





BUG Performance Selection

[Revised 26/11/2024]



Song List

Song List

Bad Moon Rising [C]

Beautiful Sunday [G]

Black Velvet Band, The [G]

Country Roads (Take Me Home) [G]

Dirty Old Town [G]

Down By The Riverside [C]

Dublin In The Rare Old Times [G]

Forty Shades Of Green [G]

I Walk The Line [D]

Jackson [G] Duet

Jambalaya [G]

King of the Road [C]

Little Old Wine Drinker Me [D]

Liverpool Lou [G]

Que Sera Sera [G]

Ring of Fire [G]

When The Saints Go Marching In

Summer Wine [Am]

The Ferryman [G]

The Fields of Athenry [C]

The Irish Rover [G]

Whiskey In The Jar [G]

The Wild Rover [C]

Irish Medley [C]

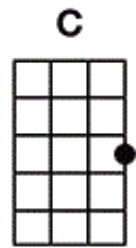
Bad Moon Rising [C]

Artist :CCR

Intro - [C] 1,2,3,4

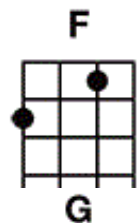
[1st Intro Guitar only] [C] [G-F] [C] [C]

[2nd Intro Ukes & Guitar] [C] [G-F] [C] [C]

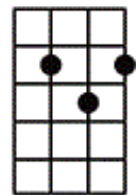


[C] I see the [G] bad [F] moon [C] rising,
I see [G] trouble [F] on the [C] way,
I see [G] earth-[F]quakes and [C] lightning,
I see [G] bad [F] times [C] today.

[F] Don't go around tonight,
well it's [C] bound to take your life,
[G] there's a [F] bad moon on the [C] rise.



[C] I hear [G] hurri-[F]canes [C] blowing,
I know the [G] end is [F] coming [C] soon,
I fear [G] rivers [F] over-[C]flowing,
I hear the [G] voice of [F] rage and [C] ruin.



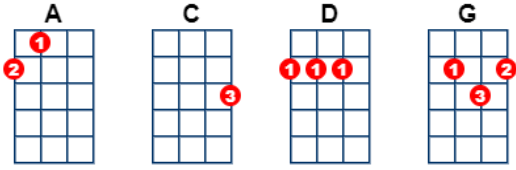
Chorus

[C] Hope you have [G] got your [F] things [C] together,
Hope you are [G] quite [F] prepared to [C] die,
Looks like we're [G] in for [F] nasty [C] weather,
One eye is [G] taken [F] for an [C] eye.

[F] Don't go around tonight, well it's [C] bound to take your life,
[G] There's a [F] bad moon on the [C] rise.
[F] Don't go around tonight,well it's [C] bound to take your life,
[G] There's a [F] bad moon on the [C] rise [F][C].

Beautiful Sunday [G]

key:G, artist:Daniel Boone writer:Daniel Boone and Rod McQueen



Intro: [G] 1,2,3,4

[G] Sunday morning, up with the lark,
I think I'll take a walk in the park.

[C] Hey, hey, **[D]** hey, it's a beautiful **[G]** day. **[G]///(x4)**

[G] I've got someone waiting for me,
When I see her, I know what she'll say.

[C] Hey, hey, **[D]** hey, it's a beautiful **[G]** day. **[G]///(x4)**

[G] Hi, hi, hi, beautiful **[C]** Sunday,
This is **[D]** my, my, my, beautiful **[G]** day.

When you say, say, say, say that you **[A]** love me,
Oh-oh, **[C]** my, my, **[D]** my, it's a beautiful **[G]** day. **[G]///(x4)**

[G] Birds are singing, you by my side,
Let's take a car and go for a ride,

[C] Hey, hey, **[D]** hey, it's a beautiful **[G]** day. **[G]///(x4)**

[G] We'll drive on and follow the sun,
Making Sunday, go on and on,

[C] Hey, hey, **[D]** hey, it's a beautiful **[G]** day. **[G]///(x4)**

[G] Hi, hi, hi, beautiful **[C]** Sunday,
This is **[D]** my, my, my, beautiful **[G]** day.

When you say, say, say, say that you **[A]** love me,
Oh-oh, **[C]** my, my, **[D]** my it's a beautiful **[G]** day. **[G]///(x4)**

[G] Hi, hi, hi, beautiful **[C]** Sunday,
This is **[D]** my, my, my, beautiful **[G]** day.

When you say, say, say, say that you **[A]** love me,
Oh-oh, **[C]** my, my, **[D]** my it's a beautiful **[G]** day,

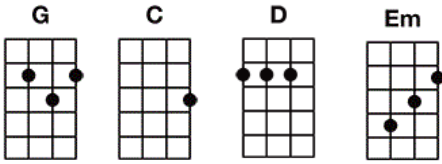
Oh-oh, **[C]** my, my, **[D]** my it's a beautiful **[G]** day,

Oh-oh, **[C]** my, my, **[D]** my it's a beautiful **[G]** day. (SING HIGH)

End [G] [G] [G] [G] [C][G]

Song List

Black Velvet Band, The [G]



Key: G. Writer: Traditional. Artists: The Dubliners

Intro: [G] 1,2,3,4

In a [G] neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to trade I was [D] bound.
And [G] many an hour of sweet [Em] happiness,
I [C] spent in that [D] neat little [G] town.
Till bad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the [D] land.
Far [G] away from my friends and re-[Em]lations,
I [C] followed the [D] Black Velvet [G] Band.

[Chorus]

**Her [G] eyes they shone like the diamonds,
I thought her the queen of the [D] land
And her [G] hair hung over her [Em] shoulder,
Tied [C] up with a [D] Black Velvet [G] Band.**

Well [G] I went out strolling one evening, not meaning to go very [D] far,
When I [G] met with a frolick-some [Em] damsel,
She was [C] plying her [D] trade in a [G] bar.
When a watch she took from a customer and slipped it right into my [D] hand,
And the [G] law it came and [Em] arrested me,
Bad [C] luck to your [D] Black Velvet [G] Band.

[Chorus]

This [G] morning before judge and jury, a trial I had to [D] appear,
And the [G] judge he says to me "my young [Em] man",
The [C] case against [D] you is [G] clear.
Seven long years is your sentence, you're going to Van Demon's [D] Land.
Far [G] away from your friends and rel-[Em]ations,
To [C] follow the [D] Black Velvet [G] Band.

[Chorus]

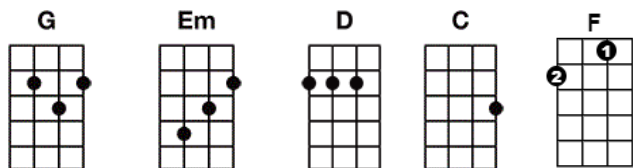
So [G] come all ye jolly young fellows, I'll have you take warning from [D] me.
When [G] ever you're into the [Em] liquor me lads,
Be-[C]ware of the [D] pretty coll-[G]een.
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter, till you are not able to [D] stand,
And the [G] very next thing that you [Em] know me lads,
You've [C] landed in [D] Van Demon's [G] Land.

[Chorus X 2] End : [C][G]

Song List

Country Roads (Take Me Home) [G]

key:C, artist:John Denver writer:Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert, and John Denver



Intro - [G] 1/2/3/4

[G] Almost heaven, [Em] West Virginia,
[D] Blue Ridge Mountains, [C] Shenandoah [G] River.
Life is old there, [Em] older than the trees,
[D] Younger than the mountains, [C] growing' like a [G] breeze.

**Country [G] roads, take me [D] home,
To the [Em] place, I be-[C]long.
West Vir-[G]ginia, mountain ma-[D]ma,
Take me [C] home, country [G] roads.**

[G] All my mem'ries, [Em] gather 'round her,
[D] Miner's lady, [C] stranger to blue [G] water.
Dark and dusty, [Em] painted on the sky,
[D] Misty taste of moonshine, [C] teardrop in my [G] eye.

**Country [G] roads, take me [D] home,
To the [Em] place, I be-[C]long.
West Vir-[G]ginia, mountain ma-[D]ma,
Take me [C] home, country [G] roads.**

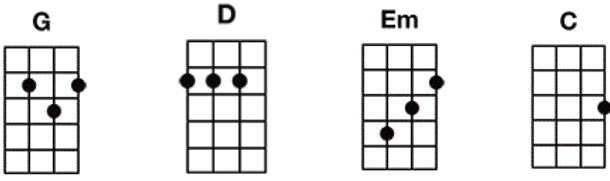
I [Em] hear her [D] voice, in the [G] mornin' hours she calls me,
The [C] radio re-[G]minds me of my [D] home far away.
And [Em] drivin' down the [F] road, I get a [C] feelin' that
I [G] should have been home [D] yesterday, yester-[D7]day. **[STOP]**

**[NC] Country [G] roads, take me [D] home,
To the [Em] place, I be-[C]long.
West Vir-[G]ginia, mountain ma-[D]ma,
Take me [C] home, country [G] roads.
Take me [D] home... down country [G] roads,
Take me [D] home... down country [G] roads....**

End: [C] [G] (single strum)

Dirty Old Town [G]

Key: G; Artist: The Pogues; Writer: Ewan MacColl (1949)



Intro [G] 1, 2, 3

[NC] I met my [G] love, by the gasworks wall,
Dreamed a [C] dream, by the old [G] canal.
I kissed my girl, by the factory wall,
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

[NC] The clouds are [G] drifting across the Moon,
Cats are [C] prowling, on their [G] feet.
Spring-s-a girl, from the streets at night,
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

[G][C][G](D)(Em) + Harmonica **Don't play this, move to next verse**

[NC] I heard a [G] siren, from the docks,
Saw a [C] train, set the night on [G] fire.
Smelled the spring, in that smoky wind,
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

[NC] I'm going to [G] make me a good sharp axe,
Shining [C] steel, tempered in the [G] fire.
I'll chop you down, like an old dead tree,
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

[NC] I met my [G] love, by the gasworks wall,
Dreamed a [C] dream, by the old [G] canal.
I kissed my girl, by the factory wall.
Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

Dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.
It's a dirty old [D] town, dirty old [Em] town.

End :[Em][Em][Em] [D][G]

Song List

Down By The Riverside [C]

Key: [C], Spiritual Song from the 1800's, Artists: Various.

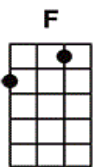
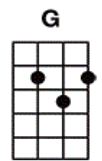
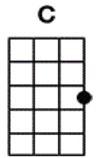
INTRO: [C] 1, 2, 3, 4

I'm gonna [C] lay down my burden Lord, down by the riverside,
[G] Down by the riverside, [C] down by the riverside.

I'm gonna lay down my burden Lord, down by the riverside,
I'm gonna [G] study war no [C] more.

CHORUS

I ain't gonna [F] study war no more,
I ain't gonna [C] study war no more.
I ain't gonna [G] study war no [C] more.
I ain't gonna [F] study war no more,
I ain't gonna [C] study war no more,
I ain't gonna [G] study war no [C] more.



I'm gonna [C] lay down my sword & shield,
Down by the riverside, [G] down by the riverside,
[C] Down by the riverside.

I'm gonna lay down my sword & shield, down by the riverside,
I'm gonna [G] study war no [C] more. [CHORUS]

I'm gonna [C] meet my dear father Lord, down by the riverside,
[G] Down by the riverside, [C] down by the riverside.
I'm gonna meet my dear father Lord, down by the riverside,
I'm gonna [G] study war no [C] more. [CHORUS]

I'm gonna [C] meet my dear mother Lord, down by the riverside,
[G] Down by the riverside, [C] down by the riverside.
I'm gonna meet my dear mother Lord, down by the riverside,
I'm gonna [G] study war no [C] more. [CHORUS]

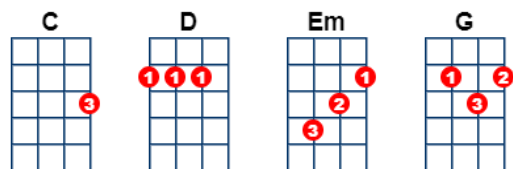
I'm gonna [C] put on my starry crown, down by the riverside,
[G] Down by the riverside, [C] down by the riverside.
I'm gonna put on my starry crown, down by the riverside,
I'm gonna [G] study war no [C] more.

CHORUS *and finish with* [F][C]

Song List

Dublin In The Rare Old Times [G]

Key:G: Artist: The Dubliners; Writer: Pete St. John



Intro [G] 1,2,3,4

[G] Raised on songs and [C] sto-[G]ries, heroes of re-[Em]known,
The [G] passing tales and [C] glo-[G]ries, that [D] once was Dublin town.
The [G] hallowed halls and [C] hou-[G]ses, the [G] haunting children's [Em] rhymes,
That [G] once was part [C] of Dublin, [G] in the [D] rare old [G] times.

CHORUS

[G] Ring a ring a [C] ros-[G]ie, as the light de-[Em]clines,
I Re-[G]member Dublin [C] City [G] in the [D] rare old [G] times.

My [G] name it is Sean [C] Demp-[G]sey, as Dublin as could [Em] be.
Born [G] hard and late in [C] Pimli-[G]co, in a [D] house that ceased to be.
By [G] trade I was a [C] coo-[G]per, lost out to redundan-[Em]cy,
Like my [G] house that fell to [C] pro-[G]gress, my [D] trade's a memo-[G]ry.

I [G] courted Peggy [C] Diag-[G]nam, as pretty as you [Em] please,
I [G] roved with a child of [C] Ma-[G]ry from the [D] rebel liberties.
I [G] lost her to a [C] student [G] chap, with skin as black as [Em] coal,
When he [G] took her off to [C] Birming-[G]ham, he [D] took away my [G] soul.

CHORUS

The [G] years have made me [C] bit-[G]ter, the gargles dims me [Em] brain.
'Cause [G] Dublin keeps on [C] chan-[G]ging and [D] nothing seems the same.
The [G] Pillar and the [C] Met have [G] gone, the Royal long since pulled [Em] down,
As the [G] great and unyielding [C] con-[G]crete, makes a [D] city of my [G] town.

CHORUS

[G] Fare thee well sweet [C] Anna Li-[G]ffey, I can no longer [Em] stay,
And [G] watch the new glass [C] ca-[G]ges, that [D] spring along the quay.
My [G] mind's too full of [C] memo-[G]ries, too old to hear new [Em] chimes,
I'm a [G] part of what was [C] Dublin, [G] in the [D] rare old [G] time.

[G] Ring a ring a [C] ros-[G]ie, as the light de-[Em]clines,
I re-[G]member Dublin [C] City, [G] in the [D] rare old [G] times.

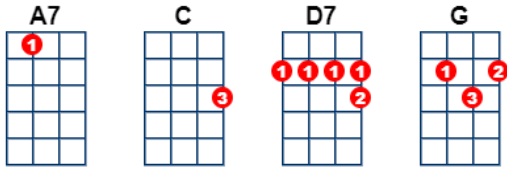
[G] Ring a ring a [C] ros-[G]ie, as the light de-[Em]clines,
And slow down on last line...

I re-[G]member Dublin [C] City, [G] in the [D] rare old [G] times. [D][G]

Song List

Forty Shades Of Green [G]

Key: **G**; Artist: Johnny Cash; Writer: Johnny Cash



Intro [G] 1,2,3,4

I **[G]** close my eyes and picture, the **[C]** emerald of the sea,
From the fishing boats at **[G]** Dingle,
To the **[A7]** shores of Duna-**[D7]**dee.

I **[G]** miss the river Shannon, and the **[C]** folks at Skibbereen,
The moorlands and the **[G]** meadows,
With their **[D7]** forty shades of **[G]** green.

But **[C]** most of all, I **[D7]** miss a girl, in **[G]** Tipperary Town,
And **[C]** most of all, I **[D7]** miss her lips, as **[G]** soft as eider-**[D7]**down.
[G] Again I want to see and do, the **[C]** things we've done and seen,
Where the breeze is sweet as **[G]** Shalimar,
And there's **[D7]** forty shades of **[G]** green.

I **[G]** wish that I could spend an hour, at **[C]** Dublin's churning surf,
I'd love to watch the **[G]** farmers,
Drain the **[A7]** bogs and spade the **[D7]** turf.
To **[G]** see again the thatching, of the **[C]** straw the women glean,
I'd walk from Cork to **[G]** Larne,
To see the **[D7]** forty shades of **[G]** green.

But **[C]** most of all, I **[D7]** miss a girl in **[G]** Tipperary Town,
And **[C]** most of all, I **[D7]** miss her lips, as **[G]** soft as eider-**[D7]**down.
[G] Again I want to see and do, the **[C]** things we've done and seen,
Where the breeze is sweet as **[G]** Shalimar,
And there's **[D7]** forty shades of **[G]** green.

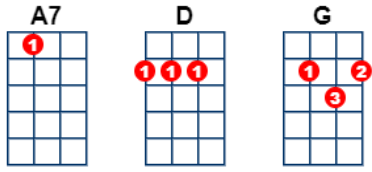
Where the **[C]** breeze is sweet as **[G]** Shalimar,
(**SLOW DOWN**) And there's **[D7]** - forty - shades of **[G]** - green.

[C][G]

Song List

I Walk The Line [D]

Key:D; Artist: Johnny Cash; Writer: Johnny Cash



INTRO [D] - 1,2,3..

[D] I keep a [A7] close watch on this heart of [D] mine.
I keep my [A7] eyes wide open all the [D] time.
I keep the [G] ends out for the tie that [D] binds,
Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line.

[D] I find it [A7] very, very easy to be [D] true.
I find my-[A7]self alone when each day is [D] through.
Yes, I'll [G] admit that I'm a fool for [D] you,
Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line.

[D] As sure as [A7] night is dark and day is [D] light.
I keep you [A7] on my mind both day and [D] night.
And happi-[G]ness I've known proves that it's [D] right,
Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line.

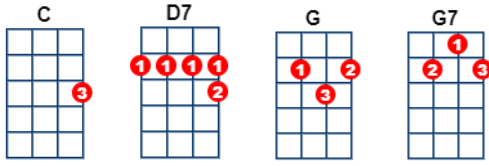
[D] You've got a [A7] way to keep me on your [D] side.
You give me [A7] cause for love that I can't [D] hide.
For you I [G] know I'd even try to turn the [D] tide,
Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line,
Because you're [A7] mine, I walk the [D] line....

[D][D][D][D] - [A7][D]

Song List

Jackson [G] *Duet*

Key:G; Artist: Johnny Cash & June Carter Cash; Writer: Billy Edd Wheeler & Jerry Leiber



INTRO: - [G] 1,2,3,4..fast

(ALL) [G] We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout,
We've been talking 'bout, Jackson,

(MEN) [G7] Ever since the fire went out.

I'm going to [C] Jackson, gonna mess [G] around,

Yeah, I'm going to [C] Jackson, [D7] look out Jackson [G] town.

(WOMEN) [G] Go on down to Jackson, go ahead and wreck your health,
Go play your hand, you big talking man,

Make a [G7] big fool of yourself,

Yeah, go to [C] Jackson, go comb your [G] hair,

(MEN) I'm gonna snow ball [C] Jackson,

(WOMEN) [D7] See if I [G] care.

(MEN) [G] When I breeze into that city, people gonna stoop and bow,

(WOMEN) (*Hah!*)

(MEN) All them women gonna make me,

[G7] Teach 'em what they don't know how,

Aw, I'm going to [C] Jackson, turn a loose my [G] coat,

Cause, I'm going to [C] Jackson,

(WOMEN) [D7] Goodbye, that's all she [G] wrote.

(WOMEN) [G] But they'll laugh at you in Jackson,

And I'll be dancin' on a pony keg,.

They'll lead you 'roun' town like a scalded hound,

With your [G7] tail tucked 'between your leg,

Yeah, go to [C] Jackson, you big talking [G] man,

And I'll be waiting in [C] Jackson, [D7] behind my jaypan [G] fan.

(All) [G] We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout,

We've been talking 'bout, Jackson,

[G7] Ever since the fire went out.

We're going to [C] Jackson, and that's a [G] fact,

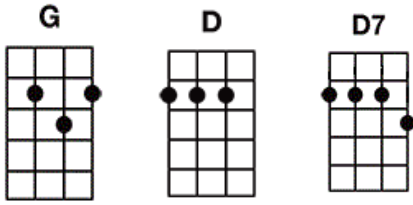
Yeah, we're going to [C] Jackson,

[D7] Ain't never comin' [G] back. **Repeat last verse [G] (STOP)**

Song List

Jambalaya (On the Bayou) [G]

Key: G; Artist: Hank Williams; Writer Hank Williams (1952)



INTRO (Guitar only): 1,2,3..

[G] "Son of a gun [D], we'll have big [D7] fun on the [G] bayou". **STOP**

[NC] Good-bye [G] Joe, me gotta go, me oh [D] my oh.
Me gotta go pole the [D7] pirogue down the [G] bayou.
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh [D] my oh,
Son of a gun, we'll have big [D7] fun on the [G] bayou. **STOP**

CHORUS

[NC] Jamba[G]laya and a crawfish pie and fil-e[D] gumbo
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher[G]amio.
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [D] gay-o. Son of a gun,
we'll have big [D7] fun on the [G] bayou **[STOP]**

[NC] Thibo-[G]deaux, Fontainenot, the place is [D] buzzin',
Kinfolk come to see [D7] Yvonne by the [G] dozen.
Dress in style and go hog wild, me oh [D] my oh,
Son of a gun, we'll have big [D7] fun on the [G] bayou. **STOP**

CHORUS

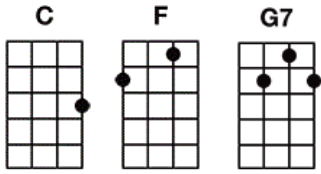
[NC] Settle [G] down, far from town, get me a [D] pirogue,
And I'll catch all the [D7] fish in the [G] bayou.
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she [D] need-o,
Son of a gun, we'll have big [D7] fun on the [G] bayou. **STOP**

[NC] Jamba-[G]laya and a crawfish pie and fil-e [D] gumbo.,
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher-[G]amio.
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be [D] gay-o,
Son of a gun, we'll have big [D7] fun on the [G] bayou,
Son of a [D] gun, we'll have big [D7] fun...
Slower and higher ... On - the [G] - bay-ou... **[D] [G]**

Song List

King of the Road [C]

Key: C; Artist: Roger Miller; Writer Roger Miller (1964)



INTRO : [C] 1, 2, 3, 4..

[C] Trailers for [F] sale or rent,
[G7] Rooms to let [C] fifty cents.
No phone, no [F] pool, no pets,
[G7] Ain't got no cigarettes,
Ah but, [C] two hours of [F] pushing broom,
Buys an, [G7] eight by twelve [C] four bit room.
I'm a, man of [F] means by no means,
[G7][G7] King of the [C] Road.

[C] Third boxcar [F] midnight train,
[G7] Destination [C] Bangor, Maine.
Old worn out [F] suit and shoes,
[G7] I don't pay no union dues,
I smoke, [C] old stogies [F] I have found,
[G7] Short, but not too [C] big around.
I'm a, man of [F] means by no means,
[G7][G7] King of the [C] Road.

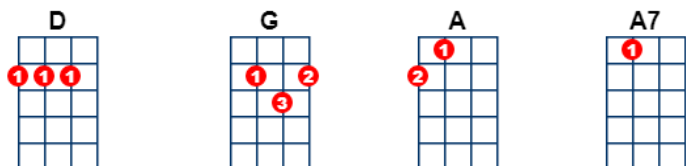
[C] I know every engineer on [F] every train,
[G7] All of the children and [C] all of their names.
And every handout in [F] every town and,
[G7] Every lock, that ain't locked, when no one's around.

[G7] I sing [C] trailers for [F] sale or rent,
[G7] Rooms to let [C] fifty cents.
No phone, no [F] pool, no pets,
[G7] Ain't got no cigarettes.
[C] Ah but, two hours of [F] pushing broom,
Buys an, [G7] eight by twelve [C] four bit room.
I'm a, man of [F] means by no means,
[G7][G7] King of the [C] Road,
[G7][G7] King of the [C] Road,
[G7][G7] King of the [C] Road. ...**[F] [C]**

Song List

Little Old Wine Drinker Me [D]

Key:D; Artist: Dean Martin; Writer:Hank Mills & Dick Jennings



INTRO: - [D] 1, 2, 3, 4.

I'm **[D]** praying, for the **[G]** rain in Cali-**[D]**fornia,
So the grapes will grow and they can make more **[A]** wine. **[A7]**
And I'm **[D]** sitting, in a **[G]** honky-tonk in Chi-**[D]**cago,
With a broken heart and a **[A7]** woman on my **[D]** mind. **[G] [D]**

I ask the **[A]** man, behind the bar, for the **[D]** jukebox, (*Jukebox*)
And the music takes me back to Tennes-**[A]**see. **[A7]**
When they **[D]** ask, who's the **[G]** fool, in the **[D]** corner, **[G]** crying,
I say, **[D][D]** little old **[A]** wine **[A7]** drinker **[D]** me. **[A7]**

I **[D]** got here, last **[G]** week, from down in Nash-**[D]**ville,
'Cos my baby left for Florida on a **[A]** train. **[A7]**
I **[D]** thought I'd get a **[G]** job and just for-**[D]**get her,
But in Chicago, a broken **[A7]** heart is just the **[D]** same. **[G] [D]**

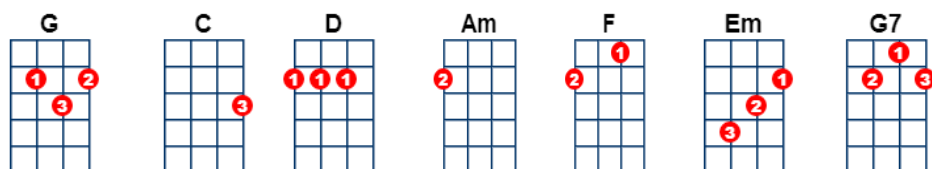
I ask the **[A]** man, behind the bar, for the **[D]** jukebox, (*Jukebox*)
And the music takes me back to Tennes-**[A]**see. **[A7]**
When they **[D]** ask, who's the **[G]** fool, in the **[D]** corner, **[G]** crying,
I say, **[D][D]** little old **[A]** wine **[A7]** drinker **[D]** me. **[A7]**

I ask the **[A]** man, behind the bar, for the **[D]** jukebox, (*Jukebox*)
And the music takes me back to Tennes-**[A]**see. **[A7]**
When they **[D]** ask, who's the **[G]** fool, in the **[D]** corner, **[G]** crying,
I say, **[D][D]** little old **[A]** wine **[A7]** drinker **[D]** me, **[A7]**
I say, **[D][D]** little old **[A]** wine **[A7]** drinker **[D]** me, **[A7]**
I say, **[D][D]** little old **[A]** wine **[A7]** drinker **[D]** me... **[G] [D]**

Song List

Liverpool Lou [G]

Key:G; Artist: The Dubliners; Writer Dominic Behan



Intro : [C] 1, 2, 3..

[NC] Oh, Liverpool **[C]** Lou, lovely **[F]** Liverpool **[C]** Lou,
Why don't you be-**[Em]**have **[Am]** just like **[D]** other girls **[G]** do ?
Why must my **[C]** poor heart keep **[F]** following **[C]** you ?
Stay home and **[Em]** love **[Am]** me, my **[G7]** Liverpool **[C]** Lou !
When I go a **[G]** walking, I hear people **[C]** talking,
School children **[F]** playing, **[G]** I just know what they're **[C]** saying.
They're saying you'll **[G]** grieve me, and that you'll de-**[C]**ceive me,
Some morning you'll **[F]** leave me, **[G]** all packed up and **[C]** gone.
Oh, Liverpool **[C]** Lou, lovely **[F]** Liverpool **[C]** Lou.
Why don't you be-**[Em]**have **[Am]** just like **[D]** other girls **[G]** do. ?
Why must my **[C]** poor heart keep **[F]** following **[C]** you, ?
Stay home and **[Em]** love **[Am]** me, my **[G7]** Liverpool **[C]** Lou. ! **STOP**

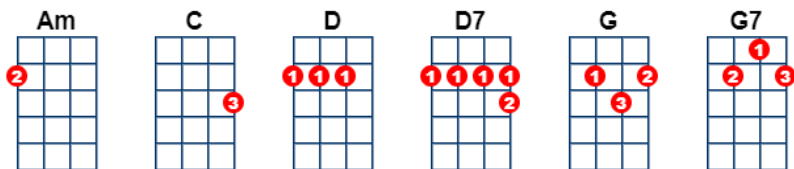
[NC] The sounds from the **[G]** river, keep telling me **[C]** ever.
That I should for-**[F]**get you, **[G]** like I never **[C]** met you.
Oh, tell me their **[G]** song, love, was never more **[C]** wrong, love,
Please, say I be-**[F]**long, love, **[G]** to my Liverpool **[C]** Lou.
Oh, Liverpool **[C]** Lou, lovely **[F]** Liverpool **[C]** Lou,
Why don't you be-**[Em]**have **[Am]** just like **[D]** other girls **[G]** do ?
Why must my **[C]** poor heart keep **[F]** following **[C]** you ?
Stay home and **[Em]** love **[Am]** me, my **[G7]** Liverpool **[C]** Lou !
Oh, Liverpool **[C]** Lou, lovely **[F]** Liverpool **[C]** Lou,
Why don't you be-**[Em]**have **[Am]** just like **[D]** other girls **[G]** do ?
Why must my **[C]** poor heart keep **[F]** following **[C]** you ?
Stay home and **[Em]** love **[Am]** me, my **[G7]** Liverpool **[C]** Lou !

(Slower) **[C]** Stay home and **[Em]** love **[Am]** me,
My **[G7]** Liver-pool **[C]** - Lou. **STOP**

Song List

Que Sera Sera [G]

Key: G; Artist: Doris Day, Writer: Jay Livingston & Ray Evans



INTRO - [G] 1, 2, 3...

[NC] "Que se-[C]ra, sera, what-[Am]ever will [G] be will be,
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera se-[G]ra." STOP

[NC] When I was [G] just a little girl,
I asked my mother: What will I [D7] be?.,
[Am] Will I be [D] pretty?, **[Am]** will I be [D] rich?"
[Am] Here's what she [D] said to [G] me..... [G7]

**"Que se-[C]ra, sera, what-[Am]ever will [G] be will be,
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera se-[G]ra." STOP**

[NC] When I was [G] just a child in school,
I asked my teacher: What should I [D7] try?.,
[Am] Should I paint [D] pictures, **[Am]** should I sing [D] songs?"
[Am] This was her [D] wise [G] reply..... [G7]

**"Que se-[C]ra, sera, what-[Am]ever will [G] be will be,
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera se-[G]ra." STOP**

[NC] When I grew [G] up and fell in love,
I asked my sweetheart: What lies [D7] ahead?.,
[Am] Will we have [D] rainbows, **[Am]** day after [D] day?"",
[Am] Here's what my [D] sweetheart [G] said..... [G7]

**"Que se-[C]ra, sera, what-[Am]ever will [G] be will be,
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera se-[G]ra." STOP**

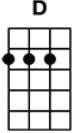
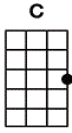
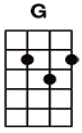
[NC] Now I have [G] children of my own,
They ask their mother: What will I [D7] be?.,
[Am] Will I be [D] handsome, **[Am]** Will I be [D] rich?"
[Am] I tell them [D] tender-[G]ly..... [G7]

**"Que se-[C]ra, sera, what-[Am]ever will [G] be will be,
The future's not [D7] ours to see... que sera se-[G]ra,"
[D7] What will be, will [G] be, [D7] Que sera, se-[G]ra." [C] [G]**

Song List

Ring of Fire [G]

Key: G; Artist: Johnny Cash; Writer: Anita Carter (1962)



INTRO: - [G] 1, 2, 3, 4....

[G] [C] [G]////[G] [D] [G]////
[G] [C] [G]////[G] [D] [G]////

[G] Love is a **[C]** burning **[G]** thing!
And it makes a **[C]** fiery **[G]** ring!
Bound by **[C]** wild de-**[G]**sire!
I fell into a **[C]** ring of **[G]** fire.

[D] I fell into a **[C]** burning ring of **[G]** fire!
I went **[D]** down, down, down!
And the **[C]** flames went **[G]** higher.
And it burns, burns, burns!
The **[C]** ring of **[G]** fire!, the **[C]** ring of **[G]** fire.

[G] [C] [G]////[G] [D] [G]

[G] The taste of **[C]** love is **[G]** sweet!
When hearts, like **[C]** ours **[G]** meet!
I fell for you **[C]** like a **[G]** child!
Oh, but the **[C]** fire went **[G]** wild.

[D] I fell into a **[C]** burning ring of **[G]** fire!
I went **[D]** down, down, down!
And the **[C]** flames went **[G]** higher.
And it burns, burns, burns!
The **[C]** ring of **[G]** fire!, the **[C]** ring of **[G]** fire.

[G] And it burns, burns, burns!
The **[C]** ring of **[G]** fire!
The **[C]** ring of **[G]** fire.

[G] [C] [G]////[G] [D] [G] ////
[G] [C] [G]////[G] [D] [G] STOP

Song List

When The Saints Go Marching In [C]

INTRO: [C] 1,2,3

Oh, when the [C] saints, go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching [G] in.
I want to [C] be in that [F] number.
When the [C] saints go [G] marching [C] in.

Oh, when the [C] drums, begin to roll,
Oh, when the drums begin to [G] roll.
I want to [C] be in that [F] number,
When the [C] saints go [G] marching [C] in.

Oh, when the [C] saints, go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching [G] in.
I want to [C] be in that [F] number,
When the [C] saints go [G] marching [C] in.

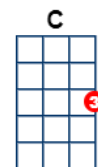
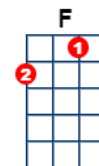
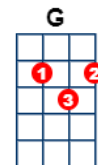
Oh, when the [C] trumpet, sounds its call,
Oh, when the trumpet sounds its [G] call.
I want [C] to be in that [F] number,
When the [C] saints go [G] marching [C] in.

Oh, when the [C] saints, go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching [G] in.
I want to [C] be in that [F] number,
When the [C] saints go [G] marching [C] in.

Oh, when the [C] BUGS, begin to play,
And when the BUGS begin to [G] play.
I want to [C] be in that [F] number,
When the [C] Bugs be [G]gin to [C] play.

Oh, when the [C] crowd, begins to sing,
Oh when the [C] crowd begins to [G] sing.
I want to [C] be in that [F] number,
When the [C] crowd be [G]gin to [C] sing.

Oh, when the [C] saints, go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching [G] in.
I want to [C] be in that [F] number,
When the [C] saints go [G] marching [C] in!.
[C][C][C][C] [G][C]



Summer Wine [Am] *Duet*

Key: Am; Singers: Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazelwood; Writer Lee Hazelwood

INTRO : [Am] Single strum on chord of first 2 lines

Female :[Am] Strawberries, cherries and an [G] angel's kiss in spring.
[Am] My summer wine is really [G] made from all these things...

Count [Am] 1, 2, 3, 4.

Male: [Am] I walked in town on silver [G] spurs that jingled to,
[Am] A song that I had only [G] sang to just a few.
[Dm] She saw my silver spurs and [Am] said let's pass some time.
[Dm] And I will give to you, [Am] summer wine,
[Dm] Ohh-oh-oh summer [Am] wine. 2,3,4

Female: Chorus

[Am] Strawberries, cherries and an [G] angel's kiss in spring.
[Am] My summer wine is really [G] made from all these things.
[Dm] Take off your silver spurs and [Am] help me pass the time.
[Dm] And I will give to you [Am] summer wine.
[Dm] Ohh-oh-oh summer [Am] wine.

2,3,4

Male: [Am] My eyes grew heavy and my [G] lips they could not speak.
[Am] I tried to get up but I [G] couldn't find my feet.
[Dm] She reassured me with an [Am] unfamiliar line,
[Dm] And then she gave to me, [Am] more summer wine.
[Dm] Ohh-oh-oh summer [Am] wine. 2,3,4

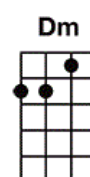
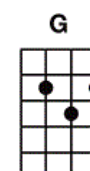
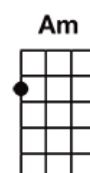
Female : **Chorus - starting "Strawberries, cherries"** 2,3,4

Male: [Am] When I woke up, the sun was [G] shining in my eyes.
[Am] My silver spurs were gone, my [G] head felt twice its size.
[Dm] She took my silver spurs, a [Am] dollar and a dime,
[Dm] And left me craving for, [Am] more summer wine.
[Dm] Ohh-oh-oh summer [Am] wine. 2,3,4

Female: [Am] Strawberries, cherries and an [G] angel's kiss in spring.
[Am] My summer wine is really [G] made from all these things.
[Dm] Take off your silver spurs and [Am] help me pass the time,
[Dm] And I will give to you, [Am] my summer wine.
[Dm] Ohh-oh-oh summer [Am] wine. 2,3,4

[Dm] (**Male**) Ohh-oh-oh summer [Am] wine. 2,3,4

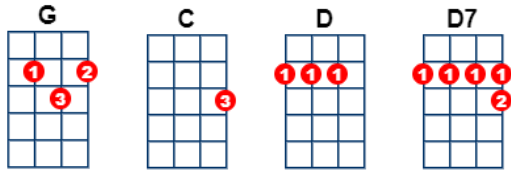
[Dm] (**All**) Ohh-oh-oh summer [Am] wine [G][Am]



Song List

The Ferryman [G]

Key: G; Writer: Pete St John; Singer: The Dubliners



INTRO: [G] - 1,2,3,4

The [G] little boats are gone from, the [C] breast of Anna [G] Liffey,
The [C] ferryman is stranded on the [D] quay.
Sure the [G] Dublin docks is dying and a [C] way of life is [G] gone,
And sure [D] Molly it was [D7] part of you and [G] me.

CHORUS

Where the [D] Strawberry beds sweep [C] down to the [G] Liffey,
You [C] kissed away the worry from my [D] brow.
I [G] love you well today and I'll [C] love you more [G] tomorrow,
If you [D] ever love me [D7] Molly, love me [G] now.

T'was the [G] only job I knew, it was [C] hard but never [G] lonely,
The [C] Liffey ferry made a man of [D] me.
And it's [G] gone without a whisper and for-[C]gotten even [G] now,
And [D] for sure it's over [D7] Molly, can't you [G] see.

Where the [D] Strawberry beds, sweep [C] down to the [G] Liffey,
You [C] kissed away the worry from my [D] brow,
I [G] love you well today and I'll [C] love you more [G] tomorrow,
If you [D] ever love me [D7] Molly, love me [G] now.

Well now I'll [G] tend the yard and I'll [C] spend me days in [G] talking,
And I'll [C] hear them whisper "Charlie's on the [D] dole".
But [G] Molly we're still living and [C] darling we're still [G] young,
And that [D] river, never [D7] owned me heart and [G] soul.

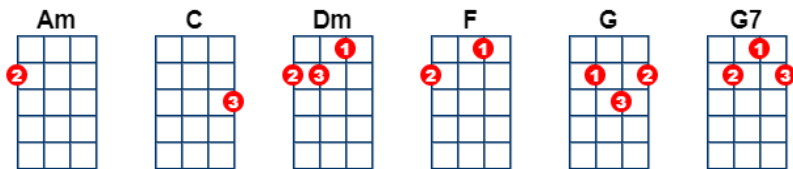
Where the [D] Strawberry beds, sweep [C] down to the [G] Liffey,
You [C] kissed away the worry from my [D] brow.
I [G] love you well today and I'll [C] love you more [G] tomorrow,
If you [D] ever love me [D7] Molly, love me [G] now.

REPEAT LAST CHORUS and Add this line a second time, SLOWER
If you [D] ever - love me [D7] Molly, - love - me [G] - now. [D] [G].

Song List

The Fields of Athenry [C]

Key: C; Artist: The Dubliners; Writer: Pete St. John



INTRO [C] - 1, 2, 3, 4..

[C] By a lonely prison wall, I [F] heard a young girl [C] call-[G]ing,
[C] Michael they have [F] taken you [G] away.

For you [C] stole Trevelyn's [F] corn,
So the [C] young might see the [G] morn,
Now a prison ship lies [G7] waiting in the [C] bay.

[C] Low [F] lie the [C] fields of Athen-[Am]ry,
Where [C] once we watched the small free birds [G] fly.
Our [C] love was on the [F] wing,
We had [C] dreams and songs to [G] sing,
It's so [Dm] lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry.

By a [C] lonely prison wall, I [F] heard a young man [C] call-[G]ing,
[C] Nothing matters [F] Mary when you're [G] free.
Against the [C] famine and the [F] Crown,
I [C] rebelled, they cut me [G] down,
Now [Dm] you must raise our [G7] child with digni-[C]ty.

[C] Low [F] lie the [C] fields of Athen-[Am]ry,
Where [C] once we watched the small free birds [G] fly.
Our [C] love was on the [F] wing,
We had [C] dreams and songs to [G] sing,
It's so [Dm] lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry.

By a [C] lonely harbour wall, she [F] watched the last star [C] fall-[G]ing,
As the [C] prison ship sailed [F] out against the [G] sky.
For she'll [C] live in hope and [F] pray, for her [C] love in Botany [G] Bay,
It's so [Dm] lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry

[C] Low [F] lie the [C] fields of Athen-[Am]ry,
Where [C] once we watched the small free birds [G] fly.
Our [C] love was on the [F] wing,
We had [C] dreams and songs to [G] sing,
It's so [Dm] lonely round the [G7] fields of Athen-[C]ry, *(Slow the last line..)*
It's so [Dm] lonely - round the [G7] fields - of Athen-[C]ry. [F] [C]

Song List

The Irish Rover [G]

Key: G; Artist: David Kane

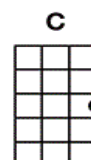
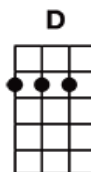
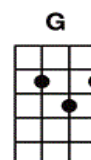
INTRO - [G] 1,2,3

[G] On the fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [C] six,
We set [G] sail from the sweet Cobh of [D] Cork .
We were [G] sailing away, with a cargo of [C] bricks,
For the [G] grand city [D] hall in New [G] York.
'Twas an elegant craft, she was [C] rigged fore and [G] aft,
And oh how the wild wind [D] drove her.
She could [G] stand several blasts, she had twenty seven [C] masts,
And they [G] called her the [D] Irish [G] Rover.

[G] We had one million bags of the best Sligo [C] rags,
We had [G] two million barrels of [D] stones.
We had [G] three million sides of old blind horses [C] hides,
We had [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] bones.
We had five million hogs, [C] six million [G] dogs,
We had seven million barrels of [D] porter.
We had [G] eight million bales of old nanny goat [C] tails,
In the [G] hold of the [D] Irish [G] Rover.

[G] There was Barney McGee, from the banks of the [C] Lee.
There was [G] Hogan from County Ty-[D]rone.
There was [G] Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of [C] work.
And a [G] chap from West-[D]Meath called Ma-[G]lone.
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was [C] drunk as a [G] rule,
And fighting Bill Tracy from [D] Dover.
And your [G] man Mick McCann, from the banks of the [C] Bann,
Was the [G] skipper of the [D] Irish [G] Rover.

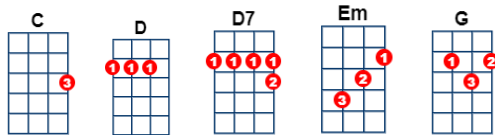
[G] We had sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out,
And our [G] ship lost its way in the [D] fog .
Then the [G] whole of the crew was reduced down to [C] two,
Just my-[G]self and the [D] captain's old [G] dog.
Well the ship struck a rock, [C] Lord what a [G] shock!
The boat it was flipped right [D] over... [PAUSE]
Slowly: Turned [G] - nine - times - around,
And the - poor old dog was -[C] drowned! {woof-woof-woof!!}
Fast.. I'm the [G] last of the [D] Irish [G] Rover. [D][G]



Song List

Whiskey In The Jar [G]

Key:G; Artist: Dubliners; Writer: Traditional



INTRO [G] - 1,2,3,4

[G] As I was a goin' over, the [Em] Cork and Kerry mountains,
I [C] met with Captain Farrell and his [G] money he was [Em] counting.
I [G] first produced my pistol and I [Em] then produced my rapier,
Said [C] "Stand and deliver", for you [G] are my bold de-[Em]ceiver".

Chorus

With me [D] ring dum-a doo dum-a da, [D][D][D][G]
[G] Whack for the daddy-o, [C] whack for the daddy-o,
There's [G] whiskey [D7] in the [G] jar.

I [G] counted out his money and it [Em] made a pretty penny,
I [C] put it in my pocket and I [G] brought it home to [Em] Jenny.
She [G] said and she swore, that she [Em] never would deceive me,
But the [C] devil take the women, for they [G] never can be [Em] easy.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

It was [G] early in the morning, just be-[Em]fore I rose to travel,
The [C] guards were all around me and [G] likewise Captain [Em] Farrell.
I [G] first produced me pistol, for she [Em] stole away me rapier,
But I [C] couldn't shoot the water, so a [G] prisoner I was [Em] taken.

CHORUS

So if [G] anyone can aid me, it's my [Em] brother in the army,
If [C] I can find his station, in [G] Cork or in Kill-[Em]arney.
And [G] if he'll come and save me, we'll go [Em] roving near Kilkenny,
And I [C] swear he'll treat me better, than me [G] darling sportling [Em] Jenny.

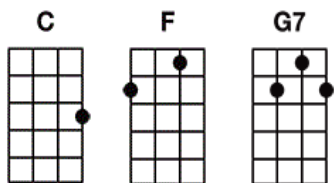
CHORUS

Now [G] some men take delight, in the [Em] drinking and the roving,
But [C] others take delight in the [G] gambling and the [Em] smoking.
But [G] I take delight, in the [Em] juice of the barley,
And [C] courting pretty Jenny, in the [G] morning bright and [Em] early.

CHORUS *Slowing On The Last Line* [D] [G]

Song List

The Wild Rover [C]



INTRO: [C] - 1, 2, 3, 4

I've [C] been a wild rover for many a [F] year,
I've [C] spent all me [F] money on [G7] whiskey and [C] beer.
But now I'm returning with gold in great [F] store.
And [C] I never will [F] play the [G7] wild rover no [C] more.

CHORUS

And it's [G7] no, nay, never. [Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap]
No, [C] nay, never no [F] more, will I [C] play the
wild [F] rover, No [G7] never, no [C] more.

I [C] went into an alehouse I used to fre-[F]quent.
And I [C] told the land-[F]lady, me [G7] money was [C] spent .
I asked her for credit, she answered me [F] "Nay!".
Such [C] custom as [F] yours I could [G7] have any [C] day!".

CHORUS

I [C] took from my pocket ten sovereigns [F] bright.
And the [C] landlady's [F] eyes opened [G7] wide with de-[C]light.
She said "I have whiskeys and wines of the [F] best!.
And the [C] words that I [F] told you were [G7] only in [C] jest!".

CHORUS

I'll go [C] home to my parents, confess what I've [F] done.
And [C] I'll ask them to [F] pardon their [G7] prodigal [C] son.
And when they've caressed me as oft times be-[F]fore.
I [C] never will [F] play the wild [G7] rover no [C] more.

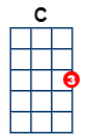
CHORUS x 2 {*slowing on the last line of 2nd chorus*} [C][C]

Irish Medley [C]

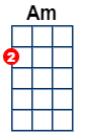
Intro:- 1, 2, 3, 4 (Medium speed)

Whiskey In The Jar

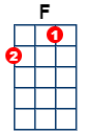
[C] As I was a going over, the [Am] Cork and Kerry mountains,
I [F] met with Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was [Am] counting.
I [C] first produced my pistol and I [Am] then produced my rapier,
Saying [F] "Stand and deliver" for you [C] are my bold de-[Am]ceiver".



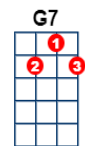
With me [G] ring dum-a doo dum-a da, [C] whack for the daddy-o,
[F] Whack for the daddy-o, there's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar.



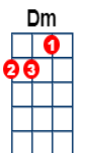
I [C] counted out his money and it [Am] made a pretty penny,
I [F] put it in me pocket and I [C] brought it home to [Am] Jenny.
She [C] said and she swore, that she [Am] never would deceive me,
But the [F] devil takes the women, for they [C] never can be [Am] easy.



With me [G] ring dum-a doo dum-a da, [C] whack for the daddy-o,
[F] Whack for the daddy-o, there's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar.



If [C] anyone can aid me, it's my [Am] brother in the army,
If [F] I can find his station, in [C] Cork or in Kill-[Am]arney.
And [C] if he'll come and save me, we'll go [Am] roving near Kilkenny,
And I [F] swear he'll treat me better, than me [C] darling sportling [Am] Jenny.



With me [G] ring dum-a doo dum-a da, [C] whack for the daddy-o,
[F] Whack for the daddy-o, there's [C] whiskey [G7] in the [C] jar. 2.3.4..

I'll Tell Me Ma [C]

[C] I'll tell me ma when [F] I get home, the [G7] boys won't leave the [C] girls alone.
They pulled me hair and they [F] stole me comb, but [G7] that's all right till [C] I go home.
She is handsome [F] she is pretty, [C] she's the Belle of [G7] Belfast city,
[C] She is courtin' [F] one two three, [C] please won't you [G7] tell me [C] who is she.
Albert Mooney [F] says he loves her, [G7] all the boys are [C] fightin' for her.
They rap on her door and [F] ring on the bell, [G7] will she come out, [C] who can tell?
Out she comes as [F] white as snow, [C] rings on her fingers and [G7] bells on her toes.
[C] Old Jenny Murray says [F] she'll die if she [C] doesn't get the [G7] fella,
With the [C] roving eye 1.2.3.4.

Katie Daly

[C] Oh, come down the mountain Katie Daly, come down from the mountain Katie [G] do,
Oh can't you hear us calling Katie [Dm] Daly, we [G] want to drink your Irish mountain [C] dew.
With her old man Katie came from Tipperary, in the pioneering days of 184[G]2,
Her old man was shot in Tombstone [Dm] City, for [G] the making of his Irish mountain [C] dew.
Oh, Come down the mountain Katie Daly, come down from the mountain Katie [G] do,
Can't you hear us calling Katie [Dm] Daly, we [G] want to drink your Irish mountain [C] dew.

Well [C] at the Golden Gates, there stood poor Katie,
St Peter said, good brewers they are [G] few,
So step inside, the Golden Gates good [Dm] Katie,
And [G7] start to brew your heavenly mountain [C] dew.
So come down the mountain, Katie Daly, come down from the mountain, Katie [G] do,
She'll never more be comin' down the [Dm] mountain,
And we [G7] never more - will drink her - mountain [C] dew. [F][C] **Song List**