

# Jay's Céilidh Book

Printed: March 14, 2010

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

# Songs

All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth.....	65
Always Look on the Bright Side of Life.....	54
Auld Lang Syne.....	35
Auld Triangle, The.....	10
Ballad Of Billy Reid, The.....	45
Big River.....	51
Black Velvet Band.....	5
Calton Weaver, The (Nancy Whiskey).....	44
Come Out Ye Black and Tans.....	27
Dark Island, The.....	7
Donald, Where's Your Troosers?.....	9
Eurotrash Girl.....	55
Farewell to Nova Scotia.....	21
Fever.....	57
Fields of Athenry, The.....	31
Finnegan's Wake.....	32
Flower of Scotland.....	40
Foggy Dew, The.....	8
Follow Me Up To Carlow.....	4
Folsom Prison Blues.....	50
Green Hills of Tyrol, The.....	33
Gypsy Rover.....	30
Happy XMAS (War is Over).....	66
House of the Rising Sun, The.....	49
I'll Tell Me Ma.....	26
Johnny Jump Up.....	22
Leaving of Liverpool.....	6
Loch Lomond.....	42
Long Black Veil.....	53
MacPherson's Lament.....	36
Mairi's Wedding.....	19
Mari Mac.....	20
Massacre of Glencoe.....	41
McAlpine's Fusiliers.....	46
Molly Malone.....	23
Monkey and the Engineer.....	47
Moonshiner, The.....	29
Mr Soul.....	61
Old Dun Cow, The.....	24
Orange and The Green, The.....	17
Piano Man.....	48
Rocky Road to Dublin.....	18
Ryans and the Pittmans, The (Rant & Roar).....	39
Santa Baby.....	64
Seven Drunken Nights.....	28
Shame.....	16
Sick Note, The.....	15
Skye Boat Song.....	37
Spanish Ladies.....	38
Star of the County Down.....	43
Stuck In The Middle With You.....	56
Sunday with a Flu.....	58
The House of the Rising Sun.....	49
Uist Tramping Song.....	62
Unicorn Song, The.....	11
Wharf Rat.....	60
What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor?.....	12
Whiskey in the Jar.....	14
Wild Rover, The.....	13
Will Ye No Come Back Again?.....	34
Wondering Where the Lions Are.....	59
Ziggy Stardust.....	52

# Follow Me Up To Carlow

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

**Chorus:**

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

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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

Repeat chorus

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

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

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

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





# The Dark Island

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

**Chorus:**

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

# 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 Abion" 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

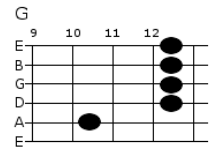
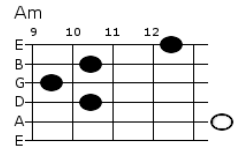
**Am**

All the lassies cry, "Hello!"

**G**

**Am**

Donald, where's your troosers?"



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

Am  
G  
Am  
G Am

Chorus

Am/G/Am/GAm

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

Am  
G  
Am  
G Am

Chorus

Am/G/Am/GAm

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

Am  
G  
Am  
G Am

Chorus

Am/G/Am/GAm

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

# The Auld Triangle

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



# What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor?

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

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



# Whiskey in the Jar

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

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



# Shame

[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 la  
 Am                                   D  
 La la la la la la laaaaa

**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

[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 la                                   Am D  
 La la la la la la laaaaa   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

Break: solo around on A - G - E

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

Outro with chorus

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
G
C  
 My mother was a Catholic girl, from county Cork was she.  
Dm  
 They were married in two churches, lived happily enough,  
F
C
F
G7
C  
 Until the day that I was born and things got rather rough.

Chorus

C Dm / F C F G7 C

[2] Baptized by Father Riley, I was rushed away by car,  
 To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.  
 I was christened "David Anthony," but still, inspite of that,  
 To me father, I was William, while my mother called me Pat.

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

Chorus

C Dm / F C F G7 C

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

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

Chorus

C Dm / F C F G7 C

[4] Now when I'd sing those rebel songs, much to me mother's joy,  
 Me father would jump up and say, "Look here would you me boy.  
 That's quite enough of that lot", he'd then toss me a coin  
 And he'd have me sing the Orange Flute or the Heros of The Boyne

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

Chorus

C Dm / F C F G7 C

[5] One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me.  
 Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.  
 We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.  
 And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.

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

Chorus

C Dm / F C F G7 C

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

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

Chorus

C Dm / F C F G7 C



[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:

<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>A</b>
Step we gaily on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe		
<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>A</b>
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

Repeat Chorus

D G A/D G A

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. Robertson 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  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be  
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed  
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?

G  
Em  
G D  
Em

[2] I grieve to leave my native land  
I grieve to leave my comrades all  
And my parents whom I held so dear  
And the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I do adore.

G  
Em  
G D  
Em

Chorus

G / Em / G D / Em

[3] The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm  
The captain calls, we must obey  
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms  
For it's early in the morning I am far, far away.

G  
Em  
G D  
Em

Chorus

G / Em / G D / Em

[4] I have three brothers and they are at rest  
Their arms are folded on their breast  
But a poor simple sailor just like me  
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea.

G  
Em  
G D  
Em

Chorus

G / Em / G D / Em

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

# Johnny Jump Up

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

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

Chorus (twice)

Em / D / Em / D Em

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

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

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

## Molly Malone

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

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

### Chorus:

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

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

Chorus

D A / D / A D

# The Old Dun Cow

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

## Chorus:

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

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

## Chorus

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

## Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

# I'll Tell Me Ma

## Chorus:

**G**  
I'll tell me ma when I go home  
**D7** **G**  
The boys won't leave the girls alone  
**G**  
They pull my hair, they steal my comb  
**D7** **G**  
But that's all right till I get home  
**G** **C**  
She is handsome, she is pretty  
**G** **D7**  
She is the belle of Belfast city  
**G** **C**  
She is courting one, two, three  
**G** **D7** **G**  
Please, won't you tell me, who is she?

[1] Albert Mooney says he loves her **G**  
All the boys are fighting for her **D7 G**  
Knock at the door and ring the bell **G**  
Saying, oh my true love, are you well? **D7 G**  
Out she comes, white as snow **G C**  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes **G D7**  
Old Johnny Morrissey says she'll die **G C**  
If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye **G D7 G**

Chorus

[2] Let the wind and the rain and the hail go high **G**  
Snow come tumbling from the sky **D7 G**  
She's as nice as apple pie **G**  
She'll get a fellow by and by **D7 G**  
When she gets a lad of her own **G C**  
She won't tell her ma when she gets home **G D7**  
Let them all come as they will **G C**  
It's Albert Mooney she loves still **G D7 G**

Chorus

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

# Come Out Ye Black and Tans

[1] Am G  
 I was born on a Dublin street where the Loyal drums did beat  
Am  
 And the loving English feet walked all over us,  
C G  
 And every single night when me father'd come home tight  
Am G Am  
 He'd invite the neighbors outside with this chorus:

**Chorus:**

Come out you black and tans come out and fight me like a man Am G  
 Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders Am  
 Tell them how the IRA made you run like hell away, C G  
 From the green and lovely lanes in Killeshandra. Am G Am

[2] Come tell us how you slew them ol' Arabs two by two Am G  
 Like the Zulus they had spears and bows and arrows, Am  
 How you bravely faced each one With your sixteen pounder gun C G  
 And you frightened them damn natives to their marrow. Am G Am

Chorus

[3] Come let us hear you tell how you slandered great Parnell, Am G  
 When you thought him well and truly persecuted, Am  
 Where are the sneers and jeers that you bravely let us hear C G  
 When our heroes of sixteen were executed. Am G Am

Chorus

[4] The day is coming fast and the time is here at last, Am G  
 When each yeoman will be cast aside before us, Am  
 And if there be a need sure my kids wil sing, "Godspeed!" C G  
 With a bar or two of Stephen Behan's chorus Am G Am

Chorus

[5] The day is coming fast and it will soon be here at last Am G  
 When North and South again belong to Erin Am  
 And when John Bull is gone, we'll all join in this song, C G  
 And the trumpets of freedom will be blarin' Am G Am

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

## The Moonshiner

### Chorus:

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

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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

# Gypsy Rover

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

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



# Finnegan's Wake

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

**Chorus:**

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

[2] One morning Tim got rather full	C Am
His head felt heavy which made him shake	F G7
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and	C Am
They carried him home his corpse to wake	G 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	G 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	G G7 C
Biddy O'Brien began to cry	C Am
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see	F G7
Tim, auvroom! O, why did you die?"	C Am
"Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee	G 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	G 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	G G7 C





# Auld Lang Syne

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

**Chorus:**

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

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

# MacPherson's Lament

[1]       D                               A  
 Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong  
           D                               G  
 Farewell, farewell to thee.  
           D                               A  
 MacPherson's time will ne'er be lang  
           D           G           A  
 On yonder gallows tree.

**Chorus:** *(after every verse)*

          D                               A  
 Sae rantingly, sae wontonly  
           D                               G  
 Sae dauntingly gaed he  
           D                               A  
 He played a tune an' he danced aroon  
           D           G           A  
 Beneath the gallows tree.

[2] It was by a woman's treacherous hand               D A  
 That I was condemned to dee                       D G  
 Beneath a ledge at a window she stood           D A  
 And a blanket she threw o'er me.                 D G A

[3] Well the laird o' Grant, that highlan' sa'nt       D A  
 That first laid hands on me                       D G  
 He played the cause on Peter Broon             D A  
 To let Macpherson dee.                           D G A

[4] Untie these bands from off my hands             D A  
 And gie to me my sword                           D G  
 There's nae a man in a' Scotland               D A  
 But I'll brave him at a word.                   D G A

[5] There's some come here to see me hanged         D A  
 And some to buy my fiddle                       D G  
 But before that I do part wi' her               D A  
 I'll brak her thro' the middle.                 D G A

[6] He took the fiddle into both his hands           D A  
 And he broke it o'er a stone                     D G  
 Says there's nae other hand shall play on thee   D A  
 When I am dead and gone.                       D G A

[7] O, little did my mother think                   D A  
 When she first cradled me                       D G  
 That I would turn a rovin' boy                 D A  
 And die on the gallows tree.                   D G A

[8] The reprove was comin' o'er the brig o' Banff   D A  
 To let Macpherson free                           D G  
 But they pit the clock a quarter afore         D A  
 And hanged him to a tree.                       D G A

# Skye Boat Song

## Chorus:

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

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

Chorus

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

Bm Em  
Bm G Bm  
Bm Em  
Bm G Bm

Chorus

D Bm Em A / D G A

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

Bm Em  
Bm G Bm  
Bm Em  
Bm G Bm

Chorus

D Bm Em A / D G A

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

Bm Em  
Bm G Bm  
Bm Em  
Bm G Bm

Chorus

D Bm Em A / D G A

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

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

# Spanish Ladies

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

Chorus

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

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

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

# The Ryans and the Pittmans (Rant & Roar)

## Chorus:

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

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

[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

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

chorus

[4] There's plump little Polly, her name is Goldsworthy D Bm G A  
 There's John Coady's Kitty and Mary Tibbo A D  
 There's Clara from Brule and young Martha Foley D Bm G A  
 But the nicest of all is me girl from Toslow. D G A D

[5] Farewell and adieu to ye young maids of Valen D Bm G A  
 Oderin and Presque, Fox Hole and Bruley A D  
 I'm bound for the westward to the wall with the hole in D Bm G A  
 I can't marry all or a chokey I'll be D G A D

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

chorus

[7] O, I brought in the Ino this spring from the city, D Bm G A  
 Some rings and gold brooches for the girls in the Bay; A D  
 I bought me a case-pipe – they call it a meerschaum – D Bm G A  
 It melted like butter upon a hot day. D G A D

[8] I went to a dance one night at Fox Harbour, D Bm G A  
 There were plenty of girls, so nice as you'd wish; A D  
 There was one pretty maiden a-chewin' of frankgum D Bm G A  
 Just like a young kitten a-gnawing fresh fish. D G A D

[9] 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)



# Massacre of Glencoe

## Chorus

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

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

## Chorus

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

## Chorus

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

## Chorus

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

## Chorus (Twice)

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

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

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

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

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



# The Calton Weaver (Nancy Whiskey)

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

**Chorus:**

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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



# McAlpine's Fusiliers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Monkey and the Engineer

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

Chorus

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

# Piano Man

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

**Chorus:**

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

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

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

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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

## The House of the Rising Sun

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

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



# Big River

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

# Ziggy Stardust

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

[1] G  
Ziggy played guitar  
Bm C  
Jamming good with Weird and Gilly  
D  
And the Spiders from Mars  
G  
He played it left hand  
Em  
But made it too far  
Am  
Became the special man  
C  
Then we were Ziggy's band

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

G  
Bm C  
D  
G  
Em  
Am  
C

## Bridge:

A5 G5 F5(E)... G5  
So where were the Spiders  
A5 G5 F5(E)... G5  
While the fly tried to break our balls  
A5 G5 F5(E)...  
With just the beer light to guide us  
D  
So we bitched about his fans  
E  
And should we crush his sweet hands

Replay intro

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

G  
Bm C  
D  
G  
Em  
Am  
C

## Bridge:

Making love with his ego  
Ziggy sucked up into his mind  
Like a leper messiah  
When the kids had killed the man  
I had to break up the band

A5 G5 F5(E)... G5  
A5 G5 F5(E)... G5  
A4 G5 F5(E)...  
D  
E

Replay intro

C G  
Ziggy played guitar

David Bowie

# Long Black Veil

[1] C

Ten years ago on a cold dark night  
G F C  
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall lights  
C  
There were few at the scene but they all agreed  
C G F C  
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me

**Chorus:**

F C F C  
She walks these hills in a long black veil  
F C F C  
She visits my grave when the night winds wail  
F C  
Nobody knows nobody sees  
G C  
Nobody knows but me

[2] The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi  
If you were somewhere else then you won't have to die."  
I spoke not a word though it meant my life  
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

C  
G F C  
C  
C G F C

Chorus

[3] Now the scaffold is high and eternity's near  
She stood in a crowd and shed not a tear  
But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans  
In a long black veil she cries o're my bones

C  
G F C  
C  
C G F C

Chorus

[4] She walks these hills in a long black veil  
She visits my grave when the night winds wail  
Nobody knows nobody sees  
Nobody knows but me

C  
G F C  
C  
C G F C

Chorus

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

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

# Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

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

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

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

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

# Eurotrash Girl

- [1] C G C  
 Well I've been up to Paris, and I've slept in a park.  
 G C  
 Went down to Barcelona, someone broke in my car.  
 F C  
 And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.  
 G C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl.
- [2] Took the train down to Athens, and I slept in a fountain. G C  
 Some Swiss junkie in Turin ripped me off for my cash. G C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C  
 Yeah, search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl. G C
- [3] The CRS on the metro shook me down for a bribe. G C  
 On my knees for the sergeant when my passport arrived. G C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl G C  
  
 Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C  
 Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C
- [4] Called my mom from a payphone I said "I'm down to my last." G C  
 She said "I sent you to college... now go call your dad." G C  
 And the waitress that he married, well she hung up the phone. F C  
 F C  
 You know she never did like me, but I can stand on my own. F C
- [5] Sold my plasma in Amsterdam. Spent it all in a night, G C  
 Buying drinks at the Melk Weg for a soldier in drag. G C  
 And I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C  
  
 Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C  
 Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl. G C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C
- [6] Got a tattoo in Berlin (and a case of the crabs). G C  
 A rose and a dagger on the palm of my hand. G C  
 And I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl. G C  
  
 Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl. G C  
 Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl. G C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black. F C  
 Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl G C

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

# Stuck In The Middle With You

[1] D  
Well I don't know why I came here tonight  
I got the feeling that something ain't right  
G7  
I'm so scared in case I fall off my chair  
D  
And I'm wondering how I'll get down the stairs

## Chorus

A  
Clowns to the left of me  
C G D  
Jokers to the right, here I am  
Stuck in the middle with you

[2] Yes I'm stuck in the middle with you D  
And I'm wondering what it is I should do D  
It's so hard to keep this smile from my face G7  
Losing control, yeah, I'm all over the place D

## Chorus

## Bridge:

G7  
Well you started out with nothing and you're  
D  
proud that you're a self made man  
G7  
And your friends, they all come crawlin',  
slap you on the back and say  
D A7  
Please... Please...

[3] Trying to make some sense of it all D  
But I can see that it makes no sense at all D  
Is it cool to go to sleep on the floor G7  
Cause I don't think that I can take anymore D

## Chorus

[4] (Instrumental Verse)

## Bridge

[5] Well I don't know why I came here tonight D  
I got the feeling that something ain't right D  
I'm so scared in case I fall off my chair G7  
And I'm wondering how I'll get down the stairs D

## Chorus

Stealers Wheel is a Scottish folk rock/rock band formed in Paisley, Renfrewshire in 1972 by former school friends Joe Egan and Gerry Rafferty. Stuck In The Middle With You was their biggest hit, selling over one million copies and eventually peaking in 1973 at #6 in the US Billboard Hot 100 chart and #8 in the UK pop charts. The song is notorious for being used during a gruesome scene in the film 'Reservoir Dogs', in which Mr. Blond cuts off the ear of a tied up police officer.

# Fever

- [6] **Am**  
Never know how much I love you  
Never know how much I care  
When you put your arms around me  
I get a fever that's so hard to bear
- You give me fever, when you kiss me  
fever when you hold me tight  
Fever - in the morning  
Fever all through the night
- [7] Sun lights up the day time  
Moon lights up the night  
I light up when you call my name  
And you know I'm gonna treat you right
- You give me fever, when you kiss me  
Fever when you hold me tight  
Fever - in the morning  
Fever all through the night
- [8] Everybody's got the fever  
That is somethin you all know  
Fever isn't such a new thing  
Fever started long ago
- [9] **Bm**  
Romeo love Juliet  
Juliet she felt the same  
When he put his arms around her  
He said "Julie baby your my flame"
- Thou givest fever, when we kisseth  
Fever with thy flamin' youth  
Fever - I'm a fire  
Fever yea I burn forsooth
- [10] Captain Smith and Pocahontas  
Had a very mad affair  
When her daddy tried to kill him  
She said "Daddy oh don't you dare"
- He gives me fever, with his kisses  
Fever when he holds me tight  
Fever - I'm his misses  
Oh daddy won't you treat him right
- [11] Now you've listened to my story  
Here's the point that I have made  
Chicks were born to give you fever  
Be it fahrenheit or centigrade
- They give you fever when you kiss them  
Fever if you live and learn  
Fever - till you sizzle  
What a lovely way to burn (4x)

Peggy Lee's version is just bass, vocal, drums and snapping fingers. Be. Very. Cool.

# Sunday with a Flu

- [1] **Dm**  
Closed my door, forgot my key  
Missed my bus in the pouring rain  
          **Bb**          **F**          **Dm**  
It's been the usual Sunday with a flu  
**Bb**          **F**          **Dm**  
And I just can't get over you
- [2] Burnt my toast and lost your number **Dm**  
Cut my finger, spilled my beer  
It's been the usual Sunday with a flu **Bb F Dm**  
And I just can't get over you **Bb F Dm**  
  
          **Bb**                          **F**                          **Dm**  
I put your stockings in my purple boots  
**Bb**          **F**                          **Dm**  
What if I don't get over you?
- [3] Had a chat and left my hat **Dm**  
Ate my dog and walked my cat  
It's been the usual Sunday with a flu **Bb F Dm**  
And I just can't get over you **Bb F Dm**  
  
I put your stockings in my purple boots **Bb F Dm**  
What if I don't get over you? **Bb F Dm**
- [Instrumental)**
- I put your stockings in my purple boots **Bb F Dm**  
What if I don't get over you? **Bb F Dm**
- [4] Called a cabbage, threw the garbage **Dm**  
Asked for help and got some kelp  
It's been the usual Sunday with a flu **Bb F Dm**  
And I just can't get over you **Bb F Dm**  
  
I put your stockings in my purple boots **Bb F Dm**  
What if I don't get over you? **Bb F Dm**

Song by Yodelice, lyrics by Marianne Groves. Play it was a capo on the fifth fret.

# Wondering Where the Lions Are

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

## Chorus:

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

Chorus, repeat, and fade.

# Wharf Rat

- [1] **Asus2**  
Old man down,  
**Em** **Asus2**  
Way down down, down by the docks of the city.  
Blind and dirty,  
**Em** **Asus2**  
Asked me for a dime, a dime for a cup of coffee.  
**Em** **D** **Asus2**  
I got no dime but I got some time to hear his story.
- [2] My name is August West, **Asus2**  
And I love my Pearly Baker best more than my wine. **Em Asus2**  
More than my wine - **Asus2**  
More than my maker, though he's no friend of mine. **Em Asus2**
- [3] Everyone said, **Asus2**  
I'd come to no good, I knew I would Pearly, believe them. **Em Asus2**  
Half of my life, **Asus2**  
I spent doin' time for some other fucker's crime, **Em Asus2**  
**Em** **D** **A** **D** **A**  
The other half found me stumbling 'round drunk on Burgundy wine
- Bridge:**  
**G** **D** **G/D** **D** **A** **D** **G/D** **D**  
But I'll get back on my feet again someday,  
**C** **G** **C** **G** **D** **Dsus4** **D**  
The good Lord willin', if He says I may.  
**Asus4** **A** **Em**  
I know that the life I'm livin's no good,  
**Asus4** **A** **Asus2** **A** **A7** **Em**  
I'll get a new start, live the life I should.
- Break:**  
**Em**  
I'll get up and fly away,  
**Asus2**  
I'll get up and fly away, fly away.
- [4] Pearly's been true, **Asus2**  
True to me, true to my dyin' day he said, **Em Asus2**  
I said to him, **Asus2**  
I said to him, "I'm sure she's been."  
**Em Asus2**  
I said to him, "I'm sure she's been true to you."  
**Em D Asus2**
- [5] Got up and wandered, **Asus2**  
Wandered downtown, nowhere to go but just hang around. **Em Asus2**  
I've got a girl, **Asus2**  
Named Bonnie Lee, I know that girl's been true to me. **Em Asus2**  
I know she's been, I'm sure she's been true to me. **Em D Asus2**

Wharf Rat is a Grateful Dead song.

# Mr Soul

[1] **E**  
Oh hello Mr. Soul I dropped by to pick up a reason  
**E**  
For the thought that I'd caught that my head is the event of the season  
**A** **E**  
Why in crowds just a trace of my face should seem so pleasin'  
**D** **A** **E**  
I'll cop out to the change but a stranger is putting the tease on

[2] I was down on a frown when a messenger brought me a letter  
I was raised by the praise of a fan who said I upset her  
Any girl in the world could have easily known me better  
She said 'You're strange, but don't change' and I let her

[3] In a while well the smile on my face turned to plaster  
Stick around while the clown who was sick does the trick of disaster  
For the race of my head and my face is moving much faster  
Is it strange I should change? I don't know - why don't you ask her

**D** **A** **E**  
Is it strange I should change? I don't know

**D** **A** **E**  
Is it strange I should change? I don't know

"Mr. Soul" is a song written by Neil Young and first recorded by Buffalo Springfield. It was originally recorded on January 9, 1967 at Atlantic Studios, New York with additional recording on April 4, 1967. Young subsequently recorded several other versions of the song, often with marked stylistic changes. Of all of Young's songs, "Mr. Soul" has been released the most times.

The main riff of the song has been accused of ripping off (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction by The Rolling Stones.

# Uist Tramping Song

**Chorus:**

Come along, come along, Let us foot it out together,  
Come along, come along, be it fair or stormy weather,  
With the hills of home before us and the purple of the heather,  
Let us sing in happy chorus, come along, come along.

[1] O gaily sings the lark, And the sky's all awake  
With the promise of the day, for the road we gladly take;  
So it's heel and toe and forward, bidding farewell to the town,  
For the welcome that awaits us, ere the sun goes down.

Chorus

[2] It's the call of sea and shore, it's the tang of bog and peat,  
And the scent of brier and myrtle, that puts magic in our feet;  
So it's on we go rejoicing, over bracken, over stile,  
And it's soon we will be tramping out the last long mile.

Chorus

Background: A traditional walking song. Uist is one of the Outer Hebrides islands. It has nearly 200 freshwater lochs, which are popular with fishermen.

## Want List

Use this page to write down songs that would be good additions to the Ceilidh Book, especially in the "heat of the moment" during a gig.

- Hangin' Johnny
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
-

# Santa Baby

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

# All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth

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

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

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

C D7  
G7 C  
C D7  
G7 C

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

F  
C G7 C E7  
Am  
D7 G7

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

C D7  
G7 C  
C D7  
G7 C

