

Danny Boy, (London)Derry Air [C]

music: traditional Irish
words: Frederic Weatherly (1910)

1. Oh, Dan - ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are call - ing from glen to
 2. And if you come, when all the flowers are dy - ing, and I am
 glen, and down the moun - tain side. The sum - mer's gone, and all the flowers are
 dead, as dead I well may be, You'll come and find the place where I am
 dy - ing. 'tis you, 'tis you must go, and I must bide. But come you
 ly - ing, and kneel and say an "A - ve" there for me. And I shall
 back when sum - mer's in the mea - dow, or when the val - ley's hushed and white with
 hear, tho' soft you tread a - bove me, and all my dreams will warm - er, sweet - er
 snow. 'Tis I'll be there in sun - shine or in sha - dow. Oh, Dan - ny
 be, If you shall kneel and tell me that you love me, then I will
 boy, oh, Dan - ny boy, I love you so.
 sleep in peace un - til you come to me.

Danny Boy, (London)Derry Air [D]

trad. Ireland

Danny Boy, (London)Derry Air [F]

trad. Ireland

Danny Boy, (London)Derry Air [G]

trad. Ireland

the Drunken Sailor [Dm]

Trad (song)

Verse

What should we do with a drunk-en sail-or? What should we do with a
 drun-ken sail-or? What should we do with a drunk-en sail-or? Earl-eye in the morn-ing!

Chorus

Weigh-heigh and up she ri-ses, Weigh-heigh and up she ri-ses
 Weigh-heigh and up she ri-ses, Earl-eye in the morn-ing!

More verses:

Put him in a long-boat 'til he's sober, ...
 Put him in the scuppers until he's sober, ...
 Put him in the bilge and make him drink it, ...
 Shave his belly with a rusty razor, ...
 Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowline, ...
 Lock him in the guard room 'til he gets sober, ...
 Put him in a cabin with the captain's daughter, ...
 You ain't seen the captain's daughter, ...

...
 That's what we do with a drunk-en sailor,

the Drunken Sailor [Em]

Trad (song)

Gypsy Rover [G]

trad.

The gyp - sy ro - ver came o - ver the hill,
 She left her fa - ther's cas - tle gate. She
 Her fa - ther saddled up his fast - est stead, And
 He came at last to a man - sion fine
 "He is no gyp - sy, my fa - ther," she cried "But

Down through the val - ley so sha - dy. He whistled and he sang 'til the
 left her own fine lo - ver. She left her ser - vants and
 roamed the val - ley all o - ver. He sought his daugh - ter
 Down by the ri - ver Cla - dy. And there was mu - sic and
 Lord of these lands all o - ver. And I shall stay 'til my

green woods rang, and he won the heart of a la - dy.
 her es - tate, to fol - low her gyp - sy ro - ver.
 at great speed, and the whist - lin' gyp - sy ro - ver.
 there was wine for the gyp - sy and his la - dy.
 dy - ing day with my whist - lin' gyp - sy ro - ver.

Ah - de - do, ah - de - do - da - day, Ah - de - do, ah - de day - dee; He

whis - tled and he sang 'til the green woods rang, And he won the heart of a la - dy.

Henry Martin

anon. (USA)

♩=124

There were three brothers in Mer - ry Scot - land, In
 Mer - ry Scot - land there were three, And
 they did cast lots which of them should go, should
 go, And turn rob - ber all on the salt sea.

The lot it fell first upon Henry Martin: The youngest of all the three,
 That he should turn robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,
 For to maintain his two brothers and he.

They had not been sailing for but a long winter's night, And part of the short winter's day,
 When he espied a stout lofty ship, lofty ship, lofty ship,
 Come and bearing down on him straight way.

"Hello, hello," cried Henry Martin, "What makes you sail so nigh?"
 "I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London town, London town, London town,
 Would you please for to let me pass by?"

"Oh no, oh no," cried Henry Martin, "This thing could never be,
 for I have turned robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,
 For to maintain my two borthers and me."

"Come lower your tops'l and brail up your mizzen, Bring your ship under my lee
 Or I will give you a full cannon ball, cannon ball, cannon ball,
 And all you dead bodies drown in the salt sea."

"Oh no, we won't lower our lofty topsail, Nor bring our ship under your lee
 And you shan't take from us our rich merchant goods, merchant goods, merchant goods,
 Nor point our bold guns to the sea."

And broadside and broadside and at it they went For fully two hours or three,
 Till Henry Martin gave to them the death shot, death shot, death shot,
 And straight to the bottom went she."

Bad news, bad news to old England came, Bad news to fair London town,
 There's been a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away, cast away,
 And all of her merry men drowned.

Jamie Allen [G]

Jimmy Allen

Reel of Tullochgoram

(c.1800)

Musical notation for the G major version of the Reel of Tullochgoram. It consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. Chords are indicated above the notes: G, Em, Am, D7, G, C, G, D7, G. The second staff continues the melody with chords: G, Em, Am, D7, C, G, D7, G.

Jamie Allen [A]

Jimmy Allen

Reel of Tullochgoram

Musical notation for the A major version of the Reel of Tullochgoram. It consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written on a treble clef. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. Chords are indicated above the notes: A, Fm, Bm, E7, A, D, A, E7, A. The second staff continues the melody with chords: A, Fm, Bm, E7, D, A, E7, A.

Jamie Allen [C]

Jimmy Allen

Reel of Tullochgoram

(c.1800)

Musical notation for the C major version of the Reel of Tullochgoram. It consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time, with a key signature of no sharps or flats. The melody is written on a treble clef. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, Am, Dm, G7, C, F, C, G7, C. The second staff continues the melody with chords: C, Am, Dm, G7, F, C, G7, C.

Jamie Allen [D]

Jimmy Allen

Reel of Tullochgoram

(c.1800)

Musical notation for the D major version of the Reel of Tullochgoram. It consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written on a treble clef. The first staff begins with a repeat sign. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, Bm, Em, A7, D, G, D, A7, D. The second staff continues the melody with chords: D, Bm, Em, A7, G, D, A7, D.

Loch Lomond

Trad.

G Em C D7

1. By yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes where the
 2. I mind where we part - ed on yon sha - dy glen, On the
 3. The wee bird may sing and the wild flow - ers spring, And in

G Em C D7 C G

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love were
 steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue, the ___
 sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing: The broken heart will ken nae ___

Am D7 G C D7 G

ev - er wont to go, on the bonnie bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
 Hei - land hills we view, And the moon shin - in' out from the gloam - in'.
 se - cond spring a - gain, And the world does not know how we're griev - in'.

Chorus G Em C D7

O, - - ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, and

G Em C D7 C G

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, but me and my true love will

Am C G C D7 G

nev - er meet a - gain, on the bon - nie bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary [G]

1. Up to migh - ty Lon - don came an I - rish man one day,
 2. Pad - dy wrote a let - ter to his I - rish Mol - ly - O, Saying
 3. Mol - ly wrote a neat re - ply to I - rish Pad - dy - O, Saying

As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev' - ry one was gay.
 "Should you not re - ceive it, write and let me know!"
 "Mike Ma - lon - ey wants to mar - ry me! and so,

Sing - ing songs of Pic - ca - dil - ly, Strand and Lei - cester Square, Till
 "If I make mis - takes in spell - ing, Mol - ly Dear," said he. "Re -
 Leave the Strand and Pic - ca - dil - ly or you'll be to blame. For

Chorus
 Pad - dy got ex - cit - ed, then he shout - ed to them there: It's a
 mem - ber it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me!"
 love has fair - ly drove me sil - ly, hop - ing you're the same!"

long way to Tip - per - ar - y, it's a long way to go. It's a long way to Tip - per - ar - y to the
 sweet - est girl I know. Good - by, Pic - ca - dil - ly, fare - well Lei - cester Square! It's a
 long, long way to Tip - per - ar - y, But my heart's right there.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary [G]

Chorus

Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery

1. Oh — see the fleet - foot hosts of men who speed with fac - es wan,
 2. Up the nar - row street he stepped, smil - ing proud and young.
 3. When he last stepped up that street, his shi - ning pike in hand,
 4. There is ne - ver a one of all your dead more brave - ly fell in fray,



From _ farm - stead and from fish - er's cot up - on the banks of Bann.
 A - bout the hemp - rope on his neck the gol - den ring - lets clung.
 Be - hind him marched in grim ar - ray a stal - wart ear - nest band.
 Than _ he who mar - ches to his fate on the Bridge of Toome to - day.

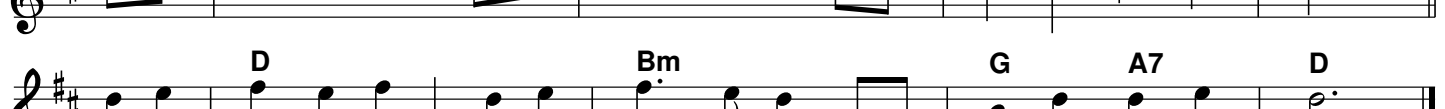
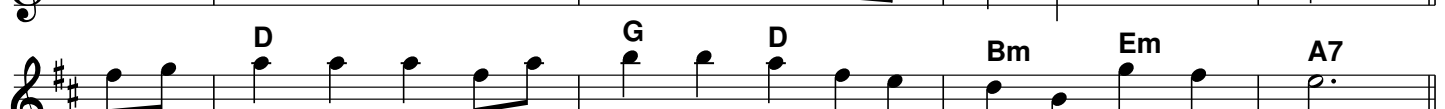


They _ come with veng - eance in their eyes; too _ late, too late are they,
 But there's ne - ver a tear in his blue eyes, both glad and bright are they,
 For _ An - trim town! For An - trim town! He led them to the fray,
 True _ to the last, true to the last, he treads the up - ward way,



As _ Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley _ goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day.
 As young Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day.
 As young Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day
 And young Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day

Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery (1866–1902)

Scotland the Brave [D]

Verse D



1. Hark where the night is fall - ing. Hark hear the pipes a call - ing
 2. High in the mist - y moun - tains, Out by the pur - ple high - lands,
 3. Far - off in sun - lit pla - ces, Sad are the Scot - tish fa - ces,

G D A7 D



Loud - ly and proud - ly call - ing down thru the glen. There where the
 Brave are the hearts that beat be - neath Scot - tish skies. Wild are the
 Yearn - ing to feel the kiss of sweet Scot - tish rain. Where tro - pic

G



hills are sleep - ing, Now feel the blood a leap - ing, High as the
 winds to meet you. Staunch are the friends that greet you. Kind as the
 skies are beam - ing, Love sets the heart a' - dream - ing, Long - ing and

D A7 D **Chorus** A7



spi - rits of the old high - land men. Tower - ing in
 love that shines from fair maid - ens eyes.
 dream - ing for the home - land a - gain!

D G D Bm Fm



gal - lant fame, Scot - land my moun - tain hame, High may your proud stan - dards

E7 A7 D



glo - ri - ous - ly wave. Land of my high en - dea - vor, Land of the

G D A7 D




shin - ing ri - ver, Land of my heart for - ev - er, Scot - land the Brave.

Scotland the Brave


Verse G



Chorus D7 G C G Em Bm A7 D7



G C G D7 G



Skye Boat Song [F]

music: Trad.
words: Sir Harold Boulton (1859–1935) (1884)

Chorus

F Gm C F Bb F (C7)

Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing, On-ward! the sail-ors cry;
Car-ry the lad that's born to be King O-ver the sea to Skye.

Verse

Dm Gm Dm Bb Dm (C7)

1. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, O-cean's a roy-al bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flo-ra will keep Watch by your wear-y head.
2. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thun-der-claps rend the air;
Baf-fled, our foes stand by the shore, Fol-low they will not dare.
3. Ma-ny's the lad fought on that day, Well the clay-more could wield,
When the night came, si-lent-ly lay Dead on Cul-lo-den's field.
4. Burned are their homes, ex-ile and death Scat-ter the loy-al men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath Char-lie will come a-gain.

Skye Boat Song [A]

A(E7) A Bm E7 A D A (E7)

F#m Bm F#m D (E7)

Skye Boat Song [D]

D(A7) D Em A7 D G D (A7)

Bm Em Bm G (A7)

Skye Boat Song [G]

G(D7) G Am D7 G C G (D7)

Em Am Em C (D7)

Skye Boat Song [C]

C(G7) C Dm G7 C F C (G7)

Am Dm Am F (G7)

The Star of the County Down [Em]

(Ireland, Scotland 1726)

Em C G D Em |¹ Bm |² D Em

G D Em Bm

Em C G D Em D Em

The Star of the County Down [Am]

(Ireland, Scotland 1726)

Am F C G Am |¹ Em |² G Am

C G Am Em

Am F C G Am G Am

The Star of the County Down [Em]

(Trad)

Em C G D Em |¹ Em Bm |² Am Em

G D G Em Bm

Em C G D Em Am Em

The Star of the County Down [Am]

(Trad)

Am F C G Am |¹ Am Em |² Dm Am

C G C Am Em

Am F C G Am Dm Am

Whiskey In The Jar [C]

C C Am Am F F
 C C G G C
 C C7 F F C G7 C

Whiskey In The Jar [D]

D D Bm Bm G G
 D D A A D
 D D7 G G D A7 D

Whiskey In The Jar [G]

G G Em Em C C
 G G D D G
 G G7 C C G D7 G

Whiskey You're the Devil [C]

Jerry Barrington 1873 (Ireland)

Oh now, brave boys, we'll run for march, and not to Por - tu - gal or Spain, the
drums are beat - ing, ban - ners fly, the devil at home we'll find to - night, Oh

Chorus
Love, fare thee well, with me ti - ther - ee - i doo - dle - um - a day, with me
ti - ther - ee - i doo - dle - um - a day, My right - fol to - ra - lad - die o, there's
whis - ky in the jar. Whis - ky you're the dev - il, you're lead - ing me a - stray,
o - ver hills and moun - tains and to A - me - ri - cay. You're strong - er, sweet - er, de - cent - er, you're
spunk - i - er than tay, Oh, whis - ky you're my dar - ling drunk or so - ber.

Oh the French are fighting boldly,
Men are dying hot and cowardly,
Give every man his flask of powder,
His firelock on his shoulder.

Chorus

Says the mother, "Do not wrong me,
Don't take my daughter from me,
For if you do I shall torment you,
And after that my ghost will haunt you."

Chorus

Whiskey You're the Devil [G]

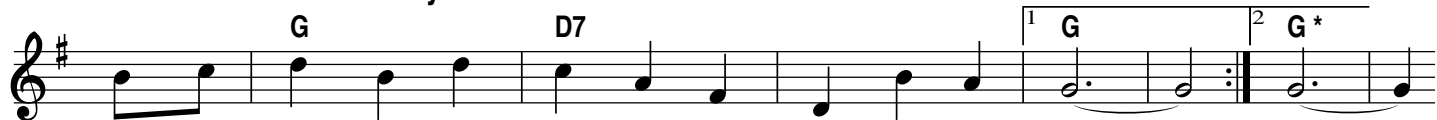
(Ireland)

the Wild Rover [G]

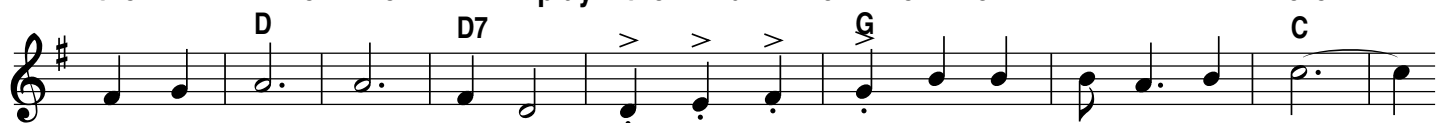
(Ireland)



1. I've been a wild ro - ver for ma - ny's the year
 But now I'm re - turn - ing with gold in great store
 2. I went in - to an ale - house I used to fre - quent
 I asked her for cre - dit, she an - swered me nay,
 3. I then took from my pock - et ten so - ve - reigns bright
 She said I'd have whis - key and wines of the best
 4. I'll go home to my pa - rents, con - fess what I've done,
 And when they've ca - ressed me as oft' times be - fore



1. and I've spent all me mo - ney on whis - key and beer.
 and I ne - ver will play the wild ro - ver no more.
 2. and I told the land - la - dy me mo - ney was spent.
 such a cus - tom as yours I can have a - ny day.
 3. and the land - la - dy's eyes o - pened wide with de - light.
 and the words that she told me were on - ly in jest.
 4. and I'll ask them to par - don their pro - di - gal son.
 then I ne - ver will play the wild ro - ver no more.



And it's no, nay, ne-ver, (clap clap clap clap) no, nay, ne-ver, no more



will I play the wild ro - ver. No ne - ver, no more.

* This measure is often omitted.

Will Ye Go Lassie Go

Trad., Arranged by Anita Smisek

1. O the sum-mer time is com-ing, and the trees are sweet-ly bloom-ing, and the
wild moun-tain thyme - Grows a-round the bloom-ing heath-er, will ye go, - las-sie,
go? **Chorus** And we'll all go to-geth-er to pluck wild moun-tain thyme - All a-
round the bloom-ing heath-er. Will ye go - las-sie, go? - 2. I will build my love a
3. If my true love, she were
tow-er near yon pure crys-tal foun-tain. And - on it I will
gone, - I would surely find an-oth-er, Where - wild - moun-tain
pile - all the flow-ers of the moun-tain. Will ye go. - las-sie, go?
thyme - grows a-round the bloom-ing heath-er. Will ye go - las-sie, go?