Lyrics – Tricky Tongue Twisters with chords

I've Been Everywhere (Geoff Mack/Hank Snow)

 \mathbf{E}

I was totin' my pack along a dusty Winnemucca road, When along came a semi with a high and canvas-covered load,

"If you're going to Winnemucca, Mack, with me you can ride."

So I climbed into the cab and then I settled down inside,

He asked me if I'd seen a road with so much dust and sand,

I said, "Listen, Bud I've traveled every road in this here land."



Chorus: E I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man,

A Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've E breathed the mountain air, man,

Of B7 travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every E where.

E

Been to Reno, Chicago, Fargo, Minnesota, Buffalo, Toronto, Winslow, Sarasota,

A

Wichita, Tulsa, Ottawa, Oklahoma,

E

Tampa, Panama, Yakima, La Paloma,

B7

Bangor, Baltimore, Salvador, Amarillo,

E

Pottsville, Woodville, Waterville. What a thrill!

Chorus: E I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man,

A Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've E breathed the mountain air, man,

Of B7 travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every E where.

E

Boston, Scranton, Houston, Louisiana, Washington, Wilmington, Burlington, Texarkana,

A

Monterey, Green Bay, Santa Fe, Tuscaloosa

E

Glen Rock, Black Rock, Little Rock, Oskaloosa,

<mark>B7</mark>

Tennessee, Genesee, Chicopee, Spirit Lake,

E

Grand Lake, Crater Lake, Devil's Lake, for heaven's sake!

Chorus: E I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man, A Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've E breathed the mountain air, man, Of B7 travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every E where. Nashville, Knoxville, Louisville, Puerto Rico, Danville, Huntsville, Gainesville, Costa Rica, Pittsfield, Springfield, Bakersfield, Shreveport, Hackensack, Cadillac, Fond Du Lac, Davenport, Idaho, Jellicoe, Fresno, Diamontina, Pasadena, Catalina, even been to Ballymena! Chorus: F I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man, Bb Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've F breathed the mountain air, man, Of C7 travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every F where. G Pittsburgh, Rexburg, Vicksburg, Colorado, Freeburg, Grantsburg, Hamburg, Eldorado, Saginaw, Omaha, Haverstraw, Omapacka, Chaska, Nebraska, Alaska, Opelacka, Baraboo, Waterloo, Kalamazoo, Kansas City, Sioux City, Cedar City, Dodge City, what a pity! Chorus: G I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere, man, C Crossed the deserts bare, man, I've G breathed the mountain air, man, Of D7 travel, I've had my share, man, I've been every G where.

The Rocky Road to Dublin (D.K. Gavan, "The Galway Poet" ca. 1841)

Am

1. In the merry month of June from my home I started,

G

Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken-hearted.

Am

Saluted my father dear, kissed my darling mother,

G

Drank a pint of beer my grief and tears to smother;

Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,

Am

G

Cut a stout black-thorn, to banish ghost and goblin,

Am

G

Am

G

Brand new pair of brogues, rattlin' o'er the bogs,

Am

G

Fright'nin' all the dogs, on the Rocky Road to Dublin.

Am G Am
Chorus: One, two three, four, five,
Am
Hunt the hare and turn her down the Rocky Road,
G Am G Am
And all the way to Dublin, whack fal-al-de-rah.

2. In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary, Started by daylight, next morning light and airy; Took a drop o' the pure, to keep my heart from sinkin', That's a Paddy's cure, whenever he's on for drinkin'; To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while, At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin' Asked if I was hired, the wages I required, Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

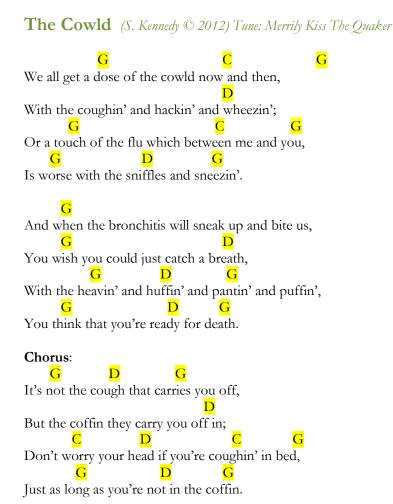
3. In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity, To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city; Then I took a stroll all among the quality, And my bundle was stolen in a neat locality; Somethin' crossed my mind, chanced to look behind, No bundle could I find on my stick a-wobble, Inquirin' for the rogue, said my Connaught brogue Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

4. From there I got away, my spirits never failin', Landed at the quay, just as the ship was sailin'; Captain at me roared, said that no room had he, When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy, Down among the pigs; I played some merry rigs, Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin', When off Holyhead, wish'd myself was dead, Or better far instead, on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

5. The boys of Liverpool, when we'd safely landed, Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it; Blood began to boil, temper I was losin', Poor ould Erin's Isle they began abusin'.
"Hurrah, my soul!" says I, my shillelagh I let fly; Galway boys were by, and saw I was a hobble in, With a loud hurray, joined in the affray.
Faugh-a-ballagh! Clear the way, for the rocky road to Dublin.



And when you're alone ya might think you've pneumonia, It hurts to breathe in and breathe out.

And your lungs are on fire, you're feeling quite dire, You'd rather have shingles or gout.

And nothing you're takin' will help with the achin', Not even a lovely hot toddy, With quakin' and quiverin', and shakin' and shiverin' You've jelly instead of a body.

Chorus:

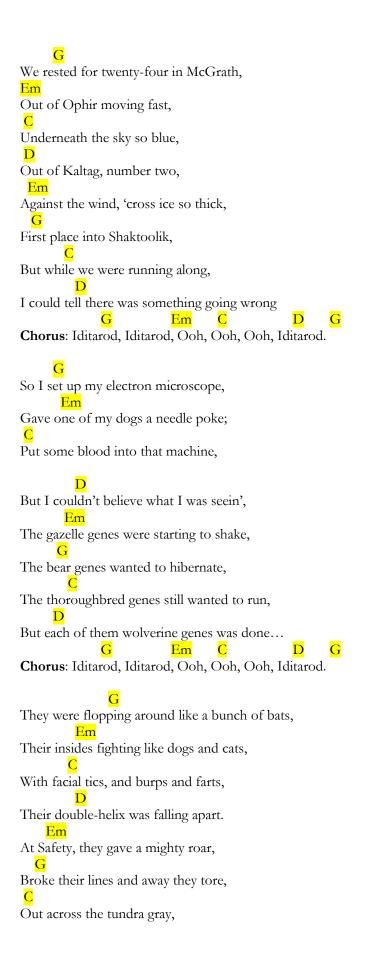
And the bloody oul' pleurisy hasn't a cure I see, Feelin' your ribs are all cracked, Your bedclothes are soakin', you just feel like bokin', While flat on the broad of your back.

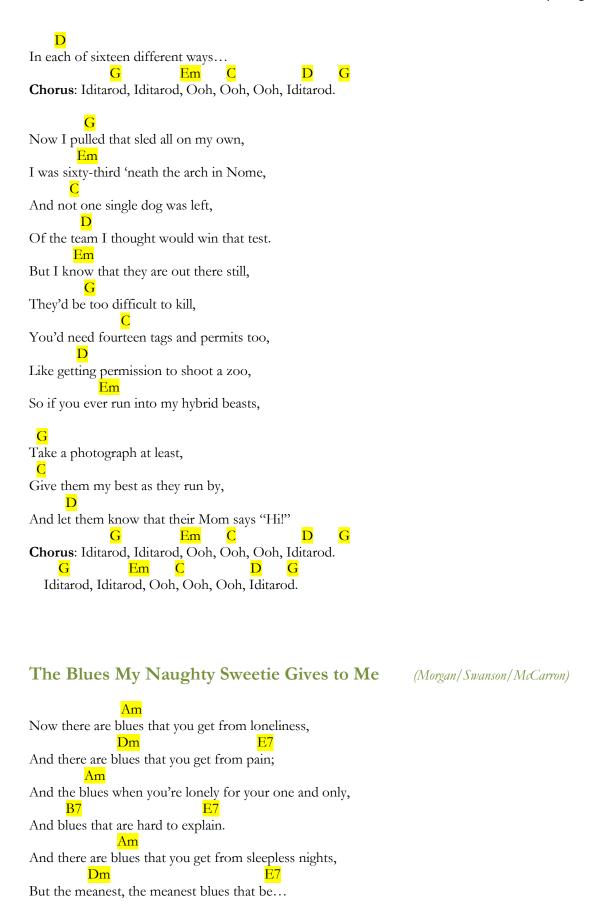
So you lie countin' sheep as you're tryin' to sleep, And the next thing you know it's the dawn; You feel fit as a fiddle while havin' your piddle, And Jaysus the cowld is all gone!

Chorus:

Iditarod (Mike Campbell, © 2003) There's a race across the frozen snow, EmAnd it's run from Anchorage into Nome; Across a land that was built by God, It's a race they call Iditarod. I've run that race myself three times, When I'd lose I'd start to cryin', Figured I'd never race again, Until I found me a way to win. Em Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G So I got me a mail-order PhD, In bio-medical genealogy,

I needed dogs that were fast and mean,
<u>D</u>
I started into splicing genes.
Em I got chromosomes from a thoroughbred mare,
Pitbull, cheetah and a grizzly bear,
Added some wolverine and gazelle,
A little bit of road-runner – what the hell –
G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod.
Chorus. Iditarod, Iditarod, Con, Con, Iditarod.
G I spliced them all to some husky genes,
Em There was just enough to make me a team,
I crossed my fingers and I made a wish,
D And tossed each one in a Petri dish,
Em Well, three months later them pups were born,
G They had spotted hair and hooves and horns,
•
They were big and mean and awful strong,
And each one thought I was his Mom
D The state of the
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G Well, finally race day came around,
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G Well, finally race day came around, Em And I brought my team to Anchortown,
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G Well, finally race day came around, Em
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G Well, finally race day came around, Em And I brought my team to Anchortown, C We went running off down the street, D With a growl and a whinny and a "Beep-beep!"
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G Well, finally race day came around, Em And I brought my team to Anchortown, C We went running off down the street, D With a growl and a whinny and a "Beep-beep!" Em Out of Wasilla into Knik,
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G Well, finally race day came around, Em And I brought my team to Anchortown, C We went running off down the street, D With a growl and a whinny and a "Beep-beep!" Em
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G Well, finally race day came around, Em And I brought my team to Anchortown, C We went running off down the street, D With a growl and a whinny and a "Beep-beep!" Em Out of Wasilla into Knik, G Running so fast it was making me sick, C Through Yentna, Skwentna, mountains high,
And each one thought I was his Mom G Em C D G Chorus: Iditarod, Iditarod, Ooh, Ooh, Ooh, Iditarod. G Well, finally race day came around, Em And I brought my team to Anchortown, C We went running off down the street, D With a growl and a whinny and a "Beep-beep!" Em Out of Wasilla into Knik, G Running so fast it was making me sick, C





A A7
The blues that I've got on my mind,
The blues that are the very meanest kind,
C G7 C/E7 They're the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me
Am
There are blues you get from women when you see 'em goin' swimmin' And you haven't got a bathin' suit yourself; Dm
There are blues that start to flicker when you hide a lot of liquor
And someone goes and takes it off the shelf, E7
The blues you get from waitin' on the dock, (when everything's in hock) Am
And wonderin' if the boat's a-gonna rock, (And your lady doesn't answer when you knock)
And the blues you keep a-gettin' in a taxicab and frettin' E7
Every time you hear the meter jump the clock.
Am
And there are blues you get from cryin' when your uncle Ben is dyin', And he afterwards forgets you in his will;
Dm There are blues you get from hisses when you're walkin' with the missus
And another baby shouts, "Hey, Bill!" Am
But the blues that make you hot and make you really shake and shiver, Dm
The blues that make you want to end it all in the river,
They're the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.
A Proper Cup of Coffee (R.P. Weston/Bert Lee © 1926 Francis Day & Hunter)
Am A Sultan ant an his Oxigatel mat
A Sultan sat on his Oriental mat E7
In his harem in Baghdad, Persia. Am G F E7
He took one sip of his coffee, just a drip,
And he said to his servant "Curse ya,
"Aw, curse ya, curse ya,
G / C G7 That's the worst cup of coffee in Persia! 'Cause

Chorus:



All I want is a proper cup of coffee



Made in a proper copper coffee-pot.



I may be off my dot,

<mark>G</mark>

But I want a cup o' coffee from a proper copper pot.



Iron coffee-pots, and tin coffee-pots,



They're no use to me;



C C

If I can't have a proper cup o' coffee



From a proper copper coffee-pot,



<mark>C</mark>

I'll have a cup of tea."

In days of old, when knights were bold, And whiskey was much cheaper, Dick Turpin rode to a coffee-shop and showed, His pistols to the keeper. He said, "Stand and deliver! Can't you see I'm all a – quiver? 'Cause..."

Chorus:

When Bonaparte found that he was in the cart, And he'd lost that Waterloo fight, He gave his sword up to Wellington, the lord, And he said, "You British do fight.

Now you've won Waterloo, sir, What shall I drink with you, sir? 'Cause...

Chorus:

Now King Solomon with his queen would carry on, So we read in the ancient scandals; He gave her lots of silver coffee-pots With diamond spouts and hand - les. But said the Queen of Sheba...
"I'd rather have any old tea-bag! 'Cause...

Chorus:

Wakko's America (Turkey in the Straw/Lyrics: Randy Rogel)

D

1. Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Indianapolis, Indiana,

A

And Columbus is the capital of Ohio,



There's Montgomery, Alabama, south of Helena, Montana,



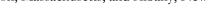
Then there's Denver, Colorado, and Boise, Idaho.



Texas has Austin, then we go north



To Boston, Massachusetts, and Albany, New York,





Tallahassee, Florida and Washington, D.C.,



Santa Fe, New Mexico and Nashville Tennesee.

2. Trenton's in New Jersey, north of Jefferson, Missouri, You've got Richmond in Virginia, South Dakota has Pierre, Harrisburg's in Pennsylvania, and Augusta's off in Maine, ya See Providence, Rhode Island and Dover, Delaware.

Concord New Hampshire, just a jaunt To Montpelier, which is up in Vermont, Hartford in Connecticut so pretty in the fall, Kansas has Topeka, Minnesota has St. Paul.

3. Juneau's in Alaska and there's Lincoln in Nebraska, And it's Raleigh out in North Carolina and then, There's Madison, Wisconsin and Olympia in Washington, Phoenix, Arizona and Lansing, Michigan.

Then Honolulu, Hawaii' s a joy, Jackson, Mississippi and Springfield, Illinois, South Carolina with Columbia down the way, And Annapolis in Maryland, on Chesapeake Bay.

4. Cheyenne is in Wyomin' and perhaps you make your home in Salt Lake City out in Utah where the buffalo roam, Atlanta's down in Georgia and here's Bismarck, North Dakota, And you can live at Frankfort in your old Kentucky home.

Salem in Oregon ----from there we join, Little Rock in Arkansas, Iowa's got Des Moines, Sacramento, California, Oklahoma and its city, Charleston, West Virginia, and Nevada, Carson City. That's all the capitals there are.

The Double Inn (D. MacLean/S. Kennedy)

There's a little pub in Dublin that is called the "Double Inn",

G7

And it's kept by Mr. Singleton who has a double chin.

C

E7

Am

You will find him in the parlour full of jollity and fun

D7

With a smile upon his double chin to welcome every one.

C

F

Chorus: In the Double Inn in Dublin,

C

Am

You can soon find trouble in the Double Inn,

D7

If it's trouble you desire, you can get what you require,

Drink somebody's beer you'll throw the fat upon the fire;

In the Double Inn in Dublin, the pub that pours the perfect pint of stout,

You'll see Mister Single ton when you go in the Double Inn

But you'll be seeing double coming out.

The Double Inn is famous, everybody knows the place, Each Dublin man has "Double Inn" engraved upon his face; To spend an hour each evening there is everyone's delight, You can have a joke, go out and smoke, then end up in a fight.

Chorus: In the Double Inn in Dublin,
You can soon find trouble in the Double Inn,
If it's trouble you desire, just call a man a liar,
That's the sort of thing to throw the fat upon the fire
In the Double Inn in Dublin, the pub that pours the perfect pint of stout,
You'll see Mister Single ton when you go in the Double Inn,
But you'll be seeing double coming out.

The Double Inn is friendly, there's a welcome on the mat, So fill your mug, go in the snug, and have a little chat, There really are no strangers here, just friends you haven't met, If you just sit back, enjoy the craic, your troubles you'll forget.

Chorus: In the Double Inn in Dublin, You can soon find trouble in the Double Inn, If it's trouble you desire, you can get what you require, Flirt with someone's girl you'll throw the fat upon the fire In the Double Inn in Dublin, the pub that pours the perfect pint of stout You'll see Mister Single ton when you go in the Double Inn But you'll be seeing double coming out.

The Auctioneer (LeRoy VanDyke, Buddy Black/Sony/ATV Music)

There was a boy in Arkansas who wouldn't listen to his ma,

D
G
When she told him that he should go to school.

G
He'd sneak away in the afternoon, take a little walk then pretty soon,

D
G
You'd find him at the local auction barn.

G
He'd stand and listen carefully, then pretty soon he began to see

A7
D
How the auctioneer could talk so rapidly.

G
G
He said, "Oh my, it's do or die. I've got to learn that auction cry.

D
G
Gotta make my mark and be an auctioneer."

G
Will you gimme 30, make it a 30, biddin' it on a 30-dollar,

D
Who'll-a bid a 30, who'll-a bid a 30-dollar bid?

G
30-dollar bid it now, 35 will you gimme 35

Make it a 35, bid it a 35,

D
Who's a-gonna bid it at a 35-dollar bid?

As time went on, he did his best, we all could see he didn't jest. He practiced calling bids both night and day. His pa would find him behind the barn, just working up an awful storm As he tried to imitate the auctioneer. Then his pa said, "Son, we just can't stand to have a mediocre man Sellin' things at auction using our good name. I'll send you off to auction school, then you'll be nobody's fool. You can take your place among the best."

35-dollar bid it now, a 40 dollar 40, Will you gimme 40 make it a 40, biddin' it on a 40-dollar, Who'll-a bid a 40, who'll-a bid a 40-dollar bid? 40 dollar bid it now, 45 will you gimme a 45 Make it a 45, bid it a 45, Who's a-gonna bid it at a 45 dollar bid? So from that boy who went to school, there grew a man who played it cool,

He came back home a full-fledged auctioneer.

Then the people came from miles around just to hear him make that rhythmic sound

That filled their hearts with such a happy cheer.

His fame spread out from shore to shore, he had all he could do and more.

Had to buy a plane to get around.

Now he's the tops in all the land, let's stop and give that man a hand.

He's the best of all the auctioneers.

45-dollar bid it now, a 50 dollar 50, Will you gimme 50 make it a 50, biddin' it on a 50-dollar, Who'll-a bid a 50, who'll-a bid a 50 dollar bid?

50-dollar bid it now, 55 will you gimme 55

To make it a 55, to bid it a 55,

Sold that disc for a 50 dollar bill!

Nell'sBells (Seamus Kennedy © 2008 Verse Tune: The Teetotallers' Reel)

G

Little Nell McCafferty's the lass I love the best,

Em D

Her darlin' personality shines out above the rest.

G

In our Sunday finest we go walkin' with the swells,

Em D

And she always loves to dander where she'll hear the sound of bells.

Chorus 1.

G

Like: Sleigh bells, play bells, silver bells and golden bells,

Am

Church bells, work bells, Christmas bells and all;

G

Door bells, more bells, modern bells and olden bells,

C

Am

G

But Little Nell McCafferty's the belle of them all.

G

Tomorrow when we're walkin' down the boreen side by side.

Εm

D7

 $\mathbf{D7}$

I'll ask her if she'll marry me and be my bonny bride,

G

I've a ring for her finger, aye, and bells for her toes,

Em

1000,

So Nell can have her bells with her no matter where she goes.

Chorus 2.



There's: Cow bells, plough bells, evening bells and morning bells,

<mark>m</mark>

 $\overline{\mathbf{D7}}$

Bike bells, trike bells, jingle bells and all;

Grand bells, hand bells, alarm bells and warning bells,
C Am D7 G But Little Nell McCafferty's the belle of them all.
But Little Iven McCarretty's the bene of them an.
And when she says "Aye surely", that she'd be my lovin' wife,
That'll be the very proudest moment of my life;
And the sweetest bells I know of for to make her laugh and smile,
Em D7 G Are the chapel bells a-ringin' when I walk her down the aisle.
Chorus 3.
There's: Plain bells, train bells, ships' bells and diving bells,
Am Pretty bells, city bells, village bells and all;
Chime bells, time bells, departing bells, arriving bells.
But Little Nell McCafferty's the belle of them all.
Methodist Pie (Bradley Kincaid/Peeer Int'l Music)
C I went down to camp meetin' just the other afternoon,
For to hear 'em all preach and sing,
G C
Tellin' each other how they love one another,
And to make the hallelujahs ring. C
There was old Uncle Dan'l and Brother Ebenezer, G
Uncle Rufus and the singin' gal Sue,
Aunt Polly, Aunt Melinda and old Brother Bender,
Well, you never saw a happier crew.
Chorus:
Oh, little children, I believe,
Oh, little children, I believe,
Oh, little children, I believe,

C

I'm a Methodist until I die.

I'm a Methodist, a Methodist it is my belief,

I'm a Methodist until I die.

G

When old grim Death comes a-knockin' at my door,

C

I'm a Methodist until I die.

They all went there for to have a good time,
And eat the grub so sly,
Applesauce-butter, and sugar in the gourd,
And a great big Methodist pie.
You ought to hear the ringin' when they all got to singin'
That good old Bye and Bye,
Brother Jimmy Magee in the top of a tree
Sayin' "Lordy, I'm a-getting' high!

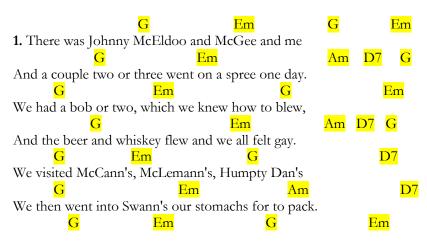
Chorus:

They all held hands and marched around the ring, Kept a-singin' all the while, You'd have thought it was a cyclone a-comin' through the air, You could hear them shout half a mile.

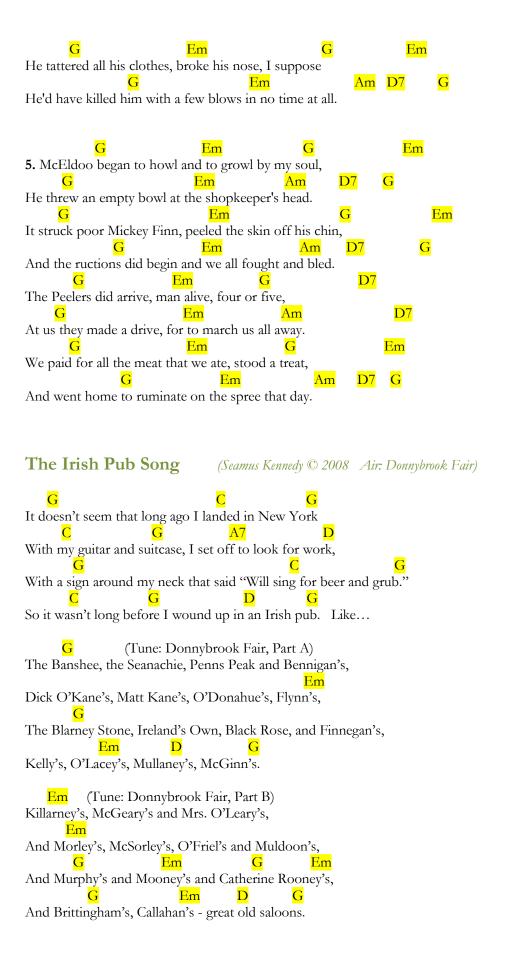
Then the bell rings loud and the great big crowd Breaks ranks and up they fly, While I took ahold of the sugar in the gourd And cleaned up the Methodist pie.

Chorus:

Johnny McEldoo (Trad.)



We ordered up a feed, which indeed we did need,	.
And we finished it with speed but we still felt slack.	7 <mark>G</mark>
G Em G Er	<mark>n</mark>
2. Johnny McEldoo turned red, white, and blue,	<mark>-</mark> G
And a plate of Irish stew he soon put out of sight. G Em G	Em
He shouted out "Encore" with a roar for some more	15111
G Em Am D7/G That he never felt before such a keen appetite.	
G He ordered eggs and ham, legs o' lamb, bread and jam,	D7
G Em Am But him we couldn't cram though we tried our level best G Em G	D7 Em
For everything we brought, cold or hot, mattered not	
G Em Am D7 Went down him like a shot, and he still stood the test.	<mark>G</mark>
G Em G	<mark>Em</mark>
3. He swallowed tripe and lard by the yard, we got scared, G Em Am	D7 G
We thought it would go hard when the waiter brought the bill. G Em G	Em
We told him to give o'er but he swore he could lower G Em Am D7	
Twice as much again and more before he had his fill.	D7
He nearly supped a trough full of broth. Says McGrath,	
"He'll devour the table cloth, if you don't hold him in."	<u>D/</u>
G Em G Em He ate a dozen fowl, half a cow, made a vow	
G Em Am D7 He was just as hungry now as when he did begin.	G
G Em	G Em
4. When the waiter brought the charge McEldoo felt so large,	
He began to scowl and barge and his blood went on fire.	
He began to curse and swear, tear his hair in despair,	Em
G Em Am/D7 And to finish the affair, called the shopman a liar.	G
G The shopman he drew out and no doubt he did clout,	<mark>D7</mark>
G Em Am D McEldoo he kicked about like an old football.	<mark>7</mark>



And now I've been performing for over 40 years, I still remember some of them, with a smile and with a tear, And as I've gotten older, I've forgotten one or two. But I'll try if you'll permit me, to recall them all for you. G (Tune: The Irish Washerwoman, Part A) The Dubliner, Harp & Bard, Liam's Irish Tavern, The Four P's, and Coleman's, to name but a few. Harry Browne's, Mick O'Shea's, Nanny O'Brien's, The Irish Connection, Ireland's 32. G (Tune: The Irish Washerwoman, Part B) The Ale House, the Coach House, the Town House and Fitzie's, The Blackthorn, and Milestones and Patriot Game, The Century Club and the Limerick Pub, Kevin Barry's and Carrigan's, pubs of great fame. Well, I've traveled all across the land, and sung in every state; From New York to Chicago, out to the Golden Gate; And I know one thing for certain as I've wandered near and far, You can't go wrong for a beer and a song, when you're in an Irish bar. (Tune: St. Patrick's Day, Part A, twice) There's Loretta's in Philly, the Pub Piccadilly, The Old Brogue, the Sheabeen, the Emerald Isle. And Reilly's Daughter where no-one drank water, G And Holohan's, Wooloughan's bring on a smile. Away out in Reno, Fitzgerald's Casino And Great Basin Brew Pub stand out on their own; Colonial Tavern and wee Piece of Ireland, The London Bridge Pub where you won't drink alone. Em (Tune: St. Patrick's Day, Part B, once) The Bog Pub, and Cooper's, the Keg Room was super, There's Duggan's, the Tide's Inn, the Chef's Inn and Kells,

At Lena's and Godfrey's there's brownies and coffees,



The Shannon Pub's hot wings are hotter than Hell's.

After all this time you know, some pubs are dead and gone, Just like the men who owned them, but their memory lingers on. We'll never see their likes again, for all good things must pass; And to these great old Irish Pubs, I'll raise a Parting Glass. Coda: So I'll gently rise and softly call...

The Harem of the Court of King Caractacus (Trad.)

Now, the harem of the court of King Caractacus was just passing by,

The harem of the court of King Caractacus was just passing by,

The harem of the court of King Caractacus was just passing by,

The harem of the court of King Caractacus was just passing by.

Now, the ladies in the harem of the court of King Caractacus Were just passing by, Repeat 3 more times.

The faces of the ladies in the harem of the court etc. Repeat 3 more times.

Now, the noses on the faces of the ladies in the harem of the court etc. Repeat 3 more times.

Now, freckles on the noses on the faces of the ladies in the harem of the court etc. Repeat 3 more times.

Now, the boys who put the powder on the freckles on the noses of the faces etc. Repeat 3 more times.

Now, britches on the boys who put the powder on the freckles on the noses of the faces etc. Repeat 3 more times

Now, the stitches in the britches of the boys who put the powder on the freckles on the noses of the faces etc.

Repeat 3 more times

Now, the fascinating witches who put the scintillating stitches in the Britches of the boys who put the powder on the ... etc. Repeat 3 more times.

If you want to take a picture of the fascinating witches who put etc. You're too late! 'Cause they've just passed by!

The Pheasant Plucker (S. Kennedy) Tune: The Little Beggarman

My dad's a pheasant-plucker, he's a very busy man,

G
So I help him plucking pheasants, and I do the best I can.

G
Sometimes he will go away and leave me on my own,

G
F
And so I'm left here here sitting plucking pheasants all alone

F
I'm not the pheasant-plucker,

C
I'm the pheasant-plucker's son,

G
And I'm only plucking-pheasants

My husband likes to pluck with me, we have a lot of fun He tickles me with pheasant feathers when the plucking's done; The laughing and the giggling helps to keep me fit and trim; There's nothing I would rather do than pheasant-pluck with him

I'm not the pheasant-plucker, I'm the pheasant-plucker's wife, And when we pluck together It's a pheasant-plucking life!

Till the pheasant-plucker comes.

For the job of pheasant-plucking, my friend was born and bred, He likes to have a pheasant plucked before he goes to bed; I try and lend a helping hand, I gather up the feathers, It's really all this pheasant-plucking keeps us here together.

I'm not the pheasant-plucker, I'm the pheasant-plucker's friend, And if we weren't plucking pheasants He would drive me round the bend

I had a pal in Donegal, could pluck a frozen pheasant. But you have to pluck them fresh, or it's really quite unpleasant, I'm not good at plucking pheasants, at the plucking I've no luck Though some peasants find it pleasant, I would rather pluck a duck,

I'm not the pheasant-plucker, I'm the pheasant-plucker's mate, I'm only plucking pheasants 'Cause the pheasant-plucker's late.

My son's a pheasant-plucker and he's very good to me, He frequently invites me round to have a cup of tea. We have pheasant-plucking parties and play pheasant-plucking games, Before we pluck the pheasants we will give them silly names.

I'm not the pheasant-plucker, I'm the pheasant-plucker's mother, And a mother plucking pheasants Is a good as any other.

My cousin is a pheasant-plucker, he's the best I've seen; I'm no good at plucking pheasants, I really am quite green; He could pluck a buffalo or even do a moose While I have trouble getting down off eider duck or goose.

I'm not the pheasant-plucker, I'm the pheasant-plucker's cousin, In the time it took to sing this song, He plucked a half a dozen.