



- Songbook of the 2nd Hessian Volunteer Infantry



Illustrated!

Two languages!



Songbook of the 2nd Hessian Volunteer Infantry

- In alphabetical order -





Allt för min grogg

G C G
Och det är allt för min grogg, du gamla fina grogg

G D
Allt för min grogg och min tobak!

G C D
För varenda fin sekin har jag bytt mot öl och vin

Em C D G
Och mot slutet färdas jag mot dunkla städer

Jag har knappt kommit hem från ett äventyr igen
Bytet snart i andras fickor träder
Jag har färdats världen runt, skådat redighet och strunt
Trötta ben mot krogen bär i alla väder

Var är mina skor? Mina gamla fina skor?
Borta, för brännvin och tobak!
fram där syntes mina tår, utav snören fanns ej spår
Bägge sulor hade slutat vara läder

Var är min skört? Min gamla fina skört?
Borta, för brännvin och tobak!
Skjortans krage hade hål, bröstet fläck av fläsk och svål
Det var länge sen den kunde kallas kläder

Var är min säng? Min gamla fina säng?
Borta, för brännvin och tobak!
Under fester, sprit och skrål, har den fått mer än den tål
Så till ved den blev och gick till sina fäder

Var är min vän? Min gamla fina vän?
Borta, för brännvin och tobak!
För hon tröttnade och drog, och lämna kvar mig på min krog
Nu jag hoppas hon någon bättre gläder

Var är min själ? Min gamla fina själ?
Borta, för brännvin och tobak!
Den var sliten, den var slut, och mot sprit den byttes ut
För var glas jag tar mitt samvete utspäder





Black Velvet Band

G C D
 In a neat little town they call Gelladry, Apprenticed to trade I was bound

G Em C D G
 And many an hour of sweet happiness, I spent in that neat little town

G C D
 Till sad misfortune came over me, Which caused me to stray from the land

G Em C D G
 Far away from me friends and relations, Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

Chorus:

G C D
 Her eyes they shown like the diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land

G Em C D G
 And her hair it hung over her shoulder, Tied up with the Black Velvet Band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, And the gentleman passing us by
 I knew the meant she the impearing of me, By the look of her roguish blackeye
 A goldwatch she took from his pocket, And she placed it right into me hand
 And the very first that I thought was, That looked like the black velvet band

Now before a judge and a jury, Next morning I had to appear
 Oh the judge he said to me Young man, Your case is proven clear
 You'll be given seven years of penal servitude, You'll be sentenced to a far away land.
 Far away from your friends and relations, Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

So come all ye jolly young fellows, And a warning you take by me
 When you are out on the town to drink me lads, Beware of the pretty colleens
 For they'll feed you with strong drinks "More Yeah", untill you are unable to stand
 And the very next thing that you know me lads, You've landed in Van Diemen's Land





Brown bycocket

C F C
There's an uniform that's hanging in what's known as father's room

G
An uniform so simple in its style

C F C
It has no braid of gold or silk no hat with feathered plume

F G C
Yet the mother has preserved it all the while

F C
One day she made me try it on, a wish of mine for years
Am

"In memory of your father, son" she said
C F
And when I put the helmet on she was smiling with the tears

F G C
And placed the brown bycocket on me head!

Chours:

G C F C
It's just a brown bycocket with ribbons frayed and torn

C
By the careless whisk of many a mountain breeze

F C
An old wool coat that's all battle stained and worn

F G C
And hoses almost threadbare at the knees

F C
A thick leatherbelt with buckle big and strong

C Am
A scabbard that's been empty many's a day (but not for long!)

C F
When we claim Hiessia's freedom, the ones you'll choose to lead them

G C
Will wear the brown bycocket of the volunteers!

It was the uniform been worn by me father long ago
When he reached me mothers homestead on the run
It was the uniform me father wore in that little church below
When oul Father Mac he blessed the pair as one
And after truce and treaty and the parting of the ways
He wore it when he marched out with the rest (and the best!)
And when they bore his body down that rugged heather braes
They placed the brown bycocket on his breast





Chemical workers song

Em D Em
 And it's go boys go,
 G Em
 They'll time your every breath,
 G Em
 And every day you're in this place
 G D Em
 You're two days nearer death
 Em
 But you go

Em G Em
 A process man am I and I'm telling you no lie
 Em G Em
 I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky
 Em D G D
 There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air
 Em G Em D Em
 There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair

Well I've worked among the spinners and I breathe the oily smoke
 I've shovelled up the gypsum and it nigh on makes you choke
 I've stood knee deep in cyanide, got sick with a caustic burn
 Been workin' rough, I've seen enough to make your stomach turn

There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore
 The young men like their money and they all come back for more
 But soon you're knockin' on and you look older than you should
 For every bob made on the job, you pay with flesh and blood

Well a Process Man am I and I'm tellin' you no lie
 I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky
 There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air
 There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair

And it's go boys go
 They'll time your every breath
 And every day you're in this place
 You're two days nearer death
 And it's go boys go
 They'll time your every breath
 And every day you're in this place
 You're two days nearer death
 But you go....





Den stora klockan slår

C G C
Den stora klockan slår, dov är den klockans malm
C F G C
den ringer över nejden sin entoniga psalm
C G C
Den ringer över nejden som nyss har legat tyst
C F G C
den ringer ut sin liksång över flickan som jag kysst
F G C
över flickan som jag kysst

Jag for mig över havet efter hennes avskedskyss
bort mot fjärran länder for jag fram i maklig kryss
jag tänkte tjäna silver till vårt giftermål såklart
att lägga till det lilla som jag redan hade spart
som jag redan hade spart

I armén fick jag en plats för nån annan hade dött
på röda slakhuslätter så offerar jag mitt kött
men vi vann väl för det mesta, jag vann en påse guld
och tanken på min flicka uttraderade min skuld
utraderade min skuld

Med guld och glad i sinnet for jag hem med hjärtat lätt
men jag möts av onda tider, "har du hört vad som har skett?"
det är krig är uti landet, det är ofärdstid och nöd
och fienden har plundrat, din käreasta är död
ja din käreasta är död

Den stora klockan slår, dov är den klockans malm
den ringer över nejden sin entoniga psalm
Den ringer över nejden som nyss har legat tyst
den ringer ut sin liksång över flickan som jag kysst
över flickan som jag kysst





Donnegal Danny

G C G C G
 I remember the night that he came in from the wintery cold and damp.
 Em C D
 A giant of a man in an oilskin coat and the bundle that told he was a tramp.
 G C G C G
 He stood at the bar and he called a pint then turned and gazed at the fire.
 Em C D
 On a night like this to be safe and dry is my one and only desire.

G C G
 So here's to those who are dead and gone.
 D
 The friends that I loved dear.
 G C G
 And here's to you and I'll bid you adieu.
 D G Em G D G
 Sayin' Donegal Danny's been here me boys, Donegal Danny's been here.

Then in a voice that was hushed and low he said "Listen, I'll tell you a tale"
 How a man of the sea became a man of the road and never more will set sail
 I fished out of Howth and Killybegs, Ardglass and Baltimore
 But the cruel sea has beat'n me and I'll end my days on The shore

One fateful night in the wind and the rain we set sail From Killybegs town
 There were five of us from sweet Donegal and one from County Down
 We were fishermen who worked the sea and never counted the cost
 But I never thought 'ere that night was done, that my fine friends would all be lost

Then the storm it broke and drove the boat, to the rocks about ten miles from shore
 As we fought the tide, we hoped inside to see our homes once more
 Then we struck a rock and holed the bow and all of us knew that she'd go down
 So we jumped right into the icy sea and prayed to god We wouldn't drown

But the ragin' sea was risin' still as we struck out for the land
 And she fought with all her cruelty to claim that gallant band
 By Saint John's point in the early dawn I dragged myself on the shore
 And I cursed the sea for what she'd done and vowed to sail her never more

Ever since that night I've been on the road, travelin' and tryin' to forget
 That awful night I lost all my friends, I see their faces yet
 And often at night when the sea is high and the rain is tearing at my skin
 I hear the cries of drowning men, floating over on the wind

Ref x 2





En till taler

G D G
För länge sen, jag drog iväg
C D G
på äventyr ut i världen
G D G
Men bakom var vägkrök fanns ännu en väg
C D G
och lång och slitsam blev färden

Jag sände hem pengar, men framförallt
skrev jag att "Jag snart är hemma
För nästa uppdrag betalar allt
och jag kommer hem för alltid!"

Em C D G
En till taler, för att klara dan
Em C D G
En till taler, jag ska iväg
Em C D G
När jag är åter, jag stannar kvar
Em C D G
En till taler är alltings svar

Men jobben tröt, och vintern drog
sitt täcke över landen
Snart öl och tärningsspel på närmsta krog
mot mig fick överhanden

En till taler, för att klara dan
En till taler, jag ska iväg
När jag är åter
Jag stannar kvar
En till taler är alltings svar

För längesen, på äventyr
jag for, men ingen lycka stod mig bi
Så ge mig ett mynt, så nu när dagen gryr
Jag kanske kommer hem för alltid

En till taler, för att klara dan
En till taler, jag ska iväg
När jag är åter
Jag stannar kvar
En till taler är alltings svar

En till taler, och jag kommer hem





Finnegans Wake

C Am F G
 Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Hessian mighty odd
 C Am F G C
 He had a brogue both rich and sweet, an' to rise in the world he carried a hod
 C Am C Am
 You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way but the love for the liquor Tim was born
 C Am F G C
 To help him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

C Am F G
 Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner round the flure yer trotters shake!
 C Am F G C
 Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake!

One mornin' Tim was rather full, His head felt heavy, which made him shake
 He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull, And they carried him home his corpse
 to wake
 They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, And laid him out upon the bed
 With a gallon of whiskey at his feet, And a barrel of porter at his head

His friends assembled at the wake, And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
 First they brought in tay and cake, Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
 Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
 Tim Mavourneen why did you die?", "Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee

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

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head, When a bucket of whiskey flew at him
 It missed and falling on the bed, The liquor scattered over Tim
 Tim revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed
 Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes, Thundering giods, do you think I'm
 dead?"





Free and green

G Em
 Captain Taggart took the field
 C Am
 With his men as hard as steel
 C Am D
 And we drove the bloody rebels to the sea
 G Em
 Before the guns were stilled
 C D
 There were many hundreds killed
 Em Am G
 There's many a Hessian lassie sad tonight

Intro (twice):
 D-D-Em-G
 D-D-C-Am
 D-D-Em-G
 D-C-Am-D

G Em
 When the smoke had cleared
 C Am
 It was just as we had feared
 C Am D
 Captain Taggart lay wounded on the ground
 G Em
 With his head upon my knee
 C D
 There he met eternity
 Em Am G
 I proudly closed his eyes and then I cried

Chorus:

D C D C
 Its whiskey in the mornin', whiskey in the night
 Am Em C G
 Another Hessian soldier-lad, has fought his final fight
 D C D G
 We'll toast him till were drunk Boys, and dowse the candle light
 C Am D G
 Tell them Captain Taggart, is comin' home tonight

Well, we took his body home
 And the drums and pipes did drone
 And pulled a fine black casket through the streets
 We told his grievin' wife
 That he loved her more than life
 And gave to his young son his father's sword

Now the people, they all dream
 Of an Hestia free and green
 Where nowhere can be heard the battle-cry
 The fighting's gone too long
 And it just drags on and on
 I'd like to know some peace before I die





I'll tell me ma

Chorus:

G
I'll tell me ma when I go home
D G
The boys won't leave the girls alone
G
They pull my hair, they stole my comb
D G
But that's all right till I go home
G C
She is handsome, she is pretty
G D
She is the belle of Gallway city
G C
She is a-courting one two three
G D G
Pray, would you tell me who is she

Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fighting for her
Knock at the door and they ring that bell
Oh my true love, are you well
Out she comes as white as snow
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murray says she will die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye



Chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high
And the snow come a-tumbling from the sky
She's as nice as apple pie
And she'll get her own lad by and by
When she gets a lad of her own
She won't tell her ma till she comes home
Let them all come as they will
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still

Chorus x 2





Ingenjörernas krutvisa

G C
På en av våra marcher i Cordoviens land
D C D G
där vi rövat och skövlat och satt städer i brand
G C
Vi intog en borg och förskansade oss
D C D G
Vi drack öl och åt mat, och vi väntade på att slåss

Ref.

G C
För kagge efter kagge, efter kagge, efter kagge
D C D G
efter kagge, efter kagge, fanns det krut i vårt förråd
G C
För kagge efter kagge, efter kagge, efter kagge
D C D G
efter kagge, efter kagge, fanns det krut i vårt förråd

Krut från öst och krut från väst,
men Cretzers krut det spränger mest!

Cordovernas armé, den var tusen sköldar bred
Där fanns ryttare och pikar i led efter led
Men vi hade kulor och kanoner i parti
Och ett lager så stort, med all vår eldkraft däri

För kagge efter kagge...

Belägringen begynte, och varje Cretzerknekt
slogs som hundra Cordover, i krutrökens fläkt
Som vågor mot klippan de kastades och bröts
och framför borgens murar Cordoverblodet göts

För kagge efter kagge...

Kula på kula mot fienderna rann
Vi laddade kanonerna med krut från hink och spann
Mörsarnas smällar och knektarnas skratt
sjöng ut ekande mörkret och ut i stridens natt

För kagge efter kagge...

När morgonen kom och solen gjorde sin plikt
såg man döda Cordover i ett tre famnars skikt
I fortet var redan segerfesten igång
Och från alla tappra knektar man hörde denna sång

För kagge efter kagge...





It's all for me grog

Ref:

 G C G
And it's all for me grog me jolly, jolly grog

G D
All for my beer and tobacco

 G C D
Well, I spent all me tin with the laddies drinkin' gin

 Em C D G
Far across the Western Ocean I must wander

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me plunder
I've seen centipedes and snakes and me head is full of aches
And I have to take a path for way out yonder

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots
They're all sold for beer and tobacco
See the soles they were thin and the uppers were lettin' in
And the heels were lookin' out for better weather

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt
It's all sold for beer and tobacco
You see the sleeves were all worn out and the collar been torn about
And the tail was lookin' out for better weather

Where is me wife, me noggin', noggin' wife
She's all sold for beer and tobacco
You see her front it was worn out and her tail I kicked about
And I'm sure she's lookin' out for better weather

Where is me bed, me noggin', noggin' bed
It's all sold for beer and tobacco
You see I sold it to the girls until the springs were all in twirls
And the sheets they're lookin' out for better weather

Ref x 2





Molly Malone

C Am
 In the fairest of city,
 Dm G
 where the girls are so pretty,
 C Em Dm G
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
 C Am
 As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
 Dm G
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 C Em G C
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

[Chorus]
 C Am
 Alive, alive, oh,
 Dm G
 Alive, alive, oh
 C Em G C
 Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

She was a fishmonger
 And sure, t'was no wonder
 For so were her mother and father before
 And they wheeled their barrow
 Through the streets broad and narrow
 Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
 Alive, alive, oh
 Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She died of a fever
 And sure, so one could save her
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
 Now her ghost wheels her barrow
 Through the streets broad and narrow
 Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
 Alive, alive, oh
 Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
 Alive, alive, oh
 Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"





My bonnie hessian lass

C Am Dm F G
 Come over the hills, my bonnie Hessian lass
 C Am F G
 Come over the hills to your darling
 F Em F Am G
 You choose the rose love, and I'll make the vow
 C Am Dm G C
 And I'll be your true love forever

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

T'was down in Ardfinnan's green woods that we strayed
 When the moon and the stars they were shining
 The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair
 And she swore she'd be my love forever

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

It's not for the parting that my sister pains
 It's not for the grief of my mother
 It's all for the loss of my bonnie hessian lass
 That my heart is breaking forever

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

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





Rising of the moon

D A
 And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so
 G D A D
 Hush a bhuachaill, hush and listen and his cheeks were all aglow
 A
 I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon
 G D A D
 For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon

Chorus:

D A
 At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
 G D A D
 For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be
 At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me
 One more word for signal token, whistle out the marching tune
 With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

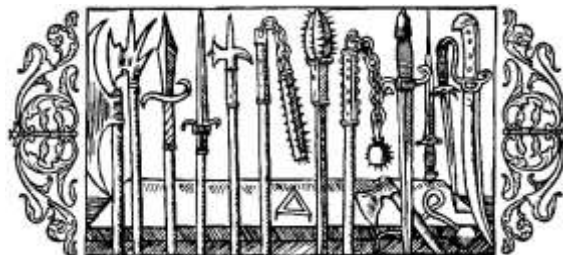
At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
 With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

Out from many a mud walled cabin eyes were watching through the night
 Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed morning's light
 Murmurs ran along the valley to the banshee's lonely croon
 And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
 And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

All along that singing river, that black mass of men was seen
 High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green
 Death to every foe and traitor, whistle out the marching tune
 And hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the moon

'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon
 And hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the moon!





Shannon O'dean

C Am
Det var jag och min halvsyster Shannon O'Dean
F C Dm F
Som en sommarkväll skulle till byn Little Green
C F C Am
Med kransar i håret och stämd mandolin
C G
för att dricka till sena natten
C Am
Men halvvägs vi mötte tre knektar som stod
F C Dm F
i begrepp att vid vadstället korsa den flod
C F C Am
som skiljer byarna åt. Man såg deras högmod
C G C
inramat av vaggande vatten

Mellanspel: C F C G

“Godkväll” sade webeln, och tillade att
”Vi tar gärna ert sällskap på vägen i natt
Vi är värvare och vill få truppen fullsatt
Så för er finns det pengar att tjäna”
Men jag och min halvsyster såg på varann
för en dönerknekts saga är sällan så sann
Och jag sa ”Vi kan inget med vapen i hand
och vill nog helst gå hem suveräna”

Men kampfrun i gruppen klev fram och la till
att ”Som knektar ni tjänar så mycket ni vill
ni får härliga dagar, kontrakt och sigill
Ja, var eviga kväll ska det festas”
”Ni får etthundra taler på stående fot
För er underskrift här, sen er lön ta emot”
Kom igen mina vänner, inget gnäll eller knot”
För vårt tålmod bör inte frestas”

Men Shannon tog ordet och sade som så
”Ni har tjusiga kläder, det kan jag förstå”
Men med skulder och lånade pengar också
Den som värvas den sitter i skiten”
”Och vi har ingen önskan att anställas bland
några dårar som värvar till sitt rövarband
och som skickar oss bort mot Cordoviens land
för att blott räkna hem på profiten”

Men den tredje blev heligt förbannad och skrek
att ”Nu ska ni få sota för sådan smälek!”
Och han höjde sin yxa, där jag stod helt likblek
Man såg kvällssolens ljus i metallen
Men snabbare än ett hugg från ingenstans
Är en hessisk halvsyster på halvkort distans
Lärde genast sig knekten och kamphustrun hans
när han fick mandolinen i skallen

Och jag fick upp min fällkniv på ett ögonblick
och mot knektjävlar där gäller stick efter stick
som vi säger där hemma, ja det gick som det gick
när i floden tre lik lagt att svälla
Och vi söp hela vägen när vi diktade
Om vår osämja med rekryterare tre
Och den kvällen på dansen vi gjorde succé
När vi sjöng denna sång acapella





Stadens skönaste

Ref.

Man drabbas av hennes magi
När hon på gatan går förbi
Med sidenhår och gyllenblick
och tunga både vass och kvick
Hon är vacker, hon är fager
Hon har ett sken som ljusan dager
Ett tu tre, man i henne blir kär
Snälla, berätta, vem hon är

En grabb sa han älskar henne
Alla pojkar slåss om henne
Knacka dörren, i klockan slå
och säg "Min älskade, hur är det då?"
Ut hon kommer, så vit som snö
Band i sitt hår, en förtjusande mö
Det sägs att hon kan få vem hon vill
Att bli denna man alla pojkar vill

Man drabbas...

Låt vinden vina och vågorna slå
Låt oväder komma och åskan gå
Hon är söt som honungskonfekt
Ögonens glans är helt perfekt
När hon hittar sin egen vän
Berättar hon ej när hon kommer hem
Låt i kö alla friare stå
Hon vet vem hon älskar ändå

Man drabbas...





The Man Who Doesn't Like Beer

G D
 Come gather, good people, and hear this strange tale
 G
 Of a man who was known in each county and vale
 D
 In a pub down the village called The White Horse's Tail
 C D G
 Sat the one man in Hessia who didn't drink ale

Chorus:

C D
 He's known in each tavern, both distant and near
 C G D G
 That queer little fellow who doesn't like beer

His father disowned him out of grief and of shame
 His wife she divorced him and his son changed his name
 No country will claim him and them we can't blame
 For not drinking beer is his one way to fame

He's known in each tavern, both distant and near
 That perplexing bastard who doesn't like beer

One day we conspired to drive him quite mad
 So I pissed in his tankard where his water he had
 I set it before him and said "drink this, me lad"
 He took a big sip and said "this one's not bad!"

He's known in each tavern, both distant and near
 That strange motherfucker who doesn't like beer!





The night Paddy Murphy died

G C G
 Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
 G Em C D
 Some of the boys got loaded drunk, and they ain't got sober yet;
 G C G
 As long as a bottle was passed around every man was feelin' gay
 G Em C D G
 O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

Chorus:

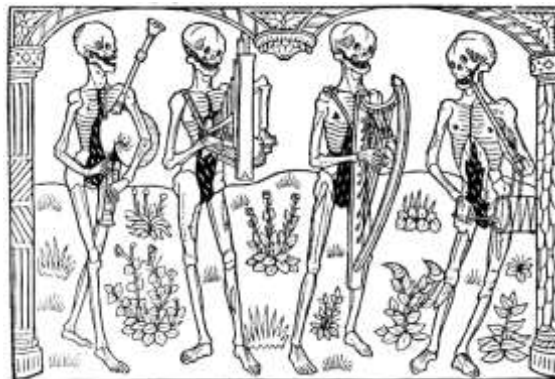
G C G
 That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
 G Em C D
 That's how they showed their honour and their pride;
 G C G
 They said it was a sin and shame and they winked at one another
 G Em C D G
 And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

As Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner pouring out her grief
 Kelly and his gang came tearing down the street
 They went into an empty room and a bottle of whiskey stole
 They put the bottle with the corpse to keep that whiskey cold

About two o'clock in the morning after empty'ing the jug
 Doyle rolls up the ice box lid to see poor Paddy's mug
 We stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time
 And at a quarter after two we argued it was nine

They stopped the hearse on George Street outside Sundance Saloon
 They all went in at half past eight and staggered out at noon
 They went up to the graveyard, so holy and sublime
 Found out when they got there, they'd left the corpse behind!

Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
 Some of the boys got loaded drunk and they ain't been sober yet;
 As long as a bottle was passed around every man was feelin' gay
 O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play





The sick note

Dear sir I write this note to you to tell me of me plight,
And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight.
Me body is all black and blue, me face a deathly gray.
And I write this note to say, why Paddy's not at work today.

While working on the fourteenth floor some bricks I had to clear.
Now to throw them down from such a height, was not a good idea.
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he being an awkward sod.
He said I'd have to carry them down the ladders in me hod.

Now, clearing all these bricks by hand, it was so very slow.
So I hoisted up a barrel, and secured the rope below.
But in me haste to do the job, I was too blind to see;
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

So when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead.
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead.
While I shot up like a rocket, to my dismay I found,
That halfway up, I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Well, the barrel broke my shoulders as to the ground it sped,
And when I reached the top, I banged the pulley with me head.
Well I clung on tight though numb and shock from this almighty blow,
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below.

Now, when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,
I then outweighed the barrel, and so started down once more.
Still clinging tightly to the rope, I sped towards the ground.
And I landed on the broken bricks that were all scattered 'round.

While I lay their groaning on the ground I thought I passed the worst,
When the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom burst.
Well a shower of bricks rained down on me - I hadn't got a hope.
As I lay there moaning on the ground: I let go of the bloody rope.

The barrel then being heavier it started down once more,
And landed right across me as I lay across the floor.
Well it broke three ribs, and my left arm, and I can only say;
That I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today.





Whiskey in the jar

C Am
 As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains,
 F C G
 I met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin',
 C Am
 I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier,
 F C
 Sayin': "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver".

G
 Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,
 C
 Whack for the daddy ol',
 F
 Whack for the daddy ol',
 C G C
 There's whiskey in the jar.



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

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
 But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
 Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

'Twas was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
 I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
 I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rollin'
 And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley
 And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army
 If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
 And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny





Wild rover

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

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

C D G

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
 And I told the landlady me money was spent
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay"
 "Such a custom as yours I can have every day"

And it's no, nay, never
 No, nay, never no more
 Will I play the wild rover
 No, never no more

I then took from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
 She says "I have whiskeys and wines of the best"
 And the words that you tolt me were only in jest

And it's no, nay, never
 No, nay, never no more
 Will I play the wild rover
 No, never no more

I'll home to my parents, confess what I'd done
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
 And when they've caressed me as ofttimes before
 I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's no, nay, never
 No, nay, never no more
 Will I play the wild rover
 No, never no more

And it's no, nay, never
 No, nay, never no more
 Will I play the wild rover
 No, never no more

