

ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY
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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 broadsides, is but "a vulgar and secularized transmutation of a mediæval allegorical legend," and points out that the familiar elements of Gnostic and Early Christian mystical literature, for example, "the River, the Sea, the royal Fisher, the three Vestures of Light (or Robes of Glory), the Recognition and Adoration by the illuminated humble Soul, the free Pardon," etc., are all to be found among variants of this ballad. The early Fathers of the Christian Church wrote of their baptized members as "fish," emerged from the waters of baptism. For a

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 17. *A Brisk Young Sailor.*

THIS is one of the most popular of English folk-songs. I have collected a large number of variants, from the several sets of which the words in the text have been compiled. For other versions see "There is an ale-house

in yonder Town," in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 252; volume ii., pp. 155, 158, 159, and 168; volume iii., p. 188).

No. 18. *The Crystal Spring.*

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

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

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

No. 20. *Sweet William.*

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

No. 21. *The Watchet Sailor.*

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

No. 22. *Scarborough Fair*.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 24. *Bridgwater Fair*.

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

No. 25. *The Brisk Young Bachelor*.

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

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

No. 26. *Ruggleton's Daughter of 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

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,

mf

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.

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 - thrown. 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

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

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

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a repeat sign and a melody starting on a dotted quarter note. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both starting with a dotted quarter note. A dynamic marking of *p e legato* is placed below the piano staff. A repeat sign is present at the end of the first measure of both staves.

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

mf

This system contains the third and fourth staves of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody from the first system, starting with a dotted quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic pattern. A dynamic marking of *mf* is placed below the piano staff. A repeat sign is present at the end of the first measure of both staves.

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

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody, starting with a dotted quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic pattern. A repeat sign is present at the end of the first measure of both staves.

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 swaithe 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

dim. *mf* *P*

D.S. Last time

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

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__

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

young, but a - grow - ing. — 2. O fa - - ther, dear fa - ther, I
 know that he's mar - ried. — 4. At the age__ of six - teen O he
 child while it's grow - ing. — 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

f *sfz* *sfz*

Lam - kin crept in; And he prick-ed one of the el-der babes With a bright sil - ver life that's so sweet; You shall have as man-y bright guin - eas As stones in the blame not of me; For - it - was false - Lam - kin Murder'd ba - by and

dim. *legato* *p* *mf*

pin. 4. O Nurse - maid! O - Nurse - maid! How sound you do sleep; Can't you street. 8. O spare my life! O - spare my life! Till one of the clock; You shall she. 12. Here's blood in the kitch - en, Here's blood in the hall, Here's

dim. *p legato* *sfz*

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

rid - dle it all in one; Whe - ther I shall mar - ry the
news hast thou brought un - to me? I am come to bid thee to
thou - sands are your foes; There - fore I beg thee with
tin - gled so loud at the ring, There was none so rea - dy as Lord

brown girl, Or bring fair El - li - nor home. 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

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bold Fisherman'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto con grazia'. The lyrics are: '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

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: '- 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

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: '- 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. 3. He tied his boat — un - to a stand And
sea. 6. He took her by — her li - ly-white hand, Cry - ing:

to this la - - dy went; For to take hold of her
Fol - low, fol - - low me; I'll take you to — my

li - ly-white hand — It was his full — in - tent. 4. Then
fa - ther's house, And mar - ried we — will be.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 system begins with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The lyrics '1. It's of a blind beg-gar who'd' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'p' (piano) in both staves.

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

cresc.

This system contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'lost his sight, He had but one daugh-ter, most beau-ti-ful, bright. I'll—' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking in the right-hand staff.

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

mf

dim.

This system contains the third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'go seek my for-tune, dear fa-ther, said she; And the fa-vour was gran-ted to' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'dim.' (diminuendo) in the right-hand staff.

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

-ri - ved in Rom-ford the ve - ry same day; And when she came there well

hi - red was she, So deep-ly be - lov-ed was charming Bet - sy. 3. She

Four times. Dal Segno

Last time.

Green.

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. §

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

mf

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

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.* * *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

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?

We'll — pipe and we'll sing, Love, We'll dance in a ring, Love, When each

mf

lad takes his lass All — on the green grass; And it's all — to

rit.

p

colla voce

plough Where the fat ox - en graze low, And the lads and the lass - es to —

a tempo

a tempo

mf

cresc.

f

sheep-shear - ing go.

f

dim.

p

XX

SWEET WILLIAM.

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

p

on the o - cean I may float, And the first king's ship that I chance to meet, I
he is drown - ed I great - ly fear; On — yon - der is - land as we pass'd by, There
leaf it fall - eth from ev - 'ry tree; How hap - py that small bird doth cry That

cresc.

First and second times D.S. *Last time*

will en - quire — for my Wil - liam Sweet. 3. She
we lost sight — of your sai - lor boy. 5. She
hath her true — love close to her side. ———

dim. *p* *rall.*

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

cresc.

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

mf *cresc.* *f*

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

mf

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

cresc.

- yard for a while Till he saw the bride com - ing, which caused Jack to
them while you may, — Or else the Jack Tars, they will take them a -

f *cresc.*

smile.
- way.

4. He

D.S.

ff

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? Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, Re -
 yon - - der well, Pars - ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, Where
 one — ram's horn, 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 rolld a dark eye, And said I, to my - self: I'll be —
find her I ram - bled thro' fair Lin - coln - shire, And I vowd 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.

First and second times

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 *f*

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. *fffz*

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.
neck shall pay for all when I die.
dash'd! if ev - er I fail till I die.
best of friends must part, so fare - well!
nev - er a word said I— com-ing down.

Four times D.S. *Fifth time*

2. I have
3. O they
4. O I
5. Up the

D.S.
dim. *p*

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. ———

f *D. S.*

Six times D. S. Seventh time

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

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

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

There he re-main'd till

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

p

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It starts with a quarter rest, followed by a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The piano part includes dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) across the system.

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

cresc. *mf* *mf*

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues with a half note C5, a quarter note D5, and a half note E5. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo (*cresc.*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) markings. The system concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

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

cresc. *f* *dim.*

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody continues with a half note F#5, a quarter note G5, and a half note A5. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo (*cresc.*), forte (*f*), and diminuendo (*dim.*) markings. The system concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.



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.

mf *cresc.* *f*

Full of care, Yet I swear None with Nel-son could com-pare, Not
These last words Thus he spake: Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak, And the

dim.

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

ff *dim.* *D.S.* *P* *P*

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

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

P *sfz* *mf*

fought like a he - ro till he died A - mid the bat-tle go - ry. But the

f marcato

day was won, their line was broke, While all a - round was lost in smoke, And

sfz

Nel - son_ he got his death-stroke. That's the man For old Eng-land! He

mf

faced his foe with his sword in hand And he lived and he died in his glo - ry.

cresc. f ff colla voce sfz

SPANISH LADIES.

Moderato.

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

f *p* *basso marcato*

The first system of the musical score for 'SPANISH LADIES.' It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) section, and then a 'basso marcato' section. The vocal line has three verses of lyrics.

- 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

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same dynamics and tempo. The lyrics are: '- 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*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) and a mezzo-piano (*mp*) section. The lyrics are: '- 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'.

or - ders for to sail for old Eng - land, But we hope in a
 fa - thoms, with a white sand - y bot - tom, So we squared our main -
 Beach - y, by Fair - light and Do - ver, And then we bore

cresc. *f*

più rall. *a tempo* Chorus.
 short time to see you a - gain.
 - yard and up the chan - nel did make.
 up - for the South Fore - land light. } We will rant and we'll

più rall. cresc. *a tempo* *sfz* *f*

roar like true Brit - ish sail - ors, We'll rant and we'll roar all

mf *cresc.*

on the salt seas, Un - til we strike sound - ings in the

f

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

p

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

non legato *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.

XLI 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

dwel 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

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

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 all.
Chris - tian friends, That God will judge us

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*

5th

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

mf

*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

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

jol - - ly was - sail!

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. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where. O Sir, I will ac-cept of you the

lit-tle grey - hound, Though ev-'ry hair up-on its back did cost a thousand pound. I will not be your bride, your
 fine i-v'ry comb, To fas-ten up my sil-ver locks when you are not at home. I will not be your bride, your
 cushion full of pins, To pin up my lit-tle ba - by's white mus - e - lins. I will not be your bride, your
 keys of your heart, To lock it up for ev-er that we nev-er more shall part. And I will be your bride, your

joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where. *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 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! *D. S.*

f *dim.*

Sixth time

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

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!

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 accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. 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 accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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.

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.

2nd Time
FIRST VOICE

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

più rall.

D.C.

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

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

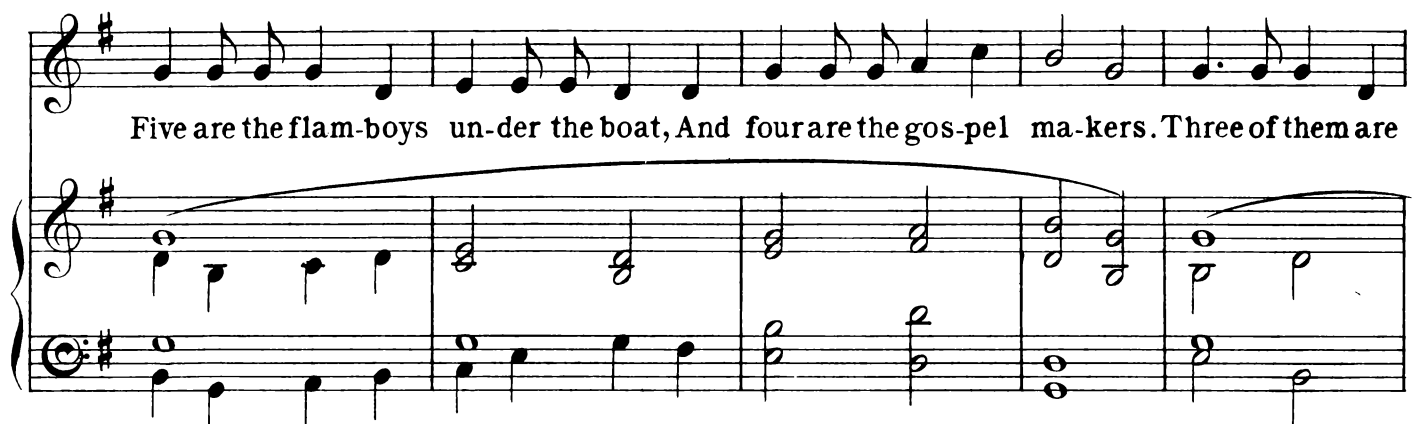
etc. etc. etc.

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

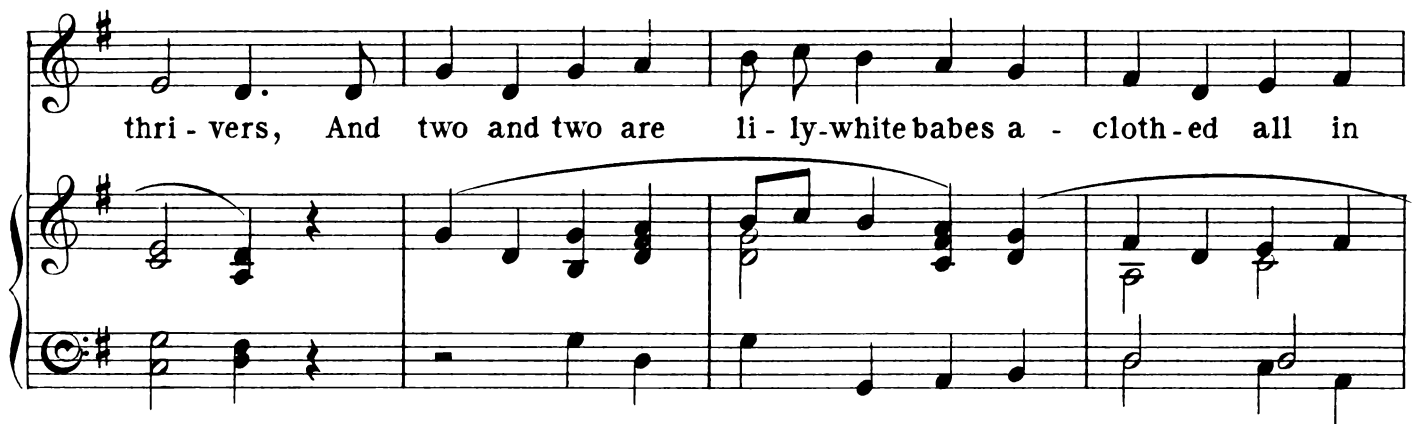
ten are the ten com-mand-ments. Nine are the nine that bright-ly shine, And eight are the eight com-




-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. The first system contains the first line of music, and the second system contains the second line. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a right-hand part and a left-hand part. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like 'mf' and 'p'.

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 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, 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 below 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

(Chorus)

(Solo)

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

(Chorus)

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

D.S.

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

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' and 'Two'. The second system contains the second line, with lyrics 'men shall ga-ther it to - ge - ther, —' and '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, beams, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). There are also repeat signs and a 'D.S.' (Da Segno) marking. A specific bar is marked with an asterisk (*) and a bracket, indicating it should be repeated multiple times in the 2nd and 3rd verses.

1. One man shall mow my mea-dow — Two

men shall ga-ther it to - ge - ther, — Two men, one man and one more, Shall

shear my lambs and ewes and rams, And gather my gold to - gether. —

D.S.

D.S. Last time

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.

