ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

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SELECTED EDITION

VOLUME I

SONGS AND BALLADS

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PREFACE.

THIS Selected Edition will contain in one complete series of volumes those songs, ballads, carols, chanteys, &c., from the Author's Collection of traditional music which, in his opinion, are the most characteristic and most suitable for purposes of publication.

The Collection is the product of twenty years' work in the towns and country districts of England and among the English inhabitants of the Southern Appalachian Mountains of North America, and comprises—counting variants, and dance, as well as vocal, airs—some five thousand tunes. A certain number of these have been published from time to time during the period of collection but, as the Somerset Series, in which the bulk of these appeared, is now out of print, and as, moreover, further additions are unlikely to be made to it, the Collection can now be reviewed as a whole unfettered by past commitments. Even so, the task of making a judicious choice from so large a mass of material is a very difficult one except, perhaps, from those that have already been issued and upon which a measure of popular judgment has been passed.

It should be added that wherever a song that has already been published is included in this Edition the text has been revised by comparing it with later variants, and the accompaniment refreshed or rewritten.

All the songs in this volume were originally published in *Folk Songs from Somerset* with the exception of Nos. 14, 36, and 42.

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VOL. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE first serious and sustained attempt to collect the traditional songs of the English people was made by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould some thirty years ago in the West of England. It is true that the Rev. J. Broadwood had made a small collection of Sussex songs and published them privately among his friends as far back as 1843, and that Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (1877) and *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (1882) had both previously been given to the public. Nevertheless, the issue in 1889 of the First Part of *Songs and Ballads of the West* marked, I think, the real starting-point of the movement, which has had for its aim the systematic collection and publication of the folk-music of England. Prior to that date the knowledge that folk-songs existed in this country was confined to very few, and it was popularly assumed that the English peasant was the only one of his class in Europe who had failed to express himself spontaneously in song and dance. How, in the face of the facts which have since been brought to light, such an amazing misconception could have obtained credence and escaped disproof is an enigma which has never been satisfactorily explained. Happily, this grotesque error was exposed before it was too late to make amends for the contemptuous neglect with which our predecessors had treated their national musical heritage. A few years later, with the passing of the last survivors of the peasant class, it would have been quite impossible to have recovered anything of real value, and the achievements of a great peasant art would have been irretrievably lost. It may be thought that, owing to the late hour at which the interest in our folk-music came ultimately to be aroused, it is but a shrunken harvest that has been garnered. But I do not think this is so. That the postponement has added very materially to the difficulties of the collector—by compelling him, for instance, to take down his songs from aged and quavering throats instead of from young, fresh-voiced singers—is, of course, true enough. Nevertheless, I do not think that this has appreciably affected either the quality or the abundance of the recoveries. Indeed, our belated conversion has even had some actual advantages. For the investigations having thereby been postponed to a later and more scientific period, the work of collection has been conducted with a thoroughness, an accuracy, and honesty of purpose which we may be reasonably certain is not the treatment that work of this nature would have received a century or more ago. The present-day collector has realized that his first and chief obligation was to record just what he heard, no more and no less, and that the æsthetic as well as the scientific value of his work depended wholly upon the truthfulness and accuracy of his transcriptions. And if the investigations have throughout been conducted in this spirit—and it is a claim that may, I think, justly be made—this is owing in no small degree to the influence exercised by the Folk-Song Society (founded in 1898) and the example which, by means of its *Journal*, it has set to collectors.

There are two theories respecting the origin of the folk-song. Some hold that folk-songs were composed in the past by individuals, just like other songs, and have been handed down to us more or less *in*-correctly by oral tradition; that they were the fashionable and popular songs of a bygone day, the compositions of skilled musicians, which found their way into the country villages and remote neighbourhoods where, although

long forgotten in the towns and cities of their origin, they have since been preserved. To put it in another way, the folk-song, it is contended, is not a genuine wild flower, but, in the jargon of the botanist, a "garden-escape."

The opponents of this school, however, remembering that folk-songs, as regards their authorship, are invariably anonymous, and, moreover, impressed by the fact that the essential characteristics of the folk-song —its sincerity, spontaneity, naturalness, and unconventionality—are the very qualities which are conspicuously absent from the popular song-music of the past, maintain that folk-music is the product not of the individual, but of a people or community, and that we are indebted to the process of oral tradition not merely for preserving it, but for moulding, developing, and, in a sense, creating it as well.

This is not the occasion to enter into a lengthy discussion upon an abstruse and highly controversial question of this sort. Suffice it to say that the writer is a stout upholder of the communal theory of origin; that he believes that the nature of the folk-song and its history can be satisfactorily explained only on that hypothesis; that the most typical qualities of the folk-song have been laboriously acquired during its journey down the ages, in the course of which its individual angles and irregularities have been rubbed and smoothed away, just as the pebble on the seashore has been rounded by the action of the waves; that the suggestions, unconsciously made by individual singers, have at every stage of the evolution of the folk-song been weighed and tested by the community, and accepted or rejected by their verdict; and that the life history of the folk-song has been one of continuous growth and development, always tending to approximate to a form which should be at once congenial to the taste of the community, and expressive of its feelings, aspirations, and ideals.

The careful preservation of its folk-music is to a nation a matter of the highest import. Art, like language, is but a method of human expression, due to the development and specialization of qualities that are natural and inborn. If, therefore, it is to fulfil this function efficiently, it must never be divorced from, but must always faithfully reflect, those qualities which are peculiar to the nation from which it proceeds. A nation's music, for instance, must at every stage of its development be closely related to those spontaneous musical utterances which are the outcome of a purely natural instinct, and which proceed, it will always be found, from those of the community who are least affected by extraneous educational influences—that is, from the folk. The penalty that must inevitably be paid when this principle is ignored is well exemplified by the vicissitudes through which music in England passed after the death of Purcell. Prior to the Restoration, musical England held a proud and foremost position among the nations of Europe, a pre-eminence, however, which it completely lost immediately afterwards, and has never since regained. This very remarkable change was clearly brought about by, or at any rate synchronized with, the open disparagement—at first by the educated laymen, and later on by the musicians themselves—of our native music, and the corresponding exaltation of all that was of foreign manufacture. In other words, music in England, which had hitherto been distinctively and demonstrably English in character, fell from its high pedestal immediately it became divorced from the national tradition.

The collection and preservation of our folk-music, whatever else it has done, has at least restored the Englishman's confidence in the inherent ability of his countrymen to make fine music. Adverse conditions, political, economic, sociological, or what not, may for a time prevent him from making the fullest use of his national inheritance, and postpone the establishment of a distinctive school of music worthy of the tradition of his country; yet, sooner or

later, given favourable conditions, English music will assuredly be re-born and once again assume that pre-eminence which it held before the Restoration.

A large number of English folk-tunes, perhaps a majority, are cast in one or other of the ancient diatonic modes, the ancestors of our modern scales. Hitherto, musicians have regarded these modes as relics of a bygone era, which were employed in the early days of the history of music in default of something better, but were eventually discarded (*circa* 1600) in favour of a scale-system better suited to modern harmonic requirements. But the diatonic mode is the natural idiom of the English peasant, not one, be it noted, originally acquired from without, but one which he evolved from his own instinct. That the mode has always been, and is still, his natural vehicle of melodic expression, and cannot, therefore, be regarded in any way as evidence of antiquity, is shown by the manner in which the folk-singer will frequently translate into one or other of the modes the "composed" songs which he takes into his repertory. This technical characteristic of the folk-tune has brought the question of the mode and its value as an instrument of melodic expression very prominently before musicians. For here we have scores of melodies which, although cast in scales long since discarded by the art-musician, nevertheless throb with the pulse of life and make a strong appeal to modern musical taste and feeling. Manifestly, such tunes as these cannot be quietly dismissed as mediæval survivals and relegated, as such, to the lumber-room. They reveal, rather, a new species of melody, the possibilities of which, as a form of musical expression, the composer of the present day has already begun to explore.

The modes commonly used by the English peasant are the Æolian (typified by the white-note scale of A), the Dorian (white-note scale of D), and the Mixolydian (white-note scale of G). The Phrygian (E), and the Lydian (F) he uses but rarely; a dozen tunes in the former mode and less than half that number in the latter are, perhaps, as many as English collectors have as yet unearthed.

Musically, we live in a harmonic age, when everyone, consciously or subconsciously, thinks in chords; when even the man in the street is under the influence—if only he knew it—of the underlying harmonies of the popular air he is whistling. And herein lies one of the fundamental distinctions between folk- and art-song. The former, in its purest form, being the product of those in whom the harmonic sense is dormant, is essentially a non-harmonic tune; whereas the latter is demonstrably constructed upon a harmonic basis.

This consideration leads to the inquiry as to what form the ideal accompaniment to a folk-song should take—a question upon which many divergent views may legitimately be held. The purist would dispense with an accompaniment altogether, on the ground that it is an anachronism. But this is surely to handicap the folk-tune needlessly and greatly to its detriment. Just as it takes an artist to appraise the value of a picture out of its frame, so is it the expert alone who can extract the full flavour from an unharmonized melody.

If, then, the need for an instrumental setting to the folk-song be granted, we have next to consider what should be its ideal form; and this, again, is largely a matter of individual taste. Sir Charles Stanford, for instance, advocates a frankly modern treatment. "The airs," he says, "are for all time, their dress must vary with the fashion of a fraction of time." Personally, I take a different view—and Sir Charles admits that there are two sides to the question. It seems to me that of the many distinctive characteristics of the folk-air one of the most vital—at any rate, the one I would least willingly sacrifice—is that which makes it impossible to put a date or assign a period to it, which gives to the folk-air the quality of permanence, makes it impervious to the

passage of time, and so enables it to satisfy equally the artistic ideals of every age. Now if we follow Sir Charles Stanford's advice and frankly decorate our folk-tunes with the fashionable harmonies of the moment we may make very beautiful and attractive music—as Sir Charles has undoubtedly done—but we shall effectually rob them of their most characteristic folk-qualities, and thereby convert them into art-songs indistinguishable from the "composed" songs of the day.

Surely it would be wiser to limit ourselves in our accompaniments to those harmonies which are as independent of "period" as the tunes themselves; for example, those of the diatonic genus, which have formed the basis and been the mainstay of harmonic music throughout its history, and upon which musicians of every age and of every school have, in greater or less degree, depended; and further, seeing that the genuine folk-air never modulates, never wavers from its allegiance to one fixed tonal centre, to avoid modulation, or use it very sparingly. Personally, I have found that it is only by rigidly adhering to these two rules—if I may so call them—that I have been able to preserve the emotional impression which the songs made upon me when sung by the folk-singers themselves. This, at any rate, is the theoretic basis upon which the accompaniments in this collection have been constructed.

After what has been already said with regard to the "editing" of folk-music, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to assure the reader that the tunes in this volume are presented precisely as they were originally taken down from the lips of the singers, without any alteration whatsoever. Logically, the words should be accorded the same treatment. But this, unhappily, it is not always possible to do. Indeed, it has reluctantly to be confessed that owing to various causes—the doggerel broadside-versions of the songs that have been disseminated throughout the country for the past several centuries; lapse of memory; corruptions arising from the inability of the singer to understand words and phrases which have come to him from other parts of the country; the varying lengths of the corresponding lines of the several stanzas of the same song; the free and unconventional treatment of some of the themes, etc.—the words of the songs are sometimes coarse and often unintelligible. It has therefore been necessary to make alterations in the texts of some of the songs in this collection. Although archaic words and expressions have been retained, no attempt has been made to preserve local peculiarities of speech, it being the custom among folk-singers to use each his own particular dialect. I have only to add that whenever alterations have been made in the text, the fact is mentioned in the notes.

Before bringing these remarks to a conclusion, something should, perhaps, be said concerning the singing of folk-songs. Traditionally, English folk-songs are sung not only without gesture, but with the greatest restraint in the matter of expression; indeed, the folk-singer will usually close his eyes and observe an impassive demeanour throughout his performance. All who have heard him sing in this way will, I am confident, bear witness to the extraordinary effectiveness of this unusual mode of execution.

Artistically, it will, I think, be found that the most effective treatment to accord to the folk-song is to sing it as simply and as straightforwardly as possible, and, while paying the closest attention to the clear enunciation of the words and the preservation of an even, pleasant tone, to forbear, as far as may be, from actively and deliberately attempting to improve it by the introduction of frequent changes of time, crescendos, diminuendos, and other devices of a like character.

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Hampstead,
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NOTES.

No. 1. *Henry Martin.*

VERSIONS of this ballad, with tunes, are in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* (p. 30); in *Songs of the West* (No. 53, 2d ed.); and in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 162).

The words are on a Catnach broadside; and, in Percy's *Reliques*, there is a long and much edited ballad, called "Sir Andrew Barton," with which, however, the traditional versions have nothing in common.

In *English and Scottish Ballads* (No. 167), Child prints the versions in *Traditional Tunes* and *Songs of the West*, and gives, in addition, four other sets—one from Motherwell's MS., two traditional copies obtained from residents in the United States, and a Suffolk fragment contributed by Edward Fitzgerald to *Suffolk Notes and Queries* (*Ipswich Journal*, 1877-78).

In these several versions, the hero is variously styled Henry Martin, Robin Hood, Sir Andrew Barton, Andrew Bodee, Andrew Bartin, Henry Burgin, and Roberton.

Child suggests that "the ballad must have sprung from the ashes of 'Sir Andrew Barton' (Percy's *Reliques*), of which name 'Henry Martin' would be no extraordinary corruption." The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his note to the ballad in *Songs of the West*, differs from this view and contends that the Percy version is the ballad "as re-composed in the reign of James I., when there was a perfect rage for re-writing the old historical ballads."

I am inclined to agree that the two versions are quite distinct. "Sir Andrew Barton" deals with the final encounter between Barton and the King's ships, in which Andrew Barton's ship is sunk and he himself killed; whereas the traditional versions are concerned with a piratical raid made by Henry Martin upon an English merchantman. It is true that in *Songs of the West*, Henry Martin receives his death wound, but, as Child points out, this incident does not square with the rest of the story, and may, therefore, be an interpolation.

Unlike so many so-called historical ballads, this one is really based on fact. In the latter part of the 15th century, a Scottish sea-officer, Andrew Barton, suffered by sea at the hands of the Portuguese, and obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the trading ships of Portugal. The brothers, under pretence of searching for Portuguese shipping, levied toll upon English merchant vessels. King Henry VIII. accordingly commissioned the Earl of Surrey to rid the seas of the pirates and put an end to their illegal depredations. The Earl fitted out two vessels, and gave the command of them to his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. They sought out Barton's ships, the *Lion* and the *Union*, fought them, captured them, and carried them in triumph up the river Thames on August 2, 1511.

I have noted down in different parts of England no less than seventeen variants of this ballad, and from the several sets of words so collected the lines in the text—practically unaltered—have been compiled.

The air is in the Dorian mode.

No. 2. *Bruton Town.*

THE tune, which is a very striking one, is in the Dorian mode. The singer varied the last phrase of the melody in four different ways (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 23). For other versions of this ballad, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 42; volume v., pp. 123-127), where it has received a very searching analysis at the hands of Miss Lucy Broadwood, and Dr. H. M. Belden's *Boccaccio, Hans Sachs*, and *The Bramble Briar* (*Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, xxiii., 3), in which the texts of several American traditional versions of the ballad are set out. It will be seen that the story is the same as that of Boccaccio's "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" in the *Decameron*, and of Keats's poem of the same name. It is true that "Bruton Town" breaks off at the wiping of the dead lover's eyes, and omits the gruesome incident of the planting of the head in the flower-pot; yet up to that point the stories are nearly identical. The song was popular with the minstrels of the Middle Ages, and was made use of by Hans Sachs, who derived his version from "Cento Novelli," a translation of the *Decameron* by Steinhöwel (1482). Hans Sachs names his heroine *Lisabetha* and retains the Italian tradition that Messina was the town where the rich merchant and his family dwelt. It is interesting to observe that this ballad is one of the very few that succeeded in eluding the notice of Professor Child.

The words of both the versions that I have collected are very corrupt, so that the lines given in the text have received some editing. For the original sets the student is referred to the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, quoted above.

No. 3. *The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter.*

SEE Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 116.

Two versions of this ballad are in the *Roxburghe Collection* and in Percy's *Reliques*. Percy states that his version is "given from an old black-letter copy with some corrections," and that it was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it. The fifth verse is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of *The Pilgrim* (1621).

Buchan gives two traditional forms of the ballad, "Earl Richard, the Queen's Brother," and "Earl Lithgow" (volume ii., pp. 81-91, ed. 1828). See also Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 377); Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland* (volume i., p. 184); and Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* (pp. 15 and 25).

Kinloch says: "The Scottish language has given such a playful *naiveté* to these ballads that one would be apt to suppose that version to be the original, were it not that the invariable use of English titles, which are retained in all Scottish copies, betrays the ballad to have emanated from the south, although it has otherwise assumed the character of a northern production."

I have collected several variants of this ballad, four of which may be seen in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v., pp. 86-90). For two other versions see the third volume of the same publication (pp. 222 and 280).

The words in the text have been compiled from the several sets in my possession. With the exception of the lines in the second stanza, they are printed practically without alteration.

No. 4. *Robin Hood and the Tanner.*

THIS was sung to me by a blind man, eighty-two years of age, who told me that he learned it when a lad of ten, but that he had not sung it, or heard it sung, for forty years or more. He varied the several phrases of the tune, which is in the Dorian mode, in a free and interesting manner (see *English Folk-Song; Some Conclusions*, p. 21). I have chosen from

these variations those which seemed to me to be the most characteristic. Except for one or two minor alterations, the words are given in the text precisely as they were sung to me.

The Robin Hood ballads, which, centuries ago, were extremely popular (although constantly denounced by the authorities), are now but rarely sung by the country folk. Those that have recently been collected are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., pp. 144 and 247; volume ii., p. 155; volume iii., pp. 61 and 268; and volume v., p. 94).

The words in the text follow with astonishing accuracy the corresponding stanzas of a black-letter broadside, which formerly belonged to Anthony à Wood, and is now preserved in the Bodleian Library. A copy of this broadside is printed in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, by Child (No. 126), and also on two 17th century Garlands. The full title on the black-letter is:

"Robin Hood and the Tanner; or, Robin "Hood met with his Match. A merry and "pleasant song relating the gallant and "fierce combat fought between Arthur "Bland, a tanner of Nottingham, and Robin "Hood, the greatest and noblest archer in "England. Tune is, Robin Hood and the "Stranger."

The first verse runs:

In Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland,
There is never a squire in Nottinghamshire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

Ritson gives a tune, which, however, bears no resemblance to the Somerset air, in the text.

Robin Hood is said to have been born in Locksley in Nottinghamshire about 1160, in the reign of Henry II. He was of noble blood, and his real name was Robert Fitzooth, of which Robin Hood is a corruption. He was commonly reputed to have been the Earl of Huntingdon, and it is possible that in the latter years of his life he may have had some right to the title. He led the life of an outlaw in Barnsdale (Yorks), Sherwood (Notts), and in Plompton Park (Cumberland), and gathered round him a large number of retainers. His chief lieutenants were Little John, whose surname is believed to have been Nailor; William Scadlock (Scathelock or Scarlet); George-a-Green, pinder or pound-keeper of Wakefield; Much, a miller's son; and Friar Tuck. It is said that he died in 1247, at the age of eighty-seven, at the Kirkleys Nunnery in Yorkshire, whither he had gone to be bled, and where it is supposed that he was treacherously done to death.

The Robin Hood ballads were no doubt founded upon the French *trouvère*-drama, "Le Jeu de Robin et Marion," which, in its turn, was only a dramatized version, largely etiological, of the Nature myth, Robin and Maid Marian being the lineal descendants of the King and Queen of the May-day ceremonies. In this connection it is interesting to note that country singers call the hero "Robin o' the 'ood," that is, of the wood.

No. 5. *The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies, O!*

COMPARE this song with "The Gipsy Countess" (*Songs of the West*, No. 50, 2nd ed.) and "The Gipsy" (*A Garland of Country Song*, No. 32). A Scottish version of the words is in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (volume iv.); see also "Gypsie Laddie," in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (volume ii., p. 95, ed. 1791), and Child, No. 200. In Finlay's *Scottish Ballads* (1808), the ballad appears as "Johnnie Faa," and in Chambers's *Picture of Scotland* a valiant effort is made, after the manner of Scottish commentators, to provide the story with a historical foundation.

The tune is in the Æolian mode. I have noted no less than eighteen variants in England and seventeen in America (see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*).

No. 6. *Lord Bateman.*

THIS, again, is a very popular ballad with English folk-singers, and I have noted down nineteen different versions of it. The singer of the Æolian tune given in the text was the old man who gave me "Robin Hood and the Tanner," and here again he constantly varied his phrases in the several verses of the song (see *English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 22). The words that he sang were virtually the same as those printed on broadsides by Pitts, Jackson, and others.

For versions of this ballad, with tunes, see *English County Songs* (p. 62); Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* (p. 32); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 64); the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 240; volume iii., pp. 192-200); *Sussex Songs* (p. 43); Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* (p. 260 and appendix); and George Cruikshank's *Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman.*

For words only, see Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (volume ii., p. 17); Garret's *Newcastle Garlands* (volume i.); and the broadsides above mentioned. The ballad is exhaustively analyzed in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* ("Lord Beichan," No. 53).

The story of Lord Bateman, Beichan, or Bekie, is very similar to the ancient legend concerning Gilbert Becket, father of Saint Thomas the Martyr. This has suggested to some the derivation of the ballad from the legend; but Child thinks that this is not so, although he admits that the ballad has not come down to us unaffected by the legend. He points out that there is a similar story in the *Gesta Romanorum* (No. 5, Bohn ed.), of about the same age as the Becket legend; that there are beautiful repetitions of the story in the ballads of other nations; and that it has secondary affinities with "Hind Horn." The hero's name, allowing for different spellings and corruptions, is always the same; but the name of the heroine varies. In ten of the twelve copies of the ballad that Child gives she is Susan Pye; in two, Isbel or Essels; and in the remaining two, Sophia, as in the text.

No. 7. *Barbara Ellen.*

THERE is no ballad that country singers are more fond of than that of "Barbara Ellen," or "Barbarous Ellen," or "Edelin," as it is sometimes called. I have taken down as many as twenty-seven variants, almost all of which are in 5-time. For other versions of the tune, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., pp. 111 and 265; volume ii., pp. 15-18); Kidson's *Traditional Tunes* (p. 39); Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations to Percy's Reliques* (p. 98); Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (volume i., pp. 86-88); and Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (p. 79). The well-known Scottish tune was first printed in 1740. The ballad is in Child's collection (No. 276), where many versions and notes may be found.

No. 8. *Little Sir Hugh.*

VERSIONS of this ballad, with tunes, may be found in Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes* (p. 46); Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 51, tune No. 7); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 264); and in Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques* (pp. 3 and 46). For versions without tunes, see Percy's *Reliques* (volume i., p. 27); Herd's *Scottish Songs* (volume i., p. 157); Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (volume i., p. 151); *Notes and Queries* (Series 1); and Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (No. 155).

The story of this ballad is closely connected with that of the carols "The Bitter Withy" and "The Holy Well" (see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, volume iv., pp. 35-46).

The events narrated in the ballad were supposed to have taken place in the 13th century. The story is told by a contemporary writer in the *Annals of Waverley*, under the year 1255. Little Sir Hugh was crucified by the Jews in contempt of Christ with various preliminary tortures. To conceal the act from the Christians, the body was thrown into a running stream, but the water immediately ejected it upon dry land. It was then buried, but was found

above ground the next day. As a last resource the body was thrown into a drinking-well; whereupon the whole place was filled with so brilliant a light and so sweet an odour that it was clear to everybody that there must be something holy in the well. The body was seen floating on the water and, upon its recovery, it was found that the hands and feet were pierced with wounds, the forehead lacerated, etc. The unfortunate Jews were suspected. The King ordered an inquiry. Eighteen Jews confessed, were convicted, and eventually hanged.

A similar tale is told by Matthew Paris (ob. 1259), and in the *Annals of Burton* (13th or 14th century). Halliwell, in his *Ballads and Poems respecting Hugh of Lincoln*, prints an Anglo-French ballad, consisting of ninety-two stanzas, which is believed to have been written at the time of, or soon after, the event. No English ballad has been recovered earlier than the middle of the 18th century.

Bishop Percy rightly concludes "the whole charge to be groundless and malicious." Murders of this sort have been imputed to the Jews for seven hundred and fifty years or more; and similar accusations have been made in Russia and other countries of Eastern Europe even in the 19th century—and as late as 1883. Child sums up the whole matter by saying, "These pretended child-murders, with their horrible consequences, are only a part of a persecution which, with all its moderation, may be rubricated as the most disgraceful chapter in the history of the human race."

I have discovered three other versions of this ballad besides the one in this volume. The words in the text have been compiled from these sources. The singer learned the ballad from her mother, who always sang the first two lines as follows:

Do rain, do rain, American corn,
Do rain both great and small.

Clearly, "American corn" is a corruption of "In merry Lincoln"; and I hazard the guess that the "Mirry-land toune" in Percy's version is but another corruption of the same words.

The ballad is still freely and traditionally sung in America, where I have taken it down no less than thirteen times (*English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*).

The tune in the text is a close variant of "To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day" (Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 227).

No. 9. *Geordie.*

For other versions with tunes, see *Traditional Tunes* (p. 24); *Folk-Songs from the Eastern Counties* (p. 47); *English Traditional Songs and Carols* (p. 32); *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians;* and *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 164; volume ii., pp. 27 and 208; volume iii., p. 191).

The tune here given is modal, and, lacking the sixth of the scale, may be either Dorian or Æolian; it is harmonized as an Æolian melody.

Child (No. 209) gives several versions and exhaustive notes.

Buchan (*Ancient Ballads and Songs*, volume i., p. 133), prints a version, "Gight's Lady," and suggests that the ballad "recounts an affair which actually took place in the reign, or rather the minority, of King James VI. Sir George Gordon of Gight had become too familiar with the laird of Bignet's lady, for which the former was imprisoned and likely to lose his life, but for the timely interference of Lady Ann, his lawful spouse, who came to Edinburgh to plead his cause, which she did with success—gained his life, and was rewarded with the loss of her own, by the hand of her ungrateful husband." The version in the text cannot, however, refer to this incident.

Kinloch (*Ancient Scottish Ballads*) agrees that "Geordie" was George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, and that the incident related in the ballad "originated in the factions of the family of Huntly, during the reign of

Queen Mary." Motherwell, on the other hand, says that in some copies the hero is named George Luklie. In Ritson's *Northumberland Garland* (1793), the ballad is described as "A lamentable ditty made upon the death of a worthy gentleman named George Stoole."

James Hogg (*Jacobite Relics*) prints another version, and in the *Straloch Manuscripts* (early 17th century) there is an air entitled "God be wi' thee, Geordie."

The words are on broadsides by Such and others.

No. 10. *Lady Maisry.*

For other versions of the words only of this ballad, see Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 71), and Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (No. 65); and of the words with tunes, the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 43; volume iii., pp. 74 and 304).

In the Scottish ballad, Lady Maisry rejects the Northern lords, who come to woo her, and enters into an illicit connection with an English nobleman, Lord William. During the absence of the latter, the brothers of Lady Maisry discover her secret and make preparations to burn her. She dispatches in hot haste a messenger to apprise Lord William of her danger. He hastens home to find her at the point of death. He swears to avenge her by burning her kinsmen, and

The last bonfire that I come to
Myself I will cast in.

The first part of the story is omitted in this version, while the last four verses recall the ballad of "Lord Lovel," rather than that of "Lady Maisry."

The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 11. *The Outlandish Knight.*

Child, speaking of this ballad (*English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 4), remarks: "Of all the ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation. It is nearly as well known to the southern as to the northern nations of Europe. It has an extraordinary currency in Poland."

I have taken it down no less than thirty-six times in England, and eighteen times in America (*English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*). Although very few singers could "go through with it," I have recorded several fairly complete sets of words, from which that given in this book has been compiled. As a rule the versions vary but little, although I have only once taken down the seventh and eighth stanzas given in the text. One singer, however, used the word "croppèd," instead of the more usual "droppèd," in the ninth stanza, and this may have been a reminiscence of the "nettle" theme. None of the printed copies contain these verses except one in the *Roxburghe Collection*, in which the following lines occur:

Go fetch the sickle, to crop the nettle,
That grows so near the brim;
For fear it should tangle my golden locks,
Or freckle my milk-white skin.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has collected a similar verse in Devonshire.

As "May Colvin," the ballad appears in Herd's *Scottish Songs* (volume i., p. 153), in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 67, tune 24), and in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland* (volume ii., p. 45). Buchan also gives a second version of the ballad entitled "The Gowans sae Gay" (volume i., p. 22). In the latter, the hero appears as an elf-knight, and the catastrophe is brought about by the heroine, Lady Isabel, persuading her false lover to sit down with his head on her knee, when she lulls him to sleep with a charm and stabs him with his own dagger. None of the English versions introduce any supernatural element into the story. They all, however, contain the "parrot" verses.

The expression "outlandish" is generally taken to mean an inhabitant of the debatable territory between the borders of England and Scotland. In other parts of England, however, "outlandish" simply means "foreign," *i.e.*, not belonging to the country or district of the singer.

One singer gave me the first verse as follows:

There was a knight, a baron-knight,
A knight of high degree;
The knight he came from the North land,
He came a-courting me.

Child points out that the ballad has some affinity with "Bluebeard," and, possibly, also with the story of "Judith and Holofernes" in the Apocrypha.

For versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 282; volume iv., pp. 116-123); *Traditional Tunes* (pp. 26 and 172); *English County Songs* (p. 164); and a Border version in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 48).

The tune is nearly always in 6-8 time, and is usually modal. The second air, however, in *Traditional Tunes* and a variant collected by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould in Devon and printed in *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, are both in common measure.

The singer varied his tune, which is in the Dorian mode, in nearly every verse.

No. 12. *The Coasts of High Barbary.*

A VERSION of this song, which the Rev. S. Baring-Gould collected in Devonshire, is published in *English Folk-Songs for Schools.* I have collected only one other version (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, volume 5, p. 262), the first stanza of which runs thus:

Two lofty ships of war from old England set sail;
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
One was the Princess Charlotte and the other the
Prince of Wales.
A-coming down along the coasts of Barbary.

The ballad is evidently related to an old broadside sea-song, which Mr. Ashton reproduces in his *Real Sailor Songs.* It is headed "The Sailor's onely Delight, shewing the brave fight between the George-Aloe, the Sweepstake, and certain Frenchmen at sea," and consists of twenty-three stanzas, the first of which runs:

The George-Aloe and the Sweepstake, too,
with hey, with hoe, for and a nony no,
O, they were Merchant men, and bound for Safee
and alongst the Coast of Barbary.

Mr. Ashton thinks that the "ballad was probably written in the latter part of the sixteenth century," and he points out that it is quoted in a play, "The Two Noble Kinsmen," written by "the Memorable Worthies, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare."

To the six verses which the singer sang to me I have added three others: two from the Devon version (with Mr. Baring-Gould's kind permission), and one—the last one in the text—from the broadside above mentioned.

The third phrase of the tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is not unlike the corresponding phrase of "When Johnny comes Marching Home Again." Compare, also, "Whistle, Daughter, Whistle" (No. 43).

No. 13. *The Cruel Mother.*

THE story, which is not quite clear in this version, is of a woman who contracts an illicit alliance with her father's clerk, and secretly gives birth to twin babes "down by the green wood side O." She murders the infants, who afterward appear before her "all dressed in white," that is, as ghosts. They proclaim their identity by calling her "Mother," curse her for her cruelty to them, and say that they live in heaven, but that she will suffer in hell for her misdeeds.

The earliest published form of the ballad is in Herd's *Scottish Songs* (volume ii., p. 237, ed. 1776). Other Scottish versions are given in Motherwell's, Kinloch's, and Buchan's collections; see also "Lady Anne," in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, and "Fine Flowers in the Valley," in Johnson's *Museum* (volume iv., ed. 1792). The tune given in the latter, although regular in rhythm, is very similar to the air given here.

Kinloch also quotes a tune which, however, has little or nothing in common with the Mixolydian air in the text.

In the *Percy Papers* there is a version very similar to this one. It begins:

There was a duke's daughter lived in York,
All alone and alone a,
And she fell in love with her father's clarke,
Down by the green wood side a.

Child (No. 20) points out that the ballad has affinities with "The Maid and the Palmer," and quotes two Danish ballads which are closely allied to the British song.

Four versions with tunes are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 109; volume iii., pp. 70-72), the first one of which was recorded by Miss Esther White, of New Jersey, who writes that "lately she heard it again, sung by a poor 'mountain-white' child in the North Carolina Mountains." I have collected twelve versions in America (*English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*).

No. 14. *The Golden Vanity.*

MANY versions of this ballad have been published with tunes, for example, the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 104; volume ii., p. 244); *English County Songs* (p. 182); *Songs of the West* (No. 64, 2nd ed.); Tozer's *Sailors' Songs and Chanties* (No. 15); *Songs of Sea-Labour* (No. 42), etc.

Child (No. 286) reprints a 17th century broadside version, beginning:

Sir Walter Raleigh has built a ship
In the Netherlands,
And it is called the Sweet Trinity
And was taken by the false Gallaly,
Sailing in the Lowlands.

Mr. Ebsworth, in his introduction to the ballad in the *Roxburghe Ballads* (volume v., p. 418), points out that the selfishness and ingratitude displayed by Raleigh in the ballad agreed with the current estimate of his character.

The ballad is still freely sung by English folk-singers, from whom I have noted down twelve different versions, and in America where I gathered fourteen variants (*English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*).

No. 15. *Lord Thomas of Winesberry.*

I HAVE had to omit some of the words which the singer of this version gave me, and to supplement the rest with extracts from the three other variants I have collected. All the tunes that I have noted are of the same straightforward type.

The ballad is very nearly identical with the Scottish ballad of "Lord Thomas of Winesberry," and that is my excuse for appropriating that title. Scottish versions are printed in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland* (volume ii., p. 212), and in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* (p. 89). Kinloch makes an attempt to connect the subject of the ballad with "the secret expedition of James V. to France, in 1536, in search of a wife," which seems more ingenious than probable. In Buchan's version Thomas is chamberlain to the daughter of the King of France, who wanted none of her riches, as he had

. . . thirty ploughs and three:
An' four an' twenty bonny breast mills,
All on the water of Dee.

Under the heading of "Willie o' Winsbury," Child treats the ballad very exhaustively (*English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 100). He gives a version from Motherwell's MS., in which the curious line, "But a fig for all your land," occurs. Shakspere uses the same expression, "A fig for Peter" (*2 Henry VI.*, Act ii., Sc. 3).

Five verses of this ballad are given in *Notes and Queries* (Series 5, volume vii., p. 387), "as heard sung years ago by a West Country fisherman." As the late Mr. Hammond noted down more than one version in Dorset, the song has evidently taken root in the West of England, where all my versions were collected.

No. 16. *The Green Wedding.*

THE words of this ballad were sung to me to a very poor tune. I have, therefore, taken the liberty of mating them to a fine air which was sung to me to some very boisterous, unprintable words, called "The Boatsman and the Tailor." The occasional substitution of a minor for the major third in a Mixolydian tune is quite a common habit with English folk-singers, and several examples of this may be seen in this volume (*see* Nos. 30, 31, and 37*b*); but

for the major interval to be followed almost immediately by the minor is both curious and unusual. Miss Gilchrist has pointed out the close connection between "The Green Wedding" and the Scottish ballad "Katherine Janfarie," or "Jaffray," upon which Scott founded his ballad of "Lochinvar" in *Marmion* (see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 21; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy;* Sidgwick's *Popular Ballads of the Olden Time;* and Scott's *Minstrelsy*).

In the Scottish ballad, Katherine is wooed first by the Laird of Lauderdale, who wins her consent, and secondly by Lord Lochinvar, "out frae the English border," who, however, omitted to avow his love to Katherine "till on her wedding e'en." The rivals met at the "wedding-house" and, in the fight that ensues, Katherine is carried off by her Scottish lover.

Whether our ballad is a corrupt and incomplete version of the Scottish one, it is difficult to say. Although the two have several lines in common, there is something in the plot of "The Green Wedding" which, despite its obscurity, seems to indicate a motive which is absent from "Katherine Janfarie." The scheme of our story seems to turn upon the dressing in green of both hero and heroine at the wedding-feast, but the purpose of this device is not clear. This, however, presented no difficulty to my singer, who, when I asked him why the hero dressed in green, said, "Because, you see, he had told his true-love to dress in green also"; and when I further inquired why he told her to do this, he said, "Because, of course, he was going to put on a green dress himself"—and there was clearly nothing more to be said!

It is just possible, as Miss Gilchrist observes, that the reference to the green dress may be a reminiscence of "Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale"; or perhaps it has been suggested by the following stanza which occurs in "Katherine Janfarie":

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speir'd na leave.

No. 17. *The Seeds of Love.*

THIS song, which is known to the peasant-folk all over England, is a modernized version of "The Sprig of Thyme," the next number in this collection. According to Whittaker's *History of the Parish of Whalley*, the words were written by a Mrs. Fleetwood Habergam, *circa* 1689, who, "undone by the extravagance, and disgraced by the vices of her husband," soothed her sorrows by writing of her woes in the symbolism of flowers. But this, of course, is merely a case of "intrusion."

Chappell (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*), who suggests that Mrs. Habergam's lines were originally sung to the tune of "Come open the door, sweet Betty," prints a traditional tune noted down by Sir George Macfarren.

For other tunes set to the same or similar words, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, *Songs of the West*, *Traditional Tunes* (Kidson), *English County Songs*, *Ancient Irish Music*, etc.

The tune printed in the text, with its octave in the penultimate phrase, is a good example of rather a common type of English folk-air.

No. 18. *The Sprig of Thyme.*

ALTHOUGH this and the preceding song probably spring from the same root, it is, I think, quite possible to distinguish them, both tunes and words. "The Sprig of Thyme" is, I imagine, the older of the two. Its tune is usually modal, very sad and intense, and somewhat rugged and forceful in character; while its words are abstract and reflective, and sometimes obscure. On the other hand, the words of "The Seeds of Love," although symbolical, are quite clear in their meaning; they are more modern in their diction, and are usually sung to a bright, flowing melody, generally in the major mode.

For other versions with words, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 288); *Folk-Songs from Dorset* (p. 10); and *Songs of the West* (No. 7, 2d ed.).

The words in the text are those that the singer sang me, supplemented from those of other sets in my collection. I used the tune, which is in the Æolian mode, for the "Still music" in Mr. Granville Barker's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act iv., Sc. 1).

No. 19. *The Cuckoo.*

For other versions with tunes, see *Folk-Songs from Dorset* (No. 11); *Butterworth's Folk-Songs from Sussex* (No. 6); *A Garland of Country Song* (No. 1); and Barrett's *English Folk-Song* (No. 42).

I have taken down fifteen different versions of this song, but the tune given in the text is the only one that is modal (Æolian). This particular tune is usually associated with the words of "High Germany." Halliwell, in his *Nursery Rhymes* (p. 99), prints a couple of verses in dialect, as follows:

The cuckoo 's a vine bird,
A zengs as a vlies;
A brengs us good tidin's,
And tells us no lies.
A zucks th' smael birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And the mwore a cries "cuckoo!"
The zummer draws near.

The words in the text are similar to those given in a Glasgow Garland, "The Sailor's Return."

No. 20. *Blackbirds and Thrushes.*

Although I have collected five variants of this song, I do not know of any published version of it. I have had to amend some of the lines that were corrupt.

No. 21. *The Drowned Lover.*

For other versions with tunes, see *Traditional Tunes* (p. 112); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii., p. 258); and *Songs of the West* (No. 32, 2d ed.). In a note to the latter, Mr. Baring-Gould states that the earliest copy of the words is in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, under the heading "Captain Digby's Farewell"; and that the song afterward came to be applied—at any rate, in the West of England—to the death of the Earl of Sandwich after the action in Sole Bay in 1673. Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that "Stokes Bay," in the version given in the text, is a corruption of "Sole Bay." In both the other versions above cited, and in another one which I have published (*Folk-Songs from Various Counties*, No. 8), the scene is laid in the North of England, the lovers being buried in Robin Hood's Churchyard.

The air is in the Dorian mode. The words are almost exactly as they were sung to me.

No. 22. *The Sign of the Bonny Blue Bell.*

The subject of the ballad is clearly related to "I'm going to be married on Sunday," in Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (No. 17); while the first three lines of the initial stanza are identical with the corresponding lines of another song in the same volume (No. 72). The words are printed on a broadside by Williamson, Newcastle (*circa* 1850), and two short verses are given by Halliwell in his *Nursery Rhymes* (p. 94).

A country-dance air, which, however, has nothing in common with the tune in the text, is printed by Walsh (1708), and in *The Dancing Master* (volume ii., ed. 1719), under the heading "I mun be marry'd a Tuesday."

The tune in the text is in the Æolian mode.

No. 23. *O Waly, Waly.*

I have collected five variants of this song. The words are so closely allied to the well-known Scottish ballad, "Waly, Waly, up the bank" (*Orpheus Caledonius*), that I have published them under the same title. A

close variant is to be found in *Songs of the West* (No. 86, 2d ed.) under the heading "A Ship came Sailing." Mr. Baring-Gould, in a note to the latter, points out that the third stanza is in "The Distressed Virgin," a ballad by Martin Parker, printed by J. Coles, 1646-74.

The traditional "Waly, Waly" is part of a long ballad, "Lord Jamie Douglas," printed in the appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. Its origin seems obscure. The tune is given in Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques* (p. 102); in Chambers's *Scottish Songs prior to Burns* (p. 280); and elsewhere.

No. 24. *Green Bushes.*

OTHER versions with tunes may be seen in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v., p. 177); *Songs of the West* (No. 43, 2d ed.); *English County Songs* (p. 170); and *Traditional Tunes* (p. 47). Two stanzas of this song were sung in Buckstone's play, "The Green Bushes" (1845), and, owing to the popularity which this achieved, the complete song was shortly afterward published as a "popular Irish ballad sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam." There are several Irish variants of this tune in the *Petrie Collection* (Nos. 222, 223, 368, 603, etc.). Miss Broadwood and Miss Gilchrist, in notes appended to the version published in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, consider that the words have been affected by those of a "Dialogue in imitation of Mr. H. Purcell—Between a Town Spark and a Country Lass," 1740. It is difficult to say whether this be so or not, but the phraseology of some of the lines in the text—which are also on broadsides by Disley and Such—shows distinct signs of "editing." Mr. Baring-Gould pronounces the words as "substantially old," "the softening down of an earlier ballad which has its analogue in Scotland," and I suspect that this is the true explanation.

No. 25. *Bedlam.*

FOR other versions with words, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 146; volume ii., pp. 37, 93, and 292; volume iii., pp. 111 and 290); *English County Songs* (p. 71); and *Songs of the West* (No. 92).

For words only, see Garrett's *Newcastle Garlands* (volumes i. and ii.) and Logan's *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs* (pp. 172-189).

"Mad songs" are great favourites with English folk singers, and I have collected several examples. The tune in the text is frankly a harmonic melody, chiefly remarkable for its very beautiful final phrase.

No. 26. *Farewell, Nancy.*

VERSIONS with tunes are given in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 130; volume ii., pp. 99 and 298); and in Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 93).

See also "William and Nancy's parting," in Garret's *Newcastle Garlands* (volume ii.).

The tune, a remarkably fine one, is in the Æolian mode, and was sung to me by a woman, seventy-four years of age.

No. 27. *The Rambling Sailor.*

FOR other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii., p. 108; volume v., p. 61); and *Songs of the West* (No. 87, 2nd ed.). The tune, like the one in the text, is nearly always in the Mixolydian mode, and usually in hornpipe rhythm. The words on the older broadsides were always about a soldier, not a sailor, but on more modern stall copies, the latter is given the preference. The singer could remember only the first two verses; the third has been "lifted" from the broadside.

No. 28. *Dabbling in the Dew.*

THIS is a very popular song all over England, and I have taken down a large number of variants. The traditional words, which vary but little, are very free and unconventional.

I have therefore taken some of the lines in the text from Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (p. 35). In some versions, it is "strawberry leaves" that "make the milkmaids fair"—which I have been told, though I have not been able to verify it, is the version given in *Mother Goose's Melodies for Children* (Boston, ed. 1719).

The tune is in the Æolian mode.

For other versions with words, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iv., pp. 282-285); *Songs of the Four Nations* (p. 58); *English Folk-Songs for Schools* (No. 23); and Butterworth's *Folk-Songs from Sussex* (No. 9).

No. 29. *The Saucy Sailor.*

OTHER versions with tunes are published in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v., pp. 343-345); Tozer's *Sailors' Songs* (No. 39); Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (No. 32); *Songs of the West* (No. 21); and *English Folk-Songs for Schools* (No. 37).

Dr. Barrett, in a footnote, says that the song was a great favourite with factory girls in the East End of London, where, I am told, it is still to be heard.

That printed in *English Folk-Songs for Schools* is undoubtedly the normal form of the tune, which is always in the major, or Mixolydian, mode. The mode in which the air given in the text is cast is the Æolian with a sharpened third, the only instance of this irregular scale that I have ever come across—probably the unconscious invention of the singer who gave me the song. The tune is a variant of the air traditionally associated with "Chevy Chase" (see *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 3, and *Traditional Tunes*, p. 19). Chappell mates the tune to "The Children in the Wood," but states that it was known to be one of the "Chevy Chase" airs.

No. 30. *Fanny Blair.*

THE words that I took down from the singer of this song were very corrupt and almost unintelligible. I have therefore substituted lines taken from a Catnach broadside in my possession.

The tune is a very curious one. The singer varied both the seventh and third notes of the scale, sometimes singing them major and sometimes minor in a most capricious manner, so that I can only give the tune in the form in which he most frequently sang it. In *English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions* (pp. 71, 72) I have expressed the opinion that in my experience English folk-singers very rarely vary the notes of the mode, except, of course, in Mixolydian-Dorian tunes. Mr. Percy Grainger's researches in Lincolnshire, however (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, volume iii., pp. 147-242), appear to show that this feeling for the pure diatonic scale is not shared by the folk-singers of that county.

No. 31. *Arise, arise.*

I HAVE taken down four variants of this ballad in England, and eighteen in America (*English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*), but I do not know of any published form of it. The tune is partly Mixolydian. The words have not been altered, although I have made use of all the sets that I have collected.

No. 32. *Searching for Lambs.*

So far as I know, this has not been published elsewhere. The tune is modal, but lacking the sixth of the scale, it may be either Æolian or Dorian—I have harmonized it in the latter mode. The words are almost exactly as they were sung to me. Taking words and tune together, I consider this to be a very perfect example of a folk-song.

No. 33. *Green Broom.*

FOR other versions with words, see *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (volume vi., p. 100, ed. 1720); *Songs of the West* (No. 10); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 98); and *English County Songs* (p. 88). The words are on broadsides by Such, Pratt, and others, and also in *Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

No. 34. *The Bonny Lighter-Boy.*

I HAVE not heard any one sing this song except the man who gave me this version. Nor do I know of any published form of it. The tune is in the Æolian mode. The words in the text, except for four lines in the first verse which the singer could not remember, are as they were sung to me.

No. 35. *The Sweet Primeroses.*

THIS is one of the most common of English folk-songs. The words are on broadsides by Barraclough of Nuneaton and others. Variants of the tune are given in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (No. 46), and in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 21). In the version of the tune given here the rhythm is quite regular, differing in that particular from all other forms of the air that I know. Barrett, in a footnote, states: "This song is usually sung without any attempt to emphasise the rhythm."

The words have been compiled from those supplied to me by several singers.

No. 36. *My Bonny, Bonny Boy.*

THE earliest form of the ballad is, perhaps, that which was printed in the reign of Charles II. under several titles, "Cupid's Trappan," "The Twitcher," "Bonny, bonny Bird," etc. (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 555). For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., pp. 17 and 274; volume ii., p. 82; volume iii., p. 85); *Songs of the West* (No. 106, 2nd ed.); *English County Songs* (p. 146); *Folk-Songs from Various Counties* (No. 9). The words are also in the *Roxburghe Collection* and printed in black-letter by J. Coles and by W. Thackeray (17th century). Mr. Baring-Gould claims that "bird," not "boy," is the proper reading, and points out that it is so given in the oldest printed version. But Miss Broadwood suggests that an old ballad-title "My bonny *Burd*" (or young girl) may have led to the allegorical use of the bird in later forms of the ballad.

The version given in the text was recovered in London. It was necessary to make one or two slight alterations in the words. The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, contains a passage, only rarely heard in folk-song, in which several notes are sung to a single syllable (see *English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 109).

No. 37 *a* and *b*. *As I walked through the meadows.*

FOR other versions, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., pp. 10-12; volume v., p. 94). A few verbal alterations have been made in the words. The first tune is in the major mode and the second in the Mixolydian with, in one passage, a sharpened seventh.

No. 38. *Sweet Kitty.*

THE tune, which is in the Dorian mode, was used in Mr. Granville Barker's production of Hardy's "Dynasts," being set to the words, "My Love 's gone a-fighting." The words, which are related to those of "Brimbledon Fair" (volume ii., No. 23), have been compiled from several versions that I have collected.

No. 39. *The True Lover's Farewell.*

FOR other versions with tunes of this ballad and of "The Turtle Dove," with which it is closely allied, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 55; volume iii., p. 86; volume iv., p. 286).

The song is clearly one of several peasant songs of the same type upon which Burns modelled his "A red, red rose" (see note to the song in *The Centenary Burns* by Henley and Henderson). The old Scottish tune is printed in Johnson's *Museum* under the heading "Queen Mary's Lament." The variants of this very beautiful song that have been recently recovered in the southern counties of England prove beyond doubt that this was the source from which Burns borrowed nearly all his lines. Henderson, indeed, states that a broadside containing

one of the versions of this song was known to have been in Burns's possession. Two of the traditional stanzas are included in an American burlesque song, dating from about the middle of the last century, called "My Mary Anne" (see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, volume iii., p. 89; volume iv., p. 288). Three stanzas in the text are similar to corresponding lines in a garland entitled "The True Lover's Farewell," the second of "Five excellent New Songs, printed in the year 1792." The words have been compiled from several traditional sets that I have collected.

The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 40. *High Germany.*

THERE are two ballads of this name. The words of one of them, that given here, may be found on a broadside by Such and in *A Collection of Choice Garlands, circa* 1780. The second is printed on a Catnach broadside, and is entitled "The True Lovers: or the King's command must be obeyed," although it is popularly known as "High Germany." For versions of both of these, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 25; *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society* (Part I., p. 10); and *Folk-Songs from Dorset* (No. 6).

The words have been compiled from different versions. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 41. *Death and the Lady.*

FOR other versions with tunes, see *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 169; volume ii., p. 137); *Songs of the West* (No. 99, 2nd ed.); *English Traditional Songs and Carols* (p. 40); and Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (pp. 164-168).

Chappell points out that this is "one of a series of popular ballads which had their rise from the celebrated *Dance of Death*," and he quotes a very long "Dialogue betwixt an Exciseman and Death" from a copy in the Bagford Collection, dated 1659 (also given in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*). There is a tune in Henry Carey's *Musical Century* (volume i., p. 53), set to one of the recitatives in "A New Year's Ode." This is headed "The Melody stolen from an old ballad called Death and the Lady." It is this tune which Chappell prints to the words of "Death and the Lady," from *A Guide to Heaven* (1736). The words of this last version are on a broadside by Evans which I am fortunate enough to possess. It is ornamented with a curious old woodcut of a skeleton holding a scythe and an hour-glass.

No. 42. *My Boy Willie.*

A YORKSHIRE version of the words is given by Halliwell in his *Popular Rhymes* (p. 328); and a Scottish variant in Herd's *Scottish Songs* (volume ii., p. 1). See also Baring-Gould's *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes* (No. 24).

The song, I imagine, is a comic derivative, or burlesque, of "Lord Rendal."

No. 43. *Whistle, Daughter, Whistle.*

I HAVE taken down two variants of this song, and Joyce prints an Irish version under the heading "Cheer up, cheer up, Daughter," in his *Ancient Irish Music* (No. 26).

The words given me by the singer were a little too free and unconventional to be published without emendation, but the necessary alterations have, nevertheless, been very few and unimportant. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 44. *Mowing the Barley.*

FOR other versions, see *Wiltshire Folk-Songs and Carols* (Rev. G. Hill); Butterworth's *Folk-Songs from Sussex* (No. 4); and *Folk-Songs from Various Counties* (No. 4).

No. 45. *I'm Seventeen come Sunday.*

THIS ballad, with words re-written by Burns, is in *The Scots Musical Museum* (ed. 1792, No. 397). The tune there given, which is

different from ours, is a traditional one, and was recorded by Burns himself from a singer in Nithsdale. Other versions are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 92; volume ii., pp. 9 and 269); *Songs of the West* (No. 73, 2nd ed.); and Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads* (p. 99).

The words, which are on broadsides by Bebbington (Manchester) and Such, have not been altered. The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 46. *The Lark in the Morn.*

For other versions with tunes, see *Folk-Songs from the Eastern Counties* (No. 6); *A Garland of Country Song* (No. 27); *Traditional Tunes* (p. 145); and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 272).

No. 47. *Hares on the Mountains.*

This is a very popular song in the West of England, but it has not, I believe, been found elsewhere. Similar words are in Sam Lover's *Rory O'More* (p. 101), which Mr. Hermann Löhr has set to music. There is also a tune in the *Petrie Collection* (No. 821), called "If all the young maidens be blackbirds and thrushes," in the same metre as the lines in *Rory O'More*. Probably the song is of folk-origin and was known to Sam Lover, who placed it in the mouth of one of the characters in his novel, adding himself, presumably, the last stanza.

No. 48. *O Sally, my dear.*

This, of course, is clearly allied to the preceding song. I have collected only two other versions of it. The words of the first three stanzas had, of necessity, to be somewhat altered. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 49. *Gently, Johnny, my Jingalo.*

I have taken down only one other variant of this. The words were rather coarse, but I have, I think, managed to re-write the first and third lines of each verse without sacrificing the character of the original song. The singer told me he learned it from his father. I have no doubt but that it is a genuine folk-song. The tune is partly Mixolydian.

No. 50. *William Taylor.*

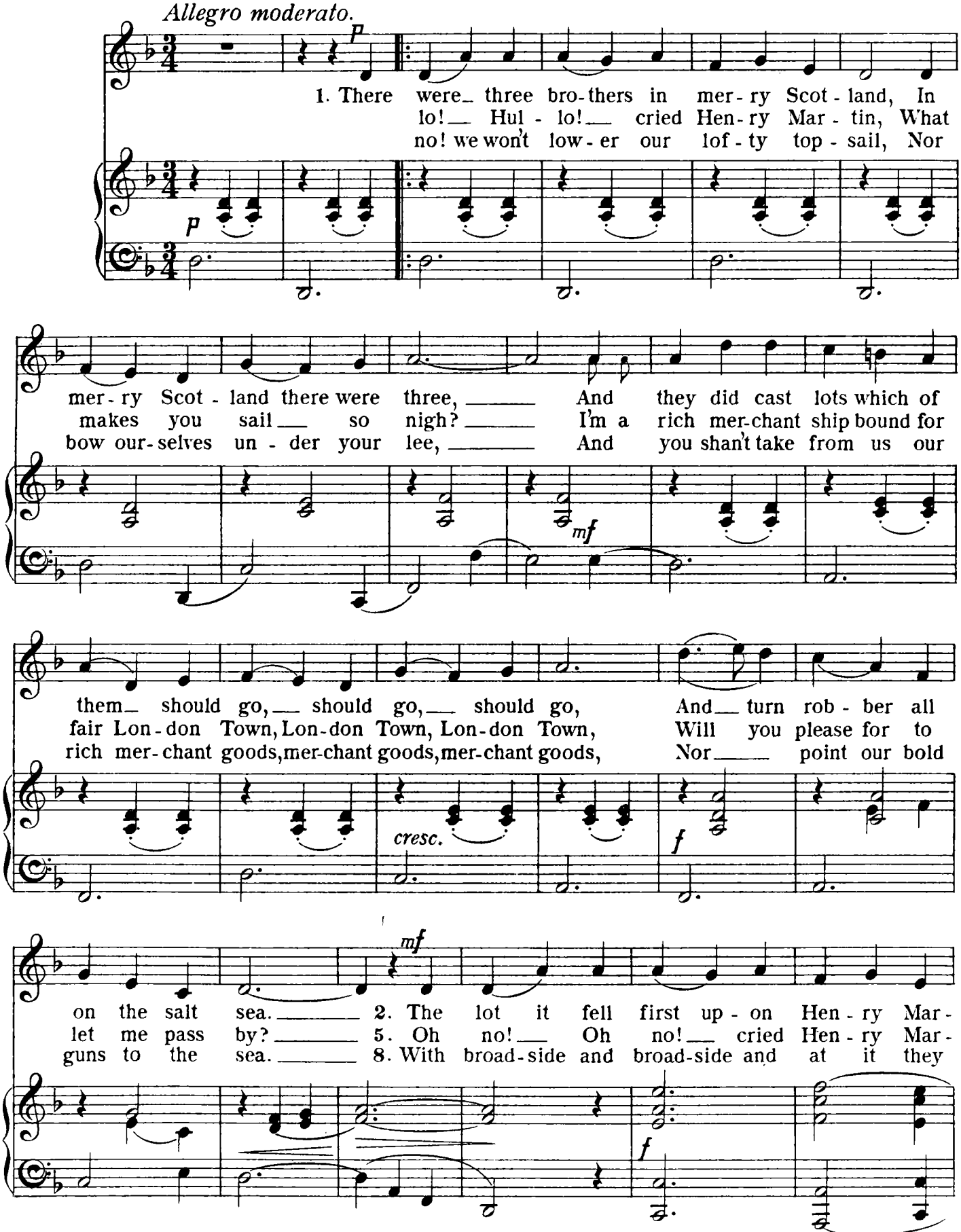
For other versions with tunes, see *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 254; volume iii., pp. 214-220); and *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (No. 118). No tune is better known to the English folk-singer than this. It is usually in the major or, as in the present case, in the Mixolydian mode, but occasionally (see the versions cited above) in the Dorian or Æolian. A burlesque version of the words, with an illustration by George Cruickshank, is given in the *Universal Songster* (volume i., p. 6). "Billy Taylor" became a very popular street-song during the first half of the last century, and I suspect that it was during that period that the last stanza in the text was added.

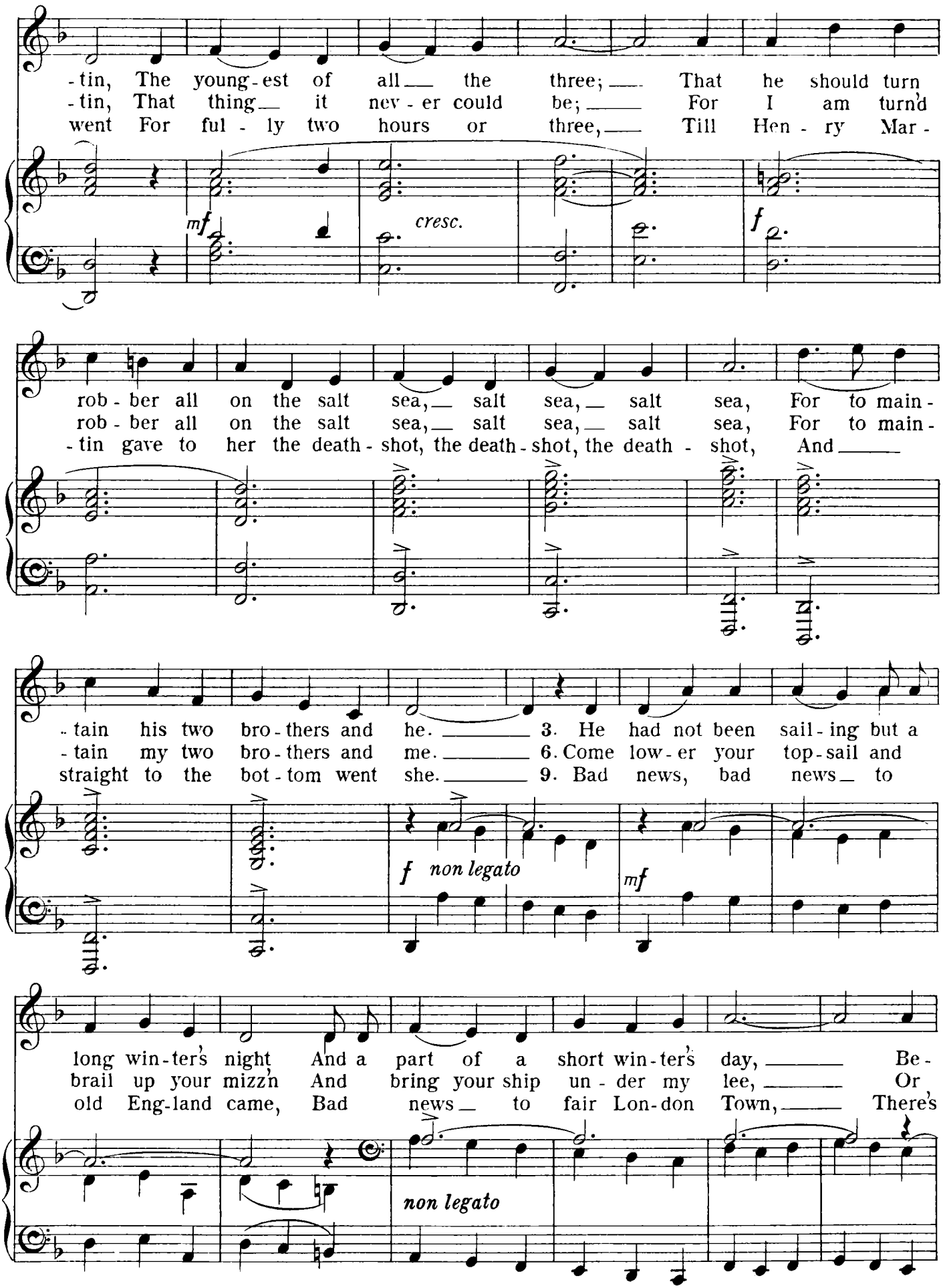
ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

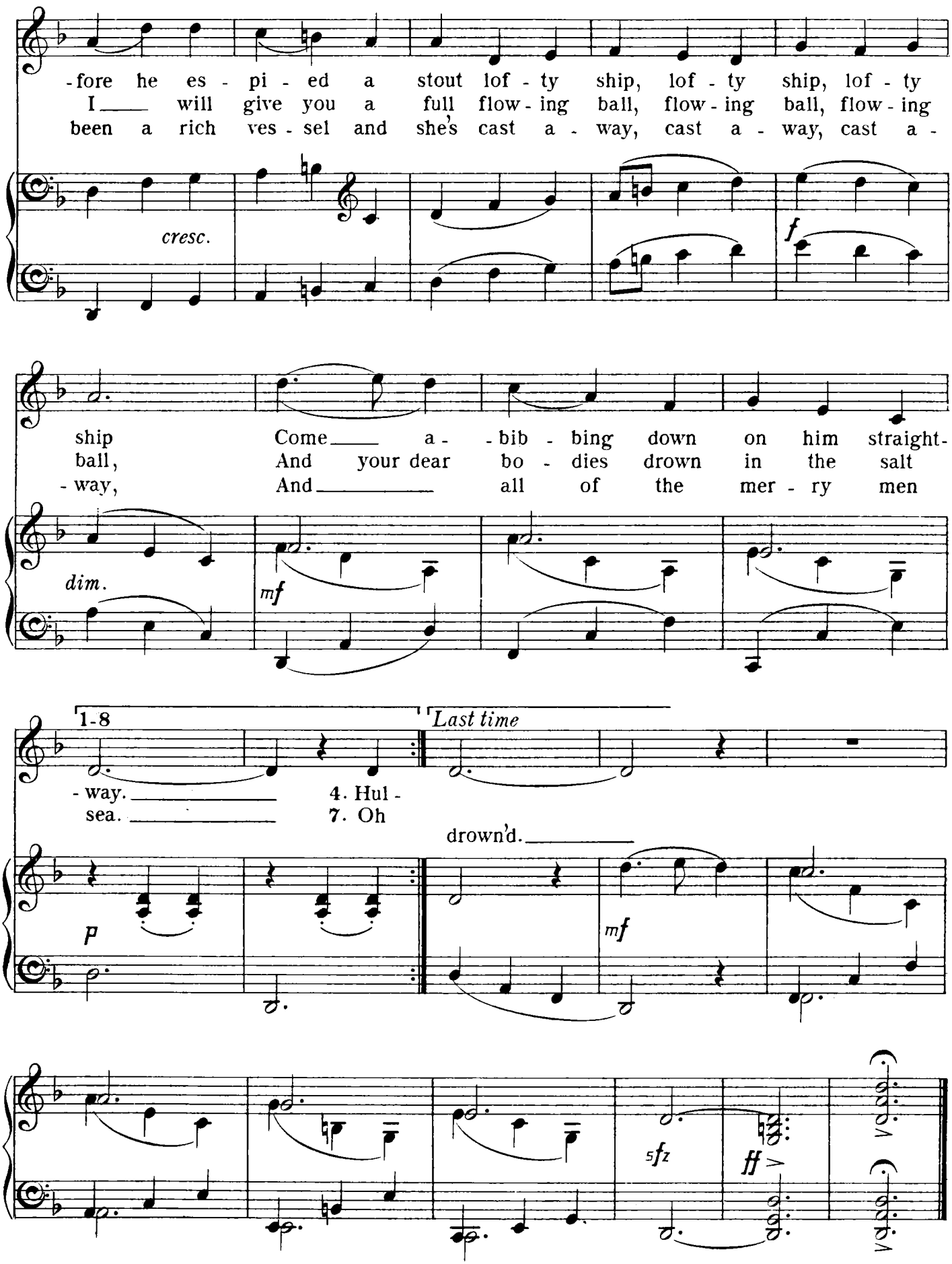
I

HENRY MARTIN.

Allegro moderato.

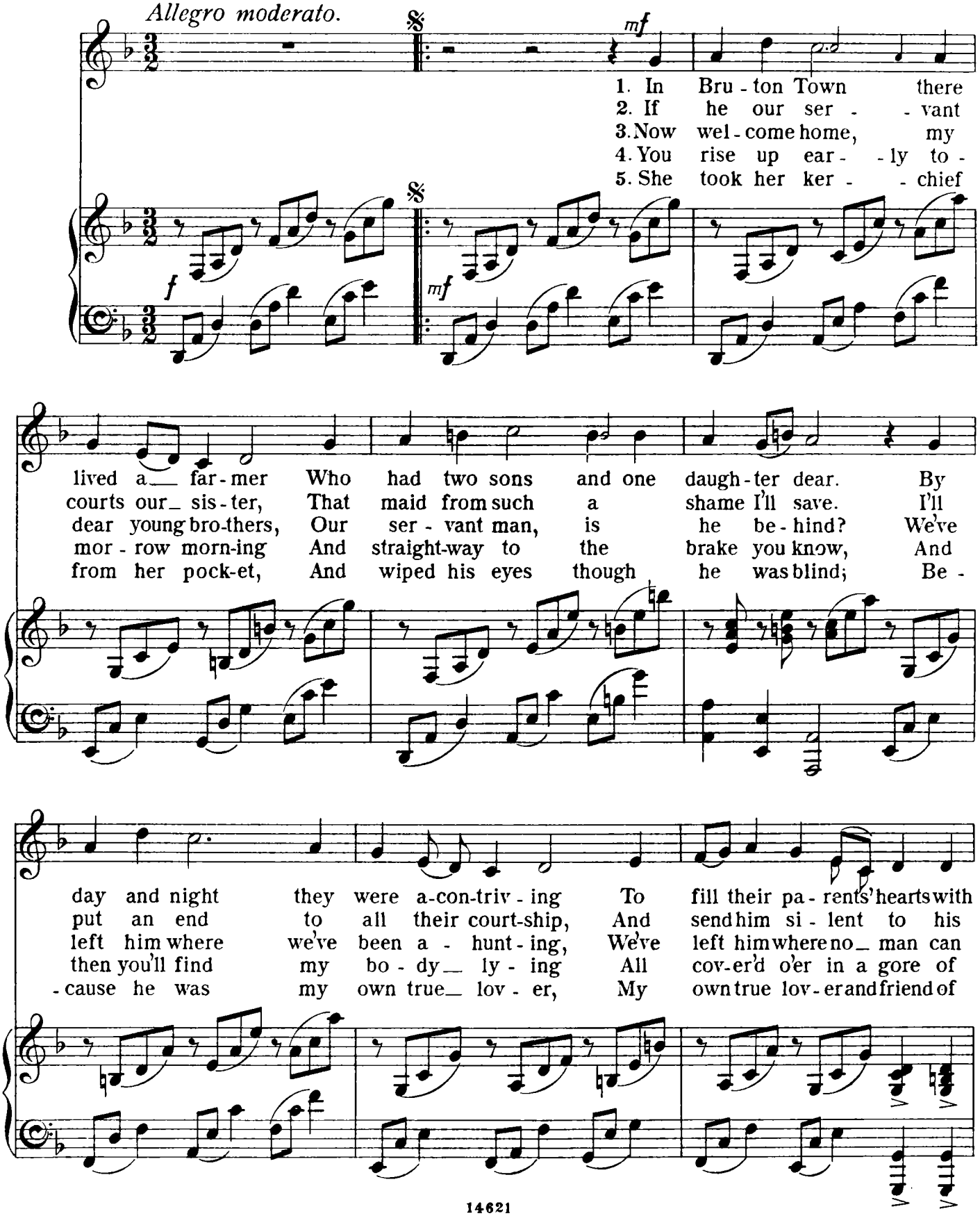


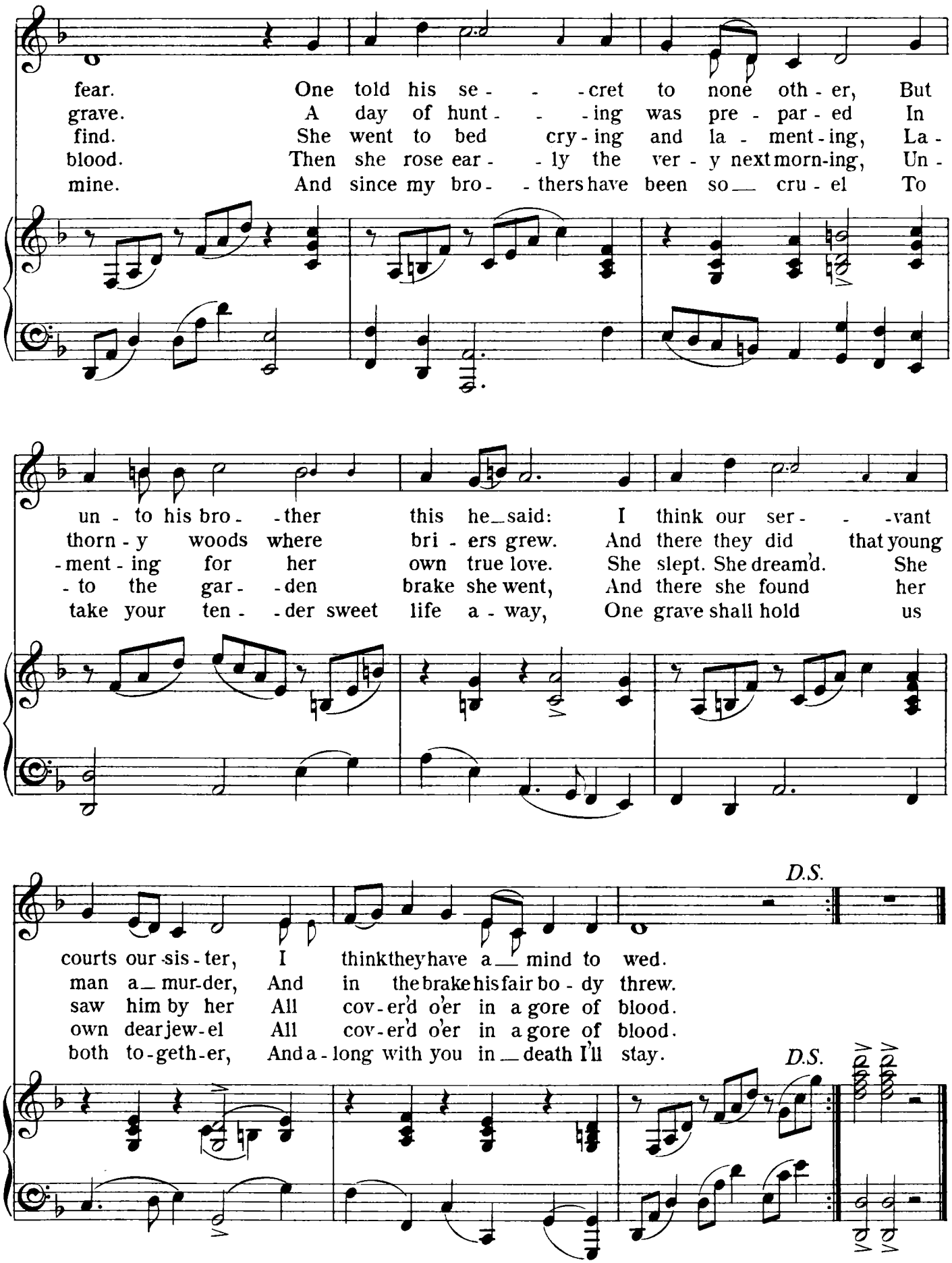

-tin, The young-est of all the three; That he should turn
-tin, That thing it nev-er could be; For I am turn'd
went For ful-ly two hours or three, Till Hen-ry Mar-
mf
cresc.
f
rob-ber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea, For to main-
rob-ber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea, For to main-
-tin gave to her the death-shot, the death-shot, the death-shot, And
-tain his two bro-thers and he. 3. He had not been sail-ing but a
-tain my two bro-thers and me. 6. Come low-er your top-sail and
straight to the bot-tom went she. 9. Bad news, bad news to
f non legato
mf
long win-ter's night And a part of a short win-ter's day, Be-
brail up your mizz'n And bring your ship un-der my lee, Or
old Eng-land came, Bad news to fair Lon-don Town, There's
non legato


-fore he es - pi - ed a stout lof - ty ship, lof - ty ship, lof - ty
I will give you a full flow - ing ball, flow - ing ball, flow - ing
been a rich ves - sel and she's cast a - way, cast a - way, cast a -
cresc.
f
ship Come a - bib - bing down on him straight -
ball, And your dear bo - dies drown in the salt
- way, And all of the mer - ry men
dim.
mf
1-8
- way.
sea.
4. Hul -
7. Oh
Last time
drown'd.
p
mf
sfz
ff

II

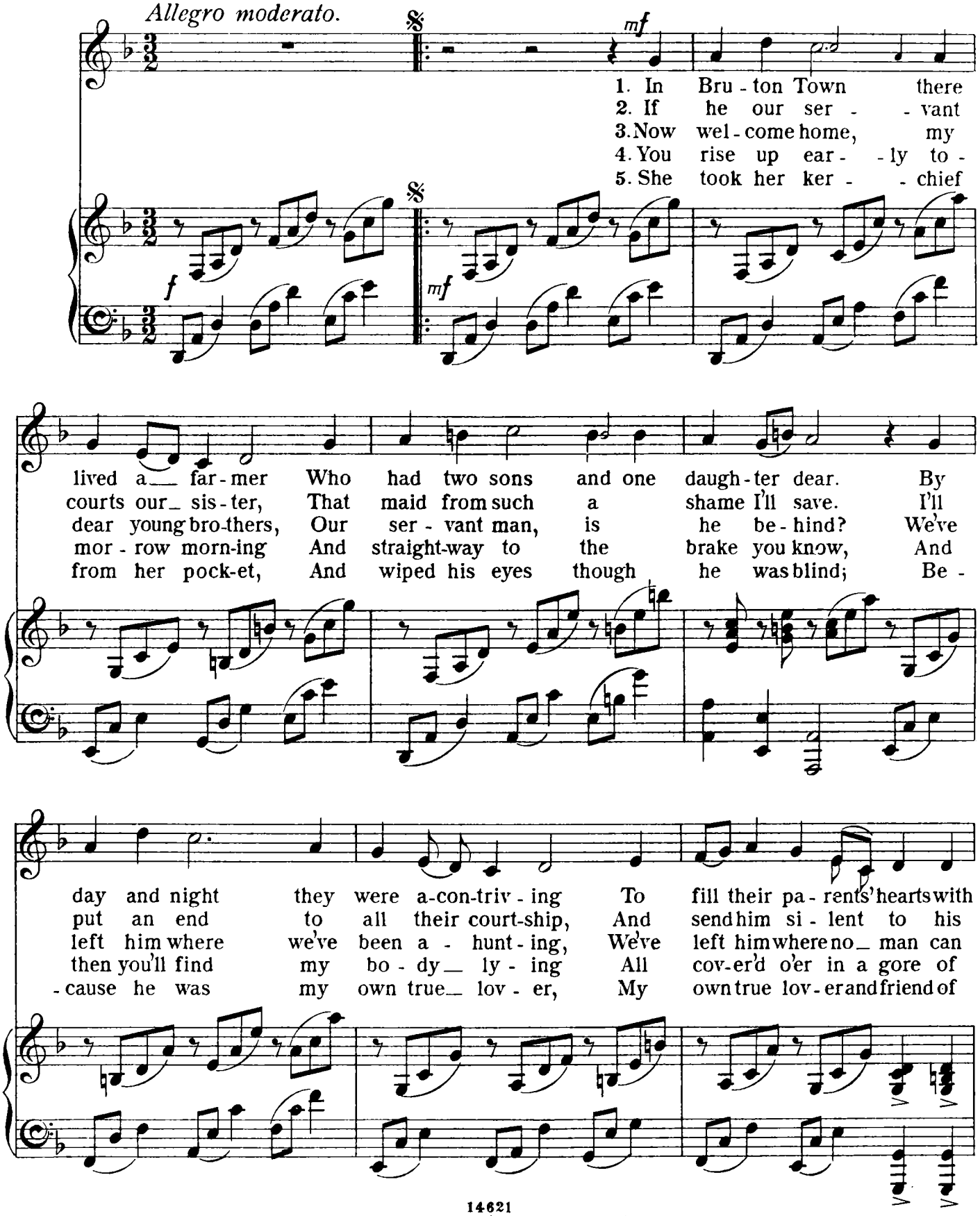
BRUTON TOWN.

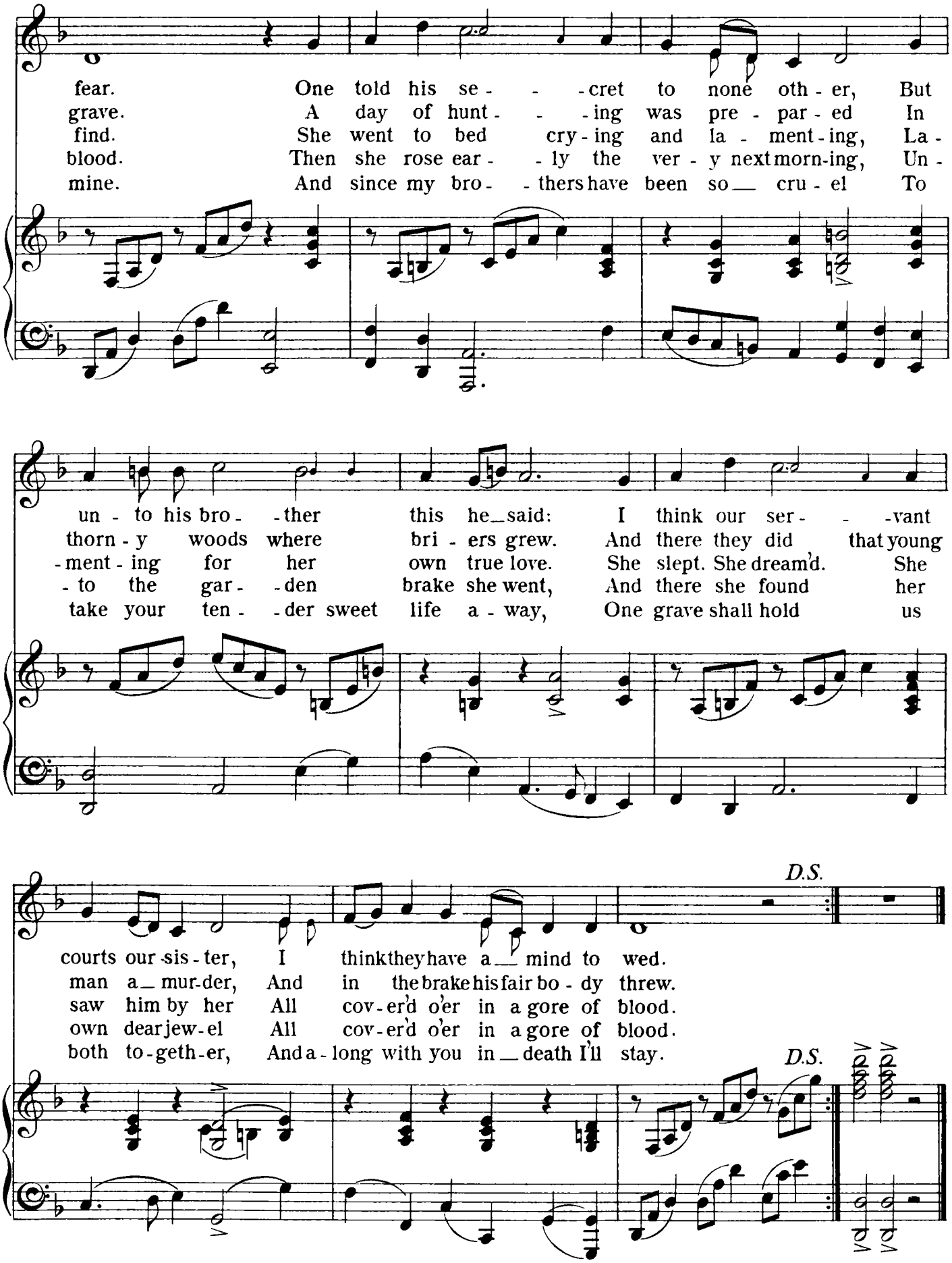



fear. One told his se- - -cret to none oth-er, But
grave. A day of hunt- - -ing was pre-par-ed In
find. She went to bed cry-ing and la-ment-ing, La-
blood. Then she rose ear- -ly the ver-y next morn-ing, Un-
mine. And since my bro- -thers have been so cru-el To
un-to his bro- -ther this he said: I think our ser- -vant
thorn-y woods where bri-ers grew. And there they did that young
-ment-ing for her own true love. She slept. She dream'd. She
-to the gar- -den brake she went, And there she found her
take your ten- -der sweet life a-way, One grave shall hold us
D.S.
courts our sis-ter, I think they have a mind to wed.
man a mur-der, And in the brake his fair bo-dy threw.
saw him by her All cov-er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
own dear jew-el All cov-er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
both to-geth-er, And a-long with you in death I'll stay.
D.S.

II

BRUTON TOWN.

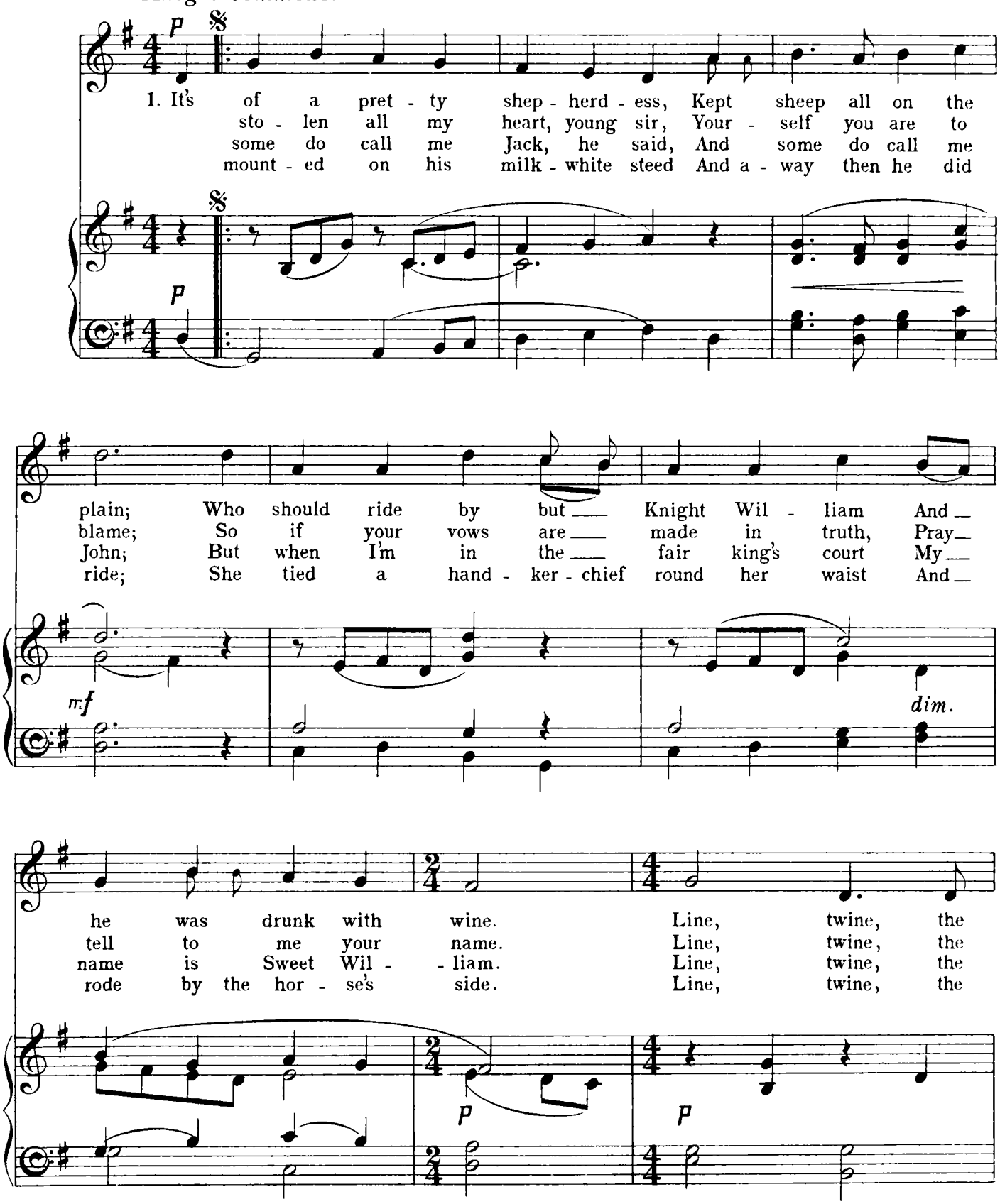



fear. One told his se - - - cret to none oth - er, But
grave. A day of hunt - - - ing was pre - par - ed In
find. She went to bed cry - ing and la - ment - ing, La -
blood. Then she rose ear - - ly the ver - y next morn-ing, Un -
mine. And since my bro - - thers have been so cru - el To
un - to his bro - - ther this he said: I think our ser - - vant
thorn - y woods where bri - ers grew. And there they did that young
- ment - ing for her own true love. She slept. She dream'd. She
- to the gar - - den brake she went, And there she found her
take your ten - - der sweet life a - way, One grave shall hold us
D.S.
courts our sis - ter, I think they have a mind to wed.
man a mur-der, And in the brake his fair bo - dy threw.
saw him by her All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
own dear jew - el All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
both to - geth - er, And a - long with you in death I'll stay.
D.S.

III

THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

Allegro commodo.



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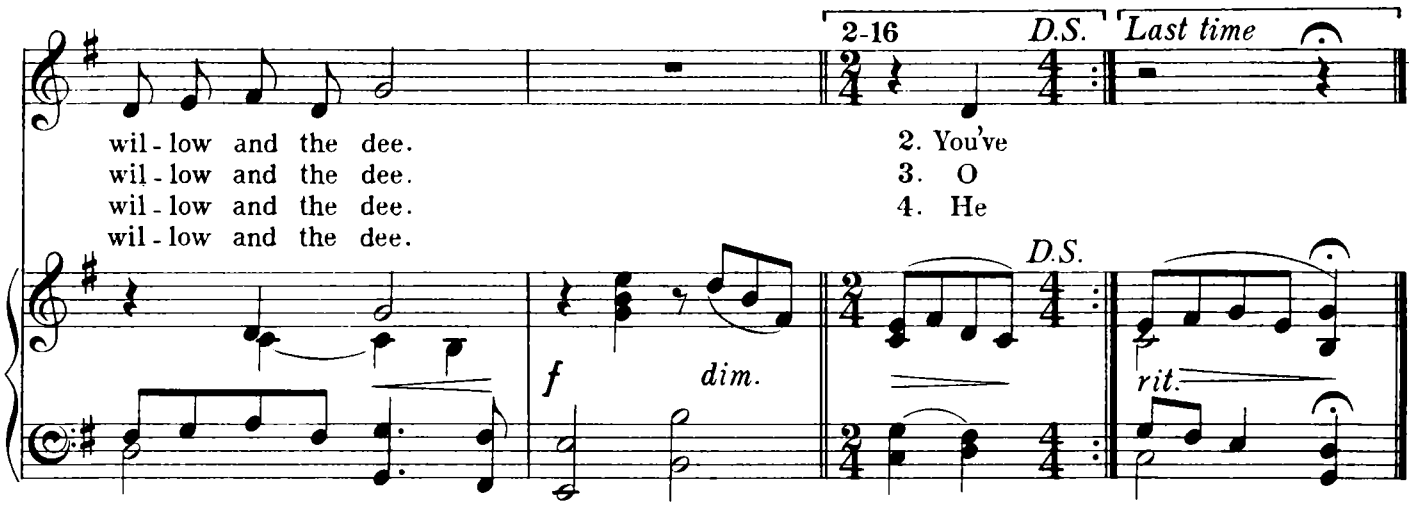


5

She rode till she came to the river's side,
She fell on her belly and swam;
And when she came to the other side
She took to her heels and ran.

6

She ran till she came to the king's fair court,
She pull-ed at the ring:
There was none so ready as the king himself
To let this fair maid in.

7

Good morning to you, my pretty maid.
Good morning sir, said she;
You have a knight all in your court
This day has a-robbed me.

8

O has he robbed you of your gold,
Or any of your fee?
Or has he robbed you of the rarest branch
That grows in your body?

9

He has not robbed me of my gold,
Nor any of my fee;
But he has robbed me of the rarest branch
That grows in my body.

10

Here's twenty pounds for you, he said,
All wrap-ped in a glove;
And twenty pounds for you, he said,
To seek some other love.

11

I will not have your twenty pounds,
Nor any of your fee;
But I will have the king's fair knight
This day to marry me.

12

The king called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three;
Young William once the foremost was,
But now behind came he.

13

Accurs-ed be that very hour
That I got drunk by wine.
To have the farmer's daughter here
To be a true love of mine!

14

If I a farmer's daughter am
Pray leave me all alone;
If you make me a lady of a thousand lands
I can make thee lord of ten.

15

The dog shall eat the flour you sowed,
And thou shall eat the bran;
I'll make thee rue the day and hour
That ever thou wast born.

16

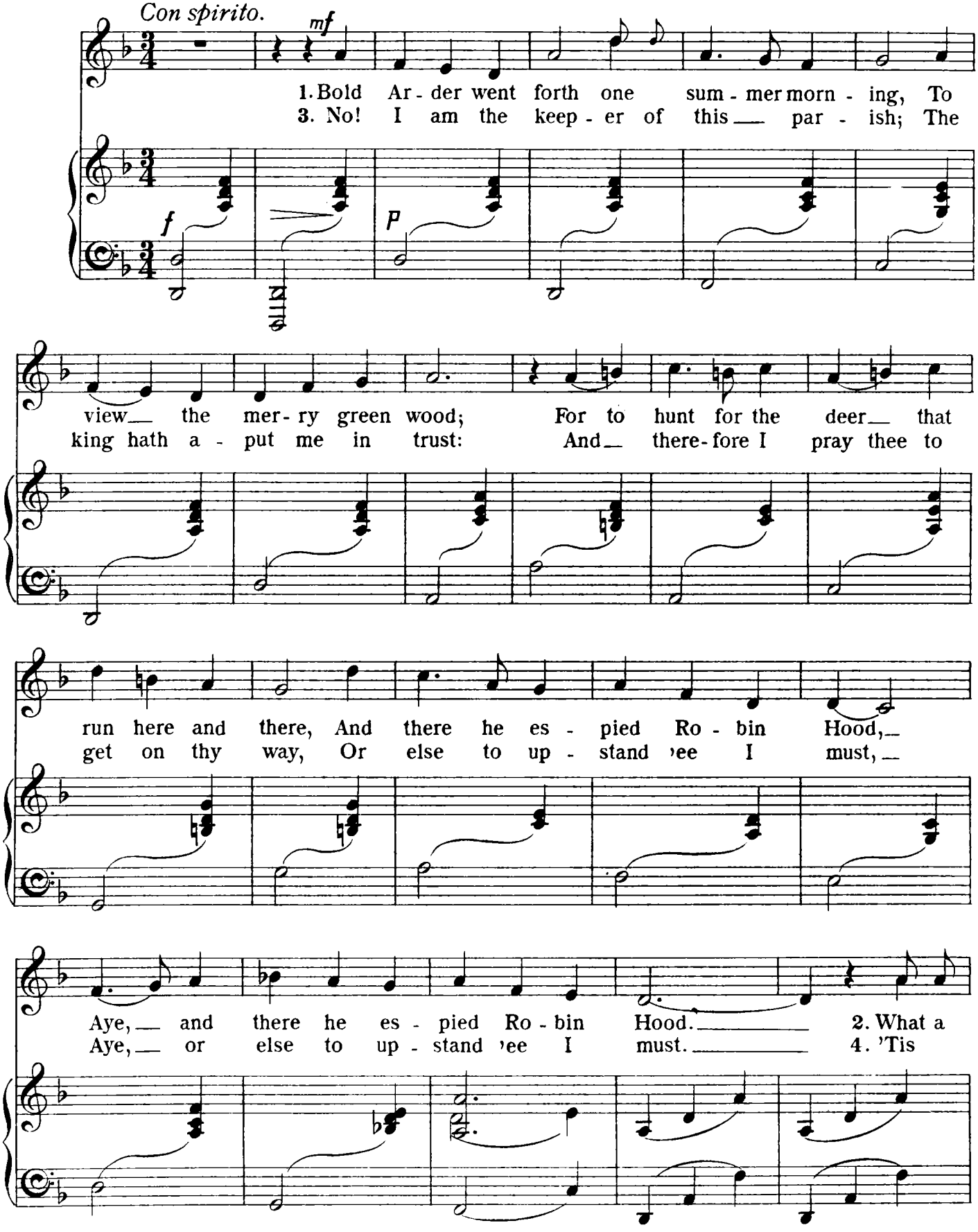
He mounted on his milk-white steed,
And she on her pony grey;
He threw the bugle round his neck
And together they rode away.

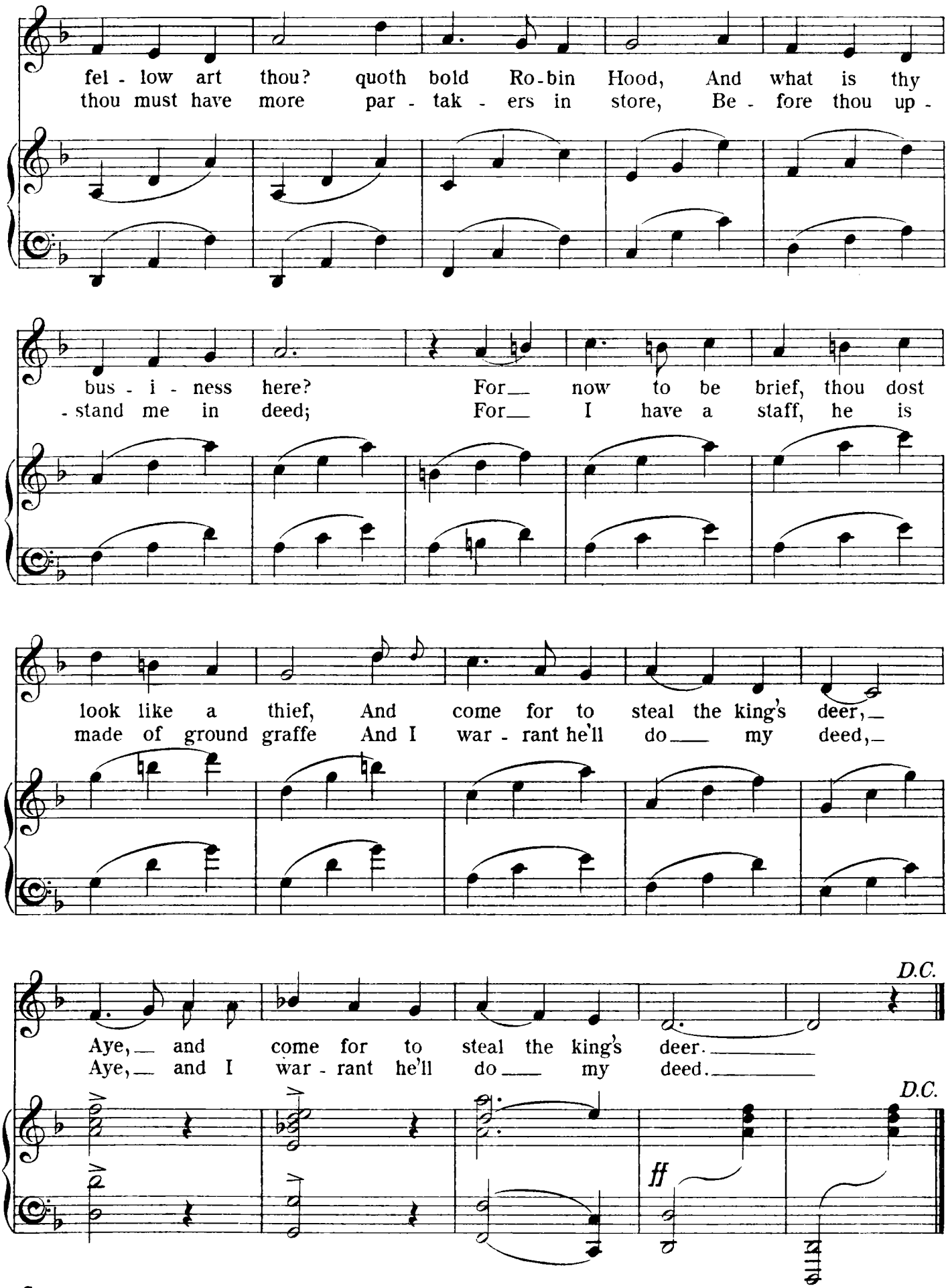
17

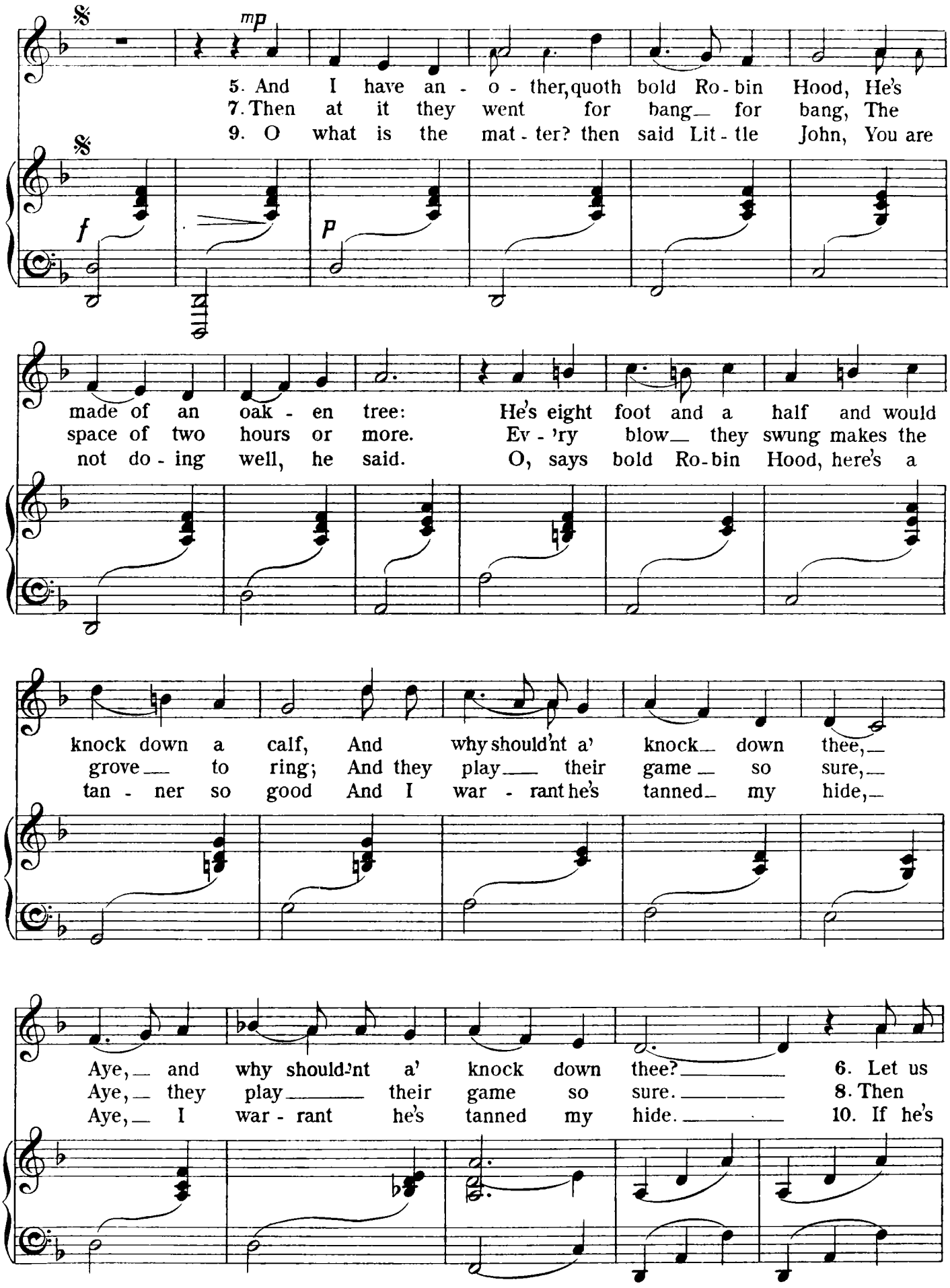
The very next town that they came to
The wedding bells did ring;
And the very next church that they came to
There was a gay wedding.

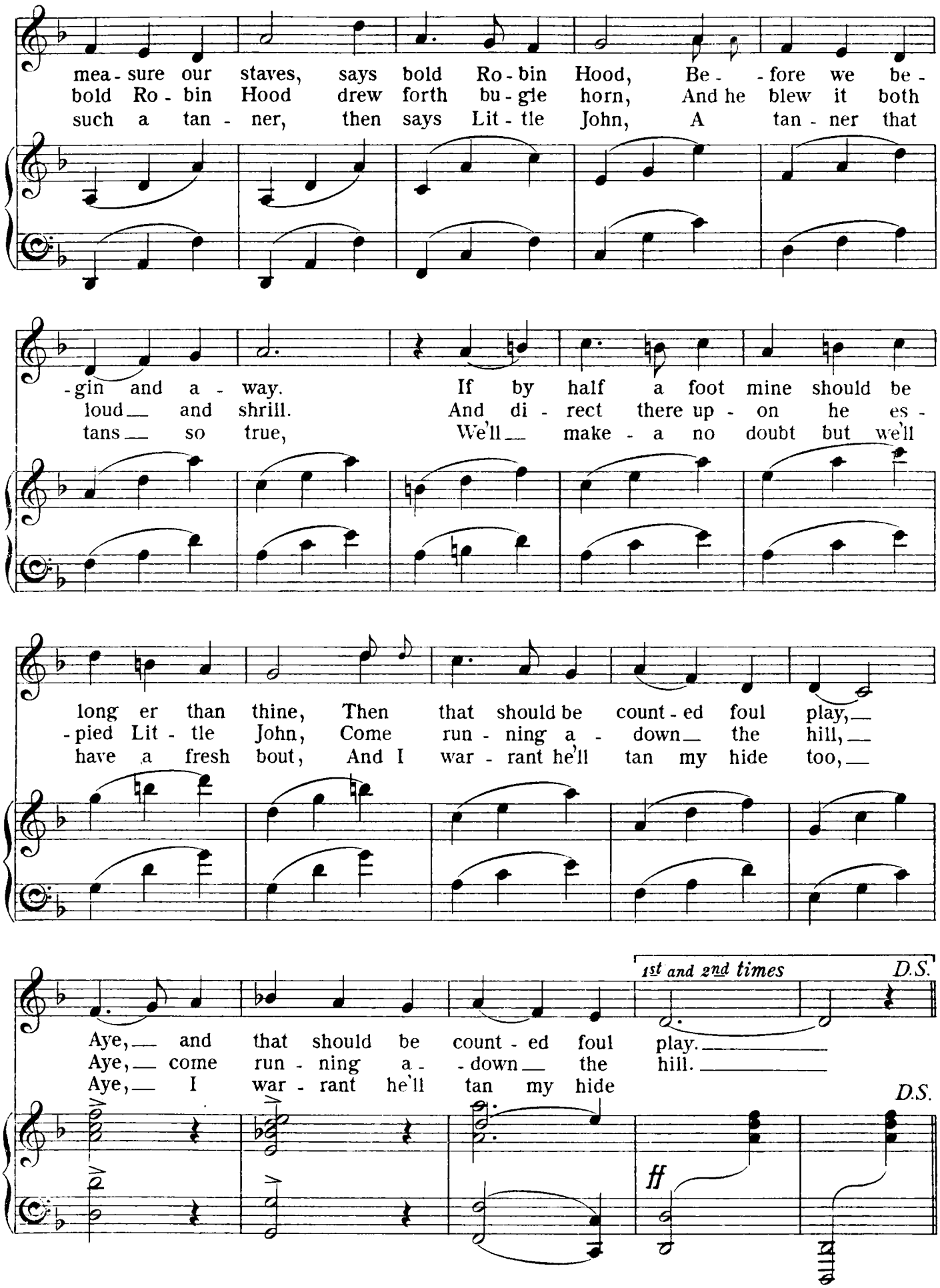
IV

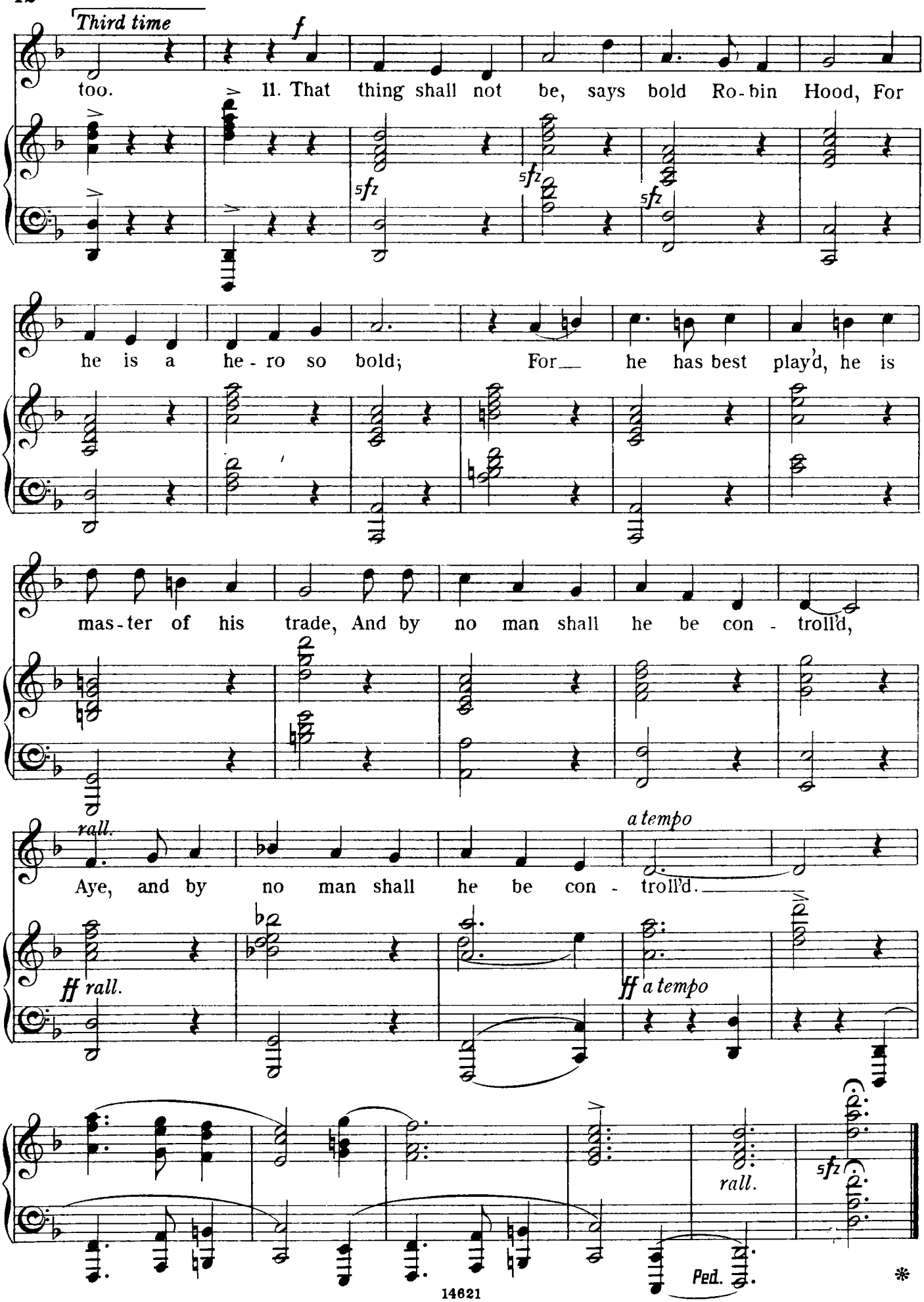
ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.



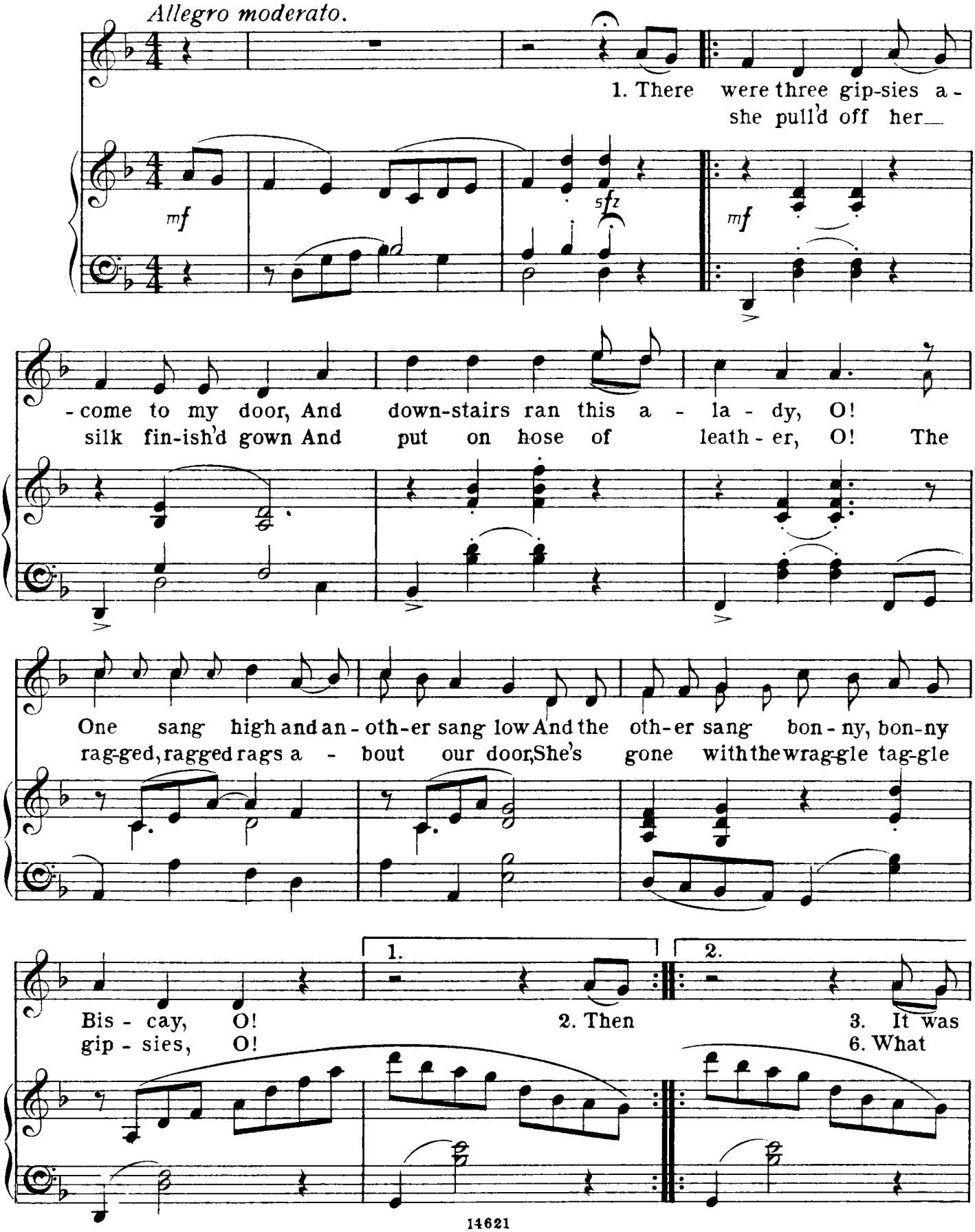

fel - low art thou? quoth bold Ro-bin Hood, And what is thy
thou must have more par - tak - ers in store, Be - fore thou up -
bus - i - ness here? For now to be brief, thou dost
- stand me in deed; For I have a staff, he is
look like a thief, And come for to steal the king's deer,
made of ground graffe And I war - rant he'll do my deed,
D.C.
Aye, and come for to steal the king's deer.
Aye, and I war - rant he'll do my deed.
D.C.
ff


5. And I have an - o - ther, quoth bold Ro - bin Hood, He's
7. Then at it they went for bang_ for bang, The
9. O what is the mat - ter? then said Lit - tle John, You are
made of an oak - en tree: He's eight foot and a half and would
space of two hours or more. Ev - 'ry blow_ they swung makes the
not do - ing well, he said. O, says bold Ro - bin Hood, here's a
knock down a calf, And why should'nt a' knock_ down thee,_
grove_ to ring; And they play_ their game_ so sure,_
tan - ner so good And I war - rant he's tanned_ my hide,_
Aye,_ and why should'nt a' knock down thee?_
Aye,_ they play_ their game so sure._
Aye,_ I war - rant he's tanned my hide._
6. Let us
8. Then
10. If he's


mea - sure our staves, says bold Ro - bin Hood, Be - - fore we be -
bold Ro - bin Hood drew forth bu - gle horn, And he blew it both
such a tan - ner, then says Lit - tle John, A tan - ner that
- gin and a - way. If by half a foot mine should be
loud and shrill. And di - rect there up - on he es -
tans so true, We'll make - a no doubt but we'll
long er than thine, Then that should be count - ed foul play,
- pied Lit - tle John, Come run - ning a - down the hill,
have a fresh bout, And I war - rant he'll tan my hide too,
1st and 2nd times
D.S.
Aye, and that should be count - ed foul play.
Aye, come run - ning a - - down the hill.
Aye, I war - rant he'll tan my hide
D.S.
ff


Third time
too.
11. That thing shall not be, says bold Ro-bin Hood, For
he is a he-ro so bold; For he has best play'd, he is
mas-ter of his trade, And by no man shall he be con-troll'd,
rall.
Aye, and by no man shall he be con-troll'd.
a tempo
ff rall.
ff a tempo
rall.
Ped.
*

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!



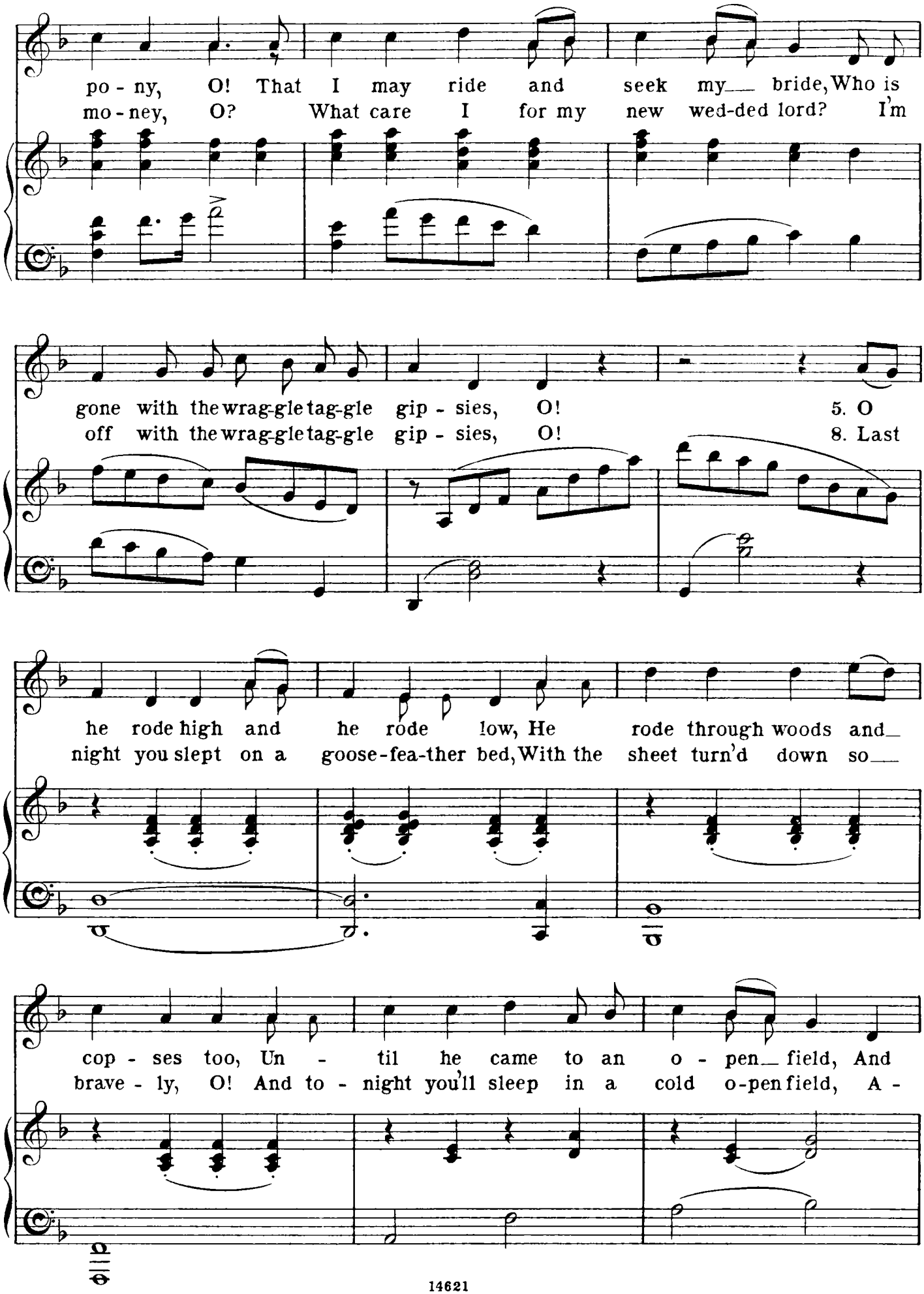
late last night when my lord came home, En - quir - ing for his a -
makes you leave your house and land? What makes you leave your

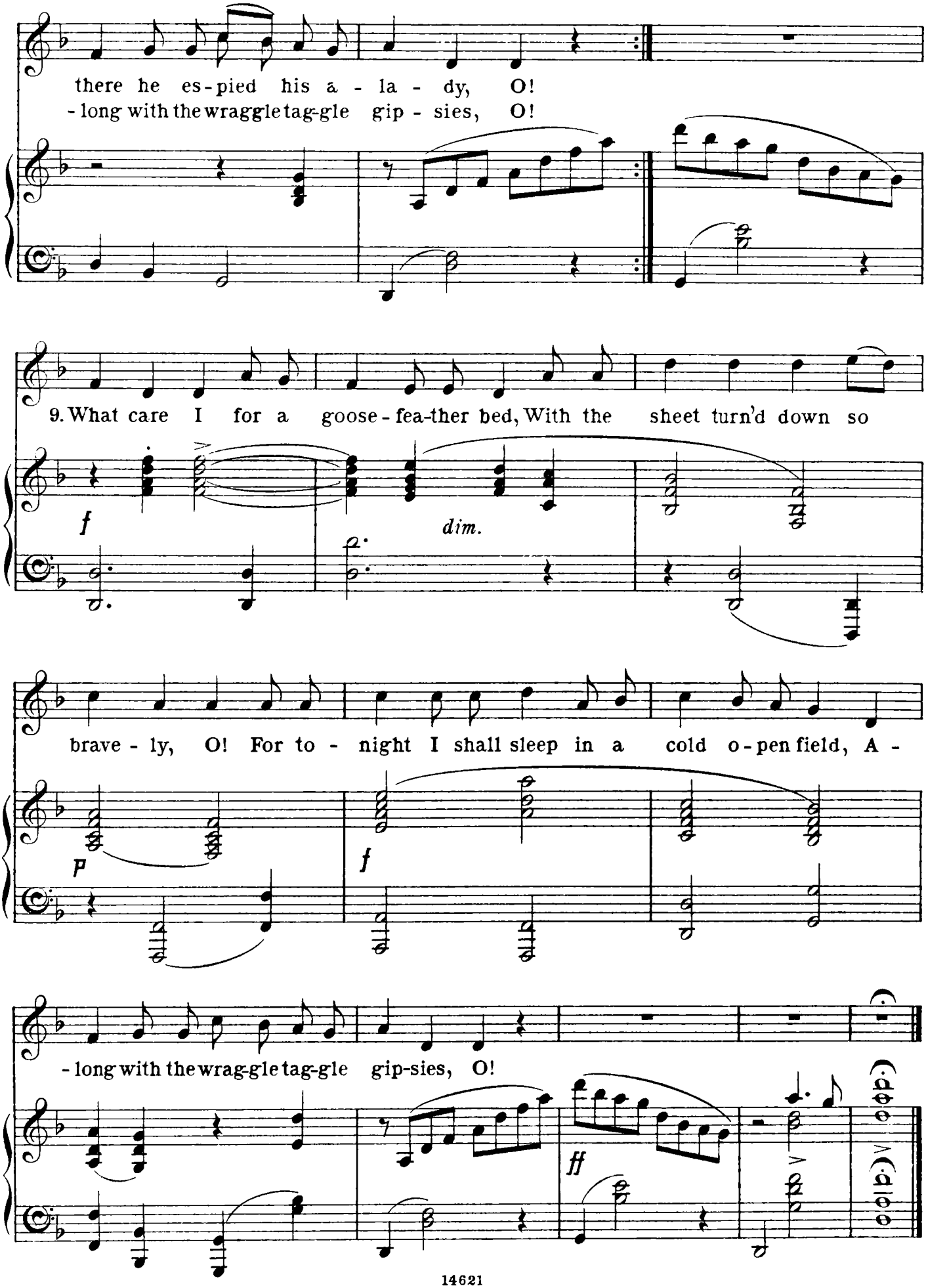
- la - dy, O! The ser - vants said, on ev - 'ry hand: She's
mon - ey, O? What makes you leave your new wed-ded lord, To

gone with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies, O! 4. O,
go with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies, O?

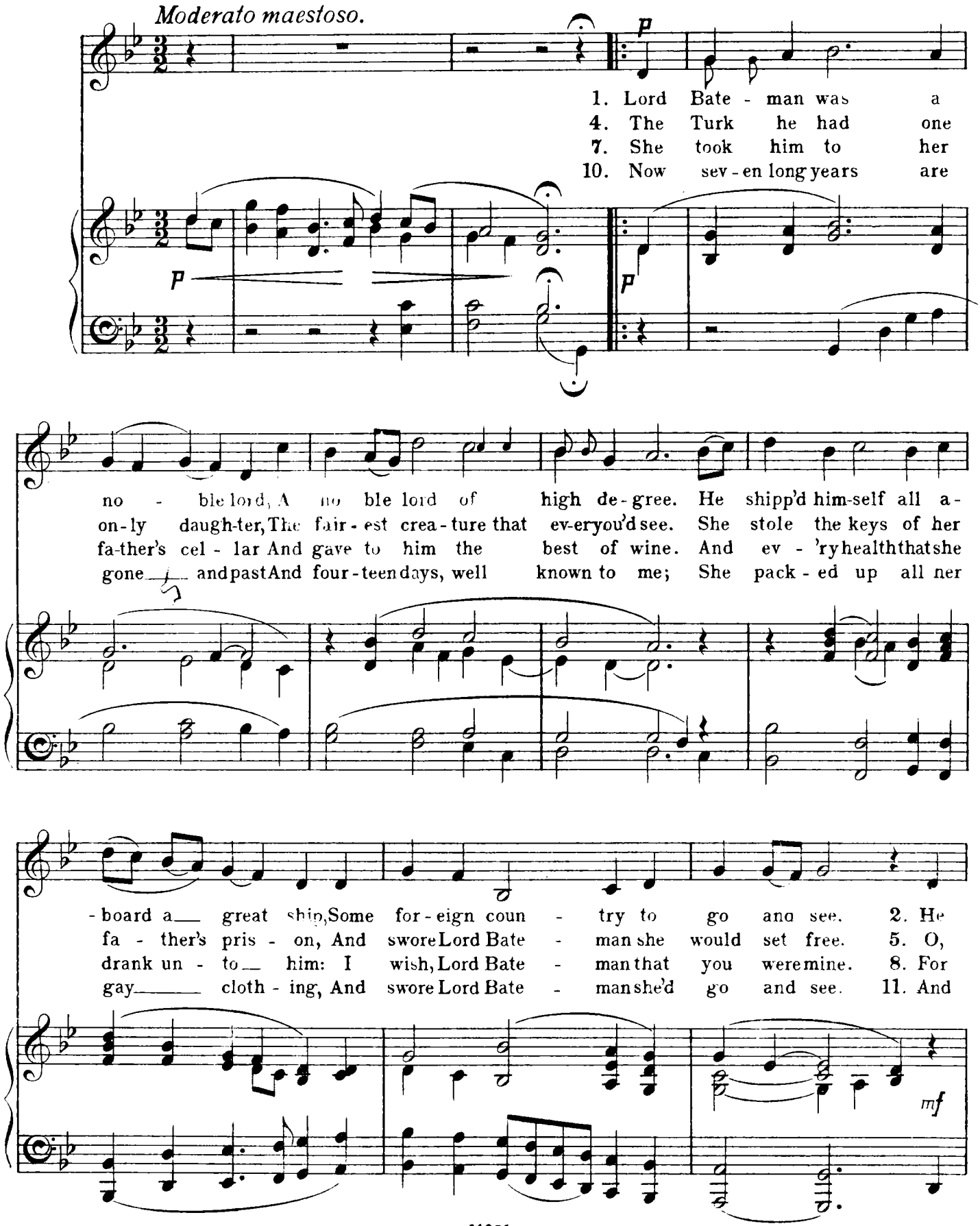
sad-dle to me my milk-white steed, Go and fetch me my
7. What care I for my house and my land? What care I for my

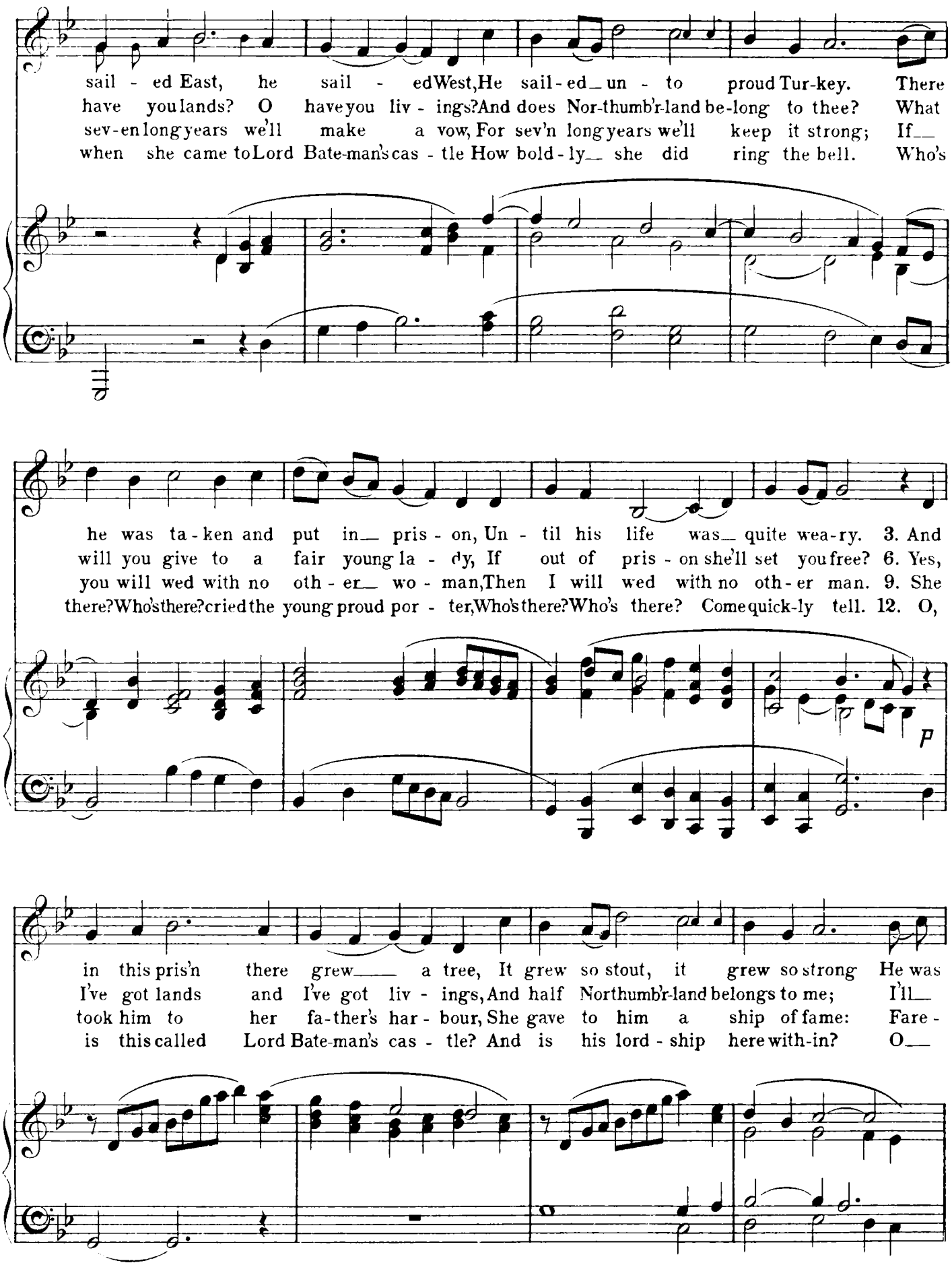
staccato

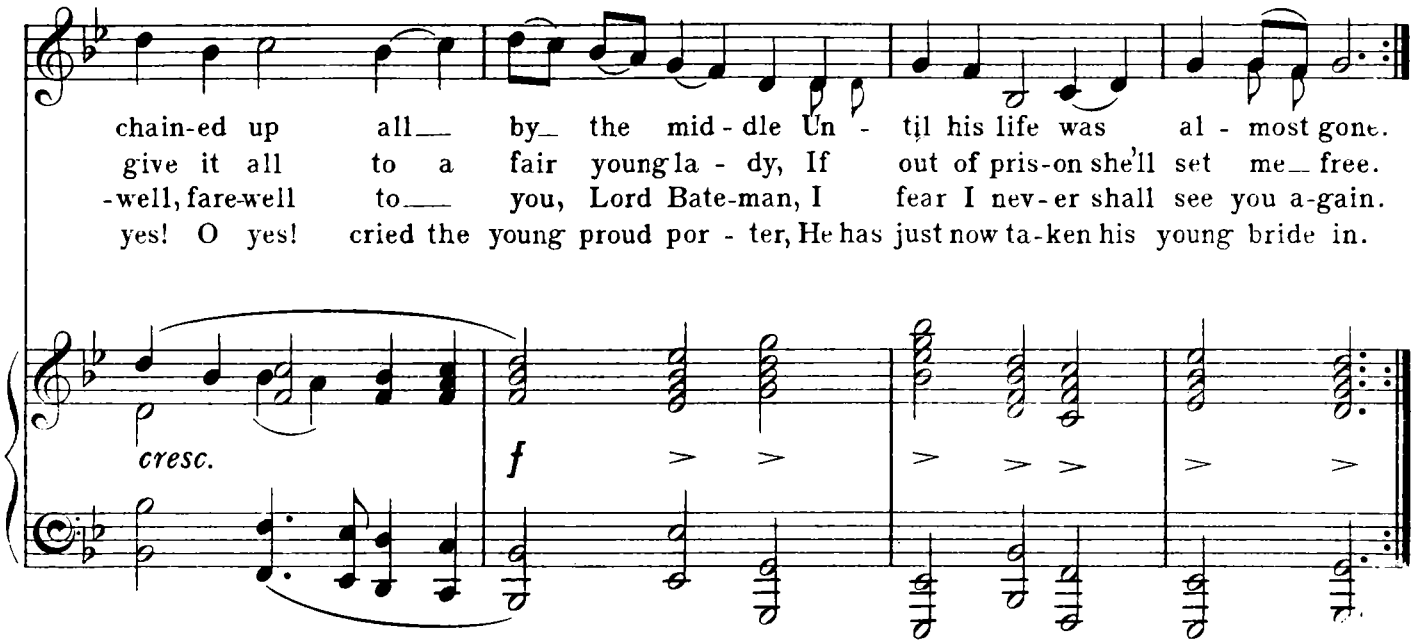

po - ny, O! That I may ride and seek my bride, Who is
mo - ney, O? What care I for my new wed-ded lord? I'm
gone with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies, O!
off with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies, O!
5. O
8. Last
he rode high and he rode low, He rode through woods and
night you slept on a goose-fea-ther bed, With the sheet turn'd down so
cop - ses too, Un - til he came to an o - pen field, And
brave - ly, O! And to - night you'll sleep in a cold o-pen field, A -


there he es-pied his a - la - dy, O!
- long with the wraggle tag-gle gip - sies, O!
9. What care I for a goose - fea-ther bed, With the sheet turn'd down so
f
dim.
brave - ly, O! For to - night I shall sleep in a cold o-pen field, A -
p
f
- long with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip-sies, O!
ff

VI
LORD BATEMAN.




sail - ed East, he sail - ed West, He sail - ed un - to proud Tur-key. There
have you lands? O have you liv - ings? And does Nor-thumb'r-land be-long to thee? What
sev-en long years we'll make a vow, For sev'n long years we'll keep it strong; If
when she came to Lord Bate-man's cas - tle How bold - ly she did ring the bell. Who's
he was ta - ken and put in pris - on, Un - til his life was quite wea-ry. 3. And
will you give to a fair young la - dy, If out of pris - on she'll set you free? 6. Yes,
you will wed with no oth - er wo - man, Then I will wed with no oth - er man. 9. She
there? Who's there? cried the young proud por - ter, Who's there? Who's there? Come quick-ly tell. 12. O,
P
in this pris'n there grew a tree, It grew so stout, it grew so strong He was
I've got lands and I've got liv - ings, And half Northumb'r-land belongs to me; I'll
took him to her fa-ther's har - bour, She gave to him a ship of fame: Fare -
is this called Lord Bate-man's cas - tle? And is his lord - ship here with-in? O



13.
You tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best of wine;
And not forgetting that fair young lady
That did release him when close confined.

14.
Away, away went the young proud porter,
Away, away, away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Down on his bended knees fell he.

15.
What news, what news, my young proud porter?
What news, what news hast thou brought to me?
There is the fairest of all young ladies
That ever my two eyes did see.

16.
She has got rings round every finger;
Round one of them she has got three.
She has gold enough all round her middle
To buy Northumb'rland that belongs to thee.

17.
She tells you to send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best of wine;
And not forgetting that fair young lady
That did release you when close confined.

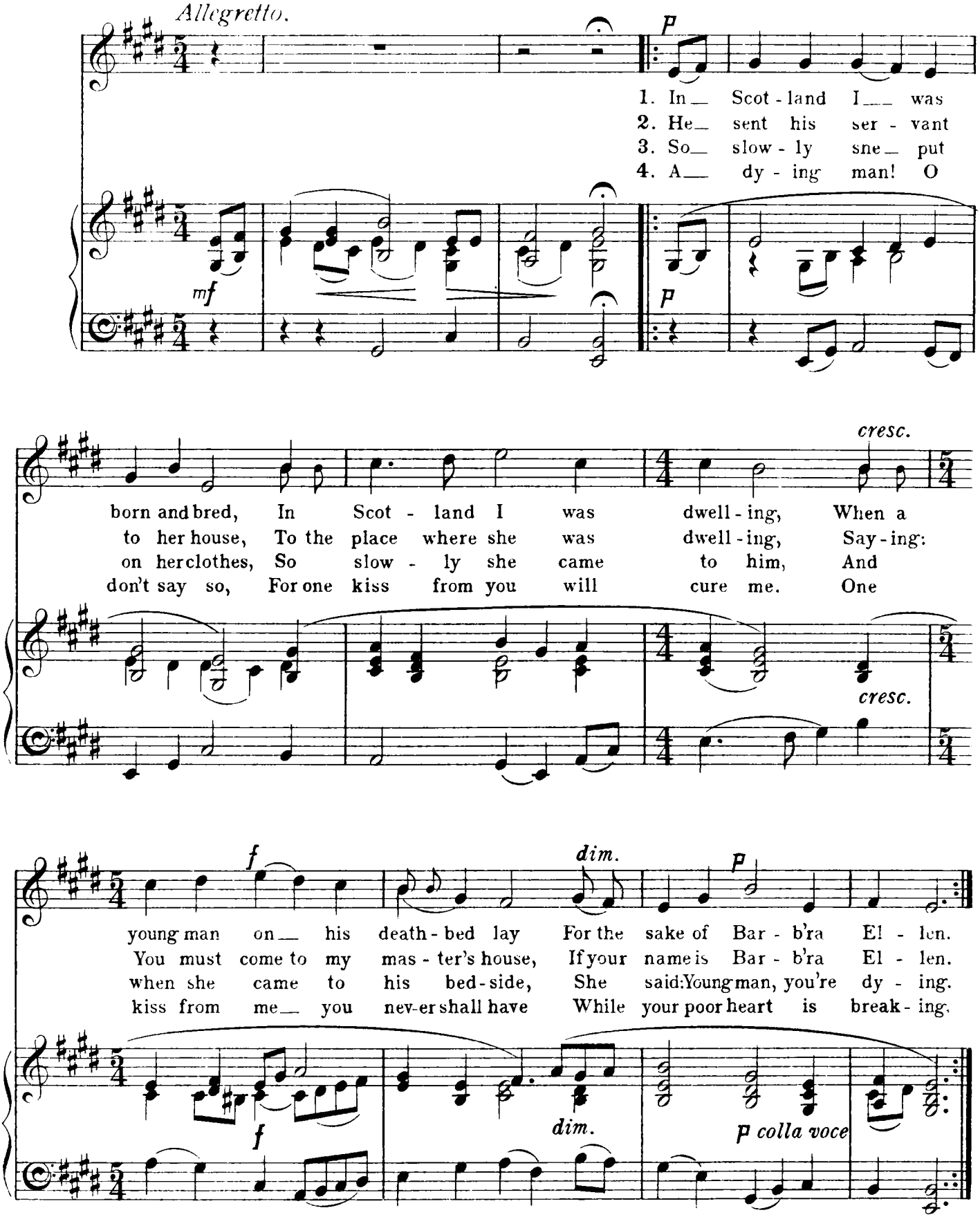
18.
Lord Bateman then in a passion flew;
He broke his sword in splinters three;
Half will I give of my father's portion
If but Sophia will have a-crossed the sea.

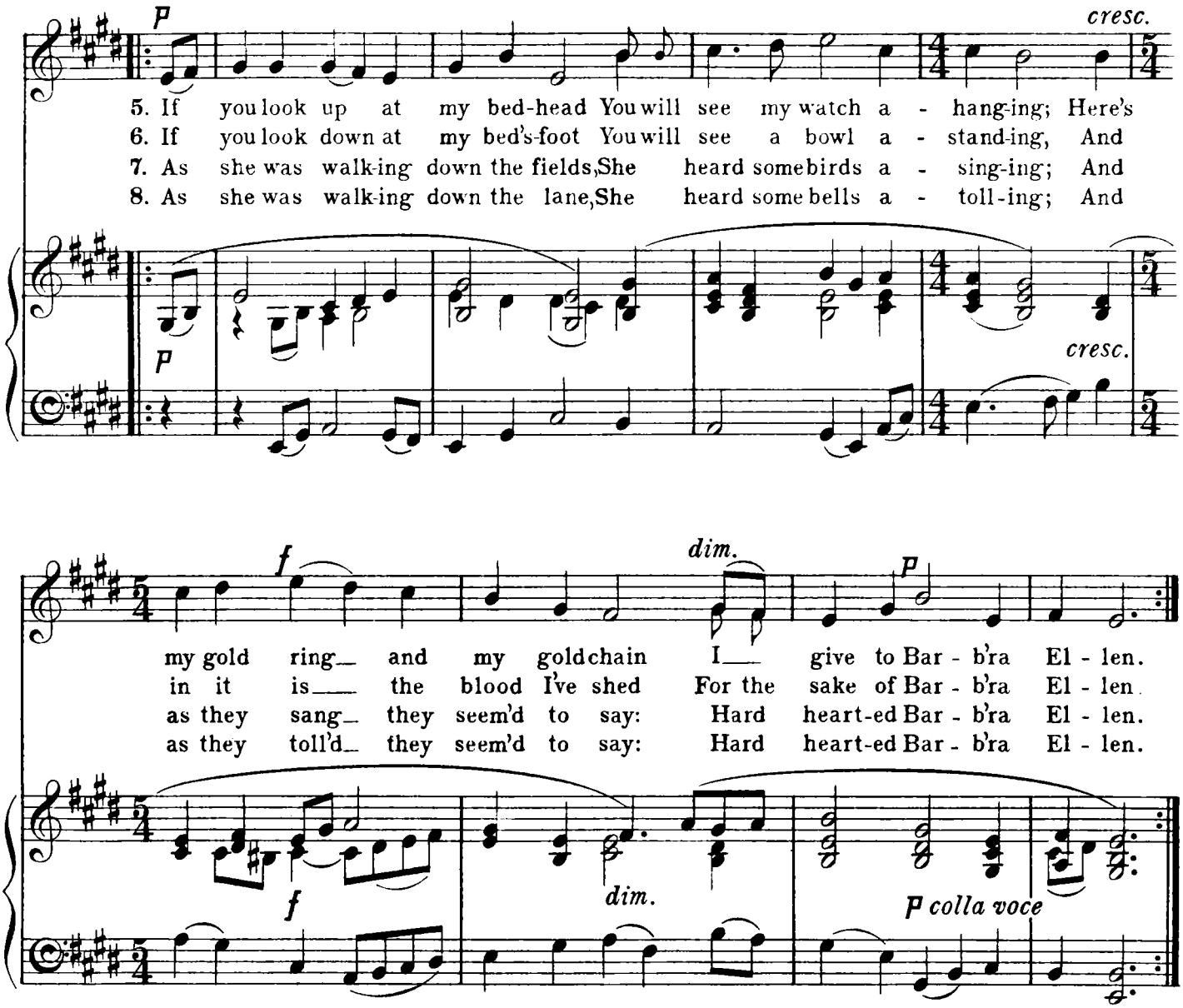
19.
O then up spoke the young bride's mother
Who was never heard to speak so free:
You'll not forget my only daughter
If but Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

20.
I own I made a bride of your daughter;
She's neither the better nor worse for me.
She came to me on a horse and saddle;
She may go back in a coach and three.

21.
Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
And both their hearts were full of glee.
I will range no more to a foreign country
Now since Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

VII
BARBARA ELLEN.





9.

As she was walking up the groves
And met his corpse a-coming:
Stay, stay, said she, and stop awhile,
That I may gaze all on you.

10.

The more she gazed, the more she smiled,
Till she burst out a-laughing;
And her parents cried out: Fie, for shame,
Hard hearted Barb'ra Ellen.

11.

Come, mother, come, make up my bed,
Make it both long and narrow;
My true love died for me yesterday,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

12.

And he was buried in Edmondstone,
And she was buried in Cold Harbour;
And out of him sprang roses red,
And out of her sweet-brier.

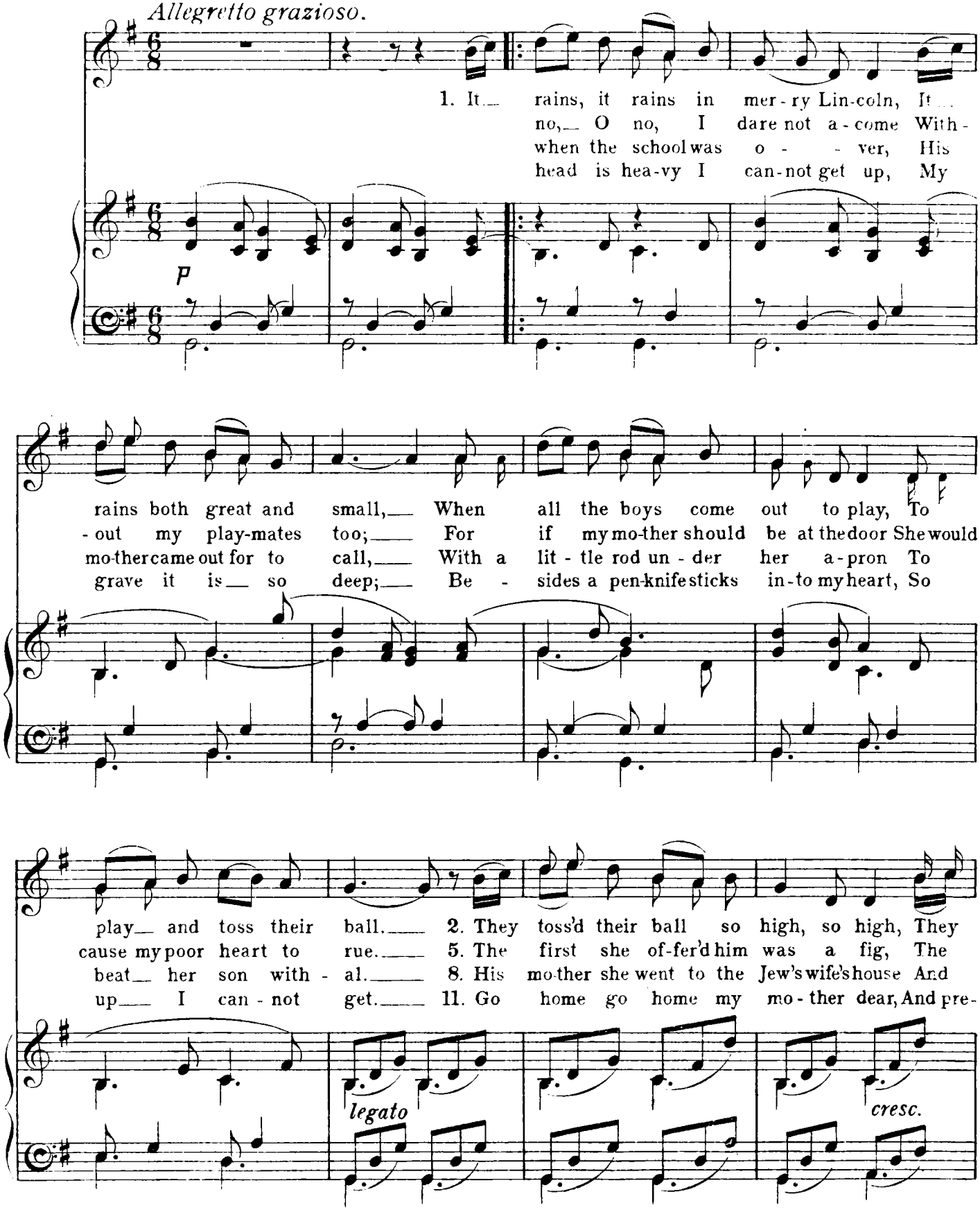
13.

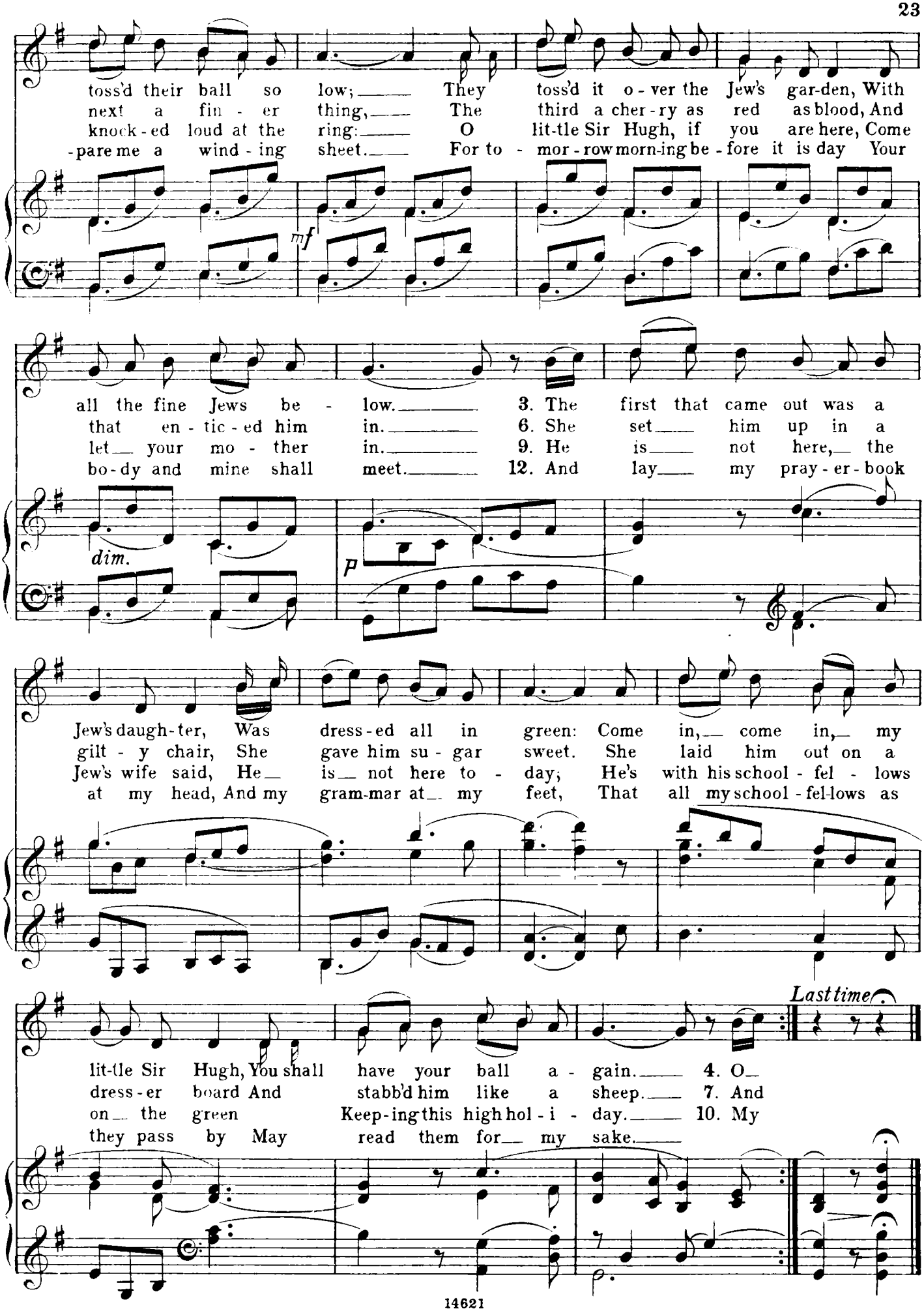
It grew and grew so very high
Till it could grow no higher;
And around the top growed a true lover's knot
And around it twined sweet-brier.

VIII

LITTLE SIR HUGH.

Allegretto grazioso.

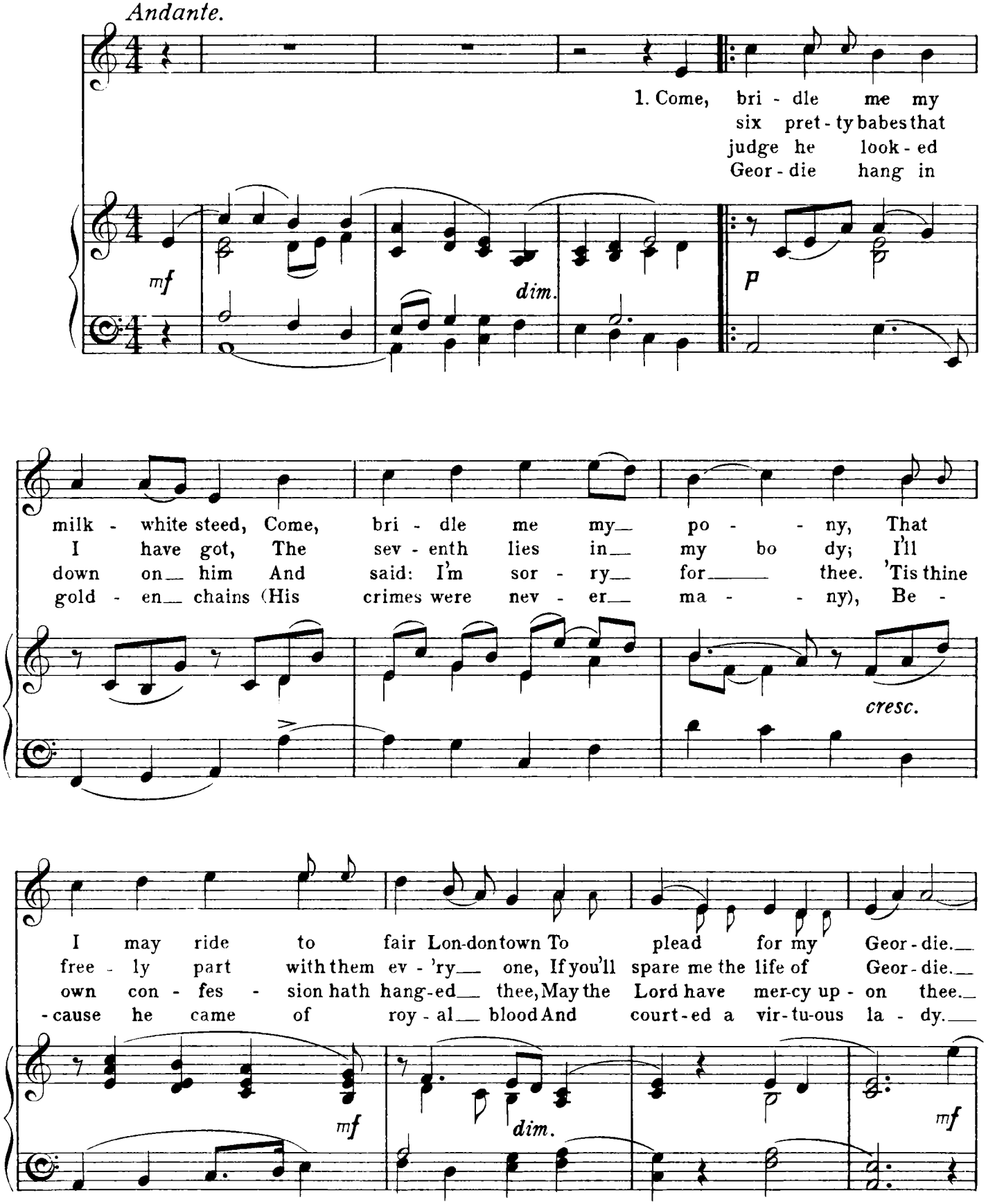



toss'd their ball so low; They toss'd it o - ver the Jew's gar-den, With
next a fin - er thing, The third a cher - ry as red as blood, And
knock - ed loud at the ring: O lit-tle Sir Hugh, if you are here, Come
-pare me a wind - ing sheet. For to - mor - row morn-ing be - fore it is day Your
mf
all the fine Jews be - low. 3. The first that came out was a
that en - tic - ed him in. 6. She set him up in a
let your mo - ther in. 9. He is not here, the
bo - dy and mine shall meet. 12. And lay my pray - er - book
dim.
p
Jew's daugh - ter, Was dress - ed all in green: Come in, come in, my
gilt - y chair, She gave him su - gar sweet. She laid him out on a
Jew's wife said, He is not here to - day; He's with his school - fel - lows
at my head, And my gram-mar at my feet, That all my school - fel-lows as
Last time
lit-tle Sir Hugh, You shall have your ball a - gain. 4. O
dress - er board And stabb'd him like a sheep. 7. And
on the green Keep-ing this high hol - i - day. 10. My
they pass by May read them for my sake.

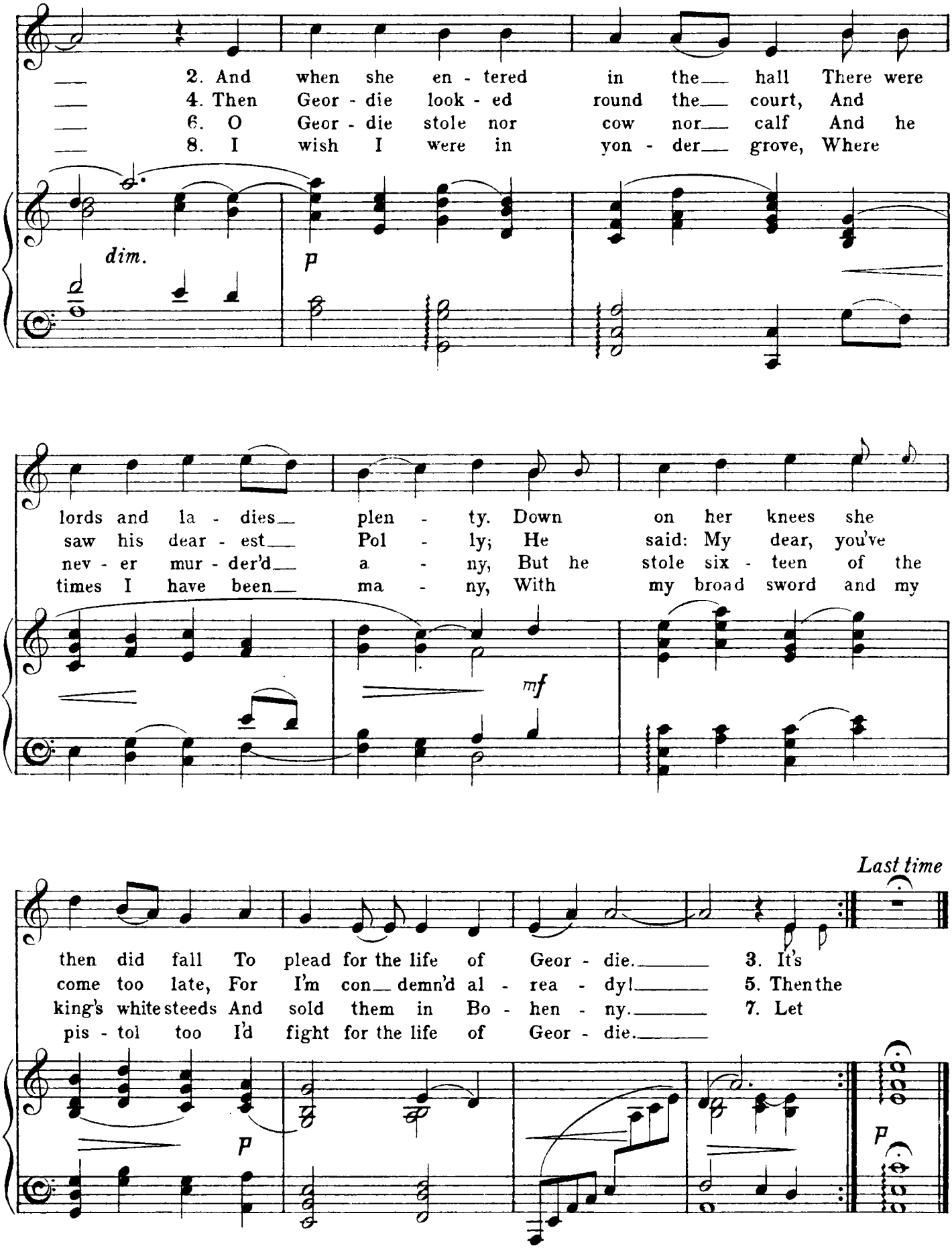
IX

GEORDIE.

Andante.

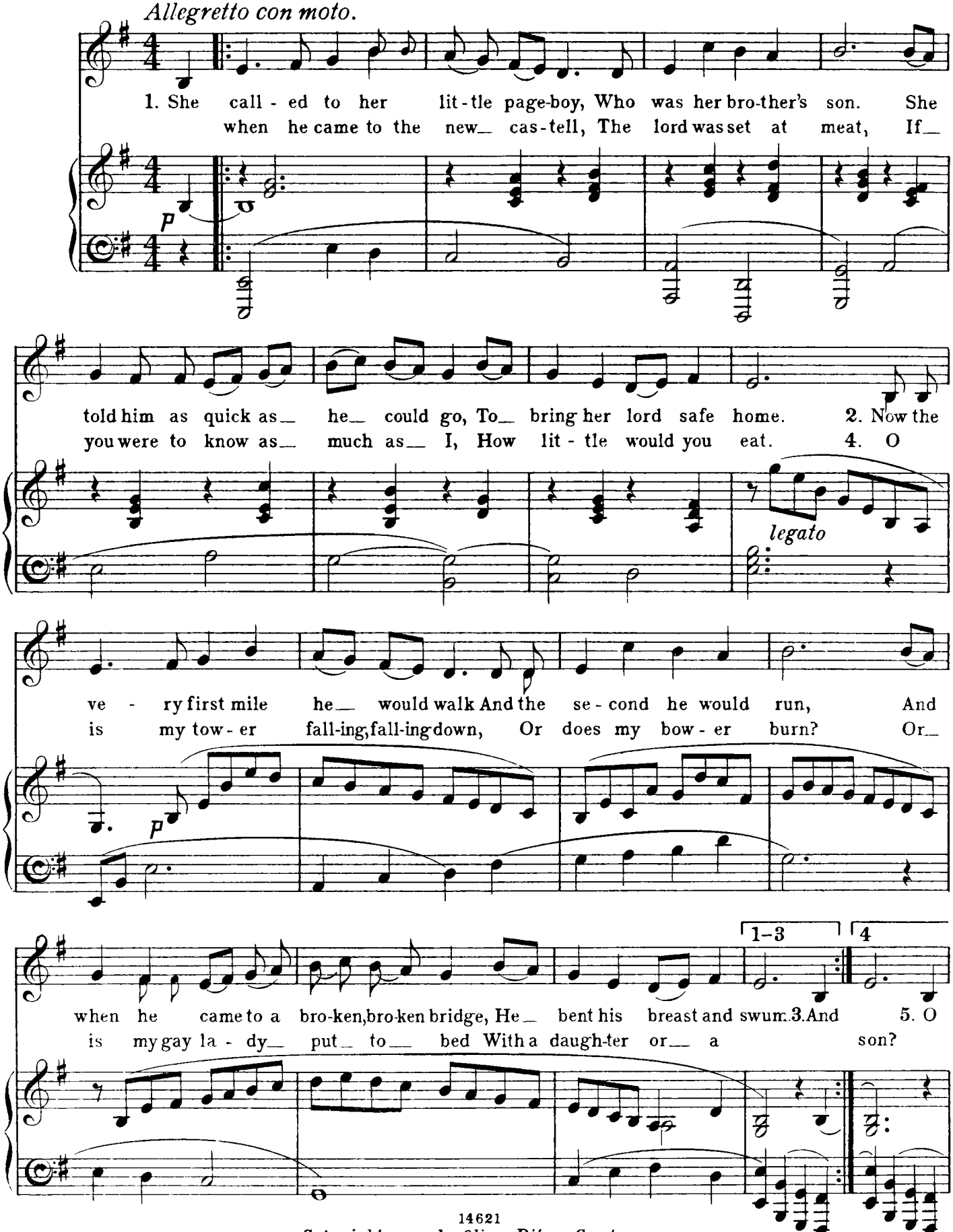


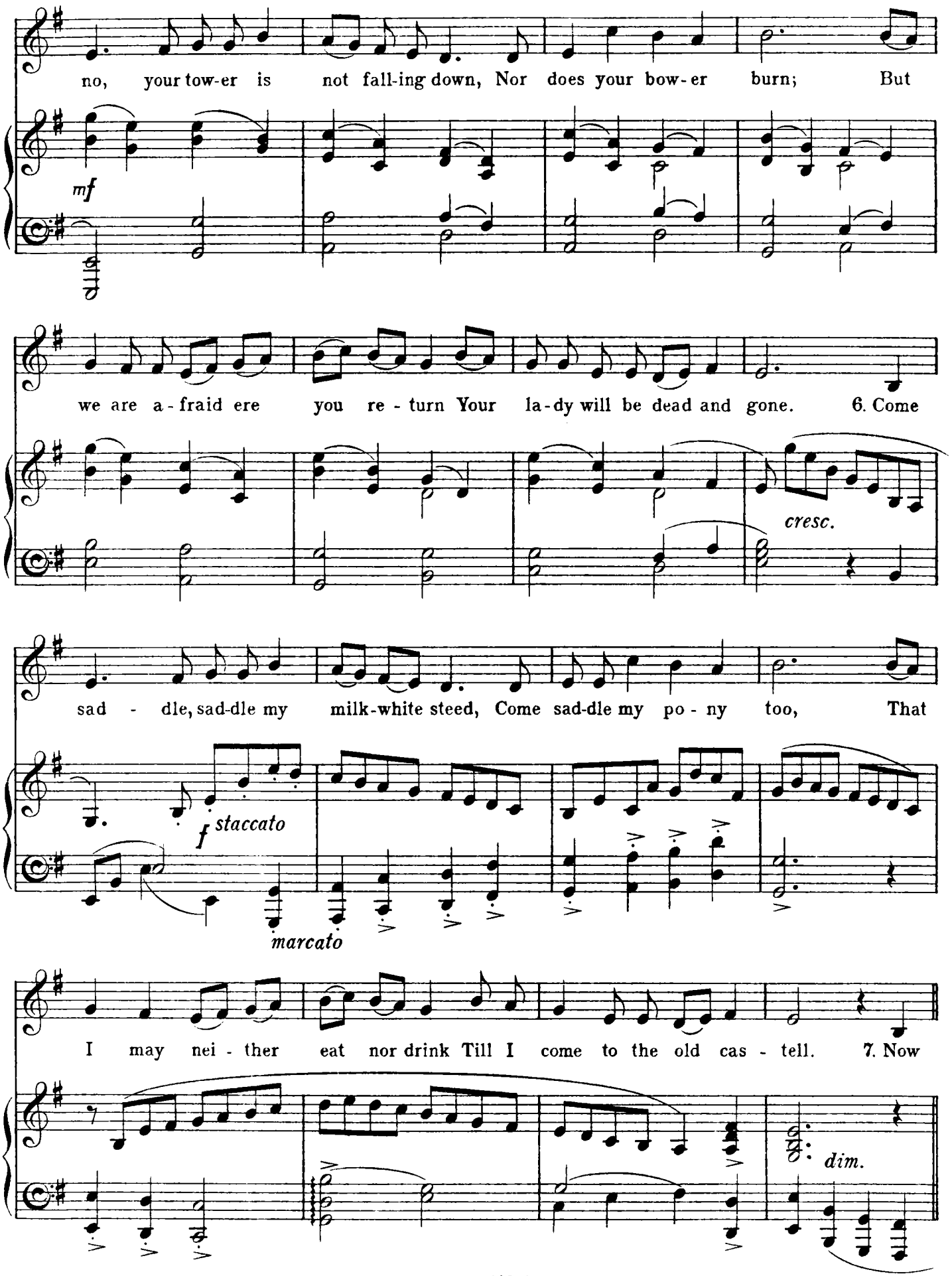
14621

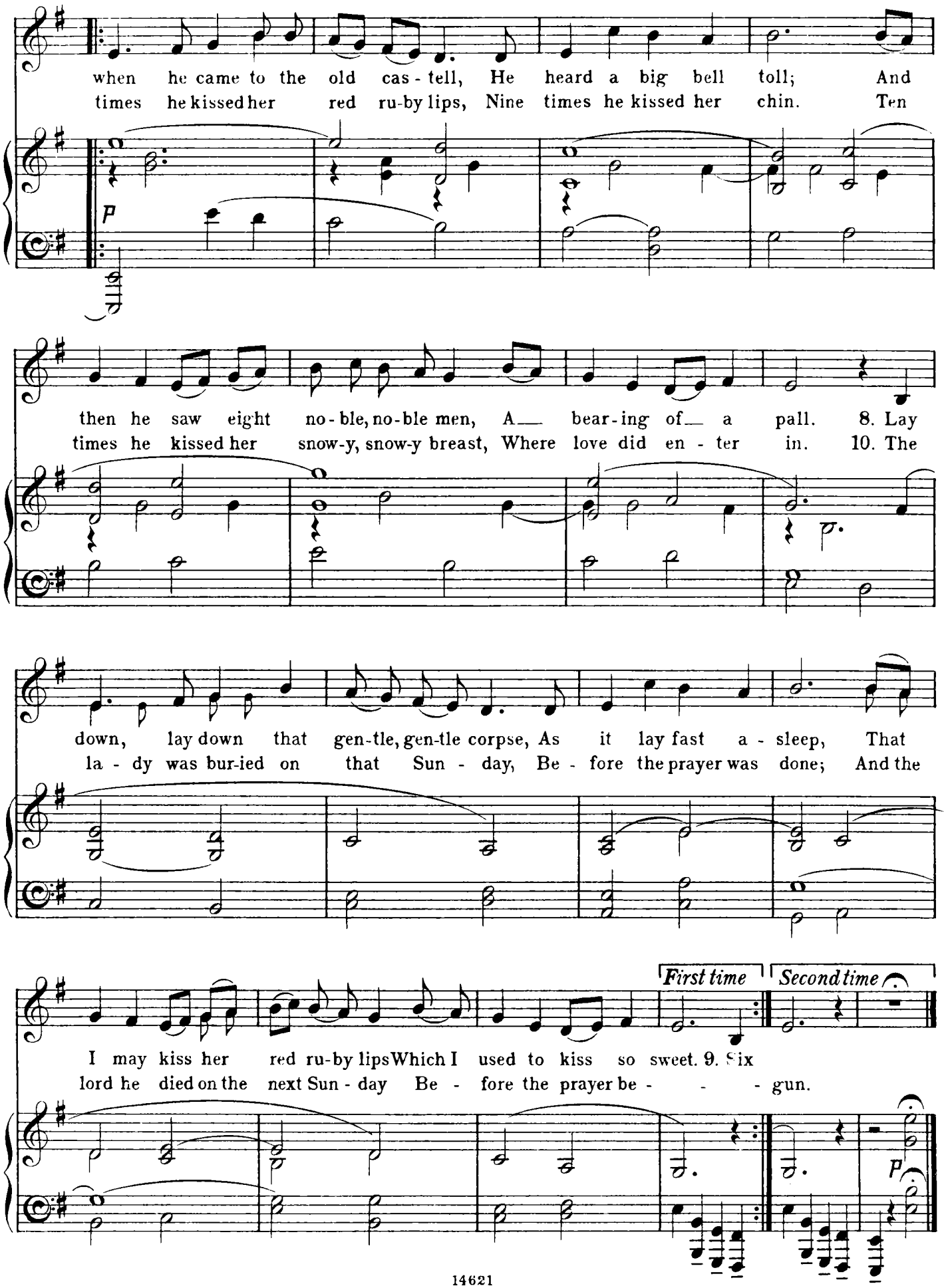

2. And when she en - tered in the hall There were
4. Then Geor - die look - ed round the court, And
6. O Geor - die stole nor cow nor calf And he
8. I wish I were in yon - der grove, Where
dim.
p
lords and la - dies plen - ty. Down on her knees she
saw his dear - est Pol - ly; He said: My dear, you've
nev - er mur - der'd a - ny, But he stole six - teen of the
times I have been ma - ny, With my broad sword and my
mf
Last time
then did fall To plead for the life of Geor - die.
come too late, For I'm con demn'd al - rea - dy!
king's white steeds And sold them in Bo - hen - ny.
pis - tol too I'd fight for the life of Geor - die.
3. It's
5. Then the
7. Let
p
p

X
LADY MAISRY.

Allegretto con moto.



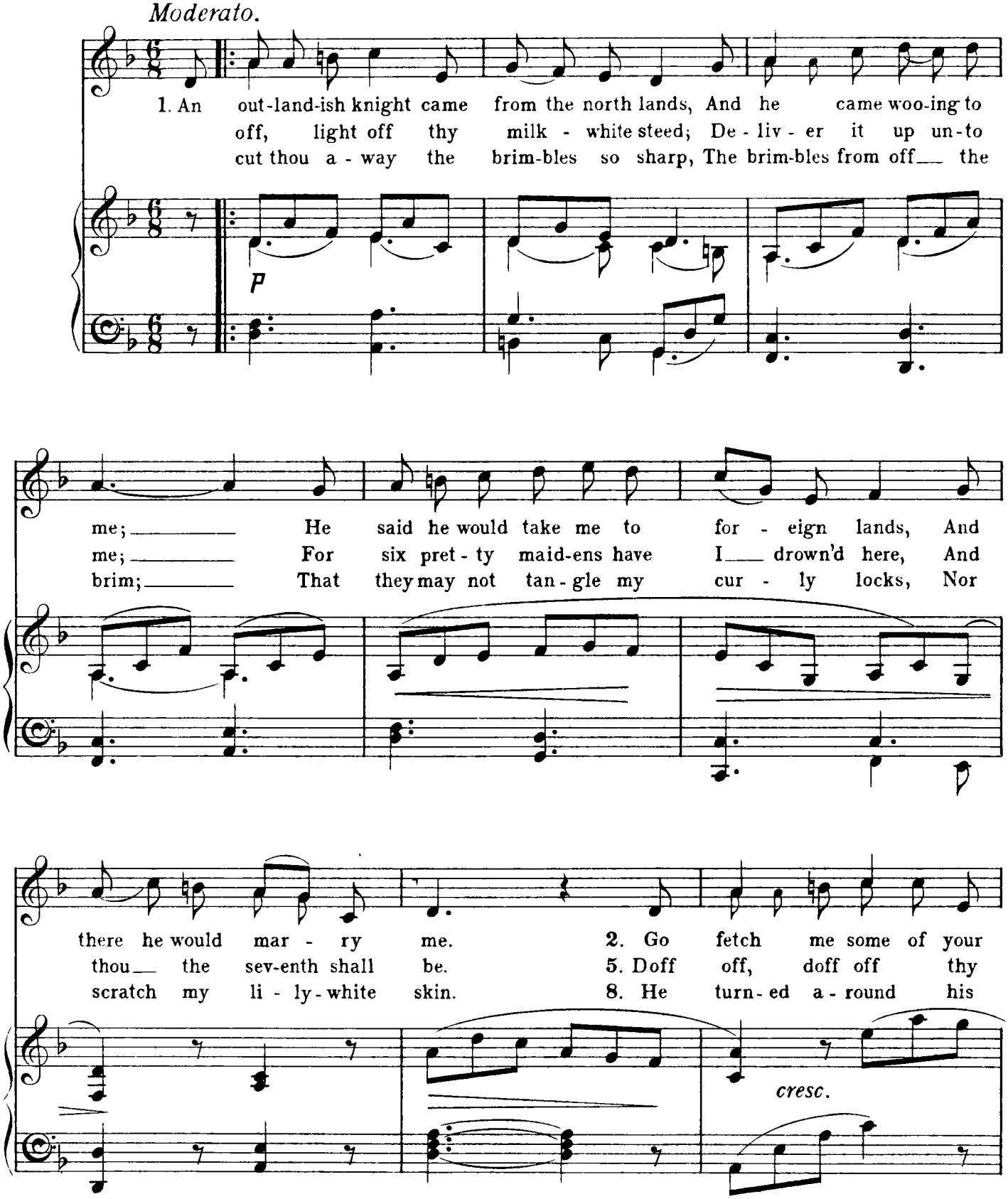

no, your tow-er is not fall-ing down, Nor does your bow-er burn; But
mf
we are a-fraid ere you re-turn Your la-dy will be dead and gone. 6. Come
cresc.
sad-dle, sad-dle my milk-white steed, Come sad-dle my po-ny too, That
f staccato
marcato
I may nei-ther eat nor drink Till I come to the old cas-tell. 7. Now
dim.

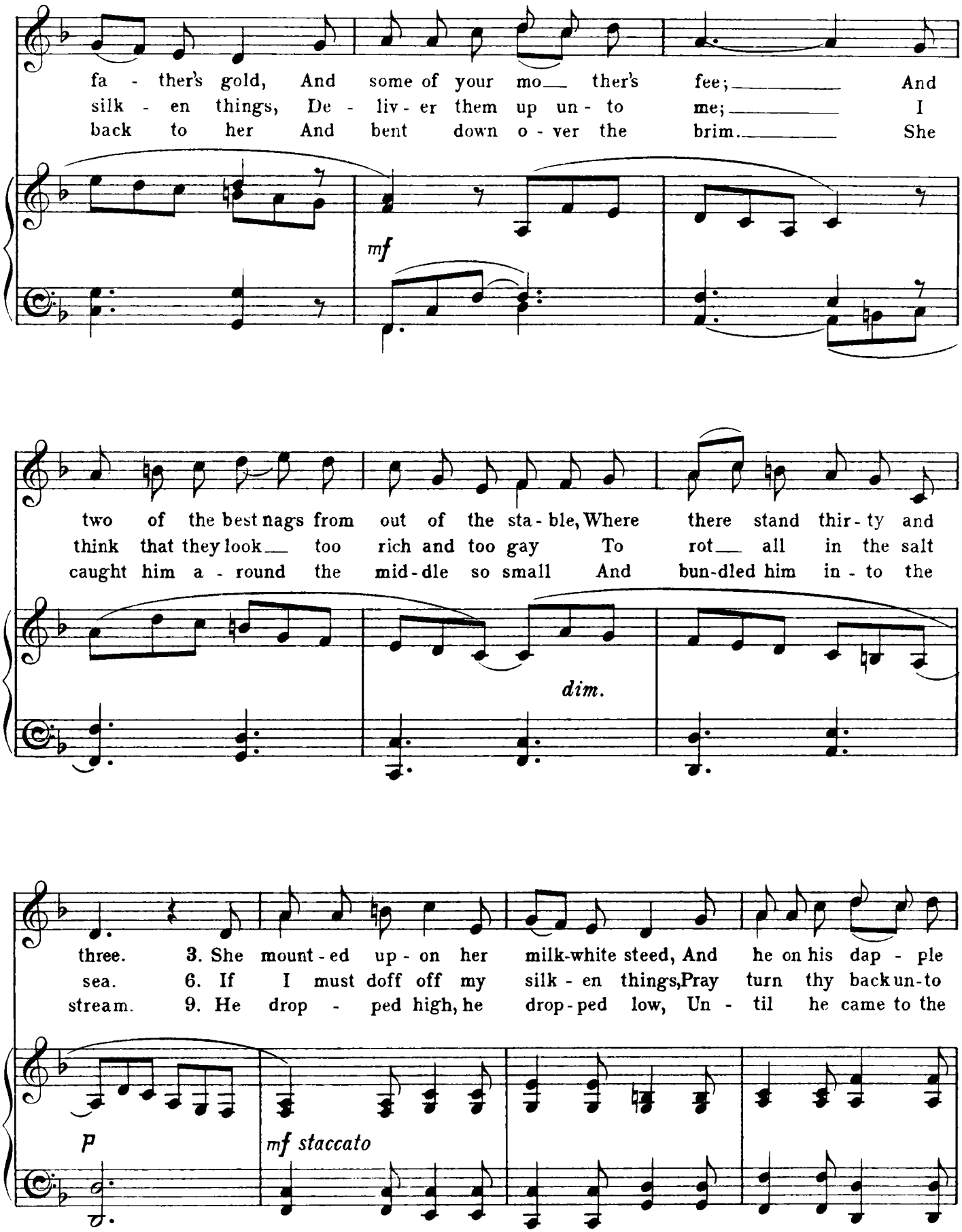

when he came to the old cas - tell, He heard a big bell toll; And
times he kissed her red ru-by lips, Nine times he kissed her chin. Ten
p
then he saw eight no - ble, no-ble men, A bear-ing of a pall. 8. Lay
times he kissed her snow-y, snow-y breast, Where love did en - ter in. 10. The
down, lay down that gen-tle, gen-tle corpse, As it lay fast a - sleep, That
la - dy was bur-ied on that Sun - day, Be - fore the prayer was done; And the
First time
Second time
I may kiss her red ru-by lips Which I used to kiss so sweet. 9. Six
lord he died on the next Sun - day Be - fore the prayer be - - - gun.
p

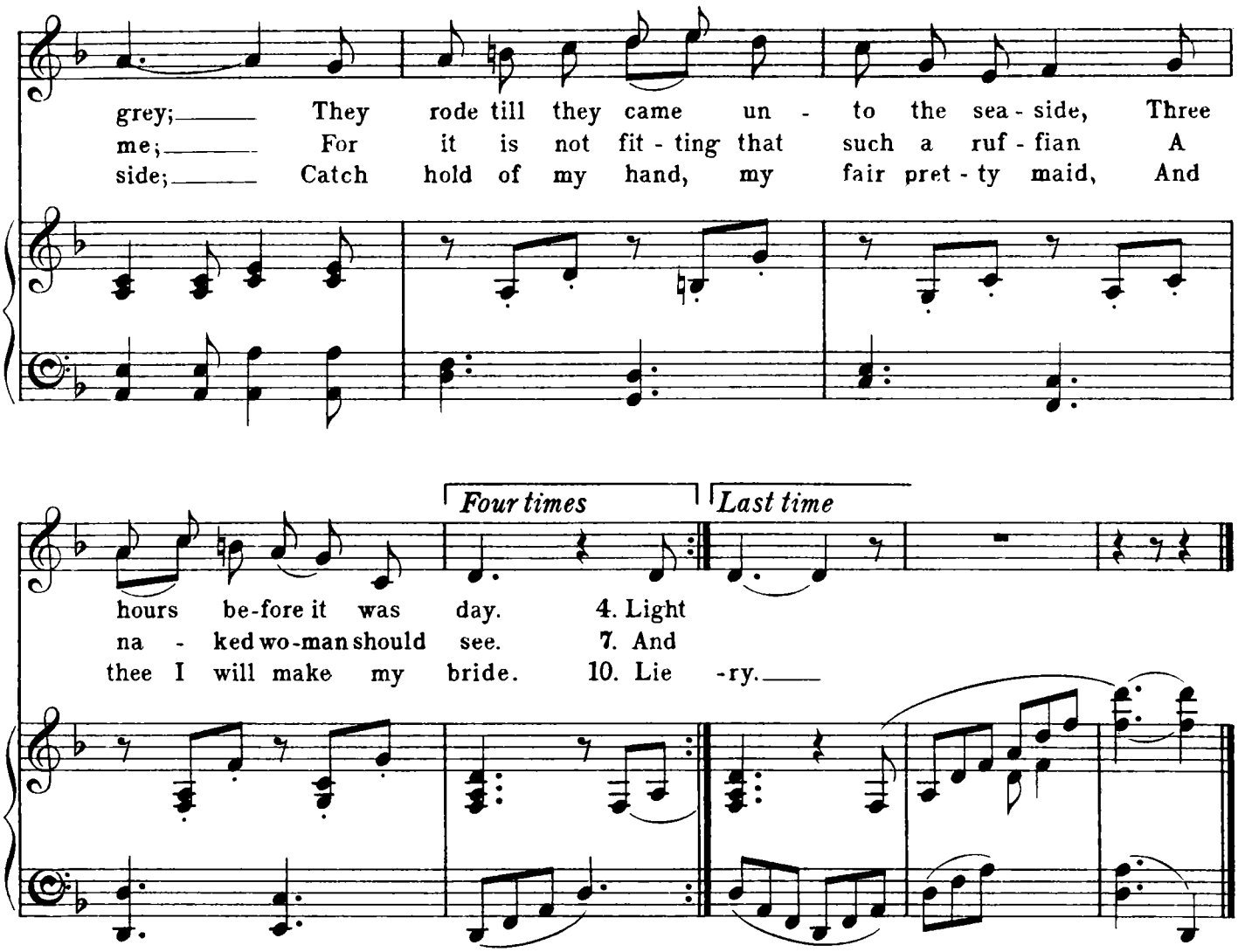
XI

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

Moderato.




fa - ther's gold, And some of your mo__ ther's fee;_____ And
silk - en things, De - liv - er them up un - to me;_____ I
back to her And bent down o - ver the brim._____ She
mf
two of the best nags from out of the sta - ble, Where there stand thir - ty and
think that they look__ too rich and too gay To rot__ all in the salt
caught him a - round the mid - dle so small And bun-dled him in - to the
dim.
three. 3. She mount - ed up - on her milk-white steed, And he on his dap - ple
sea. 6. If I must doff off my silk - en things, Pray turn thy back un-to
stream. 9. He drop - ped high, he drop - ped low, Un - til he came to the
p
mf staccato



10.

Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me;
For six pretty maidens hast thou a-drowned here,
The seventh hath drowned thee.

11.

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple-grey;
She rode till she came to her father's house,
Three hours before it was day.

12.

The parrot hung in the window so high,
And heard what the lady did say:
What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty lady,
You've tarried so long away?

13.

The king he was up in his bed-room so high,
And heard what the parrot did say:
What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty Polly,
You prattle so long before day?

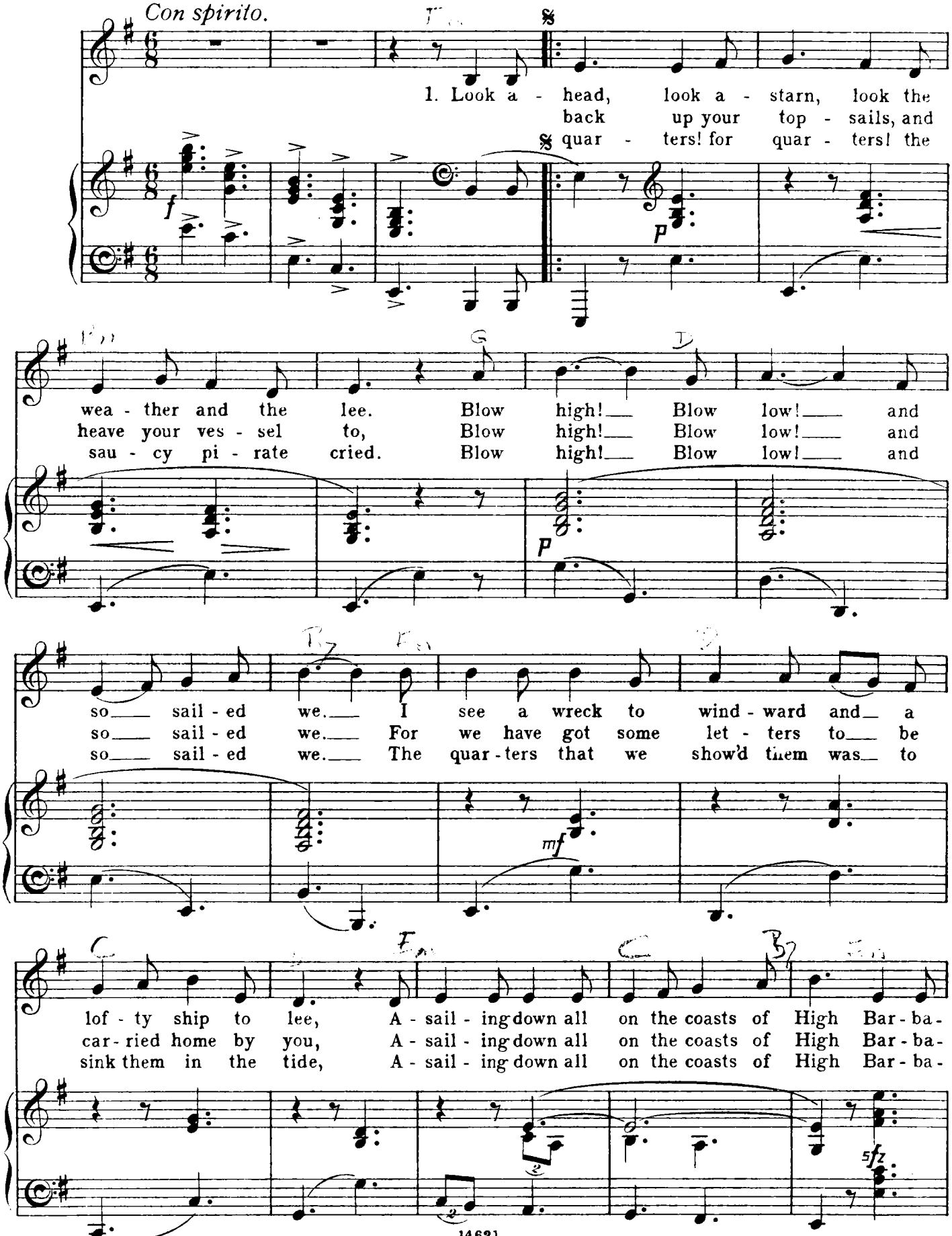
14.

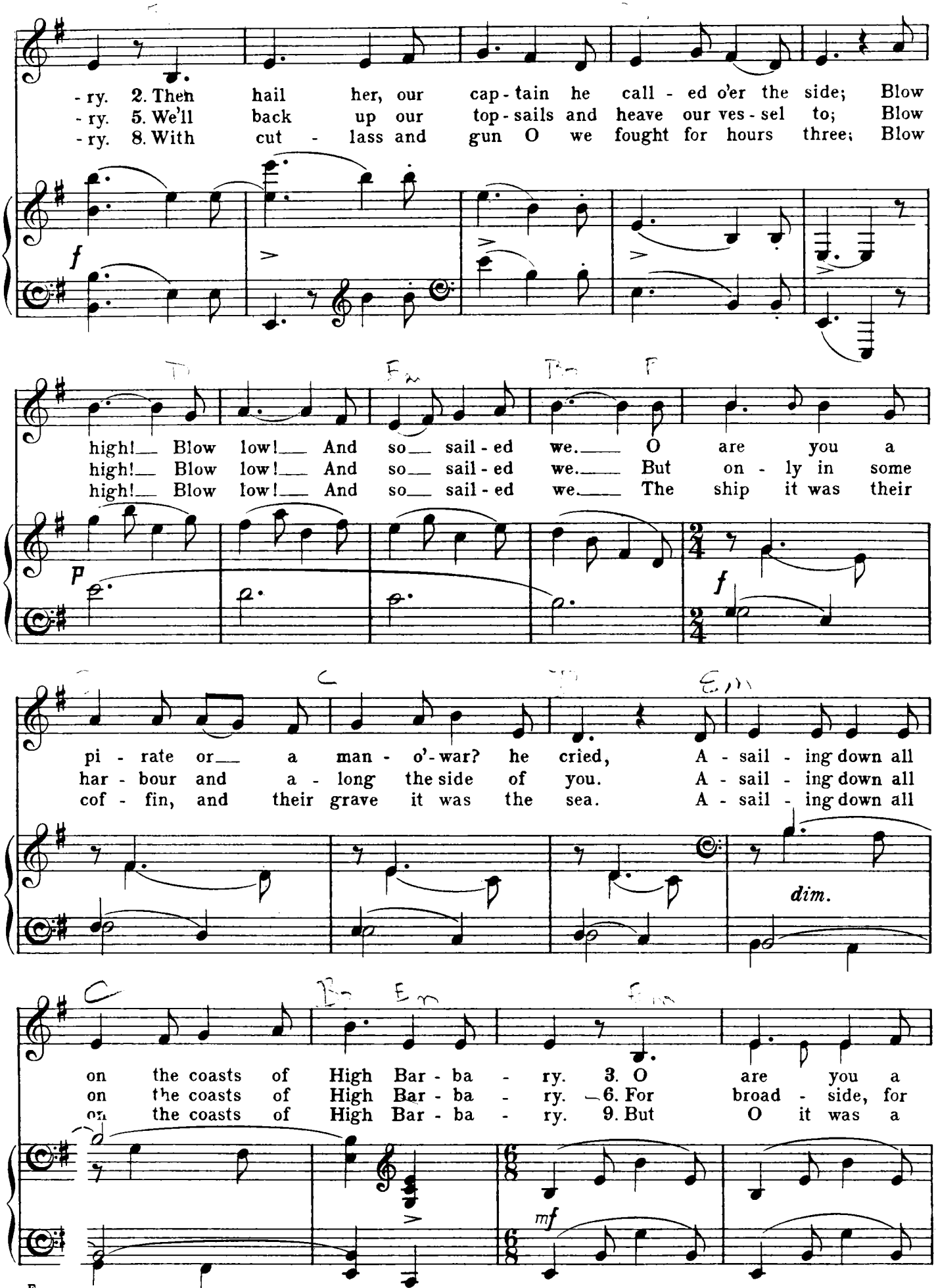
It's no laughing matter, the parrot did say,
That loudly I call unto thee;
For the cat has a-got in the window so high,
I fear that she will have me.

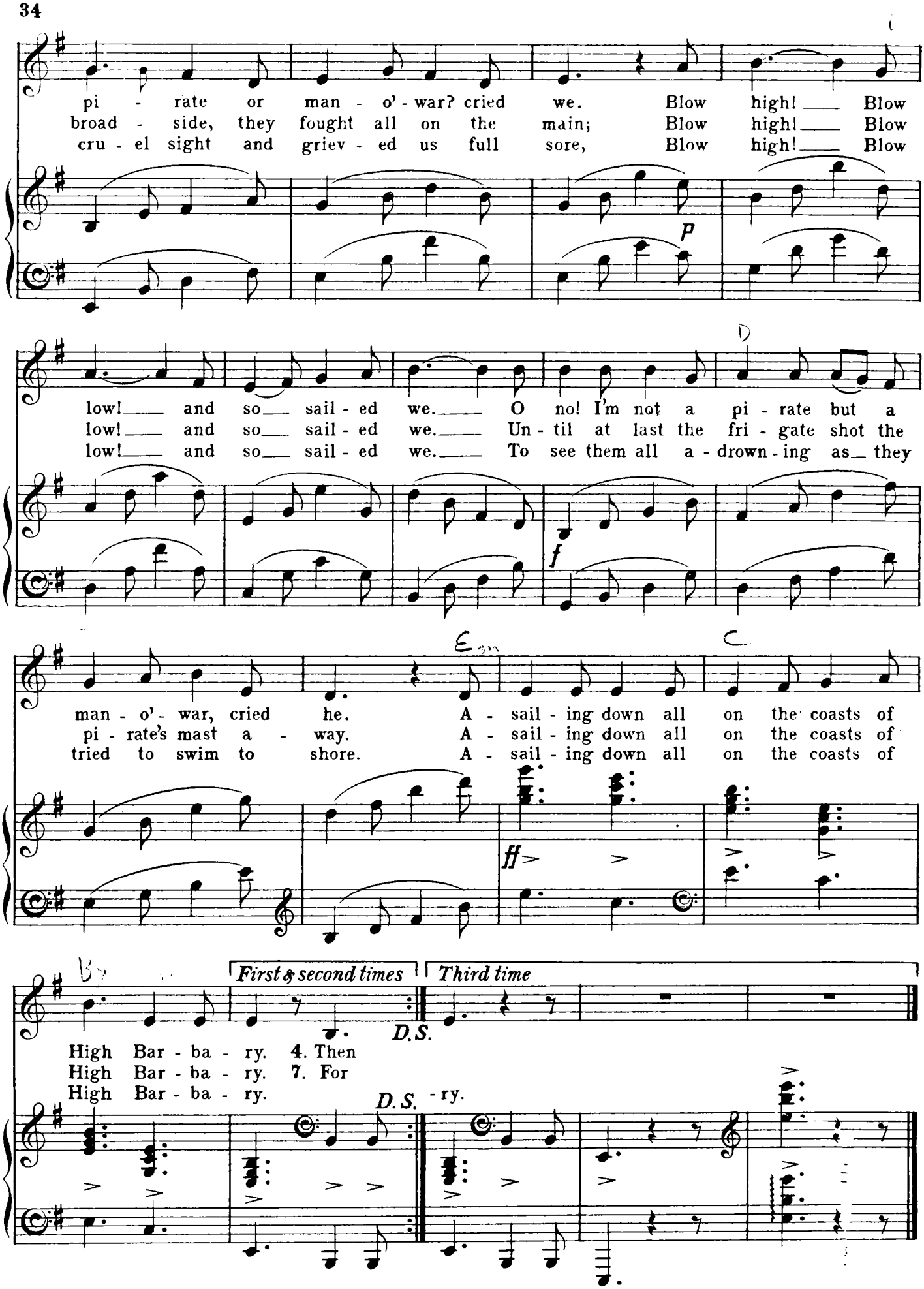
15.

Well turned, well turned, my pretty Polly;
Well turned, well turned for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And the door of the best ivory.

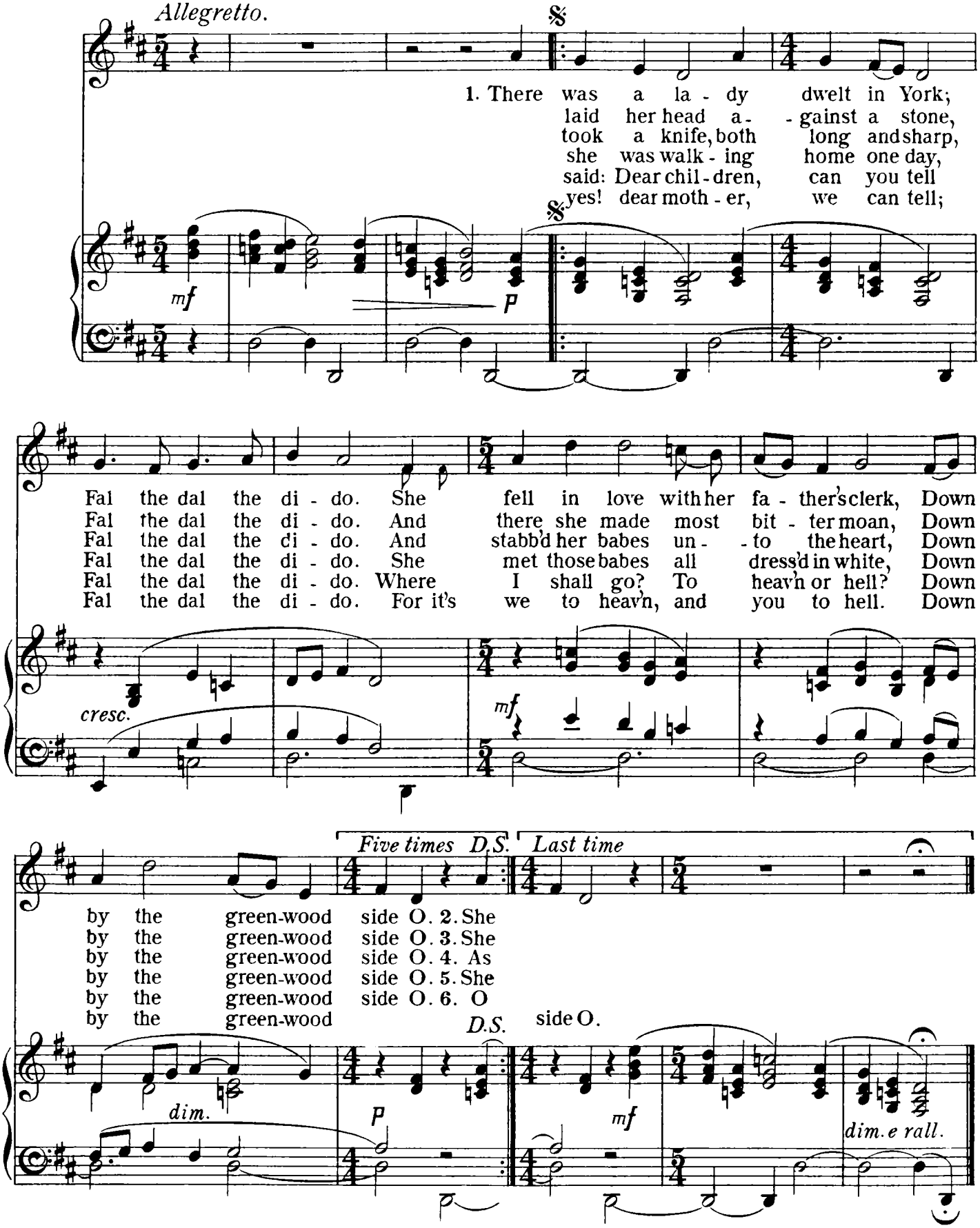
XII
THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.



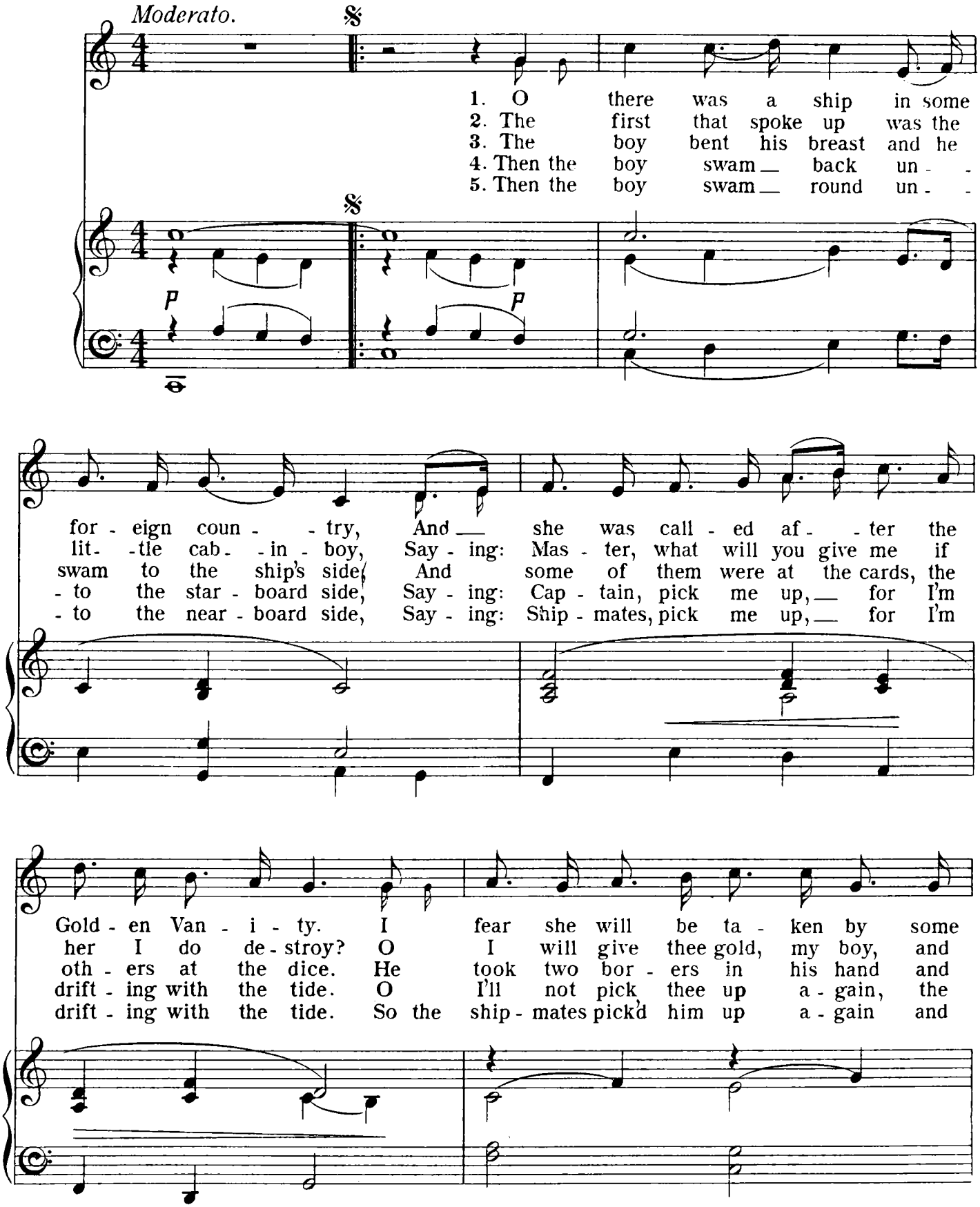

-ry. 2. Then hail her, our cap-tain he call-ed o'er the side; Blow
-ry. 5. We'll back up our top-sails and heave our ves-sel to; Blow
-ry. 8. With cut-lass and gun O we fought for hours three; Blow
high! Blow low! And so sail-ed we. O are you a
high! Blow low! And so sail-ed we. But on-ly in some
high! Blow low! And so sail-ed we. The ship it was their
pi-rate or a man-o'-war? he cried, A-sail-ing down all
har-bour and a-long the side of you. A-sail-ing down all
cof-fin, and their grave it was the sea. A-sail-ing down all
dim.
on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 3. O are you a
on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 6. For broad-side, for
on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 9. But O it was a


pi - rate or man - o' - war? cried we. Blow high! Blow
broad - side, they fought all on the main; Blow high! Blow
cru - el sight and griev - ed us full sore, Blow high! Blow
p
low! and so sail - ed we. O no! I'm not a pi - rate but a
low! and so sail - ed we. Un - til at last the fri - gate shot the
low! and so sail - ed we. To see them all a - drown - ing as they
f
man - o' - war, cried he. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
pi - rate's mast a - way. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
tried to swim to shore. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
ff
First & second times
Third time
D.S.
High Bar - ba - ry. 4. Then
High Bar - ba - ry. 7. For
High Bar - ba - ry.
D.S.
- ry.

XIII
THE CRUEL MOTHER.



XIV
THE GOLDEN VANITY.



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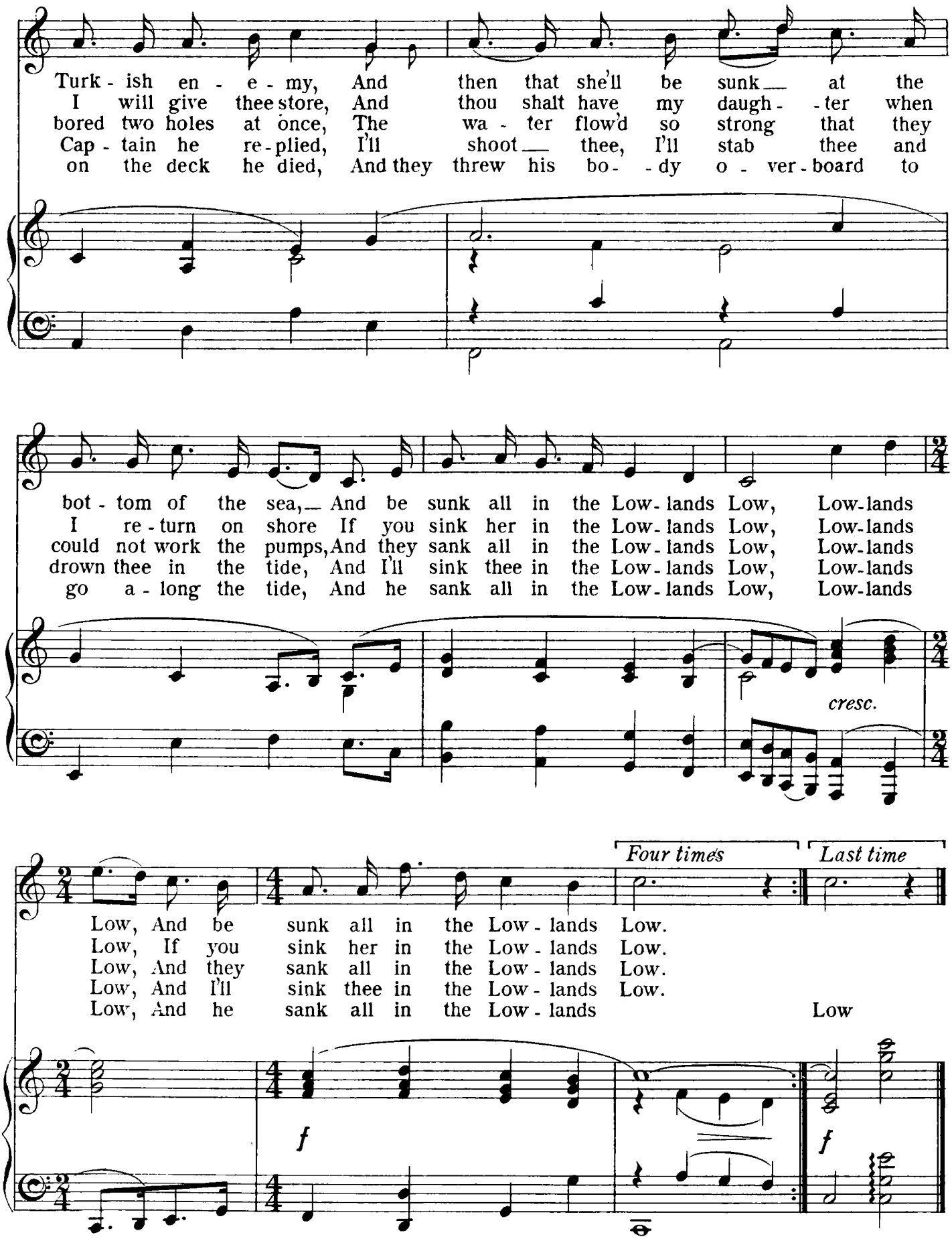
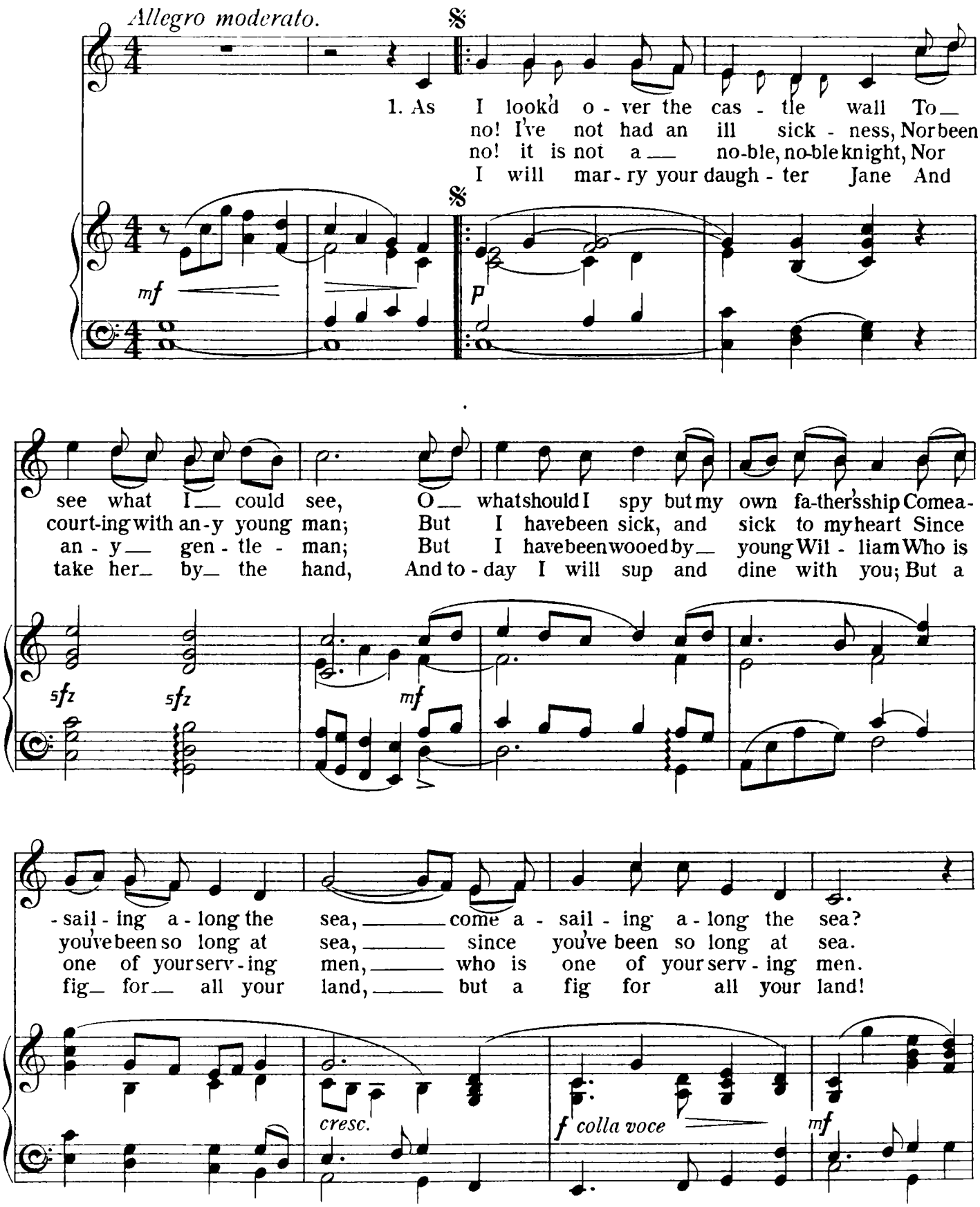
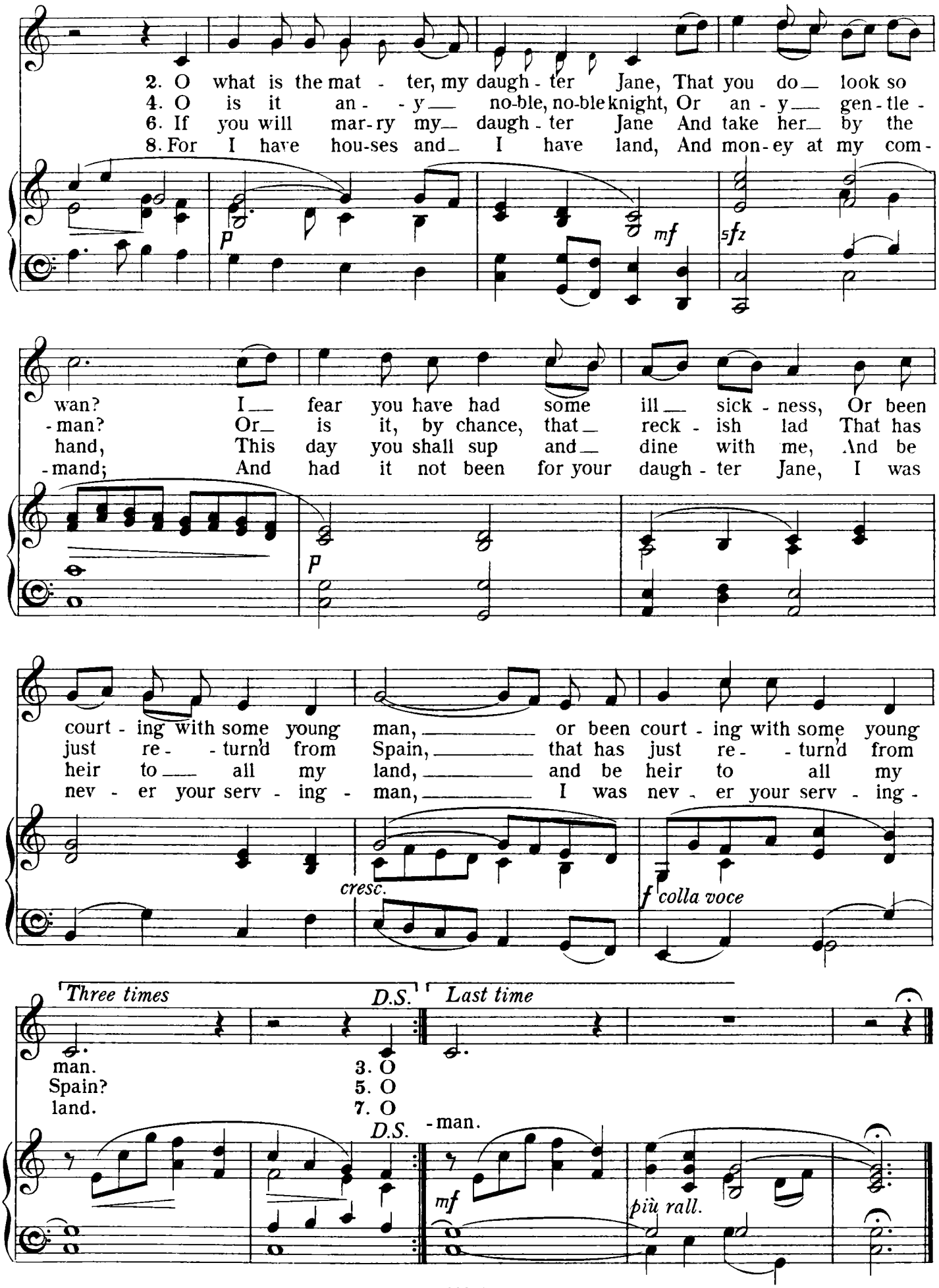

Turk - ish en - e - my, And then that she'll be sunk at the
I will give thee store, And thou shalt have my daugh - ter when
bored two holes at once, The wa - ter flow'd so strong that they
Cap - tain he re - plied, I'll shoot thee, I'll stab thee and
on the deck he died, And they threw his bo - dy o - ver - board to
bot - tom of the sea, And be sunk all in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
I re - turn on shore If you sink her in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
could not work the pumps, And they sank all in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
drown thee in the tide, And I'll sink thee in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
go a - long the tide, And he sank all in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
cresc.
Four times
Last time
Low, And be sunk all in the Low - lands Low.
Low, If you sink her in the Low - lands Low.
Low, And they sank all in the Low - lands Low.
Low, And I'll sink thee in the Low - lands Low.
Low, And he sank all in the Low - lands Low
f
f

XV

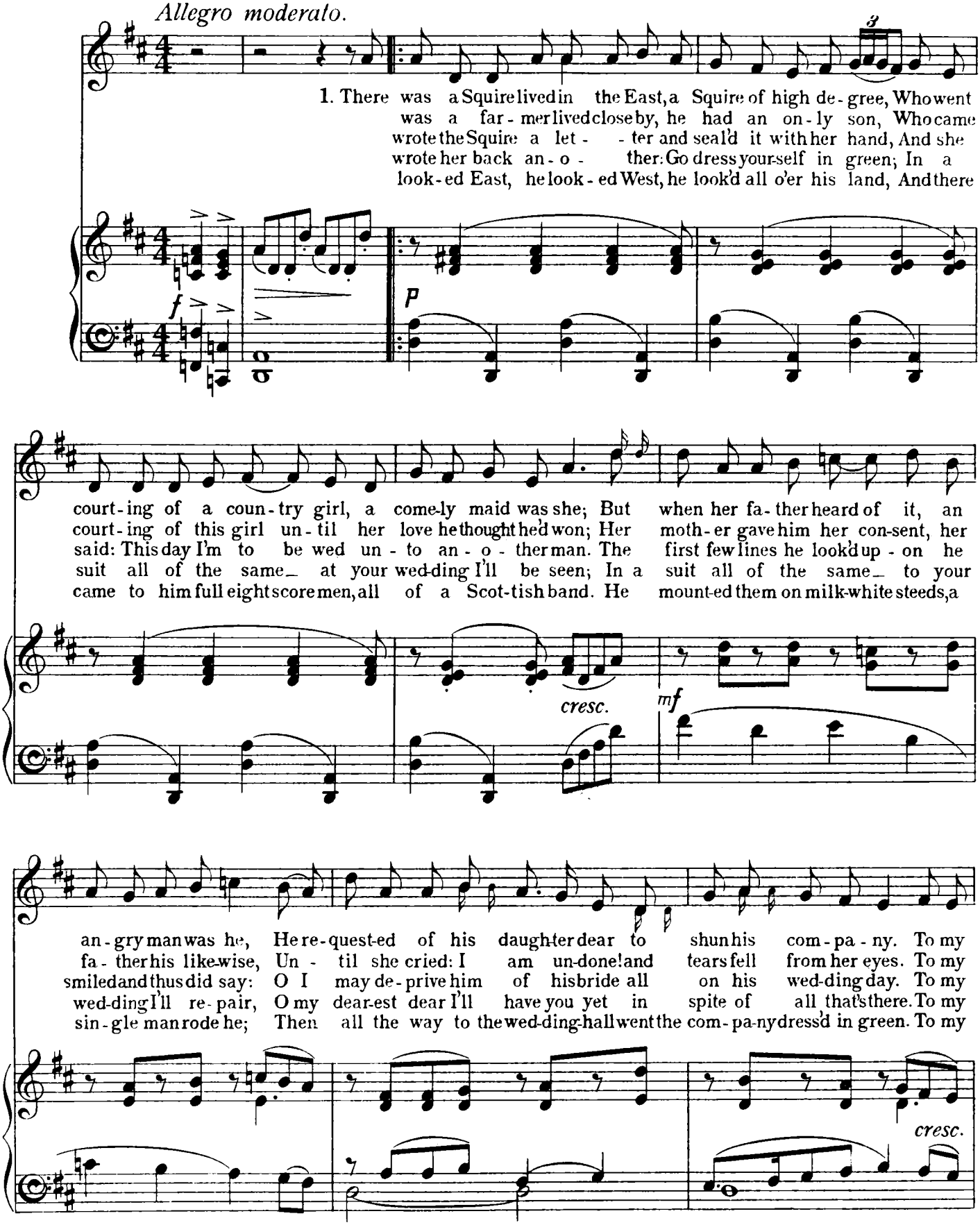
LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

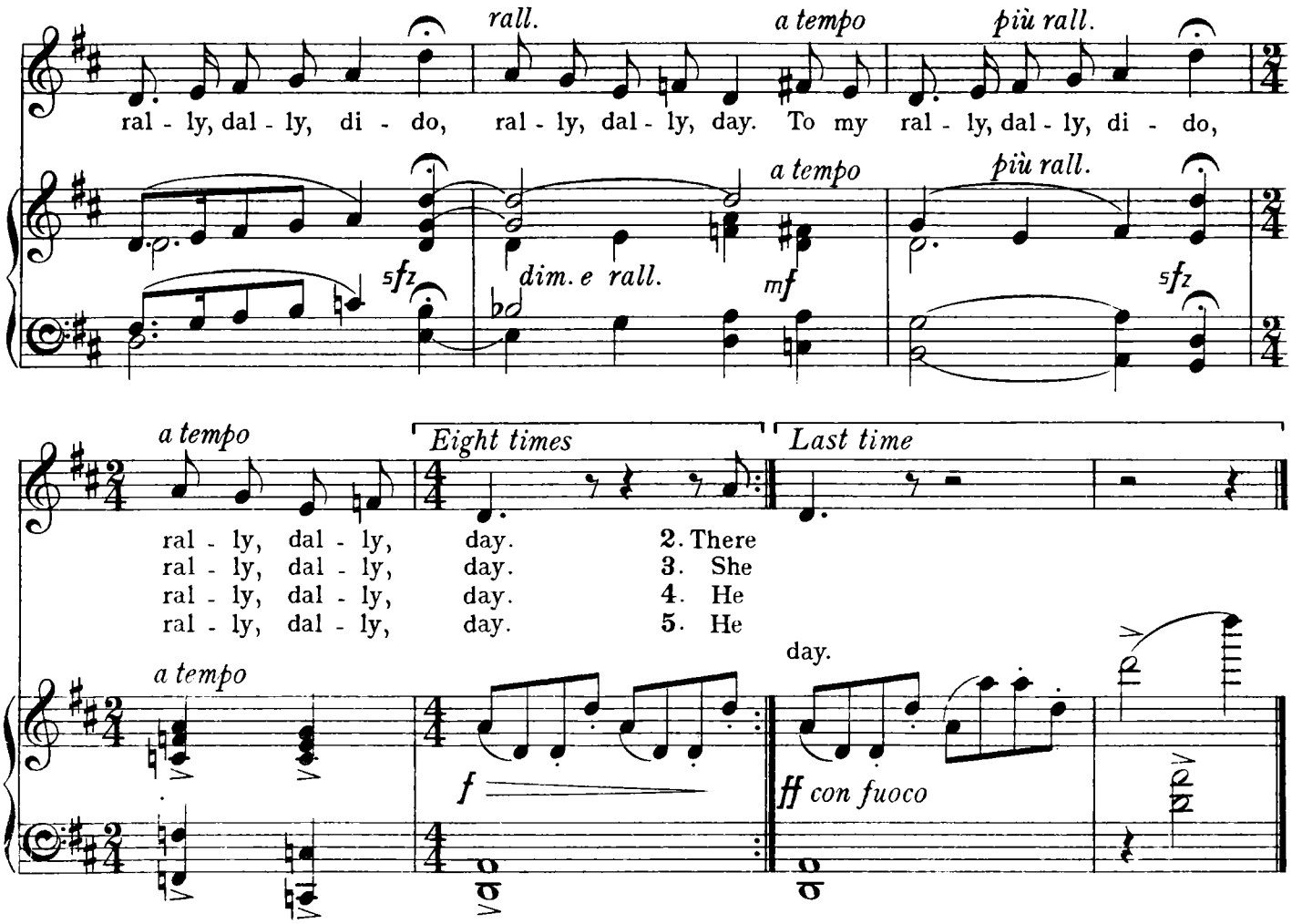



2. O what is the mat - ter, my daugh - ter Jane, That you do look so
4. O is it an - y no-ble, no-ble knight, Or an - y gen - tle -
6. If you will mar-ry my daugh - ter Jane And take her by the
8. For I have hou-ses and I have land, And mon-ey at my com -
p
mf
sfz
wan? I fear you have had some ill sick - ness, Or been
-man? Or is it, by chance, that reck - ish lad That has
hand, This day you shall sup and dine with me, And be
-mand; And had it not been for your daugh - ter Jane, I was
p
court - ing with some young man, or been court - ing with some young
just re - turn'd from Spain, that has just re - turn'd from
heir to all my land, and be heir to all my
nev - er your serv - ing - man, I was nev - er your serv - ing -
cresc.
f colla voce
Three times
D.S.
Last time
man.
Spain?
land.
3. O
5. O
7. O
D.S.
-man.
mf
più rall.

XVI
THE GREEN WEDDING.

Allegro moderato.





6

When he came to the wedding-hall, they unto him did say:
You are welcome, Sir, you're welcome Sir, where have you spent the day?
He laughed at them, he scorned at them, and unto them did say:
You may have seen my merry men come riding by this way.
To my rally, dally, dido,
Rally, dally, day.

7

The Squire he took a glass of wine and filled it to the brim:
Here is health unto the man, said he, the man they call the groom;
Here's health unto the man, said he, who may enjoy his bride –
Though another man may love her too, and take her from his side.
To my rally, dally, dido,
Rally, dally, day.

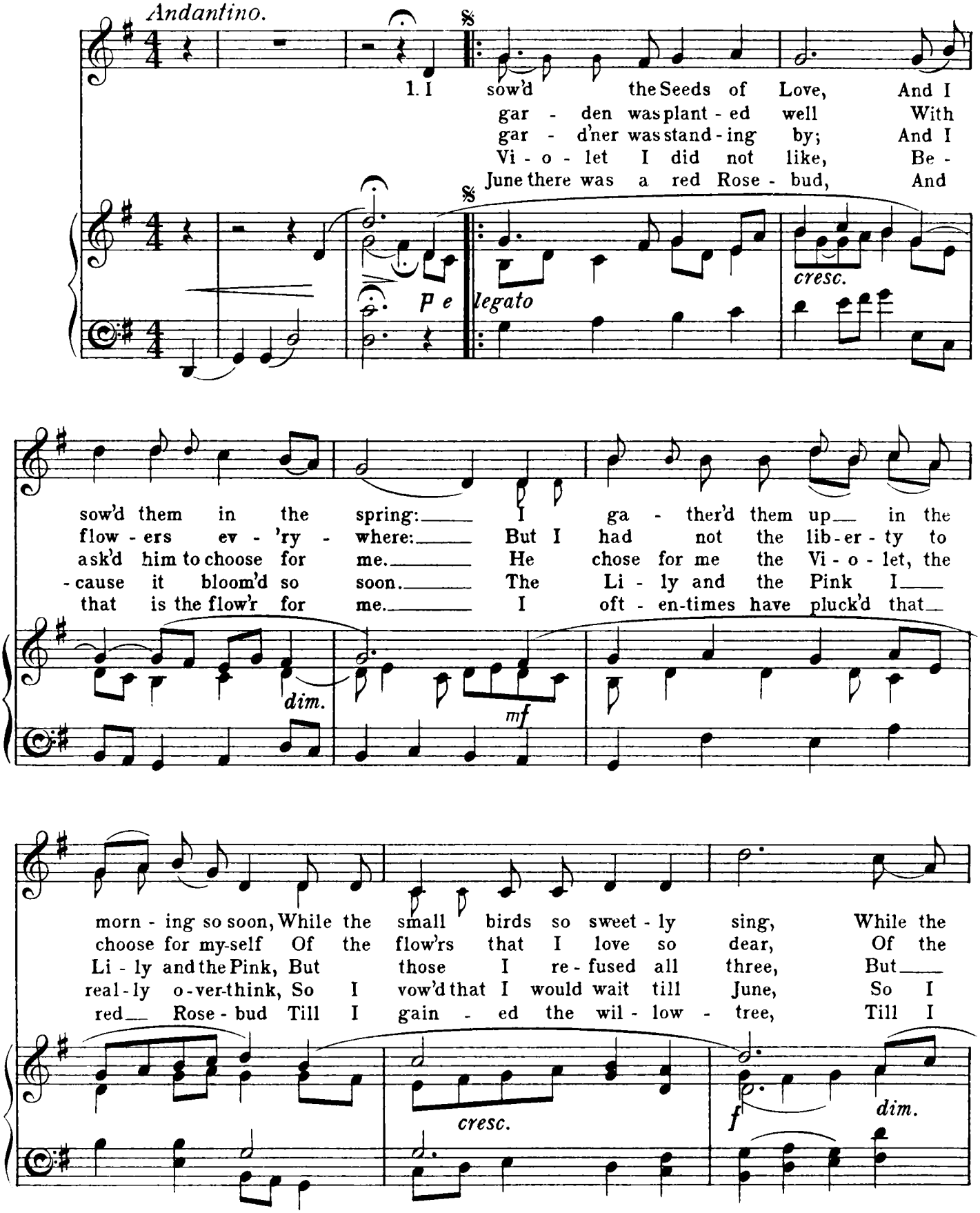
8

Then up and spoke the farmer's son, an angry man was he:
If it is to fight that you come here, 'tis I'm the man for thee!
It's not to fight that I am here, but friendship for to show;
So let me kiss your bonny bride, and away from thee I'll go.
To my rally, dally, dido,
Rally, dally, day.

He took her by the waist so small, and by the grass-green sleeve,
And he led her from the wedding-hall, of no one asking leave.
The band did play, the bugles sound, most glorious to be seen,
And all the way to Headingbourne Town went the company dressed in green.
To my rally, dally, dido,
Rally, dally, day.

XVII

THE SEEDS OF LOVE.



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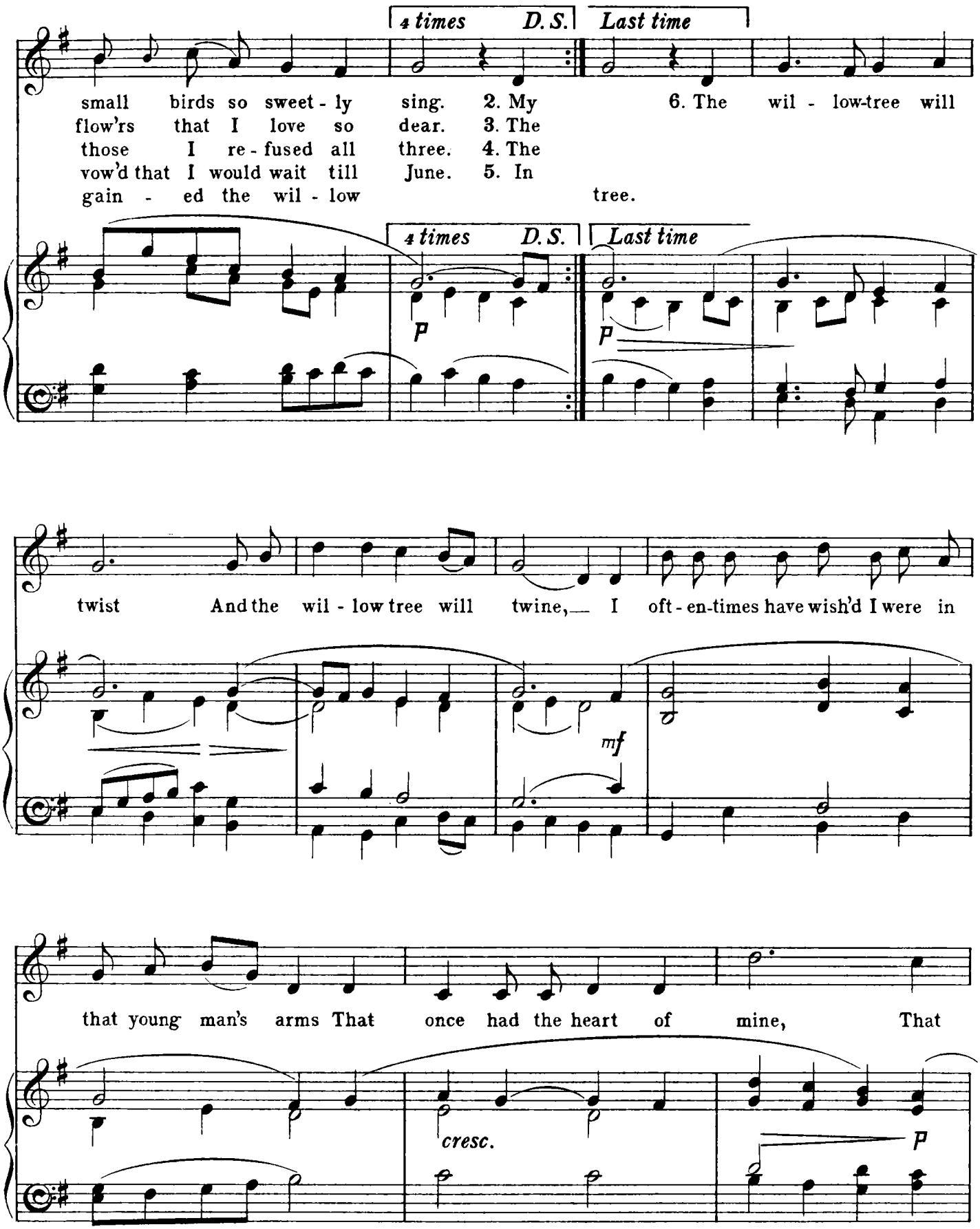
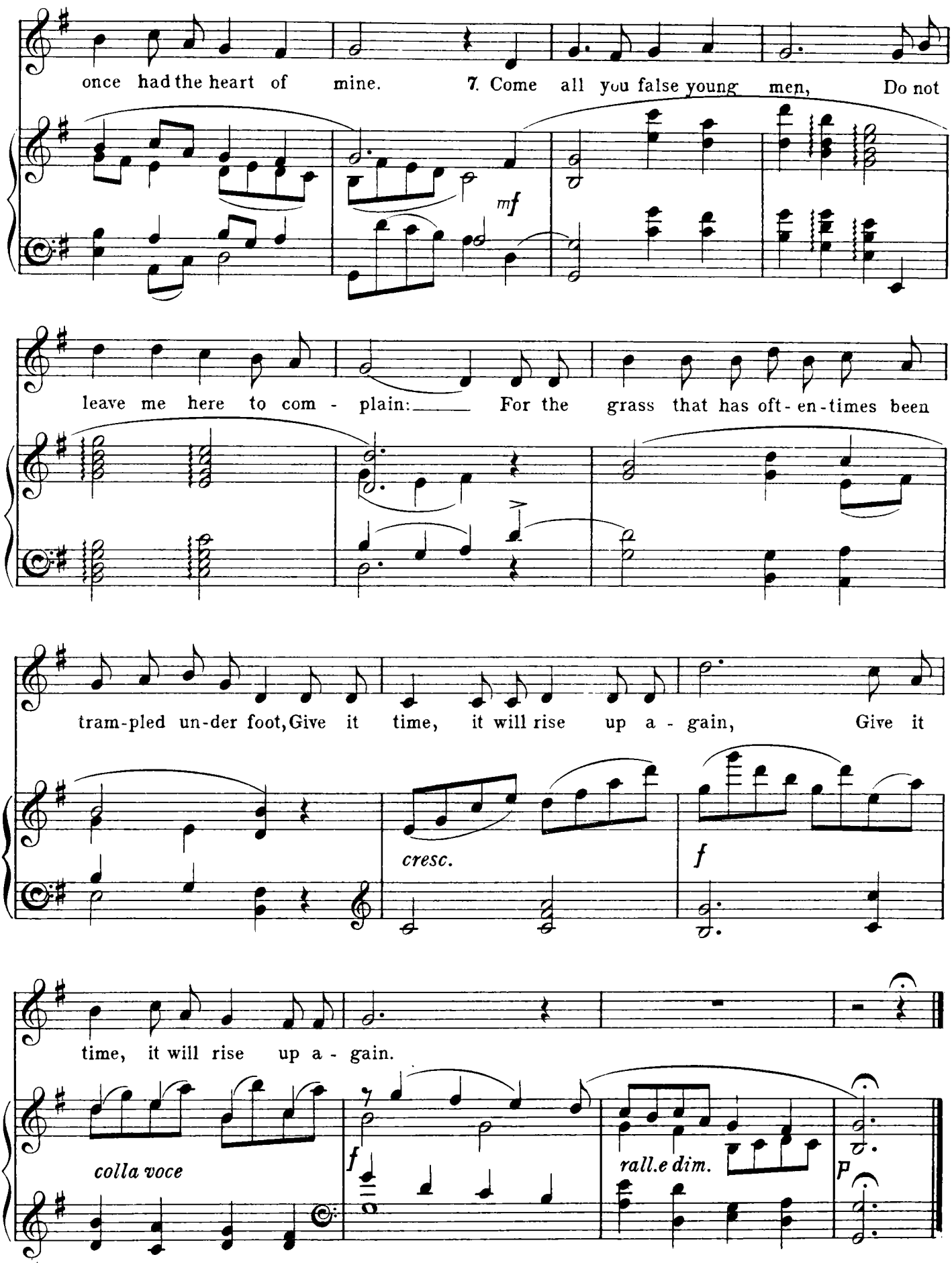
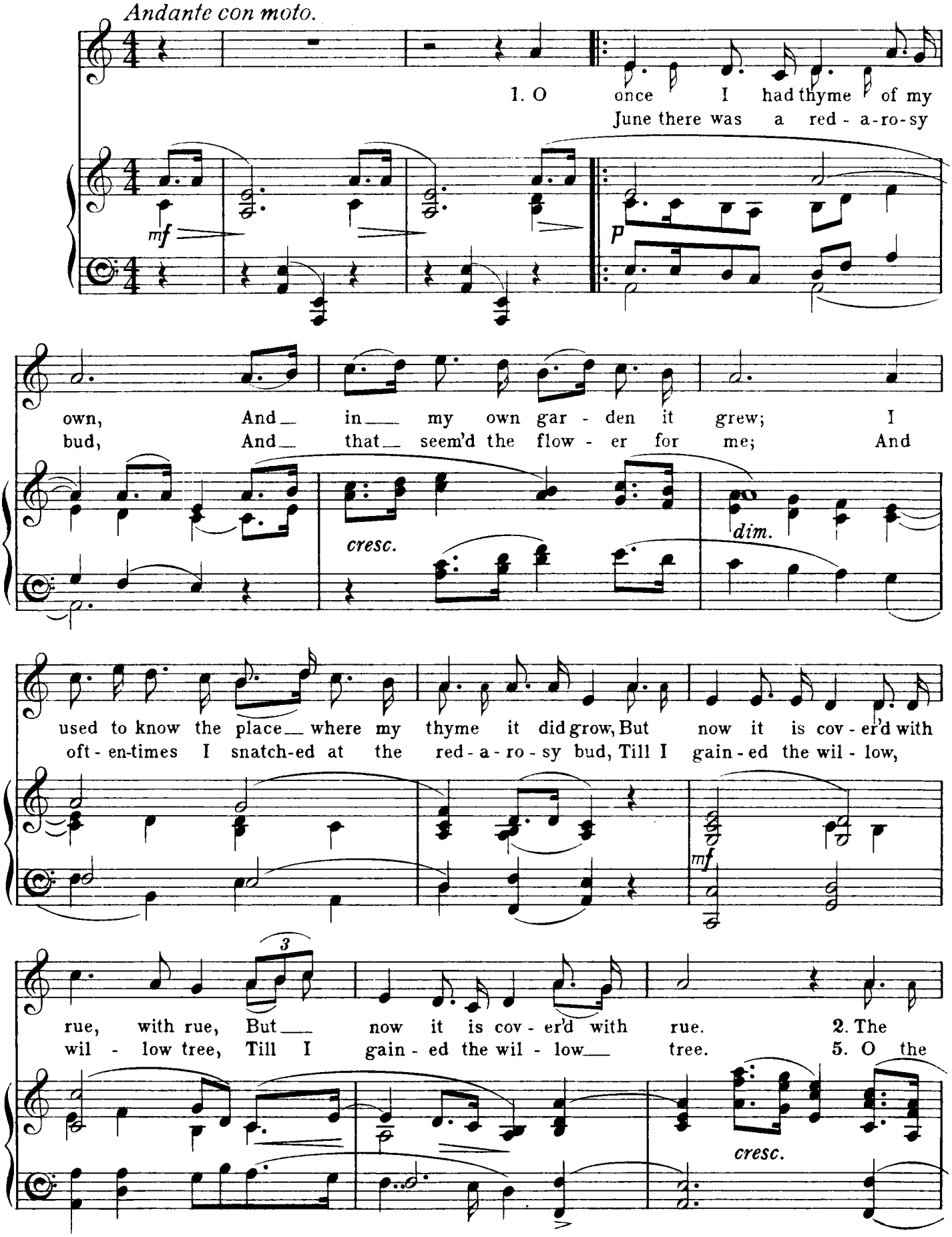
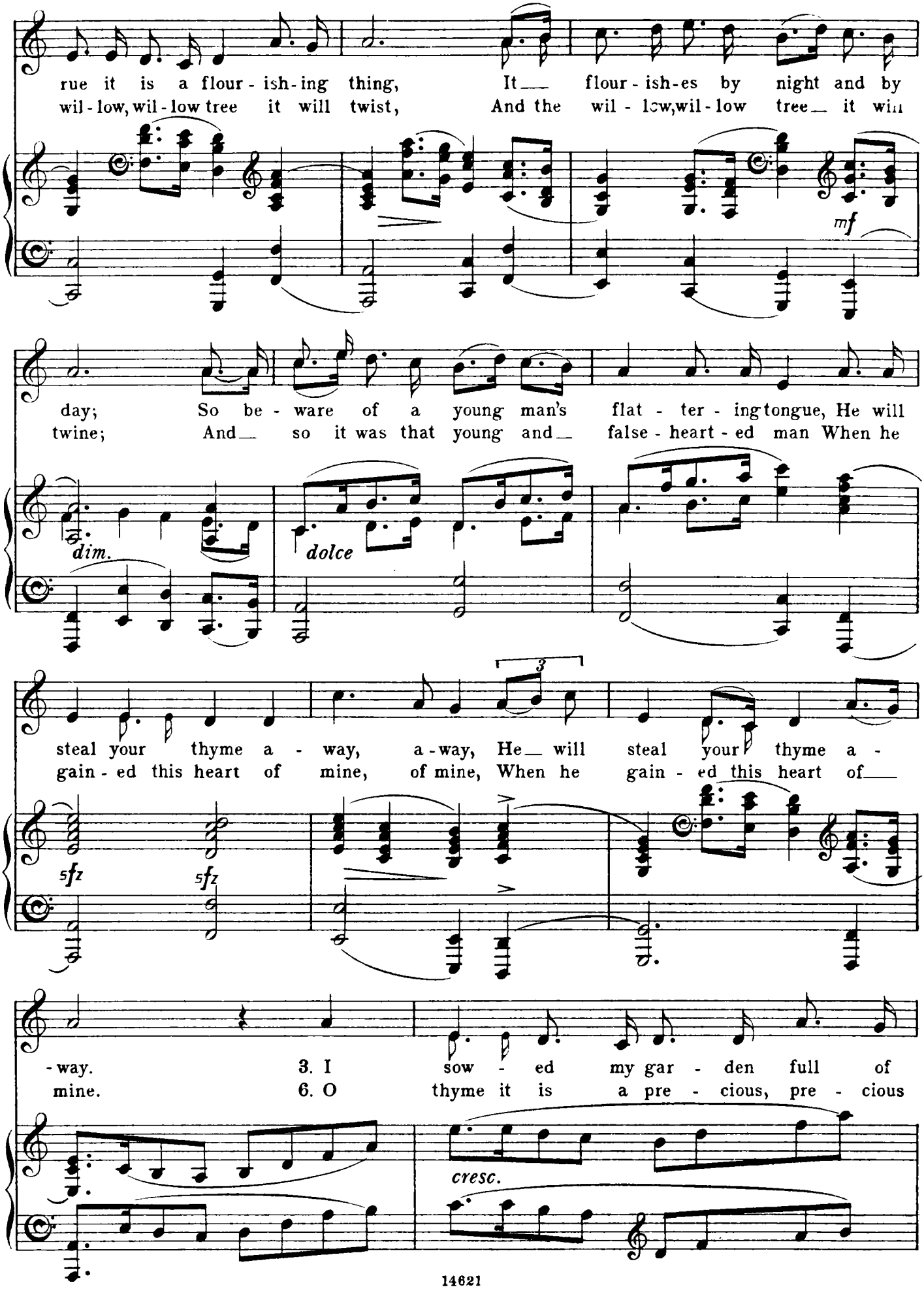

4 times D.S.
Last time
small birds so sweet - ly sing. 2. My 6. The wil - low-tree will
flow'rs that I love so dear. 3. The
those I re - fused all three. 4. The
vow'd that I would wait till June. 5. In
gain - ed the wil - low tree.
4 times D.S.
Last time
p
p
twist And the wil - low tree will twine, I oft - en-times have wish'd I were in
mf
that young man's arms That once had the heart of mine, That
cresc.
p

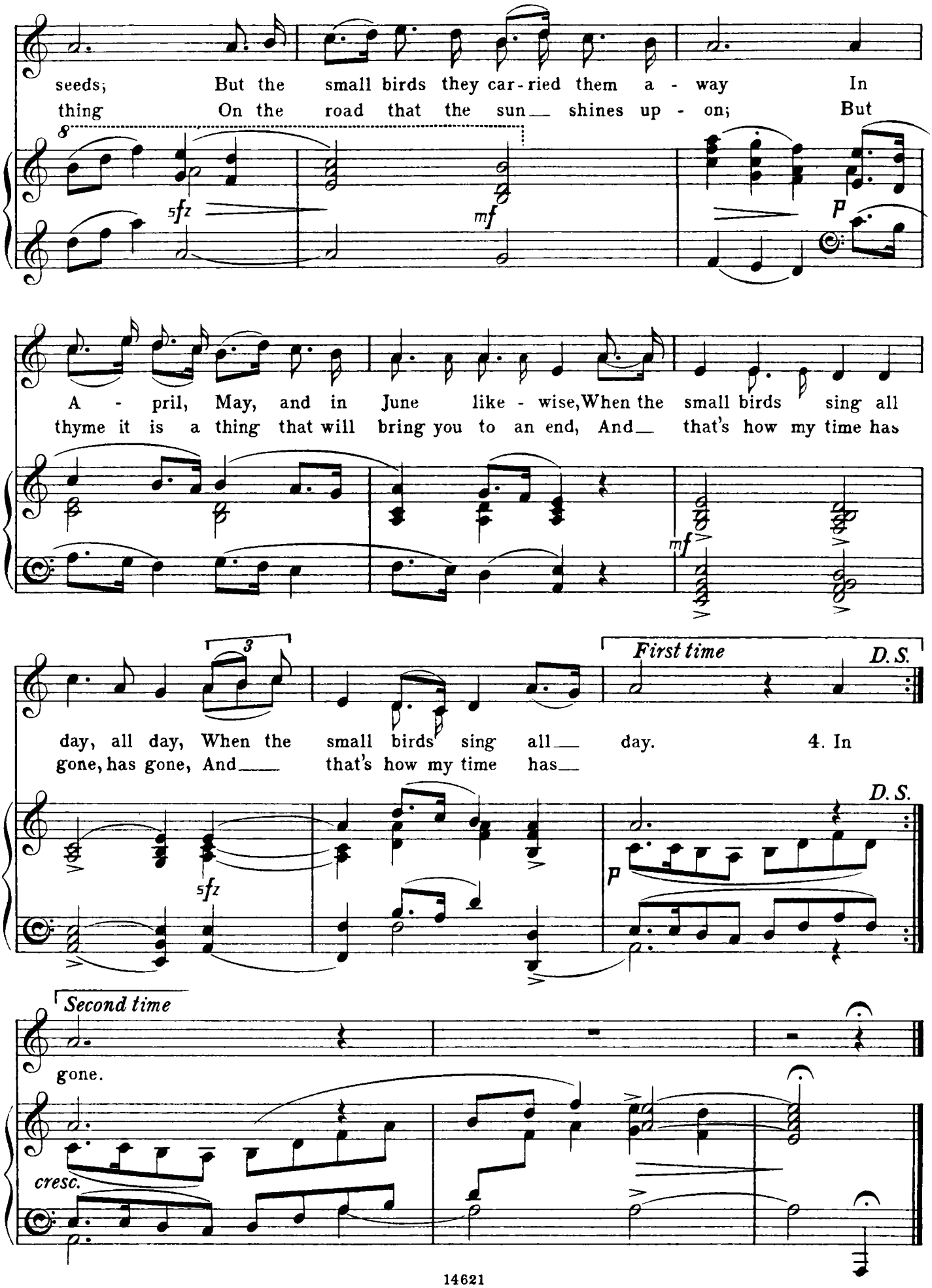

once had the heart of mine. 7. Come all you false young men, Do not
mf
leave me here to com - plain: For the grass that has oft - en - times been
tram-pled un-der foot, Give it time, it will rise up a - gain, Give it
cresc.
f
time, it will rise up a - gain.
colla voce
f
rall.e dim.
p

XVIII
THE SPRIG OF THYME.

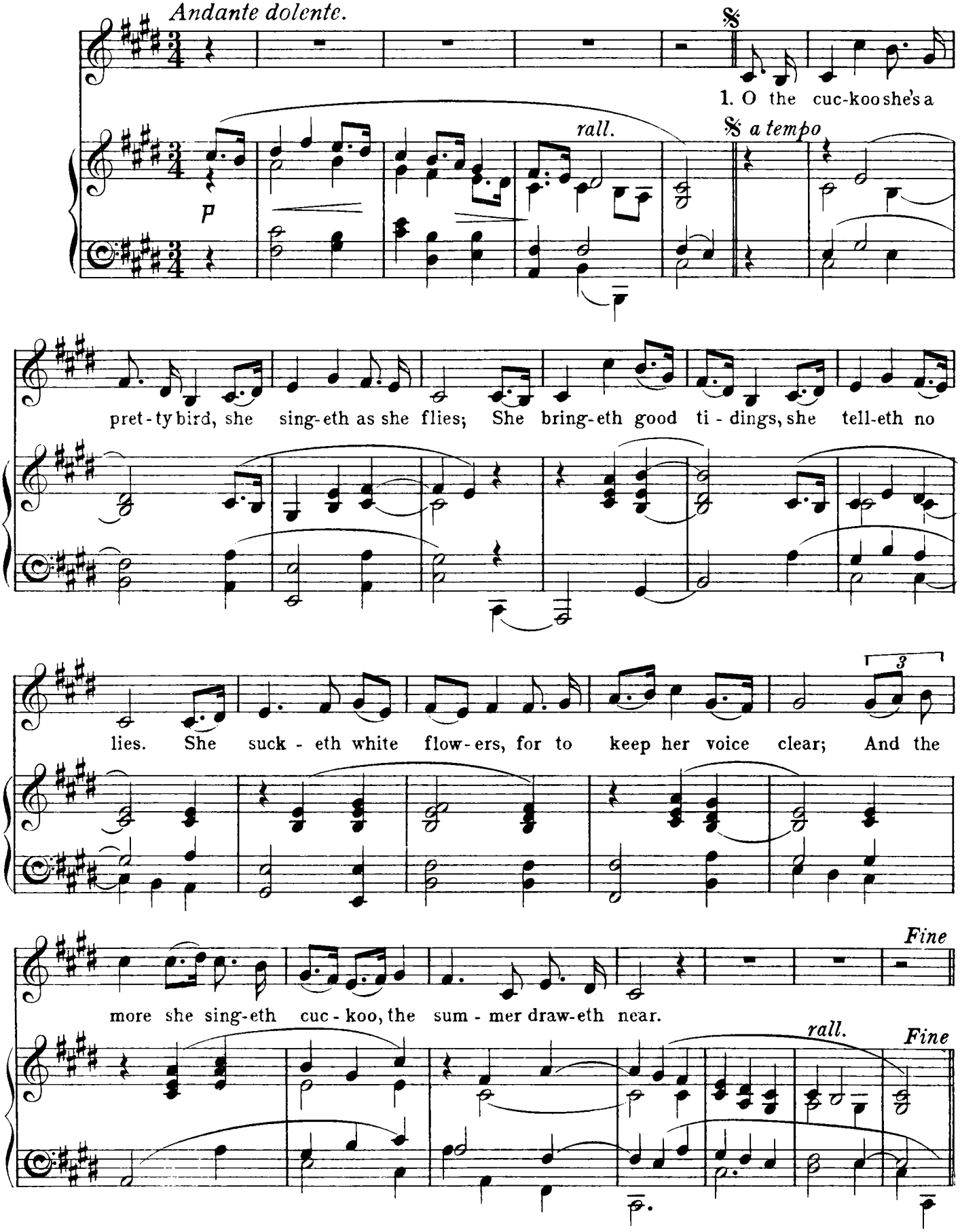
Andante con moto.

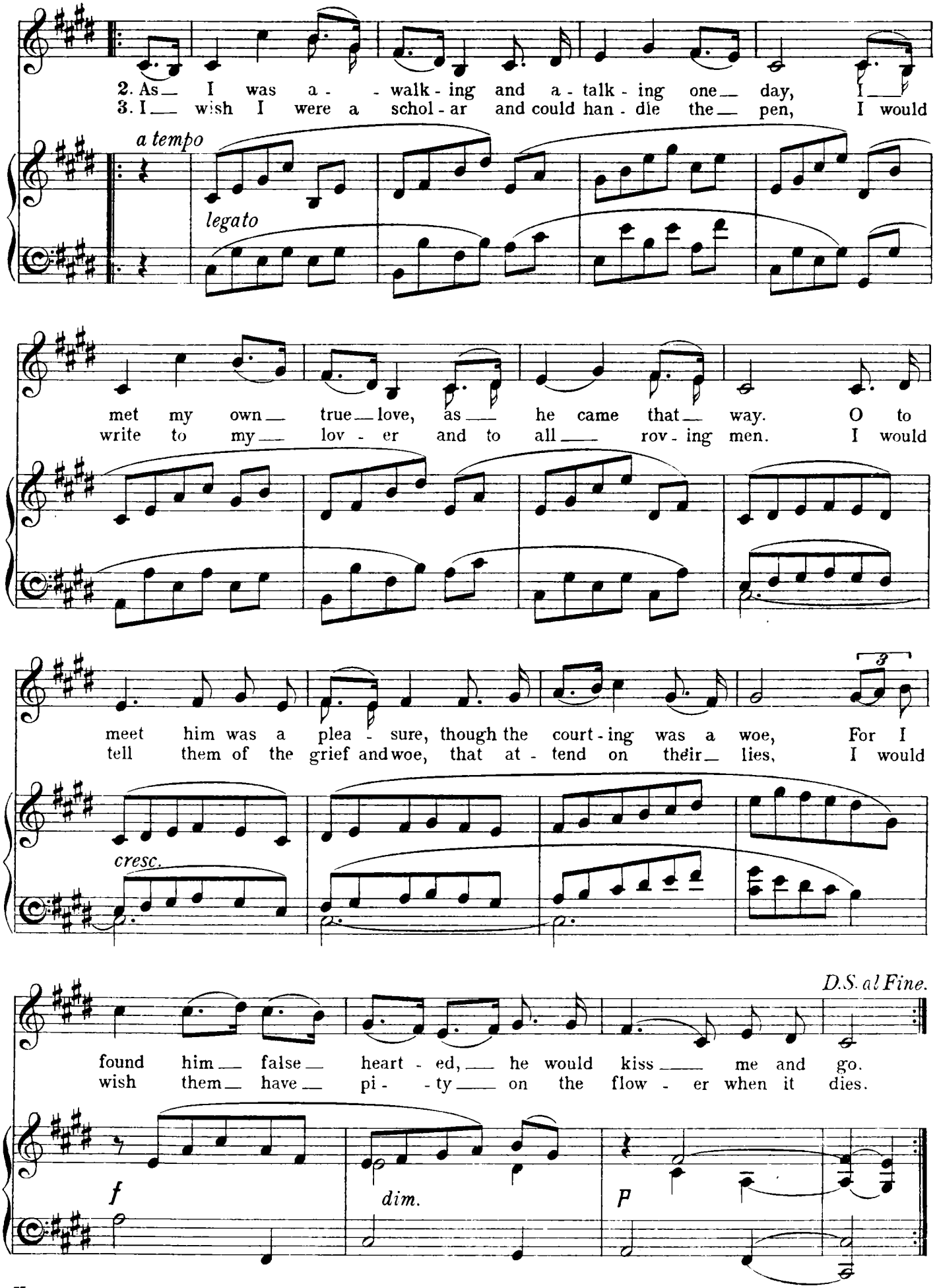



rue it is a flour - ish - ing thing, It flour - ish - es by night and by
wil - low, wil - low tree it will twist, And the wil - low, wil - low tree it will
mf
day; So be - ware of a young man's flat - ter - ing tongue, He will
twine; And so it was that young and false - heart - ed man When he
dim.
dolce
steal your thyme a - way, a - way, He will steal your thyme a -
gain - ed this heart of mine, of mine, When he gain - ed this heart of
3
sfz
sfz
- way. 3. I sow - ed my gar - den full of
mine. 6. O thyme it is a pre - cious, pre - cious
cresc.


seeds; But the small birds they car - ried them a - way In
thing On the road that the sun shines up - on; But
sfz
mf
p
A - pril, May, and in June like - wise, When the small birds sing all
thyme it is a thing that will bring you to an end, And that's how my time has
mf
3
First time
D. S.
day, all day, When the small birds sing all day. 4. In
gone, has gone, And that's how my time has
sfz
p
D. S.
Second time
gone.
cresc.

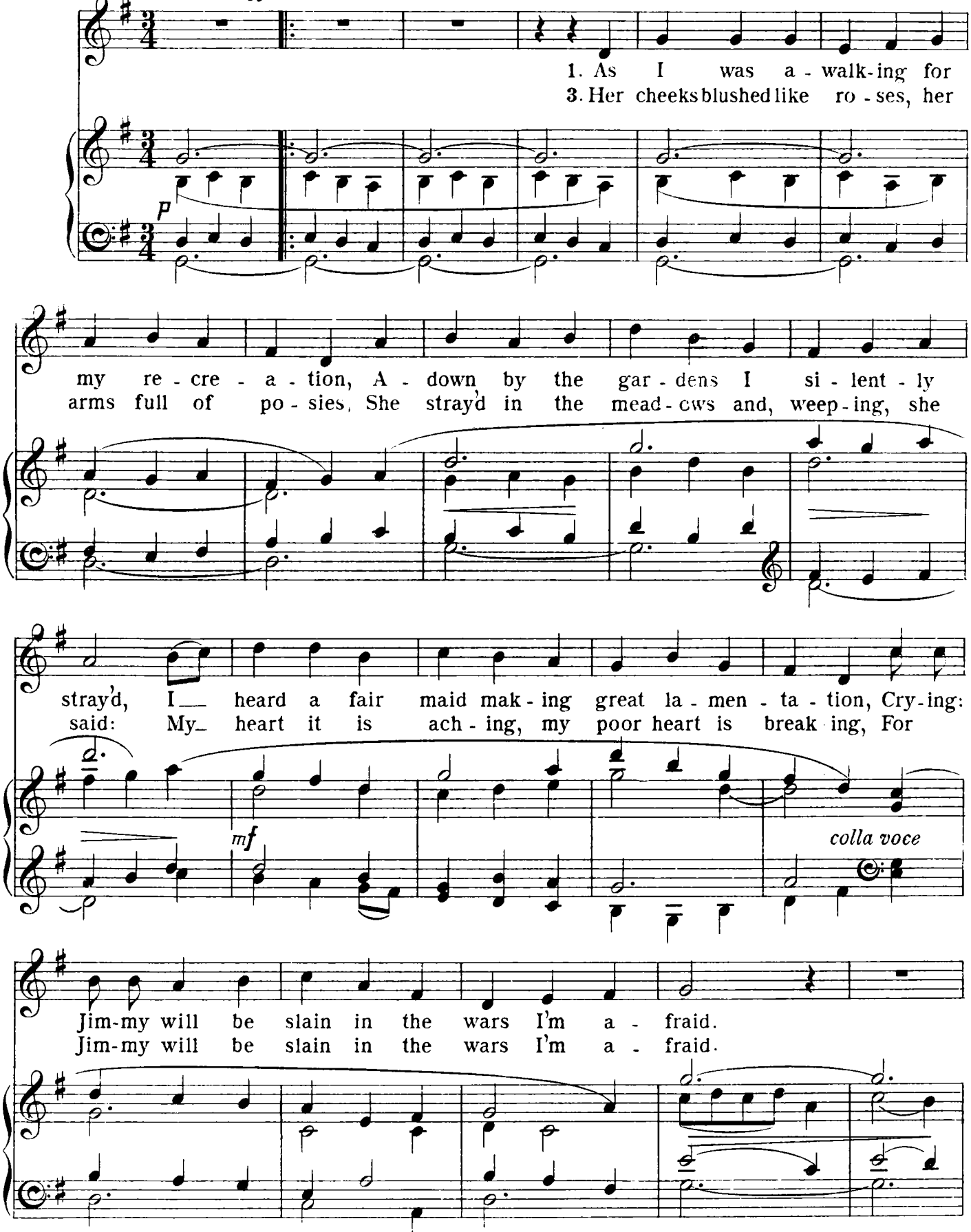
XIX
THE CUCKOO.

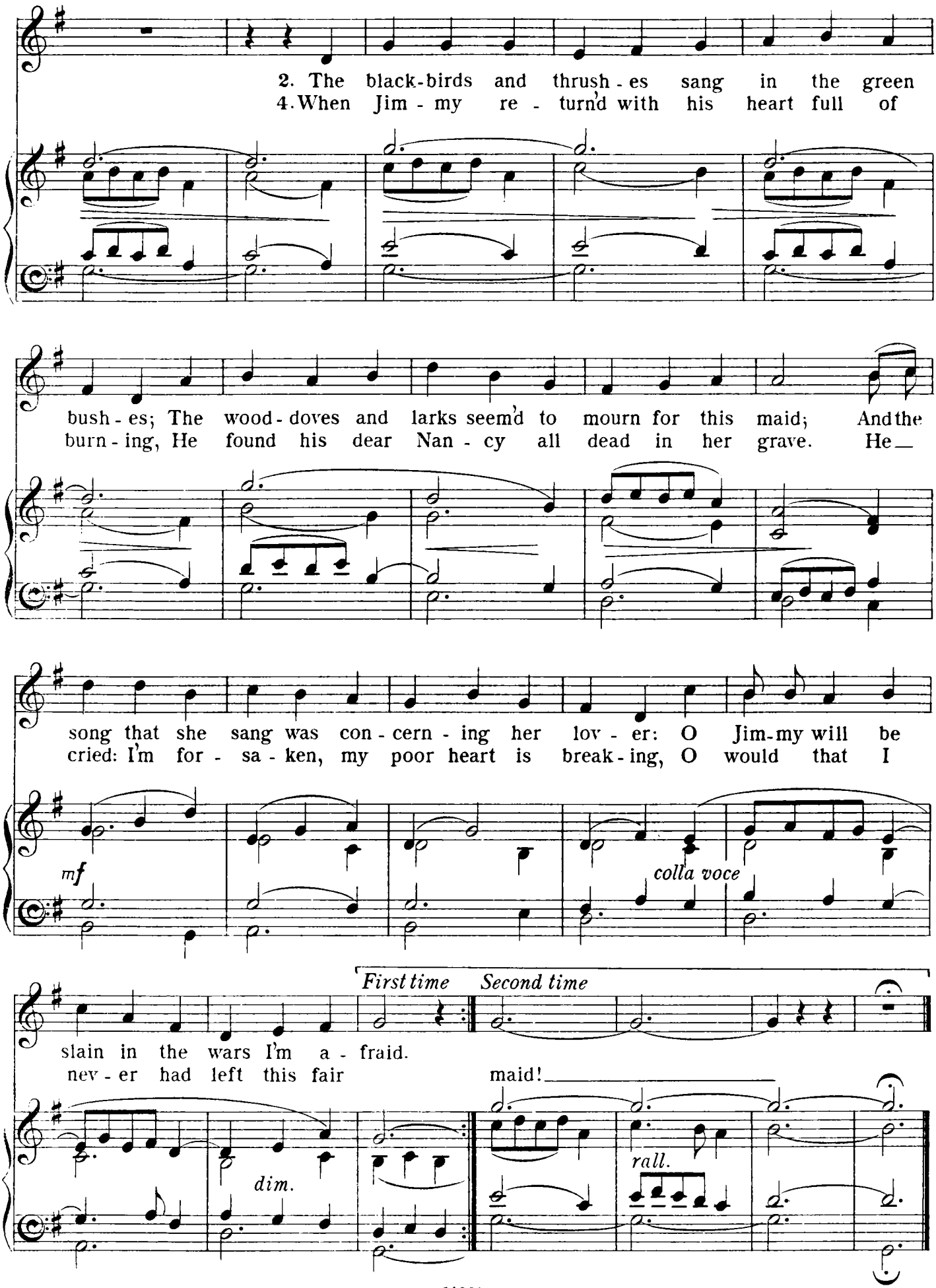



2. As I was a - walk - ing and a - talk - ing one day, I
3. I wish I were a schol - ar and could han - dle the pen, I would
a tempo
legato
met my own true love, as he came that way. O to
write to my lov - er and to all rov - ing men. I would
meet him was a plea - sure, though the court - ing was a woe, For I
tell them of the grief and woe, that at - tend on their lies, I would
3
cresc.
D.S. al Fine.
found him false heart - ed, he would kiss me and go.
wish them have pi - ty on the flow - er when it dies.
f
dim.
p

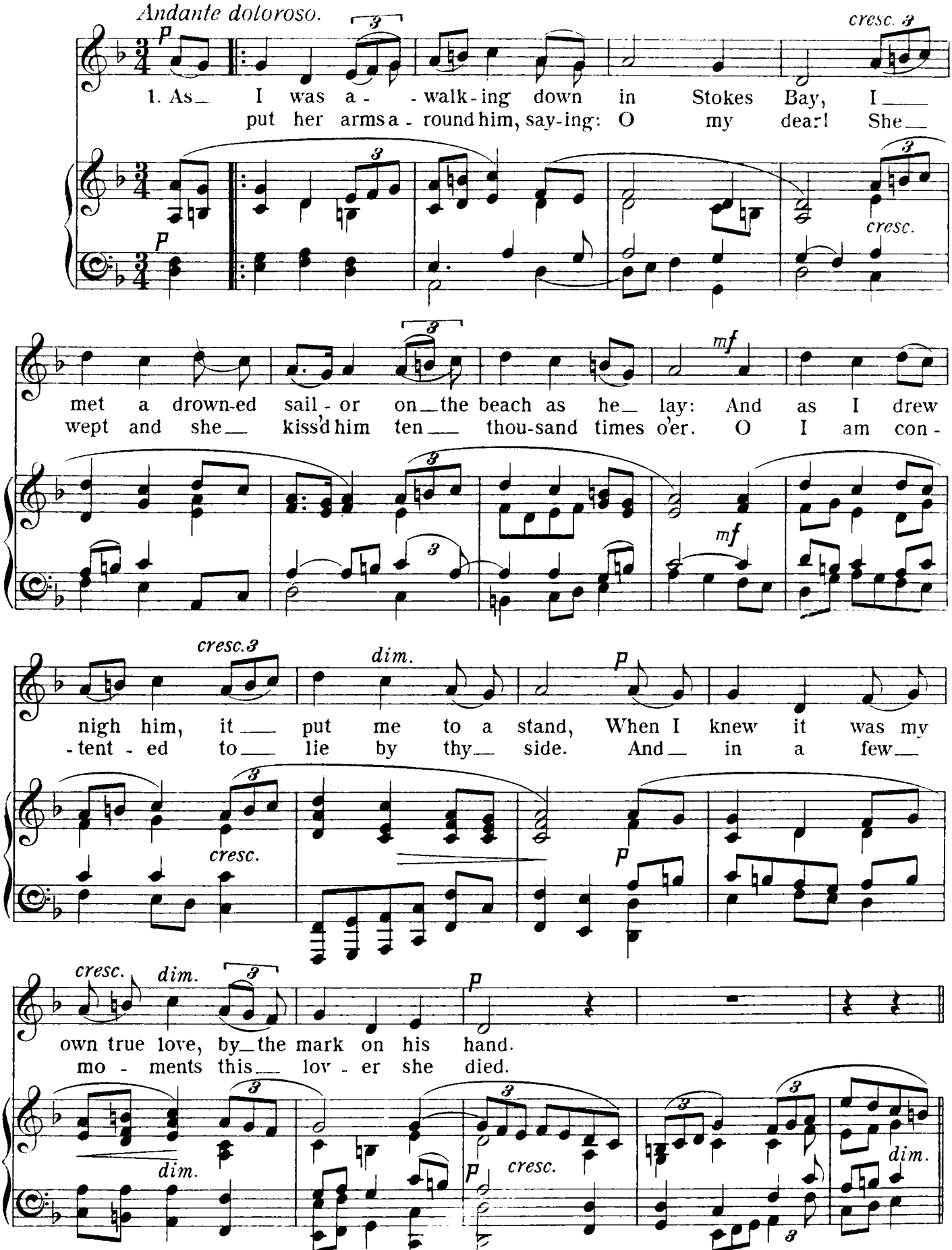
XX
BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

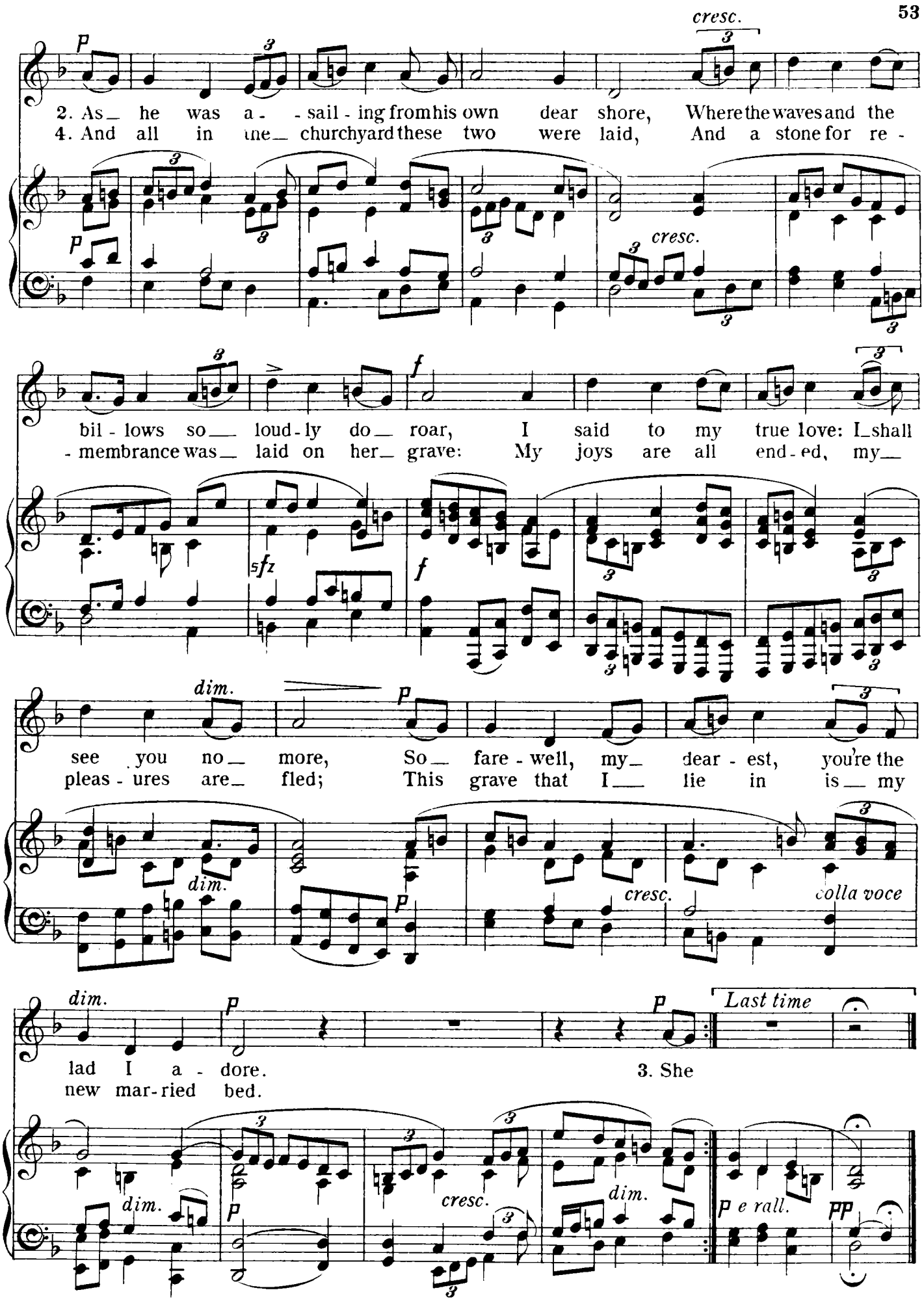
Andante affettuoso.




2. The black-birds and thrush-es sang in the green
4. When Jim-my re-turn'd with his heart full of
bush-es; The wood-doves and larks seem'd to mourn for this maid; And the
burn-ing, He found his dear Nan-cy all dead in her grave. He
song that she sang was con-cern-ing her lov-er: O Jim-my will be
cried: I'm for-sa-ken, my poor heart is break-ing, O would that I
mf
colla voce
First time
Second time
slain in the wars I'm a-fraid.
nev-er had left this fair maid!
dim.
rall.

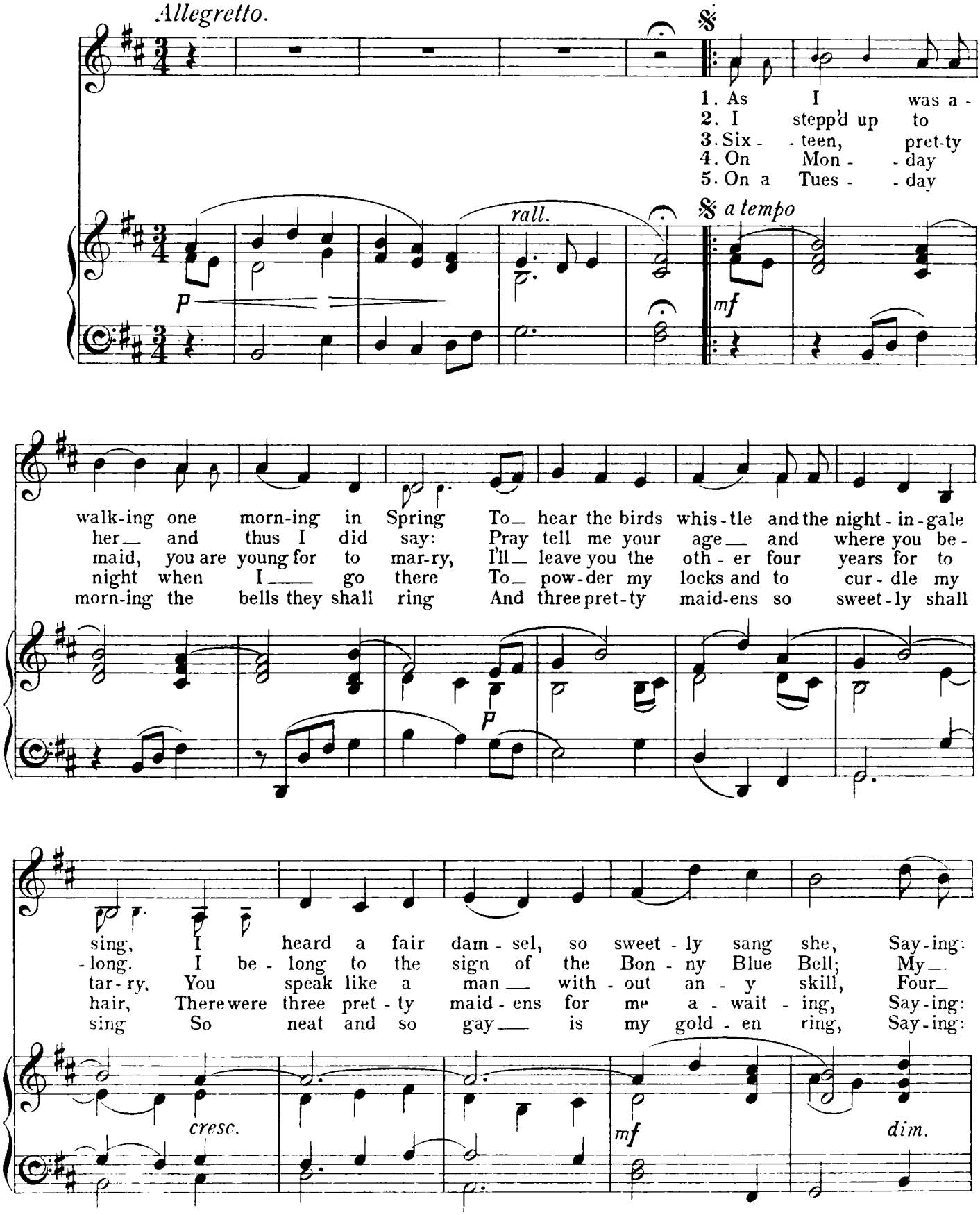
XXI
THE DROWNED LOVER.



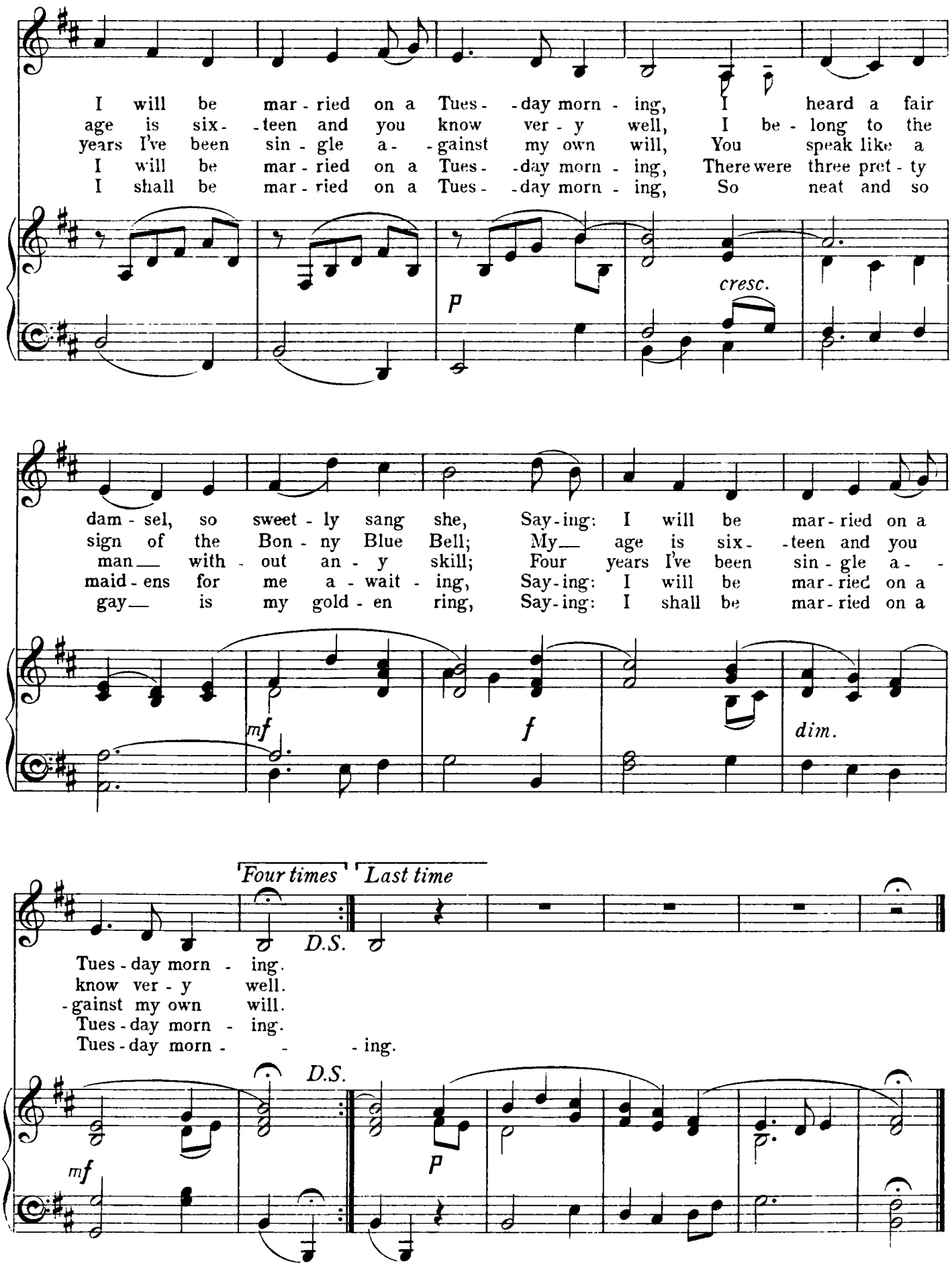

cresc.
2. As he was a - sail - ing from his own dear shore, Where the waves and the
4. And all in one churchyard these two were laid, And a stone for re -
cresc.
bil - lows so loud - ly do roar, I said to my true love: I shall
- membrance was laid on her grave: My joys are all end - ed, my
sfz
f
dim.
see you no more, So fare - well, my dear - est, you're the
pleas - ures are fled; This grave that I lie in is my
dim.
cresc.
colla voce
dim.
Last time
lad I a - dore.
new mar - ried bed.
3. She
dim.
cresc.
dim.
p e rall.
pp

XXII

THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.



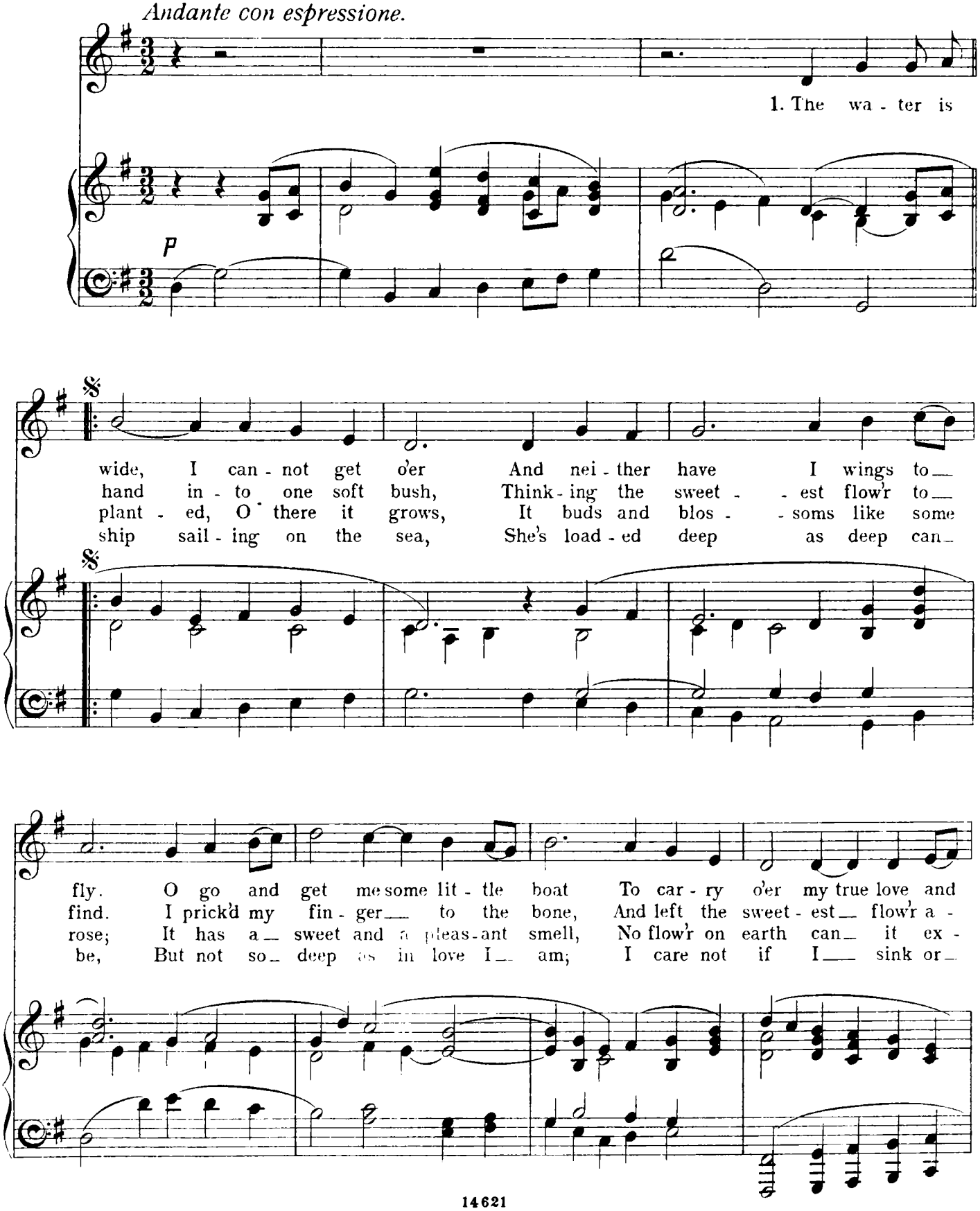
14621

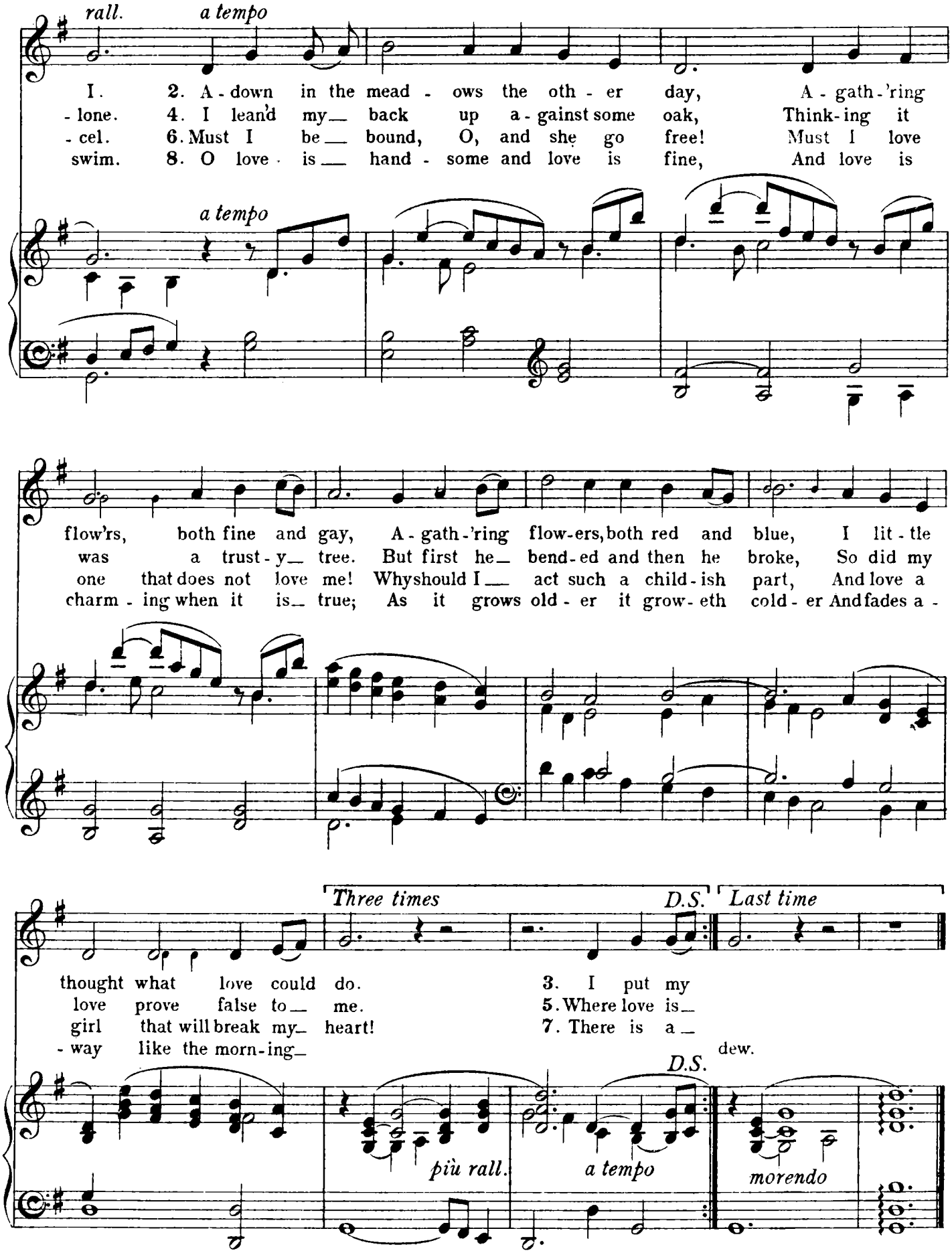

I will be mar - ried on a Tues - -day morn - ing, I heard a fair
age is six - -teen and you know ver - y well, I be - long to the
years I've been sin - gle a - -gainst my own will, You speak like a
I will be mar - ried on a Tues - -day morn - ing, There were three pret - ty
I shall be mar - ried on a Tues - -day morn - ing, So neat and so
p
cresc.
dam - sel, so sweet - ly sang she, Say - ing: I will be mar - ried on a
sign of the Bon - ny Blue Bell; My— age is six - -teen and you
man— with - out an - y skill; Four years I've been sin - gle a - -
maid - ens for me a - wait - ing, Say - ing: I will be mar - ried on a
gay— is my gold - en ring, Say - ing: I shall be mar - ried on a
mf
f
dim.
Four times
Last time
D.S.
Tues - day morn - ing.
know ver - y well.
-gainst my own will.
Tues - day morn - ing.
Tues - day morn - - - ing.
D.S.
mf
p

XXIII

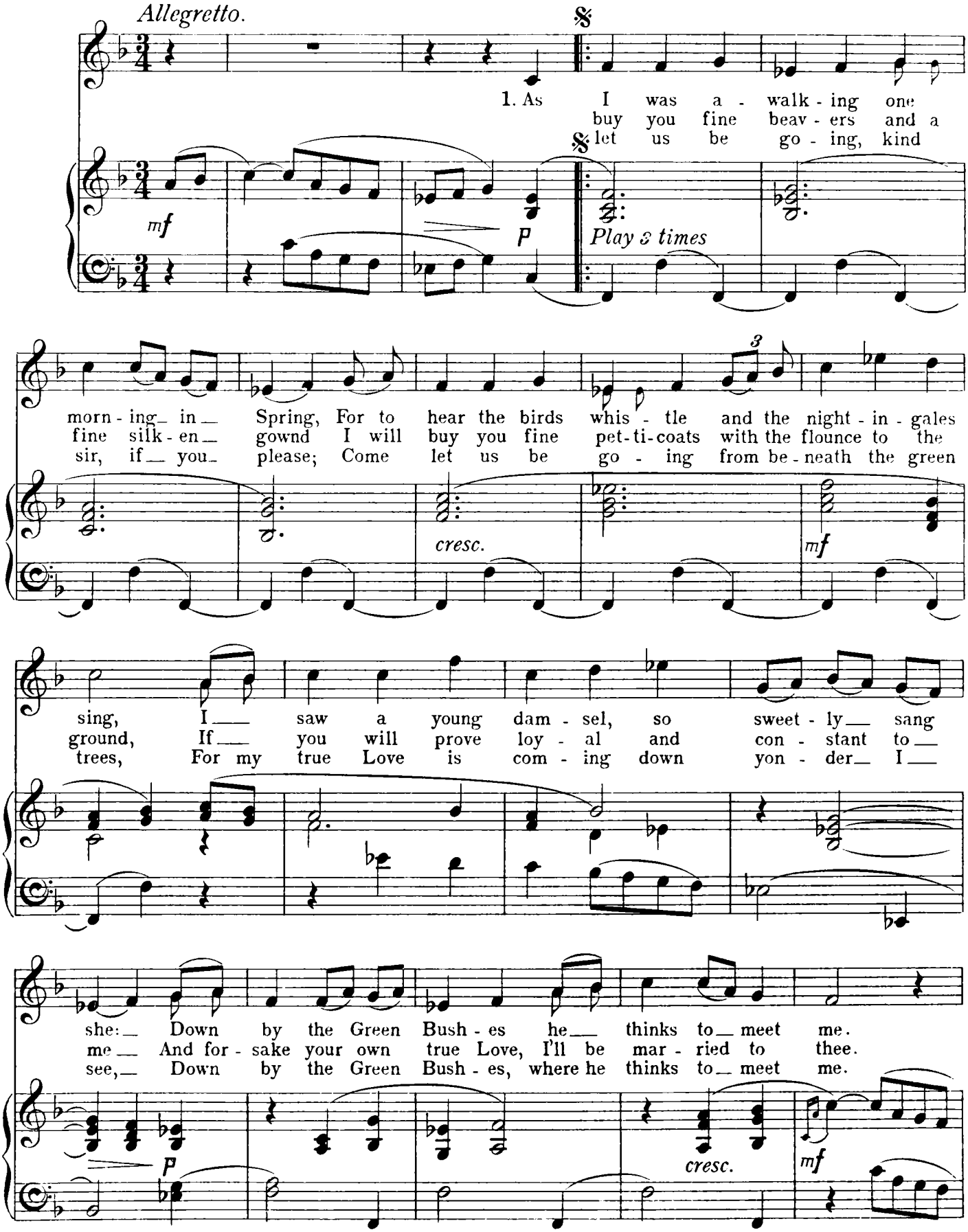
O WALY, WALY.

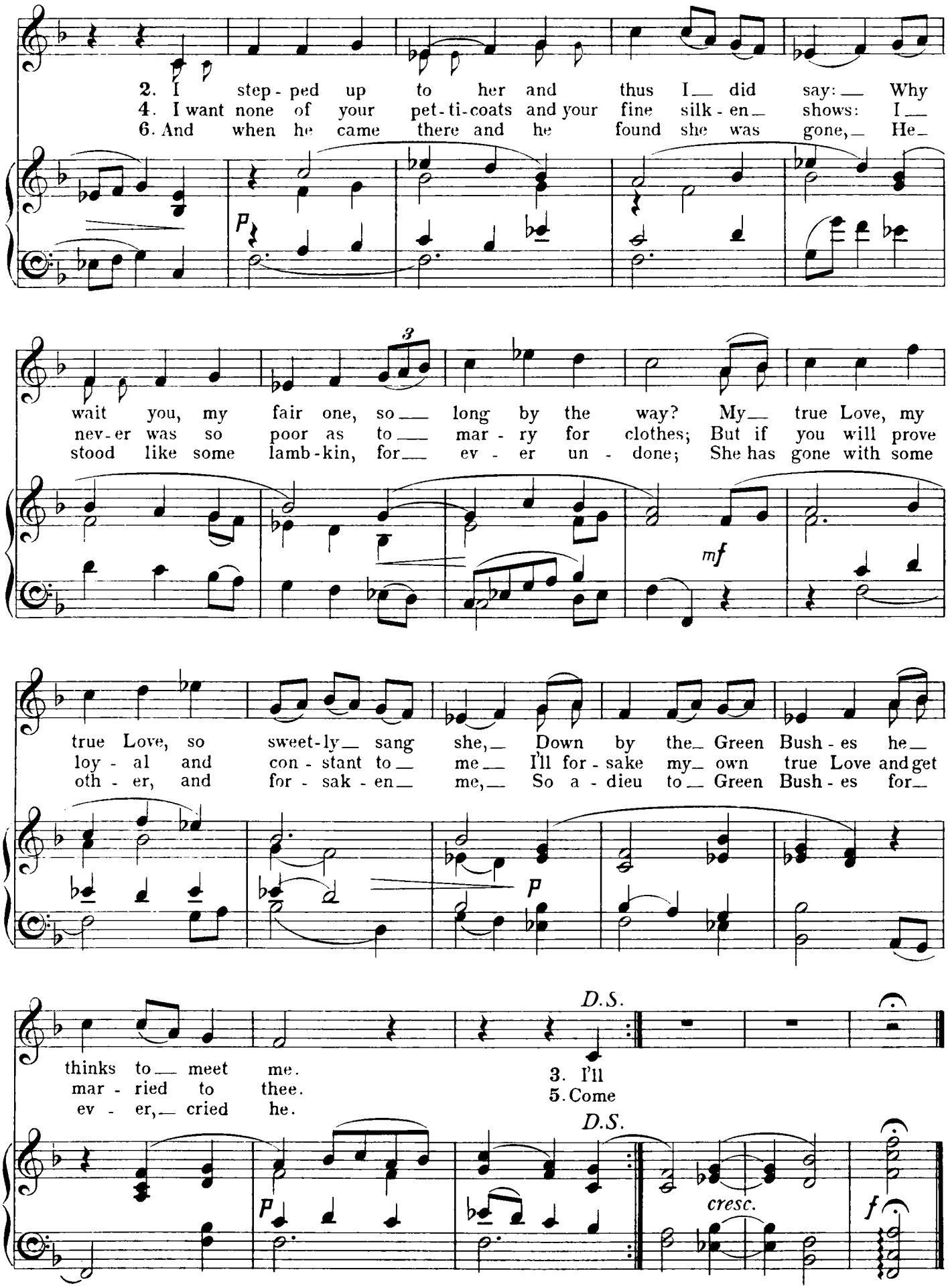
Andante con espressione.



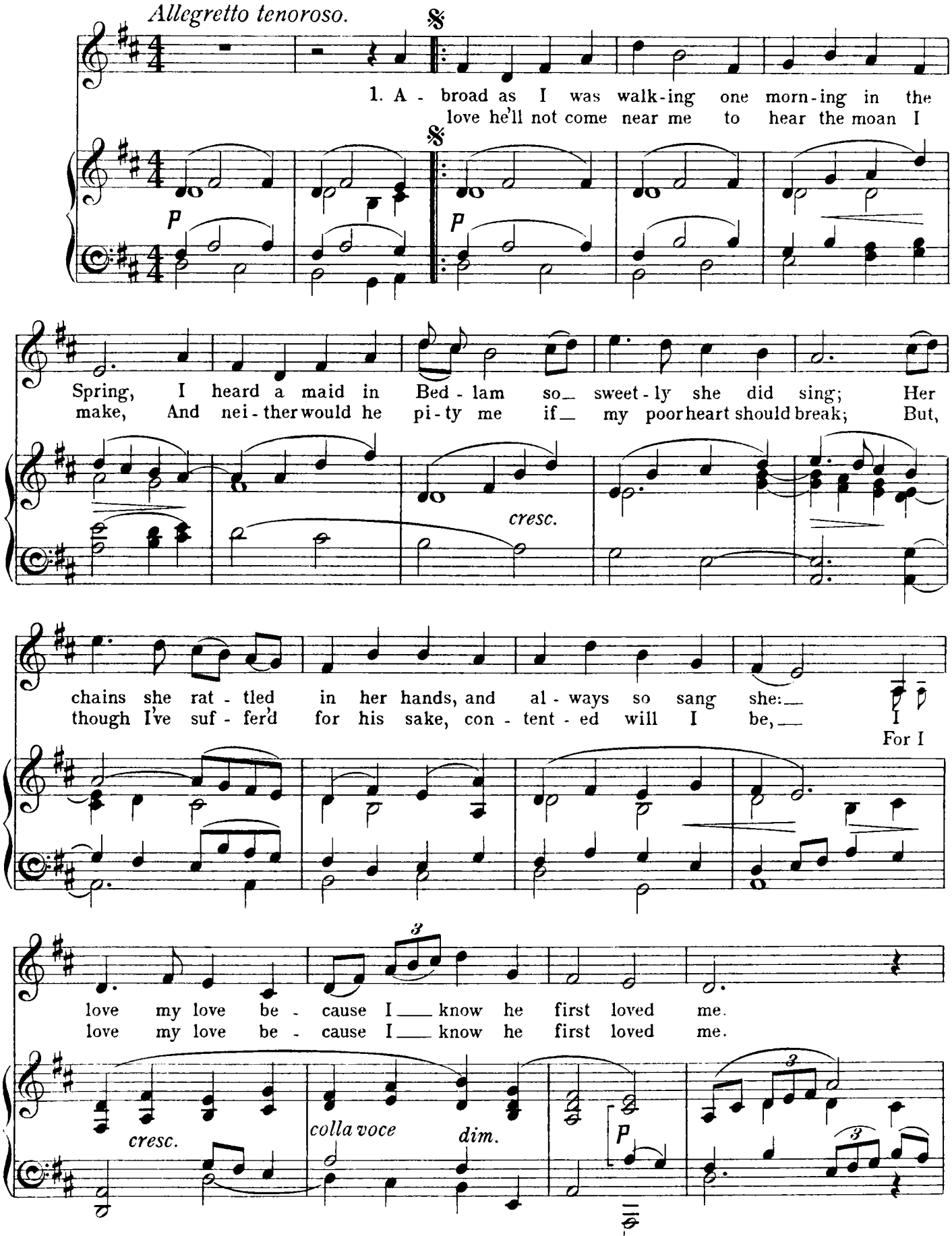

rall.
a tempo
I. 2. A - down in the mead - ows the oth - er day, A - gath - 'ring
- lone. 4. I lean'd my_ back up a - gainst some oak, Think - ing it
- cel. 6. Must I be_ bound, O, and she go free! Must I love
swim. 8. O love - is_ hand - some and love is fine, And love is
a tempo
flow'rs, both fine and gay, A - gath - 'ring flow - ers, both red and blue, I lit - tle
was a trust - y_ tree. But first he_ bend - ed and then he broke, So did my
one that does not love me! Why should I_ act such a child - ish part, And love a
charm - ing when it is_ true; As it grows old - er it grow - eth cold - er And fades a -
Three times
D.S.
Last time
thought what love could do.
love prove false to_ me.
girl that will break my_ heart!
- way like the morn - ing_
3. I put my
5. Where love is_
7. There is a_
dew.
D.S.
più rall.
a tempo
morendo

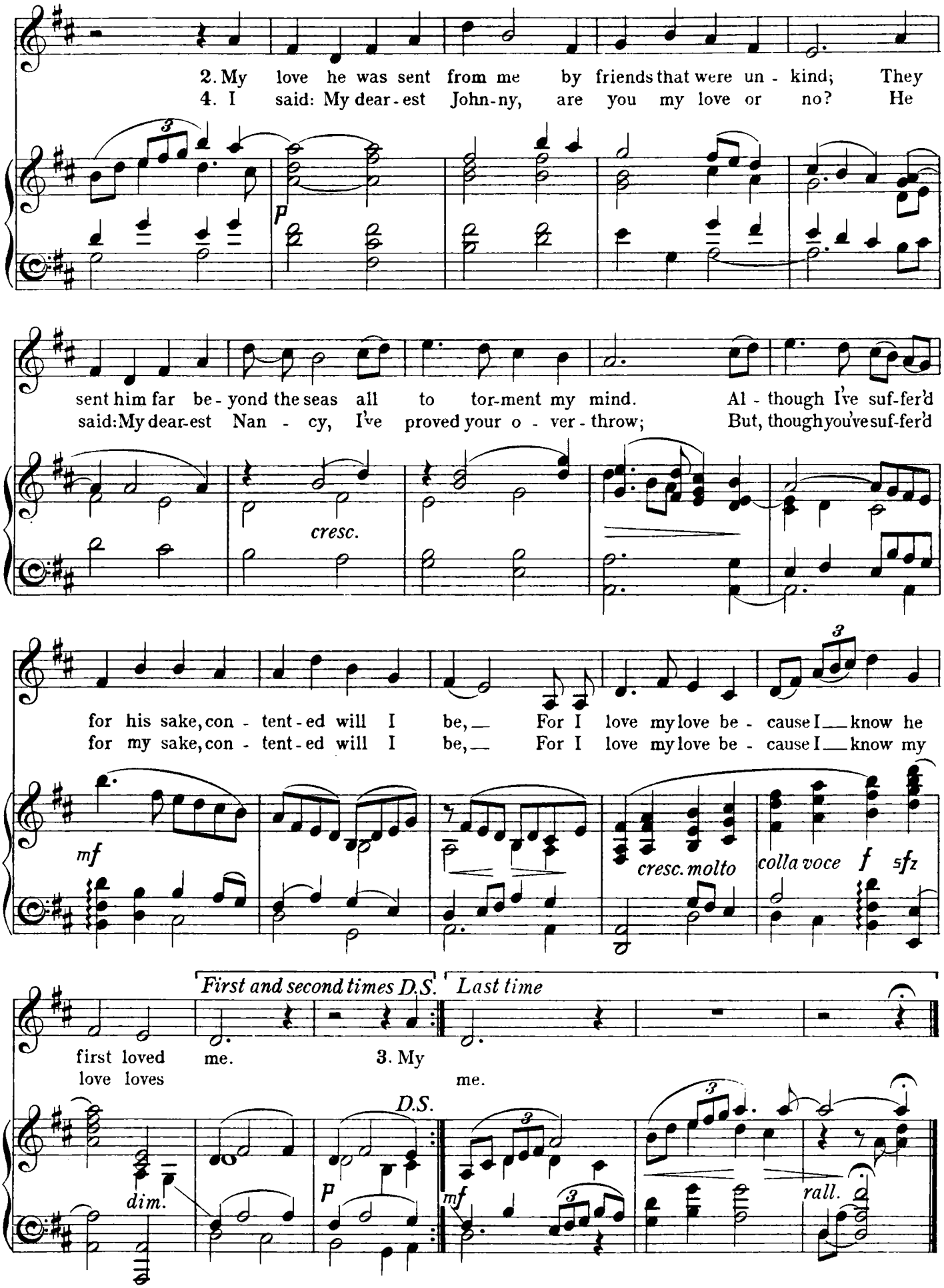
XXIV
GREEN BUSHES.




2. I step-ped up to her and thus I did say: Why
4. I want none of your pet-ti-coats and your fine silk-en shows: I
6. And when he came there and he found she was gone, He
wait you, my fair one, so long by the way? My true Love, my
nev-er was so poor as to mar-ry for clothes; But if you will prove
stood like some lamb-kin, for ev-er un-done; She has gone with some
true Love, so sweet-ly sang she, Down by the Green Bush-es he
loy-al and con-stant to me I'll for-sake my own true Love and get
oth-er, and for-sak-en me, So a-dieu to Green Bush-es for
thinks to meet me.
mar-ried to thee.
ev-er, cried he.
3. I'll
5. Come
D.S.
D.S.
P
mf
P
cresc.
f

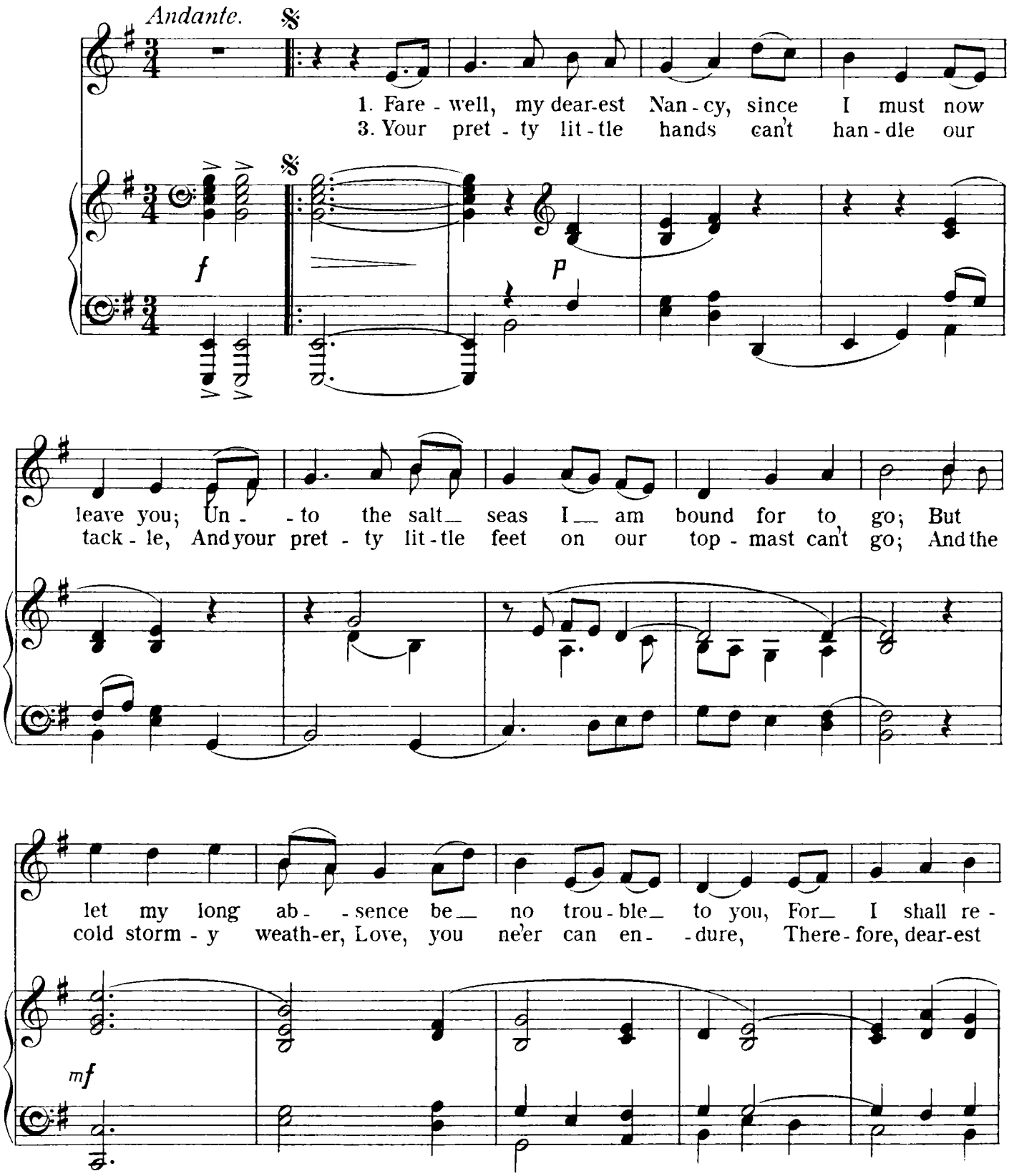
XXV
BEDLAM.

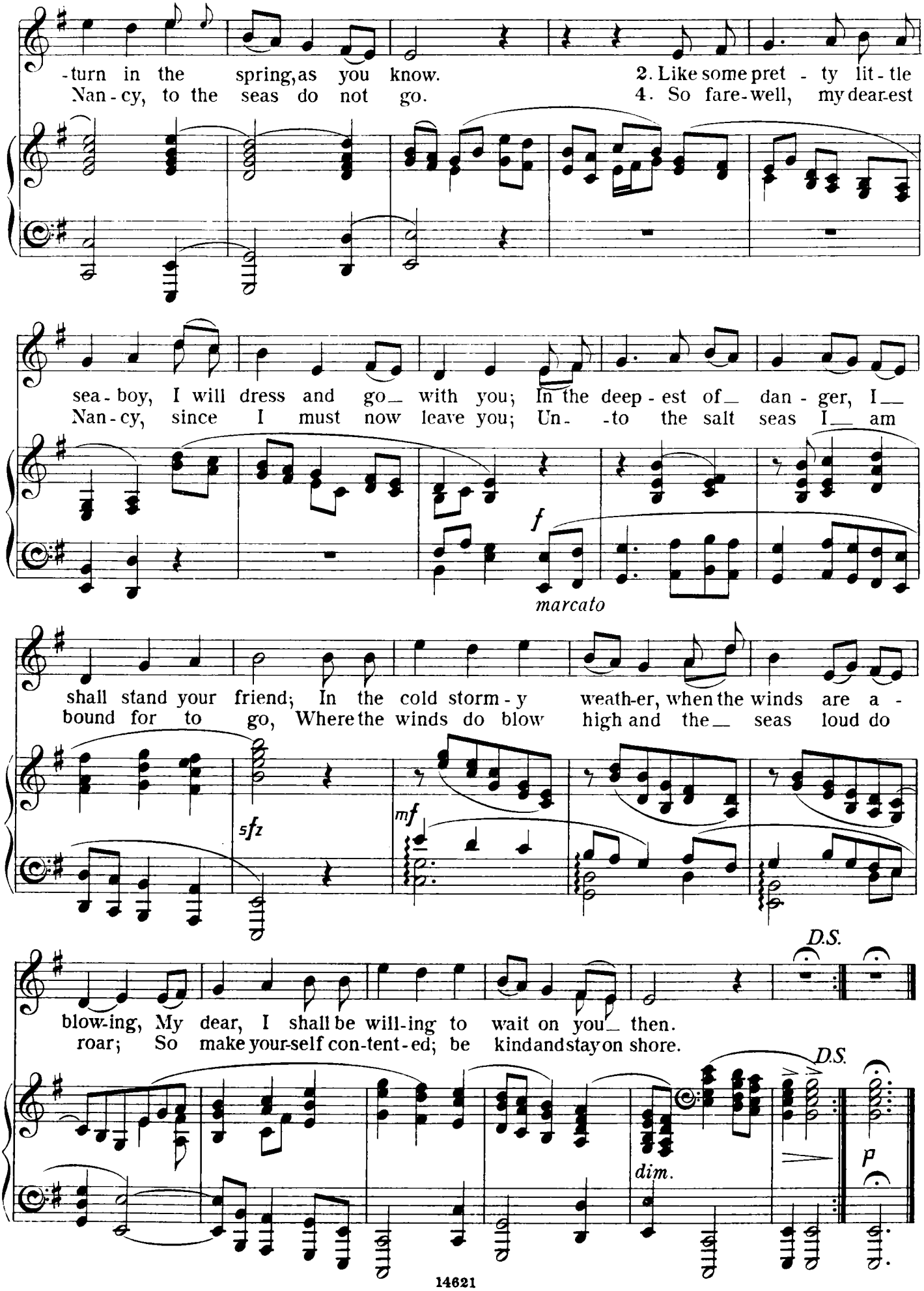

Allegretto tenoroso.
1. A - broad as I was walk-ing one morn-ing in the
love he'll not come near me to hear the moan I
Spring, I heard a maid in Bed - lam so_ sweet - ly she did sing; Her
make, And nei - ther would he pi - ty me if_ my poor heart should break; But,
cresc.
chains she rat - tled in her hands, and al - ways so sang she:_
though I've suf - fer'd for his sake, con - tent - ed will I be,_
I
For I
love my love be - cause I_ know he first loved me.
love my love be - cause I_ know he first loved me.
cresc.
colla voce
dim.


2. My love he was sent from me by friends that were un - kind; They
4. I said: My dear - est John - ny, are you my love or no? He
sent him far be - yond the seas all to tor-ment my mind. Al - though I've suf-fer'd
said: My dear-est Nan - cy, I've proved your o - ver - throw; But, though you've suf-fer'd
p
cresc.
for his sake, con - tent - ed will I be, For I love my love be - cause I know he
for my sake, con - tent - ed will I be, For I love my love be - cause I know my
mf
cresc. molto
colla voce
f
sfz
First and second times D.S.
Last time
first loved me.
love loves
3. My
me.
D.S.
dim.
p
mf
rall.

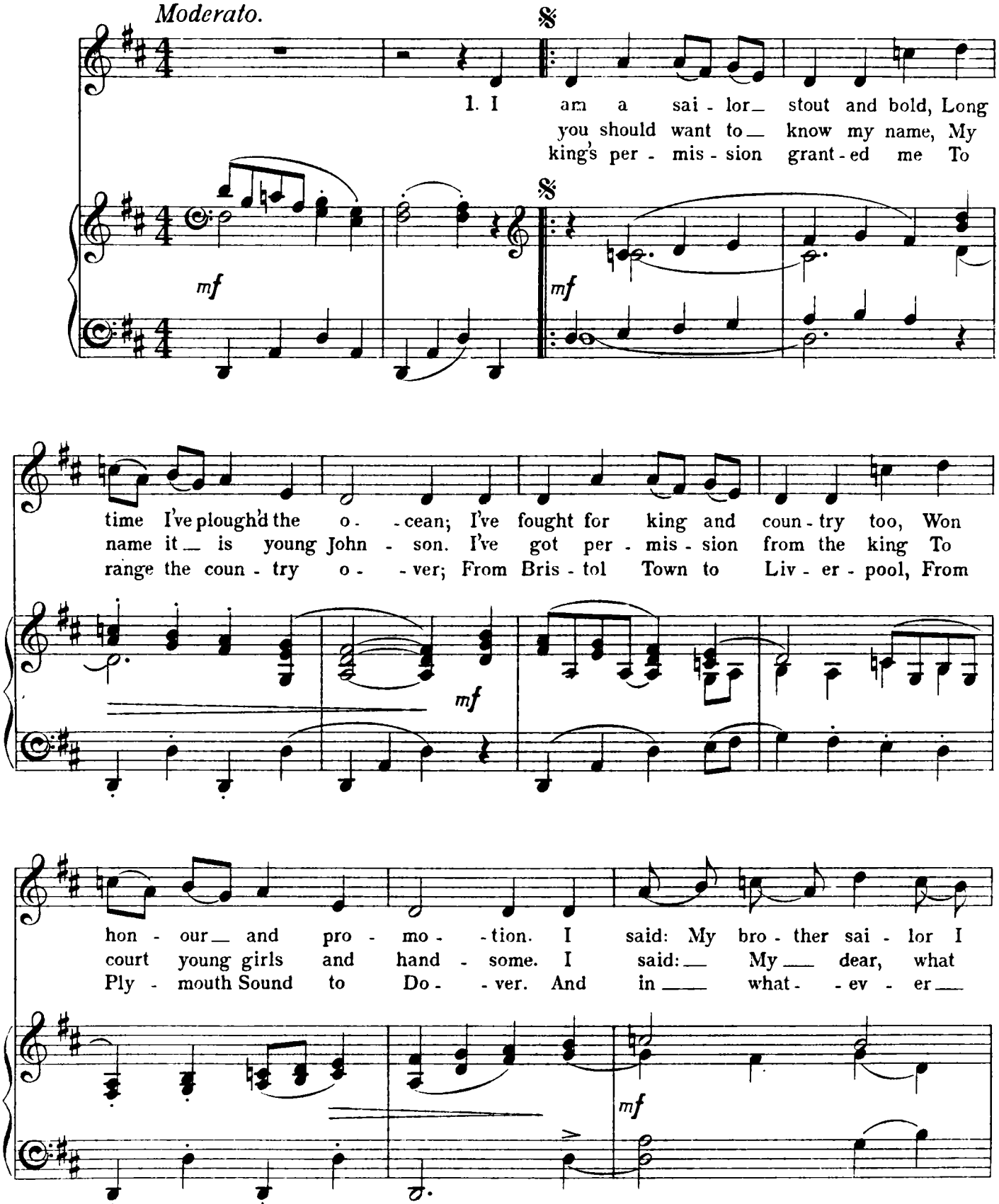
XXVI

FAREWELL, NANCY.

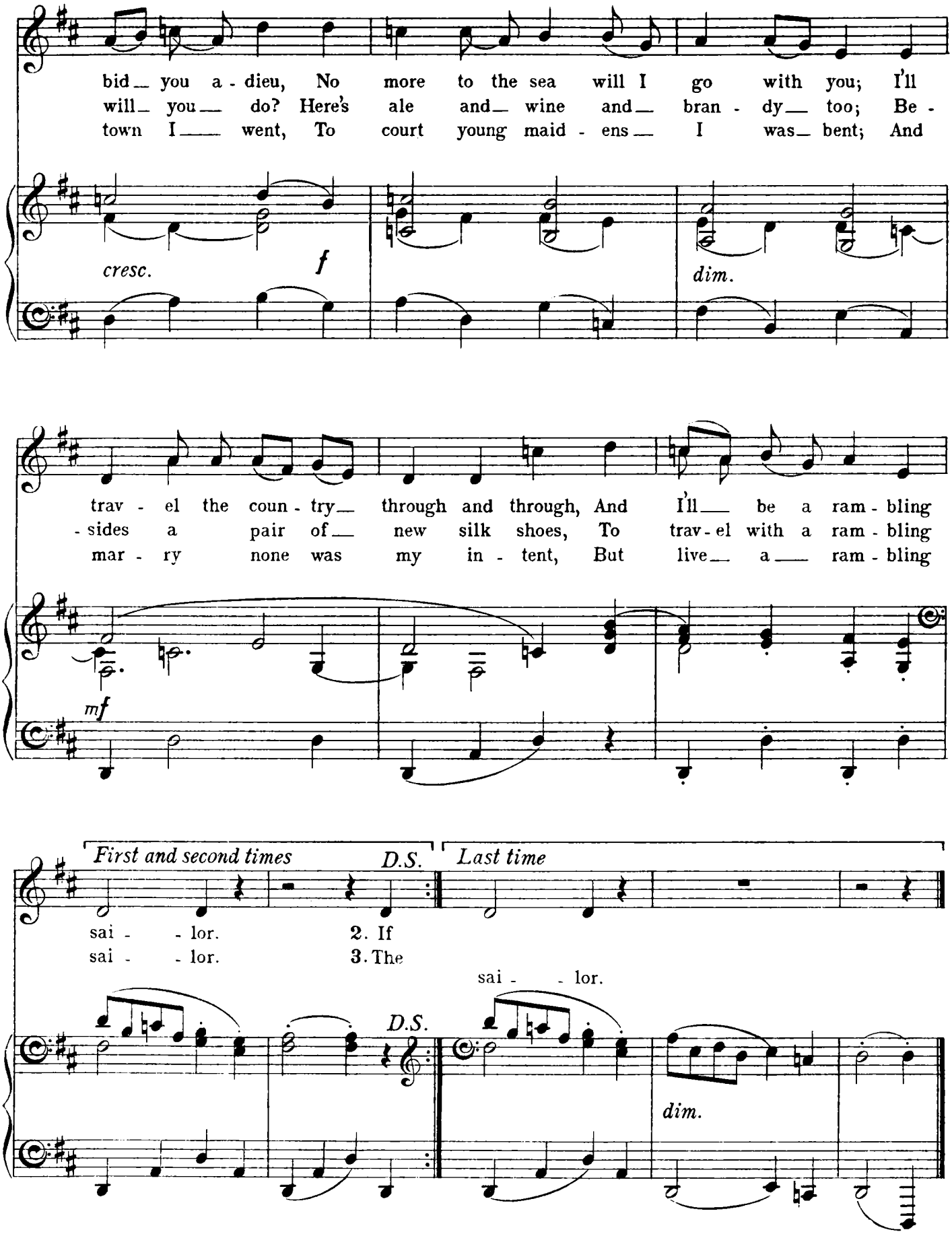



-turn in the spring, as you know.
Nan-cy, to the seas do not go.
2. Like some pret-ty lit-tle
4. So fare-well, my dear-est
sea-boy, I will dress and go with you; In the deep-est of dan-ger, I
Nan-cy, since I must now leave you; Un- -to the salt seas I am
f
marcato
shall stand your friend; In the cold storm-y weath-er, when the winds are a-
bound for to go, Where the winds do blow high and the seas loud do
sfz
mf
blow-ing, My dear, I shall be will-ing to wait on you then.
roar; So make your-self con-tent-ed; be kind and stay on shore.
D.S.
D.S.
dim.
p

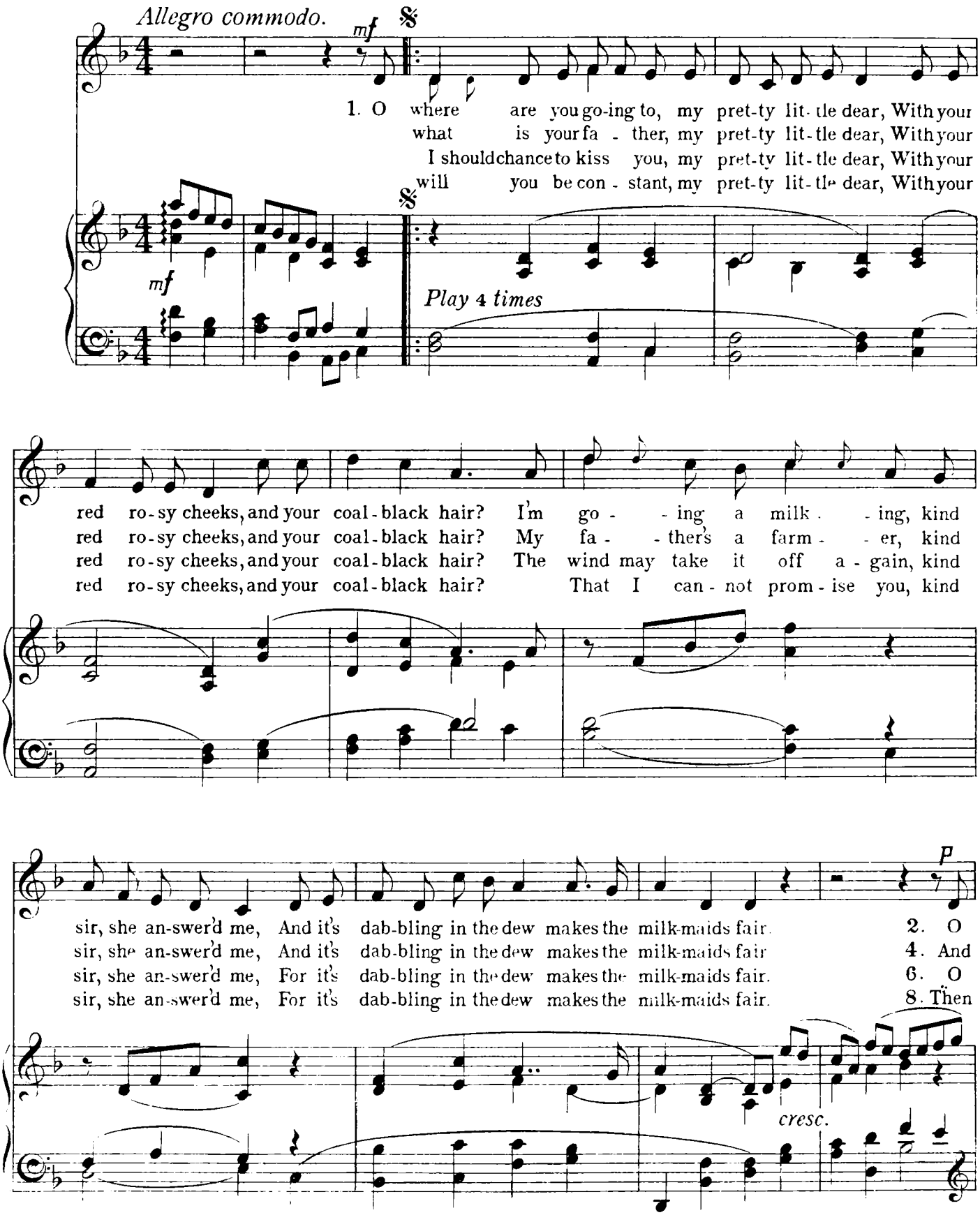
XXVII
THE RAMBLING SAILOR.



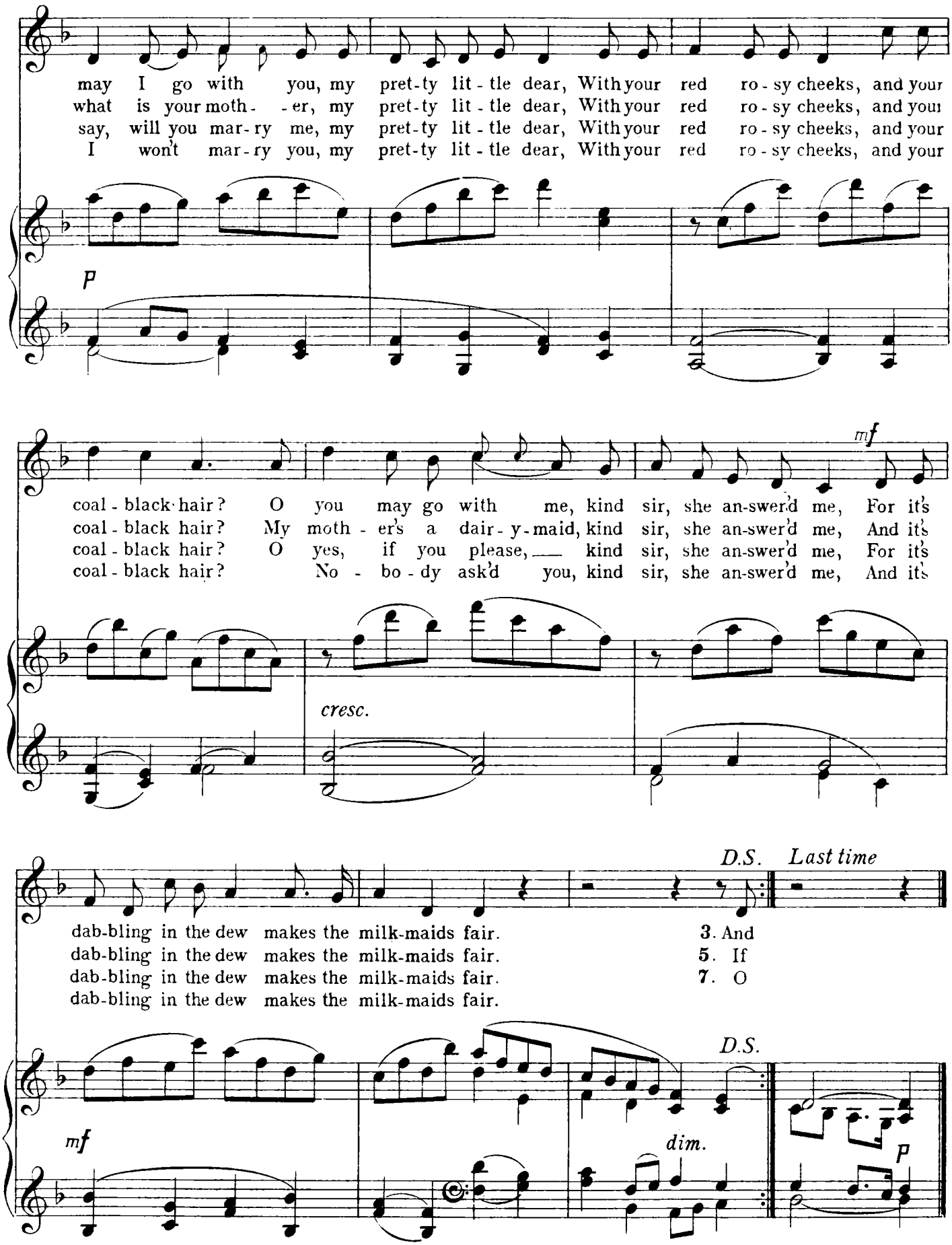
14621


bid you a - dieu, No more to the sea will I go with you; I'll
will you do? Here's ale and wine and bran - dy too; Be -
town I went, To court young maid - ens I was bent; And
cresc.
f
dim.
trav - el the coun - try through and through, And I'll be a ram - bling
- sides a pair of new silk shoes, To trav - el with a ram - bling
mar - ry none was my in - tent, But live a ram - bling
mf
First and second times
D.S.
Last time
sai - - lor.
2. If
sai - - lor.
3. The
sai - - lor.
D.S.
dim.

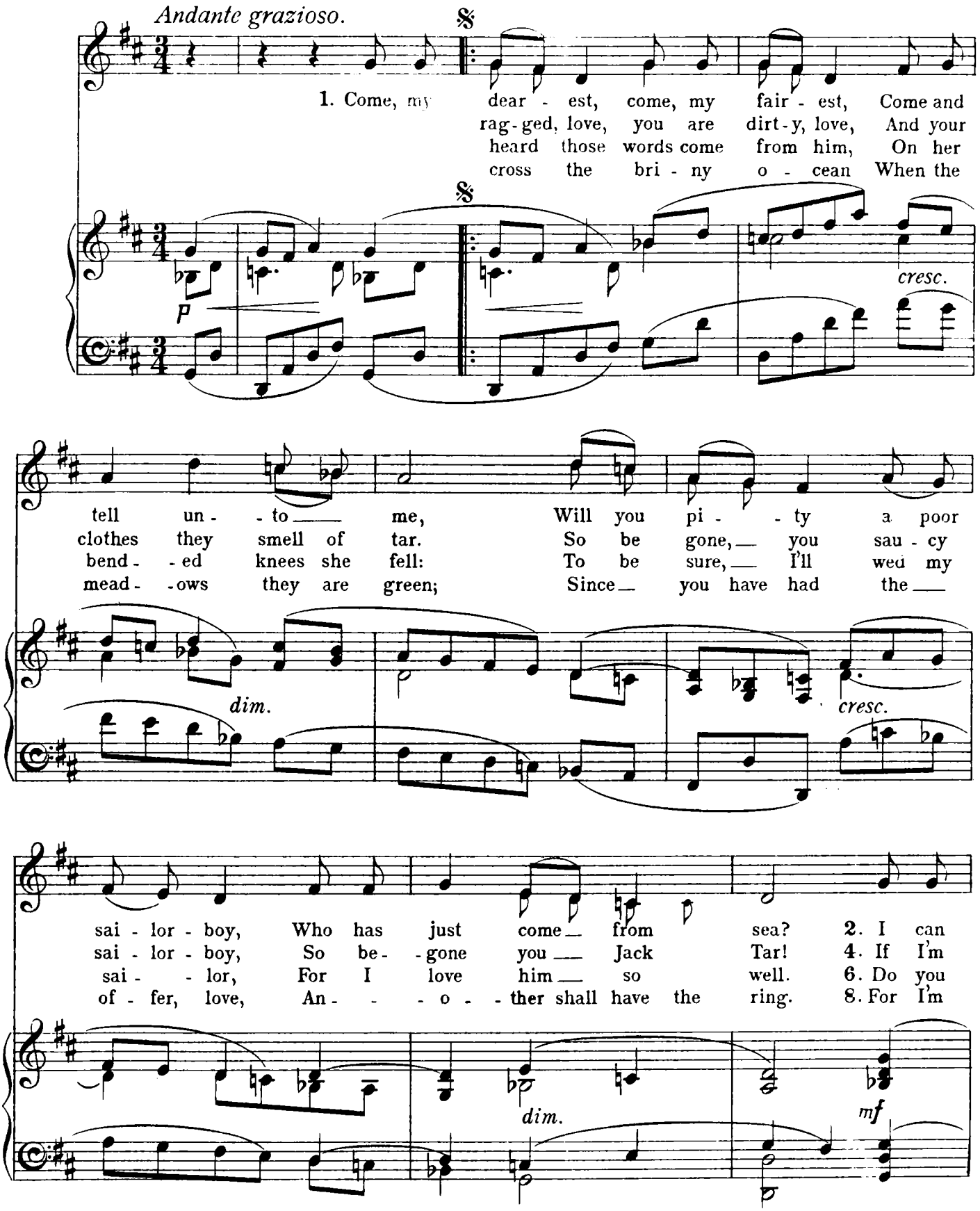
XXVIII
DABBLING IN THE DEW.

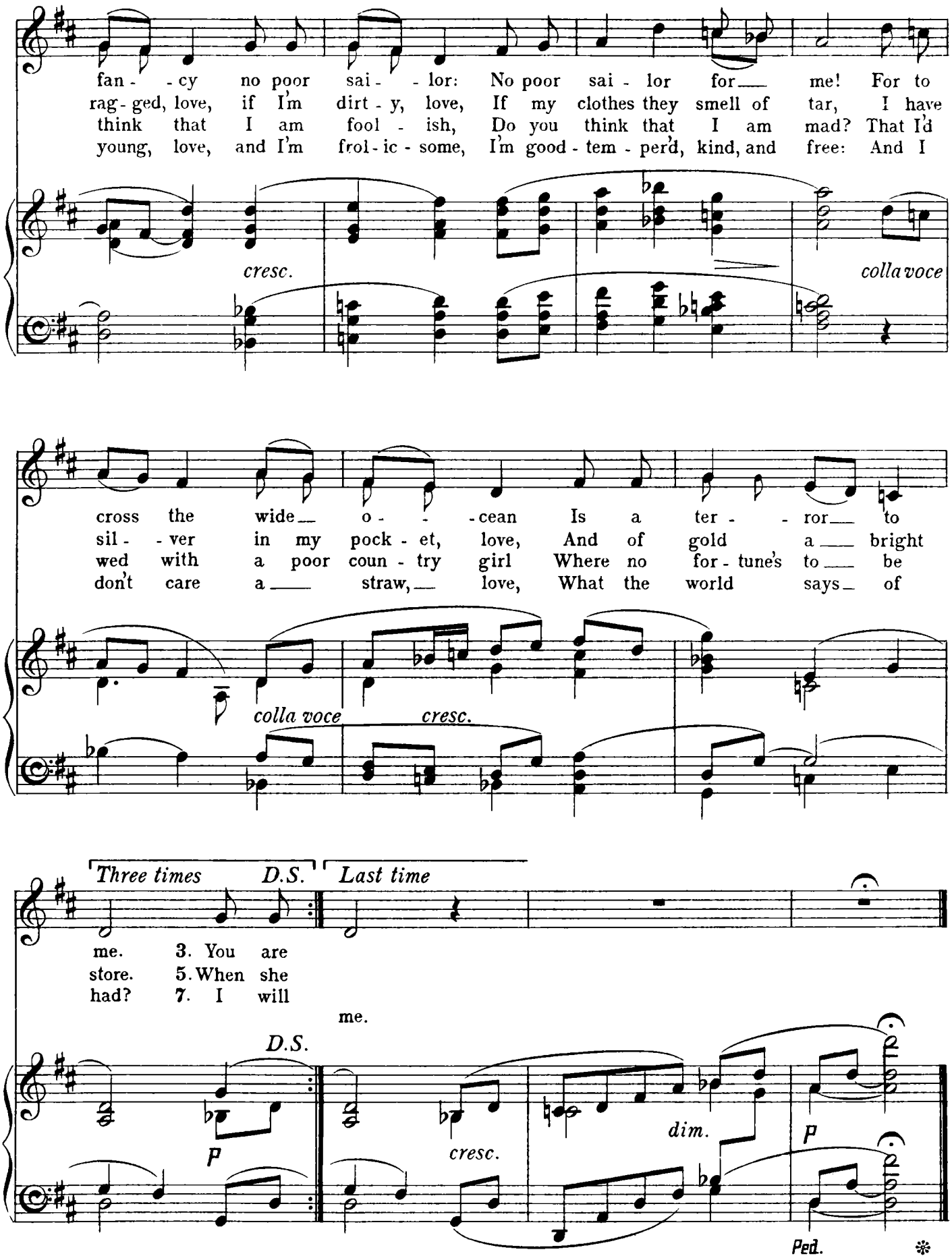


14621

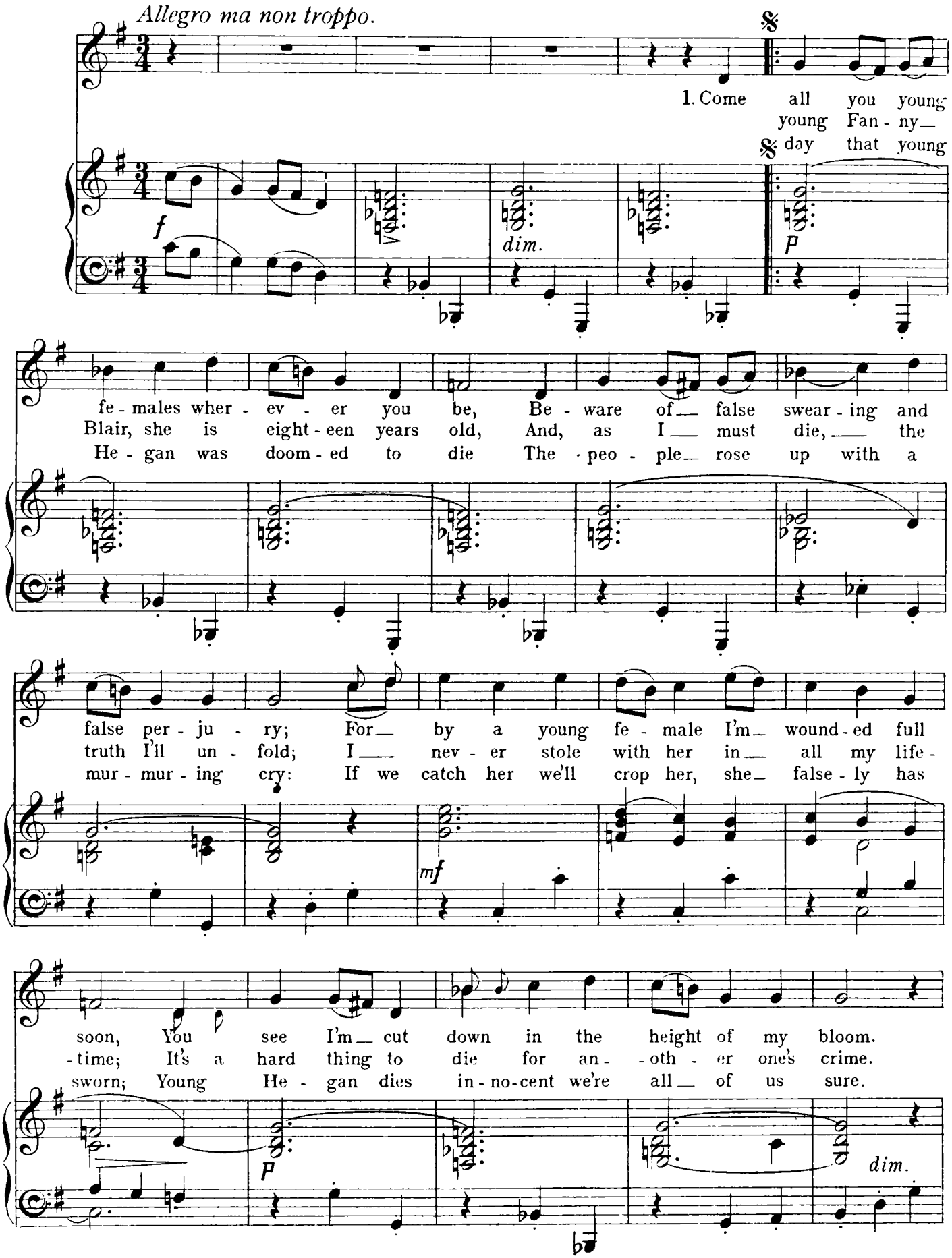

may I go with you, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your
what is your moth- -er, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your
say, will you mar-ry me, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your
I won't mar-ry you, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your
p
coal-black hair? O you may go with me, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's
coal-black hair? My moth-er's a dair-y-maid, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's
coal-black hair? O yes, if you please, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's
coal-black hair? No-bo-dy ask'd you, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's
mf
cresc.
D.S.
Last time
dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
3. And
5. If
7. O
D.S.
mf
dim.
p

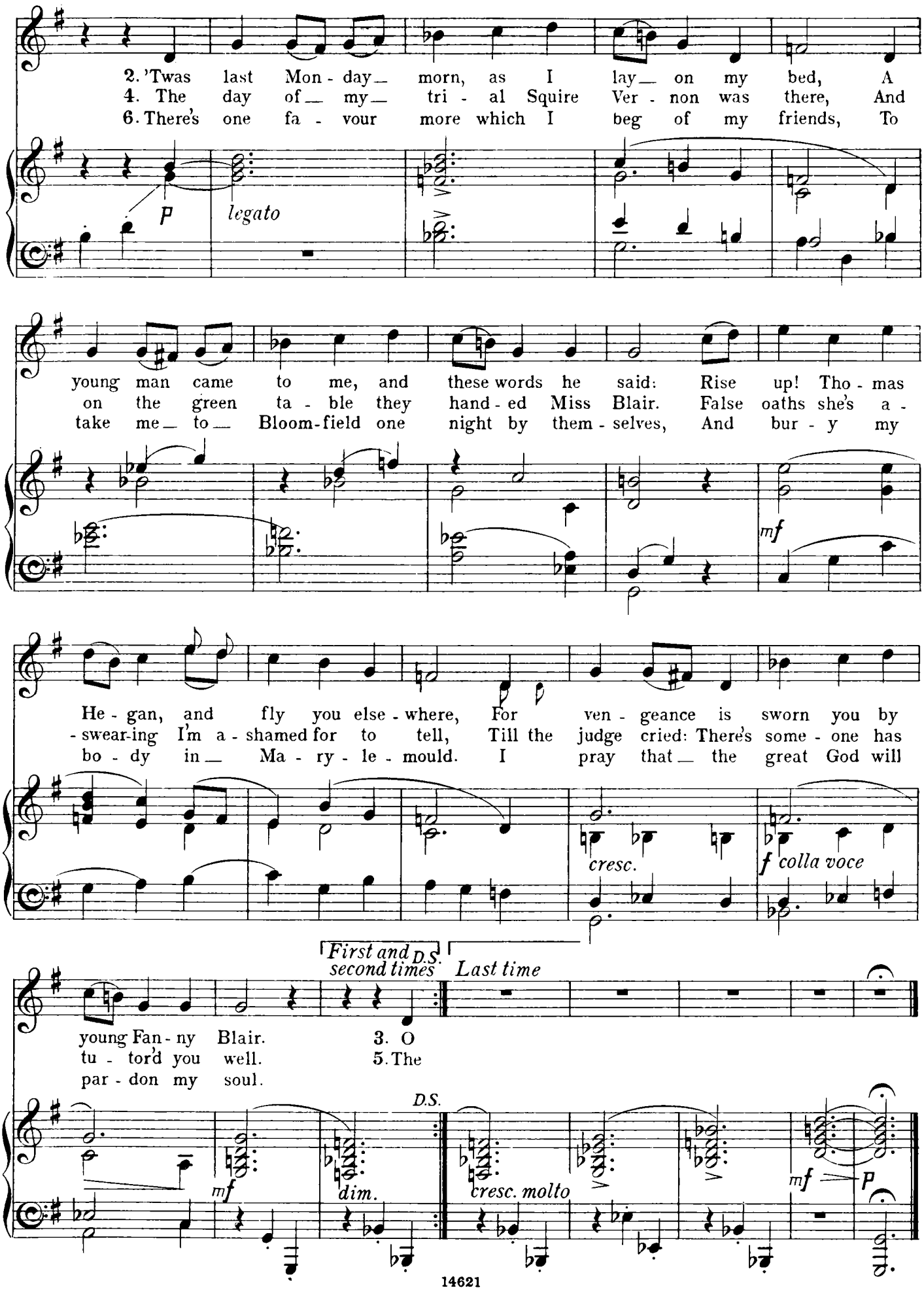
XXIX
THE SAUCY SAILOR.




fan - cy no poor sai - lor: No poor sai - lor for me! For to
rag - ged, love, if I'm dirt - y, love, If my clothes they smell of tar, I have
think that I am fool - ish, Do you think that I am mad? That I'd
young, love, and I'm frol - ic - some, I'm good - tem - per'd, kind, and free: And I
cresc.
colla voce
cross the wide o - cean Is a ter - ror to
sil - ver in my pock - et, love, And of gold a bright
wed with a poor coun - try girl Where no for - tune's to be
don't care a straw, love, What the world says of
colla voce
cresc.
Three times D.S.
Last time
me.
3. You are
store.
5. When she
had?
7. I will
me.
D.S.
p
cresc.
dim.
p
Ped.

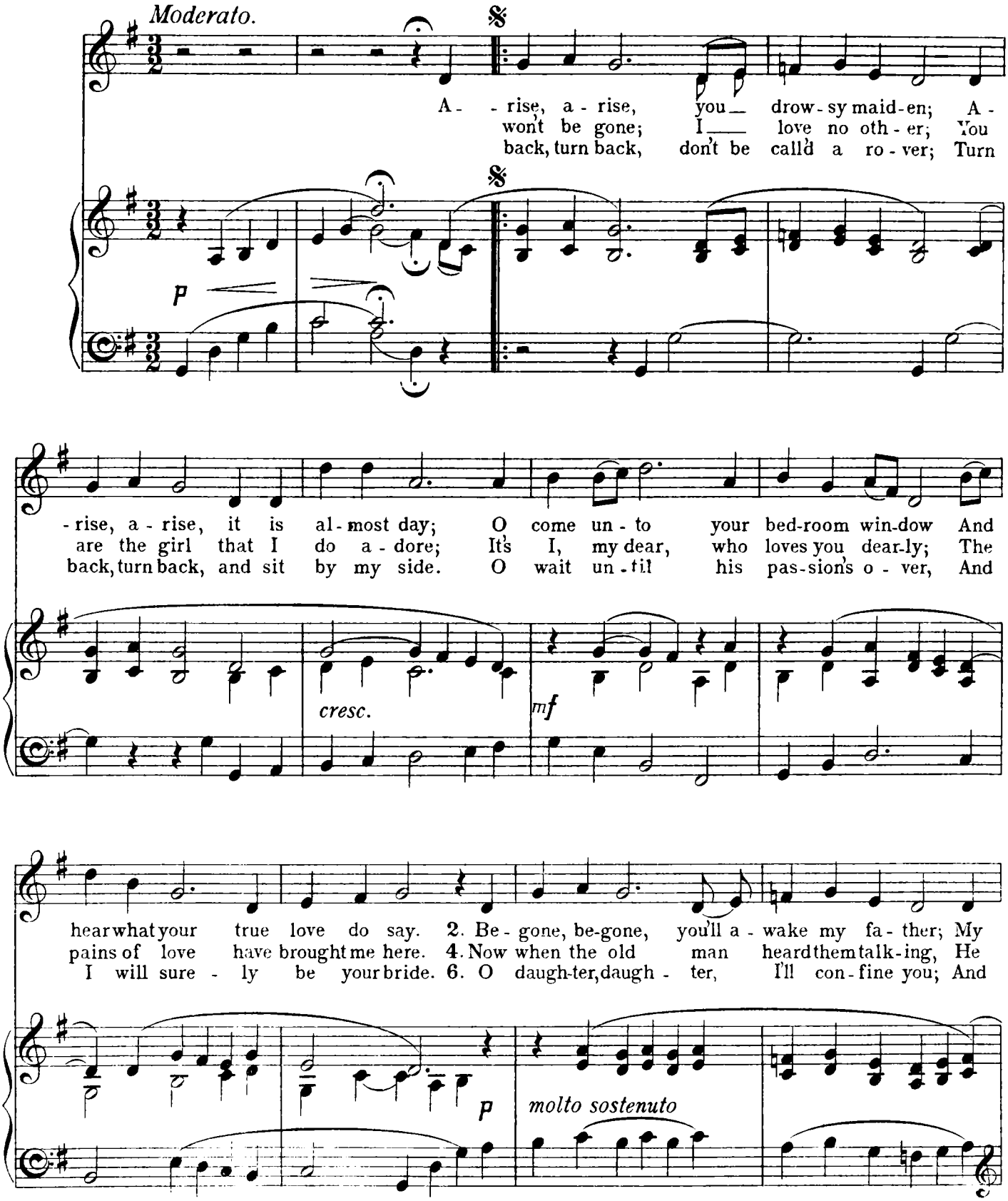
XXX
FANNY BLAIR.

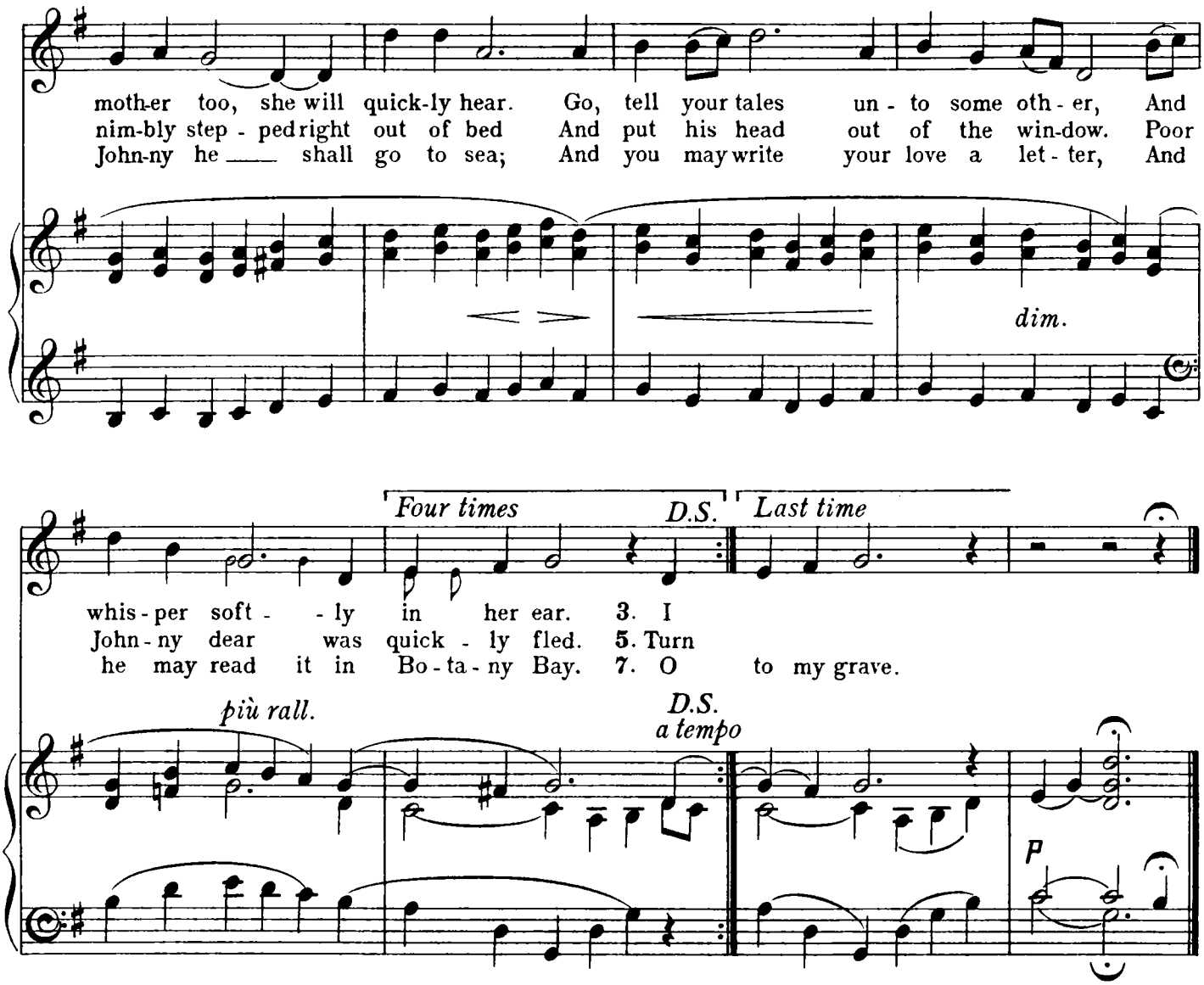



2. 'Twas last Mon - day_ morn, as I lay_ on my bed, A
4. The day of_ my_ tri - al Squire Ver - non was there, And
6. There's one fa - vour more which I beg of my friends, To
p
legato
young man came to me, and these words he said: Rise up! Tho - mas
on the green ta - ble they hand - ed Miss Blair. False oaths she's a -
take me_ to_ Bloom-field one night by them - selves, And bur - y my
mf
He - gan, and fly you else - where, For ven - geance is sworn you by
- swear-ing I'm a - shamed for to tell, Till the judge cried: There's some - one has
bo - dy in_ Ma - ry - le - mould. I pray that_ the great God will
cresc.
f colla voce
First and second times
D.S.
Last time
young Fan - ny Blair.
tu - tor'd you well.
par - don my soul.
3. O
5. The
D.S.
mf
dim.
cresc. molto
mf
p

XXXI

ARISE, ARISE.





7

O father, father, pay down my fortune—
It's fifty thousand bright pounds, you know—
And I will cross the briny ocean,
Go where the stormy winds do blow.

8

O daughter, you may ease your own mind,
It's for your sweet sake that I say so;
If you do cross the briny ocean,
Without your fortune you must go.

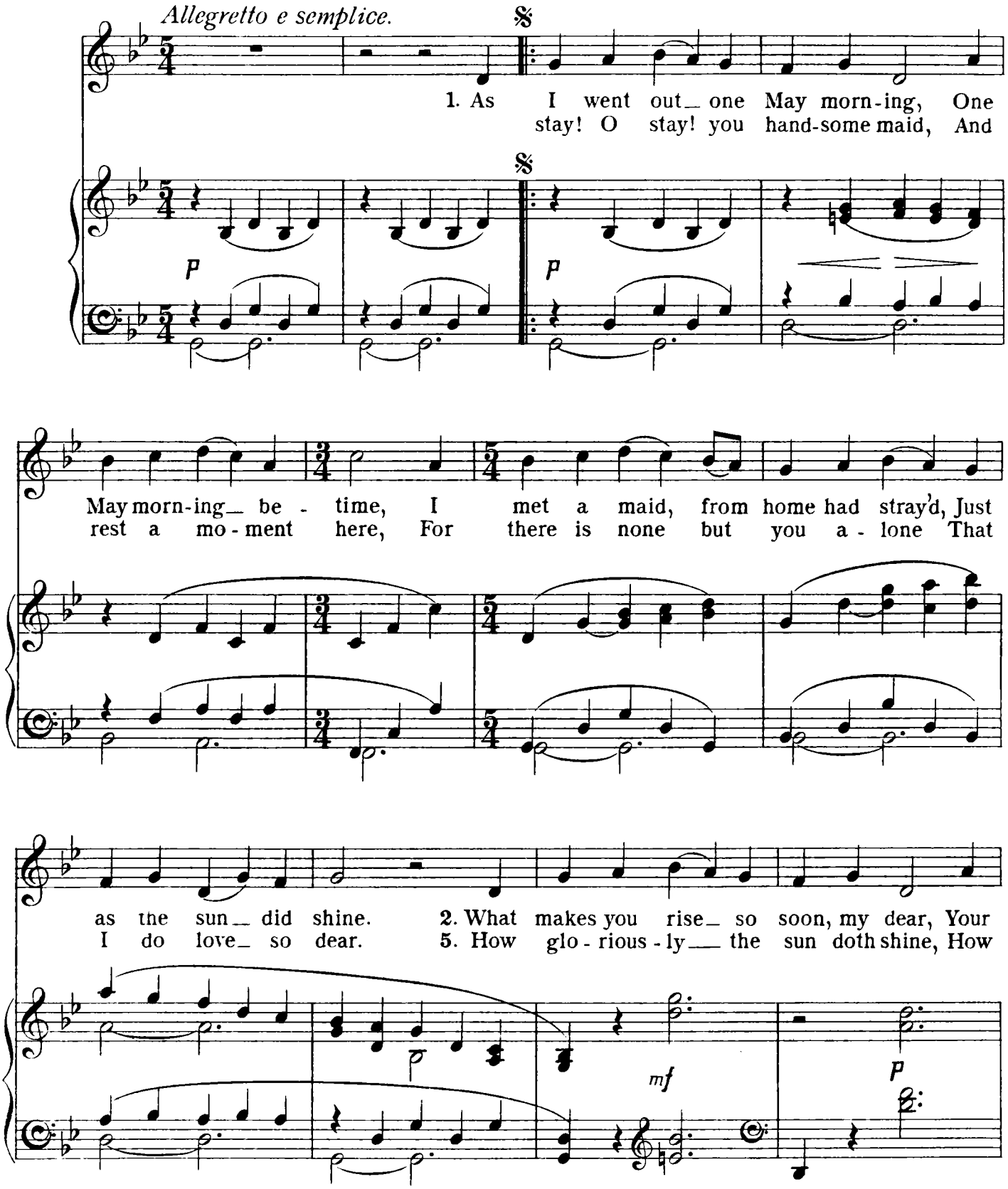
9

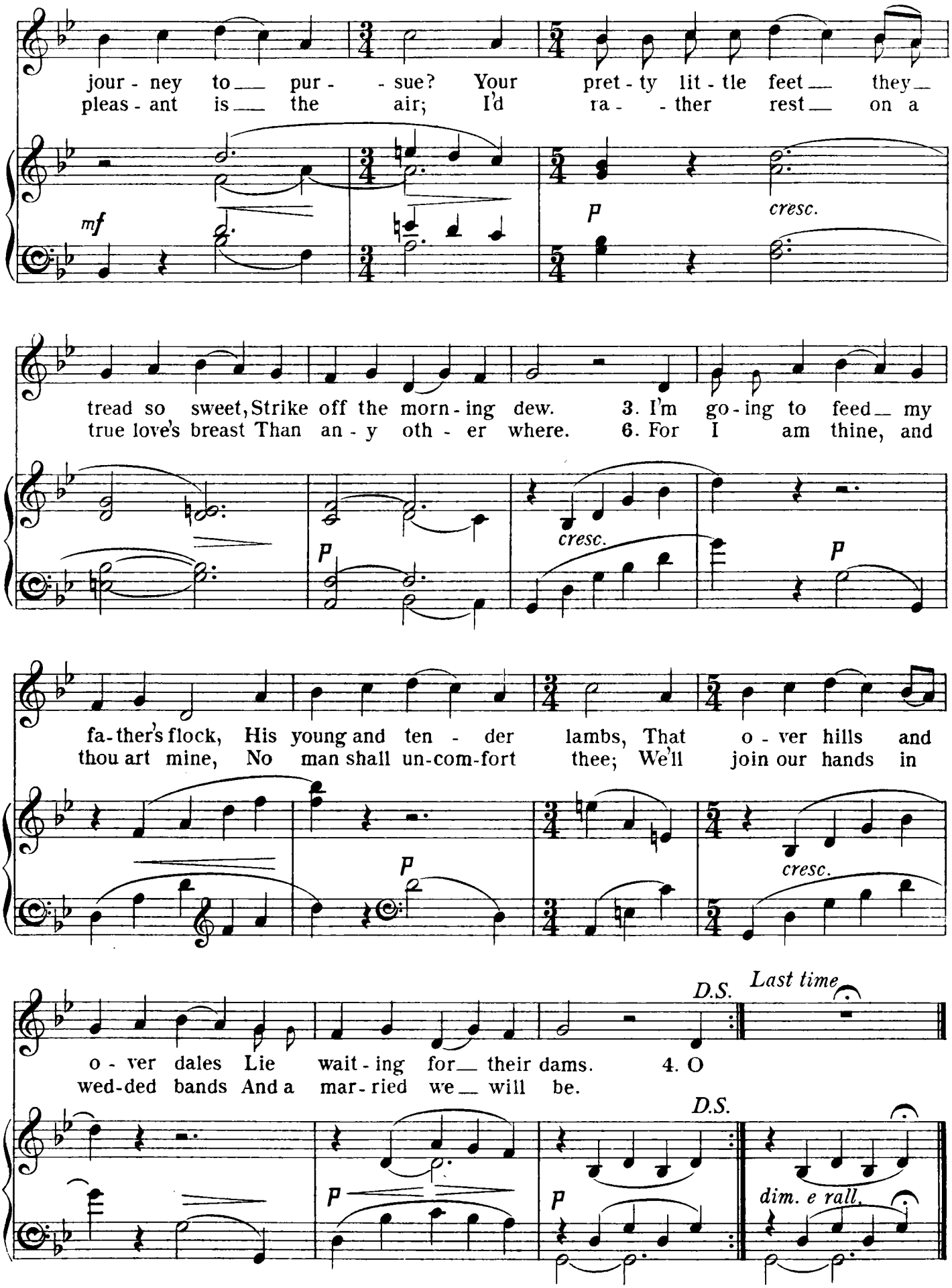
O daughter, daughter, I'll confine you;
All in your private room alone;
And you shall live on bread and water,
Brought once a day and that at noon.

10

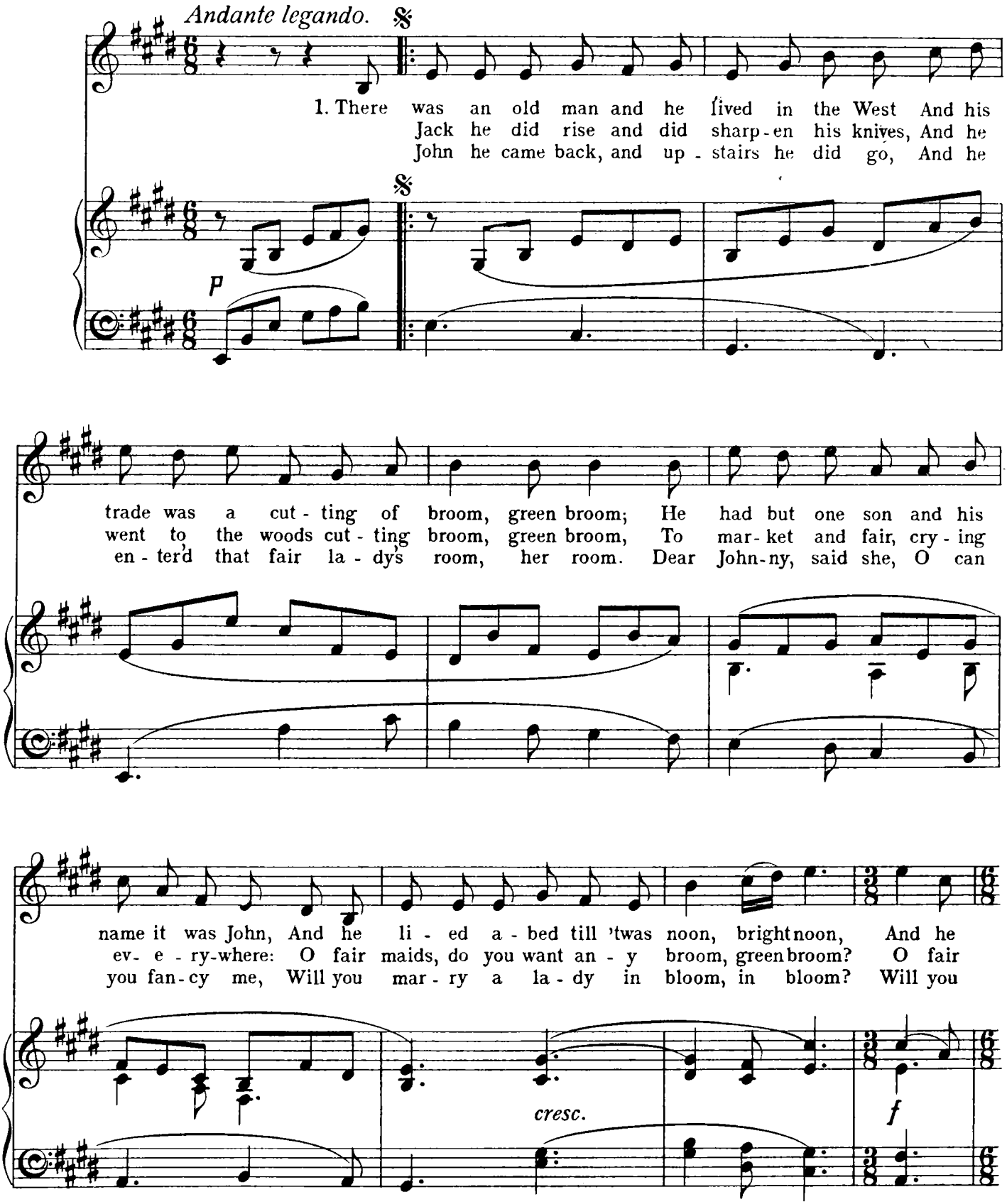
I do not want your bread and water,
Nor anything that you may have;
If I can't have my heart's desire,
Then single I'll go to my grave.

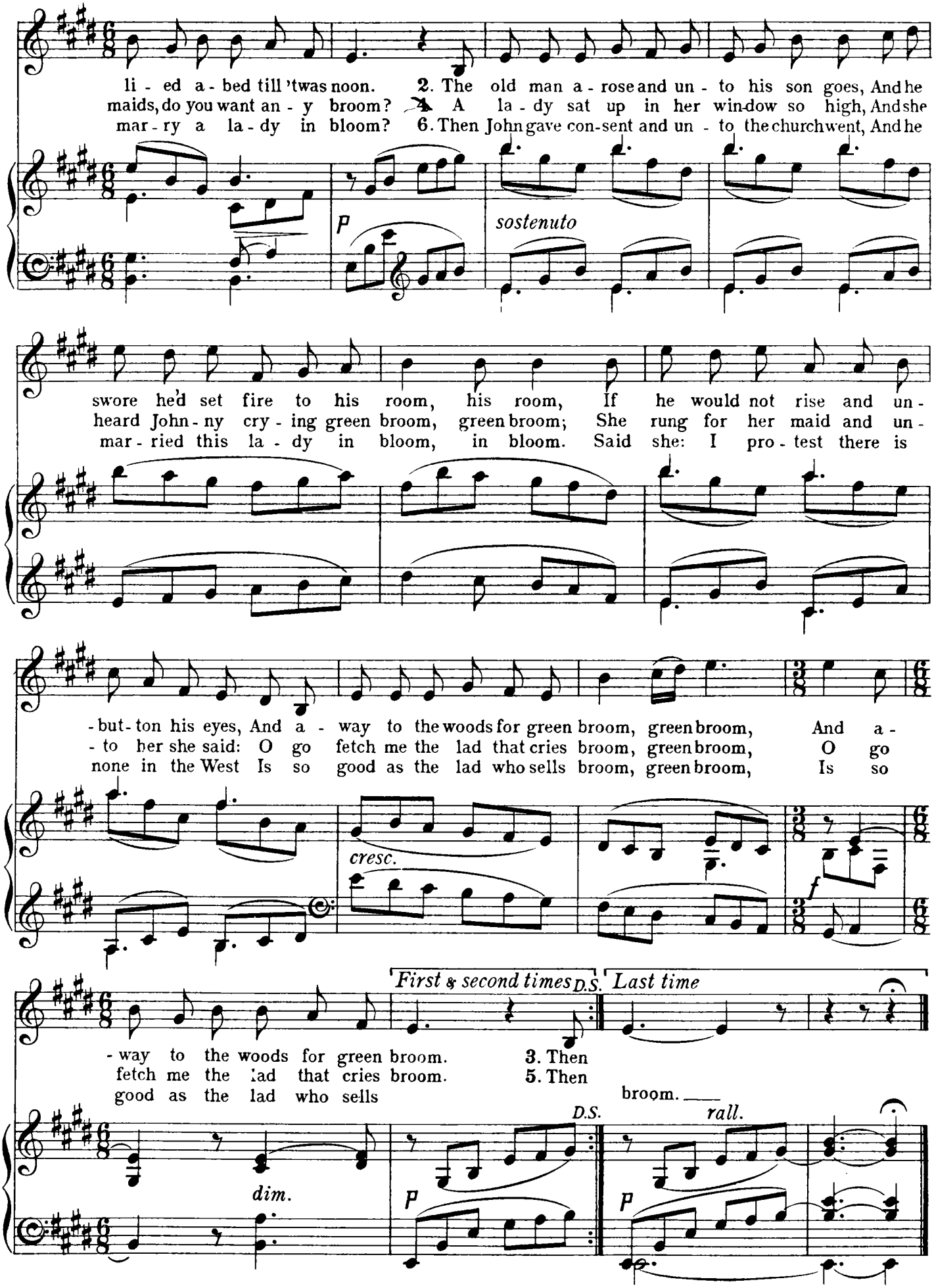
XXXII
SEARCHING FOR LAMBS.




jour - ney to pur - sue? Your pret - ty lit - tle feet they
pleas - ant is the air; I'd ra - ther rest on a
mf
p
cresc.
tread so sweet, Strike off the morn - ing dew. 3. I'm go - ing to feed my
true love's breast Than an - y oth - er where. 6. For I am thine, and
p
cresc.
p
fa - ther's flock, His young and ten - der lambs, That o - ver hills and
thou art mine, No man shall un - com - fort thee; We'll join our hands in
p
cresc.
o - ver dales Lie wait - ing for their dams. 4. O
wed - ded bands And a mar - ried we will be.
D.S.
Last time
D.S.
p
p
dim. e rall.

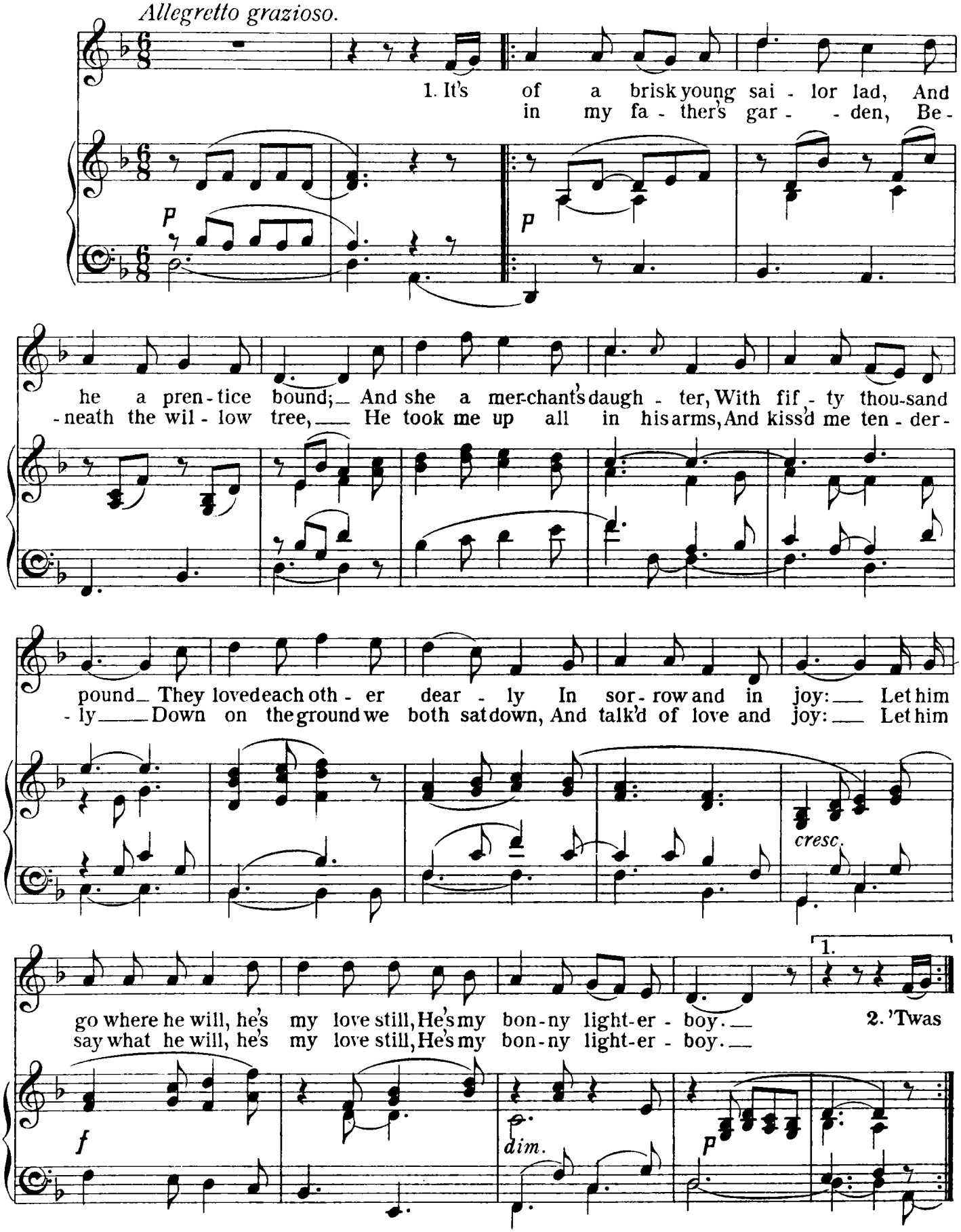
XXXIII
GREEN BROOM.

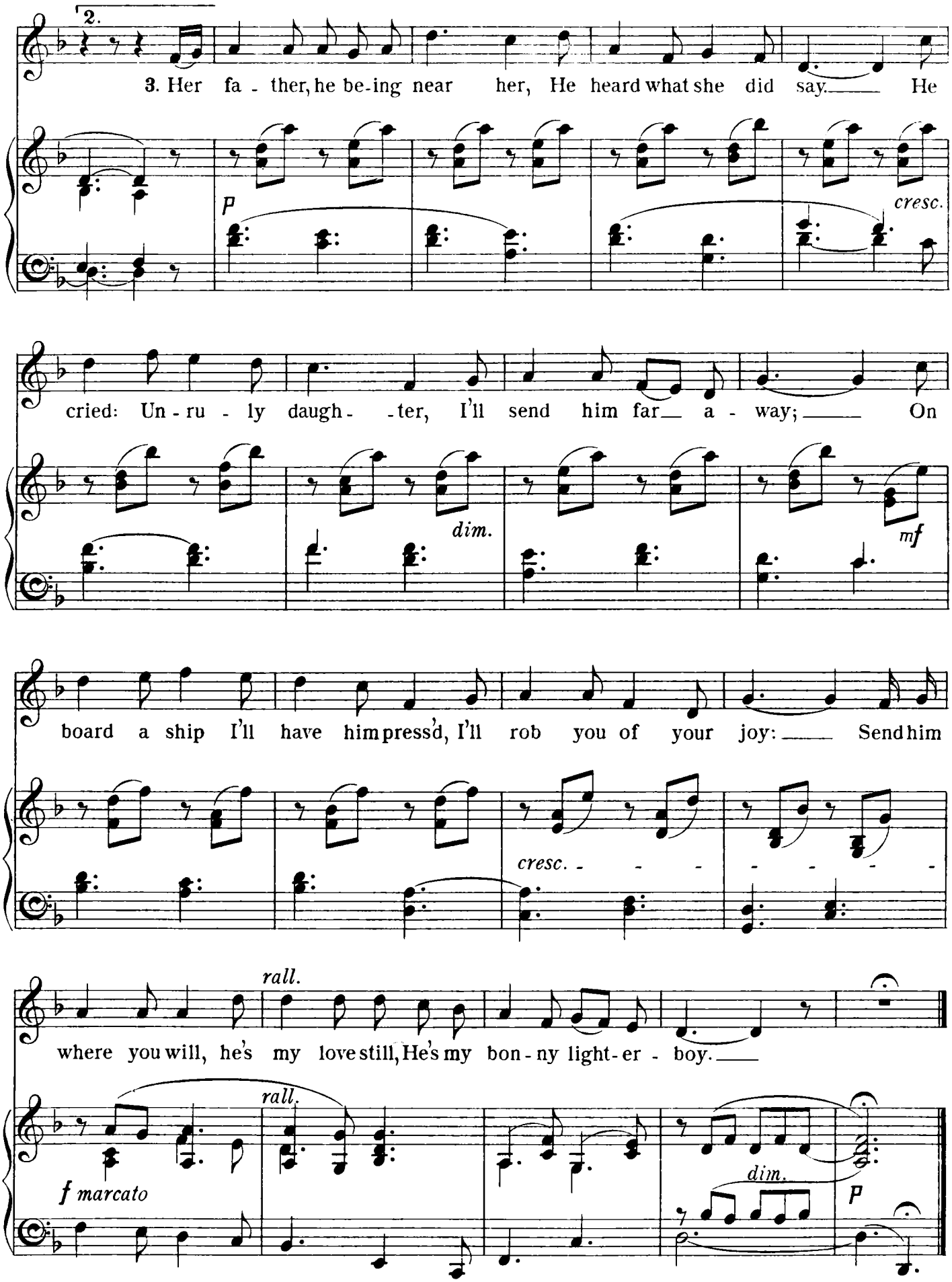



li - ed a - bed till 'twas noon. 2. The old man a - rose and un - to his son goes, And he
maids, do you want an - y broom? 4. A la - dy sat up in her win-dow so high, And she
mar - ry a la - dy in bloom? 6. Then John gave con-sent and un - to the church went, And he
p
sostenuto
swore he'd set fire to his room, his room, If he would not rise and un -
heard John - ny cry - ing green broom, green broom; She rung for her maid and un -
mar - ried this la - dy in bloom, in bloom. Said she: I pro - test there is
- but - ton his eyes, And a - way to the woods for green broom, green broom, And a -
- to her she said: O go fetch me the lad that cries broom, green broom, O go
none in the West Is so good as the lad who sells broom, green broom, Is so
cresc.
f
First & second times D.S.
Last time
- way to the woods for green broom.
fetch me the lad that cries broom.
good as the lad who sells
3. Then
5. Then
broom.
dim.
p
D.S.
rall.
p

XXXIV
THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY.

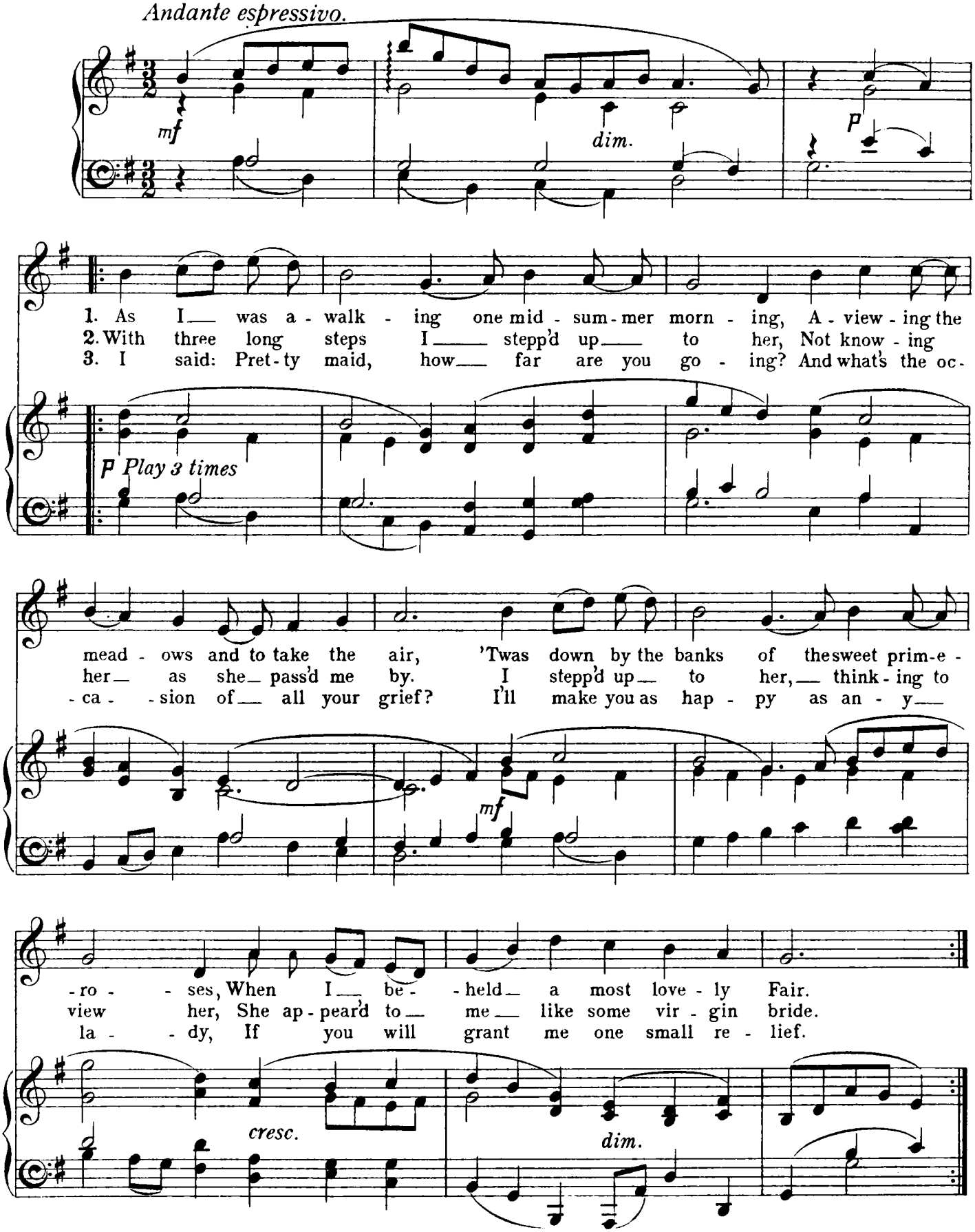
Allegretto grazioso.




2.
3. Her fa - ther, he be-ing near her, He heard what she did say. He
p
cresc.
cried: Un - ru - ly daugh - ter, I'll send him far a - way; On
dim.
mf
board a ship I'll have him press'd, I'll rob you of your joy: Send him
cresc.
rall.
where you will, he's my love still, He's my bon - ny light - er - boy.
rall.
f marcato
dim.
p

XXXV
THE SWEET PRIMEROSES.

Andante espressivo.



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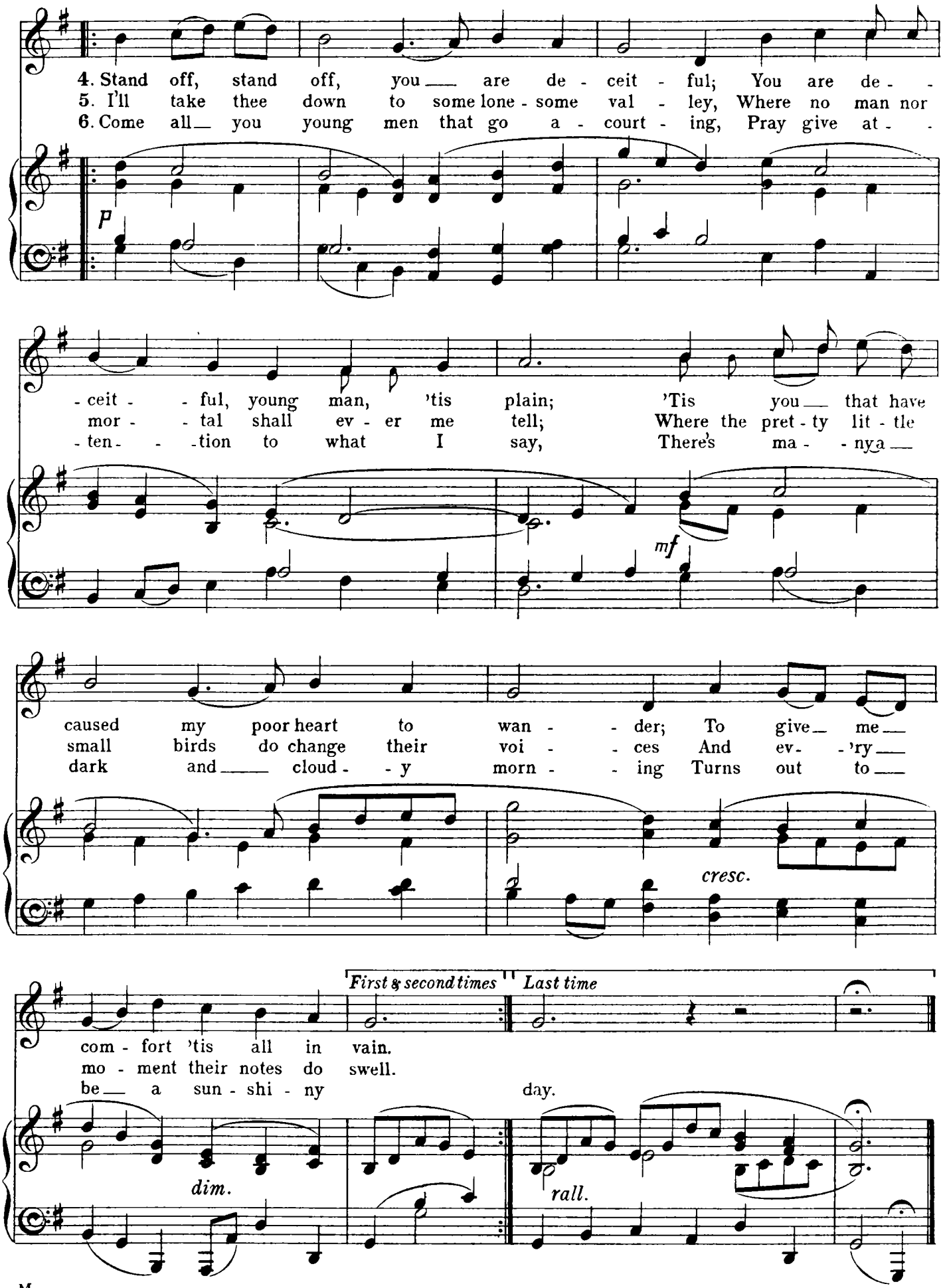
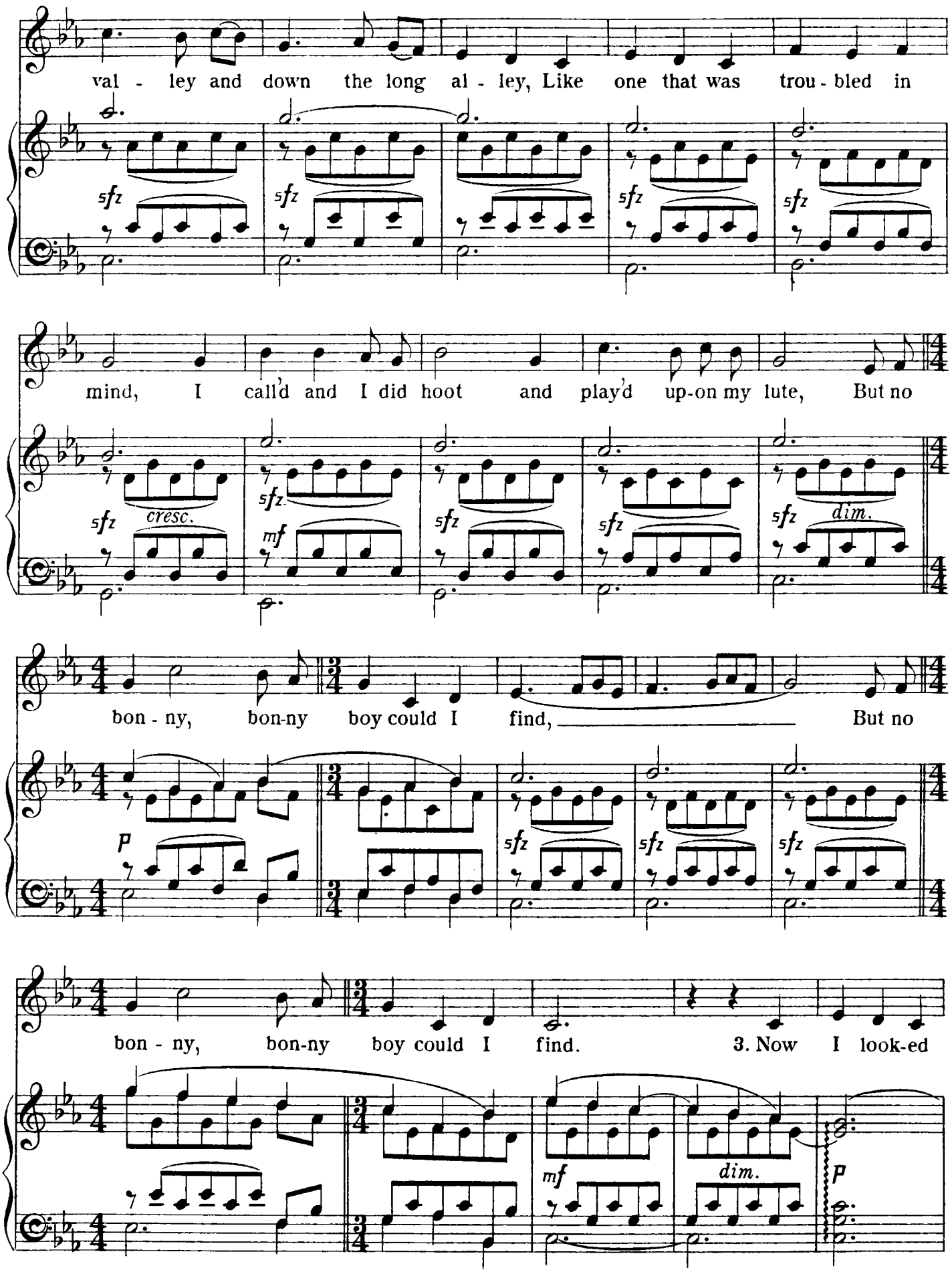

4. Stand off, stand off, you are de - ceit - ful; You are de - -
5. I'll take thee down to some lone - some val - ley, Where no man nor
6. Come all you young men that go a - court - ing, Pray give at - -
p
- ceit - - ful, young man, 'tis plain; 'Tis you that have
mor - - tal shall ev - er me tell; Where the pret - ty lit - tle
- ten - - - tion to what I say, There's ma - - nya
mf
caused my poor heart to wan - - der; To give me
small birds do change their voi - - ces And ev - 'ry
dark and cloud - - y morn - - ing Turns out to
cresc.
First & second times
Last time
com - fort 'tis all in vain.
mo - ment their notes do swell.
be a sun - shi - ny day.
dim.
rall.

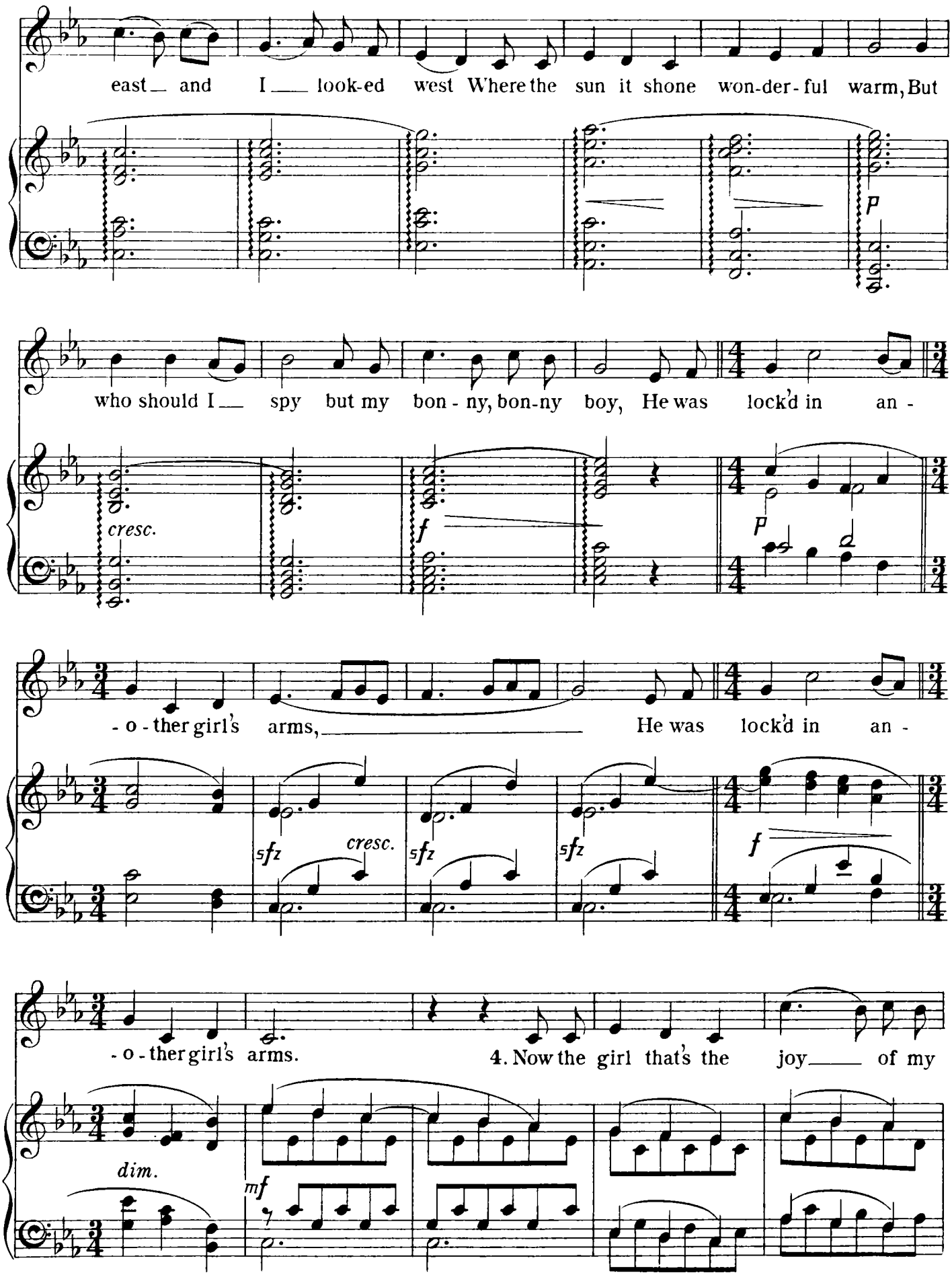
XXXVI
MY BONNY, BONNY BOY.

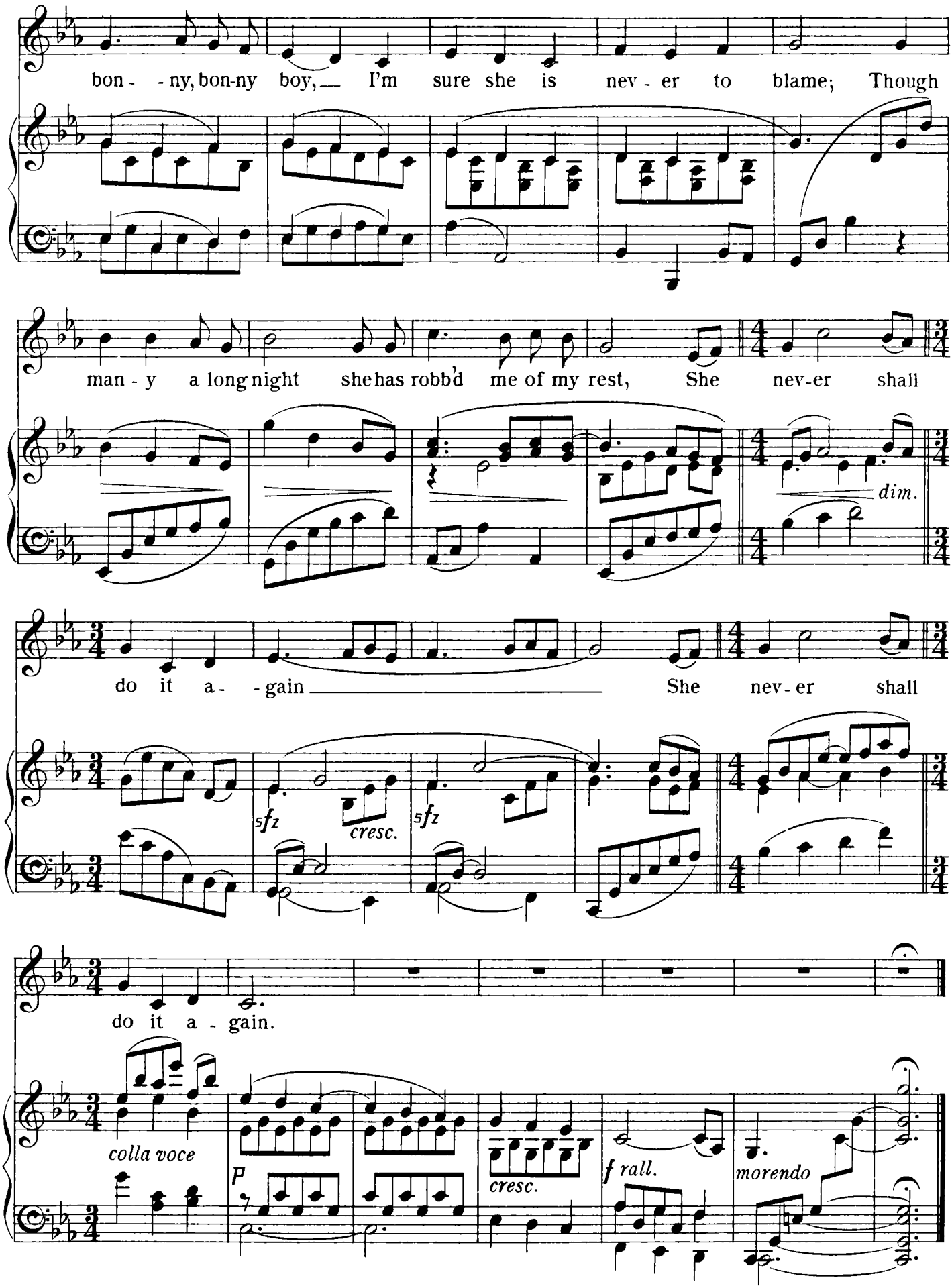
Andante affettuoso.

1. Now once I was court-ed by a bon-ny, bon-ny boy, I loved him, I vow and pro-test; I loved him so well, so ver- -y, ver-y well, That I built him a bow'r in my breast, That I built him a bow'r in my breast. 2. Now up the green

p *cresc.* *mf* *f* *decresc.* *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p* *p* *sfz*


val - ley and down the long al - ley, Like one that was trou - bled in
mind, I call'd and I did hoot and play'd up-on my lute, But no
cresc.
dim.
bon - ny, bon-ny boy could I find, But no
bon - ny, bon-ny boy could I find. 3. Now I look-ed
dim.

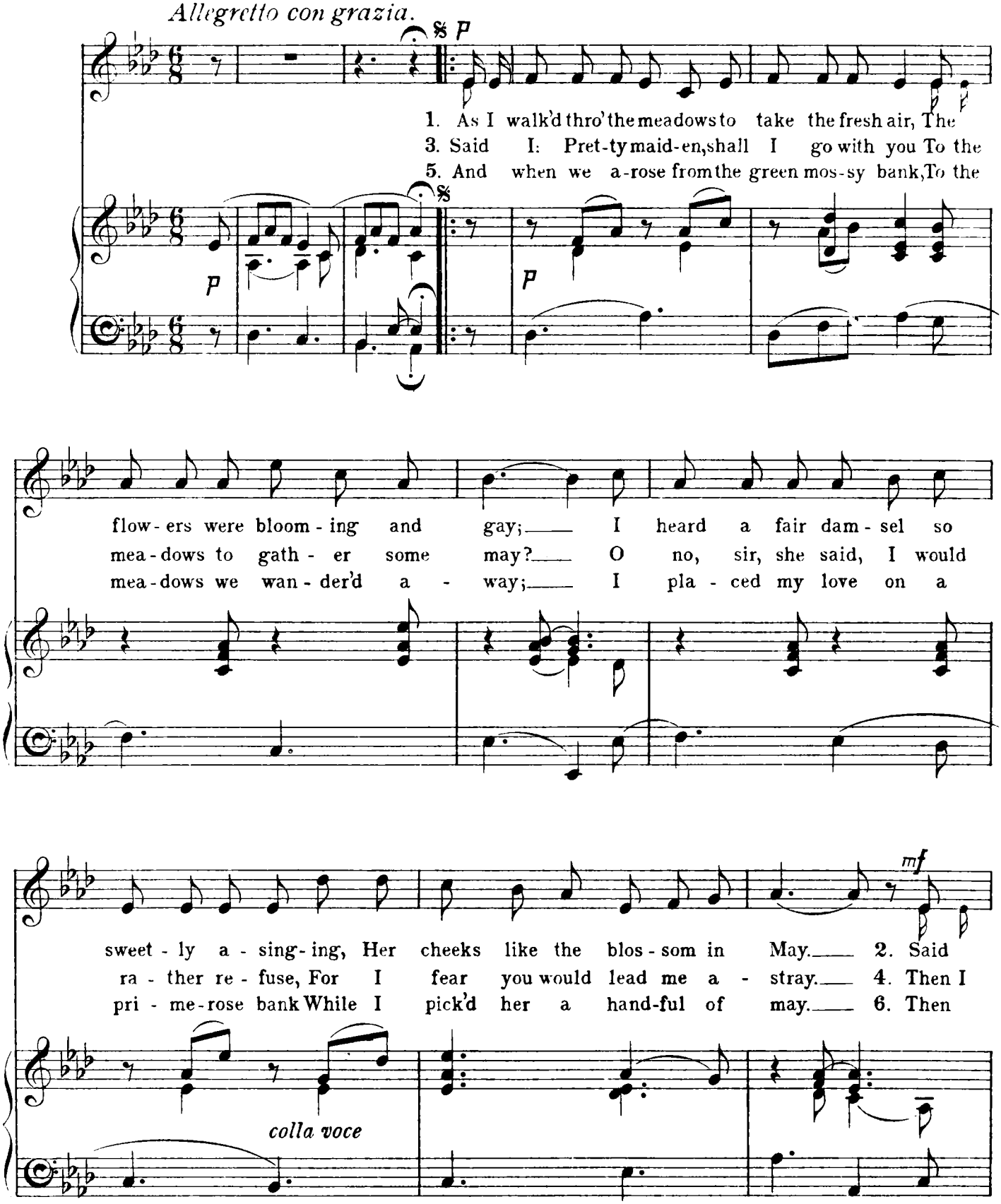

east and I look-ed west Where the sun it shone won-der-ful warm, But
p
who should I spy but my bon-ny, bon-ny boy, He was lock'd in an-
cresc.
f
p
-o-ther girl's arms, He was lock'd in an-
sfz
cresc.
sfz
sfz
f
-o-ther girl's arms.
4. Now the girl that's the joy of my
dim.
mf


bon - - ny, bon-ny boy, I'm sure she is nev - er to blame; Though
man - y a long night she has robb'd me of my rest, She nev-er shall
dim.
do it a - - gain She nev - er shall
sfz
cresc.
sfz
do it a - gain.
colla voce
p
cresc.
f rall.
morendo

XXXVII[A]

AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

(FIRST VERSION.)



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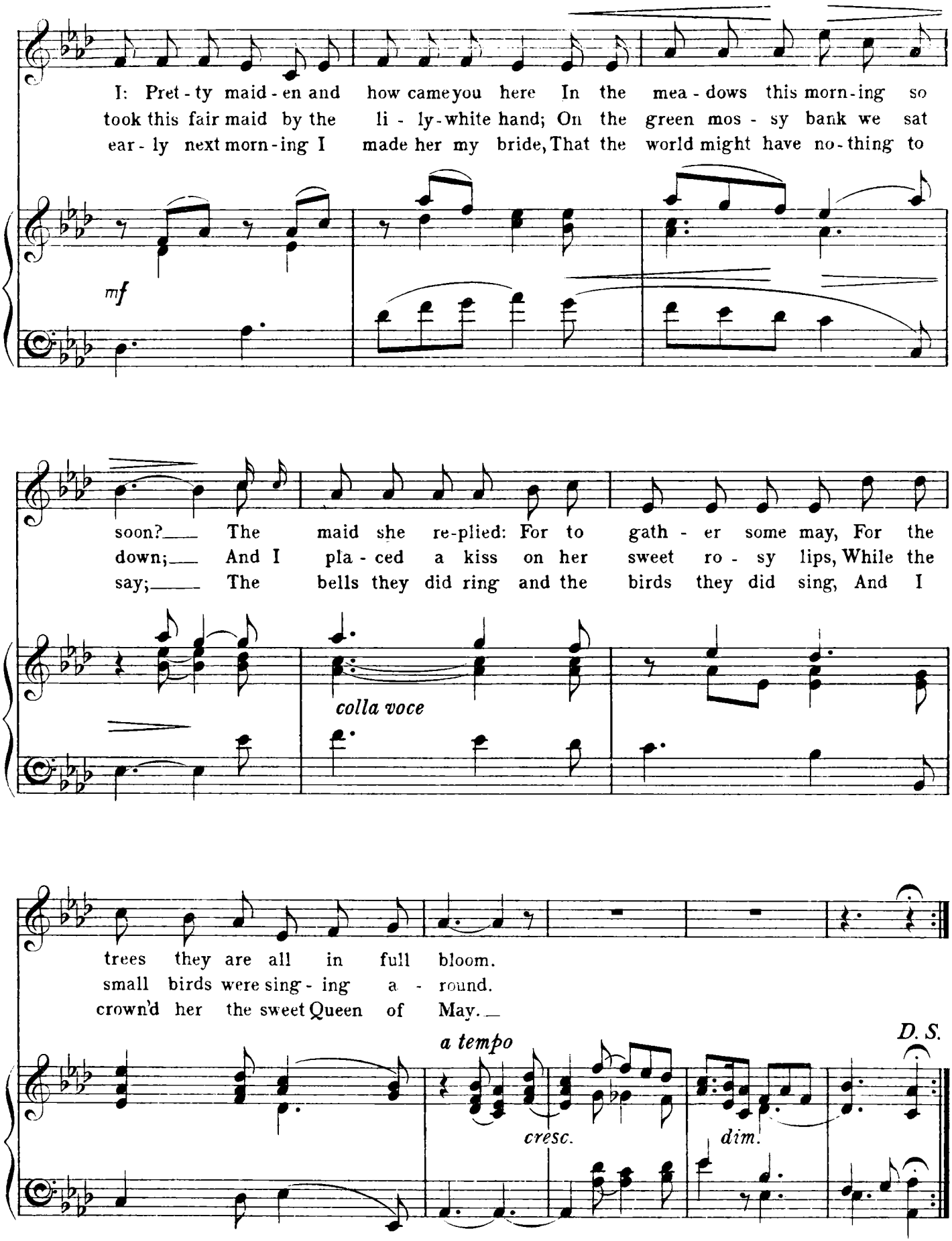
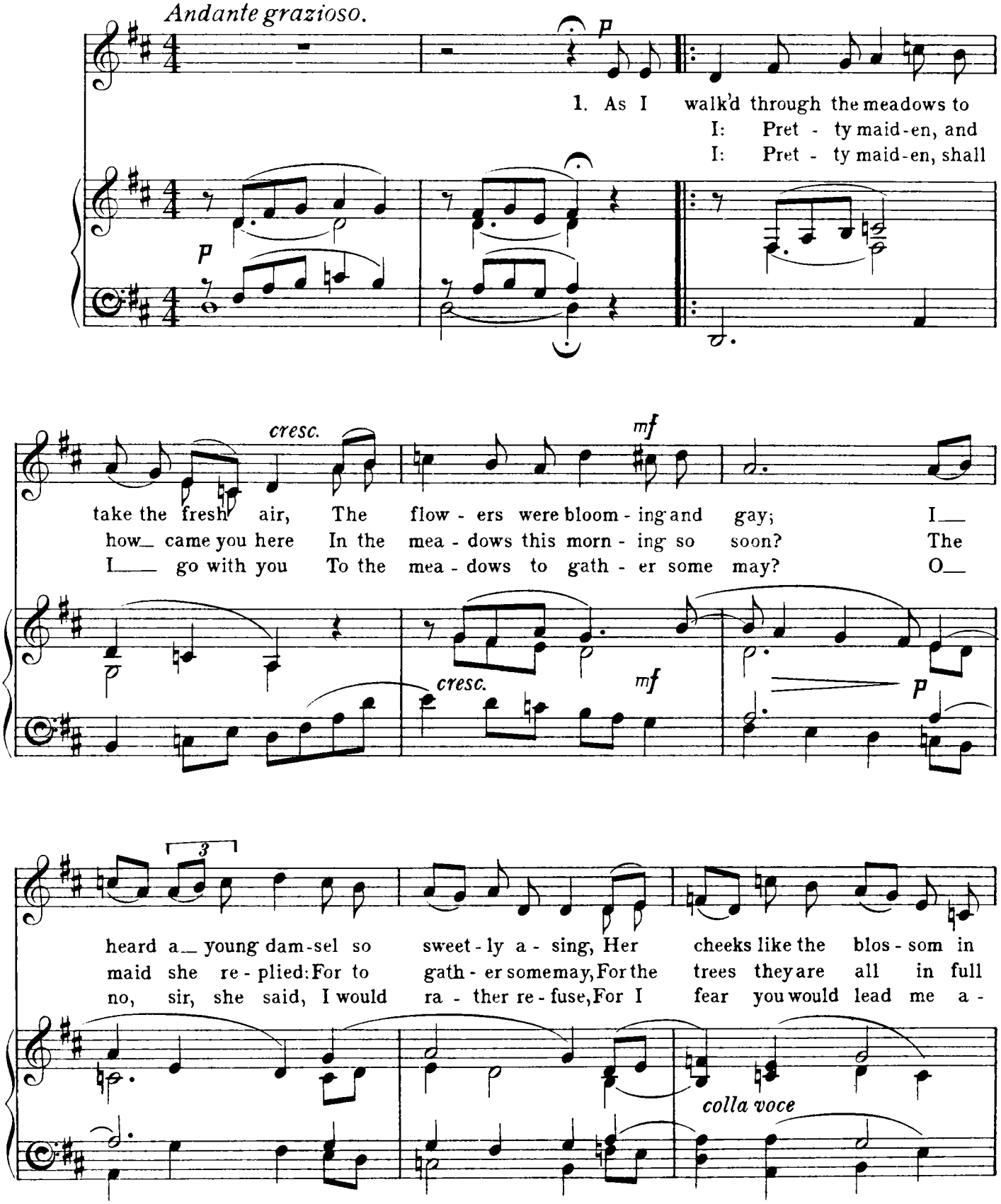
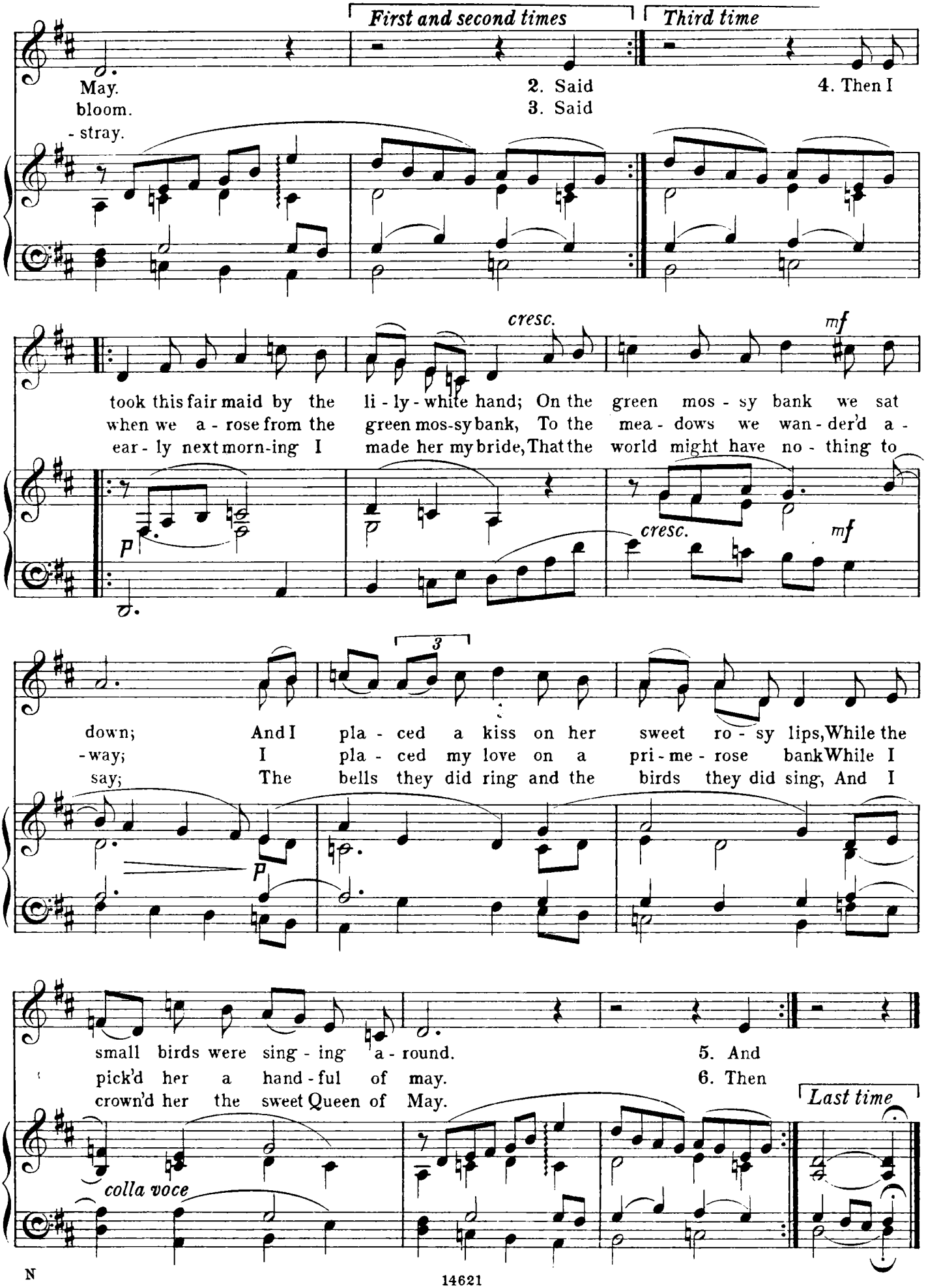

I: Pret - ty maid - en and how came you here In the mea - dows this morn - ing so
took this fair maid by the li - ly - white hand; On the green mos - sy bank we sat
ear - ly next morn - ing I made her my bride, That the world might have no - thing to
mf
soon? The maid she re-plied: For to gath - er some may, For the
down; And I pla - ced a kiss on her sweet ro - sy lips, While the
say; The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I
colla voce
trees they are all in full bloom.
small birds were sing - ing a - round.
crown'd her the sweet Queen of May.
a tempo
cresc.
dim.
D. S.

XXXVII[B]

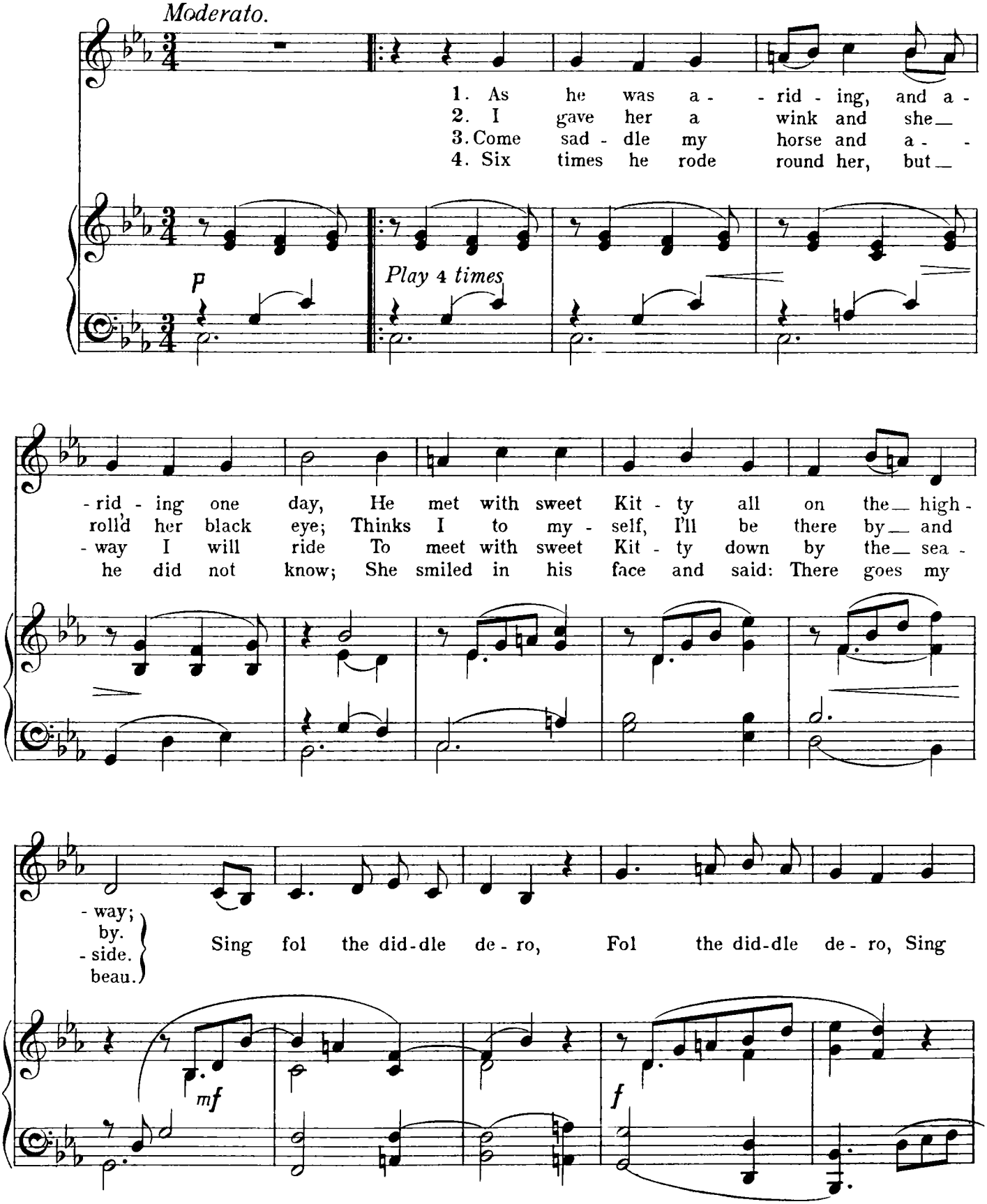
AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

(SECOND VERSION)




First and second times
Third time
May.
bloom.
- stray.
2. Said
3. Said
4. Then I
cresc.
mf
took this fair maid by the li - ly - white hand; On the green mos - sy bank we sat
when we a - rose from the green mos-sy bank, To the mea - dows we wan - der'd a -
ear - ly next morn-ing I made her my bride, That the world might have no - thing to
p
cresc.
mf
3
down; And I pla - ced a kiss on her sweet ro - sy lips, While the
-way; I pla - ced my love on a pri - me - rose bank While I
say; The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I
p
small birds were sing - ing a - round.
pick'd her a hand - ful of may.
crown'd her the sweet Queen of May.
5. And
6. Then
Last time
colla voce

XXXVIII
SWEET KITTY.



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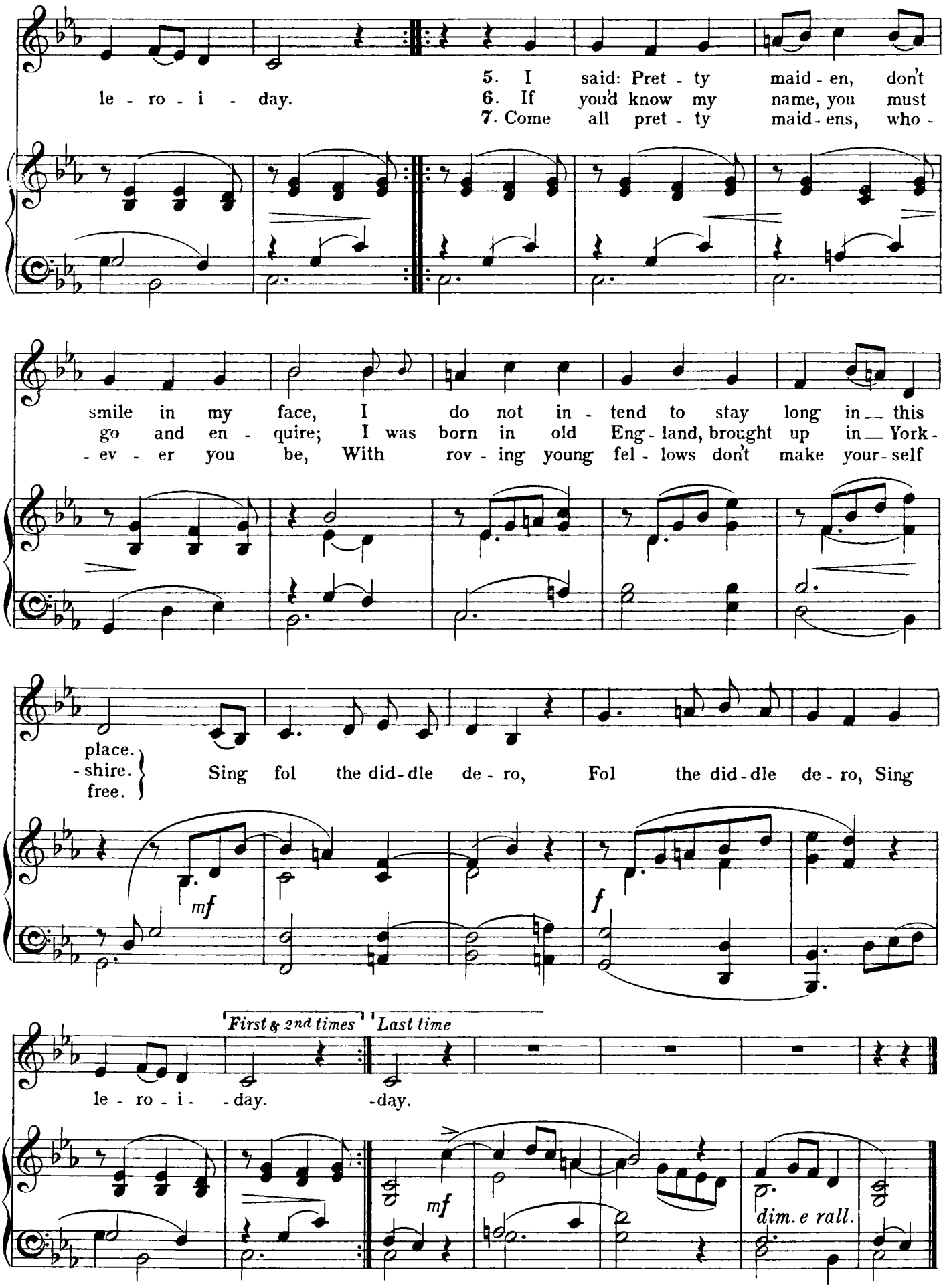
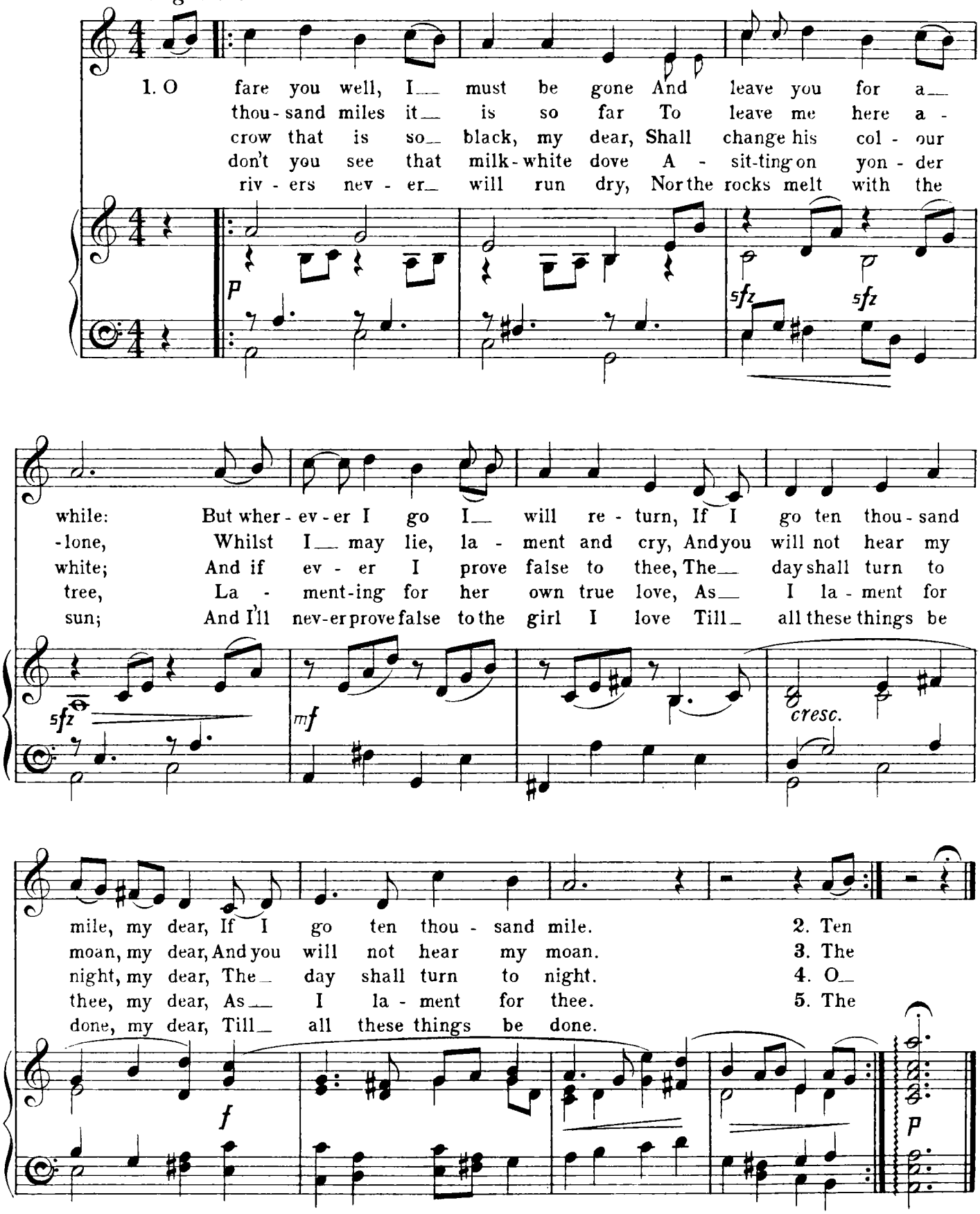

le - ro - i - day.
5. I said: Pret - ty maid - en, don't
6. If you'd know my name, you must
7. Come all pret - ty maid - ens, who -
smile in my face, I do not in - tend to stay long in this
go and en - quire; I was born in old Eng - land, brought up in York -
- ev - er you be, With rov - ing young fel - lows don't make your - self
place.
- shire.
free.
Sing fol the did - dle de - ro, Fol the did - dle de - ro, Sing
mf
f
First & 2nd times
Last time
le - ro - i - day.
-day.
mf
dim. e rall.

XXXIX

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Allegretto.



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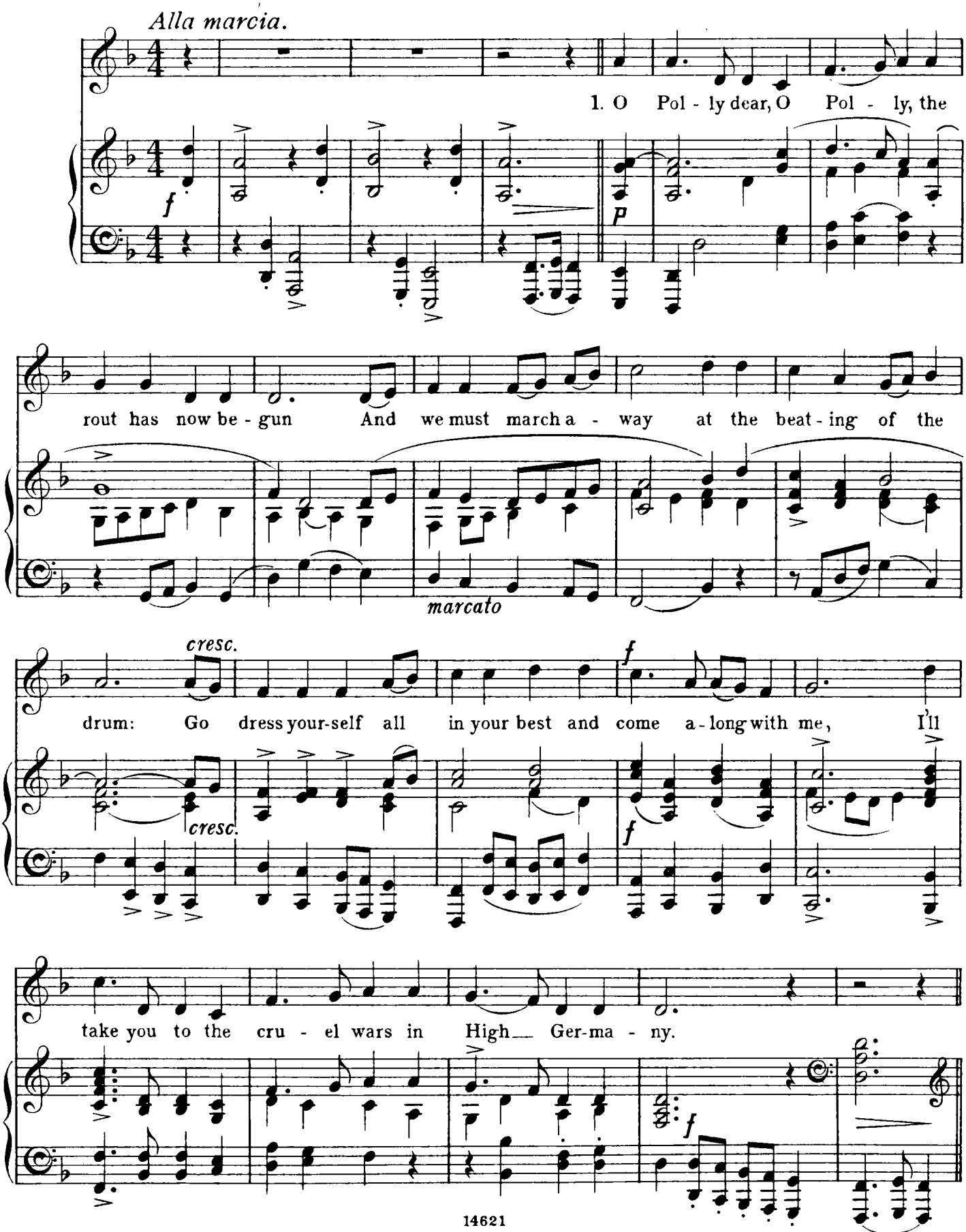
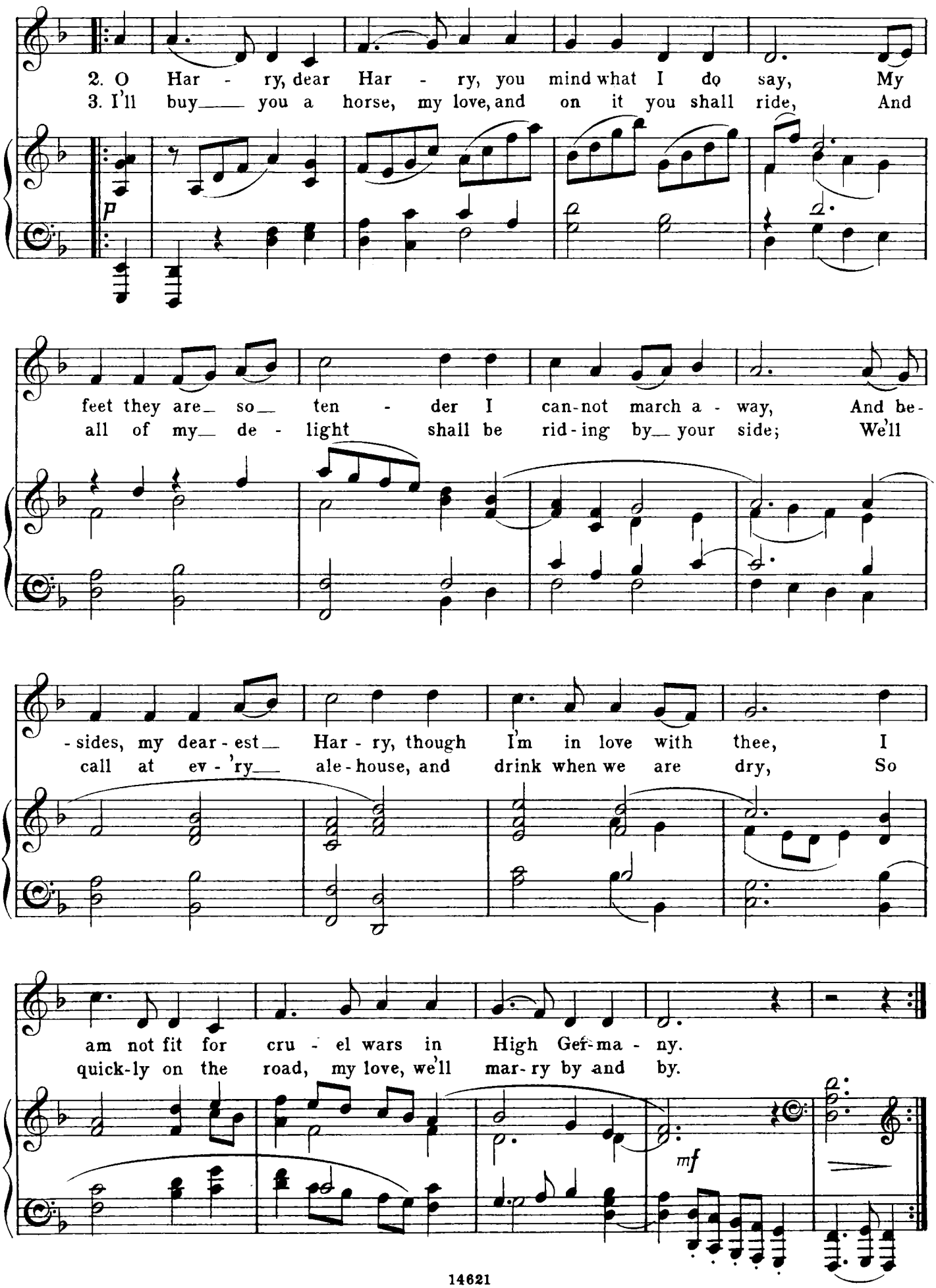
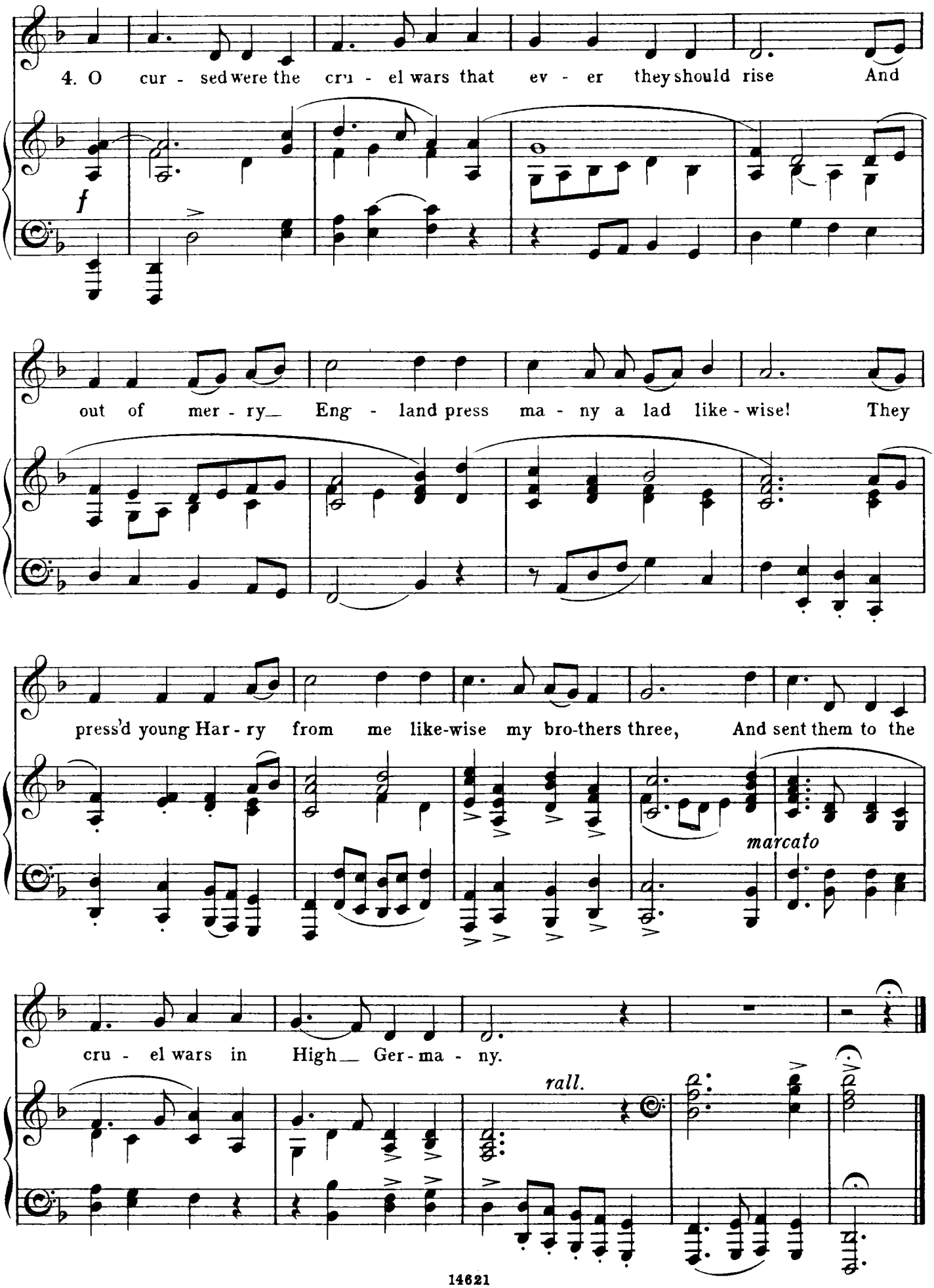
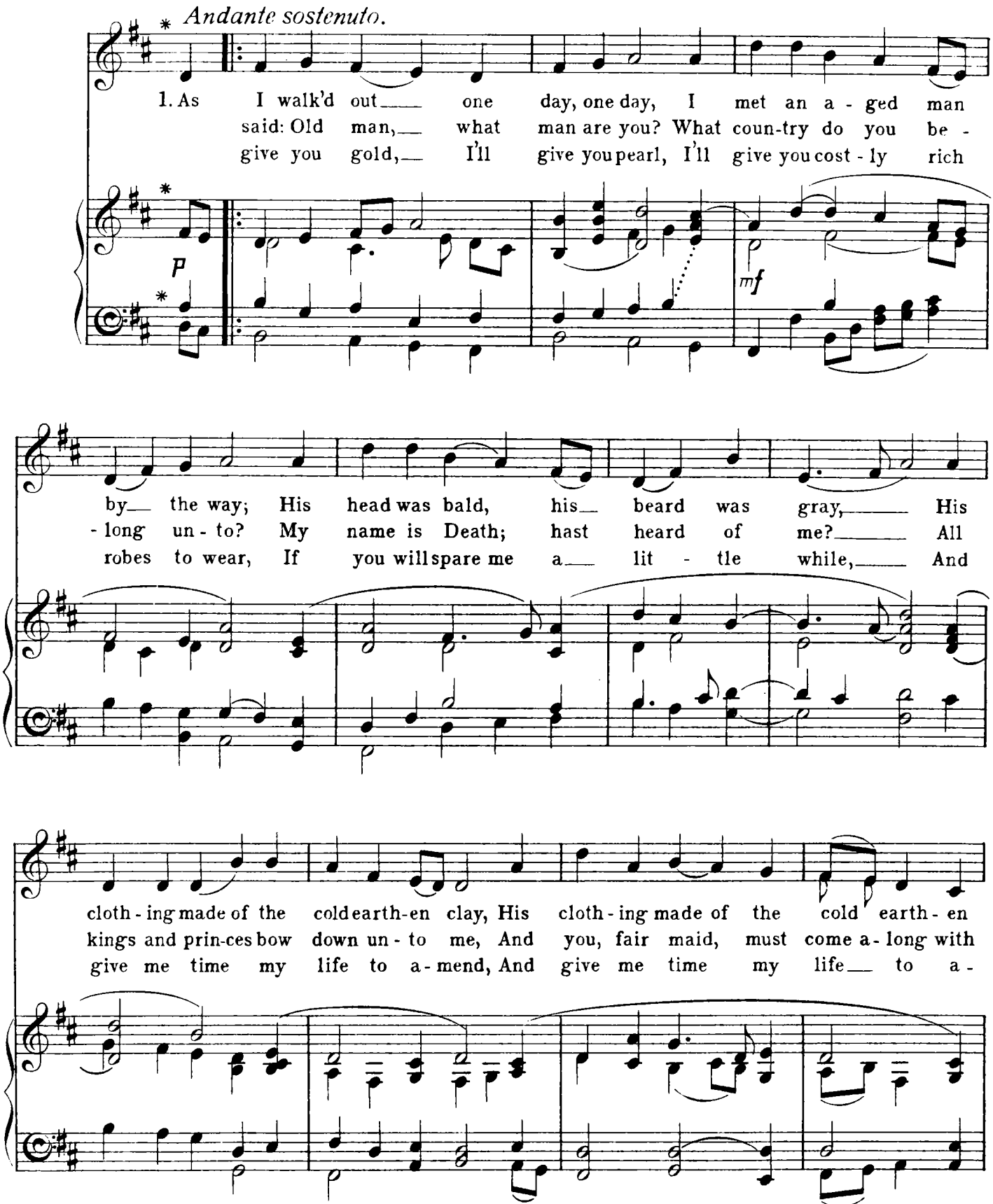
XL
HIGH GERMANY.



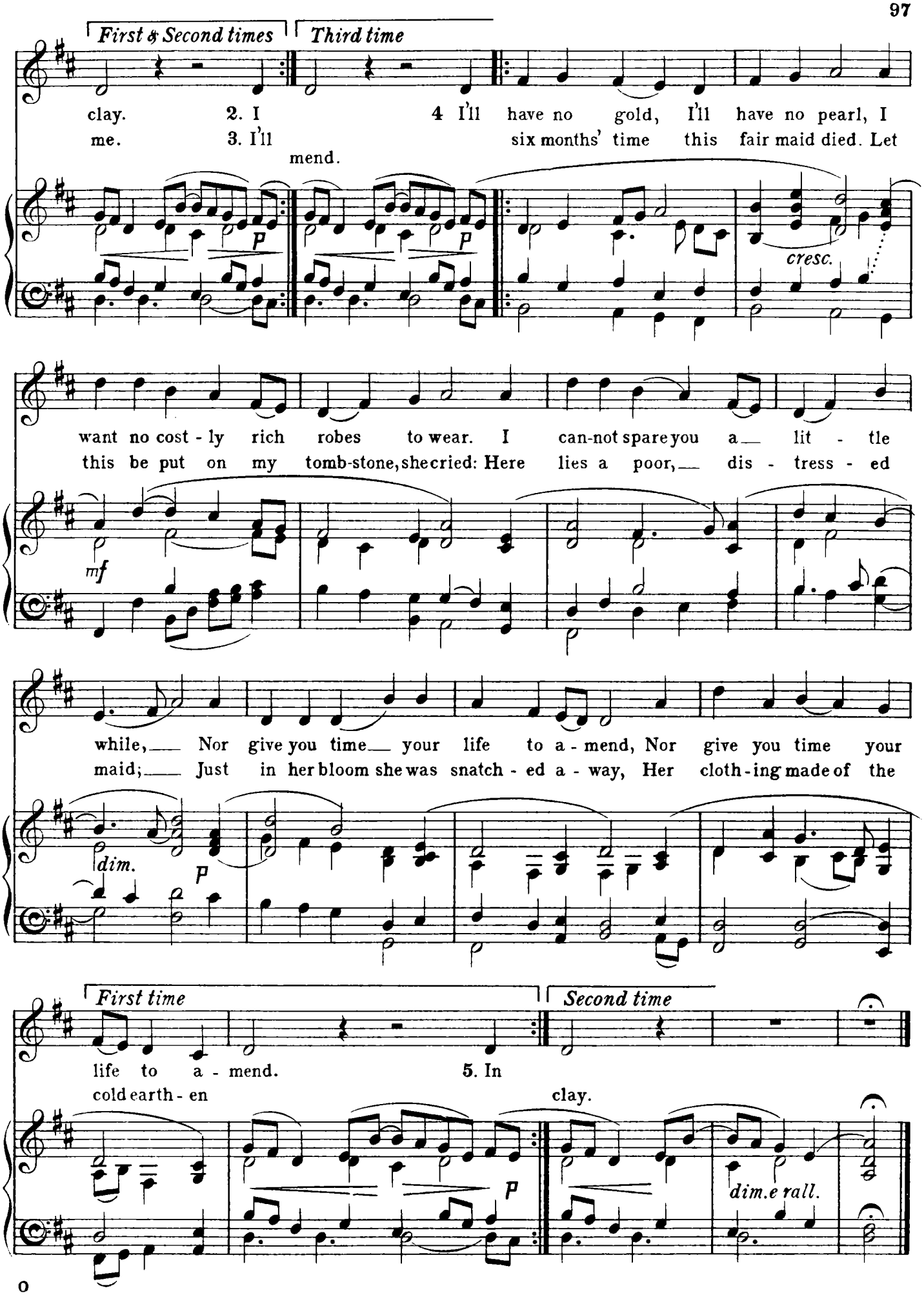

2. O Har - ry, dear Har - ry, you mind what I do say, My
3. I'll buy you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride, And
p
feet they are so ten - der I can-not march a - way, And be-
all of my de - light shall be rid-ing by your side; We'll
-sides, my dear-est Har - ry, though I'm in love with thee, I
call at ev - 'ry ale-house, and drink when we are dry, So
am not fit for cru - el wars in High Ger-ma - ny.
quick-ly on the road, my love, we'll mar-ry by and by.
mf


4. O cur - sed were the cru - el wars that ev - er they should rise And
f
out of mer - ry_ Eng - land press ma - ny a lad like - wise! They
press'd young Har - ry from me like-wise my bro-thers three, And sent them to the
marcato
cru - el wars in High_ Ger - ma - ny.
rall.

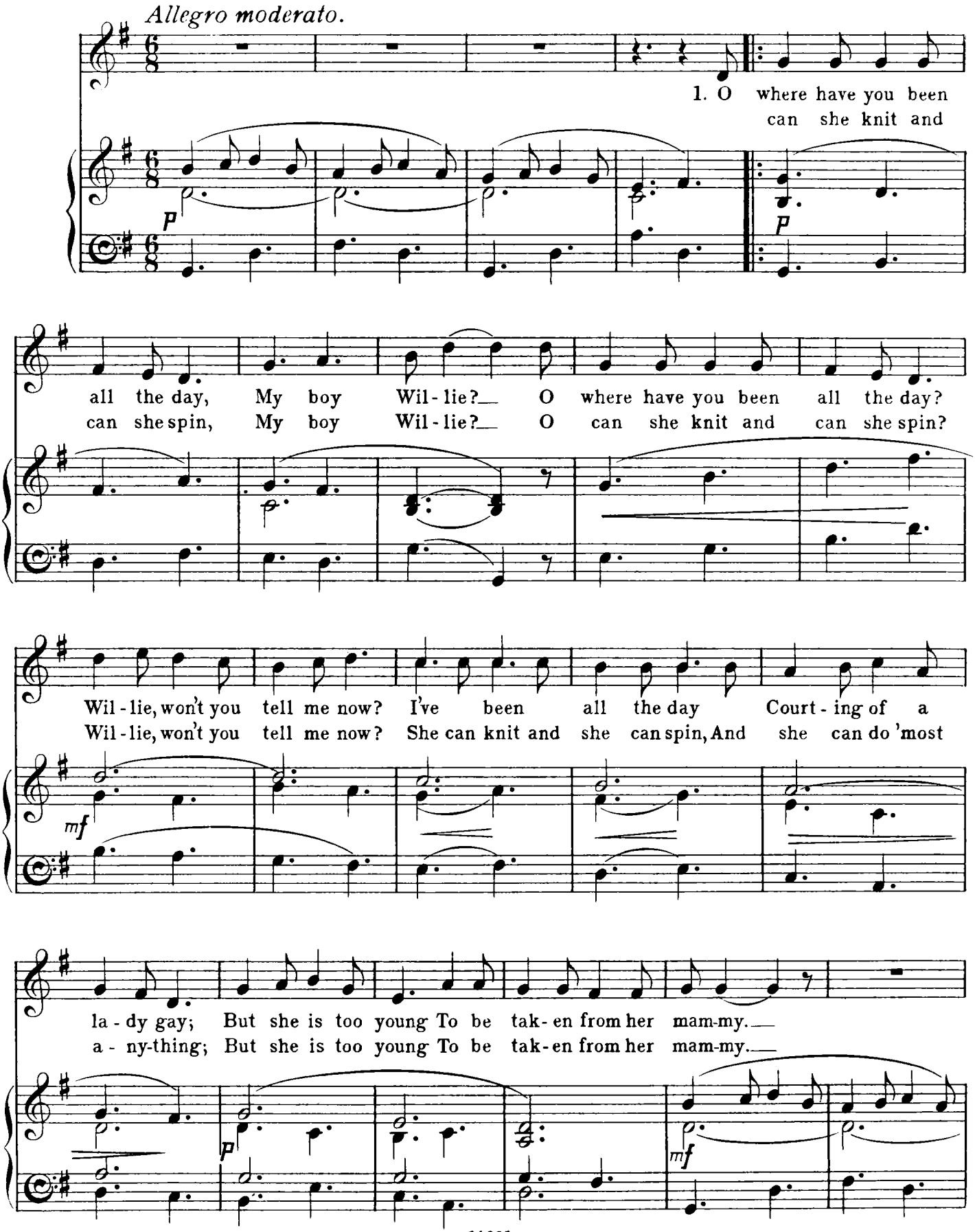
XLI
DEATH AND THE LADY.

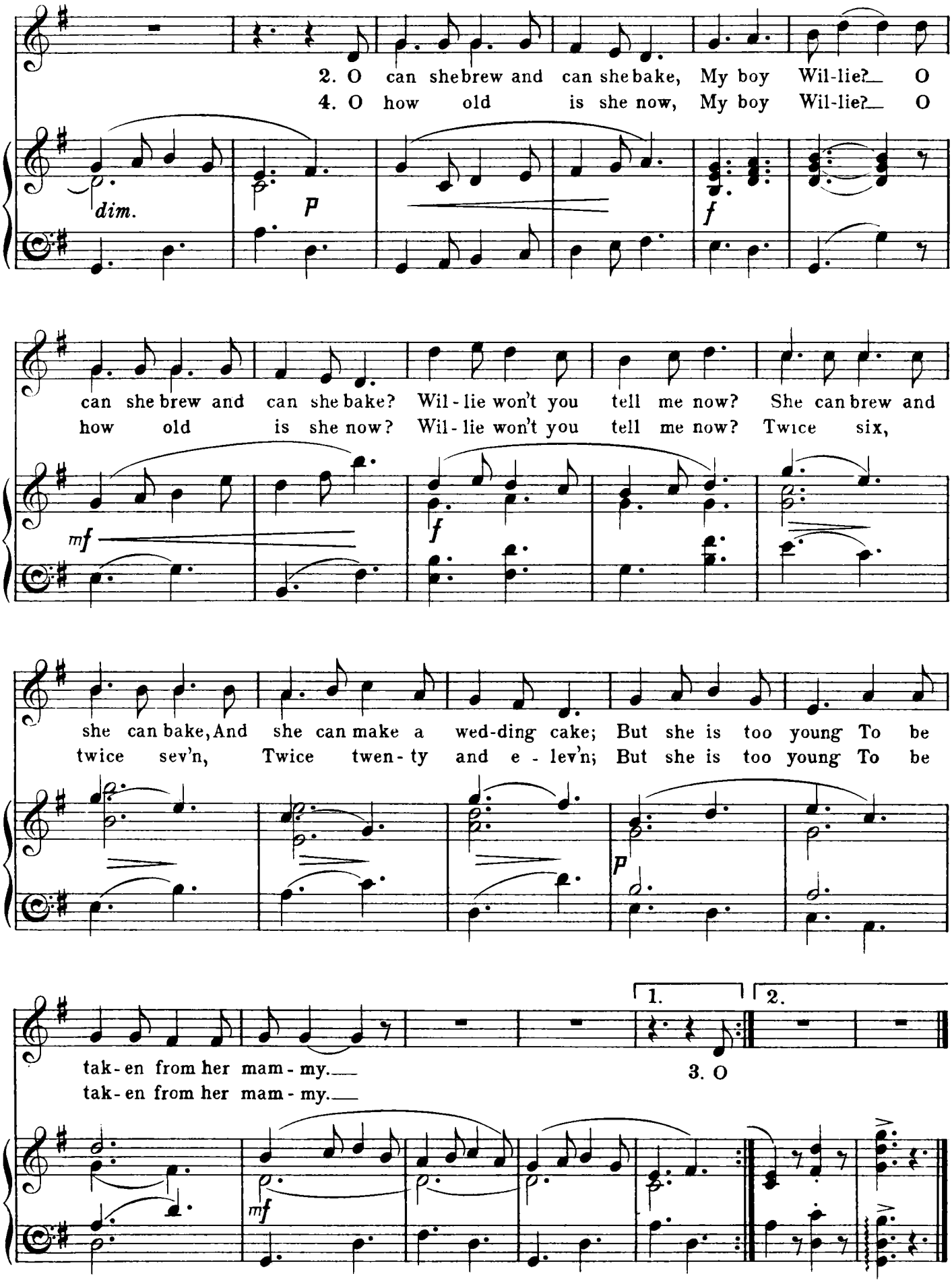


* The bars vary in length. The time-unit is the crotchet which is constant in value.


First & Second times
Third time
clay. 2. I 4 I'll have no gold, I'll have no pearl, I
me. 3. I'll six months' time this fair maid died. Let
mend.
P
P
cresc.
want no cost - ly rich robes to wear. I can-not spare you a lit - tle
this be put on my tomb-stone, she cried: Here lies a poor, dis - tress - ed
mf
while, Nor give you time your life to a - mend, Nor give you time your
maid; Just in her bloom she was snatch - ed a - way, Her cloth - ing made of the
dim.
P
First time
Second time
life to a - mend. 5. In
cold earth - en clay.
P
dim.e rall.

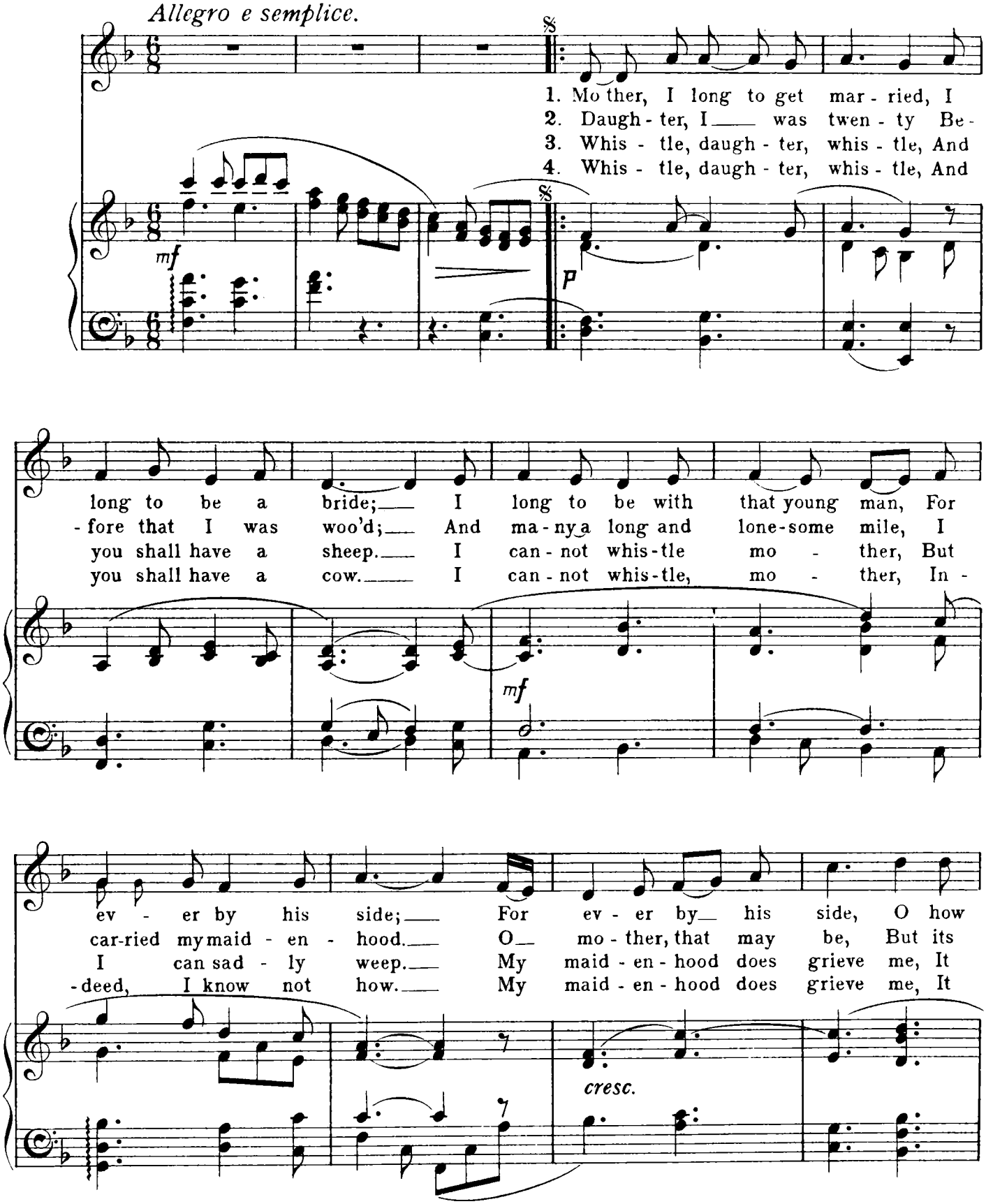
XLII
MY BOY WILLIE.




2. O can she brew and can she bake, My boy Wil-lie? O
4. O how old is she now, My boy Wil-lie? O
dim.
p
f
can she brew and can she bake? Wil-lie won't you tell me now? She can brew and
how old is she now? Wil-lie won't you tell me now? Twice six,
mf
f
she can bake, And she can make a wed-ding cake; But she is too young To be
twice sev'n, Twice twen-ty and e-lev'n; But she is too young To be
p
1.
2.
tak-en from her mam-my.
tak-en from her mam-my.
3. O
mf

XLIII

WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE.



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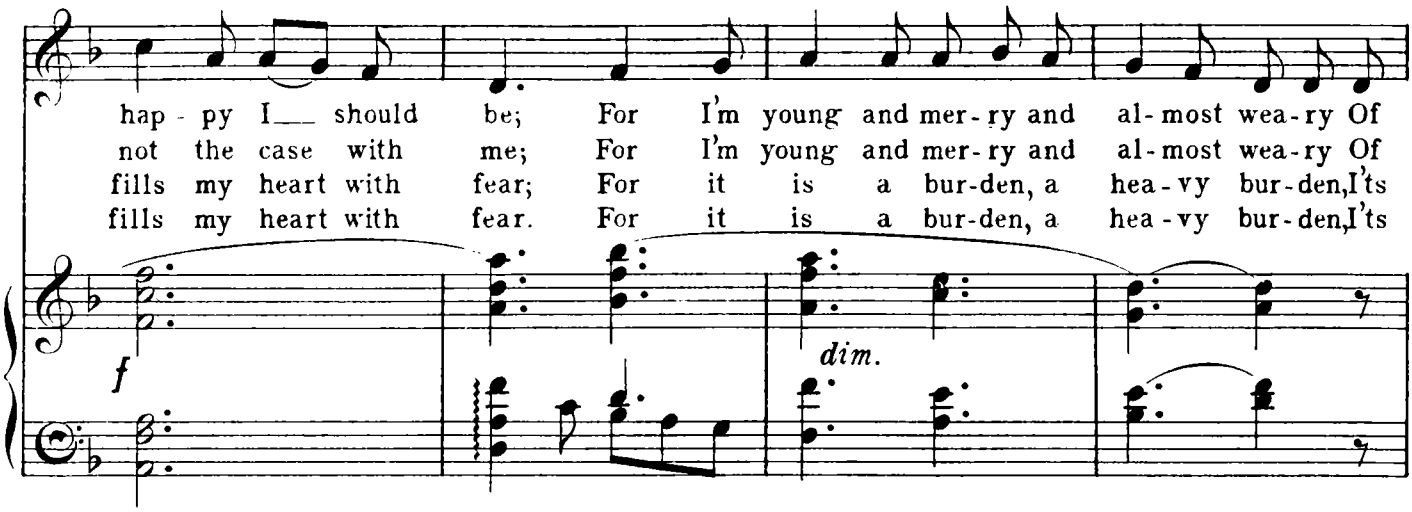
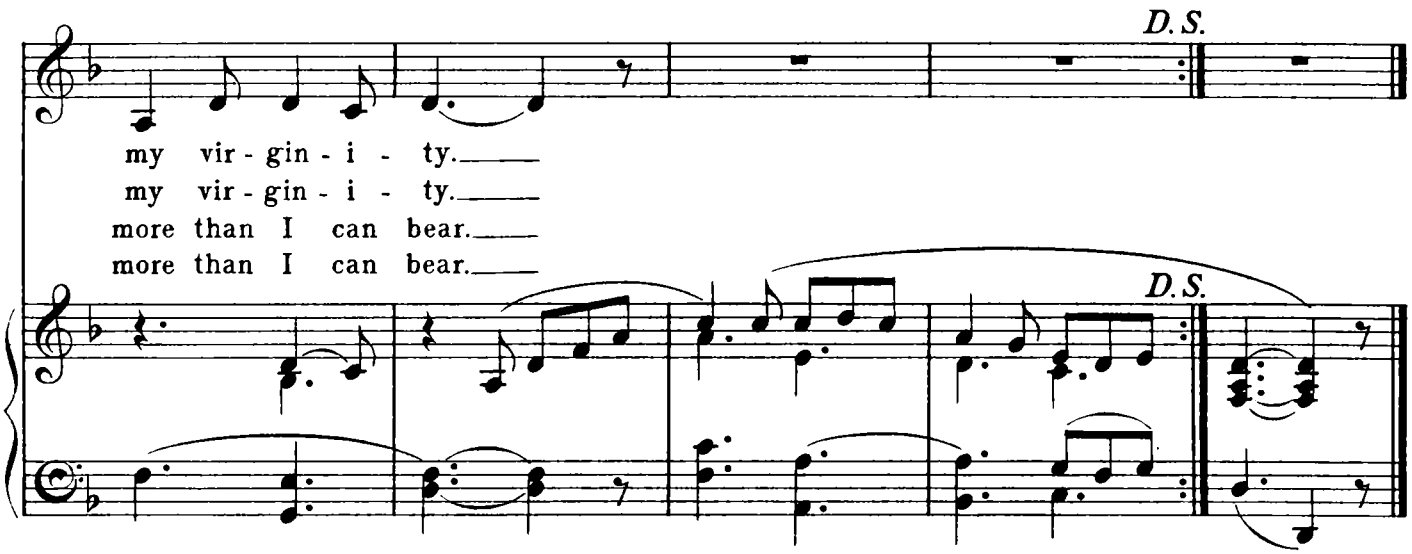




5.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a man.
(Whistles)
You see how well I can.
or { I cannot whistle, mother,
But I'll do the best I can.
You nasty, impudent jade,
What makes you whistle now?
O, I'd rather whistle for a man
Than either sheep or cow.

6.

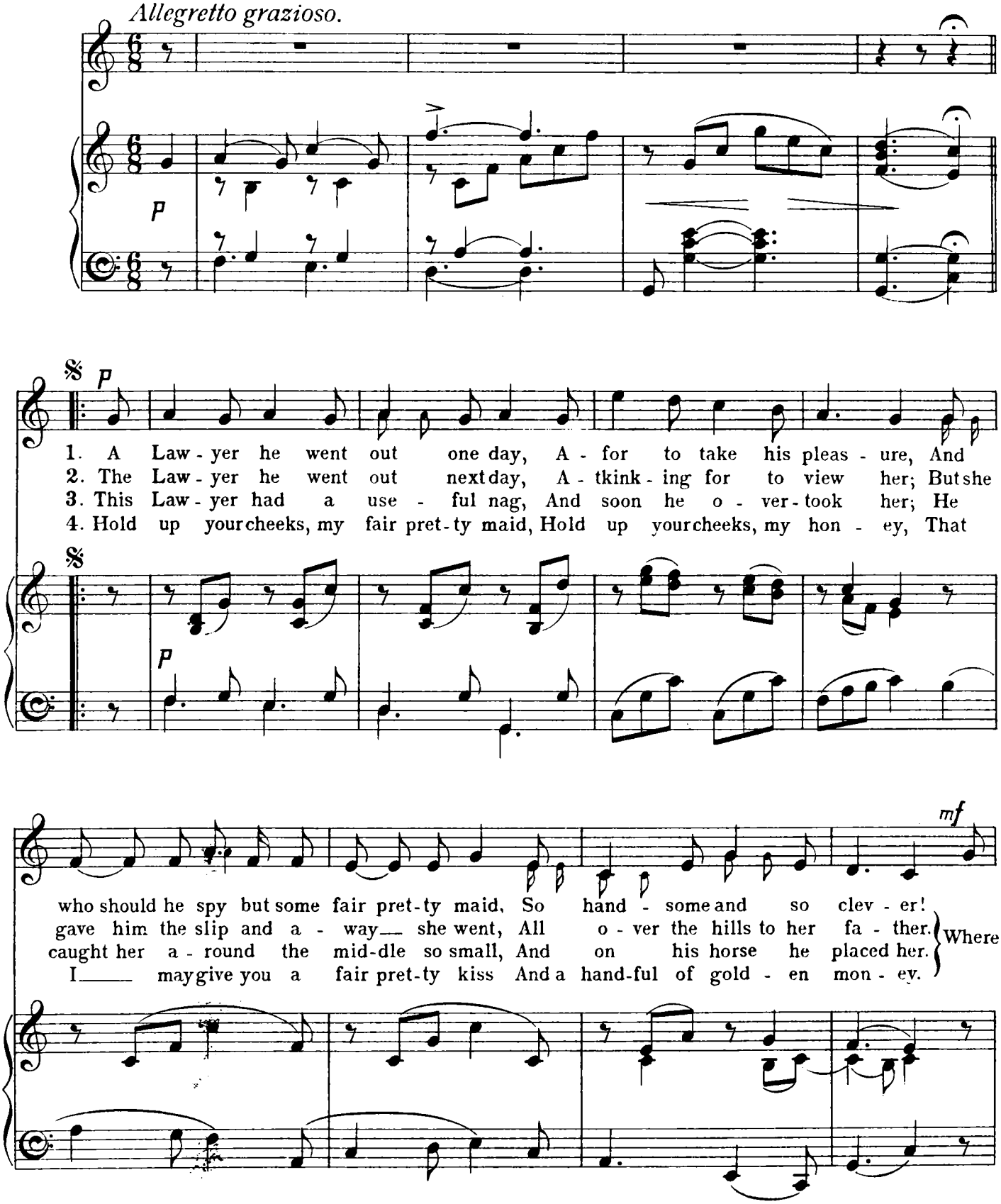
You nasty, impudent jade,
I'll pull your courage down;
Take off your silks and satins,
Put on your working-gown.
I'll send you to the fields
A-tossing of the hay,
With your fork and rake the hay to make,
And then hear what you say.

7.

Mother, don't be so cruel
To send me to the field,
Where young men will entice me
And to them I may yield.
For, mother, it's quite well known
I am not too young grown,
And it is a pity a maid so pretty
As I should live alone.

XLIV

MOWING THE BARLEY.



XLVI

THE LARK IN THE MORN.

Allegretto con grazia.

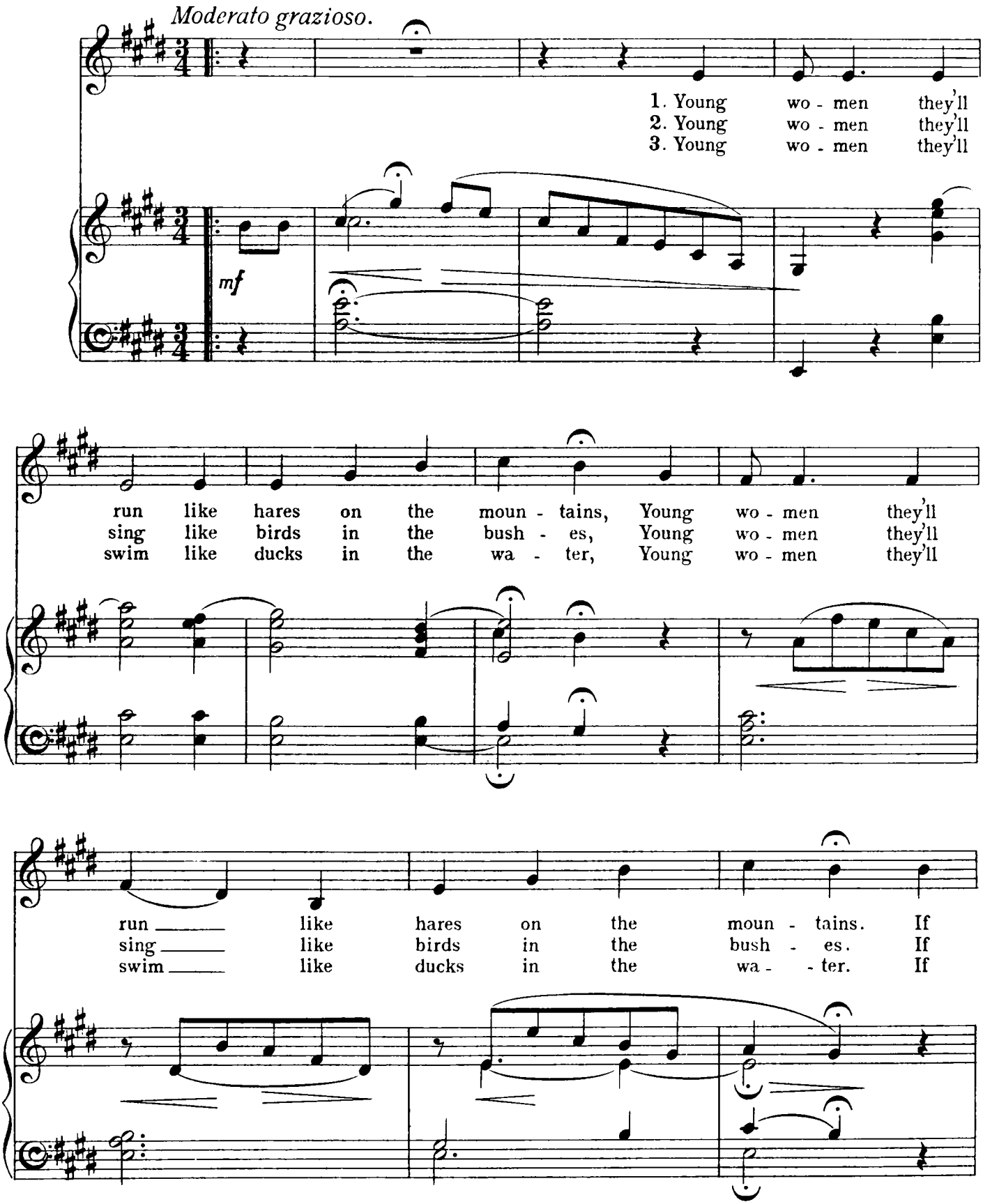
1. As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the Spring, I met a young dam - sel, so sweet - ly she did sing; And as we were a- -walk- -ing these words she did say: There is no life like a plough - boy's all in the month of May.

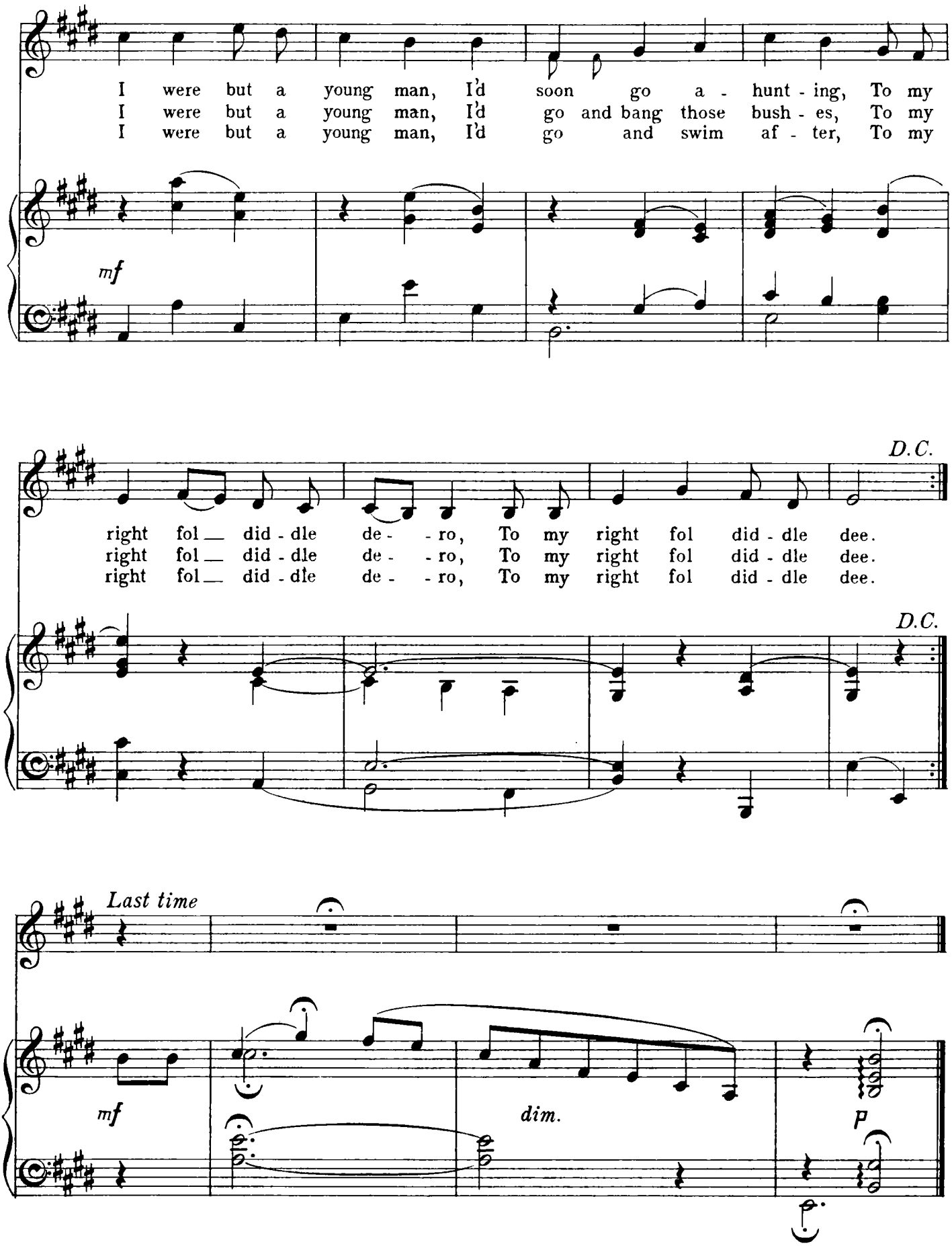
2. The lark in the morn she will rise up from her nest, And mount in the air with the dew all on her breast; And like the pret - ty plough-boy she will whis - tle and sing, And at night she'll re - turn to her own nest back a - gain.

p *p e legato* *mf* *cresc.* *D.S.* *dim.* *colla voce* *D.S.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

XLVII

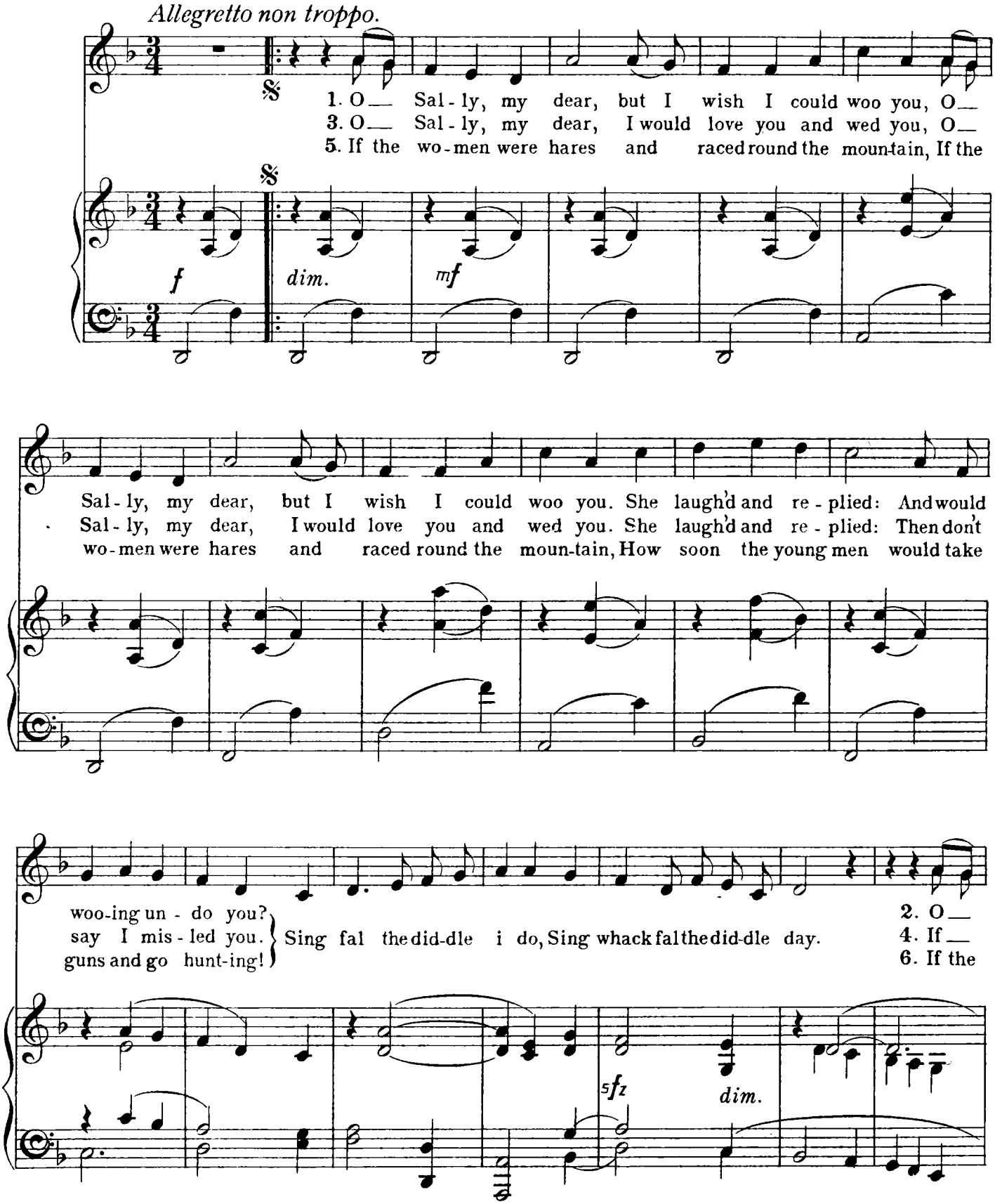
HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.




I were but a young man, I'd soon go a - hunt - ing, To my
I were but a young man, I'd go and bang those bush - es, To my
I were but a young man, I'd go and swim af - ter, To my
mf
D.C.
right fol __ did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.
right fol __ did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.
right fol __ did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.
D.C.
Last time
mf
dim.
P

XLVIII

O SALLY, MY DEAR.



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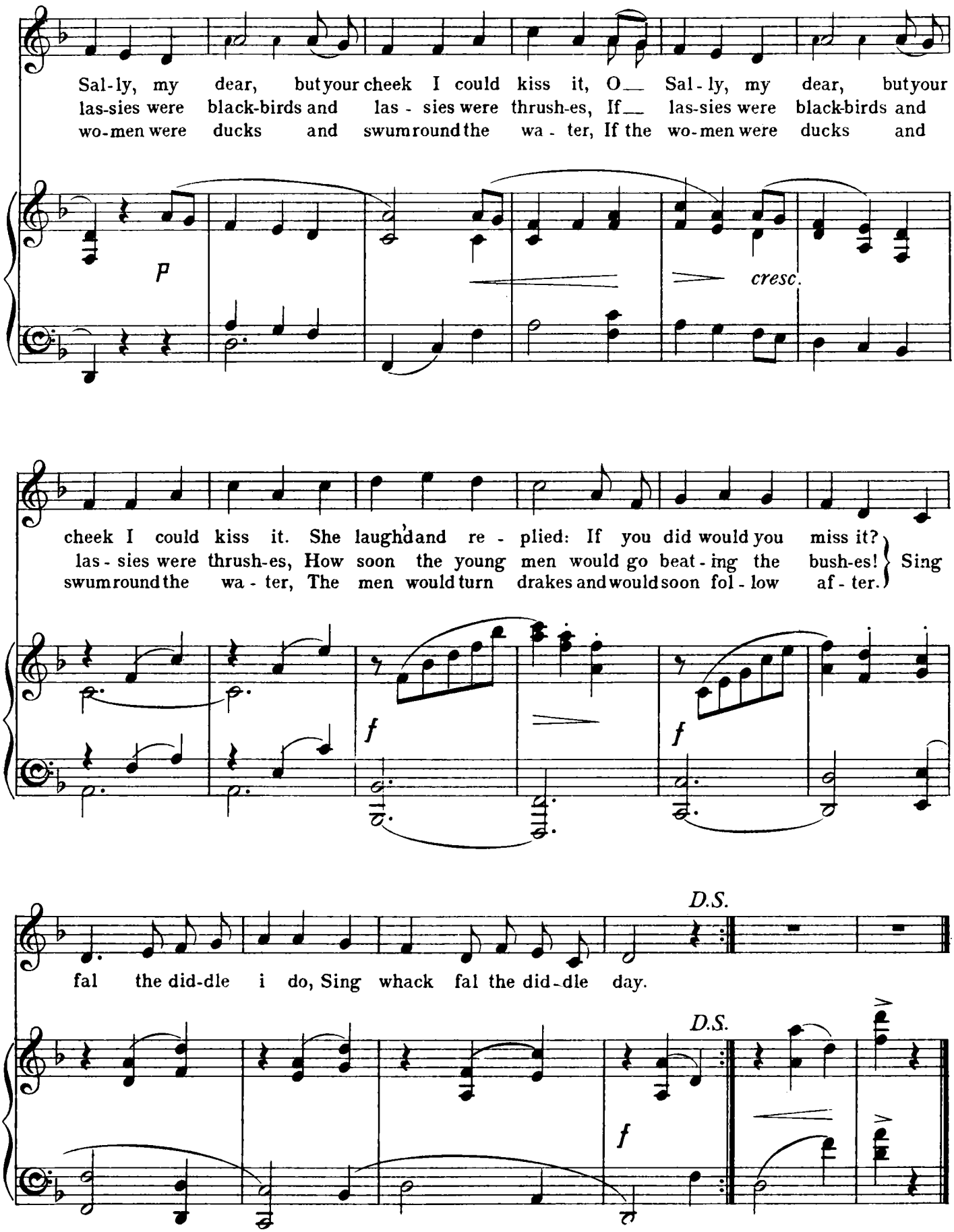
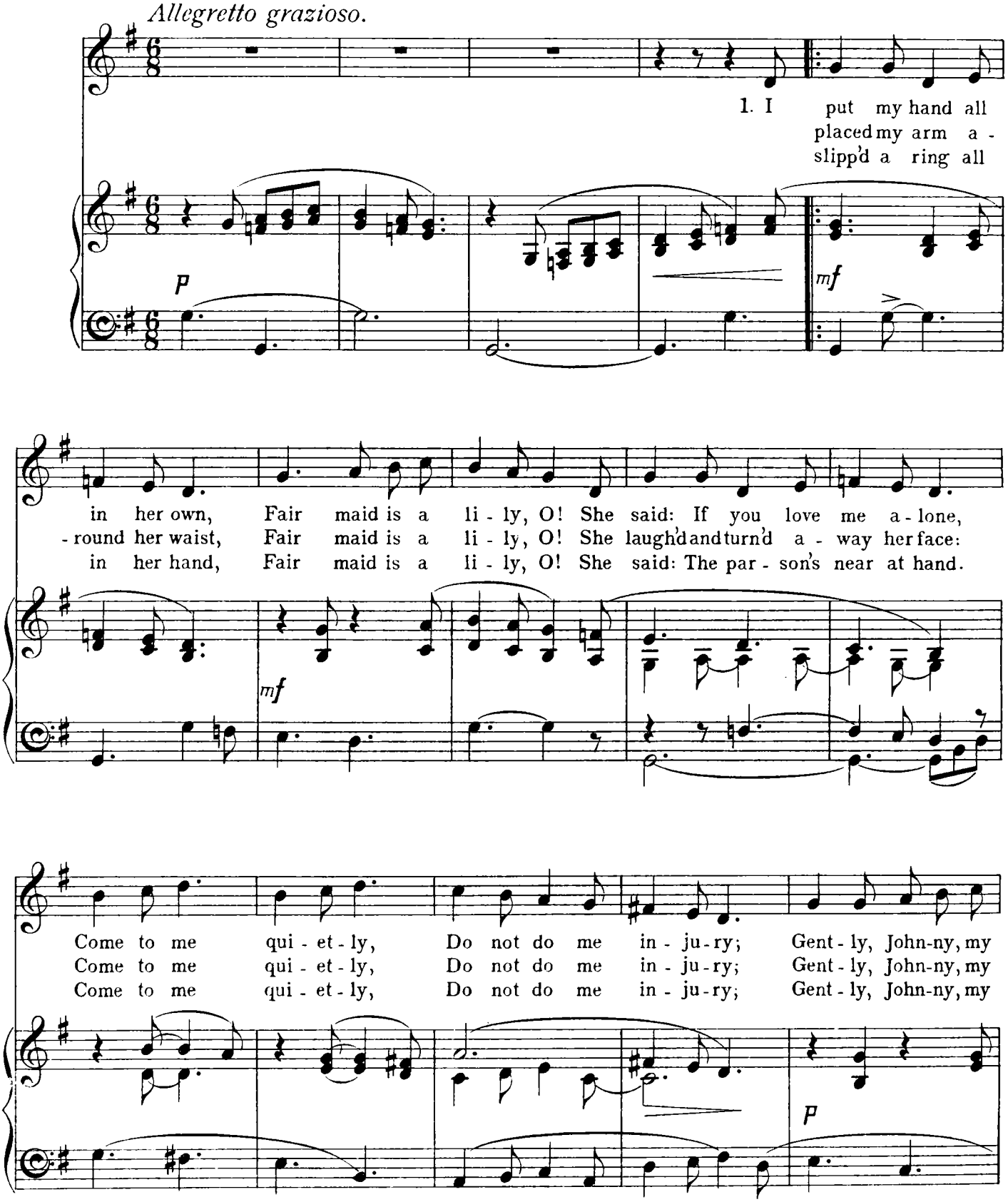
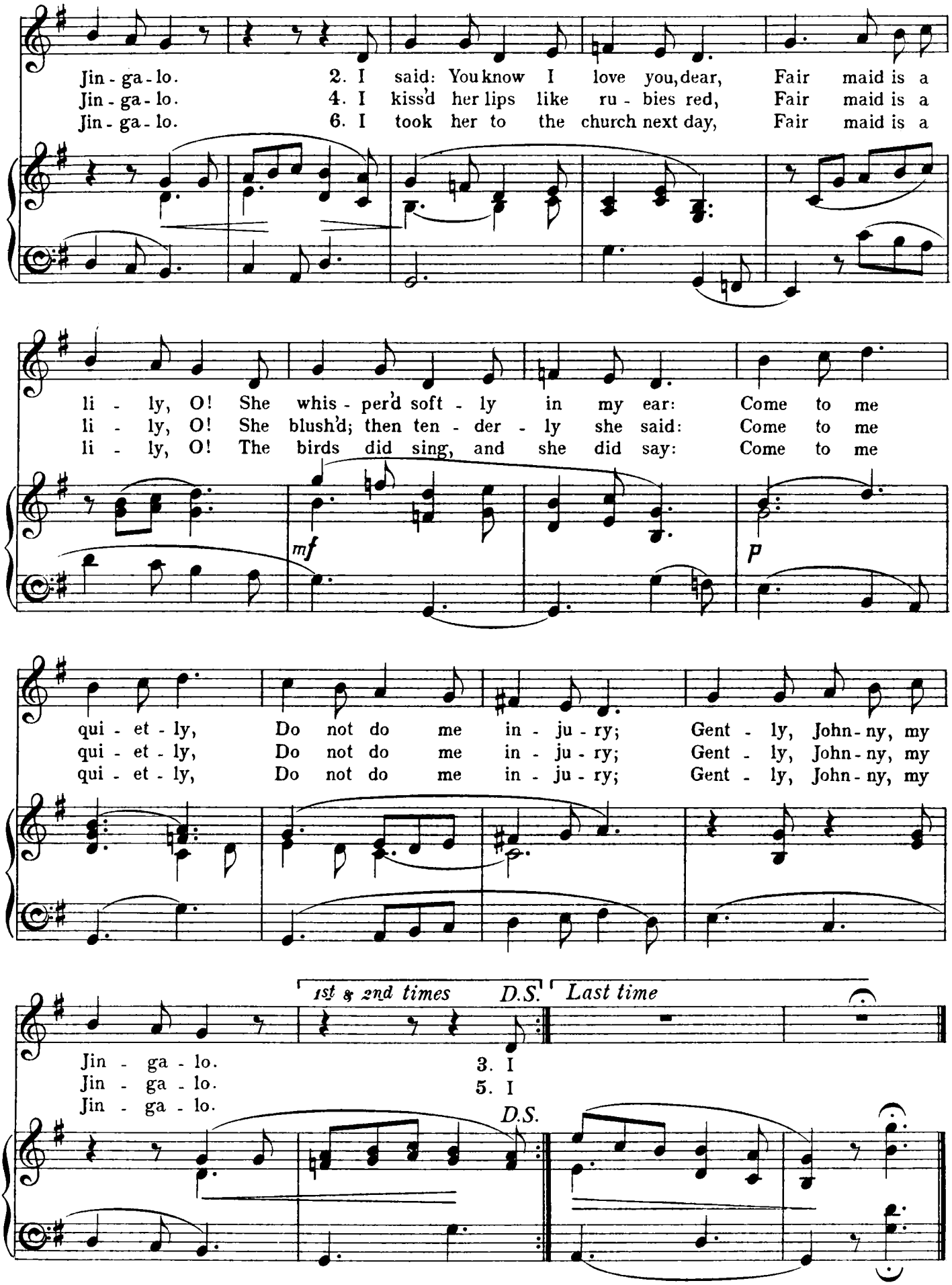

Sal-ly, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it, O Sal-ly, my dear, but your
las-sies were black-birds and las - sies were thrush-es, If las-sies were black-birds and
wo-men were ducks and swum round the wa - ter, If the wo-men were ducks and
p
cresc.
cheek I could kiss it. She laugh'd and re - plied: If you did would you miss it?
las - sies were thrush-es, How soon the young men would go beat - ing the bush-es! Sing
swum round the wa - ter, The men would turn drakes and would soon fol - low af - ter.
f
f
D.S.
fal the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day.
D.S.
f

XLIX

GENTLY, JOHNNY, MY JINGALO.

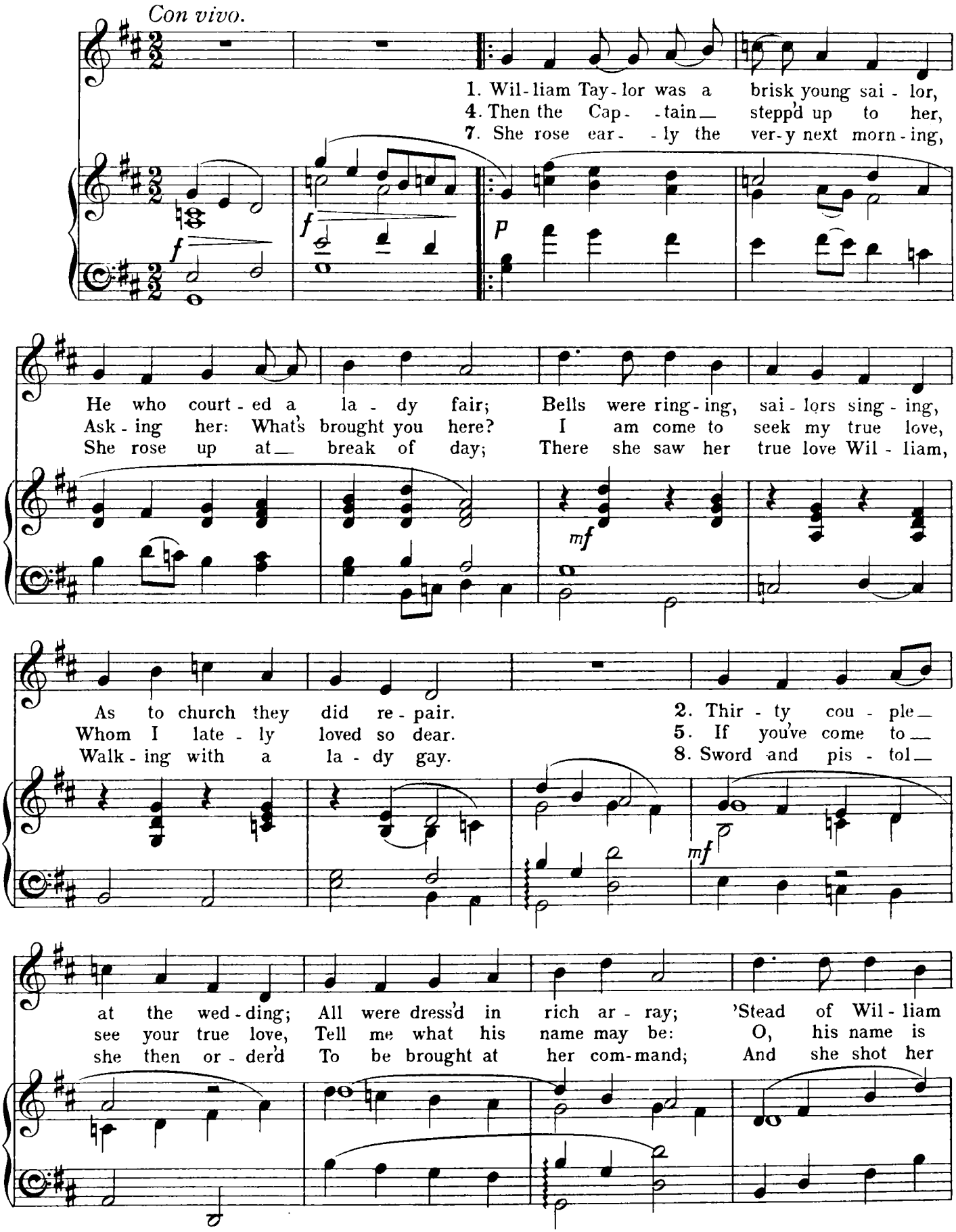
Allegretto grazioso.

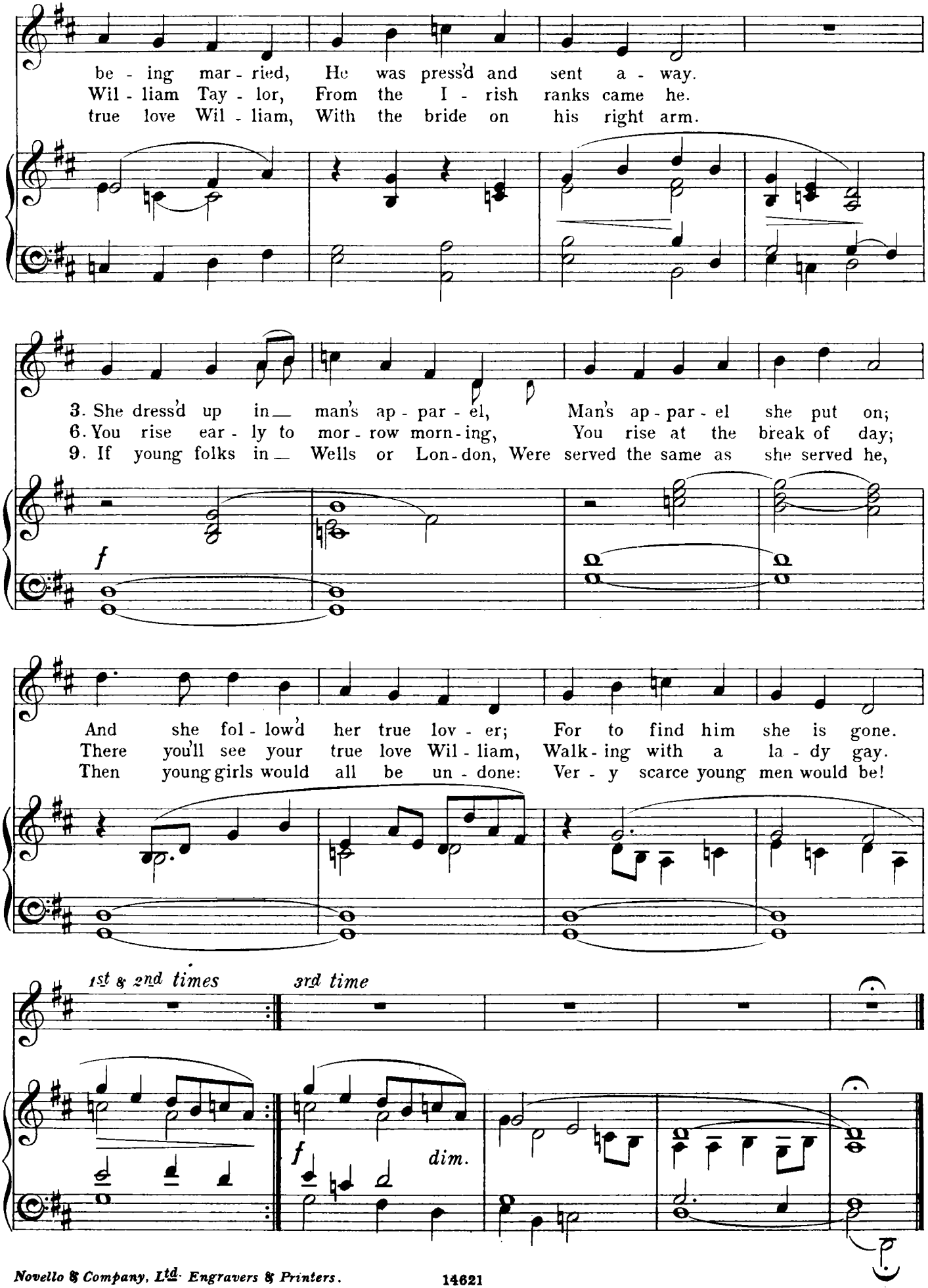



Jin - ga - lo. 2. I said: You know I love you, dear, Fair maid is a
Jin - ga - lo. 4. I kiss'd her lips like ru - bies red, Fair maid is a
Jin - ga - lo. 6. I took her to the church next day, Fair maid is a
li - ly, O! She whis - per'd soft - ly in my ear: Come to me
li - ly, O! She blush'd; then ten - der - ly she said: Come to me
li - ly, O! The birds did sing, and she did say: Come to me
mf
p
qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my
qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my
qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my
1st & 2nd times
D.S.
Last time
Jin - ga - lo.
Jin - ga - lo.
Jin - ga - lo.
3. I
5. I
D.S.

L

WILLIAM TAYLOR.




be - ing mar - ried, He was press'd and sent a - way.
Wil - liam Tay - lor, From the I - rish ranks came he.
true love Wil - liam, With the bride on his right arm.
3. She dress'd up in man's ap - par - el, Man's ap - par - el she put on;
6. You rise ear - ly to mor - row morn - ing, You rise at the break of day;
9. If young folks in Wells or Lon - don, Were served the same as she served he,
f
And she fol - low'd her true lov - er; For to find him she is gone.
There you'll see your true love Wil - liam, Walk - ing with a la - dy gay.
Then young girls would all be un - done: Ver - y scarce young men would be!
1st & 2nd times
3rd time
f
dim.


OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE

ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

CECIL J. SHARP

SELECTED EDITION

VOLUME II

SONGS AND BALLADS

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

PREFACE.

THIS Selected Edition will contain in one complete series of volumes those songs, ballads, carols, chanteys, &c., from the Author's Collection of traditional music which, in his opinion, are the most characteristic and most suitable for purposes of publication.

The Collection is the product of twenty years' work in the towns and country districts of England and among the English inhabitants of the Southern Appalachian Mountains of North America, and comprises—counting variants, and dance, as well as vocal, airs—some five thousand tunes. A certain number of these have been published from time to time during the period of collection but, as the Somerset Series, in which the bulk of these appeared, is now out of print, and as, moreover, further additions are unlikely to be made to it, the Collection can now be reviewed as a whole unfettered by past commitments. Even so, the task of making a judicious choice from so large a mass of material is a very difficult one except, perhaps, from those that have already been issued and upon which a measure of popular judgment has been passed.

It should be added that wherever a song that has already been published is included in this Edition the text has been revised by comparing it with later variants, and the accompaniment refreshed or rewritten.

Of the songs in this volume Nos. 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 22, 30, 36, and 48 have not before been published in England. Nos. 11, 20, 29, 35, 38, and 50 have already been issued in various publications; while the remaining numbers are from *Folk Songs from Somerset.*

CONTENTS.

BALLADS:

SONGS:

INDEX.

VOL. II.

NOTES.

No. 1. *Lord Rendal.*

THIS ballad is sung very freely from one end of the island to the other. I have taken it down at least twenty times in England and nearly as many times in America.

The words given in the text have been compiled from different sets, but none of them have been altered.

One of the earliest printed versions of this ballad is in Johnson's *The Scots Musical Museum* (1787-1803) under the heading "Lord Ronald my Son"; and that is a fragment only. The "Willy Doo" in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads* (1828) is the same song; see also "Portmore" in the same volume.

Sir Walter Scott, in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1828), calls it "Lord Randal," and thinks it not impossible "that the ballad may have originally referred to the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most needed by his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison." But, of course, Sir Walter did not know how many countries have the ballad.

A nursery version of the ballad is quoted in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads*, under the title, "The Croodlin Doo" (Cooing Dove). Jamieson gives a Suffolk variant, and also a translation of the German version of the same song, called "Grossmutter Schlangenkoechin," that is, Grandmother Adder-cook. The German version is like ours in that it attributes the poisoning to snakes, not toads, which is the Scottish tradition. Kinloch remarks: "Might not the Scots proverbial phrase, 'To gie one frogs instead of fish,' as meaning to substitute what is bad or disagreeable, for expected good, be viewed as allied to the idea of the venomous quality of the toad?" Sir Walter Scott quotes from a manuscript Chronicle of England which describes in quaint language how King John was poisoned by a concoction of toads: "Tho went the monke into a gardene, and fonde a tode therin; and toke her upp, and put hyr in a cuppe, and filled it with good ale, and pryked hyr in every place, in the cuppe, till the venom came out in every place; and brought hitt befor the kynge, and knelyd, and said, 'Sir, wassayle; for never in your lyfe dranck ye of such a cuppe.'"

A very beautiful version of the song is given in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 38. In the note, Mr. Baring-Gould remarks that the ballad is not only popularly known in England and Ireland, but it has also been noted down in Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Bohemia, and Iceland. The ballad is exhaustively dealt with by Child (No. 12).

The West Country expression "spickit and sparkit" means "speckled and blotched."

For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., pp. 29-32; volume iii., p. 43; volume v., pp. 244-248); and *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians.*

No. 2. *The Briery Bush.*

THE lines printed in the text are as the singer of this version sang them, with the exception of the last stanza, which I have borrowed from a variant collected elsewhere. For other versions with tunes, see *English County Songs* (p. 112); *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians;* and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v., pp. 228-235), with a long and exhaustive note.

Under the heading of "The Maid freed from the Gallows" (*English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 95) Child gives several versions and shows that the ballad is very generally known throughout Northern and Southern Europe—nearly fifty versions have been collected in Finland. In the foreign forms of the ballad, the victim usually falls into the hands of corsairs or pirates, who demand ransom, but none of the English versions account in any way for the situation.

Child also quotes another English variant communicated by Dr. Birkbeck Hill in 1890, "as learned forty years before from a schoolfellow who came from the North of Somerset." This is very much like the version given in the text, the first two lines of the refrain running:

Oh the briers, prickly briers,
Come prick my heart so sore

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in the appendix to Henderson's *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England* (p. 333, ed. 1866), gives a Yorkshire story, "The Golden Ball," which concludes with verses very similar to those of "The Briery Bush." A man gives a ball to each of two maidens, with the condition that if either of them loses the ball, she is to be hanged. The younger, while playing, tosses her ball over a park-paling; the ball rolls away over the grass into a house and is seen no more. She is condemned to be hanged, and calls upon her father, mother, etc., for assistance, her lover finally procuring her release by producing the lost ball.

Child quotes a Cornish variant of the same story, communicated to him by Mr. Baring-Gould.

That the ballad is a very ancient one may be inferred from the peculiar form of its construction—sometimes called the "climax of relatives." The same scheme is used in the latter half of "Lord Rendal" (No. 1), and is one that lends itself very readily to improvisation

No. 3. *Blow away the Morning Dew.*

THIS is a shortened form of "The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy" (Percy's *Reliques*). The words beginning "Yonder comes a courteous knight" are preserved in *Deuteromelia*, 1609, and in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (volume iii., p. 37, ed. 1719). A tune to which this ballad was once sung is to be found in Rimbault's *Music to Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. See also "Blow the winds I ho!" in Bell's "*Ballads of the English Peasantry*, and "Blow away ye mountain breezes," in Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West* (No. 25, 2d ed.).

A Scottish version of the words, "Jock Sheep," is given in *The Ballad Book* (Kinloch and Goldsmid, p. 10); and another, "The Abashed Knight," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs* (volume ii., p. 131). For other versions, see Child's collection (No. 112). I have secured thirteen variants, one of which was used as a Capstan Chantey.

No. 4. *The Two Magicians.*

THIS is, I believe, the only copy of this ballad that has as yet been collected in England. The tune, which, of course, is modern, is a variant of one which was used

for a series of humorous songs of the "exaggeration" type that was very popular in the 18th and 19th centuries, of which "The Crocodile" (*English County Songs*, p. 184) is an example.

The words were first printed, I believe, in 1828 in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs* (volume i., p. 24), together with the following comment: "There is a novelty in this legendary ballad very amusing, and it must be very old. I never saw anything in print which had the smallest resemblance to it." It has been necessary to make one or two small alterations in the words.

Child (*English and Scottish Ballads*, volume i., p. 244) prints Buchan's version and says: "This is a base born cousin of a pretty ballad known all over Southern Europe and elsewhere, and in especially graceful forms in France."

"The French ballad generally begins with a young man's announcing that he has won a mistress, and intends to pay her a visit on Sunday, or to give her an *aubade*. She declines his visit or his music. To avoid him she will turn, *e.g.*, into a rose; then he will turn bee and kiss her. She will turn quail; he sportsman and bag her. She will turn carp; he angler and catch her. She will turn hare; and he hound. She will turn nun; and he priest and confess her day and night. She will fall sick; he will watch with her or be her doctor. She will become a star; he a cloud and muffle her. She will die; he will turn earth into which they will put her, or into Saint Peter, and receive her into Paradise. In the end she says, 'Since you are inevitable, you may as well have me as another'; or more complaisantly, 'Je me donnerai à toi, puisque tu m'aimes tant.'"

The ballad in varying forms is known in Spain, Italy, Roumania, Greece, Moravia, Poland, and Serbia. See the chapter on "Magical Transformations and Magical Conflict," in Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fiction*. I believe there is a similar story in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*.

No. 5. *The Duke of Bedford.*

THE singer of this ballad, a native of Sheffield, told me that he learned it from his father, who, in turn, had derived it from his father, and that it was regarded by his relatives as a "family relic" and sung at weddings and other important gatherings. The earlier stanzas of the song are undoubtedly traditional, but some of the later ones (omitted in the text) were, I suspect, added by a recent member of the singer's family, or, possibly, derived from a broadside.

The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, has some affinities with the second strain of "The Cuckoo" (volume i., No. 19), an air which is often sung to "High Germany." See also the tune of No. 92 of Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*.

Three Lincolnshire variants collected by Percy Grainger are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii., pp. 170-179); and the version in the text, as originally sung to me, in the fifth volume of the same publication (p. 79).

Very full notes have been added to these by Miss Lucy Broadwood in the attempt to throw light on the origin of the historical incident upon which the ballad story is founded. Two other versions have been published in *Longman's Magazine* (volume xvii., p. 217, ed. 1890), and in the *Ballad Society's* edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads* (part xv., volume v., ed. 1885).

Professor Child, reprinting the first of these in his note to "The Death of Queen Jane," remarked that "one half seemed a plagiarism upon that old ballad," and that the remainder of "The Duke of Bedford" was so "trivial" that he had not attempted to identify this duke—"any other duke would probably answer as well." Miss Broadwood has not reached a definite conclusion, but she inclines to the theory that the Duke of the ballad was William De la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk (1396-1450). She admits, however, that there is a good deal of evidence in favour of the Duke of Grafton,

son of Charles II., an account of whose death was printed on a broadside, licensed in 1690. She thinks that the ballad given here is probably a mixture of two separate ballads, the more modern of the two (describing hunting) referring to the death of the son of the fourth Duke of Bedford, born in 1739, who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1767. Woburn did not come into the possession of the Bedford family until after the accession of Edward VI.

The last stanza refers to the popular superstition that the flowing of certain streams, known as "woe-waters," was the presage of coming disaster.

No. 6. *Fair Margaret and Sweet William.*

THIS is the only version that I have noted in England, although in America, where the ballad is sung very frequently, I have taken it down thirty times. I have collated the text of my English version with that of one of the American variants. For other versions see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (No. 74); *Folk-Songs from Dorset* (No. 14); Chappell's *Popular Music* (volume i., p. 383); Percy's *Reliques;* and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 289; volume ii., p. 64).

No. 7. *The Low, Low Lands of Holland.*

ONE of the earliest copies of this ballad is printed in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (volume ii., p. 2, ed. 1776). It is also in the *Roxburghe* and *Ebsworth Collections* and in Johnson's *Museum.* The ballad appears also in *Garlands*, printed about 1760, as "The Sorrowful Lover's Regrate" and "The Maid's Lamentation for the Loss of her True Love," as well as on broadsides of more recent date. See also the *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads* (pp. 23-25); the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 97; volume iii., p. 307); and Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (No. 68).

The "vow" verse occurs in "Bonny Bee Hom," a well-known Scottish ballad (Child, No. 92).

The words in the text are virtually as I took them down from the singer. The tune is partly Mixolydian. The word "box" in the third stanza is used in the old sense, that is "to hurry."

No. 8. *The Unquiet Grave*, or, *Cold Blows the Wind.*

THIS ballad, of which I have collected a large number of variants, is widely known and sung by English folk-singers. A Scottish version, "Charles Graeme," is in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs;* while several traditional versions of the words are printed by Child (No. 78). Compare the ballad of "William and Marjorie" (Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 186), and versions of the well-known "William and Margaret." For variants with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., pp. 119 and 192; volume ii., p. 6); *English County Songs* (p. 34); *Songs of the West* (p. 12, 2d ed.); and *English Traditional Songs and Carols* (p. 50). The words of the sixth stanza in the text refer to the ancient belief that a maiden betrothed to a man was pledged to him after his death, and was compelled to follow him into the spirit world unless she was able to perform certain tasks or solve certain riddles that he propounded. In this particular version the position is, of course, reversed, and it is the maiden who lies in the grave. Compare "Scarborough Fair" (No. 22).

No. 9. *The Trees they do grow high.*

THE singer varied his tune, which is in the Dorian mode, in a very remarkable way, a good example of the skill with which folk-singers will alter their tune to fit various metrical irregularities in the words (see *English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 25). For versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 214; volume ii., pp. 44, 95, 206, and 274); *Songs of the West* (No. 4, 2nd ed.); *English Traditional Songs and Carols* (p. 56); Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* ("Young

Craigston "); and Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, volume iv. ("Lady Mary Ann"). For some reason or other, Child makes no mention of this ballad. For particulars of the custom of wearing ribands to denote betrothal or marriage, see "Ribands" in Hazlitt's *Dictionary of Faiths and Folk-Lore.*

No. 10. *Lord Lovel.*

I HAVE collected six versions, but only one complete set of words, the one given in the text (with the exception of the last two stanzas). Child (No. 75) deals with the ballad at some length, and quotes a tune of which that given in the text is a variant. See also the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume vi., p. 81); Bell's *Early Ballads* (p. 134); and Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads.*

No. 11. *False Lamkin.*

UNDER the heading "Lamkin," Child (No. 93) deals very fully with this ballad. There is a tradition in Northumberland that Lamkin and his tower were of that county, and Miss Broadwood says that she has seen what is said to be the original tower close to the little village of Ovingham-on-Tyne, "now a mere shell overgrown with underwood."

For other versions with tunes, see Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland* and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 212; volume ii., p. 111; volume v., pp. 81-84). The ballad given here was collected in Cambridgeshire, in which county it is still very generally known to folk-singers.

No. 12. *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor.*

THIS, of course, is a very common ballad. The words are on ballad-sheets and in most of the well-known collections, and are fully analysed in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (No. 73). For versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., pp. 105-108); *English County Songs* (p. 42); Sandys's *Christmas Carols; Traditional Tunes* (p. 40); Ritson's *Scottish Songs* (part iv., p. 228), etc.

The singer assured me that the three lines between the twentieth and twenty-first stanzas were always spoken and never sung. This is the only instance of the kind that I have come across (see *English Folk-Songs: Some Conclusions*, p. 6).

No. 13. *The Death of Queen Jane.*

FOR other versions see Child (No. 170) and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 221; volume iii., p. 67; and volume v., p. 257).

Queen Jane Seymour gave birth to Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI., on October 12, 1537, and died twelve days later. There is no evidence that her death was brought about in the way narrated in the ballad.

No. 14. *The Bold Fisherman.*

FOR other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 138; volume v., pp. 132-135); and *English County Songs* (p. 110).

I have always felt that there was something mystical about this song, and I was accordingly much interested to find that the same idea had independently occurred to Miss Lucy Broadwood, who, in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v., pp. 132, 133), has developed her theory in a very interesting manner. She believes that the "Bold Fisherman," as it appears on broadsides, is but "a vulgar and secularized transmutation of a mediæval allegorical legend," and points out that the familiar elements of Gnostic and Early Christian mystical literature, for example, "the River, the Sea, the royal Fisher, the three Vestures of Light (or Robes of Glory), the Recognition and Adoration by the illuminated humble Soul, the free Pardon," etc., are all to be found among variants of this ballad. The early Fathers of the Christian Church wrote of their baptized members as "fish," emerged from the waters of baptism. For a

full exposition of this view, however, the reader is referred to the note above mentioned.

I have several variants, and I think in every case the tune is in 5-time. The words in the text have been compiled from the sets given me by various singers.

No. 15. *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.*

CHAPPELL (*Popular Music*, volume i., p. 203) gives one set of words and two tunes, the second of which is the well-known one. Copies of the text are also given in the Roxburghe, Pepys, and Douce Collections (see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, No. 105). For versions with tunes see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., pp. 125 and 209). The version in the text was sung to me in Somerset. I have revised the words which the Somerset singer gave me, collating them with other copies.

No. 16. *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.*

BISHOP PERCY (*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*) maintains that this ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth. Bell (*Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*) prints a set from "a modern copy carefully collated with one in the Bagford Collection." Chappell (*Popular Music*, volume i., p. 158) gives two tunes; while another version with two tunes is quoted in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 203). The ballad in the text, which was sung to me in Somerset, represents a shortened form of the earlier texts above quoted, but the story as it stands is, nevertheless, quite complete. The tune, which is in the Dorian mode, is a variant of the Henry Martin air printed in this Collection (volume i., No. 1).

No. 17. *A Brisk Young Sailor.*

THIS is one of the most popular of English folk-songs. I have collected a large number of variants, from the several sets of which the words in the text have been compiled. For other versions see "There is an ale-house in yonder Town," in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 252; volume ii., pp. 155, 158, 159, and 168; volume iii., p. 188).

No. 18. *The Crystal Spring.*

I HAVE no variants of this song, nor have I been able to find it on ballad-sheets or in any published collection. I believe the tune to be a genuine folk-melody, though the sequence in the first phrase is unusual. On the other hand, the middle cadence on the third degree of the scale (thus avoiding a dominant modulation) is very characteristic of the folk-tune proper.

No. 19. *It's a Rosebud in June.*

THE Rev. John Broadwood noted a Sussex version of this song before 1840 (see *Sussex Songs*, No. 11). The words were also set to music by John Barrett, and were probably sung in "The Custom of the Manor" (1715). As the words of this version show traces of West Country dialect, and the tune, with its Dorian characteristics, is not altogether unlike that printed here, it is just possible that Barrett founded his tune upon the folk-air. The Sussex tune is quite different from our Dorian version, which was collected by me in Somerset. The words are printed exactly as they were sung to me.

No. 20. *Sweet William.*

OTHER versions are given in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 99); *English County Songs* (p. 74); and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (volume i., p. 248). The song is a very common one, and I have noted several variants of it.

No. 21. *The Watchet Sailor.*

I HAVE only one variant of this song, "Threepenny Street," and, so far as I know, it has not been published elsewhere. Compare the tune, which is in the Æolian mode, with that of "Henry Martin" in this collection (volume i., No. 1).

No. 22. *Scarborough Fair.*

For other versions, see *Songs of the West* (No. 48, 2d ed.); *English County Songs* p. 12); *Traditional Tunes* (pp. 42 and 172); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 79); *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (No. 64); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 83; volume ii., p. 212; volume iii., p. 274), &c.

This is one of the ancient Riddle Songs, a good example of which occurs in the Wanderer scene in the first Act of Wagner's *Siegfried.* In its usual form, one person imposes a task upon his adversary, who, however, evades it by setting another task of equal difficulty, which, according to the rules of the game, must be performed first. In the version given here, the replies are omitted. For an exhaustive exposition of the subject, see Child's "Elfin Knight," and "Riddles wisely expounded," in his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (Nos. 1 and 2). See, also, Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* (p. 145); Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (Appendix, p. 1); Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland* (volume ii., p. 296); *Gesta Romanorum* (pp. xl., 124, and 233, Bohn ed.); *Gammer Gurton's Garland;* and Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes.* Mr. Baring-Gould's note to the song in *Songs of the West* should also be consulted.

The tune is in the Dorian mode, except for the final and very unusual cadence. The words have been supplemented from those of other traditional versions which I have collected.

No. 23. *Brimbledon Fair*, or *Young Ramble-away.*

Mr. Kidson prints a major version of this song in his *Traditional Tunes* (p. 150), under the heading "Brocklesby Fair." The words are on a broadside, "Young Ramble Away," by Jackson of Birmingham. The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 24. *Bridgwater Fair.*

St. Matthew's Fair at Bridgwater is a very ancient one, and is still a local event of some importance, although it has seen its best days. The tune, which is partly Mixolydian, is a variant of "Gently, Johnny, my Jingalo" (volume i., No. 49), and also of "Bibberly Town" (*Songs of the West*, No. 110, 2nd ed.). I have only one other variant of this, from which, however, some of the lines in the text have been taken.

No. 25. *The Brisk Young Bachelor.*

The troubles of married life, from either the husband's or the wife's point of view, form the subject of many folk-songs. One of the best and oldest examples is "A woman's work is never done," reproduced in Ashton's *Century of Ballads* (p. 20). I have collected several songs that harp on the same theme, two of which are printed respectively in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume v., p. 65), and *Folk-Songs from Various Counties* (No. 10).

The tune, which is in the Dorian mode, is a fine example of the rollicking folk-air. As the singer's words were incomplete, I have supplemented them with lines from my other versions.

No. 26. *Ruggleton's Daughter of Ecro.*

This song, of which I have collected but one variant, is a version of a very ancient ballad, the history of which may be traced in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (No. 227), and in Miss Gilchrist's note to "The Wee Cooper of Fife," in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., pp. 223, 224). In some versions the husband is deterred from beating his wife through fear of her "gentle kin." To evade this difficulty he kills one of his own wethers, strips off its skin, and lays it on her back, saying:

I dare na thump you, for your proud kin,
But well sall I lay to my ain wether's skin.

(See "Sweet Robin," in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, volume i., p. 319).

This motive is absent from the present version, of which it may or may not once have formed part. For it is possible to argue that the "wether's skin" motive is an addition, which became attached to an older and simpler form of the ballad. The facts, as they stand, admit of either interpretation.

There is yet a third variation of the story in "Robin-a-thrush" (see *English County Songs*, *The Besom Maker*, *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, &c.), in which the story is still further curtailed by the omission of the wife-beating episode. In this latter form, it becomes a nursery nonsense-song, which relates in humorous fashion the ridiculous muddles made by a slovenly and incompetent wife. Its connection with "Ruggleton" or "Sweet Robin" is to be inferred from the title and refrain, "Robin-a-thrush," which, as Miss Gilchrist has pointed out, is probably a corruption of "Robin he thrashes her."

There is, too, another song which has some affinity with "Ruggleton." Here the husband married his wife on Monday; cut "a twig of holly so green" on Tuesday; "hung it out to dry" on Wednesday; on Thursday he "beat her all over the shoulders and head, till he had a-broke his holly green twig"; on Friday she "opened her mouth and began to roar"; and, finally:

On Saturday morning I breakfast without
A scolding wife or a brawling bout.
Now I can enjoy my bottle and friend;
I think I have made a rare week's end.

The same motive is to be found in "The Husband's Complaint," printed in Herd's *Manuscripts*, edited by Dr. Hans Hecht (p. 106).

The words given in the text are almost exactly as they were sung to me. I have, however, transposed the order of the words "brew" and "bake" in the fourth and fifth verses, in order to restore some semblance of a rhyme. There is a fragment, quoted by Jamieson, in which the verse in question is rendered:

She wadna bake, she wadna brew
(Hollin, green hollin),
For spoiling o' her comely hue
(Bend your bow, Robin).

There is, too, a version in *The Journal of American Folk-Lore* (volume vii., p. 253), quoted by Child, which is closely allied to the song in the text. In this variant, the following stanza occurs:

Jenny couldn't wash and Jenny couldn't bake.
Gently Jenny cried rosemaree,
For fear of dirting her white apurn tape,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

For other American versions see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*.

No. 27. *The Crabfish.*

A SCOTTISH version of this curious song, "The Crab," is given in *A Ballad Book* by C. K. Sharpe and Edmund Goldsmid (volume ii., p. 10), published in 1824. The footnote states that the song is founded upon a story in *Le Moyen de Parvenir*. Some of the words have been altered.

The tune is in the Mixolydian mode, and was sung to me very excitedly and at break-neck speed, the singer punctuating the rhythm of the refrain with blows of her fist upon the table at which she was sitting.

No. 28. *The Beggar.*

THE words of the refrain of this song are very nearly identical with the chorus of "I cannot eat but little meat," the well-known drinking-song in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. This play was printed in 1575, and, until the discovery of *Royster Doyster*, was considered to be the earliest English comedy. Its author was John Still, afterwards (1592) Bishop of Bath and Wells. The song, however, was not written by him, for Chappell points out that "the Rev. Alex. Dyce has given a copy of double length from a manuscript in his possession, and certainly of an earlier date than the play.' Chappell furthermore calls attention to the custom of singing old songs or playing old

tunes at the commencement, and at the end, of the Acts of early dramas. "I cannot eat" has been called "the first drinking-song of any merit in our language."

The words of this Exmoor song, excluding the chorus, are quite different from the version in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. It appears that under the title of "The Beggar and the Queen," they were published in the form of a song not more than a century ago (see *A Collection of English Ballads from beginning of Eighteenth Century*, volume vii., Brit. Mus.). The tune, which is quite different from the one given here, is clearly the invention of a contemporary composer, but there is no evidence to show whether or not the words were the production of a contemporary writer; they may have been traditional verses which happened to attract the attention of some musician. There is a certain air of reckless abandonment about them which seems to suggest a folk-origin, and they are, at any rate, far less obviously the work of a literary man than are the verses—apart from the refrain—of "I cannot eat."

In *The Songster's Museum* (Gosport) there is a parody of the above song (chorus omitted), which, in the *Bagford Ballads* (volume i., p. 214), is attributed to Tom Dibdin.

A tune to "I cannot eat" is given in Ritson, and in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (p. 72), and is a version of "John Dory." The tune in the text has no relation whatever to that well-known air, nor to any other tune that I know of. In my opinion, it may well be a genuine folk-air.

The singer gave me two verses only, the second and third in the text. The other two are from a version which the Rev. S. Baring-Gould collected in Devon, and which he has courteously allowed me to use. Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has recovered similar words in Dorset, but, like Mr. Baring-Gould, he found them mated to quite a modern and "composed" air.

No. 29. *The Keeper.*

THIS is one of the few two-men folk-songs. I have several variants of it, but the words of all of them, except this particular one, were so corrupt as to be unintelligible. The words are printed in an old garland, from which the last stanza in the text has been derived. The rest of the words are given as they were sung to me.

No. 30. *The Duke of Marlborough.*

FOR other versions with tunes see Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* and the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 156; volume iii., p. 200; and volume v., p. 265).

No. 31. *Jack Hall.*

JACK HALL, who had been sold to a chimney-sweep for a guinea, was executed for burglary at Tyburn in 1701. The song must have been written before 1719, for in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (volume ii., p. 182), there is a song, "The Moderator's Dream," "the words made to a pretty tune, call'd Chimney Sweep," which is in identically the same metre as that of "Jack Hall." A vulgarized edition of the song was made very popular in the middle years of the last century by a comic singer, G. W. Ross.

I have taken down four versions, the tunes of which, with the exception of that given in the text, are all variants of the "Admiral Benbow" air (see No. 37). The metre in which each of these two ballads is cast is so unusual that we may assume that one was written in imitation of the other. As Jack Hall was executed in 1701 and Admiral Benbow was killed in 1702, "Jack Hall" is presumably the earlier of the two.

The singer could recall the words of one verse only. The remaining stanzas have been taken from my other versions. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 32. *Dashing away with the Smoothing Iron.*

I HAVE noted two other versions of this song. The tune is a variant of "All round my hat," a popular song of the early years of the last century. Chappell, in his *Ancient English Melodies* (No. 126), prints a version of the air and dubs it "a Somersetshire tune, the original of 'All round my hat.'" I believe it to be a genuine folk-air, which, as in other cases, formed the basis of a street-song.

No. 33. *The Robber.*

THE words to which this remarkably fine Dorian air was sung were about a highwayman and his sweetheart, but were too fragmentary for publication. I have wedded the tune to a different, but similar, set of words which another singer sang to a very poor tune.

No. 34. *John Barleycorn.*

FOR other versions with tunes of this well-known ballad, see *Songs of the West* (No. 14 and Note, 2nd ed.); Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (No. 8); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 81; volume iii., p. 255); and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland* (volume i., p. 134).

The earliest printed copy of the ballad is of the time of James I.

Versions with words only are given in Dick's *Songs of Robert Burns* (p. 314); *Roxburghe Ballads* (volume ii., p. 327); and Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (p. 80). Chappell gives "Stingo or Oil of Barley" as the traditional air; while Dick says it is uncertain whether Burns intended his version of the ballad to be sung to that tune or to "Lull me beyond thee" (Playford's *English Dancing Master*, 1st ed.).

It is not easy to express in musical notation the exact way in which the singer sang this song. He dwelt, perhaps, rather longer upon the double-dotted notes than their written value, although not long enough to warrant their being marked with the formal pause. The singer told me that he heard the song solemnly chanted by some street-singers who passed through his village when he was a child. The song fascinated him, and he followed the singers and tried to learn the air. For some time afterward he was unable to recall it, when one day, to his great delight, the tune suddenly came back to him, and since then he has constantly sung it. He gave me the words of the first stanza only. The remaining verses of the text have been taken from Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*. The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is such a fine one that I have been tempted to harmonize it somewhat elaborately. Those who prefer a simpler setting can repeat the harmonies set to the first verse.

No. 35. *Poor Old Horse.*

FOR other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., pp. 75 and 260; volume ii., p. 263); Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 49); *Songs of the West* (No. 77, 2nd ed.); *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (volume i., No. 27); and *Songs of Northern England* (p. 60).

The song was evidently one that was sung during the ceremony of the hobby horse, for example, the Hooden Horse in Kent (see *The Hooden Horse*, by Percy Maylam). A kindred ceremony, also associated with a song, "The Dead Horse," is still celebrated by sailors after they have been a month at sea (*English Folk Chanteys*, p. 73).

No. 36. *Botany Bay.*

I DO not know of any published versions of this song. I made use of the tune in Mr. Granville Barker's production of Hardy's *Dynasts*, setting the words of the "Trafalgar" song to it.

No. 37. *Admiral Benbow.*

CHAPPELL (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*, volume ii., pp. 642 and 678) gives two versions of this ballad. The first of these is entirely different from that given in the text; but the

words of the second version, which are taken from Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads of England*, are substantially the same, though set to a different air. The air "Marrinys yn Tiger," in Mr. Gill's *Manx National Songs* (p. 4) is a variant of our tune. Messrs. Kidson and Moffat publish a variant of the first of Chappell's versions in *Minstrelsy of England* (p. 25) with an instructive note. See also Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs* (p. 19).

John Benbow (1653-1702) was the son of a tanner at Shrewsbury. He was apprenticed to a butcher, from whose shop he ran away to sea. He entered the Navy and rose rapidly to high command. The ballad is concerned with his engagement with the French fleet, under Du Casse, off the West Indies, August 19-24, 1702. The English force consisted of seven ships, of from fifty to seventy guns. Benbow's ship was the *Breda*. Captain Walton of the *Ruby* was the only one of his captains to stand by him; the rest shirked. The *Ruby* was disabled on August 23, and left for Port Royal. Shortly afterwards Benbow's right leg was shattered by a chain shot. After his wound was dressed, he insisted on being carried up to the quarter-deck, as narrated in the ballad. On the following day his captains, headed by Captain Kirkby, of the *Defiance*, came on board and urged him to discontinue the chase. This they compelled him to do, and he returned to Jamaica, where he at once ordered a court-martial. Captains Kirkby and Wade were sentenced to be shot; Vincent and Fogg were suspended; while Captain Hudson of the *Pendennis* died before the trial. Kirkby and Wade were executed on board the *Bristol*, in Plymouth Sound, on April 16, 1703. Admiral Benbow succumbed to his wounds, November 4, 1702, at Port Royal, and was buried at Kingston. His portrait is, or was, in the Painted Hall, Greenwich, to which it was presented by George IV. Mr. Ashton states that there is a tradition "that his body was brought to England and buried in Deptford Church"

It is a little difficult to account for the popularity Benbow excited. Personally brave he certainly was; but he has been described as "an honest rough seaman," who, it is alleged, treated his inferiors with scant courtesy. Their failure to stand by him in the French fight was, of course, a disgraceful act of cowardice; but it may also be attributed, to some extent, to their want of personal regard for their chief.

No. 38. *Bold Nelson's Praise.*

THIS is the only version of this song that I know. The singer mixed his words in all the verses except the first one, necessitating a certain amount of re-arrangement. The air is in the Dorian mode, and is a variant of "Princess Royal," a well-known Morris-Jig tune. Shield adapted the air to the words of "The Saucy Arethusa," one of the songs in the ballad-opera *The Lock and Key* (1796). The composition of the air has sometimes been attributed to Carolan. The tune is also printed in Walsh's *Compleat Dancing Master* (*circa* 1730), under the title "The Princess Royal: the new way."

No. 39. *Spanish Ladies.*

THIS is a Capstan Chantey. It is also well known in the Navy, where it is sung as a song, chanteys not being permitted. Captain Kettlewell, R.N., who has made a special study of this song and has very kindly revised the words for me, tells me that when it is sung on board ship, the conclusion of the chorus is, or always used to be, greeted with a shout of "Heave and pawl!" (the pawl is the catch which prevents the recoil of the windlass).

The tune is in the Æolian mode Nowadays, alas! sailors sing a modernized and far less beautiful form of the air in the major mode.

No. 40. *The Ship in Distress.*

FOR other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iv,

pp. 320-323). Ashton, in his *Real Sailor Songs* (No. 44), prints a broadside version of the words. A similar song is sung by French sailors, "Le petit Navire" (Miss Laura A. Smith's *Music of the Waters*, p. 149), of which Thackeray's "Little Billee" was a burlesque.

The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 41. *Come all you worthy Christian Men.*

SEVERAL versions of this moralizing ballad with tunes are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 74; volume ii., pp. 115-122). The tune is one of the most common, the most characteristic, and, I would add, the most beautiful of English folk-airs. The version here given is in the Æolian mode, but it is often sung in the major, Dorian, and Mixolydian modes. For other versions of the tune set to different words, see *English County Songs* (pp. 34, 68, and 102); and *Songs of the West* (No. 111, 2nd ed.). The well-known air "The Miller and the Dee" is a minor and "edited" version of the same tune. Chappell, too, noted down a version of it which he heard sung in the streets of Kilburn in the early years of the last century (*Popular Music* p. 748). For an exhaustive note by Miss Broadwood upon the tune and its origin, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 119).

No. 42. *Wassail Song.*

THE old custom of wassail singing still survives in many parts of England, though it is fast dying out. The ceremony is performed on January 5, *i.e.*, the eve of Epiphany. It is of Saxon origin, the word "wassail" (accent on the last syllable) meaning "be of good health," from A.-S. *wes* = be, and *hāl* = whole or hale. The cup "made of the good old ashen tree" takes us back to the period when all common domestic vessels were of wood. In early times there was an ecclesiastical edict against the use of wooden vessels for the Holy Communion.

Sir James Ramsay, in his *Foundations of England* (volume ii.), quotes an old Saxon "toasting-cry" from Wace, the Anglo-Norman poet (d. 1180). The Chronicler says that the following lines were sung in the English camp on the eve of the battle of Hastings:

Bublie crient é weissel,
E laticome é drencheheil
Drinc Hindrewart é Drintome
Drinc Helf, é drinc tome.

This, according to Sir James Ramsay, may be translated thus:

Rejoice and wassail
Let it come (pass the bottle) and drink health
Drink backwards and drink to me
Drink half and drink empty.

For other versions, see "Somersetshire Wassail" (*A Garland of Country Song*, No. 20); *Sussex Songs* (No. 3); and *The Besom Maker* (p. 9). For a Gloucestershire version, see *English Folk Carols* (No. 21).

The strong tune in the text is in the Dorian mode.

No. 43. *The Keys of Canterbury.*

FOR other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 85); *English County Songs* (p. 32); *Songs of the West* (No. 22, 2nd ed.); and Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 67). Halliwell (*Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, p. 96) quotes a version of the words. The same theme is dramatised in the Singing Game, "There stands a Lady" (*Children's Singing Games*, Set 3, Novello & Co.).

The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is remarkable in that it is practically constructed upon the first five notes of the scale—the sixth is but once used, and then only as an auxiliary note.

No. 44. *My Man John.*

THIS is obviously but an extension of the preceding song in which a third character is introduced. I have taken down four other versions, one of which is printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii., p. 88). Mr. Baring-Gould gives the words

of yet another variant in his note to "Blue Muslin" (*Songs of the West*, p. 8, 2nd ed.), where he also points out that muslin was introduced into England in 1670, and that mous-e-line is the old form of the word.

No. 45. *O No, John!*

I HAVE collected several versions of this song. The first stanza is identical with the initial verse of the Singing Game, "Lady on the Mountain" (*Dictionary of British Folk-Lore*, volume i., pp. 320-324). Lady Gomme shrewdly guessed that the game was derived from a ballad, and Mr. Newell, in his *Games and Songs of American Children* (p. 55), prints a version which he also believes to be "an old English song, which has been taken for a ring-game." See also "The Disdainful Lady," in Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore* (p. 561); and "Twenty, Eighteen," in *English County Songs* (p. 90).

The main theme of the song—the daughter's promise to her father to answer "No" to all her suitors during his absence—is not in any of the songs above mentioned. The idea, however, is carried out in "No, Sir!" which the late Miss A. M. Wakefield made very popular some years ago. Miss Wakefield wrote to me: "I first heard something like it from an American governess. Neither words nor music were at all complete . . . I wrote it down and it got a good deal altered and I never looked upon it at all as a folk-song," and added that her song was now sung by the Salvation Army, under the title "Yes, Lord!" The song is, of course, closely allied to the two preceding songs. The tune is a variant of the "Billy Taylor" tune (see volume i., No. 50). The Shropshire version and the one in *English County Songs* are Dorian and Æolian (?) variants of the same air. The first two stanzas of the text are exactly as they were sung to me; the rest of the lines were coarse and needed considerable revision.

No. 46. *The Twelve Days of Christmas.*

THIS song consists of twenty-three verses, and is sung in the following way. The second verse begins:

On the eleventh *day of Christmas*
my true Love sent to me
Eleven *bulls a-beating*, etc.

and so on till the twelfth verse, as given in the text. The process is then reversed, the verses being gradually increased in length, so that the thirteenth verse is:

On the second *day of Christmas*
my true Love sent to me
Two *turtle doves*
One *goldie ring*,
And the part of a June apple-tree.

In this way the twenty-third verse is triumphantly reached, and that, except for the last line, is the same as the first verse.

Another way to sing the song is to begin with "On the first day of Christmas," etc., and to continue to the "twelfth day," when the song concludes.

"June Apple-Tree" may or may not be a corruption of "Juniper-Tree"; the singer explained that it meant a tree whose fruit kept sound and good till the following June.

For the third gift, the singer sang "Three Britten Chains," which she said were "sea-birds with golden chains round their necks." All the other singers I have heard sang "Three French Hens," and, as this is the usual reading in printed copies, I have so given it in the text. "Britten Chains" may be a corruption of "Bréton hens."

The "twelve days" are, of course, those between Christmas Day and Epiphany, or Twelfth Day.

For other versions, see Mr. Baring-Gould's note to "The jolly Goss-hawk (*Songs of the West*, No. 71); Chambers's *Popular Songs of Scotland* (p. 42); Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (pp. 63 and 73); *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians;* and *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (p. 129), where the

song is described as "one of the quaintest of Christmas carols now relegated to the nursery as a forfeit game, where each child in succession has to repeat the gifts of the day and incurs a forfeit for every error." In this last version (also given in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 73, and Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*), the first gift is "a partridge on a pear tree," and this I have heard several times in country villages. One singer who gave it to me volunteered the statement that it was only another way of singing "part of a Juniper-tree," of which, of course, it may be a corruption.

These words are also used as a Children's Game. One of Halliwell's versions (p. 63) is still used by children in Somerset, and Lady Gomme (*Dictionary of British Folk-Lore*, volume i., p. 315), besides reprinting three of the forms given above, gives a London variant. In a note to the game, Lady Gomme points out that the festival of the twelve days, the great midwinter feast of Yule, was a very important one, and that in this game may, perhaps, be discerned the relic of certain customs and ceremonies and the penalties or forfeits incurred by those who omitted religiously to carry them out; and she adds that it was a very general practice for work of all kinds to be put entirely aside before Christmas and not resumed until after Twelfth Day.

Country singers are very fond of accumulative songs of this type, regarding them as tests of endurance and memory, and sometimes of sobriety!

No. 47. *The Ten Commandments.*

This song is very common in Somerset and over the whole of the West of England. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has published a version in *Songs of the West*, and there are two versions in *English County Songs*. Both of these publications contain notes respecting the origin, distribution, and meaning of this curious song. The song is well known in America (see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*).

It will be seen that the words of many of the verses are corrupt; so corrupt, indeed, that in some cases we can do little more than guess at their original meaning. The variants that I have recovered in Somerset are as follows:

(1) All versions agree in this line, which obviously refers to God Almighty.

(2) "Two of these are lizzie both, clothed all in green, O!" Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that the "lily-white babes" are probably the Gemini, or signs for Spring.

(3) "Thrivers," "Tires," or "Trivers." It has been suggested that these may be corruptions of "Wisers," as one printed version gives it, and may refer to the Wise Men from the East.

(4) Always "Gospel Preachers" or "Makers."

(5) "The boys upon the pole," "The thimble over the ball," "The plum boys at the bowl," or "in the brow."

(6) "Broad Waiters," "Charming Waiters," "Go Waiters," "The Minger Waiters." The editors of *English County Songs* suggest that these may refer to the six water-pots used in the miracle of Cana of Galilee.

(7) Always "Seven stars in the sky"—presumably the constellation of Ursa Major.

(8) "The Gibley Angels," "The Angel Givers," "The Gabriel Angels."

(9) No Somerset variants. Mr. Baring-Gould records a Devon variant, "The Nine Delights," that is, the joys of Mary.

(10) No variants.

(11) "Eleven and eleven is gone to heaven," that is, the Twelve Apostles without Judas Iscariot.

(12) No variants.

In *Notes and Queries* for December 26, 1868, there is a version of the words of this song as "sung by the children at Beckington, Somerset." It begins as follows:

Sing, sing, what shall we sing?
Sing all over one.
One! What is one?
One they do call the righteous Man.
Save poor souls to rest, Amen.

These are the remaining verses :

Two is the Jewry.
Three is the Trinity.
Four is the open door.
Five is the man alive.
Six is the crucifix.
Seven is the bread of leaven.
Eight is the crooked straight.
Nine is the water wine.
Ten is our Lady's hen.
Eleven is the gate of heaven.
Twelve is the ring of bells.

A Hebrew version of the words of "The Ten Commandments" is to be found in the service for the Passover (see *Service for the First Nights of Passover according to the custom of the German and Polish Jews*, by the Rev. A. P. Mendes). The service for the second night of the Passover concludes with two recitations, both of which are accumulative songs. The second of these, "One only kid," has nothing to do with "The Ten Commandments," but, as it is analogous to the old nursery song, "The Old Woman and her Pig," it is perhaps worth while to quote the last verse :

Then came the Most Holy, blessed be He, and slew the slaughterer, who had slaughtered the ox, which had drunk the water, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim ; one only *kid, one* only *kid.*

This, of course, is explained esoterically. The "cat," for instance, refers to Babylon ; the "dog" to Persia ; the "staff" to Greece, and so on.

The other accumulative song, which precedes "One only kid," is a Hebrew rendering of "The Ten Commandments" of Western England. It contains thirteen verses :

Who knoweth one? I, saith Israel, *know one : One is God, who is over heaven and earth.*
Who knoweth two ? I, saith Israel, *know two : there are two tables of the covenant ; but One is our God, who is over heaven and earth.*
Who knoweth three ? I, saith Israel, *know three : there are three patriarchs, the two tables of the covenant ; but One is our God, who is over heaven and earth.*
Etc., etc., etc.
Who knoweth thirteen ? I, saith Israel, *know thirteen : Thirteen divine attributes, twelve tribes, eleven stars, ten commandments, nine months preceding child-birth, eight days preceding circumcision, seven days in the week, six books of the Mishnah, five books of the Law, four matrons, three patriarchs, two tables of the covenant ; but One is our God, who is over the heavens and the earth.*

Whether "Only one kid" and "Who knoweth One ?" originated with the common people and were afterward taken into the Passover service, or *vice versa*, is a matter of some doubt. Simrock (*Die deutschen Volkslieder*, p. 520) says that "Who knoweth One ?" was originally a German peasants' drinking-song ; that it was changed by the monks into an ecclesiastical song, very similar to the form in which we know it ; and that afterward, probably during the latter half of the 16th century, it suffered a further adaptation and found a place in the Passover service of the German Jews. "Ehad Mi Yodea"—to give it its Hebrew title—has, however, since been found in the Avignon ritual as a festal table-song for holy-days in general, so that its inclusion in the Jewish Passover service may have been earlier than Simrock surmised. It appears that to the early manuscript Jewish prayer-books it was customary to append popular stories and ballads. That may have been the case with the two songs in question, in which event it is easy to see how they may have gradually been absorbed into, and have become an integral part of, the service itself.

The Rev. A. A. Green, in *The Revised Hagada*, expresses the opinion that both of these accumulative songs are essentially Hebrew nursery-rhymes, and he regrets "that they have ever been regarded as anything else." He quotes the first verse of the Scottish "Song of Numbers" :

We will all gae sing, boys.
Where will we begin, boys ?
We'll begin the way we should,
And we'll begin at ane, boys.

The literature on the subject is a very large one. Those who are interested in the matter should consult the articles "Ehad Mi Yodea" and "Had Gadya" in the *Jewish Encyclopædia* (volumes v. and vi.), where many authorities are quoted.

It will be noticed that all the Christian forms of the song stop at the number twelve. It has been suggested that the Hebrew version was purposely extended to thirteen, the

unlucky number, in order that the Jew might be able to feel that with him thirteen was a holy and, therefore, lucky number.

Like many accumulative songs, "The Ten Commandments" is a most interesting one to listen to. The best folk-singers combine their musical phrases in a different manner in each verse, and in so doing display no little ingenuity. Their aim, no doubt, is to compound the phrases so as to avoid the too frequent recurrence of the full-close. I should have liked to show exactly how the singer sang each verse of the song, but this would have entailed printing every one of the twelve verses, and consideration of space forbade this. I have, however, given the last verse in full, and this, I hope, will be some guide to the singer.

A form of this song, "Green grow the rushes, O," is known at Eton, and is printed in *English County Songs* (p. 158); and Sullivan introduced a version into *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

No. 48. *The Tree in the Wood.*

Miss Mason prints an interesting Devon variant in *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 26), and there is another version from the same county in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West* (No. 104, 1st ed.). In his note to the latter, Mr. Baring-Gould says that under the name of "Ar parc caer" the song is well known in Brittany (see Luzel's *Chansons Populaires de la Basse Bretagne*). There are also French ("Le Bois Joli") and Danish forms of the song. See, also, the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii., p. 277); *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 40); and *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (No. 93).

The version given here has not been previously published. The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is a variant of "Come all you worthy Christian men" (No. 91).

This is one of the easiest of all accumulative songs, both to learn and to sing, and it may, of course, be lengthened indefinitely, according to the taste and inventive powers of the singer.

No. 49. *The Barley-Mow.*

I have a large number of variants of this song, which used to be in great request at Harvest Homes.

Chappell, without giving its origin, prints a traditional version in his *Popular Music* (p. 745), and connects it with one of the Freemen's Songs in *Deuteromelia*. In Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*, two versions of the words are given, one from the West Country, and a Suffolk variant. In a note to the former, it is stated that the song was usually sung at country meetings immediately after the ceremony of "crying the neck," an ancient pagan rite, traces of which still survive in Somerset.

A good singer, proud of his memory, will often lengthen the song to abnormal proportions by halving the drink-measures, half-pint, half-quart, half-gallon, and so on.

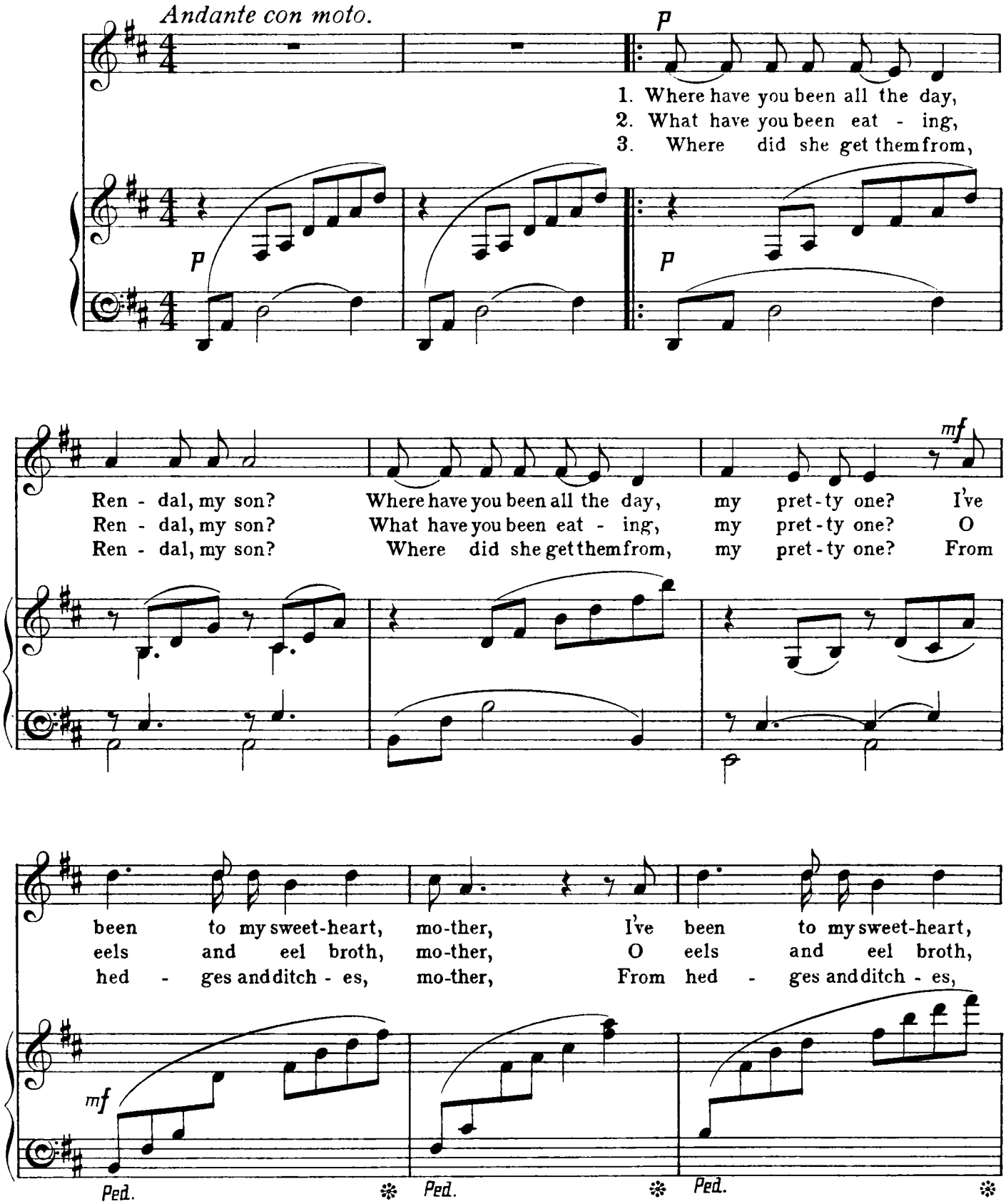
No. 50. *One man shall mow my meadow.*

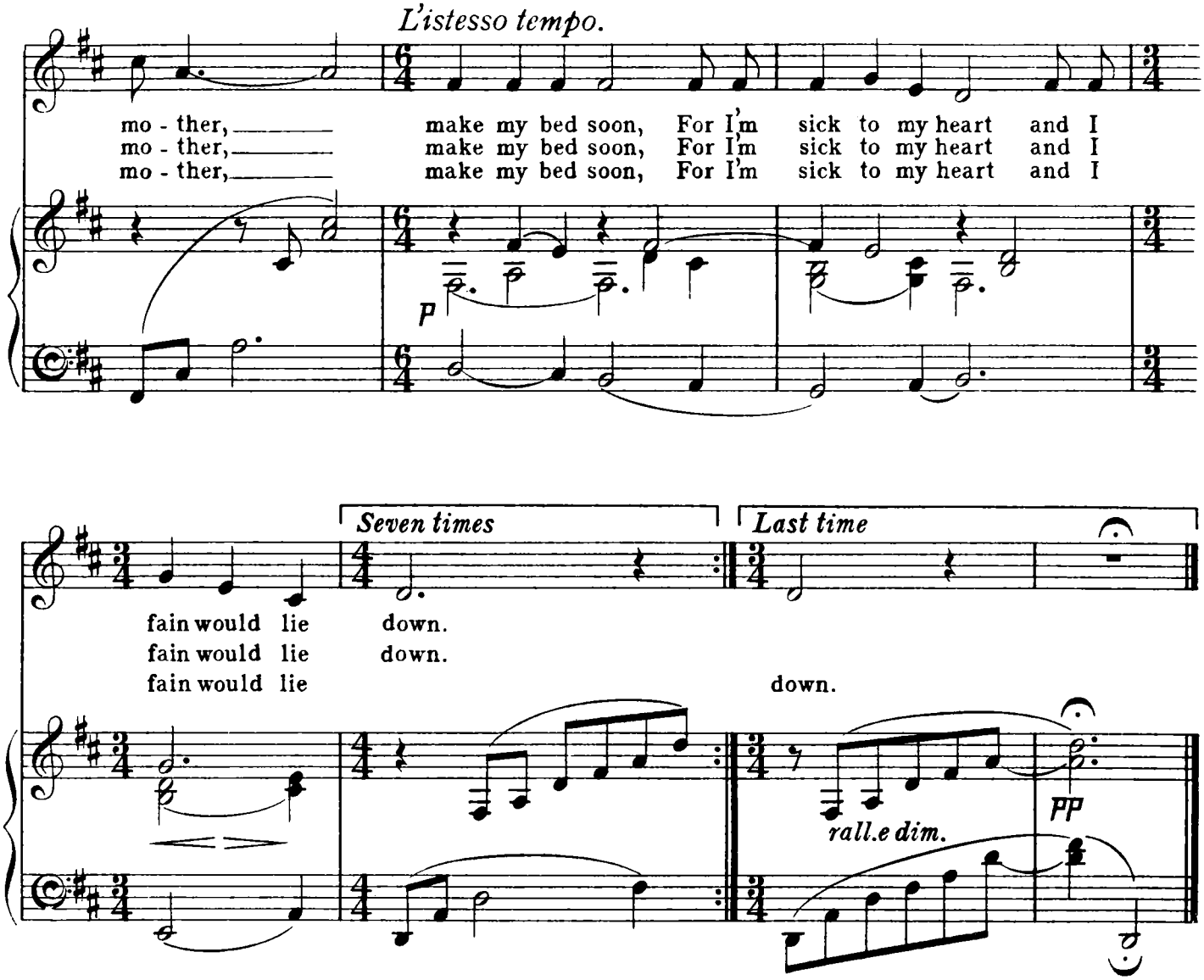
Although this is a very popular song and very widely known, and I have recently heard soldiers singing it on the march on more than one occasion, I am unable to give a reference to any published version of it.

ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

I

LORD RENDAL.





4.

What was the colour on their skin, Rendal, my son?
What was the colour on their skin, my pretty one?
O spickit and sparkit, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

5.

What will you leave your father, Rendal, my son?
What will you leave your father, my pretty one?
My land and houses, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

6.

What will you leave your mother, Rendal, my son?
What will you leave your mother, my pretty one?
My gold and silver, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

7.

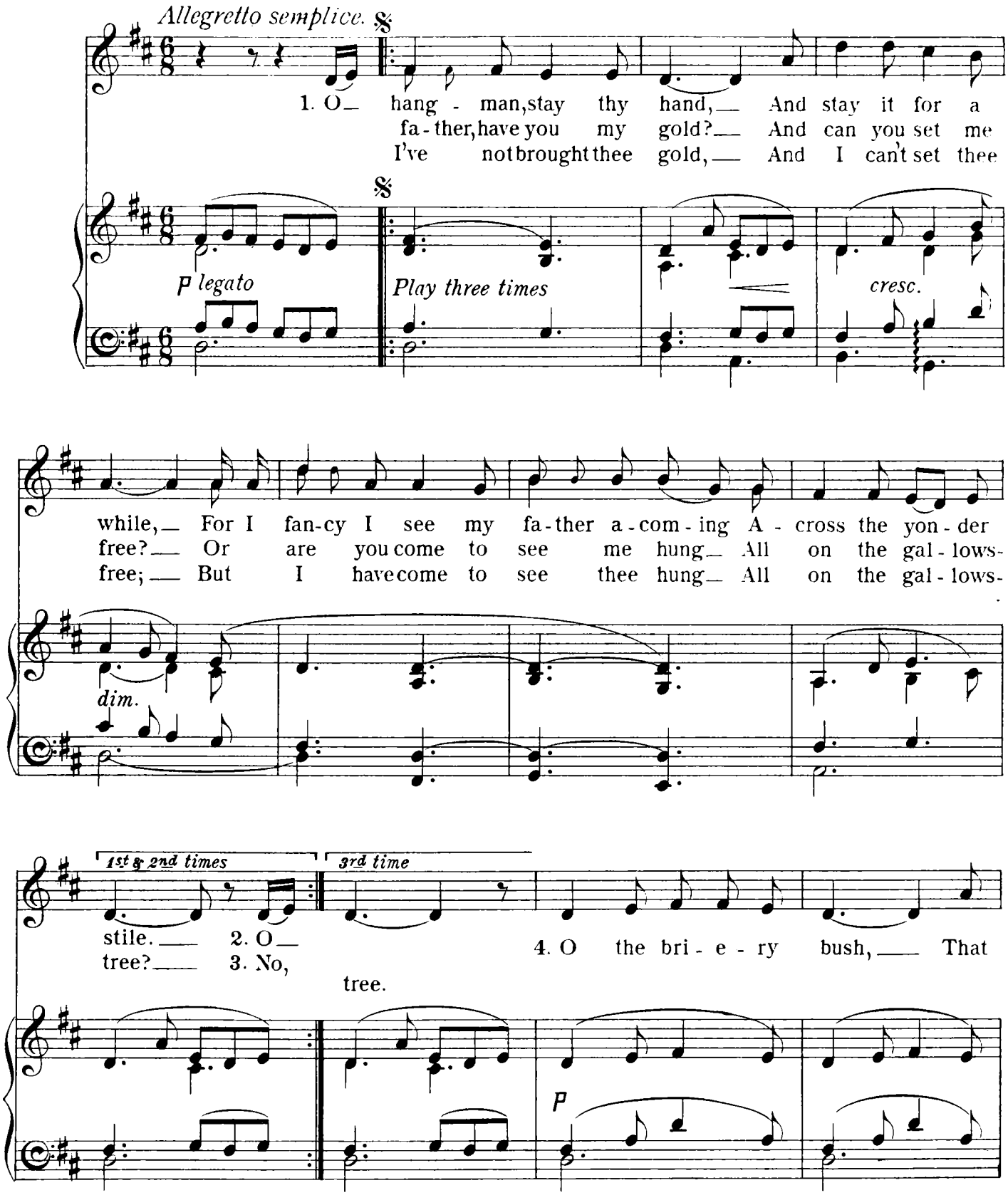
What will you leave your brother, Rendal, my son?
What will you leave your brother, my pretty one?
My cows and horses, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

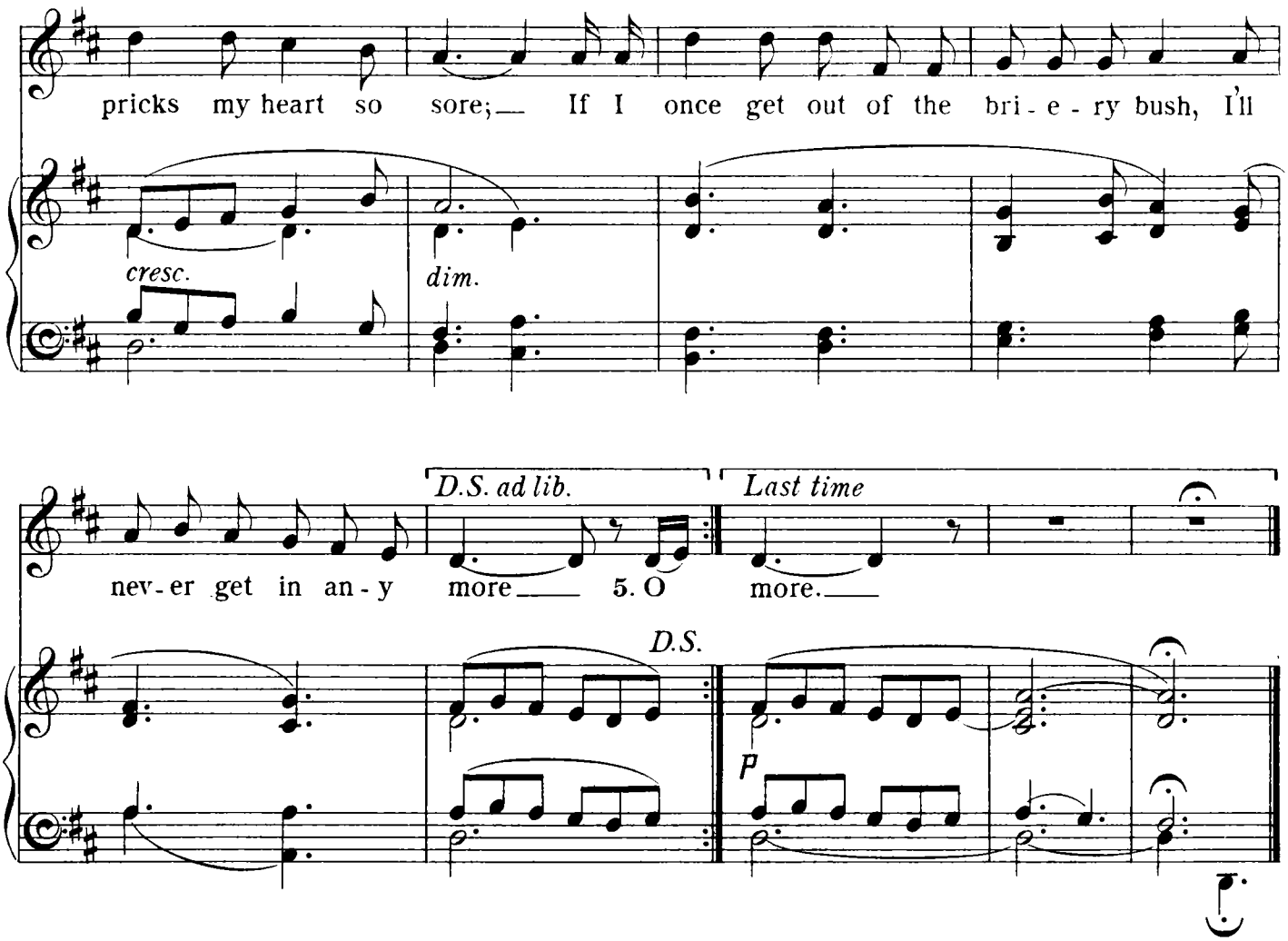
8.

What will you leave your lover, Rendal, my son?
What will you leave your lover, my pretty one?
A rope to hang her, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

II

THE BRIERY BUSH.





The above verses are repeated ad libitum, with the substitution of other relatives, e.g. "mother," "brother," "sister," etc. for "father." The arrival of the "true-love" brings the song to a close as follows: —

O hangman, stay thy hand,
And stay it for a while
For I fancy I see my true-love a-coming
Across the yonder stile.

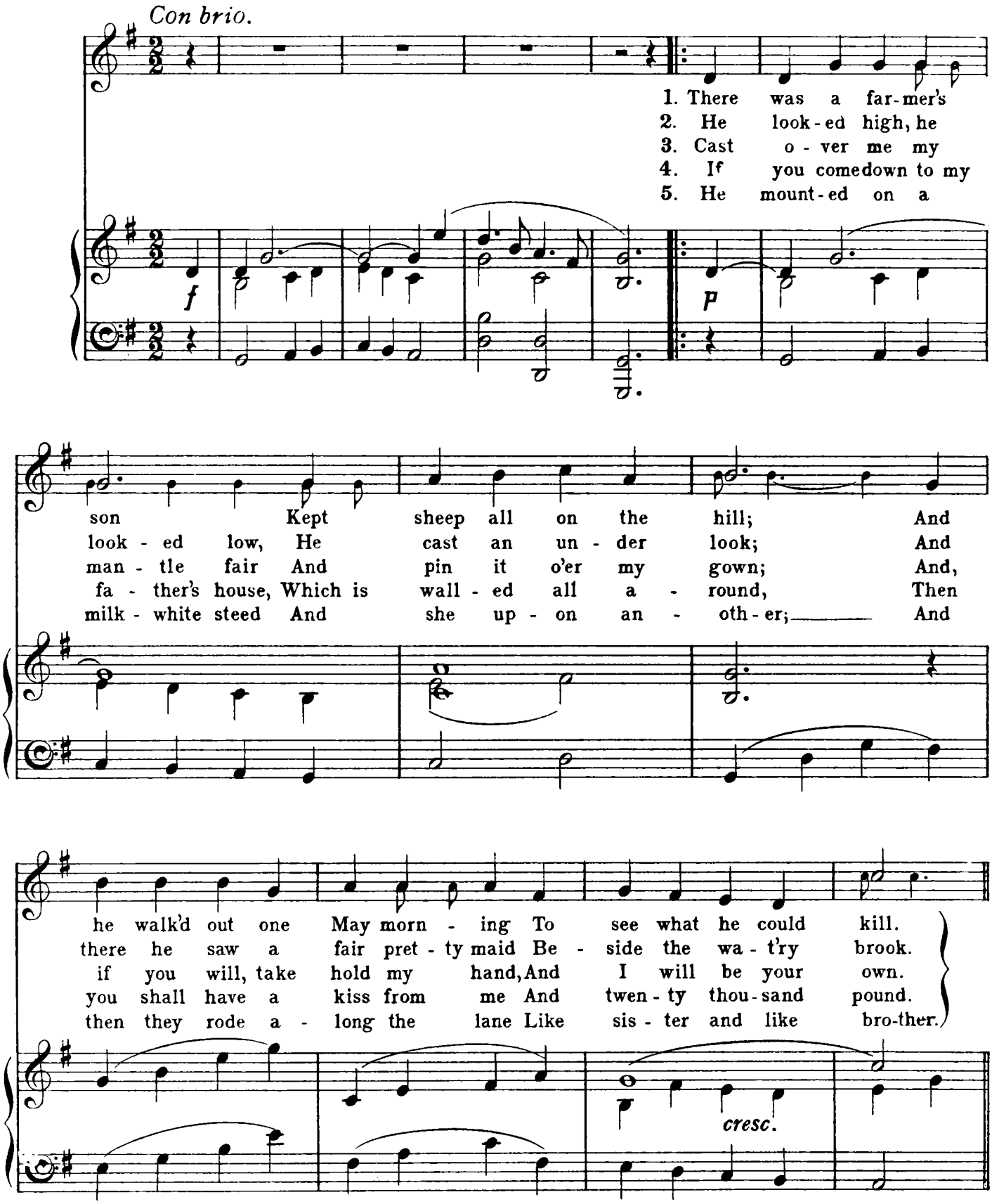
O true-love, have you my gold?
And can you set me free?
Or are you come to see me hung
All on the gallows tree?

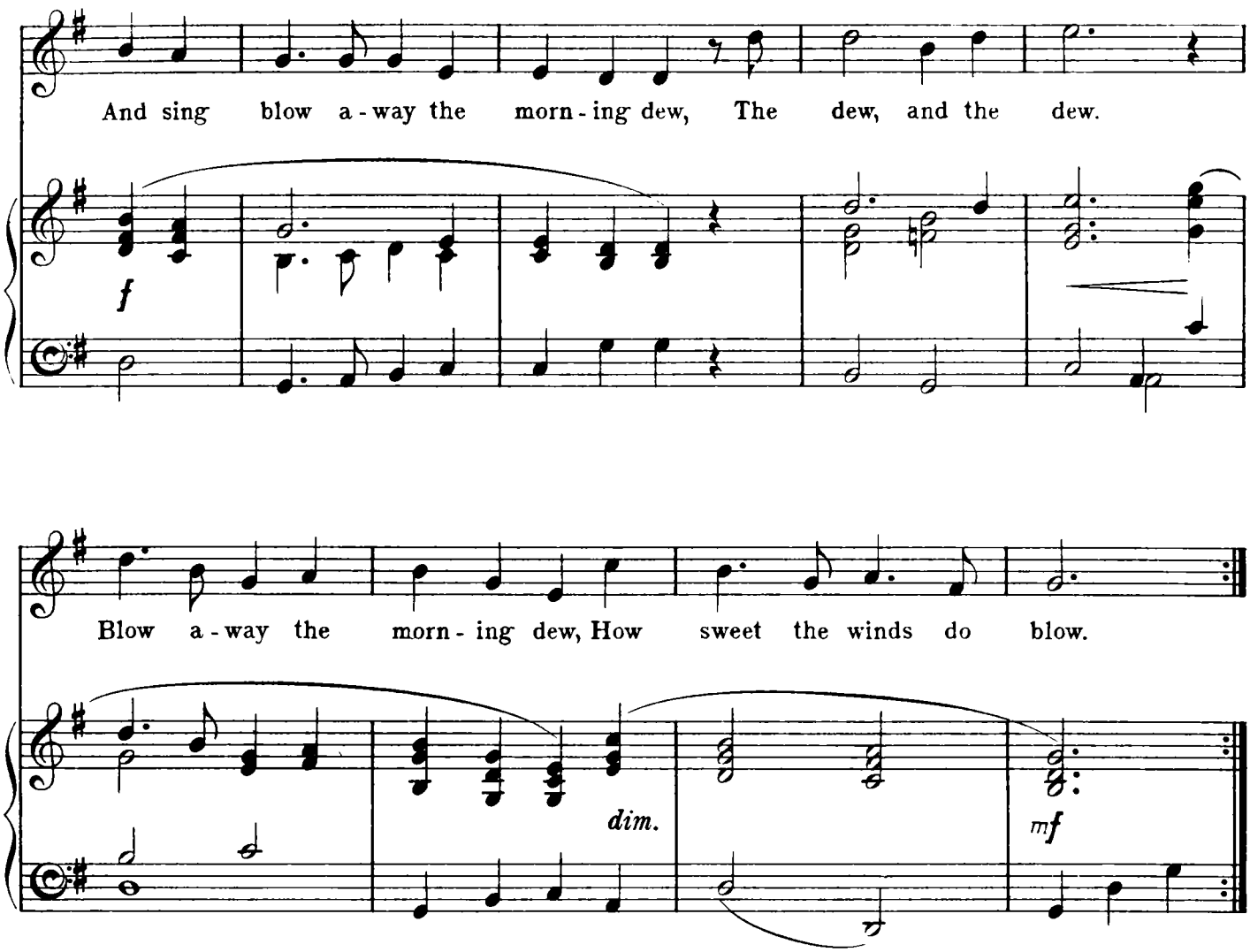
O yes, I've brought thee gold,
And I can set thee free;
And I've not come to see thee hung
All on the gallows tree.

O the briery bush,
That pricks my heart so sore;
Now I've got out of the briery bush,
I'll never get in any more.

III

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.





6.

As they were riding on alone,
They saw some pooks of hay.
O is not this a very pretty place
For girls and boys to play?

Chorus And sing blow away the morning dew,
The dew and the dew.
Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

7.

But when they came to her father's gate,
So nimble she popped in:
And said: There is a fool without
And here's a maid within.

Chorus. And sing blow away *etc.*

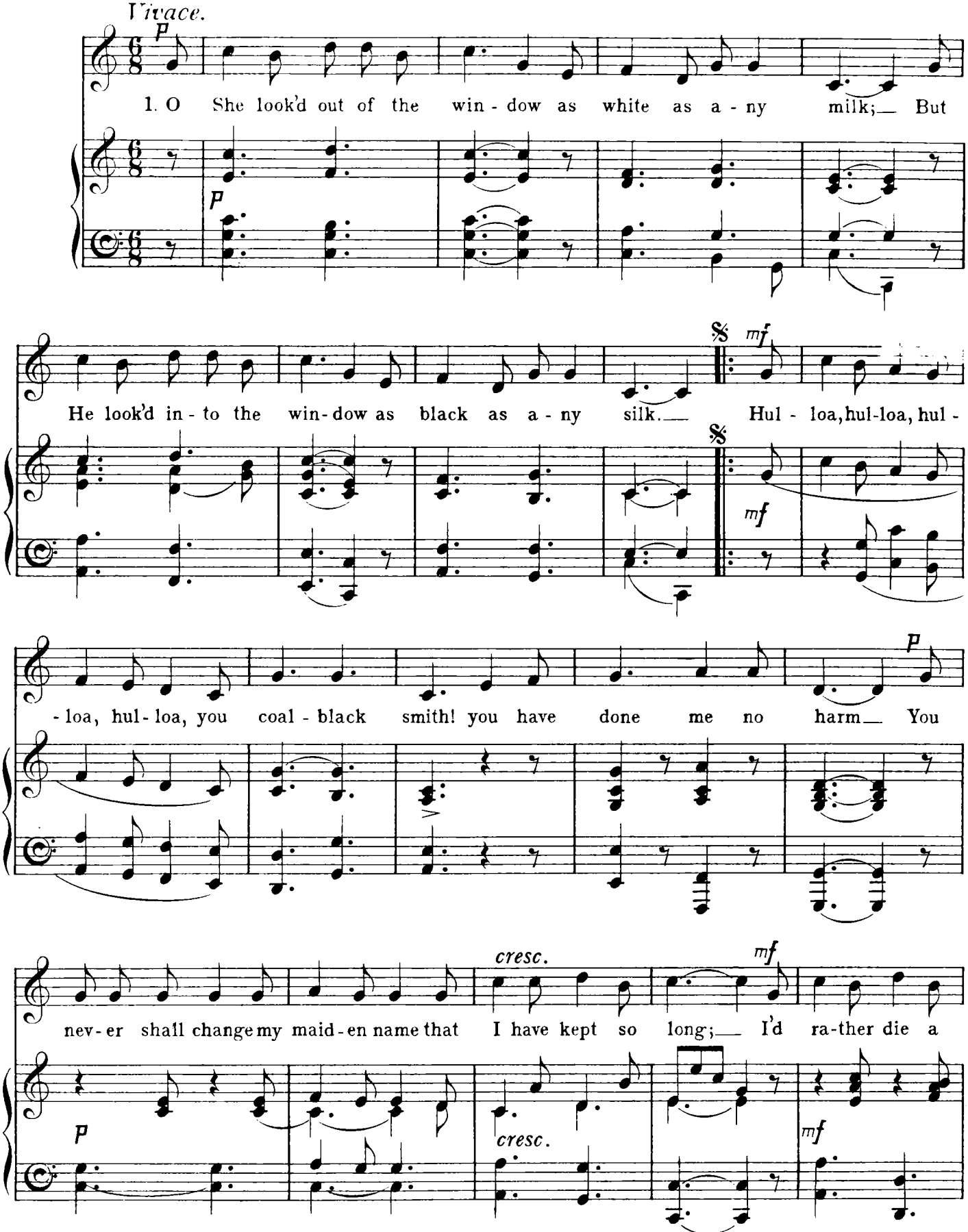
8.

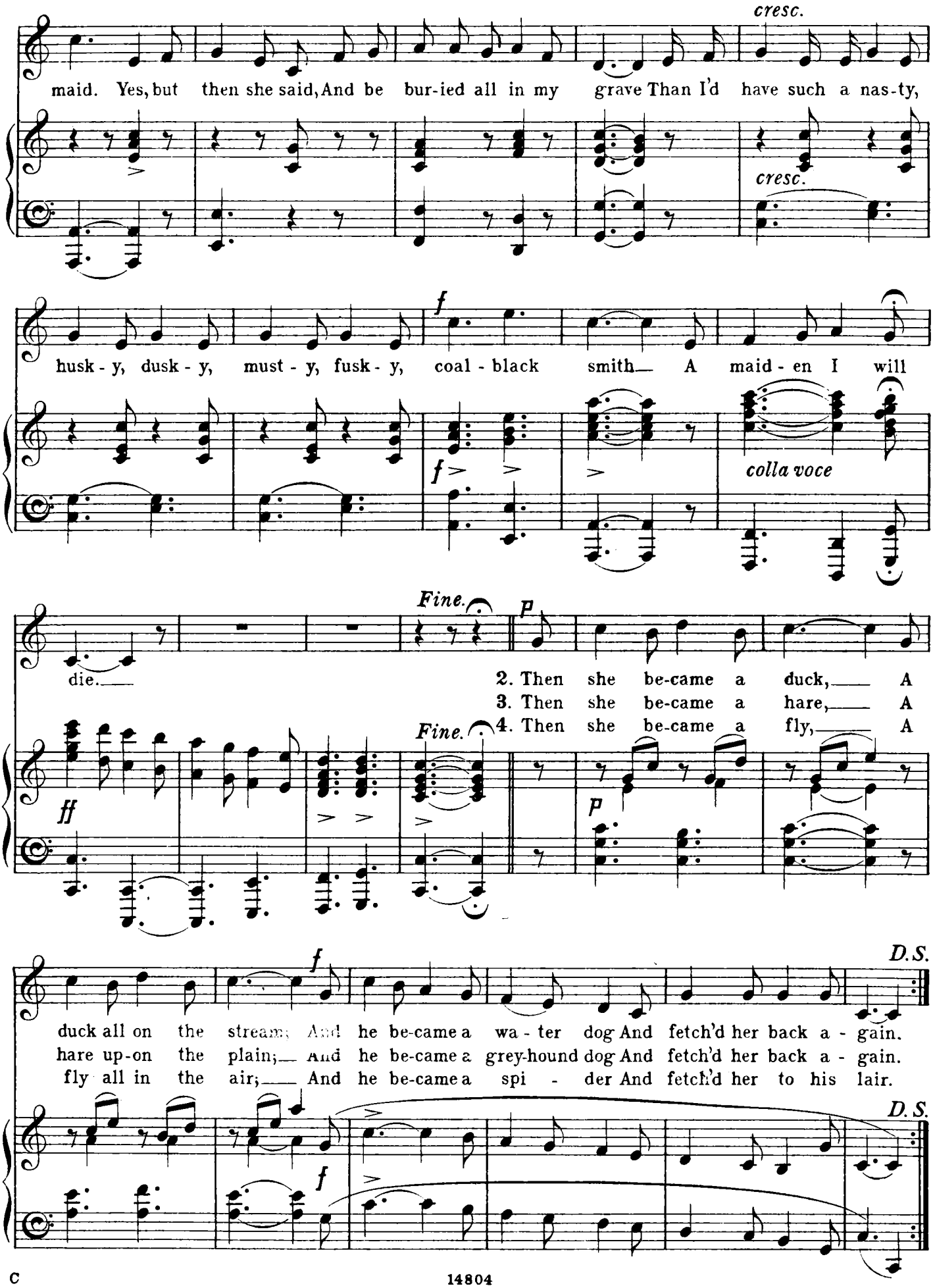
We have a flower in our garden,
We call it Marigold:
And if you will not when you may,
You shall not when you wolde.

Chorus. And sing blow away *etc.*

IV

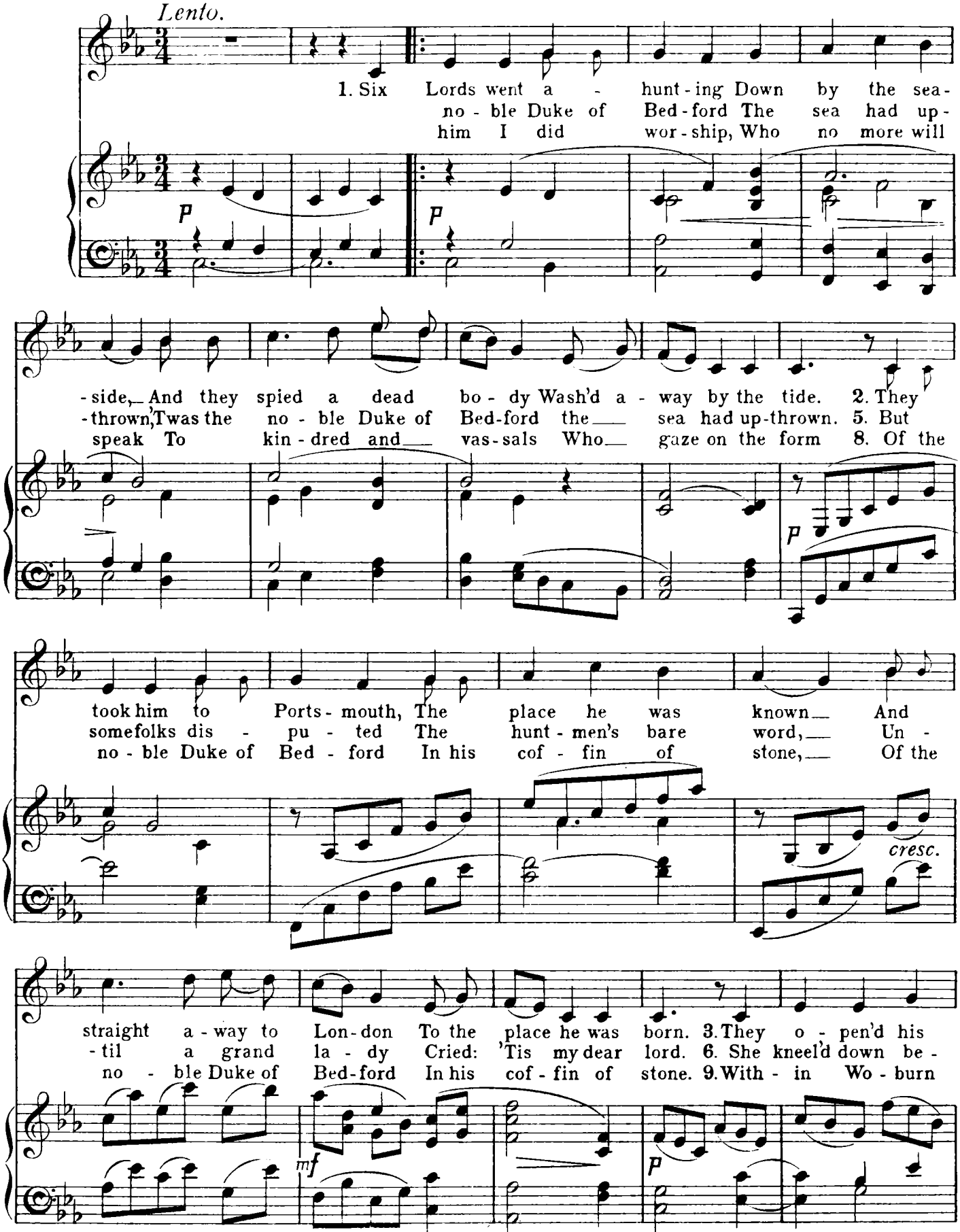
THE TWO MAGICIANS.

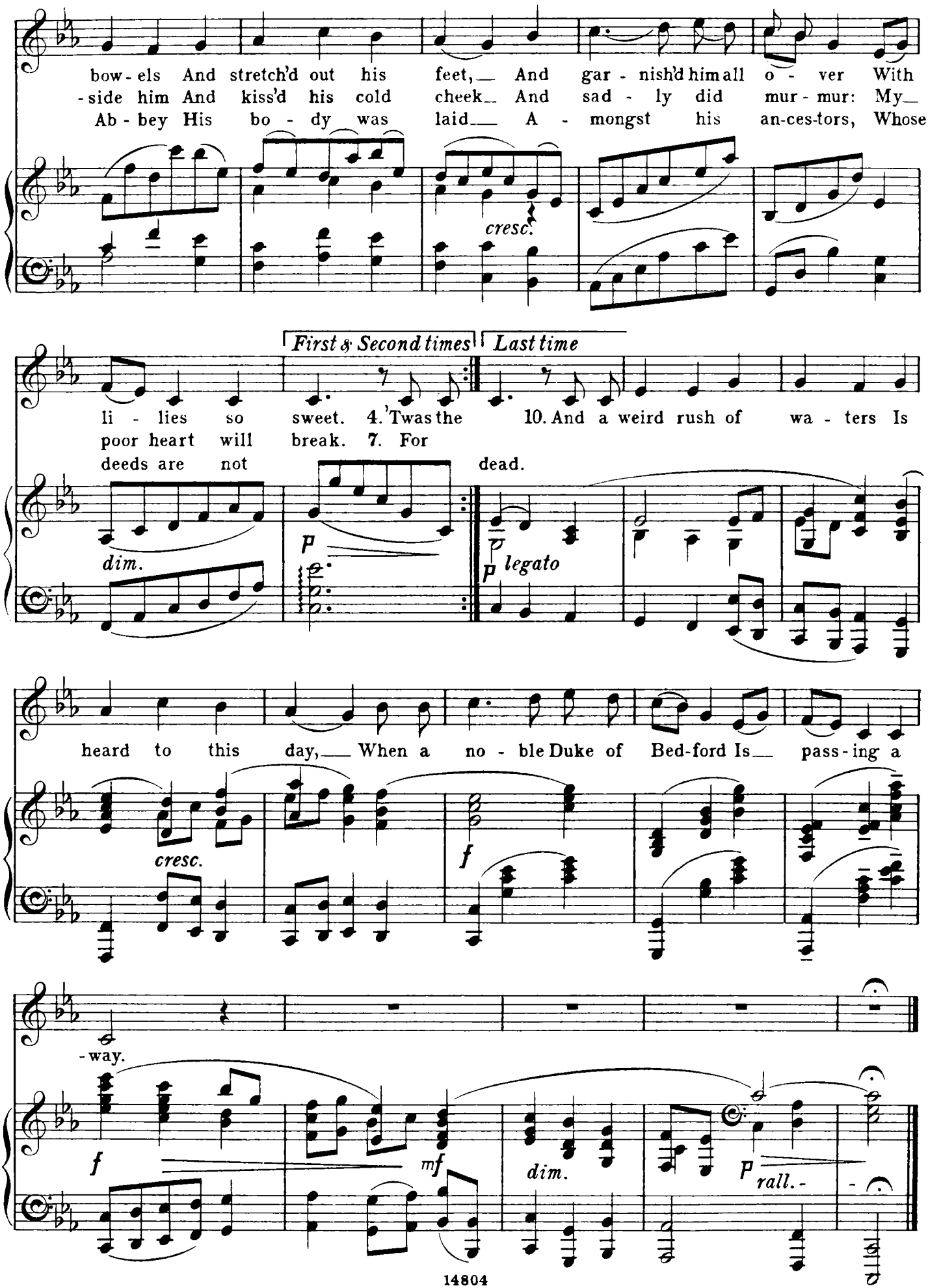



cresc.
maid. Yes, but then she said, And be bur-ied all in my grave Than I'd have such a nas-ty,
cresc.
husk - y, dusk - y, must - y, fusk - y, coal - black smith— A maid - en I will
colla voce
die.—
Fine.
2. Then she be-came a duck,— A
3. Then she be-came a hare,— A
4. Then she be-came a fly,— A
Fine.
duck all on the stream; And he be-came a wa - ter dog And fetch'd her back a - gain.
hare up-on the plain;— And he be-came a grey-hound dog And fetch'd her back a - gain.
fly all in the air;— And he be-came a spi - der And fetch'd her to his lair.
D.S.
D.S.

V

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.




bow - els And stretch'd out his feet, And gar - nish'd him all o - ver With
- side him And kiss'd his cold cheek And sad - ly did mur - mur: My
Ab - bey His bo - dy was laid A - mongst his an-ces-tors, Whose
cresc.
First & Second times
Last time
li - lies so sweet. 4. 'Twas the 10. And a weird rush of wa - ters Is
poor heart will break. 7. For
deeds are not dead.
dim.
p
p legato
heard to this day, When a no - ble Duke of Bed-ford Is pass - ing a
cresc.
f
- way.
f
mf
dim.
p rall.-

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

Lady Margaret was sitting in her bower one day
A-combing out her hair,
And who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride
As they came a-riding by.

Then down she threw her ivory comb
And back she threw her hair,
And out of her bower she withdrew herself,
And was never any more seen there.

The day passed away and the night coming on,
And most all the men were asleep.
Sweet William espied Lady Margaret's ghost
A-standing at his bed-feet.

O how do you like your bed? she says,
Or how do you like your sheet?
Or how do you like your new wedded wife
That lies in your arms and sleeps?

Very well, very well I like my bed,
Very well I like my sheet;
But ten thousand times better do I like the lady gay
That stands at my bed-feet.

The night passed away and the day coming on,
And most all the men were awake.
Sweet William said I am troubled in my head
By the dreams that I dreamed last night.

He call-ed down his waiting-men
By one, by two, by three,
Saying: Go and ask leave of my new wedded bride
If Lady Margaret I may go and see.

He rode till he came to Lady Margaret's door;
He tingled at the ring;
And who was so ready as her own mother dear
For to rise and let him in.

O where is Lady Margaret? Is she in her bower-room?
Or is she in the hall?
No, no, she is in her bedchamber
With her pale face turned to the wall.

O down he pull-ed the milk-white sheets,
Were made of satin so fine.
Ten thousand times she has kissed my lips,
And now, love, I'll kiss thine.

Three times he kissed her cherry, cherry cheeks,
Three times he kissed her chin,
And when he kissed her clay-cold lips
His heart it broke within.

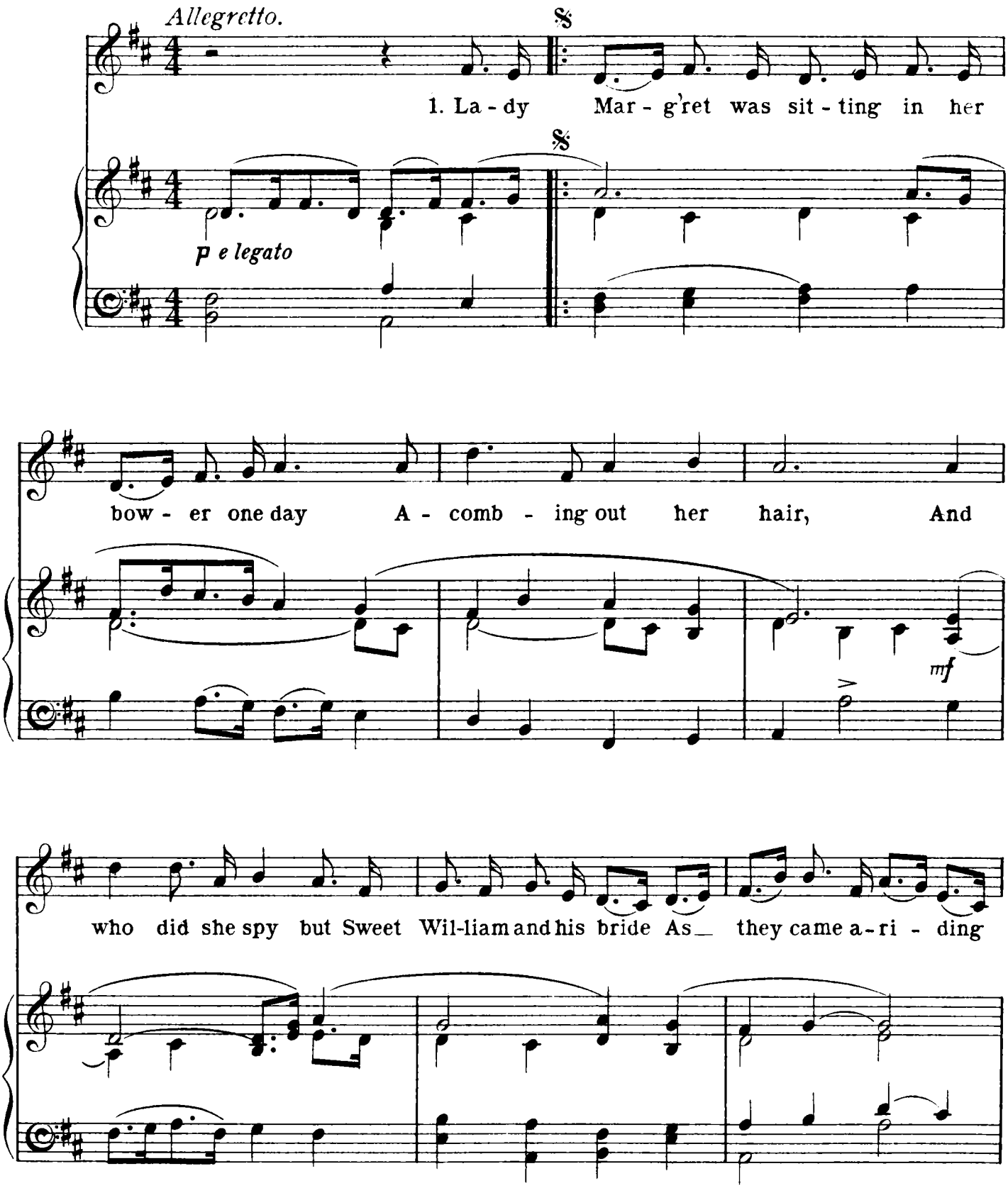
O what have you prepared for Lady Margaret's burying?
Sweet biscuits and white wine.
I'll have you prepare the same for me
Betwixt eight o'clock and nine.

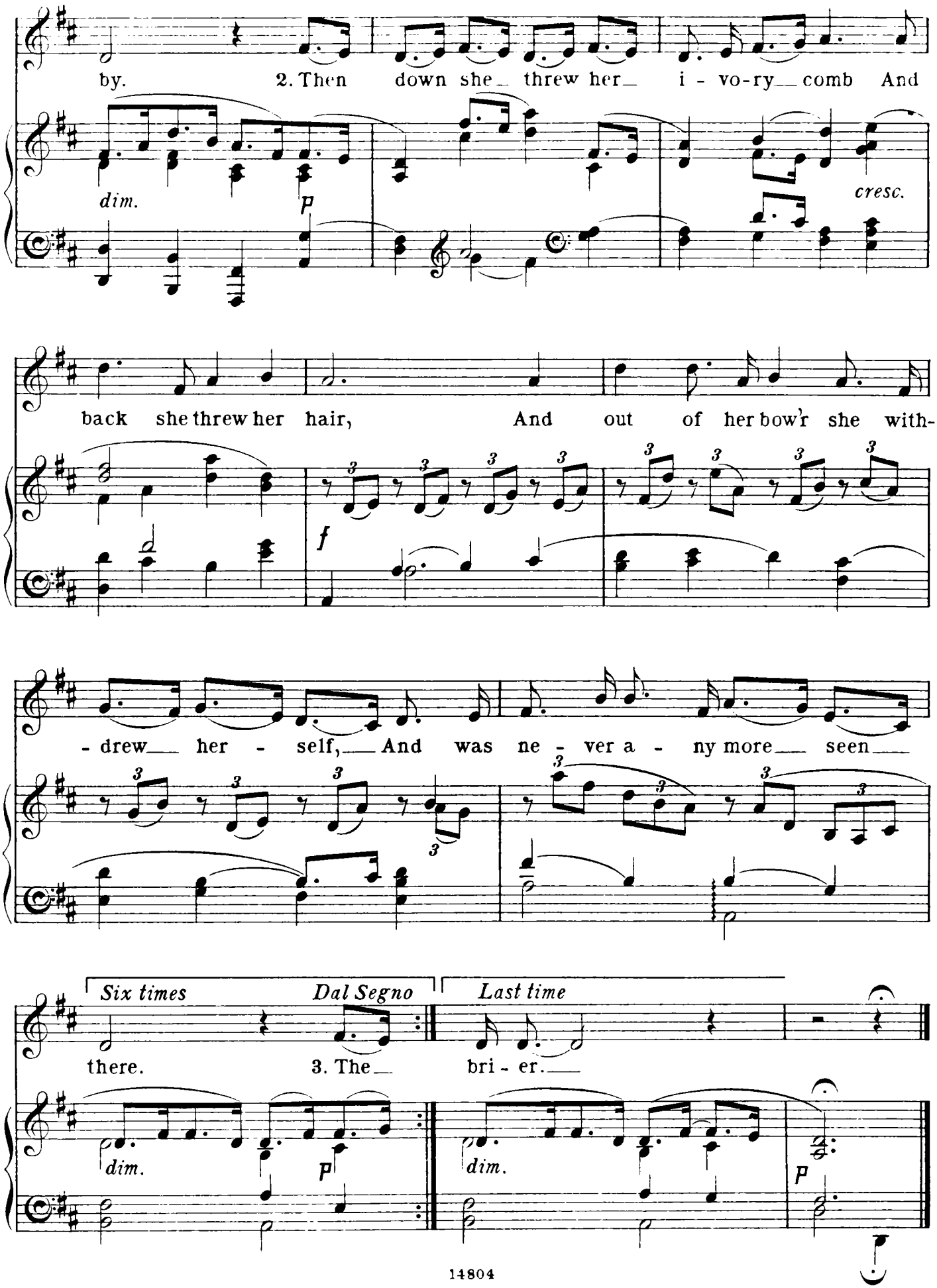
They buried Lady Margaret in the old churchyard,
They buried Sweet William close by.
Out of Lady Margaret's grave sprung a deep-red rose
And out of his a brier.

They grew to the top of the old church-house;
They could not grow any higher;
They met and they tied in a true lover's knot
And the rose hung on the brier.

VI

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.



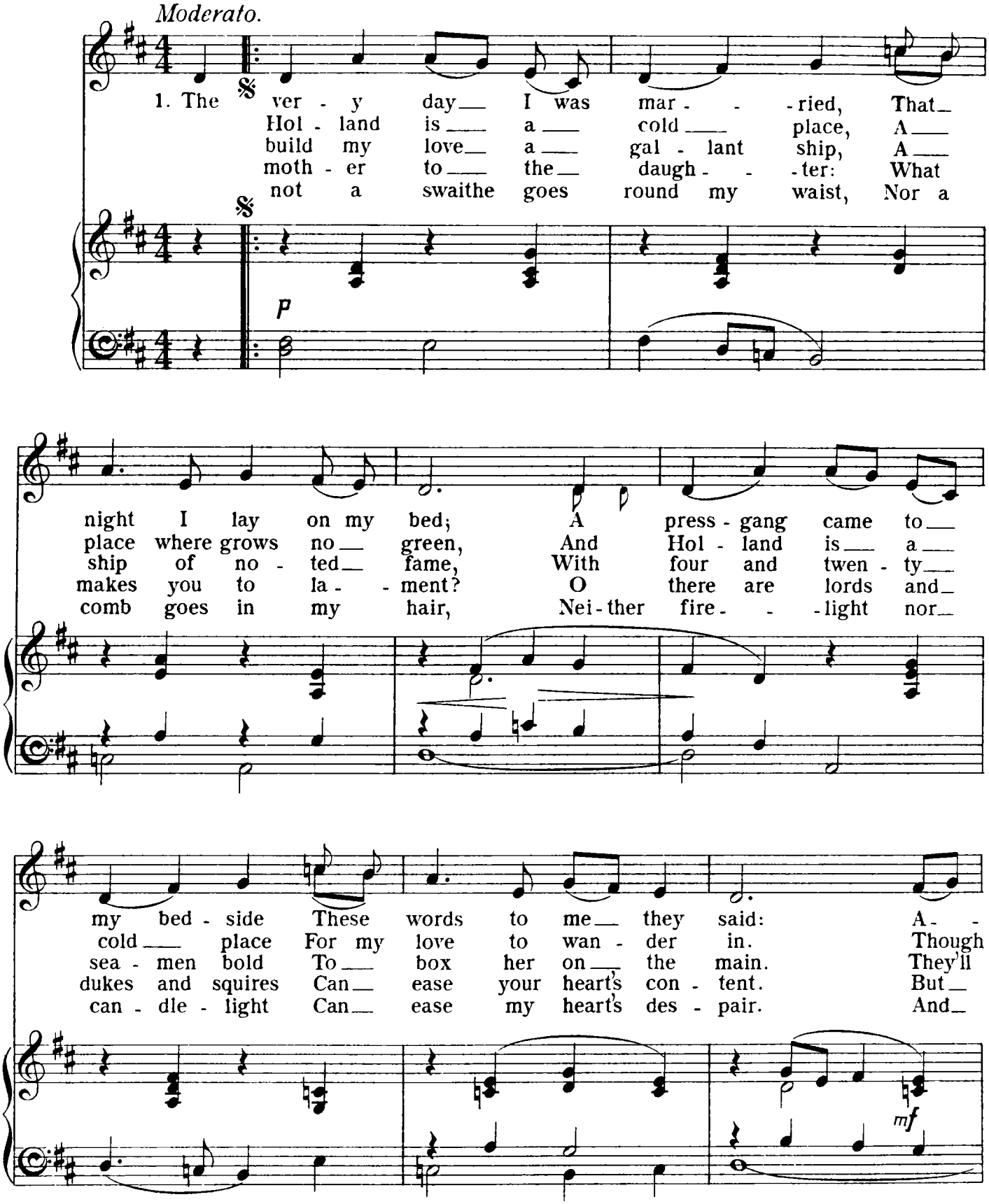

by. 2. Then down she threw her i - vo-ry comb And
dim.
p
cresc.
back she threw her hair, And out of her bow'r she with-
f
- drew her - self, And was ne - ver a - ny more seen
Six times
Dal Segno
Last time
there. 3. The bri - er.
dim.
p
dim.
p

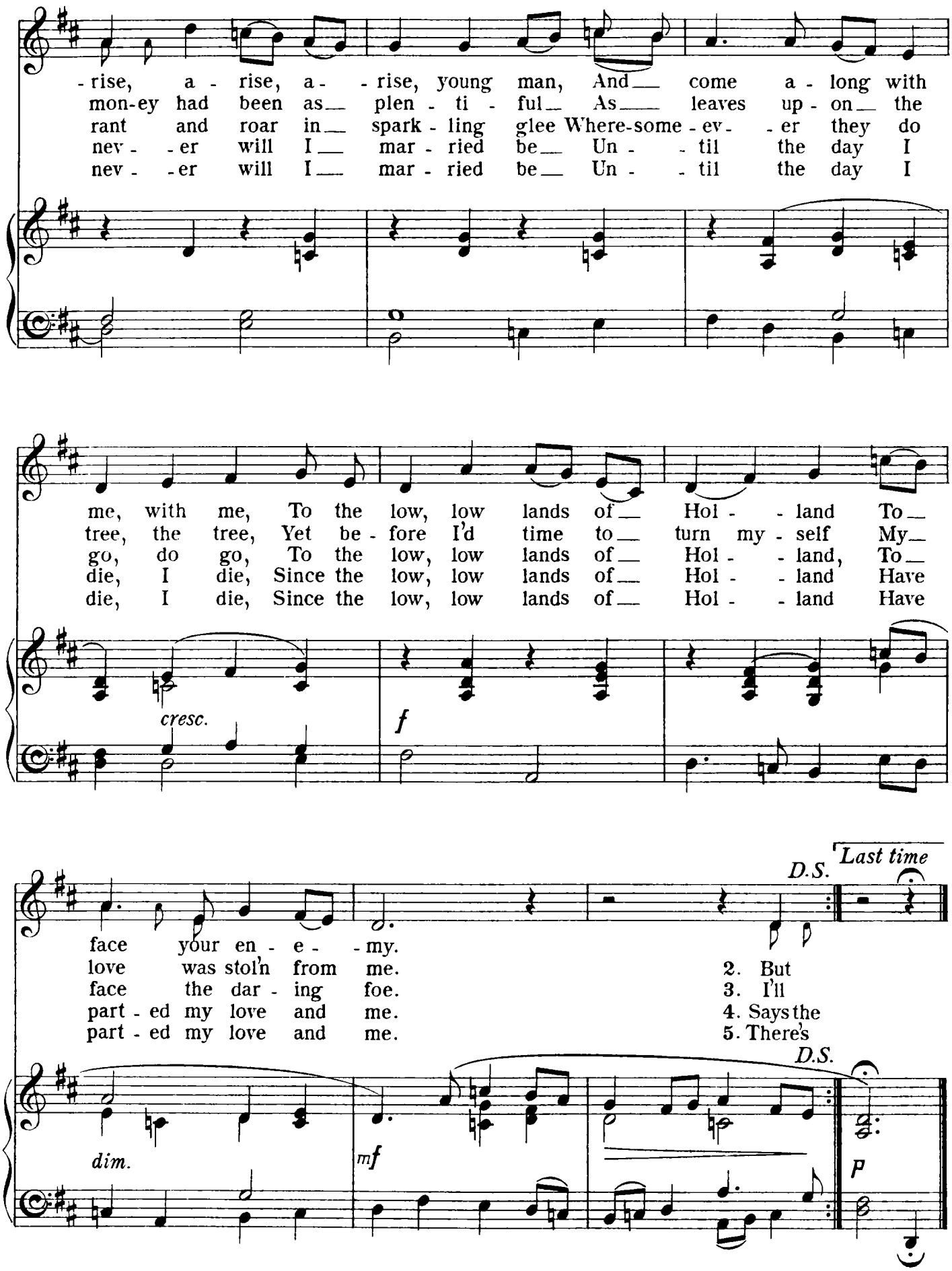
THE LOW, LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND.

VII

THE LOW, LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND.

Moderato.



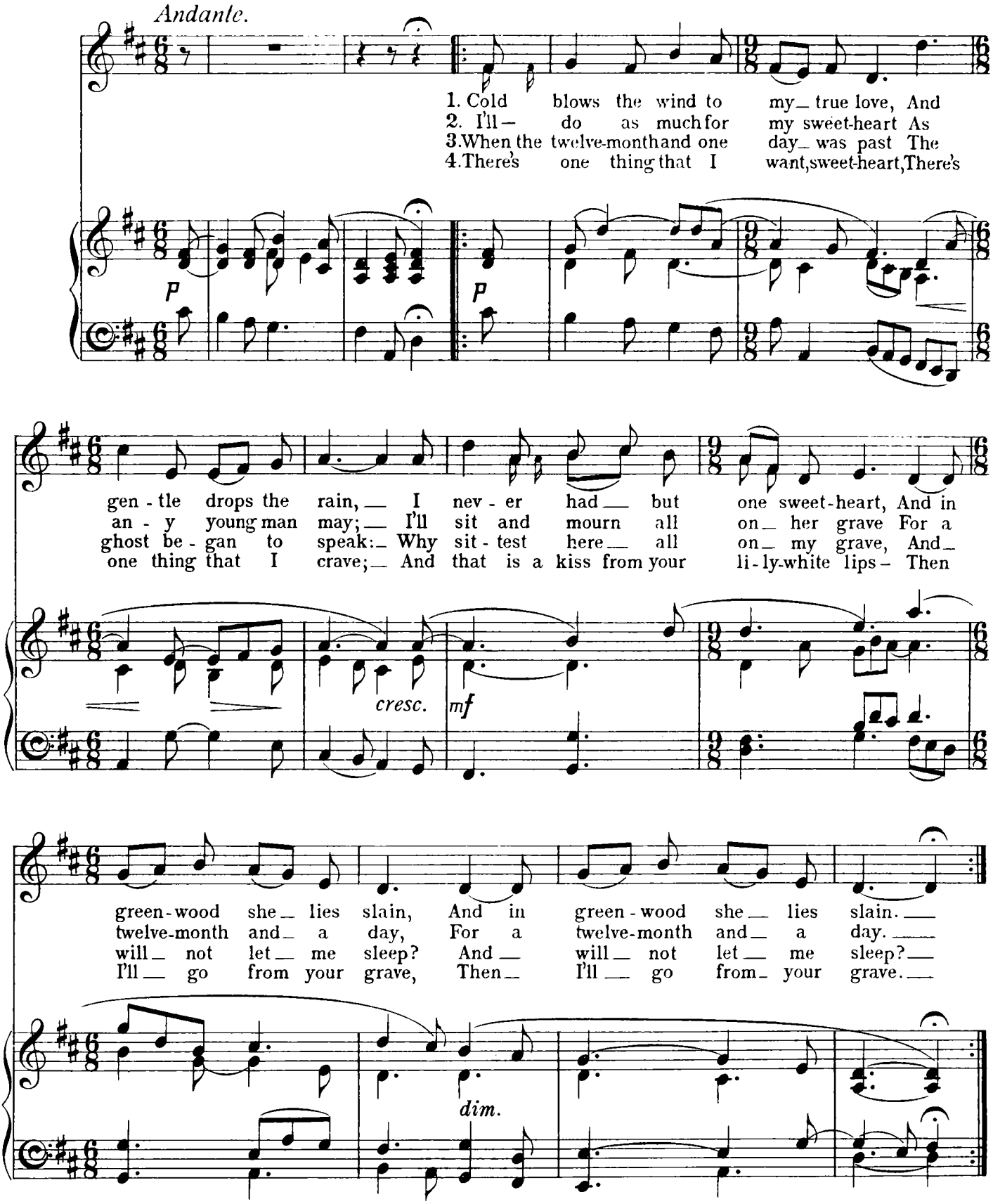

-rise, a - rise, a- - rise, young man, And__ come a - long with
mon-ey had been as__ plen - ti - ful__ As__ leaves up - on__ the
rant and roar in__ spark - ling glee Where-some - ev- - er they do
nev - - er will I__ mar - ried be__ Un - - til the day I
nev - - er will I__ mar - ried be__ Un - - til the day I
me, with me, To the low, low lands of__ Hol - - land To__
tree, the tree, Yet be - fore I'd time to__ turn my - self My__
go, do go, To the low, low lands of__ Hol - - land, To__
die, I die, Since the low, low lands of__ Hol - - land Have
die, I die, Since the low, low lands of__ Hol - - land Have
cresc.
f
face your en - e - - my.
love was stol'n from me.
face the dar - ing foe.
part - ed my love and me.
part - ed my love and me.
D.S.
Last time
2. But
3. I'll
4. Says the
5. There's
D.S.
dim.
mf
p

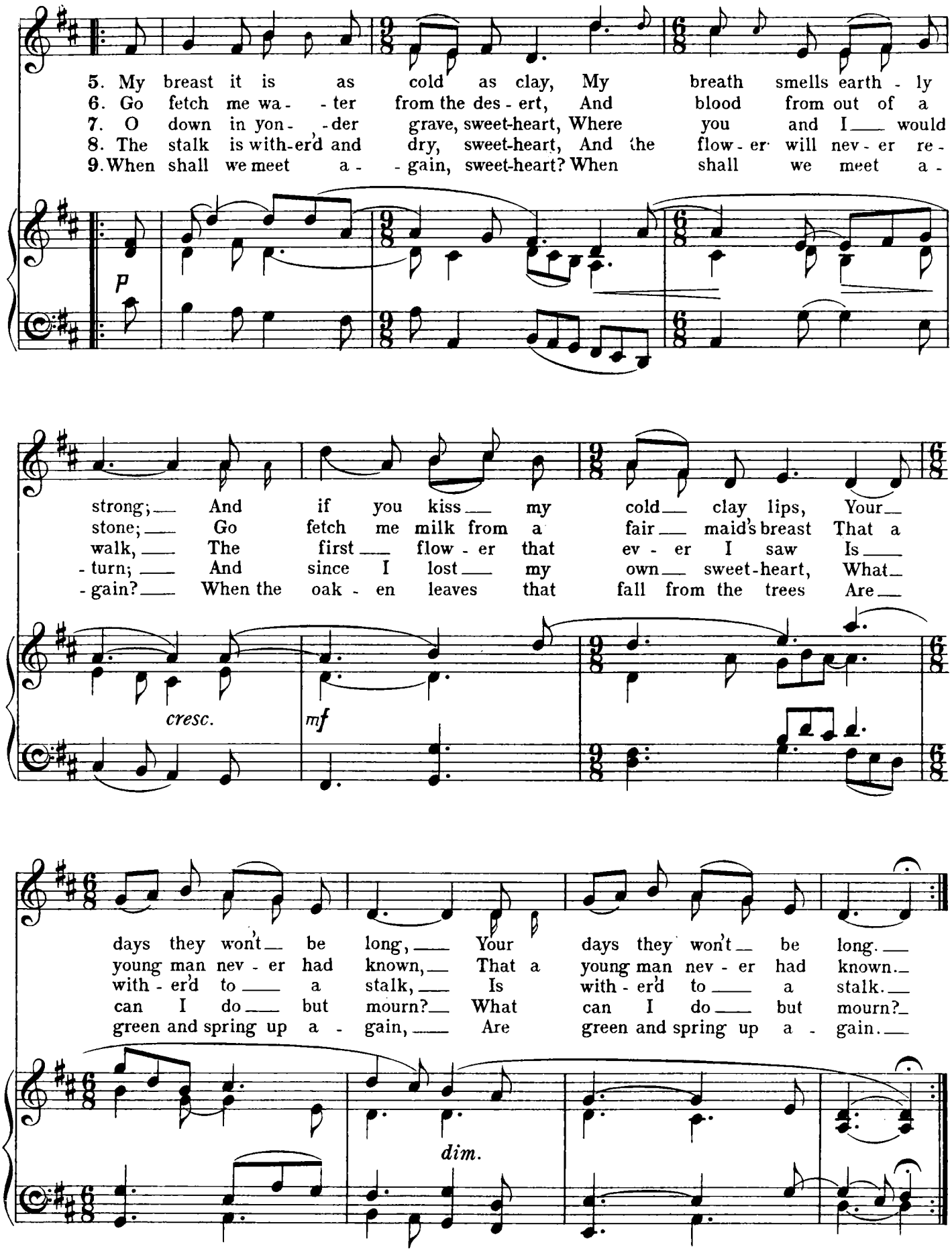
VIII

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

or

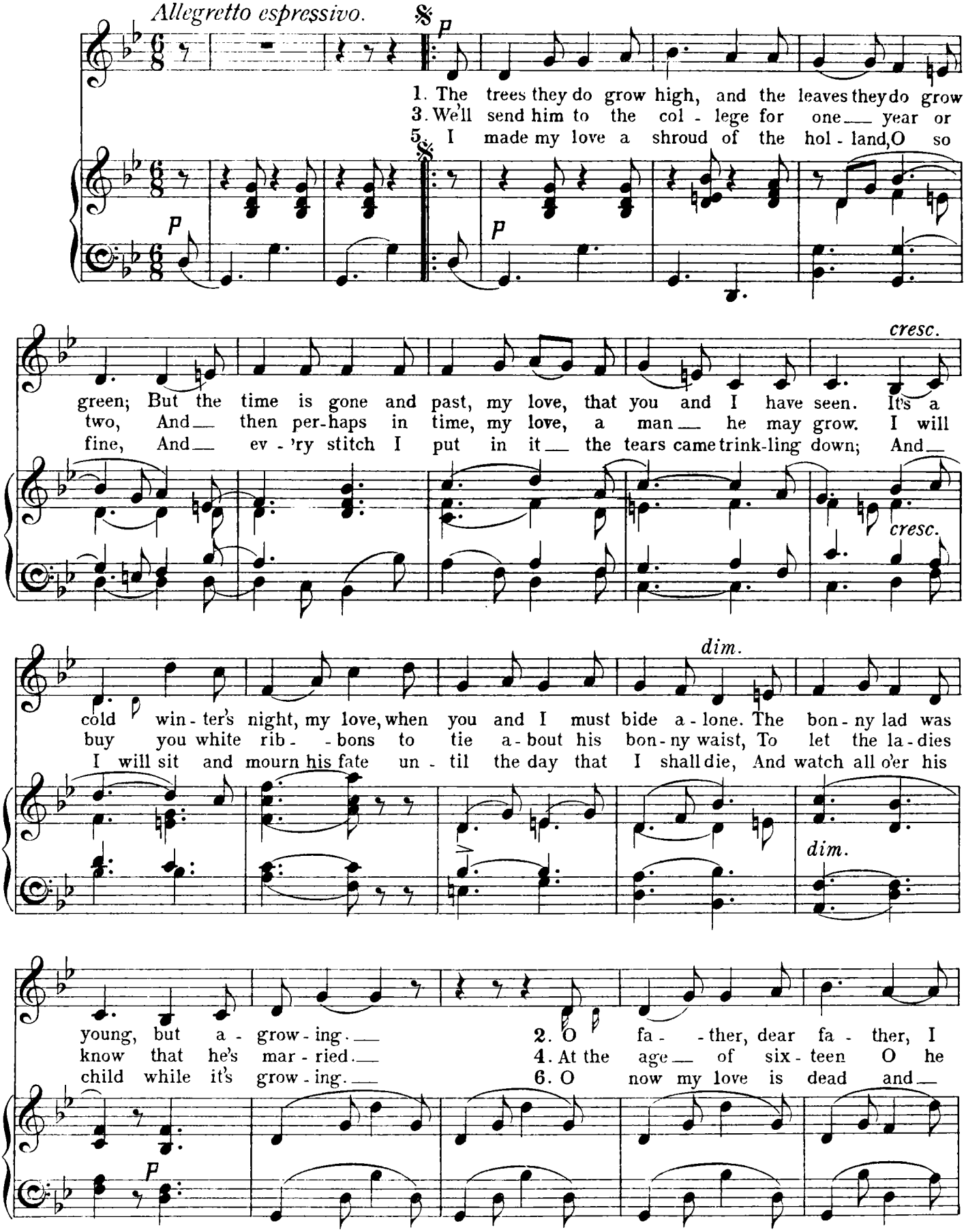
COLD BLOWS THE WIND.

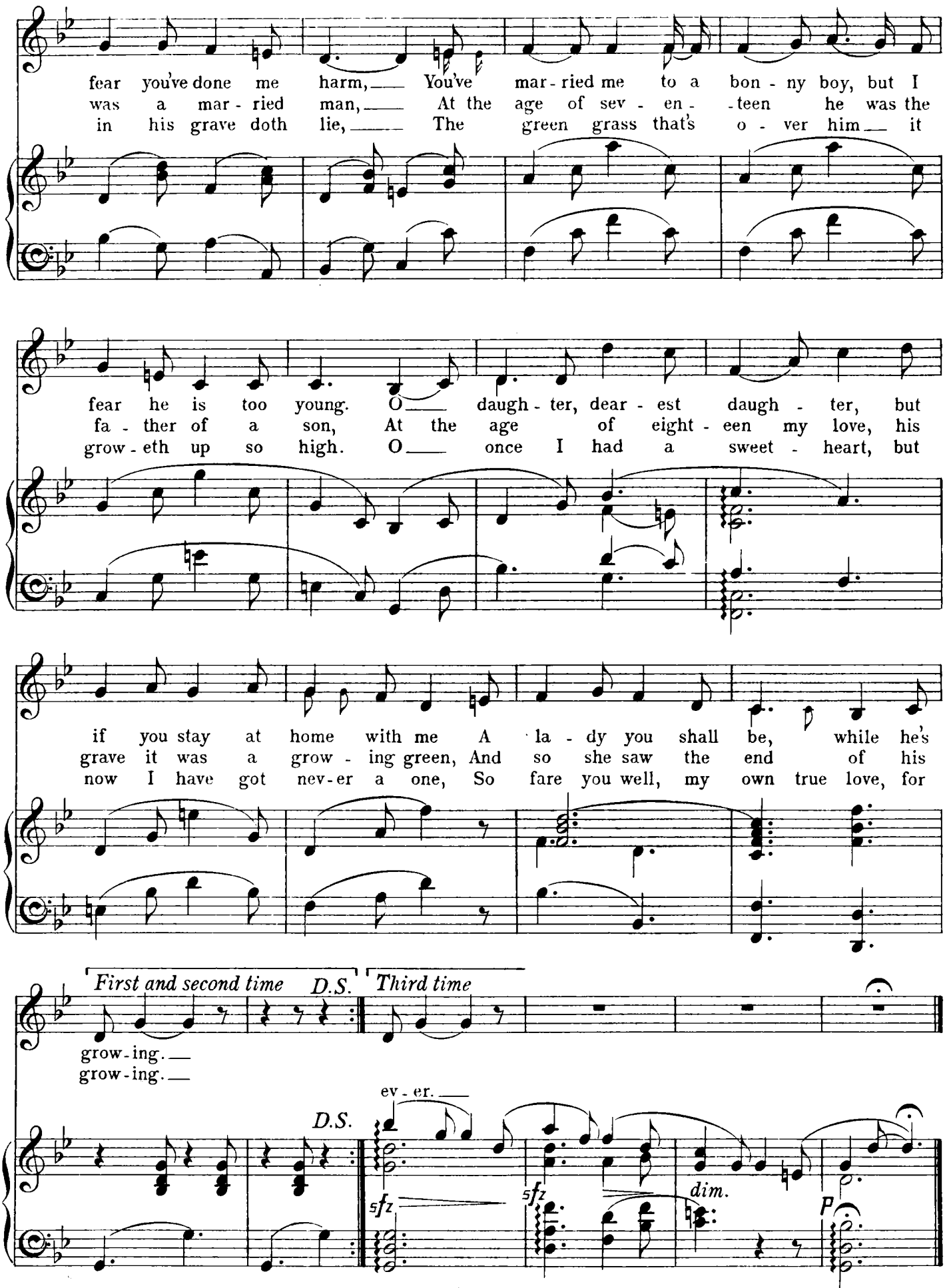



5. My breast it is as cold as clay, My breath smells earth - ly
6. Go fetch me wa- - ter from the des - ert, And blood from out of a
7. O down in yon- - der grave, sweet-heart, Where you and I would
8. The stalk is with-er'd and dry, sweet-heart, And the flow - er will nev - er re -
9. When shall we meet a- - gain, sweet-heart? When shall we meet a -
P
strong; And if you kiss my cold clay lips, Your
stone; Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast That a
walk, The first flow - er that ev - er I saw Is
- turn; And since I lost my own sweet-heart, What
- gain? When the oak - en leaves that fall from the trees Are
cresc.
mf
days they won't be long, Your days they won't be long.
young man nev - er had known, That a young man nev - er had known.
with - er'd to a stalk, Is with - er'd to a stalk.
can I do but mourn? What can I do but mourn?
green and spring up a - gain, Are green and spring up a - gain.
dim.

IX

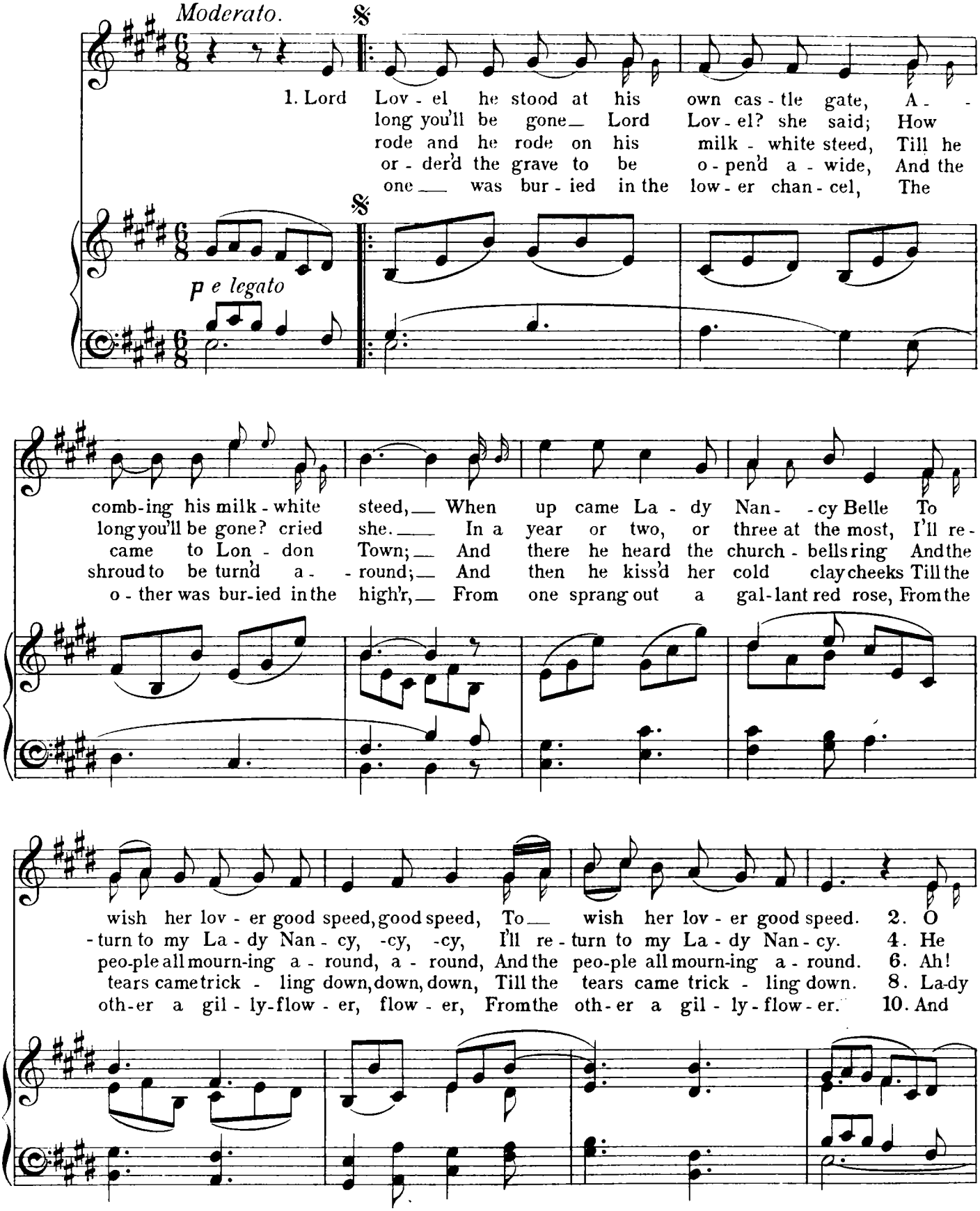
THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

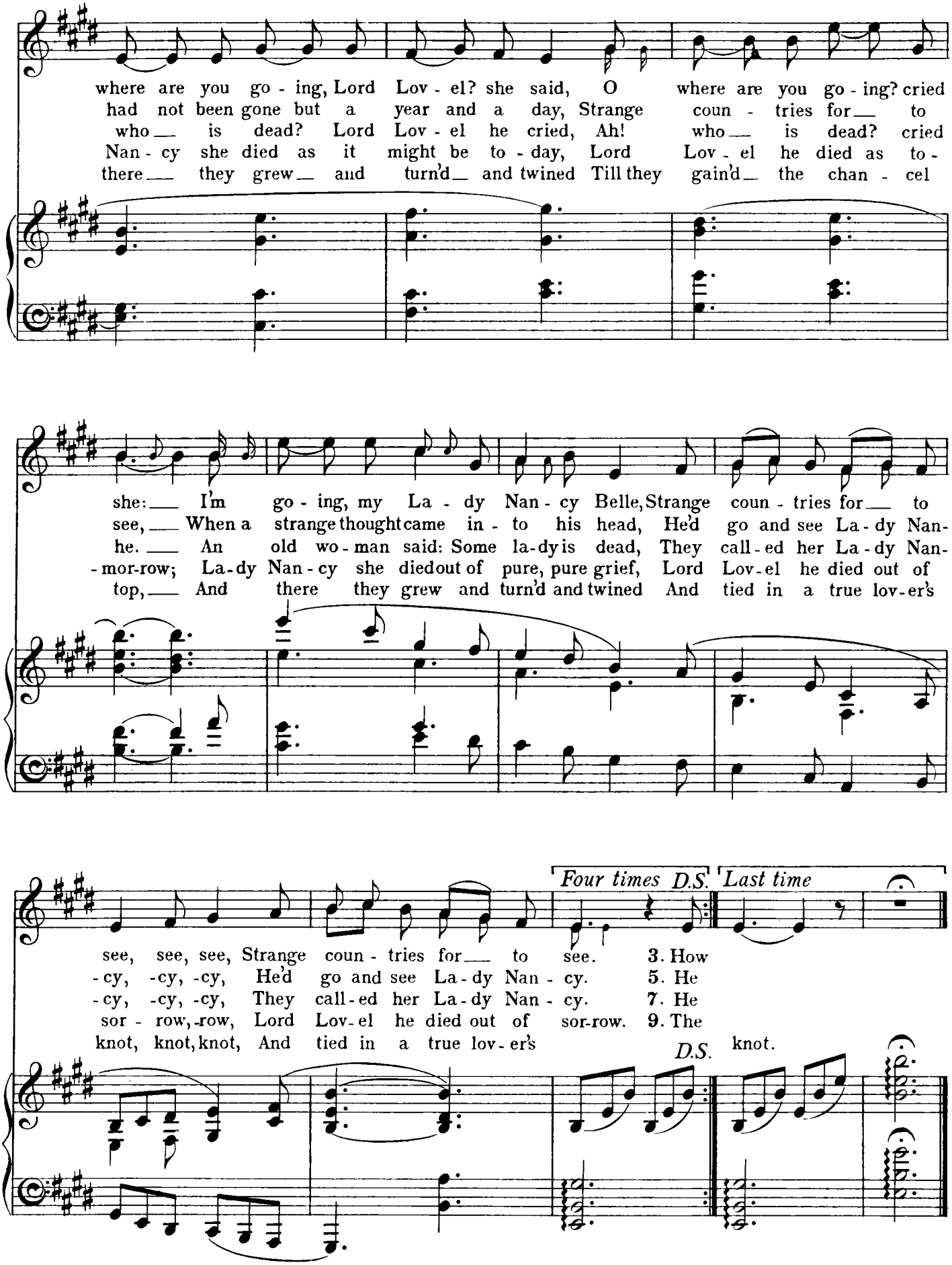



fear you've done me harm, You've mar - ried me to a bon - ny boy, but I
was a mar - ried man, At the age of sev - en - teen he was the
in his grave doth lie, The green grass that's o - ver him it
fear he is too young. O daugh - ter, dear - est daugh - ter, but
fa - ther of a son, At the age of eight - een my love, his
grow - eth up so high. O once I had a sweet - heart, but
if you stay at home with me A la - dy you shall be, while he's
grave it was a grow - ing green, And so she saw the end of his
now I have got nev - er a one, So fare you well, my own true love, for
First and second time D.S.
Third time
grow - ing.
grow - ing.
ev - er.
D.S.
sfz
sfz
dim.
p

X

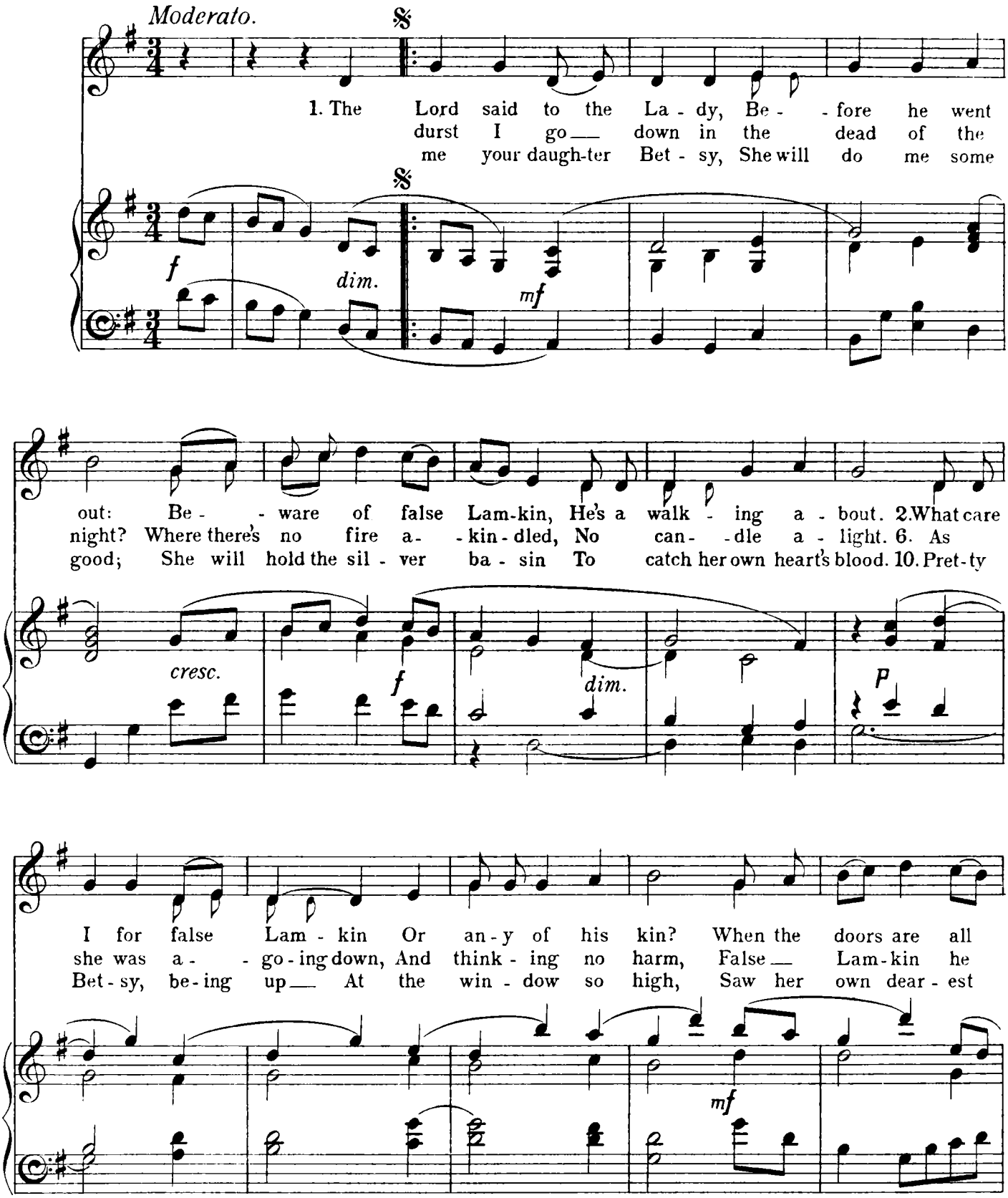
LORD LOVEL.

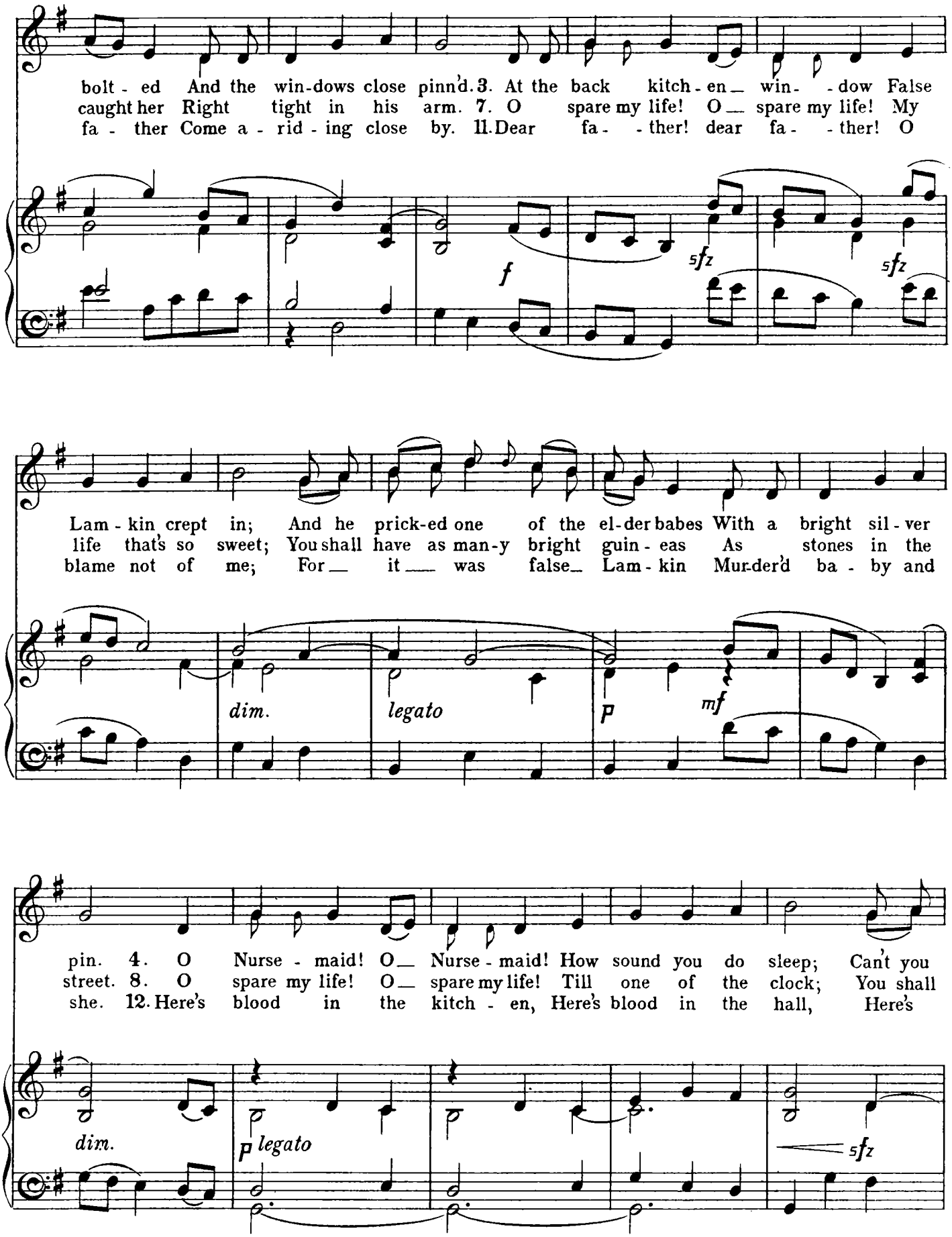


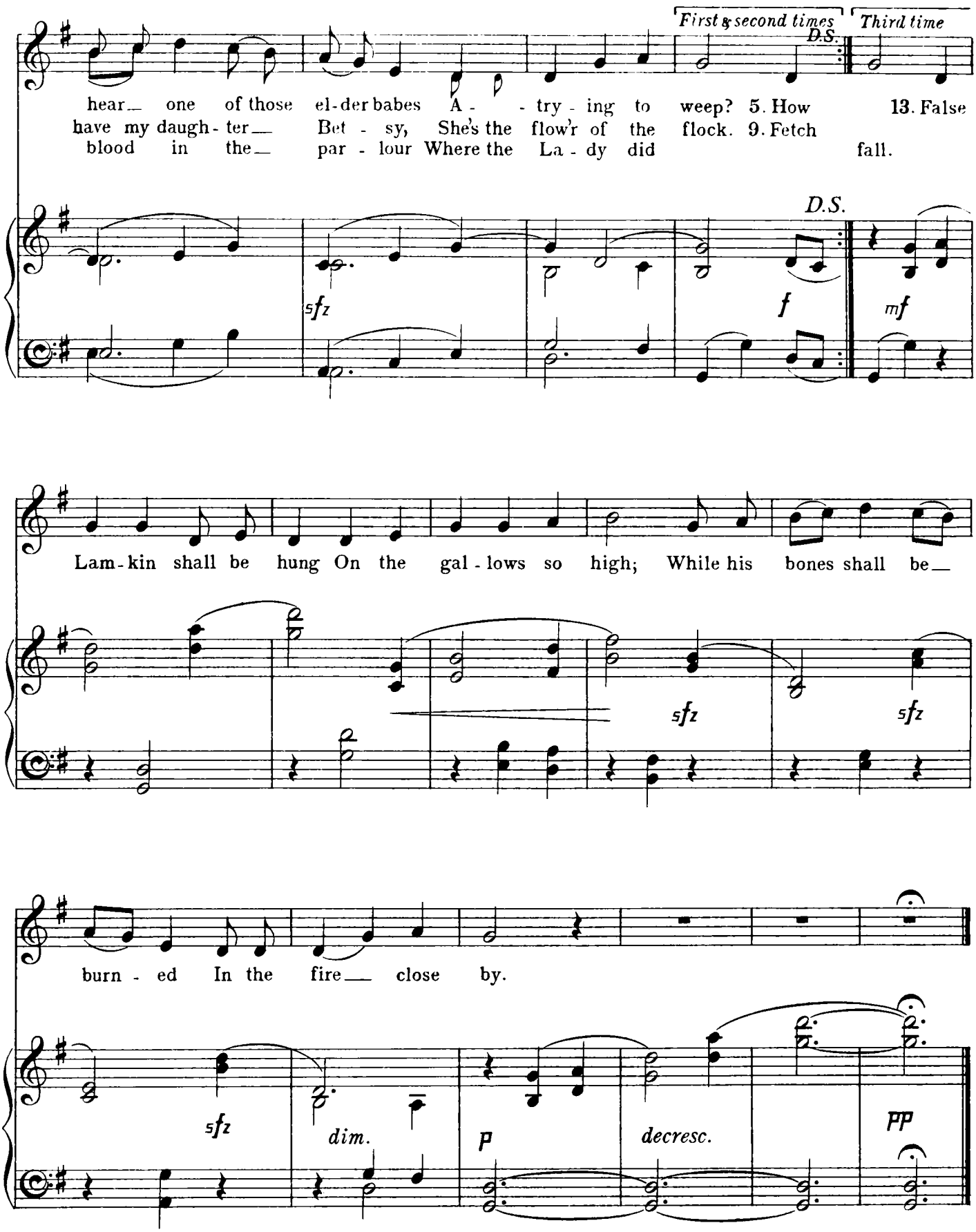

where are you go - ing, Lord Lov - el? she said, O where are you go - ing? cried
had not been gone but a year and a day, Strange coun - tries for__ to
who__ is dead? Lord Lov - el he cried, Ah! who__ is dead? cried
Nan - cy she died as it might be to - day, Lord Lov - el he died as to -
there__ they grew__ and turn'd__ and twined Till they gain'd__ the chan - cel
she:__ I'm go - ing, my La - dy Nan - cy Belle, Strange coun - tries for__ to
see,__ When a strange thought came in - to his head, He'd go and see La - dy Nan-
he.__ An old wo - man said: Some la-dy is dead, They call - ed her La - dy Nan-
- mor-row; La-dy Nan - cy she died out of pure, pure grief, Lord Lov-el he died out of
top,__ And there they grew and turn'd and twined And tied in a true lov-er's
Four times D.S.
Last time
see, see, see, Strange coun - tries for__ to see.
-cy, -cy, -cy, He'd go and see La - dy Nan - cy.
-cy, -cy, -cy, They call - ed her La - dy Nan - cy.
sor - row, -row, Lord Lov-el he died out of sor-row.
knot, knot, knot, And tied in a true lov - er's
3. How
5. He
7. He
9. The
D.S.
knot.

XI

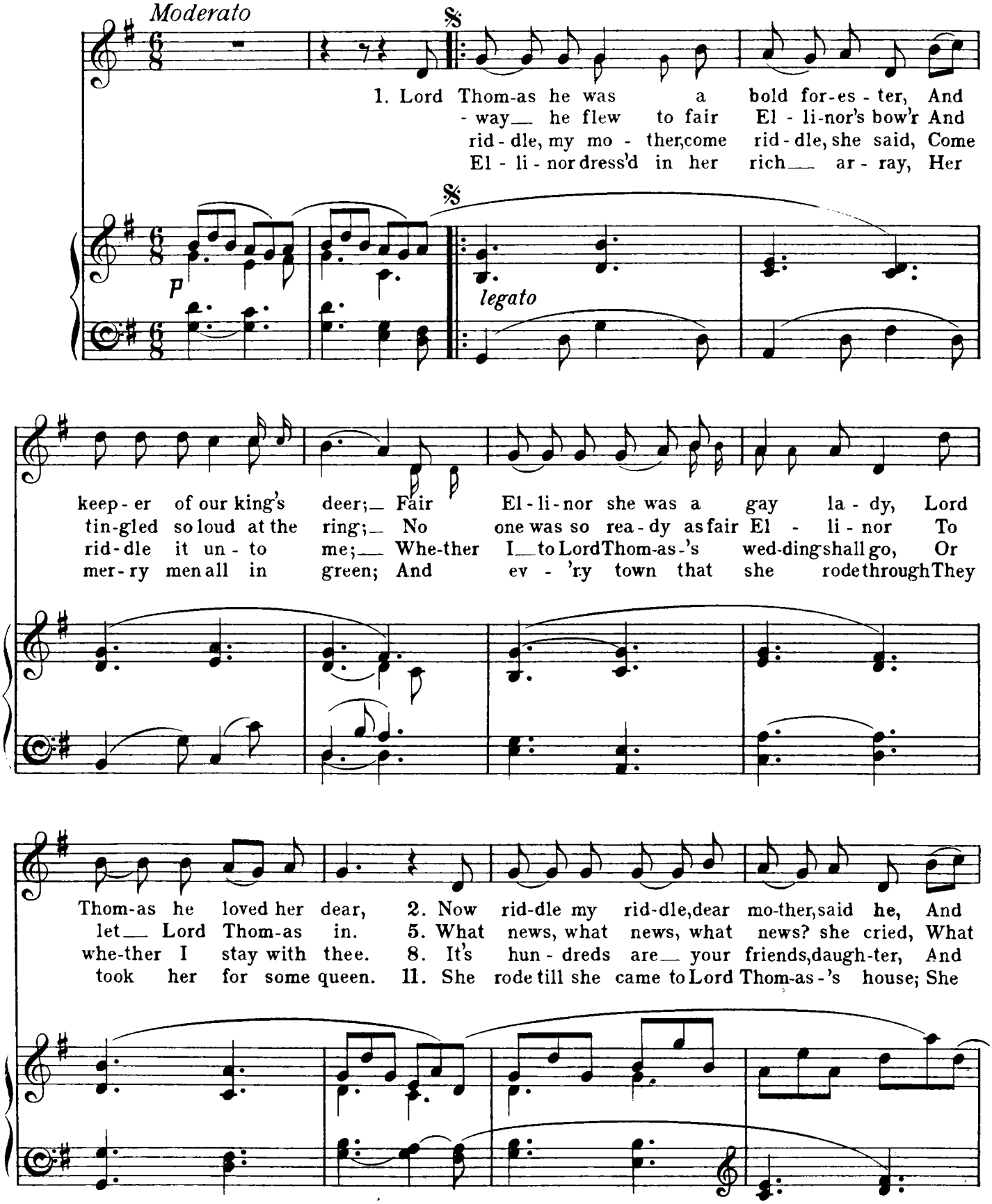
FALSE LAMKIN.

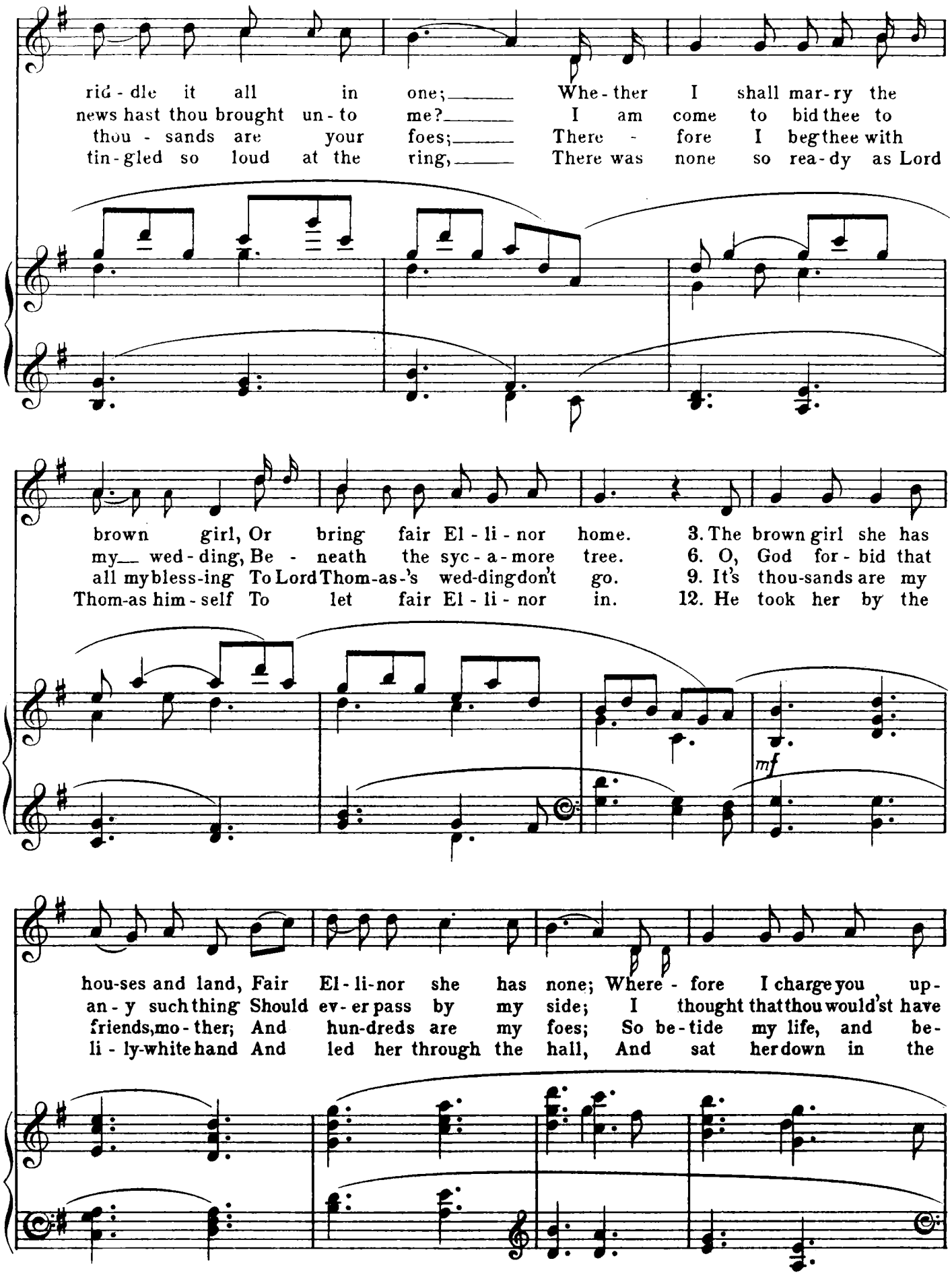


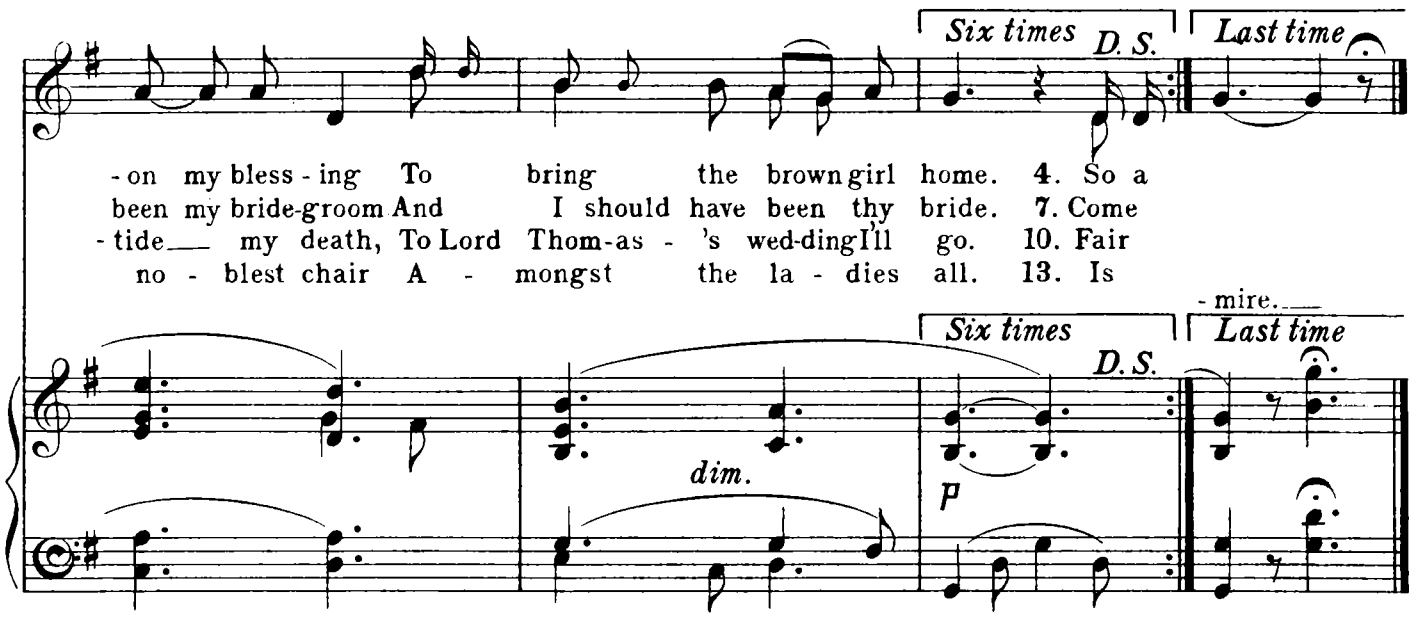

bolt - ed And the win-dows close pinn'd. 3. At the back kitch - en win- - dow False
caught her Right tight in his arm. 7. O spare my life! O spare my life! My
fa - ther Come a - rid - ing close by. 11. Dear fa- - ther! dear fa- - ther! O
f
sfz
sfz
Lam - kin crept in; And he prick-ed one of the el-der babes With a bright sil - ver
life that's so sweet; You shall have as man-y bright guin - eas As stones in the
blame not of me; For it was false Lam - kin Mur-der'd ba - by and
dim.
legato
p
mf
pin. 4. O Nurse - maid! O Nurse - maid! How sound you do sleep; Can't you
street. 8. O spare my life! O spare my life! Till one of the clock; You shall
she. 12. Here's blood in the kitch - en, Here's blood in the hall, Here's
dim.
p legato
sfz


First & second times
Third time
D.S.
hear_ one of those el-der babes A- - try-ing to weep? 5. How 13. False
have my daugh-ter_ Bet - sy, She's the flow'r of the flock. 9. Fetch
blood in the_ par - lour Where the La-dy did fall.
D.S.
sfz
f
mf
Lam-kin shall be hung On the gal-lows so high; While his bones shall be_
sfz
sfz
burn-ed In the fire_ close by.
sfz
dim.
p
decresc.
pp

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR.




rid - dle it all in one; Whe - ther I shall mar - ry the
news hast thou brought un - to me? I am come to bid thee to
thou - sands are your foes; There - fore I beg thee with
tin - gled so loud at the ring, There was none so rea - dy as Lord
brown girl, Or bring fair El - li - nor home.
my wed - ding, Be - neath the syc - a - more tree.
all my bless - ing To Lord Thom - as - 's wed - ding don't go.
Thom - as him - self To let fair El - li - nor in.
3. The brown girl she has
6. O, God for - bid that
9. It's thou - sands are my
12. He took her by the
mf
hou - ses and land, Fair El - li - nor she has none; Where - fore I charge you up -
an - y such thing Should ev - er pass by my side; I thought that thou would'st have
friends, mo - ther; And hun - dreds are my foes; So be - tide my life, and be -
li - ly - white hand And led her through the hall, And sat her down in the



13.

Is this your bride, Lord Thomas? she said,
Methinks she looks wonderfully brown;
When you could have had the fairest lady
That ever trod English ground.

14.

Despise her not, Lord Thomas then said,
Despise her not unto me;
For more do I love thy little finger
Than all her whole body.

15.

The brown girl had a little penknife,
Which was both long and sharp;
'Twixt the small ribs and the short she pricked
Fair Ellinor to the heart.

16.

Oh! what is the matter, Fair Ellen? he said,
Methinks you look wondrous wan;
You used to have as fair a colour
As ever the sun shone on.

17.

Oh! are you blind, Lord Thomas? she said,
Oh! can you not very well see?
Oh! can you not see my own heart's blood
Come trinkling down my knee?

18.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
As he walked through the hall;
He took off the brown girl's head from her shoulders
And flung it against the wall.

19.

He put the handle to the ground,
The sword unto his heart.
No sooner did three lovers meet,
No sooner did they part.

Spoken { *Make me a grave both long and wide,*
And lay fair Ellinor by my side
And the brown girl at my feet.

20.

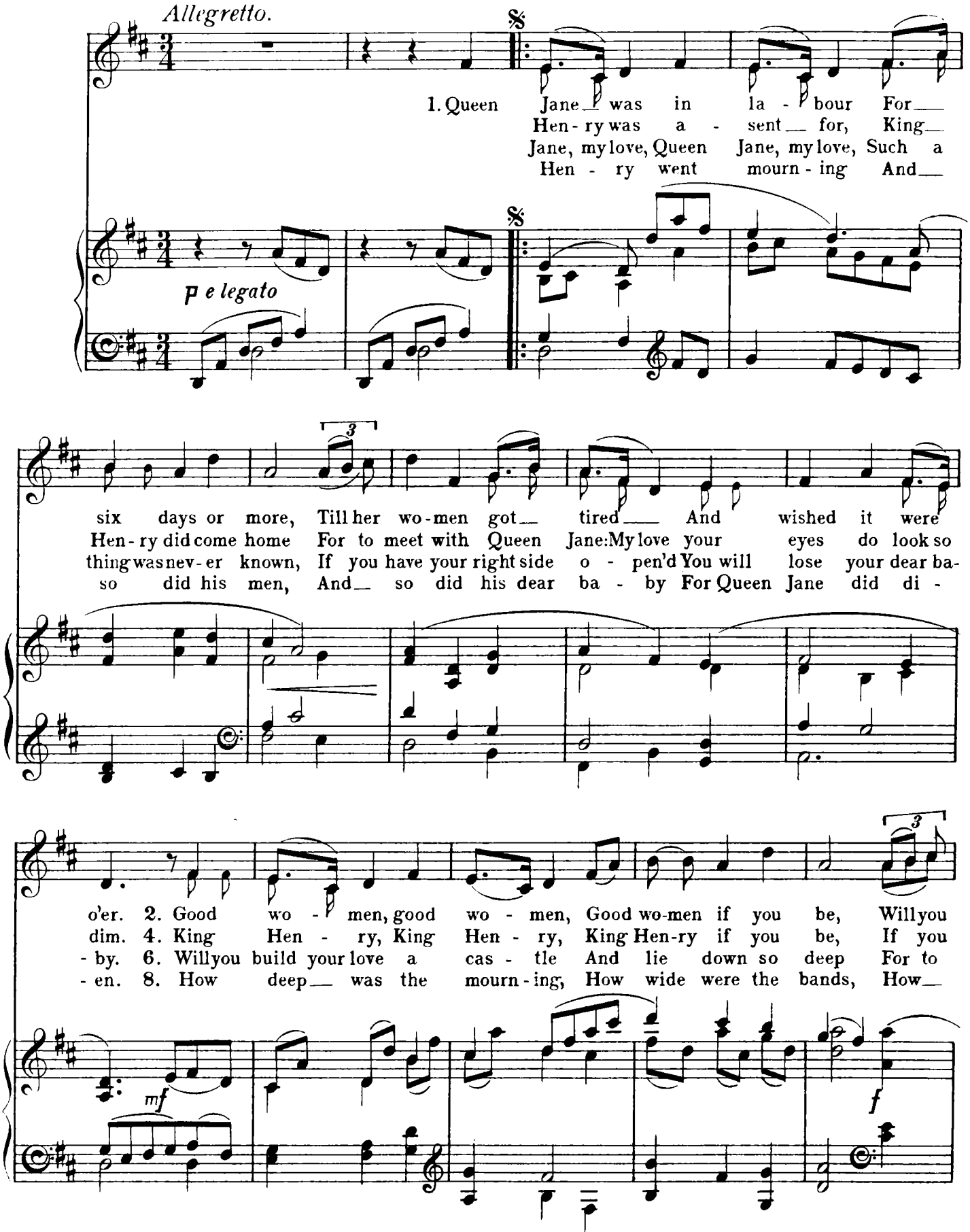
Lord Thomas was buried in the church,
Fair Ellinor in the choir;
And from her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Thomas the briar.

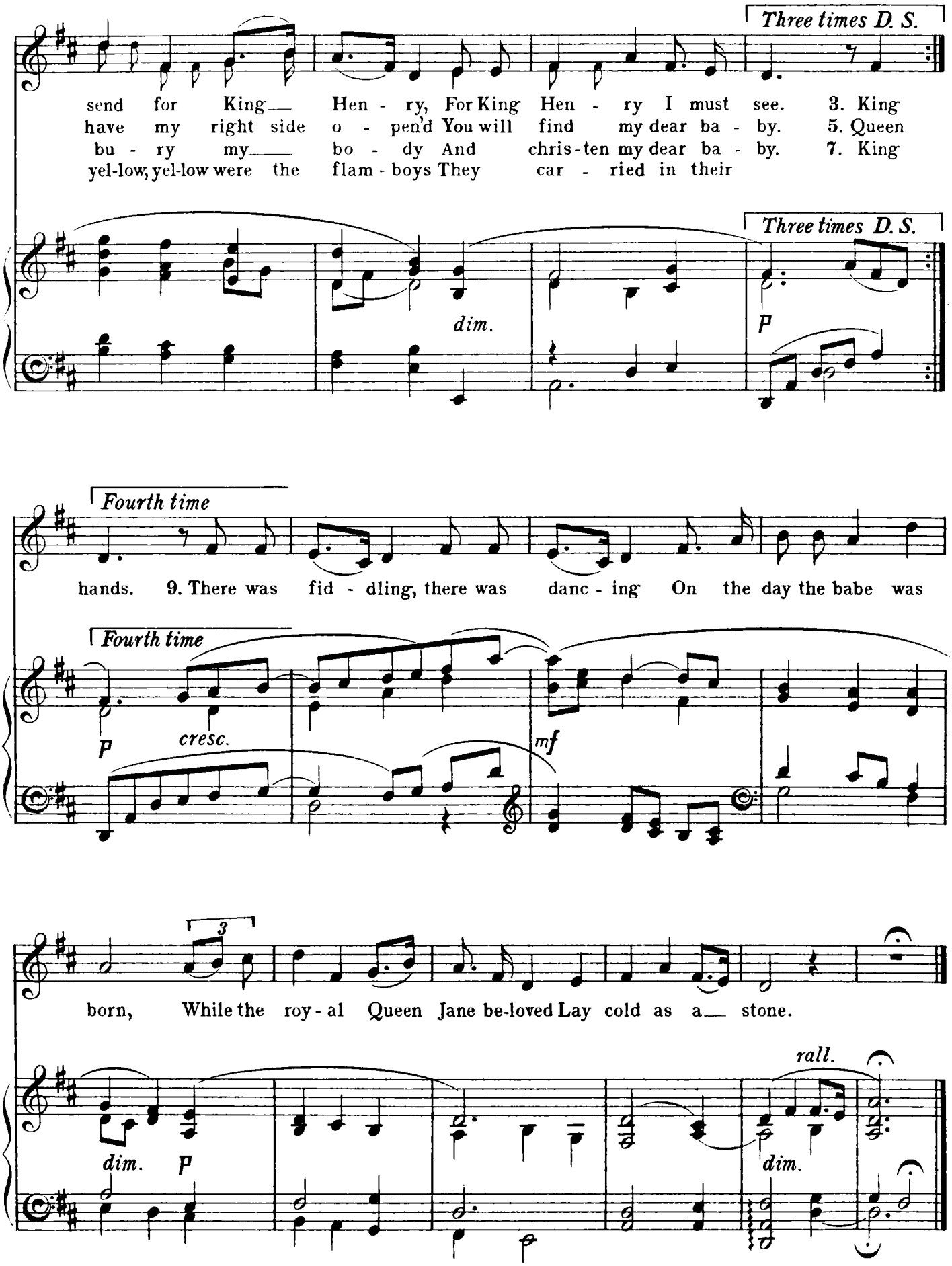
21.

They grew till they reached the church tip-top,
When they could grow no higher;
And then they entwined like a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

XIII

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE.

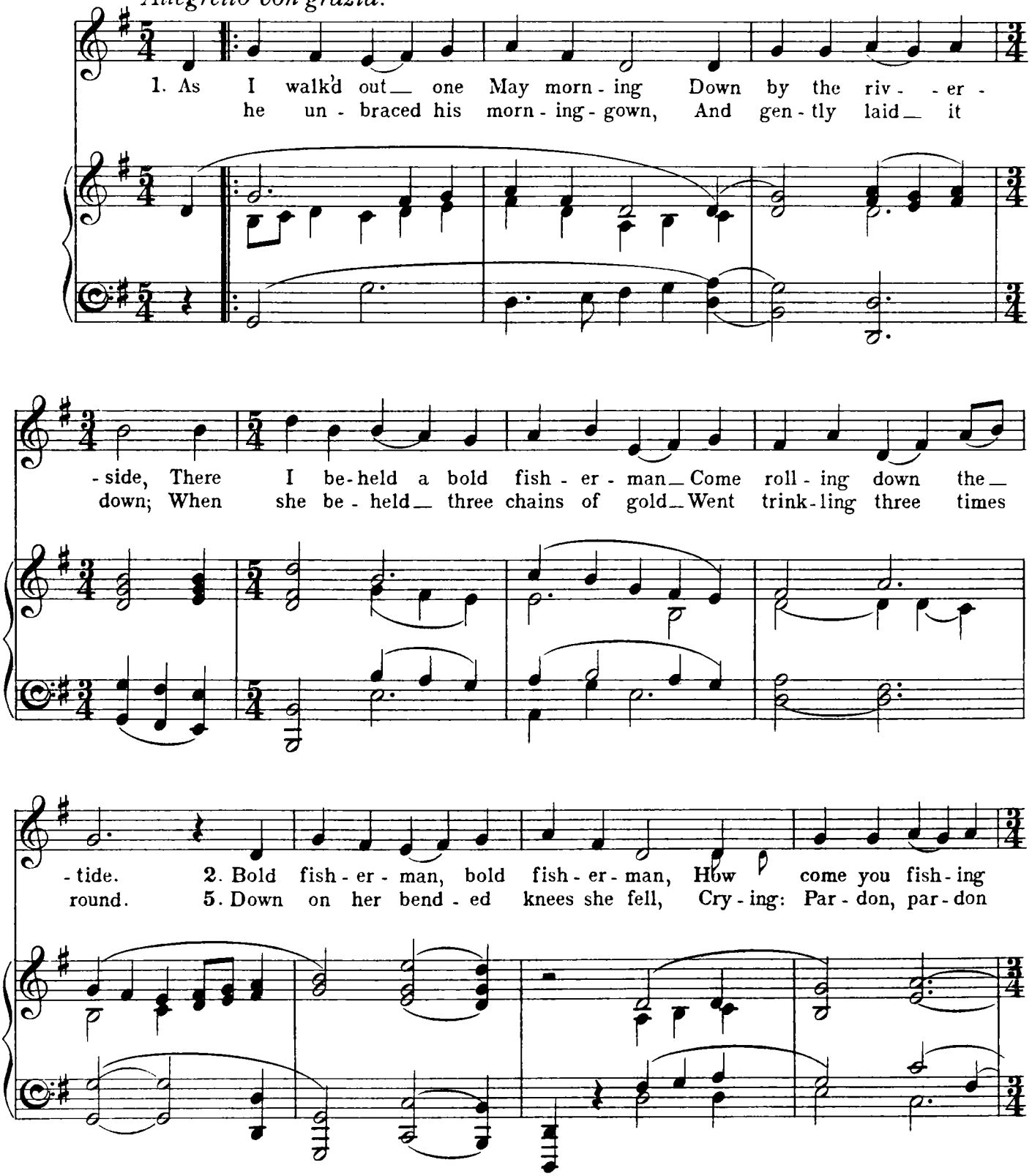


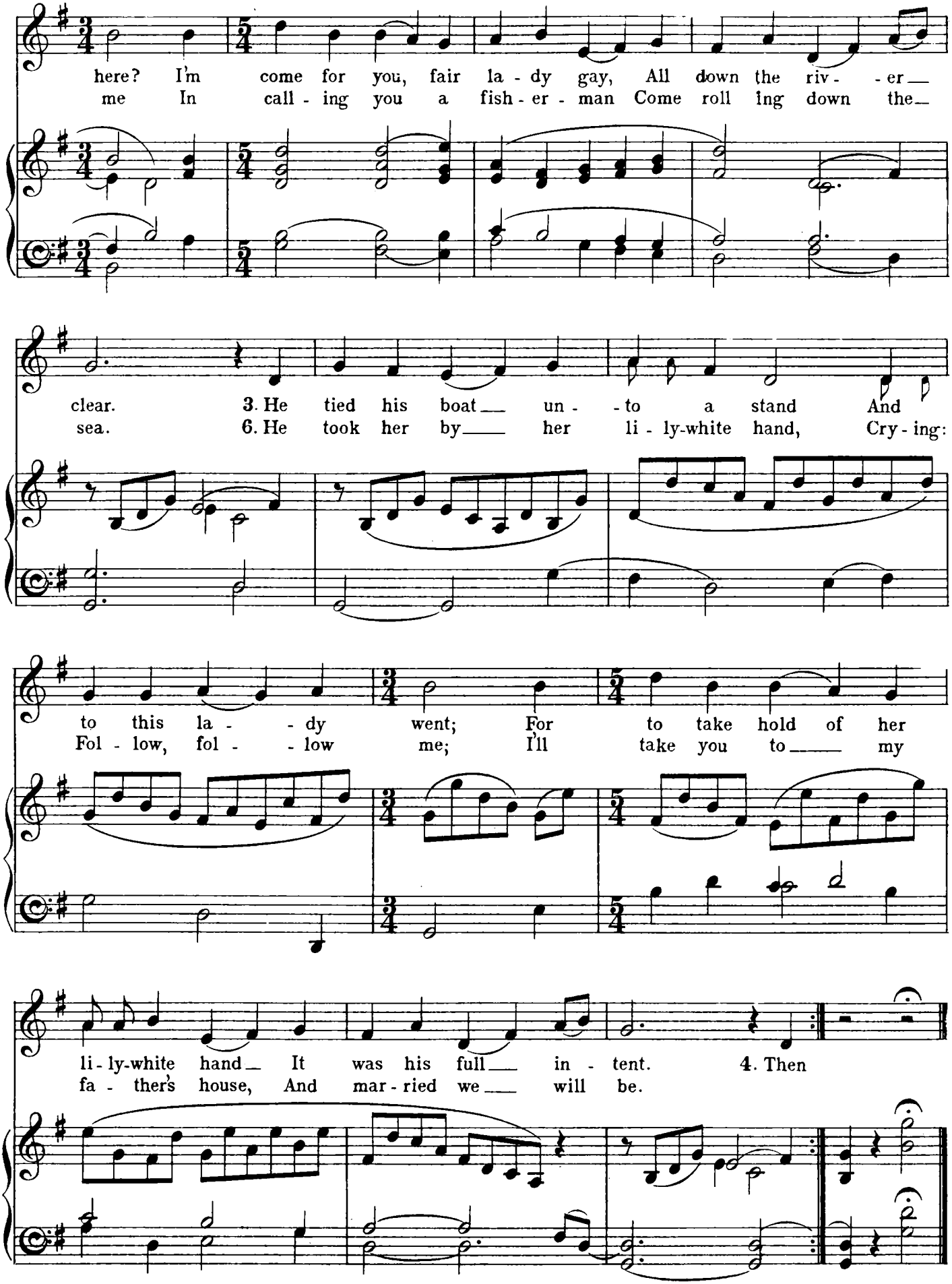

Three times D. S.
send for King— Hen - ry, For King Hen - ry I must see. 3. King
have my right side o - pen'd You will find my dear ba - by. 5. Queen
bu - ry my— bo - dy And chris-ten my dear ba - by. 7. King
yel-low, yel-low were the flam - boys They car - ried in their
Three times D. S.
dim.
p
Fourth time
hands. 9. There was fid - dling, there was danc - ing On the day the babe was
Fourth time
p
cresc.
mf
3
born, While the roy - al Queen Jane be-loved Lay cold as a— stone.
rall.
dim.
p
dim.

XIV

THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Allegretto con grazia.




here? I'm come for you, fair la - dy gay, All down the riv - - er
me In call - ing you a fish - er - man Come roll ing down the
clear. 3. He tied his boat un - - to a stand And
sea. 6. He took her by her li - ly-white hand, Cry - ing:
to this la - - dy went; For to take hold of her
Fol - low, fol - - low me; I'll take you to my
li - ly-white hand It was his full in - tent. 4. Then
fa - ther's house, And mar - ried we will be.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

It 's of a youth, a kind young youth,
He was a squire's son;
He courted the bailiff's daughter,
She lived at Islington.

Now when his parents came to know
They had such a silly son,
They sent him away to fair London Town
And a prentice had him bound.

One day all in the summer-time,
The girls went out to play,
All but the bailiff's daughter,
So cunningly she stole away.

And she pulled off her gown of green
And dressed in ragged attire,
And went away to fair London Town
Her true love to enquire

She travelled on one livelong year,
One livelong year and a day,
And whom did she meet but her own true love
A-riding that way.

Then she took hold of the horse's head,
Likewise the bridle and rein.
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said,
Will ease me of my pain.

If I give thee but one penny,
Pray tell me where you were born.
In Islington, kind sir, she said,
Where there 's many that do me scorn.

And if you live at Islington
Surely you must know
What 's become of the bailiff's daughter
She 's dead, sir, long ago.

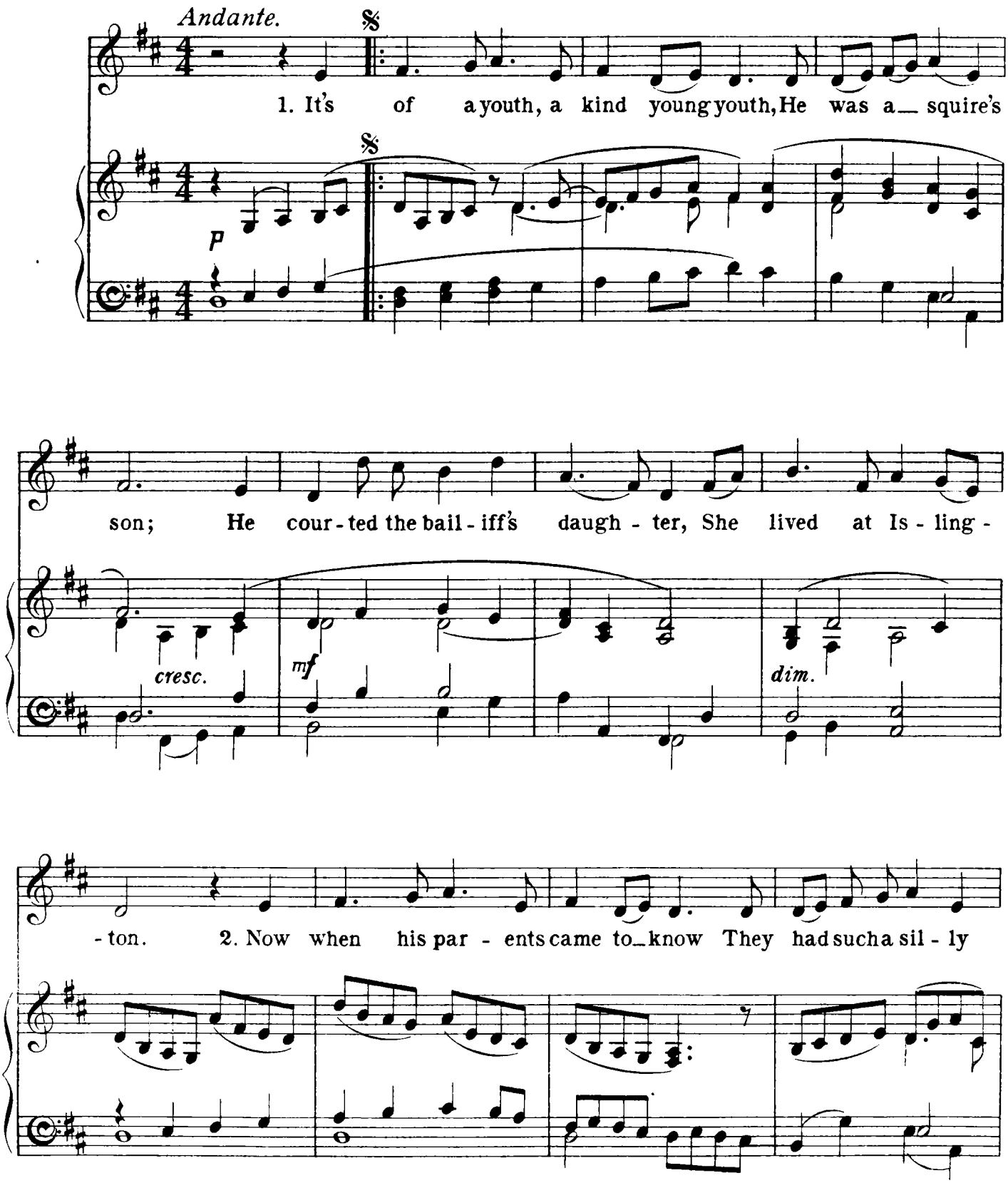
If she be dead, here take my horse,
My fiddle and my bow,
And I will go to some far country
Where no man shall me know.

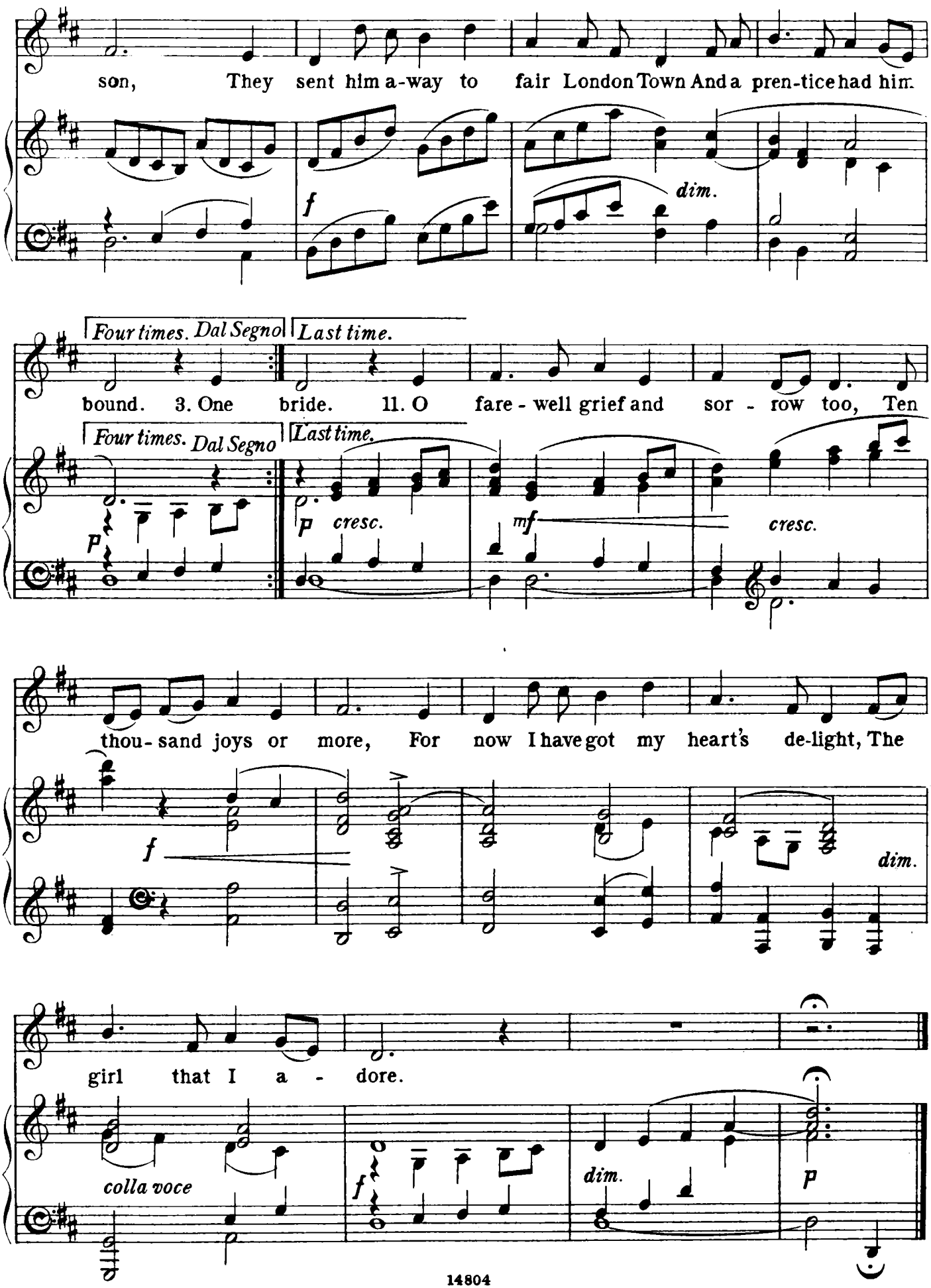
O stay, kind sir, she is not dead,
She is yet alive;
She 's standing by her true love's side
Just ready for to be his bride.

O farewell grief and sorrow too,
Ten thousand joys or more,
For now I have got my heart's delight,
The girl that I adore.

XV

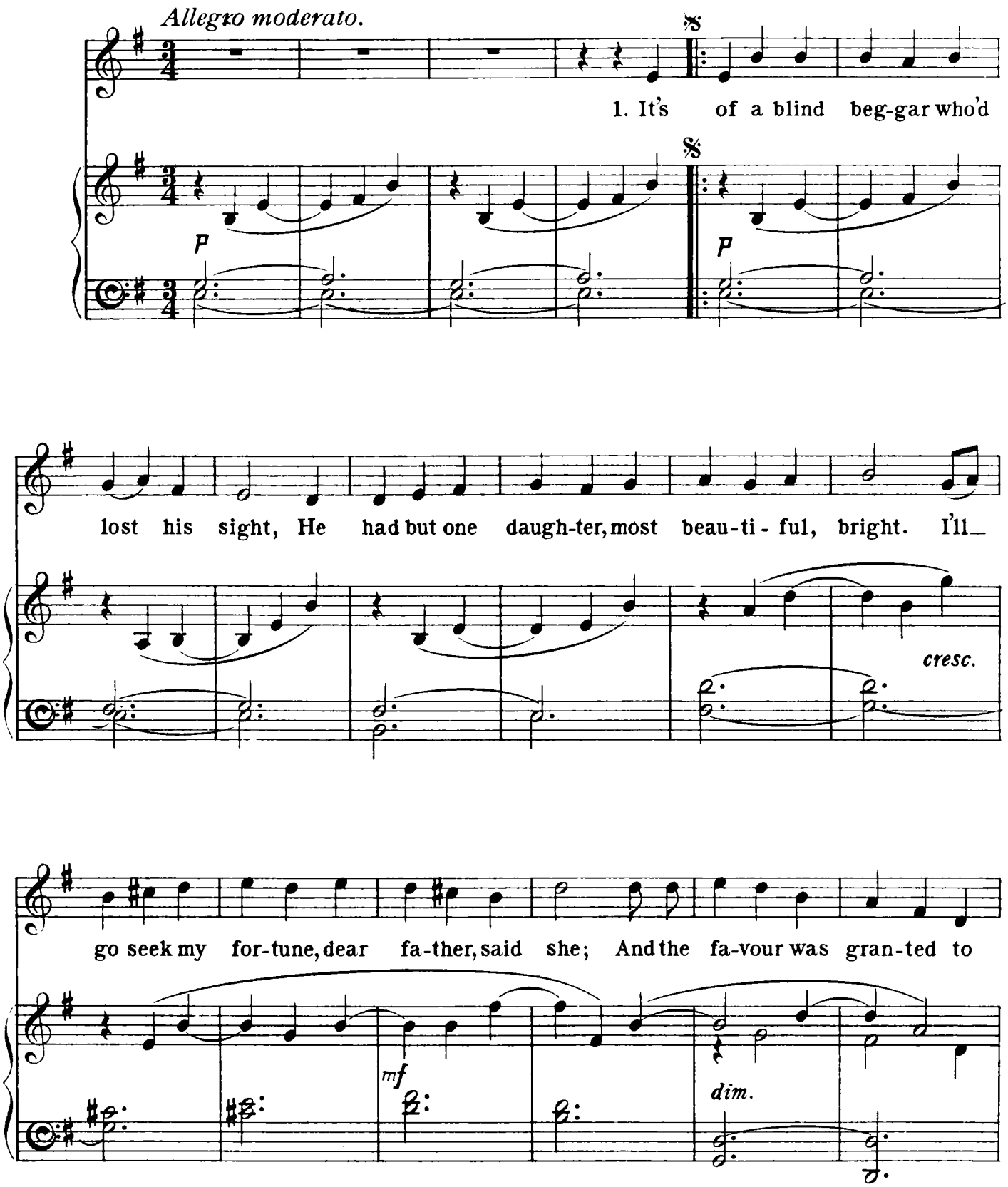
THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

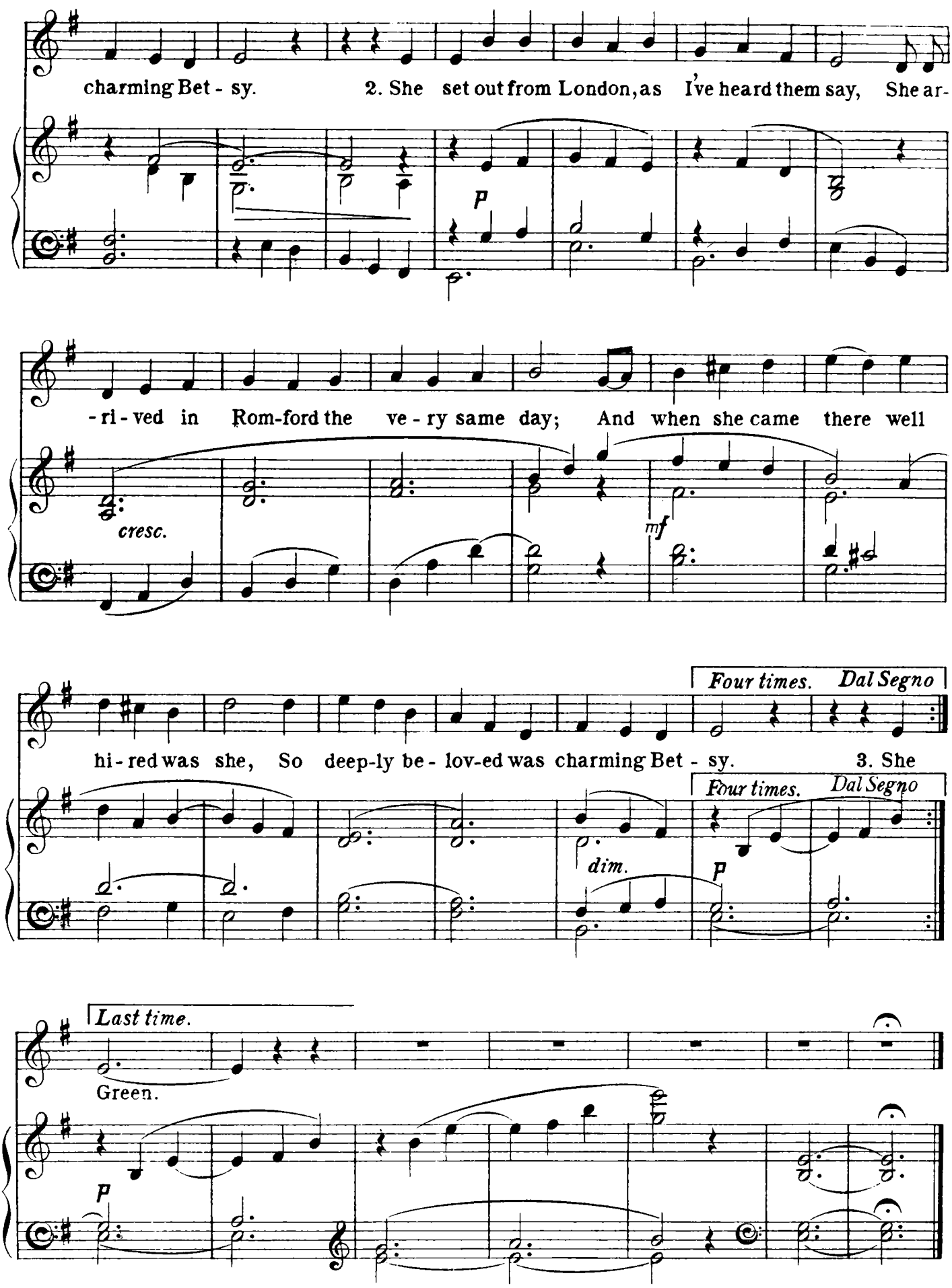



son, They sent him a-way to fair London Town And a pren-tice had him
dim.
Four times. Dal Segno
Last time.
bound. 3. One bride. 11. O fare - well grief and sor - row too, Ten
Four times. Dal Segno
Last time.
p
cresc.
mf
cresc.
thou - sand joys or more, For now I have got my heart's de-light, The
f
dim.
girl that I a - dore.
colla voce
f
dim.
p

XVI

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN.




charming Bet - sy. 2. She set out from London, as I've heard them say, She ar-
p
-ri - ved in Rom-ford the ve - ry same day; And when she came there well
cresc.
mf
Four times. Dal Segno
hi - red was she, So deep-ly be - lov-ed was charming Bet - sy. 3. She
Four times. Dal Segno
dim.
p
Last time.
Green.
p

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN.

It 's of a blind beggar who'd lost his sight,
He had but one daughter, most beautiful, bright.
I'll go seek my fortune, dear father, said she;
And the favour was granted to charming Betsy.

She set out from London, as I've heard them say,
She arriv-ed in Romford the very same day;
And when she came there well hired was she,
So deeply beloved was charming Betsy.

She had not been there a very long time
Before a rich lord a-courting her came.
Your form shall be loaded with jewels, said he,
If you can but love me, my charming Betsy.

O yes, I am willing to do it, said she,
But first ask the father of charming Betsy.
O who is your father? Pray tell unto me,
That I may go with you your father to see.

My father is every day to be seen;
He 's called the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,
He 's called the Blind Beggar, God knows it! said she,
But he 's been a good father to charming Betsy.

They set out from Romford, as I've heard them say,
And arriv-ed in London the very same day;
And when they came there her father to see,
He glad was to hear of his daughter Betsy.

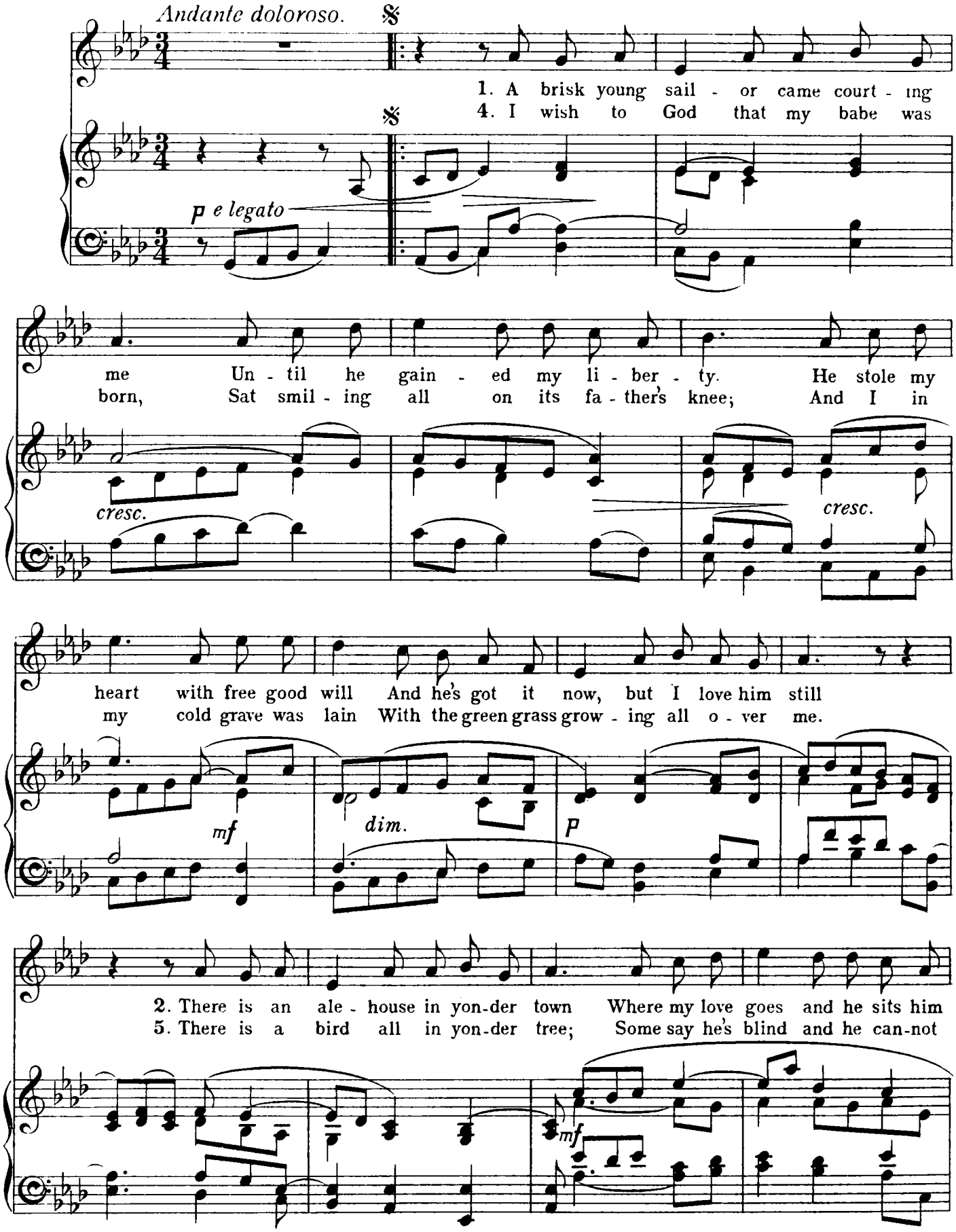
My daughter 's not cloth-ed as well as she shall,
But I will drop guineas with you for my girl.
They drop-ped their guineas down on to the ground,
They dropped till it came to ten thousand pound.

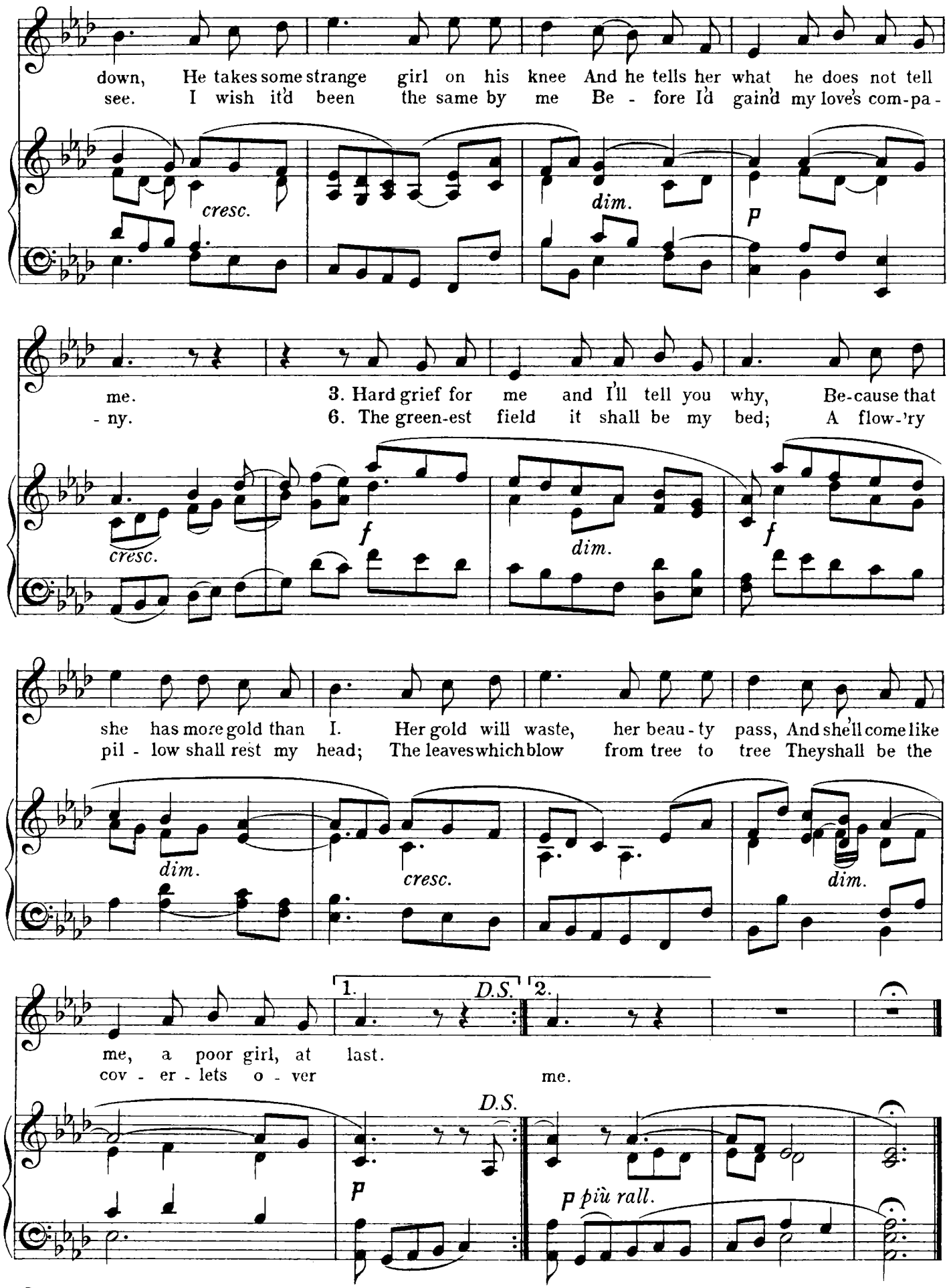
O dear honoured father, I've dropped all my store,
I've dropped all my riches, I cannot drop more;
But grant me your daughter and that 's all I crave,
That I may be married to charming Betsy.

Then take her and make her your jewel so bright,
There are many rich lords this wedding will spite;
And when you are married and all things are done,
There 's a hundred bright guineas to buy her a gown.

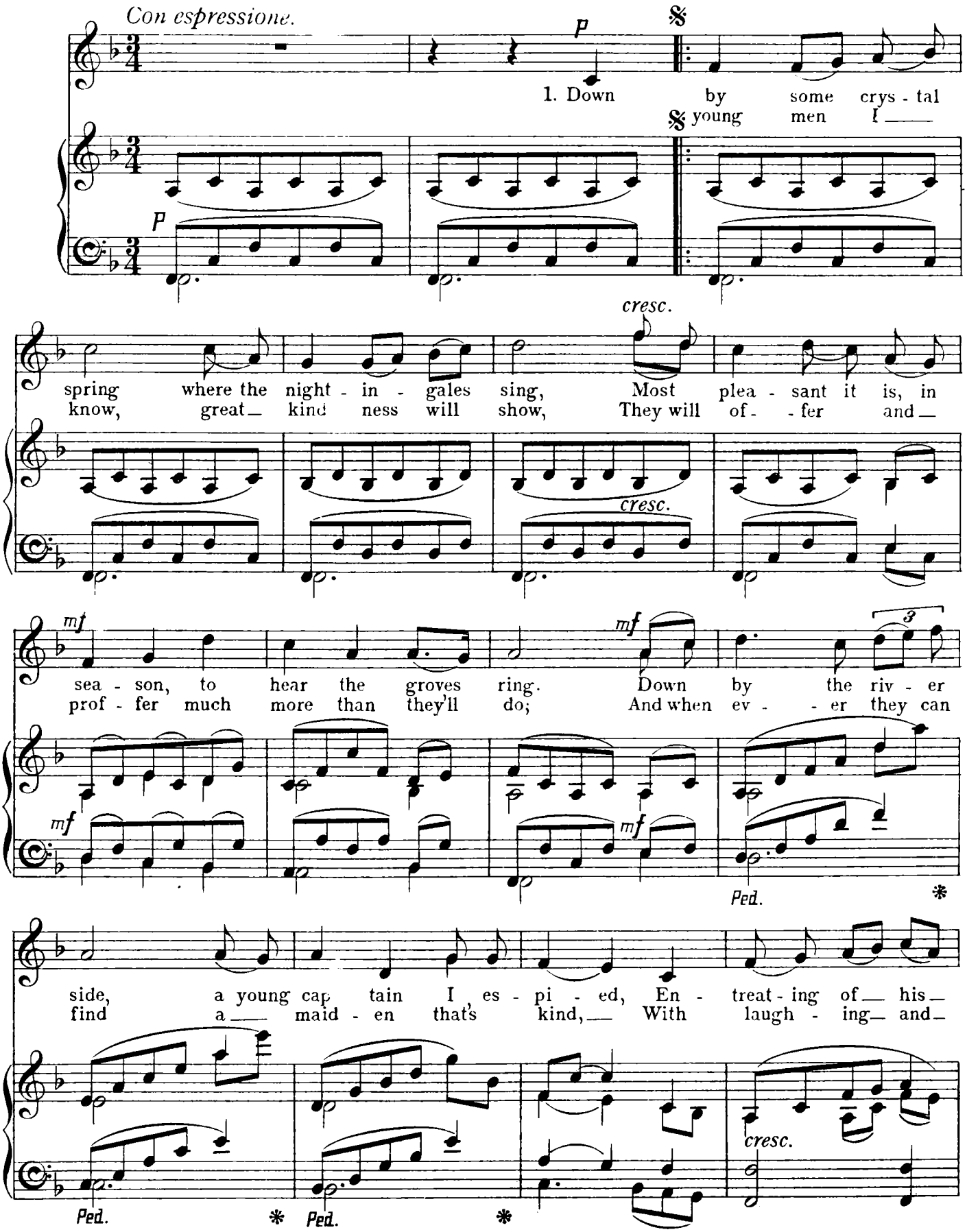
Then Billy and Betsy they went hand in hand,
And Billy and Betsy were made both as one.
The most beautiful creature that ever was seen
Was the Blind Beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green.

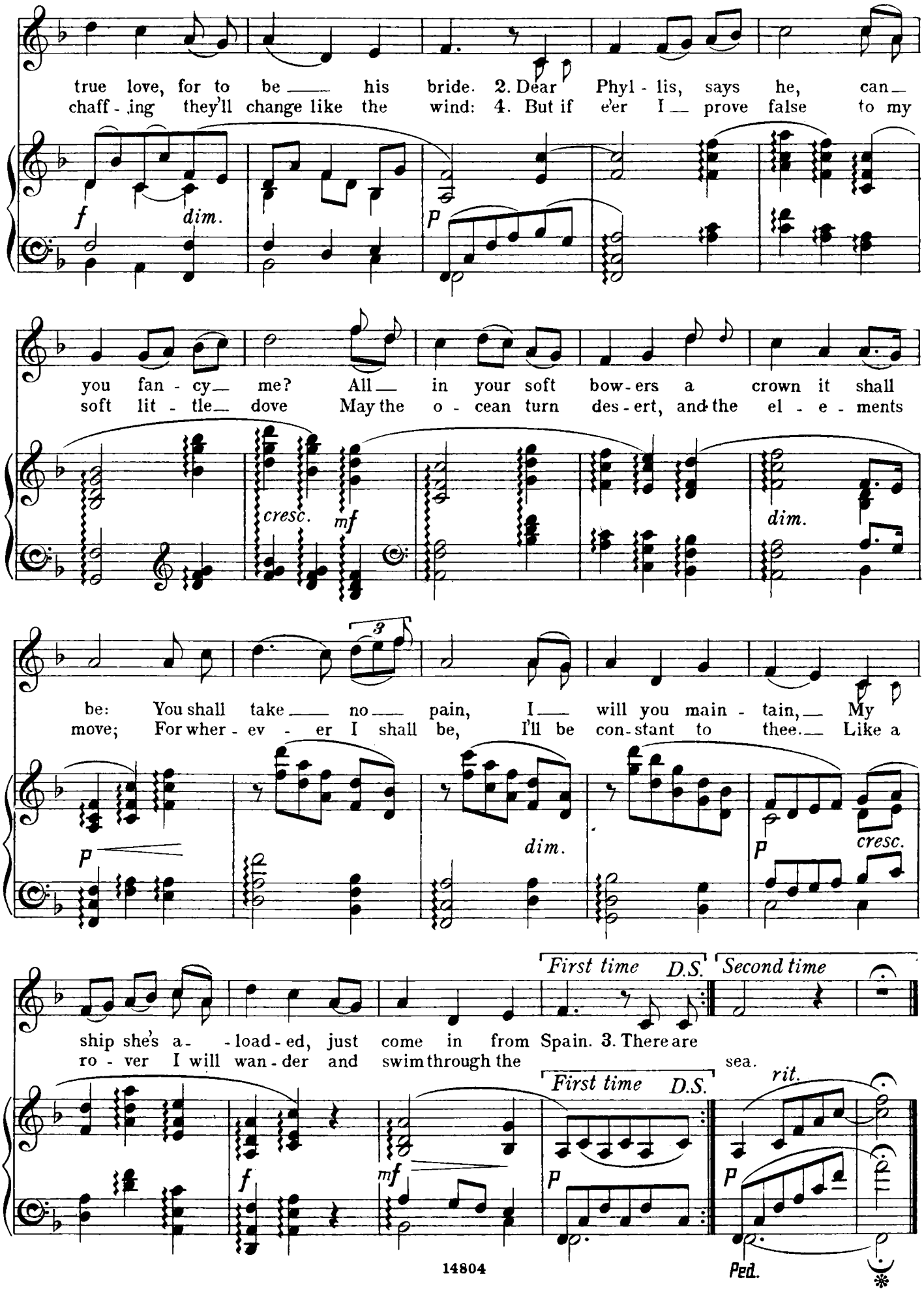
XVII
A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR.



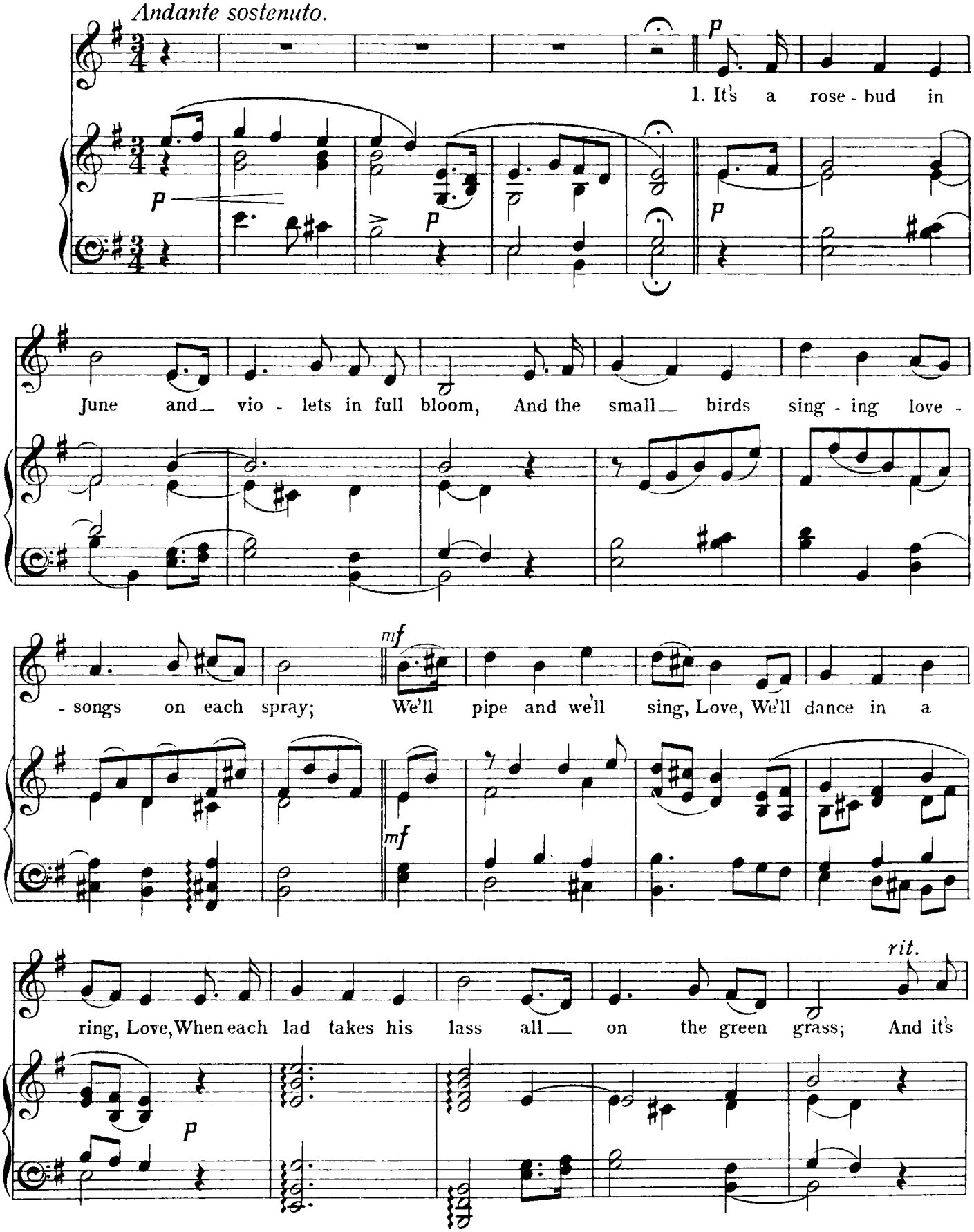

down, He takes some strange girl on his knee And he tells her what he does not tell
see. I wish it'd been the same by me Be - fore I'd gain'd my love's com-pa -
cresc.
dim.
p
me.
- ny.
3. Hard grief for me and I'll tell you why, Be-cause that
6. The green-est field it shall be my bed; A flow-'ry
cresc.
f
dim.
f
she has more gold than I. Her gold will waste, her beau - ty pass, And she'll come like
pil - low shall rest my head; The leaves which blow from tree to tree They shall be the
dim.
cresc.
dim.
1.
D.S.
2.
me, a poor girl, at last.
cov - er - lets o - ver me.
D.S.
p
p più rall.

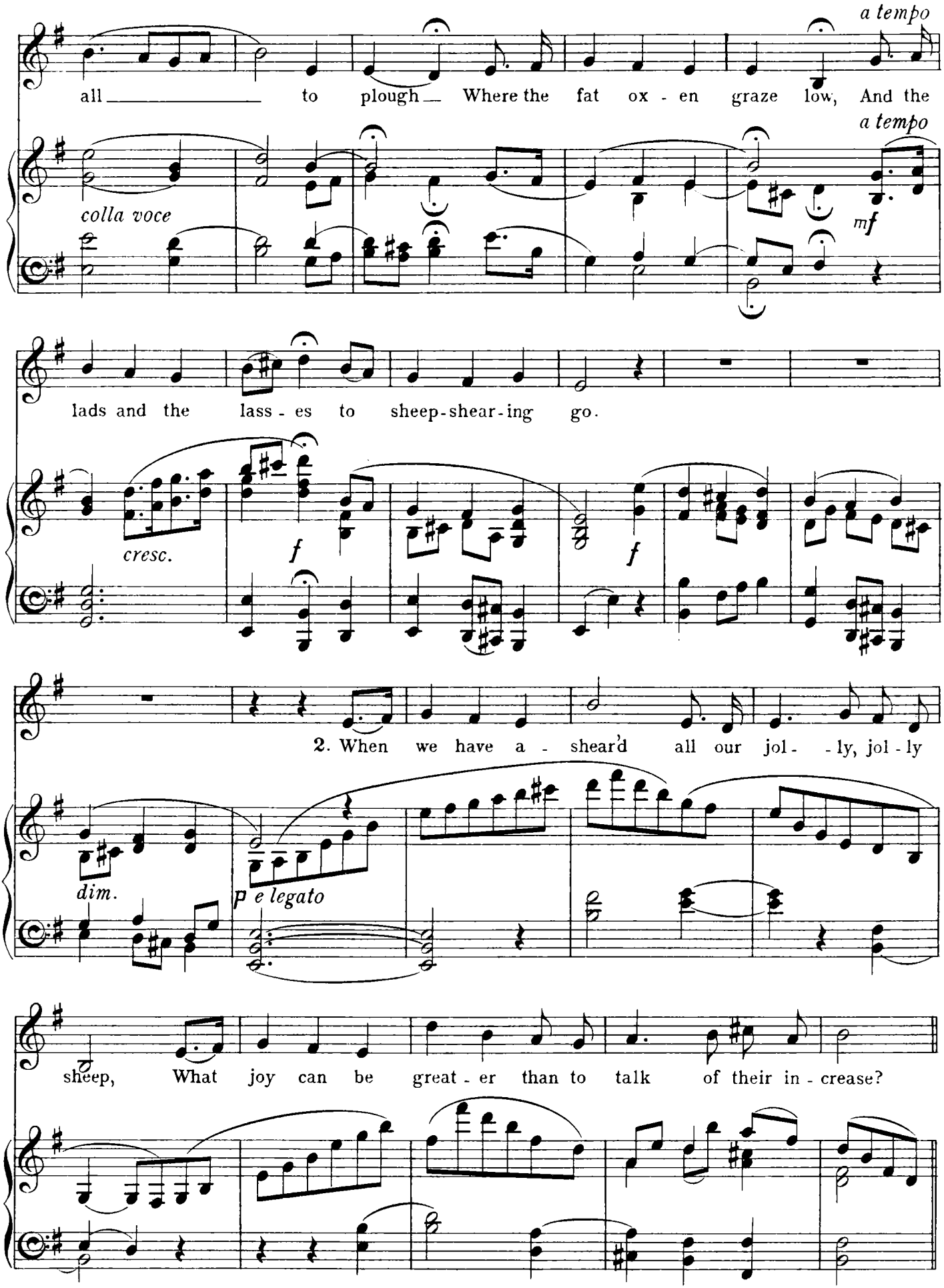
XVIII
THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

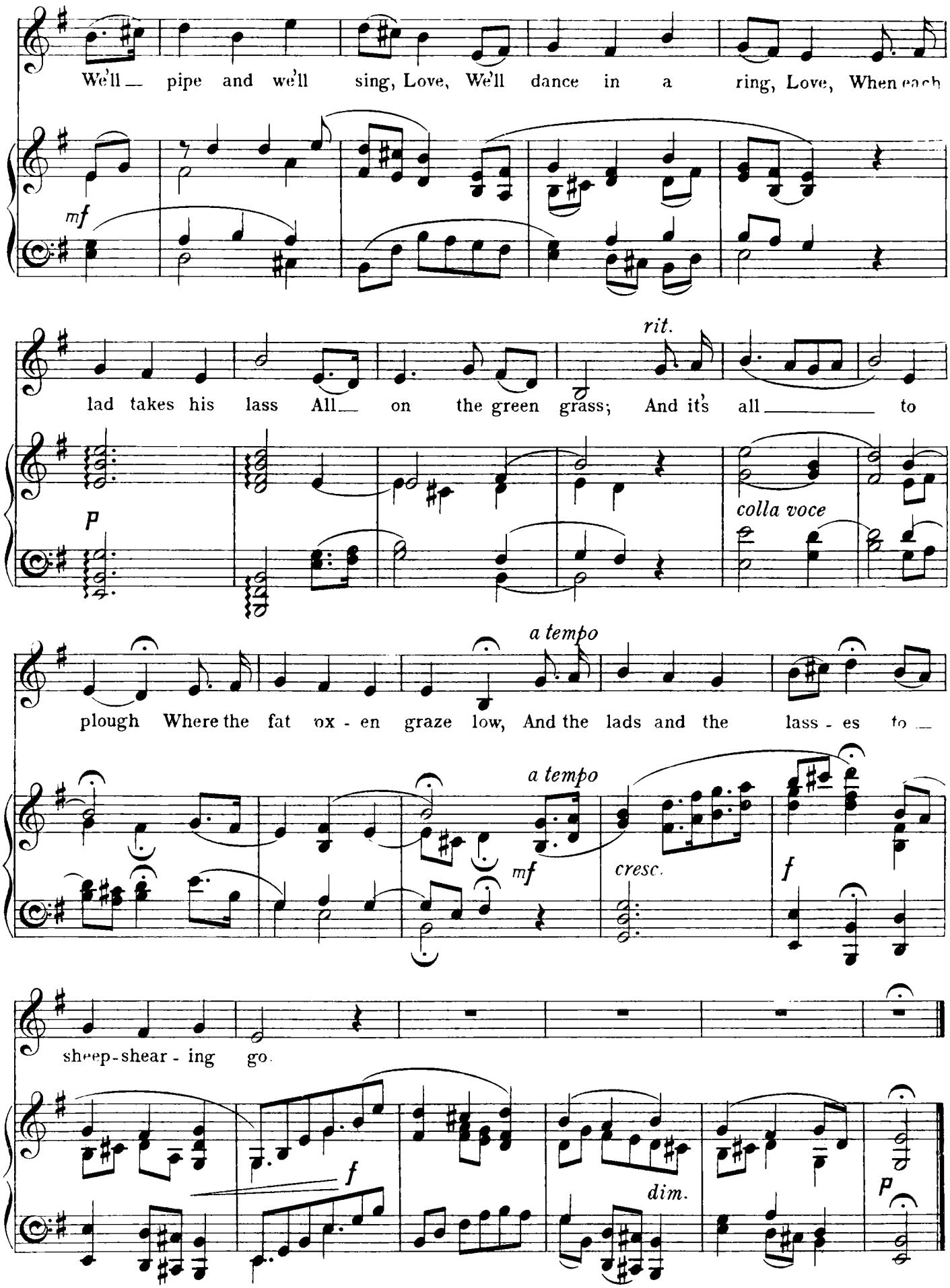



true love, for to be his bride. 2. Dear Phyl - lis, says he, can
chaff - ing they'll change like the wind: 4. But if e'er I prove false to my
f dim.
p
you fan - cy me? All in your soft bow - ers a crown it shall
soft lit - tle dove May the o - cean turn des - ert, and the el - e - ments
cresc. mf
dim.
3
be: You shall take no pain, I will you main - tain, My
move; For wher - ev - er I shall be, I'll be con - stant to thee. Like a
p
dim.
p
cresc.
First time D.S.
Second time
ship she's a - load - ed, just come in from Spain. 3. There are
ro - ver I will wan - der and swim through the sea.
First time D.S.
rit.
f
mf
p
p
Ped.
*

XIX
IT'S A ROSEBUD IN JUNE.

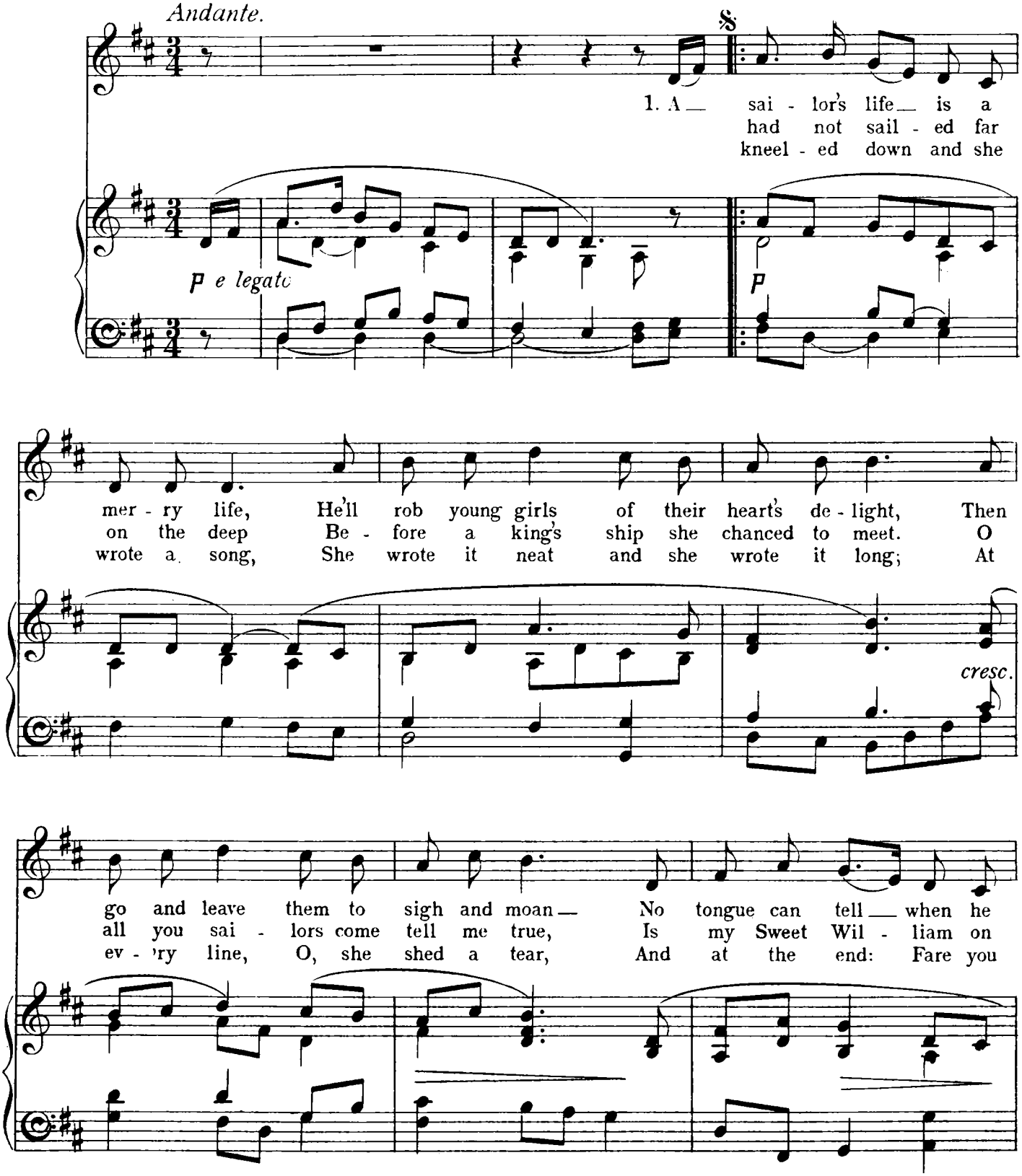


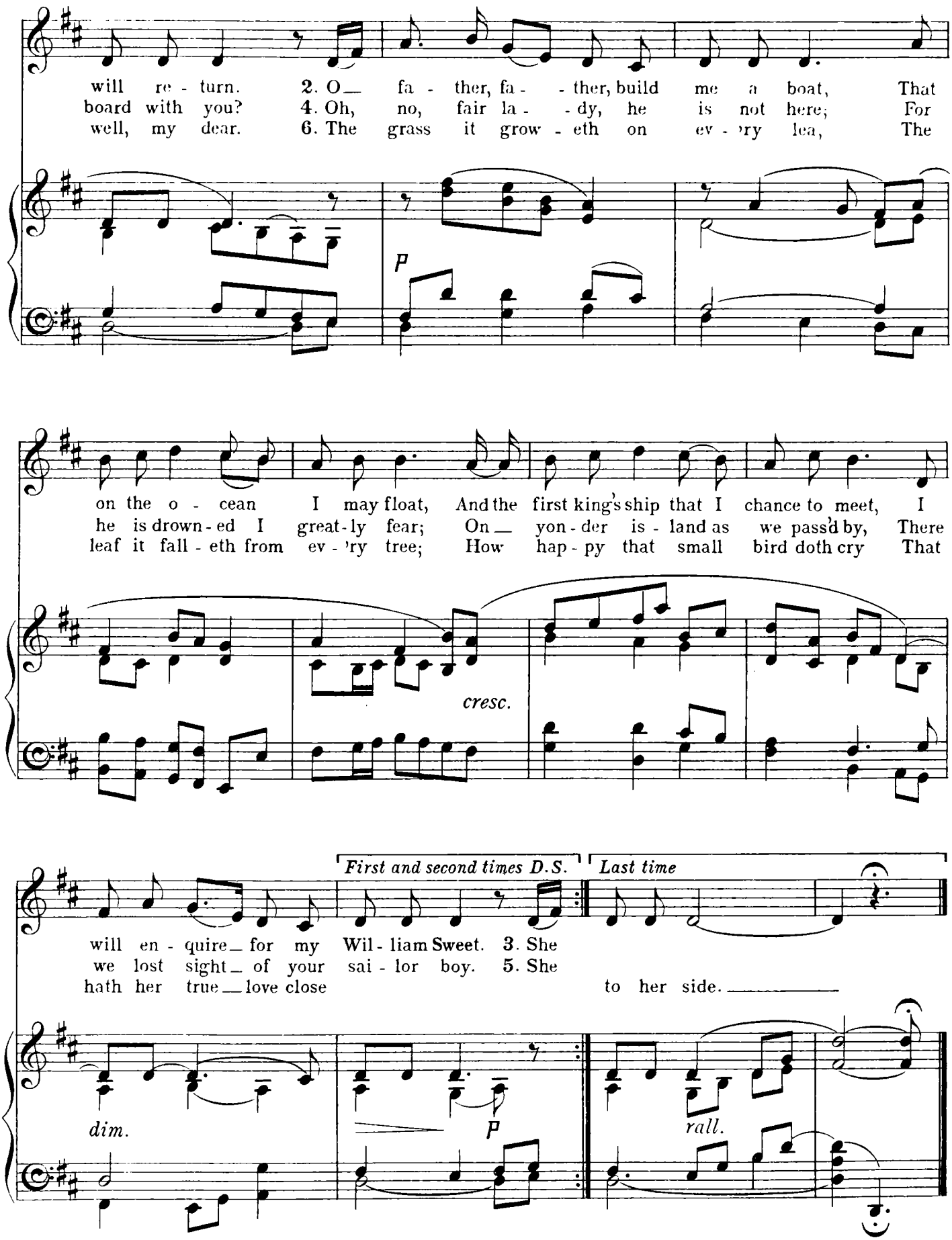

a tempo
all to plough Where the fat ox - en graze low, And the
a tempo
colla voce
mf
lads and the lass - es to sheep-shear-ing go.
cresc.
f
f
2. When we have a - shear'd all our jol - - ly, jol - ly
dim.
p e legato
sheep, What joy can be great - er than to talk of their in - crease?


We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love, We'll dance in a ring, Love, When each
mf
lad takes his lass All on the green grass; And it's all to
rit.
p
colla voce
plough Where the fat ox - en graze low, And the lads and the lass - es to
a tempo
a tempo
mf
cresc.
f
sheep-shear - ing go.
f
dim.
p

XX

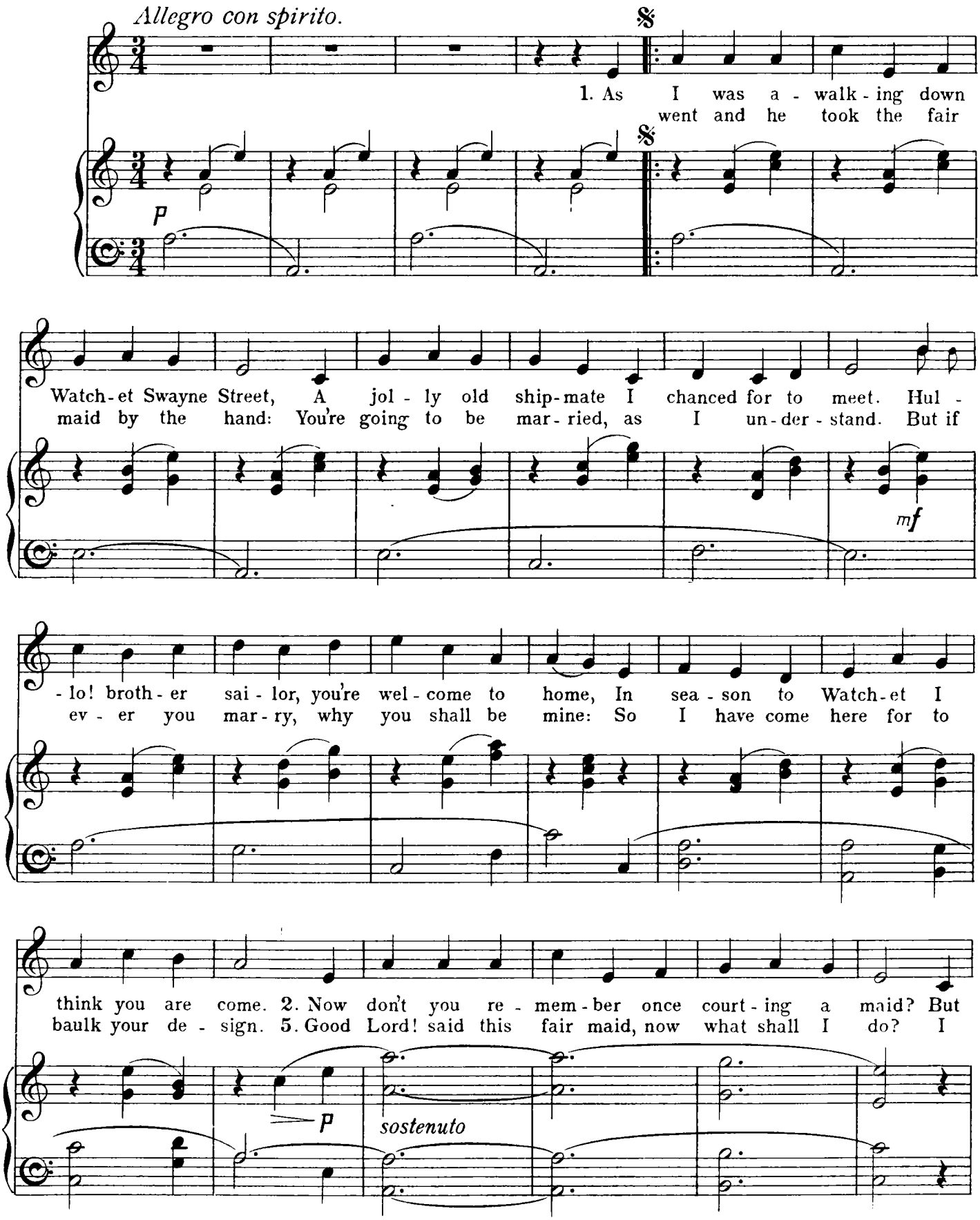
SWEET WILLIAM.

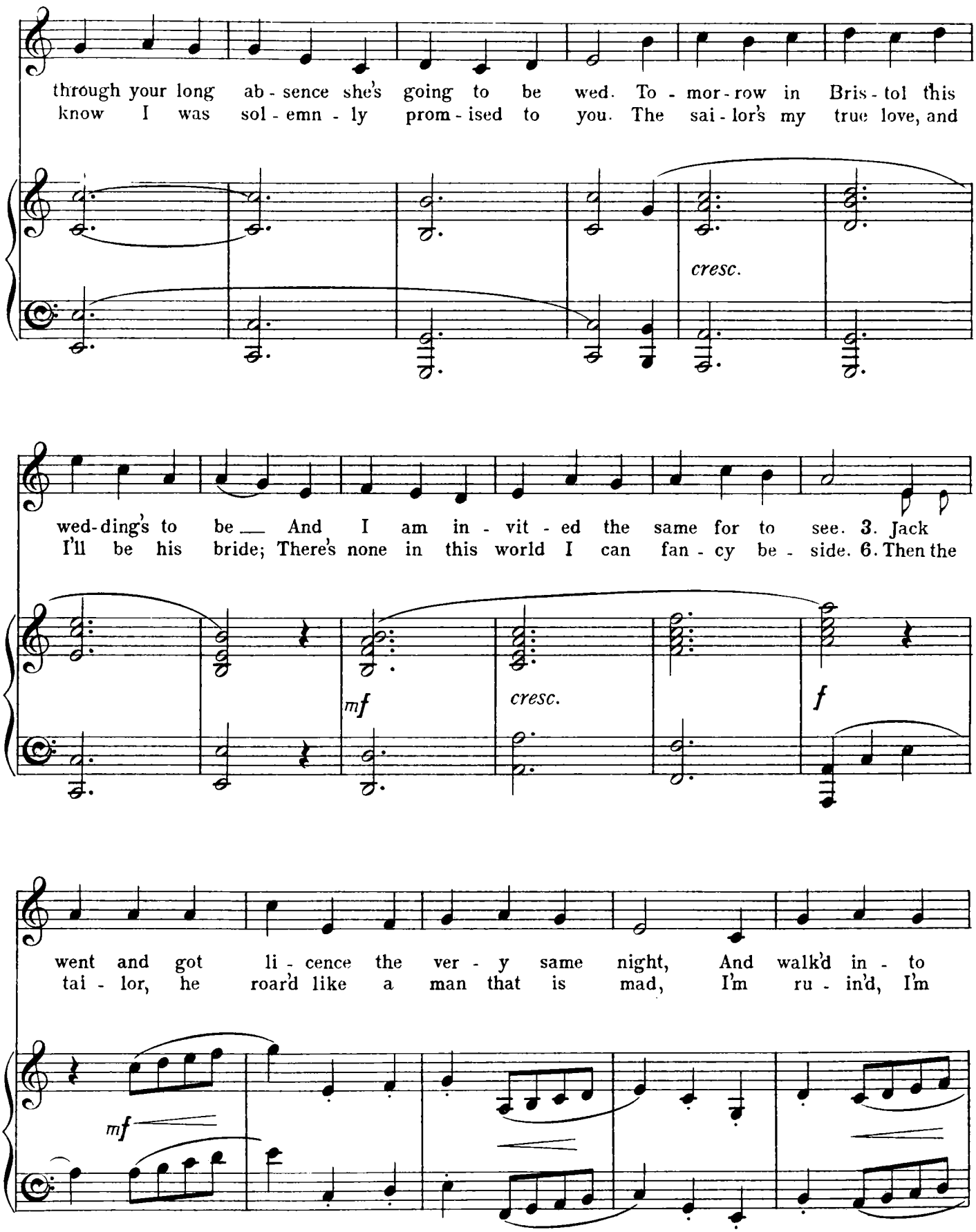


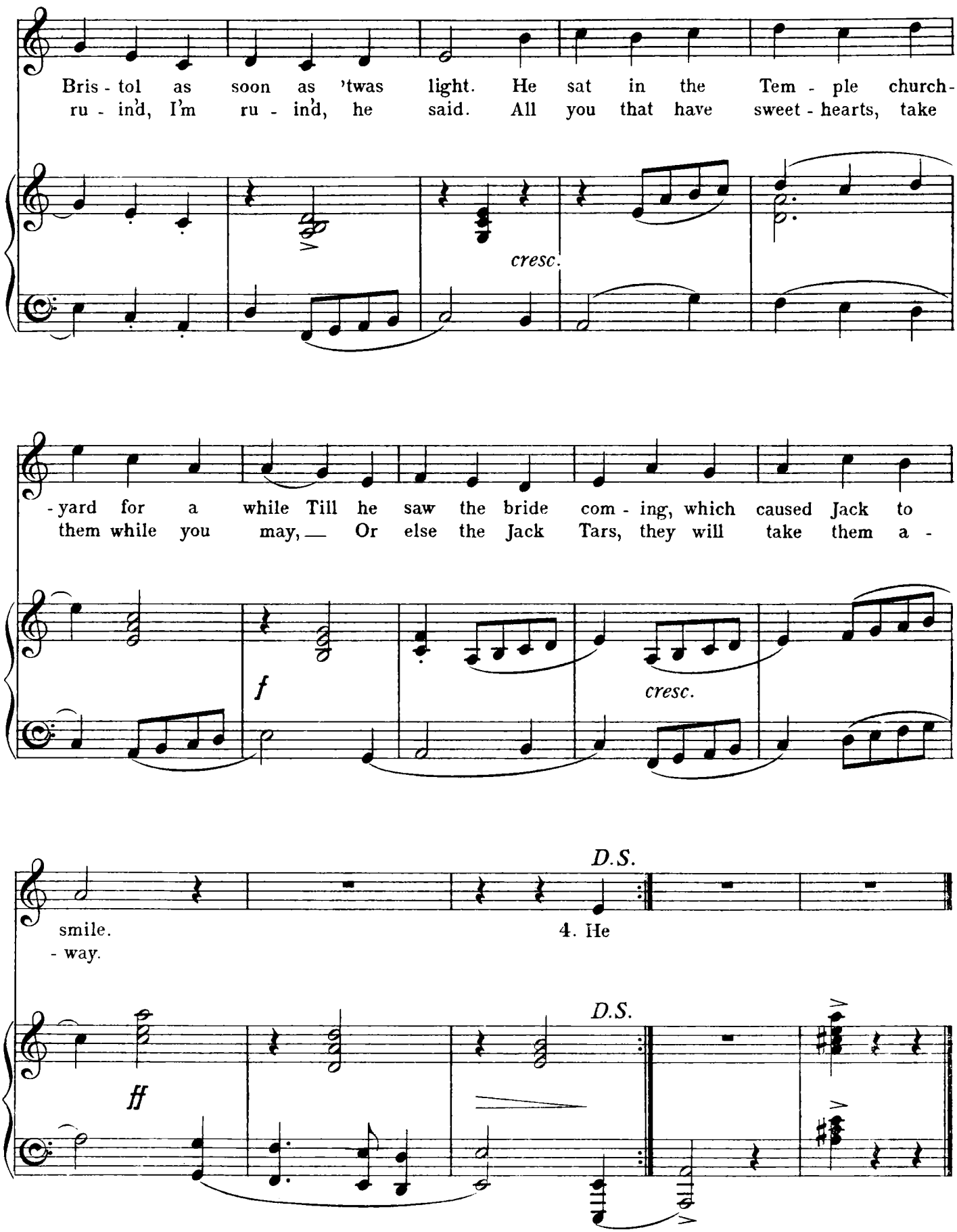

will re - turn. 2. O_ fa - ther, fa - - ther, build me a boat, That
board with you? 4. Oh, no, fair la - - dy, he is not here; For
well, my dear. 6. The grass it grow - eth on ev - ry lea, The
P
on the o - cean I may float, And the first king's ship that I chance to meet, I
he is drown - ed I great - ly fear; On_ yon - der is - land as we pass'd by, There
leaf it fall - eth from ev - ry tree; How hap - py that small bird doth cry That
cresc.
First and second times D.S.
Last time
will en - quire_ for my Wil - liam Sweet. 3. She
we lost sight_ of your sai - lor boy. 5. She
hath her true_ love close to her side.
dim.
P
rall.

XXI

THE WATCHET SAILOR.

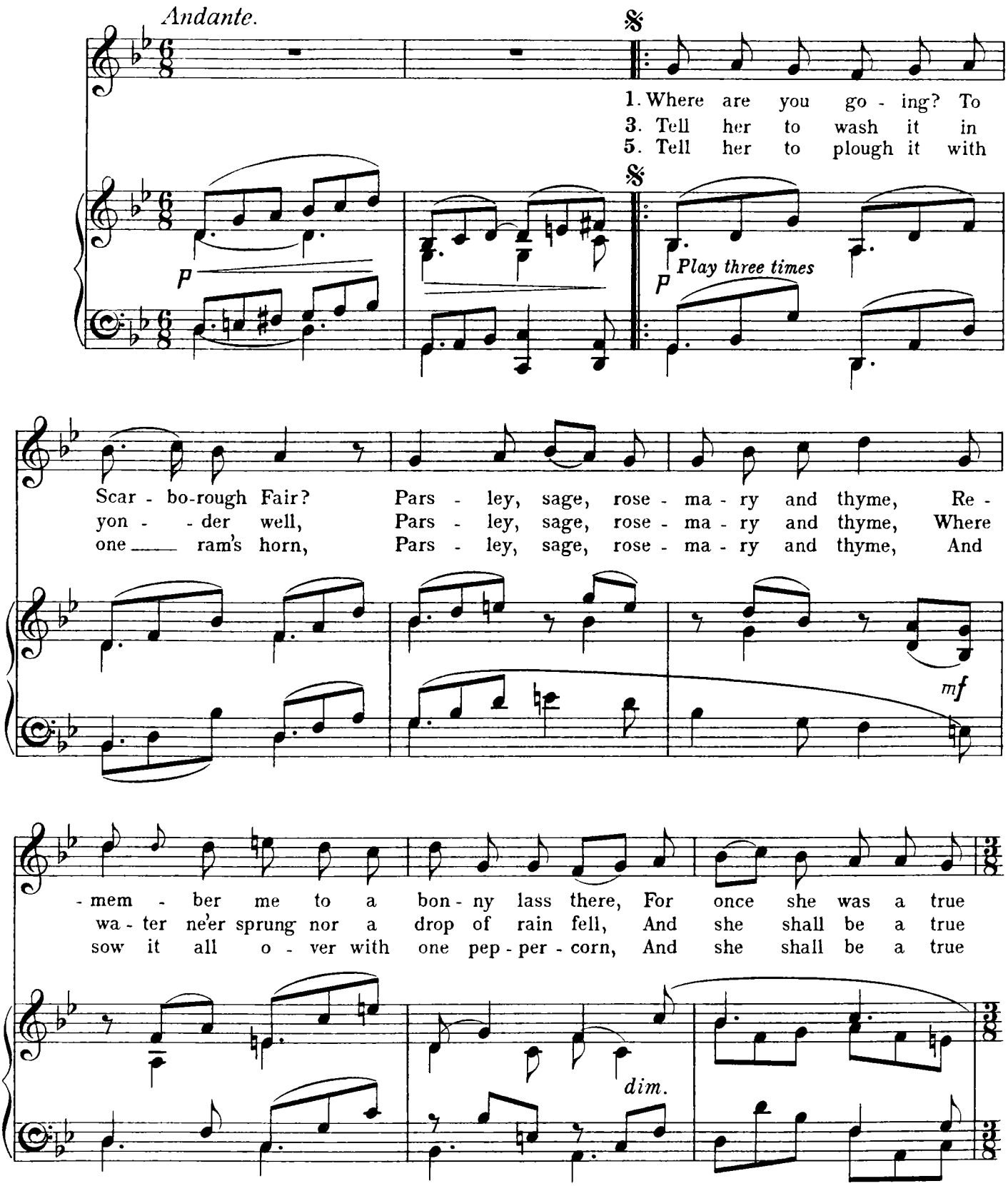


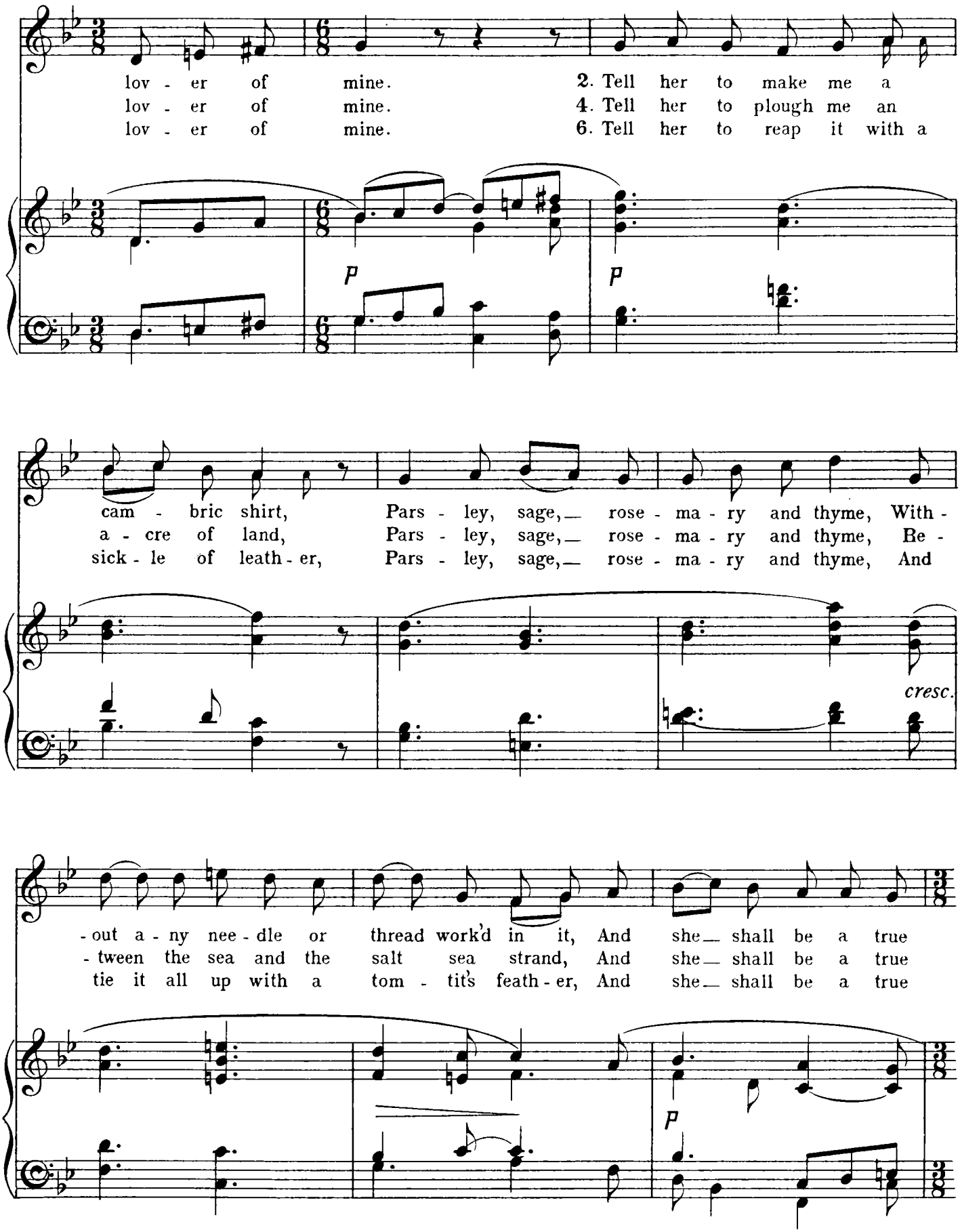

through your long ab - sence she's going to be wed. To - mor - row in Bris - tol this
know I was sol - emn - ly prom - ised to you. The sai - lor's my true love, and
cresc.
wed - ding's to be __ And I am in - vit - ed the same for to see. 3. Jack
I'll be his bride; There's none in this world I can fan - cy be - side. 6. Then the
mf
cresc.
f
went and got li - cence the ver - y same night, And walk'd in - to
tai - lor, he roar'd like a man that is mad, I'm ru - in'd, I'm
mf

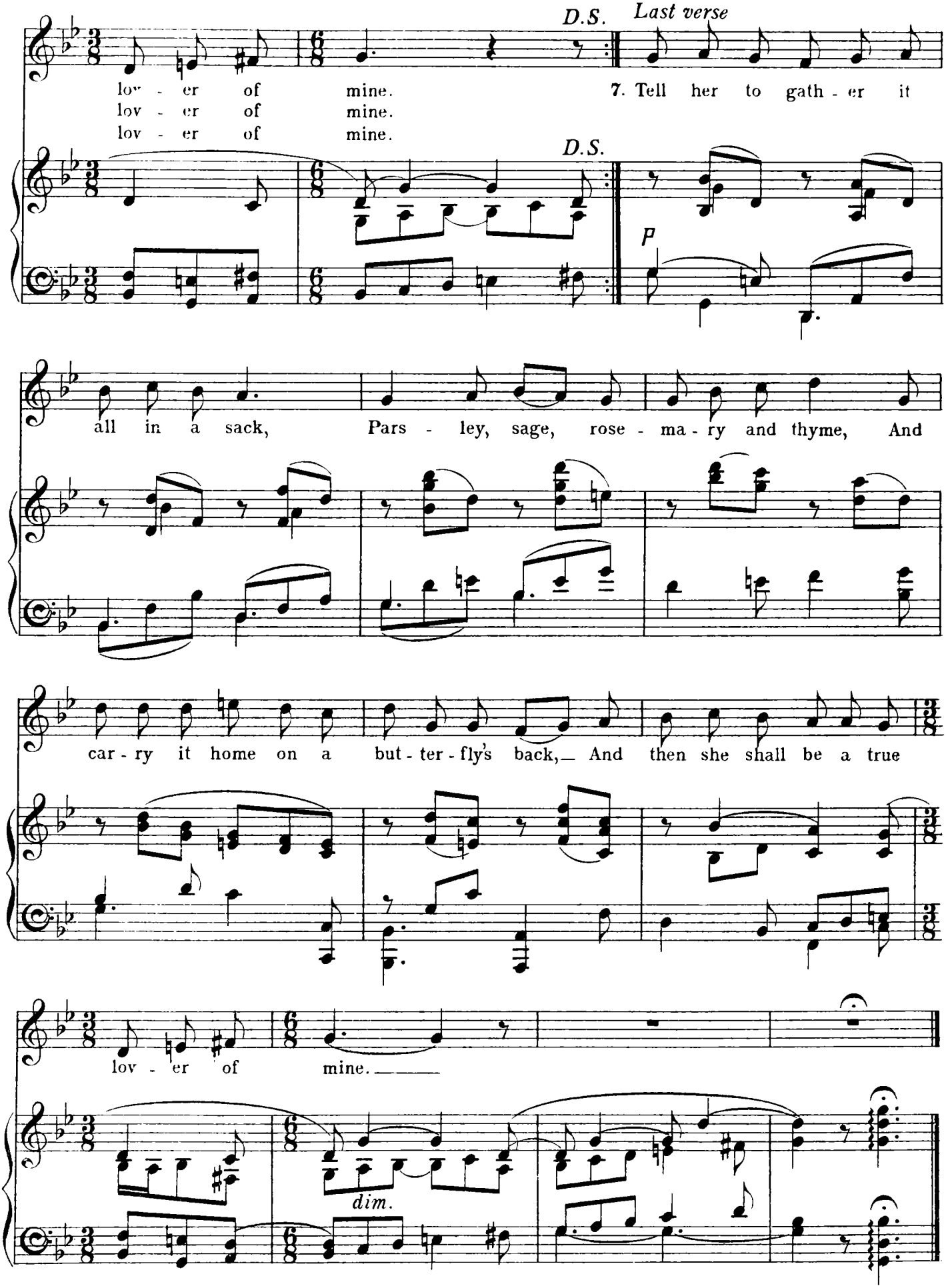

Bris - tol as soon as 'twas light. He sat in the Tem - ple church-
ru - in'd, I'm ru - in'd, he said. All you that have sweet - hearts, take
cresc.
- yard for a while Till he saw the bride com - ing, which caused Jack to
them while you may, — Or else the Jack Tars, they will take them a -
f
cresc.
D.S.
smile.
- way.
4. He
ff
D.S.

XXII

SCARBOROUGH FAIR.




lov - er of mine.
lov - er of mine.
lov - er of mine.
2. Tell her to make me a
4. Tell her to plough me an
6. Tell her to reap it with a
p
p
cam - bric shirt,
a - cre of land,
sick - le of leath - er,
Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, With -
Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, Be -
Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, And
cresc.
- out a - ny nee - dle or
- tween the sea and the
tie it all up with a
thread work'd in it, And she shall be a true
salt sea strand, And she shall be a true
tom - tit's feath - er, And she shall be a true
p


D.S.
Last verse
lov - er of mine.
lov - er of mine.
lov - er of mine.
7. Tell her to gath - er it
D.S.
P
all in a sack, Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, And
car - ry it home on a but - ter - fly's back,_ And then she shall be a true
lov - er of mine.
dim.

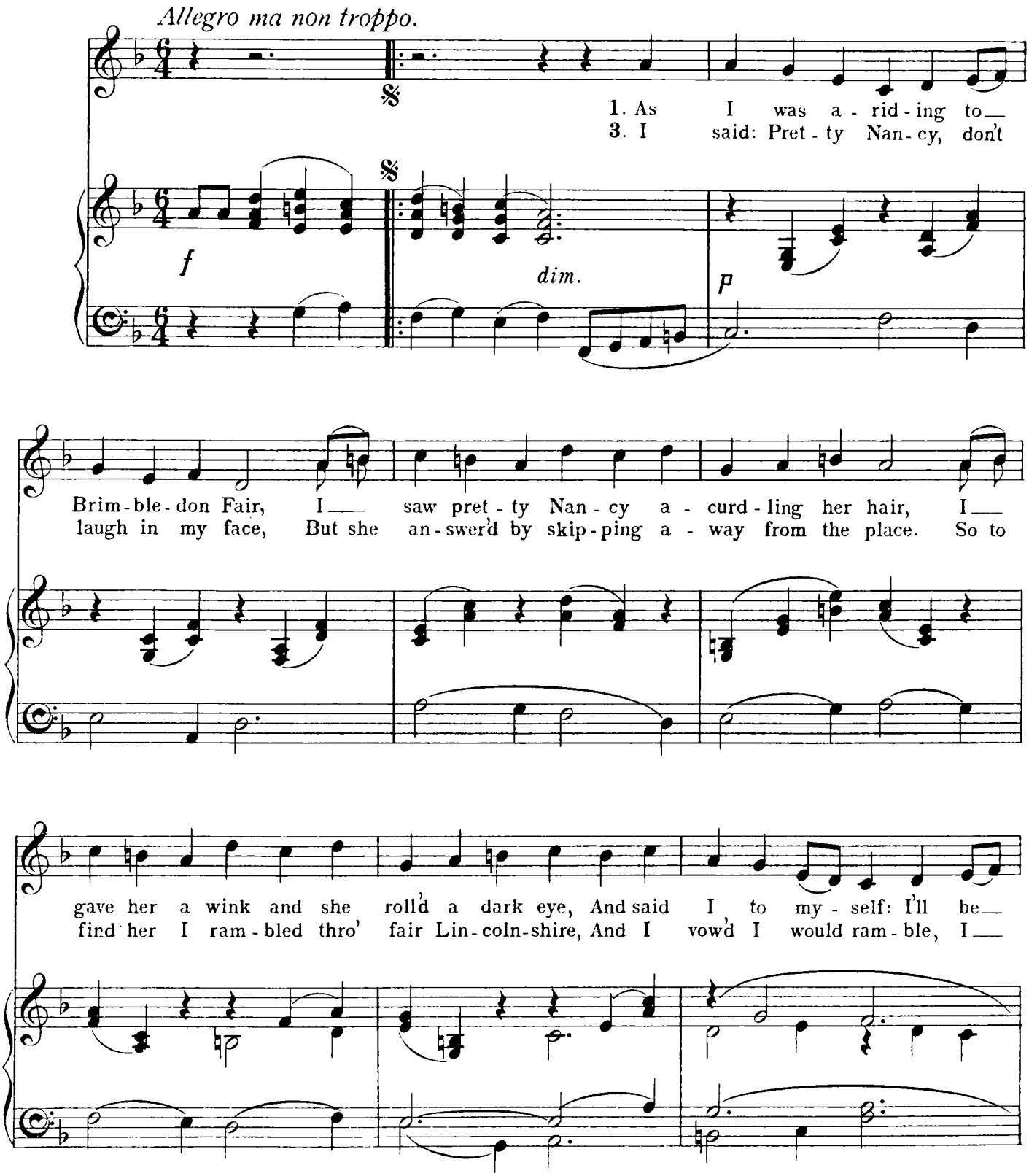
BRIMBLEDON FAIR

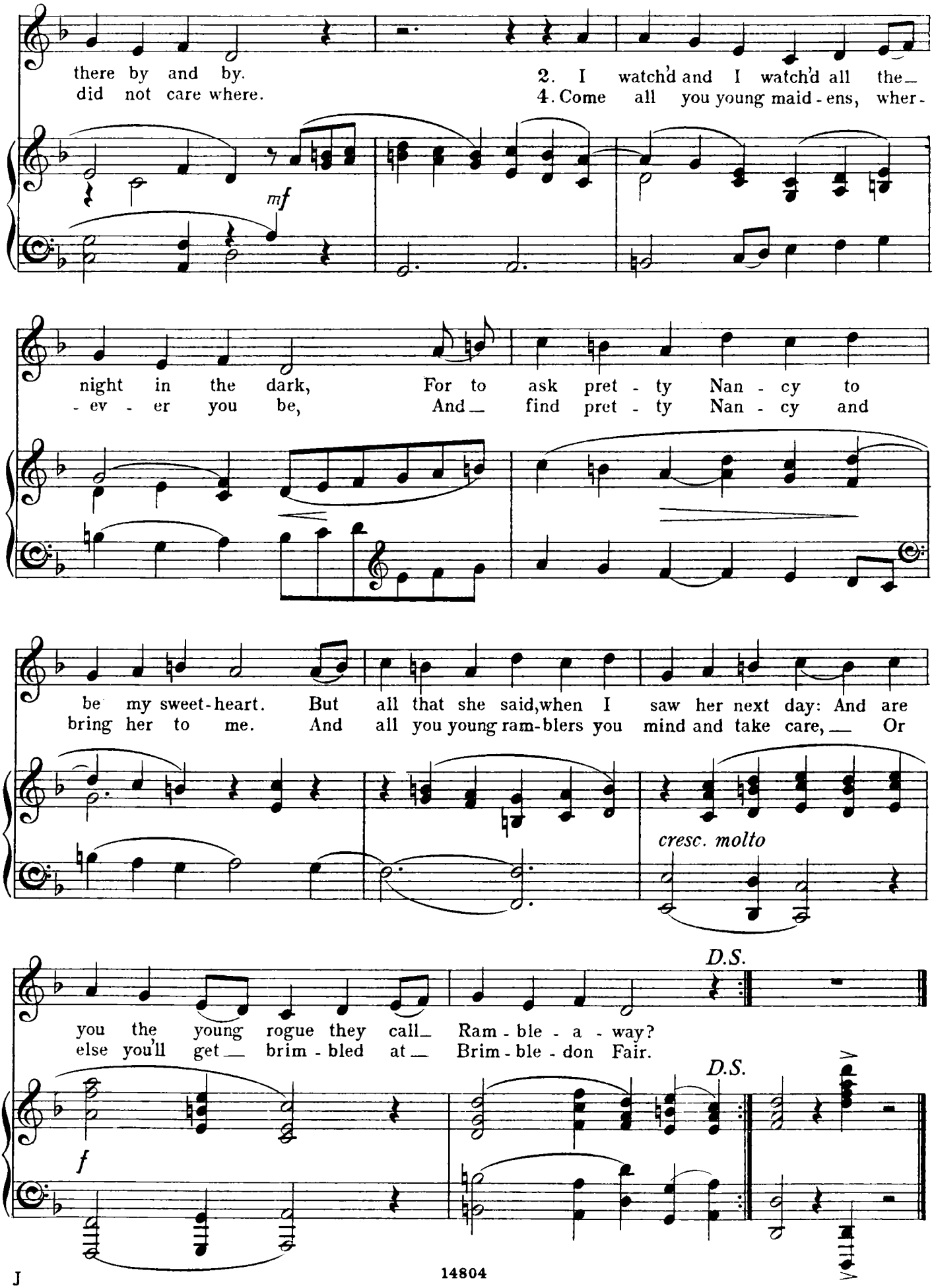
OR, YOUNG RAMBLE-AWAY.

XXIII

BRIMBLEDON FAIR

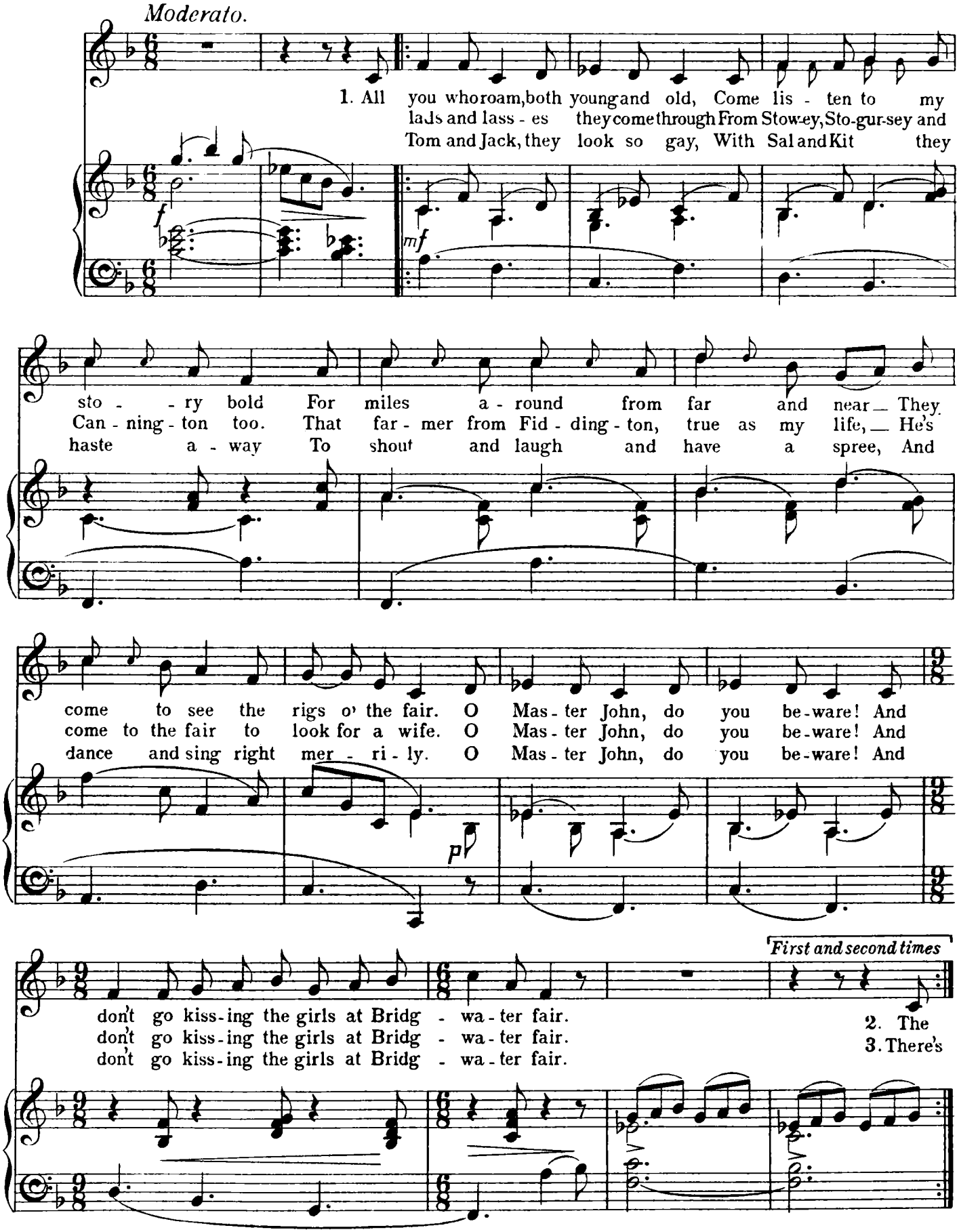
OR, YOUNG RAMBLE-AWAY.

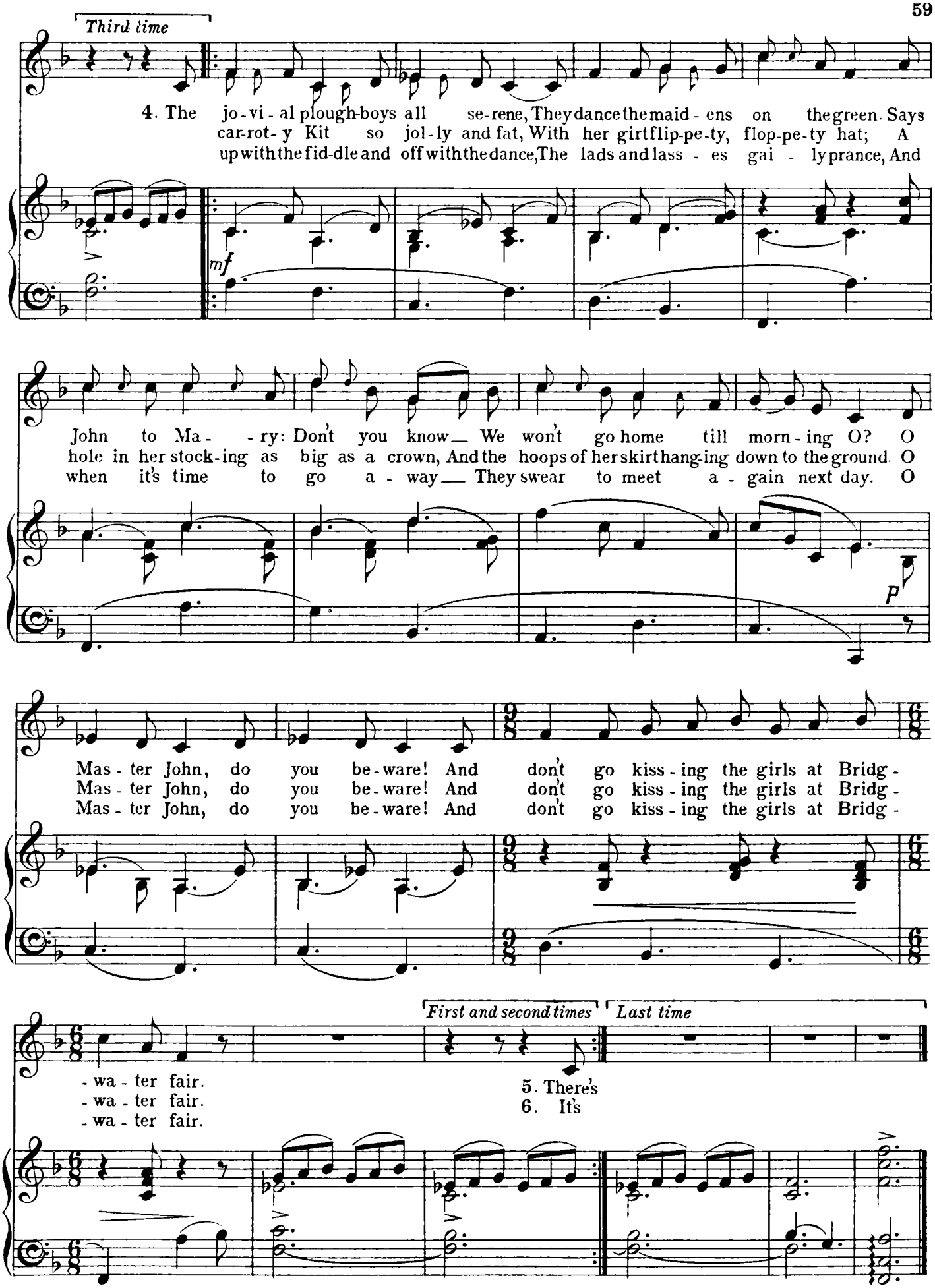



there by and by.
did not care where.
2. I watch'd and I watch'd all the_
4. Come all you young maid - ens, wher -
mf
night in the dark,
- ev - er you be,
For to ask pret - ty Nan - cy to
And_ find pret - ty Nan - cy and
be my sweet-heart.
bring her to me.
But all that she said,when I saw her next day: And are
And all you young ram-blers you mind and take care,_ Or
cresc. molto
D.S.
you the young rogue they call_
else you'll get_ brim - bled at_
Ram - ble - a - way?
Brim - ble - don Fair.
D.S.
f

XXIV

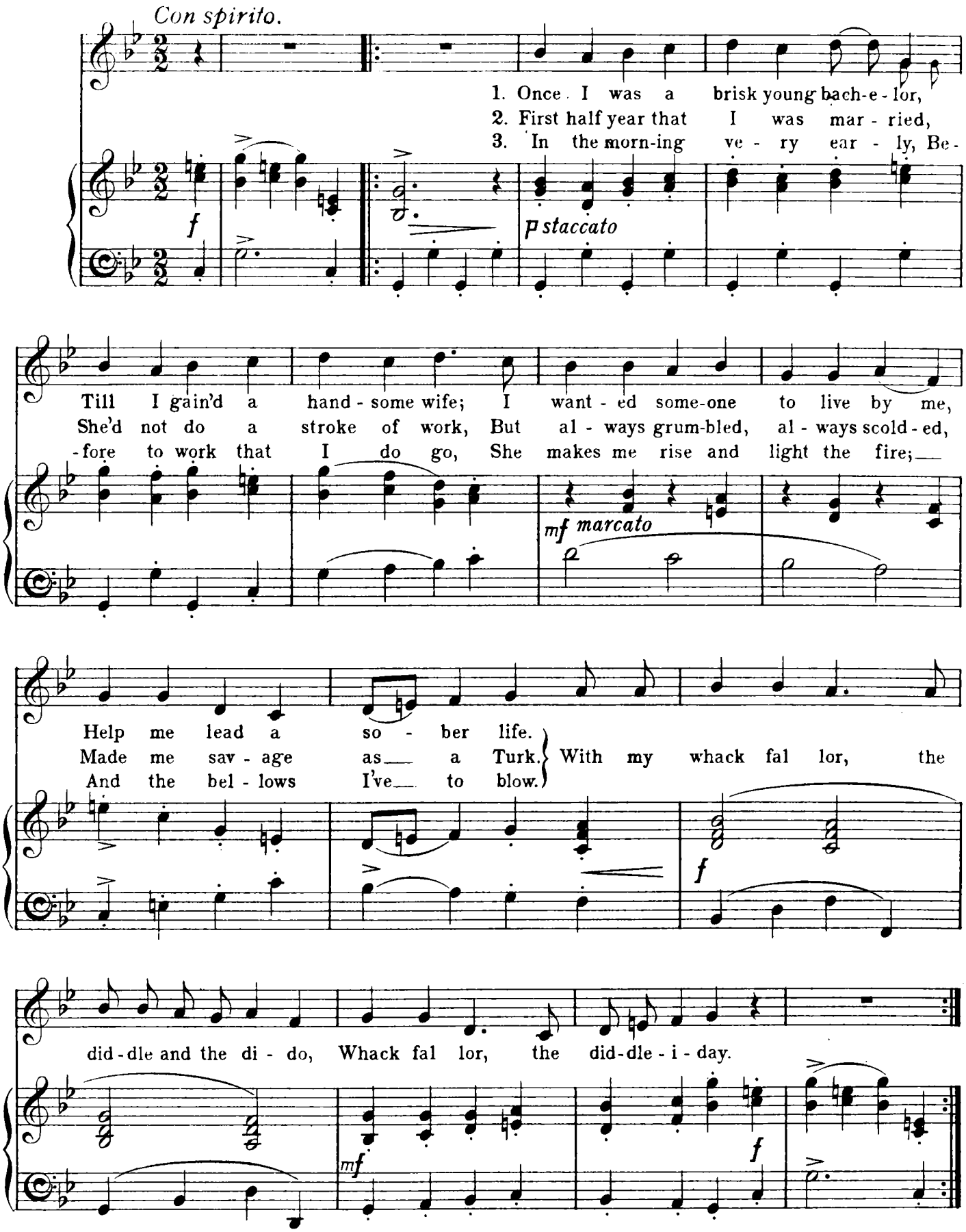
BRIDGWATER FAIR.

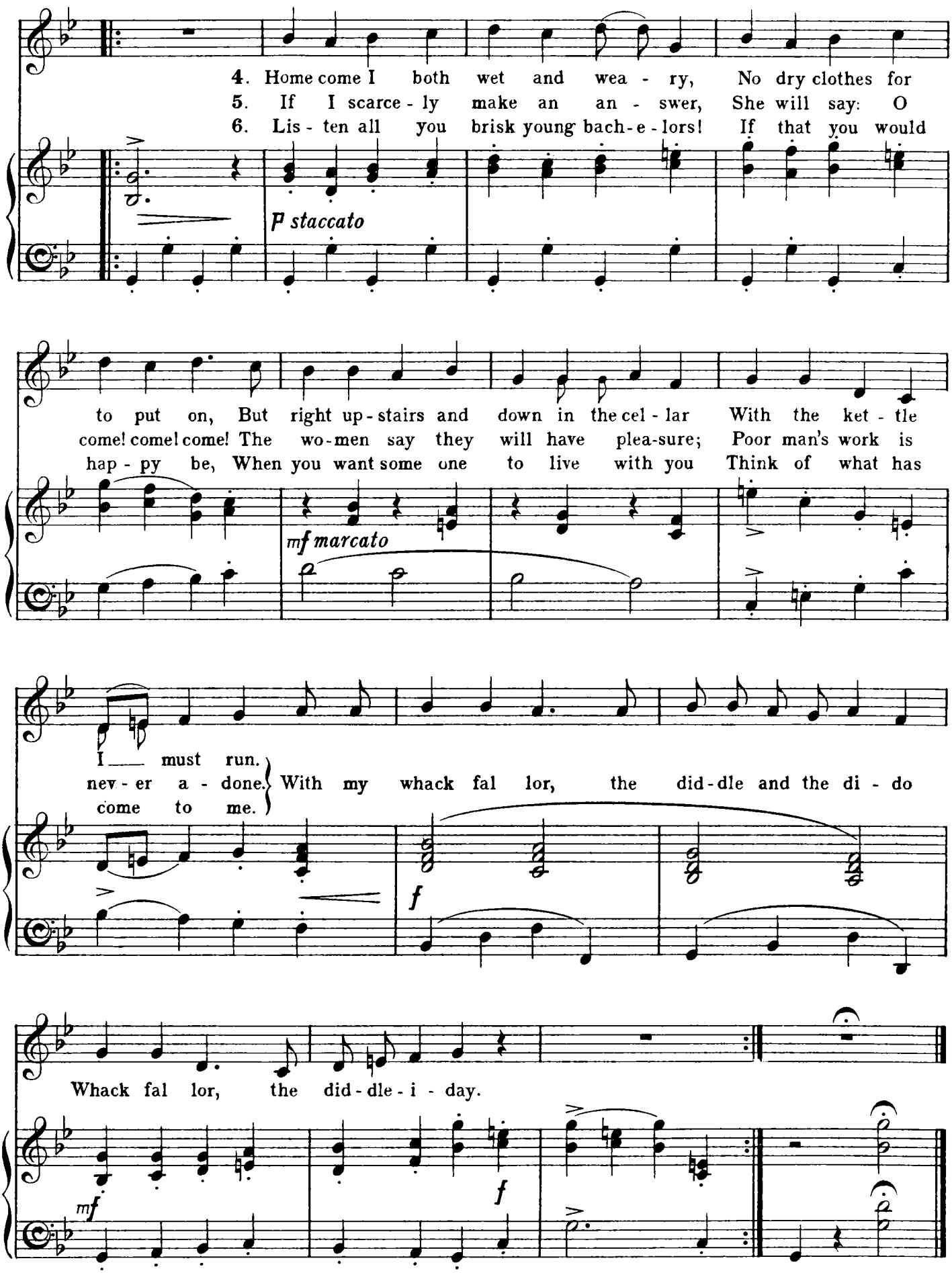



Third time
4. The jo-vi-al plough-boys all se-rene, They dance the maid-ens on the green. Says
car-rot-y Kit so jol-ly and fat, With her girt flip-pe-ty, flop-pe-ty hat; A
up with the fid-dle and off with the dance, The lads and lass-es gai-ly prance, And
mf
John to Ma--ry: Don't you know We won't go home till morn-ing O? O
hole in her stock-ing as big as a crown, And the hoops of her skirt hang-ing down to the ground. O
when it's time to go a-way They swear to meet a-gain next day. O
P
Mas-ter John, do you be-ware! And don't go kiss-ing the girls at Bridg-
Mas-ter John, do you be-ware! And don't go kiss-ing the girls at Bridg-
Mas-ter John, do you be-ware! And don't go kiss-ing the girls at Bridg-
First and second times
Last time
-wa-ter fair.
-wa-ter fair.
-wa-ter fair.
5. There's
6. It's

XXV

THE BRISK YOUNG BACHELOR.

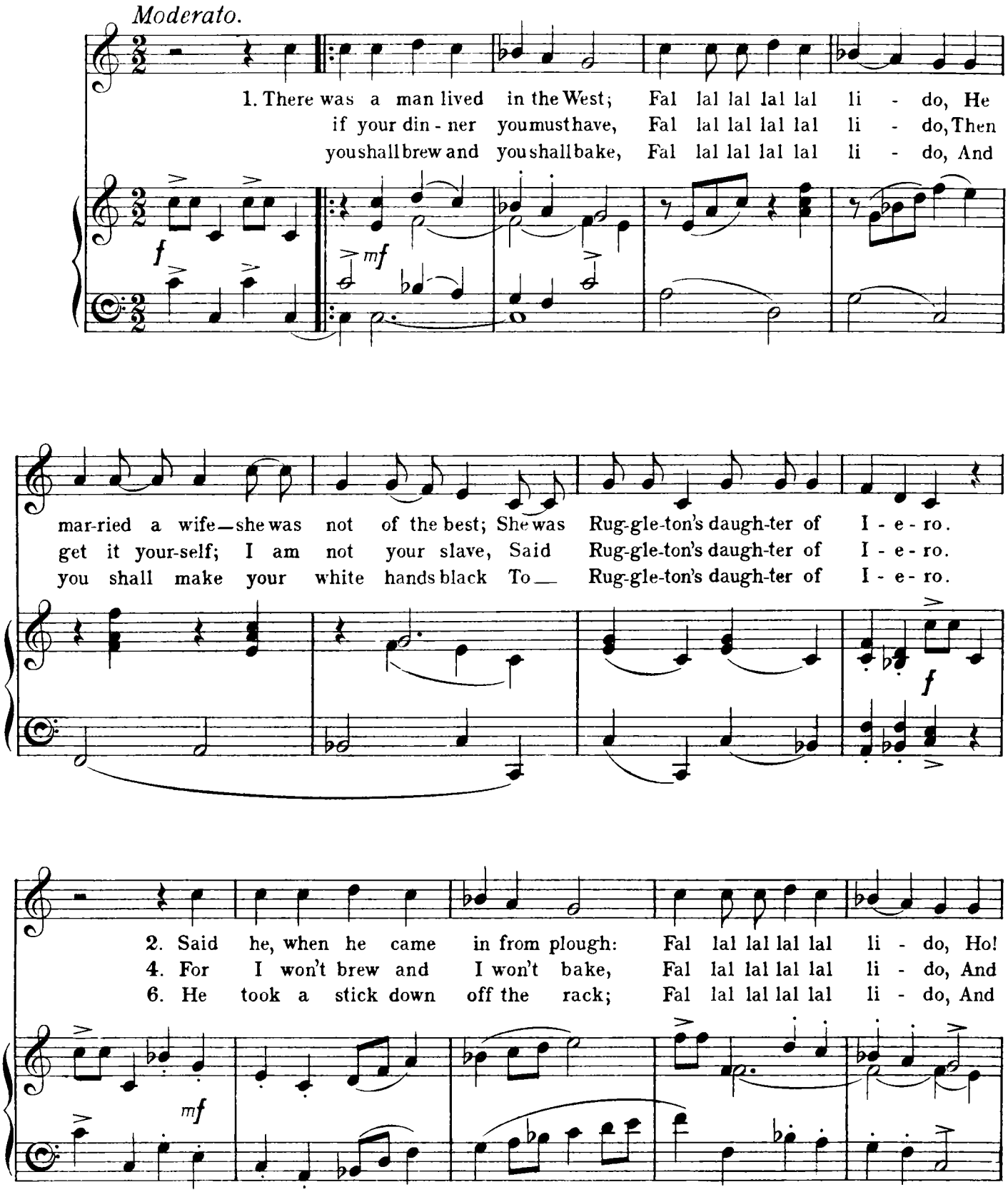


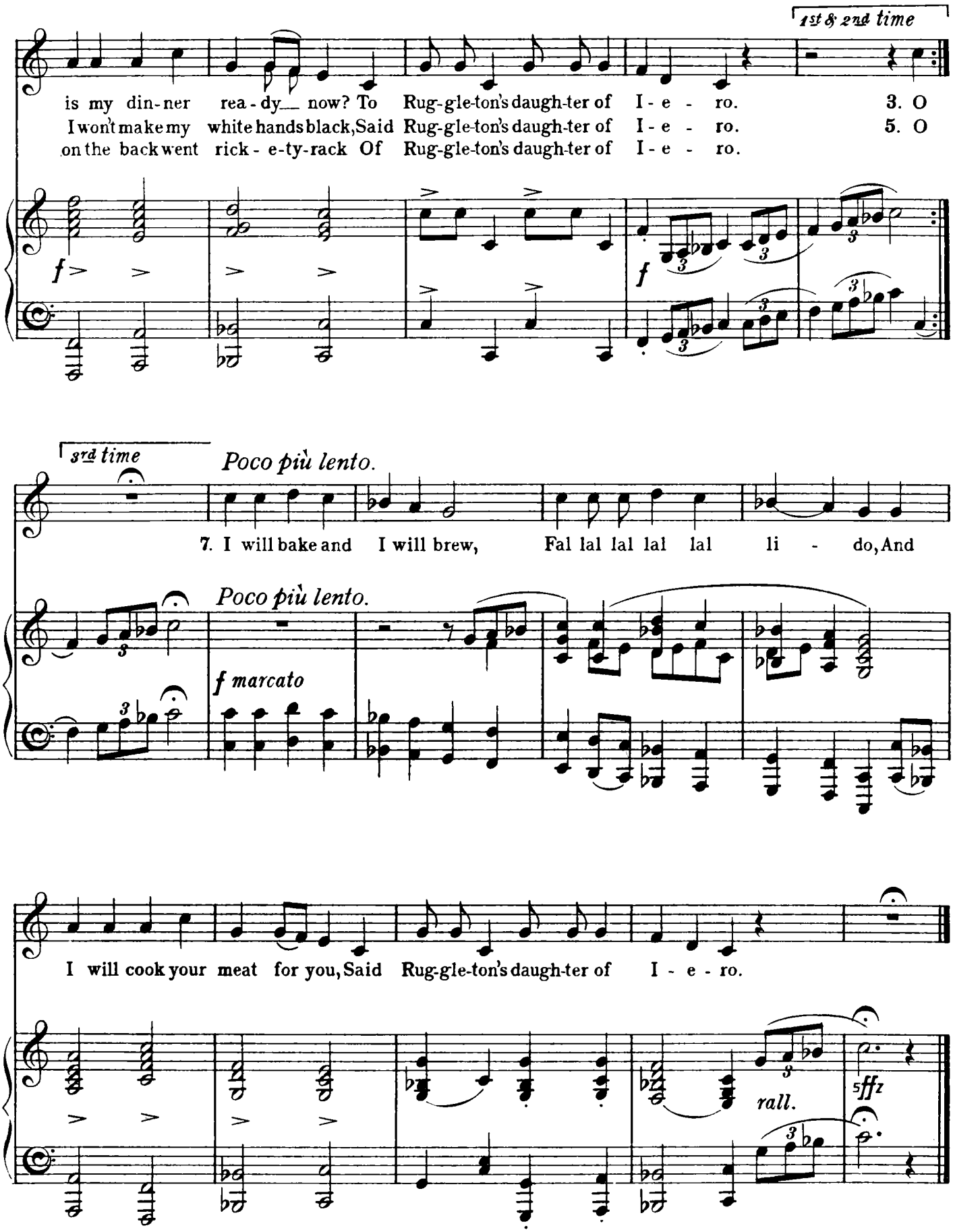

4. Home come I both wet and wea - ry, No dry clothes for
5. If I scarce - ly make an an - swer, She will say: O
6. Lis - ten all you brisk young bach-e - lors! If that you would
p staccato
to put on, But right up - stairs and down in the cel - lar With the ket - tle
come! come! come! The wo-men say they will have plea-sure; Poor man's work is
hap - py be, When you want some one to live with you Think of what has
mf marcato
I must run.
nev - er a - done. With my whack fal lor, the did-dle and the di - do
come to me.
f
Whack fal lor, the did - dle - i - day.
mf
f

XXVI

RUGGLETON'S DAUGHTER OF IERO.

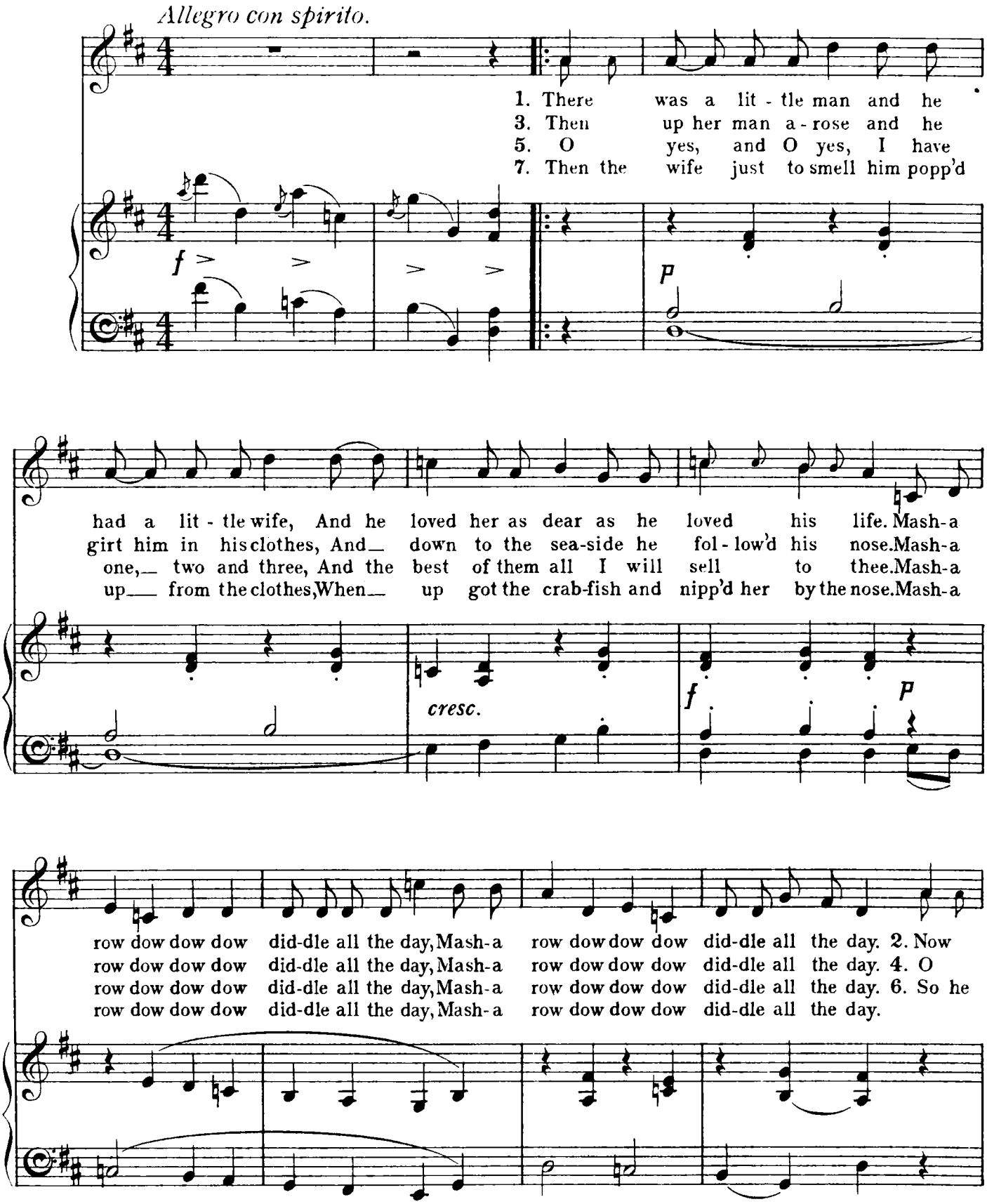
Moderato.

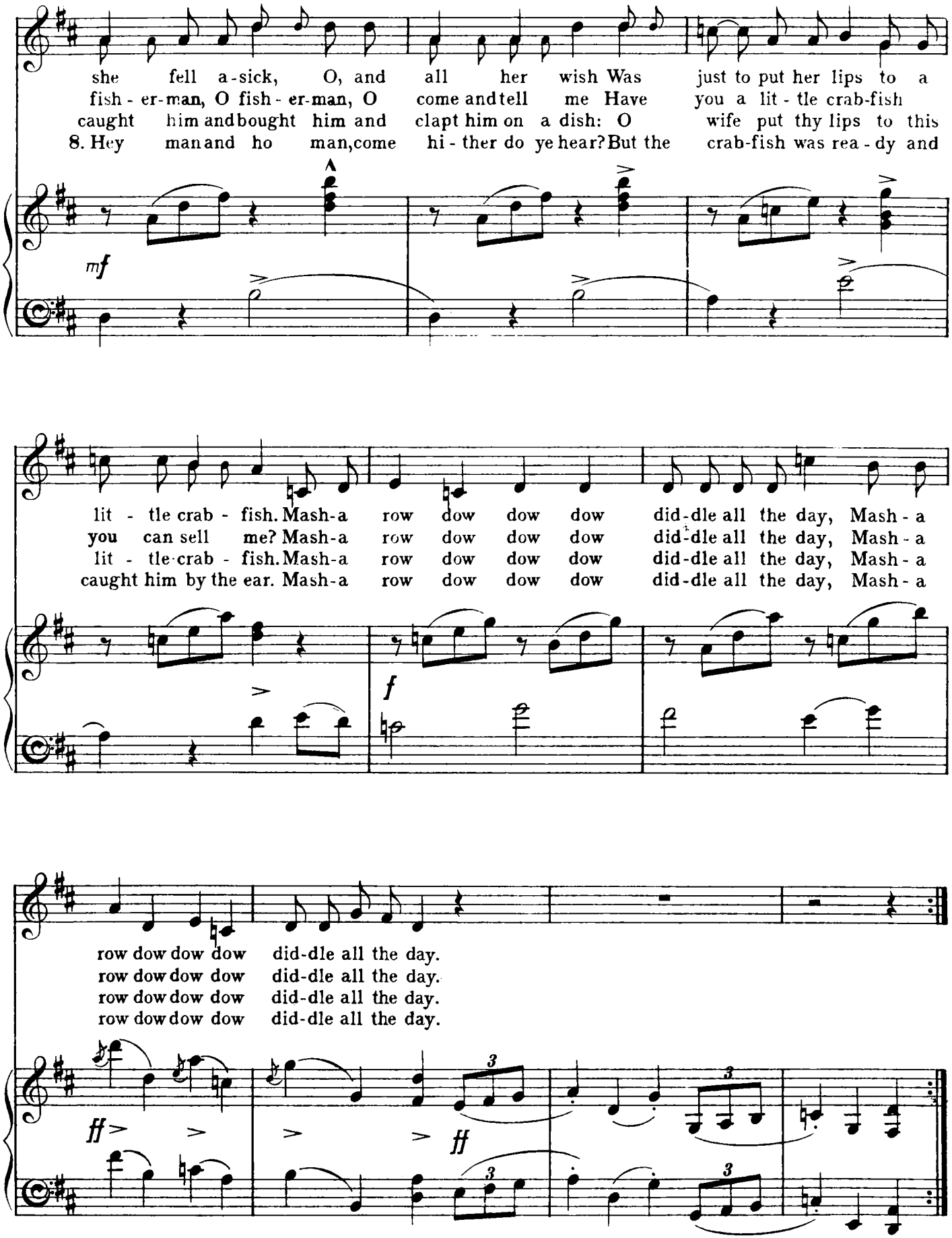



1st & 2nd time
is my din-ner rea-dy now? To Rug-gle-ton's daugh-ter of I-e-ro. 3. O
I won't make my white hands black, Said Rug-gle-ton's daugh-ter of I-e-ro. 5. O
on the back went rick-e-ty-rack Of Rug-gle-ton's daugh-ter of I-e-ro.
f
f
3rd time
Poco più lento.
7. I will bake and I will brew, Fal lal lal lal lal li-do, And
Poco più lento.
f marcato
I will cook your meat for you, Said Rug-gle-ton's daugh-ter of I-e-ro.
rall.
fff

XXVII

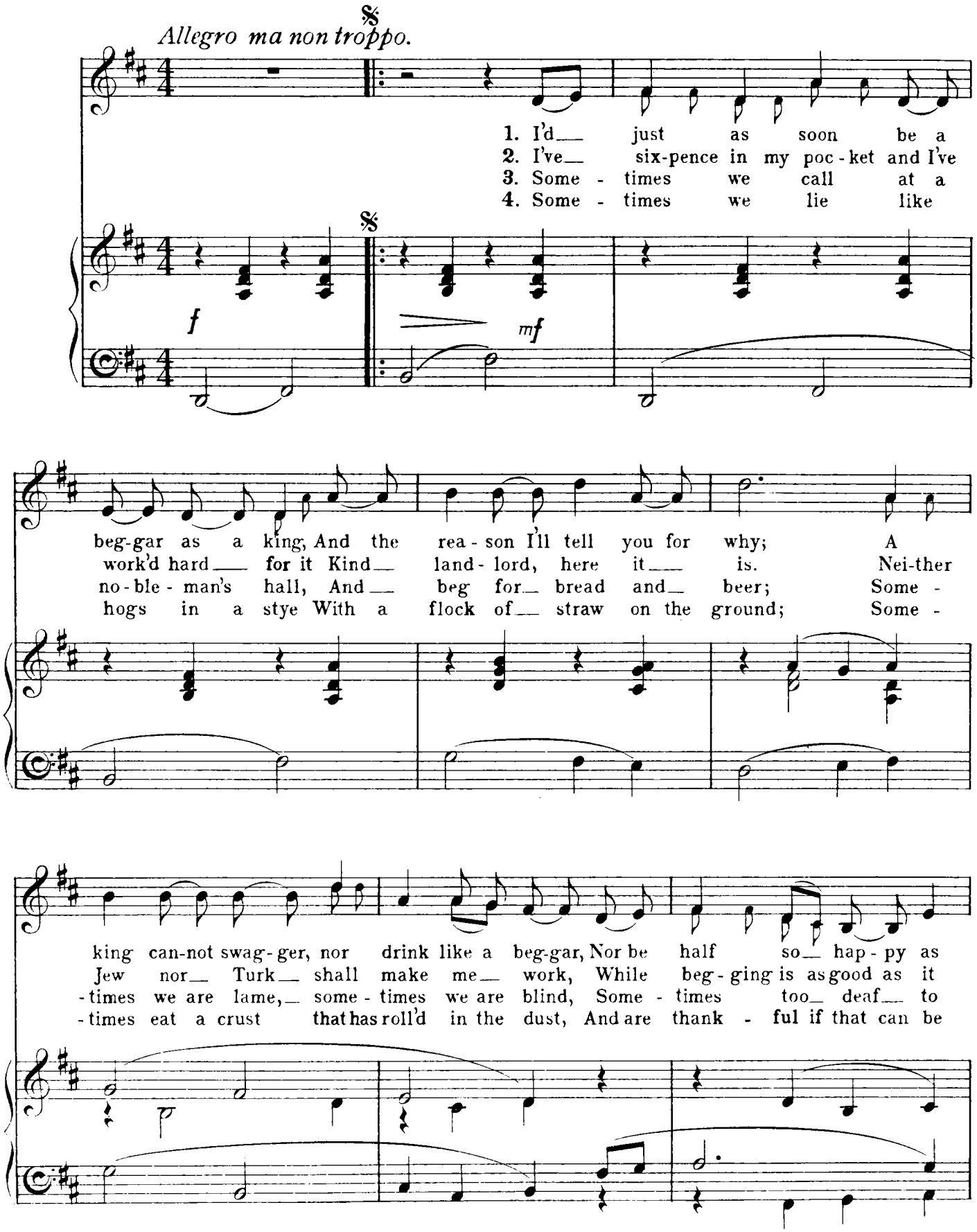
THE CRABFISH.

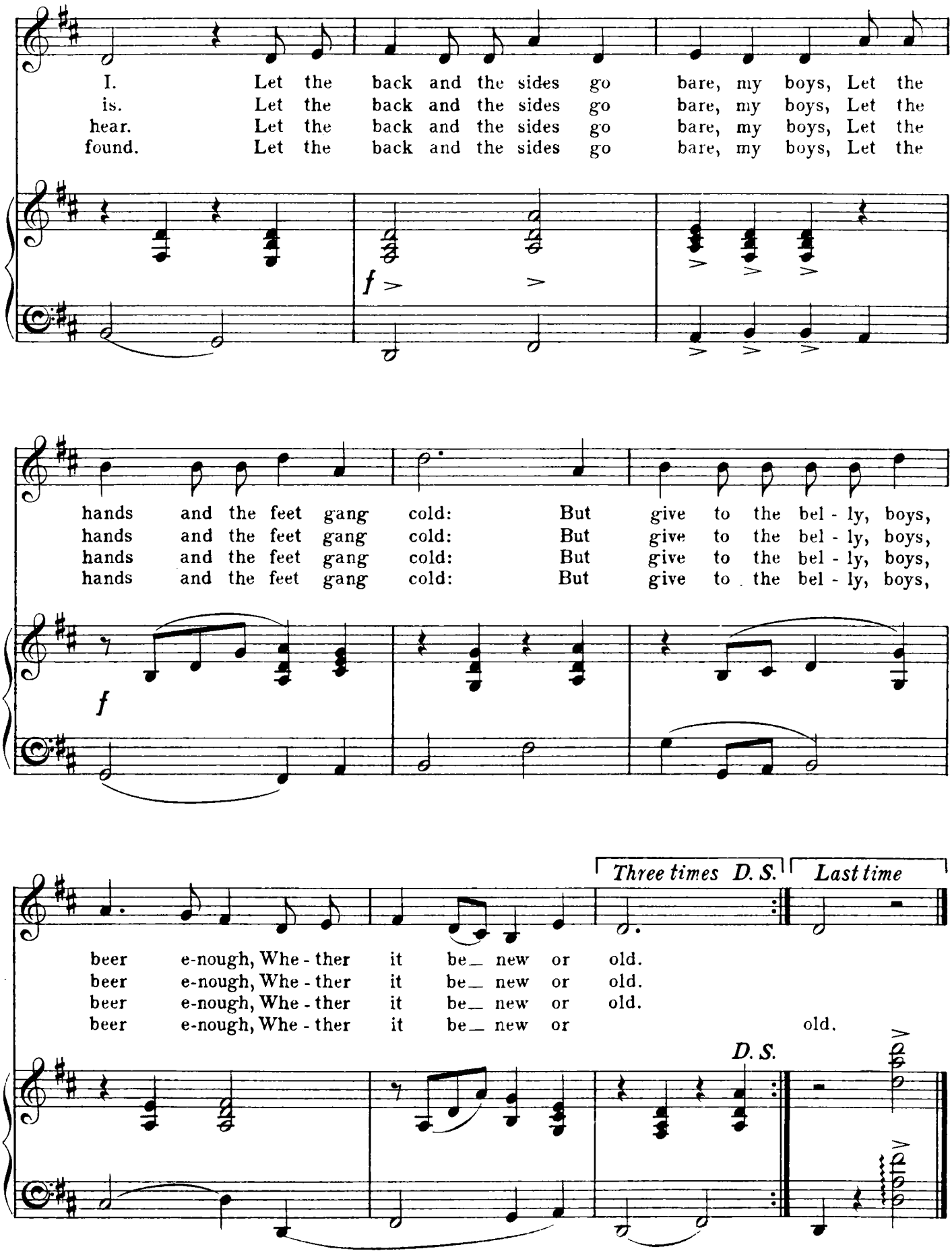



she fell a-sick, O, and all her wish Was just to put her lips to a
fish-er-man, O fish-er-man, O come and tell me Have you a lit-tle crab-fish
caught him and bought him and clapt him on a dish: O wife put thy lips to this
8. Hey man and ho man, come hi-ther do ye hear? But the crab-fish was rea-dy and
mf
lit-tle crab-fish. Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a
you can sell me? Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a
lit-tle crab-fish. Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a
caught him by the ear. Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a
f
row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.
row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.
row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.
row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.
ff
ff

XXVIII

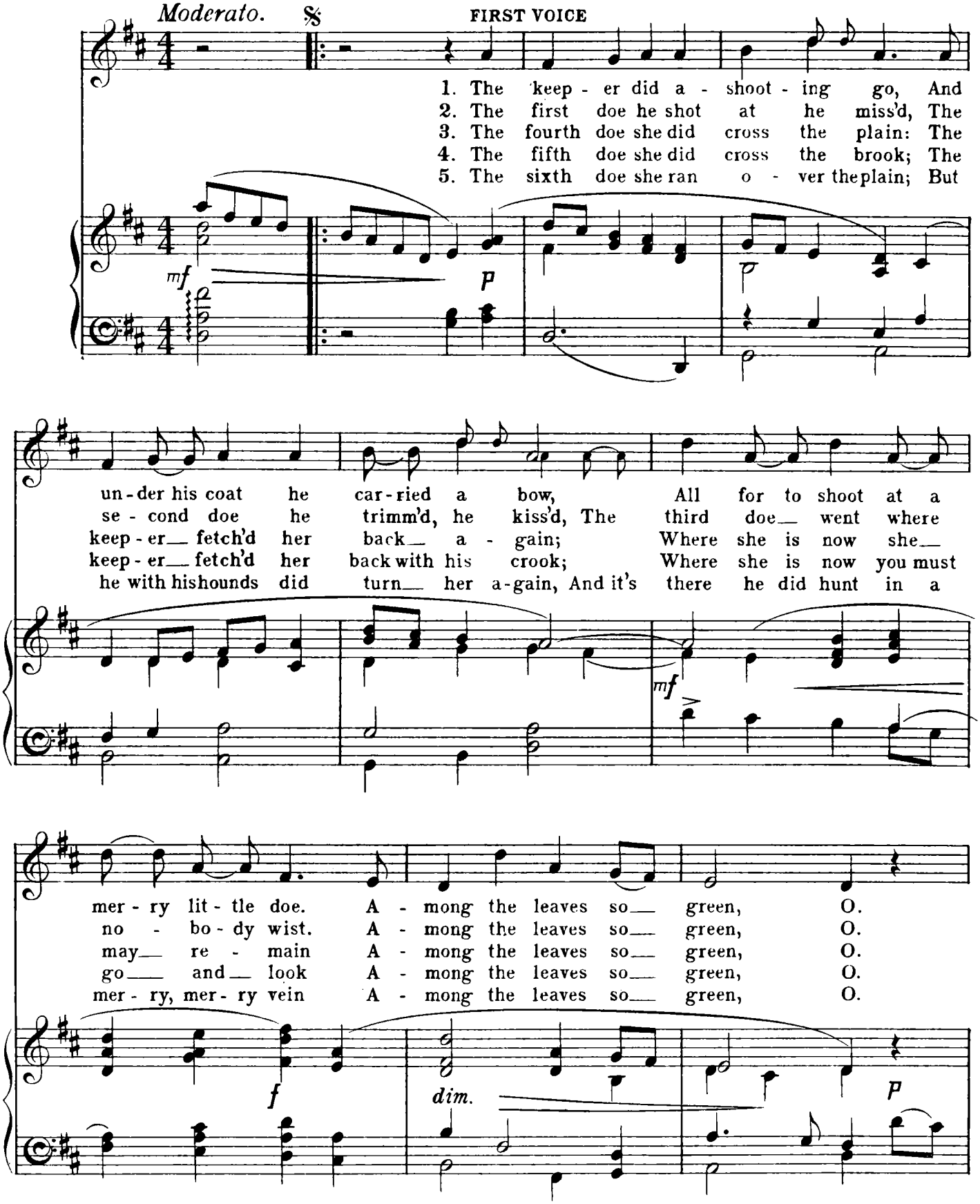
THE BEGGAR.

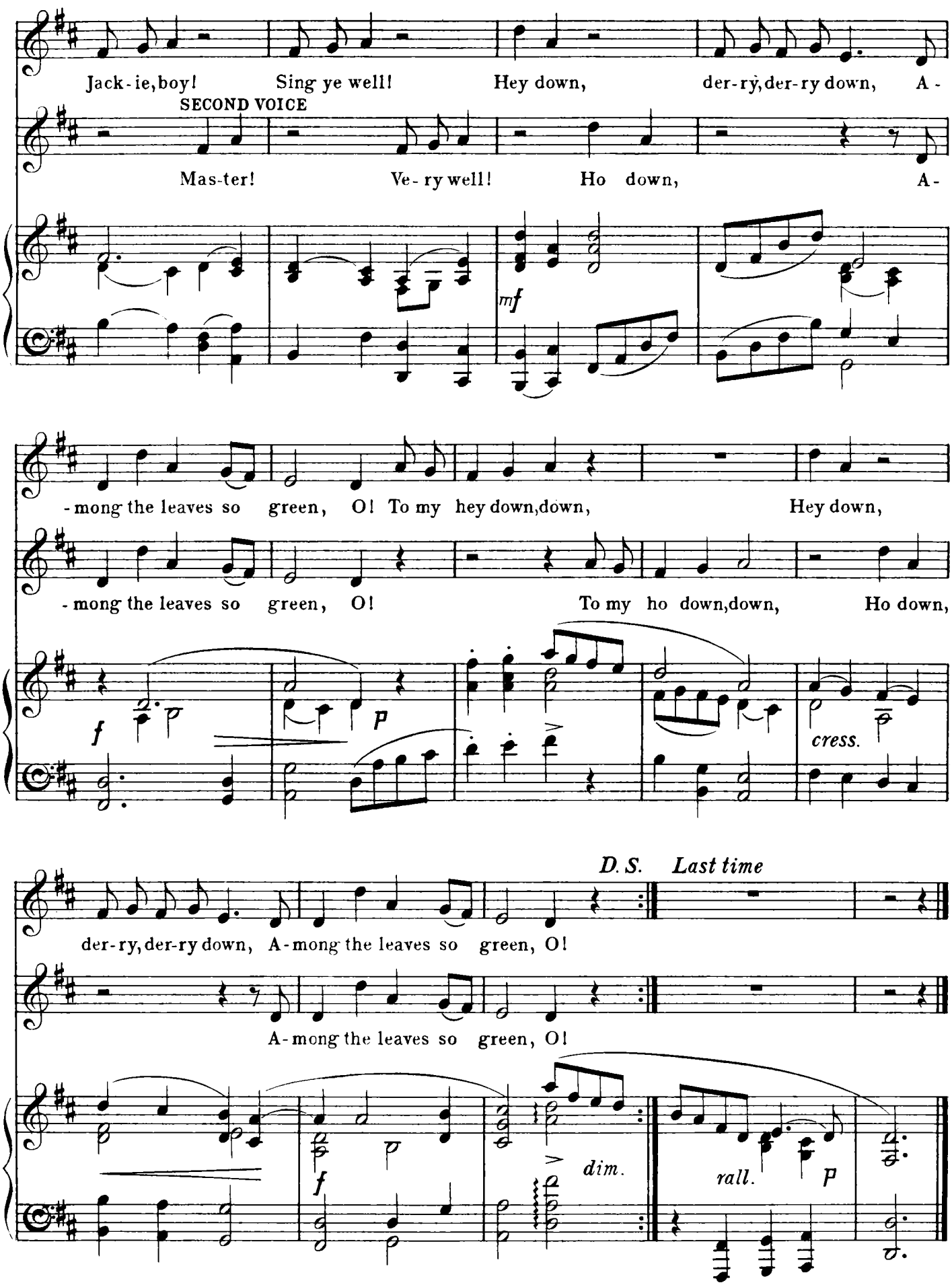



I. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the
is. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the
hear. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the
found. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the
f
hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the bel - ly, boys,
hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the bel - ly, boys,
hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the bel - ly, boys,
hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the bel - ly, boys,
f
Three times D. S.
Last time
beer e-nough, Whe - ther it be_ new or old.
beer e-nough, Whe - ther it be_ new or old.
beer e-nough, Whe - ther it be_ new or old.
beer e-nough, Whe - ther it be_ new or old.
D. S.

XXIX

THE KEEPER.




Jack-ie, boy! Sing ye well! Hey down, der-ry, der-ry down, A-
SECOND VOICE
Mas-ter! Ve-ry well! Ho down, A-
mf
-mong the leaves so green, O! To my hey down, down, Hey down,
-mong the leaves so green, O! To my ho down, down, Ho down,
f
p
cress.
D. S. Last time
der-ry, der-ry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O!
A-mong the leaves so green, O!
f
dim.
rall.
p

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

You generals and champions bold
Who take delight in the field,
Who knock down palaces and castle walls
And fight until they yield.
O I must go and face the foe
Without my sword and shield.
I always fought with merry men,
But now to Death I must yield.

I am an Englishman by my birth
And Marlborough is my name.
In Devonshire I drew my breath,
That place of noted fame.
I was beloved by all my men,
By kings and princes likewise.
Though many towns I often took,
I did the world surprise.

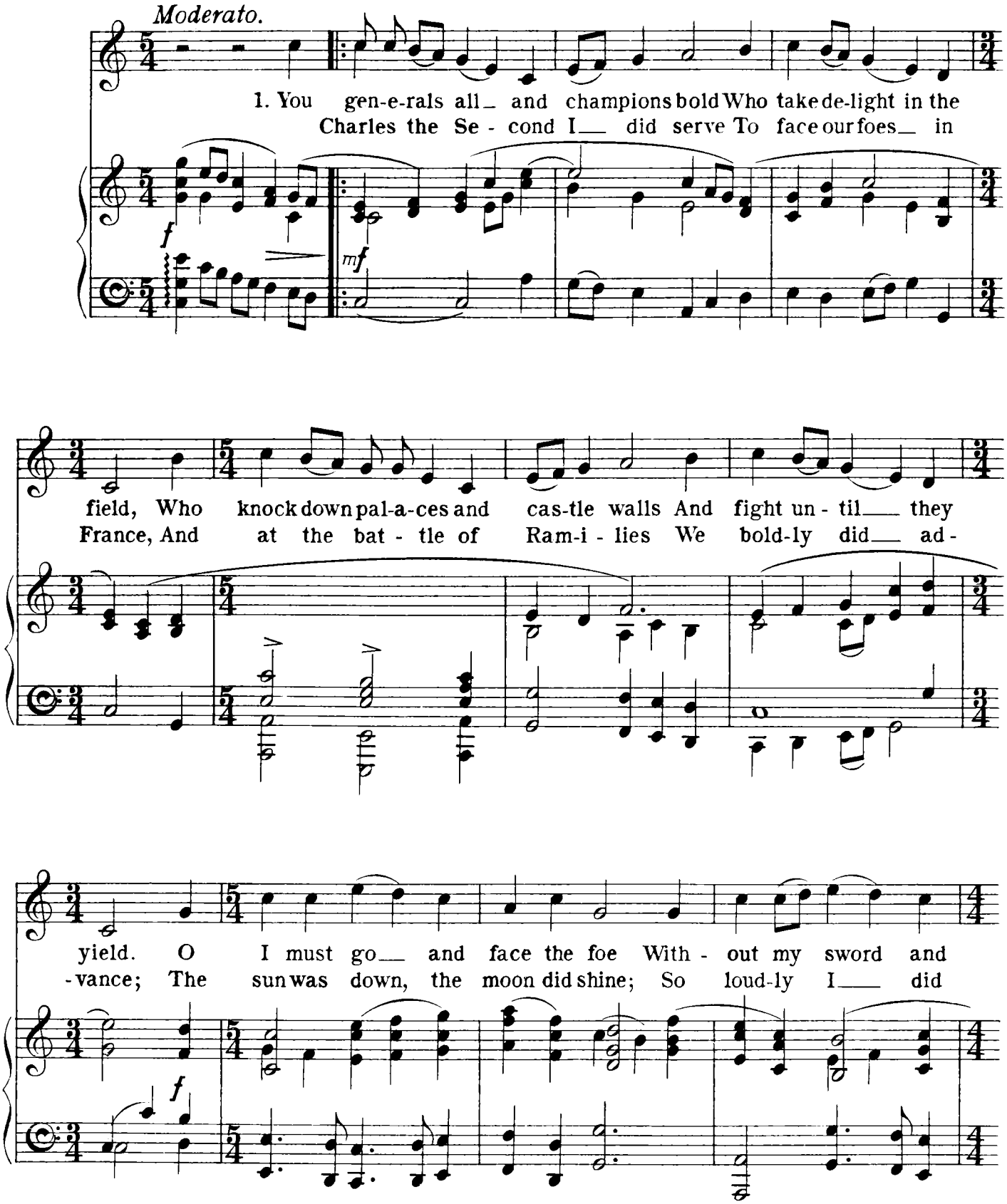
King Charles the Second I did serve
To face our foes in France,
And at the battle of Ramilies
We boldly did advance;
The sun was down, the moon did shine;
So loudly did I cry:
Fight on, my boys, for fair England,
We'll conquer or we'll die.

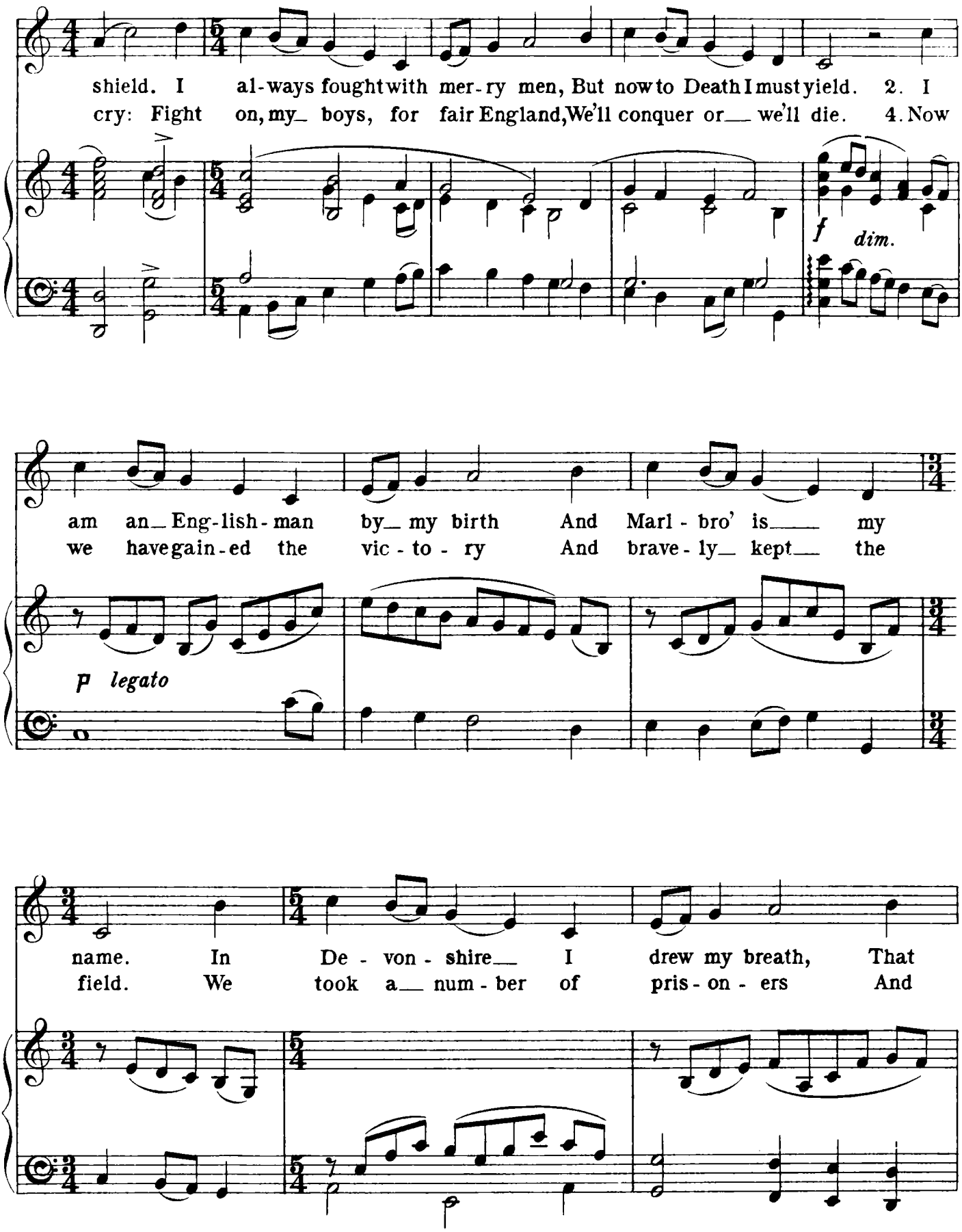
Now we have gain-ed the victory
And bravely kept the field.
We took a number of prisoners
And forc-ed them to yield.
That very day my horse got shot
All by a musket ball,
And ere I mounted up again
My aide-de-camp did fall.

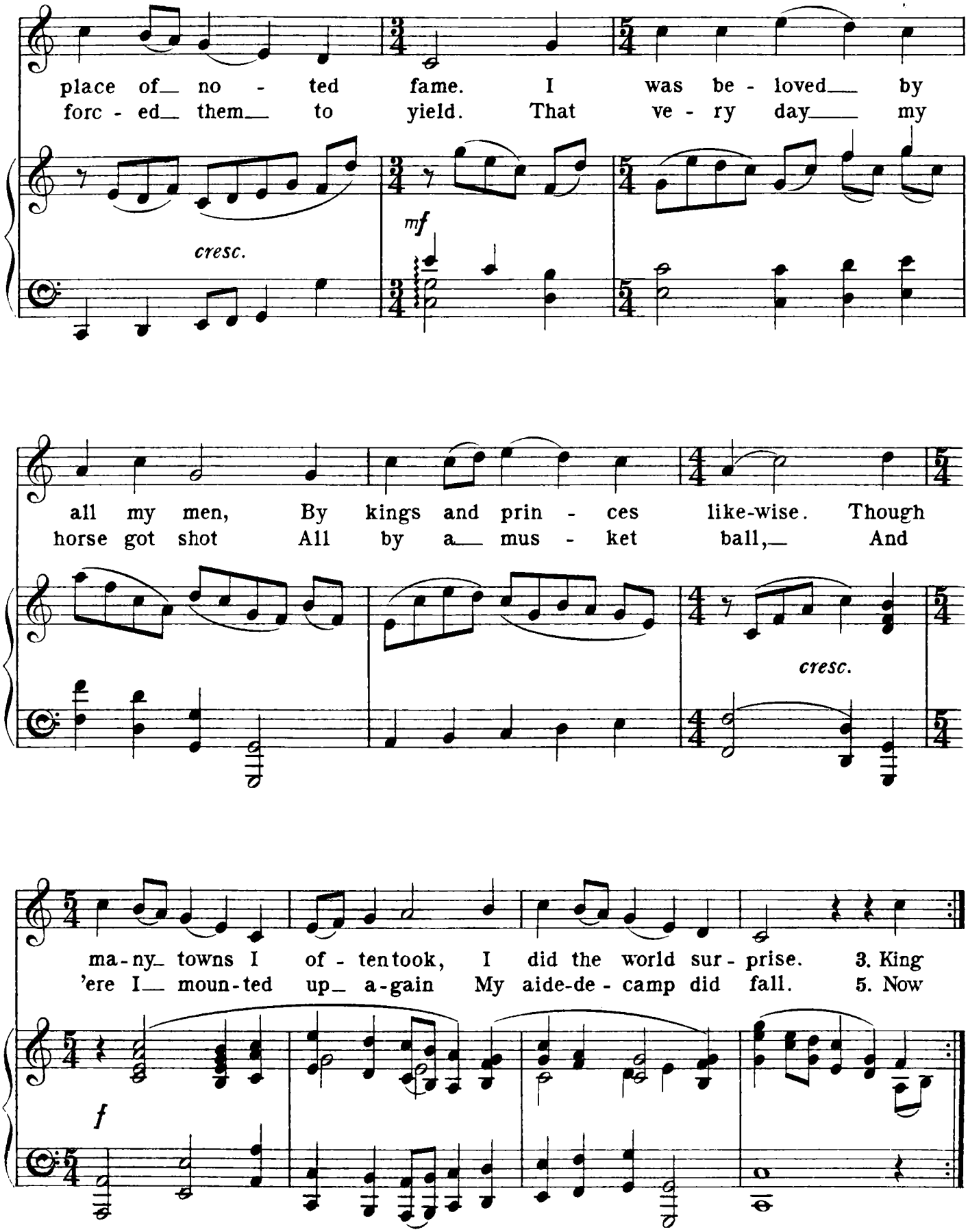
Now on a bed of sickness prone
I am resigned for to die.
You generals and champions bold,
Stand true as well as I.
Unto your colours stand you true
And fight with courage bold.
I've led my men through fire and smoke,
But ne'er was bribed with gold.

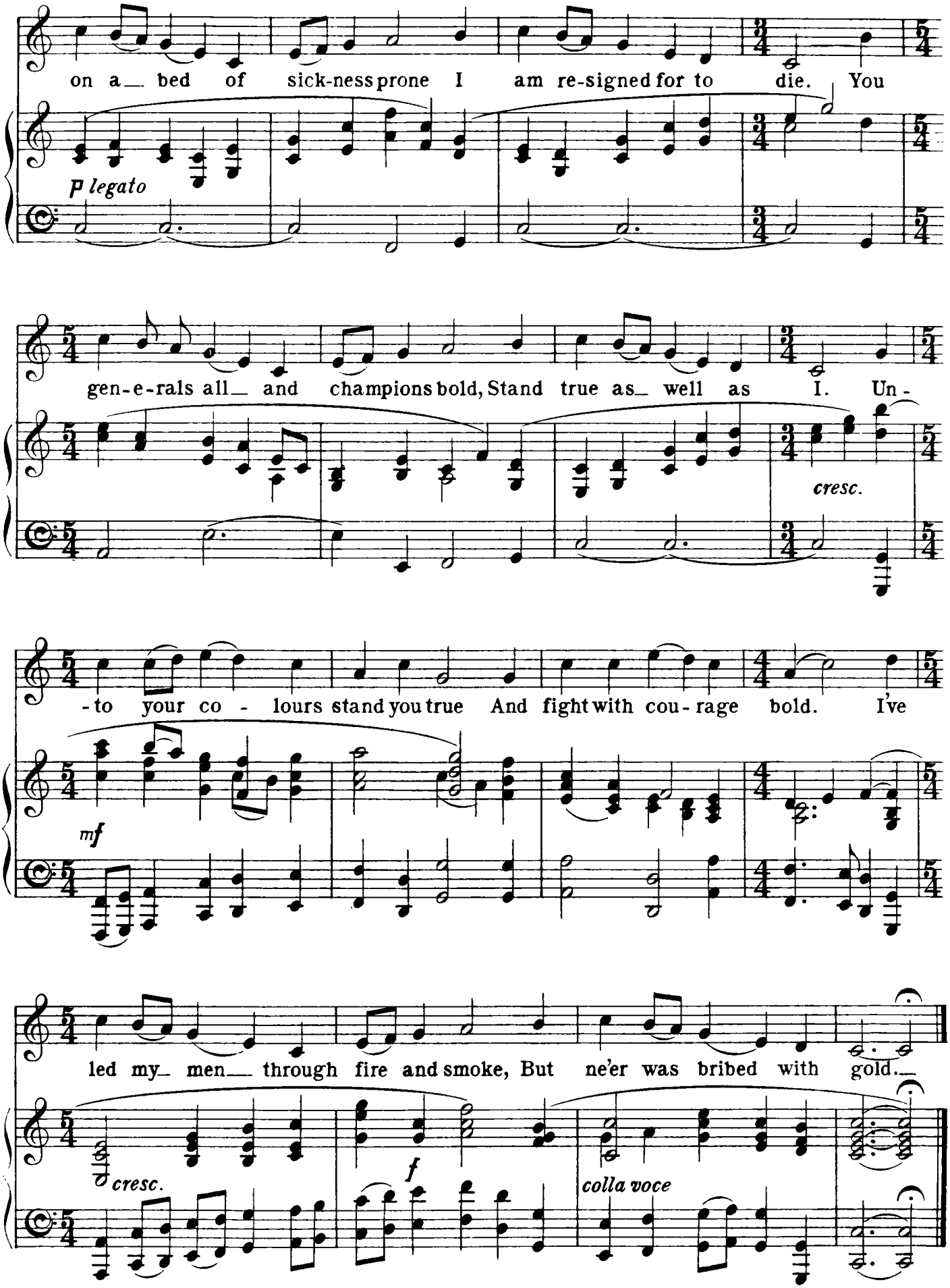
XXX

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



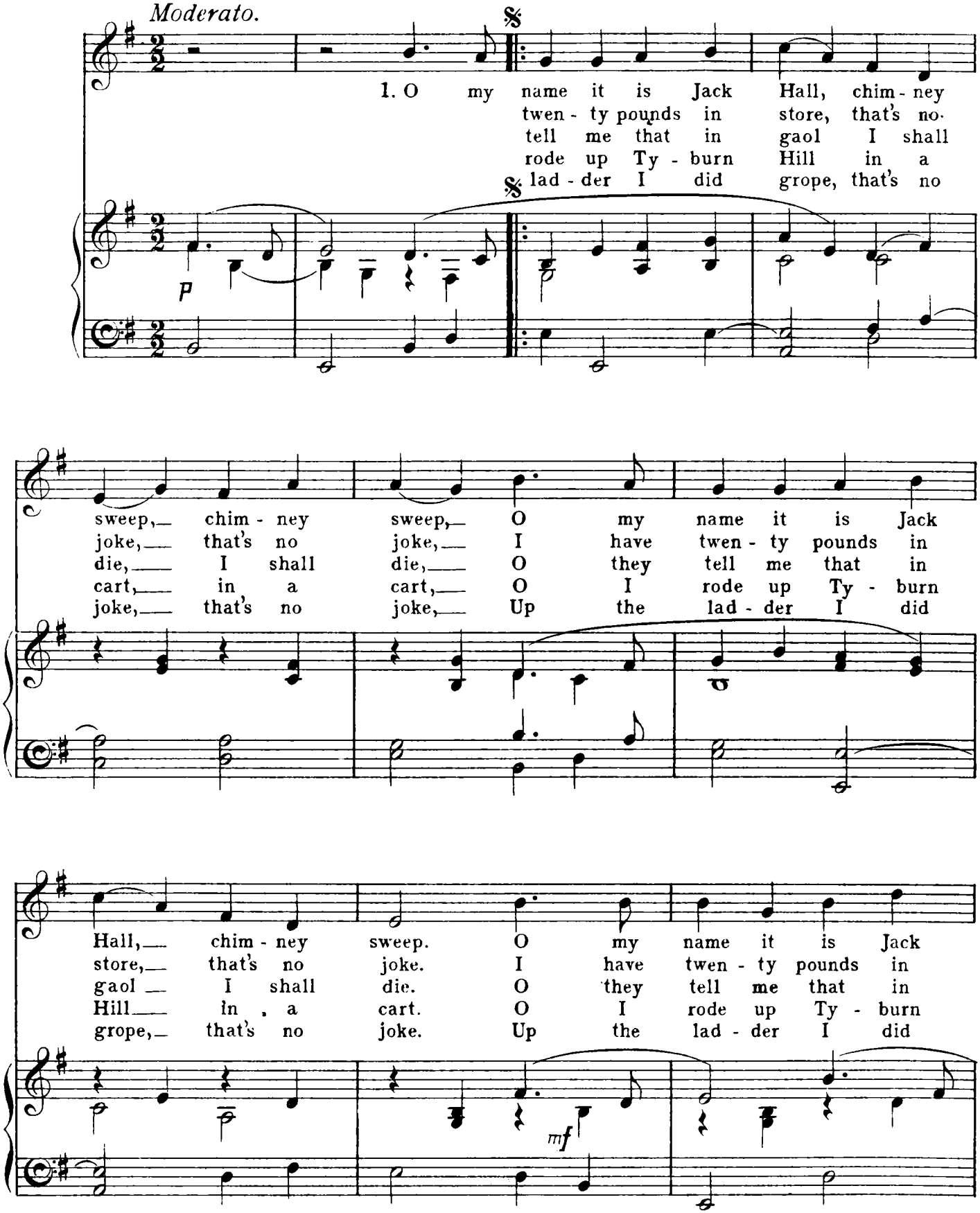

shield. I al-ways fought with mer-ry men, But now to Death I must yield. 2. I
cry: Fight on, my boys, for fair England, We'll conquer or we'll die. 4. Now
f dim.
am an Eng-lish-man by my birth And Marl-bro' is my
we have gain-ed the vic-to-ry And brave-ly kept the
p legato
name. In De-von-shire I drew my breath, That
field. We took a num-ber of pris-on-ers And

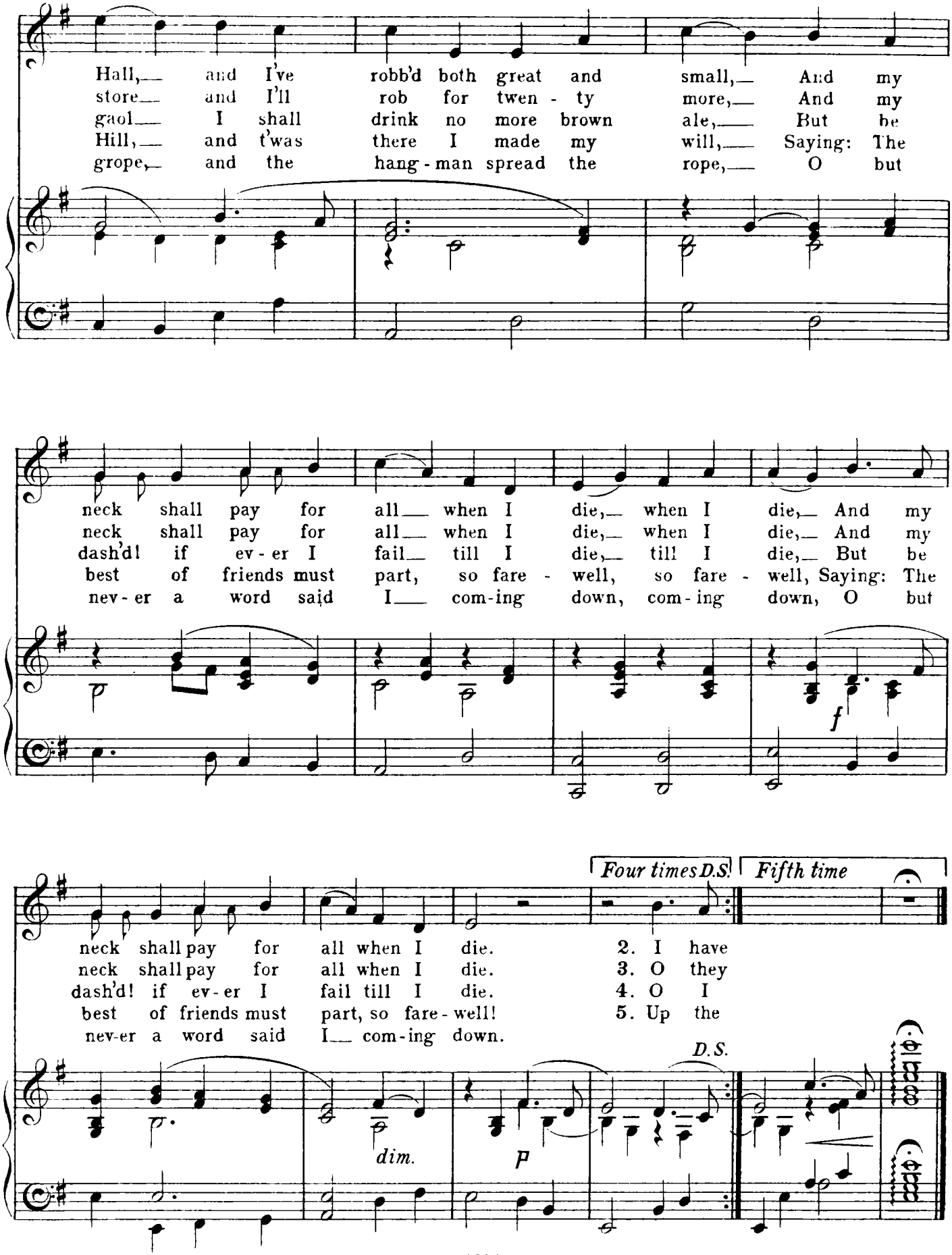

place of no - ted fame. I was be - loved by
forc - ed them to yield. That ve - ry day my
cresc.
mf
all my men, By kings and prin - ces like-wise. Though
horse got shot All by a mus - ket ball, And
cresc.
ma-ny towns I of - ten took, I did the world sur - prise. 3. King
'ere I moun-ted up a-gain My aide-de - camp did fall. 5. Now
f


on a bed of sick-ness prone I am re-signed for to die. You
P legato
gen-e-rals all and champions bold, Stand true as well as I. Un-
cresc.
-to your co - lours stand you true And fight with cou-rage bold. I've
mf
led my men through fire and smoke, But ne'er was bribed with gold.
cresc.
f
colla voce

XXXI

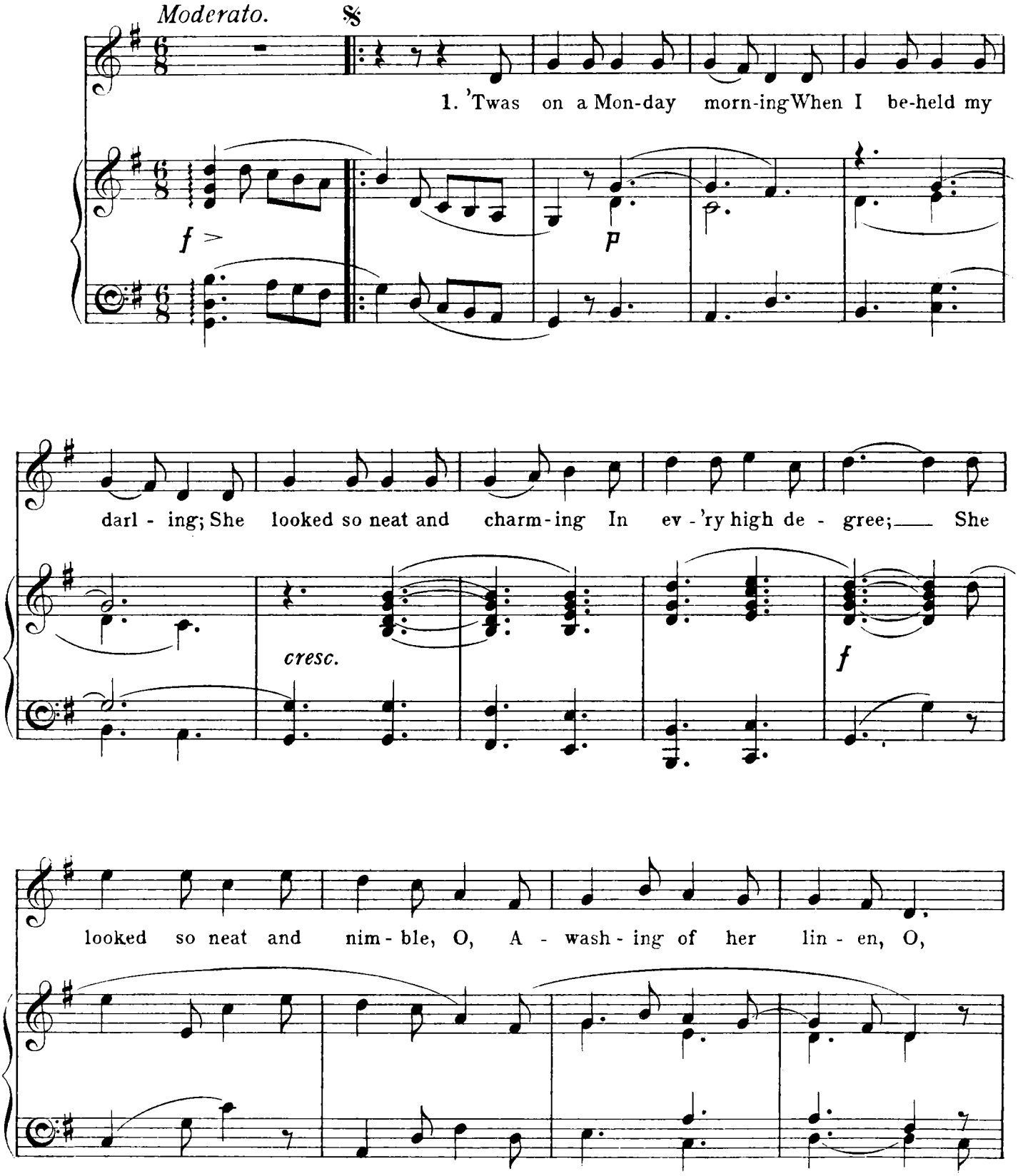
JACK HALL.



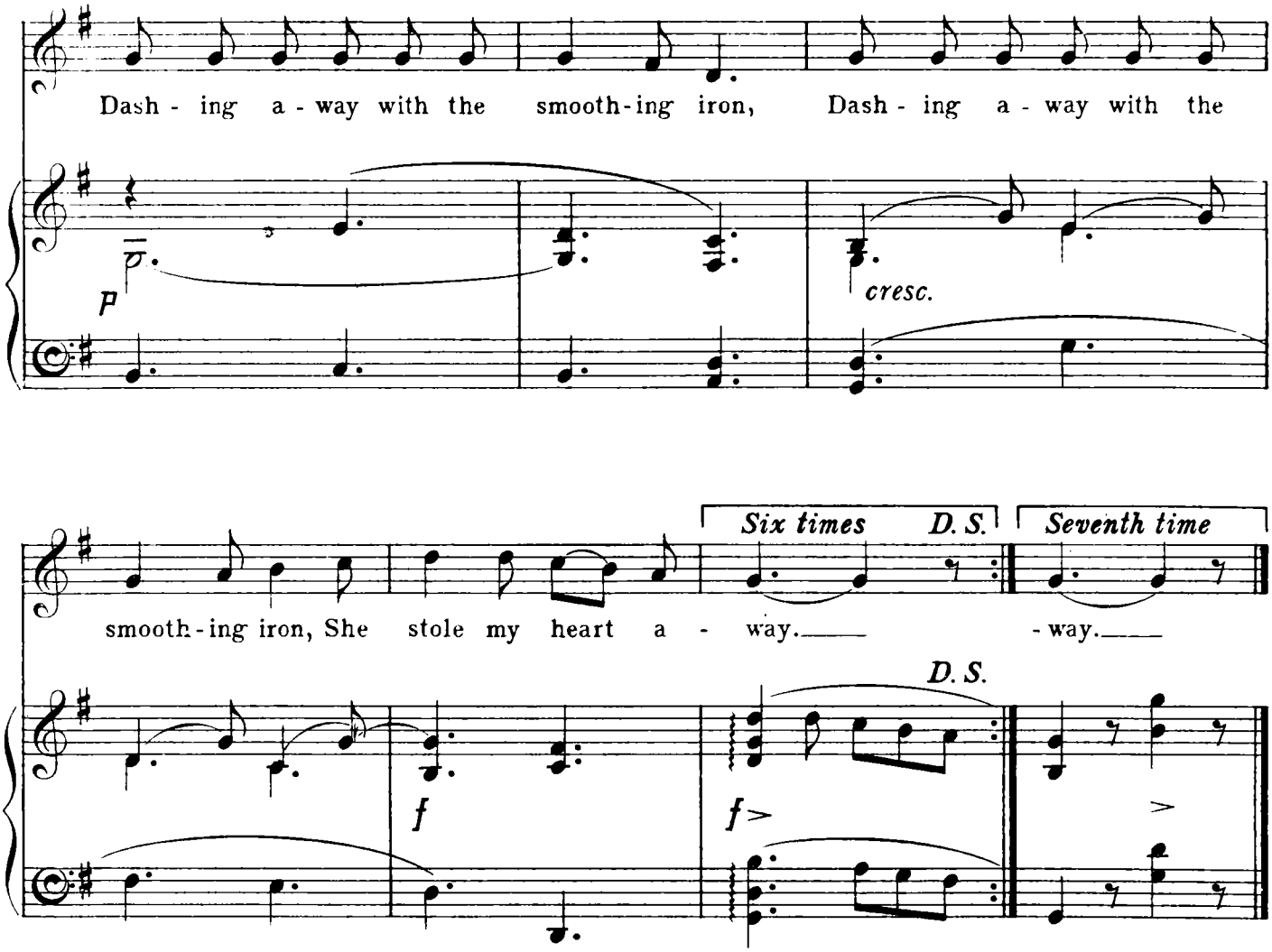

Hall,— and I've robb'd both great and small,— And my
store— and I'll rob for twen - ty more,— And my
gaol— I shall drink no more brown ale,— But be
Hill,— and t'was there I made my will,— Saying: The
grope,— and the hang - man spread the rope,— O but
neck shall pay for all— when I die,— when I die,— And my
neck shall pay for all— when I die,— when I die,— And my
dash'd! if ev - er I fail— till I die,— till I die,— But be
best of friends must part, so fare - well, so fare - well, Saying: The
nev - er a word said I— com - ing down, com - ing down, O but
f
Four times D.S.
Fifth time
neck shall pay for all when I die.
neck shall pay for all when I die.
dash'd! if ev - er I fail till I die.
best of friends must part, so fare - well!
nev - er a word said I— com - ing down.
2. I have
3. O they
4. O I
5. Up the
D.S.
dim.
p

XXXII

DASHING AWAY WITH THE SMOOTHING IRON.



14804



2.

'Twas on a Tuesday morning,
When I beheld my darling;
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree;
She looked so neat and nimble, O,
A-hanging out her linen, O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

(The lines in Italics are repeated in every verse.)

3.

'Twas on a Wednesday morning, etc.
A-starching of her linen, O, etc.

4.

'Twas on a Thursday morning, etc.
A-ironing of her linen, O, etc.

5.

'Twas on a Friday morning, etc.
A-folding of her linen, O, etc.

6.

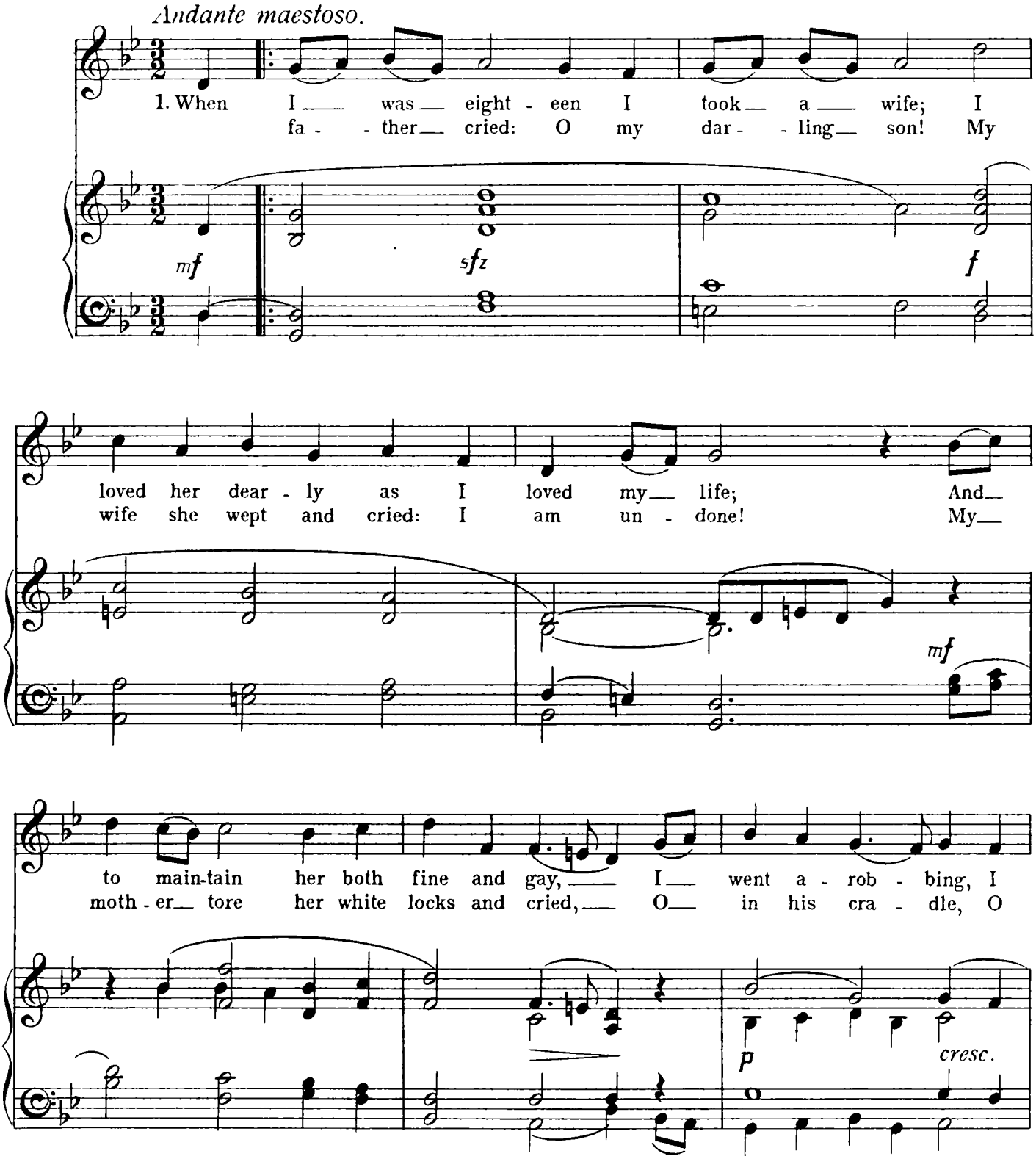
'Twas on a Saturday morning, etc.
A-airing of her linen, O, etc.

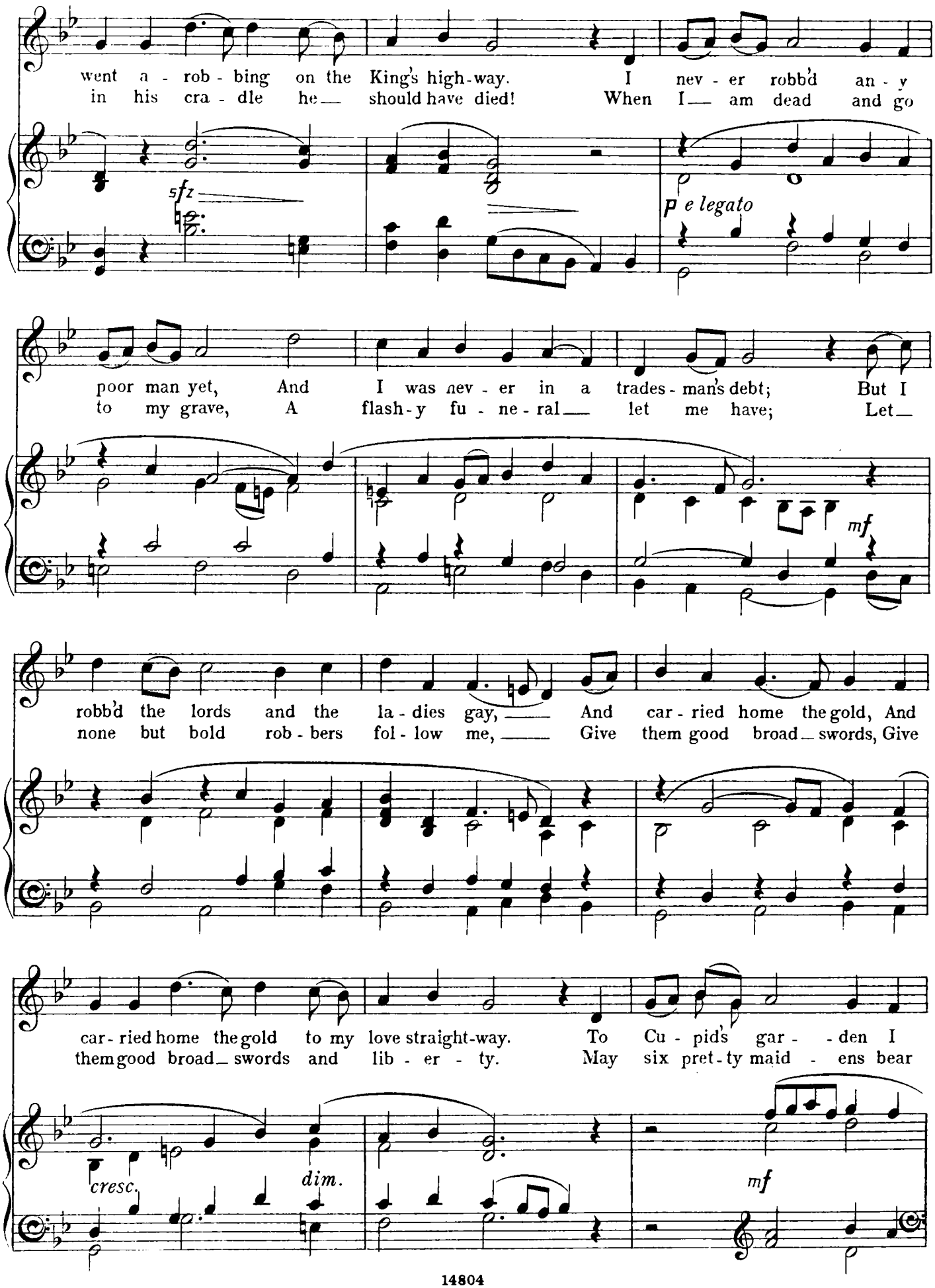
7.

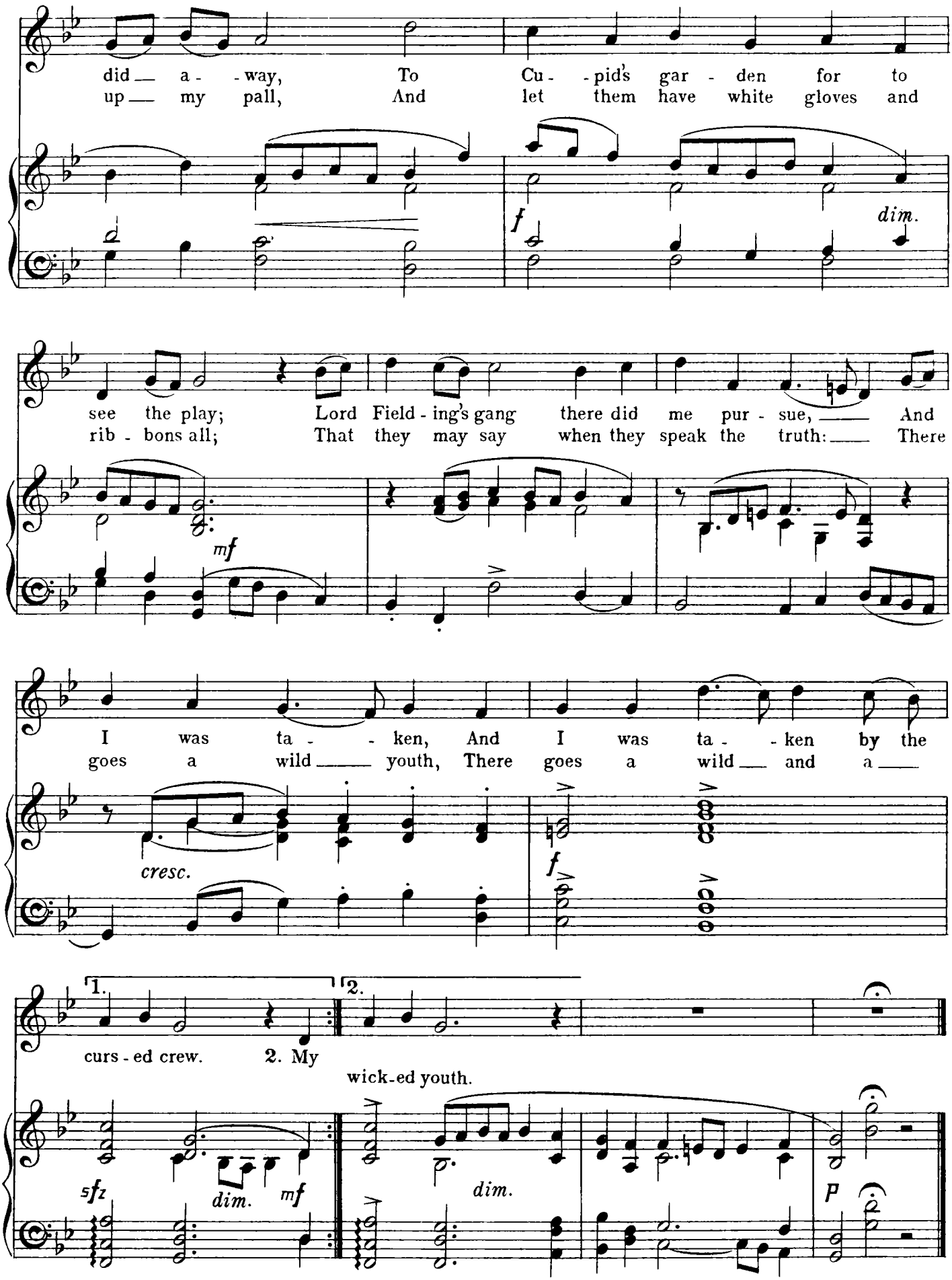
'Twas on a Sunday morning, etc.
A-wearing of her linen, O, etc.

XXXIII

THE ROBBER.

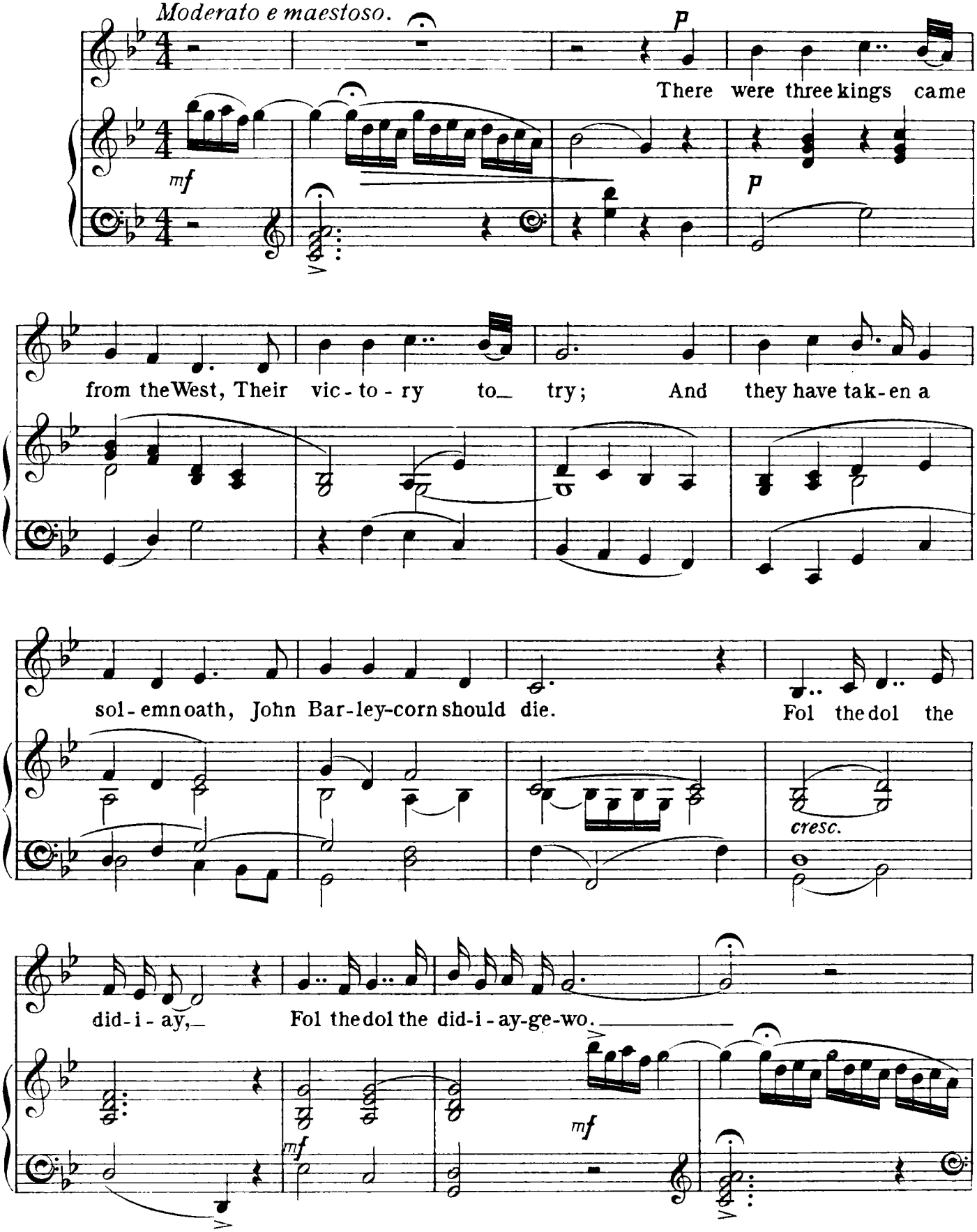


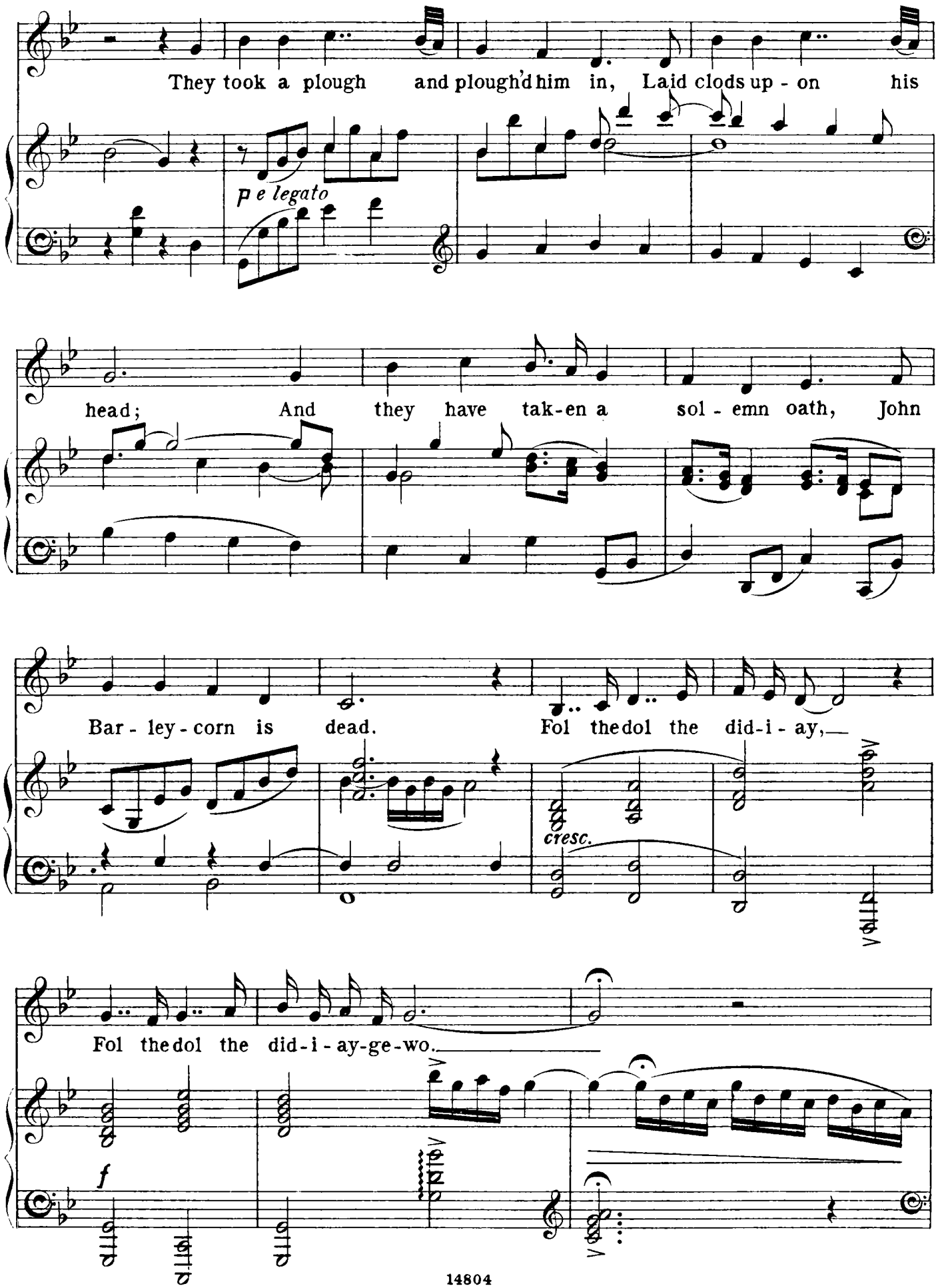

went a - rob - bing on the King's high-way. I nev - er robb'd an - y
in his cra - dle he— should have died! When I— am dead and go
sfz
p e legato
poor man yet, And I was nev - er in a trades - man's debt; But I
to my grave, A flash - y fu - ne - ral— let me have; Let—
mf
robb'd the lords and the la - dies gay, — And car - ried home the gold, And
none but bold rob - bers fol - low me, — Give them good broad — swords, Give
car - ried home the gold to my love straight-way. To Cu - pid's gar - - den I
them good broad — swords and lib - er - ty. May six pret - ty maid - ens bear
cresc.
dim.
mf

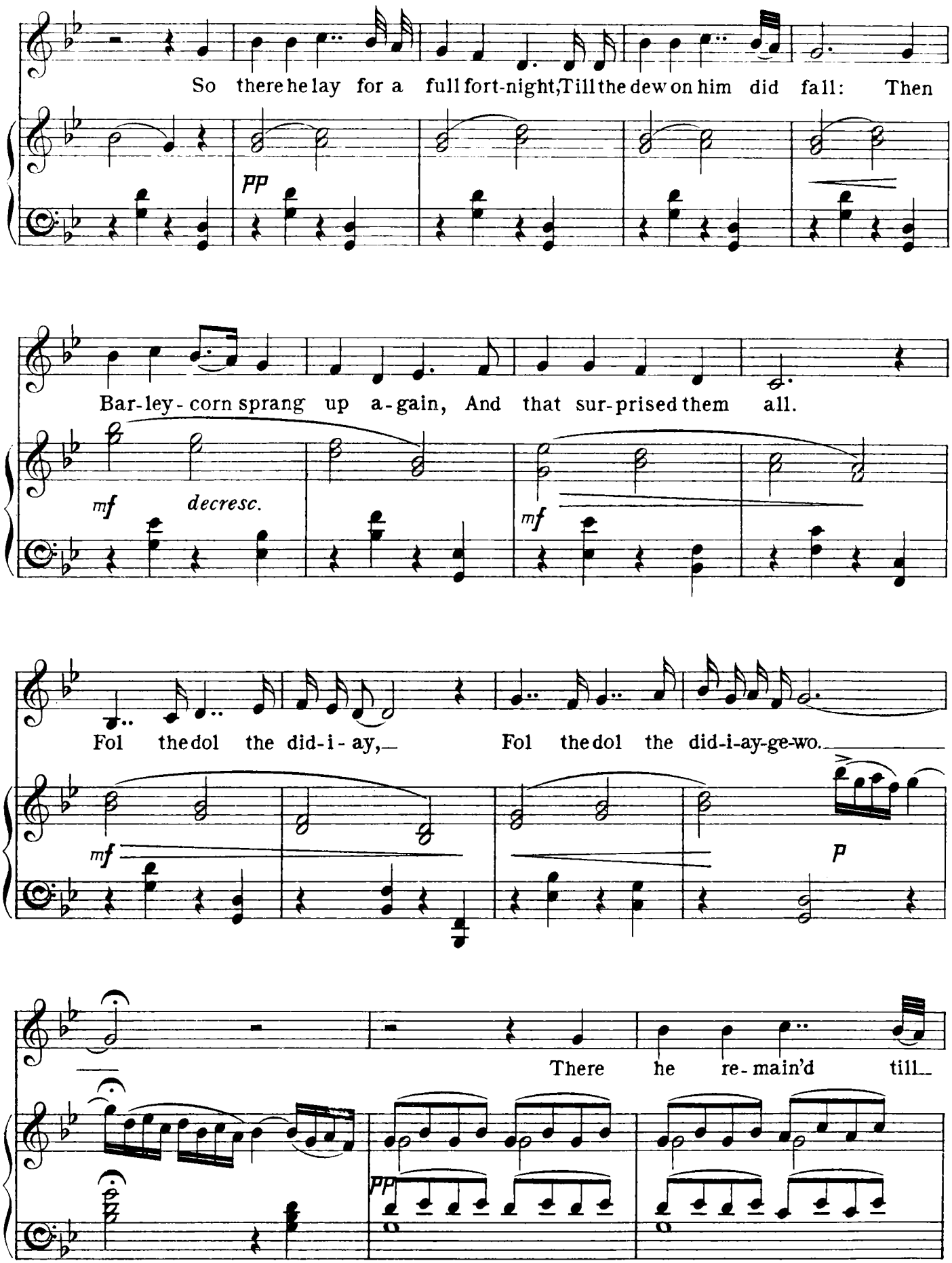

did — a - way, To Cu - pid's gar - den for to
up — my pall, And let them have white gloves and
f
dim.
see the play; Lord Field - ing's gang there did me pur - sue, — And
rib - bons all; That they may say when they speak the truth: — There
mf
I was ta - - ken, And I was ta - - ken by the
goes a wild — youth, There goes a wild — and a —
cresc.
f
1.
curs - ed crew.
2. My
wick-ed youth.
sfz
dim.
mf
dim.
P

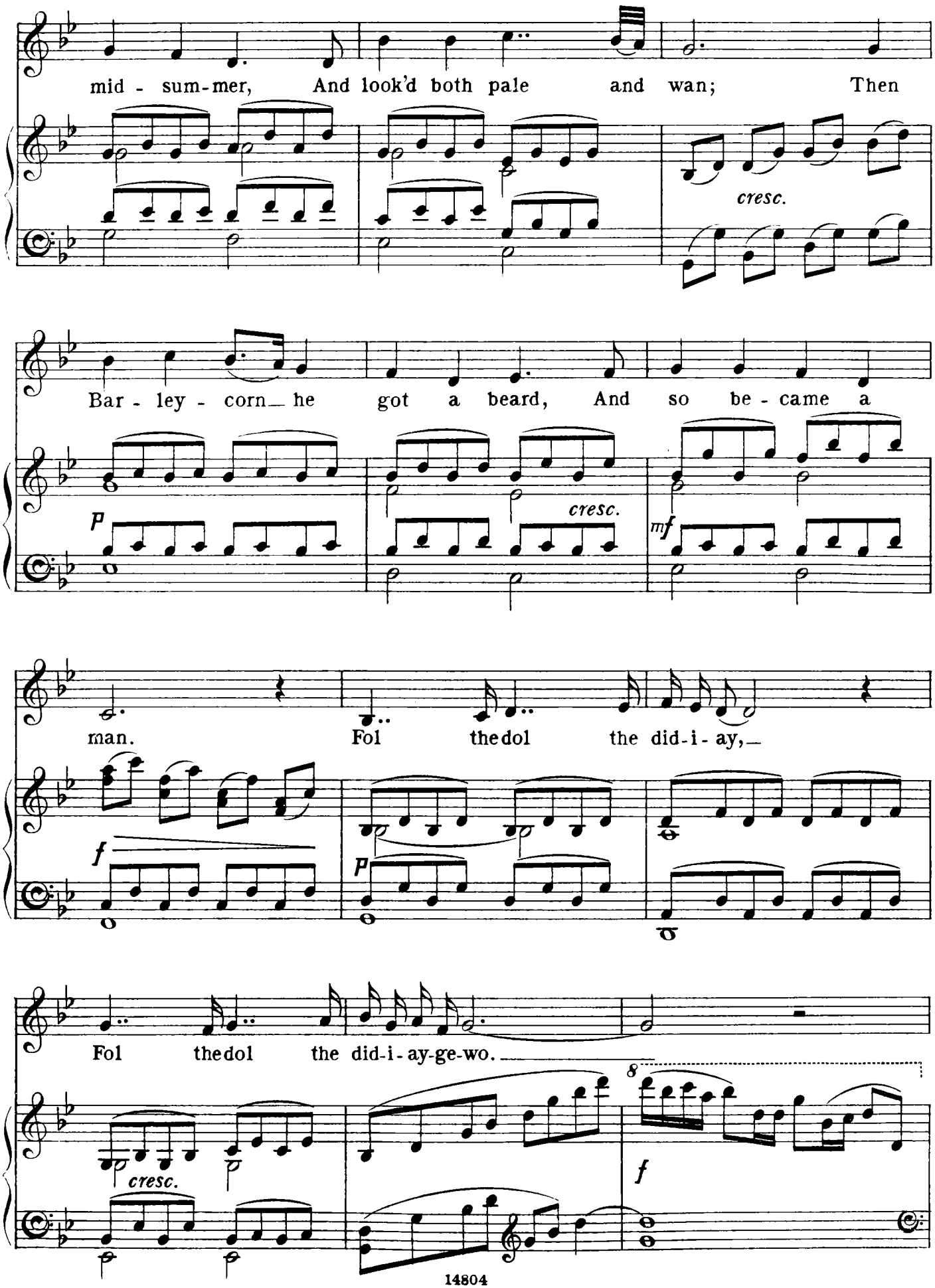
XXXIV

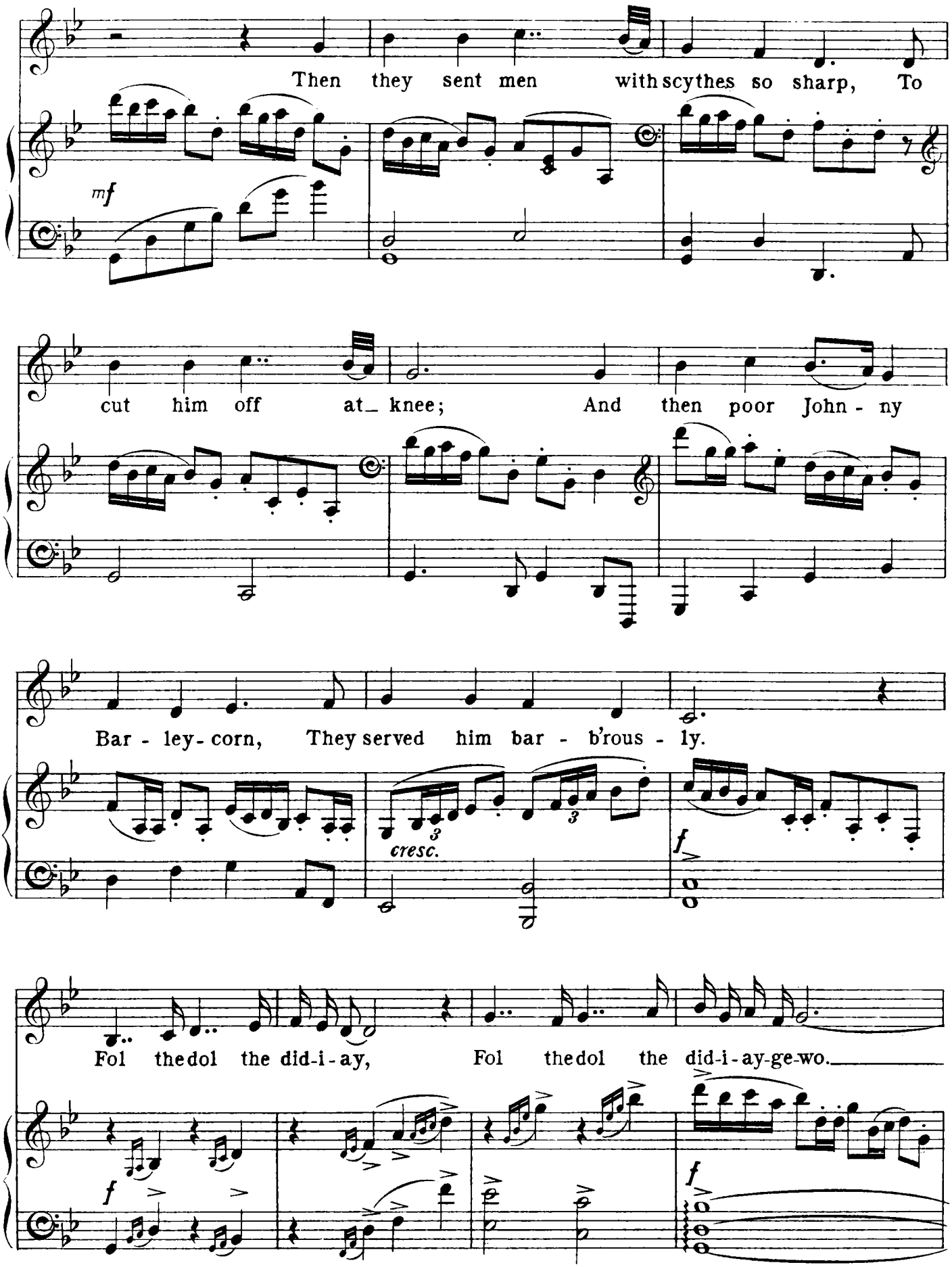
JOHN BARLEYCORN.

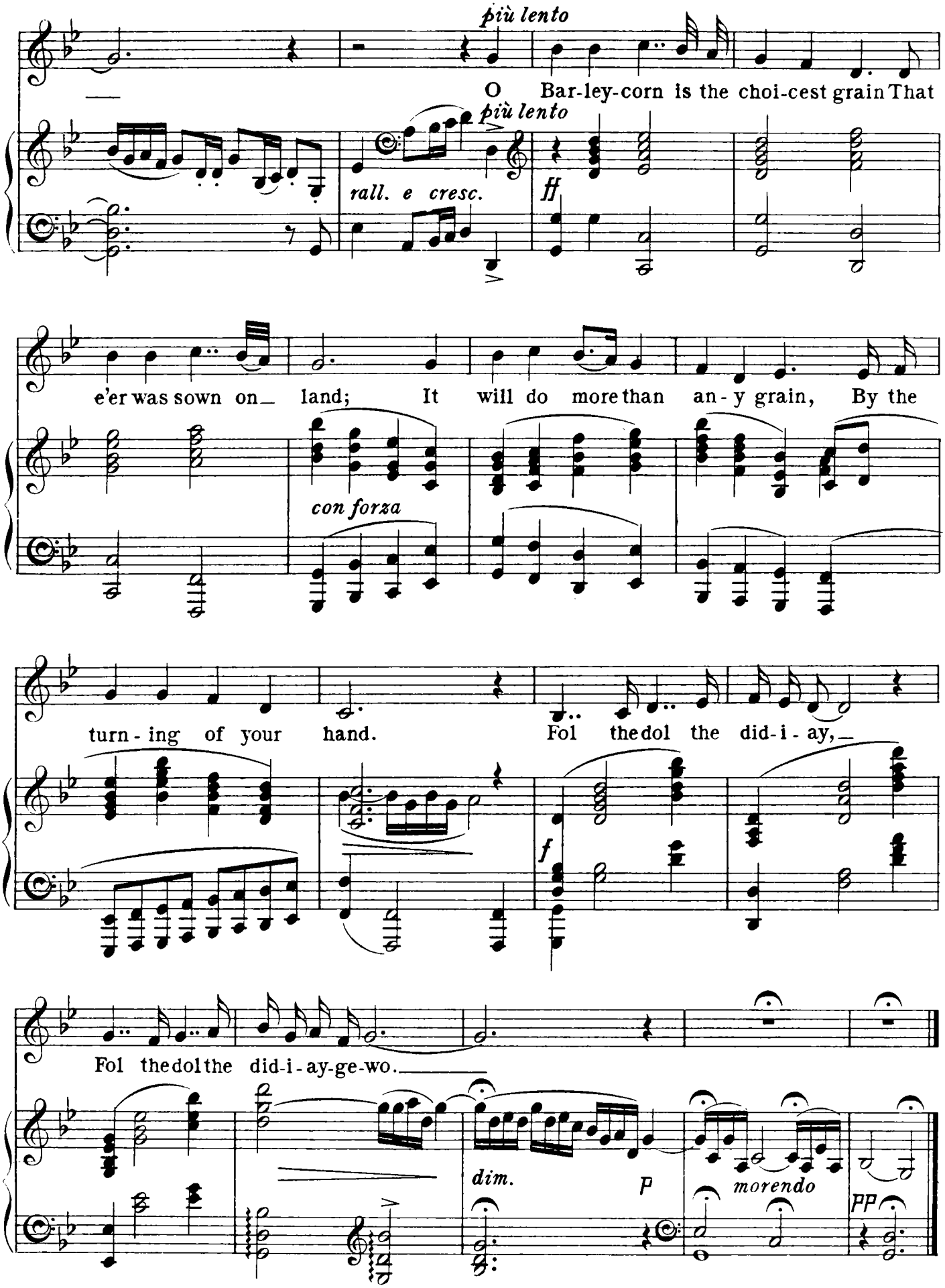



They took a plough and plough'd him in, Laid clods up - on his
P e legato
head; And they have tak-en a sol - emn oath, John
Bar - ley - corn is dead. Fol the dol the did-i - ay,
cresc.
Fol the dol the did-i - ay-ge-wo.
f


So there he lay for a full fort-night, Till the dew on him did fall: Then
pp
Bar-ley-corn sprang up a-gain, And that sur-prised them all.
mf
decresc.
mf
Fol the dol the did-i-ay, Fol the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.
mf
p
There he re-main'd till
pp


mid - sum-mer, And look'd both pale and wan; Then
cresc.
Bar - ley - corn he got a beard, And so be - came a
p
cresc.
mf
man. Fol thedol the did-i - ay,
f
p
Fol thedol the did-i - ay-ge-wo.
cresc.
8
f

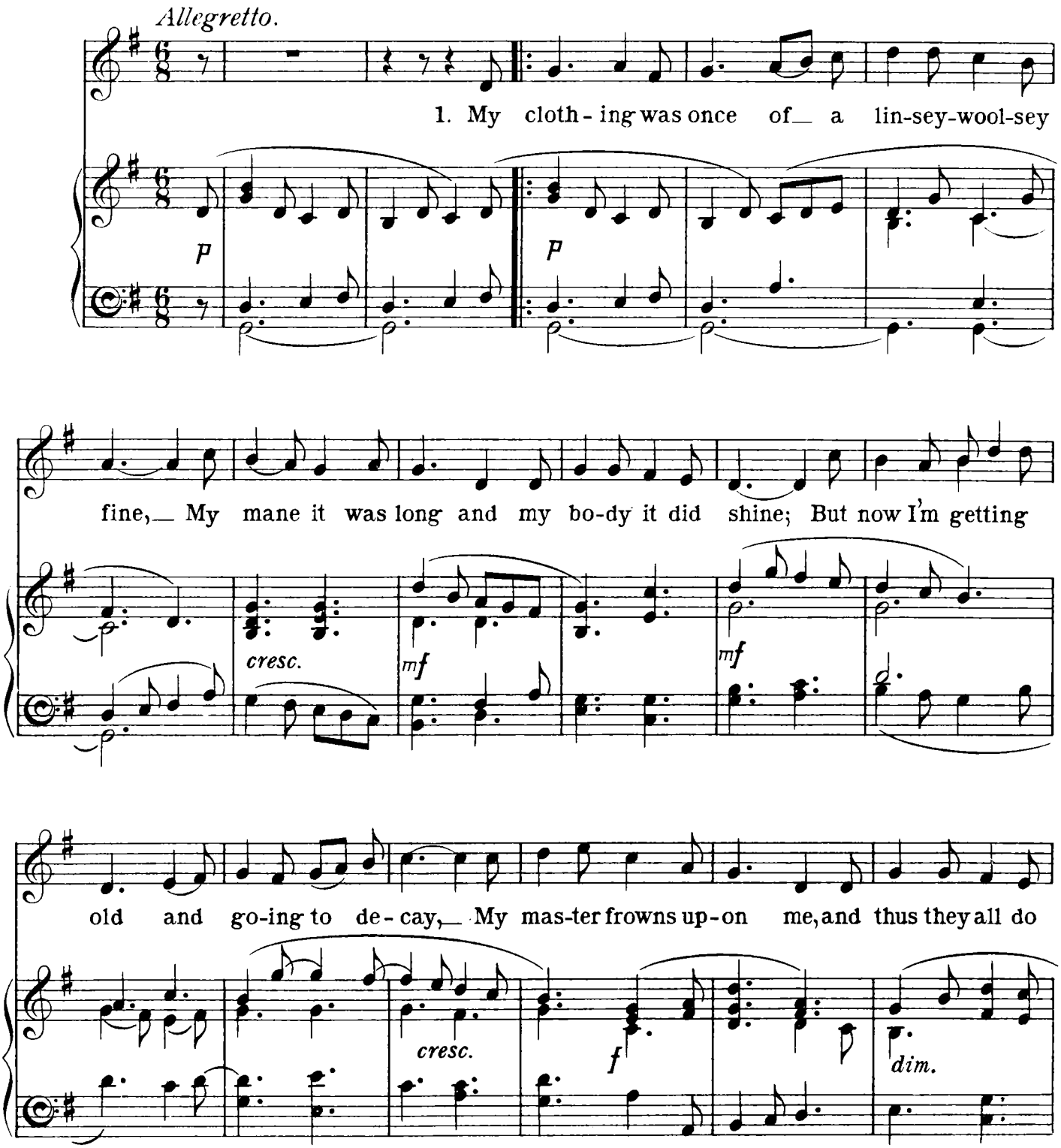

Then they sent men with scythes so sharp, To
mf
cut him off at_ knee; And then poor John - ny
Bar - ley - corn, They served him bar - b'rous - ly.
cresc.
f
Fol the dol the did-i-ay, Fol the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.
f
f

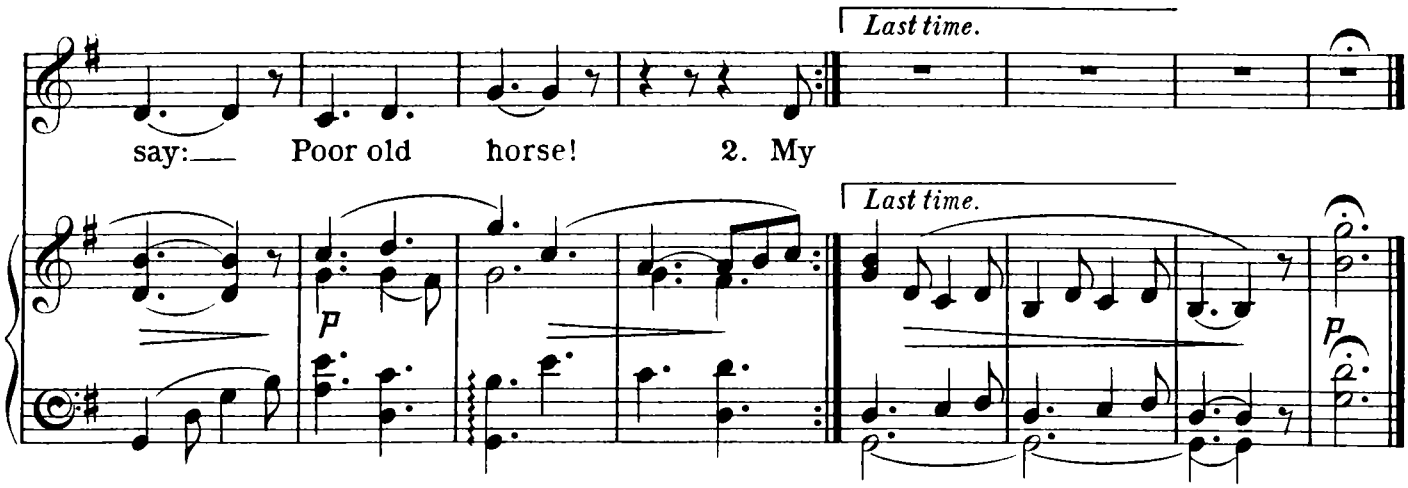

più lento
O Bar-ley-corn is the choi-cest grain That
più lento
rall. e cresc.
ff
e'er was sown on land; It will do more than an-y grain, By the
con forza
turn-ing of your hand. Fol the dol the did-i-ay,
f
Fol the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.
dim.
p
morendo
pp

XXXV

POOR OLD HORSE.

(WARWICKSHIRE.)





1. My clothing was once of a linsey-woolsey fine,
My mane it was long and my body it did shine;
But now I'm getting old and going to decay,
My master frowns upon me, and thus they all do say:
Poor old horse!

2. My living was once on the best of corn and hay
As ever grew in England, and that they all do say;
But now there's no such comfort that I can find at all,
I'm forced to nab the short grass that grows against the wall.
Poor old horse!

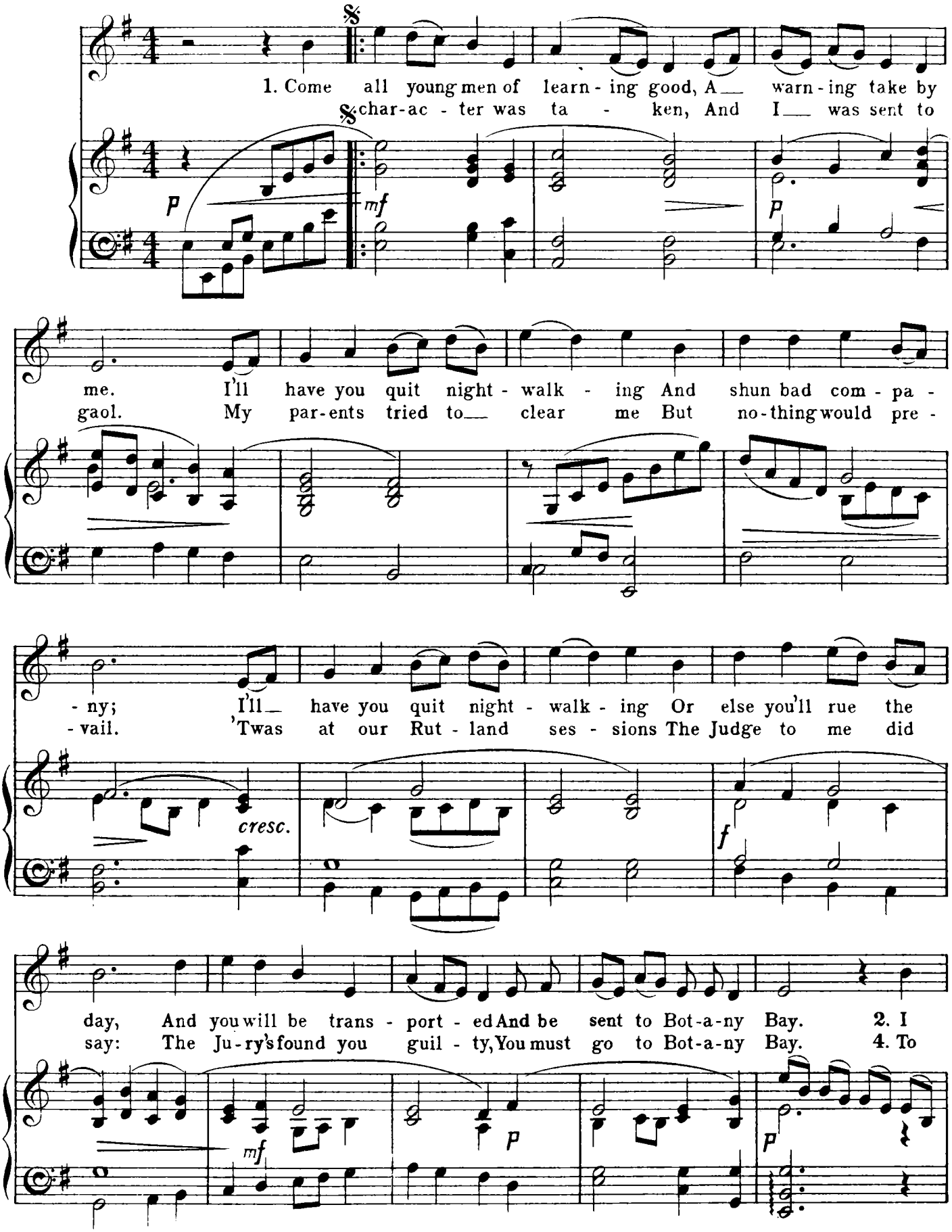
3. My lodging was once in a stable so warm
To keep my tender limbs and my body from all harm;
But now in open fields I am forc-ed for to go
To face cold windy weather, likewise sharp frost and snow.
Poor old horse!

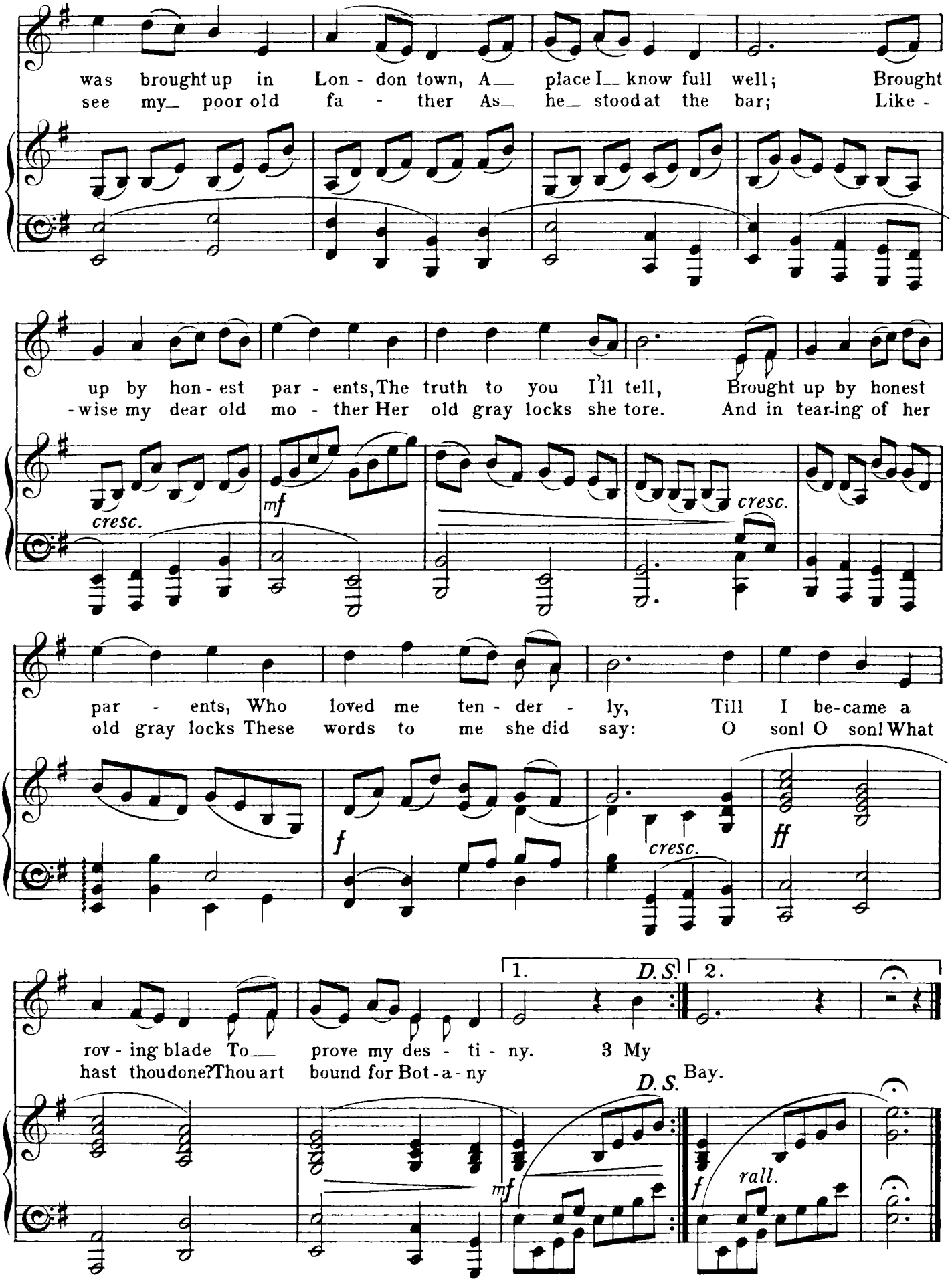
4. "He's lame and he's lazy, he eats my corn and hay,
He eats my corn and hay, and he spoileth all my straw;
Besides he is not fit within my shafts to draw,
So whip him, stick him, shoot him, and a-hunting let him go."
Poor old horse!

5. My hide unto the huntsman so freely I would give,
My body to the fox dogs—I'd rather die than live,
Although these gallant limbs they have run so many miles
O'er hedges, ditches, bramble bed, likewise o'er gates and stiles.
Poor old horse!

XXXVI

BOTANY BAY.

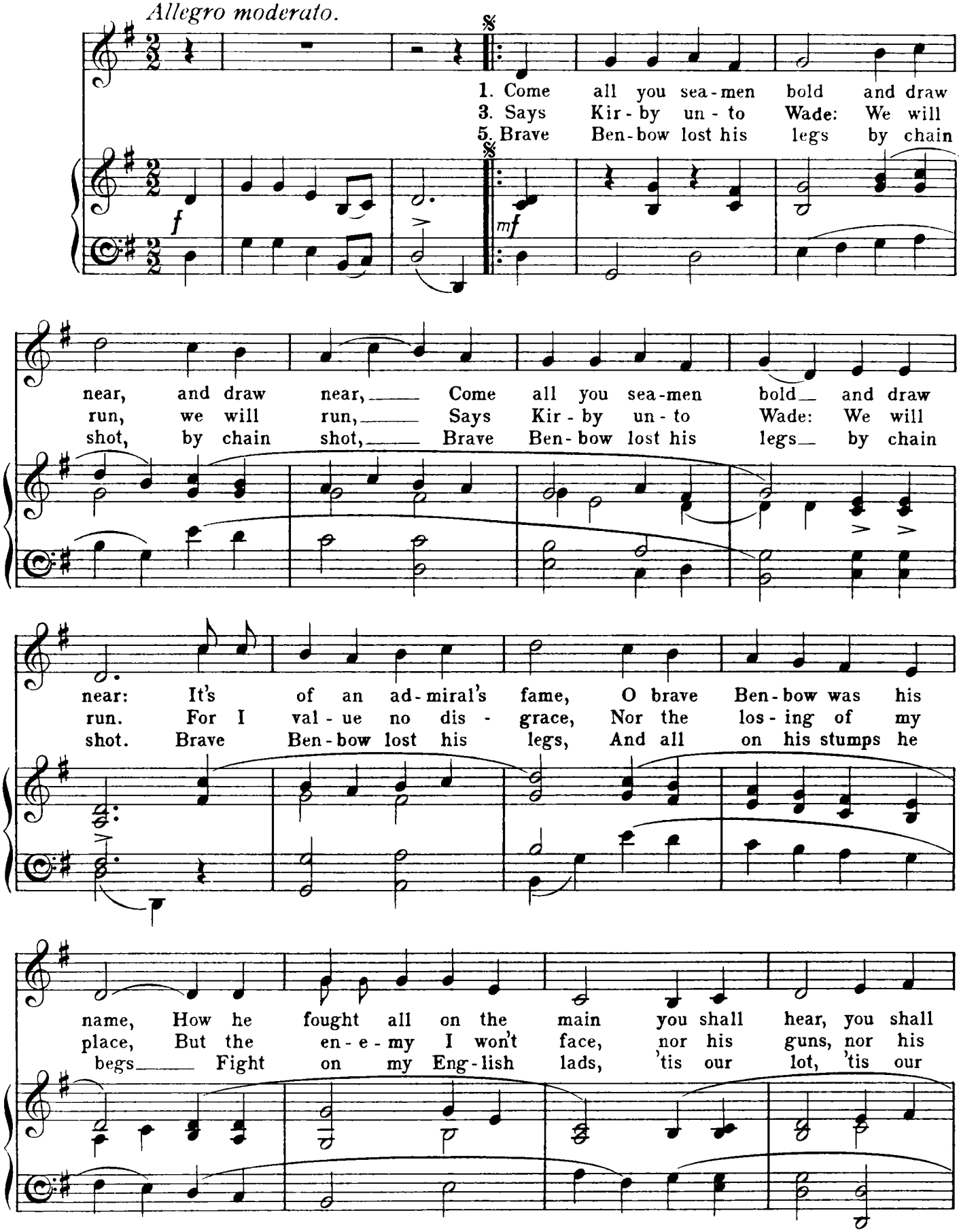


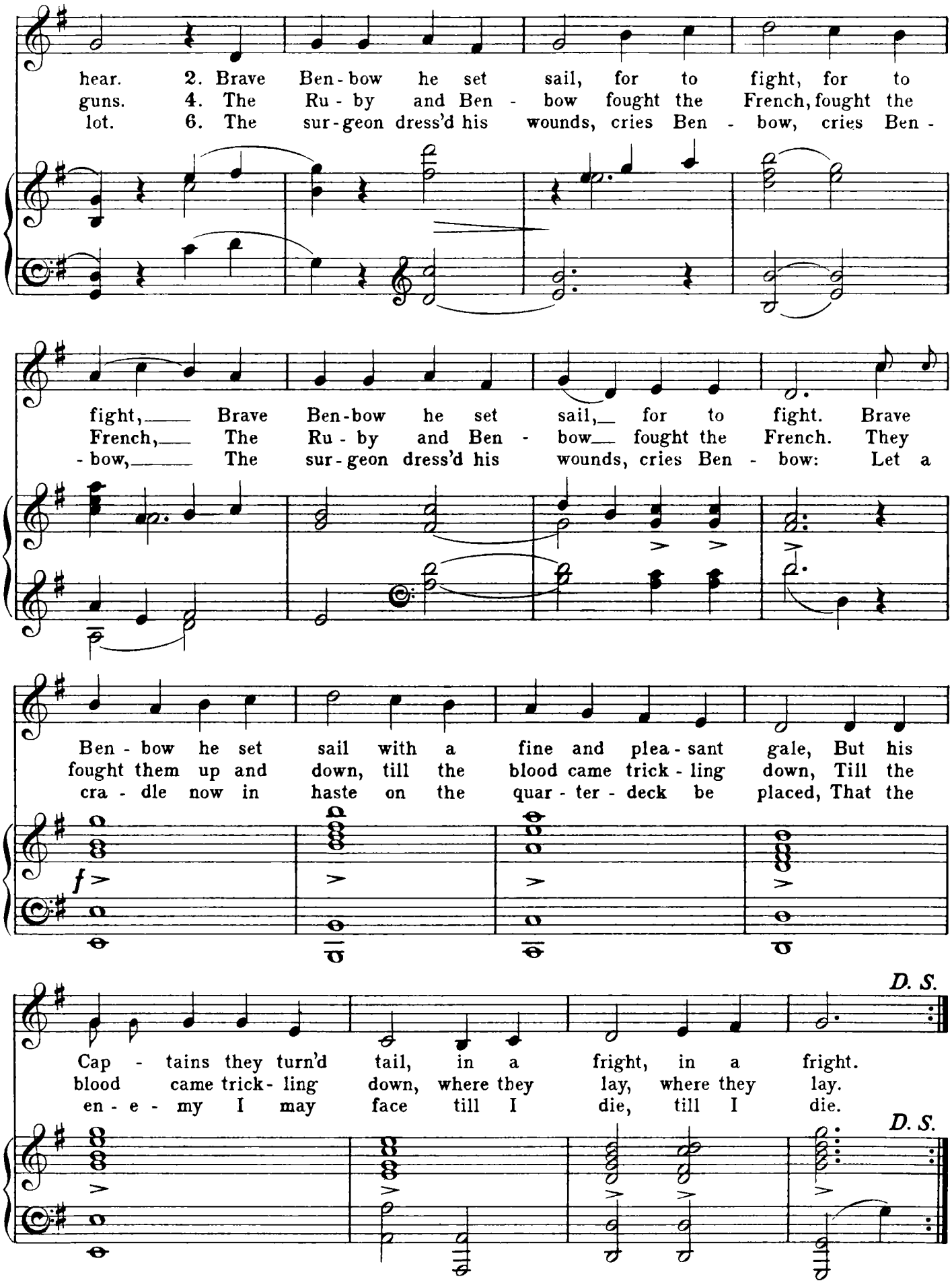

was brought up in Lon - don town, A__ place I__ know full well; Brought
see my__ poor old fa - ther As__ he__ stood at the bar; Like -
up by hon - est par - ents, The truth to you I'll tell, Brought up by honest
-wise my dear old mo - ther Her old gray locks she tore. And in tear-ing of her
cresc.
mf
cresc.
par - ents, Who loved me ten - der - ly, Till I be-came a
old gray locks These words to me she did say: O son! O son! What
f
cresc.
ff
1.
D.S.
2.
rov - ing blade To__ prove my des - ti - ny. 3 My
hast thou done? Thou art bound for Bot-a-ny Bay.
D.S.
mf
f
rall.

XXXVII

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

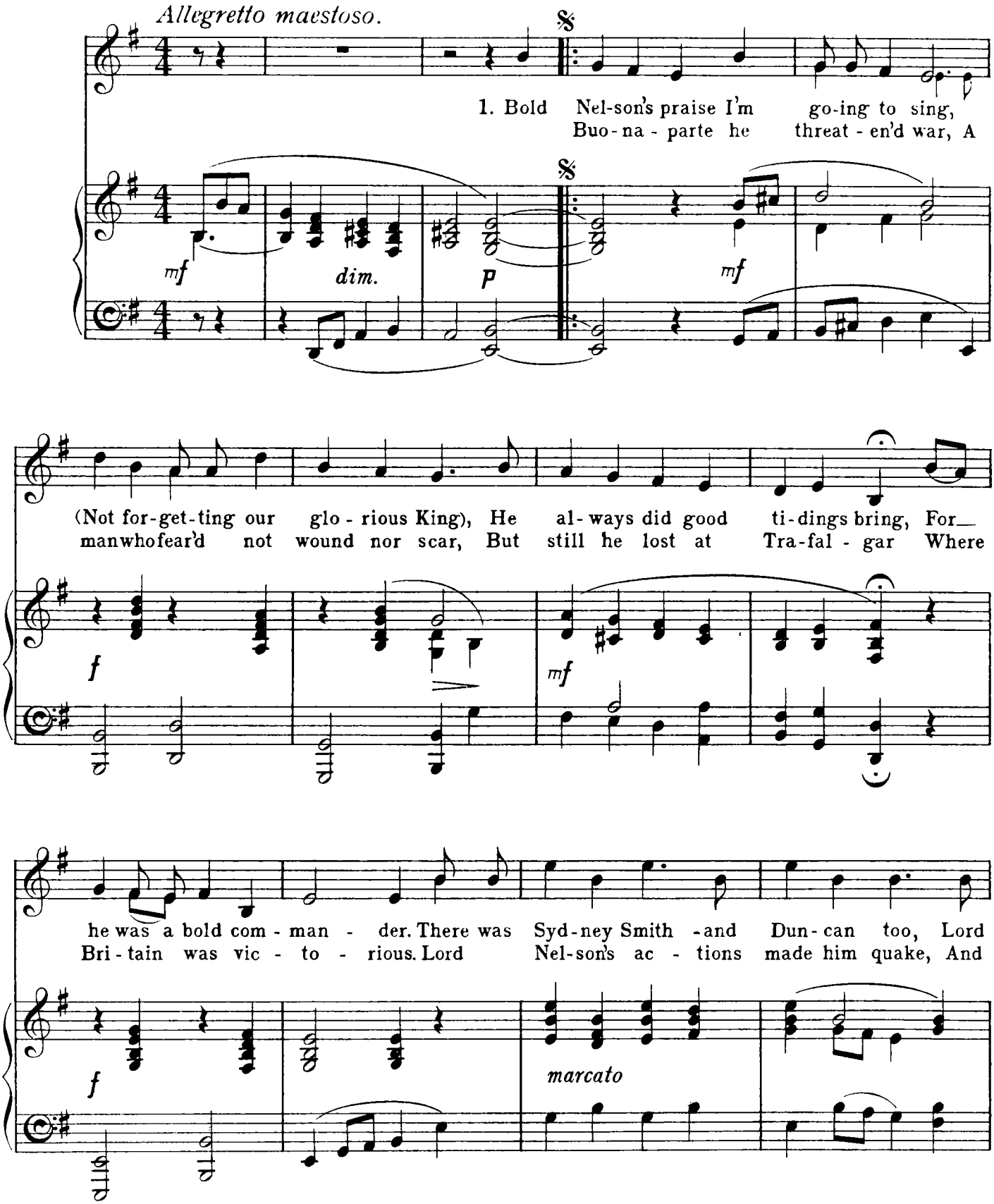
Allegro moderato.

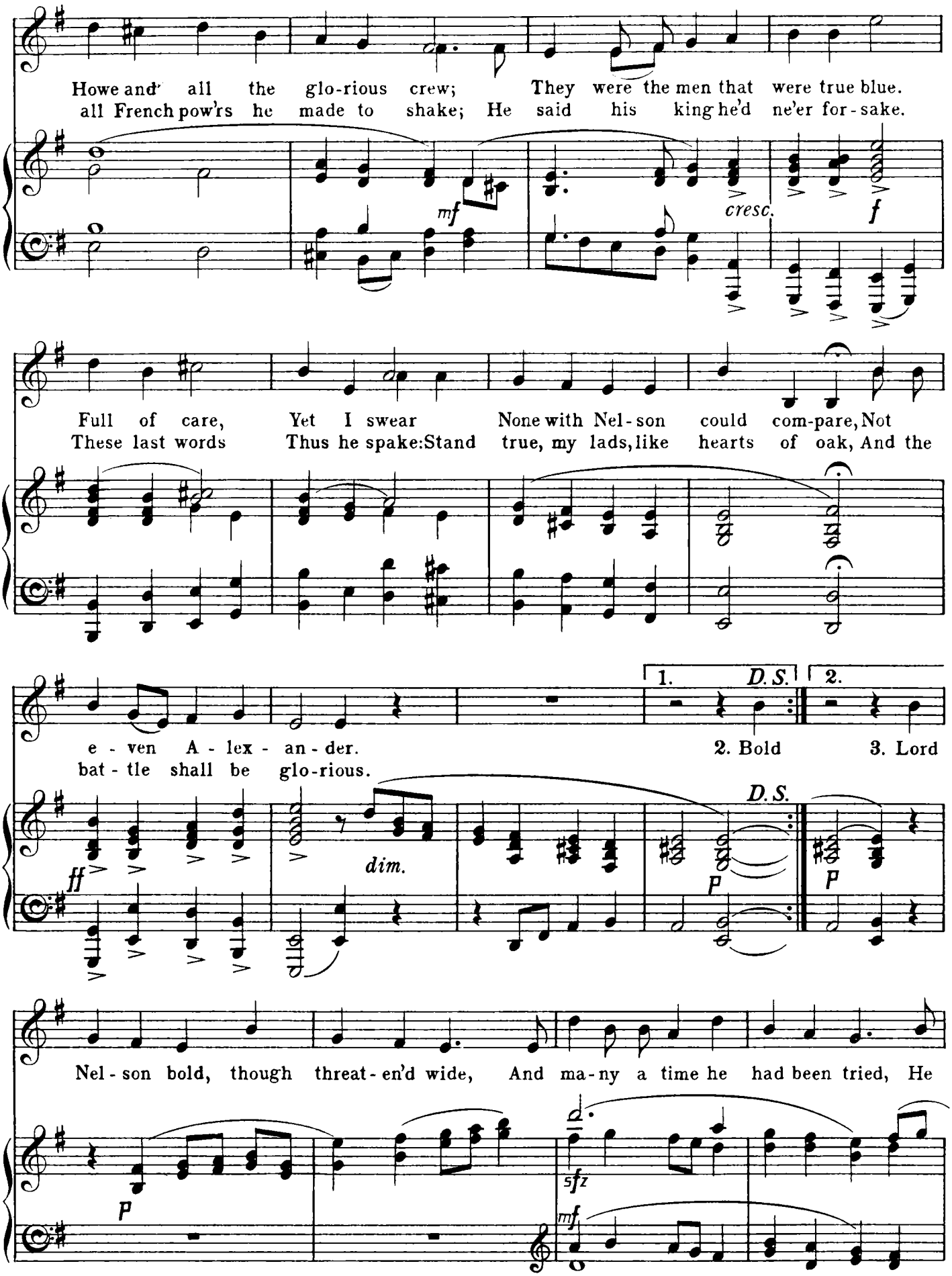


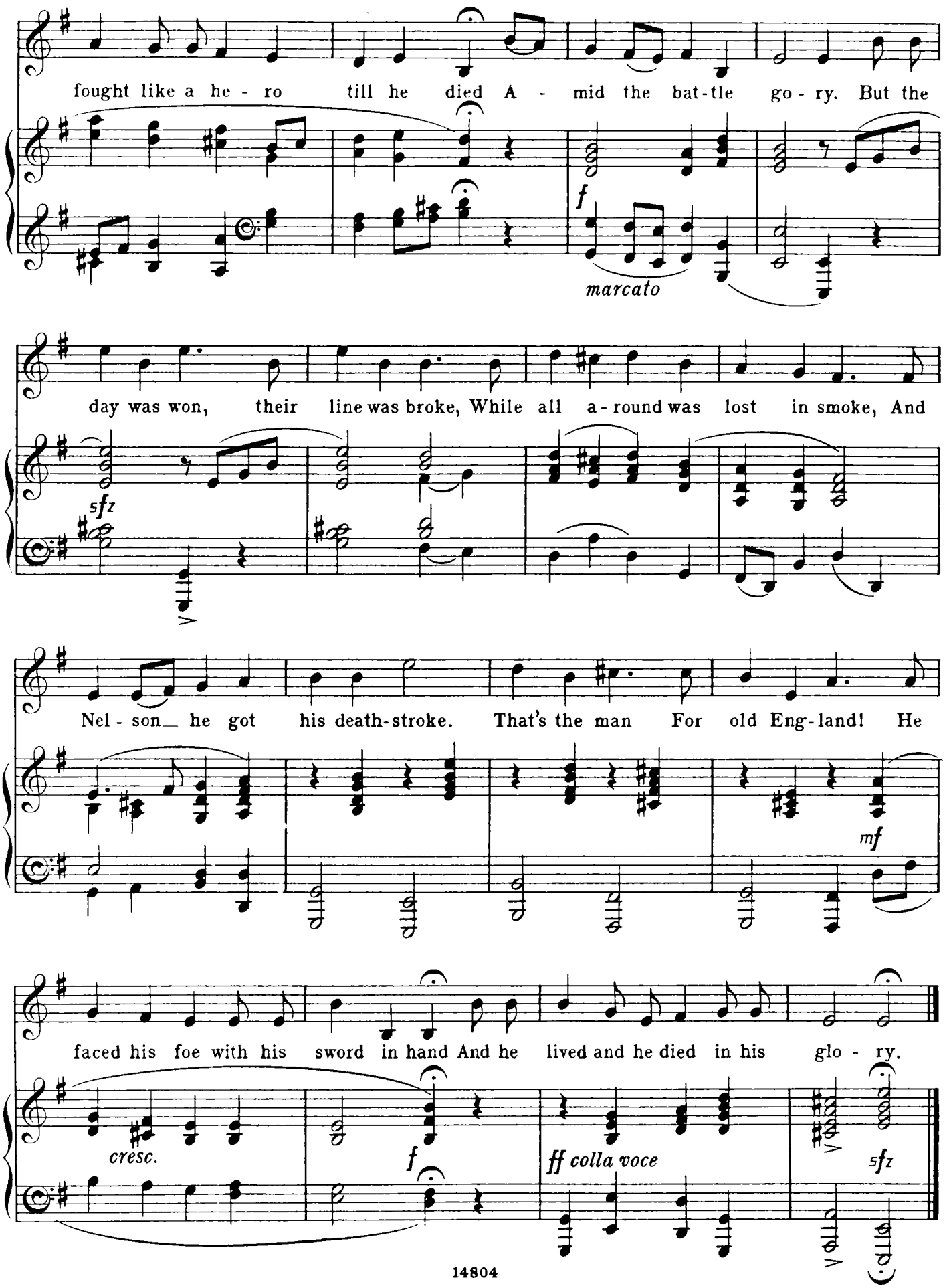

hear. 2. Brave Ben-bow he set sail, for to fight, for to
guns. 4. The Ru-by and Ben-bow fought the French, fought the
lot. 6. The sur-geon dress'd his wounds, cries Ben-bow, cries Ben-
fight, Brave Ben-bow he set sail, for to fight. Brave
French, The Ru-by and Ben-bow fought the French. They
-bow, The sur-geon dress'd his wounds, cries Ben-bow: Let a
Ben-bow he set sail with a fine and plea-sant gale, But his
fought them up and down, till the blood came trick-ling down, Till the
cra-dle now in haste on the quar-ter-deck be placed, That the
f
Cap-tains they turn'd tail, in a fright, in a fright.
blood came trick-ling down, where they lay, where they lay.
en-e-my I may face till I die, till I die.
D. S.
D. S.

XXXVIII

BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE.

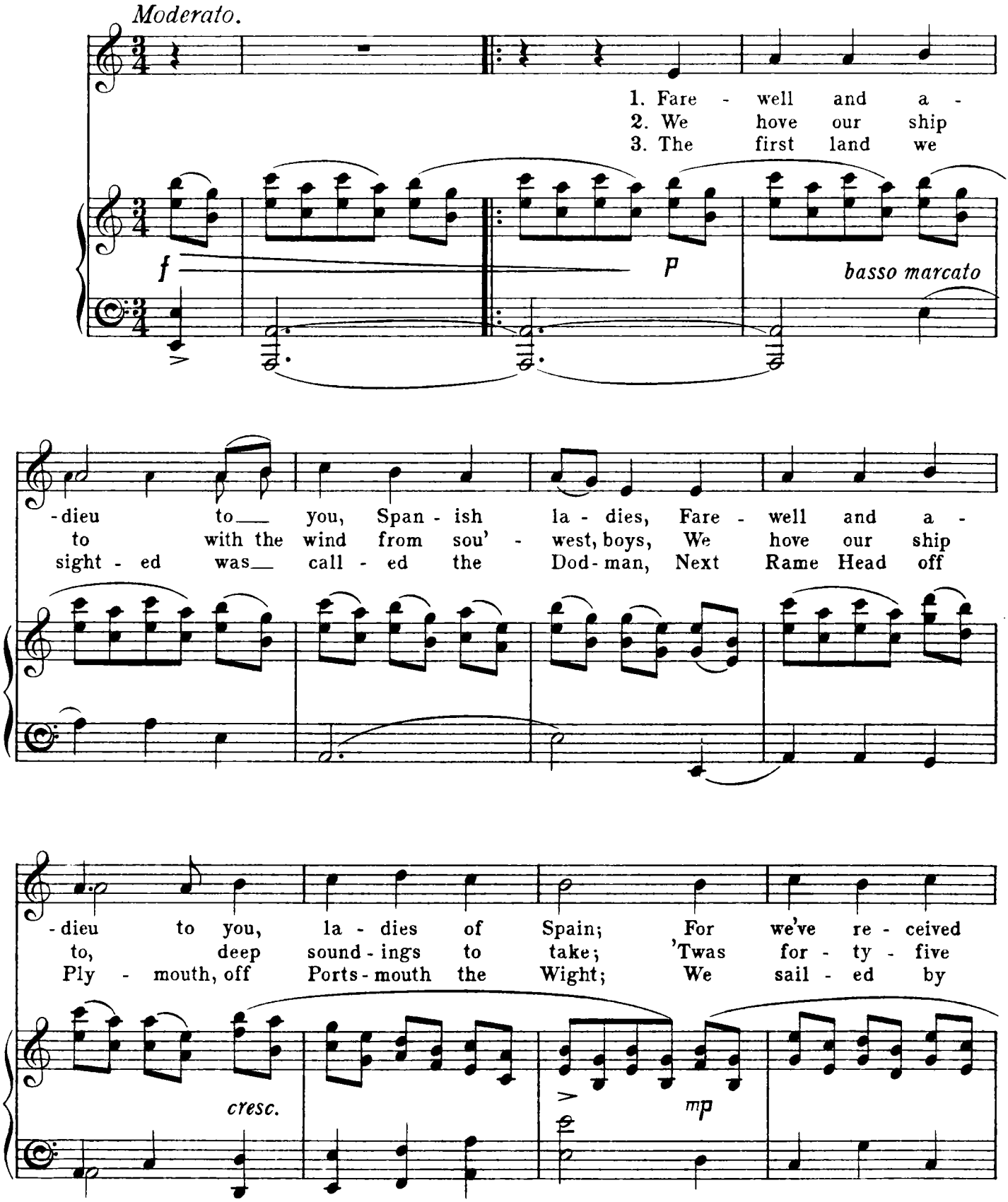


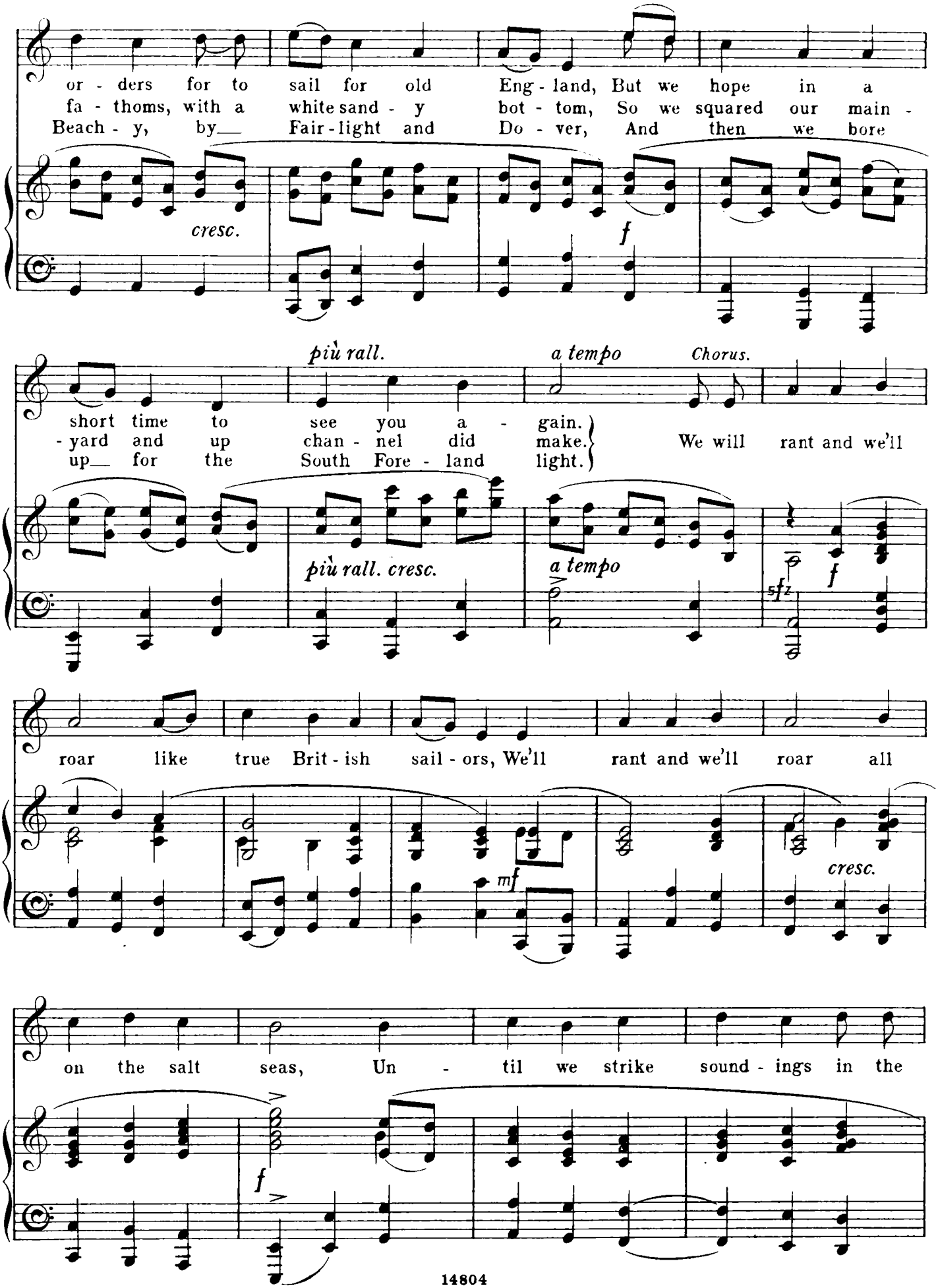

Howe and all the glo-rious crew; They were the men that were true blue.
all French pow'rs he made to shake; He said his king he'd ne'er for-sake.
mf
cresc.
f
Full of care, Yet I swear None with Nel-son could com-pare, Not
These last words Thus he spake: Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak, And the
1. D.S.
2.
e-ven A-lex-an-der.
bat-tle shall be glo-rious.
2. Bold
3. Lord
ff
dim.
D.S.
P
P
Nel-son bold, though threat-en'd wide, And ma-ny a time he had been tried, He
P
sfz
mf

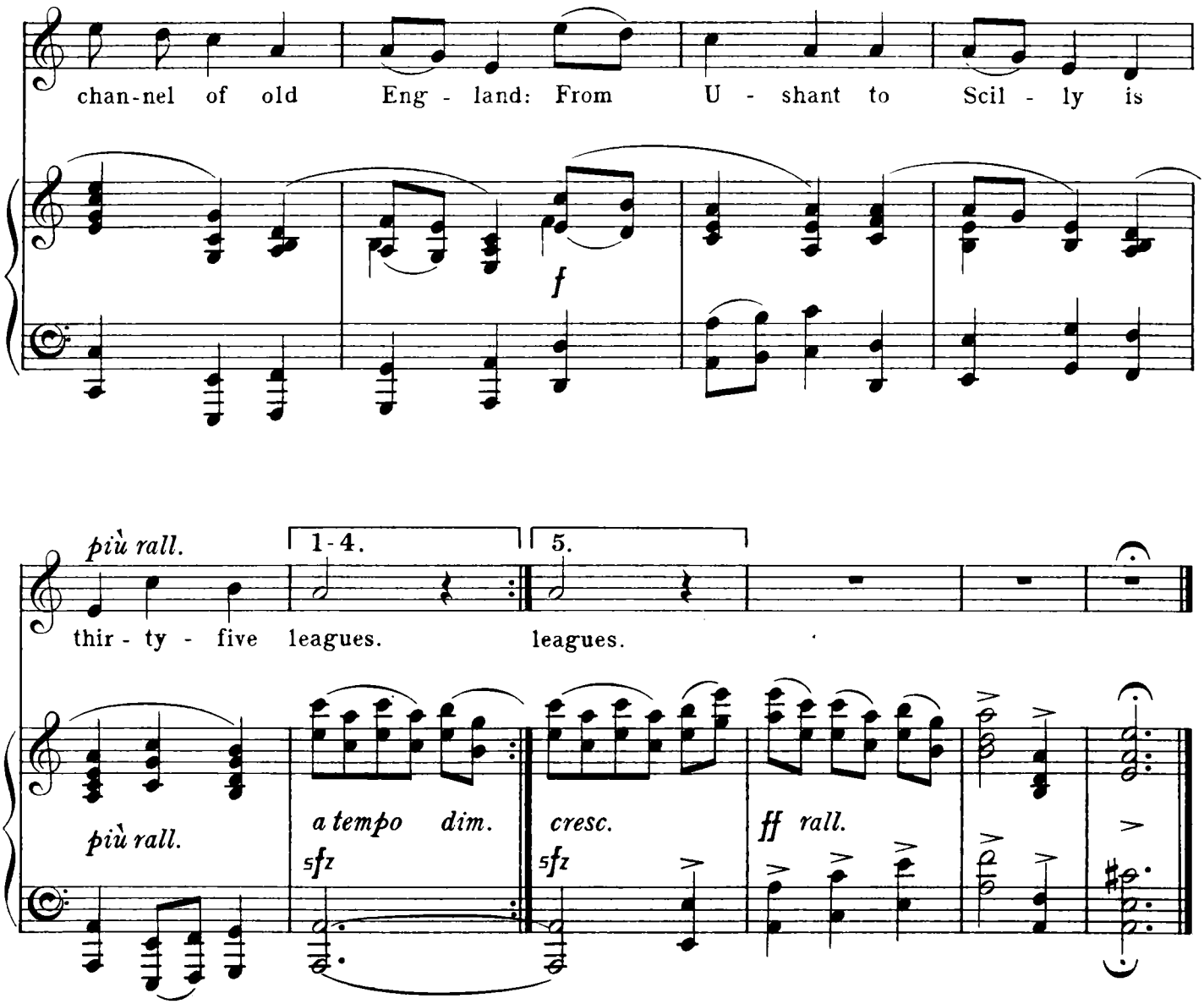

fought like a he - ro till he died A - mid the bat-tle go - ry. But the
f
marcato
day was won, their line was broke, While all a - round was lost in smoke, And
sfz
Nel - son he got his death-stroke. That's the man For old Eng-land! He
mf
faced his foe with his sword in hand And he lived and he died in his glo - ry.
cresc.
f
ff colla voce
sfz

XXXIX

SPANISH LADIES.




or - ders for to sail for old Eng - land, But we hope in a
fa - thoms, with a white sand - y bot - tom, So we squared our main -
Beach - y, by— Fair - light and Do - ver, And then we bore
cresc.
f
più rall.
a tempo
Chorus.
short time to see you a - gain.
- yard and up chan - nel did make.
up— for the South Fore - land light.
We will rant and we'll
più rall. cresc.
a tempo
sfz
f
roar like true Brit - ish sail - ors, We'll rant and we'll roar all
mf
cresc.
on the salt seas, Un - til we strike sound - ings in the
f



4.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

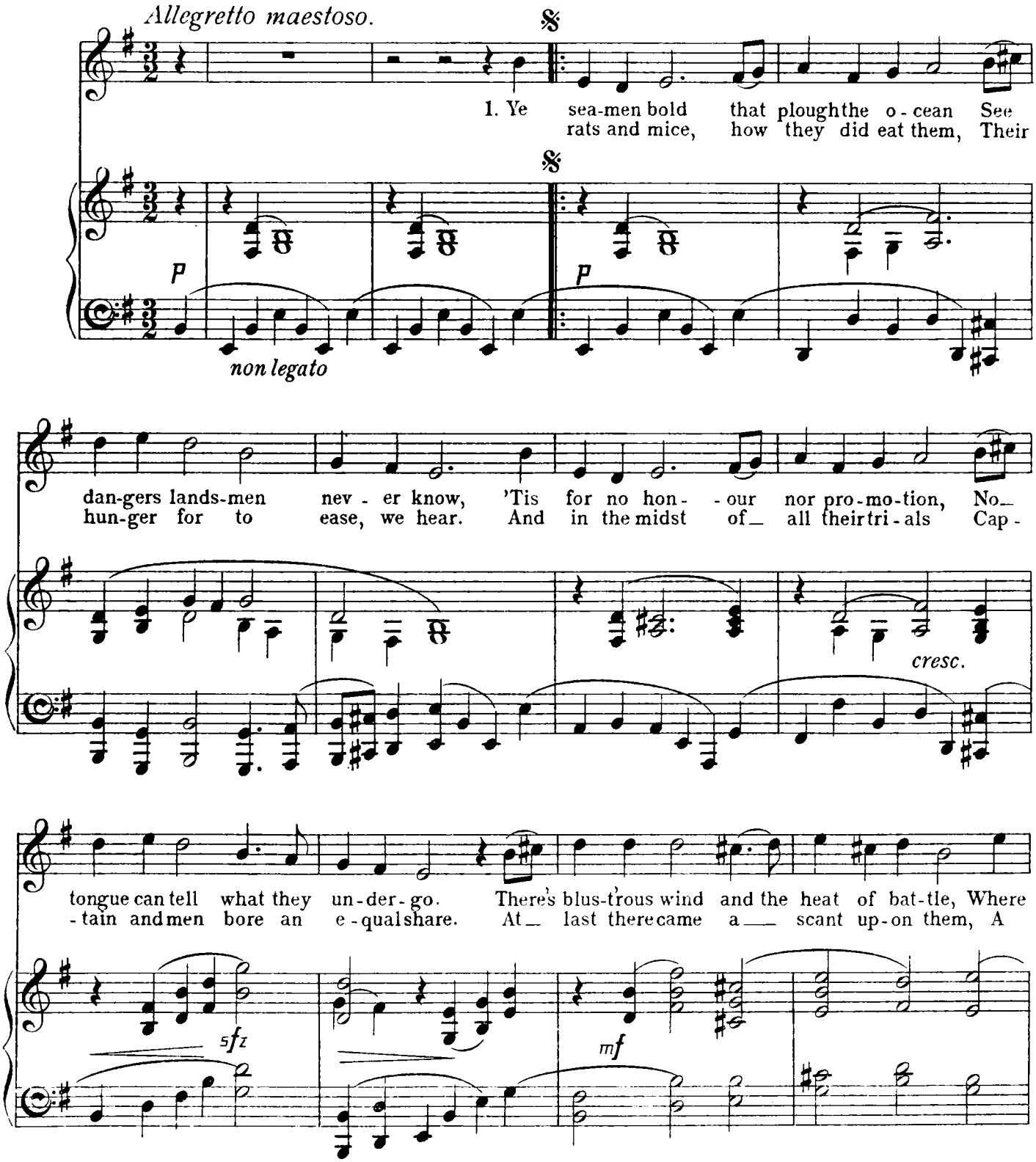
5.

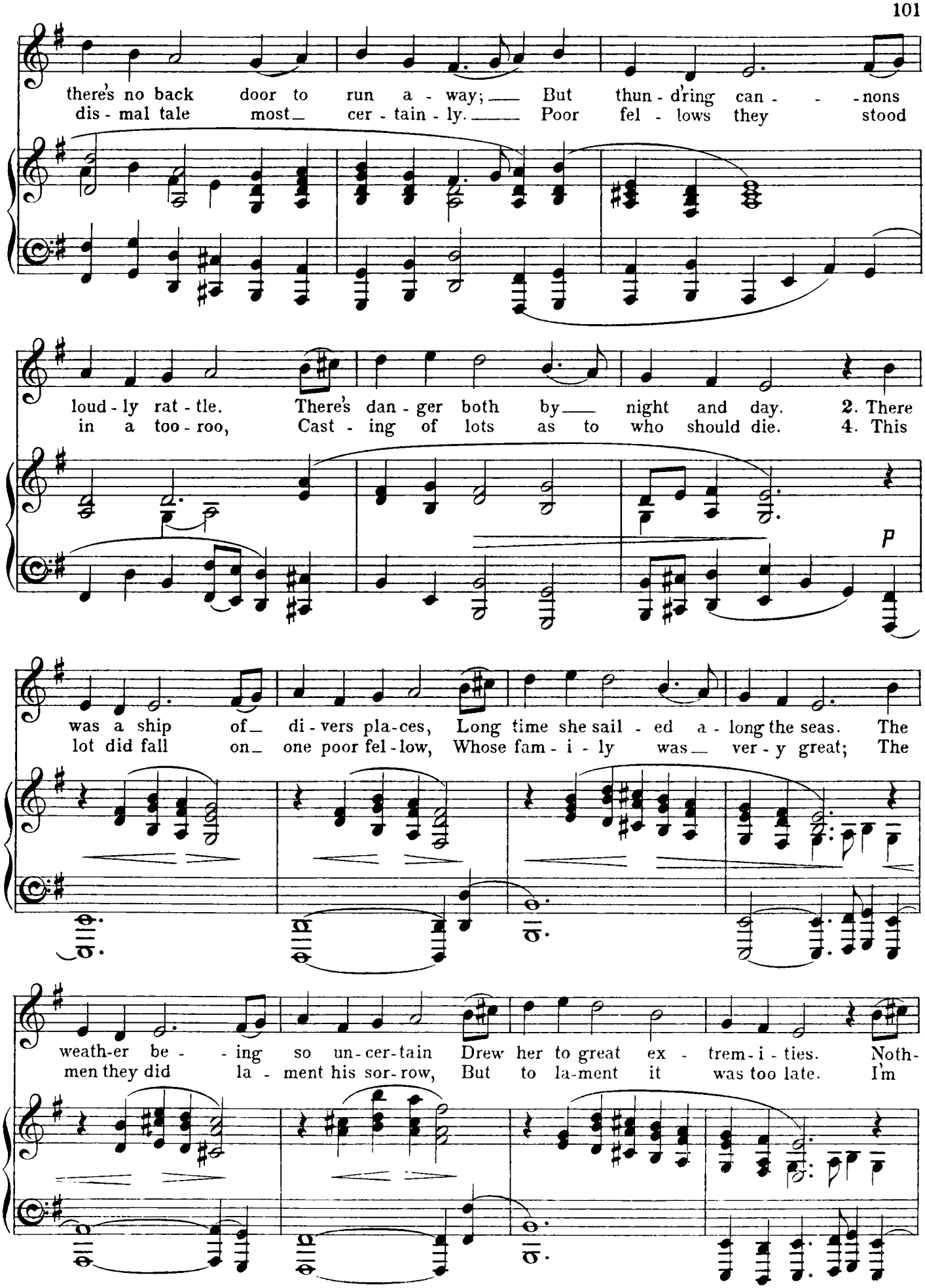
Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

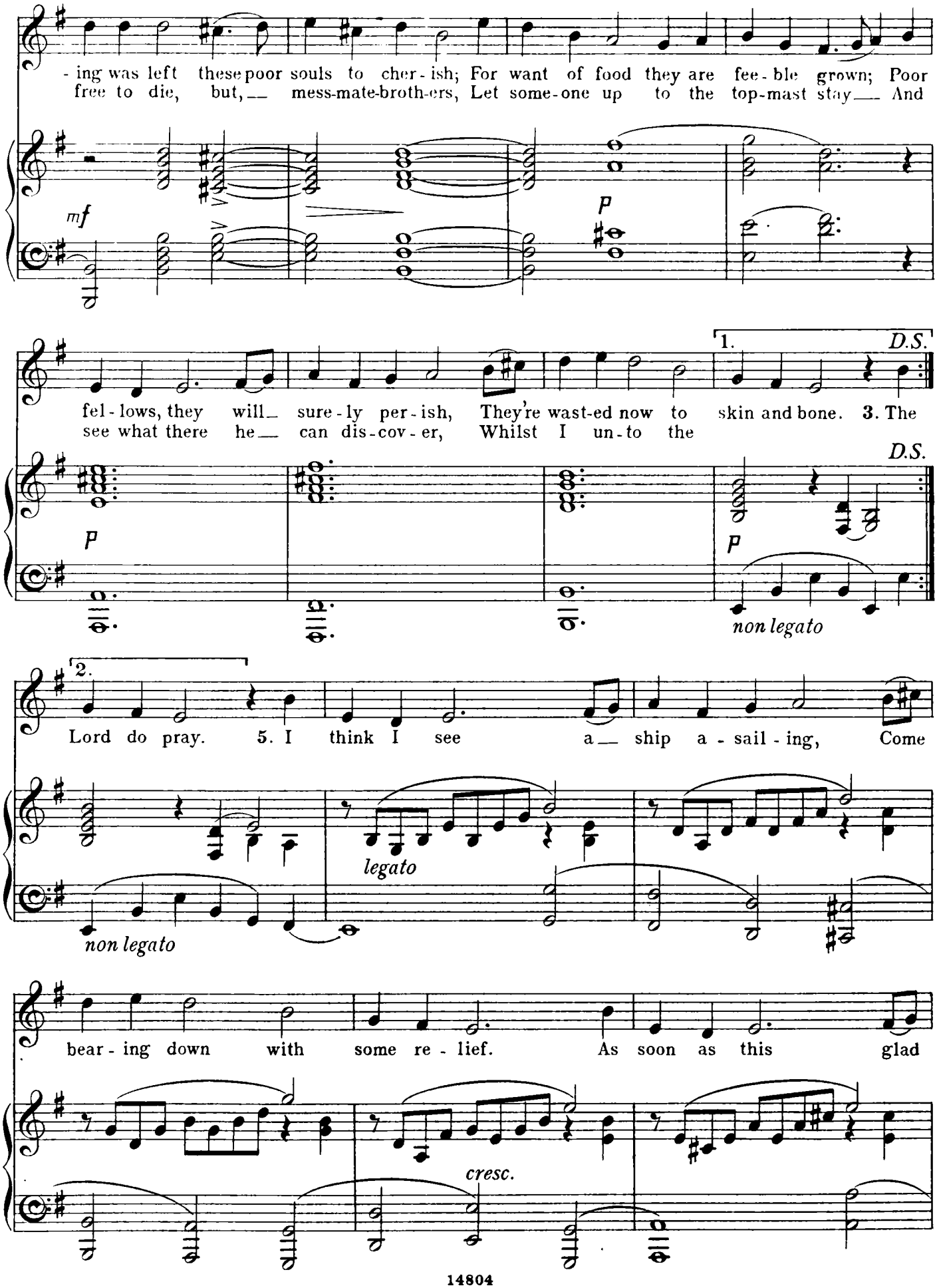
Chorus. We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England:
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

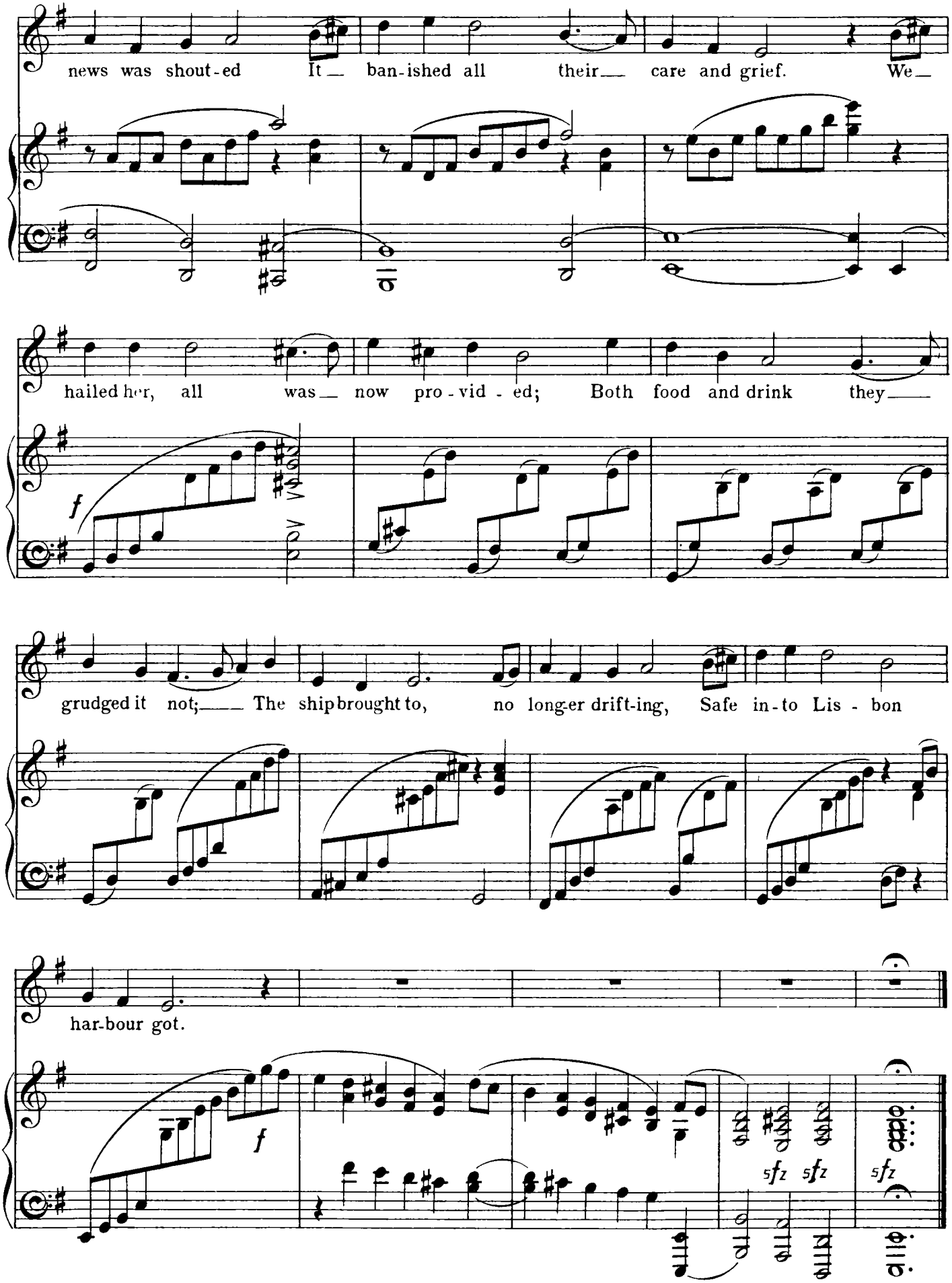
XL

THE SHIP IN DISTRESS.

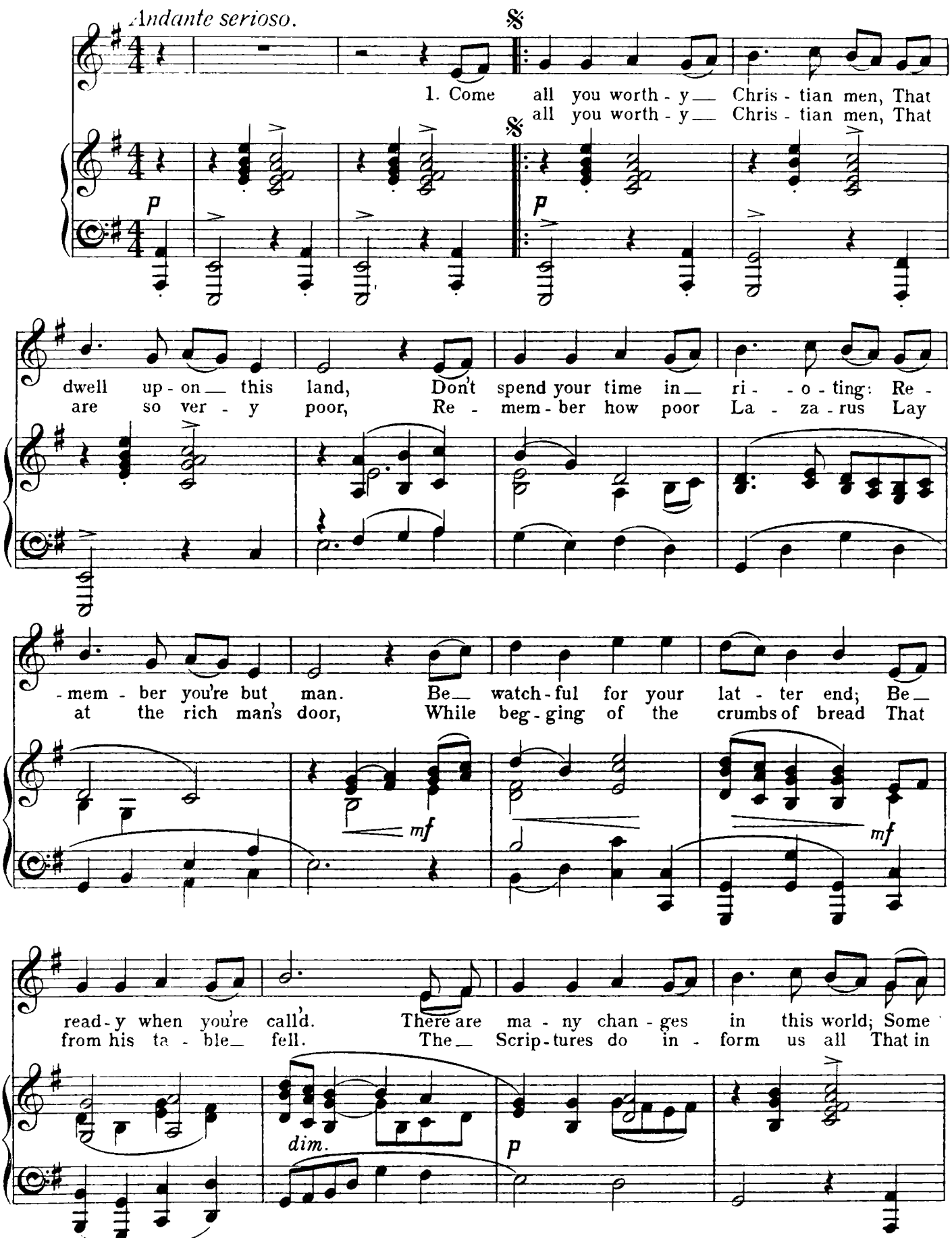


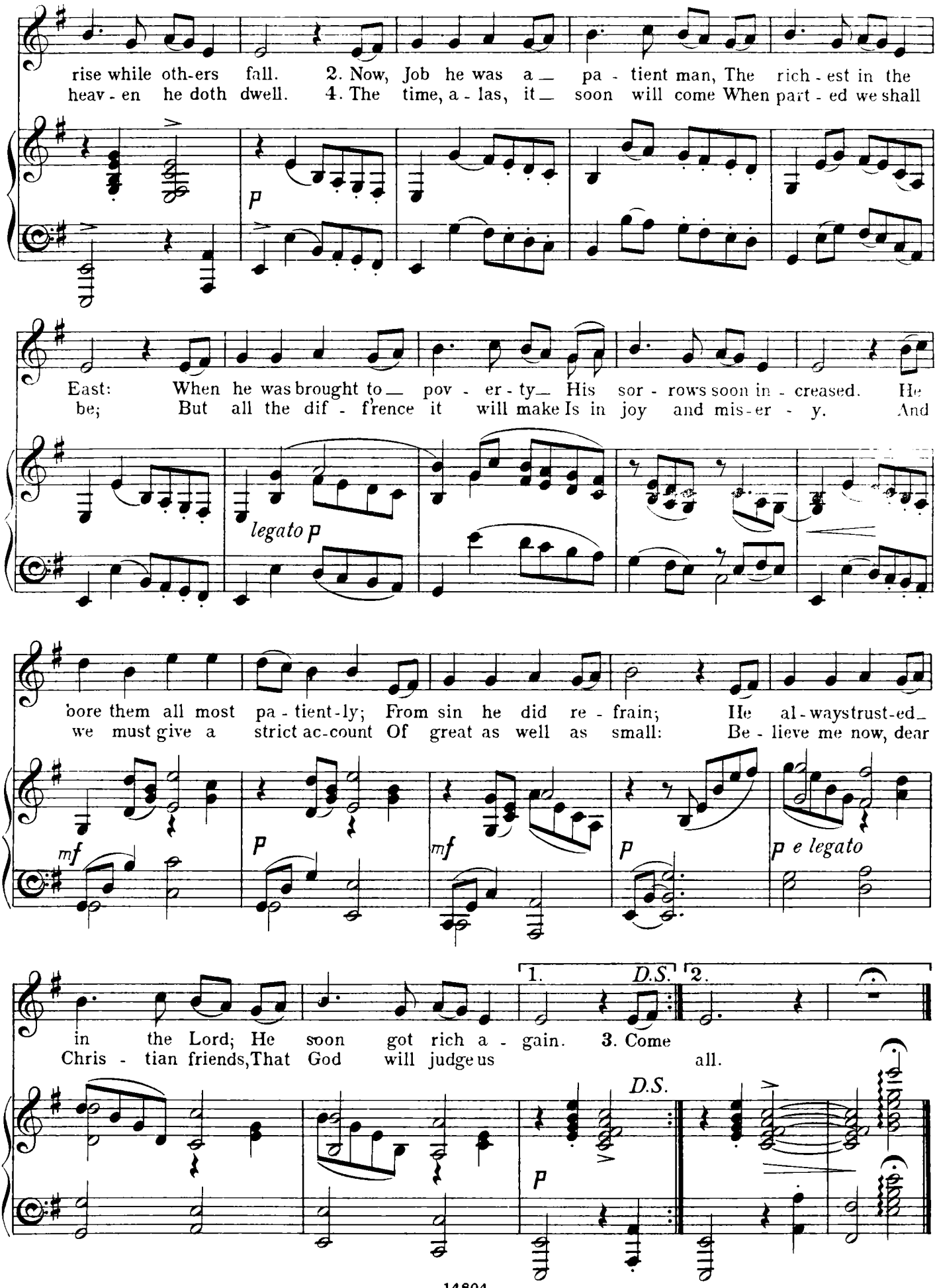

there's no back door to run a - way; But thun - d'ring can - - - nons
dis - mal tale most cer - tain - ly. Poor fel - lows they stood
loud - ly rat - tle. There's dan - ger both by night and day. 2. There
in a too - roo, Cast - ing of lots as to who should die. 4. This
p
was a ship of di - vers pla - ces, Long time she sail - ed a - long the seas. The
lot did fall on one poor fel - low, Whose fam - i - ly was ver - y great; The
weath-er be - - ing so un - cer - tain Drew her to great ex - trem - i - ties. Noth-
men they did la - ment his sor - row, But to la-ment it was too late. I'm


- ing was left these poor souls to cher - ish; For want of food they are fee - ble grown; Poor
free to die, but, mess-mate-broth-ers, Let some-one up to the top-mast stay And
mf
p
fel - lows, they will sure - ly per - ish, They're wast-ed now to skin and bone. 3. The
see what there he can dis - cov - er, Whilst I un - to the
1.
D.S.
D.S.
p
p
non legato
2.
Lord do pray. 5. I think I see a ship a - sail - ing, Come
legato
non legato
bear - ing down with some re - lief. As soon as this glad
cresc.


news was shout-ed It ban-ished all their care and grief. We
hailed her, all was now pro-vid-ed; Both food and drink they
f
grudged it not; The ship brought to, no long-er drift-ing, Safe in-to Lis-bon
har-bour got.
f
sfz sfz sfz

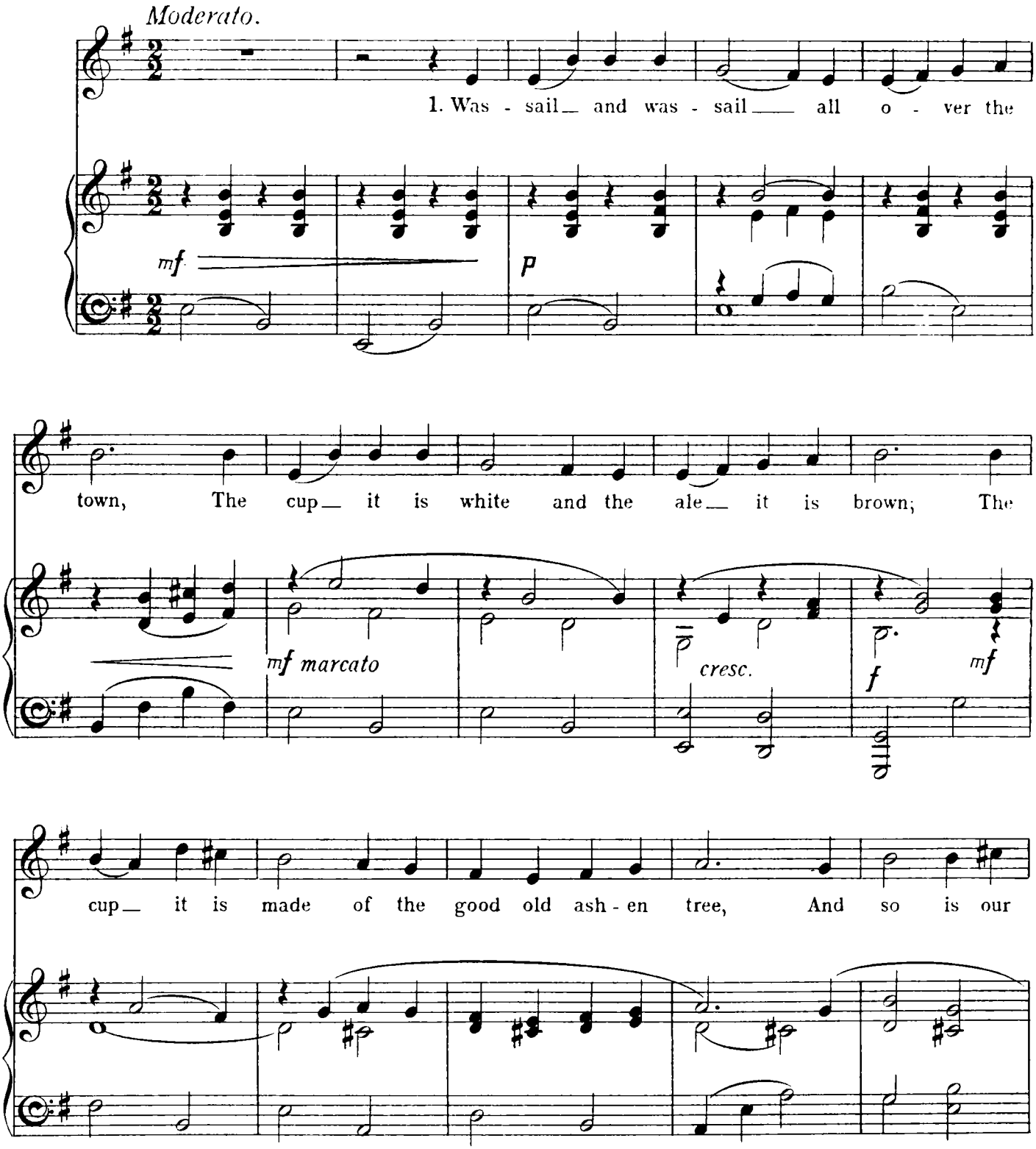
XLI
COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.

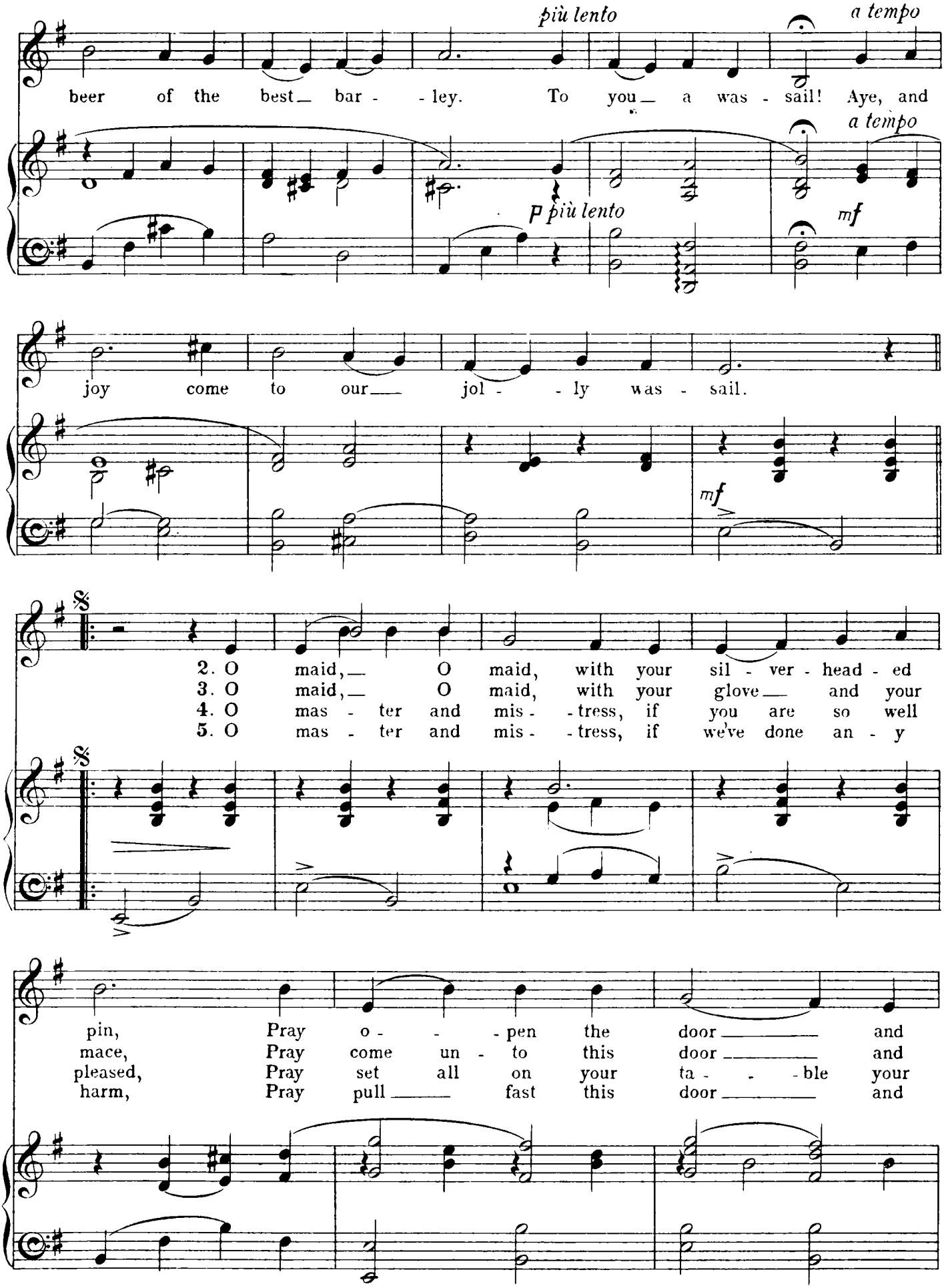


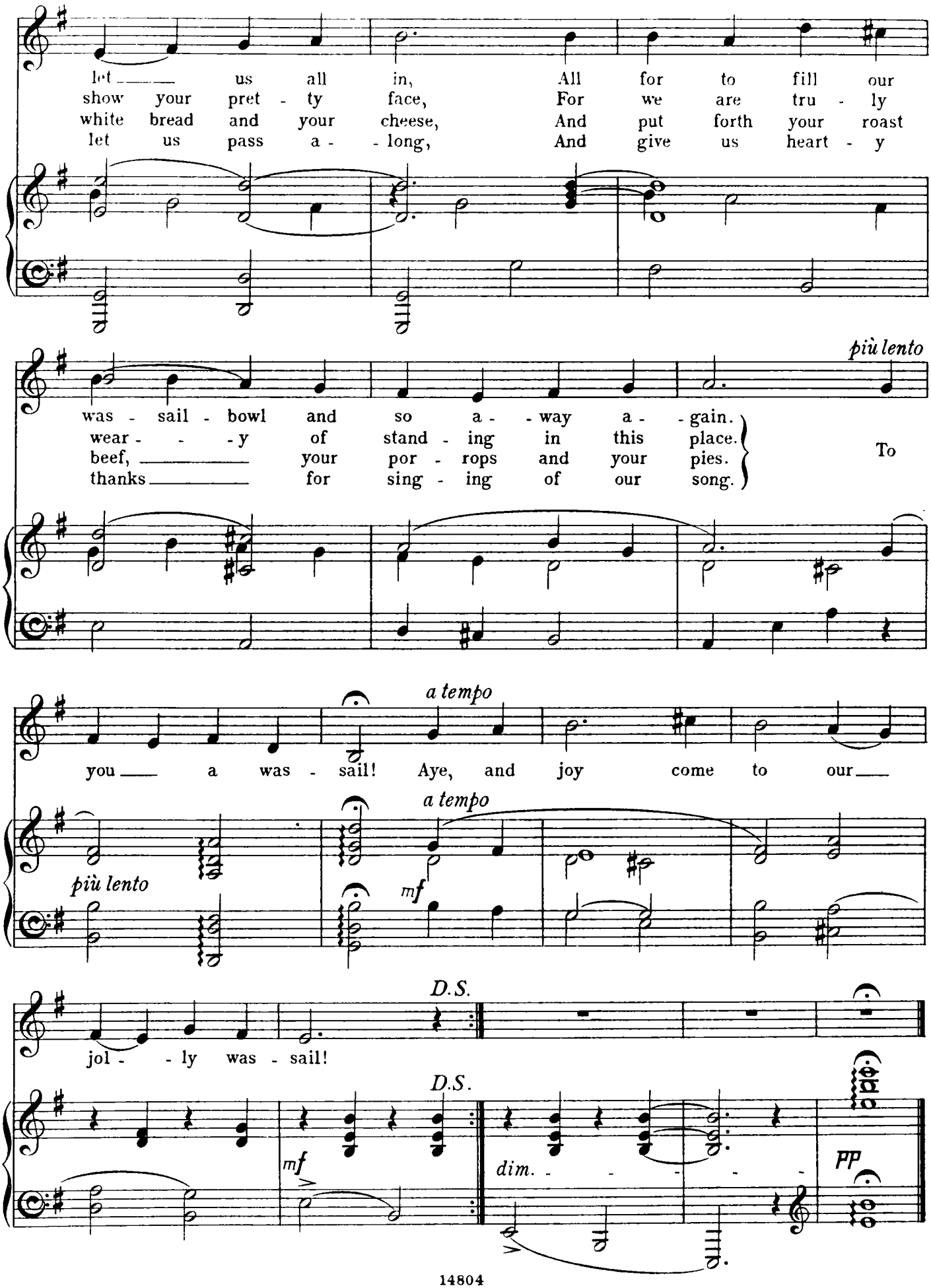

rise while oth-ers fall. 2. Now, Job he was a_ pa - tient man, The rich - est in the
heav - en he doth dwell. 4. The time, a - las, it_ soon will come When part - ed we shall
East: When he was brought to_ pov - er - ty_ His sor - rows soon in - creased. He
be; But all the dif - f'rence it will make Is in joy and mis-er - y. And
legato p
bore them all most pa - tient-ly; From sin he did re - frain; He al-waystrust-ed_
we must give a strict ac-count Of great as well as small: Be - lieve me now, dear
mf
p
mf
p
p e legato
1.
D.S.
2.
in the Lord; He soon got rich a - gain. 3. Come
Chris - tian friends, That God will judge us all.
D.S.
p

XLII

WASSAIL SONG.



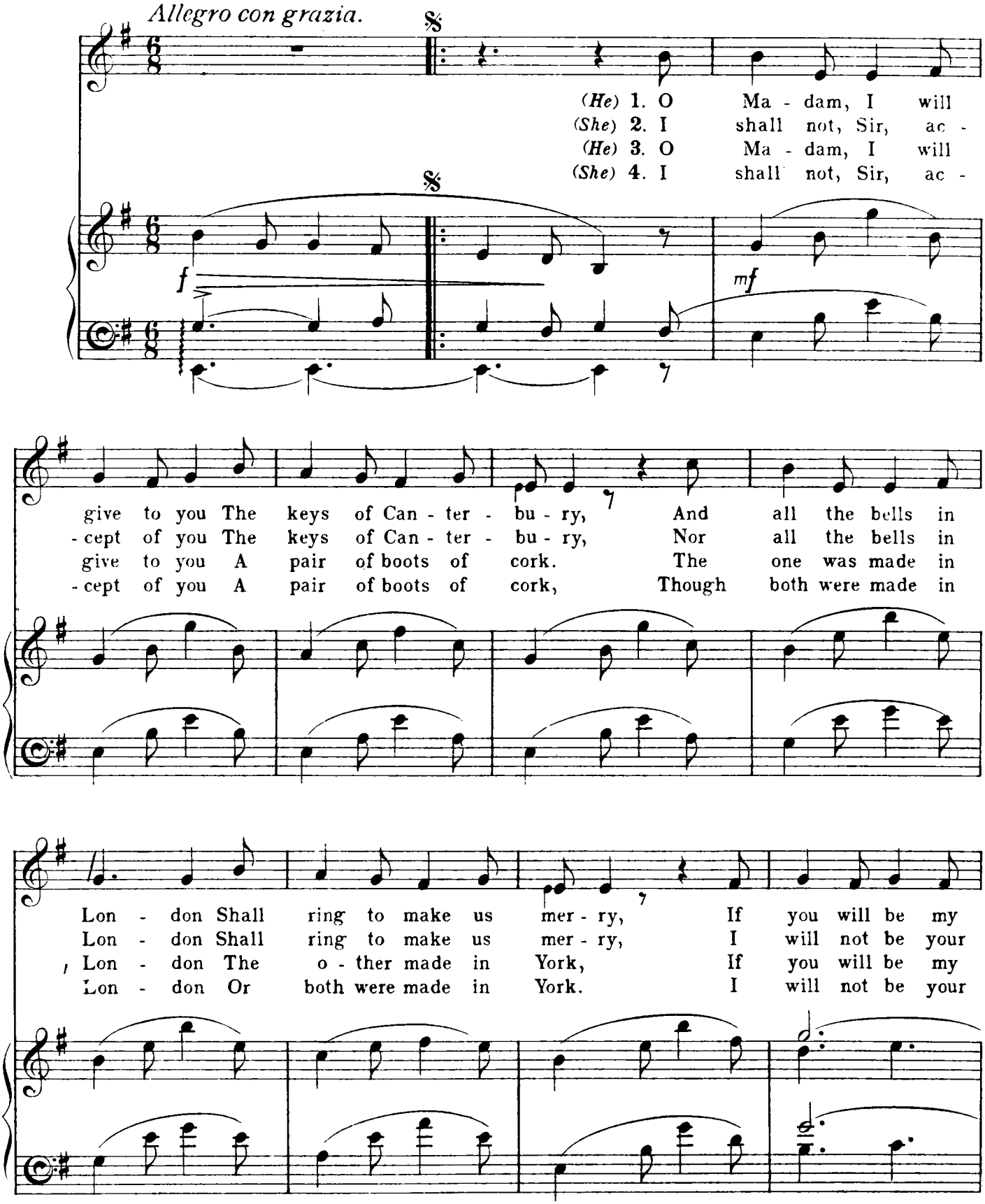

più lento
a tempo
beer of the best bar - ley. To you a was - sail! Aye, and
a tempo
più lento
mf
joy come to our jol - ly was - sail.
mf
2. O maid, O maid, with your sil - ver - head - ed
3. O maid, O maid, with your glove and your
4. O mas - ter and mis - tress, if you are so well
5. O mas - ter and mis - tress, if we've done an - y
pin, Pray o - pen the door and
mace, Pray come un - to this door and
pleased, Pray set all on your ta - ble your
harm, Pray pull fast this door and

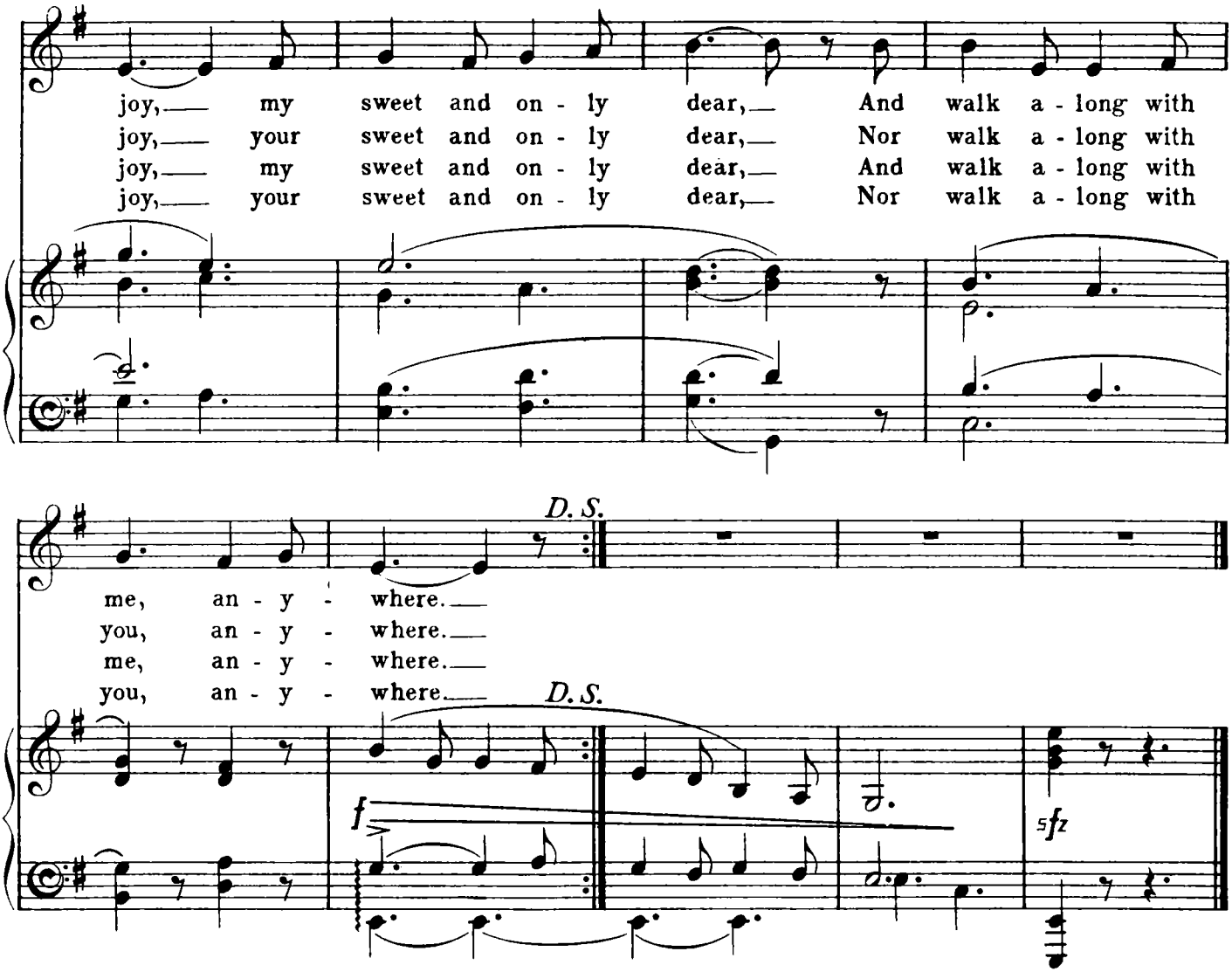

let us all in, All for to fill our
show your pret - ty face, For we are tru - ly
white bread and your cheese, And put forth your roast
let us pass a - long, And give us heart - y
più lento
was - sail - bowl and so a - way a - gain.
wear - - - y of stand - ing in this place.
beef, your por - rops and your pies.
thanks for sing - ing of our song.
To
a tempo
you a was - sail! Aye, and joy come to our
più lento
a tempo
mf
D.S.
jol - - ly was - sail!
D.S.
mf
dim.
pp

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY.

XLIII

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY.





5.

O Madam, I will give to you
A little golden bell,
To ring for all your servants
And make them serve you well,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

6.

I shall not, Sir, accept of you
A little golden bell,
To ring for all my servants
And make them serve me well.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

7.

O Madam, I will give to you
A gallant silver chest,
With a key of gold and silver
And jewels of the best,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

8.

I shall not, Sir, accept of you
A gallant silver chest,
A key of gold and silver
Nor jewels of the best.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

9.

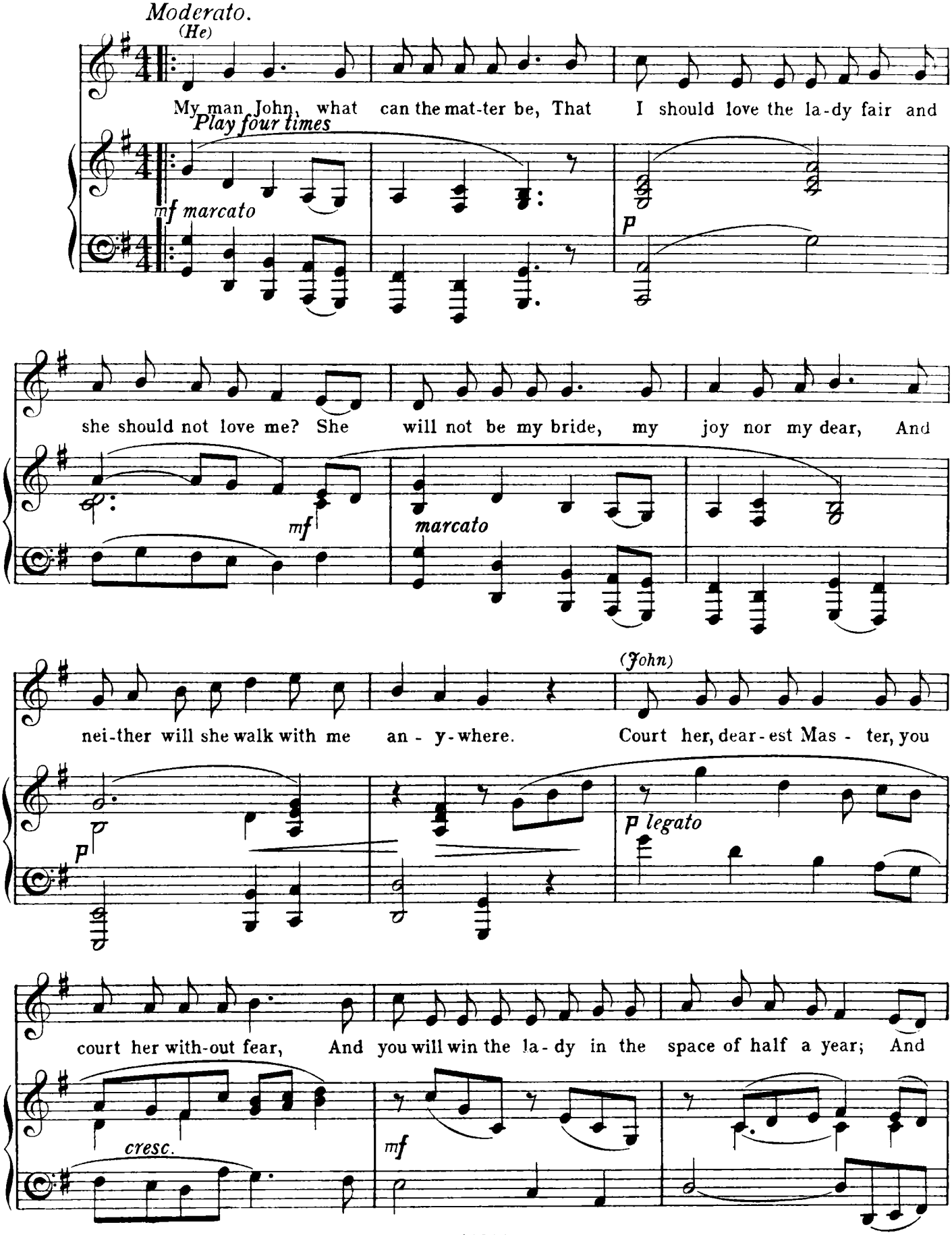
O Madam, I will give to you
A broidered silken gownd,
With nine yards a-drooping
And training on the ground,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

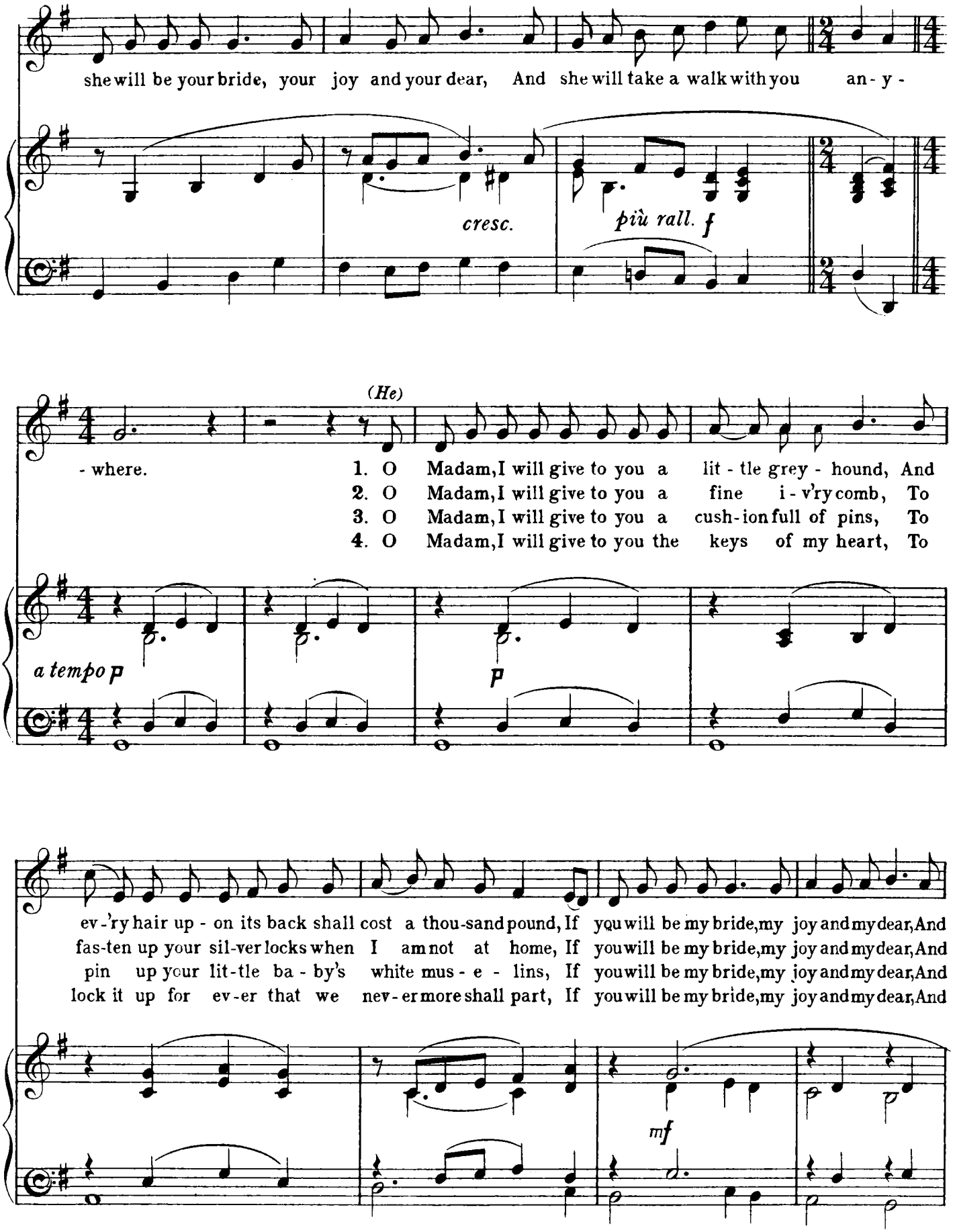
10.

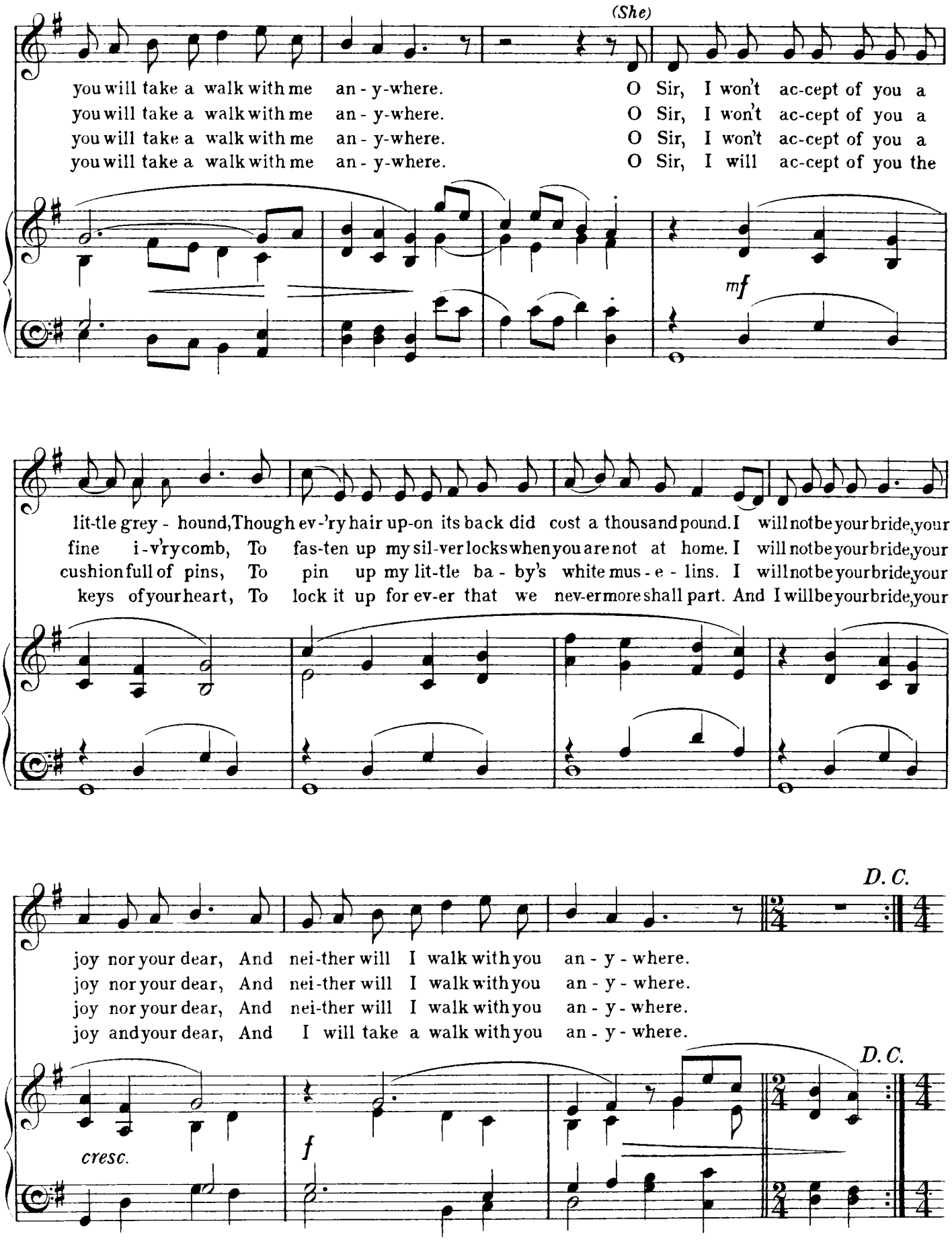
O Sir, I will accept of you
A broidered silken gownd,
With nine yards a-drooping
And training on the ground:
Then I will be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
And walk along with you, anywhere.

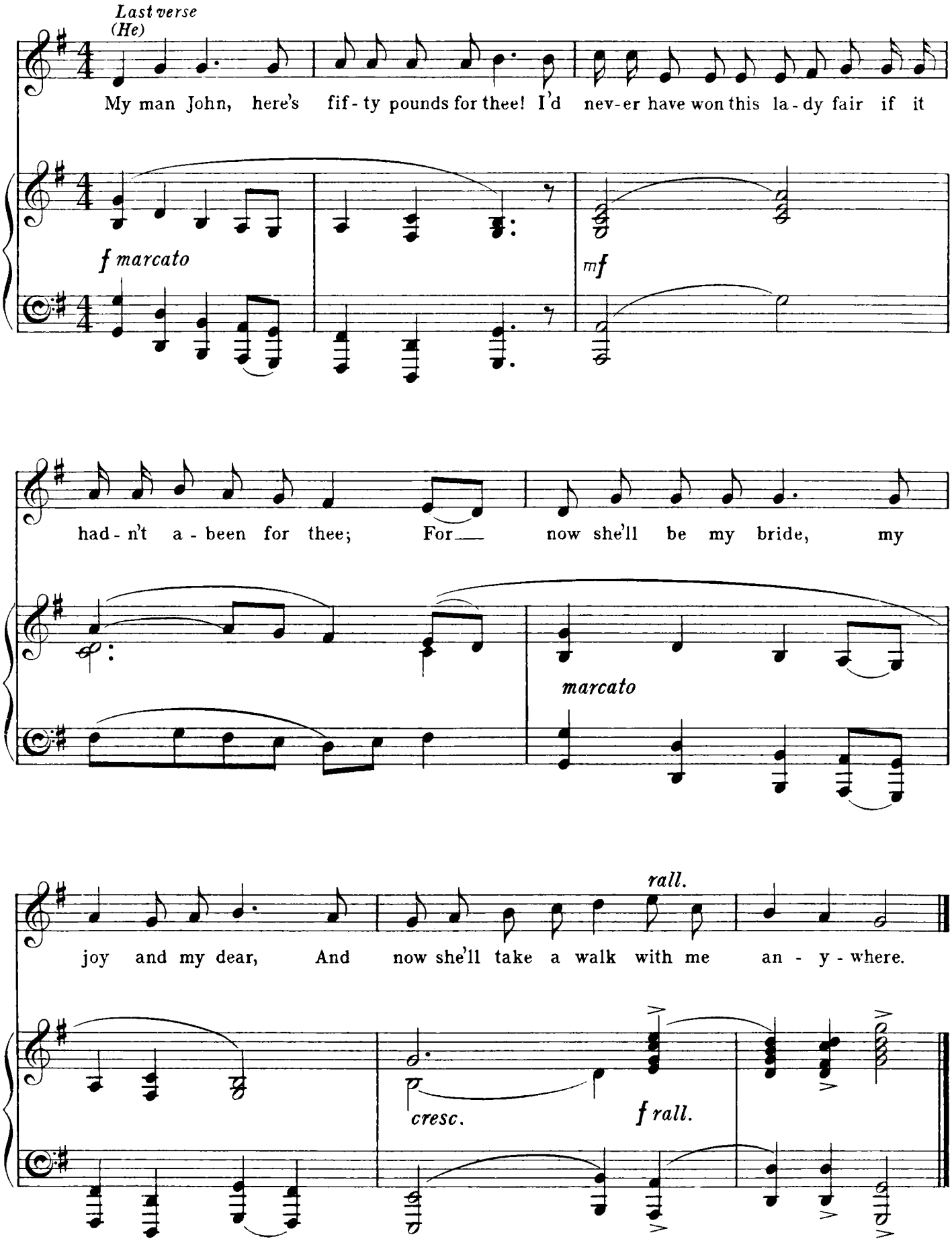
XLIV

MY MAN JOHN.



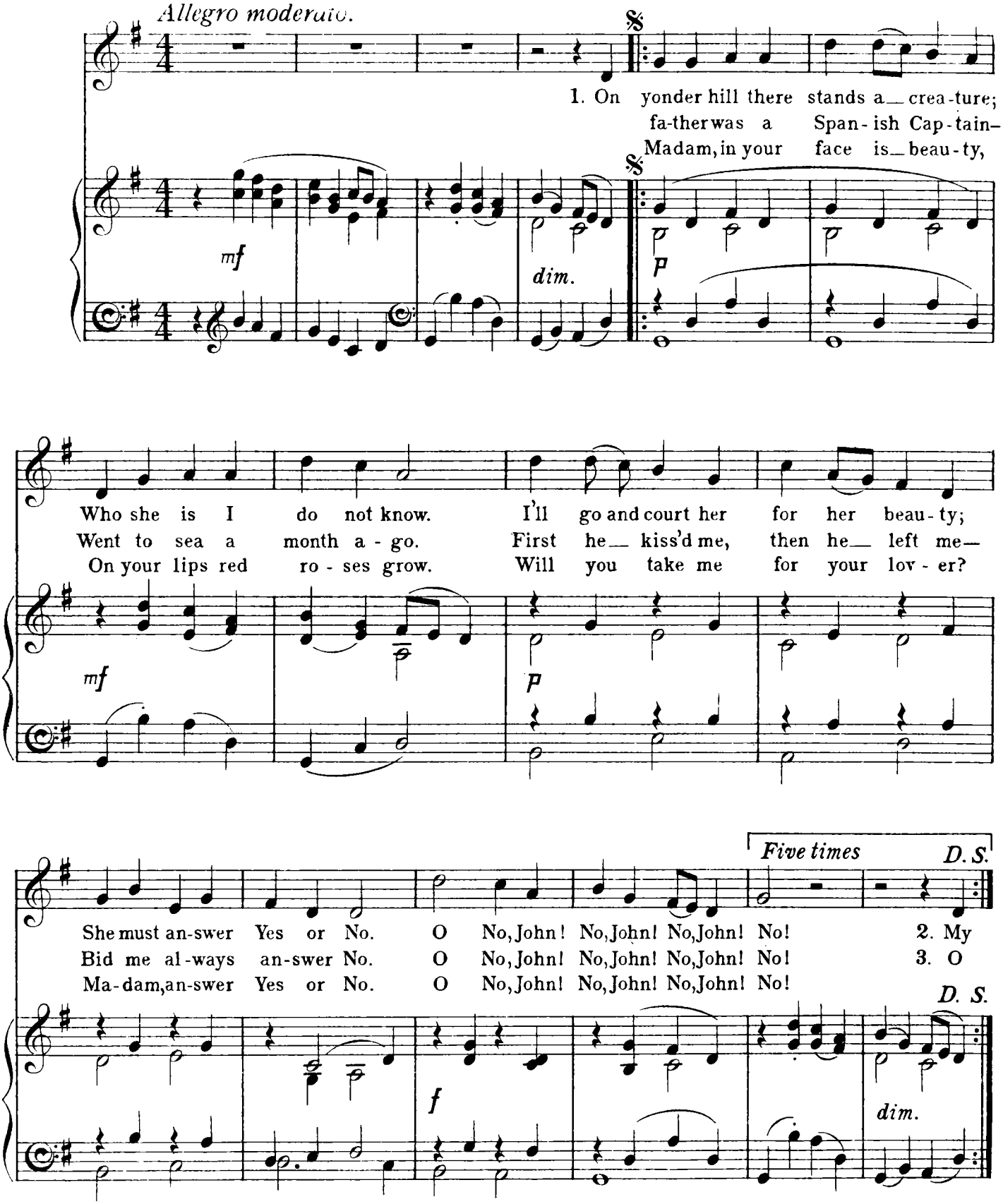

she will be your bride, your joy and your dear, And she will take a walk with you an-y-
cresc.
più rall. f
(He)
-where.
1. O Madam, I will give to you a lit-tle grey-hound, And
2. O Madam, I will give to you a fine i-v'ry comb, To
3. O Madam, I will give to you a cush-ion full of pins, To
4. O Madam, I will give to you the keys of my heart, To
a tempo p
p
ev-'ry hair up-on its back shall cost a thou-sand pound, If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
fas-ten up your sil-ver locks when I am not at home, If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
pin up your lit-tle ba-by's white mus-e-lins, If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
lock it up for ev-er that we nev-er more shall part, If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
mf

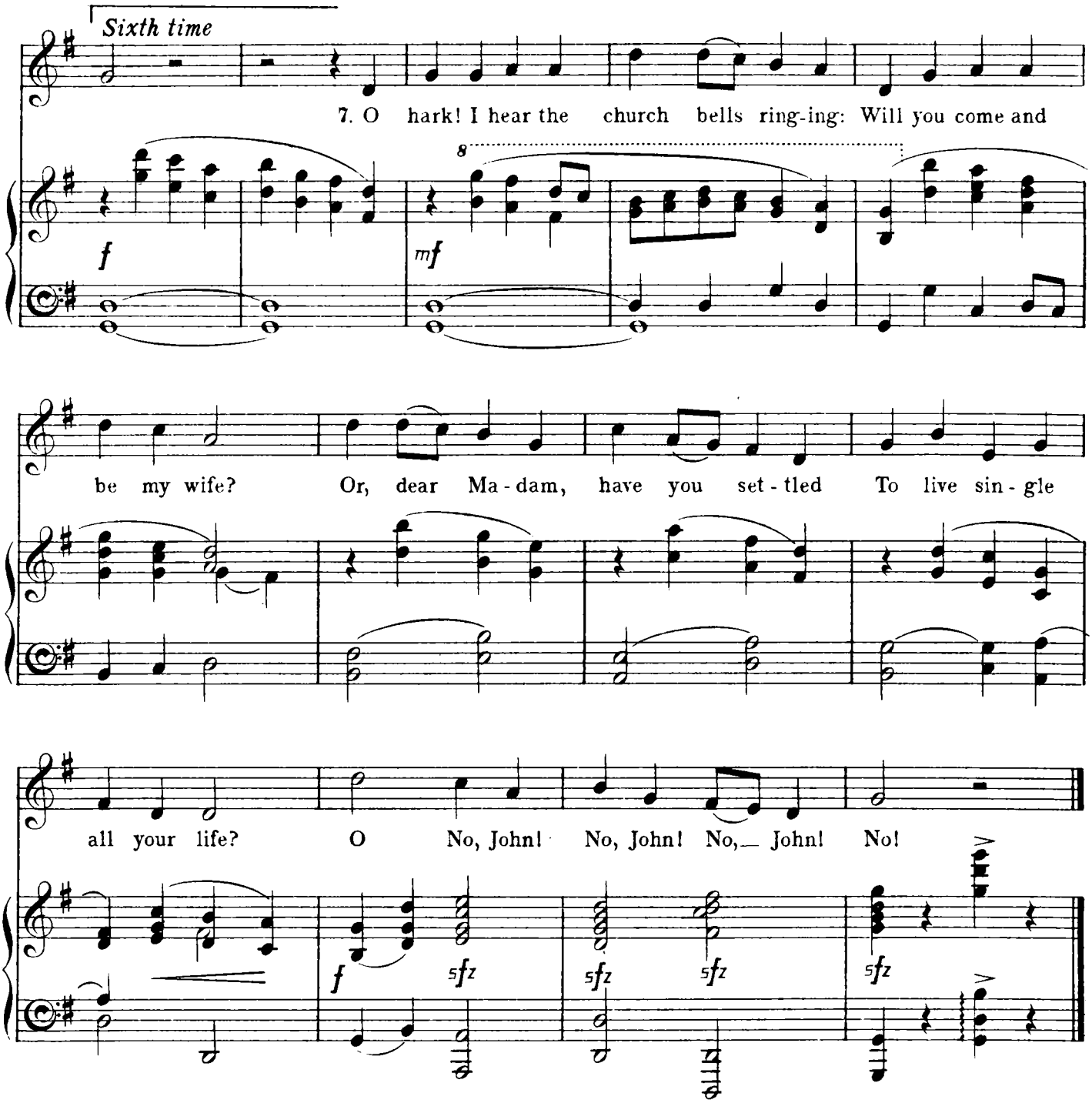

(She)
you will take a walk with me an - y-where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
you will take a walk with me an - y-where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
you will take a walk with me an - y-where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
you will take a walk with me an - y-where. O Sir, I will ac-cept of you the
mf
lit-tle grey - hound, Though ev-'ry hair up-on its back did cost a thousand pound. I will not be your bride, your
fine i-v'ry comb, To fas-ten up my sil-ver locks when you are not at home. I will not be your bride, your
cushion full of pins, To pin up my lit-tle ba - by's white mus - e - lins. I will not be your bride, your
keys of your heart, To lock it up for ev-er that we nev-er more shall part. And I will be your bride, your
D. C.
joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
joy and your dear, And I will take a walk with you an - y - where.
cresc.
f
D. C.


Last verse
(He)
My man John, here's fif - ty pounds for thee! I'd nev-er have won this la - dy fair if it
f marcato
mf
had - n't a - been for thee; For now she'll be my bride, my
marcato
joy and my dear, And now she'll take a walk with me an - y - where.
rall.
cresc.
f rall.

XLV

O NO, JOHN.





4.

O Madam, I will give you jewels;
I will make you rich and free;
I will give you silken dresses.
Madam, will you marry me?
O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

5.

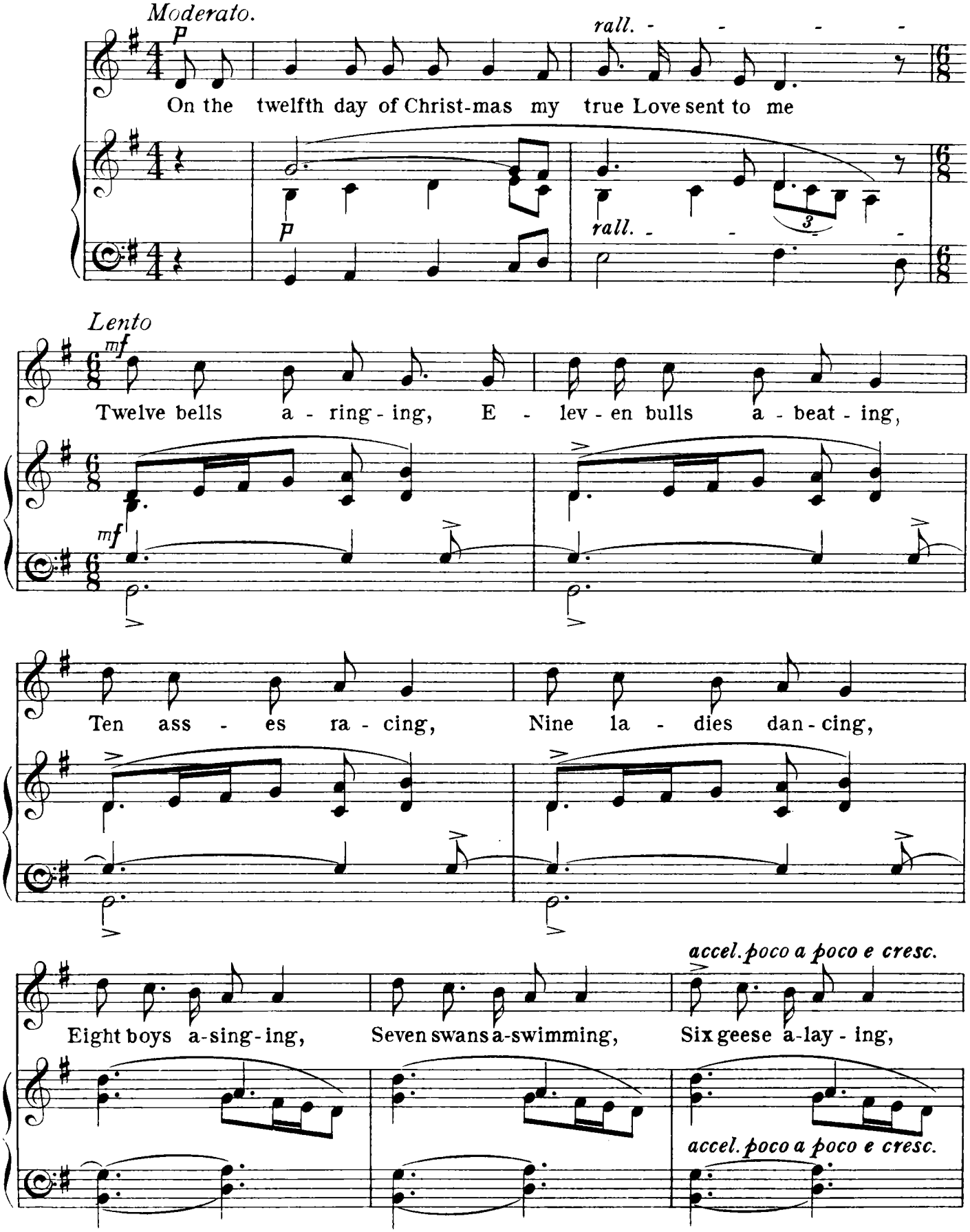
O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?
O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

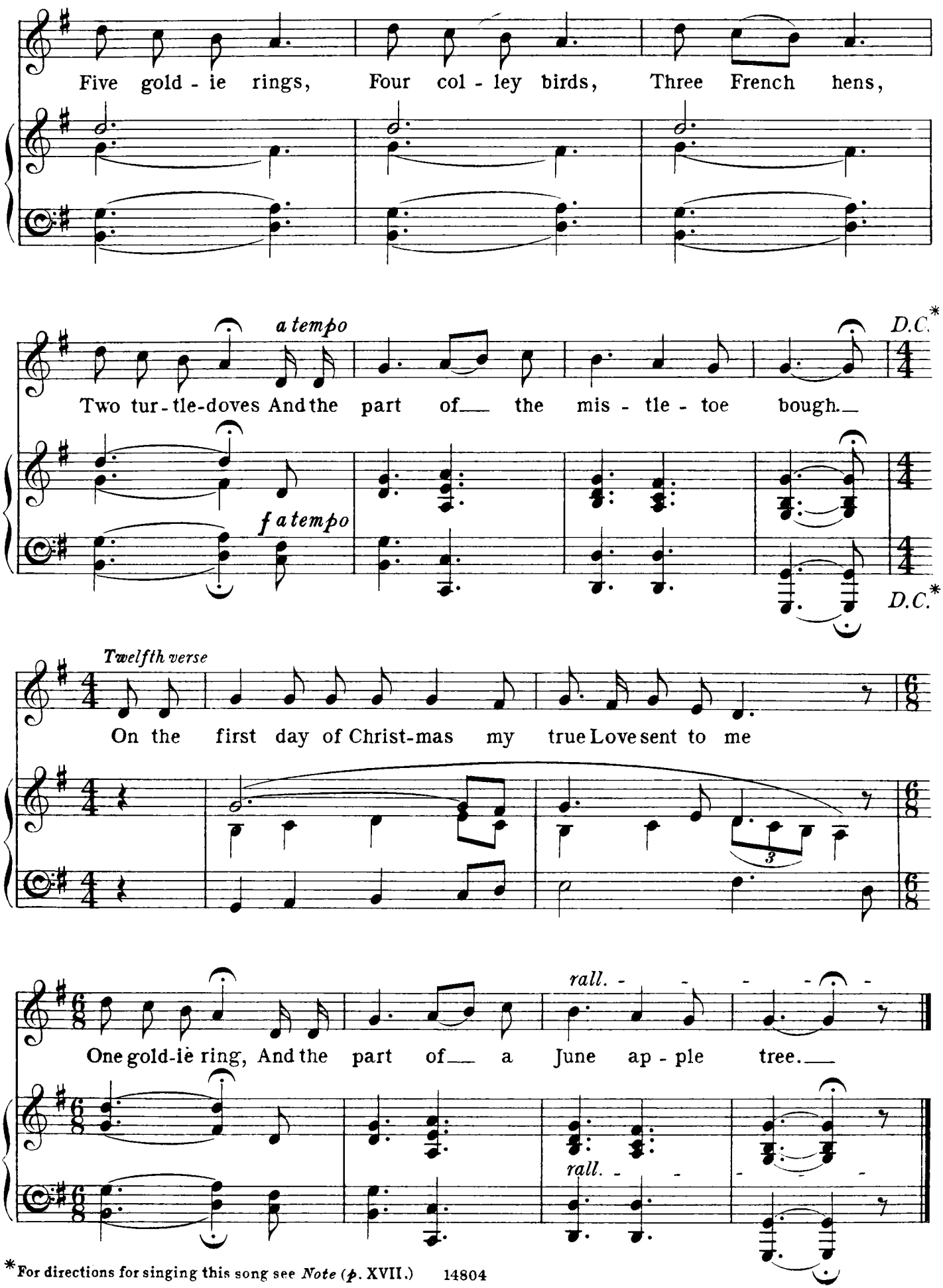
6.

Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind,
Madam, I have vowed to love you;
Would you have me change my mind?
O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

XLVI

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.





*For directions for singing this song see *Note* (*p.* XVII.)

1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing one one-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your one-e-ry?
1st voice One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing you two-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your two-e-ry?
1st voice Two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing you three-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your three-e-ry?
1st voice Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

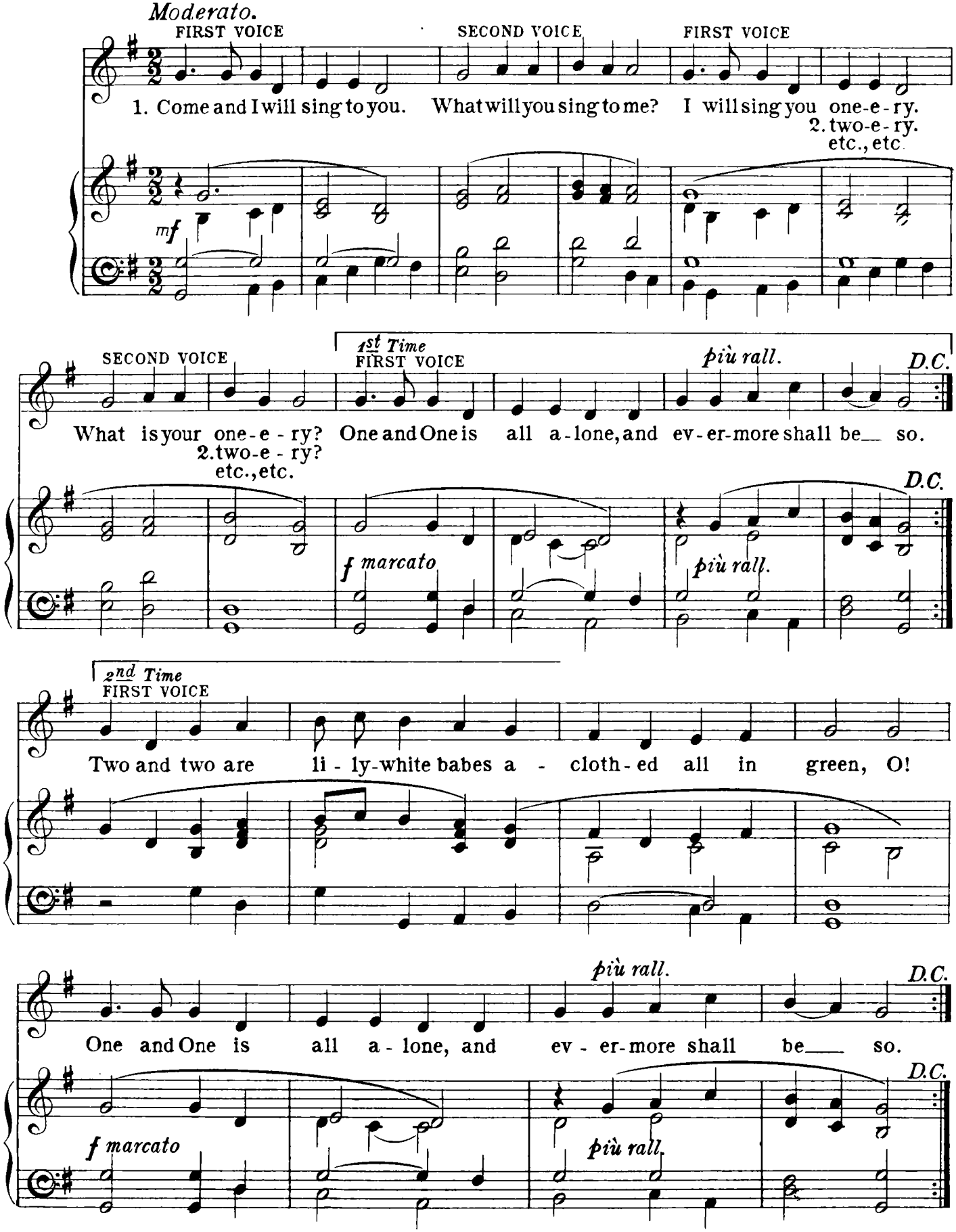
1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing you four-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your four-e-ry?
1st voice Four are gospel makers.
Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

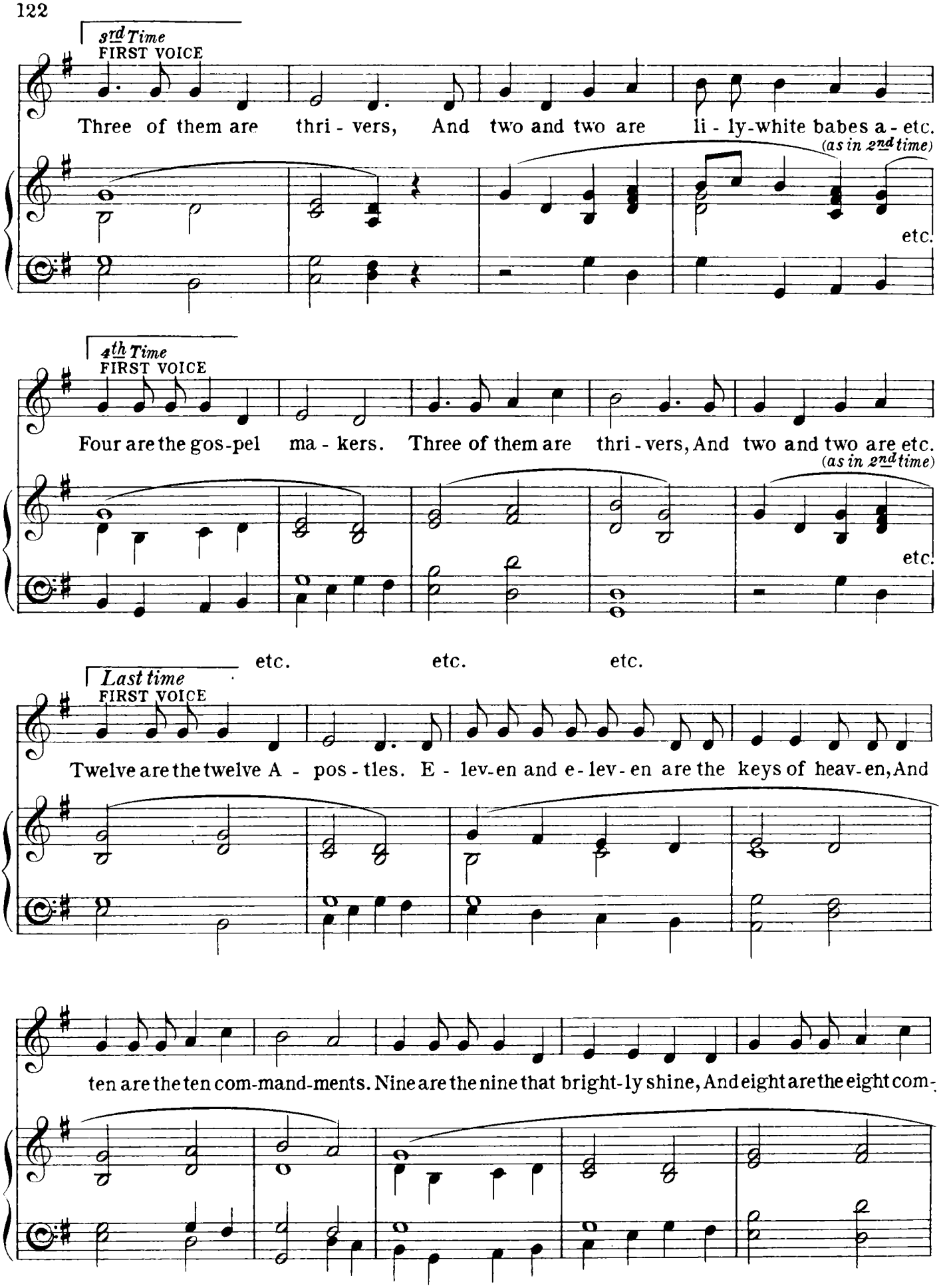
(*The remaining verses are sung after the manner of all cumulative songs, i.e., each verse deals with the next highest number and contains a new line. The additional lines are shown in the last and twelfth verse which follows*).

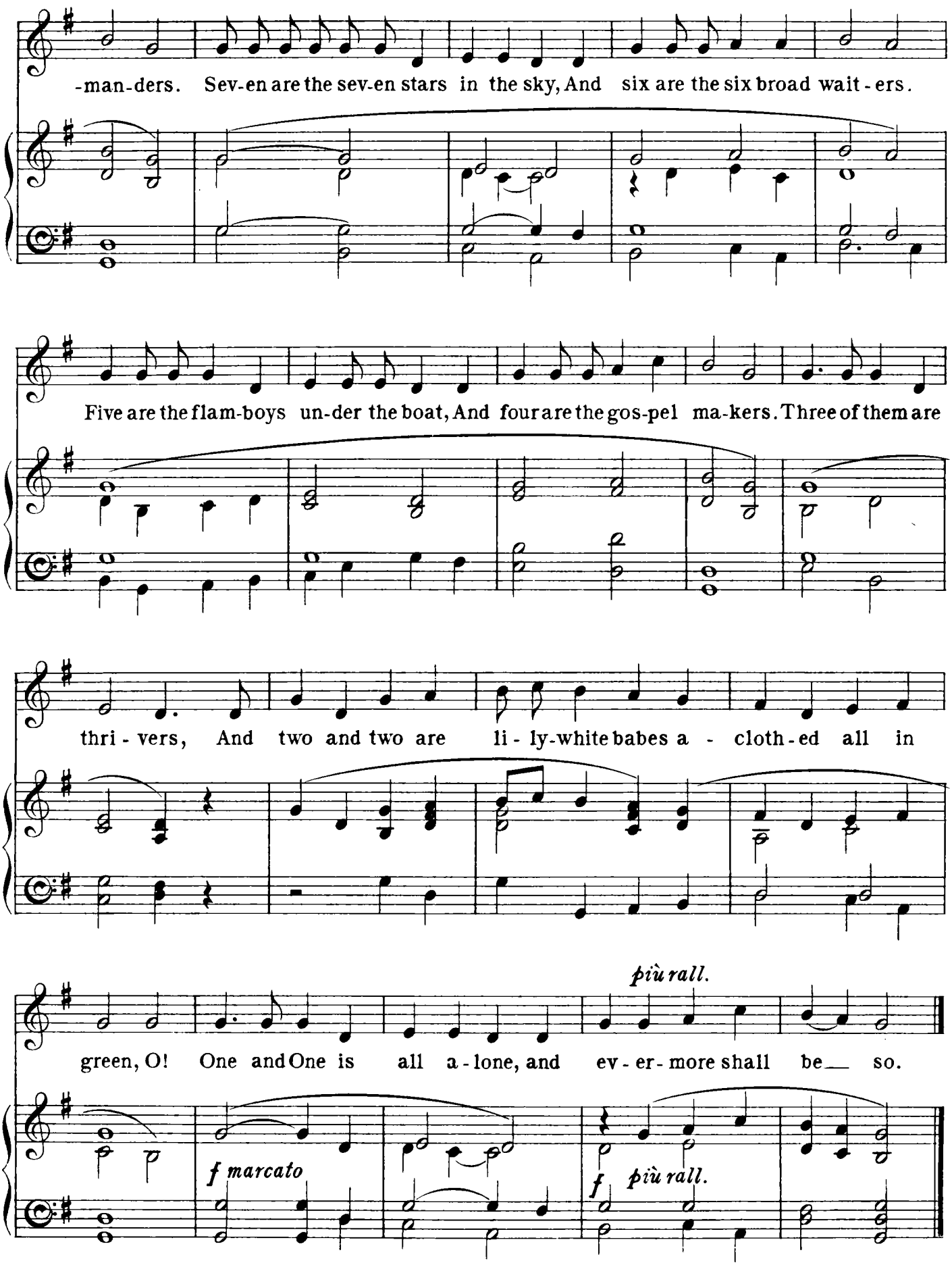
1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
2nd voice What will you sing to me?
1st voice I will sing you twelve-e-ry.
2nd voice What is your twelve-e-ry?
1st voice Twelve are the twelve apostles.
Eleven and eleven are the keys of heaven,
And ten are the ten commandments.
Nine are the nine that brightly shine,
And eight are the eight commanders.
Seven are the seven stars in the sky,
And six are the six broad waiters.
Five are the flamboys under the boat,
And four are the gospel makers.
Three of them are thrivers,
And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

XLVII

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

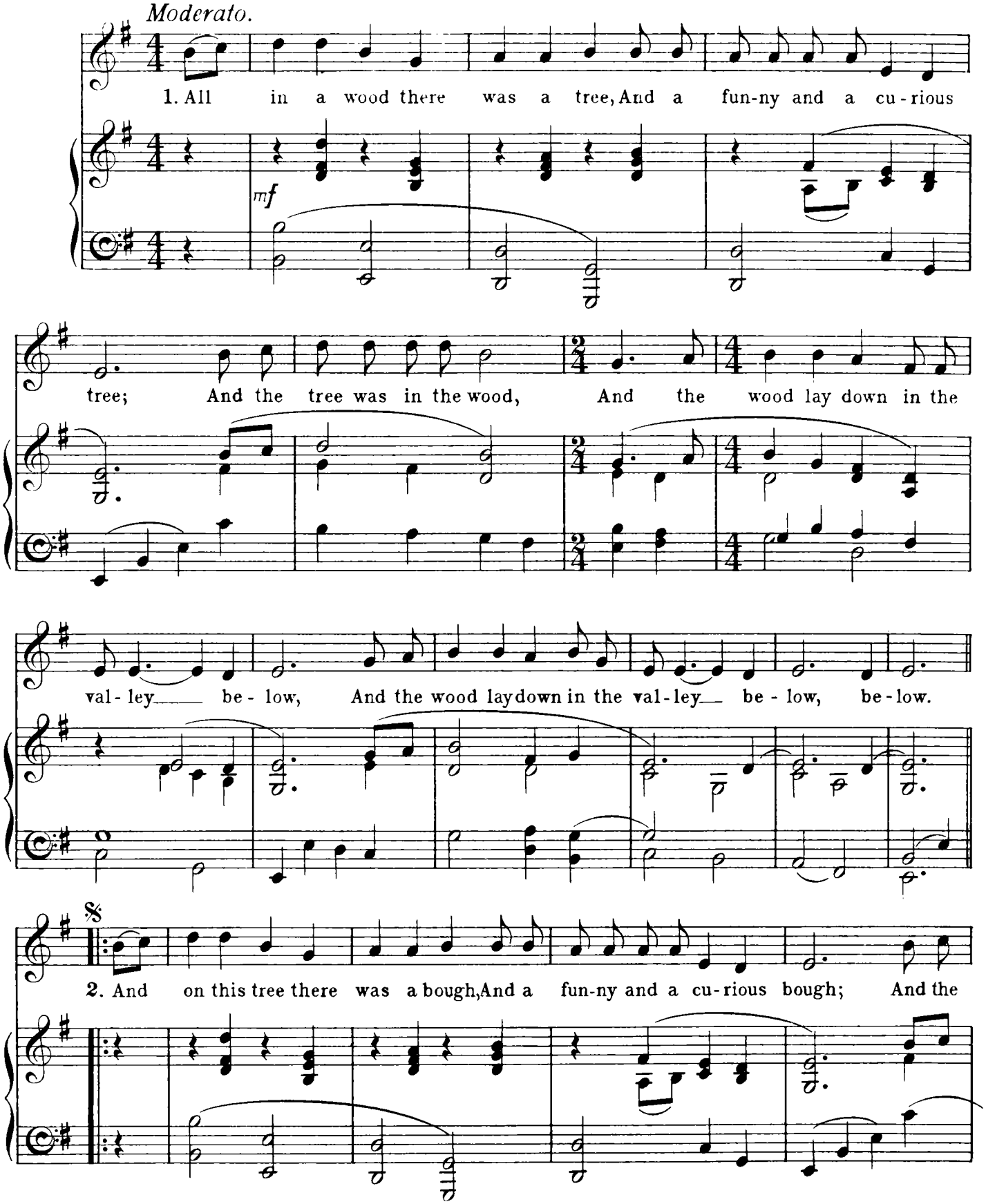


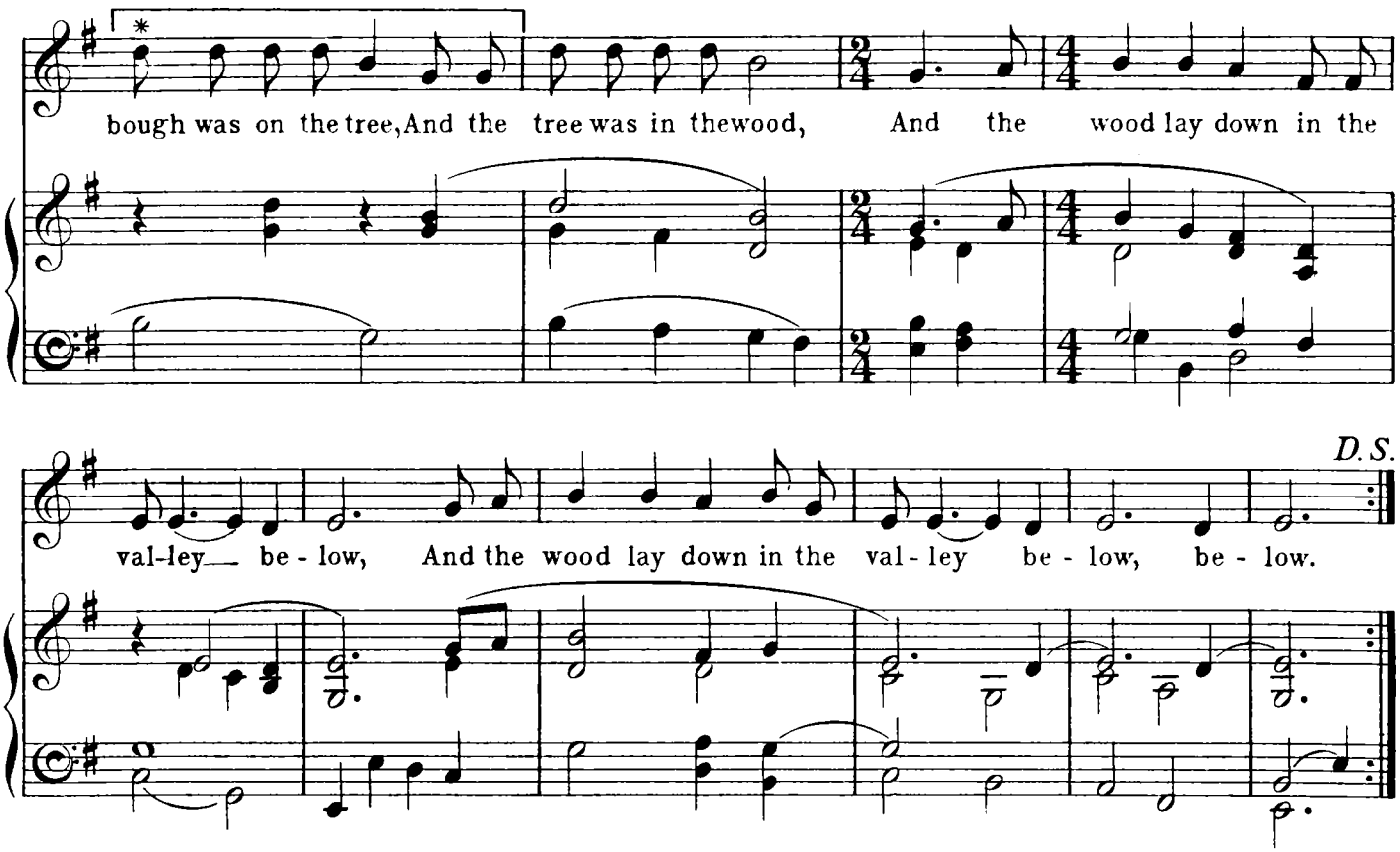

3rd Time
FIRST VOICE
Three of them are thri - vers, And two and two are li - ly-white babes a - etc.
(as in 2nd time)
etc.
4th Time
FIRST VOICE
Four are the gos-pel ma - kers. Three of them are thri - vers, And two and two are etc.
(as in 2nd time)
etc.
etc. etc. etc.
Last time
FIRST VOICE
Twelve are the twelve A - pos - tles. E - lev-en and e - lev - en are the keys of heav-en, And
ten are the ten com-mand-ments. Nine are the nine that bright-ly shine, And eight are the eight com-


-man-ders. Sev-en are the sev-en stars in the sky, And six are the six broad wait-ers.
Five are the flam-boys un-der the boat, And four are the gos-pel ma-kers. Three of them are
thri-vers, And two and two are li-ly-white babes a-cloth-ed all in
più rall.
green, O! One and One is all a-lone, and ev-er-more shall be so.
f marcato
f più rall.

XLVIII

THE TREE IN THE WOOD.





1.

All in a wood there was a tree,
And a funny and a curious tree;
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

2.

And on this tree there was a bough,
And a funny and a curious bough;
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

3.

And on this bough there was a twig,
And a funny and a curious twig;
And the twig was on the bough,
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

4.

And on this twig there was a nest,
And a funny and a curious nest;
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the bough,
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

5.

And in this nest there was an egg,
And a funny etc.

6.

And in this egg there was a bird,
And a funny etc.

7.

And on this bird there was a head,
And a funny etc.

8.

And on this head there was a feather,
And a funny and a curious feather;
And the feather was on the head,
And the head was on the bird,
And the bird was in the egg,
And the egg was in the nest,
And the nest was on the twig,
And the twig was on the bough,
And the bough was on the tree,
And the tree was in the wood,
And the wood lay down in the valley below.

* This bar is sung twice in the third verse, three times in the fourth verse, etc. etc.

THE BARLEY-MOW.

Solo. O I will drink out of the nipperkin, boys;
Chorus. *So here's a good health to the barley mow.*
The nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

O I will drink out of the pint, my boys;
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
The pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

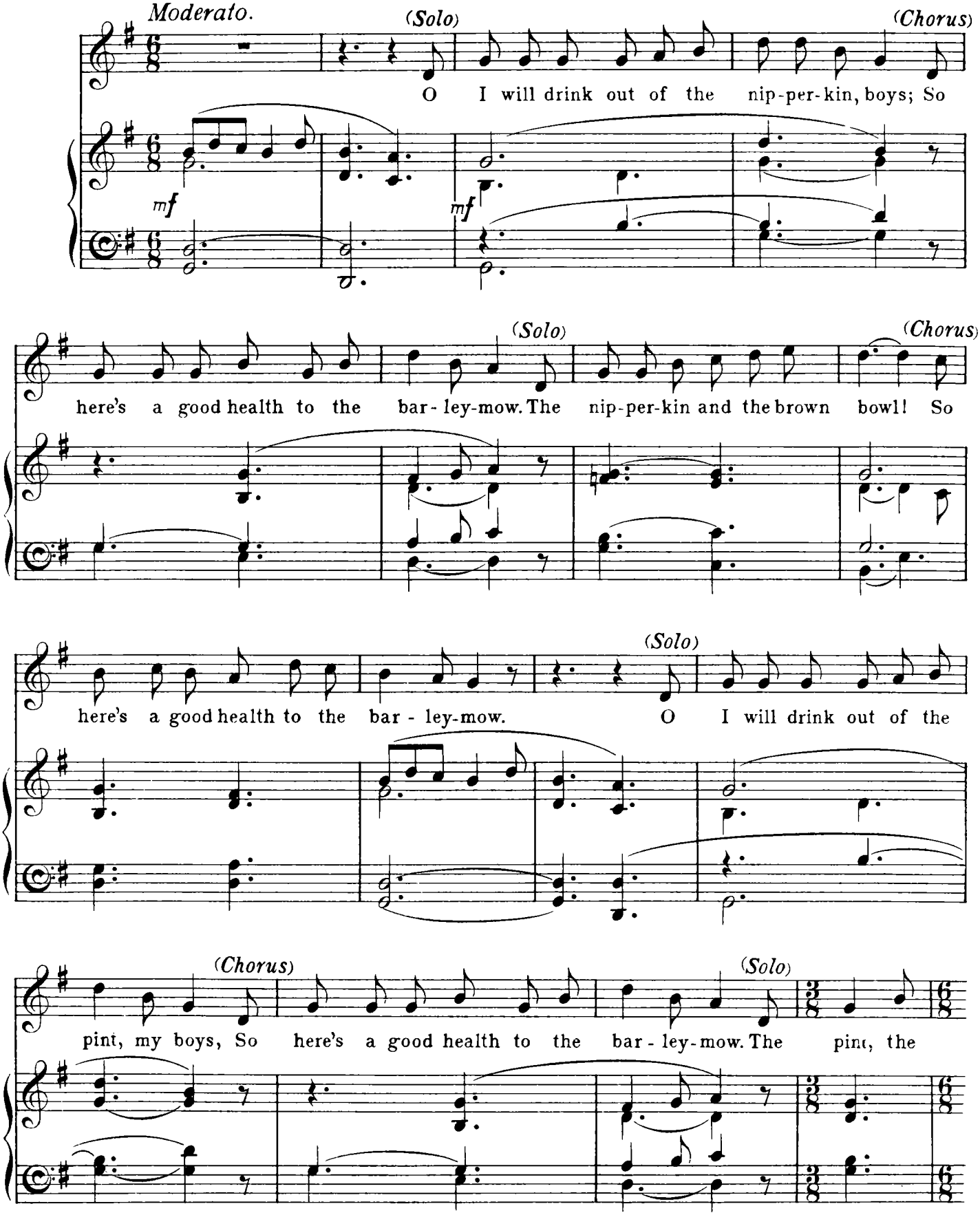
O I will drink out of the quart, my boys;
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
The quart, the pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

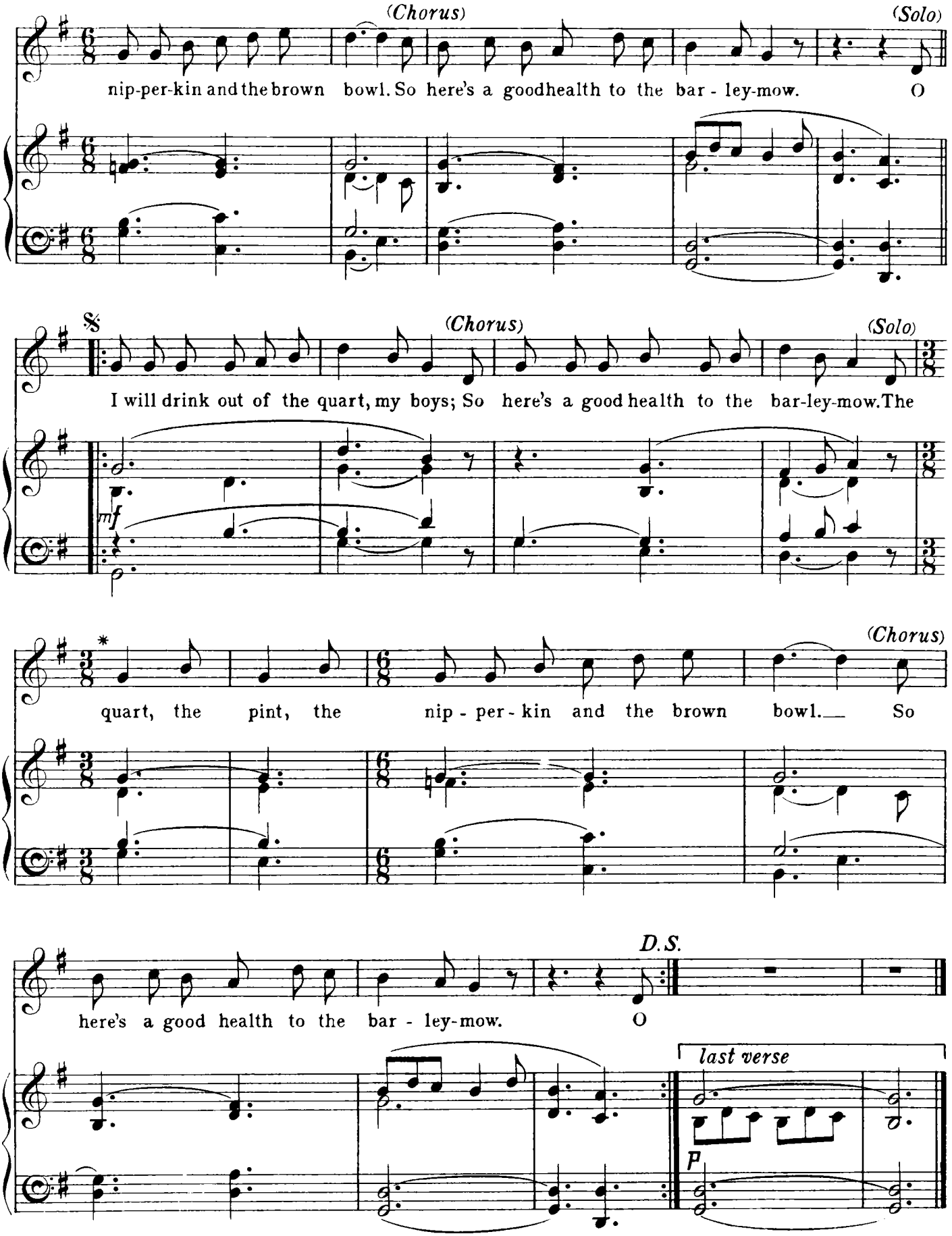
The song proceeds after the usual manner of cumulative songs, an additional measure being added to each verse. The last verse runs as follows:—

O I will drink out of the clouds, my boys;
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
The clouds, the ocean, the sea, the river, the well, the tub, the but, the hogshead, the keg, the gallon, the quart, the pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

XLIX

THE BARLEY-MOW.

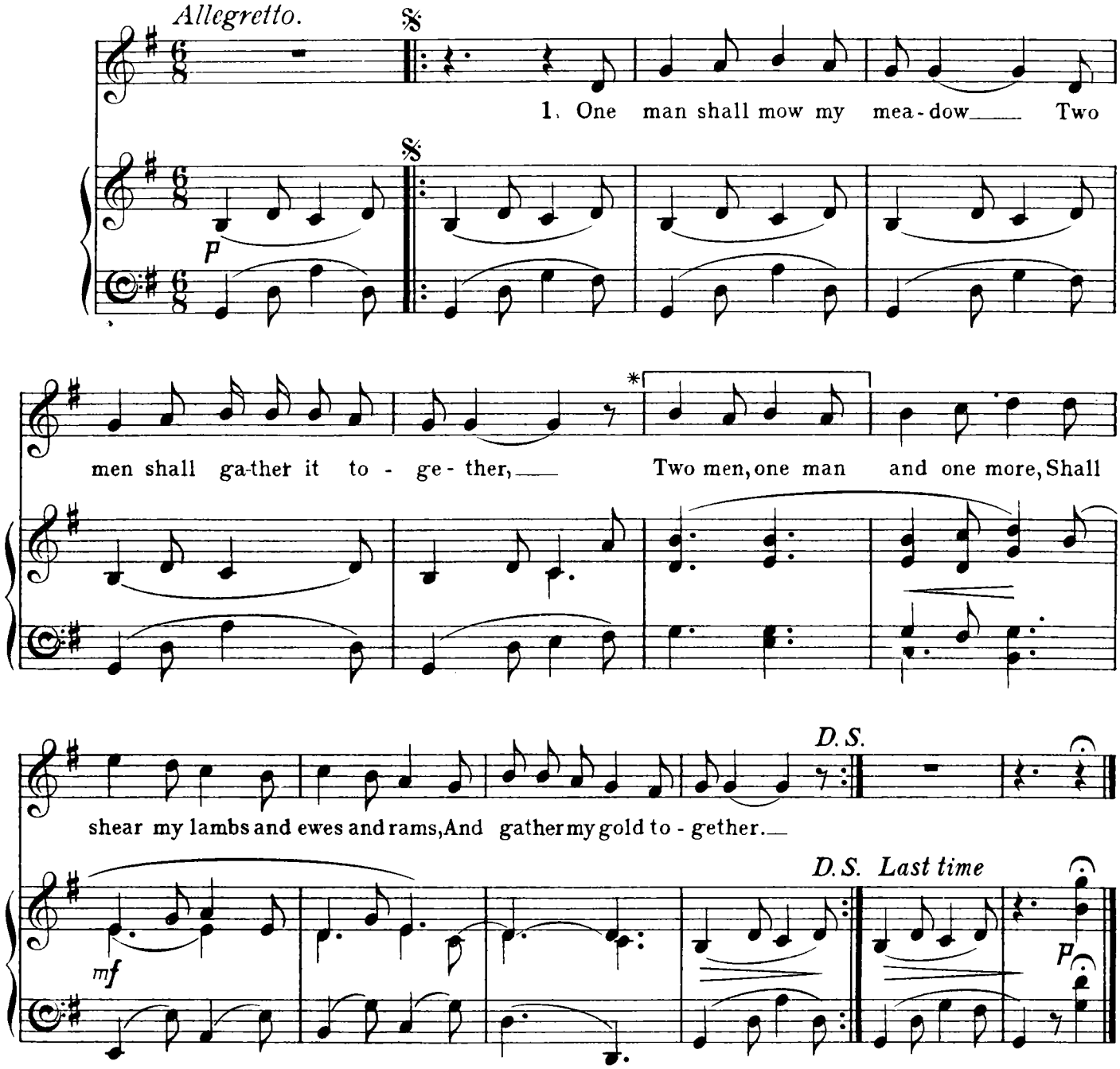




* There will be three $\frac{3}{8}$ bars in the next verse, four in the fifth verse, and so on.

* These bars must be sung with increasing speed as the song develops.

ONE MAN SHALL MOW MY MEADOW.



2.

Three men shall mow my meadow,
Four men shall gather it together,
Four men, three men, two men, one man,
and one more,
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my gold together.

3.

Five men shall mow my meadow,
Six men shall gather it together,
Six men, five men, four men, three men,
two men, one man, and one more,
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my gold together.
(And so on *ad lib.*)

* This bar must be played twice in the 2nd verse, three times in the 3rd verse, and so on.

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OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE