

MAID IN THE GARRET

G
I have often heard it said from me father and me mother

D **G**
That going to a wedding was the making of another.

C **G**
Well if this be so, then I'll go without a bidding,

Oh it's kind providence won't you send me to a wedding.

C **G** **C**
For it's oh dear me, how would it be,
G **D** **D7** **G**
If I die an old maid in a garret.

G
Oh now there's my sister Jean, she's not handsome or good lookin'

D **G**
Scarcely sixteen and a fella she was courtin'

C **G**
Now she's twenty four with a son and a daughter

Here am I, forty-five, and I've never had an offer.

G
I can cook and I can sew, I can keep the house right tidy

D **G**
Rise up in the morning and get the breakfast ready

C **G**
But there's nothing in this wide world would make me half so cheery

As a wee fat man who would call me his own dearie.

G

Oh come landsman or come kinsman come tinker or come tailor

D

G

Come fiddler or come dancer come ploughman or come sailor

C

G

Come rich man, come poor man come fool or come witty

Come any man at all who would marry me for pity.

G

Oh well I'm away home for there's nobody heedin'

D

G

There's nobody heedin' to poor Annie's pleadin'

C

G

And I'm away home to me own wee bit garret

If I can't get a man then I'd surely keep me parrot.

THE MAN FROM MULLINGAR

D **G** **D** **A7**
You may talk and write and boast about your Fenians and your clans

And how the boys from County Cork beat up the Black and Tans

D **G** **D** **A**
And view a little codger who came out without a scar
A7 D

His name was Paddy Mulligan the Man from Mullingar.

A7
The peelers chased him out of Connemara

D **A7**
For beating up the valiant Scian O'Hara

G **D** **A7** **D**
And when he came to Ballymote he stole the parson's car

A7 **D** **A7** **D**
And he sold it to the bishop in the town of Mullingar.

A7
O! Seven hundred peelers couldn't catch him

D **A7**
The King sent out an order for to lash him

G **D** **A7** **D**
When Patrick came to Dublin Town he stole an armoured car

A7 **D** **A7** **D**
And he gave it to the IRA Brigade in Mullingar.

D **G** **D** **A7**
On Easter Monday morning when the boys declared a sound

Patrick raised the flag of war down in his native town

D **G** **D** **A**
First he went to make his peace with dear old Father Maher

He went out and blew the barracks up and the man from Mullingar.

D **G** **D** **A7** **D**
And when Ireland takes her place among the nations of the world

A flag of orange, white and green to the forewinds is unfurled

D **G** **D** **A**
You'll read the role of honour and you'll find with a marked scar

A7 **D**
The name of Sarsfield Mulligan, the man from Mullingar.

MANY YOUNG MEN OF TWENTY

Wolfe Tones

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye

D

On that long day from break of dawn until the sun was high

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye

D

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

G

They left the mountains and the glens

D

The lassies and the fine young men

G

I saw a tear in every girl and boy

D

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

G

Last night I held my darling in my arms

D

Farewell, my love, it breaks my heart to see you cry

G

Farewell my love for maybe I will die

D

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

G

My boy Willie sailed away

D

And the big ship went away

G

He sailed away and left me here to cry

D

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye

D

On that long day from break of dawn until the sun was high

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye

D

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

G

I wish that I was back again

D

Beside my darling in the glen

G

We'd sit and watch the small birds as they fly

D

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye

D

On that long day from break of dawn until the sun was high

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye

D

G

Many young men of twenty said goodbye.

MEN OF WORTH

G
Leave the land behind laddies, better days to find.
C Bm Am D
The companies have the money and they soon teach you the skills.
G
Green fields far away laddies, the forties in the brae
C G D G
Be a mudman or a roustabout, you'll soon learn how to drill.
D G
But who will tend my sleep when I'm far o'er the deep
C Bm Am D
On the Neptune or the Seaquest when the snow comes to the hill.

G
Leave the fishing trade laddie, there's money to be made,
C Bm Am D
The handline and the shetland yawl are from a by-gone day.
G
Come to Aberdeen laddie, sights you've never seen,
C G D G
Be a welder on a pipeline or a fitter at McBane
D G
But when the job is o'er and my boat rots on the shore,
C Bm Am D
How will I feed my family when the companies move away.

G

There's harbours to be built laddie, rigs to tow and tilt,

C

Bm

Am

D

To rest upon the ocean beds like pylons in the sea.

G

Pipelines to be made and a hundred different trades

C

G

D

G

That would pay a decent living wage to the likes of you and me.

D

G

I know you're men of worth, you're the best that's in the North,

C

Bm

Am

D

Not men of greed but men who need the work that comes your way

G

From Flauter to Kishorn a new industry is born,

C

G

D

G

Now Peterhead and Cromarty will never be the same.

THE MERMAID

G **C** **G**

It was Friday morning when we set sail

C **D** **G**

And we were not far from the land

C **G**

When our captain he spied, his madam is so far

C **D** **G**

With a poem and a glass in her hand.

G

When the ocean waves do roll

D

And the stormy winds do blow

G **C** **G**

And we poor sailors are skipping at the top

C **D** **G** **em**

Where the land lubbers lay down below, below, below

C **D** **G**

Where the land lubbers lay down below.

G **C** **G**

Get up spoke the captain of our gallon ship

C **D** **G**

And a fine spoken man was he

C **G**

His pretty mermaid has warn the upper boon

C **D** **G**

We shall sink to the bottom of the sea.

G **C** **G**

And up spoke the cannon boy of our gallon ship

C D G

And a brave young man was he

C G

He said I have a sweet-heart to sailing by the sea

C D G

And tonight she's been weaving for me.

G C G

And up spoke the cook of our gallon ship

C D G

And a crazy old butcher was he.

C G

I care much more for my putch and my pan

C D G

Than I'll do for the bottom of the sea.

G C G

Three times around spun our gallon ship

C D G

And three times around spun she

C G

And three times around spun our gallon ship

C D G

And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

MO GHILE MEAR

Capo 1st Fret

The worn-out widow of the song is Ireland, and her Ghile Mear, “Gallant Darling,” is “Bonnie” Prince Charles Stuart. In the Irish Gaelteacht this song is often sung at closing time in the pubs, when the bar steward is trying to clear the room, to sort of squeeze a few more convivial minutes out of evening.

E

|:‘Sé mo laoch, mo Ghile Mear,

A E B7

‘Sé mo Chaesar, Ghile Mear,

E

Suan ná séan ní bhfuaireas féin

E B7 E

O chuaigh in gcéin mo Ghile Mear.:|

E

Pain and sorrow are all I know,

B7

My heart is sore, my tears a’ flow

E

Since o’er the seas we saw him go

A E B7

No news has come to ease our woe.

E

A proud and youthful chevalier,

B7

A highland lion of cheerful mien,

E

A slashing blade, a flashing shield,

A

E

B7

Fighting foremost in the field.

E

Come, drain your cups as wild harps play

B7

Let every Celt praise his noble name

E

As long as blood flows in your veins

A

E

B7

Raise a toast for his health, wish him length of days.

Solo (Verse)

Chorus

MOLLY MALONE

G **Em** **Am** **D7**
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty

G **Em** **C** **D7**
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,

G **Em** **Am** **D7**
She wheeled a wheel-barrow, through streets broad and narrow,

G **Em** **G** **D7 G**
Crying: Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh.

G **Em Am** **D7**
Alive, alive oh, alive, alive oh,

G **Em** **G** **D7 G**
Crying: Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh.

G **Em** **Am** **D7**
She was a fishmonger, but sure, 'twas no wonder,

G **Em** **C** **D7**
For so were her father and mother before;

G **Em** **Am** **D7**
And the both wheeled their barrow, through streets broad and narrow,

G **Em** **G** **D7 G**
Crying: Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh.

G **Em** **Am** **D7**
She died of a fever, no one could relieve her,

G **Em** **C** **D7**
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,

G **Em** **Am** **D7**
But her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and narrow,

G **Em** **G** **D7 G**
Crying: Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh.

MY HEART IT BELONGS TO SHE

Em Hm7 Em Hm7
Late in the evening when the gloaming comes down

Em Hm7 Cj7
It's deep in the country I'll be

Em Hm7 Em Hm7
When all the wild creatures and all sensible men

Em Hm7 Em
Are seekin' their beds I'll roam free

G D Em Hm7
When the wild salmon spring through a peat water ring

Em C D Hm7
And the blackbird and the thrush ring a jig from each tree

Am7 G Em Hm7
Some contentment I'll find with the town far behind

Em Hm7 Cj7
for my heart, it belongs to she.

Em Hm7 Em Hm7
And who could have blamed her, she married so young

Em Hm7 Cj7
And what of this world did she see?

Em Hm7 Em Hm7
Nought but pots and of pans and a hard drinking man

Em Hm7 Em
Being a wife and a mother of three

G D Em Hm7
And who could have blamed her when passion's wild flame

Em C D Hm7
And the young man with money one day replaced me?

Am7 G Em Hm7
Being a fool from the start, now I've paid with my heart

Em Hm7 Cj7
For my heart it belongs to she.

Em Hm7 Em Hm7

If I pass a cottage and a family within

Em Hm7 Cj7

Its light and its warmth leave me cold

Em Hm7 Em Hm7

And if I pass a young girl who catches my eye

Em Hm7 Em

Her youth and her hope leave me old

G D Em Hm7

And who could have blamed her when all else had failed

Em C D Hm7

Whose hopes and whose dreams were no interest to me?

Am7 G Em Hm7

Being a fool from the start, now I've paid with my heart

Em Hm7 Cj7

For my heart, it belongs to she.

My Irish Molly-O

Capo 2nd fret

Am **G** **Am**
Molly dear now did you hear, the news that's goin' round?
D7 **G7**
Down in a corner of my heart, a love is what you've found.
Am **G** **Am**
And every time I look into your Irish eyes so blue.
Em **Am** **E7** **Am** **G**
They seem to whisper 'Darling boy, my love is all for you.' Oh,

C **Dm**
Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet acushla dear
E7 **Am** **D7** **G** **G7**
I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish Molly, when you are near.
C **G7** **E7**
Springtime, you know is ring time. Come dear and don't be slow,
Am
Change your name, go out with game,
C **G7** **C**
Begora wouldn't I do the same my Irish Molly O!

Am **G** **Am**
Molly dear now did you hear I furnished up the flat.
D7 **G7**
Three little cosy rooms with bath and a 'welcome' on the mat.
Am **G** **Am**
It's five pounds down and two a week, we'll soon be out of debt.
Em **Am** **E7** **Am** **G**
It's all complete except, they haven't brought the cradle yet. Oh

Am **G** **Am**
Molly dear now did you hear what all the neighbours say.
D7 **G7**
About the hundred sovereigns you have safely stowed away.
Am **G** **Am**
They say that's why I love you. Ah but Molly that's a shame
Em **Am** **E7** **Am** **G**
If you had only ninety-nine I'd love you just the same. Oh

