Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling from glen to glen and down the mountainside. The summer's gone, and all the roses falling; 'tis you, 'tis you must go, and I must bide. But come ye back when summer's in the meadow, or when the valley's hushed and white with snow. 'Tis I'll be there, in sunshine or in shadow, oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so.
Molly Malone

Street dirge

Verse

G
In Dublin's fair city, where the
Am
Girls are so pretty, I
D7/F♯
First set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
G
She wheeled a wheelbarrow through
A7
streets broad and narrow, crying; "Cockles and
D7
G
Cockles and Mussels alive, alive-o!"
Em

Refrain

G
-live, a-live-o!___
Em
D/C
-like a fishmonger, and that was the wonder;
Am
D7
They drove a wheelbarrow
G/B
through streets broad and narrow,
Am
G/D
Crying: "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive-o!"
G
Alive, alive-o...... (Refrain)
D/F♯
C/E
3.
G
She died of a fever, and nothing could save her,
G/D
and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
D7
Now her ghost drives a barrow
G
through streets broad and narrow,
D7
Crying: "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive-o!"
G
Alive, alive-o...... (Refrain)
Whiskey In The Jar

Verse
C

As I was going over the far-famed Kerry Mountains, I met with Captain Farrell and the money he was counting. I first produced my pistol and then I drew my rapier, saying: "Stand and deliver, for you are my bold deceiver!" Mush-a-rig dumdoorum-die, whack fell me Pad-dy-o, there's whiskey in the jar. Oh, mush-a-al jar! Mush-a-rig dumdoorum-die... (Refrain)

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Am

F
dad-dy-o,

C/G

G

whack fell me Pad-dy-o, there's

C

G7

C

1-4.

C

D. S.

2. I counted out the money and it made a pretty penny, so I stuck it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny. She swore and she promised that she never would deceive me, but the Devil's in them women, and they never can go easy. Mush-a-rig dumdoorum-die... (Refrain)

Am

F

then I drew my rapier, saying: "Stand and de-

C

Refrain

-rever, for you are my bold deceiver!" Mush-a-

G

C

-rig dumdoorum-die,

Refrain

PM. 94 - 2935
The Wild Rover

Verse
G          C
I've been a Wild Rover for many a year,
G          D7
and I've spent all me money on whiskey and
G
beer. But now I'm returning with
C          G
money in store, and I never will
G      Refrain     D7
play the Wild Rover no more. And it's no,

2. I went to an ale-house I used to frequent,
and I told the landlady me money was spent.
I asked her for credit, the answer was "Nay!,
such custom as yours I can find any day."
And it's... (Refrain)

3. I took from me pocket two sovereigns bright,
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight:
"Me lad, I've got whiskey and wines of the best,
and them words I just spoke sure, were only in jest."
And it's... (Refrain)

4. You can keep all your whiskey and wines likewise, too:
no more of me money I'm spending with you!
For the money I've got now, I'm saving in store,
and I never will play the Wild Rover no more.
And it's... (Refrain)

5. I'm off to my parents, confess what I've done,
and ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they'll forgive me, as they've done before,
then I never will play the Wild Rover no more.
And it's... (Refrain)

R.M. 94 - 2934
7 Drunken Nights

Verse

D rubato

1. As I came home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be,
   I see a horse outside the door where my old horse should be.
   So I calls me wife, and I says to her: "Would you kindly tell to me: who owns that horse outside the door, where my old horse should be?"
   "Ah! You're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, for sure you cannot see: that's a lovely cow that my mother sent to me!"
   Well 'tis many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more, but a saddle on a cow, sure I never saw before!

2. As I came home on Tuesday night, (usw)...
   I see a coat behind the door (usw)... So I calls me wife (usw)...
   "Who owns that coat behind the door (usw)... Refrain
   But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before.

3. As I came home on Wednesday night, (usw)...
   I see a pipe upon the chair (usw)... So I calls me wife (usw)...
   Refrain...tobacco on a walking stick...

4. As I came home on Thursday night (usw)...
   I see two boots beneath the bed (usw)... So I calls me wife (usw)...
   Refrain...But laces and socks in geranium pots, I never saw before.

5. As I came home on Friday night (usw)...
   I see a head upon the bed (usw)... So I calls me wife (usw)...
   Refrain...But a baby boy with his whiskers on, I never saw before!
Old Woman From Wexford

Rolling merrily
J. = 114

Verse

Well, there was an old wo-man from
Wex-ford, and in Wex-ford she did dwell.

Now, she loved her old man dearly, but another one as well.

With your rum da dum da dei-ro, and the blind man he could see.

Refrain

Verse

2. One day she went to the doctor, some medicine for to find. She said: "Will you give me something for to make me old man blind?"

(Refrain)

3. "Feed him eggs and marrow-bones, and make him suck them all, and it won't be long before he can't see you at all."

(Refrain)

4. Now, the doctor wrote a letter, and he signed it with his hand, then he sent it round to the old man, just to let him understand.

(Refrain)

5. She fed him eggs and marrow-bones, and made him suck them all, and it wasn't very long before he couldn't see the wall.

(Refrain)

6. Says he: "I'd like to drown meself, but that might be a sin." Says she: "I'll go along with you and help to push you in."

(Refrain)

7. The woman she stepped back a bit, to rush and push him in, but the old man quickly stepped aside, and she went tumblin' in.

(Refrain)

8. Oh, how loudly she did yell, and how loudly she did call. "Yerra, hold your whistle old woman, sure I can't see you at all!"

(Refrain)

9. Now, suckin' eggs and marrow-bones may make your old man blind; But if you want to drown him, sure, just creep up close behind!

(Refrain)
Reilly's Daughter

1. As I was sitting by the fire,
   eating spuds and drinking porter,
   suddenly a thought came into my mind: I'd
   like to marry old Reilly's daughter. Giddy e'i aye,
   gid-dy e'i aye, gid-dy e'i aye for the
   one-eyed Reilly's, gid-dy e'i aye

2. Ol' Reilly played on the big bass drum,
   Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter,
   Reilly had a bright red glittering eye,
   And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter.
   (Refrain)

3. Her hair was black and her eyes were blue,
   The colonel and the major and the captain sought her,
   the sergeant and the private and the drummer-boy too,
   but they never stood a chance with Reilly's daughter.
   (Refrain)

4. I got me a ring and a parson too,
   got me a scratch in a married quarter,
   settled me down to a peaceful life,
   happy as a king with Reilly's daughter.
   (Refrain)

5. Suddenly, a footstep on the stairs:
   here comes Reilly, out for slaughter,
   with two pistols in his hands,
   looking for the man who had married his daughter?
   (Refrain)

6. I caught old Reilly by the hair,
   rammed his head in a pail of water,
   fired his pistols into the air
   a damned sight quicker than I married his daughter!
   (Refrain)
Rose Of Tralee

Sweetly

Verse

C C/Bb

C

C/Bb

C

1. Oh, the pale moon was rising above yon green mountain, the sun was descending beneath the blue sea, when I smiling, was listening to me. The

F/A

Am7 D7 G7

strayed with my love o'er the pure crystal moon through the valley her rays were fountain that stands in the

C C/Bb F/A

G Dm7/A G7/B

shedding, when I won the beautiful Vale of Tra -

beau - ti - ful Vale of Tra -

2. cool shades of evening their

C

Am Dm

Am E7 Am G

ro - ses that bloom in summer, yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me. Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes, ever -

C

G Dm7/A G7/B C Am F

=dawning, that made me love Mary, the

F/G

1. C 2. C

Rose of Tra - lee. 2. Oh, the

PM. 94 - 2932
Kerry Dancers

Lightly, merrily
J = 176

D

C: C C C D

1. Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing,
2. Voices calling across the heather,

Bm

E A

oh, bright and clear as the morning dew,

D G/D D

Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
melt in tune with the piper's swirling,

Bm A7 D A Bm7

gone, alas, like our youth, too soon.
When the folks be-curling high to the burning blue.

C0 A7/C C D A B7 E7

—gan to gather in the glen of a summer's night,
—gan to dwindle, when the mist began to fall,

A/C C Bm7 A A/G

then the Kerry piper's tunning
all the folks would come to join us,

Fm Cm7 Cm7 E7 A7

made us long with wild delight,
come to answer the piper's call.

G/B rubato Fm/A rubato

1.+2. Oh, to think of it, oh, to dream of it
fills my heart with tears. Oh, the days of the

Em/G Em/(E) A7/A D Al tempo primo

Kerry dancing, oh, the ring of the piper's tune!

D G/D D Bm E A7

Oh, for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas, like our

A7 D D G D E7/G C

youth, too soon!

D/A A7 D D

(fine)
Irish Washerwoman

A real good party

Traditional
Arrangement
and lyrics by
John O'Brien-Docker

Now, ould Ka-ty O’-Flah-erty is
Kate does the wash-ing, the

gi-vin' a par-ty for some of the lad-ies at
la-the-ring, slosh-ing a-way at the un-dies from

Ros-sie O’-Grady's, and
Tues-days 'til Mon-days, she's

if, when it's o-ver, there's one of them so-ber, I'll
quick with her fingers, she's gathered the knack, so she

walk on me hands to Mac-Ewan's saloon! The
rubs and she scrubs 'til the wa-ter goes black. Now

2 x slow, rubato: He's not all that sure of what goes into that beer!

drin-kin' and figh-tin' gets migh-ty ex-ci-tin' when
I'm not the kind to be-lieve all I hear, so I

Ka-ty gets ma-tyey with Ros-sie O’-Grady. They
drink up me stout in the hope that it's beer and say:
sing and they shout from the
"Here's to the dar-lin' who

Em7  A7  D  Em7  A7
a tempo!

top of their heads; the noise is e-nough to go
gets me socks clean; a health to Miss Ka-ty, our

wake up the dead.

2. Well, our Wash-wo-man Queen!
The German Clockwinder

Jolly Waltz
Arranged by John O'Brien-Bocker

Verse
C
G
A German clock-winder to
F
G
Dublin once came. Benjamin
F
C
Fooks was the old German's name. And
(C)
C/E
F
as he was winding his way round the
G
Strand, he played on his flute, and the
G breit Am7
G7 C
music was grand.

Refrain
G7
C
Toor-aloma-loma, toor-aloma-loma,
a tempo

2. Oh, there was a young lady from Grosvenor Square,
who said that her clock was in need of repair.
In walks the bold German and to her delight,
in less than five minutes he had her clock right.
(Refrain)

3. Now, as they were seated down on the floor,
there came this very loud knock on the door.
In walked her husband and great was his shock,
for to see the old German wind up his wife's clock.
(Refrain)

4. The husband says: "Now, look here Mary Anne,
don't let that bold German come in here again.
He wound up your clock and left mine on the shelf;
if your ol' clock needs winding sure I'll wind it meself!"
(Refrain)
I'm A Rover

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Refrain

G | C | G
I'm a rover, and seldom sober. I'm a
D | D | D
rover of high degree.
G | C | G
For when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking how to
G | D | G (fine)
gain my true love's company.

Verse

G | C | G
Though the night be as dark as a dungeon, not a
D | D | D
star to be seen above, I will be

3. He stepped up to her bedroom window, kneeling gently upon a stone, he rapped at her bedroom window: "Darling dear, do you lie alone?"

4. "It's only me, your own true love, open the door and let me in, for I have come on a long journey, and I'm near drenched to the skin".

5. She opened the door with the greatest pleasure, she opened the door and she let him in. They both shook hands and embraced each other. Until the morning they lay as one.

6. The cocks were crowing, the birds were whistling, the streams they ran free about the brae; remember, lass I'm a ploughman's laddie, and the farmer I must obey.

7. Now my love, I must go and leave thee, and though the hills are high above, I will climb them with greater pleasure fresh from the arms of my ain true love.
Black Velvet Band

Verse

1. In a neat little town called Belfast,
   apprentice of trade I was bound,
   and many an hour's happiness I've had in that neat little town.

Refrain

Black Velvet Band. Her eyes, they shone like diamonds,
   thought her the queen of the land,
Moony Marlis

Double Jig, non-stop!
J = 112

Music by:
John O'Brien-Docker

2. As I went walking down Broadway,
not intending to stay very long,
I met with a frolicsome damson,
as she came tripping along.
A gold watch she pulled from her pocket
and she slipped it right into my hand,
and the very first day that I met her;
broad luck with the black velvet band.

Her eyes, they shone like diamonds . . . (Refrain)

3. Before judge and jury next morning
both of us had to appear;
a gentleman claimed his jewellery,
and the case was proven clear.
Seven long years transportation,
right down to "Van Dieman's Land",
far away from me friends and relations,
betrayed by the black velvet band.

Her eyes, they shone like diamonds . . . (Refrain)
Shores Of Amerikay

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

1. I'm bidding farewell to the land of my youth, and the homes I've loved so well; and the mountains so grand, round my own native land, I am bidding them all farewell._

With an aching heart I'll bid them "A-dieu", for tomorrow I'll sail far away, 'cross the raging foam to seek a home on the shores of Amerikay._

2. It's not for the want of employment I'm going, and it's not for the love of fame, or that fortune bright may shine over me, and give me a glorious name. It's not for the want of employment I'm going, o'er the weary and stormy sea, but to seek a home for my own true love on the shores of Amerikay.

3. And when I am bidding my last farewell the tears, like rain, will blind. To think of my friends in my own native land, and the home I'm leaving behind. But if I'm to die on a foreign land, and be buried so far away, no fond mother's tears will be shed o'er my grave on the shores of Amerikay.

PM. 94 - 3335
Leaving Of Liverpool

Sturdily
J = 100

Verse
C
F
C

Fare - well to you, my_ own true love I am

G

leav - ing of Li - verpool that grieves me, but, my

go - ing far, far a - way. I am

C
F
C

bound for Ca - li - for - ni - a, and I

G7
C

I am

Refrain

know that I'll re - turn some day.

C
G7
C

So -

G
F
C

fare - thee well, my_ own true love, for when

G

I re - turn un - ti - ted we will be. It's not the

2. I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,

"Davy Crockett" is her name,

and her Captain's name is Burgess,

and they say that she's a floating hell.

(Refrain)

3. Oh, the sun is on the harbour, love,

and I wish I could remain,

for I know it will be a long, long time

before I see thee again.

(Refrain)
Muirshin Durkin

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse

1. In the days I went a-courtin', I forever was re-
-sortin' to the ale-house and the jailhouse, and
many's the house besides! So I told me brother

Seamus: I'll go off and get right famous, and before I re-
-turn again, I'll sail the whole world wide. So, it's
goodbye, Muirshin Durkin, I'm sick and tired o' workin'. No

more I'll dig the prattles, no longer feel the cold, for as

sure as me name is Clarney, I'll be off to California,

-diggin' chunks of gold! 2. Now, I've

2. Now, I've courted girls in Blarney,
in Cantark and in Killarney,
in Cavan and in Queenstown,
that is the Cobb of Cork.
It's goodbye to all that leisure,
for I'm off to take me pleasure,
and the next thing you will hear from me
will be a postcard from New York, saying:
(Refrain)

3. It's goodbye to all the boys back home,
I'm sailing far across the foam,
I'm off to seek me fortune in far Amerikay.
There's gold and jewels a-plenty
for the poor and for the gentry,
and one day when I return again,
I never more will say:
(Refrain)
The Curragh Of Kildare

Slow and wistful
\( \dot{\text{J}} = 112 \)

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O’Brien-Docker

Oh, the winter it is passed,
—and the summer’s come at last,
and the small birds are singing in the trees.

Their little hearts are glad,

But mine is very sad, for my true love is far away from me.

2. All you that are in love and cannot it remove,
I pity all the pain that you endure.
For experience let me know that your heart is full of woe.
It’s a woe that no mortal can endure.

3. A livery I will wear, and I’ll comb back all my hair,
and in velvet so green I will appear.
And straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare,
for it’s there I’ll find tidings of my dear.
Galway Piper

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Playful
\( J = 208 \)

1. Every person in the nation, whether of high or humble station, holds in highest estimation.

2. When the wedding bells are ringing,
   Tim's the breath that leads the singing,
   Then in jigs the folks go swinging:
   What a splendid piper!
   He can blow from dark 'til dawn,
   Counting sleep a thing of scorn,
   Old is he, but not outworn,
   Piping Tim of Galway.  \( \text{(Instr.)} \)

3. When he walks the highway pealing,
   Round his head the birds come wheeling.
   Tim has carols worth the stealing,
   Piping Tim of Galway.
   Thrush and linnet, finch and lark
   Call to each other: "Tim's there, hark!"
   Soon they'll sing from light 'til dark
   Piping tunes of Galway.  \( \text{(Instr.)} \)

4. Every person in the nation,
   Whether of high or humble station,
   Holds in highest estimation
   Piping Tim of Galway!
Spancil Hill

Rolling Waltz

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

1. Last night, as I lay dreaming of
cross near Spancil Hill.

pleasant days gone by,
mind's been bent on rambling, to
Ireland I did fly.
stepped on board a vision, and I
follow'd with a will, 'til
next I came to anchor at the

Dm
C
Dm
C
Dm
1–4.

2. 'Twas on the twenty-fourth of June, the day before the fair,
when Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there.
The young, the old, the brave and the bold came, their duty to fulfill
at the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

3. I went to see my neighbours, to see what they might say.
The old ones they were dead and gone, the young ones turning grey.
I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bald as ever still,
for he used to make my britches, when I lived at Spancil Hill.

4. I paid a flying visit to my first and only love.
She's as fair as any lily, and gentle as a dove.
She threw her arms around me, crying: "Johnny I love you, still!"
She was a farmer's daughter, the pride of Spancil Hill.

5. Well, I dreamt I hugged and kissed her, as in the days of yore.
She said "Johnny, you're only joking, as many times before".
The cock crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,
and I woke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

PM. 94 - 3339
Botany Bay

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Refrain

G

Em

Farewell to your bricks and mortar, farewell to your dirty lies. Farewell to your gangers and gang planks, and to hell with your overtime! For the good ship 'Rag-a-muffin', she's lying at the quay; to take out Pat with a shovel on his back to the shores of Botany Bay. Hey! I'm on my way down to the quay, where the ship at anchor lays, to come-

D

G

Em

mand a gang of navvies they told me to engage. I thought I'd drop in for a drink before I went away, for to take a trip on an emigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay. Hey! Fare-

C

G

Em

1-3. 4.

A2

B7

Em

D

shores of Botany Bay.

2. The boss came up this morning, he says: "Well Pat, you know, if you don't get your navvies out, I'm afraid you'll have to go." So I asked him for me wages, and demanded all me pay, for I told him straight: "I'm going to emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay." (Refrain)

3. And when I reach Australia I'll go and look for gold. There's plenty there for the digging of, or so as I've been told. Or else, I'll go back to me trade, and a hundred bricks I'll lay. Because I live for an eight-hour shift on the shores of Botany Bay. (Refrain)
High Germany

Song of the 17th-18th century wars

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Em
G
Am

Oh, Colleen love, oh, Colleen, the rout has just begun, and I must go marching to the beating of a drum. Come, dress yourself all in your best and come along with me, and I'll take you to the wars, me love, in High Germany.

Am
Em

Hi-gh Ger-man-y.

1. I'll buy for you a horse, me love, and on it you shall ride, and all of my de-

Em

light shall be in riding by your side. We'll stop at every ale-house and drink when we are dry, we'll be true to one another and get married by and by!

Am
B7
Em
C

Oh,

2. Oh, cursed be those cruel wars, that ever did they rise! And out of merry England pass many a man likewise. They took my true love from me, likewise my brothers three, and they sent them to the wars m'love, in High Germany. (Refrain)

Am
C
Em
D
Em

3. My friends I do not value, and my foes I do not fear, for now my fine love's left me and wanders far and near. But when my baby it is born, and smiling on my knee, I'll think of handsome Willie, in High Germany. (Refrain)
Star Of The County Down

1. Out of Banbridge town in the County Down, one fine morning of last July, down a boreen green came a sweet colleen, and she smiled as she passed me by. From Bantry Bay up to Der-ry Quay and from Galway to Dub-lin,

Town, there's no maid I've seen like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down.

2. Well, she looked so sweet from her two bare feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair. Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself for to see I was really there. From Bantry Bay...

3. As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head and I looked with a feeling so rare. So I says, says I to a passer-by: "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?" He smiled at me and he said, said he: "That's the gem of Ireland's crown. Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, she's the Star of the County Down." From Bantry Bay...

4. At the harvest fair, she'll surely be there, so I'll dress in my Sunday clothes. With my shoes shone bright, and my hat cocked right for a smile from my nut-brown rose. No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, 'til my plough is a rust-coloured brown. 'til a smiling bride by my own fireside sits the Star of the County Down. From Bantry Bay...

PM. 94 - 2933