

Kansas City UKesters



St. Patrick's Parade
Brookside
2008

The Gypsy Rover

Words & Music -- Traditional

Recorded by The Highwaymen, 1961 (#42)

C G E G C G CG
A gypsy rover came over the hill, into the valley shady;

C G EM AM
He whistled and he sang til the green wood rang,

EM DM C F C G
And he won the heart of a la - dy.

She left her father's castle gate, she left her own true lover;
She left her servants and her estate
To follow her gypsy rover.

Refrain:

C G C G
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day,

C G C G
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee,

C G EM AM
He whistled and he sang til the green woods rang

EM DM C F C G
And he won the heart of a la - dy.

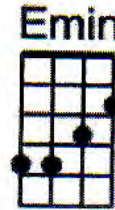
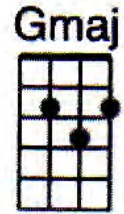
Her father mounted his fastest steed,
And searched the valley all over;
He sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy rover.

At last he came to a mansion fine, down by the river Claydee,
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

Refrain:

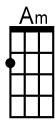
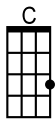
"He is no gypsy, my father," she cried,
"But Lord of these lands all over,
And I shall stay til my dying day
With my whistling gypsy rover."

Refrain:

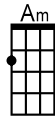
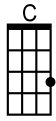
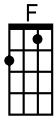


Whiskey In The Jar

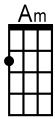
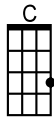
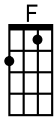
Irish Traditional



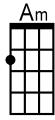
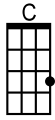
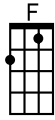
As I was a goin' over Gilgarra mountain,



I met Colonel Pepper and his money he was counting

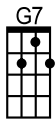


I drew forth my pistol and rattled my saber

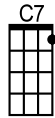
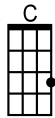


Saying, "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver."

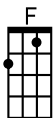
Chorus:



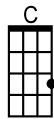
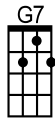
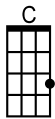
Musha ringum duram da



Whack! Fol de daddy-o



Whack! Fol de daddy-o



There's whiskey in the jar

Whiskey In The Jar cont.

C Am
The shining yellow coins did sure look bright and jolly
F C Am
I took the money home and I gave it to my Molly
F C Am
She promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me
F C Am
But the devil's in the women and they never can be easy

Chorus

C Am
When I awoke between the hours of six and seven
F C Am
Guards were standing 'round me in numbers odd and even
F C Am
I flew to my pistol, but alas, I was mistaken
F C Am
I fired off my pistols and a prisoner was taken

Chorus

C Am
They put me in jail without a judge or jury
F C Am
For robbing Colonel Pepper in the morning so early
F C Am
They didn't take my fist so I knocked down the sentry
F C Am
And I bid a long farewell to that cold penitentiary

Chorus

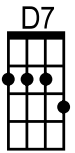
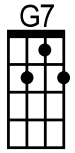
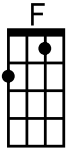
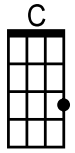
C Am
Some take delight in fishing and bowling
F C Am
Others take delight in the carriage a rollin'
F C Am
I take delight in the juice of the barley
F C Am
Courting pretty women in the mornin' so early

Chorus

My Wild Irish Rose

C
My wild Irish Rose,
F **C**
The sweetest flow'r that grows,
G7 **C**
You may search ev'rywhere,
G7 **C** **D7** **G**
But none can compare with my wild Irish Rose.

C
My wild Irish Rose,
F **C**
The dearest flow'r that grows,
G7 **C**
And some day for my sake,
G7 **C** **F** **C** **D7** **G** **C**
She may let me take the bloom from my wild Irish Rose.



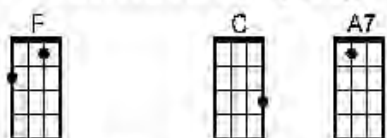
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING



When Irish eyes are smiling



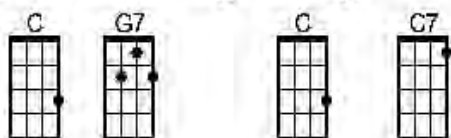
Sure it's like morn in spring



In the lilt of Irish laughter



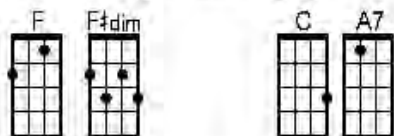
You can hear the angels sing



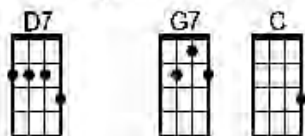
When Irish hearts are happy



All the world is bright and gay



And when Irish eyes are smiling



Sure they steal your heart away

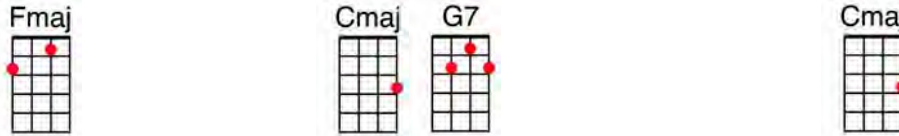
This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

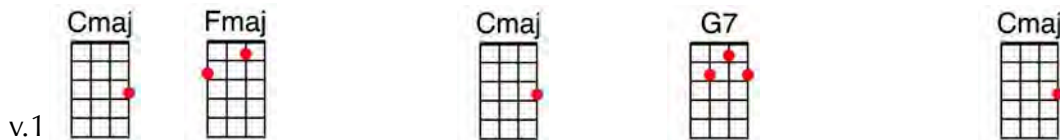


This land is your land, this land is my land, from California, to the New York Island,

Chorus

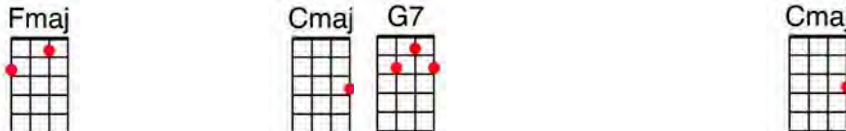


From the Redwood Forest, to the gulf stream waters, this land was made for you and me.



v.1

As I went walking, that ribbon of highway, I saw above me, that endless skyway,



I saw below me, that golden valley, this land was made for you and me.

Chorus

v.2

I roamed and I rambled, and I followed my footsteps, to the sparkling sands of, her diamond deserts,
And all around me, a voice was sounding, this land was made for you and me.

Chorus

v.3

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling, and the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting, this land was made for you and me.

Chorus