
Shiver Me Timbers

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Shiver Me Timbers

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1 The Leprechaun

Marc Gunn

1. There's a ^{Ré}Leprechaun in me head, and I ^{Sol}wish that I
were ^{Ré}dead

For I don't think he'll e'er let me ^{La}be.

Oh, he ^{Ré}tempts me with his gold, and if ^{Sol}I were e'er
^{Ré}so bold,

I'd strangle him and ^{La}leave him in the ^{Ré}street.

Well, he ^{Sol}says to me, "Ah, you're no ^{Ré}Irish Laddie!

And ye call ^{Sol}that thing a ^{La}harp?"

But each time I share the ^{Ré}lore that I am ^{Sol}learning.
^{Ré}He hides in shame while my friends they ^{Ré}chant.

^{La}La ta tee, da diddley dee, ^{Sol}la ta tee ta tee da ^{Ré}

^{La}La ta tee, da diddley diddley ^{La}dai

^{Ré}La ta tee, da diddley dee, ^{Sol}la ta tee ta tee da ^{Ré}

^{La}La ta tee, da diddley diddley ^{Ré}dai

2. There's a leprechaun in my room. He swats me with
a broom.

That's the reason I forget the words of this song.

Well, he shows me a four-leaf clover, and before me
song is over,

It's buried in a bowl of Lucky Charms.

3. Ther'es a leprechaun on the floor, and he says that
I'm a bore.

He yawns aloud as I sing my song.

He feigns one last breathe stolen, but I see his eyes
are open.

And he's watching me with envy deep inside.

4. There's a leprechaun on a hill, and his gold is buried
there.

So I grab him by the neck 'fore he gets away.

The pot's too heavy, he giggles, so I pinch me just a
little,

And he thinks he's fooled me as I run away.

2 My Irish Molly O

Jean Schwartz

1. Molly dear now did you hear the news that'sgoing
^{Mim}
^{Mim}round

Down in a corner of my heart a love is ^{Sol}what you've

^{Ré}found

^{Mim}Every time I look into your ^{Sol}Irish eyes so ^{Ré}blue ^{Mim}

They seem to whisper "Darling boy, my ^{Sol}love is all ^{Ré}

^{Mim}for you"

^{Ré}Oh, ^{Sol}Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet ^{Lam}achusla dear

^{Si7}I'm fairly off my trolley, my ^{Mim}Irish Molly when you are ^{Lam}

^{Ré}near

^{Sol}Springtime you know is ^{Ré}ringtime, come dear now

^{Si}don't be slow

^{Mim}Change your name, go out with game,

^{Sol}begorrah wouldn't I do the same my ^{Ré}Irish Molly ^{Sol}O

2. Molly dear now did you hear I furnished up the flat
Three little cosy rooms with bath and "welcome" on
the mat

It's five pounds down and two a week, we'll soon be
out of debt

It's all complete except they haven't brought the
cradle yet

3. Molly dear and did you hear what all the neighbours
say

About the hundred sovereigns you have safely stowed
away

They say that's why I love you, Ah but Molly that's
a shame

If you had only ninety-nine, I'd love you just the
same

3 15 Marins

Sea Shanty

Rém Do
Quinze marins sur le bahut du mort
Rém
Hop la ho ! une bouteille de rhum
Do
A boire et l'diable avait réglé leur sort
Rém Do Rém
Hop la ho ! une bouteille de rhum

1. Long John Silver a pris le commandement
Des marins, et vogue la galère
Il tient ses hommes comme il tient le vent
Tout l'monde a peur de Long John Silver.
 2. C'est Bill, le second du corsaire,
Le capitaine Flint en colère
Qu'est revenu du royaume des morts
Pour hanter la cache au trésor.
 3. Essaie un peu de l'contrecarrer,
Et tu iras où tant d'autres sont allés
Quelqu's uns aux vergues et quelqu's uns par d'sus
bord
Tout l'monde pour nourrir les poissons d'abord.
 4. Nous finirons par danser la gigue
La corde au cou, au quai des pendus
Toi, John Forest, et toi, John Merigue
Si près du gibet qu'j'en ai l'cou tordu.
-

4 Drunken Sailor

Sea Shanty

Rém
1. What shall we do with a drunken sailor
Do
What shall we do with a drunken sailor
Rém
What shall we do with a drunken sailor
Do Rém
Early in the mornin'

Rém
Wey Hey and Up she rises
Do
Wey Hey and Up she rises
Rém
Wey Hey and Up she rises
Do Rém
Early in the mornin'

2. Put him in the longboat till he's sober
 3. Shave his belly with a rusty rasor
 4. Give him a dose of salt and water
 5. Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter
 6. That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor
-

5

Dirty Old Town

Ewan McColl

1. I met my ^{Sol}love, by the gas yard wall
 Dreame^{Do}d a dream, by the old ^{Sol}canal
 Kissed my ^{Mim}girl, by the factory ^{Sol}wall
 Dirty ^{Ré}old town, dirty ^{Mim}old town
2. I heard a siren from the dock
 Saw a train cut the night on fire
 Smelled the breeze on the smokey wind
 Dirty old town, dirty old town
3. I'm going to make a big sharp ax
 Shining steel tempered in the fire
 I'll cut ye down like an old dead tree
 Dirty old town, dirty old town
4. Clouds are drifting on the street
 Cats are prowling on their beats
 Springs a girl on the streets at night
 Dirty old town, dirty old town
5. I Met my love, by the gas yard wall
 Dreame^{Do}d a dream, by the old canal
 Kissed my girl, by the factory wall
 Dirty old town, dirty old town

6

John Kanak

Sea Shanty

1. Sur un ^{Sol}baleinier, John s'est ^{Do}réveillé ^{Sol}
 John Kanak Kanak a tou la ^{Ré}yé ^{Sol}
 Quelqu'un ^{Sol}criait paré à ^{Do}larguer ^{Sol}
 John Kanak Kanak a tou la ^{Ré}yé ^{Sol}
- Tou la ^{Do}yé oh tou la ^{Sol}yé
 John Kanak Kanak a tou la ^{Ré}yé ^{Sol}
2. Dans une taverne il s'est fait enrôler
 Par un bosco qui l'avait saoulé
3. A bord ton temps tu l'passes à étarquer
 C'est pas l'cap'taine qui monte dans les huniers
4. Par le Cap Horn trois fois il est passé
 Et rien qu'une fois son sac il a posé
5. Mais des baleines y z'en ont pas trouvées
 Y'a qu'le sale temps qui les a harponnés
6. Mais aux Marquises l'enfer s'est terminé
 Dans les bras d'la pirogue la mieux grée
7. John est heureux auprès d'sa vahiné
 C'est pas demain qu'il va réembarquer

1. Kilkelly, Ireland, 18^{Mim} and 60, my^{Sol} dear and loving^{Ré}
 son John^{Mim}
- Your good friend the schoolmaster^{Sol} Pat McNamara's
 so good as to write these words down.^{Ré Mim}
- Your brothers have all gone to find work in England,^{Sol}
 the house is so empty and sad^{Ré Si7}
- The crop of potatoes is sorely infected,^{Mim Sol}
 a third to a half of them bad.^{Ré Mim}
- And your sister Brigid and Patrick O'Donnell^{Sol}
 are going to be married in June.^{Ré Si7}
- Your mother says not to work on the railroad^{Mim Sol}
 and be sure to come on home soon.^{Ré Mim}

2. Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 70, dear and loving son John
- Hello to your Mrs and to your 4 children,
 may they grow healthy and strong.
- Michael has got in a wee bit of trouble,
 I guess that he never will learn.
- Because of the dampness there's no turf to speak of
 and now we have nothing to burn.
- And Brigid is happy, you named a child for her
 and now she's got six of her own.
- You say you found work, but you don't say
 what kind or when you will be coming home.
3. Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 80, dear Michael and John,
 my sons

I'm sorry to give you the very sad news
 that your dear old mother has gone.

We buried her down at the church in Kilkelly,
 your brothers and Brigid were there.

You don't have to worry, she died very quickly,
 remember her in your prayers.

And it's so good to hear that Michael's returning,
 with money he's sure to buy land

For the crop has been poor and the people
 are selling at any price that they can.

4. Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 90, my dear and loving son
 John

I guess that I must be close on to eighty,
 it's thirty years since you're gone.

Because of all of the money you send me,
 I'm still living out on my own.

Michael has built himself a fine house
 and Brigid's daughters have grown.

Thank you for sending your family picture,
 they're lovely young women and men.

You say that you might even come for a visit,
 what joy to see you again.

5. Kilkelly, Ireland, 18 and 92, my dear brother John
- I'm sorry that I didn't write sooner to tell you that
 father passed on.

He was living with Brigid, she says he was cheerful
 and healthy right down to the end.

Ah, you should have seen him play with
 the grandchildren of Pat McNamara, your friend.

And we buried him alongside of mother,
 down at the Kilkelly churchyard.

He was a strong and a feisty old man,
 considering his life was so hard.

And it's funny the way he kept talking about you,
 he called for you in the end.

Oh, why don't you think about coming to visit,
 we'd all love to see you again.

8

Le Forban (version de terre)

Sea Shanty

1. A moi l'forban, que m'importe la gloire,
 Les lois du monde, et qu'importe la mort ?
 Sur l'océan j'ai planté ma victoire,
 Et bois mon vin dans une coupe d'or.
 Vivre d'orgie est ma seule espérance,
 Le seul bonheur que j'aie pu conquérir.
 C'est sur les flots qu'ai passé mon enfance,
 C'est sur les flots qu'un forban doit mourir

Vin qui pétille, femme gentille,
 Sous tes baisers brûlants d'amour ;
 Plaisirs, batailles, Vive la canaille !
 Je bois, je chante, et je tue tour à tour

2. Peut-être qu'au mât d'une barque étrangère
 Mon corps, un jour, servira d'étendard
 Et tout mon sang rougira la galère
 Aujourd'hui fête et demain le hasard.
 Allons esclave, allons, debout mon brave,
 Buvons la vie et le vin à grands pots ;
 Aujourd'hui fête, et puis demain, peut-être
 Ma tête ira s'engloutir dans les flots.
3. Peut-être qu'un jour, par un coup de fortune
 Je capturerai l'or d'un beau gallion ;
 Riche à pouvoir vous acheter la lune,
 Je m'en irai vers d'autres horizons.
 Là, respecté, comme un vrai gentilhomme,
 Moi qui ne fus qu'un forban, qu'un bandit,
 Je pourrai, comme le fils d'un roi, tout comme
 Mourir, peut-être, dedans un grand lit.

9

Le Forban (version de mer)

Sea Shanty

1. A moi forban que m'importe la gloire
 Né fils de roi et de prostituée
 Sur des cadavres j'ai chanté la victoire
 Et dans un crâne j'ai bu la liberté
 Vierge craintive, toi, ma captive
 Ce soir je vais dévorer tes appâts
 Encore brûlant d'une autre amante
 Tes vertus vont expirer dans mes bras.

Vin qui pétille, femme gentille,
 Sous tes baisers brûlants d'amour ;
 Plaisirs, batailles, Vive la canaille !
 Je bois, je chante, et je tue tour à tour

2. Etant forban je vis dans ma cabine
 En méprisant les lois, même la mort
 Ne vivant que de meurtre et de rapine
 Je bois mon vin dans une coupe d'or
 Vivre d'orgie est ma seule espérance
 Le seul bonheur que j'ai su conquérir
 car sur les flots j'ai bercé mon enfance
 Et sur les flots un forban doit mourir
3. Pendu au mât d'une barque étrangère
 Mon corps un jour servira d'étendard
 Et tout mon sang rougira la galère
 Aujourd'hui fête et demain le hasard
 Allons esclaves, debout mes braves
 Buvons l'ivresse et l'orgie à grands flots
 Aujourd'hui fête, demain peut être
 Mon corps ira s'engloutir dans les flots
4. Si par hasard par un coup de fortune
 Je capturais l'or d'un beau galion
 Riche à pouvoir décrocher la lune
 Je m'en irai vers d'autres horizons
 Là, vénéré tout comme un gentilhomme
 Moi qui ne fut qu'un forban qu'un bandit
 Là je pourrais peut être tout comme
 Un grand roi dormir dedans un bon lit

10 Eileen Og

Percy French

1. ^{Lam} Eileen Og, and that the ^{Mi7} darlin's ^{Lam} name is,
^{Sol} Through the barony ^{Ré} her features they were ^{Sol} famous
^{Lam} If we loved her, who is there to ^{Mi7} blame us,
For wasn't she the ^{Lam} pride of Petravore ?
^{Fa} But her ^{Sol7} beauty made us all so shy,
^{Rém} Not a man could look her in the ^{Mi7} eye
^{Fb} Boys, O boys, sure that's reason why
We're in mourning for the ^{Lam} pride of Petravore ^{Mi7} ^{Lam}

^{Fa} ^{Sol7} ^{Do}
Eileen Og, me heart is growing grey
^{Rém} ^{Mi7} ^{Lam}
Ever since the day, you wandered far away
^{Fa} ^{Sol7} ^{Do}
Eileen Og, there's good fish in the sea
But there's none of them like the ^{Lam} pride of Petravore ^{Mi7} ^{Lam}

2. 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 underneath her shawl
Looking big and masterful when she was looking
small
Most provoking for the Pride of Petravore
3. So it went as it was in the beginning
Eileen Og was bent upon the winning
Big McGrath contentedly was grinning
Being courted by the Pride of Petravore
Says he, "I know a girl who'd knock you into fits"
At that Eileen nearly lost her wits
The upshot of the ruction was that now the robber
sits
With his arm around the Pride of Petravore

4. Boys, O boys, with fate 'tis hard to grapple
Of my eye 'cause Eileen was the apple
And to see her walkin' to the chapel
Wid the hardest featured man in Petravore
Now me boys, this is all I have to say
When you do your courting make no display
If you want them to run after you just walk the
other way
For they're mostly like the Pride of Petravore

11 The Mermaid

Sea Shanty

1. ^{Sol} ^{Do} ^{Sol}
Twas Friday morn when we set sail
^{Do} ^{Ré7} ^{Sol}
And we were not far from the land
When the captain, he spied a ^{Do} lovely ^{Sol} mermaid
^{Do} ^{Ré7} ^{Sol}
With a comb and a glass in her hand
O the ocean's waves will roll
And the stormy winds will ^{Ré7} blow
^{Sol} ^{Do} ^{Sol}
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
^{Do} ^{Ré7} ^{Sol}
And the landlubbers lie down below (below, below)
^{Do} ^{Ré7} ^{Sol}
And the landlubbers lie down below
2. And up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a well-spoken man was he
I have me a wife in Salem by the sea
And tonight she a widow will be
3. And up spoke the cookie of our gallant ship
And a red hot cookie was he
Saying I care much more for my pots and my pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea
4. Then up spoke the cabinboy, of our gallant ship
And a nasty little lad was he.
I'm not quite sure I can spell "mermaid"
But I'm going to the bottom of the sea.
5. Then three times around went our gallant ship
And three times around went she
Three times around went our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea
-

12 Kerry Polka
Traditional



13 Britches Full Of Stitches
Traditional



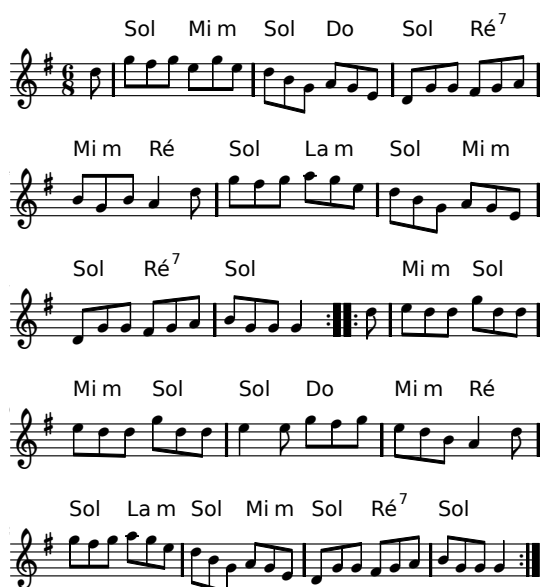
14 Finnish Polka
Traditional



15 Kesh Jig
Traditional



16 Blackthorn Stick
Traditional



17

Black Velvet Band

1. Well, in a neat little town they call Belfast,
 apprentice to trade I was bound
 Many an hours sweet happiness, have I spent in that
 neat little town
 A sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to
 stray from the land
 Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by
 the black velvet band

Sol
Her eyes they shone like diamonds
Ré
I thought her the queen of the land
Sol Mim
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Do Ré Sol
Tied up with a black velvet band

2. I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for
to stay

When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
comes a tripping along the highway

She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just
like a swans

And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with
a black velvet band

3. I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a
gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look
in her roguish black eye
A goldwatch she took from his pocket and placed it
right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was bad luck to
the black velvet band

4. Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear

The judge he says to me: "Young man, your case it is proven clear

We'll give you seven years penal servitude, to be
spent faraway from the land

Far away from your friends and companions,
betrayed by the black velvet band"

5. So come all you jolly young fellows a warning take
by me

When you are out on the town me lads, beware of
 them pretty colleens

For they feed you with strong drink, "Oh yeah", 'til
you are unable to stand

And the very next thing that you'll know is you've
landed in Van Diemens Land

18

Drowsy Maggie
Traditional



19

Glasgow's Reel

Traditional



20 Eireann Mo Ghra Mo Chroi

Traditional

1. In the evening sun when my daily work was done
I rambled to the seashore for a walk
And I been all alone, I sat down upon a stone
For to gaze on the scenes of New York
Oh then, Érin grá mo chroí, you're the only one for
me
You're the fairest that my eyes did e'er behold
You're the bright star of the west, the land St.
Patrick blessed
You're the dear little isle so far away
 2. 'Twas on a cold, cold winter's night with the turf fire
burning bright
And the snowflakes fallen on a winter's day
And I been all alone, I sat down on my own
In the dear little isle so far away
 3. The day that I did part, sure it broke my mother's
heart
Will I ever see my dear folks anymore?
Not until my bones are laid in the cold and silent
grave
In the dear little isle so far away
-

21 Fields of Athenrye

Traditional

1. By ^{Sol} a lonely prison wall, I ^{Do} heard a young
man ^{Sol} ^{Ré} calling,
^{Sol} Michael they are ^{Do} taken you away, ^{Ré}
For you ^{Sol} stole trevellyne ^{Do} corn, so the ^{Sol} young
might see the ^{Ré} morn,
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the ^{Sol} bay.
^{sol} ^{Do} lie the ^{Sol} fields of athenry, where once we
watched the small free birds ^{Ré} fly,
^{Sol} Our love was on the ^{Do} wing, we had ^{Sol} dreams
and songs to ^{Ré} sing,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry. ^{Sol}
 2. By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling,
Nothing matters Mary when your free,
Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled they put
me down,
Now you must raise our child with dignity.
 3. By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star
falling,
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,
For she waits and hopes and prays, for her love in
Botany bay,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry
-

22 Finnegan's Wake

Traditional

1. Tim ^{Do} Finnegan lived in ^{Lam} Walkin Street,
^{Fa} a ^{Sol} gentle Irishman ^{Lam} mighty odd
^{Do} He had a brogue both ^{Lam} rich and sweet, an'
^{Fa} to ^{Sol} rise in the world he carried a ^{Do} hod
You see he'd a sort of a ^{Lam} tipplers way but
^{Do} the ^{Lam} love for the ^{Do} liquor poor Tim was ^{Do} born
To help him on his ^{Lam} way each day, he'd a ^{Fa} drop
of the ^{Sol} craythur every ^{Do} morn
^{Do} Whack fol the dah now ^{Lam} dance to yer ^{Fa} partner
around the flure yer ^{Sol} trotters shake
^{Do} Wasn't it the ^{Lam} truth I told you? ^{Fa} Lots of fun at
^{Sol} Finnegan's ^{Do} Wake

2. 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
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around
the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at
Finnegan's Wake

3. His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs
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 avourneen, why did you die?", "Will ye hould
your gob?" said Paddy McGee
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around
the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at
Finnegan's Wake

4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "Biddy"
says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left 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
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around
the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at
Finnegan's Wake

5. Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of
whiskey flew at him
It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered
over Tim
Bedad he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising
from the bed
Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes,
t'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around
the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at
Finnegan's Wake
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around
the flure yer trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at
Finnegan's Wake

23 Farewell to Tchernobyl

Traditional



3. And it's there you'll see the pipers
And the fiddlers competing
And the sporting wheel of fortune
And the four and twenty quarters
And there's others without scruple
Pelting wattles at poor Maggie
And her father well contented
And he gazing at his daughter
4. And it's there you'll see the jockeys
And they mounted on so stably
The pink, the blue, the orange, and green
The colors of our nation
The time it came for starting
All the horses seemed impatient
Their feet they hardly touched the ground
The speed was so amazing!

24 Galway Races

Traditional

1. ^{Do} As I went down to Galway Town
To seek for recreation
^{Lam} On the seventeenth of August
^{Sol} Me ^{Do} mind being elevated
There were passengers assembled ^{Sol}
With their ^{Lam} tickets at the ^{Do} station
And me eyes began to ^{Mim} dazzle
And they ^{Lam} off to see the races
With me ^{Do} wack fol the ^{Sol} do fol
The ^{Lam} diddle idle day

2. There were passengers from Limerick
And passengers from Nenagh
The boys of Connemara
And the Clare unmarried maiden
There were people from Cork City
Who were loyal, true and faithful
Who brought home the Fenian prisoners
From dying in foreign nations

5. There was half a million people there
Of all denominations
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew, the
Presbyterian
Yet there was no animosity
No matter what persuasion
But failte hospitality
Inducing fresh acquaintance

25 Irish Rover

Traditional

1. On the ^{Sol}Fourth of July, ^{Do}1806
We set ^{Sol}sail from the sweet ^{Ré}Cobh of ^{Sol}Cork
We were ^{Sol}sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the ^{Sol}Grand City ^{Ré}Hall in New ^{Sol}York
'Twas a ^{Sol}wonderful craft, She was ^{Ré}rigged 'fore and aft'
And oh, ^{Sol}how the wild wind ^{Ré}drove her
She stood ^{Sol}several blasts, She had ^{Do}twenty seven masts
And they ^{Sol}called her ^{Ré}The ^{Sol}Irish Rover

2. We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides'
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs, six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million barrels of old nanny goate tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

3. There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his
flute
And the ladies lined up for a set
He would tootle with skill for each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his smart witty talk, he was cock of the walk
As he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
That he sailed in The Irish Rover

4. There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of
work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man, Mick McCann, from the banks of the
Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

5. For a sailor its' always a bother in life
It's so lonesome by night and by day
That he longs for the shore and a charming young
whore
Who will melt all his troubles away
Oh, the noise and the rout swillin' poiteen and stout
For him soon the torment's over
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid
An old salt from the Irish Rover

6. We had sailed seven years when the measles broke
out
And the ship lost its way in the fog
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the Captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock. Oh Lord! what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was
drowned
I'm the last of The Irish Rover

26 Johnny, I Harldy Knew Ye !

Traditional

1. While ^{Mim} goin' the road to sweet ^{Sol} Athy, Hurroo! Hurroo !
While ^{Mim} goin' the road to sweet ^{Sol} Athy, ^{Si7} Hurroo! Hurroo !
While ^{Mim} goin' the road to sweet ^{Lam} Athy,
A ^{Sol} stick in the hand and a ^{Si7} drop in the eye
A ^{Mim} doleful ^{Lam} damsel I ^{Sol} ^{Si7} heard cry,
^{Mim} Johnny I ^{Ré} hardly ^{Mim} knew ye !

With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
Hurroo ! Hurroo ! (bis)

With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh me darling dear, Ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye

2. Where are the eyes that look so mild, Hurroo !
Hurroo ! (bis)

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

3. Where are the legs with which ye run, Hurroo !
Hurroo ! (bis)

Where are the legs with which ye run
When ye went for to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

4. Ye haven't an arm, Ye haven't a leg, Hurroo !
Hurroo ! (bis)

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll have to be put in a bowl to beg
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

5. I'm happy for to see ye home, Hurroo ! Hurroo ! (bis)

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

27 Leaving of Liverpool

Traditional

1. ^{La} Farewell to you my ^{Ré} own true ^{La} love,
I am going far, far away, ^{Mi}
I am ^{La} bound for ^{Ré} California, ^{La}
And I know that I'll return some ^{Mi} ^{La} day.

So fare thee well my own true love,
When I return united we will be,
Its not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.

2. I have slipped on board a Yankee ship
Davey Crockett is her name,
And her captain it is Burgees,
And they say that she's a floating hell.

3. I have sailed with Burgess once before,
And I think I know him well,
If a man's a salor he will get along,
If not then he's sure for hell.

4. Oh the sun is in the harbour love,
And I wish I could remain,
For I know it will be a long, long time,
Before I see you again.

28 Molly Maguires

Traditional

Make ^{Do} way for the ^{Sol} Molly Maguires, thet're
^{Fa} drinkers, they're ^{Sol} liars but they're ^{Do} men,
 Make ^{Do} way for the ^{Sol} Molly
 Maguires, you'll ^{Fa} never see the ^{Sol} likes of
^{Do} them again.

1. ^{Lam} Down the mine no ^{Mim} sunlight shines, thes ^{Do} pits
 are black as ^{Lam} hell,
 In ^{Do} mud and slime they ^{Fa} do thier
 time, it's ^{Sol} Paddy's prison ^{Do} cell.
 And they ^{Fa} coursed the day they ^{Do} sailed away, and
^{Fa} drowned their tears with a ^{Sol} jar.

2. Backs will break and muscles ache,
 Down there theres no time to dream,
 Of fields and farms and wimans arms,
 Just dig that bloody seam,
 Though they break their bodies underground,
 None dare to push them around.

29 Magpie's Nest

Traditional



30 Chattering Magpie

Traditional



31 Kerry

Traditional



32 Les Prisons de Nantes

Traditional

1. Dans les prisons de Nantes (bis)
Y avait un prisonnier

2. Personne ne vint le « vouère »
Que la fille du geôlier

3. Un jour il lui demande
Et que dit-on de « moué » ?

4. On dit de vous en ville
Que vous serez pendu

5. Mais s'il faut qu'on me pende
Déliez-moi les pieds

6. La fille était jeunette
Les pieds lui a délié

7. Le prisonnier alerte
Dans la Loire s'est jeté

8. Dès qu'il fût sur les rives
Il se prit à chanter

9. Je chante pour les belles
Surtout celle du geôlier

10. Si je reviens à Nantes
Oui je l'épouserai

11. Dans les prisons de Nantes
Y avait un prisonnier

33 Morrison's Jig

Traditional



34 Joe Cooley's Reel

Traditional



35 Paddy's Return
Traditional



36 Up In The Air
Traditional



37 Cliffs of Moher
Traditional



1. ^{Sol} Raised on songs and ^{Do Sol} stories
^{Mim} Heroes of renown
^{Sol} The ^{Do Sol} passing tales and ^{Ré} glories
 That once was Dublin ^{Town}
^{Sol} The ^{Do Sol} hallowed halls and ^{Sol} houses
^{Mim} The ^{Do} haunting children's ^{Do} rhymes
^{Sol} That ^{Do Sol} once was Dublin ^{Sol} City
^{Ré} In the ^{Sol} rare ould ^{Sol} times.

^{Sol} Ringa ^{Do} Ringa ^{Sol} Rosey
^{Mim} As the ^{Do} light declines
^{Sol} I'll ^{Do Sol} remember Dublin ^{Sol} City
^{Ré} In the ^{Sol} rare ould ^{Sol} Times.

2. My name it is Sean Dempsey
 As Dublin as could be
 Born hard and late in Pimlico
 In a house that ceased to be
 My trade I was a cooper
 Lost out to redundancy
 Like my house that fell to progress
 My trades a memory
3. I courted Peggy Digman
 As pretty as you please.
 A rage and child of Mary
 from the rebel liberties
 I lost her to a student chap
 With skin as back as coal
 When he took her off to Birmingham
 She took away my soul.
4. The years have made me bitter
 The gargle dims me brain
 Cause Dublin keeps on changing
 and Nothing seems the same.
 The Pillar and the Met have gone
 The Royal long since pulled down
 As the grey unyielding concrete
 Makes a city of my Town.

5. Fare thee well sweet Anna Liffey

I can no longer stay
 And watch me new glass cages that
 Spring up along me Ouay
 My mind's too full of memories
 Too old to hear new chimes
 I'm a part of what was Dublin
 In the rare ould times.



41 Rocky Road To Dublin

Traditional

1. In the merry month of May, From my home I
started,
Left the girls of Tuam, Nearly broken hearted,
Saluted father dear, Kissed my darlin' mother,
Drank a pint of beer, My grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn, And leave where I was
born,
I cut a stout blackthorn, To banish ghost and
goblin,
In a brand new pair of brogues, I rattled o'er the
bogs,
And frightened all the dogs, On the rocky road to
Dublin.

Lam Do Rém
One, two, three, four five,
Hunt the hare and turn her
Down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin,
Am Do Rém
Whack-fol-lol-de-ra.

2. In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, Next mornin' light and airy,
Took a drop of the pure, To keep my heart from
sinkin',
That's an Irishman's cure, Whene'er he's on for
drinking.
To see the lasses smile, Laughing all the while,
At my curious style, 'Twould set your heart
a-bubblin'.
They ax'd if I was hired, The wages I required,
Till I was almost tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin.

3. In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived, A view of that fine city.
Then I took a stroll, All among the quality,
My bundle it was stole, In a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, Then I looked behind;
No bundle could I find, Upon my stick a wobblin'.
Enquirin' for the rogue, They said my Connacht
brogue,
Wasn't much in vogue, On the rocky road to Dublin.

4. From there I got away, My spirits never failin'
Landed on the quay As the ship was sailin';
Captain at me roared, Said that no room had he,
When I jumped aboard, A cabin found for Paddy,
Down among the pigs I played some funny rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, The water round me
bubblin',
When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead,
Or better far instead, On the rocky road to Dublin.

5. The boys of Liverpool, When we safely landed,
Called myself a fool; I could no longer stand it;
Blood began to boil, Temper I was losin',
Poor ould Erin's isle They began abusin',
"Hurrah my soul", sez I, My shillelagh I let fly;
Some Galway boys were by, Saw I was a hobble in,
Then with a loud hurray, They joined in the affray.
We quickly cleared the way, For the rocky road to
Dublin.

42 Star of The County Down

Traditional

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

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and
 From Galway to Dublin Town,
 No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen
 That I met in the County Down.

2. As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,
 And I looked with a feelin' rare,
 And I says, says I, to a passer-by,
 "Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"
 He smiled at me and he says, says he,
 "That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
 Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
 She's the star of the County Down."
3. 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.

43 King of The Fairies

Traditional



44 Sally Brown

Traditional

1. I Shipped on board off a Liverpool liner
 Way hey roll and go
 And we rolled all night
 And we rolled all day
 To spend my money along with Sally Brown

2. Sally Brown is a nice young lady
 3. She's tall and she's dark and she's not too shady
 4. Her mother doesn't like no tarry sailor
 5. She once had to marry a one legged captain
 6. Sally wouldn't marry me so I shipped across the
 water
 7. And now I am courting Sally's daughter
 8. I shipped off board a Liverpool liner

45

The Foggy Dew

Traditional

1. As ^{Mim} down the glen one Easter ^{Ré} morn to
^{Sol} a ^{Mim} city fair rode I
 There ^{Mim} Armed lines of marching ^{Ré} men in
^{Sol} squadrons ^{Mim} passed me by
 No ^{Sol} fife did hum nor ^{Ré} battle ^{Sim} drum
 did ^{Sol} sound it's dread tatoo
 But the ^{Mim} Angelus bell o'er the Liffey ^{Ré} swell
^{Sol} rang ^{Mim} out through the ^{Mim} foggy dew
2. Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out
 the flag of war
 'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva
 or Sud El Bar
 And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men
 came hurrying through
 While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns
 sailed in through the foggy dew
3. 'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small
 nations might be free
 But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the
 shore of the Great North Sea
 Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with
 Cathal Brugha
 Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep
 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew
4. But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang
 mournfully and clear
 For those who died that Eastertide in the springing
 of the year
 And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those
 fearless men, but few
 Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine
 through the foggy dew

5. Ah, back through the glen I rode again and my
 heart with grief was sore
 For I parted then with valiant men whom I never
 shall see more
 But to and fro in my dreams I go and I'd kneel and
 pray for you,
 For slavery fled, O glorious dead, When you fell in
 the foggy dew

46

The Wild Rover

Traditional

1. I've ^{Sol} been a wild rover for many a ^{Do} year
 And I've ^{Sol} spent all me ^{Ré} money on whiskey
 and ^{Sol} beer
 But ^{Sol} now im returning with gold in great ^{Do} store
 And I ^{Sol} never will ^{Ré} play the wild rover
 no ^{Sol} more
 And it's ^{Ré} no nay never ^{Sol} no nay never no ^{Do} more
 Will I ^{Sol} play the
 wild ^{Do} rover, no ^{Sol} never ^{Ré} no ^{Sol} 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
3. 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
4. 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

47 The Furze in Bloom (jig)

Traditional

Si m Ré Mi m

Fa #m Si m Mi m Fa #m

1. 2.
Mi m Fa #m Fa #m Mi m Mi m

Si m Ré Fa #m Mi m

Si m Mi m 1. 2.
Fa #m Fa #m Mi m

48 Katie's Rambles

Traditional

Si m Ré Mi m

Fa #m Si m Ré

Mi m Fa #m Si m

Si m La Fa #m

Si m Mi m Fa #m Si m Fa #m Si m

49 The Yellow Goat

Traditional

50 Cuz Teehan's

Traditional

51 Mrs Crowley's

Traditional

52 The Jug of Punch

Traditional

1. ^{Ré} One pleasant evening in the month of June,
^{La} As I ^{Ré} was sleeping in ^{Sol} my room, ^{La}
A small bird sat on an ivy ^{Sol} bunch, ^{La}
And the song he sang was The ^{Ré} Jug ^{Sol} Of ^{La7} Punch. ^{Ré}
^{Ré} Too-ra loo-ra loo, ^{Mim} too-ra loo - ra lay,
^{La} Too-ra loo-ra loo, ^{Ré} too-ra loo-ra lay,
A small bird sat on an ^{Sol} ivy ^{La} bunch,
And the song he sang was the ^{Ré} jug ^{Sol} of ^{La7} punch. ^{Ré}
2. What more diversion can a man desire,
Than to sit him by an alehouse fire,
Upon his knee a pritty wench,
And on the table a jug of punch.
Too-ra loo-ra loo, too-ra loo-ra lay,
Too-ra loo-ra loo, too-ra loo-ra lay,
Upon his knee a pritty wench,
And on the table a jug of punch.
3. Let the doctors come with all their art
They'll make no impression upon me heart
Even the cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch
Too-ra loo-ra loo, too-ra loo-ra lay,
Too-ra loo-ra loo, too-ra loo-ra lay,
Even the cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.
4. If I get drunk, well, me money's me own,
And them don't like me, they can leave me alone;
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.
Too-ra loo-ra loo, too-ra loo-ra lay,
Too-ra loo-ra loo, too-ra loo-ra lay,
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

5. And when I'm dead and I'm in me grave
No costly tombstone will I crave.
Lay me down by me native peat,
With a jug of punch at me head and feet.
Too-ra loo-ra loo, too-ra loo-ra lay,
Too-ra loo-ra loo, too-ra loo-ra lay,
Lay me down by me native peat,
With a jug of punch at me head and feet.

53 Les Filles des Forges

Traditionnel

1. ^{Lam} Digue, ding don, don, ce ^{Sol} sont les filles des forges
Des forges de Paimpont, digue ding dondaine
Des forges de Paimpont, dingue ding dondon
2. Digue, ding don, don, elles s'en vont à confesse
Au curé du canton, digue ding dondaine
Au curé du canton, dingue ding dondon
3. Digue, ding don, don, qu'avions-vous fait les filles
Pour demander pardon, digue ding dondaine
Pour demander pardon, dingue ding dondon
4. Digue, ding don, don, j'avions couru les bals
Et les jolis garçons, digue ding dondaine
Et les jolis garçons, dingue ding dondon
5. Digue, ding don, don, ma fille pour pénitence
Nous nous embrasserons, digue ding dondaine
Nous nous embrasserons, dingue ding dondon
6. Digue, ding don, don, je n'embrasse point les prêtres
Mais les jolis garçons, digue ding dondaine
Qu'ont du poil au menton, dingue ding dondon
7. Digue, ding don, don, ce sont les filles des forges
Des forges de Paimpont, digue ding dondaine
Des forges de Paimpont, dingue ding dondon
-

54 Weile Weile Waile

Traditional

1. There was an old woman and she lived in the woods,
weile weile waile
There was an old woman and she lived in the woods,
down by the river Sai - le
2. She had a baby three months old, weile weile waile
She had a baby three months old, down by the river
Saile
3. She had a pen knife long and sharp, weile weile waile
She had a pen knife long and sharp, down by the
river Saile
4. She stuck the pen knife in the babys heart, weile
weile waile
She stuck the pen knife in the babys heart, down by
the river Saile
5. There were three loud knocks come a'knockin on the
door, weile weile waile
There were three loud knocks come a'knockin on the
door, down by the river Saile
6. There were two policemen and a special-branchman,
weile weile waile
There were two policemen and a special-branchman,
down by the river Saile
7. They put a rope around her neck, weile weile waile
They put a rope around her neck, down by the river
Saile
8. They pulled the rope and she got hang, weile weile
waile
They pulled the rope and she got hang, down by the
river Saile
9. And that was the end of the woman in the woods,
weile weile waile
And that was the end of the baby too, down by the
river Saile
-

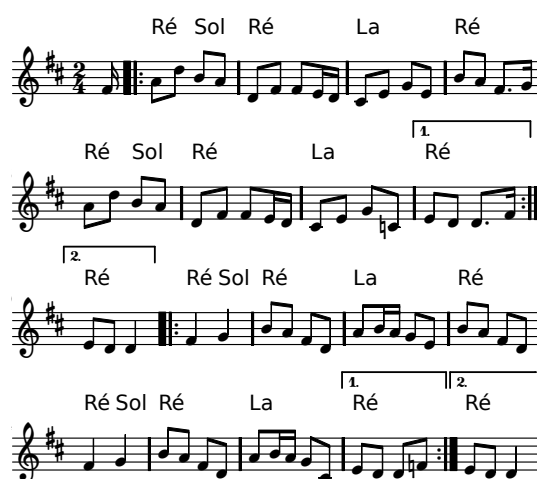
55 Wedding Polka

Traditional



56 Castleisland Polka

Traditional



57 John Ryan's Polka

Traditional



58

Whiskey In The Jar

Traditional

1. As I ^{Sol} was a goin' over the ^{Mim} far famed Kerry
 mountains
 I ^{Do} met with captain Farrell and his ^{Sol} money he was
 counting
 I first produced me pistol and ^{Mim} then produced me
 rapier
 Saying ^{Do} "Stand and deliver" for I ^{Sol} am a bold deceiver
 Musha ^{Ré} ring dumma do damma da
^{Sol} whack fol' the daddy 'ol
^{Do} whack fol' the daddy 'ol
 there's ^{Ré} whiskey in ^{Sol} the ^{Ré} jar
2. I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
 I put it in me 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
3. I went up in my chamber, all for to take a slumber
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no
 wonder
 But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up
 with water
 And sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the
 slaughter
4. 't was early in the morning, as I rose to travel
 The guards were all around me likewise captain
 Farrell
 I first produced me pistol for she stole away me
 rapier
 I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken
5. If anyone can aid me it's my brother in the army
 If I knew his station down in Cork or in Killarney
 And if he'll come and join me, we'll go rovin' near
 Killkenny
 And sure he'll treat me better than this fuckin' cunt
 of Jenny

59

Whiskey, You're the Devil

Traditional

- Oh, ^{Sol} whiskey you're the devil, You're ^{Do} leading me
^{Sol} astray
 O'er hills and mountains and to ^{Ré} Americae
 You're ^{Sol} sweeter, stronger, decenter, You're ^{Do} spunkier
 than ^{Sol} tea
 Oh, ^{Sol} whiskey you're me darling drunk or ^{Ré} so - ^{Sol} ber
1. Now ^{Sol} brave boys, we're on the march
^{Ré} Off to ^{Do} Portugal and Spain
^{Sol} Drums a'beating, banners a'waving
^{Do} Devil a'home will come ^{Ré} tonight
 Lo' fare thee well With me thitery doodelum the ^{Ré} da
^{Lam} Me thitery doodelum the ^{Do} da
^{Sol} Me right fol' tur-a laddie-o
^{Ré} There's ^{Sol} whiskey in the jar
2. The French are fighting boldly
 Men are dying hot and coldly
 Give every man his flask of powder
 His firelock on his shoulder
 Lo' fare thee well With me thitery doodelum the da
 Me thitery doodelum the da
 Me right fol' tur-a laddie-o
 There's whiskey in the jar
3. Says the mother : "Do not wrong me
 Don't take me daughter from me
 For if you do I will torment you
 And after death me ghost will haunt you"
 We're off, fare thee well With me thitery doodelum
 the da
 Me thitery doodelum the da
 Me right fol' tur-a laddie-o
 There's whiskey in the jar

Tri martolod yaouank (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Tri martolod yaouank o voned da veajiñ

Tri martolod yaouank (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Tri martolod yaouank o voned da veajiñ

O voned da veajiñ ge, o voned da veajiñ (bis)

1. Gant avel bet kaset (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Gant avel bet kaset betek an Douar Nevez

Betek an Douar Nevez ge, betek an Douar Nevez

2. E-kichen maen ar veilh (tra la la, la di ga dra)

E-kichen maen ar veilh o deus mouilhet o eorioù

O deus mouilhet o eorioù ge, o deus mouilhet o eorioù

3. Hag e-barzh ar veilh-se (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Hag e-barzh ar veilh-se e oa ur servijourez

E oa ur servijourez ge, e oa ur servijourez

4. Hag e c'houlenn ganin (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Hag e c'houlenn ganin pelec'h 'n eus graet konesañs

Pelec'h 'n eus graet konesañs ge, pelec'h 'n eus graet konesañs

5. E Naoned, er marc'had (tra la la, la di ga dra)

E Naoned, er marc'had hor boa choazet ur walenn

Hor boa choazet ur walenn ge, hor boa choazet ur walenn

6. Gwalenn ar promesa (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Gwalenn ar promesa, ha par omp da zimeziñ

Ha par omp da zimeziñ ge, ha par omp da zimeziñ

7. - Ni 'zimezo hon-daou (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Ni 'zimezo hon-daou, ha pa n'eus ket avañtaj

Ha pa n'eus ket avañtaj ge, ha pa n'eus ket avañtaj

8. - Ma mamm c'hwi zo 'n hoc'h aez (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Ma mamm c'hwi zo 'n hoc'h aez, n'ouzoc'h ket piv zo diaes

N'ouzoc'h ket piv zo diaes ge, n'ouzoc'h ket piv zo diaes

9. - N'hon eus na ti na plouz, (tra la la, la di ga dra)

N'hon eus na ti na plouz, na gwele da gousket en noz

Na gwele da gousket en noz ge, na gwele da gousket en noz

10. N'eus na liñser na lenn, (tra la la, la di ga dra)

N'eus na liñser na lenn, na pennwele dindan ar penn

Na pennwele dindan ar penn ge, na pennwele dindan ar penn

11. N'hon eus na skuell na loa, (tra la la, la di ga dra)

N'hon eus na skuell na loa, na danvez d'ober bara

Na danvez d'ober bara ge, na danvez d'ober bara

12. - Ni 'ray 'vel ar glujar (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Ni 'ray 'vel ar glujar, ni 'gousko war an douar

Ni 'gousko war an douar ge, ni 'gousko war an douar

13. Ni ray 'vel ar c'hefeleg, (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Ni ray 'vel ar c'hefeleg, pa sav an heol 'ya da redek

Pa sav an heol 'ya da redek ge, pa sav an heol 'ya da redek

14. Echu eo ma jañson, (tra la la, la di ga dra)

Echu eo ma jañson, an hini 'oar 'c'hontinui

An hini 'oar 'c'hontinui, an hini 'oar 'c'hontinu

61 Bugger Off

Unknown

So bugger ^{Sol} off, you ^{Do} bastards bugger ^{Sol} off! (Fuck You!)
Bugger ^{Em} off, you ^{Do} bastards bugger ^{Ré} off! (Fuck You!)
Like a ^{Sol} herd of bloody swine that ^{Em} refuse to leave the
^{Do} trough
You'll ^{Sol} get no more this ^{Do} evening so you ^{Ré} bastards
^{Sol} bugger off

1. Well you've ^{Sol} been a lovely audience, but oh ^{Ré} the time
^{Sol} does pass.
So don't you all be ^{Em} lettin' the door ^{Do} hit you in the ^{Ré} ass.
You've been a ^{Do} splendid audience, but ^{Sol} enough is
^{Ré} enough.
We'd ^{Sol} take it very ^{Do} kindly if you'd ^{Ré} all just ^{Sol} bugger off!
2. Here's to all the batenders and waitresses who've
been servin you your beers,
and puttin up with your knoxious breath and your
stupid drunken leers.
so leave your money on the table when you go,
tomorrow you'll have a sorry head and nothin left to
show
3. Here's to all the lovely ladies who might be waitin
for the band,
and thinkin one of them might make a charmin one
night stand.
Please don't be offended girls this song is not for you.
we'll be happy to oblige you when this nasty job is
through.
4. So you've been promisin the ladies a night of lovin
bliss,
but truth be told your far to drunk to stand up
straight and piss.
So give it up you lousy sods you'll not be gettin laid.
and the sooner that you're out the door the sooner
we'll get paid.

5. So bugger off, you bastards bugger off! (Fuck You!)
Bugger off, you bastards bugger off! (Fuck You!)
Like a herd of fucking swine that refuse to leave the
trough
You'll get no more this evening so you bastards
bugger off

62 Dérobée de Guigamp

Traditionnel

1. ^{Mim} Don't get married, girls. You'll ^{La} sign away your ^{Mim} life.
^{Sol} You may start off as a woman, but you'll end up as ^{Ré} the wife.
^{Do} You could be a vestal virgin, take the veil, or be a ^{Ré} nun,
^{Mim} But don't get married, girls, for marriage isn't ^{Si7} fun.
^{Mi} Oh, it's great when you're romancing and he plays the lover's ^{Si7} part.
^{La} You're the flowers in his garden. You're the flame that warms his ^{Mi} heart.
^{La} And his love will last forever and he'll ^{Mi} promise you the moon,
^{Si7} But just wait until you're married and he'll ^{Si7} sing a different ^{Mi} tune.
^{La} You're his tapioca pudding. You're the dumplings in his ^{Mi} stew,
^{La} But he'll soon begin to wonder what he ever saw in ^{Si7} you.
^{La} Still he takes without com plaining all the ^{Mi} dishes you provide,
^{Si7} But you know he likes to have a little ^{Si7} jam tart on the ^{Mi} side.

2. So don't get married, girls. It's very badly paid.
 You may start off as the mistress, but you'll end up as the maid.
 Be a daring deep sea diver. Be a polished polyglot,
 But don't get married, girls, for marriage isn't hot.
 Have you seen him in the morning with a face that looks like death,
 With dandruff on his pillow and tobacco on his breath?
 Still he needs some reassurance with his cup of tea in bed,
 'Cos he's worried 'bout the mortgage and the bald patch on his head,
 And he thinks that you're his mother, lays his head upon your breast,
 So you try to boost his ego, iron his shirt, and warm his vest.
 Then you get him off to work. The mighty hunter is restored,
 And he leaves you there with nothing but the dreams you can't afford.

3. So don't get married, girls. Men are all the same.
 They'll just use you when they want you. You'd be better on the game.
 Be a call girl, be a stripper, be a hostess, be a whore,
 But don't get married, girls, for marriage is a bore.
 When he comes home in the evening, he can hardly spare a look.
 All he says is, "What's for dinner?" After all, you're just the cook.
 Then he takes you to a party and he eyes you with a frown,
 And you know you've got to look your best. You mustn't let him down.
 And he'll fix you with that look, and there's that twinkle in his eye,
 Like he's entered in a raffle and he's won you for a prize,
 But when the party's over, you'll go slogging through the sludge
 Half the time a decoration and the other half a drudge.

4. So don't get married. It'll drive you round the bend.

It's a lane without a turning. It's the end without an end.

Take a lover every Friday, take up tennis, be a nurse,

But don't get married, girls, for marriage is a curse.

For you get him off to work. The mighty hunter is restored,

And he leaves you there with nothing but the dreams you can't afford.
