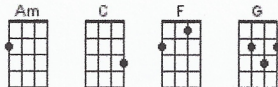


## Black Velvet Band

Traditional



**6/8 TIME** means / 1 2 3 4 5 6 / or  
/ 1 2 /

**INTRO:** / 1 2 / 1 2 / [C] / [C]

In a [C] neat little town they call Belfast  
Ap-[C]prenticed to trade I was [G] bound  
And [C] many an hour of sweet [Am] happiness  
I [F] spent in that [G] neat little [C] town  
Till [C] bad misfortune came o'er me  
And [C] caused me to stray from the [G] land  
Far a-[C]way from me friends and re-[Am]lations  
Be-[F]trayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band

### CHORUS:

Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds  
You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land  
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder  
Tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

Well [C] I was out strollin' one evening  
Not [C] meanin' to go very [G] far  
When I [C] met with a fickle some [Am] damsel  
She was [F] sellin' her [G] trade in the [C] bar  
When a [C] watch she took from a customer  
And [C] slipped it right into me [G] hand  
Then the [C] law came and put me in [Am] prison  
Bad [F] luck to her [G] black velvet [C] band

### CHORUS:

Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds  
You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land  
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder  
Tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

This [C] mornin' before judge and jury  
For [C] trial I had to ap-[G]pear  
Then the [C] judge, he says "Me young [Am] fellow  
The [F] case against [G] you is quite [C] clear  
And [C] seven long years is your sentence  
You're [C] going to Van Diemen's [G] Land  
Far a-[C]way from your friends and re-[Am]lations  
Be-[F]trayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band"

**CHORUS:**

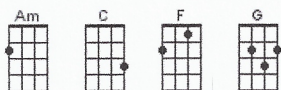
Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds  
You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land  
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder  
Tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

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

**CHORUS:**

Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds  
You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land  
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder  
Tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds  
You'd [C] think she was queen of the [G] land  
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder  
Tied [F] - up with a [G] - black velvet [C] - band



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# INTRO: G C G D7 x2 (sing notes)

## Brown Eyed Girl

Van Morrison, 1967

OR  
Riff

A		-2-3-5-3-2	-7-8--10-8--7	-2-3-4-3-2	0
E		-3-5-7-5-3	-8-10-12-10-8	-3-5-7-5-3	2
C		-----	-----	-----	2
G		-----	-----	-----	2

G C G D  
Hey, where did we go... days when the rain came

G C G D  
Down in the hollow... playin' a new game

G C G D  
Laughin' and a runnin' hey, hey... Skippin' and a jumpin'

G C G D C D  
In the misty mornin' fog with... our hearts a thumpin' and you

Alternative Intro:

A		-2-3-5-3-2	-----	-2-3-4-3-2	0
E		-3-5-7-5-3	-0-1-3-2-0	-3-5-7-5-3	2
C		-----	-0-2-4-2-0	-----	2
G		-----	-----	-----	2

[CHORUS]

D G Em C D G  
My brown eyed girl... And you, my brown eyed girl

G C G D  
Whatever happened... to Tuesday and so slow

G C G D  
Going down the old mine... with a transistor radio

G C G D  
Standing in the sunlight laughing... hiding behind a rainbow's wall,

G C G D C D  
Slipping and sliding... all along the waterfall, with you

[CHORUS]

[Bridge]

D7 G  
Do you remember when we used to sing

C G D7  
Sha la la la la la la te da

G C G D7 G  
Sha la la la la la la te da, la te da

} x 2 at end

Outro:

G C G D7 (or Riff)  
x2 END G

G C G D  
So hard to find my way... now that I'm on my own.

G C G D  
I saw you just the other day... my how you have grown,

G C G D  
Cast my memory back there, Lord... Sometime I'm overcome thinking 'bout

G C G D C D  
Making love in the green grass... behind the stadium with you

[CHORUS] + [Bridge]

# Caledonia

By Dougie MacLean

(INTRO: G D Em C C)

G D Em C  
I don't know if you can see the changes that have come over me

G D Em C C  
In these last few days, I've been afraid that I might drift away

G D  
So, I've been telling old stories, singing songs  
Em C

G D Em C C  
That make me think about where I came from  
That's the reason why I seem so far away today

G D  
Oh, and let me tell you that I love you  
Em C  
That I think about you all the time

G D G  
Caledonia you're calling me and now I'm going home

D  
If I should become a stranger

Em C  
You know that it would make me more than sad

D G  
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had

G D Em C  
Oh, and I have moved and I've kept on moving. Proved the points that I needed proving

G D Em C C  
Lost the friends that I needed losing. Found others on the way

G D Em C  
Oh and I have tried and kept on trying. Stolen dreams yes there's no denying

G D Em C C  
I have traveled far with conscience flying, somewhere with the wind

## [CHORUS]

G D Em C  
Now I'm sitting here before the fire. The empty room, the forest choir

G D Em C C  
The flames that couldn't get any higher, they've withered now they've gone

G D Em C  
But I'm steady thinking my way is clear, and I know what I will do tomorrow

G D Em C C  
When the hands are shaken and the kisses flowed, well I will disappear

## [CHORUS]

## Dillan Bay

### Chorus:

F            Bb            F            Bb            C  
Dillan Bay, laddie-o, Dillan Dau, laddie-ay  
F            Bb            F            C            F  
Dillan Bay. laddie-o, All the boats are gone

F            Bb            F            Bb            C  
Gone away, laddie-o, gone way laddie-ay  
F            Bb            F            C            F  
Gone away, laddie-o, with their topsails high

### Chorus:

F            Bb            F            Bb            C  
Topsails high, laddie-o, topsails high, laddie-ay  
F            Bb            F            C            F  
Topsails high, laddie-o, When the wind's away

### Chorus:

F            Bb            F            Bb            C  
Winds's away, laddie-o, winds's away, laddie-ay  
F            Bb            F            C            F  
Wind's away, laddie-ay Down in Dillan Bay

F            Bb            F            Bb            C  
Dillan Bay, laddie-o, Dillan dau, laddie-ay  
F            Bb            F            C            F  
Dillan Bay, laddie-o, All the boats are gone. (repeat acapella)

# Donald, Where's Your Trousers?

Andy Stewart 1960

**INTRO:** / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Gm] / [Gm] /

I've [Gm] just come down from the Isle of Skye  
I'm [F] no very big and I'm awful shy  
And the [Gm] lassies shout, when I go by  
[F] "Donald, where's your [Gm] troosers?"

## **CHORUS:**

Let the [Gm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
[F] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
[Gm] All the lassies say, "Hello!  
[F] Donald, where's your [Gm] troosers?" [Gm] / [Gm]

A [Gm] lassie took me to a ball  
And [F] it was slippery in the hall  
And [Gm] I was feart that I would fall  
For I [F] had nae on my [Gm] troosers

## **CHORUS:**

Let the [Gm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
[F] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
[Gm] All the lassies say, "Hello!  
[F] Donald, where's your [Gm] troosers?" [Gm] / [Gm]

Now [Gm] I went down to London town  
And I [F] had some fun in the underground  
The [Gm] ladies turned their heads around, saying  
[F] ↓ "Donald, where are your [Gm] trousers?"

## **CHORUS:**

Let the [Gm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
[F] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
[Gm] All the lassies say, "Hello!  
[F] Donald, where's your [Gm] troosers?" [Gm] / [Gm]

To [Gm] wear the kilt is my delight  
It [F] is not wrong, I know it's right  
The [Gm] 'ighlanders would get a fright  
If they [F] saw me in the [Gm] troosers

**CHORUS:**

Let the **[Gm]** wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
**[F]** Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
**[Gm]** All the lassies say, "Hello!"  
**[F]** Donald, where's your **[Gm]** troosers?" **[Gm]** / **[Gm]**

The **[Gm]** lassies want me every one  
Well **[F]** let them catch me if they can  
You **[Gm]** cannae take the breeks off a Hieland man  
And **[F]** I don't wear the **[Gm]** troosers

**CHORUS:**

Let the **[Gm]** wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
**[F]** Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
**[Gm]** All the lassies say, "Hello!"  
**[F]** Donald, where's your **[Gm]** troosers?" **[Gm]** / **[Gm]**

Let the **[Gm]** wind blow high, let the wind blow low  
**[F]** Through the streets in my kilt I'll go  
**[Gm]** All the lassies say, "Hello!"  
**[F]** Donald, where's your **[Gm]** ↓ troosers?"

# Gypsy Rover

traditional

Strum: |: D-d-u | D-d-u :|:

Intro: C G7 C G7

C G7 C G7  
The gypsy rover came over the hill

C G7 C G7  
Down through the valley so sha-dy

C G7 Em Am  
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang

C F C F C G7  
And he won the heart of a la--a-dy

CHORUS:

C G7 C G7  
Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day

C G7 C G7  
Ah-de-do, ah-de-da-ay

C G7 Em Am  
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang

C F C F C G7  
And he won the heart of a la--a-dy

C G7 C G7  
She left her father's castle gates

C G7 C G7  
She left her own fine lo-ver

C G7 Em Am  
She left her servants and her es-state

C F C F C G7  
To follow the gypsy ro--o-ver

CHORUS:

C G7 C G7  
Her father saddled up his fastest steed

C G7 C G7  
And roamed the valleys all o-ver

C G7 Em Am  
Sought his daughter at great speed

C F C F C G7  
And the whistling gypsy ro--o-ver

CHORUS:

Am  
C G7 C G7  
He came at last to a mansion fine

C G7 C G7  
Down by the river Clay-dee

C G7 Em Am  
And there was music and there was wine

C F C F C G7  
For the gypsy and his la--a-dy

Am  
CHORUS:

C G7 C G7  
"He is no gypsy, my father" she said

C G7 C G7  
"But lord of these lands all o-ver

C G7 Em Am  
And I shall stay 'til my dying day

C F C F C G7  
With my whistling gypsy ro--o-ver

CHORUS:



# Kerry Polka (Tune & Chords C6)

Celtic Ukulele  
Traditional Irish

arr. K. Carroll

**A**

1 2 3 4

*mf*

T  
A  
B

9 5 7 5 9 5 7 5 5 7 9 7 5 7 5

5 6 7 8

T  
A  
B

9 5 7 5 9 5 7 5 5 7 9 7 5 5

**B**

9 10 11 12

T  
A  
B

9 12 9 12 12 10 11 9 10 12 9 12 10 11 9

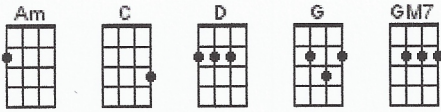
13 14 15 16

T  
A  
B

9 12 9 12 12 10 11 9 10 12 9 12 10 10

# The Mary Ellen Carter

Stan Rogers 1979



**INTRO:** / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /  
[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D]

She [G] went down last Oc-[Gmaj7]tober in a [C] pouring [D] driving [G] rain  
The [Am] skipper he'd been drinkin' and the [C] mate he felt no [D] pain  
Too [G] close to Three Mile [Gmaj7] Rock and she was [C] dealt her mortal [G] blow  
And the [Am] Mary Ellen Carter settled [D] low [D]

There was [G] just us five a-[Gmaj7]board her when she [C] finally [D] was a-[G]wash  
We [Am] worked like hell to save her, all [C] heedless of the [D] cost  
And the [G] groan she gave as [Gmaj7] she went down, it [C] caused us to pro-[G]claim  
That the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter would rise a-[G]gain / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /  
[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D]

Well, the [G] owners wrote her [Gmaj7] off, not a [C] nickel [D] would they [G] spend  
"She gave [Am] twenty years of service, boys, then [C] met her sorry [D] end  
But in-[G]surance paid the [Gmaj7] loss to us, so [C] let her rest be-[G]low"  
Then they [Am] laughed at us and said we had to [D] go [D]

But we [G] talked of her all [Gmaj7] winter, some [C] days a-[D]round the [G] clock  
She's [Am] worth a quarter million, a-[C]float and at the [D] dock  
And with [G] every jar that [Gmaj7] hit the bar we [C] swore we would re-[G]main  
And make the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter rise a-[G]gain [G]

Rise a-[Am]gain [D] rise a-[G]gain [Gmaj7]  
That her [C] name not be lost to the [G] knowledge of [D] men  
All [G] those who loved her [Gmaj7] best and were [C]↓ with her [D]↓ 'til the [G] end  
Will make the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /  
[G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D]

All [G] spring, now, we've been [Gmaj7] with her on a [C] barge lent [D] by a [G] friend  
Three [Am] dives a day in a hard-hat suit and [C] twice I've had the [D] bends  
Thank [G] God it's only [Gmaj7] sixty feet and the [C] currents here are [G] slow  
Or I'd [Am] never have the strength to go be-[D]low [D]

But we've [G] patched her rents [Gmaj7] stopped her vents  
 Dogged [C] hatch and [D] porthole [G] down  
 Put [Am] cables to her, 'fore and aft, and [C] girded her a-[D]round  
 To-[G]morrow, noon, we [Gmaj7] hit the air and [C] then take up the [G] strain  
 And make the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter rise a-[G]gain [G]

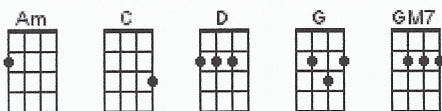
Rise a-[Am]gain [D] rise a-[G]gain [Gmaj7]  
 That her [C] name not be lost to the [G] knowledge of [D] men  
 All [G] those who loved her [Gmaj7] best and were [C]↓ with her [D]↓ 'til the [G] end  
 Will make the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /  
 [G] / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D]

For we [G] couldn't leave her [Gmaj7] there, you see, to [C] crumble [D] into [G] scale  
 She'd [Am] saved our lives so many times [C] living through the [D] gale  
 And the [G] laughing, drunken [Gmaj7] rats who left her [C] to a sorry [G] grave  
 They [Am] won't be laughing in another [D] day [D]

And [G] you, to whom ad-[Gmaj7]versity has [C] dealt the [D] final [G] blow  
 With [Am] smiling bastards lying to you [C] everywhere you [D] go  
 Turn [G] to, and put out [Gmaj7] all your strength of [C] arm and heart and [G] brain  
 And like the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain [G]

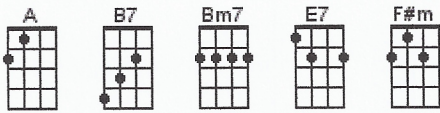
Rise a-[Am]gain [D] rise a-[G]gain [Gmaj7]  
 Though your [C] heart, it be broken, and [G] life about to [D] end  
 No [G] matter what you've [Gmaj7] lost, be it a [C]↓ home, a [D]↓ love, a [G] friend  
 Like the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain [G]

Rise a-[Am]gain [D] rise a-[G]gain [Gmaj7]  
 Though your [C] heart, it be broken, and [G] life about to [D] end  
 No [G] matter what you've [Gmaj7] lost, be it a [C]↓ home, a [D]↓ love, a [G] friend  
 Like the [Am] Mary Ellen [D] Carter, rise a-[G]gain / [Gmaj7] / [C] / [D] /  
 [G] / [Gmaj7] / [C]↓ [D]↓ / [G]↓



# Molly Malone (Cockles and Mussels)

Traditional – origin unknown



**INTRO:** / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[A] / [F#m] / [Bm7] / [E7] /  
[A] / [F#m] / [Bm7] / [E7] /

In [A] Dublin's fair [F#m] city, where the [Bm7] girls are so [E7] pretty  
I [A] first set my [F#m] eyes, on sweet [Bm7] Molly Ma-[E7]lone  
As she [A] wheeled her wheel-[F#m]barrow  
Through [Bm7] streets, broad and [E7] narrow  
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

## CHORUS:

A-[A]live, alive-[F#m]o! A-[Bm7]live, alive-[E7]o!  
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o! [A]

She [A] was a fish-[F#m] monger, and [Bm7] sure 'twas no [E7] wonder  
For [A] so were her [F#m] father and [Bm7] mother be-[E7]fore  
And they [A] both wheeled their [F#m] barrows  
Through [Bm7] streets broad and [E7] narrow  
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

## CHORUS:

A-[A]live, alive-[F#m]o! A-[Bm7]live, alive-[E7]o!  
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o! [A]

She [A]↓ died of a [F#m]↓ fever, and [Bm7]↓ no one could [E7]↓ save her  
And [A]↓ that was the [F#m]↓ end of sweet [Bm7]↓ Molly Ma-[E7]↓lone... <PAUSE>

But her [A] ghost wheels her [F#m] barrow  
Through [Bm7] streets, broad and [E7] narrow  
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

## CHORUS:

A-[A]live, alive-[F#m]o! A-[Bm7]live, alive-[E7]o!  
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

A-[A]live, alive-[F#m]o! A-[Bm7]live, alive-[E7]o!  
Crying [A] cockles, and [F#m] mussels, a-[Bm7]live, a-[E7]live-[A]o!

[F#m] / [Bm7] / [E7] / [A] / [A]↓

# The Orange And The Green

Anthony Murphy (as recorded by the Irish Rovers 1967)

## CHORUS:

Oh, it [G] is the biggest mixup that [D] you have ever seen  
My [C] father he was [G] Orange, and me [D] mother she was [G] green [G]

Oh, my [G] father was an Ulsterman, proud [D] Protestant was he  
My [C] mother was a [G] Catholic girl from [D] county Cork was [G] she  
They were [Em] married in two churches, lived [Am] happily e-[D]nough  
Un-[C]til the day that [G] I was born and [D] things got rather [G]↓ tough

## CHORUS:

Oh, it [G] is the biggest mixup that [D] you have ever seen  
My [C] father he was [G] Orange, and me [D] mother she was [G] green [G]

Bap-[G]tized by Father Reilly I was [D] rushed away by car  
To be [C] made a little [G] Orangemen, me [D] father's shinin' [G] star  
I was [Em] christened David Anthony but [Am] still in spite of [D] that  
To my [C] father I was [G] William while my [D] mother called me [G]↓ Pat

## CHORUS:

Oh, it [G] is the biggest mixup that [D] you have ever seen  
My [C] father he was [G] Orange, and me [D] mother she was [G] green [G]

With [G] mother every Sunday, to [D] mass I'd proudly stroll  
Then [C] after that the [G] Orange Lodge would [D] try to save my [G] soul  
For [Em] both sides tried to claim me, but [Am] I was smart be-[D]cause  
I'd [C] play the flute, or [G] play the harp de-[D]pendin' where I [G]↓ was

## CHORUS:

Oh, it [G] is the biggest mixup that [D] you have ever seen  
My [C] father he was [G] Orange, and me [D] mother she was [G] green [G]

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

## CHORUS:

Oh, it [G] is the biggest mixup that [D] you have ever seen  
My [C] father he was [G] Orange, and me [D] mother she was [G] green [G]

Now my [G] parents never could agree a-[D]bout my type of school  
My [C] learnin' was all [G] done at home, that's [D] why I'm such a [G] fool  
They [Em] both passed on, God rest 'em, but [Am] left me caught be-[D]tween  
That [C] awful colour [G] problem of the [D] Orange and the [G]↓ Green

## CHORUS: X2

## RED IS THE ROSE Irish and Scottish Traditional

Goes back hundreds of years, lyrics varying. Many interpretations of war history explain the Scottish variation, under the name "Loch Lomond".

Chord=2 beats unless noted. First sung note, C. 1&2&, 1&2&

**CHORUS**    C            Am            Dm            G7  
 Red is the rose, that in yonder garden grows.

          C            Am            F            G  
 Fair is the lilv of the val—ley.

          Am            Em            Dm            G7  
 Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne;

          C            F/ C/            G7 C            G7  
 But my love is fair-er than a—ny.

          C            Am            F            G7  
 Come o'er the hills, my bonnie Irish lass;

          C            Am            F            G  
 Come o'er the hills to your dar—ling.

          Am            Em            Dm            G7  
 You choose the road love & I'll make the vow;

          C            F/ C/            G7 C  
 And I'll be your true love for-e—ver.    **CHORUS**

          C            Am            Dm            G7  
 'Twas down by Killarney's green wo-ods that we strayed;

*when*            C            Am            F            G  
 The moon and the stars they were shi—ning.

          Am            Em            Dm            G7  
 The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair,

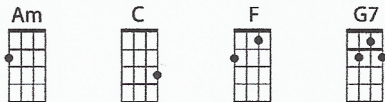
          C            F/ C/            G7 C  
 She swore she'd be my love for-e—ver.    **CHORUS**

          C            Am            Dm            G7  
 It's not for the parting with my sister Kate,

          C            Am            F            G  
 It's not for the grief of my mo—ther;

          Am            Em            Dm            G7  
 'Tis all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass,

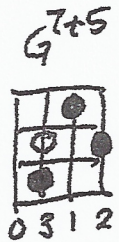
          C            F/ C/            G7 C  
 That my heart is break-ing for-e—ver.    **CHORUS**



# That's an Irish Lullaby (Toora loora looral)

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>A<sup>m</sup></sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 Over in Killarney, many years ago  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 me mother sang this song to me in tones so sweet and low.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>A<sup>m</sup></sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Just a simple little ditty in her good old Irish way  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7 (+5)</sup>  
 and I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me this day.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C7</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C<sup>0</sup></sup>  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7 (+5)</sup>  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry!  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C7</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C<sup>0</sup></sup>  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby.



<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>A<sup>m</sup></sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 Oft' in dreams I wander to that cot again.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 I feel her arms a-hugging me as when she held me then.  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>A<sup>m</sup></sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 And I hear her voice a-hummin' to me as in days of yore,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7 (+5)</sup>  
 when she used to rock me fast asleep outside the cabin door.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C7</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C<sup>0</sup></sup>  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7 (+5)</sup>  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry!  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C7</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C<sup>0</sup></sup>  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>D<sup>m7</sup></sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby.

rit. →

# These Are My Mountains

F chord

Traditional

¾ time

For fame and for fortune I wandered the earth  
And now I've come back to the land of my birth  
I've brought back my treasures but only to find  
They're less than the pleasures I first left behind

CHORUS:

For these are my mountains and this my glen  
The braes of my childhood will know me again  
No land's ever claimed me tho' far I did roam  
For these are my mountains and I'm going home

The berm by the road sings at my going by  
The lark overhead wings a welcoming cry  
The loch where the scart flies at last I can see  
It's here where my heart lies it's here I'll be free CHORUS

Kind faces will meet me and welcome me in  
And how they will greet me my own kith and kin  
The night by the fireside old songs will be sung  
At last I'll be hearing my own mother tongue. CHORUS



# THE UNICORN SONG

Irish Rovers

**Intro: [C - 4] [Dm - 2] [G7 - 2] [C - 4]**

A [C] long time ago, when the [Dm] Earth was green  
There was [G7] more kinds of animals than [C] you've ever seen  
They'd [C] run around free while the [Dm] Earth was being born  
But the [C] loveliest of all was the [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corn

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

Now [C] God seen some sinning and it [Dm] gave Him pain  
And He [G7] says, "Stand back, I'm going to [C] make it rain"  
He says, [C] "Hey brother Noah, I'll [Dm] tell you what to do  
[C] Build me a [Dm]↓floa-[G7]↓ting [C] zoo,

And take some of those...

*[C] Green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese  
Some [G7] humpty-backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees  
Some [C] cats and rats and elephants, but [Dm] sure as you're born  
[C] Don't you forget My [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corns!"*

Old [C] Noah was there to [Dm] answer the call  
He [G7] finished up making the ark just as the [C] rain started fallin'  
He [C] marched the animals [Dm] two by two, And  
He [C] called out as [Dm] they [G7] went [C] through

"Hey Lord,

*I've got your [C] green alligators and [Dm] long-necked geese  
Some [G7] humpty-backed camels and some [C] chimpanzees  
Some [C] cats and rats and elephants, but [Dm] Lord, I'm so forlorn  
I [C] just can't see no [Dm]↓U-[G7]↓-ni-[C]corns."*

## The Unicorn Song, P. 2

Then **[C]** Noah looked out through the **[Dm]** driving rain  
And the **[G7]** unicorns were hiding  
**[C]** Playing silly games  
**[C]** Kicking and splashing while the **[Dm]** rain was pourin'  
**[C]** Ah, them silly **[Dm]**↓U-**[G7]**↓-ni-**[C]**corns!

*There was **[C]** green alligators, and **[Dm]** long-necked geese.  
Some **[G7]** humpty-backed camels and some **[C]** chimpanzees  
Noah **[C]** cried, "Close the door, 'cause the **[Dm]** rain is pourin'  
And **[C]** we just can't wait for no **[Dm]**↓U-**[G7]**↓-ni-**[C]**corns!"*

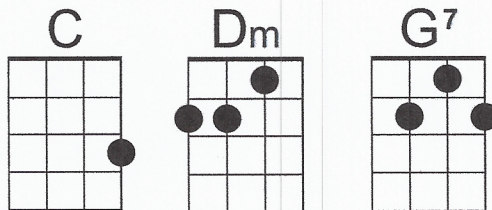
The **[C]** ark started moving, it **[Dm]** drifted with the tide  
The **[G7]** unicorns looked up from the **[C]** rocks and they cried  
And the **[C]** waters came down and sort of  
**[Dm]** floated them away..... **[STOP]**

### **(TACET) Spoken:**

And that's why you've never seen a unicorn, to this very day!

*You'll see*

***[C]** green alligators and **[Dm]** long-necked geese  
Some **[G7]** humpty backed camels and some **[C]** chimpanzees  
Some **[C]** cats and rats and elephants  
But **[Dm]** sure as you're born  
You're **[C]** never gonna see no  
**[Dm]** U\_\_\_**[G7]**-ni\_\_\_**[C]**corns! **[C]**↓ **[G7]**↓ **[C]**↓*



# When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

by Ernest Ball, George Graff and Chauncey Olcott (1912)

## Waltz beat

There's a tear in your eye— and I'm won-der-ing why—  
For it ne-ver should be there at all—  
With such power in your smile— sure a stone you'd be-guile  
So there's ne-ver a tear-drop should fall—  
When your sweet lilt-ing laugh-ter's like some fair-y song—  
And your eyes twink-le bright as can be—  
You should laugh all the while— and all oth-er times smile—  
And now, smi-le a smile— for me—

## Chorus:

When I—rish eyes— are smil-ing— sure, 'tis like— a morn— in Spring—  
In the lilt— of I—rish laugh-ter— you can hear— the a—ngels sing—  
When I—rish hearts— are hap-py— all the world— seems bright- and gay—  
And when I—rish eyes- are smi—ling, sure they ste-al your heart— a-way—



## I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER Mort Dixon, Harry

4/4 1...2...1234

D E  
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover that I overlooked before

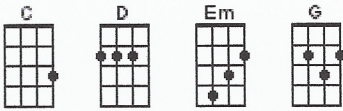
A7 D E7 A7  
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain, third is the roses that grow in the lane

D E7  
You know there's no need explaining the one remaining is someone that I adore.

Em Gm D B7 E7 A7 D A7 D  
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover that I overlooked before.

# Whiskey In The Jar

Traditional (The Dubliners' lyrics 1967)



As [G] I was goin' over, the [Em] Cork and Kerry mountains  
I [C] met with Captain Farrell and his [G] money he was [D] countin'  
I [G] first produced me pistol and I [Em] then produced me rapier  
Sayin' [C] "Stand and deliver" for he [G] were a bold deceiver

## CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da  
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o  
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

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

## CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da  
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o  
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

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

## CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da  
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o  
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

'Twas [G] early in the mornin', just be-[Em]fore I rose to travel  
Up [C] comes a band of footmen, and [G] likewise Captain [D] Farrell  
I [G] first produced me pistol for she'd [Em] stolen away me rapier  
But I [C] couldn't shoot the water, so a [G] prisoner I was taken

**CHORUS:**

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da  
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o  
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

Now, [G] some take delight in the [Em] carriages a-rollin'  
And [C] others take delight in the [G] hurley and the [D] bowlin'  
But [G] I take delight in the [Em] juice of the barley  
And [C] courtin' pretty fair maids in the [G] mornin' bright and early

**CHORUS:**

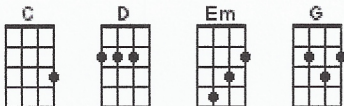
Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da  
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o  
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

If [G] anyone can aid me 'tis me [Em] brother in the army  
If [C] I can find his station, in [G] Cork or in [D] Killarney  
And [G] if he'll go with me, we'll go [Em] rovin' in Kilkenny  
And I'm [C] sure he'll treat me better than me [G] own, me sportin' Jenny

**CHORUS:**

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da  
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o  
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da  
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o  
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] ↓ jar [G] ↓



## Wild Mountain Thyme in 6/8

Strum: **D DUDU D DUDU.**  
1 2&3& 4 5&6&

First note is a G

*G/// Am/// G///// C///// G/////*  
1. Oh the summer time is coming and the trees are sweetly blooming

*C/// Bm/// Em///// C/// Am/// C/////*  
And the wild mountain thyme, grows around the blooming heather

*G/// C/// G///// C///// G/////*  
**CHORUS: Will ye go lassie go? And we'll all go together.**

*C/// Bm/// Em///// C/// Am/// C/////*  
**To pluck wild mountain thyme, all around the blooming heather**

*G/// C/// G/////*  
**Will ye go lassie go?**

*G/// Am/// G///// C///// G/////*  
2. I will build my love a bower. Near yon pure crystal fountain

*C/// Bm/// Em///// C/// Am/// C/////*  
And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain

### CHORUS

*G/// Am/// G///// C///// G/////*  
3. If my true love she were gone, I would surely find another

*C/// Bm/// Em///// C/// Am/// C/////*  
Where the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather

### CHORUS

# Wild Rover

The Dubliners - Traditional Irish

A D A D E7 A  
I've been a wild rover for many a year and I spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
A D A D E7 A  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store and I never will play the wild rover no more

## [CHORUS]

E7 A (stop) D  
And it's no, nay, never, (clap, clap, clap, CLAP) no, nay, never no more  
A D E7 A  
Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more

A D A D E7 A  
I went in to an alehouse I used to frequent and I told the landlady me money was spent  
A D A D E7 A  
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay! Such custom as yours I could have any day!"

## [CHORUS]

A D A D E7 A  
I took out of me pocket ten sovereigns bright and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
A D A D E7 A  
She said: "I have whiskeys and wines of the best! And the words that I told you were only in jest!"

## [CHORUS]

A D A D E7 A  
I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done and ask them to pardon their prodigal son  
A D A D E7 A  
And when they've caressed me as oft times before, I never will play the wild rover no more.

## [CHORUS 2x]