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# Zach's Songbook

Songs for folks. Songs I like to play the way I like to play 'em

February 11, 2018

I noticed that lot of times when people would come over to play music, there was a lot of time spent looking up chords and lyrics. And since it's folk music, most of the time the version on the internet would different from the version I know, which would cause a bit of confusion.

Thus, I decided to make my own songbook to keep around the house, for when people come over to play music and want to sing or play along with my versions of songs.

I'm not a real musician, and I never really play from song books or play exactly the same thing twice, so everything here is more of just a suggestion rather than what to play exactly. I also make no guarantee that any of my versions of songs will match anyone else's. If you want their version, get their songbook ☺

As far as I can tell, all of the songs in this book are either in the public domain, copylefted, or written by yours truly.

The latest version of this book can be found at <http://www.zachcapalbo.com/projects/songbook.html>

The source code for this booklet can be found at <https://gitlab.com/zach-geek/songbook>

The songbook, the source code, and any songs here that I've written can be copied and shared under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike license. <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/2.5/>

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## 1. Ain't Got No Home In This World

*I wrote this song early into my senior year of college, when I was rather unsatisfied with my lot in life—overworked and underpaid. I obviously drew from Woody Guthry's "I Ain't Got No Home", which I wanted to sing, but felt it was too political to express what I wanted, which at the time I felt was more an existential calamity. I also drew on classic hobo ballads, dreaming of just up and wandering away from all my studies and responsibilities.*

Key of C Zach Capalbo

C Am  
My shoes is all torn up my toes is stickin' out,  
C Gsus2  
If I don't get some whiskey, gonna go up the spout.  
C Am  
I ain't got no jacket, I ain't got no tie,  
C G C  
And I ain't got no home in this world.

### Chorus:

C F  
I ain't got no home in this world  
C Gsus2  
I ain't got no home in this world  
C Am  
My money is gone and my toes is cold  
C G C  
And I ain't got no home in this world.

My friends have all gone and I can't get them back.  
My company now's just a cigarette pack.  
But I ain't got a light, I just got a dark,  
And I ain't got no home in this world.

I ain't got no sweethearts; I ain't got no sweets.  
I think my poor heart has been missin' some beats.  
I'll dream up some love, 'neath an old willow tree  
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world.

Well I wish I was a poet  
And could write in a fine hand  
I'd send my love a letter  
So she might understand  
I'd send it by the river  
Where the swift waters flow  
And I'd think of my darling  
Wherever I go

Well I wish I was a turtle dove  
Had wings and I could fly  
I'd away to my lover's lodging  
Tonight I'd draw nigh  
And there in her fair arms  
I'd lie there all the night  
And look through them little windows  
For the dawning of the day





## 26. Let the Mermaids Flirt With Me

Key of G *Mississippi John Hurt*

<sup>G</sup> I got blues out on the <sup>G</sup> ocean  
<sup>C</sup> I got blues all in the air  
<sup>C</sup> Can't stay here much longer  
<sup>G</sup> I ain't got steam boat fare!  
<sup>G</sup> When my earthly trials are over  
<sup>C</sup> Throw my body out in the sea.  
 Save all the undertaker bills—  
 Let the mermaids flirt with me!

I do not wake for pleasure  
 Rest and peace I know no more.  
 The only reason why I wake at all  
 Is to drive the world from my door!  
 When my earthly trials are over  
 Throw my body out in the sea.  
 Save all the undertaker bills—  
 Let the mermaids flirt with me!

You seek one kiss of my clay cold lips  
 But my breath is earthy-strong  
 If you had one kiss of my lily-white lips  
 Your time would not be long.  
 My Time be long my time be short  
 Ten-thousand years or a day:  
 May God in heaven have all my soul,  
 But I'll kiss your lips of clay.

See down in yonder garden green?  
 Love, where we were used to walk:  
 The fairest flower that e'er was seen  
 Is withered to the stalk.  
 The stalk is withered dry my love!  
 So shall our hearts decay!  
 So make yourself content my love,  
 Until death calls you away!

## 3. I wish I was a mole in the ground

Key of C Traditional

C  
 I wish I was a mole in the ground  
 F C  
 Yeah, I wish I was a mole in the ground  
 F C  
 If I's a mole in the ground, I'd root that mountain down  
 G C  
 I wish I was a mole in the ground  
 Oh, Kimby wants a nine-dollar shawl  
 Yeah Kimby wants a nine-dollar shawl  
 When I come o'er the hill with a forty-dollar bill  
 It's honey, where ya been so long?  
 I been in the bin so long  
 Yeah I've been in the bin so long  
 I been in the bin with the rough and rowdy men  
 And I ain't goin' back again  
 I don't trust no railroadin' man.  
 No I don't trust no railroadin' man.  
 'Cause a railroadin main, he will kill you when he can  
 And drink up your blood like wine.  
 Oh Kimby, let your hair grow down  
 Oh Kimby, let your hair grow down  
 Let your hair grow down, and your bangs curl all around  
 Oh Kimby, let your hair grow down  
 I wish I was a lizard in the spring  
 Yeah, I wish I was a lizard in the spring  
 If I's a lizard in the spring, I'd hear my darling sing  
 I wish I was a lizard in the spring.



## 25. Lonesome is I

Key of C

*Mississippi John Hurt***Chorus:**

Lonesome is I, I wished I could die  
 Nobody cares for me!  
 Lonesome is I, I wished I could die  
 Nobody cares for me!

One bright moon night, the moon shining bright  
 When you and I made love—  
 Your love was not true, I'll say that to you  
 I'm off like a turtle dove.

Oh my darling, oh my dear  
 How you treat me mean!  
 Oh my darling, oh my dear  
 -mumbling-

Well I wish I was a mole in the ground.  
 Yeah I wish I's a mole in the ground.  
 'Cause I's a mole in the ground, I'd root that mountain down.  
 I wish I was a mole in the ground.

## 4. The Blackest Crow

*I heard this song at the first folk jam I ever went to, in Cambridge, MA.*

Key of Em

*Traditional*



D            Em        G  
 The time draws near, my dearest dear  
       G                Em  
 When you and I must part  
       D            Em            G  
 How little you know, of the grief and woe  
       G                Em  
 Of my poor aching heart  
       G            D            Em  
 Each night I suffer for your sake:  
       C            G            Em  
 You're the one I love most dear!  
       D            Em        G  
 I wish that I was going with you,  
       G                Em  
 Or you were staying here.

I wish my breast was made of glass  
 Wherein you might behold  
 Upon my heart your name is writ  
 In letters made of gold.  
 In letters made of gold, my love—  
 Believe me when I say,  
 You are the one I will adore  
 Until my dying day.

## 23. Cripple Creek

Key of G

*Traditional*



## 24. Carolan's Welcome

Key of Em

*Traditional*



## 21. Cumberland Gap

*There are words for this. Some of them are racist. I just mumble "Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap! Yadayadayadayada Cumberland Gap" if I feel like singing along when I play it. There's also a catchy Old Crow song set to this tune.*

Key of D Traditional

Musical notation for Cumberland Gap in 4/4 time, key of D major. The notation includes a melody line and two accompaniment lines with chord markings (A, D, Bm, G) above the notes.

## 22. The Road To Lisdoonvarna

Key of D Traditional

Musical notation for The Road To Lisdoonvarna in 12/8 time, key of D major. The notation includes a melody line and three accompaniment lines.

The blackest crow that ever flew  
 Would surely turn to white:  
 If ever I were false to you  
 Bright day return to night.  
 Bright day return to night, my love,  
 The elements would mourn.  
 If ever I were false to you  
 The sea would rage and burn.

And when you're on some distant shore  
 Think of your absent friend.  
 And when the wind blows high and clear,  
 A line to me pray send.  
 And when the wind blows high and clear  
 Pray send a note to me.  
 That I might know by your handwrite  
 How time has gone with thee.

## 5. Wayfarin' Stranger

*I like this one. It's very bleak—death is the only release from the troubles of the world.*

Key of Em

Traditional



Em  
 I am a poor, wayfarin' stranger  
 D Em  
 Been travelin' through this world of woe!  
 Em  
 And there's no sickness, toil nor danger  
 D Em  
 In that bright land to which I go.  
 C G  
 I'm goin' there to meet my mother;  
 C B  
 She said she'd meet me when I come.  
 Em  
 I'm only going over Jordan  
 D Em  
 I'm just'a goin' over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me.  
 I know my way is rough and steep.  
 But golden fields lie out before me  
 Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep.  
 I'm goin' there to meet my father;  
 I'm goin' there no more to roam.  
 I'm only going over Jordan.  
 I'm just'a goin' over home.

## 19. Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine

*My favorite (of the many) variation on the name for this tune is "Bonaparte Crossing the Rockies"*

Key of D

Traditional



## 20. The Girl I Left Behind Me

*This is an Enrique tune. I let him do the real melody. This is just what I play.*

Key of G<sub>G</sub>

Traditional



## 18. Shady Grove

*I'm not sure I'd go so far as to call this one a love song..*



Gm F  
Peaches in the summer time  
Gm Gm  
Apples in the fall—  
Bb F  
If I don't get the one I want  
Gm  
I don't want none at all

**Chorus:**

Shady Grove, my true love  
Shady Grove my darlin!  
Shady Grove, my true love  
I'm going back to Harlan

Every night when I get home  
My wife, I try to please her  
The more I try, the worse she gets  
Damned if I don't leave her

First time I saw Shady Grove  
She was standing in the door  
Shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her little bare feet on the floor.

When I was a little boy  
I wanted a barlow knife—  
Now I want little Shady Grove  
To say she'll be my wife

Wish I had a needle and a thread  
Fine as I could sew:  
I'd sew that pretty girl to my side  
And down the road we'd go.

Wish I had a banjo string  
Made of golden twine:  
Every tune I played on it  
I'd wish that gal were mine.

I'll soon be free from all my trials.  
My body restin in the old churchyard.  
I'll drop the cross of self denial  
And enter into my great reward.  
I'm goin' there to see my savior  
To sing his praises ever more  
I'm just'a going over Jordan  
I'm just'a goin' over home.

## 6. The Old Churchyard

*A song popularized by Waterson:Carthy, who learned it from Almeda Riddle. My version takes inspiration from the beautiful version done by the Murphy Beds.*

Key of Em

Traditional



Em G D  
Come come with me to the old churchyard  
G Em  
I so well know those paths 'neath the soft green sward.  
G D  
Friends slumber there that we want to regard:  
G Em  
We will trace out their names in the old churchyard  
G  
But mourn not for them for their trials are o'er!  
Em C G D  
And why weep for those who will weep no more;  
Em G D  
For sweet is their slumber, though cold and hard:  
G Em  
For their pillows may be in the old churchyard.

I know that it's vain when our friends depart  
To breathe kind words to a broken heart,  
And I know that the joy of our life, it is marred  
When we follow those friends to the old churchyard.  
But were I at rest 'neath yonder tree,  
Oh why would you weep my friends for me?  
I'm so weary, so way-worn, why would you retard,  
The peace that I seek in the old churchyard?

## 17. Man of Constant Sorrow

*There's a bunch of different versions of this song. This one isn't my favorite version, nor the most popular, but I think it's the best one for jamming with folks.*

Key of G

Traditional



D G C  
I am a man of constant sorrow  
D G  
I have seen trouble all my days

I bid farewell to old Kentucky  
The place where I was borned and raised.

For six long years I been in danger.  
No pleasure here on Earth I've found.

So it's fair you well my own true lover  
I never expect to see you again.

Far in this world I'm bound to ramble;  
I have no friends to help me now.

Far I'm bound to ride that northern railroad.  
Perhaps I'll die upon a train.

You may bury me in some deep valley  
For many a year there I may lay,

So you may learn to love another  
When I am sleeping in my grave.

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger.  
My face you'll never see no more.  
But there's one promise, that I'm gonna give you:  
I'll meet you on God's golden shore.

## 16. Down By the Sally Gardens

Key of G Traditional

G D C G  
 Down by the sally gardens  
 C G D G  
 My love and I did meet  
 G D C G  
 She passed those sally gardens  
 C G D G  
 On her two snow white feet  
 G D C G D C G  
 She bid me take love easy  
 C G C G  
 As the leaves grow on the tree—  
 G D C G  
 But I was young and foolish  
 C G D G  
 And with her I could not agree.

In a field down by the river  
 My love and I did stand  
 And upon my weary shoulder  
 She placed her snow-white hand  
 She bid me take life easy  
 As the grass grows on the weirs—  
 But I was young and foolish  
 And with her I could not agree.

Oh weep not for me for I'm ready to go  
 To that haven of rest where no tears ever flow  
 And I fear not to enter, that dark weary tomb  
 Where our savior has lain and has conquered the gloom  
 For I rest in the hope that on one bright day  
 Sunshine will burst through this prison of clay  
 And old Gabriel's trumpet and the voice of the Lord  
 Will wake up the dead in the old churchyard.

## 7. Two Sisters

*This is an old, British song originally that made it's way across the ocean.  
You can see how the different continents left their mark on the song.*

Key of D Traditional

D G D  
There was an ol' woman lived on the sea shore,  
G D G  
Bow and balance to me

D  
There was an ol' woman lived on the sea shore,  
A D G  
Her number of daughters was one two three four.

D A D G D A D  
And I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

There was a young man come there to see them  
Bow and balance to me!

There was a young man come there to see them,  
And the oldest one got stuck on him  
And I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me

He bought the youngest a beaver hat  
Bow and balance to me!  
He bought the youngest a beaver hat  
And the oldest one got mad at that  
And I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me

Oh sister oh sister, let's walk the seashore...  
And watch the ships as they sail on o'er...

As those two sisters walked down the seashore...  
The oldest pushed the youngest o'er...

Oh sister oh sister come lend me your hand...  
And you may have Willie and all of his land...

I never I never will lend you my hand...  
But I'll have Willie and all of his land..

## 15. Angelina Baker

*Add lyrics as needed.*

Key of D Traditional

Angelina Baker,  
Age of 23  
I should have married Angeline,  
But she would not marry me.

Her Father was a baker,  
They called him Uncle Sam.  
I never will forget that girl,  
Until I drink a dram

Angelina Baker,  
Age of 33  
I gave her sugar candy  
But she would not marry me

Do do do do do do doo  
Do do do do doo  
Do do do do do do do do  
do do do do do doo

Angelina Baker,  
Age of 83  
I should have married Angeline,  
But she would not marry me.



Now all we've got is science; in it we place reliance  
But it cannot satisfy our deepest thoughts.  
It's all energy and atoms, but why it cannot fathom—  
So we call our God to fill the gaps once more!

Sometimes she sank and sometimes she swam...  
Until she came to the ol' mill dam...

Oh miller oh miller go draw your dam...  
There's either a mermaid or a swan...

The miller he got his fishin' hook...  
And fished that maided right outta the brook...

Oh miller oh miller here's five gold rings...  
If you'll put me safe on shore again...

The miller received those five gold rings...  
And pushed the maiden in agains...

The miller was hung by his own mill gate...  
For drowning little sister Kate...

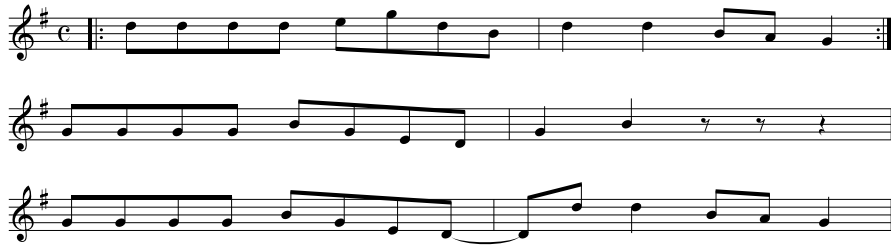
Yes I'll be true to my love if my love'll true to me.

## 8. Sourwood Mountain

*This is a Howell song. He usually sings it, so I'm just guessing at the words he sings (except the Hi-Ho-Diddle-aye-day—everyone sings that!)*

Key of G

Traditional



G C G  
Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain  
G D7 G  
Hi Ho Diddle aye day  
G C G  
So many pretty girls you can't count 'em  
G D7 G  
Hi Ho Diddle aye day  
G D7 G C G  
Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain  
G  
Hi Ho . . .  
G D7 G C G  
So many pretty girls you can't count 'em  
G D7 G  
Hi Ho Fiddle aye day

My true love's across the river  
Hi Ho Diddle aye day  
Few more days and I'll be with 'er  
Hi Ho diddle aye day  
Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain  
Hi Ho . . .  
So many pretty girls you can't count 'em  
Hi Ho Fiddle aye day

Big dog bark and the little one bites you  
Hi Ho Diddle aye day  
Big girl courts and the little one spites you  
Hi ho diddle ah day  
Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain...

I once read a man, whose name was St. Augustine  
He said "Credo ut intelligam"  
Sed ego non credo, ergo non intelligo.  
Quomodo credo si non intelligavi?

'Twas John Calvin said, man's goodness is all dead  
His reason is corrupt and all depraved.  
But I don't believe him, I think he's got flawed reasons  
Why should an apple knock us in the head?

Old man Aquinas, I'm so glad he is behind us  
His view of nature was so high  
His God orders all, even as before the fall,  
But tales of evil simply are too tall.

And Dante pictured hell, and he did it just as well  
With everyone and their brother there.  
Although it is quite crude to be tortured in the nude  
Politicians must ensure the bad guys fell.

Now let us see Descartes, if he's not been blown apart  
Into inside and outside by his thoughts  
He said if we see stuff, we will never know enough  
To prove we know even one small part.

Was Milton's apple puce, could it be made to juice?  
Is it the same crime to drink as to eat?  
With the serpent he entwined all his wisdom and the rhyme  
Leaving Man and God to claim the second place

Old Blaise has not my praise  
He was silly anyways  
His rambling thoughts just do not persuade  
If we must place a bet, I've got one better yet  
Let's just sit doing nothing all our days

Kierkegaard was weird; many lives he's seared  
With his nonsense about the leap of faith.  
My jumping is all done and my legs won't even run  
And the paradox no longer has a place.

Peter Berger said that modernity was led  
by the factors of pluralization  
He himself has claimed to be a heretic in name  
And his structures of belief now are fragile.

## 14. The JAF Song

*I wrote this song in lieu of an essay for a college class, much to the consternation of the professor, who dubbed it "The Ballad of a Wan Cynic's Chic"*

Key of G Zach Capalbo

G C G  
A long time ago, a man was named Plato  
G D7  
His thoughts are as ancient as his bones  
G  
He said the truth is out there  
C G  
But he never said quite where  
D7 G  
So we're left to wonder where the forms are found.

**Chorus:**

G  
So let's just drink our beer,  
C G  
And let it not come near  
D7  
Let's not think about it anymore.  
G C G  
Faith and reason, it's all so out of season  
G D7 G  
Comes God or brain after or before?

Next came Aristotle, he should have sipped the bottle  
He was a moralist right true.  
He said we needed virtue,  
And that the vices hurt you.  
But if you hold your breathe your face turns blue.

Is it good to be alone and call brother monks your own,  
As Saint Benedict would have us think?  
Is the life of the mind worth leaving all behind  
Or should we live in slothful luxury?

My true love lives 'cross the holler  
Hi ho diddle aye day  
She won't come and I won't foller  
Hi ho diddle aye day  
Rooster crows on Sourwood Mountain...

## 9. The Coo Coo

*This is not typeset correctly. I'm workin' on it. It should give you enough to go off of though.*

Key of Gm

Traditional

voice (somethin like this)

banjo (roughly)

The musical notation consists of three systems. The first system shows the vocal line and a rough banjo accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with a longer note. The third system shows the vocal line ending with a double bar line and repeat dots, and the banjo accompaniment continuing.

This system continues the vocal line with a longer note and the banjo accompaniment.

This system shows the vocal line ending with a double bar line and repeat dots, and the banjo accompaniment continuing.

Gm Gm  
Well the coo coo, She's a pretty bird  
And she warbles, as she flies  
Gm Gm  
And she never, hollers "Coo Coo"  
F Gm  
'Til the fourth day of July

Gonna build me, a log cabin  
On a mountain, so high  
So I can, see Willy  
As he goes on by

Well I played cards, in England  
And I played cards, in Spain  
And I'll bet you, ten dollars  
That I'll beat you in this game

Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds!  
How I know you, of old:  
How you robbed my, poor pockets  
Of their silver and their gold

But there is one thing that I lack  
I'm pining for a lady-Oh  
To share this life of poverty  
And be a raggle taggle hippy Oh

So won't you go along with me  
And we'll all go down to Portland Oh  
And live in a commune by the sea  
and we'll all be raggle taggle hippies Oh

### 13. Raggle Taggle Hippie

*This song is based on a true story about a friend's chance encounter with what could have been the man of her dreams.*

Key of G Zach Capalbo

G C G  
That VW Van went rolling along  
G D  
A-rolling down to Portland-Oh  
G C G  
And out of that van came a beard with a man:  
G D G  
He was a raggle, taggle, hippy-oh

G C G  
He says how do you like my flannel shirt  
G D  
How do you like my skinny jeans-Oh?  
G C G  
How do you like my environmental work:  
G D G  
I am a raggle, taggle, hippy-oh.

Well do I like your flannel shirt  
Well do I like your skinny jeans, Oh  
But tell me about your environmental work  
If you be a raggle taggle hippy-oh

He says, I've planted ten sustainable farms  
In nine different countries oh  
I've held eight baby seals in my arms  
I am a raggle, taggle, hippy Oh

I've cleaned pollution from the seven salt seas  
I've slept on six world wonders oh  
I've lived with five loving families  
I am a raggle taggle hippy Oh

I've hosted four earth festivals  
I've held three protests in prison oh  
I've biked across two continents  
I am a raggle taggle hippy oh

Well the coo coo, She's a pretty bird  
And she warbles, as she flies  
And she never, hollers "Coo Coo"  
'Til the fourth day of July

## 10. The Night Visiting Song

*This song is very similar in style and content to "I'm a Rover". The timing's off on the typesetting here.. (corrections welcome!)*

Key of C Traditional

C F C G C  
I must away now; I can no longer tarry  
F C G  
This morning's tempest I have to cross  
C F C  
I will be guided without a stumble  
F C G C  
Into the arms I love the most.

And when he came to his true love's window  
He knelt down gently upon a stone;  
He's whispered lowly through her bedroom window:  
Is my true lover within at home.

She's raised her up from her down soft pillow  
She's thrown her arms around her breast  
Says who is that at my bedroom window,  
Disturbing me of my long nights rest?

Wake up, wake up, love! It is thine own true lover.  
Wake up wake up, love, and let me in!  
For I am tired love, and oh so weary,  
And more than near drenched to the skin.

She's raised her up from her down-soft pillow.  
She's raised her up and she's let him in,  
And they were locked in each other's arms  
Until that long night was past and gone.

Now that's the end of my story  
Let's have another round of booze  
And if anyone should ask you just tell them  
I've got the dying crapshooter blues.

## 12. Saint James' Infirmary

*This is another old one with a long and storied past spanning two continents. Maddie usually sings this one, but these are the words as best I can remember them.*

Key of Em

Traditional



Em            D            Em  
 I went down to the St. James Infirmary  
                   C            B  
 And I saw my baby there—  
                   Em            D            Em  
 Stretched out on a long white table—  
                   Em            D            Em  
 So cold, so pale, so fair.

### Chorus:

Em            D            Em  
 Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
                   C            B  
 Wherever she may be.  
                   Em            D            Em  
 She can search this wide world over  
                   Em            D            Em  
 But she'll never find a sweet man like me.

I went down to old Joe's barroom,  
 On the corner by the square  
 They were serving the drinks as usual,  
 And the usual crowd was there.

When I die, go and bury me low down.  
 In a box cut suit and a Stetson hat  
 With a twenty dollar gold piece round my watch chain  
 So the boys'll know I died standin' pat.

Get six gamblers to carry my coffin  
 Six chorus girls to sing me a song  
 Put a twenty-piece jazz band on my hearse wagon  
 To raise Hell as we go along

And when that long night was past and over  
 And when the small clouds began to grow  
 They both shook hands and embraced each other  
 Then he saddled and mounted and away did go.

I must away now; I can no longer tarry  
 This morning's tempest I have to cross  
 I will be guided without a stumble  
 Into the arms I love the most.

## 11. Wild Mountain Thyme

*Although this is very pretty song, there exist absolutely ridiculous and silly hand motions to it, which you can pick up if you keep questionable company around Somerville, MA. (The typesetting of the melody here is a mess. It's really not as hard as it looks!)*

Key of G Traditional

G  
 Well the summer time is coming  
 C G  
 And the trees are sweetly blooming  
 C G Em  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 C D G  
 Grows around the blooming heather.  
 C G  
 Will ya go, lassie, go?

### Chorus:

C G  
 And we'll all go together  
 C G Em  
 To pluck wild mountain thyme  
 G C G D G  
 All around the blooming heather  
 C G  
 Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower  
 By the clear crystal fountain  
 And around it I will pile  
 All the flowers of the mountain.  
 Will you go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds  
 And the dark glens so dreary  
 And return with the spoils  
 To the bower of me deary  
 Will you go, lassie, go?

If my true love she were gone  
 I would surely find another  
 To pluck wild mountain thyme  
 All around the blooming heather  
 Will you go, lassie, go?