

The Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John (Ireland)

♩ = 130

By a lone - ly pris - on wall I heard a young girl call - - - - ing
Mich - ael they are tak - ing you a way. - For you
stole Tre - vel - yan's corn, so the young might see - the morn. Now a
pri - son ship lies wait - ing in the bay. -

Chorus:

Low lie the fields - of Ath - en - ry where once we watched the small free birds
fly. - Our - love was on the wing, we had dreams and so - ngs to
sing. It's so lone - ly 'round the fields of Ath - en - ry. -

By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man calling
Nothing matters Mary when you're free. Against the
Famine and the Crown, I rebelled, they ran me down. Now you
must raise our child with dignity.

By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky. Sure she'll
wait and hope and pray, for her love in Botany Bay. It's so
lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

The Foggy Dew

♩ = 92

The musical score is written on four staves in a single system. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in a soprano voice line. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Cm, Bb, Gm, Cm, Fm, Cm on the first line; Bb, Gm, Cm, Fm, Cm on the second line; Eb, Bb, Eb, Gm, Cm on the third line; Bb, Gm, Cm, Fm, Cm on the fourth line. The lyrics are: As - Down the - Glen one - Eas - ter morn to a ci - ty - fair rode I, there ar - med lines of - mar - ching men in - squad - rons - passed me by. No pipe did hum, no - bat - tle drum did - sound it's - dread - tat - too. But the An - ge - lus bell o'er the Lif - fey swell, rang - out - through the fog - gy dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese 'Go, that small nations might be free,'
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the great North Sea.
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side, or fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town they hung out the flag of war,
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud el Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through,
while Britannia's Huns, with their great big guns, sailed in through the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
for those who died that Easter tide, in the springtime of the year.
While the world did gaze with deep amaze, at those fearless men but few,
who bore the fight, that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew.

The Galway Shawl

Trad.

In Or - an - more - - - In the Coun - ty Gal - way - - - One
Pleas - ant eve - ning - - In the month of May, - - - I
Spied a dam - sel, - - - she was young and hand - some. - - - Her
beau - ty fair - ly - - took my breath a - way. - - -

Chorus:

She wore no jewels or costly diamonds,
no paint or powder, no none at all.
She wore a bonnet, with a ribbon on it,
and around her shoulder was the Galway shawl.

Verse:

As we kept walking, she kept on talking,
till her father's cottage came in to view.
She said, 'Come in Sir and meet my father,
and for to please him, play the Foggy Dew.'

Chorus:—

I played the 'Blackbird' and 'The Stack of Barley',
'Rodney's Glory' and 'The Foggy Dew.'
She sang each note like an Irish linnet,
and the tears flowed in her eyes of blue.

Chorus:—

'Twas early, early, in the morning,
I hit the road for old Donegal.
Said she, 'Goodbye Sir', as she cried,
and my heart remaind with the Galway shawl.

Chorus:—

I'll Tell Me Ma – F

♩ = 240

F Bb F C7 F

I'll tell me ma, when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls a - lone. They

Bb F C7 F

pull my hair, they stole my comb, and that's all - right till I go home.

F7 Bb F C7

She is hand - some, she is pret - ty, she's the belle of Bel - fast ci - ty.

F F7 Bb F C7 F

She is cour - tin', one, two, three. Please, won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her.
They are knockin' on the door, and they're ringin' at the bell, saying 'Oh, my true love are you well?'
Out she comes as white as snow, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
Old Jenny Murphy says she'll die, if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high, and the snow come shovelin' from the sky.
She's as nice as apple pie, and she'll get her own lad by and by.
When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she gets home.
Let them all come as they will, it's Albert Mooney she loves still!

I'll Tell Me Ma – G

♩ = 240

I'll tell me ma, when I go home, the boys won't leave the girls a - lone. They
pull my hair, they stole my comb, and that's all - right till I go home.
She is hand - some, she is pret - ty, she's the belle of Bel - fast ci - ty.
She is cour - tin', one, two, three. Please, won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her.
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When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she gets home.
Let them all come as they will, it's Albert Mooney she loves still!

Molly Mallone

♩ = 108

G Em Am D7

In Dub - lin's fair ci - ty, where the girls are so pret - ty, I

G Em C D7

first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone.

G Am D7

She wheeled a wheel bar - row, through streets broad and nar - row, cry - ing:

G Em G D7 G

cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!

Chorus:

G Am D7

A - live, a - live, oh - ! A - live, a - live, oh - ! Cry - ing:

G Em G D7 G

cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!

She was a fish monger, but sure, 'twas no wonder.
For so were her father and mother before.
And they both wheeled their barrows, through streets broad and narrow,
crying, 'Cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!'

She died of a fever, no one could relieve her,
and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and narrow,
crying, 'Cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!'

Raglan Road

Patrick Kavanagh

♩ = 160



D G D

On - Rag - lan road on an au - tumn day, I - saw her -

G G D

first and knew - that her dark hair would weave a

Bm G

snare that - I might one day rue, - I saw the dan - ger

D Bm A A7 D

and I passed, a - long the en - chant - ed way. - And I said let

G D G D

grief be a fal - len leaf at the dawn - ing - of the day.

On Grafton street in November we tripped lightly
along the ledge of a deep ravine where still can
be seen the worth of passion play. The Queen of hearts still
making tarts, and I not making hay, Oh, I loved too
much and by such and such, is happiness thrown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind, I gave her secret signs
that's known to artists who have know true gods of sound and stone
and her words and tint without stint, I gave her poems to say,
with her own name there and her own dark hair, like clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now
away from me so hurriedly, my reason must allow.
That I had loved not as I should, a creature made of clay,
Whan an angel woos the clay he'll lose, his wings at the dawn of day.

Red is the Rose

♩ = 140

D Bm Em G
Red is the rose by yon - der gar - den grows, and

D F#m G A
fair is the lil - ly of the val - - - ley.

G F#m G E7 G A7
Clear - is the wa - ter that flows - from the Byone, but

D Bm G D Em Am D
my love is fair - er than a - - - ny.

Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass,
come over the hills to your darling.
You choose the rose love, and I'll make the vow,
and I'll be your true love forever.

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed,
and the moon and the stars they were shining.
The moon shone it's rays on her locks of golden hair,
and she swore she'd be my love forever.

It's not for the parting that my sister pains,
it's not for the grief of my mother.
It is all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass,
that my heart is breaking forever.

Roddy McCorley

Eithne Carbury (Ireland)

♩ = 130

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 130. The lyrics are: "Oh - see the - host of fleet foot men who speed with fac - es wan. Fr - om". The second staff continues the lyrics: "farm - stead and from - fish - ers cot a - long the banks of bann. They -". The third staff continues: "come with ven - gean - ce in their eyes but too late, too late are they. For young". The fourth staff concludes the lyrics: "Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley goes to die on the bridge of Toome to - day." Chord symbols are placed above the notes: G, C, G, C, A7, Am, D7, G, C, G.

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

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

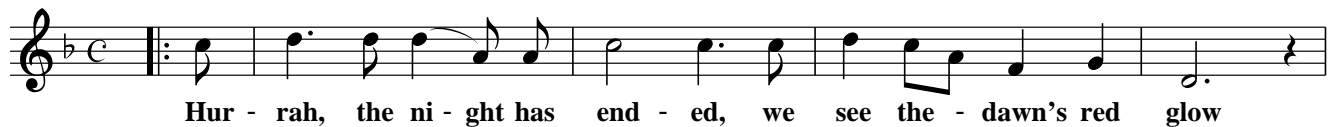
Song of the Dawn – Cmix

(Ireland, Trad.)

♩ = 150



Chorus:



I sing of every wood and stream, of tower and vale and town
where brave men died, where brave men tried, to pull the red flag down
From Kerry brave to the winding wave, where lagan's waters flow
From Tournaree to the winding Lee, Sean Eirean na Gaedheal go deo!

I raise a rann to the ones who tread the path to the dawning day
who will pause no more till our native shore is free from the saxon's way
Till from every hill and from every rill the freedom cry shall go.
From old and young, in the Gaelic tounge, Sean Eirean nan Gaedheal go deo!

Song of the Dawn – G

(Ireland, Trad.)

♩ = 150



The song I si - ng is the song of ho - me, a song o - f Roi - sin Dudh



Of ford and fen, of glade and gl - en, of lake and of moun - tain blue



Of the signs that stand ov - er all the land, to tell of the long a - go



Let your voi - ces ring in the song I si - ng, Sean Eir - ean nan Gaedheal go deo!

Chorus:



Hur - rah, the ni - ght has end - ed, we see the - dawn's red glow



O shout it hi - gh, it's the free man's cr - y, Sean Eir - ean nan Gaedheal go deo!

I sing of every wood and stream, of tower and vale and town
where brave men died, where brave men tried, to pull the red flag down
From Kerry brave to the winding wave, where lagan's waters flow
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The Spanish Lady



Chorus:



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

As I went back through Dublin city, as the sun began to set,
who should I spy but the Spanish Lady catching a moth in a golden net.
When she saw me, she then fled me, lifting her petticoat over her knee.
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady.

I've wandered North and I've wandered South, through Stonybattery and Patrick's Close.
Up and around the Gloster Diamond and back by Napper Tandy's house.
Old age has laid her hand on me, cold as a fire of ashy coals.
In all my life I ne'er did see an maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady.

The Star of the County Down

(Ireland)

♩ = 180



Ne - ar ban-bridge town in the Coun - ty Down one - mor - n - ing last Ju -



ly, down a Bo - reen green came a sweet col - een and she smiled as she passed me



by. She looked so sweet from her two bare feet, to the sheen of her nut - br - own



hair such a coax - ing elf, sure I shook my - self, for to see I was real - ly there.

Chorus:



From Ban - try Bay up to Der - ry Quay, and from Gal - way to Dub - lin



Town, n - o maid I've seen like the brown col - een that I met in the Coun - ty Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratch my head, and I looked with a feeling queer,
and I says, says I, to a passer by: 'Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?'
He smiles at me, and he says, says he: 'That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
young Rosie McCann from the Banks of the Bann; she's the star of the County Down.'

At the harvest fair she'll be surly there, so I'll dress in my Sunday clothes.
With my shoes shone bright, and my hat cocked right; for a smile from my nut-brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, horse I'll yoke, till my plough is a rust coloured brown,
till a smiling bride by my own fireside, sits the star of the County Down.

Whiskey in the Jar – C

♩ = 220

C Am
As I was go - ing o - ver the Kil - ma - gen - ny moun - tain, I
F C
met with Cap - tain Far - rell and his mo - ney he was coun - ting, I
Am
first pro - duced me pis - tol, and then I drew my ra - pier, say - ing
F C
'Stand and de - li - ver for you are a bold de - cei - ver!'

Chorus:

G7 C C7
With me ring dum a doo - dle um dah, whack fol the dad - dy o,
F C G7 C
whack fol the dad - dy o, there's whis - key in the jar!

He counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me,
but the Devil take the women for they never can be easy!

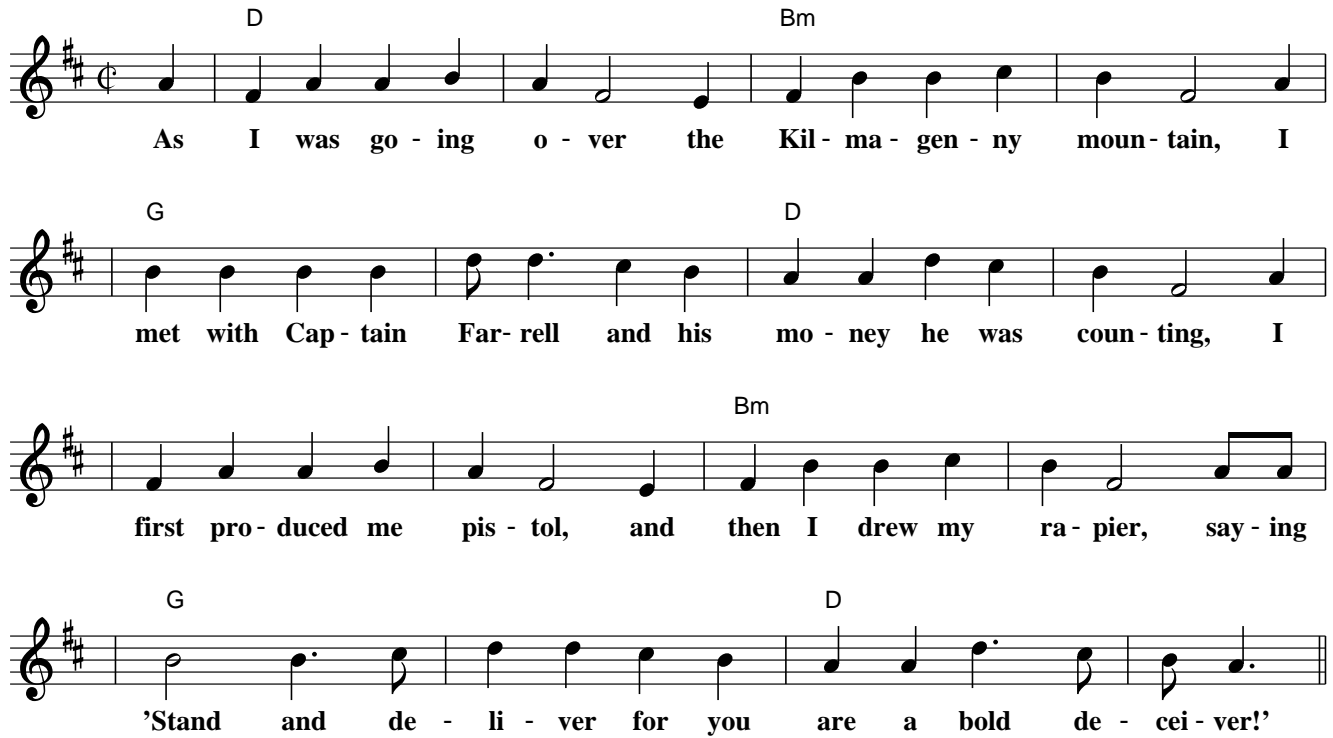
I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny drew me charges, and she filled them up with water,
and she sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter!

And 'twas early in the mornin' before I rose to travel,
up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell.
I then produced my pistol, for she'd stolen away my rapier,
but I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken!

If anyone can aid me, it's me brother in the army,
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Kilkenny,
I'm sure he'd treat me better than me darling sporting Jenny!

Whiskey in the Jar – D

♩ = 220



As I was go - ing o - ver the Kil - ma - gen - ny moun - tain, I
met with Cap - tain Far - rell and his mo - ney he was coun - ting, I
first pro - duced me pis - tol, and then I drew my ra - pier, say - ing
'Stand and de - li - ver for you are a bold de - cei - ver!'

Chorus:



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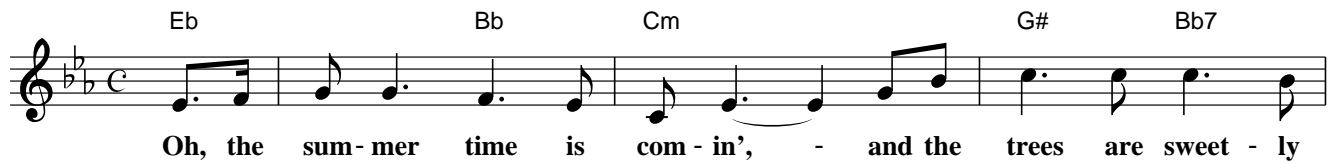
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And if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Kilkenny,
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Wild Mountain Thyme – Eb

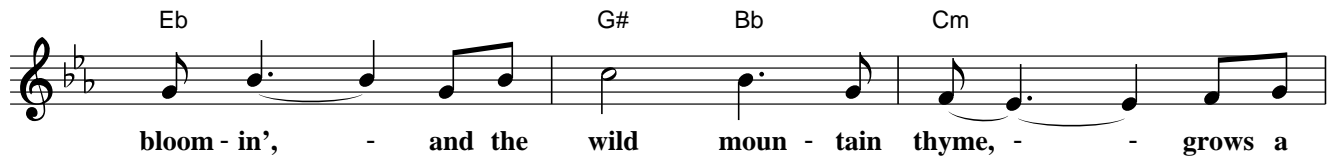
♩ = 130

Eb Bb Cm G# Bb7



Oh, the sum-mer time is com-in', - and the trees are sweet-ly

Eb G# Bb Cm



bloom-in', - and the wild moun-tain thyme, - - grows a

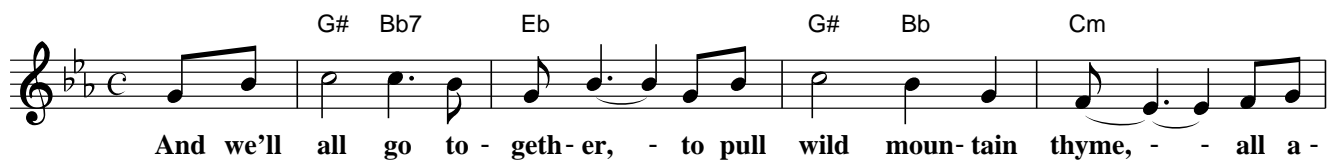
G# Fm G# Eb G# Eb



round the bloom-in' heath-er. Will ye go, - las-sie, go?

Chorus:

G# Bb7 Eb G# Bb Cm



And we'll all go to- geth-er, - to pull wild moun-tain thyme, - - all a-

G# Fm G# Eb G# Eb



round the bloom-in' heath-er. Will ye go, - las-sie, go?

I will build my love a bower, by yon clear crystal fountain, and on it I will pile, all the flowers o' the mountain. Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will roam the country side, and the dark lands so dreary, and I'll return wi' my bounty, tae the arms o' my deary. Will ye go, lassie, go?

If my true love she won't come, than I'll surely find another, to pull wild mountain thyme, all a around the bloomin' heather. Will ye go, lassie, go?

Wild Mountain Thyme – G

♩ = 130

G D Em C D7
Oh, the sum-mer time is com-in', - and the trees are sweet-ly
G C D Em
bloom-in', - and the wild moun-tain thyme, - - grows a
C Am C G C G
round the bloom-in' heath-er. Will ye go, - las-sie, go?

Chorus:

C D7 G C D Em
And we'll all go to- geth-er, - to pull wild moun-tain thyme, - - all a -
C Am C G C G
round the bloom-in' heath-er. Will ye go, - las-sie, go?

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