

THE RAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES

(capo 1st fret)

Am

Three gypsies stood at the castle gate,

G Em

They sang so high, they sang so low,

G Am Em F

The lady sat in her chamber late,

Am G Am

Her heart it melted away as snow.

Am

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,

G Em

That fast her tears began to flow

G Am Em F

And she laid down her silken gown

Am G Am

Her golden rings and all her show.

Am

She pluck-ed off her high-heeled shoes,

G Em

A-made of Spanish leather, O

G Am Em F

She went in the street with her bare, bare feet;

Am G Am

All out in the wind and the weather, O.

Am

O saddle to me my milk-white steed,

G Em

And go and fetch my pony, O

G Am Em F

That I may ride and seek my bride,

Am G Am

Who is gone with the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

Am

O he rode high and he rode low,

G Em

He rode through wood and copses too,

G Am Em F

Until he came to an open field,

Am G Am

And there he espied his lady, O.

Am

What makes you leave your house and land

G Em

Your golden treasures for to go

G Am Em F

What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,

Am G Am

To follow the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

Am

What care I for my house and my land

G Em

What care I for my treasure, O

G Am Em F

What care I for my new-wedded lord,

Am G Am

I'm off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

Am

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,

G Em

With the sheets turned down so bravely, O

G Am Em F

And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,

Am G Am

Along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

Am

What care I for a goose-feather bed

G Em

With the sheet turned down so bravely, O

G Am Em F

For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,

Am G Am

Along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O.

RAGLAN ROAD

D G D
On Raglan Road on an autumn day I saw her first and knew,

G D A
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue.

G D A
I saw the danger yet I walked along the enchanted way.

D G D
And I said let grief be a fallen leaf at the dawning of the day.

D G D
On Grafton Street in November we tripped lightly along the ledge

G D A
Of a deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passion's pledge.

G D A
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts, and I not making hay.

D G D
Oh, I loved too much by such by such, is happiness blown away.

D G D
I gave her gifts of the mind, I gave her the secret sign that's known

G D A
To the artists who have known the true gods of sound and stone.

G D A
And word and tint I did not stint, I gave her poems to say.

D G D
With her own name there and her dark hair, like clouds over fields of May.

Instrumental

D G D
On a quiet street where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now

G D A
Away from me so hurriedly, my reason must allow.

G D A
That I had wooed not as I should, a creature made of clay.

D G D
When the angel woos the clay he'll lose his wings at the dawn of day.

THE REASON I LEFT MULLINGAR

Bm **F#m G D**
I walked thro' this city a stranger

C G D A
In the land I can never call home.

Bm F#m G D
I curse the sad notion that caused me

Bm A
In search for my fortune to roam.

Bm F#m G D
I'm weary of working and drinking
C G D A

And a week's wages left in the bar
Bm F#m G D
And God it's a shame for to use a friends name

Bm Bm7 A
Just to beg for the price of a jar.

Bm F#m G D
I remember that bright April morning

C G D A
When I left home to travel a-far.

Bm F#m
But to work till you're dead

G D
For one room and a bed

G A D
Is not the reason I left Mullingar.

Bm F#m G D
This London's a city of heartbreak
C G D A
On Friday there's friends by the score,
Bm F#m G D
But when the pay's finished on Monday
Bm A
A friend's not a friend anymore.
Bm F#m G D
For the working day seems never ending
C G D A
From the shovel and pick there's no break
Bm F#m G D
And when you're not working, your spending
Bm Bm7 A
The fortune you left home to make.

Bm F#m G D
And for every man here that finds fortune
C G D A
And comes home to tell of the tale,
Bm F#m G D
Each morning the Broadway is crowded
Bm A
With many the thousands who fail.
Bm F#m G D
So young men of Ireland take warning
C G D A
In London you never will find
Bm F#m G D
The gold at the end of the rainbow
Bm Bm7 A
You might just have left it behind.

REILLY'S DAUGHTER

G

As I was sitting by the fire

C

Eating spuds and drinking porter

G

Suddenly a thought came into my mind

C

I'd like to marry old Reilly's daughter.

G

Giddy I-ae Giddy I-ae Giddy I-ae for the one eyed Reilly

C

G

Giddy I-ae (**Bang Bang Bang**) play it on your old bass drum.

G

Reilly played on the big bass drum

C

Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter

G

Reilly had a bright red glittering eye

C

And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter.

G

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue

C

The colonel, and the major and the captain sought her

G

The sergeant, and the private and the drummer-boy too

C

But they never had a chance with Reilly's daughter.

G

I got me a ring and a parson too

C

Got me a scratch in a married quarter

G

Settled me down to a peaceful life

C

Happy as a king with Reilly's daughter.

G

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs

C

Who should it be but Reilly out for a slaughter

G

With two pistols in his hands

C

Looking for the man who had married his daughter.

G

I caught old Reilly by the hair

C

Rammed his head in a pail of water

G

Fired his pistols into the air

C

A damned sight quicker than I married his daughter.

RINGSEND ROSE

C **F**
In Irishtown there lives a girl
C **G7**
Fairer than the flower I'm wearing
C **F**
Rose Donaghue all fresh and new
C **G7** **C**
And I love her passed all caring.

C **F**
And there she goes my Ringsend Rose
C **G7**
In God's garden there's none rarer
C **F**
And there she goes my Ringsend Rose
C **G7** **C**
Dublin town has seen none fairer.

D **G**
Sweet seventeen my seam stress queen
D **A**
She's no bigger than a thimble
D **G**
Soft saddend skin street Erin's grin
D **A** **D**
And she makes my world so simple.

D **G**
And there she goes my Ringsend Rose
D **A**
In God's garden there's none rarer
D **G**
And there she goes my Ringsend Rose
D **A** **D**
Dublin town has seen none fairer.

E **A**
Three arts of lace I'll walk with grace
E **H7**
And a golden ring she's asking
E **A**
I'm safe and slow but still I know
E **H7** **E**
That her love is ever lasting.

E **A**
And there she goes my Ringsend Rose
E **H7**
In God's garden there's none rarer
E **A**
And there she goes my Ringsend Rose
E **H7** **E**
Dublin town has seen none fairer.

THE ROAD AND THE MILES TO DUNDEE

C **F** **C**
Cauld winter was howlin' o'er moor and o'er mountain
F **C** **G**
And wild was the surge of the dark rolling sea,
C **F** **C**
When I met about daybreak a bonnie young lassie,
F **C** **G** **C**
Wha asked me the road and the miles to Dundee.

C **F** **C**
Says I, "My young lassie, I canna' weel tell ye
F **C** **G**
The road and the distance I canna' weel gie.
C **F** **C**
But if you'll permit me tae gang a wee bittie,
F **C** **G** **C**
I'll show ye the road and the miles to Dundee".

C **F** **C**
At once she consented and gave me her arm,
F **C** **G**
Ne'er a word did I speir wha the lassie micht be,
C **F** **C**
She appeared like an angel in feature and form,
F **C** **G** **C**
As she walked by my side on the road to Dundee.

C **F** **C**
 At length wi' the Howe o' Strathmartine behind us,
F **C** **G**
 The spires o' the toon in full view we could see,
C **F** **C**
 She said "Gentle Sir, I can never forget ye
F **C** **G** **C**
 For showing me far on the road to Dundee".

C **F** **C**
 I took the gowd pin from the scarf on my bosom
F **C** **G**
 And said "Keep ye this in remembrance o' me
C **F** **C**
 Then bravely I kissed the sweet lips o' the lassie,
F **C** **G** **C**
 E'er I parted wi' her on the road to Dundee.

C **F** **C**
 So here's to the lassie, I ne'er can forget her,
F **C** **G**
 And lika young laddie that's list'rling to me,
C **F** **C**
 O never be sweer to convoy a young lassie
F **C** **G** **C**
 Though it's only to show her the road to Dundee.

gie = give

list'rling = listening

speir = speak

sweer = unwilling

gowd = gold

RODDY McCORLEY

(Capo im 3, Bund)

D **G** **D**
See the fleet foot host of men that speed with faces wan,
D **G** **D** **A**
From farmstead and from fisher's cot along the banks of Bann,
D **G** **D** **A**
They come with vengeance in their eyes too late too late are they.
D **G** **D**
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

D **G** **D**
Up the narrow street he steps smiling proud and young.
D **G** **D** **A**
About the hemp rope on his neck the golden ringlets clung
D **G** **D** **A**
There was never a tear in his blue eye, both sad and bright are they,
D **G** **D**
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

D **G** **D**
When he last stepped up that street, his shining pike in hand,
D **G** **D** **A**
Behind him marched in grim array a stalwart, earnest band.
D **G** **D** **A**
For Antrim town, for Antrim town, he led them to the fray,
D **G** **D**
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

D **G** **D**
There was never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray
D **G** **D** **A**
Than he who marches to his fate on the bridge of Toome today.
D **G** **D** **A**
True to the last, true to the last, he treads the upward way
D **G** **D**
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

THE ROSE OF MOONCOIN

This beautiful love song written by Seamus Kavanagh is set in Mooncoin, Co. Kilkenny.

A **E7** **A**
Oh how sweet 'tis to roam by the sunny Suir stream,
E7 **A** **E7**
And to hear the dove coo 'neath the morning sunbeam.
A **E7** **A**
Where the thrush and the robin their sweet notes entwine,
E7 **A**
On the banks of the Suir that flows down by Mooncoin.

A **E7** **A**
Flow on lovely river flow gently along
E7 **A**
By your waters so sweet, sounds the lark's merry song
A **E7** **A**
On your green banks I'll wander where first I did join
E7 **A**
With you lovely Molly, the Rose of Mooncoin.

A **E7** **A**
Oh! Molly, dear Molly, it breaks my fond heart
E7 **A** **E7**
To know that we two for ever must part
A **E7** **A**
I'll think of you, Molly, while sun and moon shine
E7 **A**
On the banks of the Suir that flows down by Mooncoin.

A **E7** **A**
She has sailed far away o'er the dark rolling foam
E7 **A** **E7**
Far away from the hills of her dear Irish home
A **E7** **A**
Where the fisherman sports with his small boat and line
E7 **A**
On the banks of the Suir that flows down by Mooncoin.

A **E7** **A**
Then here's to the Suir with it's valleys so fair
E7 **A** **E7**
As oft' times we wandered in the cool morning air
A **E7** **A**
Where the roses are blooming and lilies entwined
E7 **A**
On the banks of the Suir that flows down by Mooncoin.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE

G **G7** **C** **G**
The pale moon was rising above the green mountains
 A7 **D7**
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea
 G **G7** **C** **G**
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain
 C **G** **D** **G**
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee

Em **B**
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer
 Em **D9-7**
Yet it was not her beauty alone that won me
 G **G7** **C** **G**
Oh, no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning
 C **G** **D** **D7 G**
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

G **G7** **C** **G**
The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading
 A7 **D7**
And Mary, all smiling, sat listening to me
 G **G7** **C** **G**
The moon through the valley her pale rays was shedding
 C **G** **D** **G**
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

