

The Irish Washerwoman chords (for the acoustic guitar)
Traditional Irish Jig (words by George Colman the Elder The Surrender of Calais 1791)

Am D G

G
When I was at home, I was merry and frisky.
Am D
My dad kept a pig, but my mother sold whiskey.
G
My uncle was rich, but neer could be easy,
Am D G
till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
G
Och, rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, Corporal Casey,
Am D
my dear little Shelah I thought would run crazy
G
When I trudged away with tough Corporal Casey,
Am D G
Och, rub-a-dub row-de-row, Shelah my love.

G
I marched from Kilkenny, but as I was thinking,
D
on Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking.
C G Am G
But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daisy,
Am D G
for fear of a drubbin from Corporal Casey.
G
Och, rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, Corporal Casey,
D
the devil go with him, I neer could be lazy
C G Am G
He struck my shirts so, old Corporal Casey,
Am D G
och, rub-a-dub row-de-row, Shelah my dear.

G
We went into battle, I took the blows fairly,
Am D
that fell on my pate, but they bothered me rarely.
G
And who should the first be that dropped? Why, and please you,
Am D G
it was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
G
Och, rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, Corporal Casey,
Am D
thinks I, You are quiet and I shall be easy.
G
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey,
Am D G
Och, rub-a-dub row-de-row, Shelah my gal.

G
I marched from Kilkenny, but as I was thinking,
D
on Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking.
C G Am G
But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daisy,
Am D G
for fear of a drubbin from Corporal Casey.
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och, rub-a-dub row-de-row, Shelah my dear.