

# After All These Years

My dar - ling come to me, sit you down ea - si - ly  
 and rest a while near the soft fire - light cold is the  
 night but warm is my heart with pride hav - ing you by my side  
 you're still my guid - ing light af - ter a - ll these years.  
 Your soft as - sur - ing ways, the rock I lean on,  
 saw me through my dark - est days when all hope had gone  
 you're still the on - ly one I'll ev - er hold near  
 and I love you af - ter all these years.

Time from me passes on  
 And I'm growing old,  
 A lifetime nearly gone,  
 I cannot unfold nights dark and cold  
 But warm is your hand in mine,  
 Feeble with ageless time  
 The light of love still shines  
 After all these years.

**Chorus:** Your soft assuring ways  
 The rock piling on,  
 Saw me thru my darkest days  
 When all hope had gone,  
 You're still the only one  
 I'll ever hold near  
 And I love you  
 After all these years.  
 I still love you  
 After all these years.

Words & Music by: Coleman/Kennedy Published by: Asdee Music  
 Available on LP: CMLP 1030 / Cassette: CMCS 1030

# Isle of Innisfree

D7 G D7  
 I've met some folks who say that I'm a dream - er — And I've no  
 Am G D7 G G7  
 doubt there's truth in what they say, But sure a bo - dy's bound to be a  
 C A7 D7 G D7  
 dream - er — When all the things he loves are far a - way — And pre-cious  
 G D7 Am7  
 things are dreams un-to an ex - ile — They take him o'er the land a - cross the  
 G D7 G C A7  
 sea, Es - pecially when it hap-pens he's an ex - ile — From that dear  
 D7 G C  
 love - ly Isle of In - nis - free. — And when the moon - light peeps a - cross the  
 G A7 D D7  
 roof - tops — Of this great ci - ty won-drous tho' it be — I scarce-ly  
 G C D7 G  
 feel its won-der or its laugh - ter — I'm once a - gain back home in In-nis - free. —

I wander o'er green hills through dreamy valleys  
 And find a peace no other land could know  
 I hear the birds make music fit for angels  
 And watch the rivers laughing as they flow

But dreams don't last, though dreams are not forgotten  
 And soon I'm back to stern reality  
 But though they pave the footpaths here with gold-dust  
 I still would choose my Isle of Innisfree .

Words & Music by: Farrelly Published by: Peter Maurice  
 Available on LP: CMLP 1010 / Cassette: CMLC 1010

# Maggie

I wan-dered to-day to the hills Mag-gie to watch the  
 scene be-low The creek and the creek-ing old  
 mill Mag-gie as we used to, long, long a-go, The  
 green grove is gone from the hills Mag-gie where first the dai-sies  
 sprung The creek-ing old mill is still  
 Mag-gie since you and I were young.

Oh they say that I'm feeble with age, Maggie  
 My steps are much slower than then,  
 My face is a well-written page, Maggie  
 And time all alone was the pen.

They say we have outlived our time, Maggie  
 As dated as songs that we've sung,  
 But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie  
 When you and I were young.

(Repeat last four lines)

Words & Music Traditional - Published by: Asdee Music  
 Available on LP: CMLP 1020 / Cassette: CMLC 1010

# The Mountains of Mourne

Oh Ma - ry this Lon - don's a won - der - ful sight with - peo - ple here  
 work - ing by day and by night. They don't sow po - ta - toes nor bar - ley nor  
 wheat but there's gangs of them digg - ing for gold on the streets. At least when I  
 asked them that's what I was told, so I just took a hand at this  
 digg - ing for gold. But for all that I found there I might as well  
 be, where the Moun - tains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed  
 As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed  
 Well if you believe me, when asked to a ball  
 Faith they don't wear a top to their dresses at all  
 Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth  
 Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath,  
 Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary macree  
 Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here — oh never you mind  
 With beautiful shapes Nature never designed  
 And lovely complexions all roses and cream  
 But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same  
 That if at those roses you venture to sip  
 The colours might all come away on your lip  
 So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me  
 Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin of course  
 Well now he is there at the head of the Force  
 I met him today, I was crossing the Strand  
 And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand  
 And there we stood talkin' of days that are gone  
 While the whole population of London looked on  
 But for all these great powers he's wishful, like me  
 To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

# The Green Willow

Say weep - ing wil - low \_\_\_\_\_ will you \_\_\_\_\_ tell me why \_\_\_\_\_ on the  
 spur \_\_\_\_\_ of the mom - ent \_\_\_\_\_ when I said \_\_\_\_\_ good - bye, I  
 saw her \_\_\_\_\_ walk - ing \_\_\_\_\_ a - way \_\_\_\_\_ out of sight, now \_\_\_\_\_ I re -  
 - gret - ful - ly think of my wife. \_\_\_\_\_ Wil - low, \_\_\_\_\_ green  
 wil - low, \_\_\_\_\_ as your bran - ches \_\_\_\_\_ hang low, you seem \_\_\_\_\_ to be  
 sigh - ing \_\_\_\_\_ for the sad - ness \_\_\_\_\_ I know. I love \_\_\_\_\_ her for -  
 - ev - er \_\_\_\_\_ till the day that I die, Un - till \_\_\_\_\_ the green  
 wil - low \_\_\_\_\_ looks up to the sky. \_\_\_\_\_

All round the city the daytime seems dark,  
 As I watch all the couples walk down through the park.  
 Missed opportunities never come twice.  
 Darling, I'm longing, I'm paying the price.

## Chorus

Today was tomorrow just yesterday,  
 Time goes so slowly now she's gone away.  
 Time must go on, though my heart feels the pain,  
 Perhaps some day soon she will come back again.

## Chorus

Words & Music by: Farrell Published by: Audco Music  
 Available on LP: CMLP 1007

# Drink Up The Cider

F Gm7 C7 F  
 Drink up the cid - er George, pass me round the jug.  
 G7 C7  
 Drink up the cid - er George, thy gar - den's well nigh dug. There's  
 F F7 Bb Gm7  
 dung all o'er your tat - ers, and half - way up thy gat - ers, and there's  
 C C7 F  
 still more cid - er in the jug. Drink up the cid -  
 F Bb F  
 - er, drink up the cid - er, for to night we'll mer - ry  
 C C7 F F7 Bb  
 be. We'll knock the milk - maids o - ver, and roll them in the  
 Gm7 C C7 F  
 clov - er, the corn's half cut and so are we.

Drink up the cider, George, thee's been going far  
 Drink up the cider, George, thee's getting quite a start  
 Thy cheeks are getting redder, from Charterhouse to Cheddar  
 And there's still more cider in the jar.

## Chorus

Drink up the cider, George, get up off the mat.  
 Drink up the cider, George, put on thy great big hat.  
 We're going to borrow Gerdie to see my brother Ernie.  
 And there's still more cider in the bat.

## Chorus

Drink up the cider, George, get up off me chest.  
 Drink up the cider, George, it's time you had a rest.  
 There's nothing like more cider, to make your smile get wider.  
 And there's more cider in the west.

## Chorus

Words & Music: Traditional Published by: Aardie Music  
 Available on LP: CMLP 1002