

Leaving Tipperary

Words & music: Traditional

G Now, the ship it sails in half an hour to cross the broad Atlantic **D**

Me friends are standing on the quay in grief and sorrow frantic **G**

I'm just about to sail away on the good ship Dan O'Leary **D**

The anchor's weighed, the gangway's up, I'm leaving Tipperary **G**

CHORUS: **G** So goodbye, Mick, and goodbye, Pat, and goodbye, Kate and Mary **D**

The anchor's weighed, the gangway's up, I'm leaving Tipperary **G**

And now the steam is rising up I have no more to say **D**

I'm bound for New York city, boys, three thousand miles away **G**

G In me old kit bag I have me gear, some cabbage, spuds and bacon **D**

Now isn't that the finest fare to ease your belly-achin'? **G**

If the ship it starts to pitch and toss, well, I'll leave very quickly **D**

I'll pack me bundle on me back and walk to New York city **G**

CHORUS

G Those Yankee girls will sure love me—of course I'm speculatin' **D**

I'll oil them well with liquor, boys, and they'll love the way I'm treatin' **G**

I'm as deep in love with Molly Burke as an ass is fond of clover **D**

When I get there I'll send for her—that's if she will come over **G**

CHORUS

G Then fare ye well, old Erin, dear, to part me heart does ache well **D**

From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear—I'll never see your equal **G**

And though to foreign ports we're bound where cannibals may eat us **D**

We'll ne'er forget the Holy Ground, the porter and potatoes **G**

CHORUS: **G** So goodbye, Mick, and goodbye, Pat, and goodbye, Kate and Mary **D**

The anchor's weighed, the gangway's up, I'm leaving Tipperary **G**

And now the steam is rising up I have no more to say **D**

I'm bound for New York city, boys, three thousand miles away **G**

Leaving Tipperary

Trad. arr. Peter McLaren

Verse

Now the ship it sails in half an hour to cross the broad At - lan - tic Me
 friends are stand - ing on the quay in grief and sor - row ran - tic I'm
 just a - bout to sail a - way on the good ship 'Dan O' - Lear - y The
 an - chor's weighed, the gang-way's up, I'm leav - ing Tip - per - ar - y.

Chorus

So good-bye, Mick, and good-bye, Pat, and good-bye, Kate and Ma - ry The
 anch - or's weighed, the gang-way's up, I'm leav - ing Tip - per - ar - y And
 now the steam is ris - ing up I have no more to say I'm
 bound for New York ci - ty, boys, three thou - sand miles a - way.

2. In me old kit bag I have me gear, some cabbage, spuds and bacon
 Now isn't that the finest fare to ease your belly-achin'?
 If the ship it starts to pitch and toss, well, I'll leave very quickly
 I'll pack me bundle on me back and walk to New York city CHORUS

3. Those Yankee girls will sure love me – of course I'm speculatin'
 I'll oil them well with liquor, boys, and they'll love the way I'm treatin'
 I'm as deep in love with Molly Burke as an ass is fond of clover
 When I get there I'll send for her – that's if she will come over CHORUS

4. Then fare ye well, old Erin, dear, to part me heart does ache well
 From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear – I'll never see your equal
 And though to foreign ports we're bound where cannibals may eat us
 We'll ne'er forget the Holy Ground, the porter or potatoes CHORUS