

peer pockets

Irish Folk Songs

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HAMBURG

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Danny Boy

Warmly

♩ = 100

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

G Am7 G/B C
Oh Dan - ny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are

F C
call - ing from glen to glen and

Am Am/G D7/F# G Am7 G/B
down the moun-tain - side. The sum-mer's

C Cj7 C7 F A7
gone, and all the ro - ses fall - ing;

Dm G Am7 G/B C Csus4
'tis you, 'tis you must

C/G F G7 C Csus4 C C/E Eb° G7/D
go, and I must bide. But come ye

C F C
back when summer's in the mea - dow,

F E7 Am Am/G
or when the val - ley's hushed and white with

D7/F# G7 Am7 G/B C C/Bb
snow. 'Tis I'll be there, in

F/A F C/G E/G#
sun - shine or in sha - dow,

Am D7/F# C/G
oh Dan - ny Boy, oh Dan - ny

F Dm7 G C F/C C
Boy, I love you so.

Molly Malone

Street dirge
♩ = 108

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse

in Dub - lin's fair ci - ty, where the
girls are so pret - ty, I
first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma -
- lone. She wheeled a wheel - bar - row through
streets broad and narrow, crying; "Cockles and
mussels a - live, a - live - o!"

G
Am D7/F# A7
D7 G Em
Am D7 G Am
G/B C G/D D7 G D7

PM. 94 - 2927

Refrain

-live, a - live - o! A -
-live, a - live - o! Cry - ing
"Co - ckles and mus - sels a -
-live, a - live - o!" 2. She - o!"

G Em
Am D7 D/C
G/B Am G D/F# C/E
G/D D7 G

2. She was a fishmonger, and that was the wonder; her mother and father were fishmongers, too. They drove a wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow, crying: "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive-o!" Alive, alive-o (Refrain)
3. She died of a fever, and nothing could save her, and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone. Now her ghost drives a barrow through streets broad and narrow, crying: "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive-o!" Alive, alive-o (Refrain)

Whiskey In The Jar

With a fresh swing
♩ = ca. 184

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker



As I was go - ing o - ver the



far-famed Ker-ry Moun - tains, I met with Cap-tain



Far - rell and the mo - ney he was



counting. I first pro - duced my pis - tol and



then I drew my ra - pier, say - ing: "Stand and de -



-liver, for you are my bold de - cei - ver!" Mush - a -



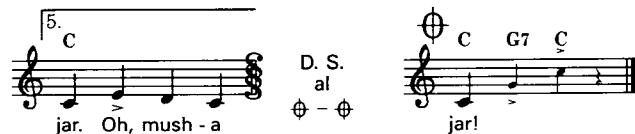
-rig dumdoorum - die, whack fol me



dad - dy - o, whack fol me Pad - dy - o, there's



whis - key in the jar. 2. I



jar. Oh, mush - a jar!

- I counted out the money and it made a pretty penny, so I stuck it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny. She swore and she promised that she never would deceive me, but the Devil's in them women, and they never can go easy. Mush-a rig, dum-doo-rum die... **(Refrain)**
- I went into me chamber, for to take a slumber, and I dreamt of golden jewels and, sure, it was no wonder: for Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water, and then sent for Captain Farrell to be present at the slaughter. Mush-a rig, dum-doo-rum die... **(Refrain)**
- 'Twas early in the morning when I awoke to travel, but the guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell. I first produced me pistol, for me rapier she had stolen, but I couldn't fire the water, so a prisoner I was taken. Mush-a rig, dum-doo-rum die... **(Refrain)**
- Now, some take delight in the fishin' and the huntin', and there's others get their pleasure in the money that they're countin'; but I take delight in the juice of the barley, and a-courtin' pretty maidens in the mornin' bright and early. Mush-a rig, dum-doo-rum die... **(Refrain)**

The Wild Rover

Fast Waltz
♩ = 150

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse

I've been a Wild Ro-ver for many a year,
and I've spent all me money on whis-key and
beer. But now I'm re- turn- ing with
money in store, and I ne-ver will
play the Wild Ro-ver no more. And it's no,
nay, ne-ver! no, nay

PM. 94 - 2934

ne - ver, no more, and I'll
play _____ the Wild Ro - ver _____ no
ne-ver _____ no more. 2. |


- I went to an ale-house I used to frequent,
and I told the landlady me money was spent.
I asked her for credit, the answer was "Nay!",
such custom as yours I can find any day."
And it's... (Refrain)
- I took from me pocket two sovereigns bright,
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight:
"Me lad, I've got whiskey and wines of the best,
and them words I just spoke sure, were only in jest."
And it's... (Refrain)
- You can keep all your whiskey and wines likewise, too:
no more of me money I'm spending with you!
For the money I've got now, I'm saving in store,
and I never will play the Wild Rover no more.
And it's... (Refrain)
- I'm off to me parents, confess what I've done,
and ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they'll forgive me, as they've done before,
then I never will play the Wild Rover no more.
And it's... (Refrain)

7 Drunken Nights

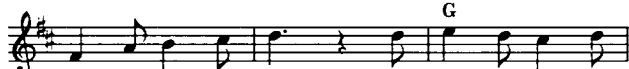
Pub ballad
♩ = 120

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse **D** *rubato*




1. As I came home on Mon - day night, as




drunk as drunk could be, I see a horse out-



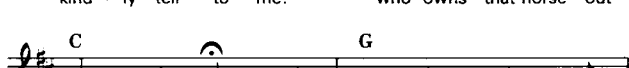
-side the door where my old horse should be. So I



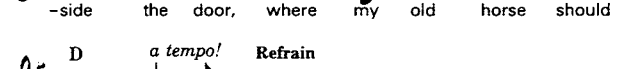
calls me wife, and I says to her: "Would you



kind - ly tell to me: who owns that horse out-



-side the door, where my old horse should



be?" *a tempo!* **Refrain**

"Ah! You're drunk, you're drunk, you sil - ly old fool, for



sure you can-not see:— that's a lov - er - ly



cow_ that me mo-ther sent to me!" Well 'tis



ma - ny a day I've travelled a hun - dred miles or



more, but a sad - dle on_ a cow, sure I



ne - ver saw be - fore! 1.-4. **D** 2. As -fore! 5. **D**

2. As I came home on Tuesday night, (usw)...
I see a coat behind the door (usw)... So I calls me wife (usw)...
"Who owns that coat behind the door (usw)... **Refrain**
But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before.
3. As I came home on Wednesday night, (usw)...
I see a pipe upon the chair (usw)... So I calls me wife (usw)...
Refrain.....tobacco on a walking stick...
4. As I came home on Thursday night (usw)...
I see two boots beneath the bed (usw)... So I calls me wife (usw)...
Refrain...But laces and socks in geranium pots, I never saw before.
5. As I came home on Friday night (usw)...
I see a head upon the bed (usw)... So I calls me wife (usw)...
Refrain...But a baby boy with his whiskers on. I never saw before!

Old Woman From Wexford

Rolling merrily
J. = 114

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse **D**

Well, there was an old wo - man from

A7

Wex - ford, and in Wex - ford she did

D

dwell. Now, she loved her old man

G **A**

dear - ly, but a - noth - er one as

G **Refrain** **D**

well. With your rum da dum da

G **D** **A7**

dei - ro, and the blind man he could

1.-8.
D

see.

2. One

9.

Bm **D** **D/C**

see, with your rum da dum da

breit

G/B **Gm/Bb** **D/A** **A7** **D**

dei - ro, and the blind man he could see!

a tempo

2. One day she went to the doctor, some medicine for to find.
She said: "Will you give me something for to make me old man blind?"
(Refrain)
3. "Feed him eggs and marrow-bones, and make him suck them all,
and it wont be long before he can't see you at all."
(Refrain)
4. Now, the doctor wrote a letter, and he signed it with his hand,
then he sent it round to the old man, just to let him understand.
(Refrain)
5. She fed him eggs and marrow-bones, and made him suck them all,
and it wasn't very long before he couldn't see the wall.
(Refrain)
6. Says he: "I'd like to drown meself, but that might be a sin."
Says she: "I'll go along with you and help to push you in."
(Refrain)
7. The woman she stepped back a bit, to rush and push him in,
but the old man quickly stepped aside, and she went tumblin' in.
(Refrain)
8. Oh, how loudly she did yell, and how loudly she did call.
"Yerra, hold your whist old woman, sure I can't see you at all!"
(Refrain)
9. Now, suckin' eggs and marrow-bones may make your old man blind;
But if you want to drown him, sure, just creep up close behind!
(Refrain)

Reilly's Daughter

Lively Polka
♩ = 104

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse **G**

1. As I was sit - ting by the fire,

eat - ing spuds and drink - ing por - ter,

sudden - ly a thought came in - to my mind: I'd

like to marry old Reil - ly's daughter. **G Refrain**
Giddy ei aye,

gid - dy ei aye, gid - dy ei aye for the

one - eyed Reil - ly's, gid - dy ei aye

PM. 94 - 3329

(bang, bang, bang) play it on your old bass

drum! 2. Ol' drum!

2. Ol' Reilly played on the big bass drum,
Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter.
Reilly had a bright red glittering eye,
And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter.
(Refrain)
3. Her hair was black and her eyes were blue,
The colonel and the major and the captain sought her,
the sergeant and the private and the drummer-boy too,
but they never stood a chance with Reilly's daughter.
(Refrain)
4. I got me a ring and a parson too,
got me a scratch in a married quarter,
settled me down to a peaceful life,
happy as a king with Reilly's daughter.
(Refrain)
5. Suddenly, a footstep on the stairs:
here comes Reilly, out for slaughter,
with two pistols in his hands,
looking for the man who had married his daughter!
(Refrain)
6. I caught old Reilly by the hair,
rammed his head in a pail of water,
fired his pistols into the air
a darned sight quicker than I married his daughter!
(Refrain)

Rose Of Tralee

Sweetly

♩ = 100

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse

1. Oh, the pale moon was ri - sing a -
2. cool shades of eve - ning their

-bove yon green moun-tain, the sun was de -
man - tle were spread-ing, and Ma - ry, all

-cli - ning be - neath the blue sea, when I
smi - ling, was list - 'ning to me. The

strayed with my love o'er the pure cry - stal
moon through the val - ley her pale rays was

foun - tain that stands in the
shed - ding, when I won the

beau - ti - ful Vale of Tra -
heart of the Rose of Tra -

Refrain

-lee. } She was love - ly and - fair as the
-lee. }

ro - ses that bloom in summer, yet 'twas not her

beau - ty a - lone that won me. Oh

no, 'twas the truth in her eyes, ev - er -

-dawn - ing, that made me love Ma - ry, the

Rose of Tra - lee. 2. Oh, the -lee.

Kerry Dancers

Lightly, merrily
♩ = 176

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker



1. Oh, the days of the Ker - ry dan - cing,
2. Voi - ces cal - ling a - cross the hea - ther,



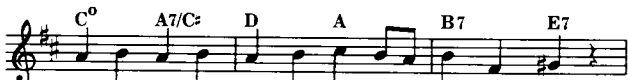
oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune!
bright and clear as the morn - ing dew,



Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness,
melt in tune with the pi - pers' swirl - ing,



gone, a - las, like our youth, too soon. When the folks be -
curl - ing high to the burn - ing blue. When the light be -



-gan to ga - ther in the glen of a summer's night,
-gan to dwindle, when the mist be - gan to fall,



then the Ker - ry pi - pers' tun - ing
all the folks would come to join us,



made us long with_ wild de - light.
come to an - swer the pi - per's call.
rit.



1+2. Oh, to think of it, oh, to dream of it



fills my heart with tears. — Oh, the days of the



Ker - ry dancing, oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune!



Oh, for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas, like our



youth, too soon!



Irish Washerwoman

A real good party
♩ = 108

Traditional
Arrangement
and lyrics by
John O'Brien-Docker

D

Now, ould Ka - ty O' - Flah - erty is
Kate does the wash - ing, the

Em

gi - vin' a par - ty for some of the la - dies at
la - the - ring, sloshing a - way at the un - dies from

A7

Ro - sie O' - Gra - dy's, and
Tues - days 'til Mon - days, she's

D B7

if, when it's o - ver, there's one of them so - ber, I'll
quick with her fingers, she's gathered the knack, so she

Em7 A7 D

walk on me hands to Mac - Ew - an's sa - loon! The
rubs and she scrubs 'til the wa - ter goes black. Now

2.x slow, rubato: He's not all that sure of what goes into that beer!

drin - kin' and figh - tin' gets migh - ty ex - ci - tin' when
I'm not the kind to be - lieve all I hear, so I

A F#7

Ka - ty gets ma - tey with Ro - sie O' - Gra - dy. They
drink up me stout in the hope that it's beer and say:

G D/F#

sing and they shout from the
"Here's to the dar - lin' who

Em7 D Em7 *a tempo!* A7

top of their heads; the noise is e - nough to go
gets me socks clean; a health to Miss Ka - ty, our

1. D A

wake up the dead.

2. A7 D

2. Well, our Wash - wo - man Queen!"

The German Clockwinder

Jolly Waltz
♩ = 168

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse

A Ger - man clock - win - der to

Dub - lin once came. Ben - ja - min

Fooks was the old Ger - man's name. And

as he was win - ding his way round the

Strand, he played on his flute, and the

mu - sic was grand. Sing -

-ing: Toor - a - lom - a - lom - a, toor - a - lom - a - lom - a,
a tempo

toor - a - ley - ay, toor - a - ley, toor - a - ley,

toor - a - ley - ay. Tooraloma-loma, tooraloma-loma,

toor - a - ley - ay, toor - a - ley, yoor - a - ley,

yoor - a - ley - ay.

2. Oh, there toor - a - ley - ay.

- Oh, there was a young lady from Grosvenor Square,
who said that her clock was in need of repair.
In walks the bold German and to her delight,
in less than five minutes he had her clock right.
(Refrain)
- Now, as they were seated down on the floor,
there came this very loud knock on the door.
In walked her husband and great was his shock,
for to see the old German wind up his wife's clock.
(Refrain)
- The husband says: "Now, look here Mary Anne,
don't let that bold German come in here again.
He wound up your clock and left mine on the shelf;
if your ol' clock needs winding sure I'll wind it meself!"
(Refrain)

I'm A Rover

Pub song
♩ = 100

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker



I'm a ro-ver, and sel-dom so-ber. I'm a



ro-ver of high de-gree. For when I'm



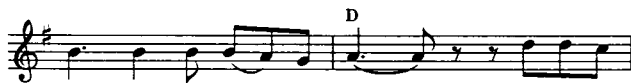
drin-king, I'm al-ways think-ing how to



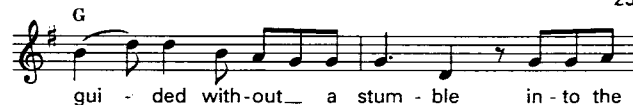
gain my true love's com-pa-ny. 1. Though the



night be as dark as a dun-geon, not a



star to be seen a-bove, I will be



gui-ded with-out a stum-ble in-to the



arms of my own true love. I'm a



hol-ding my own true love. I'm a

3. He stepped up to her bedroom window, kneeling gently upon a stone, he rapped at her bedroom window: "Darling dear, do you lie alone?".
4. "It's only me, your own true lover, open the door and let me in, for I have come on a long journey, and I'm near drenched to the skin".
5. She opened the door with the greatest pleasure, she opened the door and she let him in. They both shook hands and embraced each other. Until the morning they lay as one.
6. The cocks were crawling, the birds were whistling, the streams they ran free about the brae; remember, lass I'm a ploughman's laddie, and the farmer I must obey.
7. Now my love, I must go and leave thee, and though the hills are high above, I will climb them with greater pleasure fresh from the arms of my ain true love.

Black Velvet Band

Pub song
J = 126

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse

G C G

1. In a neat lit - tle town_ called Bel - fast,

D

ap - pren - tice of trade I was bound,

D7 G

and_ many an hour's_ hap - pi -

C D7 G

-ness I've had in that neat lit - tle town.

C

One day, mis - for - tune came o - ver

G D

me, and caused me to stray from the land,

D7 G

far a - way from me friends and re -

C

- la - tions, be - trayed by a

D7 G *Refrain*

Black Vel - vet Band. Her eyes, they

shone_ like dia - monds, I

D

thought her the queen of the land,

D7 G

and her hair hung o - ver her

shoul - der, tied up with a

D7 G

black vel - vet band. 2. | band.

2. As I went walking down Broadway,
not intending to stay very long,
I met with a frolicsome damson,
as she came tripping along.
A gold watch she pulled from her pocket
and she slipped it right into my hand,
and the very first day that I met her:
bad luck with the black velvet band.

Her eyes, they shone like diamonds . . . (Refrain)

3. Before judge and jury next morning
both of us had to appear;
a gentleman claimed his jewellery,
and the case was proven clear.
Seven long years transportation,
right down to "Van Dieman's Land",
far away from me friends and relations,
betrayed by the black velvet band.

Her eyes, they shone like diamonds . . . (Refrain)

Moony Marlis

Double Jig, non-stop!
J = 112

Music by:
John O'Brien-Docker

G C G C D

G C G D G

G D7 Em₃ D C G A7 D7

G D7 Em₃ B7 C G D7 G

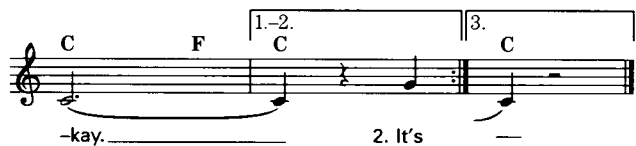
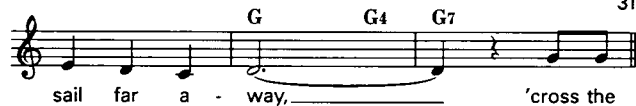
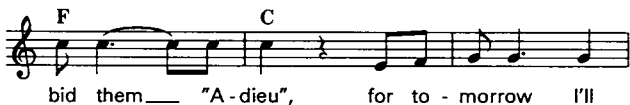
D7 G A7 D7

D7 G Am7 G Am₃ G

Shores Of Amerikay

Wistfully
♩ = 132

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker



2. It's not for the want of employment I'm going,
and it's not for the love of fame,
or that fortune bright may shine over me,
and give me a glorious name.
It's not for the want of employment I'm going,
o'er the weary and stormy sea,
but to seek a home for my own true love
on the shores of Amerikay.
3. And when I am bidding my last farewell
the tears, like rain, will blind.
To think of my friends in my own native land,
and the home I'm leaving behind.
But if I'm to die on a foreign land,
and be buried so far away,
no fond mother's tears will be shed o'er my grave
on the shores of Amerikay.

Leaving Of Liverpool

Sturdily
♩ = 100

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse

Fare - well to you, my_ own true love I am

go - ing far, far a - way. I am

bound for Ca - li - for - ni - a, and I

know that I'll re - turn some day. So_

fare - thee well, my_ own true love, for when

I re - turn u - ni - ted we will be. It's not the

leav - ing of Li - verpool that grieves me, but, my

1.+2.
(C) G7

dar - ling, when I think of thee. 2. I have

3.
C G7 C

dar - ling, when I *rit.* think of thee.

2. I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,
"Davy Crockett" is her name,
and her Captain's name is Burgess,
and they say that she's a floating hell.

(Refrain)

3. Oh, the sun is on the harbour, love,
and I wish I could remain,
for I know it will be a long, long time
before I see thee again.

(Refrain)

Muirshin Durkin

Fast Two Step
J = 240

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Verse



1. In the days I went a-courtin', I for-ev-er was re-



-sor-tin' to the ale-house and the jailhouse, and



many's the house be-sides! So I told me brother



Seamus: I'll go off and get right famous, and before I re-



-turn a-gain, I'll sail the whole world wide. So, it's


Refrain




goodbye, Muirshin Durkin, I'm sick and tired o' workin'. No



more I'll dig the pra-ties, no longer feel the cold, for as

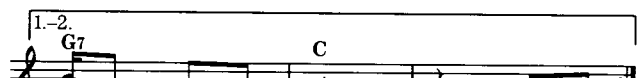


sure as me name is Clar-ney, I'll be off to Ca-li-for-



-ney, where in-stead of diggin' pra-ties, I'll be


1.-2.



dig-gin' chunks of gold!

2. Now, I've

3.



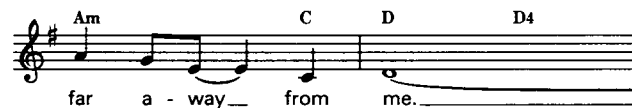
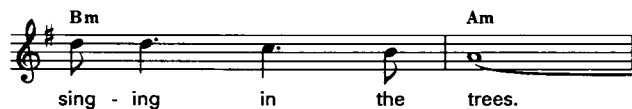
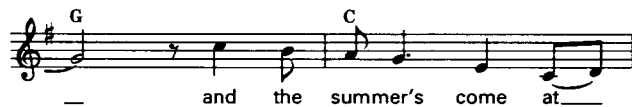
dig - gin' chunks of gold!

2. Now, I've courted girls in Blarney,
in Cantark and in Killarney,
in Cavan and in Queenstown,
that is the Cobh of Cork.
It's goodbye to all that leisure,
for I'm off to take me pleasure,
and the next thing you will hear from me
will be a post-card from New York, saying:
(Refrain)
3. It's goodbye to all the boys back home,
I'm sailing far across the foam,
I'm off to seek me fortune in far Amerikay.
There's gold and jewels a-plenty
for the poor and for the gentry,
and one day when I return again,
I never more will say:
(Refrain)

The Curragh Of Kildare

Slow and wistful
♩ = 112

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

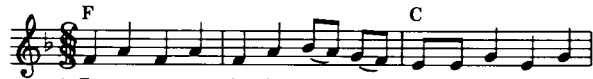


2. All you that are in love and cannot it remove,
I pity all the pain that you endure.
For experience let me know that your heart is full of woe.
It's a woe that no mortal can endure.
3. A livery I will wear, and I'll comb back all my hair,
and in velvet so green I will appear.
And straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare,
for it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

Galway Piper

Playful
♩ = 208

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker



1. Ev-ery person in the na - tion, whether of high or



humble sta - tion, holds in highest es - ti - ma - tion



Pi - ping Tim of Gal - way.



Lou - dly he can play or low, he can move you



fast or slow, touch your heart or turn your toe,



Piping Tim of Gal-way! Gal-way!

D. S.
al
fine

2. When the wedding bells are ringing,
Tim's the breath that leads the singing,
then in jigs the folks go swinging:
what a splendid piper!
He can blow from dark 'til dawn,
counting sleep a thing of scorn,
old is he, but not outworn,
Piping Tim of Galway. (*Instr.*)
3. When he walks the highway pealing,
round his head the birds come wheeling.
Tim has carols worth the stealing,
Piping Tim of Galway.
Thrush and linnet, finch and lark
call to each other: "Tim's there, hark!"
Soon they'll sing from light 'til dark
piping tunes of Galway. (*Instr.*)
4. Every person in the nation,
whether of high or humble station,
holds in highest estimation
Piping Tim of Galway!

Spencil Hill

Rolling Waltz

♩ = 208

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

1. Last night, as I lay dream - ing of
pleas - ant days gone by, me
mind's bein' bent on ram - bling, to
Ire - land I did fly. I
stepp'd on board a vis - ion, and I
foll - ow'd with a will, 'til
next I came to an - chor at the

1. - 4. C Dm
cross near Span - cil Hill. 2. 'Twas
5. C Dm
miles from Span - cil Hill.

2. 'Twas on the twenty-fourth of June, the day before the fair, when Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there. The young, the old, the brave and the bold came, their duty to fulfill at the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spencil Hill.
3. I went to see my neighbours, to see what they might say. The old ones they were dead and gone, the young ones turning grey. I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bald as ever still, for he used to make my britches, when I lived at Spencil Hill.
4. I paid a flying visit to my first and only love. She's as fair as any lily, and gentle as a dove. She threw her arms around me, crying: "Johnny I love you, still!" She was a farmer's daughter, the pride of Spencil Hill.
5. Well, I dreamt I hugged and kissed her, as in the days of yore. She said "Johnny, you're only joking, as many times before". The cock crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill, and I woke in California, many miles from Spencil Hill.

Botany Bay

Work song

♩ = 192

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker

Refrain

Farewell to your bricks and mor-tar, fare -
well to your dir-ty lies. Fare-well to your gangers
and gang planks, and to hell with your over-time! For the
good ship 'Rag - a-muffin', she's ly-in' at the
quay; to take out Pat with a shovel on his back to the
shores of Bo-ta-ny Bay. Hey! 1. I'm on my way down
to the quay, where the ship at an-chor lays, to com-

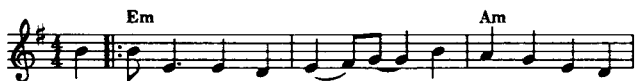
-mand a gang of navvies they told me to en -
-gage. I thought I'd drop in for a drink be -
-fore I went a-way, for to take a trip on an
em-i-grant ship to the shores of Bota-ny Bay. Hey! Fare -
shores _____ of Bo-ta-ny Bay.

- The boss came up this morning, he says: "Well Pat, you know, if you don't get your navvies out, I'm afraid you'll have to go." So I asked him for me wages, and demanded all me pay, for I told him straight: "I'm going to emigrate to the shores of Botany Bay." (Refrain)
- And when I reach Australia I'll go and look for gold. There's plenty there for the digging of, or so as I've been told. Or else, I'll go back to me trade, and a hundred bricks I'll lay. Because I live for an eight-hour shift on the shores of Botany Bay. (Refrain)

High Germany

Song of the 17th–18th century wars
♩ = 192

Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker



Oh, Colleen love, oh, Col-leen, the rout has just be-



-gun, and I must go a-marching to the beating of a



drum. Come, dress yourself all in your best and



come along with me, and I'll take you to the wars, me love, in



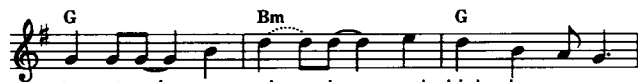
Hi-gh Ger-many. 1. I'll buy for you a



horse, me love, and on it you shall ride, and all of my de-



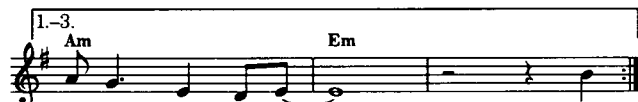
-light shall be in ri-ding by your side. We'll



stop at ev'ry ale-house and drink when we are



dry, we'll be true to one another and get



married by and by! Oh,



High Ger-man-y.

2. Oh, curséd be those cruel wars, that ever did they rise!
And out of merry England pass many a man likewise.
They took my true love from me, likewise my brothers three,
and they sent them to the wars m'love, in High Germany.
(Refrain)
3. My friends I do not value, and my foes I do not fear,
for now my fine love's left me and wanders far and near.
But when my baby it is born, and smiling on my knee,
I'll think of handsome Willie, in High Germany.
(Refrain)

Star Of The County Down

Light as the fairies
♩ = 168

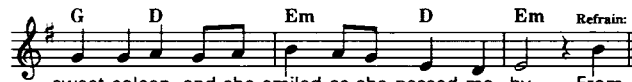
Traditional
Arrangement by
John O'Brien-Docker



1. Out of Banbridge town in the Coun - ty Down, one fine



morning of last Ju - ly, down a boren green came a



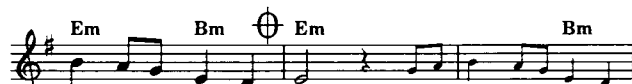
sweet coleen, and she smiled as she passed me by. From



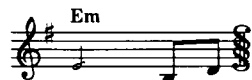
Bantry Bay up to Der-ry Quay and from Galway to Dub-lin_



Town, there's no maid I've seen like the brown coleen that I



met in the Coun - ty Down.



2. Well, she

D. S.
al
- -



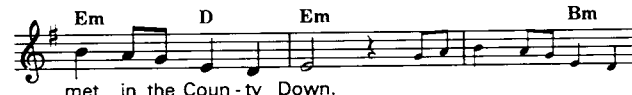
Down. From



Bantry Bay up to Der-ry Quay and from Galway to Dub-lin_



Town, there's no maid I've seen like the brown coleen that I



met in the Coun - ty Down.



3. As she met in the County Down!

2. Well, 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...(usw).
3. As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head and I looked with a feeling so rare. So I says, says I to a passer-by: "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?" He smiled at me and he said, said 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". From Bantry Bay...(usw).
4. At the harvest fair, she'll surely be there, so 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, 'til my plough is a rust-coloured brown: 'til a smiling bride by my own fireside sits the Star of the County Down. From Bantry Bay...(usw).