



dominique gauquelin

France, rouen

BOLD DOHERTY

About the artist

Composer now handicapped, I can't play any instrument (pipes, flutes and medieval fiddles which are hung up on the walls, for decoration). Scores (bourrées, mazurkas, waltzes, jigs, reels...., in a word dances) are increasing uselessly. If you entrust an E-mail address to me, I can send the audio in a better format than mp3 : wav.

.So, I decided to give them. These scores were written for the harp but it is playable with fiddle, flute, tin-whistle, mandoline, etc... Ah a big detail there's no copyrights on my scores. I can send audio in a better format than Dominique Gauquelin

Qualification: Fifty years of music but I need a second life for composition...

Artist page : <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-gauquelin.htm>

About the piece



Title: BOLD DOHERTY
Composer: gauquelin, dominique
Arranger: gauquelin, dominique
Copyright: Copyright © dominique gauquelin
Publisher: gauquelin, dominique
Style: Celtic
Comment: ANONYMOUS SONG; IRELAND

dominique gauquelin on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)

Prohibited distribution on other website.



- listen to the audio
- share your interpretation
- comment
- contact the artist

My name is Bold Doherty from the north country Where there's a still upon every stream
Landlady, be quicker and pour me more liquor
And fill me a pitcher that's stronger than cream
If I had you, Molly, so pleasant and jolly Although it's a folly to ask you at all
I'd fill up my glass and a mile to the bottom And I'd drink to you, Molly, beside Donegal
Chorus:

With me fol the dol do, fol the dol do with me Fol the dol do with me, fol the dol day
Fol the dol do, fol the dol do with me
Fol the dol do with me, fol the dol day

I've a new pair of clogs I brought home from the market
I graved an excuse for to get into the town
I told me old mother the seams, they were ripped
And I needed some nails for to rivet them round
She clothed me my hand with a bright golden shilling
She thought the remainder it would be her own
Says, "When you go to town, you can buy half a noggin
But beware you bring none of them fancyfulls home"
(Chorus)

When crossing the fields of me brave Enniskillen
I went to an ale-house for to take a dram
There I saw two tinkers dividing a saucepan
Although there were arguing about a tin can
Then one of them made such a blow to the other
He says, "You young villain, I will take your life"
Saying, "Your saucepans are leaking and won't hold the water Since 'ere the Bold Doherty spoke with your wife"
(Chorus)

Oh when I got home, well the door, it was bolted
I rapped up me mother for to let me in
"Be gone on the place" were the words that she mentioned "For inside this house you'll not enter in
You may go away to wherever you came from
For to keep you out, now I'm sure it's no sin"
I say, "Me good woman, you may keep your temper 'Cause I can find lodging with Nora McGlynn"
(Chorus)

