

Bard Songbook

An example project



A set of a few non-copyrighted songs.

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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.



Irish & Scottish traditional

Irish & Scottish traditional

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