

# **Bard Songbook**

An example project



A set of a few non-copyrighted songs.

Danny Boy .....	1
Handsome Molly.....	2
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# Danny Boy

## English ballad

- 1.** Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side  
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
- Ch1.** But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow.  
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.
- Ch2.** 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 I was in London  
**D**  
Or some other seaport town  
**D**  
I'd step my foot on a steamboat  
**G**  
And sail the ocean round
2. While sailing round the ocean  
While sailing round the sea  
I'd think of Handsome Molly  
Wherever she may be
3. I went to 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 just like lilies  
Out in the morning cold
5. Now do you remember Molly  
When you gave me your right hand  
Said if you ever married  
Then I'd be the 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**

1. As I was a goin' over

**Am**

The far famed Kerry mountains

**F**

I met with Captain Farrell and his

**C**

Money he was counting

**C**

I first produced my pistol

**Am**

And I then produced my rapier

**F**

Saying "Stand and deliver,

**C**

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

**C**

**G**

**C**

There's whiskey in the jar

2. 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

Ch.

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  
*Ch.*

4. 'Twas 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  
*Ch.*



# Wild Mountain Thyme

*Irish & Scottish traditional*

1.           G           C           G  
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?
- Ch.           C           G                   C    G                   Em  
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? Ch.
3.    I will range through the wilds  
      And the deep glen sae dreamy  
      And return wi' their spoils  
      Tae the bower o' my dearie.  
      Will ye go lassie go? Ch.
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? Ch.

