

# The Irish Boy - Ukulele

D            D        G        D  
There sits a bird in yonder tree  
                 Bm                    A  
Some say he's blind and cannot see  
                 F#                    Bm  
Oh how I wish that bird was me  
                 G            A            G        D  
Since my true love has left me.  
                                 D                    G        D  
And it's oh what a foolish young girl was I  
                 Bm                    A  
To fall in love with an Irish boy  
                 F#                    Bm  
An Irish boy he may well be  
                 G                    A                    G        D  
But he spoke braid Scots when he coorted me.

I leaned my back against an aik  
Thinkin it was a trusty tree  
But first it bent and then it broke  
And so has my love treaded me.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  
I wish I was a maid again  
But a maid again I ne'er will be  
Till apples grow on an orange tree.