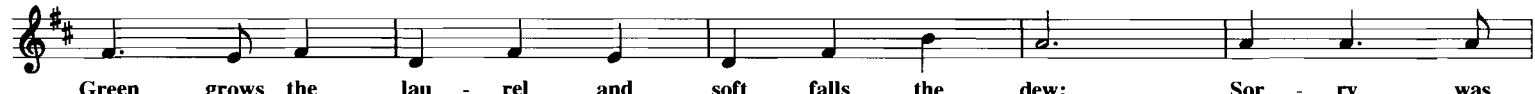
1. I once had a sweet-heart, but now I have none, He's gone and he's
 2. He pass - es my win - dow both ear - ly and late, And the looks he gives
 3. I wrote him a let - ter in red, ros - y lines; He wrote back an
 4. Now I oft' - times do won - der why maid - ens love men, And oft' - times I



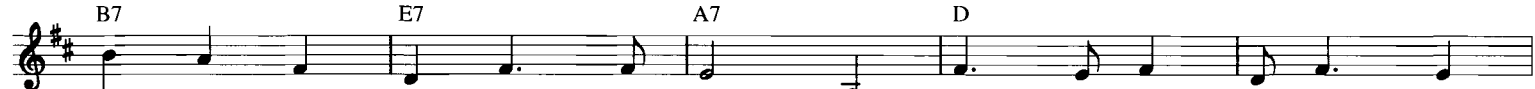
left me to weep and to mourn. He's gone and he's left me for
 at me would me my heart break. The looks he gives at me a
 an - swer all twist - ed and turned, say - ing "Keep your love let - ters and
 won - der why young men love them. But from my own know - ledge I'll



oth - ers to see, But I'll soon find an - oth - er far bet - ter than he. }
 thou - sand would kill; Though he hates and de - tests me, I love that lad still. }
 I will keep mine; You write to your love and I'll write to mine. }
 have you to know That the men are de - ceiv - ers wher - ev - er they go. }



Green grows the lau - rel and soft falls the dew; Sor - ry was



I, _____ love, part - ing from you. But at our next meet - ing I



hope you'll prove true, And we'll join the green lau - rel and the vio - let so blue.

THE HARP OF DUNVEGAN (Clarsach Shil-Leoid)

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Folksong from the Hebrides



1. Hall o' Mu - sic! Thy glo - ry, thy _____ lur - ing sung _____ sto - ry Are now _
 2. Gone thy play and thy harp - ing, thy _____ wil - low - y tune _____ warp - ing, All now _
 3. Seers and dream - ers for - sake thee, Fire o' mu - sic no more wakes _____ thee He now _
 1. Rìgh! gur mu - lad - ach tha mi, 's mi gun mhìre, _____ gun _____ mahn - ran, Anns an _
 2. Gu'm bì far - um air thail - easg Agus _____ fuaim air a' _____ chlar - saich Anns an _
 3. Chi mi chliar is na daimh - ich A' _____ treig - sinn na _____ far - daich, O nach _



si - lent by the graves of Sheel - lòtch!
 si - lent by the graves of Sheel - lòtch.
 li - eth in the grave of Sheel - lòtch. Thy sweet harp - ing, my keen - ing!
 tal - la'm bu _____ ghnath le Mac - leoid!
 tal - la'm bu _____ ghnath le Mac - leoid.
 eisd thu ri _____ fail - te luchd - ceoil Rìgh! gur mu - lad - ach tha mi!

THE HARP THAT ONCE

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Irish popular song
Words by Thomas Moore

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls its soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on that
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright the harp of Ta - ra swells, The chord a - lone that

Ta - ra's walls as if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, so
breaks at night, its tale of ru - in tells. Thus free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; the

glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise now feel that pulse no more.
on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, to show that she still lives.

THE HARPER (An Clarsair)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

No door be o - pen Lest flee yon mu - sic, Nor cease thy harp - ing so sweet and calm - ing, Thou King of
Nach dùin thu bhear - na, Mun teich an ceòl ud 'Snach seinn thu chlar - sach A ta 'gam chló - thadh, A Rìgh na

harp - ing Ne'er cease thy mu - sic. My barge is sail - ing on seas of youth - bliss, Thou King of
clar - saich Nach seinn thu'n ceòl ud. Tha mi - se seo - ladh Air cuan na h-oi - ge, A Rìgh na

harp - ing ne'er cease thy mu - sic. My barge is mu - sic. No door be o - pen, Lest flee yon mu - sic.
clar - saich Nach seinn thu'm ceòl ud. Tha mi - se ceòl ud. Nach duin thu bhear - na, Mun teich an ceòl ud.

HARRIGAN

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Words and Music by
George M. Cohan

H - A - dou - ble R - I - G - A - N spells Har - ri-gan.
Proud of all the I - rish blood that's in me. "Di-vil" a man can say a word a - gin' me.

H - A - dou - ble R - I - G - A - N, you see, is a
name that a shame nev - er has been con - nect - ed with Har - ri-gan, that's me!

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?

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Words and Music by C.W. Murphy
and Will Letters

A E7 A

1. Mich - ael Kel - ly with his sweet - heart came from Coun - ty Cork, and bent up - on a
2. O - ver on Fifth Av - e - nue, a band be - gan to play. Ten thou - sand men were

G#7 C#m E7 A

hol - i - day, they land - ed in New York. They strolled a - round to see the sights a -
march - ing for it was Saint Pat - rick's Day. The "Wear - ing of the Green" rang out up -

E F#7 B7

las, it's sad to say, poor Kel - ly lost his lit - tle girl up - on the Great White
on the morn - ing air. 'Twas Kel - ly's fav - orite song, so Mar - y said, "I'll find him

E E7 A

Way. She walked up - town from Her - ald Square to for - ty sec - ond street. The
there." She climbed up - on the grand stand in hopes her Mike she'd see. Five

E7 F#m B7 E7 A E7

traf - fic stopped as, she cried to the cop - per on the beat. } Has an - y - bod - y here seen
hun - dred Kel - ly's left the ranks in an - swer to her plea. }

A D A E7 A

Kel - ly? _____ K. E. dou - ble L. Y. Has an - y - bod - y here seen Kel - ly? _____

B7 E7 A E7 A

Have you seen him smile? _____ Sure his hair is red, his eyes are blue, and he's I - rish

E7 A E7 A E7 A

through and through. Has an - y - bod - y here seen Kel - ly? _____ Kel - ly from the Emer - ald Isle.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

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Irish folksong
Words by Thomas Moore

D G D A

1. Has sor - row thy young days shad - ed, as clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet? _____ Too _____
2. Has love, to that soul so ten - der, been like our La - ge - nian mine, _____ where _____
3. Has hope, like the bird in the sto - ry, that flit - ted from tree to tree _____ with the
4. If thus the sweet hours have fleet - ed, when sor - row her - self look'd bright; _____ if _____

D G D A D

fast have those young days fad - ed, that e - ven in sor - row were sweet. _____ Does
spar - kles of gold - en splen - dour all o - ver the sur - face shine? _____ But
tal - is - man's glit - ter - ing glo - ry has hope been that bird to thee? _____ On
thus the fond hope has cheat - ed, that led thee a - long so light. _____ If

Time with his cold wing with er, each feel - ing that once was dear? Come
 if in pur - suit we go deep er, al - lur'd by the gleam that shone. Ah!
 branch af - ter branch a - light - ing, the gem did she still dis - play. And when
 thus the un - kind world with er, each feel - ing that once was dear. Come

child of mis - for - tune! Come hith er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.
 false as the dream of the sleep er, I like love, the bright ore is gone.
 near - est and most in - vit - ing, then waft the fair gem a way.
 child of mis - for - tune! Come hith er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

THE HAT MY FATHER WORE

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Words and Music by
Edwin Ferguson

1. I'm Pad - dy Miles, an I - rish boy, just come a - cross the sea. For sing - ing or for
 2. I bid you all good e - ven - ing, good luck to you, I say. And when I cross the
 3. But when I do re - turn a - gain, the boys and girls to see. I hope that in old

danc - ing, boys, I think that I'll please ye. I can sing or dance with an - y man, as I
 o - cean, I hope for me you'll pray. I am go - ing to my na - tive land, to a
 I - rish style, you'll kind - ly wel - come me. With the songs of dear old Ire - land, to

did in days of yore. And on Pat - rick's Day I love to wear, the hat my fa - ther
 place called Bal - ly - more, to be wel - com'd back to Pad - dy's land with the hat my fa - ther
 cheer me more and more, and make my I - rish heart feel glad, with the hat my fa - ther

wore. }
 wore. } It's old, but it's beau - ti - ful, the best was ev - er seen. 'Twas worn for more than
 wore. }

nine - ty years, in that lit - tle Isle so green. From my fa - ther's great an - cest - ors it de -

scen - ded, times ga - lore. It's a rel - ic of old Da - cin - cy, is the hat my fa - ther wore.

HIELAND LADDIE

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Scottish folksong

Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em A

1. Was you ev - er in Que - bec? _
 2. Was you ev - er in Mer - a - shee? _
 3. Was you ev - er in Balt - i - more? _
 4. Was you ev - er on the Brum - ma - low? _
 5. Was you ev - er in Dun - dee? _

Bon - nie Lad - die, Hie - land Lad - die.

Bm A7 D Bm A Bm

Stow - ing tim - ber on the deck, _
 Where you stayed fast to a tree, _
 Danc - in' on that sand - ed floor, _
 Where the girls are all the go, _
 There some pret - ty ships you'll see, _

My bon - nie Hie - land Lad - die.

G D Em A7 D Em Bm Em A

Hey, ho, and a - way we go. Bon - nie Lad - die, Hie - land Lad - die.

G D Em A7 D Bm A Bm

Hey, ho, a - way we go, my bon - nie Hie - land Lad - die.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN

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Scottish folksong
 Words by Robert Burns

A

1. A High - land lad my love was born, The Law - land laws he
 2. With his phi - la - beg and tar - tan plaid, and gude clay - more down
 3. They ban - ished him be - yond the sea, but ere the bud was
 4. But oh! they caught him at the last, and bound him in a
 5. And now a wid - ow I must mourn the pleas - ures that will

B7 E7 A D A

held in scorn; But he still was faith - fu' to his clan, My
 by his side. The la - dies' hearts he did tre - pan, my
 on the tree. A - down my cheeks the pearls they ran, em
 dun - geon fast. My curse up on them ev - 'ry one, they've
 ne'er re - turn; o com - fort but a heart - y can, when

D A

gal - lant braw John High - land - man.
 gal - lant braw John High - land - man.
 brac - ing my John High - land - man.
 hanged my braw John High - land - man.
 I think on John High - land - man.

Sing hey, my braw John

B7 E7

High - land - man, Sing ho, my braw John High - land - man; There's

A D A D A

no' a lad in a' the lan' Was match - wi' my John High - land - man.

THE HOUNDS OF FILEMORE

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Irish folksong

1. You lads and lass - es gay, And you with sport - ing fa - ces, If you
 2. A drag hunt we will have, Swift hors - es and fine rid - ers. Gen -
 3. A - round the course we'll go, To see who'll rouse the ech - o From -
 4. Come - ly struck it first. There was Ratt - ler Thade the Weav - er. Small -
 5. And now the hunt is o'er, The sun is near - ly set - ting.

live un - to next year, You will ne'er for - get the ra - ces. Such ra - ces we will
 tle - men there will be, For to wield their swords and sa - bres. If a sin - gle man should
 Car - han woods a - bove, To the moun - tains of Kim - e - go. Ken - mare will hear the
 Tru - man from Tur - een, And - Tau - ner was their lead - er, Ju - no Cof - fey of
 In - to town we'll go, As - tired our limbs are get - ting. In tap rooms we will

have, With out bri - dle, whip or sad - dle, And none of you will say That it's
 fall, We will all feel ver - y sor - ry, For a sign it is most sure, That -
 shock, And - Din - gle will a - wak - en. Kil - lorg - lin will re - sound, And Val -
 Coars, Like - wise Ju - no of Fo - ley. Then Ju - no Lynch in - deed, Were three
 sit, Call for por - ter, ale and whis - ky. Then home - ward we will go, With -

all a fid - dle fad - dle.)
 year he will not mar - ry.
 en - tia will be shak - en } Oh, - File - more you're the place for - mer - ry sport and
 Ju - nos full of glo - ry.
 spir - its light and frisk - y.)

sing - ing, And the chief a - mong them all is the charm - ing bea - gle hunt - ing.

HURREE HURROO

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Scottish folksong

1. Hur - ree hur - roo, my bon - ny wee lass, hur - ree - hur - roo, my fair
 2. Smil - ing the land, smil - ing the sea, sweet was the sound of the heath -
 3. All the day long out by the peat, then by the shore in the gloam -

one, And will you come a - way, my love, To be my own, my fair one?
 er. Would we were yon - der, just you and me, the two of us to - geth - er.
 ing, trip - ping it light - ly with danc - ing feet, then we to - geth - er roam - ing.

THE HILLS OF KERRY

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Irish folksong

D G D D7 G A

1. The palm trees wave on the high a - long the fer - tile
 2. The no - ble and on the will brave have de - part - ed from our
 3. No more the sun will shine on that bless - ed har - vest

D

shore. A - dieu the Hills off Ker - ry I
 shore. They've gone the off our to reap a er for sing - eign land ing where
 morn, or hear our reap - er sing - ing in

Em A A7 D G

ne'er will see no more. Oh, why did I leave my
 the wild can yons roar. No more shall they see the
 a gold - en field of corn. There's a balm for ev - 'ry

D D7 G A D

home? Oh, why did I cross the sea and leave the
 sham - rock, the plant so dear to me, or hear the
 woe and a cure for ev - 'ry pain, but the hap - pi -

A7 D

small birds sing - ing a - round you sweet Tra - lee?
 small birds sing - ing a - round you sweet Tra - lee.
 ness of my dar - ling girl I will nev - er see a - gain.

HUNTING THE HARE (Hela'r 'Sgyvarnog)

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Welsh folksong

A D E7 A D E7 A

1. O - ver hill and plain they're bound - ing, Thro' the air they seem to fly,
 2. When the day's glad sport is o - ver, Seat - ed in the Bar - on's hall,
 1. Awn i hel - a'r ys - gyf - arn - og. Dym - a for - eu hyf - rhd iach;
 2. Am ei by - wyd mae hi'n rhe - deg. E - for claw wd a god - rau'r llwyn:

D E7 A D E7 A

Hark! the mer - ry horn is sound - ing, Hear the hunt - er's hap - py cry!
 Round the fes - tive board dis - cov - er, Gal - lant hunt - ers one and all.
 Cod - wyd hi ar graig eith - in - og: Hei! y cwn a'r gw - ta fach!
 We - le fil - gi fel yn he - deg, Dy - na hi o flaen ei drwyn.

E A E A E

Now through din - gle, dell and hol - low, Dart they on at fear - less pace:
 Laugh - ing loud - ly, jok - ing, sing - ing, As the wine goes round a - pace,
 Fel y - gwynt, neu'n gynt na hy - ny. Gyd - a'r cwn a hith - au'r awn;
 Hir y bydd o mew'n cad - wr - aeth, He - la gy - da gwledd a chan:

A D E7 D E7 A

Oh! what joy the hounds to fol - low, There's no pleas - ure like the chase.
 While the an - cient roof is ring - ing With the glo - ries of the chase!
 Ar y ffridd wrth fyn'd i fyn - y, Dy - na i ddi dro - fa iawn.
 O! am ddysg - u Naw Hel - wr - iaeth, Camp au gwled - ig Cym - ru lân!

I HAD FIFTEEN DOLLARS IN MY INSIDE POCKET

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Words and Music by
Harry Kennedy

Musical notation for the song "I Had Fifteen Dollars in My Inside Pocket". The score is in G major, 4/4 time, and consists of six systems of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are:

1. I'm an I - rish - man now don't mind that, for you can't play tag with Pad - dy Flynn. In the
 gang they hung a - round the bar, like a swarm of ed - u - ca - ted mice. Oh, they

four - teenth ward I claim my how'd, but the gang they play'd me for a skin. They
 made me drink a "clari - nette" punch, and a whis - key "San - ga - ree" on ice. They

said that they'd make me an al - der - man, then they took me 'round to see Red Bill. We were
 stood me on my head when my wealth gave out, then they hung me on a fence to dry. In the

drink - ing rye - and - rock till four o - 'clock, and they made me po - ny up for all the
 ear - ly morn - ing light, for - 'ninst Judge White, these words to him I plain - tive - ly did

swill. _____ } I had fif - teen dol - lars in my in - side pock - et, don't you see, to me it is a
 cry. _____ }

warn - ing. Sat - ur - day night I made a call on a friend of Tam - 'ny Hall, and the

div - il a cent I had on Sun - day morn - ing. I had morn - ing. 2. Oh, the morn - ing

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

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Scottish folksong

Musical notation for the Scottish folksong "I Know Where I'm Going". The score is in D major, 4/4 time, and consists of two systems of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are:

1. I know where I'm go - ing, And I know who's go - ing with me.
 2. I'll wear stock - ings of silk, _____ And shoes of bright green leath - er.
 3. Feath - er beds are soft, _____ And paint - ed rooms are bon - nie, But
 4. Some _____ say he's poor, _____ But I _____ say he's bon - nie,

I know who I love, _____ But the Lord knows who I'll mar - ry.
 Combs to buck - le my hair, _____ And a ring for ev - 'ry fin - ger.
 I would trade them all _____ For my hand - some, win - some John - ny.
 Fair - est of them all _____ Is my hand - some, win - some John - ny.

I KNOW MY LOVE

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Irish folksong

1. I know my love by his way o' walk - in' and I know my love by his
 2. There is a dance house in Mar - a - dyke, and there my true love goes
 3. If my love knew I could wash and wring, if my love knew I could
 4. I know my love is an ar - rant rov - er, I know he'll wan - der the

way o' talk - in' And I know my love in a suit of blue, and if
 ev' - ry night. He takes a strange one up - on his knee, and
 weave and spin, I'd make a coat of all the fin - est kind, but the
 wild world o - ver. In for - eign parts he may chance to stray, where

my love leaves me, what will I do? } And still she cried, "I love
 don't you know, now, that vex - es me? }
 love of mon - ey leaves me be - hind. }
 all the girls are so bright and gay. }

him the best, And a trou - bled mind, sure, can know no rest." And
 still she cried, "Bon - ny boys are few, And if my love leaves me, what will I do?"

"I THANK YOU, MA'AM," SAYS DAN

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Irish folksong

1. "What brought you in - to my house, to my house, to my house? What
 2. "How come you know my daugh - ter, my daugh - ter, my daugh - ter? How
 3. "I'll let you take my daugh - ter, my daugh - ter, my daugh - ter. I'll
 4. The coup - le they got mar - ried, got mar - ried, got mar - ried. The

brought you in - to my house?" said the mis - tress un - to Dan. "I came
 come you know my daugh - ter?" said the mis - tress un - to Dan. "Go - in
 let you take my daugh - ter," said the mis - tress un - to Dan. "And
 cou - ple, they got mar - ried, Miss E - liz - a - beth and Dan. And he's

here to court your daugh - ter, ma'am; I thought it no great harm, ma'am." "Oh,
 to the well for wa - ter, ma'am, to raise the can I taugh - her, ma'am." "Oh,
 when you take my daugh - ter, Dan of course you'll take me al - so, Dan." "Oh,
 liv - ing with her moth - er and her fa - ther and his charm - er. "Oh,

Dan, me dear, you're wel - come here." "I thank you, ma'am," says Dan.
 Dan, me dear, you're wel - come here." "I thank you, ma'am," says Dan.
 Dan, me dear, you're wel - come here." "I thank you, ma'am," says Dan.
 Dan, 'tis you're the luck - y man." "I thank you, ma'am," says Dan.

I NEVER WILL MARRY

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Irish folksong

D A7 D7 G

1. I nev - er will mar - ry, I'll be no man's wife.
 2. One day as I ram - bled down by the sea - shore
 3. I heard a poor mai - den make a pit - i - ful cry.
 4. "My love's gone and left me, he's the one I a - dore.
 5. "The shells in the o - cean will be my death - bed,
 6. She plunged her fair bod - y in the wa - ter so deep.

D A7 D

— I in - tend to stay sin - gle for the rest of my life.
 — the wind it did whis - tle and the wa - ters did roar.
 — She sound - ed so lone - some at the wa - ters near - by.
 — I nev - er will see him, no nev - er, no more.
 — and the fish in the wa - ter swim o - ver my head."
 — And she closed her pret - ty blue eyes in the wa - ter to sleep.

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN

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By Thomas P. Westendoff

G D7 A#dim G D7 G

1. I'll take you home a - gain, Kath - leen, a - cross the o - cean wild and wide. To
 2. I know you love me, Kath - leen, dear. Your heart was ev - er fond and true. I
 3. To that dear home be - yond the sea my Kath - leen shall a - gain re - turn. And

D7 A#dim G D A7 D

where your heart has ev - er been since first you were my bon - ny bride. The
 al - ways feel when you are near that life holds noth - ing dear but you. The
 when thy old friends wel - come thee thy lov - ing heart will cease to yearn. Where

D7 G D7 G

ros - es all have left your cheek. I've watched them fade a - way and die. Your
 smiles that once you gave to me, I scarce - ly ev - er see them now. Thought
 laughs the lit - tle sil - ver stream be - side your moth - er's hum - ble cot and

Em C B7 E7 A7 D7

voice is sad when e'er you speak, and tears be - dim your lov - ing eyes. }
 man - y, man - y times I see a dark - 'ning shad - ow on your brow. } Oh,
 bright - est rays of sun - shine gleam, there all your grief will be for - got. }

G D7 A#dim G D7 G

I will take you back, Kath - leen, to where your heart will feel no pain. And

C C#dim G D7 G

when the fields are fresh and green I'll take you to your home a - gain.

I'LL TELL MY MA

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Irish folksong

G C G D7 G

1. I'll tell me ma, when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls a-lone. They
 2. Now Al-bert Moon-ey says he loves her; all the boys are fight-ing for her. They
 3. Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high and the snow come shove-'ling from the sky.

C G D7 G

pull my hair, they stole my comb, and that's all-right till I go home
 rap at the door and ring the bell, say-ing, "Oh, my true love, are you well?"
 She's as nice as ap-ple pie, and she'll get her own lad by and by.

G7 C D7 G A7 D7

She is hand-some, she is pret-ty, she's the belle of Bel-fast ci-ty.
 Out she comes, as white as snow, rings on her fin-gers, bells on her toes.
 When she gets a lad of her own she won't tell her ma when she gets home.

G G7 C Cm G D7 G

She is cour-tin', one, two, three. Please won't you tell me who is she?
 Old Jen-ny Mur-phy says she'll die, if she does -n't get the fel-low with the rov-ing eye.
 Let them all come as they will, but it's Al-bert Moon-ey she loves still.

I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS

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Words by Weston and Barnes
 Music by Maurice Scott

G D7 G D7

1. Jim O'-Shea was cast a-way up-on an In-dian isle, The na-tives there they
 2. O'er the sea went Rose Mc-Gee To see her na-bob grand, He sat with-in his
 3. Em-'rald green he robbed his queen, To share with him his throne, 'Mid east-ern charms and

G D7 G

lik'd his hair They liked his I-rish smile, So made him chief Pan-jan-drum, The
 pal-an-quin, And when she'd kissed his hand, He led her to his ha-rem, Where
 wav-ing palms, They'd sham-rocks, I-rish grown, Sent all the way from Dub-lin, To

D D#dim7 Em D A D

na-bob of them all, They call'd him Ji-ji-boo Jhai, And rigged him out so
 he had wives ga-lore, She start-ed shed-ding a tear, Said he, "Now have no
 Na-bob J. O'-Shea, But in his pal-ace so fine, Should Rose for Ire-land

A D D#dim7 A A7 D N.C.

gay, So he wrote to Dub-lin Bay To his sweet-heart just to say:
 fear! I'm keep-ing these wives here Just for or-na-ment my dear: "Sure, I've got
 pine, With smiles her face will shine, When he mur-mers, "Sweet-heart mine:

G D7 G D7 F#dim7

rings on my fin-gers, bells on my toes, El-e-phants to ride up-on, my

lit - tle I - rish Rose, So come to your na - bob, and next Pat - rick's
Day, Be Mis - tress Mum - bo Jum - bo Jij - ji - boo J. O' - Shea."

I'M A POOR STRANGER

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Irish folksong

1. As I went a walk - ing one morn - ing in spring, To hear the birds
2. And as I drew nigh her I made a low jee, I asked her for
3. Then gent - ly I asked her if she would be mine, And help me to
4. I'll build my love a cot - tage at the end of this town, Where lords, dukes and

whis - tle, and night - in - gales sing, I heard a fair la - dy a -
par - don for mak - ing so free, My heart it re - lent - ed
tend to my sheep and my kine, She blushed as she an - swer'd in
earls shall not pull it down, If the boys they should ask you why

mak - ing great moan, Say - ing, "I'm a poor stran - ger and far from my own."
to hear her moan, Say - ing, "I'm a poor stran - ger and far from my own."
sor - row - ful tone, "Be kind to the stran - ger so far from her own."
you live a lone, You can tell them you're a stran - ger and far from your own.

IN SCARTAGLEN THERE LIVED A LASS

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Irish folksong

1. In Scar - ta - glen there lived a lass, and ev - 'ry Sun - day af - ter mass, she would go and
2. We won't go home a - cross the fields, the big thorn - ins could stick your heels. Won't go home a -
3. We won't go down the milk bo - reen; the night is bright we might be seen. Won't go down the

take a glass, be - fore goin' home by Bear - na. We won't go home a - long the road, for
cross the fields. We'll go home by Bear - na. We won't go home a - round the glen, for
milk bo - reen, but we'll go home by Bear - na. We won't go home a - cross the bog, for

fear that you might act the rogue, Won't go home a - long the road.
fear your blood might rise a - gain. Won't go home a - round the glen.
fear we might meet Kear - ney's dog. Won't go home a - cross the bog. } We'll go home by Bear - na.

IN GLENDALOUGH LIVED A YOUNG SAINT

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Irish folksong



1. In Glen - da-lough lived a young saint, In an o - dor of sanc - ti - ty dwell - ing, An
 2. There was a young wom - an one day who was walk - ing a - lone by the lake sir, she
 3. "You're a great hand at fish - ing" says Kate, "Tis your - self that knows how dear to hook them, But
 4. "You shall nev - er be flesh of my flesh," said the Saint with an an - cho - rite groan, sir. I
 5. The Saint in a rage seized the lass, He gave her one twirl 'round his head, sir. And



- old fashioned o - dor which now we sel - dom or nev - er are smell - ing. A
 looked at Saint Kev - in they say But Saint Kev - in did no no - tice take sir. When she
 when you have caught them a - gra Don't you want a young wom - an to cook them. Said the
 see that my - self, an - swered Kate, "I can on - ly be bone of your bone sir. And
 things came to a ter - ri - ble pass He flung Kate in a wa - ter - y bed sir! Oh



- book or a hook was to him The great - est ex - tent of his wish - es, Now a
 found look - ing hard was - n't wise she looked in a soo - ther - ing fash - ion, But the
 Saint "I am se - ri - ous in - clined I in - tend tak - ing or - ders for life dear," On - ly
 e - ven your bones are so scarce," Said Miss Kate at her an - swers so glib sir, That I
 cruel _____ Saint Kev - in for shame! When a la - dy her heart came to bar - ter, You should



- snatch of the lives of the saints, Then a catch - at the lives of the fish - es.)
 sweet - est of eyes could - n't rise in Saint Kev - in the signs of soft pas - sion.)
 mar - ry, says Kate, "And you'll find you'll get or - ders e - nough from your wife dear.)
 think you would not be the worse of a lit - tle ad - di - tion - al rib sir.") Right
 not have been Knight of the Bath But have bowed to the Or - der of Gar - ter)



- fol the dol lol the dol lay, Right fol the dol lol the dol lad - dy. Right



- fol the dol lol the dol lay, Right fol the dol lol the dol lad - dy.

IRISH ASTRONOMY

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Irish popular song

By C.G. Hapline



1. O' Ry - an was a man of might when Ire - land was a na - tion, But
 2. Saint Pat - rick once was pass - in' by O' Ry - an's lit - tle hold - in'. And
 3. Says Ry - an, "No rash - er's good for you while bet - ter I've to spare, sir, But
 4. Bould Ry - an gave his pipe a whiff, "Then ti - dings is trans - port - in'; But
 5. So to con - clude my song al - right, for fear I'd tire your pa - tience, You'll



- poach - ing was his heart's de - light and con - stant oc - cu - pa - tion he
 as the Saint was feel - in' dry he thought he'd have a stroll in, _____
 here's a jug of the mount - ain dew and there's a rat - tlin' hare sir." Saint
 would yer saint - ship tell me if there's an - y kind of sport - ing?" Saint
 see O' Ry - an an - y night a - mid them con - stel - la - tions. And

G D7 G D7 G

owned an old mi - li - tia gun, and cer - tain sure his aim was; He
 "Ry - an," said the Saint, "my son, to preach at church I'm go - in'. For
 Pat - rick he looked might - y sweet, says he, "Say at God I'm tend - yeh, And
 Pat - rick said, "A li - on's there, says two bears, a bull and Can - cer." "Be -
 Ve - nus fol - lows in his tracks while Mars grows jeal - ous dai - ly, But be -

C G D7 Em C D

gave the keep - ers man - y a run for he did - n't care for game laws.
 God's sake let me have a rash - er quick and a drop of In - i - show - en."
 when yer in yer wind - ing sheet, it's up a - bove I'll send - yeh."
 god," says Mick, "the hunt - in's rare. Saint Pad - dy, I'm yer man, Sir."
 god he fears that I - rish knack of han - dling the shil - le - lagh.

THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN

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Irish folksong

G D7

G D7

G D

C G/B Am G D7

1 G

2 G

THE IRISH WEDDING

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Words and Music by Charles Dibdin

E B7 E

1. Sure won't you hear, what roar - ing cheer, Was spread at Pad - dy's wed - ding, O, And
 2. Then there was Mat and stur - dy Pat, And mer - ry Mor - gan Mur - phy, O, And
 3. When Pat was asked would his love last, The chan - cel echo - ed wid laugh - ter, O, "Ar - rah

B7 E

how so gay, they spent the day, from the church - ing to the bed - ding, O, First,
 Mur - dock Mags and Fir - lough Shaggs Mac Log - lan and Dick Dur - fy, O, And
 fait," cried Pat, "you may say dat to the end of the world - and af - ter," O, Then

B7 E B7 E

book in hand, came Fa - ther Quipes with the Bride's Da - da, the Bail - lie, O, While
 then the girls dress'd out in wipes, Led on by Tad O' Reil - ly, O, All
 ten - der - ly her hand he gripes, And kiss - es her gen - teel - y, O, While

A E B7 E B7 E

all the way to church - the pipes } Struck up a lilt so gai - ly, O.
 gig - ling as the mer - ry pipes }
 all in tune, the mer - ry pipes }

THE IRISH GIRL

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Irish folksong

1. As I walked out one evening down by a river
 2. The little shoes this maiden wore were of a Spanish
 3. I wish my love a red, red rose to bloom in yonder garden
 4. I wish I was a butter fly, I'd light on my love's

side, While gaz - ing all a - round me an Ir - ish girl I
 brown, The man - tle on her shoul - ders of silk 'twas wrought all
 fair, And I to be the gar - den - er, that rose should be my
 breast, I wish I was a night - in - gale to sing my love to

spied; A ro - sy red was on her cheeks and coal - black was her
 round; Her mod - est face, her gen - tle ways, have left my heart in
 care. And I'd tend the pret - ty flow - ers all round, sweet wil - liam, pink and
 rest; I'd sing at morn, I'd sing at eve, a love song sweet and

hair, And cost - ly were the robes of gold this I - rish girl did wear.
 pain, And I'd range this world all o - ver my I - rish girl to gain.
 rue, Prim - rose and thyme, but most of all, sweet rose, I'd cher - ish you.
 slow, And year by year I'll love my dear, let the wind blow high or low.

THE IRISH ROVER

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Irish folksong

1. In the year of our Lord, eight - een hun - dred and six, We set sail from the Coal Quay of
 2. There was Bar - ney Ma - gee from the banks of the Lee; There was Ho - gan from Coun - ty Ty -

Cork, We were sail - ing a - way with a car - go of bricks, For the
 rone. There was John - ny Mc - Gurk, who was scared stiff of work, And a

grand ci - ty hall in New York. We'd an el - e - gant craft, it was
 chap from West - meath named Ma - lone There was Slug - ger O' - Toole, who was

rigged fore and aft, And how the trade winds drove her; She had
 drunk as a rule, And fight - ing Bill Tra - cy from Do - ver; And your

twen - ty - three masts and she stool sev - 'ral blasts, And they called her the I - rish Ro - ver.
 man Mick Mc - Cann from the banks of the Bann, Was the skip - per on the I - rish Ro - ver.

THE IRISHMAN'S EPISTLE

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Irish folksong

1. By my faith, but I think you're all mak - ers of bulls, With your brains in your bree - ches, your
 2. How brave ye went out with your mus - kets all bright, And thought to be - fright - en the
 3. With all of your talk - in' and all of your word - in', And all of your shout - in' and
 4. And what have you got now with all your de - sign - ing, But a town with - out vict - uals to

arse in your skulls, Get home with your mus - kets and put up your swords, And
 folks with the sight; But when you got there how they pow - ered your pums, And
 march - in' and sword - in', How come ye to think now they did - n't know how To be
 sit down and dine in; And to look on the ground like a par - cel of noo - dles, And

look in your books for the mean - ing of words. You see now, my hon - eys, how
 all the way home how they pep - pered your bums. And is it not, hon - eys, a
 af - ter their fire - locks as smart - ly as you? You see now, my hon - eys, 'tis
 sing, how the Yan - kees have beat - en the Doo - dles. I'm sure if you're wise you'll make

much you're mis - tak - en, For Con - cord by dis - cord can nev - er be beat - en.
 com - i - cal crack, To be proud in the face and be shot in the back? —
 noth - ing at all, But to pull at the trig - ger and pop goes the ball. —
 peace for a din - ner, For fight - ing and fast - ing will soon make you thin - ner.

THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY

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Words and Music by
Emmet Driscoll

1. Did you ev - er go in - to an I - rish - man's shan - ty? Ah! there boys you'll find the —
 2. There's a three leg - ged stool and a ta - ble to match. — And the door of the shan - ty is
 3. There's a neat lit - tle bur - eau with - out paint or gilt, — Made of boards that was left when the

whis - key so plen - ty With a pipe in his mouth, there sits Pad - dy so free. No
 lock'd with a latch. — There's a nate feath - er mat - rass all burst - ing with straw, For the
 shan - ty was built, — And a three cor - ner'd mir - ror that hangs on the wall. But

king in his pal - ace is proud - er than he. Hur - rah! my hon - ey. — *(Now boys, one for Paddy.)* Whack!
 want of a bed - stead, it lies on the floor. Hur - rah! my hon - ey. — *Spoken: (Now boys, one for the matrass.)* Whack!
 div - il a pic - ture's been in it at all. Hur - rah! my hon - ey. — *(Now boys, one for the picture.)* Whack!

Pad - dy's the boy. }
 Pad - dy's the boy. } Ah! _____ Ah! _____
 Pad - dy's the boy. }

JOHN RILEY

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Irish folksong

1. Fair young maid all in her gar - den, Strange young
 2. Oh, kind sir, I can - not mar - ry, I've a
 3. What if he's in bat - tle slain, Or drowned
 4. If he's in some bat - tle slain, I'll die
 5. If he's found love, an - oth - er love, And if
 6. Then he picked her up in his arms, Kiss - es

man come rid - ing by. Said, "Fair maid, will you mar - ry
 love who sails the deep sea. He's been gone for these sev - en
 in the deep salt sea? What if he's found an - oth - er
 when the moon doth wane. If he's drowned in the deep salt
 they both mar - ried be, Then I wish them both hap - pi -
 gave her one, two three. Weep no more my own true

me?" This then, sir, was her re - ply.
 years, Still no man shall mar - ry me.
 love, And that they both mar - ried be.
 sea, I'll be true to his mem - o - ry.
 ness, Where they dwell a - cross the sea.
 love, I'm your long lost John Ri - ley.

JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YE

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Irish folksong

1. While go - in' the road to sweet Ath - y, } While
 2. With your drums and guns and drums and guns, } With your
 3. Where are your eyes that were so mild, } hur - roo, hur - roo!
 4. Where are your legs that used to run, } I'm
 5. I'm hap - py for to see you home, } Ye
 6. Ye have - n't an arm, ye have - n't a leg, }

go - in' the road to sweet Ath - y, } While
 drums and guns and drums and guns, } With your
 Where are your eyes that were so mild, } hur - roo, hur - roo!
 Where are your legs that used to run, } I'm
 hap - py for to see you home, } Ye
 have - n't an arm, ye have - n't a leg, }

go - in' the road to sweet Ath - y a stick in me hand and a drop in me eye, a
 guns and drums and guns and drums, the en - e - my near - ly slew me. Oh my
 Where are your eyes that were so mild when my heart you so be - guiled? Why
 Where are your legs that used to run when you went for to car - ry a gun? In -
 hap - py for to see you home all from the is - land of Sul - loon, so
 have - n't an arm, ye have - n't a leg, ye're an arm - less, bone - less, chick - en - less egg, ye'll

dole - ful dam - sel I heard cry:
 dar - ling dear, ye look so queer.
 did ye run from me and the child? Oh
 deed your danc - ing days are done. Oh
 low in flesh, so high in bone. Oh
 have to put with a bowl out to beg. Oh

John - ny I hard - ly knew ye.

JUG OF PUNCH

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Irish folksong

1. 'Twas ver - y ear - ly in the month of June I was sit - ting with my —
 2. What more di - ver - sion can a man de - sire, Than to court a girl by a
 3. All ye mor - tal Lords drink your nec - tar wine And the no - ble folks drink their
 4. Oh, but when I'm dead and in my grave, No — cost - ly tomb - stone —

glass and spoon A small bird sat on an i - vy bunch, And the song he sang was "The
 neat turf fire? A Ker - ry pip - pin and the crack and crunch, And — on the ta - ble a
 clar - et fine. I'll give them all the grapes in the bunch For a jol - ly pull at the
 will I crave. Just lay me down in my na - tive peat With a jug of punch at my

Jug of Punch." } Too - rah - loo - rah - loo, too - rah - loo - rah lay. Too - rah -
 jug of punch. }
 jug of punch. }
 head and feet. }

loo - rah - loo, too - rah - loo - rah lay. } A small bird sat on an
 } A Ker - ry pip - pin and the
 } I'll give them all the grapes
 } Just lay me down in my

i - vy bunch, and the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch."
 crack and crunch, And — on the ta - ble a jug of punch.
 in the bunch For a jol - ly pull at the jug of punch.
 na - tive peat With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

KELLY, THE BOY FROM KILLANN

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Words and Music by
P.J. McCall

1. What's the news? What's the news? Oh! my bold Shel - ma - lier, With your long - bar - relled gun — of the sea, Say what
 2. Tell me! Who is that gi - ant with the gold curl - ing hair, Rid - ing out at the head — of your band? Sev - en
 3. En - nis - Cor - thy's in flames and old Wex - ford is won, And the Bar - row to - mor - row we'll cross! On a
 4. But the gold sun of free - dom grew dark - ened at Ross, And it set by the Sla - ney's red waves; And poor

wind from the sun blows your mes - sen - ger here With a hymn of the dawn — for the free? Good - ly
 feet is his height with some inch - es to spare, And he looks like a king — in com - mand. O, my
 hill o'er the town we have plant - ed a gun That will bat - ter the gate - ways of Ross! All the
 Wex - ford stripped na - ked, hung high on a cross, And her heart pierced by trai - tors and slaves. Glo - ry

news! Good - ly news do I bring, youth of Forth; Good - ly news shall you hear, Bar - gy man! For the
 lads, that's the pride of the bold Shel - ma - liers, 'Mong our great - est of he - roes, a man! Fling your
 Forth men and Bar - gy men — march o'er the heath, With brave Har - vey to lead on the van; But the
 O! Glo - ry O! To her brave sons who died For the cause of long down - trod - den man; Glo - ry

boys march at noon from the south to the north, Led by Kel - ly, the Boy — from Kil - lann.
 bea - vers a - loft and give three ring - ing cheers For John Kel - ly, the Boy — from Kil - lann.
 fore - most of all in the grim gap of death Will be Kel - ly, the Boy — from Kil - lann.
 O! To Mount Lein - ster's own dar - ling and pride — daunt - less Kel - ly, the Boy — from Kil - lann.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

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Words by Annie Barry Crawford
Music by F.W.N. Crouch

D A7/D
 Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, the gray dawn is break - ing, The horn of the hunt - er is
 D A7/D D G
 heard on the hill; The lark, from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing;
 D/A A7 D Bm F#
 Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, what slum - ber - ing still? Oh! hast thou for - got - ten how
 Bm F# Bm G E7 A7
 soon we must sev - er? Oh! hast thou for - got - ten this day we must part? It
 D G D/A A7
 may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Oh! why art thou si - lent, thou
 D G D/A A7 D
 voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then
 G D/A A7 D
 why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen? Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, a -
 A7/D D A7/D D
 wake from thy slum - bers, The blue moun - tains glow in the sun's gold - en light Ah!
 G D/A A7
 where is the spell that once hung on my slum - bers? A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou
 D G D/A A7 D
 star of my night, A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my night. Ma -
 Bm F# Bm F# Bm G
 vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To think that from Er - in and
 E7 A7 D G
 thee I must part. It may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then
 D/A A7 D G D/A
 why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it
 A7 D G D/A A7 D
 may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

THE KERRY COW

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Irish folksong

E C#m A B7 E C#m7 E/B B

1. "O, what are you seek - ing, my pret - ty col - leen, So sad - ly, tell me now?" "O'er
 2. "Is she black as the night with a star of white A - bove her bon - ny brow? And as
 3. "Then cast your eye in - to that field of wheat, She's there as large as life." "My
 4. "Since the farm - er's un - wed, you've no cause for dread From his wife, you must al - low. And for

F#m Bm E7 A E/G# F#m7 E/G# A E

moun - tain and plain I'm search - ing in vain, Kind sir, for my Ker - ry cow." _____
 clev - er to clear the dykes as a deer?" "That's just my own Ker - ry cow." _____
 bit - ter dis - grace! How e'er shall I face The farm - er and his wife?" _____
 kiss - es three, 'tis my - self is he, The farm - er will free your cow." _____

THE KERRY REEL

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Irish folksong

Em Bm Em Bm Em

1 Bm Em 2 Bm Fine Em

Em Bm Em Bm Em

Bm Em 1 Bm Em 2 Bm Em D.S. al Fine (with repeat)

KEVIN BARRY

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Irish folksong

C F C G7

1. In Mount - joy jail one Mon - day morn - ing, High up - on the gal - lows tree Kev - in
 2. Just be - fore he faced the hang - man, in his drear - y pri - son cell, Bri - tish
 3. Calm - ly stand - ing to at - ten - tion, while he bade his last fare - well, to his
 4. An - oth - er mar - tyr for old Ire - land a - noth - er mur - der for the crown, whose bru - tal

F C G7 C

Bar - ry gave his young life, For the cause of lib - er - ty, But a
 sol - diers tor - tured Bar - ry just be - cause he would not tell the names
 bro - ken - heart - ed moth - er, whose grief no one can tell. For the
 laws may kill the I - rish, but can't keep their spi - rit down. Lads like

F C G7 C

lad of his eight - een sum - mers, Yet no one can de -
 cause he brave com - pan - ions and oth - er sad things they wished to
 Bar - ry are no cher - ished, this sad part - ing had to
 they will not

G7 F C G7 C

ny As he walked to death that morn - ing, He proud - ly held his head on high.
 know. "Turn in - form - er or we'll kill you," Ke - vin Bar - ry an - swered "No."
 be. Then to death walked soft - ly smil - ing, that old Ire - land might be free.
 fly. Lads like Bar - ry will free Ire - land, for her sake they'll live and die.

THE KERRY DANCE

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Words and Music by
James L. Molloy

D G D E7 A7 D

1. O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pip - er's tune! O for one of those
2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen In the dance - than Ei - ly More, Or a proud - er

G D A7 D A F#m A F#m

hours of glad - ness, Gone a - las! like our youth, too soon. When the boys be - gan to gath - er
lad than Tha - dy As he bold - ly took the floor? "Lads and lass - es to your plac - es,

A F#m B7 E7 A A7 Adim7 Dm6/A A

In the glen, of a sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pip - er's tun - ing Made us long with
Up the mid - dle and down a - gain;" Ah! The mer - ry - heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the

E7 A G F#m Em A7

wild de - light; } O to think of it, O to dream of it Fills my heart with tears.
hap - py glen! }

D G D E7 A7

O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pip - er's tune!

D G D A7 D

O for one of those hours of glad - ness, Gone a - las! Like our youth, too soon.

KILGARY MOUNTAIN

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Irish folksong

A D E D A E A7 D

1. As I was go - in' o - ver the famed Kil - ga - ry Moun - tain, I
shin - in' gold - en coins the did look so bright and jol - ly, I
When I a - wak - ened with be - tween six and sev - en, The
put me in to jail with - out a judge or writ - in' For
some that take en - joy - ment in fish - in' and in bowl - in', And

A D E F#m D

met with Colo - nel Pep - per and his mon - ey he was count - in'. I
took 'em with me home and I gave 'em to my Mol - ly. She
sol - diers were a - round me in num - bers odd and e - ven. I
rob - bing Colo - nel Pep - per out on Kil - gar - y Moun - tain, but they
oth - ers take de - light in the Car - ria - ges a - roll - in', But

A

rat - tled both my pis - tols and I drew forth my sa - ber Say - in',
prom - ised and she vowed that she nev - er would de - ceive me, but the
flew to my pis - tols but a - las, I was mis - tak - en, For
did - n't take my pis - tols so I knocked the sen - try down, And I
I take de - light in the juice of the bar - ley And

F#7 C#m/G A Bm A Bm F#m

“Stand and de - liv - er, for I am a bold de - ceiv - er, O!”
 div - il's in the wom - en and they nev - er can be eas - y, O!
 Mol - ly's drawn my charg - es and a pris - 'ner I was tak - en, O!
 bid a fond fare - well _____ to the jail in Slai - go Town, O!
 court - in' pret - ty girls _____ in the morn in' in' so ear - ly, O!”

D A/C# Bm7 F#m

Whack! Fol de dad - dy oh, Mush a rig - gum dur - am dah,

D A/C# D 1-4 A/E E A 5 A/E E A

Whack! Fol de dad - dy oh, There's whis - key in the jar! 2. The whis - key in the jar!
 3. And
 4. They
 5. There's

KILLARNEY

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Words and Music by M.W. Balfe

E A/E E A B7

1. By _____ Kil - lar - ney's _____ lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and _____ wind - ing bays,
 2. In - nis - fal - len's _____ ru - ined shrine May _____ sug - gest a _____ pass - ing sigh,
 3. No _____ place else can _____ charm the eye With _____ such bright and _____ va - ried tints;
 4. Mu - sic there for _____ ech - o dwells, Makes _____ each sound a _____ har - mo - ny;

E A/E E A B7 E

Moun - tain paths and _____ wood - land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays.
 But _____ man's faith can _____ ne'er de - cline Such _____ God's won - ders float - ing by.
 Ev - 'ry rock that _____ you pass by, Ver - dure 'broi - ders or _____ be - sprints.
 Many - voiced the _____ cho - rus swells, Till _____ it faints in ec - sta - sy.

C#m F#m E C#7 F#m C#m B

Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders _____ ev - 'ry - where,
 Cas - tle Lough and Glen - a Bay, Moun - tains Tore _____ and _____ Ea - gle's _____ Nest,
 Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn - springs _____ na - tal _____ day,
 With _____ the charm - ful tints be - low, Seems the Heav - en a _____ bove _____ to vie,

A E/B B7 E B E 3 F#7 B7

Foot - prints leaves on man - y strands, But _____ her home is _____ sure - ly _____ there.
 Still at Muck - cross you must pray, Though _____ the monks are _____ now at _____ rest.
 Bright - hued ber - ries daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ters _____ frown a - way.
 All rich col - ors that we know _____ Tinge _____ the cloud - wreaths in that _____ sky.

E B F#m B7 E A

An - gels fold their wings and rest In _____ that E - den of _____ the _____ west,
 An - gels won - der not that man There _____ would fain pro - long _____ life's _____ span,
 An - gels of - ten paus - ing there Doubt _____ if E - den were _____ more _____ fair,
 Wings _____ of an - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft light _____ di - vine,

E A E/B B7 E

Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair _____ Kil - lar - ney.
 Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair _____ Kil - lar - ney.
 Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair _____ Kil - lar - ney.
 Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair _____ Kil - lar - ney.

KIRSTEEN

(Co bhios agad, Chairistiona)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Bm D G D A D/A Bm

Who will walk with thee, Kirs - teen, By the deep blue sea, Kirs - teen, O'er the fra - grant
Co bhios a - gad, Chair - is - tio - na, Oidh - che gheal - aich, Chair - is - tio - na, Co bhios a - gad,

D Bm D G D

lea? Who'll be by thy side, Kirs - teen, At the high spring -
Chair - is - tio - na. Co bhios a - gad, Chair - is - tio - na, Air do bhan - ais,

A D/A Bm D Bm D

tide, Kirs - teen, Walk - in' with his bride? And, when thou grown frail, Kirs - teen,
Chair - is - tio - na, Co bhios a - gad, Chair - is - tio - na. Co bhios a - gad, Chair - is - tio - na,

G D A D/A Bm D

Fare with Bin - ne Bheul, Kirs - teen, Who'd fain with thee sail?
Beul an Ana - muich Chair - is - tio - na, Co bhios a - gad, Chair - is - tio - na.

KITTY OF COLERAINE

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Irish folksong

G Am/C D7

1. As beau - ti - ful Kit - ty one morn - ing was trip - ping with a
2. I sat down be - side her and gen - tly did chide her that

G Am/C D7 G

pitch - er of milk from the fair of Cole - raine: When she saw me, she
such a mis - for - tune should give her such pain. A kiss then I

Am/C D7 G C

stum - bled. The pitch - er, it tum - bled, and all the sweet but - ter - milk
gave her, and be - fore I did leave her she vowed for such pleas - ure she'd

G/D D7 G N.C. G D7 G

wa - tered the plain. "Oh, what shall I do now? 'Twas look - ing at
break it a - gain. 'Twas hay - mak - ing sea - son. I can't tell the

D D/F# Em/G D/A A7 D

you, now! Sure, sure, such a will pitch - er I'll ne'er meet a - gain. 'Twas the
rea - son. Mis - for - tune a will nev - er come sin - gle, 'tis plain. For

G Am/C D7

pride of my dai - ry. Oh, Bar - ney Mc - Clear - y, you're
ver - y soon af - ter poor Kit - ty's di - sas - ter there

G/B C G/D D7 G

sent as a plague to the girls of Cole - raine!"
was not a pitch - er found whole in Cole - raine!

KISHMUL'S GALLEY (Á Bhirlinn Bharrach)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D Bm G D Bm

1. High from the Ben a Hay - ich, On a day of days, Sea - ward I gazed,
 1. Lath - a dhomh am Beinn a' Cheath - aich, Air fal - il - o O - i - o - u
 2. I gun slat gun rachd gun bheairt - rith, Air fal - il - o O - i - o - u
 3. Fear - char air stiuir lamh ri tap - adh, Air fal - il - o O - i - o - u
 4. Gill - e - dhill - ean Mor an gais - geach Air fal - il - o O - i - o - u

D G D

Watch - ing Kish - mul's gal - ley sail - ing. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.
 Gu'n deach ba - ta Chloinn Neill sea - chad. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.
 Gun cheann cum - ail air a h - acair. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.
 Rua - ri. Og an t-oih - re mais - each. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.
 'S Niall Grua - mach Mac Rua - ri'n Tar - tair. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.

Repeat for Gaelic verses only

Bm G D Bm

Home - ward she brave - ly bat - tles 'Gainst the hurt - ling waves; Nor hoop nor yards,
 B'ait leam do bha - ta 's i gabh - ail Air fal - il - o Ho rion - a - so.

D G D G D

An - chor, ca - ble, nor tac - kle has she. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.
 Mach o dhuth - aich Mhic 'Ill - eath - ain. O - hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.

D Bm D G D

Now at last 'gainst wind and tide They've brought her to 'Neath Kish-mul's walls,
 Steach gu Ceise - mul an athair Air fal - il - o, No rion - a - so,

F#m D G A Bm A7 D

Kish - mul Cas - tle our an - cient glo - ry. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.
 Far am faigh - teadh cuirm ri gabh - ail. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.

(♩ = ♩) Bm

Here's red wine and feast for he - roes And harp - ing too; O -
 Fion o oidh - che gus an lath - a Fa - li - o hu O -

G D A7

i - o - u. Sweet harp - ing too, O - i - o -
 i - o - u. Is clar - sach bhinn 'Ga gleus - adh

D G A Bm A7 D

u - o. O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.
 mar - ris, O hi - o hu - o fal - u - o.

THE LAMBS ON THE GREEN HILLS

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Irish folksong

1. The ___ lambs on the green hills they sport ___ and they play, ___ And
 2. The ___ bride and bride's par - ty to church ___ they did go; ___ The
 3. The ___ first place I saw her was in ___ the church stand, ___ Gold
 4. The ___ next place I saw her was on ___ the way home. ___ I
 5. "Stop, ___ stop," says the grooms - man, "till I ___ speak a word. ___ Will you
 6. Oh, ___ make now my grave ___ both large, ___ wide and deep, ___ And

man - y straw - ber - ries grow 'round the salt sea. How ___ sad is my heart when my
 bride she rode fore - most, she bears the best show. But ___ I fol - lowed af - ter with my
 rings on her fin - ger and her love by the hand. Says ___ I, "My wee lass - ie, I
 ran on be - fore her, not know - ing where to roam. Says ___ I, "My wee lass - ie, I'll
 ven - ture your life on the point of my sword? For ___ court - ing so slow - ly you've
 sprin - kle it o - ver with flow - ers so sweet, And ___ lay me down in it to

love ___ is a - way, ___ How man - y's the ship sails the o - cean. ___
 heart ___ full of woe, ___ To see my love wed to an - oth - er. ___
 will ___ be the man, ___ Al - though you are wed to an - oth - er." ___
 be ___ by your side, ___ Al - though you are wed to an - oth - er." ___
 lost ___ this fair maid, ___ So be - gone, for you'll nev - er en - joy her." ___
 take ___ my last sleep, ___ For that's the best way to for - get her. ___

LANIGAN'S BALL

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Words by Tony Pastor
 Music by Neil Bryant

1. In the town of At - hol lived one Jim - my Lan - i - gan; He bath - ered 'way till he
 2. Sure and it was me - self had free in - vi - ta - tions For all o' the boys an' the
 3. The ___ boys were all mer - ry, the girls were frisk - y, All drink - ing to - geth - er in
 4. Oh, ___ ar - rah, boys, ___ but thin was the 'rup - tion; Me - self got a wol - lop from
 5. In the midst of the row, ___ Miss Ka - va - nagh faint - ed; Her face all the while was as

had - n't a pound. His fa - ther he died and made him a man a - gain; Left him a farm of ten
 girls I might ask; In less than five min - utes, I'd friends and re - la - tions All sing - ing as mer - ry as
 cou - ples and groups, Whin an ac - ci - dent hap - pened to Pad - dy O' Raf - fer - ty, He stuck his foot through Miss
 Phel - im Mc - Coe. Soon I re - plied to his nate in - tro - duc - tion And we kicked up the div - il's own
 red as the rose. The la - dies de - clared her cheeks they were paint - ed, But she'd tak - en a drop ___ too

a - cres of ground. He gave a large par - ty to all his re - la - tions That stood be - side him when he
 flies 'round a cask. Now Kit - ty O' Har - ra, a nate lit - tle mil - li - ner, Tipt me the wink and then
 Flan - i - gan's hoops. The cray - thur she faint - ed and roared, "Mil - lia mur - ther!" Then called for her friends ___ and
 phil - il - a - loo. ___ Ca - sey, the pip - er, he was near - ly stran - gled; He squeezed up his bags, ___
 much, I sup - pose. ___ Pad - dy Mc - Car - ty, so heart - y and a - ble, When he saw his dear col - leen stretched

went to the wall. So if you but lis - ten, I'll make your eyes glis - ten With the rows and the 'rup - tions at
 asked me to call, And whin I ar - rived ___ with Tim - o - thy Gal - li - gan, ___ Just in ___ time ___ for
 gath - ered them all. Tim Der - mod - y swore that he'd go ___ no fur - ther, But have sat - is - fac - tion at
 chaunt - ers and all. The girls in their rib - bons all got en - tan - gled, And ___ that put a stop ___ to
 out in the hall, He pulled the best leg from out un - der the ta - ble And ___ broke all the chi - ney at

B7 Em D

Lan - i - gan's Ball. }
 Lan - i - gan's Ball. }
 Lan - i - gan's Ball. } Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal, tal, lad - ed - dy. Whack! fal, lal, fal,
 Lan - i - gan's Ball. }

Em Am B7 Em

lal, tal, lad - ed - dy. Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal, tal, lad - ed - dy. Whack! hur - roo! — for Lan - i - gan's Ball.

D

Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal, tal, lad - ed - dy. Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal, tal, lad - ed - dy.

Em Am B7 Em

Whack! fal, lal, fal, lal, tal, lad - ed - dy. Whack! hur - roo! — for Lan - i - gan's Ball.

THE LARK IN THE CLEAR AIR

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Irish folksong
 Words and Music by
 Sir Samuel Ferguson

G C G D7 G

1. Dear — thoughts are — in my mind, and — my soul — soars en -
 2. I shall tell her — all my love, all — my soul's — ad - o -

D7 G C G D7 G C D7 G

chant - ed As I hear the — sweet lark sing in — the clear — air of the day. For a
 ra - tion, And I think she — will hear me, and — will — not say me nay. It is

C G D7 G C D7 G

ten - der, beam - ing — smile to my hope — has — been — grant - ed, And to -
 this that gives — my — soul all its joy - ous — e - la - tion, As I

C G D7 G C D7 G

mor - row she — shall — hear all — my fond — heart would — say.
 hear — the — sweet lark sing in — the clear — air of the day.

THE LARK IN THE MORNING

Musical score for 'The Lark in the Morning' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with various chord markings (D, G, A7) and a four-measure repeat sign.

THE LAY OF DIARMAD

Musical score for 'The Lay of Diarmad' in G major, 4/4 time. The score includes three systems of music with lyrics in English and Gaelic. Chord markings G, Em, D7, and Am are provided above the notes.

Lyrics:

1. Dearg, —	son of	Dearg, —	I am	wife of	thine
2. Dearg, —	son of	Ol - la,	of the	guid - ing	heart,
3. Dearg, —	son of	Al - la,	who	fight - joy'd	Fayne,

4.,5. (See additional lyrics)

1. Dearg —	mac —	Deirg —	gur - a	mi do	bhean —
2. Dearg —	mac —	Ol - la,	bu tu	cridh an	iuil —
3. Dearg —	mac —	Al - la,	bu tu	deilm nam	Fiann —

4.,5. (See additional lyrics)

Lyrics:

Thee	would	I	cause	nei - ther	pain	nor	sigh,
Thou	who	could'st	skill - ful	ly - ly	play	the	harp,
Gone	like	the	sun	that - ly	stars	to	shame,
Air	an	_____	fhear	's mi nach	dean -	adh	lochd,
Leis	an	_____	seinn	- teadh gu	ciuin	a'	chruit,
Mar	a'	_____	ghrian	thu 's i	smal -	adh	reult.

Em G D7 G

To each brave com - eth or deal of fire; _____
 Blood fu - ry left on thee stain nor mark, _____
 *Deaths three keen - point ed in life thy blade, _____
 Cha robh treun gun a dhèach ainn fein _____
 Air an laoch cha do dhearg am fraoch, _____
 Bha'n treas bàs guin - eadh bàrr do do luinn, _____

D7 G D7 G

Black er my fate to be left be - hind. _____
 Though low - laid by the boar at last. _____
 Though thou to - night now art deaf to fame. _____
 'S truaigh do'n té tha gun cheil' an nochd. _____
 Ged a ghiùg adh mo ghaol le tuire. _____
 Ged nach cluinn thu an nochd an streup. _____

Additional Lyrics

- 4. I see thy hawk and I see thy hound;
 Keen in thy love their hunt-trail they found,
 Keen in thy love their hunt-trail they found.
 Dear to thee were we all three I trow;
 Now let all three be to thee for shroud.
- 5. Shed we no tear on our brave, but sing
 That we tonight deathwatch a king,
 That we tonight deathwatch a king.
 Stately calm, openhanded our mien,
 For we tonight deathwatch a king.

- 4. Chi mi'n t-seabhag agus chi mi 'n cù
 Leanadh dlùth fo do shuil 'san t-seilg.
 Leanadh dlùth fo do shuil 'san t-seilg
 'S o'n a b'ait le mo Dhearg an triuir
 Theid an triuir anns an uir le Dearg.
- 5. 'S dùth dhuinn arral is cha dheòir an nochd.
 Sinn ri faire mu ghealchorp bu rìgh.
 Sinn ri faire mu ghealchorp bu rìgh
 'S duth d'ar caithris bhi gu flathail fial
 B'e sid riamh maise Dheirg 'na chliùh.

*Deaths three: "The foe who has come, the foe who will come, the foe who is there now."

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

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Irish popular song
 Words by Thomas Moore

D G D

1. Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be -
 2. On Lough Ne - agh's bank as the fish - er - man strays, when the clear, cold eve's de -

A7 D F#m B7 Em D

tray'd her; When Mal - a - chi wore the col - lar of gold, Which he won from her proud in -
 clin - ing, he sees the round tow - ers of oth - er days, in the wave be - neath him

A7 D F#m G D Bm A G

va - der; When her kings with stand - ards of green un - furl'd, Led the Red - Branch Knights to
 shin - ing! Thus shall mem - 'ry of - ten, in dreams sub - lime, catch a glimpse of the days that are

D F#m G D Bm A Bm A7 D

dan - ger: Ere the em' - rald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.
 o - ver. Thus, sigh - ing, look through the waves of time for the long fad - ed glo - ries they cov - er!

LET HIM GO—LET HIM TARRY

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Words and Music by Cliff Gordon,
Max Maurice and Carl Yale

G C G

1. Now Brid - get was a col - leen with an in - de - pen - dent air, And
 day he wrote a let - ter say - ing he was rath - er bad. She
 go to his old moth - er and set her mind at ease. For
 years rolled on and left poor Brid - get high up on the shelf, And

D7 G

Brid - get had a sweet - heart who was gay and deb - o - nair. He would woo her, court her,
 sent him back an an - swer say - ing she was ver - y glad. Then he wrote to her an -
 she's an old, old wom - an and ver - y hard to please. She can say that I am
 of - ten in the eve - ning when she's sit - ting by her - self, She re - mem - bers that young

C G D/A

jilt her near - ly ev - 'ry oth - er day, Till fi - nal - ly Miss Brid - get was
 oth - er say - ing he was well and strong, But she cared no more a - bout him than the
 flight - y, as she has al - ways done, 'Cause I don't want to mar - ry her
 fel - low, so de - bo - nair and gay, And wish - es, oh, so of - ten, he'd

A7 D7 G C

heard, at last, to say: }
 ground he walked up - on. } Let him go, let him tar - ry, let him sink, or let him
 great big ug - ly son. }
 nev - er heard her say: }

G D7 G

swim. He does - n't care for me and I don't care for him. He can

C G D7

go and get an - oth - er that I hope he will en - joy, For I'm going to

G C

mar - ry a far nic - er boy. Let him go, let him

G D/A A7 D7

go, Let him go, let him tar - ry, let him stay.

G C G

He can go and get an - oth - er that I hope he will en - joy, For

D7 1-3 4

I'm going to mar - ry a far nic - er boy. { 2. Then one
 3. He can boy.
 4. But the

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

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Words by J. Keirn Brennan
Music by Ernest R. Ball

C#m G# C#m A/C# C#m

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of how Ire - land got its name? I'll
 dear old land of fair - ies and of won - drous wish - ing wells, And

F#m/C# C#m F#m/C# C#m

tell you so you'll un - der - stand from whence old Ire - land and came. No
 no - where else on God's green earth have they such lakes and dells. No

G#7 C#m G#7

won - der that we're proud of that dear land a - cross the sea, For
 won - der that the an - gels loved its sham - rock - bor - dered shore; 'Tis a

C#m F#m/C# C#m F#m/C# C#m E7

here's the way me dear old moth - er told love the tale to me. } Shure, a
 lit - tle bit of Heav - en, and I love it more and more.

A C#7 D F#7 Bm E7

lit - tle bit of Heav - en fell from out the sky one day, And nes - tled on the o - cean in a

A F#7 Bm F#7 Bm

spot so far a - way; And when the an - gels found it, shure it looked so sweet and fair, They

G#7 C#m F#m C#m E7 A C#7

said, sup - pose we leave it, for it looks so peace - ful there! So they sprin - kled it with star - dust just to

D F#7 Bm E7 A

make the sham - rocks grow; 'Tis the on - ly place you'll find them, no mat - ter where you go. Then they

A7 Bm A/C# D

dot - ted it with sil - ver to make its lakes so grand, And when they had it fin - ished shure they

1 A/E E7 A 2 A/E E7 A

called it Ire - land. 2. 'Tis a called it Ire - land.

LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL

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Irish popular song
Words by Michael Scanlon

1. Oh, Lim - er - ick is beau - ti - ful, as ev - 'ry - bod - y knows. The
 2. 'Tis not for Lim - er - ick that I sigh, though I love her in my soul, Though
 3. Oh, she I love is beau - ti - ful, and world - wide is her fame, She
 4. I loved her in my boy - hood and now in man - hood's noon, The



Riv - er Shan - non full of fish through - out the cit - y flows. It's
 times will change and friends will die and man will not con - trol, No,
 dwells down by the rush - ing tide, and Eire is her name; And
 vi - sion of my life is still to dry thy tears, a - roon, I'd



not the riv - er or the fish that weighs up - on my mind, Or
 not for friends long passed a - way, or days for - ev - er flown,
 dear - er than my ver - y life her glanc - es are to me, The
 sing un - to the tomb or dance be - neath the gal - lows tree, To



with the town of Lim - er - ick have I an - y fault to find.
 But the maid - en I a - dore is sad in Gar - ry - owen.
 light that guides my wea - ry soul a - cross life's storm - y sea.
 see her on the hills once more proud pas - sion - ate and free.

THE LITTLE BUNCH OF RUSHES
(An Beinnsín Luachra)

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Irish folksong



1. As I roved out one morn - ing Down by a clear
 2. I looked a - bout most care - ful, the place be - ing
 3. I said, "My charm - ing crea - ture, Be pleas - ing to
 4. I gen - tly did em - brace her, In my arms I did



riv - er - side, With dogs and gun com - mand - ing In
 free and clear; I used some kind en - deav - ors With
 me and kind; This mo - ment is the sea - son That en -
 her en - twine. If your par - ents they are pleased now, In



de - cent and be - com - ing pride, I spied a love - ly
 this fair maid I loved so dear, She said, "Kind sir, be
 gag - ges my ten - der mind. These rush - es cost some
 wed - lock's bands we will join. My heart you've cap - ti -



crea - ture Whose fair locks I chanced to view, With a
 eas - y, I am a maid, you need must know; These
 la - bour, 'Tis plain that the like do grow; Then
 vat - ed On this place where the rush - es grow, And for -

G D G D Em D G

bunch of rush - es mak - ing, As pleas - ing as ev - er grew.
 rush - es cost some la - bour, So spare them and let me go."
 grant me your kind fa - vour, Em - brace me and ease my woe."
 ev - er I'll em - brace you And your bon - ny bin - cheen lua - cha - ra O!"

Gaelic Lyrics

- Ó! maidin aoibhinn uaibhreach
 Ar bhruach na coille is glaise bláth,
 Bhí mo ghadhairín liom a' gluaiseacht
 Go h-uasal is mo ghunna im láimh.
 Casadh orm stua-bhean
 Ba ruaidhe ghile dheise bhreá,
 Agus birtín léithi buailte
 Dhen luachair ba dheise bláth.
- Is d'fhéachas ar na cuantaibh,
 'S do bhí an t-uaigneas againn um neóin,
 Do dhruideas leis an stuaire
 Is d'fhuaduios uaithi cúpla póg.
 'Sé dúirt sí liom go h-uaibhreach,
 "Fan uaim is ná cuir orm stró,
 'S ná sgaip mo bheinnín luachra
 Is a bhfuairéas dá thrioblóid."
- "A chailín bhig na luachra,
 A' leigfeá-sa do bheart ar lár?
 Nó a' dtiocfá liom i n-uaigneas
 Faoi bhruach na coille is glaise bláth?
 Sagairt ní bhfuíodh sgéal air,
 Nó éinneach dá bhfuil le fáil,
 Go dtiocfaidh cainnt don chéirseach
 Nó béarla don londubh bhreá."
- "A chailín bhig na luachra,
 Glac suaineas is fan go réidh;
 Ní cáll duit a bheith uaibhreach
 I n-uaigneas is tú leat féin.
 Má sgaip mé do chuid luachra,
 Is dual go bhfuil cuid tar h'éis;
 Bainfead beinnse muar dhuit,
 Is ualach mar thuille léi."

THE LITTLE SAUCEPAN
 (Sospan Vach)

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Welsh folksong

Em Am B7

1. My dear Ma - ry Ann's cut her fin - ger, And Da - vid the but - ler's feel - ing
 2. My dear Ma - ry Ann's feel - ing bet - ter, And Da - vid the but - ler's dead and
 1. My beese Mar - y Ann wed - dee bree'oo - oh, Ah Dahv - ith uh gwas - thim un
 2. My beese Mar - y Ann wed - dee goo - eh - lluh, Ah Dahv - ith uh gwas - un i

Em B7 Em B7

weak; And the ba - by's wail - ing loud in its cra - dle, The cat's claws are scratch - ing John - ny's
 gone; And the ba - by's qui - et now in his cra - dle, The cat seems to want to get a -
 yach. My - ur bah - bahn un uh creed un - cree - oh, Ahr gath wed - dee crahv - ee John - ny
 vaith. My - ur bah - bahn un uh creed wed - dee teh - wee, Ahr gath wed - ee hee - no meh - oon

Em B7 Em

cheek. } Sos - pan fach is boil - ing on the fire, Sos - pan fawr boils
 long. }
 bach. }
 haith. } Sos - pan vach un bare - we ar uh tahn, Sos - pan vow'r un

B7 Em

o - ver on the floor, { 1. The cat's claws are scratch - ing John - ny's cheek. }
 bare - we ar uh llauer, { 2. The cat seems to want to get a - long. }
 { 1. Ahr gath wed - dee crahv - ee John - ny bach. }
 { 2. Ahr gath we - dee hee - no me - own haith. }

B7 Em B7

Da - vid's a sol - dier, Da - vid's a sol - dier,
 Die bach uh soul - joor, Die bach uh soul - joor,

Em B7 Em

Da - vid's a sol - dier, His shirt - tail's fall - ing out.
 Die bach uh soul - joor, Ah choot - ee greese eh mahs.

LOCH LOMOND

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Scottish folksong

1. By ___ yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
 2. 'Twas ___ there that we part - ed in yon shad - y glen On the steep, steep side o' Ben
 3. The ___ wee bird may sing and the wild flow - ers spring And in sun - shine the wa - ters are

Lo - mond, Where me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch
 Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue the ___ High-land hills we view And the morn - shines - out frae the
 sleep - ing; But the bro - ken heart, it sees nae ___ sec - ond spring, And the world - does nae ken how we're

Lo - mond.
 gloam - ing; } Oh, ___ ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low, road, And I'll be in Scot - land a -
 greet - ing;

fore ye, But me an' my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.

LOCHBROOM LOVE SONG
(Mhàiri Laghach)

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Words by J. MacDonald
Folksong from the Hebrides

Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach, 'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn, Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach,

'S tu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn, Hó i hó mo Mhàir - i, 'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn,

Mhàir - i bhoidh - each lur - ach, Rug - adh anns na glinn.

{ 1. B'òg bha mis' is Màir - i 'M fàs - aich - ean Ghlinn - smeòil, 'N uair - chuir mac - an Bhen - uis
 2. Cha robh inn - eal ciuil A fhuair - eadh riamh fo'n ghréin, A dh'aith - ris - eadh air chòir Gach

Saigh - ead gheur am fheoil Tharraing - sinn ri chéil - e Ann an eud cho beò,
 ceòl bhiodh a - gainn fein Uis - eag air gach lò - nan Smeòr - ach air gach geig,

'S nach robh air an t-saoghal - A thug gaol cho mor. Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach
 Cuth - ag is gùg gùg aic', 'Mad - aim chùbh - raidh Cheit.

'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach 'S tu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn Hó i hó mo Mhàir - i

'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn Mhàir - i bhaidh - each lur - ach Rug - adh anns na glinn.

LOCH LEVEN LOVE LAMENT

(Chuir mo leannan cul rium fhein)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

E A E

Chuir mo lean-nan cul rium fhein Cul mo lean-nain cul rium fhein Thug mo lean-nan

B7 E B7 C#m A E

cul rium fhein Chuir sid gruam - an air an speur. { 1. Gur e mis - e tha gu timm
2. Gur e mis - e tha fo ghruaim

A E B7 E

Taobh Loch Leamh - ainn air mo lin Sgeul a fhuair mi chraidh mo chridh
H-uil - e lath - a a - gus uair Dh'fhalbh mo lean - nan do'n taobh tuath

B7 C#m A E

gu'n do phos mo lean-nan fhein. } Chuir mo lean-nan cul rium fhein Cul mo lean-nain
'S dh'fhag i mis - e bron-ach truagh. }

A E B7 E B7 C#m A E

cul rium fhein Thug mo lean-nan cul rium fhein Chuir sid gruam - an air an speur.

THE LOST CHILD

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Irish folksong

G C Am D7 G Am7 D G

1. Up - on the wild I met a child Whose steps had gone a - stray; I
2. Thus hand in hand a - cross the land We passed, that boy and I, And
3. It wrung my heart that we should part! The boy di - vined my pain; His

C Am D7 G Am7 D G

dried his tears, I calmed his fears And led him on his way. His
man - y a flow'r from bank and bow'r We plucked as we went by; Till,
arms he wound my neck a - round Till I to weep was fain. He

D7 G Am7 D7 G D7 E7 Am B D7

eyes were bright with heav - en - ly light, His voice rose sweet and gay. I've
as we sung the woods a - mong, He paused with sud - den cry, For
kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice, My tears ran down like rain, For

G C Am D7 G Am7 D G

nev - er heard from an - y bird A more en - chant - ing lay.
through the leaves his cot - tage eaves With joy he did es - py.
well I knew his eyes of blue I ne'er should greet a - gain.

LOUGH SHEELIN'S SIDE

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Irish folksong

E A F#m D

1. Fare - well, my coun - try, a long fare - well; My bit - ter
 2. Fond mem - 'ries come till my heart grows sad, And venge - ful
 3. When I first wooed her, so fair and young, With her art - less
 4. So proud was I of my girl so tall, And en - vied
 5. But ah! Our joys were too full to last; The land - lord
 6. Not one dare o - pen for us their door Or else his

7.-9. (See additional lyrics)

Bm A E

an - guish no tongue can tell, For I must fly o'er the o - cean
 thoughts till my brain goes mad, When I think of Ei - leen my fair young
 airs and her guile - less tongue, All oth - er maid - ens she far out -
 most by the young men all, When I brought her blush - ing with bash - ful
 came our bright hopes to blast. In vain we plead - ed for mer - cy—
 ven - geance would reach them sure; My Ei - leen faint in my arms—

F#m D E D A

wide, From the home I loved by Lough Shee - lin's side.
 bride, In the church - yard lone, by Lough Shee - lin's side.
 vied On the lone - ly banks of Lough Shee - lin's side.
 pride To my cot - tage home by Lough Shee - lin's side.
 no! But he hurled us forth in the blind - ing snow.
 died As the snow lay deep on the moun - tain - side.

Additional Lyrics

7. I raised my hand to the heavens above,
 And I said one prayer for my lifeless love;
 May the God of justice, I wildly cried,
 Avenge the death of my murdered bride.
8. We laid her down in the churchyard low,
 Where in the springtime sweet daisies grow;
 I shed no tears, for the fount has dried,
 On that woeful night by Lough Sheelin's side.
9. Farewell, my country, farewell for e'er;
 The big ship's waiting, I must prepare.
 But my fond heart it shall still abide
 In my Eileen's grave by Lough Sheelin's side.

LOVE AT MY HEART

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Irish folksong

Em A7 D Bm E7 A G D

1. Love at my heart came knock - ing! Ah! but with bit - ter mock - ing, I said him No! Bowed and
 2. Ah! but when love lay bleed - ing, Pit - y, to scorn suc - ceed - ing, Turned cold dis - dain in - to
 3. Now love de - spised is dear - est, Now love neg - lect - ed near - est; Now late and soon, un - der

G Bm G D

bade him go, Far, far a - way, heigh - ho! Far, far a - way, heigh - ho!
 poignant pain, Till I too loved a - gain, Till I too loved a - gain.
 sun and moon, O heart o' mine, keep love's tune! O heart o' mine, keep love's tune!

THE LOVE-WANDERING

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Folksong from the Hebrides

G D7 G

'Tis for thee, on - ly thee, I'm car - ing; For thee,
O 's tu 's gur - a tu th' air m'air - e, O 's tu

C G/D D7 G C G D7 G

on - ly thee, I'm car - ing; Too near, my love thou art, too dear un -
's gur - a tu th' aim' air - e, O 's tu - sa rùin tha tigh - inn dlùth fain -

D7 G C G C/G G

to my heart, My ev - 'ry thought, ev - 'ry heart - throb shar - ing.
ear dhomh, Dh'fhalbh mo shug - radh o'n dh'fhag thu'm bail - e.

D7 G

1. From me east and west thou'st riv - en, From me
1. 'S tric a bha sinn fo sgàil an eil ich, Anns an smùd -
2. Ach gaol na h-òig - e nòs b'e nòs am foill dhuit, 'S mairg a dh'òl -
3. Thug thu sear diom is thug thu siar diom, Thug thu gheal -
4. Feas - gar foghair 's mi air ach - adh bhua - na, Saoil sibh fein

C G/D D7 G C G D7 G

sun and moon hast riv - en; From me, O dear white love, hast reft e'en
an an luib an t-seil - ich, Bàrr an fhraoich dhuinn 'na choinn - lean
adh a leoir de t'aoibh - neas, Thig mar sheud - aig de'n ghrein 's i
ach is thug thu ghrian diom, Thug thu'n cridh - e a bhà - 'nam
nach mi fein bha truagh - a, A h-ù - le te 's a fear fein - ri

D7 G C G C/G G

God a - bove, And from my heart love's sweet rap - ture driv - en.
geal a, Féidh a' mhun - aidh 'nan luchd fair - e.
boillsgead - eadh, Gu'n teid e fuad - an mar bhruad - ar oidh - che.
chliabh diom, Cha mhòr, a ghaoil, ghil, nach tug 's mo Dhia diom.
gual - ainne, 'S mo lean - nan donn - sa gur fa - da bh'uam - sa.

D7 G

For thee, thee a - lone, I'm sigh - ing; For thee,
O 's tu 's gur - a tu th' air m'air - e, O 's tu

C G/D D7 G C G D7 G

on - ly thee, I'm sigh - ing. My curse up - on her head, who drew thee
's gur - a tu th' air m'air - e, O 's tu - sa rùin tha tigh - inn dlùth fain -

Repeat for Gaelic lyrics only

D7 G C G C/G G

in my stead; O dear white love, for thy love I'm dy - ing.
ear dhomh, Dh'fhalbh mo shug - radh o'n dh'fhag thu'm bail - e.

LOVELY LEITRIM

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Words and Music by
P. Fitzpatrick

G C G D7 G

1. Last night I had a pleas - ant dream; I woke up with a smile. I
 2. I felt en - chant - ed by the scene of gran - deur and de - light, so
 3. I next did vis - it Fen - agh Town with her an - cient ab - bey walls, where the
 4. My eyes are dimmed and wet with tears; I must be dream - ing still. I
 5. In all the lands that I have been through - out the East and West, in

C Am D7

dreamed that I was back a - gain in dear old Er - in's Isle. I
 I strolled on to Car - rick Town be - fore the dark of night. I
 teach - ing of the ho - ly monks once ech - oed through her halls. I
 thought I saw those he - roes who died on Sel - ton Hill. But the
 all the lands that I have seen I love my own the best, And if

G C Am D7

thought I saw Lough Al - len's banks in the val - ley down be - low. It
 passed Shee - more, that fair - y hill, where flow - ers fine do grow, and I
 stood with rev - 'rence on the spot, re - luc - tant for to go from the
 fog is lift - ing from the scene and I am forced to go and
 ev - er I re - turn a - gain the first place I will go will

G C G D7 G

was my love - ly Lei - trim, where the Shan - non wa - ters flow.
 saw the grave of Finn Mac - Cool where the Shan - non wa - ters flow.
 town of saints and sa - ges where the Shan - non wa - ters flow.
 leave the land so fair and grand where the Shan - non wa - ters flow.
 be to love - ly Lei - trim, where the Shan - non wa - ters flow.

THE LURE OF THE FAIRY HILL (Ghillebhinn)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

A

1. Far I see the fair - y hill, Yon hill where hol - ly and red row - ans grow;
 2. Ne'er my se - cret love was told By wa - ters where sweet cress - es grew, Nor
 3. Ne'er I vow shall I re - turn, My mor - tal kin a - gain to greet,
 1. Chi mi'n tom - an cao - ruinn, - cui - linn, Chi mi'n tom - an cui - linn thall,
 2. Air a' dhiolair ud 's an t-sruthan, 'S air a' chuth aig a ni seinn,
 3. till le m' dheoin, cha till ri m' bheo A chaordh cha till mi nall, a luaidh,

Aye, I see yon fair - y hill, My lov - er lean - ing there be - low. Love to
 heard where cuck - oo makes her song, The leaf - y branch - ing wood - lands through.
 Till the seals shall come a - shore Wi' corn to sow the moor - land peat.
 Chi mi'n tom - an cao - ruinn, - cui - linn, 'S laogh mo cheill air uil - inn ann. Gradh a'
 Air a' choill ud thall, m'a dhuill - each, Cha d'fhuair duin - e riamh mo sgeul.
 Gus an tig na roin gu tir A chur an t-sil am moine chruaidh.

F#m D A E7

Gil - li - van hoon - dree ho ro — hoon - dree ho, Love — that took my sleep off
 Ghil - le - bhinn hunn - draidh ho ro — hunn - draidh ho, Thug — mo cheile 'n cad - al

A F#m D

me. Love — to Gil - li - van hoon - dree ho ro — hoon - dree
 diom Gradh — a' Ghil - le - bhinn hunn - draidh ho ro — hunn - draidh

1,2 3

ho! ho! ho! Far I see yon hill.
 ho! ho! Cha till a ghaoil rim' bheo.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

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Irish folksong
 Words by Samuel Lover

D A7 D

1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'twas on a mar - ket day; A
 2. In bat - tle's wide com - mo - tion, the proud and might - y Mars, With
 3. Sweet Peg - gy 'round her car, sir, has strings of ducks and geese, But the
 4. I'd rath - er own that car, sir! with Peg - gy by my side, Than a

A7 D Em A7 D G

low - backed car she drove and sat up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
 hos - tile scythes de - mands his tithes of death in war - like cars. But Peg - gy, peace - ful
 scores of hearts she slaugh - ters By far out - num - ber these; While she a - mong her
 coach and four, and gold ga - lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit

D G D G/D D

bloom - ing grass and decked with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that could com - pare — to the
 god - dess, has darts in her bright eye That knock men down in the mar - ket town, — as —
 poul - try sits, just like a tur - tle - dove, Well worth the cage, I do en - gage, — of the
 for - ninst me, on a cush - ion made with taste, While Peg - gy would be be - side — me, — with my

A A7 D E7

bloom - ing girl I sing! As she sat in her low - backed car, the man at the turn - pike
 right and left they fly; While she sits in her low - backed car, than bat - tle more dan - g'rous
 bloom - ing god of love! While she sits in her low - backed car, the lov - ers come near and
 arm a - round her waist. As we drove in her low - backed car, to be mar - ried by Fa - ther

A D G/D D G D/F# Em7 D

bar, Nev - er asked for the toll, but just rubbed his auld poll And looked af - ter the low - backed car.
 far, For the doc - tor's art can - not cure — the heart That is hit from the low - backed car.
 far, And — en - vy the chick - en that Peg - gy is pick - in' While she sits in her low - backed car.
 Maher, Oh, my heart would beat high at her glance and her sigh, Though it beat in a low - backed car.

MacPHERSON'S FAREWELL

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Scottish folksong

1. Fare - well ye dun - geons - dark - and - strong, fare - well, fare - well to - - - thee. Mac -
 2. 'Twas by a wom - an's treach - 'rous hand that I was con - demned to - - - dee. Be -
 3. The Laird o' Grant, that High - land sant, the first laid hands on - - - me. He
 4. Un - tie these bands from - - - off - - - my - - - hands and gie to me my - - - sword, an'
 5. There's some come here to - - - see - - - me - - - hanged, and some to buy my fid - dle, but be -
 6. He took the fid - dle in both o' his - - - hands and broke it o'er a - - - stone. Says,

7., 8. (See additional lyrics)

Pher - son's time will - - - not - - - be - - - long on yon - der gal - lows tree. }
 low a ledge at a win - dow she stood and a blan - ket she threw o - ver me. }
 played the cause on - - - Pe - ter - Broon to let Mac - Pher - son dee. }
 there's not a man in - - - all - - - Scot - land but I'll brave him at - - - a word. }
 fore - - - that I do part - - - with - - - her, I'll break her through the mid - dle. }
 there's nae ith - er - - - hand shall play on thee - - - when I'm dead - - - and gone. }

rant - in' - ly, - - - sae - - - wan - ton - ly, sae - - - daunt - in' - ly, - - - gaed - he. He

played a tune - - - and he danced a - roon' be - low the gal - lows tree.

Additional Lyrics

7. O little did my mother think
 When first she cradled me,
 That I would turn a rovin' boy
 And die on the gallows tree.

8. The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Banff
 To let MacPherson free,
 But they pit the clock a quarter afore
 And hanged him to the tree.

MACUSHLA

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Words by Josephine V. Rowe
Music by Dermot MacMurrough

Ma - cush - la! Ma - cush - la! Your sweet voice is call - ing, Call - ing me soft - ly a -
 gain and a - gain. Ma - cush - la! Ma - cush - la! I hear its dear plead - ing, My
 blue - eyed Ma - cush - la, I hear it in vain. Ma - cush - la! Ma - cush - la! Your
 white arms are reach - ing, I feel them en - fold - ing, ca - ress - ing me still. Fling them
 out from the dark - ness, my lost love, Ma - cush - la, Let them find me and bind me a -

E7 A7 A7#5 D Bm Em A7

gain if they will. Ma - cush - la! Ma - cush - la! Your red lips are say - ing That

Bm E7 A7 A7#5 D D7

death is a dream, and love is for aye. Then a - wak - en, Ma - cush - la, a -

B7 Em Edim D Bb7 E7 A7 D

wake from your dream - ing, My blue - eyed Ma - cush - la, a - wak - en to stay.

THE MAGIC MIST

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Irish folksong

Em F#dim B7 Esus Em Asus A7 D C G F#dim B7

1. Dread Bard out of Des - mond deep val - lied. Whence com - est thou

2. To and fro, in high thought on the moun - tains I strode, in my

3. And there my dull bod - y sank sleep - ing 'Neath quick - ans of

4. Arch - min - strel of Des - mond, we dread thee, Lest lift - ed to

Esus Em Am6 Em F#dim B7 Esus Em Asus A7 D C

chant - ing to night, From thy brow to thy bo - som death pal - lid. Thine

sing - ing robe green, Where Man - ger ton, fa - ther of foun - tains, Starts

quiv - ering sway; My soul in her song - robe went sweep - ing Where

night in our hall, The spell of lone mu - sic that led thee To

G F#dim B7 Esus Em Am6 Em G D Em

eyes like a seer's star - bright? And whence, o'er thy guest - seat al -

stern - ly from love - ly Loch Lene; When a - round me and un - der and

Clio - na holds court o'er the fay. The land where all tears are with

Fae - ry have fet - tered us all. Nay, fear not! though Clio - na be

Bm D G C Bm Em C G Em D Em

lot - ted, These strange, sud - den ed - dies of air; And why is the

o'er me. Rang mel - o - dy none may re - sist. For rap - ture I

smil - ing, The land where all smiles are with tears; Where years shrink to

call - ing, I on - ly her clair - seach** o - bey. To Earth the earth -

Am Em Edim7 D7 Em F B7 Esus Em Am6 Em

quick - an* flow - er clot - ted Like foam in the flow of thy hair.

swooned while be - fore me Earth fad - ed in mag - i - cal mist.

days of be - guil - ing, Days yearn in to long, bless - ed years.

bod - y is fall - ing, The soul soars ex - ul - tant a - way.

*Elder flower

**harp

A MAN OF DOUBLE DEED

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Irish folksong

D A7 D A7 D

1. There was a man of dou - ble deed, who sowed his gar - den full of seed.

2. And when the seed be - gan to grow, 'twas like a gar - den full of snow.

3. And when the snow be - gan to fall, like birds it was up - on the wall.

4. And when the birds be - gan to fly, 'twas like a ship - wreck in the sky.

5. And when the sky be - gan to crack, 'twas like a stick up - on my back.

6. And when my back be - gan to smart, 'twas like a pen - knife in my heart.

7. And when my heart be - gan to bleed, then I was dead, and dead in - deed.

MAID OF FIFE-E-O

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Irish folksong

G

1. There once was a troop of I - rish dra - goons Came march - ing
 2. "Oh, come down the stairs, pret - ty Peg - gy, my dear; Oh, come down the
 3. "I nev - er did in - tend a sol - dier's la - dy for to be; I nev - er will
 4. The Colo - nel, he cried, "Mount, mount, boys _____ mount." The cap - tain
 5. Long 'ere we _____ came to the town of Ack - er - glass, We had our _____
 6. Green grow the _____ birks on bon - ny E en - side, And low lie the

D G C

down through _____ Fife - e - O; And the cap - tain fell in love with a ver - y bon - ny
 stairs, pret - ty Peg - gy, O. Oh, _____ come _____ down the stairs, comb _____ back your yel - low
 mar - ry a sol - dier, O. I _____ nev - er did in - tend to go _____ to a for - eign
 he cried, "Tar - ry, O. Oh, _____ tar - ry for a while, for an - oth - er day or
 cap - tain to car - ry, O. And _____ long _____ 'ere we reached the _____ streets of Ab - er -
 low - lands of Fife - e - O. Well the cap - tain's name was Ned, and he died _____ for a

D C G

lass, And her name it was called _____ pret - ty Peg - gy, O.
 hair, Bid a long fare - well _____ to your Mam - my, O."
 land, And I nev - er will mar - ry a sol - dier, O."
 two, Till I see if this bon - ny lass will mar - ry, O."
 deen We _____ had our _____ cap - tain to bur - y, O.
 maid; He _____ died for the cham - ber - maid of Fife - e - O.

THE MAID OF SLIEVENAMON

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Irish folksong
 Words by Charles Kickham

D Bm G A7 D

1. A - lone, all a - lone, by the wave - wash'd strand, All a - lone in the crowd - ed hall; The
 2. It was not the grace of her queen - ly _____ air, Nor the cheek of the ros - e's glow, Nor
 3. In the fes - tive hall, by the star - watched shore, My _____ rest - less _____ spir - it cries: My

Bm G A7 D

hall it is gay and the waves they are grand, But my heart is not here _____ at all. It
 her soft black eyes, nor her flow - ing _____ hair, Nor _____ was it her lil - y - white brow. 'Twas
 love, oh, my love, shall I ne'er see you more, And my land, will it ev - er up - rise? By

A A7 D E7 A A7

flies far a - way, by night and by day, To the times and the joys that are gone, And I
 the soul of truth and of melt - ing ruth, And her smile like a sum - mer dawn, That _____
 night and by day, I ev - er, ev - er pray, While _____ lone - ly my life flows _____ on, To _____

D Bm G A7 D

nev - er can for - get the sweet maid - en I met }
 stole my heart a - way, one _____ mild sum - mer day, } In the val - ley near Slieve - na - mon.
 see our flag un - rolled and my true love en - fold }

THE MAID OF THE SWEET BROWN KNOWE*

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Irish folksong



1. Come _____ all you lads _____ and las - sies, and lis - ten to me a -
 2. Says _____ he, "My pret - ty fair _____ maid, will you come a - long with
 3. This _____ fair and fick - le young _____ thing, she knew _____ not what to
 4. Says _____ he, "My pret - ty fair _____ maid, how can _____ you say _____
 5. "If they're at their dai - ly la - bor, well, I'm think - ing it's not for
 6. "If I rap and I call and I pay for all, the mon - ey is all my



while, _____ I'll sing for you a verse or two that will cause you all to
 me? _____ We'll both go off to - geth - er, and it's mar - ried we will
 say; _____ Her eyes did shine like sil - ver bright and _____ mer - ri - ly did
 so? _____ Look down on yon - der val - ley where my crops do gent - ly
 me; _____ I've heard of your be - hav - ior, sir, I _____ have in - deed," says
 own; _____ I'll nev - er spend your for - tune for I _____ hear you have got



smile. _____ It's all a - bout a young man and I'm go - ing to tell you
 be. _____ We'll join our hands in wed - lock bands I'm speak - ing to you _____
 play. _____ Says she, "Young man, your love sub - due, for I am not read - y
 grow; _____ Look down on yon - der val - ley where my hors - es and my
 she. _____ "There is an inn where you call in, I have heard the peo - ple
 none. _____ You thought you had my poor heart broke in talk - ing with me



now, How he late - ly came _____ a - court - in' of the maid of the sweet brown knowe.*
 now, And I'll do my best _____ en - deav - or for the maid of the sweet brown knowe."
 now, And I'll spend an - oth - er sea - son at the foot of the sweet brown knowe."
 plow Are _____ at their dai - ly la - bor for the maid of the sweet brown knowe."
 say, Where you rap and you call and you pay for all and go home at the break
 now, But I'll leave you where _____ I found you, at the foot of the sweet brown knowe."

*small hill or knoll

MARY FAIR (A Mhairi Bhan)

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Folksong from the Hebrides



1. Fal "eel" "lay" "leave" o, Vah - ree Vahn, Vah - ree Vahn _____ Fal - eel - lay - leave, o,
 2. Come with me and be my _____ love And we will _____ all the pleas - ures prove
 3. Blue thy dew - wet eyes, Vah - ree Vahn, Cheeks like ripe _____ row - an ber - ries red,
 1. Fal il e' li bho, Mhai - ri Bhan, Mhai - ri Bhan _____ Fal il e' li bho,
 2. Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhai - ri Bhan, Fa - da thall _____ thun nam beann - tan ard,
 3. Suil mar dhearc fo'n druchd a Mhai - ri Bhan, Slios mar eal' _____ anns an loch - an fhás,



If that these pleas - ures may thee move, Then live with me and be my _____ love.
 That the hills, val - leys, dales and fields, And all the crag - gy moun - tains _____ yields.
 Like the swan, white _____ thy _____ throat, And white o' snow thy hands, Vah - ree Vahn.
 O gur truagh nach mi fhein bha thall leat, Fal il e' li bho, Mhai - ri Bhan.
 Fa - da thall. far an goir an smeor - ach, Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhai - ri Bhan.
 Lamh mar ur shneachd is gruaidh mar chaor - ann, Suil mar dhearc fo'n druchd a Mhai - ri Bhan.

MASTER McGRATH

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Irish folksong

1. Eight - een six - ty - nine be - ing the date of the year, The Wa - ter - loo
 2. And when they ar - rived there in big Lon - don town, The great Eng - lish
 3. Lord Lur - gon stepped for - ward and he said, "Gen - tle - men, If there are an - y a -
 4. White Rose stood un - cov - ered, the great Eng - lish pride, Her train - er and
 5. As Rose and the Mas - ter, they both ran a - long, "I won - der," said
 6. "I know," said Mc - Grath, "we have wild heath - er bogs, But you'll find in old
 7,8. (See additional lyrics)

sports - men, they all did ap - pear To win the great prize and to
 sports - men, they all gath - ered 'round. One of the gen - tle - men
 mong you have mon - ey to spend, For your great Eng - lish grey - hound I
 own - er were both by her side. They led her a - way and the
 Rose, "what you took from your home. You should have stayed there in your
 Ire - land we have good men and dogs. Lead on, bold Bri - tan - nia, give

bear it a - way, Nev - er count - ing on Ire - land and Mas - ter Mc - Grath.
 gave a ha - ha, "Is that the great dog you call Mas - ter Mc - Grath?"
 don't care a straw. Five thou - sand to one up - on Mas - ter Mc - Grath."
 crowd cried, "Hur - rah!" For the pride of all Eng - land and Mas - ter Mc - Grath.
 I - rish do - main, took from your home. And not come to gain lau - rels on Al - bi - on's plains."
 none of your jaw. Stuff that up your nos - trils," said Mas - ter Mc - Grath.

Additional Lyrics

7. The hare she led on, what a beautiful view,
 As swift as the wind o'er the green fields she flew.
 He jumped on her back and he held up his paw;
 "Three cheers for old Ireland," said Master McGrath.
8. I've known many greyhounds that filled me with pride
 In the days that are gone and it can't be denied,
 But the greatest and the bravest the world ever saw
 Was our champion of champions, brave Master McGrath.

McPHERSON'S LAMENT

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Irish folksong

1. "Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and strong, Fare - well, fare - well to thee; Mc -
 2. "Take off these bands from off my hands, And give to me my sword, For there's
 3. "There's some come here for to see me hang'd, And some to buy my fid - dle; But be -
 4. He took his fid - dle in both his hands, And he broke it o'er a stove, Say - ing,
 5. The re - prieve was com - ing o'er the Brig of Banff For to set Mc - Pher - son free; But they

Pher - son's life will not be long On yon - der gal - lows tree." }
 not a man in all Scot - land But I'd brave him at his word." }
 fore that I do part with her, I'll break her through the mid - dle." } Sa -
 "There's nay i - ther hand shall play on thee When I am dead and gone." }
 put the clock a quar - ter be - fore, And they hanged him from a tree.

G C G D G C Em

rant - ing - ly, — sa — want - ing - ly, And sa daunt - ing - ly — gaed — he; He

G C G D G C G

played a tune — and he danced a - round Be - low the gal - lows tree.

McSORLEY'S TWINS

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Words and Music by
Gustave Phillips

D A7 D A7

1. Ar - rah! Mrs. — Mc - Sor - ley had fine pret - ty twins, Two — fat lit - tle dev - ils they
2. Says — Mrs. — Mc - Sor - ley, "A christ - 'nin' we'll have, Just to give my two dar - lin's a
3. When the christ - 'nin' was o - ver the com - p'ny be - gun, With good whis - key to fill up their
4. Then — Mrs. — Mc - Sor - ley jumped up in a rage, And she threat - ened Miss Mul - lins - es'

D G D A7

were. — With squal - lin' and bawl - in' from mor - nin' till night, It would
name." — "Faith, we will," says Mc - Sor - ley, "sure one they must get, Some - thing
skins. — And the neigh - bors came in just to wish a good luck to Mc -
life. — Says old Den - ny Mul - lins, "I'll beat the first man That'd —

D A7 D B7

deaf - en you I do de - clare. — By my soul, 'twas a cau - tion the
grand to be course for that same." — Then for god - moth - ers, Kate and Mag
Sor - ley's most beau - ti - ful twins. — When — old Mrs. — Mul - lins had
first lay a hand on my wife." — The Mc - Ganns and the Geogh - ans, they

Em7 A7 D E7 A7

way they would scream, Like the blast of a fish - er - man's horn. — Says Mc -
Mur - phy stood up, And for god - fa - thers came the two Flynns, — Jo -
drank all her punch, Faith, her legs would - n't hold her at all. — She fell
had an old grudge, And Mag Mur - phy pitched in - to the Flynns. — They —

D A7 D A7

Sor - ley, "Not one bless - ed hour have I slept, Since those two lit - tle dev - ils was
han - na, Ma - ria, and Diag - na - cious O' Ma - ra, Were the names that they christ - en'd the
flat on her stom - ach on top of the twins, And they set up a mur - der - in'
fought like the dev - il, turned o - ver the bed, And they smoth - ered the poor lit - tle

D B7 Em7 A7

born." — } With the beer and the whis - key the whole bless - ed night, Faith, they
twins. — }
squal. — }
twins. — }

D E7 A7 D

could - n't stand up on their pins, — Such an el - e - gant time at the

A7 D A7 D

christ - 'nin' we had, Of Mc - Sor - ley's most beau - ti - ful twins. —

McCAFFERY

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Irish folksong

1. When I was bare - ly eigh - teen years of age, to join the arm - y I did en - gage. I
 2. To Ful - wood Bar - racks I then did go, To spend some time in that de - pot. But
 3. It hap - pened that I was on guard one day; Three ser - geants' chil - dren came out to play. I
 4. At Ful - wood guard - room I did ap - pear, But Cap - tain Han - som my case would not hear. So
 5. For thir - teen weeks my ha - tred grew; It filled my bod - y all through and through, Un -
 6. Ear - ly one morn - ing on the bar - rack square, Cap - tain Han - som was walk - ing with Colo - nel Blair. I
 7.-9. (See additional lyrics)

left the fac - to - ry with true in - tent, To join the for - ty - sec - ond reg - i - ment.
 for - tu - nate I was not to be, For Cap - tain Han - som took a dis - like to me.
 took one's name in - stead of all three; With ne - glect of du - ty they did charge me.
 to my fate I was re - signed, And in Ful - wood guard - room I was con - fined.
 til the deed I re - solved one night Was to shoot Cap - tain Han - som dead on sight.
 raised my ri - fle, I shot to kill, But I shot my colo - nel a - gainst my will.

Additional Lyrics

- 7. I done the deed, I shed the blood.
 At Liverpool Assizes my trial I stood.
 Judge says to me, "McCaffery,
 Prepare yourself for the gallows tree."
- 8. I had no father to take my part,
 Likewise no mother to break her heart.
 Only one pal and a girl was she—
 She'd have laid down her life for McCaffery.
- 9. Come all you young Irishmen, come listen to me,
 Have nothing to do with the British Army.
 For only lies and tyranny
 Made a murderer out of McCaffery.

MEN OF HARLECH

(Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech)

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Welsh folksong
 Words by Ceriog

See the flames of fires like hell there, Fie - ry tongues that ache and swell there.
 Well - uh goil - kairth wen un flam - yo, Ah thav - ode - i tahn un bloyth - yo,

Hear the brave man's bat - tle yell there: On - ward as we go.
 Ahr eer dew - rion thod ee dah - ro, Een - wythe et on een.

Hear the war cries, ar - mor clash - ing, Chief - tains urge the right - eous thrash - ing,
 Gahn - von - llev i tuh - ois - og - yon, Llice gel - on - yon, troost ar - vog - yon

Sol - diers ride on hors - es dash - ing, On - ward as we go.
 Ah char - lom - yod uh march - og - yon, Creig - ar grieg ah green!

Ar - fon sings on al - ways, Of her might and glo - ry.
 Ahr - von beeth nee or - veeth, Ken - eer un dra - guh weeth,

Wales will be as Wales has been, So great in free-dom's sto-ry. These
 Cum - ree veeth vel Cum - ree vee, Un glode - ees um mus - gled - eeth. Ung

C G D7 G Am A7 D A7 D7
 sac - ri - fic - es light the fi - res, Brave men are dy - ing, Wales in - spi - res,
 ween ohl - i - neer goil - kerth ak - oo, Tros wev - ees - i Cum - rone mah - roo,

G C G C G D7 G
 Free - dom drives us ev - er high - er, Welsh - men must be free.
 On - nee - bun - yeith seeth un gal - oo, Am i day - rav deen!

THE MEN OF THE WEST

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Irish folksong
 By William Rooney

D G D Bm
 1. When you hon - or in song and in stor - y the names of the pa - tri - ot men Whose
 2. The hill - tops with glo - ry were glow - ing, 'twas the eve of a bright har - vest day, When the
 3. Kil - la - la was ours 'ere the mid - night, and high o - ver Bal - li - na town Our
 4. And pledge me the stout sons of France, boys, bold Hum - bert and all his brave men; Whose
 5. Though - all the bright dream - ings we cher - ished went down in di - sas - ter and woe, The

D G D A7 D
 val - or has cov - ered with glo - ry full man - y a moun - tain and glen, For -
 ships we'd been wea - ri - ly wait - ing sailed in - to Kil - la - la's broad bay. And
 ban - ners in tri - umph were wav - ing be - fore the next sun had gone down. We
 tramp, like the trum - pet of bat - tle, brought hope to the droop - ing a - gain. Since
 spir - it of old is still with us that nev - er would bend to the foe. And

G D Bm
 get not the boys of the heath - er who mar - shalled the brav - est and best, When
 o - ver the hill went the slo - gan, to a - wak - en in ev - 'ry breast The
 gath - ered to speed the good work, boys, the true men from here and a - far; And
 Ire - land has caught to her bos - om on man - y a moun - tain and hill The
 Con - naught is read - y when - ev - er the loud roll - ing tuck of the drum Rings

D G D A7 D
 Ire - land was bro - ken in Wex - ford and looked for re - venge to the West.
 fire that has nev - er been quenched, boys, a - mong the true hearts of the West.
 his - t'ry can tell how we rout - ed the red - coats through old Cas - tle - bar. I
 gal - lants who feel, so they're here, boys, to cheer us to vic - to - ry still.
 out to a - wak - en the ech - oes and tell us the morn - ing has come.

G D Bm
 give you the gal - lant old West, boys, Where ral - lied our brav - est and best, When

D G D A7 D
 Ire - land lay bro - ken and bleed - ing; Hur - rah for the men of the West!

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

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Irish folksong

Am E Am Dm

1. Her fa - ther was a mer - chant bold, Who o'er the wild Bis - cay - an wa - ter
 2. Un - til, ef - ful - gent from the fight That shook the shores from France to Flan - ders,
 3. Now when he marked the ros - es die Up - on the cheek of his dear daugh - ter,
 4. But as the pi - rate pressed them sore, And deck and hold ran red with slaugh - ter,

Am E7 Am F Dm G7

Still brought back the good red gold, To dower his on - ly daugh - ter; O,
 Shone up - on her pa - triot sight The king - liest of com - man - ders, Who
 Swift - ly to a warm - er sky Her lov - ing sire has caught her; _____
 Sud - den 'round the head - land hoar A war - ship sweeps the caught wa - ter. _____

C F6 G7 Am Dm G7

ra - diant she as _____ rose on tree! But tho' many a gal - lant sought her, _____
 looked her through and _____ from her view E - van - ished on the mor - row. A -
 South - ward far by _____ sun and star They - fleet the o - cean o - ver, When
 Heav'ns a - bove! 'tis _____ her true love Hath - this de - liv - 'rance wrought her; Now

C F6 G7 Am E7 Am

No! no! no! on _____ all their woe Frowned - back the mer - chant's daugh - ter.
 las! but she her _____ laugh - ing glee For - sook for sigh - ing _____ sor - row.
 out, a - lack! a - cross their track There - strikes a Sa - lee _____ ro - ver.
 grief, fare - well, wake _____ mar - riage bell, For _____ our glad mer - chant's daugh - ter.

MERMAID SONG

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Irish folksong

G C G C D7 G

1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we - set - sail, And we were not far from the land, When our
 2. Then up spoke the cap - tain of our gal - lant ship, And a well - spoken man was - he. "I
 3. Then up spoke the cook - ie of our gal - lant ship, And a well - spo - ken man was - he. "I care
 4. Then up spoke the cab - in boy of our gal - lant ship, And a well - spo - ken man was - he. "There's
 5. Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And - three times 'round went - she. And _____

C G C D G

cap - tain - spied a love - ly mer - maid With a comb and a glass in her hand. }
 have me a wife in Sa - lem - town But to - night she a wid - ow will be." }
 more for my ket - tles and - my - pets Than I do for the roar - ing of the sea." } Oh, the
 nar - y a soul in Sa - lem - town Who - cares one - bit for - me." }
 the third - time that she went a - round She - sank to the bot - tom of the sea.

C G D7 N.C. G

o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y seas may blow, While - we poor - sail - ors go

C G C D G C D G

skip - ping to the top, And the land - lub - bers lie down be - low, be - low, be - low, And the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.

MICK McGUIRE

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Irish folksong

Em Bm G D

1. Oh, me name is Mick Mc - Guire, and I'll quick - ly tell to you Of a
 2. Now, the first time that I met her was at the dance at Tar - ma - gee, And I
 3. Ah, but now that we are mar - ried, sure, her moth - er's changed her mind, Just be -

Em D Bm Em

young girl I ad - mired called Ka - ty Don - a - hue. She was fair and fat and
 ver - y kind - ly asked her if she'd dance a step with me. Then I asked if I could
 cause I spent the leg - a - cy her fa - ther left be - hind. She has - n't got the

Bm G D Em D

for - ty, and be - lieve me when I say That when - ev - er I came in at the door you could
 see her home, if I'd be go - ing her way, And when - ev - er I'd come in at the door you could
 de - cen - cy to bid me time of day; Now when - ev - er I come in at the door you could

Em Bm Em G

hear her mam - my say; } (1.,2.) "John - ny, get up from the fire; get up and give the man a
 hear her mam - my say; }
 hear the old one say: } (3.) "John - ny, come up to the fire, come up, you're sit - ting in a

Em D Bm

sate. Can't you see it's Mis - ter Mc - Guire, and he's court - ing your sis - ter Kate? Ah, you
 draft. Can't you see it's old Mc - Guire, and he near - ly drives me daft? Ah, I

Em Bm G D Em

know ver - y well he owns a farm a wee bit out of the town. Ar - ragh, get up out of that, you
 don't know what gets in - to him, for he's al - ways on the tare. Ar - ragh, just sit where you are and

D Em Bm Em

im - pu - dent brat, and let Mis - ter Mc - Guire sit down." } Did - dle e dow - dle - ow - dle -
 nev - er you dare to give old Mc - Guire the chair." }

G Em

ow - dle, did - dle e dow - dle - ow - dle - ow, Did - dle e dow - dle - ow - dle - ow - dle, did - dle e

Bm Em Bm G

dow - dle - ow - dle - ow. { (1.,2.) "Ah, you know ver - y well he owns that farm a wee bit out of the
 (3.) "Ah, I don't know what gets in - to him, for he's al - ways on the

D Em D Em Bm Em

town. Ar - ragh, get up out of that, you im - pu - dent brat, and let Mis - ter Mc - Guire sit down."
 tare. Ar - ragh, just sit where you are and nev - er you dare to give old Mc - Guire the chair."

THE MERMAID'S CROON (Crònán na Maighdinn-Mhara)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Em Am Esus Em Am Em B7

Ho! mo nigh'n dubh He! mo nigh'n dubh mo nigh - ean dubh 'S tu — mo

Em Am Esus Em Am Em

chuach - ag He! mo nigh'n dubh Ho! mo nigh'n dubh Mo nigh - ean dubh

B7 Em

'S tu — mo chuach - ag.

1. Sleep 2. Thy 3. While	be - neath	The	foam o'	the	waves	On
	sea - bed	The	seals —	o'er	head	From
	I croon,	White	swan of	the	moon,	Wild
1. Caid - il	a luaidh	Fo	chobh - air	nan	stuadh	Air
2. Caid - il	a ghraidh	O	caid - il	mu	thràth	Is
3. Eal - a	rid' thaobh	Is	roin os	do	chionn	Lach - a

B7 Em

reefs — of sleep Dream - ing in dew - mist. Sleep be - neath the
reiv - ers dread Se - cure - ly guard - ing. Seals o'er - head thy
duck of the sound, By the — are rest - ing. Moon white swan, White
bodh - a na suain 'S do bhruad - ar 's a' cheò - ban Caid - il a luaidh Fo
t'ath - air air bhàigh Is fad - al mo phòig air Caid - il a ghraidh O
Mhoir - e 's a' chaol 'S cha'n fhaob - ar mo bhron - ag Eal - a rid' thaobh Is

B7 Em

foam o' the waves On reefs — of sleep Dream - ing in dew - mist.
deep — the sea - bed From reiv - ers dread Se - cure - ly guard - ing.
swan of the moon, Wild duck of the sound, A - near — the rest - ing.
chobh - air nan stuadh Air bodh - a na suain 'S do bhruad - ar 's a' cheò - ban.
caid - il mu thràth Is t'ath - air air bhàigh Is fad - al mo phòig air.
roin os do chionn Lach - a Mhoir - e 's a' chaol 'S cha'n fhaob - ar mo bhron - ag.

MICHAEL ROY OF BROOKLYN CITY

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Irish popular song

D A7 D

1. In Brook - lyn Cit - y there lived a maid, and she was known to fame. — Her
2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key was his name. — His
3. They both did hol - ler with all their might at the don - key for to stop, but he
4. Now, la - dies, all — take warn - ing by the fate of Mar - y Jane, — and

G D

moth - er's name was Mar - y Ann and her's was Mar - y Jane, — and ev - 'ry Sat - ur - day
fight - ing weight was sev - en stone ten and he loved sweet Mar - y Jane. — He took her to ride in his
up - set Mar - y Jane, wag - on and all, right in - to a pol - i - cy shop. When Mc - Clos - key saw — this
nev - er get in - to a char - coal cart, un - less you step out a - gain. — The lat - est news from o -

G D

morn - ing she used to go o - ver the riv - er — to Ful - ton Mar - ket where she sold eggs and
char - coal cart on a fine — St. Pat - rick's day, — but the don - key took fright at a Jer - sey man, and
cruel thing, his heart — was moved — to pit - y, so he stabbed his don - key with a piece of char - coal and
ver the plain comes straight — from Salt — Lake Cit - y: — Mc - Clos - key, he was for - ty - five wives and is

A7 D G

sau - sag - es, like - wise liv - er. _____
 start - ed and ran a - way. _____
 start - ed for Salt Lake Cit - y. _____
 tru - ly an ob - ject of pit - y. _____

For Oh, _____ for Oh, _____ He was my dar - ling

D G D/A A7 D

boy, _____ for he was the lad with the au - burn hair and his name was Mi - chael Roy. _____

MILKING CROON (Cronan Bleoghain).

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Folksong from the Hebrides

G

1. Il a bho - lag - ain il bho m'agh - an Il a

D7 G D7 G

bho - lag - ain il _____ bho m'agh - an Il a bho - lag - ain il _____ bho m'agh - an Mo chrodh

D7 G 3 C G

laoigh air gach taobh _____ an _____ abh - ainn. 2. Bua - rach sio - main do chrodh na t'èi - le Bua - rach
 lur - ach, _____ bo na h-air - idh Bo a'

D7 G D7 G

sio - da do m'agh - an fhein _____ O bua - rach su - gain air crodh na duth - cha Bua - rach
 bha - theach - math - air laogh _____ Bua - chaille Pa - druig is ban - 'chaig Bri - de D'ar _____

1 2

D7 G 3 C G D7 G 3 C G

ur air mo bhuaill - eig _____ gaoil - sa. 3. Bo _____ sion d'ar dion _____ 's d'ar _____ comh - nadh.

MILKING SONG (Oran Buaile)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D G A7

Oh! the hand - some lad frae Skye, That's lift - ed a' the cat - tle, a' oor kye; He's
 Odh - a Ciar - aig iar - odh Duinn - eig Cha toir Mac Ian Ghiorr am bliadh - na Mhuil thu

D G A7

ta'en the dun, the black, the white, An' I hae mic - kle fear he's ta'en my heart for -
 Thug e'n Dubh 's an Geal 's an Ciar uam 'S mor m' eag - al gu'n toir e mo chiall uam

Bm F#m G D G A7

bye, The hand - some lad frae Skye That's lift - ed a' oor cat - tle, a' oor kye, That's
 Od - ha Ciar - aig iar - odh Duinn - eig Cha toir Mac Ian Ghiorr am bliadh - na Mhuil thu

D G A7 D

ta'en the dun, the black, the white, An' lift - ed i' the bye - gaun my ain heart for - bye.
 Thug e'n Dubh 's an Geal 's an Ciar uam 'S mor m' eag - al gu'n toir e mo chiall uam o.

THE MINSTREL BOY

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Irish popular song
Words by Thomas Moore

1. The min - strel boy — to the war is gone, In the ranks of death — you'll
2. The min - strel fell, — but the foe - man's chain, Could not bring that proud — soul —
3. The min - strel boy — will re - turn, we pray; When we hear the news we all will

find un - der. cheer — him. it. His The The — fa - ther's he lov'd — he has ne'er — he has gird - ed on, And his
cheer - it. The min - strel boy — will re - turn one day, For he per -

wild tore haps — harp in bod - y, slung — chords — a - not hind in spir - der; And Then — "Land said, may — of "No he — song!" chain play — said the shall — the

war - sul - harp — rior - ly in — hard, the, peace — In a world — "Though Thou soul — all of such — the world as Heav'n — be and has — trays — brav - er - thee, One Thy For

sword, songs all — were the — at least, — bit - ter - ness — thy — for the of — rights pure man — shall and must — guard, free; And — One — They shall nev - er — faith - ful — harp — sound — shall — praise — thee." — in — slav - ed. — 'ry."

MR. MOSES RI-TOORAL-I-AY

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Irish folksong

1. The po - lice - man walked out, oh, so proud on his beat, When a vi - sion came
2. "Come — tell me your name," says the limb of the law To the lit - tle fat
3. Now the tri - al it came on and it last - ed a week. One — judge said 'twas
4. Now the pris - 'ner stepped up there as stiff as a crutch. "Are you I - rish or
5. "We're — two of a kind," said the judge to the Jew. "You're a cous - in of
6. There's a gar - bage col - lect - or who works down our street. He was once a po -

to him of stripes on his sleeve. "Pro - mo - tion," he whis - pered, "I'll
man sell - ing wares on the straw. "What's that, sir? me name, sir? Why, 'tis
Ger - man, an - oth - er 'twas Greek. "Prove you're I-rish," said the po - lice - man, "and be -
Eng - lish or Ger - man or Dutch?" "I'm a Jew, sir, I'm a Jew, sir, that came
Bris - coe and I am one too. This numb - skull has blun - dered and
lice - man, the pride of his beat. And he moans all the night and he

try for to - day; So come with me, Mis - ter Ri - too - ral - i - ay."
there on dis - play, And it's Mos - es Ri - too - ral - i - oo - ral - i - ay."
yond it say, nay, And we'll sit on it, Mos - es Ri - too - ral - i - ay."
o - ver to stay, And my name it is Mos - es Ri - too - ral - i - ay."
for it will pay." "Wish - a that's right," says Mos - es Ri - too - ral - i - ay."
groans all the day, Sing - ing "Mos - es Ri - too - ral - i - oo - ral - i - ay."

MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER

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Irish popular song

D

1. Won't you bring back, won't you bring back Mis - sus Mur - phy's
 2. Won't you bring back, won't you bring back Mis - sus Mur - phy's
 3. Won't you bring back, won't you bring back Mis - sus Mur - phy's

A

chow - der? It was tune - ful, ev - 'ry spoon - ful made you yo - del
 chow - der? From each help - ing, you'll be yelp - ing for a head - ache
 chow - der? You can pack it, you can stack it all a - round the

D **A** **D**

loud - er. Af - ter din - ner Un - cle Ben used to fill his
 pow - der. And if they had it where you are, you might find an
 lard - er. The plumb - er died the oth - er day; they em - balmed him

A **D** **A7** **D**

foun - tain pen from a plate of Mis - sus Mur - phy's chow - der.
 Aus - tin car in a plate of Mis - sus Mur - phy's chow - der. } It had
 right a - way in a bowl of Mis - sus Mur - phy's chow - der.

A7

ice cream, cold cream, ben - zine, gas - o - line, soup beans, string beans float - ing all a - round;

D **A7**

sponge cake, beef steak, mis - take, stom - ach ache, cream puffs, ear - muffs, man - y to be found.

Em **A**

Silk hats, door - mats, bed slats, Dem - o - crats, co - co bells, door - bells beck - on you to dine;

D **A7** **D**

meat - balls, fish balls, moth balls, can - non balls, come on in, the chow - der's fine.

MO GHRÁ-SA MO DHIA

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Irish folksong

G **D** **G** **C** **G** **3** **Am** **D7**

G **C** **1** **2**

G **D** **Em** **C** **D** **G** **D**

G **C** **G** **3** **Am** **D7** **G** **C** **G**

MRS. McGRATH

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Irish folksong



1. "Oh, Mrs. — Mc - Grath," the ser - geant said, "Would you like to make a sol - dier out of
 2. So Mrs. — Mc - Grath lived on the sea - shore — For the space of sev - en long —
 3. "Oh, Cap - tain, dear, where have ye been? Have you been — sail - ing on the Med - i -
 4. Then up comes Ted with - out an - y legs, And — in — their — place — two —
 5. "Oh, then were ye drunk or were ye blind that ye left — yer — two — fine —
 6. "Oh, I was - n't drunk and I was - n't blind, But I left — me — two — fine —

7.-9. (See additional lyrics)



your son Ted? With a scar - let coat and a big cocked hat; Now —
 years or more, When a great big ship sailed in - to the bay: "Hul - la -
 ter - ra - nean? Have you an - y tid - ings of my son Ted? Is the
 wood - en pegs. She — kissed him a doz - en — times or two, Say - ing,
 legs be - hind? Or — was it walk - ing up - on the sea Wore yer
 legs be - hind; For a can - non ball on the fifth of May took me

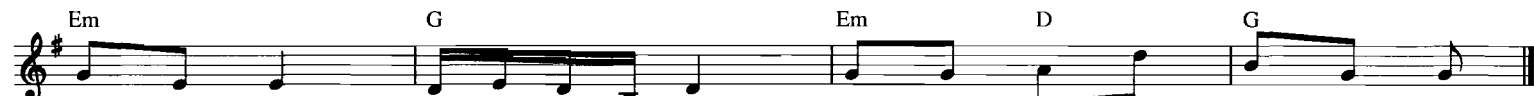


Mrs. — Mc - Grath, would - n't you like that?" }
 loo, bub - a - loo, I think it is he!" }
 poor — boy liv - ing or is he dead?" }
 "Ho - ly Mos - es, — 'tis - n't you!" }
 two — fine legs from the knees a - way?" }
 two — fine legs from the knees a - way." }

Wid yer too - ri - ay,



fol - the - did - dle - day, Too - ri - oo - ri - oo - ri - ay. Wid - yer



too - ri - ay, fol - the - did - dle - ay. Too - ri - oo - ri - oo - ri - ay.

Additional Lyrics

7. "Oh, then, Teddy me boy," the widow cried,
 "Yer two fine legs were yer mama's pride.
 Them stumps of a tree wouldn't do at all,
 Why didn't ye run from the big cannon ball?"
8. "All foreign wars I do proclaim
 Between Don John and the King of Spain.
 But by Heavens I'll make them rue the time
 That they swept the legs from a child of mine."
9. "Oh then, if I had ye back again,
 I'd never let ye go to fight the King of Spain.
 For I'd rather my Ted as he used to be
 Than the King of France and his whole Navy."

MOLLY BAWN

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Words and Music by Samuel Lover



1. Oh! Mol - ly Bawn, why leave me pin - ing, All lone - ly wait - ing here for you, While the
 2. Now the pret - ty flow'rs were made to bloom, dear, And the pret - ty stars were made to shine; And the



stars a - bove are bright - ly shin - ing, Be - cause they've noth - ing else to do; The
 pret - ty girls were made for the boys, dear, And may - be you were made for mine. The

A E7 A

flow - ers, late, were o - pen keep - ing, To try a ri - val blush with
wick - ed watch - dog here is snarl - ing, He takes me for a thief you

D F#7 Bm D

you, But their moth - er, Na - ture, set them sleep - ing, With their ros - y fac - es wash'd with
see, For he knows I'd steal you Mol - ly dar - ling And then trans - port - ed I should

A A7 D G D Bm F#7

dew, } Oh! Mol - ly Bawn, why leave me pin - ing, All lone - ly wait - ing here for
be. }

G D G D

you, The stars a - bove are bright - ly shin - ing, Be -

G D A7 D D7 G A7 D

cause they've noth - ing else to do. Mol - ly Bawn, Mol - ly Bawn!

MOLLY BRANNIGAN

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Irish folksong

Em Bm F#7 Bm D

1. Ma'am dear, did ye nev - er hear of pret - ty Mol - ly Bran - ni - gan In throth, then, she's left me and I'll
2. Ma'am dear, I re - mem - ber when the milk - ing time was past and gone. We strolled thro' the mead - ow, and she
3. The left side of my car - cass is as weak as wa - ter gru - el, ma'am. There's not a pick up - on my bones, since

Em F#7 Bm Em Bm F#7 Bm

nev - er be a man a - gain Not a spot on my hide will a sum - mer's sun e'er tan a - gain, since
swore I was the on - ly one that ev - er she could love, but oh, the base and cru - el one. For
Mol - ly's proved so cru - el ma'am. Oh, if I had a blun - der gun, I'd go and fight a du - el, ma'am. For

D A7 D

Mol - ly's gone and left me here a - lone for to die. The place where my heart was you'd
all that she's left me here a - lone for to die. Ma'am dear, I re - mem - ber when
sure I'd bet - ter shoot my - self than live here to die. I'm cool an' de - ter - mined as

G D Em Bm Em Bm

ais - y rowl a tur - nip in, 'Tis as large as all Dub - lin, and from Dub - lin to the Div - il's Glen, If she
com - ing home the rain be - gan, I wrapt my frieze - coat round her and ne'er a waist - coat had I on. And my
an - y sal - a man - der, ma'am. Won't you come to my wake when I go the long me - an - der ma'am? I'll

Em D Em F#7 Bm D A7 D

wish'd to take an - oth - er, sure she might have left mine back a - gain, And not have gone and left me here a - lone for to die.
shirt was rath - er fine drawn, but oh the false and cru - el one. For all that she's left me here a - lone for to die.
think my - self as val - iant as the fa - mous Al - ex - an - der, ma'am. When I hear ye cryin' o'er me, "Ar - rah! Why did ye die?"

MOLLY MALONE (Cockles and Mussels)

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Irish folksong

1. In Dub - lin's fair cit - y, where girls are so pret - ty, I
 2. She was a fish - mon - ger, but sure 'twas no won - der, for
 3. She died of a fe - ver, and no one could save her, and

first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone, as she pushed her wheel -
 so were her fa - ther and moth - er be - fore. And they each wheeled their
 that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone. But her ghost wheels her

bar - row thro' streets broad and nar - row cry - ing "Cock - les and mus - sels, a -
 bar - row thro' streets broad and nar - row cry - ing "Cock - les and mus - sels, a -
 bar - row thro' streets broad and nar - row cry - ing "Cock - les and mus - sels, a -

live, a - live, oh! } A - live, a - live, oh! — A - live, a - live,
 live, a - live, oh! }
 live, a - live, oh! }

oh!" — Cry - ing "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!"

MORGAN MAGAN

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Irish folksong

G C G C D G
 C D Am D G D G Am
 D D7 G C D G D G G D
 G C G Am D G C G
 Am G D G C D G D G
 G C Am D G D G

MORRISSEY AND THE RUSSIAN SAILOR

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Irish folksong

1. Come all you sons of Erin, at - ten - tion now I crave, While I re - late the
 2. It was in Ter - ra del Fue - go in South A - mer - i - cay, The Rus - sian chal - lenged
 3. Then up spoke bold Jack Mor - ris - sey with a heart so stout and true, Say - ing, "I am a gal - lant
 4. These words en - raged the Rus - sian up - on that for - eign land, To think that he would
 5. To fight up - on the tenth of June these he - roes did a - gree, And thou - sands came from
 6. They both stripped off, stepped in the ring, most glo - rious to be seen, And Mor - ris - sey put
 7.-11. (See additional lyrics)

prais - es of an I - rish he - ro brave; Con - cern - ing a great fight, me boys, all
 Mor - ris - sey and un - to him did say, "I hear you are a fight - ing man, and
 I - rish - man that nev - er was sub - dued. Oh, I can whale a Yan - kee, a
 be put down by an - y I - rish - man. He says, "You are too light for me, on
 ev - 'ry part, the bat - tle for to see. The Eng - lish and the Rus - sians, their
 on the belt bound 'round with sham - rocks green. Full twen - ty thou - sand dol - lars, as

on the oth - er day, Be - tween a Rus - sian sail - or and bold Jack Mor - ris - sey.
 wear a belt I see. What do you say? Will you con - sent to have a round with me?"
 Sax - on or a bear, And in hon - or of old Pad - dy's land I'll still those lau - rels wear."
 that make no mis - take. I would have you to re - sign the belt, or else your life I'll take."
 hearts were filled with glee; They swore the Rus - sian sail - or boy would kill poor Mor - ris - sey.
 you may plain - ly see, That was to be the cham - pion's prize that gained the vic - to - ry.

Additional Lyrics

7. They both shook hands, walked round the ring, commencing then to fight.
 It filled each Irish heart with joy for to behold the sight.
 The Russian, he floored Morrissey up to the eleventh round,
 With English, Russian and Saxon cheers the valley did resound.
8. A minute and a half our hero lay before he could rise.
 The word went all around the field: "He's dead," were all their cries.
 But Morrissey raised manfully, and raising from the ground,
 From that until the twentieth the Russian he put down.
9. Up to the thirty-seventh round 'twas fall and fall about,
 Which made the burly sailor to keep a sharp lookout.
 The Russian called his second and asked for a glass of wine.
 Our Irish hero smiled and said, "The battle will be mine."
10. The thirty-eighth decided all. The Russian felt the smart
 When Morrissey, with a fearful blow, he struck him o'er the heart.
 A doctor he was called on to open up a vein.
 He said it was quite useless, he would never fight again.
11. Our hero conquered Thompson, the Yankee Clipper too;
 The Benicia boy and Shepherd he nobly did subdue.
 So let us fill a flowing bowl and drink a health galore
 To brave Jack Morrissey and Paddies evermore.

MY MARY OF THE CURLING HAIR

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Words and Music by
Gerald Griffin

1. My Mar - y of the curl - ing hair, The laugh - ing cheeks and bash - ful air, A
 2. For we were known from in - fan - cy, Thy fa - ther's hearth was home to me, No
 3. I am no strang - er proud and gay, To win thee from thy home a - way, And
 4. But soon my love shall be my bride, And hap - py by our own fire - side, My

bri - dal morn is dawn - ing fair With blush - es in the skies.
 self - ish love was mine for thee Un - ho - ly and un - wise.
 find thee for a dis - tant day A theme for wast - ing sights.
 veins shall feel the ros - y tide, Which lin - g'ring hope de - nies.

Siúl, siúl, siúl a rún siúl go so - cair a - gus siúl go ciúin, My
 love, my pearl, my own dear girl, My moun - tain maid a - rise.

MOTHER MACHREE

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Words by Rida Johnson Young
Music by Chauncey Olcott and Ernest R. Ball

1. There's a spot in me heart which no col - leen may own, There's a depth in me soul nev - er
2. Ev - 'ry sor - row or care in the dear days gone by, Was made bright by the light of the

sound - ed or known; There's a place in my mem - 'ry, my life, that you fill, No
smile in your eye; Like a can - dle that's set in a win - dow at night, Your

oth - er can take it, no one ev - er will. } Sure, I love the dear
fond love has cheered me, and guid - ed me right.

sil - ver that shines in your hair, And the brow that's all fur - rowed And

wrin - kled with care. I kiss the dear fin - gers, so toil - worn for

me, Oh, God bless you and keep you, Moth - er Ma - chree!

MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

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Irish folksong
Words by Percy French

1. Oh Mar - y, this Lon - don's a won - der - ful sight, with peo - ple here
2. I be - lieve that when writ - ing a wish you ex - pressed as to how the fine
3. There's beau - ti - ful girls here, oh nev - er you mind, with beau - ti - ful

work - ing by day and by night. They don't plant po - ta - toes nor bar - ley nor
la - dies in Lon - don were dressed. Well, if you'll be - lieve me, when asked to a
shapes na - ture nev - er de - signed. And love - ly com - plex - ions all ros - es and

wheat, but there's gangs of them dig - ging for gold in the street. At
ball, they don't wear no top to their dress - es at all. Oh, I've
cream, but let me re - mark with re - gard to the same, that

C G

least when I asked them, and that's what I was told, so I just took a
 seen them me - self, and you could not in truth say that if they were
 if that those ros - es you ven - ture to sip, the col - ors might

A7 D G

hand at this dig - ging for gold. But for all that I've found there, I
 bound for a ball - or on a bath. Don't be start - ing them fash - ions, now,
 all come a - way on your lip. So I'll wait for the wild rose that's

C D G

might as well be where the moun - tains of Mourne — sweep down to the sea.
 Mar - y Mc - Cree, where the moun - tains of Mourne — sweep down to the sea.
 wait - ing for me in the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

THE MULLIGAN GUARD

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Words by Edward Harrigan
 Music by David Braham

D Em G6

1. We crave your con - de - scen - sion, We'll tell you what we know, Of march - ing in the
 2. When the band play'd Gar - ry Ow - en, Or the Con - na - ma - ra Pet, With a rub - a - dub, dub, we'd
 3. Whin we got home at night boys, The div - il a bite we'd ate, We'd all set up and

D E7 A7 F#7 Bm

Mul - li - gan Guard, from Sli - go ward be - low. Our Cap - tain's name was Hus - sey, A
 march in the mud, To the mil - i - ta - ry step. With the green a - bove the red, boys, To
 drink - a sup, Of whis - key strong and nate. Thin we'd all march home to - geth - er, As

F#7 Bm A7 D

Tip - per - ar - y — man, He car - ried his sword like a Rus - sian Duke, When -
 show where we — come — from, Our guns — we'd lift, with the right shoul - der shift, As we'd
 slip - per - y — as — lard, The sol - id min would — all fall in, And

G6 A7 D

ev - er he took com - mand. } We shoul - der'd guns, and march'd, and march'd a -
 march - to the beat of the drum. }
 march - with the Mul - li - gan Guard. }

A7 D

way, From Bax - ter Street, we march'd to Ave - nue A. With drums and

G6 A7 D

fife, how sweet - ly they did play, As we march'd, march'd, march'd in the Mul - li - gan Guard. _____

MULL FISHER'S LOVE SONG

(O Mhair-ead Ogl!)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. O Mhair-ead og! Mhair - ead, my girl,
 2. O Mhair-ead og! Mhair - ead, my girl,
 3. O Mhair-ead og! Mhair - ead, my girl,
 1. Vy - rit awk 'S tu rinn mo leon
 2. Och - oin a ri! Nach mi bha thall
 3. 'S a Mhair-ead og! 'S tu rinn mo leon

Thy sea - blue eyes with witch - er - y
 Thy voice like mu sic o'er the sea
 Thy heart so true and in no cent
 Is cail - eag bhoidh each lur - ach thu
 Ann an coill tean Mhuil - e leat
 Is cail - eag bhoidh each lur - ach thu

Haunt me by night; Out on the deep, I
 Haunts me by day; Off Mull's wild shore, My
 Draws me to thee; By night, by day, I
 'S tu's guirm - e suil 'S a' mhad - uinn chiuin Na'n
 Is mharbh - ainn iasg Is sith - ionn fhiadh 'S a
 'S tu's guirm - e suil 'S a' mhad - uinn chiuin Na'n

can - not sleep For love o' thee.
 heart is sore For love o' thee.
 can - not pray For love o' thee.
 dearc air chul Nan duill - eag - an.
 chiall cha bhiodh Oirnn uir - eas - bhuidh.
 dearc air chul Nan duill - eag - an.

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

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Scottish folksong

My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My
 Bon - nie lies o - ver the sea. My Bon - nie lies
 o - ver the o - cean, Oh bring back my Bon - nie to
 me. Bring back, bring back,

D7 G G7

Bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me, Bring back,

C A7 D7 G

bring back, Oh bring back my Bon - nie to me.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

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Words and Music by
Chauncey Olcott

G C G

1. If you lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle song, Of a flow - er that's
2. They may sing of their ros - es which, by oth - er names, Would _ smell just as

A7 D7 G C

now dropped and dead, _____ Yet _ dear - er to me, yes, than all of its
sweet - ly they say, _____ But I know that my Rose _ would nev - er con -

G D7 G D7

mates, Though _ each holds a - loft its proud head. _____ 'Twas giv - en to
sent. To have the sweet name tak - en a - way. _____ Her glanc - es are

G B7 Em A7 D7

me by a girl that I know, Since we met, faith, I've known no re - pose, _____ She is
shy when - e'er I pass by The _ bow - er where my true love grows; _____ And my

G C G D7

dear - er wish by far than the world's bright - est star, And I call her my Wild I - rish
one has been that some - day I may win The _ heart of my Wild I - rish

G C

Rose. _____ } My Wild I - rish Rose, _____ The sweet - est
Rose. _____ }

G D7 G D7 G

flow'r that grows, _____ You may search ev - 'ry - where but none can com - pare with my

A7 D7 G

Wild I - rish Rose. _____ My Wild I - rish Rose, _____

C G D7 G

_____ The dear - est flow'r that grows _____ And some day for my sake, she

D7 G C A7 D7 G

may let me take The bloom from my Wild I - rish Rose. _____

MY LUVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

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Scottish folksong
Words by Robert Burns

1,3. O, my luv is like a red, red rose, that's new - ly sprung in June; O, my —
2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, and the rocks melt wi' the sun. And —

lve is like a mel - o - die that's sweet - ly played in tune! As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, so
I will lve thee still, my dear, while the sands of life shall run. But, fare thee weel, my on - ly lve! O

deep in lve am I, — And — I will lve thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. Till —
fare thee weel a - while! — And — I will come a - gain, my lve, tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile. Tho' —

1st time, D.C.
2nd time, D.C. al Fine

a' the seas gang dry, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry; And — I will lve thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry.
'twere ten thou - sand mile, my lve, tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile, And — I will come a - gain, my lve, tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.

MY NAME IS KELLY (But I'm Livin' the Life of Reilly)

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Words and Music by Harry Pease,
Edward G. Nelson and Neuman Fier

1. Kel - ly was a work - ing man and worked hard all the day, Reil - ly lived just
2. Kel - ly's kid and Reil - ly's kid they had a lit - tle spat; Kel - ly's kid hit

like a king in the house a - cross the way. Kel - ly he was jeal - ous of the
Reil - ly's kid with a great big base - ball bat. Reil - ly got a war - rant out for

way that Reil - ly'd dress; — I'll be like him, or break a leg, His friends heard him con -
Kel - ly and his son; — Next morn - ing in the court room was where all was said and

fess. I met him dress'd to kill the oth - er day; — I shook his hand and
done. The judge asked Kel - ly some - thing 'bout the fight; — He got ball'd up and

then I heard him say, — "Sure, I've got a high silk hat the same as Reil - ly;
yelled with all his might, — "Sure, I've joined the K of C the same as Reil - ly;

E7 Edim7 E7 A Edim7 E7 F#m

Reil - ly has - n't an - y - thing on me. I'm wear - in' fan - cy clothes, I've
 Reil - ly has - n't an - y - thing on me. I know you'll all a - gree That

E F#m F#7 B7

bought some silk - en hose; The on - ly thing I could - n't buy was Reil - ly's ros - y for
 he's my en - e - my; When - ev - er he does wrong they get a war - rant out for

E E7 A B7 E7

nose. Sure, when I go out the neigh - bors think I'm Reil - ly; Some - times they e - ven
 me. Sure, I don't know why they think that I am Reil - ly, For with a face like

A7 D F#7 Bm D#dim A D#dim

call me by his name. Faith and my name is Kel - ly, Mi - chael
 his I'd go in - sane.

A F#m B7 E7 A

Kel - ly, But I'm liv - in' the life of Reil - ly, just the same."

THE NEXT MARKET DAY

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Irish folksong

Em Am Bm Em

1. A maid when to Comb - er her mar - kets to learn, To sell for her
 2. She sat down be - side him, the grass was so green, The day was the
 3. Now as she went home - ward, the words he had said, And the tune that he

G Am B Em Bm D

mam - my three hanks of fine yarn, She met a young man on the King's own high -
 fair - est that ev - er was seen. The look in your eye beat a morn - ing in
 sung her still rung in her head, I'll search for that lad be it land or by

B7 Em Am Bm Em

way, Which - caused this young dam - sel to dal - ly and stray. }
 May, I could sit by your side till the next mar - ket day. } Come
 sea, Till he learns me the tune to "The Next Mar - ket Day."

Am Bm Em G

sit down be - side me I mean you no harm, Come sit down be - side me this

Am B Em Bm D

new tune to learn, Here are three new guin - eas, your mam - my to

B7 Em Am Bm Em

pay, So - - - leave off your learn - in' till next mar - ket day.

NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE

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Irish folksong

D G D

1. Oh, my name it is Nell, and the truth for to tell, — I come from Coote - hill which I'll
 2. Now, his neck it was green—oh, most fit to be seen— He was fit for a queen of the
 3. May his spade nev - er dig, may his sow nev - er pig, May each hair in his wig be well
 4. May his pig nev - er grunt, may his cat nev - er hunt, May a ghost ev - er haunt him at
 5. Now the on - ly good news that I have to in - fuse, Is that old Pad - dy Hughes and young

E A7 D

nev - er de - ny; I — had a fine drake, and I'd die for his sake, That my
 high - est de - gree. His — bod - y was white, and it would you de - light; He was
 thrashed with a flail; May his door have no latch, may his roof have no thatch, May his
 dead of the night; May his hens nev - er lay, may his horse nev - er neigh, May his
 An - thon - y Blake, Al - so John - ny Dwy - er and Corn - ey Ma - guire — They

G D A7 D G A

grand-moth - er left me, and she going to die. The dear lit - tle fel - low, his legs they were
 plump, fat, and heav - y, and brisk as a bee. He was whole - some and sound, — he would weigh twen - ty
 tur - keys not hatch, may the rats eat his meal. May ev - 'ry old fair - y from Cork to Dun -
 goat fly a - way like an old pa - per kite. That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ev - er
 each have a grand - son of my dar - ling drake. My treas - ure had doz - ens of neph - ews and

D G D E A7 D

yel - low; He could fly like a swal - low or swim like a hake, 'til some dir - ty
 pound, — And the u - ni - verse 'round I would roam for his sake. Bad luck to the
 lear - y Dip him smug — and air - y in riv - er or lake, That the eel and the
 tease, — May the pierc - ing March breeze make him shiv - er and shake; May a lump of a
 cous - ins, And — one I must get or my heart it will break; To set my mind

G D A7 D

sav - age, to grease his white cab - bage, Most wan - ton - ly mur - dered my beau - ti - ful drake.
 rob - ber, be he drunk or so - ber, That mur - dered Nell Fla - her - ty's beau - ti - ful drake.
 trout, they may dine on the snout Of the mon - ster that mur - dered Nell Fla - her - ty's drake.
 stick raise the bumps fast and thick On the mon - ster that mur - dered Nell Fla - her - ty's drake.
 ai - sy or else I'll run cra - zy, So ends the whole song of Nell Fla - her - ty's drake.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY

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Irish folksong

A D

1. I'm a de - cent boy just land - ed from the town of Bal - ly -
 2. I — start - ed out to find the house, I got it might - y
 3. I — could - n't stand it long - er so a - hold of him I

E7 A D A

fad, — I want a sit - u - a - tion, yes, I want it ver - y
 soon, — There I found the old chap seat - ed, he was read - ing the Tri -
 took, — And gave him such a welt - ing as he'd get at Don - ny -

E7 A D

bad. I have seen em - ploy - ment ad - ver - tised, "tis just the thing," says
 bune. I — told him what I came for, when he in a rage did
 brook. He — hol - lered, "Mil - lia, Mur - ther," and to get a - way did

I, _____ But the dirt - y spal - peen end - ed with, "No I - rish need ap -
 fly, _____ "No," he says, "You are a Pad - dy, and no I - rish need ap -
 try, _____ And swore he'd nev - er write a - gain, "No I - rish need ap -

ply." _____ "Whoa!" says I, "but that's an in - sult, tho' to get the place I'll
 ply." _____ Then I gets my dan - der ris - ing, And I'd like to black his
 ply." _____ Well, he made a big a - pol - o - gy, I bid him then good -

try," _____ So I went to see this black - guard with his "No I - rish need ap -
 eye, _____ To tell an I - rish gen - tle - man, _____ "No I - rish need ap -
 bye, _____ Say - ing when next you want a beat - ing, write _____ "No I - rish need ap -

ply." } _____ Some do count it a mis - for - tune to be christened Pat or Dan, But to
 ply." }
 ply." }

me it is an hon - or to be born an I - rish - man.

NONE CAN LOVE LIKE AN IRISHMAN

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Irish folksong

1. The tur - baned Turk, _____ who scorns the world, May strut a - bout with his
 2. The gay Mon - sieur, _____ a slave no more, The sol - emn Don, _____ the
 3. The Lon - don folks _____ them - selves be - guile, And think they please in a

whisk - ers curled. Keep a hun - dred wives un - der lock and key, For
 soft Si - gnor, The _____ Dutch Myn - heer, _____ so full of pride, The
 cap - i - tal style; Yet _____ let them ask as they cross the street, Of

no - bod - y else but him - self to see. Yet long may he pray with his
 Rus - sian, Prus - sian, Swede be - side - They all _____ may do _____ what -
 an - y young Vir - gin they hap - pen to meet, And I know she'll say from be -

Al - co - ran, Be - fore he can love like an I - rish - man. Yet long may he pray with his
 e'er they can, But they'll nev - er love like an I - rish - man. They all _____ may do _____ what -
 hind her fan, That there's none can love like an I - rish - man. And I know she'll say from be -

Al - co - ran, Be - fore he can love like an I - rish - man.
 e'er they can, But they'll nev - er love like an I - rish - man.
 hind her fan, That there's none can love like an I - rish - man.

NORA

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Words and Music by Sean O' Casey

1. The vio - lets were scent - ing the woods, Nor - a, dis - play - ing their charm to the
 2. The gold - en - robed daf - fo - dils shone, Nor - a, and danced in the breeze on the

bee, _____ } When I first said I loved on - ly you, Nor - a and you said you
 lea, _____ }

loved on - ly me. _____ { The chest - nut blooms gleamed through the glade,
 The trees, - birds and bees sang a song,

Nor - a, a ro - bin sang loud - from a tree, _____ } When I first said I
 Nor - a, of hap - pi - er trans - ports to be, _____ }

loved on - ly you, Nor - a, and you said you loved on - ly me. _____

NORAH O'NEALE

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Irish folksong

I'm _____ lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you, _____ And my

love I can nev - er con - ceal, For they say there's a charm, love a -

bout you, _____ My dar - ling sweet - Nor - ah O' - Neale. } 1. Like the
2. The _____

beam of the star sings when it's shin - ning, _____ Is the glance which your
 night - in - gale sings in the wild wood, _____ As _____ if ev - 'ry

eye can't con - ceal, And your voice is so sweet and be -
 note that he _____ knew Was learned from your sweet voice in

1st time D.C.
 2nd time D.C. al Fine

_____ } That I love you, sweet - Nor - ah O' - Neale.
 _____ } To re - mind me, sweet - Nor - ah O' - Neale.

O LOVE, 'TIS A CALM STARRY NIGHT

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Irish folksong

1. O love, 'tis a calm star-ry night, no breath stirs the leaves be-low. My
 2. Your guar-dian is sleep-ing a-bove base churl, with his taunt and blow! The
 3. Now soft you come steal-ing down the stair! My heart it is all in a glow. O,

stead is at the door and my ship is by this shore. Then come down to me my dar-ling, and a-
 house is all at rest on-ly you that I love best like a bus-y mouse keep rust-ling to and
 stay your si-lent tears! O, cease your maid-en fears! For the world's wealth I'd nev-er from you

way, a-way we'll go. Then come down and far, and far a-way we'll go.
 fro and to and fro, to make read-y still rust-ling to and fro.
 go or work you woe. For the world's wealth how could I use you so?

O WOMAN WASHING BY THE RIVER

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Irish folksong

1. O wom-an wash-ing by the riv-er, hush-a-by, babe not mine. My
 2. 'Tis there the fair-y court is hold-en and there is new ale, there is old-en and
 1. A bhean úd thíos ar bhruach an tsru-tháin, Seó hú leó seó hú leó, A'
 2. (See additional lyrics)

woe-ful wail wilt pi-ty nev-er hush-a-by, babe not mine. A
 there are combs of hon-ey gold-en and there lie men in bonds en-fold-en. How
 duig-eann tus-a fáth mo ghéar-áin? Seó hú leó, seó hú leó, 'S gur

year this day I was snatched for-ev-er, hush-a-by, babe not mine. To the
 man-y there of fair-est fa-ces bright-eyed boys with man-ly gra-ces
 bliain 's a' lá 'niu fuad-uíodh me dhom ghearr-án Seó hú leó, seó hú leó, 'S do

green-hill fort where thorn-trees shiv-er, hush-a-by, babe not mine.
 gold-haired girls with curl-ing tres-ses there moth-ers nurse with sad ca-res-ses.
 rug-adh is-teach me i líos an chnoc-áin, Seó hú leó, seó hú leó.

Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, Sho hú lo, sho hú lo,
 Seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, Seó hú leó, seó hú leó,

Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, 'Tis not thou my ba-by O!
 Seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, seó hín, Seó hú leó, seó hú leó.

Additional Lyrics

2. Seo è anso mo theach mór maiseach,
 Is iomdha leann úr is leann sean ann,
 Is iomdha mil bhui 'gus céir bheach ann.
 Is iomdha seanduine ar a nasg ann.
 Is iomdha buachaill cúl-donn cas ann,
 Is iomdha cailín cú-bhui deas ann.
 Tá dhá bhean déag ag iomchar mac ann.
 Tá an oiread eile re n-a-n-ais ann.

O'DONNELL ABOO

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Irish folksong
by Michael Joseph McCann



1. Proud - ly the note of the trum - pet is sound - ing, Loud - ly the war cries a - rise on the gale.
 2. Prince - ly O' - Neill to our aid is ad - vanc - ing, With man - y a chief - tain and war - rior — clan;
 3. Wild - ly o'er Des - mond the war wolf is howl - ing, Fear - less the ea - gle sweeps o - ver the plain, The
 4. Sa - cred the cause that Clan - con - nell's de - fend - ing, The al - tars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;



Fleet - ly the steed by Lough Swil - ly is bound - ing To join the thick squad - rons in Sam - er's green vale.
 thou - sand proud steeds in his van - guard are pranc - ing, 'Neath the bor - der - ers brave from the banks of the Bann.
 fox in the streets of the ci - ty is prowl - ing And all who would scare them are ban - ished or slain!
 Ruth - less the ru - in the foe is ex - tend - ing, — Mid - night is red with the plun - der - er's fires!



On ev - 'ry moun - tain - eer! Stran - gers to flight and fear; Rush to the stand - ard of daunt - less Red Hugh.
 Man - y a heart shall quail un - der the coat of mail; Deep - ly the mer - ci - less foe - man shall rue,
 Grasp, ev - 'ry stal - wart hand, hack - but and bat - tle - brand, Pay them well back the deep debt so long due;
 On with O' - Don - nell, then, fight the old fight a - gain; Sons of Tir - con - nell all val - iant and true!



Bon - nocht and Gal - low - glass throng from each moun - tain pass! On for old Er - in, O' - Don - nell a - boo!
 When on his ear shall ring, borne on the breeze - 's wing, Tir - con - nell's dread war - cry: O' - Don - nell a - boo!
 Nor - ris and Clif - ford well can of Tir - con - nell tell. On - ward to glo - ry! O' - Don - nell a - boo!
 Make that false Sax - on feel Er - in's a - veng - ing steel! Strike for your coun - try now: O' - Don - nell a - boo!

O'HARA'S CUP

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Irish folksong



1. Were I o - ver in Ar - an or Car - ling - ford shade, Where
 2. Why — praise what is sought — for — by — old man and youth? While the
 1. *Dá mbeinn - se i n - Ár - ainn nó i gCáir - linn na séad, Mar*
 2. (See additional lyrics)



tall barks of swift - ness bear — clar - et — and — mead, 'Twere
 doc - tors and sag - es by this hand — I — am — sooth, Cry
 ngluais - eann gach sár - long le — clair - éad — 's le — méad, Ó!



joy to my — bos - om — in glad - ness — to — sip O'
 Tur - lough, sweet — har - per come — time - ly — to — drain, That —
b'fharr liom mar — shás - amh, — is fáim — é — dam — féin, Cup



Har - a's — bright — wine — cup — filled — high to my — lip! 'Twere
 cost - ly — tall — wine — cup — to the health of brave — Kean! Cry
án — geal — Uí — Eagh - ra, — 's a — fháil lán le mo bhéal! Ó!

joy to my bos - om in glad - ness to sip O' -
 Tur - lough, - sweet har - per come time - ly to drain that -
 b'fhearr - liom - mar - shás - amh, - is fáim - é - dam - féin, Cup -

Har - a's - bright - wine - cup - filled - high to my - lip!
 cost - ly - tall - wine - cup - to the health of brave - Kean!
 an - geal - Uí - Eagh - ra, - 's a fháil lán le mo bhéal!

Additional Lyrics

2. *God é siúd dob áil dam,
 's a liacht ádh maith 'n-a dhéidh?
 'Sé deir ollamh na h-áite,
 dar mo lámh-se ní bréag:
 A Thrialaigh Bhriain ádhmhail,
 tar tráth fá mo dhéin,
 Go n-ólam as an tsár-chupán
 sláinte bhreá Chéin!*

THE OLD CRONE'S LILT

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Folksong from the Hebrides

When I was young, a mai - den So shy I was, So shy I was, Al -
 Nuair bha mi fhein 'nam mhaigh - dean Bu bhan - ail mi, Bu bhan - ail mi Gu'm

though the lads were keen then To greet me lass, To greet me lass, When
 biodh na fir 'gam fhaigh - neachd Gu coth - ro - mach Gu coth - ro - mach Nuair

I was young, a mai - den So shy I was, So shy I was, Al -
 bha mi fhein 'nam mhaigh - dean Bu bhan - ail mi, Bu bhan - ail mi, Gu'm

though the lads were keen then, To greet me lass, To greet me lass, But
 biodh na fir 'gam fhaigh - neachd Gu coth - ro - mach Gu coth - ro - mach Ach

now when old and gray, I come hir - plin' down, Come hir - plin' down, There's
 mi - se bho'n a liath mi, Gur cail - leach mi Gur cail - leach mi 'S cha'n

scarce a lad will say me, "Good e'e - nin' crone Good e'e - nin' crone," But
 fhaigh mi fiu na poi - ge Bho fhear a - ca Bho fhear a - ca Ach

now when old and gray, I come hir - plin' down, Come hir - plin' down. There's
 mi - se bho'n a liath mi, Gur cail - leach mi Gur cail - leach mi 'Scha'n

scarce a lad will say me, "Good e'e - nin' crone, Good e'e - nin' crone," When
 fhaigh mi fiu na poi - ge Bho fhear a - ca, Bho fhear a - ca. Nuair

I was young, a mai - den So shy I was, So shy I was.
 bha mi fhein 'nam mhaigh - dean, Bu bha - nail mi, Bu bha - nail mi.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

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Irish folksong

1. Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Fond mem'ry
 2. When I remember all the friends so linked togeth'er, I've seen a -

brings the light of oth'er days a - round me; The smiles the tears of boy - hood's years, The
 round me fall like leaves in win - try weath - er; I feel like one who treads a - lone some

words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The
 ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled whose gar - lands dead and

cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken! } Thus in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has
 all but he de - part - ed. }

bound me, Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth'er days a - round me.

OH ROWAN TREE

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Scottish folksong
 Words by Lady Carolina Nairne

1. Oh row - an tree, oh row - an tree, thou'lt aye be dear to me, En - twin'd thou art wi' mo - ny ties, o'
 2. How fair wert thou in sim - mer time, wi' all thy clus - ters white, how rich and gay thy au - tumn dress, wi'
 3. We sat a - neath thy spread - ing shade, the bair - nies round thee ran, They pu'd thy bon - nie ber - ries red and
 4. Oh, there a - rose my fa - ther's pray'r in ho - ly eve - ning's calm, how sweet was then my mith - er's voice

hame and in - fan - cy. Thy leaves were aye the first of spring, thy flow'rs the sim - mer's pride; There
 ber - ries red and bright. On thy fair stem were mo - ny names which now nae mair I see. But
 neck - lac - es they strang. My mith - er oh, I see her still, she smild our sports to see. Wi'
 in the mar - tyr's psalm. Now a' are gane! We meet nae mair a - neath the row - an tree. But

was nae sic a bon - nie tree, in all the coun - try side. }
 there en - grav - en on my heart, for - got they ne'er can be. }
 lit - tle Jean - nie on her lap, wi' Ja - mie at her knee. } Oh - row - an tree!
 hal - lowed thoughts a - round thee twine o' hame and in - fan - cy. }

OICHE NOLLAG

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Irish folksong

THE OLD ORANGE FLUTE

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Irish folksong



1. In the coun - ty Ty - rone near the town of Dun - gan - non, where man - y the ruc - tions me -
 2. Now, - Bob, the de - ceiv - er, he took us all in, — He mar - ried a Pa - pist named
 3. At the chap - el on Sun - day to a - tone for past deeds, — Said Pa - ters and A - ves and
 4. Bob - jumped and he start - ed and got in a flut - ter And threw the old flute in the
 5. At the coun - cil of priests that was held the next day They de - cid - ed to ban - ish the



self had a han' - in, Bob Wil - liam - son lived, a weav - er by trade, And
 Brid - get Mc - Ginn, — Turned Pa - pish him - self, and for - sook the old cause, That
 count - ed his beads, — Till af - ter some time at the priests own de - sire He
 blessed ho - ly wa - ter. He thought that this charm would bring some oth - er sound; When he
 old flute a - way. — They could - n't knock her - e - sy out of its head, So they



all of us thought him a stout Or - ange blade. On the twelfth of Ju - ly as it
 gave us our free - dom, re - li - gion, and laws. Now the boys of the place make some
 went with the old flute to play in the choir. He — went with the old flute for to
 tried it a - gain it played "Crop - pies Lie Down." Now for all he could whis - tle and
 bought Bob a new one to play in the stead. Now the old flute was doomed, and its



year - ly did come, Bob played with his flute to the sound of a drum. You may
 com - ment up - on it, And Bob had to fly to the prov - ince of Con - naught. He —
 play for the mass, But the in - stru - ment shiv - ered and sighed, oh, a - las. And —
 fin - ger and blow, To play Pa - pish mu - sic he found it no go. "Kick the
 fate was pa - thet - ic, 'Twas fas - tened and burned at the stake as her - e - tic. As the



talk of your harp, your pi - an - o, or lute, But there's none can com - pare with the old or - ange flute.
 fled with his wife and his fix - ings to boot, And a - long with the lat - ter, his old or - ange flute.
 try though he would, though it make a great noise, The — flute would play on - ly "The Prot - es - tant Boys."
 Pope" and "Boil Wa - ter" it free - ly would sound, But — one Pa - pish squeak in it could - n't be found.
 flames soared a - round it they heard a strange noise; 'Twas the old flute still whis - tling "The Prot - es - tant Boys."

THE OLD TURF FIRE

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Irish folksong



1. Oh, the old turf fire — and the hearth swept clean, There is no one half so hap - py as my -
 2. Oh, the man that I work for is a rich - er man than me, But — some - how in this world, — faith, we
 3. I have got a lit - tle house — and a ti - dy bit of land. You would nev - er see a bet - ter one this



self and Pad - dy Keane. With the ba - by in the cra - dle you could
 nev - er can a - gree. He has big — tow - 'ring man - sions and
 side of Knock - na - cran. I've no pia - no in the cor - ner and no



hear her mam - my say, "Would - n't you go to sleep, a - lan - na, till I wet your dad - dy's tay."
 cas - tles o - ver all, But — sure I would - n't ex - change with him my lit - tle mar - ble hall.
 pic - tures on the wall, But I'm — some - how quite con - tent - ed in my lit - tle mar - ble hall.

THE OLD TRIANGLE

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Irish folksong

E

1. A — hung - ry feel - ing, came o'er me steal - ing, And the
 2. To be - gin the morn - ing, the war - den's bawl - ing: Get —
 3. On a fine spring even - ing, the lag lay dream - ing, The sea -
 4. The — screw was peep - ing, the lag was sleep - ing, While —
 5. The — wind was ris - ing and the day de - clin - ing, As —
 6.,7. (See additional lyrics)

A C#m F#m A E

mice were — squeal - ing. In my pris - on cell. _____
 out of — bed and clean up — your — cell. _____
 gulls wheel - ing high a - bove the wall. _____ } And that old tri - an - gle went
 he lay — weep - ing for his girl — Sal. _____
 I lay — pin - ing in my pris - on cell. _____

A C#m B E

jingle, jangle, All a - long the — banks — of the — Roy - al Ca - nal. _____

Additional Lyrics

- 6. In the female prison there are seventy women,
 I wish it was with them that I did dwell,
 Then that old triangle could jingle jangle
 Along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- 7. The day was dying and the wind was sighing,
 As I lay crying in my prison cell,
 And the old triangle went jingle, jangle
 Along the banks of the Royal Canal.

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER

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Scottish folksong

G D7 G C G/D D

1. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the sweet spring - time did fall, _____ Was the
 2. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the au - tumn spread its store, _____ There I
 3. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the win - ter snow fell fast, _____ Still was

G D7 Em B7 Am D7 G

mill - er's love - ly daugh - ter, Fair - est of them all. For his
 saw the mill - er's daugh - ter, But she smiled no more. For the
 seen the mill - er's daugh - ter, Chill - ing blew the blast. But the

D7 G D7 G C G G/D D

bride a sol - dier sought her, And a win - ning tongue had he. _____ On the
 sum - mer, grief had brought her, And the sol - dier, false was he. _____ On the
 mill - er's love - ly daugh - ter, Both from cold and care was free, _____ On the

G D7 G Am D7 G

banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, So mis - led was she.
 banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, Left a - lone was she.
 banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, In a grave lay she.

ON THE BANKS OF THE ROSES

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Irish folksong

A F#m Bm E7 A

1. On the banks of the Ro - ses, my love and I sat down and
 2. Oh when I was a young man I heard my fa - ther say that
 3. Oh then I am no run - a - way and soon I'll let them know I
 4. And if ev - er I get mar - ried it will be in the month of May when the

F#m Bm E7 A F#m

I took out my vio - lin to play my love a tune, In the mid - dle of the tune, oh, she
 he'd ___ rath - er see me dead and bur - ied in the clay, soon - er than be mar - ried to
 can ___ take a good glass or can leave it a - lone; and the man that does - n't like me he can
 leaves ___ they are green and the mead - ows they are gay, and ___ I and my true love can ___

Bm E7 A F#m Bm E7 A

sighed and she said: 'O - ro John - ny, love - ly John - ny, would you leave me.
 an - y run - a - way by the love - ly sweet ___ banks ___ of the ros - es.
 keep his daugh - ter home and young John - ny will go rov - ing with an - oth - er.
 sit and sport and play on the love - ly sweet ___ banks ___ of the ros - es.

OVER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE

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Irish folksong

§
Dm Gm Dm

Gm Dm Fine

Gm Dm

Dm Gm Dm

Gm Dm

Dm Gm Dm D.S. al Fine

OWEN CÓIR

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Irish folksong



1. Is - n't this the most pit - i - ful sto - ry that ev - er touched heart to the core? To
 2. He had ev - ery - one's love and af - fec - tion the with - er - ed old man and the young. With the
 3. Poor Ga - vin's in deep trib - u - la - tion, and Boyle won't be long to the fore. Since they
 4. 'Twas he that was good at rent - tak - ing, made light a of month here and there, till you'd
 1. Nach é seo an sgéal deac - rach sa' tir seo, I n - an - ac - air chroí 'gus brón, Ó
 2.-4. (See additional lyrics)



- day we saw O - wen to glo - ry From Creag - an - a - line to Fall - more. Such
 high - est and low - est con - nec - tion the praise of his big heart was sung. With the
 lost their best friend in cre - a - tion their hearts are with grief brim - ming o'er. There
 sell the frieze cloth you'd be mak - ing or your young hei - fer calf at the fair. 'Twas
 fhág - as tú Creag - án a' e Go dté tú go dtí'n Fál Mór? A



- wail - ing and loud lam - ent - a - tion Were ne'er heard in Er - in be - fore, For we've
 pick and the pride of the peo - ple al - though he liked best to spend free. He'd
 nev - er I'm think - ing, yet mea - sured his length in the bat - tle's up - roar. A
 think - ing of all his good la - bours made Sha - mus so fer - vent - ly pray. The
 lei - thead de sgread - a 's de chaoin - e Níor chual - aith tú 'riamh go fóill, Cidh



- lost our best friend in cre - a - tion, The kind, ten - der - heart - ed O - wen Cóir!
 nev - er say "No!" to a tip - ple from folks of the poor - est de - gree.
 her - o this cou - ple more cher - ished than the soft - heart - ed "cray - thur" O - wen Cóir!
 same as he was to the neigh - bours may Je - sus be to him this day!
 nil a - gainn - ne aon iongn - a Ó caill - eadh, fá - ríor! Eog - han Cóir!

Additional Lyrics

2. Bhí grá agus gean ag gach n-aon air,
 An seandúine críon 's an t-óg,
 Bhí an saidhbhir 's an daidhbhir i ngnaoi leis
 Mar gheall ar a chroí maith mór
 Le togha 'gus le rogha na tíre
 Do chaitheadh sé piosai óir.
 'S e daoine bocht' eile níor spid leis
 Buidéal den tsibin d'ól.

3. Tá Antoine Ó Gabháin a' caoine,
 'S ní bheidh Seán Ó Baoghail i bhfad beó,
 Ó cailleadh a gcaraid san tír seo,
 'Sé d'fhágaibh a gcroí faoi bhrón.
 I n-anacair chathair níor sineadh,
 'Sé mheasaim, fá liag ná fód
 Aoinneach ba mheasa don dis-se
 Ná an duine bocht maol, Eoghan Cóir!

4. Ba ró-mhaith a' tógbháil an chiosa é,
 Ba bheag aige mi nó dhó,
 Go ndíoltaf an bhó ar an aonach,
 Nó an giota do bhíodh san tseól.
 'Sé dúirt Séamus Pheadair Mhíoch Riabhaigh,
 Is é ag agairt ar Ri na ndeór,
 "Do réir mar bhí seisean do dhaoineibh,
 Gurab amhlaidh bheas Criosta dhó!"

O'ROURKE'S REVEL ROUT

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Irish folksong



1. O' - Rourke's rev - el rout let no per - son for - get Who has been, who will be, or
 2. A - shak - ing their feath - ers, just roused from their slum - ber by the noise of the harp and of
 3. Dear An - na some snuff to keep me a - wake and a lit - tle to drink as
 4. Who raised this a - larm says one of the cler - gy a threat - en - ing se - ver - ly cease
 1. Pléar - ác - a na Ruar - cach i gcuimh - ne gach uil - e dhuin - e Dá dtioc - faidh, dá dtáin - ic, 's dá
 2.-4. (See additional lyrics)



- nev - er was yet. See sev - en score hogs in the morn - ing we slay, With
 feet with - out num - ber. The sons of O' - Rourke bounced up in a throug - each
 long as I speak. Good heav - en how strange what must peo - ple think af - ter
 fight - ing I charge ye. A good knot - ted staff the full of his hand in - in
 mair - eann go fóill: Seacht bhfi - chid muc, mart ag - us caor - a Dhá

A7 D G A7 D

bull - ocks and sheep for the feast - ing each day. Hun - dred pails us - que - baugh drunk in
 man with his wom - an and danced to the song. Till the ground shak - ing un - der par -
 fill - ing their skins thus to fight in their drink. Such - stab - bing, such gash - ing, such
 stead of the spir - i - dis backed his com - mand. So - fall - ing to thresh - fast
 gcas - gairt don ghas - raí gach aon - - - - - ló. Céad - páil uis - ge bhea - tha 's na

A7 G D

mad - ders like wort, In the morn - ing we rise - and with us was the sport! My
 took of their co - gues, which as they quick trot - ted glig - gugged in their brogues. Long
 tug - ging and strife half an arm - - - at least - - - the length of each knife. What
 as he was a - ble a a trip and a box - fetched him un - der the ta - ble. Then
 mead - ra dhá líon - a, Ag éir - ighe ar maid - in is ag - ainn bhí'n spóirt!

Em

breech - es is stole, my pipe it - - - is - - - broke, - - - My poc - ket is picked, where the
 life and good health to you Tough - lin - O' - En - e - gan by my hand you dance brave - ly
 whack - ing and crack - ing with cleft - ing - of - oak - - - what sound - ing, re - bound - ing a -
 rose a big fri - ar to set - tle - them - straight - but the back of the fire was -
 Bris - eadh do phiop - a - sa, slad - adh - mo - phóc - a - sa, Goid - eadh do bhrís - te - sa, -

A7 D

dev - il's - my - cloak? - My ker - cher I've lost - - - and my man - tle's not on, Sev - en
 Marg - e - ry Grin - i - gan. - Here's to you dear moth - er I - - - thank you dear Pat pitch -
 hun - dred - heads - broke. - My fa - ther he built - - - the - mon - es - tery of Tusk with -
 quick - ly - his - fate! - From whence he cried out "Do ye - - - thus treat your pas - tors? ye,
 lois - geadh - mo - chlóc - a - sa, Chaill mé mo bhair - éad. - - - m'fhall - aing 'gus m'fhill - éad, O

Bm A7 D

bles - sings be with them, my friends are all gone! Come, strike up the harp, your
 this down your throat I'm the bet - ter of that. that. Come shake us down rush - es an
 Boyle, Sli - go, Gal - way and Car - rick - drum - rusk. Be - tagh of Moy - nal - ty and the
 who scare - ly were bred to the Sev - en Wise Mas - ters! That when with the Pope I
 d'im - igh na gair - éad, ar seacht mbeann - acht léo! Cuir spraic ar a' gcláir - sigh, seinn

A7 D A7 D

mus - ic in haste, - A swill of your li - quor, how qui - et the feast!
 ex - cel - lent bed - - - and o - ver us next - - - the win - now - cloth spread.
 Earl of Kil - dare I was nursed by their moth - er - - - ask that wom - an there!
 get - ting my lore - - - Ye were roast - ing po - ta - toes not far from Shee - more!"
 suas á pléar - ác - a, An buc - sa sin, 'Áin - e. 'gus gread - óg le n - ól!

Additional Lyrics

2. *Lucht leanamhna na Ruarcach a' cratha a gcleiti.*
 Tráth chuala siad tormán nó troimpléasg an cheóil:
 D'éirigh gach aon aca gan coisreaca 'n-a leabaidh.
 Is a bhean leis ar strachailt in gach aon chórm.
 Nár láidir an seasamh don talamh bhí fútha,
 Gan réaba le sodar agus glug ins gach bróig!
 Saol agus sláinte dhuit, 'Mh'leachlainn Ui
 Fhionnagáin!
 Dar mo láimh is maith a dhamhsúios tú,
 'Mhársail Ní Ghriodagáin!
 Here's to you, 'mháthair, I pledge you, God save you!
 Beir ar a' sgála so, sgag é in do sgóig.
 Craith fúinn an tsráideóg, sin tharuinn an bhán-phluid.
 Tugthar ar sáith dhúinn de lionn-choirm chóir!

3. *A Árd-Ri na gcarad, cébí 'tchifeadh an ghasraí*
 Ar líona a gcaicní nó ar lasa san ól!
 Cnámh righe bacaird ar fad in gach sgin aca,
 A' gearra 's a' cosgairt go mór, mór, mór;
 A slisneacha darach ar lasa a' gabháil fríd a chéile,
 A' buala, a' greada, a' losga 's a' dódh.
 A bhodaigh, 'sé m'athair-se chuir Mainistir na
 Búille suas,
 Sligeach is Gaillimh is Caraidh Dhroma Rúisgte fós.
 Iarla Chill' Dara agus Bidadhtach Mhuí n-Ealta,
 Siad d'oil agus d'altrium mé, fiosraigh so de Mhór.
 Tóig suas a' t'ádhmad agus buail an t-alárm air,
 Preab ionsa táirr agus cic ionsa tóin!

4. "Cé thóig a' t-alárm so?" ar aon den Eaglais.
 Ag éirghe 'n-a sheasamh 's a' bagairt go mór;
 Ní h-é spairgeas uisce coisreactha ghlac sé sa gciora
 Ach bata maith darach, bog-lán dóirm!
 Tráth shíl sé na caithmhílidh a chasgairt 's a chiora.
 Do fágadh an sagart 'n-a mheall chasta fán mbórd.
 D'éirigh na bráithre a' tárrtháil na bruíne.
 Is fágadh an t-Athair Gáirdian ar a thárr
 'n-áirde sa ngríosai.
 "Tráth bhínn-se ag an bPápa ar stuidéar na ngrásta,
 'S a' glaca na ngrádhmha tháil ins a' Róimh,
 'Sé an Seven Wise Masters bhi agad ar do tháirr,
 Is tú a' rósta na bprátaí láimh leis a' tSidh Mhór!"

PADDY DOYLE'S BOOTS

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Irish folksong

1.,5. To me way - ay - ay - ay
 2. To me way - ay - ay - ay
 3. To me way - ay - ay - ay
 4. To me way - ay - ay - ay

ah! We'll pay Pad - dy Doyle for his boots.
 ah! We'll all drink — whis - key and gin.
 ah! We'll all shave — un - der the chin.
 ah! We'll all throw — mud at the cook.

THE PALATINE'S DAUGHTER

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Irish folksong

1. To Cas - tle Hyde to mar - ket I was go - ing out one morn - ing.
 (2.) kiss I gave this fair one for I thought it long to tar - ry. } San ti ri dee-dle i - dle

li ri dee-dle i - dle ti ri dee-dle i - dle ay ro. { Who — should I see be - fore me but the
 If I go to your re - la - tions will your

Pal - a - tine's love - ly daugh - ter. } San ti ri dee - dle i - dle li ri dee - dle i - dle
 par - ents let us mar - ry. }

ti ri dee-dle i - dle ay ro. { She quick - ly asked my name of me or — where my dwell - ing
 She said, "Now come a - long with me and — soon you'll find we'll

place might be or — would I go with her to see her friends and her re - la - tions. I —
 both a - gree you'll — get me from my moth - er sure and free - ly from my fa - ther. You'll —
 now my sto - ry's end - ed and my pen is out of or - der I —

said I was an hon - est boy and Cur - reen was my sta - tion }
 get both stock and land with me and mon - ey if you'd rath - er. } San — ti ri dee-dle i - dle
 took this love - ly hand - some maid in the pre - sence of her fa - ther. }

To Coda ⊕ 1 F 2 D.S. al Coda F
 li ri dee-dle i - dle ti ri dee-dle i - dle ay ro. 2. A — ay ro. And — ay ro.

PADDY UPON THE CANAL

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Irish folksong

C F G7

1. Och! whin I land - ed in swate Phil - i - del - phia, the wea - ther was warm and
 2. Och! whin I came to this won - der - ful em - pire, it did strike me with great sur -
 3. Faith, and al-though I'm an en - tire - stran - ger, 'tis good month - ly pay I do

C6 C F E7 Am E7

clear. An' I did not stop long in that cit - y, As you shall quick - ly hear. I
 prise. For - there I saw thou - sands of brave boys, and the sights did o - pen my eyes. For
 draw. And when - ev - er I feel in good hu - mor, I al - ways sing "Er - in go Bragh." And the

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am G7 C

did not stop long in that cit - y, it hap - pened to be in the fall. An' I ne'er cast a
 there I saw thou - sands of brave boys, sur - round - ing the val - lys so tall, a drag - ing the
 boss he comes 'round in good or - der, and ap - pears like a fa - ther to all, so I wish'd from

G7 C E7 Am G7 C F

loop in my rig - gin', till I an - chored up - on the Ca - nal. }
 chain thru the moun - tains, to - strike a line for the Ca - nal. } So fare - ye - well fa - ther and moth - er, like -
 that ver - y mo - ment, that I'd al - ways been on the Ca - nal. }

G7 C6 G7 C E7 Am

wise old Ire - land too. And fare - ye - well sis - ter and broth - er, for kind - ly I bid ye a - dieu.

THE PARTING GLASS

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Irish folksong

Em G D

1. O, all the mon - ey e'er I had, I
 2. O, all the com - rades e'er I had, they're
 3. If I had mon - ey e - nough to spend, and

G Bm D7 Em G D

spent it in good com - pa - ny, And all the harm I've ev - er done A -
 sor - ry for my go - ing a - way. And all the sweet - hearts e'er I had, they'd
 lei - sure time to sit a - while, there is a fair maid in this town that

G Bm Em G Bm

las! it was to none but me. And all I've done for want of wit To
 wish me one more day to stay. But since it falls un - to my lot, I
 sore - ly has my heart be guiled. Her ro - sy cheeks and ru - by lips, I

Am Em Bm D7 Em

mem - 'ry now I can't re - call So fill to me the
 gen - tly rise and soft - ly call, that I should go and
 own she has my heart in thrall. Then fill to me the

G D G Bm Em

part - ing glass Good - night and joy be with you all.
 you should not. Good - night and joy be with you all.
 part - ing glass, good - night and joy be with you all.

PAT MALLOY

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Irish folksong

E A E A

1. At six - teen years of age, I was my moth - er's fair - hair'd boy. She kept a lit - tle
 2. Oh, Ire - land is a pur - ty place, of goold there is no lack, I trudg'd from Cork to
 3. From Ire - land to A - mer - i - ca, a - cross the seas I roam, And ev - 'ry shil - ling

F#7 B F#7 B7 E

hux - ter shop, her name it was Mal - loy. "I've four - teen chil - dren, Pat," says she, "Which
 Gal - way with my scythe up - on my back. The I - rish girls are beau - ti - ful, their
 that I got, ah, I sent it home. Me moth - er could not write, but, oh, there

A E A E B7

heav'n to me has sent, but chil - dren ain't like pigs, you know, they can't — pay the
 loves I don't de - cline, the eat - in' and the drink - in' too, is beau - ti - ful and
 came from Fa - ther Boyce, "Oh, heav - en bless you, Pat," says she, "I hear me moth - er's

E C#m G#7

rent." She gave me ev - 'ry shil - ling there was — in the
 fine. But in a cor - ner of my heart, which no - bod - y can
 voice." But now I'm go - ing home a - gain, as poor as I be -

C#m A E B F#7

till, and kiss'd me fif - ty times or more, as if she'd nev - er get her
 see, two eyes of I - rish blue are al - ways peep - in' out at
 gan, To make a hap - py girl of Moll, and sure I think I

B7 E

fill. "Oh, heav - en bless you, Pat," said she, "And don't for - get, my
 me. Oh, Mol - ly, dar - lin', nev - er fear, I'm still your own dear
 can. Me pock - ets they are emp - ty, but me heart is fill'd with

A E B7 E

boy, that ould } Ire - land is me coun - try, and me name is Pat Mal - loy."
 boy, ould — }
 joy, for ould }

THE PEACOCK MARCH

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Irish folksong

Dm Gm Dm A7 Dm C

Dm Gm Dm A7 Dm

F Gm Dm C

Dm Gm Dm A7 Dm

PHIL THE FLUTER

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Irish folksong

A D A F#m

1. Have you heard of Phil the Flu - ter who would nev - er pay the rent? When - ev - er he was down and out with -
 2. There was Mis - ter Den - is Dog - her - ty, who kep' 'The Run - nin' Dog.' There was lit - tle crook - ed Pad - dy, from the
 3. First — lit - tle Mic - key Mull - i - gan got up to show them how. And then the wid - ow Caf - fer - ty steps
 4. Then — Phil the Flu - ter tipped a wink to lit - tle crook - ed Pat, I think it's near - ly time 'sez he for

A E7 A D Adim

out a sing - le cent, He would cir - cu - late a no - tice to his neigh - bours one and all As to
 Tira - lough - hett bog; There was boys from ev - 'ry bar - o - ny and girls from ev - 'ry 'art' And the
 out and makes her bow, "I could dance you off your legs," sez she, "As sure as you were born. If you'll
 pas - sin' round the hat. So — Pad - dy did the nec - es - sar - y look - ing might - y cute, says, "Ye've

A F#m D E A E7

how he'd like their com - pa - ny that eve - ning at the ball. And when wri - tin' out he was
 beau - ti - ful Miss Brad - y's in a pri - vate ass an' cart, And a - long with them came
 on - ly make the pi - per play The Hare Is in the Corn." So Phil plays up to the
 got to pay the pi - per when he tooth - ers on the flute." Then all joined — in with the

F#m C#m A E7 F#m B7 E

care - ful to sug - gest to them, That if they found a hat of his con - ve - nient to the door, The
 boun - cing Mrs. Caf - fer - ty, lit - tle Mick - ey Mul - li - gan was al - so to the fore,
 best of his a - bil - i - ty The la - dy and the gen - tle - man be - gin to do their share
 great - est jov - i - al - i - ty cov - er - ing the buck - le and the shuf - fle and the trent

A E7 F#m C#m A F#m

more they put in, when ev - er he re - ques - ted them The bet - ter would the mu - sic be for
 Rose, Su - zanne and Marg - a - ret O' Raf - fer - ty, The flow - er of Ard - ma - gul - lion and the
 while young — Mick was a - pranc - ing with a - gil - i - ty de - crep - it Mrs — Caf - fer - ty was
 Jigs were — danced of the ver - y fin - est qual - i - ty the wid - ow found a hus - band and the

A E7 A D A

bat - ter - ing the floor. }
 pride of Peth - ra - vore. } With the toot of the flute, and the twid - dle of the fid - dle, Oh!
 lep - pin' like a hare. }
 flut - er found the rent. }

F#m A E7 A

Hop - ping in the mid - dle like a her - rin' on the grid - dle, Oh! Up, down, hands a - roun'

D Adim A F#m D E A

cross - in' to the wall So come and join the gai - e - ty at Phil the Flu - ter's Ball.

PEGGY GORDON

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Irish folksong

E B F#m C#m B A

1. Oh, Peg - gy Gor - don, you are my dar - ling, come sit you
 2. I wish I was in some lone - some val - ley, where wo - man -
 3. I'm so in love that I can't de - ny it. My heart lies
 4. I put my head to a cask of bran - dy. It was my

E B A E F#m C#m

down u - pon my knee and tell to me the ve - ry rea -
 kind can - not be found where the lit - tle birds sing u - pon the branch -
 smoth - ered in my breast but it's not for you to let the world know
 fan - cy do I de - clare for when I'm drink - ing I'm al - ways think -

B A E B A E

son why I am sligh - ted so by thee.
 es and ev - 'ry mo - ment a diff - 'rent sound.
 it. A troub - led mind can know no rest.
 ing, And wish - ing Peg - gy Gor - don was here.

PEG O' MY HEART

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Words by Alfred Bryan
 Music by Fred Fischer

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Bb

1. Oh! my heart's in a whirl, o - ver one lit - tle girl. I love her, I love her, yes, I
 2. When your heart's full of fears, and your eyes full of tears, I'll kiss them, I'll kiss them all a -

Cm7 F7 Bb

do. Al - tho' her heart is far a - way, I hope to make her mine some
 way. For, like the gold that's in your hair, is all the love for you I

Bdim Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7

day. Ev - 'ry beau - ti - ful rose, ev - 'ry vi - o - let knows, I
 bear. O, be - lieve in me, do, I'm as lone - some as you, I

Gm7 C7

love her, I love her fond and true, and her heart fond - ly sighs, as I
 miss you, I miss you all the day. Let the light of love shine from your

Gm7 C7 C7/G F7 Bb

sing to her eyes, her eyes of blue, sweet eyes of blue, my dar - ling!
 eyes in - to mine, and shine for aye, sweet-heart for aye, my dar - ling! } Peg o' my heart,

C7 F7

I love you. We'll nev - er part, I love you. Dear lit - tle girl,

sweet lit - tle girl, — sweet - er than the rose of Er - in, are your win - ning smiles en - dear - in'.

Peg o' my heart, — your glanc - es with I - rish art — en - trance us. Come, be my own, —

come, make your home — in my heart. heart. —

PORTLÁIRGE

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Irish folksong

Brightly

1. Ó do bhios - sa lá i Port - láir - ge, } Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um, { Bhi - fion is punch ar
Oh dhu vee - sah law Burth - law - rig - eh, } Vee - feen iss punch err
2.,3. (See additional lyrics)

chlár — ann, } Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um, { Bhi lán á ti de mháibh ann,
klawr — oun, } Vee lawn ah tee dhe vnaw - iv oun, Fol dow

fol dee fol the dad eye um, { Ag - us mise ag ól a sláin - te, } Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um.
Og - gus mish egg ohl ah slawn - teh, }

Additional Lyrics

2. Agus d'éaluigh bean ó Rath liom,
Og-gus thale-ig ban oh Raw lum,

Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um,

Agus triúr ó Thiobraid Árann,
Og-gus throor oh Hibb-ar-idh Awr-on,

Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um,

Ni raibh a muintir sásta,
Nee rev ah mween-thar saws-tha,

Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um,

Ni rabhadar ach leath-shásta,
Nee row-dhar ock lah-haws-tha,

Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um.

3. Ó raghadsa ón Charraig amárach,
Oh ride-sah oan Korr-igg am-awr-ock,

Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um,

Agus tabharfad cailín bréa liom,
Og-gus thaur-hadh koll-éen brah lum,

Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um,

Gabhfaimid tríd an Bhearnan,
Go-meedh treedh on Vaar-nan,

Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um,

Ó thuaidh go Thiobraid Árann,
Oh how-ig guh Hibb-ar-idh Awr-on

Fol dow fol dee fol the dad eye um.

THE PORTUGUESE SAILOR

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Irish folksong

Em D Em

1. It's all for the love of a fair young maid, that in Ca-bra West did re-side, My -
 2. Now he was a nas-ty piece of goods Gon-za-les was his name. And
 3. So I followed them up to Graf-ton Street one even-ing just for fun. A -
 4. Then I fol-lowed him up to his lodg-ings in Rath-gar or there-a-bouts. And as
 5. Now when the 'Mott' she heard of this, she made my life a hell. And
 6. For it's all for the love of that fair young maid, and her Por-tu-guese sail-or boy, For the

G Am B

self I lived up in Don-ny-brook, it's a one and a five-pen-ny ride. But
 he could-n't wait to get his hands on Con-cep-ta who was my dame. So I
 round by the Mer-cer's hos-pi-tal, that's next door to the Bart-ley Dunne's. I es-
 he walked up the al-ley way, sure I bat-tered him in-side out. He
 all for this sake of peace and qui-et sure I did her in as well. And
 pas-sion-ate love of that fair young maid I've land-ed in Mount-joy. And

Em D Bm

there was a fly in the oint-ment now, that you ver-y sel-dom see, For al-
 made a vow by the Grand Ca-nal that I would do him in, For I
 pied them sit-ting in the cor-ner seat they were kiss-ing and hold-ing hands, And
 gave out man-y an oath and swear till he was dead I'm sure, Then I
 now I'm up be-fore the judge to an-swer for my crime. He
 if I ev-er get out a-gain, my life I'll change you'll see. And I'll

Em B Em

though I loved her ter-ri-ble well she was in love with a Por-tu-gee.
 did not like them Port-u-gees and in par-tic-u-lar I did-n't like him.
 there he was se-duc-ing her with pints of Ba-by Cham.
 lift-ed up the man-hole lid and I dropped him down the sewer.
 says, "I did-n't mind the first one, son, but not the se-cond time."
 mar-ry with a 'Mott' from Walk-ins-town who would-n't look at a Port-u-gee.

THE PRATIES, THEY GROW SMALL

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Irish folksong

Em Bm Em Bm Em

1. Oh, the pra-ties they grow small o-ver here, o-ver here. Oh, the pra-ties they grow
 2. Oh, I wish that we were geese, night and morn, night and morn. Oh, I wish that we were
 3. Oh, we're tram-pled in the dust, o-ver here, o-ver here. Oh, we're tram-pled in the

Bm Em Am

small o-ver here. Oh, the pra-ties they grow small and we dig them in the
 geese, night and morn. Oh, I wish that we were geese, for they fly and take their
 dust, o-ver here. Oh, we're tram-pled in the dust, but the Lord in whom we

Em Bm Em Bm Em

Fall. And we eat them skin and all, o-ver here, o-ver here.
 ease, and they live and die in peace, eat-ing corn, eat-ing corn.
 trust, will give us crumb for crust, o-ver here, o-ver here.

THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW

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Irish popular song
Words by Thomas Moore

1. It was on a fine sum - mer's morn - ing, The birds sweet - ly tun'd on each bough, And
 2. Then to her I made my ad - van - ces; "Good - mor - row, most beau - ti - ful maid, Your
 3. "The In - dies af - ford no such jew - els, So bright and trans - par - ent - ly clear; Ah!

as I walk'd out for my pleas - ure I saw a maid milk - ing her cow; Her
 beau - ty my heart so en - tran - ces!" "Pray sir, do not ban - ter," she said; "I'm
 do not add flame to my fu - el! Con - sent but to love me, my dear. Ah!

voice so en - chant - ing, me - lo - dius, Left me quite un - a - ble to go, My
 not such a rare prec - ious jew - el, That I should e - nam - our you so, I
 had I the lamp of A - lad - din, Or the wealth of the Af - ri - can shore, I would

heart it was load - ed with sor - row For *Col - leen dhas cru - then na - moe.
 am but a poor lit - tle milk - girl," Says *Col - leen dhas cru - then na - moe.
 rath - er be poor in a cot - tage With *Col - leen dhas cru - then na - moe.

*Pretty girl milking her cow.

PULLING THE SEA-DULSE

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Folksong from the Hebrides

A - dó, A - dé, Clings dulse to the sea - rock, Clings heart to the loved one, Be't
 high tide or low tide, A - dó, A - dé. Pull - ing the dulse by the
 Shore - ward the sea - mew comes

sea - rocks at low tide, Ne'er pull I thy love, lad, Be't high tide or low, } A - dó, A - dé, Clings
 fly - ing at low tide, But sea - ward my heart flies out sea - ward to thee.

dulse to the sea - rock, Clings heart to the loved one, Be't high tide or low tide, A -
 Fine
 dó, A - dé. (Instrumental)

A - dó, A - de. (Instrumental)

D.S. al Fine

PULSE OF MY HEART

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Irish folksong

1. Be - fore the sun rose at yes - ter - dawn, I met a fair maid a -
 2. Her beau - ti - ful voice more hearts hath won than Or - phe - us lyre of
 1. Ar maid - in i - ndé roimh ghréin go moch, Do dhear - cas an bhé ba
 2. (See additional lyrics)

down the lawn. The ber - ry and snow to her cheek gave its glow, and her
 old had done. Her ripe eyes of blue were cry - stals of dew on the
 néimh - e cruth: Bhi sneacht - a 'gus caor A' cais - mirt 'n-a sgéimh, 'Sa

bos - om was fair as the sail - ing swan. Then, pulse of my heart, — what gloom is thine?
 grass of the lawn — be - fore the sun. And, pulse of my heart, — what gloom is thine?
 seang - a - chorp séimh — mar ghéis ar sruth 'Sa chuis - le mo chroi, créad in ghruaim sin ort?

Additional Lyrics

- Ba bhinne guth caomh a béil le sult
 Ná Orpheus do léig go faon na tuirc:
 Bhi a reamhar-rosg réidh
 Mar chriostal na mbraon
 Ar sheamair ghlais fhéir roimh ghréin go moch-
 'S a chuisle mo chroi, créad i'n ghruaim sin ort?

PUTTING THE TAUNT (Cur Na Tamailte)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

1. Think ye, have ye killed a her - on, Or a black rook e - ven? Think ye, have ye
 2. Think ye, was't the *cal - yach's pet - lamb, Think ye or a bo - gle? Think ye, was't the
 3. Think ye, have ye hit the **Cool - ins, Think ye, or Isle Rō - na? Think ye, have ye
 1. Saoil na mharbh thu cor - ra - ghrith - each Saoil na mharbh thu ro - cais? Saoil na thilg thu
 2. Saoil na thilg thu cao - ra caill - ich Saoil na thilg thu bochd - an? Saoil na thilg thu
 3. Saoil na bhuaill thu druim a' Chuil - inn Saoil na bhuaill thu Rō - naidh? Saoil na bhuaill thu

killed a her - on, or a ma - vis e - ven? Think ye, have ye killed a her - on,
 cal - yach's pet - lamb, or the pil - grim's old horse? Think ye, have ye hit the pet - lamb,
 hit the Cool - ins, or Isle †Moo - la's snow - cap? Think ye, have ye hit the Cool - ins,
 cor - ra - ghrith - each, Uir - ead a - gus smeor - ach? Saoil na mharbh thu cor - ra - ghrith - each,
 cao - ra caill - ich, No lair bhán an deoir - idh? Saoil na thilg thu cao - ra - caill - ich,
 druim a' Chuil - inn No Bheinn Mhuil - each bhoidh - each? Saoil na bhuaill thu druim a' Chuil - inn

or a black rook e - ven? } Ho ho ho ho ho oo -
 Think ye, or a bo - gle? }
 Think ye, or Isle Rō - na? }
 Saoil na mharbh thu ro - cais? }
 Saoil na thilg thu bòchd - an? } Ho ho ho ho ho ho
 Saoil na bhuaill thu Rō - naidh? }

oo - an! Ho ho ho ho ho ho - oo - oo - an!
 u uan! Ho ho ho ho ho ho u uan!

*cailleach = old wife
 **the hills of Skye and Rūm
 †mull

PUTTING OUT TO SEA

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Em Bm Em

1. Heel - yew - eel - yo Ho - ròn - yail - eel yew - eel - yo Hook - or - an - yo Heel -
 yew - eel - yo Ho - ròn - yail - eel - yew - eel - yo Hook - or - an - yo Heel -
 1. Hill iu il leo Ho - rionn eil - ei liu il leo Hug or in neo Hill
 iu il leo Ho - rionn eil - ei liu il leo Hug or in neo Hill

♩ G Bm D G

yew - eel - yo Ho - ròn - yail - y
 yew - eel - yo Ho - ròn yail - y
 iu il leo Ho - rionn eil - e
 iu il leo Ho - rionn eil - e

1.,3. Mich - ael, Sea - Lord, Shield of Light, To -
 2. Bro - ken keel-planks strew the shore So
 1.,3. Mhich - eil mhin - gheal, sgiath an aigh An
 2. 'Slion - mhor clar - an brist' air traigh, Cia

Em Bm Em Bm Em

night a boat puts out to sea, Heel - Ho - ròn - yail - eel - yew - eel - yo Hook - or - an - yo Heel -
 frail the boat, so great yon sea! Heel - Ho - ròn - yail - eel - yew - eel - yo Hook - or - an - yo Heel -
 nochd tha ba - ta dol gu cuan Hill } Ho - rionn eil - eil - iu il leo Hug or in neo Hill
 faoin am ba - ta seach an cuan! Hill } Ho - rionn eil - eil - iu il leo Hug or in neo Hill

To Coda 1 2 D.S. al Coda

yew - eel - yo Ho - ròn - yail - ly 2. Heel -
 iu il leo Ho - rionn eil - le. 2. Hill

CODA

THE QUEEN OF CONNEMARA

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Irish folksong

D G D

1. Oh! — my boat can safe - ly float in the teeth of wind and weath - er, And out -
 (2.) load - ed down with fish till the wa - ter lips the gun - wale, Not a
 (3.) light shines out a - far, and it keeps me from dis - may - ing When the

Bm D G A D

race the fast - est hook - er be - tween Gal - way and Kin - sale; When the black floor of the
 drop she'll take on board her that would wash a fly a - way; From the fleet she'll slip out
 skies are ink a - bove us, and the sea runs white with foam; In a cot in Con - ne -

G D G D

o - cean and the white foam rush to - geth - er, High she rides, in her pride, like a
 swift - ly like a grey - hound from her ken - nel, And she'll land her sil - ver store the first at
 ma - ra there's a wife and wee one pray - ing To the One who walked the wa - ters once, to

G A D F#m

sea - gull through the gale. } Oh, she's neat! Oh, she's sweet! She's a
 ould Kin - va - ra quay. }
 send us safe - ly home. }

D G Bm A D G

beau - ty ev - 'ry line! The Queen of Con - ne - ma - ra is that

1, 2 3

D A7 D D A7 D

bound - ing barque of mine. } 2. When she's bound - ing barque of mine.
 3. There's a

RAGLAN ROAD

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Irish folksong

D D7 G D G

1. On Rag - lan Road of an Au - tumn day, I saw her first and
 2. On Graf - ton Street in No - vem - ber we tripped light - ly a - long the
 3. I gave her gifts of the mind, I gave her se - cret
 4. On a qui - et street where old ghosts meet, I see her walk - ing

D Bm G D

knew, that her dark hair would weave a snare that
 ledge, Of a deep ra - vine where can be seen the
 signs That's known to the art - ists who have known the true
 now, A - way from me so hur - ried - ly, my

A Bm G D

I might one day rue, I saw the dan - ger and I
 worth of pas - sion play, The Queen of hearts still mak - ing
 gods of sound and stone, And her words of and tint with - out
 rea - son must al - low, That I had loved not as I

A7 D

passed a - long the en - chant - ed way, And I said let
 tarts and I not mak - ing hay; Oh, I loved too
 stint, I gave her poems to say, With her own name
 should A crea - ture made of clay; When the an - gel

D7 G D G D

grief be a fal - len leaf at the dawn - ing of the day.
 much and by such and such Is hap - pi - ness thrown a - way.
 there and her own dark hair Like clouds o - ver fields of May.
 woos the clay he'll lose His wings at the dawn of day.

RAKE AND RAMBLING BOY

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Irish folksong

G

1. Well, I'm a rake and a ram - bling boy,
 2. My moth - er said she's all a lone,
 3. When I die, don't bur - y me at all,

C G

there's man - y a cit - y I did en - joy.
 just place me a sis - ter said she has no home.
 a - way in al - co - hol.

C G

And now I mar - ried me a pret - ty lit - tle wife,
 My wife she wept in sad des - pair
 My for - ty - four put by my feet,

D7 G

and I love her dear - er than I love my life.
 with an ach - ing heart and a ba - by fair.
 tell eve - ry one I'm just a sleep -

REAL OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

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Irish folksong

1. Let the grass - es grow, and wa - ters flow, in a
 2. At the foot of the hill there's a neat lit - tle still where the
 3. Now learn - ed men who use the pen who've

free and eas - y way, but give me e - nough of the
 smoke curls up to the sky. By the smoke and the smell you can
 wrote your prais - es high, this sweet 'po - cheen' from

fine old stuff that's made near Gal - way Bay. Oh
 plain - ly tell there's whis - key brew - ing near by. For it
 Ire - land's green dis - tilled from wheat and rye. Throw a -

peel - ers all from Don - e - gal. Gal - way and E - trim too, we'll
 fills the air with o - dor rare, and be - twixt me and you, when
 way your pills it'll cure all ills of pa - gan or Christ - ian, Jew.

give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the real old moun - tain dew.
 home you roll you can take a bowl or a buck - et of moun - tain dew.
 Take off your coat and free your throat with the real old moun - tain dew.

REYNARD THE FOX

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Irish folksong

1. On the first day of Spring in the year nine - ty - three, The
 2. When Rey - nard was start - ed he faced Tul - la - more,
 3. But Rey - nard, sly Rey - nard lay hid there that night, and they
 4. When Rey - nard was start - ed he faced to the hol - low, Where

first re - cre - a - tion was in this coun - te - ry, The King's Coun - ty gen - tle - men o'er
 Ark - low and Wick - low a - long the sea - shore; He kept his brush in view ev - 'ry
 swore they would watch him un - til the day - light; Ear - ly next morn - ing the woods
 none but the hounds and the foot - men could fol - low, The gen - tle - men cried, "Watch him, watch him,

hills, dales and rocks, They rode out so jo - vial - ly in search of a fox.
 yard of the way, and it's straight he took his course through the street of Ros - crea.
 they did re - sound, With the e - cho of horns and the sweet cry of hounds. Tal - ly -
 what shall we do? If the rocks do not stop him he will cross Kil - la - hoe."

ho hark a - way, Tal - ly - ho hark a - way, Tal - ly - ho hark a - way boys a - way.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

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Irish folksong
By John Keegan Casey

Am C Am G F Em Am

1. Oh! then tell me, Sean O' - Far-rell, tell me why you hur - ry so? Hush, a while, just
2. Oh! then tell me, Sean O' - Far-rell, where the gath - er - ing is to be? In the old spot
3. Out from man - y a mud - wall cab - in eyes were watch - ing through the night. Man - y a man - ly
4. There be - side the sing - ing riv - er that dark mass of men were seen. Far a - bove the

C Em G Am G Em

hush and lis - ten, and his cheeks were all a - glow. I bear or - ders from the Cap - tain,
by the riv - er, right well known to you and me. One word more for sig - nal to - ken
breast was throbb - ing for the bles - sed warn - ing light. Mur - murs passed a - long the val - ley,
shin - ing wea - pons hung their own im - mor - tal green. Death to eve - ry foe and trai - tor,

Am C F Em Am C Em G Am

get you read - y quick and soon, for the pikes must be to - geth - er at the ris - ing of the moon!
whis - tle up the march - ing tune, with your pike up - on your shoul - der, by the ris - ing of the moon!
like the ban - shee's lone - ly croon, and a thou - sand blades were flash - ing at the ris - ing of the moon!
for - ward strike the march - ing tune, and, hur - rah, my boys for, free - dom, 'tis the ris - ing of the moon.

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

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Scottish folksong

G C

1. A far croon - in' is pull - in' me a - way As
2. It's by shiel wa - ter the track is to the west, By
3. The blue is - lands are pull - in' me a - way, Their

G D7 G

take I wi' my cro-mack to the road. The far Coo - lins are
Ail - lort and by Mor - ar to the sea. The cool cress - es I am
laugh - ter puts the leap up - on the lame; The blue is - lands from the

C G D7 G

put - tin' love on me As step I with the sun - light for my load. } Sure by
think - in' of for pluck And brack - en for a wink on Moth - er knee. }
Sker - ries to the Lewis, Wi' heath - er hon - ey taste up - on each name. }

C G

Tum - mel and Loch Ran - noch and Loch - a - ber I will go, by heath - er tracks wi' heav - en in their

D7 G C

wiles; If it's think - in' in your in - ner heart the brag - gart's in my step, You've

G D7 G

nev - er smelled the tan - gle o' the Isles. Oh the far Coo - lins are

C G D7 G

put - tin' love on me As step I wi' my cro - mack to the Isles.

A RICH IRISH LADY

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Irish folksong

Am C G Am

1. A rich I - rish la - dy from Ire - land came. A beau - ti - ful
 2. A loft - y young gen - tle - man cour - tin' her came. Cour - tin' this
 3. "I'm a - afraid that my ruin for - ev - er you'll prove. Un - less you turn
 4. So, end all your sor - rows, and drop your dis - course, I nev - er shall
 5. She lay wound - ed by love, and she knew not for why. She sent for this
 6. Oh no, kind sir the right you've guessed. The pain that you

C Am Dm Am C Dm

la - dy called Sa - ro by name. Her rich - es was more than a king could pos -
 la - dy called Sa - ro by name. "O, Sa - ro O, Sa - ro O, Sa - ro!" said
 all of your hat - red to love." "No hat - red, to you nor to no oth - er
 have you un - less I am forced. Six months ap - peared and five years had
 young man whom she had de - nied. And by her bed - side these words they were
 speak of lies here in my breast. Then I am your doc - tor, and am I your

Em Am Dm Am

sess, her beau - ty was more than her wealth at its best.
 he, I'm a - afraid that my ruin for - ev - er you'll be.
 man, but this for to love you, is more than I can.
 passed when I heard of this lad - y's mis - for - tune at last.
 said: There's a pain in your side, love, there's a pain in your head.
 cure? Am I your pro - tec - tor that you sent for me here?"

THE ROCKS OF BAWN

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Irish folksong

E A E

1. Come, all you loy - al he - roes, wher - ev - er
 2. And it's rise up, love - ly Sween - ey, and give your
 3. My curse at - tend you, Sween - ey, for you have me
 4. My shoes thay are well worn out, my stock - ings
 5. I wish the Queen of Eng - land would write to

A E C#m E

that you be, And don't hire with an - y mas - ter 'til you
 horse some hay, And give him a good feed of oats be -
 near - ly robbed, A - sit - tin' by the fire - side with your
 they are thin, And my heart is al - ways trem - bl - ing for
 me in time And place me in some reg - i - ment in

A E A C#m E

know what your work will be. For you must rise up ear - ly
 fore you ride a - way. Don't feed him on soft tur - nips,
 dou - deen in your gob, A - sit - tin' by the fire - side
 fear that they'll let in. And my heart is al - ways trem - bl - ing
 all my youth and prime. I'd fight for Ire - land's glo - ry

A E A B E

from the clear day - light of dawn, And I know that you'll
 put him out on your green lawn, And I know that he'll
 from the clear day - light till dawn; And I know that you'll
 from the clear day - light of dawn, A - afraid I'll
 And I nev - er would

A E A E

nev - er be a - ble to plow the rocks of Bawn.
 nev - er be a - ble to plow the rocks of Bawn.
 nev - er be a - ble to plow the rocks of Bawn.
 re - turn a - gain to plow the rocks of Bawn.

RODDY McCORLEY

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Irish folksong

1. Ho, see the fleet foot hosts of men, who speed with faces wan, from
 2. Up the narrow street he stepped smiling and proud and young, a
 3. When he last stepped up that street his shining pike in hand, be
 4. There is never a one of all your dead more brave-ly fell in fray, then

farm-stead and from fish-er's cot up-on the banks of Bann. They
 bout the hemp-rope on his neck the gold-en ring-lets clung. There's
 hind him marched in grim ar-ray a stal-wart earn-est band! For
 he who march-es to his fate on the Bridge of Toome to-day. True

come with venge-ance in their eyes, too late, too late are they. For
 nev-er a tear in his blue eyes both glad and bright are they. As
 An-trim town for An-trim town he led them to the fray. And } young
 to the last, true to the last, he treads the up-ward way. And }

Rod - dy M' - Cor - ley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day.

RORY O'MOORE

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Words and Music by
Samuel Lover

1. Young Ror - y O' - Moore court - ed Kath - a - leen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she
 2. "In - deed then," says Kath - leen, "don't think of the like, for I half gave a prom - ise to
 3. "Ar-rah Kath - leen, my dar - ling you've teaz'd me e - nough, And I've thrash'd for your sake Din - ny

soft as the dawn. He wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath - leen to please and he
 sooth - er - ing Mike. The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound." "Faith," says
 Grimes and Jim Duff. And I've made my - self drink - ing your health quite a baste, So I

tho't the best way to do that was to tease. "Now Ror - y, be ais - y," sweet
 Ror - y, "I'd rath - er love you than the ground." "Now Ror - y, I'll cry if you
 think af - ter that I may talk to the Priest." Then Ror - y the rogue stole his

Kath - leen would cry, Re - proof on her lip but a smile in her eye. "With your
 don't let me go, Sure I dream ev - 'ry night that I'm hat - ing you so!" "Oh," says
 arm 'round her neck, So soft and so white with - out freck - le or speck. And he

tricks I don't know in troth what I'm a - bout, Faith you've teaz'd till I've put on my
 Ror - y, "that same I'm de - light - ed to hear, For dhrames al - ways go by con -
 look'd in her eyes that were beam - ing with light, And he kiss'd her sweet lips, don't you

A7 D G

cloak in - side out." "O Jew - el," says Ror - y, "that same is the way You've
 thair - ries my dear. O Jew - el, keep dream - ing that same till you die, And bright
 think he was right? "Now Ror - y, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more, That's

D E7 A D

thrat - ed my heart for this man - y a day. And 'tis pleaz'd that I am and why
 morn - ing will give dirt - y night the black lie. And 'tis pleaz'd that I am and why
 eight times to - day that you've kiss'd me be - fore." "Then — here goes an - oth - er," says

G D A7 D

not to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ror - y O' - Moore.
 not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Ror - y O' - Moore.
 he, "to make sure, For there's luck in odd num - bers," says Ror - y O' - Moore.

ROSIN THE BEAU

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Irish folksong

D

1. I've trav - elled all o - ver this world, — And now to an - oth - er I
 2. When I'm dead and laid out on the coun - ter, A voice you will hear from be -
 3. Then get a half doz - en stout fel - lows, And stack them all up in a
 4. Then get this half doz - en stout fel - lows, And let them all stag - ger and
 5. Then get ye a cou - ple of bot - tles, Put one at me head and me
 6. I've on - ly this one con - so - la - tion, As out of this world — I

Bm D

go, _____ And I know that good quar - ters are wait - ing To
 low, _____ Say - ing, "Send down a hogs - head of whis - key To
 row, _____ Let them drink out of half gal - lon bot - tles To the
 go, _____ And — dig a great hole in the mead - ow And
 toe, _____ With — a dia - mond ring scratch up - on them The
 go, _____ I — know that the next gen - er - a - tion Will re -

A7 D

wel - come old Ros - in the Beau, _____ To wel - come old Ros - in the
 drink with old Ros - in the Beau, _____ To drink with old Ros - in the
 mem - 'ry of Ros - in the Beau, _____ To the mem - 'ry of Ros - in the
 in it put Ros - in the Beau, _____ And in it put Ros - in the
 name of old Ros - in the Beau, _____ The name of old Ros - in the
 sem - ble old Ros - in the Beau, _____ Will re - sem - ble old Ros - in the

G D Bm D

Beau, _____ To wel - come old Ros - in the Beau, _____ And I know that good
 Beau, _____ To drink with old Ros - in the Beau, _____ Say - ing, "Send down a
 Beau, _____ To the mem - 'ry of Ros - in the Beau, _____ Let them drink out of
 Beau, _____ And in it put Ros - in the Beau, _____ And — dig a great
 Beau, _____ The name of old Ros - in the Beau, _____ With — a dia - mond
 Beau, _____ Will re - sem - ble old Ros - in the Beau, _____ I — know that the

A7 D

quar - ters are wait - ing To wel - come old Ros - in the Beau, _____
 hogs - head of whis - key To drink with old Ros - in the Beau, _____
 half gal - lon bot - tles To the mem - 'ry of Ros - in the Beau, _____
 hole in the mead - ow And in it put Ros - in the Beau, _____
 ring scratch up - on them The name of old Ros - in the Beau, _____
 next gen - er - a - tion Will re - sem - ble old Ros - in the Beau, _____

THE ROSE OF ALLENDALE

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Irish folksong

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No breath came o'er the
 2. Wher - e'er I wan - dered, east or west, Though fate be - gan to
 3. And when my fe - vered lips were parched On Af - ric's burn - ing

sea When Mar - y left her high - land home And
 lour, A sol - ace still she was to me In
 sands, She whis - pered hopes of hap - pi - ness And

wan - dered forth with me. Though flow - ers deck'd the
 sor - row's lone - ly hour. When tem - pests lashed our
 tales of dis - tant lands. My life has been a

moun - tain - side And fra - grance fill'd the vale, By
 lone - ly barque And rent her shiv - 'ring sail, One
 wil - der - ness Un - blest by for - tune's gale, Had

far the sweet - est flow - er there Was the Rose of Al - len -
 maid - en form with - stood the storm: 'Twas the Rose of Al - len -
 fate not linked my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - len -

dale, } Was the Rose of Al - len - dale, Was the
 dale, }
 dale. }

Rose of Al - len - dale. By far the sweet - est
 flow - er there Was the Rose of Al - len - dale.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE

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Words by C. Mordaunt Spencer
Music by Charles W. Glover

1. The pale moon was ris - ing a - bove the green moun - tain, the sun was de - clin - ing be -
 2. The cool shades of eve - ning their man - tle were spread - ing, and Mar - y all smil - ing was

neath the blue sea, when I stray'd with my love to the pure crys - tal foun - tain that
 list - ning to me. The moon thro' the val - ley, her pale rays was shed - ding, when

D7 G C G Em B Em

stands in the beau - ti - ful vale of Tra - lee. She was love - ly and fair as the
 I won the heart of The Rose Of Tra - lee. Though - love - ly and fair as the

F#7 B7 Em Am Em B7 Em D7 G

rose of the sum - mer, yet 'twas not her beau - ty a - lone that won me. Oh, no! 'Twas the
 rose of the sum - mer, yet 'twas not her beau - ty a - lone that won me. Oh, no! 'Twas the

C G D7 G D7 G

truth in her eye ev - er dawn - ing, that made me love Mar - y, The Rose Of Tra - lee.
 truth in her eye ev - er dawn - ing, that made me love Mar - y, The Rose Of Tra - lee.

THE SAILOR'S HORNPIPE

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Irish folksong

G D G C D

G D G C 1 G 2 G

C D G C D

G D 3 3 G D 1 G 2 G

SCOTS WHA HAE

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Scottish folksong
 Words by Robert Burns

G C D7 G

1. Scots wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has of - ten led, Wel - come to your
 2. Wha will be a trai - tor knave? Wha can fill a cow - ard's grave? Wha sae base as
 3. By op - pres - sion's woes and pains, By your sons in ser - vile chains, We will drain our

Em C D G

gor - y bed Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day and now's the hour,
 be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scot - land's king and law,
 dear - est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u - surp - ers low!

D G Em C D

See the front o' bat - tle lour; See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's pow'r, Chains and slav - er - y.
 Free - dom's sword will strong - ly draw, Free - man stand or free - man fa', Let him fol - low me!
 Ty - rants fall in ev - 'ry foe! Lib - er - ty's in ev - 'ry blow! Let us do or die!

SEA-BIRD TO HER CHICKS

(‘S è mo nighean a ni ceol)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D G D G D
 I - teag-an I - teag-an ubh - uin I - teag-an I - teag-an eòin I - teag-an I - teag-an
 A D Bm7 D Bm7 A
 ubh - uin 'Sè mo nigh - ean a ni ceòl Dall Dall der - i - rum o
 D Bm7 A G D A
 Dall der - i - rum o ro Dall dall der - i - rum o 'Sè mo nigh - ean
 D G D
 a ni ceòl I - teag - an I - teag - an ubh - uin!

SEA-SOUNDS

(Gair na Mara)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Em Bm
 Iur - aibh o hi Iur - aibh o ho
 Em
 1. For the Isles my heart is wea - ry ho ro
 2. Dear lov'd is - land sounds I'm hear - ing, ho ro
 3. Sound of drag - ging ca - bles o'er shin - gles o ho } Ho
 4.-8. (See additional lyrics)
 1. Chi mi'n t - ait' 's an robh mi'n uir idh ho ro
 2. Chual - a mi fuaim nan tuinn e ho ro
 3. Fuaim nam ball ri'n cuid phul ag, o ho } Ho
 4.-8. (See additional lyrics)
 G Am Em
 i ho rionn ei - le
 Additional Lyrics

4. Would I might see Iuraibh o ho
 Sound of seamen's voices ringing
 Ho ro ho rionn eile

5. Iuraibh o hi Iuraibh o ho
 Sound of oars that rend the waves, ho ro
 Ho i ho rionn eile

6. Iuraibh o hi Iuraibh o ho
 Sound of sand drift 'mong the muran, ho ro
 Ho i ho rionn eile

7. Iuraibh o hi Iuraibh o ho
 From the isles of muran a curach o ho
 Ho i ho rionn eile

8. Would I might hear Iuraibh o ho
 Boat of currach from the isles rowing
 Ho ro ho rionn eile

4. Iuraibh o hi Iuraibh o ho
 Fuaim nan Gall ri'n cuid luingis
 Ho ro ho rionn eile

5. Iuraibh o hi Iuraibh o ho
 Fuaim nan ramh a'reubadh tuinne o ro
 Ho i ho rionn eile

6. Iuraibh o hi Iuraibh o ho
 Fuaim an tsiabain ris a' mhurán, ho ro
 Ho i ho rionn eile

7. Iuraibh o hi Iuraibh o ho
 Cha'n fhaic mi bata no curach, o ho
 Ho i ho rionn eile

8. Iuraibh o hi Iuraibh o ho
 A' tilleadh o thir nan tuinne
 Ho ro ho rionn eile

SEA MOODS (Bruadar Mara)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D7

1. On rise o' wave or on steep o' hill, may thy hand
 2. On back of wave or on slope o' brae, be thou our
 (3.) Air rise of wave or on steep o' brae, be thou our
Air cul nan tonn no air thaobh nam beann, Bi thu - sa

To Coda

sain and save us still.
 help - er and guide,
 help - er and guide,
leinn's bi do lamh fo'r ceann.

2

we pray.
fo'r ceann

Be our guide we pray.
'S bi do lamh fo'r ceann,

Bm A6 D G Bm

1. Skies to west - ward. Ho ee o heu - o. Shine like sea tan - gle.
 2. All I long for. Ho ee o heu - o. Through the blue sea deeps.
 3. Joy of seek - ing. Ho ee o heu - o. Joy of ne'er find - ing.
*1. Soills' an fhea - mann, Ho i o hao - o Shuas 's na neoil ghea - la
 2. Rish! ma's luath i, Ho i o hao - o Long's i air fuar - adh,
 3. Aoibh mo thal - aidh Ho i o hao - o Aoibh bhios 'gam fhag - ail*

A6 D A6 D A6 Bm D

Ho ee o hoo - o. Breed - ja's in laugh - ter rare. Fal you o ho ho. Ho ee o
 Ho ee o hoo - o. Out sails my long - ing far. Fal you o ho ho. Ho ee o
 Ho ee o hoo - o. Breed - ja's in laugh - ter rare. Fal you o ho ho. Ho ee o
*Ho i o hu - o 'S Brigh de 'na h-ait - eas gaoil Fa - liu o ho ho Ho i o
 Ho i o hu - o Gur luath'am brua dor gaoil Fa - liu o ho ho Ho i o
 Ho i o hu - o 'S Brigh - de 'na gair - e gaoil Fa - liu o ho ho Ho i o*

1.2 || 3

heu - o.
 heu - o.
 hoo - o.
 hao - o.
 hao - o.
 hu - o.

D.S. al Coda

3. On

Air

CODA

D7

we pray. Be our guide
fo'r ceann 'S bi do lamh

we pray. Be our guide
fo'r ceann 'S bi do lamh

THE SEA-QUEST

(Am Bròn Binn)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Am D Am D Am

In his sleep the King of Bri-tain,
Chun-naic Rìgh Bhreat-ainn' na shu-ain, Io-lair o-bhan o-ro-i A' bhean a b'ail-le snuadh fo'n ghrein, —

D G Am G D Am D

Io-lair-an is o-ro-i. That he fain would be in her grace,
Gu'm b'fhearr leis — tuit-eam 'na gean, Io-lair o-bhan o-ro-i

Am G Am D G Am D7 G

Fain-er than have speech with court-i-ers,
Na comh-radh fhear mar e fhein Io-lair-an is o-ro-i. Cried — Fios-fa-laich with zeal —
Lab-hair Fios-fa-laich gu fial: —

Am D7 G Am G Am

I for thee seek-ing her go My-self, my gil-lie and my hound.
"Theid mi fhein 'ga h-iarraidh dhuit." Hu-gaibh i — Hu-gaibh ei-le! Mi-fhein, mo ghill-e is mo chu.

D Am D Am G Am

For seven weeks and two months long-er,
Fad sheachd seachd-an-an is da mhios, Io-lair o-bhan o-ro-i, Far sea-wan-der'd Fi-os-fa-laich,
Bha sinn sgith ri siubh-al cu-ain,

D G Am G D

Io-lair-an is o-ro-i, — When sea-cir-cled, nigh o-cean's edge,
Faic-ear an io-mall a' chu-ain ghairbh,

Am D Am D G Am

Io-lair o-bhan o-ro-i Rose, green-set a smooth white clach-an
Cla-chan meadh-a min-ghéal gorm Io-lair-an is o-ro-i

D7 G Am D7 Am G Am

As sailed he close to its base, swung-down a great-black chain. —
An àm dhomh seol-adh ri bhun, Thain-ig slabh-ruidh dhubh-an nuas — Hu-gaibh i — Hu-gaibh ei-le'

G Am G Am G Am

Nei-ther fear nor dread had he, Swift the sea-quest climb dared he,
Cha do ghabh mi sgaom-no fiamh, Hu-gaibh i — Hu-gaibh ei-le! Rinn mi an dìon-ruith a suas

G Am G Am G Am

Fair young maid-en spied he, white coifed, slum-b'ring on-couch-of gold.
Faic-ear ain-nir bhreidg-heal òg, — Ann an uir-igh oir fo phramh Hu-gaibh i — Hu-gaibh ei-le,

G Am G Am G Am

Whit-er than the snow-drift she, Blue her eyes, like blos-soms white her
Bu ghile-na'n cabh-adh a cneas Hu-gaibh i — Hu-gaibh ei-le. Gorm a rosg'sa deud-mar —

Am D7 G Am G Am

teeth. — A blood-drop on the wing of the o-cean, Beau-ty as each might de-sire, —
bhlath — Boin-ne fo-la air sgeith a' chuain A snu-adh a' frea-gairt gach deoin —

G Am G Am G Am
 Hu-gaibh i _____ Hu-gaibh ei - le _____
 Bare - ly her foot - fall brush'd the dew, _____
 Cha ghluais - eadh a cas an druchd _____ Hu-gaibh i _____ Hu-gaibh ei - le.

G Am G Am G
 Nor did she e'en the birds a - wake. _____
 'S cha mhò a dhuis - gearh i na h-eoin. _____
 Harp in hand the fair fresh maid - en, Sweet - ly played there -
 Cruit an laimh na Fin - ne gheal ur, Bùbhriagh a shein - neadh i a'

Am Am G³ Am D
 on. _____
 chlar. _____
 Thy harp sor - row wound - eth me sore,
 Do Bhron Binn - 'gam chur gu leòn Io - lair obh - am

Am D Am D G Am
 o - ro - i _____
 'S cha b'e choir thu bhi fo bheud Io - lair - an is o - ro - i _____
 Not for thee is meet such sor - row.

G Am G³ Am G Am
 Man, a - risen from out the sea _____
 Fhir a thain - ig oirn o'n chu - an _____
 Woe to a greet - ing one here!
 'S tru - agh fear beann - ach - aith - an so. Hugaibh - i _____ Hugaibh ei - le

G Am G Am
 Fear thou the man who rul - eth here,
 Aig fear na cath rach so fein Hu-gaibh - i _____ Hu-gaibh ei - le
 Of sea quest nor he - ro deeds reck's he."
 Nach d'fhi - dir ri - amh treun no truas"

G Am D Am D Am
 "By thy fair face, gen - tle dame, Like to me his love or hate, That for which I cross'd the o - cean,
 "Air do ghuis ghil a bhean mhald 'S coing - eis leam a ghradh no fhuath, An t-aobh - ar mun tai - nig mi steach

D G Am D7 G Am G Am
 That will I do ere I go. Put they Fios - fal - aich in hid - ing, As came the Fer - ra - mohr home,
 Ni mi e mu'n teid mi mach" Chuir iad Fios - fal - aich an cleith Thaimig a steach am Fear Mor

G Am G Am
 Hu-gaibh i _____ Hu-gaibh ei - le _____
 Harp - ing, the Big man she be - guiled, _____
 Cuir - idh sinn cealg - mu'n Fhear Mhor _____

G Am G Am G Am
 Fell he in - to an ev - er deep sleep, _____ Tired and sea - tossed he
 Thuit e - san 'na shior - throm su - ain An deis bhi cuart - ach - adh cuain ghairbh Hu - gaibh i, _____ Hu - gaibh ei - le,

G Am G Am G Am
 From his belt the sword took she,
 Thug i'n claidh - eamh nios o chrios, Hu-gaibh - i _____ Hu-gaibh ei - le
 Left him dead, naught know - ing he!
 'S dh'fhag i e gun fhios da marbh!

G Am D Am D Am
 Here have ye the end of my tale,
 Sin a - gaibh deireadh mo sgeoil, Io - lar obh - an o - ro - i _____ As was sung to
 Mar a shein - neadh

D G Am G Am G
 me Brón Binn.
 am Brón Binn. Io - lar - an is o - ro - i _____ Hu-gaibh - i, _____ Hu-gaibh ei - le. _____

SEA SORROW

(Am Bron Mara)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

To Coda ⊕

Mouth of glad - ness! mu - sic's laugh - ter Sad that I am not be - side — thee. }
 shelf of shore what place so ere the tide has left — thee. } Hu io ho
*Beul a' mhir - e 's a' cheol - gàir - e! 'S truaigh nach mis - e bha ceart lamh - riut. }
 iom - all trash - ad, Ge b'e ait am fàs an làn - thu }*

hug o { On ridge of o - cean, Side by side, my love, dear heart — Side by side nor
 An druim a' chuain no'n Taobh ri taobh a ghàoil mar b' àbh - aist Taobh ri taobh gun

thought to part — Ev - er qui - et to sleep a - fall - ing, Croon of waves, O love, our tal - a.* }
diùil ri t'fhag - ail Sior dhol suain - 's ar mà - ran sàmh - ach, Gair nan stuadh a luaidh 'gar tal - adh. }

D.C. al Coda
(use 1st verse)

Hu io ho hug o { Ah! my wound! he hears no more, — Wave-drown'd is my cry of woe. —
 Och mo leòn cha chluinn mo ghradh - mi Bath - adh stuadh air m'os - na chrait - ich.

CODA

hug o { Hear'st not my cry now? —
 Nach cluinn thu ghraidh mi? —

Bantrachas-cuain

Gura mis' tha fo mhulad
 'S mi air tulaich na h-àiridh;

Mi bhi faicinn nan rillean
 Anns an linne 'gam bathadh;

Ged is oil leam gach aon diubh,
 Fear mo ghaòil gur e chraidh mi.

'Se mo cheist do chul dualach
 'Ga shior-luadh air bharr sàile;

'S tu 'nad shineadh 'san tìurra.
 Far 'na bhrùchd a' mhuir-làn thu.

Rìgh! nach robh thu 'nad chadal
 Ann an Clachan na Tràghad;

Ann an Eaglais na Trianaid,
 Far an lionmhor do chàirdean;

Gu 'm biodh deoir mo dha shùla
 Mar an drùchd glasadh t'fhàile.

Faic, a Dhia, mar tha mise—
 Bean gun mhisneach gu bràth mi;

Bean gun mhac gun fhear-tighe,
 Bean gun aighear gun slainte;

Ged bu shunndach an Nollaig
 'S dubh dorrnach Caisg dhomh.

THE SEAGULL OF THE LAND-UNDER-WAVES

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Folksong from the Hebrides

C Am C Am

1. Snow - white sea - gull, say o - hi - mé sea - gull, -
 2. Ho - rin yail - y - o o - ee - vo oo - e - ree -
 3. Back to back they lie, life - less lie, breath - nor -
Ho rionn ei - le o o hibh o o - i - ri -

C

say Where, Ah! where - thou'st left them, white
 vo o - a - hee - ho - rin yail - y o -
 sigh from their cold lips com - ing, sea
bho o - a - hi ho rionn ei - le o

Am C Am C

sea - gull, say Where our fair young lads - are rest - ing.
 ho - ee - o - ho Grief and with - in my heart - is nest - ing.
 wrack - their shroud and their harps the sea's - sad croon - ing.
ho - i - o - ho { 1. Fhaoil - eig bhig is fhaoil - eig mhar - a.
 2. Fhaoil - eig a' chuain na - ceil t'éal - aidh.
 3. C'ait an d'fhàg thu na - fir gheal - a? }

THE SEAL-WOMAN'S CROON (An Cadal trom)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D7 Bm

Bheir mi hiù - ra bho nail - e bho Bheir mi hiù -

A7 D7 G

ra bho ho ro i Bheir mi hiu - ra bho nail - e

D D7 Fine

bho An cad - al trom 'san deach - aidh mi.

Bm

1. Tha mo chlu - as - ag an cras - gail dhonn Anns an lonn -
 2. Tha mo ghru - ag - ach - sa fa - da thall Air na dàimh -
 3. Bidh mi mair - each a' snamh nan tonn Thar an lonn -

D7 A7 D7 G D

ar - as gheal o hi Tha mo dhuan - ag an gair - ich thonn
 sgeir - e gheal o hi Fàth mo ghruam - ain gu 'n d'rinn mi chall
 ar - as gheal o hi Ni mi àbh - achd le gràdh - an donn

D7 1,2 3 D.C. al Fine

'Se'n cad - al trom a dheal - aich sinn.
 'Se'n cad - al trom a dheal - aich sinn.
 An cad - al trom cha dheal - aich sinn.

THE SENTRY BOX

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Irish folksong

A **E**

1. Sing ho, for the swords and trig gers! Sing ho, for the Sen try
 2. At first the Sikh he shook us, Sure he's the one to
 3. When Na-na's wick ed war rant hurled wo-men and babes o'er the
 4. My sons, I've sung my sto ry all of the Sen try

D **A** **E** **A**

Box! I left the pra tee dig gers, when six foot in my
 box. When at ad van tage he took us, the cute old Kam sah
 rocks with Nic hol son, Neill and Law rence, we gave the Sey poys
 Box; now take your turn of glo ry, you fine young fight ing

D

socks. O yes! I took the shil lin', then un der Gough, right
 fox. But Pad dy Gough cried, "Fol low!" At blood y Chil lian
 shocks For and made all A sia won der while we rolled the re bels
 cocks. For the grand old spir its in ye, and the grand old bone and

A **E** **A/D**

will in', I faced the Sikh, the vill 'in, a mong his stones and
 wal lah and with our "Faugh" a bal lagh!" We rushed him from his
 un der, and their cit ies be neath our thun der went crash ing like emp ty
 sin ew and the vic to ry sure they'll win ye, with the same old skel pin'

A **D**

stocks. }
 rocks. } 1-3. With Ire land, boys, to breed us and an I rish man to
 crocks. }
 knocks! } 4. With Ire land, boys, to breed you and Wolseley and Bobs to

A **E** **D** **A**

lead us, wher ev er the Queen may need us, sing ho, for the Sen try Box!
 lead you, wher ev er the Queen may need you, sing ho, for the Sen try Box!

THE SEVEN IRISHMEN

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Irish folksong

A **D**

1. All you that love the sham rock green, at tend, both young and
 2. On the fourteenth day of A pril our no ble ship did
 3. Some of them Had friends to meet as soon as they did
 4. He Sev en of those young I rish men were walk ing through George 's
 5. They took them to an ale house, he called for drinks ga
 6. They looked at one an oth er, these words they then did

7-9. (See additional lyrics)

A **E** **A**

old. I feel it is my du ty those lines for you to un
 sail With fif ty five young I rish men, true sons of Gran nu
 land; With flow ing bump ers drank a health to poor old Pad dy's
 street When a Yan kee of fi cer they hap pened for to
 lore. I'm sure such en ter tain ment they nev er had be
 say: "It's not to list that we did come in to A mer i

E A E A

fold aille. They meet. fore. cay,
 Con - cern - ing those young em - i - grants who³ late - ly sailed a -
 They land - ed safe - ly in New York on the nine - tenth day of
 He Those who had no friends to meet, their hearts were stout and
 fore. prom - ised them em - ploy - ment in a brick - yard near the
 cay, When he thought he had them drunk, these words to them did
 But to la - bor for our live - li - hood as we of - ten did be -

E A F#m A D A

way May bold, town. say: fore,
 To seek a bet - ter live - li - hood all in A - mer - i - cay.
 To see their friends and rel - a - tives all in A - mer - i - cay.
 And by the curs - ed Yan - kees they would not be con - trolled.
 There he did con - duct them; their names were tak - en down.
 say: "You are 'list - ed now as a sol - dier to de - fend A - mer - i - cay."
 fore, And we late - ly em - i - grat - ed from the love - ly Sham - rock shore."

Additional Lyrics

7. Twelve Yankees dressed as soldiers came in without delay.
 They said, "My lads, you must prepare with us to come away.
 You signed with one of our officers, so you cannot now refuse,
 So prepare, my lads, to join our ranks, for you must pay your dues."
8. The Irish blood began to rise, one of those heroes said,
 "We have one only life to lose, therefore we're not afraid.
 Although we are from Ireland, this day we'll let you see,
 We'll die like Sons of Grannuille and keep our liberty."
9. The Irish boys got to their feet, it made the Yankees frown.
 As fast as they could strike a blow, they knocked the soldiers down.
 With bloody heads and broken bones, they left them in crimson gore,
 And proved themselves St. Patrick's Day throughout Columbus' shore.

SHE MOVED THROUGH THE FAIR

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Irish folksong
 Words by Padraic Colum

C D C D

1. My young love said to me, "My moth - er won't mind, And my
 2. As she stepped a - way from me and she moved through the fair, And
 3. The peo - ple were say - ing, "No two ev - er wed But
 4. Last night she came to me, my dead love came in; So

Am Bm C D

fa - ther won't slight you for your lack of kind. And she
 fond - ly I watched her move here and move there, And
 one had a sor - row that nev - er was said." And
 soft - ly she came that her feet made no din. And

Am Bm C D

stepped a - way from me and this she did say: "It
 then she turned home - ward with one star a - wake, Like the
 I smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear, And
 she laid her hand on me and this she did say: "It

C D C D

will not be long, love, till our wed - ding day."
 swan in the eve - ning moves o - ver the lake.
 that was the last that I saw of my dear.
 will not be long, love, till our wed - ding day."

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT

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Irish folksong

D Em Bm D G D A D Em

1. O! the French are on the sea, — says the Shan Van Vocht. O! the French are on the
 2. And where will they have their camp? — says the Shan Van Vocht. Where — will they have their
 3. And what col - or will they wear? — says the Shan Van Vocht. What — col - or will they
 4. And will Ire - land then be free? — says the Shan Van Vocht. Will — Ire - land then be

Bm D G D F#m G

sea, — says the Shan Van Vocht. O! the French are in the Bay, — they'll be
 camp? — says the Shan Van Vocht. On the Cur - ragh of Kil - dare — the —
 wear? — says the Shan Van Vocht. What — col - or should be seen — where our
 free? — says the Shan Van Vocht. Yes! — Ire - land shall be free — from the

D E A D Em Bm D G D

here with - out de - lay, and the O - range will de - cay, — says the Shan Van Vocht.
 boys they will be there with their pikes in good re - pair, — says the Shan Van Vocht.
 fa - thers' homes have been but their own im - mor - tal green? — says the Shan Van Vocht.
 cen - ter to the sea; then hur - rah for lib - er - ty! — says the Shan Van Vocht.

THE SHIP AT SEA (Cuan ag eirigh)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Em Bm Em C Em D

O — daonn - an daonn - an daonn - an Hug o ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh

Em G Em D G Em

Far I hear the gal - lop - ing
 Far the sound of leap - ing
 Hurl they ruth - less 'gainst our
B'fhad - a chluinn - teadh - fuaim na
B'fhad - a chluinn - teadh fuaim a
Sruth is gaóth is lúth an

To Coda ⊕

G

1 Em D 2 Em D D.C. al Coda (take repeats)

gal - ley Sound - ing thro' the sea of Er - in
 bir - linn bound - ing o'er the the seeth - ing bil - lows.
 gal - ley wind and tide and
dar - aich 'S i 'na deann - aibh 's a' chuan Eir - eann
boc - ail 'S á mhair g'huc - ag aich ág eir - ígh.
aig - ein a sior - bhrag - ail

CODA

Em D G Em G

o - cean fu - ry At the helm the rare Mac - Leod The bel - low - ing wave to
 air an eud - ail Thug mi'n stiuir an laimh an Leòd - aich Gur — e cheòl - san

Em D Em Bm Em C

him sweet mu - sic. } O — daonn - an daonn - an daonn - an Hug o ro ghaoil
 bàir - linn bheum - ach. }

Em

1 D 2 D G

cuan ag eir - igh. eir - igh.

THE SHORES OF AMERIKAY

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Irish folksong

C Am G7 C

1. I'm bid - ding fare - well to the land of my youth and the home I love so well, And the
 2. It's not for the want of em - ploy - ment I'm go - ing, it's not for the love of fame, that
 3. And when I'm bid - ding my last fare - well, the tears like rain will blind, to

G7 F C Dm G7

moun - tains so grand in my own na - tive land I am bid - ding them all fare - well, With an
 for tune bright may shine o - ver me, and give me a glo - ri - ous name. It's
 think of my friends in my own na - tive land and the home I'm leav - ing be - hind. But if

F C Dm G7

ach - in' heart I'll bid them a - dieu, for to - mor - row I'll sail far a - way, O'er the
 not for the want of em - ploy - ment I'm go - ing, O'er the wea - ry and storm - y sea, but to
 I'm to die in a for - eign land, and be bur - ied so far a - way, no fond

C Am G7 C

rag - ing foam for to seek a home on the shores of A - me - ri - kay.
 seek a home for my own true love, on the shores of A - me - ri - kay.
 moth - er's tears will be shed o'er my grave, on the shores of A - me - ri - kay.

SHULE AGRA

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Irish folksong

Am G Am Em C Am Dm G

1. His hair was black, his eyes was blue, His arm was stout, his word was true. I
 2. I sold my rock, I sold my reel, When my flax was spun I sold my wheel To
 3. I wish the King would re - turn to reign And, bring my true love back a - gain. I
 4. I'll dye my pet - ti - coat, I'll dye it red, And 'round the world I'll beg my bread Till I

C Am C F C F E Am Dm Em Am

wish in my heart I was with you,
 buy my love a sword of steel
 wish and wish, but I wish in vain,
 find my love, a - live or dead, } Go thee thu, ma - vour - neen - slaun!

G Am Em C Am Dm G

Shule, shule, shule a - gra! On - ly death can ease my woe Since the

C Am C F C F E Am Dm Em Am

lad of my heart from me did go, Go thee thu, ma - vour - neen - slaun!

SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY

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Irish folksong
Traditional Scottish Melody
("Wha'll Be King but Charlie?")

Em G D

1. I'm Pad - dy whack - from Bal - ly - na - hack, not long a - go — turned sol - dier. In
 2. The lots of girls — my train un - furls — would make a de - cent par - ty. There's
 3. The roar - ing boys, — they made a noise — and whacked my like — the div - il, and
 4. My arms are bright, — my heart is light, — good hu - mor seems — to warm me. I'm

G D G Em

grand at - tack, in storm or sack, none than will I — be bold - er. Wid
 Ka - ty Lynch, a ti - dy wench, and Peg and Sue — Mc - Car - ty. There's
 now be - come, be - fore me dumb, or else they're might - y civ - il. There's
 now be - come, wid ev - 'ry chum, a fa - v'rite in — the ar - my. If

G D

spir - its gay — I march a - way, — I please each fair — be - hold - er. The
 Sal - ly Maggs — and Ju - dy Braggs — and Mar - tha Scraggs, — all storm me. And
 Mur - phy Rourke, — that of - ten broke — my head, now dares - n't dare me, but
 I go on — as I've be - gun, — my com - rades all — in - form me, they

G D G Em

la - dies cry as me they spy, "Och! What a love - ly sol - dier!" In
 Mol - ly Mag - ee, she's af - ter me since I've been in — the ar - my. The
 bows and scrapes, and off he sneaks, since I've been in — the ar - my. An'
 plain - ly see that I shall be a Gin - 'ral in — the ar - my. De -

B7 Em

Lon - don der - ry or Lon - don mer - ry, ye la - dies all — I'll charm — ye, — an'
 Kit - tys and Dol - lys, the Brid - gets and Pol - lys, in num - bers would — a - larm — ye. E - ven
 if one ne - glect to pay me re - spect, an' oth - er tips — the blar - ney — wid,
 light - ful no - tion, to get pro - mo - tion! Ye la - dies thin — I'll charm — ye; for it's

G Em

down ye'll come whin I bate the drum to see me in — the ar - my.)
 Mrs. — White that's lost — her sight ad - mires me in — the ar - my.)
 "Whist, my friend, an' don't — of - fend a gin - tle - man in the ar - my.) Wid my
 my be - lief, Com - man - der - in - Chief, I soon shall be in the ar - my.)

B7 Em

dub a dub dub dub, row dow dow dow, I live, — dear girls, — to charm — ye. — An'

G Em

down ye'll come whin I bate the drum to see me in — the ar - my.

SILKIE

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Scottish folksong

1. The silk - ie be a crea - ture strange; he ris - es
 2. When he be man, he takes a wife; when he be
 3. His love they will - ing - ly ac - cept, but af - ter
 4. A maid - en from the Ork - ney Isles, a tar - get
 5. And so, while Silk - ie kissed the lass, she rubbed his

from the sea to change in - to a man, a weird one
 beast, he takes her life. La - dies, be - ware of him who
 they have loved and slept, who is the mon - ster that they
 for his charm, his smiles, ea - ger for love, no fool was
 neck with Ork - ney grass. This had the mag - ic pow'r, you

he, whose home it is in Skule Sker - rie.
 be a silk - ie come from Skule Sker - rie.
 see? 'Tis "Silk - ie" come from Skule Sker - rie.
 she; she knew the se - cret of Skule Sker - rie.
 see, to slay the beast from Skule Sker - rie.

SINCE JAMES PUT ON HIGH COLLARS

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Words and Music by Joseph P. Skelly

1. I've a son call'd James Fitz - pat - rick, brought up like a de - cent
 2. At ___ night when all his work is done, he fix - es him - self with
 3. He ___ goes to pic - nics and to balls, and danc - es the waltz - qua -

man. ___ But late - ly he ___ goes sport - in' 'round, with Raf - fer - ty's big son
 care. ___ The high - toned col - lar goes 'round his neck, and lav - en - der gloves he'll
 drille. ___ It takes his wag - es ev - 'ry week, to set - tle his tai - lor's

Dan. ___ He wears high col - lars and dan - dy dress, he drives a wag - on for
 wear. ___ He buys French pools and he drinks cham - pagne, I talk ___ to him but it's
 bill. ___ With styl - ish la - dies he loves to go, and wants to put up for a

"Dodd's Ex - press," but the house and home is in great dis - tress, since James put on high
 all in vain, I ___ hear the neigh - bors all 'round ex - claim, "Look at James with his big high
 first class beau, Oh! I'm half dis - tract - ed with care and woe, since James put on high

col - lars. ___ } He's out all night in his dan - dy clothes, he's al - ways ask - in' for
 col - lars. ___ }
 col - lars. ___ }

dol - lars, ___ I'm half dis - tract - ed with care and woe, since James put on high col - lars. ___

SINCE MAGGIE WENT AWAY

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Irish folksong

1. No more I stroll, no more I stroll, a long the bo - reen, I
 2. The sweet wild rose, the sweet wild rose, that loved to see us there, and
 3. The gen - tle flow - ers, the gen - tle flow - ers, their hap - py charm is fled, and
 4. The heat - less sun, the heat - less sun, with splen - dor gilds the skies, and
 5. Then wel - come grief, then wel - come grief, man's warm, true heart - ed friend, for

see the scar - let pop - pies play a - mid the corn green, no
 seem'd to bid us hope, now droops, and tells me to des - pair; the
 now they seem like blos - soms strewn, a - bove the si - lent dead. They're
 mocks with smil - ing beams a heart that now can on - ly sigh; shine
 though all things be false, thou still art, faith - ful to the end; and

more be - neath the hedge I watch the but - ter - flies at play, for
 lin - net sings his song un - heard, perched on a leaf - y spray, ah
 sym - bols now of sor - row deep, and life's swift, sure de - cay, ah
 on, bright sun, shine on, while I could curse thy proud dis - play, for
 now I walk a - lone with thee, till life turns in - to clay, for

heart is filled with woe with woe, since Mag - gie went a - way.

SKIBBEREEN

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Irish folksong

1. Oh, fa - ther dear, I oft - times hear you speak of Er - in's
 2. Oh, son, I loved my na - tive land with en - er - gy and
 3. Oh, well I do re - mem - ber that bleak De - cem - ber
 4. Your moth - er too, God rest her soul, fell on the ston - y
 5. And you were on - ly two years old and fee - ble was your
 6. Oh, fa - ther dear, the day will come when, in an - swer to the

Isle. Her loft - y scene and val - leys green, her moun - tains rude and
 pride, Un - til a blight came on the land, and sheep and cat - tle
 day. The land - lord and the sher - iff came to take us all a -
 ground. She faint - ed in her an - guish, see - ing des - o - la - tion
 frame; I could not leave you with my friends, for you bore your fa - ther's
 call, All I - rish men of free - dom stern will ral - ly one and

wild. They say she is a love - ly land, where in a saint might
 died. My rent and tax - es went un - paid, I could not them re -
 way. They set my roof on fire with their curs - ed Eng - lish
 'round. She nev - er rose, but passed a - way from life to im - mor - tal
 name. I wrapped you in my có - ta mór in the dead of night un -
 all. I'll be the man to lead the band be - neath the flag of

dwel. So why did you a - ban - don her? The rea - son to me tell.
 deem. And that's the cru - el rea - son why I left old Skib - ber - een.
 spleen. I heaved a sigh and bade good - bye to dear old Skib - ber - een.
 dream. She found a sigh - et - grave, me boy, in dear old Skib - ber - een.
 seen. I heaved a sigh and said good - bye to dear old Skib - ber - een.

THE SKUA-GULLS (Na Lochlinnich)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Am G Am

Mach - keel - yo - ro, her - ree - o - hoo - o, mach - keel - yo - ro, ho - ree - o -
 breez - es skua - gulls, a - hoo - o out on the reiv - ing, hee - ree - a -
 heav - ing hur - ri - cane or gob - lin, track o' the teal - duck ours from -
 Mac' - il - leo - ro, Hao - ri - o - hu - o, Mac - 'il - leo - ro, Ho ri o

Em Am G Am To Coda 1 ⊕

vò - vò! Birds of the breeze we, skua - gulls a - hoo - o, out on the reiv - ing, hee - ree - a -
 Lò - lò! Mach - keel - yo - ro her - ree - o - hoo - o, mach - keel - yo - ro, ho - ree - a -
 Loch - linn. Fear we no heav - ing, hur - ri - cane or gob - lin, track o' the teal - duck ours from -
 bho bho! Mac - 'il - leo - ro, Hao - ri o hu - o, Mac - 'il - leo - ro, Hi - ri - a -

Em Em Bm D A

vo - vo! } A vò - tach-an a vree - i - chak a vree - i - chak a vree - i - chak, A vo - tach-an a
 Loch - linn } A bho - dach-an a bhriol - ai-cheag a bhriol - ai-cheag a bhriol - ai-cheag, A bho - dach-an a
 bho - bho!

Bm Em Am Em Bm

vree - i - chak a vree - i - chak a vo vo! A vo - tach-an a vree - i - chak a vree - i - chak a
 bhriol - ai-cheag a bhriol - ai-cheag a bho bho! A bho - dach-an a bhriol - ai-cheag a bhriol - ai-cheag a

To Coda 2 ⊕ D.S. al Coda 1

D A Bm Em Am Em

vree - i - chak, A vo - tach-an a vree - i - chak a vree - i - chak a vo vo! Birds of the
 bhriol - ai-cheag, A bho - dach-an a bhriol - ai-cheag a bhriol - ai-cheag a bho bho! Mac - il -

CODA 1 ⊕ D.S. al Coda 2

Em

vò vò! } Fear we no
 bho bho!

CODA 2 ⊕

Am Em Am

vò vò! Mach - keel - yo ro her - ree a
 bho! bho! Mac - il - leo ro Hao - ri a

G Am Em

hoo o, mach - keel - yo - ro, her ree a vo vo! Mach - keel -
 hu - o, Mac - 'il - leo - ro, Hao ri a bho! bho! Mac - il -

Am G Am Em

yo - ro, her - ree a hoo o, mach - keel - yo - ro hee ree a vo vo!
 leo - ro, Hao - ri a hu o, Mac - il - leo - ro, Hi ri a bho! bho!

SKYE FISHER'S SONG

(Tir-nan-òg)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Dm

1. For the rug-ged mist - y Isle, the Isle of Skye doth show jag-ged line of
 2. By the glim-mer of thine eyes in black - est night, I know, by the light of
 3. Near - er now, the mist - y Isle, the Isle of Skye doth loom, and her lights shine
 1. Gàir nan tonn gur trom a nual - lan Seirm am chluais do ghlòir. Dan nam beann, gach
 2. Bàs no bròn cha bheò 'nad loinn - thir, Ùir air foill 's air gò, Sàir sior - òl do
 3. Cùl nan tonn tha long mo bhruid - air Fuar - adh mar bu nòs, Rùn an Dàin a

A Dm

blue cool - ins in the ev - 'ning glow, pur - ple wa - ter troughs, swift cut - ting
 love that's kin - dled when my love I show, by the joy that leaps and laughs there
 soft - ly sea - ward in the twi - light gloom, like the light of love that trav - els
 all - is fuar - an, Siar - adh nuas, le d' cheòl; 'S tu gach là gun tàmh mo bhuair - eadh
 dheò's do chaoimh-neis Aoihb - neas snàmh's na neòil; Reul - tan àr - da là 'sa dh' oidhche
 ghnàth - 'ga gluas - ad Ciuin le luaths an eòin; lùbh - raich Bhàin na fàg mi'm thrua - ghan

A Dm

clean my boat cleaves through, and to - night a - gain I'll greet thee, my maid - en
 like the danc - ing sea, by all these, I know, my maid - en, thou lov - est
 twixt my heart and thine, and to - night a - gain, 'twill light us oh, Heart of
 T'iar - gain bhuan 'gam leòn, 'S tu gach oidhche chao - idh mo bhrua - dar, O Thir - nan -
 Boills - geadh sèamh tro' cheò, Teu - dan tlàth - a fàs ad choill - tean, O Thir - nan -
 Taobh nan cuan - tan mòr, Doimh - ne cràidh is gràidh - 'gam dhuana - adh Gu Tir - nan -

1.2 3

dark. me. mine. By the glim - mer
 Òg. Òg. Òg.

of thine eyes, I know, I know.

THE SKYE STEERSMAN'S SONG

('S mo lamh air a stiuir)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Em

Gun mhi - re, gun mhan - ran, 'S mo lamh air a stiuir, Gun mhi re, gun

A D

mhan - ran, 'S mo lamh air a stiuir, Leig dhiot an ca - dal Is tionn - daidh

Em Em

rium. My heart it is lone - ly no
 joy here, no rap - ture, all

light on the shore, no star in the sky, no love - light on the shore, } ah
 lone - ly I steer, the sky low - ring, o'er me as lone - ly I steer, }

Musical notation for the first system of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: A, D, and Em. The lyrics are: 'wake from slum - ber and turn, love, to me. No'. A first ending bracket is shown above the staff, starting with a '1' and ending with a repeat sign.

Musical notation for the second system of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated above the staff: D and Em. The lyrics are: 'turn, love, to me. Gun'. A second ending bracket is shown above the staff, starting with a '2' and ending with a double bar line.

Musical notation for the CODA section of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. A chord of Em is indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: 'rium.'.

SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Musical notation for the first system of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY' with lyrics. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, G, and D. The lyrics are: '1. A - vore, my love! A - vore, my joy! To thy babe come And
2. vore, my heart! The night is dark, wet and drear - y,
1. A Mhór a ghaoil! A Mhór a shògh! Till gu d'mh - acan is
2. Mhór a shògh! Tha'n oid - hche nochd gu fliuch - fras - ach gun - fras - gadh, is'

Musical notation for the second system of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY' with lyrics. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. Chords are indicated above the staff: A, D, A, D, A, D. The lyrics are: 'trout - lings you'll get out the loch, Here's your bair - nie neath the rock. babe is cry - ing by the loch. gheabh thu'm bra - dan breac o'n loch. Aig mo mhac - sa ri sgath chuocain. A ho hi A ho hi A ho ho - an A ho ho - an A hó hí A hó hí A hó hó - an A hó hó - an'

Musical notation for the third system of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY' with lyrics. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, D, A. The lyrics are: 'A ho ho an A ho hi A ho hi. A - { A ho hi. A -
A hó hó an A hó hí A hó hí. A { A hó hí. A'

Musical notation for the fourth system of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY' with lyrics. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, G, D, G, D. The lyrics are: 'vore, my love! A - vore, my joy! Want - ing fire here, Want - ing shel - ter,
vore, my bride! A - vore, my heart! My gray old mouth touch - ing
Mhór a ghaoil! A Mhór a shògh! Gun teine, gun tuar,
Mhór a ghaoil! A Mhór a shògh! Mo sheann - chab liath rido'

Musical notation for the CODA section of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY' with lyrics. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, D, A, D, A. The lyrics are: 'thy sweet lips, babe, and me sing - ing songs to thee by Ben Froch - kie. A ho hi
bheul beag ba - oth is mi seinn - phort dhuit - am Beinn Froch - daidh. A hó hí'

Musical notation for the fifth system of 'SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY' with lyrics. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, A, D. The lyrics are: 'A ho hi A ho ho - an A ho ho.
A hó hí A hó hó - an A hó hó.'

SLEEPS THE NOON IN THE DEEP BLUE SKY

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Folksong from the Hebrides

G Am7 G G7

1. Sleeps the noon in the deep blue sky, while bright the sun shines on Co - na's
 2. Bright the sun shines on Co - na's steep, while hounds for chase all on fire are
 3. Sweet the winds soft - ly mur - mur - ing, of ea - gle sweet is the far heard

C Am7 G Am7 G Am7 G

steep. — Sweet sounds the note of the lone - ly he - ron, sleeps the noon in the deep blue sky.
 strain - ing. Their deep mouthed bay sweet as bar - dic mu - sic, sleeps the noon in the deep blue sky.
 cry. — As sails she o'er Mor - ven's might - y sea - board, sleeps the noon in the deep blue sky.

SLIEVENAMON

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Irish folksong

D D7 G A7

1. A - lone, all a - lone, by the wave - wash'd strand all a - lone in a
 2. It was not the grace of her queen - ly air, nor her cheek of the
 3. In the fes - tive hall, by the star - watched shore, my rest - less

D D7

crowd - ed hall. The hall it is gay and the waves they are
 ros - es glow, nor her soft black eyes, nor her flow - ing
 spir - it cries, "My love, oh my love, shall I ne'er see you

G A7 D

grand but my heart is not here at all. It
 hair, nor was it her lil - y - white brow. 'Twas
 more, and my land will you e'er up - rise. By

A7 D Bm E

flies far - a - way, by night and by day, to the time and the
 the soul of truth and of melt - ing ruth, and the smile of
 night and by day I ev - er, ev - er pray, while lone - ly my

A7 D

joys that are gone, And I nev - er can for - get the sweet
 sum - mer's dawn, that stole my heart a - way, one mild
 life flows on. To our flag un - rolled and my true

D7 G A7 D

maid - en I met, in the val - ley near Slieve - na - mon.
 sum - mer day, in the val - ley near Slieve - na - mon.
 love to en - fold, in the val - ley near Slieve - na - mon."

SLIEVE GALLEN BRAES

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Irish folksong

A Em D

1. As I went out one morn - ing all in the month of
 2. How oft in the morn - ing with my dog and my
 3. How oft of an eve - ning and the sun in the
 4. Oh, it was not the want of em - ploy - ment at

A E

May to view all your moun - tains and val - leys so
 gun I roam through the glens _____ for _____ joy and for
 west I roved hand in hand _____ with the one I loved
 home that caused us poor ex - iles in sor - row to

A Em G A

gay. I was think - ing of the flow - ers all a - go - ing to _____ de -
 fun, but those days are now all o - ver and I must go a -
 best, but the hopes of youth are van - ished and now I'm far a -
 roam, but those tyr - an - nis - ing land - lords, they would not let us _____

D E A

cay that _____ bloom a - round you }
 way, so fare - well un - to ye } bon - ny, bon - ny, Slieve _____ Gal - len Braes.
 way, so fare - well un - to ye }
 stay, so fare - well un - to ye }

THE SONS OF LIBERTY

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Irish folksong

Em G Em

1. O fare you well, sweet Ire - land, whom I shall see no more. My
 2. It was ear - ly in the morn - ing, just at the break of day, We
 3. Through fields of blood we wad - ed where the can - nons loud - ly roar, And
 4. Your heart would have melt - ed with pit - y to have seen the sol - diers' wives, A -
 5. Here's an end _____ to my dit - ty, my song is at an end. Here's

G Em G Em

heart is al - most bleed - ing to leave this na - tive _____ shore. The
 hoist - ed Brit - ish col - ors and an - chored in Yorks - Bay. The
 man - y a gal - lant sol - dier lay a - bleed - ing in his _____ gore. And it's
 hunt - ing for their dead hus - bands and the mel - an - cho - ly _____ cries, And the
 health to Gen - 'ral Wash - ing - ton and all of his bold _____ men. God

G Em G Bm

king, he has com - mand - ed that we shall sail a - way To
 sails a - be - ing las - sered they spread a - broad to _____ dry. The
 man - y a gal - lant com - mand - er, it's on the field did _____ lay, That
 chil - dren cry - ing, "Moth - er, we sure - ly rue the _____ day, When we
 help a man pro - tect him that is by land or _____ sea, For

Em G Em

fight the _____ boys of lib - er - ty in North A - mer - i - cay.
 I - rish _____ he - roes land - ing, but the Lord knows who must die.
 was both _____ killed and wound - ed by the Sons of Lib - er - ty.
 came for to lose our fa - ther dear in the North A - mer - i - cay.
 he had _____ boys who feared no noise: the Sons of Lib - er - ty.

THE SNOWY-BREADED PEARL

(Péarla An Bhrollaigh Bháin)

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Irish folksong

1. There's a col - leen fair as May, For a year and for a day I have
 2. Oh thou bloom - ing milk white dove, to whom I've giv - en true love, Do not
 1. Tá cail - in deas am chrá Le bliain ag - us le lá, 'S ní
 2. (See additional lyrics)

sought by ev - 'ry way her heart to gain; There's no art of tongue or eye Fond
 ev - er thus re - prove my con - stan - cy; there are maid - ens would be mine with
 fhéad - aim a fáil le bréag - a; Níl ais - te chlis le rá Dá

youths with maid - ens try But I've tried with cease - less sigh, yet tried in
 wealth in land and kine, if my heart would but in - cline to turn from
 gcan - aid fir le mná Nár chai - theam - ar gan tábh - acht

vain. If to far off France or Spain She'd cross the wa - te - ry main, To
 thee. But a kiss with wel - come bland and touch of thy fair - hand, are
 lé - si. Don Fhrainc nó don Spáinn Dá diéadh mo ghrá, Go

see her face a - gain the seas I'd brave; And if 'tis heav - en's de - cree That
 all that I de - mand, wouldst thou not spurn; for if not mine - dear girl, oh
 raghainn - se gach lá dá féach - ain; Is mar - an dúinn a - tá i ndán An

mine she may not be, May the Son of Mar - y me in mer - cy save!
 snow - y breast - ed pearl, may I nev - er from the fair with life re - turn!
 ainn - ir chiúin seo d'fháil, Och! Mac Muir - e na ngrás dár saor - a!

Additional Lyrics

2. Is a chailín chailce bhláith,
 Dá dtugas searc is grá,
 Ná úir-se gach tráth dhom éara;
 'S a liacht ainmhir mhín im dheáidh
 Le buaibh is maoin 'n-a láimh,
 Dá ngabhaimís it áit-se céile.
 Póg is míle fáilte
 Is barra geal do lámh
 'Sé 'n-iarrfainn-se go bráth mar spré leat;
 'S maran domh-sa taoi tú i ndán,
 A phéarla an bhrollaigh bháin,
 Nár thí mise slán ón aonach!

THE SOFT DEAL BOARD

(An Clár Bog Déil)

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Irish folksong

1. I _____ would _____ wed you, dear, with - out gold or gear or _____ count - ed
 2. Oh, _____ come _____ my bride, o'er the _____ wild hills' side, to the _____ val - ley
 3. Love _____ ten - der, true I _____ gave to you, and _____ se - cret
 4. In _____ church _____ at pray - er first I saw the fair, in glo - ri - ous
 5. A _____ neck _____ of white has my _____ heart's de - light, and _____ breast like

kine, my _____ wealth you'd be, would your friends a - gree, and _____ you be _____
 low A _____ down - y bed for my love I'll spread, where _____ wa - ters _____
 sighs, In _____ hope to see up - on you and me, one _____ hour a -
 sheen, In man - tle flow - ing, with jew - els glow - ing, and _____ front - let _____
 snow, and _____ flow - ing hair whose _____ ring - lets fair to _____ the _____ green grass _____

mine; my _____ grief, my gloom! that you do not come, my _____ heart's dear
 flow; and _____ we shall stray where _____ stream - lets play, the _____ groves a -
 rise when the _____ priest's blest voice would con - firm my choice, and _____ the _____ ring's strict
 green, and robe _____ of white - ness whose fold of light - ness might _____ sweep the
 flow, a - las _____ that I did not _____ ear - ly die be - fore the

heard! To _____ Cash - el fair, though our couch were there but _____ a _____ soft deal board!
 mong, where _____ ech - o tells to the list - 'ning dells the _____ black - birds song.
 tie; if _____ wife you be, love, to one but me love, in _____ grief I'll die!
 lea, oh, my _____ heart is bro - ken since tongues have spo - ken that _____ maid for me!
 day that _____ saw me here, from my bos - om's dear far, _____ far a - way!

Gaelic Lyrics

1. Do ghlacfaínn tú gan ba, gan píint,
 gan áireamh spré,
 A chuid 'en tsaol, le toil do mhúinntre,
 dá mb'ail leat mé.
 'Sé mo ghalar dúch gan mé gus tú.
 a dhian-ghrá mo chléibh,
 l gCaiseal Mumhan 's gan do leabaidh fúinn
 ach an clár bog déil!

2. Siúil, a chogair, is tar a chodla
 liom féin don ghleam,
 Gheó tú fosca, leabaidh fhlocais
 is aer cois abhann;
 Beidh na srotha a' gabháil thorainn
 faoi ghéagaibh crann,
 Beidh an londubh i n-ár bhfochair
 is an chéirseach ann.

5. Tá úr-phiob ag mo mhúirnín,
 is a bráid mar aol,
 A cúilin casta búclaidheach
 a' fás go féar;
 'Sé mo chumha nimhe nách san úir síos
 do fágadh mé
 Sara stiúiríodh mé i gcúigibh
 is mo ghrá thar m'éis!

3. Searc mo chléibh do thug mé féin duit,
 agus grá tré rún,
 Dá dúgeadh sé do chor sa' tsaol
 go mbéinn féin is tú,
 Ceangal cléireach eadrainn araon,
 's an fáinne dlúth—
 Is dá bhfeicinn féin mo shearc ag aon shear
 gheóinn bás le cumha!

4. Dia Domhnaigh nuair a chinn
 ag an dteampoll í,
 Fallaing riabhach is ribín uathne uirthi
 anún mar ghnaoi,
 Agus gúna do sguabfadh
 na gleannta fraoich:
 Och! 'sé mo bhuaire mar do luadh liom
 'n-a maighdin í!

THE SON OF A GAMBOLIER

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Irish folksong

1. I'm a ram-bling wretch of pov-er-ty, from Tip-p'ry town I came. 'Twas pov-er-ty com-
 2. I once was tall and hand-some, and was so ver-y neat. They thought I was too
 3. I'm a ram-bling wretch of pov-er-ty, from Tip-p'ry town I came. My coat I bought from an

pelled me first to go out in the rain. In all sorts of weath-er, be it wet or be it
 good to live, most good e-nough to eat. But now I'm old, my coat is torn, and pov-er-ty holds me
 old pawn shop way down in Maid-en Lane. My hat I got from a sail-or lad just eight-teen years a-

dry, I am bound to get my live-li-hood, or lay me down and die. } Then com-
 fast, and ev-'ry girl turns up her nose as I go wan-d'ring past. }
 go, and my shoes I picked from an old dust heap, I'll have you all to know. }

bine your hum-ble dit-ties as from tav-ern to tav-ern we steer. Like ev-'ry hon-est

fel-low, I drinks my la-ger beer. Like ev-'ry jol-ly fel-low, I

takes my whis-key clear; I'm a ram-bling wretch of po-ver-ty and the son of a gam-bo-

lier. I'm the son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gam-bo-lier.

THE SONG OF NIAMH OF THE GOLDEN TRESSES

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Irish folksong

1. Down in the shades of Lene dark bow-er-ing, hunt-ing red
 2. "Ni-amh am I of the locks gold glit-ter-ing," Oh, at her
 3. "Os-car and Finn, a long fare-well from me! Naught now can
 4. On through the tan-gled, tossed cloud ar-ma-ment, in to

deer through the glades gold flow-er-ing. Oh, Finn! Oh, Os-car! Our
 cry the birds ceased twit-ter-ing, "Sole child of the King of
 win this strong, sweet spell from me, och one, och one, ul-la
 star span-gled deeps of the fir-ma-ment; while sweet rang Ni-amh's

glee! When, on a pal-frey milk-white, a whit-er one shape-ly and
 Youth Oi-seen's dark eyes in dreams have haunt-ed me, Oi-seen's song
 lu!' Pant-ing with love to make my dear bride of her, mur-mur-ing
 lay, "Come oh Oi-seen, where sor-row shad-eth not; scorn is un-

C7 F C Gm C7

slight, ah, no shap - li - er, slight - er one! Waved her scep - tre star
streams ___ all day have ___ daunt - ed me, I, who scathe - less of
dove ___ I leaped to the side of her, her, a - bove, neigh - ing
seen ___ and an - ger up ___ braid - eth, not; come with thy queen, ___ where

F C7 F C Gm Dm

bright, the far bright - er one - waved, in sup - pli - ant plea.
love long have vaunt - ed me, ah, now know his search - ing truth."
thrice in his pride of her, forth, forth our white pal - frey flew!"
beau - ty ___ fad - eth not, where youth and love are for aye!"

THE SONG OF THE WOODS

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Irish folksong

G D A D G A D

1. Not on - ly where Thy bless - ed bells peal a - far ___ for praise and pray - er or ___
2. And here, where in one won - drous woof aisle on aisle ___ and choir on choir ___ to ___

G A D A D

where thy sol - emn or - gan swells, Lord, not on - ly art thou there,
rear thy rar - est tem - ple roof, pil - lared oak and pine as - pire;—

G D G

thy voice of man ³- y wa - ters, from ___ out the o - cean com - fort _
life wear - y here ___ we wan - der, when ___ lo, the sav - iour's gleam - ing _

A D G A D A D

speaks, thy ___ pres - ence to a ra - di - ant rose thrills a thou - sand vir - gin peaks.
stole! 'Tis ___ caught un - to our crav - ing lips, kissed and straight - way we are whole.

A SOOTHING CROON FROM EIGG

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Dm

1. Ah, what my love ail - eth thee? }
2. May - be thy heart ach - eth sore? } Oh I ___ know not, Nought can I eat to - night! ___
3. May - hap thy moth - er was wroth? }
1. Cìod è a ghaoil a bhithheadh ort? }
2. An è do cheann a bhi goirt? } O cha 'n fhios a'm Ach cha'n ith mi mir an nochd! ___
3. An e do mhathair a ghabh ort? }

THE SPANISH LADY

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Irish folksong

A D E7

1. As I went down to Dub - lin cit - y, at the hour of twelve at night,
 2. As I went back through Dub - lin cit - y, as the sun be - gan to set
 3. I've wan - dered north and I've wan - dered south through Ston - y bat - ter and Pat - rick's close,

A D E7

who should I see but a Span - ish la - dy wash - ing her feet by can - dle light,
 who should I spy but the Span - ish la - dy catch - ing a moth in a gold - en net.
 up and a - round the Glos - ter Dia - mond and back by Nap - per Tan - dy's house.

A E7 A E7

first she washed them, then she dried them, o - ver a fire of am - ber coal. In
 when she saw me then she fled me, lift - ing her pet - ti - coat o - ver her knee. In
 Old age has laid her hand on me, cold as a fire of ash - y coals. In

A E7 D E7

all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet a - bout the sole.
 all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Span - ish la - dy.
 all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as the Span - ish la - dy.

A D E7

Whack fol the too - ra, loo - ra, lad - dy, Whack fol the too - ra loo - ra - lay.

SPINNING SONG

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Folksong from the Hebrides

D7 G D7 G D7 G D7

Hù rù rithill iù riu - a - ro hi rithill iù rithill - o ro - a - ro hi

C D7 C D7 C G

rithill ithill o hiu o ro ro bha ho hith - illean beag cha la ò hill

C G D7

iu ra bho.

<p>1. Love 2. Love 3. Thou</p>	<p>gave that the</p>	<p>I sis - wheel and</p>	<p>to ter the</p>	<p>thee ne'er I</p>	<p>my gave the</p>	<p>lov - bro - thread, ho</p>	<p>er, ther thead, ho</p>								
								<p>1. Thug 2. Nach 3. 'S tus'</p>	<p>mi tu'g a'</p>	<p>gaol piuth - chaibh -</p>	<p>duit ar eal</p>	<p>Thug riamh, 'smis'</p>	<p>the d'a an</p>	<p>gradh brath - snaith -</p>	<p>duit air lean</p>

C G C G D7

hith - illean beag cha la o hill iu ra bho.

<p>1. Love 2. White 3. Nach 4. Sinn</p>	<p>Love To Nach Nach Sinn</p>	<p>that her fate tug tug fo</p>	<p>sis - ter lull'd - one spin - ning piuth - ar bean d'a chal - a -</p>			

ne'er gave broth - er,
 ne'er gave moth - er
 o'er our land Ho
 riamh d'a brath - air
 cioch - ran ta laidh
 nas an Dàin ghil

Hù rù rithill iù riu - a - ro hi

rithill iù rithill - o ro - a - ro hi rithill rithill o hill o

ro ro bhan ho hith - ilean beag cha la o hill iu - ra bho.

SPINNINGWHEEL SONG

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Irish folksong

1. Mel - low the moon - light to shine is be - gin - ning, — close by the win - dow young
 2. What's the noise that I hear at the win - dow I won - der, — "Tis' the lit - tle birds chirp - ing the
 3. There's a form of the case - ment, the form of her true love, — and he whis - pers, with face bent "I'm
 4. The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fin - gers, — steals up from the stool, longs to

Ei - leen is spin - ning, — bent o'er the fire her blind grand - moth - er
 hol - ly bush un - der." — "What makes you be shov - ing and mov - ing your
 wait - ing for you, love, — set up from the stool, through the lat - tice step
 go and yet lin - gers. — A fright - ened glance turns to her drow - sy grand -

sit - ting, — croon - ing and moan - ing and drow - si - ly knit - ting, —
 stool on, — An' sing - ing, all wrong, that old song of "The Cool - un?" —
 light - ly, — we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shin - ing bright - ly." —
 moth - er, — puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the oth - er. —

Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, noise - less - ly whir - ring, — spins the wheel,
 Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, noise - less - ly whir - ring, — spins the wheel,
 Laz - i - ly, eas - i - ly, swings now the wheel round, — slow - ly and
 Slow - er, and slow - er, and slow - er the wheel swings — low - er, and

rings the wheel while the foot's stir - ring. — Light - ly and bright - ly and
 rings the wheel, while the foot's stir - ring. — Spright - ly and light - ly and
 low - ly is heard now the reel's sound, — noise - less and light to the
 low - er, and low - er the reel rings; — ere the reel and the wheel stop their

air - i - ly ring - ing, — sounds the sweet voice of the young maid - en sing - ing. —
 air - i - ly ring - ing, — trills the sweet voice of thy young maid - en sing - ing. —
 lat - tice a - bove her, — the maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lov - er. —
 ring - ing and mov - ing, — through the grove the young lov - ers by moon - light are rov - ing. —

SPREADING THE SEA-WRACK

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Em D Em

Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o Spread-ing wrack for

seed and har - vest, Ho i ril ai il é o

1. Aye was toil light
2. Heav - y now I

love at seed - time, o'er black soil a - spread - ing sea wrack, spread - ing wrack for au - tumn's har - vest.
turn it o - ver, rich sea spoil, the red the white wrack, spread - ing weed at seed - time lone - ly.

D Em

Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o Ho e ril

D Em D Em

ai il é o { Spread - ing wrack for seed and har - vest, } Ho i ril ai il é o
{ Spread - ing wrack for rea - per's har - vest, }

D Em

Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o Spread - ing wrack for

D Em

seed and har - vest, Ho i ril ai il é o.

THE STAR OF COUNTY DOWN

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Irish folksong

Em A Em Bm

1. Near to Ban - bridge town in the Coun - ty Down on a morn - ing in Ju - ly, Down a
2. As she on - ward sped, I scratched my head and I gazed with a feel - ing quare. There I
3. At the har - vest fair she'll sure - ly be there, so I'll dress in my Sun - day clothes. And I'll

Em A Em A Em

bo - reen green came a sweet cai - leen, And she smiled as she passed me by. Oh, she
said, said I to a pas - ser - by, "Who's the maid with the nut - brown hair?" Oh, he
try sheep's eyes and de - lud - th'rin lies On the heart of the nut - brown Rose. No

G D Em Bm

looked so neat from her two white feet to the sheen of her nut - brown hair. Such a
smiled at me, and with pride says he, "That's the gem of Ire - land's crown, Young Ro -
pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, though my plough with rust turn brown, Till a

Em A Em A Em

coax - ing elf, had to shake my - self to make sure I was real - ly there. }
sie Mc - Cann from the banks of Bann; she's the star of the Coun - ty Down. }
smil - ing bridge by my own fire - side sits the star of the Coun - ty Down. } Oh, from

G D Em Bm
Ban - try Bay up to Der - ry Quay, and from Gal - way to Dub - lin town, No
C Em A Em A Em
maid I've seen like the brown cai - leen that I met in the Coun - ty Down.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

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Words and Music by
Maud Nugent

G D7 G Gdim G G#dim
1. Just down a - round the cor - ner of the street where I re - side, there
2. I nev - er shall for - get the day she prom - ised to be mine, as
D D#dim A7 D7
lives the cut - est lit - tle girl that I have ev - er spied. Her
we sat tell - ing love - tales, in the gold - en sum - mer - time. 'Twas
G D7 G Gdim G G#dim
name is Rose O' - Gra - dy and, I don't mind tell - ing you, that
on her fing - er that I placed a small en - gage - ment ring, while
D A7 D7
she's the sweet - est lit - tle Rose the gar - den ev - er grew. }
in the trees, the lit - tle birds this song they seemed to sing: }
G D7 G D7 G D7
Sweet Ro - sie O' - Gra - dy, my dear lit - tle
G Em A7
Rose. She's my stead - y la - dy,
D7 G D7
most ev - 'ry - one knows. And when we are
G D7 G C B7
mar - ried, how hap - py we'll be.
C A7 C#dim G Em A7
I love sweet Ro - sie O' - Gra - dy, and Ro - sie O' -
D7 1 G D7 2 G
Gra - dy loves me. me.

TAM PIERCE

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Scottish folksong



1. Tam Pierce, Tam Pierce, lend me your gray mare.
 2. And when shall I see a gain my gray mare?
 3. Then Fri - day came and Sat - ur - day noon,
 4. Tom Pierce, he went to the top of the hill, } All a - long,
 5. So Tam Pierc - e's old mare, she took sick and died,
 6. When the wind whis - tles cold on the moor of a night,
 7. And all the night long you hear skirl - ing and groans,



down a - long, out a - long lea,
 For I want for to go _____ to
 By _____ Fri - day soon _____ or
 Tam _____ Pierc - e's gray mare _____ she
 And he seed his gray mare down a -
 And _____ Tam, he sat down on a -
 Tam _____ Pierc - e's gray mare doth ap -
 Tam _____ Pierc - e's gray mare in her



Wid - de - comb Fair,
 Sat - ur - day noon,
 ne'er did romp home,
 mak - ing her will,
 stone and he cried,
 pear ghost - ly white,
 rat - tl - ing bones, }
 With Bill Brew - er, Jan Stew - er, Pe - ter Guer - ney, Pe - ter



Da - vy, Dan - 'l Whid - don, Har - ry Hawk, Old Un - cle Tom Cob - leigh and



all, _____ Old Un - cle Tom Cob - leigh and all. _____

THE TANYARD SIDE

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Irish folksong



1. I am a ram - bling he - ro and by love I _____ am be - trayed, Near _____
 2. I cour - teous - ly sa - lut - ed her and I viewed her _____ o'er and o'er, I _____
 3. Her gold - en hair in ring - lets rare fell _____ o'er her snow - white neck. The _____
 4. For twelve long months we court - ed till at _____ length we _____ did a - gree For _____
 5. Fare - well my a - ged par - ents, to _____ you I _____ bid a - dieu, I'm _____



to the town of Balt - in - glass there _____ dwells a _____ come - ly _____ maid. She's _____
 thought she was Au - ro - ra bright de - scend - ed _____ down so _____ low. "Oh _____
 ten - der glanc - es of her eyes would _____ save a _____ ship from _____ wreck. Her _____
 to ac - quaint her par - ents and _____ mar - ried _____ we would _____ be. 'Twas _____
 cross - ing the main o - cean all _____ for the _____ sake of _____ you. And _____

D Bm E7 A E7

fair - er than Di - an - a bright, she's free from earth - ly pride. She's a
 no, kind sir, I'm a coun - try girl," she mod - est - ly re - plied, "And I
 two brown spar - kling eyes and her teeth of iv - 'ry white Would
 then her cru - el fa - ther to me did prove un - kind, Which
 if I e'er re - turn a - gain I'll take you for my bride, And I'll

A E A D A

love - ly maid and her dwell - ing place is down by the tan - yard side.
 la - bor dai - ly for my bread down by the tan - yard side.
 make a man be - come her slave down by the tan - yard side.
 makes me sail a - cross the sea and leave me love be - hind.
 roll you in my arms my love, down by the tan - yard side.

THAT TUMBLE-DOWN SHACK IN ATHLONE

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Words by Richard W. Pascoe
Music by Monte Carlo and Alma M. Sanders

G D E7 A7 D

1. I'm a long way from home and my thoughts ev - er roam To old Er - in far o - ver the
 2. There are eyes that are sad as they watch for a lad In the old - fash - ioned town of Ath -

A7 Em B7 Em B7

sea. lone. For my heart, it is there day where the skies are so fair And old
 lone. And I pray for the day when I'm sail - ing a - way To old

E7 A7 D Gm

Ire - land is call - ing for my me. Oh, I want to go back to that
 Ire - land and moth - er, my own.

D A D F#7 G

tum - ble - down shack Where the wild ros - es bloom 'round the door, Just to

F#m Em E7

pil - low my head in that old trun - dle bed, Just to see my old moth - er once

A7 D Gm D A

more. There's a bright gleam - ing light guid - ing me home to - night Down the

D F#7 G

long road of white cob - ble - stone, Down the road that leads back to that

D A7 D

tum - ble - down shack, To that tum - ble - down shack in Ath - lone.

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART

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Irish folksong

1. They know not your heart, Who with haughty design Have
 2. They know not my heart, They little know yours, That

frowned us apart, Ah, they little know mine! Who, because my lone
 love's lone-some smart So nobly endures. Yet the worst winner's

tears By duty are dried, Believe their fond source in my
 pow'r At length wears away, And the night's darkest hour is the

bosom has died. There it still shall course deep, Till with rap-tuous
 near-est to day. And in golden a-mends For their old an-gry

start In-to life it shall leap. Ah, they know not my heart!
 arts, Our foes, turned to friends, Shall at last know our hearts.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

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Words by Thomas Moore
 Music by Richard Alfred Milliken

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone. All her
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou, lone one, to pine on the stem; Since the
 3. So soon may I follow when friend-ships decay, and from

love-ly companions are faded and gone. No
 love-ly are sleeping, go sleep thou with them. Thus
 love's shining circle the gems drop away. When

flow-er of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh, to re-
 kind-ly I'll scatter thy leaves on the bed, where thy
 true hearts lie with-ered, and fond ones are flown, Oh!

flect back her blush-es, or give sigh for sigh!
 mates of the garden lie scent-less and dead.
 who would in hab-it this bleak world a-lone?

THROW HIM DOWN, McCLOSKEY

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Words and Music by
John W. Kelly

G D7 G E7 Am

1. 'Twas down at Dan Mc - Dev - itt's at the cor - ner of this street, There
2. The fight - ers were to start in at a quar - ter af - ter eight, But the
3. They fought like two hy - e - nas 'till the for - ty - sev - enth round, They

D7 G A7 D7 G

was to be a prize - fight and both par - ties were to meet. To make all the ar -
ri - val did not show up and the hour was get - ting late. He sent a - round a
scat - tered blood e - nough a - round, by gosh, to paint the town. Mc - Clos - key got a

D7 G D7 G E7 Am

range - ments and see ev - 'ry - thing was right, Mc - Clos - key and a ri - val were to
mes - sen - ger who then went on to say That the I - rish crowd would jump him and he
mouth - ful of poor Mc - Crack - en's jowl. Mc - Crack - en hol - lered, "Mur - thur!" and his

G/D D7 G D7

have a fin - ish fight. The rules were Lon - don Prize Ring and Mc - Clos - key said he'd
could - n't get fair play. Then up steps Pete Mc - Crack - en And said that he would
sec - onds hol - lered, "Foul!" The friends of both the fight - ers that in - stant did be -

G E7 A7 D7

try To bate the ri - val wid one punch or in the ring he'd die. The
fight, Stand up or rough and tum - ble if Mc - Clos - key did - n't bite. Mc -
gin To fight and ate each oth - er; the whole par - ty start - ed in. You

G D7 G E7 Am D7 G

odds were on Mc - Clos - key, tho' the bet - ting it was small; 'Twas on Mc - Clos - key
Clos - key says, "I'll go you," then the sec - onds got in place; And the fight - ers start - ed
could - n't tell the dif - f'rence in the fight - ers if you'd try; Mc - Crack - en lost his

D7 G C D7

ten to one, On the ri - val, none at all. }
in to dec - o - rate each oth - er's face. }
up - per lip, Mc - Clos - key lost an eye. } "Throw him down, Mc - Clos - key!" was to

G E7 A7

be the bat - tle cry. "Throw him down, Mc - Clos - key, you can lick him if you

D7 G D7 G E7

try, And fu - ture gen - er - a - tions, with won - der and de -

Am D7 G D7 G

light, Will - read on his - t'ry's pag - es of the great Mc - Clos - key fight."

THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

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Words and Music by
J.R. Shannon

D Bm D

1. O - ver in Kil - lar - ney, Man - y years a - go, Me
2. Oft, in dreams, I wan - der To that cot a - gain, I

E7 A7

Mith - er sang a song to me In tones so sweet and low. Just a
feel her arms a hug - gin' me As when she held me then. And I

D Bm D

sim - ple lit - tle dit - ty In her good ould I - rish of way, And I'd
hear her voice a - hum - min' To her me as ould in days of yore, When she

G D E7 A7

give used the world if she could sing That song to me this day.
used to rock me fast a - sleep Out - side the cab - in door.

D G

"Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Too - ra - loo - ra - li,

D E7 A7

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Hush now, don't you cry!

D G

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

D G D

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, That's an I - rish lul - la - by."

TIPPERARY RECRUITING SONG

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Irish folksong

E B

1. 'Tis now we'd want to be wa - ry, boys. The re -
2. Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys, In the
3. Now Bull wants to pil - lage and rob, my boys, And
4. But now he is beat for men, my boys, His
5. Now, is n't Bull peace - ful and civ - il boys, In his
6. Then hur - rah for the gal - lant Tip - per - ar - y boys! Al -

E B E

cruit - ers are out in Tip - per - ar - y, boys. If they of - fer a glass, we'll
days of our fam - ine and fear, my boys; He burned and sacked, he
put the pro - ceeds in his fob, my boys; But let each I - rish blade just
ar - my is get - ting so thin, my boys, With the fe - ver and a - gue, the
mor - al dis - tress and his e - vil boys? But we'll cock each cau - been when his
though we're cross and con - trar - y', boys There's nev - er a one will

A B7 A B7 E

wink as they pass, We're old birds for chaff in Tip - per - ar - y, boys.
plun - dered and raked, Old Ire - land of I - rish to clear, my boys.
stick to his trade, And let Bull do his own dir - ty job, my boys.
sword and the plague, Oh the dev - il a fear that he'll win, my boys.
ser - geants are seen, And we'll tell them to go to the dev - il, boys.
han - dle a gun, Ex - cept for the Green and Tip - per - ar - y, boys.

THE T'READ ON THE TAIL O' ME COAT

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Words and Music by
Patrick Ryan

G A7 D7

1. Oh, 'twas there I larn'd rad - in' an' writ - in' At Bil - ly Brack - ett's where
 2. Oh, 'twas there that I larn'd all me court - in', O' the lis - sons I
 3. But a black - guard, call'd Mick - ey Ma - lon - ey, Came an' sthole her af -
 4. Oh, me fame wint a - broad through the na - tion, An' — folks came a -

G G7 C

I wint to school. And 'twas there I larn'd howl - in' and fight - in'
 tuck in the art. Till cu - pid, the black - guard, while sport - in',
 fic - tions a - way. Fur he'd mon - ey an' I had - n't on - y,
 flock - in' to see. And they cried with - out hes - i - ta - tion,

G D7 G A7

Wid me school - mas - ter, Mis - ter O' - Toole. Him an' me, we had mon - y a
 An ar - row dhruv straight thru me heart. Miss Ju - dy O' - Con - nor, she lived just for -
 So I sint him a chal - lenge nixt day. 'Twas in the a. m. we met at Kil -
 "You're a fight - in' man, Bil - ly Mc - Gee?" Oh, I've cleaned out the Fin - ni - gan

D7 G

scrim - mage, An' div - il a cop - y I wrote. There was
 ninst me, An' tin - der lines to her I wrote. If ye
 lar - ney, The Shan - non we cross'd in a boat. An' I
 fac - tion, An' I've licked all the Mur - phy's a - float. If you're

G7 C G D7

ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage Dar'd t'read on the tail o' me...
 dare say one hard word a - gin her, I'll t'read on the tail o' me...
 lath - er'd him wid me shil - la - ly, Fur he throd on the tail o' me...
 in fur a row or a rac - tion, Jist you t'read on the tail o' me...

G A7 D7

Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dy! Sing, mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i -

G G7 C

at { There was ne'er dare a gos - soon hard in the vil - lage Dar'd
 If ye dare say one hard word a - gin her, I'll

G D7

t'read on the tail o' me coat.
 t'read on the tail o' yer coat.

TOURELAY

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Words and Music by
Dennis O'Shay

1. Oh, pa - pa is out break - ing and rocks on the street, And ba - by is
(2.) pa - pa has gum - drops and ba - by has none, If pa - pa is

sleep - ing so co - zy and sweet. Oh, ba - by, don't cry now, but be ver - y
fool - ish and gives ba - by one, When four o' - clock comes and the child sleeps no

good, And when pa - pa comes home, he'll bring you ci - ga - root. } Tou - re - lay,
more, Then poor pa - pa stays up all night pac - ing the floor. }

Tou - re - lay, with my fil - la - ga du - sha, Shin - a - ma roo - sha, bal - der - al - da

boom - to - de - ay. Tou - re - lay, Tou - re - lay, And the

pride of the house is pa - pa's ba - by. Tou - re - by. 2. When

To Coda \oplus 1, 3 C 2 C D.S. al Coda

CODA \oplus C

THE TROOPER AND THE MAID

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Scottish folksong

1. A troop - er lad cam' here ae nicht, and oh, but he was wea - ry. A
2. She's ta'en the horse by the hal - ter right and led it to the sta - ble. She's
3. She's ta'en the sod - ger by the lily - white hand and led him to her cham - ber. She's
4. She's made her bed baith lang and wide, she's made it like a la - dy. She's
5. And he's ta'en off his belt - ed coat, like - wise his hat and feath - er. And
6. They had-na been but an hour in bed, an hour but and a quar - ter. When the

7.-11. (See additional lyrics)

troop - er lad cam' here ae nicht when the moon was shin - ing clear - ly.)
gi'en him oats and hay to eat as muck - le as he was a - ble.)
gi'en him stoup o' wine to drink, his love it fleered like aim - ber.)
ta'en her wee coat - ie ow - er her head' said "Sod - ger, are you read - y?")
leaned his sword a - gainst the door, and noo he's doon a - side her.)
drum cam' sound - in' up the street and il - ka beat was short - er.)

Chorus

Bon - nie las - sie, will ye lie near me, bon - nie las - sie, will ye lie

near me? An' I'll har a' your rib-bons reel in the morn — ere I leave ye.

Additional Lyrics

7. "It's up, up, up, and our colonel cries,
It's up, up, up and away then;
I maun sheathe my sword in its scabbard case,
For tomorrow's our battle day then."
Chorus
8. "And when will ye come back again,
My ain dear sodger laddie?
When will ye come back again,
And be your bairn's daddie?"
Chorus
9. "O, haud your tongue, my bonnie wee lass,
Dinna let this pairtin' grieve ye:
When heather coves grow ousen bows,
Bonnie lassie, I'll come and see ye."
Chorus
10. She's ta'en her wee coatie ower her heid,
And followed him up to Stirlin',
She's grown sae fu' that she couldna boo,
And he's left her in Dunfermline.
Chorus
11. It's breid and cheese for carles and dames,
And oats and hay for horses;
A cup of tea for auld maids,
And bonnie lads for lasses.
Chorus

THE 23RD OF JUNE

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Irish folksong

1. It be - ing on the twen - ty - third of June, As — I sat
2. What more - di - ver - sion can a boy de - sire Than to sit him
3. Oh, what - more - hard - ship can a boy en - dure Than to sit him
4. When I — am — dead, all my drink - ing's o - ver; I'll take one
5. When I — am — dead, aye, and in my mould, At my head and

weav - ing all on my loom, It be - ing on the twen - ty - third of June, As — I sat
down, oh, be - side the fire? What more - di - ver - sion can a boy de - sire Than to sit him
down, oh, be - hind the door? Oh, what - more - hard - ship can a boy en - dure Than to sit him
drink and I'll drink no more. When I — am — dead, all my drink - ing's o - ver; I'll take one
feet leave a flow - ing bowl. When I — am — dead, aye, and in my mould, At my head and

weav - ing all on my loom, I heard a thrush sing - ing on yon bush, And the song he sang
down, oh, be - side the fire? And in his hand a — jug of punch, Aye, and on his knee
down, oh, be - hind the door? And in his hand no — jug of punch, Aye, and on his knee
drink while it's to the fore. In case I might - n't get it on that day, I will take it now
feet leave a flow - ing bowl. And ev - 'ry young man that pass - es by, He can take a drink

was "The Jug of Punch."
a — ti - dy wench? } Lad - ly - fol - da-dee, Lad - ly - fol - da-did-dle-ee - I - da - lid - dle-dum,
no — ti - dy wench?
and I'll drink a - way.
and re - mem - ber I.

Skid - der - y - I - da - lid - dle - dum, skid - der - y - I - da - lid - dle - id - dle - um - dum - dee.

UIST CATTLE CROON

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Folksong from the Hebrides



1. To - day the kye win to hill - pas - ture, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o,
 2. To - day the kye "flit" to hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o,
 1. An crodh an diugh a _____ dol imi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o,
 2. An crodh an diugh a _____ dol imi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o,



Sweet the grass o' cool hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o.
 There to graze on sweet hill grass - es, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o.
 Dol a dh'ith - eadh feur an fhi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o.
 Dol a dh'ith - eadh feur an fhi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o.



Breed - ja fair - white be at their milk - ing, Ho ro _____ "lie" - eel - ay - o,
 Mar - y, gen - tle, be at their keep - ing, Ho ro _____ "lie" - eel - ay - o,
 Bri - de bhith - gheal bhi _____ 'gam bligh - inn, Ho ro _____ la - il - e - o, 'n
 Mui - re mhin - gheal bhi _____ 'gan glidh - eadh, Ho ro _____ la - il - e - o, 'n



Lead the kye to the hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o.
 Keep - ing all out on hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o.
 Crodh an diugh a _____ dol imi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o.
 Crodh an diugh a _____ dol imi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o.

ULLAPOOL SAILOR'S SONG

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Folksong from the Hebrides



Who my _____ heart has a free _____ from sor - row _____ deep un - bound,
 Gu ma _____ slan a chi mi mo chailin _____ di - leas donn



In her cool - ing ray Faith and peace for me has found. She
 Bean a' chuail - ein reidh Air an deis - e dh' éir - eadh fonn 'S i



lights the vale of _____ sleep, Her sure clear way steal - ing 'round, Who
 cainnt do bheuil bu _____ bhinn leam Nuair bhith - eadh m'inn - tinn trom 'S tu



soft doth _____ sooth my grief, *Luan - gheal sweet, the dream - ing moon.
 thog - adh _____ suas mo chridhe Nuair a bhiodh tu bruidh - inn rium.

* Luangheal = white moon

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND

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Irish folksong

Em F#m

1. Come, _____ all you gal - lant poach - ing boys _____ that ram - ble free from
 2. There _____ was Thom - as Brown _____ from Charles - town, _____ Jack Mur - phy and poor
 3. The _____ first day we _____ were land - ed here _____ up - on the fa - tal
 4. Our _____ hous - es that _____ we do live in _____ are on - ly mud and

D A Em C D

care, _____ That walk a - round of a moon - light night with dog and gun _____ and
 Joe; _____ We were three dar - ing poach - ers as the coun - try well _____ does
 shore, _____ The plant - ers came _____ a - round us, may - be twen - ty score _____ or
 clay, _____ There's rot - ten straw _____ for bed - ding and to us they give _____ no

A Em

snare. I'll _____ have you quit night walk - ing or you'll rue it out _____ of
 know. At _____ night we were tre - panned, my boys, _____ by keep - ers hid _____ in
 more, And they ranked us up like hors - es and _____ they sold us out _____ of
 pay. We _____ fence our - selves with rag - ing fires _____ and slum - ber when _____ we

Bm Em A

hand, And _____ you'll rue it when _____ your last ca - reer _____ is on Van Die - men's Land.
 sand, And _____ for four - teen years _____ we were trans - port - ed to Van Die - men's Land.
 hand, And _____ they yoked us to _____ the plough - ing frames _____ to plough Van Die - men's Land.
 can To _____ keep a - way _____ the wolves and dogs _____ up - on Van Die - men's Land.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE

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Scottish folksong
 Words by William Glen

G C D7 G Em A7 D9 G

1. A wee bird _____ cam' to our _____ ha' _____ door, He war - bled sweet _____ and _____ clear - ly, An'
 2. Quoth I, "My _____ bird, my bon - nie, bon - nie bird, is that a sang _____ ye _____ bor - row? Are
 3. On hills that _____ are by right _____ his _____ ain, he roves a lane - ly _____ stran - ger, on
 4. Dark night cam' _____ on, the temp - est - roar'd, loud o'er the hills _____ an' _____ val - leys, An'
 5. But now the _____ bird saw some _____ red _____ coats, an' he shook his wings _____ wi' _____ an - ger. "Oh,

C D7 G Em A7 D9 G

aye the _____ o'er - come o' _____ his _____ sang, Was "Wae's me for _____ Prince _____ Char - lie?" Oh!
 those some _____ words ye've learnt _____ by _____ heart, or a lift _____ o' _____ dool _____ an' _____ sor - row? "Oh!
 ev - 'ry _____ side he's press'd _____ by _____ want, on _____ ev - 'ry side _____ is _____ dan - ger. Yes -
 where was't _____ that your Prince _____ lay _____ down, wha's name should _____ been _____ a _____ pal - ace? He
 this is _____ no a land _____ for _____ me, I'll ta - ry here _____ nae _____ lang - er!" He

D G Bm B7 Em A7 Cm G6 G#dim D

when I _____ heard the bon - nie, bon - nie bird, The tears cam' drap - pin rare - ly, I
 No, no, _____ no," the wee _____ bird _____ sang, "I've flown sin' morn - in' ear - ly. But
 treen I _____ met him in _____ a _____ glen, my heart maist bur - stit fair - ly. For
 row'd him _____ in a High - land _____ plaid, which cov - er'd him but spare - ly, an'
 hov - er'd _____ on the wing _____ a - while ere he de - part - ed fair - ly. But

D G Bm A7 D7 G Em A7 D9 G

took my _____ bon - net aff _____ my _____ head, For weel I lo'ed _____ Prince _____ Char - lie!
 sic a _____ day o' wind _____ and _____ rain, Oh, wae's me for _____ Prince _____ Char - lie!
 sad - ly _____ changed in _____ deed _____ was _____ he. Oh, wae's me for _____ Prince _____ Char - lie!
 slept be - neath _____ a _____ bush _____ o' _____ broom. Oh, wae's me for _____ Prince _____ Char - lie!
 weel I _____ mind the fare - well _____ strain was "Wae's me for _____ Prince _____ Char - lie!"

A WANDERING SHADE

(Faileas nam Bean)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Gsus G Gsus G5
 Ho ro ho ro hee ree, Hee ree hee ree ho ro, A -
 Ho ro ho ro hi ri, Hi ri hi ri ho ro, Bean
 lone, lone shade, { 1. I said to him I was on - ly a sim - ple lone
 bhochd mu sgaoil. { 1. Gu'n duirt mi him I was on - ly a wan - der - ing
 { 2. Gu'n duirt mi ris nach robh on - nam ach on - rach - dan
 { 2. Gu'n duirt mi ris nach robh an - nam ach fail - eas nam
 Bm G A6 G Em
 maid. Nor fa - ther, nor moth - er, nor sis - ter nor broth - er, A wan - d'ring shade.
 shade. My an - ces - tors wait - ing un - born by the waves in the land be - yond.
 baoth Gun ath - air, gun mhath - air, gun phiu - thar gun bra - thair, Bean bhochd mu sgaoil.
 beann, Mo shinn - sir gun ai - seid, A feith - eamh an aisig 'san tir - ud thall.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

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Irish popular song
Words by Dion Boucicault

D A
 1. Oh Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing 'round? The
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red, The
 3. But, if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, her
 G D G Gm D
 sham - rock is for - bid by law to the grow on I - rish ground. Saint
 Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed. You may
 sons, with shame and sor - row, from the dear old soil will part. I've heard
 A
 Pat - rick's Day no more to keep. His col - or can't be seen, for
 take the sham - rock from your hat that and cast it on the sod, but
 whis - pers of a coun - try that lies far be - yond the sea, where
 G D A A7sus D D/F#
 there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - ing of the green. I
 'twill take root and flour - ish still, though un - der foot it's trod. When the
 rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's day. Oh,
 D/F#
 met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he took me by the hand, and he
 law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, and
 Er - in, must we leave you, by the ty - rant's hand? Must we
 G D/F# D Bm7 E E7 A G/A A7
 said "How's poor old Ire - land and how does she stand? She's the
 when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, then
 ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange, but hap - pier land? Where the
 D A
 most dis - tress - ful coun - try that that ev - er in you have seen. They're
 I will change the col - or that I wear in my cor - been. But
 cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral - dom nev - er shall be seen, and
 G D A A7sus D
 hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green."
 till that day, please God, I'll stick to wear - ing of the green!

WEELA WALLIA

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Irish folksong



1. There was an old wom-an who lived in the wood, } There
 2. She had a ba-by six months old, } She
 3. She had a pen-knife three foot long, } She
 4. She stuck the knife in the ba-by's head, } The
 5. Three big knocks came a-knock-ing at the door, }
 6. "Are you the wom-an what killed the child?" } "Are

7-9. (See additional lyrics)



was an old wom-an who lived in the wood, }
 had a ba-by six months old, }
 had a pen-knife three foot long, }
 more she stabbed it the more it bled, }
 Two po-lice men and a man, }
 you the wom-an what killed the child?" } Down by the riv-er Sal-lia.

Additional Lyrics

7. "I am the woman what killed the child,"
Weela weela wallia.
"I am the woman what killed the child
Down by the river Sallia."
8. The rope got chucked and she got hung,
Weela weela wallia.
The rope got chucked and she got hung
Down by the river Sallia.
9. The moral of this story is,
Weela weela wallia,
Don't stick knives in babies' heads
Down by the river Sallia.

THE WEST'S AWAKE

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Irish folksong



1. When all be-side a vig-il keep, the west's a-sleep, the west's a-sleep, A -
 2. That chain-less wave and love-ly land, free-dom and na-tion-hood de-mand. Be
 3. For of-ten in O'-Con-nor's van, to tri-umph dashed each Con-naught clan, And
 4. And if, when all a vig-il keep, the west's a-sleep, the west's a-sleep, A -



las, and well may Er-in weep, that Con-naught lies in slum-ber deep; There
 sure the great God nev-er planned for slumb-'ring slaves a home so grand. And
 fleet as deer the Nor-mans ran, through Cur-lew's Pass and Ar-dra-han; And
 las, and well may Er-in weep, that Con-naught lies in slum-ber deep; But



lake and plain smile fair and free, 'mid rocks their guard-ian chiv-al-ry. Sing:
 long a proud and haugh-ty race, hon-oured and sen-ti-nelled the place. Sing:
 lat-er times saw deeds as brave, And glo-ry guards Clan-ri-carde's grave. Sing:
 hark, a voice like thun-der spake, the west's a-wake, the west's a-wake. Sing:



oh let man learn lib-er-ty, from crash-ing wind and lash-ing sea.
 oh not e'en their son's dis-grace can quite de-stroy their glo-ry's trace.
 oh they died their land to save at Augh-rim's slopes and Shan-non's wave.
 oh hur-rah, let Eng-land quake, we'll watch 'till death for Er-in's sake.

WEAVING LILT

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Scottish folksong

D A7 D G D G A7 D

1. Wait to - day, love, till ___ to - mor - row, Ho - ro e - ci - can a - rin hu - o,
 2. Wait to - day un - til ___ to - mor - row. Ho - ro e - ci - can a - rin hu - o.
 3. Shuttle I lent the King ___ of France, love, Ho - ro e - ci - can a - rin hu - o.

While I weave fine lin - en for thee, love, Lin - en for thee, fine lin - en for thee, love,
 Sown is the lint, but och, will it grow, love? Lin - en for thee, fine lin - en for thee, love,
 Loom, it grows in the wood of St. Pat - rick, Shut - tle, nor loom, have I ___ to weave, yet

G D G A7 D A7 D

While ___ I weave fine lin - en for thee, love, Wait to - day, love, till ___ to - mor - row.
 Sure will it grow fine lin - en for thee, love? Wait to - day, love, till ___ to - mor - row.
 wait till I weave fine lin - en for thee, love. Wait to - day, love, till ___ to - mor - row.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU MARRIED A SOLDIER?

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Irish folksong

G

1. Oh, what would you do if you mar - ried a sol - dier? "What would I do but to
 2. And what would you do if the ket - tle boiled o - ver? "What would I do but to
 3. The pra - ties are dry and the frost is all o - ver; Kit - ty, lie o - ver ___

D7 G

fol - low the gun?" And what would you do if he died in the o - cean?
 fill it a - gain?" And what would you do if the cow ate the clo - ver?
 next to the wall. The sum - mer is come and we're all in the clo - ver;

D7 G Em

"What would I do but to mar - ry a - gain?" } A rout the da dee, the dum
 "What would I do but to set it a - gain?" }
 Kit - ty, lie o - ver ___ next to the wall.

G Em C D7

did - dl - y da dum, A rout the da, doubt the da, did - dl - y da dum, Da da

G C G D7 G

did - dl - y da dum, da dee da dum, Da did - dl - y da dee, da did - dl - y da dum.

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

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Lyric by Chauncey Olcott and Geo. Graff Jr.
Music by Ernest R. Ball

1. There's a tear in your eye, And I'm wonder - ing why, For it nev - er should
 2. For your smile is a part Of the love in your heart, And it makes e - ven

be there at all. _____ With such pow'r in your smile, Sure a stone you'd be -
 sun - shine more bright. _____ Like the lin - net's sweet song, Croon - ing all the day

guile, So there's nev - er a tear - drop should fall. _____ When your sweet lilt - ing
 long, Comes your laugh - ter so ten - der and light. _____ For the spring - time of

laugh - ter's like some fair - y song, And your eyes twin - kle bright as can be; _____
 life is the sweet - est of all, There is ne'er a real care or re - gret; _____

_____ You should laugh all the while and all oth - er times, while, And now smile _____ a
 _____ And while spring - time is ours through - out all of youth's hours, Let us smile _____ each

smile for me. _____ } When I - rish eyes are smil - ing, _____ Sure it's
 chance we get. _____

like a morn in Spring. _____ In the lilt of I - rish laugh - ter,

You can hear the an - gels sing. _____ When I - rish hearts are

hap - py, _____ All the world seems bright and gay, _____ And when I - rish

eyes are smil - ing, Sure they steal _____ your heart a - way. _____

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE

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Irish folksong

A D A C#m F#m D A/E D/F# D6

1. When he who a - dore - s thee has left but the name, Of his fault and his sor - rows be -
 2. With thee were the dream - s of my ear - li - est love, Ev - 'ry thought of my rea - son was

A F#m D C#m F#m

hind; Oh! say wilt thou weep when they dark - en the fame, Of a
 thine; In my last hum - bling prayer to spir - it a - bove, Thy

D C#m Bm7 E A F#m

life that for thee was re - signed. Yes, weep, and how - ev - er my
 name shall be min - gled with mine. Oh! Blest are the lov - ers and

D Bm C#m D C#m F#m

foes may con - demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For
 friends who shall live, The days of thy glo - ry to see; But the

A D A C#m F#m D C#m Bm7 E A

Heav - en can wit - ness, though guilt - y to them, I have been but too faith - ful to thee!
 next dear - est bless - ing that Heav - en can give, Is the pride of thus dy - ing for thee!

WHEN WE WERE BOY AND GIRL

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Irish folksong

A D A E F#m A7 D

1. When we were boy and girl, And chased through cow - slips qua - ver - ing, With
 2. When we were youth and maid, And ev - 'ry field was flow - er - ing, And
 3. And now at length I'm back, And un - der May - white bos - om - ing, We

A D A Bm E D/A A

fly - ing foot and curl, The but - ter - fly bright wa - ver - ing; How
 haw - thorns, as we strayed Their scent - ed snows were show - er - ing; Your
 take the same old track, O'er mea - dow bright - ly blos - som - ing; While

E7/B Dmaj9 E7 A

joy - ous - ly we'd spring At the gid - dy, glanc - ing, glor - ious thing, The
 laugh - ing lips and eyes So out - danced the danc - ing but - ter - flies, The
 some - thing o'er and o'er Goes mur - mur - ing, "Seek her love once more! Oh

D A/C# E/G# A E E7 C# Bm A E

glanc - ing, glor - ious thing! Ah, how soft we stole, wher - e'er he'd light! But
 danc - ing but - ter - flies, That to whis - per my love too soon I leant, When
 seek her love once more!" Ah! then is there a yes! in that blush and sigh? And

F#m7 E A Bm E7 Bm7/A A

still a - way he'd fling And flit - ter, flut - ter out of sight.
 off in scared sur - prise, A - way with the but - ter - flies you went.
 is that your heart, as tore, Or a flit - ter - ing flut - ter - ing but - ter - fly?

WHO THREW THE OVERALLS IN MISTRESS MURPHY'S CHOWDER

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Words and Music by
George L. Geifer

A

1. Mis-tress Mur - phy gave a par - ty just a - bout a week a - go,
2. They - dragged the pants from out the soup and laid them on the floor,

F#m E A

Ev - 'ry - thing was plen - ti - ful the Mur - phy's they're not slow. They treat - ed us like
Each man swore up - on his life he'd ne'er seen them be - fore. They were plas - tered up with

A/C# Bm/D D#dim7

gen - tle - men we tried to act the same, They On - ly for what hap - pened well it
mor - tar and were worn out at the knee, They had their man - y ups and downs as

A/E E7 A D A/C# E7/B E7 A Adim

was an aw - ful shame. When Mrs. - Mur - phy dished the chow - der out she faint - ed on the
we could plain - ly see. And _____ when Mrs. Mur - phy she came to she 'gan to cry and

A D A/C# A B7 E7

spot, She found a pair of o - ver - alls at the bot - tom of the pot. Tim
pout, She had them in the wash that day and for - got to take them out. Tim

A

No - lan he got rip - ping mad his eyes were bulg - ing out, He jumped up - on the
No - lan he ex - cused him - self for what he said that night, So we put mu - sic

D D#dim7 A/E E7 A A/E

pi - an - o and loud - ly he did shout: } Who threw the o - ver - alls in
to the words and sung with all our might. }

A F#m B7/F#

Mis - tress Mur - phy's chow - der? No - bod - y spoke so he shout - ed all the

E A E7 A D

loud: _____ It's an I - rish trick that's true. I can lick the mick that

A D A E7 A

threw the o - ver - alls in Mis - tress Mur - phy's chow - der.

WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

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Words and Music by James I. Russell

1. There's a pret - ty spot in Ire - land, I al - ways claim for my land, Where the
 2. Sure no let - ter I'll be mail - ing, For soon will I be sail - ing, And I'll

fair - ies and the blar - ney Will nev - er, nev - er die. It's the land of the shil -
 bless the ship that takes me To my dear old Er - in's shore. There I'll set - tle down for -

la - lah. My heart goes back there dai - ly, To the girl I left be - hind me When we
 ev - er. I'll leave the old sod nev - er, And I'll whis - per to my sweet - heart, "Come and

kissed and said good - bye. } Where dear old Shan - non's flow - ing, Where the three - leaved sham - rock
 take my name, As - thore." }

grows, Where my heart is, I am go - ing, To my lit - tle I - rish rose. And the

mo - ment that I meet her with a hug and kiss I'll greet her, For there's

not a col - leen sweet - er, Where the Riv - er Shan - non flows.

WHISKEY, YOU'RE THE DEVIL

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Irish folksong

Whis - key, you're the dev - il, you're lead - in' me a - stray O - ver hills and

moun - tains and to A - mer - i - cae. You're sweet - er, strong - er, de - cent - er, you're

spunk - i - er than tae; O Whis - key, you're my dar - lin' drunk or so -

Fine

ber. { 1. Oh, now, brave boys, we're on the march And off to Por - tu -
 2. The French are fight - ing bold - ly, Men dy - ing hot and
 3. Said the moth - er, "Do not wrong me; Don't take my daugh - ter

F C D7

gal and Spain. The drums are beat - ing, ban - ners fly - ing; The dev - il a - home will
 cold - ly. Gives ev - 'ry man - his, his flask of pow - der, His far - il lock on his
 from me. For if you do, I will tor - ment you, And af - ter death a

G7 C G7 C

come to - night. Love, fare thee well with me tith - er - y eye, the doo - de - lum, the
 shoul - der. }
 ghost will haunt you." }

G7

da, Me tith - er - y eye, the doo - de - lum, the da, Me

F C G7 C D.C. al Fine

rikes fall, tour a lad - die, Oh, there's whis - key in the jar. Hey!

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

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Irish folksong

D D7 G Em A7 D

1. There was a wild co - lo - nial boy, Jack Dug - gan was his name,
 2. At the ear - ly age of six - teen years, he left his na - tive home,
 3. For two long years this dar - ing youth ran on his wild car - eer,
 4. He bade the judge "Good morn - ing" and he told him to be - ware,
 5. One morn - ing on the prai - rie Wild Jack Dug - gan rode a - long,
 6. "Sur - ren - der now, Jack Dug - gan, you can see there's three to one,
 7. He fired point - blank at Kel - ly and brought him to the ground.

A7 G A7 D

He was born and raised in Ire - land in a place called Cast - le - main,
 And through Aus - tra - lia's sun - ny clime he was in - clined to roam.
 With a heart that knew no dan - ger, their jus - tice did not fear.
 For he nev - er robbed an hon - est judge what act - ed "on the square."
 While lis - tening to the mock - ing - birds sing - ing a cheer - ful song.
 Sur - ren - der in the Queen's name, sir, you are a plund - ering son."
 He fired a shot at Da - vis, too, who fell dead at the sound.

A7 G A7 D

He was his fa - ther's on - ly son, his moth - er's pride and joy,
 He robbed the lord - ly squat - ters, their flocks he would des - troy,
 He stuck the Beech - worth coach up, and he robbed Judge Mc - E - voy,
 Yet you would rob a moth - er of her son and on - ly joy,
 Out jumped three troop - ers fierce and grim, Kel - ly Da - vis and Fitz - Roy,
 Jack drew two pis - tols from his side and glared u - pon Fitz - Roy,
 But a bul - let pierced his brave young heart from the pis - tol of Fitz - Roy,

D7 G Em A7 D

And dear - ly did his pa - rents love the Wild Co - lo - nial Boy.
 A ter - ror to Aus - tra - lia was the Wild Co - lo - nial Boy.
 Who tremb - ling gave his gold up to the Wild Co - lo - nial Boy.
 And breed a race of out - laws like the Wild Co - lo - nial Boy.
 They all set out to cap - ture him, the Wild Co - lo - nial Boy.
 "I'll fight, but not sur - ren - der," cried the Wild Co - lo - nial Boy.
 And that was how they cap - tured him - the Wild Co - lo - nial Boy.

WHY, LIQUOR OF LIFE, DO I LOVE YOU SO?

(A Fhuisgí, Croí Na n-Anamann)

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Irish folksong

1. "Why, li - quor of life, do I love you so, When in all our en - coun - ters you lay me low? More
 2. "When you've heard prayers on Sun - day next, With a ser - mon be - sides or at least the text, Come
 3.-4. (See additional lyrics)

1. "A fhuis - gí, croí na n-an - am - ann, Leag - an tú ar lár me,
 2.-4. (See additional lyrics)

stu - pid and sense - less I ev - 'ry day grow; What a hint, if I'd mend by the warn - ing!
 down to the ale - house, how - ev - er you're vexed, And though hun - dreds of cares as - sault you. You'll
 Bíonn gan chéill, gan ai - thin - e, 'Sé an t-ach - a - rann dob - a fhearr liom!

Tat - tered and torn you've left my coat, I've not a cra - vat to save my throat, Yet I
 find tip - pling there till mor - als mend, A cock shall be placed in the bar - rel's end; The
 Bíonn mo chót - a strac - ai - the, 'Gus caill - im leat mo char - abh - at, Is

par - don you all, my spar - kling doat, If you'll cheer me a - gain in the morn - ing!"
 jar shall be near you and I'll be your friend, And give you a céad míle fáil - te."*
 bíodh a ndeár - nais mai - te leat, Ach teang - mhaigh liom a - már - ach!"

Additional Lyrics

- 3. "You're my soul and my treasure without and within,
 My sister, my cousin, and all of my kin;
 'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,
 But all other enjoyment is vain, love!
 My barley ricks all turn to you,
 My tillage, my plough and my horses too;
 My cows and my sheep have bid me adieu,
 I care not while you remain love!"
- 4. "Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,
 And many a time you have made me mad;
 But while I've a heart it can never be sad,
 When you smile at me full on the table!
 For surely you are my wife and brother,
 My only child, my father and mother;
 My outside coat, I have no other,
 Oh I'll stand by you while I'm able!"
- 2. "Nuair cistfidh tusa an t-Aifreann
 Is beidh do sháilm ráite,
 Déin-se ionad coinne liom
 Is teangmhaigh liom i dtigh 'n táirne,
 Mar a bhfeicfir cáirt is cnagaire,
 Is coc i dtóin an bharraille,
 Is bíodh an jar i n-aice leat,
 Is rót-sa chuirfead fáilte!"
- 3. "Och m'óg stór is mo charm thú,
 Moshiúr agus mo bhrá thair,
 Mo chúirt, mo thigh, mo thalamh thú,
 Mo chruach agus mo stáca!
 Mo threobha, mo chéacht, mo charpaill thú;
 Mo bha's mo chaoire, geala thú,
 Is targash ní dár thagaras,
 Do chongaibh mise páilte!"
- 4. Is lomdha bruion is acharann,
 Bhíodh ead rainn le ráite;
 Ach nífhanann brón im aigne,
 Nuair líontar chúm archlár thú!
 Mo bhean agus mo leanbh thú;
 Mo m-háthair agus m'athair thú,
 Mo chó tamór is mo wrapper thú,
 'S ní sgarfaidh mé go bráthleat.

*A hundred thousand welcomes

WILL YE GO, LASSIE?

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Irish folksong

1. Oh, the sum - mer time is com - ing, And the trees are sweet - ly bloom - ing, And the
 2. I will build my love a tow - er Near yon pure crys - tal foun - tain And on
 3. If my true love she were gone I would sure - ly find an - oth - er, Where the

wild moun - tain thyme Grows a - round the bloom - ing heath - er.
 it I will build All the flow - ers of the moun - tain. } Will ye go, las - sie,
 wild moun - tain thyme Grows a - round the bloom - ing heath - er. }

E A E A E

go? And we'll all go to - geth - er, To pluck wild moun - tain

C#m F#m A/B E A E

thyme, All a - round the bloom - ing heath - er. Will ye go, las - sie, go?

THE WILD ROVER

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Irish folksong

G C

1. I've been a wild ro - ver for man - y a year, And I've
2. I went in - to an ale - house I used to fre - quent, And I
3. Then out of my pock - et I took sover - eigns bright, And the
4. I'll go back to my par - ents, con - fess what I've done, And

G D7 G

spent all my mon - ey on whis - key and beer. But now I'm re -
told the land - la - dy's eyes o - pened wide with de - light. I asked for a
land - la - dy's eyes o - pened wide with de - light. She asked for a
ask them to par - don their pro - dig - al son. And if they ca -

C G D7

turn - ing with gold in great store, And I nev - er will play the wild
bot - tle; she an - swered me, "Nay, Such a cus - tom as yours I can
whis - kies and wines of the best, And the words that I said, sure, were
res - me as oft - times be - fore, Then I nev - er will play the wild

G D

ro - ver no more. }
get an - y day. }
on - ly in jest. }
ro - ver no more. }
And it's no, nay, nev - er;

G C G

No, nay, nev - er no more Will I play the wild

C G D7 G

ro - ver, No, nev - er no more.

WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?

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Scottish folksong

1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa, Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main;
 2. Mon - y a trai - tor 'mang the isles, brak the band o' na - ture's laws.
 3. Mon - y a gal - lant sod - ger faught, mon - y a gal - lant chief did fa'.
 4. When - e'er I hear the black - bird sing, un - to the eve - ning sink - ing down.
 5. Sweet the lav' - rock's note and lang, lilt - ing wild - ly up the glen.

Mon - y a heart will break in twa, Should he no' come back a - gain.
 Mon - y a trai - tor wi' his wiles, sought to wear his life a - wa.
 Death it - self were clear - ly bought, a' for Scot - land's King and law.
 Or merl that makes the woods to ring, to me they hae no oth - er sound.
 And aye the o'er - word o' the sang. "Will he no' come back a - gain?"

Will ye no' come back a - gain? Will ye no' come back a - gain?

Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be, Will ye no' come back a - gain?

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER

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Irish folksong

1. Will you come to the bow'r o'er the free bound - less o - cean, Where the
 2. Will you come to the land of O' - Neill and O' - Don - nell, Of Lord
 3. You can vis - it Ben - burb and the stor - ied Black - wa - ter, where Ow - en
 4. You can see Dub - lin cit - y and the fine groves of Blar - ney, the Ba - na, the
 5. You can vis - it New Ross, gal - lant Wex - ford and Gor - ey, Where the
 6. Will you come and a - wake our lost land from its slum - ber, And her

stu - pen - dous waves roll in thun - der - ing mo - tion, Where the mer - maids are seen and the
 Lu - can of old and the im - mor - tal O' - Con - nell, Where Brain drove the Danes and St.
 Roe met Mun - roe and his chief - tains did slaugh - ter, Where the lambs skip and play on the
 Boyne, the Lif - fey and the lakes of Kil - lar - ney; You may ride on the tide o'er the
 green grass was seen by proud Sax - on and Tor - y, Where the soil is sanc - ti - fied by the
 fet - ters we will break, links that long are en - cum - bered, And the air will re - sound with Ho -

fierce tem - pest gath - ers, To loved Er - in the green, the dear land of our fa - thers.
 Pat - rick the Ver - min, And whose val - leys re - main still most beau - ti - ful and charm - ing.
 mos - sey all o - ver, From those gol - den bright views to en - chant - ing Ros - trev - or.
 broad ma - jes - tic Shan - non, You may sail 'round Lough Neagh and see stor - ied Dun - gan - non. } Will you
 blood of each true man, Where they died sat - is - fied, their en - e - mies they would not run from.
 san - na to greet you, On the shore will be found gal - lant I - rish - men to meet you. }

come, will you, will you, will you come to the bow - er.

THE WIND ON THE MOOR

(Null A Mhonadh E Nall A Mhonadh)

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Folksong from the Hebrides



1. Moor - land winds a - moan - ing ee - ri - ly, Moor - land winds a - wan - der;
 2. Thro' the bog - land far - ing wea - ri - ly, Thro' the bog I wan - der;
 1. Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e
 2. Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e



Moor - land winds a - moan - ing ee - ri - ly, Moor - land winds out yon - der.
 Moor - land winds a - blow - ing ee - ri - ly, Moor - land winds out yon - der.
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e.
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e.



Thro' the bog - land far - ing wea - ri - ly, Thro' the bog I wan - der,
 Thro' the bog - land far - ing wea - ri - ly, Thro' the bog I wan - der,
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e,
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e,



Fire - light, Love - light, — Bare, I — wan - der, Fire - light, Love - light, — Seek - ing I wan - der.
 Fire - light, Love - light, — Bare, I — wan - der, Fire - light, Love - light, — Crav - ing I wan - der.
 Oidh - che fhliuch fhuar! — Blaths is — comh - nail, Oidh - che fhliuch fhuar, — Blaths is — comh - nail.
 Fhuar - adh dha - san — Blaths is — comh - nail, Fhur - adh dha - san — Blaths is — comh - nail.



Moor - land winds aye moan - ing ee - ri - ly, Moor - land winds out yon - der.
 Moor - land winds a - blow - ing ee - ri - ly, Moor - land winds out yon - der.
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e.
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e.

WITCHERY CANTRIPS

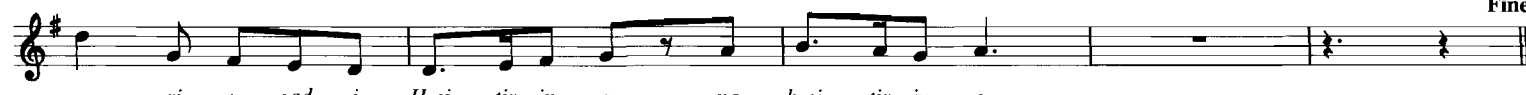
(Bòilich Nam Bana-Bhuidseach)

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Folksong from the Hebrides



Na h-ei - tir - in o, na h-ei - tir - in o, Na h-ei - tir - in o



— ri u - gad i H-ei - tir - in o, na h-ei - tir - in o.

Fine



1. Oh I last night in Dun - tuilm and Car - saig And o'er in Brae - mar went fro - ick - ing!
 2. To - night I will be in I'n - ver - ar - y, 'Neath trees in Kep - poch a - fro - ick - ing!
 3,4. (See additional lyrics)
 1. Bha mi'n raoir an Dun - tuilm 's an Car - saig Is thall am Braighmharr — am ghor - ai - che!
 2. Gum bi mi - an nochd — am Bail' In-bhir - ao - ra Sfo chraobhan — na Ceapaich am ghor - ai - che!
 3,4. (See additional lyrics)

D.C.

(last time D.C. al Fine)

Additional Lyrics

3. And I last night in Rannoch and Isla,
 Iona and Canna went frolicking!

4. Tonight I will be in Uist of shelldrakes,
 And Kilchiaran strand a-frolicking!

3. Bha mi'n raoir an Raineach 's an Ile,
 An Canaidh 's an I am ghoraiche!

4. Gum bi mi an nochd an Uibhist nam craghiadh,
 Air traigh Cill-Chiaran am ghoraiche!

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

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Irish folksong

Chords: C#m, F#m, C#m, G#m, C#m, G#m

1. I sat with - in the val - ley green; I sat me with my
 2. 'Twas hard the woe - ful words to frame; to break the ties that
 3. While sad I kissed a - way her tears, my fond arms 'round her
 4. But blood for blood with - out re - morse I've taken at Oul - art

Chords: C#m, F#m, C#m, G#m, C#m, G#m

true love. My sad heart strove the two be - tween, the old love and the
 bound us. But hard - er still to bear the shame of for - eign chains a -
 fling - ing. The foe - man's shot burst on our ears from out the wild - wood
 Hol - low, And laid my true love's clay cold corpse where I full soon may

Chords: C#m, E, C#m

new love. The old for her, the new that made me think on Ire - land
 round us. And so I said, "The moun - tain glen I'll seek at morn - ing
 ring - ing. A bul - let pierced my true love's side in life's young spring so
 fol - low. As 'round her grave I wan - dered, noon, night and morn - ing

Chords: G#m, C#m, F#m, C#m, G#m, C#m, G#m, C#m

dear - ly, While soft the wind blew down the glen and shook the gold - en bar - ley.
 ear - ly, And join the bold u - nit - ed men, while soft winds shake the bar - ley."
 ear - ly, And on my breast in blood she died while soft winds shook the bar - ley.
 ear - ly, With break - ing heart when - e'er I hear the wind that shakes the bar - ley.

WITCHERY CROON (Fise Faise Fó)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Chords: G, D, Bm, D, G

Feesh - a fash - a fo, Hee air a vo Hee a vo Feesh - a fash - a fo

Chords: D, Bm, D, G, Fine Em

Hee air a vo Hee a vo

1. That was in the pro - phe - cy,
 2. To our shores the her - ring show,
 3. And the eggs of a hen that's old,
 4.-6. (See additional lyrics)

1. Sid gu robh's an tailgneachd _
 2. Dhach - aith thun ar cladaichean _
 3. Le uibh - ean na seana - chirc

Na

Chords: Am, Em, F, D

hao eel yo. (Instrumental)

D.C. last time D.C. al Fine

Additional Lyrics

- 4. Oft I brought by wizardry.
- 5. Thro' the minnows in cogue.
- 6. That was in the prophecy.

- 4. 'Stric a thug mi'n sgadanaich.
- 5. Leis a'mheudar gharbhan.
- 6. Sid gu robh's an tailgneachd.

THE WITCHERY FATE SONG

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Folksong from the Hebrides

C#m

1. See yon - der the hawk and her back to the ground, See yon - der the hawk and her
 2. Down comes the hawk and she flies no more, Down comes the hawk and she
 1. Chun - na mi'n t-seabh - ag 's a cùl ri l àr, Chun - na mi'n t-seabh - ag 's a
 2. Chun - na mi'n t-seabh - ag 's a cùl ri l àr, Chun - na mi'n t-seabh - ag 's a

G#m

A

back to the ground, And Cor - rac from No - way and Gorm - hool from Moy - way To -
 flies nev - er - more, And Cor - rac from No - way and Gorm - hool from Moy - way Will
 cùl ri l àr, 'S bidh Corrag - lain Bhain 's bidh Gormshuil na Maigh, A
 cùl ri l àr, 'S bidh Corrag - lain Bhain 's bidh Gormshuil na Maigh, A'

E

C#m

mor - row must leave the play o' the waves, Ah me, it is sore on the
 leave ev - er - more the lea and the shore, The glens and the hills where they
 fag - ail am mair - each siab - an nan tonn 'S a righ gur a trom air an
 fag - ail gu brath gach cla - dach is fonn, Gach la - gan is tom air am

G#m

F#

C#m

old still young, A ree a, a ree. Down comes the hawk and she flies no more.
 loved to rove, A ree a, a ree. Down comes the hawk and she flies no more.
 òg - shean e A ri a, a ri. Chun - na mi'n t-seabh - ag 's a cùl ri l àr.
 b'eo - lach iad; A ri a, a ri. Chun - na mi'n t-seabh - ag 's a cùl ri l àr.

WITCHERY GRACES

(Obaidh Na Cloinne)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Ho na hook o reen o ho Hee na hee roo ree o.
 { 1. When I reach the
 2. Put I on them
 1. Nuair a ruig - eas
 2. Cuir - eam seir -

chil - dren lone, All a - lone, far a - way, }
 love and looks, Looks that jeal - ous eye ne'er sees, }
 mi a' chlann, Ho a' chlann fad - a thall, }
 ce 'nan crann, Loinn nach fhaic ach suil an dàimh, }

Ho na hook o reen o ho

Hee na hee roo ree o.
 { Put I clear - ness in their head, Hon - ey soft - ness
 Spell o' walk - in' on the weak, Spell o' deft - ness
 Cuir - eam soin - eann 'nan ceann, Min - e meal -
 Or - tha h-ineachd air an fhann, Or - tha h-iomairt -

in their speech, }
 on the blind, }
 a 'nan cainnt, }
 air an dall, }

Ho na hook _____ Ho reen yo ho. _____

THE WOMEN ARE WORSE THAN THE MEN

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Irish folksong



1. Is it true that the women are worse than the men?
 2. There _____ was a man walk - ing a - round _____ one day,
 3. And says he, "My good man _____ I've come for your wife."
 4. And says he, "Mis - ter Dev - il, oh take her a - way."
 5. Then the dev - il he hois - ted her up on his back,
 6. There were two or three dev - ils all tied up in chains,

7.-11. (See additional lyrics)



Rikes fol, rikes fol, tid - dy fol lay!

Is it true that the women are
 There _____ was a man walk - ing a -
 Says _____ he, "My good man _____ I've
 Says _____ he, "Mis - ter Dev - il, oh
 Then the dev - il he hois - ted her
 There were two or three dev - ils all



worse than the men? They were thrown in - to hell and were thrown out a - gain.
 round _____ one day, When he met with the dev - il up - on the high - way.
 come for your wife, For I hear she's the plague and tor - ment of your life."
 take her a - way, For she is _____ the plague of my life night and day."
 up on his back, And _____ off to his res - i - dence her he did pack.
 tied up with chains, Said they, "Take her a - way or she'll knock out our brains."

With me



rikes fol lay, tid - dy fol lay, Fol the dol, lol the dol, lol the dol lay!

Additional Lyrics

7. And two other young devils were climbing the wall,
 Rikes fol, rikes fol, tiddy fol lay!
 And two other young devils were climbing the wall,
 They said, "Take her away or she'll murder us all."
8. So the devil he hoisted her up on his back,
 Rikes fol, rikes fol, tiddy fol lay!
 So the devil he hoisted her up on his back
 And back to her old fellow her he did pack.
9. And says he, "My good man, here's your wife back again,"
 Rikes fol, rikes fol, tiddy fol lay!
 And says he, "My good man, here's your wife back again,
 For we couldn't put up with her in hell."
10. They were seven years going and nine coming back,
 Rikes fol, rikes fol, tiddy fol lay!
 They were seven years going and nine coming back
 And she's called for the scrapin's she left in the pot.
11. So it's true that the women are worse than the men,
 Rikes fol, rikes fol, tiddy fol lay!
 So it's true that the women are worse than the men
 For they went down to hell and were thrown out again.

THE WREN SONG

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Irish folksong



1. The wren, the wren, the king of all birds, St. Steph - en's Day was caught in the furze; Al -
 (2.) I was gone to Kill - en - aule I met a wren up - on _____ the wall;
 3. Drool - in, drool - in, where's - your nest? "'Tis in the bush that I _____ love best;



though he was lit - tle, his hon - or was great. Jump up, me lads, and give him a treat. 2. As
 Up with me wat - tle and knocked - him down, And brought him in - to Car - rick town.
 In _____ the tree, _____ the hol - ly tree, Where all the boys do

3
E B E B7 E
fol - low me." Up with the ket - tle and down with the pan And give us a pen - ny to bur - y the wren. 4. We

B E B
fol - lowed the wren three miles or more, Three miles or more, three miles or more,
(5.) have a lit - tle box un - der me hand, Un - der me hand, un - der me hand, We
6. Mis - sus Clan - cy's a ver - y good wom - an, A ver - y good wom - an, a ver - y good wom - an,

E B E B7 1, 2 E 3 E
Fol - lowed the wren three miles or more At six o' - clock in the morn - ing. 5. We
have a lit - tle box un - der me hand; A pen - ny a tup - pence will do it no harm.
Mis - sus Clan - cy's a ver - y good wom - an: She gave us a pen - ny to bur - y the wren.

THE WORK OF THE WEAVERS

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Scottish folksong

G C G
1. We're all met to - geth - er here, to sit and to crack. Wi' our glass - es in our hands and our
2. There's sol - diers and there's sail - ors and gla - ziers and all. There's doc - tors and there's min - is - ters and
3. Though weav - in' is a trade that nev - er can fail As long as we need clothes for to

D7 G C G
work up - on our back. And there's nae a trade a - mong 'em that can ei - ther mend nor mak' if it
them that live by law. And our friends in South A - mer - i - ca tho' them we nev - er saw But we
keep an - oth - er hale. So let us all be mer - ry o'er a bick - er of good ale And we'll

D7 G G D7
was - na' for the work of the weav - ers. } If it was - na' for the weav - ers
can they wear the work of the weav - ers. }
drink to the health of the weav - ers. }

Em Bm C G Am D7 G
what would they do? We would - na' have cloth made of our wool. We would - na' have a coat,

C G D7 G
nei - ther black nor blue, gin (if) it was - na' for the work of the weav - ers.

THE WITCHERY MILKING CROON

(Obaidh Buaille)

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Folksong from the Hebrides

Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm

1. Ho ro ho ro ho ro ho ro Ho ro ho ro Black
 2. Ho ro ho ro ho ro ho ro Ho ro ho ro Thou
 3. Ho ro ho ro ho ro ho ro Ho ro ho ro Thou black
 1.-3. Ho ro ho ro ho ro ho ro Ho ro ho ro }
 Bo
 A
 Bo

Am G Em Bm Am

cow o - ver - head, No ud - der hath she, nor eye - sight,
 town o - ver there, Good luck on thy greed and thy hoard - ing,
 cow o - ver head, There's joy on the poor and the weak - ly, Ho
 dhubh os mo chionn, Gu bheil i gun ùth is gun suil - ean,
 bhaile sin thall Gu meal is gu'n caith sibh bhur crin - e
 dhubh os mo chionn, Bidh sunnd air na dil - leachd - ain mhaoth - a

Em Am G Em Am Em

ro ho ro } Nor drinks she nor eats And 'twould drown a great ship her milk pour - ing.
 The drought's on thy fold, An e - vil less e - vil than cold hearts.
 There's crowd - ie and cheese For wom - en and dear wee chil - dren.
 Cha'n ith i's cha'n òl S gu'n doirt i na bha - thadh iubh - rach.
 Gur seasg bhur crodh laoigh 'Sma's cro - nail, o - cho - in bhur mi - run.
 Bidh gruiteam - bidh càis Aig mnathan 'saig paisdean gaol - ach.

THE YELLOW PONEE

(An Póní Beag Buí)

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Irish folksong

D A G D

1. I know a young lad, and I pit - y him too, Who
 2. When the au - tumn was past it was law - ful to wed, So they
 3. Old Pad - dy spoke out: "Take this an - swer to Mike, Young
 4. "Now wait till I tell you the deeds he has done, The
 5. "At the cur - ragh he beat ev - 'ry horse in the field, When
 6. "His ped - i - gree, mind you, is wor - thy his fame; There's
 7.-8. (See additional lyrics)
 1. Tá buach - aill ar mh'éol - as 's is brón liom a shlí, Do
 2.-8. (See additional lyrics)

Bm G Em A

set out one eve - ning last au - tumn to woo; He was
 sent to old Pad - dy his fa - ther and said, "We must
 Peg - gy's the daugh - ter in - law I would like; I will
 mon - ey he's gained and the cups he has won; In
 Whale - bone and Wait - a - while both had to yield; And
 Clink - er, and Cao - bach a pa - tri - ot name, And
 seól - adh sa' bhfomhar é i dreó chun Mhi - chíl; Do

D Bm E A

prom - ised young Peg - gy his sweet - heart to be, If he
 set - tle the for - tune, and the you will a - gree, To
 give them two and the cows and the house on the - gree, To
 Cork and in Youg - hal, and the sure in Tra - lee, But I
 Sig - nal was two, and Sir Ar - thur was three, And Cool
 Mon - arch, and Am - e - thyst, Light - ning - at - Sea, When
 geall - adh Peig óg dó le pós - a mar mhnaoi, And the
 Dá

D A G D

brought her two cows and the Yel - low Pon - ee.
 part with two cows and the Yel - low Pon - ee."
 nev - er will part with the Yel - low Pon - ee."
 cow - er has heard of the Yel - low Pon - ee."
 Da - vis was first on the Yel - low Pon - ee."
 Pad - der een Mare foaled the Yel - low Pon - ee."
 bhfaghadh sé dhá bhó 'gus an pón - í beag buí.

Additional Lyrics

2. Nuair imigh an fomhar bhí cead pósta ag an mnaoi
 Agus teachtaire seóladh chun seana-Phaidí,
 Féachaint an dtúrfadh aon treó uaidh don óigfhear chun tis—
 Cúbach is Cróinseach is an póní beag buí.
3. Do fhreagair Paid Mór iad le glórthaibh a chinn:
 "Taitheann a sgeól liom 's an óigbhean mar mhnaoi;
 Túrfad dhá bhó dhóibh 'gus tigh an Doirin,
 Ach ní sgarfainn go deó leis an bpóní beag buí.
4. "Eachtra 'neósfad ar mh'óig-each sa' tir,
 Gur i Malla do thóg sé mór-chuid cupaí,
 I gCorcaigh, i n-Eóchaill is dar ndóigh i dTráilí,
 'Gus ó Chúil Cabhair do fógradh mo phóní beag buí.
5. "Ar an gCurrach 'n-a dhéidh sin do dhéin sé an gníomh
 Nuair a bhuaidh sé ar Whalebone is ar Wait-awhile groí;
 Ar Signal is ar Sir Arthur i rás Chonntae an Rí
 Do thóg Dávis an Pláta le n-a phóní beag buí.
6. "Ó Chlinker le léaghadh dhíbh do théarnaigh a shíol,
 Ó Mhonarch, ó Eclipse is ón gCaobaigh le maoiamh,
 Amethyst tréitheach do b'fhearr laochas is gníomh,
 'Gus is í an Paidrín Mare do rug an póní beag buí.
7. "So Mickey, old friend and dear neighbor of mine,
 Though I like your proposal, your terms I decline;
 You may offer one daughter, or two or all three,
 But I never will part with the Yellow Ponee."
7. "A Mhichil a chomharsa a stóraigh's a mhaoin,
 Taitheann do mheónlion, do ghnó is do chrich;
 Ach dá dtúrfá Peig óg dó faoi dhó 'gus Caitlin,
 Ní sgarfainn go deó leis an bpóní beag buí."
8. Now I never would say a wrong word of old Pad,
 But with gout and rheumatics he's terrible bad;
 And next time he climbs upon the Yellow Ponee,
 He must ride for a cure to the Spaat Tralee.
8. Ní maith lion go bráth a cháil do rith sios,
 Tágútu ins gash cnúmh leis is fásga dathaighe;
 Nuair a thigeann sé anáirde ar an rábaire bui,
 Togann é den stair sin go Spáo thráilí.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

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Scottish folksong
 Words by Robert Burns
 Melody attributed to Charles Miller

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
 2. Oft ha'e I roved by bon - nie Doon, to see the rose and wood - bine twine. And

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, and I sae wear - y, fu' o' care! Ye'll
 il - ka bird sang o' it's luv, and fond - ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'

break my heart, ye war - bling bird, That wan - tons through the flow - 'ring thorn, Ye
 light - some heart I stretch'd my hand, and pu'd a rose - bud from the tree. But

mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
 my fause lov - er stole the rose, and left and left the thorn wi' me.

THE YELLOW BITTERN

(An Bunnán Bui)

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Irish folksong



1. The yel - low bit - tern that nev - er broke out — In a drink - ing — bout might as well have drunk; His —
 2. It's — not for the com - mon birds that I'd — mourn, The black - bird, the corn - crake or the crane, But —
 3. My — dar - ling told me to drink no more, — Or my life would be o'er in a lit - tle short while; But I —
 1. A bhun - nain bhúí, 'sé mo léan do luí, — 'Gus do chnámh - a — sin - te'r leac - ach lom! 'S ní —
 2.,3. (See additional lyrics)



- bones are thrown on a nak - ed — stone — Where he lived a - lone like a her - mit monk. O —
 for the bit - tern that's shy and a - part, — And — drinks in the march from the lone bog - drain. Oh! —
 told her 'tis drink gives me health and — strength, — And will length - en my road by man - y a mile. You —
 dheárn tú d'fh ná — dol - a' sa' t'úr, — 'S nár bhfearr leat — fion ná uis - ge poll. Ó!



- yel - low bit - tern! I pit - y your lot, Though they say that a sot like my - self is curst, I was —
 if I had known you were near your death, While my breath held — out I'd — run to you, 'Till a —
 see how the bird of the long smooth — neck Could get his — death from the thirst at last, Come —
 bhí - theá 'sior - ól na — dighe, 'Gus deir siad go mbím ar an nós sin seal, 'S ní —



- so - ber a - while, but I'll drink and be wise, — For — fear I should die in the end of thirst. —
 splash from the Lake of the Son of Bird, — Your — soul would have stirred and waked a - new. —
 son of my soul, and — drink your cup, — For you'll get no — sup when your life is past. —
 braon dá bhfuód nach — leig - fead síos, — Ar — eag - la go bhfuinn féin bás don tart.

Additional Lyrics

2. Ní h-iad bhur n-éanlaith 'tá mé 'éagcaoin
 Nár chuir spéis ariamh sa' digh,
 Ach an bunnán léana bhíodh leis féin
 Ag ól go réidh ar na curraigh amuigh.
 Dá gcuirtheá sgéala fá mo dhéin
 Go raibh tú i bpéin, bhéinn in mo ruith
 Nó go mbaininn béim as Loch Mhic an Éin
 A fhliucfadh do bhéal is do chorp istigh.
3. 'Sé dúirt mo stór liom leigean don ól,
 'S nach mbéinn-se beó ach seal beag gearr,
 Agus dúirt mé léithi gur chan si bréag,
 Gur bhfuide dom shaol an braon dighe 'fháil.
 Nach bhfeic tusa éan an phiobáin réidh,
 Go ndeacha sé dh'éag don tart ar ball?
 'S a dhaoine chléibh, Ó! fliuchaigí bhur mbéal,
 Ní bhfuí sibh braon i ndéidh bhur mbáis!

YOU CAN TELL THAT I'M IRISH

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Words and Music by
George M. Cohan

Em B7 Em B7

1. I can sing Yan - kee Doo - dle as much as I please, But ev - 'ry - one seems to be
2. I can put on my airs, just as much as I please, Me beau - ti - ful jew - els and

Em Bm F#m Bm F#m

wise. _____ As to who I am, what I am, ev - 'ry - one sees So
clothes. _____ But I'm I - rish, I'm I - rish, Yes, ev - 'ry - one sees The

Bm Em7 A7 D D7 G

per - fect - ly plain in me eyes. _____ You can tell that me fa - ther and
cute lit - tle turn of me nose. _____ When I go to a high - toned re -

A7 D7 G

moth - er, _____ They were ei - ther from Dub - lin or Cork; _____ That my
cep - tion, _____ Oh, I try to be fan - cy and fine; _____ But there's

A7 D Em7 Ddim A7

name is Mac some - thing or oth - er, _____ There are hun - dreds like me in New
real - ly no chance for de - cep - tion, _____ For they know I'm a real Mag - gie

D Gdim/D D7 G D7 G D7 G D7 G D7

York. _____ } You can tell, _____ by the touch of the brogue, you can tell, _____
Cline. _____ }

Bm D7 Bm D7 Bm D7 Bm D#dim Em Em7

_____ by the wink of the rogue, you can tell _____ all the while, _____ By the

A7 D7 Am7 D7 G D7 G D7

style, _____ by the smile; _____ You can tell, _____ by the wit of the

G D7 Bm D7 Bm D7 Bm D7 Bm Bm7

talk, you can tell, _____ by the swing of the walk, You can tell ver - y

Ddim E7 Am E Am A7 D7 G

well, though I'm tryin' to be swell, that I'm I - rish. _____

YOU CAN'T DENY YOU'RE IRISH

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Words and Music by
George M. Cohan

G D7

1. The It - al - ian can pose as a French - man, _____ While the French - man It - al - ian can
2. You can dress in the roy - al re - ga - lia, _____ And the jew - els of A - sia a -

D#dim Em

be; _____ Sure the En - glish can pass as the real swag - ger class Of A -
dorn, _____ But the world will be wise, you can nev - er dis - guise An - y

A7 D A7 D7 G

mer - i - can ar - is - toc - ra - cy. The Yan - kees can pose as the
I - rish - man that was ev - er born. You can go to the pyr - a - mid

D7

En - glish, _____ And can fool John - ny Bull at a glance; _____ They can
des - erts, _____ And they'll guess what you are right a - way; _____ In your

A7 D A7

all pass for some - thing they're not, the whole lot, But an I - rish - man has - n't a
E - gyp - tian clothes, You'll think no - bod - y knows, But the Sphinx as it winks, it will

D7 G D7

chance. _____ You can't de - ny you're I - rish; Sure it shows in your
say: _____ You can't de - ny you're I - rish; Sure it shows in your

walk, Shows in your talk, Shows in your eyes and your cheeks so red,
grace, Nose on your face, Shows ev - 'ry time that you try to pose,

G D7 G G7#5 C

Shows in the way that you wag - gle your head. Though you think you're styl -
Shows ev - 'ry - where from your head to your toes. Just be - tween us I -

E7 C E7 A7 D7 G

ish, Peo - ple see you're I - rish, And you can't de -
ish, If ev - 'ry - one was I - rish, Then we'd be in

D7 G7 E7 A7 D7 G

ny it, There's no use to try it, The whole world knows!
clo - ver, The war would be o - ver, The whole world gay!