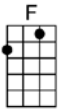
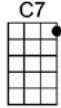
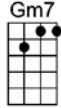
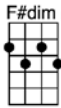


CONSIDER YOURSELF

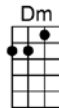
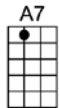
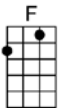
4/4 1...2...123



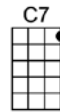
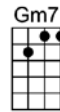
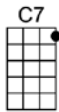
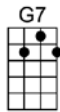
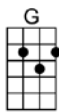
Con-sider yourself at home



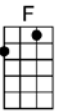
Consider yourself one of the fam-i-ly



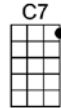
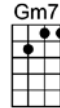
We've taken to you so strong



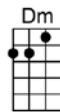
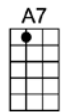
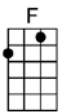
It's clear we're going to get a-long



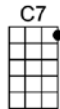
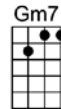
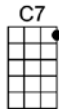
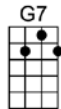
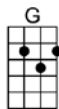
Con-sider yourself well in



Consider yourself part of the furniture

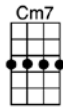


There isn't a lot to spare

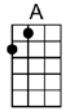


Who cares, what-ever we've got we share

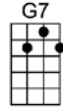
p. 2 Consider Yourself



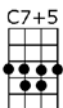
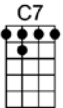
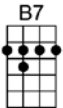
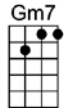
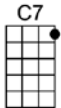
If it should chance to be we should see some harder days



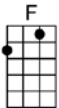
Empty larder days, why grouse



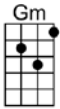
Always a chance to meet somebody to foot the bill



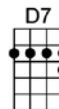
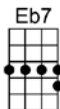
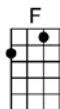
Then the drinks are on the house



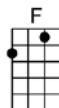
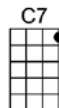
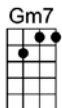
Con-sider yourself our mate



We don't want to have no fuss



For after some consideration we can state



Con-sider yourself one of us

COCKLES AND MUSSELS (MOLLY MALONE)

3/4 123 12

D Bm Em7 A7
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,

D Bm E7 A7
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma-lone,

D Bm Em7 A7
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

CHORUS:

D Bm Em7 A7
"A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!"
D Bm A7 D
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

D Bm Em7 A7
She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,

D Bm E7 A7
For so were her father and mother be-fore,

D Bm Em7 A7
And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

(CHORUS)

D Bm Em7 A7
She died of a fever, and no one could save her.

D Bm E7 A7
And that was the end of sweet Molly Ma-lone,

D Bm Em7 A7
But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

(CHORUS)