Paul Hardy’s Songs Tunebook

Introduction

This tune book contains songs - tunes that have words, that I have learned to play on my English concertina. See the main Paul Hardy’s Session Tunebook for more tunes and more detail.

All are believed free of current copyright (unless noted explicitly), or else appear to have been placed in the public domain as part of the ongoing live folk music tradition. Please let me know if you are the owner of any that are under access restrictions and I’ll remove them, or provide appropriate attribution.

The current version of this and the full session tunebook, in ABC and in PDF forms, is downloadable from Paul’s web site at www.pghardy.net.

Copyright Paul Hardy (paul@paulhardy.net) 2004-2020.
This work is licenced under a Creative Commons ”Attribution Non-Commercial Share Alike” cc by-nc-sa licence. See http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/ - Contact Paul Hardy for commercial licensing terms.

Original version of July 2014, this version of 21 April 2021.
Auld Lang Syne

Trad. Words by Burns.
Scotland

DA D G
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?

D A G D
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, In days of auld lang syne?

Chorus D A D G
For auld lang syne my dear for auld lang syne.

D A G D
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

We two hae run a-bout the braes, and pu'd the go-wans fine,
We've wan-dered mony a wea-ry foot, sin' auld-lang syne.

We two hae paid-eilt in the burn, frae morn-in sun till dine,
But seas be-tween us braid hae roared, sin' auld-lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trus-ty fiere, and gis a hand o' thine,
We'll tak' a richt gude wil-lie waught, For auld-lang syne.

And sure-ly ye'll be your pint-stoup, and sure-ly I'll be mine,
We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, for sake of auld lang syne.
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,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But when ye come, and all the flowers 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;

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,

Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Frederic Weatherly (1848 - 1929)
Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia! Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the cross, Alleluia! Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!
Happy Birthday

A2B2A
= 100

USA
Arr PGH

Happy Birthday
Patty & Mildred Hill, 1890s

Happy Birthday

\[J = 100\]

\[A = G \text{ D G} \]

Happy Birthday Jig

\[B = G \text{ D G} \]

Paul Hardy’s Songs Tunebook 2021 - Paged © 2004-2021 cc by-nc-sa

5
John Anderson, My Jo

Scotland

Reel

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first acquainted,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;
But now ye're brow is beld, John, your locks are like the snaw,
My blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill the gither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' anither:

Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep the gither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.
Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl

Trad. Song. Arr J McKenzie 2018

England

March
J= 90

Oh Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over. Oh

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.

Oh For tonight we’ll merry be, for tonight we’ll merry be,

for tonight we’ll merry merry be: tomorrow we’ll be sober.
Ma Nishtana
Why is Tonight Different?
The Four Questions
Questions asked at Jewish Passover Seder meal

Ma nishtana haleilah hazeh mikol haleilot? Mikol haleilot?
Shebechol haleilot anu ochlin chametz umatzah, chametz umatzah.
Haleilah hazeh, haleilah hazeh. Haleilah hazeh, haleilah hazeh - kulo matzah.

Ma Nishtana
Trad. Song.
Israel
The minstrel boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you will find him
His father’s sword he’s girded on
And his wild harp slung behind him

"Land of Song" said the warrior bard
"Tho’ all the world betrays thee
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard
One faithful harp shall praise thee"
Waltz  
J= 150

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean  
C Pratt 1881  
Scotland, USA

GCG A 7 D D 7

My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
My Bonnie lies over the sea  
My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me...

REFRAIN  
Bring back, bring back  
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me  
Bring back, bring back  
Bring back my Bonnie to me

G G7 C D D7 G G

The winds have blown over the ocean  
The winds have blown over the sea  
The winds have blown over the ocean  
And brought back my Bonnie to me

GG 7 C D D 7 G G

My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
Last night as I lay on my pillow  
My Bonnie lies over the sea  
Last night as I lay on my bed  
My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead

Oh blow the winds over the ocean  
Oh blow the winds over the sea  
Oh blow the winds over the ocean  
Oh blow the winds over the sea  
Oh blow the winds over the ocean  
And bring back my Bonnie to me
My old man said "Foller the van,  
And don't dilly dally on the way".  
Off went the van wiv me 'ome packed in it,  
I followed on wiv me old cock linnet.  
But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied  
Lost me way and don't know where to roam.  
Well you can't trust a Special like the old-time copper  
When you can't find your way home.
Oats and Beans and Barley Grow

Oats and Beans and Barley Grow
Trad.
England, East Anglia
As at Kimbolton primary in 1960s

Jig
J= 140

Oats and beans and barley grow, Oats and beans and barley grow, Do
First the farmer sows his seed, Then he stands and takes his ease, Do
you or I or anyone know How oats and beans and barley grow?
Stamps his feet and claps his hand And turns him round to view the land
Waiting for a partner, Waiting for a partner,
Open the ring and let one in. Still waiting for a partner.
Now you're married you must obey, You must be true to all you say;
Must be kind, you must be good, And help your wife to chop the wood.
Chop it thin and carry it in, And kiss your partner in the ring

12  Paul Hardy’s Songs Tunebook 2021 - Paged © 2004-2021 cc by-nc-sa
Penny on the Water

Trad.

England

Hornpipe

J= 150

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven

All good children go to heaven.

Penny on the water, tuppence on the sea,

Thruppence on the roundabout, and round go we.

Penny on the water, tuppence on the sea,

Thruppence on the railway, and out goes she.
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Remember me to the one who lives there,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Where never spring water or rain ever fell,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Sewn without seams or fine needlework,
If she would 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,
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
I hope he’ll answer as many for me
Before he shall be a true lover of mine.
The Wellerman

Trad. Arr PGH after Mia Asano
New Zealand

Bm Em Bm (3 repeats)

Chorus
Bm Em F#m Em Bm

There once was a ship that put to sea
And the name of that ship was the Billy o’ Tea
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
But he belonged to the Whaleman’s creed
Blow, me bully boys, blow
She took that ship in tow ...

Soon may the Wellerman come
For forty days or even more
One day, when the tonguing’ is done
All boats were lost, there were only four
We’ll take our leave and go ...

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
She hasn’t been two weeks from shore....

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale’s tail came up and caught her
He’d take that whale in tow ...

No line was cut, no whale was freed
And the captain’s mind was not on greed
She took that ship in tow ...

For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more
And still that whale did go ...

As far as I’ve heard, the fight’s still on
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing’ is done
We’ll take our leave and go...
Ye Banks and Braes

Tune: trad. Words: Burns, Seconds: J. McK.
Scotland

Ye banks and bra-es o’ bo-nnie Do-on, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

How can ye chant, ye little bir-ds, And I i sae we-ar-y, f-u’ o’ care?

Thou’lt break my heart, thou warb-ling bi-rds, That wa-n’t-on thro-ugh the flow-w’ring thorn.

Thou minds me o’ de-par-ted joy-s, De-par-ted ne-ver t-o re-turn.

Oft hae i roved by bonnie doon Wi’ lightsome heart i pulled a rose
To see the rose and woodbine twine Full sweet upon its thorny tree
And ilka bird sang o’ its love And my false lover stole my rose
And fondly sae did i o’ mine But ah she left the thorn wi’ me