

SONG LIST

Enjoy the following song lyrics. You're all invited to sing and play along together.

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Star Of The County Down

[Em] In Banbridge Town in the [G] County [D] Down
One [Em] morning last [D] July,
From a [Em] boreen green came a [G] sweet [D] colleen
And she [Em] smiled as she [D] passed me by. [Em]
She [G] looked so sweet from her [D] two bare feet
To the [Em] sheen of her nut brown [D] hair.
Such a [Em] coaxing elf, sure I [G] shook my [D] self
For to [Em] see I was [D] really [D] there.

Chorus:

From [G] Bantry Bay up to [D] Derry Quay and
From [Em] Galway to Dublin [D] Town,
No [Em] maid I've seen like the [G] brown [D] colleen
That I [Em] met in the [D] County {Em} Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,
And I looked with a feelin' rare,
And I say's, say's I, to a passer-by,
"Whose the maid with the nut brown hair"?
He smiled at me and he says's, say's he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down".

I've travelled a bit, but never was hit
Since my roving career began
But fair and square I surrendered there
To the charms of young Rose McCann.
I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet
Did I meet with in shawl or gown
But in she went and I asked no rent
From the star of the County Down.

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked
Right for a smile from my nut brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Till my plough turns rust coloured brown.
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down.

Chorus / Repeat

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

I'll Tell Me Ma

I'll [D] tell me Ma when I go home,
The [A7]boys won't leave the [D] girls alone.
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,
Well [A7]that's alright till I go [D] home.

Chorus:

[D] She is handsome. She is [G] pretty.
[D] She is the bell of [E7} Belfast City.
[D] She is courtin' [G] one, two, three.
[D] Please won't you [E7} tell me, [D] who is she?

Albert Mooney say's he loves her.
All the boy's are fighting for her.
They knock at the door and ring at the bell
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well"?
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Oul Jenny Murray say's she'll die
If you don't get the fella
With the roving eye.

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

Repeat 1st Verse and Chorus

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Black Velvet Band

G D
In a neat little town they call Belfast apprenticed to trade I was bound
G Em C D G
And many an hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town
G D
Till bad misfortune came over me and caused me to stray from the land
G Em C D G
Far away from me friends and relations me followed the Black Velvet Band

G
Her eyes they shown like the diamonds
D
You'd think she was queen of the land
G Em
And her hair hung over her shoulder
C D G
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

G D
Well I went out strolling one evening not meaning to go very far
G Em C D G
When I met with a fickle-some damsel she was plying her trade in a bar
G D
When a watch she took from a cutomer and slipped it right into me hand
G Em C D G
And the law it came and arrested me bad luck to your Black Velvet Band

G D
This mornin' before judge and jury a trial I had to appear
G Em C D G
And the judge he says "me young fellow" the case against you is quite clear
G D
And seven long years is your sentence you're going to Van Daemons Land
G Em C D G
Far away from your friends and relations and follow the Black Velvet Band

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

G G
So come all ye jolly young fellows I'll have you take warnin' from me
G Em C D G
Whenever you're into the liquor me lads beware of the pretty colleen
G D
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter till you are not able to stand
G Em C D G
And the very next thing that you know me lads you've landed in Van Daemon's
Land

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Gypsy Rover

G C G Em D
The gypsy rover came over the hill, down through the valley so shady,
G Em G C G C G
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang, and he won the heart of a la--
dy.

Chorus:

G C G Em D
Ah-de-do, ah-de-do-da-day, ah-de-do, ah-de-da-ay
G Em G C G C G
He whistled and he sang 'til the greenwoods rang, and he won the heart of a
lady.

She left her father's castle gates, she left her own fine lover
She left her servants and her state to follow the gypsy rover.

Chorus:

Her father saddled up his fastest steed and roamed the valleys all over
Sought his daughter at great speed and the whistling gypsy rover.

Chorus:

He came at last to a mansion fine, down by the river Claydee
And there was music and there was wine, for the gypsy and his lady.

Chorus:

"He is no gypsy, my father" she said, "but lord of these lands all over,
And I shall stay 'til my dying day with my whistling gypsy rover."

Chorus:

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

"Nancy Whiskey"

Use G –Em-C-D7 progression

I am a weaver, a Carlton weaver;
I am a brash and a roving blade.
I will wonder where I wish to.
I will follow the roving trade

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O.

As I walked out into Glasgow City
Nancy kissed me, I chanced to smell
I walked in and sat down beside her
Seven long years oh, I loved her well.

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her;
The more I kissed her, the more she smiled
I for - got my mother's teaching;
Nancy soon had me beguiled.

So I'm going back to the Carlton weaving;
I'll really make them shuttles fly.
For I'll make more at Carlton weaving
Than ever I did in a roving way.

So come, all you weavers, you Carlton weavers;
Weavers, where e'er you be.
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey;
She'll ruin you like she blinded me.

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Whiskey in the Jar

KEY C

verse:

C Am

F C G

C Am

F C G

chorus:

G C

F C G C

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier.
Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,

musha ring dumma do damma da
whack for the daddy 'ol
whack for the daddy 'ol
there's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me,
but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water,
Then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel,
The guards were all around me and likewise captain Farrel.
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

Now some men take delight in the carriages a rollin,
But others take delight in the hurling and the bowling.
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

THE ORANGE AND THE GREEN 4/4 (traditional)

Oh, it (E)is the biggest mixup that (B7)you have ever seen

Me (A)father was an (E)Orangemen, me (B7)mother she was (E)green.

Oh, me (E)father was an Ulsterman, proud (B7)Protestant was he

Me (A)mother was a (E)Catholic and from (B7)county Cork was (E)she.

They were married in two churches and lived (B7)happily enough

Un(A)til the day that (E)I was born and (B7)things got rather (E)tough.

(Chorus)

Bap(E)tized by father Reilly I was (B7)rushed away by car

To be (A)made a little (E)Orangemen, me (B7)father's shining (E)star.

I was christened David Antony but (B7)still inspite of that

To me (A)father I was (E)Billy while me (B7)mother called me (E)Pat.

Chorus

With (E)mother every sunday to (B7)mass I'd proudly stroll

And (A)after that the (E)orange lord would (B7)try to save me (E)soul.

And both sides tried to claim me, but (B7)I was smart because

I'd (A)play the flute, I'd (E)play the harp de(B7)pending were I (E)was

(Chorus)

And (E)when I'd sing those rebel songs much (B7)to me mother's joy

Me (A)father would jump (E)up and say "Look (B7)here, now Bill me (E)boy!

That's quite enough of that lot.", he'd (B7)toss me o'er a coin

He'd (A)have me sing The (E)Orange Flute or the (B7)Heroes Of The (E)Boyne.

Chorus

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

One (E)day me Ma's relations came (B7)round to visit me.

Just (A)as my father's (E)kinfolk were (B7)sitting down to (E)tea.

We tried to smooth things over, but they (B7)all began to fight.

And (A)me, being strictly (E)neutral, I kicked (B7)everyone in (E)sight.

(Chorus)

My (E)parents never could agree a(B7)bout my type of school.

My (A)learning was all (E)done at home, that's (B7)why I'm such a (E)fool.

They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but (B7)I was left between

That (A)awful colour (E)problem of the (B7)Orange and the (E)Green.

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Wild Rover

I've[G] been a wild rover for many a[C] year
And I've[G] spent all me[D] money on whiskey and[G] beer
But[G] now im returning with gold in great[C] store
And I[G] never will[D] play the wild rover no[G] more
[Chorus]

And it's[D] no nay never[G] no nay never no[C] more
Will I[G] play the wild[C] rover,no[G] never[D] no[G] more
[2]

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit,she answered me 'Nay
Such a custom as yours I can get any day

I took from my pocket 10 sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke were only in jest

I'll go home to my parents confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they forgive me as oft times before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Use the Am – G

Verse 1: There's a little lass and her name is Mary Mac
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm goin' to track
Lots of other fellows, they get upon her track
But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early

Chorus: Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me
My father's making me marry Mary Mac
Well, I'm gonna marry Mary for my Mary to take care of me
We'll all be feeling merry when I marry Mary Mac

Verse 2: Well, this little lass, she has a lot of class
Got a lot of brass and her father thinks I'm gas
And I'd be a silly ass for to let the matter pass
My father says she suits me really fairly

Chorus:

Verse 3: Mary and her mother go an awful lot together
In fact you'd hardly ever see the one without the other
And the people wonder whether it is Mary or her mother
Or the both of them together that I'm courting

Chorus:

Verse 4: The Wedding's on a Wednesday and everything's arranged
Soon her name will change to mine unless her mind is changed
And with making the arrangements I'm just about deranged
Marriage is an awful undertaking

Chorus:

Verse 5: Sure to be a grand affair and grander than a fair
There's goin' to be a coach and pair for every pair that's there
We'll dine upon the finest fair I'm sure to get me share
If I don't I'll be very much mistaken

Chorus:

Repeat Verse 1:

Chorus (2 or 3 times, getting faster)

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Muirseen Durkin

D - G

Ver: In the days I went a-courtin' I was never tired resortin'
To the ale house or the play house or many a house besides.
I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and go right famous
And before I return again I'd rowm the world wide

Cho: So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of working
No more I'll dig for praties, no longer I'll be fooled.
As sure as me name is Carney, I'll go off to California
Where instead of diggin' praties I'll be diggin' lumps of gold

Ver2: I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarney
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is now the Cobh of Cork.
So goodbye to all this pleasure, for I'm going to take me leisure
And next time you will hear from me, will be a letter from New York.

Chorus:

Ver3 Goodby to all the boys at home, I'm sailing far across the foam,
To try and make my fortune in far Amerikay
There's gold and money plenty for the poor and for the gentry
And when I come back again, I never more will stray.

Chorus:

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Am – G – F – C

Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so.
Hush me Buchall hush and listen, and his cheeks were all a- glow.
I bear orders from the captain, Get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together By the Rising of the Moon.

Chorus:

By the Rising of the Moon,
By the Rising of the Moon,
For the pikes must be together
By the Rising of the Moon.

Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell
Where the gathering is to be.
in the old spot by the river,
Right well known to you and me.
One more word for signal token,

Whistle up the marching tune.
With your pike upon your shoulder
By the Rising of the Moon.

Chorus:

With your pike upon your shoulder
By the Rising of the Moon.

Out of many a mud wall cabin
Eyes were watching thru' the night.
Many a manly heart was throbbing
For the coming morning light.
Murmurs ran along the valley,

Like the banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand pikes were flashing
By the Rising of the Moon.

Chorus:

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

By the Rising of the Moon,
By the Rising of the Moon,
And a thousand pikes were flashing
By the Rising of the Moon.

There beside the singing river
That dark mass of men were seen,
Far above their shining weapons hung
Their own beloved green.
Death to every foe and traitor,

Forward strike the marching tune,
And hurrah me boys for freedom,
Tis the Rising of the Moon.

Chorus:

Tis the Rising of
the Moon, Tis the Rising of the Moon,
And hurrah me boys for freedom,
Tis the Rising of the Moon.

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

The Wild Colonial Boy (Trad.)

D – G – A

Verse 1: There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name
He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemaine
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

Verse 2: At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home
And to Australia's sunny shore, he was inclined to roam
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James MacEvoy
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

Verse 3: One morning on the prairie, as Jack he rode along
A-listening to the mocking bird, a-singing a cheerful song
Up stepped a band of troopers: Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
They all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy

Verse 4: Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one
Surrender in the King's high name, you are a plundering son
Jack drew two pistols from his belt, he proudly waved them high
I'll fight, but not surrender, said the wild colonial boy

Verse 5: He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground
And turning round to Davis, he received a fatal wound
A bullet pierced his proud young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy

Finnegan's Wake

KEY C

verse:

C Am F G7-C

chorus:

C Am F C-G7-C

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,
A gentle Irishman mighty odd
He'd a beautiful brogue both rich and sweet,
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way
but for the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
To help him on with his work each day,
he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner
welt the floor yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the the truth I tell ye,
lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

One morning Tim got rather full,
his head felt heavy which made him shake
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and
they carried him home his corpse to wake
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
and laid him out upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet
and a barrel of porter at his head

His friends assembled at the wake,
and missus Finnegan called for lunch
First she brought in tay and cake,
then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
Tim, auvreem! O, why did you die?",
"Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
"O Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
and sent her sprawling on the floor
Then the war did soon engage,
t'was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
and a row and a ruction soon began

Mickey Maloney raised his head
and a noggin of whiskey flew at him
It missed, and falling on the bed,
the liquor scattered over Tim
SLOWLY
Tim revives, see how he rises
Timothy rising from the bed.
NORMAL
Saying, Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thannum an dial, did you think I was dead

Chorus

Cortland Celtic Festival 2010

Whiskey, You're the Devil

Key D

Chorus – First time slowly...

Oh, whisky you're the devil
you're leading me astray
over hills and mountains
and to Amerikay
you're sweetness from the Bleachner
and spunkier than tea
oh whisky you're my darling drunk or sober

Now brave boys, we're on the march
off to Portugal and Spain
Drums are beating, banners flying
the Devil at home will come tonight
so it's go, fare thee well
with a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
a too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
me rikes fall too ra laddie-o
there's whisky in the jar

The French are fighting boldly
men are dying hot and coldly
give every man his flask of powder
his firelock on his shoulder
so its go, fare thee well
with a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
a too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
me rikes fall too ra laddie-o
there's whisky in the jar

Says the mother do not rob me
don't take me daughter from me
for if you do I will torment you
when I'm dead my ghost will haunt you
so its go, fare thee well
with a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
a too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
me rikes fall too ra laddie-o
there's whisky in the jar