

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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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.

C. J. S.

Hampstead,
London, 1919.

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 Robertson.

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 *naïveté* 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 "Gypsy 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 Stoodle."

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 Safce
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. Shakspeare 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 37b); 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 mawre 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 Priméroses.*

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 Jingly.*

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.

1. There were three bro-thers in mer-ry Scot-land, In
lo!— Hul-lo!— cried Hen-ry Mar-tin, What
no! we won't low-er our lof-ty top-sail, Nor

mer-ry Scot-land there were three, ——— And they did cast lots which of
makes you sail — so nigh? ——— I'm a rich mer-chant ship bound for
bow our-selves un-der your lee, ——— And you shan't take from us our

them— should go, — should go, — should go, And — turn rob-ber all
fair Lon-don Town, Lon-don Town, Lon-don Town, Will you please for to
rich mer-chant goods, mer-chant goods, mer-chant goods, Nor — point our bold

on the salt sea. ——— 2. The lot it fell first up-on Hen-ry Mar-
let me pass by? ——— 5. Oh no! — Oh no! — cried Hen-ry Mar-
guns to the sea. ——— 8. With broad-side and broad-side and at it they

- 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 Last time
 - way. 4. Hul -
 sea. 7. Oh
 drown'd.

p *mf*

sfz *ff*

BRUTON TOWN.

Allegro moderato.

1. In Bru - ton Town there
 2. If he our ser - vant
 3. Now wel - come home, my
 4. You rise up ear - ly to -
 5. She took her ker - chief

lived a far-mer Who had two sons and one daugh-ter dear. By
 courts our sis-ter, That maid from such a shame I'll save. I'll
 dear young brothers, Our ser-vant man, is he be-hind? We've
 mor-row morn-ing And straight-way to the brake you know, And
 from her pock-et, And wiped his eyes though he was blind; Be -

day and night they were a-con-triv-ing To fill their pa-rents' hearts with
 put an end to all their court-ship, And send him si-lent to his
 left him where we've been a-hunt-ing, We've left him where no-man can
 then you'll find my bo-dy ly-ing All cov-er'd o'er in a gore of
 - cause he was my own true lov-er, My own true lov-er and friend of

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

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.

D.S.

BRUTON TOWN.

Allegro moderato.

1. In Bru-ton Town there
 2. If he our ser- - vant
 3. Now wel-come home, my
 4. You rise up ear- - ly to -
 5. She took her ker - - chief

lived a far-mer Who had two sons and one daugh-ter dear. By
 courts our sis-ter, That maid from such a shame I'll save. I'll
 dear young brothers, Our ser- vant man, is he be- hind? We've
 mor- row morn-ing And straight-way to the brake you know, And
 from her pock-et, And wiped his eyes though he was blind; Be -

day and night they were a-con-triv - ing To fill their pa - rents' hearts with
 put an end to all their court-ship, And send him si - lent to his
 left him where we've been a - hunt - ing, We've left him where no - man can
 then you'll find my bo - dy - ly - ing All cov-er'd o'er in a gore of
 - cause he was my own true lov - er, My own true lov - er and friend of

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

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.

THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

Allegro commodo.

1. It's of a pret - ty shep - herd - ess, Kept sheep all on the
sto - len all my heart, young sir, Your - self you are to
some do call me Jack, he said, And some do call me
mount - ed on his milk - white steed And a - way then he did

plain; Who should ride by but — Knight Wil - liam And —
blame; So if your vows are — made in truth, Pray —
John; But when I'm in the — fair king's court My —
ride; She tied a hand - ker - chief round her waist And —

he was drunk with wine. Line, twine, the
tell to me your name. Line, twine, the
name is Sweet Wil - liam. Line, twine, the
rode by the hor - se's side. Line, twine, the

wil - low and the dee.
 wil - low and the dee.
 wil - low and the dee.
 wil - low and the dee.

2. You've
 3. O
 4. He

f *dim.* *rit.*

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.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.

Con spirito.

mf

1. Bold Ar - der went forth one sum - mer morn - ing, To
 3. No! I am the keep - er of this — par - ish; The

view — the mer - ry green wood; For to hunt for the deer — that
 king hath a - put me in trust: And — there - fore I pray thee to

run here and there, And there he es - pied Ro - bin Hood, —
 get on thy way, Or else to up - stand 'ee I must, —

Aye, — and there he es - pied Ro - bin Hood. — 2. What a
 Aye, — or else to up - stand 'ee I must. — 4. 'Tis

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, —

Aye, — and come for to steal the king's deer. —
Aye, — and I war - rant he'll do — my deed. —

D.C.

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 shouldnt 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 shouldnt a' knock down thee? 6. Let us
 Aye, — they play — their game so sure. 8. Then
 Aye, — I war - rant he's tanned my hide. 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. *f* 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. *sfz* *Ped.* *

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!

Allegro moderato.

1. There were three gip-sies a - she pull'd off her -

mf *sfz* *mf*

- come to my door, And down-stairs ran this a - la - dy, O!
silk fin-ish'd gown And put on hose of leath - er, O! The

One sang high and an - oth - er sang low And the oth - er sang bon - ny, bon - ny
ragged, ragged rags a - bout our door, She's gone with the wrangle taggle

1. Bis - cay, O!
gip - sies, O!

2. Then

3. It was
6. What

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-feather bed, With the sheet turn'd down so

brave - ly, O! For to - night I shall sleep in a cold o - pen field, A -

- long with the wraggle tag-gle gip-sies, O!

VI LORD BATEMAN.

17

Moderato maestoso.

1. Lord Bate - man was a
4. The Turk he had one
7. She took him to her
10. Now sev - en long years are

no - ble lord, A no ble lord of high de-gree. He shipp'd him-self all a-
on-ly daugh-ter, The fair - est crea - ture that ev - eryou'd see. She stole the keys of her
fa-ther's cel - lar And gave to him the best of wine. And ev - 'ry health that she
gone and past And four - teen days, well known to me; She pack - ed up all her

- board a great ship, Some for - eign coun - try to go and see. 2. He
fa - ther's pris - on, And swore Lord Bate - man she would set free. 5. O,
drank un - to him: I wish, Lord Bate - man that you were mine. 8. For
gay cloth - ing, And swore Lord Bate - man she'd go and see. 11. And

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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 Northumb'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,

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—

chain-ed up all by the mid-dle Un - til his life was al - most gone.
 give it all to a fair young la - dy, If out of pris-on she'll set me free.
 -well, fare-well to you, Lord Bate-man, I fear I nev-er shall see you a-gain.
 yes! O yes! cried the young proud por - ter, He has just now ta-ken his young bride in.

cresc. *f*

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.

Allegretto.

1. In — Scot - land I — was
2. He — sent his ser - vant
3. So — slow - ly she — put
4. A — dy - ing man! O

cresc.

born and bred, In Scot - land I was dwell - ing, When a
to her house, To the place where she was dwell - ing, Say - ing:
on her clothes, So slow - ly she came to him, And
don't say so, For one kiss from you will cure me. One

cresc.

f *dim.* *P*

young man on — his death - bed lay For the sake of Bar - b'ra El - len.
You must come to my mas - ter's house, If your name is Bar - b'ra El - len.
when she came to his bed - side, She said: Young man, you're dy - ing.
kiss from me — you nev - er shall have While your poor heart is break - ing.

f *dim.* *p colla voce*

P *cresc.*

5. If you look up at my bed-head You will see my watch a - hanging; Here's
 6. If you look down at my bed's-foot You will see a bowl a - standing, And
 7. As she was walking down the fields, She heard some birds a - sing-ing; And
 8. As she was walking down the lane, She heard some bells a - toll-ing; And

f *dim.* *P*

my gold ring— and my gold chain I— give to Bar - b'ra El - len.
 in it is— the blood I've shed For the sake of Bar - b'ra El - len.
 as they sang— they seem'd to say: Hard heart-ed Bar - b'ra El - len.
 as they toll'd— they seem'd to say: Hard heart-ed Bar - b'ra El - len.

f *dim.* *P colla voce*

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 grew a true lover's knot
 And around it twined sweet-brier.

VIII

LITTLE SIR HUGH.

Allegretto grazioso.

1. It rains, it rains in mer-ry Lin-corn, It no,— O no, I dare not a-come With-when the school was o - - ver, His head is hea-vy I can-not get up, My

rains both great and small,— When all the boys come out to play, To - out my play-mates too;— For if my mo-ther should be at the door She would mo-ther came out for to call,— With a lit-tle rod un-der her a-pron To grave it is— so deep;— Be - sides a pen-knif sticks in-to my heart, So

play— and toss their ball.— 2. They toss'd their ball so high, so high, They cause my poor heart to rue.— 5. The first she of-fer'd him was a fig, The beat— her son with - al.— 8. His mother she went to the Jew's wife's house And up— I can - not get.— 11. Go home go home my mo-ther dear, And pre-

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

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

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 - fellows as

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. —

Last time.

IX GEORDIE.

Andante.

1. Come, bri - dle me my
six pret - ty babes that
judge he look - ed
Geor - die hang in

milk - white steed, Come, bri - dle me my po - ny, That
I have got, The sev - enth lies in my bo dy; I'll
down on him And said: I'm sor - ry for thee. 'Tis thine
gold - en chains (His crimes were nev - er ma - ny), Be -

I may ride to fair Lon-dontown To plead for my Geor - die.
free - ly part with them ev - 'ry one, If you'll spare me the life of Geor - die.
own con - fes - sion hath hang - ed thee, May the Lord have mer - cy up - on thee.
- cause he came of roy - al blood And court - ed a vir - tu - ous la - dy.

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

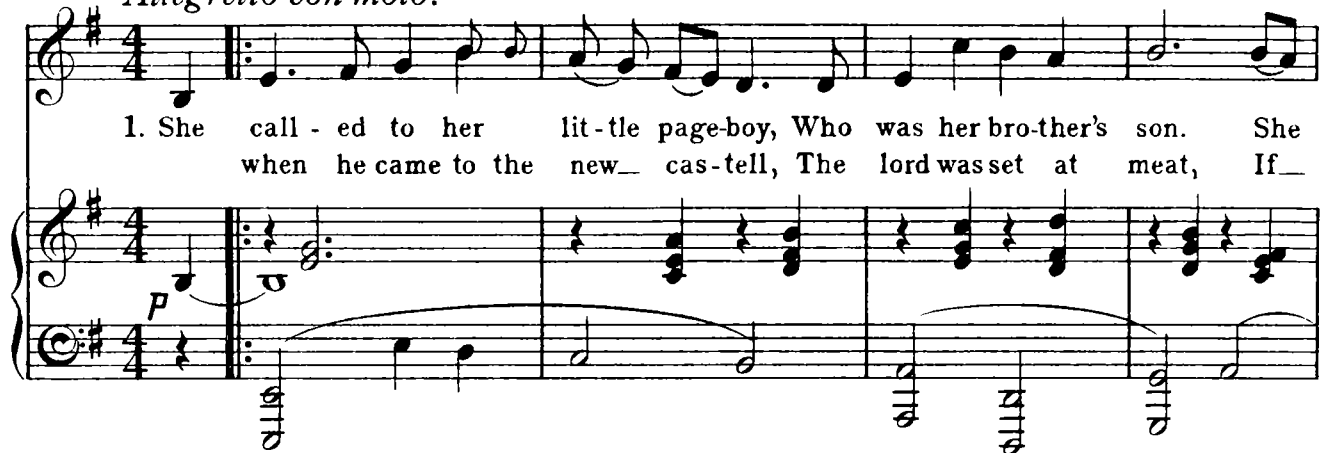
Last time

then did fall To plead for the life of Geor - die. 3. It's
 come too late, For I'm con - demn'd al - rea - dy! 5. Then the
 king's whitesteds And sold them in Bo - hen - ny. 7. Let
 pis - tol too I'd fight for the life of Geor - die.

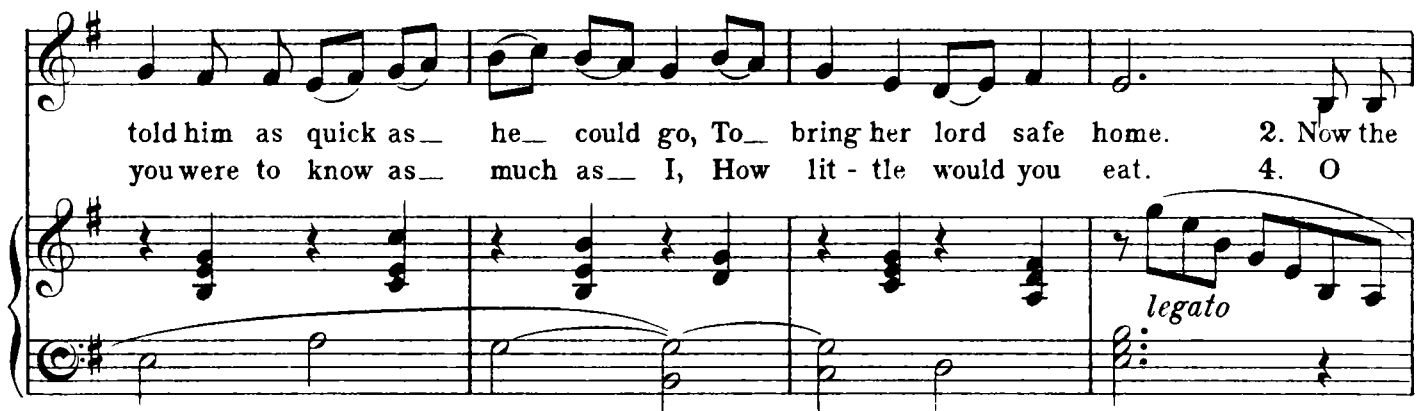
p *p*

X LADY MAISRY.

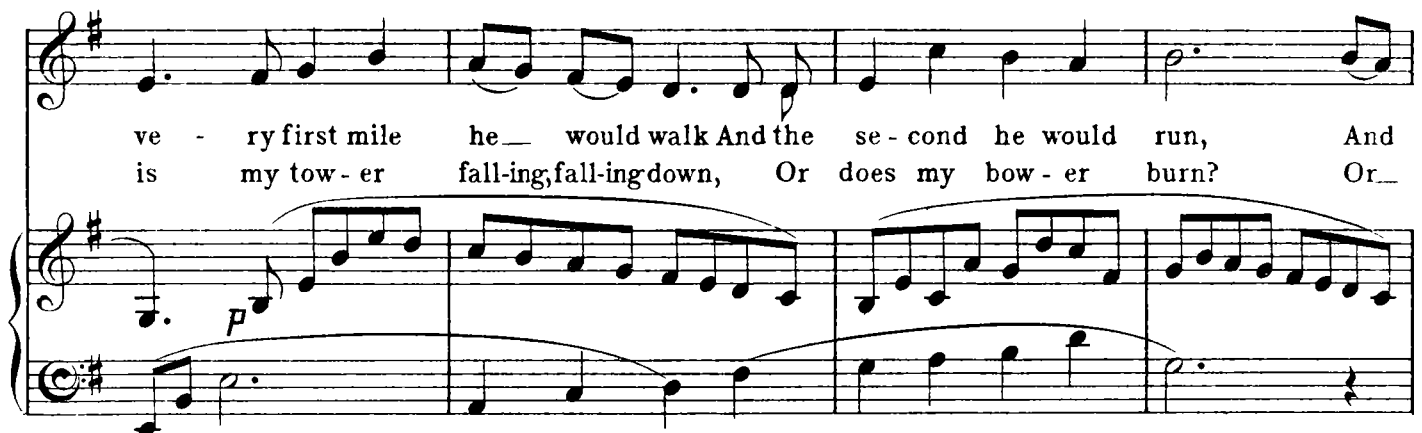
Allegretto con moto.



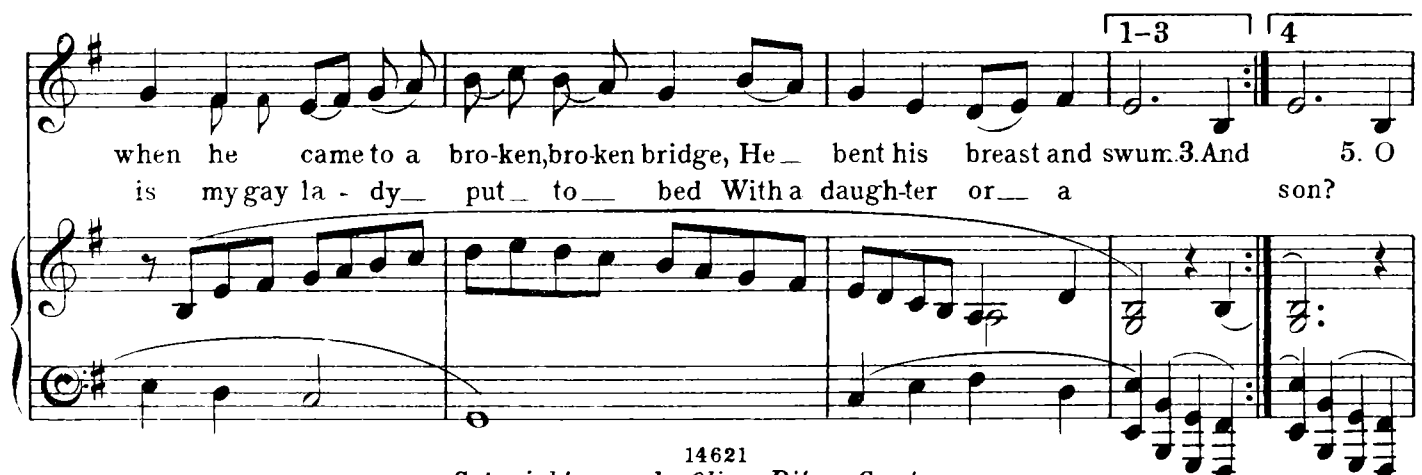
1. She call - ed to her lit - tle page-boy, Who was her bro - ther's son. She
when he came to the new - cas - tell, The lord was set at meat, If_



told him as quick as_ he_ could go, To_ bring her lord safe home. 2. Now the
you were to know as_ much as_ I, How lit - tle would you eat. 4. O



ve - ry first mile he_ would walk And the se - cond he would run, And
is my tow - er fall - ing, fall - ing down, Or does my bow - er burn? Or_



when he came to a bro - ken, broken bridge, He_ bent his breast and swum. 3. And 5. O
is my gay la - dy_ put_ to_ bed With a daugh - ter or_ a son?

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

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 buried 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.

XI

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

Moderato.

1. An out-land-ish knight came from the north lands, And he came woo-ing to
off, light off thy milk - white steed; De - liv - er it up un-to
cut thou a - way the brim-les so sharp, The brim-les from off__ the

me; _____ He said he would take me to for - eign lands, And
me; _____ For six pret - ty maid-ens have I__ drown'd here, And
brim; _____ That they may not tan - gle my cur - ly locks, Nor

there he would mar - ry me. 2. Go fetch me some of your
thou__ the sev-enth shall be. 5. Doff off, doff off thy
scratch my li - ly - white skin. 8. He turn - ed a - round his

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*

grey; — They rode till they came un - to the sea - side, Three
me; — For it is not fit - ting that such a ruf - fian A
side; — Catch hold of my hand, my fair pret - ty maid, And

Four times *Last time*
hours be-fore it was day. 4. Light
na - ked wo-man should see. 7. And
thee I will make my bride. 10. Lie - ry. —

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 drownéd 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.

Con spirito.

1. Look a - head, look a - starn, look the
back up your top - sails, and
quar - ters! for quar - ters! the

wea - ther and the lee. Blow high! — Blow low! — and
heave your ves - sel to, Blow high! — Blow low! — and
sau - cy pi - rate cried. Blow high! — Blow low! — and

so — sail - ed we. — I see a wreck to wind - ward and — a
so — sail - ed we. — For we have got some let - ters to — be
so — sail - ed we. — The quar - ters that we show'd them was — to

lof - ty ship to lee, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba -
car - ried home by you, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba -
sink them in the tide, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba -

- 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

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

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

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

First & second times *Third time*
 High Bar - ba - ry. 4. Then *D.S.*
 High Bar - ba - ry. 7. For
 High Bar - ba - ry. *D.S.* - ry.

XIII THE CRUEL MOTHER.

35

Allegretto.

1. There was a la - dy dwelt in York;
laid her head a - gainst a stone,
took a knife, both long and sharp,
she was walk - ing home one day,
said: Dear chil - dren, can you tell
yes! dear moth - er, we can tell;

mf *p*

Fal the dal the di - do. She fell in love with her fa - ther's clerk, Down
Fal the dal the di - do. And there she made most bit - ter moan, Down
Fal the dal the di - do. And stabb'd her babes un - to the heart, Down
Fal the dal the di - do. She met those babes all dress'd in white, Down
Fal the dal the di - do. Where I shall go? To heav'n or hell? Down
Fal the dal the di - do. For it's we to heav'n, and you to hell. Down

cresc. *mf*

Five times D.S. Last time

by the green-wood side O. 2. She
by the green-wood side O. 3. She
by the green-wood side O. 4. As
by the green-wood side O. 5. She
by the green-wood side O. 6. O
by the green-wood side O.

dim. *p* *mf* *dim. e rall.*

XIV THE GOLDEN VANITY.

Moderato.

1. O there was a ship in some
 2. The first that spoke up was the
 3. The boy bent his breast and he
 4. Then the boy swam back un-
 5. Then the boy swam round un-

for - eign coun - try, And she was call - ed af - ter the
 lit - tle cab - in boy, Say - ing: Mas - ter, what will you give me if
 swam to the ship's side, And some of them were at the cards, the
 - to the star - board side, Say - ing: Cap - tain, pick me up, - for I'm
 - to the near - board side, Say - ing: Ship - mates, pick me up, - for I'm

Gold - en Van - i - ty. I fear she will be ta - ken by some
 her I do de - stroy? O I will give thee gold, my boy, and
 oth - ers at the dice. He took two bor - ers in his hand and
 drift - ing with the tide. O I'll not pick thee up a - gain, the
 drift - ing with the tide. So the ship - mates pick'd him up a - gain and

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.

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

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

Allegro moderato.

1. As I look'd o - ver the cas - tle wall To —
 no! I've not had an ill sick - ness, Nor been
 no! it is not a — no - ble, no - ble knight, Nor
 I will mar - ry your daugh - ter Jane And

mf *p*

see what I — could see, O — what should I spy but my own fa - ther's ship Come a -
 court - ing with an - y young man; But I have been sick, and sick to my heart Since
 an - y — gen - tle - man; But I have been wooed by — young Wil - liam Who is
 take her — by — the hand, And to - day I will sup and dine with you; But a

sfz *sfz* *mf*

- sail - ing a - long the sea, — — — — — come a - sail - ing a - long the sea?
 you've been so long at sea, — — — — — since you've been so long at sea.
 one of your serv - ing men, — — — — — who is one of your serv - ing men.
 fig — for — all your land, — — — — — but a fig for all your land!

cresc. *f colla voce* *mf*

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.

1. There was a Squire lived in the East, a Squire of high de-gree, Who went
was a far-mer lived close by, he had an on-ly son, Who came
wrote the Squire a let-ter and seal'd it with her hand, And she
wrote her back an-o-ther: Go dress yourself in green; In a
look-ed East, he look-ed West, he look'd all o'er his land, And there

court-ing of a coun-try girl, a comely maid was she; But when her fa-ther heard of it, an
court-ing of this girl un-til her love he thought he'd won; Her moth-er gave him her con-sent, her
said: This day I'm to be wed un-to an-o-ther man. The first few lines he look'd up-on he
suit all of the same— at your wed-ding I'll be seen; In a suit all of the same— to your
came to him full eight score men, all of a Scot-tish band. He mount-ed them on milk-white steeds, a

an-gry man was he, Here-quested of his daughter dear to shun his com-pa-ny. To my
fa-ther his likewise, Un-til she cried: I am un-done! and tears fell from her eyes. To my
smiled and thus did say: O I may de-privé him of his bride all on his wed-ding day. To my
wed-ding I'll re-pair, O my dearest dear I'll have you yet in spite of all that's there. To my
sin-gle man rode he; Then all the way to the wed-ding hall went the com-pa-ny dress'd in green. To my

ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do, ral - ly, dal - ly, day. To my ral - ly, dal - ly, di - do,

rall. *a tempo* *più rall.*

sfz *dim. e rall.* *mf* *sfz*

a tempo *Eight times* *Last time*

ral - ly, dal - ly, day. 2. There
 ral - ly, dal - ly, day. 3. She
 ral - ly, dal - ly, day. 4. He
 ral - ly, dal - ly, day. 5. He

a tempo *f* *ff con fuoco*

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.

THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

Andantino.

1. I sow'd the Seeds of Love, And I
 gar - den was plant - ed well With
 gar - d'ner was stand - ing by; And I
 Vi - o - let I did not like, Be -
 June there was a red Rose - bud, And

sow'd them in the spring: I ga - ther'd them up in the
 flow - ers ev - 'ry - where: But I had not the lib - er - ty to
 ask'd him to choose for me. He chose for me the Vi - o - let, the
 - cause it bloom'd so soon. The Li - ly and the Pink I
 that is the flow'r for me. I oft - en - times have pluck'd that

morn - ing so soon, While the small birds so sweet - ly sing, While the
 choose for my - self Of the flow'rs that I love so dear, Of the
 Li - ly and the Pink, But those I re - fused all three, But
 real - ly o - ver - think, So I vow'd that I would wait till June, So I
 red - Rose - bud Till I gain - ed the wil - low - tree, Till I

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

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

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

time, it will rise up a - gain.

XVIII THE SPRIG OF THYME.

45

Andante con moto.

1. O once I had thyme of my
June there was a red - a-ro-sy

own, And in my own gar - den it grew; I
bud, And that seem'd the flow - er for me; And

used to know the place where my thyme it did grow, But now it is cov - er'd with
oft - en-times I snatch-ed at the red - a - ro - sy bud, Till I gain - ed the wil - low,

rue, with rue, But now it is cov - er'd with rue. 2. The
wil - low tree, Till I gain - ed the wil - low tree. 5. O the

mf *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *mf* *cresc.*

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

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

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 —

- way. mine. 3. I sow - ed my gar - den full of
6. O thyme it is a pre - cious, pre - cious

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

day, all day, When the small birds sing all_ day. gone, has gone, And_ that's how my time has_

sfz *p* *First time* *D.S.*

Second time
 gone.

cresc. *D.S.*

XIX THE CUCKOO.

Andante dolente.

1. O the cuc-koo she's a

rall. § *a tempo*

pret-ty bird, she sing-eth as she flies; She bring-eth good ti - dings, she tell-eth no

lies. She suck - eth white flow - ers, for to keep her voice clear; And the

more she sing-eth cuc - koo, the sum - mer draw-eth near.

rall. *Fine*

2. As— I was a - - walk - ing and a - talk - ing one— day,
 3. I— wish I were a schol - ar and could han - die 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

cresc.

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*

D.S. al Fine.

XX BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

Andante affettuoso.

1. As I was a - walk - ing for
3. Her cheeks blushed like ro - ses, her

my re - cre - a - tion, A - down by the gar - dens I si - lent - ly
arms full of po - sies, She stray'd in the mead - cws and, weep - ing, she

stray'd, I — heard a fair maid mak - ing great la - men - ta - tion, Cry - ing:
said: My — heart it is ach - ing, my poor heart is break ing, For

Jim-my will be slain in the wars I'm a - fraid.
Jim-my will be slain in the wars I'm a - fraid.

2. The black-birds and thrush-es sang in the green
 4. When Jim-my re-turnd 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.

Andante doloroso.

1. As I was a - - walk - ing down in Stokes Bay, I
put her arms a - round him, say - ing: O my dear! She

met a drown - ed sail - or on the beach as he lay: And as I drew
wept and she kiss'd him ten thou - sand times o'er. O I am con -

nigh him, it put me to a stand, When I knew it was my
- tent - ed to lie by thy side. And in a few

own true love, by the mark on his hand.
mo - ments this lov - er she died.

Andante doloroso.

P *cresc.* *3*

P *cresc.* *3*

mf *3*

cresc. *3* *dim.* *P*

cresc. *3* *dim.* *P*

dim. *P* *cresc.* *dim.* *3*

P *cresc.* *3*

2. As he was a - sail - ing from his own dear shore, Where the waves and the
4. And all in the churchyard these two were laid, And a stone for re -

P *3* *8* *cresc.* *3*

f *3* *3* *3*

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* *3* *3* *3*

dim. *P* *3*

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. *P* *cresc.* *colla voce* *3*

dim. *P* *P* *Last time*

lad I a - dore. 3. She
new mar - ried bed.

dim. *P* *cresc.* *3* *dim.* *P e rall.* *pp* *3*

THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.

Allegretto.

1. As I was a -
 2. I stepp'd up to
 3. Six - teen, pret-ty
 4. On Mon - day
 5. On a Tues - day

walk-ing one morn-ing in Spring To_ hear the birds whis-tle and the night-in-gale
 her_ and thus I did say: Pray tell me your age_ and where you be-
 maid, you are young for to mar-ry, I'll_ leave you the oth-er four years for to
 night when I_ go there To_ pow-der my locks and to cur-dle my
 morn-ing the bells they shall ring And three pret-ty maid-ens so sweet-ly shall

sing, I heard a fair dam-sel, so sweet-ly sang she, Say-ing:
 -long. I be-long to the sign of the Bon-ny Blue Bell; My_
 tar-ry. You speak like a man_ with-out an-y skill, Four_
 hair, There were three pret-ty maid-ens for me a-wait-ing, Say-ing:
 sing So neat and so gay_ is my gold-en ring, Say-ing:

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. *mf* *p*

Tues-day morn-ing.
 know ver-y well.
 -gainst my own will.
 Tues-day morn-ing.
 Tues-day morn-ing.

XXIII

O WALY, WALY.

Andante con espressione.

1. The wa - ter is

p

This system contains the first musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The tempo and expression markings are 'Andante con espressione'.

wide, I can - not get o'er And nei - ther have I wings to—
hand in - to one soft bush, Think - ing the sweet - est flow'r to—
plant - ed, O there it grows, It buds and blos - soms like some
ship sail - ing on the sea, She's load - ed deep as deep can—

This system continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and moving lines.

fly. O go and get me some lit - tle boat To car - ry o'er my true love and
find. I prick'd my fin - ger— to the bone, And left the sweet - est— flow'r a -
rose; It has a— sweet and a pleas - ant smell, No flow'r on earth can— it ex -
be, But not so— deep as in love I— am, I care not if I— sink or—

This system concludes the musical score. The vocal line ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding harmonic structure. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

rall. *a tempo*

I. 2. A - down in the mead - ows the oth - er day, A - gath - 'ring
 - lone. 4. I leand 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. 3. I put my
 love prove false to — me. 5. Where love is —
 girl that will break my — heart! 7. There is a —
 - way like the morn - ing — dew.

più rall. *a tempo* *morendo*

XXIV GREEN BUSHES.

Allegretto.

§

1. As I was a - walk - ing one
 buy you fine beav - ers and a
 let us be go - ing, kind

mf *P* *Play 3 times*

morn - ing in — Spring, For to hear the birds whis - tle and the night - in - gales
 fine silk - en — gownd I will buy you fine pet - ti - coats with the flounce to the
 sir, if — you — please; Come let us be go - ing from be - neath the green

cresc. *mf*

sing, I — saw a young dam - sel, so sweet - ly — sang
 ground, If — you will prove loy - al and con - stant to —
 trees, For my true Love is com - ing down yon - der — I —

she: — Down by the Green Bush - es he — thinks to — meet me.
 me — And for - sake your own true Love, I'll be mar - ried to thee.
 see, — Down by the Green Bush - es, where he thinks to — meet me.

P *cresc.* *mf*

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.

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

p

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,—
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.* *p*

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

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

First and second times D.S. Last time

first loved me. 3. My me.
 love loves

XXVI

FAREWELL, NANCY.

Andante.

1. Fare - well, my dear - est Nan - cy, since I must now
 3. Your pret - ty lit - tle hands can't han - dle our

f *p*

leave you; Un - to the salt seas I am bound for to go; But
 tack - le, And your pret - ty lit - tle feet on our top - mast can't go; And the

let my long ab - - sence be no trou - ble to you, For I shall re -
 cold storm - y weath - er, Love, you ne'er can en - - dure, There - fore, dear - est

mf

-turn in the spring, as you know. 2. Like some pret - ty lit - tle
Nan - cy, to the seas do not go. 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. D.S.
roar; So make your-self con - tent - ed; be kind and stay on shore. D.S.

dim. *p*

XXVII

THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

Moderato.

§

1. I am a sai - lor - stout and bold, Long
you should want to - know my name, My
king's per - mis - sion grant - ed me To

time I've plough'd the o - cean; I've fought for king and coun - try too, Won
name it - is young John - son. I've got per - mis - sion from the king To
range the coun - try o - ver; From Bris - tol Town to Liv - er - pool, From

hon - our - and pro - mo - tion. I said: My bro - ther sai - lor I
court young girls and hand - some. I said: - My - dear, what
Ply - mouth Sound to Do - ver. And in - what - ev - er -

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 brandy 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.

Allegro comodo.

mf §

1. O where are you go-ing to, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your
 what is your fa - ther, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your
 I should chance to kiss you, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your
 will you be con - stant, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your

mf §

Play 4 times

red ro-sy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? I'm go - - ing a milk - - ing, kind
 red ro-sy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? My fa - - ther's a farm - - er, kind
 red ro-sy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? The wind may take it off a - gain, kind
 red ro-sy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? That I can - not prom - ise you, kind

2. O
 4. And
 6. O
 8. Then

sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
 sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
 sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
 sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.

cresc.

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.

dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 3. And
 dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 5. If
 dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 7. O

D.S. Last time

mf

dim.

p

XXIX THE SAUCY SAILOR.

Andante grazioso.

1. Come, my dear - est, come, my fair - est, Come and
rag - ged, love, you are dirt - y, love, And your
heard those words come from him, On her
cross the bri - ny o - cean When the

p *cresc.*

tell un - to — me, Will you pi - - ty a poor
clothes they smell of tar. So be gone, — you sau - cy
bend - - ed knees she fell: To be sure, — I'll wed my
mead - - ows they are green; Since — you have had the —

dim. *cresc.*

sai - lor - boy, Who has just come — from sea? 2. I can
sai - lor - boy, So be - - gone you — Jack Tar! 4. If I'm
sai - - lor, For I love him — so well. 6. Do you
of - fer, love, An - - o - - ther shall have the ring. 8. For I'm

dim. *mf*

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 frolic - 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.

Allegro ma non troppo.

1. Come all you young
young Fan - ny—
day that young

fe - males wher - ev - er you be, Be - ware of — false swear - ing and
Blair, she is eight - een years old, And, as I — must die, — the
He - gan was doom - ed to die The - peo - ple — rose up with a

false per - ju - ry; For — by a young fe - male I'm — wound - ed full
truth I'll un - fold; I — nev - er stole with her in — all my life -
mur - mur - ing cry: If we catch her we'll crop her, she — false - ly has

soon, You see I'm — cut down in the height of my bloom.
- time; It's a hard thing to die for an - oth - er one's crime.
sworn; Young He - gan dies in - no - cent we're all — of us sure.

f *dim.* *p* *mf* *P* *dim.*

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
 - swearing 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 *D.S.*
 second times Last time

young Fan - ny Blair. 3. O
 tu - tord you well. 5. The
 par - don my soul.

mf *dim.* *cresc. molto* *mf* *p*

XXXI

ARISE, ARISE.

Moderato.

A - - rise, a - rise, you drow - sy maid - en; A -
 won't be gone; I love no oth - er; You
 back, turn back, don't be call'd a ro - ver; Turn

p

- rise, a - rise, it is al - most day; O come un - to your bed-room win-dow And
 are the girl that I do a - dore; It's I, my dear, who loves you dear-ly; The
 back, turn back, and sit by my side. O wait un - til his pas-sion's o - ver, And

cresc. *mf*

hear what your true love do say. 2. Be - gone, be-gone, you'll a - wake my fa - ther; My
 pains of love have brought me here. 4. Now when the old man heard them talk-ing, He
 I will sure - ly be your bride. 6. O daugh-ter, daugh - ter, I'll con-fine you; And

p *molto sostenuto*

mother too, she will quick-ly hear. Go, tell your tales un - to some oth - er, And
nim-bly step - pedright out of bed And put his head out of the win-dow. Poor
John-ny he — shall go to sea; And you may write your love a let - ter, And

dim.

Four times *D.S.* *Last time*

whis - per soft - - ly in her ear. 3. I
John - ny dear was quick - ly fled. 5. Turn
he may read it in Bo - ta - ny Bay. 7. O to my grave.

più rall. *D.S. a tempo*

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.

Allegretto e semplice.

1. As I went out one May morn-ing, One
stay! O stay! you hand-some maid, And

May morn-ing be - time, I met a maid, from home had stray'd, Just
rest a mo - ment here, For there is none but you a - lone That

as the sun did shine. 2. What makes you rise so soon, my dear, Your
I do love so dear. 5. How glo - rious - ly the sun doth shine, How

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.* *dim. e rall.*

XXXIII GREEN BROOM.

Andante legando. §

1. There was an old man and he lived in the West And his
Jack he did rise and did sharp-en his knives, And he
John he came back, and up - stairs he did go, And he

trade was a cut - ting of broom, green broom; He had but one son and his
went to the woods cut - ting broom, green broom, To mar - ket and fair, cry - ing
en - ter'd that fair la - dy's room, her room. Dear John-ny, said she, O can

name it was John, And he li - ed a - bed till 'twas noon, brightnoon, And he
ev - e - ry-where: O fair maids, do you want an - y broom, green broom? O fair
you fan - cy me, Will you mar - ry a la - dy in bloom, in bloom? Will you

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 window 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.

First & second times D.S. Last time

- way to the woods for green broom. 3. Then
 fetch me the lad that cries broom. 5. Then
 good as the lad who sells broom. — *rall.*

dim. *p* *p*

XXXIV THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY.

Allegretto grazioso.

1. It's of a brisk young sai - lor lad, And
in my fa - ther's gar - den, Be -

he a pren-tice bound;— And she a merchant's daugh - ter, With fif - ty thou-sand
-neath the wil - low tree, — He took me up all in his arms, And kiss'd me ten - der -

pound. They loved each oth - er dear - ly In sor - row and in joy: — Let him
- ly — Down on the ground we both sat down, And talk'd of love and joy: — Let him

go where he will, he's my love still, He's my bon - ny light - er - boy. — 2. 'Twas
say what he will, he's my love still, He's my bon - ny light - er - boy. —

p *f* *dim.* *cresc.*

2.
3. Her fa - ther, he be - ing near her, He heard what she did say. — He

cried: Un - ru - ly daugh - ter, I'll send him far a - way; — On

board a ship I'll have him press'd, I'll rob you of your joy: — Send him

rall.
where you will, he's my love still, He's my bon - ny light - er - boy. —

XXXV THE SWEET PRIMEROSSES.

Andante espressivo.

mf dim. p

1. As I — was a - walk - ing one mid - sum - mer morn - ing, A - view - ing the
 2. With three long steps I — stepp'd up — to her, Not know - ing
 3. I said: Pret - ty maid, how — far are you go - ing? And what's the oc -

P Play 3 times

mead - ows and to take the air, 'Twas down by the banks of the sweet prim - e -
 her — as she — pass'd me by. I stepp'd up — to her, — think - ing to
 - ca - - sion of — all your grief? I'll make you as hap - py as an - y —

mf

- ro - - ses, When I — be - - held — a most love - ly Fair.
 view her, She ap - peard to — me — like some vir - gin bride.
 la - - dy, If you will grant me one small re - lief.

cresc. dim.

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.

com - fort 'tis all in vain.
 mo - ment their notes do swell.
 be — a sun - shi - ny day.

dim. *rall.*

First & second times Last time

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*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante affettuoso'. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various dynamics such as piano (p), crescendo (cresc.), mezzo-forte (mf), forte (f), decrescendo (decresc.), piano (p), and sforzando (sfz). The vocal line includes lyrics in both English and French. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and slurs.

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

bon - ny, bon-ny boy could I find, _____ But no

bon - ny, bon-ny boy could I find. 3. Now I look-ed

east— and I— look-ed west Where the sun it shone won-der-ful warm, But

who should I— spy but my bon - ny, bon-ny boy, He was lock'd in an -

- o - ther girl's arms, ————— He was lock'd in an -

- o - ther girl's arms. 4. Now the girl that's the joy— of my

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

do it a - - gain — She nev - er shall

do it a - gain.

XXXVII^A AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

(FIRST VERSION.)

Allegretto con grazia.

1. As I walk'd thro' the meadows to take the fresh air, The
 3. Said I: Pret-ty maid-en, shall I go with you To the
 5. And when we a-rose from the green mos-sy bank, To the

p

flow-ers were bloom-ing and gay; — I heard a fair dam-sel so
 mea-dows to gath-er some may? — O no, sir, she said, I would
 mea-dows we wan-der'd a-way; — I pla-ced my love on a

sweet-ly a-sing-ing, Her cheeks like the blos-som in May. — 2. Said
 ra-ther re-fuse, For I fear you would lead me a-stray. — 4. Then I
 pri-me-rose bank While I pick'd her a hand-ful of may. — 6. Then

mf

colla voce

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)

Andante grazioso.

1. As I walk'd through the meadows to
 I: Pret - ty maid-en, and
 I: Pret - ty maid-en, shall

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante grazioso'. The piano part begins with a soft 'p' dynamic. The vocal line enters with a half note 'As' followed by a quarter note 'I', then a half note 'walk'd' and a quarter note 'through'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand.

take the fresh air, The flow - ers were bloom - ing and gay; I —
 how came you here In the mea - dows this morn - ing so soon? The
 I — go with you To the mea - dows to gath - er some may? O —

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking over the first measure and an 'mf' (mezzo-forte) marking over the second measure. The piano accompaniment also has a 'cresc.' marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with line breaks indicated by dashes.

heard a — young dam-sel so sweet - ly a - sing, Her cheeks like the blos - som in
 maid she re - plied: For to gath - er some may, For the trees they are all in full
 no, sir, she said, I would ra - ther re - fuse, For I fear you would lead me a -

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' and a bracket. The piano accompaniment has a 'colla voce' marking, indicating it should be sung to the voice. The lyrics continue with line breaks.

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-sybank, 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*

down;
- way;
say;

And I
I
The

pla - ced a kiss on her
pla - ced my love on a
bells they did ring and the

sweet ro - sy lips, While the
pri - me - rose bank While I
birds they did sing, And I

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

colla voce *Last time*

XXXVIII

SWEET KITTY.

Moderato.

1. As he was a - rid - ing, and a -
 2. I gave her a wink and she -
 3. Come sad - dle my horse and a - -
 4. Six times he rode round her, but -

P *Play 4 times*

- rid - ing one day, He met with sweet Kit - ty all on the - high -
 roll'd her black eye; Thinks I to my - self, I'll be there by - and
 - way I will ride To meet with sweet Kit - ty down by the - sea -
 he did not know; She smiled in his face and said: There goes my

- way;
 by.
 - side.
 beau. } Sing fol the did - dle de - ro, Fol the did - dle de - ro, Sing

mf *f*

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. } Sing fol the did - dle de - ro, Fol the did - dle de - ro, Sing
 free. }

mf *f*

First & 2nd times *Last time*

le - ro - i - - day. - day.

mf *dim. e rall.*

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Allegretto.

1. O fare you well, I must be gone And leave you for a thousand miles it is so far To leave me here a crow that is so black, my dear, Shall change his colour don't you see that milk-white dove A sitting on yonder riv - ers nev - er will run dry, Nor the rocks melt with the

while: But wher - ev - er I go I will re - turn, If I go ten thou - sand - lone, Whilst I may lie, la - ment and cry, And you will not hear my white; And if ev - er I prove false to thee, The day shall turn to tree, La - ment - ing for her own true love, As I la - ment for sun; And I'll nev - er prove false to the girl I love Till all these things be

mile, my dear, If I go ten thou - sand mile. 2. Ten moan, my dear, And you will not hear my moan. 3. The night, my dear, The day shall turn to night. 4. O thee, my dear, As I la - ment for thee. 5. The done, my dear, Till all these things be done.

XL HIGH GERMANY.

Alla marcia.

1. O Pol - ly dear, O Pol - ly, the

rout has now be - gun And we must march a - way at the beat - ing of the

marcato

drum: Go dress your-self all in your best and come a - long with me, I'll

cresc.

f

take you to the cru - el wars in High Ger - ma - ny.

f

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

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 Gef-ma - ny.
 quick-ly on the road, my love, we'll mar-ry by and by.

4. O cur - sed were the cru - el wars that ev - er they should rise And

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

cru - el wars in High— Ger - ma - ny.

XLI

DEATH AND THE LADY.

* *Andante sostenuto.*

1. As I walk'd out — one day, one day, I met an a - ged man
 said: Old man, — what man are you? What coun-try do you be -
 give you gold, — I'll give you pearl, I'll give you cost - ly rich

by — the way; His head was bald, his beard was gray, — His
 - long un - to? My name is Death; hast heard of me? — All
 robes to wear, If you will spare me a — lit - tle while, — And

cloth - ing made of the cold earth - en clay, His cloth - ing made of the cold earth - en
 kings and prin - ces bow down un - to me, And you, fair maid, must come a - long with
 give me time my life to a - mend, And give me time my life — to a -

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

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First & Second times *Third time*

clay. 2. I 4 I'll have no gold, I'll have no pearl, I
me. 3. I'll mend. six months' time this fair maid died. Let

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

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

First time *Second time*

life to a - mend. 5. In clay.
cold earth - en

XLII MY BOY WILLIE.

Allegro moderato.

1. O where have you been
can she knit and

all the day, My boy Wil-lie?— O where have you been all the day?
can she spin, My boy Wil-lie?— O can she knit and can she spin?

Wil-lie, won't you tell me now? I've been all the day Court-ing of a
Wil-lie, won't you tell me now? She can knit and she can spin, And she can do 'most

la-dy gay; But she is too young To be tak-en from her mam-my.—
a-ny-thing; But she is too young To be tak-en from her mam-my.—

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. 3. O
tak-en from her mam-my.
tak-en from her mam-my.

mf *p*

XLIII

WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE.

Allegro e semplice.

1. Mo - ther, I long to get mar - ried, I
 2. Daugh - ter, I — was twen - ty Be -
 3. Whis - tle, daugh - ter, whis - tle, And
 4. Whis - tle, daugh - ter, whis - tle, And

long to be a bride; — I long to be with that young man, For
 - fore that I was woo'd; — And ma - nya long and lone - some mile, I
 you shall have a sheep. — I can - not whis - tle mo - ther, But
 you shall have a cow. — I can - not whis - tle, mo - ther, In -

ev - er by his side; — For ev - er by — his side, O how
 car - ried my maid - en - hood. — O — mo - ther, that may be, But its
 I can sad - ly weep. — My maid - en - hood does grieve me, It
 - deed, I know not how. — My maid - en - hood does grieve me, It

hap - py I — should be; For I'm young and mer - ry and al - most wea - ry Of
not the case with me; For I'm young and mer - ry and al - most wea - ry Of
fills my heart with fear; For it is a bur - den, a hea - vy bur - den, Its
fills my heart with fear. For it is a bur - den, a hea - vy bur - den, Its

f *dim.*

my vir - gin - i - ty. —
my vir - gin - i - ty. —
more than I can bear. —
more than I can bear. —

D. S.

5.
Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a man.
(Whistles) or { I cannot whistle, mother,
You see how well I can. 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.

Allegretto grazioso.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto grazioso*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody in the treble staff is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

p

1. A Law - yer he went out one day, A - for to take his pleas - ure, And
 2. The Law - yer he went out next day, A - tthink - ing for to view her; But she
 3. This Law - yer had a use - ful nag, And soon he o - ver - took her; He
 4. Hold up your cheeks, my fair pret - ty maid, Hold up your cheeks, my hon - ey, That

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 6/8. The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

mf

who should he spy but some fair pret - ty maid, So hand - some and so clev - er!
 gave him the slip and a - way— she went, All o - ver the hills to her fa - ther. } Where
 caught her a - round the mid - dle so small, And on his horse he placed her. }
 I — may give you a fair pret - ty kiss And a hand - ful of gold - en mon - ey.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 6/8. The music is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

THE LARK IN THE MORN.

Allegretto con grazia.

1. As I — was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the
 2. The lark in the morn she will rise up from her

p *cresc.* *legato*

Spring, I met — a young dam - sel, so sweet - ly she did sing; And
 nest, And mount in the air — with the dew all on her breast; And

mf

as we were a - walk - ing these words she did say: There is no life like a
 like the pret - ty plough-boy she will whis - tle and sing, And at night she'll re -

cresc.

plough - boy's all in the month of May.
 - turn — to her own nest back a - gain.

dim. *colla voce* *p* *rit.* *pp*

D.S. *D.S.*

HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Moderato grazioso.

1. Young wo - men they'll
2. Young wo - men they'll
3. Young wo - men they'll

run like hares on the moun - tains, Young wo - men they'll
sing like birds in the bush - es, Young wo - men they'll
swim like ducks in the wa - ter, Young wo - men they'll

run ——— like hares on the moun - tains. If
sing ——— like birds in the bush - es. If
swim ——— like ducks in the wa - - ter. If

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

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.

D.C.

Last time

mf

dim.

p

O SALLY, MY DEAR.

Allegretto non troppo.

1. O — Sal-ly, my dear, but I wish I could woo you, O —
 3. O — Sal-ly, my dear, I would love you and wed you, O —
 5. If the wo-men were hares and raced round the mountain, If the

Sal-ly, my dear, but I wish I could woo you. She laugh'd and re-plied: And would
 Sal-ly, my dear, I would love you and wed you. She laugh'd and re-plied: Then don't
 wo-men were hares and raced round the moun-tain, How soon the young men would take

woo-ing un - do you?
 say I mis - led you. } Sing fal the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day.
 guns and go hunt-ing! }

2. O —
 4. If —
 6. If the

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

D.S.

fal the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day.

f *D.S.*

GENTLY, JOHNNY, MY JINGALO.

Allegretto grazioso.

1. I put my hand all
placed my arm a -
slipp'd a ring all

P *mf*

in her own, Fair maid is a li - ly, O! She said: If you love me a - lone,
- round her waist, Fair maid is a li - ly, O! She laugh'd and turn'd a - way her face:
in her hand, Fair maid is a li - ly, O! She said: The par - son's near at hand.

mf

Come to me qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my
Come to me qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my
Come to me qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my

P

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

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

Jin - ga - lo. 3. I
 Jin - ga - lo. 5. I
 Jin - ga - lo. D.S. Last time

L WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Con vivo.

1. Wil-liam Tay-lor was a brisk young sai-lor,
4. Then the Cap-tain—stepp'd up to her,
7. She rose ear-ly the ver-y next morn-ing,

He who court-ed a la-dy fair; Bells were ring-ing, sai-lors sing-ing,
Ask-ing her: What's brought you here? I am come to seek my true love,
She rose up at—break of day; There she saw her true love Wil-liam,

As to church they did re-pair. 2. Thir-ty cou-ple—
Whom I late-ly loved so dear. 5. If you've come to—
Walk-ing with a la-dy gay. 8. Sword and pis-tol—

at the wed-ding; All were dress'd in rich ar-ray; 'Stead of Wil-liam
see your true love; Tell me what his name may be: O, his name is
she then or-der'd To be brought at her com-mand; And she shot her

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.*



ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY
CECIL J. SHARP

SELECTED EDITION

VOLUME II

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.

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*.

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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 under-wood."

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 broad-sides, 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 Iero*.

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:

*Publie 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 aye, 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 Freeman'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.

Andante con moto.

p

1. Where have you been all the day,
2. What have you been eat - ing,
3. Where did she get them from,

mf

Ren - dal, my son? Where have you been all the day, my pret-ty one? I've
Ren - dal, my son? What have you been eat - ing, my pret-ty one? O
Ren - dal, my son? Where did she get them from, my pret-ty one? From

mf

been to my sweet-heart, mo-ther, I've been to my sweet-heart,
eels and eel broth, mo-ther, O eels and eel broth,
hed - ges and ditch - es, mo-ther, From hed - ges and ditch - es,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

L'istesso tempo.

mo - ther, make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I
 mo - ther, make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I
 mo - ther, make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I

fain would lie down.
 fain would lie down.
 fain would lie down.

Seven times Last time

p
 rall.e dim.
 pp

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.

THE BRIERY BUSH.

Allegretto semplice. §

1. O— hang - man, stay thy hand,— And stay it for a
fa-ther, have you my gold?— And can you set me
I've not brought thee gold,— And I can't set thee

p legato *§* *Play three times* *cresc.*

while,— For I fan-cy I see my fa-ther a-com-ing A - cross the yon-der
free?— Or are you come to see me hung— All on the gal-lows-
free;— But I have come to see thee hung— All on the gal-lows-

dim.

1st & 2nd times *3rd time*

stile. — 2. O — 4. O the bri - e - ry bush, — That
tree? — 3. No, tree.

p

pricks my heart so sore;— If I once get out of the bri-e-ry bush, I'll

cresc. *dim.*

nev-er get in an-y more— 5. O more.—

D.S. ad lib. *Last time*

D.S. *P*

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.

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.

Con brio.

1. There was a far-mer's
 2. He look-ed high, he
 3. Cast o - ver me my
 4. If you comedown to my
 5. He mount-ed on a

son Kept sheep all on the hill; And
 look - ed low, He cast an un - der look; And
 man - tle fair And pin it o'er my gown; And,
 fa - ther's house, Which is wall - ed all a - round, Then
 milk - white steed And she up - on an - oth - er; And

he walk'd out one May morn - ing To see what he could kill.
 there he saw a fair pret - ty maid Be - side the wa - t'ry brook.
 if you will, take hold my hand, And I will be your own.
 you shall have a kiss from me And twen - ty thou - sand pound.
 then they rode a - long the lane Like sis - ter and like bro-ther.

And sing blow a-way the morn-ing dew, The dew, and the dew.

Blow a-way the morn-ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow.

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.

THE TWO MAGICIANS.

Vivace.

P

1. O She look'd out of the win - dow as white as a - ny milk;— But

P

He look'd in - to the win - dow as black as a - ny silk. — Hul - loa, hul-loa, hul -

mf

mf

- loa, hul-loa, you coal - black smith! you have done me no harm — You

P

nev - er shall change my maid - en name that I have kept so long;— I'd ra - ther die a

cresc.

mf

P

cresc.

mf

cresc.

maid. Yes, but then she said, And be bur-ied all in my grave Than I'd have such a nas-ty,

cresc.

f

husk - y, dusk - y, must - y, fusk - y, coal - black smith— A maid - en I will

f *colla voce*

Fine. *p*

die. —

2. Then she be-came a duck, — A

3. Then she be-came a hare, — A

Fine. 4. Then she be-came a fly, — A

ff *p*

f *D.S.*

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.

f *D.S.*

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Lento.

1. Six Lords went a - hunt-ing Down by the sea -
no - ble Duke of Bed-ford The sea had up -
him I did wor - ship, Who no more will

- side, And they spied a dead bo - dy Wash'd a - way by the tide. 2. They
- thrown, 'Twas the no - ble Duke of Bed-ford the sea had up-throw'n. 5. But
speak To kin - dred and vas-sals Who gaze on the form 8. Of the

took him to Ports - mouth, The place he was known - And
somefolks dis - pu - ted The hunt - men's bare word, - Un -
no - ble Duke of Bed - ford In his cof - fin of stone, - Of the

straight a - way to Lon-don To the place he was born. 3. They o - pen'd his
- til a grand la - dy Cried: 'Tis my dear lord. 6. She kneel'd down be -
no - ble Duke of Bed-ford In his cof - fin of stone. 9. With - in Wo - burn

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 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.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

Allegretto.

1. La - dy Mar - g'ret was sit - ting in her

p e legato

bow - er one day A - comb - ing out her hair, And

mf

who did she spy but Sweet Wil-liam and his bride As_ they came a - ri - ding

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

there. 3. The bri - er.

dim. *p* *dim.* *p*

Six times *Dal Segno* *Last time*

THE LOW, LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND.

THE LOW, LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND.

Moderato.

1. The ver - y day I was mar - - ried, That
 Hol - land is a cold place, A
 build my love a gal - lant ship, A
 moth - er to the daugh - - ter: What
 not a swaith goes round my waist, Nor a

P

night I lay on my bed; A press - gang came to
 place where grows no green, And Hol - land is a
 ship of no - ted fame, With four and twen - ty
 makes you to la - - ment? O there are lords and
 comb goes in my hair, Nei - ther fire - - light nor

my bed - side These words to me they said: A - -
 cold place For my love to wan - der in. Though
 sea - men bold To box her on the main. They'll
 dukes and squires Can ease your heart's con - tent. But
 can - dle - light Can ease my heart's des - pair. And

mf

- 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.

2. But
 3. I'll
 4. Says the
 5. There's

D.S. Last time
dim. *mf* *p*

VIII THE UNQUIET GRAVE

or
COLD BLOWS THE WIND.

Andante.

1. Cold blows the wind to my— true love, And
2. I'll— do as much for my sweet-heart As
3. When the twelve-month and one day— was past The
4. There's one thing that I want, sweet-heart, There's

gen - tle drops the rain, — I nev - er had — but one sweet-heart, And in
an - y young man may; — I'll sit and mourn all on — her grave For a
ghost be - gan to speak: — Why sit - test here — all on — my grave, And —
one thing that I crave; — And that is a kiss from your li - ly-white lips — Then

green-wood she — lies slain, And in green - wood she — lies slain. —
twelve-month and — a day, For a twelve-month and — a day. —
will — not let — me sleep? And — will — not let — me sleep? —
I'll — go from your grave, Then — I'll — go from — your grave. —

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 -

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—

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.—

THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

Allegretto espressivo.§ *P*

1. The trees they do grow high, and the leaves they do grow
 3. We'll send him to the col - lege for one__ year or
 5. I made my love a shroud of the hol - land, O so

cresc.

green; But the time is gone and past, my love, that you and I have seen. It's a
 two, And__ then per-haps in time, my love, a man__ he may grow. I will
 fine, And__ ev - 'ry stitch I put in it__ the tears came trink-ling down; And__

dim.

cold win - ter's night, my love, when you and I must bide a - lone. The bon - ny lad was
 buy you white rib - - bons to tie a - bout his bon - ny waist, To let the la - dies
 I will sit and mourn his fate un - til the day that I shall die, And watch all o'er his

dim.

young, but a - grow - ing. —
 know that he's mar - ried. —
 child while it's grow - ing. —

2. O fa - - ther, dear fa - ther, I
 4. At the age__ of six - teen O he
 6. O now my love is dead and —

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.

Moderato.

§

1. Lord Lov - el he stood at his own cas - tle gate, A -
 long you'll be gone— Lord Lov - el? she said; How
 rode and he rode on his milk - white steed, Till he
 or - der'd the grave to be o - pen'd a - wide, And the
 one — was bur - ied in the low - er chan - cel, The

p e legato

comb-ing his milk - white steed, — When up came La - dy Nan - - cy Belle To
 long you'll be gone? cried she. — In a year or two, or three at the most, I'll re -
 came to Lon - don Town; — And there he heard the church - bells ring And the
 shroud to be turn'd a - - round; — And then he kiss'd her cold clay cheeks Till the
 o - ther was bur-ied in the high'r, — From one sprang out a gal-lant red rose, From the

wish her lov - er good speed, good speed, To — wish her lov - er good speed. 2. O
 - turn to my La - dy Nan - cy, -cy, -cy, I'll re - turn to my La - dy Nan - cy. 4. He
 peo-ple all mourn-ing a - round, a - round, And the peo-ple all mourn-ing a - round. 6. Ah!
 tears came trick - ling down, down, down, Till the tears came trick - ling down. 8. Lady
 oth-er a gil - ly-flow - er, flow - er, From the oth-er a gil - ly-flow - er. 10. And

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

see, see, see, Strange coun - tries for__ to see. *Four times D.S.* *Last time*
 - cy, - cy, - cy, He'd go and see La - dy Nan - cy. 3. How
 - cy, - cy, - cy, They call - ed her La - dy Nan - cy. 5. He
 sor - row, row, Lord Lov - el he died out of sor - row. 7. He
 knot, knot, knot, And tied in a true lov - er's 9. The
 D.S. knot.

FALSE LAMKIN.

Moderato.

1. The Lord said to the La - dy, Be - fore he went
durst I go — down in the dead of the
me your daugh-ter Bet - sy, She will do me some

f *dim.* *mf*

out: Be - ware of false Lam-kin, He's a walk - ing a - bout. 2. What care
night? Where there's no fire a - kin-dled, No can - dle a - light. 6. As
good; She will hold the sil - ver ba - sin To catch her own heart's blood. 10. Pret-ty

cresc. *f* *dim.* *P*

I for false Lam - kin Or an - y of his kin? When the doors are all
she was a - go - ing down, And think - ing no harm, False — Lam-kin he
Bet - sy, be - ing up — At the win - dow so high, Saw her own dear - est

mf

bolt - ed And the win-dows close pinnd'. 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

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 Murder'd ba - by and

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

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.

First & second times *Third time*
D.S.

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.

Moderato

1. Lord Thom-as he was a bold for-es-ter, And
- way— he flew to fair El-li-nor's bow'r And
rid-dle, my mo-ther, come rid-dle, she said, Come
El-li-nor dress'd in her rich— ar-ray, Her

keep-er of our king's deer;— Fair El-li-nor she was a gay la-dy, Lord
tin-gled so loud at the ring;— No one was so rea-dy as fair El-li-nor To
rid-dle it un-to me;— Whe-ther I to Lord Thom-as-'s wed-dings shall go, Or
mer-ry men all in green; And ev-'ry town that she rode through They

Thom-as he loved her dear, 2. Now rid-dle my rid-dle, dear mo-ther, said he, And
let— Lord Thom-as in. 5. What news, what news, what news? she cried, What
whe-ther I stay with thee. 8. It's hun-dreds are— your friends, daugh-ter, And
took her for some queen. 11. She rode till she came to Lord Thom-as-'s house; She

rig - 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. 3. The brown girl she has
 my — wed - ding, Be - neath the syc - a - more tree. 6. O, God for - bid that
 all my bless - ing To Lord Thom - as - 's wed - ding don't go. 9. It's thou - sands are my
 Thom - as him - self To let fair El - li - nor in. 12. He took her by the

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

- on my bless - ing To bring the brown girl home. 4. So a
been my bride-groom And I should have been thy bride. 7. Come
- tide— my death, To Lord Thom-as - 's wed-ding I'll go. 10. Fair
no - blest chair A - mongst the la - dies all. 13. Is

Six times D. S. Last time

dim. p

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.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE.

Allegretto.

1. Queen Jane was in la - bour For
Hen - ry was a - sent for, King
Jane, my love, Queen Jane, my love, Such a
Hen - ry went mourn - ing And

six days or more, Till her wo - men got tired And wished it were
Hen - ry did come home For to meet with Queen Jane: My love your eyes do look so
thing was nev - er known, If you have your right side o - pen'd You will lose your dear ba -
so did his men, And so did his dear ba - by For Queen Jane did di -

o'er. 2. Good wo - men, good wo - men, Good wo - men if you be, Will you
dim. 4. King Hen - ry, King Hen - ry, King Hen - ry if you be, If you
- by. 6. Will you build your love a cas - tle And lie down so deep For to
- en. 8. How deep was the mourn - ing, How wide were the bands, How

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

dim.

Three times D. S.

Fourth time

hands. 9. There was fid - dling, there was danc - ing On the day the babe was

Fourth time

p cresc. mf

born, While the roy - al Queen Jane be-loved Lay cold as a — stone.

dim. p rall. dim.

THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Allegretto con grazia.

1. As I walk'd out— one May morn - ing Down by the riv - er -
 he un - braced his morn - ing - gown, And gen - tly laid— it

- side, There I be-held a bold fish - er - man— Come roll - ing down the—
 down; When she be - held— three chains of gold— Went trink - ling three times

- tide. 2. Bold fish - er - man, bold fish - er - man, How come you fish - ing
 round. 5. Down on her bend - ed knees she fell, Cry - ing: Par - don, par - don

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. sea. 3. He tied his boat un - to a stand And
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.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

Andante. %

1. It's of a youth, a kind young youth, He was a squire's

son; He cour-ted the bail-iff's daugh-ter, She lived at Is-ling-

-ton. 2. Now when his par-ents came to know They had such a sil-ly

son, They sent him a-way to fair London Town And a pre-n-tice had him.

f *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*

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN.

Allegro moderato.

1. It's of a blind beg-gar who'd

p

p

This system contains the first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato.' The first measure of the vocal line is a whole rest, followed by a half rest, and then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G2 in the bass and a half note G4 in the treble, both marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket.

lost his sight, He had but one daugh-ter, most beau-ti-ful, bright. I'll—

cresc.

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'lost his sight, He had but one daugh-ter, most beau-ti-ful, bright. I'll—'. The piano accompaniment features a half note G2 in the bass and a half note G4 in the treble, both marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket.

go seek my for-tune, dear fa-ther, said she; And the fa-vour was gran-ted to

mf

dim.

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'go seek my for-tune, dear fa-ther, said she; And the fa-vour was gran-ted to'. The piano accompaniment features a half note G2 in the bass and a half note G4 in the treble, both marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket.

charming Bet - sy. 2. She set out from London, as I've heard them say, She ar-

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.

Andante doloroso. §

Finale Adoroso.

1. A brisk young sail - or came court - ing
4. I wish to God that my babe was

p e legato

me Un - til he gain - ed my li - ber - ty. He stole my
born, Sat smil - ing all on its fa - ther's knee; And I in

cresc. *cresc.*

heart with free good will And he's got it now, but I love him still
my cold grave was lain With the green grass grow - ing all o - ver me.

mf *dim.* *p*

2. There is an ale - house in yon - der town Where my love goes and he sits him
 5. There is a bird all in yon - der tree; Some say he's blind and he can - not

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. 3. Hard grief for me and I'll tell you why, Be-cause that
- ny. 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.*

me, a poor girl, at last.
cov - er - lets o - ver

1. *D.S.* 2. *D.S.* *p* *p più rall.*

XVIII THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Con espressione.

p 1. Down by some crys - tal
young men I —

spring where the night - in - gales sing, Most plea - sant it is, in
know, great - kind ness will show, They will of - fer and —

cresc.

mf sea - son, to hear the groves ring. Down by the riv - er
prof - fer much more than they'll do; And when ev - er they can

mf

Ped. *

side, a young cap tain I es - pi - ed, En - treat - ing of — his —
find a — maid - en that's kind, — With laugh - ing — and —

cresc.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

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.*

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.*

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.

f *mf* *p* *rit.* *Ped.*

First time D.S. Second time

14804

XIX

IT'S A ROSEBUD IN JUNE.

Andante sostenuto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante sostenuto'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. It's a rose-bud in June and vio-lets in full bloom, And the small-birds sing-ing love-songs on each spray; We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love, We'll dance in a ring, Love, When each lad takes his lass all on the green grass; And it's'. The piano accompaniment includes various dynamics such as *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *rit.* (ritardando). The score concludes with a double bar line and the word 'FINE' written vertically.

1. It's a rose-bud in

June and vio-lets in full bloom, And the small-birds sing-ing love-

-songs on each spray; We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love, We'll dance in a

ring, Love, When each lad takes his lass all on the green grass; And it's

rit.

FINE

a tempo

all _____ to plough— Where the fat ox - en graze low, And the

colla voce *mf*

lads and the lass - es to sheep-shear-ing go.

cresc. *f*

2. When we have a - sheard' all our jol - ly, jol - ly

dim. *p e legato*

sheep, What joy can be great - er than to talk of their in - crease?

Well — 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.

Andante.

1. A — sai - lor's life — is a
had not sail - ed far
kneel - ed down and she

p e legato *p*

mer - ry life, He'll rob young girls of their hearts' de - light, Then
on the deep Be - fore a king's ship she chanced to meet. O
wrote a song, She wrote it neat and she wrote it long; At

cresc.

go and leave them to sigh and moan — No tongue can tell — when he
all you sai - lers come tell me true, Is my Sweet Wil - liam on
ev - ry line, O, she shed a tear, And at the end: Fare you

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

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

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.

THE WATCHET SAILOR.

Allegro con spirito.

1. As I was a - walk - ing down
went and he took the fair

Watch-et Swayne Street, A jol - ly old ship-mate I chanced for to meet. Hul -
maid by the hand: You're going to be mar-ried, as I un-der - stand. But if

- lo! broth - er sai - lor, you're wel - come to home, In sea - son to Watch-et I
ev - er you mar - ry, why you shall be mine: So I have come here for to

think you are come. 2. Now don't you re - mem - ber once court - ing a maid? But
baulk your de - sign. 5. Good Lord! said this fair maid, now what shall I do? I

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

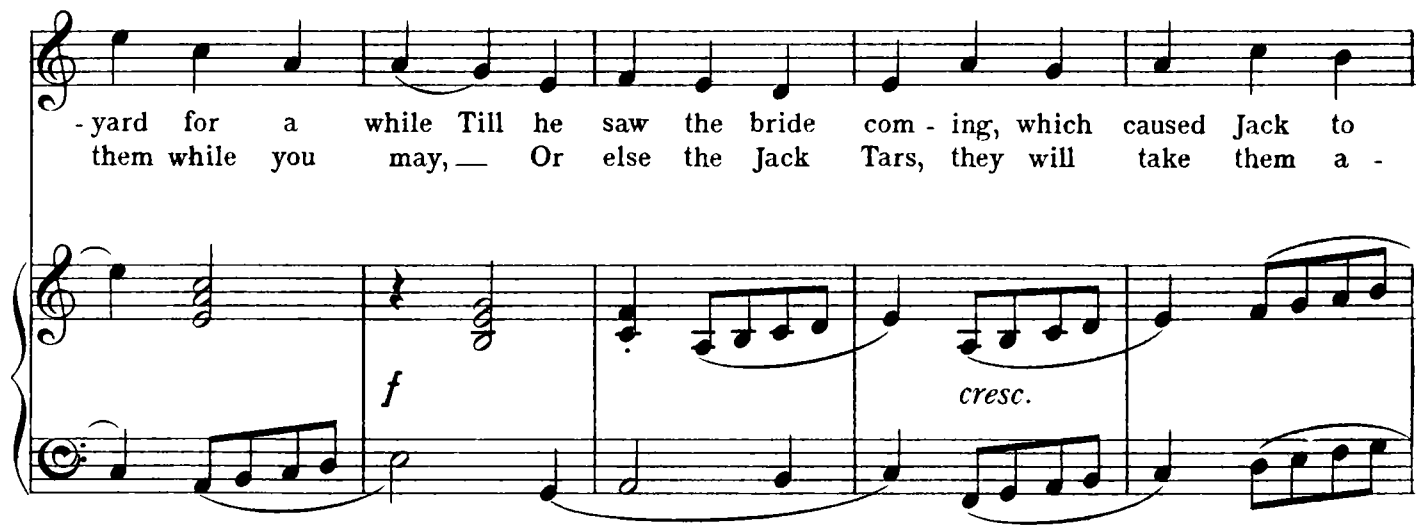
wed - ding's to be — And I am in - vit - ed the same for to see. 3. Jack
I'll be his bride; There's none in this world I can fan - cy be - side. 6. Then the

went and got li - cence the ver - y same night, And walk'd in - to
tai - lor, he roard like a man that is mad, I'm ru - in'd, I'm

Bris - tol as soon as 'twas light. He sat in the Tem - ple church -
ru - ind, I'm ru - ind, he said. All you that have sweet - hearts, take



- 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 -

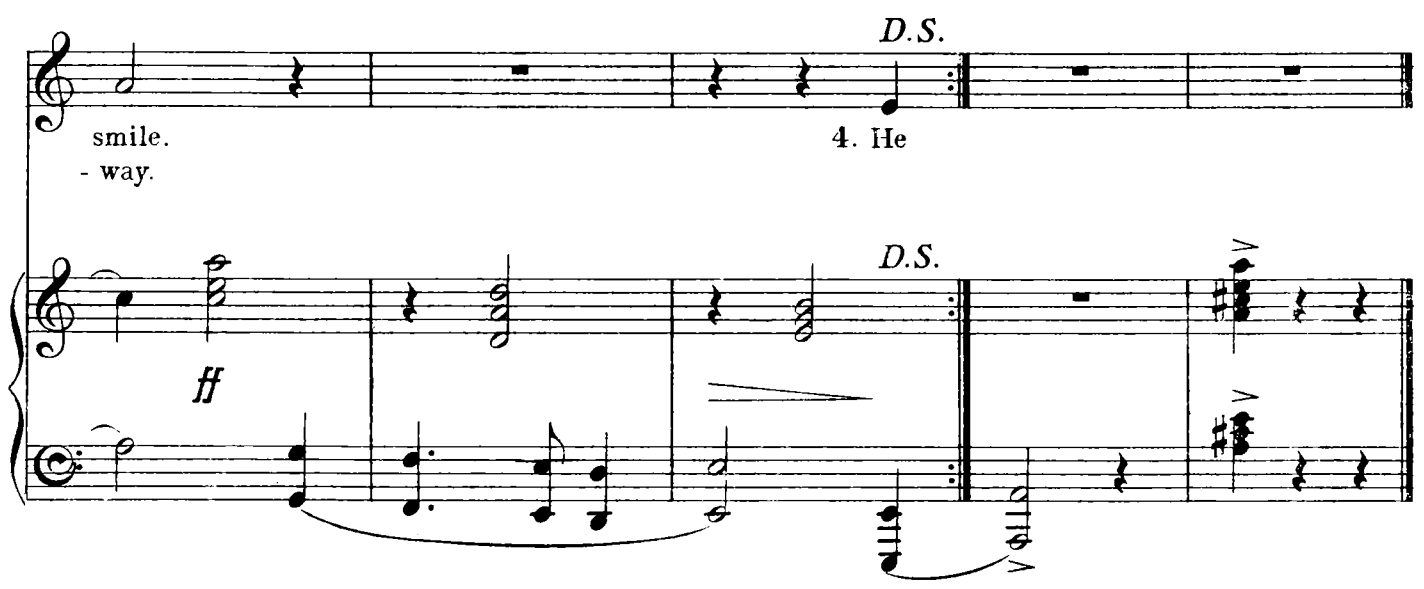


smile.
- way.

4. He

ff

D.S.



SCARBOROUGH FAIR.

Andante.

1. Where are you go - ing? To
 3. Tell her to wash it in
 5. Tell her to plough it with

p *Play three times*

Scar - bo-rough Fair? yon - - der well, one — ram's horn,
 Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, Re -
 Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, Where
 Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, And

mf

- mem - ber me to a bon - ny lass there, For once she was a true
 wa - ter ne'er sprung nor a drop of rain fell, And she shall be a true
 sow it all o - ver with one pep - per - corn, And she shall be a true

dim.

lov - er of mine. 2. Tell her to make me a
 lov - er of mine. 4. Tell her to plough me an
 lov - er of mine. 6. Tell her to reap it with a

cam - bric shirt, Pars - ley, sage,— rose - ma - ry and thyme, With -
 a - cre of land, Pars - ley, sage,— rose - ma - ry and thyme, Be -
 sick - le of leath - er, Pars - ley, sage,— rose - ma - ry and thyme, And

- out a - ny nee - dle or thread work'd in it, And she— shall be a true
 - tween the sea and the salt sea strand, And she— shall be a true
 tie it all up with a tom - tit's feath - er, And she— shall be a true

D.S. Last verse

lov - er of mine. 7. Tell her to gath - er it
 lov - er of mine.
 lov - er of mine.

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.

BRIMBLEDON FAIR

OR, YOUNG RAMBLE-AWAY.

Allegro ma non troppo.

1. As I was a - rid - ing to—
3. I said: Pret - ty Nan - cy, don't

Brim - ble - don Fair, I — saw pret - ty Nan - cy a - curd - ling her hair, I —
laugh in my face, But she an - swer'd by skip - ping a - way from the place. So to

gave her a wink and she roll'd a dark eye, And said I, to my - self: I'll be—
find' her I ram - bled thro' fair Lin - coln - shire, And I vow'd I would ram - ble, I —

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. But all that she said, when I saw her next day: And are
bring her to me. And all you young ram-blers you mind and take care, — Or

cresc. molto

D.S.

you the young rogue they call — Ram - ble - a - way?
else you'll get — brim - bled at — Brim - ble - don Fair.

f

D.S.

BRIDGWATER FAIR.

Moderato.

1. All you who roam, both young and old, Come listen to my
 lads and lass - es they come through From Stow - ey, Sto - gur - sey and
 Tom and Jack, they look so gay, With Sal and Kit they

sto - ry bold For miles a - round from far and near — They
 Can - ning - ton too. That far - mer from Fid - ding - ton, true as my life, — He's
 haste a - way To shout and laugh and have a spree, And

come to see the rigs o' the fair. O Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And
 come to the fair to look for a wife. O Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And
 dance and sing right mer - ri - ly. O Mas - ter John, do you be - ware! And

don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridg - wa - ter fair. 2. The
 don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridg - wa - ter fair. 3. There's
 don't go kiss - ing the girls at Bridg - wa - ter 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

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 hanging down to the ground. O
when it's time to go a-way— They swear to meet a-gain next day. O

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

THE BRISK YOUNG BACHELOR.

Con spirito.

1. Once I was a brisk young bach-e-lor,
 2. First half year that I was mar-ried,
 3. In the morn-ing ve-ry ear-ly, Be-

f *p staccato*

Till I gain'd a hand-some wife; I want-ed some-one to live by me,
 She'd not do a stroke of work, But al-ways grum-bled, al-ways scold-ed,
 -fore to work that I do go, She makes me rise and light the fire;—

mf marcato

Help me lead a so-ber life.
 Made me sav-age as—a Turk. } With my whack fal lor, the
 And the bel-lows I've—to blow.

f

did-dle and the di-do, Whack fal lor, the did-dle-i-day.

mf *f*

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 - lers! 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

RUGGLETON'S DAUGHTER OF IERO.

Moderato.

1. There was a man lived in the West; Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, He
 if your din - ner you must have, Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, Then
 you shall brew and you shall bake, Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, And

mar-ried a wife—she was not of the best; She was Rug-gle-ton's daugh-ter of I - e - ro.
 get it your-self; I am not your slave, Said Rug-gle-ton's daugh-ter of I - e - ro.
 you shall make your white hands black To— Rug-gle-ton's daugh-ter of I - e - ro.

2. Said he, when he came in from plough: Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, Ho!
 4. For I won't brew and I won't bake, Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, And
 6. He took a stick down off the rack; Fal lal lal lal lal li - do, And

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.

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. *5ffz*

THE CRABFISH.

Allegro con spirito.

1. There was a lit - tle man and he
 3. Then up her man a - rose and he
 5. O yes, and O yes, I have
 7. Then the wife just to smell him popp'd

had a lit - tle wife, And he loved her as dear as he loved his life. Mash-a
 girt him in his clothes, And down to the sea-side he fol - low'd his nose. Mash-a
 one, — two and three, And the best of them all I will sell to thee. Mash-a
 up — from the clothes, When — up got the crab-fish and nipp'd her by the nose. Mash-a

row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day. 2. Now
 row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day. 4. O
 row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day. 6. So he
 row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.

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

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

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.

THE BEGGAR.

Allegro ma non troppo.

1. I'd just as soon be a
 2. I've six-pence in my poc-ket and I've
 3. Some - times we call at a
 4. Some - times we lie like

beg-gar as a king, And the rea-son I'll tell you for why; A
 work'd hard for it Kind land-lord, here it is. Nei-ther
 no-ble-man's hall, And beg for bread and beer; Some -
 hogs in a sty With a flock of straw on the ground; Some -

king can-not swag-ger, nor drink like a beg-gar, Nor be half so hap-py as
 Jew nor Turk shall make me work, While beg-ging is as good as it
 -times we are lame, some - times we are blind, Some - times too deaf to
 -times eat a crust that has roll'd in the dust, And are thank - ful if that can be

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

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,

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.

Three times D.S. *Last time*

D.S.

XXIX

THE KEEPER.

Moderato.

S

FIRST VOICE

1. The keep - er did a - shoot - ing go, And
 2. The first doe he shot at he miss'd, The
 3. The fourth doe she did cross the plain: The
 4. The fifth doe she did cross the brook; The
 5. The sixth doe she ran o - ver the plain; But

un - der his coat he car - ried a bow, All for to shoot at a
 se - cond doe he trimm'd, he kiss'd, The third doe went where
 keep - er fetch'd her back a - gain; Where she is now she
 keep - er fetch'd her back with his crook; Where she is now you must
 he with his hounds did turn her a - gain, And it's there he did hunt in a

mer - ry lit - tle doe. A - mong the leaves so green, O.
 no - bo - dy wist. A - mong the leaves so green, O.
 may re - main A - mong the leaves so green, O.
 go and look A - mong the leaves so green, O.
 mer - ry, mer - ry vein A - mong the leaves so green, O.

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.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Moderato.

1. You gen-e-rals all_ and champions bold Who take de-light in the
Charles the Se - cond I_ did serve To face our foes_ in

field, Who knock down pal-a-ces and cas-tle walls And fight un - til_ they
France, And at the bat - tle of Ram-i - lies We bold-ly did_ ad -

yield. O I must go_ and face the foe With - out my sword and
- vance; The sun was down, the moon did shine; So loud-ly I_ did

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 - tentook, 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

JACK HALL.

Moderato.

1. O my name it is Jack Hall, chim - ney
 twen - ty pounds in store, that's no
 tell me that in gaol I shall
 rode up Ty - burn Hill in a
 lad - der I did grope, that's no

p

sweep, — chim - ney sweep, — O my name it is Jack
 joke, — that's no joke, — I have twen - ty pounds in
 die, — I shall die, — O they tell me that in
 cart, — in a cart, — O I rode up Ty - burn
 joke, — that's no joke, — Up the lad - der I did

Hall, — chim - ney sweep. O my name it is Jack
 store, — that's no joke. I have twen - ty pounds in
 gaol — I shall die. O they tell me that in
 Hill — in a cart. O I rode up Ty - burn
 grope, — that's no joke. Up the lad - der I did

mf

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 he
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

neck shall pay for all when I die. 2. I have
neck shall pay for all when I die. 3. O they
dash'd! if ev - er I fail till I die. 4. O I
best of friends must part, so fare - well! 5. Up the
nev - er a word said I— com-ing down. D.S.

DASHING AWAY WITH THE SMOOTHING IRON.

Moderato. §

1. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing When I be-held my

f *p*

darl - ing; She looked so neat and charm - ing In ev - 'ry high de - gree; — She

cresc. *f*

looked so neat and nim - ble, O, A - wash - ing of her lin - en, O,

Dash - ing a - way with the smooth-ing iron, Dash - ing a - way with the

p *cresc.*

smooth-ing iron, She stole my heart a - way. ——— - way. ———

Six times D.S. Seventh time

f *f* *D.S.*

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.

Andante maestoso.

1. When I — was — eight - een I took — a — wife; I
fa - - ther — cried: O my dar - - ling — son! My

mf *sfz* *f*

loved her dear - ly as I loved my — life; And —
wife she wept and cried: I am un - done! My —

mf

to main-tain her both fine and gay, — I — went a - rob - bing, I
moth - er — tore her white locks and cried, — O — in his cra - dle, O

p *cresc.*

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*

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Moderato e maestoso.

p There were three kings came

mf *p*

from the West, Their vic-to-ry to-try; And they have tak-en a

sol-emnoath, John Bar-ley-corn should die. Fol the dol the

cresc.

did-i-ay,— Fol the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.

mf

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 fortnight, Till the dew on him did fall: Then

pp

Bar-ley-corn sprang up a-gain, And that surprised them all.

mf decresc.

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 the dol the did-i - ay,—

f *p*

Fol the dol the did-i - ay-ge-wo.

cresc. *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 thedol the did-i-ay, Fol thedol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.

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.)

Allegretto.

1. My cloth - ing was once of a lin-sey-wool-sey

fine,— My mane it was long and my bo-dy it did shine; But now I'm getting

old and go-ing to de-cay,— My mas-ter frowns up-on me, and thus they all do



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!

BOTANY BAY.

1. Come all young men of learn - ing good, A warn - ing take by
 char - ac - ter was ta - ken, And I was sent to

me. I'll have you quit night - walk - ing And shun bad com - pa -
 gaol. My par - ents tried to clear me But no - thing would pre -

- ny; I'll have you quit night - walk - ing Or else you'll rue the
 - vail. 'Twas at our Rut - land ses - sions The Judge to me did

day, And you will be trans - port - ed And be sent to Bot - a - ny Bay. 2. I
 say: The Ju - ry's found you guil - ty, You must go to Bot - a - ny Bay. 4. To

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 tearing 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*

rov - ing blade To prove my des - ti - ny. 3 My
hast thou done? Thou art bound for Bot - a - ny D. S. Bay.

mf *f* *rall.*

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Allegro moderato.

1. Come all you sea-men bold and draw
 3. Says Kir-by un-to Wade: We will
 5. Brave Ben-bow lost his legs by chain

near, and draw near, — Come all you sea-men bold and draw
 run, we will run, — Says Kir-by un-to Wade: We will
 shot, by chain shot, — Brave Ben-bow lost his legs by chain

near: It's of an ad-miral's fame, O brave Ben-bow was his
 run. For I val-ue no dis-grace, Nor the los-ing of my
 shot. Brave Ben-bow lost his legs, And all on his stumps he

name, How he fought all on the main you shall hear, you shall
 place, But the en-e-my I won't face, nor his guns, nor his
 begs — Fight on my Eng-lish lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our

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

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.

BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE.

Allegretto maestoso.

1. Bold Nel-son's praise I'm go-ing to sing,
Buo-na - parte he threat - en'd war, A

mf *dim.* *p* *mf*

(Not for-get-ting our glo - rious King), He al-ways did good ti-dings bring, For—
man who fear'd not wound nor scar, But still he lost at Tra-fal - gar Where

f *mf*

he was a bold com - man - der. There was Syd-ney Smith -and Dun-can too, Lord
Bri-tain was vic - to - rious. Lord Nel-son's ac - tions made him quake, And

f *marcato*

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.

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

e - ven A - lex - an - der. bat - tle shall be glo-rious.

1. *D.S.* 2. Bold 3. Lord

Nel-son bold, though threat-en'd wide, And ma-ny a time he had been tried, He

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

SPANISH LADIES.

Moderato.

1. Fare - well and a -
 2. We hove our ship
 3. The first land we

f *p* *basso marcato*

-dieu to you, Span - ish la - dies, Fare - well and a -
 to with the wind from sou' - west, boys, We hove our ship
 sight - ed was call - ed the Dod - man, Next Rame Head off

-dieu to you, la - dies of Spain; For we've re - ceived
 to, deep sound - ings to take; 'Twas for - ty - five
 Ply - mouth, off Ports - mouth the Wight; We sail - ed by

cresc. *mp*

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. } We will rant and we'll
 - yard and up the chan - nel did make. }
 up - for the South Fore - land light. }

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

chan-nel of old Eng - land: From U - shant to Scil - ly is

più rall. 1-4. 5.
thir - ty - five leagues. leagues.

più rall. *a tempo dim.* *cresc.* *ff rall.*
sfz *sfz*

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.

THE SHIP IN DISTRESS.

Allegretto maestoso.

1. Ye sea-men bold that plough the o - cean See
rats and mice, how they did eat them, Their

p

non legato

dan-gers lands-men nev - er know, 'Tis for no hon - our nor pro-mo-tion, No -
hun-ger for to ease, we hear. And in the midst of all their tri - als Cap -

cresc.

tongue can tell what they un-der-go. There's blus-t'rous wind and the heat of bat-tle, Where
-tain and men bore an e-qual share. At - last there came a - scant up-on them, A

sfz

mf

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

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

p *p* *non legato* *D.S.*

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-ish-ed all their— care and grief. We—

hailed her, all was— now pro-vid-ed; Both food and drink they—

grudged it not;— The ship brought to, no longer drift-ing, Safe in-to Lis - bon

har-bour got.

COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.

Andante serioso.

§

1. Come all you worth - y — Chris - tian men, That
all you worth - y — Chris - tian men, That

p

dwell up - on — this land, Don't spend your time in — ri - o - ting: Re -
are so ver - y poor, Re - mem - ber how poor La - za - rus Lay

- mem - ber you're but man. Be — watch - ful for your lat - ter end; Be —
at the rich man's door, While beg - ging of the crumbs of bread That

mf

read - y when you're call'd. There are ma - ny chan - ges in this world; Some
from his ta - ble — fell. The — Scrip - tures do in - form us all That in

dim. *p*

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 - frence it will make Is in joy and mis - er - y. And

bore them all most pa - tient-ly; From sin he did re - frain; He al - ways trust - ed —
we must give a strict ac - count Of great as well as small: Be - lieve me now, dear

in the Lord; He soon got rich a - gain. 3. Come
Chris - tian friends, That God will judge us all.

XLII

WASSAIL SONG.

Moderato.

1. Was - sail — and was - sail — all o - ver the

mf *p*

town, The cup — it is white and the ale — it is brown; The

mf marcato *cresc.* *f* *mf*

cup — it is made of the good old ash - en tree, And so is our

*più lento**a tempo*

beer of the best - bar - - ley. To you - a was - sail! Aye, and

joy come to our - - jol - - ly was - sail.

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, mace, pleased, harm, Pray o - - pen the door - - - and
Pray come un - to this door - - - and
Pray set all on your ta - - - ble your
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

was - sail - bowl and so a - way a - gain.
wear - - y of stand - ing in this place.
beef, your por - rups and your pies.
thanks for sing - ing of our song. } To

più lento

you a was - sail! Aye, and joy come to our

a tempo

più lento

jol - - ly was - sail!

D.S.

mf

dim.

pp

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY.

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY.

Allegro con grazia.

(He) 1. O Ma - dam, I will
 (She) 2. I shall not, Sir, ac -
 (He) 3. O Ma - dam, I will
 (She) 4. I shall not, Sir, ac -

give to you The keys of Can - ter - bu - ry, And all the bells in
 - cept of you The keys of Can - ter - bu - ry, Nor all the bells in
 give to you A pair of boots of cork. The one was made in
 - cept of you A pair of boots of cork, Though both were made in

Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry, If you will be my
 Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry, I will not be your
 , Lon - don The o - ther made in York, If you will be my
 Lon - don Or both were made in York. I will not be your

joy,— my sweet and on - ly dear,— And walk a - long with
 joy,— your sweet and on - ly dear,— Nor walk a - long with
 joy,— my sweet and on - ly dear,— And walk a - long with
 joy,— your sweet and on - ly dear,— Nor walk a - long with

me, an - y - where.—
 you, an - y - where.—
 me, an - y - where.—
 you, an - y - where.—

D. S.

f *sfz*

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 brodered 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 brodered 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.

*Moderato.**(He)*

My man John, what can the mat-ter be, That I should love the la-dy fair and

Play four times

mf marcato *p*

she should not love me? She will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear, And

mf marcato

(John)

nei-ther will she walk with me an - y - where. Court her, dear - est Mas - ter, you

p legato

court her with-out fear, And you will win the la-dy in the space of half a year; And

cresc. mf

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

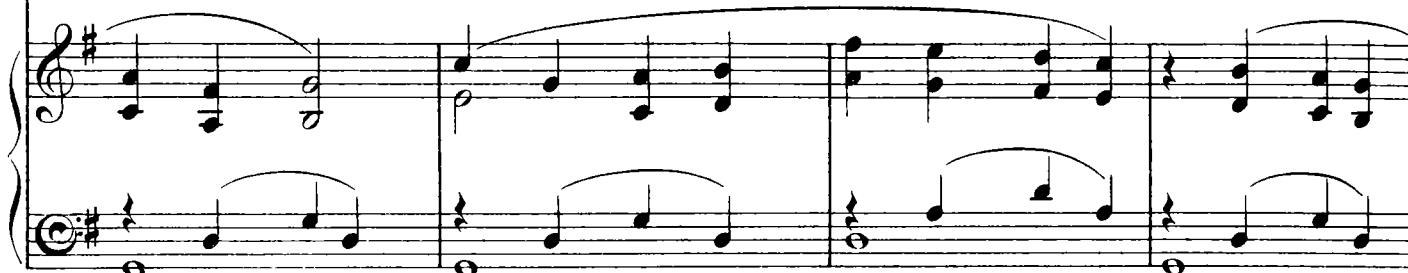
(She)

you will take a walk with me an - y - where.
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where.
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where.
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where.

O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 O Sir, I will ac-cept of you the



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 fasten 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.



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.

cresc. *f rall.* *rall.*

O NO, JOHN.

Allegro moderato.

1. On yonder hill there stands a crea-ture;
fa-ther was a Span-ish Cap-tain-
Madam, in your face is beau-ty,

mf *dim.* *p*

Who she is I do not know. I'll go and court her for her beau-ty;
Went to sea a month a-go. First he kiss'd me, then he left me—
On your lips red ro-ses grow. Will you take me for your lov-er?

mf *p*

She must an-swer Yes or No. O No, John! No, John! No, John! No! 2. My
Bid me al-ways an-swer No. O No, John! No, John! No, John! No! 3. O
Ma-dam, an-swer Yes or No. O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

f *dim.* *D. S.*

Sixth time

7. O hark! I hear the church bells ring-ing: Will you come and

f *mf*

8

be my wife? Or, dear Ma-dam, have you set-tled To live sin-gle

all your life? O No, John! No, John! No,— John! No!

f *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

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!

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

Moderato. *P* *rall.*

On the twelfth day of Christ-mas my true Love sent to me

Lento *mf*

Twelve bells a - ring - ing, E - lev - en bulls a - beat - ing,

Ten ass - es ra - cing, Nine la - dies dan - cing,

accel. poco a poco e cresc.

Eight boys a-sing-ing, Seven swans a-swimming, Six geese a-lay-ing,

accel. poco a poco e cresc.

Five gold - ie rings, Four col - ley birds, Three French hens,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Twelve Days of Christmas'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'Five gold - ie rings, Four col - ley birds, Three French hens,'. The piano part consists of sustained chords in the left hand and moving lines in the right hand.

a tempo Two tur - tle - doves And the part of — the mis - tle - toe bough. — *D.C.**

f a tempo

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'Two tur - tle - doves And the part of — the mis - tle - toe bough. —' and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The tempo marking *a tempo* is above the vocal line, and *f a tempo* is below the piano line. The piano part features a more active accompaniment. The system concludes with a *D.C.** (Da Capo) instruction.

Twelfth verse On the first day of Christ - mas my true Love sent to me

The third system of the musical score, labeled '*Twelfth verse*'. The vocal line begins with 'On the first day of Christ - mas my true Love sent to me'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent melody in the right hand. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

rall. - One gold - ie ring, And the part of — a June ap - ple tree. — *rall. -*

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'One gold - ie ring, And the part of — a June ap - ple tree. —'. The tempo marking *rall. -* (rallentando) is above the vocal line. The piano part features a more active accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

* For directions for singing this song see *Note* (p. XVII.) 14804

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

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.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Moderato.

FIRST VOICE

SECOND VOICE

FIRST VOICE

1. Come and I will sing to you. What will you sing to me? I will sing you one-e-ry.
2. two-e-ry.
etc., etc.

mf

SECOND VOICE

1st Time
FIRST VOICE*più rall.*

D.C.

What is your one-e-ry? One and One is all a-lone, and ev-er-more shall be so.
2. two-e-ry?
etc., etc.

f marcato

più rall.

D.C.

2nd Time
FIRST VOICE

Two and two are li-ly-white babes a-cloth-ed all in green, O!

f marcato

più rall.

D.C.

One and One is all a-lone, and ev-er-more shall be so.

f marcato

più rall.

D.C.

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.

Last time
FIRST VOICE

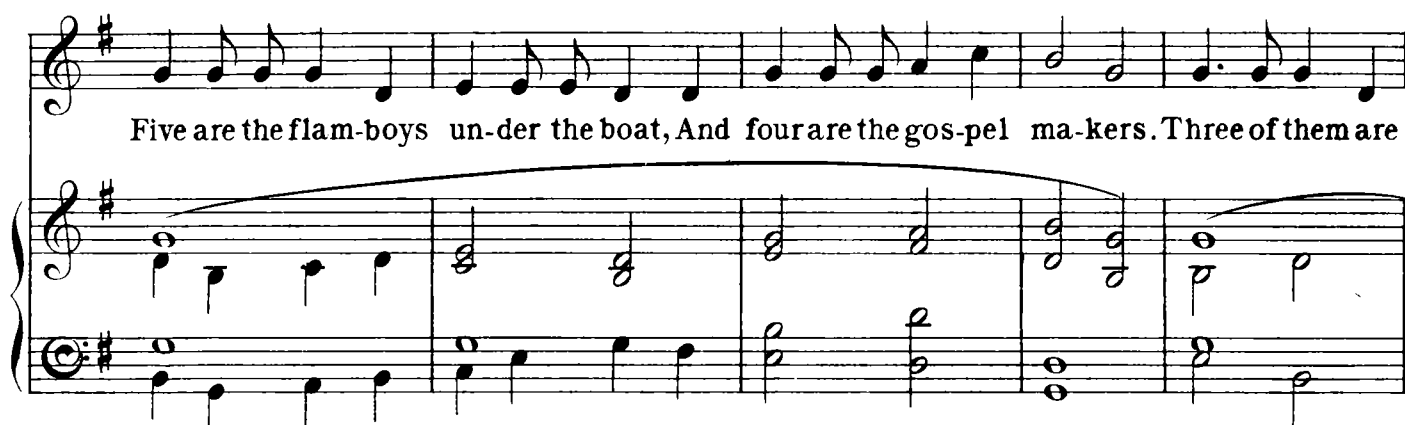
etc. etc. etc.

Twelve are the twelve A - pos - tles. E - lev-en and e - lev-en are the keys of heav-en, And

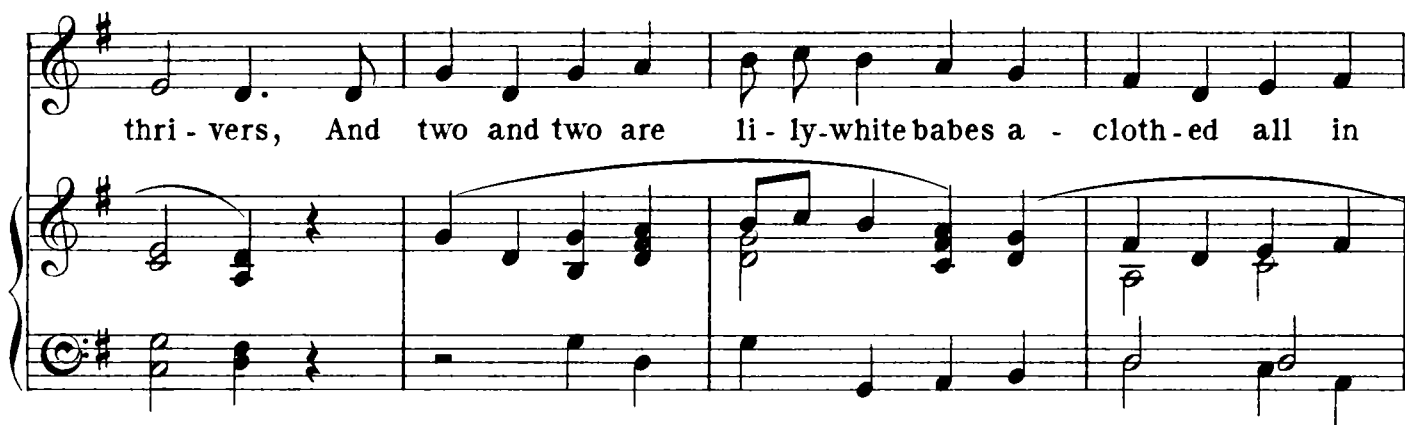
ten are the ten com-mand-ments. Nine are the nine that bright-ly shine, And eight are the eight com-



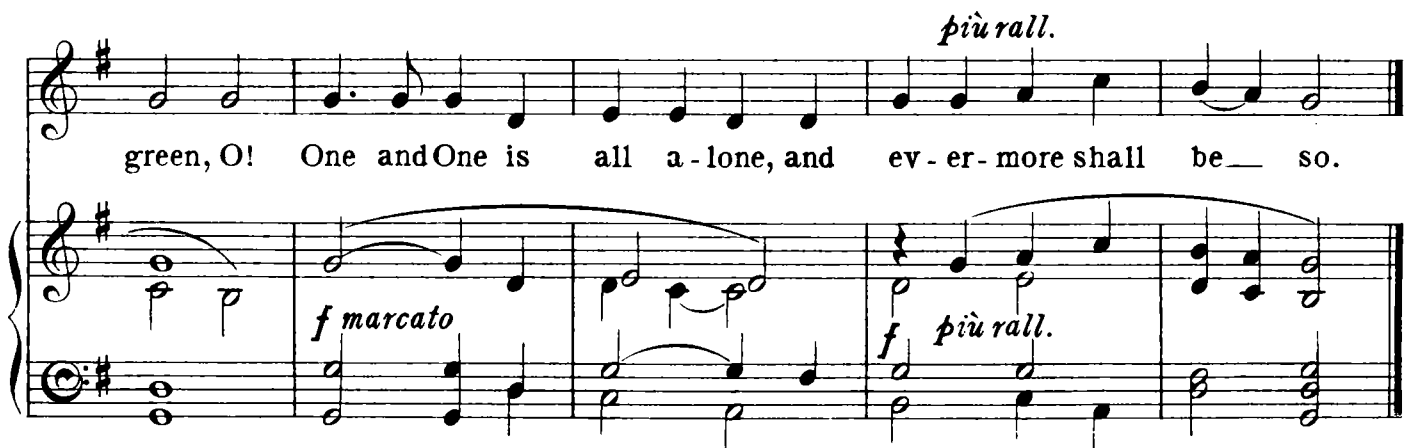
-man-ders. Sev-en are the sev-en stars in the sky, And six are the six broad wait-ers.



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.*

THE TREE IN THE WOOD.

Moderato.

1. All in a wood there was a tree, And a fun-ny and a cu-rious

tree; And the tree was in the wood, And the wood lay down in the

val-ley— be-low, And the wood lay down in the val-ley— be-low, be-low.

2. And on this tree there was a bough, And a fun-ny and a cu-rious bough; And the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as 'mf' and 'p'. The first system contains the first two lines of the first verse, and the second system contains the third line of the first verse and the first line of the second verse. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

bough was on the tree, And the tree was in the wood, And the wood lay down in the

val-ley be-low, And the wood lay down in the val-ley be-low, be-low. *D.S.*

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.

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.

THE BARLEY-MOW.

Moderato. (Solo) (Chorus)

O I will drink out of the nip-per-kin, boys; So

here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The nip-per-kin and the brown bowl! So

here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. O I will drink out of the

(Chorus) (Solo)

pint, my boys, So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The pint, the

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a vocal line in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 6/8 time. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics 'O I will drink out of the nip-per-kin, boys; So' are written under the vocal line. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics 'here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The nip-per-kin and the brown bowl! So'. The third system has lyrics 'here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. O I will drink out of the'. The fourth system concludes with lyrics 'pint, my boys, So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The pint, the'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings like 'mf'.

(Chorus)

(Solo)

nip-per-kin and the brown bowl. So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. O

The first system of the musical score for 'The Barley Mow'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are 'nip-per-kin and the brown bowl. So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. O'. Above the vocal line, '(Chorus)' is written over the first part and '(Solo)' over the last part. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

(Chorus)

(Solo)

I will drink out of the quart, my boys; So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'I will drink out of the quart, my boys; So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The'. Above the vocal line, '(Chorus)' is written over the first part and '(Solo)' over the last part. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is present at the beginning of the piano part.

(Chorus)

quart, the pint, the nip - per - kin and the brown bowl. — So

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'quart, the pint, the nip - per - kin and the brown bowl. — So'. Above the vocal line, '(Chorus)' is written. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking 'mf' is present at the beginning of the piano part.

D.S.

here's a good health to the bar - ley-mow. O

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'here's a good health to the bar - ley-mow. O'. Above the vocal line, 'D.S.' (Da Capo) is written. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is present at the beginning of the piano part. The system ends with a boxed section labeled 'last verse'.

* 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.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of the song, with lyrics '1. One man shall mow my mea-dow____ Two'. The second system contains the second line, with lyrics 'men shall ga-ther it to - ge - ther,____ Two men, one man and one more, Shall'. The third system contains the third line, with lyrics 'shear my lambs and ewes and rams, And gather my gold to - gether.____'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, bar lines, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). There are also repeat signs and a 'D.S.' (Da Segno) marking.

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.

