PIANO • VOCAL • GUITAR

IRISH PUB SONGS

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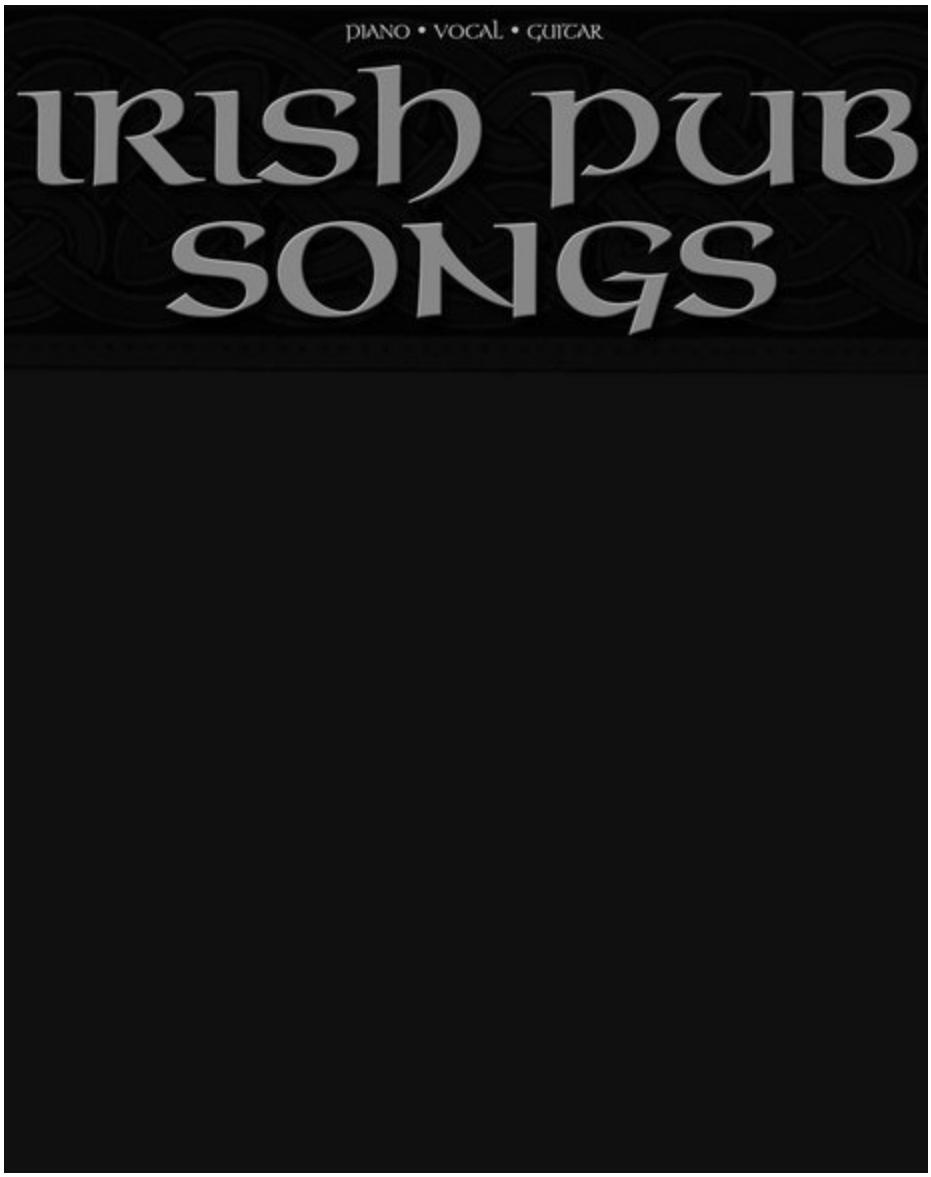

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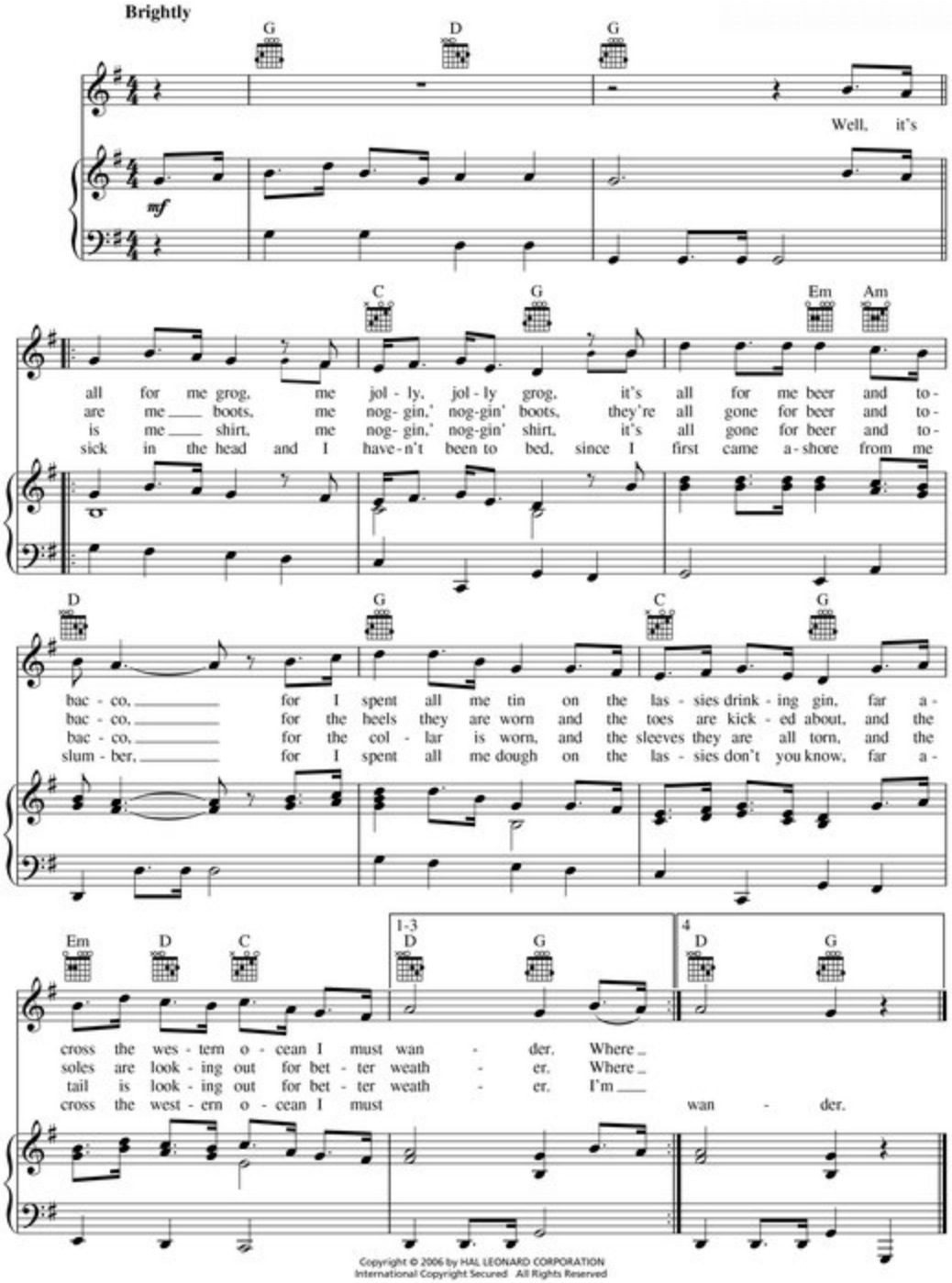
ALL FOR ME GROG

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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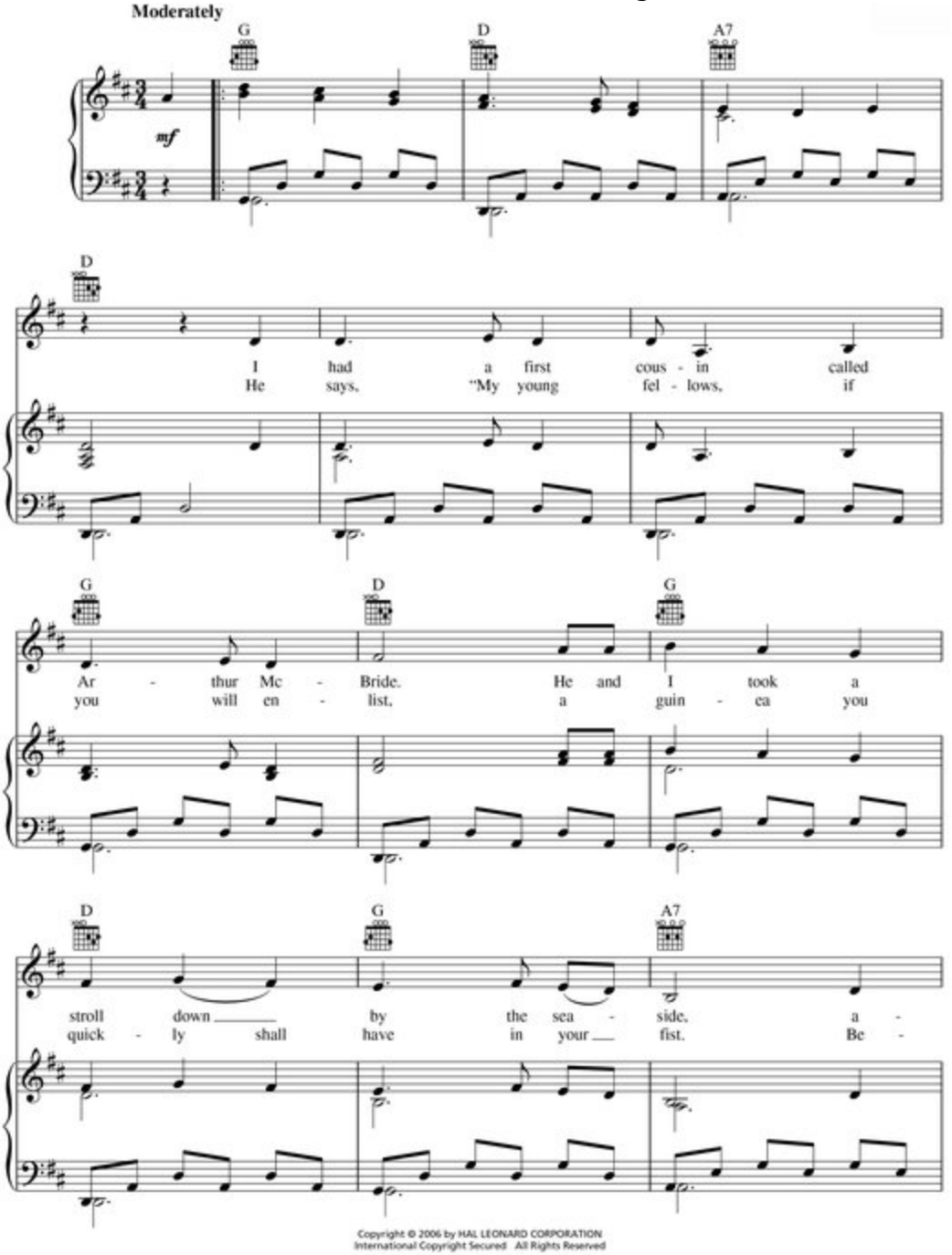
ARTHUR McBRIDE

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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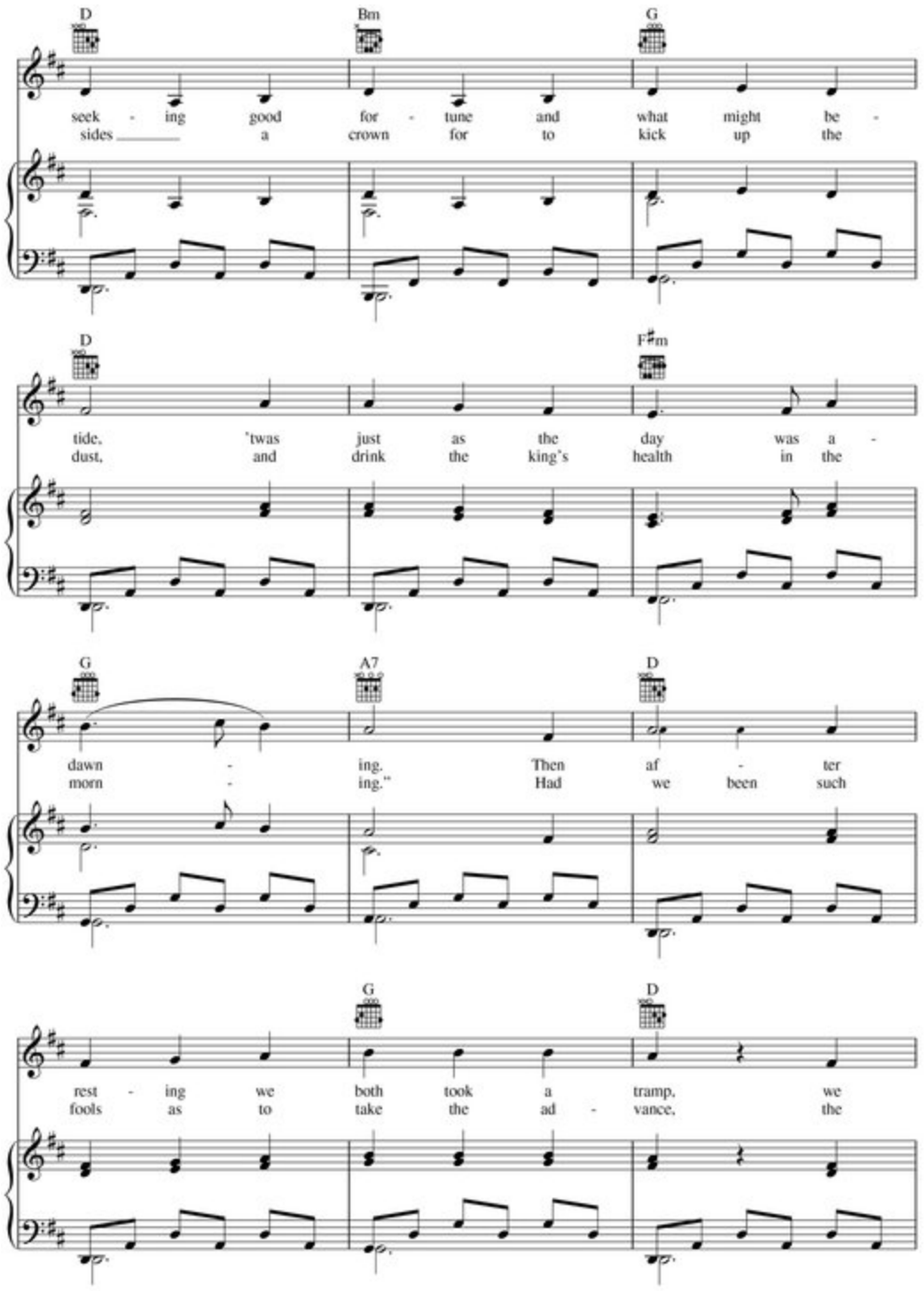
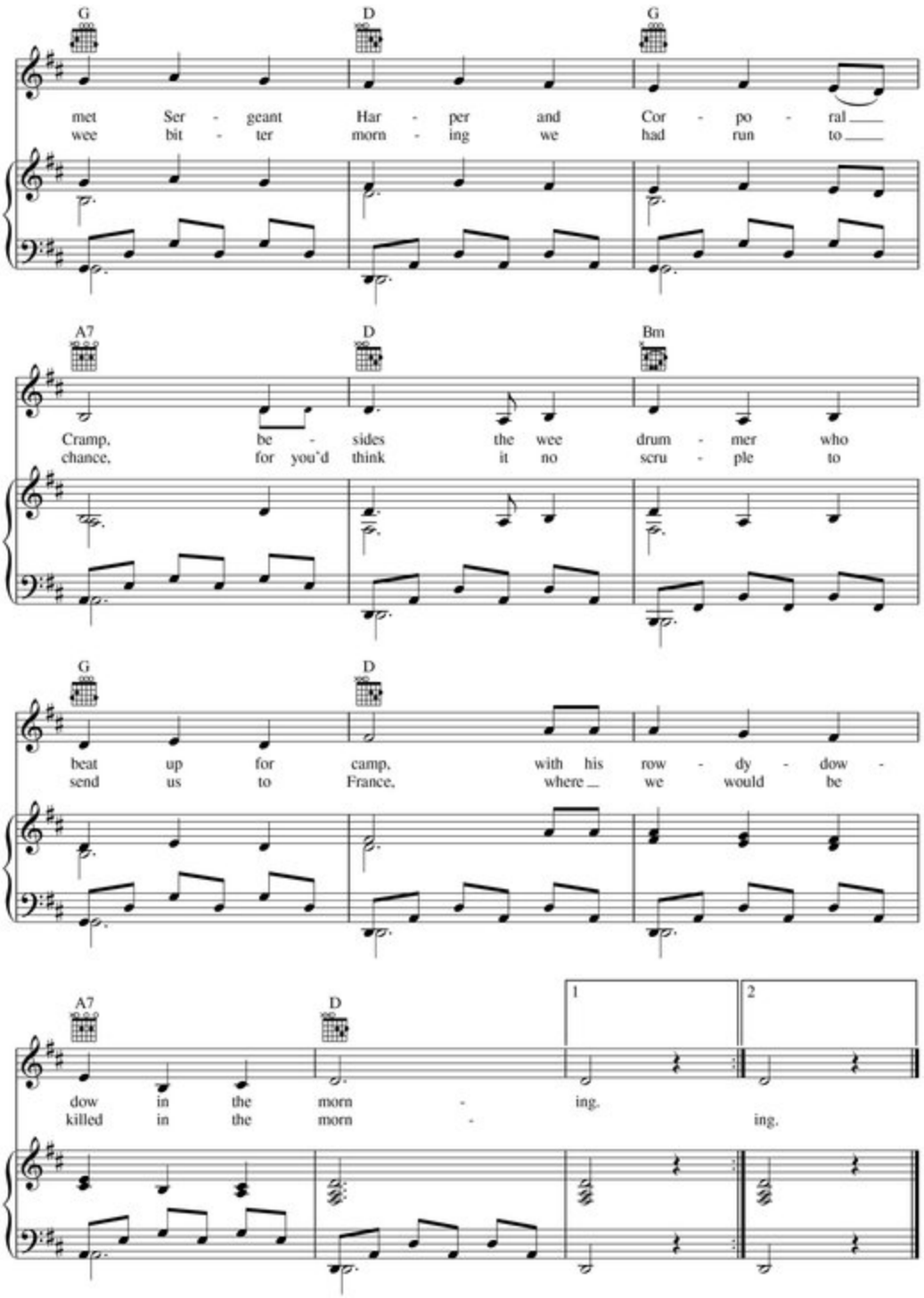

D
Bm
G
seek - ing good for - tune and what might be -
sides a crown for to kick up the
D
F♯m
tide, 'twas just as the day was a -
dust, and drink the king's health in the
G
A7
D
dawn - ing. Then af - ter
morn - ing." Had we been such
G
D
rest - ing we both took a tramp, we
fools as to take the ad - vance, the



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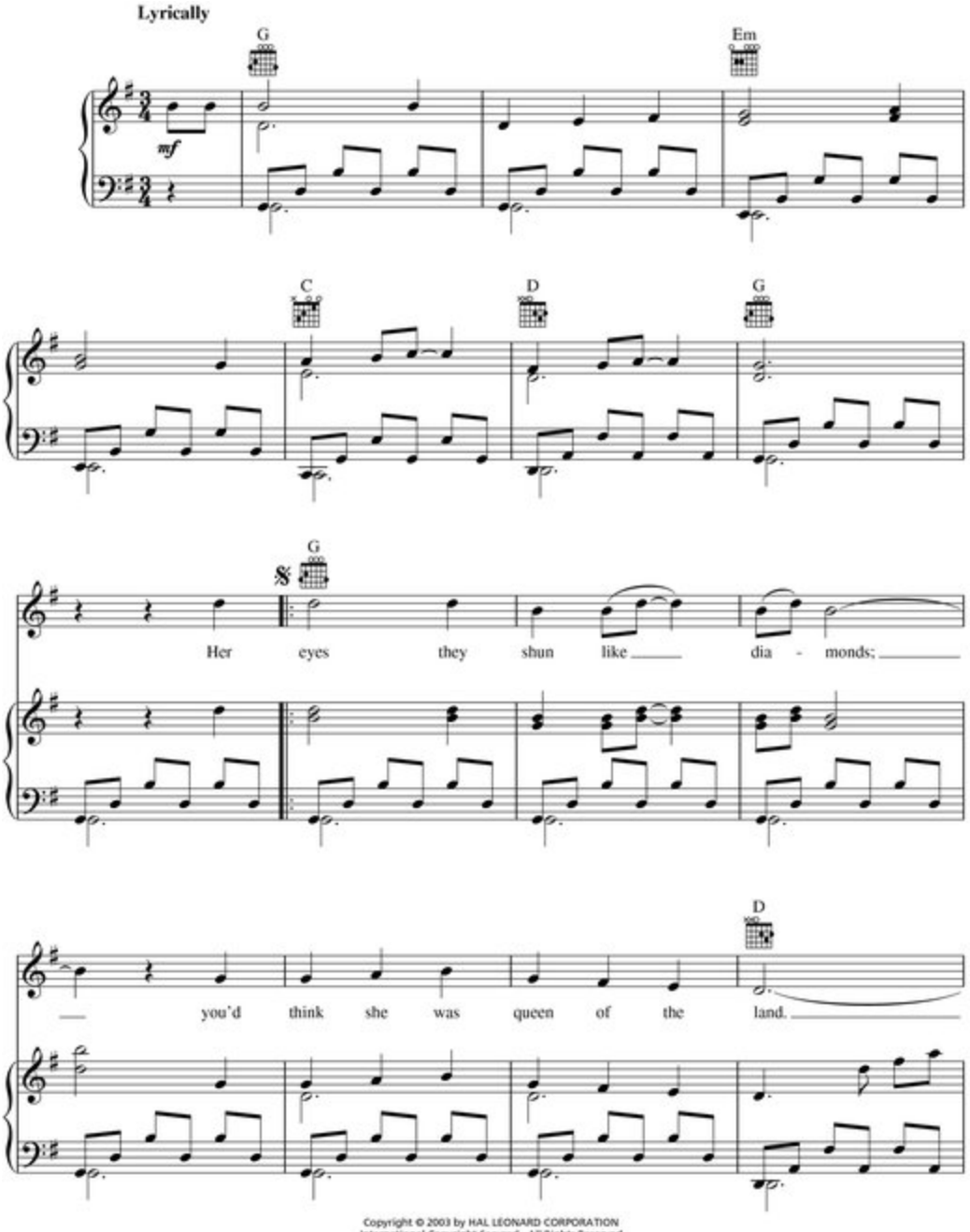
BLACK VELVET BAND

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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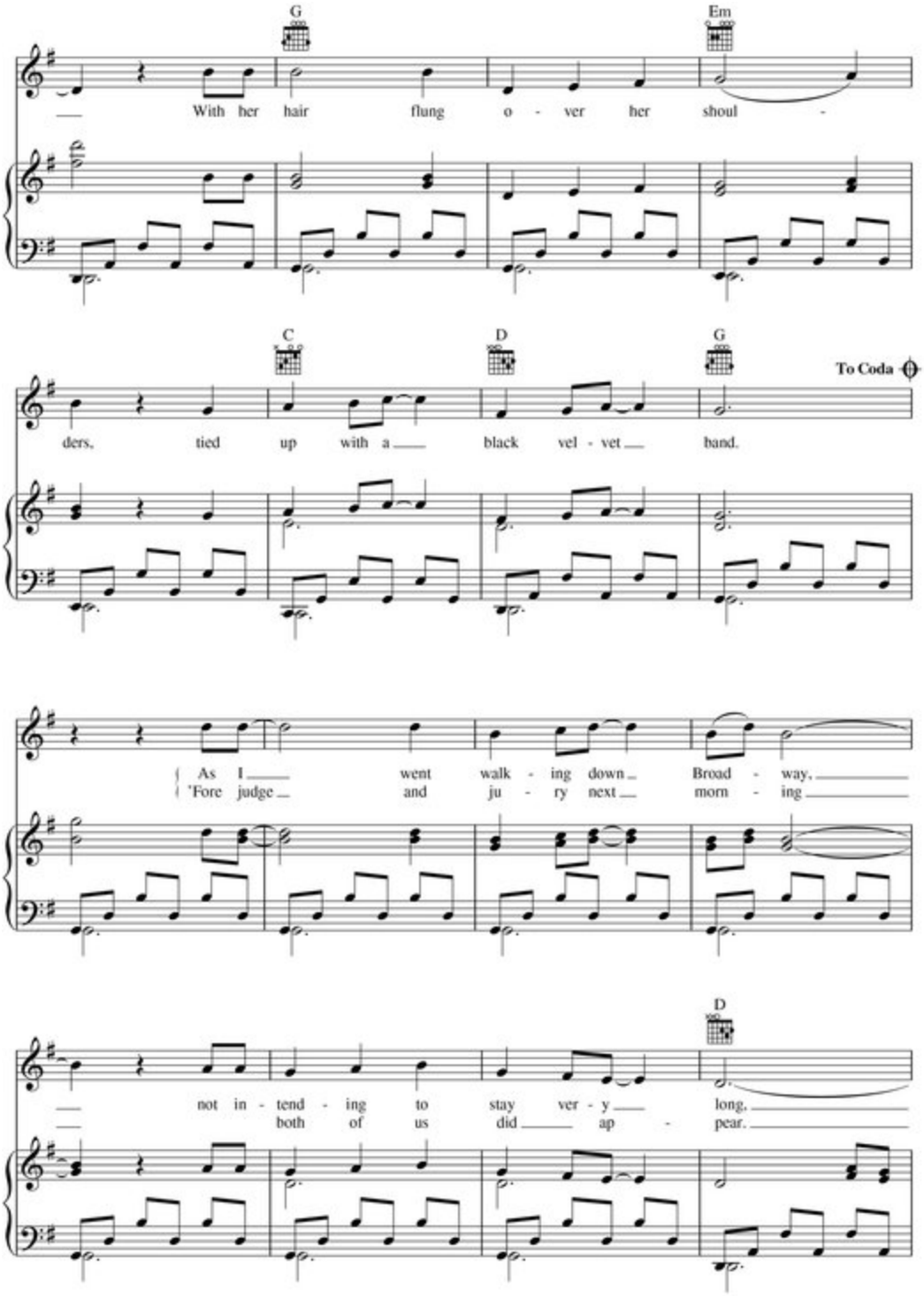
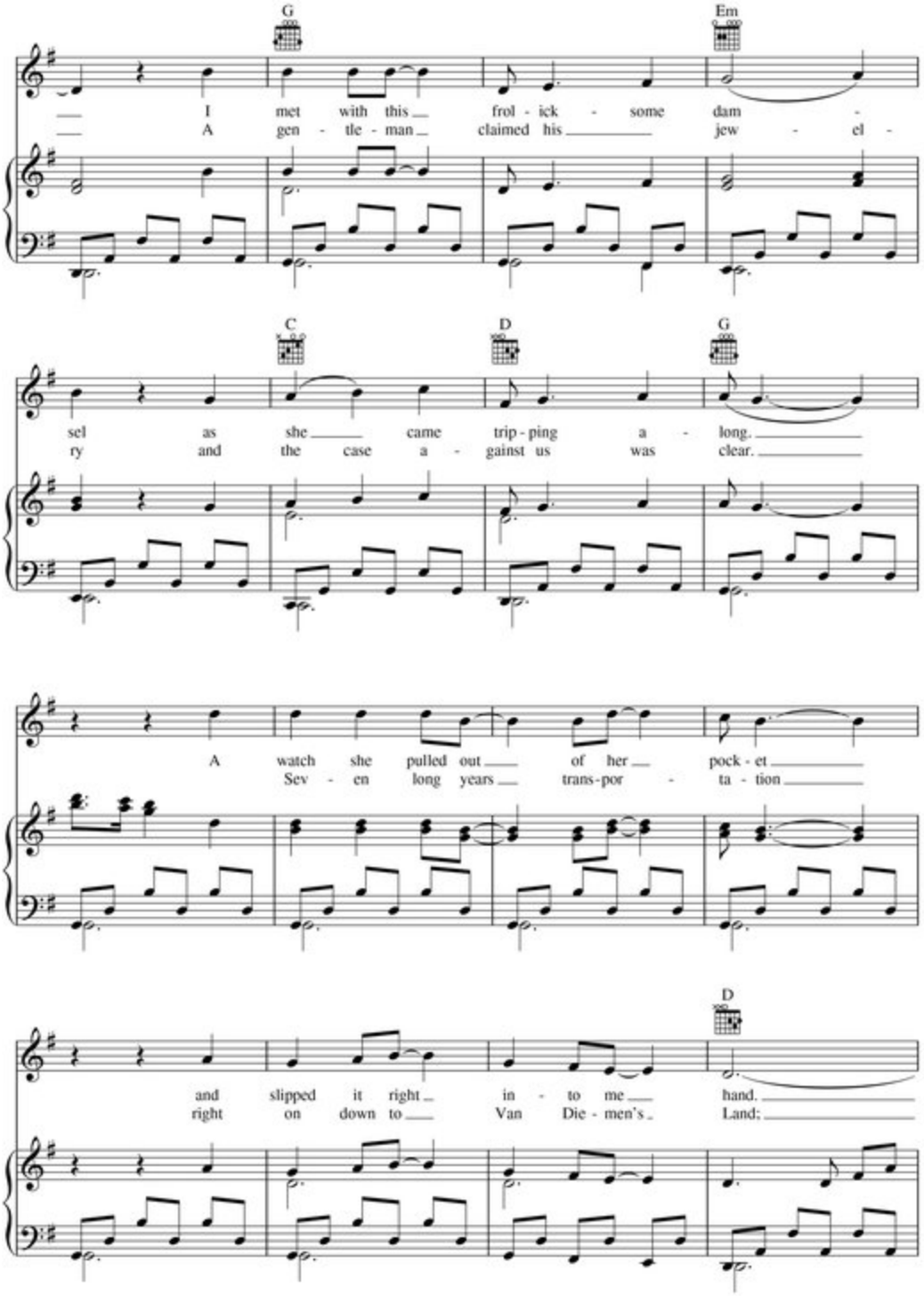
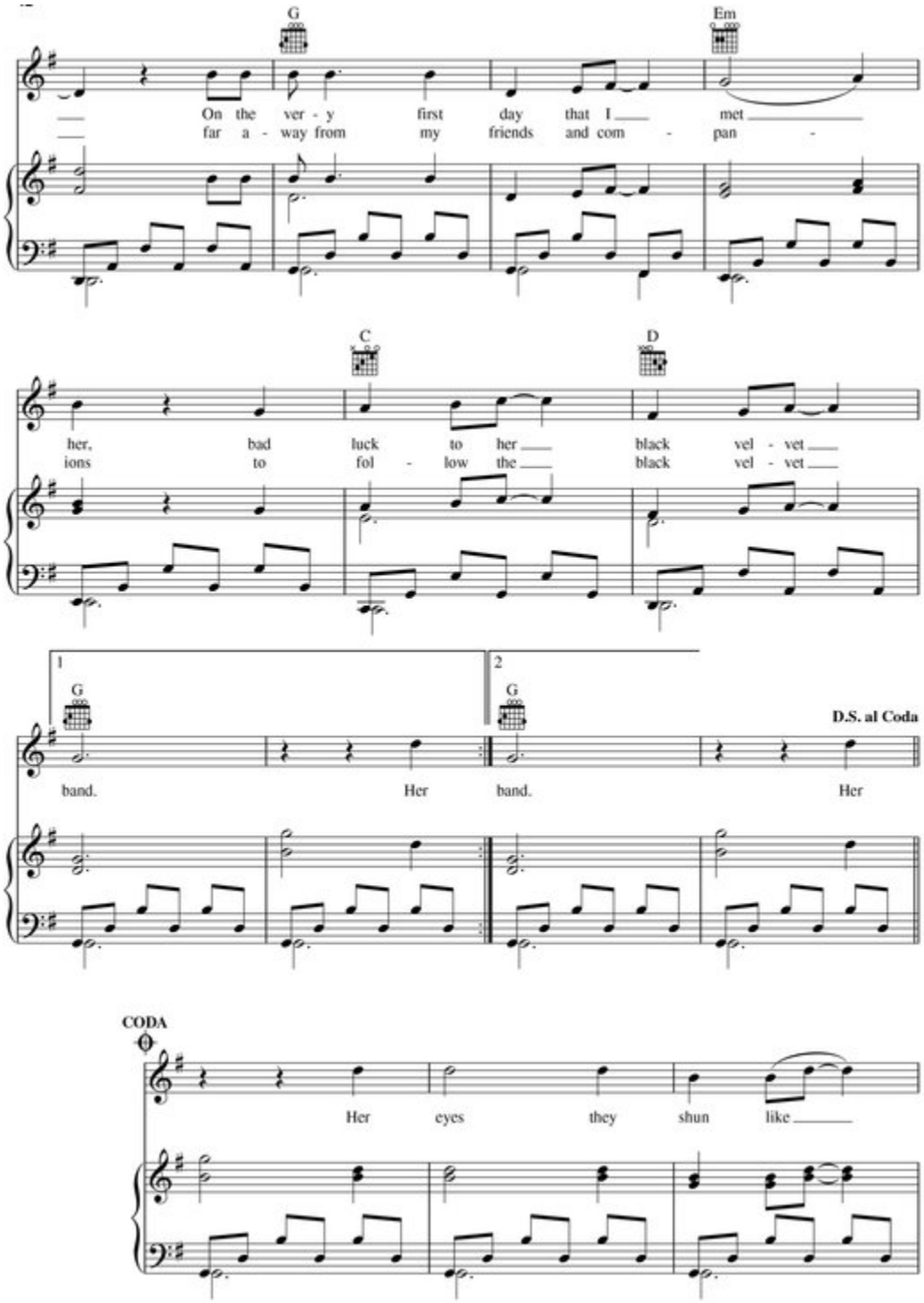
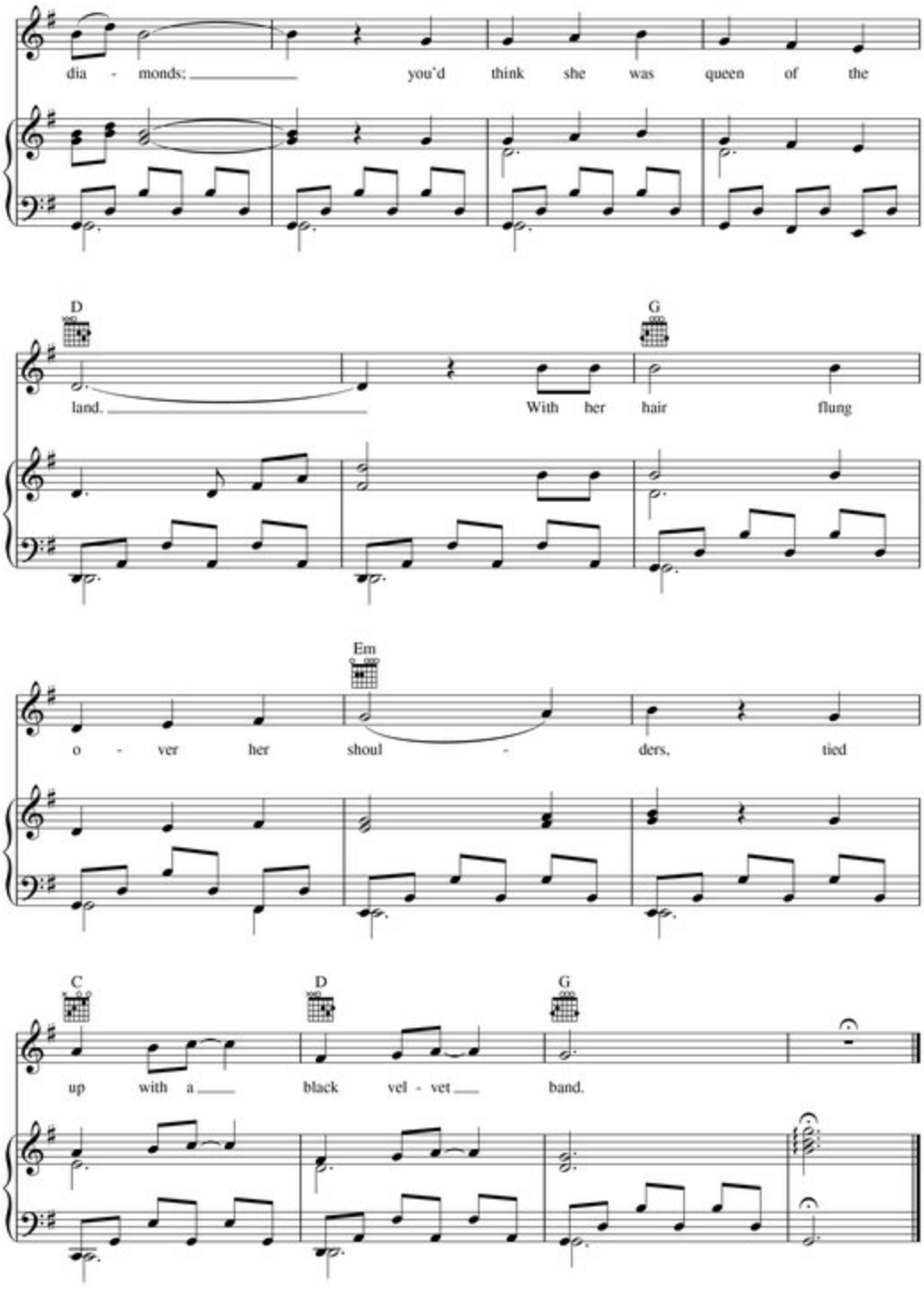

G
Em
With her hair flung o - ver her shoul -
C
D
G
To Coda
ders, tied up with a black vel - vet band.
As I went walk - ing down Broad - way,
'Fore judge and ju - ry next morn - ing
D
not in - tend - ing to stay ver - y long,
both of us did ap - pear.


G
Em
I met with this frol - ick - some dam -
A gen - tle - man claimed his jew - el -
C
D
G
sel as she came trip - ping a - long.
ry and the case a - gainst us was clear.
A watch she pulled out of her pock - et
Sev - en long years trans - por - ta - tion
D
and slipped it right in - to me hand.
right on down to Van Die - men's Land;


G
Em
On the ver - y first day that I met
far a - way from my friends and com - pan -
C
D
her, bad luck to her black vel - vet
ions to fol - low the black vel - vet
1
2
G
G
D.S. al Coda
band. Her band. Her
CODA
Her eyes they shun like



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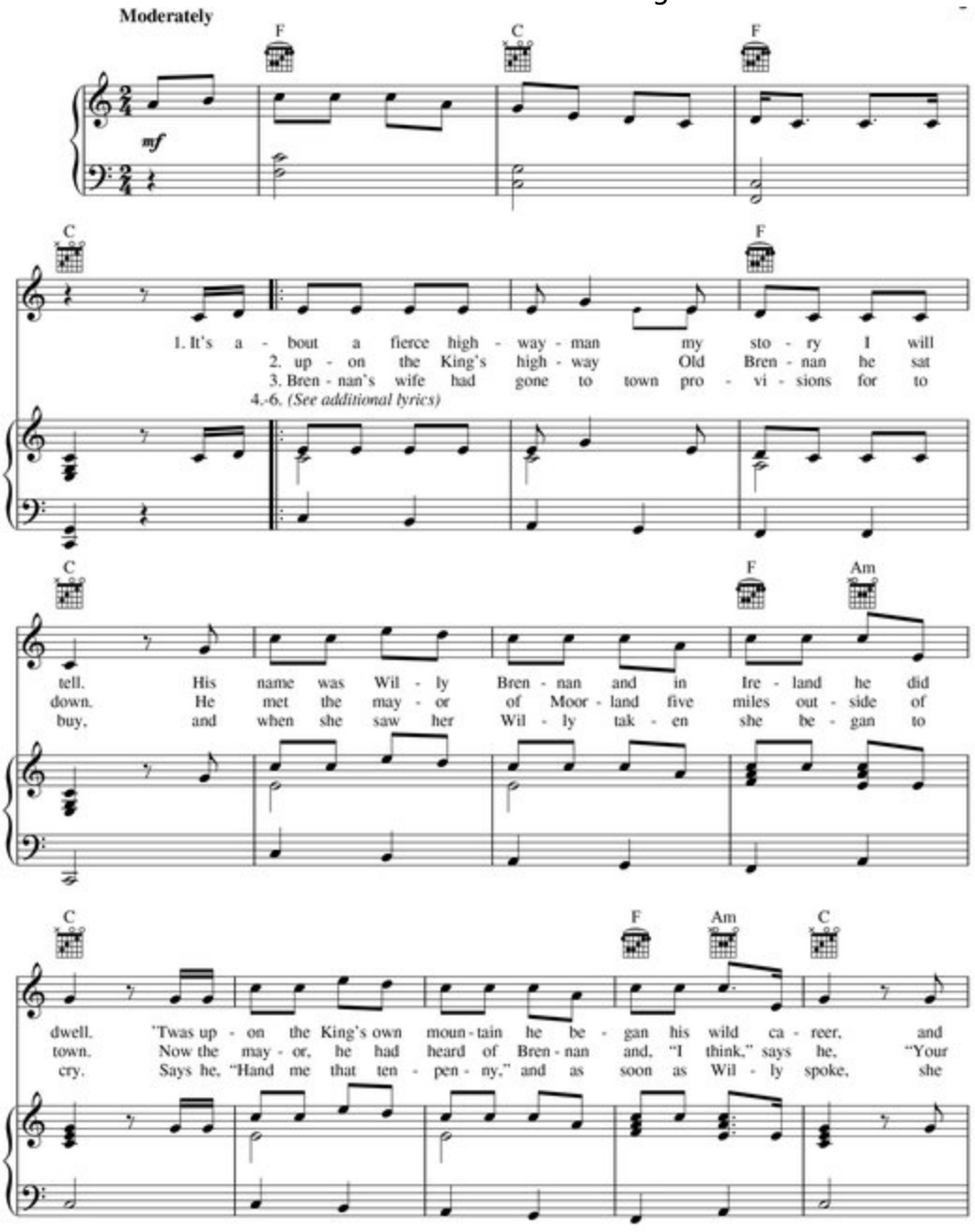
BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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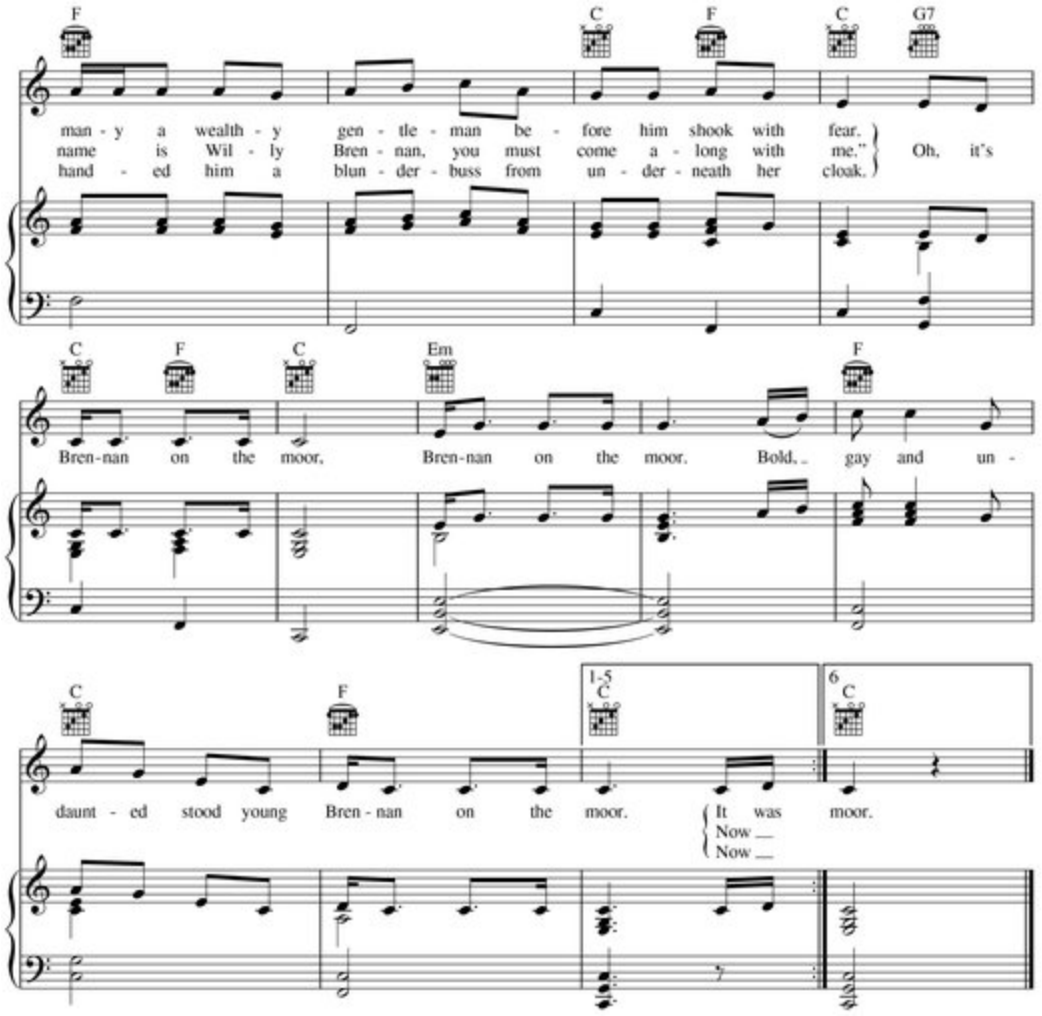

Additional Lyrics

4. Now Brennan got his blunderbuss, my story I'll unfold.
   He caused the mayor to tremble and deliver up his gold.
   Five thousand pounds were offered for his apprehension there,
   But Brennan and the peddler to the mountain did repair.
   Oh, it's Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor.
   Bold, gay and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

5. Now Brennan is an outlaw all on some mountain high.
   With infantry and cavalry to take him they did try.
   But he laughed at them and he scorned at them until, it was said,

By a false-hearted woman he was cruelly betrayed.
Oh, it’s Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor.
Bold, gay and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

6. They hung him at the crossroads; in chains he swung and died.
But still they say that in the night some do see him ride.
They see him with his blunderbuss in the midnight chill;
Along, along the king’s highway rides Willy Brennan still.
Oh, it’s Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor.
Bold, gay and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

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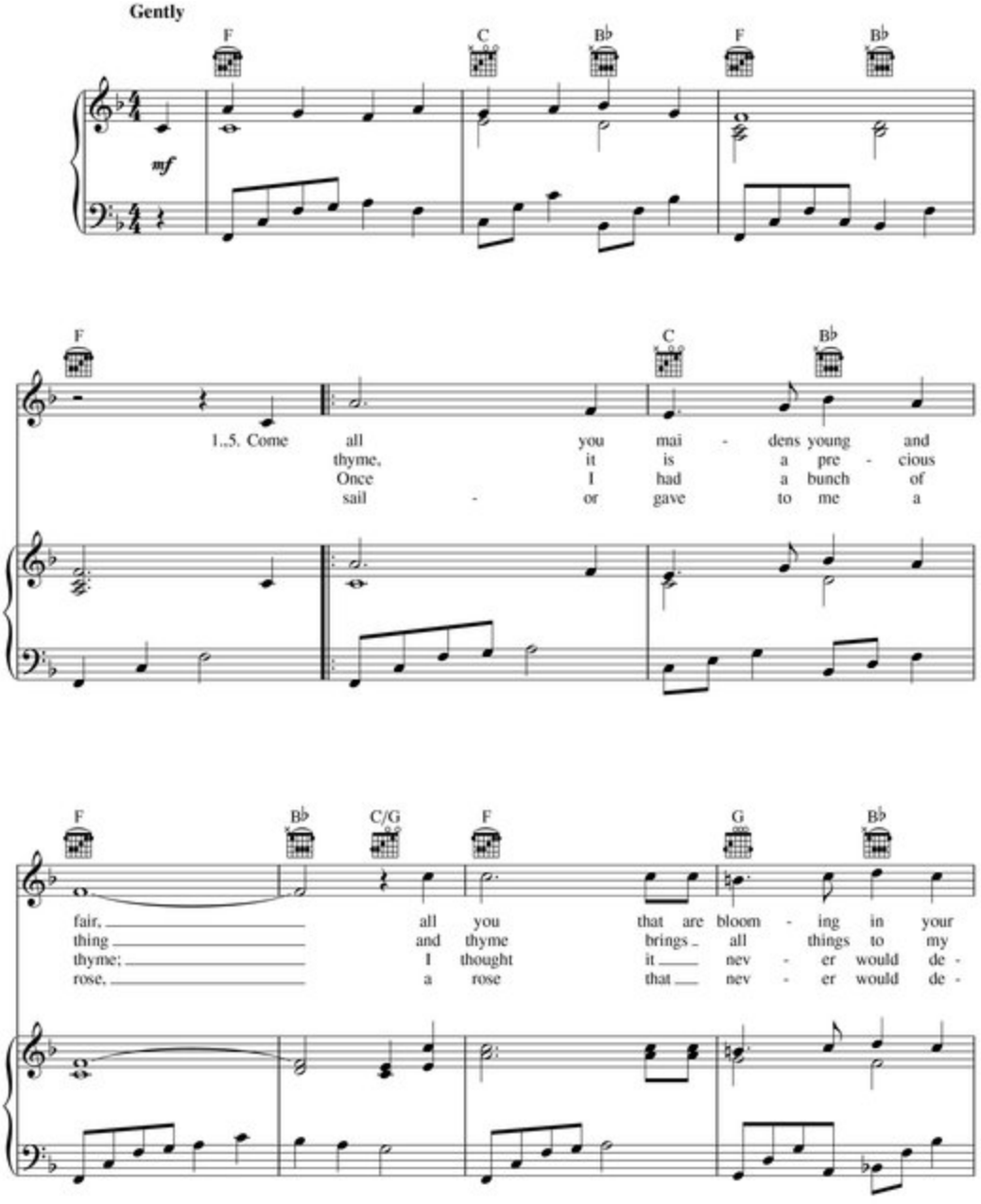
A BUNCH OF THYME

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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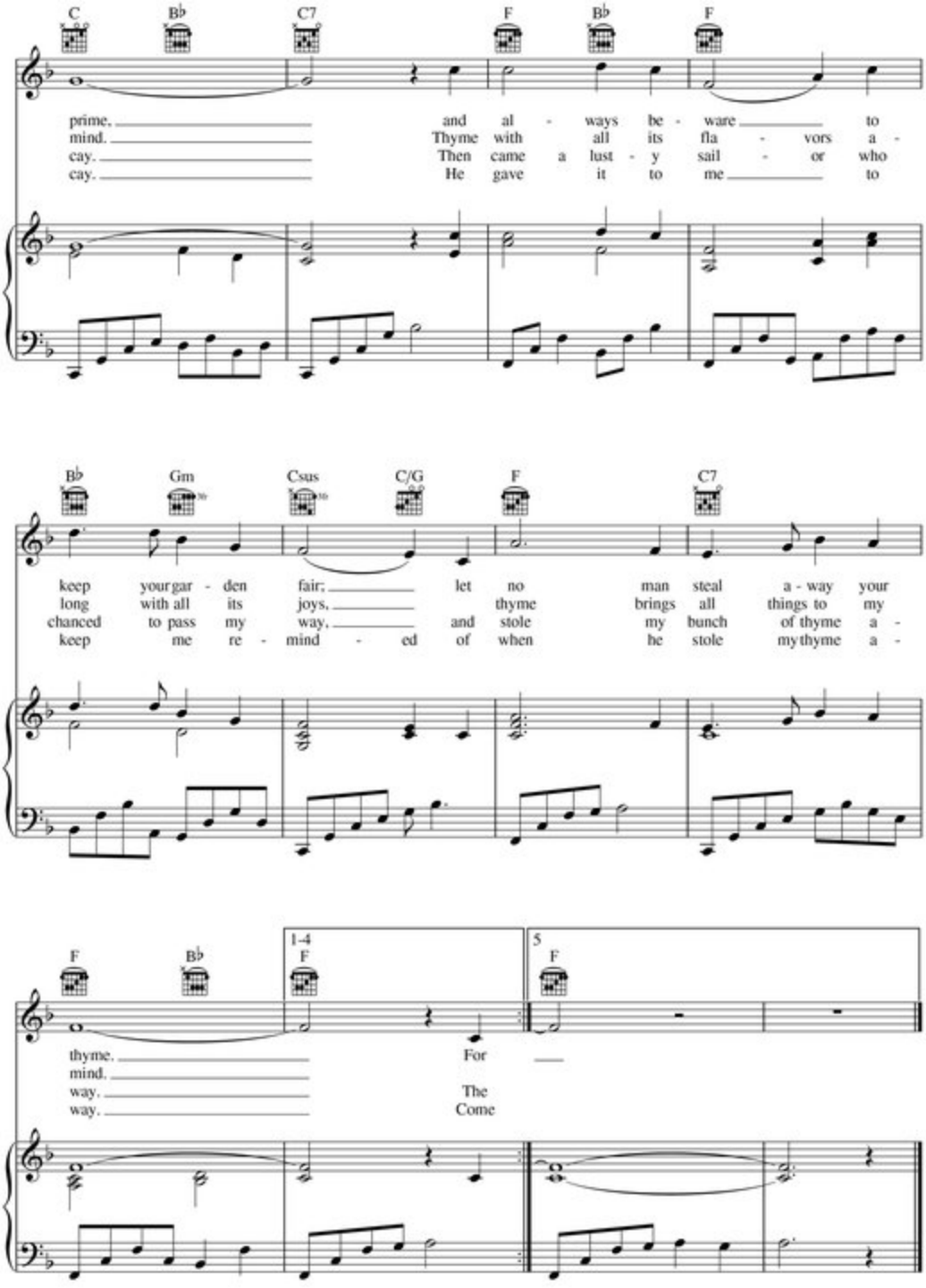

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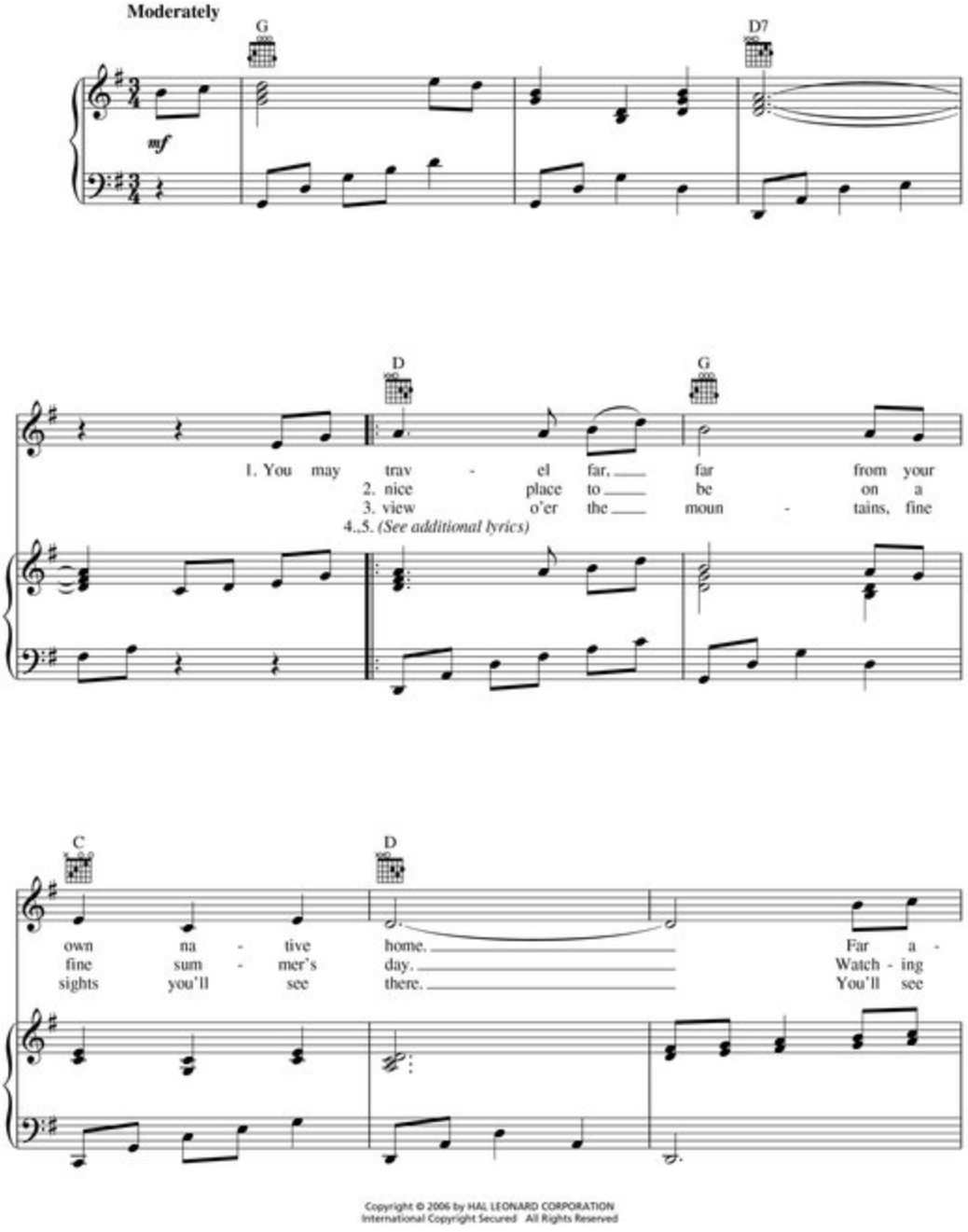
CLIFFS OF DONEEN

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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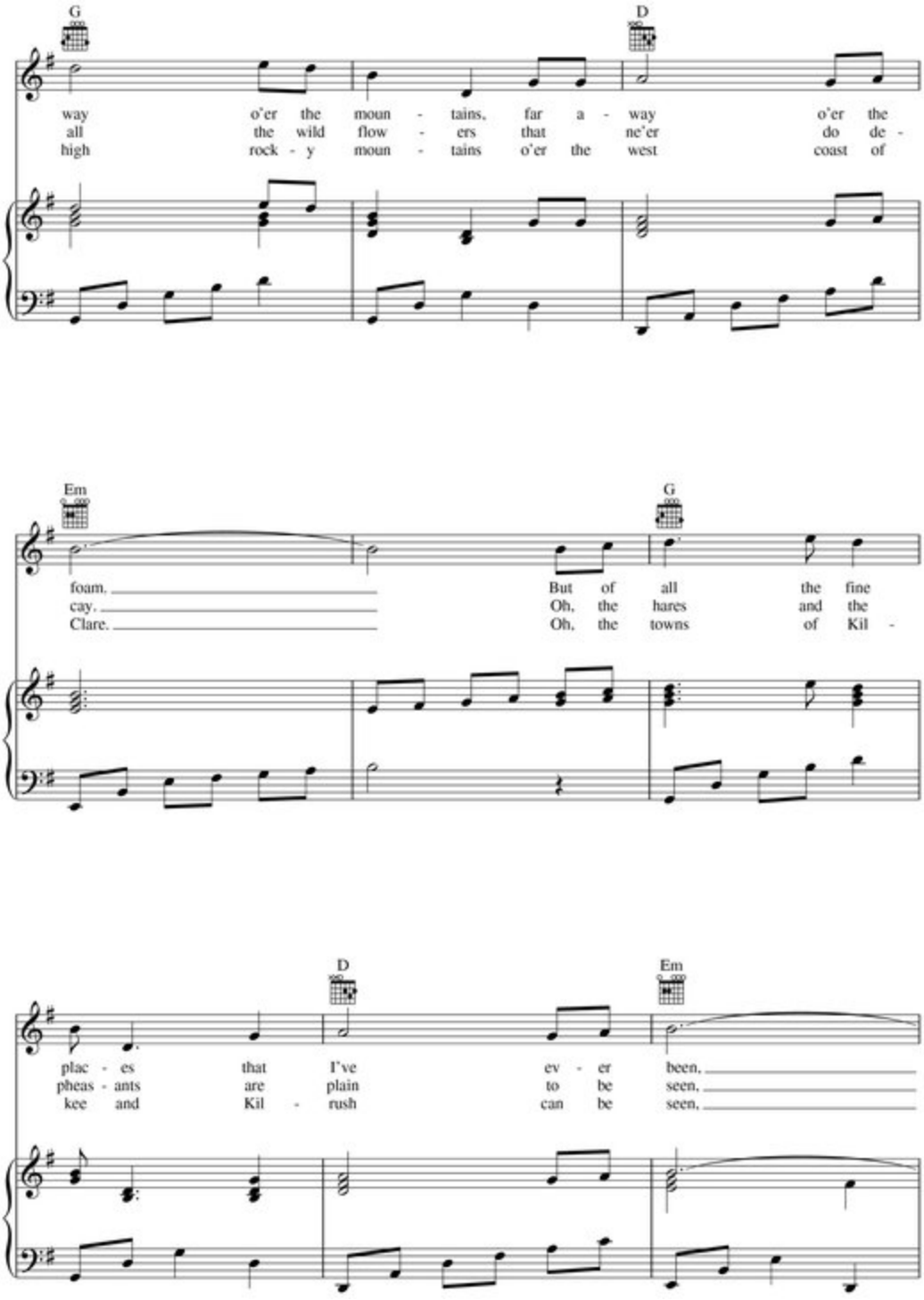
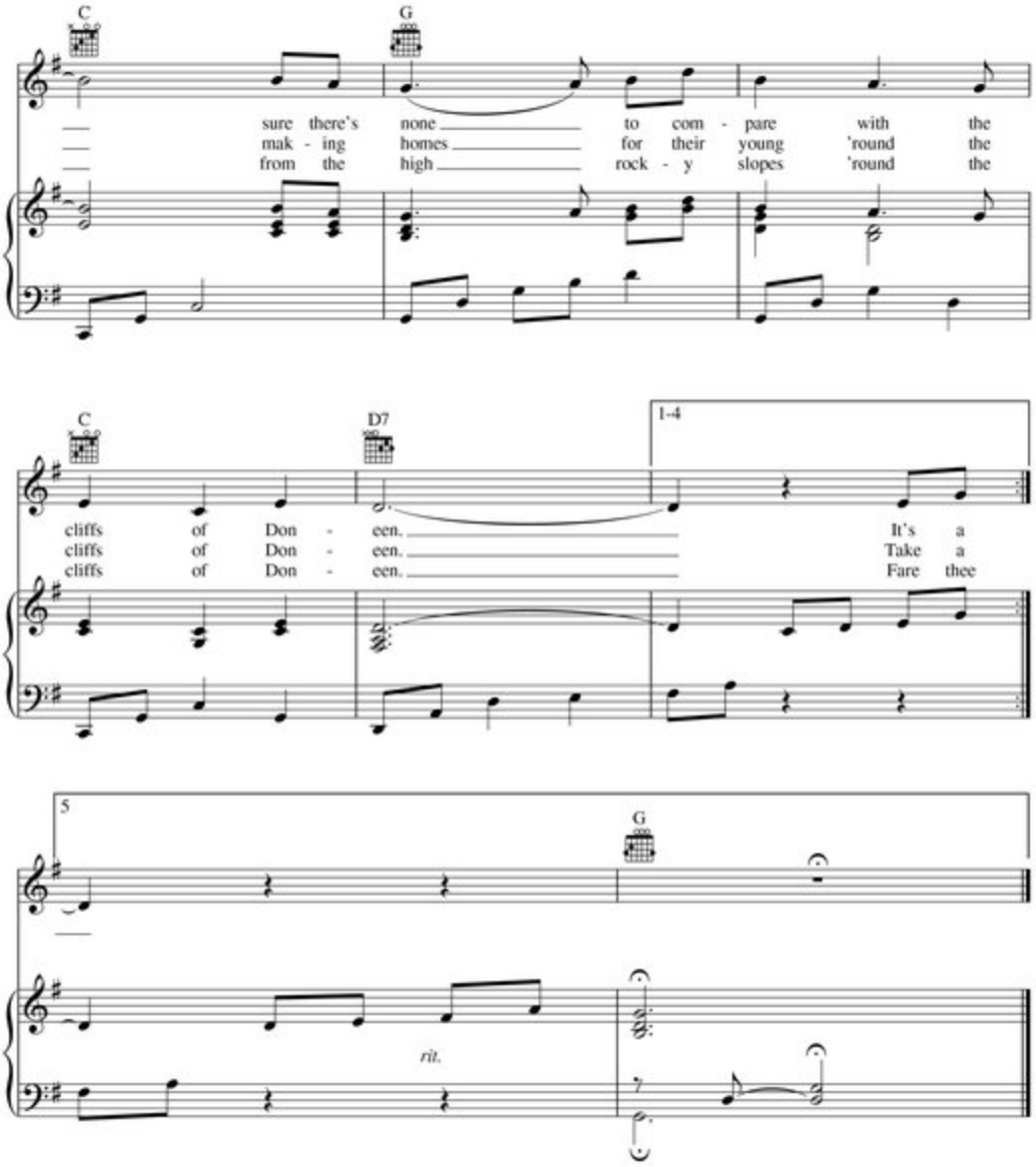

G
D
way o'er the moun - tains, far a - way o'er the
all the wild flow - ers that ne'er do de -
high rock - y moun - tains o'er the west coast of
Em
G
foam, But of all the fine
cay, Oh, the hares and the
Clare. Oh, the towns of Kil -
D
Em
plac - es that I've ev - er been,
pheas - ants are plain to be seen,
kee and Kil - rush can be seen,



Additional Lyrics

4. Fare thee well to Doneen, 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 Doneen.

5. Fare thee well to Doneen, fare thee well for a while.
   And although we are parted by the raging sea wild,
   Once again I will walk with my Irish colleen
   'Round the high rocky slopes of the cliffs of Doneen.

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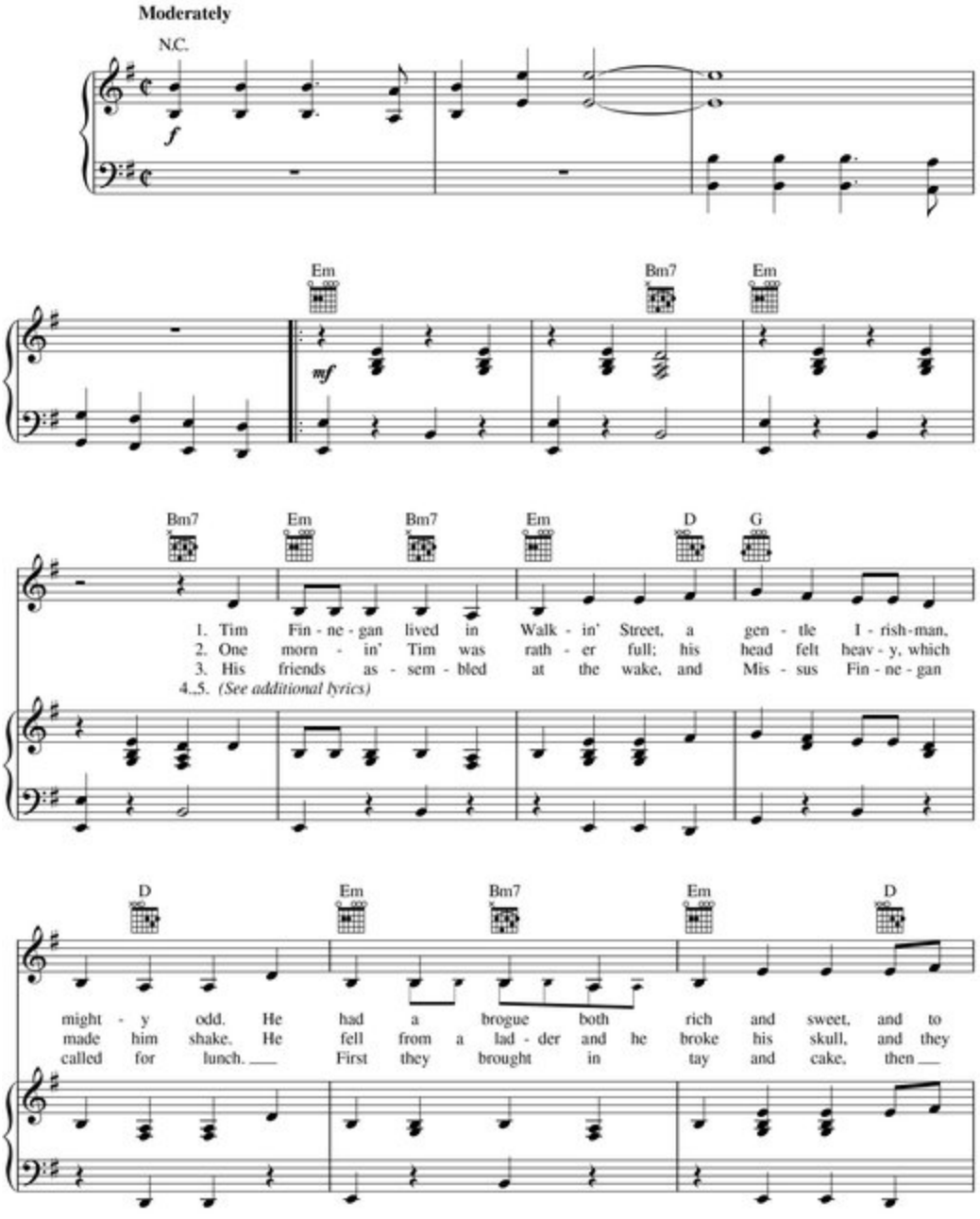
FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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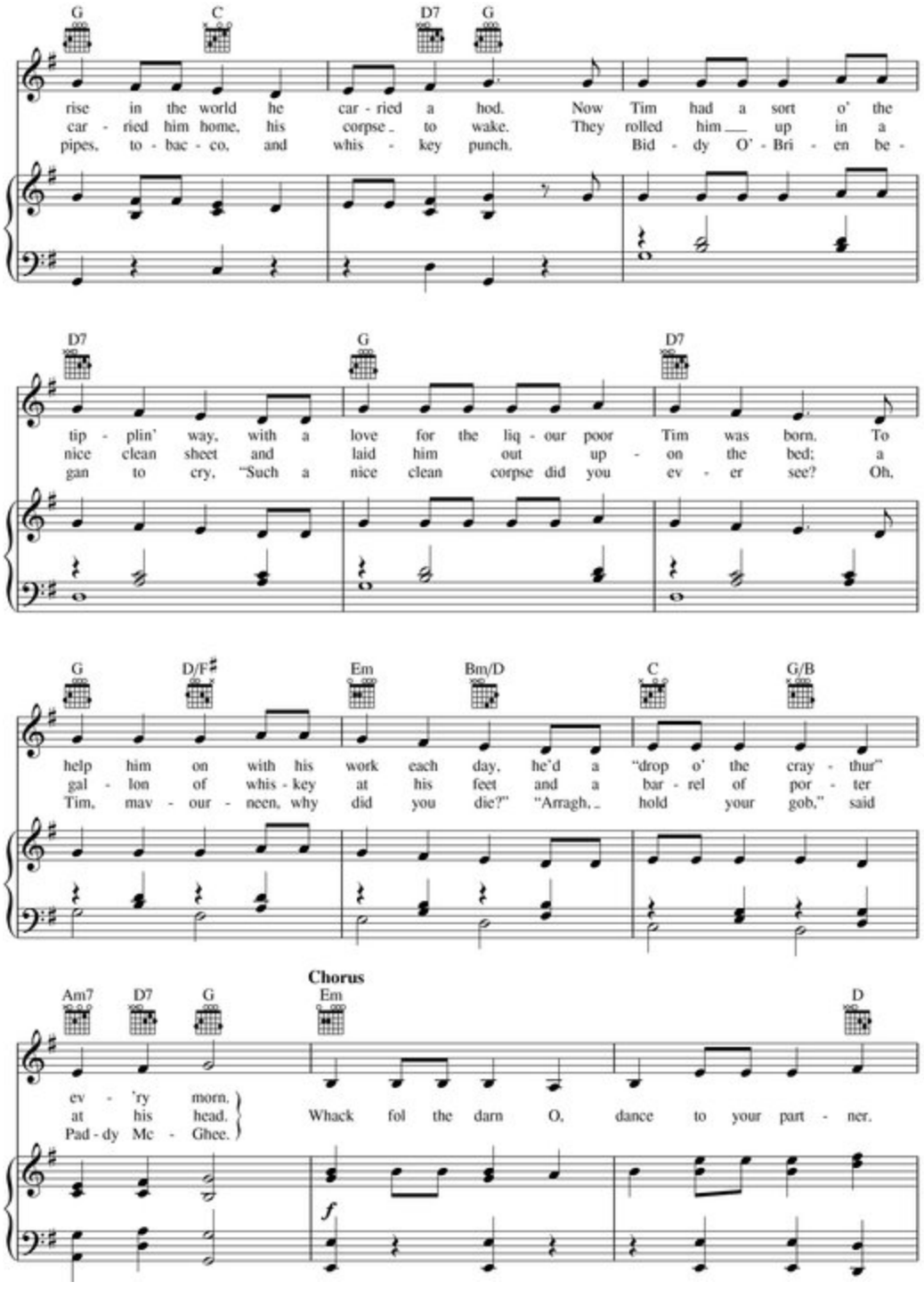
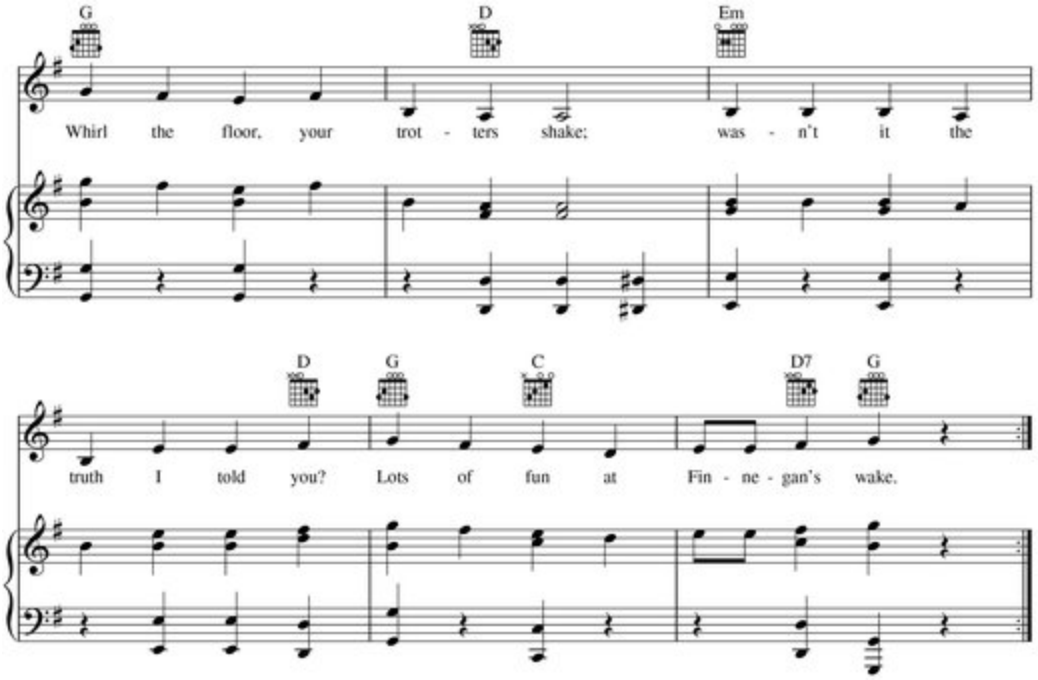

G C D7 G
rise in the world he car - ried a hod. Now Tim had a sort o' the
car - ried him home, his corpse to wake. They rolled him up in a
pipes, to - bac - co, and whis - key punch. Bid - dy O' - Bri - en be -
D7 G D7
tip - plin' way, with a love for the liq - uor poor Tim was born. To
nice clean sheet and laid him out up - on the bed; a
gan to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse did you ev - er see? Oh,
G D/F♯ Em Bm/D C G/B
help him on with his work each day, he'd a "drop o' the cray - thur"
gal - lon of whis - key at his feet and a bar - rel of por - ter
Tim, mav - our - neen, why did you die?" "Arragh, hold your gob," said
Chorus
Am7 D7 G Em D
ev - 'ry morn.
at his head.
Pad - dy Mc - Ghee.
Whack fol the darn O, dance to your part - ner.
f



Additional Lyrics

4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
"Oh Biddy," says she, "you're wrong, I'm sure."
Biddy, she gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawlin' on the floor.
And then the war did soon engage,
'Twas woman to woman and man to man.
Shillelaigh law was all the rage,
And a row and ruction soon began.
Chorus

5. Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him.
It missed, and falling on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim!
The corpse revives; see how he rises!
Timothy, rising from the bed,
Said, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes,
Thanum an Dhul! Do you think I'm dead?"
Chorus

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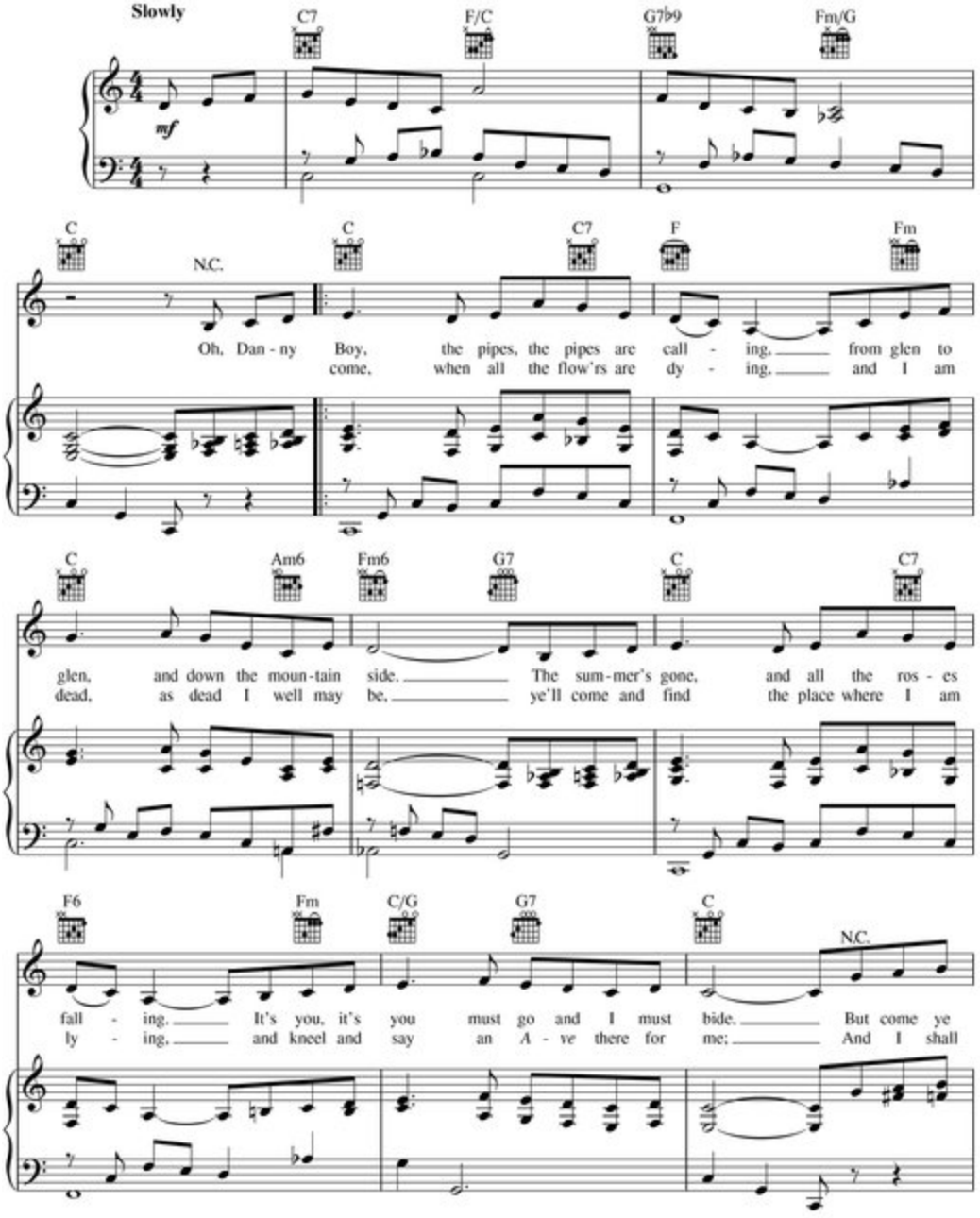
DANNY BOY

(Londonderry Air)

Words by FREDERICK EDWARD WEATHERLY

Traditional Irish Folk Melody



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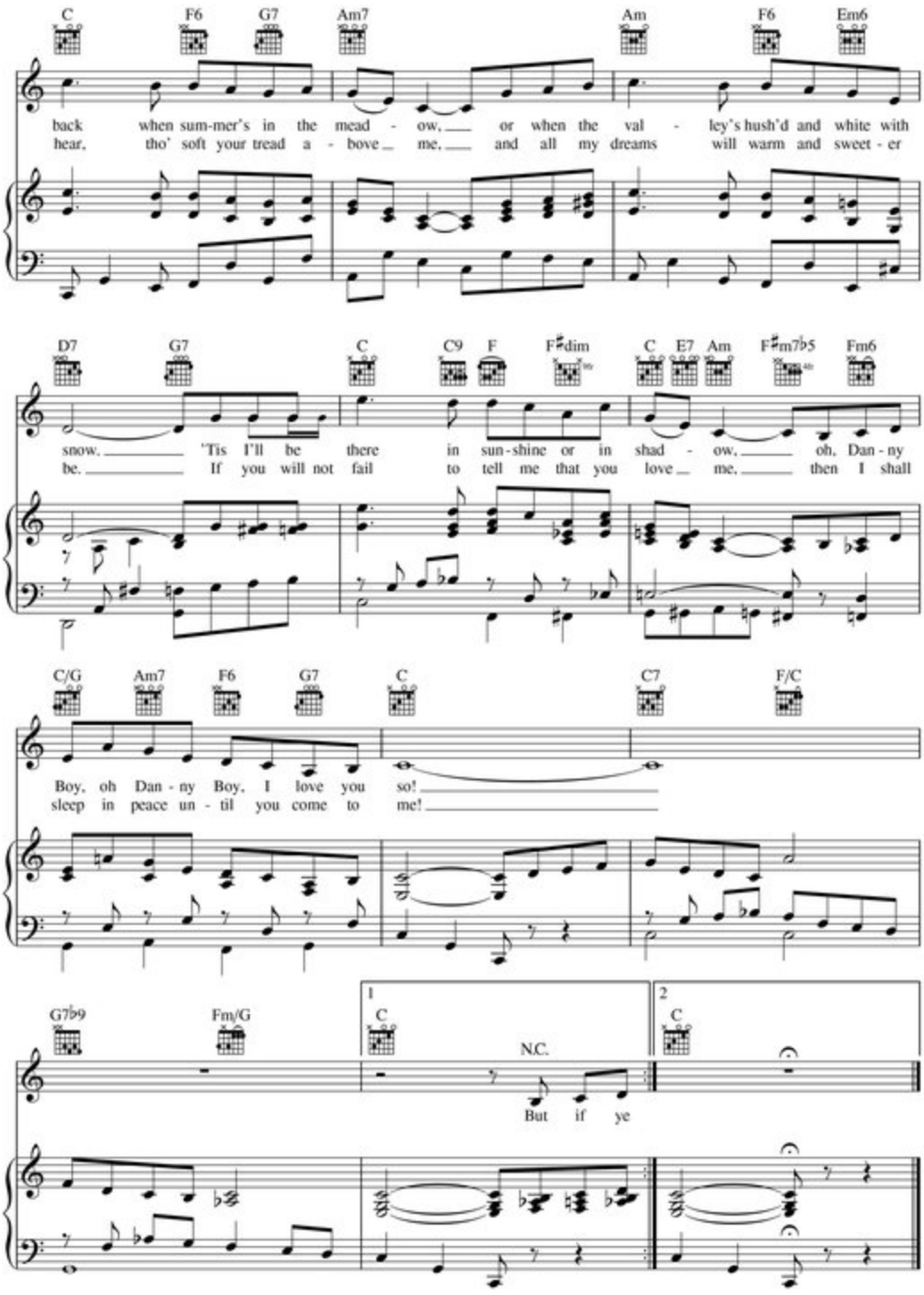

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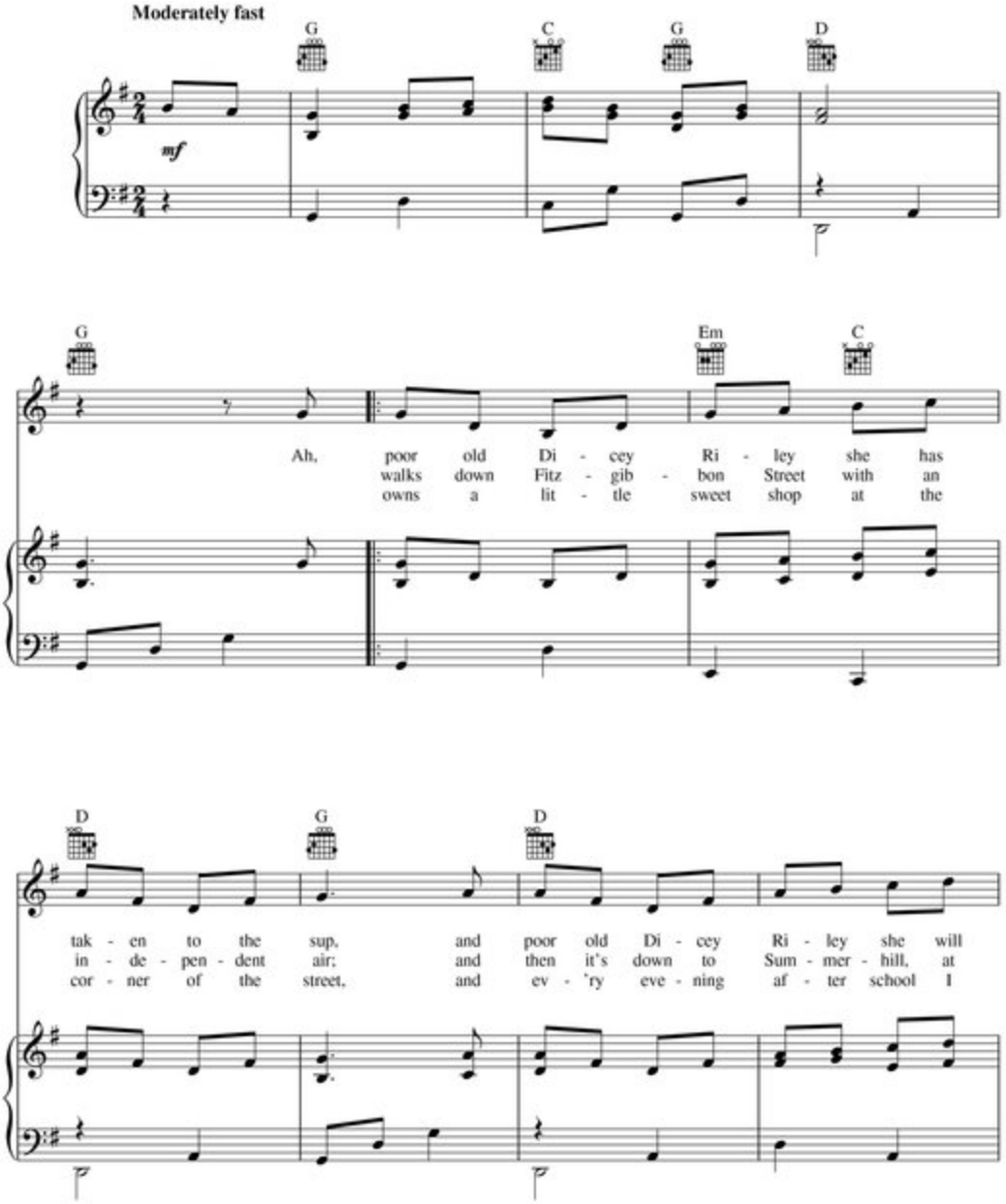
DICEY REILLY

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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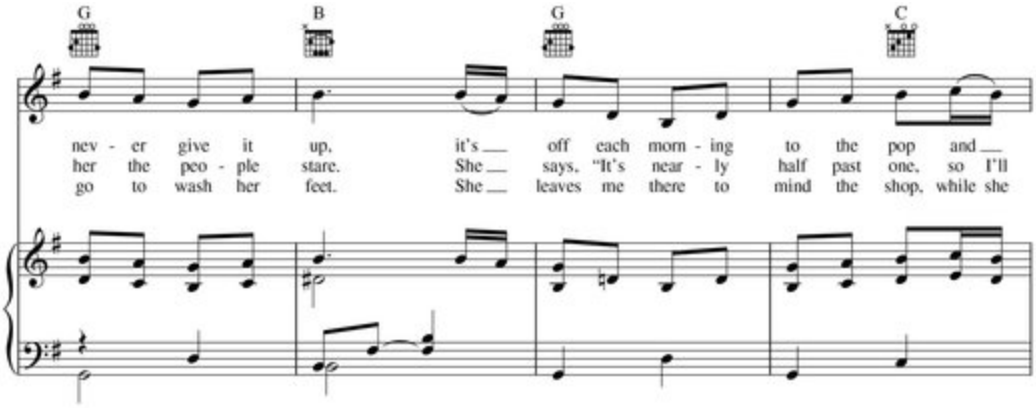

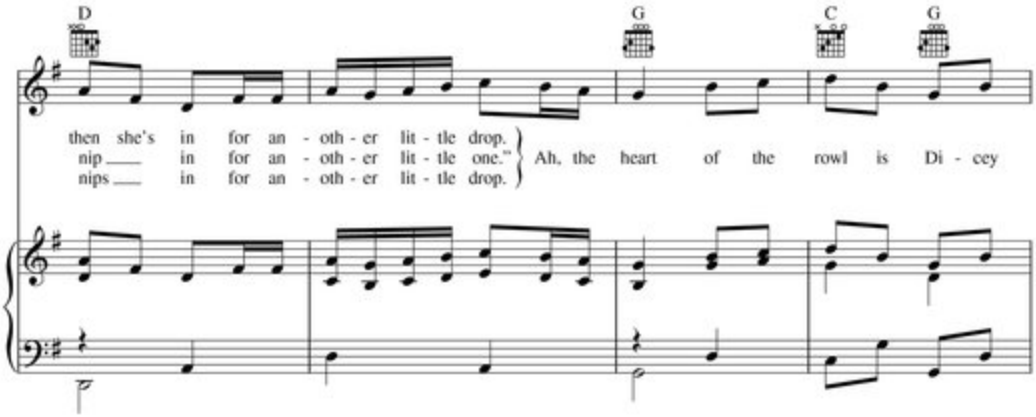

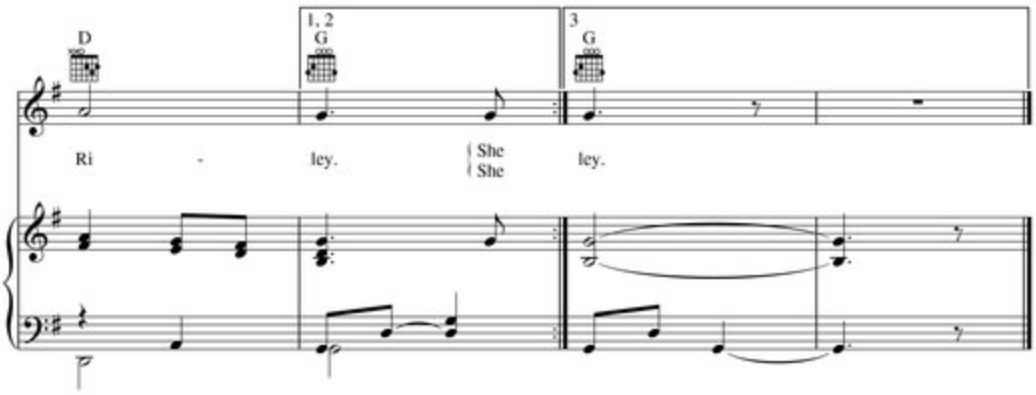

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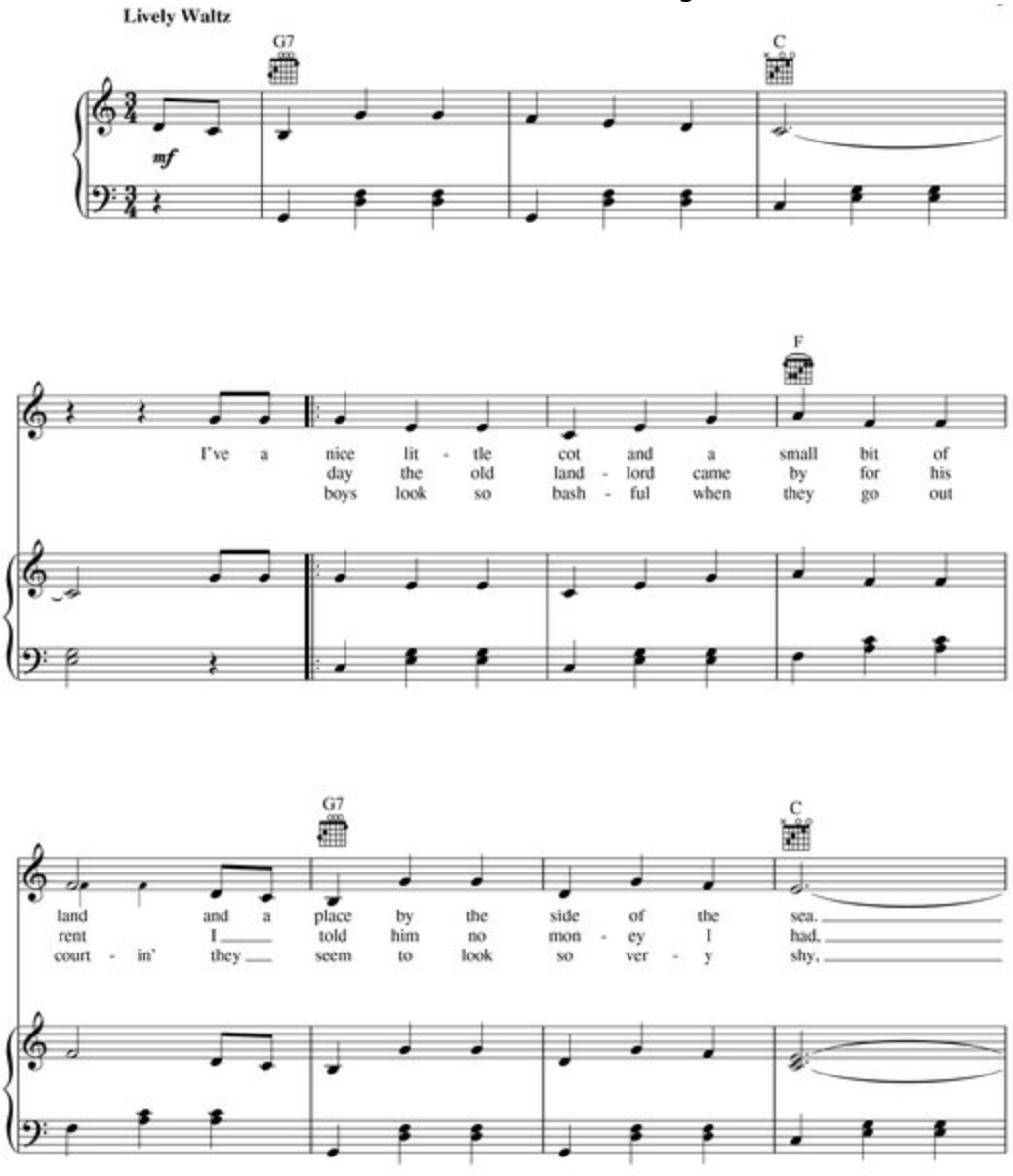
DO YOU WANT YOUR OLD LOBBY

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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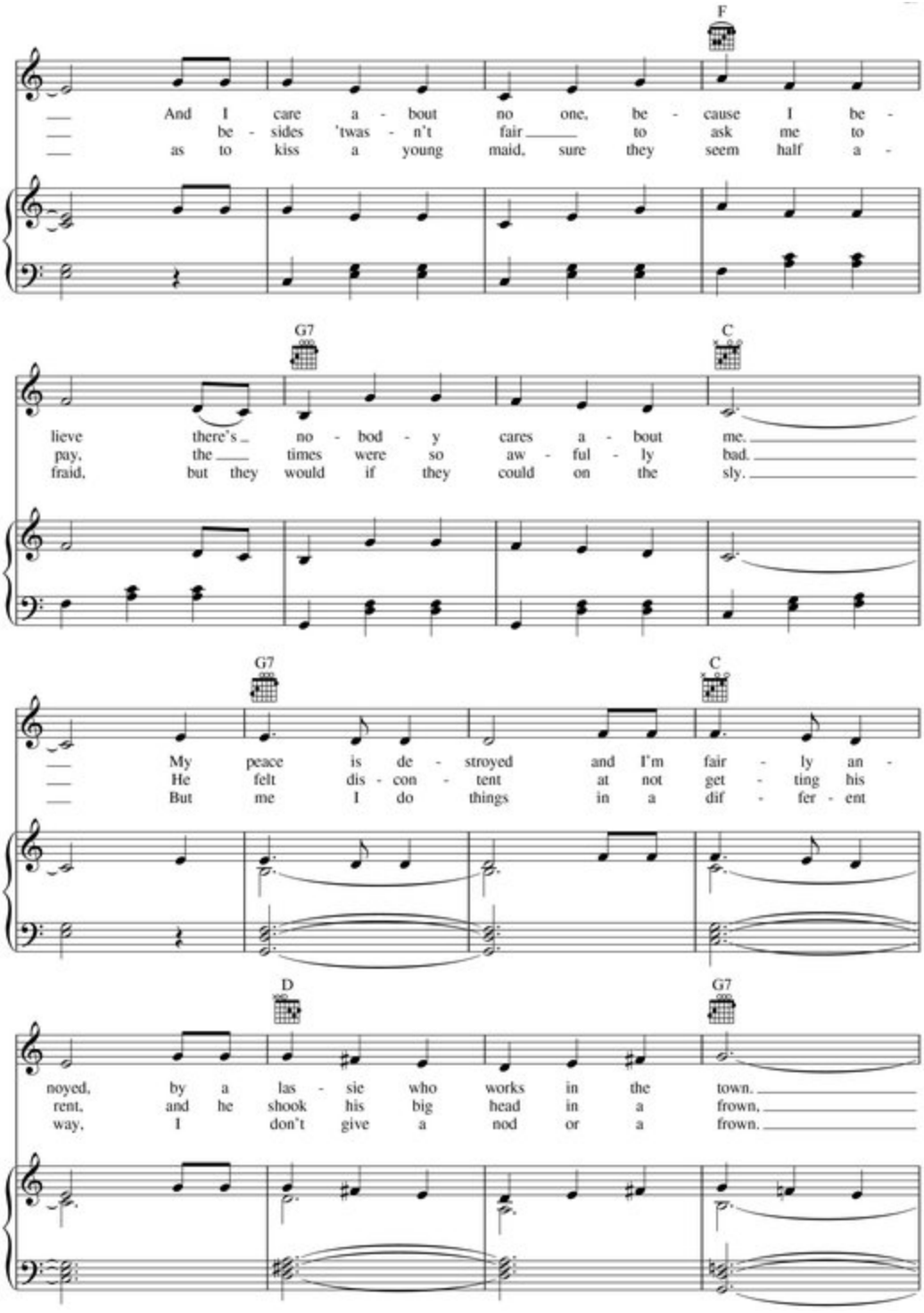
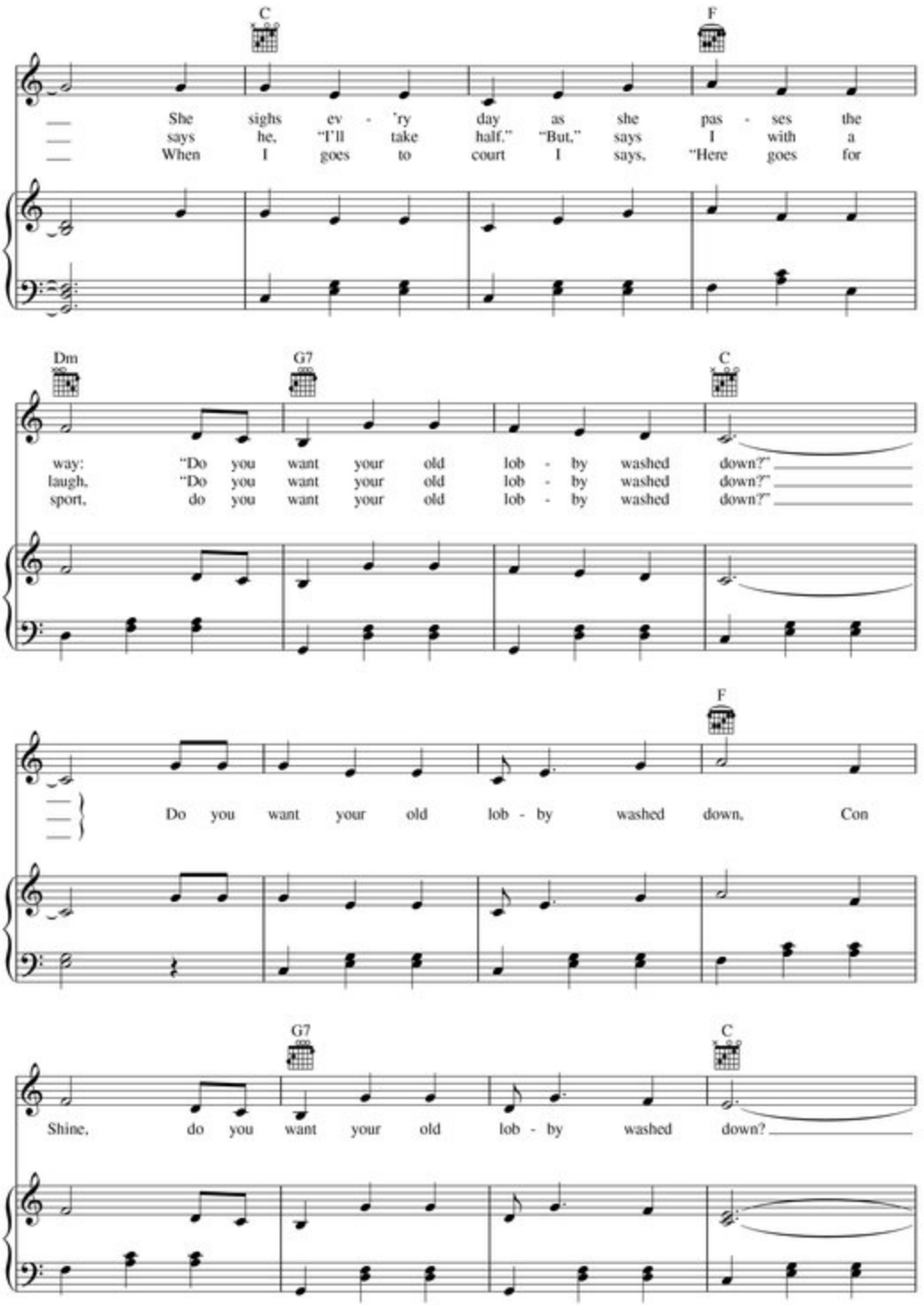
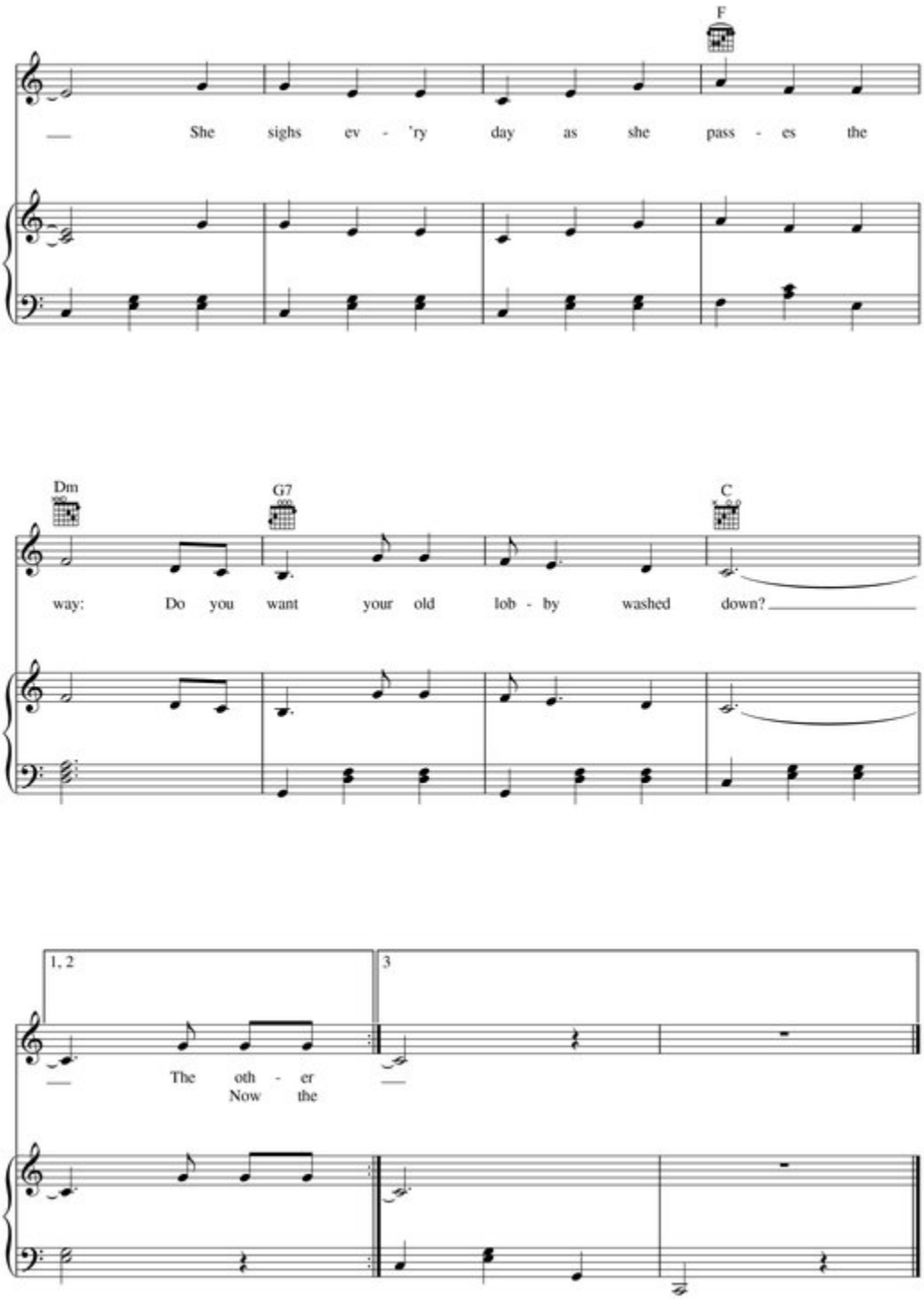

F
And I care a - bout no one, be - cause I be -
be - sides 'twas - n't fair to ask me to
as to kiss a young maid, sure they seem half a -
G7
C
lieve there's no - bod - y cares a - bout me.
pay, the times were so aw - ful - ly bad.
fraid, but they would if they could on the sly.
G7
C
My peace is de - stroyed and I'm fair - ly an -
He felt dis - con - tent at not get - ting his
But me I do things in a dif - fer - ent
D
G7
noyed, by a las - sie who works in the town.
rent, and he shook his big head in a frown,
way, I don't give a nod or a frown.


C
F
She sighs ev - 'ry day as she pas - ses the
says he, "I'll take half," "But," says I with a
When I goes to court I says, "Here goes for
Dm
G7
C
way: "Do you want your old lob - by washed down?"
laugh, "Do you want your old lob - by washed down?"
sport, do you want your old lob - by washed down?"
F
Do you want your old lob - by washed down, Con
G7
C
Shine, do you want your old lob - by washed down?



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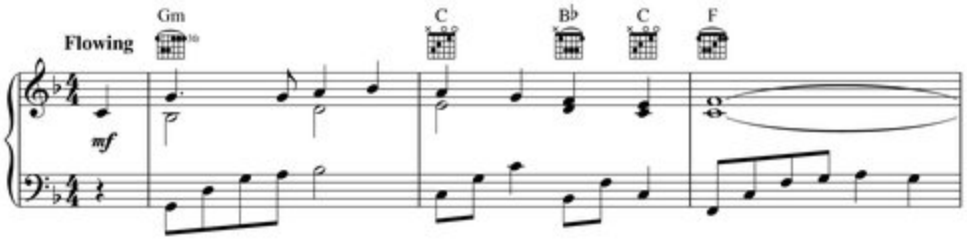
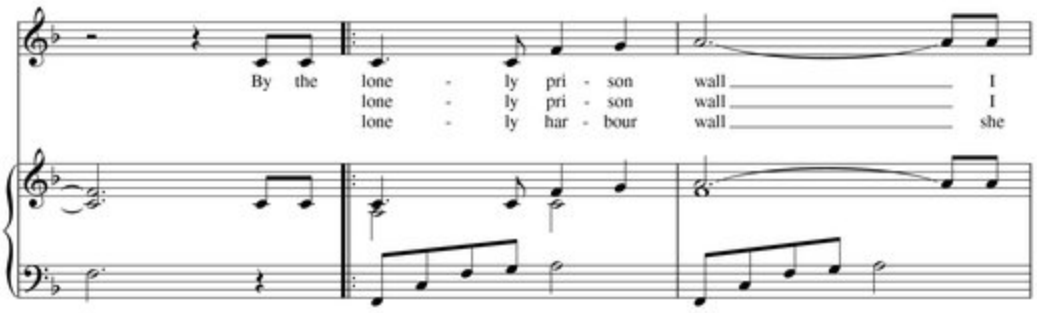
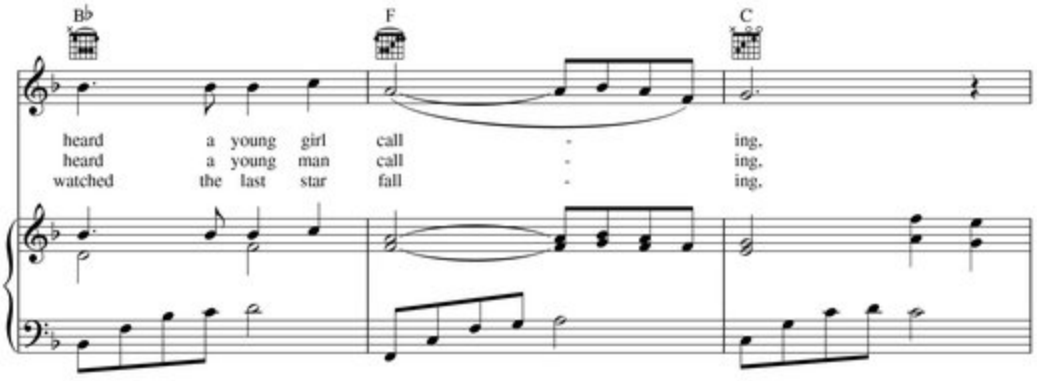
THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

Words and Music by
PETE ST. JOHN







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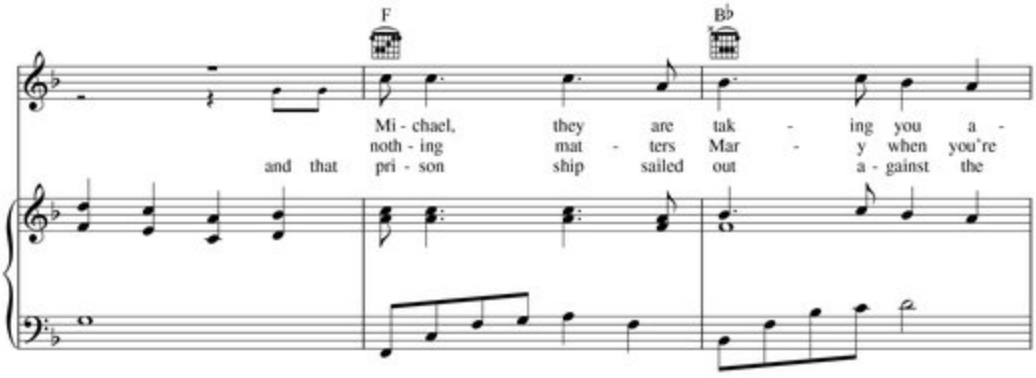
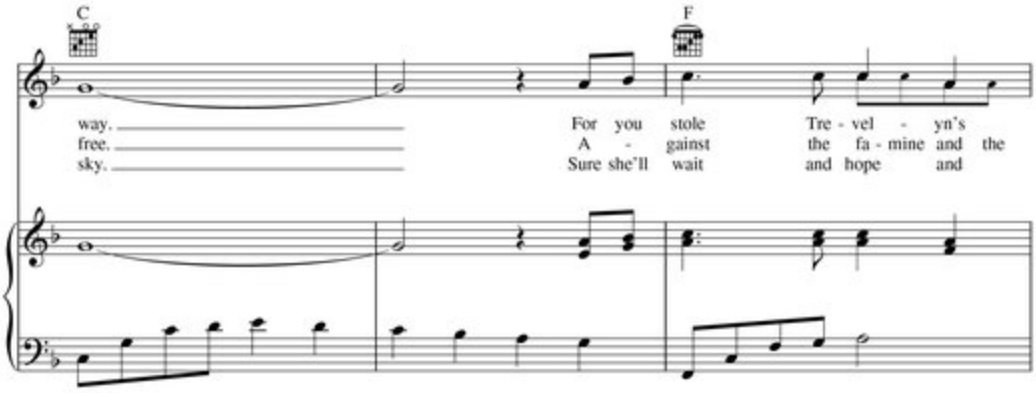
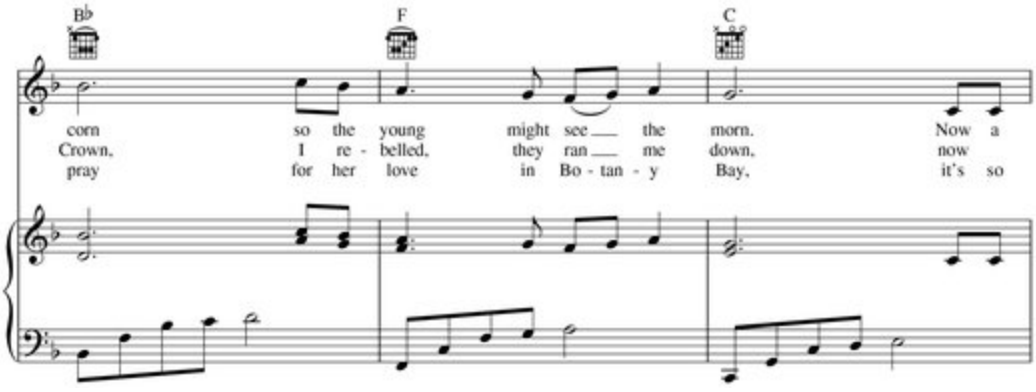
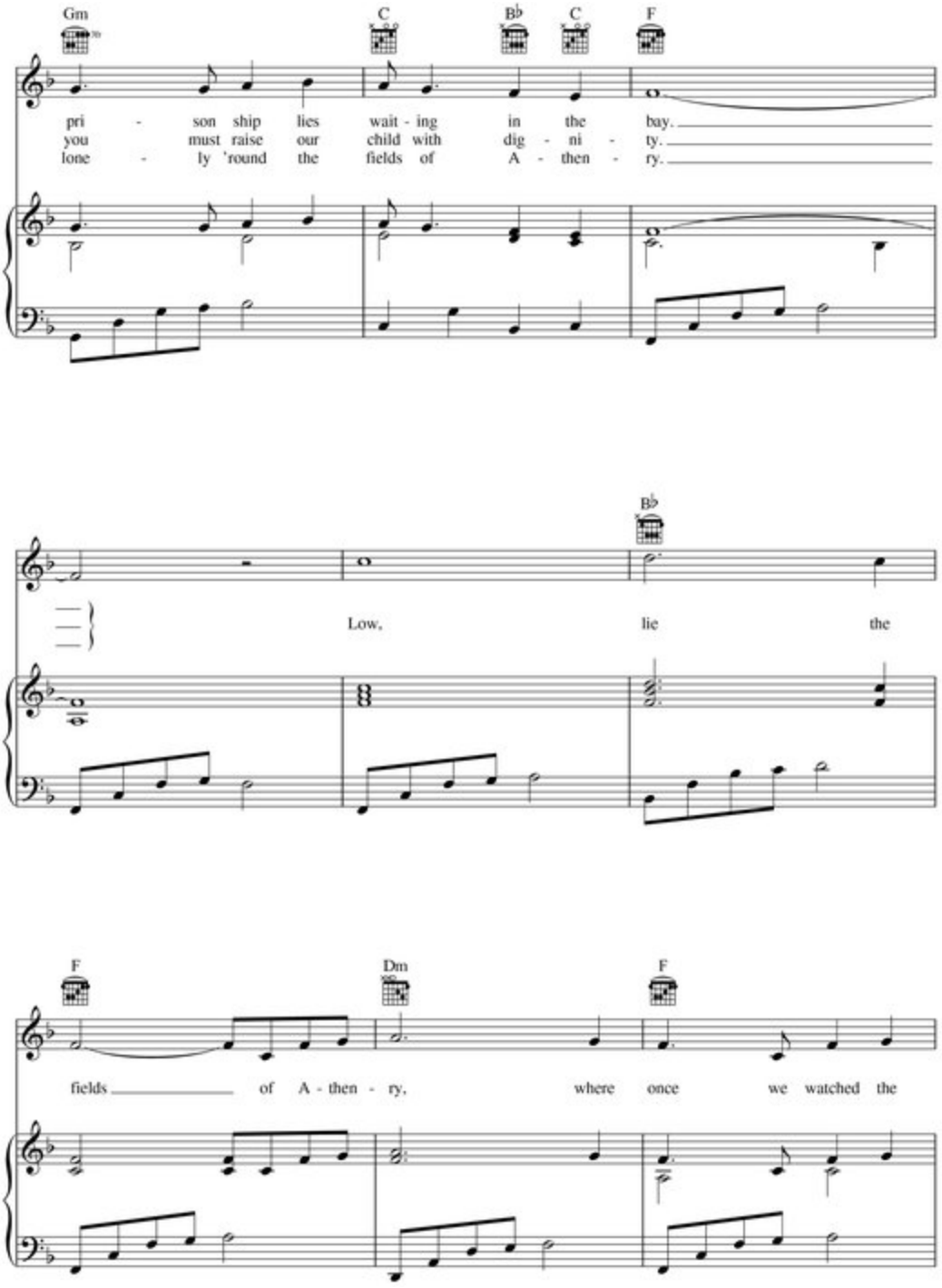
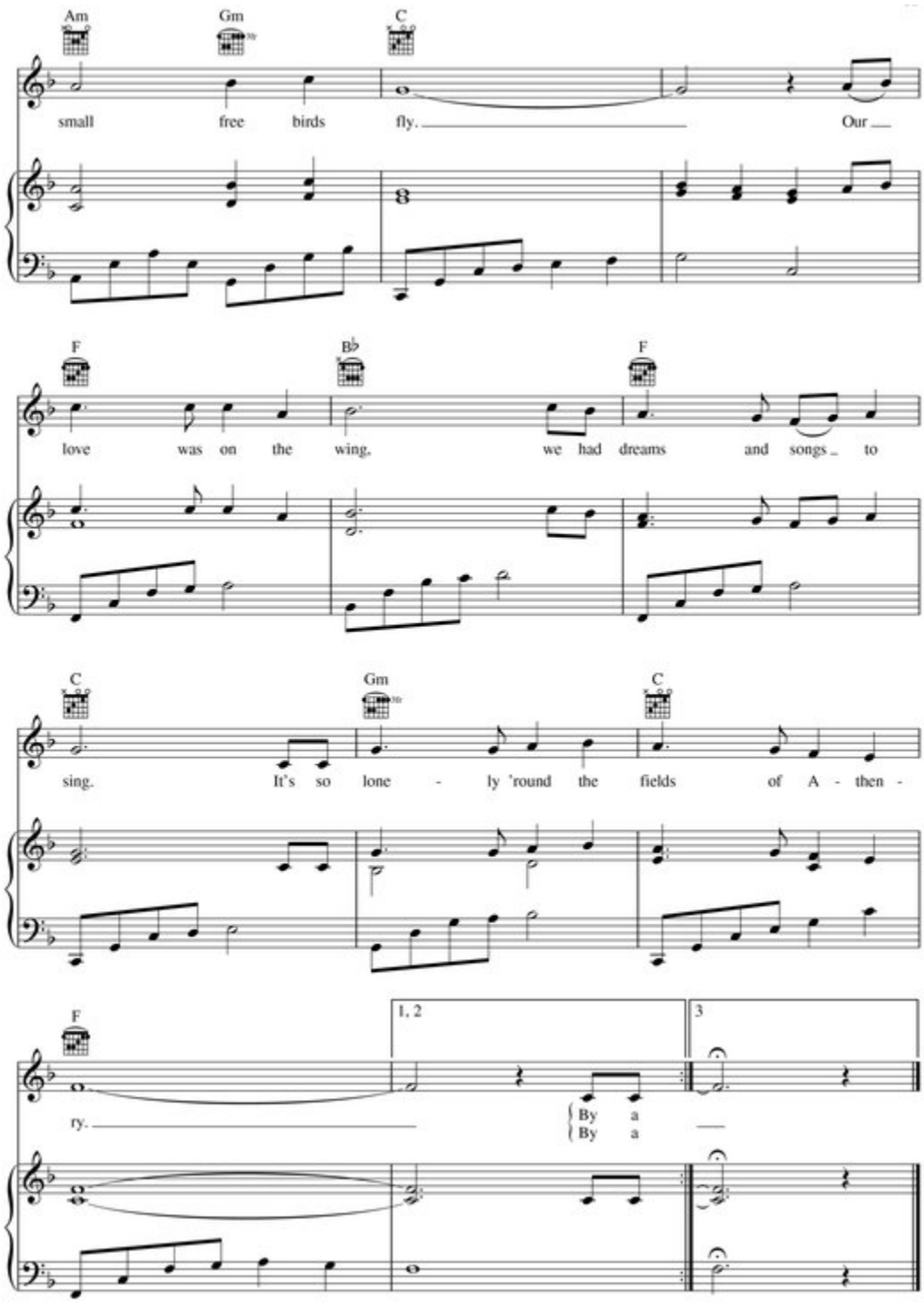

F
B♭
Mi - chael, they are tak - ing you a -
noth - ing mat - ters Mar - y when you're
and that pri - son ship sailed out a - gainst the


C
F
way.
free.
sky.
For you stole Tre - vel - yn's
A - gainst the fa - mine and the
Sure she'll wait and hope and


B♭
F
C
corn so the young might see the morn. Now a
Crown, I re - belled, they ran me down, now
pray for her love in Bo - tan - y Bay, it's so


Gm
C
B♭
C
F
pri - son ship lies wait - ing in the bay.
you must raise our child with dig - ni - ty.
lone - ly 'round the fields of A - then - ry.
B♭
Low, lie the
F
Dm
F
fields of A - then - ry, where once we watched the



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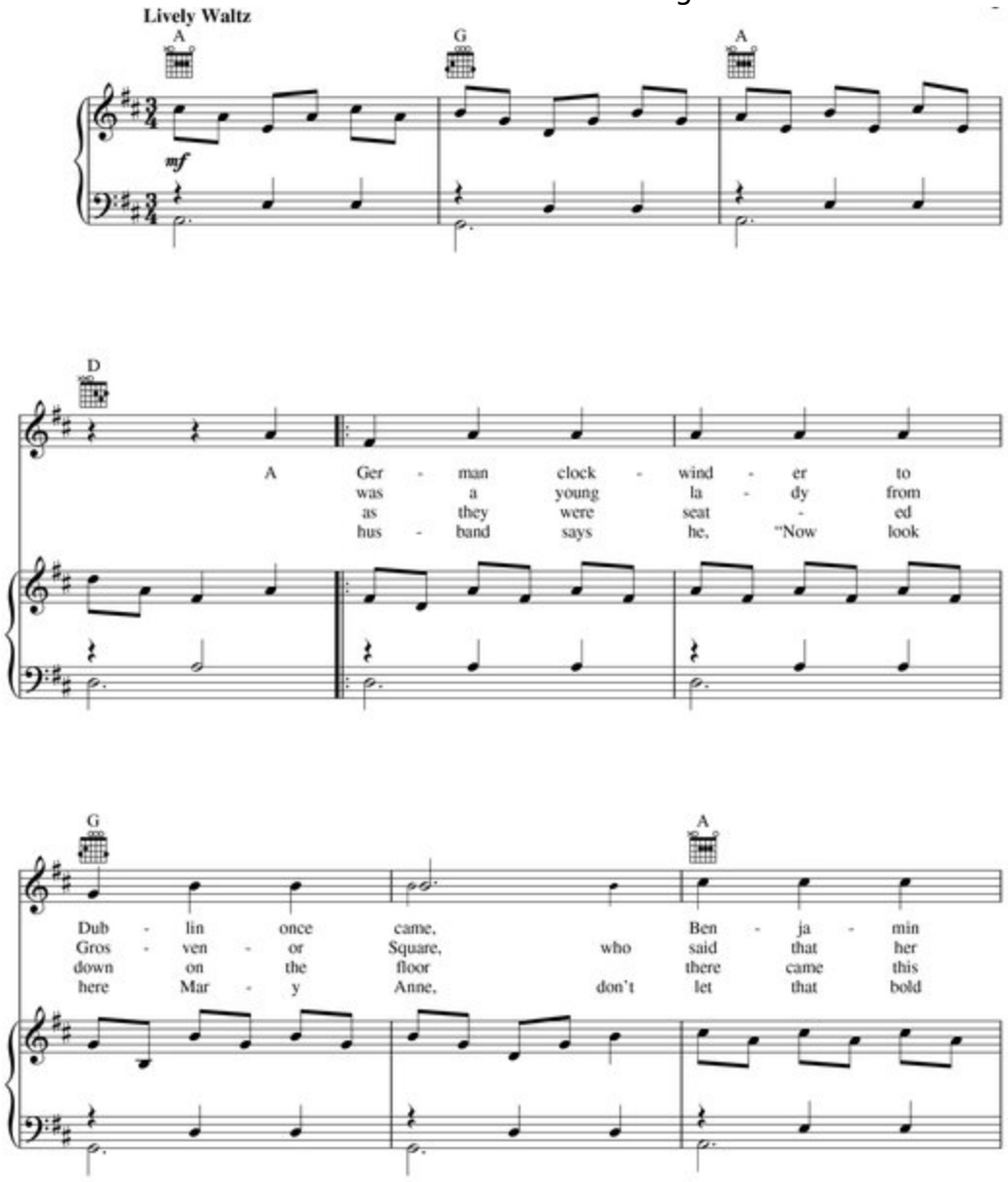
THE GERMAN CLOCKWINDER

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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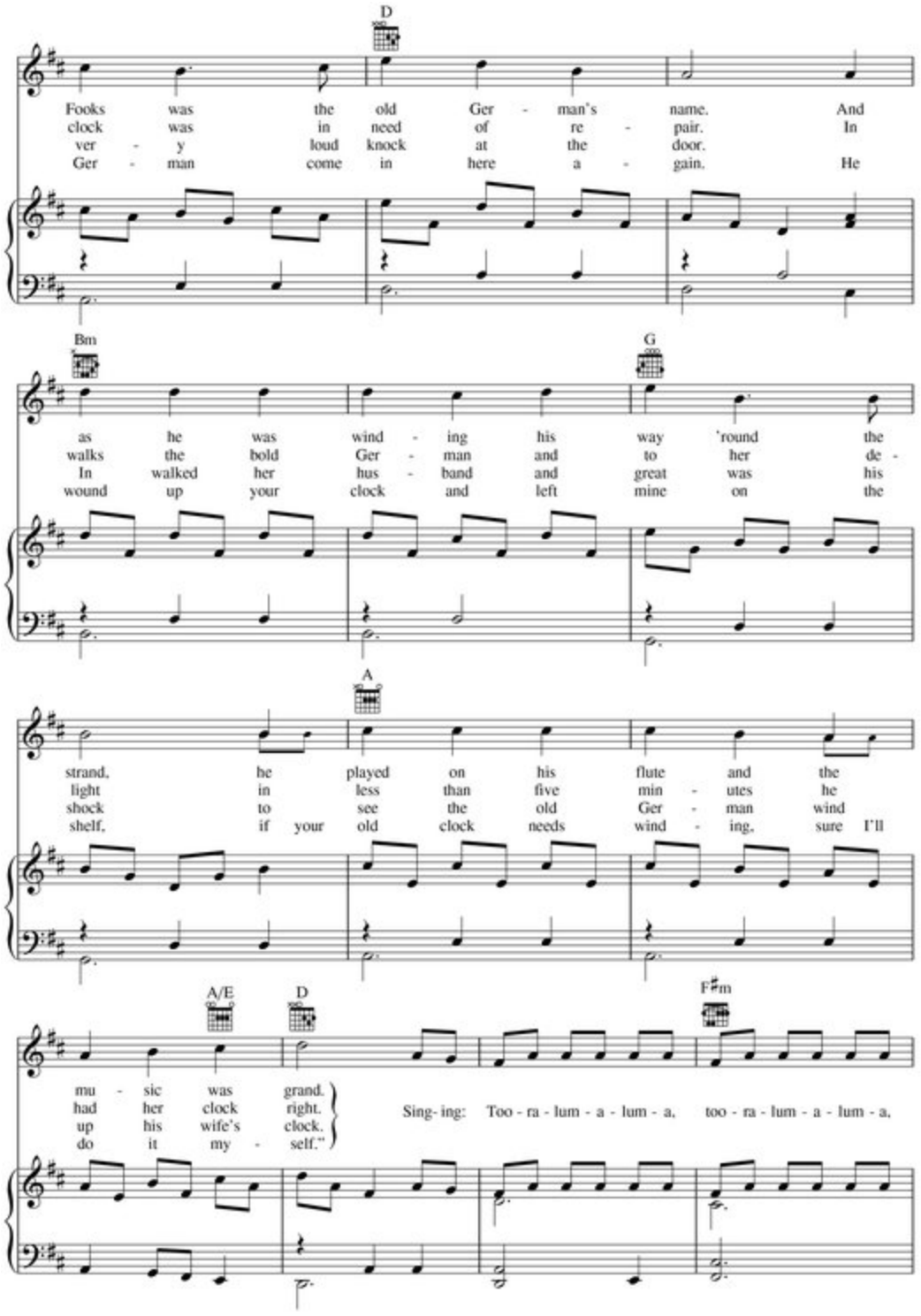
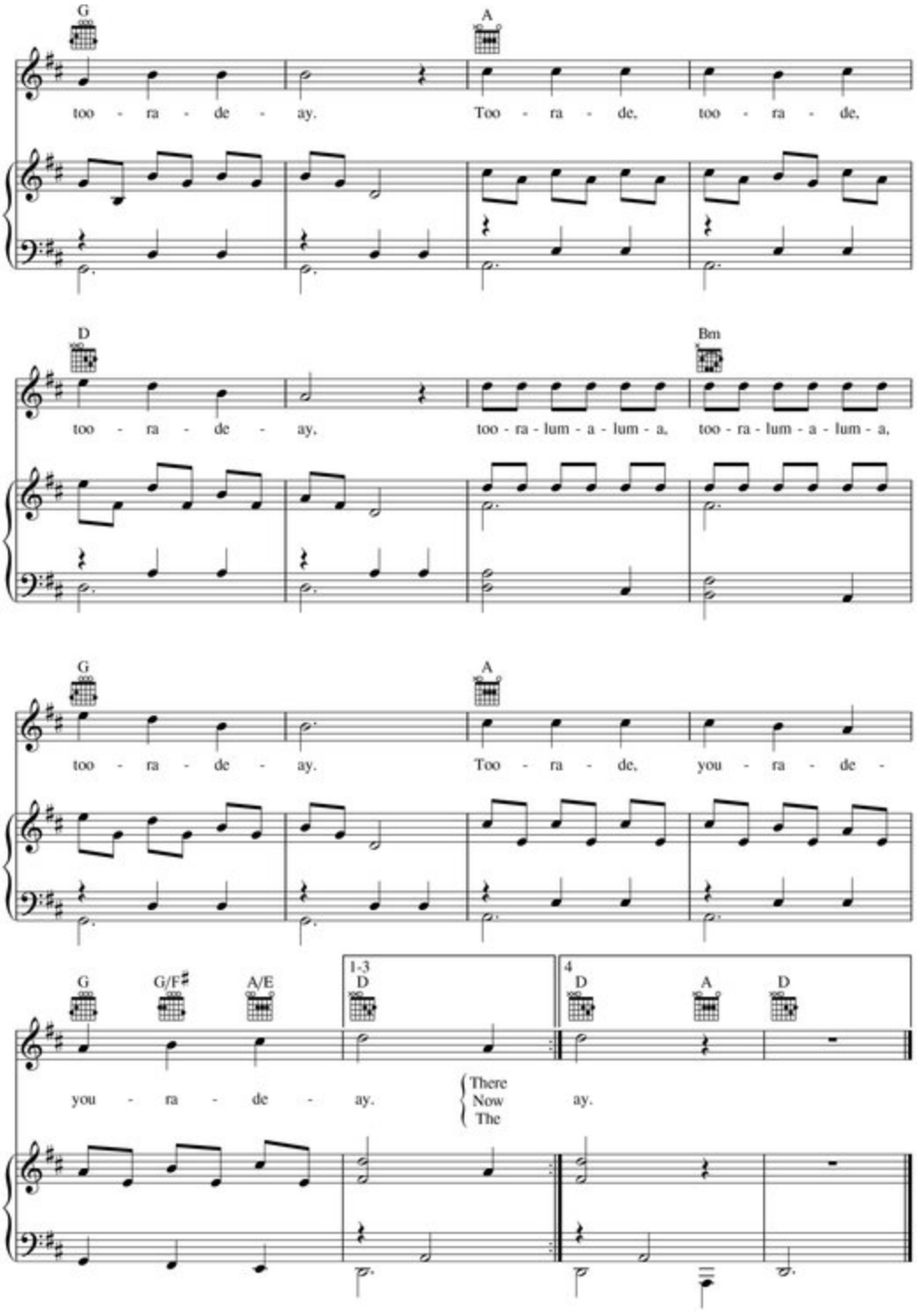

D
Fooks was the old Ger - man's name. And
clock was in need of re - pair. In
ver - y loud knock at the door.
Ger - man come in here a - gain. He
Bm
G
as he was wind - ing his way 'round the
walks the bold Ger - man and to her de -
In walked her hus - band and great was his
wound up your clock and left mine on the
A
strand, he played on his flute and the
light in less than five min - utes he
shock to see the old Ger - man wind
shelf, if your old clock needs wind - ing, sure I'll
A/E
D
F♯m
mu - sic was grand,
had her clock right,
up his wife's clock,
do it my - self."
Sing-ing: Too - ra - lum - a - lum - a, too - ra - lum - a - lum - a,



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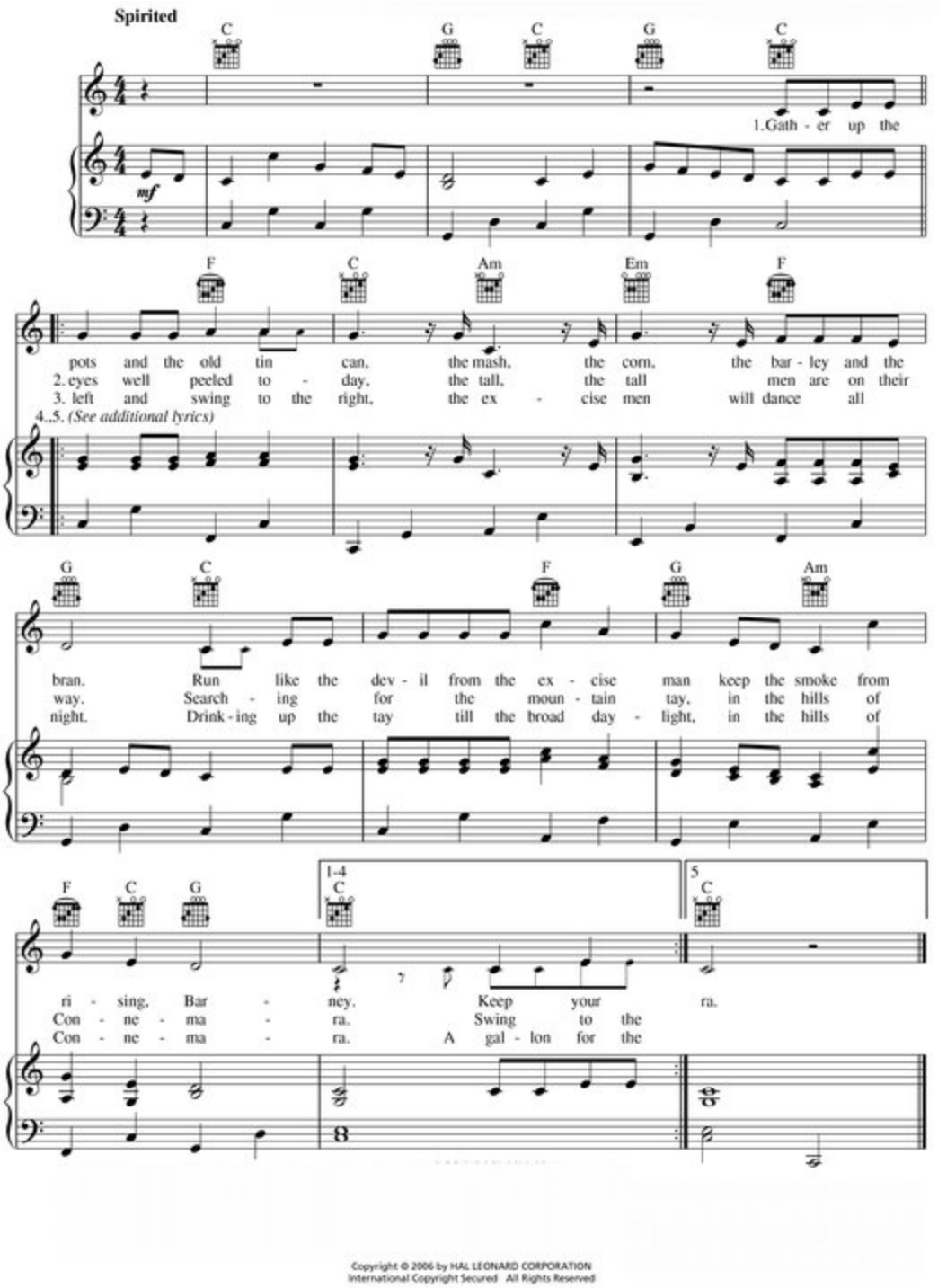
HILLS OF CONNEMARA

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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Additional Lyrics

4. A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom,
   A bottle for poor old Father Tom,
   To help the poor old dear along,
   In the hills of Connemara.

5. Stand your ground, it is too late,
   The excise men are at the gate,
   Glory be to Paddy, but they’re drinking it nate,
   In the hills of Connemara.

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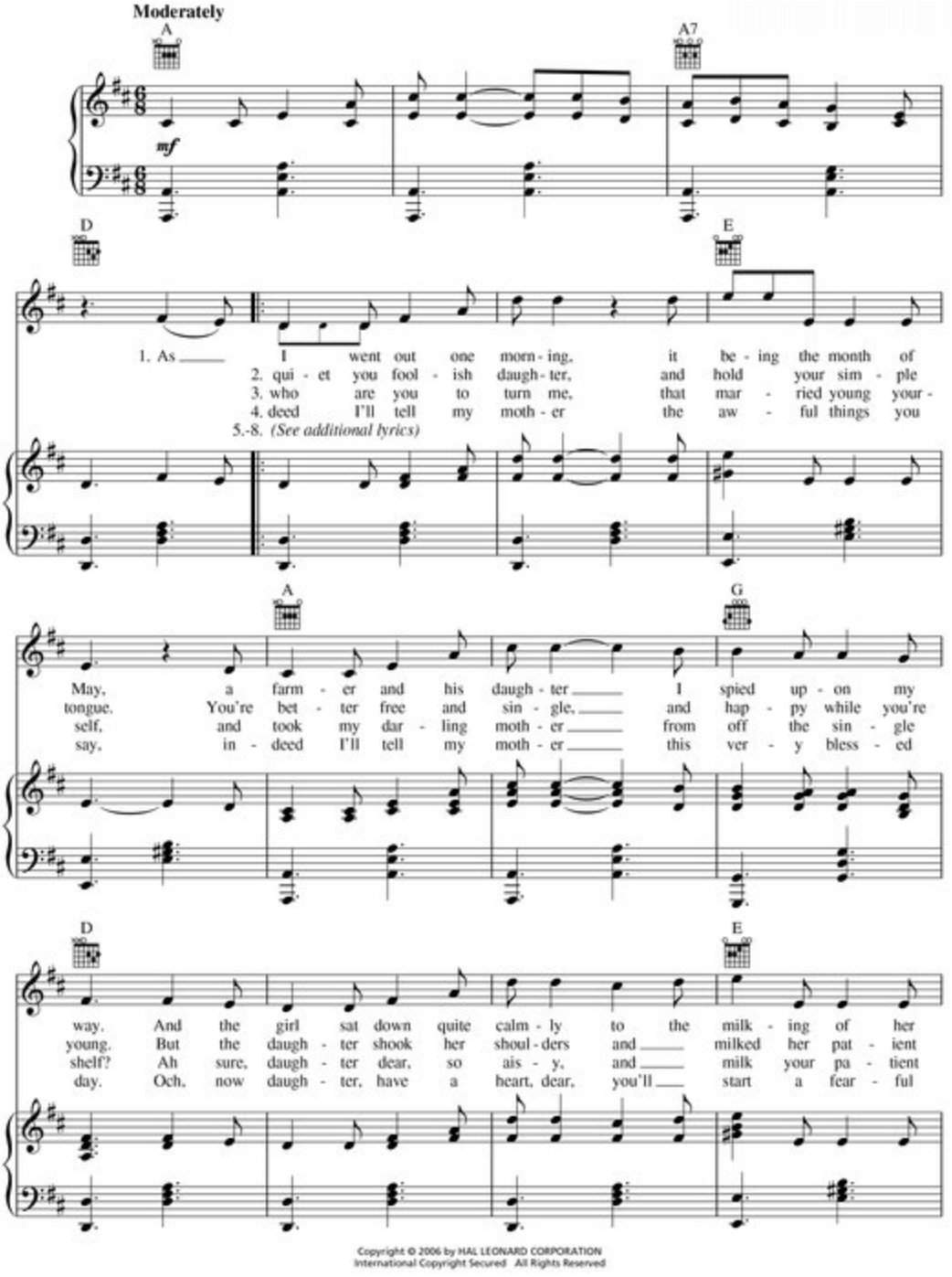
THE HUMOUR IS ON ME NOW

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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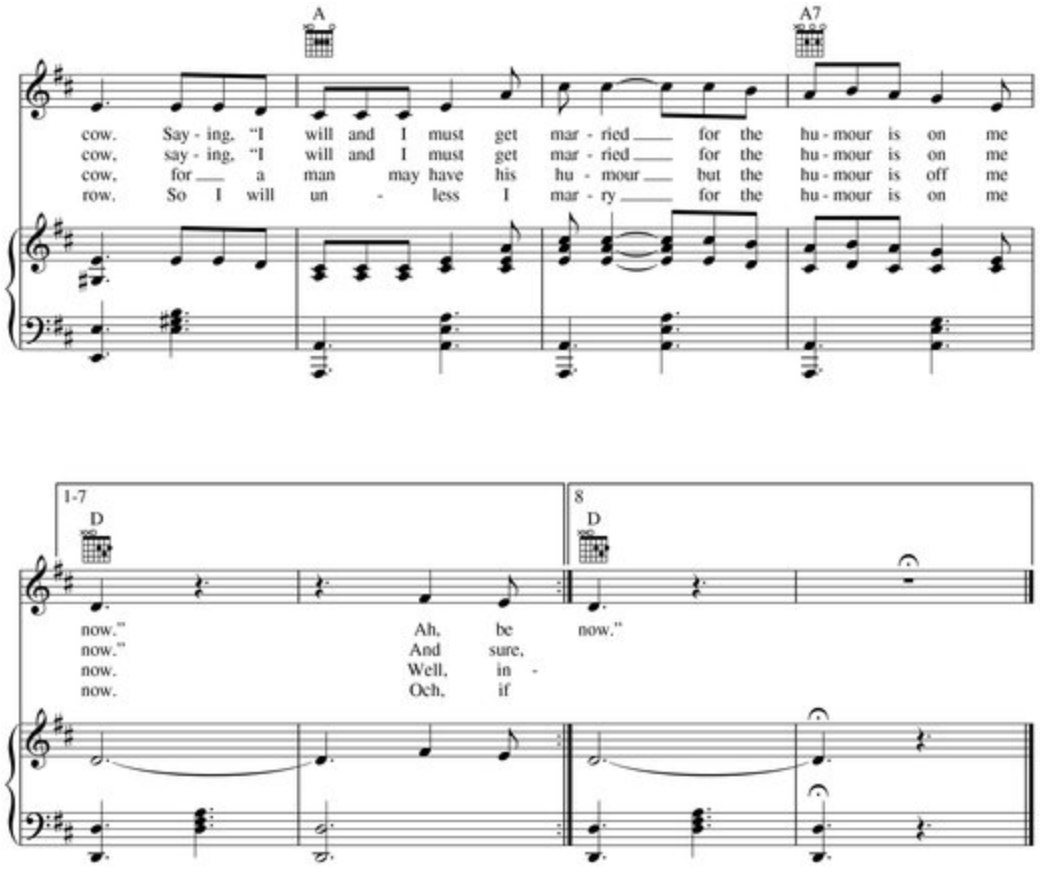

Additional Lyrics

5. Och, if you must be married will you tell me who's the man?
   And quickly she did answer, "There's William, James and John,
   A carpenter, a tailor, and a man to milk the cow,
   For I will and I must get married and the humour is on me now."

6. A carpenter's a sharp man, and a tailor's hard to face,
   With his legs across the table and his threads about the place.
   And sure John's a fearful tyrant and never lacks a row,
   But I will and I must be married for the humour is on me now.

7. Well, if you must be married, wiil you tell me what you'll do?

“Sure I will,” the daughter answered, “just the same as you.
I’ll be mistress of my dairy and my butter and my cow.”
And your husband too, I’ll venture, for the humour is on you now.

8. So at last the daughter married and married well-to-do,
And loved her darling husband for a month, a year or two.
But John was all a tyrant and she quickly rued her vow,
Saying, “I’m sorry that I married for the humour is off me now.”

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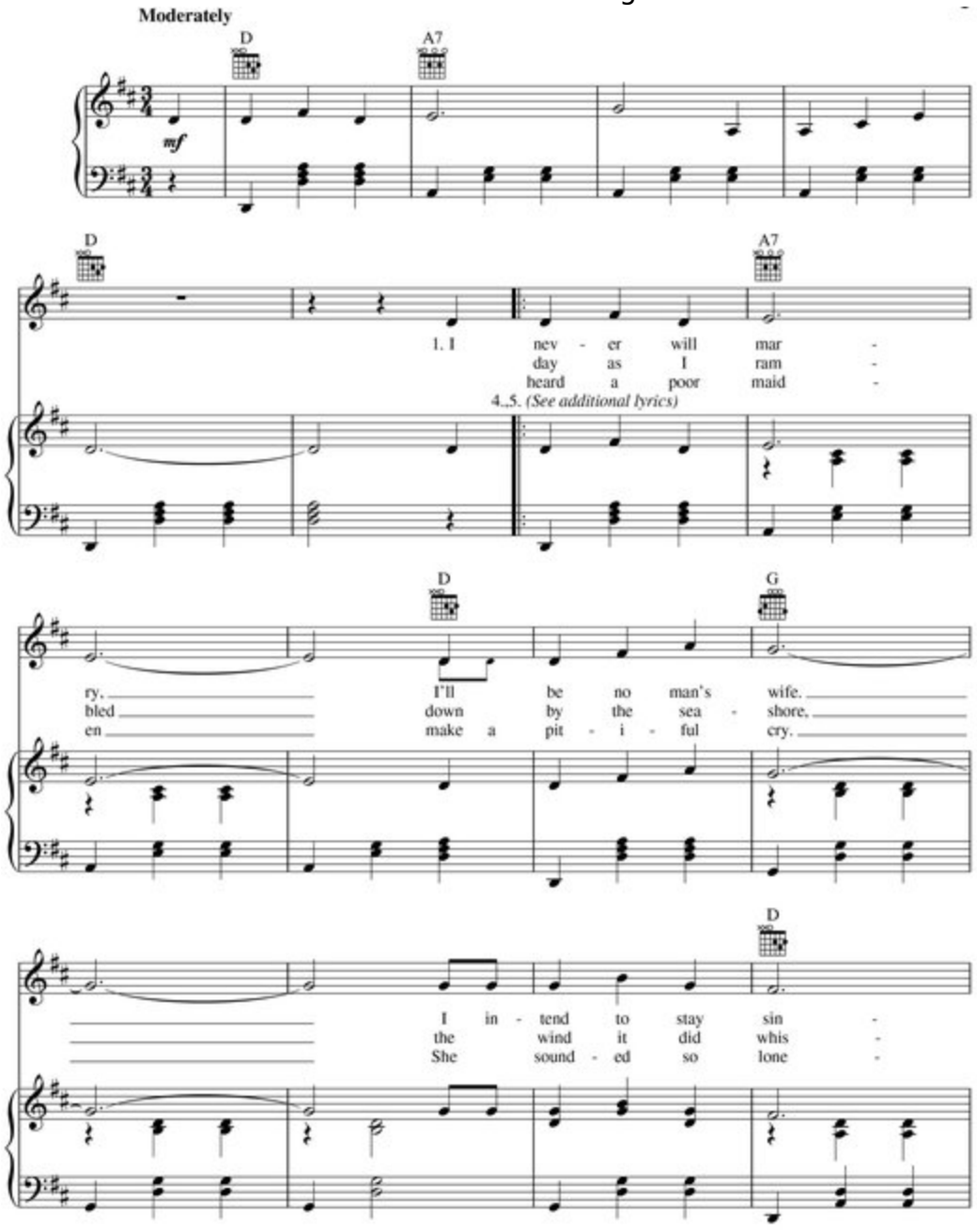
I NEVER WILL MARRY

Traditional Folk Song



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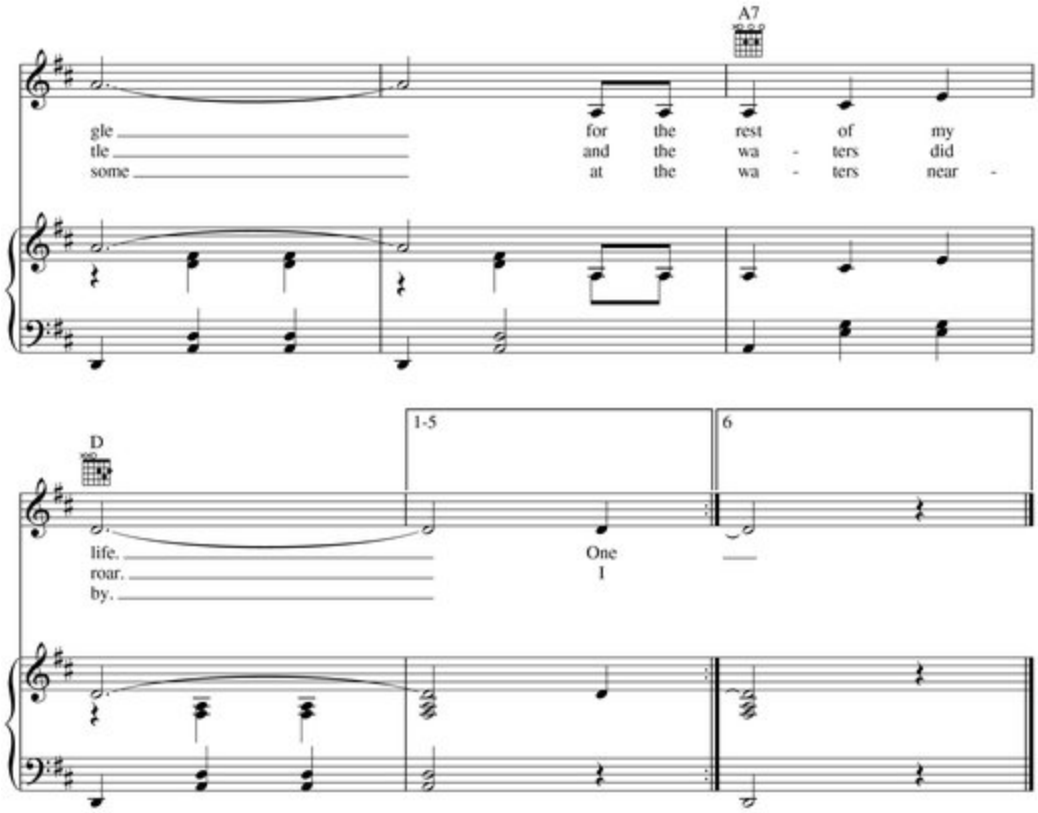

Additional Lyrics

4. “My love’s gone and left me, he’s the one I adore.
   I never will see him, no never, no more.”

5. “The shells in the ocean will be my deathbed,
   And the fish in the water swim over my head.”

6. She plunged her fair body in the water so deep.
   And she closed her pretty blue eyes in the water to sleep.

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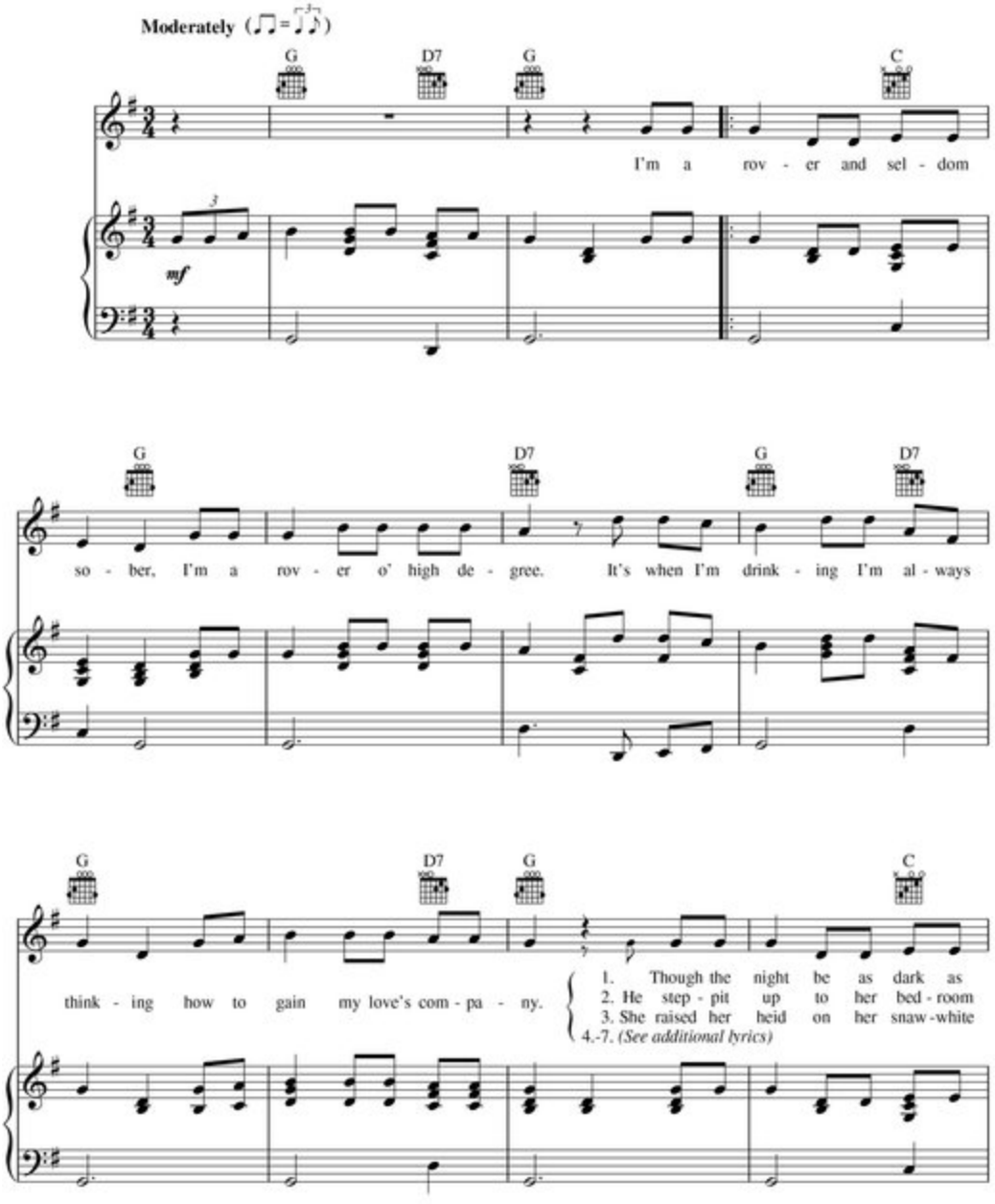
I'M A ROVER AND SELDOM SOBER

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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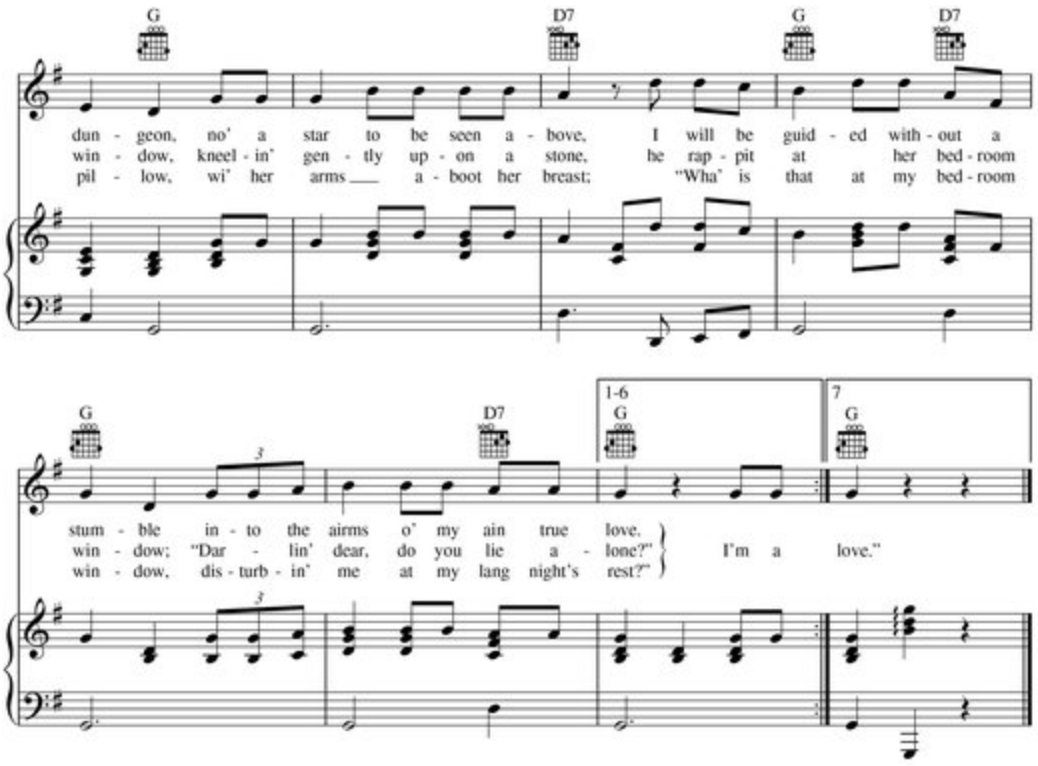

Additional Lyrics

4. “It’s only me, your ain true lover;
   Open the door and let me in,
   For I hae come on a lang journey
   And I’m near drenched to the skin.”

5. She opened the door wi’ the greatest pleasure,
   She opened the door and she let him in;
   They baith shook hands and embraced each other,
   Until the mornin’ they lay as one.

6. The cocks were crawin’, the birds were whistlin’,
   The burns they ran free abune the brae;
   “Remember, lass, I’m a ploughman laddie
   And the fairmer I must obey.”

7. “Noo, my lass, I must gang and leave thee,
   And though the hills they are high above,
   I will climb them wi’ greater pleasure
   Since I been in the airms o’ my love.”

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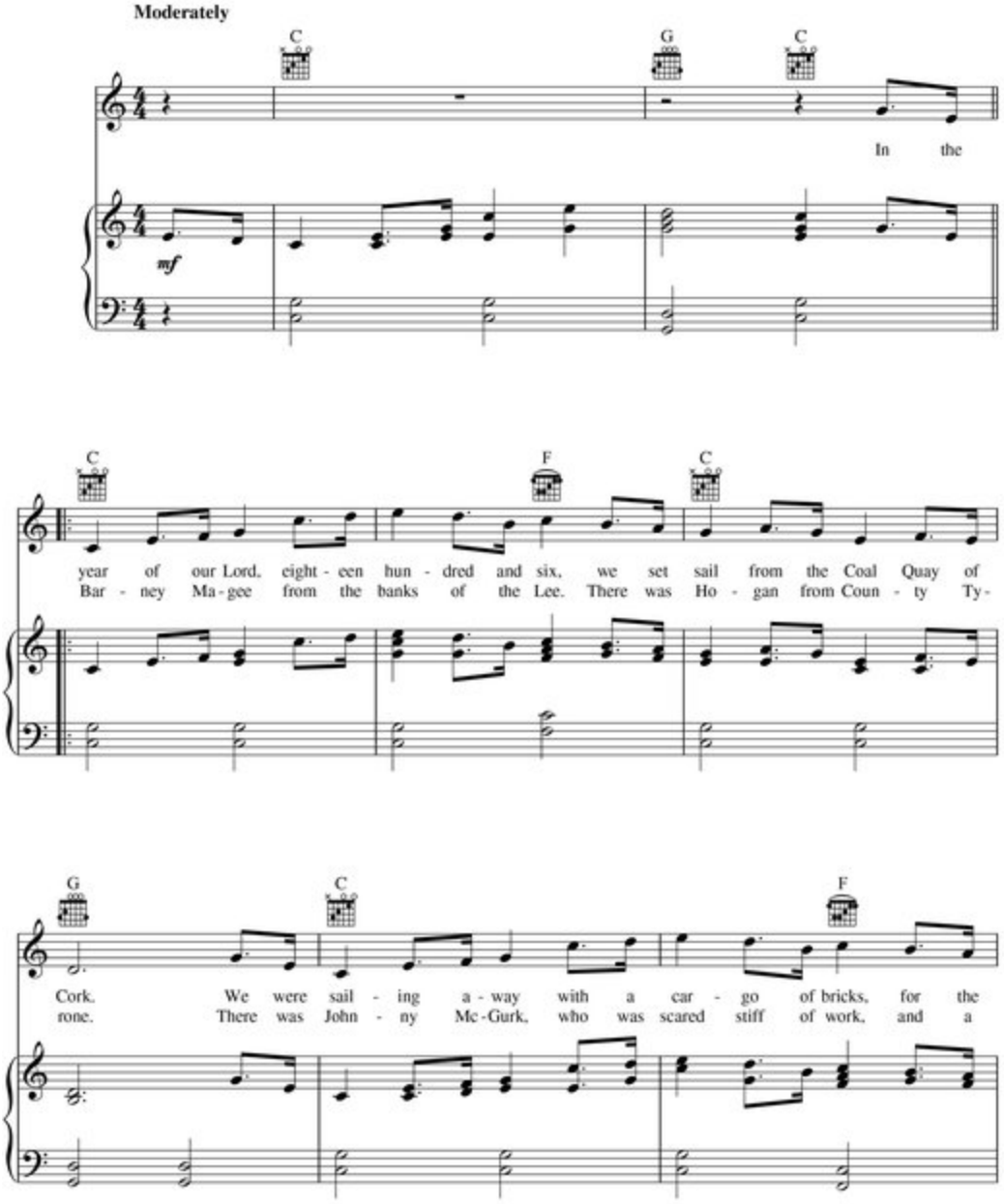
THE IRISH ROVER

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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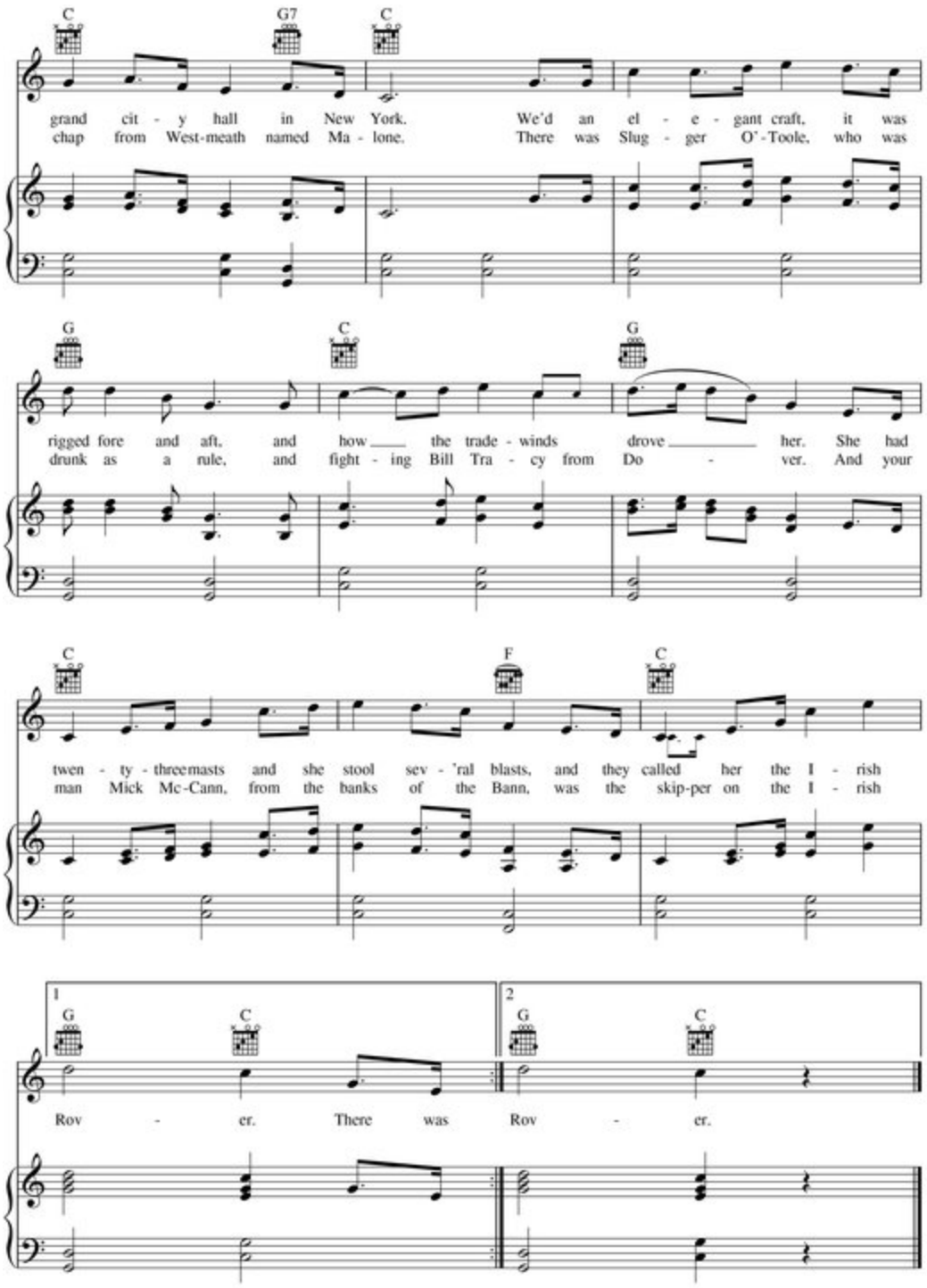

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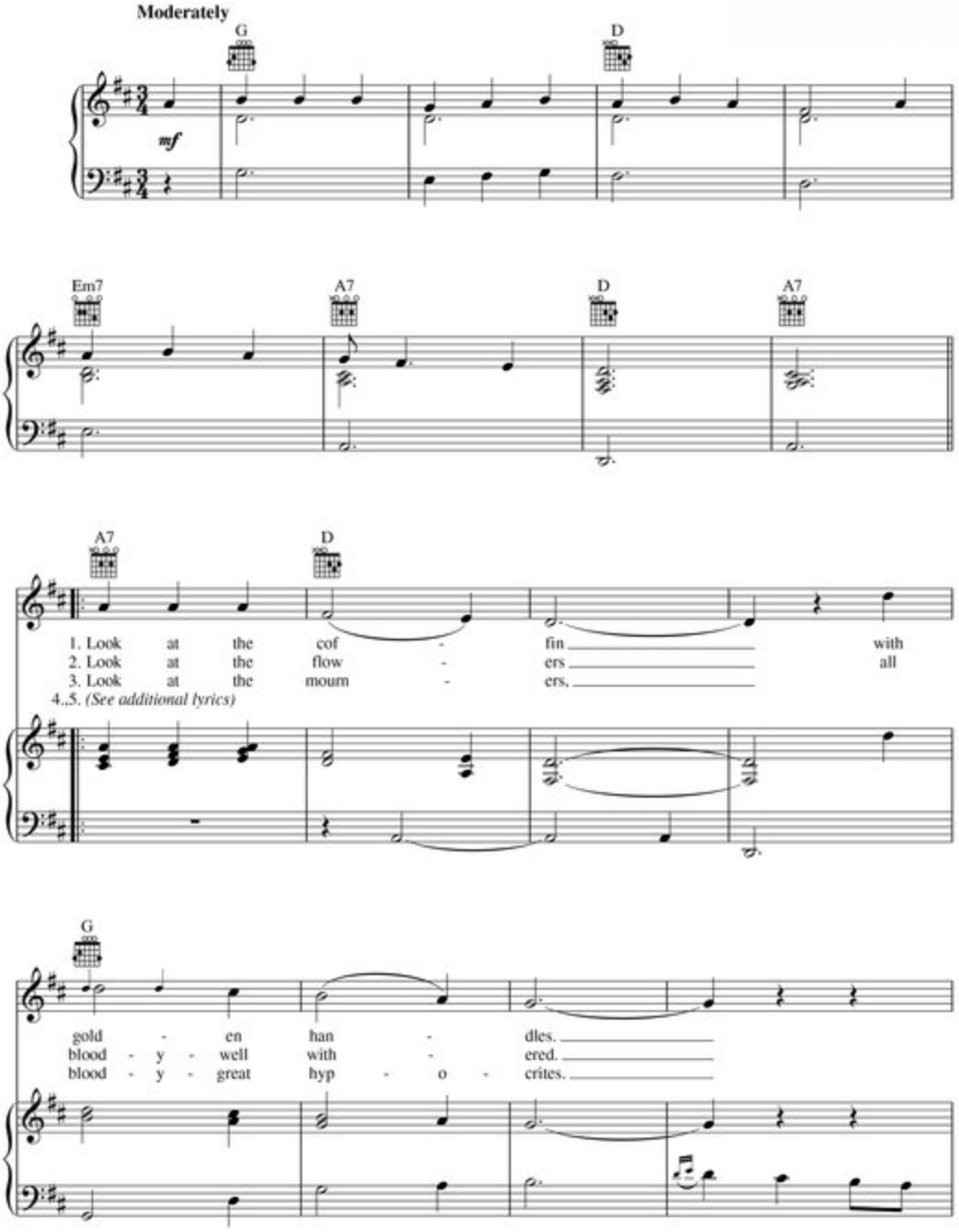
ISN'T IT GRAND, BOYS?

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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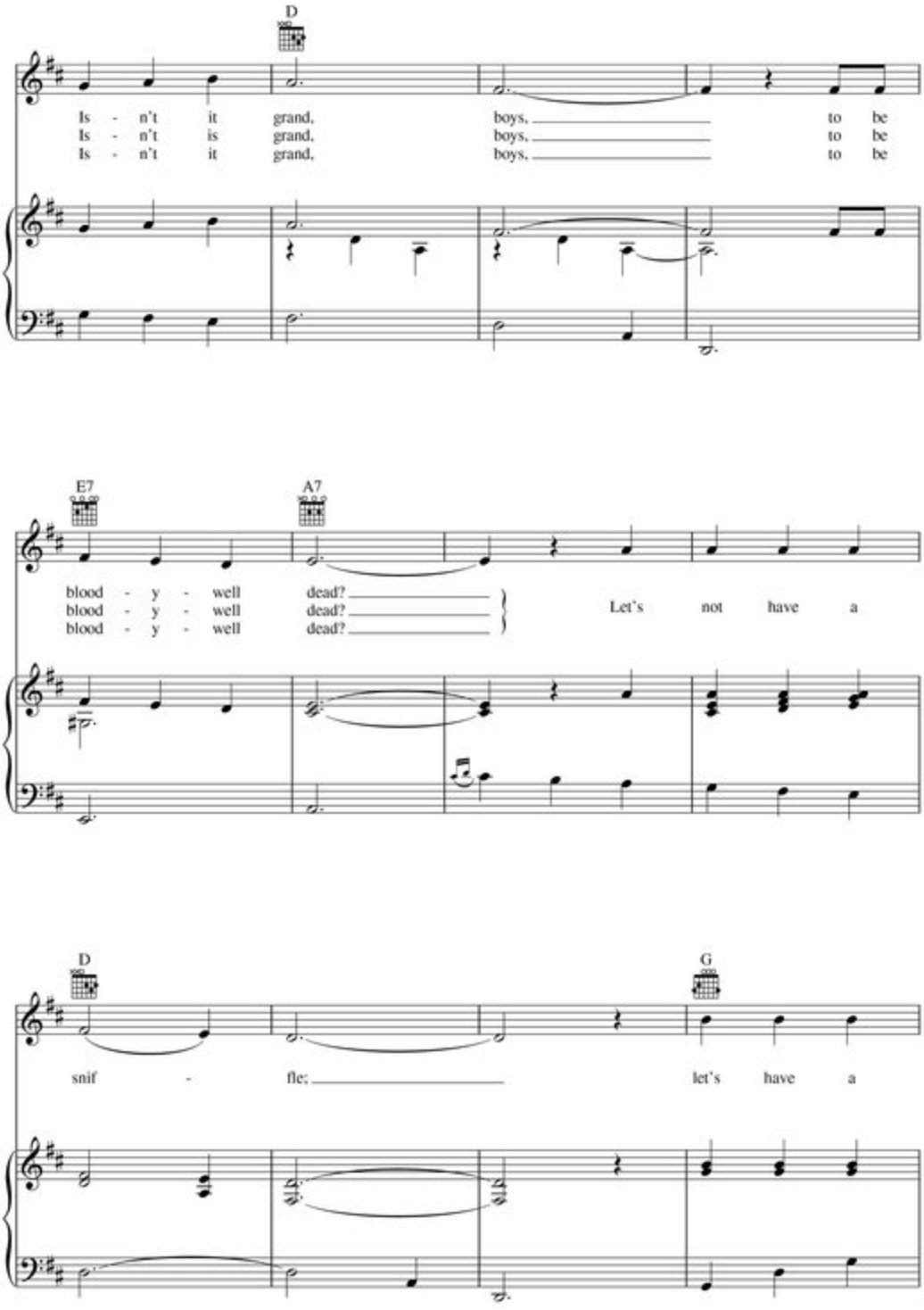
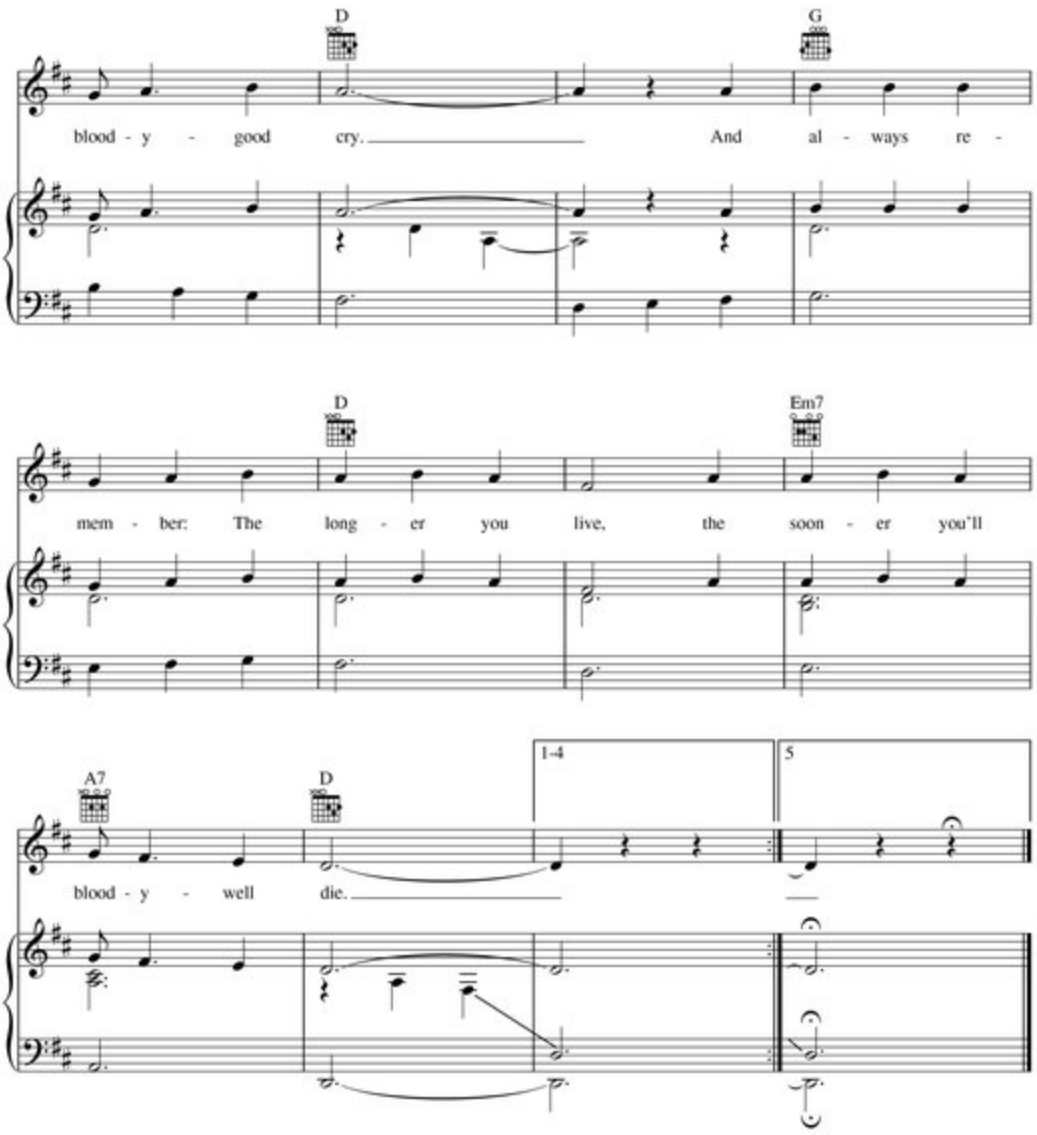

D
Is - n't it grand, boys, to be
Is - n't is grand, boys, to be
Is - n't it grand, boys, to be
E7
A7
blood - y - well dead?
blood - y - well dead?
blood - y - well dead?
Let's not have a
D
G
snif - fle; let's have a



Additional Lyrics

4. Look at the preacher,
   Bloody-nice fellow.
   Isn't it grand, boys,
   To be bloody-well dead?

5. Look at the widow,
   Bloody-great female.
   Isn't it grand, boys,
   It be bloody-well dead?

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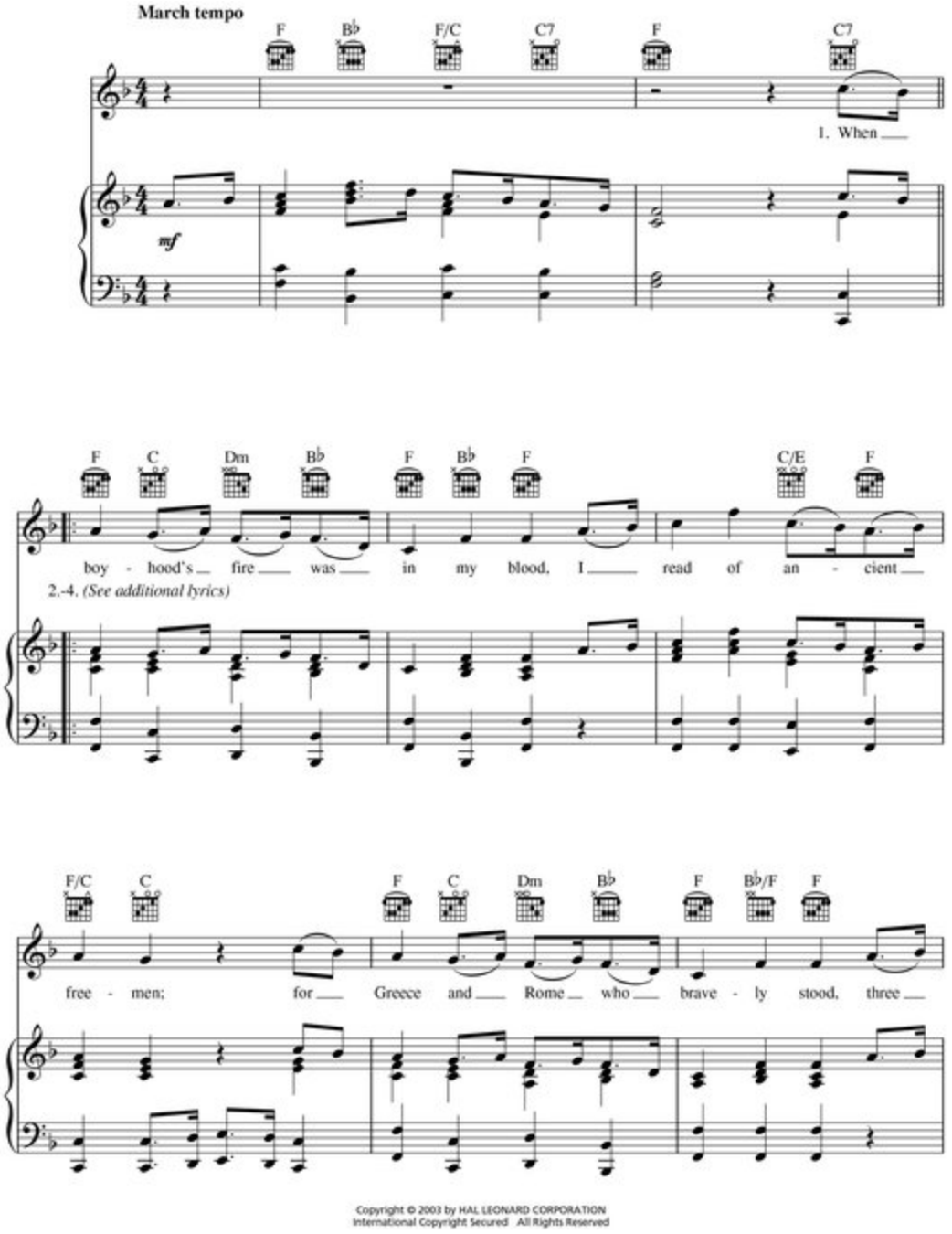
A NATION ONCE AGAIN

Words and Music by
THOMAS DAVIS



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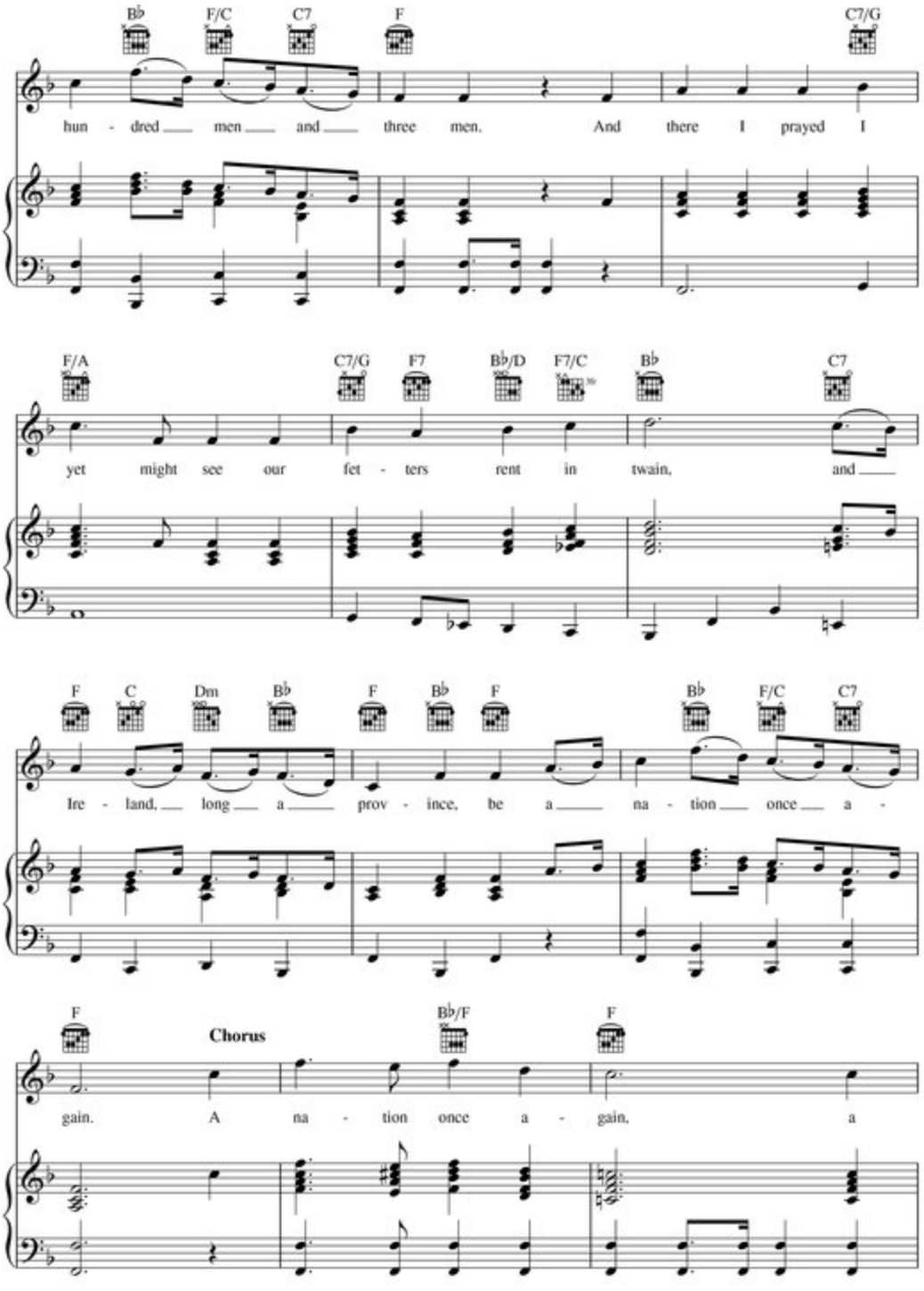
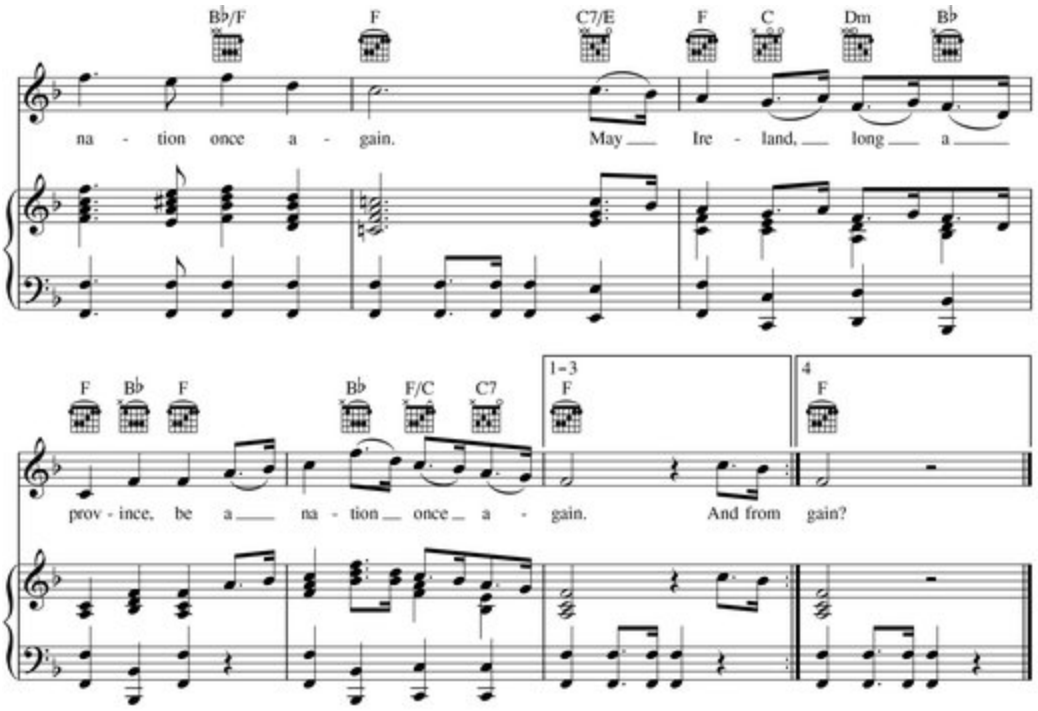

B♭ F/C C7 F C7/G
hun - dred men and three men. And there I prayed I
F/A C7/G F7 B♭/D F7/C B♭ C7
yet might see our fet - ters rent in twain, and
F C Dm B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F/C C7
Ire - land, long a prov - ince, be a na - tion once a -
F Chorus B♭/F F
gain. A na - tion once a - gain, a



Additional Lyrics

2. And from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shown a far light;
Nor could love’s brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight.
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fane;
Its angel voice sang ’round my bed,
“A nation once again.” *Chorus*

3. It whispered too, that “Freedom’s Ark”
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For freedom comes from God’s right hand,
And needs a Godly train,
And righteous men must make our land
A nation once again. *Chorus*

4. So as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me at that bidding;

My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding.
For thus I hoped some day to aid.
Oh! Can such hope be vain
When my dear country shall be made
A nation once again? *Chorus*

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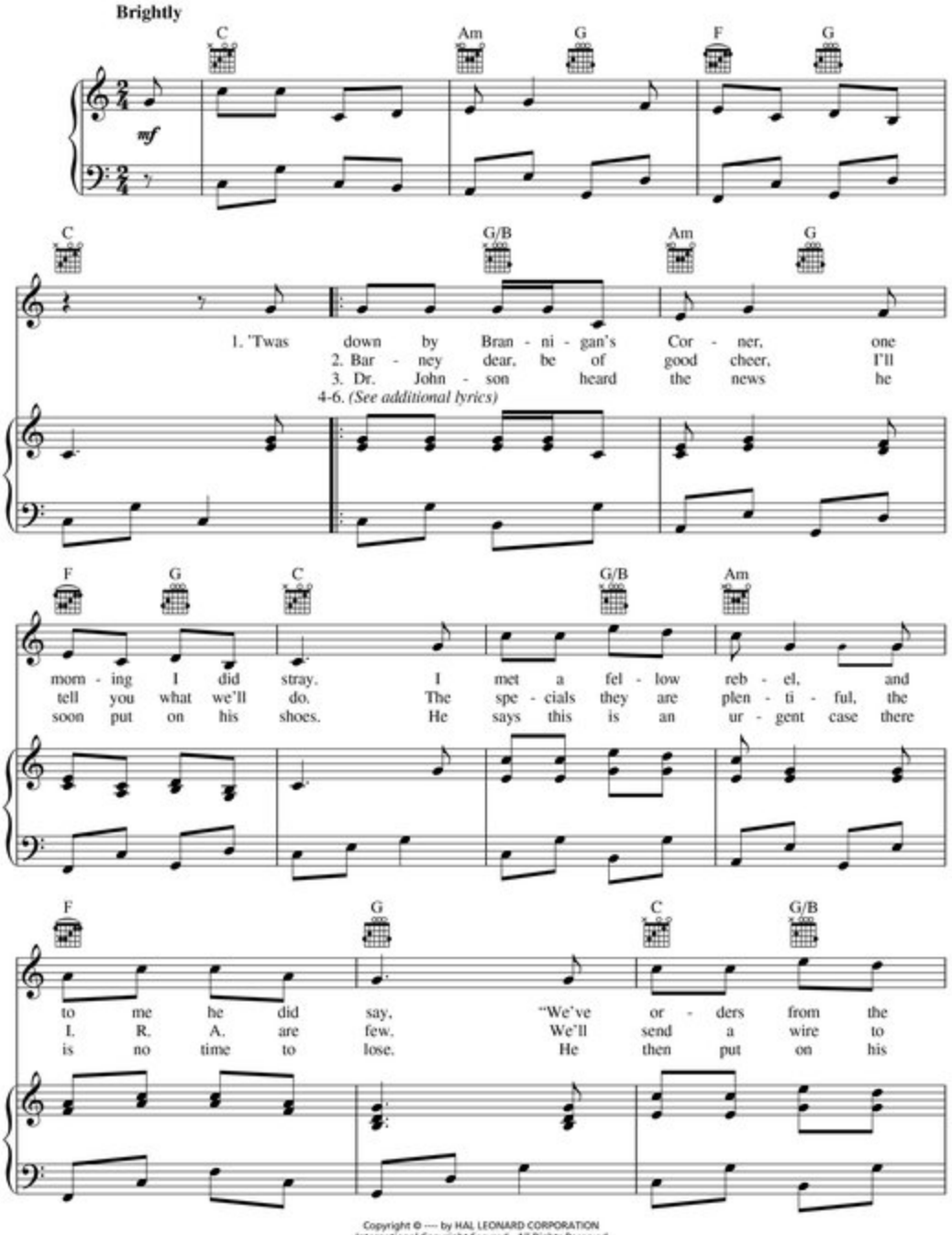
JOHNSON'S MOTOR CAR

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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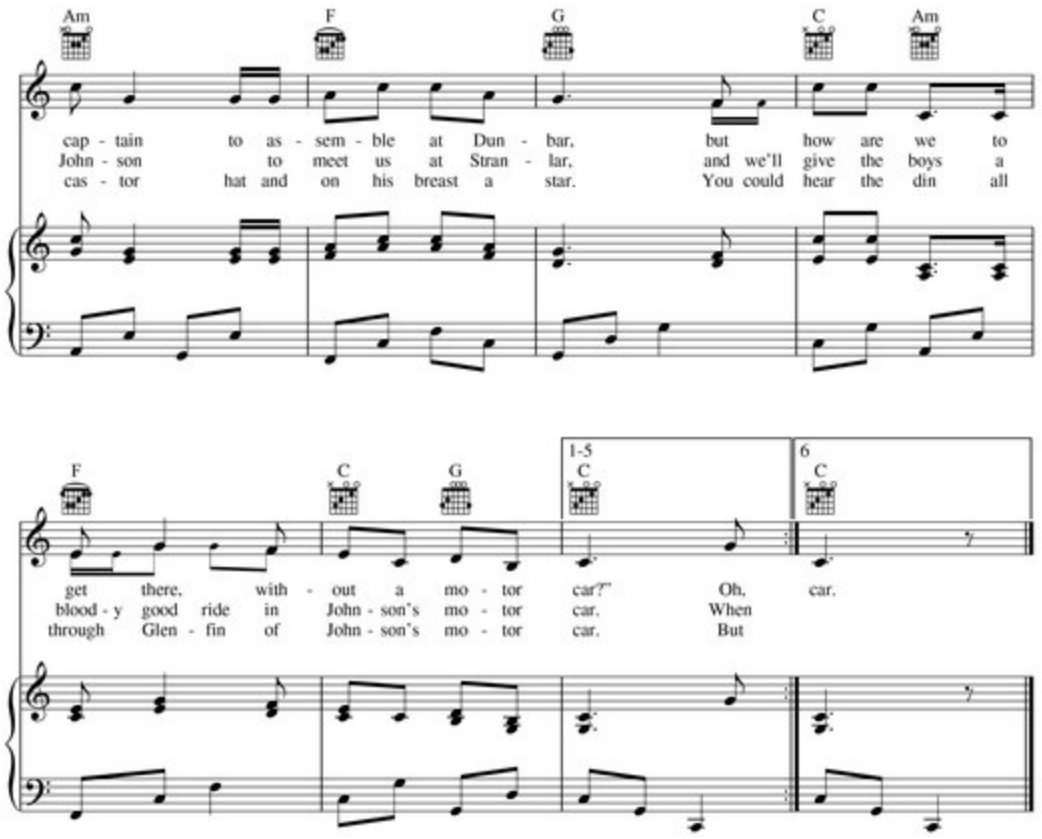

Additional Lyrics

4. But when he got to the railway bridge, some rebels he saw there.
   Old Johnson knew the game was up, for at him they did stare.
   He said, “I have a permit, to travel near and far.”
   “To hell with your English permit, we want your motor car.”

5. “What will my loyal brethren think, when they hear the news,
   My car it has been commandeered, by the rebels at Dunluce.”
   “We’ll give you a receipt for it, all signed by Captain Barr.
   And when Ireland gets her freedom, boy, you’ll get your motor car.”

6. Well, we put that car in motion and filled it to the brim,
With guns and bayonets shining which made old Johnson grim,
And Barney hoisted a Sinn Fein flag, and it fluttered like a star,
And we gave three cheers for the I.R.A. and Johnson’s motor car.

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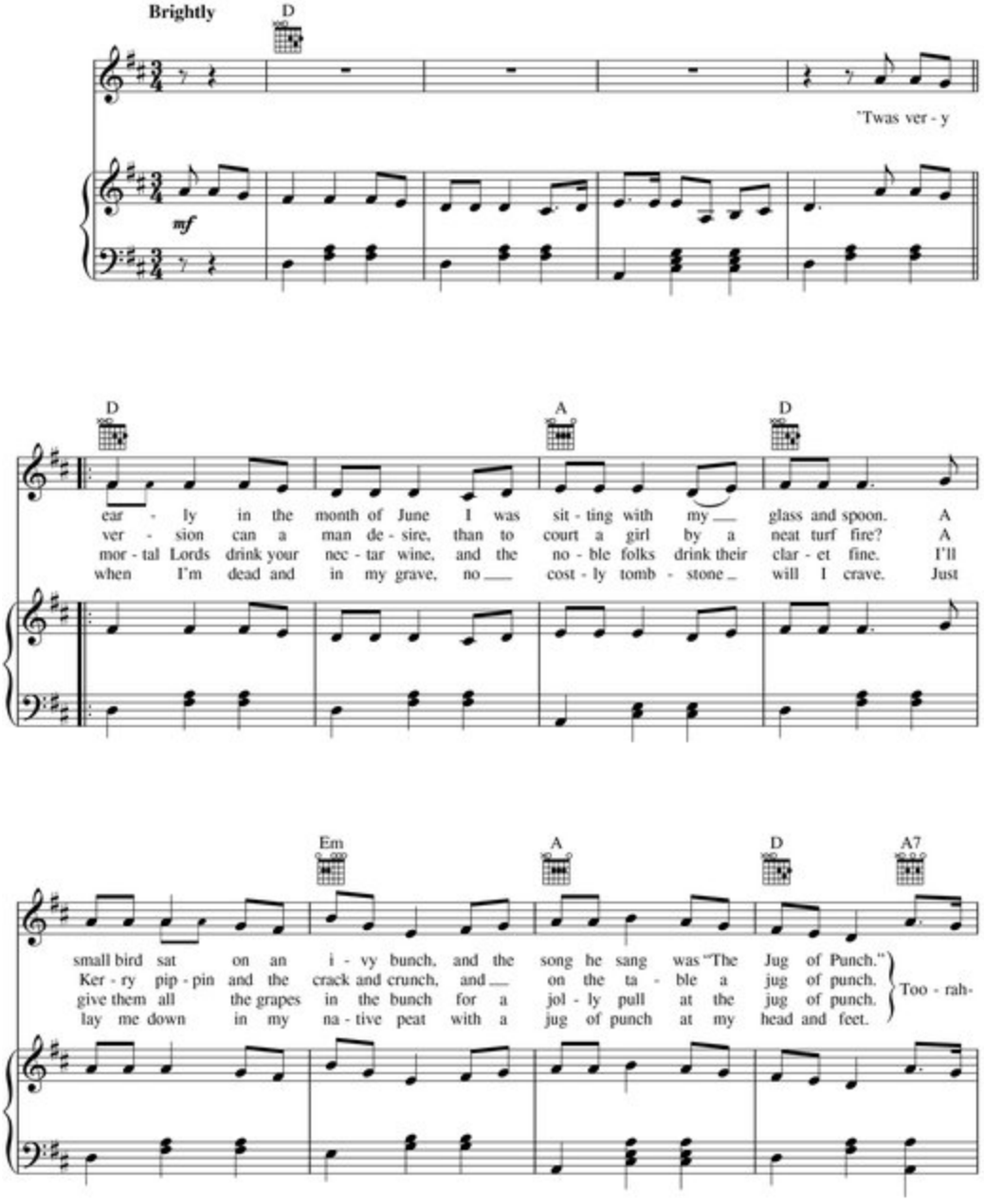
JUG OF PUNCH

Ulster Folk Song



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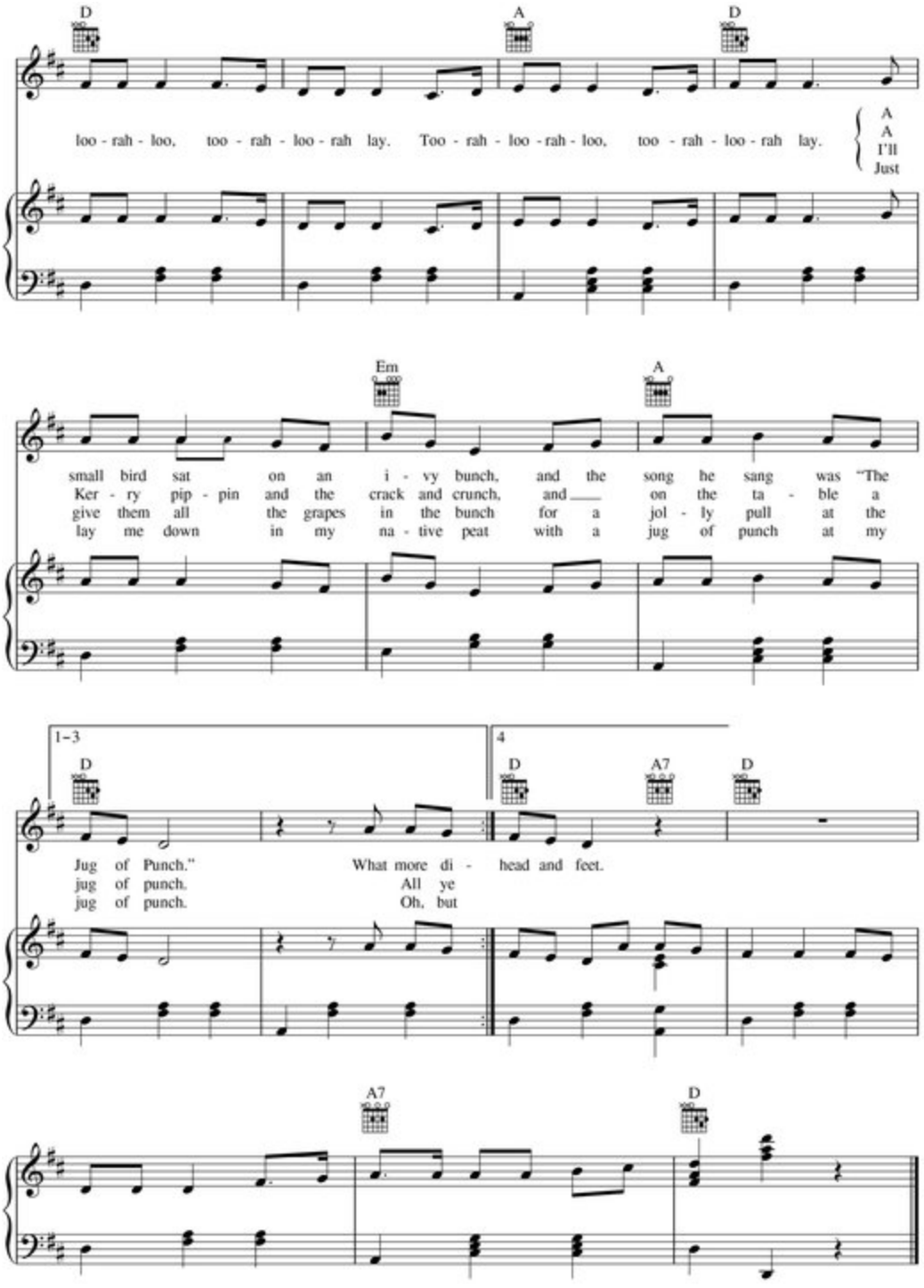

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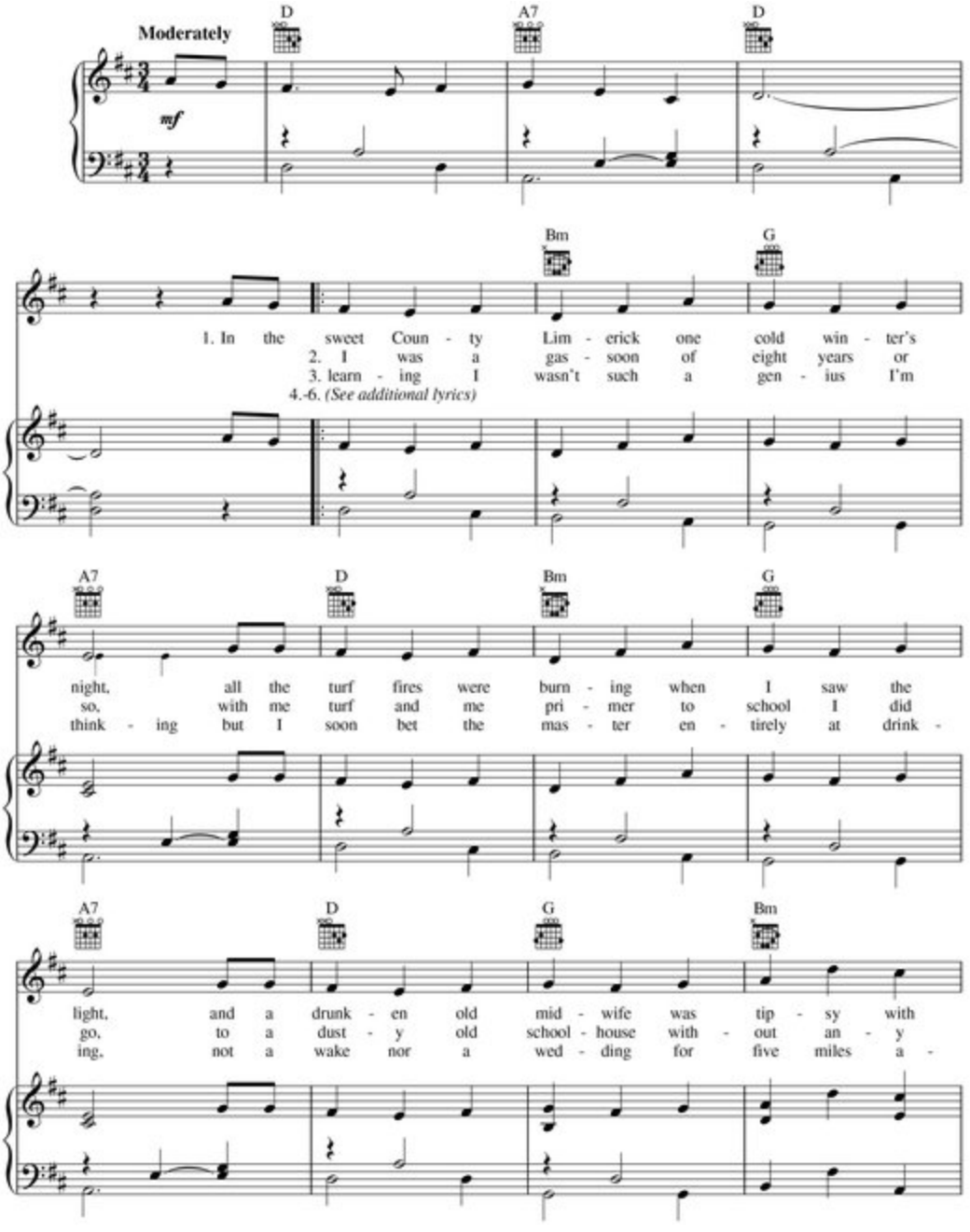
THE JUICE OF THE BARLEY

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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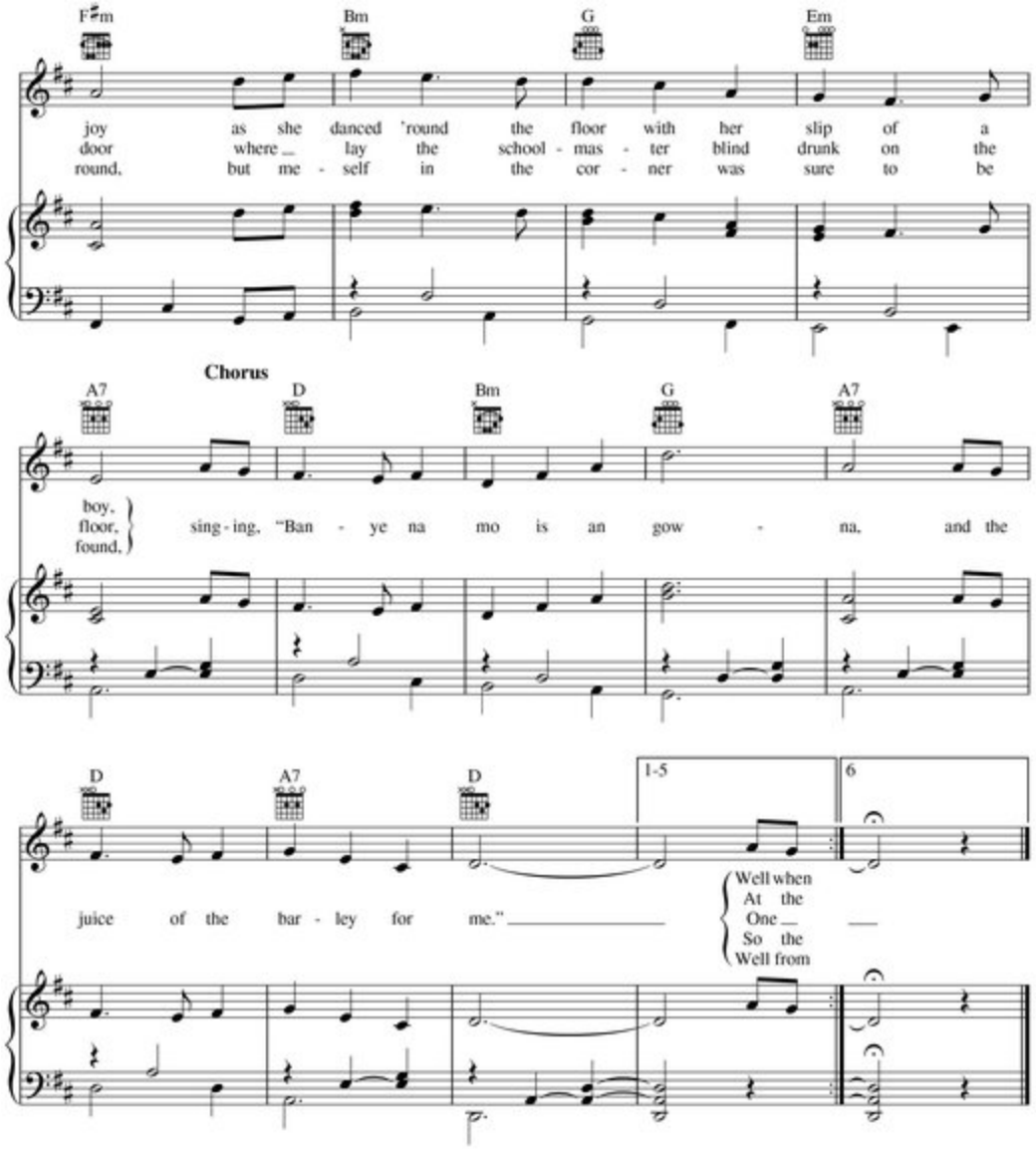

Additional Lyrics

4. One Sunday the priest read me out from the altar
   Saying, “You’ll end up your days with your neck in a halter.
   And you’ll dance a fine jig betwixt heaven and hell.”
   And the words they did frighten, the truth for to tell.
   Chorus

5. So the very next morning as the dawn it did break,
   I went down to the vestry the pledge for to take
   And there in that room sat the priests in a bunch

’Round a big roaring fire drinking tumblers of punch.
Chorus

6. Well from that day to this I have wandered alone
I’m a Jack of all Trades and a master of none.
With the sky for me roof and the earth for me floor
And I’ll dance out me days drinking whiskey galore.
Chorus

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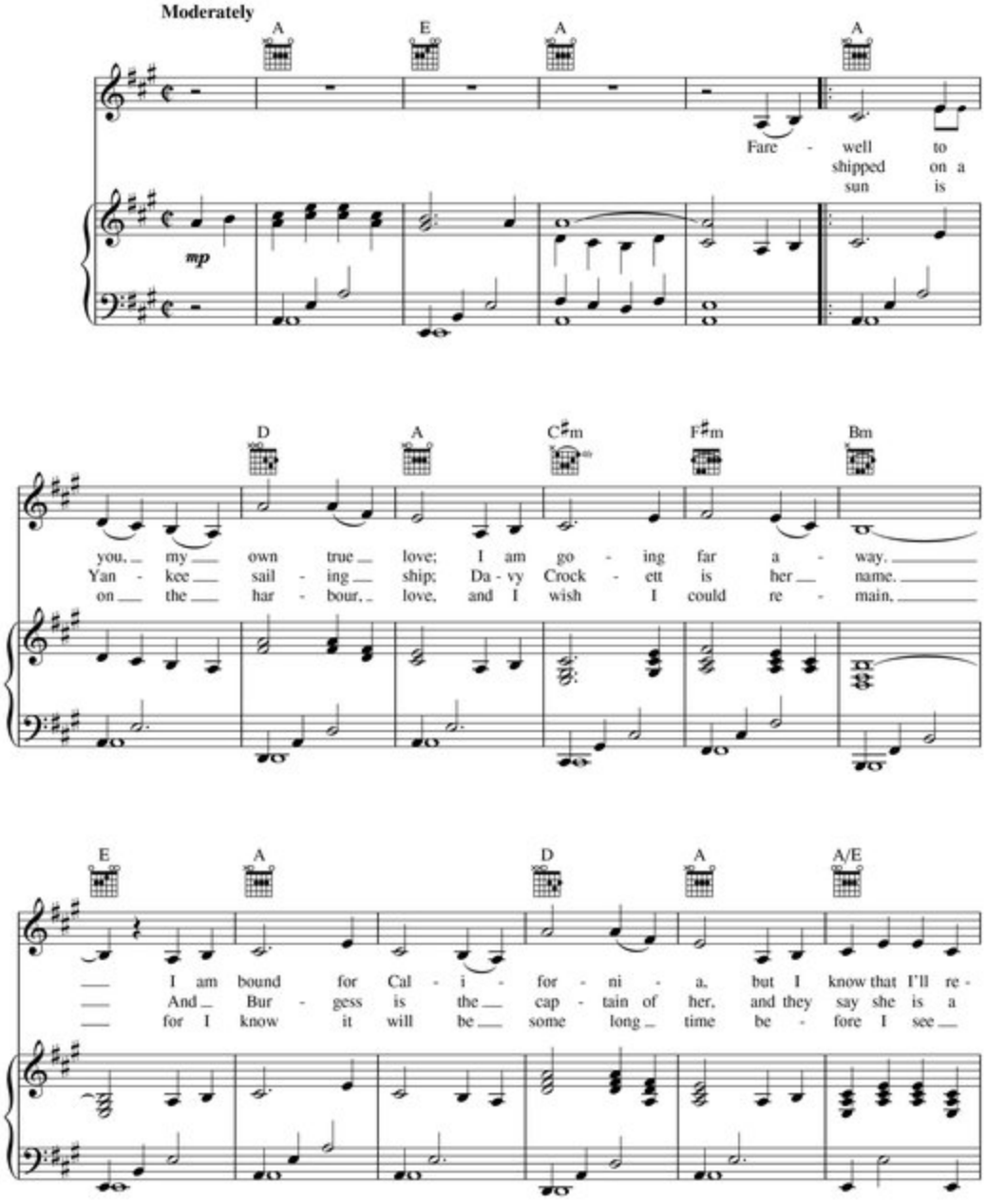
LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Irish Sea Chantey



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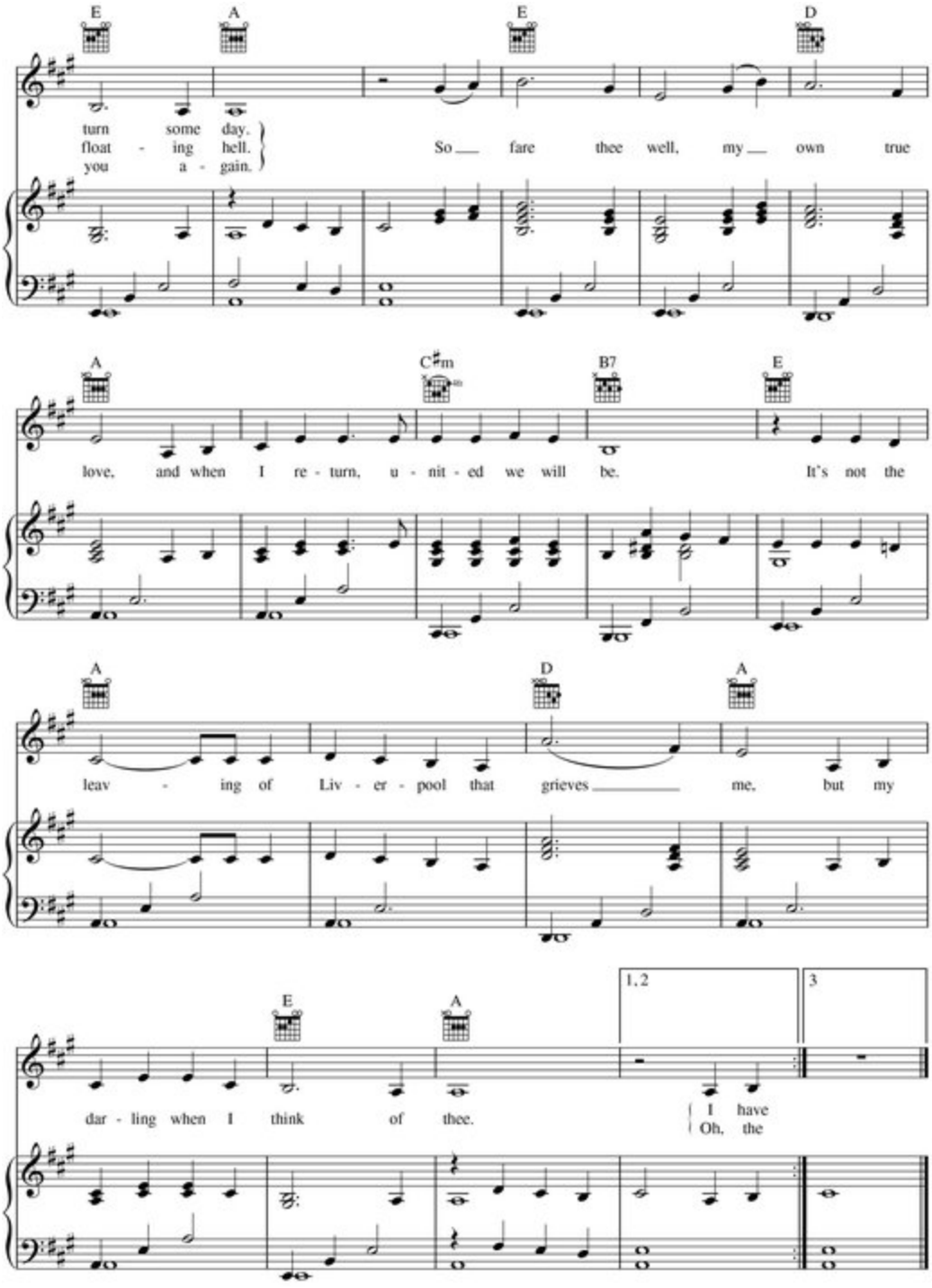

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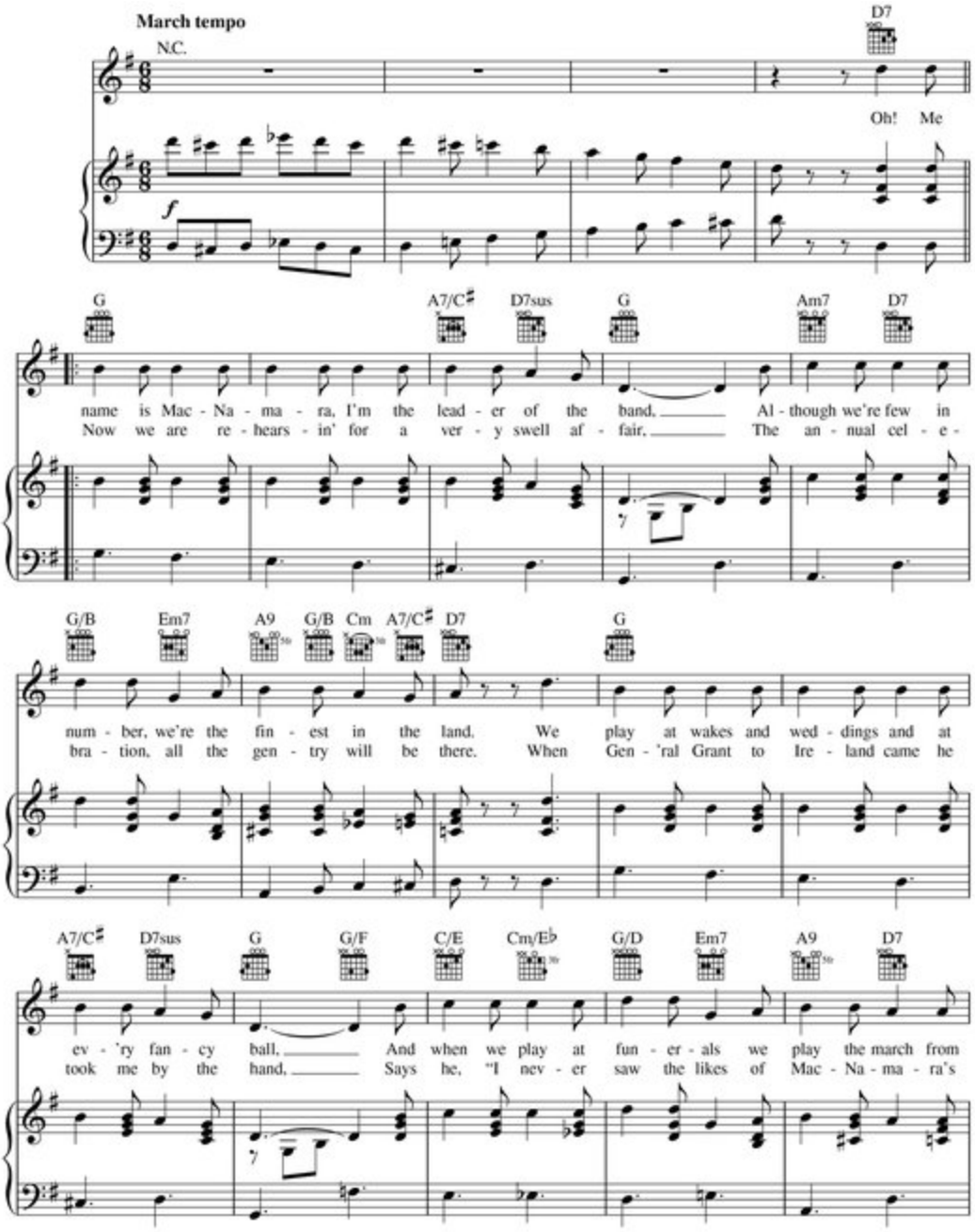
MacNAMARA'S BAND

Words by JOHN J. STAMFORD
Music by SHAMUS O'CONNOR



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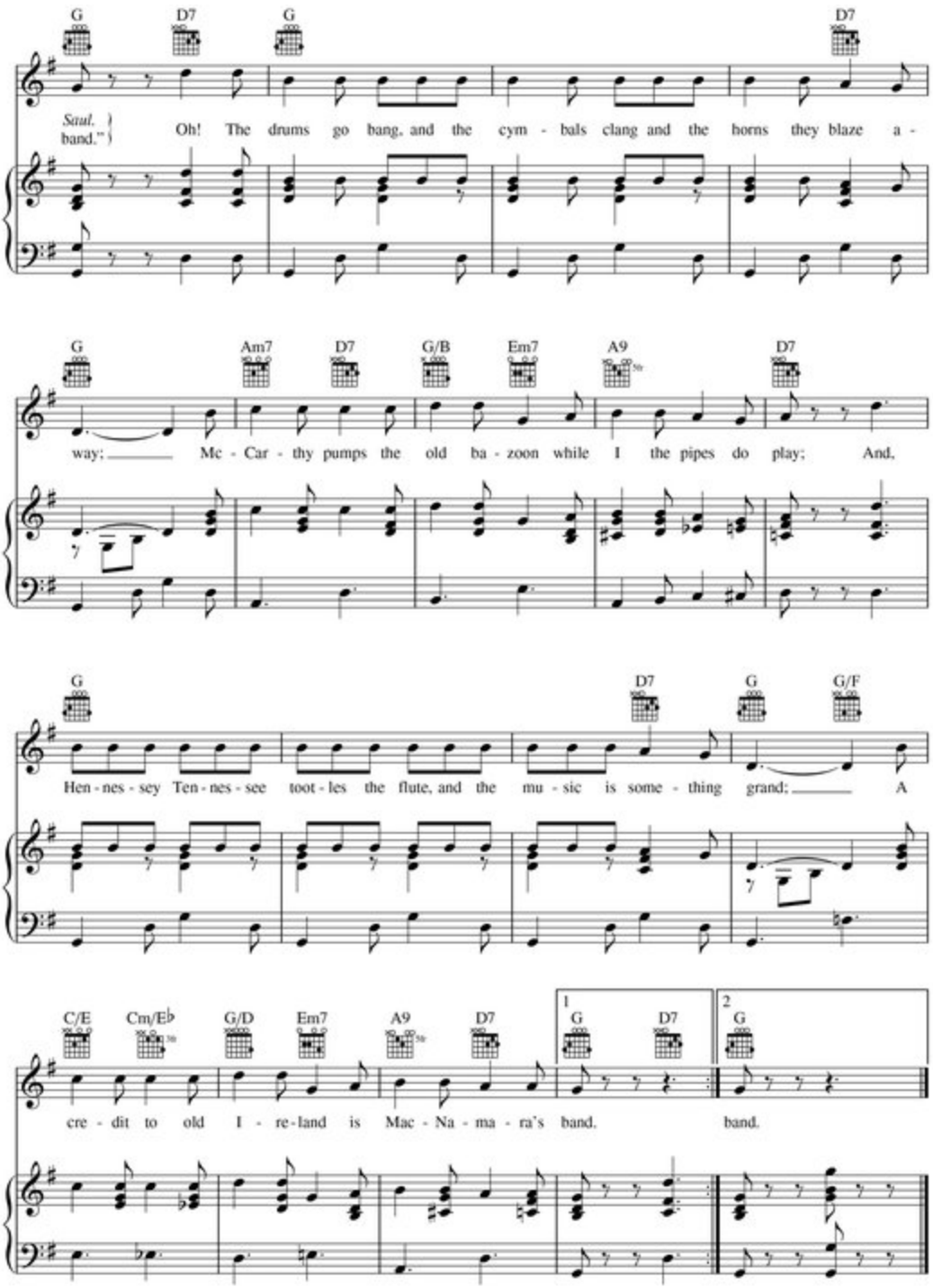

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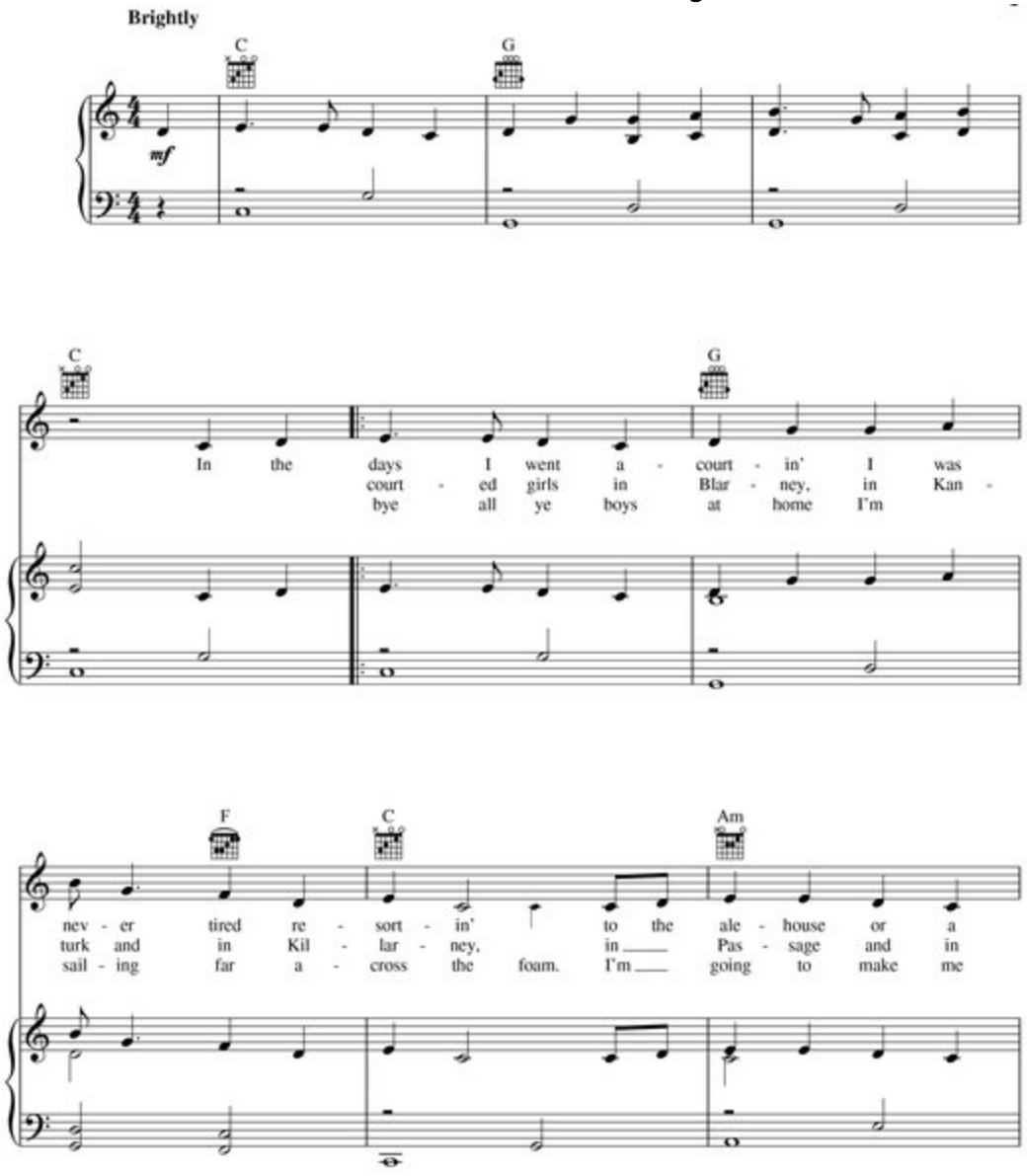
MUIRSHEEN DURKIN

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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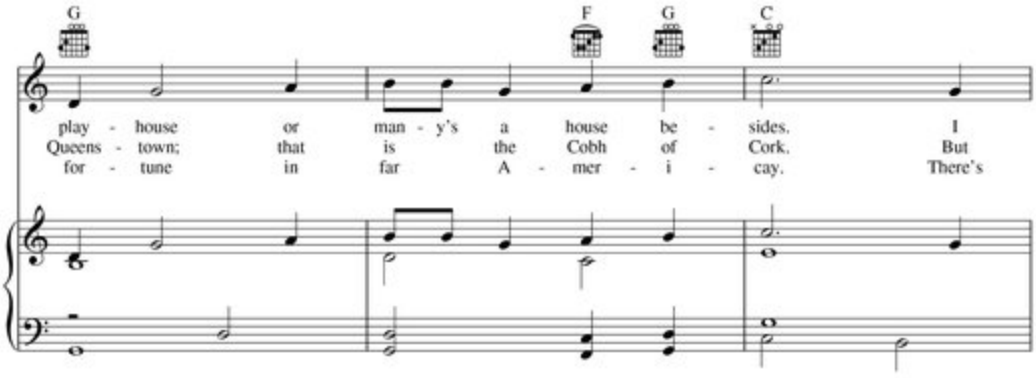
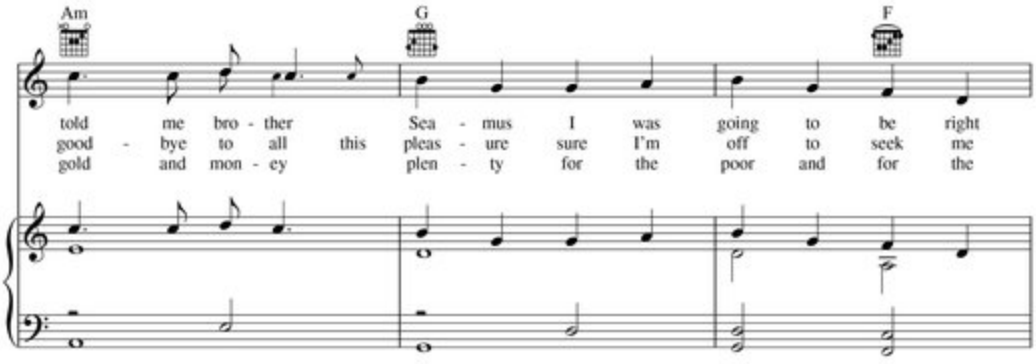
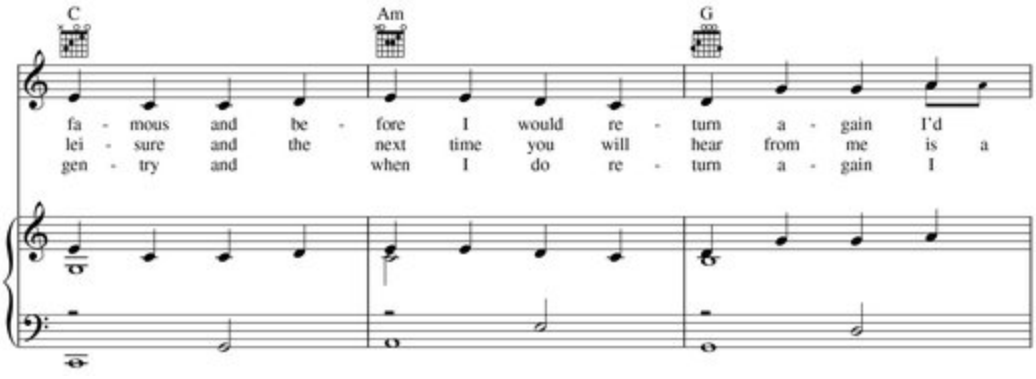
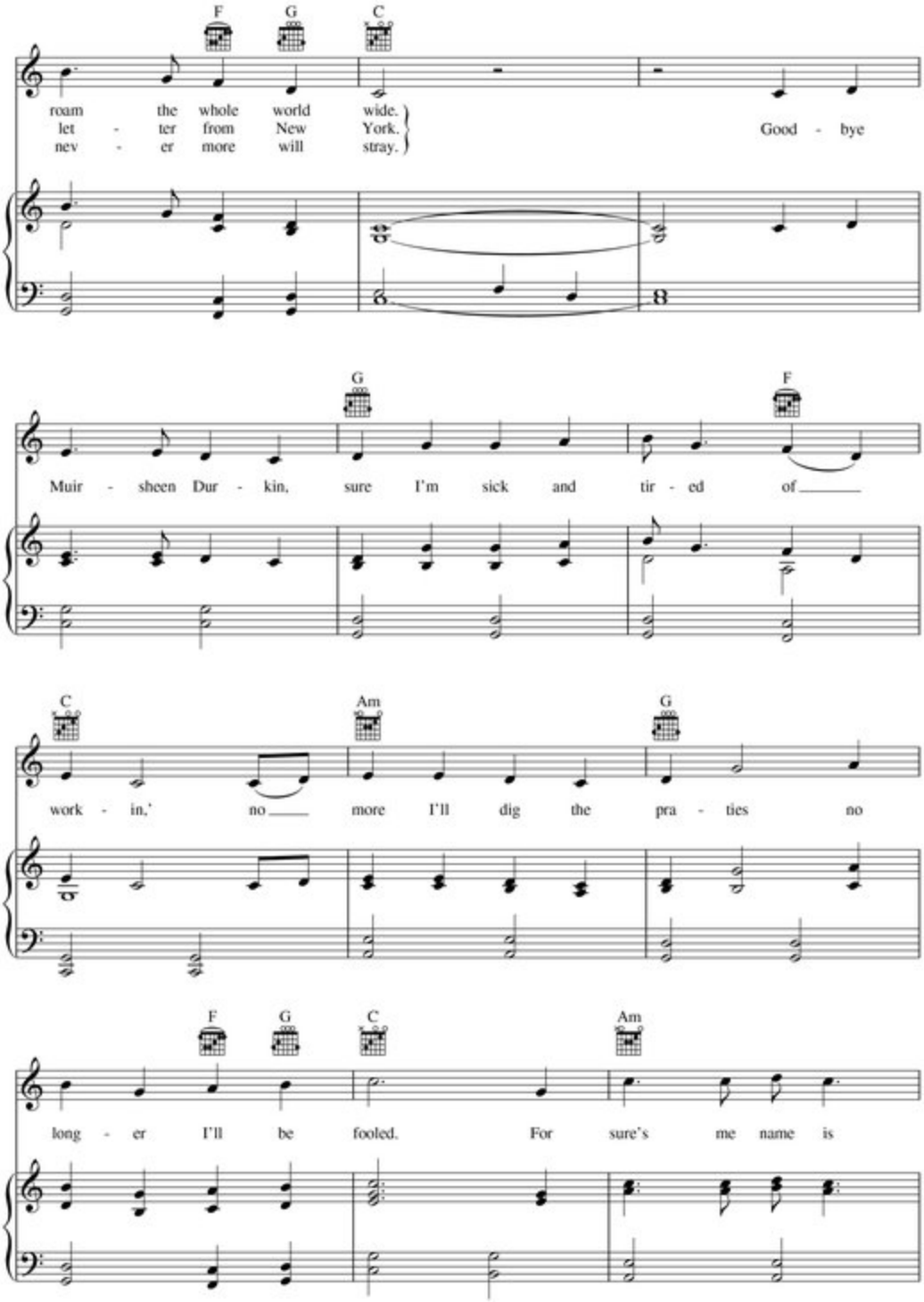
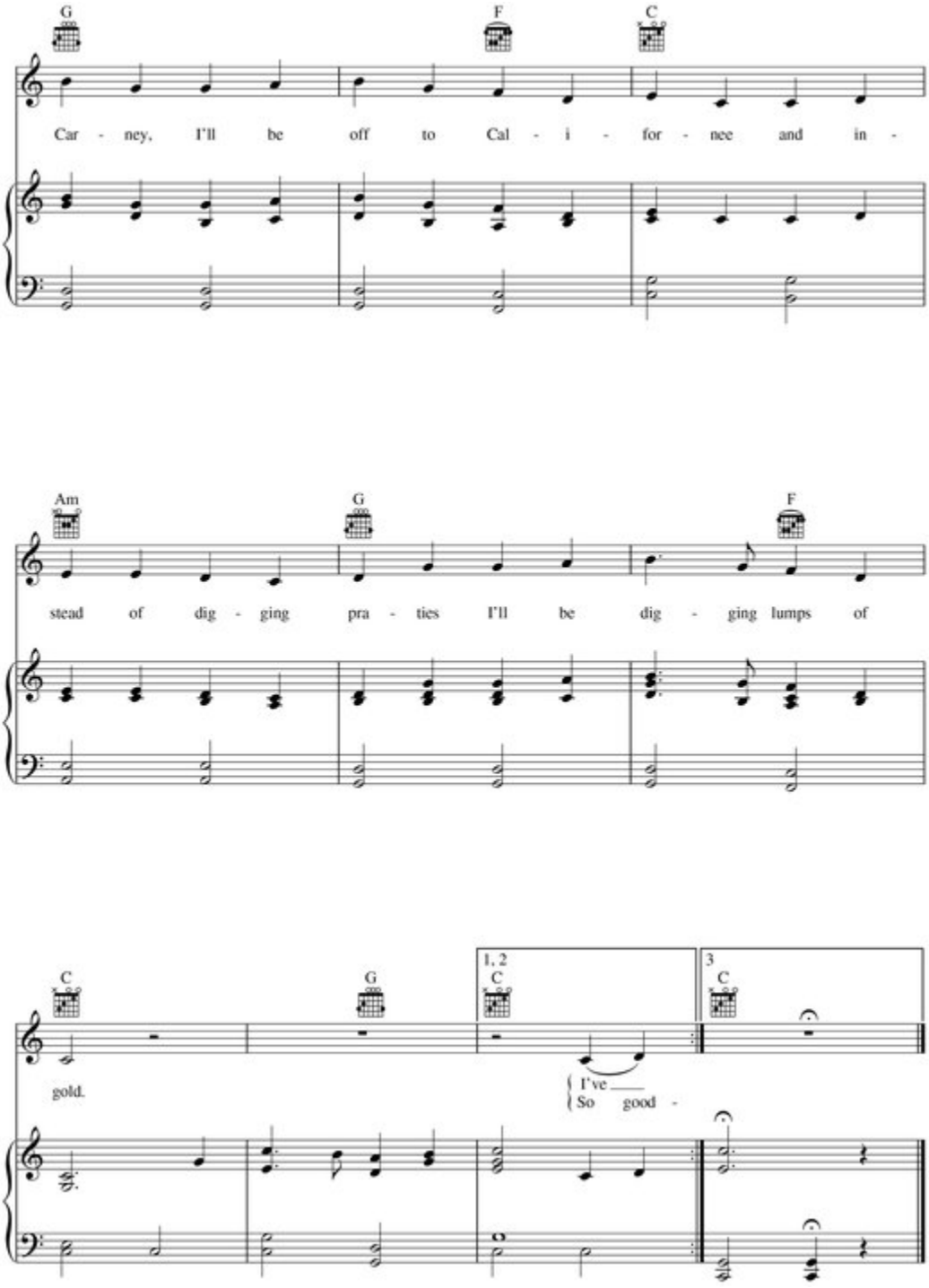

G F G C
play - house or man - y's a house be - sides. I
Queens - town; that is the Cobh of Cork. But
for - tune in far A - mer - i - cay. There's


Am G F
told me bro - ther Sea - mus I was going to be right
good - bye to all this pleas - ure sure I'm off to seek me
gold and mon - ey plen - ty for the poor and for the


C Am G
fa - mous and be - fore I would re - turn a - gain I'd
lei - sure and the next time you will hear from me is a
gen - try and when I do re - turn a - gain I


F G C
roam the whole world wide.
let - ter from New York.
nev - er more will stray.
Good - bye
G F
Muir - sheen Dur - kin, sure I'm sick and tir - ed of
C Am G
work - in,' no more I'll dig the pra - ties no
F G C Am
long - er I'll be fooled. For sure's me name is



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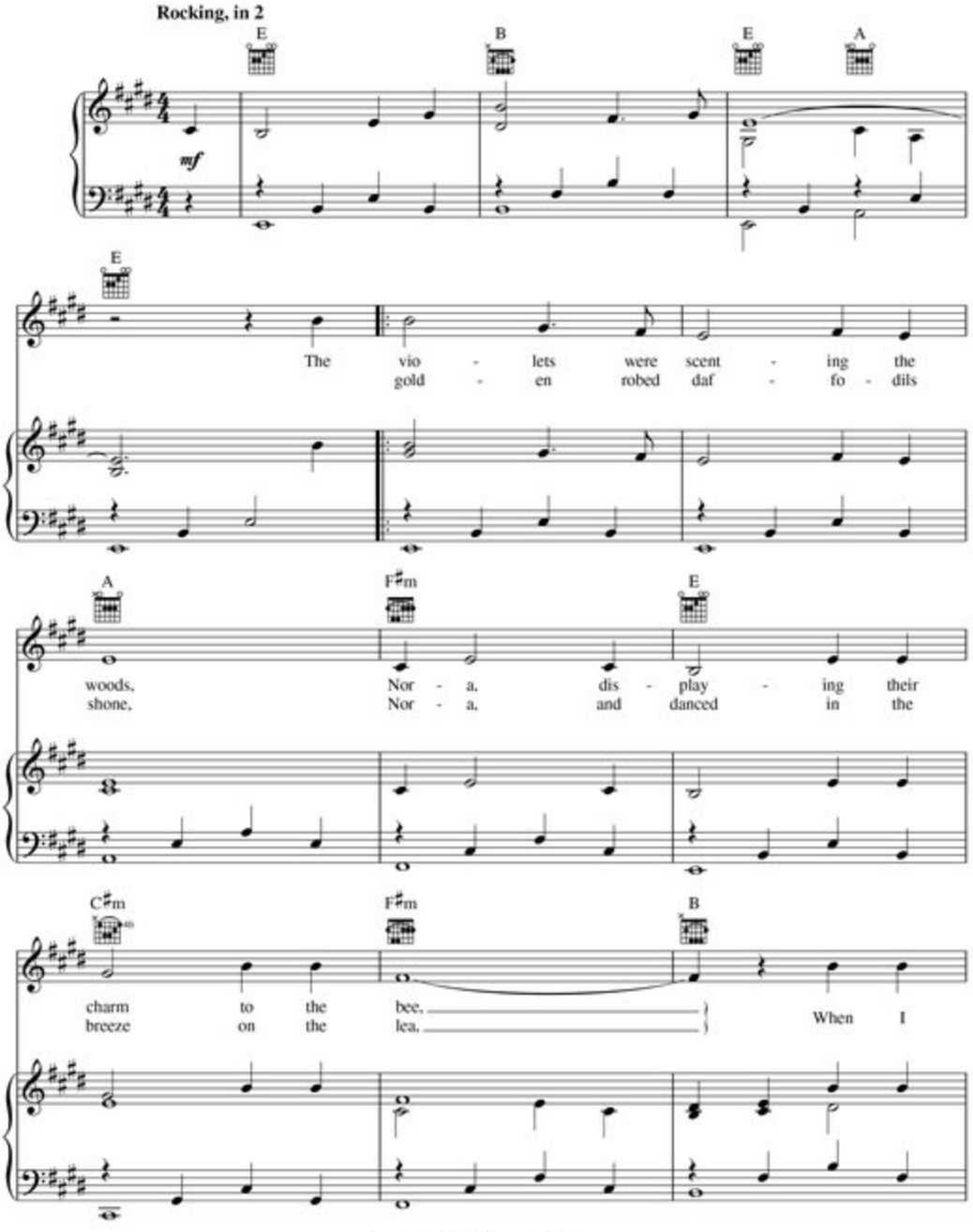
N O R A

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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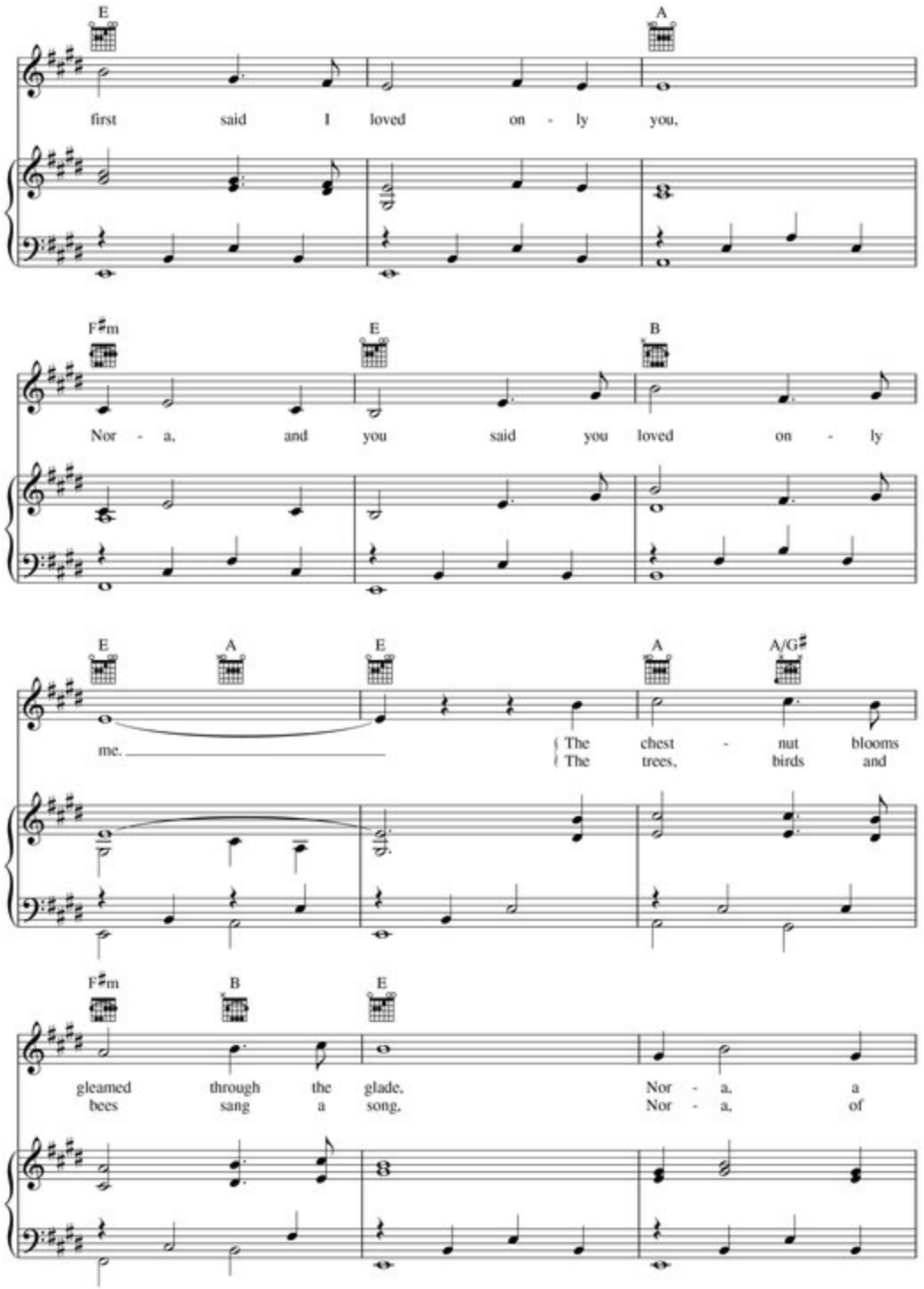
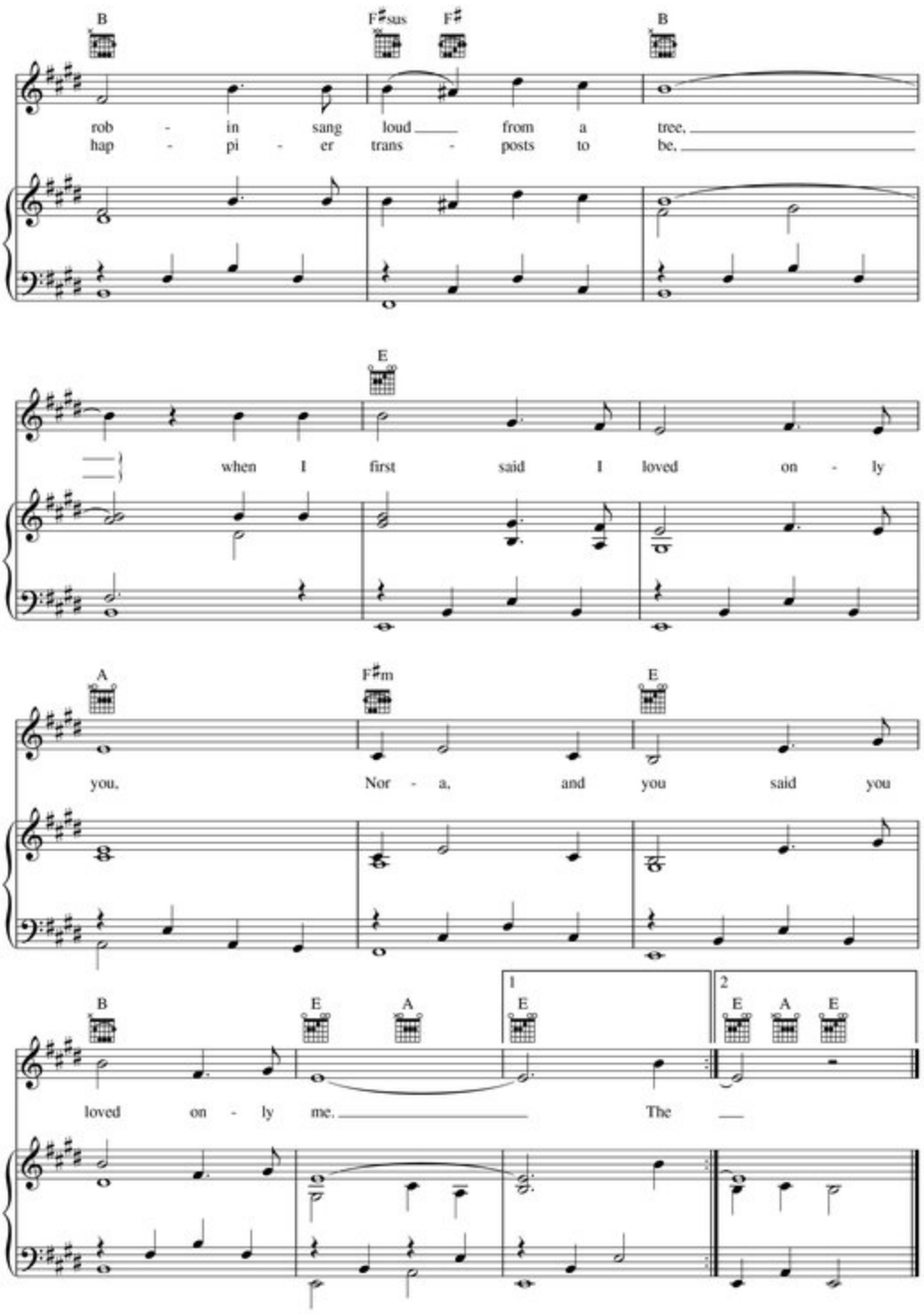

E
A
first said I loved on - ly you,
F♯m
E
B
Nor - a, and you said you loved on - ly
E
A
E
A
A/G♯
me.
The chest - nut blooms
The trees, birds and
F♯m
B
E
gleamed through the glade, Nor - a, a
bees sang a song, Nor - a, of



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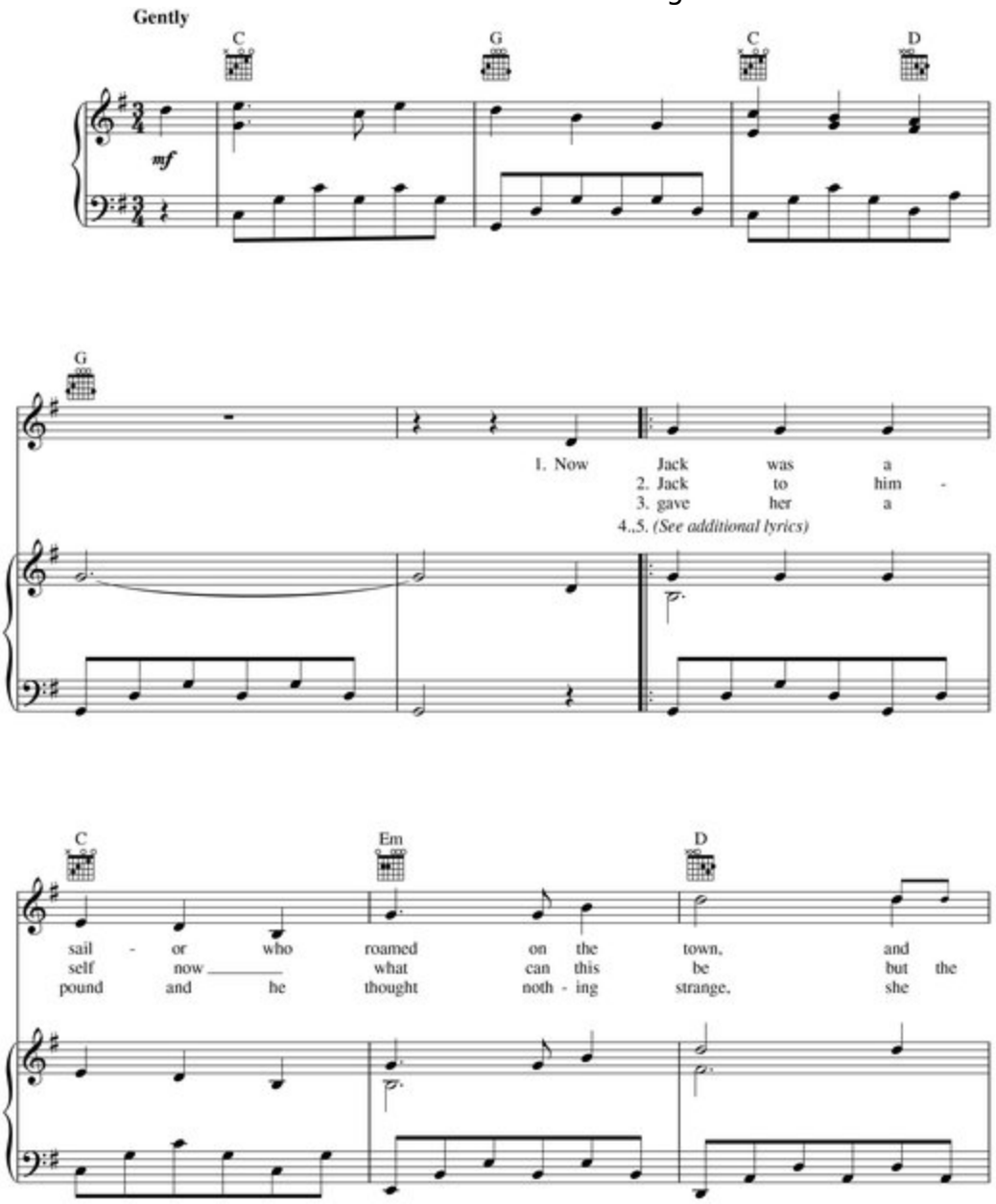
QUARE BUNGLE RYE

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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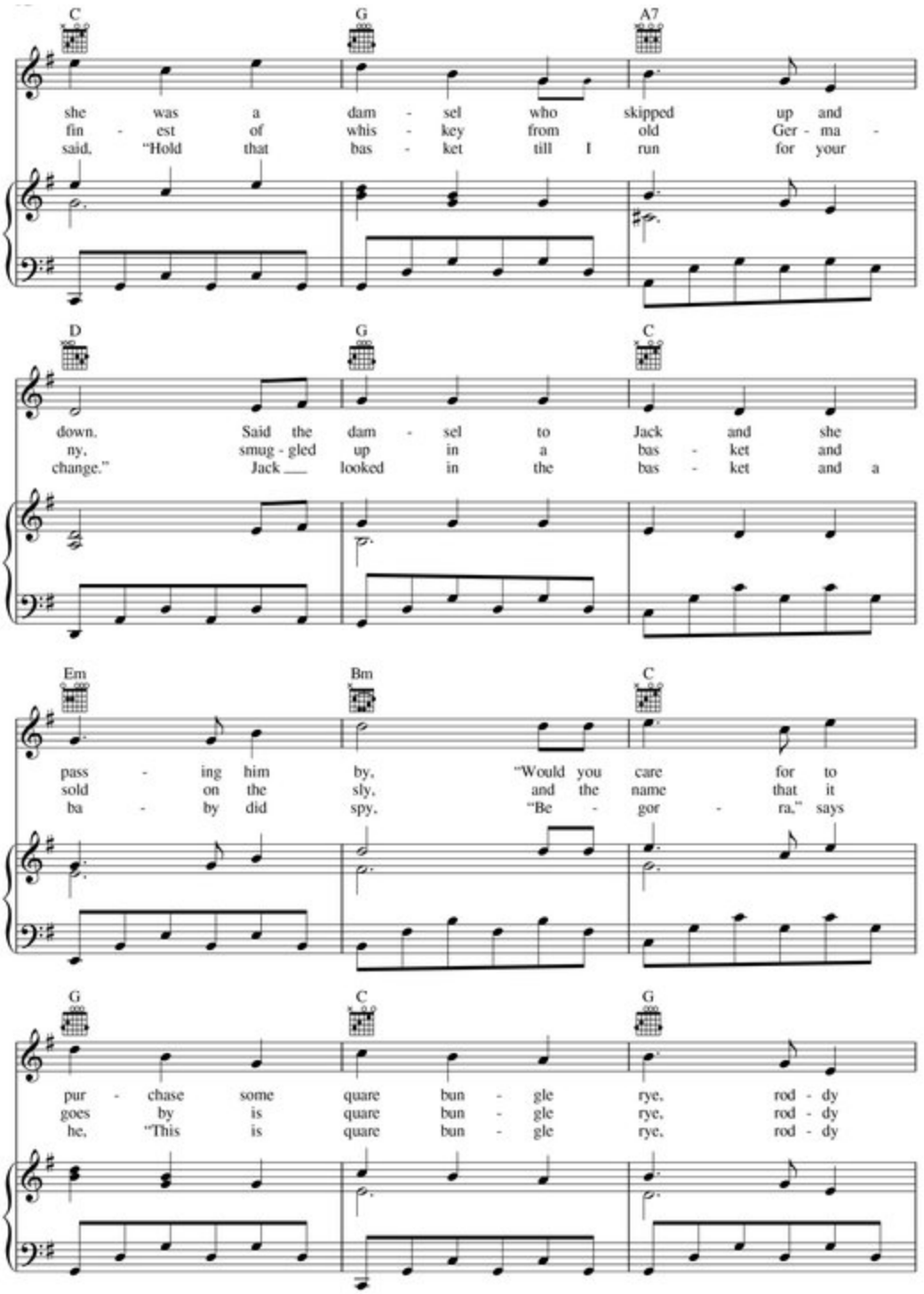
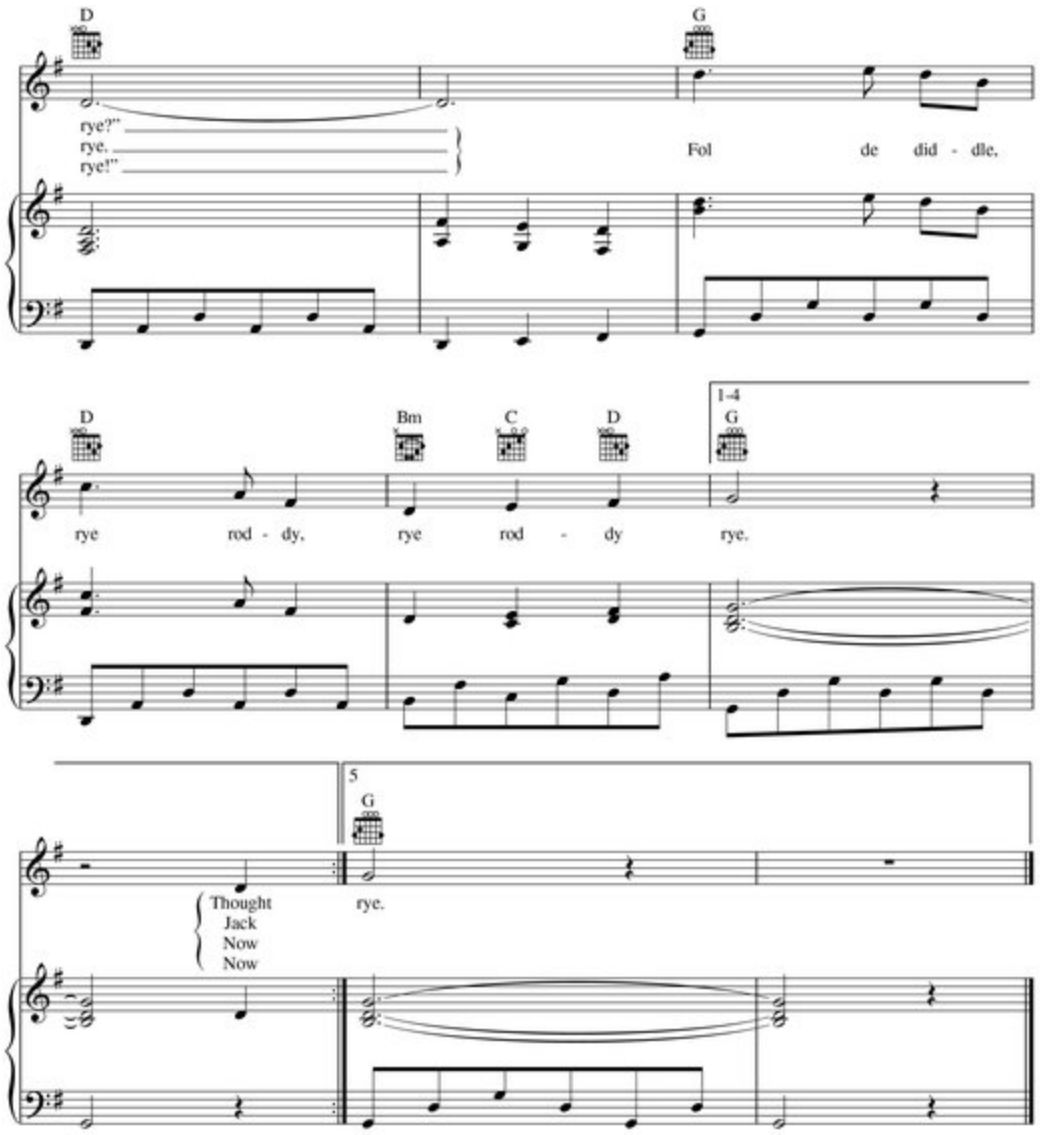

C G A7
she was a dam - sel who skipped up and
fin - est of whis - key from old Ger - ma -
said, "Hold that bas - ket till I run for your
D G C
down. Said the dam - sel to Jack and she
ny, smug - gled up in a bas - ket and
change." Jack ___ looked in the bas - ket and a
Em Bm C
pass - ing him by, "Would you care for to
sold on the sly, and the name that it
ba - by did spy, "Be - gor - ra," says
G C G
pur - chase some quare bun - gle rye, rod - dy
goes by is quare bun - gle rye, rod - dy
he, "This is quare bun - gle rye, rod - dy



Additional Lyrics

4. Now to get the child christened was Jack’s first intent
   And to get the child christened to the parson he went.
   Said the parson to Jack, “What will he go by?”
   “Bedad now,” says Jack, “Call him quare bungle rye roddy rye.”
   Fol de diddle, rye roddy, rye roddy rye.

5. Now all you bold sailors who roam on the town
   Beware of the damsels who skip up and down.
   Take a look in their baskets as they pass you by,

Or else they may sell you some quare bungle rye roddy rye.
Fol de diddle, rye roddy, rye roddy rye.

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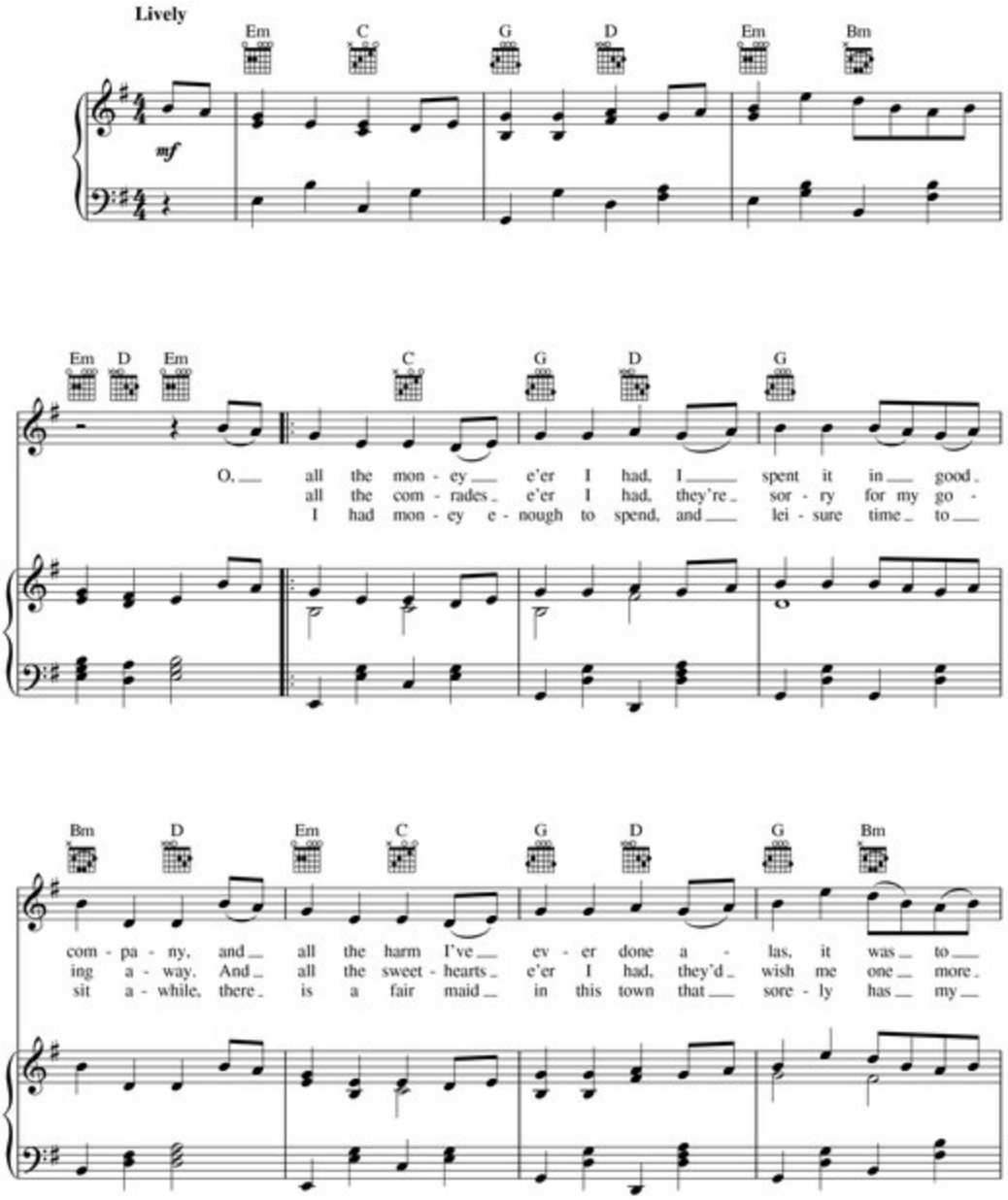
THE PARTING GLASS

Irish Folk Song



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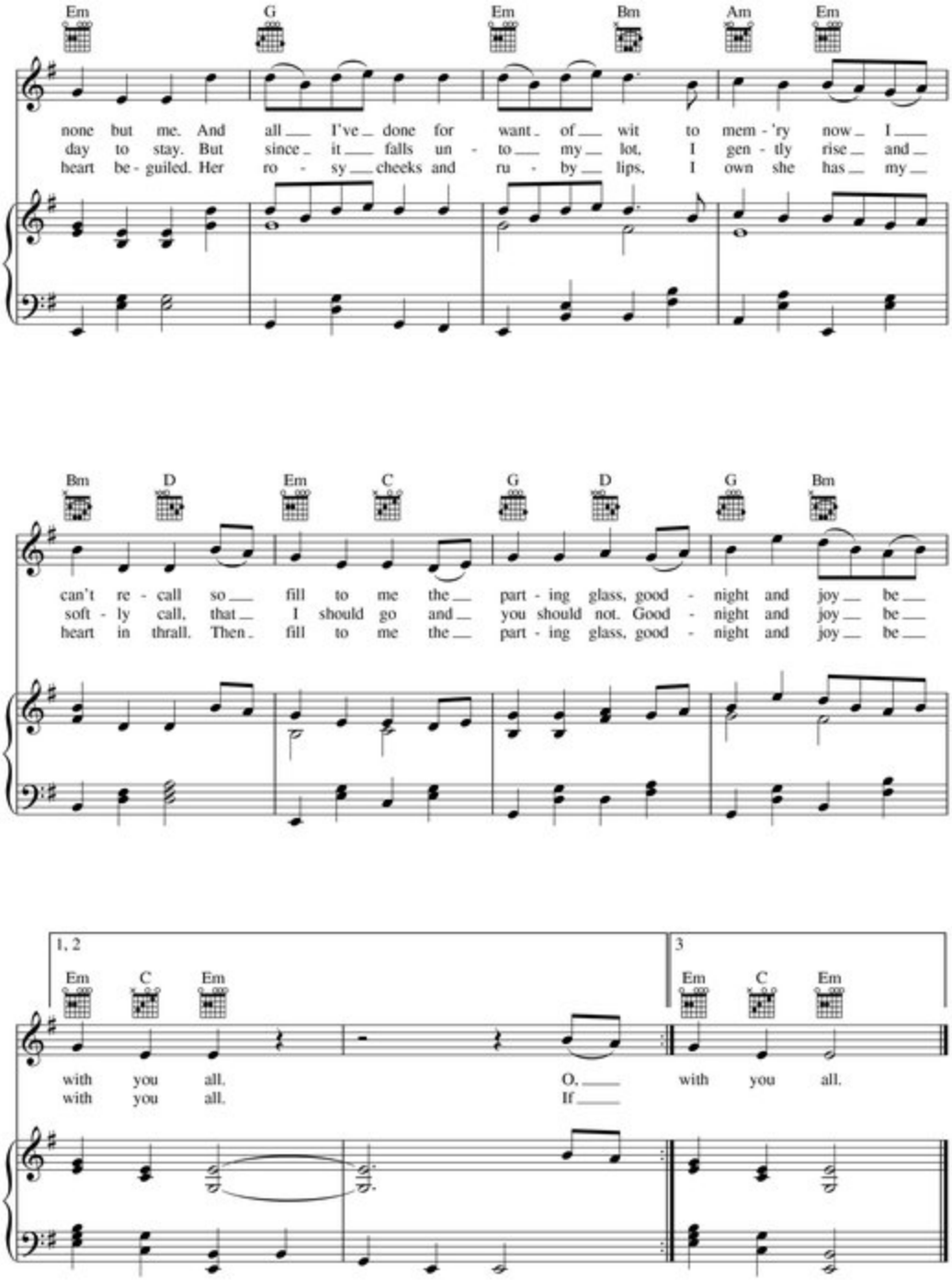

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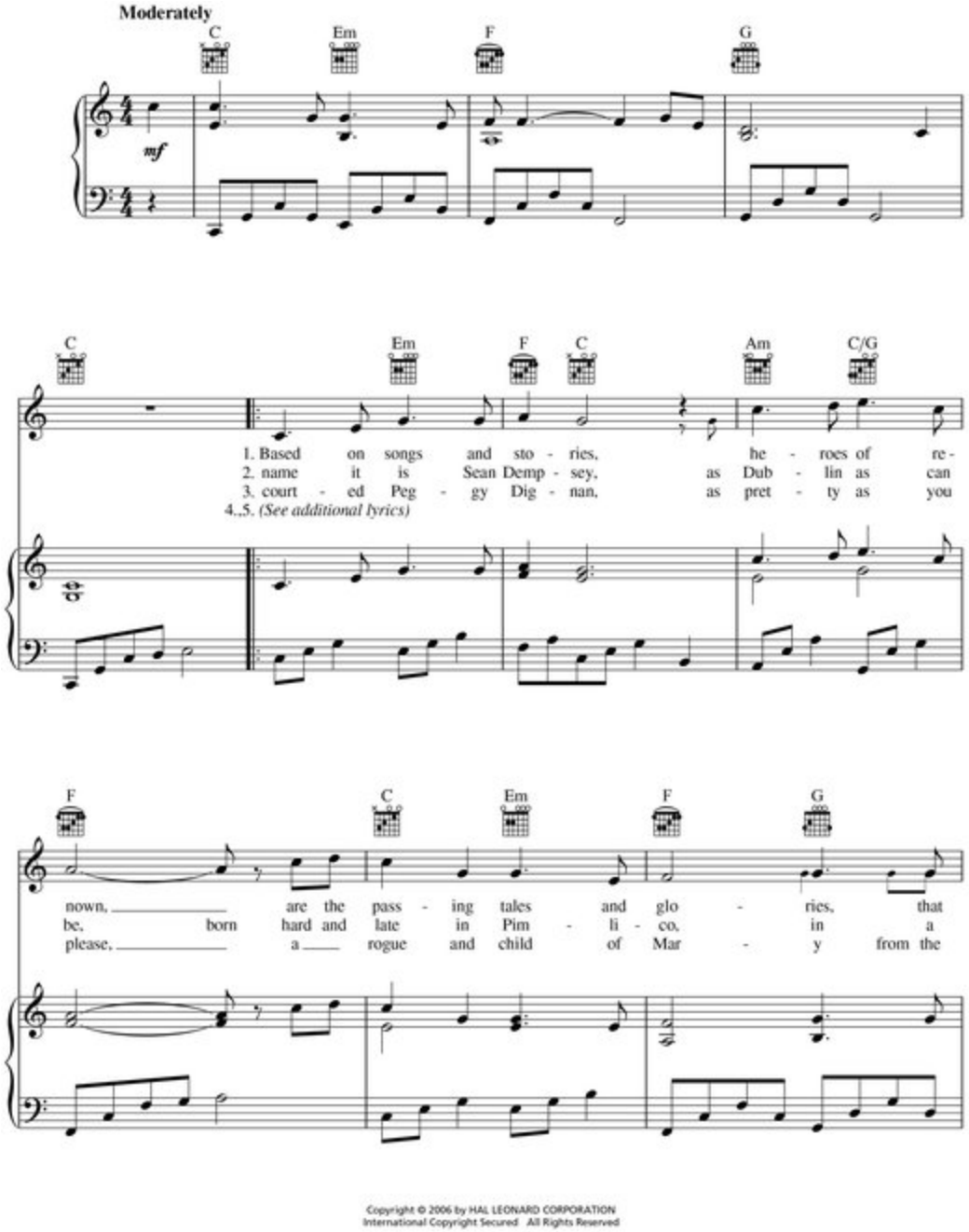
THE RARE OULD TIMES

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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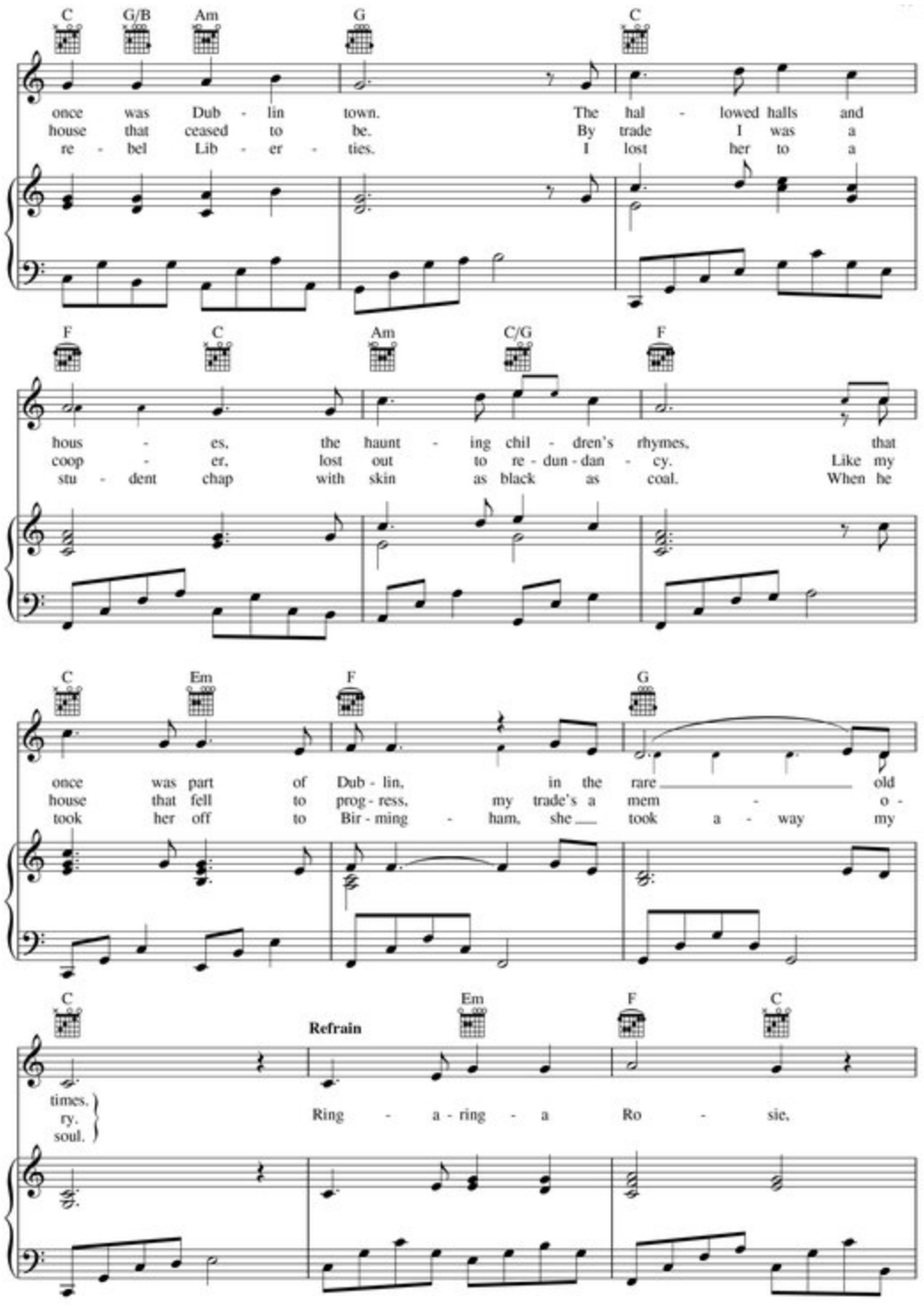
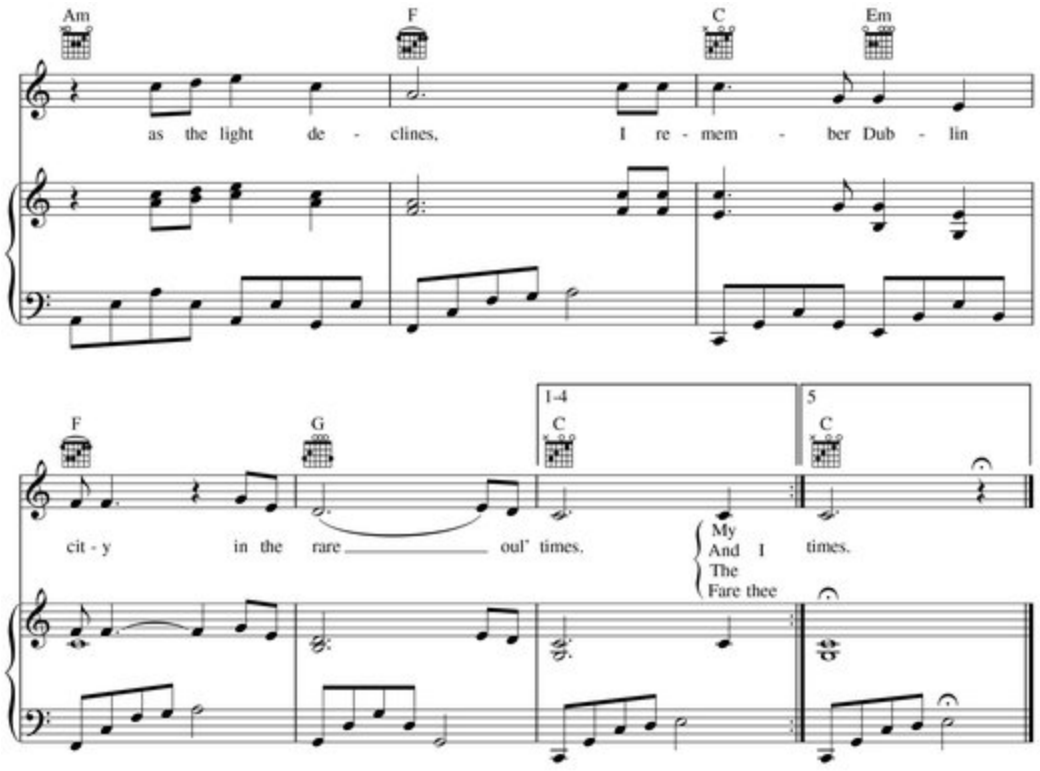

C G/B Am G C
once was Dub - lin town. The hal - lowed halls and
house that ceased to be. By trade I was a
re - bel Lib - er - ties. I lost her to a
F C Am C/G F
hous - es, the haunt - ing chil - dren's rhymes, that
coop - er, lost out to re - dun - dan - cy. Like my
stu - dent chap with skin as black as coal. When he
C Em F G
once was part of Dub - lin, in the rare old
house that fell to prog - ress, my trade's a mem - o -
took her off to Bir - ming - ham, she took a - way my
C Em F C
Refrain
times.
ry.
soul.
Ring - a - ring - a Ro - sie,



Additional Lyrics

4. The years have made me bitter, the gargle dims my brain,
   ’Cause Dublin keeps me 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.
   Refrain

5. 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.
   Refrain

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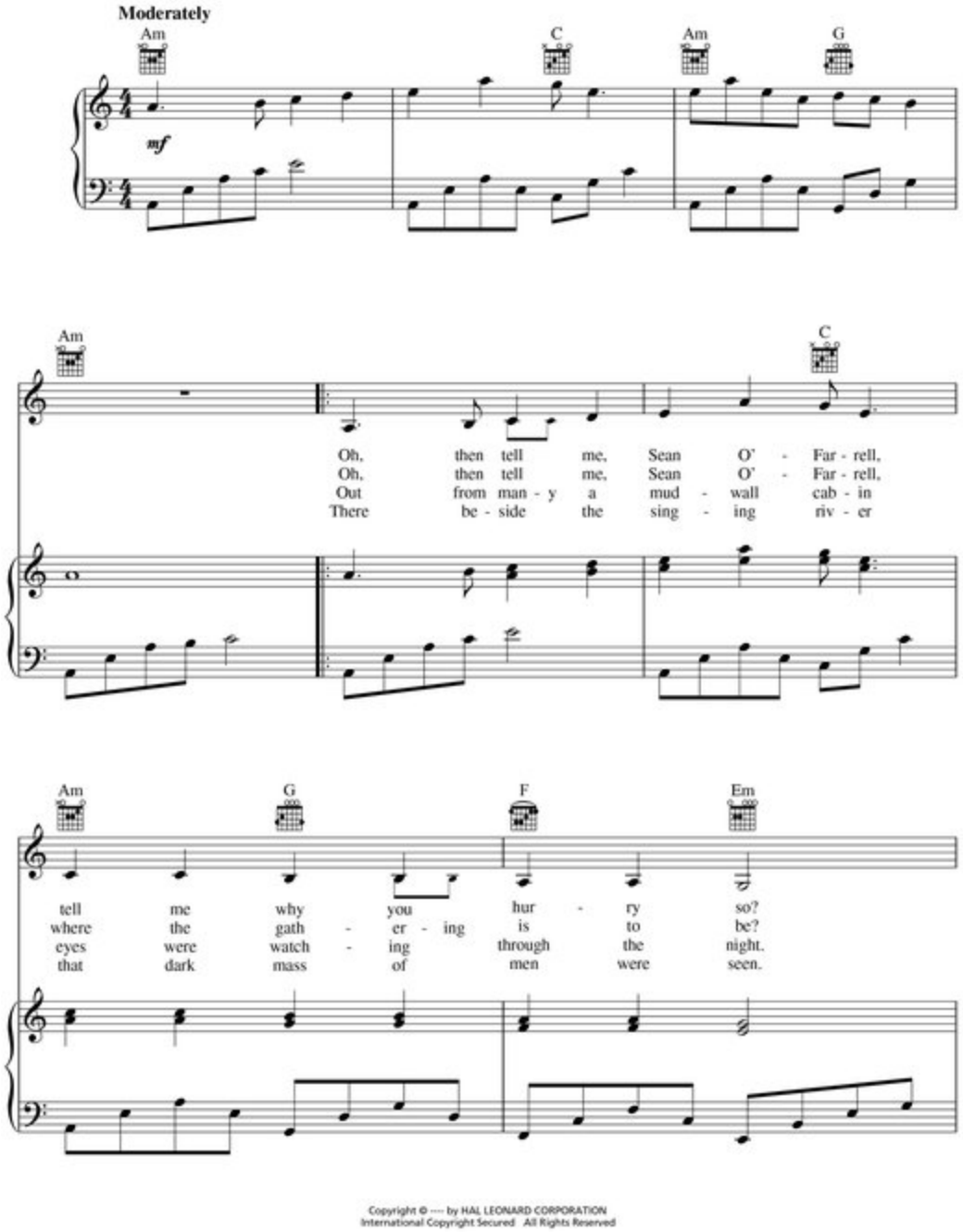
THE RISING OF THE MOON

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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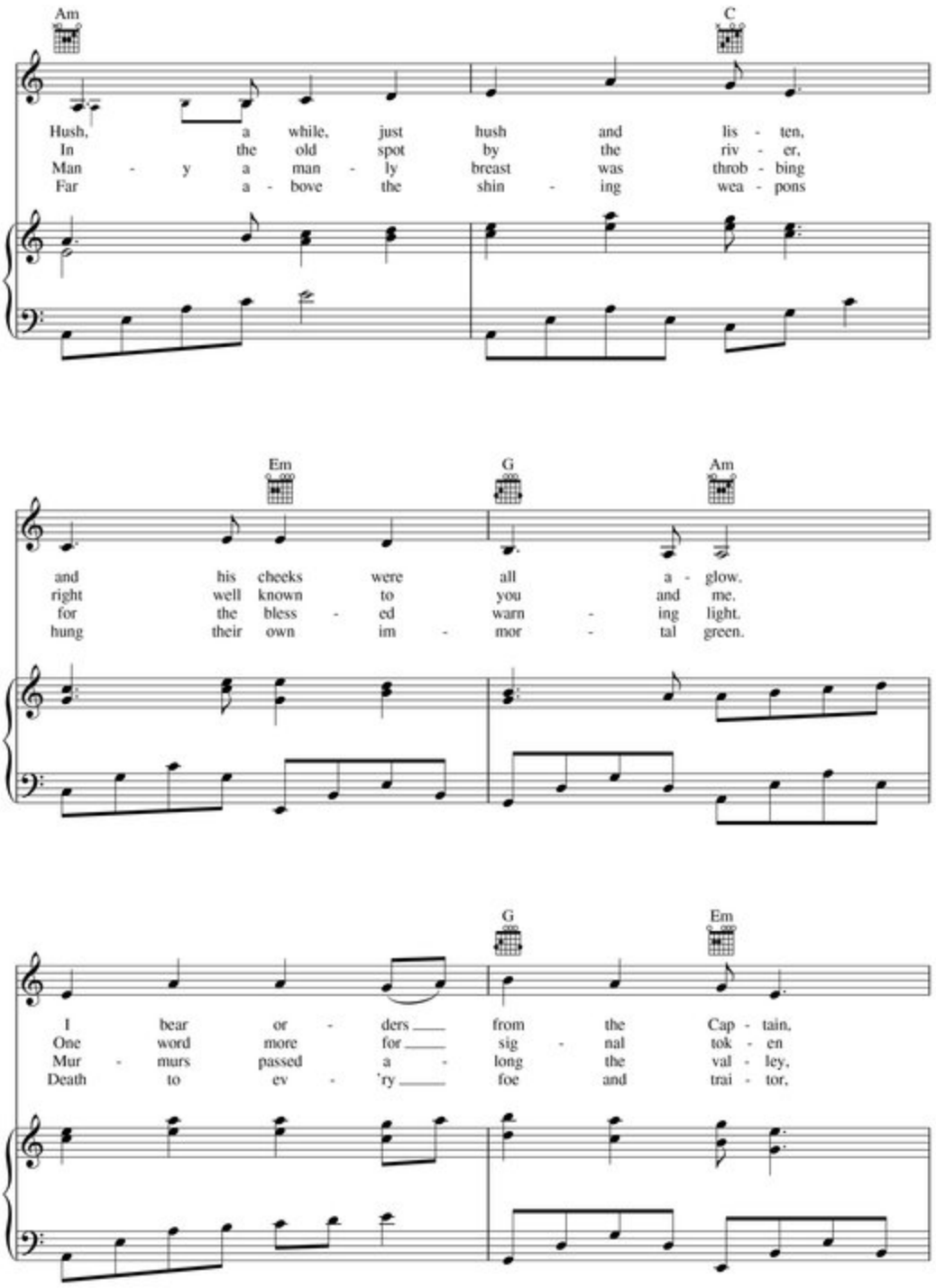
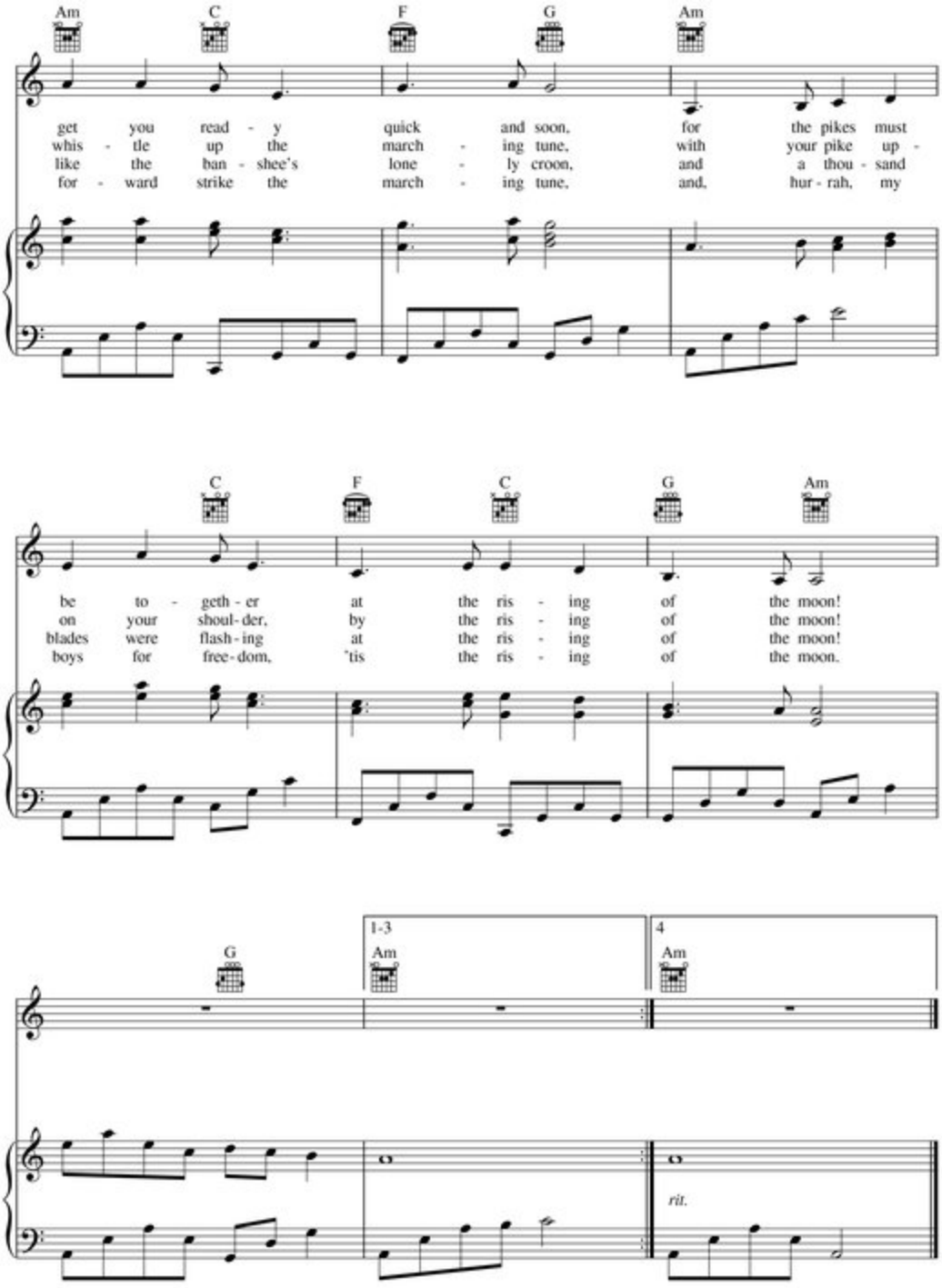

Am
C
Hush, a while, just hush and lis - ten,
In the old spot by the riv - er,
Man - y a man - ly breast was throb - bing
Far a - bove the shin - ing wea - pons
Em
G
Am
and his cheeks were all a - glow.
right well known to you and me.
for the bless - ed warn - ing light.
hung their own im - mor - tal green.
G
Em
I bear or - ders from the Cap - tain.
One word more for sig - nal tok - en
Mur - murs passed a - long the val - ley,
Death to ev - 'ry foe and trai - tor,



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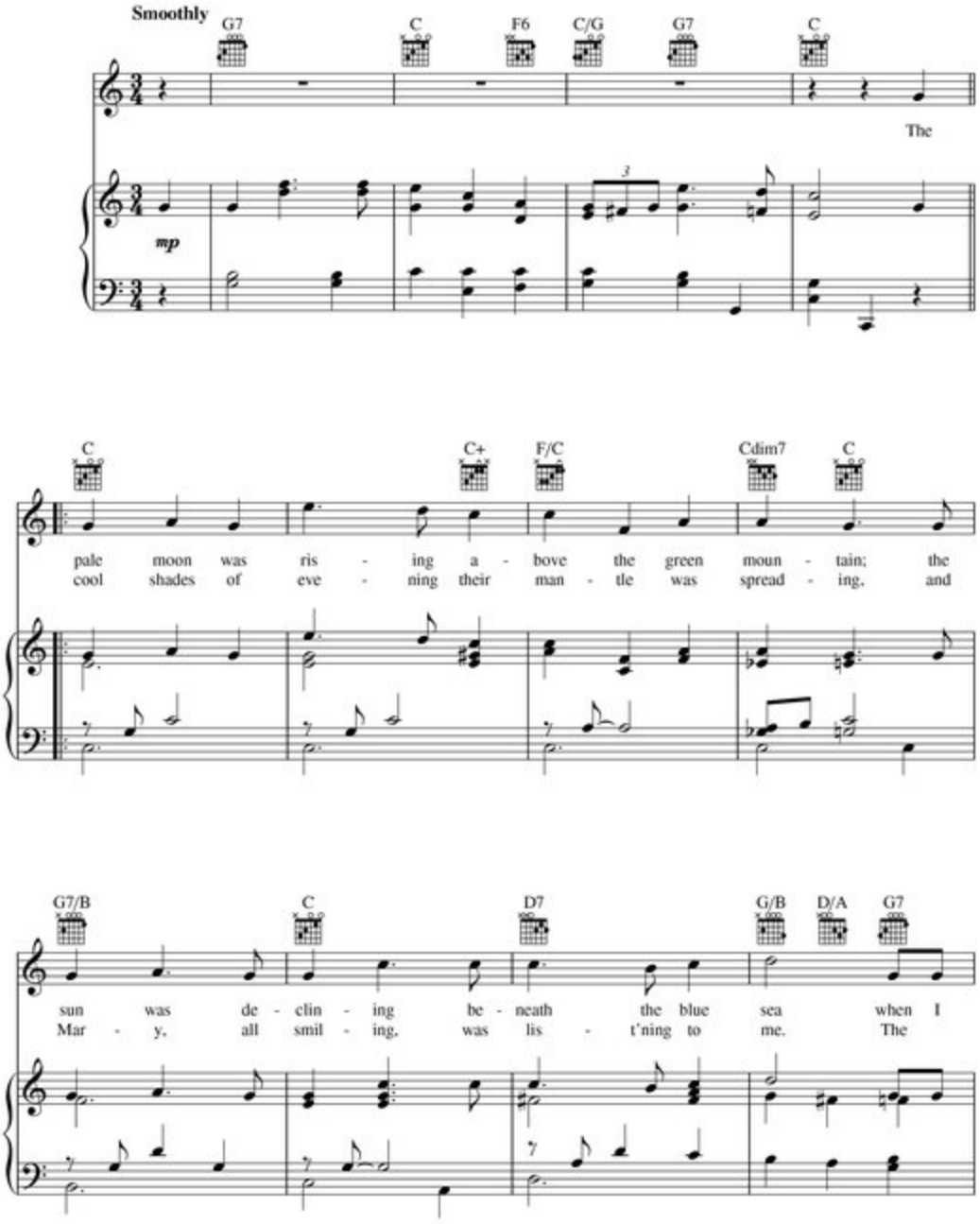
THE ROSE OF TRALEE

Words by C. MORDAUNT SPENCER
Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER



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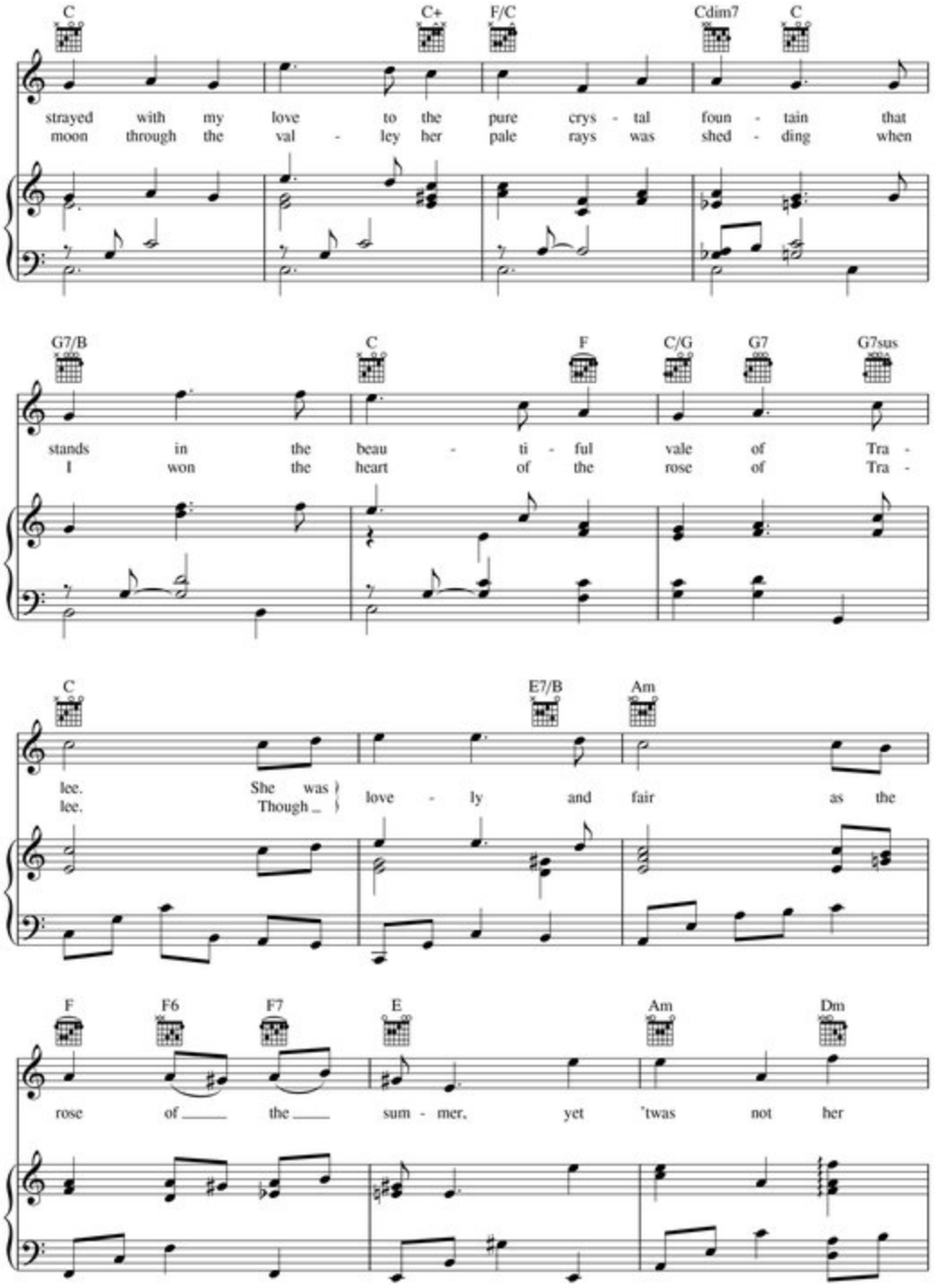
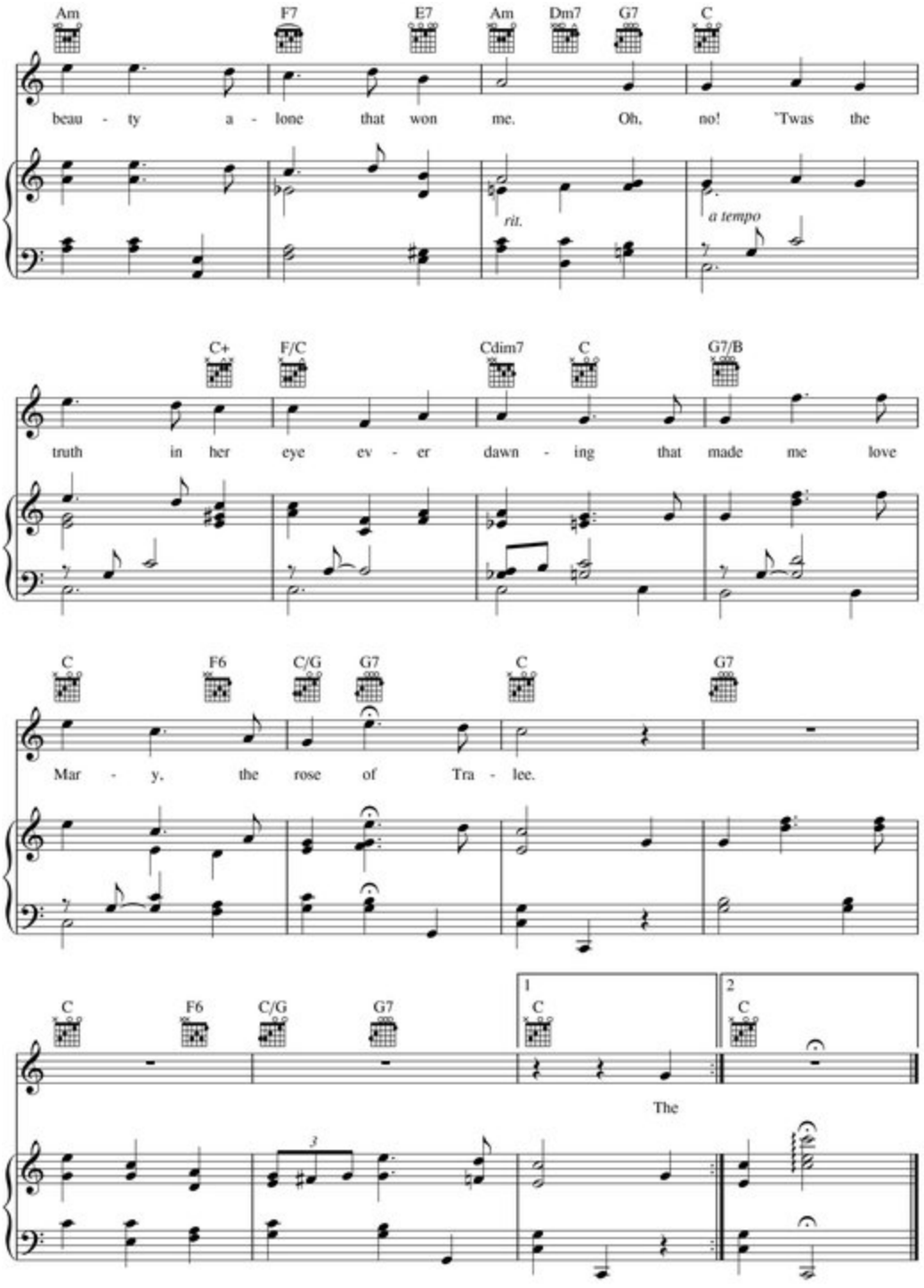

C
C+
F/C
Cdim7
C
strayed with my love to the pure crys - tal foun - tain that
moon through the val - ley her pale rays was shed - ding when
G7/B
C
F
C/G
G7
G7sus
stands in the beau - ti - ful vale of Tra -
I won the heart of the rose of Tra -
C
E7/B
Am
lee. She was
lee. Though
love - ly and fair as the
F
F6
F7
E
Am
Dm
rose of the sum - mer, yet 'twas not her



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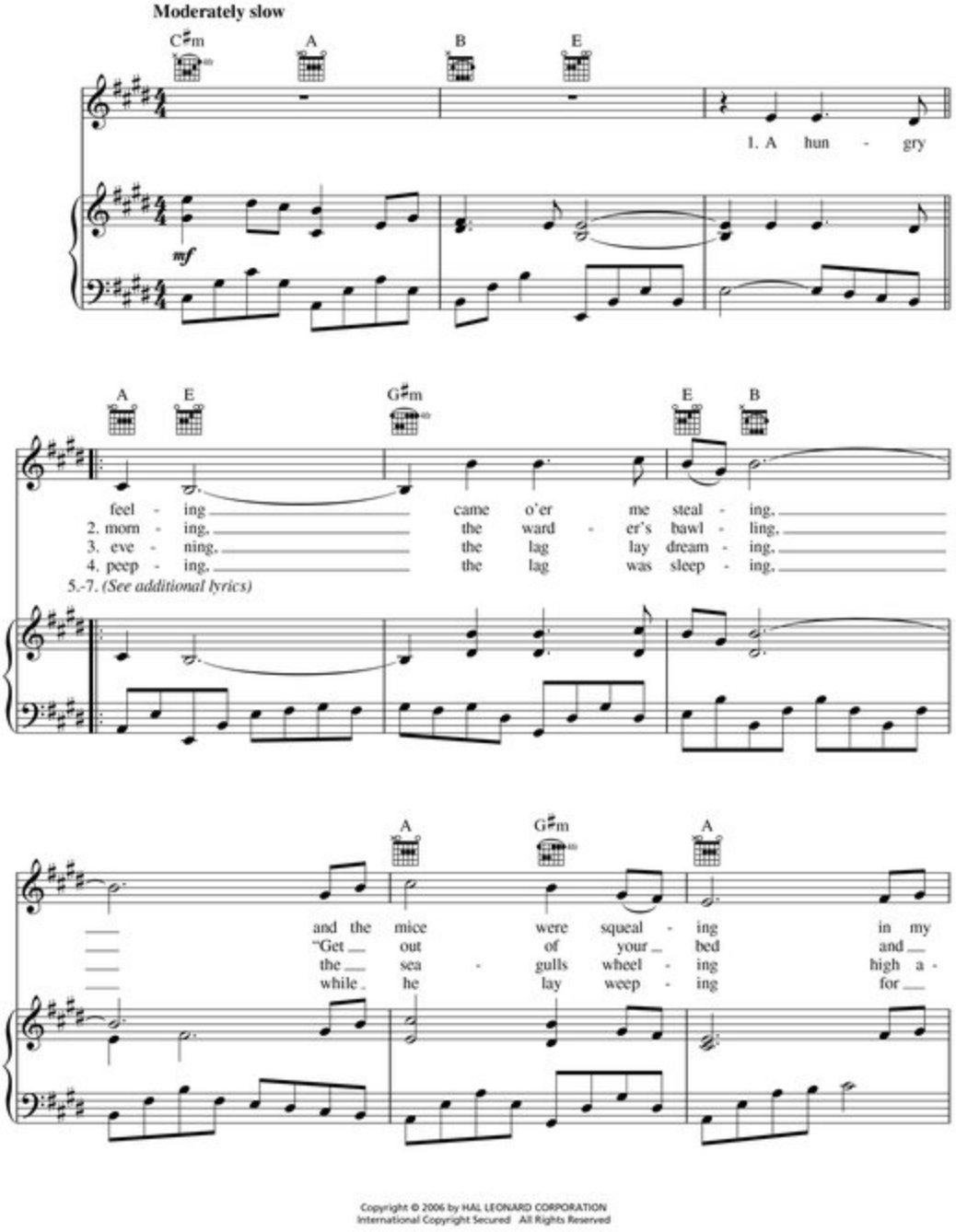
ROYAL CANAL

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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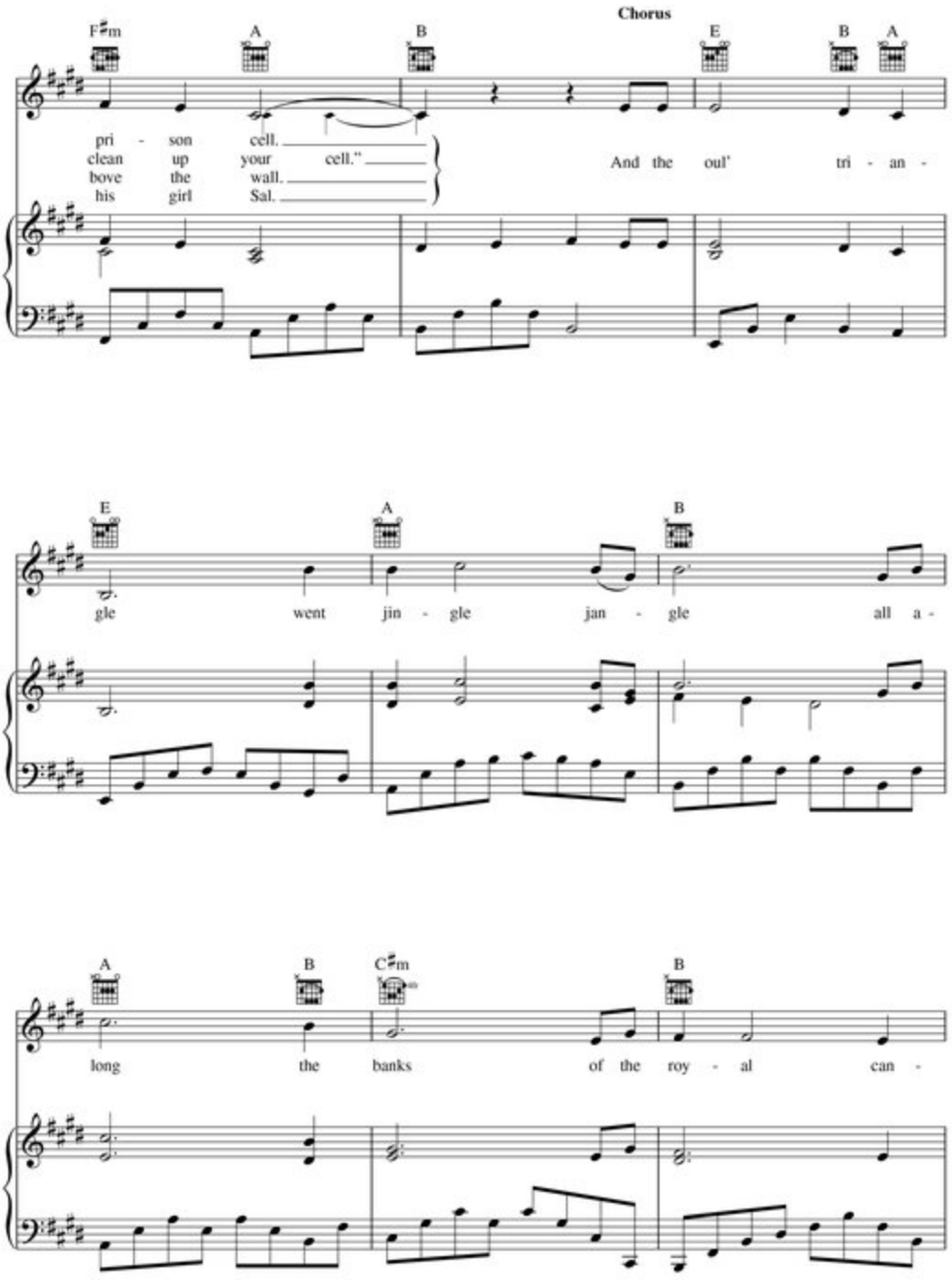
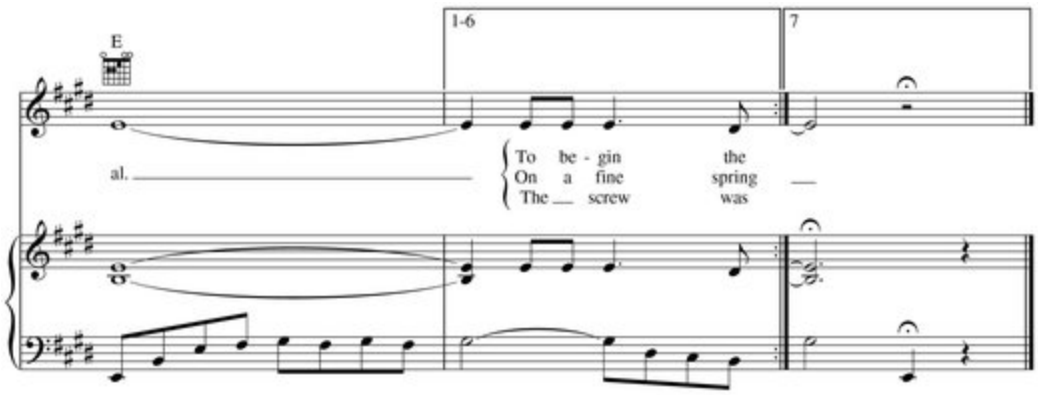

Chorus
F♯m
A
B
E
B
A
pri - son cell.
clean up your cell."
bove the wall.
his girl Sal.
And the oul' tri - an -
E
A
B
gle went jin - gle jan - gle all a -
A
B
C♯m
B
long the banks of the roy - al can -



Additional Lyrics

5. The wind was rising and the day declining,
   As I lay pining in my prison cell.
   And the ould triangle went jingle jangle
   Along the banks of the Royal Canal.
   Chorus

6. In the female prison there are seventy women.
   I wish it was with them that I did dwell,
   Then that ould triangle could jingle jangle
   Along the banks of the Royal Canal. *Chorus*

7. The day was dying and the wind was sighing,
   As I lay crying in my prison cell.
   And the ould triangle went jingle jangle
   Along the banks of the Royal Canal.
   Chorus

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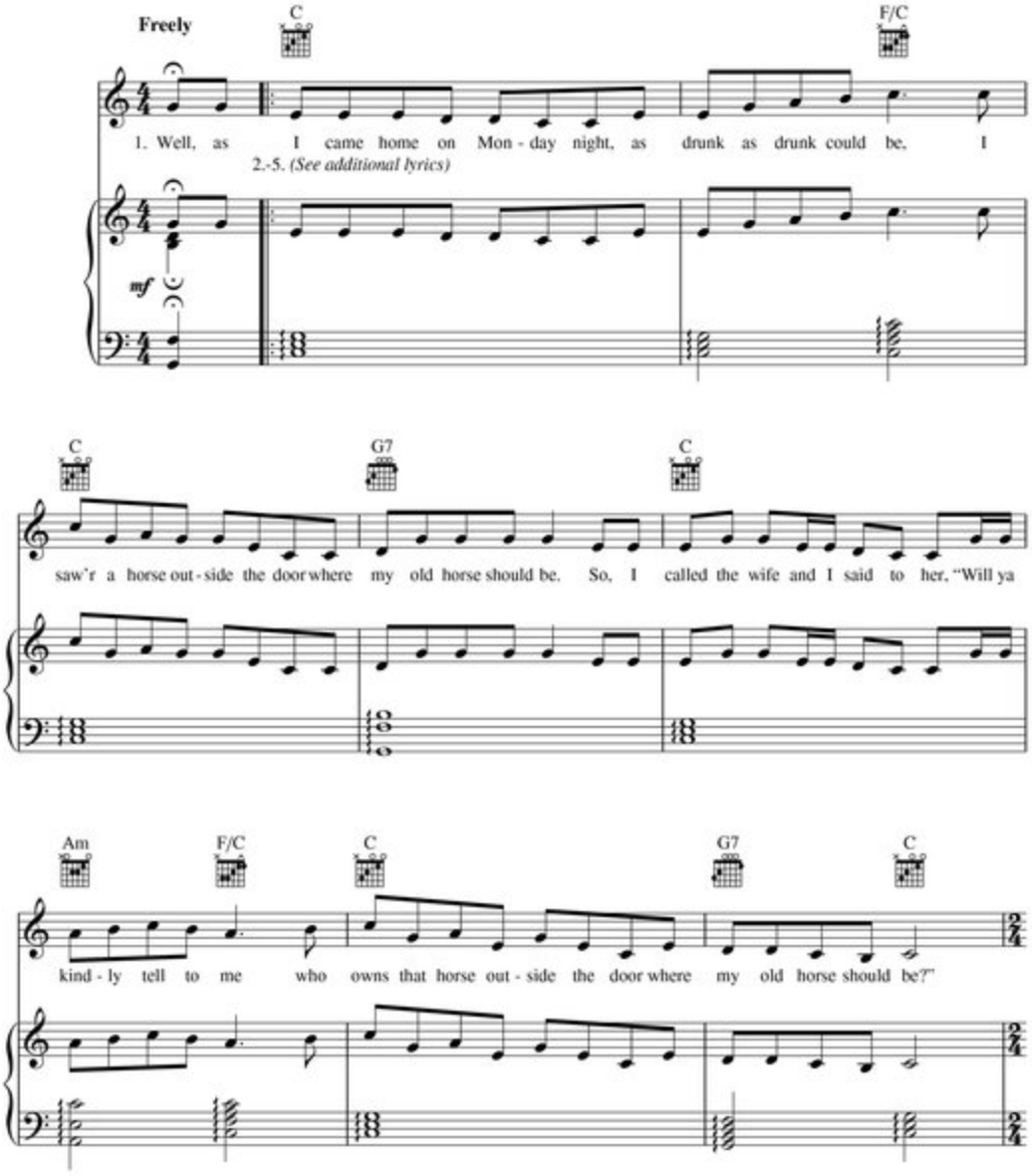
SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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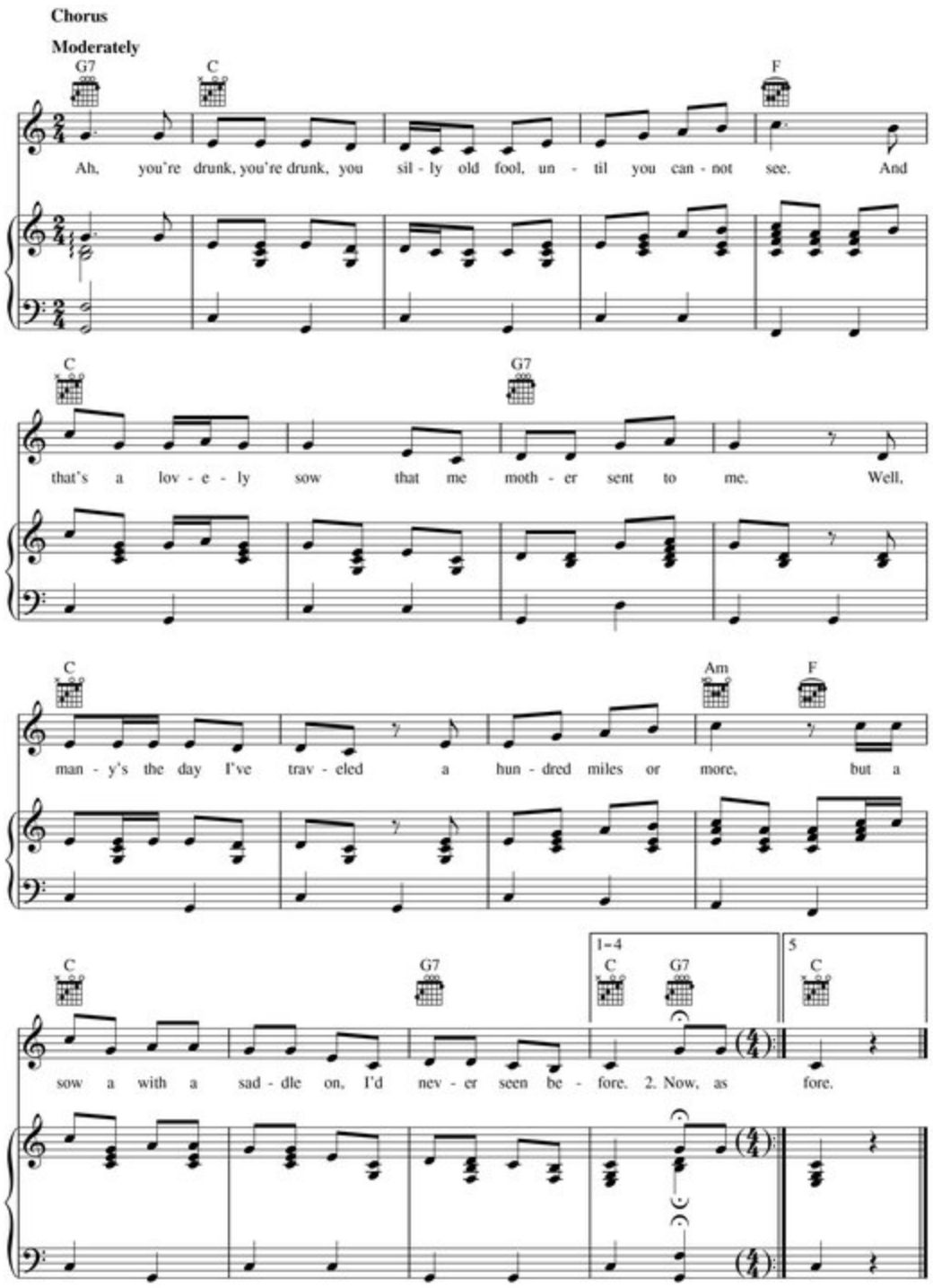

Additional Lyrics

2. Now, as I came home on Tuesday night,
   As drunk as drunk could be,
   I saw'r a coat behind the door
   Where my old coat should be.

So I called the wife and I said to her,
“Will ya kindly tell to me,
Who owns that coat behind the door
Where my old coat should be?”

Chorus 2. Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk you silly old fool,
till you cannot see.
That’s a lovely blanket that me mother sent to me.
Well, many’s the day I traveled a hundred miles or more,
But buttons on a blanket sure I never seen before.

3. And as I went home on Wednesday night,
As drunk as drunk could be,
I saw’r a pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be.
I calls the wife and I says to her,
“Will ya kindly tell to me,
Who owns that pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be?”

Chorus 3. Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk you silly old fool,
still you cannot see.
And that’s a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me.
Well, and many’s the day I’ve traveled a hundred miles or more,
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never seen before.

4. And as I went home on Thursday night,
As drunk as drunk could be,
I saw’r two boots beneath the bed
Where my two boots should be.
I called the wife and I said to her,
“Will ya kindly tell to me,
Who owns those boots beneath the bed
Where my old boots should be?”

Chorus 4. Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk you silly old fool,
until you cannot see.

And that’s me lovely geranium pots me mother sent to me.
Well, it’s many’s the day I’ve traveled a hundred miles or more,
But laces on a geranium pot I never seen before.

5. And as I went home on Friday night,
As drunk as drunk could be,
I saw’r a head upon the bed
Where my old head should be.
So, I called the wife and I said to her,
“Will ya kindly tell to me,
Who owns that head upon the bed
Where my old head should be?”

Chorus 5. Ah, you’re drunk, you’re drunk you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
That’s a baby boy that me mother sent to me.
Hey, it’s many’s the day I’ve traveled a hundred miles or more,
But a baby boy with whiskers on I never seen before.

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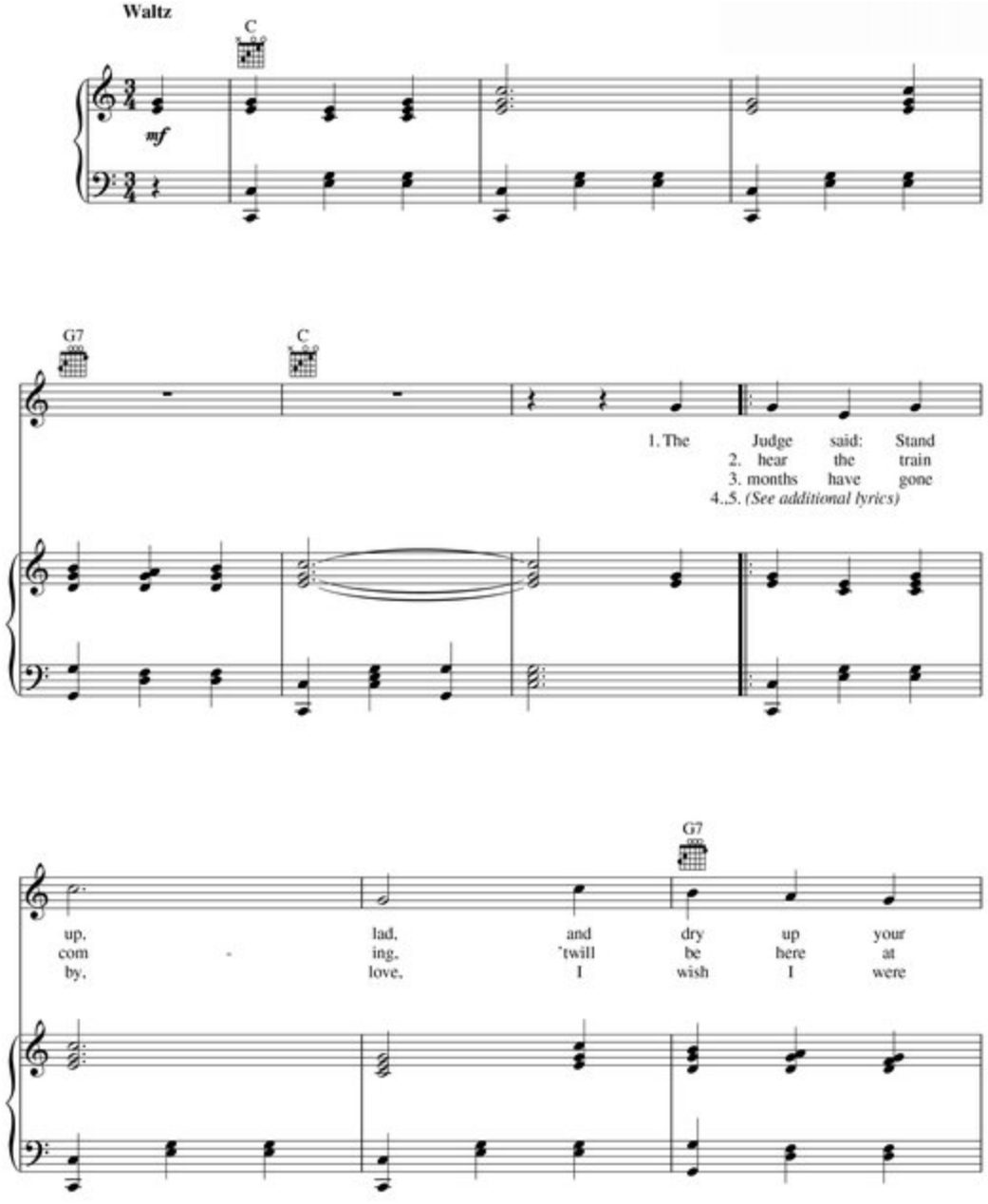
TWENTY-ONE YEARS

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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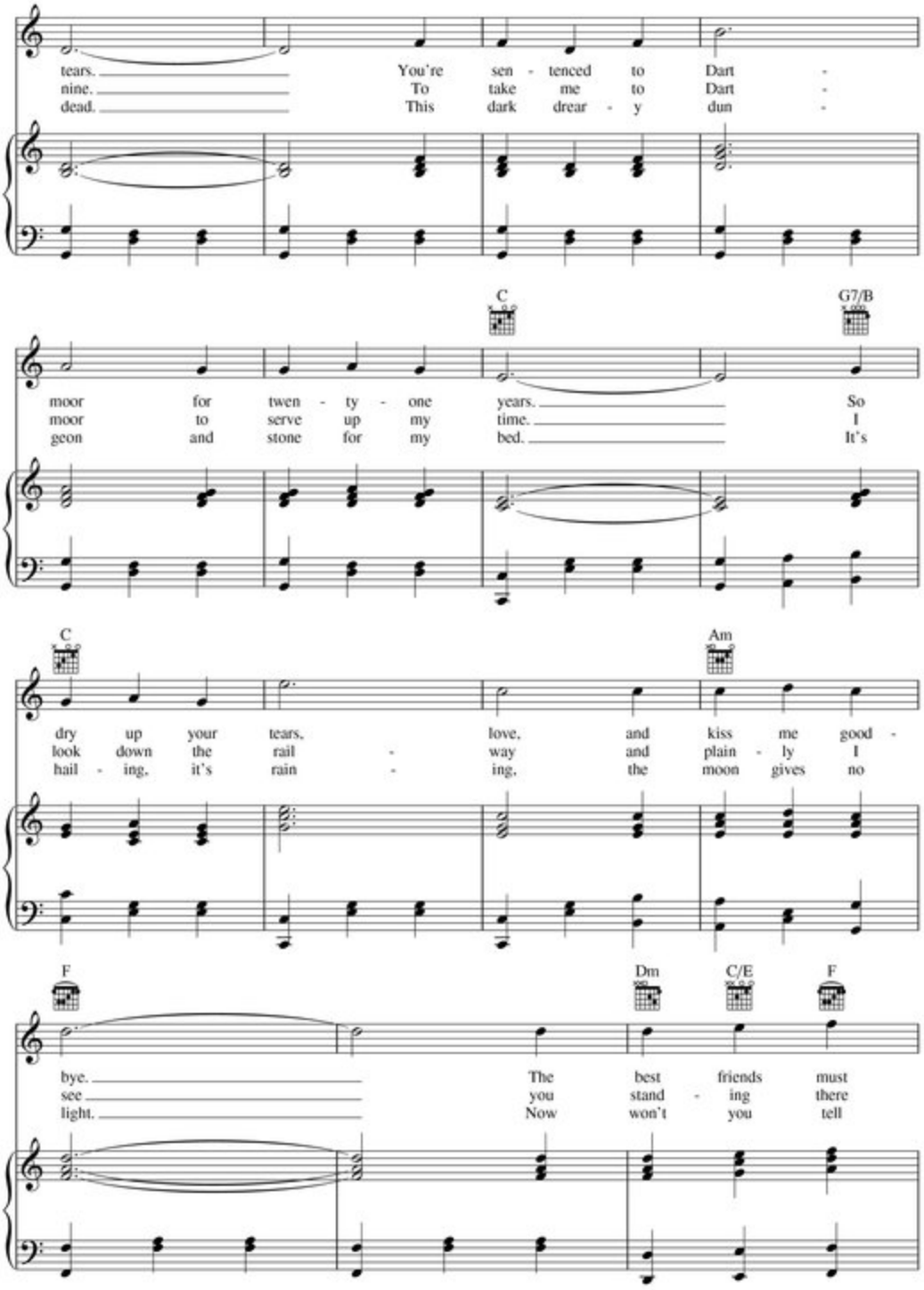
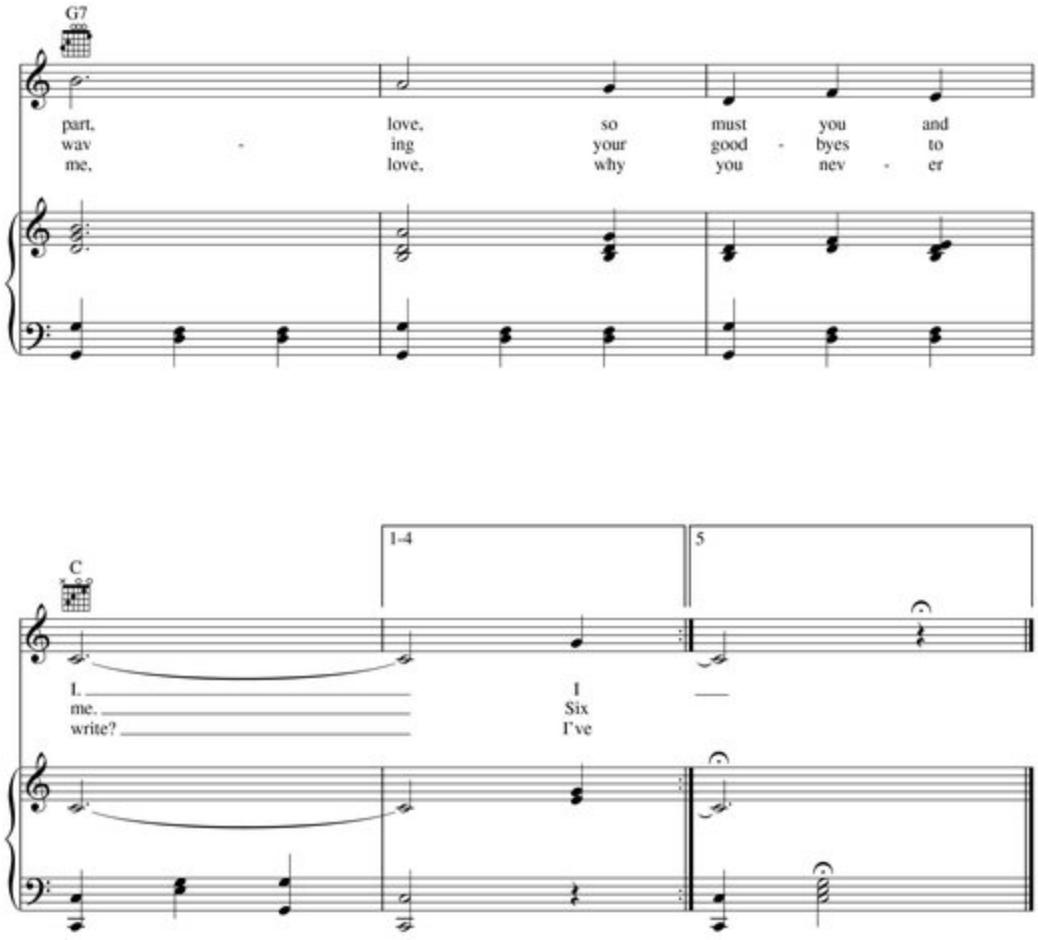

tears. You're sen - tenced to Dart -
nine. To take me to Dart -
dead. This dark drear - y dun -
C
G7/B
moor for twen - ty - one years. So
moor to serve up my time. I
geon and stone for my bed. It's
C
Am
dry up your tears, love, and kiss me good -
look down the rail - way and plain - ly I
hail - ing, it's rain - ing, the moon gives no
F
Dm
C/E
F
bye. The best friends must
see you stand - ing there
light. Now won't you tell



Additional Lyrics

4. I've counted the days, love, I've counted the nights,
   I've counted the footsteps, I've counted the lights,
   I've counted the raindrops, I've counted the stars,
   I've counted a million of these prison bars.

5. I've waited, I've trusted, I've longed for the day,
   A lifetime, so lonely, now my hair's turning grey.
   My thoughts are for you, love, till I'm out of my mind,
   For twenty-one years is a mighty long time.

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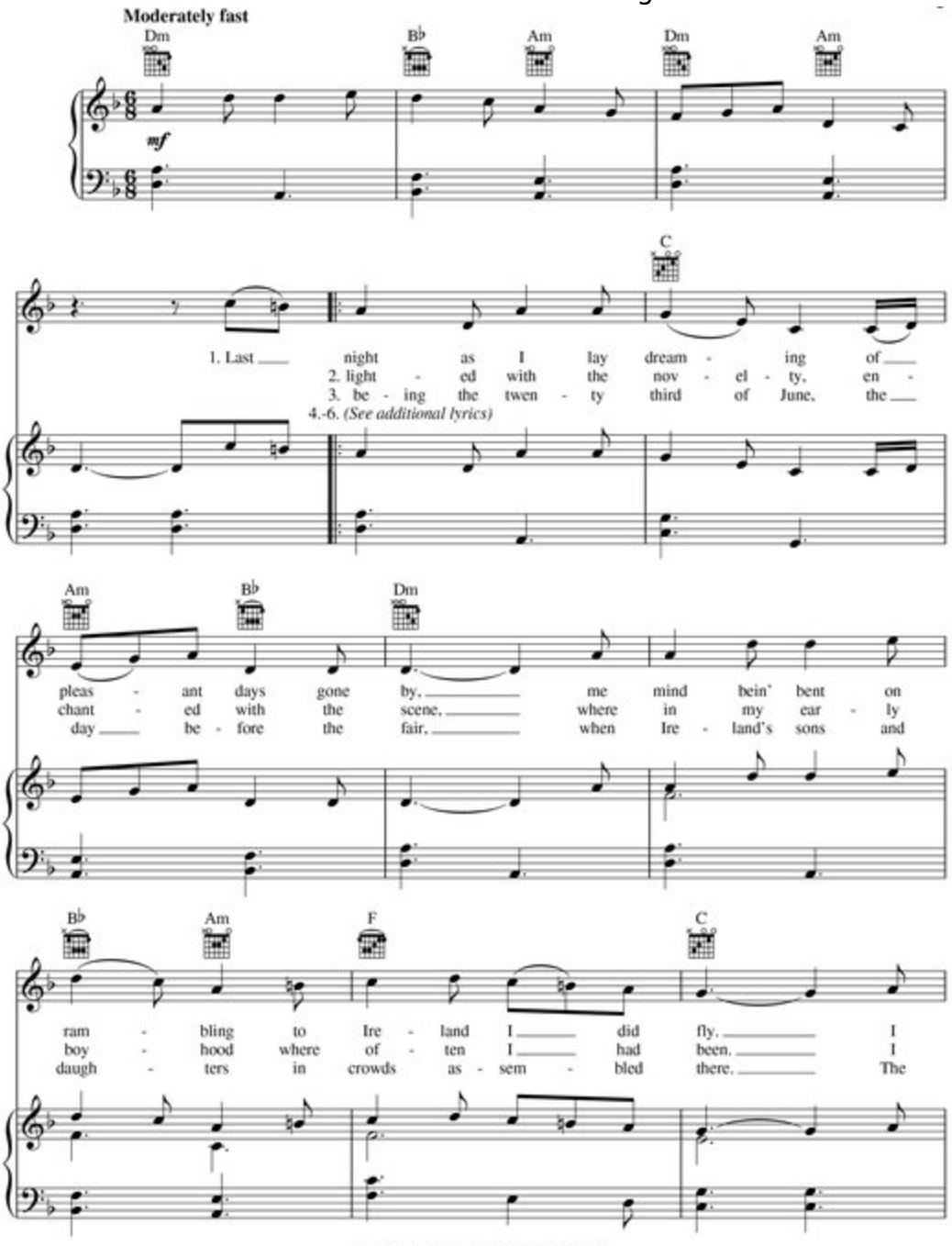
SPANCIL HILL

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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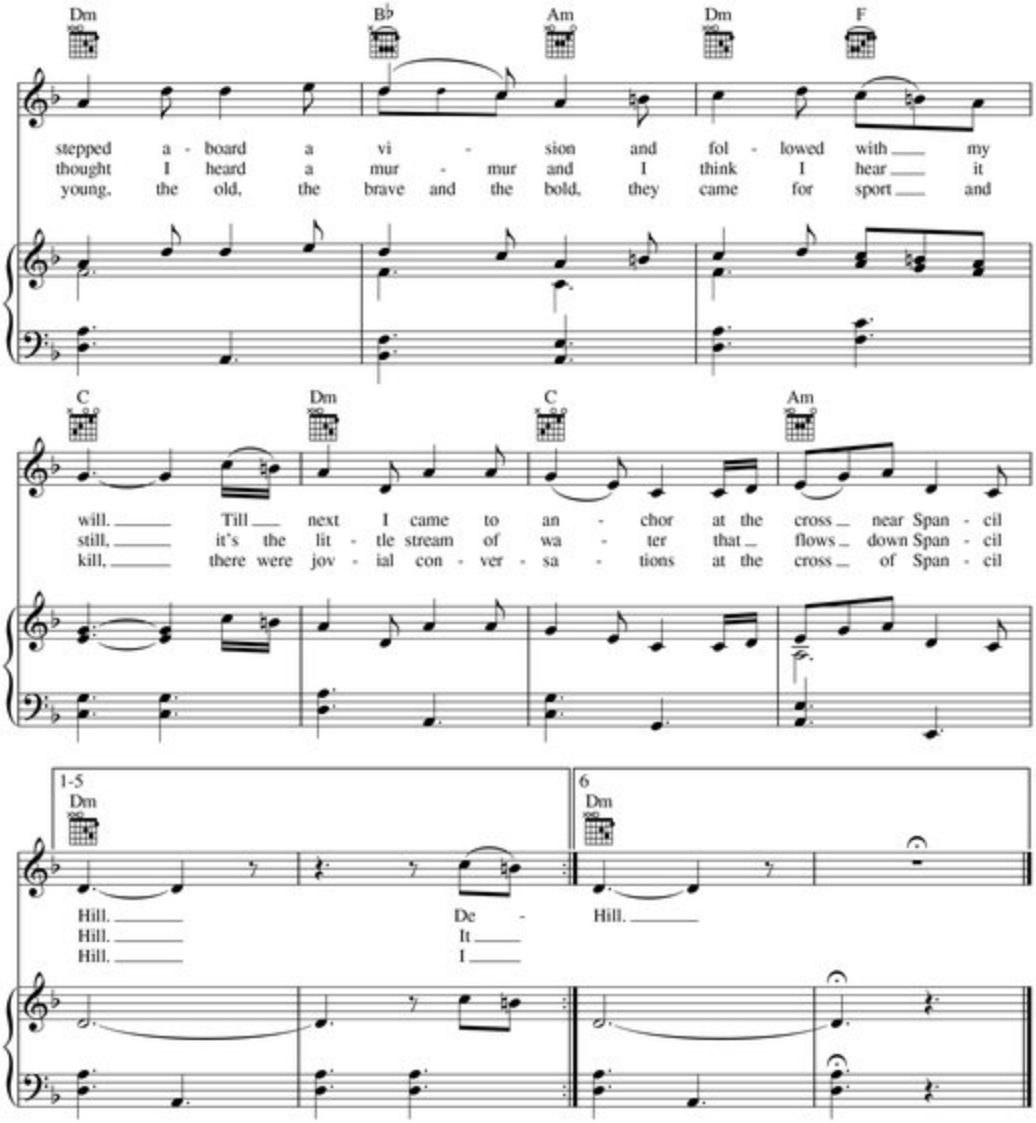

Additional Lyrics

4. I went to see my neighbors, to hear what they might say,
   The old ones were all dead and gone, the others turning grey.
   I met with tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
   Sure he used to make my britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.

5. I paid a flying visit to my first and only love,
   She's white as any lily and gentle as a dove.
   She threw her arms around me, saying, "Johnny, I love you still."

She’s Mag, the farmer’s daughter and the pride of Spancil Hill.

6. I dreamt I stooped and kissed her as in the days of yore.
   She said, “Johnny, you’re only joking, as many’s the time before.”
   The cock crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,
   And I woke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

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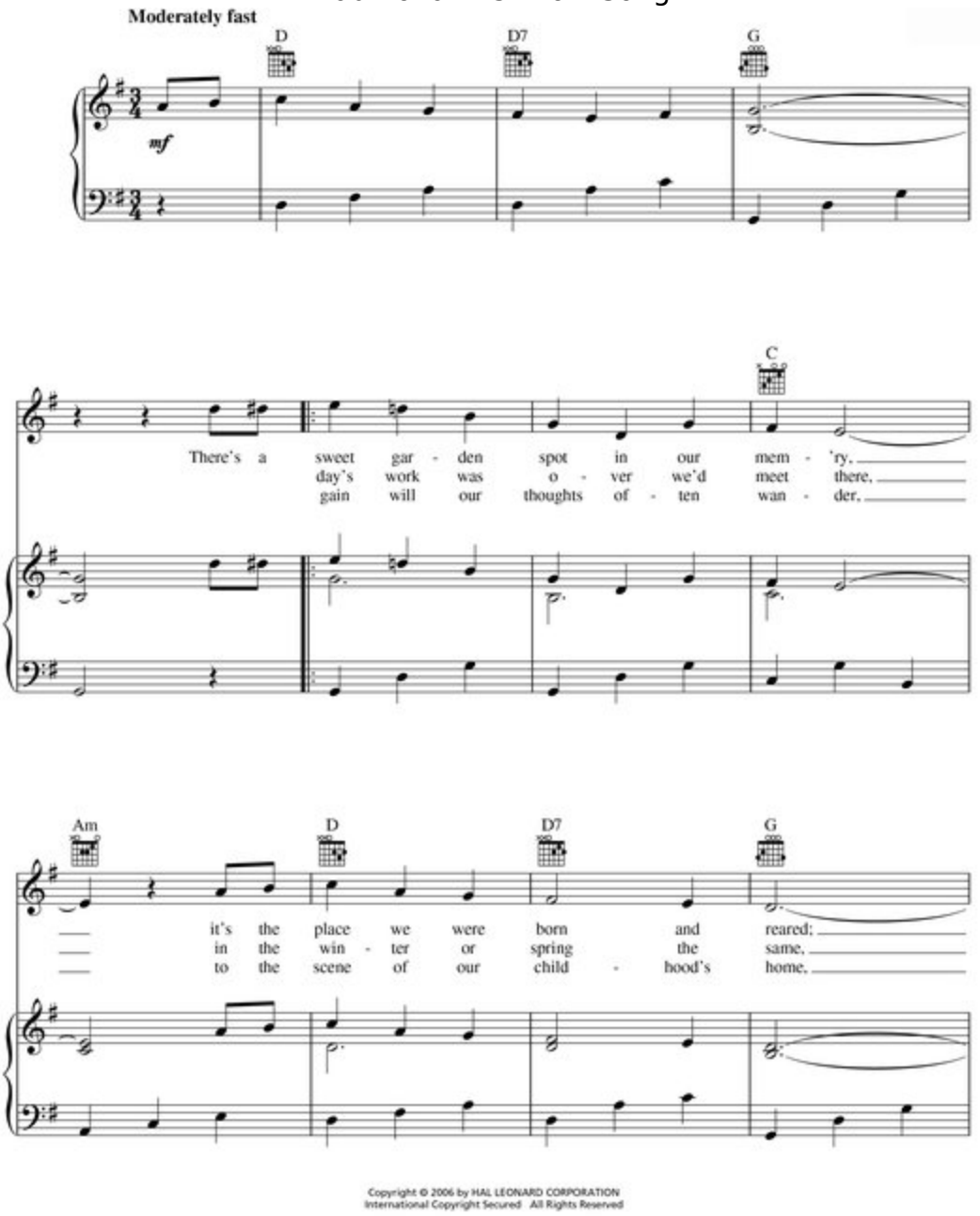
THE STONE OUTSIDE DAN MURPHY'S DOOR

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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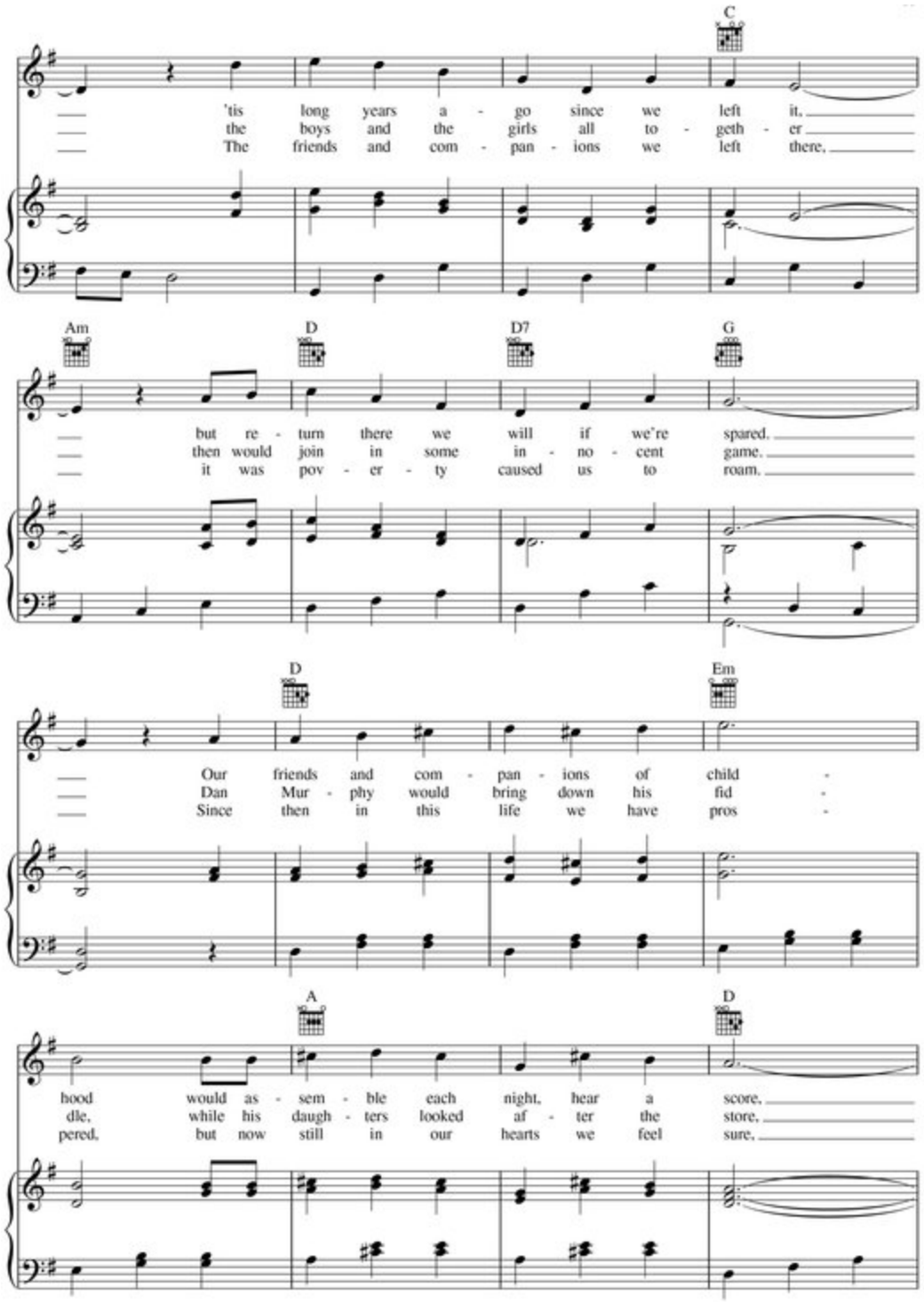
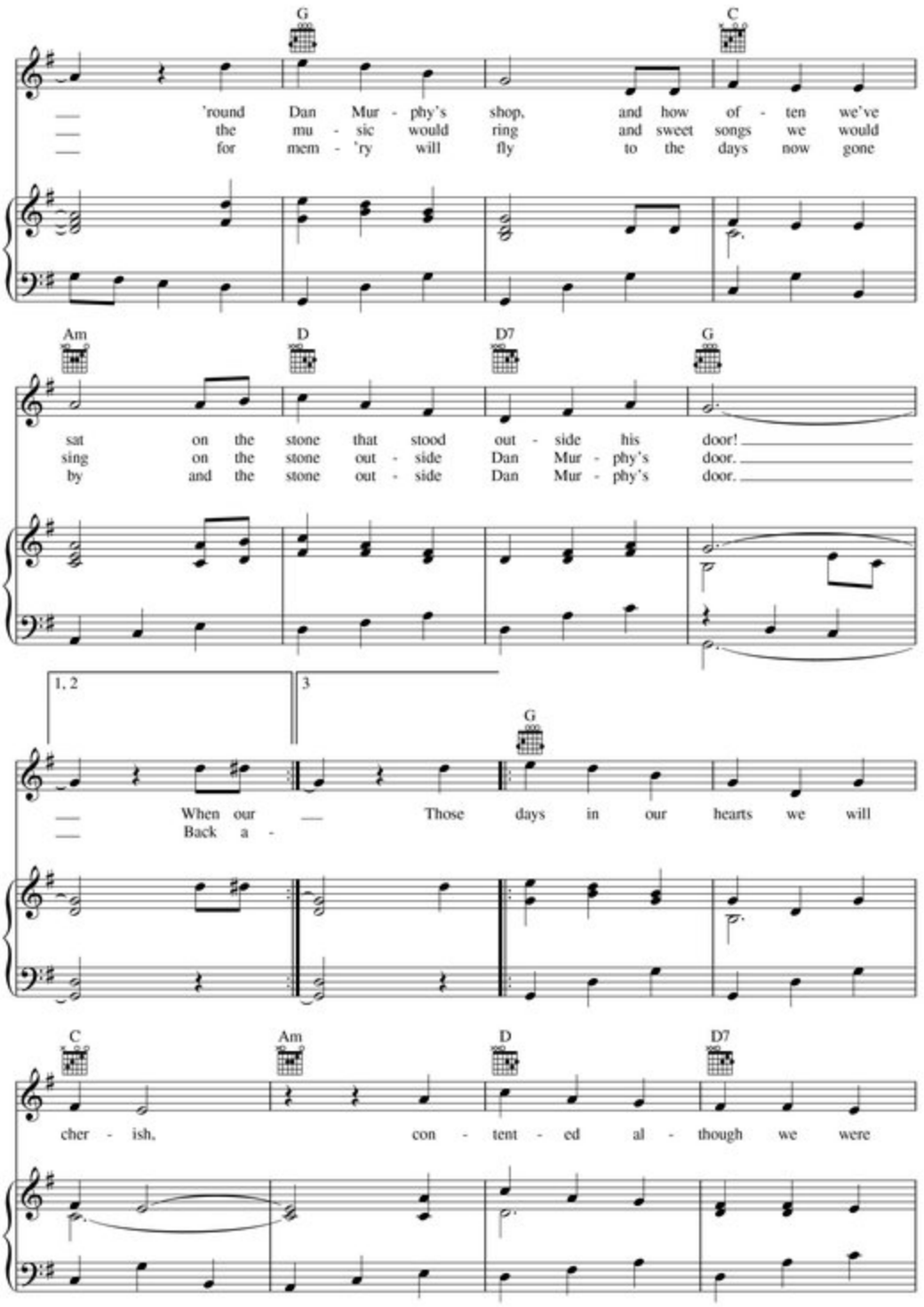
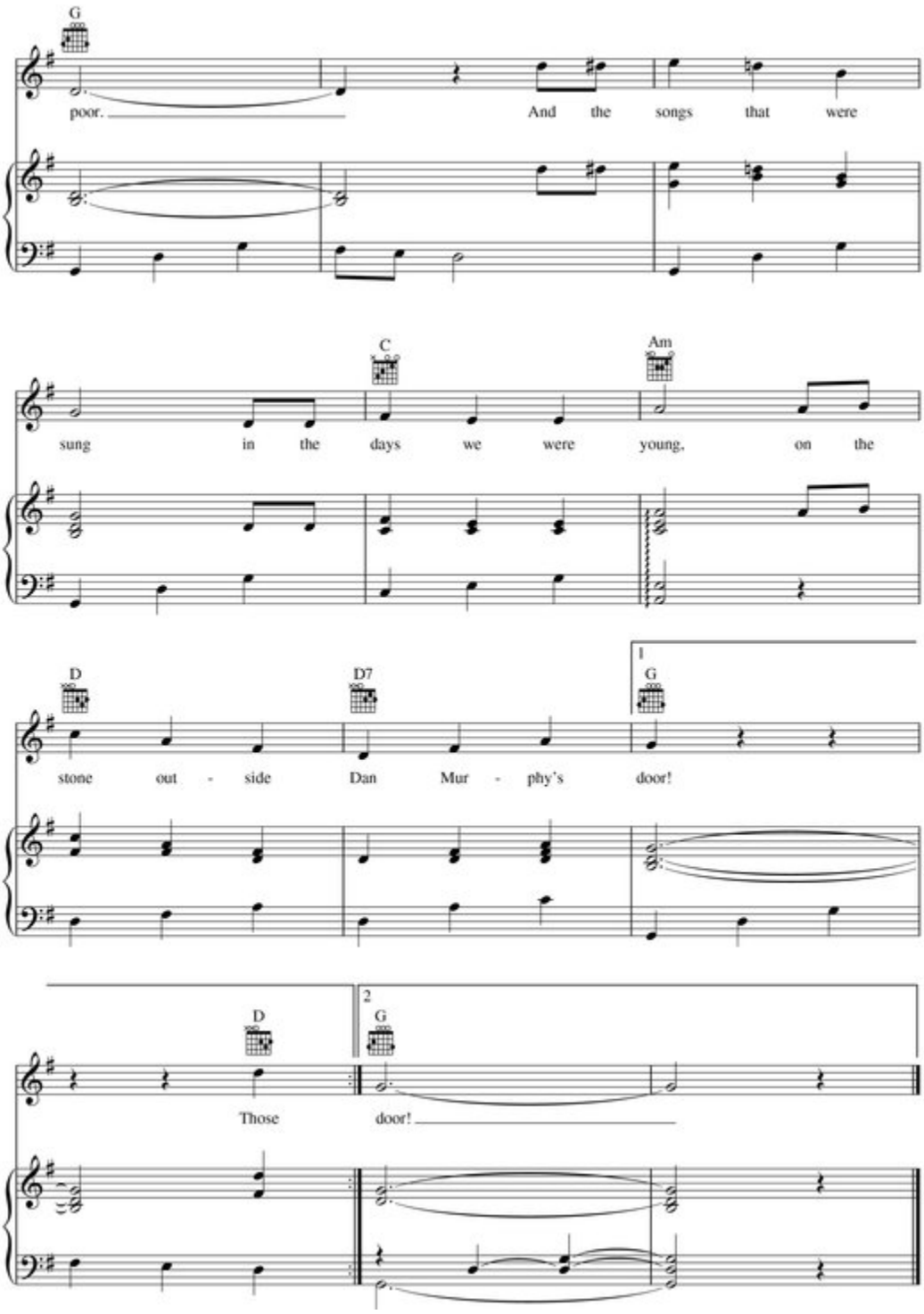

C
'tis long years a - go since we left it,
the boys and the girls all to - geth - er
The friends and com - pan - ions we left there,
Am
D
D7
G
but re - turn there we will if we're spared.
then would join in some in - no - cent game.
it was pov - er - ty caused us to roam.
D
Em
Our friends and com - pan - ions of child -
Dan Mur - phy would bring down his fid -
Since then in this life we have pros -
A
D
hood would as - sem - ble each night, hear a score,
dle, while his daugh - ters looked af - ter the store,
pered, but now still in our hearts we feel sure,


G
C
'round Dan Mur - phy's shop, and how of - ten we've
the mu - sic would ring and sweet songs we would
for mem - 'ry will fly to the days now gone
Am
D
D7
G
sat on the stone that stood out - side his door!
sing on the stone out - side Dan Mur - phy's door.
by and the stone out - side Dan Mur - phy's door.
1, 2
3
G
When our Those days in our hearts we will
Back a -
C
Am
D
D7
cher - ish, con - tent - ed al - though we were



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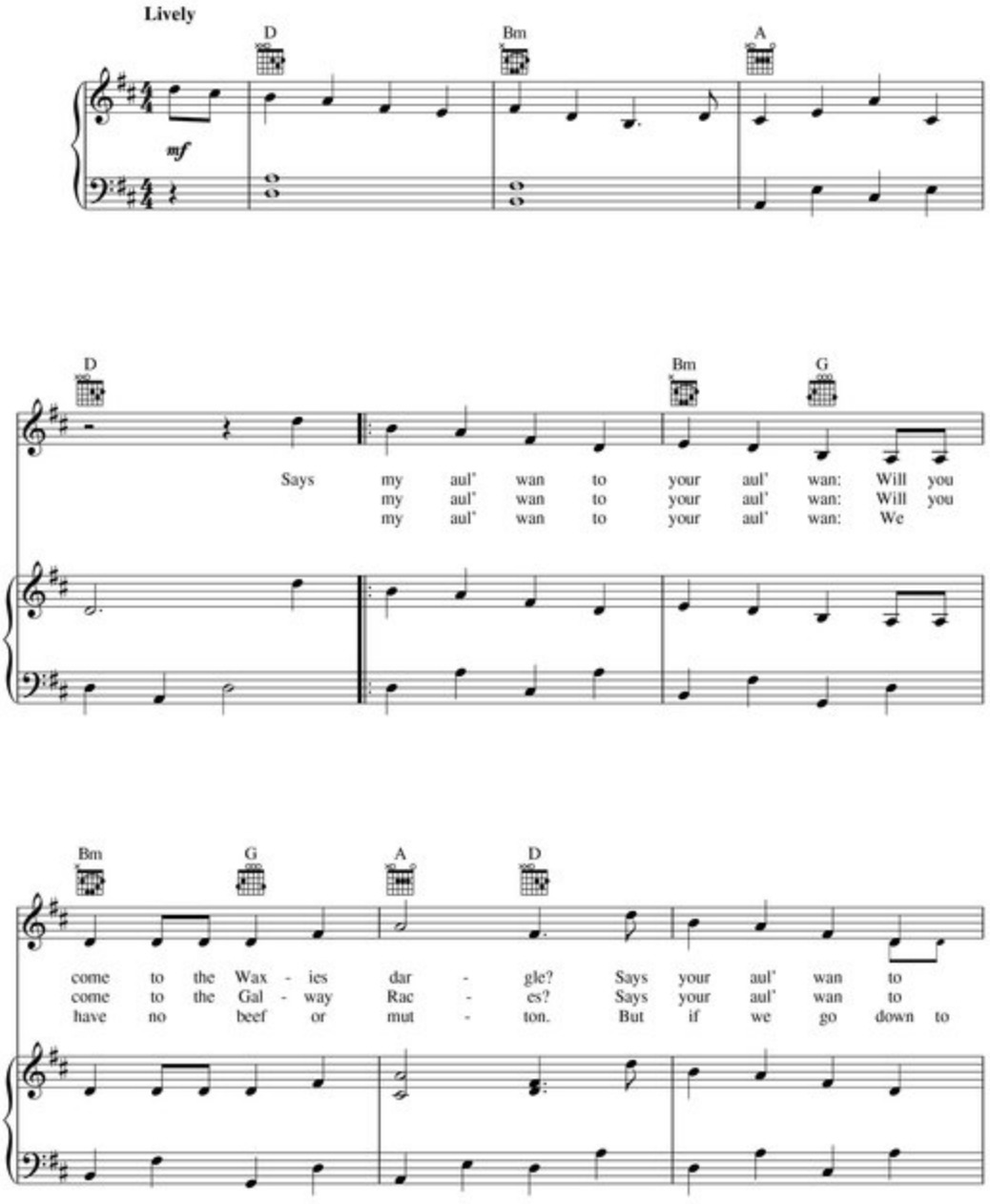
THE WAXIES DARGLE

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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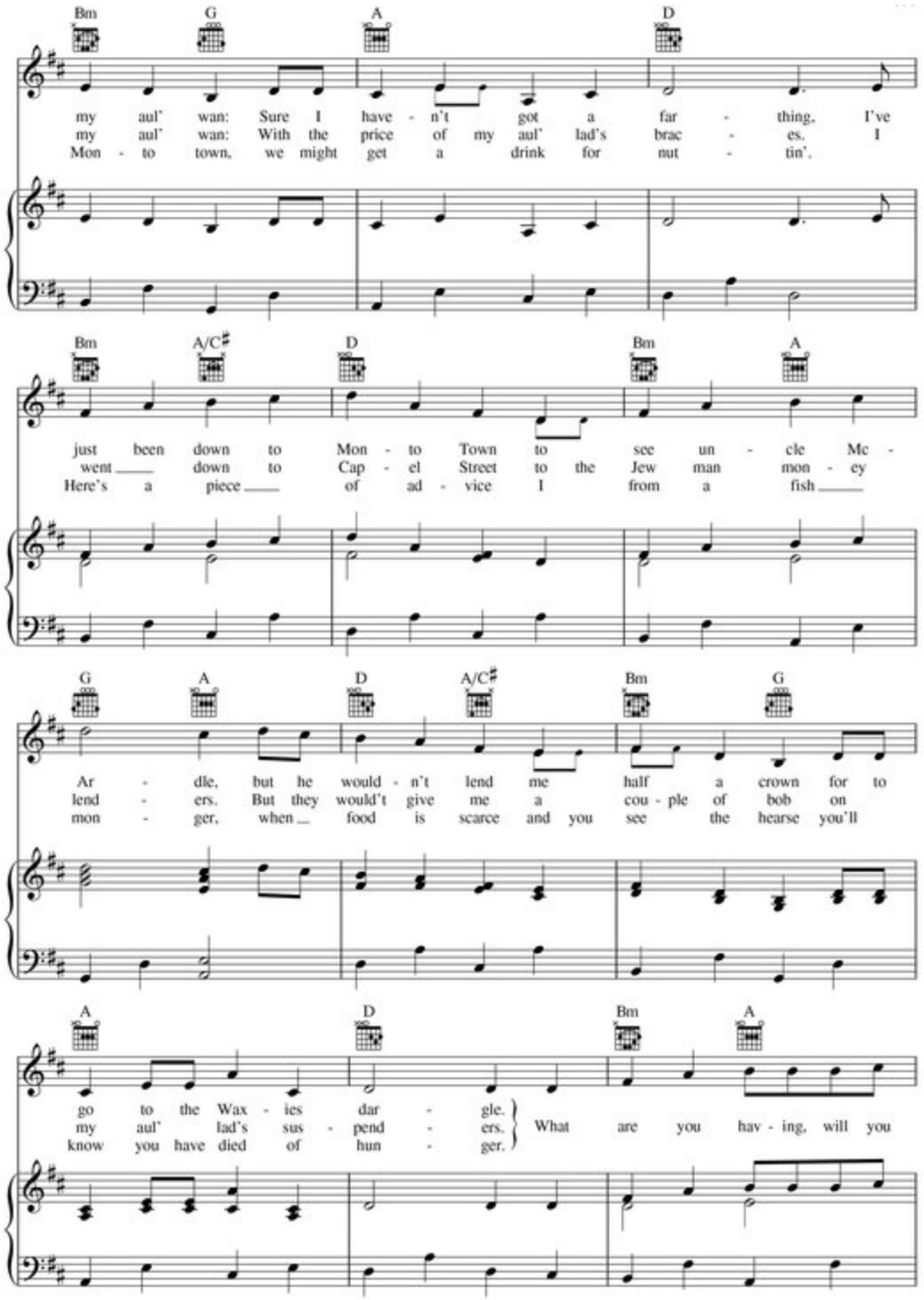
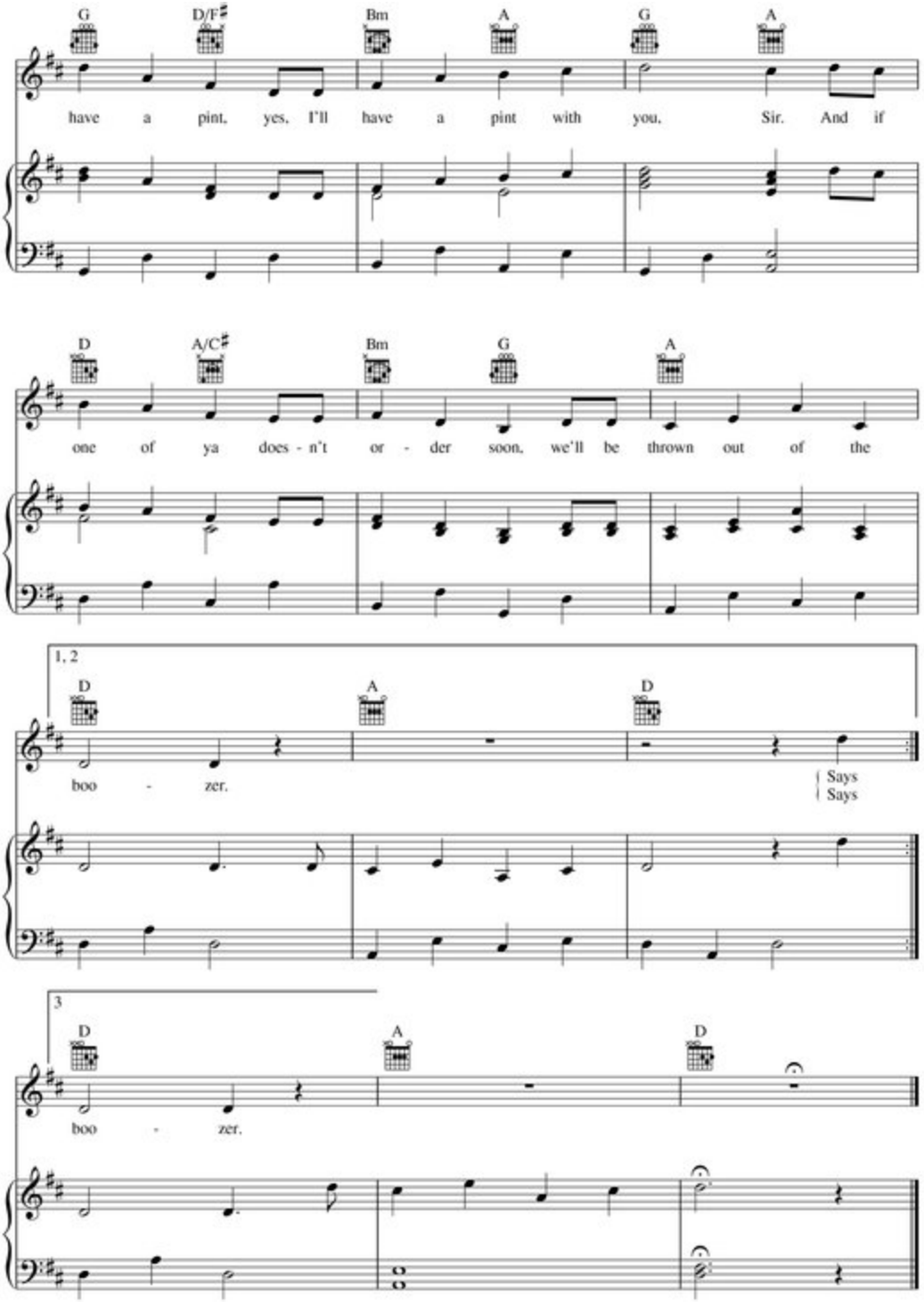

Bm G A D
my aul' wan: Sure I have - n't got a far - thing, I've
my aul' wan: With the price of my aul' lad's brac - es, I
Mon - to town, we might get a drink for nut - tin'.
Bm A/C♯ D Bm A
just been down to Mon - to Town to see un - cle Mc -
went down to Cap - el Street to the Jew man mon - ey
Here's a piece of ad - vice I from a fish
G A D A/C♯ Bm G
Ar - dle, but he would - n't lend me half a crown for to
lend - ers, But they would't give me a cou - ple of bob on
mon - ger, when food is scarce and you see the hearse you'll
A D Bm A
go to the Wax - ies dar - gle.
my aul' lad's sus - pend - ers.
know you have died of hun - ger.
What are you hav - ing, will you



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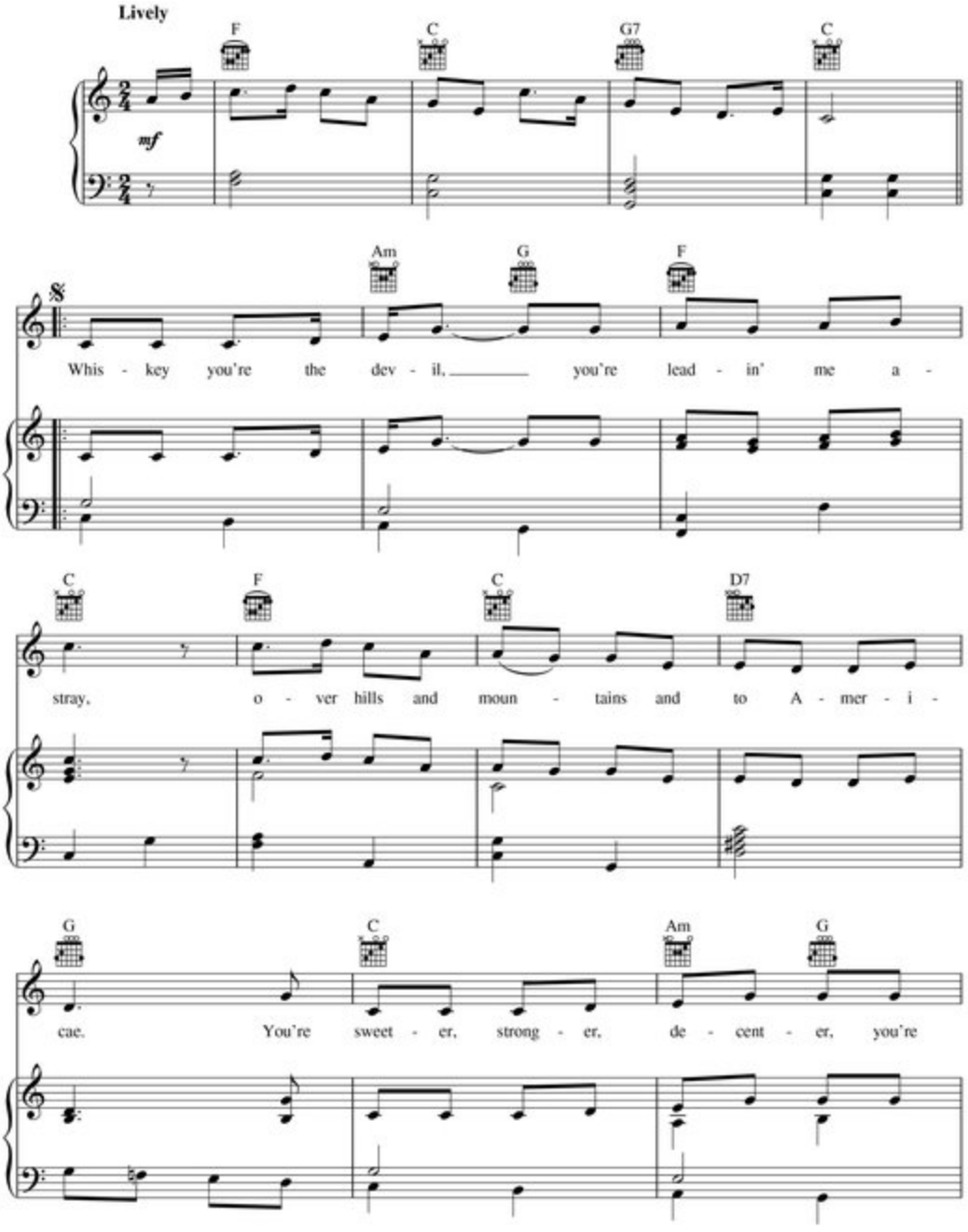
WHISKEY, YOU'RE THE DEVIL

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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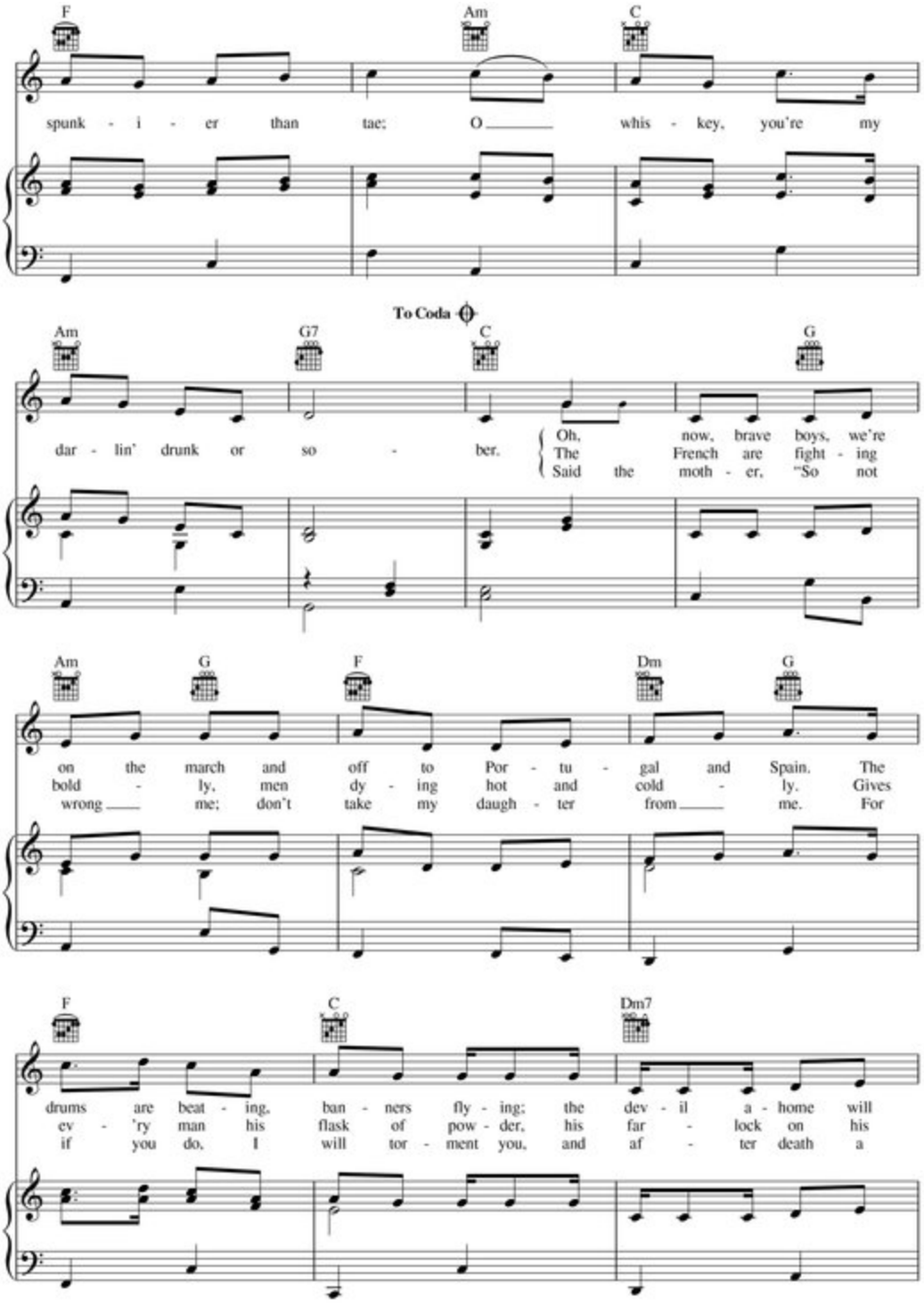
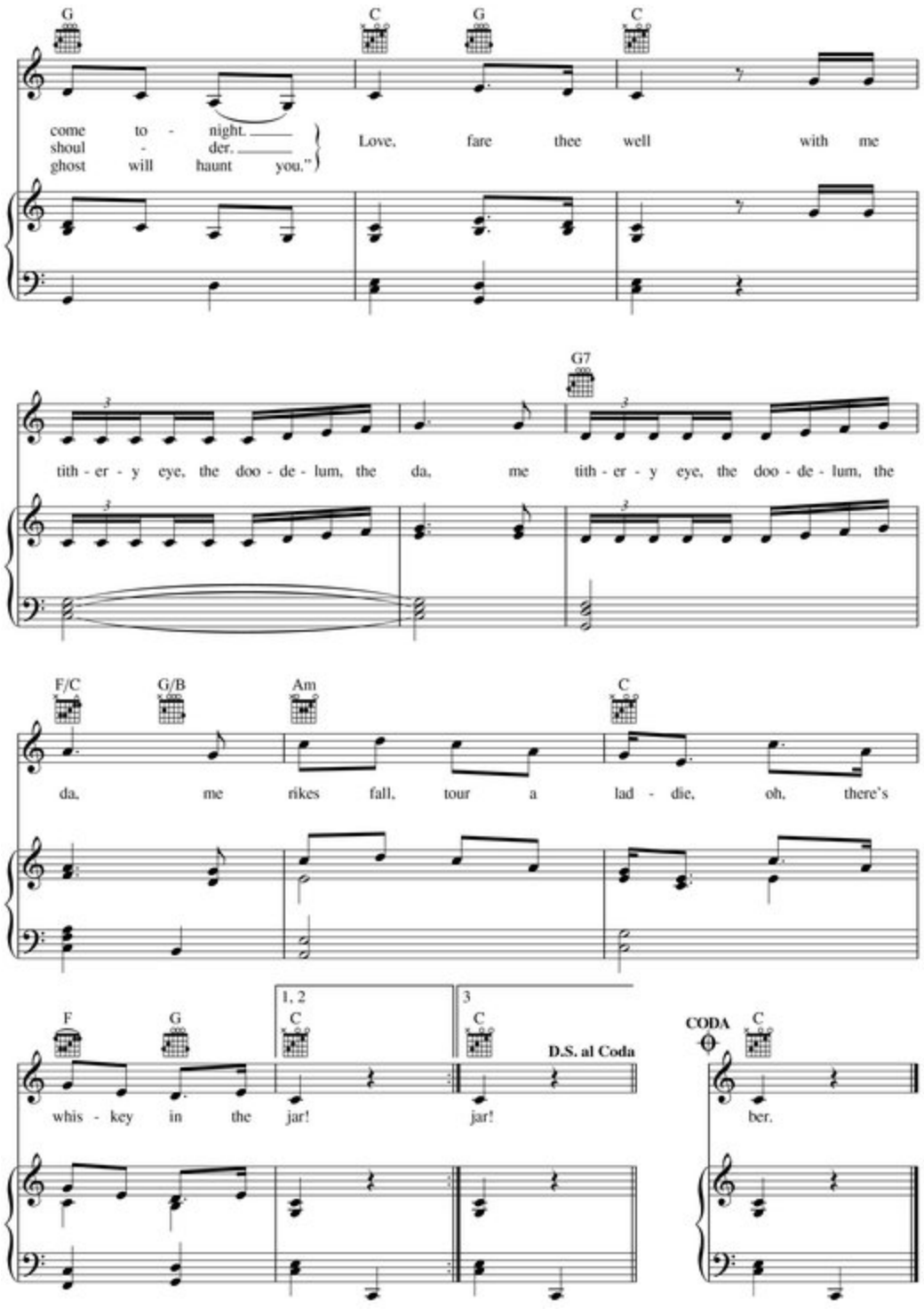

F
Am
C
spunk - i - er than tae; O whis - key, you're my
To Coda
Am
G7
C
G
dar - lin' drunk or so - ber.
Oh, now, brave boys, we're
The French are fight - ing
Said the moth - er, "So not
Am
G
F
Dm
G
on the march and off to Por - tu - gal and Spain. The
bold - ly, men dy - ing hot and cold - ly. Gives
wrong me; don't take my daugh - ter from me. For
F
C
Dm7
drums are beat - ing, ban - ners fly - ing; the dev - il a - home will
ev - 'ry man his flask of pow - der, his far - lock on his
if you do, I will tor - ment you, and af - ter death a



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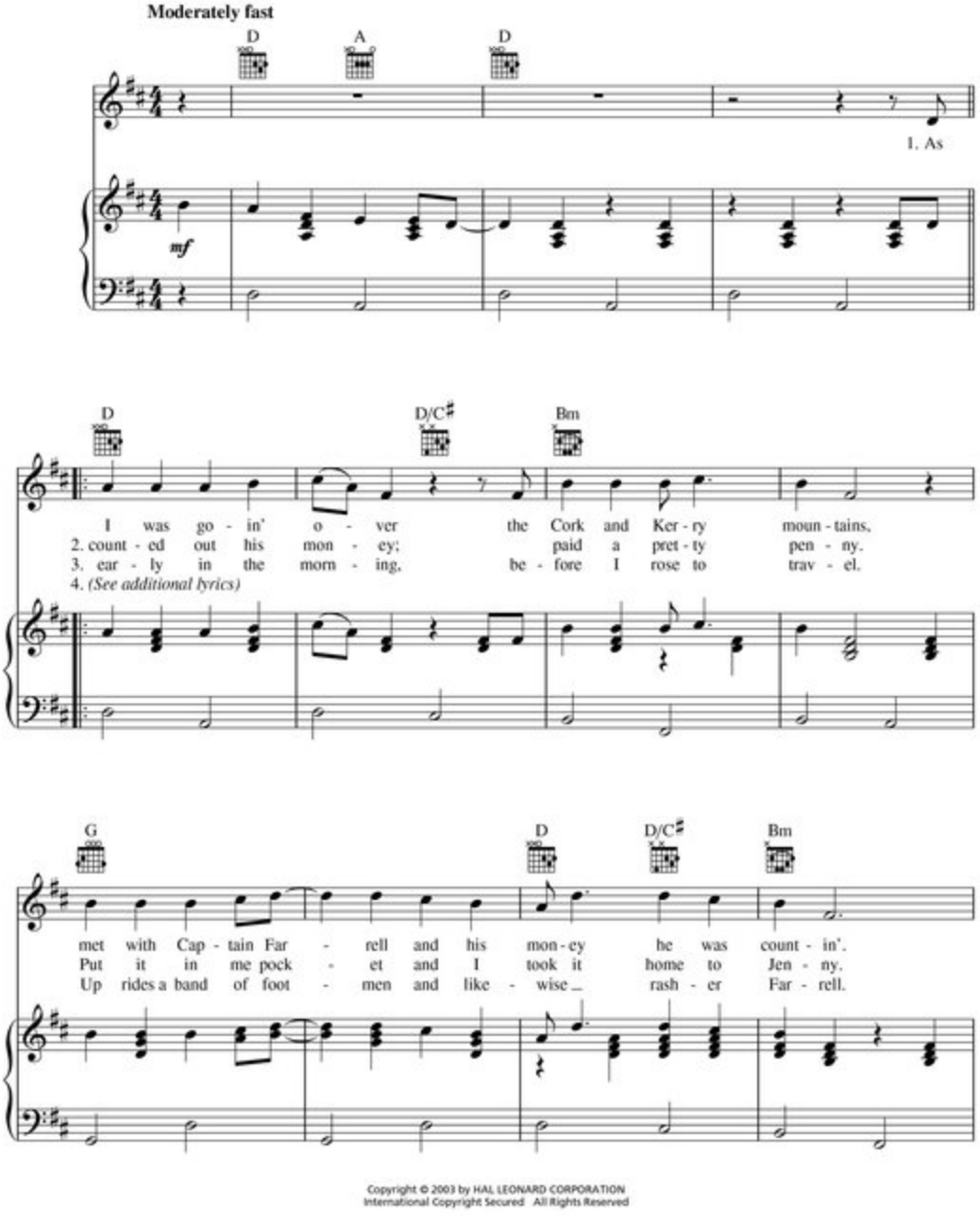
WHISKEY IN THE JAR

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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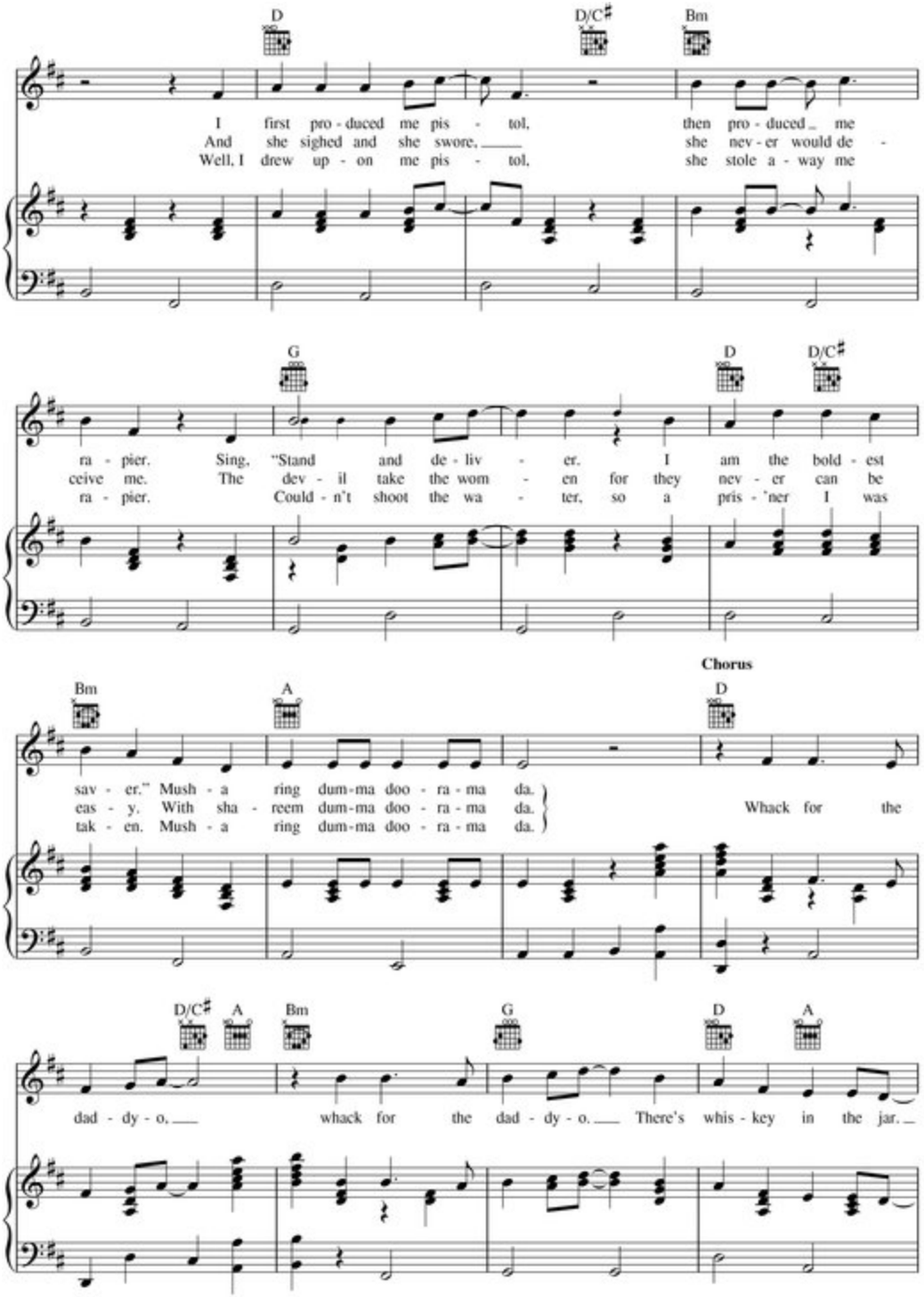
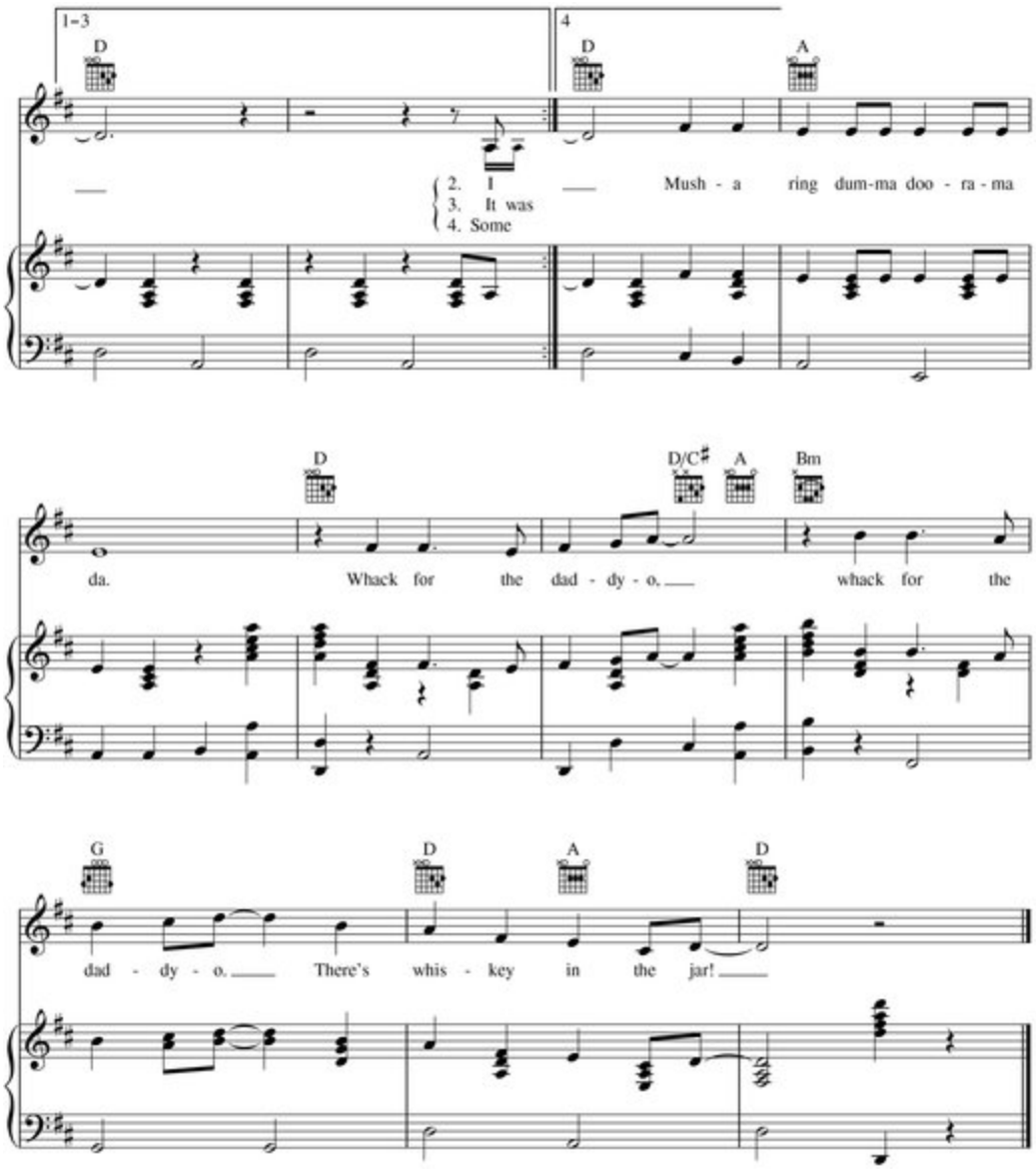

D
D/C♯
Bm
I first pro - duced me pis - tol, then pro - duced me
And she sighed and she swore, she nev - er would de -
Well, I drew up - on me pis - tol, she stole a - way me
G
D
D/C♯
ra - pier. Sing, "Stand and de - liv - er. I am the bold - est
ceive me. The dev - il take the wom - en for they nev - er can be
ra - pier. Could - n't shoot the wa - ter, so a pris - 'ner I was
Chorus
Bm
A
D
sav - er." Mush - a ring dum-ma doo - ra - ma da.
eas - y. With sha - reem dum-ma doo - ra - ma da.
tak - en. Mush - a ring dum-ma doo - ra - ma da.
Whack for the
D/C♯
A
Bm
G
D
A
dad - dy - o, whack for the dad - dy - o. There's whis - key in the jar.



Additional Lyrics

4. Some take delight in the fishin' and the fowlin'.
Others take delight in the carriage gently rollin'.
Ah, but I take delight in the juice of the barley;
Courtin' pretty women in the mountains of Killarney.
Musha ring dumma doo-rama da.
Chorus

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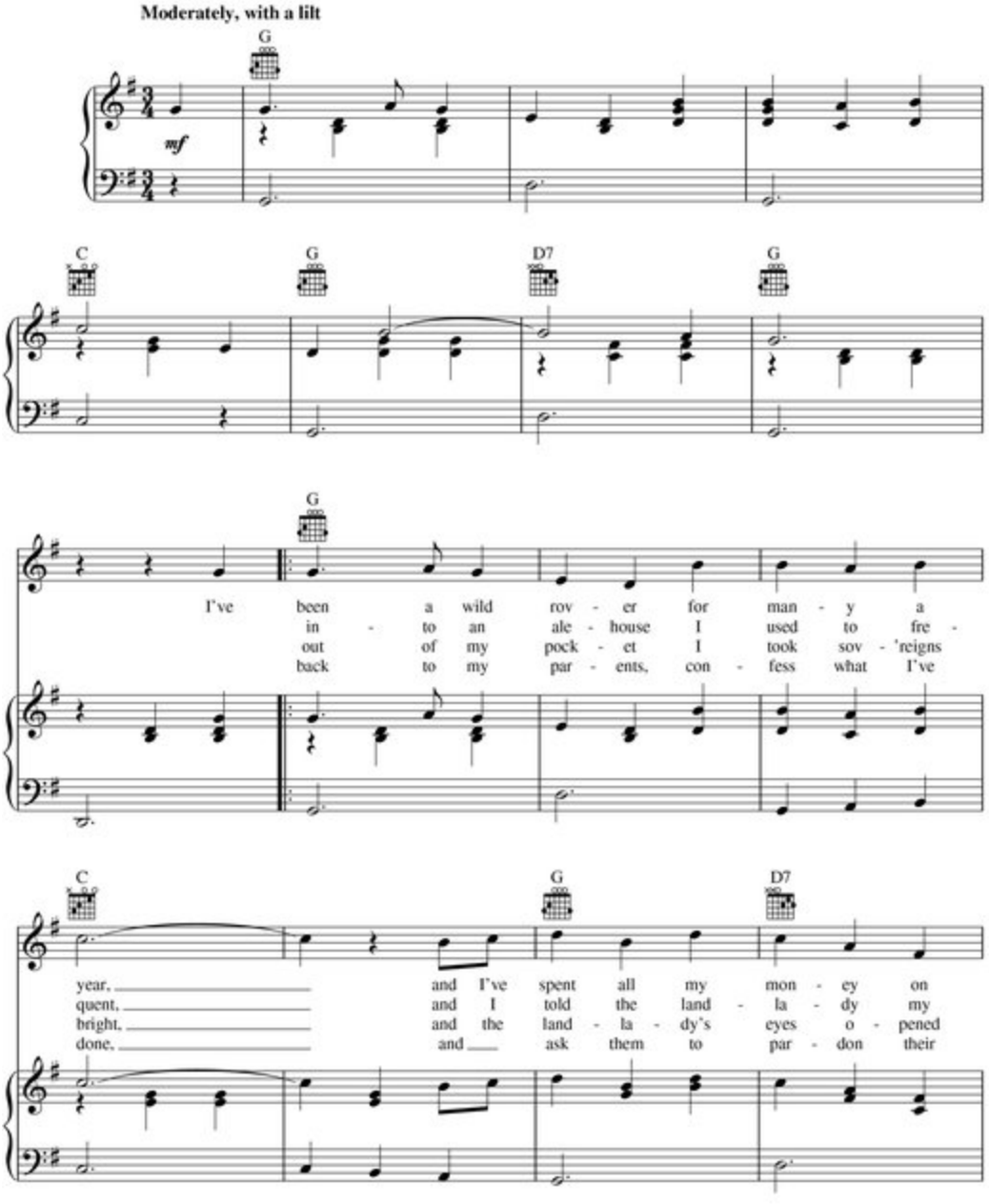
WILD ROVER

Traditional Irish Folk Song



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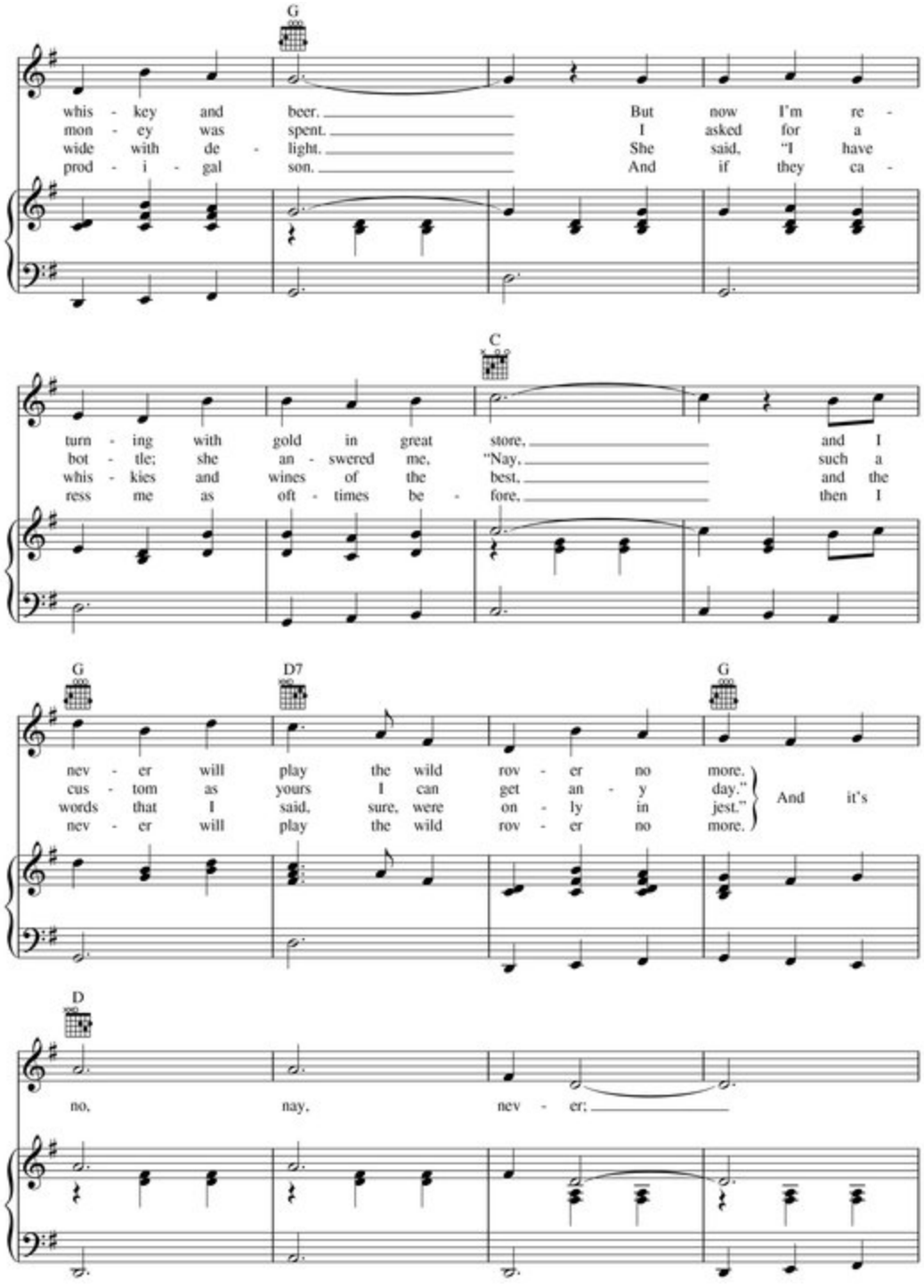
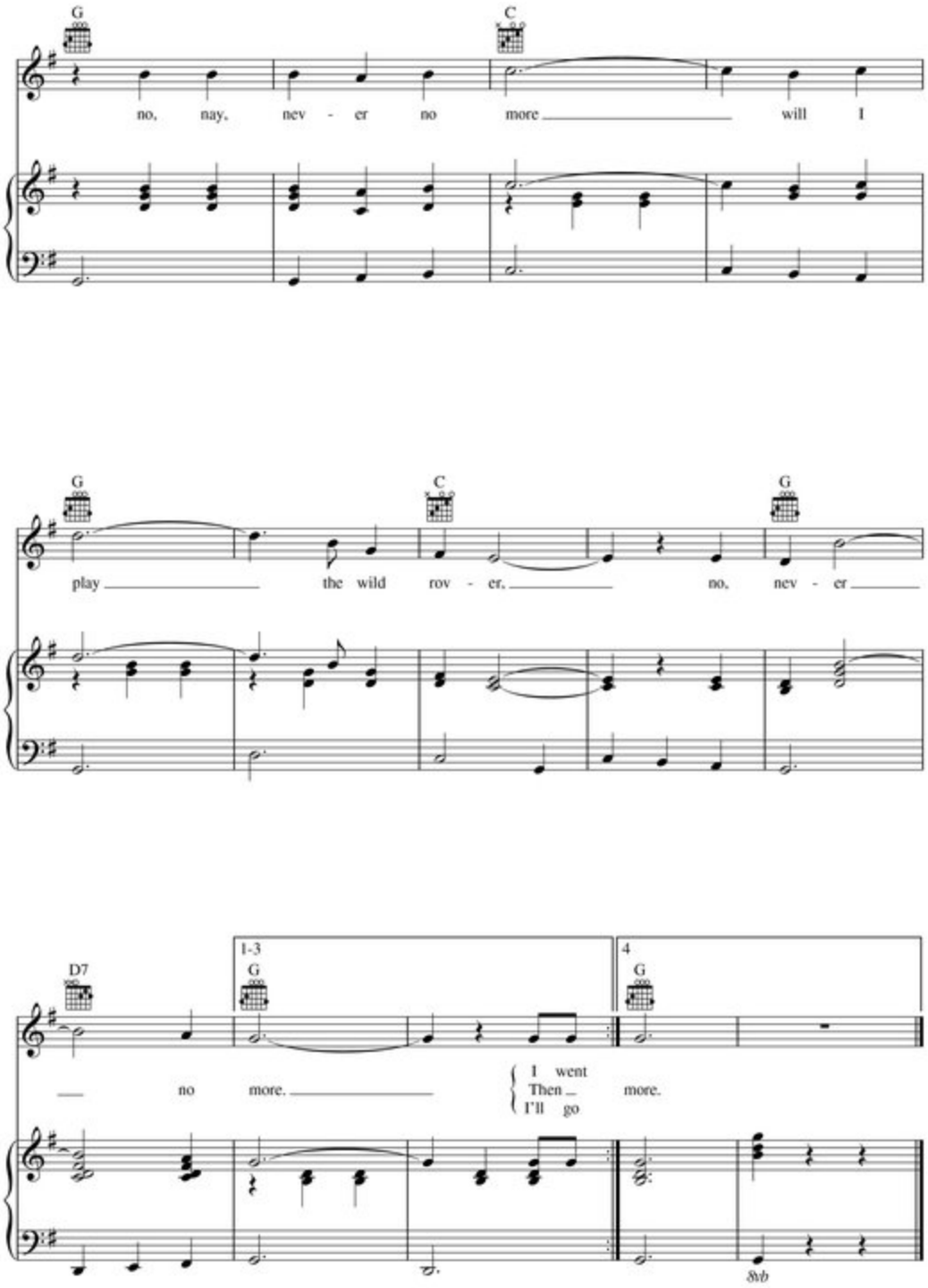

G
whis - key and beer.
mon - ey was spent.
wide with de - light.
prod - i - gal son.
But now I'm re -
I asked for a
She said, "I have
And if they ca -
C
turn - ing with gold in great store,
bot - tle; she an - swered me, "Nay,
whis - kies and wines of the best,
ress me as oft - times be - fore,
and I
such a
and the
then I
G
D7
G
nev - er will play the wild rov - er no more.
cus - tom as yours I can get an - y day."
words that I said, sure, were on - ly in jest."
nev - er will play the wild rov - er no more.
And it's
D
no, nay, nev - er;



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