



Irish Drinking Songs

By Murphy's Marbles

Black Velvet Band, The
Traditional

Capo 5th Fret

There can be minor chords in this song we left them out to give an earthier feel to the story

C F
Well, in a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was
G
Bound

C G C
Many an hours sweet happiness, have I spent in that neat little town
F C F
A sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the
G
land

C G
Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet
C
band

C
Her eyes they shone like diamonds

F G
I thought her the queen of the land
C

And her hair it hung over her shoulder
G C

Tied up with a black velvet band

As I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay
When who should I see but this pretty fair maid came a prancing 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

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

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 gold watch she took from his pocket and placed it right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was bad zest to the black velvet band

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

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 relations, betrayed by the black velvet band"

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

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

C Am
As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
F C Am
I spied captain Farrell and his money he was counting
C Am
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
F C
Said "stand and deliver" I am a bold deceiver

Chorus:

C G
Asha ring-ama rue rum-a da
C F
Whack for my daddy-o. Whack for my daddy-o
C G C
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it came to a pretty penny
I put it in me napkin and took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she would never leave me
But the devils take the women for they never can be easy

(Chorus)

I went to Jenny's chamber for to take some slumber
I took the gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
For Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
Sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

(Chorus)

't was early in the morning, just an hour before I rose to travel
Up came a band of footmen and 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

(Chorus)

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

Capo 5th Fret

Am G Am
In the merry month of May from me home I started,
Am G Am G
Left the girls of Tuam sad and broken hearted,
Am G Am
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,
Am G Am G
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother,
Am
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,

G
Cut a stout black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins;
Am
In a brand new pair of brogues rattling o'er the bogs

G
And fright'ning all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

Am G Am
One, two, three four, five,
Am D G
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
Em Am G Am
all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de rah !

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
sinking;
Thats a Paddy's cure whenever he's on
drinking.
See the lassies smile, laughing all the
while
At me curious style, set my heart a
bubblin'
Asked me was I hired, wages I required,
I was almost tired of the rocky road to
Dublin.

One, two, three four, five,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky
road
all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de rah !

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a
pity
To be soon deprived a view of that fine
city.
So then I took a stroll, all among the
quality;
Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat
locality.
Something crossed me mind, when I
looked behind,
No bundle could I find upon me stick a
wobblin'
Enquiring for the rogue, they said me
Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to
Dublin.

One, two, three four, five,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky
road

all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de rah !

I got away from there, me spirits never
falling,
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was
sailing.
The Captain at me roared, no room said
he had he;
Then I jumped aboard, a cabin found for
Paddy.
Down among the pigs, played some hearty
rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round
me bubbling;
When off Holyhead I wished meself was
dead,
Or better for instead on the rocky road to
Dublin.

One, two, three four, five,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky
road
all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de rah !

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely
landed,
Called meself a fool, I could no longer
stand it.
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing;
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing.
"Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let
fly.
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I
was a hobble in,
With a load "hurray !" joined in the affray.
We soon cleared the way for the rocky
road to Dublin.
One, two, three four, five,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down
the rocky road and all the way to Dublin,
Whack follol de rah !

Mingulay Boat Song

*This song is in the key of F. It is played with a capo on the third fret
Using the chords of the key of D*

D Am G
Fill your ore boys let her go boys swing her helm round now all together
D Am G D
Fill your ore boys let her go boys we are sailing to Mingul-a-y
D Am G
What care we how wild the main-o what care we for wind or weather
D Am G D
Fill your ore boys let her go boys we are sailing to Mingul-a-y

Fill your ore boys let her go boys swing her helm round now all together
Fill your ore boys let her go boys we are sailing to Mingulay

Instrumental

Wives are waiting at the quayside looking seaward from the heather
Fill your ore boys let her go boys lest the sun sets on Mingulay

I can see the sea is raging trying to take my man from me row hard Johnny row hard one and
all to our arms and Mingulay

THE WILD ROVER

G C
I've been a wild rover for many a the year and
G D G
I've spent all my money on whisky and beer.
C
But now I'm returning with gold in great store and
G D G
I never will play the wild rover no more.
D G C
And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
G C G D G
will I play the wild rover no never no more.

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
and I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, She answered ne: "Nay,
Such a custom as yours I can get any day".

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover no never no more.

I put my hand in my pocket pulled out sovereigns bright
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight;
she said: "I have beer of the plenty and wine of the best
sure the words that I said were only in jest".

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
will I play the wild rover no never no more.

I'm going home to my parents confess what i have done
and I'll ask them to pardon the prodigal son,
and if they forgive me as oft-times before,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
will I play the wild rover no never no more.

BANKS OF THE ROSES

D A D
On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down
G D A D
And I took out me fiddle to play me love a tune
G D A Bm
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said
D G D A D
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, don't you leave me
D A D
O when I was a young man, I heard my father say
G D A D
He'd rather see me dead and buried in the clay
G D A D
Sooner than be married to any runaway
G D A D
By the lovely sweet banks of the roses

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down
And I took out me fiddle to play me love a tune
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, don't you leave me

Well then I am no runaway and soon I'll let them know
That I can take the bottle or leave it alone
And her Daddy that doesn't like it, he can keep his daughter home
And young Johnny will go roving with another

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down
And I took out me fiddle to play me love a tune
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, don't you leave me

And when I get married, t'will be in the month of May
When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay
And Me and me true love can sit and sport and play
On the lovely sweet banks of the roses

On the banks of the roses, my love and I sat down
And I took out me fiddle to play me love a tune
In the middle of the tune, O she sighed and she said
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, don't you leave me

Peggy Gordon

D A G D
Oh, Peggy Gordon you are my darling

G D A
Come sit you down upon my knee

G D G D
Come tell to me the very reason

G D A D
Why I am slighted so by thee

D G D
I'm so in love I can't deny it

G D A
My heart lies smothered in my breast

G D G D
It's not for you to let the world know

G D A D
A troubled mind can find no rest

I did put my head to a cask of brandy
It was my fancy I do declare
For when I'm drinking I am thinking
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

I wish I was away in Ingo
Far across the briny sea
Sailing o'er the deepest ocean
Where love nor care never bother me

I wish I was in some lonesome valley
Where womankind cannot be found
Where all the birds had different voices
and every moment a different tune

Oh, Peggy Gordon you are my darling
Come sit you down upon my knee
Come tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee

IRISH ROVER

G C
In the year of our Lord Eighteen hundred and six
G D
We set sail from the grand Cobh of Cork,
G C
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
C G D G
For the grand City Hall of New York.
Em Am D G
We'd a wonderful craft, She was rigged fore and aft, And oh how
Em Am D G
the trade winds drove her, She had twenty-three masts
C G D G
And she stood to the blast, And we called her the Irish Rover.

There was Barney McGee
From the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County Tyrone. There was young Mick McGurk
Who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from West Meath called Mellone.

There was Slugger O'Toole
Who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Casey from Dover. And young Mick Maben from the banks of the Ben was
skipper of the Irish Rover.

Chorus

We had one million bags
Of the best Sligo rags,
We had two million barrels of coal
We had three million bales
Of old nanny goats tails we had million barrels of port' We had five million dogs
And six million hogs,
And seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million sides of old blind horses hides aboard the Irish Rover.

Well we sailed seven years
And the measles broke out,
And the ship lost her way in a fog.
And the whole of the crew
was reduced unto two
Just myself and the Captain's old dog.

Well the ship struck on a rock lord what shock
it nearly turned right over.. It turned nine times around till the poor old dog was drowned
We're the last of the Irish Rover.

Danny Boy

A A7 D Bm

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

E A F#m Bm E

From glen to glen, and down the mountain side

A A7 D Bm

The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying

E A-F#m B E A-D-A

'Tis ye, 'tis ye must go and I must bide.

E A D A E

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow

C# F# m D A B7 E

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

A7 D A F#m

'Till I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow

F A F#m B E A-D-A

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

2nd verse

E A A7 D Bm

And when ye come, and all the flowers are dying

E A F#m E-B7-E

And I am dead, as dead I well may be

A A7 D Bm

Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying

E A/F#m Bm E A-D-A

And kneel and say an ave there for me

E A D A E

And I shall hear thou soft ye tread above me

C# F# m D A B7 E

And on my grave shall linger sweeter be

A7th D A F# m

Then ye will bend and tell me that ye love me

F A F# m B E F/Dm- Amaj7th

And I shall sleep in peace until ye come to me

