


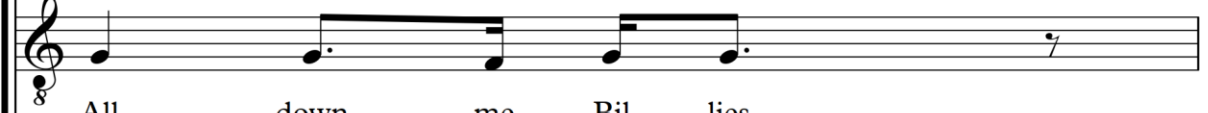




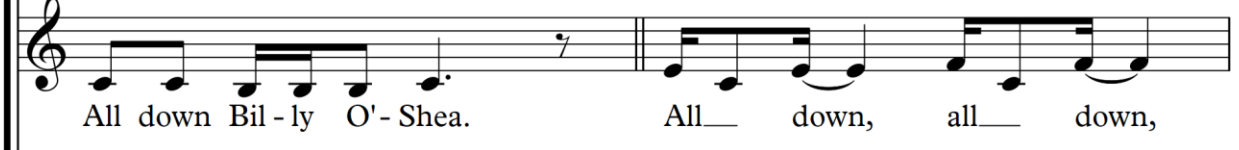
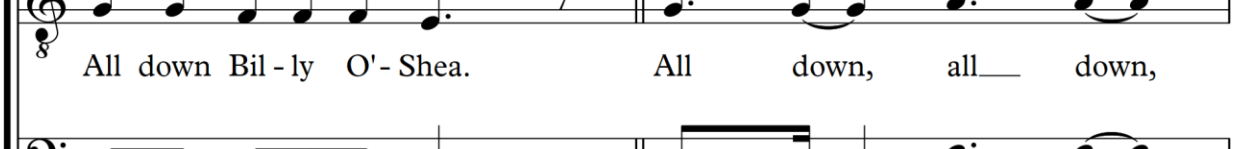
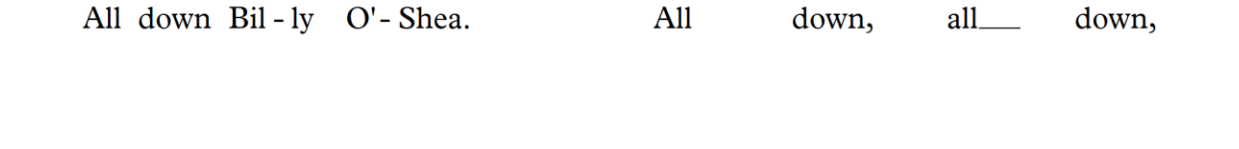
Billy O'Shea

Trad. Arranged Martin Jones

SM 
We all got drunk in Dub - a - lin Ci - ty,

2
S. 
S. All down me Bil - lies,
A. 
A. All down me Bil - lies,
T. 
T. All down me Bil - lies,
B. 
B. All down me Bil - lies,

SM 
We all got drunk in Dub - a - lin Ci - ty,

4
S. 
S. All down Bil - ly O' - Shea. All down, all down,
A. 
A. All down Bil - ly O' - Shea. All down, all down,
T. 
T. All down Bil - ly O' - Shea. All down, all down,
B. 
B. All down Bil - ly O' - Shea. All down, all down,

6

S. All down me Bil-lies, All down, all down by Dub-a-lin Ci-ty, All down Bil ly O'-Shea.

A. All down me Bil-lies, All down, all down by Dub-a-lin Ci-ty, All down Bil ly O'-Shea.

T. All down me Bil-lies, All down, all down by Dub-a-lin Ci-ty, All down Bil ly O'-Shea.

B. All down me Bil-lies, All down, all down by Dub-a-lin Ci-ty, All down Bil ly O'-Shea.

We all got drunk in Dubalin City,
We all got drunk in Dubalin City.

Saint Patrick was a roamin' sailor,
He had a Pater and a Mater.

He sailed around by the Gloucester Diamond,
And he drove the snakes all out of Ireland.

I'll sing you a song of the Blackball Line, boys,
That's the line where I wasted me prime, boys.

There was tinkers, tailors and fakers all, boys,
They shipped us A.B.s aboard the Blackball.

Just take a trip to Liverpool, boys,
Liverpool that packet school, boys.

Yankee sailors you'll see there, boys,
With their red-topped boots and short-cut hair, boys.

Santander Jim was the mate from Hell, boys,
With fists of iron and feet as well, boys.