

# FOLKSONGS & BALLADS POPULAR IN IRELAND



**50 SONGS WITH MUSIC, WORDS  
AND GUITAR CHORDS PLUS USEFUL  
NOTES ON EACH SONG**

collected, arranged & edited by john loesberg

**OSSIAN & PUBLICATIONS**

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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THE EDITOR IS INDEBTED TO MESSRS. WALTON, DUBLIN FOR THEIR PERMISSION TO INCLUDE THE WHISTLING GYPSY, THE BOLD FENIAN MEN, THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA AND ALL AROUND MY HAT.

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VOL. 2



collected, arranged & edited by

JOHN LOESBERG



## the shores of amerikay

b<sup>b</sup>

♩. = 60

I'm bid-ding fare-well to the land of my youth and the  
home I love so well. And the moun-tains so grand in my  
own na-tive land, I am bid-ding them all fare-well, With an  
ach-in' heart I'll bid them a-dieu, for to-mor-row I'll sail far a-  
way. O'er the ra-ging foam for to seek a home on the  
shores of A-me-ri-kay.

It's not for the want of employment I'm going  
It's not for the love of fame  
That fortune bright, may shine over me  
And give me a glorious name  
It's not for the want of employment I'm going  
O'er the weary and stormy sea,  
But to seek a home for my own true love,  
On the shores of Amerikay.

And when I'm bidding my last farewell,  
The tears like rain will blind.  
To think of my friends in my own native land,  
And the home I'm leaving behind.  
But if I'm to die in a foreign land,  
And be buried so far away,  
No fond mother's tears will be shed o'er my grave,  
On the shores of Amerikay.

GUITAR : CAPO IN THIRD BOX

## PEGGY GORDON

ANDANTE

Oh, Peg-gy Gor - don you are my dar - ling come sit you  
down u-pon my knee And tell to me the ve-ry rea-  
son Why I am sligh- ted so by thee.

I'm so in love that I can't deny it,  
My heart lies smothered in my breast,  
But it's not for you to let the world know it,  
A troubled mind can know no rest.

I put my head to a cask of brandy,  
It was my fancy, I do declare,  
For when I'm drinking I'm always thinking  
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here.

I wish I was in some lonesome valley,  
Where womankind cannot be found,  
Where the little birds sing upon the branches,  
And every moment a different sound.

Oh, Peggy Gordon you are my darling,  
Come sit you down upon my knee,  
And tell to me the very reason,  
Why I am slighted so by thee.



# I KNOW MY LOVE

ANDANTE

Musical notation for the song 'I Know My Love' in 2/4 time, featuring a melody line with chords D, A7, and D. The lyrics are: 'I know my love by her way of walk-ing and I know my love by her way of talk-ing and I know my love by her suit of blue but if my love leaves me what will I do And yet she cries ;" I love him the best " But a trou-b-led mind sure can know no rest And yet she cries "Bon-ny boys are few", Yet if my love leaves me, what will I do?'

There is a dance house in Mardyke,  
And t'is there my dear love goes every night;  
And he takes a strange girl all on his knee,  
And don't you think but it troubles me.

If my love knew I could wash and wring,  
And if my love knew I could weave and spin,  
I could make a suit all of the finest kind,  
But the want of money it leaves me behind.

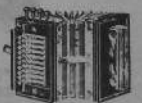
# THE HOLY GROUND

ANDANTE

Musical notation for the song 'The Holy Ground' in 2/4 time, featuring a melody line with chords C, G7, and C. The lyrics are: 'A - dieu, my fair young mai - den, A thous- and times a - dieu we must bid fare - well to the Ho - ly Ground and the girls that we love true We will sail the salt sea o - ver and re- turn a- gain for sure To seek the girls who wait for us in the Ho - ly Ground once more, FINE GIRL YOU ARE, You're the girl that I a - dore And still I live in hopes to see the Ho - ly Ground once more FINE GIRL YOU ARE.'

Oh the night was dark and stormy,  
You scarce could see the moon,  
And our good old ship was tossed about,  
And her rigging was all torn;  
With her seams agape and leaky,  
With her timbers dozed and old,  
And still I live in hopes to see,  
The Holy Ground once more,

And now the storm is over,  
And we are safe on shore,  
Let us drink a health to the Holy Ground  
And the girls that we adore;  
We will drink strong ale and porter  
Till we make the tap room roar  
And when our money all is spent  
We will go to sea for more,



ACCORDIONS  
 from  
 5/11.

# MRS. MC. GRATH

9

ANDANTE

G Em G D7

"Oh, Mrs. Mc. Grath," the ser-geant said, "Would you

G D7

like to make a sol-dier out of your son Ted, with a

G Am Em D7 G D7

scar-let coat and a big cocked hat, now Mrs. Mc. Grath would'nt

G Em G D7

you like that? **CHORUS** Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol-the did-dle aa, too-ri-oo-ri

G Em G D7 G

oo-ri-aa, wid yer too-ri-aa, fol-the did-dle aa, too-ri-oo-ri- oo-ri-aa

So, Mrs. Mc Grath lived on the sea-shore,  
For the space of seven long years or more  
Till she saw a big ship sailing into the bay,  
"Here's my son Ted, wisha, clear the way.

"Oh Captain dear, where have you been  
Have you been sailing on the Mediterreen  
Or have you any tidings of my son Ted,  
Is the poor boy living or is he dead?

Then up comes Ted without any legs  
And in their place he has two wooden pegs  
She kissed him a dozen times or two  
Saying " Holy Moses 'tishn't you."

"Oh then were you drunk or were you blind  
That ye left yer two fine legs behind,  
Or was it walking upon the sea  
Wore yer two fine legs from the knees away.

6

"Oh, no I was'nt drunk or blind,  
But I left my two fine legs behind.  
For a cannon ball on the fifth of May,  
Took my two fine legs from the knees away.

"Oh then Teddy me boy," the widow cried  
"Yer two fine legs were yer mammy's pride  
Them stumps of a tree would'nt do at all  
Why did'nt you run from the big cannon ball.

All foreign wars I do proclaim  
Between Don John and the King of Spain  
And by herrins I'll make them rue the time  
That they swept the legs from a child of mine

Oh then if I had you back again,  
I'd never let ye go to fight the King of Spain  
For I'd rather have my Ted as he used to be,  
Than the King of France and his whole Navy.



An English cartoon called  
'Manning the Navy' showing a  
press gang at work.

7

# I'm a rover and seldom sober

ANDANTE



Though the night be as dark as dungeon  
Not a star to be seen above  
I will be guided without a stumble,  
Into the arms of my own true love

He stepped up to her bedroom window  
Kneeling gently upon a stone  
He rapped at her bedroom window  
"Darling dear, do you lie alone,

It's only me your own true lover  
Open the door and let me in  
For I have come on a long journey  
And I'm near drenched to the skin.

She opened the door with the greatest pleasure  
She opened the door and she let him in  
They both shook hands and embraced each other  
Until the morning they lay as one

The cocks were crawing, the birds were whistling  
The streams they ran free about the brae,  
Remember lass I'm a ploughman laddie,  
And the farmer I must obey.

Now my love I must go and leave thee,  
And though the hills they are high above,  
I will climb them with greater pleasure,  
Since I've been in the arms of my love.

# THE BLACK VELVET BAND

J. = 66



'Twas in the town of Tralee an apprentice to trade I was bound  
With a-plenty of bright amusement to see the days go round  
'Till misfortune and trouble came over me, which caused  
me to stray from my land,  
Far away from my friends and relations, to follow the Black  
Velvet Band.

Before the judge and the jury the both of us had to appear,  
And a gentleman swore to the jewellery- the case against us  
was clear.  
For seven years transportation right unto Van Dieman's Land  
Far away from my friends and relations to follow her Black  
Velvet Band.

Oh, all you brave young Irish lads, a warning take by me,  
Beware of the pretty young damsels that are knocking around  
in Tralee,  
'they'll treat you to whiskey and porter until you're unable  
to stand,  
And before you have time for to leave them, you are unto Van  
Dieman's Land.

# FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW em

J. = 92

Lift Mac Ca-hir Og your face brood-ing o'er the  
 Grey said victo-ry was sure soon the fire-brand  
 old dis-grace, that black Fitz-Wil-liam stormed your place and  
 he'd se-cure; un- till he met at Glen- ma- lure  
 drove you to the Fern. CHORUS Curse and swear, Lord Kil-dare  
 Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne Now Fitz-Wil-liam, have a care  
 Feagh will do what Feagh will dare- Up with hal-bert  
 Fal- len is your star, low.  
 Out with sword, On we go for by the Lord, Feagh Mac Hugh has  
 gi-ven his word, Fol-low me up to Car-low.

See the swords of Glen Inayle, flashing o'er the English Pale  
 See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners  
 Rooster of a fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock  
 Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners

From Tassagart to Clonmore, flows a stream of Saxon gore  
 Och, great is Rory Oge O'More, at sending loons to Hades  
 White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black FitzWilliams head  
 We'll send it over, dripping red, to Liza and the ladies.

# THE BLACKSMITH dm

ANDANTE

A black-smith cour-ted me, nine months and bet-ter  
 He fair-ly won my heart, wrote me a let-ter  
 with his ham-mer in his hand, he looked so cle-ver  
 and if I was with my love I'd live for ev-er.

And where is my love gone, with his cheek like roses,  
 And his good black billycock on, decked with primroses  
 I'm afraid the scorching sun will shine and burn his beauty,  
 And if I was with my love, I'd do my duty.

Strange news is come to town, strange news is carried,  
 Strange news flies up and down that my love is married.  
 I wish them both much joy, though they don't hear me,  
 And may God reward him well for slighting of me.

'What did you promise when you sat beside me  
 You said you would marry me, and not deny me '  
 'If I said I'd marry you, it was only for to try you,  
 So bring your witness, love, and I'll never deny you'

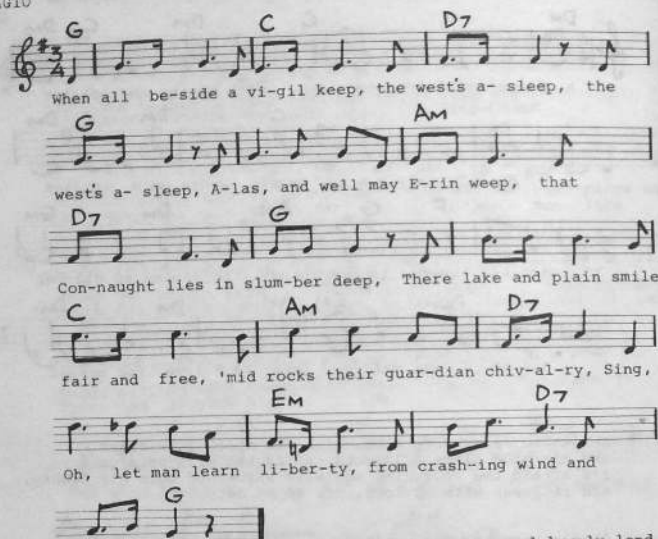
'Oh, witness have I none, save God Almighty  
 And He'll reward you well for slighting of me.'  
 Her lips grew pale and white, it made her poor heart tremble  
 To think she loved one and he proved deceitful.



ADAGIO

# THE WEST'S AWAKE

9



When all be-side a vi-gil keep, the west's a- sleep, the

west's a- sleep, A-las, and well may E-rin weep, that

Con-naught lies in slum-ber deep, There lake and plain smile

fair and free, 'mid rocks their guar-dian chiv-al-ry, Sing,

Oh, let man learn li-ber-ty, from crash-ing wind and

lash-ing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land  
Freedom and Nationhood demand  
Be sure the great God never planned,  
For slumb'ring slaves a home so grand,  
And long a proud and haughty race  
Honour'd and sentinell'd the place  
Sing, oh, not e'en their sons' disgrace,  
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often in O'Connor's van  
To triumph dashed each Connacht clan,  
And fleet as deer the Normans ran  
Through Curliou's Pass and Ardahan;  
And later times saw deeds as brave,  
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave;  
Sing, oh, they died their land to save,  
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,  
The West's asleep, the West's asleep,  
Alas and well may Erin weep,  
That Connaught lies in slumber deep;  
But hark, a voice like thunder spake;  
The West's awake, the West's awake  
Sing oh, hurrah, let England quake,  
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake.

# THE WHISTON WHARF ROVER



The Long Song Seller, Mayhew's London Labour and the London Poor.

LARGHETTO

## DANNY BOY

C

Oh, Dan-ny boy, the pipes the pipes are cal-ling, From glen to  
glen and down the moun-tain-side, The sum-mer's  
gone and all the ro-ses fal-ling Tis you tis  
you must go and I must bide. But come ye back when summer's in the  
mea-dow, Or when the val-leys hushed and white with  
snow, 'Tis I'll be there in sun-shine or in sha-dow, Oh Dan-ny  
boy, oh Dan-ny boy I love you so.

And when you come and all the flowers are dying  
If I am dead- as dead I well may be  
Ye'll come and find a place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;  
And I shall hear though soft you tread above me,  
And all my grave shall warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me  
And I shall sleep in peace, until you come to me.

## THE WHISTLIN' GYPSY ROVER

e

ANDANTE



The gyp-sy ro-ver came o- ver the hill,  
How-dy do, how-dy do dah day,  
down through the val-ley so sha- dy, He  
how dy do how-dy day - He  
whistl-ed and he sang till the greenwoods rang and  
whistl-ed and he sang till the greenwoods rang and  
he won the heart of a la - dy  
he won the heart of a la - dy

She left her father's castle gate,  
She left her own true lover,  
She left her servants and her estate,  
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled up his fastest steed,  
Roamed the valleys all over,  
He sought his daughter at great speed,  
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine,  
Down by the river Clady,  
And there was music and there was wine,  
For the gypsy and his lady.

He is no gypsy, father said she,  
But lord of these lands all over,  
And I shall stay till my dyin' day,  
With my whistlin' gypsy rover.

## the beggerman's song

d

J. = 108

I am a lit-tle beg-gar-man and beg-ging I have been, for  
three score years in this lit-tle isle of green, I'm known a-long the  
Lif-fey from the Bas-in to the Zoo, and ev'ry-bo-dy calls me by the  
name of John-ny Dhu - Of all trades a- go-ing, sure the beg-ging is the  
best, for when a man is tir-ed he can sit him down and rest, He can  
beg for his din-ner, he has noth-ing else to do but to slip a-round the  
cor-ner with his ould rig-a- doo.

I slept in a barn one night in Currabawn,  
A shocking wet night it was but I slept until the dawn;  
There was holes in the roof and the raindrops coming through,  
And the rats and the cats were all playing peek a boo.  
Who did I waken but the woman of the house,  
With her white-spotted apron and her fine gingham blouse;  
She began to get excited and all I said was "BOO"  
Sure don't be afraid at all, t'is only Johnny Dhu."

I met a little girl when a-walking out one day,  
"Good morrow, little flaxen-haired girl" I did say;  
"Good morrow, little beggarman, and how do you do  
With your rags and your tags and your ould rigadoo"  
I'll buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie,  
And a nice young lady I'll go courting by-and-by;  
I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll colour them with blue,  
And an old-fashioned lady I will make her too.

So all along the highroad with my bag upon my back,  
Over the fields with my bulging heavy sack;  
With holes in my shoes and my toes a-peeping through,  
Singing skin-a ma -link-a doodle with my old rigadoo,  
Oh, I must be going to bed, for it's getting late at night,  
The fire is all raked and now 'tis out the light;  
For now you've heard the story of my old rigadoo,  
So good-bye and God be with you, from old Johnny Dhu.



## AVONDALE

ANDANTE

Oh, have you been to A- von - dale, and ling-ered in it's  
love-ly vale Where tall trees whis-per and know the tale of  
A- von- dale's proud eag -le.

Where pride and ancient glory fade,  
So was the land where he was laid  
Like Christ was thirty pieces paid  
For Avondale's proud eagle.

Long years that green and lovely vale  
Hae nursed Parnell, her grandest Gael  
And curse the land that has betrayed  
Fair Avondale's proud eagle.



CHARLES STUART PARNELL, M.P. PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE, ADDRESSING A MEETING

## NORA

ANDANTE

The vio-lets were scen-ting the woods, No-ra dis-play-ing their  
charm to the bee When I first said I loved on-ly you, No-ra and  
you said you loved on-ly me The chest-nut blooms  
gleamed through the glade, No-ra, a ro-bin sang loud from a  
tree, When I first said I loved on-ly you, No-ra, and  
you said you loved on-ly me.

The golden-robed daffodils shone Nora,  
And danced in the breeze on the lea,  
When I first said I loved only you, Nora,  
And you said you loved only me

The trees, birds and bees sang a song, Nora,  
Of happier transports to be,  
When I first said I loved only you, Nora,  
And you said you loved only me.



# KELLY THE BOY FROM KILLANNE

ANDANTE

What's the news What's the news Oh, my bold shel-ma-lier with your  
long-bar-rel'd gun of the sea Say what wind from the sun blows his  
mes-sen-ger here, with a hymn of the dawn for the free Good-ly  
news, good-ly news do I bring youth of Forth, good-ly  
news you shall hear, Bargy men For the boys march at dawn from the  
south to the north led by Kel-ly the boy from Kil-lanne.

Tell me who is the giant with the gold curling hair  
He who rides at the head of your band  
Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare,  
And he looks like a king in command  
'Oh, me boys, that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers,  
'Mongst our greatest of heroes, a Man  
Fling your beavers aloft and give three rousing cheers  
For John Kelly, the Boy from Killanne.

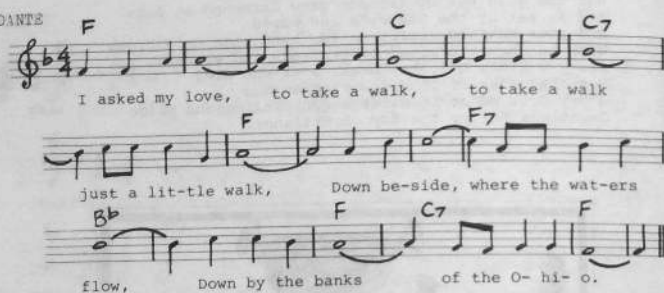
Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won  
And the Barrow tomorrow we cross  
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun  
That will batter the gateways to Ross  
All the Forth men and Bargy men march o'er the heath,  
With brave Harvey to lead on the van;  
But the foremost of all in that grim gap of death  
Will be Kelly the Boy from Killanne.

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross  
And it set by the Slaney's red waves  
And poor Wexford stript naked, hung high on a cross  
With her heart pierced by traitors and slaves  
Glory O Glory O to her brave sons who died  
For the cause of long-downtrodden man  
Glory O to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride  
Dauntless Kelly, the Boy of Killanne.



## the banks of the ohio

ANDANTE



And only say that you'll be mine,  
And in no other arms will twine,  
Down beside where the waters flow,  
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

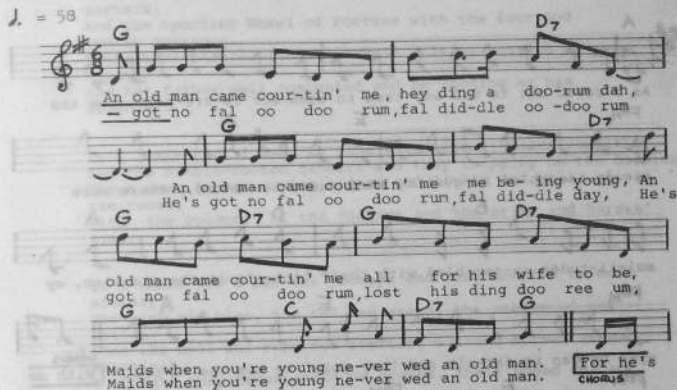
I held a knife against her breast,  
As unto my arm she pressed,  
She cried, "Oh Willie, don't murder me,  
I'm not prepared for eternity."

I started home 'tween twelve and one,  
I cried "my God, what have I done.  
Killed the only girl I loved,  
Because she would not be my dove."



## MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

J. = 58



When this old man comes to bed, hey ding a doorum dah,  
When this old man comes to bed, me being young,  
When this old man comes to bed, he lays like a lump of lead  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

When this old man goes to sleep, hey ding a doorum dah,  
When this old man goes to sleep, me being young,  
When this old man goes to sleep, out of bed I do creep,  
Into the arms of a handsome young man.

I wish this old man would die, hey ding a doorum dah,  
I wish this old man would die, me being young,  
I wish this old man would die, I'd make the money fly,  
Girls for your sakes never wed an old man.

A young man is my delight, hey ding a doorum dah,  
A young man is my delight, me being young,  
A young man is my delight, he'll kiss you day and night,  
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

MODERATO

# THE GALWAY RACES

a

As I roved out to Gal-way town to seek for re-cre-a-tion on the  
se-ven-teenth of au-gust my mind was e-le-va-ted, there were  
mul-ti-tudes as-sem-bled with their tick-ets at the sta-tion, my  
eyes be-gan to daz-zle and they goin' to see the ra-ces.

Whack fol the do, fol the did-de-ley i-dle ay.

CHORUS  
With me

There were passengers from Limerick and passengers  
from Nenagh,  
And passengers from Dublin and sportamen from Tipp'rary.  
There were passengers from Kerry and all the quarters  
of the nation,  
And our member Mr. Hasset for to join the Galway Blazers.

There were multitudes from Aran and members from  
New Quay shore,  
The boys from Connemara and the Clare unmarried maidens  
There were people from Cork city who were loyal,  
true and faithful,  
That brought home Fenian prisoners from dying in  
foreign nations.

It's there you'll see confectioners with sugarsticks  
and dainties,  
The lozenges and oranges, the lemonade and raisins.  
The gingerbread and spices to accommodate the ladies  
And a big crubeen for threepence to be picking while you're  
able.

It's there you'll see the gamblers, the thimbles and the  
garters,  
And the sporting Wheel of Fortune with the four and  
twenty quarters.  
There were others without scruple pelting wattles at poor  
Maggy,  
And her father well contented and he looking at his  
daughter.

It's there you'll see the pipers and the fiddlers competing  
And the nimble-footed dancers and they tripping on the daisies  
There were others crying, cigars and lights and bills of all  
the races.  
With the colours of the jockeys and the prize and horses'  
ages.

It's there you'd see the jockeys and they mounted on most  
stately  
The pink and blue, the red and green, the emblem of our  
nation.  
When the bell was rung for starting all the horses seemed  
impatient,  
I thought they never stood on ground, their speed was so  
amazing.

There was half a million people there of all denominations  
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew and Presbyterian.  
There was yet no animosity, no matter what persuasion,  
But failete and hospitality inducing fresh acquaintance.



# SAM HALL

ANDANTE

Oh, my name it is Sam Hall, chim-ney sweep, chim-ney sweep, Oh, my name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, Oh, my name it is Sam Hall and I've robbed both rich and small, And my neck will pay for all, When I die, when I die, And my neck will pay for all when I die.

Oh they took me to Coote hill in a cart, in a cart,  
Oh they took me to Coote hill in a cart,  
Oh they took me to Coote hill and 'twas there I made my will  
For the best of friends must part, so must I, so must I  
For the best of friends must part, so must I.

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke,  
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke.  
Up the ladder I did grope, and the hangman pulled the rope,  
And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down, tumbling down,  
And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down.

Oh my name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep,  
Oh my name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep,  
Oh my name it is Sam Hall, and I've robbed both rich and small,  
And my neck will pay for all, when I die, when I die,  
And my neck will pay for all, when I die.

# boston city

J. = 60

I was born in Bos-ton ci-ty boys a place you all know well Brought up by hon-est pa-rents, the truth to you I'll tell Brought up by hon-est pa-rents, and raised most ten-der-ly. Till I be-came a sport-ing blade at the age of twen-ty three.

My character it was taken, and I was sent to jail,  
My parents thought to bail me out, but they found it all in vain;  
The jury found me guilty, and the clerk he wrote it down,  
The judge he passed my sentence, and I was sent to Charles-town.

I see my aged father, and he standing by the Bar,  
Likewise my aged mother, and she tearing of her hair,  
The tearing of her old grey locks, and the tears came mingled down,  
Saying " John, my son what have you done, that you're bound for Charlestown."

There's a girl in Boston City, boys, a place you all know well  
And if e'er I get my liberty, it's with her I will dwell  
If e'er I get my liberty, bad company I will shun,  
The robbing of the Munster Bank, and the drinking of rum.

You lads that are at liberty, should keep it while you can,  
Don't roam the street by night or day, or break the laws of man,  
For if you do you're sure to rue, and become a lad like me  
A-serving up your twenty-one years, in the Royal Artillery.



ALLEGRO MOD.

# THE NIGHTINGALE

e

As I went a-walk-ing one morn-ing in may, I met a young  
 coup-le who fond-ly did stray, And one was a young maid so  
 sweet and so fair And the oth-er was a sol-dier and a  
 brave gre-na-dier **CHORUS** And they kissed so sweet and  
 com-for-ting as they clung to each oth-er They went  
 arm in arm a-long the road like sis-ter and broth-er They went  
 arm in arm a- long the road till they came to a stream, And they  
 both sat down to-geth-er to hear the night-in-gale sing.

From out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle  
 And he played her such merry tunes that you ever that hear;  
 And he played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring  
 And they both sat down together to hear the nightingale sing

O, soldier, soldier will you marry me  
 O, no said the soldier, " That never can be,  
 For I have my own wife at home in my own countere  
 And she is the sweetest little thing that you ever did see

"Now I'm off to India for seven long years  
 Drinking wines and strong whiskey instead of cool beers;  
 And if ever I return again it'll be in the spring  
 And we'll both sit down together and hear the nightingale sing



An Irish Jig.

LARGO/ LARGHETTO

## MY LAGAN LOVE

c

Where La-gan stream sings lull-a-by, there blows a li-ly fair,  
The twi-light gleam is in her eye, the night is on her hair,  
And like a love-sick len -an -shee, she hath my heart in thrall;  
Nor life I owe, nor li-ber-ty, for love is lord of all.

And often when the beetle's horn,  
Hath lulled the eye to sleep,  
I steal unto her, shieling lorn,  
And thro' the dooring peep;  
There, on the cricket's singing stone,  
She stirs the bog-wood fire,  
And hums in sad, sweet undertone,  
The song of heart's desire.

Her welcome like her love for me  
Is from the heart within,  
Her warm kiss is felicity,  
That knows no taint or sin;  
When she was only fairy small,  
Her gentle mother died,  
But true love keeps her memory warm  
By Lagan's silver side.



IRISH WAR PIPE.  
From Derrick's Image of Ireland. 1581.

## I know where i'm going

f

LARGO/ LARGHETTO

I know where i'm go-ing, and I know who's go-ing with me  
I know who I love, but the dear knows who i'll mar-ry.

I'll have stockings of silk,  
Shoes of fine green leather,  
Combs to buckle my hair  
And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft,  
Painted rooms are bonny;  
But I'd leave them all  
To go with my love Johnny.

Some say he's dark,  
I say he's bonny,  
He's the flower of them all  
My handsome, coaxing Johnny.

I know where I'm going,  
I know who's going with me,  
I know who I love,  
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

# GLORY O, TO OUR BOLD FENIAN MEN

dm

ADVANCE

A-down by the glen-side I met an old wo-man, a-  
plucking young net-tles nor saw I was co-ming I  
list-ened a while to the song she was hum-ming  
Glo-ry- o, Glo-ry- o, to the bold Fe-nian men.

" 'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'  
On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleamin';  
I see them again, sure, thro' all my sad dreamin'  
Glory O Glory O to the bold Fenian men.

" When I was a girl their marchin' and drillin'  
Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrillin'  
They loved poor old Ireland, to die they were willin'  
Glory O Glory O to the bold Fenian men.

" Some died by the glenside, some died 'mid the stranger;  
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure;  
But they stood by old Ireland, and never feared danger  
Glory O glory O to the bold Fenian men.

I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her;  
Be my life long or short I shall never forget her.  
We may have had good men, but we'll never have better  
Glory O glory O to the bold Fenian men.

# CARRIGDHOUN

f

ADAGIO

The heath was green on Car-rig -Dhoun, bright shone the sun o'er  
Ard-na-lee; The dark green trees bent trem-bling down to  
kiss the slum-be-ring Own na Buidhe, That hap-py day 'T'was  
but last May,- 'Tis like a dream to me When Do-nal swore, aye  
o'er and o'er, We'd part no more a- stór mo chroidhe.

On Carrig Dhoun the heath is brown,  
The clouds are dark o'er Ard-na-Lee;  
And many a stream comes rushing down,  
To swell the angry Own-na-Buidhe.  
The moaning blast is sweeping past,  
Through many a leafless tree;  
And I'm alone for he is gone,  
My hawk has flown, ochone mo chroidhe.

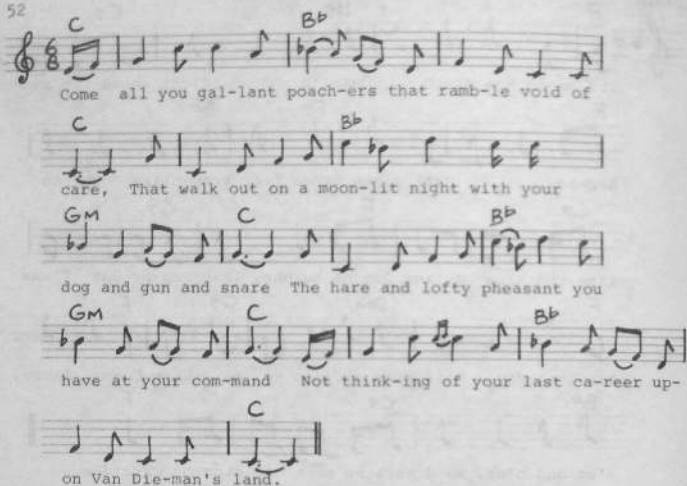
Soft April showers and bright May flowers  
Will bring the summer back again;  
But will they bring me back the hours,  
I spent with my brave Donal then  
There's but a chance- he's gone to France,  
To wear the Fleur de Lis  
But I'll follow you my Donal Dhu,  
For still I'm true to you mo chroidhe.

GUITAR : CAPO IN THIRD BOX  
F=D, Bb=G, C7=A7, Dm=Bm, F7=D7

# VAN DIEMAN'S LAND

C

♩. = 52



Poor Thomas Brown from Nenagh town, Jack Murphy and poor Joe  
Were three determined poachers as the county well does know  
By the keepers of the land, my boys, one night they were  
trepanned,  
And for fourteen years transported unto Van Dieman's land.

The first day that we landed upon that fatal shore  
The planters came around us there might be twenty score  
They ranked us off like horses and they sold us out of hand  
And they yoked us to the plough, brave boys, to plough  
Van Dieman's land.

The cottages we live in are built with sods of clay  
We have rotten straw for bedding but we dare not say nay.  
Our cots we fence with firing and slumber when we can,  
To keep the wolves and tigers from us in Van Dieman's land.

Oft times when I do slumber I have a pleasant dream  
With my sweet girl sitting near me close by a purling stream  
I am roaming through old Ireland with my true love by the hand  
But awoken broken-hearted upon Van Dieman's land.

God bless our wives and families, likewise that happy shore  
That isle of sweet contentment which we shall ne'er see more  
As for the wretched families see them we seldom can  
There are twenty men for one woman in Van Dieman's land.

But fourteen years is a long time, that is our fatal doom,  
For nothing else but poaching for that is all we done,  
You would leave off both dog and gun and poaching every man,  
If you but knew the hardship that's in Van Dieman's land.

Oh, if I had a thousand pounds all laid out in my hand,  
I'd give it all for liberty if that I could command,  
Again to Ireland I'd return and be a happy man  
And bid adieu to poaching and to Van Dieman's land.

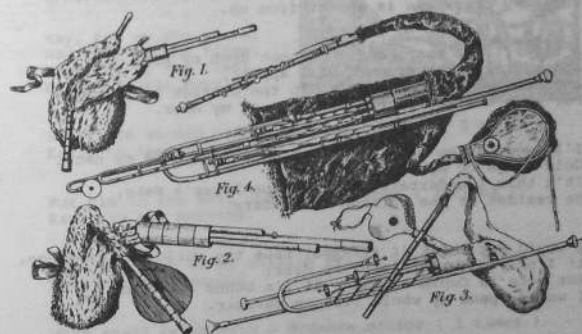


FIG. 1. Ancient Irish Bagpipe. FIG. 2. Fiddle or Bodhran Pipe.  
FIG. 3. Primitive Fiddle Pipe. FIG. 4. Fiddle or Bodhran Pipe.



## THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE

ANDANTE

The win-ter it is past and the sum-mer's come at last and the  
small birds they sing on eve-ry tree ; Their lit-tle hearts are  
glad but mine is ve-ry sad, since my true love is far a-way from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the water running clear,  
Gives joy to the linnet and the bee;  
Their little hearts are blest, but mine is not at rest,  
While my true love is absent from me.

A livery I'll wear, and I'll comb down my hair,  
And in velvet so green I will appear,  
And straight I will repair, to the Curragh of Kildare,  
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

I'll wear a cap of black, with a frill around my neck,  
Gold rings on my fingers I wear;  
It's this I undertake, for my true lover's sake,  
He resides at the Curragh of Kildare.

I would not think it strange, thus the world for to range,  
If I only got tidings of my dear;  
But here in Cupid's chain, If I'm bound to remain,  
I would spend my whole life in despair.

My love is like the sun, that in the firmament does run,  
And always proves constant and true;  
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,  
And every month is new.

All you that are in love and cannot it remove,  
I pity the pains you endure;  
For experience let me know, that your hearts are full of woe,  
And a woe that no mortal can cure.

9

## the drunken sailor

dm.

ANDANTE

What shall we do with a drun-ken sai-lor  
Put him in the scup-pers with the hose-pipe on him  
What shall we do with a drun-ken sai-lor  
Put him in the scup-pers with the hose-pipe on him  
What shall we do with a drun-ken sai-lor  
Put him in the scup-pers with the hose-pipe on him  
Ear-lye in the morn-ing.  
Ear-lye in the morn-ing.

Way, hay up she rises,  
Way, hay up she rises,  
Way, hay up she rises,  
Earlye in the morning.



Hoist him aboard with a running bowline ( 3 times )  
Early in the morning.

Put him in the brig until he's sober ( 3 times )  
Early in the morning.

Make him turn to at shining bright work ( 3 times )  
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with a drunken sailor ( 3 times )  
Early in the morning.

# THE WELL BELOW THE VALLEY <sup>dm</sup>

♩. = 80

A gen-tle-man was pas-sing by, he asked a drink as  
 he got dry, at this well below the val-ley o,  
 Green grow the li-ly o, right a-mong the bush-es o.  
 I'll be sev-en years a-ring-ing a bell but the Lord a-bove may  
 save my soul from portin' in hell, at the well be-low the val-ley o.

LAST  
VERSE

She said "My cup it overflows, if I stoop down I might fall in  
 At the well below the valley-o

If your true love was passing by, you'd fill him a drink if  
 he got dry,  
 At the well below the valley-o

She swore by grass, she swore by corn, that her true love  
 was never born,  
 At the well below the valley-o

I say, young maid you're swearing wrong, for five fine child-  
 ren you had born,  
 At the well below the valley-o

If you're a man of noble fame, you'll tell me who's the fath-  
 er of them,  
 At the well below the valley-o

"There was two of them by your Uncle Dan, another two by your  
 brother John,  
 At the well below the valley-o

"Another by your father dear at the well below the valley-o,  
 At the well below the valley-o

"Well if you're a man of noble fame, you'll tell me what did  
 happen to them,  
 At the well below the valley-o

There was two of them buried by the stable door, another two  
 'neath the kitchen floor,  
 At the well below the valley-o

Another's buried by the well, at the well below the valley-o  
 At the well below the valley-o

Well if you're a man of noble fame, you'll tell me what will  
 happen myself,  
 At the well below the valley-o

"You'll be seven years a-portering in hell, and seven years  
 a-ring-ing a bell,  
 At the well below the valley-o

"I'll be seven years a-ring-ing a bell, but the Lord above  
 may save my soul from portin' in hell,  
 At the well below the valley-o.



# GOD SAVE IRELAND

ANDANTE

High u-pon the gal-lows tree swung the nob-le heart-ed three, by the  
venge-ful ty-rant strick-en in their bloom; but they  
met him face to face with the cour-age of the race, and they  
went with souls un-daun-ted to their doom.

**CHORUS**  
God save Ire-land, said the he-ros, God save Ire-land, said they  
all, Whet-her on the scaf-fold high or the bat-tle-field we die, O what  
mat-ter if for E-rin dear we fall.

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,  
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near;  
Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling wave;  
And the friend of holy Ireland ever dear.

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rang their voices out in  
prayer,  
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,  
Close beside the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly,  
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away  
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;  
But on the cause must go amid joy or weal or woe,  
Till we make our Isle a nation free and grand.



Allen, Larkin and O'Brien on way  
to execution

## the croppy boy

LARGHETTO

Tw'as ear-ly, ear-ly in the spring, the birds did whist-le and  
sweetly sing, chang-ing their notes from tree to tree, and the  
song they sang was old Ire-land free.

T'was early, early on Tuesday night  
When the Yeomen cavalry gave me a fright,  
To my misfortune and sad downfall,  
I was taken prisoner by Lord Cornwall

T'was in his guard-house where I was laid,  
And in his parlour I was tried,  
My sentence passed and my spirits low,  
When to New Geneva I was forced to go.

When I was marching over Wexford Hill,  
Oh, who could blame me to cry my fill  
I looked behind, I looked before,  
But my tender mother I ne'er saw before.

Farewell, father and mother, too,  
And sister Mary I have none but you,  
And for my brother, he's all alone,  
He's pointing pikes on the grinding stone.

T'was in old Ireland this young man died,  
And in old Ireland his body's laid;  
All the good people that do pass by,  
Pray the Lord have mercy on the Croppy Boy.

## THE RIDDLE SONG

ADAGIO

I gave my love a cher-ry that has no stone, I  
gave my love a chick-en that has no bone, I  
gave my love a ring that has no end, I  
gave my love a ba-by that's no cry-ing.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone  
How can there be a ring that has no end  
How can there be a baby that has no cryin'

A cherry, when it's blooming, it has no stone  
A chicken, when it's pipping, it has no bone  
A ring, when it's rolling, it has no end  
A baby, when it's sleeping, has no cryin'





# JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YEH<sup>em</sup>

♩ = 96

While going the road to sweet A - thy, ha-roo, ha-roo, while  
with drums and guns and guns and drums, ha-roo, ha-roo, with

going the road to sweet A - thy, ha-roo, ha-roo, while  
drums and guns and guns and drums, ha-roo, ha-roo, with

going the road to sweet A - thy a stick in my hand and a  
drums and guns and guns and drums the e - ne - my near - ly

tear in my eye. A dole-ful dam- sel I heard cry ;  
slew ye, My dar-ling dear you look so queer,

John-ny I hard-ly knew ye.  
John-ny I hard-ly knew ye.

Where are the eyes that looked so mild haroo haroo  
Where are the eyes that looked so mild haroo haroo  
Where are the eyes that looked so mild,  
When my poor heart you first beguiled  
Why did you skedaddle from me and the child  
Johnny I hardly knew ye

Where are the legs with which you run haroo haroo  
Where are the legs with which you run haroo haroo  
Where are the legs with which you run,  
When you went to shoulder a gun  
Indeed, your dancing days are done  
Johnny I hardly knew ye

It grieved my heart to see you sail haroo haroo  
It grieved my heart to see you sail haroo haroo  
It grieved my heart to see you sail,  
Though from my heart you took leg-bail;  
Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail  
Johnny I hardly knew ye

You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg haroo haroo  
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg haroo haroo  
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,  
You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg  
You'll have to be put in a bowl to beg  
Johnny I hardly knew ye

I'm happy for to see you home haroo haroo  
I'm happy for to see you home haroo haroo  
I'm happy for to see you home,  
All from the island of Sulloon  
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone  
Johnny I hardly knew ye

But sad as it is to see you so haroo haroo  
But sad as it is to see you so haroo haroo  
But sad as it is to see you so,  
And to think of you now as an object of woe  
Your Peggy'll still keep you on as her beau;  
Johnny I hardly knew ye

The humble Petition of us the Parliaments poore Souldiers in the  
Army of Ireland, wherof many are starved already, and many dead for want of Chirurgeons,



# STILL I LOVE HIM

ALLEGRO

When I was sing-le I wore a black shawl, Now that I'm  
mar-ried I've noth-ing at all, **CHORUS** Still I love him  
I'll for-give him, I'll go with him wher-ev-er he goes.

He stands at the corner and whistles me out  
His hands in his pockets, his shirt hanging out

He bought me a handkerchief red white and blue  
And then to clean windows he tore it in two

He comes down our alley and whistles me out  
And when I get out there he knocks me about

He took me to the alehouse and bought me some stout  
Before I could drink it he ordered me out



# the road to dundee

ANDANTE

Could win-ter was how-ling o'er muir and o'er moun-tains, and  
wild was the surge on the dark rol-ling sea, As I met a-bout  
day-break a bon-nie young las-sie, wha asked me the road and the  
miles tae Dun-dee.

Said I, my young lassie, I canna weel tell ye  
The road and the distance I canna weel gie  
But if you'll permit me tae gang a wee bittie  
I'll show ye the road and the miles tae Dundee

At once she consented and gave me her arm  
Ne'er a word did I speir wha the lassie might be  
She appeared like an angel in feature and form  
As she walked by my side on the road tae Dundee.

At length wi' the howe of Strathmartine behin' us  
An' the spires of the toon in full view we could see  
She said, Gentle sir, I can ne'er forget ye  
For showing me so far on the road tae Dundee.

This ring and this purse take to prove I am grateful  
And some simple token in trust ye'll gie me  
Then bravely I kissed the sweet lips o' the lassie  
'Ere I parted with her on the road tae Dundee.

So here's tae the lassie- I ne'er can forget her  
And ilka young lassie that's listening to me  
And ne'er be shy to convoy a young lassie  
Though it's only tae show her the road tae Dundee.

cauld / cold, muir / moor, tae / to, canna weel / cannot well  
speir wha / question who, howe / flat tract of land, gie / give,  
ilka / every.

## PLAISIR D'AMOUR

ANDANTE



The joys of love are but a moment long,  
The pain of love endures the whole life long.

Your eyes kissed mine, I saw a love in them shine,  
You brought me heaven on earth, when your eyes kissed mine.

My love loves me, and all the wonders I see,  
A rainbow shines in my window, my love loves me.

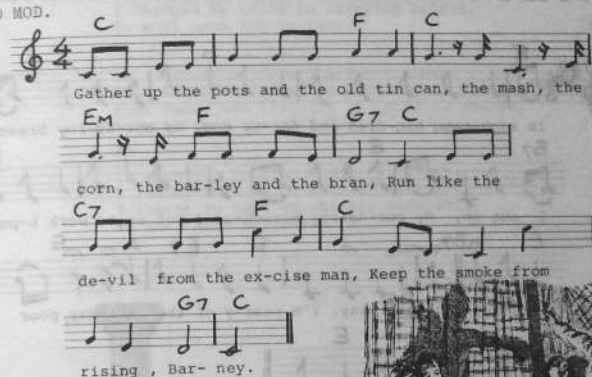
And now he's gone, like a dream that fades into dawn,  
But the world stays locked in my heartstrings, my love loves me.

Plaisir d'amour, ne dure qu'un moment,  
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.



## the hills of connemara

ALLEGRO MOD.



Keep your eyes well peeled today,  
The tall, tall men are on their way,  
Searching for the mountain taw  
In the hills of Connemara.

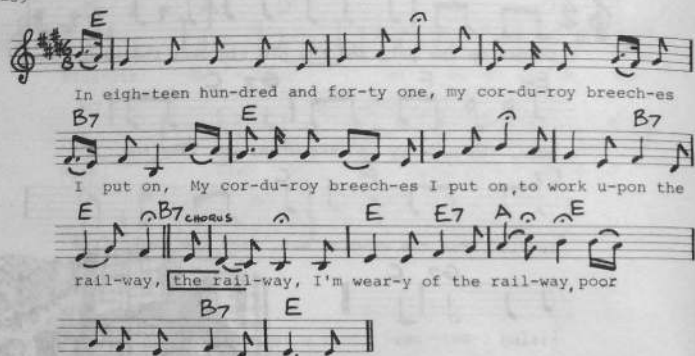
Swing to the left and swing to the right,  
The excise men will dance all night,  
Drinking up the taw till the broad daylight,  
In the hills of Connemara.

A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom,  
A bottle for poor old Father Tom,  
To help the poor old dear along,  
In the hills of Connemara.

Stand your ground, it is too late,  
The excise men are at the gate,  
Glory be to Paddy but they're drinking it nate,  
In the hills of Connemara.

# PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY

J. =69



Paddy works on the rail-way.

In eighteen hundred and forty two,  
I didn't know what I should do,  
I didn't know what I should do,  
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty three,  
I took a trip across the sea,  
I took a trip across the sea,  
To work upon the railway.

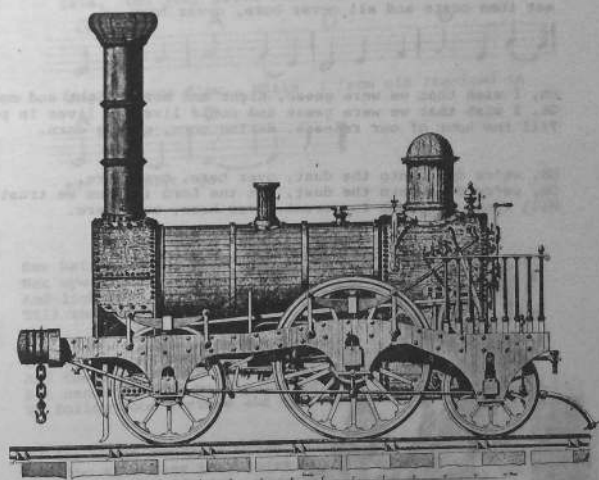
In eighteen hundred and forty four,  
I landed on Columbia's shore,  
I landed on Columbia's shore,  
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty five,  
When Daniel O'Connell was alive,  
When Daniel O'Connell was alive,  
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty six,  
I changed my trade to carrying bricks,  
I changed my trade to carrying bricks,  
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty seven,  
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven,  
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven,  
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty eight,  
I learnt to take my whiskey straight,  
I learnt to take my whiskey straight,  
To work upon the railway.



## THE PRATIES

ANDANTE MOD.

Oh, the praties they grow small o-ver here, o-ver here, Oh, the  
praties they grow small and we dig them in the fall, and we  
eat them coats and all, o-ver here, o-ver here.

Oh, I wish that we were geese, night and morn, night and morn  
Oh, I wish that we were geese and could live our lives in peace  
Till the hour of our release, eating corn, eating corn.

Oh, we're down into the dust, over here, over here,  
Oh, we're down into the dust, but the Lord in whom we trust  
Will repay us crumb for crumb, over here, over here.



Searching for  
potatoes during the  
famine (Illustrated  
London News,  
22 December 1849)

\* potatoes

## FARE THEE WELL ENNISKILLEN

ALLEGRO

Fare thee well En-nis-kil-len, Fare thee well for a  
while, To all your fair wa-ters and eve-ry green  
isle, Oh, your green isle will flour-ish your  
fair wa-ters flow, While I from old Ire-land an  
ex-ile must go.

Her hair is as brown as the young raven's wing,  
Her eyes are as clear as the blue-bell of spring,  
And light was her laugh like the sun on the sea  
Till the weight of the world came between her and me.

Oh, what can a man do when the world is his foe,  
And the look of her people fall on him like snow,  
But bend the brow boldly and go away far,  
To follow good fortune and get home in the war.

If the worst comes to worse, sure 'tis only to die,  
And the true lass that loves me, can hold her head high;  
Can hold her head high, though the fond heart may break,  
For her lover lived bravely and died for her sake.



# THE LIMERICK RAKE

C#m

♩. = 76

**C#m**

I am a young fel-low that's eas-y and bold, in

**B**

Cast-le-town-con-ners I'm ve-ry well known, in

**C#m**

New-cast-le west I spent ma-n-y a note, with

**B**

Kit-ty and Ju-dy and Ma-ry, My fath-er re-buked me for

**B**

being such a rake, and spen-ding my time in such

**B**

fro-lic-some ways, but I ne'er could for-get the good

**B**

na-ture of Jane, A-gus fa-gaim-id siud mar a-ta se. \*

My parents had reared me to shake and to mow,  
To plough and to harrow, to reap and to sow,  
But my heart being to airy to drop it so low  
I set out on high speculation.  
On paper and parchment they taught me to write,  
In Euclid and Grammar they opened my eyes,  
And in multiplication in truth I was bright,  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se

GUITAR : CAPD IN FOURTH BOX  
C#m Am B G

\* We'll leave it as it is

If I chance for to go to the town of Rathkeal,  
The girls all round me do flock on the square,  
Some give me a bottle and others sweet cakes,  
To treat me unknown to their parents.  
There is one from Askeaton and one from the Pike  
Another from Arda my heart was beguiled  
Tho' being from the mountains her stockings are white.  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se

To quarrel for riches I ne'er was inclined,  
For the greatest of misers must leave them behind,  
I'll purchase a cow that will never run dry,  
And I'll milk her by twisting her horn.  
John Damer of Shronel had plenty of gold,  
And Devonshire's treasure is twenty times more,  
But he's laid on his back among nettles and stones,  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se

This cow can be milked without clover or grass,  
For she's pampered with corn, good barley and hops  
She's warm and stout, and she's free in her paps,  
And she'll milk without spangle or halter.  
The man that will drink it will cock his caubeen  
And if anyone cough there'll be wigs on the green,  
And the feeble old hag will get supple and free,  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se

If I chance for to go to the market at Croom,  
With a cock in my hand and my pipes in full tune,  
I am welcome at once and brought up to a room,  
Where Bacchus is sporting with Venus.  
There's Peggy and Jane from the town of Bruree,  
And Biddy from Bruff and we all on the spree,  
Such a combing of locks as there was about me,  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se

There's some says I'm foolish and more says I'm wise  
But being fond of the women I think is no crime,  
For the son of King David had ten hundred wives,  
And his wisdom was highly recorded.  
I'll take a good garden and live at my ease,  
And each woman and child can partake of the same,  
If there's war in the cabin, theirselves they may blame,  
Agus fagaimid siud mar ata se

And now for the future I mean to be wise,  
And I'll send for the women that acted so kind,  
And I'll marry them all on the morrow by and by  
If the clergy agree to the bargain.  
And when I'm on my back and my soul is at peace,  
These women will crowd for to cry at my wake,  
And their sons and their daughters will offer their prayer,  
To the Lord for the soul of their father.

## THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

ALLEGRO

There was a wild co-lo-nial boy, Jack Dug-gan was his name He was  
born and raised in Ire-land in a place called Cast-le -maine  
He was his fath-er's on-ly son his moth-er's pride and joy And  
dear-ly did his pa-rents love the wild co-lo-nial boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home  
And through Australia's sunny clime he was inclined to roam  
He robbed the lordly squatters, their flocks he would destroy  
A terror to Australia was the Wild Colonial Boy.

For two long years this daring youth ran on his wild career  
With a heart that knew no danger, their justice did not fear  
He stuck the Beechworth coach up and he robbed Judge McEvoy  
Who, trembling, gave his gold up to the Wild Colonial Boy

He bade the judge "Good morning" and he told him to beware  
For he never robbed an honest judge' what acted on the square "  
"Yet you would rob a mother of her son and only joy,  
And bred a race of outlaws like the Wild Colonial Boy!"

One morning on the prairie wild, Jack Duggan rode along,  
While listening to the mocking birds singing a cheerful song  
Out jumped three troopers fierce and grim, Kelly, Davis and  
FitzRoy.

They all set out to capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

'Surrender now Jack Duggan, you can see there's three to one  
Surrender in the Queen's name Sir, you are a plundering son'  
Jack drew two pistols from his side and glared upon FitzRoy  
'I'll fight, but not surrender,' cried the Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired point blank at Kelly and brought him to the ground  
He fired a shot at Davis too, who fell dead at the sound  
But a bullet pierced his brave young heart from the pistol  
of FitzRoy,  
And that was how they captured him- the Wild Colonial Boy.

## HUSH LITTLE BABY

9

ANDANTE

Hush, lit-tle ba-by, dont say a word, Mam-my's goin'to buy you a  
mock-ing bird. If that mock-ing bird dont sing  
mam-my's goin'to buy you a dia-mond ring.

If that diamond ring turns brass  
Mama's going to buy you a looking glass  
If that looking glass gets broke  
Mama's going to buy you a billy goat.

If that billy goat won't pull  
Mama's going to buy you a cart and bull.  
If that cart and bull turn over  
Mama's going to buy you a dog named Rover.

If that dog named Rover don't bark  
Mama's going to buy you a horse and cart  
If that horse and cart fall down,  
You're still the sweetest little girl in town.



## all 'round my hat

*J. = 38*

All 'round my hat, I will wear a green willow,  
 All 'round my hat for a twelve month and a day: if  
 an-y bo-dy asks me the rea-son why I wear it, it's  
 all be-cause my true love is far, far a-way.

My love she was fair and my love she was kind too,  
 And many were the happy hours, between my love and me.  
 I never could refuse her whatever she'd a mind to,  
 And now she's far away, far o'er the stormy sea.

Will my love be true and will my love be faithful,  
 Or will she find another swain to court her where she's gone  
 The men will all run after her, so pretty and so graceful,  
 And leave me here lamenting, lamenting all alone.

All 'round my hat I will wear a green willow  
 All 'round my hat for a twelve month and a day,  
 If anybody asks me the reason why I wear it,  
 It's all because my true love is far far away.



## MAIRI'S WEDDING

ANDANTE

Step we gai-ly, on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe  
 Arm in arm and on we go, all for Mair-i's wed-ding,  
 Ov-er hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown  
 Past the sheiling through the town, all for sake of Mair-i.

Plenty herring plenty meal  
 Plenty peat tae fill her creel  
 Plenty bonny bairns as weel  
 That's the toast for Mairi

Cheeks as bright as rowans are  
 Brighter far than any star  
 Fairest of them all by far  
 Is my darling Mairi

Over hillways up and down  
 Myrtle green and bracken brown  
 Past the sheiling through the town  
 All for sake of Mairi



# THE BUTCHER BOY

ANDANTE

C G7 C G7

In Lon-don town where I did dwell, A butch-er boy, I loved him

C AM EM DM

well, He cour-ted me for ma-ny a day, He stole from

G7 C G7 C

me, my heart a-way

CHORUS

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain, I wish I

G7 C AM EM DM

was a maid a-gain A maid a-gain I ne'er can be, Till ap-ples

G7 C

grow on an i-vy tree.

There is an inn in that same town  
And there my love he sits him down;  
He takes a strange girl on his knee  
And tells her what he wouldn't tell me.

The reason is I'll tell you why,  
Because she's got more gold than I.  
But gold will melt and silver fly,  
And in time of need be as poor as I.

I'll go upstairs and make my bed  
"There's nothing to do, my mother said  
My mother she has followed me,  
Saying," What is the matter, my daughter dear "

"O mother dear, you little know  
What pains and sorrows or what woe  
Go get a chair and sit me down,  
With pen and ink I'll write all down

She wrote a letter, she wrote a song,  
She wrote a letter, she wrote it long,  
'In every line she dropped a tear,  
And every verse cried "Willie dear"

Her father he came home that night,  
Enquiring for his heart's delight;  
He went upstairs, the door he broke,  
He found her hanging on a rope.

He took a knife and cut her down,  
And in her bosom these lines he found:  
" O what a foolish girl was I  
To hang myself for a butcher's boy."

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,  
And on my grave place a turtle dove,  
To show the world that I died for love."



Rinoceron si virginem inclinare vult. Cur  
verbum patris caeli virgo non generaret.  
Et simul et Alanus.

## sally gardens

C

ANDANTE

Down by the Sal-ly gar-dens, my love and I did meet, She  
passed the Sal-ly gar-dens, with lit-tle snow-white feet, She  
bid me take love ea-sy, as the leaves grow on the tree, But  
I, be-ing young and fool-ish, with her did not a-gree.

In a field down by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Down by the sally gardens, my love and I did meet;  
She passed the sally gardens, with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

## THE PARTING GLASS

dm

MODERATO

O, all the mo-ney e'er I had, I spent it in good  
com-pa-ny. And all the harm I've ev-er done a-  
las it was to none but me. And all I've done for  
want of wit to mem'ry now I can't re-call so  
fill to me the parting glass, good- night and joy be  
with you all.

Oh, all the comrades e'er I had;  
They're sorry for my going away,  
And all the sweethearts e'er I had,  
They'd wish me one more day to stay,  
But since it falls unto my lot,  
That I should rise and you should not,  
I gently rise and softly call,  
Good night and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend,  
And leisure time to sit awhile,  
There is a fair maid in this town,  
That sorely has my heart beguiled.  
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,  
I own, she has my heart in thrall,  
Then fill to me the parting glass,  
Good night and joy be with you all.



Tom Carthy  
Who died in the war at the age of 18.  
Irish Piper. Ballyvaughan, Co. Kerry.



## notes on the songs

ALTHOUGH IN NO WAY MEANT TO BE COMPREHENSIVE, THE FOLLOWING NOTES WILL GIVE AS FAR AS IS RELEVANT AND TRACEABLE SOME IDEA OF THE BACKGROUND OF EACH SONG.

### PAGE 1 THE RAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES.

Originally, this is a Scottish song, also recorded in Devonshire and Ireland. In the Devon version it states that the lady was at first abducted by the Lord of Cassil and forced to marry against her will. The real event behind the ballad was the execution of Johnny Faa, a Scottish gypsy chieftain in 1624. In the Scottish original Johnny ends up hanged, while the lady is found back by her husband, all later versions allow the lady to take off with the gypsies, never to be seen again. The same ballad may also be found under the titles of: The gypsy laddie, The dark-eyed gypsy and in America as black jack Davy or gypsum Davy. A popular updated American folksong based on this ballad is The Whistlin' Gypsy. (see page 15).

### PAGE 2 THE SHORES OF AMERIKAY.

Although obviously a recent song compared to the one above, apart from saying that the waltz tune indicates a 19th cent. effort nothing is known about its composer.

### PAGE 3 PEGGY GORDON.

This is one of a complete body of Scottish songs that found its way into Ireland and took root so firmly that if it wasn't for the obvious name of the lass, one would forget where it hailed from.

### PAGE 4 I KNOW MY LOVE.

Dr. Douglas Hyde recalled hearing this song at a Galway Feis, with alternate verses in Irish. A longer version exists in Scotland. It is to be sung in a flowing manner without any pauses.

### PAGE 5 THE HOLY GROUND.

Although there did exist a seedy quarter of this name in the harbour town of Cobh, co. Cork, it is more likely that Swansea in Wales can claim this song. It dates from the last century, when sailors diffused its rousing chorus to many a shore. Other versions are: Adieu my lovely Nancy, and Nancy of Yarmouth. Originally this was a sea shanty aiding the sailors with the various slow-paced actions on a sailing ship. The word shanty, like in shantytown, springs from a dark passage in Ireland's history. The story is that Cromwell exported about 5000 children from counties Kilkenny, Waterford and Sth. Tipperary to sell them as young slaves in the plantations of the Barbadoes. The songs they sang were probably called songs of the old home, sean tigh, in Irish. Through a certain bastardisation of the original meaning, shanty today serves to denote both a slow sailors song and the make-shift habitations of millions.

### PAGE 6 MRS. MC GRATH.

Together with Johnny I hardly knew yeh, one of the few realistic songs about the ravages and sickness of war. This was the most popular marching song of the Irish Volunteers in the years 1913-16.

### PAGE 8 I'M A ROVER AND SELDOM SOBER.

A Scottish bothy-ballad, the words are similar to the Night visiting song, which in turn stems from - The lover's ghost or the grey cock. Too often this song is performed in a sort of a drinking-song manner, the lyrics deserve better than that.

### PAGE 9 THE BLACK VELVET BAND.

One of the many transportation songs. Australia quickly found a new population with the English courts' vicious sentences which ripped families apart in all parts of the empire, usually for crimes as trivial as poaching or the theft of a bread. Tasmanian whalers are known to have had a version of this song, 'the hat with the velvet band', which served them as a working, drinking and fighting song.

### PAGE 10 FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW.

The words are by Patrick Joseph McCall (1861-1919). The tune is alleged to have been played by Mac Hugh's pipers as he marched on Carlow after defeating the Lord Deputy Grey's troops at Glenmalur (1580).

### PAGE 11 THE BLACKSMITH.

Also known as "the shoemaker" - was first reported in Sussex, Herefordshire and Dorset in around 1900. The lyrics were matched to various tunes. This version has recently gained popularity in Ireland.

### PAGE 12 THE WEST'S AWAKE.

Written by Thomas Davis (1814-1845) a Dublin barrister, who with Daniel O'Connell, John Mitchell and others founded the Young Ireland movement in 1842. The weekly paper published by them was called The Nation. Together with songs by Gavan Duffy and others, "The West's Asleep" was printed in a compilation of songs and ballads from The Nation in 1843. The tune is a variant of Carrigdhoun.

### PAGE 14 DANNY BOY.

In the last century, in Limavady, co. Derry, Jane Ross, a music collector, heard a street musician play the air and subsequently gave it to George Petrie, who published it in his collection. It is said that the melody was composed by Rory Dall O'Cahan of Coleraine, chief harpist to Hugh O'Neill. Many different sets of lyrics have been used. Dr. Joyce, another collector from the last century, claims the song was in Irish and submits the following translation of the first stanza:

Would God I were a little apple  
Or one of the small daisies  
Or a rose in the garden  
Where thou art accustomed to walk alone;  
In hope that thou wouldst pluck from me  
Some wee little branch  
Which thou wouldst hold in thy right hand  
Or in the breast of thy robe.

A.P. Graves, in "Irish songs and ballads" (1882), uses these lines for a Victorian, Thomas Moore-type song: Love's wishes. Other versions: Would God I were the tender apple blossom, by Katherine Tynan; Acushla, mine, by Terry Sullivan; while the air itself became known as "the Londonderry air". Today's most sung version is from the hand of Fred F. Weatherly (1848-1929), an Englishman who published a book of poems, translated Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana", and another hit - "Roses of Picardy".

- PAGE 15 THE WHISTLIN' GYPSY ROVER.  
Written by Leo Maguire, this really is an adaptation of the Scottish ballad 'the Gypsy laddie' also 'The Raggle Taggle Gypsies'; for further notes see under PAGE 1.
- PAGE 16 THE BEGGARMAN'S SONG.  
Colm O' Lochlainn learned this tune in 1925 in Dublin from a one-legged accordion player in Harcourt street. The words were printed on a broadsheet, which was the common way of distributing songs until worldwar II.
- PAGE 18 AVONDALE.  
Charles Stuart Parnell ( 1846-1891 ), a young protestant landowner, was born in Avondale house, a comfortable country mansion in co. Wicklow. For a while partner of Michael Davitt, later president of the Land League and statesman extraordinary.
- PAGE 19 NDRA.  
Originally, " When You and I were young Maggie", written by George W. Johnson, a Canadian teacher who married a Maggie Clark, a student of his in 1865. They moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where Maggie died that same year. The song was published a year later. The music is by J. A. Butterfield (1837- 1891 ), a violinist, singer and music teacher, he settled in Chicago where he started a publishing firm. This song is his one great success.  
( from The parlour song book )  
Sean O'Casey uses this song in his play about the Easter uprising. " The plough and the stars " :  
Nora: "You have't sung me a song since our honeymoon. Sing me one now, do....Please Jack!  
Clitheroe: What song? Since Maggie went away?  
Nora: Ah, no Jack, not that, it's too sad.  
When you said you loved me.  
( Clearing his throat, Clitheroe thinks for a moment and then begins to sing. Nora, putting an arm around him, nestles her head on his breast and listens delightfully)  
Clitheroe( singing verses following to the air of " When you and I were young Maggie ) :  
Th' violets were scenting th' woods, Nora,  
PAGE 20 KELLY THE BOY FROM KILLANNE.  
A song about the Wexford rising of 1798. John Kelly was a merchant's son in Killanne, co. Wexford. After fighting at New Ross and Wexford he was captured by the English and hanged. The words are by P. J. Mc Call the author of "Follow me up to Carlow" and "Boulavogue".
- PAGE 22 THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.  
Joan Baez was one of many folksingers who made this old American song, which in itself derives from British broadsides, into the popular song it is today.
- PAGE 23 MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG.  
Also known as "An old man came courting me" this song is known in all English-speaking nations. Just like 'I'm a rover and seldom sober', it is usually sung in a rowdy manner, while it deserves better.
- PAGE 24 THE GALWAY RACES.  
Words are from a printed balladsheet of the last century. The same song was used at different races with the insertion of the relevant name of venue.

- PAGE 26 SAM HALL.  
In 1701, Jack Hall, a chimneysweep was hanged for burglary. This event was used by C.W. Ross, an English comic minstrel man who composed and sang this song with great success in the London music halls of the 1850's.
- PAGE 27 BOSTON CITY.  
This song appeared first as a broadside and set to various tunes eventually turned into a Strauss- sort of a ballad. The 19th. cent. craze for waltzing affected a great many ballads that up to that time were sung to traditional airs.
- PAGE 28 THE NIGHTINGALE.  
An English song, also known as "the bold grenadier", from a broadside sheet.
- PAGE 30 MY LAGAN LOVE.  
Words by Joseph Mc Cahill, with an ancient air. An American version is called " the quiet joys of brotherhood".
- PAGE 31 I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.  
A song from co. Antrim. 'dear knows' is Ulster dialect for: goodness knows, 'black' : dour, ungracious.
- PAGE 32 GLORY O TO OUR BOLD FENIAN MAN.  
Peadar Kearney was the author of several well-known songs of which the Soldiers Song, our National Anthem (1910 ) stands out. He also turned his hand to writing a parody like 'Fish and chips', to the air of ' Down by the Slaney side'.
- PAGE 33 CARRIGDHOUN.  
Percy French, or rather his arranger Collisson, used bits of this air for 'the Mountains of Mourne'. Another celebrity using it was Thomas Moore - ' Bendermeer stream'. The song tells of Sarsfield's Wild Geese, who left the country in 1691. Words are by Denny Lane, who first called it 'the lament of the Irish maiden'.
- PAGE 34 VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.  
Abel Tasman and his aid Van Dieman were Dutch colonisers. Tasman gave his name to Tasmania, while Van Dieman's land became synonymous with Australia and transportation in general, to thousands of Irish, Scots and others. First printed on a broadsheet in 1830, this ballad appears in Ireland, Scotland, England, America and Australia.
- PAGE 36 THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE.  
Taken down at different times by collectors like Petrie and Joyce, this song has been published with a set of lyrics known in Scotland and one of Irish origin. Different airs were also in use with this 18th cent. song.
- PAGE 37 THE DRUNKEN SAILOR.  
This was the favourite 'runaway or stamp and go' shanty. Unlike other shanties, it required no soloists but was usually sung by all hands as they ran away with the braces when swinging the yards round in tacking ship.  
( the seven seas shanty book )
- PAGE 38 THE WELL BELOW THE VALLEY.  
A gruesome story, belonging to the moral-carrying ballads and even fairy-tales of medieval days. These songs and stories, apart from being entertainment, also fulfilled an important role in moral, religious and social education. This song was collected in Boyle co. Roscommon as an example of a basically English song that survived here in Ireland while it is no longer current in England. It is another version of ' the woman and the palmer' a popular account of the story of Jesus and the woman of Samaria. ( John IV ). A similar type song is ' the cruel mother'.

PAGE 40 GOD SAVE IRELAND.

This song, written by T.D.Sullivan (1827-1914), appeared in The Nation Dec.7, 1867. The original note written by Sullivan himself runs as follows: Desirous of paying such tribute as I could to the memory of the patriots ( Manchester Martyrs, Ed. ), I wrote, a few days after their execution, a song which had for its refrain the prayer which they had uttered in the docks, ' God save Ireland '. With a view of getting it into immediate use, I fitted the words to a military air of American origin, ' Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching ', which was popular at the time in Ireland. My intentions were fully realised; on the day of its publication in the Nation- Dec.7, 1876- it was sung in the homes of Dublin working men, on the following day I heard it sung and chorused by a crowd of people in a railway-train at Howth. ( T.D.Sullivan: recollections of troubled times in Irish politics ). The American original tune was by George F. Root and there the song was used in the Civil War. God save Ireland was reprinted on broadsheets, sometimes under the title of The Manchester patriot martyrs.

PAGE 42 THE CROPPY BOY.

Myriads of versions of this song exist. The most commonly known one is given here. New Geneva ( 3rd. verse ) is near Passage co. Waterford, where a colony of Huguenots settled in 1783, but soon left for America. The British later used the place as a prison and torture-house in 1798. The text of the song is from a contemporary broadsheet printed by Haly in Cork city. This political ballad also appeared on the market with an entirely different set of words, " Mc Caffery", describing the downfall of an Irish private in the British army. There is a certain resemblance between the air used for The Croppy Boy and a popular Elizabethan lute-tune, used by Shakespeare, called ( in a sort of phonetic Irish ) Callino Custurame, the origin of which is no doubt an Irish song picked up across the water from travelling Irish bards: Cailin O'Chois t' Siúire Mé. Text and tune were published together in M.J. Murphy's " National songs of Ireland " 1892. It has also been collected in Ireland as " My boy Willie".

PAGE 43 THE RIDDLE SONG.

This is a dialogue-type song which can be traced back right to the 15th cent. An Oxford manuscript gives a ballad in which a maiden is accosted by the devil disguised as an earthling. To escape his power she has to solve the seemingly impossible riddles. Although so strange a theme to us now, all this is surely a reminder of pagan and early-christian times-. Right through to our times, when a song like Scarborough fair hits the charts- the riddle type song remains as a testimony of the supernatural used in the people's song tradition. The version sung today has come back from America after having been brought there by settlers from Britain.

PAGE 44 JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YEH.

Music attributed to Patrick Gilmore. In the anon. poem of the same title, the reference of Ceylon ( Sulloon ) dates it to the early 19th cent. when a lot of Irish fought for the British to protect the East India co.

PAGE 46 STILL I LOVE HIM.

The tune hails from East Anglia, its first stanza is used in an old English streetballad " William an'Dinah", later turned into ' Villikens and his Dinah', a variety-hall song of the 1840's. The American folksong ' Sweet Betsy from Pike' seems quite similar too.

PAGE 47 THE ROAD TO DUNDEE.

An Irish version ' Sweet Carnloch bay' exists, but never found the popularity of the Scottish original.

PAGE 48 PLAISIR D'AMOUR ( THE JOYS OF LOVE ).

Made popular by Joan Baez and Nana Mouskouri. The second part of this through-composed art song has been cut here to use its first folksong-like stanza only. Music by Giovanni Battista, called Padre Martini ( 1706-1784 ), a Franciscan friar, learned musician and musical historian, composer and teacher of other composers. The original French words are by Florian while the English translation is anonymous.

PAGE 49 THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA.

Composer unknown; the first part of the tune is used in an English and later American traditional song called ' The keeper '.

PAGE 50 PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY.

Originally a sea-shanty later adopted by landlubbers. Exists with a different air in the American repertoire. Also known as ' the Erie canal ' or ' Paddy works on the Erie. Apart from the railroads, most of the subways and other gigantic undertakings, Irishmen also dug the Erie canal.

PAGE 52 THE PRATIES.

There was a partial famine in 1845, a general one in 1846 and it was universal in 1847. Mass graves and starving peasants, who blocked themselves in their cottages to die unheard, unmissed. With all this going on, the British at the time still saw fit to export food to England and to deport Irish peasants for the theft of a vegetable.

PAGE 53 FARE THEE WELL ENNISKILLEN.

A song about the Wild Geese, composer and date unknown.

PAGE 54 THE LIMERICK RAKE.

The tune is An Caitin Bán. The words are from a printed balladsheet of the last century. Another version is called The Galbally farmer.

PAGE 56 THE WILD COLONIAL BOY.

Jack Donohue, or Duggan, Doolan or Dowling, is the hero in various versions of this Australian song. An American text gives instead of Castlemaine for a birthplace, the similar sounding Casco, Maine. This song nowadays is sung in Ireland to a waltz sort of an air.

PAGE 57 HUSH LITTLE BABY.

An Anglo-American lullaby dating back to the early American frontier days. Note: Mammy's may be substituted with Daddy's- it all depends on who's going to pay up for the entire menagerie purchased in the song.

PAGE 58 ALL 'ROUND MY HAT.

An English song recently blown across; the tune and one of the verses are from ' The nobleman's wedding '.

## guitar accompaniments

For those who wish to use the Guitar-Accompaniments, I must stress the importance of learning those few extra chords that will break the 'three-chord trick' monotony.

Another thing to work on is the choosing of a key that actually suits your type of voice. A capo is handy enough in many cases but on the whole it is preferred to get a grasp of the idea of changing the key, (and with it the chords) of a song to transpose it into a key that really suites.

You may substitute any of the keys indicated in the top-right hand corner of each song, for one that suits you according to your knowledge of chords and type of voice.

A table for transposing (changing) any key in this book and in fact any other book you may have, can be found on one of the last pages.

Finally, there is an infinite variety of right-hand strums and finger-picking styles available for the folk-guitarist, some of which can be learned from printed tutors although most are best demonstrated by a professional player or teacher.

Chords in brackets are optional and need not be played by beginning guitarists with no knowledge of bar-chords.

Metronome indication are equally optional but will be found of use to those who find themselves unfamiliar with certain songs.

In some songs, where the keys are physically difficult for guitar-players, reference is made to the use of a capo to simplify matters. The resulting different chords are indicated and may be pencilled in next to the original chords. The key of course, remains the same, unless you specifically want to use a higher or lower pitch, in which case the table of 'changing keys' in Volume 1 will be helpful.



## A New SONG





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WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER  
MUIRSHEEN DURKIN  
OLD MAID IN THE GARRET  
MARY FROM DUNGLOE  
IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY  
BRIAN O'LINN  
SPINNINGWHEEL SONG  
THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL  
THE FOGGY DEW  
LONELY BANNA STRAND  
CARRICKFERGUS  
JUG OF PUNCH  
THE BONNY BOY  
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MY SINGING BIRD  
THE BOLD FENIAN MEN  
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THE CASTLE OF DROMORE  
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LOVE IS PLEASING  
ON THE BANKS OF THE ROSES  
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QUARE BUNGLE RYE  
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A NATION ONCE AGAIN  
THE LAMBS ON THE GREEN HILLS  
THE SPANISH LADY  
WILL YOU GO, LASSIE, GO?  
THE RISING OF THE MOON  
ÓRÓ SÉ DO BHEATHA 'BHAILE  
SKIBBEREEN  
THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE  
THE CLIFFS OF DOONEEN  
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