

Fairytale of New York

Shane MacGowan, Jem Finer

arr. E Muirhead

Slowly [$\text{♩} = 55$]

It was Christmas Eve babe in the
luck - y one came in eight-

drunk tank And old man said to me won't see a - noth - er one And then he
een to one I've got a feel - ing this year's for me and you So hap - py

sang a song The Rare Old Moun-tain Dew I turned my face a-way and dreamed a -
Christ - mas I love you ba - by I see a bet - ter time when all our

bout you Got on a dreams come true

Faster [$\text{♩} = 80$]

They've got

19

cars big as bars, they've got rivers of gold but the wind blows right through you it's no

22

place for the old when you first took my hand on that cold Christ-mas eve you

25

prom - ised me Broad - way was wait - ing for me You were

27

hand-some you were pret-ty Queen of New York Cit-y when the band finished playing they

30

howled out for more Sin - at - ra was swinging all the drunks they were singing we

33

kissed on a corn - er then danced through the night The

35

boys of the N Y P D choir were sing-ing Gal - way bay and the

39

bells were ring-ing out for Christmas day

45

last time rit. Fine

I could have been someone Well so could

51

an-y-one You took my dreams from me when I first found you

56

I kept them with me babe I put them with my own can't make it

61

D.S. al Fine

all a-lone I built my dreams a - round you The