# **Bard Songbook**

Example project

A few non-copyrighted folk songs.

Danny Boy	1
Handsome Molly	2
Whiskey in the Jar	
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## **Danny Boy**

English ballad

C C7 F
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying

C Dm G7 C 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

- Ch. 1.
  G7 Am F G7 C
  But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
  Am F Em D7 G7
  Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
  C F C Am
  'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow.
  C F G7 C
  Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so.
- 2. And if you come, when all the flowers are dying And I am dead, as dead I well may be You'll come and find the place where I am lying And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.
- Ch. 2.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me I'll sleep in peace until you come to me.

### **Handsome Molly**

U.S. Old-time

G

1. I wish was in London

D

Or some other seaport town

D

Step my foot in a steamboat

G

And sail the ocean round

- 2. Sailing round the ocean
  Sailing round the sea
  I'd think of Handsome Molly
  Wherever she may be
- 3. I saw her at church last Sunday She passed me on by I knew her mind was changing By the roving of her eye
- 4. Her hair as black as a Raven's Her eyes were black as coal Her teeth shown like lilies Out in the morning cold
- Now do you remember Molly When you give me your right hand Said if you ever married I'd be your man
- 6. Now you've broke your promise Go marry whom you please My heart is broken 'Til I get some ease

### Whiskey in the Jar

Irish traditional

C Am

1. As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains

I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting

I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier

Saying "Stand and deliver, for you are a bold deceiver!"

G

Ch. Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da

C

Whack for me daddy-o

F

Whack for me daddy-o

 $\mathbf{C}$ 

There's whiskey in the jar

- I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
  I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
  She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
  But the devil take the women for they never can be easy
  Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da (...)
- 3. I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water

Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da (...)

- 4. 'Twas was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da (...)
- 5. Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rollin'
  And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
  But I take delight in the juice of the barley
  And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early
  Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da (...)
- 6. If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney If he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da (...)

### Wild Mountain Thyme

Irish & Scottish traditional

G C G

1. O' the summer time has come
C G

And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
C G Em

And the wild mountain thyme
C Am C

Grows around the bloomin' heather
G C G

Will ye go lassie go?

- C G C G Em

  Ch. And we'll all go together to pull wild mountain thyme

  C Am C G C G

  All around the bloomin' heather, will ye go lassie go?
- 2. I will build my love a bower
  By yon cool crystal fountain
  And round it I will pile
  All the wild flowers o' the mountain.
  Will ye go lassie go? (...)
- And the deep glen sae dreamy
  And return wi' their spoils
  Tae the bower o' my dearie.
  Will ye go lassie go? (...)
- 4. If my true love she'll not come Then I'll surely find another To pull wild mountain thyme All around the bloomin' heather. Will ye go lassie go? (...)