



# IRISH SONGS FOR UKULELE

Arranged for the  
**Goulburn Regional Ukulele Band (GRUB)**

arrangements by Ron McLaughlin

All For me Grog

Maggie

Belfast Mill

Marie's Wedding

Black Velvet Band

Molly Malone

Danny Boy

Mountains Of Mourne

Dirty Old Town

Orange And The Green

Fields Of Athenry

Spanish lady

Leaving Of Liverpool

Whiskey In The Jar

Wild Rover



## GRUB

Goulburn Regional Ukulele Band  
Meets each Thursday from 6.00pm  
Goulburn Club

19 Market St. Goulburn, NSW 2580

<http://ronmclaughlin.wix.com/grubukuleles>

**Revised 2020**



# ALL FOR ME GROG

(GRUB songs 2020)

*Traditional Irish*

Chorus:                   C                   F                   C  
And it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog  
  G7  
All for me beer and tobacco  
                  C                                   F                   C  
Well i've spent all me tin with the ladys drinking gin  
  G7 C  
Far across the western ocean i must wander

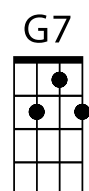
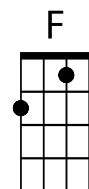
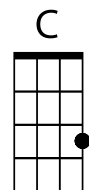
Verse 1:                   C                   F                   C  
I'm sick in the head and i haven't been to bed  
  G7  
Since first i came ashore with me plunder  
                  C                                   F                   C  
I've seen centipedes and snakes and my head is full of aches  
  G7 C  
And i'll have to make a path for way out yonder

Verse 2:                   C                   F                   C  
Where are me boots, me noggin' noggin' boots  
  G7  
They're all gone for beer and tobacco  
                  C                                   F                   C  
You see the soles were getting thin and the uppers were letting in  
  G7 C  
And the heels are looking out for better weather

Verse 3:                   C                   F                   C  
Where is me shirt me noggin' noggin' shirt  
  G7  
It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
                  C                                   F                   C  
You see the sleeves they got worn out and the collar was turned about  
  G7 C  
And the tail is looking out for better weather

Verse 4:                   C                   F                   C  
Where is me wife, me noggin' noggin' wife  
  G7  
She's all gone for beer and tobacco  
                  C                                   F                   C  
You see her front it got worn out and her tail been kicked about  
  G7 C  
And i'm sure she's looking out for better weather

Verse 5:                   C                   F                   C  
Oh, where is me bed, me noggin' noggin' bed  
  G7  
It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
                  C                                   F                   C  
You see i sold it to the girls and the springs they got all twirls  
  G7 C  
And the sheets they're looking out for better weather



# BELFAST MILL

(GRUB songs 2012)

## Traditional Irish

*Intro:*            |C            |Am            |G            |F            C            |

*Verse 1:*

**C** **Am**

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill,

**G** **F** **C**

There's a chimney so tall, it says Belfast mill,

**C** **Am**  
*Chorus: And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind,*  
**G** **F** **C**  
*As she blows through the town weave and spin, weave and spin.*

*(Repeat chorus after each verse)*

*Verse 2:*

**C**                      **A<sup>m</sup>**

But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack,

**G**                      **F**        **C**

For the mill has shut down, and its never coming back.

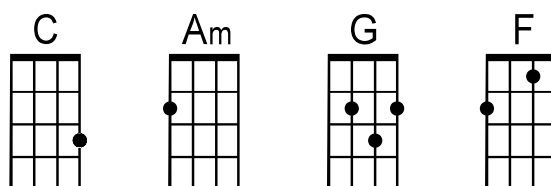
*Verse 3:*

**C**                      **A<sup>m</sup>**  
There's no children playing in the dark narrow streets,

**G**                      **F**                  **C**  
For the mill has shut down it's so quiet, I can't sleep.

**C** **Am**  
*Verse 4:* The mill has shut down, 'twas the only life I know,  
**G** **F** **C**  
Tell me where will I go, tell me where will I go.

**C** **Am**  
*Verse 5:* I'm too old to work and I'm too young to die,  
**G** **F** **C**  
Tell me where will I go now my family and I.





# BLACK VELVET BAND

(GRUB songs 2019)

*Traditional Irish*

3/4

Intro: |G |A |D | |

Chorus: D G D Bm G A  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the pride of the land  
D A Bm G A D  
Her hair that hung down on her shoulders was tied with a black velvet band

Verse 1: D G D Bm G A  
In a neat little town they call Belfast, Apprenticed to trade I was bound  
D A Bm G A D  
And many's the happy sweet hour, I spent in that dear old town  
D G D Bm G A  
One day as I was walking, along my usual beat  
D A Bm G A D  
A pretty little young maiden, came tripping along the street

Chorus: *And her eyes they shone like diamonds ..*

Verse 2: D G D Bm G A  
One day as we were walking, a gentleman passed us by  
D A Bm G A D  
I could see she was bent on some mischief by the roving of her dark blue eyes  
D G D Bm G A  
Gold watch she picked from his pocket and slyly placed it into my hand  
D A Bm G A D  
I was taken in charge by a copper- bad luck from that black velvet band

Chorus: *And her eyes they shone like diamonds ..*

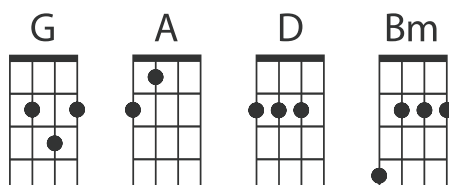
Verse 3: D G D Bm G A  
Before the Lord Mayor I was taken: "Your case sir, I plainly can see  
D A Bm G A D  
And if I'm not greatly mistaken you're bound far over the sea  
D G D Bm G A  
It's over the dark and blue ocean far away to Van Diemen's Land  
D A Bm G A D  
Away from my friends and relations and the girl with the black velvet band

Chorus: *And her eyes they shone like diamonds ..*

Instrumental; (Chorus Chords)

Verse 4: D G D Bm G A  
So Come all you jolly young fellows and a warning take from me  
D A Bm G A D  
If ever you're out on the town me lads beware of the pretty Colleen  
D G D Bm G A  
She'll fill you with whisky and porter until you're unable to stand  
D A Bm G A D  
And the very next thing you know me boys, you've landed in Van Diemen's Land

Chorus: *And her eyes they shone like diamonds ..*



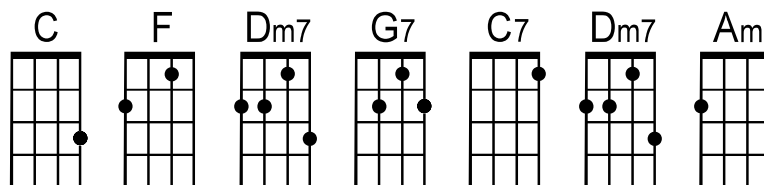
# DANNY BOY

(GRUB songs 2012)

*traditional Irish*

C
F  
*Verse 1:* Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
C
Dm7
G7  
 From glen to glen and down the mountain side,  
C
C7
F  
 The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying,  
C
Dm7
G7
C
F
C  
 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.  
Am
F
C  
 But come you back when Summer's in the meadow,  
Am
F
Dm7
G7  
 Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,  
C
F
C
Am  
 'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,  
C
Dm7
G7
C  
 Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

C
F  
*Verse 2.* And if you come when all the flowers are dying  
C
Dm7
G7  
 And I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
C
C7
F  
 You'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
C
Dm7
G7
C
F
C  
 And kneel and say an ave there for me.  
Am
F
C  
 And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,  
Am
F
Dm7
G7  
 And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,  
C
F
C
Am  
 If you will not fail to tell me that you love me,  
C
Dm7
G7
C  
 Then I will simply sleep in peace, 'til you come to me



# DIRTY OLD TOWN

Ewan MacColl

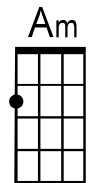
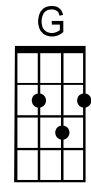
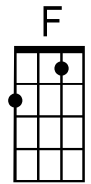
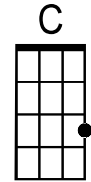
Intro: |C | | | |F | |C | |  
| | | | |G | |Am | |

C  
Verse 1: I found my love by the gas works wall  
F C  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal,  
C  
Kissed my girl by the factory wall,  
G Am  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

C  
Verse 2: I heard a siren from the docks,  
F C  
Saw a train set the night on fire,  
C  
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind,  
G Am  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

C  
Verse 3: Clouds are drifting across the moon,  
F C  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
C  
Springs a girl in the streets at night,  
G Am  
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

C  
Verse 4: I'm going to make me a good sharp axe,  
F C  
Shining steel, tempered in the fire,  
C  
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree,  
G Am  
Dirty old town, dirty old town



# FIELDS OF ATHENRY

(GRUB songs 2012)

*Pete St John*

*Verse 1:* By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling,  
Michael they have taken you away,  
For you stole Trevellyne's corn, so your young might see the morn,  
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

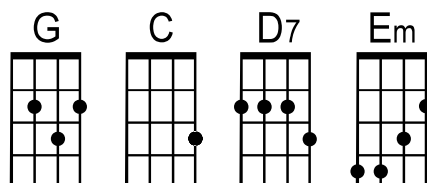
Chorus:  
(after each verse)

Low lie the fields of Athenry,  
Where once we watched the small free birds fly,  
Our love was on the wing,  
We had dreams and songs to sing,  
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Verse2: By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling,  
Nothing matters Mary when your free,  
Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled they put me down,  
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

*Verse3:*

G C G D7  
By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star falling,  
G C D7  
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,  
G C G D7  
For she waits and hopes and prays, for her love in Botany bay,  
G  
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.



# LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

(GRUB songs 2012)

*Traditional Irish*

*Verse1:*                    A                    D                    A  
Farewell to you my own true love,  
   E7  
I am going far, far away,  
                         A                    D                    A  
I am bound for California,  
   E7                    A  
And I know that I'll return some day.

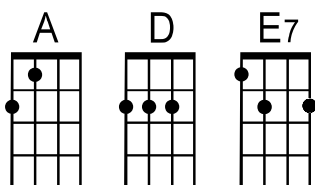
*Chorus :*                    E7                    D                    A  
*So fare thee well my own true love,*  
   E7  
*When I return united we will be,*  
   A                    D                    A  
*It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,*  
   E7                    A  
*But my darling when I think of thee.*

*(chorus after each verse)*

*Verse2:*                    A                    D                    A                    E7  
I have slipped on board a Yankee ship Davey Crockett is her name,  
   A                    D                    A                    E7                    A  
And her captain it is Burgees, and they say that she's a floating hell.

*Verse3:*                    A                    D                    A                    E7  
I have sailed with Burgess once before, and I think I know him well,  
   A                    D                    A                    E7                    A  
If a man's a sailor he will get along, If not then he's sure for hell.

*Verse4:*                    A                    D                    A                    E7  
Oh the sun is in the harbour love, and I wish I could remain,  
   A                    D                    A                    E7                    A  
For I know it will be a long, long time, before I see you again.



# MAGGIE

(GRUB songs 2012)

*Foster & Allen*

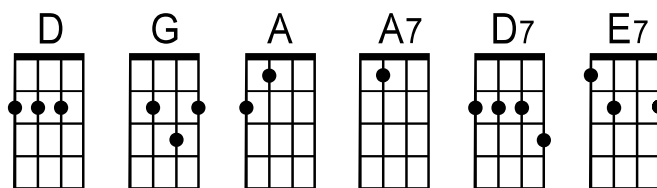
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*Versel:*           D                                   G  
I wandered today to the hills Maggie,  
          D                   A    A7  
To watch the scene below,  
          D                                   G  
The creek and the creaking old mill Maggie,  
          D            A7               D    D7  
As we used to long, long ago,

*Chorus 1:*           G                                   D  
The green grove is gone from the hills Maggie,  
          A           E7    A    A7  
Where once the daisies sprung.  
          D            D7    G  
The creaking old mill is still Maggie,  
          D    A7           D  
Since you and I were young.

*Versel 2:*           D                                   G  
Oh they say that I am feeble with age Maggie,  
          D                                   A    A7  
My steps are much slower than then,  
          D                                   G  
My face is a well written page Maggie,  
          D    A7               D    D7  
And time all alone was the pen.

*Chorus 2:*           G                                   D  
They say we have outlived our time Maggie  
          A           E7                   A    A7  
As dated as songs that we've sung,  
          D            D7               G  
But to me you're as fair as you were Maggie,  
          D    A7           D  
When you and I were young.



# MARIE'S WEDDING

(GRUB songs 2020)

*Traditional Irish*

G C D  
*Chorus : Step we gaily on we go Heel for heel and toe for toe*  
G C D  
*Arm and arm and row on row all for Marie's wedding*

G C D  
*Verse 1: Over hills and up and down Myrtle green and bracken brown*  
G C D  
*Past the sheilings through the town All for the sake of Marie*

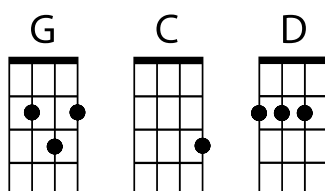
G C D  
*Chorus : Step we gaily on we go Heel for heel and toe for toe*  
G C D  
*Arm and arm and row on row all for Marie's wedding*

G C D  
*Verse 2: Red her cheeks as Rowan's are. Bright her eyes as any star*  
G C D  
*Fairest of them all by far is our darling Marie*

G C D  
*Chorus : Step we gaily on we go Heel for heel and toe for toe*  
G C D  
*Arm and arm and row on row all for Marie's wedding*

G C D  
*Verse 3: Plenty herring , plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her kreen*  
G C D  
*Plenty bonnie bairns as well that's the toast for Marie*

G C D  
*Chorus : Step we gaily on we go Heel for heel and toe for toe*  
G C D  
*Arm and arm and row on row all for Marie's wedding*



# MOLLY MALONE

(GRUB songs 2015)

*Traditional*

Verse 1:      C                  Am                  Dm                  G  
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                  Am  
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,  
            Dm                  G  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
            C                  Am                  G                  C  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus:      C                  Am                  Dm                  G  
"Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh",  
            C                  Am                  G                  C  
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

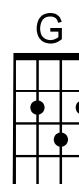
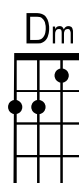
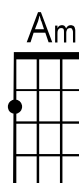
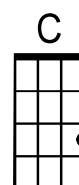
Verse 2:      C                  Am                  Dm                  G  
She was a fishmonger, And sure 'twas no wonder,  
            C                  Am                  Dm                  G  
For so were her father and mother before,  
            C                  Am  
And they each wheeled their barrow,  
            Dm                  G  
Through streets broad and narrow,  
            C                  Am                  G                  C  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus: "Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh", ...

Verse 3:      C                  Am                  Dm                  G  
She died of a fever, And no one could save her,  
            C                  Am                  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                  Am                  G                  C  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus: "Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh", ...

X2



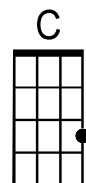
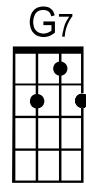
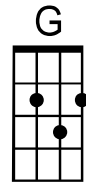


## MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

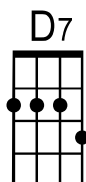
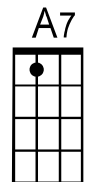
(GRUB songs 2012)

## Traditional Irish

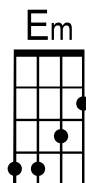
*Verse 1:* Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight  
 With people here working by day and by night  
 They don't sow potatoes, nor barley nor wheat  
 But there' gangs of them digging for gold in the streets  
 At least when I asked them that's what I was told  
 So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold  
 But for all that I found there I might as well be  
 Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.



*Verse 2:* I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed  
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed  
Well, if you believe me, when asked to a ball  
Faith, they don't wear no top to their dresses at all.  
Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in trath  
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath  
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary Macree,  
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.



*Verse 3:* You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course  
Well, now he is here at the head of the force  
I met him today, I was crossing the Strand  
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand  
And there we stood talkin' of days that are gone  
While the whole population of London looked on  
But for all these great powers he's wishful like me  
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.



*Verse 4:* There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind  
With beautiful shapes nature never designed  
And lovely complexions all roses and cream  
But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same  
That if at those roses you venture to sip  
The colours might all come away on your lip  
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

## THE ORANGE AND THE GREEN (GRUB songs 2012)

(GRUB songs 2012)

A. Murphy

Chorus : D A7  
*Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen.*  
G D A7 D  
*My father, he was Orange and me mother, she was green.*

*(chorus after each verse)*

Verse 1:

D A7  
My father was an Ulster man, proud Protestant was he.

G D A7 D  
My mother was a Catholic girl, from county Cork was she.

D A7  
They were married in two churches, lived happily enough,

G D A7 D  
Until the day that I was born and things got rather tough.

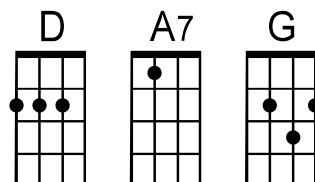
Verse 2:

D A7  
Baptized by Father Riley, I was rushed away by car,  
G D A7 D  
To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.  
D A7  
I was christened "David Anthony," but still, in spite of that,  
G D A7 D  
To me father, I was William, while my mother called me Pat.

Verse 3: With Mother every Sunday, to Mass I'd proudly stroll.  
Then after that, the Orange lodge would try to save my soul.  
For both sides tried to claim me, but i was smart because  
I'd play the flute or play the harp, depending where I was.

Verse 4: One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me.  
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.  
We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.  
And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.

Verse 5: My parents never could agree about my type of school.  
My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.  
They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught between  
That awful colour problem of the Orange and the Green.



## SPANISH LADY

(GRUB songs 2012)

## Traditional Irish

G C D7  
*VI:* As I went down through Dublin City at the hour of twelve at night  
 G C D7  
 Who should I see but a Spanish Lady washing her feet by candlelight  
 G Em G D7  
 First she washed them, then she dried them over a fire of amber coals  
 G Em C D7  
 In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so sweet about the soles

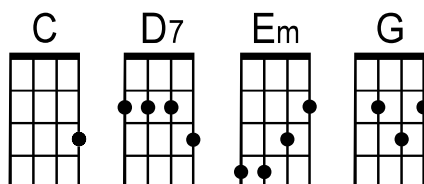
*Chorus:*

G	C	D7
Whack for the tooralooraladdy, whack for the tooralooralay		
G	C	D7 G
Whack for the tooralooraladdy, whack for the tooralooralay		

V2: 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 was a silver comb  
 In all my life I ne'er did see, a maid so fair since I did roam.      ...chorus

V3: 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, then she fled me lifting her petticoat over her knees  
In all my life I ne'er did see a maid so shy as the Spanish Lady. ...*chorus*

V4: I've wandered north and I've wandered south through Stonybattery and Patrick's close  
Up and around by the Gloucester 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 a maid so sweet as the Spanish Lady.      ...*chorus X 2*



## WHISKEY IN THE JAR

(GRUB songs 2012)

## Traditional Irish

Verse 1: As I was going over the far famed Kerry Mountains,  
I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was counting.  
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier,  
Saying 'Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver'.

*Chorus: With me ring am a do ama dah , Whack fol the daddy o,*  
*Whack fol the daddy o, There's whiskey in the jar.*

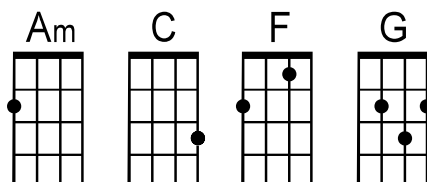
*(chorus after each verse)*

Verse 2: He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny  
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny  
She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me  
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

Verse 3: 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 my charges, she filled them up with water,  
She sent for Captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.

Verse 4: 'Twas early in the morning, before I rose to travel  
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrel  
I then produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Verse 6: If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,  
If I but knew his station be it Cork or in Killarney.  
And if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Kilkenny.  
I swear he'd treat me fairer than my darling sporting Jenny.



# THE WILD ROVER

(GRUB songs 2014)

*Irish Folk song*

$\frac{3}{4}$

*Intro:* |C |F |G7 |C |

*Verse 1:* C F  
I've been a wild rover for many a year,  
C F G7 C  
And I spent all my money on whisky and beer.  
F  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
C F G7 C  
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

*Chorus:* G7 XXX C F  
And it's no, nay, never, no, nay, never, no more,  
C F G7 C  
Will I play the wild rover, no, never, no more.

*Verse 2:* C F  
I went down to an alehouse that I used to frequent,  
C F G7 C  
And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
F  
I asked her for credit but she answered me, "Nay!"  
C F G7 C  
Such custom as yours I can get any day

*Chorus:* And it's no, nay, never, ...

*Verse 3:* C F  
Then out of my pockets I pulled sovereigns bright,  
C F G7 C  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
F  
She said, "We have whisky and wines of the best,  
C F G7 C  
What I told you before it was only in jest

*Chorus:* And it's no, nay, never, ...

*Verse 4:* C F  
I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,  
C F G7 C  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
F  
And if they forgive me as often before,  
C F G7 C  
Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more

*Chorus:* And it's no, nay, never, ...

