

# Lyrics from *Teach Yourself to Play the Folk Harp* by Sylvia Woods

## **Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star**

(Page 18)

Twinkle, twinkle little star;  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky!  
Twinkle, twinkle little star;  
How I wonder what you are!

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle all the night!  
Twinkle, twinkle little star;  
How I wonder what you are!

## **Yankee Doodle**

(Page 19)

Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Goodin',  
And there we saw the men and boys  
As thick as hasty puddin'.  
Yankee Doodle keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,  
As rich as Squire David;  
And what they wasted ev'ry day,  
I wish it could be saved.  
Yankee Doodle keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

## **Go Tell Aunt Rhodie**

(Page 19)

Go tell Aunt Rhodie, go tell Aunt Rhodie,  
Go tell Aunt Rhodie the old gray goose is dead.

The one she's been saving, the one she's been saving,  
The one she's been saving to make a feather bed.

The old gander's weeping, the old gander's weeping,  
The old gander's weeping because his wife is dead.

And the goslings are mourning, the goslings are mourning,  
The goslings are mourning because their mother's dead.

She died in the mill-pond, she died in the mill-pond,  
She died in the mill-pond, standing on her head.

## **Lavender's Blue**

(Page 20)

Lavender's blue, dilly, dilly, lavender's green  
When I am king, dilly, dilly, you shall be queen.  
Lavender's green, dilly, dilly, lavender's blue.  
You must love me, dilly, dilly, 'cause I love you.

## **Are You Sleeping?**

(Page 20)

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?  
Brother John, Brother John,  
Morning bells are ringing, morning bells are ringing:  
Ding, ding, dong. Ding, ding, dong.

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques,  
Dormez vous, Dormez vous?  
Sonnez les matine, Sonnez les matine,  
Din, din, don, Din, din, don.

## The Water Is Wide

(Page 22)

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er;  
Neither have I the wings to fly.  
Build me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row, my love and I.

There is a ship and she sails the sea.  
She's loaded deep, as deep can be.  
But not so deep as the love I'm in.  
I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back up against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree.  
But first it bent, and then it broke.  
So did my love prove false to me.

I put my hand into one soft bush  
Thinking the sweetest flower to find.  
I pricked my finger to the bone.  
And left the sweetest flower behind.

Where love is planted, O there it grows,  
It buds and blossoms like some rose;  
It has a sweet and pleasant smell,  
No flow'r on earth can it excel.

Must I be bound, O, and he go free,  
Must I love one that don't love me!  
Why should I act such a childish part,  
And love a man that will break my heart.

O love is handsome and love is fine.  
Gay as a jewel when first 'tis new.  
But love grows old and waxes cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

## White Choral Bells (a round)

(Page 22)

White choral bells upon a slender stalk,  
Lilies of the valley deck my garden walk.  
Oh, don't you wish that you could hear them ring?  
That will happen only when the fairies sing.

## Country Gardens

(Page 24)

How many kinds of sweet flowers grow  
In an English country garden?  
I'll tell you now of some that I know,  
Those I miss you'll surely pardon:

Daffodils, hearts-ease and phlox,  
Meadowsweet and lady's smock,  
Gentian, lupin, and tall hollyhocks,  
Roses, foxglove and snowdrop,  
Blue forget-me-nots,  
In an English country garden.

## Long, Long Ago

(Page 23)

*T.H. Bayly*

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,  
Long, long ago, long ago.  
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,  
Let me forget that so long you have roved,  
Let me believe that you love as you loved  
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the paths where we met,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,  
Long, long ago, long ago.  
Then, to all others my smile you preferred,  
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
You, by more eloquent lips have been praised,  
Long, long ago, long ago.  
But by long absence your truth has been tried,  
Still to your accents I listen with pride,  
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

## Joy to the World

(Page 27)

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing, and heav'n and nature sing,  
And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Savior reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy, repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness  
And wonders of His love, and wonders of His love,  
And wonders, wonders of His love.

## Blue Bells of Scotland

(Page 28)

Oh where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gone?  
Oh where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the foe for King George upon the throne.  
And it's oh, in my heart, that I wish him safe at home.

Oh where, and oh where did your Highland laddie dwell?  
Oh where, and oh where did your Highland laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my laddie well.

Oh what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?  
Oh what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?  
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,  
And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.

Oh what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?  
Oh what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?  
Oh, no, true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,  
For it's oh, my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain!

## All Through the Night

(Page 31)

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee,  
All through the night.  
Guardian angels God will send thee,  
All through the night,  
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,  
Hill and vale in slumber steeping.  
I my loving vigil keeping  
All through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping,  
All through the night.  
While the weary world is sleeping,  
All through the night.  
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,  
Visions of delight revealing,  
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,  
All through the night.

Angels watching ever round thee,  
All through the night.  
In thy slumbers close surround thee,  
All through the night.  
They should of all fears disarm thee,  
No forebodings should alarm thee,  
They will let no peril harm thee,  
All through the night.

## Robin Adair

(Page 32)

What's this dull town to me?  
Robin's not near.  
What was't I wished to see?  
What wished to hear?  
Where's all the joy and mirth  
That made this town heav'n on earth?  
Oh! they're all fled with thee, Robin Adair.

What made the assembly shine?  
Robin Adair.  
What made the ball so fine?  
Robin was there;  
What, when the play was o'er,  
What made my heart so sore?  
Oh! it was parting with Robin Adair.

## Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

(Page 36)

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine.  
Or leave a kiss within the cup  
And I'll not ask for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine.  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And send'st it back to me.  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself but thee!

## Scarborough Fair

(Page 38)

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Remember me to one that lives there,  
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Without any seam or fine 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;  
Where water ne'er sprung, nor drop of rain 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.

Tell her to find me an acre of land,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
Between the salt water and the sea strand,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to plough it with a lamb's horn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
And sow it all over with one peppercorn,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;  
And tie it all up with a peacock's feather,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

## The Grenadier and the Lady

(Page 40)

As I was a walking one morning in May  
I spied a young couple, making of hay.  
Oh one was a fair maid and her beauty shone clear  
And the other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.

"Good morning, good morning, good morning" said he,  
"Oh where are you going, my pretty lady?"  
"I am going a walking by the clear crystal stream  
To see cool waters glide and hear nightingales sing."

"Oh soldier, oh soldier, will you marry me?"  
"Oh, no, my sweet lady, that never can be.  
For I've got a wife at home in my own country.  
Two wives and the army's too many for me."  
*Repeat first verse*

## My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose

(Page 41)

O, my love is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June.  
O, my love is like a melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I.  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till all the seas gang dry.  
Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,  
Till all the seas gang dry.  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till all the seas gang dry.

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt with the sun.  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.  
But fare thee well, my only love,  
O fare thee well a while.  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile, my love,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

## Searching For Lambs

(Page 42)

As I went out one May morning, one May morning betime,  
I met a maid, from home had strayed just as the sun did shine.

"What makes you rise so soon, my dear, your journey to  
pursue?  
Your pretty feet, they tread so neat, strike off the morning  
dew."

"I'm going to feed my father's flock, his young and tender  
lambs,  
That over hills and over dales lie waiting for their dams."

"Oh stay, oh stay, you handsome maid, and rest a moment here  
For there is none but you alone that I do love so dear."

"How gloriously the sun doth shine, how pleasant is the air.  
I'd rather rest on a true love's breast than any other where."

"For I am thine and thou art mine, no man shall uncomf  
ort thee.  
We'll join our hands in wedded bands and a-married we will  
be."

## What Child Is This?

(Page 43)

What Child is this, who, laid to rest,  
On Mary's lap, is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet  
While shepherds watch are keeping?  
This, this is Christ the King,  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing.  
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate,  
Where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christian, fear, for sinners here  
The silent world is pleading.  
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,  
The Cross be borne, For me, for you.  
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,  
Come peasant, king, to own Him;  
The King of kings salvation brings;  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.  
Raise, raise the song on high,  
The Virgin sings her lullaby:  
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,  
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

## Greensleeves

(Page 43)

Alas, my love! ye do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously;  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in your company.

CHORUS: Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight;  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but my Lady Greensleeves?

I have been ready at your hand,  
To grant whatever you would crave;  
I have both waged life and land,  
Your love and goodwill for to have. *Chorus*

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,  
That were wrought fine and gallantly;  
I kept thee both at board and bed,  
Which cost my purse well favouredly. *Chorus*

I bought thee petticoats of the best,  
The cloth so fine as fine might be;  
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,  
And all this cost I spent on thee. *Chorus*

Thy gown was of the grassy green,  
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by,  
Which made thee be our harvest queen,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me. *Chorus*

My gayest gelding I thee gave,  
To ride wherever liked thee;  
No lady ever was so brave,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me. *Chorus*

My men were clothed all in green,  
And they did ever wait on thee;  
All this was gallant to be seen,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me. *Chorus*

For every morning when thou rose,  
I sent thee dainties orderly,  
To cheer thy stomach from all woes,  
And yet thou wouldst not love me. *Chorus*

Well, I will pray to God on high,  
That thou my constancy mayst see,  
And that yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me. *Chorus*

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!  
God I pray to prosper thee;  
For I am still thy lover true.  
Come once again and love me. *Chorus*

## **The Christ Child's Lullaby**

(Page 50)

My joy, my love, my darling Thou.  
My treasure new, my rapture Thou.  
My comely beauteous babe-son Thou,  
Unworthy I to tend to Thee.  
Halleluia, Halleluia, Halleluia, Halleluia.

White sun and hope of light art Thou.  
Of love the heart and eye art Thou.  
Tho' but a tender babe, I bow  
In heav'nly rapture unto Thee.  
Halleluia, Halleluia, Halleluia, Halleluia.

## **Cherry Blooms (Sakura)**

(Page 51)

Sakura, Sakura,  
Tender blossom born of spring,  
Sired by winter's gentle snow,  
Once again you bless my eyes,  
Would love return to me.  
Sakura, Sakura,  
Would love thus return to me.

(Sakura can be translated and sung as "cherry blooms")

Sakura, Sakura, Yayoi no Sorawa,  
Miwatasu kagiri,  
Kasumi ka kumoka Nioi zo izuru  
Izaya, Izaya, Mi ni yukaun.

## **Lullaby**

(Page 54)

Sleep, my baby, on my bosom,  
Warm and cozy will it prove;  
Round thee mother's arms are folding,  
In her heart a mother's love.

There shall no one come to harm thee,  
Naught shall ever break thy rest;  
Sleep, my darling babe, in quiet,  
Sleep on mother's gentle breast.

Sleep serenely, baby, slumber,  
Lovely baby, gently sleep;  
Tell me wherefore art thou smiling,  
Smiling sweetly in thy sleep?

Do the angels smile in heaven  
When thy happy smile they see?  
Dost thou on them smile while slum' bring  
On my bosom peacefully.

## **Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier**

(Page 55)

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill.  
Who could blame me, cry my fill.  
And every tear would turn a mill.  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'd sell my flax, I'd sell my reel,  
I'd even sell my spinning wheel.  
To buy my love a sword of steel.  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Me oh my, I love him so,  
Broke my heart to see him go,  
And only time will heal my woe.  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

## **Flow Gently, Sweet Afton**

(Page 56)

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resound thro' the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,  
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow.  
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As, gathering sweet flowers, she stems thy clear wave.

## Cockles and Mussels

(Page 59)

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
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, and sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before.  
And they each wheeled a 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 died of a fever, and no one could save her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.  
Now her ghost wheels her 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."

## Au Clair De La Lune

(Page 60)

Au clair de la lune, Mon ami Pierrot,  
Prête moi ta plume Pour écrire un mot  
Ma chandelle et morte, Je n'ai plus de feu.  
Ouvre moi ta porte, Poul l'amour de Dieu.

## Shenandoah

(Page 60)

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.  
Away, you rolling river.  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.  
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.  
Away, you rolling river.  
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.  
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.  
Away, you rolling river.  
Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.  
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

## Ash Grove

(Page 64)

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking.  
The harp thro' 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 meaning as freely I roam.  
With soft whispers laden, its leaves rustles o'er me,  
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

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 dead I have mourned are again living 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 alone is my home.

## Wild Mountain Thyme

(Page 66)

Oh, the summertime is coming,  
And the trees are sweetly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather.

CHORUS:

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  
By yon pure crystal fountain,  
And on it I will pile  
All the flowers of the mountain. *Chorus*

If my true love, she were gone.  
I would surely find another,  
Where the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather. *Chorus*

*Repeat first verse.*

## Minstrel Boy

(Page 68)

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.  
"Land of song" said the warrior bard,  
"Though all the world betrays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell, but the foe-man's chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said, "No chain shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery,  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery."

## Southwind

(Page 69)

Southwind of the gentle rain  
You banish winter weather.  
Bring salmon to the pool again  
The bees among the heather.  
If southwards now, you mean to blow  
As you rustle soft above me.  
Godspeed be with you as you go  
With a kiss for those that love me.

From South I came with velvet breeze  
My word all nature blesses.  
I melt the snow and strew the leaves  
With flowers and soft caresses.  
I'll help you to dispel your woes  
With joy I'll take your greeting  
And bear it to your loved Mayo  
Upon my wings so fleeting.

My Connacht, famed for wine and play  
So dear, so gay, so loving.  
Here's my fond kiss I send today  
Borne on the wind in its roving.  
These Munster folk are good and kind  
Right royally they treat me.  
But this land I'll gladly leave behind  
With your Connacht pipes to greet me.