

DEAR OLD IRELAND

G **D** **G**
Deep in Canadian woods we've met, from one bright island flown,
D **G**
Great is the island we tread, but yet our hearts are with our own.
D **C** **G** **D**
And ere we leave this shanty small, while fades the autumn day,
G **D** **G**
We'll toast old Ireland, dear old Ireland, Ireland boys, Hurrah!

D **C** **G** **D**
Ireland boys, Hurrah, oh Ireland boys, Hurrah,
D **G** **D** **G**
We'll toast old Ireland, dear old Ireland, Ireland boys, Hurrah.

G **D** **G**
We've heard her faults a hundred times, the new ones and the old.
D **G**
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes, enlarge some fifty-fold.
D **C** **G** **D**
But take them all, the great and small, and this we've got to say:
G **D** **G**
Here's dear old Ireland, good old Ireland, Ireland boys, Hurrah.

G **D** **G**
We know that brave and good men tried, to snap her rusty chain.
D **G**
The patriots suffered, martyrs died, and all, 'tis said, in vain:
D **C** **G** **D**
But no boy, no! A glance will show, how far they've won their way -
G **D** **G**
Here's good old Ireland, loved old Ireland, Ireland boys, Hurrah.

G **D** **G**
We've seen the wedding and the wake, the patron and the fair;
D **G**
And lithe young frames at the dear old games, in the kindly Irish air.
D **C** **G** **D**
And the loud „Hurroo“, we have heard it too, and a thundering „Clear the way!“
G **D** **G**
Here's gay old Ireland, dear old Ireland, Ireland boys, Hurrah.
G **D** **G**

And well we know in cool grey eyes, when the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet, the friends who meet once more.
With „Mary Machree!“ and „My Pat, 'tis he!“ and „My own heart night and day!“
Ah, fond old Ireland, dear old Ireland, Ireland boys, Hurrah.

And happy and bright are the groups that pass, from their peaceful homes, for miles
O'er fields and roads, and hills, to Mass, when Sunday morning smiles!
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel, when low they kneel and pray,
Oh, dear old Ireland, blest old Ireland, Ireland boys, Hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met, and we never may see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set, and our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup, and with every sup let's say:
„Here's loved old Ireland, good old Ireland, Ireland boys, Hurrah.

DINGLE BAY

D
Contentment of mind is not found in a city
G D A
So me mind is inclined for to ramble and dream
D A D G D
To a place where my heart astound wage of fortune
G D A
In a grief winter's skirmish me mind will feel summer once more.

G D
And there's where the small birds sing high on the mountain
G D A
That forestress mountain, that valley or hill
D A D
There's where the wild eagle dozes of freedom
D A D
And fishermen's boats make their way by Dingle Bay.

D
The sound of the bees there collecting their honey
G D A
The sight of the sea-birds protecting their young
D A D G D
The scent of the wild flowers, the spray of the ocean
G D A D
Its nature's all beauty where watching the world over loud.

D

The fishermen's boats here they plough the salt ocean

G D A

For mackerel and herring, all the fish of the sea

D A D G D

And though I have travelled the wide world all over

G D A D

There's no where on earth that is dearer to me.

Dirty Old Town

The town is Salford and the song was written in 1946 by Ewan McColl for a play called 'Landscape with Chimneys'.

E
I met my love by the gasworks cry.
A **E**
Dreamed a dream by the old canal.
C#m **E**
Kissed my girl by the fact'ry wall.
F#m H7 C#m
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

E
I heard a siren from the docks
A **E**
Saw a train set the night on fire
C#m **E**
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind
F#m H7 C#m
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

E
Clouds are drifting across the moon
A **E**
Cats are prowling on their beat
C#m **E**
Spring's a girl from the streets at night
F#m H7 C#m
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

E
I'm going to make a good sharp axe
A **E**
Shining steel, tempered in the fire
C#m **E**
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
F#m H7 C#m
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

DOWN BY THE GLENSIDE

Am G Am Em
'Twas down by the Glenside I met an old woman
Am G Am G
A plucking young nettles she ne'er saw me coming
Am G Am Em
I listened a while to the song she was humming
Am G Am G Am
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

Am G Am Em
'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
Am G Am G
On strong many forms, and on eyes with hope gleamin'
Am G Am Em
I see them again sure through all my sad dreamin'
Am G Am G Am
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

Am G Am Em
Some died by the glenside, some died mid the stranger
Am G Am G
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
Am G Am Em
But they stood by old Ireland and never feared danger
Am G Am G Am
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

Am G Am Em
I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her
Am G Am G
Be life long or short I will never forget her
Am G Am Em
We may have great men but we'll never have better
Am G Am G Am
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

G
 There were times when jobs were few
Em
 There were hungry days we knew
C Am D
 Some days so hard their memory I've cursed.
G
 And a prayer I send to god
Em
 There on board the 'Princess Maud'
D D7 G
 That our children would restore a pride we lost.
C
 But the past they all forsake
G
 And they're dancing at your wake
D G G7
 While the heart of Dublin's dying but nobody really cares.
C
 And the fools now passing by
G
 Laugh to see an old man cry
D D7 G
 Now I can't forget old Dublin in my tears.

G
 Gather 'round brave men and true
Em
 Though our members they be few
C Am D
 We'll drink one toast before I cross the foam.
G
 Soon in London's dark domain
Em
 I'll recall how I became
D D7 G
 No more a stranger there than here back home
C
 Now the Liffey flows along
G
 And I listen for her song
D G G7
 And the voice of Michael Moran seems to echo in my ears.
C
 But it's just a rafter's ring
G
 To it's requiem I sing
D D7 G
 |: Farewell to dear old Dublin in my tears. :|

DUBLIN JACK OF ALL TRADES

G **D**
Oh, I am a roving sporting blade they call me Jack of all trades

G **D** **G**
I always place my chief delights in courting pretty fair maids.

F **D**
So when in Dublin I arrived to try for a situation

G **Am** **C** **D** **G** **D** **G**
I always heard them say it was the pride of all the nations.

D **G** **D**
I'm a roving Jack of many trades of every trade of all trades
G **D** **G**
And if you wish to know my name they call me Jack of all trades.

G **D**
In Baggot Street I drove a cab and there was well requited

G **D** **G**
In Francis Street had lodging beds, to entertain all strangers

F **D**
For Dublin is of high renown, or I am much mistaken

G **Am** **C** **D** **G** **D** **G**
In Kevin Street, I do declare, sold butter, eggs and bacon.

G **D**
On George's Quay I first began and there became a porter

G **D** **G**
Me and my master soon fell out which cut my acquaintance shorter

F **D**
In Sackville Street, a pastry cook; in James's Street, a baker

G **Am** **C** **D** **G** **D** **G**
In Cook Street, I did coffins make; in Eustace Street, a preacher.

G **D**
In Golden Lane I sold old shoes; in Meath Street was a grinder
G **D** **G**
In Barrack Street I lost my wife, I'm glad I ne'er could find her
F **D**
In Mary's Lane, I've dyed old clothes, of which I've often boasted
G **Am** **C** **D** **G** **D** **G**
In that noted place Exchequer Street, sold mutton ready roasted.

G **D**
In College Green a banker was, and in Smithfield, a drover
G **D** **G**
In Britain Street, a waiter and in George's Street, a glover
F **D**
On Ormond Quay I sold old books; in King Street, a nailer
G **Am** **C** **D** **G** **D** **G**
In Townsend Street, a carpenter; and in Ringsend, a sailor.

G **D**
In Liffey Street, had furniture with fleas and bugs I sold it
G **D** **G**
And at the Bank, a big placard, I often stood to hold it
F **D**
In New Street I sold hay and straw, and in Spitalfields made bacon
G **Am** **C** **D** **G** **D** **G**
In Fishamble Street was at the grand old trade of basketmaking.

G **D**
In Summerhill, a coachmaker; in Denzille Street, a gilder
G **D** **G**
In Cork Street was a tanner; in Brunswick Street, a builder
F **D**
In High Street, I sold hosiery; in Patrick Street, sold all blades
G **Am** **C** **D** **G** **D** **G**
So if you wish to know my name; they call me Jack of all Trades.

