



**LIVERPOOL**

**& IRISH**

**SONGS**

# SONGS in playing order

## FIRST HALF (Liverpool Songs)

1. In My Liverpool Home
2. Liverpool Lou
3. I Wish I Was Back in Liverpool
4. Maggie May
5. Tell Me Ma
6. Leaving of Liverpool
7. Whiskey on a Sunday
8. Ferry Across the Mersey

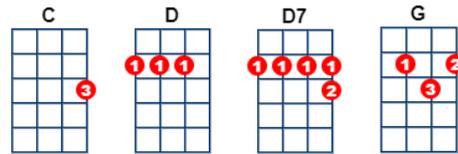
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## SECOND HALF (Irish Songs)

9. Dirty Old Town
10. Black Velvet Band
11. Fields of Athenry
12. Fisherman's Blues
13. Molly Malone
14. The Irish Rover
15. Whiskey in the Jar
16. The Wild Rover

# In My Liverpool Home - The Spinners

(N.B. These are just a few of the 300 verses)



**(Chorus)** [G] In my [D7] Liverpool [G] Home,  
[C] In my Liverpool [G] Home,  
We [C] speak with an accent ex[G]ceedingly rare,  
Meet [C] under a statue ex[G]ceedingly bare,  
And if you [C] want a Cathedral, we've [G] got one to spare  
In [D] my [D7] Liverpool [G] Home.

I was [G] born in Liverpool, [D] down by the docks  
Me [D7] religion was catholic, occu[G]pation 'Hard-knocks'  
At stealing from lorries [C] I was adept,  
And [D] under old [D7] overcoats each night I [G] slept.

**(Chorus)**

Way [G] back in the forties the [D] world it went mad  
Mister [D7] Hitler threw at us every[G]thing that he had  
When the smoke and dust had all [C] cleared from the air  
"Thank [D] God" said the ald [D7] man, "The Pier Head's still [G] there!"

**(Chorus)**

When [G] I grew up I met [D] Bridget McGann  
She [D7] said "You're not much but I'm [G] needin' a man"  
"Well, a want sixteen kids and an [C] 'ouse out in Speke"  
Well, the [D] spirit was [D7] willing but the flesh it was [G] weak

**(Chorus)**

There's a [G] place in dis city were the [D] nits dey wear clogs  
They've [D7] six million kids and [G] ten million dogs  
Dey play tick with hatchets and I'll [C] tell you no lie  
A [D] man's a [D7] coward if he has more than one [G] eye.

**(Chorus)**

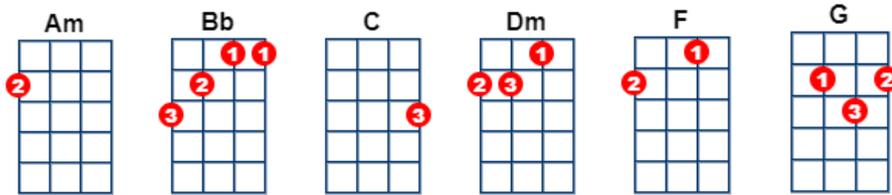
The [G] Green and the Orange have [D] battled for years  
They've [D7] given us some laughs and they've [G] given us some tears  
But Scousers don't want an [C] 'eavenly reward  
They [D] just want the [D7] Green Card to get into [G] Fords

**(Chorus)**

The [G] Dockers Umbrella has [D] bitten the dust  
You might [D7] buy a Meccano, no [G] charge for the rust  
Scottie Road is a legend now [C] past-away  
But you can [D] still go down to [D7] Yatesies and drink all the [G] day

**(Chorus)**

# Liverpool Lou - (in F) Traditional



**(Intro) [F] [Bb] [F] [Am] [Dm] [C7] [F]**

Oh, Liverpool **[F]** Lou, lovely **[Bb]** Liverpool **[F]** Lou,  
Why don't you **[Am]** behave, **[Dm]** just like **[G]** other girls **[C]** do?  
Why must my **[F]** poor heart, keep **[Bb]** following **[F]** you?  
Stay home and **[Am]** love **[Dm]** me, my **[C7]** Liverpool **[F]** Lou.

When I go a-**[C]**walking, I hear people **[F]** talking  
School children are **[Bb]** playing, **[C]** I know what they're **[F]** saying  
They're saying you'll **[C]** grieve me, that you will **[F]** deceive me  
One morning you'll **[Bb]** leave me, **[C]** all packed up and **[F]** gone

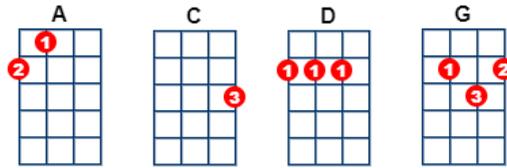
Oh, Liverpool **[F]** Lou, lovely **[Bb]** Liverpool **[F]** Lou,  
Why don't you **[Am]** behave, **[Dm]** just like **[G]** other girls **[C]** do?  
Why must my **[F]** poor heart, keep **[Bb]** following **[F]** you?  
Stay home and **[Am]** love **[Dm]** me, my **[C7]** Liverpool **[F]** Lou.

**[F]** The tugs on the **[C]** river keep telling me **[F]** ever  
that I should **[Bb]** forget you, **[C]** like I'd never **[F]** met you.  
Please tell me their **[C]** song, love, was never more **[F]** wrong love,  
And say I **[Bb]** belong love, **[C]** to my Liverpool **[F]** Lou.

Oh, Liverpool **[F]** Lou, lovely **[Bb]** Liverpool **[F]** Lou,  
Why don't you **[Am]** behave, **[Dm]** just like **[G]** other girls **[C]** do?  
Why must my **[F]** poor heart, keep **[Bb]** following **[F]** you?  
Stay home and **[Am]** love **[Dm]** me, my **[C7]** Liverpool **[F]** Lou.

Stay home and **[Am]** love **[Dm]** me, my **[C7]** Liverpool **[F]** Lou.

# I Wish I Was Back in Liverpool - The Dubliners



[D] I wish I was back in Liverpool,  
Liverpool [C] town where [G] I was [D] born.  
Where there [A] ain't no trees, no scented breeze, no [D] fields of waving corn.  
But there's [G] lots of girls with peroxide curls, and the [D] black and tan flows [G] free  
There's [A] six in a bed by the old pier head and it's [D] Liverpool [C] town for [D] me

[D] 'Tis seven long years since I [C] wandered away to [G] sail the wild world [D] o'er  
Me [A] very first trip on an old steam ship that was [D] bound for Baltimore  
I was [G] seven days sick and I just couldn't stick that [D] bobbin' up and [G] down  
So I [A] told them "Jack, you'd better turn back for [D] dear old [C] Liverpool [D] town"

[D] I wish I was back in Liverpool,  
Liverpool [C] town where [G] I was [D] born.  
Where there [A] ain't no trees, no scented breeze, no [D] fields of waving corn.  
But there's [G] lots of girls with peroxide curls, and the [D] black and tan flows [G] free  
There's [A] six in a bed by the old pier head and it's [D] Liverpool [C] town for [D] me

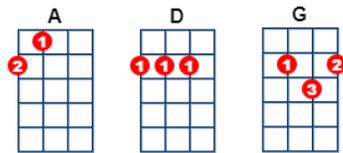
[D] We dug the Mersey [C] tunnel, boys, way [G] back in thirty-[D]three  
Dug an [A] hole in the ground until we found an [D] hold called Wallasey  
Then the [G] foreman cried "Come on, outside! The [D] roof is fallin' [G] down"  
While I'm [A] tellin' you, Jack, we all swum back to [D] dear old [C] Liverpool [D] town

[D] I wish I was back in Liverpool,  
Liverpool [C] town where [G] I was [D] born.  
Where there [A] ain't no trees, no scented breeze, no [D] fields of waving corn.  
But there's [G] lots of girls with peroxide curls, and the [D] black and tan flows [G] free  
There's [A] six in a bed by the old pier head and it's [D] Liverpool [C] town for [D] me

[D] There's every race and [C] colour of face, there's [G] every kind of [D] name  
But the [A] pigeons on the pier head they [D] treat you all the same  
And if you [G] walk up upon Parliament Street you'll get [D] faces black and [G] brown  
And I've [A] also seen the orange-green in [D] dear old [C] Liverpool [D] town

[D] I wish I was back in Liverpool,  
Liverpool [C] town where [G] I was [D] born.  
Where there [A] ain't no trees, no scented breeze, no [D] fields of waving corn.  
But there's [G] lots of girls with peroxide curls, and the [D] black and tan flows [G] free  
There's [A] six in a bed by the old pier head and it's [D] Liverpool [C] town for [D] me

# Maggie May – The Spinners



**(Intro) [D] [A] [D]**

**[D]** Oh, gather round you sailor boys, and listen to my plea  
And when you've heard my tale, pity **[A]** me.  
For I **[D]** was a ruddy fool in the **[G]** port of Liverpool  
The **[A]** first time that I come home from the **[D]** sea

**[D]** I was **[G]** paid off at the home from the **[D]** port of Sierra Leone  
**[D]** Four pounds ten a month it was me **[A]** pay  
With a **[D]** pocket full of tin, I was **[G]** very soon took in  
By a **[A]** girl with the name of Maggie **[D]** May

**[D]** Oh, **[G]** Maggie, Maggie May they have **[D]** taken her away  
**[D]** And she'll never walk down Lime Street any **[A]** more  
For she **[D]** robbed so many sailors and **[G]** captains of the whalers  
That **[D]** dirty, robbin', **[A]** no good, Maggie **[D]** May

**[D]** Oh, **[G]** well do I remember when I **[D]** first met Maggie May  
She was **[D]** cruising up and down Canning **[A]** Place  
She'd a **[D]** figure so divine, like a **[G]** frigate of the line  
and **[D]** me being just a **[A]** sailor, I gave **[D]** chase

**[D]** Well in the **[G]** morning I awoke, I was **[D]** flat and stoney broke  
No **[D]** Jacket, trousers, waistcoat could I **[A]** find  
When I **[D]** asked her where they were she **[G]** said, "My very good sir,  
They're **[D]** down in Kelly's **[A]** pawnshop number **[D]** nine

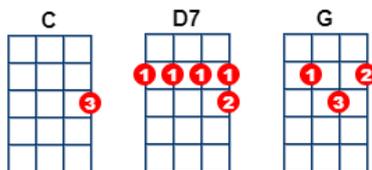
**[D]** Oh, **[G]** Maggie, Maggie May they have **[D]** taken her away  
**[D]** And she'll never walk down Lime Street any **[A]** more  
For she **[D]** robbed so many sailors and **[G]** captains of the whalers  
That **[D]** dirty, robbin', **[A]** no good, Maggie **[D]** May

**(Refrain) [D] [G] [D], [D] [A], [D] [G], [D] [A] [D]**

**[D]** Well, to the **[G]** pawnshop I did go, no **[D]** clothes could I find  
**[D]** So the policeman come and took that girl a-**[A]**way  
Well, the **[D]** judge he guilty found her, of **[G]** robbin' a homeward-bounder  
And **[A]** paid her passage out to Botany **[D]** Bay

**[D]** Oh, the **[G]** dirty Maggie May they have **[D]** taken her away  
**[D]** And she'll never walk down Lime Street any **[A]** more  
For she **[D]** robbed so many sailors and **[G]** captains of the whalers  
That **[D]** dirty, robbin', **[A]** no good, Maggie **[D]** May.

# Tell Me Ma - Traditional



**[G]** I'll 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 alright 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?*

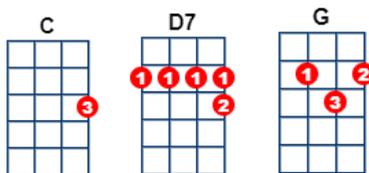
**[G]** Albert Mooney **[C]** says he **[G]** loves her  
**[D7]** All the boys are **[G]** fightin' for her  
**[G]** They rap on her door and **[C]** ring on the **[G]** bell  
**[D7]** Will she come out? **[G]** Who can tell?  
**[G]** Out she comes as **[C]** white as snow  
**[G]** Rings on her 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

***[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]** 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

***[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?*

# The Leaving of Liverpool - The Dubliners



Fare[G]well The Prince's [C] Landing [G] stage, River Mersey fair-thee [D7] well,  
I am [G] bound for Cali-[C]for-ni-[G]ay, a place I [D7] know right [G] well.

*So, [D7] fare thee well my [C] own true [G] love.  
When I return, united we will [D7] be.  
It's not the [G] leaving of Liverpool that [C] grieves [G] me,  
But my darling, it's when I [D7] think of [G] thee.*

I'm [G] off to Cali[C]for[G]nia, by way of the stormy Cape [D7] Horn,  
And [G] I will send you a [C] letter, [G] love, when I am [D7] homeward [G] bound.

**[Chorus]**

I've [G] shipped on a Yankee [C] clipper [G] ship, Davy Crockett is her [D7] name,  
And [G] Burgess is the [C] captain of [G] her & they say she's a [D7] floating [G] shame.

**[Chorus]**

I have [G] sailed with Burgess [C] once [G] before, I think I know him [D7] well,  
If a [G] man's a sailor, he will [C] get [G] along. If not, then he's [D7] sure in [G] hell!

**[Chorus]**

Fare[G]well to Lower [C] Fredrick [G] Street, Anson Terrace and Park [D7] Lane.  
I am [G] bound away for to [C] leave [G] you, and I'll never see [D7] you [G] again.

**[Chorus]**

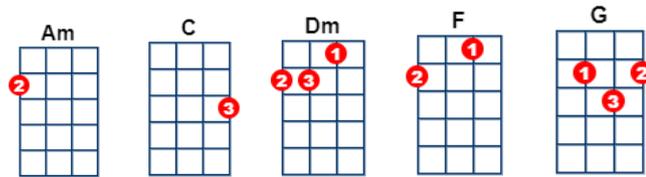
I'm [G] bound away to [C] leave [G] you. Goodbye, my love, good-[D7]bye,  
There [G] ain't but one thing that [C] grieves [G] me, that's leaving [D7] you be-[G]hind.

**[Chorus]**

Oh, the [G] sun is on the [C] harbour, [G] love, and I wish I could re-[D7]main,  
For I [G] know it will be some [C] long [G] time, before I [D7] see you [G] again.

*So, [D7] fare thee well my [C] own true [G] love.  
When I return, united we will [D7] be.  
It's not the [G] leaving of Liverpool that [C] grieves [G] me,  
But my darling, it's when I [D7] think of [G] thee.  
But my darling, it's when I [D7] think of [G] thee. [G]*

# Whiskey on a Sunday - The Dubliners



He **[G]** sits on the **[Em]** corner of **[Am]** Bevington **[C]** Bush,  
**[D]** astride of an old packing **[G]** case,  
And the **[Em]** dolls at the end of the **[Am]** plank were **[C]** dancing,  
As he **[D]** crooned with a smile on his **[G]** face.

*La da da, **[Em]** Come day, **[Am]** go day,  
**[D]** Wishin' me heart it was **[G]** Sunday,  
**[Em]** Drinking Buttermilk **[Am]** all the week,  
And a **[D]** Whiskey on a **[G]** Sunday*

His **[G]** tired old **[Em]** hands worked the **[Am]** wooden **[C]** beam,  
As the **[D]** puppets they danced up and **[G]** down,  
A **[Em]** far better show than you **[Am]** ever will **[C]** see,  
In the **[D]** fanciest theatre in **[G]** town.

*La da da, **[Em]** Come day, **[Am]** go day,  
**[D]** Wishin' me heart it was **[G]** Sunday,  
**[Em]** Drinking Buttermilk **[Am]** all the week,  
And a **[D]** Whiskey on a **[G]** Sunday*

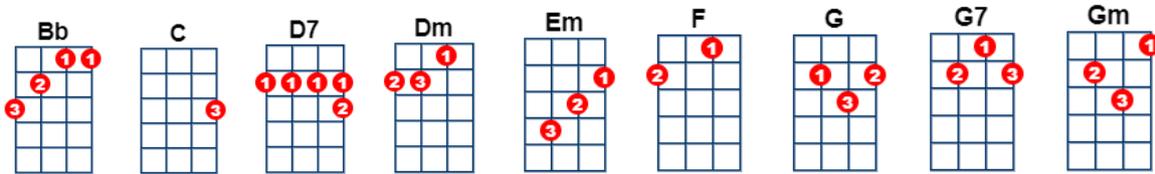
In **[G]** 190**[Em]**2 old **[Am]** Seth Davy **[C]** died,  
His **[D]** song it was heard no **[G]** more,  
The three **[Em]** dancing dolls in the **[Am]** dustbin were **[C]** thrown,  
And the **[D]** plank went to mend a **[G]** back door.

*La da da, **[Em]** Come day, **[Am]** go day,  
**[D]** Wishin' me heart it was **[G]** Sunday,  
**[Em]** Drinking Buttermilk **[Am]** all the week,  
And a **[D]** Whiskey on a **[G]** Sunday*

On **[G]** some stormy **[Em]** night if you're **[Am]** passing that **[C]** way,  
With the **[D]** wind blowing up from the **[G]** sea,  
You can **[Em]** still hear the song **[Am]** of old Seth **[C]** Davy,  
As he **[D]** croons to his dancing dolls **[G]** three.

*La da da, **[Em]** Come day, **[Am]** go day,  
**[D]** Wishin' me heart it was **[G]** Sunday,  
**[Em]** Drinking Buttermilk **[Am]** all the week,  
And a **[D]** Whiskey on a **[G]** Sunday*

# Ferry Cross The Mersey – Gerry & The Pacemakers



*(Intro as first line)* [C] [Gm] [Bb], [C] [Gm] [Bb], [C] [Gm] [Bb], [C] [Gm]

[C] Life [Gm] [C] goes on [Gm] day after [C] day [Gm] [C] [Gm]  
 [C] Hearts [Gm] [C] torn in [Gm] every [C] way [Gm] [C] [Gm]

So, [C] ferry 'cross the [Em] Mersey  
 Cause this [F] land's the place I [G7] love  
 And here I'll [C] stay [Gm] [C] [Gm]

[C] People [Gm] [C] they [Gm] rush every [C] where [Gm] [C] [Gm]  
 [C] Each [Gm] [C] with their [Gm] own secret [C] care [Gm] [C] [Gm]

So, [C] ferry 'cross the [Em] Mersey  
 And [F] always take me [G7] there  
 The place I [C] love [Gm] [C]

[Dm] People a [G] round every [C] corner  
 [Dm] They seem to [G] smile and [C] say  
 [Dm] We don't [G] care what your [Em] name is boy  
 [D7] We'll never turn you a [G] way

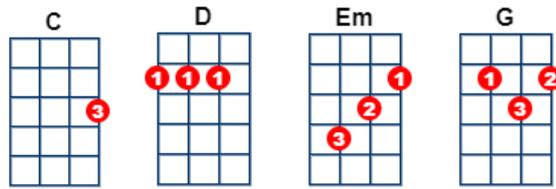
[C] So [Gm] [C] I'll con[Gm]tinue to [C] say [Gm] [C] [Gm]  
 [C] Here [Gm] [C] I [Gm] always will [C] stay [Gm] [C] [Gm]

So, [C] ferry 'cross the [Em] Mersey  
 Cos this [F] land's the place I [G7] love  
 And here I'll [C] stay [Gm] [C]  
 And [Gm] here I'll [C] stay [Gm] [C]  
 [Gm] Here I'll [C] stay [Gm] [C] [Gm] [C]

**IRISH**

**SONGS**

# Dirty Old Town – The Pogues



*(Intro as last line of verse)* [G] [D] [Em]

I met my [G] love by the [C] gas works [G] wall.  
Dreamed a [C] dream by the old ca[G]nal.  
[C] I kissed my [G] girl by the [C] factory [G] wall.  
[G] Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

Clouds are [G] drifting [C] across the [G] moon.  
Cats are [C] prowling on their [G] beat.  
[C] Spring's a [G] girl from the [C] streets at [G] night.  
[G] Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

I heard a [G] siren [C] from the [G] docks.  
Saw a [C] train set the night on [G] fire.  
[C] I smelled the [G] spring on the [C] smoky [G] wind.  
[G] Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town

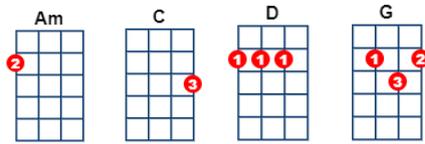
*(Refrain as verse)* [G] [C] [G], [C] [G], [C] [G] [C] [G], [G] [D]  
[Em]

I'm gonna [G] make me a [C] big sharp [G] axe.  
Shining [C] steel tempered in the [G] fire.  
[C] I'll chop you [G] down like an [C] old dead [G] tree.  
[G] Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

*(Quieter verse)* I met my [G] love by the [C] gas works [G] wall.  
Dreamed a [C] dream by the old ca[G]nal.  
[C] I kissed my [G] girl by the [C] factory [G] wall.  
[G] Dirty old [Am] town. Dirty old [Em] town.

*(Loud)* Dirty old [D] town. Dirty old [Em] town

# Black Velvet Band – Traditional/The Dubliners (1967)



*(Intro as last line of verse)*

[Am] [D] [G]

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.  
[G] 'Til a sad misfortune came o'er me, [G] 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.

*Her [G] eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the [C] queen of the [D] land,  
And her [G] hair 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.  
[G] 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)*

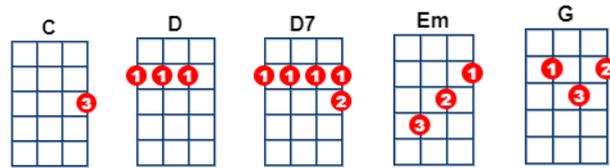
Be[G]fore the judge and the jury, next morning I [C] had to ap-[D]pear.  
The [G] judge he says to me,  
"Young fellow, the [Am] case against [D] you is quite [G] clear.  
Seven long years is your sentence, to be spent far a [C] way from this [D] land,  
Far a-[G]way from your friends and relations,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

*(Chorus)*

So come [G] all ye jolly young fellows, and a [C] warning you take by [D] me.  
When you are [G] out on the town to drink me lads,  
Be[Am]ware of the [D] pretty coll-[G]eens.  
For [G] they'll feed you with strong drinks "More Yeah",  
[C] Until you are unable 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)*

# The Fields of Athenry – The Dubliners



By a [G] lonely prison wall I [C] heard a young girl [G] call-[D]ing,  
[G] "Michael they have [C] taken you [D] away!  
For you [G] stole Trevelyn's [C] corn,  
So, the [G] young might see the [D] morn,  
Now a [Am] prison ship lies [D7] waiting in the [G] bay."

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

By a [G] lonely prison wall I [C] heard a young man [G] call-[D]ing,  
[G] "Nothing matters, [C] Mary, when you're [D] free.  
Against the [G] famine and the [C] Crown,  
I rebelled, they [G] cut me [D] down,  
Now [Am] you must raise our [D7] child with digni[G]ty."

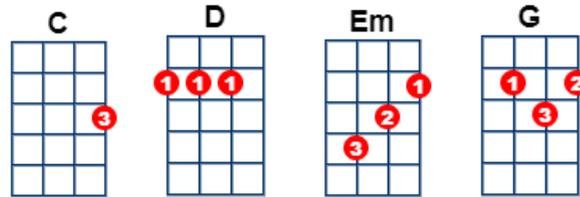
*[G] Low [C] lie the [G] fields of Athen[Em]ry,  
Where [G] once we watched the [Em] small free bird [D] fly,  
Our [G] love was on the [C] wing,  
We had [G] dreams and songs [D] to sing,  
It's so [Am] lonely round the [D7] fields of Athen[G]ry.*

By a [G] lonely harbour wall she [C] watched the last star [G] fall-[D]ing,  
As that [G] prison ship sailed [C] out against the [D] sky,  
For she'll [G] live in hope and [C] pray,  
For her [G] love in Botany [D] Bay,  
It's so [Am] lonely round the [D7] fields of Athen[G]ry.

## *(Outro – one stroke chords)*

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

# Fisherman's Blues – The Waterboys (1988)



**(Intro) 1 uke [D] [C] all ukes [Em] [G] [D] [C] [Em] [G]**

**[D]** I wish I was a fisherman, **[C]** tumbling on the seas.

**[Em]** Far away from dry land, and it's **[G]** bitter memories.

**[D]** Castin' out my sweet line with **[C]** abandonment and love.

**[Em]** No ceiling bearing down on me, save the **[G]** starry sky above.

With light in my **[D]** head, and you in my **[C]** arms,

(Whoo-hoo **[Em]** hoo) **[G]**

**(Refrain) [D] [C] [Em] [G]**

**[D]** I wish I was the brake man, **[C]** on a hurtlin' fevered train,

**[Em]** Crashin' headlong onto the heartland,

Like a **[G]** cannon in the rain.

**[D]** With the feelin' of the sleepers, and the **[C]** burning of the coal.

**[Em]** Counting towns flashing by in a **[G]** night that's full of soul.

With light in my **[D]** head, and you in my **[C]** arms,

(Whoo-hoo **[Em]** hoo) **[G]**

**(Refrain) [D] [C] [Em] [G], [D] [C] [Em] [G]**

**[D]** Tomorrow I will be loosened, **[C]** from bonds that hold me fast.

**[Em]** With the chains all hung around me will **[G]** fall away at last,

**[D]** And on that fine and fateful day I will **[C]** take thee in my arms,

**[Em]** I will ride the train, and I will **[G]** be the fisherman,

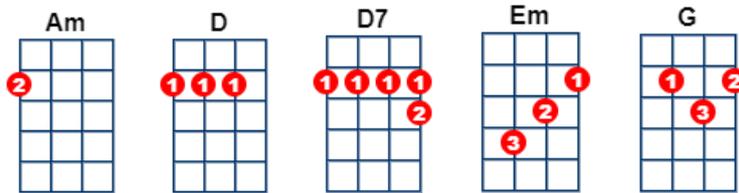
With light in my **[D]** head, and you in my **[C]** arms,

**[C]** Light in my **[Em]** head, and you in my **[G]** arms.

With light in my **[D]** head, and you in my **[C]** arms,

(Whoo-hoo **[Em]** hoo)

# Molly Malone – The Dubliners



In **[G]** Dublin's fair **[Em]** city, where the **[Am]** girls are so **[D7]** pretty,  
I **[G]** first set my **[Em]** eyes on sweet **[Am]** Molloy **[D]** Malone.  
She **[G]** wheeled a wheel**[Em]**barrow,  
Through **[Am]** streets broad and **[D7]** narrow,  
Crying **[G]** cockles and **[Em]** mussels,  
A-**[Am]**live, **[D]** alive-**[G]**Oh!

*A-**[G]**live, alive-**[Em]**Oh!  
A-**[Am]**live, alive-**[D7]**Oh!  
Crying **[G]** cockles and **[Em]** mussels,  
A-**[Am]**live, **[D]** alive-**[G]**Oh!*

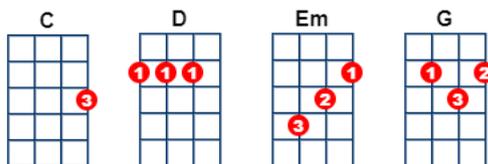
She **[G]** was a fish**[Em]**monger, and **[Am]** sure twas no **[D7]** wonder,  
For **[G]** so were her **[Em]** Father and **[Am]** Mother **[D]** before.  
And they **[G]** all wheeled their **[Em]** barrows,  
Through **[Am]** streets broad and **[D7]** narrow,  
Crying **[G]** cockles and **[Em]** mussels,  
A-**[Am]**live, **[D]** alive-**[G]**Oh!

*A-**[G]**live, alive-**[Em]**Oh!  
A-**[Am]**live, alive-**[D7]**Oh!  
Crying **[G]** cockles and **[Em]** mussels,  
A-**[Am]**live, **[D]** alive-**[G]**Oh!*

She **[G]** died of a **[Em]** fever, and **[Am]** no one to **[D7]** grieve her,  
And **[G]** that was the **[Em]** end of sweet **[Am]** Molly **[D]** Malone.  
Now her **[G]** ghost wheels her **[Em]** barrow,  
Through **[Am]** streets broad and **[D7]** narrow,  
Crying **[G]** cockles and **[Em]** mussels,  
A-**[Am]**live, **[D]** alive-**[G]**Oh!

*A-**[G]**live, alive-**[Em]**Oh!  
A-**[Am]**live, alive-**[D7]**Oh!  
Crying **[G]** cockles and **[Em]** mussels,  
A-**[Am]**live, **[D]** alive-**[G]**Oh!*

# The Irish Rover - The Pogues



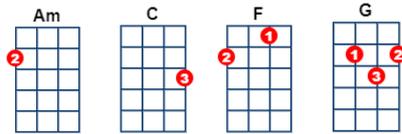
On the [G] fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [C] six,  
We set [G] sail from the [Em] sweet cove of [D] Cork  
We were [G] sailing away with a cargo of [C] bricks  
For the [G] Grand City [D] Hall in New [G] York  
She was a [G] wonderful craft. She was [D] rigged 'fore and aft  
And [G] Oh! how the wild winds [D] drove her  
She stood [G] several blasts. She had [Em] twenty-seven [C] masts  
And they [G] called her the [D] Irish [G] Rover

We had [G] one million bags of the best Sligo [C] rags  
We had [G] two million barrels of [D] stones  
We had [G] three million sides of old blind horses' [C] hides  
We had [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] bones  
We had [G] five million hogs and [D] six million dogs  
And [G] seven million barrels of [D] porter  
We had [G] eight million bales of old [Em] nanny-goats' [C] tails  
In the [G] hold of the [D] Irish [G] Rover

There was [G] Barney McGee from the banks of the [C] Lee  
There was [G] Hogan from County Ty[D]rone  
There was [G] Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of [C] work  
And a [G] man from West[D]meath called [G] Malone  
There was [G] Slugger O'Toole who was [D] drunk as a rule  
And [G] fighting Bill Tracy from [D] Dover  
And your [G] man Mick McCann, from the [Em] banks of the [C] Bann Was the  
[G] skipper of the [D] Irish [G] Rover

We had [G] sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out  
And our [G] ship lost her way in the [D] fog  
And the [G] whole of the crew was reduced down to [C] two  
'Twas [G] meself and [D] the Captain's old [G] dog  
(Slow) Then the [G] ship struck a rock. Oh! [D] Lord what a shock  
The [G] bulkhead was turned right [D] over  
We turned [G] nine times around...(PAUSE)  
Then the [Em] poor old dog was [C] drowned  
Now I'm [G] the last of the [D] Irish [G] Rover.

# Whiskey in the Jar (Irish folk song)



*(Intro as chorus)* [G], [C], [F], [C] [G] [C]

[C] As I was going over the far [Am] famed Kerry Mountains,

[F] I met with Captain Farrell, and his [C] money he was counting,

[C] I first produced my pistol, and I [Am] then produced my rapier,

Saying [F] "Stand and deliver for I [C] am the bold deceiver".

[G] Musha-ring dum-a-doo dum-a-dah, [Clap,clap,clap,clap]

[C] Whack for the daddio [Clap,clap]

[F] Whack for the daddio

[C] There's whiskey [G] in the [C] jar.

[C] I counted out his money and it [Am] made a pretty penny,

I [F] put it in my pocket, and I [C] took it home to Jenny,

[C] She sighed, and she swore that she [Am] never would deceive me,

But [F] the Devil take the women for they [C] never can be easy.

*(Chorus)*

[C] I went into my chamber [Am] for to take a slumber,

I [F] dreamt of gold and jewels and for [C] sure it was no wonder,

[C] But Jenny took my charges and she [Am] filled them out with water,

Then [F] sent for Captain Farrell, to be [C] ready for the slaughter.

*(Chorus)*

[C] 'Twas early in the morning [Am] before I rose to travel,

Up [F] come a band of footmen and [C] likewise, Captain Farrell,

[C] I first produced 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)*

If [C] anyone can aid me, it's my [Am] brother in the army,

If [F] I can find his station in [C] Cork or in Kill[Am]arney.

And [C] if he'll come and save me, we'll go [Am] roving near Kilkenny,

And I [F] swear he'll treat me better than me [C] darling sporting [Am] Jenny.

*(Chorus)*

Now [C] some men take delight in the [Am] drinking and the roving,

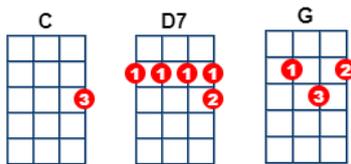
But [F] others take delight in the [C] gambling and the [Am] smoking.

But [C] I take delight in the [Am] juice of the barley,

And [F] courting pretty Jenny in the [C] morning bright and [Am] early.

*(Chorus Twice)*

# Wild Rover – Dubliners



(Intro) [G] / [D7] / [G] / [G]

I've [G] been a wild rover for many a [C] year  
And I [G] spent all me [D7] money on whiskey and [G] beer  
But [G] now I'm returning with gold in great [C] store,  
And I [G] promise to [D7] play the wild rover no [G] more

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)  
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,  
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more.

I [G] went to an ale house I used to fre-[C]quent,  
And I [G] told the land[D7]lady me money's all [G] spent,  
I [G] asked her for credit, she answered me [C] "Nay...  
Sure a [G] custom like [D7] yours I could get any [G] day."

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)  
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,  
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more.

[G] And from my pocket I took sovereigns [C] bright,  
And the [G] landlady's [D7] eyes they lit up with de-[G]light,  
She [G] said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the [C] best,  
And I'll [G] take you up-[D7]stairs, and I'll show you the [G] rest.

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)  
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,  
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more.

I'll go [G] home to me parents, confess what I've [C] done,  
And I'll [G] ask them to [D7] pardon their prodigal [G] son,  
And [G] if they forgive me as oft times be-[C]fore,  
Then I [G] promise I'll [D7] play the wild rover no [G] more!

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)  
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,  
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more.

And it's [D7] no, nay, never (3 stomps or claps)  
[G] No, nay, never, no [C] more,  
Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, No [D7] never, no [G] more.