

SAM HALL

This song tells of a highwayman hanged in 1701.

E **A** **E** **B7**
Oh my name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep

E **A** **E**
Oh my name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep.

A **E** **B7**
Oh my name it is Sam Hall and I've robbed both rich and small

E **A** **E** **B7**
And my neck will pay for all when I die, when I die

E **A** **E**
And my neck will pay for all when I die.

E **A** **E** **B7**
Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart, in a cart

E **A** **E**
Oh they took me to Cootehill, in a cart

A **E** **B7**
Oh they took me to Cootehill and 'twas there I made my will,

E **A** **E** **B7**
For the best of friends must part, so must I, so must I,

E **A** **E**
For the best of friends must part, so must I.

E **A** **E** **B7**
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke,

E **A** **E**
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke.

A **E** **B7**
Up the ladder I did grope, and the hangman pulled his rope,

E **A** **E** **B7**
And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down, tumbling down,

E **A** **E**
And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down.

(Repeat first verse)

SMUGGLER

Words and Music: Ian McCalman

G **D** **G** **C** **G** **D**
The boat lies South of Ailsa Craig in the waning of the light,
C **D** **G** **Em** **D** **C** **G**
There's thirty men in Lendalfit to make our burdens light,
G **D** **G** **C** **G** **D**
And there's thirty horse at Hazelholm, with the halters on their heids,
C **D** **G** **Em** **D** **C** **G**
All set this night upon yon height, if wind and water speeds.

Em **G**
Smugglers drink of the Frenchman's wine,
D
And the darkest night is the smuggler's time.

C **D** **G** **Em**
Away we ran from the excise man,
G **Em** **C**
It's a smuggler's life for me,
G **D** **G**
It's a smuggler's life for me.

G **D** **G** **C** **G** **D**
Oh, lass ye hae a cosy bed and cattle ye have ten,
C **D** **G** **Em** **D** **C** **G**
Can ye no live a lawful life and live wi` lawful men?
G **D** **G** **C** **G** **D**
But must I live with hamely goods when there`s foreign gear sae fine,
C **D** **G** **Em** **D** **C** **G**
Must I drink at the waterside, and France sae full of wine?

G D G C G D

And when at last the sun comes up and the cargo's safely stored,

C D G Em D C G

Like sinless saints to church we'll go, God's mercy to afford,

G D G C G D

And there's champagne fine for communion wine, and the parson drinks it too

C D G Em D C G

With a sly wink prays "Forgive these men, for they know not what they do."

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

D **Bm** **D** **A**
Saint Patrick was a gentleman, he came from decent people.

D **Bm** **D** **A** **D**
In Dublin town he built a church and on it put a steeple

Bm **G** **D** **A**
His father was a Callahan, his mother was a Grady,

Bm **G** **D** **A** **D**
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy, and his uncle was a Brady.

Bm **D** **A**
Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist. He was a saint so clever.

D **Bm** **D** **A** **D**
He gave the snakes an awful twist and banished them for ever.

D **Bm** **D** **A**
There's not a smile in Ireland's Isle where the dirty vermin musters,

D **Bm** **D** **A** **D**
Where'er he put his dear forefoot he murder'd them in clusters.

Bm **G** **D** **A**
The toads went hop, the frogs went plop, slap dash into the water,

Bm **G** **D** **A** **D**
And the beasts committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter.

D **Bm** **D** **A**
Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he charm'd with sweet discourses,

D **Bm** **D** **A** **D**
And dined on them at Killaloo in soups and second courses.

Bm **G** **D** **A**
When blind worms crawling on the grass disgusted all the nation,

Bm **G** **D** **A** **D**
He gave them a rise and open'd their eyes to a sense of their situation.

D

Bm

D

A

The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill of Howth, sir,

D

Bm

D

A

D

But there's a hill much higher still, Ay, higher than them both, sir.

Bm

G

D

A

'Twas on the top of his hill St. Patrick preach'd the "sarmint,"

Bm

G

D

A

D

That drove the frogs into the bogs, and bothered all the "varmint."

SLIEVENAMON

D **D7** **G**
Alone, all alone, by the wave-wash'd strand

A7 **D** **Dsus4** **A**
All alone in a crowded hall.

D **D7** **G**
The hall it is gay and the waves they are grand

A7 **D** **Dsus4** **D**
But my heart is not here at all.

A7 **D** **Bm**
It flies far away, by night and by day,

E **A** **A7** **A6** **A**
To the time and the joys that are gone.

D **D7** **G**
And I never can forget the sweet maiden I met,

A7 **D** **A**
In the valley near Slievenamon.

D **D7G**
It was not the grace of her queenly air

A7 **D** **Dsus4** **A**
Nor her cheek of the rose's glow.

D **D7** **G**
Nor her soft black eyes, nor her flowing hair

A7 **D** **Dsus4** **D**
Nor was it her lily-white brow.

A7 **D** **Bm**
'Twas the soul of truth and of melting ruth,

E **A** **A7** **A6** **A**
And the smile of summer's dawn

D **D7** **G**
That stole my heart away, one mild summer day,

A7 **D** **A**
In the valley near Slievenamon.

D **D7** **G**
In the festive hall, by the star-watched shore

A7 **D** **Dsus4** **A**
My restless spirit cries:

D **D7** **G**
'My love, oh my love, shall I ne'er see you more,

A7 **D** **Dsus4** **D**
And my land, will you never uprising?

A7 **D** **Bm**
By night and by day I ever, ever pray,

E **A** **A7** **A6** **A**
While lonely my life flows on

D **D7** **G**
To our flag unrolled and my true love to enfold,

A7 **DA**
|:In the valley near Slievenamon.:|

SONG OF THE CELTS

Am

There's a blossom that blows, that scoffs at the snows

G

And it faces root fast the rage of the blast

Am

It sweetens the sod no slave ever trod

G

Am

Since the mountains upheared their altars to God

Am

The flower of the free, the heather, the heather

G

The Bretons and Scots and Irish together

Am

The Manx and the Welsh and Cornish forever

G

Am

Six nations are we all Celtic and free

Am

Our blossom is red as the life's blood we shed

G

For liberty's cause against alien laws

Am

When Lochiel and O'Neill and Llewellyn drew steel

G

Am

For Alba's and Erin's and Cambria's weal

Am

Let the Saxon and Dane bear the rule o'er the plain

G

On the hem of God's robe is our scepter and globe

Am

For the Lord of all light revealed in his height

G

Am

For heaven and earth rose up in his sight

THE SPANISH LADY

G **Em** **C** **D7**
As I went down to Dublin city at the hour of twelve at night,
G **Em** **C** **D7**
Who should I see but a Spanish lady, washing her feet by candlelight.
G **D7** **G** **D7**
First she washed them, then she dried them over a fire of amber coal,
G **Em** **C** **D7**
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet about the soul.

G **Em**
|:Whack fol the toora, toora, lady,
C **D7**
Whack fol the toora looralay.:|

G **Em** **C** **D7**
As I came back to Dublin city at the hour of half past eight
G **Em** **C** **D7**
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady brushing her hair in the broad daylight
G **D7** **G** **D7**
First she tossed it, then she brushed it on her lap was a silver comb
G **Em** **C** **D7**
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so fair since I did roam.

G **Em** **C** **D7**
As I went back to Dublin city as the sun begun to set
G **Em** **C** **D7**
Who should I spy but the Spanish lady catching a moth in a golden net
G **D7** **G** **D7**
When she saw me then she fled me lifting her petticoat over her knee
G **Em** **C** **D7**
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish lady.

G **Em** **C** **D7**
I've wandered north and I've wandered south through Stonybatter and Patrick's Close
G **Em** **C** **D7**
Up and around the Gloster Diamond and back by Napper Tandy's house
G **D7** **G** **D7**
Old age has laid her hand on me cold as a fire of ashy coals
G **Em** **C** **D7**
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet as the Spanish lady.

THE STONE OUTSIDE DAN MURPHY'S DOOR

G **Am**
There's a sweet garden spot in our mem'ry
D7 **G**
It's the place we were born and reared
Am
'Tis long years ago since we left it,
D7 **G**
But return there we will if we're spared
D **Em**
Our friends and companions of childhood,
A7 **D D7**
Would assemble each night, near a score,
G **C** **Am**
'Round Dan Murphy's shop, and how often we sat
D7 **G**
On the stone that stood outside his door!

G **Am**
Those days in our hearts we will cherish;
D7 **G**
Contented although we were poor

And the songs that were sung
C
In the days we were young,
D7 **G** **D7**
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door!

G **Am**
When our day's work was over we'd meet there,
D7 **G**
In the winter or spring the same,
Am
The boys and the girls all together,
D7 **G**
Then would join in some innocent game.
D **Em**
Dan Murphy would bring down his fiddle,
A7 **D** **D7**
While his daughters look'd after the store,
G **C** **Am**
The music would ring, and sweet songs we would sing
D7 **G**
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door!

G **Am**
Back again will our thoughts often wander,
D7 **G**
To the scenes of our childhood's home
Am
The friends and companions we left there,
D7 **G**
It was poverty caused us to roam.
D **Em**
Since then in this life we have prospered;
A7 **D** **D7**
But now still in our hearts we feel sure,
G **C** **Am**
For mem'ry will fly to the days now we gone by,
D7 **G**
And the stone outside Dan Murphy's door!

SWEET TRALEE

C **F** **G7** **C**
The palm trees wave on high far beyond that fertile shore
C **F** **C** **G7**
Farewell ye hills of Kerry I never will see you more
C **F** **G7** **C**
Why did I leave my home and why did I cross the sea
C **G7** **C**
And leave the small birds singing around you Sweet Tralee.

C **F** **G7** **C**
The noble and the brave have departed from our shore
C **F** **C** **G7**
They're gone into a foreign land where the wild cannons roar
C **F** **G7** **C**
No more I'll see the Shamrock that plant so dear to me
C **G7** **C**
Or hear the small birds singing around you Sweet Tralee.

C **F** **G7** **C**
No more the sun will shine on that blessed harvest morn
C **F** **C** **G7**
Or hear the small birds singing in a golden field of corn
C **F** **G7** **C**
There's an end to every woe and a cure for every pain
C **G7** **C**
But the happiness of my darling girl I never will see again.

C **F** **G7** **C**
Oh, the palm trees wave on high far beyond that fertile shore
C **F** **C** **G7**
Farewell ye hills of Kerry I never will see you more
C **F** **G7** **C**
Why did I leave my home and why did I cross the sea
C **G7** **C**
||:And leave the small birds singing around you Sweet Tralee.:||

