

Black is the Color C4

Am Fmaj7 G Am
Black is the color of my true love's hair.
F G Em

Her face is like some rosy fair,
F G Em

The prettiest face in all of the lands,

Fmaj7 G Am
I love the ground whereon she stands.

Am F G Am
I love my love and well she knows,
F G Em

I love the ground whereon she goes,
F G Em

If she no more on earth I see,
F G Am

My life no more will I ever need

Am F G Am
I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
F G Em

But satisfied I never could sleep.

F G Em
I'll write to you a few short lines,
F G Am

I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

Am F G Am
The winter's passed and the leaves are green,
F G Em

The time is passed that we have seen,
F G Em

But still I hope the time will come
F G Am

When you and I shall be as one.

Am F G Am
I love my love and well she knows,
F G Em

I love the ground whereon she goes,
F G Em

If she no more on earth I see,
F G Am

My life no more will I ever need

Dm Am
 Why can't I go with my friends to the fields
 Dm Am
 Why can't I cross over the lane
 Dm Am
 What have they done to deepen your ire
 E G Am
 When to me, we're all the same
 E G Am
 Yes, to me we're all the same

Dm Am
 You'll never will, son, to understand the times
 Dm Am
 That were here before you were born
 Dm Am
 When harmony between men suffered a blow
 E G Am
 And was forever torn.

Dm Am
 But why can't I go with my friends to the fields
 Dm Am
 Why can't I cross over the lane
 Dm Am
 What have they done to deepen your ire
 E G Am
 When to me, we're all the same
 E G Am
 Yes, to me we're all the same

Dm Am
 Your grandfather was sitting with his friend at a bar
 Dm Am
 A small place in the county Down
 Dm Am
 A stranger came in and leveled his sights
 E G Am
 And the two of them were gunned down.
 E G Am
 He shot my father down.

And his father before him, a good Irish man
Dm Am
Was tending his crops of grain
Dm Am
The war lords came around by the tree, over there
E G Am
Took their leave after he was slain.
E G Am
T'was my grandfather who was slain

INST

Dm Am
As bad as I feel bout your father
Dm Am
And his father, before him.
Dm Am
It wasn't me, or my friends over there
E G Am
Who brought down our beloved Erin.

Dm Am
And why can't we start anew today?
Dm Am
To rebuild what years have torn down?
Dm Am
It might take the mind and ideas of a child
E G Am
To bring all men of God back around.
E G Am
As intended, all men would be bound.

Dm Am
And I'll tell my children, go play in the fields
Dm Am
With your friends from all across the land
Dm Am
But never forget those before you, my son
E G Am
Who for freedom fought of our land
E G Am
This place we call Ireland.

Black Velvet Band

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

G
Her eyes they shown like the diamonds
D
You'd think she was queen of the land
G Em
And her hair hung over her shoulder
C D G
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

G D
Well I went out strolling one evening not meaning to go very far
G Em C D G
When I met with a fickle-some damsel she was plying her trade in a bar
G D
When a ring she took from a customer and slipped it right into me hand
G Em C D G
And the law it came and arrested me bad luck to your Black Velvet Band
CHORUS

G D
This mornin' before judge and jury a trial I had to appear
G Em C D G
And the judge he says me, "young fellow the case against you is quite clear"
G D
And seven long years is your sentence you're going to band Demons Land
G Em C D G
Far away from your friends and relations and follow the Black Velvet Band

G D
So come all ye jolly young fellows I'll have you take warnin' from me
G Em C D G
Whenever you're into the liquor me lads beware of the pretty colleen
G D
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter till you are not able to stand
G Em C D G
And the very next thing that you know me lads you've landed in band Demon's Land

CHORUS

Pull Me A Pint

C5

©Robert Marr

October 2006

Am G
Would ya meet me tonight down at Davey Byrnes' place?
Em Am
I've not been there in a while.

G
You'll be happy to hob knob with scribes, and such
Em Am
If ya fancy your drinkin' in style.

Am G
Then there'll always be Cassidy's, on the other side of town
Em Am
Where ya go for a pint and some craic
G
Don't be surprised by the noise in the place
Em Am
You may even see Billie out back.

G Am
Did ya ever pull a pint at a fine Irish pub?
G Em Am
Did ya kick it with the lads? Have ya shaken their hands?
G
Have ye not, my friend, I feel bad for ya now.
Em Am
For you'll never know where they stand.

Am G
Have y'ever ever done a shot down at Dawson's Lounge?
Em Am
Around the corner from St. Stephen's Green
G
Tis the tiniest pub in all of the land
Em Am
With the biggest heart you've likely seen.

Am G
Have ya ever been to Carnival, on Wexford St.?
Em Am
The rockinest joint I ever seen!
G
Both upstairs and down will bring you delight
Em Am
With music every night of the week!

G Am
Did ya ever pull a pint at a fine Irish pub?
G Em Am
Did ya kick it with the lads? Have ya shaken their hands?
G
Have ye not, my friend, I feel bad for ya now.
Em Am
For you'll never know where they stand.

Am G
The George is the place where the odd sort goes
Em Am
When he wants to be queen for a day.
G
He walks through the door and breaks out of his shell
Em Am
And his walls of deceit fall away.

Am G
I walked into Mulligans of Poolbeg St.
Em Am
And a Porter was placed in me hand.
G
I slipped back in time which chanced me to meet
Em Am
All the lads who before me did stand

G Am
Did ya ever pull a pint at a fine Irish pub?
G Em Am
Did ya kick it with the lads? Have ya shaken their hands?
G
Have ye not, my friend, I feel bad for ya now.
Em Am
For you'll never know where they stand.
G Em Am
You'll not know where you stand.

Wild Mountain Thyme **C5** Traditional

G C G
Oh, the summer time is coming,
C G
And the trees are blooming,
C C/F# Em
And the wild mountain thyme
Am C
Grows around the blooming heather.
G C G
Will you go, lassie, will you go?

C G
And we'll all go together
C C/F# Em
To pull wild mountain thyme
Am C
All around the blooming heather,
G C G
Will you go, lassie, go?

G C G
I will build my love a bower
C G
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
C C/F# Em
And all around the bower,
Am C
I'll pile flowers from the mountain.
G C G
Will you go, lassie, go?

CHORUS

G C G
If my true love, she won't have me,
C G
I will surely find another

C C/F# Em
To pull wild mountain thyme
Am C
All around the blooming heather.
G C G
Will you go, lassie, go?

CHORUS

G C G
Oh, the summer time is coming,
C G
And the trees are blooming,
C C/F# Em
And the wild mountain thyme
Am C
Grows around the blooming heather.
G C G
Will you go, lassie, will you go?

C G
And we'll all go together
C C/F# Em
To pull wild mountain thyme
Am C
All around the blooming heather,
G C G
Will you go, lassie, go?

No Man's Land C8 Eric Bogle

Recorded with permission from composer Eric Bogle

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G Em Am
Well, how do you do, Private William McBride,
D C G
Do you mind if I sit down here by your graveside?

Em Am
And rest for awhile in the warm summer sun,
D C G
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done.

G Em Am
And I see by your gravestone you were only 19
D C D

When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916,
G Em Am
Well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
D C G

Or, Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

D C G
Did they Beat the drum slowly, did the play the pipes lowly?

D C D
Did the rifles fir o'er you as they lowered you down?

C G
Did the bugles sound The Last Post in chorus?

C D
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind

In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined?

And, though you died back in 1916,

To that loyal heart are you forever 19?

Or are you a stranger without even a name,

Forever enshrined behind some glass pane,

In an old photograph, torn and tattered and stained,

And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

The sun's shining down on these green fields of France;

The warm wind blows gently, and the red poppies dance.

The trenches have vanished long under the plow;

No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard that's still No Man's Land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man.
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

And I can't help but wonder, no Willie McBride,
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you "The Cause?"
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain,
For Willie McBride, it all happened again,
And again, and again, and again, and again.

I Never Been To Ireland

©Robert W Marr

3-5-2009

C **G**
I never been to Ireland, but I always wanted to go.
Dm **Am**
Been within a hundred miles a dozen times, or so.
C **G**
If I ever get that close again, here's what I'll say
Dm **Am**
I'm off to kiss the Blarney stone, and then be on me way.

Am **G** **Am**
I found that I was Irish when I climbed the family tree
Am **C** **Em**
Coming from sweet Ireland was a grandfather to me
Am **G** **Am**
I jumped for joy and grabbed a beer to celebrate me find
Am **G** **Am**
I ordered a second from the maid, another for mankind.

Am **G** **Am**
If I ever get near that place again I promise I will see
Am **C** **Em**
The home of me loving kin, me grandfather to me
Am **G** **Am**
With fond anticipation at his village I'll arrive
Am **G** **Am**
And maybe understand why the people are so alive

C **G**
I never been to Ireland, but I always wanted to go.
Dm **Am**
Been within a hundred miles a dozen times, or so.
C **G**
If I ever get that close again, here's what I'll say
Dm **Am**
I'm off to find a merrow's cloak, and then be on me way.

Carrickfergus (Traditional) Arranged by Robert Marr

C Dm G C C/B Am
I wish I was in Carrickfergus,
Am/G Dm G C
Only for the nights in Ballygrand,
Dm G CC/B Am
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
Dm G C
The deepest ocean to be by your side.

C C/B Am Am/G G
But the sea is wide and I can not swim over
Am Am/G G
Neither have I the wings to fly.
Dm G CC/B Am
If I could find me a handy boatman
Am/G Dm G C
To ferry me over to my love to find.

C Dm G C C/B Am
My childhood days bring back sad reflections
Am/G Dm G C
Of happy times so long ago.
Dm G C C/B Am
My boyhood friends and my own relations.
Dm G C
Have all passed on now like melting snow.

C C/B Am Am/G G
I'll spend my days in endless roving,
Am Am/G G
Soft is the grass my bed is free.
Dm G CC/B Am
Oh to be home now in Carrickfergus,
Am/G Dm G C
On that long road down to the sea.

Break

C Dm G C C/B Am
And in Kilkenny it is reported

Am/G Dm G C
There are marble stones as black as ink,
 Dm G C C/B Am
With gold and silver I would support her
 Dm G C
But I'll sing no more now till I get a drink.

C C/B Am Am/G G
I'm drunk today and I'm seldom sober,
 Am Am/G G
A handsome rover from town to town.
 Dm G CC/B Am
But I am sick now and my days are numbered
Am/G Dm G C
So come all ye young men and lay me down.
Am/G Dm G C
Come all ye young men and lay me down.

Ballad For Katie ©Robert W Marr 11-23-2009

When first I laid eyes on miss Katie McBride
I knew quite surely one day she'd be mine
And we'd dance the night away under the stars
To the beautiful, "Last Rose Of Summer"

Holding her softly while waltzing about
Wishing the music would never die out
Our steps grew shorter. Her eyes grew wide
I could feel my heart beating deep down inside
As I fell in love, to the "Last Rose Of Summer"

I married sweet Katie after the war
I still don't know what the fighting was for
Doesn't matter anymore

For love's more important than dying

Our closeness grew closer in every way

Our love grew stronger every day

I cherished each moment I spent with that girl

Can there be one so lucky in all of the world?

I fell in love to the "Last Rose Of Summer"

Time's come and gone since the night of that dance

As well as the days of breathless romance

The heart's grown fonder than days gone by

Our love is a comfort to Katie and I

Now I try to remember some of the days

But the memory is clouded by gathering haze

Still, somehow I see, by choice or by chance

Something about that long-ago dance

When I fell in love, to the "Last Rose Of Summer"

I fell in love with my Katie, to the "Last Rose Of Summer"