The Best of the

POGUES

All the tracks from the album arranged for piano, voice and guitar

The Best of the
POGUES

The Progues

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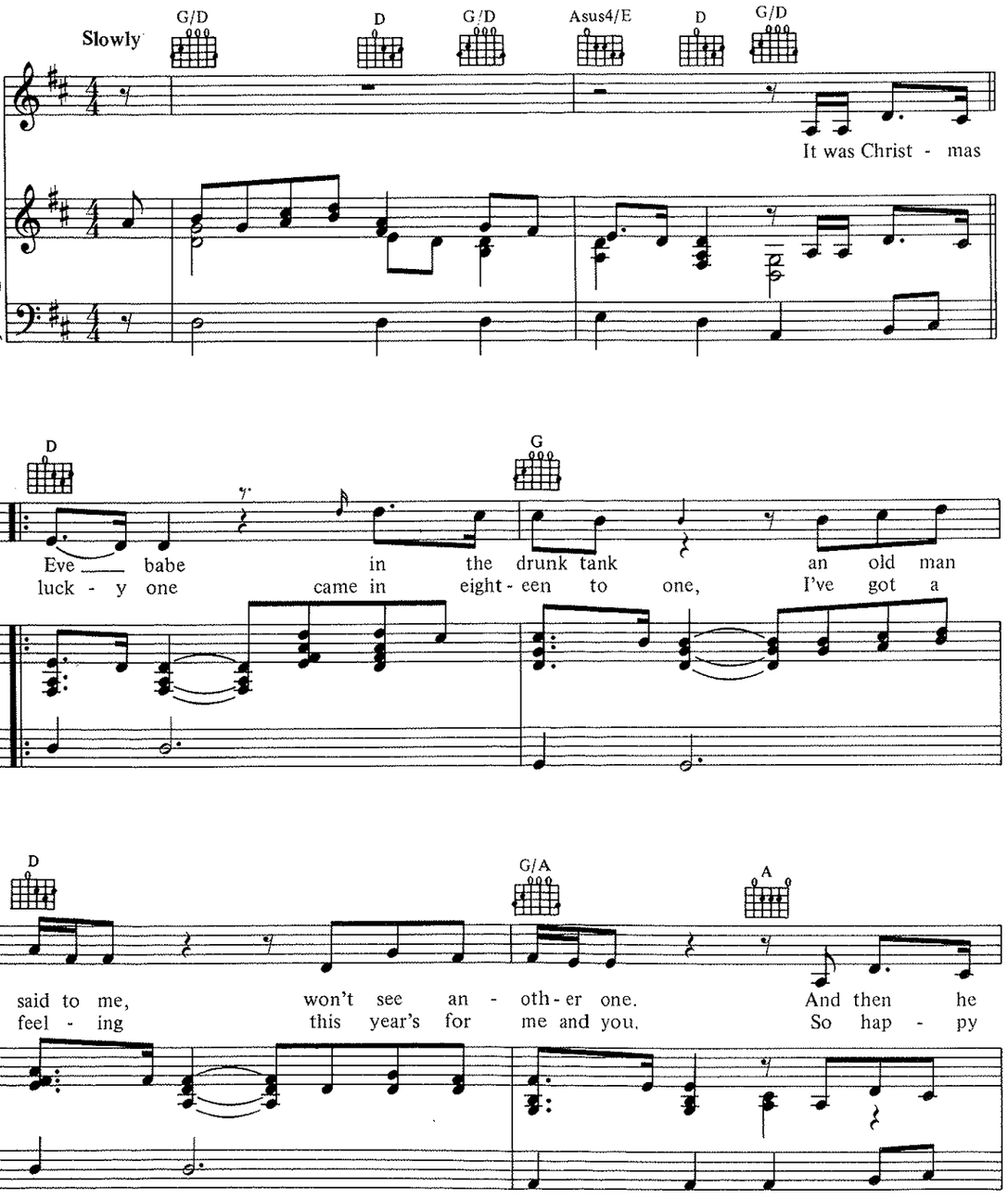
FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan & Jem Finer



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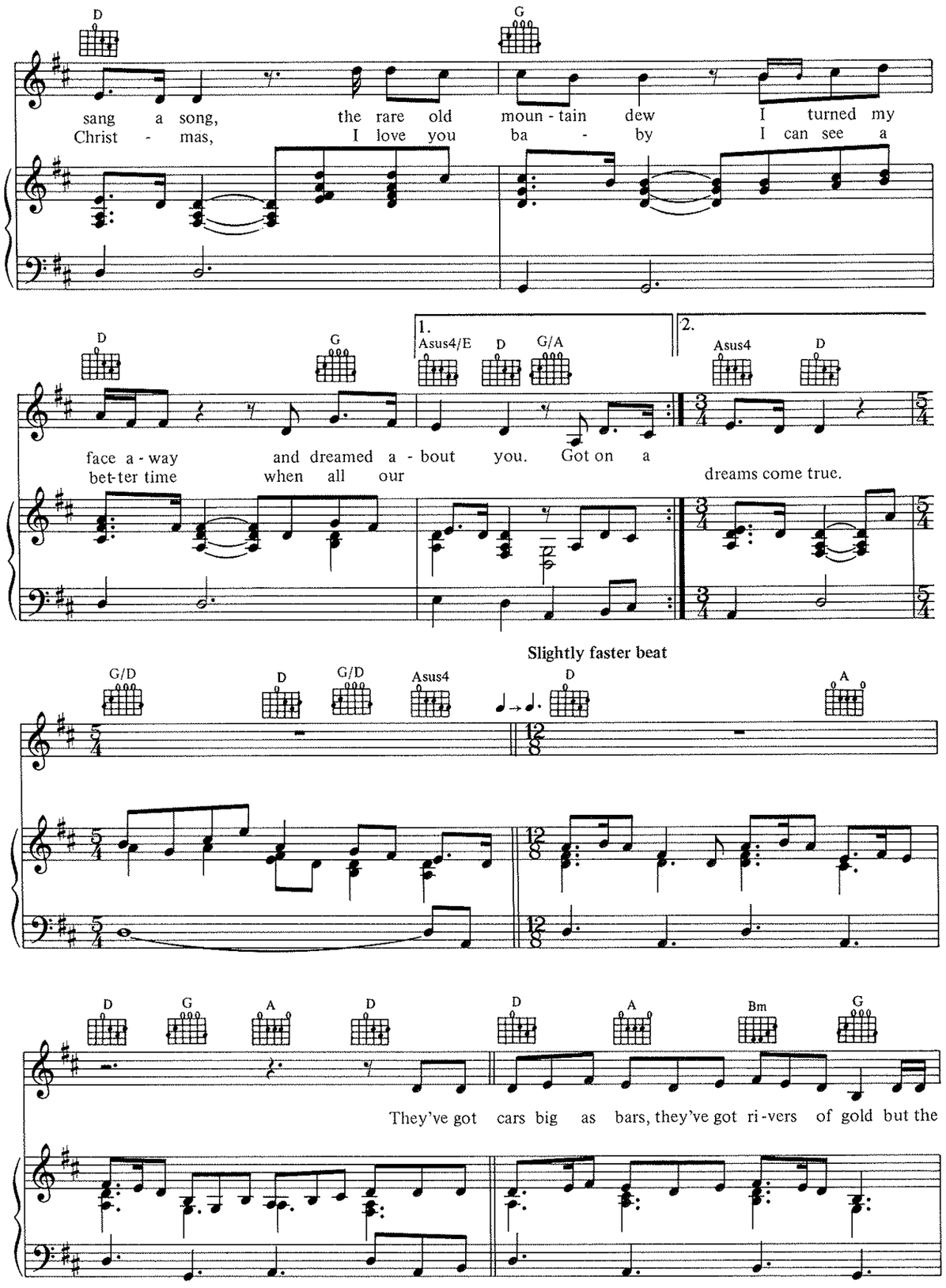
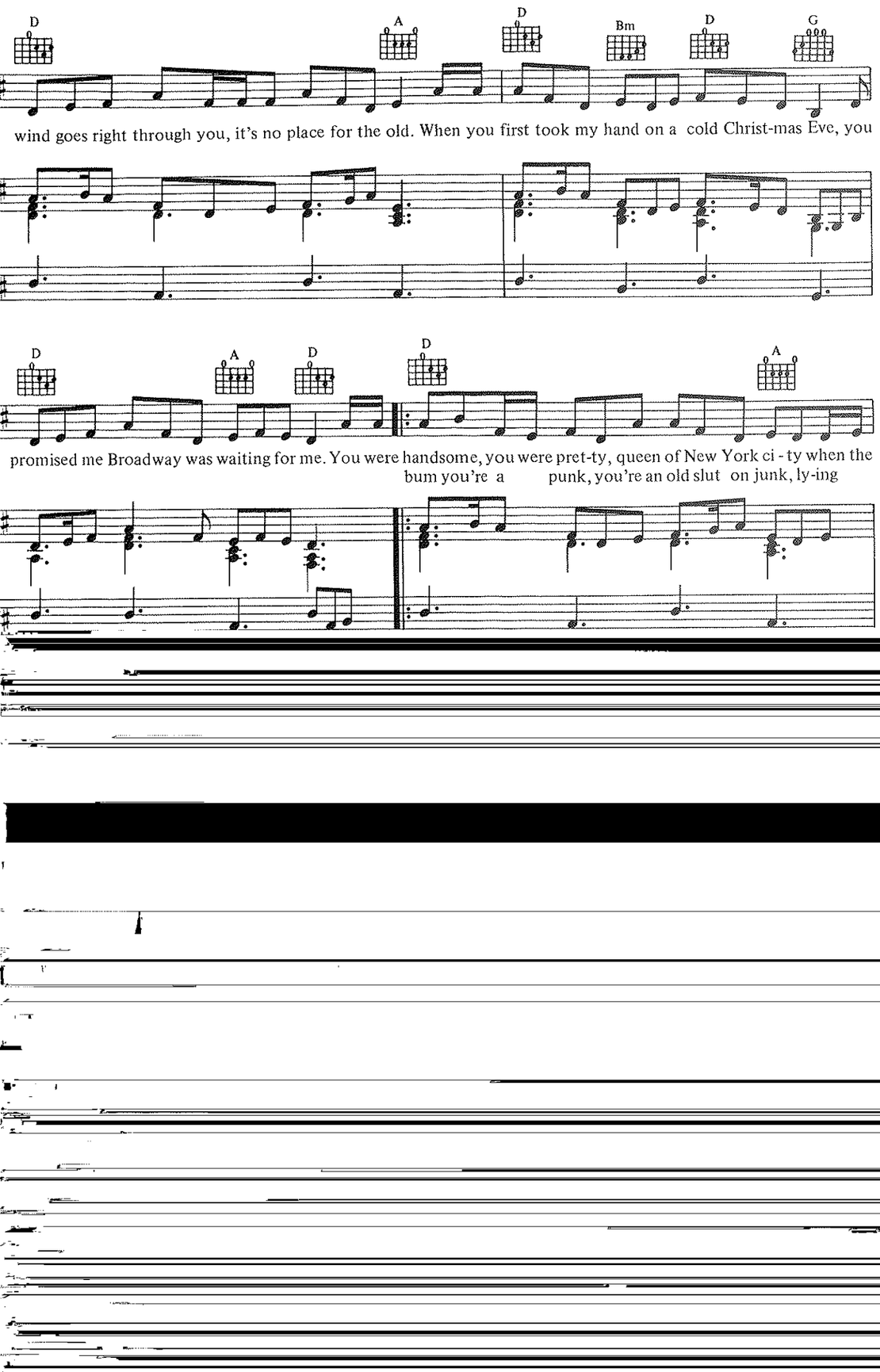
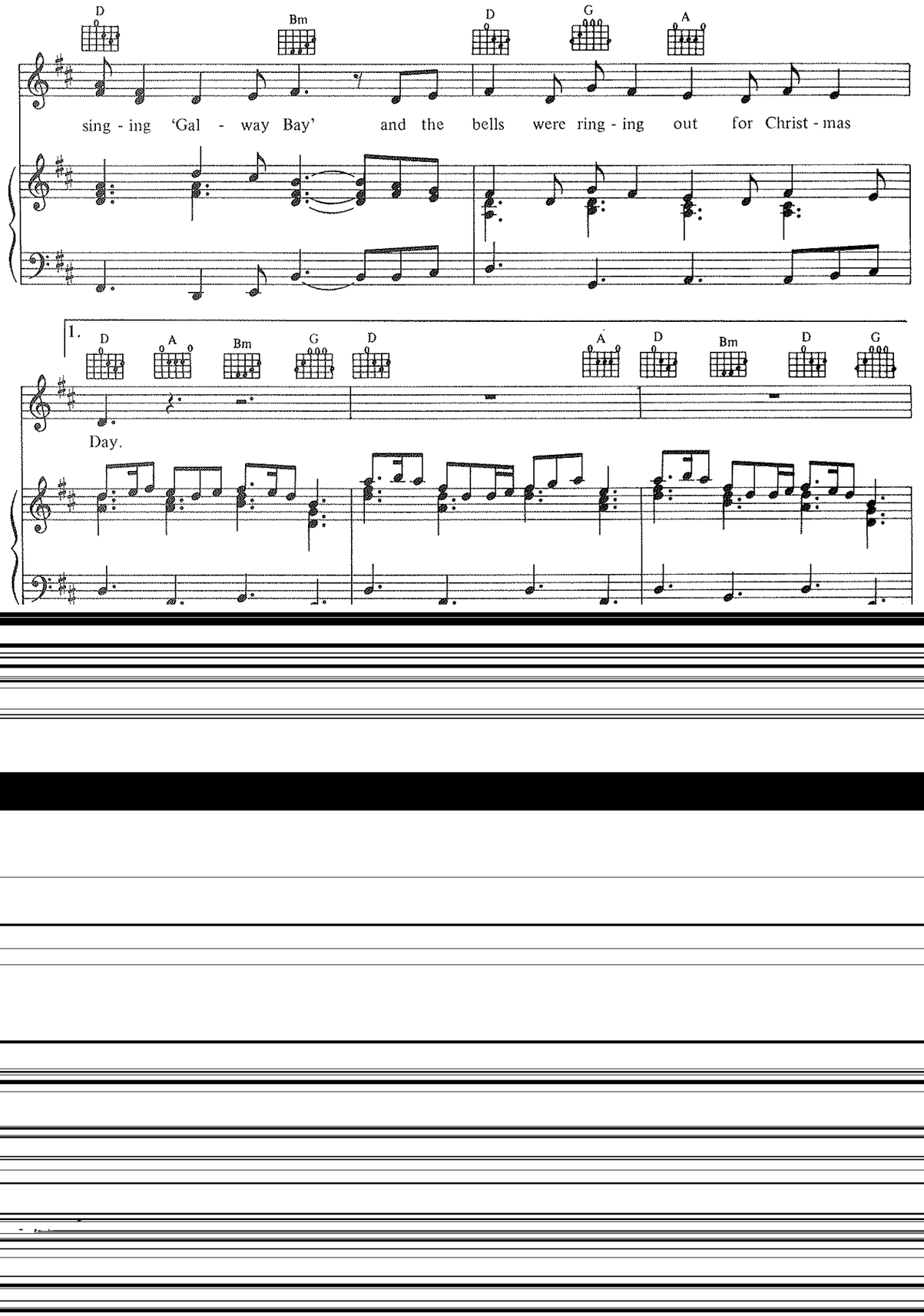



D A D Bm D G
wind goes right through you, it's no place for the old. When you first took my hand on a cold Christ-mas Eve, you
D A D D A
promised me Broadway was waiting for me. You were handsome, you were pret-ty, queen of New York ci - ty when the
bum you're a punk, you're an old slut on junk, ly-ing


D Bm D G A
sing - ing 'Gal - way Bay' and the bells were ring - ing out for Christ - mas
1.
D A Bm G D A D Bm D G
Day.

D G

been some - one well so could a - ny - one, you took my

D A

dreams from me when I first found_ you. I kept them

D G

with me babe, I put them with my own, can't_ make it

D G A D

all a - lone,_ I've built my dreams a - round you. The

G Bm A D Bm

boys of the N. Y. P. D. Choir still sing - ing 'Gal - way Bay' and the

D D

bells were ring - ing out on Christ - mas Day.)

G D G

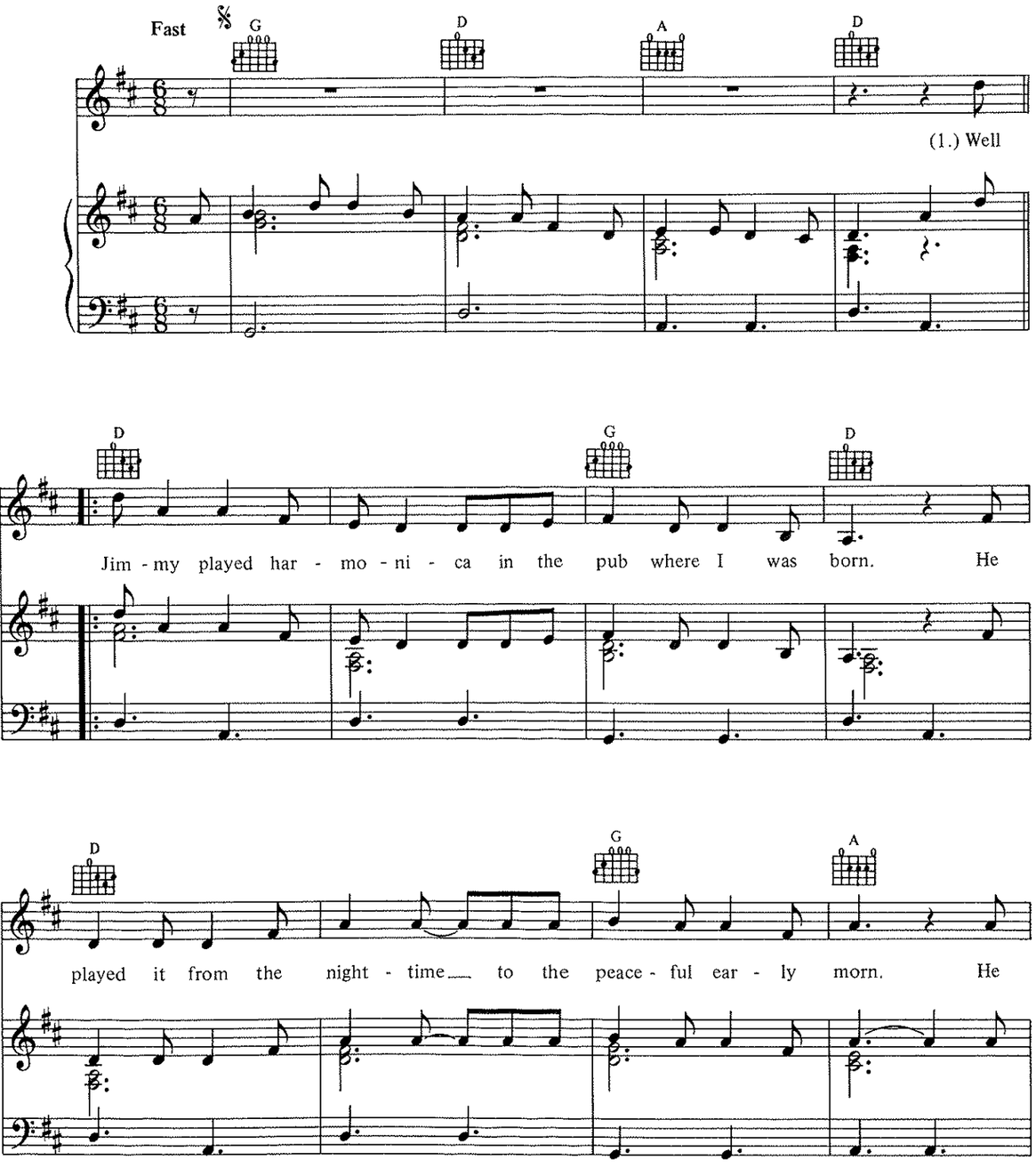
1. A 2. etc. A D A

(To Fade)

SALLY MacLENNANE

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan.

Fast



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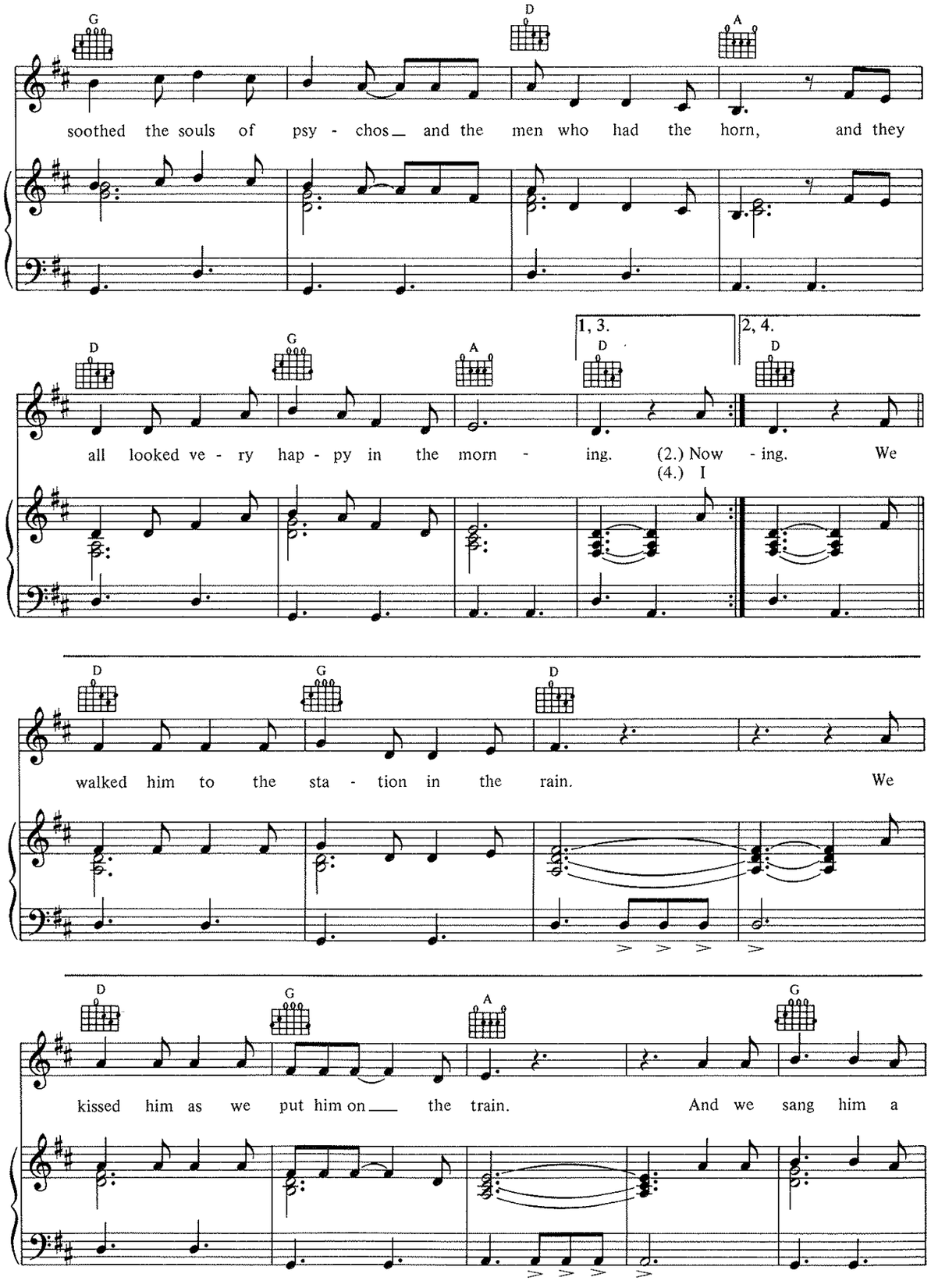


song ___ of times long gone, though we knew that we'd be see - ing him a -

gain. (Far a - way ___)

Sad ___ to say ___ I must be on my

way so buy me beer and whis - key 'cause I'm go - ing far a - way. I'd

(Far a -

way ___)

like ___ to think I'll be re - turn - ing when I can ___ to the

great - est lit - tle boo - zer and to Sal - ly Mac - Len - nane. (3.) The - nane.

4° + 𝄋. Segue

To Coda ⊕
D.𝄋. al Coda

CODA

1.

2.

VERSE 2:
Now Jimmy didn't like his place in this world of ours
Where the elephant man broke strong men's necks when he'd had too many Powers,
So sad to see the grieving of the people that I'm leaving
And he took the road for God knows in the morning.

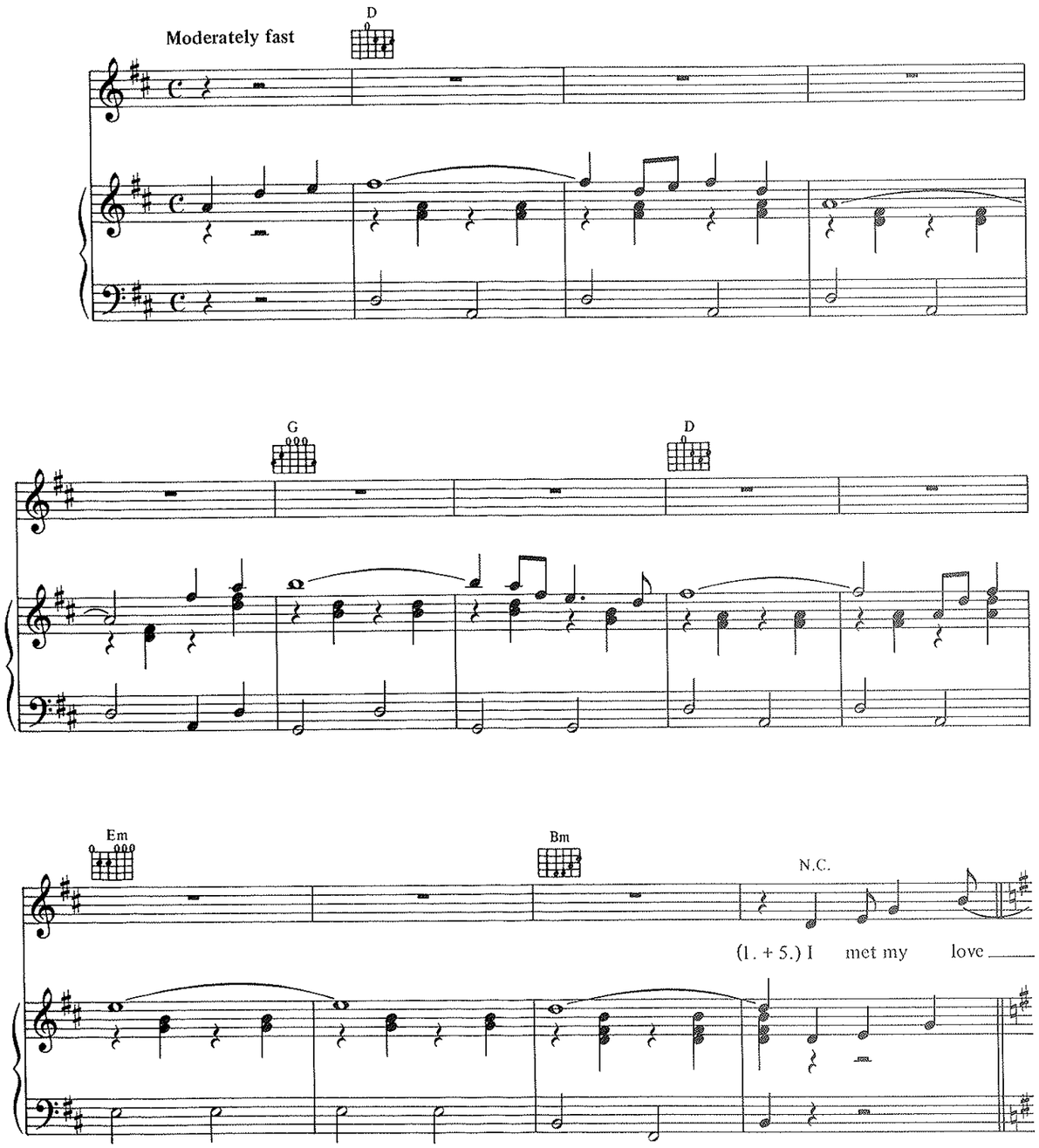
VERSE 3:
The years passed by the times had changed I grew to be a man
I learned to love the virtues of sweet Sally MacLennane
I took the jeers and drank the beers and I crawled back home at dawn
And ended up a barman in the morning.

VERSE 4:
I played the pump and took the hump and watered whiskey down
I talked of whores and horses to the men who drank the brown
I heard them say that Jimmy's making money far away
Some people left for heaven without warning.

VERSE 5:
When Jimmy came back home he was surprised that they were gone
He asked me all the details of the train that they went on
Some people they are scared to croak, but Jimmy drank until he choked
And took the road for heaven in the morning.

DIRTY OLD TOWN

Words & Music by Ewan MacColl.



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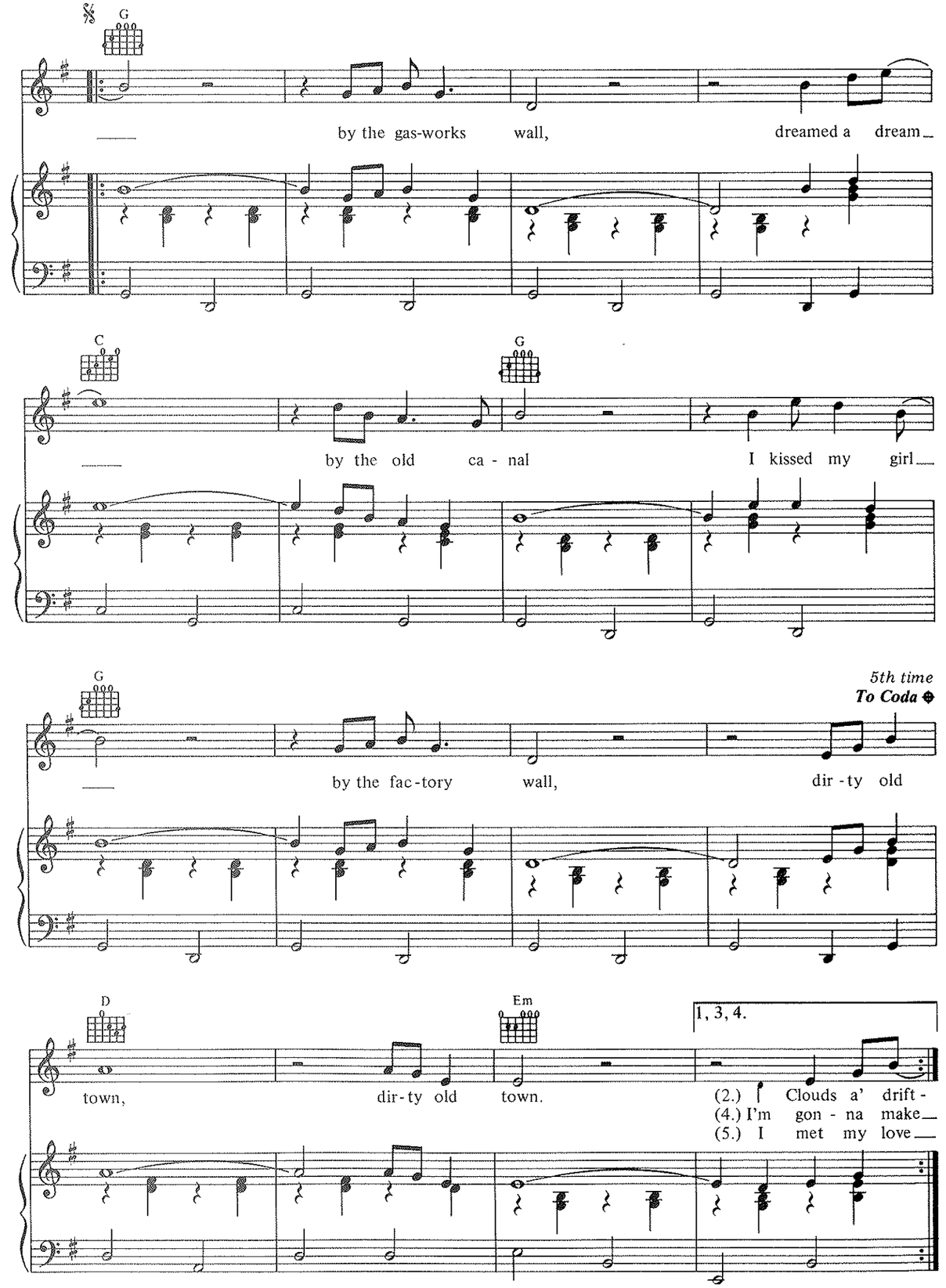

2.

C

F

C

C

G

Am

N.C.

D.S. (Rpt. x3)
al Coda

(3.) I heard a si -

CODA

Am

rall.

Em

town, dir- ty old town

D

a tempo

Em

dir-ty old town, dir-ty old town.

VERSE 2:
Clouds a' drifting across the moon
Cats a' prowling on their beat
Springs a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

VERSE 3:
I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smokey wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

VERSE 4:
I'm going to make me a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

THE IRISH ROVER

Traditional Arranged by The Pogues & The Dubliners.

Brisk beat, reel

(4º Instr.)

(1.) On the fourth of Ju - ly, eight-een hun - dred and six, we set sail from the sweet cove of Cork. We were sail - ing a - way with a car - go of bricks for the grand ci - ty hall in New York. 'Twas a won - der- ful craft, she was rigged fore and aft, and oh how the wild wind drove her. She stood se - ve - ral blasts, she had twen-ty se - ven masts and they called her the I - rish Ro - ver.

To Coda ⊕

1, 3, 4.

2, 5.

(2.) We had hold of the I - rish Ro - ver.
(5.) There was skipper on the I - rish Ro - ver.
(3.) There was
(6.) We had

5º — D.S. al Coda

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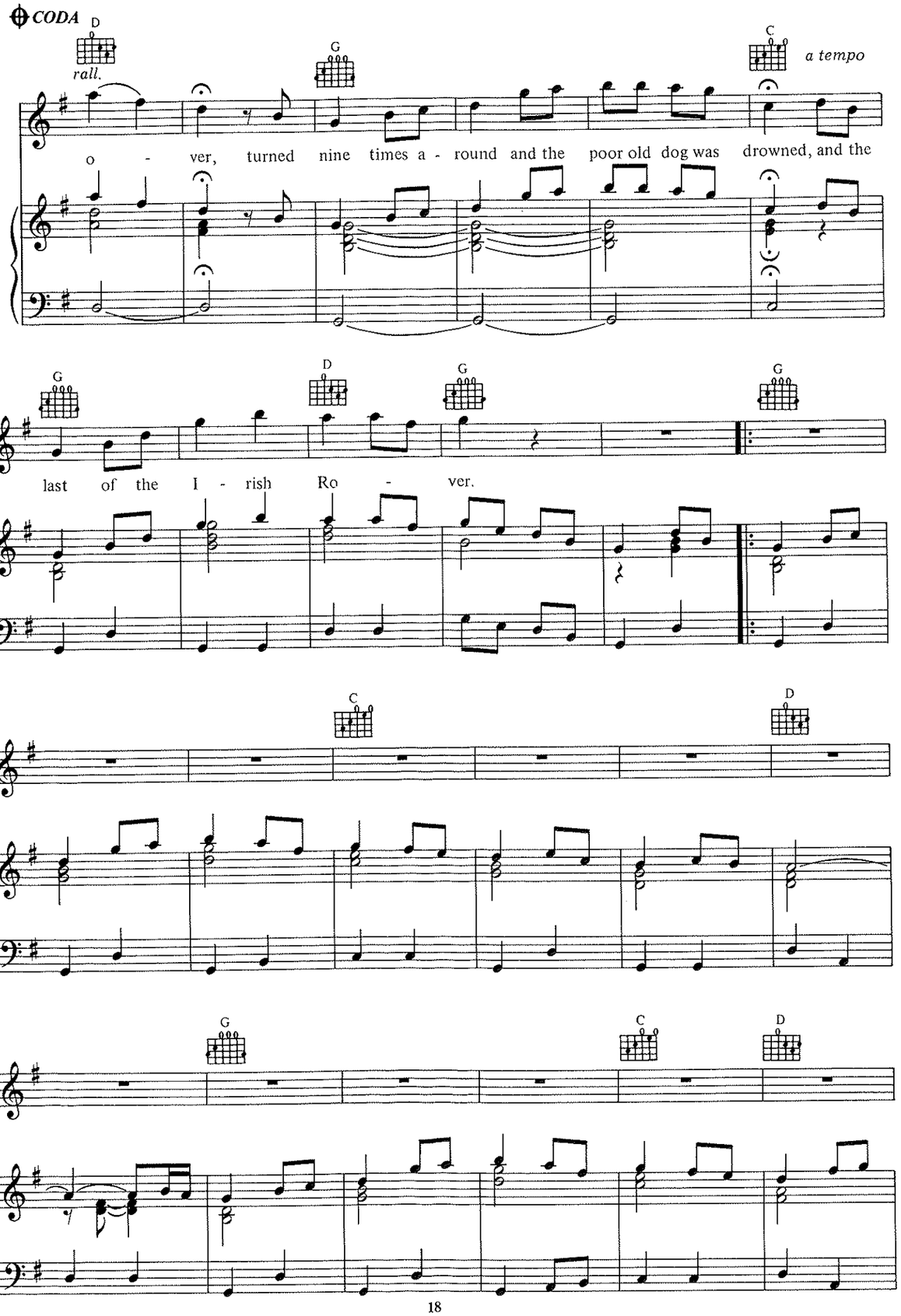

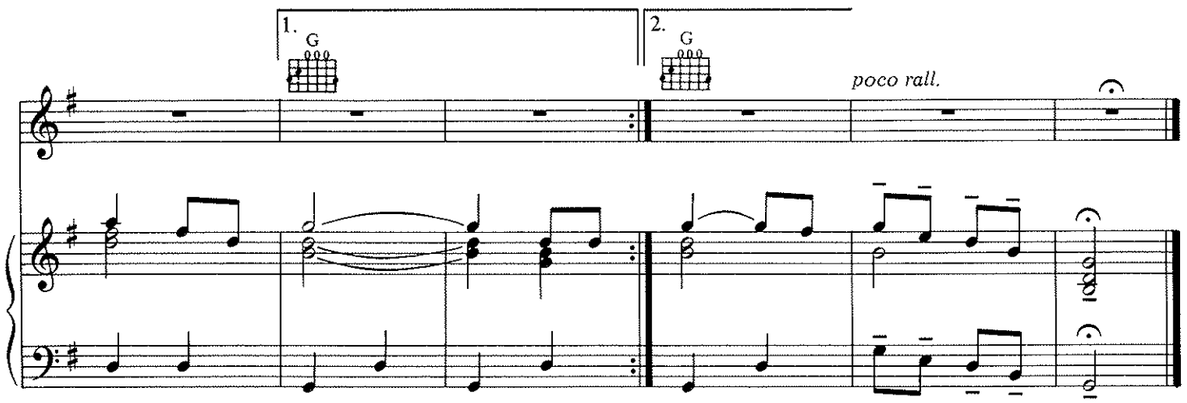

VERSE 2:
We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stone
We had three million sides of old blind horses' hides
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs and six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

VERSE 3:
There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for a set
He was tootlin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his smart witty talk he was cock of the walk
And he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
That he sailed in the Irish Rover.

VERSE 4: — Instrumental

VERSE 5:
There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
And your man, Mick MacCann, from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

VERSE 6:
We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in the fog
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock; oh Lord, what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned
And the last of the Irish Rover.

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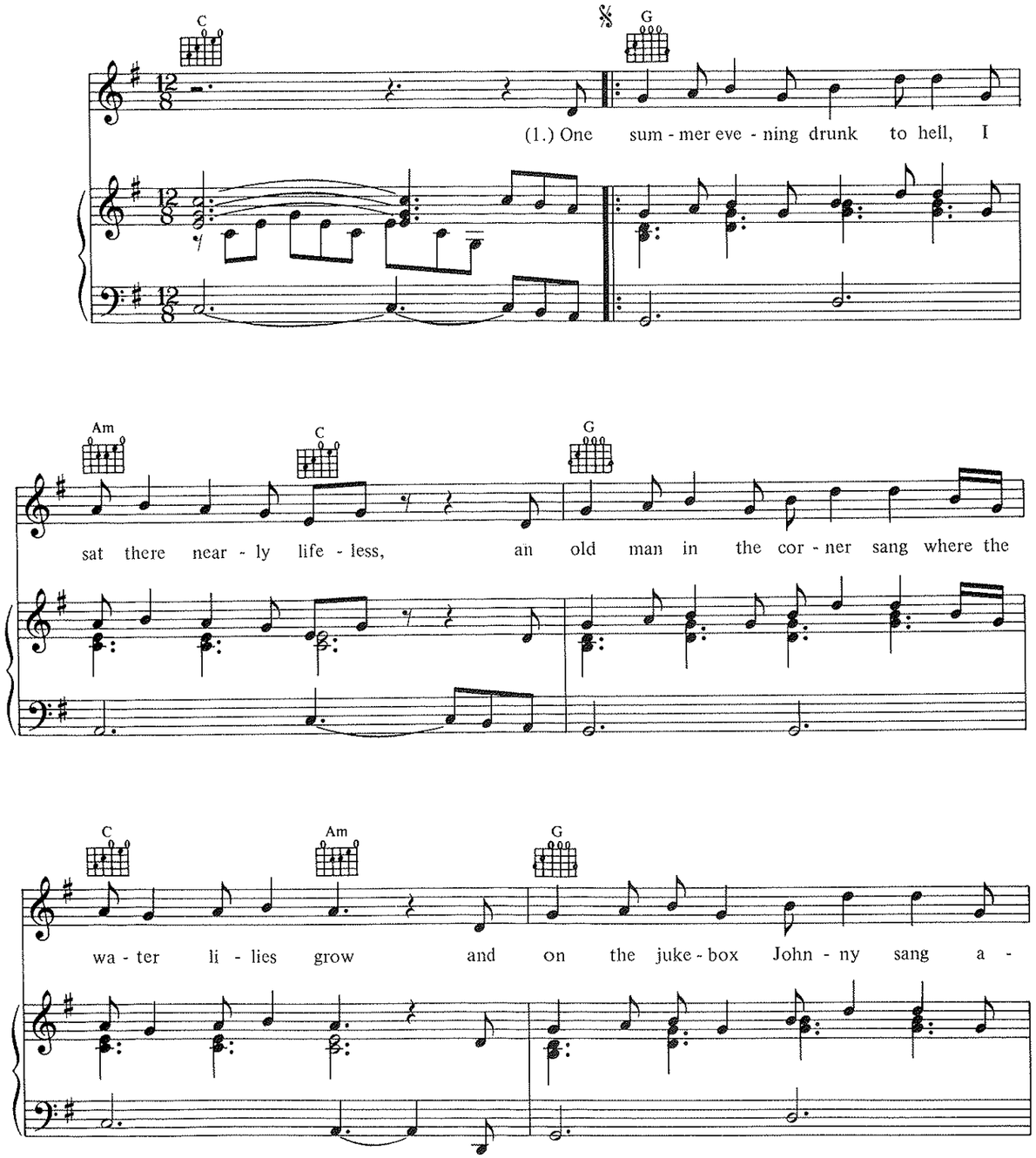
A PAIR OF BROWN EYES

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan.



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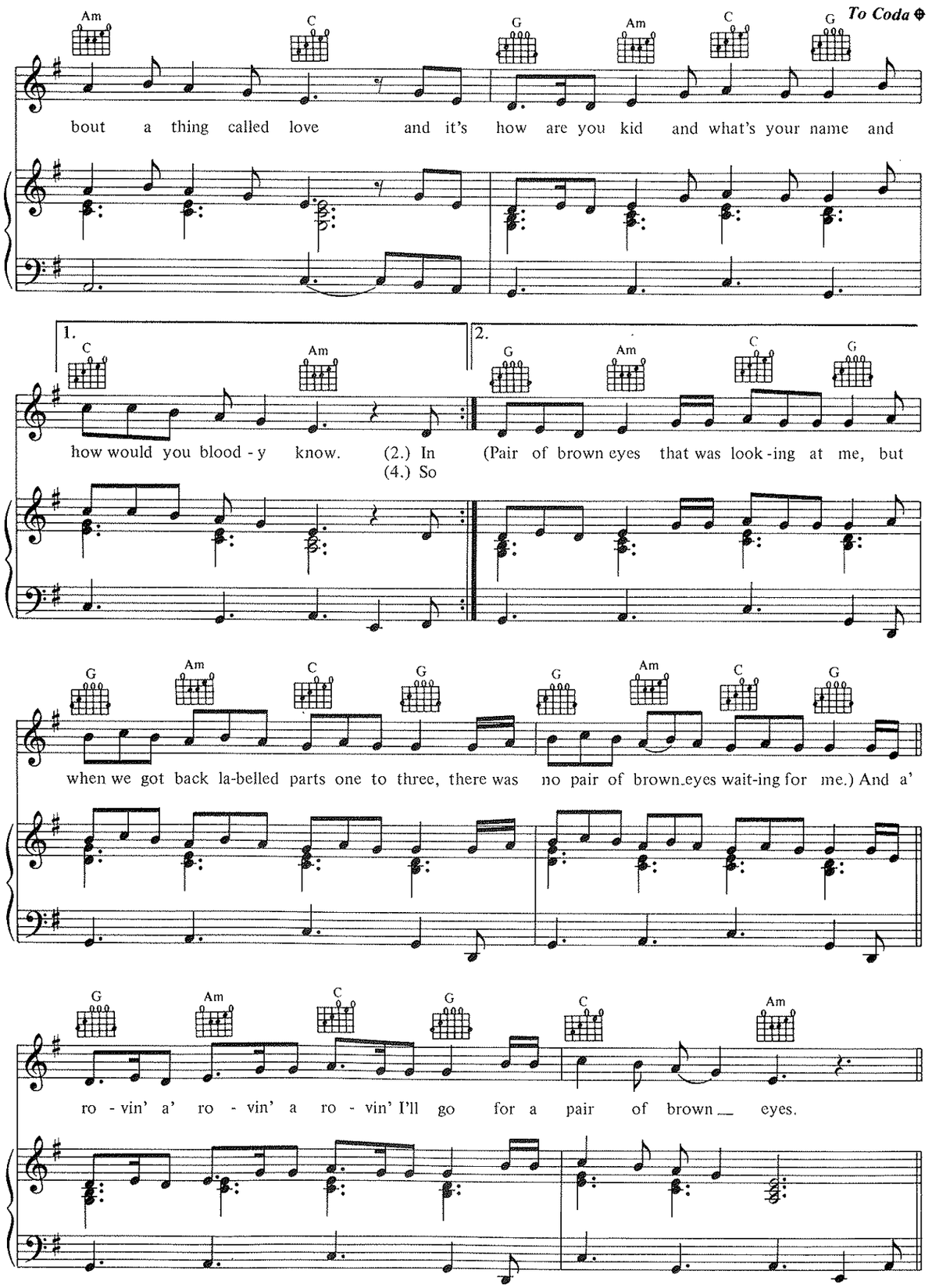

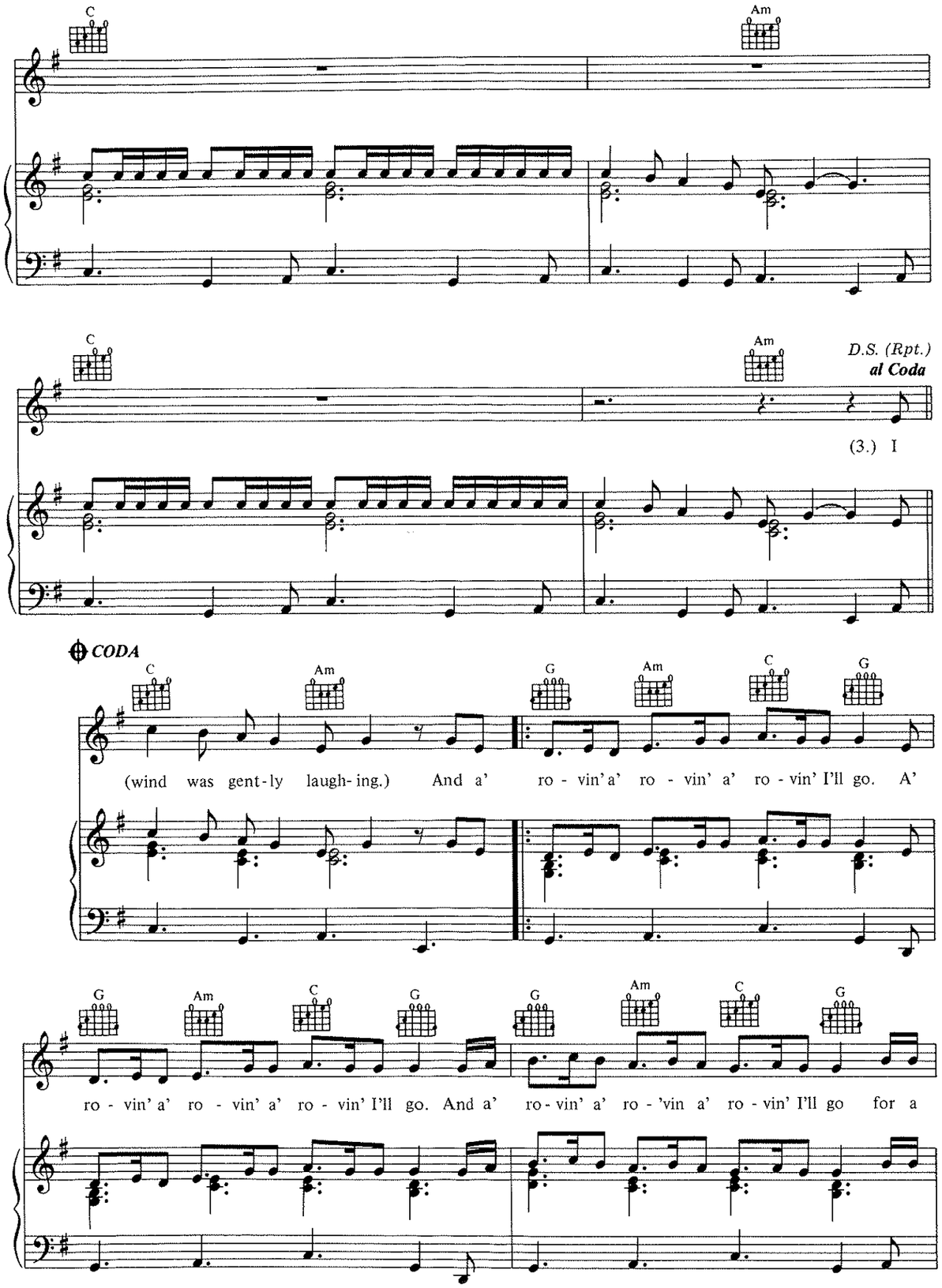

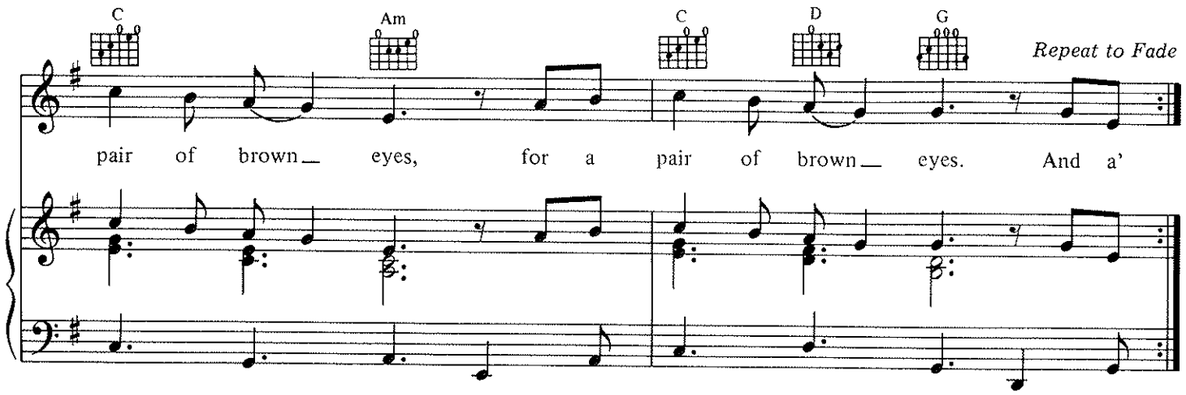

VERSE 2:
In blood and death 'neath a screaming sky
I lay down on the ground
And the arms and legs of other men
Were scattered all around
Some cursed some prayed some prayed then cursed
Then prayed then bled some more
And the only thing that I could see
Was a pair of brown eyes that was looking at me
But when we got back labelled parts one to three
There was no pair of brown eyes waiting for me.

VERSE 3:
I looked at him he looked at me
All I could do was hate him
While Ray and Philomena sang
Of my elusive dreams
I saw the streams the rolling hills
Where his brown eyes were waiting
And I thought about a pair of brown eyes
That waited once for me.

VERSE 4:
So drunk to hell I left the place
Sometimes crawling sometimes walking,
A hungry sound came across the breeze
So I gave the walls a talking
And I heard the sounds of long ago
From the old canal
And the birds were whistling in the trees
Where the wind was gently laughing.

A RAINY NIGHT IN SOHO

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan.

Moderately

C F G

C F G

𝄋 C (Instr. on 𝄋.) F G

(1.) I've been lov-ing you ___ a long time, ___

C F G

down ___ all the years, down ___ all the days.

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C F G

And I've cried for ___ all your trou - bles, ___

C F G

smiled ___ at your fun - ny ___ lit - tle ways.

C F G

we ___ watched our friends grow ___ up to - ge - ther

C F G C

and we saw them ___ as they fell. Some of them ___ fell ___ in - to

1, 2.

F G C F G

hea - ven, some of them fell in - to hell.

3.

F G C

last. Now the song is near - ly

F G C

o - ver, we may ne - ver find out what it

F G C

means. (Still) There's a light I hold be -

F G C

fore me you're the mea - sure of my

F G C

dreams, the mea - sure of my dreams.

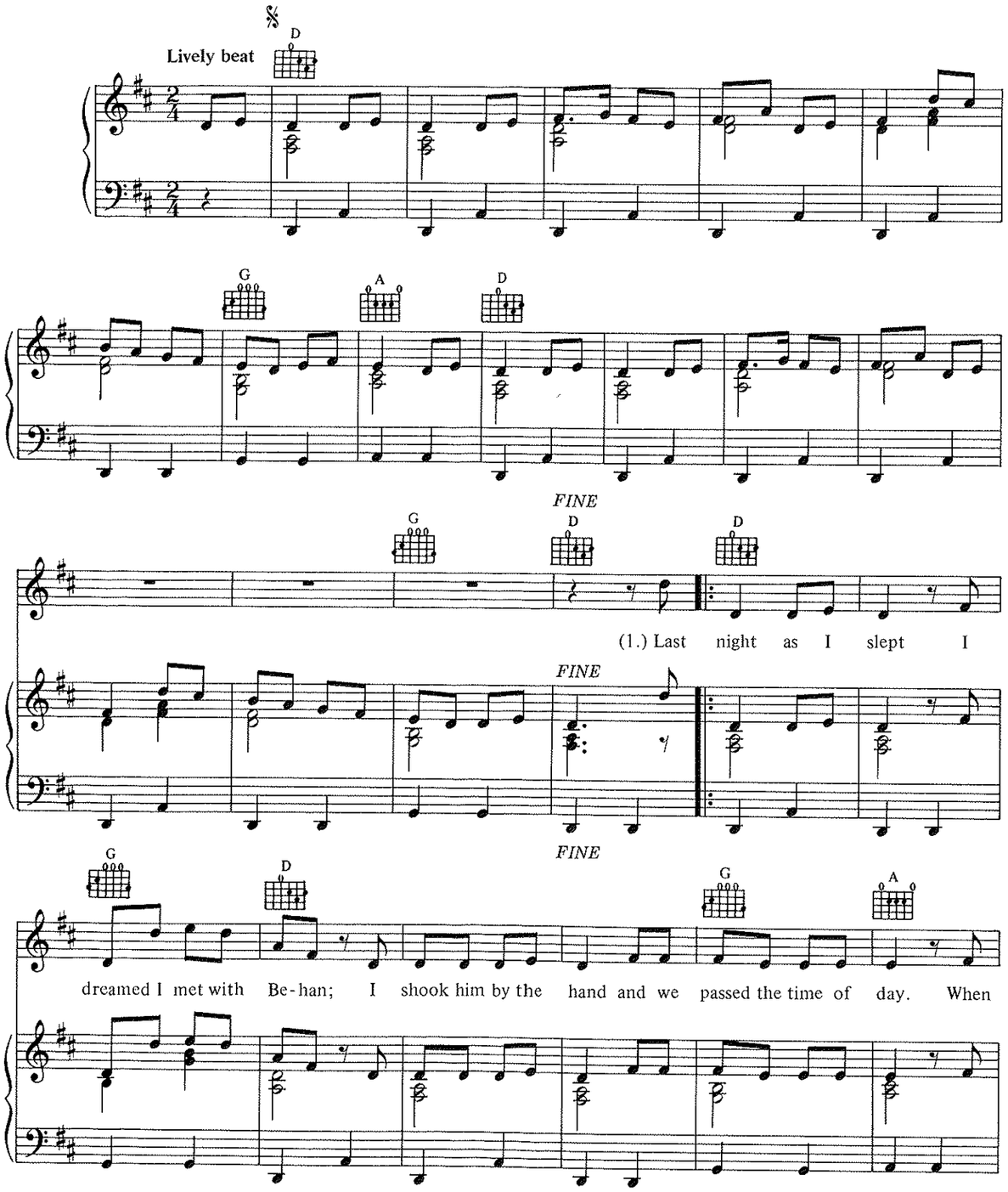
F G C F G *D.S. as Instr. to Fade*

VERSE 2:
I took shelter from a shower
And I stepped into your arms
On a rainy night in Soho
The wind was whistling all its charms
I sang you all my sorrows
You told me all your joys
Whatever happened to that old song
To all those little girls and boys.

VERSE 3:
Sometimes I wake up in the morning
The gingerlady by my bed
Covered in a cloak of silence
I hear you talking in my head
I'm not singing for the future
I'm not dreaming of the past
I'm not talking of the first time
I never think about the last.

STREAMS OF WHISKEY

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan.



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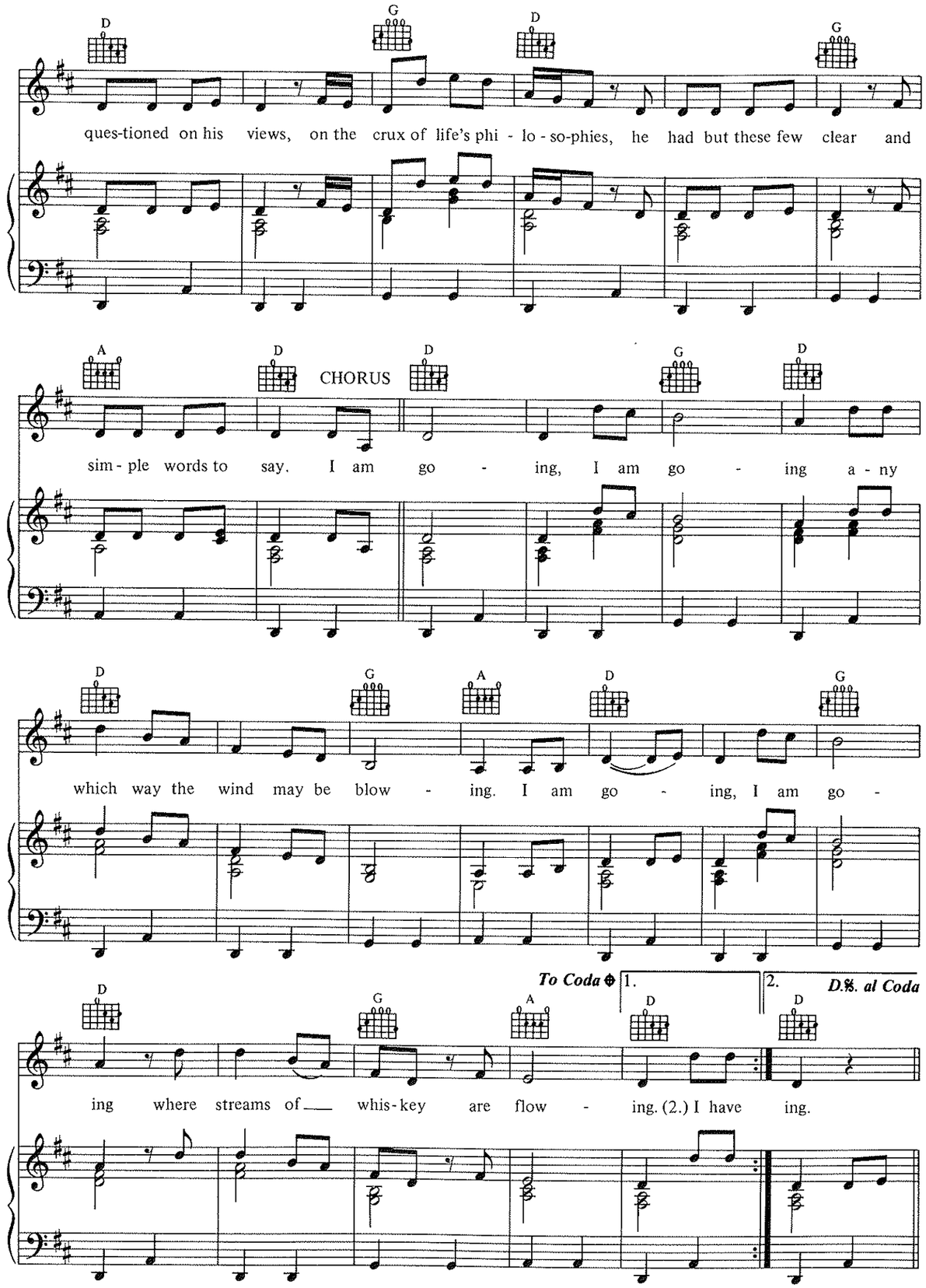
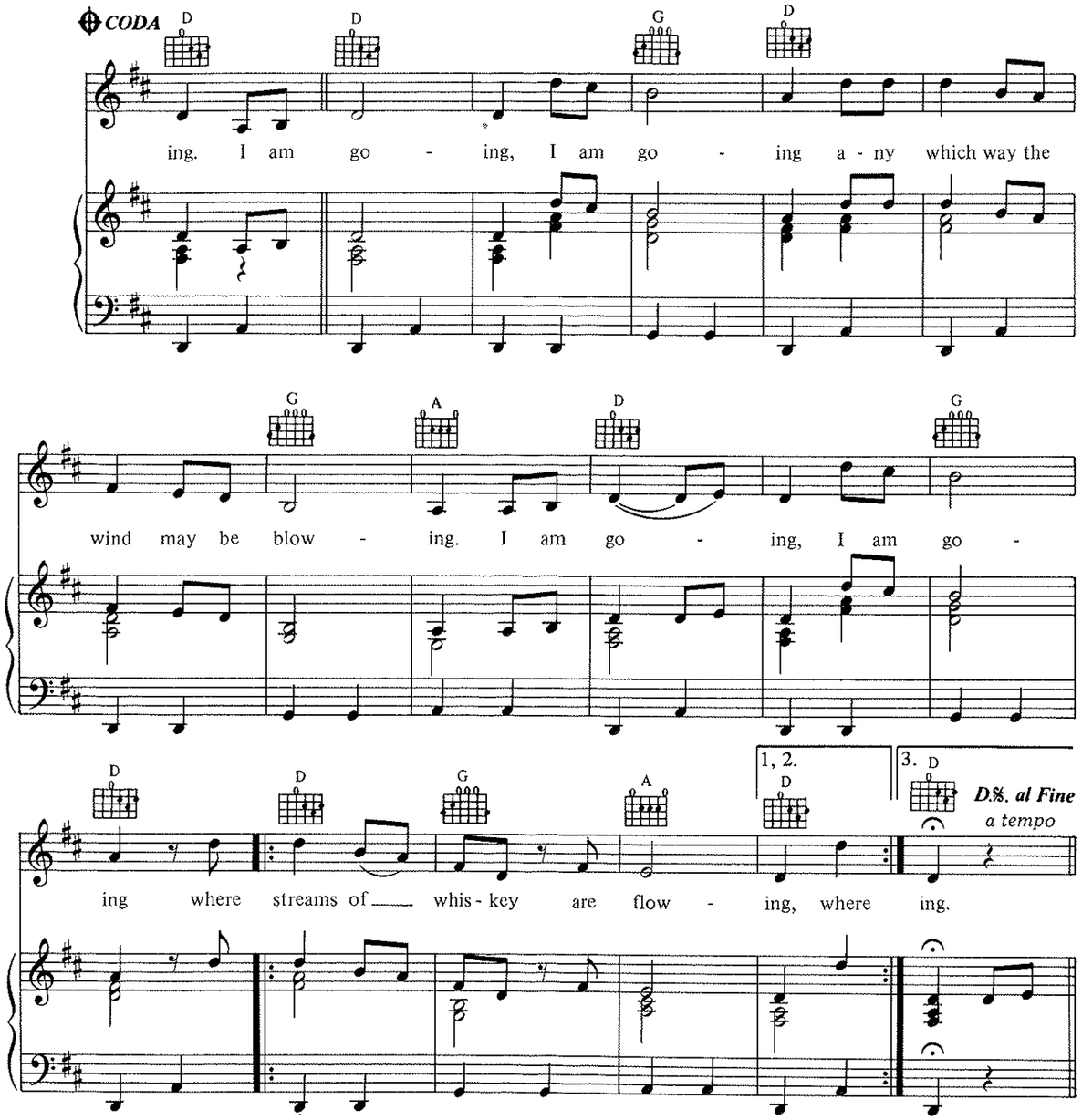


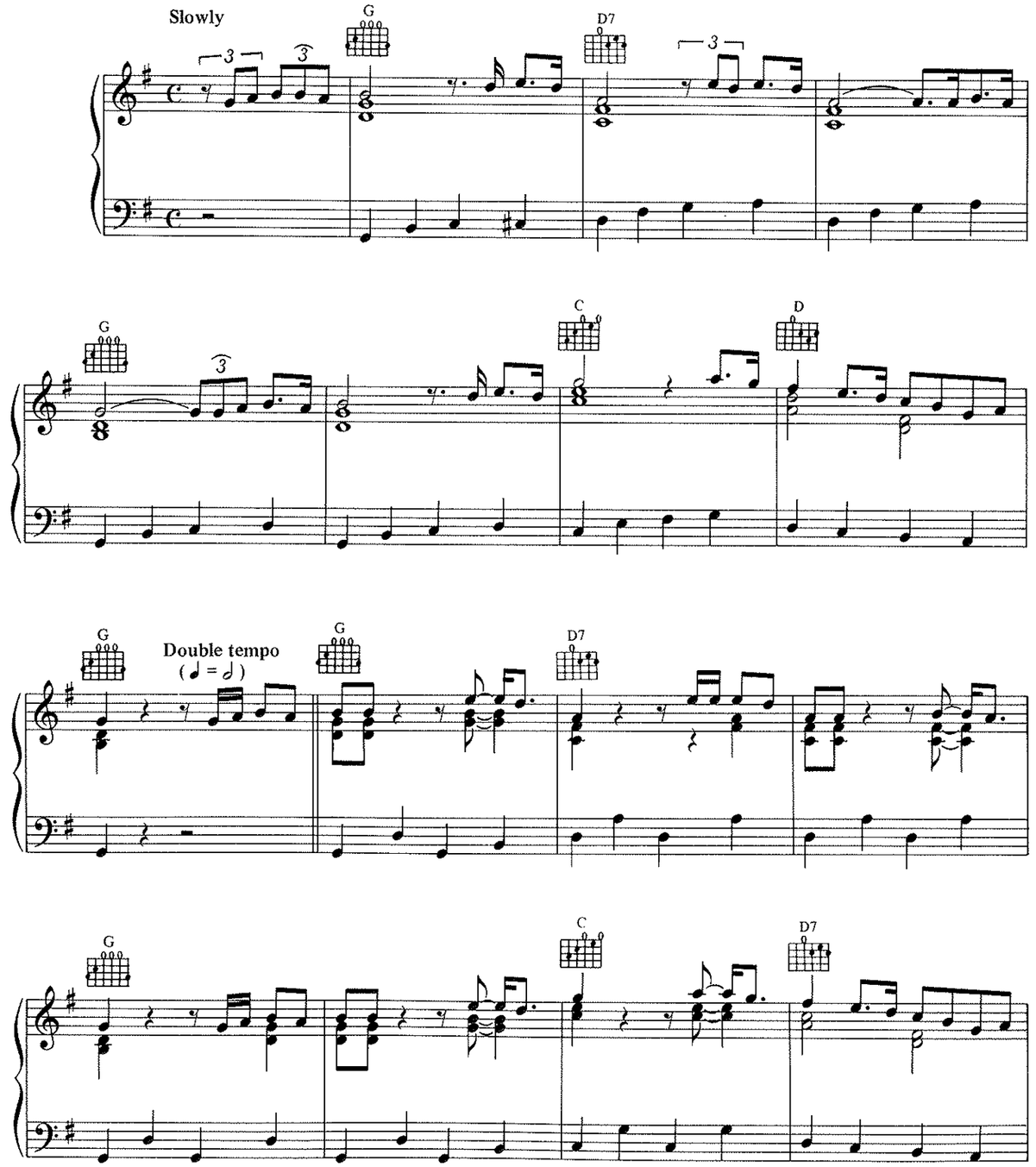


VERSE 2:
I have cursed, bled and sworn
Jumped bail and landed up in jail
Life has often tried to stretch me
But the rope always was slack
And now that I've a pile
I'll go down to the Chelsea
I'll walk in on my feet
But I'll leave there on my back.
Because I'm . . .

VERSE 3:
Oh the words that he spoke
Seemed the wisest of philosophies
There's nothing ever gained
By a wet thing called a tear
When the world is too dark
And I need the light inside of me
I'll walk into a bar and drink
Fifteen pints of beer.
Because I'm . . .

FIESTA

Original Words & Music by Kotscher & Lindt.
New Words & Music by Shane MacGowan & Jem Finer.



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G G D7

(1.) I am Fran - cis - co Vas - quez Gar - cí - a, I am

G

wel - come to Al - me - rí - a. We have sin gas and con

D7 G

le - che, we have fi - es - ta and fe - ri - a. We have the

C G C

song of the Cho - cho - na, we have bran - dy and half co -

D G D7

ro - na, and Le - o - nar - do and his ac - cor - di - o - ne and ca - la -

G C

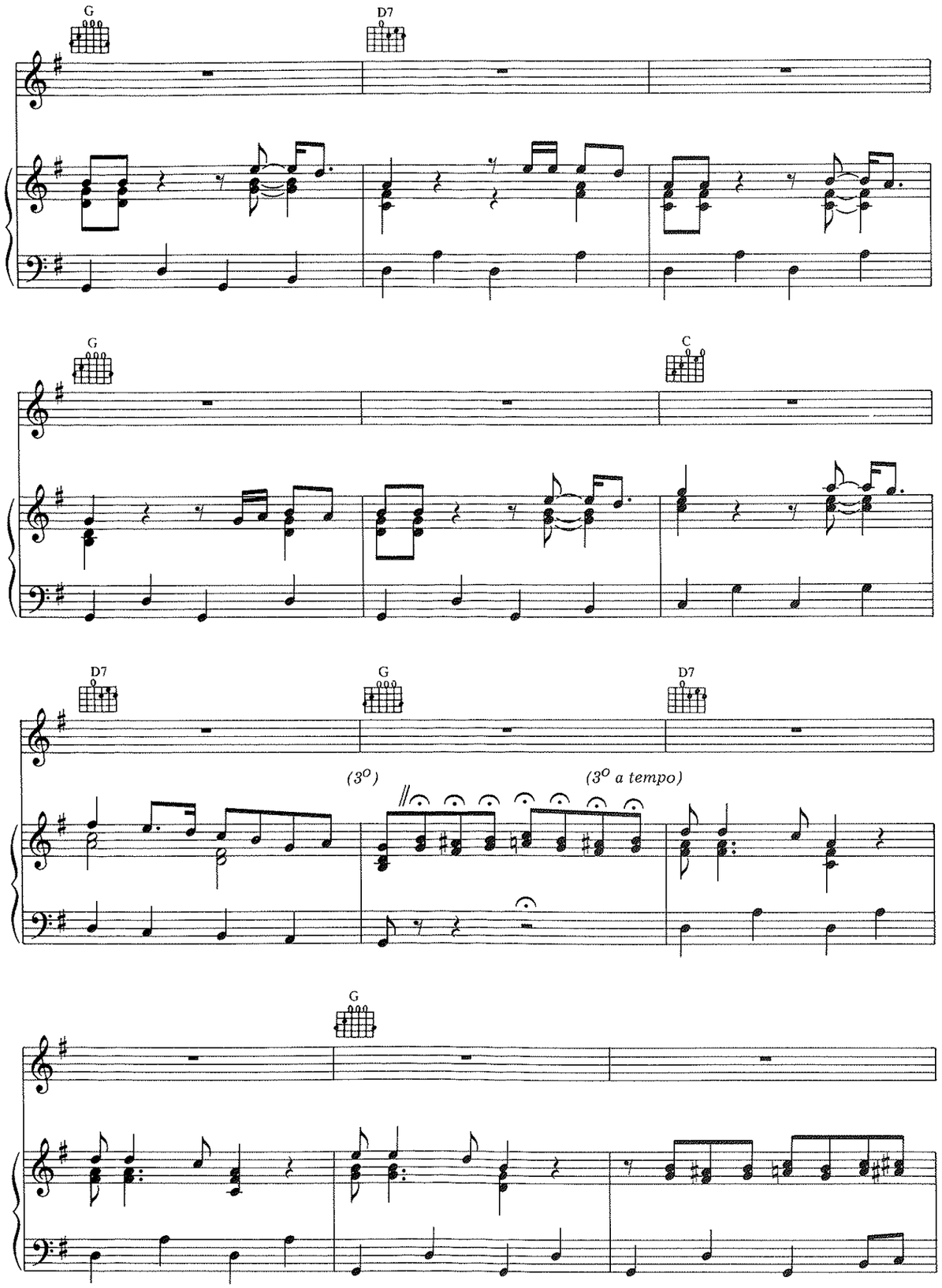
ma - ri and ma - ca - ro - ni. Come all you ramb - ling boys of

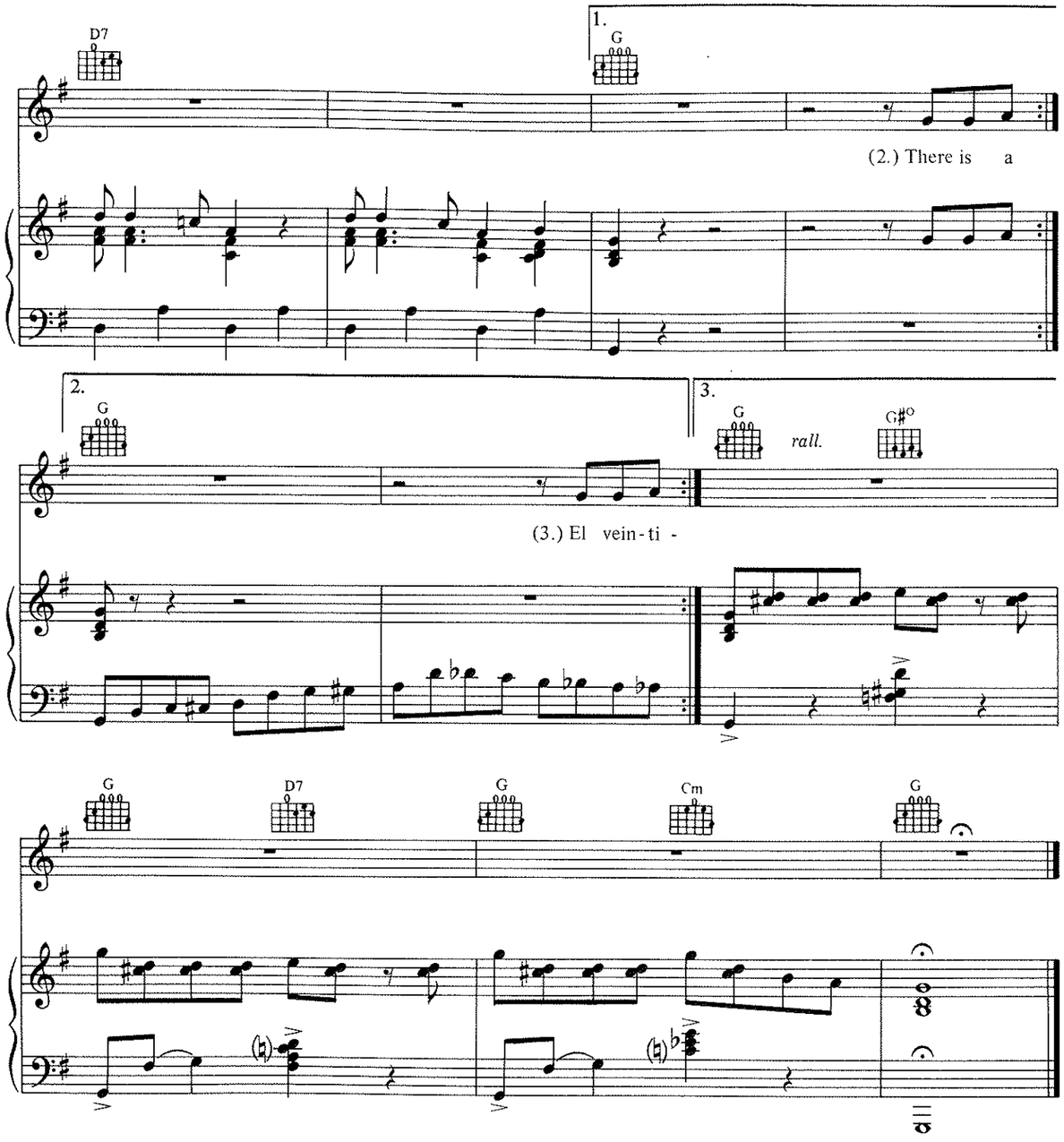
G D7 G

plea - sure and la - dies of ea - sy lei - sure, we must

C G D7 G

say a - di - os un - til we see Al - me - rí - a once a - gain.





VERSE 2:
There is a minstrel, there you see
And he stoppeth one in three
He whispers in this one's ear
"Will you kindly kill that doll for me"
Now he has won chochona in the bingo
All the town has watched this crazy gringo
As he pulls off the doll's head laughing
And miraldo! Throws its body in the sea.

VERSE 3:
El veinticinco de agosto
Abrios sus ojos Jaime Fearnley
Pero el bebe cinquante gin campari
Y se tendio para cerrarlos
Y Costello el Rey del América
Y suntuosa Cait O'Riordan
Non rompere mes colliones
Los gritos fuera de las casas.

RAIN STREET

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan.

Fast

C F G C F G

C F G C

(1.) The church bell rings, an old___

F C G

___ drunk sings,___ a young girl hocks her wed - ding ring,___ down on

C F G C F G

Rain Street.

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𝄋 C

(2.) Down the al - ley the ice___ wa - gon flew,___ picked up a stiff that was

F C G C F C G

turn - ing blue, the lo - cal kids___ were snif - fin' glue,___ there

C F C G C

ain't much else for kids___ to do___ down___ Rain Street.

F G *To Coda* 𝄌 C F G

C F C/E G/D

(4.) Bless me Fa - ther I have sinned, I got pissed and I got pinned, and

C F C/E G/D C

God can't help the state I'm in down on Rain Street.

F G C F G D.%. al Coda

(5.) There's a

CODA

x6 B♭ F C

(6.) I

C

gave my love a good - night kiss, I tried to take a

F C/E G/D C F C/E G/D

late night piss but the toi - let moved so a - gain I missed down

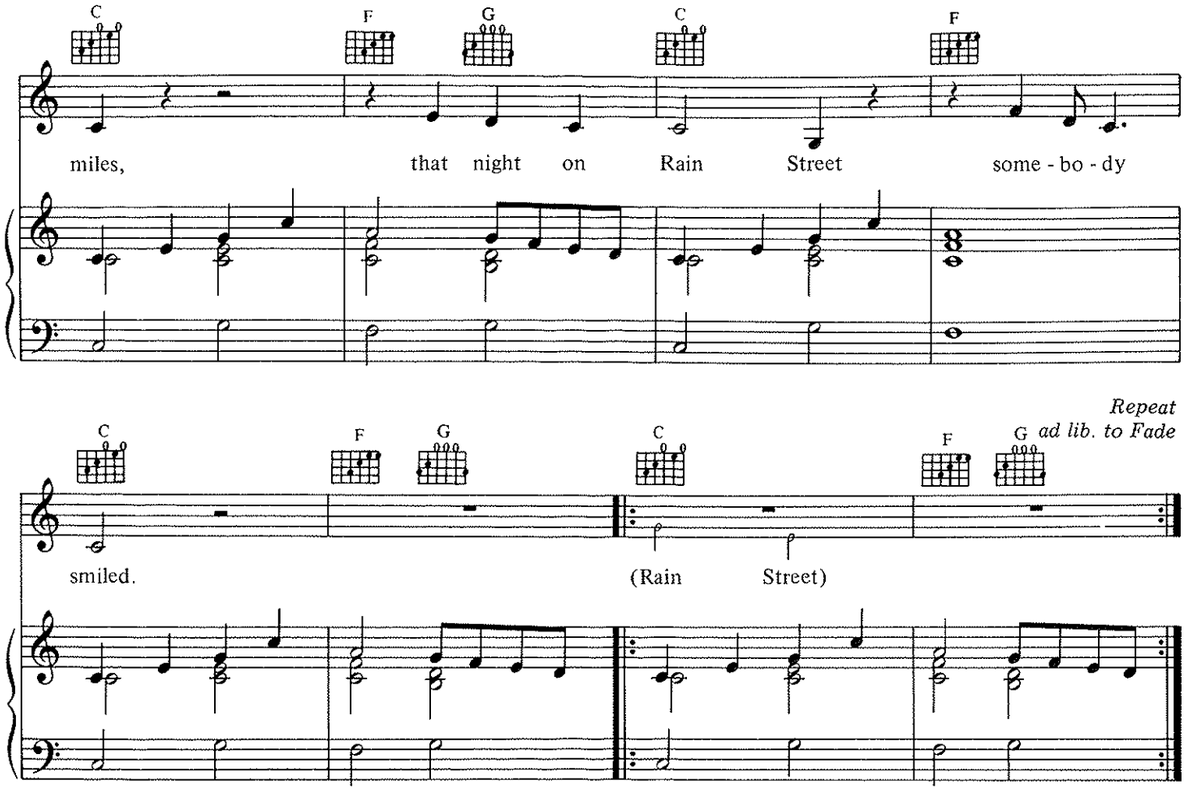
1, 2. 3.

C F G F G

Rain Street. (7.) I

C F G C F G

That night Rain Street went on for



VERSE 3:
Father McGreer buys an ice cold beer
And a short for Father Loyola
Father Joe's got the clap again
He's drinking Coca Cola
Down on Rain Street.

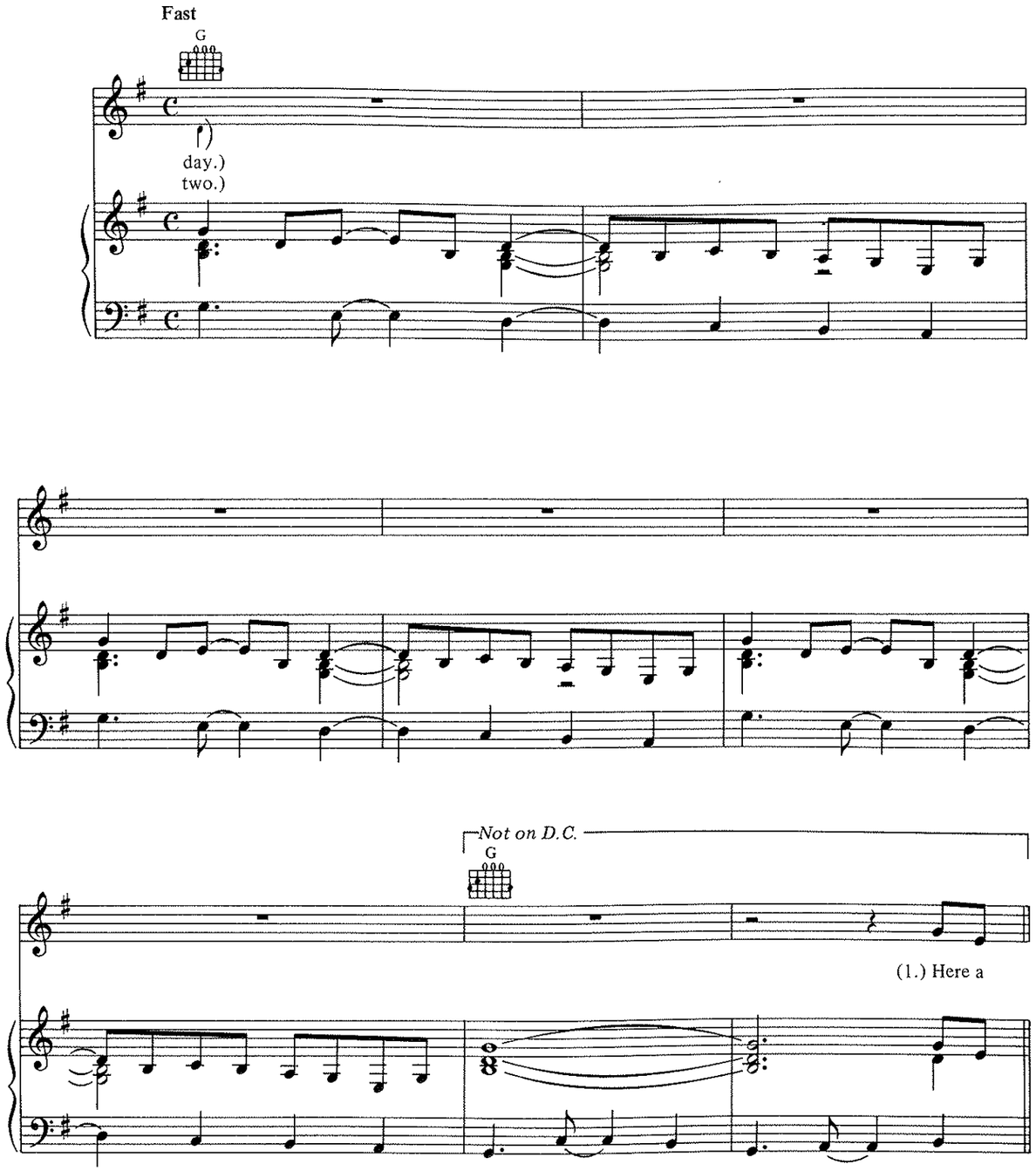
VERSE 5:
There's a Tesco on the sacred ground
Where I pulled her knickers down
While Judas took his measly price
And St. Anthony gazed in awe at Christ
Down on Rain Street.

CODA
VERSE 7:
I sat on the floor and watched T.V.
Thanking Christ for the BBC
A stupid fucking place to be
Down on Rain Street.

VERSE 8:
I took my Eileen by the hand
Walk with me was her command
I dreamt we were walking on the Strand
Down Rain Street.

WHITE CITY

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan.



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G C

(D.C. 1 & 2) Instrumental

tower of shin - ing bright — once stood gleam - ing in — the night -

D C G

— where now there's just — the rub - ble — in the hole. -

D C

— Here the Pad - dies and the

G C D

Frogs came to gam - ble on — the dogs —

1. G C

Came to gam - ble on — the dogs not long a - go. —

2. D C

To Coda 𝄌 *After Repeat*
D.C. (Rpt.) Thru' twice

— (2.) Oh the blood - y rain - y
(3.) Oh sweet raced out from — trap

𝄌 *CODA* G G

x6

VERSE 2:
Oh the torn-up ticket stubs
From a hundred thousand mugs
Now washed away with dead dreams in the rain
And the car park's going up
And they're pulling down the pubs
And it's just another bloody rainy day.

VERSE 3:
Oh sweet city of my dreams
Of speed and skill and schemes
Like Atlantis you just disappeared from view
And the hare upon the wire
Has been burnt upon your pyre
Like the black dog that once raced out from trap two.

MISTY MORNING, ALBERT BRIDGE

Words & Music by Jem Finer.

C F G C

(1.) I

C F G

dreamt we were stand - ing by the banks of the Thames, where the

C F G

cold grey wa - ters rip - ple in the mis - ty morn-ing light. Held a

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C F G

match to your cig - ar - ette watched the smoke curl in the mist, your

C F G

eyes blue as the o - cean be - tween us smil - ing at

1.

C F G C

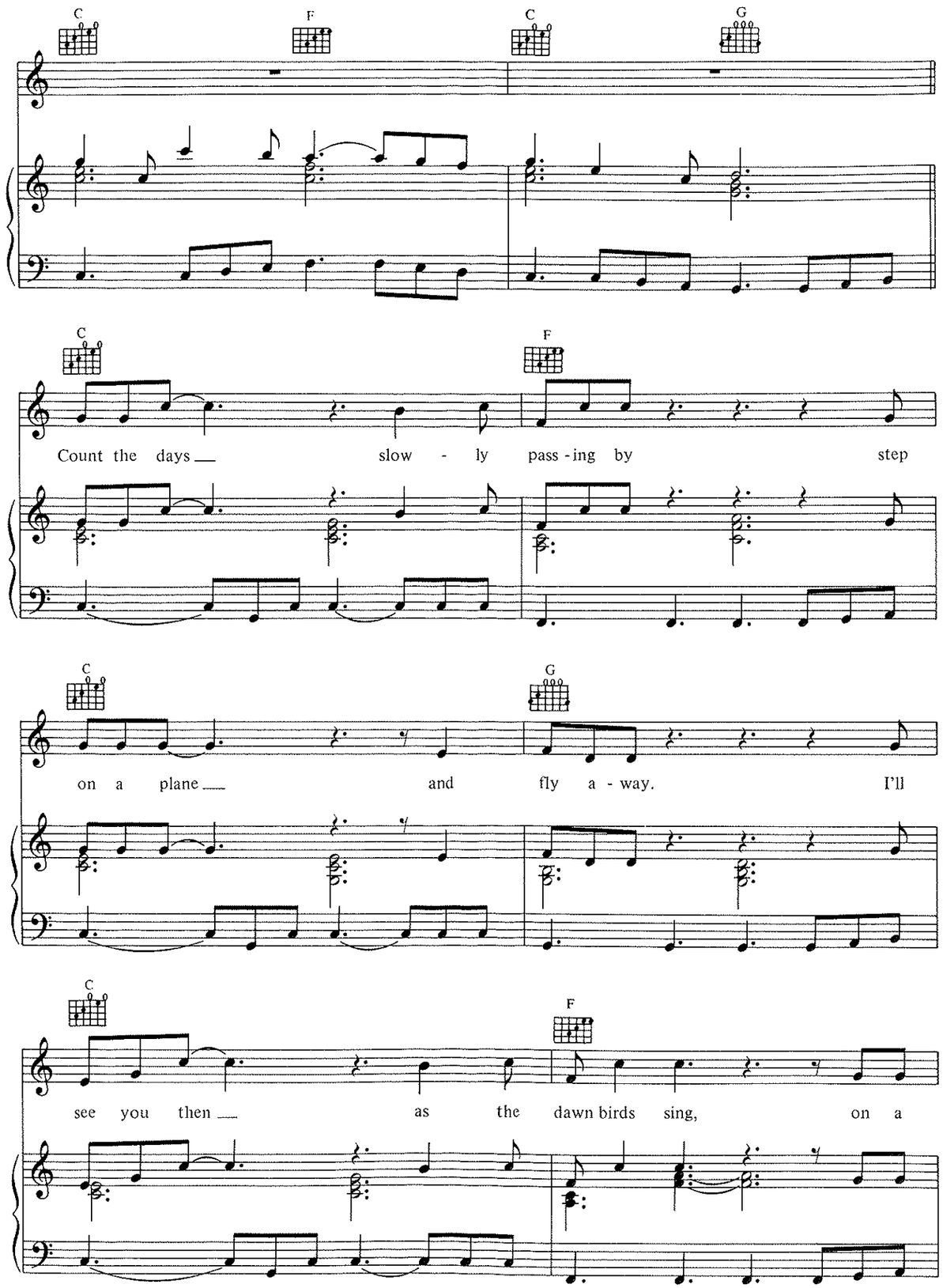
me.

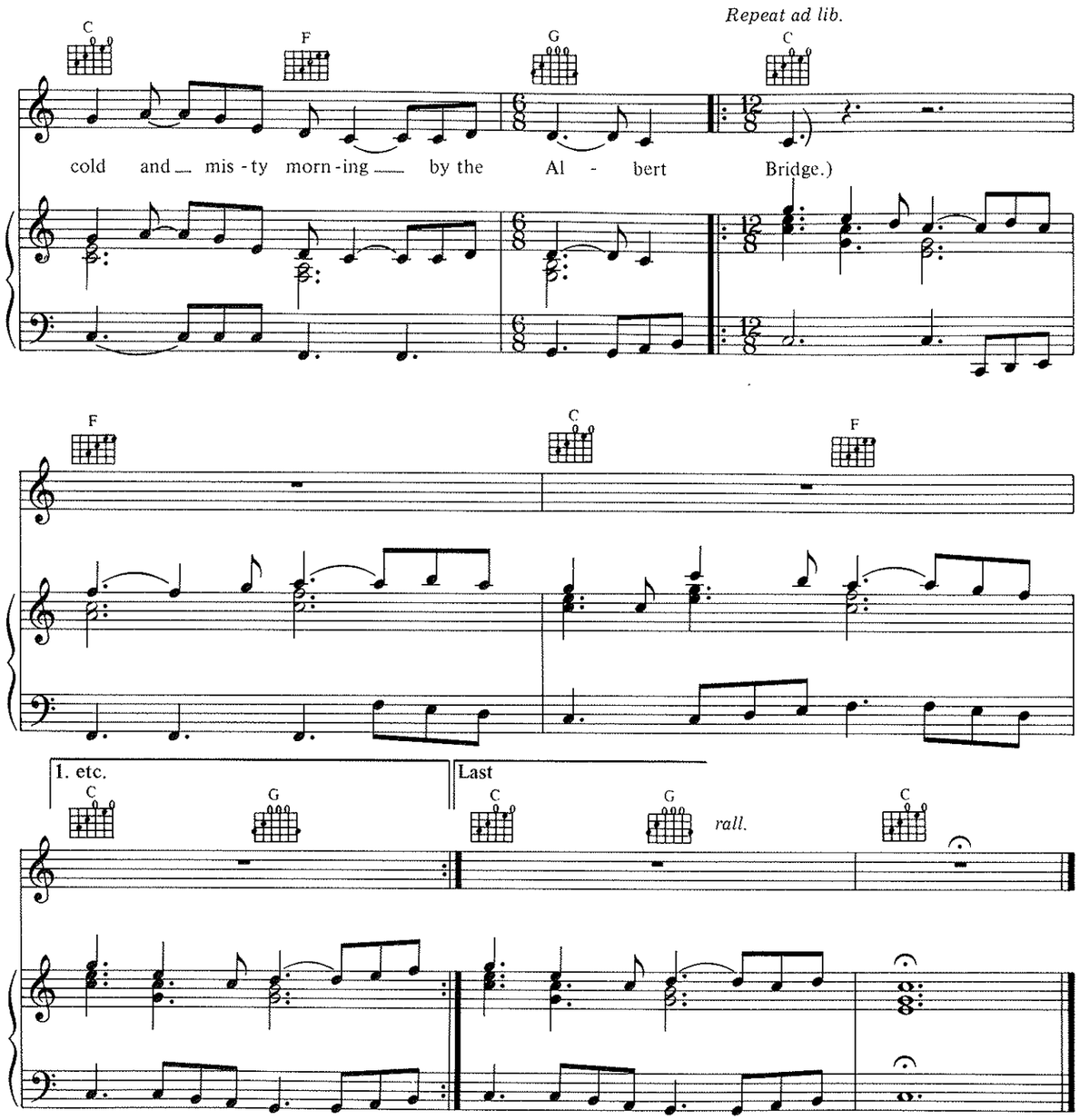
(2.) I

2.

C F

gain.





VERSE 2:
I woke alone and lonely
In a faraway place
The sun fell cold upon my face
The cracks in the ceiling spelt hell
Turned to the wall
Pulled the sheets around my head
Tried to sleep and dream my way
Back to you again.

THOUSANDS ARE SAILING

Words & Music by Phil Chevron.

Moderately

F♯m E Bm

A A

(1.) The is - land it is

D

si - lent now but the ghosts still haunt the waves. And the

A F♯m Bm

torch lights up a fa - mished man who for - tune could - n't save.

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E A

Did you work up - on the rail - road, did you

D A

rid the streets of crime, were your dol - lars from the White

F♯m E A

House, were they from the Five And Dime? Did the

F♯m D

old songs taunt or cheer you and did they still make you cry.

A F♯m

— Did you count the months — and years — or did your tear -

Bm E A

- drops quick - ly dry? — Ah no says he — 'twas

D

not to be — on a cof - fin ship — I came here and I

A F♯m E A

ne - ver e - ven got so far — that they could change — my mind. —

𝄋 CHORUS

F♯m E

Thou - sands — are sail - ing — a - cross the west - ern

Bm F♯m

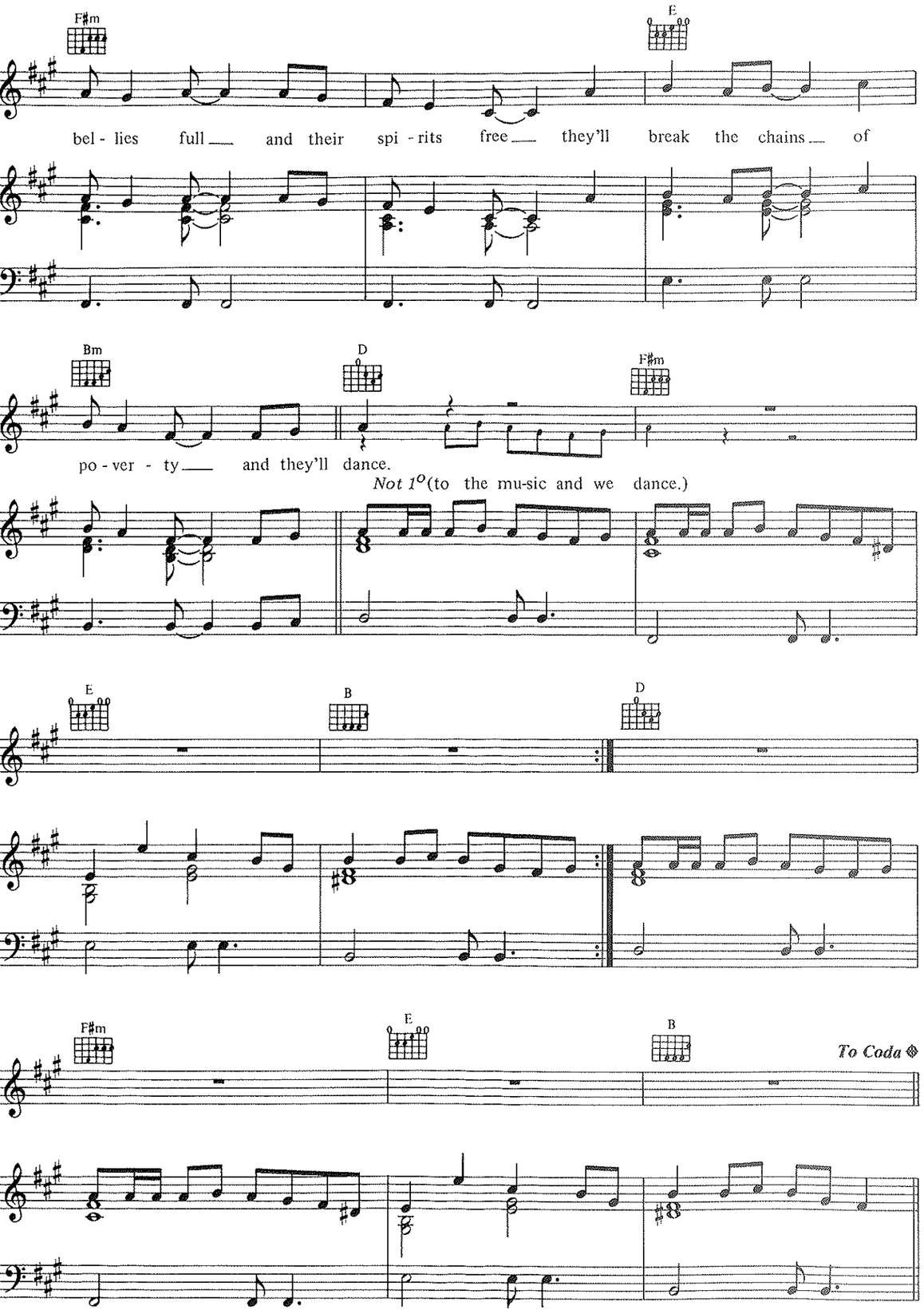
o - cean — to a land of op - por - tu - ni - ty, — that

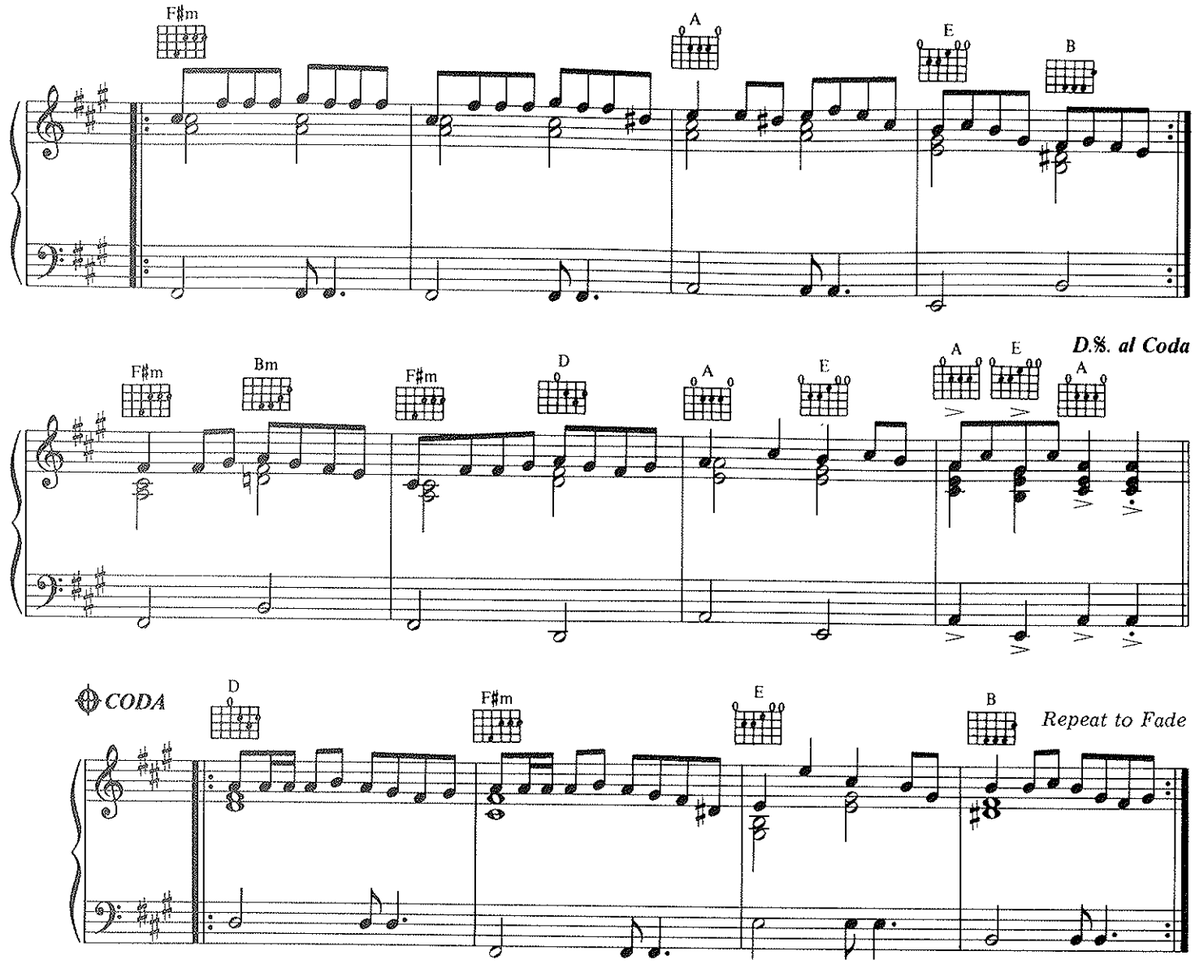
E Bm F♯m

some of them — will ne - ver see. — For - tune — pre -

E Bm

vail - ing — a - cross the west - ern o - cean, — their





VERSE 2:
In Manhattan's desert twilight
In the death of afternoon
We stepped hand in hand on Broadway
Like the first man on the moon
And "The Blackbird" broke the silence
As you whistled it so sweet
And in Brendan Behan's footsteps
I danced up and down the street.

Then we said goodbye to Broadway
Giving it our best regards
Tipped our hats to Mister Cohan
Dear old Times Square's favourite bard
Then we raised a glass to J. F. K.
And a dozen more besides
When I got back to my empty room
I suppose I must have cried.

CHORUS 2:
Thousands are sailing
Again across the ocean
Where the hand of opportunity
Draws tickets in a lottery
Postcards we're mailing
Of sky-blue skies and oceans
From rooms the daylight never sees
Where lights don't glow on Christmas trees
But we dance to the music and we dance.

D.S. CHORUS 3:
Thousands are sailing
Across the Western Ocean
Where the hand of opportunity
Draws tickets in a lottery
Where'er we go we celebrate
The land that makes us refugees
From fear of priests with empty plates
From guilt and weeping effigies
And we dance to the music and we dance.

THE BROAD MAJESTIC SHANNON

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan.

Slow march

D G D Bm D G A D

(1.) The

2º babe.)

D G D

last time I saw you was down at the Greeks, there was whis - key on Sun - day and

G Bm A D G

tears on our cheeks. You sang me a song that was pure as the breeze on a

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D G A D G

road lead - ing up Gle - na - veigh. I sat for a while at the cross at Fin - noe, where young

D G Bm A D

lo - vers would meet when the flowers were in bloom. Heard the men com - ing from the

G D G 1. A D

fair at Shin - rone, their hearts in Tip - pe - ra - ry wher - e - ver they go. Take my

D G A

hand and dry your tears babe, take my

D G A

hand for - get your fears babe. There's no

D G A

pain, there's no more sor - row, they've all

D G *To Coda* 𝄌 2. A D

gone, gone in the years old hur - ley ball.

D G D Bm D G A D

G D G D G D G A

D.%. al Coda

D G D Bm D G A D

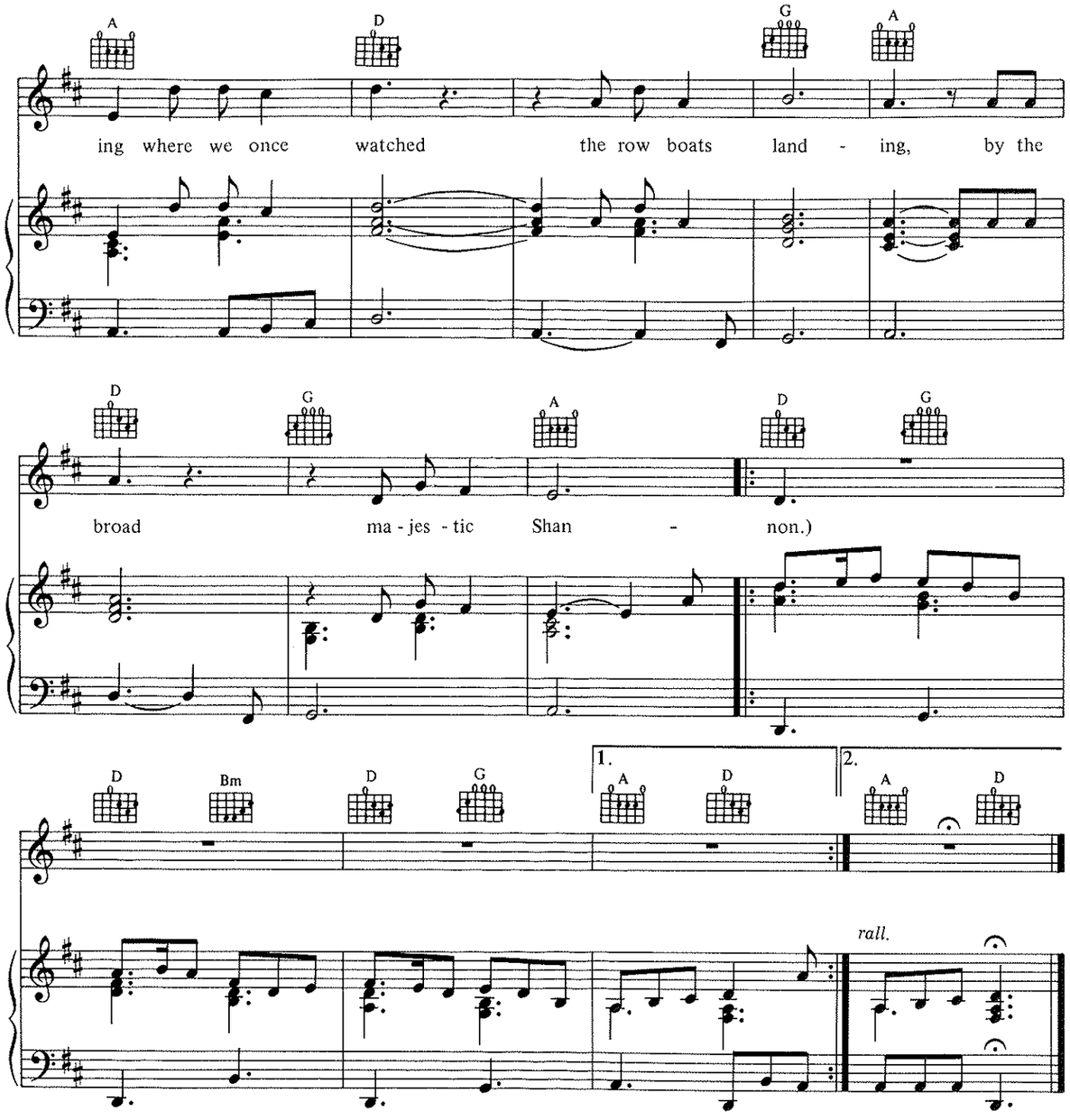
Take my

CODA 𝄌 D D G

babe. So I walked as day was dawn -

A D G

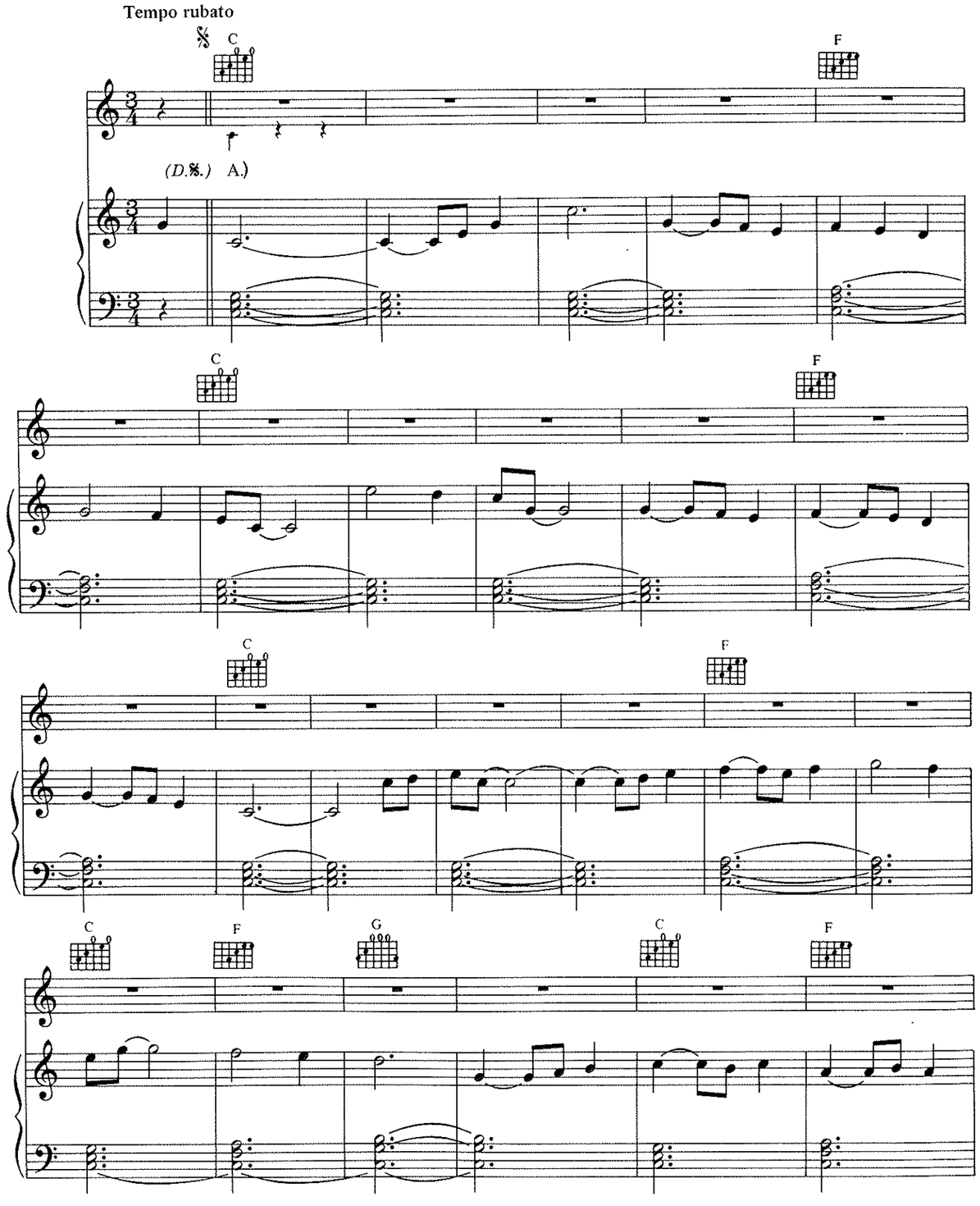
ing where small birds sang and leaves were fall -



VERSE 2:
I sat for a while by a gap in the wall
Found a rusty tin can and an old hurley ball
Heard the cards being dealt, and the rosary called
And a fiddle playing Sean Dun na nGall
And the next time I see you we'll be down at the Greeks
There'll be whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks
For it's stupid to laugh and it's useless to bawl
About a rusty tin can and an old hurley ball.

THE BODY OF AN AMERICAN

Words & Music by Shane MacGowan.



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C F C F C

FINE

The

FINE

FINE

C F C

Ca - dil - lac stood by the house and the Yanks they

F C F

were with- in. And the Tin - ker boys they hissed ad -

C G C

vice "Hot wire her with a pin." Well we turned and

F C G

shook as we had a look in the room where the dead man lay.

C F C

So big Jim Dwyer made his last trip to the

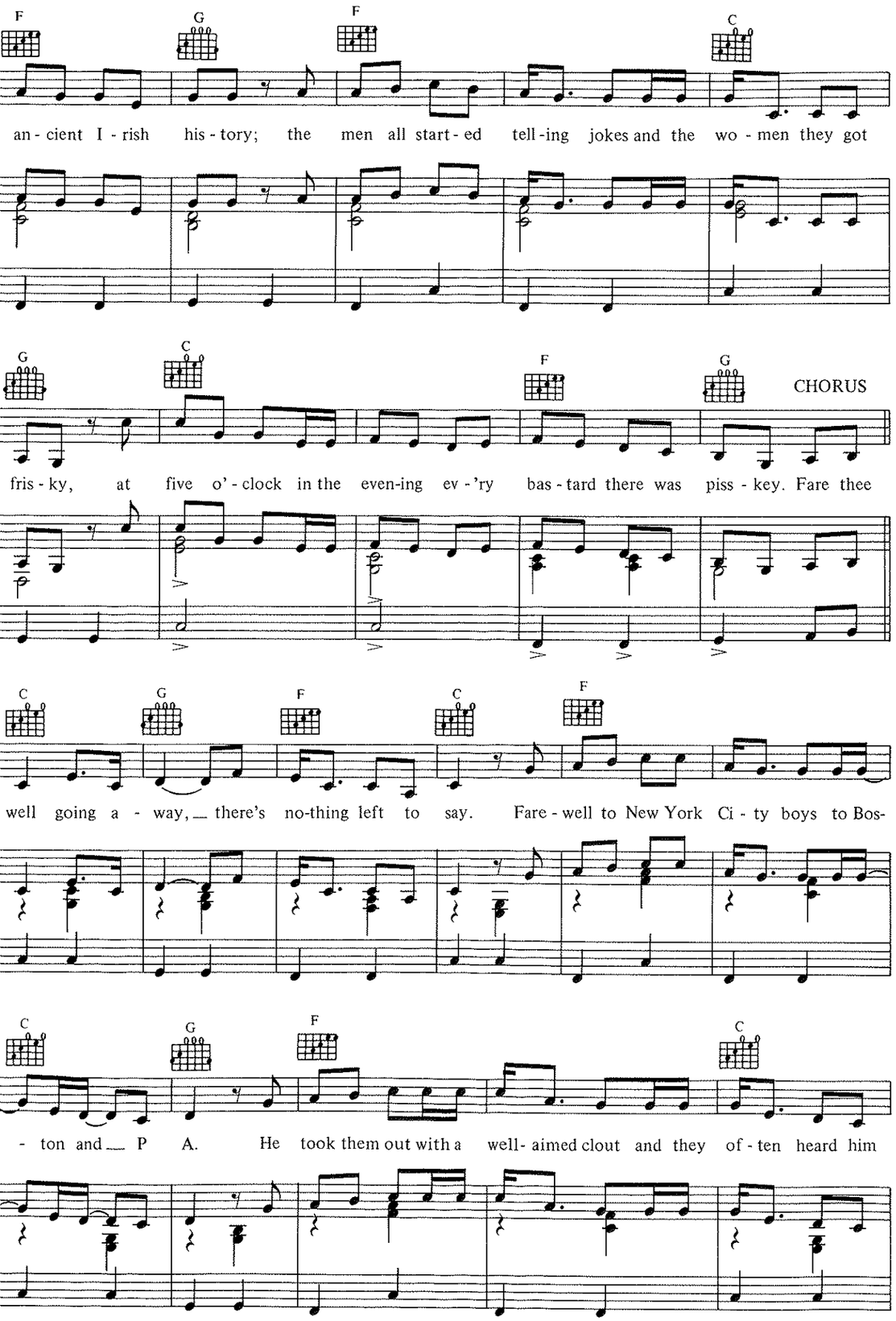
Poco ritard ( )

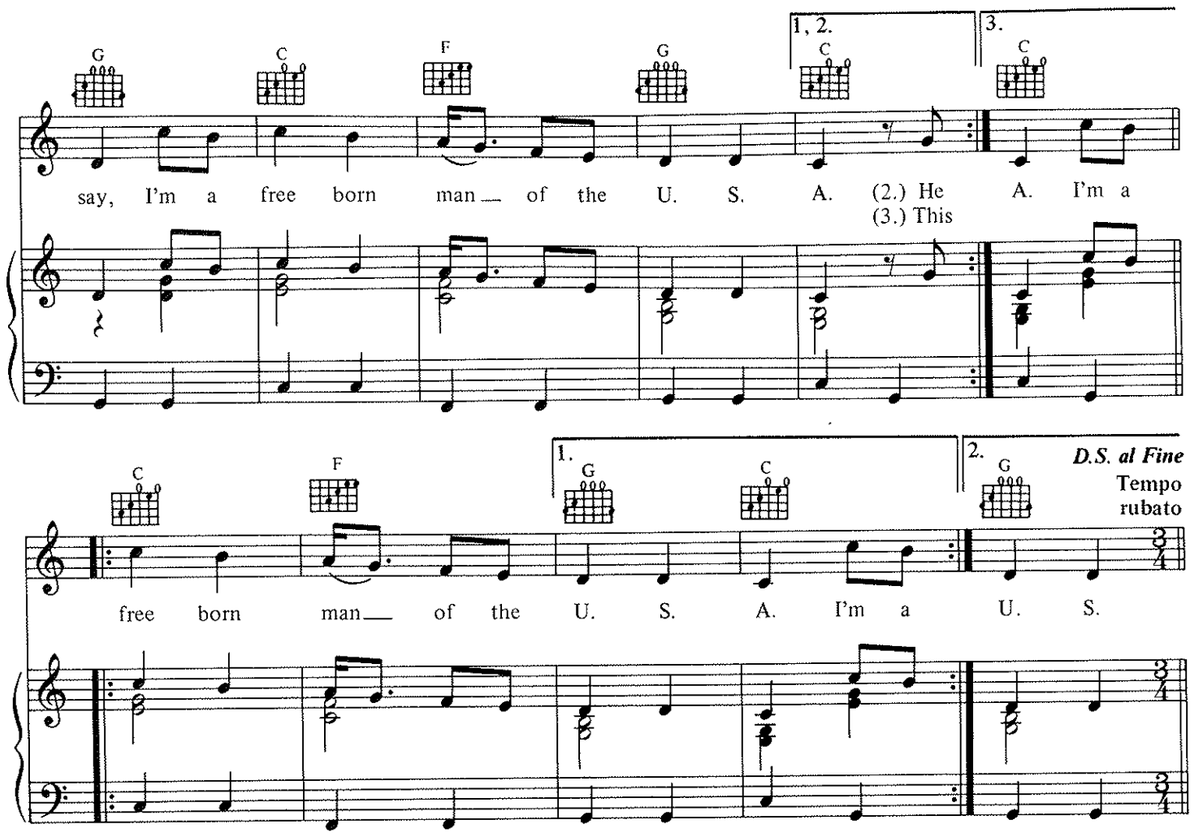
F C C

shores where his fa - thers laid. (1.) Well fif - teen min-utes

F C

la - ter we had our first taste of whis-key, there was un - cles giv - ing lec - tures on





VERSE 2:
He fought the champ in Pittsburgh
And he slashed him to the ground
He took on Tiny Tartanella
And it only went one round
He never had no time for reds
For drink or dice or whores
And he never threw a fight
Unless the fight was right
So they sent him to the war.

CHORUS:
Fare thee well gone away
There's nothing left to say
With a slainte Joe and Erin go
My love's in Amerikay
The calling of the rosary
Spanish wine from far away
I'm a free born man of the U. S. A.

VERSE 3:
This morning on the harbour
When I said goodbye to you
I remember how I swore
That I'd come back to you one day
And as the sunset came to meet
The evening on a hill
I told you I'd always love you
I always did and always will.

CHORUS:
Fare thee well gone away
There's nothing left to say
'Cept to say adieu
To your eyes as blue
As the water in the bay
And to big Jim Dwyer
The man of wire
Who was often heard to say
I'm a free born man of the U.S.A.

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