

I'll Tell My Ma [G,wW]

(Trad Ireland)

I'll tell my ma when I go home the boys won't leave the girls a-lone. They
 pulled my hair and they stole my comb, well that's al-right till I go home.
 She is hand-some, she is pret-ty, she's the belle of Bel-fast Ci-ty.
 She is court-ing one two three, please won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her,
 All the boys are fighting for her.
 They knock at the door and they ring at the bell,
 Saying "Oh my true love are you well?"
 Out she comes, as white as snow,
 Ring on her fingers and bells on her toes.
 Old Johnny Murray says she'll die
 If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high,
 And the snow com tumbling from the sky.
 She's as nice as apple pie,
 She'll get her own lad by and by.
 When she get a lad of her own,
 She won't tell her ma when she goes home.
 Let them all come as they will,
 For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

I'll Tell My Ma [D]

(Trad Ireland)

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 pulled my hair and they stole my comb, well that's al-right till I go home.
 She is hand-some, she is pret-ty, she's the belle of Bel-fast Ci-ty.
 She is court-ing one two three, please won't you tell me who is she?

Jambalaya

Hank Williams (1952)

C **G7**

1. Jum - ba - laya, craw - fish pie, fil - let gum - bo,
 2. Good - bye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.
 3. Thi - bay - daux, Fon - tain - eaux, place is buzz - in'
 4. Set - tle down, far from town, buy a pi - rogue.

'cause to - night I'm gonna see my cher - a mi - o.
 Me gotta - go pole the pi - rogue down the bay - ou.
 Kin - folk come to see Y - vonne by the doz - en.
 Gon - na catch me all the craw - fish in the ba - you.

G7

Pick gui - tar, fill fruit jar and be gay - o.
 My Y - vonne, the sweet - est one, me oh my oh.
 Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh.
 Save my mon' buy Y - vonne what she need oh.

C

Son of a gun, gon - na have big fun on the bay - ou.
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bay - ou.
 Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bay - ou.
 Son of a gun, gon - na have big fun on the ba - you.

Ending: Repeat last line.

The Drunken Sailor [Dm]

Trad (song)

Dm **C** **Dm** **Am** **Dm**

Dm **C** **Dm** **Am** **Dm**

Blue Bayou (not transcribed yet)

The Rambling Rover

Andy M. Stewart (1952–2015), Scotland

Chorus: C G C F

There are so-ber men and plen-ty, and drunk-ards bare-ly twen-ty, There are men of o-ver

C Dm F G C

nine-ty that have ne-ver yet kissed a girl. But give me a ramb-lin' ro-ver, frae Ork-ney down to

F C Dm G7 C **Verse:**

Do-ver. We will roam the coun-try o-ver and to- geth-er we'll face the world. 1. There's
2. I have
3. If you're

C G C

ma-ny that feign en-joy-ment from mer-ci-less em-ploy-ment, Their am-
roamed through all the na-tions, taken de-light in all cre-a-tion, I've en-
bent with ar-thi-ri-tis, your bowels have got co-li-tis, You have

F C Dm F G

bi-tion was this de-ploy-ment from the minu-te they left the school. And they
joyed a wee sen-sa-tion where the com-pa-ny it was kind. But when
gal-lop-ing bal-li-ci-tus, and you're think-in' it's time you died, If you've

C G C

save and scrape and pon-der, while the rest go out and squan-der, See the
part-ing was no plea-sure, I've drunk a-no-ther mea-sure To the
been a man of ac-tion, though you're ly-ing there in trac-tion, You may

F C Dm G7 C

world and rove and wan-der and they're hap-pi-er as a rule.
good friends that we trea-sure, for they al-ways are on our mind.
gain some sa-tis-fac-tion think-in', "Je-sus, at least I tried!"

Ballad of the MTA (not transcribed yet)

I'll Fly Away

music: Albert E. Brumley

Verse D G D

1. Some glad morn - ing when this life is o - ver I'll _____ fly a - way
 2. When the shad - ows of this life have grown I'll _____ fly a - way
 3. Oh how glad and hap - py when we meet I'll _____ fly a - way
 4. Just a few more wear - y days and then I'll _____ fly a - way

D A7 D

1. To a home on God's ce - les - tial shore I'll _____ fly a - way.
 2. Like a bird from pri - son bars have flown I'll _____ fly a - way.
 3. No more cold iron shack - les on my feet I'll _____ fly a - way
 4. To a land where joys shall ne - ver end I'll _____ fly a - way

Chorus D G D

I'll _____ fly a - way oh glo - ry I'll _____ fly a - way.

(intro) D G D A7 D

When I die ha - le - lu - jah by and by I'll _____ fly a - way.

The Wild Rover [G,w]

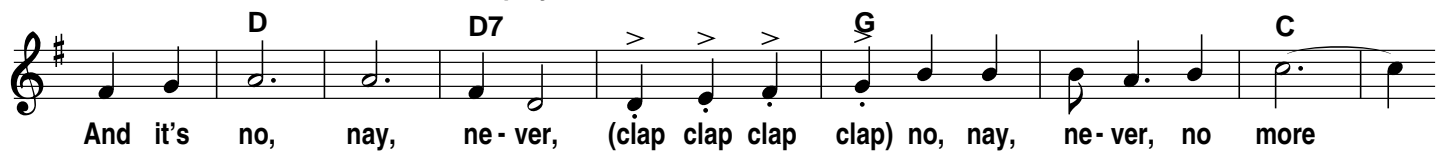
(Ireland)



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.

The Yellow Rose of Texas [G]

High:

Low:

There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am going to see,
 No other soldier knows her, no soldier only me;
 She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart
 And if I ever find her, we never more will part.

Cho: She's the sweetest rose of color this soldier ever knew,
 Her eyes are bright like diamonds, they sparkle like the dew
 You may talk about your dearest May and sing of Rosa Lee,
 But the Yellow Rose of Texas is the only girl for me.

When the Rio Grande is flowing, and the starry skies are bright
 She walks along the river in the quiet summer night
 She thinks if I remember, when we parted long ago,
 I promised to come back again and not to leave her so

Oh, now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe
 And we'll sing the song together, that we sang so long ago
 We'll play the banjo gaily, and we'll sing the songs of yore,
 And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be mine forevermore.

The Star of the County Down march [Em]

(Ireland, Scotland 1726)

Chord progression for the first staff: Em, C, G, D, Em, Bm, D, Em.

Chord progression for the second staff: G, D, Em, Bm.

Chord progression for the third staff: Em, C, G, D, Em, D, Em.

The Star of the County Down waltz [Em]

(Trad)

Chord progression for the first staff: Em, C, G, D, Em, Em, Bm, Am, Em.

Chord progression for the second staff: G, D, G, Em, Bm.

Chord progression for the third staff: Em, C, G, D, Em, Am, Em.

Scotland the Brave [D]

Verse D G

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

D A7 D

proud - ly call - ing down thru the glen. There where the hills are sleep - ing,
 hearts that beat be - neath Scot - tish skies. Wild are the winds to meet you.
 feel the kiss of sweet Scot - tish rain. Where tro - pic skies are beam - ing,

G D A7

Now feel the blood a leap - ing, High as the spi - rits of the old high - land
 Staunch are the friends that greet you. Kind as the love that shines from fair maid - ens
 Love sets the heart a' - dream - ing, Long - ing and dream - ing for the home - land a -

D **Chorus** A7 D G D Bm

men. Tower - ing in gal - lant fame, Scot - land my moun - tain hame, High may your
 eyes. gain!

F#m E7 A7 D

proud stan - dards 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 C G D7

G C G D7 G

Chorus D7 G C G Em Bm A7 D7

G 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

The Minstrel Boy [D]

melody: trad. Irish
 lyrics: Thomas Moore (3rd verse source unknown)

1. The Min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you will find him.
 His fath - er's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
 "Land of Song!" cried the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - tray thee,
 One sword at least thy right shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"

2.

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
 Could not bring that proud soul under.
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free;
 They shall never sound in slavery!

3.

The minstrel boy will return one day,
 When we hear the news, we will cheer it.
 The minstrel boy will return we pray,
 Torn in body, perhaps, but not in spirit.
 Then may he play his harp in peace,
 In a world such as Heaven intended,
 For every quarrel of Man must cease,
 And every battle shall be ended.

The Minstrel Boy (low) [C]

AA BA
 [A] C (G) (Am) F C G7 C fine
 [B] Am G Am F G7 C

King of the Road (not transcribed yet)

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

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, to 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

Chorus

Wild Mountain Thyme [D,w]

trad.

Verse: D G D G D

1. O the sum - mer time is com - ing, and the trees are sweet - ly bloom - ing, and the
 2. I will build my love a tow - er near yon pure _ crys - tal foun - tain, and _
 3. If my true love, she were gone, _ I would sure - ly find an - oth - er, where the

G D/F# Em G

1. wild _ moun - tain thyme _ grows a - round the bloom - ing heath - er.
 2. on it I will pile _ all the flow - ers of the moun - tain.
 3. wild _ moun - tain thyme _ grows a - round the bloom - ing heath - er.

Chorus: D G D G D G D/F#

Will ye go, _ las - sie, go? And we'll all go to - geth - er to pluck wild moun - tain

Em G Intro: D G D

thyme _ all a - round the bloom - ing heath - er. Will ye go _ las - sie, go?

Whiskey In The Jar [C]

C C Am Am F F

C C7 F F C G7 C

Whiskey In The Jar [D]

D D Bm Bm G G

D D7 G G D A7 D

Whiskey In The Jar [G]

Kalamatianós: Samiotissa
Girl from Samos

(Greece)

Instr:

Vocal:

1. Sa - mio - tis - sa, Sa - mio - tis - sa, po - te tha pos ti Sa - mo,
2. Ke me tin var - ka pu tha pas khri - sa pa - nia tha va - lo,
3. Sa - mio - tis - sa, mi tis e - lyes ke me ta mav - ra ma - tia
4. Sa - mio - tis - sa, o e - ro - tas, den the - li pa - ra - ka - lia

ro - dha pa ri - kso sto yia - lo, Sa - mio - tis - sa, trian -
 ma - la - ma te - nya ta ku - pia Sa - mio - tis - sa, ya
 mu 'ka - nes tin kar - dhu - la mu, Sa - mio - tis - sa, sa -
 E - khi ky'a - la por - to - kya - lies, Sa - mio - tis - sa, pu

da - fi - la stin a - mo. _____ -mo.
 har - tho, na se pa - no. _____ -no.
 -ran - da - dhyo ko - ma - ty. _____ -tya.
 ka - noun por - to - ka - lia. _____ -lia.

Girl from Samos, when I get to Samos, I'll throw roses on the shore, roses on the sand.
 And in the boat in which you go, golden sails I'll put, golden oars, so I can take you.
 Girl from Samos with the black olives and the black eyes, you've broken my heart into 42 pieces.
 Samiotissa, passion doesn't need begging. There are other orange trees that give oranges.

Ripple [G,w]

music: Jerry Garcia
words: Robert Hunter

G D C AmG G
 If my words did glow with the gold of sun-shine and my
 hand if your cup be emp - ty, if your
G
 tunes were played on the harp un - strung, Would you hear my voice come through the
 cup is full, may it be a - gain. Let it be known there is a
C G D C
 mu - sic? Would you hold it near, as it were your own? It's a hand - me - down,
 foun - tain that was not made by the hands of men. There is a road,
3 C G
 the thoughts are bro - ken; per - haps they're bet - ter left un - sung. I don't
 no sim - ple high - way be - tween the dawn and the dark of night. And if you
3 C G D C G F#G7
 know, don't real - ly care. Let there be songs to fill the air.
 go, no one may fol - low, That path is for your steps a - lone.
Am D7 G C A 1 D
 Rip - ple in still wa - ter; when there is no peb - ble tossed, nor wind to blow. Reach out your
2 D G 3 C
 blow. You who choose to lead must fol - low, but if you fall, you fall a -
G 3 C G D C
 lone. If you should stand, then who's to guide you? If I knew the way I would take you
G 3 C 3
 home. La dee da da da, la da da da da, da da da da, da da, da da da da da,
3 C D C G
 La da da da, la da da da da, La da da da, la da da da da.

Basic version; play with fluid rhythm and lots of anticipation.