

# The Sally Gardens

A E7 D A D E  
 'Twa-s down by the Sal - l-y Gar - dens m-y love a-nd I did  
 A E7 D A D  
 meet Sh-e passed th-e Sal - l-y Gar - dens wi-th lit - tl-e  
 E7 A F#min E  
 snow white feet She bid me take lo-ve e - as - y as the  
 Bmin D A E7  
 leaves gr-ow o-n th-e tree Bu - t I, be - ing young a - nd  
 D A D E7 A  
 fool - ish, wi - th her di - d not a - gree

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand  
 And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand  
 She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs  
 But I was young and foolish and now am full of tears

'Twas down by the Sally Gardens my love and I did meet  
 She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow white feet  
 She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree  
 But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree

# Cockles and Mussels

The musical score is written on six staves of a single melodic line in treble clef, 3/4 time. The lyrics are: In Dub - lin's fair ci - ty where the girls are so pret - ty I first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone As she wheeled her wheel - bar - row through streets broad and nar - row crying "Cock - les and muss - els a - live a - live O - Oh, A - live a - live O - Oh, A - live a - live O - Oh" Crying "Cock - les and muss - els a - live a - live - Oh!"

She was a fishmonger and sure 'twas no wonder  
For so were her father and mother before  
They both wheeled their barrows through streets broad and narrow  
Crying "Cockles and mussels alive alive-oh!"

She died of a fever and no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
Now her ghost wheels her barrows through streets broad and narrow  
Crying "Cockles and mussels alive alive-oh!"

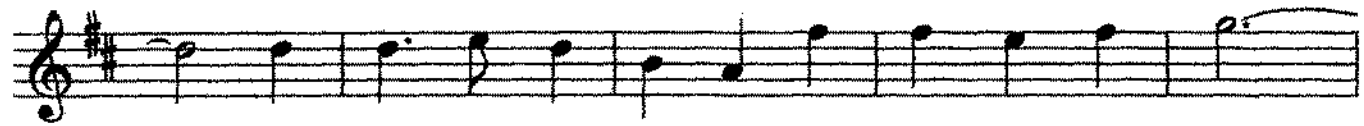
# The Wild Rover



I've been a wild ro - ver for man - y a year,  
I went to an ale - house I used to fre - quent  
I took from my pock - et ten so - ver - eigns bright  
I'll home to my par - ents, con - fess what I've done,



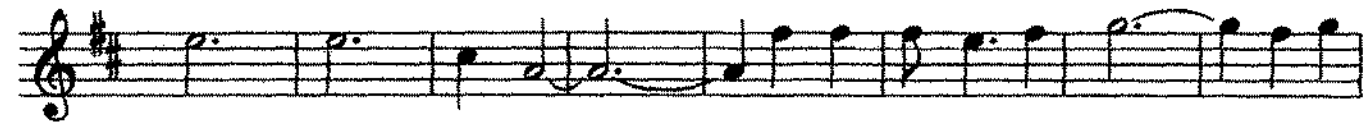
and I've spent all my mon - ey on whis - key and beer,  
and I told the land - lad - y my mon - ey was spent.  
and the land - lad - y's eyes o - pened wide with de - light.  
and I'll ask them to par - don their pro - di - gal son.



but now I'm re - tur - ning with gold in great store,  
I asked her for cre - dit she an - swered me nay,  
She said, "I have whis - key and wines of the best,  
And if they car - ess me as oft times be - fore,



and I nev - er will play the wild ro - ver no more. And it's  
"Such a cus - tom as yours I can get a - ny day."  
and the words that I spoke sure were on - ly in jest."  
sure I nev - er will play the wild ro - ver no more.



no nay nev - er, no nay nev - er no more, will I



play the wild ro - ver, no nev - er no more.



# Soldier's Song

G D? C G C G

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song, with cheering, routing  
 Seo dhibh a - a - chair - de du - an Og - laigh cath - reim - each brio - mhar

D G D C G

chorus, As round the blazing fires we - through, the  
 ceol - mhar, Ar dtin - te cnamh go bu - a - ca - ch taid, 'San

D A D C D?

starry heavens o'er us. Impatient for the  
 speir go min real - to - gach. Is fonn - mhar feo - bh - ra - ch -

G D B? A? D D?

coming fight, and as we wait the morning's light Here  
 sinn chun gleo, 'Sgo tinn - mhar gle roimh thiocht do'n lo Fe

G D C B? A? G D?

in the silence of the night, we'll chant a soldier's  
 chiu - nas - chaomh na hoi - ce ar seol, Seo libh, can - aith Amh - ran na

G

song. So - diers are we, whose  
 bhFiann. Sinn - ne Fian - na Fall, A

C G B?

lives are pledged to the land Some have  
 ta fe ghaill ag Eir - inn buion dar

E? A D

come from a land beyond the wave  
 ta na tinn in

G C

Swo - m to be free, no more our an - cient  
 Fe mhoid bheith saor, Sean - tir ar sin - sir

D B? A?

sire land Shall spel ter the des - pot or the  
 feas - ta Ni fhag - far fe'n tio - ran na fe'n

D A? D? G

slave. To - night we ma - n he bhear - na bhaoil in  
 trail. A - nocht a the - am sa bhear - na bhaoil Le

B? C A? D D? G D

Er - in's cause come woe or weal, Mid ca - nn - on's roar and  
 gean ar Ghaeil chun bais no saoil, Le gun - a - screech fe

C B A? G D D? G

r - i - f - le's peal We - 'll cha - nt a sol - dier's song.  
 lam - fach na bpillear Seo libh, can - aith Amh - ran na bhFiann.