# Melton Session

Music, words and chords for Rev 14 Playlist

Tune Set Rev.14 (Apr 23)

Polkas: Egan's/John Ryan's Dx2

Reels: Winster Gallop/Jamie Allen/Salmon

tails G x2

Polkas: Rakes of Mallow G/Rattling Bog D

Tell Me Ma G

Jigs: My Darling Asleep / Paitti O'Leary / Cliffs

of Moher D

Reels: Bottom of the Punch Bowl/John

Brennan Dx2

Airs: Blind Mary D/ Planxty Irwin D

Galway Girl D

Polkas; Dennis Murphy/£42 cheque/John

Ryan's D x2

Airs: Si Bheg Si Mhor D / Da Slockit Light D

Reels: Merry Blacksmith D ex Tuneworks

(/ The Banshee G/St Kilda's Wedding A).

Banks of the Roses G

Jigs: Swallowtail/Old Joe's /Lannigan's Ball D

Hornpipes: Harvest Home D -- Wellerman Em

The Clare G -- Drunken sailor Em

Boys of Blue Hill D -- New York Girls

Jigs: Tickle Her Leg With A Barley Straw Am

(/Jim Ward's D mix)

Air: Hector The Hero

Jigs: The Blackthorn Stick / Out on the Ocean /The Kesh G

Planxty Fanny Power G

Mairi's wedding Amix

The Foggy Dew (As a slow air in Em).

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

(Slide: Brosna Slide G)

Reels: Davy Nick Nack/Helseyside G x2

#### Optional

Galway Shawl C Instrumental after each chorus

Campbell's Fairwell to Redcastle. D

Muneras de Rengos

**Black Velvet Band** 

Gillgarry Mtn D

Rare old Times G

Mingulay Boat song G

Star of the County Down Em

Liliting Banshee / The Mist Covered Mountain

A Dor

Gallopede/Young Collins /The Dorset Reel G

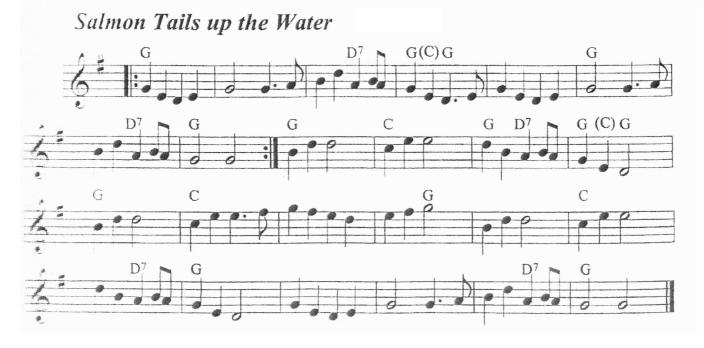
Jig: Blarney Pilgrim Dmix



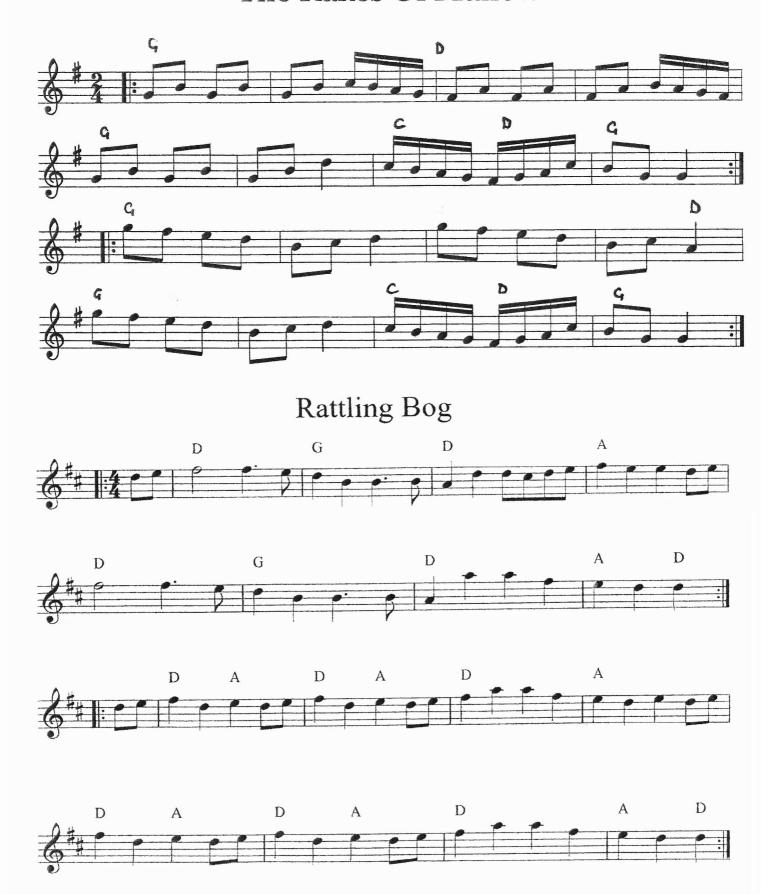








### The Rakes Of Mallow





Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her. They knock at the door and ring the bell, saying, hello darling are you well.

Out she comes as white as snow, with rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes. Ol' Jenny Murray says she'll die, if she doesn't get the feller with the roving eye.

Let the wind and rain and hail blow high, and snow come falling from the sky. For she's as sweet as apple pie, she'll get her own right by and by.

When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she gets home. Let them all come as they will, It's Albert Mooney she loves still.





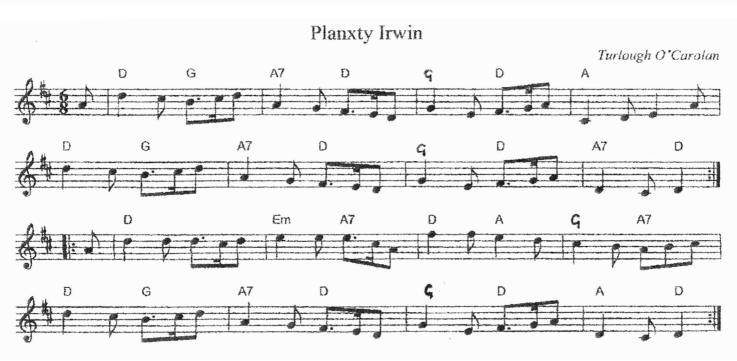


#### John Brennan's Reel



## Blind Mary





#### The Galway Girl.

		mei	ntal.								
(A)	G	D									
G A	D	G	D								
	D D	A G	D								
		D								G	
We	111	5753	k a st	roll on	the ol	d long	wal	k, on	a day l-		
D I m	et	a lit	tle gir	l and v	we sto	oped to	tal	k, on	G a fine s	A oft day	D I-ay.
	(	G	1	0		G		D			
An	d I	ask	you f	riend,	what's	a fella		700			
'ca	use	e he	Bm r hair	was b	olack, a	nd her	A	es we	D re blue.		
		G		D		G	315	24			
An		_	w rig	_	, I'd be	taking		D whirl,			
'ro	une	d th	Bm e Salt	hill Pr	om, wi	A th a Ga	ilwa	D y girl			
Ins D	tru G		ntal,	(A)							
G A		G	D								
											y I-ay-l-a dav I-av

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)

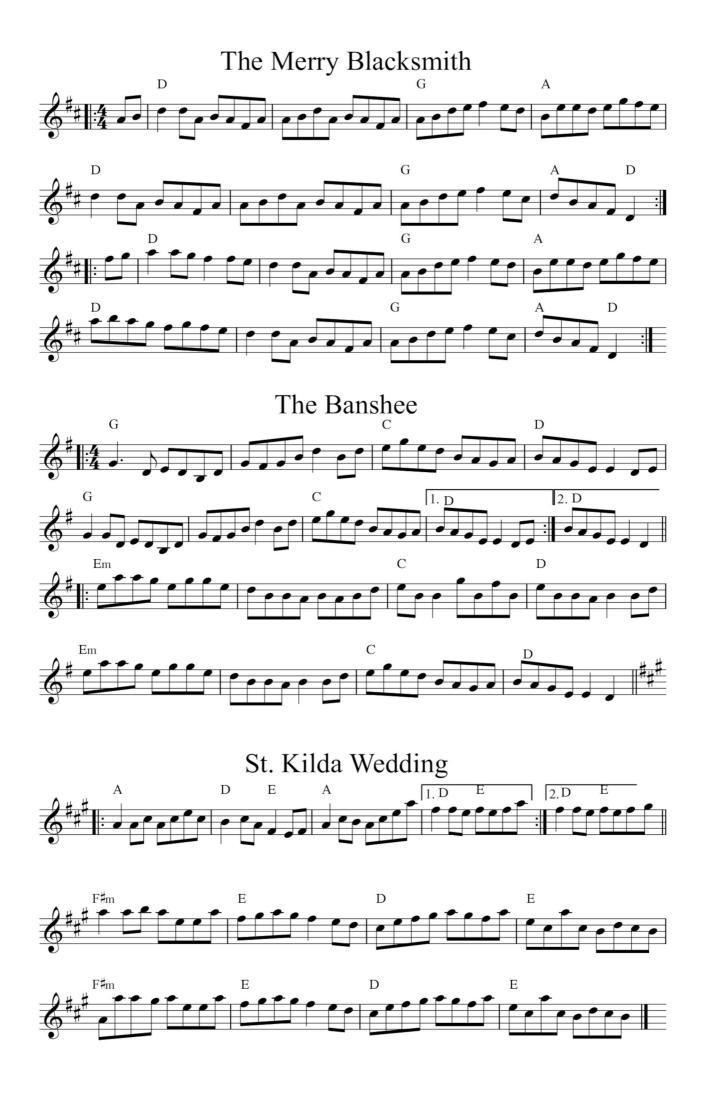


### Si Bheag Si Mhor



### Da Slockit Light





### **Banks Of The Roses**

(Traditional)						
CH G	D	G				
_		_				
On the banks of the roses my love and I sat down.						
C G	D					
And I took out a fiddle for	to play my	ove a tune.				
C G	D	Em				
In the middle of the tune -	o she sighe	d and she said	ł,			
G C		D G				
"Young Johnny lovely Joh	inny would	you leave me".				

When I was just a young lad, I heard my father say, "I'd sooner see you dead and buried in the clay, Rather than be married to any runaway, On the lovely sweet banks of the roses".

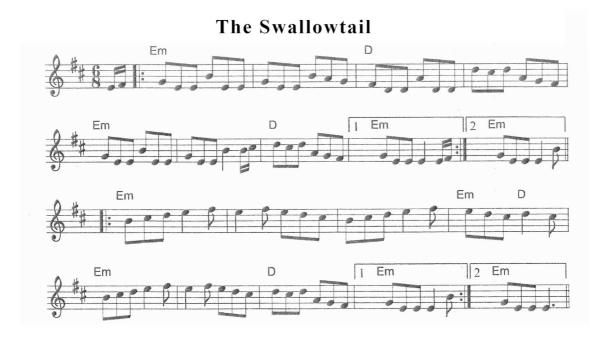
#### Chorus:

Oh then I'm a runaway and soon I'll let you know,
That I can drink a bottle and can drink with anyone.
And if her father doesn't like me, he can keep his daughter at home,
Then Johnny will go roving with another.

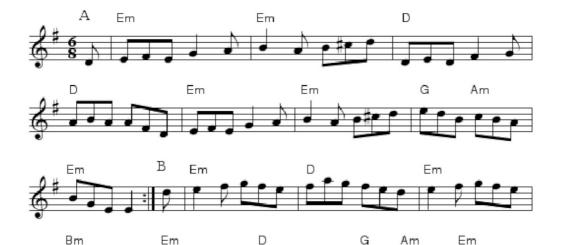
#### Chorus:

If ever I get married, 'twill be in the month of May, When the leaves they are green and the meadows they are gay. And me and my true love will sit and sport and play, By the lovely sweet banks of the roses.

Chorus:(twice)







Lannigan's Ball

### Harvest Home



#### Wellerman.

Fm

There once was a ship that put to sea,

Am Em
the name of the ship was The Billy Of Tea.

The winds blew up, her bow dipped down,

Bm Em
oh blow, my bully boys, blow.

C G
Soon may the Wellerman come,
Am Em
to bring us sugar and tea and rum.
C G
One day when the tonguin' is done,
Bm Em
we'll take our leave and go.

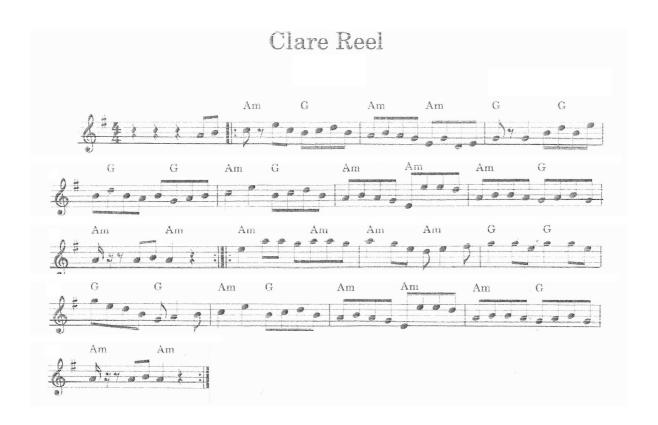
She'd not been two weeks from shore, when down on her a right whale bore. The Captain cried all hands and swore, he'd take that whale in tow.

Before the boat had hit the water, the whale's tail came up and caught her. All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her, when she dived down low.

No line was cut, no whale was freed, the Captain's mind was not of greed. And he belonged to the Whaleman's creed, she took that ship in tow.

For forty days or even more, the line went slack, then tight once more. All boats were lost, there were only four, but still that whale did go.

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on, the lines not cut and the whale's not gone. The Wellerman makes his regular call, to encourage the Captain, crew, and all.



#### The Drunken Sailor.

Em
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
D
what shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Em
what shall we do with the drunken sailor,
D
Em
early in the morning.

Way-hay and up she rises, way-hay and up she rises, way-hay and up she rises, early in the morning.

Put him in the long boat 'till he's sober.

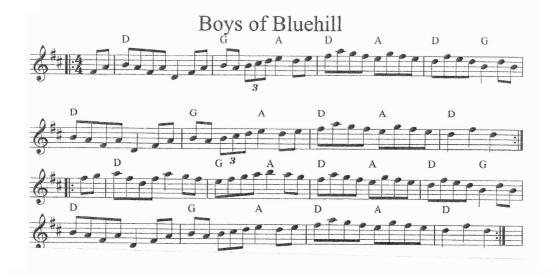
Pull out the bung and wet him all over.

Put him in the scuppers with the deck pump on him.

Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowlin'.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.

Put him in a bed with the Captain's daughter.



#### New York Girls

Intro D G A

Verse

Bm  $\hspace{1cm} G \hspace{1cm} A \hspace{1cm} D \hspace{1cm}$  She asked me back to see her place She lived on Barrack Street

Chorus

D G A D And away, Santy, My dear Annie

D G A D
Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

And when we got to Barrack Street, we stopped at forty-four  $\mathop{\rm Her}\nolimits$  mother and  $\mathop{\rm her}\nolimits$  sister were waiting at the door

Chorus

And when I got inside the house, the drinks were passed around The liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round

And then we had another drink before we sat to eat The liquor was so awful strong, I quickly fell asleep

Chorus

Egan's Polka in D - A/A/B/B.

When I awoke next morning, I had an aching head And there was I Jack all alone, stark naked in me bed

My gold watch and my money and my lady friend were gone And there was I Jack all alone, stark naked in the room

Chorus

Oh looking round that little room, there's nothing I could see But a woman's shift and apron that were no use to me

With a barrel for a suit of clothes, down Cherry Street forlorn Where Martin Churchill took me in and he sent me round Cape Horn

So sailor lads, take warning when you land on New York shore You'll have to get up early to be smarter than a whore

Chorus x2

## Tickle Her Leg With The Barley Straw



## Jimmy Ward's



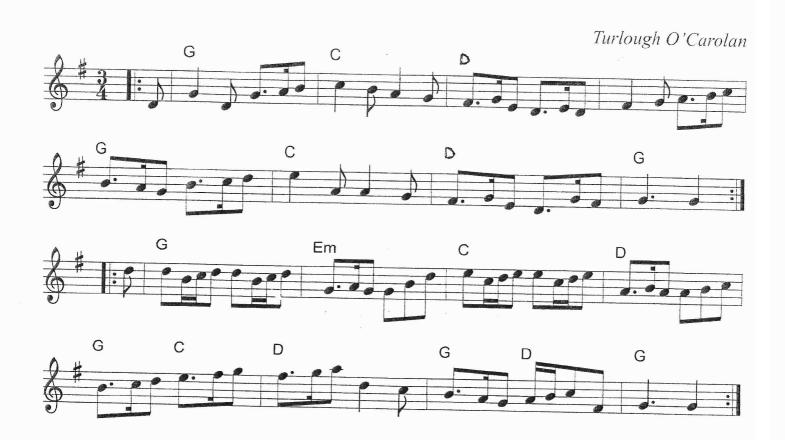
## Hector The Hero



### The Blackthorn Stick



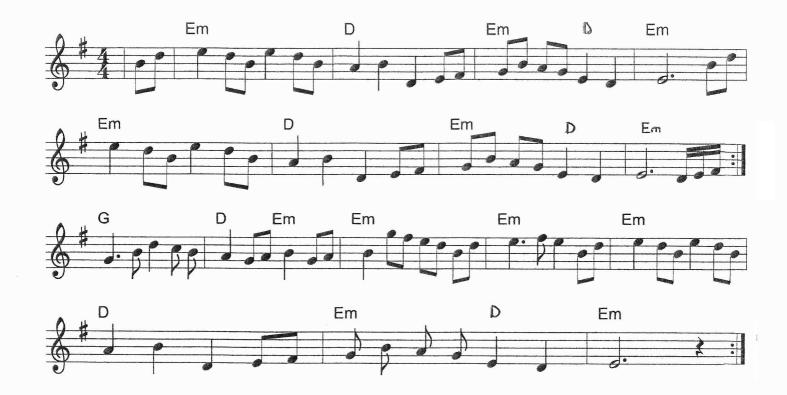
## Fanny Power



## Mairi's Wedding ( Lewis Bridal Song )

Chorus						
D Step we gaily on we go	G o, heel for heel	A and toe for toe				
D Arm in arm and row in	G row, all for Ma	A iri's wedding				
Over hillways up and down, myrtie green and bracken brown Past the sheiling through the town, all for the sake of Mairi.						
Chorus:						
Red her cheeks as rowans are, brighter eye as any star The fairest of them all by far is our darling Mairi						
Chorus:						
Plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her creel Plenty bonny bairns as weel, that's the toast for Mairi						
Chorus (2x):						

### The Foggy Dew

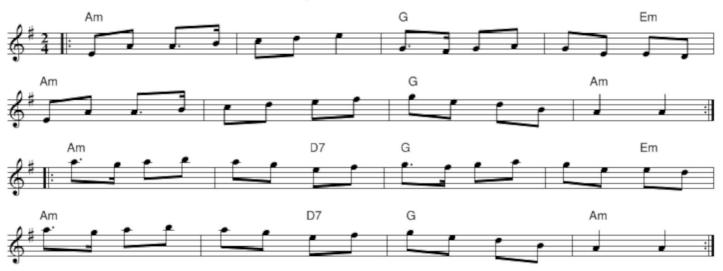




### Breeches Full of Stitches



### Ballydesmond #2



### Brosna Slide



