Great Irish Songs & Ballads

piano, vocal & guitar chords

VOL. 1

Twenty all-time favourites, including

Danny Boy • The Rose of Tralee • The Minstrel Boy
The Snowy Breasted Pearl • Easy and Slow
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3 5 7 9 0 8 6 4 2
I Know Where I’m Going

Slowly

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]

\[ \text{I know where I’m going} \]

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A4} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]

\[ \text{I know who’s going with me.} \]

\[ \text{Em7/4 Bm} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D} \]

\[ \text{I love, but the dear knows who I’ll marry.} \]

\[ \text{Bm} \quad \text{A7/4} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A4} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]

\[ \text{Some say he’s dark;} \quad \text{some say he’s bonny,} \]

\[ \text{But the fairest of them all} \]

\[ \text{I know where I’m going and I know who’s going with me.} \]

\[ \text{I love, but the dear knows who I’ll marry.} \]

\[ \text{Some say he’s dark;} \quad \text{some say he’s bonny,} \]

\[ \text{But the fairest of them all} \]
Some say he's dark, Some say he's bonny
But the fairest of them all, Is my handsome, winsome Johnny.

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

Feather beds are soft, And painted rooms are bonny
But I would leave them all, To go with my love, Johnny.

I know where I'm going, And I know who's going with me
I know who I love, But the dear knows who I'll marry.
The Rose of Tralee

Walking

Oh the pale moon was rising above the green mountain, the sun was descending beneath the blue sea, when I strayed with my love o'er the pure crystal fountain that stands in the

Em7 C G

Em A7 D7 G

Em7 C G D7
beautiful Vale of Tralee, She was lovely and fair as the rose in the summer. Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me. Oh no 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning that
made me love Mar - y the Rose of Tra-

Last Time

- lee. The - lee.

The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading
And Mary, all smiling, sat listening to me
The moon thro' the valley her pale rays was shedding
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.
Tho' lovely and fair as the rose of the summer
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me,
Oh! no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

Nelson St. Tralee, Co. Kerry.
Danny Boy

Andante with Expression

A7          D          A

Oh Danny

D          F#m7          Bm          Bm7

Boy the pipes, the pipes are

Em7          Bm6          Em

calling, from glen to

don't Bm6         Em

glen and down the mountain
The summer's gone and all the roses falling 'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must
bide.  

But come ye back  
when summer's in the meadow  
or when the valley's hushed and white with
A4
A
A7
D
A

snow.
'Tis I'll be

D
Em
Em7
there in sunshine or in

D
Bm7
A7
D
A7
shadow. Oh Danny

Bm
G
D
Em
D
Em
A7
Boy, oh Danny Boy I love you
And when ye come and all the flowers are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

Repeat Chorus:
And I shall hear tho' soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer sweeter be
If you will bend and tell me that you love me
Then I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.
Easy and Slow

'Twas down by Christchurch that I first met with Annie.
A neat little girl and not a bit shy.
She told me her father who came from Dungannon,
would take her back home in the sweet by and by. And what's it to any man whether or no whether it's easy or whether I'm true. As I lifted her petticoat easy and slow and I
Em  G  Am  C6  G

All along Thomas Street down to the Liffey
The sunshine was gone and the evening grew dark
Along by King's Bridge and begod in a jiffy
Me arms were around her beyond in the Park.

From city or country, a girl's a jewel
And well known for gripping the most of them are
But any young fella is really a fool
If he tries at the first time for to go a bit far.

And if ever you go to the town of Dungannon
You can search till your eyeballs are empty or blind
Be ye h'ly' or walkin' or sittin' or runnin'
A girl like Annie, you never will find.
George's St. Dungannon.
Sam Hall

Oh my name it is Sam Hall chim-ney sweep chim-ney sweep.

Oh my name it is Sam Hall chim-ney sweep. and I've robbed both great and small, and my neck will pay for all when I die, when I
Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart, in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootehill 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 his rope
And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down, tumbling down
And ne'er a word I spoke tumbling down.

(Repeat first Verse)

Turf Bog.
Oh fare thee well Ireland

-land my own dear native land.

breaks my heart to see friends part for 'tis then that the

tear drops fall.

I'm on my
way to Amerikey, will I e'er see my home once more.

For now I leave my own true love on Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.

Our ship she lies at anchor, she's standing by the quay
May fortune bright shine down each night, as we sail over the sea
Many ships were lost, many lives it cost on the journey that lies before
With a tear in my eye I'm bidding good-bye to Paddy’s Green Shamrock Shore.

So fare thee well my own true love, I'll think of you night and day
And a place in my mind you surely will find, although I am so far away
Though I'll be alone far away from my home, I'll think of the good times once more
Until the day, I can make my way back to Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.

And now the ship is on the waves may heaven protect us all
With the wind in the sail we surely can't fail on this voyage to Baltimore
But my parents and friends did wait till the end, till I could see them no more
I then took a chance for to glance at Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.
The Minstrel Boy

In a Flowing Manner

The min - strel boy to the war has gone in the ranks of dea-th you will find him. His

fath - er's swo-rd he has gir - ded on and his wild harp slung be-

hind him. Land of song said the war-ri - or bard though

A7 D Bm F#m
The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman’s chain
Could not bring his proud soul under
The harp he lov’d ne’er spoke again
For he tore its chords assunder
And said, “No chains shall sully thee
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery”
The Snowy Breasted Pearl

Moderately Flowing

There is a Colleen fair as May for a year and for a day I have sought by every way her heart to gain.

There is no art of tongue or eye, fond youth with maidens try, but I've tried with ceaseless sighs yet in vain.

If to France or far off

22
Spain, she'd cross the wat'ry main. To see again the seas I'd brave. And if 'tis heaven's decree that mine she may not be, May the Son of Mary me in mercy save.

Oh! thou blooming milk-white dove, to whom I've given true love
Do not ever thus reprove my constancy
There are maidens, would be mind, with wealth in land or kine,
If my heart would but incline to turn from thee
But a kiss with welcome bland, and a touch of thy fair hand
Are all that I demand would's thou not spurn
For if not mine dear girl, oh! my snowy-breasted pearl
May I never from the fair with life return.
The Butcher Boy

Andante

A D E7 A E D A E A

In Moore Street where I did dwell,

D A F#m D E7 A D7 A E A

A butcher boy, I loved right well. He

F#m C#m F#m7 A E Bm7 E

courted me my life away and

D A E A

now with me he will not stay.
I wish my baby it was born
And smiling on its daddy's knee
And my poor body to be dead and gone
With the long green grass growing over me.

He went upstairs and the door he broke
And found her hanging by a rope
He took a knife and cut her down
And in her pocket these words he found.

Oh make my grave large, wide and deep
Put a marble stone at my head and feet
And in the middle a turtle dove
So the world may know I died for love.
The Cliffs Of Doneen

Andantino

G6

You may travel far far from your

own native land. Far away

o'er the mountains far away o'er the

foam.

But of all the fine
Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll see there
You'll see the high rocky mountains o'er the west coast of Clare
Oh the town of Kilkess and Kilrush can be seen
From the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day
Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay
Oh the hares and lofty pheasants are plain to be seen
Making homes for their young round the cliffs of Doneen.

Fare thee well to Doneen, fare thee well for a while
And to all the kind people I'm leaving behind
To the streams and the meadows where late I have been
And the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.
I'm A Rover

Jolly

G C G Em
rover and seldom sober, I'm a rover of

G D G C
high degree. For when I'm drinking I'm always think-

G D G
- ing how to gain my loves company.
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 nearly 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 cock was crowing, 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 are high above
I will climb them with greater pleasure; Since I've been in the arms of my love.
Avondale

Gently

Oh have you been to

Avondale and lingered in its lovely vale where

tall trees whisper and know the tale of Avondale’s proud eagle.

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.

Repeat Chorus:—

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

Repeat Chorus:—
Irish Spinning Wheel.
Kelly of Killane

Andantino

What's the news what's the news O my bold Shelm-

lier, with your long barrelled gun from the sea. Say what

wind from the South blows his messenger here with a hymn of the

da wn for the free. Goodly news, goodly news, Do I

Em7
D Bm D G A
bring Youth of Forth, good-ly news shall you hear Bar-ry man.

D D G D
For the boys march at morn from the South to the

G D A7 D G D
North led by Kel-ly the Boy from Killane.

"Tell me who is that 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!"

"Ah, my lad's, that's the pride of the bold Shepharion
Among our greatest of heroes a man!
Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the Boy from Killane

Enniscorthy's in flames, and old Wexford is won
And the Barrow to-morrow we will cross
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
That will batter the gateway of Ross
All the Forth men and Ballymen march o'er the heath
With brave Harvey to lead on the van
But the foremost of all in the grim Gap of Death
Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killane

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
And her heart pierced by traitors and slaves!
Glory O! Glory O! to her brave sons who died
For the cause of long down-trodden man!
Glory O! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride
Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killane
I Know My Love

Andantino

G7          C
G7          G7

C           G           Am           C
walking and I know my love by his way of talking and I

G           Am           Em           Am           G
know my love dressed in his jersey blue and if my love leaves

G7         C           G           Am
me what will I do and still she cried "I love him the
There is a dance house down in Mardyke; And there my true-love goes every night
And he takes a strange one upon his knee; And don’t you think now that vexes me?

Repeat Chorus:—

If my love knew I could wash and wring; And if my love knew I could weave and spin
I’d make for him a suit of the finest kind; But the want of money leaves me behind.
James Connolly

A great crowd had gathered outside of Kilmainham with their heads all uncovered they knelt on the ground. For inside that grim prison lay a true Irish soldier. His life for his country about to lay down.
He went to his death like a true son of Ireland
The firing party he bravely did face
Then the order rang out: 'Present arms, Fire!'
James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave.

The black flag they hoisted, the cruel deed was over
Gone was the man who loved Ireland so well,
There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning
When they murdered James Connolly, the Irish rebel.

Many years have rolled by since the Irish Rebellion
When the guns of Britannia they loudly did speak
And the bold I.R.A. they stood shoulder to shoulder
And the blood from their bodies flowed down Sackville Street.

The Four Courts of Dublin the English bombarded
The spirit of freedom they tried hard to quell
But above all the din came the cry: 'No Surrender!'
'Twas the voice of James Connolly, the Irish rebel.
The Waxies Dargle

Very Brightly

**D**

G  D  G

Sa-y-s

D  G  D

my oul wan to your oul wan will you come to the Wax-ies Dar-gle. Sa-y-s

**Bm7**

Em  A7  D

my oul wan to your oul wan sure I have n’t got a farthing. I’ve

G  D

just been down to Mon-to Town to see young Kill Mc-Ard-le but he

38
Says my aul' one to your aul' one;
Will you come to the Galway Races
Says your aul' one to my aul' one;
With the price of my aul' lad's braces
I went down to Capel Street,
To the Jew man money lenders
But they wouldn't give me a couple of bob
On my aul' lad's red suspenders.
Repeat Chorus:

Says my aul' one to your aul' one;
We have no beef or mutton
But if we go to Monto Town;
We might get a drink for nuttin'
Here's a piece of advice I got
From an aul' fishmonger
When food is scarce, and you see the hearse
You'll know you have died of hunger.
Repeat Chorus:
Skibbereen

Oh father dear I

often hear you speak of Erin's Isle.

Her lofty scenes her valley's green her

mountains rude and wild. They say it
Oh, son I loved my native land with energy and pride
Till a blight came o'er my crops—my sheep, my cattle died
My rent and taxes were too high, I could not them redeem
And that's the cruel reason that I left old Skibbereen.

Oh, well do I remember the bleak December day
The landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away
They set my roof on fire with cursed English spleen
And that's another reason that I left old Skibbereen.

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy ground
She faint in her anguish, seeing the desolation round
She never rose, but passed away from life to mortal dream
And found a quiet grave, my boy, in dear old Skibbereen.

And you were only two years old and feeble was your frame
I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your father's name—
I wrapt you in my cotamore at the dead of night unseen
I heaved a sigh and bade good-bye, to dear old Skibbereen.

Oh, father dear, the day may come when in answer to the call
Each Irishman, with feeling stern, will rally one and all
I'll be the man to lead the van beneath the flag of green
When loud and high we'll raise the cry—"Remember Skibbereen".
Bunclody

Brightly

Oh were I at the moss house where the birds do increase at the foot of Mount Leinster or

some silent place By the streams of Bunclody that flows down so free.

And all that I
Oh, 'tis why my love slight me as you might understand
For she has a freehold and I have no land
She has fine stores of riches, of silver and gold
And everything fitting a house to uphold.

Oh, were I a clerk and could write a fine hand
I would write my love a letter that she might understand
For I am a young fellow that was wounded in love
Once I lived in Buncloidy, but now I must remove.

So fare thee well, father – my mother, adieu
My sisters and brothers, farewell unto you
I am bound for Amerikay, my fortune to try
When I think of Buncloidy, I am ready to die.
Sliabh Gallion Brae

Sadly and Slowly

(Braes) As I went a-

walk ing one mor ning in May.

view your fair va ll eys and moun tains so

gay. I was think ing on whose flo w ers a ll
doomed to decay that bloom around ye
bon-ny bon-ny sliabh Gall-ion braes.

How oft in the morning with my dog and my gun
I roam through the glens for joy and for fun
But those days are now all over and I must go away
So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny, Sliabh Gallion Braes.

How oft of an evening and the sun in the West
I roved hand in hand with the one I loved best
But the hopes of youth are vanished and now I'm far away
So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny, Sliabh Gallion Braes.

Oh! it was not the want of employment at home
That caused us poor exiles in sorrow to roam
But those tyrannising landlords, they would not let us stay
So farewell unto ye, bonny, bonny, Sliabh Gallion Braes.
Follow Me Up To Carlow

Swinging

Lift Mac-Cahir Og your face

brooding o'er the old disgrace that Black Fitz-William stormed your place and

drove you to the fern. Grey said victory was sure

soon the fire-brand he'd secure till he met at Glenmalure with

C Am7 Em

Am Am7 C
See the swords of Glen Imaal, a flashing o'er the English pale
See all the children of the Gael beneath O'Byrne's banner
Rooster of a fighting stock would yet let a saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

**Repeat Chorus:**

Now from Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore
And great is Rory Og O'More at sending loons to hades
White is sick and Grey has fled, now for Black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over dripping red, to Liza and her ladies.

**Repeat Chorus:**
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