The Melton Session

Tune List V18.4.1 - October 12th 2025

Tune Set Rev. 18.4

Jigs: Lilting Banshee / The Mist Covered
Mountain A Dor/ The Cat in the Corner A Mix

Jigs: Swallowtail Jig (Bm)/ Ten Penny Bit/

Connaught Man's Rambles

Polkas: The Rose Tree/Rakes of Mallow

G/Rattling Bog D

Wild Colonial Boy

Slides: Brosna G/Dan O'Keefe's/ Dennis

Murphy's

March: Campbells Farewell to Redcastle. A

mix

Reels: Bottom of the Punch Bowl/John

Brennan D x2

Air: Ashokan Farewell D

Star of the County Down Em

Danza do Molete G / Muneras de Rengos G

Jigs: Father O'Flynn/My Darling

Asleep/Morrison's

Reel: The Wind that Shakes the Barley. X3

Polkas; Dennis Murphy/£42 cheque/Sean

Ryan's D x2

Airs: Fanny Power G

Reel: Merry Blacksmith D / Molly Ban

Edor / Drowsy Maggie Edor. X3

Galway Girl D

Jigs: Scarce of Tatties A dor/Tripping upstairs

D / Haste to the Wedding D

Hornpipes: Harvest Home D/Rigs of Rye

(Clare) G /Boys of Blue Hill D.

Jigs: Tickle Her Leg With A Barley Straw Am /Jim Ward's D mix/ Blarney Pilgrim Dmix

Reels: Wise Maid/Maid Behind the Bar D x3

Reel: Jenny Picking Cockles Dmix

Polkas: The Maids or Ardagh(A Mix)/Breeches Full of Stiches(E Mix)/Ballydesmond #2(A Dor)

Air: The Strayaway Child Em

Jigs: The Tar Road to Sligo/, Donnybrook

Fair /Smash the Windows

Juice of the Barley C

Slides: Padrig O'Keffe's D /Road to

Lisdoonvarna Edor

Jigs: Sunny Hills of Beara Ador/ Paitti O'Leary

D/ Cliffs of Moher Ador

Reels: Gallopede G / Young Collins G / The

Dorset Four Hand Reel G

Jigs: The Blackthorn Stick G / Out on the

Ocean G / The Kesh G

Polkas: Terry Tehan's G/John Egan's D/John

Walsh's G

Lilting Banshee Mist Covered Mountain Cat in the Corner	2
Swallowtail Tenpenny Bit Connaughtmans Rambles	;
Rose Tree Rakes of Mallow Rattling Bog	
Wild Colonial Boy	
Brosna-slide Dan OKeefes slide Denis Murphys slide	
Campbells Farewell to Red Gap	
Bottom of the Punchbowl John-Brennans Reels	
Ashokan Farewell	
Star of the County Down	
Danza Do Molete Muneira De Rengos	
Father-OFlynn My Darling Asleep Morrisons	
The Wind That Shakes The Barley	
Denis Murphys 42pound cheque John Ryans Polkas	
Fanny-Power	
Merry Blacksmith Molly Ban Drowsy Maggie	
Galway-Girl	
Scarce of Tatties Tripping up the Stairs Haste to the Wedding $_$	
Harvest Home Rigs of Rye Boys of Bluehill	
Tickle Her Leg Jimmy Wards Blarney Pilgrim	:
Wise-Maid Maid Behind the Bar	
Jenny Picking Cockles	:
Maids of Ardagh Breeches Full of Stitches Ballydesmond2	:
The Strayaway Child	2
Tar Road to Sligo Donnybrook Fair Smash the Windows	2
Juice of the Barley in C	2
Padraig OKeefes Road to Lisdoonvarna Slides	:
Sunny Hills of Beara Patti Oleary Cliffs of Moher	:
Galopede Young Collins Dorset 4 Hand Reel	:
Blackthorn-Stick-Out-On-The-Ocean-The-Kesh	;
Terry Teehans-John Egans-John Walshs-Polkas	5

The Lilting Banshee



The Mist Covered Mountain

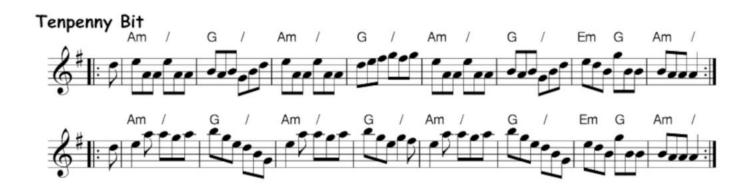


The Cat In The Corner



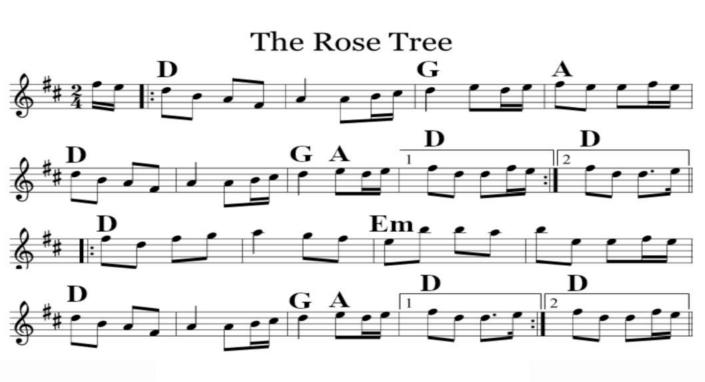
Swallowtail Jig





Connaughtman's Rambles









The Wild Colonial Boy

19th C. Australia



At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home, And to Australia's sunny land he was inclined to roam. He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he stabbed James MacEvoy. A terror to Australia was the Wild Colonial Boy.

One morning on the prairie, wild Jack Duggan rode along While listening to the mockingbird, singing a cheerful song. Out jumped three troopers, fierce and grim; Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy. They'd all set out to capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

Surrender now, Jack Duggan, come; you see there's three to one. Surrender in the Queen's name, sir; you are a plundering son. Jack drew two pistols from his side, and glared upon Fitzroy I'll fight but not surrender, cried the Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought him to the ground.

He fired point bank at Davis, too, who fell dead at the sound.

But a bullet pierced his brave young heart, from the pistol of Fitzroy.

And that was how they captured him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

www.abcnotation.com/tunes



O'Keeffe's



Denis Murphy's



Campbell's Farewell To Red Gap







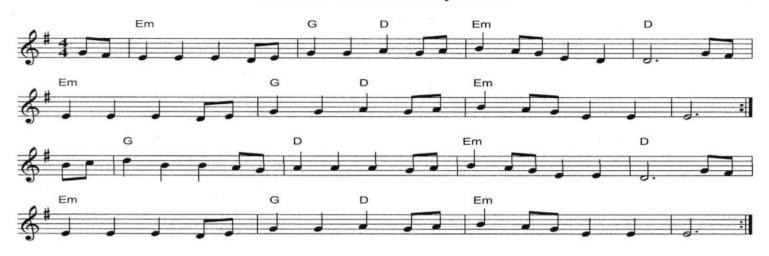




Ashokan Farewell



The Star of the County Down



Em G D Em D

In Banbridge Town in the County Down, One morning last July,

Em G D Em D Em

From a boreen green came a sweet colleen, And she smiled as she passed me by.

G D Em C Em

She looked so sweet from her two bare feet To the sheen of her nut brown hair.

Em G D Em D Em

Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself For to see I was really there.

CHORUS

G D Em C D
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and From Galway to Dublin Town,
Em G D Em D Em
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen That I met in the County Down.

Instrumental - verse and chorus

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head, And I looked with a feeling rare. And I say's, say's I, to a passer-by, "Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?" He smiled at me and he say's, say's he, "That's the gem of the Irish crown. Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, She's the star of the County Down".

CHORUS

Instrumental - verse and chorus

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly And a smile like the rose in June And you hung on each note from her lily-white throat As she lilted an Irish tune. At the pattern dance you were held in a trance As she tripped through a jig or a reel And when her eyes she'd roll she would lift your soul As your heart she would likely steal

CHORUS

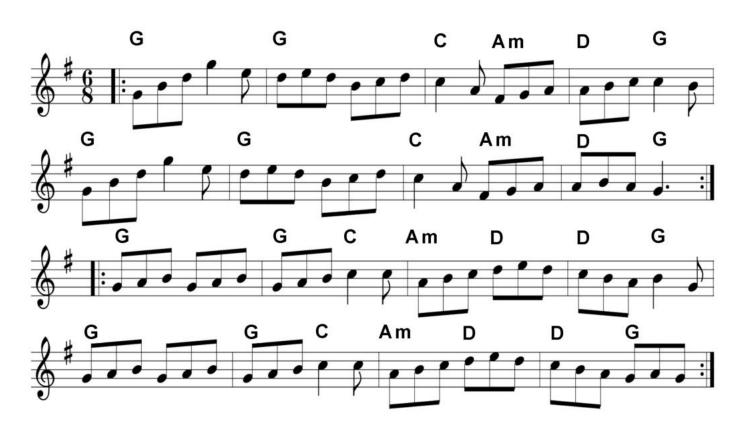
Instrumental - verse and chorus

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes, With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right For a smile from my nut brown rose.

No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke 'til my plough turns a rust coloured brown 'til a smiling bride by my own fireside Sits the star of the County Down.

CHORUS CHORUS Last line repeat

Danza Do Molete



Muñeira De Rengos







Dennis Murphy's Polka



The Forty-Two Pound Cheque





Fanny Power





The Galway Girl.

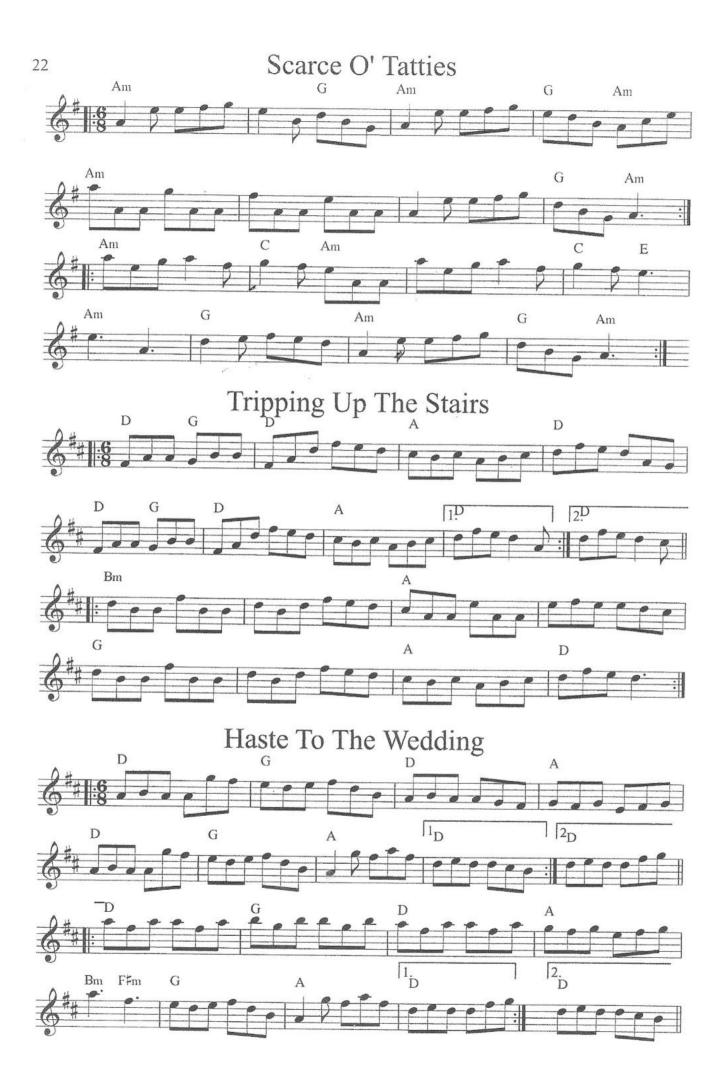
Instrumental.											
(A) D	G	D G	D								
A (B)	D	G	D								
G	D D	A G	D								
Α		_									
\A/-		D	l4		المام مالا					G	
VVE	211 1	100	K a St	roll on t	ne ola	long	wa	ik, on a	a day i-	ау-і-ау	'
D									G	Α	D
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk, on a fine soft day I-ay.											
		G	1)		G		D			
And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do,											
			Bm				Α		D		
'cause her hair was black, and her eyes were blue.											
An		G kne	w ria	D ht then,	l'd be	G takin	n a	D whirl			
	ч.	MIL		ire dieni,	1 4 50	wiiii	y u	*********			
'ro	und	d the	Bm e Salt	hill Pro	m, witl	A h a Ga	alwa	D ay girl.			
-			ntal,	(A)							
D	G	D G	n								
A	D	J									

We were halfway there when the rain came down, on a day I-ay-l-ay, and she asked me up to her flat downtown, on a fine soft day I-ay. And I ask you friend, what's a fella to do, 'cause her hair was black, and her eyes were blue. So I took her hand, and I gave her a twirl, and I lost my heart to a Galway girl.

Instrumental. (A & B)

When I awoke I was all alone, on a day I-ay-I-ay, with me money gone and a ticket home, on a fine soft day I-ay. And I ask you friend, tell me what's a fella to do, if her hair was black and her eyes were blue. cause I've been around, I've been all over this world, but I ain't seen nothing like a Galway girl. but I ain't seen nothing like a Galway girl.

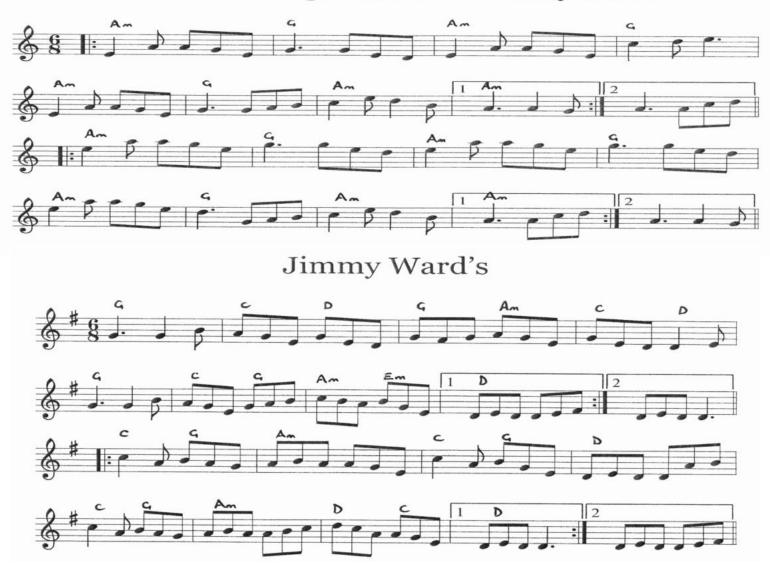
Instrumental. (A & B)



Harvest Home



Tickle Her Leg With The Barley Straw



The Blarney Pilgrim



Wise Maid

Johnny Doherty (Reel)



The Maid Behind The Bar



Jenny Picking Cockles

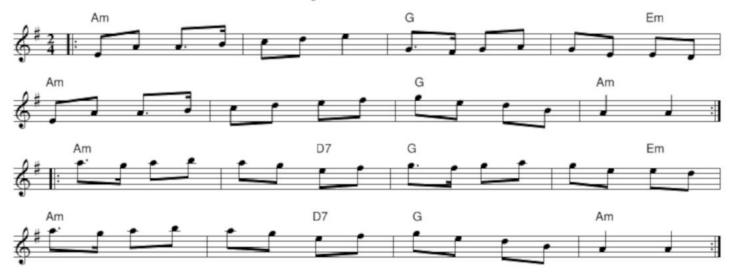












The Strayaway Child





D

Juice of the Barley

In the sweet country Lim'rick, one cold winter's night

C

F

All the turf fires were burning when I first saw the light

C

And a drunken old midwife went tipsy with joy

C

F

As she danced round the floor with her slip of a boy

C

Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na

C

And the juice of the barley for me

Well when I was a gossoon of eight years old or so With me turf and me primer to school I did go To a dusty old school house without any door Where lay the school master blind drunk on the floor Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na And the juice of the barley for me

At the learning I wasn't such a genius I'm thinking, But I soon bet the master entirely at drinking, Not a wake or a wedding for five miles around, But meself in the corner was sure to be found. Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na And the juice of the barley for me

One Sunday the priest thread me out from the altar Saying you'll end up your days with your neck in a halter; And you'll dance a fine jig between heaven and hell And his words they did frighten me the truth for to tell Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na And the juice of the barley for me

So the very next morning as the dawn it did break I went down to the vestry the pledge for to take, And there in that room sat the priests in a bunch Round a big roaring fire drinking tumblers of punch Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na And the juice of the barley for me

Well from that day to this I have wandered alone I'm a jack of all trades and a master of none, With the sky for me roof and the earth for me floor, And I'll dance out my days frinking whiskey galore Singing ban-ya-na mo if an-ga-na And the juice of the barley for me

Padraig O'Keefe's Slide

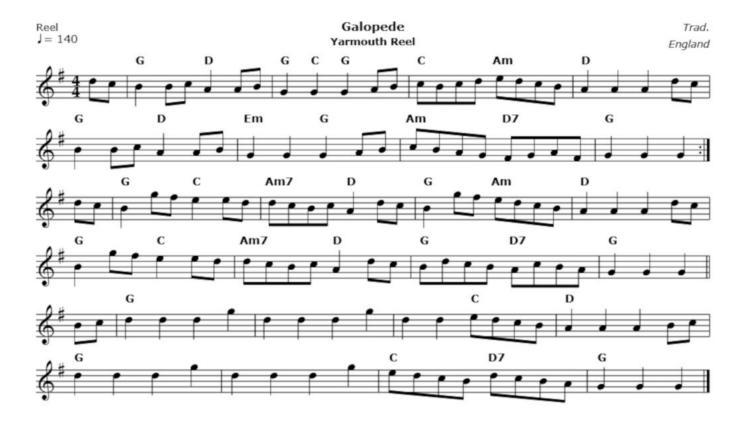


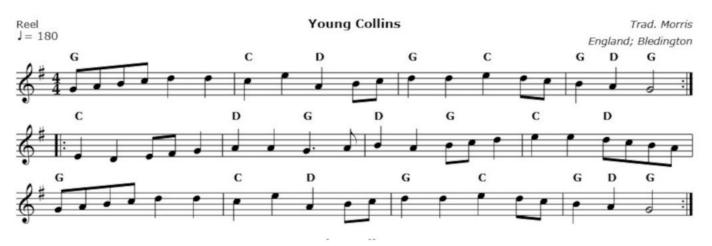
The Road To Lisdoonvarna

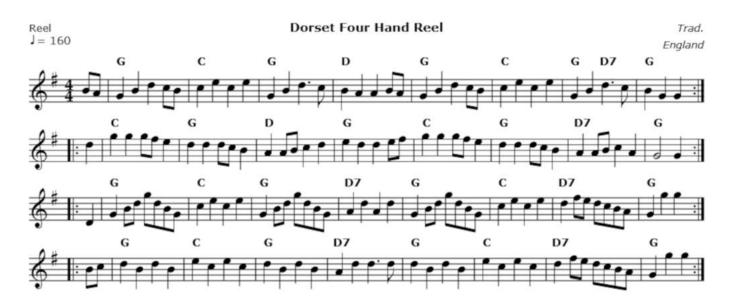


The Sunny Hills Of Beara









The Blackthorn Stick



Terry Teehan's Polka





John Egan's Polka



John Walsh's Polka



