

Jay's Céilidh Book

Vol 1 – Celtic Inspired

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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 in 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

Background: 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.

The Foggy Dew

- [1] **Am** **G**
 'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
 C **G** **Am**
 To a city fair rode I.
 G
 When armed line of marching men
 C **G** **Am**
 In squadrons passed me by.
 C **G**
 No pipes did hum, no battle drum
 Am **G** **Am**
 Did sound its loud tattoo
 C **G** **Am**
 But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
 C **G** **Am**
 Rang out in the foggy dew.
- [2] Right proudly high over Dublin town Am G
 They hung out a flag of war. C G Am
 'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky Am G
 Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar. C G Am
 And from the plains of Royal Meath C G
 Strong men came hurrying through; Am G Am
 While Brittania's huns with their great big guns Am C G Am
 Sailed in through the foggy dew. C G Am
- [3] O' the night fell black and the rifles' crack Am G
 Made "Perfidious Albion" reel C G Am
 'Mid the leaden rail, seven tongues of flame Am G
 Did shine o'er the lines of steel. C G Am
 By each shining blade a prayer was said C G
 That to Ireland her sons be true, Am G Am
 And when morning broke still the war flag shook Am C G Am
 Out its fold in the foggy dew C G Am
- [4] 'Twas England bade our wild geese go Am G
 That small nations might be free. C G Am
 But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves Am G
 On the fringe of the gray North Sea. C G Am
 But had they died by Pearse's side C G
 Or fought with Cathal Brugha, Am G Am
 Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep Am C G Am
 'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew. C G Am
- [5] The bravest fell, and the solemn bell Am G
 Rang mournfully and clear C G Am
 For those who died that Watertide Am G
 In the springing of the year. C G Am
 And the world did gaze with deep amaze C G
 At those fearless men, but few Am G Am
 Who bore the fight that freedom's light Am C G Am
 Might shine through the foggy dew. C G Am

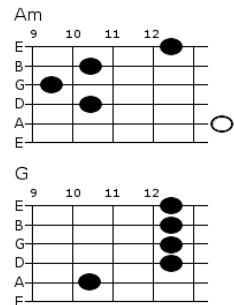
[6] Ah, back through the glen I rode again
 and my heart with grief was sore
 For I parted then with valiant men
 whom I never shall see more.
 But to and fro in my dreams I go and
 I'd kneel and pray for you,
 For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when
 you fell in the foggy dew.

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 Sick Note

- [1] C G C
Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight
 F C G
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight
 F C G F
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey
 C G C
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today
- [2] Whilst working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear C G C
To throw them down from such a height was not a good idea F C G
The foreman wasn't very pleased, the bloody awkward sod F C G F
And he said I had to cart them down the ladders in me hod C G C
- [3] Now clearing all these bricks by hand it was so very slow C G C
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below F C G
But in me haste to do the job, I was to blind to see F C G F
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me C G C
- [4] And so when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead C G C
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead F C G
I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found F C G F
That half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down C G C
- [5] Well the barrel broke me shoulder, as to the ground it sped C G C
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head F C G
I clung on tightly, numb with shock, from this almighty blow F C G F
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks, fourteen floors below C G C
- [6] Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor C G C
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more F C G
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body racked with pain F C G F
When half way down, I met the bloody barrel once again C G C
- [7] The force of this collision half way up the office block C G C
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock F C G
Still clinging tightly to the rope I fell towards the ground F C G F
And I landed on the broken bricks the barrel scattered round. C G C
- [8] I lay there groaning on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst C G C
But the barrel hit the pulleywheel, and then the bottom burst F C G
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope F C G F
As I lay there bleeding on the ground, I let go the bloody rope C G C
- [9] The barrel being heavier then started down once more C G C
And landed right across me as I lay upon the floor F C G
It broke three ribs, and my left arm, and I can only say F C G F
I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today C G C

Background: In 1969 Pat Cooksey wrote this comedy classic and it quickly became a big hit in English and Scottish folk clubs. This song, under a variety of different titles, has since become one of the most widely recorded and popular contemporary folk songs worldwide.

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,
 To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.
 I was christened "David Anthony," but still, inspite of that,
 To me father, I was William, while my mother called me Pat.

C Dm
 F C G C
 C Dm
 F C F G7 C

Chorus

C Dm / F C F G7 C

[3] With Mother every Sunday, to Mass I'd proudly stroll.
 Then after that, the Orange lodge would try to save my soul.
 For both sides tried to claim me, but i was smart because
 I'd play the flute or play the harp, depending where I was.

C Dm
 F C G C
 C Dm
 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,
 Me father would jump up and say, "Look here would you me boy.
 That's quite enough of that lot", he'd then toss me a coin
 And he'd have me sing the Orange Flute or the Heros of The Boyne

C Dm
 F C G C
 C Dm
 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.
 Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.
 We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.
 And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.

C Dm
 F C G C
 C Dm
 F C F G7 C

Chorus

C Dm / F C F G7 C

[6] My parents never could agree about my type of school.
 My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.
 They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught between
 That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green.

C Dm
 F C G C
 C Dm
 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

Background: "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

Background: "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

The Old Dun Cow

[1] **Dm**
Some friends and I in a public house
Was playing a game of chance one night
When into the pub a fireman ran
His face all a chalky white.
"What's up", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,
Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"
"Me Aunt Mariah be bugged!", says he,
"The bleedin' pub's on fire!"

Chorus:

Dm
And there was Brown he was upside down
Lappin' up the whiskey on the floor.
"Booze, booze!" The firemen cried
As they came knockin' on the door (clap clap)
Oh don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up
And somebody shouted MacIntyre! (MACINTYRE!)
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

[2] "Oh well," says Brown, "What a bit of luck.
Everybody follow me.
And it's down to the cellar if the fire's not there
Then we'll have a grand old spree."
So we went on down after good old Brown
The booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or more
Till we were all quite pissed.

Chorus

[3] Then, Smith walked over to the port wine tub
And gave it just a few hard knocks (clap clap)
Started takin' off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Hold on, " says Brown, "that ain't allowed
Ya cannot do that thing here.
Don't go washin' trousers in the port wine tub
When we've got American beer."

Chorus

[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

Background: 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

Background: "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

Background: 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.

[6] And as I went home on Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be
 I saw two hands upon her breasts where my old hands should be C
 Well, I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me F
 Who owns them hands upon your breasts where my old hands should be C
 Ah you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see F G7 C
 That's a lovely night gown that me mother sent to me C
 Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more G7 C
 But fingers in a night gown sure I never saw before C
 G7 C

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

Background: "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 stead 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

Background: 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.

The Fields of Athenry

[1] D G D A
 By the lonely prison wall. I heard a young girl calling.
 D G A
 Michael, they are taking you away,
 D G D A
 for you stole Trevelyan's corn. So the young might see the morn.
 A7 D
 Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

Chorus:

D G D Bm
 Low lie, the Fields of Athenry,
 D A
 Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
 D G D A
 Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing.
 A7 D
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

[2] By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man calling. D G D A
 Nothing matters Mary when you're free, D G A
 Against the Famine and the Crown, I rebelled, they ran me down. D G D A
 Now you must raise our child with dignity. A7 D

Chorus

[3] By a lonely harbour wall She watched the last star falling. D G D A
 And that prison ship sailed out against the sky. D G A
 Sure she'll wait and hope and pray, for her love in Botany Bay. D G D A
 It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry A7 D

Chorus

Background: Written in the 1970s by Pete St. John, this tune is an Irish folk ballad set during the Great Irish Famine (1845-1850) about a fictional man from near Athenry in County Galway who has been sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay, Australia, for stealing food for his starving family. It is a widely known and popular anthem for Irish sports supporters. "Trevelyan's corn" is a reference to Charles Edward Trevelyan, a senior British civil servant in the administration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Dublin Castle, and to the "Indian corn" (maize) imported from America by the government for famine relief. The song is sometimes considered a "rebel song".

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, auvreem! 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

[5] Mickey Maloney ducked his head	C Am
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him	F G7
It missed, and falling on the bed	C Am
The liquor scattered over Tim	F G7 C
Now the spirits new life gave the corpse, my joy!	C Am
Tim jumped like a Trojan up from the bed	F G7
Cryin' will ye walup each girl and boy	C Am
T'underin' "Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"	F G7 C

Background: Dedicated, no doubt, to the Irishman's love of funerals and whiskey, Finnegans Wake supplied the theme for James Joyce's famous novel of the same name.

The Green Hills of Tyrol

[1] D
 There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
A D
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
 There was none bolder, with good broad shoulder
A D
 He's fought in many a fray, and fought and won.
 He'd seen the glory and told the story
A D
 Of battles glorious and deeds nefarious
 But now he's sighing, his heart is crying
A D
 To leave these green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus:

G D
 Because these green hills are not highland hills
A D
 Or the island hills, they're not my land's hills
G D
 And fair as these green foreign hills may be
A D
 They are not the hills of home.

[2] And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier	D
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away	A D
Sees leaves are falling and death is calling	D
And he will fade away, in that far land.	A D
He called his piper, his trusty piper	D
And bade him sound a lay, a pibroch sad to play	A D
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside	D
Not on these green hills of Tyrol.	A D

Chorus

[3] And so this soldier, this Scottish soldier	D
Will wander far no more and soldier far no more	A D
And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside	D
You'll see a piper play his soldier home.	A D
He'd seen the glory, he'd told his story	D
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious	A D
The bugles cease now, he is at peace now	D
Far from those green hills of Tyrol.	A D

Chorus

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, D G D
 They trusted you dear Chairlie. D A
 They kent your hidin' in the glen, D G D
 Death or exile bravin' D A D

Chorus

D/BmEmA/DGD/DAD

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

Chorus

D/BmEmA/DGD/DAD

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

Chorus

D/BmEmA/DGD/DAD

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

Chorus

D/BmEmA/DGD/DAD

Background: 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

Background: 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 reprieve 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**

Background: 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

Background: *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 **D G A D**
I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle **D Bm G A**
And then I'll be ready for Bidy, hurrah! **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)

Flower of Scotland

- [1] D
 O flower of Scotland
 A D
 When will we see your like again
 G D
 That fought and died for
 A D
 Your wee bit hill and glen

 G D
 And stood against him, proud Edward's army
 G D C D
 And sent him homeward tae think again.
- [2] The hills are bare now D
 And autumn leaves lie thick and still A D
 O'er land that is lost now G D
 Which those so dearly held A D
 That stood against him, proud Edward's army G D
 And sent him homeward tae think again. G D C D
- [3] Those days are passed now D
 And in the past they must remain A D
 But we can still rise now G D
 And be the nation again A D
 That stood against him, proud Edward's army G D
 And sent him homeward tae think again. G D C D
- [4] O flower of Scotland D
 When will we see your like again A D
 That fought and died for G D
 Your wee bit hill and glen A D
 And stood against him, proud Edward's army G D
 And sent him homeward tae think again. G D C D

Background: Flower of Scotland is used frequently at special occasions and sporting events. Although Scotland has no official national anthem, Flower of Scotland is one of a number of songs which unofficially fulfil this role, along with Highland Cathedral and the older Scotland the Brave. It was written by Roy Williamson of the folk group, The Corries, and presented in 1967, and refers to the victory of the Scots, led by King Robert the Bruce over the King of England, Edward II, at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314.

While researching the chords online it shows up in many forms. The original version was apparently F#maj, C#maj7, B and E. A Youtube video shows them playing it this way, using a capo on the second fret. To play with the pipes it needs a capo on first fret with D# A# G# and C# (i.e. fingered like D A G C).

Massacre of Glencoe

Chorus

D G D
 Oh cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe
 A
 And covers the grave o' Donald
 D G D
 Cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe
 G A D
 And murdered the house o' MacDonald

[1] D A D
 They came through the blizzard, we offered them heat
 A D A
 A roof ower their heads, dry shoes for their feet.
 D A D G
 We wined them and dined them, they ate of our meat
 A D
 And slept in the house o' MacDonald

Chorus

[2] They came from Fort William with murder in mind D A D
 The Campbells had orders, King William had signed A D A
 Put all to the sword, these words underlined D A D G
 And leave none alive called MacDonald A D

Chorus

[3] They came in the night when the men were asleep D A D
 That band of Argyles, through snow soft and deep. A D A
 Like murdering foxes, amongst helpless sheep D A D G
 They slaughtered the house o' MacDonald A D

Chorus

[4] Some died in their beds at the hands of the foe D A D
 Some fled in the night, and were lost in the snow. A D A
 Some lived to accuse him, that struck the first blow D A D G
 But gone was the house of MacDonald A D

Chorus (Twice, second a cappella)

Background: The Massacre of Glencoe occurred in Glen Coe, Scotland, in the early morning of 13 February 1692, during the era of the "Glorious Revolution" and Jacobitism. Thirty-eight MacDonalds from the Clan MacDonald of Glencoe were killed by their guests, the first and second companies of the Earl of Argyll's Regiment of Foot under the command of Robert Campbell, whom had accepted their hospitality, on the grounds that the MacDonalds had not been prompt in pledging allegiance to the new king, William of Orange. Another forty women and children died of exposure after their homes were burned.

Contrary to popular legend it was not the Campbells who actually perpetrated the massacre. Rather it was set in motion by John Dalrymple, Master of Stair and Lord Advocate, and Sir Thomas Livingstone, command of the forces in Scotland. The orders were signed by King William himself.

This song was composed by the Corries

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

Background: 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 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)

Note: Play capo on 2, chords shaped as D, G, and A7

[1] **E** **A** **B**
I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver
E **A** **B**
I am a brash and a roving blade
E **A** **B**
I have silver in my pockets
E **A B** **E**
And I follow a roving trade

Chorus:

E **A** **B**
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey
E **A B** **E**
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O

[2] As I walked into Glasgow city **E A B**
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell **E A B**
I walked in, I sat down beside her **E A B**
Seven long years I loved her well **E A B E**

Chorus

[3] The more I kissed her, the more I loved her **E A B**
The more I kissed her, the more she smiled **E A B**
Soon I forgot my mother's teaching **E A B**
Nancy soon had me beguiled **E A B E**

Chorus

[4] I woke early in the mornin' **E A B**
Tae slake ma drought it was my need, **E A B**
I tried to rise but I was not able **E A B**
Nancy had me by the heid. **E A B E**

Chorus

[5] Now I'm going back to the Calton weaving **E A B**
I'll surely make them shuttles fly **E A B**
I'll make more at the Calton weaving **E A B E**
Than ever I did in a roving way **E A B E**

Chorus

[6] So come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers **E A B**
Weavers where e're ye be **E A B**
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey **E A B**
She'll ruin you like she ruined me **E A B E**

Chorus

Background: Nancy Whiskey 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.

The Ballad Of Billy Reid

Note: Play capo on 2, chords shaped as D, G, and A, modulates to E, A, and B shapes on final verse

[1] **E** **A**
I'll sing you a song of a terrible wrong,
 E **B**
When the flags all flew at half mast.
 E **A**
And a man he lay dead he'd been riddled with lead,
 E **B** **E**
And he died on the streets of Belfast.

Chorus:

A **E**
All the radio said was another shot dead
 E **B**
And he died with a gun in his hand
 E **A**
But they never said why Billy Reid had to die
 E **B** **E**
'Cause he died to free Ireland.

[2] It happened one day when the bold IRA **E A**
Set out to fight for their land **E B**
With an old Thompson gun put the troops on the run **E A**
And return to their home was their plan. **E B E**

Chorus

[3] While returning the guns Billy met British Huns **E A**
And when the fight had begun **E B**
His position was dire when his gun wouldn't fire **E A**
So he died with that old Thompson gun. **E B E**

Chorus

[4] Although he lay dead he was kicked in the head, **E A**
By the hair they dragged him around. **E B**
But they still fear him yet, we can never forget, **E A**
How brave Billy Reid stood his ground. **E B E**

Chorus

[5] **F#** **B**
If you think he was right come and join in the fight,
 F# **C#**
And help us to free Belfast.
 F# **B**
For the blood that he shed and although he lay dead,
 F# **C#** **F#**
In our hearts his memory will last.

Chorus

Background: William "Billy" Reid was an active member of the Third Battalion Belfast Brigade of the Provisional Irish Republican Army (PIRA). On 15 May 1971 a foot patrol of the British army was ambushed in Academy Street in the centre of Belfast by the Third Battalion Belfast Brigade. Billy Reid, aged 32, was killed in the ensuing gunfight.

McAlpine's Fusiliers

- [1] C F
 As down the glen came McAlpine's men
 C G C
 with their shovels slung behind them
 F
 'Twas in the pub that they drank their sub

 and out in the spike you'll find them
 C F
 They sweated blood and they washed down mud
 C F
 with pints and quarts of beer
 C F
 And now we're on the road again
 C G C
 with McAlpine's Fusiliers
- [2] I stripped to the skin with the Darkie Finn C F
 way down upon the Isle of Grain C G C
 With Horse Face O'Toole, we knew the rule, C F
 no money if you stopped for rain. F
 McAlpine's God was a well filled hod, C F
 your shoulders cut to bits and seared, F C F
 And woe to he who looked for tea C F
 with McAlpine's Fusiliers C G C
- [3] I remember the day that Bear O'Shea C F
 fell into a concrete stair. C G C
 What Horse Face said when he saw him dead C F
 it wasn't what the rich called prayers. F
 I'm a navvy short was the one retort C F
 that reached unto my ears F C F
 When the going's rough then you must be tough C F
 with McAlpine's Fusiliers C G C
- [4] I've worked 'til the sweat nearly had me bet, C F
 with Russian, Czech and Pole. C G C
 On shuddering jams up the hydro dams C F
 or underneath the Thames in a hole. F
 I've grabbed it hard and I've got me cards C F
 and many a ganger's fist across me ears. F C F
 If you value your life you won't join by Christ, C F
 with McAlpine's Fusiliers C G C

Background: 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 all comers 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

Background: "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 Balquhither 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

Background: "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

Background: "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

Background: "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.

Northwest Passage

Sing a cappella...

Chorus:

Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea;
Tracing one warm line through a land so wide and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

[1] Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

Chorus

[2] Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his "sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.

Chorus

[3] And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

Chorus

[4] How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away.
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again.

Chorus

Background: "Northwest Passage" is one of the best-known songs by Canadian musician Stan Rogers. An a cappella song, it featured Rogers alone singing the verses, with several guest vocalists harmonizing with him in the chorus.

While it recalls the history of early explorers who were trying to discover a route across Canada to the Pacific Ocean (especially Sir John Franklin, who lost his life in the quest for the Northwest Passage), its central theme is a comparison between the journeys of these past explorers and the singer's own journey to and through the same region. The singer ultimately reflects that, just as the quest for a northwest passage might be considered a fruitless one (in that a viable and navigable northwest passage was never found in the days of Franklin and his kind), a modern-day journeyer along similar paths might meet the same end. The song also references the geography of Canada, including the Fraser River ("to race the roaring Fraser to the sea") on the western coast and the Davis Strait to the east.

The narrator states that he is taking "passage overland in the footsteps of brave Kelso" three centuries after. This refers to Henry Kelsey, an English explorer and trader apprenticed to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1684, who was commissioned to explore the prairies in response to the competition posed by French Traders. Rogers confessed in an interview in 1982 that during the writing of the song, he had not been sure of Kelsey's name, and had guessed it was Kelso when recording the song. The lines "To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea" and "seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered broken bones/and a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones" commemorate the Franklin expedition.

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]

D **G**
I could have been someone *well so could anyone*
D **A7sus4** **A7**
You took my dreams from me when I first found you
D **G**
I kept them with me babe I put them with my own
D **G** **A7** **D**
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

Background: "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.



The Crawl

Note: Play capo on 2, chords shaped as D, G, and A7

Chorus

Well we're good old boys; we come from the North Shore
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen
And this night, by God! We'll drink 'til there was no more
From The Troller to The Raven with all stops in between

[1] It all began one afternoon, on the shores of Ambleside
We were sitting there quite peacefully, with the rising of the tide
When an idea it came to mind, for to usher in the fall
And we agreed next Friday night, we'd go out on the crawl

Chorus

[2] We planned to have a gay old time, the cash we did not spare
We left all the cars at home, and paid the taxi fare
I got out to Horseshoe Bay, a little after five
From a table in the corner, I heard familiar voices rise

Chorus

[3] Both spirits they ran high that night, old stories we did share
Of the days when we were younger men, and never had a care
And the beer flowed like a river, and we drank the keg near dry
So we drained down all our glasses, and were thirsty by-and-by

Chorus

[4] Park Royal Hotel, the Rusty Gull, Square Rigger and Queen's Cross
We started off with eight good boys, but half had gotten lost
And you'll never keep the lads together, when their eyes begin to rove
And there was just the three of us that made it to Deep Cove

Chorus

[5] We arrived out at The Raven, just in time for the last call
The final destination of this the first annual crawl
We dug deep into our pockets; there was no money to be found, hah
Nine miles home and for walking we are bound

Chorus (repeat a capella then outro)

Background: A great drinking song by Spirit of the West from their 1986 "Tripping Up The Stairs" album. Several of the pubs mentioned are still around – the Troller, the Rusty Gull, Queen's Cross and the Raven.

