Jay's Céilidh Book

Vol 1 – Celtic Inspired

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

Songs

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.
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        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]
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    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
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        Chorus                                                        Em/G/Em/GAm/Em/G/Am/GAm
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[3]
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    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
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        Chorus (twice)                                                Em/G/Em/GAm/Em/G/Am/GAm
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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 apaprent 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 Wiklow 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 an slaughtered by the Irish rebels.

Black Velvet Band

[1]   D
In a neat little town they call Belfast
                     A7
Apprenticed in trade I was bound
    D
And many's the hour of sweet happiness
  A   D
I spent in that neat little town
      D
Till bad misfortune befell me
                    A7
That caused me to stray from the land
   D
Far away from my friends and relations
  A   D
To follow the black velvet band

      Chorus:
      Her eyes they shone like a diamond   D
      You'd think she was queen of the land   D A7
      And her hair hung over her shoulder   D
      Tied up with a black velvet band   A D

[2] As I was out strolling down Broadway   D
Not intending to go very far   D A7
I met with a frolicksome damsel   D
Applying her trade in a bar   A D
Well a watch she took from a customer   D
And she slipped it right into my hand   D A7
Then the Watch came and put me in prison   D
Bad luck to the black velvet band   A D

      Chorus   D / D A7 / D / A D

[3] Before judge and jury next morning   D
For our trial I had to appear   D A7
The judge, he said, "My young fellow,   D
The case against you is quite clear.   A D
Well seven years is your sentence.   D
You're going to Van Dieman's Land.   D A7
Far away from your friends and relations   D
To follow the black velvet band."   A D

      Chorus   D / D A7 / D / A D

[4] So come all you jolly young fellows   D
I'd have you take warning by me   D A7
Whenever you're out on the liquor   D
Beware of the pretty colleen   A D
For she'll fill you with whiskey and porter   D
Until you're not able to stand   D A7
And the very next thing that you notice   D
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land   A D

      Chorus   D / D A7 / D / A D

Background: Van Diemen's Land was the original name used by Europeans for the island of Tasmania, which the British colonized as a penal colony in 1803.

Leaving of Liverpool

```
[1] A                     D        A
    Farewell to you my own true love,
                          E
    I am going far, far away,
         A            D    A
    I am bound for California,
                          E          A
    And I know that I'll return some day.

            Chorus:
              E                 D        A
              So fare thee well my own true love,
                                      E
              When I return united we will be,
                    A                         D        A
              It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
                            E      A
              But my darling when I think of thee.
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[2] I have slipped on board a Yankee ship          A D A
    Davey Crockett is her name,                     A E
    And her captain it is Burgess,                  A D A
    And they say that she's a floating hell.        A E A

            Chorus                                  EDA/AE/ADA/EA
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```
[3] I have sailed with Burgess once before,        A D A
    And I think I know him well,                    A E
    If a man's a sailor he will get along,          A D A
    If not then he's sure for hell.                 A E A

            Chorus                                  EDA/AE/ADA/EA
```

```
[4] Oh the sun is in the harbour love,             A D A
    And I wish I could remain,                     A E
    For I know it will be a long, long time,       A D A
    Before I see you again.                        A E A

            Chorus (twice)                         EDA/AE/ADA/EA
```

Background: An Anglo - Irish folk ballad. For Irish immigrants, Liverpool was the natural point of embarkation because it had the necessary shipping lines and a choice of destinations and infrastructure, including special emigration trains directly to The Princes Landing Stage.

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.
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```
[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
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[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                    Am G
     and my heart with grief was sore                          C G Am
     For I parted then with valiant men                        Am G
     whom I never shall see more.                              C G Am
     But to and fro in my dreams I go and                      C G
     I'd kneel and pray for you,                               Am G Am
     For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when                   Am C G Am
     you fell in the foggy dew.                                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                                    Am
     It was slippery in the hall                               G
     I was afeared that I may fall                             Am
     'Cause I nay had on troosers                              G Am

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

             Chorus                                            Am/G/Am/GAm
```

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

The Unicorn Song

[1]
```
      C                              Dm
A long time ago, when the Earth was green
            G                       C
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
                                  Dm
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
            G                    C
And the loveliest of all was the unicorn
```

```
      There was green alligators and long-necked geese        C Dm
      Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees           G C
      Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born  C Dm
      The loveliest of all was the unicorn                     G C
```

[2] Now the Lord saw some sinning and it gave Him great pain   C Dm
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"   G C
He says, "Hey Brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do   C Dm
Build me a floating zoo,   G C
and take some of those...

```
      Green alligators and long-necked geese                  C Dm
      Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees           G C
      Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born  C Dm
      Don't you forget my unicorns                             G C
```

[3] Old Noah was there to answer the call   C Dm
He finished building the ark just as the rain started to fall   G C
He marched in the animals two by two   C Dm
And he called out as they came through   G C
Hey Lord,

```
      I've got your green alligators and long-necked geese    C Dm
      Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees           G C
      Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn  C Dm
      I can't seem to find no unicorns"                        G C
```

[4] And Noah looked out through the driving rain   C Dm
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games   G C
Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling   C Dm
Oh, them silly unicorns   G C

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      There was green alligators and long-necked geese        C Dm
      Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees           G C
      Noah cried, "Close the door because the rain is pouring in  C Dm
      And we just can't wait for no unicorns"                  G C
```

[5] The ark started floating, it drifted with the tide   C Dm
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried   G C
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away   C Dm
And that's why you'll never see a unicorn to this very day   G C

```
      But you'll see green alligators and long-necked geese   C Dm
      Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees           G C
      Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born  C Dm
      You're never gonna see no unicorns                      G C
```

Background: Written by children's author Shel Silverstein, this song was popularized by the Irish Rovers

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

The Wild Rover

```
[1]      G                                C
    I've been a wild rover for many a year
            G            D7                    G
    And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
        G                                       C
    But now I'm returning with gold in great store
          G            D7                 G
    And I never will play the wild rover no more

            Chorus:
                    D7
            And it's no nay never
            G            C
            no nay never no more
                  G                C
            Will I play the wild rover
              G       D7    G
            no never - no more
```

```
[2]  I went into an ale-house I used to frequent          G C
     And I told the landlady me money was spent           G D7 G
     I asked her for credit, she answered me 'Nay          G C
     Such a custom as yours I can get any day             G D7 G

        Chorus                                            D7/GC/GC/GD7G
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```
[3]  I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright          G C
     And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight     G D7 G
     She said I have whiskey and wines of the best        G C
     And the words that I spoke were only in jest         G D7 G

        Chorus                                            D7/GC/GC/GD7G
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```
[4]  I'll go home to my parents confess what I've done    G C
     And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son       G D7 G
     And when they forgive me as oft times before         G C
     Sure I never will play the wild rover no more        G D7 G

        Chorus (twice)                                    D7/GC/GC/GD7G
```

Background: A popular Irish ballad. The song is generally recognized as a traditional Irish drinking song, though like many Irish folk songs it also became very popular in Scotland and England. In Britain, the song is especially popular with sport fans and has been adopted as the basis for many football chants.

The song is a staple for artists performing live music in Irish pubs. When performed live in a pub setting, or for an audience, it is a custom for the participants to bang on the table or clap their hands in cadence four times during the break in the chorus, thus: *And it's no, nay, never* (clap - clap - clap - clap) *no, nay, never, no more...*

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
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```
[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
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```
[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 arkward 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 pulley wheel, 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.

Shame

<pre>
[1]   G   D
     Well I'm standing alone at the corner
              C   D
     I've got nothing but you on my mind
          G   D
     I'm trying to remember what you look like
             C   D
     But all I see is your big fat behind
                  Am   D
     And I say la la la la la la la
     Am   D
     La la la la la la laaaa

              Chorus:
                  G   Am   C
          I got you, you're acting all the same
                D   G
          I think it's such a shame
                  Am   C   D
          You're putting all the blame on me
                  G   Am   C
          I got you, you're driving me insane
                D   G
          I think it's such a shame
                  Am   C   D
          You're putting all the blame on me
                       Am   D
          It's such a shame, it's such a shame
</pre>

<pre>
[2] I still remember well the day you left me   G D
     You packed up all your stuff and left in tears   C D
     I should have cried you know I tried so help me   G D
     But instead I filled the fridge up with more beer   C D
     And it never mattered how I tried to please you   G D
     And all the times I tried to treat you right   C D
     But you really put a stop to all my sleeping   G D
     When you said that Mrs Bobbit had it right   C D
     And I say la la la la la la la   Am D
     La la la la la la laaaa   Am D

              Chorus:
          I got you, you're acting all the same   G Am C
          I think it's such a shame   D G
          You're putting all the blame on me   Am C D
          I got you, you're driving me insane   G Am C
          I think it's such a shame   D G
          You're putting all the blame on me   Am C D
                      Am   D
          It's such a shame, it's such a shame, it's such a shame   Am D
</pre>

Break: solo around on A – G – E

Break: solo around chorus (G – Am – C – D)

Outro with chorus

Background: A song by the Young Dubliners that I really like. Keith always has fun with this one.

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, inspite 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`

Rocky Road to Dublin

[1] **Em**
In the merry month of May, From my home I started,
               D
Left the girls of Tuam, Nearly broken hearted,
Em
Saluted father dear, Kissed me darlin' mother,
               D
Drank a pint of beer, My grief and tears to smother,
Em   **G**   **Em**   **G**
Then off to reap the corn, And leave where I was born,
Em   **G**   **D**
I cut a stout blackthorn, To banish ghost and goblin,
Em   **G**   **Em**   **G**
A brand new pair of brogues, I rattled o'er the bogs,
Em   **D**
And frightened all the dogs, On the rocky road to Dublin.

       Chorus:
       D
       One, two, three, four five,
       Em
       Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
       D   **Em**
       And all the ways to Dublin, Whacks-fer-ol-de-da

[2] In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,   Em
Started by daylight, Next mornin' light and airy,   Em D
Took a drop of the pure, To keep my heart from sinkin',   Em
That's an Irishman's cure, Whene'er he's on for drinking.   Em D
To see the lasses smile, Laughing all the while,   Em G Em G
At my curious style, 'Twould set your heart a-bubblin'.   Em G D
They ax'd if I was hired, The wages I required,   Em G Em G
Till I was almost tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin.   Em D

       Chorus   D / Em / D Em

[3] In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,   Em
To be so soon deprived, A view of that fine city.   Em D
Then I took a stroll, All among the quality,   Em
My bundle it was stole, In a neat locality;   Em D
Something crossed my mind, Then I looked behind;   Em G Em G
No bundle could I find, Upon my stick a wobblin'.   Em G D
Enquirin' for the rogue, They said my Connacht brogue,   Em G Em G
Wasn't much in vogue, On the rocky road to Dublin.   Em D

       Chorus   D / Em / D Em

[4] From there I got away, My spirits never failin'   Em
Landed on the quay As the ship was sailin';   Em D
Captain at me roared, Said that no room had he,   Em
When I jumped aboard, A cabin found for Paddy,   Em D
Down among the pigs I played some funny rigs,   Em G Em G
Danced some hearty jigs, The water round me bubblin',   Em G D
When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead,   Em G Em G
Or better far instead, On the rocky road to Dublin.   Em D

       Chorus   D / Em / D Em

[5] The boys of Liverpool, When we safely landed,   Em
    Called myself a fool; I could no longer stand it;   Em D
    Blood began to boil, Temper I was losin',   Em
    Poor ould Erin's isle They began abusin',   Em D
    "Hurrah my soul," sez I, My shillelagh I let fly;   Em G Em G
    Some Galway boys were by, Saw I was a hobble in,   Em G D
    Then with a loud hurray, They joined in the affray.   Em G Em G
    We quickly cleared the way, For the rocky road to Dublin.   Em D

       Chorus   D / Em / D Em

Mairi's Wedding

       Chorus:
       D   **G**   **A**
       Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe
       D   **G**   **A**
       Arm in arm and row in row, all for Mairi's wedding

[1] Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown   D G A
    Past the sheiling through the town, all for the sake of Mairi.   D G A

       Chorus   D G A/D G A

[2] Bright her cheeks as rowans are, bright her eyes as any star   D G A
    The fairest of them all by far is our darling Mairi   D G A

       Chorus   D G A/D G A

[3] Plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her creel   D G A
    Plenty bonny bairns as weel, that's the toast for Mairi   D G A

       Chorus   D G A/D G A

[4] Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown   D G A
    Past the sheiling through the town, all for the sake of Mairi.   D G A

       Chorus   D G A/D G A

Background: Mairi's Wedding (also known as Marie's Wedding, the Lewis Bridal Song, or Mairi Bhan) is a Scottish folk song originally written in Gaelic by Johnny Bannerman for Mary McNiven. Written using a traditional Scots tune, it was first played for McNiven in 1935 at the Old Highlanders Institute in Glasgow's Elmbank Street. Hugh S. Roberton translated the Gaelic version into English in 1936.

A "sheiling" is a shepherd's hut or mountain pasture used in summer. "Creel" is a wicker basket.

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
```

23

The Old Dun Cow

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

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

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

        Chorus

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

        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.

25
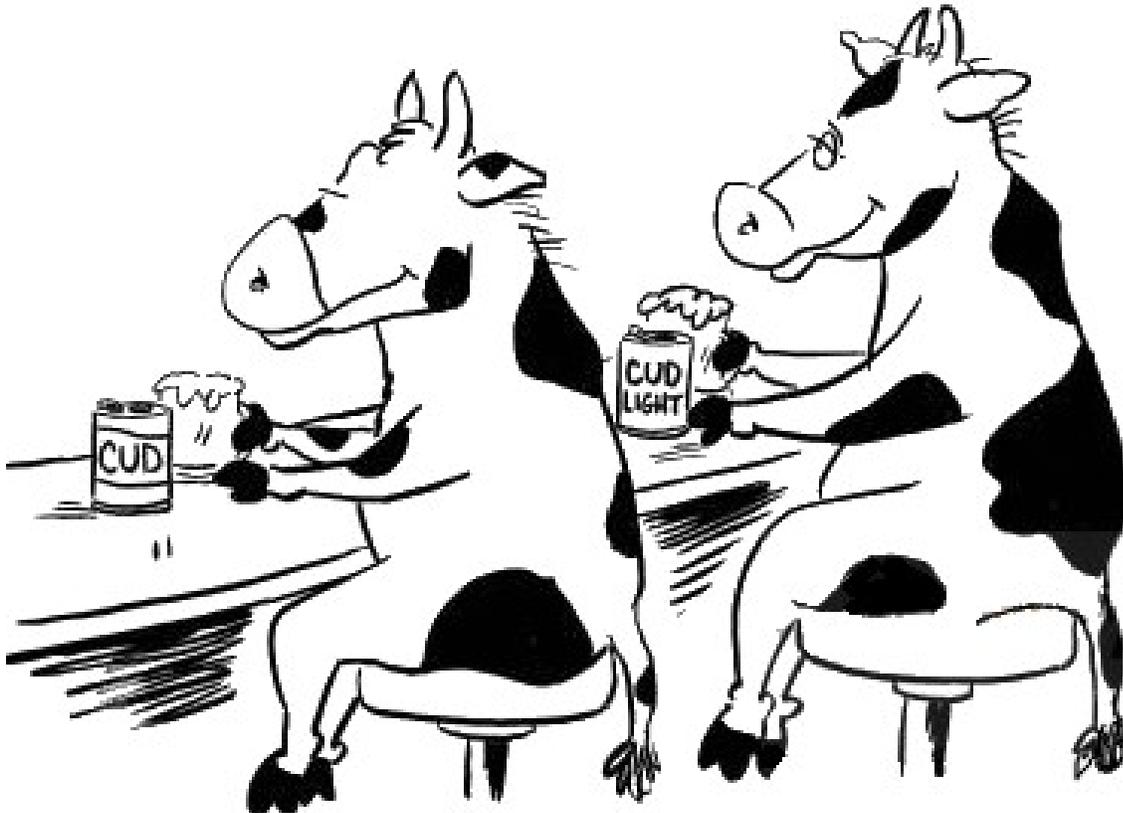
I'll Tell Me Ma

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?
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```
[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.

Seven Drunken Nights

[1]   C
As I went home on Monday night as drunk as drunk could be
  F
I saw a horse outside the door, where my old horse should be
    C
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me
   F   G7   C
Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse should be.
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see
                 G7   C
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
               G7   C
But a saddle on a sow, sure I never saw before.

[2] As I went home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could be   C
I saw a coat behind the door, where my old coat should be   F
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me   C
Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat should be.   F G7 C
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see   C
That's a woollen blanket that me mother sent to me   G7 C
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more   C
But buttons on a blanket, sure I never saw before.   G7 C

[3] As I went home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could be   C
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my old pipe should be   F
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me   C
Who owns that pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be.   F G7 C
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see   C
That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me   G7 C
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more   C
But tobacco in a tin whistle, sure I never saw before.   G7 C

[4] As I went home on Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be   C
I saw two boots beneath the bed, where my old boots should be   F
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me   C
Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be.   F G7 C
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see   C
They're two lovely geranium pots me mother sent to me   G7 C
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more   C
But laces in geranium pots, sure I never saw before.   G7 C

[5] As I went home on Friday night as drunk as drunk could be   C
I saw a head upon the bed, where my old head should be   F
Well I called me wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me   C
Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should be.   F G7 C
Ay you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool still you cannot see   C
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me   G7 C
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more   C
But a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure I never saw before.   G7 C

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

```
[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
```

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 oen 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 gyspy 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
```
[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
```

33

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' wildly 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 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,          Bm Em
    Ocean's a royal bed.                                 Bm G Bm
    Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep                  Bm Em
    Watch by your weary head.                            Bm G Bm

            Chorus                                       D Bm Em A / D G A
```

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

            Chorus                                       D Bm Em A / D G A
```

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

<pre>
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
</pre>

[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 Biddy 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   D Bm G A
     A D

[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 Biddy, hurrah!   D G A D

     Chorus   D Bm G A
     A D

[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 artiist 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).

Star of the County Down

[1]
```
          Em                        G        D
Near to Banbridge town, in the County Down,
     G        Em    D
one morning in July
        Em              G         D
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen
         G          C       D   Em
and she smiled as she passed me by
     G                      Am
She looked so neat from her two white feet
     G          Em          D
to the sheen of her nut-brown hair
         Em              G        D
Sure the coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself,
     Em          C    D    Em
to make sure I was standing there
```

```
         Chorus:
         G                  Am                   G        Em      D
    From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin town
     Em                  G        D       Em    C   D   Em
    No maid I've seen like the brown colleen that I met in County Down
```

[2] As she onward sped, sure I shook my head   Em G D
and I gazed with a feeling quare   G Em D
And I said, says I to a passer-by,   Em G D
who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?   G C D Em
He smiled at me and with pride says he,   G Am
that's the gem of Ireland's crown   G Em D
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,   Em G D
she's the star of the County Down   Em C D Em

      Chorus

[3] She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly   Em G D
and a smile like the rose in June   G Em D
And you held each note from her lily-white throat,   Em G D
as she lilted an Irish tune   G C D Em
At the pattern dance you were in trance   G Am
as she tripped through a jig or reel   G Em D
When her eyes she'd roll, she would lift your soul   Em G D
as your heart she would likely steal   Em C D Em

      Chorus

[4] At the harvest fair she'll be surely there   Em G D
and I'll dress my Sunday clothes   G Em D
With my shoes shon bright and my hat cocked right   Em G D
for a smile from the nut-brown Rose   G C D Em
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,   G Am
let my plough with the rust turn brown   G Em D
'Til a smiling bride by my own fireside   Em G D
sits the star of the County Down   Em C D Em

      Chorus

Background: "Star of the County Down" is an old Irish ballad set near Banbridge in County Down, Northern Ireland. It is sung from the point of view of a young man who chances to meet a charming lady by the name of Rosie McCann.

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                                         E A B
                                                       E A B
[5] Now I'm going back to the Calton weaving           E A B
    I'll surely make them shuttles fly                 E A B E
    I'll make more at the Calton weaving               E A B
    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 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".

The Irish Rover

[1]
```
          G                            C
On the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six
          G                              D
We set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork
          G                    C
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
          G        D        G
For the grand city hall in New York
          G                        D
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft
          G                D
And oh, how the wild wind it drove her
           G                        Em
She stood several blasts she had twenty seven masts
          G                    D G
And they called her the Irish Rover
```

[2]
```
We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags        G C
We had two million barrels of stone                   G D
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides  G C
We had four million barrels of bones                  G D G
We had five million hogs and six million dogs         G D
Seven million barrels of porter                       G D
We had eight million bails of old nanny-goats' tails  G Em
In the hold of the Irish Rover                        G D G
```

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

[4]
```
There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee      G C
There was Hogan from County Tyrone                     G D
There was Johnny McGirk who was scared stiff of work  G C
And a man from Westmeath called Malone                 G D G
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule      G D
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover                    G D
And your man, Mick MacCann from the banks of the Bann  G Em
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover                     G D G
```

[5]
```
For a sailor it's always a bother in life             G C
It's so lonesome by night and day                     G D
That he longs for the shore and a charming young whore G C
Who will melt all his troubles away                   G D G
Oh, the noise and the rout swillin' poitin and stout  G D
For him soon the torment's over                       G D
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid              G Em
An old salt from the Irish Rover                      G D G
```

```
[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

Note: 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

Note: 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
                E    B7  E                              B7
        Well we're good old boys; we come from the North Shore
          A         E          B7
        Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen
                E     B7 E                              B7
        And this night, by God! We'll drink 'til there was no more
                A         E        B7            E
        From The Troller to The Raven with all stops in between
```

```
[1] E                            B7
    It all began one afternoon, on the shores of Ambleside
    B7                                              E
    We were sitting there quite peacefully, with the rising of the tide
    E                              B7          A
    When an idea it came to mind, for to usher in the fall
      B7                            E       B7     E
    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      E B7
    We left all the cars at home, and paid the taxi fare              B7 E
    I got out to Horseshoe Bay, a little after five                  E B7 A
    From a table in the corner, I heard familiar voices rise         B7 E B7 E

        Chorus
```

```
[3] Both spirits they ran high that night, old stories we did share   E B7
    Of the days when we were younger men, and never had a care        B7 E
    And the beer flowed like a river, and we drank the keg near dry   E B7 A
    So we drained down all our glasses, and were thirsty by-and-by    B7 E B7 E

        Chorus
```

```
[4] Park Royal Hotel, the Rusty Gull, Square Rigger and Queen's Cross  E B7
    We started off with eight good boys, but half had gotten lost      B7 E
    And you'll never keep the lads together, when their eyes begin to rove  E B7 A
    And there was just the three of us that made it to Deep Cove       B7 E B7 E

        Chorus
```

```
[5] We arrived out at The Raven, just in time for the last call        E B7
    The final destination of this the first annual crawl               B7 E
    We dug deep into our pockets; there was no money to be found, hah  E B7 A
    Nine miles home and for walking we are bound                       B7 E B7 E
```

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.

Aunt Martha's Sheep

[1]
```
A                                  E            A
Come gather all around me and I'll sing to you a tale,
A                           D           A
About the boys in Carmanville who almost went to jail.
A                                   D           A
It happened on a November's night when all hands were asleep,
A                               E            A
We crept up over Joe Tulk's hill and stole Aunt Martha's sheep.
```

[2] Now if you pay attention I know I'll make you laugh,   A E A
They never went to steal the sheep, they went to steal the calf.   A D A
The old cow she got angry 'cause they woke her from her sleep,   A D A
We couldn't take any chances so we had to steal the sheep.   A E A

[3] We caught the wooly animal and dragged her from her pen,   A E A
She says good-bye to the little lamb she'd never see again.   A D A
She knew that those dark strangers soon would take her life,   A D A
In less than half an hour she felt that dreadful knife.   A E A

[4] Aunt Martha she got angry when she heard about the loss,   A E A
She said she'd catch the robbers no matter what the cost.   A D A
Next morning just at sunrise she to the office went,   A D A
And to the R.C.M.P. a telegram she sent.   A E A

[5] The Mountie got the message and he started in to read,   A E A
This is from Aunt Martha telling of an awful deed.   A D A
Last night my sheep was stolen by whom I cannot tell,   A D A
I'd like for you to catch them all and take them off to jail.   A E A

[6] Just a short time later about twelve o'clock that night,   A E A
We had the sheep a'cooking and everyone feeling tight.   A D A
The smell of mutton and onions no man could ask for more,   A D A
We were chug-a-luggin' Dominion when a Mountie walked in the door. A E A

[7] He said sorry boys, your party I really don't mean to wreck.   A E A
I smelled the meat a'cookin' and I had to come in and check.   A D A
You see a sheep was stolen and the thief is on the loose.   A D A
I said come right in and join us, sir, we're having a piece of moose. A E A

[8] He said thanks a lot and he sat right down and I gave him a piece of the A E A
sheep.
This is the finest piece of moose I knows I ever eat.   A D A
About two o'clock in the morning he bid us all good-day,   A D A
If we get any clues on the sheep, sir, we'll phone you right away.   A E A

[9] He said thanks a lot, you're a darn fine bunch, and your promise I know A E A
you'll keep.
And if everyone was as good as you she wouldn't have lost her sheep. A D A
After he left we had the piece we had in the oven to roast,   A D A
We might have stole the sheep, boys, but the Mountie ate the most.   A E A

Background: a song written by Ellis Coles and performed by Dick Nolan. It was primarily viewed as a slight on the RCMP, the police force for the province of Newfoundland and Labradour. The song got airplay in the 1970s, but less after that. Released in 1972 it became one of Dick Nolan's signature songs and is pretty well known amongst the kitchen party scene.

The Parting Glass

Note: Play capo on 2, chords shaped as Am, C, G, and F

```
[1]      Bm                      D      A
    O' all the money that e'er I had
        Bm                A
    I spent it in good company
         Bm                   D      A
    And all the harm that I ever did
     D    G   D    A  Bm
    Alas! It was to none but me
         D   G   D              G  D
    And all I've done for want of wit
        G      A     D        A
    To mem'ry now I can't recall
        Bm            D        A
    So fill to me the parting glass
          D    G    D    A  Bm
    Good night and joy be with you all
```

```
[2] If I had money enough to spend,              Bm D A
    And leisure time to sit awhile               Bm A
    There is a fair maid in this town            Bm D A
    That sorely has my heart beguiled            D G D A Bm
    Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips                D G D G D
    I own she has my heart in thrall             G A D A
    So fill to me the parting glass              Bm D A
    Good night and joy be with you all           D G D A Bm
```

```
[3] O' all the comrades that e'er I had          Bm D A
    They're sorry for my going away              Bm A
    And all the sweethearts that e'er I had      Bm D A
    They'd wish me one more day to stay          D G D A Bm
    But since it falls unto my lot,              D G D G D
    That I should rise and you should not,       G A D A
    I gently rise and softly call                Bm D A
    Good night, and joy be with you all          D G D A Bm
```

Background: "The Parting Glass" is a very popular Irish song with an interesting history. Today many recordings are available and for me the best is still the one by the Clancy Brothers with Tommy Makem from 1959, which is printed here.

The song belongs to a family of songs that can be traced back to the early 17th century in Scotland. The very first evidence for a song with the title "Good Night And God Be With You" is a tune in the so-called *Skene Manuscripts*, an important collection of music compiled in the 1620s or 1630s. Another version printed in 1650 shows that some elements of "The Parting Glass" lyrics are already in place. Components are also found in writings by Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns.

The earliest known precursor of the modern "The Parting Glass" is from the early 19th century by an anonymous Scottish street poet, in which much of the final structure can be found (in particular the occurrence of the term "parting glass") although the song is still entitled "Good Night and Joy Be With You All".

The song starts appearing in Irish texts in the 1830s, still as "Good Night and Joy Be With You All". A decade or so later a version was published as "The Parting Glass" that had a chorus and a fourth verse that has since dropped into disuse.

Galway Girl

Note: Play capo on 2, chords shaped as C, F, Am, and G

```
[1]         D                                                    G
    Well, I took a stroll on the old Long Walk of a day-I-ay-I-ay
      Bm          A         G          D               A     D
    I met a little girl and we stopped to talk on a fine soft day-I-ay
          G       D              G        D
    And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do
              Bm        A         G         D
    'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue
          G         D         G         D
    And I knew right then, I'd be takin' a whirl
              Bm        A         G        D
    'Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl

    [Instrumental Break: D G Bm A G D A A7 D]
```

```
[2] We were halfway there when the rain came down of a day-I-ay-I-ay    D G
    And she asked me up to her flat downtown, of a fine soft day-I-ay   Bm A G D A D
    And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do                          G D G D
    'Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue                    Bm A G D
    So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl                           G D G D
    And I lost my heart to a Galway girl                                Bm A G D

    [Instrumental Break: D G Bm A G D A A7 D]
```

```
[3] When I woke up I was all alone ...                                  D G
    With a broken heart and a ticket home                               Bm A G D A D
    And I ask you now, tell me what would you do                        G D G D
    If her hair was black and her eyes were blue                        Bm A G D
    I've travelled around, I've been all over this world                G D G D
    Boys I ain't never seen nothin' like a Galway girl                  Bm A G D

    [Instrumental Break: D G Bm A G D A A7 D (X2) Bm A G D A A7 D]
```

Background: "Galway Girl" is a song written by Steve Earle and recorded with Irish musician Sharon Shannon originally as "The Galway Girl". It was featured on Earle's 2000 album Transcendental Blues. "The Galway Girl" tells the semi-autobiographical story of the songwriter's reaction to a beautiful black-haired blue-eyed girl he meets in Galway, Ireland. Local references include Salthill and The Long Walk.

A cover version of the song by Mundy and Sharon Shannon reached number one and became the most downloaded song of 2008 in Ireland, and has gone on to become the eighth highest selling single in Irish chart history. It has been subject of a great number of covers and live interpretations.

Fisherman's Blues

b G, F, Am, C

[1] **G**   **F**
I wish I was a fisherman tumbling on the seas
Am   **C**
Far away from dry land and it's bitter memories
G   **F**
Casting out my sweet line with abandonment and love
Am   **C (NC)**
No ceiling bearing down on me save the starry sky above
                          G   **F**   **Am C**
With light in my head, with you in my arms

[2] I wish I was the brakeman on a hurtling fevered train   G F
Crashing head long into the heartland like a cannon in the rain   Am C
With the feeling of the sleepers and the burning of the coal   G F
Counting the towns flashing by and a night that's full of soul   Am C (NC)
With light in my head, with you in my arms   G F Am C

[3] And I know I will be loosened from the bonds that hold me fast   G F
And the chains all around me will fall away at last   Am C
And on that grand and fateful day I will take thee in my hand   G F
I will ride on a train I will be the fisherman   Am C (NC)
With light in my head, with you in my arms   G F Am C

Outro: With light in my head with you in my arms   G F Am C

Background: Fisherman's Blues is a song written and recorded by The Waterboys in 1988 that reached third place on Billboard's Modern Rock chart. The song was used on the pilot episode of the TV series *Lights Out*, and has appeared on the soundtracks of the movies *Good Will Hunting*, *Waking Ned Devine*, and *Dream with the Fishes*. Actress Emilia Clarke performed a cover version for the film *Dom Hemingway*. It was also recorded by the Young Dubliners and numerous other celtic rock artists.

The River Driver

Note: Sing a capella with bodhran accompaniment, solo verse and harmony chorus

[1] I was just the age of sixteen when I first went on the drive,
After six months hard labour, at home I did arrive.
I courted with a pretty girl, 'twas her caused me to roam,
Now I'm just a river driver and I'm far away from home.

> **Chorus**
> I'll eat when I am hungry and I'll drink when I am dry,
> Get drunk whenever I'm ready, get sober by and by,
> And if this river don't drown me, it's down I'll mean to roam,
> For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

[2] I'll build a lonesome castle upon some mountain high,
Where she can sit and view me as I go passing by
Where she can sit and view me as I go marching on,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

> **Chorus**

[3] When I am old and feeble and in my sickness lie,
Just wrap me up in a blanket and lay me down to die
Just get a little bluebird to sing for me alone,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

> **Chorus x2** (repeat last line on second pass)

Background: "The River Driver" is a song in the public domain about the river drivers in Newfoundland that was recorded by Great Big Sea on their album "The Hard and the Easy". River drivers, also known as "log drivers" or "river pigs", ensured that logs drifted freely along the river. The drivers typically divided into two groups. The more experienced and nimble men comprised the "jam" crew or "beat" crew. They watched the spots where logs were likely to jam, and when a jam started, tried to get to it quickly and dislodge the key logs before many logs stacked up. If they didn't, the river would keep piling on more logs, forming a partial dam which could raise the water level. Millions of board feet of lumber could back up for miles upriver, requiring weeks to break up, with some lumber possibly lost if it was shoved far enough into the shallows. So when the jam crew saw a jam start, they rushed to it and tried to break it up, using peaveys and possibly dynamite. This job required some understanding of physics, strong muscles, and extreme agility. The jam crew was an exceedingly dangerous occupation, with the drivers standing on the moving logs and running from one to another. Many drivers lost their lives by falling and being crushed by the logs.

Each crew was accompanied by an experienced boss often selected for his fighting skills to control the strong and reckless men of his team. The overall drive was controlled by the "walking boss" who moved from place to place to coordinate the various teams to keep logs moving past problem spots. Stalling a drive near a saloon often created a cascade of drunken personnel problems.

A larger group of less experienced men brought up the rear, pushing along the straggler logs that were stuck on the banks and in trees. They spent more time wading in icy water than balancing on moving logs. They were called the "rear crew." Other men worked with them from the bank, pushing logs away with pike poles. Others worked with horses and oxen to pull in the logs that had strayed furthest out into the flats.

Home for a Rest

```
Intro (Picked)
Am | G | C | F | C | G | F C G | C

Intro Chorus (Play Slow)
       Am        G          C         F
You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
              C         G              F     C    G C
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left
       Am        G            C        F
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
         C         G            F    C   G C
I'm so sick from the drink I need home for a rest.
```

```
[1]     Am        G          C         F
We arrived in December and London was cold
    C          G         F
We stayed in the bars along Charing Cross Road
    Am       G         C              F
We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak
      C          G         F          G
Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats

        Chorus
          G                    C         G
You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
            C       F            G
I've been gone for a week, I've been drunk since I left
            G                  C         G
And these so-called vacations will soon be my death
          C       F
I'm so sick from the drink
          G       F
I need home for a rest, TAKE ME HOME!!!

        Break 1
        Am | Dm | G | Em Am | Am | Dm | G | Em Am |
```

```
[2] Euston Station the train journey North                    Am G C F
    In the buffet car we lurched back and forth               C G F
    Past old crooked dykes through Yorkshire's green fields    Am G C F
    We were flung into dance as the train jigged and reeled    C G F G

        Chorus

        Break 2
        Am | F  | G | Dm | Am | F  | G | G |
        Am | Dm | G | Em | Am | Dm | G | G | E |
```

```
[3] By the light of the moon, she'd drift through the streets    Am G C F
    A rare old perfume, so seductive and sweet                   C G F
    She'd tease us and flirt, as the pubs all closed down        Am G C F
    Then walk us on home and deny us a round                     C G F G

        Chorus

        Break 3
        Am | Dm | G | Em Am | Am | Dm | G | Em Am |
```

[4] The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb   Am G C F
The spirits we drank now ghosts in the room   C G F
I'm knackered again, come on sleep take me soon   Am G C F
And don't lift up my head 'till the twelve bells at noon   C G F G

         Chorus

         Break 4
         Am | F | G | Dm | Am | F | G | G |
         Am | Dm | G | Em | Am | Dm | G | G |

         Break 5
         Bm | Bm G A | Bm | Bm G A |
         D | G A | D | G A |
         Bm | Bm G A | Bm | Bm G A |
         D | G A | D | G Am |

         Outro
         G Am (repeat)

Background: "Home for a Rest" is a song by Canadian folk rock band Spirit of the West, from their 1990 album Save This House. Although never officially released as a single, it is the band's signature song and is considered a classic of Canadian music. Written by John Mann and Geoffrey Kelly, the song tells of a drinking spree in London. The lyrics and the musical setting clearly revel in the fun of the experience, but also show a longing for the rest and comfort of home. The song was written during one of the band's first tours of England, and was originally more of a poem than a full-fledged song. According to producer Danny Greenspoon, the band considered it still a work in progress, and had not brought it to the primary recording sessions for the album; rather, it was brought to Greenspoon's attention only as he was about to conclude work on the project and return home to Toronto. Recognizing the song's potential, he immediately worked with the band to resolve their uncertainties about its readiness, and finally recorded it as the last song of the sessions.

British geographical references such as Euston Station, Charing Cross Road and Yorkshire appear in the lyrics. The later choruses switch the length of time that the narrator has been gone from a week to a month, and in some live performances change from a month to a year. The song's musical arrangement incorporates the traditional reels "Castle Kelly", "Glass of Beer", and "Swallow's Tail".

"Home for a Rest" was always the final song played at the band's concert performances, excepting encores. A live performance of the song at the band's 2015 Massey Hall concert forms the climax of the 2016 documentary film Spirit Unforgettable; due to Mann's battle with early-onset Alzheimer's disease, he struggles with the lyrics at first but the entire audience begins singing along.

In 1999, the song was named to CFNY's Top 1002 New Rock Songs of All Time, ranking 689th behind R.E.M.'s "Shiny Happy People" and ahead of Robert Palmer's "Looking for Clues". In 2007, CFNY named it No. 8 on their Top 102 Canadian New Rock Songs of All Time. In 2005, "Home for a Rest" was named the 22nd greatest Canadian song of all time in a listener vote on the CBC Radio One series 50 Tracks: The Canadian Version.

The song is also frequently covered by other Canadian folk rock bands, including Mudmen and Enter the Haggis. Spirit of the West's original recording has also occasionally been misattributed to Great Big Sea on YouTube and in online lyrics databases.

At a November 2017 fundraising benefit concert for Mann's medical care at Vancouver's Commodore Ballroom, the participants recorded a tribute version of the song onsite prior to the concert; participants included Jim Cuddy, Sarah McLachlan, Ed Robertson, Barney Bentall, Colin James, Shari Ulrich, and Jim Byrnes.

On January 16, 2019, the song was certified platinum in Canada.

If It Wisnae' Fur Yer Wellies

```
        Chorus
              A           E      D              E
        If it wisnae' fur yer wellies where would you be
        A                             D       E
        You'd be in the hospital or infir-mary
        A                                     D         A
         'Cause you would have a dose of the flu or even pleurisy
                                          E       A
        If you didnae' have your feet in your well - ies


[1]     A                         D              A
        Oh wellies they are wonderful, oh wellies they are swell
              A                         E
        'Cause they keep oot the water and they keep in the smell
             A                     D         A
        And when you're sitting in a room you can always tell
                                 E       A
        When some bugger takes off his well - ies

              Chorus

[2] Oh and when you're out walking in the country with a bird        A D A
    And you're strolling over fields just like a farmer's herd        A E
    And somebody shouts, "Keep off the grass" and you think "how absurd"   A D A
    and SQUELCH! you find why farmers all wear well - ies             A E A

              Chorus

[3] There's fishermen an' firemen, there's farmers and a'             A D A
    Men oot digging ditches an' working in the snaw                   A E
    This country it would grind to a halt and not a thing would graw  A D A
    If it wasnae' for the workers in their well - ies                 A E A

              Chorus

[4] Oh Michael Gove and Bojo they havenae' made a hit                 A D A
    They're ruining this country more than just a bit                 A E
    If they keep on the way they're going we'll all be in the shit    A D A
    So you'd better get your feet in your well - ies                  A E A

              Chorus
```

Background: Billy Connolly

Over The Hills and Far Away

```
[1] G                           C
    Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
       G                     D
    To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
        G                 C
    For now he's free to sing and play
    G                   D
    Over the hills and far away

            Chorus
            G                     C
            Over the hills and o'er the main,
               G               D
            To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
                G                       C
            The queen commands and we'll obey
            G                     D
            Over the hills and far away

[2] We all shall lead more happy lives           G C
    By getting rid of brats and wives            G D
    That scold and brawl both night and day      G C
    Over the hills and far away                  G D

            Chorus

[3] Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten,              G C
    But we return all gentlemen                  G D
    While conquering colours we display,         G C
    Over the hills and far away                  G D

            Chorus (x2)
```

Background: "Over the Hills and Far Away" is a traditional British song, dating back to at least the late 17th century. One version was published in Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*; a very different one, shown here, appeared in George Farquhar's 1706 play *The Recruiting Officer*. A version also appears in John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* of 1728.

The words have changed over the years, with the only consistent element in early versions being the title line and the tune. D'Urfey's and Gay's versions both refer to lovers, while Farquhar's version refers to fleeing overseas to join the army. The tune was provided with another set of lyrics for the British Sharpe television series of the 1990s, based on Farquhar's version. This version was also recorded by John Tams who played Dan Hagman in the series.

The nursery rhyme "*Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son*" mentions a piper who knows only one tune, this one. Early versions of this, known as "*The distracted Jockey's Lamentations*", may have been written (but not included) in Thomas D'Urfey's play *The Campaigners* (1698):

> *Tommy was a Piper's Son,*
> *And fell in love when he was young;*
> *But all the Tunes that he could play,*
> *Was, o'er the Hills, and far away.*

The Mermaid

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

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


            A D A D A D A
```

```
[2] I signed onto a sailing ship my very first day at sea            D G D
    I seen the Mermaid in the waves reaching out to me               D Bm E A
    "Come live with me in the sea said she down on the ocean floor   D G F#m
    And I'll show you a million wondrous things you've never seen before   G D Bm Em A D
```

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

```
            Chorus
            A D A D A D A A A
```

```
[4] But then one day, she swam away so I sang to the clams and the whales   D G D
    "Oh, how I miss her seaweed hair and the silver shine of her scales     D Bm E A
    But then her sister, she swam by and set my heart awhirl <pause>        D G F#m
    'Cause her upper part was an ugly fish but her bottom part was a girl    G D Bm Em A D
```

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            Chorus
            Yes, her hair was green as seaweed,          G D
            Her skin was blue and pale                   G D
            Her legs they are a work of art,             G D
            I love that girl with all my heart           G D
            And I don't give a damn 'bout the upper part   G D Bm
            'Cause that's how I gets my tail!            Em A D
```

```
            Outro
            D A (repeat)
            (Spoken) Come here me little darlin'.  Show me your fins.  Here
            fishy, fishy, fishy. Come here a minute darlin'.  Come here my
            bubbly.  Ah, yeah!  Show me a fin!
```

Background: "The Mermaid" is a song about a whaler falling in love with a mermaid, but despairs because the mermaid has fish parts below her waist. It was written by Shel Silverstein and recorded on his album I'm So Good That I Don't Have to Brag, in 1965. In December 1966, "The Mermaid" was published in Playboy magazine while Silverstein was a regular contributor. It was covered in 2005 by Great Big Sea, who released their version on their CD The Hard and the Easy, which is the version shown here.

The Union Canal

Note: Play capo on 3, chords shaped as C, F, and G

Chorus (A Capella intro)
```
Fountainbridge to Falkirk, over Almondell        Eb Ab Eb
 By Ratho and Linlithgow, weaves a magic spell    Eb Ab Bb
Fountainbridge to Falkirk, over Almondell         Eb Ab Ab
Follow the windings of the Union Canal            Ab Eb Bb Eb
Follow the windings of the Union Canal            Ab Eb Bb Eb
```

[1]
```
        Eb                        Ab             Eb
As a child I was enchanted, by swans among the reeds
        Eb   Ab                   Bb
Tadpoles in my jam-jar, minnows in the weeds
Eb                      Ab              Eb
Gazing from the towpath on my hands and knees
        Ab     Eb                 Bb     Eb
Sunlight on the water, the wind in the willow trees
```

[2]
```
Thinking on those early days, I was always there     Eb Ab Eb
Swinging out on Tarzan ropes, dropping for a dare    Eb Ab Bb
Summer was the magic time, but winter had its day    Eb Ab Ab
Skating on the ice until the daylight slipped away   Ab Eb Bb Eb
```

       Chorus

[3]
```
The Union is a quiet place, a relic of the past     Eb Ab Eb
See the old stone bridges, they were made to last   Eb Ab Bb
It's just a sad backwater, lazy, deep and slow      Eb Ab Ab
A sleepy road that used to be a moving picture show  Ab Eb Bb Eb
```

[4]
```
For, once the traffic pulsed along, a beat that had no rest   Eb Ab Eb
Lifeline for the Lothians, a gateway to the West              Eb Ab Bb
Passengers by the thousand, scows of coal and grain           Eb Ab Ab
The Union carried everything before the railways came         Ab Eb Bb Eb
```

       Chorus

[5]
```
A casualty of progress, stranded high and dry       Eb Ab Eb
The Union was discarded, left to waste and die      Eb Ab Bb
Broken and neglected, falling to decay              Eb Ab Ab
All those weary winter years, lonely, cold and grey  Ab Eb Bb Eb
```

[6]
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Those winter years have passed now, the water feels the sun    Eb Ab Eb
The fight against the brambles and the silting up is won        Eb Ab Bb
Narrow boats and barges steer the old canal                    Eb Ab Ab
Slipping through the countryside that I have known so well      Ab Eb Bb Eb
```

       Chorus

Background: By Robin Laing. The Union Canal was built to link the centre of Edinburgh to the Forth and Clyde at Falkirk, between 1817 and 1822. This allowed first coal and then other goods to be brought into Edinburgh from Central Scotland. To complete this great work, "navvies" came from the Highlands and from Ulster, including the Irish murderers William Burke and William Hare, although there is no sign that they ever met before their deadly partnership in Edinburgh. From 1840 there was a passenger service between Edinburgh and Glasgow. There were "swift boats" in daytime drawn by two horses going at 9-10 mph. A "sleeper service" left in the evening and took 12 to 14 hours. The canals could not compete for speed of transport with the coming of the railways and by 1965 sections had been removed and filled in. In the 1980s there was a push to preserve what remained and it eventually reopened for leisure activities in 2002, including the remarkable engineering that is the Falkirk Wheel.