

GUS Final St. Paddy's Day Songs

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Wild Rover in G / <b>Wild Rover in D</b>



3/4  
G||| A7||| D||| |||

# Black Velvet Band p. 1

*Chorus:* Her eyes, they shown like the  
diamonds; you'd think she was queen of the  
land. And her hair hung over her shoulder,  
tied up with a black velvet band.

I. In a neat little town they called Belfast, apprenticed to  
trade I was bound, and many an hour's sweet happiness, I  
spent in that neat little town. Till bad misfortune came o'er  
me, that caused me to stray from the land. Far away from  
me friends and relations to follow the black velvet band.

*Chorus*

II. Well, I went out strolling one evening, not meanin'  
to go very far, when I met with a pretty young  
damsel who was sellin' her trade in the bar. When  
a watch, she took from a customer and slipped it  
right into my hand. Then the law came and put me  
in prison; bad luck to her black velvet band. *Chorus*



# Black Velvet Band p.2

III. Next morning before judge and jury, for a trial I had  
to appear, and the judge he says me young fellow, the case  
against you is quite clear. And seven long years is your  
sentence; you're goin' to Van Dieman's Land. Far away  
from your friends and relations, to follow the black velvet  
band. *Chorus*

*Chorus:* Her eyes, they shown like the  
diamonds; you'd think she was queen of the  
land. And her hair hung over her shoulder,  
tied up with a black velvet band.

IV. So come all ye jolly young fellows. I'll have you take  
warmin' by me. And whenever you're out on the liquor,  
me lads, beware of the pretty colleens. For they'll fill you  
with whiskey and porter, till you are not able to stand.  
And the very next thing that you know, me lads, you've  
landed in Van Dieman's Land. *Chorus X2*

2nd → ritardando

# Danny Boy [G]

key:G, artist:Johnny Cash writer:Fredrick Weatherly

Intro: **[G] [G7] [C] [Cm] [G] [D7] [G]** - first 2 lines

**[G]** Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the **[G7]** pipes are **[C]** calling  
**[Cm]**

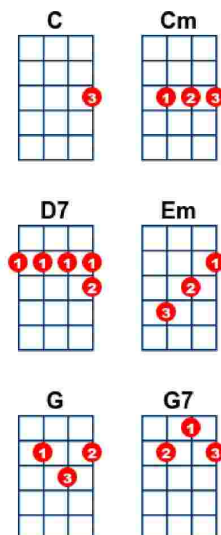
From glen to **[G]** glen and down the mountain- **[D7]**side  
The summer's **[G]** gone and **[G7]** all the roses **[C]** falli**[Cm]**ng  
It's you, It's **[G]** you must **[D7]** go and I must **[G]** bide

But come ye back when **[C]** summer's in the **[G]** meadow **[Em]**  
Or when the **[G]** valley's hu**[C]**shed and white with **[D7]** snow  
I'll be **[G]** here in **[C]** sunshine or in **[G]** shadow **[Em]**  
Oh Danny **[G]** Boy, oh Danny **[D7]** Boy, I love you **[G]** so

**[G]** But if you come and **[G7]** all the flowers are **[C]** dying **[Cm]**  
And I am **[G]** dead, and **[G7]** dead I well may be **[D7]**  
You'll come and **[G]** find the **[G7]** place where I am **[C]** lying **[Cm]**  
And kneel and **[G]** say an **[D7]** Ave there for me **[G]**

And I will know tho' **[C]** soft you tread a**[G]**bove me  
And all my **[G]** grave will **[C]** richer sweeter **[D7]** be  
And you'll bend **[G]** down and **[C]** tell me that you **[G]** love me **[Em]**  
And I will **[G]** rest in peace un**[D7]**til you come to **[G]** me

**[G] [D7] [G]**



# Dirty Old Town

*(Intro: Instrumental verse with strings on chorus)*

I. I found my love by the <sup>racet</sup> gas works croft. Dreamed a  
dream, by the old canal. I kissed my girl by the factory  
wall,

chorus: Dirty old town. Dirty old town.

II. I heard a siren from the docks. Saw a train set the  
night on fire. I smelled the spring on the Salford wind,

chorus

III. Clouds are drifting across the moon. Cats are  
prowling on their beats. Spring's a girl in the street at  
night, Chorus

IV. I'm going to make a good sharp axe. Shining steel  
tempered in the fire. I'll chop you down like an old  
dead tree, Chorus

*(Instrumental verse with strings on chorus)*

V. Repeat first verse.

Outro (slowly): Dirty old town. Dirty old town.

## Galway Bay

Recorded by Johnny Paycheck

Written by Arthur Colaham

G D7  
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland  
G  
Then maybe at the closing of your day C  
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh  
D7 G  
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay D7  
Just to hear again the rippling of the trout stream  
G  
See the women in the meadows making hay C  
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin  
D7 G  
And watch the barefoot gossoons at their play D7  
For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way  
G  
They scorn us just for being what we are C  
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams  
D7 G  
Or light a penny candle from a star D7  
And if there's going to be a life hereafter G  
And somehow I am sure there's going to be C  
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven  
D7 G  
In that dear land across the Irish sea  
D7 G  
So I can watch the sun go down on Galway Bay



## *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?/When Irish Eyes Are Smiling/My Wild Irish Rose*

G Has anybody here seen Kelly? C K, E, double L, Y!  
G A7  
 Has anybody here seen Kelly? Have you seen him/her  
D7 G D7  
 smile? Sure his/her hair is red, his/her eyes are blue,  
G D7 G  
 and he's/she's Irish through and through! Has anybody  
\*rit2 D7 G start 3/4 x4  
 here seen Kelly? Kelly from the Emerald Isle.

G When Irish eyes are smiling, sure 'tis like a morn C  
G C G E7 A7  
 in spring. In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the  
D G G7 C  
 angels sing. When Irish hearts are happy, all the world  
G \*rit2 C G E7  
 seems bright and gay, and when Irish eyes are smiling,  
A7 D7 G  
 sure, they steal your heart away. *(repeat)*

G D G-G7 C D7  
 My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that  
G D7 G D7  
 grows. You may search everywhere, but none can  
G A7 D7 G D G-G7  
 compare with my wild Irish Rose. My wild Irish Rose,  
C D7 G D7  
 the dearest flower that grows. And someday for my  
G D7 G A7 D7  
 sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild  
G  
 Irish Rose. *(reprise "Kelly" with female pronouns)*

## Irish Medley

3/4

### When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

G G7 C  
When Irish eyes are smiling, sure 'tis like a morn in  
G C G E7 A7  
spring. In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the  
D G G7  
angels sing. When Irish hearts are happy, all the  
C G \* C  
world seems bright and gay, and when Irish eyes are  
G E7 A7 D7 G  
smiling, sure, they steal your heart away. (repeat, rit. ★)

### My Wild Irish Rose

G D G-G7 C D7 G  
My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.  
D7 G D7 G  
You may search everywhere, but none can compare  
A7 D7  
with my wild Irish Rose.  
G D G-G7 C D7 G  
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows.  
D7 G D7 G rit  
And someday for my sake, she may let me take the  
A7 D7 G  
bloom from my wild Irish Rose.



# I'm Looking over a Four-Leaf Clover

<sup>G</sup>  
I'm looking over a four-leaf clover that I <sup>A7</sup>  
overlooked before!

<sup>D7</sup> One leaf is sunshine, the <sup>G</sup> second is <sup>E7</sup> rain.  
<sup>A7</sup> The third is the roses that <sup>D7</sup> grow in the  
lane!

<sup>G</sup>  
No need explaining, the one remaining,  
<sup>A7</sup>  
is somebody I adore.

<sup>C</sup> I'm looking over a four-leaf clover, that I <sup>G</sup> <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> overlooked before.

*Instrumental of 1st and 4th parts above.*

*Repeat song*

<sup>C</sup>  
*Outro (loud and schmaltzy):* Yes, I'm looking  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>A7/G</sup>  
over a four-leaf clover, *ritardando* that I overlooked before!

# Molly Malone

I. In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty, I  
 first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone. As she  
 wheeled her wheel-barrow...

*chorus*...through streets broad and narrow,  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"  
 Alive, alive, oh! Alive, alive, oh!  
 Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

*} repeat on final chorus*

II. She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,  
 for so were her father and mother before, and they both  
 wheeled their barrows...*chorus*

III. She died of a fever, and no one could save her, and  
 that was the end of sweet Molly Malone. But her ghost  
 wheels her barrow...*chorus*

## The Tempest

I. We are all born free but forever live in chains, and we  
battle through existence on and on! We'll take whatever  
comes to be, while keeping hopeful melody, and we'll  
cruise through the darkness until the warmth of dawn.

*chorus:* So, row, row, ya bastards! Ya never can tell!  
Through water like glass, above a briny hell! So, row  
and a-hollar, come give'er all you can! Or the sea  
she will best us; we'll never see the land.

II. We carry on the burden and we hide our grimace well,  
for the day will come for us to mutiny. But as long as we  
survive, our hope and pride they can't deprive, and we'll  
carry on our melody to sing in harmony. *chorus*

III. We are wracked from the hardships, exhausted by the  
years. We can still escape this barren misery. But even  
with our shackled wrists, we can fight our way through  
this, and we'll power all aboard the ship to total liberty!

*chorus*

# The Unicorn Song p. 1

OK to substitute F for Dm

I. A long time ago, when the earth was still green, there were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen. They'd run around free while the earth was being born, but the loveliest of all was the unicorn. There was...

*chorus*...green alligators and long-necked geese, some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees, some cats and rats and elephants... but sure as you're born, the loveliest of all was the unicorn.

II. Now God seen some sinnin' and it gave him pain, and he says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain!" He says, "Hey, brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do; build me a floating zoo. And take some of them..."

*chorus*...but sure as you're born, don't you forget my unicorn"

III. Old Noah was there to answer the call. He finished up making the ark just as the rain started fallin'. He marched in the animals two by two, and he called out as they went through, "Hey, Lord, I've got your..."

*chorus*...but Lord, I'm so forlorn; I just can't see no unicorn."



# The Unicorn Song p. 2

IV. Then Noah looked out through the driving rain. Them  
 unicorns was hiding, playing silly games. Kicking and  
 splashing while the rain was pouring. Oh, them silly  
 unicorns. There was...

*chorus...* green alligators and long-necked geese, some  
 humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees. Noah  
 cried, "Close the doors 'cause the rain is pourin', and we  
 just can't wait for no unicorns."

V. The ark started movin'; it drifted with the tide. Them  
 unicorns looked up from their rocks and they cried. And the  
 waters came down and sort of floated them away. And that's  
 why you'll never see a unicorn, to this very day. You'll see...

*chorus...* green alligators and long-necked geese, some  
 humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees, some  
 cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born,  
 you're never gonna see no uuu-nii-corn!

# The Worst Day Since Yesterday

I. Well, I know I miss more than hit, with a face that was  
 launched to sink. And I seldom feel the bright relief...

→ *chorus...It's been the worst day since yesterday.*

II. If there's one thing I have said, it's that the dreams I once  
 had now lay in bed. As the four winds blow my wits through  
 the door...*chorus*

(*bridge I*) Falling down to you, sweet ground, where the  
 flowers they bloom; well, it's there I'll be found. Hurry back  
 to me, my wild colleen...*chorus* ↑

III. Though these wounds have seen no wars, except for the  
 scars I have ignored. And this endless crutch, well, it's never  
 enough...*chorus* ↑

(*bridge II*) Hell says hello, well, it's time I should go, to  
 pastures green that I've yet to see. Hurry back to me, my  
 wild colleen...*chorus*

(*outro*) It's been the worst day since yesterday.

It's been the worst day since yesterday.



# Whiskey in the Jar p. 1

I. As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains. I  
met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting.  
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier.  
Saying, "Stand and deliver," for he were a bold deceiver.

*chorus:* Mush-a ring, dumb-a do, dumb-a da!

(4 claps). Wack fall the daddy-o, (2 claps) wack fall  
the daddy-o. There's whiskey in the jar!

II. 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  
sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me,  
but the devil take the women for they never can be easy!

*chorus*

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



# Whiskey in the Jar p. 2

IV. And twas <sup>C</sup> early in the morning, just before I rose to <sup>Am</sup>  
 travel. Up <sup>F</sup> comes a band of footmen and likewise <sup>C</sup> Captain  
<sup>G</sup> Farrell. I first produced me pistol for she <sup>Am</sup> stole away me  
 rapier. I couldn't shoot the water, so a <sup>C</sup> prisoner I was  
 taken.

<sup>G</sup>  
*chorus:* Mush-a ring, dumb-a do, dumb-a da!  
 (4 claps). <sup>C</sup> Wack fall the daddy-o, (2 claps) <sup>F</sup> wack fall } 2x  
 the daddy-o. There's <sup>C</sup> whiskey in the jar! <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> } on  
 final  
 chorus

V. There's <sup>C</sup> some take delight in the <sup>Am</sup> carriages a rolling,  
 and others take delight in the <sup>C</sup> hurling and the <sup>G</sup> bowling, but  
<sup>C</sup> I take delight in the <sup>Am</sup> juice of the barley, and <sup>F</sup> courting pretty  
 fair maids in the morning bright and early. *chorus*

VI. And <sup>C</sup> if anyone can aid me, tis my <sup>Am</sup> brother in the army.  
 If I can find his station in <sup>C</sup> Cork or in <sup>G</sup> Killarney. And if  
<sup>C</sup> he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenney. And  
<sup>F</sup> I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own <sup>C</sup> a-sporting  
 Jenny. *chorus*

# Wild Rover [Key of G]

artist: The Dubliners Traditional d – ud / d – ud / d – ud / d – ud

I've [G] been a wild rover for many a [C] year

I [G] spent all me [C] money on [D7] whiskey and [G] beer

But [G] now I'm returning with gold in great [C] store

And [G] I never will [C] play the wild (D7) rover no [G] more

And it's [D7] no nay never, [G] no nay never no [C] more

Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, no [D7] never, no [G] more

I [G] went in to an alehouse I used to fre[C]quent

And I [G] told the land[C] lady me [D7] money was [G] spent

I [G] asked her for credit, she answered me "[C] Nay!"

"Such [G] custom as [C] yours I could [D7] have any [G] day!"

And it's [D7] no nay never, [G] no nay never no [C] more

Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, no [D7] never, no [G] more

I [G] took out of me pocket ten sovereigns [C] bright

And the [G] landlady's [C] eyes opened [D7] wide with de[G] light

She [G] said: "I have whiskeys and wines on the [C] best!"

And the [G] words that I [C] told you were [D7] only in [G] jest!"

And it's [D7] no nay never, [G] no nay never no [C] more

Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, no [D7] never, no [G] more

I'll go [G] home to my parents, confess what I've [C] done



And [G] ask them to [C] pardon their [D7] prodigal [G] son

And [G] when they've caressed me as oftimes be[C]fore

I [G] never will [C] play the wild [D7] rover no [G] more.

And it's [D7] no nay never,[G] no nay never no [C]more

Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, no [D7] never, no [G] more

And it's [D7] no nay never,[G] no nay never no [C]more

Will I [G] play the wild [C] rover, no [D7] never, no [G] more

## The Wild Rover

I. I've been a wild rover for many's the year,  
 And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer.  
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
 And I never will play the wild rover no more.

*Chorus:* And it's no, nay, never.\*\*\* No, nay never no  
 more, will I play the wild rover, no never, no more.

II. I went to an alehouse I used to frequent;  
 I told the landlady my money was spent.

I ask her for credit, she answered me, "Nay;  
 Such a custom as yours I can have any day." *Chorus*

III. I brought from me pocket ten sovereigns bright,  
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.

She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,  
 And the words that I told you were only in jest." *Chrs*

IV. 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've caressed me, as oft times before,  
 I never will play the wild rover no more. *Chorus X 2*