

Jay's Céilidh Book

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If Music be the Food of Love, Play On...

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Follow Me Up To Carlow

[1] **Am** **Em** **Am** **Em**
 Lift MacCahir Og your face brooding o'er the old disgrace
Am **Em** **C** **D** **Am**
 That black FitzWilliam stormed your place, drove you to the Fern
Am **Em** **Am** **Em**
 Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd secure;
Am **Em** **C** **D** **Am**
 Until he met at Glenmalure with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

Chorus:

Em
 Curse and swear Lord Kildare
G
 Feagh will do what Feach will dare
Em
 Now FitzWilliam, have a care
G **Am**
 Fallen is your star, low
Em
 Up with halberd out with sword
G
 On we'll go for by the lord
Em
 Feach MacHugh has given the word,
G **Am**
 Follow me up to Carlow.

[2] See the swords of Glen Imayle, flashing o'er the English Pale **Am Em Am Em**
 See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners **Am Em C D Am**
 Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock **Am Em Am Em**
 Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners. **Am Em C D Am**

Chorus

Em/G/Em/GAm/Em/G/Am/GAm

[3] From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore **Am Em Am Em**
 Och, great is Rory Og O'Moore, sending the loons to Hades. **Am Em C D Am**
 White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black FitzWilliam's head **Am Em Am Em**
 We'll send it over, dripping red, to Queen Liza and the ladies. **Am Em C D Am**

Chorus (twice)

Em/G/Em/GAm/Em/G/Am/GAm

Background: Irish folk song celebrating the defeat of over 800 English soldiers by Fiach (Feach) MacHugh O'Byrne at the Battle of Glenmalure.

In 1577 O'Byrne gave support to his brother-in-law, Rory Og O'Moore, in a failed rebellion in which O'Moore and most of his family were killed. Under the apparent protection of Gerald FitzGerald, the 11th Earl of Kildare, O'Byrne conducted numerous raids against the English in the Pale (the region surrounding Dublin).

In August 1580 Arthur Grey, the 14th Baron Grey de Wilton, son of William Grey (thus FitzWilliam) and Lord Deputy of Ireland to Queen Elizabeth I (Liza), arrived with 6,000 newly recruited troops and decided to put an end to the raids. Ignoring certain veterans who implored him to delay the campaign, he planned to enter Glenmalure in the Wicklow Mountains south of Dublin from the neighbouring Glen of Imayle and attack O'Byrne's stronghold. While trying to climb the steep slopes of the valley, the inexperienced English soldiers were ambushed and slaughtered by the Irish rebels.

The Dark Island

[1] **Dm** **Am** **F** **C**
 Away to the westward I'm longing to be,
C **Am** **C** **G**
 Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea,
Dm **Am** **F** **C**
 Where the sweet purple heather blooms fragrant and free,
C **G7** **C**
 On a hilltop high above the Dark Island.

Chorus:

C **F** **C**
 Oh, isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee,
C **Am** **C** **G**
 As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree,
Dm **Am** **F** **C**
 Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me,
C **G7** **C**
 When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.

[2] So gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay, Dm Am F C
 Where the stream joins the ocean, and young children play; C Am C G
 On the strand of pure silver, I'll welcome each day, Dm Am F C
 And I'll roam for ever more the Dark Island. C G7 C

Chorus

[3] True gem of the Hebrides, bathed in the light Dm Am F C
 Of the midsummer dawning that follows the night C Am C G
 How I yearn for the cries of the seagulls in flight. Dm Am F C
 As they circle high above the Dark Island C G7 C

Chorus

Originally composed in the 1930s by Allan MacCormack of Benbecula as a pipe lament for a local doctor under the title *Dr. MacAuley's Farewell to Creagorry*, the tune was copyrighted by and often attributed to Iain MacLachlan, the MacCormack's neighbour. It achieved widespread popularity after it was used by the BBC as the theme music for the TV series 'The Dark Island' filmed on South Uist in 1963. Words were added by the writer and producer David Silver and since then the tune has been recorded by more than a 100 different artists and bands worldwide.

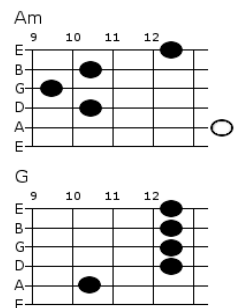
[6] Ah, back through the glen I rode again
 and my heart with grief was sore
 For I parted then with valiant men
 whom I never shall see more.
 But to and fro in my dreams I go and
 I'd kneel and pray for you,
 For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when
 you fell in the foggy dew.

Am G
 C G Am
 Am G
 C G Am
 C G
 Am G Am
 Am C G Am
 C G Am

Background: This song, attributed to Peadar Kearney (who also wrote "Amhrán na bhFiann" ("Soldier's Song"), the national anthem of the Republic of Ireland) and to Canon Charles O'Neill, chronicles the Easter Uprising of 1916. It encourages Irishmen to fight for the cause of Ireland, rather than for the British, as so many young men were doing in World War I.

Donald, Where's Your Troosers?

[1] **Am**
 I just down from the Isle of Skye
G
 I'm no very big but I'm awful shy
Am
 All the lassies shout as I walk by,
G **Am**
 "Donald, Where's Your Troosers?"



Chorus:

Am
 Let the wind blow high and the wind blow low
G
 Through the streets in my kilt I go
Am
 All the lassies cry, "Hello!"
G **Am**
 Donald, where's your troosers?"

[2] I went to a fancy ball
 It was slippery in the hall
 I was afeared that I may fall
 'Cause I nay had on troosers

Am
 G
 Am
 G Am

Chorus

Am/G/Am/GAm

[3] I went down to London town
 To have a little fun in the underground
 All the Ladies turned their heads around, saying,
 "Donald, where's your troosers?"

Am
 G
 Am
 G Am

Chorus

Am/G/Am/GAm

[4] The lassies love me every one
 But they must catch me if they can
 You canna put the breeks on a highland man, saying,
 "Donald, where's your troosers?"

Am
 G
 Am
 G Am

Chorus

Am/G/Am/GAm

Background: "Brakes" are Scottish name for trousers or pants. And of course, this song is a humorous commentary on the kilts that the Scottish wear.

The Auld Triangle

- [1] **G**
 A hungry feeling, came o're me stealing,
 C **Em** **Am** **D**
 And the mice were squealing in my prison cell,
 G
 And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle,
 C **Em** **D** **G**
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
- [2] To start the morning, the warden bawling, G
 Get you bousy and clean out your prison cell, C Em Am D
 And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle, G
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal. C Em D G
- [3] Oh the screw was peeping, and the loike was sleeping, G
 As he lay weeping for his girl Sal. C Em Am D
 And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle, G
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal. C Em D G
- [4] On a fine spring evening, the loike lay dreaming, G
 And the seagulls were wheeling, high above the wall, C Em Am D
 And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle, G
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal. C Em D G
- [5] Oh the wind was sighing, and the day was dying, G
 As the loike lay crying, in his prison cell, C Em Am D
 And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle, G
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal. C Em D G
- [6] In the woman's prison there are seventy women, G
 And I wish it was with them, that I did dwell. C Em Am D
 And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle, G
 All along the banks of the Royal Canal. C Em D G

Background: "The Auld Triangle" is a song, which was first performed publicly as a part of the play *The Quare Fellow* (1954) by Brendan Behan. The song is rumoured to have been written by Brendan's brother Dominic Behan, but Dominic never credited the song to himself on any recordings he made of it. Brendan himself always credited his friend Dicky Shannon as the writer.

The song is used to introduce the play, a story about the occurrences in a prison (in real life Mountjoy Prison where Behan had once been lodged) the day a convict is set to be executed. The triangle in the title refers to the large metal triangle which was beaten daily in Mountjoy Prison to waken the inmates ("The Auld Triangle goes Jingle Jangle"). The triangle still hangs in the prison at the centre where the wings meet on a metal gate. It is no longer used, though the hammer to beat it is mounted beside it.

"This was a scientific system of perpetual and persistent harassing... harassing morning, noon and night, and on through the night, harassing always and at all times, harassing with bread and water punishments, and other punishments with 'no sleep' torture and other tortures. This system was applied to the Irish prisoners and, to them only, and was specially designed to destroy us mentally or physically – to kill or drive insane." Thus triangles we employed to cause insanity.

What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor?

- [1] **Am**
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
G
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Am
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
C G Am
Earl-aye in the morning?
- Chorus:**
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Earl-aye in the morning
- [2] Put him in the long boat till he's sober, **Am**
G
- [3] Keep him in the longboat and make 'im bale 'er. **Am**
C G Am
- [4] Pull out the bung and wet him all over
- [5] Put him in the scuppers with a hawsepipe on him **Am**
G
- [6] Heave him by the leg in a running bowline **Am**
C G Am
- [7] Spray him with whiskey and light him on fire
- [8] Shave his belly with a rusty razor **Am**
G
- [9] Take him and shake him and try to wake him **Am**
C G Am
- [10] Give 'im a dose of salt and water
- [11] Hit 'im on the head with a broken hammer **Am**
G
- [12] Tie him to the taffrail when she's yardarm under **Am**
C G Am
- [13] Put him in charge of an Exxon tanker
- [14] Put him into bed with the captain's daughter **Am**
G
- [15] You've never seen the captain's daughter **Am**
C G Am
- [16] Slap him all around and call him Suzie
- [17] Put him in his bunk with his pants on backwards **Am**
G
- [18] Shove a big lobster down his britches. **Am**
C G Am
- [19] That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor

Background: Traditional sailing shanty. There are many many more verses, these are just some of them. The "Captain's Daughter" is the cat o' nine tails

Whiskey in the Jar

- [1] **C** **Am**
 As I was riding over the far famed and Kerry Mountains,
F **C** **G**
 I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was countin',
C **Am**
 I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier,
F **C**
 Said Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver
- Chorus:**
G
 Musha ring dumma doo dumma a da,
C
 Whack fol de daddy o,
F
 Whack fol de daddy o
C G C
 There's whiskey in the jar.
- [2] I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny, **C Am**
 I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny, **F C G**
 She sighed, and she swore that she never would deceive me, **C Am**
 But the devil takes the women for they never can be easy. **F C**
- Chorus **G/C/F/CGC**
- [3] I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber, **C Am**
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder, **F C G**
 But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them out with water, **C Am**
 Then sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter. **F C**
- Chorus **G/C/F/CGC**
- [4] 'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel, **C Am**
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrel, **F C G**
 I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier, **C Am**
 But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken. **F C**
- Chorus **G/C/F/CGC**
- [5] If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army, **C Am**
 If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney, **F C G**
 And if he'll go with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny, **C Am**
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny. **F C**
- Chorus **G/C/F/CGC**
- [6] Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving **C Am**
 But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking **F C G**
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley **C Am**
 And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early **F C**
- Chorus **G/C/F/CGC**

Background: A famous Irish traditional song about a highwayman (usually in the Cork and Kerry mountains), who is betrayed by his wife or lover. The song's exact origins are lost in the mists of history. Judging from the mention of a rapier it is likely that the lyrics date back to at least the late eighteenth century

The Orange and The Green

Chorus:

C
Dm
 Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen.
F
C
F
G7
C
 My father, he was Orange and me mother, she was green.

- [1] C
Dm
 My father was an Ulster man, proud Protestant was he.
F
C
G
C
 My mother was a Catholic girl, from county Cork was she.
Dm
 They were married in two churches, lived happily enough,
F
C
F
G7
C
 Until the day that I was born and things got rather rough.
- Chorus C Dm / F C F G7 C
- [2] Baptized by Father Riley, I was rushed away by car, C Dm
 To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star. F C G C
 I was christened "David Anthony," but still, in spite of that, C Dm
 To me father, I was William, while my mother called me Pat. F C F G7 C
- Chorus C Dm / F C F G7 C
- [3] With Mother every Sunday, to Mass I'd proudly stroll. C Dm
 Then after that, the Orange lodge would try to save my soul. F C G C
 For both sides tried to claim me, but i was smart because C Dm
 I'd play the flute or play the harp, depending where I was. F C F G7 C
- Chorus C Dm / F C F G7 C
- [4] Now when I'd sing those rebel songs, much to me mother's joy, C Dm
 Me father would jump up and say, "Look here would you me boy. F C G C
 That's quite enough of that lot", he'd then toss me a coin C Dm
 And he'd have me sing the Orange Flute or the Heros of The Boyne F C F G7 C
- Chorus C Dm / F C F G7 C
- [5] One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me. C Dm
 Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea. F C G C
 We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight. C Dm
 And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight. F C F G7 C
- Chorus C Dm / F C F G7 C
- [6] My parents never could agree about my type of school. C Dm
 My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool. F C G C
 They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught between C Dm
 That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green. F C F G7 C
- Chorus C Dm / F C F G7 C

Mari Mac

- [1] **Em**
There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac
D
And make no mistake she's the girl I'm gonna track
Em
Lots of other fellas try to get her on the back.
G A Em
But I'm thinkin' they'll have to get up early.
- Chorus:**
Em
Mari Mac's mother's makin' Mari Mac marry me
D
My mother's makin' me marry Mari Mac
Em
Well I'm gonna marry Mari cause Mari's takin' care o' me.
G A Em
We'll all be makin' marry when I marry Mari Mac.
- [2] Now Mari and her mother are an awful lot together **Em**
In fact you hardly see the one without the other **D**
And people often wonder if it's Mari or her mother **Em**
Or both of them together I'm courting **G A Em**
- Chorus **Em / D / Em / G A Em**
- [3] Well up among the heather in the hills of Benafee **Em**
Well I had a Bonnie lass sittin' on my knee **D**
A bumble bee stung me right above the knee **Em**
Up among the heather in the hills of Benafee **G A Em**
- Chorus **Em / D / Em / G A Em**
- [4] Well I said to bonnie lass how we gonna pass the day **Em**
She said among the heather in the hills of Benafee **D**
Where all the boys and girls are making out so free **Em**
Up among the heather in the hills of Benafee **G A Em**
- Chorus **Em / D / Em / G A Em**
- [5] Wedding's on a Wednesday, everything's arranged **Em**
Soon you'll never change your mind unless you minus change **D**
Of making the arrangements and feelings lots of rage **Em**
Marriage is an awful undertaking **G A Em**
- Chorus **Em / D / Em / G A Em**
- [6] Sure to be a grand for grand of that a fair **Em**
Gonna be a fork and plate for every man that's there **D**
And I'll be a bugger if I don't get my share **Em**
All though I may be very much mistaken **G A Em**
- Chorus **Em / D / Em / G A Em**
- [7] There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac **Em**
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track **D**
Lot's of other fellas try to get her on her back **Em**
But I think they're gonna have to get up early **G A Em**
- Chorus (several times getting faster to train wreck) **Em / D / Em / G A Em**

Farewell to Nova Scotia

[1] (Em)G

The sun was setting in the west

Em

The birds were singing on every tree

G D

All nature seemed inclined for to rest

Em

But still there was no rest for me.

Chorus:

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast

G

Let your mountains dark and dreary be

Em

For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed

G D

Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?

Em

[2] I grieve to leave my native land

G

I grieve to leave my comrades all

Em

And my parents whom I held so dear

G D

And the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I do adore.

Em

Chorus

G / Em / G D / Em

[3] The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm

G

The captain calls, we must obey

Em

So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms

G D

For it's early in the morning I am far, far away.

Em

Chorus

G / Em / G D / Em

[4] I have three brothers and they are at rest

G

Their arms are folded on their breast

Em

But a poor simple sailor just like me

G D

Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea.

Em

Chorus

G / Em / G D / Em

Farewell to Nova Scotia" is a popular folk song from Nova Scotia of unknown authorship, collected by folklorist Helen Creighton. It is believed to have been written just prior to or during the First World War.

Johnny Jump Up

- [1] **Em**
I'll tell you a story that happened to me
D
One day as I went down to Cork by the sea
Em
The sun it was hot and the day it was warm,
D **Em**
Says I a quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm
- [2] I went in and I called for a bottle of stout **Em**
Says the barman, I'm sorry, the beer is sold out **D**
Try whiskey or paddy, ten years in the wood **Em**
Says I, I'll try cider, I've heard it was good. **D Em**
- Chorus:**
Oh never, Oh never, Oh never again **Em**
If I live to be a hundred or a hundred and ten **D**
I fell to the ground, I could not get up **Em**
After drinking a quart of the Johnny Jump Up **D Em**
- [3] After downing the third I went out to the yard **Em**
Where I bumped into Brody, the big civic guard **D**
Come here to me boy, don't you know I'm the law? **Em**
Well, I up with me fist and I shattered his jaw **D Em**
- [4] He fell to the ground with his knees doubled up **Em**
But it wasn't I hit him, 'twas Johnny Jump Up **D**
The next bloke I met down in Cork by the sea **Em**
Was a cripple on crutches and says he to me **D Em**
- [5] I'm afraid of me life I'll be hit by a car **Em**
Won't you help me across to the Celtic Knot Bar? **D**
After downing a quart of that cider so sweet **Em**
He threw down his crutches and danced on his feet **D Em**
- Chorus **Em / D / Em / D Em**
- [6] I went up the lee road, a friend for to see **Em**
They call it the madhouse in Cork by the Sea **D**
But when I got there, sure the truth I will tell, **Em**
They had this poor bugger tied up in a cell **D Em**
- [7] Said the guard, testing him, say these words if you can, **Em**
"Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran" **D**
Tell him I'm not crazy, tell him I'm not mad **Em**
It was only a sip of that cider I had **D Em**
- Chorus **Em / D / Em / D Em**
- [8] Well, a man died in the union by the name of McNabb **Em**
They washed him and laid him outside on the slab **D**
And after the parlors measurements did take **Em**
His wife brought him home to a bloody fine wake **D Em**
- [9] Twas about 12 o'clock and the beer it was high **Em**
The corpse sits up and says with a sigh **D**
I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up **Em**
Til I bring them a quart of that Johnny Jump Up **D Em**
- Chorus **Em / D / Em / D Em**

[10] So if ever you go down to Cork by the sea Em
 Stay out of the ale house and take it from me D
 If you want to stay sane don't you dare take a sup Em
 Of that devil drink cider called Johnny Jump Up D Em

Chorus (twice)

Em / D / Em / D Em

"Johnny Jump Up" is a mixture of cider and whiskey

There is an unconfirmed report that this was written by Tim Jordan of Cork City, Co. Cork, Ireland in the 1940s. According to Kevin Manly, Tim Jordan was born and lived all his life in Cork city. The story behind the song was his friend was a landlord of a pub and he asked Tim to write a song about cider and to sing it in his bar to try to increase the sale of cider in his pub.

Another report states the song was probably written in the 1920s or 30s. According to Jimmy Crowley, "Because of the general shortage of materials during the first World War cider was stored in casks which had been used for maturing whiskey. The cider drew the spirit from the wood and the result was 'Johnny', a cider so potent, as the song tells us, that it was a sure ticket to heaven. 'Up the Lee Road' implies much more than it says to Cork people, as the Mental Hospital is situated up there."

Molly Malone

[1] D A
 In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
 D A
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.

D A
 As she wheeled her wheel-barrow through the streets broad and narrow
 D A D
 Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'.

Chorus:

D A
 'Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh,
 D
 Crying 'Cockles and Mussels,
 A D
 Alive, alive, oh. (repeat)

[2] She was a fishmonger, but sure t'was no wonder, D A
 For so were her father and mother before. D A
 And they both wheeled their barrow through the streets wide and D A
 narrow,
 Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'. D A D

Chorus

D A / D / A D

[3] She died of a fever, and no one could save her D A
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone. D A
 Now her ghost wheels her barrow through the streets broad and D A
 narrow,
 Crying 'Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive, oh'. D A D

Chorus

D A / D / A D

[4] Then there came through the old back door	Dm
The Vicar of the local church.	Am
And when he saw our drunken ways,	Dm Am Dm Am
He began to scream and curse.	Dm C
"Ah, you drunken sods! You heathen clods!	Dm
You've taken to a drunken spree!	Am
You drank up all the Benedictine wine	Dm Am Dm Am
And you didn't save a drop for me!"	Dm C

Chorus

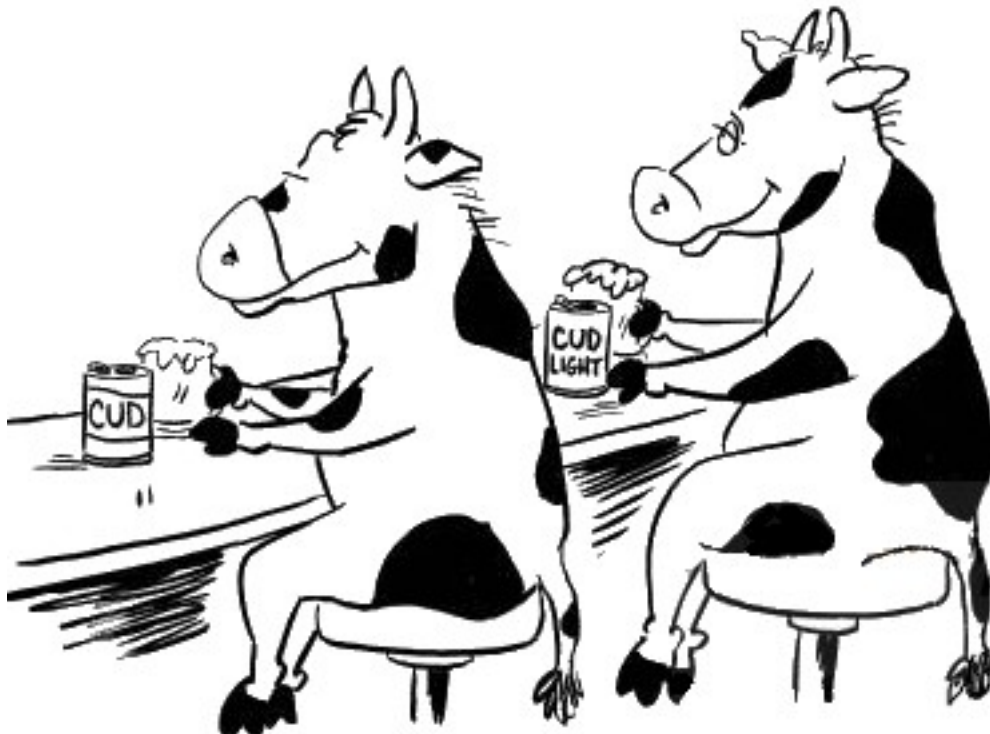
[5] And then there came a mighty crash	Dm
Half the bloody roof caved in.	Am
We were almost drowned in the firemen's hose	Dm Am Dm Am
But still we were gonna stay.	Dm C
So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks	Dm
And we nailed ourselves inside	Am
And we sat drinking the finest Rum	Dm Am Dm Am
Till we were bleary-eyed.	Dm C

Chorus

[6] Later that night, when the fire was out	Dm
We came up from the cellar below.	Am
Our pub was burned. Our booze was drunk.	Dm Am Dm Am
Our heads was hanging low.	Dm C
"Oh look", says Brown with a look quite queer.	Dm
Seems something raised his ire.	Am
"Now we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub,	Dm Am Dm Am
It closes on the hour!"	Dm C

Chorus

The dun cow is a common motif in English folklore. "Dun" is a dull shade of brownish grey. There are many public houses in the United Kingdom called The Dun Cow.



I'll Tell Me Ma

Chorus:

D
I'll tell me ma when I go home
A7 **D**
The boys won't leave the girls alone
D
They pull my hair, they steal my comb
A7 **D**
But that's all right till I get home
D **G**
She is handsome, she is pretty
D **A7**
She is the belle of Belfast city
D **G**
She is courting one, two, three
D **A7** **D**
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

[1] Albert Mooney says he loves her **D**
All the boys are fighting for her **A7 D**
Knock at the door and ring the bell **D**
Saying, oh my true love, are you well? **A7 D**
Out she comes, white as snow **D G**
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes **D A7**
Old Johnny Morrissey says she'll die **D G**
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye **D A7 D**

Chorus

[2] Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high **D**
Snow come tumbling from the sky **A7 D**
She's as nice as apple pie **D**
She'll get a fellow by and by **A7 D**
When she gets a lad of her own **D G**
She won't tell her ma when she gets home **D A7**
Let them all come as they will **D G**
It's Albert Mooney she loves still **D A7 D**

Chorus

"I'll Tell Me Ma" is a well known children's song. The chorus usually refers to Belfast city, although it is also adapted to other Irish cities, such as Dublin.

Come Out Ye Black and Tans

- [1] **Am** **G**
 I was born on a Dublin street where the Loyal drums did beat
Am
 And the loving English feet walked all over us,
C **G**
 And every single night when me father'd come home tight
Am **G** **Am**
 He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus:
- Chorus:**
 Come out you black and tans come out and fight me like a man Am G
 Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders Am
 Tell them how the IRA made you run like hell away, C G
 From the green and lovely lanes in Killeshandra. Am G Am
- [2] Come tell us how you slew them ol' Arabs two by two Am G
 Like the Zulus they had spears and bows and arrows, Am
 How you bravely faced each one With your sixteen pounder gun C G
 And you frightened them damn natives to their marrow. Am G Am
- Chorus
- [3] Come let us hear you tell how you slandered great Parnell, Am G
 When you thought him well and truly persecuted, Am
 Where are the sneers and jeers that you bravely let us hear C G
 When our heroes of sixteen were executed. Am G Am
- Chorus
- [4] The day is coming fast and the time is here at last, Am G
 When each yeoman will be cast aside before us, Am
 And if there be a need sure my kids wil sing, "Godspeed!" C G
 With a bar or two of Stephen Behan's chorus Am G Am
- Chorus
- [5] The day is coming fast and it will soon be here at last Am G
 When North and South again belong to Erin Am
 And when John Bull is gone, we'll all join in this song, C G
 And the trumpets of freedom will be blarin' Am G Am
- Chorus

Come Out Ye Black and Tans (sometimes Black and Tan) is an Irish rebel song referring to the Black and Tans, the British paramilitary police auxiliary force in Ireland during the 1920s. The song was written by Dominic Behan as a tribute to his father Stephen, often authorship of the song is attributed to Stephen.

The lyrics are rich with references to the history of Irish nationalism and the activities of the British army throughout the world. While the title of the song refers to the Black and Tans of the War of Independence era, the specific context of the song is a dispute between Irish Republican and loyalist neighbours in inner city Dublin in the 1930s. The actual term "Black and Tan" originated from the lack of coordination of the British army with their uniforms. The troops stationed in Killeshandra wore a mix of black uniforms and tan (khaki) uniforms.

[7]	As I went home on Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be	C
	I saw a lad sneaking out the back at a quarter after three.	F
	Well, I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me	C
	Who was that lad sneaking out the back at a quarter after three?	F G7 C
	Ah you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see	C
	That was just the tax man that the Queen she sent to me.	G7 C
	Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more	C
	But an Englishman who can last till three I've never seen before	G7 C

"Seven Drunken Nights" is a humorous traditional Irish song, most famously performed by The Dubliners. Their version reached number 7 in the UK charts in 1967. It was based on an older English ballad, "Our Goodman" (Child Ballad #274), sometimes called "Four Nights Drunk". Usually only five of the seven nights are sung because of the vulgar nature of the final two. As a result there have evolved many versions of the final two verses as performers make up their own versions to fit in, some raunchier than others.

It is common to have a call and answer in the verse: "Well, I called my wife and I said to her (Men: *Hey Wife!* Women: *Whatya want ya drunken shite?!*) "

The Moonshiner

Chorus:

G	C
I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home	
D	G
And if you don't like me, well, leave me alone	
G	C
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry	
D	G
And the moonshine don't kill me, I'll live til I die	

[1]	I've been a moonshiner for many a year	G C
	I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer	D G
	I'll go to some hollow, I'll set up my still	G C
	And I'll make you a gallon for a ten shilling bill	D G

Chorus

[2]	I'll go to some hollow in this counterie	G C
	Ten gallons of wash I can go on a spree	D G
	No women to follow, the world is all mine	G C
	I love none so well as I love the moonshine	D G

Chorus

[3]	Oh, moonshine, dear moonshine, oh, how I love thee	G C
	You killed me old father, but ah you try me	D G
	Now bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine	G C
	Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine	D G

Chorus

Gypsy Rover

- [1] **G** **D** **G** **D**
 A gypsy rover came over the hill
G **D** **G D**
 Down through the valley so shady.
G **D** **G** **C**
 He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
G **C** **GCG D**
 And he won the heart of a lady.
- Chorus:**
 Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day G D G D
 Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee G D G D
 He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang G D G C
 And he won the heart of a lady. G C G C G D
- [2] She left her father's castle gate. G D G D
 She left her own fine lover. G D G D
 She left her servants and her state G D G C
 To follow her gypsy rover. G C G C G D
- Chorus
- [3] She left behind her velvet gown G D G D
 And shoes of Spanish leather G D G D
 They whistled and they sang 'till the green woods rang G D G C
 As they rode off together G C G C G D
- Chorus
- [4] Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed G D G D
 With silken sheets for cover G D G D
 Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground G D G C
 Beside her gypsy lover G C G C G D
- Chorus
- [5] Her father saddled up his fastest steed G D G D
 And roamed the valley all over. G D G D
 Sought his daughter at great speed G D G C
 And the whistlin' gypsy rover. G C G C G D
- Chorus
- [6] He came at last to a mansion fine G D G D
 Down by the river Claydee. G D G D
 And there was music and there was wine G D G C
 For the gypsy and his lady. G C G C G D
- Chorus
- [7] "He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried G D G D
 "but Lord of these lands all over. G D G D
 And I shall stay 'til my dying day G D G C
 with my whistlin' gypsy rover." G C G C G D
- Chorus

The Gypsy Rover, sometimes known simply as The Whistling Gypsy, is a well-known ballad composed by Dublin songwriter, Leo Maguire. It was recorded by numerous artists.

Finnegan's Wake

[1] C Am
 Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
 F G7
 A gentle Irishman mighty odd
 C Am
 He had a beautiful brogue both rich and sweet
 F G7 C
 An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
 C Am
 You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way
 F G7
 For the love for the liquor Tim was born
 C Am
 To help him on his way each day
 F G7 C
 He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Chorus:

 C Am
 Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner
 F G7
 Round the flure yer trotters shake
 C Am
 Bend an ear to the truth they tell ye
 F G7 C
 Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

[2] One morning Tim got rather full	C Am
His head felt heavy which made him shake	F G7
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and	C Am
They carried him home his corpse to wake	F G7 C
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet	C Am
And laid him out upon the bed	F G7
A bottle of whiskey at his feet	C Am
And a barrel of porter at his head	F G7 C

Chorus (after every verse)

[3] His friends assembled at the wake	C Am
And Missus Finnegan called for lunch	F G7
First she brought in tay and cake	C Am
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch	F G7 C
Biddy O'Brien began to cry	C Am
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see	F G7
Tim, auvream! O, why'd you die?"	C Am
"Will ye hold your gob?" said Paddy McGee	F G7 C

[4] Then Maggie O'Connor took up the cry	C Am
"O Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"	F G7
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob	C Am
And sent her sprawling on the floor	F G7 C
Then the war did soon engage	C Am
T'was woman to woman and man to man	F G7
Shillelagh law was all the rage	C Am
And a row and a ruction soon began	F G7 C

Will Ye No Come Back Again?

[1] **D** **G** **D**
 Bonnie Chairlie's noo awa',
D **A**
 Safely ower the friendly main;
D **G** **D**
 Mony a heart will break in twa',
D **A** **D**
 Should he ne'er come back again.

Chorus:

D
 Will ye no come back again?
Bm **Em** **A**
 Will ye no come back again?
D **G** **D**
 Better lo'ed ye canna be,
D **A** **D**
 Will ye no come back again?

[2] Ye trusted in your Hielan' men,
 They trusted you dear Chairlie.
 They kent your hidin' in the glen,
 Death or exile bravin'

D G D
 D A
 D G D
 D A D

Chorus

D/BmEmA/DGD/DAD

[3] We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,
 We watched thee in the mornin' grey.
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,
 O there is nane that wad betray

D G D
 D A
 D G D
 D A D

Chorus

D/BmEmA/DGD/DAD

[4] English bribes were all in vain
 Tho' puir and puirer we mun be
 Silver canna buy the heart
 That beats aye for thine and thee

D G D
 D A
 D G D
 D A D

Chorus

D/BmEmA/DGD/DAD

[5] Sweet the laverock' s note and lang,
 Liltin' wildly up the glen.
 But aye tae me he sings ae sang,
 Will ye no' come back again?

D G D
 D A
 D G D
 D A D

Chorus

D/BmEmA/DGD/DAD

After the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden and his escape back to France, with the aid of Flora MacDonald, there were still many who hoped that he would return, some day. This song is about that sentiment, written by Carolina Oliphant (Lady Nairne) in the first half of the 19th century).

Auld Lang Syne

[1] D A
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 D G
and never brought to mind?
 D A
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Bm Em A D
and auld lang syne?

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear, D A
for auld lang syne, D G
we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, D A
for auld lang syne. Bm Em A D

[2] And surely you'll buy your pint cup! D A
And surely I'll buy mine! D G
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, D A
for auld lang syne. Bm Em A D

Chorus

[3] We two have run about the hills, D A
and picked the daisies fine; D G
But we've wandered many a weary foot, D A
since auld lang syne. Bm Em A D

Chorus

[4] We two have paddled in the stream, D A
from morning sun till dine (dinner time); D G
But seas between us broad have roared D A
since auld lang syne. Bm Em A D

Chorus

[5] And there's a hand my trusty friend! D A
And give us a hand o' thine! D G
And we'll take a right good-will draught, D A
for auld lang syne. Bm Em A D

Chorus

Auld Lang Syne, a song by Robert Burns (1759-1796), is one of the better-known songs in English-speaking countries. It is often sung at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Day. Like many other frequently sung songs, the melody is better remembered than the words, which are often sung incorrectly, and seldom in full.

The song's (Scots) title may be translated into English literally as 'old long since', or more idiomatically 'long ago', or 'days gone by'. In his retelling of fairy tales in the Scots language, Matthew Fitt uses the phrase "In the days of auld lang syne" as the equivalent of "Once upon a time". In Scots Syne is pronounced like the English word sign.

MacPherson's Lament

- [1] D A
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong
 D G
Farewell, farewell to thee.
 D A
MacPherson's time will ne'er be lang
 D G A
On yonder gallows tree.
- Chorus:** *(after every verse)*
 D A
Sae rantingly, sae wontonly
 D G
Sae dauntingly gaed he
 D A
He played a tune an' he danced aroon
 D G A
Beneath the gallows tree.
- [2] It was by a woman's treacherous hand D A
That I was condemned to dee D G
Beneath a ledge at a window she stood D A
And a blanket she threw o'er me. D G A
- [3] Well the laird o' Grant, that highlan' sa'nt D A
That first laid hands on me D G
He played the cause on Peter Broon D A
To let Macpherson dee. D G A
- [4] Untie these bands from off my hands D A
And gie to me my sword D G
There's nae a man in a' Scotland D A
But I'll brave him at a word. D G A
- [5] There's some come here to see me hanged D A
And some to buy my fiddle D G
But before that I do part wi' her D A
I'll brak her thro' the middle. D G A
- [6] He took the fiddle into both his hands D A
And he broke it o'er a stone D G
Says there's nae other hand shall play on thee D A
When I am dead and gone. D G A
- [7] O, little did my mother think D A
When she first cradled me D G
That I would turn a rovin' boy D A
And die on the gallows tree. D G A
- [8] The reprive was comin' o'er the brig o' Banff D A
To let Macpherson free D G
But they pit the clock a quarter afore D A
And hanged him to a tree. D G A

Skye Boat Song

Chorus:

D Bm Em A
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
D G A
Onward! the sailors cry
D Bm Em A
Carry the lad that's born to be King
D G D
Over the sea to Skye.

[1] Bm Em
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Bm G Bm
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Bm Em
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Bm G Bm
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus

[2] Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Bm Em
Bm G Bm
Bm Em
Bm G Bm

Chorus

D Bm Em A / D G A

[3] Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the Claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead in Culloden's field.

Bm Em
Bm G Bm
Bm Em
Bm G Bm

Chorus

D Bm Em A / D G A

[4] Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

Bm Em
Bm G Bm
Bm Em
Bm G Bm

Chorus

D Bm Em A / D G A

The Skye Boat Song has gained the reputation of a traditional Scottish song recalling the escape of the young pretender Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie) after his defeat at Culloden in 1746: he escaped from Uist to the Isle of Skye in a small boat with the aid of Flora MacDonald. He was disguised as a serving maid. The 19th century adherents of Scottish romantic nationalism (which included sentimental Jacobitism) enlarged the anecdote to a legend.

The lyrics were written by Sir Harold Boulton, Bart. (1859 - 1935), to an air collected by Miss Annie MacLeod (Lady Wilson) in the 1870s.

Spanish Ladies

- [1] **Em** **C** **D**
 Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies,
Em **C** **D**
 Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain
G **D** **Em** **G**
 For we've received orders for to sail for ol' England,
Am7 **D** **C** **DEm**
 But we hope in a short while to see you again.
- Chorus:**
 We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors, **Em C D**
 We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea. **Em C D**
 Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England; **G D Em G**
 From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues. **Am7 D C D Em**
- [2] We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys **Em C D**
 We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take; **Em C D**
 'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom, **G D Em G**
 So we squared our main yard and up channel did make. **Am7 D C D Em**
- [3] The first land we sighted was called the Dodman, **Em C D**
 Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the Wight; **Em C D**
 We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover, **G D Em G**
 And then we bore up for the South Foreland light. **Am7 D C D Em**
- Chorus
- [4] Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor, **Em C D**
 And all in the Downs that night for to lie; **Em C D**
 Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper! **G D Em G**
 Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly! **Am7 D C D Em**
- [5] Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper, **Em C D**
 And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass; **Em C D**
 We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy, **G D Em G**
 And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass. **Am7 D C D Em**

Chorus

Spanish Ladies is a very old capstan sea shanty - meaning that sailors sung it around the capstan as they raised the anchor on a homeward bound voyage. It dates from a point before 1800. There are several tunes to which it is sung. The lyrics, with their mention of the 'Grand Fleet', indicate that the song originates from the British Royal Navy. Certainly, it provides a fascinating glimpse into navy life. The places that are mentioned - the Dodman, Ushant, Beachy, Dover, Fairlight - are the landmarks that homeward bound sailors would have looked out for on the last leg of their journey up the English channel.

The *Ryans and the Pittmans* (next song) is a popular Newfoundland song based on Ladies of Spain. It tells of the romantic entanglements of a sailor named Bob Pittman, and his desire to sail home to finally marry his "sweet Biddy". The song is also known as "We'll Rant and We'll Roar", after the first line of the chorus; however, this is also the name by which some foreign variants are known; see below.

The most famous recent version of the *Ryans and the Pittmans* is a shortened version recorded as *Rant & Roar* by Great Big Sea.

The Ryans and the Pittmans (Rant & Roar)

Chorus:

D
Bm
G
A
 We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders
A
D
 We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
D
Bm
G
A
 Until we strikes bottom inside the two sunkers
D
G
A
D
 When straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

[1] My name it is Robert, they call me Bob Pittman D Bm G A
 I sail in the Ino with Skipper Tom Brown A D
 I'm bound to have Polly or Bidy or Molly D Bm G A
 As soon as I'm able to plank the cash down. D G A D

Chorus

[2] I'm a son of a sea cook, I'm a cook in a trader D Bm G A
 I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom A D
 I can handle a jigger, I cuts a fine figure D Bm G A
 Whenever I gets in a boats standing room. D G A D

Chorus

[3] If the voyage is good, this fall I will do it D Bm G A
 I wants two pounds ten for a ring and the priest A D
 A couple of dollars for clean shirts and collars D Bm G A
 And a handful of coppers to make up a feast. D G A D

Chorus

[4] I've bought me a house from Katherine Davis D Bm G A
 A twenty pound bed from Jimmy McGrath A D
 I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle D G A D
 And then I'll be ready for Bidy, hurrah! D Bm G A
D G A D

Chorus

[5] Then here is a health to the girls of Fox Harbour D Bm G A
 Of Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Brule A D
 Now let ye be jolly, don't be melancholy D Bm G A
 I can't marry all or in chokey I'd be. D G A D

chorus (twice, second a cappella)

Loch Lomond

[1] **G** **Em** **C** **D**
 By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes
 G **Em** **C D**
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
 G **Em** **C** **D**
 There me and my true love spent many happy days
 G **C** **D G**
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Chorus

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road G Em C D
 And I'll be in Scotland before ye G Em C D
 But me and my true love will never meet again G Em C D
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond. G C D G

[2] 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen, G Em C D
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon', G Em C D
 Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view, G Em C D
 An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'. G C D G

Chorus

[3] The wee birdies sing and the wild flow'rs spring, G Em C D
 And in sunshine the waters are sleepin'; G Em C D
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring, G Em C D
 Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin' G C D G

Chorus

Loch Lomond is a large Scottish loch located between the traditional counties of Dunbartonshire and Stirlingshire.

Loch Lomond is a traditional Scottish song. It was first published in 1841 in Vocal Melodies of Scotland and has been covered by many artist in many styles over the years.

There are many theories about the meaning of the song. One interpretation is that it is attributed to a Jacobite Highlander who was captured after the 1745 rising while he was fleeing near Carlisle and is sentenced to die. The verse is his mournful elegy to another rebel who will not be executed. He claims that he will follow the "low road" (the spirit path through the underworld) and arrive in Scotland before his still-living comrade. The "low road" is a reference to the Celtic belief that if someone died away from his homeland then the fairies would provide a route of this name for his soul to return home.

Another interpretation is that the song is sung by the lover of a captured rebel set to be executed in London following a show trial. The heads of the executed rebels were then set upon pikes and exhibited in all of the towns between London and Glasgow in a procession along the "high road" (the most important road), while the relatives of the rebels walked back along the "low road" (the ordinary road travelled by peasants and commoners).

The Calton Weaver (Nancy Whiskey)

[1] **G** **C** **D**
 I am a weaver, a Calton weaver
G **C** **D**
 I am a brash and a roving blade
G **C** **D**
 I have silver in my pockets
G **C D** **G**
 And I follow a roving trade

Chorus:

G **C** **D**
 Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey
G **C D G**
 Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O

[2] As I walked into Glasgow city G C D
 Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell G C D
 I walked in, sat down beside her G C D
 Seven long years I loved her well G C D G

Chorus

[3] The more I kissed her, the more I loved her G C D
 The more I kissed her, the more she smiled G C D
 I forgot my mother's teaching G C D
 Nancy soon had me beguiled G C D G

Chorus

[4] I woke early in the mornin' G C D
 Tae slake ma drought it was my need, G C D
 I tried to rise but was not able G C D
 Nancy Whiskey had me by the heid. G C D G

Chorus

[5] Come landlady, noo, what's that lawin'? G C D
 Tell me what there is tae pay. G C D
 "Fifteen shillings is the reck'ning; G C D
 Noo pay me quickly and go away!" G C D G

Chorus

[6] I'll gang back to the Calton weaving G C D
 I'll surely mak those shuttles fly G C D
 I'll make more at the Calton weaving G C D
 Than ever I did in a roving way G C D G

Chorus

[7] So come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers G C D
 Weavers where e're ye be G C D
 Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey G C D
 She'll ruin you like she ruined me G C D G

Chorus

Nancy Whisky first appeared in print in the early 1900s. Calton is a district of Glasgow which used to be famous for its weaver's workshops. This warning to men, old and young, was a very popular song during the Scottish Folk Revival.

McAlpine's Fusiliers

[1] D G
As down the glen came McAlpine's men
D A D
with their shovels slung behind them
G A D
'Twas in the pub that they drank their sub
D G
and out in the spike you'll find them
D G A G
They sweated blood and they washed down mud
D G
with pints and quarts of beer
D G
And now we're on the road again
D A D
with McAlpine's Fusiliers

[2] I stripped to the skin with the Darkie Finn
way down upon the Isle of Grain
With Horse Face O'Toole, we knew the rule,
no money if you stopped for rain.
McAlpine's God was a well filled hod,
your shoulders cut to bits and seared,
And woe to he who looked for tea
with McAlpine's Fusiliers

[3] I remember the day that Bear O'Shea
fell into a concrete stair.
What Horse Face said when he saw him dead
it wasn't what the rich called prayers.
I'm a navy short was the one retort
that reached unto my ears
When the going's rough then you must be tough
with McAlpine's Fusiliers

[4] I've worked 'til the sweat nearly had me bet,
with Russian, Czech and Pole.
On shuddering jams up the hydro dams
or underneath the Thames in a hole.
I've grabbed it hard and I've got me cards
and many a ganger's fist across me ears.
If you value your life you won't join by cripes,
with McAlpine's Fusiliers

McAlpine's Fusiliers is a famous Irish ballad set to a traditional air, written in the early 1960s by Dominic Behan. The song relates to the mass migration of Irish labour from Ireland to England that took place prior to, after and especially during, the Second World War. The ballad's title refers to Sir Robert McAlpine, a major employer of Irish workmen.

The lyrics allude to the racism of the times that was often found in England and London – in particular when boarding houses in the area regularly advised allcomers that no Irish or Coloureds need apply. Behan saw the paradox of Britain employing more and more Irish construction workers whilst at the same time allowing abusive work practices and racism to prosper.

The song offers a satirical but on the whole accurate view of the life and work of the Irish labourers of the times and as such proved extremely popular, resonating strongly with the Irish population of London.

Wild Mountain Thyme

[1] D Em D
 Oh the summer time is comin'
 G F#m
 And the leaves are sweetly bloomin'
 G F#m Bm
 And the wild mountain thyme
 Em G
 Grows around the bloomin' heather
 D G D
 Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus:

 G F#m
 And we'll all go together
 G F#m Bm
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 Em G
 All around the bloomin' heather
 D G D
 Will you go, lassie, go?

[2] I will build my love a bower	D Em D
By yon pure crystal fountain	G F#m
And on it I will place	G F#m Bm
All the flowers of the mountain	Em G
Will you go, lassie, go?	D G D

Chorus

[3] If my true love she were gone	D Em D
Then I'd surely find another	G F#m
Where the wild mountain thyme	G F#m Bm
Grows around the bloomin' heather	Em G
Will you go, lassie, go?	D G D

Chorus

[4] Oh the summer time is comin'	D Em D
And the leaves are sweetly bloomin'	G F#m
And the wild mountain thyme	G F#m Bm
Grows around the bloomin' heather	Em G
Will you go, lassie, go?	D G D

Chorus

"Wild Mountain Thyme" (also known as "Purple Heather" and "Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go") is a folk song written in the 1950s by Francis McPeake, a member of a well known musical family in Belfast, Ireland, and of Scottish origin. McPeake's lyrics are a variant of the song "The Braes of Balquhither" by Scottish poet Robert Tannahill (1774–1810), a contemporary of Robert Burns. Tannahill's original song, first published in Robert Archibald Smith's *Scottish Minstrel* (1821–24), is about the hills (braes) around Balquhidder near Lochearnhead. Like Burns, Tannahill collected and adapted traditional songs, and "The Braes of Balquhither" may have been based on the traditional song "The Braes o' Bowhether".

[6]	We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out	G C
	And the ship lost its way in the fog	G D
	And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two	G C
	Just myself and the Captain's old dog	G D G
	Then the ship struck a rock oh Lord what a shock	G D
	The bulkhead was turned right over	G D
	It turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned	G Em
	I'm the last of the Irish Rover	G D G

"The Irish Rover" is an Irish folk song about a magnificent, though improbable, sailing ship that reaches an unfortunate end. It has been recorded by numerous artists, some of whom have made changes to the lyrics. According to the 1966 publication *Walton's New Treasury of Irish Songs and Ballads 2*, the song is attributed to songwriter/arranger J. M. Crofts.

Dirty Old Town

[1]	G I met my love, by the gas works wall	
	C G Dreamed a dream, by the old canal	
	I kissed my girl, by the factory wall	
	D Em Dirty old town, dirty old town	
[2]	The clouds are drifting across the moon	G
	Cats are prowling on their beat	C G
	Spring's a girl from the streets at night	G
	Dirty old town, dirty old town	D Em
[3]	I heard a siren from the docks	G
	Saw a train set the night on fire	C G
	Smelled the spring on the smoky wind	G
	Dirty old town, dirty old town	D Em
[4]	I'm going to make a big sharp axe	G
	Shining steel tempered in the fire	C G
	I'll cut you down like an old dead tree	G
	Dirty old town, dirty old town	D Em
[5]	I met my love, by the gas works wall	G
	Dreamed a dream, by the old canal	C G
	I kissed my girl, by the factory wall	G
	Dirty old town, dirty old town	D Em
	Dirty old town, dirty old town	D G

"Dirty Old Town" is an English song written by Ewan MacColl in 1949 that was made popular by The Dubliners and has been recorded by many others. The song was written about Salford, Greater Manchester, England, the city where MacColl was born and brought up. It was originally composed for an interlude to cover an awkward scene change in his 1949 play *Landscape with Chimneys*, set in a North of England industrial town, but with the growing popularity of folk music the song became a standard. The first verse refers to the Gasworks croft, which was a piece of open land adjacent to the Gasworks, and then speaks of the old canal, which was the Manchester Bolton & Bury Canal. The line in the original version about smelling a spring on "the Salford wind" is sometimes sung as "the sulphured wind". But in any case, most singers tend to drop the Salford reference altogether, in favour of calling the wind "smoky".

Barrett's Privateers

Sing a cappella, in C. Bold words with choir

[1] Oh, the year was Seventeen Seventy-Eight

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

A letter of marque came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

Chorus (after every verse):

God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold

We'd fire no guns, shed no tears

Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier,

The last of Barrett's Privateers

[2] O Elcid Barrett cried the town

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

[3] The Antelope sloop was a sickening site

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

She'd list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

[4] On the King's birthday we put to sea

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

Ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

[5] On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

When a great big Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

[6] The Yankee lay low down with gold

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

[7] Then at length she stood two cables away

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

Our cracked four-pounders made awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

[8] The Antelope shook and pitched on her side

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck carried off both me legs

[9] Now here I lay in my twenty-third year

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

It's been six years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

"Barrett's Privateers" is a modern folk song in the style of a sea shanty, written and performed by Canadian musician Stan Rogers, having been inspired after a song session with the Friends of Fiddler's Green at the Northern Lights Festival Boréal in Sudbury, ON. Although Barrett, the Antelope and other specific instances mentioned in the song are fictional, "Barrett's Privateers" is full of many authentic details of privateering in the late 18th century.

Fairytale of New York

Intro: **G D A7sus4 A7**

[1] **D** **G**
It was Christmas Eve babe in the drunk tank
 D **A7sus4** **A7**
An old man said to me, won't see another one
 D **G**
And then he sang a song the Rare Old Mountain Dew
 D **G** **A7** **D**
and I turned my face away and dreamed about you

[2] **D** **G**
Got on a lucky one came in eighteen to one
 D **A7sus4** **A7**
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you
 D **G**
So happy Christmas I love you baby
 D **G** **A7** **D**
I can see a better time when all our dreams come true

G D A7sus4 A7 /faster now/ D A D G D D A

[3] **D** **A** **Bm** **G**
They've got cars big as bars they've got rivers of gold
 D **A**
But the wind goes right through you it's no place for the old
 D **Bm** **D** **G**
When you first took my hand on a cold Christmas Eve
 D **A** **D**
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me

[4] **D** **A**
You were handsome you were pretty Queen of New York City
 D **G** **A** **D**
When the band finished playing they howled out for more
 A
Sinatra was swinging all the drunks they were singing
 D **G** **A** **D**
We kissed on the corner then danced through the night

Chorus:

G **Bm A** **D** **Bm**
The boys of the NYPD choir were singing 'Galway Bay'
 D **G** **A** **D**
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day
A Bm G D D A A D Bm D G D D A D

[5] **D** **A**
You're a bum you're a punk you're an old slut on junk
 D **G** **A** **D**
Living there almost dead on a drip in that bed
 D **A**
You scum bag you maggot you cheap lousy faggot
 D **G** **A** **D**
Happy Christmas your arse I pray God It's our last

Chorus

D D G G D D A7-A11-A7

[6]

I could have been someone *well so could anyone*
You took my dreams from me when I first found you
I kept them with me babe I put them with my own
Can't make it all alone I've built my dreams around you

Chorus

D D G G D D A7sus4 A7 D D G G D D A7sus4 A7 D

"**Fairytale of New York**" is a Christmas song written by Jem Finer and Shane MacGowan and first released as a single on 23 November 1987 by their band The Pogues, featuring singer-songwriter Kirsty MacColl on vocals. The song was written as a duet, with the Pogues' singer MacGowan taking the role of the male character and MacColl the female character. It is an Irish folk style ballad, and featured on The Pogues' 1988 album *If I Should Fall from Grace with God*. The song has been cited as the best Christmas song of all time in various television, radio and magazine related polls in the UK and Ireland. The single peaked at number two in the UK Singles Chart when it was first released and its popularity as a Christmas song has endured: to date the song has reached the UK top twenty on eleven separate occasions since its original release in 1987, including every year since 2005, and was certified platinum for achieving one million sales in 2013. In the UK it is the most-played Christmas song of the 21st century.



Monkey and the Engineer

- [1] **G** **C** **G**
Once upon a time there was an engineer
A7 **D**
Drove a locomotive both far and near
G **C**
Accompanied by a monkey who would sit on a stool
G **A7** **D** **G**
Watching everything the engineer would move
- [2] One day the engineer wanted a bite to eat G C G
He left the monkey sitting on the driver's seat G A7 D
The monkey pulled the throttle, locomotive jumped the gun G C
And went ninety miles an hour down the mainline run G A7 D G
- Chorus:**
- Big locomotive right on time G C G
Big locomotive coming down the line G A7 D
Big locomotive number ninety nine G C
Left the engineer with a worried mind G A7 D G
- [3] The engineer called up the dispatcher on the phone G C G
Tell him all about his locomotive was gone G A7 D
Get on the wire, switch operator to right G C
'Cause the monkey's got the mainline sewed up tight G A7 D G
- [4] Switch operator got the message in time G C G
Said there's a northbound limited on the same mainline G A7 D
Open up the switch, I'm gonna let it through the hole G C
'Cause the monkey's got the locomotive under control G A7 D G

Chorus

Written by Jesse "Lone Cat" Fuller, a once well-known American one-man-band musician, best known for his song "San Francisco Bay Blues". Fuller's instruments included 12-string guitar, harmonica, kazoo, cymbal (high-hat) and fottella, several of which could be played simultaneously. The fottella, an instrument entirely of Mr. Fuller's creation and construction, was a foot-operated percussion bass consisting of a large upright wood box, shaped like the top of a double bass. Attached to a short neck at the top of this box were six bass strings, stretched over the body. And finally, there was the means to play those strings: six foot pedals, each connected to a padded hammer which struck the string, in a homemade wooden contraption.

Piano Man

[1] C Em Am C
 It's nine o'clock on a Saturday
F C D **G**
 The regular crowd shuffles in
 C Em Am C
 There's an old man sitting next to me
 F Dm7 C **G**
 Makin' love to his tonic and gin
 C Em Am C
 He says, son, can you play me a memory?
 F C D **G**
 I'm not really sure how it goes
 C Em Am C
 But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete
 F Dm7 C
 When I wore a younger man's clothes
Am D **F**
 La la la, de de da
Am D **G** (C **F**)
 La la, de de da da da

Chorus:

Sing us a song, you're the piano man
 Sing us a song tonight
 Well, we're all in the mood for a melody
 And you've got us feelin' alright

C Em am C
 F C D G
 C Em Am C
 F Dm7 C (F C+g FCFC)

[2] Now John at the bar is a friend of mine
 He gets me my drinks for free
 And he's quick with a joke or a light up your smoke
 But there's someplace that he'd rather be
 He says, Bill, I believe this is killing me.
 As the smile ran away from his face
 Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star
 If I could get out of this place
 Oh, la la la, de de da
 La la, de de da da da

C Em Am C
 F C D G
 C Em Am C
 F Dm7 C G
 C Em Am C
 F C D G
 C Em Am C
 F Dm7 C
 Am D F
 Am D G (C F)

Chorus

[3] Now Paul is a real estate novelist
 Who never had time for a wife
 And he's talkin' with Davy who's still in the navy
 And probably will be for life
 And the waitress is practicing politics
 As the businessmen slowly get stoned
 Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness
 But it's better than drinkin' alone
 Oh, la la la, de de da
 La la, de de da da da

C Em Am C
 F C D G
 C Em Am C
 F Dm7 C G
 C Em Am C
 F C D G
 C Em Am C
 F Dm7 C
 Am D F
 Am D G (C F)

Chorus

[4]	It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday And the manager gives me a smile cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see To forget about life for a while And the piano, it sounds like a carnival And the microphone smells like a beer And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar And say, man, what are you doin' here? Oh, la la la, de de da La la, de de da da da	C Em Am C F C D G C Em Am C F Dm7 C G C Em Am C F C D G C Em Am C F Dm7 C Am D F Am D G (C F)
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Chorus

"Piano Man" was Billy Joel's first major hit, and is considered his signature song. It was first released as the second track on Joel's Piano Man album. The song is a fictionalized retelling of Joel's days as a lounge singer in Los Angeles (where he moved after the failure of his first album, "Cold Spring Harbor.") based on real people who could have done things with their lives, but did not.

The House of the Rising Sun

[1]	<p style="text-align: center;">Am C D F</p> There is a house in New Orleans <p style="text-align: center;">Am C E</p> They call the Rising Sun <p style="text-align: center;">Am C D F</p> And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy <p style="text-align: center;">Am E Am</p> Dear God I know I'm one	
[2]	My mother was a tailor She sewed my new blue jeans My father was a gamblin' man Way down in New Orlean	Am C D F Am C E Am C D F Am E Am
[3]	Now the only thing a gambler needs Is a suitcase and his trunk And the only time he's satisfied Is when he's on a drunk	Am C D F Am C E Am C D F Am E Am
[4]	So mothers tell your children Not to do what I have done Not to spend your life in sin and misery In the House of the Rising Sun	Am C D F Am C E Am C D F Am E Am
[5]	I got one foot on the platform And the other's on the train 'Cause I'm goin' back to New Orleans To wear that ball and chain	Am C D F Am C E Am C D F Am E Am
[6]	Well, there is a house in New Orleans They call the Rising Sun And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy Dear God I know I'm one	Am C D F Am C E Am C D F Am E Am

"The House of the Rising Sun" is a folk song from the United States. Also called "House of the Rising Sun" or occasionally "Rising Sun Blues", it tells of a life gone wrong in New Orleans. The best-known rendition of the song is by the English group The Animals in 1964, which was a number one hit in both the United States and United Kingdom. Like many classic folk ballads, the authorship of "The House of the Rising Sun" is uncertain.

Big River

- [1] **E**
Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky **F# B7**
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood you Big River **A7**
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die **E B7 E**
- [2] I met her accidentally in St. Paul (Minnesota) **E**
And it tore me up every time I heard her drawl, Southern drawl **E F# B7**
Then I heard my dream was back Downstream cavortin' in Davenport **E A7**
And I followed you, Big River, when you called **E B7 E**
- [3] Then you took me to St. Louis later on (down the river). **E**
A freighter said she's been here but she's gone, boy, she's gone **E F# B7**
I found her trail in Memphis, but she just walked up the block **E A7**
She raised a few eyebrows and then she went on down alone **E B7 E**
- [4] Now, won't you batter down by Baton Rouge, River Queen, roll it on **E**
Take that woman on down to New Orleans, New Orleans **E F# B7**
Go on, I've had enough; dump my blues down in the gulf **E A7**
She loves you, Big River, more than me **E B7 E**
- [5] Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry, cry, cry **E**
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky **E F# B7**
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood **E A7**
you Big River
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die **E B7 E**

Another great Johnny Cash tune, covered by the Grateful Dead.

Ziggy Stardust

Intro: **G D-Dsus4-D-Dsus4-D C/G B/G A/G**

[1] **G**

Ziggy played guitar

Bm Jamming good with Weird and Gilly **C**

And the Spiders from Mars **D**

He played it left hand **G**

But made it too far **Em**

Became the special man **Am**

Then we were Ziggy's band **C**

[2]

Ziggy really sang
Screwed up eyes and screwed down hairdo
Like some cat from Japan
He could lick 'em by smiling
He could leave 'em to hang
Came on so loaded, man
Well hung and snow-white tan

G
Bm C
D
G
Em
Am
C

Bridge:

A5 G5 F5 (E) ... G5
So where were the Spiders
A5 G5 F5 (E) ... G5
While the fly tried to break our balls
A5 G5 F5 (E) ...
With just the beer light to guide us
D

So we bitched about his fans
E
And should we crush his sweet hands

Replay intro

[3]

Ziggy played for time
Jiving us that we were voodoo
And the kids were just crass
He was the nazz
With God-given ass
He took it all too far
But boy could he play guitar

G
Bm C
D
G
Em
Am
C

Bridge:

Making love with his ego **A5 G5 F5 (E) ... G5**
Ziggy sucked up into his mind **A5 G5 F5 (E) ... G5**
Like a leper messiah **A4 G5 F5 (E) ...**
When the kids had killed the man
I had to break up the band
D
E

Replay intro

C **G**
Ziggy played guitar

David Bowie

Heroes

Intro: **D G D G**

- [1] **D** **G**
I, I will be king
D **G**
And you, you will be queen
C **D**
Though nothing will drive them away
Am **G** **D**
We can beat them ... just for one day
Am **G** **D**
We can be heroes ... just for one day
- [2] And you, you can be mean **D G**
And I, I'll drink all the time **D G**
'Cause we're lovers and that is a fact **D G**
Yes we're lovers and that is that **D G**
Though nothing will keep us together **C D**
We could steal time just for one day **Am G D**
We can be heroes for ever and ever (what d'you say) **Am G D**
- Break: **D G D G**
- [3] I, I wish you could swim **D G**
Like the dolphins, like dolphins can swim **D G**
Though nothing, nothing will keep us together **C D**
We can beat them for ever and ever **Am G D**
Oh we can be heroes just for one day **Am G D**
- Break: **D G D G**
- [4] I, I will be king **D G**
And you, you will be queen **D G**
Though nothing will drive them away **C D**
We can be heroes just for one day **Am G D**
We can be us just for one day **Am G D**
- [5] I, I can remember (*I remember*) **D G**
Standing by the wall (*by the wall*) **D G**
And the guns shot above our heads (*over our heads*) **D G**
And we kissed as though nothing could fall (*nothing could fall*) **D G**
And the shame was on the other side **C D**
Oh we can beat them for ever and ever **Am G D**
Then we can be heroes just for one day **Am G D**
- [6] We can be heroes **D G**
We can be heroes **D G**
We can be heroes, just for one day **D G**
We can be heroes **D G**
We're nothing and nothing will help us **C D**
Maybe we're lying, then you better not stay **Am G D**
But we could be safer just for one day **Am G D**

David Bowie

Long Black Veil

- [1] C
 Ten years ago on a cold dark night
 G F C
 Someone was killed 'neath the town hall lights
 C
 There were few at the scene but they all agreed
 C G F C
 That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me
- Chorus:**
 F C F C
 She walks these hills in a long black veil
 F C F C
 She visits my grave when the night winds wail
 F C
 Nobody knows nobody sees
 G C
 Nobody knows but me
- [2] The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi C
 If you were somewhere else then you won't have to die." G F C
 I spoke not a word though it meant my life C
 For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife C G F C
- Chorus
- [3] Now the scaffold is high and eternity's near C
 She stood in a crowd and shed not a tear G F C
 But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans C
 In a long black veil she cries o're my bones C G F C
- Chorus
- [4] She walks these hills in a long black veil C
 She visits my grave when the night winds wail G F C
 Nobody knows nobody sees C
 Nobody knows but me C G F C

Chorus

"Long Black Veil" is a 1959 country ballad by Left Frizzel about a man suspected of murder. The alleged refuses to provide an alibi, because he was having an affair with his best friend's wife at the time, and would rather die than reveal this. Subsequently, he is executed by hanging, taking their secret to the grave. The chorus describes the woman's mourning visits to his gravesite in her long black veil. The song is sung from the point of view of the executed man.

It has been covered by many artists, including the Chieftans with Mick Jagger

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

- [1] **Am** **D** **G** **Em**
 Some things in life are bad they can really make you mad
Am **D** **G**
 Other things just make you swear and curse
 Am **D** **G** **Em**
 When you're chewing an life's gristle don't grumble give a whistle
 Am **D7**
 And this'll help things turn out for the best
 G **Em** **Am** **D7** **G** **Em Am D7**
 And always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
 G **Em** **Am** **D7** **G** **Em Am D7**
 Always look on the light side of life (whistle)
- [2] If life seems jolly rotten there's something you've forgotten Am D G Em
 And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing. Am D G
 When you've feeling in the dumps don't be silly chumps Am D G Em
 Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing Am D7
 And always look on the bright side of life (whistle) G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 Come on always look on the bright side of life (whistle) G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
- [3] For life is quite absurd and death's the final word Am D G Em
 You must always face the curtain with a bow Am D G
 Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin Am D G Em
 Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow. Am D7
 So always look on the bright side of death (whistle) G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 Just before you draw your terminal breath (whistle) G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
- [4] Life's a piece of shit when you look at it Am D G Em
 Life's a laugh and death's a joke it's true Am D G
 You'll see it's all a show, keep'em laughing as you go Am D G Em
 Just remember that the last laugh is on you Am D7
 And always look on the bright side of life (whistle) G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 Always look on the bright side of life (whistle) G Em Am D7 G Em Am D7
 (Come on guys, cheer up)
 A **F#7** **Bm7** **E7** **A** **F#7 Bm7 E7**
 Always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
 A **F#7** **Bm7** **E7** **A** **F#7 Bm7 E7**
 Always look on the bright side of life

While filming the last scene of Monty Python's Life of Brian, the cast were bored and hot sitting up on their crucifixes. So Eric Idle started singing a little ditty. Everyone (but Eric) liked it so much that they decided to use it. It has since become one of their most popular songs.

Brian Cohen (played by Graham Chapman) has been sentenced to death by crucifixion for his part in a kidnap plot. After a succession of apparent rescue opportunities all come to nothing, a character on a nearby cross (played by Eric Idle) attempts to cheer him up by singing "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" to him. As the song progresses, many of the other crucifixion victims (140 in all, according to the script, though fewer than that are actually seen on screen) begin to dance in a very limited way and join in with the song's whistled hook. The song continues as the scene changes to a long-shot of the crosses and the credits begin to roll. An instrumental version plays over the second half of the credits.

"Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" was conceived as a parody of the style of song often featured in Disney films.

Eurotrash Girl

- [1] **C** **G** **C**
Well I've been up to Paris, and I've slept in a park.
G **C**
Went down to Barcelona, someone broke in my car.
F **C**
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
G **C**
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl.
- [2] Took the train down to Athens, and I slept in a fountain. G C
Some Swiss junkie in Turin ripped me off for my cash. G C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
Yeah, search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl. G C
- [3] The CRS on the metro shook me down for a bribe. G C
On my knees for the sergeant when my passport arrived. G C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl G C

Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
- [4] Called my mom from a payphone I said "I'm down to my last." G C
She said "I sent you to college... now go call your dad." G C
And the waitress that he married, well she hung up the phone. F C
F **C**
You know she never did like me, but I can stand on my own. F C
- [5] Sold my plasma in Amsterdam. Spent it all in a night, G C
Buying drinks at the Melk Weg for a soldier in drag. G C
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C

Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl. G C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C
- [6] Got a tattoo in Berlin (and a case of the crabs). G C
A rose and a dagger on the palm of my hand. G C
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl. G C

Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl. G C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C

Eurotrash Girl was secret track #69 on the Kerosene Hat CD by Cracker

Wondering Where the Lions Are

- [1] **D**
Sun's up, uh huh, looks okay
G6
The world survives into another day
D
And I'm thinking 'bout eternity
G6 **D G6**
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [2] Had another dream about lions at the door
They weren't half as fright'ning as they were before
But I'm thinking 'bout eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [3] Walls windows trees, waves coming through
You be in me and I'll be in you
Together in eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [4] Up among the firs where it smells so sweet
Or down in the valley where the river used to be
I got my mind on eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus:

- Em7**
And I'm wondering where the lions are
Dadd9
I'm wondering where the lions are
Em7
I'm wondering where the lions are
Dadd9
I'm wondering where the lions are
Em7
I'm wondering where the lions are, m-hm
Dadd9 **Em7** **Dadd9**
wondering where the lions are
- [5] Huge orange flying boat rises off a lake
Thousand year old petroglyphs doing a double take
Pointing a finger at eternity
I'm sitting in the middle of this ecstasy
- [6] Young men marching, helmets shining in the sun
Polished and precise like the brain behind the gun
(should be!) They got me thinking 'bout eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus

- [7] Freighters on the nod on the surface of the bay
One of these days they're gonna sail away
Gonna sail into eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus, repeat, and fade.

Me and My Uncle

- [1] C Am
Me and my uncle went ridin' down
 C Am
South Colorado, west Texas bound
 C Am
We stopped over in Santa Fe,
 C D
that being the point, just about half way
 C Em Am E Am
And you know it was the hottest part of the day
- [2] I took the horses up to the stall,
Went to the barroom, ordered drinks for all
Three days in saddle, you know my body hurt
It being Summer, I took off my shirt
And tried to wash off some of that dusty dirt
- [3] West Texas cowboys, they's all around,
With liquor and money, they're loaded down
So soon after payday, no one seemed ashamed
You know my uncle, he starts a friendly game
High low Jack and the winner takes the gain
- [4] My uncle starts winning, cowboys got sore
One of them called him, then bet two more
Accused him of cheating, oh, no it just couldn't be
I know my uncle, he's as honest as me
And I'm as honest as a Denver man can be
- [5] One of them cowboys, he starts to draw
I shot him down, Lord, but he never saw
Shot me another, and now he won't grow old
In the confusion, my uncle grabbed the gold,
And we hightailed it down to Mexico
- [6] Now I love those cowboys, I love their gold
Loved my uncle, God rest his soul
Taught me good, Lord, taught me all I know
Taught me so well I grabbed that gold
And I left his dead ass there by the side of the road

Dr. Bernice

- [1] **Dm** **A**
 Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice
Dm
 She's not a lady doctor at all
A
 She's got hands like a man with hair on the back
Dm
 She'll crush you in her embrace
F C F A
 Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes
Dm Gm A7 Dm
 We all need a kind place to live
F C F A
 Though the wind may whisper and howl at your door
Dm Gm A7 Dm
 We all need the comfort of friends
- [2] Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice **Dm A**
 That ain't a real Cadillac **Dm**
 It's a Delta Eighty-Eight spray painted black **A**
 With fake leather seats from Juarez **Dm**
 Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes **F C F A**
 On a hot desert night it is still **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 Though the world may whisper and howl at your door **F C F A**
 You're not obliged to let them all in **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
- [3] Baby don't you ride in that faux Cadillac **Dm A**
 If you must please ride in the back **Dm**
 If you sing while you ride you'll be a siren tonight **A**
 Spare this poor sailor's life from the rocks **Dm**
 Though the wind may whisper a melody now **F C F A**
 We can't find a tune of our own **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 Though the world may whisper and blow in your face **F C F A**
 And tangle the hair on your head **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
- [4] On a hot desert night we can drive down the road **Dm A**
 And the stars will spell out your name **Dm**
 On a hot desert night with the windows down wide **A**
 The sirens will sing me their song **Dm**
 And the ghosts of the sailors who died on the rocks **F C F A**
 Feel not a twinge of regret **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 Though the wind may tangle the hair on your head **F C F A**
 You sing like a siren to me **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
- [5] On a hot desert night the caravan stops **Dm A**
 At the oasis next to your heart **Dm**
 The soundtrack is played by some aged British queen **A**
 On BBC Radio One **Dm**
 Though the wind may whisper an epic sometimes **F C F A**
 The cast must include Karen Black **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 Though the symphony strings shift with the sands **F C F A**
 You sing like a siren to me **Dm Gm A7 Dm**
 You sing like a siren to me **Gm A7 Dm**
 You sing like a siren ... to me **Gm A7 Dm**

Song #12 off Cracker's self-titled album

Wheat Kings

- [1] G C G C
 Sundown in the Paris of the prairies
 G C G C
 Wheat kings have all their treasures buried
 G C G C
 And all you hear are the rusty breezes
 G C G C G C
 Pushing around the weather vane Jesus
- [2] In his Zippo lighter, he sees the killer's face G C G C
 Maybe it's someone standing in a killer's place G C G C
 Twenty years for nothing, well that's nothing new, besides G C G C
 No one's interested in something you didn't do G C G C G C
- D G C G C
 Wheat kings and pretty things
 D G C G C
 Let's just see what the morning brings
- [3] There's a dream he dreams where the high school is dead and stark G C G C
 It's a museum and we're all locked up in it after dark G C G C
 Where the walls are lined all yellow, grey and sinister G C G C
 Hung with pictures of our parents' prime ministers G C G C G C
- Wheat kings and pretty things
 Wait and see what tomorrow brings
- [4] Late breaking story on the CBC G C G C
 a nation whispers, "We always knew that he'd go free" G C G C
 they add, "you can't be fond of living in the past G C G C
 'cause if you are then there's no way that you're gonna last" G C G C G C
- D G C G C
 Wheat kings and pretty things
 D G C G C
 Let's just see what tomorrow brings
 D C
 Wheat kings and pretty things
 C D C D C D C G
 Oh, that's what tomorrow brings

This song by the Tragically Hip (from the album Fully Completely) is about David Milgaard, a Canadian man who served 23 years in prison for a crime he did not commit.

Milgaard was convicted of raping and murdering a woman named Gail Miller when he was 16 and sentenced to life in prison. It was a travesty of justice, as the case against him was built on flimsy evidence.

Milgaard's family believed he was innocent and fought for him while he was in jail. His case was overturned and he was released on April 16, 1992, prompting the band to write "Wheat Kings."

Everybody Knows

Intro: Dm Am Dm Am

- [1] **Dm**
Everybody knows that the dice are loaded
Bb
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed
Dm
Everybody knows the war is over
Bb
Everybody knows the good guys lost
Gm **Am**
Everybody knows the fight was fixed
C **Dm**
The poor stay poor, the rich get rich
Eb **A**
That's how it goes
Dm
Everybody knows
- [2] Everybody knows that the boat is leaking **Dm**
Everybody knows that the captain lied **Bb**
Everybody got this broken feeling **Dm**
Like their father or their dog just died **Bb**
Everybody talking to their pockets **Gm Am**
Everybody wants a box of chocolates **C Dm**
And a long-stem rose **Eb A**
Everybody knows **Dm**
- [3] Everybody knows that you love me baby **Dm**
Everybody knows that you really do **Bb**
Everybody knows that you've been faithful **Dm**
Ah, give or take a night or two **Bb**
Everybody knows you've been discreet **Gm Am**
But there were so many people you just had to meet **C Dm**
Without your clothes **Eb A**
And everybody knows **Dm**
- Chorus: (two times)**
F **C**
Everybody knows, everybody knows
Dm **C Bb** **F**
That's how it goes ... everybody knows
- [4] And everybody knows that it's now or never **C**
Everybody knows that it's me or you **Am Em**
And everybody knows that you live forever **C**
Ah, when you've done a line or two **Am Em**
Everybody knows the deal is rotten **Gm Am**
Old Black Joe's still pickin' cotton **C Dm**
For your ribbons and bows **Eb A**
And everybody knows **Dm**
- [5] And everybody knows that the Plague is coming **Dm**
Everybody knows that it's moving fast **Bb**
Everybody knows that the naked man and woman **Dm**
Are just a shining artifact of the past **Bb**
Everybody knows the scene is dead **Gm Am**
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed **C Dm**
That will disclose **Eb A**
What everybody knows **Dm**

[6] And everybody knows that you're in trouble Dm
 Everybody knows what you've been through Bb
 From the bloody cross on top of Calvary Dm
 To the beach of Malibu Bb
 Everybody knows it's coming apart Gm Am
 Take one last look at this Sacred Heart C Dm
 Before it blows Eb A
 And everybody knows Dm

Chorus (three times)

One of Leonard Cohen's best :)

Requiem For My Youth

[1] **D**
 I was waitin' for my bro' at a Jerry Band show
A
 When I ran into this trippy hippy chick I know
G **D** **A**
 And we danced for a while, and everything seemed all right
D
 She asked me what I had in my Guatemala bag
A
 Let's see, a bag o' Doritos and a couple o' fags
G **D** **A**
 And hey, what's this? A film can full of green (I heard her sing)

Chorus:

D **A**
 We're gonna get high, we're gonna laugh and cry
G **D** **A**
 We're gonna fuck all night, if we don't fall asleep first
D **A**
 We're gonna watch TV, 'cause television's free
G **D** **A**
 You can play with me, if we don't fall asleep first

[2] So I took her on back to my mattress flat D
 Where I loaded up a bong and we partied like that A
 Then we sat on the couch and laughed at MTV G D A
 She got up to stand, she took me by the hand D
 I thought, "Oh yeah she's gonna take me off to wonder land" A
 And I lay back my head, and that's when I closed my eyes (I heard G D A
 her sigh)

Chorus

[3] When I woke there was a note, on my yellow pad she wrote D
 "Hey it's cold outside I had to borrow a coat A
 Here's my number, call me up and we can try it again." G D A
 When I picked up the phone there was no dial tone D
 I forgot to pay the bill I guess I'm better off alone A
 So I sat on the couch and laughed at MTV (she sang to me) G D A

Chorus (twice)

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The Black Fly Song

Capo 5, so actually in F

- [1] **C**
'Twas early in the spring when I decided to go
Am **Em**
For to work up in the woods in North Ontar-i-o
C
And the unemployment office said they'd send me through
Am **Em**
To the Little Abitibi with the survey crew
- Chorus:** (after every verse)
Am
And the blackflies, the little blackflies
C
Always the blackfly, no matter where you go
Dm
I'll die with the blackfly picking my bones
F **C** **Em** **Am**
In North Ontar-i-o-i-o, in North Ontar-i-o
- [2] The man Black Toby was the captain of the crew **C**
And he said, "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do. **Am Em**
They want to build a power dam and we must find a way **C**
For to make the little Ab flow around the other way" **Am Em**
- [3] So we surveyed to the east and we surveyed to the west **C**
And we couldn't make our minds up how to do it best **Am Em**
Little Ab, little Ab, what shall I do? **C**
For I'm all but goin' crazy on the survey crew **Am Em**
- [4] 'Twas blackfly, blackfly everywhere **C**
A-crawlin' in your whiskers, a-crawlin' in your hair **Am Em**
Swimmin' in the soup, and swimmin' in the tea **C**
The Devil take the blackfly, let me be **Am Em**
- Bridge** - fiddle solo and "Blackfly, little blackfly"
- [5] Black Toby fell to swearin', the work went slow **C**
And the state of our morale was a-gettin' pretty low **Am Em**
And the flies swarmed heavy, it was hard to catch a breath **C**
As you staggered up and down the trail talkin' to yourself **Am Em**
- [6] Well, now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe **C**
If it hadn't been for him we'd have never pulled through **Am Em**
For he bound up our bruises, and he kidded us for fun **C**
And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum **Am Em**
- [7] At last the job was over, Black Toby said "We're through **C**
With the Little Abitibi and the survey crew." **Am Em**
'Twas a wonderful experience and this I know **C**
I'll never go again to North Ontar-i-o **Am Em**

"The Black Fly Song" is a song by Wade Hemsworth, written in 1949, about working in the wilds of Northern Ontario. It is an enduring classic of Canadian folk music, covered by a variety of other artists. A new version of the song (with accompanying vocals by Kate & Anna McGarrigle) which had a completely different tempo than the original, was made into an animated short film entitled Blackfly by Christopher Hinton and the National Film Board in 1991, and was nominated for Best Animated Short Film at the 64th Academy Awards in 1992.

Santa Baby

- [1] **A F# B E A F#**
 Santa baby, slip a sable under the tree, for me
B E
 I've been an awful good girl
A F# B E A F# B E
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
- [2] Santa baby, an out-of-space convertible too, light blue **A F# B E A F#**
 I'll wait up for you dear **B E**
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
- A**
 Think of all the fun I've missed
F#
 Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed
B
 Next year I could be oh so good
E
 If you'd check off my Christmas list
A F# B E
 Boo doo bee doo
- [3] Santa honey, I wanna yacht and really that's not a lot **A F# B E A F#**
 I've been an angel all year **B E**
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
- [4] Santa cutie, there's one thing I really do need, the deed **A F# B E A F#**
 To a platinum mine **B E**
 Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
- [5] Santa baby, I'm filling my stocking with a duplex, and checks **A F# B E A F#**
 Sign your 'X' on the line **B E**
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
- Come and trim my Christmas tree **A**
 With some decorations bought at Tiffany's **F#**
 I really do believe in you **B**
 Let's see if you believe in me **E**
 Boo doo bee doo **A F# B E A F# B E**
- [6] Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing, a ring **A F# B E A F#**
 I don't mean a phone **B E**
 Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E A F# B E**
 Hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E**
 Hurry down the chimney tonight **A F# B E**

All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth

[1] C D7
 All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
 G7 C
 My two front teeth, my two front teeth.
 D7
 Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
 G7 C
 Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

F
 It seems so long since I could say,
 C G7 C E7
 "Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."
 Am
 Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,
 D7 G7
 If I could only whistle. (thhh)

[2] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
 My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.
 Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
 Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

C D7
 G7 C
 C D7
 G7 C

It seems so long since I could say,
 "Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."
 Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,
 If I could only whistle. (thhh)

F
 C G7 C E7
 Am
 D7 G7

[3] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
 My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.
 Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
 Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

C D7
 G7 C
 C D7
 G7 C

