

THE BLACKBIRD OF SWEET AVONDALE

C **G** **Am**
By the sweet bay of Dublin whilst carelessly strolling,
G **F** **Am**
I sat myself down by a green myrtle's shade,
Am **G** **F** **Am**
Reclined on a bench as the wild waves were rolling,
C **G** **Am**
In sorrow condoling I saw a fair maid.

C **G** **Am**
Her robes changed to mourning that once were so glorious,
G **F** **Am**
I stood in amazement to hear her sad wail,
Am **G** **F** **Am**
Her heart-string burst forth in wild accents uproarious -
C **G** **Am**
O where is my blackbird of sweet Avondale?

C **G** **Am**
In sweet counties Meath, Wexford, Cork and Tipperary,
G **F** **Am**
The rights of old Erin my blackbird did sing,
Am **G** **F** **Am**
But woe to the hour when with heart light and daring
C **G** **Am**
When he from my arms to Dublin took wing.

C **G** **Am**
The fowler way laid him in hope to ensnare him
G **F** **Am**
While I here in sorrow his absence bewail,
Am **G** **F** **Am**
It grieves me to hear that the walls of Kilmainham,
C **G** **Am**
Surround the dear blackbird of sweet Avondale.
C **G** **Am**
O Erin, my country, awake from thy slumber

G **F** **Am**
And bring back my blackbird, so dear unto me,
 Am **G** **F** **Am**
Let everyone see by the strength of your number
 C **G** **Am**
That you as a nation would wish to be free.

C **G** **Am**
The cold prison dungeon is no habitation,
 G **F** **Am**
For one to his country so loyal and true,
 Am **G** **F** **Am**
Then give him his freedom without hesitation,
 C **G** **Am**
And remember he fought hard for freedom for you.

C **G** **Am**
Alas, o my country in sorrow I'll wander,
 G **F** **Am**
While sadly I make supplication to thee.
 Am **G** **F** **Am**
For absence they say makes the heart grow the fonder
 C **G** **Am**
So that makes my dear blackbird more dearer to me.

C **G** **Am**
O Heaven give ear to my supplication
 G **F** **Am**
And strengthen the bold sons of old Gráinne Mhaol,
 Am **G** **F** **Am**
And grant that my country will soon be a nation,
 C **G** **Am**
And bring back my blackbird of sweet Avondale.

THE BODHRÁN SONG

D **A** **E**
Oh I'm a year old kid, I'm worth scarcely fifteen quid.

H7
I'm the kind of beast that you might well look down on.

E **A** **E**
But my value will increase at the time of my decease

E **H7** **E**
For when I grow up I want to be a bodhrán.

D **A** **E**
If you kill me for my meat you won't find me very sweet.

H7
Your palate I'm afraid I'll soon turn sour on.

E **A** **E**
Ah but if you do me in for the sake of my thick skin

E **H7** **E**
You'll find I make a tasty little bodhrán.

D **A** **E**
Now my parents Bill and Nan they do not approve my plan

H7
To become a yoke for every job to pound on.

E **A** **E**
Ah but I would sooner scamper with a bang than with a whimper

E **H7** **E**
And achieve reincarnation as a bodhrán.

D **A** **E**
I look forward to the day when I leave off eating hay,

H7
And become a drum to entertain a crowd on.

E **A** **E**
And I'll make my presence felt with each well - delivered belt

E **H7** **E**
As a fully qualified and licensed bodhrán.

D **A** **E**
And 'tis when I'm killed and cured, my career will be assured.

H7
I'll be a skin you'll see no scum or scour on

E **A** **E**
But with studs around me rim, I'll be sound in wind and limb

E **H7** **E**
And I'll make a dandy, handy little bodhrán.

D **A** **E**
Oh my heart with joy expands when I dream of far-off lands

H7

And consider all the streets that I will sound on

E A E

And I pity my poor Ma who has never seen a Fleadh

E H7 E

Or indulged in foreign travel as a bodhrán.

D A E

For a hornpipe or a reel a dead donkey has no feel

H7

Or a horse or cow or sheep that has its shroud on

E A E

And you can't join in a jig if you're a former Grade A Pig

E H7 E

But you can wallop out the lot if you're a bodhrán.

D A E

So if e'er you're feeling low to a session you should go

H7

And bring me there to exercise an hour on.

E A E

You can strike a mighty thump on my belly, back or rump

E H7 E

But I thank you if you'd wait till I'm a bodhrán.

D A E

When I dedicate my hide I'll enhance the family pride

H7

And tradition is a thing I won't fall down on

E A E

For I'll bear a few young bucks who'll inherit my good looks

E H7 E

And be proud to know their auld one is a bodhrán.

D A E

Now I think you've had enough of this rubbishy old guff

H7

So I'll put a sudden end to my wee amhrán

E A E

And quite soon my bloody bleat will become a steady beat

E H7 E

When I start my new existence as a bodhrán.

THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-O

G C G D
Oro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-O
G C G D G
Oro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-O

G D
And in that bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree,
G D G
With a tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O.

G D
Now on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb,
G
With a limb on the tree with the tree in the bog
D G
With the bog down in the valley-O.

G D
Now on that limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a rattlin' branch,
G
With a branch on the limb with the limb on the tree
D G
With the tree in the bog with the bog down in the valley-O.

G D
Now on that branch there was a twig, a rare twig, a rattlin' twig,
G
With a twig on the branch with the branch on the limb
With the limb on the tree with the tree in the bog
D G
With the bog down in the valley-O.

G D
Now on that twig there was a nest, a rare nest, a rattlin' nest,
G
With the nest on the twig with the twig on the branch
With the branch on the limb with the limb on the tree
D G
With the tree in the bog with the bog down in the valley-O.

G **D**
Now on that nest there was an egg, a rare egg, a rattlin' egg,
G
With the egg in the nest with the nest on the twig

With the twig on the branch with the branch on the limb

With the limb on the tree with the tree in the bog
D G
With the bog down in the valley-O.

G **D**
Now on that egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a rattlin' bird,
G
With the bird in the egg with the egg in the nest

With the nest on the twig with the twig on the branch

With the branch on the limb with a limb on the tree
D G
With the tree in the bog with the bog down in the valley-O.

G **D**
Now on that bird there was a feather, a rare feather, a rattlin' feather,
G
With the feather on the bird with the bird in the egg

With the egg in the nest with the nest on the twig

With a twig on the branch with the branch on the limb

With a limb on the tree with the tree in the bog
D G
With the bog down in the valley-O.

G **D**
Now on that feather there was a flea, a rare flea, a rattlin' flea,
G
With the flea on the feather with the feather on the bird

With the bird in the egg with the egg in the nest

With the nest on the twig with the twig on the branch

With the branch on the limb with a limb on the tree
D G
With the tree in the bog with the bog down in the valley-O.

BOLD O'DONOGHUE

A **D**
Oh here I am from Paddy's land a land of high renown
E **E7** **A**
I broke the hearts of all the girls from miles of Keady Town
D
And when they hear that I'm awa' they raise a hullabaloo
E **E7** **A**
When they hear about the handsome lad they call O'Donoghue.

A **D**
For I'm the boy to please her and I'm the boy to tease her
E **E7** **A**
And I'm the boy to squeeze her and I'll tell you what I'll do
D
I'll court her like an Irishman with me brogue and blarney too is me plan
E **E7** **A**
With me rollikin swollikin gollikin wollikin bold O'Donoghue.

A **D**
I wish me love was a red, red rose growin' on yon garden wall
E **E7** **A**
And me to be a dew drop and upon her brow I'd fall
D
Perhaps now she might think of me as a rather heavy dew
E **E7** **A**
No more she'd love the handsome lad they call O'Donoghue.

A **D**
They say that Queen Victoria has a daughter fine and grand
E **E7** **A**
Perhaps she'd take it into her head for to marry an Irishman
D
And if I could only get the chance to have a word or two
E **E7** **A**
Perhaps she'd take a notion in the bold O'Donoghue.

THE BONNIE SHIP “THE DIAMOND”

Am **Em** **Am** **Em**
The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait she’s bound,

Am **Em** **Am**
And the quay it is all garnished with bonnie lassies round.

Am **Em** **Am** **Em**
Captain Thomson gives the order to sail the ocean wide,

Am **Em** **Am**
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, nor darkness dims the sky.

C **G** **Am**
And it’s cheer up, my lads, let your hearts never fail,

Em **Am**
For the bonnie ship, The Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale.

Am **Em** **Am** **Em**
Along the quay at Peterhead the lassies stand around,

Am **Em** **Am**
Wi’ the shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears runnin’ doon.

Am **Em** **Am** **Em**
Don’t you weep, my bonnie lass, though you be left behind,

Am **Em** **Am**
For the rose will grow on Greenland’s ice before we changed our mind.

Am **Em** **Am** **Em**
Here’s a health to The Resolution, likewise The Eliza Swan,

Am

Em

Am

Here's a health to The Battler of Montrose and The Diamond, ship of fame

Am

Em

Am

Em

We wear the trousers of the white and the jackets o' the blue,

Am

Em

Am

When we return to Peterhead we'll hae sweethearts enoo.

Am

Em

Am

Em

It'll be both day and night when the Greenland lads come hame,

Am

Em

Am

With a ship that's full of oil, my lads, and money to our name;

Am

Em

Am

Em

We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear,

Am

Em

Am

And every lass in Peterhead sing "Hushabye, my dear".

BONNIE LASS OF FYVIE

D

There once was a troop of Irish dragoons

A

Come marching down thru Fyfie, O.

D

G

And the captain fell in love with a very bonnie lass

D

A D

And the name it was called was pretty Peggy-o.

D

There's many a bonnie lass in the glen of Auchterlass

A

There's many a bonnie lass in Gairioch-o

D

G

There's many a bonnie Jean in the streets of Aberdeen

D

A D

But the flower of them all lives in Fyfie, O.

D

O come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy, my dear

A

Come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy-o

D

G

Come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair

D

A

D

Bid a long farewell to your mammy-o.

D

I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be,

A

I never will marry a soldier o.

D

G

I never did intend to gae tae a foreign land

D

A

D

And never I will marry a soldier-o.

D

The colonel he cried, mount, boys, mount.

A

The captain, he cried, tarry-o.

D

G

O tarry for a while, for another day or twa,

D

A D

Till I see if the bonnie lass will marry-o.

D

Long ere we came to the glen of Auchterlass,

A

Our captain we had to carry-o.

D

G

And long ere we came to the streets of Aberdeen

D

A D

Our captain we had to bury-o.

D

Green grow the birks on bonnie Ethanside,

A

And low lie the lowlands of Fyfie, O.

D

G

The captain's name was Ned and he died for a maid,

D

A D

He died for the bonny lass of Fyfie, O.

D

There's many a bonnie lass in the glen of Auchterlass

A

There's many a bonnie lass in Gairioch-o

D

G

There's many a bonnie Jean in the streets of Aberdeen

D

A D

But the flower of them all lives in Fyfie, O.

BOTANY BAY

D **Bm**
Farewell to your bricks and mortar,
G **A** **D**
Farewell to your dirty lies.
Bm
Farewell to your gangways and your gang planks
E **A**
And to hell with your overtime
D **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
For the good ship Ragamuffin is lying at the quay,
Bm
For to take out Pat with a shovel on his back
A **G**
To the shores of Botany bay.

D **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
While on my way down to the quay where the ship at anchor lays
Bm **E** **A**
To command a gang of navvies that I was told to engage
D **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
I stopped in for to drink awhile before I go away
Bm **A** **G**
For to take a trip on an emigrant ship to the shores of Botany Bay.

D **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
Well the boss came up this morning, and he said „Well Pat you know
Bm **E** **A**
If you didn't get those navvies out I'm afraid you'll have to go“
D **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
So I asked him for my wages and demanded all my pay
Bm **A** **G**
And I told him straight we would all emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay.

D **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
And when we reach Australia I'll go and search for gold

Bm **E** **A**
There's plenty there for digging up, or so I have been told

D **Bm** **G** **A** **D**
Or else I'll go back to my trade and a hundred bricks I'll lay

Bm **A** **G**
Because I live for eight hour shift on the shores of Botany Bay.

C **G** **D**
 But now they toil on foreign soil where they have gone their way
G **D** **G** **C** **G**
 Deep in the heart of London town or over in Broadway
G **D** **C** **G**
 And I am left to sing their deeds and praises while I can
C **G** **D**
 All the boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

C **G** **D**
 And here's a health to them tonight, wherever they may be
G **D** **G** **C** **G**
 By the groves of Carham river or the slopes of Bi na Tí
G **D** **C** **G**
 John Daly and Batt Andy and the Sheehans, Con and Dan,
C **G** **D**
 And the boys from Barr na Sráide we hunted for the wren.

C **G** **D**
 And when my wheel of life is run out and death comes over me
G **D** **G** **C** **G**
 Just lay me down in that old town between the hills and sea
G **D** **C** **G**
 I'll take my peace amongst those green fields where I grew from boy to man
C **G** **D**
 With the boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

BUCKET OF MOUNTAIN DEW

C **F**
Let grasses grow and waters flow
C **G**
In a free and easy way
C **F**
But give me enough of the rare old stuff
C **G** **C**
That's made near Galway Bay
C
Come gaugers all from Donegal
Am
From Sligo and Leitrim too
C **F**
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip
C **G** **C**
Of the real old Mountain Dew

C
Hi da dithery I da dal dithery
F
Dal da dithery I da day
C
Dal da dithery I da dil dal day
G
Hi da dithery I da dal
G
Dal da dithery I da day
F **CGC**
Dal da dithery I dil dal dee

C **F**
At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still,
C **G**
Where the smoke curls up to the sky.
C **F**
By a whiff of the smell you can plainly tell,
C **G** **C**
There's a poitin still close by.
C
Oh it fills the air with a perfume rare,
Am
And betwixt both me and you,
C **F**
As home we roll, we can drink a bowl,
C **G** **C**
Or a bucket of mountain dew.

C **F**
Now learned men who use the pen,
C **G**
Have wrote the praises high
C **F**
Of the sweet poitin from Ireland green,
C **G** **C**
Distilled from wheat and rye.
C
Away with pills, it will cure all ills,
Am
Of the Pagan, Christian or Jew
C **F**
So take off your coat and grease your throat
C **G** **C**
With the real old mountain dew.

