

HEAVE YA HO

D

Man yer boats and leave the Whale

A

D

What care we for calm or gale

D

Aye tak a drink as long as ye can

A

D

A

Brandy's guid amangst the ale.

G

D

Heave ya ho and away we'll go

A D

Heave ya ho and away-o

G

D

Heave ya ho and away we'll go

A D

Heave ya ho and away-o.

D

Wave tae yer lass they're a' the same

A

D

Mag and Meg and Jeannie and Jane

D

Oh how they laugh when we hae fish

A

D

A

But oh how they gim when we hae nane.

D

Lady Twynfords lang tails

A

D

Comin' doon the brae-o

D

An she maun get a' the cream oh the milk

A

D A

An we maun get a' the way-o.

D

What care we for wind or storm

A

D

What care we for gale-o

D

Gin we maun haul a' the creel ower the side

A

D A

We'll drink the milk oh the whale-o.

HI FOR THE BEGGARMAN

D

The night being dark and very cold,

A

A woman took pity on a poor soul.

D

She took pity on a poor old soul

A D

And asked him to come in.

D

With a tooroo, rooroo, rantin hi,

A

A tooroo, rooroo, rantin hi,

D

Tooroo, rooroo rantin hi,

A D

And hi for the beggarman.

D

He sat him down in a chimney nook;

A

He hung his coat up on a hook.

D

He hung his coat up on a hook,

A D

And merrily he did sing.

D

In the middle of the night the old woman rose;

A

She missed the beggarman and all his clothes.

D

She clapped and clapped and clapped again,

A D

Says, "He has my daughter gone!"

D

Three long years have passed and gone,

A

When this old man came back again,

D

Asking for a charity:

A D

"Would you lodge a beggarman?"

D

"I never lodged any but the one,

A

And with that one me daughter's gone,

A

With that one me daughter's gone

A D

So merrily you may gang."

D

"Would you like to see your daughter now,

A

With two babies on her knee,

D

With two babies on her knee

A D

And another coming on?"

D

"For yonder she sits and yonder she stands,

A

The finest lady in all the land;

D

Servants there at her command

A D

Since she went with the beggarman."

THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA

D **G** **D**
Gather up the pots and the old tin can,
G **A**
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran,
D **G** **D**
Run like the devil from the excise man,
A **D**
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney.

D **G** **D**
Keep your eyes well peeled today
G **A**
The excise man is on his way,
D **G** **D**
Searching for the mountain tay
A **D**
In the hills of Connemara.

D **G** **D**
Swing to the left and swing to the right,
G **A**
The excise man will dance all night
D **G** **D**
Drinking up the tay till the broad daylight,
A **D**
In the hills of Connemara.

D **G** **D**
A gallon for the butcher, a quart for Tom
G **A**
A bottle for poor old father John,
D **G** **D**
To help the poor old man along,
A D
In the hills of Connemara.

D **G** **D**
Stand your ground, it is too late,
G **A**
The excise man is at the gate,
D **G** **D**
Glory be to God, he's drinking it nate,
A D
In the hills of Connemara.

HOME BOYS HOME

Oh, well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a sailin' on the main.

To gain the good will of his captain's good name?

He came ashore one evening for to be,
And that was the beginning of my own true love and me.

And it's home, boys, home, home I'd like to be
Home for a while in me own country
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all agrowin' green in the old country.

Well I asked her for a candle for to light me up to bed
And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around me head.
She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do,
So then I says to her, 'Now won't you leap in with me too?'

Well she jumped into bed, making no alarm,
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm.
Well I hugged her and I kissed her the whole night long,
Till she wished the short night had been nine years long.

G **C** **G**
Well early next morning the sailor lad arose
D **G**
And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold
D7 **G** **D7**
Saying, 'Take this me dear for the mischief that I've done
G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son

G **C** **G**
'Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse,
D **G**
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse,
D7 **G** **D7**
And if it be a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue
G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
And go climbing up the rigging; like his daddy used to do.'

G **C** **G**
Oh come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me,
D **G**
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee,
D7 **G** **D7**
For I trusted one and he beguiled me,
G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee.

HOME BY BE'ARNA

Am

In Scartaglen there lived a lass

G

And every Sunday after mass

Am

She would go and take a glass

G

Am

Before goin' home by Be'arna

Am

We won't go home along the road

G

For fear that you might act the rogue

Am

We won't go home along the road

G

Am

We'll go home by Be'arna

Am

We won't go home across the fields

G

The big thornins could stick in our heels

Am

We won't go home across the fields

G

Am

So we'll go home by Be'arna

Am

We won't go home across the bog

G

For fear we might meet Kearney's dog

Am

We won't go home across the bog

G

Am

But we'll go home by Be'arna

Am

We won't go down the milk boreen

G

The night is bright we might be seen

Am

We won't go down the milk boreen

G

Am

But we'll go home by Be'arna

Am

We won't go home around the glen

G

For fear your blood might rise again

Am

We won't go home around the glen

G

Am

We'll go home by Be'arna

