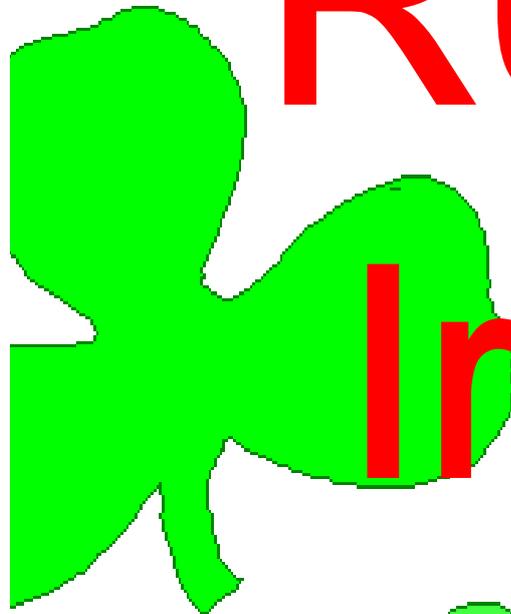


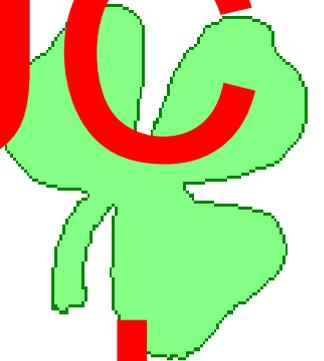
2018



RUC



Irish



Songbook



Like of the Irish

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An Irish Lullaby

3/4 time

Intro: [G] [G]

Chorus:

[G] Too ra [C] loo ra [G] loo ral [G7]
[C] Too ra [C] loo ra [C#dim] li [C#dim]
[G] Too-ra [C] loo ra [G] loo ral [G]
[A7] Hush, now [A7] don't you [D7] cry [D7]
[G] Too-ra [C] loo ra [G] loo ral [G7]
[C] Too ra [C] loo ra [C#dim] li [C#dim]
[G] Too ra [C] loo ra [G] loo ral [G]
That's an [A7] Irish [Cm] lulla-[G]-by [D7]

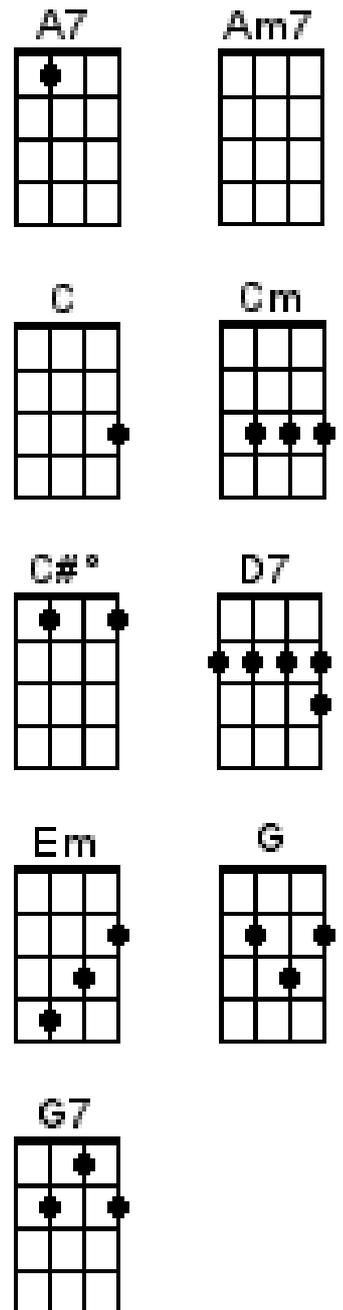
[G] Over [C] in Kil-[G]-larney [G]
[Em] Many [Em] years a-[G]-go [D7]
Me [G] mother [C] sang a [G] song to [G] me
In [A7] tones so [A7] sweet and [Am7] low [D7]
Just a [G] simple [C] little [G] ditty [G]
In her [Em] good ould [Em] Irish [G] way [G]
And I'd [C] give the world if [G] I could hear
That [A7] song of [A7] hers to-[Am7]-day [D7] [D7]

Chorus:

[G] Oft in [C] dreams I [G] wander [G]
[Em] To that [Em] cot a-[G]-gain [D7]
I [G] feel her [C] arms a-[G] huggin' [G] me
As [A7] when she [A7] held me [Am7] then [D7]
And I [G] hear her [C] voice a-[G] hummin' to me
[Em] As in [Em] days of [G] yore [G]
When she [C] used to rock me [G] fast asleep
Out-[A7]-side the [A7] cabin [Am7] door [D7] [D7]

Chorus:

Finish on [G↓]



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Rosendale

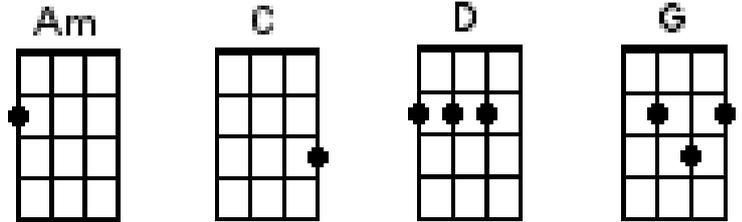


Ukulele Club

Black Velvet Band

6/8 time

Intro: [Am] [D] [G] (Last line of verse)



In a [G] neat little town they call Belfast apprenticed to [C] trade I was [D] bound
[G] Many an hour sweet happiness have I [Am] spent in that [D] neat little [G] town
'Till a sad misfortune came o'er me and caused me to [C] stray from the [D] land
Far a [G] way from my friends and relations. Be[Am]trayed by the [D] black velvet [G] band

Chorus:

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

I [G] took a stroll down Broadway meaning not [C] long for to [D] stay
When [G] who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come a [Am] traipsing a[D]long the high[G]way
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was [C] just like a [D] swan's
And her [G] hair hung over her shoulder. Tied [Am] up with a [D] black velvet [G] band

Chorus:

I [G] took a stroll with this pretty fair maid and a gentleman [C] passing us [D] by
Well, I [G] knew she meant the doing of him
By the [Am] look in her [D] roguish black [G] eye
A gold watch she took from his pocket and placed it right [C] into my [D] hand
And the [G] very first thing that I said was "bad [Am] 'cess to the [D] black velvet [G] band"

Chorus:

Be[G]fore the judge and the jury, next morning I [C] had to ap[D]pear
The [G] judge he says to me, "Young fellow the [Am] case against [D] you is quite [G] clear
Seven long years is your sentence, to be spent far a [C] way from this [D]land
Far a[G]way from your friends and relations. Be[Am]cause of that [D] Black Velvet [G] Band

Chorus:

So [G] come all ye jolly young fellows. I'll [C] have you take warnin' by [D] me
And when-[G]ever you're out on the liquor me lads
Be-[Am]ware of the [D] pretty col[G]leens
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter, till [C] you are not able to [D] stand
And the [G] very next thing that you know me lads
You've [Am] landed in [D] Van Diemen's [G] Land

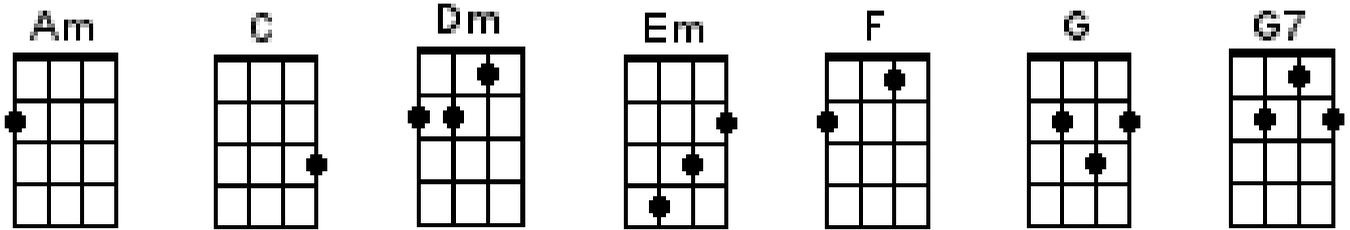
Chorus: (Slow last line)

Contents

Rossendale



Curragh of Kildare



Intro: [C] [C] [C] [C]

The [C] winter it is [Am] past and the [F] summer's come at [G] last
And the birds they are [Em] singing in [Dm] the [G] trees
Their [F] little hearts are [C] glad but [Dm] mine is very [G] sad
For my [C] true love is [Dm] far away from [G] me [G7]

All [C] you that are in [Am] love and [F] cannot it re[G]move
I pity the [Dm] pain that you in[G]dure
For experience lets me [C] know that your [Dm] hearts are full of [G7] woe
It's a [C] woe that no [Dm] mortal can en[G]dure [G7]

A [C] livery I will [Am] wear and [F] I'll comb back my [G] hair
In vel[Dm]vet so [G] green I will appear
And it's then I will re[C]pair to the [Dm] Curragh of Kil[G7]dare
For it's [C] there I'll find [Dm] tidings of my [G] dear [G7]

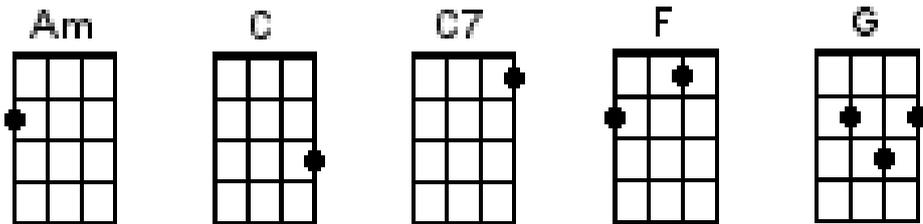
The [C] rose upon the [Am] briar and the [F] water running [G] free
Gives joy to the [Dm] linnnet and the [G] bee
Their [F] little hearts are [C] blessed but [Dm] mine is not at [G7] rest
For my [C] true love is [Dm] absent from [G] me. [G7] [C↓]

Contents

Rossendale



Danny Boy



Intro: [C↓]

Oh Danny [C] boy, the pipes, the pipes are [F] calling
From glen to [C] glen, and down the mountain [G] side
The summer's [C] gone, and all the flowers are [F] dying
'tis you, 'tis [C] you must [G] go and I must [C] bide.

But [C7] come you [F] back when [G] summer's in the [C] meadow
Or [C7] when the [F] valley's [G] hushed and white with snow
'tis I'll be [C] there in [F] sunshine or in [C] sha[Am]dow
Oh Danny [C] boy, oh Danny [F] boy, I [G] love you [C] so.

And [C7] if you [F] come, when [G] all the flowers are [C] dying
And [C7] I am [F] dead, as [G] dead I well may be
You'll come and [C] find the [F] place where I am [C] ly[Am]ing
And kneel and [C] say an [F] "Ave" [G] there for [C] me.

And I [C7] shall [F] hear, tho' [G] soft you tread a[C]bove me
And [C7] all my [F] dreams will [G] warm and sweeter be
If you'll not [C] fail to [F] tell me that you [C] love [Am] me
I simply [C] sleep in [F] peace until you [G] come to [C] me [C] [C] [C↓]

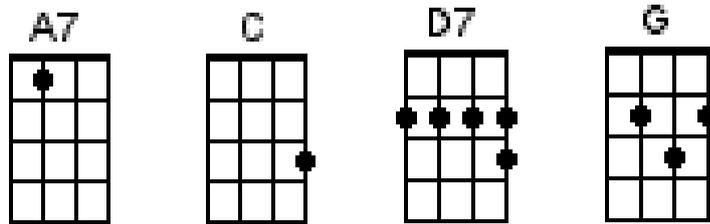
[Contents](#)

Rosendale



Ukulele Club

Forty Shades of Green



Intro: [C] [G] [D7] [G] (Last two lines of Chorus)

I [G] close my eyes and picture, the [C] emerald of the sea
From the [C] fishing boats at [G] Dingle,
To the [A7] shores of Duna' [D7] dee
I [G] miss the river Shannon, and the [C] folks at Skipparee
The [C] moorlands and the [G] meadows,
With their [D7] forty shades of [G] green [G]

Chorus:

But [C] most of all I [D7] miss a girl, in [G] Tipperary Town
And [C] most of all I [D7] miss her lips, as [G] soft as eider[D7]down
A[G]gain I want to see and do, the [C] things we've done and seen
Where the [C] breeze is sweet as [G] Shalimar
And there's [D7] forty shades of [G] green

Inst: [C] [G] [D7] [G] (Last two lines of Chorus)

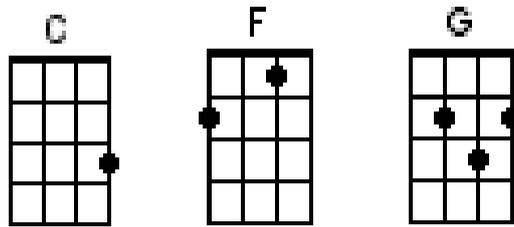
I [G] wish that I could spend an hour, at [C] Dublin's churning surf
I'd love to watch the [G] farmers, drain the [A7] bogs and spade the [D7] turf
To [G] see again the thatching, of the [C] straw the women glean
I'd [C] walk from Cork to [G] Larne to see the [D7] forty shades of [G] green

But [C] most of all I [D7] miss a girl in [G] Tipperary Town
And [C] most of all I [D7] miss her lips, as [G] soft as eider[D7]down
[G] Again I want to see and do the [C] things we've done and seen
Where the [C] breeze is sweet as [G] Shalimar
And there's [D7] forty shades of [G] green

Inst: [C] [G] [D7] [G] (Last two lines of Chorus)

Contents

Galway Bay



Intro: [C↓]

If you [C↓] ever go across the sea to [G↓] Ireland,
It [G↓] maybe at the dawning of the [C↓] day
You will [C↓] sit and watch the moon rise over [F↓] Claddagh
And [G↓] watch the sun go down on [G↓] Galway [C↓] bay. [C] [C]

Just to [C] hear again the ripple of the [G] trout stream
The women in the meadow making [C] hay,
And to sit beside the turf fire in a [F] cabin,
And [G] watch the bare-foot gossoons as they [C] play

For the [C] breezes blowing over the sea's from [G] Ireland
Are perfumed by the heather as it [C] blows
And the women in the uplands diggin [F] praties
Speak a [G] language that strangers do not [C] know

For the [C] strangers came and tried to teach us [G] their ways
They scorned us just for being who we [C] are
But they might as well go chasing after [F] moonbeams
Or [G] light a penny candle from a [C] star

And if [C] there is going to be a life here [G] after
And somehow I am sure there's going to [C] be
I will ask my God to let me make my [F] heaven
In [G] that dear land across the Irish [C↓] sea.

Contents

Rossendale



Ukulele Club

Galway Girl - Steve Earle

* Don't sing words in **blue** Play only

Intro: 1234 (straight in)

Well, I [C] took a stroll on the old long walk
 On a [C] day-lay-l-[F]ay
 I [C] met a little girl and we [Am] stopped to talk
 On a [C] fine soft [G] day-l-[C] ay
 And I ask you, [C] friend, what's a [F] fella to [C] do
 'Cause her [Am] hair was black and her [G] eyes were [C] blue
 And I [F] knew right [C] then I'd be [F] takin' a [C] whirl
 'Round the [Am] Salthill Prom with a [G] Galway [C] girl

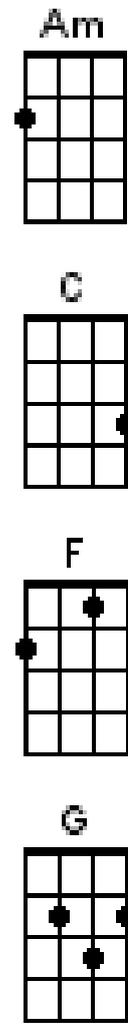
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 F↓↓ C↓↓ F↓↓ C↓↓ G↓↓↓↓ C↓↓↓↓

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

Inst: C↓↓↓↓ C↓↓↓↓ F↓↓↓↓ C↓↓↓↓ F↓↓ C↓↓ F↓↓ C↓↓ G↓↓↓↓ C↓↓↓↓
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When I [C] woke up I was all alone
 *On a [C] day-lay-l-[F]ay
 With a [C] broken heart and a [Am] ticket home
 *On a [C] fine soft [G] day-l-[C] ay
 And I [F] ask you [C] now, tell me [F] what would you [C] do
 If her [Am] hair was black and her [G] eyes were [C] blue
 I've [F] travelled a [C] round I've been all [F] over this [C] world
 Boys I [Am] never seen nothin' like a [G] Galway [C] girl

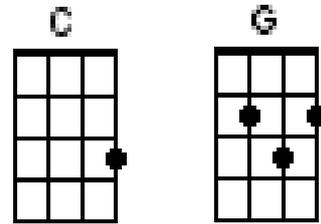
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Goodbye Mursheen Durkin



Intro: [C] [G] [C] [C]

In [C] the days I went a [G] courtin', I was never tired re[C]sortin'
To the alehouse and the [G] playhouse or many a house be[C]side,
I told me brother [G] Seamus I'd go off and go right [C] famous
And before I'd [G] return again I'd roam the world [C] wide.

Chorus:

So [C] goodbye Mursheen [G] Durkin, sure I'm sick and tired of [C] working,
No more I'll dig the [G] praties, no longer I'll be [C] fooled.
For as sure as me name is [G] Carney I'll be off to Cali[C]fornia,
Where instead of diggin' [G] praties I'll be diggin' lumps of [C] gold.

Chorus:

I've [C] courted girls in [G] Blarney, in Kanturk and in [C] Killarney
In Passage and in [G] Queenstown, that is the Cobh of [C] Cork.
But goodbye to all this [G] pleasure, for I'm going to take me [C] leisure
And the next time you will [G] hear from me'll be a letter from New [C] York,

Chorus:

Good[C]bye to all the [G] boys at home, I'm sailing far a[C]cross the foam
To try to make me [G] fortune in far Americ[C]ay,
For there's gold and money [G] plenty for the poor and for the [C] gentry
And when I come [G] back again I never more will [C] stray.

Chorus:

When [C] I landed in A[G]merica I met a man named [C] Burke.
He told me if I [G] wait awhile he'd surely find me [C] work.
But work he did not [G] find me so there's nothing here to [C] bind me. [Contents](#)
And I'm off to seek my [G] fortune in Californi[C]ay.

Chorus:



I'll tell Me Ma

Intro: Last four lines of the Chorus

Chorus:

I'll [G] tell me ma when [C] I get [G] home
The [D7] boys won't leave the [G] girls alone
They pulled me hair and they [C] stole me [G] comb
But [D7] that's all right till [G] I go home
[G] She is handsome [C] she is pretty
[G] She's the Belle of [D7] Belfast city
[G] She is courtin' [C] one two three
[G] Please won't you [D7] tell me [G] who is she

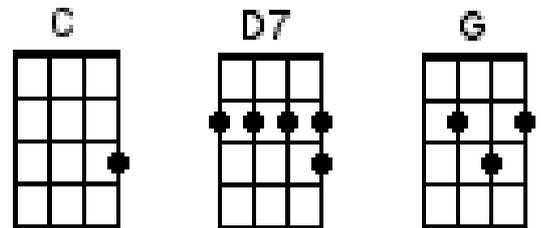
[G] Albert Mooney [C] says he [G] loves her
[D7] All the boys are [G] fightin' for her
[G] They rap on her door and [C] ring on the [G] bell
[D7] Will she come out [G] who can tell
[G] Out she comes as [C] white as snow
[G] Rings on her fingers and [D7] bells on her toes
[G] Old Jenny Murray says that [C] she will die
If she [G] doesn't get the [D7] fella with the [G] roving eye

Chorus:

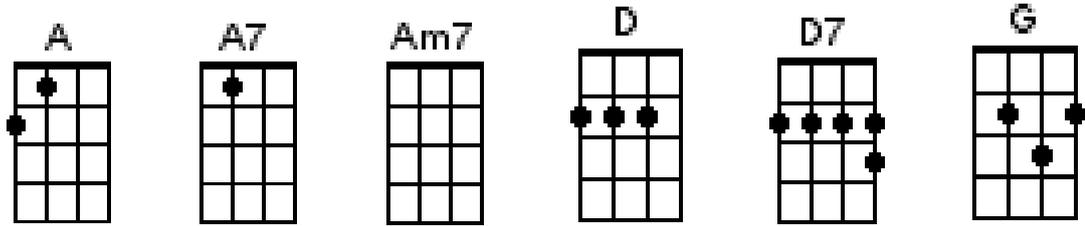
[G] Let the wind and the rain and the [C] hail blow [G] high
And the [D7] snow come travellin' [G] through the sky
[G] She's as nice as [C] apple [G] pie
She'll [D7] get her own lad [G] by and by
[G] When she gets a [C] lad of her own
She [G] won't tell her ma when [D7] she gets home
[G] Let them all come [C] as they will
It's [G] Albert [D7] Mooney [G] she loves still

Chorus then

Repeat Chorus Slow down to finish on [G↓]



If You're Irish Come Into The Parlour



If you're **[G]** Irish come into the **[A7]** parlour,
There's a **[D]** welcome there for **[G]** you;
If your **[D7]** name is **[G]** Timothy or Pat,
So **[D]** long as you come from **[A]** Ireland,
There's a **[D]** welcome on the mat,

If you **[G]** come from the Mountains of **[A7]** Mourne,
Or Killar**[D]**ney's lakes so **[G]** blue,
We'll sing you a song and we'll **[D7]** make a fuss,
[G] Whoever you are you are **[D7]** one of us,
If you're **[G]** Irish, **[Am7]** this is the **[D7]** place for **[G]** you

Verse 1 on Kazoo

If you're **[G]** Irish come into the **[A7]** parlour,
There's a **[D]** welcome there for **[G]** you;
If your **[D7]** name is **[G]** Timothy or Pat,
So **[D]** long as you come from **[A]** Ireland,
There's a **[D]** welcome on the mat,

If you **[G]** come from the Mountains of **[A7]** Mourne,
Or Killar**[D]**ney's lakes so **[G]** blue,
We'll sing you a song and we'll **[D7]** make a fuss,
[G] Whoever you are you are **[D7]** one of us,
If you're **[G]** Irish, **[Am7]** this is the **[D7]** place for **[G]** you **[G↓↓]**

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Rosendale



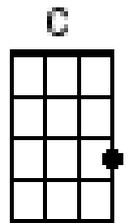
Ukulele Club

Isn't it Grand Boys

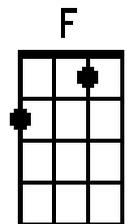
3/4 time

Intro: [C] [C] [C]

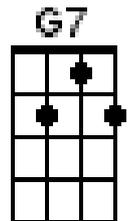
Look at the [C] coffin, with golden [F] handles
Isn't it [C] grand, boys to be bloody well [G7] dead
Let's not have a [C] sniffle, [F] Let's have a bloody good [C] cry
And [F] always remember, the [C] longer you live
The [G7] sooner you'll bloody well [C] die



Look at the [C] mourners, bloody great [F] hypocrites
Isn't it [C] grand, boys to be bloody well [G7] dead
Let's not have a [C] sniffle, [F] Let's have a bloody good [C] cry
And [F] always remember, the [C] longer you live
The [G7] sooner you'll bloody well die



Look at the [C] flowers, all bloody well [F] withered
Isn't it [C] grand, boys to be bloody well [G7] dead
Let's not have a [C] sniffle, [F] Let's have a bloody good [C] cry
And [F] always remember, the [C] longer you live
The [G7] sooner you'll bloody well [C] die



Look at the [C] preacher, bloody sancti[F]monious
Isn't it [C] grand, boys to be bloody well [G7] dead
Let's not have a [C] sniffle, [F] Let's have a bloody good [C] cry
And [F] always remember, the [C] longer you live
The [G7] sooner you'll bloody well [C] die

Look at the [C] widow, a bloody great [F] female
Isn't it [C] grand, boys to be bloody well [G7] dead
Let's not have a [C] sniffle, [F] Let's have a bloody good [C] cry
And [F] always remember, the [C] longer you live
The [G7] sooner you'll bloody well [C] die

*Can also add:
grave (it's a bloody big hole)
hearse (it's a bloody nice car)*

Contents

Rossendale

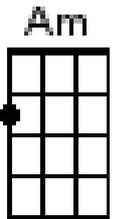


Ukulele Club

Maids When You're Young

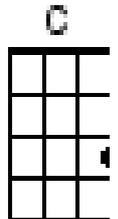
6/8 time

An [C] old man came [C] courting me, [C] hey ding [G7] doorum day [G7]
An [C] old man came [Am] courting me, [C] me being [G7] young [G7]
An [C] old man came [G] courting me, [C] fain would he [F] marry me
[C] Maids, when you're [Dm] young, never [G7] wed an old [C] man [C]

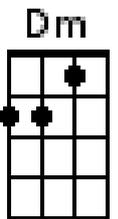


Chorus:

For he's [C] got no fal[C]oorum fa[Dm]liddle aye[G7]oorum
He's [C] got no fa[Am]loorum fal[C]iddle aye[G7]ay [G7]
He's [C] got no fa[G]loorum, he's [F] lost his ding [C] doorum
So [C] maids, when you're [Dm] young never [G7] wed an old [C] man [C]

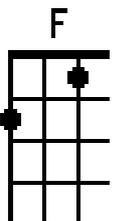


[C] When we [C] went to church, [C] hey ding [G7] doorum day [G7]
[C] When we [Am] went to church, [C] me being [G7] young [G7]
[C] When we [G] went to church, [C] he left me [F] in the lurch
[C] Maids, when you're [Dm] young, never [G7] wed an old [C] man [C]



Chorus:

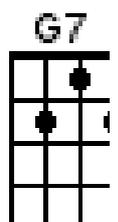
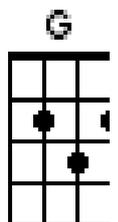
[C] When we [C] went to bed, [C] hey ding [G7] doorum day [G7]
[C] When we [Am] went to bed, [C] me being [G7] young [G7]
[C] When we [G] went to bed, [C] he lay like [F] he was dead
[C] Maids, when you're [Dm] young, never [G7] wed an old [C] man [C]



Chorus:

Play really quiet and whisper

[C] When he [C] went to sleep, [C] hey ding [G7] doorum day [G7]
[C] When he [Am] went to sleep, [C] me being [G7] young [G7]
[C] When he [G] went to sleep, [C] out of bed [F] I did creep
[C] Into the [Dm] arms of a [G7] handsome young [C] man [C]



Chorus:

And I [C] found his fal[C]oorum fa[Dm]liddle aye[G7]oorum
I [C] found his fa[Am]loorum fal[C]iddle aye[G7]ay [G7]
I [C] found his fa[G]loorum, I [F] got my ding [C] doorum
Slower: So [C] maids, when you're [Dm] young,
Never [G7] wed an old [C] man [C] [C↓↓]

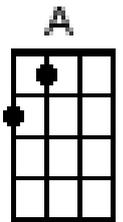
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Rossendale

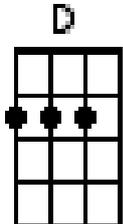


McAlpines Fusiliers

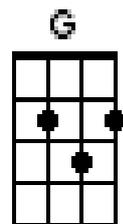
Poem Intro: *It was in the year of 39 when the sky was full of lead.
When Hitler was heading for Poland and Paddy for Hollyhead.
Come all you pincher laddies and you long distant men.
Don't ever work for McAlpine for Whimpy or John Lang.
For you'll stand behind a mixer till your skin is turned to tan.
And they'll say good on you Paddy with your boat fare in your hand
The craic was good in Cricklewood we wouldn't leave the Crown
With bottles flying and Biddies crying sure Paddy was on the town
Oh mother dear I'm over here and I'm never coming back
What keeps me here is the rake of beer the women and the craic.*



As [C] down the glen came Mc[F]Alpines men
With their [C] shovels [G] slung be[C]hind them
'Twas in the pub that they [F] drank their sub
And up in the spike you'll find them
They [C] sweated blood and they [F] washed down mud
With pints and quarts of beer
And [C] now we're on the [F] road again With Mc[C]Alpines [G] Fusi[C]lers



I [C] stripped to the skin with the [F] darkie Finn
Way [C] down upon the [G] Isle of [C] Grain
With the horse face Toole we [F] knew the rule
No money if you stop for rain
Mc[C]Alpines God was a [F] well filled hod
Your shoulders cut to bits and seared
And [C] woe to he [F] went to look for tea With Mc[C]Alpines [G] Fusi[C]lers



I [C] remember the day when the [F] Bear O' Shea
Fell [C] into a [G] concrete [C] stairs
What horse face said when he [F] saw him dead
It wasn't what the rich called prayers
I'm a [C] navy short was the [F] one retort
That reached onto my ears
When the [C] going gets rough then you [F] must be tough
With Mc[C]Alpines [G] Fusi[C]lers

Instrumental: - One verse Kazzoo or banjolele

I've [C] worked till the sweat nearly [F] had me bet
With [C] Russian [G] Czech and [C] Pole
On shuddering jams up in the [F] hydro dams
Or underneath the Thames in a hole
I [C] grafted hard and I [F] got me cards
And many a gangers fist across me ears
If you [C] pride your life don't [F] join by cripes
With Mc[C]Alpines [G] Fusi[C]lers [G7↓] [C↓]

Contents

Rossendale



Ukulele Club

McNamara's Band

Intro: [G] [G] [G] [G]

Oh [G] me name is McNamara,
I'm the leader of a band,
And [C] though we're small in [G] number,
We're the [A7] best in all the [D7] land.
Of [G] course I'm the conductor
And I've often had to play
With [C] all the fine [G] musicians
That you [A7] read a [D7]bout to [G]day [G]

Chorus:

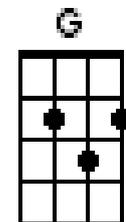
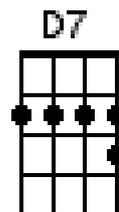
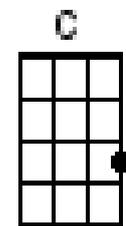
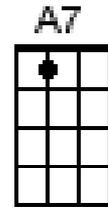
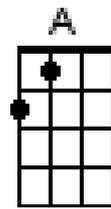
The [G] drums they bang, the cymbals clang,
The horns they blaze away,
Ma[C]Carthy puffs the [G] ould bassoon,
Doyle [A7] and I the pipes does [D7] play.
[G] Hennessey tuteily tootles the flute,
The music is something grand,
And a [C] credit to ould [G] Ireland's boys
Is [A7] McNa[D7]mara's [G] Band [G]

When[G]ever an election's on
We play on either side,
And the [C] way we play the [G] fine ould airs
Fills [A7] every heart with [D7] pride.
[G] If dear Tom Moore was living now
He'd make them understand
That [C] none can do [G] him justice
Like [A7] ould McNa[D7]mara's [G] Band [G]

Chorus:

Just [G] now we are practicing
For a very grand affair,
It's an [C] annual cele[G]bration,
All the [A7] gentry will be [D7] there.
[G] The girls and boys will all turn out
With flags and colours grand,
And [C] in front of the pro[G]cession
Will [C] be McNa[D7]mara's [G] Band [G]

Chorus: finishing with a single strum on [G↓]



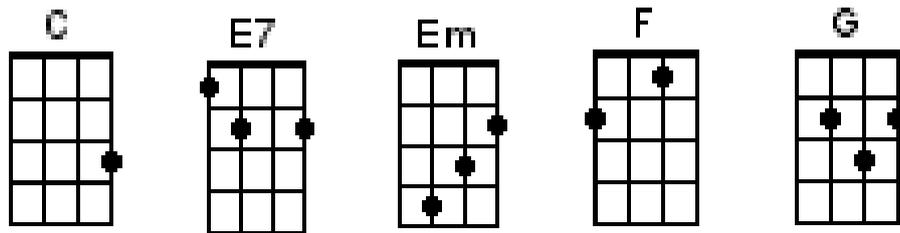
Contents

Rosendale



Ukulele Club

Mary from Dungloe



Intro: First two lines

[C] Oh, then fare thee [G] well, sweet [F] Done[C]gal,
The [Em] Rosses [F] and Gwee[C]dore.
I'm crossing [G] the wide [F] oce[G]an,
Where the [F] foaming [C] billows [E7] roar,
It [C] breaks my [G] heart from [F] you to [G] part,
Where I [F] spent many [C] happy [E7] days.
Fare[C]well to [G] kind re[F]lati[C]ons
For I'm [Em] bound for A[F]merika[C]y.

[C] Ah, then Mary, [G] you're my [F] hearts de[C]light,
My [Em] pride and [F] only [C] care,
It was your [G] cruel [F] fa[G]ther
Would [F] not let [C] me stay [E7] there.
But [C] absence [G] makes the [F] heart grow [G] fond
And [F] when I'm [C] o'er the [E7] main,
May the [C] Lord pro[G]tect my [F] darling [C] girl
'til [Em] I re[F]turn ag[C]ain.

[C] Oh I wish I [G] was in [F] sweet Dung[C]loe
And [Em] seated [F] on the [C] grass.
And by my [G] side a [F] bottle of [G] wine
And [F] on my [C] knee a [E7] lass.
I'd [C] call for [G] liquor [F] of the [G] best
And [F] I'd pay [C] before [E7] I go
And I'd [C] roll my [G] Mary [F] in my [C] arms
In the [Em] town of [F] sweet Dung[C]loe. [C↓] (Extend 'loe' only)

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Mingulay Boat Song

Mingulay is a Scottish island but the song has been performed by many Irish singers and groups.

For a change the bars have been included.

Intro: [C] [C]

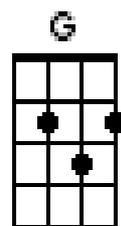
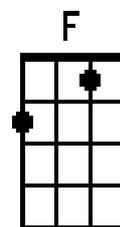
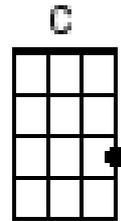
[C] Heel ya ho boys / let her go boys
Bring her **[G]** head round / into the **[F]** weather
Heel **[C]** ya ho boys / let her go boys
Sailing **[G]** homeward / to Mingu**[C]**lay

[C] What care we boys / how white the Minch is
What care **[G]** we boys / of **[F]** windy weather
When we **[C]** know that / every inch is
Sailing **[G]** homeward / to Mingu**[C]**lay

[C] Heel ya ho boys / let her go boys
Bring her **[G]** head round / into the **[F]** weather
Heel **[C]** ya ho boys / let her go boys
Sailing **[G]** homeward / to Mingu**[C]**lay

[C] Wives are waiting / on the pier head,
Gazing **[G]** seaward / from the **[F]** heather.
Pull her **[C]** head 'round / and we'll anchor
'Ere the **[G]** sun sets / on Mingu**[C]**lay!

[C] Heel y'ho boys / let her go boys
Bring her **[G]** head round / into the **[F]** weather
Heel **[C]** ya ho boys / let her go boys
Sailing **[G]** homeward / to Mingu**[C]**lay



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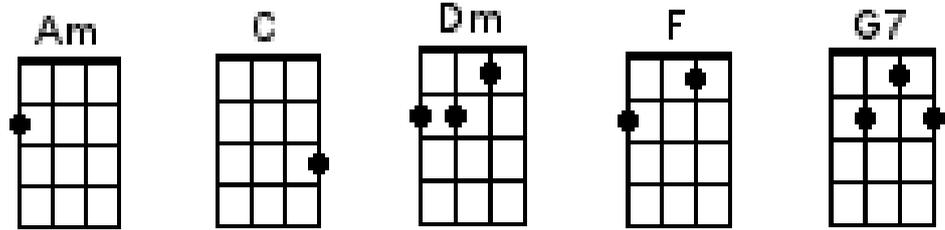
Rosendale



Ukulele Club

Molly Malone

6/8 time



In [C] Dublin's fair [Am] city,
where the [Dm] girls are so [G7] pretty,
I [C] first set my [Am] eyes on sweet [F] Molly Ma[G7]lone
As she [C] wheeled her wheel [Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] cockles and mussels
A[G7]live, alive [C] O Alive, alive [Am] O a[Dm]live, alive [G7] O
Crying [C] cockles and mussels, a[G7]live, alive [C] O [C]

She [C] was a fish[Am]monger,
but [Dm] sure 'twas no [G7] wonder
For [C] so were her [Am] father and [F] mother be[G7]fore
And they [C] each wheeled their [Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] cockles and mussels
A[G7]live, alive [C] O Alive, alive [Am] O a[Dm]live, alive [G7] O
Crying [C] cockles and mussels, a[G7]live, alive [C] O [C]

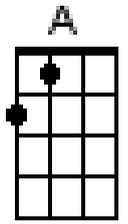
She [C] died of a [Am] fever, and
[Dm] no one could [G7] save her
And [C] that was the [Am] end of sweet [F] Molly Ma[G7]lone
But her [C] ghostwheels her [Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] cockles and mussels
A[G7]live, alive [C] O Alive, alive [Am] O a[Dm]live, alive [G7] O
Crying [C] cockles and mussels, a[G7]live, (slower) alive [C↓] O

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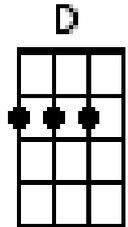


Old Maid in the Garret

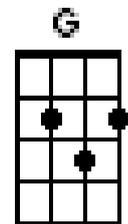
Now I've [D] often heard it said from me father and me mother
That the [A] going tae a wedding is the [G] making of a [D] nother
[D] Well, if this be [G] true, I will [D] go without a biddin
Oh kind providence, won't you send me tae a [A] wedding



And its [D] Oh [G] dear [D] me, how would it [G] be,
If I [D] die an old maid in the [A] garr[D]et



[D] Well, there's my sister Jean, she's not handsome or good looking
Scarcely [A] sixteen and a [G] fella she was [D] courting
[D] Now at twenty-[G] four with a [D] son and a daughter
Here am I at forty-five and I've never had an [A] offer



And its [D] Oh [G] dear [D] me, how would it [G] be,
If I [D] die an old maid in the [A] garr[D]et

[D] I can cook and I can sew and I can keep the house right tidy
[A] Rise up in the morning and [G] get the breakfast [D] ready
[D] There's nothing in this [G] whole world would [D] make me half so cheery
As a wee fat man to call me his own [A] deary

And its [D] Oh [G] dear [D] me, how would it [G] be,
If I [D] die an old maid in the [A] garr[D]et

So [D] come landsman or come pinsman, come tinker or come tailor
Come [A] fiddler or come dancer, come [G] ploughboy or come [D] sailor
Come [D] rich man, come [G] poor man, come [D] fool or come witty
Come any man at all that will marry me for [A] pity

And its [D] Oh [G] dear [D] me, how would it [G] be,
If I [D] die an old maid in the [A] garr[D]et

Well [D] now I'm away home for nobody's heeding
[A] Nobody's heeding and [G] nobody's [D] pleading
I'll [D] go away to my [G] own bitty [D] garret
If I can't get a man, then I'll have to get a [A] parrot

And its [D] Oh [G] dear [D] me, how would it [G] be
If I [D] die an old maid in the [A] garr[D]et [D] [D]↓↓

Contents



Step it out Mary

Intro: [Dm] [Dm] [Dm] [Dm]

Chorus:

Step it out, [Dm] Mary, my fine [C] daughter
Step it out, [Dm] Mary, if you [C] can
Step it out, [Dm] Mary, my fine [C] daughter
Show your [Dm] legs to the [Am] country [Dm] man

In the [Dm] village of [C] Kilgory,
There's a [Dm] maiden young and [C] fair
Her eyes [Dm] they shone like [C] diamonds,
She had [Dm] long and [Am] golden [Dm] hair
Then a [Dm] countryman came [C] riding,
Up [Dm] to her father's [C] gates
Mounted [Dm] on a milk-white [C] stallion,
He came [Dm] at the [Am] stroke of [Dm] eight

Chorus:

I have [Dm] come to wed your [C] daughter,
Mary [Dm] of the golden [C] hair
I have [Dm] gold and I have [C] silver
I have [Dm] land be[Am]yond com[Dm]pare
I will [Dm] buy her silks and [C] satin
And a [Dm] gold ring for her [C] hand
I will [Dm] buy for her a [C] mansion,
She'll have [Dm] servants [Am] to comm[Dm]and

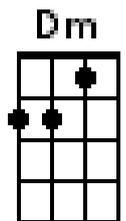
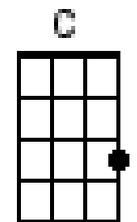
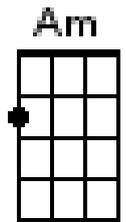
Chorus:

Kind sir [Dm] I love a [C] soldier,
I have [Dm] pledged to him my [C] hand
I don't [Dm] want your gold or [C] silver,
I don't [Dm] want your [Am] house or [Dm] land
Mary's [Dm] father spoke up [C] sharply,
You will [Dm] do as you are [C] told
You will [Dm] marry him on [C] Sunday
And you'll [Dm] wear his [Am] ring of [Dm] gold

Chorus:

Near the [Dm] village of Kil[C]gory
There's a [Dm] deep stream running [C] by
They found [Dm] Mary there at [C] midnight,
She had [Dm] drowned with her [Am] soldier [Dm] boy
In the [Dm] village there is [C] music,
You can [Dm] hear her father [C] say
Step it out [Dm] Mary, my fine [C] daughter,
Sunday is [Dm] your [Am] wedding [Dm] day.

Chorus twice:



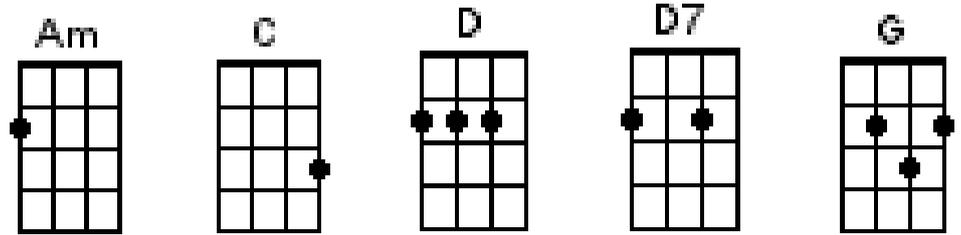
Contents

Rossendale



Ukulele Club

The Bold O'Donahue



Intro: [D] [G]

Well [G] here I am from Paddy's land, the [C] land of high renown
I [D] broke the hearts of all the girls four miles from Keady [G] Town
And when they hear that I'm awa' they'll [C] raise a hullaba[Am]lloo
When they [D] hear about the han'som lad that they call O'Dona[G]hue

Chorus:

For [G] I'm the boy to squeeze her and [C] I'm the boy to [Am] please her
[D] I'm the boy can tease her up and I'll tell you what I'll [G] do
I'll court her like an Irishman with the [C] brogue and blarney [Am] too is me plan
With me [D] rollickin swollikin hollikin wollikin bold O'Dona[G]hue

I wish me love was a red red rose [C] growin' on yon garden [Am] wall
And [D] me to be a dew drop - and upon her brow I'd [G] fall
Perhaps now she might think of me as a [C] rather heavy [Am] dew
No [D] more she'd love the han'som lad that they call O'Dona[G]hue

Chorus:

Instrumental verse (Kazzoo)

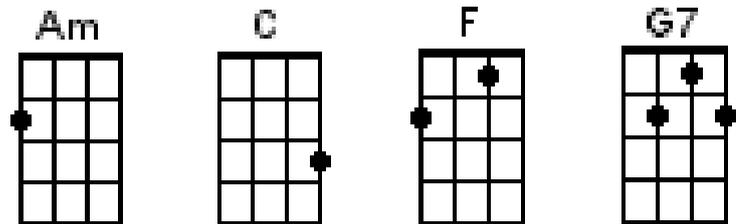
Chorus:

I [G] hear that Queen Victoria has a [C] daughter fine and [Am] grand
Per[D] haps she'd take it into her head for to marry an Irish[G] man
And if I could only get the chance to [C] have a word or [Am] two
I'm [D] sure she'd take a notion in the bold O'Dona[G]hue

Chorus: x 2

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The Enniskillen Dragoons



Intro: [C] [G7] [C] (Last line of verse)

Our [C] troop was made [G7] ready at the dawning of the [C] day,
From [Am] lovely Ennis[G]killen they were [G7] marching us a[C]way.
They [Am] put us all on [G] board a ship to [G7] cross the raging [C] main
To [C] fight the bloody [G7] battle in the sunny land of [C] Spain.

Chorus:

Fare thee [C] well Ennis[G7]killen, fare thee well for a [C] while,
And [Am] all around the [G] borders of [G7] Erin's green [C] isle,
And [Am] when the war is [G] over we'll [G7] return in full [C] bloom,
And [C] you'll all welcome [G7] home the Enniskillen Dr[C]agoons.

Oh [C] Spain it is a [G] gallant land where [G7] wine and ale flow [C] free.
There's [Am] lots of [G] lovely women there to [G7] dandle on your [C] knee,
And [Am] often in a [G] tavern there we'd [G7] make the rafters [C] ring
When [C] every soldier [G7] in the house would raise his glass and [C] sing

Chorus:

Well we [C] fought for Ireland's [G7] glory there and many a man did [C] fall,
From [Am] musket and from [G] bayonet and from [G7] thund'ring cannon [C] ball,
And [Am] many a foeman [G] we laid low [G7] mid the battle [C] throng,
And as [C] we prepared for [G7] action you would often hear this [C] song

Chorus:

Well now [C] the fighting's [G] over and for home we have set [C] sail.
Our [Am] flag above this [G] lofty ship is [G7] fluttering in the [C] gale.
They've [Am] given us a [G] pension, boys, of [G7] fourpence each a [C] day,
And [C] when we reach Ennis[G7]killen never more we'll have to [C] say

Chorus x 2

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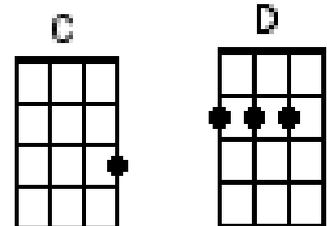


The Fields of Athenry

Intro: [G]

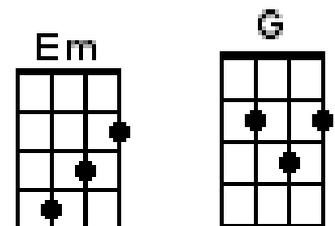
[G] By the lonely prison wall, I [C] heard a young girl [G] call[D]ing
[G] Michael they have [C] taken you a [D] way
For you [G] stole Trevelyan's [C] corn so the [G] young might see the [D] morn
Now [D] a prison ship lies waiting in the [G] bay

[G] Low [C] lie the [G] fields of Athen[Em]ry
Where [G] once we watched the small free birds [D] fly
Our [G] love was on the [C] wing
We had [G] dreams and songs to [D] sing
It's so [D] lonely round the [D7] fields of Athen[G]ry



By the [G] lonely prison wall, I [C] heard a young man [G] cal[D]ling
[G] Nothing matters [C] Mary when you're [D] free
Against the [G] famine and the [C] crown, I [G] rebelled they cut me [D] down
[D] Now you must raise our child with digni[G]ty

[G] Low [C] lie the [G] fields of Athen[Em]ry
Where [G] once we watched the small free birds [D] fly
Our [G] love was on the [C] wing
We had [G] dreams and songs to [D] sing
It's so [D] lonely round the [D7] fields of Athen[G]ry



[G] By the lonely harbour wall, [C] she watched the last star [G] fa[D]lling
As the [G] prison ship sailed [C] out against the [D] sky
For she [G] lived to hope and [C] pray for her [G] love in Botany [D] Bay
And it's so [D] lonely round the fields of Athen[G]ry

[G] Low [C] lie the [G] fields of Athen[Em]ry
Where [G] once we watched the small free birds [D] fly
Our [G] love was on the [C] wing
We had [G] dreams and songs to [D] sing
It's so [D] lonely round the [D7] fields of Athen[G]ry

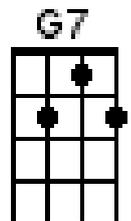
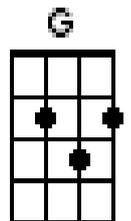
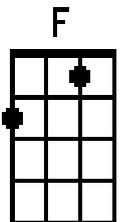
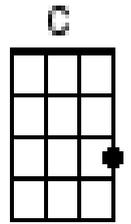
[G] Low [C] lie the [G] fields of Athen[Em]ry
Where [G] once we watched the small free birds [D] fly
Our [G] love was on the [C] wing
We had [G] dreams and songs to [D] sing
It's so [D] lonely round the [D7] fields of Athen[G]ry

Contents



The Holy Ground

Fare [C] thee well, my [G7] lovely [C] Dinah
 A thousand [G7] times a[C]dieu.
 We are bound [G] away from the [F] Holy Ground
 And the [C] girls we love so [G7] true.
 We'll [C] sail the [G7] salt seas [C] over
 And we'll re[G7]turn once [F] mo[G7]re,
 And [F] see a[G7] gain the [F] girls we [C] love
 And the Holy [G7] Ground once [C] more **Fine girl you are!**
 [C] You're the girl I [G7] do a[F]do[G7]re,,,
 And [F] still I [C] live in [F] hope to [C] see
 The Holy [G7] Ground once [C] more. **Fine girl you are!**



Oh [C] now the [G7] storm is [C] raging
 And we are [G7] far from [C] shore
 And the [G] poor oudl ship [F] is tossin' about
 And the [C] riggings they are [G] tore.
 The [C] secrets of my [G7] mind, my [C] love,
 You're the [G7] girl I do a[F]do[G7]re,
 And [F] still I [C] live in [F] hope [C] to see
 The Holy [G7] Ground once [C] more. **Fine girl you are!**
 [C] You're the girl I [G7] do a[F]do[G7]re
 And [F] still I [C] live in [F] hope to [C] see
 The Holy [G7] Ground once [C] more. **Fine girl you are!**

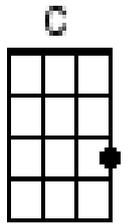
And [C] now the [G7] storm is [C] over
 And we are [G7] safe and [C] well
 We will [G] go into a [F] public house
 And we'll [C] sit and drink like [G] hell
 We'll [C] drink strong [G7] ale and [C] porter
 And we'll [G7] make the taproom [F] ro[G7]ar,
 And [F] when our money [C] is all spent
 We'll go to [G7] sea once [C] more. **Fine girl you are!**
 [C] You're the girl I [G7] do a[F]do[G7]re
 And [F] still I live [C] in [F] hope to [C] see
 The Holy [G7] Ground once [C] more. **Fine girl you are!**

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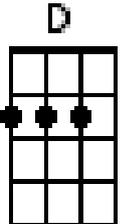


The Humour is on Me Now

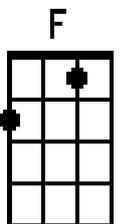
[C] As I went out one morning it [D] being the month of May
 A [G] farmer and his daughter I [F] spied along my [C] way
 And the daughter sat down quite calmly to the [D] milking of her cow
 Saying 'I [G] will and I must get married for the [G7] humour is on me [C] now'



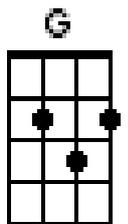
Ah [C] be quiet you foolish daughter and [D] hold your simple tongue
 You're [G] better free and single and [F] happy while you're [C] young
 But the daughter shook her shoulders and [D] milked her patient cow
 Saying 'I [G] will and I must get married for the [G7] humour is on me [C] now'



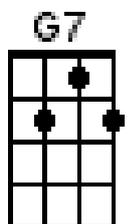
And, [C] sure who are you to turn to me, that [D] married young yourself
 And [G] took my darling mother from [F] off the single [C] shelf
 Ah, sure, daughter dear go aisy and milk [D] your patient cow
 For a [G] man may have his humour but the [G7] humour is off me [C] now



Well, [C] indeed I'll tell my mother the [D] awful things you say,
 Indeed [G] I'll tell my mother this [F] very blessed [C] day
 Och, now daughter, have a heart, dear, you'll [D] start a fearful row
 So I [G] will unless I marry for the [G7] humour is on me [C] now.



Och, [C] If you must be married will you [D] tell me who's the man
 And [G] quickly she did answer: There's [F] William, James, and [C] John
 A carpenter, a tailor, and a [D] man to milk the cow
 For I [G] will and I must get married for the [G7] humour is on me [C] now



A car[C]penter's a sharp man and a [D] tailor's hard to face
 With [G] his legs across the table and his [F] threads about the [C] place,
 and I'm sure John's a fearful tyrant and [D] never lacks a row
 But I [G] will and I must get married for the [G7] humour is on me [C] now

Well, [C] if you must be married will you [D] tell me what you'll do?
 'Sure I [G] will' the daughter answered, 'just the [F] same as ma and [C] you'
 I'll be mistress of my dairy and my [D] butter and my cow
 'and your [G] husband too, I'll venture, for the [G7] humour is on me [C] now

So, [C] at last the daughter married and [D] married well-to-do
 And [G] she loved her darling husband for a [F] month, year or [C] two
 but John was all a tyrant and she [D] quickly rued her vow,
 Saying [G] 'I'm sorry that I married for the
 [G7] humour is [G7] OFF [G7] meeeee [C] nowww[C]ww! [C↓] [C↓]

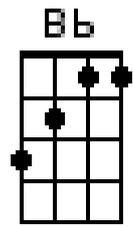
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Rossendale

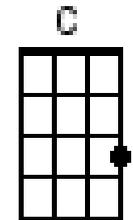


The Little Beggarman

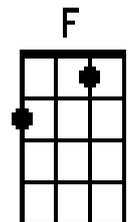
[C] I am a little beggarman, a begging I have [Bb] been
For [C] three score years in this [Bb] little isle of [G] green
I'm [C] known along the Liffey from the Basin to the [Bb] Zoo
And every[C]body calls me by the name of [Bb] Johnny [C] Dhu



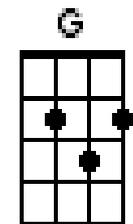
Of [G]all the trades a going, sure the [Bb] begging is the [F] best
For [C] when a man is tired he can [Bb] sit him down and [G] rest
He can [C] beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to [Bb] do
But to [C] slip around the corner with his [Bb] old riga[C]doo



I [C]slept in a barn one night in Curra[Bb]bawn
A [C]shocking wet night it was, but I [Bb]slept until the [G]dawn
There [C]was holes in the roof and the raindrops coming [Bb] thru
And the [C]rats and the cats were a playing [Bb] peek a [C]boo



Who [G] did I waken but the [Bb] woman of the [F] house
With [C]her white spotted apron and her [Bb] calico [G] blouse
[C] She began to frighten and I said [Bb] boo
Sure, [C] don't be afraid at all, it's only [Bb] Johnny [C]Dhu



I [C]met a little girl while a walkin out one [Bb] day
Good [C]morrow little flaxen haired [Bb] girl, I did [G] say
Good [C]morrow little beggarman and how do you do
With your [C]rags and your tags and your [Bb] auld riga[C]doo

I'll [G] buy a pair of leggins and a [Bb] collar and a [F] tie
And a [C]nice young lady I'll go [Bb] courting by and [G] by
I'll buy a [C]pair of goggles and I'll color them with [Bb] blue
And an [C]old fashioned lady I will [Bb] make her [C]too

So [C]all along the high road with my bag upon my [Bb] back
Over the [C]fields with my bulging [Bb] heavy [G] sack
With [C]holes in my shoes and my toes a peeping thru
Singing, [C]skin a ma rink a doodle with my [Bb] auld riga[C]doo

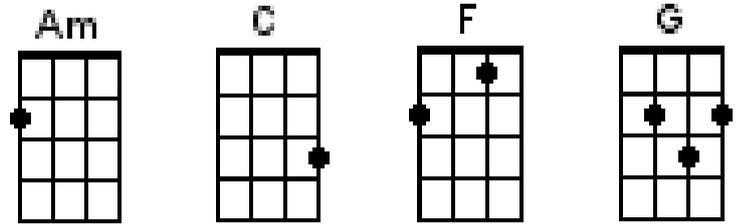
O I [G] must be going to bed for it's [Bb] getting late at night
The [C]fire is all raked and now [Bb] tis out of [G] light
For now [C]you've heard the story of my auld rigadoo
So good [C]and God be with you, from auld [Bb] Johnny [C]Dhu

Contents

Rossendale



The Night Pat Murphy Died



Intro: Last two lines of Chorus x 2

Oh the [C] night that Paddy Murphy died is a [F] night I'll never for[G]get
 [C] All the boys got rollin' drunk and some [F] ain't got sober [G] yet
 As [C] long as a bottle was passed around every [F] man was feeling [G] gay
 O'[C] Leary came with a bagpipe, some [F] music[G] for to [C] play

Chorus:

[C] That's how they showed their [F] respect for Paddy [G] Murphy
 [C] That's how they showed their [F] honour and their [G] pride
 [C] They said it was a sin and shame and they [F] winked at one a[G]nother
 [C] And every glass in the [Am] place was [G] full
 The [F] night Pat [G] Murphy [C] died

Instrumental: Last two lines of Chorus [C] [Am] [G] [F] [G] [C] [x2]

As [C] Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner, [F] pouring out her [G] grief
 [C] Kelly and his gang came [F] tearing down the [G] street
 They [C] went into an empty room and a [F] bottle of whisky [G] stole
 They [C] put the bottle [Am] on the [G] corpse to [F] keep that [G] whisky [C] cold

Chorus:

About [C] 2 o'clock in the morning after [F] emptying the [G] jug
 [C] Doyle rolls out the icebox, let's [F] see poor Paddy's [G] mug
 They [C] stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy [F] couldn't tell the [G] time
 And [C] then at quarter [Am] after [G] two we [F] argued [G] it was [C] nine

Chorus:

Well they [C] stopped the hearse on George Street out[F]side a dance sa[G]loon
 They [C] all went in at half past eight and [F] staggered out at [G] noon
 They [C] went up to the graveyard so [F] holy and su[G]blime
 [C] Found out when they [Am] got there [G] they [F] left the [G] corpse be[C]hind

Chorus:

Oh the [C] night that Paddy Murphy died is a [F] night I'll never for[G]get
 [C] All the boys got rollin' drunk and some [F] ain't got sober [G] yet
 As [C] long as a bottle was passed around every [F] man was feeling [G] gay
 O'[C] Leary came with a [Am] bagpipe, [G] some [F] music [G] for to [C] play

Chorus:

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Rossendale



Ukulele Club

The Rattlin' Bog

Chorus: (Repeated after each verse)

[C] Rare Bog, the [F] Rattlin' Bog, the [C] Bog down in the [G] valley-o
 [C] Rare Bog, the [F] Rattlin' Bog, the [C] Bog down in the [G] valley-[C]-o

Well [C] in that bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a [G] rattlin' tree,
 A [C] tree in the bog and the bog down in the [G] valley-[C]-o **Chorus:**

And [C] on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a [G] rattlin' limb,
 A [C] limb on the tree and the tree in the bog
 and the bog down in the [G] valley-[C]-o **Chorus:**

And [C] on that limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a [G] rattlin' branch,
 A [C] branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog
 and the bog down in the [G] valley-[C]-o **Chorus:**

And [C] on that branch there was a twig, a rare twig, a [G] rattlin' twig,
 And the [C] twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and the limb
 on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the [G] valley-[C]-o **Chorus:**

And [C] on that twig there was a nest, a rare nest, a [G] rattlin' nest,
 And the [C] nest on the twig and the twig on the branch and the branch on the
 limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the [G]
 valley-[C]-o **Chorus:**

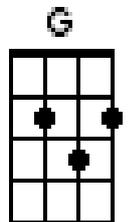
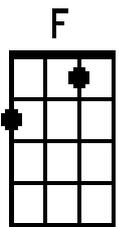
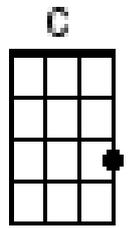
And [C] in that nest there was an egg, a rare egg, a [G] rattlin' egg,
 And the [C] egg in the nest and the nest on the twig and the twig on the branch and
 the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog
 down in the [G] valley-[C]-o **Chorus:**

And [C] on that egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a [G] rattlin' bird,
 And the [C] bird on the egg and the egg in the nest and the nest on the twig and the
 twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in
 the bog and the bog down in the [G] valley-[C]-o **Chorus:**

And [C] on that bird there was a feather, a rare feather, a [G] rattlin' feather
 And the [C] feather on the bird and the bird on the egg and the egg in the nest and the
 nest on the twig and the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and the limb
 on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the [G] valley-[C]-o **Chorus:**

And [C] on that feather there was a flea, a rare flea, a [G] rattlin' flea
 And the [C] flea on the feather and the feather on the bird and the bird on the egg and
 the egg in the nest and the nest on the twig and the twig on the branch and the branch
 on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog down in the
 [G] valley-[C]-o-o-o-o-o-o-o [C↓]

Tree – Limb – Branch – Twig – Nest – Egg – Bird – Feather - Flea



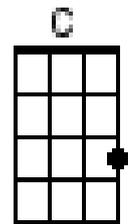
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Rosendale

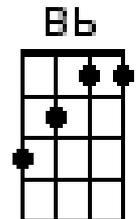


The Travelling People

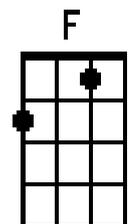
I'm [C] a freeborn man of the [F] travelling [G] people,
Got no fixed abode with nomads I am [C] numbered,
Country [G] lanes and by [C] ways were always [F] my [C] way,
I've [F] never [C] fancied [F] being [Bb] lum[C]bered.



Well we knew the woods and the [F] resting [G] places,
And the small bird sang when winter time was [C] over
Then we'd [G] pack our load and be [C] on the [F] road,
[C] Those were [F] good old [C] times [F] for the [Bb] ro[C]ver.

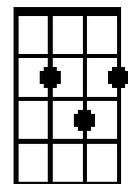


In the open ground you could [F] stop and [G] linger,
For a week or two for time was not your [C] master,
Then a[G]way you'd jog with your [C] horse and [F] dog,
[C] Nice and [F] easy [C] no need [F] to go [Bb] fas[C]ter.



And sometimes we'd meet up [F] with other [G] people
Hear the news or else swap friendly infor[C]mation
At the [G] country fair, we'd be [C] meeting [F] there
[C] All the [F] people [C] of the [F] travelling [Bb] na[C]tion

G



I've made willow creels and the [F] heather [G] besoms
And I've even done some begging and some [C] hawkin'
And I've [G] lain there spent wrapped up [C] in my [F] tent
[C] And I've [F] listened [C] to the [F] old folks [Bb] talk[C]ing

All you freeborn men of the [F]travelling [G]people,
Every tinker, rolling stone and gypsy [C] rover,
Winds of [G] change are blowing, old [C] ways are [F] going,
[C] Your tra[F]velling [C] days will [F] soon be [Bb] o[C]ver.

I'm [C] a freeborn man of the [F] travelling [G] people,
Got no fixed abode with nomads I am [C] numbered,
Country [G] lanes and by [C] ways were always [F] my [C] way,
I [F] never [C] fancied [F] being [Bb] lum[C]bered.

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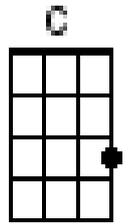
Rossendale



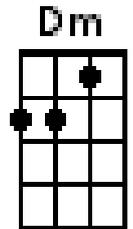
Ukulele Club

The Unicorn Song

A long [C] time ago, when the [Dm] Earth was green
There was [G7] more kinds of animals than [C] you've ever seen
And they run around free while the [F] Earth was being [Dm] born
And the [G7] loveliest of all was the [C] unicorn [C]

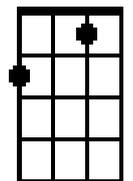


There was green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but [F] sure as you're [Dm] born
The [G7] loveliest of all was the [C] unicorn [G7] [C]



The Lord seen some sinning and it [Dm] caused Him pain
And He said, [G7] 'Stand back, I'm going to [C] make it rain!
He said, 'Hey, Brother Noah, I'll [F] tell you what to [Dm] do
[G7] Go and build me a [C] floating zoo,' – [C] 'and take some'

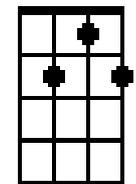
F



Green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but [F] sure as you're [Dm] born
[G7] Don't you forget My [C] unicorns.' [G7] [C]

Old Noah was there to [Dm] answer the call
He [G7] finished up the ark just as the [C] rain started to fall
Then he marched in the animals [F] two by [Dm] two
And he [C] called out as [G7] they came [C] through

G7



'Hey Lord, - I've got some green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but [F] Lord, I'm so for [Dm] lorn
I [G7] just can't find no [C] unicorns!' [G7] [C]

And Noah looked out through the [Dm] driving rain
Them [G7] unicorns were hiding, [C] playing silly games
Kicking and splashing while the [F] rain was [Dm] pourin'
[C] Oh, them silly [G7] uni[C]corns!

There was green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty backed camels and some chim[C]panzees
Noah cried, 'Close the door because it's [F] starting to [Dm] storm
And we [G7] just can't wait for those [C] unicorns!' [G7] [C]

The ark started moving, it [Dm] drifted with the tide
The [G7] unicorns looked up from the [C] rocks and they cried
And the waters came down and sort of [F] floated them a [Dm] way
That's [G7] why you never see unicorns to this [C] very day

You'll see [C] green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese
Some [G7] humpty backed camels and some chim[C]panzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but [F] sure as you're [Dm] born
You're [G7] never gonna see no [C] unicorns [G7] [C]

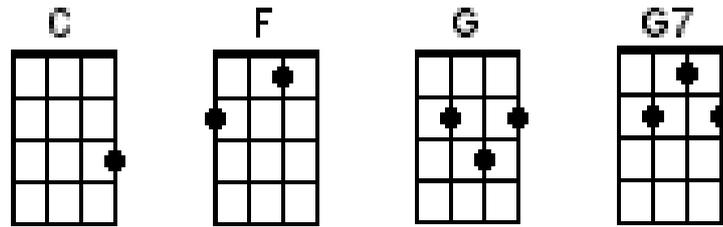
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Rossendale



The Wild Colonial Boy

6/8 time



There [C] was a wild col[F]onial boy, Jack [G7] Duggan was his [C] name
He was born and raised in [G] Ire[G7]land, in a place called Castle[C]maine
He was his father's [G] only [G7] son, his mother's pride and [C] joy
And dearly did his [F] parents love the [G] wild col[G7]onial [C] boy [C]

At the [C] early age of [F] sixteen years he [G7] left his native [C] home
And to Australia's [G] sunny [G7] shore, he was inclined to [C] roam
He robbed the rich, he [G] helped the [G7] poor, he shot James MacE[C]voy
A terror to Aust[F]ralia was the [G] wild col[G7]onial [C] boy [C]

One [C] morning on the [F] prairie, as [G7] Jack he rode a[C]long
A-listening to the [G] mocking [G7] bird, a-singing a cheerful [C] song
Up stepped a band of [G] troopers: [G7] Kelly, Davis and Fitz[C]roy
They all set out to [F] capture him, the [G] wild col[G7]onial [C] boy [C]

Sur[C]render now, Jack [F] Duggan, for you [G7] see we're three to [C] one
Surrender in the [G] King's high [G7] name, you are a plundering [C] son
Jack drew two pistols [G] from his [G7] belt, he proudly waved them [C] high
I'll fight, but not [F] surrender, said the [G] wild col[G7]onial [C] boy [C]

He [C] fired a shot at [F] Kelly, which [G7] brought him to the [C] ground
And turning round to [G] Davis, he re[G7]ceived a fatal [C] wound
A bullet pierced his [G] proud young [G7] heart, from the pistol of Fitz[C]roy
And that was how they [F] captured him, the [G] wild col[G7]onial [C] boy [C↓↓]

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Rossendale



Ukulele Club

The Wild Rover

6/8 time

Intro: [G] [G] [G] [G]

I've [G] been a wild rover for manys the [C] year
And I've [G] spent all me [D] money on whisky and [G] beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great [C] store
And I [G] swear that I'll [D] play the wild rover no [G] more

Chorus:

And it's [D] no, nay, [D7] never *thump thump thump* [G]
[G] no nay, never, no [C] more
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover
No [G] never, [D] no [G] more.

I [G] went to an alehouse I used to fre[C]quent
And I [G] told the land[D]lady me money was [G] spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me [C] nay,
For [G] custom like [D] yours I can get any[G]day.

Chorus:

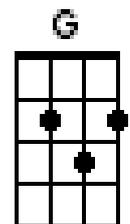
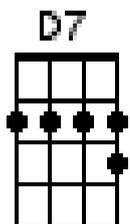
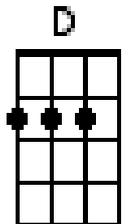
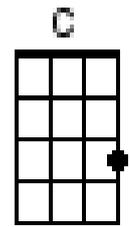
I [G] brought from me pocket ten sovereigns [C] bright
And the [G] landlady's [D] eyes opened wide with de[G]light
She said I have whiskies and wines of the [C] best
And the [G] words that I [D] spoke, they were only in [G] jest

Chorus:

I'll [G] go home to me parents, confess what I've [C] done
And [G] ask them to [D] pardon their prodigal [G] son.
And when they caress me, as oft times be[C]fore,
I [G] swear I will [D] play the wild rover no [G] more

Chorus:

Repeat Chorus with a slow finish



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Rosendale



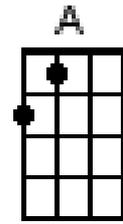
Ukulele Club

The Zoological Gardens – The Dubliners

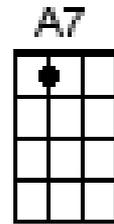
6/8 time

Chorus:

[C] Thunder and lightning [F] it's no [C] lark
When Dublin City is [G7] in the dark
If you [C] have any [F] money get [C] up to the [F] park
And [C] view the zoo[G7]logical [C] gardens

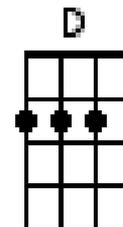


We went up there to [F] see the a[C]zoo
We saw the lions and [G7] kangaroos
There was [C] females and [F] hemales of [C] every hue
Up in the zoo[G]logical [C] gardens



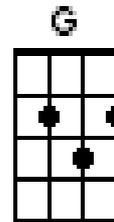
Chorus:

We went up there by [F] Castle[C]knock
Said the mot to me shall I [G7] take off me frock
And I [C] knew she was one of the [F] rare old [C] stock
Up in the zoo[G]logical [C] gardens



Chorus:

Said the mot to me [F] "My dear friend [C] Jack"
Would you like a ride on the [G7] elephant's back
If you [C] don't get outta that I'll give ye [F] such a [C] smack
Up in the zoo[G]logical [C] gardens



Chorus:

We went up there on [F] our honey[C]moon
Says the wife to me 'if you [G7] don't grab me soon
Sure I'll [C] have to jump in with [F] the hairy ba[F]boon'
Up in the zoo[G]logical [C] gardens

Chorus:

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Ukulele Club

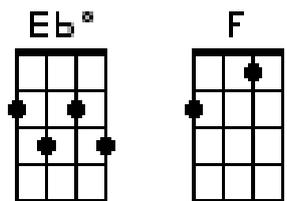
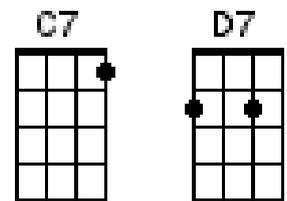
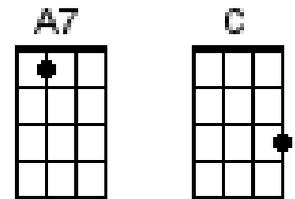
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

6/8 time

This version involves the chorus played three times but sung twice.
Slow down last line.

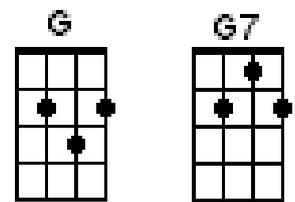
Intro: [C↓]

When [C] Irish [G7] eyes are [C] smiling [C7]
 Sure, 'tis [F] like the morn in [C] Spring
 In the [F] lilt of Irish [C] laughter [A7]
 You can [D7] hear the angels [G7] sing
 When [C] Irish [G7] hearts are [C] happy [C7]
 All the [F] world seems bright and [C] gay
 And when [F] Irish [Ebdim] eyes are [C] smil[A7]ing
 Sure, they [D7] steal your [G7] heart a[C]way



Repeat as Kazzoo instrumental

When [C] Irish [G7] eyes are [C] smiling [C7]
 Sure, 'tis [F] like the morn in [C] Spring
 In the [F] lilt of Irish [C] laughter [A7]
 You can [D7] hear the angels [G7] sing
 When [C] Irish [G7] hearts are [C] happy [C7]
 All the [F] world seems bright and [C] gay
 And when [F] Irish [Ebdim] eyes are [C] smil[A7]ing
 Sure, they [D7] steal your [G7] heart a[C]way
 Yes, when [F] Irish [Ebdim] eyes are [C] smil[A7]ing
 Sure, they [D7] steal your [G7] heart a[C]way



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Rossendale



Ukulele Club

Whiskey in the Jar

Intro: [C] [Am] [F] [C] (First two lines of verse)

As [C] I was going over the [Am] far famed Kerry mountains
I [F] met with Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was countin'
I [C] first produced me pistol, and [Am] then produced me rapier
Saying [F] stand and deliver for you [C] are the bold deceiver

Chorus:

Musha [G] rig um a du rum da
[C] Whack fol the daddy o
[F] Whack fol the daddy o
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar [C]

I [C] counted out his money and it [Am] made a pretty penny
I [F] put it in me pocket and I [C] took it home to Jenny
She [C] sighed and she swore that she [Am] never would deceive me
But the [F] devil take the women for they [C] never can be easy

Chorus:

I [C] went up to me chamber all [Am] for to take a slumber
I [F] dreamt of gold and jewels and [C] sure it was no wonder
But [C] Jenny drew me charges and she [Am] filled them up with water
And [F] sent for Captain Farrell, to be [C] ready for the slaughter

Chorus:

'Twas [C] early in the morning be[Am]fore I rose to travel
Up [F] comes a band of footmen and [C] likewise Captain Farrell
I [C] first produce my pistol, for she [Am] stole away my rapier
But I [F] couldn't shoot the water, so a [C] prisoner I was taken

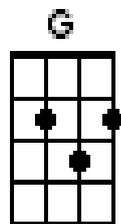
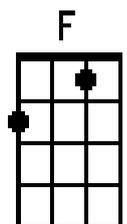
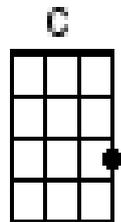
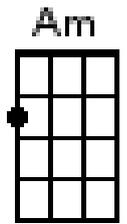
Chorus:

And [C] if anyone can aid me, 'tis my [Am] brother in the army
If [F] I could learn his station in [C] Cork or in Killarney
And [C] if he'd come and join me we'd go [Am] roving through Kilkenny
I'm [F] sure he'd treat me fairer than my [C] own sporting Jenny

Chorus:

[C] There's some takes delight in the [Am] carriages a rolling
[F] Some takes delight in the [C] hurley or the bowlin'
But [C] I takes delight in the [Am] juice of the barley
And [F] courting pretty fair maids in the [C] morning bright and early

Chorus x 2 (slowing on the last line)



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Rossendale

