

Tugboat Annie's



Song Book



Contents by Title

A Health to the Company	1
Arthur MacBride	2
Auld Lang Syne	4
Band Played Waltzing Matilda	40
Belfast Mill	6
Black Velvet Band	8
Bully in The Alley	43
Christmas in the Trenches - John McCutcheon	10
Dark Island	44
Delaneys Donkey	45
Far Away in Australia	12
Final Trawl	14
Finnegans Wake	16
Girl I Left Behind Me	48
Green Fields Of France	18
Gypsy Rover	20
I'll Tell Me Ma	49
Jute Mill Song	50
Little Bridget Flynn	22
Mairi's Wedding	51
Molly Malone	52
Nancy Whiskey	24
Paddy on the Railway	26
Parting Glass	28
Rambling Irishman	53
Rambling Rover	54
Red Is The Rose	55
Roseville Fair	30
Rothsea-O	32
Wellerman Song	34
Whisky in the Jar	36
Wild Rover	38

A Health to the Company

Am Em G D F G Am

Am Em G D

Kind friends and com-panions come join me in rhyme

Am G Am Em

Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine

C D Am Em

Let us drink and be merry all grief to refrain

Am Em G F

For we may or might never meet here again

Am Em G D

Here's a health to the company and to my wee lass

Am G Am Em

Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass

C D Am Em

Let us drink and be merry all grief to refrain

Am Em G F

For we may or might never meet here again

Am Em G D

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well

Am G Am Em

For style and for beauty there's none can excel

C D Am Em

There's a smile on her countenance as she sits upon my knee

Am Em G F

There is no man in this wide world as happy as me

Chorus

Am Em G D

Our ship lies at harbor she's ready to dock

Am G Am Em

I wish her safe landing with-out any shock

C D Am Em

And if we should meet again by land or by sea

Am Em G F

I will always re-mem-ber your kindness to me

Chorus

Am



Em



G



D



F



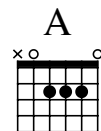
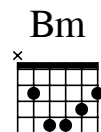
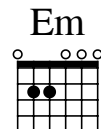
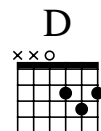
C



Arthur MacBride

D
I had a first cousin called Arthur McBride
G D Em G
he and I took a stroll down by the sea-side
D Bm
a seeking good fortune and what might the tide
D Em G A
it was just as the day was a dawn-ing
D G D
And after we rested we went on a tramp
G D Em G
we met Seargeant Napper and Corporal Cramp
D Bm
and a little wee drummer who beat up our camp
A G D
with his rowdy dou dou in the morn-ing

D
He said my young fellows if you will enlist
G D Em G
a guinea you quickly shall have in your fist
D Bm
and besides a crown for to kick up the dust
D Em G A
and drink the King's health in the morn-ing
D G D
but had we been such fools as to take the advance
G D Em G
the wee bit of money we'd have to run chance
D Bm
do you think it no scuples for to send us to France
A G D
where we would be killed in the morn-ing



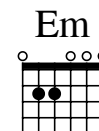
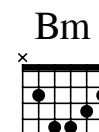
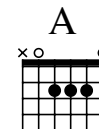
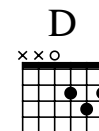
D
 He says my young fellows if I hear but one word
G D Em G
 instantly now will out with my sword
D Bm
 and into your bodies as strength might af-ford
D Em G A
 so now me gay devils take warn-ing
D G D
 but Arthur and I we soon took the odds
G D Em G
 and we gave them no chance for to draw out their swords
D Bm
 our wacking shillelaghs came over their heads
A G D
 and paid them right smart in the morn-ing

D
 As for the wee drummer we rifled his pouch
G D Em G
 and we made a football of his rowdy dou dou
D Bm
 and into the ocean for to rock and to roll and
D Em G A
 barr-ing the day its return-ing
D G D
 as for the ould rapier that hung by his side
G D Em G
 we flung as far as we could in the tide
D Bm
 To the devil I pitch you says Arthur McBride
A G D
 to temper your edge in the morn-ing.



Auld Lang Syne

Traditional (Adapted from the Poem by Robert Burns)



D *A* *D*
 Should auld acquaintance be for-got
 A *G*
 And never brought to mind.
 Bm *A* *G* *Em*
 Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got,
 D *A* *G*
 And days of auld lang syne.

D *A* *D*
 For auld lang syne, my dear.
 A *G*
 For auld lang syne.
 Bm *A* *G* *Em*
 We'll take a cup of kindnes yet
 D *A* *G*
 For auld lang syne.

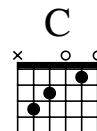
D *A* *D*
 We two have run about the hills,
 A *G*
 And pulled wild daisies fine.
 Bm *A* *G* *Em*
 But we've wandered many a weary foot
 D *A* *G*
 Since auld lang syne.

D *A* *D*
 We two have waded in the brook
 A *G*
 From morning sun till dine
 Bm *A* *G* *Em*
 But broad seas be-tween us both have roared,
 D *A* *G*
 Since auld lang syne.

D *A* *D*
 And here's a hand my trusty friend,
 A *G*
 And give a hand of thine.
 Bm *A* *G* *Em*
 And we'll take a right good will draught,
 D *A* *G*
 For auld lang syne.

Belfast Mill

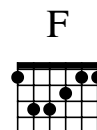
C Am G F C
C Am G F C



C Am
 At the east end of town, At the foot of the hill
G F C
 There's a chimney so tall, It says Belfast Mill



C Am
 But there's no smoke at all, Coming out of the stack
G F C
 For the mill has shut down, And is never coming back



C Am
 And the only tune I hear, Is the sound of the wind
G F C
 As she blows through the town, Weave and spin, weave and spin

C Am
 There's no children playing, In the dark narrow streets
G F C
 And the loom has shut down, It's so quiet I can't sleep

Chorus

C Am G F C
C Am G F C

C Am
 The mill has shut down, 'twas the only life I know
G F C
 Tell me where will I go, Tell me where will I go

Chorus

C Am
 I'm too old to work, And I'm too young to die
G F C
 Tell me where will I go now, My fa-mily and I

Chorus

C *Am*
At the east end of town, At the foot of the hill

G *F* *C*
There's a chimney so tall, It says Belfast Mill

C *Am*
But there's no smoke at all, Coming out of the stack

G *F* *C*
For the mill has shut down, And is never coming back

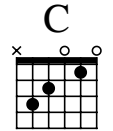
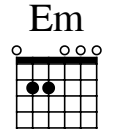
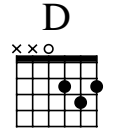
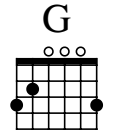
Chorus 2X

G *F* *C*
As she blows through the town, Weave and spin, weave and spin



Black Velvet Band

G
In a neat little town they call Belfast,
D
apprenticed to trade I was bound
G *Em*
And many's the hour of sweet happiness,
C *D* *G*
I spent in that neat little town
G
Till sad misfortune came over me,
D
which caused me to stray from the land
G *Em*
Far away from me friends and relations,
C *D* *G*
betrayed by the black velvet band



G
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
D
I thought her the queen of the land
G *Em*
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,
C *D* *G*
tied up with a black velvet band

G
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid,
D
and a gentleman passing us by
G *Em*
I knew she meant the undoing of me,
C *D* *G*
by the look in her roguish black eye
G
A gold watch she took from his pocket,
D
and she placed it right into me hand
G *Em*
And the very first thing that I thought was,

C *D* *G*
bad luck to the black velvet band

Chorus

G
Now before a judge and a jury,
D
next morning I had to appear
G *Em*
Oh the judge he said to me "Young man,
C *D* *G*
your case is proven clear
G
We'll give you seven years' penal servitude,
D
to be spent far away from the land.

G *Em*
Far away from your friends and relations,
C *D* *G*
betrayed by the black velvet band

Chorus

G *G*
So come all ye jolly young fellows,
G *D*
and a warning take by me
G *Em*
For when you are out on the town me lads,
C *D* *G*
beware of them pretty colleens
G *G*
For they'll feed you with strong ale
G *D*
"More Yeah", until you are unable to stand
G *Em*
And the very next thing that you know me lads,
C *D* *G*
is you've landed in Van Diemen's Land

Chorus 2X

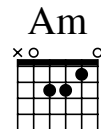
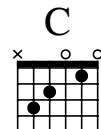
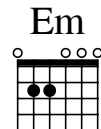


Christmas in the Trenches

G *Em* *C* *Am*
 My name is Francis Tolliver; I come from Liverpool
D *D7* *C* *G*
 Two Years ago the war was waiting for me after school
G *Em* *C* *Am*
 To Belgium and to Flanders, to Germany to here
D *D7* *G*
 I fought for King and Country I love dear
D *D7* *C* *G*
 T'was Christmas in the trenches where the frost so bitter hung
Em *C* *D*
 The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas songs were sung
G *Em* *C* *Am*
 Our families back in England were toasting us that day
D *D7* *G*
 Their brave and glorious lads so far away

 Well, I was lying with my messmates on the cold and rocky ground
 When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound
 Says I "Now listen up me boys" as each soldier strained to hear
 As one young German voice sang out so clear

 "He's singing pretty well, ya know" my partner says to me
 Soon one by one each German voice joined in in harmony
 The cannons rested silent and the gas clouds rolled no more
 As Christmas brought us respite from the war



Well, as soon as they were finished a reverent pause was spent
 God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen struck up some lads from Kent
 The next they sang was Stille Nacht. 'Tis Silent Night says I
 And in two tongues one song filled up that sky

Break

<i>G</i>	<i>G</i>
Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht	Silent night, holy night
<i>D</i> <i>G</i>	<i>D</i> <i>G</i>
Alles schläft; einsam wacht	All is calm; all is bright
<i>C</i> <i>G</i>	<i>C</i> <i>G</i>
Nur das traute hochheilige Paar.	Round yon virgin mother and child

C *G*
 Alles schläft; einsam wacht
D *D7* *G*
 Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!
G *D* *G*
 Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!

C *G*
 Holy infant; so tender and mild
D *D7* *G*
 Sleep in heavenly peace
G *D* *G*
 Sleep in heavenly peace

“There’s someone coming towards us” the frontline sentry cried
 All sights were trained on one lone figure trudging from their side
 His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shown on that plane so bright
 As he bravely strode, unarmed, into the night

Soon one by one on either side walked into No Man’s Land
 With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand
 We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well
 In a flare-lit soccer game we gave them Hell

We traded chocolates, cigarettes and photographs from home
 These sons and fathers far away from families of their own
 Young Sanders played his squeezebox and they had a violin
 This curious and unlikely band of men

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more
 With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war
 But the question haunted every heart that lived that wondrous night
 Whose family have I fixed within my sights?

T’was Christmas in the trenches where the frost so bitter hung
 The frozen fields of France were warmed as song of peace were sung
 But, the walls they’d kept between us to exact the work of war
 Had been crumbled and were gone forever more

Oh my name is Francis Tolliver. In Liverpool I dwell
 Each Christmas come since World War I oh, I’ve learned its lessons well
 That the ones who call the shots won’t be among the dead and lame
 And on each end of the rifle we’re the same

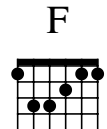
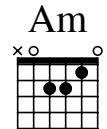
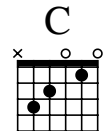
Far Away in Australia

C *Am* *F* *C*
Sweetheart I'm bidding you a fond fare-well
 F *G*

Murmured the youth one day

Am *G* *F* *C*
I'm bound for a new land my fortune to try
 G *C*

And I'm ready to sail a-way.



C *Am* *G* *C* *G* *F*
Far a-way in Aus-trali-a, soon will fate be kind
 Am *G* *F* *C*
And I will be ready to welcome the lass
 C *G* *C*
The girl I left be-hind

C *F* *C*
Must we be parted this fair maid cried
 F *G*

I cannot let you go

Am *G* *F* *C*
Still I must leave you, the young man re-plied
 G *C*

But for only a while you know

Chorus

C *Am* *F* *C*
Wheather in suc-cess or fail-ure
 F *G*
I will al-ways be true
Am *G* *F* *C*
Daily each day in a land far a-way
 G *C*
I'll be building a home for you

Chorus

C *Am* *F* *C*
Daily she waits at the old cottage gates
 F *G*
Watching the whole day through
Am *G* *F* *C*
Till a sweet message comes over the waves
 G *C*
And in'the new world they're joined as two

Chorus 2X



Final Trawl

C *F* *C*
Now it's three long years since we made her pay

F *C*
Sing haul away my laddie-O

Am *F*
And the owners say that she's had her day

G
And sing haul away my laddie-O

C *F* *C*
So heave away for the final trawl

F *C*
Sing haul away my laddie O

Am *F*
It's an easy pull for the catch is small

C F
And sing haul away my laddie O

C *F* *C*
Then stow your gear, lads, and batten down

F *C*
Sing haul away my laddie O

Am *F*
I'll tak the wheel an' I'll turn her 'round

G
And sing haul away my laddie-O

C *F* *C*
We'll join the Venture and the Morning Star

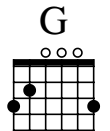
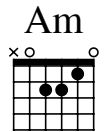
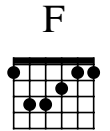
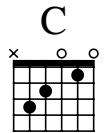
F *C*
Sing haul away my laddie-O

Am *F*
Riding high and empty towards the bar

G
And sing haul away my laddie-O

C *F* *C*
For I'd rather beach her on the Skerry rock

F *C*
Sing haul away my laddie-O



^{Am} Than to see her torched in the breaker's dock
^F
^G And sing haul away my laddie-O

Bridge

^C And when I die you can stow me down
^F
^{Am} In her rusty hold where the breakers pound
^F
^{Am} Haul away____
^F
^{Am} Haul away____

^C I'll make the haven of the Fiddler's Green
^F ^C
^C Sing haul away my laddie-O
^{Am} ^F
 Where the grub is good, and the bunks are clean
^G
 And sing haul away my laddie-O

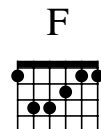
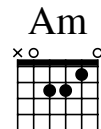
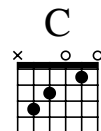
^C For I've fished a lifetime, boy and man
^F ^C
^C Sing haul away my laddie O
^{Am} ^F
 And the final trawl scarcely makes a cran
^G
 And sing haul away my laddie O
^F ^C
 And sing haul away my laddie-O
^F ^C ^F ^C ^F ^C



Finnegans Wake

Verse

C *Am* *F* *G*
 Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd
C *Am* *F* *G* *C*
 He had a brogue both rich and sweet, an' to rise in the world he carried a hod
C *Am* *C* *Am*
 You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way with the love for the liquor poor Tim was
 born
C *Am* *F* *G* *C*
 To help him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn



Chorus

C *Am* *F* *G*
 Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner 'round the floor yer trotters shake
C *Am* *F* *G* *C*
 Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake



Verse

C *Am* *F* *G*
 One morning Tim got rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake
C *Am* *F*
 Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and they carried him home his
G *C*
 corpse to wake
C *Am* *C* *Am*
 Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out u-pon the bed
C *Am* *F* *G* *C*
 A bottle of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head

Chorus

C *Am* *F* *G*
 His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
C *Am* *F* *G* *C*
 First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Am *C* *Am*
 Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,

C *Am* *F* *G*
 Tim avourneen, why did you die?", "Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy Mc-
C
 Gee

Chorus

C *Am* *F* *G*
 Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
C *Am* *F* *G* *C*
 Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor
C *Am* *C* *Am*
 Then the war did soon engage, t'was woman to woman and man to man
C *Am* *F* *G* *C*
 Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

Chorus

C *Am* *F* *G*
 Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of whiskey flew at him
C *Am* *F* *G* *C*
 It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim
C *Am* *C* *Am*
 Bed-ad he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed
C *Am* *F* *G*
 Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, t'underin' blazes, do ye think I'm
C
 dead?"

Chorus 2X

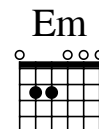
Green Fields Of France

G Em C Am
Well how do you do, young Willie McBride?

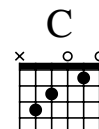


D D7 C G
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?

Em C Am
And rest for a while 'neath the warm summer sun,
D D7 C G



I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.
G Em C Am
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen,
D C G D7



When you joined the great fallen in 1916,
G Em Am
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean,
D D7 C G



Or young Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?



G D D7 C G
Did they beat the drum slowly? Did they play the fife lowly?
D D7 C D

Did they sound the death march, as they lowered you down?
C G Em

Did the band play the Last Post and chor-us?
G C D7 G

Did the pipes play the Flowers of the For-est?



G Em C Am
Did you leave ere a wife or a sweetheart be-hind?
D D7 C G

In some faithful heart is your memory enshrin-ed?
Em C Am

Although you died back in 19-16,
D D7 C G

In that faithful heart are you forever nine-teen?
G Em C Am

Or are you a stranger with-out even a name?
D C G D7

En-closed in forever be-hind a glass frame,
G Em Am
In an old photo-graph all torn battered and stained,

D D7 C G
And faded to yellow in a brown lea-ther frame.

Chorus

G Em C Am
The sun now it shines on the green fields of France,
D D7 C G
There's a warm summer breeze that makes the red poppies dance,
Em C Am
And look how the sun shines from under a cloud,
D D7 C G
There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no gun firing now.
G Em C Am
But here in this graveyard it's still "No Man's Land",
D C G D7
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand,
G Em Am
To man's blind in-difference to his fellow man,
D D7 C G
To a whole gene-ration that were butchered and damned.

Chorus

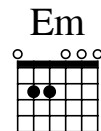
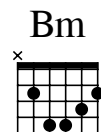
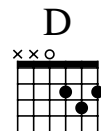
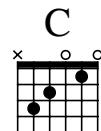
G Em C Am
Ah, young Willie Mc-Bride I can't help wonder why,
D D7 C G
Do those that lie here know why did they die?
Em C Am
And did they be-lieve when they answered the call?
D D7 C G
Did they really be-lieve that this war would end wars?
G Em C Am
Well, the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain,
D C G D7
The killing and dying were all done in vain,
G Em Am
For young Willie Mc-Bride it all happened again,
D D7 C G
And a-gain, and a-gain, and a-gain, and a-gain.

Chorus

Gypsy Rover

Verse 1

G C G D
 The gypsy rover come over the hill,
G C G D
 Down through the valley shady,
G D Bm Em
 He whistled and sang 'til the greenwood rang,
G C G C G D
 And he won the heart of a la - dy.



G C G D
 Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day,
G C G D
 Ah-de-do, ah-de-day-di,
G D Bm Em
 He whistled and sang 'til the greenwood rang,
G C G C G D
 And he won the heart of a la - dy.

G C G D
 She left her father's castle gates,
G C G D
 Left her own fond lo ver,
G D Bm Em
 Left her servants and her e-states,
G C G C G D
 To follow the gypsy ro - ver.

Chorus

G C G D
 Her father saddled his fastest steed,
G C G D
 And roamed the valleys all over,
G D Bm Em
 Sought his daughter at great speed,
G C G C G D
 And the whistling gypsy ro- -ver.

Chorus

G C G D
 He came at last to a mansion fine,
G C G D
 Down by the river Claydee
G D Bm Em
 And there was music and there was wine,
G C G C G D
 For the gypsy and his la - - dy.

Chorus

G C G D
 "He is no gypsy, my father" she said
G C G D
 "But Lord of these lands all over",
G D Bm Em
 And I will stay 'til my dying day
G C G C G D
 With my whistling gypsy ro - ver."

Chorus

Little Bridget Flynn

Em D Em G D Em

Em Bm Em

I've a nice lit-tle house and a cow yard too with grass,

G D Em

I've a plant gar-den run-ning by the door.

Em Bm Em

I've a shel-ter for the hens and a sta-ble for the ass

G D Em

Now, what could a man want more?

G D

I don't know, maybe so

Em Bm Em

But a bach-e-lor is ea-sy and he's free.

Em Bm Em

But I've lots to look af-ter, though I'm liv-ing all alone

G D Em

Sure no-bo-dy's look-ing af-ter me.

Em D Em

Em Bm Em

Me fa-ther often tells me I should go and have a try

G D Em

To find a girl that owns a bit of land.

Em Bm Em

And I know, the way he says it, that there's some-one on his mind

G D Em

And me mo-ther has the whole thing planned.

G D

I don't know, maybe so,

Em Bm Em

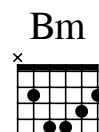
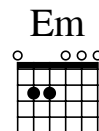
But t'would mol-li-fy them great-ly to a-gree.

Em Bm Em

Now, there's lit-tle Brid-get Flynn, sure it's her I'd love to win,

G D Em

But she ne-ver has an eye for me.



Em D Em

Em Bm Em
Now there's a lit-tle girl who's worth her weight in gold,

G D Em
And that's a de-cent dow-ry, don't you see?

Em Bm Em
And I mean to go and ask her just as soon as I get bold,

G D Em
If she'll come and have an eye for me.

G D
Will she go? I don't know,
Em Bm Em
But I'd love to have her sit-ting on me knee.

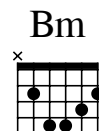
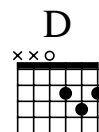
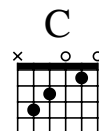
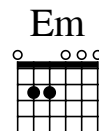
Em Bm Em
And I'll sing like a thrush in a haw-thorn bush
G D Em
If she'll come and have an eye for me.

And I'll sing like a thrush in a haw-thorn bush
G D Em
If she'll come and have an eye for me.



Nancy Whiskey

G Em C D
 I'm a weaver a Calton weaver,
G Em C D
 I'm a rash and a rovin' blade
Em Bm C D
 I've got silver in my pocket
G Em C D7
 And I follow the roving trade.



G Em C D G Em C D7 G
 Whisky, Whisky, Nancy Whisky. Whisky, Whisky Nancy-o!

G Em C D
 As I went in by Glasgow City,
G Em C D
 Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell,
Em Bm C D
 I went in, sat down beside her,
G Em C D7
 Seven long years I loved her well.

Chorus

G Em C D
 The more I kissed her the more I loved her.
G Em C D
 The more I kissed her the more she smiled.
Em Bm C D
 Soon I for-got my mother's teachin',
G Em C D7
 Nancy soon had me beguiled.

Chorus

G *Em* *C* *D*
 Now I rose early in the morning
G *Em* *C* *D*
 To slack my thirst, it was my need
Em *Bm* *C* *D*
 I tried to rise but was not able,
G *Em* *C* *D7*
 Nancy had me by the knees.

Chorus

G *Em* *C* *D*
 So, I'm going back to the Calton weaving,
G *Em* *C* *D*
 I'll surely make them shuttles fly,
Em *Bm* *C* *D*
 For I made more at the Calton weaving
G *Em* *C* *D7*
 Than ever I did in the roving way.

Chorus

G *Em* *C* *D*
 So, come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers
G *Em* *C* *D*
 Come all ye weavers wherever you be
Em *Bm* *C* *D*
 Beware of Whisky, Nancy Whisky
G *Em* *C* *D7*
 She'll ruin you like she ruined me.

Chorus 2X



Paddy on the Railway

Dm

In eighteen hundred and forty one

F

I put my corduroy breeches on

Dm

I put my corduroy breeches on

Dm C Dm

To work upon the railway



F



C



Dm

Fee-lee-me-oh-ree-oh-ree-ay

F

Fee-lee-me-oh-ree-oh-ree-ay

Dm

Fee-lee-me-oh-ree-oh-ree-ay

Dm C Dm

To work upon the railway

Dm

In eighteen hundred and forty two

F

I left the Old World for the new

Dm

But just for the luck that brought me through

Dm C Dm

To work upon the railway

Chorus

Dm

In eighteen hundred and forty three

F

'Twas then I met Miss Biddy McGhee

Dm

And an elegant wife she made for me

Dm C Dm

While workin' on the railway

Chorus

Dm

In eighteen hundred and forty five

F

I felt myself more dead than alive

Dm

I thought myself more dead than alive

Dm C Dm

While workin' on the railway, hey

Chorus

Dm

Dm

Its "Pat do this" and "Pat do that"

F

F

With-out a stocking or cravat

Dm

Nothing but an old straw hat

Dm C Dm

While Pat worked on the Railway

Chorus

Dm

In eighteen hundred and forty seven

F

Sweet Biddy McGhee, she went to Heaven

Dm

She left one child, she left eleven

Dm C Dm

To work upon the railway, hey

Chorus

Dm

In eighteen hundred and forty eight

F

I learned to drink my whiskey straight

Dm

An elegant drink that can't be beat

Dm C Dm

For workin' on the railway

Chorus



Parting Glass

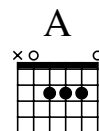
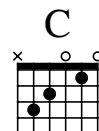
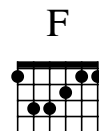
Capo 4

Am F C G

Am F C G
 Of all the money that e'er I had
Am F C G
 I've spent it in good compan-y
Am F C G
 And all the harm that e'er I've done
Am F Dm Am
 Alas it was to none but me

C F C G
 And all I've done for want of wit
Dm C G Am G
 To memo-ry now I can't re-call
Am F C G
 So fill to me the parting glass
Am F Dm Am
 Good night and joy be with you all

Am F C G
 Of all the comrades that e'er I had
Am F C G
 They are sorry for my going away
Am F C G
 And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Am F Dm Am
 They would wish me one more day to stay



C F C G
 But since it falls un-to my lot
Dm C G Am G
 That I should rise and you should not
Am F C G
 I'll gently rise and I'll softly call
Am F Dm Am
 Good night and joy be with you all

Am F C G
 A man may drink and not be drunk
Am F C G
 A man may fight and not be slain
Am F C G
 A man may court a pretty girl
Am F Dm Am
 And perhaps be welcomed back again

C F C G
 But since it has so ought to be
Dm C G Am G
 By a time to rise and a time to fall
Am F C G
 Come fill to me the parting glass
Am F C G
 Good-night and joy be with you all

Am F Dm Am
 Good-night and joy be with you all

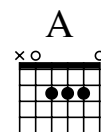
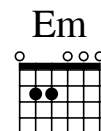
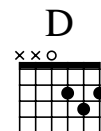
Am F G A



Roseville Fair

D *G* *D*
 Oh, the night was clear and the stars were shinin'
 Em A *D*
 And the moon came up, ... so quiet in the sky
 G *D*
 All the people gathered round and the band was a-tunin'
 Em A *D*
 I can hear them now ... playin' 'Comin' Through the Rye'

D *G* *D*
 You was dressed in blue and you looked so lovely
 Em A *D*
 just a gentle flower ... of a small town girl
 G *D*
 Then you took my hand and we stepped to the mus-ic
 Em A *D*
 with a single smile ... you became his world



D *G A* *D A*
 And we danced all night ... to the fiddle and the ban-jo
 G A *D*
 Their driftin' tunes ..., seemed to fill the air
 G A *D A*
 so long a-go ... ,but I still remember ...
 G A *D*
 How we fell in love, ... at the Roseville Fair

D *G* *D*
 Now, we courted well, and we courted dearly
 Em A *D*
 We'd rock for hours in the front porch chair
 G *D*
 Then a year went by ... from the time that I met you
 Em A *D*
 and I made you mine, at the Roseville Fair

Chorus

Chorus

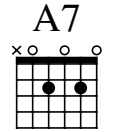
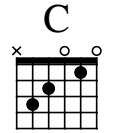
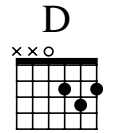
Chorus 2X and Repeat last 2 lines



31

Rothsea-O

D
One New Year's eve in Glasgow town
C
When all we had was half a crown
D
A bunch of thought we'd prowl around
A7 *D*
And find some fun in Rothsea-o.
D *C* *G* *D*
We wandered out Victoria street.
C *D*
We didn't care much for snow or sleet.
C *G*
And at half past two with aching feet
A7 *D*
We found ourselves in Rothsea-o.



D *G* *D* *C*
A-diddum a doo a dum a day, a-diddum a doo a daad enow
D *G* *D* *A7* *D*
Diddum a doo a dum a day, the night we went to Rothsea-o.

D
Tom Clancy here was a bit of a lout
C
Said he'd treat us all to a pint of stout
D
So as quick as we could we all set out
A7 *D*
For a public house in Rothsea-o.
C *G* *D*
Said, "Aye me lads, I'd like to sing."
Says I, "You'll no do such a thing."
D *C* *G* *D*
I said, "Clear the room and we'll make a ring
C *A7* *D*
And I'll fight ye all in Rothsea-o.

Chorus

D
We had to find a place to sleep.
C
We were all too drunk to even creep.
D
We found a place that was really cheap.
A7 *D*
In a boarding house in Rothsea-o.
D *C* *G* *D*
We all lay down to take our ease
C *D*
When somebody happened for to sneeze
D *C* *G* *D*
And he wakened half a million fleas
A7 *D*
In a single room in Rothsea-o.

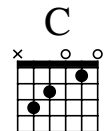
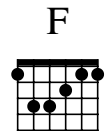
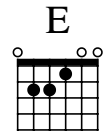
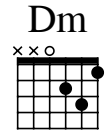
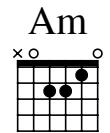
Chorus

D
There were several different kinds of pests
C
They run and they jumped in-side our vests
D
They got in our hair and they built their nests
A7 *D*
And they cried' "Hurrah, for Rothsea-o."
C *G* *D*
Says I, "I think we'll head for home."
C *D*
And we swore we never more would roam
C *G* *D*
And we're scratching still as we sing this poem
A7 *D*
Of the night we spent in Rothsea-o.

Chorus

Wellerman Song

Am
 There once was a ship that put to sea
Dm *Am*
 And the name of the ship was the Billy of Tea
Am
 The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
E *Am*
 O blow, my bully boys, blow



F *C* *Dm* *Am*
 Soon may the Wellerman come to bring us sugar and tea and rum
F *C* *E* *Am*
 One day, when the tonguin' is done, We'll take our leave and go

Am
 She had not been two weeks from shore
Dm *Am*
 When down on her a right whale bore
Am
 The captain called all hands and swore
E *Am*
 He'd take that whale in tow

Chorus

Am
 Be-fore the boat had hit the water
Dm *Am*
 The whale's tail came up and caught her
Am
 All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
E *Am*
 When she dived down below

Chorus

Am
 No line was cut, no whale was freed;
Dm *Am*
 The Captain's mind was not of greed

Am
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed;
E *Am*
She took the ship in tow

Chorus

Am
For forty days, or even more
Dm *Am*
The line went slack, then tight once more
Am
All boats were lost (there were only four)
E *Am*
But still that whale did go

Chorus

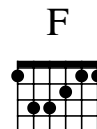
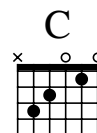
Am
As far as I've heard, the fight's still on;
Dm *Am*
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
Am
The Wellerman makes his regular call
E *Am*
To en-courage the Captain, crew, and all

Chorus



Whisky in the Jar

C *Am*
 As I was a'going over Gilgarra mountain,
F *C* *G*
 I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was counting.
C *Am*
 First I drew my pistol and then I drew my rapier,
F *C*
 saying: "stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver."



G
 Musha ring dum a doo dum a da.
C
 Whack fol the daddy - o,
F
 whack fol the daddy -o,
C *G* *C*
 there's whisky in the jar.

C *Am*
 He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
F *C* *G*
 I put it in my pocket to take home to darling Jenny.
C *Am*
 She sighed and swore she loved me, and never would deceive me,
F *C*
 But the devil take the woman for they never can be easy.

Chorus

C *Am*
 I went into the chamber all for to take a slumber,
F *C* *G*
 to dream of gold and girls. And of course it was no wonder,
C *Am*
 me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water
F *C*
 called on Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter

Chorus

C *Am*
 Next morning early before I rose to travel,
F *C* *G*
 a-came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell,
C *Am*
 I goes to draw my pistol for she'd stole away my rapier.
F *C*
 But a prisoner I was taken I couldn't shoot the water.

Chorus

C *Am*
 They put me into jail with a judge all a-writen'
F *C* *G*
 For robbing Colonel Farrell on Gilgarra mountain.
C *Am*
 But they didn't take me fists and I knocked the jailer down,
F *C*
 and bid a farewell to this tight fisted town.

Chorus

C *Am*
 I'd like to find me brother the one that's in the army,
F *C* *G*
 I don't know where he's stationed in Cork or in Killeeney.
C *Am*
 To-gether we'd go roaming over the mountains of Kilkenny,
F *C*
 and I swear he'd treat me fairer than me darling sporting Jenny.

Chorus

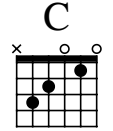
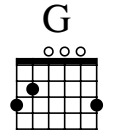
C *Am*
 There's some takes delight in the carriages and rolling
F *C* *G*
 some takes delight in the hurley or the bolling.
C *Am*
 But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
F *C*
 court-ing pretty maids in the morning, oh so early.

Chorus



Wild Rover

GC
 I've been a wild rover for many a year
GCD7G
 I spent all me money on whiskey and beer
GC
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store
GCD7G
 And I never will play the wild rover no more



D7GC
 And it's no nay never, (Clap Clap Clap) no nay never no more
GCD7G
 Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more

GC
 I went in to an alehouse I used to fre-quent
GCD7G
 And I told the land-lady me money was spent
GC
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay!"
GCD7G
 "Such custom as yours I could have any day!"

D7GC
 And it's no nay never, (Clap Clap Clap) no nay never no more
GCD7G
 Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more

GC
 I took out of me pocket ten sovereigns bright
GCD7G
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with de-light
GC
 She said: "I have whiskeys and wines on the best!"
GCD7G
 And the words that I told you were only in jest!"

$D7$ G C
 And it's no nay never, (Clap Clap Clap) no nay never no more
 G C $D7$ G
 Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more

G C
 I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
 G C $D7$ G
 And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
 G C
 And when they've caressed me as of'times before
 G C $D7$ G
 I never will play the wild rover no more.

$D7$ G C
 And it's no nay never, (Clap Clap Clap) no nay never no more
 G C $D7$ G
 Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more

Repeat Chorus



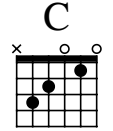
Band Played Waltzing Matilda

G C G Em
Now when I was a young man I carried me pack



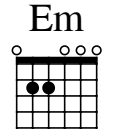
G D G
And I lived the free life on the rover

C G Em
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback



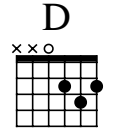
G D G
Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over

D C G
Then in 1915 me country said, Son



D C G
It's time you stopped rambling, there's work to be done

C G Em
So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun

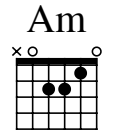


G D G
And they marched me away to the war



G C G
And the band played Waltzing Matilda

C D Dsus4 D
As the ship pulled away from the quay



C Am G Em
And amidst all the cheers, the flag-waving and tears

G D G
We sailed off for Gallipoli



G C G Em
And how well I remember that terrible day

G D G
How our blood stained the sand and the water

C G Em
And of how in that hell that they call Suvla Bay

G D G
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter

D C G
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well

D C G
He showered us with bullets, and he rained us with shell

C G Em
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell

G D G
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

Chorus

G C G Em
And those that were left, well, we tried to sur-vive
G D G
In that mad world of blood, death and fire
C G Em
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself a-live
G D G
While around me the corpses piled higher
D C G
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head
D C G
And when I woke up in me hospital bed
C G Em
And saw what it had done, well, I wished I was dead
G D G
Never knew there was worse things than dying

Chorus

G C G Em
So they gathered the crippled, the wounded, the maimed
G D G
And they shipped us back home to Australia
C G Em
The legless, the armless, the blind, the in-sane
G D G
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla
D C G
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
D C G
I looked at the place where me legs used to be
C G Em
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me
G D G
To grieve, to mourn, and to pity

Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Chorus

G C G Em
And so now every April I sit on my porch
G D G
And I watch the parade pass before me
C G Em
And I see my old comrades how proudly they march
G D G
Reviving old dreams of past glory
D C G
And the old men march slowly, all bones stiff and sore
D C G
They're tired old heroes from a forgotten war
C G Em
And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"
G D G
And I ask me-self the same question

Chorus

G C
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
G Em Am D
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?
G D Em C
And their ghosts may be heard as they march by that billabong
G D7 G
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?



Bully in The Alley

Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley.
Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

Sally is a girl that I loved dearly,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley.
Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

For seven long years I courted little Sally,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley.
All She did was dilly and dally,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

I left my Sal, I went a-sailing
Wey hey, Bully in the alley.
Signed on a big ship, I went a-whaling
Bully down in Shinbone al.

If ever I get back, I'll marry little Sally,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley.
Have six kids and live in Shinbone alley,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

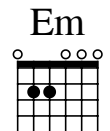
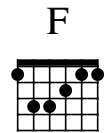
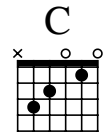
I thought I heard the old man saying,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley.
One more pull and we're belaying,
Bully down in Shinbone al.



ENCOUNTER WITH A WHALE.

Dark Island

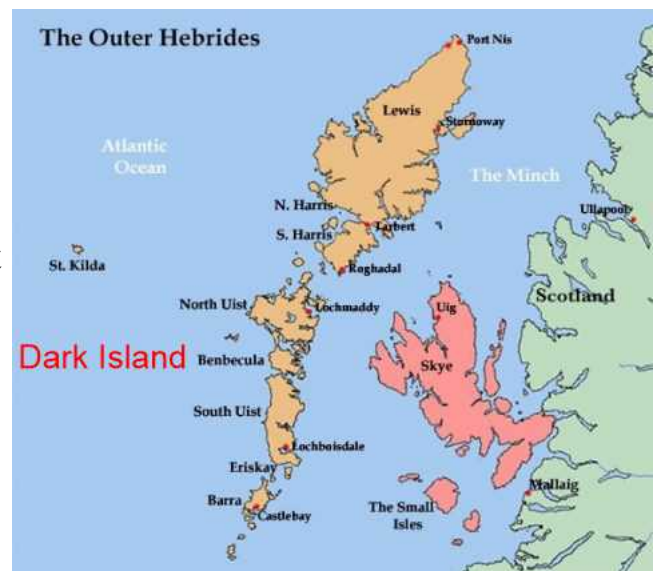
C *F* *C*
 Away to the Westward I'm longing to be
C *Em* *C* *G*
 Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea
G *C* *F* *C*
 Where the sweet purple heather runs fragrant and free
C *G7* *C*
 On a hill top high above the Dark Island.



C *F* *C*
 Oh Isle of my childhood I'm dreaming of thee
C *Em* *C* *G*
 As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree
G *C* *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

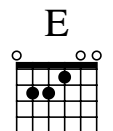
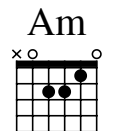
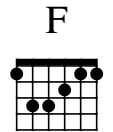
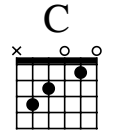
C *F* *C*
 So gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay
C *Em* *C* *G*
 Where the stream joins the ocean, and young children play
G *C* *F* *C*
 On the strand of pure silver, I'll welcome each day
C *G7* *C*
 And I'll roam forever more the Dark Island

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



Delaneys Donkey

G7 C F G C
 Now, De-laney had a donkey that everyone admired
F C G7
 Temporarily lazy and permanently tired
C F G C
 A leg at every corner balancing his head
Am F G7 C
 And a tail to let you know which end he wanted to be fed.
Am E Am
 Riley, slyly said "we've under-rated it
Am E Am
 Why not train it?" then they took a rag
C F G C
 They rubbed it, scrubbed it, they oiled and embrocated it
Am F C G7
 Got it at the post and when the starter dropped the flag
C F C F
 There was Riley pushing it, shoving it, shushing it
C F C G7
 Hogan, Logan and everyone in town
C F G C
 Lined up attacking it, n'shoving it and smacking it
Am F G G7
 They might as well a'tried to push the Town Hall down.
C F G C
 The donkey was eyeing them, openly defying them
F C G7
 Winking, blinking and twisting out of place,
C C7 F
 Riley re-versing it, everybody cursing it
C F G7 C
 The day Delaney's donkey ran the half mile race.
C F G C
 The muscles of the mighty never known to flinch
F C G7
 They couldn't move the donkey a quarter of an inch
C F G C
 De-laney lay ex-hausted hanging 'round his throat



Am *F* *G7* *C*
 With a grip just like a Scotsman on a five pound note.
Am *E* *Am*
 Starter Carter, he lined it with the rest of 'em
Am *E* *Am*
 When it saw them it was willing then
C *F* *G* *C*
 It raced up, braced up, ready for the best of 'em
Am *C* *G7*
 They started off to cheer it but it changed it's mind a-gain!
C *F* *C* *F*
 And there was Riley pushing it, shoving it, shushing it
C *F* *C* *G7*
 Hogan, Logan and Mary-Ann Mc-Grath
C *F* *G* *C*
 She started poking it and grabbing it and choking it
Am *F* *G* *G7*
 It kicked her in the bustle and it laughed hee-haw!
C *F* *G* *C*
 The Whigs and Con-servatives, the Radical Su-perlatives
F *C* *G7*
 Liberals and Tories they hurried to the place
C *C7* *F*
 Stood there in unity, helping the community
C *F* *G7* *C*
 The day Delaney's donkey ran the half mile race.
C *F* *G* *C*
 The crowd began to cheer it and Rafferty the judge
F *C* *G7*
 He came up to assist 'em but still it wouldn't budge
C *F* *G* *C*
 And the jockey who was riding it, little John Mc-Gee
Am *F* *G7* *C*
 Was so thoroughly dis-gusted that he went and had his tea!
Am *E* *Am*
 Hagan, Fagan were students of psy-chology
Am *E* *Am*
 Swore they'd shift him with some dyna-mite

C F G C
 They bought it, brought it, and without a-pology
Am C G7
 The donkey gave a sneeze and blew the whole lot outa sight.
C F C F
 And there was Riley pushing it, shoving it, shushing it
C F C G7
 Hogan, Logan and all the bally crew
C F G C
 Police and Aux-iliary, the Garrison Ar-tillery
Am F G G7
 The Second Enni-skillen's and the Life Guards too.
C F G C
 They seized it n'-harried it, they picked it up and carried it
F C G7
 Cheered it, steered it to the winning place.
C C7 F
 Then the bookmaker's drew aside, and they all committed suicide
C F G G7 C
 The day Delaney's donkey won the half mile race!



Girl I Left Behind Me

C *G* *F*
I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill
C

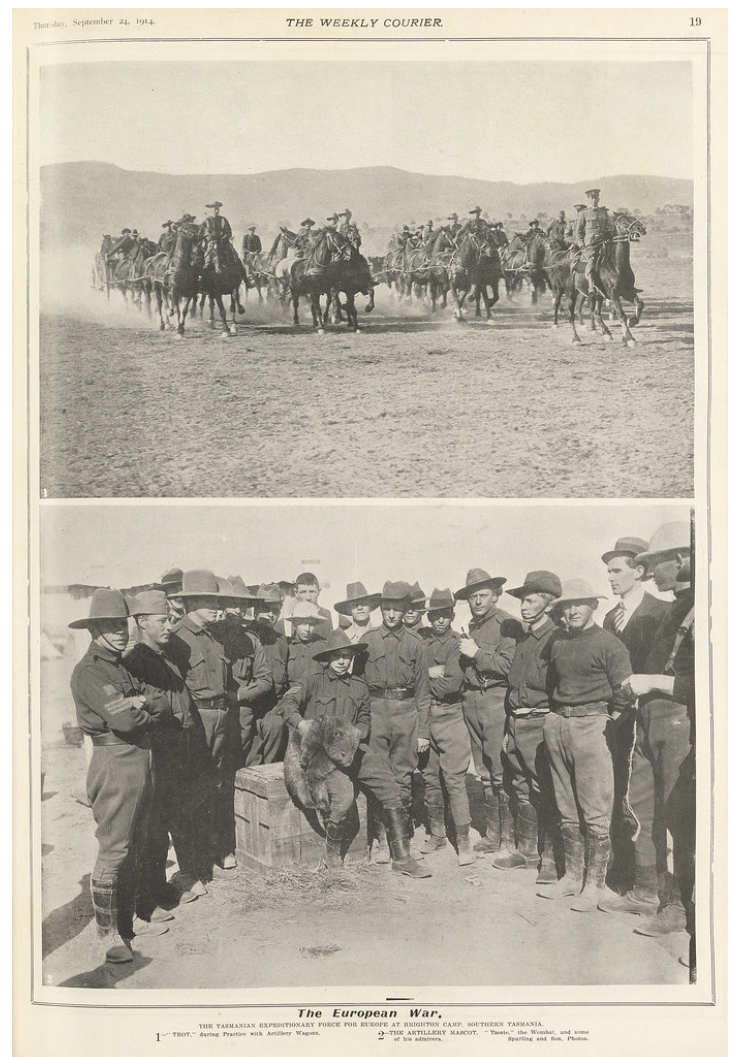
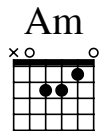
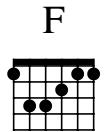
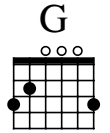
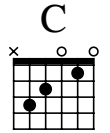
And o'er the moor and valley.

C *G* *F*
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
G *C*
Since parting with my Sally.

C *Am* *G* *Am* *G* *C*
I seek no more the fine and gay,
Am *G* *Am* *G*
For each does but re-mind me
C *G* *F*
How swift the hours did pass away
G *C*
With the girl I've left be-hind me.

C *G* *F*
Oh ne'er shall I for-get the night,
C
The stars were bright above me,
C *G* *F*
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
G *C*
When first she vowed she loved me.

C *Am* *G* *Am* *G* *C*
But now I'm bound to Brigh-ton camp,
Am *G* *Am* *G*
Kind Heav'n may fav-our find me,
C *G* *F*
And send me safely back again
G *C*
To the girl I've left be-hind me.



I'll Tell Me Ma

I'll tell me ma when I go home, the boys wont leave the girls alone,
 They pulled me hair and stole me comb, but that's all right till I go home,
 She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of Belfast City,
 She is courting one two three, please wont you tell me who is she?
 Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her.
 knock on her door, ring at the bell saying "Oh me true love are you well?"
 Out she comes as white as snow, rings on her fingers bells on her toes,
 Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die, if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving
 eye.

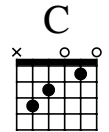
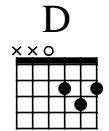
Chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high, and the snow come a
 travelin' through the sky,
 She's as sweet as apple pie, and she'll get her own lad by and by.
 When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she gets home,
 Let them all come as they will, but its Albert Mooney she loves still.

Chorus

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her.
 knock on her door, ring at the bell saying "Oh me true love are you well?"
 Out she comes as white as snow, rings on her fingers bells on her toes,
 Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die, if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving
 eye.

Chorus



Jute Mill Song

Ten and Nine

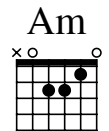
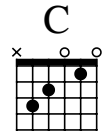
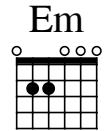
G *Em*
 Oh, dear me, the mill is runnin' fast
C *Am* *C* *Am* *G*
 And we poor shifters, can'na get no rest.
C
 Shiftin' bobbins course and fine –
G *C* *G*
 They surely make you work for your 10 & 9.

G *Em*
 Oh, dear me, I wish the day were done,
C *Am* *C* *Am* *G*
 A runnin' up and down the path – it is no fun.
C
 Shiftin' piece 'an spinnin', warp, weft 'an twine
G *C* *G*
 There's no much pleasure workin' for the 10 & 9.

G *Em*
 Oh, dear me, the world is ill divided
C *Am* *C* *Am* *G*
 Them that works the hardest are the least provided.
C
 But, I must bide contented, dark days or fine,
G *C* *G*
 To feed 'an clothe my babies off the 10 & 9.

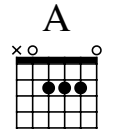
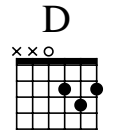
G *Em*
 Oh, dear me, the mill is runnin' fast
C *Am* *C* *Am* *G*
 And we poor shifters, can'na get no rest.
C
 Shiftin' bobbins course and fine –
G *C* *G*
 They surely make you work for your 10 & 9.

C
 Shiftin' bobbins course and fine –
G *C* *G*
 They surely make you work for your 10 & 9.



Mairi's Wedding

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



D
Over hill ways up and down
G *A*
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
D
Past the sheilings through the town
G *A*
All for sake of Mairi

Chorus

D
Red her cheeks as rowans are
G *A*
Bright her eyes as any star,
D
Fairest o' them all by far
G *A*
Is our darlin' Mairi

Chorus

D
Plenty herring, plenty meal
G *A*
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
D
Plenty bonny bairns as well
G *A*
That's the toast for Mairi

Chorus 2X



Molly Malone

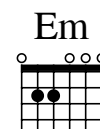
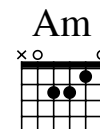
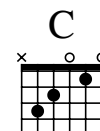
Capo 3

C *Am* *Dm* *G*
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

C *Em* *Dm* *G*
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma-lone,

C *Am* *Dm* *G*
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,

C *Em* *Dm* *C*
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"



C *Am Dm* *G*
Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh",
C *Em* *Dm* *C*
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

C *Am* *Dm* *G*
She was a fishmonger, And sure 'twas no wonder,

C *Em* *Dm* *G*
For so were her father and mother before,

C *Am* *Dm* *G*
And they all wheeled their barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,

C *Em* *Dm* *C*
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus

C *Am* *Dm* *G*
She died of a fever, And no one could save her,

C *Em* *Dm* *G*
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

C *Am*
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,

Dm *G*
Through streets broad and narrow,

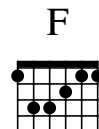
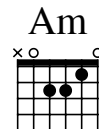
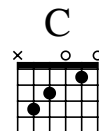
C *Em* *Dm* *C*
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus 2X



Rambling Irishman

C Am F G C Am F G
 I am a rambling Irish-man, In Ulster I was born in
C Am F G C Am F C
 Many's the pleasant day I spent, 'Round the shores of sweet Loch Er- in
C F C G C F C G
 But to be poor I could not en-dure, Like others of my sta-tion
C F C Dm7 C F G
 To Ameri- kay I sailed a-way, Left this I-rish na-tion



C Am Dm7 G C F C G
 Ran-tin-de-na, tan-tin-de-na Right an-tin-de-na in den-an-dy
C Am Dm7 G C F C
 Ran-tin-de-na, tan-tin-de-na Right an-tin-de-na in den-an-dy

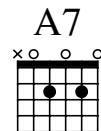
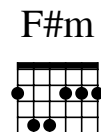
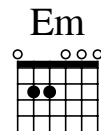
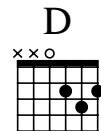
C Am F G C Am F G
 The night before I went away, I spent it with my dar- ling
C Am F G C Am F C
 Three o'clock in the after-noon, 'Til the break of day next morn-ing
C F C G C F C G
 But when that we were going to part, We lay in each other's a- rms
C F C Dm7 C F G
 To Ameri- kay we soon set sail, A journey with no cha-rms

C Am F G C Am F G
 And when we reached the other side We were both stout and heal-thy
C Am F G C Am F C
 Dropped the anchor in the bay Going down to Phila- delphi-ay
C F C G C F C G
 So let every lass drink to her lad in blue jacket and white trou-sers
C F C Dm7 C F G
 And let every lad drink to his lass and take them as life spous-es

C Am F G C Am F G
 I am a rambling Irish-man, In Ulster I was born in
C Am F G C Am F C
 Many's the pleasant day I spent, 'Round the shores of sweet Loch Er- in
C F C G C F C G
 But to be poor I could not en-dure, Like others of my sta-tion
C F C Dm7 C F G
 To Ameri- kay I sailed a-way, Left this I-rish na-tion

Rambling Rover

D
 There are sober men and plenty, and drunkards barely twenty,
G D Em F#m G
 There are men of over ninety, that have never yet kissed a girl.
D
 But give me a ramblin' rover, and from Orkney down to Dover.
G D G A7 D
 We will roam the country over, and together we'll face the world.



D
 There's many that feign enjoyment, from merciless employment,
G D Em F#m G
 Their am-bition was this de-ployment, from the minute they left the school.
D
 And they save and scrape and ponder, while the rest go out and squander,
G D G A7 D
 See the world and rove and wander, and are happier as a rule.

Chorus

D
 I've roamed through all the nations, in delight of all creations,
G D Em F#m G
 And enjoyed a wee sen-sation, where the company, it was kind.
D
 And when partin' was no pleasure, I've drunk another measure
G D G A7 D
 To the good friends that we treasure, for they always are in our mind.

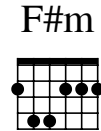
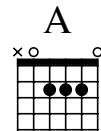
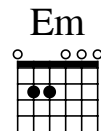
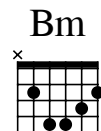
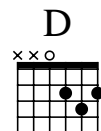
Chorus

D
 If you're bent with arthiritis, your bowels have got Colitis,
G D Em F#m G
 You've got gallopin' bolloc-kitis, and you're thinkin' it's time you died,
D
 If you been a man o' action, though you're lying there in traction,
G G A7 D
 You will get some satis-faction, thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

Red Is The Rose

Capo:3

D Bm Em G A
Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass
D Bm G F#m
Come over the hills to your dar-ling
G F#m G Em A
You choose the rode love, and I'll make the vow
D Bm Em A D
And I'll be your true love for ev- er



D Bm Em G A
Red is the rose that in yonder garden gr- ows
D Bm G F#m
Fair is the lily of the val- ley
G F#m G Em A
Clear is the water that flows from the Boy- ne
D Bm Em A D
But my love is fairer than a- ny

D Bm Em G A
'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed
D Bm G F#m
The moon and the stars they were shi- ning
G F#m G Em A
The moon shone its rays on her locks of gold-en hair
D Bm Em A D
She swore she'd be my true love for ev- er

Chorus

D Bm Em G A
It's not for the parting that my sister pains
D Bm G F#m
It's not for the grief of my mother
G F#m G Em A
'Tis all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass
D Bm Em A D
That my heart is breaking for ev- er

Chorus 2x





"Friends, Music and Fun"



www.olyssession.com