

30 sessie songs

voor de Ierse sessies

in de

weverkeshof

losbladige aflevering 1

uitgave september 2010

Inleiding voor begeleiders van de sessiesongs.

In dit songboek vindt U 30 liederen en ballades uit de Ierse / Keltische traditie. Dat wil niet zeggen dat het daarom traditionele liederen zijn, maar wel geschreven vanuit die traditie.

Bij alle liederen (uit diverse bronnen) staan begeleidingsakkoorden weergegeven. Doorgaans in toegankelijke toonsoorten, soms wat moeilijker. Dat is niet alleen een aansporing om ook moeilijker schema's te leren beheersen. Het gaat vaak ook om een goede gemiddelde toonhoogte te vinden voor het zingen.

Niemand schrijft echter de toonsoort van een lied dwingend voor. Hoe meer akkoorden je beheerst hoe gemakkelijker het is om te schakelen naar andere toonsoorten, als dat blijkt beter bij de stem (stemmen) te passen. Tenslotte gaat het om zoveel mogelijk gezamenlijk muziek te maken.

Om het iets te vergemakkelijken geef ik hieronder enkele tabellen weer om de akkoorden van de ene naar de andere toonsoort te kunnen zoeken. Het is dus van belang om de akkoordvormen van de verschillende toonsoorten te leren, zodat het schakelen gemakkelijk gedaan kan worden. Vervolgens is er ook nog de mogelijkheid om het omzetten met een capo op te lossen.

Akkoordreeksen bestaan uit een (beperkt) aantal akkoorden op een bepaalde volgorde na elkaar gespeeld. Die volgorde staat boven de tekst aangegeven. De meest voorkomende volgen hier

Majeur	C	D	E	F	G	A	Mineur	Am	Bm	Em
	F	G	A	Bb	C	D		Dm	Em	Am
	G	A	B	C	D	E		D7	F#7	B7
	Am	Bm	C#m	Dm	Em	F#m		G	A	D
	G7	A7	B7	C7	D7	E7		Em	F#m	Bm
	C7	D7	E7	F7	G7	A7		C	D	G
	D	E	F#	G	A	B		D	E	A

Voorafgaand aan gebruik van een capo: bedenk dat een capo plaatsen het instrument in principe ontstemt. De mate is afhankelijk van soort capo en het instrument. Hoe hoger op de hals geplaatst hoe meer de afwijking wordt. Probeer daarom goed uit hoe jouw instrument stemt als je een capo gebruikt, zodat je weet in welke mate je bij moet stemmen.

Gebruik van de capo in majeure, werkt als volgt:

De akkoordvorm van C klinkt als een D met de capo op II; als een E op IV en als een F op V

De akkoordvorm van D klinkt als een E met de capo op II; als F met de capo op III etc.

De akkoordvorm van E klinkt als een F met de capo op I, als G met de capo op III etc.

De akkoordvorm van F klinkt als een G met de capo op II, als A met de capo op IV etc

De akkoordvorm van G klinkt als een A met de capo op II etc

De akkoordvorm van A klinkt als C met de capo op III etc.

Voor de mineurvariant:

Am wordt Bm, Cm, Dm en Em met de capo op (respectievelijk) II, III, V, VII

Vanuit Bm wordt de reeks doorgezet: Cm, Dm, Em, Fm met capo in positie I, III, V, VI

Over begeleiden:

Je kunt de gitaar ritmisch gebruiken (slaggitaar) of tokkelend spelen (finger-picking). Er zijn ook allerlei tussenvormen mogelijk. Van belang is dat je niet altijd even luid hoorbaar hoeft te zijn. Evenmin is het nodig dat alle klanken van een akkoord hoorbaar moeten zijn. Oefenen in terughoudend begeleiden is bijna twee keer hetzelfde zeggen.

Dit boek is het tot stand gekomen door een initiatief van Mike Seaby, een vaste bezoeker van de sessies in Weverkeshof. Het is bedoeld als een losbladig systeem, dat op termijn uitgebreid kan worden. Voorstellen daartoe zijn welkom. Deze eerste samenstelling is ontstaan door bijdragen van o.a. Leo Ebben en Kees van Wijnen. Door uitproberen en opzoeken in diverse bronnen heb ik akkoorden gevonden voor alle weergegeven liederen.

Veel plezier bij het zingen en begeleiden!

Kees van de Sande

A MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY

Oh me name is Jock Stewart
I'm a canny gun man
And a roving young fellow I've been
chorus So be easy and free
When your drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

I'm a piper by trade
I'm a ramblin' young blade
And 'tis many a tune I can play
chorus

I've got acres of land
I have men at command
And I've always a shilling to spare
chorus

With my dog and my gun
I go out for to shoot
All along the green banks o' the Spey
chorus

So come fill up your glasses
with brandy and wine
And whatever the cost I will pay
chorus

AVONDALE (Dominic Behan)

Ch: Oh have you been to Avondale
And lin-gered in it's lovely vale
Where tall trees whisper and know the tale
Of Avondale's proud eagle

Where fame and ancient glory fade
Such was the land where he was laid
Like Christ was thirty pieces paid
For Avondale's proud eagle

Long years that green and lovely vale
Has nursed Parnell, our grandest Gael
And cursed the land that has betrayed
Fair Avondale's proud eagle

(This song is about Parnell, the leader of the Irish Home Rule Movement in the 1880s. After a scandal about his sex life, his supporters, under a campaign of hatred by both the English press and the Catholic church, deserted him and he died shortly afterwards)

BLACK VELVET BAND

Chorus:

E
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
A B7
You'd think she was queen of the land
E C#m
And her hair hung over her shoul- der
F#m B7 E
Tied up with a black velvet band.

E
In a neat little town they call Belfast
A B7
Ap-prenticed to trade I was bound
E C#m
And many an hour's sweet happiness
B7 E
I spent in that neat little town.
Till bad misfortune came o'er me
That caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band.

Well, I was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
Who was selling her trade in the bar.
When I watched, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch came and put me in prison
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

Next morning before judge and jury
For a trial I had to appear
And the judge, he said, "You young fellows...
The case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band."

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads,
Beware of the pretty colleen.
She'll fill you with whiskey and porter
Until you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know, me lads,
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land.

CARRICKFERGUS

G Am D G Em
I wish I was in Carrickfergus,
Am D C G
Only for nights in Ballygrant
Am D G Em
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
Am D C G
Only for nights in Ballygrant,
G D
But the sea is wide and I cannot cross over
Em C D
And neither have I the wings to fly
Am D G
I wish I could meet a handsome boatman
Em Am D C G
To ferry me over, my love to find.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections
Of happy times spent so long ago
My boyhood friends and my own relations
Have all passed on like the melting snow

And I spend my days in endless roaming
Soft is the grass my bed is free
Oh to be home now in Carrickfergus
On that old long road down to the sea.

But in Kilkenny, it is reported,
On marble stones there as black as ink
With gold and silver I would support her,
But I'll sing no more now 'till I get a drink.
For I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober
A handsome rover from town to town,
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered,
Come all you young men and lay me down.

DICEY RILEY
(Dominic Behan)

G D G
Poor ould Dicey Riley she has taken to the sup,
D G
Poor ould Dicey Riley she will never give it up,

It's off each morning to the pop,
D
then she goes in for a little drop,
G D7 G
For the heart of the roll is Dicey Ri- ley.

She'll walk along Fitzgibbon St. with an
independent air,
Then it's down by Summerhill and see the people
stare,
She'll say it's nearly half past one, so I'll go in for
another one,
For the heart of the roll is Dicey Riley.

Long years ago when men were men and fancied
May Oblong,
Or lovely Becky Cooper or Maggie Mary Wong,
One woman put them all to shame, just one was
worthy of the name,
And the name of that same was Dicey Riley.

But time went catchin' up on her like many pretty
whores,
It's after yeh along the street before yer out the
door,
The balance weighed their looks all fade, but out of
all that great brigade,
Still the heart of the roll is Dicey Riley.

FIDDLER'S GREEN
(John Connolly)

D Bm
As I roved by the dockside on evening so fair
D G D A
To view the still waters and take the salt air
G D Bm
I heard an old fisherman singing this song
D G D A
O take me a-way boys my time is not long

chorus

D A D
Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper
G D A
No more on the docks I'll be seen
G
Just tell me old shipmates

D
I'm taking a trip, mates
A D
And I'll see them someday in Fiddler's Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go when they don't go to Hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

The sky's always clear and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board with a flip of their tail
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

And when you're in dock and the long trip is thru
There's pubs and there's clubs, and there's lassies
there too
Now the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum hanging from every tree

I don't want a harp or a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
And I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
When the wind's in the rigging to sing me this song

FIELDS OF ATHENRY
(Contemporary lyrics)

F
By a lonely prison wall
Bb F C7
I heard a young girl cal-ling,
F Bb C7
"Michael, they are taking you a-way.
F Bb
For you stole Travelian's corn,
F C7
So the young might see the morn,
F
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

Chorus
F Bb F Dm
Low lie the fields of Athen-ry
F C7
Where once we watched the small freebirds fly.
F Bb
Our love was on the wing,
F C7
We had dreams and songs to sing
F
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athen-ry.

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling
"Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they ran me down,
Now you must raise our children with dignity."
Chorus

By a lonely harbour wall,
She watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out across the sky
But she'll watch and hope and pray,
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

GYPSY ROVER
(Leo Maguire)

G C G D
The gypsy rover came over the hill,
G D Em D
down through the valley so shady,
G D Em C
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
G C G C G
and he won the heart of a la--dy.

Chorus:
G D G D
Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day,
G D Em D
ah-de-do, ah-de-da-ay
G D Em C
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang,
G C G C G
and he won the heart of a la--dy.

She left her father's castle gates,
she left her own fine lover
She left her servants and her state
to follow the gypsy rover.

Chorus:
Her father saddled up his fastest steed
and roamed the valleys all over
Sought his daughter at great speed
and the whistling gypsy rover.

Chorus:
He came at last to a mansion fine,
down by the river Claydee
And there was music and there was wine,
for the gypsy and his lady.

Chorus:
"He is no gypsy, my father" she said,
"but lord of these lands all over,
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
with my whistling gypsy rover."

Chorus:

(from the singing of the Clancy Brothers, a
variation of a Child ballad)

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE
(Stephen Foster)

G G
Let us pause in life's pleasures
C G
and count its many tears,
C G D G
while we all sup sorrow with the poor.
G Em
There's a song that will linger
C G
forever in our ears,
C G D G
oh, hard times come again no more.

G C G
It's the song, a sigh of the weary,
Em G C D
hard times, hard times, come again no more.
G C
Many days you have lingered
C G
around my cabin door,
C G Em D G
oh, hard times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty
and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent,
their pleading looks will say
Oh hard times come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden
who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry,
't is sighing all the day,
Oh hard times come again no more.

'T is a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'T is a wail that is heard upon the shore
'T is a dirge that is murmured around the lowly
grave
Oh hard times come again no more.

JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YE

Em, D
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, Hur-roo, hurroo
Em G B7
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, Hur-roo, hurroo
Em D
While goin' the road to sweet Athy
C B7
A stick in me hand and a tear in me eye
Em Em C B7
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
Em D Em
Johnny I hard-ly knew ye.

With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that were so mild,
hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild,
hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild
When my heart you so beguiled
Why did ye run from me and the child
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run
When you went for to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home
All from the island of Sulloon
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again
But they never will take our sons again
No they never will take our sons again
Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

LORD OF THE DANCE
(Sydney Carter)

D Bm
I danced in the morning
F#m Bm
when the world was young
A G A
I danced in the moon, the stars and the sun
D Bm
I came down from heaven and
F#m Bm
I danced on earth
A D G D
At Bethle-hem I had my birth

Chorus:

D Bm D
Dance, dance, wherever you may be
Bm A
I am the Lord of the dance said he
D Bm F#m
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
A G D
And I lead you all in the dance said he

I danced for the scribe and for the Pharisee
They would not dance, they would not follow me
So I danced for the fishermen James and John
Came with me and the dance went on
Chorus

I danced on the Sabbath an I cured the lame
The holy people said it was a shame
They whipped and they stripped
and they hung me high
Left me there on the cross to die
Chorus

I danced on a Friday when the world turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil in your back
They buried my body they thought I'd gone
But I am the dance and I still go on
Chorus

They cut me down but I leapt up high
I am the life that will never, never die
And I'll live in you if you'll live in me
I am the Lord of the dance said he
Chorus

LEAVING LIVERPOOL

C F
Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage
C Am G7
River Mersey, fare thee well
C F C
I am bound for Cali-forni-ay
G7 C
A place I know right well

G7 F C
So fare thee well, my own true love
Am Em F G
When I return un-ited we will be
C F C
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
G7 C
But my darling when I think of thee

I'm bound off for California
By the way of stormy Cape Horn
And I'm bound to write you a letter, love
When I am homeward bound

I have signed on a Yankee Clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the Captain of her
And they say she's a floating Hell

I have shipped with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a seaman, he can get along
If not, then he's sure in Hell

Farewell to lower Frederick Street
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane
For I think it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will be a long, long time
Till I see you again

PEGGY GORDON

D A Em Bm A
Oh Peggy Gordon you are my dar- ling
G D A
come sit ye down upon my knee
G D Em Bm A
come tell to me the very rea- son
G D A G D
why I am slighted so by thee.

I am in love I cannot deny it
My heart lies troubled in my breast
it's not for me to let the world know it
a troubled heart can find no rest

I put my hand to a cask of brandy
it was my fancy so to do
for when I'm drinking I'm seldom thinking
and wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was away in England
or far across the brightly sea
or sailing over the deepest oceans
where love and care ne'er bother me

I wish I was in a lonely valley
where womankind cannot be found
where all the small birds they change their voices
and ev' ry moment a different sound

Oh Peggy Gordon you are my darling
come sit ye down upon my knee
come tell tae me the very reason
why I am slighted so by thee

PUFF, THE MAGIC DRAGON

G D C G
Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea
C G A D
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called
Honalee.
G D C G
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff
C G Em
And brought him strings and sealing wax
A D G D
and other fancy stuff, oh

chorus:

G D C G
Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea
C G A D
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called
Honalee.
G D C G
Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
C G Em
And frolicked in the autumn mist
A D G D
in a land called Honalee

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed
sail
Jackie kept a lookout perched on puffs gigantic tail,
Noble kings and princes would bow when'er they
came,
Pirate ships would lower their flag when puff
roared out his name. oh!
chorus

A dragon lives forever but not so little boys
Painted wings and giant rings make way for other
toys.
One grey night it happened, jackie paper came no
more
And puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless
roar.
chorus

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like
rain,
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane.
Without his life-long friend, puff could not be
brave,
So puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into his
cave. oh!
chorus

RARE OUL' TIMES

D G D G
Raised on songs and stor-ies, heroes of renown
D G D A
Ah, the passing tales and glor-ies that once was
Dublin town
D G D
The hallowed halls and hous-es,
G
the haunting childrens' rhymes
D G A D
That once was part of Dublin in the rare ould times

Chorus:

D G D Bm
Ring a ring a ro-sey, as the light de-clines
D G A D
I re-member Dublin city in the rare ould times

My name it is Sean Dempsey, as Dublin as can be
Born hard and late in Pimlico,
in a house that ceased to be.
By trade I was a cooper, lost out to redundancy.
Like my house that fell to progress,
my trade's a memory.

And I courted Peggy Dignan,
as pretty as you please,
A rogue and child of Mary,
from the rebel Liberties.
I lost her to a student chap,
with skin as black as coal.
When he took her off to Birmingham,
she took away my soul.

The years have made me bitter,
the gargle dims my brain,
'Cause Dublin keeps on changing,
and nothing seems the same.
The Pillar and the Met, have gone,
the Royal long since pulled down,
As the great unyielding concrete,
makes a city of my town.

Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey,
I can no longer stay,
And watch the new glass cages,
that spring up along the Quay.
My mind's too full of memories,
too old to hear new chimes,
I'm part of what was Dublin,
in the rare ould times.

RED IS THE ROSE

D Bm Em G
Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass
D Bm G A F#m
Come over the hills to your dar- ling
G D F#m G Em
You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the vow
D G A7 D
And I'll be your true love fore- ver.

Chorus

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne
But my love is fairer than any.

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we
strayed
When the moon and the stars they were shining
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair
And she swore she'd be my love forever.
Chorus

It's not for the parting that my sister pains
It's not for the grief of my mother
'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass
That my heart is breaking forever.

Chorus

THE CLIFFS OF DONEEN

G D G C D
You may travel far far from your own native home,
G
Far away o'er the mountains,
D Em
far a-way o'er the foam,
G D Em
But of all the fine places that I've ever been
G
Sure there's none can compare with the
C D
Cliffs of Dooneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll
see there
You'll see the high rocky mountains o'er the west
coast of Clare
Oh the town af Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen
From the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of
Dooneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day
Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay
Oh the hares and lofty pheasants are plain to be
seen
Making homes for their young round the cliffs of
Dooneen.

Fare thee well to Dooneen, fare thee well for a
while
And to all the kind people I'm leaving behind
To the streams and the meadows where late I have
been
And the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of
Dooneen.

THE SPANISH LADY

D Bm
As I came down through Dublin city
Em D G A
at the hour of twelve at night
D Bm
Who should I see but a Spanish Lady
Em D G A
washing her feet by candlelight
D Em
First she washed them, then she dried them,
D Em A
over a fire of amber coal
D G Em D Em G
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet about
A
the soul

Chorus
D Bm Em
Whack for the toora loora laddy, whack for the
D G A
toora loora lay (2 x)

As I came back through Dublin city at the hour of
half past eight
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady brushing
her hair in the broad daylight
First she tossed it, then she brushed it, on her lap
was a silver comb
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so fair since I
did roam
Chorus

As I went back through Dublin city, as the sun
began to set
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady catching a
moth in a golden net
When she saw me, then she fled me, lifting her
petticoat over her knee
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the
Spanish Lady
Chorus

I've wandered north and I've wandered south
through Stonybattery and Patrick's Close
Up and around by the Glouster Diamond and back
by Napper Tandy's house.
Old age has laid her hand on me, cold as a fire of
ashy coals,
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as the
Spanish Lady
Chorus

THE TOWN I LOVED SO WELL
(Phil Coulter)

A E D A
In my memory I will always see
D A E
The town that I have loved so well
A E D A
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
D A E A
And we laughed through the smoke and the smell.
A F#M E Bm D A
Going home in the rain running up the Dark Lane
D Bm D E
Past the jail and down beside the Fountain
A E D A
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
D A E7 A
In the town I loved so well.

In the early morn the shirt factory horn
Called the women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role
Fed the children and then walked the dog
And when times got rough there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
In the town I loved so well.

There was music there in the Derry air
Like a language that we could all understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
When I played in a small pick-up band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind me
There I learned about life and I found a wife
In the town I loved so well:

But when I returned oh my eyes how they burned
To see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
And the gas that hangs on to every breeze
Now the army's installed by the old gasyard wall
And the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns
Oh my God, what have they done
To the town I loved so well.

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
On tomorrow and peace once again
Now what's done is done and what's won is won
And what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright brand new day
For the town I love so well.

WELCOME POOR PADDY HOME

D A G D
I am a true born Irishman
D A D
I'll never deny what I am
D A G D
I was born in sweet Tipperary town
D A D
Three thousand miles away

Chorus:

D A D
Hurray me boys hurray
D A G A
No more do I wish for to roam
D A G D
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
D A D
To welcome poor Paddy home

The girls they are gay and frisky
They'd take you by the hand
Saying Jimmy mo chroi will you come with me
To welcome the stranger home

chorus

In came the foreign nation
And scattered all over our land
The horse the cow the goat sheep and sow
Came into the stranger's hands

chorus

The Scotsman can boast of the thistle
And England can boast of the rose
But Paddy can boast of the Emerald Isle
Where the dear little shamrock grows

Chorus

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

C Am
As I was going over Kilmagenny Mountain
F
I met with Capt. Farrel
C
and his money he was counting
Am
I first me pistol, and then I drew me sabre,
F
Saying, "Stand and deliver
C
for I am a bold deceiver."

chorus:

G
With me ring am a do ama dah
C C7
Whack fol the daddy o,
F
Whack fol the daddy o,
C G7 C
There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me,
But the devil take the women! They never can be easy.
Chorus

I went into me chamber, oh, for to take a slumber.
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it is no wonder.
But Jenny drew my charges and filled them up with charges,
And she went for Capt. Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.
Chorus

'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel.
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Capt. Farrel.
I then produce my pistol for she stolen away me saber,
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.
Chorus

If anyone can aid me it's me brother in army,
If I can learn his station in Cork or Killarny;
And if he'll come and join me, we'll go rolling in Killkenny,
And I'll gauge he'll treat me fairer than my darlin' sporting Jenny.
Chorus

WILD ROVER (NO NAY NEVER)

G C
I've been a wild rover for many a year
D D7 G
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
C
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
G D D7 G
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

chorus:

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

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."
chorus

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."
chorus

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress (forgive) me as oftentimes before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.
chorus

THE OLD TRIANGLE

(a cappella)

G
A hungry feeling came o' er me stealing
C Em Am C
and the mice were squealing in me prison cell
G
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
C Em D G
all along the banks of the royal Canal

To begin the morning the warden bawling,
Get out of bed and clean up your cell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
all along the banks of the royal Canal

On a fine spring morning the lag lay dreaming,
the seagulls wheeling high above the wall
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
all along the banks of the royal Canal

'nle screw was peeping and the lag lay sleeping,
while he lay weeping for his girl Sal
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
all along the banks of the royal Canal

'nle wind was rising and the the day decling,
As I lay pining in me prison cell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
all along the banks of the royal Canal

'nle day was dying the wind was sighing
as I lay crying in my prison cell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
all along the banks of the royal Canal

In the female prison there are seventy women,
I wish it was with them that I did dwell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
all along the banks of the royal Canal

THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Eb Bb Cm
O the summer time is coming
G# Bb7 Eb
And the trees are sweetly blooming
G# Bb Cm
And wild mountain thyme
G# Fm G#
Grows around the blooming heather
Eb G# Eb
Will you go, lassie, go?

Chorus:

G# Bb7 Eb
And we'll all go together
G# Bb Cm
To pluck wild mountain thyme
G# Fm G#
All around the blooming heather
Eb G# Eb
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a tower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds
And the deep land so dreary
and return with the spoils
to the bower o' my dearie
Will ye go lassie go ?

If my true love she'll not come
then I'll surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the purple heather
Will you go, lassie, go?

STILL I LOVE HIM

C G7 C
When I was single I wore a black shawl
 Am G7
Now that I've married, I've nothing at all

chorus:

F C G7 C
Still I love him, I'll forgive him
Am C G7 C
I'll go with him wherever he goes

He works in the pityard for twelve bob a week
He comes home on Saturdays full as a leach
chorus

He stands at the corner and whistles me out
His hands in his pockets, his shirt hanging out
chorus

He bought me a handkerchief red, white and blue
And then to clean windows he tore it in two
chorus

He comes down our alley and whistles me out
And when I get there he knocks me about
chorus

He took me to the alehouse and bought me some
 stout
Before I could drink it he ordered me out
chorus

Oh I like an apple and I like a pear
And I like a pitman with nice curly hair
chorus

LAST THING ON MY MIND

(Tom Paxton)

 D G D D
It's a lesson too late for the learning,
 G D A D D
made of sand, made of sand.
 D G D D
In the wink of an eye my soul is turning
 G D A D D
In your hand, in your hand.

Refrain:

 A A G G
Are you going away with no word of farewell,
 Bm D G A
Will there be not a trace left behind?
 D G
I could have loved you better,
 A Bm G
I didn't mean to be unkind
D A D
That was the last thing on my mind.

As we walk on, my thoughts keep tumblin'
Round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin'
Underground, underground

Chorus

As I lie in my bed in the mornin'
Without you, without you.
Every song in my breast lies a bornin'
Without you, without you.

Chorus

You've got reasons a-plenty for goin'
This I know, this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growin'
Please don't go, please don't go.

SONNY'S DREAM

chorus

C

Sonny don't go away, I am here all alone

C

And your daddy 's a sailor, and he

F C

never comes home

G

and the nights get so long, and the silence goes on

F

C

G

and I 'm feeling so tired, I 'm not all that strong

Sonny lives on a farm in a wide open space

'Take off your shoes son, stay out of the race

Lay down your head by the soft riverbed'

Sonny always remembers the words his mammy

said

chorus

Sonny works on the land though he's barely a man

There's not much to do, he does just what he can

He sits at the window of his room by the stairs

He watches the the waves gently wash on the pier

chorus

Many years have passed on, Sonny's old and alone

His daddy the sailor never came home

Sometimes he wonders what his life might have

been

But from the grave mammy still haunts his dream

chorus

RIDE ON

Am

F

True you ride the finest horse, I've ever seen

G

Am

standing 16 one or two with eyes wild and green

Am

F

you ride the horse so well hands light too the touch

G

Am

I could never go with you no matter how I wanted

too

chorus

Am F

Ride on, see you

G

Am

I could never go with you no matter how I wanted

too

When you ride into the night

without a trace behind

Run your claw along my gut

One last time

I turn to face an empty space

where you used to lie

An look for the spark that lights the night

from the tear drop in my eye.

chorus