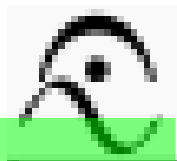


Irish Traditional Song Tunes

Volume 1



A selection of Song Melodies that are also played as Dance Tunes.



Note: Only a few verses of each song is published. The Melodies are written as Dance Tunes with each part played twice whereas as the Song will be sung to the first part of the tune and sometimes the chorus to the second part of tune.

Compiled by: Mick Denieffe March 2020

www.jigrig.net/wordpress

The Spanish Lady

Polka

F A A B C' D' D' D' E' F' G' E' F' D' B A A

F A A B C' D' D' D' E' F' G' E' F' D' B A A

F' A' A' F' E' D' D' E' F' A' A' F' E' D' E'

F' A' A' F' E' D' D' E' F' G' E' F' D' B A A

As I came down through Dublin City

At the hour of twelve at night

Who should I spy but a Spanish lady

Washing her feet by the candlelight

First she washed them, then she dried them

Over a fire of amber coals

In all me life I ne'er did see

A maid so sweet about the soul

Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Ray lady

Whack for the Too Rye, ooh, Rye aye

Etc.

Marie's Wedding

Polka



Step we gaily, on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row
All for Mairi's wedding

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

Etc.

The Rattling Bog

Polka



Oro, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o
Real Bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o

Etc.

Maggie in the Woods

Polka

Musical notation for 'Maggie in the Woods' in 2/4 time, key of D major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The notes are as follows:

Melody: G D G A B E' E' D' B G A B A A G D G A B E' E' D' B A B G G

Bass: G' F' E' D' B E' E' D' B A B A A G' F' E' D' B E' E' D' B A B G G

If I had Maggie in the woods
I'd do her all the good I could
If I had Maggie in the woods
We'd stay all night til morning

Etc.

The Rakes of Mallow

Polka

Musical notation for 'The Rakes of Mallow' in 2/4 time, key of D major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The notes are as follows:

Melody: GBGB GBC'BAG FAFA FAD'C'BA GBGB GBD'B C'BAGFGAC' BGG

Bass: G' F' E' D' C' B C' D' G' F' E' D' C' B C' A G' F' E' D' C' B C' D' B C' B A G F G A C' B G G

Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, cursing, sinking
Ever raking, never thinking
Live the Rakes of Mallow
Spending faster than it comes
Beating waiters bailiffs, duns
Bacchus' true begotten sons
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Etc.

I'll Tell Me Ma

Polka



I'll Tell me ma when I go home
 The boys won't leave the girls alone
 They pull my hair, they stole my comb
 But that's all right till I go home
 She is handsome, she is pretty
 She is the belle of Belfast city
 She is a-courting one two three
 Pray, would you tell me who is she

Etc.

I Have a Bonnet Trimmed with Blue

Polka



I have a bonnet trimmed with blue
 "Do you wear it?" Yes, I do
 I will wear it when I can
 going to the ball with my young man

Etc.

Port Lairge

Polka



Ó do bhíosa lá i Portláirge,
 Fall dow fall dee fall-lah dad-eye-um
 Bhí fíon is punch ar chlár ann,
 Fall dow fall dee fall-lah dad-eye-um
 Bhi lán á tígh de mhnáibh ann,
 Fall dow fall dee fall-lah dad-eye-um
 Agus mise ag ól a sláinte,
 Fall dow fall dee fall-lah dad-eye-um

Etc.

I Have Two Yellow Goats

Polka



Ta dhá ghabhairín bhuí agam
 's minseach bhainne, minseach bhainne.
 Briseann siad an chroí ionam
 Á dtabhairt abhaile, á dtabhairt abhaile.
 Níl áit agam lena chrúthfainn iad,
 Ach síos im hata, síos im hata.
 Ligeann mo hata tríd iad
 Ar fud a' bhaile, ar fud a' bhaile

Etc.

The Girl I Left Behind

Single Reel



Says my aul wan to your aul wan
 Will ye come to the waxies dargle
 Says your aul wan to my aul wan,
 Sure I havent got a farthing
 Ive just been down to monto town
 To see uncle mcardle
 But he didnt have half a crown
 For to go to the waxies dargle

What are ye having, will ye have a pint
 Yes, Ill have a pint with you, sir
 And if one of us doesnt order soon
 Well be thrown out of the boozier

Etc.

The Kerry Cow

Polka



I wish I had a Kerry Cow
 A Kerry Cow, A Kerry Cow
 And if I had a Kerry Cow
 I'd milk her night and morning

Etc.

Finnegan's Wake

Polka



B B B A B D' D' E' G' G' G' E' D' B A G B B B A B D' E' D' E' E' E' D' E' F' G'

G' G' G' G' A' G' F' E' D' G' G' G' G' A' G' F' E' F' G' G' G' G' A' G' F' E' D' E' E' E' E' D' E' F' G'

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
 A gentle Irishman, mighty odd
 He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
 And to rise in the world he carried a hod
 You see he'd a sort of the tipp' lin' way
 With the love of the liquor, poor Tim was born
 And to help him on with his work each day
 He'd a drop of the craythur every morn
 Etc.

Camptown Races

Polka



E' D' B D' E' D' B B A A G A B A A B D' E' D' B D' E' D' B G A G A B A G G

B D' E' F' G' G' F' E' F' E' D' D' B D' E' D' B D' E' D' B G A G A B A G G

De Camp-town lad-ies sing dis song,
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 De Camp-town race-track five miles long,
 Oh! doo-dah-day!
 I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
 Doo-dah! doo-dah!
 I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
 Oh! doo-dah-day!
 Gwin to run all night! Gwin to run all day!
 I'll bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag,
 Some-bod-y bet on de bay.

Etc.

Mary's Spinning Wheel



A Mhaire chiuin, ta'n olann ar tius

Anois le cunamh an Ard Ri

Is cuir do thuirne aris i dtiuin

Is tri chos ur on Spainn fan

Mol as Londain, ceap as Luimneach

Is cuigeal as Laigheann Ui Eara

Sreang den tsioda is fearr sa tir

Is beidh do thuirne sasta

Etc.

Oro Bog Liom

Slide



Óró bog liom í, bog liom í, bog liom í

Óró bog liom í, cailín deas donn

Agus óró bog liom í, iompaigh is corraigh í

'S de réir mar a bhogfaidh sí tiocfaidh sí liom

Dá bhfaighinnse mo chailín i lúbín na scairte

No i ngan fhios dá Daidí i ngáirdín na n-úll

Thabharfainnse cogar di 'chuirfeadh a chodladh í

Is de réir mar a bhogfadh sí thiocfadh sí liom

Etc

The Peeler and The Goat

Slide



A Bansha Peeler went one night
On duty and patrolling O
And met a goat upon the road
And took her for a stroller O
With bayonet fixed he sallied forth
And caught her by the wizen O
And then he swore a mighty oath
'I'll send you off to prison O'

Oh, mercy, sir', the goat replied
'Pray let me tell my story O
I am no Rogue, no Ribbon man
No Croppy, Whig, or Tory O
I'm guilty not of any crime
Of petty or high treason O
I'm sadly wanted at this time
This is the milking season O'

It is in vain for to complain
Or give your tongue such bridle O
You're absent from your dwelling place
Disorderly and idle O
Your hoary locks will not prevail
Nor your sublime oration O
You'll be transported by Peel's Act
Upon my information O'

Etc.

The Gallant Tipperary Boys

Slide

B C' D' D' A F A B A A C' D' D' E' D' E' F' D' D' E' F'

G' A' F' G' E' D' C'n A B A G F G A B A A

F' G' A' A' F' D' F' A' E' E' F' G' A' A' F' D' F' E' C' A A F' G'

A' F' G' E' F' E' D' C'n A B A G F G A B A A

'Tis now we'd want to be wary, boys
The recruiters are out in Tipperary, boys
If they offer a glass, we'll wink as they pass
We're old birds for chaff in Tipperary, boys

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys
Although we're "cross and contrary" boys
There's never a one will handle a gun
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys

Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys
In the days of our Famine and fear, my boys
He burned and sacked, he plundered and racked
Old Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my boys
And put the proceeds in his fob, my boys
But let each Irish blade just stick to his trade
And let Bull do his own dirty job, my boys

So never to 'list be in haste, my boys
Or a glass of drugged whiskey to taste, my boys
If to India you go it's to grief and to woe
And to rot and to die like a beast, my boys

Etc.

Oro A Bhuachaillín

Slide



Óro, a bhuachaillín, seol do bhó
 Seol agus seol agus seol go deo
 Óró, a bhuachaillín, seol do bhó
 Is fág ar an iomaire bán í

Etc

A Hundred Pipers

Single Jig



Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'
 Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'
 We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw
 Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'
 O it's owre the border awa', awa'
 It's owre the border awa', awa'
 We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle ha'
 Wi' its yetts, its castle an' a', an' a'

Etc

Bean Paidín

Slip Jig



Two staves of music in 3/8 time, key of D major. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are as follows:

Staff 1: F E D F A A F A A F E D F E D F A A F A A B A A D' A F E D

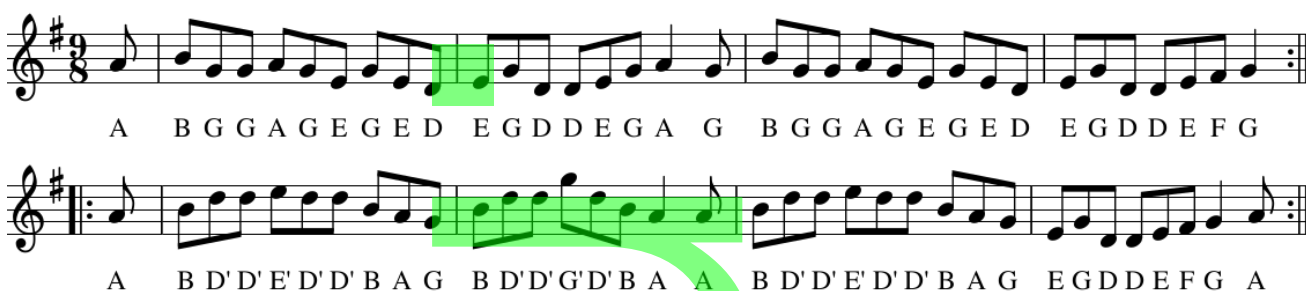
Staff 2: A B C' D' F' E' E' D' B A B C' D' F' E' D' A B C' D' F' E' E' D' B A F A D' A F E D

'S é'n trua ghéar nach mise, nach mise
'S é'n trua ghéar nach mise bean Pháidín
'S é'n trua ghéar nach mise, nach mise
'S an bhean atá aige bheith cailte

Rachainn go Gallaí' go Gallaí'
Is rachainn go Gallaí' le Pháidín
Rachainn go Gallaí' go Gallaí'
Is thiofainn abhaile sa mbád leis
Etc

Na Ceannabhain Bhana

Slip Jig



Two staves of music in 3/8 time, key of D major. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are as follows:

Staff 1: A B G G A G E G E D E G D D E G A G B G G A G E G E D E G D D E F G

Staff 2: A B D' D' E' D' D' B A G B D' D' G' D' B A A B D' D' E' D' D' B A G E G D D E F G A

Gairm fhéin, gairm fhéin, gairm fhéin,
Gairm fhéin Micil is Máire
Gairm fhéin, gairm fhéin, gairm fhéin,
Seo iad na ceannabhain Bhana.
Cuirfidh mé, Cuirfidh mé, Cuirfidh mé,
Cuirfidh mé suas ag sadbh Sheáin thú
Cuirfidh mé, Cuirfidh mé, Cuirfidh mé,
Is Cuirfidh sí buirín sa ngleann ort.
Etc

The Rocky Road to Dublin

Slip Jig



While in the merry month of May, now from me home I started
Left, the girls of Tuam were nearly broken-hearted
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born
Cut a stout, black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins
A brand-new pair of brogues to rattle over the bogs
And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

A-one, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, whack, follol de-dah

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight next morning blithe and early
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from shrinking
Thats the Paddy's cure when'er he's on for drinking
To hear the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
They asked me was I hired and wages I required to lay
Was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin

One, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin, whack, follol de-dah

Etc.

The Frieze Britches

Double Jig

F E D E F G A D' D' C' A G A A B A G F F G E D

F E D E F G A D' D' C' A G F F G E A D E D D

D' E' F' E' D' E' F' D' C' A G A A A B A F A F G E D

D' E' F' E' D' E' F' D' C' A G F F G E A D E D D

Who is that there knocking the window pane
Who is that there knocking the window pane
Who is that there knocking the window pane
Only me says Cúnla
Cúnla dear, don't come any near to me
Cúnla dear, don't come any near to me
Cúnla dear, don't come any near to me
Maybe's I shouldn't says Cúnla

Etc

Moll Roe

Slip Jig

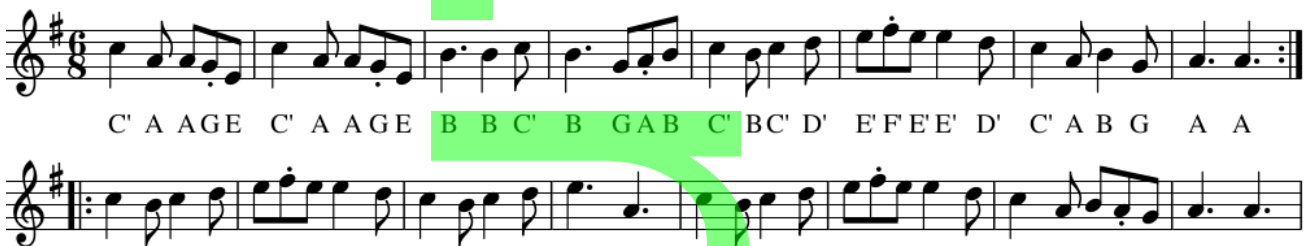


Here's a health to me mother-in-law now
 I ne'er at a fair saw her yet
 You blackguard don't drink a drop with me
 Your conduct I'll never forget
 My money you freely have squandered
 Treated me rarely ere now
 Drank both my goose and me gander
 And tonight you'll be drinking me cow

Táim in arrears, in arrears
 Táim in arrears i dti on ol
 Táim in arrears, in arrears
 And I'm feared I'll not pay evermore

Etc

Behind the Bush in the Garden



Téir abhaile riú
 Téir abhaile riú
 Téir abhaile riú, a Mhéaraí
 Téir abhaile riú 's fan sa bhaile
 Mar tá do mhargadh déanta.
 Is cuma cé dhein é nó nár dhein
 Is cuma cé dhein é, a Mhéaraí
 Is cuma cé dhein é nó nár dhein mar

Etc

Bimis Ag Ól

Double Jig

E D G A B B C' B C' D' D G A B D' C' A G A G F

D G A B B C' B C' D' E' F' G' A' F' D' C' A F G

G G B D' G F' G' G' F' D' F' F G B D' G' D' G' F' D' C' A F

G B D' G' G' G' F' D' F' G' A' G' A' F' D' C' A F G

Trathnóinín fómhar ar leataoibh an ród
Sea dhearcas an óg-bhean mhomharach deas
Is blasta 's is comhar do labhair a bheol
Ó téanaim ag ól agus díoladsa as

Agus bímis ag ól ag ól is ag ól
bímis ag ól is ag pógadh na mban
bímis ag ól is ag rince le ceol
is nach aoibhin an gnó bheith á bpógadh gan tart

Etc

The Leg of the Duck

Double Jig

B G G A G A B A B G E D E A A A G E A A A G A

B G G A G A B A B G E D E G G G D E G G G A

B C' D' A B C' B A B G E D E A A A G E A A A A

B C' D' A B C' B A B G E D E G G G

I gave it to Kitty because she was pretty,
 The leg of the duck, the leg of the duck.
 I gave it to Molly because she was jolly,
 The leg of the duck, the leg of the duck.

Lilt

I gave it to Nelly to stick in her belly
 The leg of the duck, the leg of the duck.
 She has it, she's got it, wherever she put it,
 The leg of the duck, the leg of the duck.

Lilt

The Rakes of Kildare

Double Jig



F E A A A G A B C# D' E' D' G' F' G' E' G' E' D' B G B A G

E A A A G A B C# D' E' F' G' F' E' D' C' B A A

G' A' E' A' A' E' A' A' E' A' B' A' G' B' G' E' G' E' D' B G G A' A' E' A' A' E' A'

A' E' A' B' A' G' F' E' D' C' B A A A' E' A' A' E' A' A' E' A' B' A' G' B' G' E' G' E'

D' B G B A G E A A A G A B C# D' E' F' G' F' E' D' C' B A A'

One day as I went to the Fair of Athy,
 I saw an old petticoat hanging to dry.
 I took my old britches and hung them nearby
 To keep the old petticoat warm
 Etc

The Galbally Farmer

One evening of late as I happened to stray,
 To the county Tipp'rary I straight took my way,
 To dig the potatoes and work by the day,
 I hired with a Galbally farmer.
 I asked him how far we were bound for to go.
 The night it was dark, and the north wind did blow.
 I was hungry and tired and my spirits were low,
 For I got neither whiskey nor cordial.
 Etc

Thank God We're Surrounded by Water

Double Jig

E D G G G F G A B C' D' E' F' E' F' D' E' D' C' A G F E F

D G G G F G A B C' D' E' F' E' D' C' A F G G

F' G' D' G' G' D' G' G' D' G' A' G' F' E' F' D' E' D' C' A G F G'

G' D' G' G' D' G' G' D' G' A' G' F' E' D' C' A F G G

G' D' G' G' D' G' G' D' G' A' G' F' E' F' D' E' D' C' A G F E

D G G G F G A B C' D' E' F' E' D' C' A F G G

They say that the Lakes of Killarney are fair
No stream like the Liffey could ever compare
If it's water you want you'll find nothing so rare
As the stuff they make down in the ocean

The sea, oh, the sea is gra geal mo chroi
Long may it stay between England and me
It's no guarantee that some hour we'll be free
oh, thank God we're surrounded by water.

Etc

The Boys of Tandragee

Double Jig



Good luck to you all, now barring the cat that sits in the corner a-smelling the rat
I wish you philandering girls would behave and saving your presence, I'll chat you a
stave

I come from the land where the praties grow big and the girls nice and handy can
dance a fine jig
The boys they would charm your hearts for to see they're rare and fine fellows round
Tandragee

So here's to the boys who are happy and gay
Singing and dancing and tearing away
Rollick some, frolicsome, frisky and free
We're the rollicking boys around Tandragee

No doubt you have hear of Kilarney I'm sure and sweet Inishowen for the drop of the pure
Dublin's the place for the Strawberry Beds and Donnybrook fair for the cracking of heads
Have you ever seen an Irishman dance a poltog now he faces his partner and turns up his
brogue

Shakes at the buckle and bends at the knee they're wonderful dancers round Tandragee
Etc

Brian O'Lynn

Double Jig



Now Brian O'Linn was a gentleman born
He lived in a time when no clothes they were worn
When fashion walked out, sure Brian walked in
"I'll give ye fashion," says Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn had no britches to wear
So he got him a sheepskin to make him a pair
The leather side out and the wooly side in
"Sure its great summers clothing." said Brian
O'Linn

Brian O'Linn had no watch to put on
So he got him a turnip to make him a one
He put a wee cricket in under the skin
"Sure they'll think it is ticking, " said Brian
O'Linn

Brian O'Linn and his wife and wifes mother
They all went home oer a wee bridge together
The bridge it was narrow, they all tumbled in
"Sure well go home by water, " said Brian O'Linn

Daniel O'Connell

Double Jig

D' D D F E D A B A A F D G B G F A F E F G A B C'
 D' D D F E D A B A A F D G B G F A F E D C D A
 A B C' D' C' D' E' F' E' E' D' B A B D' E' D' E' F' D' C' D' B
 A B C' D' C' B A D' B A F D G B G F A F E D C D

Ye young lovers of merit ye'll now pay attention
And listen to what I'm about to relate,
Concerning a couple I overheard talking
As I was returning late home from a wake.

As I roamed along sure I met an auld woman,
Who sat near a gap and she milking a cow.
She was jigging a tune, 'Come Haste to the Wedding',
Or some other ditty, I can't tell you now.

And looking around me I spied an auld tinker
Who only by chance came strolling same way.
The weather being fine he sat down beside her,
'What news on this, man?' the old woman did say.

'Tis no news at all, mam,' replied the bold Tinker
'But the people would wished that it never had been.
Tis that damnable rogue of a Daniel O'Connell,
He's now making children in Dublin by steam.'

'Yearra children aroo,' replied the auld woman
A h-anam an diabhal, is he crazy at last?
Is it a sign of a war, or a sudden rebellion?
Or what is the reason he wants them so fast?'

Etc

The Black Rogue

Double Jig

D' C' A A B G B C' A A A B C' A A B G B A F D D D'

C' A A B G B C' A A A G F G F G B G B A F D D

E' F' G' F' G' A' F' D' C' B A F' E' F' G' F' G' A' F' D' D' F' G'

A' G' F' G' F' E' F' E' D' E' D' C' A A B A G A F D D

Tá mo stoca is mo bhróga ag an rógaire dubh,
 Mo stoca is mo bhróga ag an rógaire dubh,
 Mo stoca is mo bhróga ag an rógaire dubh,
 Mo naipicín póca le bliain is an lá inniu.

Lilt

Tá nead ins an sliabh ag an rógaire dubh,
 Tá nead ins an sliabh ag an rógaire dubh,
 Tá nead ins an sliabh ag an rógaire dubh,
 Is ní ghabhfaidh sé an bóthar ach cóngar an chnoic.

Lilt

Dá bhfeicteása Máire an taobh eile den tsruth,
 Dá bhfeicteása Máire an taobh eile den tsruth,
 Dá bhfeicteása Máire an taobh eile den tsruth,
 Is a dhá chois in airde ag an rógaire dubh.

Etc

Nell Flaherty's Drake

Double Jig

F A B F A F E D E D D F A D' C' D' B A F F E D E FG
 A B F A F E D E D D F A D' C' D' B A F E D C D
 F A B C' D' C' D' E' D' C' B A F D' C' D' B A F F E D E FG
 A B F A F E D E C D F A D' C' D' B A F E D C D

Oh, my name it is Neil, quite candid I tell,
 And I lived in Coote Hill, which I'll never deny,
 I had a large drake, and I'd die for his sake,
 which my grandmother left me, and she going to die;
 He was wholesome and sound; he weighed twenty pound,
 And the universe 'round I would rove for his sake.
 Bad luck to the robber, be he drunk or sober,
 That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green, most fit to be seen,
 He was fit for a Queen of the highest degree,
 His body so white, it would give you delight,
 He was fat, plump and heavy, and brisk as a bee;
 My dear little fellow, his legs, they were yellow,
 He would fly like a swallow, and swim like a hake.
 Until some dirty savage, to grease his white cabbage,
 Most wantenly murdered my beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
 May a ghost always haunt him in the dead of the night,
 May his hen never lay, may horse never nay,
 May his goat fly away like an old paper kite;
 May the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease,
 May the piercing March breeze make him shiver and shake,
 May the hump of a stick raise the lumps fast and thick,
 Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's Drake.

Etc

Tatter Jack Walsh

Double Jig



In the year twenty nine when the weather was fine
I first made me way to the sweet fair of Trim
For to sell a fine swine it was my design
She was plump fat and fair and complete in each limb
This pig was as mild as a lamb or a child
You could whip her all over the world with a twig
And the truth for to tell, I sold her quite well
Two pounds ten was the price that I got for my pig

I slapped the cash to me thigh saying "I'll drink by and by"
Down the street I did fly, like a sporting young buck
When a handsome young dame who belonged to the game
She right up to me came to be sure for good luck
She gave me a wink to go in for a drink
Inveigled me up to dance Hennessy's Jig
Twas at the wheel round she slipped her hand down
And then left me quite scarce of the price of my pig!

Like a man in despair when I missed me fair share
I went tearing me hair seeking her up and down
Every corner and lane I did search out in vain
But a sprig of this dame sure could never be found
Meet her well I will or I surely will kill
This I swear by the hair on Lord Norbury's wig
Till the day that I die my revenge I will try
On the dame that did rob me the price of me pig

Etc

Lannigan's Ball

Double Jig



In the town of Athy, one Jeremy Lanigan battered away till he hadn't a shilling
 His father died, made him a man again, left him a farm and ten acres of ground
 Myself, to be sure, got invitations for the boys and girls I might ask
 Having been asked, friends and relations danced like bees around a sweet cask
 There was lashings of drink wine for the ladies, potatoes and cake bacon and tea
 Nolans and Dolans and all the O'Gradys, courting the girls and dancing away
 While songs went round as plenty as water
 The harps that are sounded through Tara's old hall
 Biddie Grey and the rat catcher's daughter singing away at Lanigan's ball

Six long months I spent in Dublin, six long months doing nothing at all
 Six long months I spent in Dublin, learning to dance for Lanigan's ball
 She stepped out, I stepped in again. I stepped out and she stepped in again
 She stepped out, I stepped in again, learning to dance for Lanigan's ball

Etc

Sean Duine Doite

Double Jig

D B D B A F D F E F F E F D B A F D E D E F D B,
D B A F D F E F A B C' D' C' B A F D
E D E F B C' D' D' E' F' A B A A F A E' E' D' E'
F' E' D' B A D' C' D' D' E' F' A B A D' E' F' E' D' B D' B A F D E

*Ó chuir mé mo sheandúine isteach ins an choirnéal,
 Ag ól bainne ramhar is ag ithe aráin eornan.
 Dá gcuirfeadh sé a cheann amach bhainfinn an tsrón de,
 Agus d'fhágfainn an chuid eile ag cailín' deas óga*

Óró 'sheandúine, 'sheandúine dóite,
 Óró 'sheandúine is mairg a phós thú,
 Óró 'sheandúine, 'sheandúine dóite,
 Luigh ar do leaba agus codlaigh do dhóthain.

Cuir mise mo sheandúine go shráid Bhaile an Róba,
 Cleite ina hata agus búclaí ina bhróga.
 Bhí triúr á mhealladh is bhí ceathrar á phógadh,
 Chuala mé i nGaillimh gur imigh se leotha.

Dá b'fhaighinnse mo sheandúine báite i bpoll mona,
 A lámh a bheith briste nó a chos a bheith leonta,
 Do thabharfainn abhaile é is do dhéanfainn é a thórramh,
 Agus shiúlfainn amach leis na buachaillí óga.

Dá mbeadh 'fhios ag mo sheandúine ó mar a bímse,
 Ag ól is ag imirt le hógfhir na tíre,
 Le héirí na gealaí go mbrisfeadh sé a phíopa,
 Agus bhuailfeadh sé faic dena mhuig ins an ghríosaigh.

Etc

Some Say the Devil is Dead

Highland



Some say the devil is dead, the devil is dead, the devil is dead
 Some say the devil is dead, and buried in Killarney
 More say he rose again, more say he rose again
 More say he rose again and joined the British Army

Feed the pigs and milk the cow, and milk the cow, and milk the cow
 Feed the pigs and milk the cow, early in the morning

Cock your leg, oh Paddy dear, Paddy dear I'm over here
 Cock your leg, oh Paddy dear, it's time to stop your yawning

Etc

Keel Row

Highland



Johnny when you die will you leave me your fiddle'o
 Johnny when you die will you leave me your bow
 Johnny when you die will you leave me your fiddle'o
 Johnny when you die will you leave me Mary Ann

Etc

Maggie Pickens

Highland

G ED EG AB G AB GA GE G ED EG AB D' E'D' BA G

G ED EG AB G AB GA GE G ED EG AB D' E'D' BA G

D' E'G' D'E' D'B D' E'D' BA GE D' E'G' D'E' D'B A G AB GA G

G' A'G' D'E' D'B D' E'D' BA GE G ED EG AB D' E'D' BA G

Maggie Pickens on the wall
Maggie Pickens very tall
Maggie Pickens going to fall
Maggie Pickens dancing

Maggie Pickens had a cow
Black and white above the brow
Open the gate and let her through
Maggie Pickens in cow

Maggie Pickens bought a goat
With hairy tail and hair throat
Brought her home in Murphy's boat
Maggie Pickens churning

Maggie Pickens got up one day
Found the goat in Murphy's hay
Maggie Pickens had to pay
Maggie sold her goat so

Etc

Who Will Marry Me

Highland



I'm tired now of single life .
My mind's made up to take a wife.
To shield me from this world of strife .
And keep me out of danger.

love won't you marry me, marry me, marry me,
Love won't you marry me and keep me out of danger.
love won't you marry me, marry me, marry me,
Love won't you marry me and keep me out of danger.

I have a cottage by the sea
Adorned with flowers for her and me.
And any girl would happy be.
And I would treat her fairly.

And now that we the knot have tied.
And she for years has been my bride.
with lots of children by our side.
To shield us from all dangers

Etc

Orange and Blue

Highland

A'G' F'D' D' AD' D' F'G' A'F' D' E'F' G'E' E' C'E' C' C'D' E'C' A A'G'
F'D' D' AD' D' F'G' A'F' D' F'A' B'G' A'F' G'E' F'D' C'A BC' D' D'
F'A' A' F'A' A' F'G' A'F' D' E'F' G'B' B' G'B' B' G'A' B'G' E' A'G'
F'A' A' F'A' A' F'G' A'F' D' F'A' B'G' A'F' G'E' F'D' C'A BC' D' D'

Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan lom 's e tana lom 's e brochan lom na sùghain

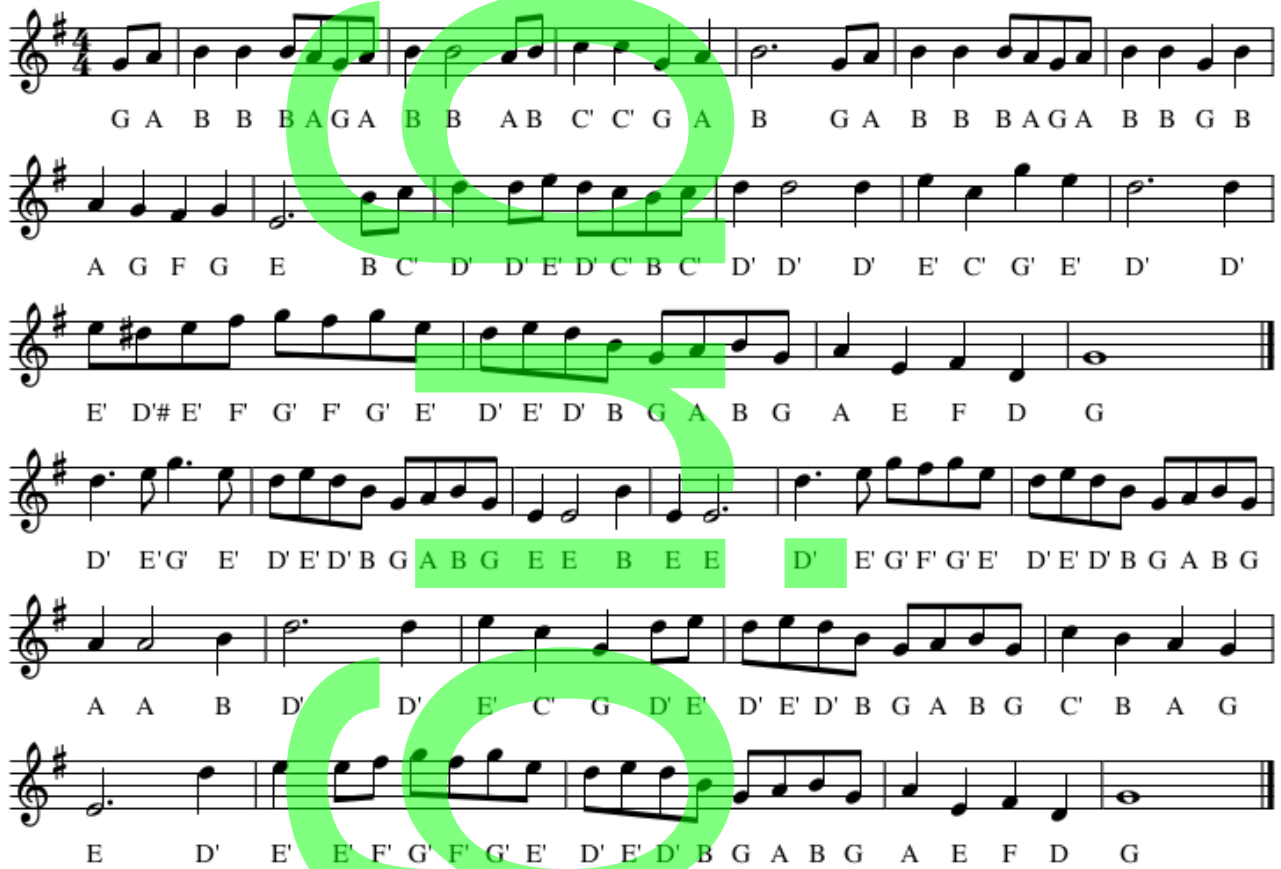
Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan lom 's e tana lom 's e brochan lom na sùghain

Thugaibh aran dha na gillean leis a' bhrochan sùghain
Thugaibh aran dha na gillean leis a' bhrochan sùghain
Thugaibh aran dha na gillean leis a' bhrochan sùghain
Brochan lom 's e tana lom 's e brochan lom na sùghain

Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan tana, tana, tana, brochan lom na sùghain
Brochan lom 's e tana lom 's e brochan lom na sùghain

The Darling Girl from Clare

Barndance



We were sitting on a bridge upon a Sunday
 To watch the girls go by
 And thinking we'd be married to one one day
 When Kate Flynn caught my eye
 Oh man, she was the makings of a fairy
 She made each boy'o swear
 There's not one girl in this wide, wide world
 Like the darling girl from Clare

Every man has got the finest plan
 You'd ever see now, barring me now
 Every day, there's one of them would say
 That she'll agree now, you'll see now
 Each night they'd fight as to which of them was right
 'Bout the colour of her eyes or hair
 But not one word from me was ever heard
 About the darling girl from Clare

Etc

The Maid of Petravore

Barndance



Eileen Og an' that the darlin's name is
Through the Barony her features they were famous
If we loved her then who was there to blame us
For wasn't she the Pride of Petravore?
But her beauty made us all so shy
Not a man could look her in the eye
Boys, Oh boys, sure that's the reason why
We're in mournin' for the Pride of Petravore

Eileen Og me heart is growin' grey
Ever since the day you wandered far away
Eileen Og there's good fish in the say
But there's none of them like the Pride of Petravore

Friday at the fair of Ballintubber
Eileen met McGrath the cattle jobber
I'd like to set me mark upon the robber
For he stole away the Pride of Petravore
He never seemed to see the girl at all
Even when she ogled him from underneath her shawl
Lookin' big and masterful when she was lookin' small
Most provokin' for the Pride of Petravore

Eileen Og me heart is growin' grey
Ever since the day you wandered far away
Eileen Og there's good fish in the say
But there's none of them like the Pride of Petravore

Etc

Paddy Mc Ginty's Goat

Barndance



Mr. Patrick McGinty, an Irishman of note
Fell into a fortune and he bought himself a goat
Says he, "sure a goat's milk, I'm goin' to have me fill"
But when he brought the nanny home he found it was a bill

All the young ladies who live in Killaloe
They're all wearing bustles like their mothers used to do
They each wear a bolster beneath their petticoat
And save the rest for providence and for Paddy McGinty's goat

Mrs. Burke to her daughter said, "listen Mary Ann
Who is the lad you were cuddlin' in the lane
He had long wiry whiskers hangin' from his chin"
"Twas only Pat McGinty's goat," she answered with a grin

Then she went away from the village in disgrace
She came back with powder and paint upon her face
She'd rings on her fingers and she wore a sable coat
You can bet your life she never got that from Paddy McGinty's goat

Etc

The Beggarman

Hornpipe



It's of a jolly beggarman came tripping o'er the plain
 He came unto a farmer's door a lodging for to gain
 The farmer's daughter she came down and viewed him cheek and chin
 She says, He is a handsome man. I pray you take him in

We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the night
 We'll go no more a roving, let the moon shine so bright
 We'll go no more a roving

He would not lie within the barn nor yet within the byre
 But he would in the corner lie down by the kitchen fire
 o then the beggar's bed was made of good clean sheets and hay
 And down beside the kitchen fire the jolly beggar lay

The farmer's daughter she got up to bolt the kitchen door
 And there she saw the beggar standing naked on the floor
 He took the daughter in his arms and to the bed he ran
 Kind sir, she says, be easy now, you'll waken our good man

We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the night
 We'll go no more a roving, let the moon shine so bright
 We'll go no more a roving

Etc

Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine

Hornpipe

C' B A B C' B A G E G C' D' E' C' D' E' G' A' G' E' D' C' D' E' D' C' A G E G C' B

A A B A G E G C' D' E' C' D' E' G' A' G' E' D' C' A G A A G A

E' G' A' G' E' D' C' D' E' G' A' G' E' C' D' E' G' A' G' E' D' C' A B A G A G E G C' B

A B C' B A G E G C' D' E' C' D' E' F' G' A' G' E' D' C' A B G A A G A

Oh, me name is Mick Maguire
and I'll quickly tell to you
Of a young girl I admired,
called Kate O'Donohue
She was fair and fat and forty
and believe me when I say
That whenever I came in at the door
you could hear her mammy say

Johnny get up from the fire,
get up and give the man a seat
Can't you see it's Mr. Maguire
and he's courtin' your sister Kate
Ah, you know very well he owns a farm
a wee bit out of the town
Arragh get up out of that, you impudent brat,
and let Mr Maguire sit down

Lilting

Ah, you know very well he owns a farm
a wee bit out of the town
Arragh get up out of that, you impudent brat,
and let Mr Maguire sit down

Etc

An Spailpin Fanach

Hornpipe

G' F' E' F' E' D' B A G A B G E E F G G F G A B C' D' E' D' C' B G' F'

E' F' E' D' B A G A B G E D E G F G A F D E F A G G

G A B D' E' F' G' F' G' A' G' F' E' D' B D' E' D' E' F' G' F' E' D' E' F' G' F' G'

E' F' E' D' B B A G A B G E D E G F G A F D E F A G G

Is Spailpin aerach tréitheach mise
is bígí soláthar mná dhom,
Mar a scaipfinn an síol faoi dhó san Earrach
in éadan na dtaltaí bána,
Mar a scaipfinn an síol faoi dhó san Earrach
in éadan na dtaltaí bána,
Mo lámha ar an gcéachta a'm i ndiaidh na gcapall
agus réapfainnse cnoic le fána.

Is mo chúig céad slán leat, a dhúthai m'athar,
is leis an oileán grámhar,
Is leis an scata fear óg atá 'mo dhiaidh ag baile
a dhéanfadh cabhair orm in am an ghátair,
Tá Bleá Cliath dóite is tógfar Gaillimh,
beidh lasair a'ainn ar thinte cnámha,
Beidh fíon agus beoir ar bord ag m'athair,
sin cabhair ag an Spailpín Fánach.

Is an chéad lá in Éirinn dár liostáil mise,
ó bhí mé súpach sásta,
Is an dara lá dár liostáil mise
ó bhí mé buartha cráite,
Ach an tríú lá dár liostáil mise,
thabharfainn cúig céad punt ar fhágáil,
Ach dtá dtugainn sin is ar oiread eile
ní raibh mo phas le fáil agam.

Etc

The Cuckoo's Nest

Hornpipe

G A B B A G B D' G' F' D' C' B C' E' D' C' B B G E G A B C' A A D' C'

B B A G B D' G' F' D' C' B C' E' D' C' B B G E G A C' B G G

B C' D' B G B D' B G B D' B C' A G A B C' A F A C' A F A C' B A G G B A

G B C' D' G' G' F' D' C' B C' E' D' C' B B G E G A C' B G G

B C' D' G' G' F' G' A' B' G' A' F' D' C# D' E' F# E' D' E' F# G' A' F'

G' F' D' B C' E' D' C' B B A G B D' G' B' G' D' B C' E' D' C' B D E F G A C' B G G

There's a corner in the meadow where the lads and lasses meet
 Oh they do here what they couldn't do in the open street
 They play all kinds of games there, but the one I like the best
 Is where every laddie rumples up the cuckoo's nest.

It's high the cuckoo, low the cuckoo, high the cuckoo's nest
 It's high the cuckoo, low the cuckoo, high the cuckoo's nest
 I'll give any maid a shilling and a bottle of the best
 Just to rumple up the feathers of her cuckoo's nest

I wooed her in the morning and I had her in the night
 She was my very first one so I tried to do it right
 I searched around and wandered and I never would have guessed
 If she hadn't showed me where to find her cuckoo's nest

Etc.

Shoe the Donkey

Mazurka



Shoe the donkey, shoe the donkey for his feet on the peat
 For the donkey will be wonky without shoes on his feet
 Fill the nose bag for the old nag, with the finest of grog
 For tomorrow beg or borrow we'll be all in the bog

We're all off today in the great USA
 We're heading for work in the town of New York
 With our barrows and spades, we'll forget all our pains
 As we shuffle our feet to the beat on the street

Shoe the donkey, shoe the donkey and comply with the law
 For the Yonkers will be Bonkers when they hear his He Haw
 Make a sandwich Mrs Banbridge, make the tea in the pot
 Now we're frying, turf is drying, for the sun is so hot

Shoe the donkey, shoe the donkey, hurry up don't be late
 It's the first time since old Ireland we had laugh and felt great
 What handsome little creature, all our friends will remark
 As he trots down Manhattan and across Central Park

Come to bed love,
 Come to bed love,
 Come to bed love say's he.

What to do love,
 What to do love,
 What to do love say's she
 Etc

Saint Patrick's Day

Set Dance

D G A G G B C' D' G' E' D' B G A G A B G D E F E E D

G A G G B C' D' E' D' D' B G A G A B G D E F G

D' D' E' F' G' A' G' F' E' D' E' D' B D' E' F' G' A' G' F' E' D' E' D'

D' E' F' G' A' G' F' E' D' E' G' E' D' B G G B C' D' G' E' D' B G

A G A B G D E F E E D G A G G B C' D' E' D' D' B G A G A B G D E F G

Oh! blest be the days when the Green banner floated,
 Sublime o'er the mountains of free Innisfail,
 When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted,
 Defied the invader to tread her soil.

When back o'er the main they chased the Dane,
 And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
 When valor and mind, together combin'd,
 But wherefore lament o'er the glories departed?
 Her star shall shine out with as vivid array,
 For ne'er had she children more brave and true hearted
 Than those she now sees on Saint Patrick's Day.

Her scepter, alas! passed away to the stranger,
 And treason surrender'd what valor he held,
 But true hearts remain'd amid darkness and danger,
 Which, spite of her tyrants, would not be quell'd.
 Oft, oft thro' the night flash'd gleams of light,
 Which almost the darkness of bondage dispell'd;
 But a star now is near, her heaven to cheer,
 Not the the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,
 but long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
 Oh daughters as fair, and sons as true hearted
 As Erin beholds on Saint Patrick's Day.

Etc