

Chromatische Mundharmonika Songbook

48 Songs aus Irland & Großbritannien
LIEDTEXTE

Chromatic Harmonica Songbook
48 Songs from Ireland & Great Britain
LYRICS

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Arthur McBride

Irish Trad.

I had a first cousin called Arthur McBride
he and I took a stroll down by the seaside;
A seeking good fortune and what might betide
being just as the day was a dawning.
Then after resting' we both took a tram
and we met Sergeant Harper and Corporal Cram
and besides a wee drummer who beat up our camp
with his row-dy-dow-dow in the morning.

A Highland Lad my love was born

Robert Burns, Scottish Folk

A Highland lad my love was born,
the Lawland laws he held in scorn.
But he was faithfu' to his clan,
my gallant braw John Highlandman.

Chorus:

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's no` a lad in a' the lan',
was match for my John Highlandman.

Wi' his philabeg my love was born,
an' gude claymore down by his side;
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
my gallant braw John Highlandman.
Chorus

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's no` a l-ad i-n a' the lan',
was match for m-y John Highlandman.
Chorus

They banished him beyond the sea,
but ere the bud was on the tree,
a down my cheeks the pearls ran,
embracing my John Highlandman.
Chorus

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's no` a l-ad i-n a' the lan',
was match for m-y John Highlandman.
Chorus

But oh! they catch'd him in the last,
and bound him in a dungeon fast,
but curse upon them, every one,
they've hanged my braw John Highlandman
Chorus

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's no` a l-ad i-n a' the lan',
was match for m-y John Highlandman.
Chorus

Auld Lang Syne

Trad.

Should old acquaintance be forgot
and never brought to mind,
should all acquaintance be forgot
and days of auld lang syne.

Chorus:
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

And surely you will buy your cup and surely I'll buy mine,
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet - for auld lang syne.
Chorus

We too have run around the slopes and picked the daisies ine,
We've londoned many weary foot since auld lang syne.
Chorus

We too have paddled in the stream from morning sun to night,
But the seas between us broad have roared from auld lang syne.
Chorus

Amazing Grace

Trad.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

That was grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear, the hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come.
That was grace that brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be, as long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease.
I shall possess, within the veil, a life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
the sun forbear to shine.
But God, who call'd me here below, will be forever mine.

Barbara Allen (In scarlet town, where I was born)

Trad.

In Scarlet Town, where I was born, there was a fair maid dwellin'.
Made every youth cry welladay her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May when green buds they were swellin',
young Jeremy Grove on his deathbed lay for love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then, to the town where she was dwellin'.
"You must come to my master dear, if your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face and o'er his heart is stealin'.
Then haste away to comfort him, O lovely Barbara Allen."

Though death be printed on his face and o'er his heart be stealin'.
Yet little better shall he be for bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up and slowly she came nigh him,
and all she said when there she came, "Young man, I think you're dyin'."

He turned his face unto her straight with deadly sorrow sighin'.
"O lovely maid, come pity me; I'm on my deathbed lyin'."

"If on your deathbed you do lie what needs the tale you're tellin'?
I cannot keep you from your death. Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall as deadly pangs he fell in.
"Adieu! Adieu! Adieu to you all! Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields she heard the bell a-knellin'
and every stroke did seem to say, "Unworthy Barbara Allen."

She turned her body 'round about and spied the corpse a-comin'.
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said, "That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she looked down, her cheek with laughter swellin',
that all her friends cried out amaine, "Unworthy Barbara Allen."

When he was dead and laid in grave her heart was struck with sorrow.
"O mother, mother, make my bed for I shall die tomorrow.

Hard-hearted creature, him to slight who loved me so dearly,
o that I had been more kind to him, when he was live and near me!"

She on her deathbed, as she lay, begged to be buried by him
and sore repented of the day that she did e'er deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all, and shun the fault I fell in.
Henceforth take warning by the fall of cruel Barbara Allen."

Byker Hill

Irish Trad.

Oh, if I had another penny, I would have another gill,
I would make the piper play "The Bonny Lass of Byker Hill".

Chorus:

Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads forever more.

Byker Hill and Walker Shore, Collier lads forever more.

The pitman and the keelman trim they drink bumble made from gin.
Then to dance they all begin to the tune of the Elsie Marley.

Chorus

When first I went down to the dirt, I had no cowl nor pitshirt.
Now I've gotten two or three, Walker Pit's done well by me.

Chorus

All the boys from Walker Shore, drink half a pint then eighteen more.
All the way they rant and roar, to the tune of the Elsie Marley.

Chorus

Geordie Charlton had a pig, he hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig.
All the way to Walker Shore, to the tune of the Elsie Marley.

Chorus

Ceol brutha – A Fairy plaint

Hebrides Trad.

I am said, o little Sister.

O hi o hu o ho.

Pitty me, o little sister.

O hi o hu o ho.

Low my hut is low and narrow-

O hi o hu o ho.

Waiting wisp o` thatch or heathrope.

O hi o hu o ho.

Danny Boy

F. Weatherly

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 roses falling
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

And when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

Duan Nollaig – Christmas Duanag

Hebrides Trad.

Hey the Bannock - Ho the Bannock.
Hey the Bannock air a vio`.
Telling us that Christ was born.
King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Son of Dawn - Son of Clouds
Son of Planets - Son of Stars
Son of Rivers - Son of Dew
Son of Welkin - Son of Sky.

Down by the Sally Gardens

W. B. Yeats

It was down by the Sally Gardens,
my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens
with little snowwhite feet.
She bid me take love easy,
as the leaves grow upon the tree,
but I was young and foolish,
and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river,
my love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder,
she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy ,
as the grass grows upon the weirs
But I was young and foolish,
and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens,
my love and I did meet.
She crossed the Sally Gardens
with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
as the leaves grow upon the tree,
But I was young and foolish,
and with her did not agree.

Eileen Aroon

Irish Trad.

I know a valley fair, Eileen Aroon.
I know a cottage there, Eileen Aroon.
Far in the valley shade I know a tender maid,
flow'r of the hazel glade, Eileen Aroon.

Who in the song so sweet, Eileen Aroon,
who in the dance so fleet, Eileen Aroon.
Dear are her charms to me, dearer her laughter free,
dearest her constancy, Eileen Aroon.

Were she no longer true, Eileen Aroon,
what would her lover do, Eileen Aroon.
Fly with a broken chain, far o'er the sounding main,
never to love again, Eileen Aroon

Youth will in time decay, Eileen Aroon
beauty must fade away, Eileen Aroon.
Castles are sacked in war, chieftains are scattered far,
truth is a fixed star, Eileen Aroon.

Farewell, Nancy

Irish Trad.

Farewell, my dearest Nancy since I must now leave you.
Unto the salt seas I am bound for to go.
But let my long absence be no trouble to you.
For I shall return in the spring, as you know.

Like some pretty little sea boy I will dress and go with you
in the deepest of danger, I shall stand your friend
in the cold stormy weather when the winds are a blowing.
My dear, I shall be willing to wait on you then.

Your pretty little hands can't handle our tackle
and your pretty little feet on our top mast can't go
and the cold stormy weather love, you ne'er can endure.
Therefore, dearest Nancy to the seas do not go.

So farewell, my dearest Nancy since I must now leave you
unto the salt seas I am bound for to go.
Where the winds do blow high and the seas loud do roar.
So, may yourself contented be kind and stay on shore.

I'll tell my ma

Irish Trad.

I'll tell my ma when I go home, The boys won't leave the girls alone.
They pull my hair and stole my comb and that's all right till I go home.
She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of Belfast city.
She is courtin' one, two, three, Please won't you tell me who is she.

Now, Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fightin' for her.
Knock at the door and ring at the bell, saying oh my true love, are you well.
She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of Belfast city.
She is courtin' one, two, three, Please won't you tell me who is she.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high and the snow come travellin' through the sky.
She's as sweet as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by.
She is handsome, she is pretty, she is the Belle of Belfast city.
She is courtin' one, two, three, Please won't you tell me who is she.

I will never marry

Irish Trad.

I never will marry – I'll be no man's wife,
I intend to stay, single for the rest of my life.

One day as i rambled down by the sea shore
the wind it did whistle and the waters did roar.

I heard a poor maiden make a pityful cry,
she sounded so lonesome in the waters nearby.

the shells in the ocean shall be my death bed
and the fish in the water swim over my head.

My love's gone and left me, he's the one i adore
I never will see him, no never, no more.

She plunged her fair body in the waters so deep
she closed her pretty blue eyes in the waters to sleep.

Loch Lomond

Scottish Trad.

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond.
Where me and my true love will never want to gae.
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Oh, ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low
road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye.
But me and me true love will never meet again.
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
on the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon'.
Where in deep purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
an' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flow'rs spring,
and in sunshine the waters are sleepin'.
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring
and the world does nae ken how we're greeting.

MacPherson's Farewell

Scottish Trad.

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong,
farewell, farewell to thee.
MacPhersons time will no be long on yonder gallow's tree.
Sae rantingy, sae wantonly, sae dauntingly gaed he.
He played a tune and he danced aroon`
below the gallow's tree.

It was by a woman's treacherous hands that I was condemned to dee.
She stood uben a windae ledge and a blanket threw o'er me

Oh what is death, but parting breath on mony a bloody plain.
I've daur'd his face, and in his place I scorn him yet again.

I have lived a life, o' straught and strife, I die by treachery.
It burns my heart, that I must depart, and no avenged be.

So take these bands fae aff my hands gae to me my sword.
There's nae a man in a' Scotland, but I'll brave him at a word.

Mermaid Song

Irish Trad.

Twass Friday morn when we set sail
and we were not far from the land.
When the captain spied a lovely mermaid
with a comb and a glass in her hand.
O the ocean's waves will roll
and the stormy winds will blow.
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top.
And the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
and the landlubbers lie down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
and a brave old man was he.
He said, "This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom:
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea!"

And up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
and a well-spoken man was he.
I have me a wife in Salem by the sea
and tonight she a widow will be.

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
and a red hot cook was he.
Saying I care much more for my pots and my pans
than I do for the bottom of the sea.

When up spoke the cabinboy, of our gallant ship
and a nasty little lad was he.
I'm not quite sure I can spell "mermaid"
but I'm going to the bottom of the sea.

Then up spoke the cannibal who snuck aboard our ship
and a hungry mad invader was he.
You can drown right now beneath the cold ocean waves
or you can be dinner for three, your choice.

Then up spoke the parrot of our gallant ship
and a smartarse parrot was she.
Brawk, you're going to drown, your going to drown, Brawk
and flew to the shore for her safety.

Then three times around went our gallant ship
and three times around went she.
Three times around went our gallant ship
and she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Molly Malone

Irish Trad.

In Dublin's fair city,
where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
through streets broad and narrow,
crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
"Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh,"
crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder
for so were her father and mother before.
And they each wheel'd their barrow through streets broad and narrow
crying "Cockles and mussels alive, alive oh!"

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and narrow,
crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Skye Boat Song

Trad.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King over the sea to Skye.
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore, Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Florawill keep watch by your weary head.

Burned are their homes, exile and death, scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come again.

Scarborough Fair

English Trad.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
remember me to one who lives there,
for she once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt -
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Without any seam nor needlework
and then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well -
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Which never sprung water nor rain ever fell
and then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn -
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born
and then she'll be a true love of mine.

Ask her to do me this courtesy -
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
And ask for a like favour from me
and then she'll be a true love of mine.

Have you been to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me from one who lives there
for he once was a true love of mine.

Ask him to find me an acre of land -
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Between the water and the sea-sand
for then he'll be a true love of mine.

Ask him to plough it with a lamb's horn -
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
And sow it all with one peppercorn
for then he'll be a true love of mine.

Scots wha hae

Robert Burns, Scottish Trad.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.
Scots wham Bruce has aften led.
Welcome to your gory bed, or to victory.
Now's the day and now's the hour
see the front o' battle lour
see approach proud Edward's power, chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave,
wha can fill a coward's grave.
Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law.
Freedom's sword will strongly draw.
Freeman stand or freeman fa'. Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains.
By your sons in servile chains,
we will drain oor dearest veins, but they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! Let us do or die!

Spanish Lady

Irish Trad.

As I went down to Dublin City,
at the hour of twelve at night,
who should I see, but a Spanish Lady
washing her feet by candlelight.
First she washed them, then she dried them
over a fire of amber coals.
In all me life I ne'er did see,
a maid so sweet a-bout the soul.
Whack fol the toora loora la-dy,
whack fol the toora looralay
Whack fol the toora loora lady,
whack fol the toora looralay

As I came back through Dublin City
at the hour of Half past Eight.
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady,
brushing her hair in the broad daylight.
First, she brushed it, then she tossed it,
on her lap was a silver comb
In all me life I ne'er did see,
a maid so fair since I did roam.

As I returned to Dublin City,
as the sun began to set.
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Catching a moth, in a golden net.
First, she saw me, then she fled me
lifted her petticoats o'er her knee.
In all me life I ne'er did see,
a maid so fair as the Spanish Lady

I've wandered North, and I have wonder South
Through Stoney Barter and Patricks Close
Up and around, by the Gloucester Diamond
and back by Napper Tandys' house.
Auld age has laid her hands on me
Cold as a fire of ashy coals.
But, there is the love of me Spanish Lady,
a maid so sweet about the soul

Spinningwheel Song

Irish Trad.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning
close by the window young Eileen is spinning.
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting
crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.
Merrily, cheeri-ly, noiselessly whirring
spins the wheel, rings the wheel, while the foot's stirring.
Lightly and brightly and airily ringing
sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping"
"'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping"
"Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing"
"'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying."

"What's the noise that I hear at the window I wonder"
"'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under"
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on
And singing all wrong the old song of 'The Coolin'?"

There's a form at the casement, the form of her true love,
and he whispers with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love".
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
and we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers.
Steps up from the stool, longs to go and yet lingers.
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round,
slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound.
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her.
The maid steps then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower and slower and slower the wheel rings,
lower and lower and lower the reel rings.
E're the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving,
through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

Spancil Hill

Irish Trad.

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly
I stepped on board a vision and I followed with a will
Till next I came to anchor at the cross of Spancil Hill

Delighted by the novelty, enchanted with the scene
where in my early boyhood where often I had been
I thought I heard a murmur and think I hear it still
It's the little stream of water that flows down Spancil Hill.

It being the twenty-third of June, the day before the fair,
where Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there
The young, the old, the brave and the bold they came for sport and kill
There were jovial conversations at the cross near Spancil Hill.

I went to see my neighbours to hear what they might say
The old ones were all dead and gone the others turning grey
I met with tailor Quigley he's as bold as ever still
Sure he used to make my britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.

Sweet Carnloch Bay

Irish Trad.

When winter was brawling, o'er high hills and mountains
and dark were the clouds o'er the deep rolling sea,
I met g wee lass as the daylight was dawning
she asking the road to sweet Carron Lough bay.

I said ,My wee lassie, I canna weel tell ye
of how many miles or how far it might be.
But if you'll consent I'll convey you a wee bit
and I'll show you the road to sweet Carron Lough bay.

Just turn to the right and go down by the churchyard,
cross over the river and down by the sea;
We'll stop at Pat Hamill's and have a wee drop there
and I'll show you the road to sweet Carron Lough bay.

Here's a health to Pat Hamill likewise the wee lassie
and every laddie that's listening to me
and ne'er turn your back on a bonnie wee lassie
when she's asking the road to sweet Carron Lough.

Tam Glen

R. Burns, Scottish Trad.

My heart is abreaking, dear Tittie.
Some counsel unto me come len'
to anger them a' is a pity,
but, what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow
in poortith I might mak a fen.
What care I in riches to wallow,
if I maunna marry Tam Glen!

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller
"Gude day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
but, when will he dance like Tam Glen!

My minnie does constantly deave me,
and bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me
But, wha can think sae o' Tam Glen!

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him.
He'd gie me gude hunder marks ten;
but, if it's ordain'd I maun take him.
O wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing.
My heart to my mou' gied a sten';
For thrice I drew ane without failing
and thrice it was written "Tam Glen"!

The last Halloween I was waukin.
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken.
His likeness came up the house staukin,
and the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen.
Gif ye will advise me to marry,
the lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen!

The Ash Grove

Trad.

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking
The harp through it playing has language for me,
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking,
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me;
Each step wakes a mem`ry as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden the leaves rustle o'er me;
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.
'Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
But then little thought I how soon we should part.

My lips smile no more, my heart loses its lightness;
No dream of the future my spirit can cheer.
I only can brood on the past and its brightness;
The dear ones I long for again gather here.
From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to meet me;
I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome,
And others are there, looking downward to greet me;
The ash grove, the ash grove again is my home.

The Bantry Girls of Lament

Irish Trad.

Oh, who will plough the fields now,
or who will sell the corn?
Oh, who will wash the sheep now
and have them nicely shorn?
The stack that's in the hangard,
untrash`d it may remain.
Since Johnny, went atrashing,
the dirty king of Spain.

The girls from the bawnoge
in sorrow may retire,
and the piper and his bellows
may go home and blow the fire.
For Johnny, lovely Johnny
is sailing o'er the Main,
along with other patriots
to fight the king of Spain.

The boys will sorely miss him
when moneymore comes round
and grieve that their bold captain
is nowhere to be found.
The peelers must stand idle
against their will and grain.
For the valiant boy who gave them work
now peels the king of Spain.

The Castle of Dromore

Irish Trad.

The October winds lament around.
The castle of Dromore.
Yet peace lies in her lofty halls,
my loving treasure store.
Though Au-tumn leaves may droop and die,
a bud of Spring are you.
Sing hushabye, loo, low, loo, low, lan,
hushabye, loo, low, loo.

Dread spirit of the Blackwater,
Clan Owen's wild banshee.
Bring no ill wind to hinder us,
my helpless babe and me,
and Holy Mary pityin' us
to Heaven for grace doth sue.
Sing hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo, low, lan
hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo.

Take time to thrive my ray of hope .
In the gardens of Dromore.
Take heed young eaglet till thy wings ,
are feathered fit to soar.
A little rest and then the world ,
is full of work to do.
A little rest and then the world
is full of work to do.
Mm-mm-mm-mm-mm Mm-mm Mm-mm,
mm-mm-mm-mm Mm-mm.

The October winds lament around
the Castle of Dromore.
Yet peace lies in her lofty halls,
my loving treasure store
Though Autumn leaves may droop and die
a bud of Spring are you.
Sing hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo, low, lan,
hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo.
Sing hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo, low, lan,
hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo

The Croppy Boy

Irish Trad.

Twass early, early in the Spring, when the birds did whistle and sweetly sing,
changing their notes from tree to tree, and the song they sang was: Old Ireland free!

Oh, as I went walkin` up Wexford street, oh, me own first cousin I changed to meet.
Well me own first cousin did me betray and for one bare guinea sold me life away.

It was early early all in the night, when the yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
Well the yeoman cavalry was my downfall, and taken was I by Lord Cornwall.

And as I went walking up Wexford Hill, now who could blame me to cry me fill?
I looked behind, and I looked before, and my aged mother I`ll see no more.

And when I stood on the scaffold high, my own dear father was standing by.
Well me own dear father did me deny and the name he gave me was the croppy boy

In Dungannon town now this boy died. In Dungannon town does his body lie.
So all you strangers that do pass by, go shed a tear for the croppy boy.

The Curragh of Kildare

Irish Trad.

The winter it is passed and the summer's come at last
and the small birds they sing on every trees.
Their little hearts are glad but mine is very sad, Since my true love is far away from me.

The rose upon the briar - by the water's running clear.
Brings joy to the linnet and the bee - and their little hearts are blessed.
But mine can know no rest - since my true love is far away from me.

A livery I'll wear - and I'll comb back my hair.
And in velvet so green I will appear - and straight I will repair.
To the Curragh of Kildare - for its there I'll find tidings of my dear.

All you that are in love - aye and cannot it remove.
I pity the pain that you endure - for experience lets me know.
That your hearts are filled with woe - it's a woe that no mortal can cure.

The Earl of Moray

Irish Trad.

Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands, oh where have you been?
They have slain the Earl o' Moray, and layd him on the green.
He was a braw gallant and he played at the glove,
and the bonny Earl of Morray, he was the Queen`s own love.
Long will his lady look o`er the castle down.
Ere she sees the Earl of Morray come sounding through the town.

Oh, woe betide ye Huntley, and where-fore did ye say,
I bade ye bring him to me, but forbade ye him to slay?
He was a braw gallant and he rode at the ring,
and the bonny Earl of Morray, he might have been a king.
Long will his lady look o`ver the castle down.
Ere she sees the Earl of Morray com sounding through the town.

Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands, oh where have you been?
They have slain the Earl o' Moray, and layd him on the green.
He was a braw gallant and he played at the ball,
and the bonny Earl of Morray, was a flow`r among them all.
Long will his lady look o`ver the castle down.
Ere she sees the Earl of Morray com sounding through the town.

The Foggy Dew

Irish Trad.

Over the hills I went one day a lovely maid I spied.
With her coal black hair and her mantel so green,
an image to perceive.
Says I, "Dear girl, will you be my bride?"
And she lifted her eyes of blue.
She smiled and said, "Young man, I`m to wed,
I`m to meet him in the foggy dew".

The Highland Widow's Lament

Robert Burns, Scottish Trad.

Oh, I am come to the low Countrie, Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse, to buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills, Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the Country wide, sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o'kye, Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Feeding on you hill sae high, and giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o'yowes, Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonie knowes, and casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the Clan, sair, sair, may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest man, and Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then, for Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell, right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his Country fell, upon Culloden field.

Oh I am come to the low Countrie, Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the world wide, sae wretched now as me.

The Lark in the Clear Air

Sir Samuel Ferguson, Irish Trad.

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars enchanted.
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
For a tender, beaming smile to my hope has been granted,
and tomorrow she shall hear all my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration.
And I think she will hear and will not say me nay.
It is this that gives my soul. All its joyous elation
as I hear the sweet lark sing, in the clear air of the day.

The leaving of Liverpool

Irish Trad.

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage River Mersey, fare thee well
I am bound for California, a place I know right well.
So fare thee well, my own true love when I return, united we will be.
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me, but my darling when I think of thee.

I'm bound off for California by the way of stormy Cape Horn
and I'm bound to write you a letter, love when I am homeward bound

I have signed on a Yankee clipper ship Davy Crockett is her name
and Burgess is the Captain of her and they that say she's a floating shame.

I have shipped with Burgess once before and I think I know him well.
If a man's a sailor, he can get along if not, then he's sure in Hell.

Farewell to lower Frederick Street Ensign Terrace and Park Lane,
for I think it will be a long, long time before I see you again.

Oh, the sun is on the harbour, love and I wish I could remain.
For I know it will be a long, long time, till I see you again.

The lost Child

Irish Trad.

Upon the wild I met a child,
whose steps had gone astray.
I dried his tears, I calmed his fears,
and led him on his way.
His eyes were bright with heavenly light,
His voice rose sweet and gay.
I've never heard from any bird.
A more enchanting lay

Thus hand in hand a cross the land,
we passed, that boy and I,
and many a flow`r from bank and bow`r.
We plucked as we went by.
Till, as we sung the woods among,
he paused with sudden cry.
For through the leaves his cottage eaves
with joy he did espy.

It wrung my heart that we should part!
The boy divined my plan.
His arms he wound my neck around,
till I to weep was fain.
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice,
my tears ran down like rain.
For well I knew his eyes of blue,
I ne`er should greet again.

The meeting of the Waters

Irish, Thomas Moore

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet.
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart.
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene.
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green.
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill.
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near.
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear.
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve.
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm I could rest,
in thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best.
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
and our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

The rising of the Moon

Trad. Irish

Now then tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?
Hush a buchaill, hush and listen and his cheeks were all a-glow.
I have orders from the captain get you ready quick and soon,
for the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,
for the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gatherin' is to be
in the old spot by the river right well known to you and me.
One more world of signal token whistle loud the marching tune
with your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon.

Out from many a mudwall cabin eyes were watching through the night
many a manly heart was beating for the blessed morning light.
Murmurs ran along the valley like the banshee's lonely croon
and a thousand blades were flashing by the rising of the moon.

The Parting Glass

Irish Trad.

O all the money that e'er I had I spent it in good company.
And all the harm I've ever done alas it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit, to mem'ry now I can't recall,
so fill to me the parting glass. Good night and joy be with you all.

So fill to me the parting glass and drink a health whate'er befall
and gently rise and softly call. Good night and joy be to you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had They're sorry for my going away
and all the sweethearts that e'er I had They'd wish me one more day to stay.

But since it fell unto my lot that I should rise and you should not.
I gently rise and softly call Good night and joy be to you all.

There was a Lad was Born in Kyle

Robert Burns, Scottish Trad.

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
but whatna day or whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
to be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' Boy, a rantin'rovin', rantin' rovin'.
Robin was a rovin'Boy, o rantin'rovin'Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o'Janwar'Win'
blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
quo'scho wha lives will see the proof,
this waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca'him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
but ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
we'll a'be proud o'Robin.

But, sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
this chap will dearly like our kin',
so, leeze me on thee, Robin.

"Guid faith," quo'scho, "I doubt you Stir,
ye gar the lasses lie aspar;
But, twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
so, blessins on thee, Robin."

What can a young Lassie do

Robert Burns, Scottish Trad.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
what can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
to sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan'.
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my Minnie.
To sell her puir Jenny for siller an'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
he hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doylt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
o, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doylt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
o, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him do a' that I can;
He's peevish an' jealous o' a' the young fellows, -
o, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish an' jealous o' a' the young fellows,
o, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him an' wrack him, until I heartbreak him
and then his auld brass will buy me a new pan,
I'll cross him an' wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
and then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves

Hebrides Trad.

Snowwhite seagull, say ohime`, seagull, say.
Where, Ah! Where trou`st left them, white seagull, say.
Where our fair young lads are resting.

Back to back they lie, lifeless lie,
breath nor sigh from their cold lips coming, seawrack their shroud,
and their harps the sea`s sad crooning.

Will ye go, Lassie?

Irish Trad.

Oh, the summertime is coming,
and the trees are sweetly blooming,
and the wild mountain thyme.
Grows around the blooming heather.
Will ye go lassie, go? And we'll all go together.
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
all around the blooming heather.
Will ye go lassie, go.

I will build my love a bower
near yon pure crystal fountain
and on it I will pile.
All the flowers of the mountain.
Will ye go lassie, go?

If my true love she were gone
I would surely find another.
Where wild mountain thyme
grows around the blooming heather.
Will ye go lassie, go?

Oh, the summertime is coming
and the trees are sweetly blooming
and the wild mountain thyme.
Grows around the blooming heather.
Will ye go lassie, go?

Ye Banks and Braes

Robert Burns, Scottish Trad.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie doon how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant ye little birds and I sae weary full o' care?
Ye'll break my heart ye warbling birds that wan-ton through the flowery thorn.
Ye 'mind me o' departed joys departed never to return.

Oft hae i roved by bonnie doon to see the rose and woodbine twine
and ilka bird sang o' its love and fondly sae did i o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart i pulled a rose full sweet upon its thorny tree
and my false lover stole my rose but ah she left the thorn wi' me.

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