

WEILE WAILE

D **G D**
There was an old woman and she lived in the woods, weile weile waile

A **D**
There was an old woman and she lived in the woods, down by the river Saile.

D **GD**
She had a baby three months old, weile weile waile

A **D**
She had a baby three months old, down by the river Saile.

D **GD**
She had a pen-knife long and sharp, weile weile waile

A **D**
She had a pen-knife long and sharp, down by the river Saile.

D **GD**
She stuck the pen-knife in the baby's heart, weile weile waile

A **D**
She stuck the pen-knife in the baby's heart, down by the river Saile.

D **GD**
There were three loud knocks come a-knocking on the door, weile weile waile

A **D**
There were three loud knocks come a-knocking on the door, down by the river Saile.

D **G D**
There were three policemen and a special branchman, weile weile waile

A **D**
There were three policemen and a special branchman, down by the river Saile.

D **G D**
They took her away and they put her into jail, weile weile weile
A **D**
They took her away and they put her into jail, down by the river Saile.

D **G D**
They put the rope around her neck, weile weile waile
A **D**
They put the rope around her neck, down by the river Saile.

D **GD**
The pulled the rope and she got hung, weile weile waile
A **D**
The pulled the rope and she got hung, down by the river Saile.

D **GD**
And that was the end of the woman in the woods, weile weile waile
A **D**
And that was the end of the baby, too, down by the river Saile.

Welcome Poor Paddy Home

A

I am a true born Irishman

D

I'll never deny what I am

A

I was born in sweet Tipperary town

E A

Three thousand miles away.

A

Hurray me boys hurray

D

No more do I wish for to roam

A

For the sun it will shine in the harvest time

E A

To welcome poor Paddy home

A

The girls they are gay and frisky

D

They'd take you by the hand

A

Saying Jimmy mo chroi will you come with me

E A

To welcome poor Paddy home.

A

In came the foreign nation

D

And scattered all over the land

A

The horse, the cow, the goat, sheep and sow

E

A

Came into the stranger's hands

A

The Scotsman can boast of the thistle

D

And England can boast of the rose

A

But Paddy can boast of the Emerald Isle

E

A

Where the dear little shamrock grows.

THE WIDOW OF DONAGHADEE

Air: 'Toor-al-i-ay'

C G7 C
There was an old widow in Donaghadee,
C Am G7
And in her back garden a row of plum trees,
C F C
But the widow's big dog was atied to its roots
C G7 C
And the town ladies they wore a nip of its tooth.

F C
Tooraloo, tooralee
C G7 C F C
Oh, it's six miles from Bangor to Donaghadee.

C G7 C
So she bought a wee horse and she went thro' the town
C Am G7
Selling apples and oranges all the way round.
C F C
And she'd crack her old whip and sit twisting her thumbs
C G7 C
Till the town folk were shy of her garden and plums.

C G7 C
But one day a ship sailed in close to the quay,
C Am G7
It had run from a voyage far away on the sea,
C F C
The poor half-starved sailors they made for the shore,
C G7 C

And dropped like the devil on the old widow's door.

C **G7** **C**

She gave them some soup and she gave them some tea,

C **Am** **G7**

She dry baked the oaten as quick as could be,

C **F** **C**

A quart of fine whiskey as they picked up the crumbs,

C **G7** **C**

Then from her back garden she brought in her plums.

C **G7** **C**

They ate all those plums till their tummies were sore,

C **Am** **G7**

In anger the skipper made for the back door.

C **F** **C**

He cursed and he raved and he tore up the root

C **G7** **C**

And a hundred bright sov'rigs he picked up as a loot.

C **G7** **C**

And now all you listeners take warning from me,

C **Am** **G7**

I sailed round the world and on many a sea.

C **F** **C**

Many plums I have sampled as ripe as could be,

C **G7** **C**

But the best plums of all came from Donaghadee.

THE WILD ROVER

G **C**
I've been a wild rover for many the year
G **D** **D7** **G**
And I spend all my money on whiskey and beer,
C
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
G **D** **D7** **G**
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

D **D7** **G** **C**
And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
G **C** **G** **D7** **G**
Will I play the wild rover no never no more.

G **C**
I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
G **D** **D7** **G**
And I told the landlady my money was spent
C
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'nay
G **D** **D7** **G**
Such a custom like yours I could have any day.'

G **C**
I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
G **D7** **G**
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
C
She said 'I have whiskey and wines of the best
G **D** **D7** **G**
And the words that I told sure were only in jest.

G **C**
I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
G **D** **D7** **G**
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
C
And if they caress me as oft times before
C **D** **D7** **G**
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

WILL YOU GO, LASSIE, GO?

(Capo im 3. Bund)

C **G** **Am** **F** **G7** **C**
Oh, the summertime is coming and the trees are sweetly blooming,
 F **G** **Am** **F** **Dm** **F**
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather,
 C **F** **C**
Will ye go, lassie, go?

F **G7** **C** **F** **G** **Am**
And we all go together to pluck wild mountain thyme,
 F **Dm** **F** **C** **F** **C**
All around the blooming heather, will you go, lassie, go?

C **G** **Am** **F** **G7** **C**
I will build my love a tower near yon pure crystal fountain,
 F **G** **Am** **F** **Dm** **F**
And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain,
 C **F** **C**
Will ye go, lassie, go?

C **G** **Am** **F** **G7** **C**
If my true love she were gone, I would surely find another,
 F **G** **Am** **F** **Dm** **F**
Where wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather,
 C **F** **C**
Will ye go, lassie, go?

A **E** **A**
Your next letter underlined my fears Mount Callan brought the rain.

A **E**
Yet the flower of your courage spread its sweet scent on the wind.

D **A**
'Oh I really miss the dancing', were your only words of pain.

A **E** **A**
Even they can't steal away from you the music of the mind.

A **E** **A**
And as Brigid comes with white cap on and we face another day,
A **E**
When the joys of birth and April showers can wash a winter's tear.

D **A**
Tomorrow we will house and hold and dance the night away,

A **E** **A**
So until the morning sun keep spirits high my Mary dear.

A **E** **A**
So advance, retread, advance, retreat and dance in your own place.

A **E**
Round the house for the last time now your fleeting steps retrace.

D **A**
Shape the silence to a golden reel and dance the night away.

A **E** **A**
Through the night I hear your whisper, 'dance a set for me in Clare.'

THE WORKIN' MAN

D **G** **D**
It's a workin' man I am, and I've been down underground

A
And I swear to God if I ever seen the sun

D **G** **D**
Or for any length of time I will hold it in my mind

A **D**
And I never again will go down underground.

D **G** **D**
At the age of sixteen years he quarrelled with his peers

A
Who vowed they'd never see another one

D **G** **D**
Through the dark recess of the mine, where you age before your time

A **D**
And the coal dust lies heavy on your lungs.

D **G** **D**
At the age of sixty four, o he'll greet you at the door

A
And he'll gently lead you by the arm

D **G** **D**
Through the dark recess of the mine, o he'll take you back in time

A **D**
And he'll tell you of the hardships that were had.