Highlands Songbook
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A Jug of Punch  (Paddy Clancy / Tom Clancy / Liam Clancy / Tommy Makem)

G
One pleasant evening in the month of June
D
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon
C
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D7
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D7
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
D7
And the song he sang was "The Jug of Punch"
G
What more diversion can a man desire?
D
Than to sit him down by snug turf fire
C
Upon his knee a pretty wench
D7
And on the table a jug of punch
G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
Upon his knee a pretty wench
D7
And on the table a jug of punch
G
Let the doctors come with all their art
D
They'll make no impression upon my heart
C
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
D7
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch
G
And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own
D
And if they don't like me they can leave me alone
C
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
D7
And I'll be welcome wherever I go
G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
I'll tune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
D7
And I'll be welcome wherever I go
G
And when I'm dead and in my grave
D
No costly tombstone will I have
G
Just lay me down in my native peat
D7
With a jug of punch at my head and feet
G
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
D7
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
C
Just lay me down in my native peat
D7
With a jug of punch at my head and feet
G
BARITONE

D
C

A Scottish Soldier (Green Hills of Tyrol)

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulders
He fought in many a fray, and fought and won
He’d seen the glory, he’d told the story
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
But now he’s sighing, his heart is crying
To leave these green hills of Tyrol

(Chorus)
Because those green hills are not Highland Hills
Or the Island Hills, they’re not my land’s hills
And fair as these green foreign hills may be,
They are not the hills of home

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
Sees leaves are falling, and Death is calling
And he will fade away in that far land
He called his piper, his trusty piper
And bade him sound a lay a pibroch sad to play
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside
Not on these green hills of Tyrol

(Chorus)
Black Velvet Band (Ronnie Drew, Luke Kelly, Barney Mac Kenna, Ciaran Bourke, John Sheehan)

C
In a neat little town they call Belfast
F         G
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
C     Am
And many an hour of sweet happiness
F       G      C
I've I spent in that neat little town

But a sad misfortune's come over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and companions
Betrayed by the black velvet band

Chorus:
C
Her eyes they shone like diamonds
F                               G
I thought her the queen of the land
C     Am
And her hair hung over her shoulder
F             G                 C
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway
Intending not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come traipsing along the highway
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was white like a swan
And her hair hung down from her shoulders
Held up with a black velvet band

(Chorus)

So come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take from me
And if you go out on the town, me boys,
Beware of the pretty Colleens

They'll feed you with strong drink, my lads,
'Til you are unable to stand
And the very first thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

C
Her eyes they shone like diamonds
F                               G
I thought she was queen of the land
C     Am
Now I'm far from my friends and companions
F             G                 C
Betrayed by the black velvet band

(Chorus)
Danny Boy (Rory Dall O’Cahan)

G7        C        C7        F
Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
          C       Em       F       G7
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
          C        C7       F
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying
          C       Dm       G7       C       G7
‘Tis you, ‘tis you must go and I must bide

          Am       F       G7       C
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
          Am       F       Em       D7       G7
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
          C       F       C       Am
And I'll be here in sunshine or in sha-dow
          C       F       G7       C       G7
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so

G7        C        C7        F
And if you come and all the flowers are dying
          C       Em       F       G7
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
G7        C        C7        F
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
          C       Dm       G7       C       G7
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me

          Am       F       G7       C
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me
          Am       F       Em       D7       G7
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
          C       F       C       Am
For you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
          C       F       G7       C       G7
I'll sleep in peace until you come to me
There once was a troop of Irish dragoons
Come marching down through Fife-e-O
And the captain fell in love with a very bonny lass,
And her name it was called pretty Peg-gy-O

There’s many a bonny lass in the town of Ackerglass,
There’s many a bonny lassie in the cheerie-O
There’s many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen,
But the flower of them all is in Fife-e-O

Chorus:
Come down the stairs, pretty Peggy, my dear,
Come down the stairs, pretty Peggy-O
Oh, come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair,
Bid a long farewell to your mam-my-O

"I never did intend a soldier’s lady for to be,
I never will marry a soldier-O
I never did intend to go to a foreign land
And I never will marry a soldier-O"

The colonel he cried: "Mount, mount, boys, mount",
The captain he cried: "Tarry-O,
Oh, tarry for a while, for another day or twa,
’Til I see if this bonny lass will mar-ry-O"
There's a little lass and her name is Mary Mac
Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track
Lots of other fellows, wanna get up on her back
But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early

**Chorus:**
Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me
My father's making me marry Mary Mac
Well, I'm gonna marry Mary
For my Mary to take care of me
We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac
Rumply umpty dumpty dumty dumty dumty ay

Well, this little lass, she has a lot of class
Got a lot of brass
And her father thinks I'm gas
So I'd be a silly ass
for to let the matter pass
My father says she suits me really fairly

(Dm)
The Wedding's on a Wednesday
And everything's arranged
Soon her name will change to mine
Unless her mind is changed
We're making the arrangements
And I'm just about deranged
For marriage is an awful undertaking

**Chorus**
Sure to be a grand affair
And grander than a fair
There's goin' to be a coach and pair
For every pair that's there
We'll dine upon the finest fare,
I'm sure to get me share
If I don't I'll be very much mistaken

**Repeat Verse 1:**

**(Optional: 2 or 3 times, getting faster)**
Men of Harlech (Traditional / version by the Royal Regiment of Wales’ Band)

G C G D G
Tongues of fire on Id-ris flaring
C Am D
News of foe-men near declaring
G C G D G C
To heroic deeds of da-ring
G D G
Call you Harlech men!

G C G D G
Groans of wounded peasants dy-ing
C Am D
Wails of wives and children flying
G C G D G C
For the distant succor crying
G D G
Call you Harlech men!

D
Shall the voice of wailing
G
Now be unavailing
You to rise who never yet

In battle’s hour were failing
C G Am G
This our answer crowds down pouring
Am D
Swift as winter torrents roaring
G C G D G C
Not in vain the voice im-plor-ing
G D G
Calls on Harlech men

G C G D G
Loud the martial pipes are sounding
C Am D
Every manly heart is bounding
G C G D G C
As our trusted chief sur-round-ing
G D G
March we Harlech men

G C G D G
Short the sleep the foe is taking
C Am D
Ere the morrow’s morn is breaking
G C G D G C
They shall have a rude a-wake-ning
G D G
Roused by Harlech men

D
Mothers cease your weeping
G
Calm may be your sleeping
You and yours in safety now

The Har-lech men are keeping
C G Am G
Ere the sun is high in heaven
Am D
They you fear, by panic riven
G C G D G C
 Shall like frightened sheep be dri-ven
G D G
Far by Harlech men
Molly Malone (Cockles and Mussels) (Traditional)

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

C  Am                  Dm              G

I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,

C  Em                  Dm        G

As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,

C                             Am

Through streets broad and narrow,

Dm                        G

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus:

"Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh",

C                   Em           G               C

Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,

C                  Am               Dm                G

For so were her father and mother before,

C                  Em           Dm          G

And they each wheeled their barrow,

C                             Am

Through streets broad and narrow,

Dm                        G

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

(Chorus)

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,

C                  Em           Dm          G

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

C                  Am

Now her ghost wheels her barrow,

Dm                        G

Through streets broad and narrow,

C                  Em           G               C

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

(Chorus)

C                  Em           G               C

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
Scotland the Brave  (Marion McClurg / Cliff Hanley)

C
Hark when the night is falling, Hear! Hear!  The pipes are calling,
F         C      G
Loudly and proudly calling, down thro' the glen.
C
There where the hills are sleeping, now feel the blood a-leaping,
F          C      G       C
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

Chorus:

C
Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my mountain hame,
Am       D7       G       G7
High may your proud standards gloriously wave!
C
Land of my high endeavour, land of the shining river,
F          C      G       C
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the Brave.

C
High in the misty Highlands out by the purple islands,
F          C      G       G7
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies.
C
Wild are the winds to meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you,
F          C      G       C
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens' eyes.

(Chorus)

C
Far off in sunlit places, sad are the Scottish faces,
F          C      G
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain.
C
Where are the tropics beaming, love sets the heart a-dreaming,
F          C      G       C
Longing and dreaming for the hameland again.

(Chorus)

F          C      G       C
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the Brave!
The Gypsy Rover (Traditional)

A gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so sha-dy.
He whistled and he sang
'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a l-a-dy.

Chorus: (Play after every verse)

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
He whistled and he sang
'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a l-a-dy.

She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own fine lo-ver.
She left her servants and her state
To follow her gypsy ro-ver.

She left behind her velvet gown
And shoes of Spanish leath-er
They whistled and they sang
'till the green woods rang
As they rode off toge-ther.

Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed
With silken sheets for co-ver
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
Beside her gypsy lo-ver
Her father saddled up his fastest steed
And roamed the valley all o-ver.

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Clay-dee.
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his la-dy.

"Have you forsaken your house and home?"
"Have you forsaken your ba-by?"
"Have you forsaken your husband dear"
For a whistling gypsy ro-ver?"

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried
"But Lord of these lands all o-ver.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
With my whistlin' gypsy ro-ver."
The Unicorn Song (Shel Silverstein)

C          Dm
A long time ago, when the Earth was green

G            C
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen

C          Dm
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born

C                         Dm  G  C
And the loveliest of all was the un-i-corn

C          Dm
There was green alligators and long-necked geese

G          C
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees

C
Some cats and rats and elephants,

Dm
But sure as you're born

C                         Dm  G  C
The loveliest of all was the un-i-corn

C          Dm
The Lord seen some sinning and it gave Him pain

G            C
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"

C          Dm
He says, "Hey Brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do

C                         Dm  G  C
Build me a float-ing zoo, and take some of those...

C          Dm
Green alligators and long-necked geese

G          C
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees

C
Some cats and rats and elephants,

Dm
But sure as you're born

C                         Dm  G  C
Don't you forget my un-i-corns

C          Dm
Old Noah was there to answer the call

G            C
He finished up the ark just as the rain began to fall

C          Dm
He marched in the animals two by two

C                         Dm  G  C
And he called out as they came through - Hey Lord,

(Repeat last chorus)
The Wild Colonial Boy (Traditional)

C F G7
There was a wild colonial boy,
C
Jack Duggan was his name
G
He was born and raised in Ireland,
G7 C
In a place called Castlemaine
F
He was his father's only son,
G7 C
His mother's pride and joy
F G
And dearly did his parents love
G7 C
The wild colonial boy
C F G7
At the early age of sixteen years,
C
He left his native home
G
And to Australia's sunny shore,
G7 C
He was inclined to roam
F
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor,
G7 C
He shot James MacEvoy
F G G7 C
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy
C F G7
One morning on the prairie,
C
As Jack he rode along
G
A-listening to the mocking bird,
G7 C
A-singing a cheerful song
F
Up stepped a band of troopers:
G7 C
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
F G
They all set out to capture him,
G7 C
The wild colonial boy
C F G7
Surrender now, Jack Dugg-an,
C
For you see we're three to one.
G
Surrender in the Queen's high name,
G7 C
You are a plundering son
F
Jack drew two pistols from his belt,
G7 C
He proudly waved them high.
F G
"I'll fight, but not surrender,"
G7 C
Said the wild colonial boy
C F G7
He fired a shot at Kelly,
C
Which brought him to the ground
G
And turning round to Davis,
G7 C
He received a fatal wound
F
A bullet pierced his proud young heart,
G7 C
From the pistol of Fitzroy
F G
And that was how they captured him,
G7 C
The wild colonial boy
The Wild Rover (Traditional)

**Chorus:**

And it's no, nay, never, (THREE CLAPS)
No nay never no more, (TWO CLAPS)
Will I play the wild rover (ONE CLAP)
No never no more.

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

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

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

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they forgive me as oft times before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (Chauncey Olcott, George Graff Jr)

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why
For it never should be there at all
With such power in your smile
Sure a stone you'd bequile
So there's never a teardrop should fall
When your sweet liling laughter's like some fairy song
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be
You should laugh all the while and all other times smile
And now smile a smile for me

Chorus:
When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure tis like a morn in spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smil-ing
Sure they steal your heart away

For your smile is a part, of the love in your heart
And it makes even sunshine more bright
Like the linnet's sweet song
Crooning all the day long
Comes your laughter and light
For the springtime of life, is the sweetest of all
And there is ne'er a real care or regret
And while springtime is ours
Throughout all of youth's hours
Let us smile each chance we get

[Chorus]
Whiskey in the Jar

C Am
As I was goin' over the far famed Kerry Mountains,
F C
I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was countin'
C Am
I first produced me pistol and then produced me rapier,
F C
Sayin' "Stand and deliver, for he were the bold deceiver!"

Chorus:
G
Musha ring ruma du ruma da
C
Whack fol the daddy O,
F
Whack fol the daddy O,
C G C
There's whiskey in the jar.

C Am
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
F C
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
C Am
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
F C
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

(Chorus)

C Am
I went up to me chamber, all for to take a slumber
F C
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
C Am
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
F C
Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

C Am
Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rolling
F C
And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
C Am
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
F C
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

(Chorus)

C Am
If anyone can aid me 'tis me brother in the army
F C
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
C Am
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
F C
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than me own a-sporting Jenny

(Chorus) 2x