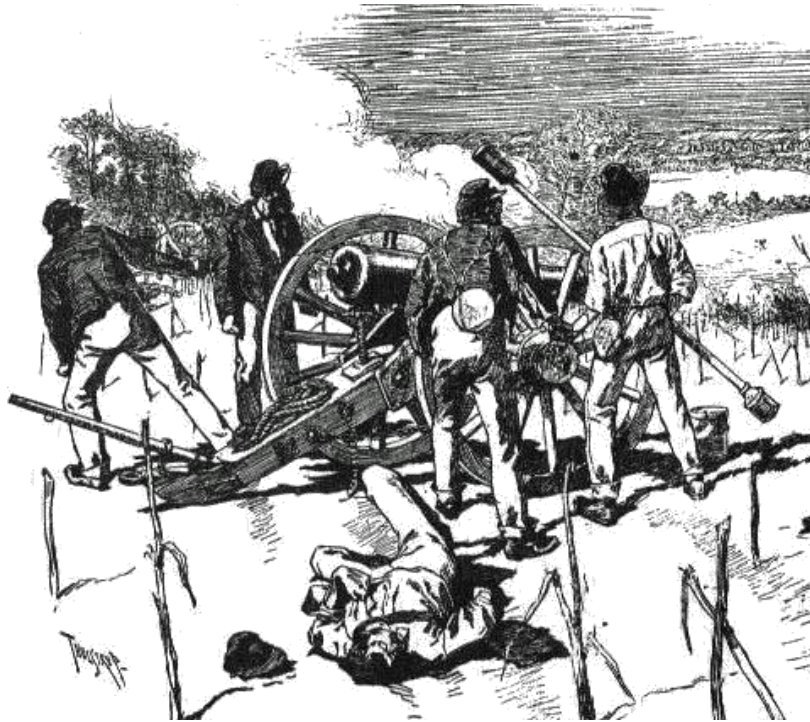
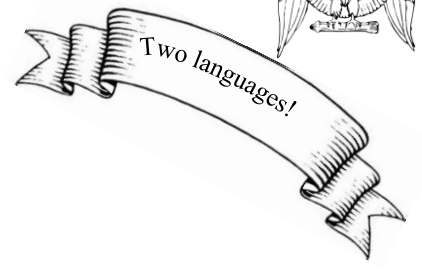
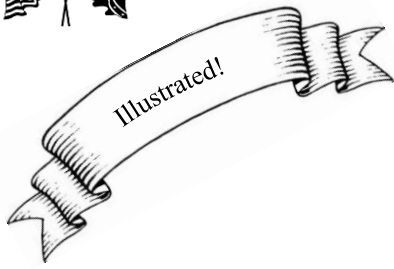




- Irish songbook of the war -



Irish Songbook of the war

- In alphabetical order -





All for me grog

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

D
All for my beer and tobacco

G C D
Well, I spent all me tin with the ladies 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





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 håll, 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 skråll, 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





A nation once again

G
 When boyhood's fire was in my blood
 C D7 G
 I read of ancient freemen
 Em G C
 For Greece and Rome who bravely stood
 Am D7
 Three hundred men and three men
 D
 And then I prayed I might yet see C A7 B7
 Our fetters rent in twain
 C Cm D
 And Ireland long a province be
 G D G
 A nation once again

G C
 A nation once again
 Am D7
 A nation once again
 G Em C D
 And Ireland long a province be
 G D G
 A nation once again

And from that time, through wildest woe,
 That hope has shone 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!

It whisper'd 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!

So, as I grew from boy to man,
 I bent me to 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!





Barret's privateers

Oh, the year was 1778,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 A letter of marque came from the king,
 To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 For twenty brave men all fishermen who
 would make for him the Antelope's crew
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
 And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

On the King's birthday we put to sea,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 We were 91 days to Montego Bay
 Pumping like madmen all the way
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

On the 96th day we sailed again,
 HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
 With our cracked four pounders we made to fight
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Yankee lay low down with gold, HOW I WISH I
 WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
 But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Then at length we stood two cables away, HOW I
 WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
 But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side, HOW I
 WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
 And the Maintruck carried off both me legs
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers.

So here I lay in my 23rd year, HOW I WISH I WAS
 IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
 It's been 6 years since we sailed away
 And I just made Halifax yesterday
 God damn them all!
 I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
 We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
 The last of Barrett's Privateers!





Black Velvet Band

G C D
 In a neat little town they call Belfast, 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





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....





Bonnie blue flag

D G D A7
 We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
 D G A7 D
 fighting for our property we gained by honest toil
 G D A7
 And when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far,
 D G A7 D
 Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a single star!

D A7 G D
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for southern rights, hurrah!
 D G A7 D
 Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue flag that bears a single star!

As long as the Union
 Was faithful to her trust,
 Like friends and like brothers
 Both kind were we and just;
 But now, when Northern treachery
 Attempts our rights to mar,
 We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
 That bears a single star!

And here's to old Virginia--
 The Old Dominion State--
 Who with the young Confederacy
 At length has linked her fate;
 Impelled by her example,
 Now other states prepare
 To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
 That bears a single star!

First gallant South Carolina
 Nobly made the stand,
 Then came Alabama,
 Who took her by the hand.
 Next quickly Mississippi,
 Georgia and Florida
 All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
 That bears a single star!

Then cheer, boys, cheer;
 Raise the joyous shout,
 For Arkansas and North Carolina
 Now have both gone out;
 And let another rousing cheer
 For Tennessee be given,
 The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag
 Has grown to be eleven!

Ye men of valor, gather round
 The banner of the right;
 Texas and fair Louisiana
 Join us in the fight.
 Davis, our loved president,
 And Stephens statesmen are;
 Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag
 That bears a single star!

Then here's to our Confederacy,
 Strong are we and brave;
 Like patriots of old we'll fight
 Our heritage to save.
 And rather than submit to shame,
 To die we would prefer;
 So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag
 That bears a single star!





Dixie forever

G C
Our flag is proudly floating on the land and on the main,
G D
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
G C
Beneath it oft we've conquered, and we'll conquer oft again!
G D G
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

G
Our Dixie forever! She's never at a loss!
D
Down with the eagle and up with the cross!
G C
We'll rally 'round the bonny flag, we'll rally once again,
G D G
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

Our gallant boys have marched to the rolling of the drums.
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
And the leaders in charge cry out, "Come, boys, come!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

They have laid down their lives on the bloody battle field.
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Their motto is resistance --"To tyrants we'll not yield!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

While our boys have responded and to the fields have gone.
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Our noble women also have aided them at home.
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!





Donnegal Danny

G C G C G
 I remember the night that he came in from the wintery cold and damp.
 Em C G
 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





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
 Bidy 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 Bidy, " says she "you're wrong I'm sure"
 Bidy 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 Irish 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 Irish 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 Ireland 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 fly away

D
Some bright morning when this life is over

G D
I'll fly away

D
To that home on Gods celestial shore

A
I'll fly away

D
I'll fly away, oh glory

G D
I'll fly away in the morning

D
When I die hallelujah by and by

A D
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone
I'll fly away
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly
I'll fly away

Oh how glad and happy when we meet
I'll fly away
No more cold iron shackles on my feet
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joys will never end
I'll fly away





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





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





Kellys Irish brigade

G C
 Come all ye that hold communion with
 G Em
 Southern Confederates so bold
 G C
 And I'll tell of some men for the Union who
 G D G
 In northern ranks were enrolled.
 G C
 They came to Missouri in their glory and
 G Em
 Thought at their power we'd be dismayed,
 G C
 But they soon had a different story when
 G D G
 They met Kelly's Irish Brigade!



G C
 When they met with the Irish Brigade, my boys.
 G Em
 When they met with the Irish Brigade.
 G C
 Didn't those cowardly Lincolnites tremble when
 G D G
 They met with the Irish Brigade!

They have called us rebels and traitors, but
 Themselves have been called that of late.
 They were called it by the English invaders at home
 In the year of '98.
 The name to us is not a new one, though
 'Tis one that shall never degrade
 Any true hearted Irishman in the ranks
 Of Kelly's Irish Brigade!

They dare not call us invaders. 'Tis
 but states' rights and liberty we ask.
 And Missouri we'll ever defend her no
 Matter how hard the task.
 Then let all true Irishmen assemble. Let
 The voice of Missouri be obeyed.
 And the northern fanatics will tremble when next
 They meet Kelly's Irish Brigade!





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 Irish lass

C Am Dm F G
 Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish 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 Irish 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





My last night in Baltimore

D
We were fresh from the sea
G D
Our pockets full of money
D
When me and me maties
A
We headed for the bar
D
No sooner had we arrived
G D
Then one pint turned to five
G A G A G A D
And a lassie grabbed me by the belt and dragged me towards the stairs.

Oh Mother, don't wake me, don't jostle or shake me.
I spent all night drinking with the ladies by the shore.
And if I never wake,
Don't cry and don't shake
Just sing the glorious tales of my last night in Baltimore

There were redheads there were blondes
Brunettes of which i'm fond
We'd ply them with cheap alcohol so they wouldn't leave our side
Before the night was through
We each had one or 2
And by midnight our young cabin boy had found himself a bride

We drank 15 kegs of beer
Whiskeys from far and near
We ate up all their venison
We took down all their stew
And when we were run dry
We would not just stand by
A raiding party went next door to liberate more brew

Things started to go queer
When Pat stole Kelly's beer. So he put his fist into Pat's face and started up a fight
Well, the brawl raged all aroun'
And we tore that tavern down,
But we rescued all the kegs so we could drink on through the night!

Now me head is sore and achy,
Me bones are bruised and creaky
And I don't truly expect that I should live to see the light
So tell me girl in Leicester
'till she dies I'll miss her,
But in the morning if I'm living, I'll be back tomorrow night!





Oh Susanna

D A
 I came from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee,
 D A D
 I'm going to Louisiana, for my true love for to see;
 D A
 It rain'd all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,
 D A D
 The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

G D A
 Oh! Susanna, Oh don't you cry for me,
 D A D
 I've come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee!

I jumped aboard de telegraph, and traveled downthte river,
 Electric fluid magnified, and killed five hundred deer.
 The bullgine bust, the horse run off, I really thought I'd die;
 I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Susanna, don't you cry.

I had a dream de other night When every ting was still,
 I thought I saw Susanna A coming down de hill;
 The buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye;
 Says I, "I'm coming from de south, Susanna, don't you cry."

I soon will be in New Orleans, and den I'll look all round,
 And when I find Susanna, I will fall upon de ground.
 And if I do not find her, then I'll think I die,
 And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry!





One more dollar

G D G
A long time ago I left my home

C D G
For a job in the fruit trees

G D G
But I missed those hills with the windy pines

C D G
For their song seemed to suit me

So I sent my wages to my home
Said we'd soon be together
For the next good crop would pay my way
And I would come home forever

Chorus:

Em C D G
One more dollar to show for my day

Em C D G
One more dollar and I'm on my way

Em C D G
When I reach those hills, boys I'll never roam

Em C D G
One more dollar and I'm going home

No work said the boss at the bunk house door
There's a freeze on the branches
So when the dice came out at the bar downtown
I rolled and I took my chances

Chorus

A long time ago I left my home
Just a boy passing twenty
Could you spare a coin and a Christian prayer
For my luck has turned against me

One more dime to show for my day
One more dollar and I'm on my way
When I reach those hills, boys I'll never roam
One more dollar and I'm going home

Em C D G
One more dollar Boys I'm going home





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





Song for the Irish brigade

C F G
 Oh, not now for songs of a nation's wrongs,
 F G
 not the groans of starving labor;
 C F G
 Let the rifle ring and the bullet sing
 Am C F G
 to the clash of the flashing sabre!
 C F G
 There are Irish ranks on the tented banks
 C F G
 of Columbia's guarded ocean;
 C F G
 And an iron clank from flank to flank
 Am C F G
 tells of armed men in motion.

And frank souls there clear true and bare
 To all, as the steel beside them,
 Can love or hate withe the strength of Fate,
 Till the grave of the valiant hide them.
 Each seems to be mailed Ard Righ,
 whose sword's avenging glory
 Must light the fight and smite for Right,
 Like Brian's in olden story!

With pale affright and panic flight
 Shall dastard Yankees base and hollow,
 Hear a Celtic race, from their battle place,
 Charge to the shout of "Faugh-a-ballaugh!"
 By the sould above, by the land we love
 Her tears bleeding patience
 The sledge is wrought that shall smash to naught
 The brazen liar of nations.

The Irish green shall again be seen
 as our Irish fathers bore it,
 A burning wind from the South behind,
 and the Yankee rout before it!
 O'Neil's red hand shall purge the land-
 Rain a fire on men and cattle,
 Till the Lincoln snakes in their own cold lakes
 Plunge from the blaze of battle.

The knaves that rest on Columbia's breast,
 and the voice of true men stifle;
 we'll exorcise from the rescued prize-
 Our talisman, the rifle;
 For a tyrant's life a bowie knife!-
 Of Union knot dissolvers,
 The best we ken are stalwart men,
 Columbiads and revolvers!

Whoe'er shall march by triumphal arch
 Whoe'er may swell the slaughter,
 Our drums shall roll from the Capitol
 O'er Potomac's fateful water!
 Rise, bleeding ghosts, to the Lord of Hosts
 For judgement final and solemn;
 Your fanatic horde to the edge of the sword
 Is doomed line, square, and column!





South Australia

D G D
 Haul away your rolling king
 G D G D
 Heave away, Haul away
 D A D
 Haul away oh hear me sing
 D A D
 We're bound for South Australia

In South Australia I was born, heave away, haul away
 In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, we're bound for South Australia

Haul away your rolling king, heave away, haul away
 Haul away, you'll hear me sing, we're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair, heave away, haul away
 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair, we're bound for South Australia

There's just one thing that's on my mind, heave away, haul away
 That's leaving Nancy Blair behind, we're bound for South Australia

And as we wallop round Cape Horn, heave away, haul away
 You'll wish to God you've never been born, we're bound for South Australia

In South Australia I was born, heave away, haul away
 In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, we're bound for South Australia





The Hunley

Chorus:

G C G
 Here's to you the Hunley, and all of your brave crew.
 G C D
 You sailed out the outer isle, to see what you can do.
 G C D
 You sailed into Charleston Bay, beneath the bonnie blue.
 C D C D G
 For to break the Union blockade and to sink the Yankee crew.

G
 Come all ye bold geographers and all ye naval men,
 C D
 And I'll tell you a true story of brave Confederates, when
 G D
 Was in the year of '64, beneath the waves of blue,
 C D C D G
 A tube of iron sailed below to sink a yankee crew.

The Housatonic lay waitin' two hundred feet of sail,
 Nine cannon at the ready, all rifles set to go,
 When in the dark of night, beneath the sea below,
 Eight hearts of gray where on the way to put that sloop below.

The Federals saw her comin', but it was too late to act,
 The Hunley had stopped to prey and made a beaten track,
 Before she left, she pulled the cord and set the night aglow,
 But all the Feds could here were the cheers from deep below.

The doodles were a ragin', to see their ship aglow,
 And alas but for all reason we will never know,
 The Hunley went a leakin' deep down below,
 And never would she rise again to put on such a show.

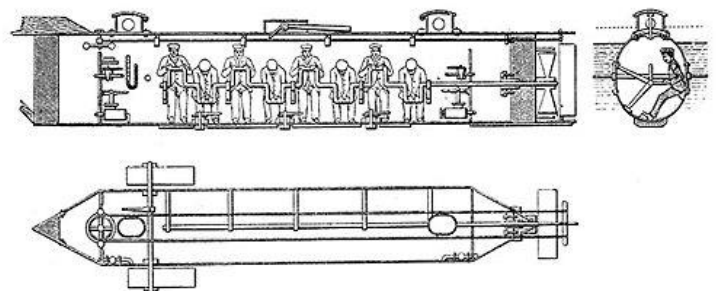
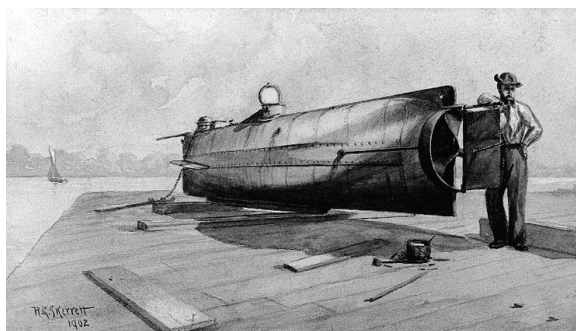


FIG. 175 à 177. — Le David de Hunley reconstitué d'après les dessins de M. William-A. Alexander (1863).





The Lark In The Morning

F C Am
The Lark in the morning she rises off her nest
Dm C Dm
She goes off in the air with the dew all on her breast
C Am
And like the merry ploughboy she whistles and she sings.
Dm C Dm
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

Oh, Roger the ploughboy he is a dashing blade
He goes whistling and singing over yonder leafy shade
He met with pretty Susan, she's handsome I declare
She is far more enticing then the birds all in the air

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

One evening coming home from the rakes of the town
The meadows been all green and the grass had been cut down
As I should chance to tumble all in the new-mown hay
Oh, it's kiss me now or never love, this bonnie lass did say

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

When twenty long weeks they were over and were past
Her mommy chanced to notice how she thickened round the waist
It was the handsome ploughboy, the maiden she did say
For he caused for to tumble all in the new-mown hay

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings

Here's a health to y'all ploughboys wherever you may be
That likes to have a bonnie lass a sitting on his knee
With a jug of good strong porter you'll whistle and you'll sing
For a ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a king

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings





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 England 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.





The Southern Soldier

D
I'll place my knapsack on my back
G
My rifle on my shoulder
D
I'll march away to the firing line
A
And kill that yankee soldier
Bm G D
I'll kill that yankee soldier
D
I'll march away to the firing line
A D
And kill that yankee soldier

I'll bid farewell to my wife and child
Farewell to my aged mother
And go and join in the bloody strife
Till this cruel war is over
Till this cruel war is over
I'll go and join in the bloody strife
Till this cruel war is over

If I am shot on the battlefield
And I should not recover
Oh, who will protect my wife and child
And care for my aged mother
And care for my aged mother
Oh, who will protect my wife and child
And care for my aged mother

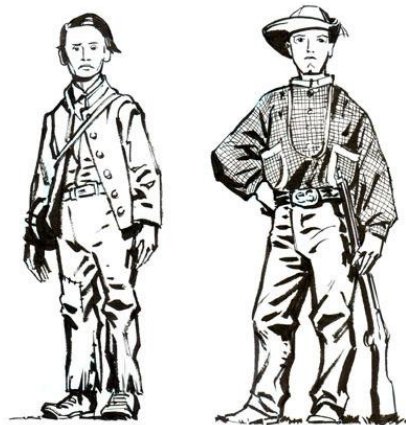
And if our Southern cause is lost
And Southern rights denied us
We'll be ground beneath the tyrant's heel
For our demands of justice
For our demands of justice
We'll be ground beneath the tyrant's heel
For our demands of justice

Before the South shall bow her head
Before the tyrants harm us
I'll give my all to the Southern cause
And die in the Southern army
And die in the Southern army
I'll give my all to the Southern cause
And die in the Southern army

If I must die for my home and land
My spirit will not falter
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand
Upon my country's altar
Upon my country's altar
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand
Upon my country's altar

Then Heaven be with us in the strife
Be with the Southern soldier
We'll drive the mercenary horde
Beyond our Southern border
Beyond our Southern border
We'll drive the mercenary horde
Beyond our Southern border

So, I'll place my knapsack on my back
My rifle on my shoulder
I'll march away to the firing line
And kill that Yankee soldier
And kill that Yankee soldier
I'll march away to the firing line
And kill that Yankee soldier





The southern wagon

C F G
 Come, all ye sons of freedom, and join our Southern band,
 F G C
 we are going to fight the Yankees and drive them from our land.
 F G
 Justice is our motto and providence our guide,
 F G C
 so jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride!

C C7 F
 Wait for the wagon! The dissolution wagon!
 C Am F G C
 The South is the wagon, and we'll all take a ride!

Secession is our watchword, our rights we all demand;
 To defend our homes and firesides, we pledge our hearts and hands;
 Jeff Davis is our president, with Stephens by his side;
 Brave Beauregard, our General, will join us in the ride.

Our wagon is the very best, the running gear is good;
 Stuffed 'round the sides with cotton, and made of Southern wood.
 Carolina is the driver, with Georgia by her side,
 Virginia holds the flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

There are Tennessee and Texas also in the ring;
 They wouldn't have a government where cotton wasn't king.
 Alabama and Florida have long ago replied;
 Mississippi and Louisiana are anxious for the ride.

Old Lincoln and his Congressmen with Seward by his side,
 Put old Scott in the wagon just for to take a ride.
 McDowell was the driver, to cross Bull Run he tried,
 But there he left the wagon for Beauregard to ride.

Manassas was the battleground. the field was fair and wide;
 They Yankees thought they'd whip us out, and on to Richmond ride;
 But when they met our "Dixie" boys, their danger they espied;
 They wheeled about for Washington, and didn't wait to ride.

The Tennessee boys are in the field, eager for the fray;
 They can whip the Yankee boys three to one, they say;
 And when they get in conflict with Davis by their side,
 They'll pitch into the Yankee boys and then you'll see them slide.

Our cause is just and holy, our men are brave and true;
 We'll whip the Lincoln cutthroats is all we have to do.
 God bless our noble army; in Him we all confide;
 So jump into the wagon and we'll all take a ride.





To arms in dixie

G
Southern men the thunders mutter!
C
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
G Em D G
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
G
Send them back your fierce defiance!
C
Stamp upon the cursed alliance!
G Em D G
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!

G C A7 D
Advance the flag of Dixie! Hurrah! Hurrah!
G C G D
For Dixie's land we take our stand, and live or die for Dixie!
G D G D G
To arms! To arms! And conquer peace for Dixie!
G D G D G
To arms! To arms! And conquer peace for Dixie!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!

Advance the flag of Dixie! Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Dixie's land we take our stand, and live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms! And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms! And conquer peace for Dixie!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter--
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!





Tom Dooley

G D
 Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
 G D
 Hang down your head and cry
 C
 Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
 D G
 Poor boy, you're bound to die

I met her on the mountain
 There I took her life
 Met her on the mountain
 Stabbed her with my knife

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
 Hang down your head and cry
 Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
 Poor boy, you're bound to die

This time tomorrow
 Reckon where I'll be
 Hadn't a-been for Grayson
 I'd a-been in Tennessee

This time tomorrow
 Reckon where I'll be
 Down in some lonesome valley
 Hangin' from a white oak tree





Up and away

G D
Now when I was a young man
G D
We lived near the sea strand
G D A
And me folks kept a tavern called the Admiral's Head
G D
And old salts by the fireside
G D
Would tell of the seas wide
G A D
The far foreign shores and the lives that they led

G A Bm
And it's up and away in the morning
D A
O' the tears me poor mother has cried
G D
But the sea it had called me
G D
And you may say I'm barmy
G D A
But I went to her just like a bride
Bm D A D
And it's up and away in the morning

Well, I walked into Bristol
With cutlass and pistol
A new bo'sun's whistle and a swaggerin' stride
And without too much censure
I soon was indentured
And embarked for adventure on a bright morning's tide

And it's up and away in the morning
With the wind to our backs we will sail
And the ship may well take ya
From here to Jamaica
Where they serve up the rum by the pail
And it's up and away in the morning

After two months hard toil
We docked in Port Royal
Our virtues to spoil or at least to curtail
But the trouble with the boisterous
Sailors who roister's
Their choice is to run or to end up in jail

And it's up and away in the morning
And the salt spray tastes finer than wine
Dawn on the horizon
And the size of the prize
For the taking of a ship of the line
And it's up and away in the morning

Now some say the sea is a sickness but we
Feel the thickness of wits lest we're shortening sail
And we see the sea glint
The focsle and bowsprit
And our course is well plotted and runs fore the gale

And it's up and away in the morning
And though we may never come home
We'll think of it often
'Till the day that our lead-weighted coffins
Get tossed in the foam
And it's up and away in the morning

And it's up and away in the morning
With the wind to our backs we will sail
And the ship may well take ya
From here to Jamaica
Where the storms and the waves
They will toss ya and shake ya
And you'll do desperate deeds
For which God might forsake ya
But there's nowhere that we'd rather be
And it's up and away in the morning





We'll fight for Uncle Sam

G Em
 Well I am a modern hairo: my name is Paddy Kearney;
 C G
 Not long ago, I landed from the bogs of sweet Killarney;
 G Em
 I used to cry out: SOAP FAT! Because that was my trade, sir,
 C G
 Till I 'listed for a Soger-boy wid Corcoran's brigade, sir

D
 For to fight for Uncle Sam;
 G
 He'll lade us on to glory, O!
 C
 He'll lade us on to glory, O!
 G D G
 To save the Stripes and Stars.

Ora, once in regimentals, Me mind it did bewilder,
 I bid goodbye to Biddy dear, And all the darling childher,
 Oh, says I, the Irish volunteers, The devil a-one afraid is,
 Because we've got the soldier bold McClellan for to lead us

We soon got into battle, We made a charge of bay'nets,
 The rebel blaggards soon gave way, They fell as thick as paynuts,
 Och, hone, the slaughter that we made, Be dad, it was delighting,
 For the Irish lads in action Are the devil's boys for fighting

Och, sure, we never will give in, In any sort of manner,
 Until the South comes back again, Beneath the starry banner,
 And if John Bull should interfere, He'd suffer for it truly,
 For soon the Irish Volunteers Would give him ballyhooly

And now, before I end my song, This free advice, I'll tender,
 We soon will use the rebels up, And make them all surrender,
 And once again, the stars and stripes, Will to the breeze be swellin',
 If Uncle Abe will give us back Our darlin' boy McClellan

We'll follow little Mac
 He'll lead us on to glory, O!
 He'll lead us on to glory, O!
 To save the stripes and stars
 He'll lead us on to glory, O!
 He'll lead us on to glory, O!
 To save the stripes and stars!





What will we do with the drunken sailor?

Em

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

D

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

Em

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

Em

Hooray, and up she rises

D

Hooray, and up she rises

Em

Hooray, and up she rises

Em D Em

Ear-ly in the morning

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises,

Way hay and up she rises,

Way hay and up she rises,

Early in the morning!

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,

Early in the morning!

Put him in a long boat till his sober,

Put him in a long boat till his sober,

Put him in a long boat till his sober,

Early in the morning!

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him,

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him,

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him,

Early in the morning!

Put him in the bed with the captains daughter,

Put him in the bed with the captains daughter,

Put him in the bed with the captains daughter,

Early in the morning!

That's what we do with a drunken sailor,

That's what we do with a drunken sailor,

That's what we do with a drunken sailor,

Early in the morning!





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 oftentimes 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





When Johnny comes marching home

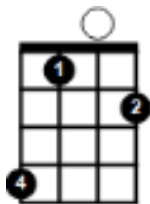
Em
 When Johnny comes marching home again
 G
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Em
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then
 G B7
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 G D
 The men will cheer and the boys will shout
 Em B7
 The ladies they will all turn out
 Em D C B7
 And we'll all feel gay when
 Em B7 Em
 Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 To welcome home our darling boy,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The village lads and lassies say
 With roses they will strew the way,

 And we'll all feel gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 We'll give the hero three times three,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The laurel wreath is ready now
 To place upon his loyal brow
 And we'll all feel gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.
 Let love and friendship on that day,
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 Their choicest pleasures then display,
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 And let each one perform some part,
 To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
 And we'll all feel gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.

B7





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

