

1. The Gypsy Rover * sing and sign the chorus

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

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 lady.

She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own fine lover.
She left her servants and her state
To follow her gypsy rover.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day

Her father saddled up his fastest stead
And roamed the valley all over.
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee.
And there was music and there was time
For the gypsy and his lady.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day

He is no gypsy, Father dear,
But Lord of these lands all over.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
With my whistlin' gypsy rover.

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day

2. The Ferryman

The little boats have gone
from the chest of Anna Liffey
And the ferrymen are stranded on the quay
sure the Dublin docks are dying
and a way of life is gone
And Molly it was part of you and me

CHORUS

Where the **strawberry** beds
Sweep down to the **Liffey**
You'll **kiss** away the worries from my **brow**
I **love** you well **today**
and I **love** you more **tomorrow**
If you ever **loved** me **Molly** love me now

'twas the only job I knew
It was hard but never lonely
The Liffey Ferry made a man of me
Now it's gone without a whisper
ah Forgotten even now
Sure it's over Molly over can't you see

CHORUS

And now I'll tend the yard
And I'll spend my days in talking
And I'll hear them whisper Charly's on the Dole
But Molly we're still living
And darlin' we're still young
And that river never owned me heart or soul

CHORUS

3. I'll Tell me Ma

CHORUS:

I'll tell me ma when I go home,
The boys won't leave the girls alone
They pulled my hair, they stole my comb
But that's all right till I go home
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the Belle of Belfast city
She is a'courtin', one, two, three!
Please won't you tell me who is she?



Albert Mooney says he loves her,
All the boys are fightin' for her
They knock at the door and they ring the bell,
Saying oh my true love, are you well?
Out she comes as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
Old Jenny Murray says she will die
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye

CHORUS

Instrumental verse

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

CHORUS

4. The Golden Jubilee * sing and sign the chorus

Way down in the County Kerry, in a place they call Tralee,
A fine old couple they lived there named Kate and Pat Mc Gee,
They were going to have a party, for their golden jubilee,
Now Kate says she to Pat Mc Gee, come listen here to me.

Put on your old knee britches, and your coat of emerald green,
Take off that hat me darling Pat, put on your old caubeen,
For today's our golden wedding and I'll have you all to know,
Just how we looked when we were wed, fifty years ago.

Ah well I do remember, how we danced on the village green,
You held me in your arms dear Pat, and called me your colleen,
Your hair was like the ravens wing, but now it's turning grey,
Come over here old sweetheart dear here's what I've to say.

Put on your old knee britches, and your coat of emerald green,
Take off that hat me darling Pat, put on your old caubeen,
For today's our golden wedding and I'll have you all to know,
Just how we looked when we were wed, fifty years ago.

How well I do remember when first I was your bride,
In the little chapel on the hill where we stood side by side,
Oh good things we had many, of troubles we've had few,
Come over here old sweetheart dear and here's what we must do.

Put on your old knee britches, and your coat of emerald green,
Take off that hat me darling Pat, put on your old caubeen,
For today's our golden wedding and I'll have you all to know,
Just how we looked when we were wed, fifty years ago.
Just how we looked when we were wed, fifty years ago.

5. Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first held my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh

Alive, alive, oh

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger
And sure, t'was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
They both wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh

Alive, alive, oh

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Instrumental break

She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh

Alive, alive, oh

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

6. Let Him Go, Let Him Tarry

* actions in the chorus



Well farewell to cold winter, summer's come at last
Nothing have I gained but my true love I have lost
Well I'll sing and I'll be happy, like a bird upon a tree
For since he deceived me, I care no more for he!

CHORUS:

Let him go, let him tarry, let him sink or let him swim
He doesn't care for me and I don't care for him
He can go and get another that I hope he will enjoy
For I'm going to marry a far nicer boy

He wrote to me a letter saying he was very sad
I sent him back an answer saying I was awful glad
He sent to me another, saying he was well and strong
But I care no more about him than the ground he walks upon

CHORUS

Some of his friends had a good, kind wish for me
Others of his friends, well they could hang me on a tree
But soon I'll let them see my love and soon I'll let them know
That I can get a new sweetheart on any ground I go

CHORUS

Go to his old mother now and set her mind at ease
I hear she is an old, old woman, very hard to please
But it's slighting me and talking ill, is what she's always done
Because I was courtin' her GREAT BIG UGLY SON!!

CHORUS X 2