

ALL SING TOGETHER

Now there's nothing like a bowl or a bucket of the rare old mountain dew to inspire a good drinking song and here's one all about being grateful for good friends.

A E7 A E7
When I was a lad, with the friends that I had

A D E7
We'd go for a pint every evening

A E7 A E7
Though it's been many years, I still love to hear

A D E7
The sound of those harmonies weaving

A D E7
When we all sing together

A D A E7
May our hearts be there with you wherever you go

A D E7 A E7 D A
Yes, we'll all sing together til it's time^ to go home. Til it's time to go home

A E7 A E7
When I go away well there's never a day

A D E7
I DON'T think of THOSE waitin' for us

A E7 A E7
Well you know when I'm back, we will all raise a glass

A D E7
And we'll lift up our voices in chorus

A D E7
Then we'll all sing together

A D A E7
May our hearts be there with you wherever you go

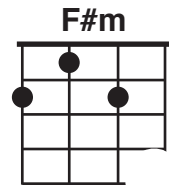
A D E7 A E7 D A
Yes, we'll all sing together til it's time^ to go home. Til it's time to go home

REPEAT CHORUS

BLACK VELVET BAND

=====CHORUS

A D E
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds, you'd think she was queen of the land
A F#m D E A
And her hair hung over-v her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band
=====



A D E
In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to trade I was bound
A F#m D E A
And many an hour-v of sweet happiness, I spent in that neat little town
A D E
Till sad misfortune came over me, and caused me to stray from the land
A F#m D E A
Far away from me friends-v and relations, to follow the black velvet band
CHORUS

A D E
Well, I went a-strolling one evening, not meaning to go very far
A F#m D E A
When I met with a pretty-v fair damsel who was plyig her trade in the bar
A D E
When a watch she took from a customer and slipped it right into my hand
A F#m D E A
Then the law-came and put-v me in prison, bad luck to her black velvet band
CHORUS

A D E
Next morning before judge and jury, for a trial I had to appear
A F#m D E A
And the judge, he says, "Me-v young fellow, the case against you is quite clear
A D E
And seven long years is your sentence, you're goin' to Van Dieman's land.
A F#m D E A
Far away from your friends-v and relations, to follow the black velvet band
CHORUS

A D E
So come all ye jolly young fellows, I'll have ye's take warning by me
A F#m D E A
For WHEN you are out-v on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens
A D E
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter, until you're unable to stand
A F#m D E A
And the very next thing that you know me lads, is you've landed in Van Diemen's Land. CHORUS

A tale of a lad who gets into trouble as he flirts with the wrong girl in a pub. This song refers to Van Dieman's Land, the island off the coast of Australia, now known as Tasmania. It's where, all told, about 73,000 convicts were shipped from Great Britain in the early 1800s to work off their sentences. The practice of shipping convicts to the island ended in the mid-1800s. The island was renamed Tasmania in 1856 to diminish its unsavory reputation. The name honors Abel Tasman, the first European to land on the island, in 1642

BRIDGET FLYNN

Here's a traditional Irish air about a shy man who feels fortunate to have everything he needs, except for a sweet lass to share his good fortune.

Am Em Am Em 1st note open A lo
I've a nice little house and a cow yard too with grass. moderate

C G Am G
I've a plant garden running by the door.

Am Em Am Em C G Am
I've a shelter for the hens and a stable for the ass, now, what could a man want more?

C G Am Em Am G
I don't know, maybe so, but a bachelor is easy and he's free^.

Am Em Am G C G Am G
But I've lots to look after, though I'm living all alone. Sure nobody's looking after me.

Am Em Am Em
My father often tells me I should go and have a try

C G Am G
To find a girl that owns a bit of land.

Am Em Am Em
And I know the way he says it, that there's someone on his mind.

C G Am
And me mother has the whole thing planned.

C G Am Em Am G
I don't know, maybe so, but t'would mollify them greatly to agree^.

Am Em Am Em
Now, there's little Bridget Flynn, sure it's her I'd love to win,

C G Am
But she never has an eye for me.

Am Em Am Em
Now there's a little girl who's worth her weight in gold.

C G Am G
And that's a decent dowry, don't you see?

Am Em Am Em
And I mean to go and ask her just as soon as I get bold,

C G Am
If she'll come and have an eye for me.

C G Am Em Am
Will she go? I don't know. But I'd love to have her sitting on my knee.

Am Em Am Em C G Am
And I'll sing like a thrush in a hawthorn bush If she'll come and have an eye for me. X2

DONALD, WHERE'S YOUR TROUSERS

This tune is about a Scotsman who prefers a kilt to trousers, no matter the stir it causes among the easily shocked ladies of polite society. They wear kilts in Ireland as well, of course, making this song a natural favorite in the pubs on the Emerald Isle as well.

=====Chorus

**Let the [Gm] wind blow high, let the wind blow low
[F] Through the streets in my kilt I'll go
[Gm] All the lassies say "Hello.
[F] Donald where's your [Gm] trousers?"**

=====

**I've [Gm] just come down from the isle of Skye
I'm no [F] very big an' I'm awfully shy
The [Gm] lassies say as I go by
[F] "Donald where's your [Gm] trousers?" CHORUS**

**Now [Gm] once I went to a fancy ball
And [F] it was slippery in the hall
And [Gm] I was feared that I might fall
[F] For I had nae on me [Gm] trousers CHORUS**

**Well I [Gm] caught a cold and me nose was raw
I [F] had no handkerchief at all,
So I [Gm] hiked up my kilt and I gave 'er a blow,
[F] Now you can't do that with [Gm] trousers. CHORUS**

**Now [Gm] I went down to London town
To [F] have a little fun on the underground
The [Gm] ladies turned their heads around
[F] Saying "Donald where's your [Gm] trousers?" CHORUS**

**To [Gm] wear the kilt is my delight,
It [F] isn't wrong, I know it's right.
The [Gm] highlanders would get a fright
[F] If they saw me in me [Gm] trousers. CHORUS**

JAR OF PORTER

NOT toora loora loora! 1st note low G

=====CHORUS

[G] Toora loora loo rala,

[D7] toora loora [G] loo rala

Toora loora loo rala, give the

[D7] child a jar of [G] porter

=====

Guinness beer has been brewed in Dublin since 1759. The owner signed a 9,000-year lease at 45Pounds a year. The deed to the building and grounds is enshrined under thick glass in the floor of the brewery. I have heard some from Ireland attribute their lifelong good health to having been given Guinness beer since they were wee bairns. Here's a song full of advice good and bad - you decide which is which.

[G] If you want your child to grow,

your [D7] child to grow, your [G] child to grow.

[G] If you want your child to grow

give [D7] him a jar of [G] porter.

[G] When I was young and cradle cake,

No [D7] drop of milk now [G] would I take.

Me father up and had his spake "Give the

[D7] child a drop of [G] porter."

When [G] I am dead and in my grave,

I [D7] hope for me a [G] prayer you'll say,

And [G] if you're passing by that way

You'll throw [D7] in a jar of [G] porter.

And [G] when I reach the golden gates,

I [D7] hope I'll not have [G] long to wait,

I'll [G] call Saint Peter aside and say

I [D7] brought you a jar of [G] porter.

Lord Of The Dance: The Irish Rovers

This song was written by Englishman Sydney Carter, fairly recently - 1963, drawing inspiration for the tune, lyrics, and spirit of the song from the American Shaker religion and the life and teachings of Jesus Christ and the Hindu God Shiva. He had a statue of Shiva's dancing pose on his desk. "I didn't think the churches would like it at all," he later said. It's a sweet gospel tune that became quite popular.

A F#m A
I danced in the morning when the world began.
E D E
I danced in the Moon and in the Stars and Sun.
A F#m A F#m
I came out of Heaven and I danced on Earth..
E7 D A
In Bethlehem I had my birth.

=====CHORUS

A F#m A
Dance, dance, wherever you may be
E7 D E7
I am the Lord^ of the Dance, said He.
A F#m
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be.....
E7 D A
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said He
=====

A F#m A
I danced for the scribes and the pharisees.
E7 D E7
But-they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me.
A F#m A F#m
I danced for fishermen, for James and John...
E7 D A
they came with me and the Dance went on.

CHORUS

A F#m A
I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame.
E7 D E7
The ho-ly peo-ple thought it was a shame.
A F#m E7
They cut and they stripped and they hung me
F#m
high...
E7 D A
and they left me there on a cross to die.

CHORUS

A F#m A
I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black.
E7 D E7
It's hard-v to dance^ with the devil on your back.
A F#m E7 F#m
They buried my body, but I had gone...
E7 D A
'Cause I am the Dance and I still go on.

CHORUS

A F#m A
They cut me down but I leapt up high.
E7 D E7
I am the Light that will never, never die.
A F#m E7 F#m
I'll live in you if you'll live in Me...
E7 D A
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He.

CHORUS x2

Molly Malone

There's no real Molly Malone - she's just the figment of a songwriter's imagination, and song became so entrenched in tradition that it is now the unofficial anthem of the city of Dublin, where they have installed a statue of her, forever wheeling her barrow.

C Am Dm G
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
C Em Dm G
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
C Am Dm G
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,
C Em G C
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

=====CHORUS

C Am Dm G
"Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh,"
C Em G C
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

=====

C Am Dm G
She was a fishmonger, And sure 'twas no wonder,
C Em Dm G
For so were her father and mother before,
C Am Dm G
As they each wheeled their barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,
C Em G C
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

CHORUS

C Am Dm G
She died of a fever, And no one could save her,
C Em Dm G
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
C Am Dm G
Now her ghost wheels her barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,
C Em G C
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

CHORUS

C Em G C
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

THE ORANGE AND THE GREEN

about a man whose father was a **Protestant** ("Orange") and whose mother was a **Catholic** ("Green"). It describes the man's trials as the product of **religious intermarriage** and how he handled such an upbringing.

MODERATE SPEED

=====CHORUS

Oh, it (A) is the biggest mixup that (E7) you have ever seen
Me (D) father he was (A) Orange and me (E7) mother she was (A) Green.

=====

Oh, me (A) father was an Ulsterman, proud (E7) Protestant was he
Me (D) mother was a (A) Catholic and from (E7) County Cork was (A) she.
They were married in two churches and lived (E7) happily enough
Un-(D)-til the day that (A) I was born and (E7) things got rather (A) tough. CHORUS

Bap-(A)-tized by Father Reilly I was (E7) rushed away by car
To be (D) made a little (A) Orangemen, me (E7) father's shining (A) star.
I was christened David Antony but (E7) still inspite of that
To me (D) father I was (A) William while me (E7) mother called me (A) Pat. CHORUS

With (A) mother every sunday to (E7) mass I'd proudly stroll
And (D) after that the (A) Orange Lord would (E7) try to save me (A) soul.
And both sides tried to claim me, but (E7) I was smart because
I'd (D) play the flute, I'd (A) play the harp de-(E7)-pending were I (A) was. CHORUS

And (A) when I'd sing those rebel songs much (E7) to me mother's joy
Me (D) father would jump (A) up and say "Look (E7) here, now Bill me (A) boy!
That's quite enough of that lot." He'd (E7) toss me o'er a coin
He'd (D) have me sing The (A) Orange Flute or the (E7) Heroes of the (A) Boyne.
CHORUS

One (A) day me Ma's relations came (E7) 'round to visit me.
Just (D) as my father's (A) kinfolk were (E7) sitting down to (A) tea.
We tried to smooth things over, but they (E7) all began to fight.
And (D) me, being strictly (A) neutral, sang to (E7) everyone's (A) delight. CHORUS

My (A) parents never could agree (E7) about my type of school.
My (D) learning was all (A) done at home, so (E7) I'm nobody's (A) fool.
They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but they (E7) left me caught between
That (D) awful colour (A) problem of the (E7) Orange and the (A) Green. CHORUS

The Parting Glass

was the most popular parting song in Scotland before Rober Burns wrote Auld Lang Syne. The parting glass was known as a "stirrup cup," one final drink to fortify a guest for their travels as they sat on their horse with their boots in their stirrups, ready to head onward. Traced to sometime in the 1600s.

A F#m D E
Of all the money that e'er I had,
A F#m E
I spent it~ in~ good~ com^pany-v.
F#m D A E
And all the harm that ere I've done,
A F#m D
alas it^ was~v to~ none but me—.

A D A A D A
And all-v I've^ done for want-v of^ wit
D E A F#m E
to mem'ry now I can't recall-v;
F#m D A E
So fill with me the parting glass,
A F#m D
Good` night^ and^^ joy~ be~ with you
E
all.

A D A E
[So] fill to me~ the parting glass
A F#m E
And drink a~ health~ what~e'er befalls
F#m D A E
And gently rise~v and~^ softly call
A F#m E
~Good night and^ joy~ be~ with you all

A F#m D E
Of all the comrades that e'er I had,
A F#m E
They're~ sorry^ for ~my going^ away-v.
F#m D A E
And all my sweethearts that e'er I had,
A F#m
They would wish ^me one~ more~ day
D
to stay—.

A D A A D A
But since-v it^ falls ~unto my-^ lot,
D E A F#m E
That I should rise~ and you should not,
F#m D A E
I'll gently rise and I'll softly call,
A F#m D E
Good night and joy~ be~ with you all.

A D A E
[So] fill to me~ the parting glass
A F#m E
And drink a~ health~ what~e'er befalls
F#m D A E
And gently rise~v and~^ softly call
A F#m E
~Good night and^ joy~ be~ with you all
A F#m E A
~Good night and^ joy~ be~ with you all

THE RARE OLD MOUNTAIN DEW (IRISH)

Here's another "Irish" song with American roots. The tune is traditional Irish, but the words were written by New York musical theater composer Edward Harrigan (now there's a good Irish name for you!), for the play "The Blackbird," first produced in Dublin in 1882. The word "Poteen" is a phoenetic Irish word for mountain dew or moonshine. The word "gougers" means hard-drinking outlaws. Let's practice the tricky chorus — it's definitely one you'll want to sing before you've had too much of the rare old mountain dew.

=====CHORUS

A D A E7
Hi di-diddly die-di dum, diddly do-di die-di dum, diddly do-die diddly die-day

A D A E7 A
Hi di-diddly die-di dum, diddly do-di die-di dum, diddly do-die diddly die-day

=====

A D A E7
Let grasses grow and water flow in a free and easy way,

A D A E7 A
But give me enough of the finer stuff that's made near Galway Bay

A E7
Come 'gougers all, from Donegal, Sligo or Leitrim too (LEE-thrum)

A D A E7 A
We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the real old mountain dew

CHORUS

A D A E7
At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still where the smoke curls up to the sky

A D A E7 A
By the smoke and the smell, you can plainly tell that there's poteen brewing nearby [poitin]

A E7
It fills the air with odor rare that betwixt both me and you

A D A E7 A
When home you stroll you can take a bowl or a bucket of the mountain dew

CHORUS

A D A E7
Now learn-ed men who use the pen, have sung your praises high,

A D A E7 A
That sweet poteen from Ireland green, distilled from wheat and rye

A E7
Throw away your pills it'll cure all ills, Pagan, Christian or Jew

A D A E7 A
Take off your coat and grease your throat with the real old Mountain Dew

CHORUS

The Rattlin' Bog

Now here's one along the likes of "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea," a tongue-twisty list of things that grows longer as the song goes on. The word "rattlin'" means "splendid," and be thankful that I didn't include all 180 verses...

[C] Ho, ho, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

Well [C] in the bog there was a hole, a rare hole, a [G7] rattlin' hole
[C] Hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-[G7]-o [C]

[C] Ho, ho, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

Well [C] in the hole there was a tree, a rare tree, a [G7] rattlin' tree
[C] Tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]o

[C] Ho, ho, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

[C] On the tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a [G7] rattlin' limb
[C] Limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole, and the bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]o

[C] Ho, ho, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

[C] On the limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a [G7] rattlin' branch
[C] Branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

[C] Ho, ho, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

Well [C] on the branch there was a nest, a rare nest, a [G7] rattlin' nest
[C] Nest on the branch, and the branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

[C] Ho, ho, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

[C] In the nest there was an egg, a rare egg, a [G7] rattlin' egg
[C] Egg in the nest, and the nest on the branch, and the branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole, and the hole in the bog, and the bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

[C] Ho, ho, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the [F] rattlin' bog, the [C] bog down in the [G7] valley-[C]-o

Well **[C]** on the egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a **[G7]** rattlin' bird
[C] Bird on the egg, and the egg in the nest, and the nest on the branch, and the
branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree, and the tree in the hole, and the hole in
the bog, and the bog down in the **[G7]** valley-**[C]**-o

[C] Ho, ho, the **[F]** rattlin' bog, the **[C]** bog down in the **[G7]** valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the **[F]** rattlin' bog, the **[C]** bog down in the **[G7]** valley-**[C]**-o

And **[C]** on the bird there was a feather, a rare feather, a **[G7]** rattlin' feather
[C] Feather on the bird
 bird on the egg
 egg in the nest
 nest on the branch
 branch on the limb
 limb on the tree
 tree in the hole
 hole in the bog
 and the bog down in the **[G7]** valley-**[C]**-o

[C] Ho, ho, the **[F]** rattlin' bog, the **[C]** bog down in the **[G7]** valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the **[F]** rattlin' bog, the **[C]** bog down in the **[G7]** valley-**[C]**-o

[C] On the feather there was a flea, a rare flea, a **[G7]** rattlin' flea
[C] Flea on the feather
 feather on the bird
 bird on the egg
 egg in the nest
 nest on the branch
 branch on the limb
 limb on the tree
 tree in the hole
 hole in the bog
 and the bog down in the **[G7]** valley-**[C]**-o

[C] Ho, ho, the **[F]** rattlin' bog, the **[C]** bog down in the **[G7]** valley-o
[C] Rare bog, the **[F]** rattlin' bog, the **[C]** bog down in the **[G7]** valley-**[C]**-o

SCARLET RIBBONS

Here's another sweet lullaby, written by Americans Evelyn Danzig and Jack Segal. It has become a favorite, performed by many Irish and American singers.

C F G7 C F G7 F C
I peeked in to say good night, When I heard my child in prayer
 F G7 C F G7 F C^
"And for me, some scarlet ribbons, Scarlet ribbons for my hair"

C F G7 C F G7 F C
All the stores were closed and shuttered, All the streets were dark and bare
 F G7 C F G7 F C^
In our town no scarlet ribbons, Not one ribbon for her hair

C G7 C F^
Through the night my heart was aching...
 G7 F C^ G7
Just before the dawn was breaking...

C F G7 C F G7 F C
I peeked in and on her bed, In gay profusion lying there
 F G7 C F G7 F C^
I saw ribbons scarlet ribbons, Scarlet ribbons for her hair

C G7 C F^v
If I live to be a hundred...
F G7 F C^ G7
I will never know from where

C F G7 C F G7 F C
Came those lovely scarlet ribbons, Scarlet ribbons for her hair

STEWBALL

C **Dm**
Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.

G **C** **F G**
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

C **Dm**
His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold.

G **C** **F G**
And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

C **Dm**
Oh the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there

G **C** **F G**
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.

C **Dm**
And a-way up yonder, ahead of them all,

G **C** **F G**
Came a-prancing and a-dancing my noble Stewball.

C **Dm**
I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay

G **C** **F G**
If I'd have bet on old Stewball, I'd be a free man today.

C **Dm**
Oh the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove moans.

G **C** **F G**
I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home.

C **Dm**
Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.

G **C** **F C**
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

This tune has strong Irish roots and, like most great legends, has many permutations. The version we'll be singing is the one I grew up with, sung by Peter, Paul & Mary. Stewball was a real horse, born in 1741. He won many races in England before being shipped to Ireland, where, by age eleven, he became the top-earning runner in Ireland. In most versions of the song, Stewball is characterized the underdog who wins big. The song made it to the U.S. where it was reworked by all who sang it, from chain gangs to Leadbelly to Woody Guthrie — to Peter Paul & Mary. In this version, it's the narrator who is the underdog, and, unfortunately, remains the underdog.

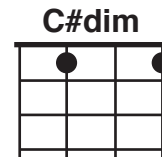
TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RA. 1st note A string @ 2nd fret, low. SLOW WALTZs

Here's another kind of parting glass - Written for the Tin Pan Alley musical "Shameen Dhu" in 1931, and shot to #1 in the charts. Bing Crosby revived in in 1944 in the movie "Going My Way."

G C G G7 Em G
Over in Kil-larney, ma-ny^ years ago
G C G A7 Am7 D7
Me mother-v sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low
G C G G7 Em G
Just a simple little-v ditty in her good 'ould'^ Irish way
C G A7 Am7 D7
And I'd give the world if she could sing that song to me today

=====Chorus

G C G G7 C G
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo--ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li —,
G C G A7 D7
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, hush, now, don't you cry.
G C G G7 C C#dim
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li
G C G A7 D G D7
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra—that's an Irish lull^—a—by.



G C G G7 Em G D7
Oft in dreams I wander to that^ cot again,
G C G A7 Am7 D7
I feel her-^ v-arms a-huggin' me as when^ she held me then-v.
G C G G7 Em G
And I hear her voice a-hummin' to-me as in days of yore,
C G A7 Am7 D7
When she used^ to rock me fast asleep v-outside the cabin door

THE UNICORN SONG

G C
A long time ago when the earth was green
D G
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
C
They'd run around free while the world was being born
G D G
But the loveliest of all was the unicorn

G C
There was green alligators and long necked geese
D G
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees
C
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
G D G
The loveliest of was the unicorn.

G C
Now God seen some sinning and it gave him a pain
D G
And he says, stand back, "I'm going to make it rain!"
C
He says, "Hey, brother Noah I'll tell you what to do,
G D G {tacit}
Build me a floating zoo, ... and take some of them....

G C
Green alligators and long necked geese,
D G
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
C
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
G D G
Don't you forget my unicorns."

G C
Old Noah was there to answer the call,
D G
He finished making the ark as the rain started pourin'
G C
He marched in the animals two by two,
G D G {tacit}
And he called out as they went through, "Hey lord," I got your

Here's one of the most well known "Irish" tunes to start off with, but it's doesn't actually have Irish roots. It was written by Shel Silverstein, an American poet, songwriter, and cartoonist, known for his book "Where the Sidewalk Ends." It was made famous by the band The Irish Rovers.

G C
Green alligators and long-necked geese,
D G
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees
C
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
G D G
I just can't see no unicorn!"

G C
Then Noah looked out through the driving rain,
D G
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games.
G C
Kicking and splashing while the rain was pourin'
G D G
Oh, them silly unicorns!"

G C
But there were green alligators and long-necked geese,
D G
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees
G C
Noah cried, "Close the door cause the rain's a-pourin'
G D G
And we just can't wait for those unicorns!"

G C
The ark started moving, it drifted with the tides,
D G
Them unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried.
G C TREMOLOOOO
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away,
SPEAKING
And that's why ya never seen a unicorn to this very day.

G C
You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese,
D G
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees
C
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
G D G
You're never gonna see no unicorn

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?

[Gm] What will we do with the drunken sailor?

[F] What will we do with the drunken sailor?

[Gm] What will we do with the drunken sailor?

[F] Earlye in the [Gm] morning!

=====Chorus

[Gm] Way, hey and up she rises,

[F] Way, hey and up she rises,

[Gm] Way, hey and up she rises,

[F] Earlye in the [Gm] morning!

=====

[Gm] Shave his belly with a rusty razor

[F] Shave his belly with a rusty razor,

[Gm] Shave his belly with a rusty razor

[F] Earlye in the [Gm] morning!

Now here's a cautionary tale about what could befall you if you drink too much, leaving your fate in the hands of your more dubious companions. This is a sea chanty, a type of song written to provide rhythm for work on ships. This one was useful for when there was a long line of sailors hauling together, back in the days before so many tasks were mechanized. You can imagine that with all the barrels of wine and whiskey that traveled in the holds of these ships that there was more than a little carousing among the crew.

CHORUS

[Gm] Put him in a longboat till he's sober

[F] Put him in a longboat till he's sober,

[Gm] Put him in a longboat till he's sober,

[F] Earlye in the [Gm] morning!

CHORUS

[Gm] Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,

[F] Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,

[Gm] Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,

[F] Earlye in the [Gm] morning! **CHORUS**

[Gm] That's what we do with the drunken sailor,

[F] That's what we do with the drunken sailor,

[Gm] That's what we do with the drunken sailor,

[F] Earlye in the [Gm] morning!

CHORUS

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING 1st note G@2

=====CHORUS

When [G] Irish [D7] eyes are [G] smiling [G7]
Sure, 'tis [C] like the morn in [G] Spring
In the [C] lilt of Irish [G] laughter [E7]
You can [A7] hear^ the angels [D] sing [D7]
When [G] Irish [D7] hearts are [G] happy [G7]
All the [C] world-v seems bright and [G] gay
And when [C] Irish eyes^ are [G] ^smiling [E7]
Sure they [A7] steal your [D7] heart^ a-[G]-way

=====

1st note A@2-v

[G] There's a tear in your eye
[G] And I'm wondering why
For [D7] it never-v should be there at [G] tall—
With [D7] such pow'r in your smile—
Sure a [G] stone you'd be-[E7]-^guile
So there's [A7] never a teardrop^ should [D7] fall
When [G] your sweet lilting laughter's
[G] Like some fairy song
And your [D7] eyes twinkle [G7] bright as can [C] be^
You must [A7] laugh all the while
And all [D] other^ times smile
And now, [A7] smile-v a smile-^ for [D] me [D7] CHORUS

[G] For your smile is a part
Of the love in your heart
And [D7] it makes-v even sunshine more [G] bright
Like the [D7] linnet's sweet song—
Crooning [G] all-v the day [E7] long
Comes your [A7] laughter so tender and [D7] light
For [G] the springtime of life
[G] Is the sweetest of all
There is [D7] ne'er a real [G7] care nor re-[C]-gret^
And while [A7] springtime is ours
Throughout [D] all-^ of youth's hours
Let us [A7] smile-v each chance-^ we [D] get [D7] CHORUS

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

A D A
O the summer time has come
D A
And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
D A E7
And the wild mountain thyme
D F#m D
Grows around the bloomin' heather

=====CHORUS

A D A
Will ye go lassie go?
D A
And we'll all go together
D A E7
To pluck wild mountain thyme
D F#m D
All around the bloomin' heather
A D A
Will ye go lassie go?

=====

A D A
I will build my love a bower
D A
By yon cool crystal fountain
D A E7
And high I will pile
D F#m D
All the wild flowers o' the mountain

CHORUS

A D A
I will range through the wilds
D A
And the deep glen sae dreamy
D A E7
And return wi' their spoils
D F#m D
Tae the bower o' my dearie

CHORUS

A D A
If my true love were gone
D A
Then I'll surely find another
D A E7
To pluck wild mountain thyme
D F#m D
All around the bloomin' heather

CHORUS

This is song of the British Isles; a Belfast musician adapted it from a Scottish tune.

the line, "Wild Mountain Thyme all around the bloomin heather" might refer to folklore, where the thyme plant was considered the playground of the fairys and often the herb would be left undisturbed for their use. Also, there was an old custom of young women wearing a sprig of thyme, mint or lavender to attract a suitor.

THE WILD ROVER. 1st note C@O -^

C F C F G7 C
I've been a wild rover for many a year - I spent all me money on whiskey and beer
C F C F G7 C
But now I'm returning with gold in great store - And I never will play the wild rover no more

=====CHORUS

G7 C F C F G7 C
And it's no nay never //// no nay never no more - Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more
=====

C F
I went in to an alehouse I used to frequent
C F G7 C
And I told the landlady me money was spent
C F
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay!"
C F G7 C
"Such custom as yours I could have any day!"

The song began as a temperance song, to discourage drinking. But, over the years, the lyrics evolved, and it became a favorite drinking song
AUDIENCE CLAPPING PART 4 CLAPS intricate rhythm ;-). PRACTICE international sign for never say never: crossed fingers

CHORUS

C F
I-took out from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
C F G7 C
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
F
She says: "I have whiskeys and wines of the best!"
C F G7 C
And the words that I told you were only in jest!"

CHORUS

C F
I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
C F G7 C
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
F
And when they've caressed me as oftentimes before
C F G7 C
I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS X2