

1 2 3 4 or 1 2 3 4

Hallelulele

apologies to Leonard Cohen (from Sneaky Tiki Ukulele Club 2015)

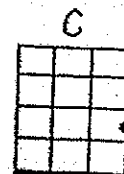
1st Note: E

Tempo:

Intro: C / Am / C / Am /

Verse 1:

C Am C Am
I heard there was a list of chords, that I should play till I get bored.
F G C G
My teacher told me I must practice daily.
C F G Am F
I've strummed those chords a thousand times, maybe some day I'll get them right.
G E7 Am
Nobody's looking now I'll play them my way.



Chorus:

F Am F C G C
Hallelu-lele, uku-lele, hallelu-lele, uku-le-e-e-e-le.



Verse 2:

C Am C Am
Well I used to play all by myself, I'd take my uke off the shelf,
F G C G
and play the same 12 song over and over.
C F G Am F
I played it till I thought I'd puke, I was tempted to break my uke,
G E7 Am
Cuz I'll never sound as good as that re-cording.



Chorus:

Verse 3:

C Am C Am
And then I heard a-bout this group, of weirdo's who all played the uke,
F G C G
from songs held in their secret song-book.
C F G Am F
So I made a plan to infil-trate, the strummers who all think they're great,
G E7 Am
with their so-out-of-tune fancy uku-leles.



Chorus:

Verse 4:

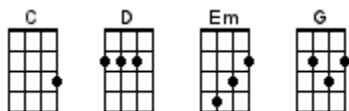
C Am C Am
And now I play every week, with those weirdo's and the geeks,
F G C G
and my fancy out-of-tune uku-lele.
C F G Am F
I must confess I'm not the best, I chunk half the chords and I skip the rest.
G E7 Am
It's really fun as long as no one's listening.



Chorus:

Whiskey In The Jar

Traditional (The Dubliners' lyrics 1967)



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[C] Whack fol da [C] daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

As [G] I was goin' over, the [Em] Cork and Kerry mountains
I [C] met with Captain Farrell and his [G] money he was countin'
I [G] first produced me pistol and I [Em] then produced me rapier
Sayin' [C] "Stand and deliver" for he [G] were a bold deceiver

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

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

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

I [G] went unto me chamber, all [Em] for to take a slumber
I [C] dreamt of gold and jewels and for [G] sure it was no 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 slaughter

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

'Twas [G] early in the mornin', just be-[Em]fore I rose to travel
Up [C] comes a band of footmen, and [G] likewise Captain Farrell
I [G] first produced me pistol for she'd [Em] stolen away me rapier
But I [C] couldn't shoot the water, so a [G] prisoner I was taken

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

Now, there's [G] some take delight in the [Em] carriages a-rollin'
And [C] others take delight in the [G] hurley and the bowlin'
But [G] I take delight in the [Em] juice of the barley
And [C] courtin' pretty fair maids in the [G] mornin' bright and early

CHORUS:

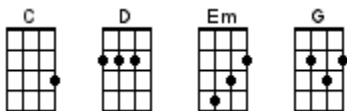
Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar [G]

If [G] anyone can aid me 'tis me [Em] brother in the army
If [C] I can find his station, in [G] Cork or in Killarney
And [G] if he'll go with me, we'll go [Em] rovin' in Kilkenney
And I'm [C] sure he'll treat me better than me [G] own, me sportin' Jenny

CHORUS:

Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] jar

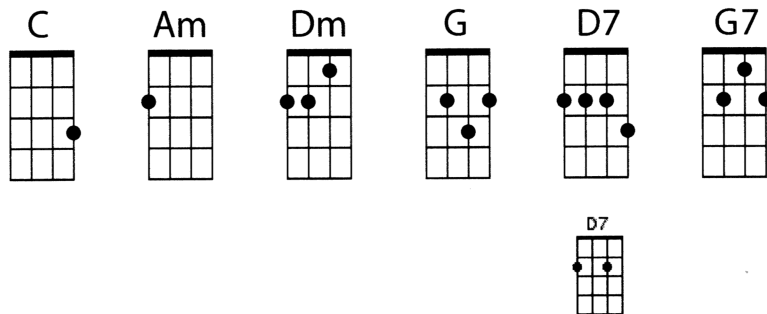
Mush-a [D] ring duram do duram da
[G] Whack fol da daddy-o [C] whack fol da daddy-o
There's [G] ↓ whiskey [D] ↓ in the [G] ↓ jar [G] ↓



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COCKLES AND MUSSELS

Traditional Irish Folk Song



Intro: [C] [Am] [G7] [C]

1st Note: G

Time: 3/4

In [C] Dublin's fair [Am] city, where the [Dm] girls are so [G] pretty
'twas [C] there that I [Am] met my sweet [D7] Molly Ma-[G]lone
She [C] wheeled her wheel-[Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G] narrow
Crying [C] cock-les and [Am] mus-sels, a-[G7] live, alive-[C] O!

A-[C] live, alive-[Am] O!

A-[Dm] live, alive-[G7] O!

Crying [C] cock-les and [Am] mus-sels, a-[G7] live, alive-[C] O!

She [C] was a fish-[Am]monger, but [Dm] sure 'twas no [G7]won-der
For [C] so were her [Am] father and [D7] mother be-[G7]fore
And they [C] each wheeled their [Am] bar-row
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] nar-row
Crying [C] cock-les and [Am] mus-sels, a-[G7] live, alive-[C] O!

A-[C] live, alive-[Am] O!

A-[Dm] live, alive-[G7] O!

Crying [C] cock-les and [Am] mus-sels, a-[G7] live, alive-[C] O!

She [C] died of a [Am] fever, and [Dm] no one could [G7] save her
And [C] that was the [Am] end of sweet [D7] Molly Ma-[G7]lone
But her [C] ghost wheels her [Am] bar-row
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] nar-row
Crying [C] cock-les and [Am] mus-sels, a-[G7] live, alive-[C] O!

A-[C] live, alive-[Am] O!
A-[Dm] live, alive-[G7] O!
Crying [C] cock-les and [Am] mus-sels, a-[G7] live, alive-[C] O!

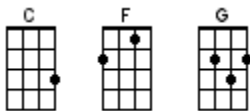
She [C] was a fish-[Am]monger, but [Dm] sure 'twas no [G7]won-der
For [C] so were her [Am] father and [D7] mother be-[G7]fore
And they [C] each wheeled their [Am] bar-row
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] nar-row

Crying [C] cock-les and [Am] mus-sels, a-[G7] live, alive-[C] O!

Crying [C] cock-les and [Am] mus-sels, a-[G7] live, alive-[C]↓ O!

I'se the B'y

Traditional Newfoundland, Canada



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[C] I'se the b'y that [G] builds the boat and
[C] I'se the b'y that [F] sails [G] her and
[C] I'se the b'y that [G] catches the fish and
[F] Brings ' em [G] home to [C] Liza

[C] I'se the b'y that [G] builds the boat and
[C] I'se the b'y that [F] sails [G] her
[C] I'se the b'y that [G] catches the fish and
[F] Brings ' em [G] home to [C] Liza

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

[C] Sods and rinds to [G] cover your flake
[C] Cake and tea for [F] sup-[G]per
[C] Codfish in the [G] spring of the year
[F] Fried in [G] maggotsy [C] butter

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

[C] I don't want your [G] maggotsy fish
[C] That's no good for [F] win-[G]ter
[C] I can buy as [G] good as that
[F] Down in [G] Bona-[C]vista

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-yer-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-yer-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

[C] I took Liza [G] to a dance
And [C] faith but she could [F] tra-[G]vel
And [C] every step that [G] Liza took
She was [F] up to her [G] knees in [C] gravel

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-ye-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-ye-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

[C] Sarah White she's [G] outta sight
Her [C] petticoat needs a [F] bor-[G]der
Well [C] old Sam Oliver [G] in the dark
He [G]↓ kissed her in the corner!

CHORUS:

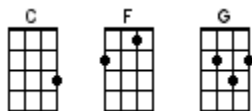
[C] Hip-ye-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-ye-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C] circle

Now [C] Liza she went [G] up the stairs
And [C] I went up be-[F]hind [G] her
[C] Liza she crawled [G] into bed
But [F] I know [G] where to [C] find her

[C] I'se the b'y that [G] builds the boat and
[C] I'se the b'y that [F] sails [G] her
[C] I'se the b'y that [G] catches the fish and
[F] Brings them [G] home to [C] Liza

CHORUS:

[C] Hip-ye-partner [G] Sally Tibbo
[C] Hip-ye-partner [F] Sally [G] Brown
[C] Fogo, Twillingate [G] Moreton's Harbour
[F] All a-[G]round the [C]↓ cir-[C]↓cle



THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

Written by Pete St. John

G
By a lonely prison wall
C G D
I heard a young girl calling
G C D
Micheal they are taking you away
G C
For you stole Trevelyn's corn
G D
So the young might see the morn
G
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

Chorus

G C G Em
Low lie the Fields of Athenry
G D
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
G C
Our love was on the wing
G D
We had dreams and songs to sing
G
Its so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry

G
By a lonely prison wall
C G D
I heard a young man calling
G C D
Nothing matters Mary when your free,
G C
Against the famine and the Crown
G D
I rebelled they cut me down

G
Now you must raise our child with dignity

Chorus

G
By a lonely harbor wall
C G D
She watched the last star falling
G C D
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
G C
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
G D
For her love in Botany Bay
G
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry

Chorus

Home For A Rest – Spirit Of The West

[Slowly with single strums]

Am G C F
You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
C G F C
I've been gone for a month I've been drunk since I left
Am G C F
These so called vacations will soon be my death
C G F C
I'm so sick from the drink I need home for a rest ...

[Faster tempo]

[Verse1]

Am G C F
We arrived in December and London was cold
C G
So we stayed in the bars
F
Along Charing Cross Road
Am G C F
We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak
C G
Kept the shine on the bar
F G
With the sleeves of our coats

[Chorus]

G C G
You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
C F G
I've been gone for a week, I've been drunk since I left
G C G
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
C F G C
I'm so sick from the drink I need home for a rest ...

[Verse 2]

Am G C F
Euston Station the train journey north
C G F
In the buffet car we lurched back and forth
Am G C F
Past odd crooked dykes through Yorkshire's green fields
C G F G
We were flung into dance as the train jiggled and reeled

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Am G C F
By the light of the moon she'd drift through the streets
C G F
A rare old perfume so seductive and sweet
Am G C F
She'd tease us and flirt as the pubs all closed down
C G F G
Then walk us on home and deny us a round

[Chorus]

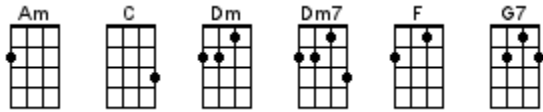
[Verse 4]

Am G C F
The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb
C G F
And the spirits we drank like a ghost in the room
Am G C F
I'm knackered again, come on please take me soon
C G F G
And don't lift up my head 'til the twelve bells at noon

[Chorus X2]

Skye Boat Song (Outlander)

Lyrics: Sir Harold Boulder Music: is an air collected by Anne Campbelle MacLeod
First published 1884



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[C] Sing me a **[Am]** song of a **[Dm7]** lass that is **[G7]** gone
[C] say, could that **[F]** lass be **[C]** I **[C]**

[C] Sing me a **[Am]** song of a **[Dm7]** lass that is **[G7]** gone
[C] Say, could that **[F]** lass be **[C]** I **[G7]**
[C] Merry of **[Am]** soul she **[Dm7]** sailed on a **[G7]** day
[C] Over the **[F]** sea to **[C]** Skye **[C]**

[Am] Mull was astern, **[Dm]** Rum on the port
[Am] Eigg on the **[F]** starboard **[Am]** bow **[Am]**
[Am] Glory of youth **[Dm]** glowed in her soul
[Am] Where is that **[F]** glory **[Am]** now **[G7]**

(Chorus)

[Am] Give me again **[Dm]** all that was there
[Am] Give me the **[F]** sun that **[Am]** shone **[Am]**
[Am] Give me the eyes, **[Dm]** give me the soul
[Am] Give me that **[F]** lass that's **[Am]** gone **[G7]**

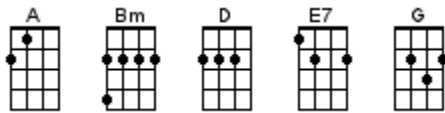
(Chorus)

[Am] Billow and breeze **[Dm]** islands and seas
[Am] Mountains of **[F]** rain and **[Am]** sun **[Am]**
[Am] All that was good **[Dm]** all that was fair
[Am] All that was **[F]** me is **[Am]** gone **[G7]**

(chorus)

Sweet Forget-Me-Not

Bob Newcomb 1877 (as sung by Dolores Keane, Maura O'Connell, and Frances Black)



INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 5 6 / 1 2 3 4 5 6 /

[G] Where we parted [D] when she whispered [A] "You'll forget me [D] not"

[D] Fancy brings a thought to mind of a [G] flower that's bright and [D] fair
Its [G] grace and beauty [D] both combine, a [E7] brighter jewel more [A] rare
Just [D] like a maiden that I know, who [G] shared my happy [D] lot
She [G] whispered when we [D] parted last, "Oh, [A] you'll forget me [D] not"

[G] Where we parted [D] when she whispered [A] "You'll forget me [D] not"

We [D] met I really don't know where, but [G] still it's just the [D] same
For [G] love grows in the [D] city streets, as [E7] well as in the [A] lane
I [D] gently clasped her tiny hand, one [G] glance at me she [D] shot
She [G] dropped her flower, I [D] picked it up, 'twas a [A] sweet forget-me-[D]not

CHORUS:

She's [D] graceful and, she's charming like a [G] lily in the [D] pond
[G] Time is flying [D] swiftly by, of [E7] her I am so [A] fond
The [D] roses and the daisies are [G] blooming 'round the [D] spot
[G] Where we parted [D] when she whispered [A] "You'll forget me [D] not"

[G] Where we parted [D] when she whispered [A] "You'll forget me [D] not"

And [D] then there came a happy time when [G] something that I [D] said
[G] Caused her lips to [D] murmur, "Yes", and [E7] shortly we were [A] wed
There [D] is a house down in the lane and a [G] tiny garden [D] plot
Where [G] grows a flower [D] I know it well, it's the [A] sweet forget-me-[D]not

CHORUS:

She's [D] graceful and, she's charming like a [G] lily in the [D] pond
[G] Time is flying [D] swiftly by, of [E7] her I am so [A] fond
The [D] roses and the daisies are [G] blooming 'round the [D] spot
[G] Where we parted [D] when she whispered [A] "You'll forget me [Bm] not"
[G] Where we parted [D] when she whispered [A] "You'll forget me [D] not" [D]↓

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The Last Saskatchewan Pirate

by Captain Tractor

Well I [G] used to be a farmer, and I [C] made a [D] living [G] fine
I [C] had a little [G] stretch of land [D] along the CP line
But [G] times went by and though I tried, the [C] money [D] wasn't [G]
there
And the [C] bankers came and [G] took my land and [D] told me fair is [G]
fair

I [Em] looked for every kind of job the [Am] answer always no
Hire you [Em] now they always laughed we [D] just let 20 go
The [Em] government they promised me a [Am] measly a little sum
But [Em] I've got too much pride to end up [D] just another bum

[C] Then I thought who gives a damn if all the jobs are gone
[Am↓] I'm gonna be a pirate, on the [D↓] river Saskatchewan

And it's a **Heave!** [G↓] (*Ho!*) **Hi!** [G↓] (*Ho!*) [C] coming [D] down the [G]
plains

[C] Stealing wheat and [G] barley and [D] all the other grains
And it's a **Ho!** [G↓] (*Hey!*) **Hi!** [G↓] (*Hey!*) [C] farmers [D] bar your [G]
doors

When you [C] see the Jolly [G] Roger on Re-[D]-gina's mighty [G] shores

[Optional Instrumental]

C G D G

C G D G

Well you [G] think the local farmers would [C] know [D] that I'm at [G]
large

But [C] just the other [G] day I found an [D] unprotected barge
I [G] snuck up right behind them and [C] they were [D] none the [G] wiser

I [C] rammed the ship and [G] sank it and [D] stole the ferti-[G]-lizer

[Em] Bridge outside of Moose Jaw [Am] spans the mighty river

[Em] Farmers cross with so much fear their [D] stomachs are a-quiver

[Em] 'Cause they know that Captain Tractor's [Am] hiding in the bay

[Em] I'll jump the bridge and knock 'em cold and [D] sail off with their hayyyyy

And it's a **Heave!** [G↓] (Ho!) **Hi!** [G↓] (Ho!) [C] coming [D] down the [G] plains

[C] Stealing wheat and [G] barley and [D] all the other grains

And it's a **Ho!** [G↓] (Hey!) **Hi!** [G↓] (Hey!) [C] farmers [D] bar your [G] doors

When you [C] see the Jolly [G] Roger on Re-[D]-gina's mighty [G] shores

[Optional Instrumental]

C G D G

C G D G

Well, [G] Mountie Bob he chased me, he was [C] always [D] at my [G] throat

He [C] followed on the [G] shorelines cause he [D] didn't own a boat

But the [G] cutbacks were a-coming and the [C] Mountie [D] lost his [G] job

So [C] now he's sailing [G] with me and we [D] call him Salty [G] Bob!

A [Em] swinging sword and skull and bones are [Am] pleasant company

I [Em] never pay my income tax and [D] screw the GST (Screw it!)

[Em] Sailing down to Saskatoon the [Am] terror of the sea

If you [Em] wanna reach the Co-op boy, you [D] gotta get by me

HAHAR!

And it's a **Heave!** [G↓] (Ho!) **Hi!** [G↓] (Ho!) [C] coming [D] down the [G] plains

[C] Stealing wheat and [G] barley and [D] all the other grains

And it's a **Ho!** [G↓] (Hey!) **Hi!** [G↓] (Hey!) [C] farmers [D] bar your [G] doors

When you [C] see the Jolly [G] Roger on Re-[D]-gina's mighty [G] shores

[Optional Instrumental]

C G D G

C G D G

Well the [G] pirate life's appealing but you [C] don't just [D] find it [G] here

I [C] hear in North Al-[G]-berta there's a [D] band of buccaneers

They [G] roam the Athabasca from [C] Smith to [D] Fort Mc-[G]-Kay

And you're [C] gonna lose your [G] Stetson if you [D] have to pass their [G] way

Well [Em] winter is a-coming and a [Am] chill in the breeze

My[Em] pirate days are over once the [D] river starts to freeze

But [Em] I'll be back in spring time for [Am] now I have to go

I [Em] hear there's lots of plundering down [D] in New Mexico

And it's a **Heave!** [G↓] (Ho!) **Hi!** [G↓] (Ho!) [C] coming [D] down the [G] plains

[C] Stealing wheat and [G] barley and [D] all the other grains

And it's a **Ho!** [G↓] (Hey!) **Hi!** [G↓] (Hey!) [C] farmers [D] bar your [G] doors

When you [C] see the Jolly [G] Roger on Re-[D]-gina's mighty [G] shores

[Repeat chorus 3 times -> second time is acapella]

HAHAHARRRR AY!

MacNamara's Band – John Stamford & Shamus O'Conner

Oh, me [G] name is MacNamara, I'm the [A7] leader [D7] of the [G] band
Al-[Am7]-though we're [D7] few in [G] number [Em7] we're the [A7] finest [Cm] in the
[D7] land
We [G] play at wakes and weddings and at [A7] every [D7] fancy [G] ball
And [C] when we [Cm] play at [G] funera- [Em7]-Is we [A7] play the [D7] march from
[G] Saul

Chorus:

[D7] Oh, the [G] drums go bang, and the cymbals clang
And the horns they [D7] blaze [G] away
Mc [Am7] Carthy [D7] pumps the [G] old ba-[Em7]-zoon while [A7] I the pipes do [D7]
play
And, [G] Hennessey Tennessee tootles the flute
And the music is [D7] somethin' [G] grand
A [C] credit [Cm] to old [G] Ire-[Em7]-land is [A7] Mac [D7] Namara's [G] Band [D7]

Right [G] now we are rehearsin' for a [A7] very [D7] swell [G] affair
The [Am7] annual [D7] cele-[G]-bration, [Em7] all the [A7] gentry [Cm] will be [D7]
there
When [G] General Grant to Ireland came he [A7] took me [D7] by the [G] hand
Says [C] he, "I [Cm] never [G] saw the [Em7] likes of [A7] Mac [D7] Namara's [G]
Band"

Oh, my name is Uncle Yulius and from Sweden I have come
To play with McNamara's band and beat the big bass drum
And when I march along the street the ladies think I'm grand
They shout, "There's Uncle Yulius playing with an Irish band"

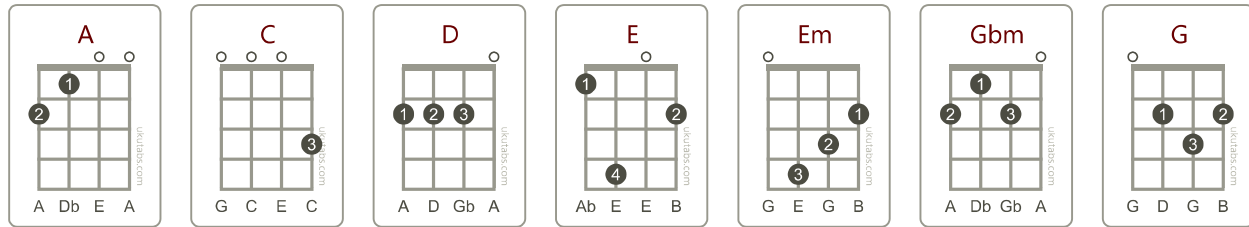
4. Oh! I wear a bunch of shamrocks and a uniform of green
And I'm the funniest looking Swede that you have ever seen
There's O'Briens and Ryans and Sheehans and Meehans

They come from Ireland

But by Yimminy I'm the only Swede in McNamara's band

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE FLAG

FLOGGING MOLLY



G **C** **G**
His eyes they closed and his last breath spoke

Em
He had seen all to be seen

G **C** **G**
a life once full, now an empty vase

D **G**
With the blossoms on his early grave

C **G**
Walk away me boy, walk away me boy

Em **D**
And by mornin' we'll be free

G **C** **G**
Wipe the golden tear from your mother dear

D **G**
And raise what's left of the flag for me.

-no chords-

Then the rosary beads count them one, two, three

Em
Fell apart as they hit the floor.

G **C** **G**
In our garb of black we must pay respect

D **G**
To the color we're born to mourn.

C **G**
Walk away me boys, walk away me boys

Em **D**
And by mornin' we'll be free

G **C** **G**
Wipe the golden tear from your mother dear

D **G**
And raise what's left of the flag for me.

Interlude:

G C G Em
G C G D G

G **C** **G**
In his place there grew an angry festered wound

Em
Filled with hatred and remorse

G **C** **G**
Where I'd pick and scratch till the blood it matched

The silent rage now that fills my lungs
 For there are many ways to kill a man they say
 With bayonet, axe, or sword
 But son a bullet fired from a shapeless guise
 Leaves but the shell of a Thompson gun.

Walk away me boys, walk away me boys
 And by mornin' we'll be free
 Wipe the golden tear from your mother dear
 And raise what's left of the flag for me.

Interlude:

G C G Em
 G C G D G

Em - hold - Em - hold -
 From the Eastern to the Western shore
 Em - hold - Em - hold -
 Where many men and many more will fall.

But no angel flies with me tonight
 Till freedom reigns on all
 And curse the name for which we slaved our days
 Till every man shall his kingdom come

Interlude:

A D A Gbm
 A D A E A
 D A Gbm E
 A D A E A

But sure as night turns day ends the passion play
 Oh my god what have they done
 With madman's rage well they dug our graves
 But the dead rise again you fools

Walk away me boys, walk away me boys

And by mornin' we'll be free

Wipe the golden tear from your mother dear

And raise what's left of the flag for me.

Walk away me boys, walk away me boys

And by mornin' we'll be free

- hold - - hold - - hold -

Wipe the golden tear from your mother dear

- no chord -

And raise what's left of the flag for me.

Outro: G C G D G

This arrangement for the song is the author's own work and represents their interpretation of the song. You may only use this for private study, scholarship, or research. UkuTabs does not own any songs, lyrics or arrangements posted and/or printed. This arrangement was downloaded for free on UkuTabs.com: <https://ukutabs.com/f/flogging-molly/whats-left-of-the-flag/>

The Parting Glass – *Traditional Irish/Scottish - Shaun Davey version*

C Am C G C Am G C Am C G Am C G C 2x

C Am C G
Of all the money that e'er I had
C Am C G
I've spent it in good company
C Am C G
And all the harm I've ever done
Am C G C
Alas it was to none but me

C Am C G
And all I've done for want of wit
Am C G
To memory now I can't recall
C Am C G
So fill to me the parting glass
Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

C Am C G C Am G C Am C G Am C G C

C Am C G
Fill to me the parting glass
C Am G
And drink a health what 'er befalls
C Am C G
I gently rise and softly call
Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

C Am C G
Of all the comrades that e'er I had
C Am C G
They're sorry for my going away
C Am C G
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Am C G C
They'd wish me one more day to stay

C Am C G
But since it fell unto my lot
C Am G
That I should rise and you should not

C Am C G
I gently rise and softly call

Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

C Am C G C Am G C Am C G Am C G C

C Am C G
But since it fell unto my lot
C Am G
That I should rise and you should not
C Am C G
I gently rise and softly call
Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

C Am C G
So fill to me the parting glass
C Am G
And drink a health what 'er befalls
C Am C G
I gently rise and softly call
Am C G C
Goodnight and joy be to you all

Put A Little Love In Your Heart

D
Think of your fellow man, Lend him a helping hand,
G D
Put a little love in your heart.
D
You see it's getting late, Oh, please don't hesitate,
G D
Put a little love in your heart.

D A
And the world will be a better place,
D A
And the world will be a better place,
A
For you and me
A
Just wait and see.

D
Another day goes by And still the children cry
G D
Put a little love in your heart
D
If you want the world to know We won't let hatred grow
G D
Put a little love in your heart

D A
And the world will be a better place,
D A
And the world will be a better place,
A
For you and me
A
Just wait and see.

G D
Put a little love in your heart
G D
Put a little love in your heart
G D
Put a little love in your heart
G D
Put a little love in your heart

