

**morrison van - Irish Heartbeat Album**

Date: Tue, 24 Oct 1995 00:16:23 +0100  
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After all the resources I have obtained from OLGA I thought that it was about time I put something back in!!

I am submitting the chords for all the songs on Van Morrison's album 'Irish Heartbeat'. I hope that they will be of use to somebody out there.

If anybody spots any errors, please feel free to submit corrections and mail me with them as well! Although I am fairly confident that they are correct, there may be a few mistakes! Also, to the people at OLGA, please submit this to other archives if you think it is worthwhile. The lyrics were obtained from the Van Morrison Homepage (I did not type them all out myself) and I thank the Author. Unfortunately I have mislaid the E Mail address but if you want to contact him you can probably do so by doing a search on your browser for Van Morrison.

Bren.

Van Morrison song lyrics:  
Irish Heartbeat album

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Star Of The County Down

Traditional, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

Introduction:

Em G D Em D

Em G D Em D Em

G D Em D

Em G D Em D Em

[Em] In Banbridge Town in the [G] County [D] Down  
One [Em] morning last [D] July,  
From a [Em] borean green came a [G] sweet [D] colleen  
And she [Em] smiled as she [D] passed me by. [Em]

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She [G] looked so sweet from her [D] two bare feet  
To the [Em] sheen of her nut brown [D] hair.  
Such a [Em] coaxing elf, sure I [G] shook my [D] self  
For to [Em] see I was [D] really [D] there.

Chorus:

From [G] Bantry Bay up to [D] Derry Quay and  
From [Em] Galway to Dublin [D] Town,  
No [Em] maid I've seen like the [G] brown [D] colleen  
That I [Em] met in the [D] County {Em} Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,  
And I looked with a feelin' rare,  
And I say's, say's I, to a passer-by,  
"Whose the maid with the nut brown hair"?  
He smiled at me and he says's, say's he,  
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.  
It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,  
She's the star of the County Down".

Chorus:

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Ouay and  
From Galway to Dublin Town,  
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen  
That I met in the County Down.

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there  
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,  
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked  
Right for a smile from my nut brown rose.  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke  
Till my plough turns rust coloured brown.  
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside  
Sits the star of the County Down.

Chorus / Repeat

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Irish Heartbeat

Words and Music by Van Morrison

Oh [E7] won't you [A] stay, stay awhile  
With your [D] own [E] ones. [E7]  
Don't ever [A] stray, stray so far  
From your [D] own [E] ones.  
This old [A] world is so cold. [A7]  
Don't care nothin' for your [D] soul  
You [E] share with your [A] own ones.

Don't rush away, rush away  
From your own ones.  
Just one more day, one more day  
With your own ones.  
For the world is so cold.  
Don't care nothin' for your soul  
You share with your own ones.

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Bridge:

There's a [D] stranger and he's  
Standing at your [A] door.  
May be your best [D] friend  
Might be your [F#m] brother,  
You may never [E] know. [E7}

I'm going [A] back, going back  
To my own ones.  
Back to talk, talk awhile  
With my own ones.  
For the world is so cold.  
Don't care nothing for your soul  
You share with your own ones.

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Ta Mo Chleamhnas Deanta (My Match It Is Made)

Traditional, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

[A7} Ta mo [D] chleamhnas [Bm] deanta o [D] athru [G] areir  
S'ni [D] mo na go [Bm] dtaithnioonn an [D] bhean liom [G] fein  
Ach [D] fagfaidh me i mo [Bm] dhiaidh i  
'gus [D] imeoidh me liom [G] fein  
Ar [D] fud na [Bm] gcoillte [A7] craobh [D] ach

[D] A match was a [Bm] made [D] here last [G] night  
To a [D] girl I [Bm] neither [D] love nor [G] like  
But I'll [D] take my own [Bm] advice  
And [D] leave her [G] behind  
And go [D] roaming the [Bm] wild woods all [A7] over. [D]

Shiuil mise thoir agus shiuil mise thiar.  
Shiuil mise Corcaigh 'gus sraide Bh'l'ath Cliath  
Ach samhail de mo chailin deas ni fhaca mise riamh.  
'Si an bhean dubh a dhfhag mo chroi craite

Middle Eight (change of key) ED ED ED ED ED ED A7 D

I walked up and I walked down.  
I walked Cork, and Dublin, and Belfast towns,  
But no equal to my true love could I find.  
She's the wee lass that's left my heart broken.

D'eirigh me ar maidin dha uair roimh an la  
'gus fuair me litir o mo mhile ghra  
Chuala me an smoilin 's an londubh a ra  
Gur ealiagh mo ghra thar saile

I got up two hours before day  
And I got a letter from my true love.  
I heard the blackbird and linnet say  
That my love had crossed the ocean.

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Raglan Road

Traditional, words by P. Kavanagh, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

Intro: D A7 D

[A7] On [D] Raglan Road on an Autumn [G] Day,  
I [Bm] saw her [A7] first and [D] knew.  
That [G] her dark hair would [F#m] weave a [Bm] snare  
That [D] I may one day [A7] rue.  
I [G] saw the danger, [F#m] yet I [Bm] walked  
A [F#m] long the en [Bm]chanted [A7] way  
And I [D] said let [F#m] grief be a [D] falling [G] leaf  
At the [Bm] dawning [A7] of the day.

On Grafton Street in November,  
We tripped lightly along the ledge  
Of a deep ravine where can be seen  
The world of passions pledge.  
The Queen of Heart's still baking tarts  
And I not making hay,  
Well I loved too much by such and such  
Is happiness thrown away.

I gave her the gifts of the mind.  
I gave her the secret sign  
That's known to all the artists who have  
Known true Gods of Sound and Time.  
With word and tint I did not stint.  
I gave her reems of poems to say  
With her own dark hair and her own name there  
Like the clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet where old ghosts meet,  
I see her walking now away from me,  
So hurriedly my reason must allow.  
For I have wooed not as I should  
A creature made of clay.  
When the angel woos, the clay heel lose  
His wings at the dawn of the day.

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She Moved Through the Fair

Traditional, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

[D] My [C] young love said to [D] me,  
My [C] mother won't [D] mind  
And my [C]fat [D] her won't slight you  
For [C] your lack of [Am7] kind.  
And she [C] stepped [D] away from me  
And [C] this she did [Am7] say,  
"It [C] will not be [D] long love  
Till [C] our wedding [D] day".

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She [C] stepped away [D] from me  
And she [C] moved [D] through the fair  
And slowly I watched her move here  
And move there.  
She went her way slowly  
With one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening  
Moves over the lake.

I dreamt that last night that,  
My young love came in.  
So softly she entered,  
That her feet made no din.  
She came close beside me  
And this she did say,  
"It will not be long love  
Till our wedding day".

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I'll Tell Me Ma

Traditional, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

Intro: A E7 A E7 A D A E7 A D A E7 A

I'll [A] tell me Ma when I go home,  
The [E7] boy's won't leave the [A] girls alone.  
They'll pull my hair, they stole my comb,  
Well [E7] that's alright till I go [A] home.

Chorus:

[A] She is handsome. She is [D] pretty.  
[A] She is the bell of [E7] Belfast City.  
[A] She is courtin' [D] one, two, three.  
[A] Please won't you [E7] tell me, [A] who is she?

Albert Mooney say's he loves her.  
All the boy's are fighting for her.  
They knock at the door and ring at the bell  
Sayin' "Oh my true love, are you well"?  
Out she comes as white as snow,  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.  
Oul Jenny Murray say's she'll die  
If you don't get the fella  
With the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and hail blow high  
And the snow come tumbling from the sky,  
She's as nice as apple pie.  
She'll get her own lad by and by.  
When she gets a lad of her own,  
She won't tell her Ma when she gets home.  
Let them all come as they will  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

Repeat 1st Verse and Chorus

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Carrickfergus

Traditional, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

I [Am] wished I [Dm] had you in [G7] Carrick [Am] fergus,  
Only for [Dm] nights in [G7] Bally [C] grand,  
I [Am] would swim [Dm] over the [G7] deepest [Am] ocean,  
The deepest [Dm] ocean to be [Am] by your [C] side.

But the [G7] sea is [C] wide and I [Dm] can't swim [G7] over  
And neither [C] ha [Am] ve I [Dm] wings to [G7] fly.  
I [Am] wish I could [Dm] find me a [G7] handy [Am] boatman  
To ferry me [Dm] over [G7] to my love and [C] die.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections  
Of happy days so long ago.  
My boyhood friends and my own relations.  
Have all passed on like the melting snow.

Chorus 1

[C] So I'll [G7] spend my [C] days [Am] in [Dm] endless [G7] roving,  
Soft is the [C] grass [Am] and my [Dm] bed is [G7] free.  
Oh to be [Dm] home now [G7] in Carrick [Am] fergus,  
On the long road [Dm] down to the [G7] salty [C] sea.

And in Kilkenny it is reported  
On marble stone there as black as ink,  
With gold and silver I did support her  
But I'll sing no more now till I get a drink.

Chorus 2

I'm drunk today and I'm rarely sober,  
A handsome rover from town to town.  
Oh but I am sick now and my days are numbered  
Come all ye young men and lay me down.

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Celtic Ray

Words and Music by Van Morrison

(The introduction and the middle eight of this song  
are  
taken from an Irish traditional song called Buachaill on Eireann  
which  
roughly translates as the Boy From Ireland)

When [G] Lewellen comes around  
And he goes through market town  
[Am] You'll be on the Celtic Ray,  
[G] Are you ready?

[G] When McManus comes around

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On his early morning round  
[Am] Cryin' "Herrin' Olay"  
[G] You'll be on the Celtic Ray.

1st Bridge:

[Am] Ireland, [Em] Scotland, [Am] Brittany, and [Em] Wales,  
I can [Am] hear those [Em] ancient [Am] voices calling,  
[G] "Children, children"

When the coalbrick man comes round,  
On a cold November day  
You'll be on the Celtic Ray,  
Are you ready?

Middle 8 GC GC G

2nd Bridge:

Ireland, Scotland, Cornwall and Wales,  
I can hear those ancient voices calling,  
"Children, children, children".

Listen Jimmy, I wanna go home.  
Listen Jimmy I wanna go home.  
I've been away from the Ray too long.

Repeat

I've been away from the Ray too long.  
In the early mornin', we'll go walkin' where  
The light comes shining through  
On the Celtic Ray,  
Are you ready?

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My Lagan Love

Traditional, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

[F] Where [Eb] Lagan [F] streams sing lulla [Eb] bies  
There [F] blows a [Bb] lily [F] fair.  
[F] The [Eb] twilight [F] gleam is in her [Eb] eye,  
The [F] night is [Bb] on her [F] hair.  
[F] And like a [Bb] love [F] sick lena [Bb] shee  
She hath my [Gm] heart in [C7] thr [F] all.  
[Fm] No life have [F] I, no liber [Eb] ty,  
For [F] love is [Bb] Lord of [F] all.

F Bb F

And often when the beetles horn  
Has lulled the eve to sleep,  
I'll steal into her sheiling lorn  
And through the doorway creep.  
There on the cricket's singing stone,  
She makes the bogwood fire  
And sings in sweet and undertone,  
The song of hearts desire.

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Marie's Wedding

Traditional, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

Chorus:

[A] Step we gaily on we go,  
[D] Heel and heel  
And [A] toe for toe,  
Arm and arm  
And row and row,  
[D] All for Marie's [E7] wedding.

[A] Over hillways, up and down,  
[D] Myrtle green and [E7] bracken brown,  
[A] Past the sheilings through the town  
[D] All for the sake of [E7]Marie.

Chorus

[A] Red her cheeks as Rowan's are,  
[D] Bright her eyes as [E7] any star.  
[A] Fairest of them all by far,  
[D] Is our darlin' [E7] Marie.

Chorus

Plenty herring, plenty meal,  
Plenty peat to fill her kreel.  
Plenty bonnie bairns as well,  
That's the toast for Marie.

Repeat Chorus