

**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