

8<sup>o</sup> Vm  
1830h

# ENGLISH FOLKSONGS

COLLECTED &

ARRANGED BY

CECIL · J · SHARP

VOL · I

SONGS & BALLADS







# ENGLISH FOLK SONGS



COLLECTED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

CECIL J. SHARP

*SELECTED EDITION*

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VOLUME I

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SONGS AND BALLADS

Fol Vm<sup>7</sup>

18304

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED



# ENGLISH FOLK SONGS



CECIL J. SHARP

MADE IN ENGLAND

SELECTED EDITOR

VOLUME I

SONGS AND BALLADS

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.





## PREFACE.

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

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

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

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



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## INTRODUCTION.

THE first serious and sustained attempt to collect the traditional songs of the English people was made by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould some thirty years ago in the West of England. It is true that the Rev. J. Broadwood had made a small collection of Sussex songs and published them privately among his friends as far back as 1843, and that Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (1877) and *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (1882) had both previously been given to the public. Nevertheless, the issue in 1889 of the First Part of *Songs and Ballads of the West* marked, I think, the real starting-point of the movement, which has had for its aim the systematic collection and publication of the folk-music of England. Prior to that date the knowledge that folk-songs existed in this country was confined to very few, and it was popularly assumed that the English peasant was the only one of his class in Europe who had failed to express himself spontaneously in song and dance. How, in the face of the facts which have since been brought to light, such an amazing misconception could have obtained credence and escaped disproof is an enigma which has never been satisfactorily explained. Happily, this grotesque error was exposed before it was too late to make amends for the contemptuous neglect with which our predecessors had treated their national musical heritage. A few years later, with the passing of the last survivors of the peasant class, it would have been quite impossible to have recovered anything of real value, and the achievements of a great peasant art would have been irretrievably lost. It may be thought that, owing to the late hour at which the interest in our folk-music came ultimately to be aroused, it is but a shrunken harvest that has been garnered. But I do

not think this is so. That the postponement has added very materially to the difficulties of the collector—by compelling him, for instance, to take down his songs from aged and quavering throats instead of from young, fresh-voiced singers—is, of course, true enough. Nevertheless, I do not think that this has appreciably affected either the quality or the abundance of the recoveries. Indeed, our belated conversion has even had some actual advantages. For the investigations having thereby been postponed to a later and more scientific period, the work of collection has been conducted with a thoroughness, an accuracy, and honesty of purpose which we may be reasonably certain is not the treatment that work of this nature would have received a century or more ago. The present-day collector has realized that his first and chief obligation was to record just what he heard, no more and no less, and that the æsthetic as well as the scientific value of his work depended wholly upon the truthfulness and accuracy of his transcriptions. And if the investigations have throughout been conducted in this spirit—and it is a claim that may, I think, justly be made—this is owing in no small degree to the influence exercised by the Folk-Song Society (founded in 1898) and the example which, by means of its *Journal*, it has set to collectors.

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



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

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

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

The careful preservation of its folk-music is to a nation a matter of the highest import.

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

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



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

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

The modes commonly used by the English peasant are the Æolian (typified by the white-note scale of A), the Dorian (white-note scale of D), and the Mixolydian (white-note scale of G). The Phrygian (E), and the Lydian

(F) he uses but rarely; a dozen tunes in the former mode and less than half that number in the latter are, perhaps, as many as English collectors have as yet unearthed.

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

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

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



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

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

After what has been already said with regard to the “editing” of folk-music, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to assure the reader that the tunes in this volume are presented precisely as they were originally taken down from the lips of the singers, without any alteration whatsoever. Logically, the words should be accorded the same treatment. But this, unhappily, it is not always possible to do. Indeed, it has reluctantly to be confessed that owing to various causes—the doggerel broadside-versions of the songs that have been disseminated throughout the country for the past several centuries; lapse

of memory; corruptions arising from the inability of the singer to understand words and phrases which have come to him from other parts of the country; the varying lengths of the corresponding lines of the several stanzas of the same song; the free and unconventional treatment of some of the themes, etc.—the words of the songs are sometimes coarse and often unintelligible. It has therefore been necessary to make alterations in the texts of some of the songs in this collection. Although archaic words and expressions have been retained, no attempt has been made to preserve local peculiarities of speech, it being the custom among folk-singers to use each his own particular dialect. I have only to add that whenever alterations have been made in the text, the fact is mentioned in the notes.

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

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

C. J. S.

Hampstead,  
London, 1919.



## NOTES.

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No. 1. *Henry Martin*.

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

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

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

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

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

I am inclined to agree that the two versions are quite distinct. "Sir Andrew Barton" deals with the final encounter

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

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

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

The air is in the Dorian mode.



No. 2. *Bruton Town*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

The first verse runs:

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

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

Robin Hood is said to have been born in Locksley in Nottinghamshire about 1160, in the reign of Henry II. He was of noble blood, and his real name was Robert Fitzooth, of which Robin Hood is a corruption. He was commonly reputed to have been the Earl of Huntingdon, and it is possible that in the

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

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

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

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

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



No. 6. *Lord Bateman*.

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

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

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

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

No. 7. *Barbara Ellen*.

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

No. 8. *Little Sir Hugh*.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

Clearly, "American corn" is a corruption of "In merry Lincoln"; and I hazard the

guess that the "Mirry-land toune" in Percy's version is but another corruption of the same words.

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

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

#### No. 9. *Geordie*.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

The words are on broadsides by Such and others.

No. 10. *Lady Maisry*.

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

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

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

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

The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 11. *The Outlandish Knight*.

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

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

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

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

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

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



One singer gave me the first verse as follows :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### No. 13. *The Cruel Mother.*

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

No. 14. *The Golden Vanity*.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 15. *Lord Thomas of Winesberry*.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 16. *The Green Wedding*.

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



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

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

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

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

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

#### No. 17. *The Seeds of Love.*

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

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

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

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

#### No. 18. *The Sprig of Thyme.*

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



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

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

No. 19. *The Cuckoo.*

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

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

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

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

No. 20. *Blackbirds and Thrushes.*

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

No. 21. *The Drowned Lover.*

For other versions with tunes, see *Traditional Tunes* (p. 112); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii., p. 258); and *Songs of the*

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

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

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

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

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

The tune in the text is in the Æolian mode.

No. 23. *O Waly, Waly.*

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



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

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

#### No. 24. *Green Bushes*.

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

#### No. 25. *Bedlam*.

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

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

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

#### No. 26. *Farewell, Nancy*.

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

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

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

#### No. 27. *The Rambling Sailor*.

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

#### No. 28. *Dabbling in the Dew*.

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



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

The tune is in the Æolian mode.

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

No. 29. *The Saucy Sailor.*

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

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

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

No. 30. *Fanny Blair.*

THE words that I took down from the singer of this song were very corrupt and almost unintelligible. I have therefore

substituted lines taken from a Catnach broadside in my possession.

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

No. 31. *Arise, arise.*

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

No. 32. *Searching for Lambs.*

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

No. 33. *Green Broom.*

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



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

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

No. 35. *The Sweet Priméroses.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 38. *Sweet Kitty.*

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

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

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

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



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

The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 40. *High Germany.*

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

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

No. 41. *Death and the Lady.*

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

Chappell points out that this is "one of a series of popular ballads which had their rise from the celebrated *Dance of Death*," and he quotes a very long "Dialogue betwixt an Exciseman and Death" from a copy in the Bagford Collection, dated 1659 (also

given in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*). There is a tune in Henry Carey's *Musical Century* (volume i., p. 53), set to one of the recitatives in "A New Year's Ode." This is headed "The Melody stolen from an old ballad called Death and the Lady." It is this tune which Chappell prints to the words of "Death and the Lady," from *A Guide to Heaven* (1736). The words of this last version are on a broadside by Evans which I am fortunate enough to possess. It is ornamented with a curious old woodcut of a skeleton holding a scythe and an hour-glass.

No. 42. *My Boy Willie.*

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

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

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

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

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

No. 44. *Mowing the Barley.*

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

No. 47. *Hares on the Mountains.*

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

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

THIS, of course, is clearly allied to the preceding song. I have collected only two

other versions of it. The words of the first three stanzas had, of necessity, to be somewhat altered. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

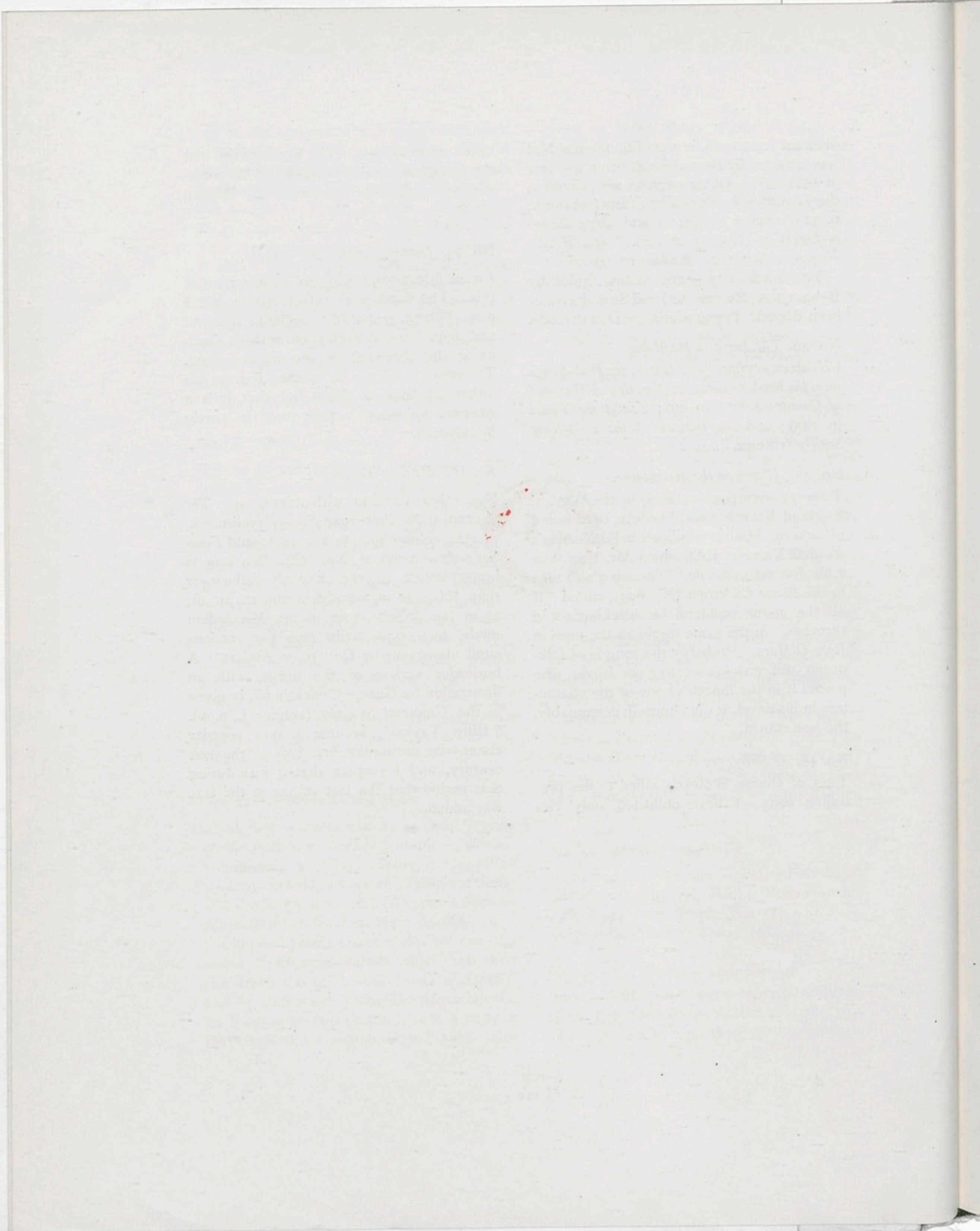
No. 49. *Gently, Johnny, my Jangalo.*

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

No. 50. *William Taylor.*

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









ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

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ENGLISH FOLK SONGS





I

# HENRY MARTIN.

*Allegro moderato.*

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

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

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

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



- tin, The young-est of all—the three;— That he should turn  
 - tin, That thing—it nev-er could be;— For I am turn'd  
 went For ful-ly two hours or three,— Till Hen-ry Mar-

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

rob-ber all on the salt sea,— salt sea,— salt sea, For to main-  
 rob-ber all on the salt sea,— salt sea,— salt sea, For to main-  
 - tin gave to her the death-shot, the death-shot, the death-shot, And—

- tain his two bro-thers and he, ——— 3. He had not been sail-ing but a  
 - tain my two bro-thers and me. ——— 6. Come low-er your top-sail and  
 straight to the bot-tom went she. ——— 9. Bad news, bad news—to

*f non legato* *mf*

long win-ter's night And a part of a short win-ter's day, ——— Be-  
 brail up your mizz'n And bring your ship un-der my lee, ——— Or  
 old Eng-land came, Bad news—to fair Lon-don Town, ——— There's

*non legato*



-fore he es - pi - ed a stout lof - ty ship, lof - ty ship, lof - ty  
 I — will give you a full flow - ing ball, flow - ing ball, flow - ing  
 been a rich ves - sel and she's cast a - way, cast a - way, cast a -

*cresc.*

*f*

ship Come — a - bib - bing down on him straight-  
 ball, And your dear bo - dies down in the salt  
 - way, And — all of the mer - ry men

*dim.*

*mf*

1-8 Last time  
 - way. ——— 4. Hul -  
 sea. ——— 7. Oh  
 drown'd. ———

*p*

*mf*

*sfz*

*ff*



## BRUTON TOWN.

*Allegro moderato.*

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

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

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



fear. One told his se - - - cret to none oth - er, But  
grave. A day of hunt - - - ing was pre - par - ed In  
find. She went to bed cry - ing and la - ment - ing, La -  
blood. Then she rose ear - - ly the ver - y next morn - ing, Un -  
mine. And since my bro - - thers have been so - - cru - el To

un - to his bro - - ther this he said: I think our ser - - - vant  
thorn - y woods where bri - ers grew. And there they did that young  
- ment - ing for her own true love. She slept. She dream'd. She  
- to the gar - - den brake she went, And there she found her  
take your ten - - der sweet life a - way, One grave shall hold us

courts our sis - ter, I think they have a - - mind to wed. *D.S.*  
man a - - murder, And in the brake his fair bo - dy threw.  
saw him by her All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.  
own dear jew - el All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.  
both to - geth - er, And a - long with you in - - death I'll stay. *D.S.*



## THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

*Allegro comodo.*

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

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

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



7

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

2. You've  
 3. O  
 4. He

*f* *dim.* *rit.*

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

14

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

15

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

16

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

17

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



## ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.

*Con spirito.* *mf*

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

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

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

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

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, often with a 'rit' (ritardando) marking. The vocal part consists of a single melodic line with lyrics written below it. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff.



fel - low art thou? quoth bold Ro - bin Hood, And what is thy  
thou must have more par - tak - ers in store, Be - fore thou up -

bus - i - ness here? For now to be brief, thou dost  
- stand me in deed; For I have a staff, he is

look like a thief, And come for to steal the king's deer, -  
made of ground graffe And I war - rant he'll do my deed, -

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

*ff*



5. And I have an - o - ther, quoth bold Ro - bin Hood, He's  
 7. Then at it they went for bang— for bang, The  
 9. O what is the mat - ter? then said Lit - tle John, You are

*mp*

*f* *p*

made of an oak - en tree: He's eight foot and a half and would  
 space of two hours or more. Ev - 'ry blow— they swung makes the  
 not do - ing well, he said. O, says bold Ro - bin Hood, here's a

knock down a calf, And why shouldnt a' knock— down thee,—  
 grove— to ring; And they play— their game— so sure,—  
 tan - ner so good And I war - rant he's tanned— my hide,—

Aye,— and why shouldnt a' knock down thee? 6. Let us  
 Aye,— they play— their game so sure. 8. Then  
 Aye,— I war - rant he's tanned my hide. 10. If he's



mea - sure our staves, says bold Ro - bin Hood, Be - fore we be -  
bold Ro - bin Hood drew forth bu - gle horn, And he blew it both  
such a tan - ner, then says Lit - tle John, A tan - ner that

- gin and a - way. If by half a foot mine should be  
loud and shrill. And di - rect there up - on he es -  
tans so true, We'll make - a no doubt but we'll

long er than thine, Then that should be count - ed foul play, -  
- pied Lit - tle John, Come run - ning a - down the hill, -  
have a fresh bout, And I war - rant he'll tan my hide too, -

Aye, - and that should be count - ed foul play.  
Aye, - come run - ning a - down the hill.  
Aye, - I war - rant he'll tan my hide

*1st and 2nd times* *D.S.*

*ff*



*Third time*

too. *f* 11. That thing shall not be, says bold Ro-bin Hood, For

he is a he-ro so bold; For— he has best play'd, he is

mas-ter of his trade, And by no man shall he be con-troll'd,

*rall.* Aye, and by no man shall he be con-troll'd. *a tempo*

*ff rall.* *ff a tempo*

*rall.* *sfz*

*Ped.*

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# THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!

*Allegro moderato.*

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

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

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

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

2. Then

3. It was  
6. What

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

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

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

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

*staccato*



po - ny, O! That I may ride and seek my — bride, Who is  
mo - ney, O? What care I for my new wed-ded lord? I'm

gone with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies, O!  
off with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies, O!

5. O  
8. Last

he rode high and he rode low, He rode through woods and  
night you slept on a goose-fea-ther bed, With the sheet turn'd down so —

cop - ses too, Un - til he came to an o - pen field, And  
brave - ly, O! And to - night you'll sleep in a cold o-pen field, A -



there he es-pied his a - la - dy, O!  
- long with the wraggle tag-gle gip - sies, O!

9. What care I for a goose-feather bed, With the sheet turn'd down so

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

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



# VI LORD BATEMAN.

17

*Moderato maestoso.*

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

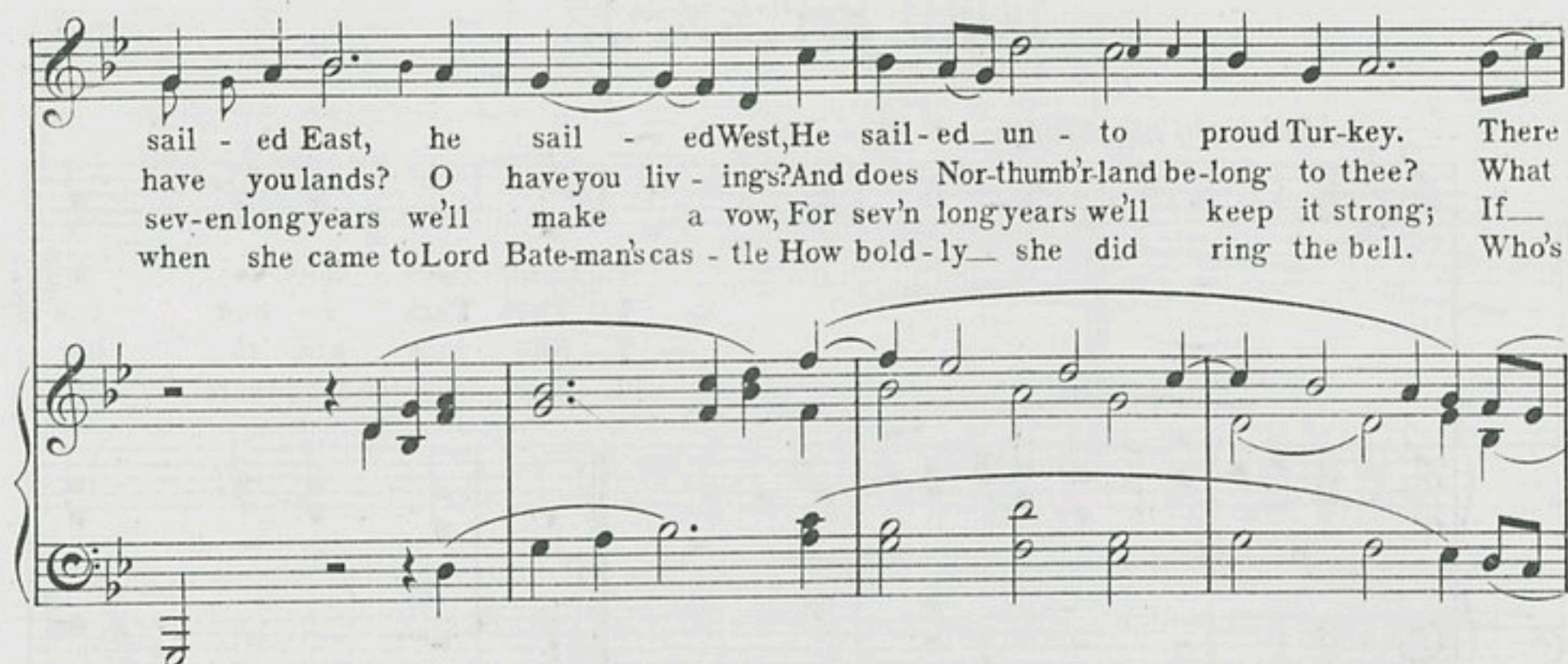
no - ble lord, A no - ble lord of high de - gree. He shipp'd him-self all a -  
on-ly daugh-ter, The fair - est crea - ture that ev - eryou'd see. She stole the keys of her  
fa - ther's cel - lar And gave to him the best of wine. And ev - 'ry health that she  
gone — and past And four - teen days, well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

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

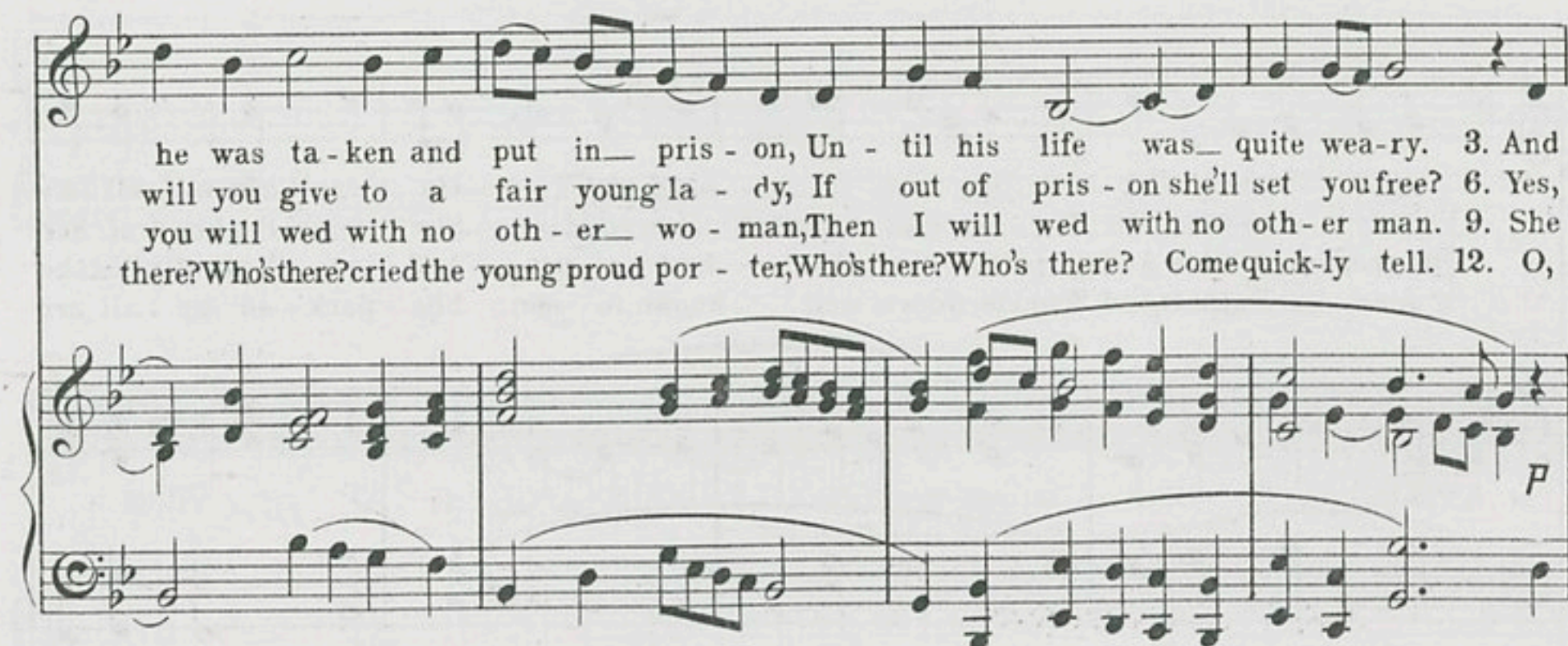
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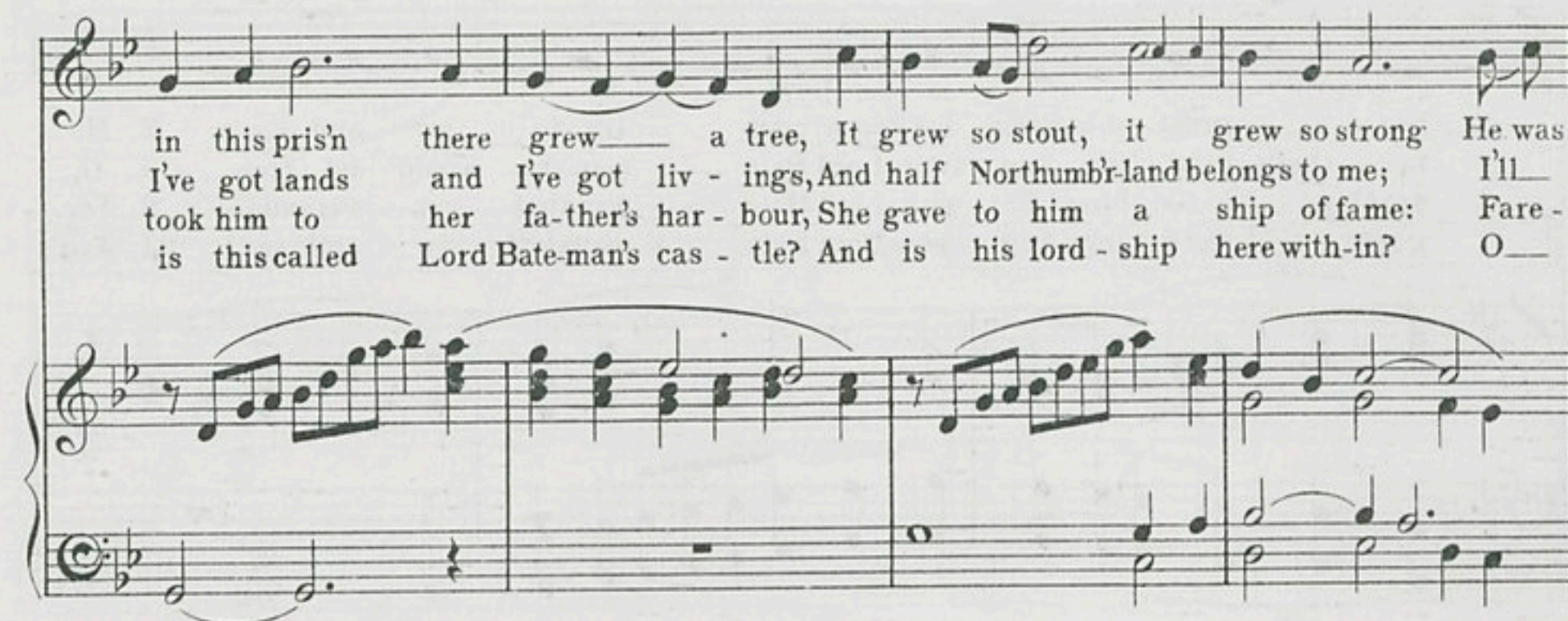




sail - ed East, he sail - ed West, He sail - ed un - to proud Tur-key. There  
have you lands? O have you liv - ings? And does Nor-thumb'r-land be-long to thee? What  
sev-en long years we'll make a vow, For sev'n long years we'll keep it strong; If—  
when she came to Lord Bate-man's cas - tle How bold-ly she did ring the bell. Who's



he was ta-ken and put in— pris - on, Un - til his life was— quite wea-ry. 3. And  
will you give to a fair young la - dy, If out of pris - on she'll set you free? 6. Yes,  
you will wed with no oth - er wo - man, Then I will wed with no oth - er man. 9. She  
there? Who's there? cried the young proud por - ter, Who's there? Who's there? Come quick-ly tell. 12. O,



in this pris'n there grew— a tree, It grew so stout, it grew so strong He was  
I've got lands and I've got liv - ings, And half Northumb'r-land belongs to me; I'll—  
took him to her fa-ther's har - bour, She gave to him a ship of fame: Fare -  
is this called Lord Bate-man's cas - tle? And is his lord - ship here with-in? O—



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

*cresc.* *f* > > > > > >

13.

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

14.

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

15.

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

16.

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

17.

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

18.

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

19.

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

20.

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

21.

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



# VII BARBARA ELLEN.

*Allegretto.*

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

*cresc.*

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

*f* *dim.* *P*

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

*f* *dim.* *p colla voce*



*p* *cresc.*

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

*f* *dim.* *p*

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

*f* *dim.* *p colla voce*

9.

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

10.

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

11.

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

12.

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

13.

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



# VIII

## LITTLE SIR HUGH.

*Allegretto grazioso.*

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

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

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



toss'd their ball so low; — They toss'd it o-ver the Jew's gar-den, With  
 next a fin - er thing, — The third a cher-ry as red as blood, And  
 knock-ed loud at the ring: — O lit-tle Sir Hugh, if you are here, Come  
 -pare me a wind-ing sheet. — For to - mor-row morn-ing be - fore it is day Your

all the fine Jews be - low. — 3. The first that came out was a  
 that en - tic - ed him in. — 6. She set — him up in a  
 let — your mo - ther in. — 9. He is — not here, — the  
 bo - dy and mine shall meet. — 12. And lay — my pray - er - book

Jew's daugh-ter, Was dress-ed all in green: Come in, — come in, — my  
 gilt - y chair, She gave him su - gar sweet. She laid him out on a  
 Jew's wife said, He — is — not here to - day; He's with his school - fel - lows  
 at my head, And my gram-mar at — my feet, That all my school - fel-lows as

lit-tle Sir Hugh, You shall have your ball a - gain. — 4. O —  
 dress - er board And stabb'd him like a sheep. — 7. And  
 on — the green Keep-ing this high hol - i - day. — 10. My  
 they pass by May read them for — my sake. —

*Last time*



# IX GEORDIE.

*Andante.*

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

*mf* *dim.* *p*

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

*cresc.*

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

*mf* *dim.* *mf*



2. And when she en - tered in the hall There were  
 4. Then Geor - die look - ed round the court, And  
 6. O Geor - die stole nor cow nor calf And he  
 8. I wish I were in yon - der grove, Where

*dim.* *p*

lords and la - dies plen - ty. Down on her knees she  
 saw his dear - est Pol - ly; He said: My dear, you've  
 nev - er mur - der'd a - ny, But he stole six - teen of the  
 times I have been ma - ny, With my broad sword and my

*mf*

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

*p* *p*

*Last time*



# X LADY MAISRY.

*Allegretto con moto.*

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

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

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

when he came to a bro - ken, broken bridge, He - bent his breast and swum. 3. And 5. O  
is my gay la - dy - put - to - bed With a daugh - ter or - a son?

1-3 4



no, your tow-er is not fall-ing down, Nor does your bow-er burn; But

*mf*

we are a-fraid ere you re-turn Your la-dy will be dead and gone. 6. Come

*cresc.*

sad - dle, sad-dle my milk-white steed, Come sad-dle my po - ny too, That

*f staccato*

*marcato*

I may nei-ther eat nor drink Till I come to the old cas - tell. 7. Now

*dim.*



when he came to the old cas - tell, He heard a big bell toll; And  
times he kissed her red ru-by lips, Nine times he kissed her chin. Ten

then he saw eight no - ble, no - ble men, A — bear - ing of — a pall. 8. Lay  
times he kissed her snow-y, snow-y breast, Where love did en - ter in. 10. The

down, lay down that gen - tle, gen - tle corpse, As it lay fast a - sleep, That  
la - dy was bur - ied on that Sun - day, Be - fore the prayer was done; And the

I may kiss her red ru-by lips Which I used to kiss so sweet. 9. Six  
lord he died on the next Sun - day Be - fore the prayer be - - - gun.



# XI

## THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

*Moderato.*

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

*p*

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

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

*cresc.*

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fa - ther's gold, And some of your mo - ther's fee; \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 silk - en things, De - liv - er them up un - to me; \_\_\_\_\_ I  
 back to her And bent down o - ver the brim. \_\_\_\_\_ She

*mf*

two of the best nags from out of the sta - ble, Where there stand thir - ty and  
 think that they look too rich and too gay To rot all in the salt  
 caught him a - round the mid - dle so small And bun - dled him in - to the

*dim.*

three. 3. She mount - ed up - on her milk-white steed, And he on his dap - ple  
 sea. 6. If I must doff off my silk - en things, Pray turn thy back un - to  
 stream. 9. He drop - ped high, he drop - ped low, Un - til he came to the

*P* *mf staccato*



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

*Four times* *Last time*

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

10.

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

11.

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

12.

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

13.

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

14.

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

15.

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



# XII THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.

*Con spirito.*

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

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

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

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



- ry. 2. Then hail her, our cap-tain he call - ed o'er the side; Blow  
 - ry. 5. We'll back up our top-sails and heave our ves-sel to; Blow  
 - ry. 8. With cut - lass and gun O we fought for hours three; Blow

high!— Blow low!— And so— sail - ed we.— O are you a  
 high!— Blow low!— And so— sail - ed we.— But on - ly in some  
 high!— Blow low!— And so— sail - ed we.— The ship it was their

pi - rate or— a man - o'-war? he cried, A - sail - ing down all  
 har - bour and a - long the side of you. A - sail - ing down all  
 cof - fin, and their grave it was the sea. A - sail - ing down all

on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry. 3. O are you a  
 on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry. 6. For broad - side, for  
 on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry. 9. But O it was a



pi - rate or man - o' - war? cried we. Blow high! — Blow  
 broad - side, they fought all on the main; Blow high! — Blow  
 cru - el sight and griev - ed us full sore, Blow high! — Blow

low! — and so sail - ed we. — O no! I'm not a pi - rate but a  
 low! — and so sail - ed we. — Un - til at last the fri - gate shot the  
 low! — and so sail - ed we. — To see them all a - drown - ing as they

man - o' - war, cried he. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of  
 pi - rate's mast a - way. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of  
 tried to swim to shore. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of

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



# XIII THE CRUEL MOTHER.

35

*Allegretto.*

§

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

§

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

*cresc.*

*mf*

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

D.S. side O.

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



# XIV THE GOLDEN VANITY.

*Moderato.* §

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

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

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



Turk-ish en-e-my, And then that she'll be sunk—at the  
I will give thee store, And thou shalt have my daugh-ter when  
bored two holes at once, The wa-ter flow'd so strong that they  
Cap-tain he re-plied, I'll shoot—thee, I'll stab thee and  
on the deck he died, And they threw his bo-dy o-ver-board to

bot-tom of the sea,— And be sunk all in the Low-lands Low, Low-lands  
I re-turn on shore If you sink her in the Low-lands Low, Low-lands  
could not work the pumps, And they sank all in the Low-lands Low, Low-lands  
drown thee in the tide, And I'll sink thee in the Low-lands Low, Low-lands  
go a-long the tide, And he sank all in the Low-lands Low, Low-lands

Low, And be sunk all in the Low-lands Low. *Four times*  
Low, If you sink her in the Low-lands Low. *Last time*  
Low, And they sank all in the Low-lands Low.  
Low, And I'll sink thee in the Low-lands Low.  
Low, And he sank all in the Low-lands Low.



## LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

*Allegro moderato.*

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

*mf* *p*

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

*sfz* *sfz* *mf*

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

*cresc.* *f colla voce* *mf*



2. O what is the mat - ter, my daugh - ter Jane, That you do — look so  
 4. O is it an - - y — no-ble, no-ble knight, Or an - y — gen - tle -  
 6. If you will mar - ry my — daugh - ter Jane And take her — by the  
 8. For I have hou - ses and — I have land, And mon - ey at my com -

*p* *mf* *sfz*

wan? I — fear you have had some ill — sick - ness, Or been  
 - man? Or — is it, by chance, that — reck - ish lad That has  
 hand, This day you shall sup — and — dine with me, And be  
 - mand; And had it not been for your daugh - ter Jane, I was

*p*

court - ing with some young man, — or been court - ing with some young  
 just re - - turn'd from Spain, — that has just re - - turn'd from  
 heir to — all my land, — and be heir to all my  
 nev - er your serv - ing - man, — I was nev - er your serv - ing -

*cresc.* *f colla voce*

Three times D.S. Last time

man.  
Spain?  
land.

3. O  
5. O  
7. O  
D.S. - man.

*mf* *più rall.*



# XVI THE GREEN WEDDING.

*Allegro moderato.*

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

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

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



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

*rall.* *a tempo* *più rall.*

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

*a tempo* *Eight times* *Last time*

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

*a tempo* *f* *ff con fuoco*

6

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

7

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

8

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

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



## THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

*Andantino.*

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

*P e legato* *cresc.*

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

*dim.* *mf*

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

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*



4 times D.S. Last time

small birds so sweet - ly sing. 2. My 6. The wil - low-tree will  
 flow'rs that I love so dear. 3. The  
 those I re - fused all three. 4. The  
 vow'd that I would wait till June. 5. In  
 gain - ed the wil - low tree.

*p*

twist And the wil - low tree will twine, — I oft - en-times have wish'd I were in

*mf*

that young man's arms That once had the heart of mine, That

*cresc.* *p*



once had the heart of mine. 7. Come all you false young men, Do not

leave me here to com - plain: — For the grass that has oft - en - times been

tram-pled un - der foot, Give it time, it will rise up a - gain, Give it

time, it will rise up a - gain.

*colla voce* *f* *rall. e dim.* *p*

*cresc.* *f*

*mf*



# XVIII THE SPRIG OF THYME.

45

*Andante con moto.*

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

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

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

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

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



rue it is a flour-ish-ing thing,      It— flour-ish-es by night and by  
wil-low, wil-low tree it will twist,      And the wil-low, wil-low tree— it will

day;      So be-ware of a young man's flat-ter-ing tongue, He will  
twine;      And— so it was that young and— false-heart-ed man When he

steal your thyme a-way, a-way, He— will steal your thyme a-  
gain-ed this heart of mine, of mine, When he gain-ed this heart of—

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

*mf*

*dim.*      *dolce*

*sfz*      *cresc.*



seeds; But the small birds they car-ried them a - way In  
 thing On the road that the sun— shines up - on; But

A - pril, May, and in June like - wise, When the small birds sing all  
 thyme it is a thing that will bring you to an end, And— that's how my time has

day, all day, When the small birds sing all— day. 4. In  
 gone, has gone, And— that's how my time has—

gone.

*Second time*



# XIX THE CUCKOO.

*Andante dolente.*

1. O the cuc-koo she's a

*rall.* *a tempo*

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

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

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

*rall.* *Fine*



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

*a tempo*  
*legato*

met my own — true — love, as — he came that — way. O to  
 write to my — lov - er and to all — rov - ing men. I would

meet him was a plea - sure, though the court - ing was a woe, For I  
 tell them of the grief and woe, that at - tend on their — lies, I would

*cresc.*

found him — false — heart - ed, — he would kiss — me and go.  
 wish them — have — pi - - ty — on the flow - er when it dies.

*f* *dim.* *p*

*D.S. al Fine.*



# XX BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

*Andante affettuoso.*

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

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

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

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

*mf* *colla voce*

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 affettuoso'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right hand and a left hand. The vocal line includes lyrics for two versions of the song, with the first version being a duet and the second version being a solo. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The piece concludes with a 'colla voce' marking, indicating a return to the original tempo.



2. The black-birds and thrush-es sang in the green  
 4. When Jim-my re-turnd with his heart full of

bush-es; The wood-doves and larks seem'd to mourn for this maid; And the  
 burn-ing, He found his dear Nan-cy all dead in her grave. He—

song that she sang was con-cern-ing her lov-er: O Jim-my will be  
 cried: I'm for-sa-ken, my poor heart is break-ing, O would that I

*mf* *colla voce*

First time Second time

slain in the wars I'm a-fraid.  
 nev-er had left this fair maid!

*dim.* *rall.*



# XXI THE DROWNED LOVER.

*Andante doloroso.*

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

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

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

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

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



*cresc.*

*P*

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

*P*

*cresc.*

bil - lows so loud - ly do - roar, I said to my true love: I shall  
- membrance was laid on her - grave: My joys are all end - ed, my -

*sfz*

*f*

*dim.*

*P*

see you no more, So fare - well, my dear - est, you're the  
pleas - ures are fled; This grave that I lie in is my

*dim.*

*cresc.*

*colla voce*

*dim.*

*P*

*Last time*

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

*dim.*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

*p e rall.*

*pp*

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## THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.

*Allegretto.*

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

*rall.* *a tempo*

*p* *mf*

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

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

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*



I will be mar-ried on a Tues-day morn-ing, I heard a fair  
age is six-teen and you know ver-y well, I be-long to the  
years I've been sin-gle a- gainst my own will, You speak like a  
I will be mar-ried on a Tues-day morn-ing, There were three pret-ty  
I shall be mar-ried on a Tues-day morn-ing, So neat and so

*p* *cresc.*

dam-sel, so sweet-ly sang she, Say-ing: I will be mar-ried on a  
sign of the Bon-ny Blue Bell; My age is six-teen and you  
man— with-out an-y skill; Four years I've been sin-gle a-  
maid-ens for me a-wait-ing, Say-ing: I will be mar-ried on a  
gay— is my gold-en ring, Say-ing: I shall be mar-ried on a

*mf* *f* *dim.*

*Four times* *Last time*  
Tues-day morn-ing. D.S. know ver-y well. -gainst my own will. Tues-day morn-ing. - ing. D.S.

*mf* *p*



# XXIII

## O WALY, WALY.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. The wa - ter is

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

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



*rall.* *a tempo*

I. - lone. - cel. swim. 2. A - down in the mead - ows the oth - er day, 4. I lean'd my - back up a - gainst some oak, 6. Must I be - bound, O, and she go free! 8. O love is - hand - some and love is fine, A - gath - 'ring Think - ing it Must I love And love is

*a tempo*

flow'rs, both fine and gay, A - gath - 'ring flow - ers, both red and blue, I lit - tle was a trust - y - tree. But first he - bend - ed and then he broke, So did my one that does not love me! Why should I - act such a child - ish part, And love a charm - ing when it is - true; As it grows old - er it grow - eth cold - er And fades a -

*Three times* *D.S.* *Last time*

thought what love could do. 3. I put my love prove false to - me. 5. Where love is - girl that will break my - heart! 7. There is a - way like the morn - ing - dew.

*più rall.* *a tempo* *morendo*



# XXIV GREEN BUSHES.

*Allegretto.*

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

*mf* *P* *Play 3 times*

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

*cresc.* *mf*

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

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

*P* *cresc.* *mf*



2. I step - ped up to her and thus I did say: — Why  
 4. I want none of your pet - ti - coats and your fine silk - en - shows: I —  
 6. And when he came there and he found she was gone, — He —

wait you, my fair one, so — long by the way? My — true Love, my  
 nev - er was so poor as to — mar - ry for clothes; But if you will prove  
 stood like some lamb - kin, for — ev - er un - done; She has gone with some

true Love, so sweet - ly — sang she, — Down by the Green Bush - es he —  
 loy - al and con - stant to — me — I'll for - sake my — own true Love and get  
 oth - er, and for - sak - en — me, — So a - dieu to — Green Bush - es for —

thinks to — meet me.  
 mar - ried to thee.  
 ev - er, — cried he.

3. I'll  
 5. Come

*D.S.*



# XXV BEDLAM.

*Allegretto tenoroso.*

1. A - broad as I was walk-ing one morn-ing in the  
love he'll not come near me to hear the moan I

Spring, I heard a maid in Bed - lam so sweet - ly she did sing; Her  
make, And nei - ther would he pi - ty me if my poor heart should break; But,

chains she rat - tled in her hands, and al - ways so sang she:—  
though I've suf - fer'd for his sake, con - tent - ed will I be,—  
For I

love my love be - cause I know he first loved me.  
love my love be - cause I know he first loved me.

*cresc.* *colla voce* *dim.* *p*



2. My love he was sent from me by friends that were un-kind; They  
 4. I said: My dear-est John-ny, are you my love or no? He

sent him far be-yond the seas all to tor-ment my mind. Al-though I've suf-fer'd  
 said: My dear-est Nan-cy, I've proved your o-ver-throw; But, though you've suf-fer'd

for his sake, con-tent-ed will I be,— For I love my love be-cause I know he  
 for my sake, con-tent-ed will I be,— For I love my love be-cause I know my

First and second times D.S. Last time

first loved me. 3. My me.

love loves me.



## FAREWELL, NANCY.

*Andante.* §

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

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

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

*mf*



-turn in the spring, as you know. 2. Like some pret - ty lit - tle  
Nan - cy, to the seas do not go. 4. So fare-well, my dear-est

sea - boy, I will dress and go with you; In the deep - est of dan - ger, I  
Nan - cy, since I must now leave you; Un - to the salt seas I am

*f*  
*marcato*

shall stand your friend; In the cold storm - y weath - er, when the winds are a -  
bound for to go, Where the winds do blow high and the seas loud do

*sfz* *mf*

blow - ing, My dear, I shall be will - ing to wait on you then.  
roar; So make your - self con - tent - ed; be kind and stay on shore.

*dim.* *p* *D.S.*



# XXVII

## THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

*Moderato.*

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

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

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



bid you a - dieu, No more to the sea will I go with you; I'll  
will you do? Here's ale and wine and brandy too; Be -  
town I went, To court young maid - ens - I was bent; And

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

travel the coun - try - through and through, And I'll be a ram - bling  
- sides a pair of - new silk shoes, To travel with a ram - bling  
mar - ry none was my in - tent, But live a ram - bling

*mf*

*First and second times* *D.S.* *Last time*  
sai - lor. 2. If  
sai - lor. 3. The sai - lor.

*D.S.* *dim.*



# XXVIII DABBLING IN THE DEW.

*Allegro comodo.* *mf*  $\S$

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

*mf*  $\S$   
*Play 4 times*

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

*P*

sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 2. O  
 sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 4. And  
 sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 6. O  
 sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair. 8. Then

*cresc.*



may I go with you, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your  
 what is your moth-er, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your  
 say, will you mar-ry me, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your  
 I won't mar-ry you, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your

*p*

coal-black hair? O you may go with me, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's  
 coal-black hair? My moth-er's a dair-y-maid, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's  
 coal-black hair? O yes, if you please, — kind sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's  
 coal-black hair? No-bo-dy ask'd you, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's

*mf*

*cresc.*

dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.  
 dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.  
 dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.  
 dab-ling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.

*D.S. Last time*

3. And  
 5. If  
 7. O

*mf*

*dim.*

*p*



# XXIX THE SAUCY SAILOR.

*Andante grazioso.*

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

*p* *cresc.*

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

*dim.* *cresc.*

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

*dim.* *mf*



fan - - cy no poor sai - - lor: No poor sai - lor for — me! For to  
 rag - ged, love, if I'm dirt - y, love, If my clothes they smell of tar, I have  
 think that I am fool - ish, Do you think that I am mad? That I'd  
 young, love, and I'm frolic - some, I'm good - tem - per'd, kind, and free: And I

*cresc.* *colla voce*

cross the wide — o - - cean Is a ter - - ror — to  
 sil - - ver in my pock - et, love, And of gold a — bright  
 wed with a poor coun - try girl Where no for - tune's to — be  
 don't care a — straw, — love, What the world says — of

*colla voce* *cresc.*

Three times D.S. Last time

me. 3. You are  
 store. 5. When she  
 had? 7. I will me.

*D.S.* *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p* *Ped.* \*



# XXX FANNY BLAIR.

*Allegro ma non troppo.*

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

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

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

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

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



2. 'Twas last Mon - day - morn, as I lay - on my bed, A  
 4. The day of - my - tri - al Squire Ver - non was there, And  
 6. There's one fa - vour more which I beg of my friends, To

*P* *legato*

young man came to me, and these words he said: Rise up! Tho - mas  
 on the green ta - ble they hand - ed Miss Blair. False oaths she's a -  
 take me - to - Bloom - field one night by them - selves, And bur - y my

*mf*

He - gan, and fly you else - where, For ven - geance is sworn you by  
 - swear - ing I'm a - shamed for to tell, Till the judge cried: There's some - one has  
 bo - dy in - Ma - ry - le - mould. I pray that - the great God will

*cresc.* *f colla voce*

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

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

*D.S.* *mf* *dim.* *cresc. molto* *mf* *P*



# XXXI

## ARISE, ARISE.

*Moderato.*

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

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

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

*p* *cresc.* *mf* *p* *molto sostenuto*



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

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

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



# XXXII SEARCHING FOR LAMBS.

*Allegretto e semplice.* §

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

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

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

*p* *p* *mf* *p*



jour - ney to — pur - sue? Your pret - ty lit - tle feet — they —  
pleas - ant is — the air; I'd ra - ther rest — on a

*mf* *p* *cresc.*

tread so sweet, Strike off the morn - ing dew. 3. I'm go - ing to feed — my  
true love's breast Than an - y oth - er where. 6. For I am thine, and

*p* *cresc.* *p*

fa - ther's flock, His young and ten - der lambs, That o - ver hills and  
thou art mine, No man shall un-com-fort thee; We'll join our hands in

*p* *cresc.*

o - ver dales Lie wait - ing for — their dams. 4. O  
wed-ded bands And a mar-ried we — will be.

*D.S. Last time* *D.S.* *dim. e rall.*



# XXXIII GREEN BROOM.

*Andante legando.* §

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

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

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



li - ed a - bed till 'twas noon. 2. The old man a - rose and un - to his son goes, And he  
 maids, do you want an - y broom? 4. A la - dy sat up in her win - dow so high, And she  
 mar - ry a la - dy in bloom? 6. Then John gave con - sent and un - to the churchwent, And he

*p* *sostenuto*

swore he'd set fire to his room, his room, If he would not rise and un -  
 heard John - ny cry - ing green broom, green broom; She rung for her maid and un -  
 mar - ried this la - dy in bloom, in bloom. Said she: I pro - test there is

- but - ton his eyes, And a - way to the woods for green broom, green broom, And a -  
 - to her she said: O go fetch me the lad that cries broom, green broom, O go  
 none in the West Is so good as the lad who sells broom, green broom, Is so

*cresc.*

*'First & second times D.S.' Last time*

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

*dim.* *p* *D.S.* *p*



# XXXIV THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY.

*Allegretto grazioso.*

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

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

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

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

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



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

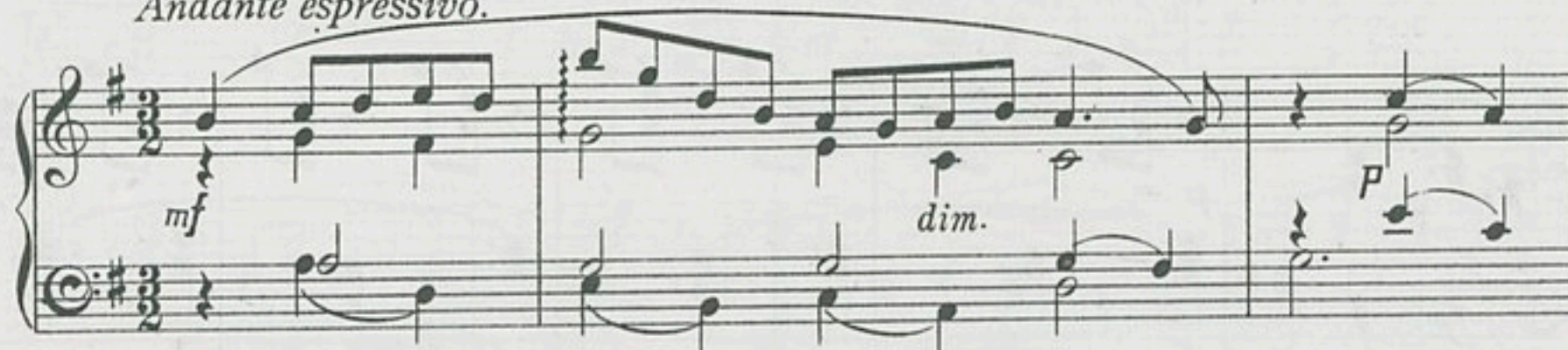
cried: Un - ru - ly daugh - - ter, I'll send him far — a - way; — On

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

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



# XXXV THE SWEET PRIMEROSSES.

*Andante espressivo.*

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

*P Play 3 times*

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

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

*cresc.* *dim.*

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4. Stand off, stand off, you — are de - ceit - ful; You are de -  
 5. I'll take thee down to some lone - some val - ley, Where no man nor  
 6. Come all — you young men that go a - court - ing, Pray give at -

*P*

- ceit - ful, young man, 'tis plain; 'Tis you — that have  
 mor - tal shall ev - er me tell; Where the pret - ty lit - tle  
 - ten - tion to what I say, There's ma - nya —

*mf*

caused my poor heart to wan - der; To give — me —  
 small birds do change their voi - ces And ev - 'ry —  
 dark and — cloud - y morn - ing Turns out to —

*cresc.*

*First & second times* *Last time*  
 com - fort 'tis all in vain.  
 mo - ment their notes do swell.  
 be — a sun - shi - ny day.

*dim.* *rall.*



# XXXVI MY BONNY, BONNY BOY.

*Andante affettuoso.*

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

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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the first line of the song, with a piano introduction marked 'P'. The second system continues the first line, with dynamics 'cresc.', 'mf', 'f', and 'decresc.' in the piano part. The third system shows the second line of the song, with a piano introduction marked 'P' and 'cresc.' in the piano part. The fourth system shows the end of the second line, with dynamics 'dim.', 'P', 'P', and 'sfz' in the piano part. The tempo is marked 'Andante affettuoso'.



val - ley and down the long al - ley, Like one that was trou - bled in

mind, I call'd and I did hoot and play'd up-on my lute, But no

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

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



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

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

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

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



bon - - ny, bon-ny boy, — I'm sure she is nev - er to blame; Though

man - y a long night she has robb'd me of my rest, She nev-er shall

do it a - - gain She nev - er shall

do it a - gain.



# XXXVII<sup>A</sup> AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

(FIRST VERSION.)

*Allegretto con grazia.*

*p*

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

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

*mf*

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

*colla voce*



I: Pret - ty maid - en and how came you here In the mea - dows this morn - ing so  
took this fair maid by the li - ly - white hand; On the green mos - sy bank we sat  
ear - ly next morn - ing I made her my bride, That the world might have no - thing to

*mf*

soon? — The maid she re - plied: For to gath - er some may, For the  
down; — And I pla - ced a kiss on her sweet ro - sy lips, While the  
say; — The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I

*colla voce*

trees they are all in full bloom.  
small birds were sing - ing a - round.  
crown'd her the sweet Queen of May. —

*a tempo* *cresc.* *dim.* *D.S.*



XXXVII<sup>B</sup>

## AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

(SECOND VERSION)

*Andante grazioso.*

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

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

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



May.  
bloom.  
-stray.

First and second times Third time

2. Said  
3. Said  
4. Then I

took this fair maid by the li - ly - white hand; On the green mos - sy bank we sat  
when we a - rose from the green mos-sybank, To the mea - dows we wan - der'd a -  
ear - ly next morn - ing I made her my bride, That the world might have no - thing to

*cresc.* *mf*

*p* *cresc.* *mf*

down; And I pla - ced a kiss on her sweet ro - sy lips, While the  
- way; I pla - ced my love on a pri - me - rose bank While I  
say; The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I

*p*

small birds were sing - ing a - round.  
pick'd her a hand - ful of may.  
crown'd her the sweet Queen of May.

5. And  
6. Then

*colla voce* Last time



# XXXVIII SWEET KITTY.

*Moderato.*

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

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

- way;  
 by.  
 - side.  
 beau.)

Sing fol the did-dle de - ro, Fol the did-dle de - ro, Sing



le - ro - i - day.

5. I said: Pret - ty maid - en, don't  
 6. If you'd know my name, you must  
 7. Come all pret - ty maid - ens, who -

smile in my face, I do not in - tend to stay long in — this  
 go and en - quire; I was born in old Eng - land, brought up in — York -  
 - ev - er you be, With ro - ving young fel - lows don't make your - self

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

*mf* *f*

*First & 2nd times* *Last time*

le - ro - i - day. - day.

*mf* *dim. e rall.*



## THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

*Allegretto.*

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

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

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

2. Ten  
 3. The  
 4. O—  
 5. The



XL  
HIGH GERMANY.

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*Alla marcía.*

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

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a crescendo leading to a piano (p) section. The lyrics '1. O Pol - ly dear, O Pol - ly, the' are written below the vocal staff.

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

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked 'marcato' and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics 'rout has now be - gun And we must march a - way at the beat - ing of the' are written below the vocal staff.

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

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking and a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics 'drum: Go dress your-self all in your best and come a - long with me, I'll' are written below the vocal staff.

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

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a forte (f) dynamic and ends with a final chord. The lyrics 'take you to the cru - el wars in High - Ger - ma - ny.' are written below the vocal staff.



2. O Har - ry, dear Har - ry, you mind what I do say, My  
 3. I'll buy— you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride, And

feet they are— so— ten - der I can-not march a - way, And be-  
 all of my— de - light shall be rid-ing by— your side; We'll

- sides, my dear - est— Har - ry, though I'm in love with thee, I  
 call at ev - 'ry— ale-house, and drink when we are dry, So

am not fit for cru - el wars in High Ger-ma - ny.  
 quick-ly on the road, my love, we'll mar-ry by and by.



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

out of mer - ry— Eng - land press ma - ny a lad like - wise! They

press'd young Har - ry from me like-wise my bro-thers three, And sent them to the

cru - el wars in High— Ger - ma - ny.



# XLI DEATH AND THE LADY.

*\* Andante sostenuto.*

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

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

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

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

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*First & Second times* *Third time*

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

*cresc.*

want no cost - ly rich robes to wear. I can-not spare you a lit - tle  
this be put on my tomb-stone, she cried: Here lies a poor, — dis - tress - ed

*mf*

while, — Nor give you time — your life to a - mend, Nor give you time your  
maid; — Just in her bloom she was snatch - ed a - way, Her cloth-ing made of the

*dim.* *p*

*First time* *Second time*

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

*p* *dim. e rall.*





# XLII MY BOY WILLIE.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. O where have you been  
can she knit and

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

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

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

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2. O can she brew and can she bake, My boy Wil-lie? O  
 4. O how old is she now, My boy Wil-lie? O

*dim.* *p* *f*

can she brew and can she bake? Wil-lie won't you tell me now? She can brew and  
 how old is she now? Wil-lie won't you tell me now? Twice six,

*mf* *f*

she can bake, And she can make a wed-ding cake; But she is too young To be  
 twice sev'n, Twice twen-ty and e-lev'n; But she is too young To be

*p*

1. 2.  
 tak-en from her mam-my.— 3. O  
 tak-en from her mam-my.—

*mf*



## XLIII

## WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE.

*Allegro e semplice.*

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

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

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



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

*f* *dim.*

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

5.  
 Whistle, daughter, whistle,  
 And you shall have a man.

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

6.  
 You nasty, impudent jade,  
 I'll pull your courage down;  
 Take off your silks and satins,  
 Put on your working-gown.  
 I'll send you to the fields  
 A-tossing of the hay,  
 With your fork and rake the hay to make,  
 And then hear what you say.

7.  
 Mother, don't be so cruel  
 To send me to the field,  
 Where young men will entice me  
 And to them I may yield.  
 For, mother, it's quite well known  
 I am not too young grown,  
 And it is a pity a maid so pretty  
 As I should live alone.



# XLIV

## MOWING THE BARLEY.

*Allegretto grazioso.*

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto grazioso*. The music is in G major and consists of four measures. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

§ *p*

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics. The vocal line is in G major and 6/8 time, marked *p*. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a simple harmonic structure.

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

*mf*

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second system of lyrics. The vocal line is in G major and 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a simple harmonic structure.

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



are you go-ing to, my pret-ty maid, Where are you go-ing, my hon - ey? Go-ing

o - ver the hills, kind sir, she said, To my fa-ther a mow-ing the bar - ley.

*mf*

*cresc.*

*D.S.*

*poco rit.*

*D.S.*

*dim.*

5

O keep your gold and silver too,  
And take it where you're going;  
For there's many a rogue and scamp like you,  
Has brought young girls to ruin.  
Where are you going to, *etc.*

6

Then the Lawyer told her a story bold,  
As together they were going,  
Till she quite forgot the barley field,  
And left her father a-mowing.  
Where are you going to, *etc.*

7

And now she is the Lawyer's wife,  
And dearly the Lawyer loves her,  
They live in a happy content of life;  
And well in the station above her.  
Where are you going to, *etc.*



# XLV I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

*Con spirito.*

*f*

1. As I walk'd out one  
3. How old are you, my  
5. If you'll come to my

*f* *Play three times* *mf*

May morn - ing, One May morn - ing so ear - ly, I o - ver - took a  
fair pret - ty maid, How old are you, my hon - ey? She an - swer'd me quite  
mam-my's house, When the moon is shin - ing bright - ly, I will come down and

hand - some maid, Just as the sun was ris - ing.  
cheer - ful - ly: I am sev - en - teen come Sun - day.  
let you in, And my mam - my shall not hear me.

With my rue dum day, fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.  
With my rue dum day, fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.  
With my rue dum day, fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.

*f* *f*



2. Her shoes were bright, her stock-ings white, Her—  
 4. Will you mar-ry me, my fair, pret-ty maid? Will you  
 6. O sol-dier, will you mar-ry me? For—

*mf*

buck-les shones like sil-ver; She— had a black and roll-ing eye,  
 mar-ry me, my hon-ey? She— an-swer'd me right cheer-ful-ly:  
 now's your time or nev-er: For— if you do not mar-ry me,

*fz*

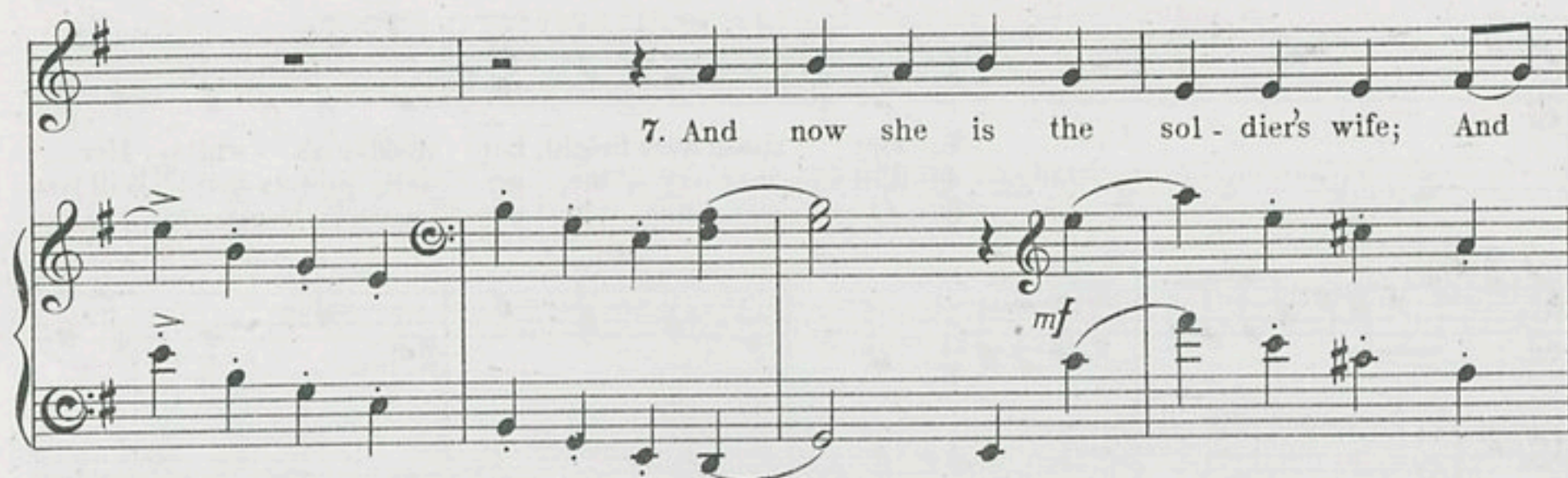
And her hair hung down her shoul-der. With my rue dum day,  
 I dare not for my mam-my. With my rue dum day,  
 I am un-done for ev-er. With my rue dum day,

*cresc.*

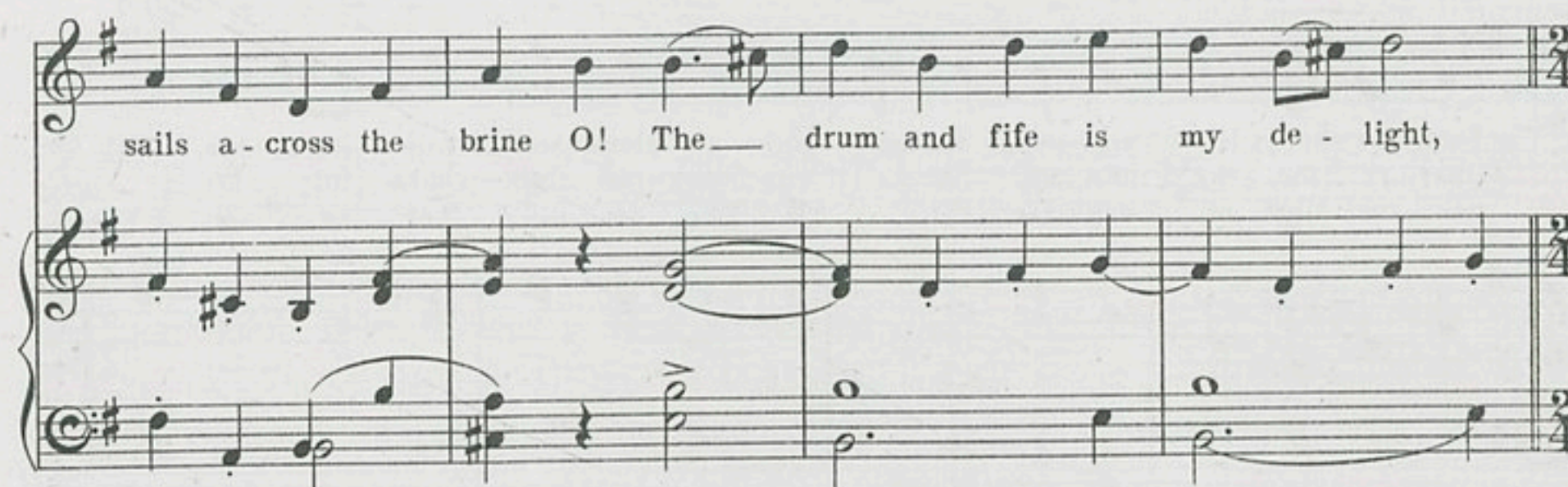
fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.  
 fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.  
 fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.



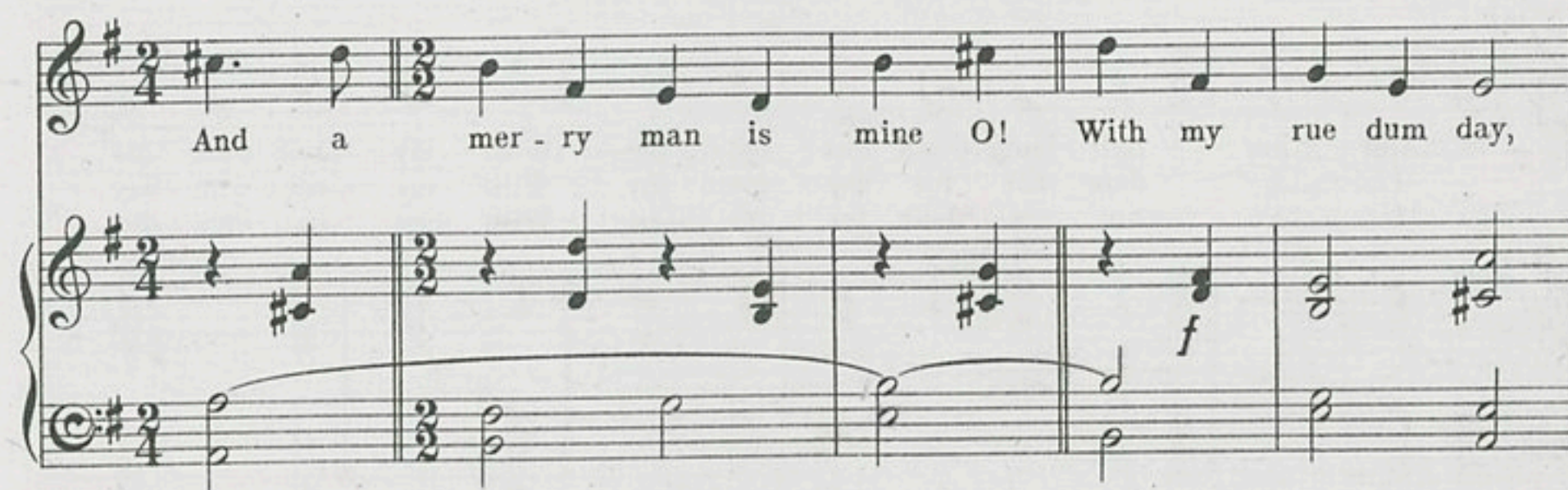
7. And now she is the sol - dier's wife; And



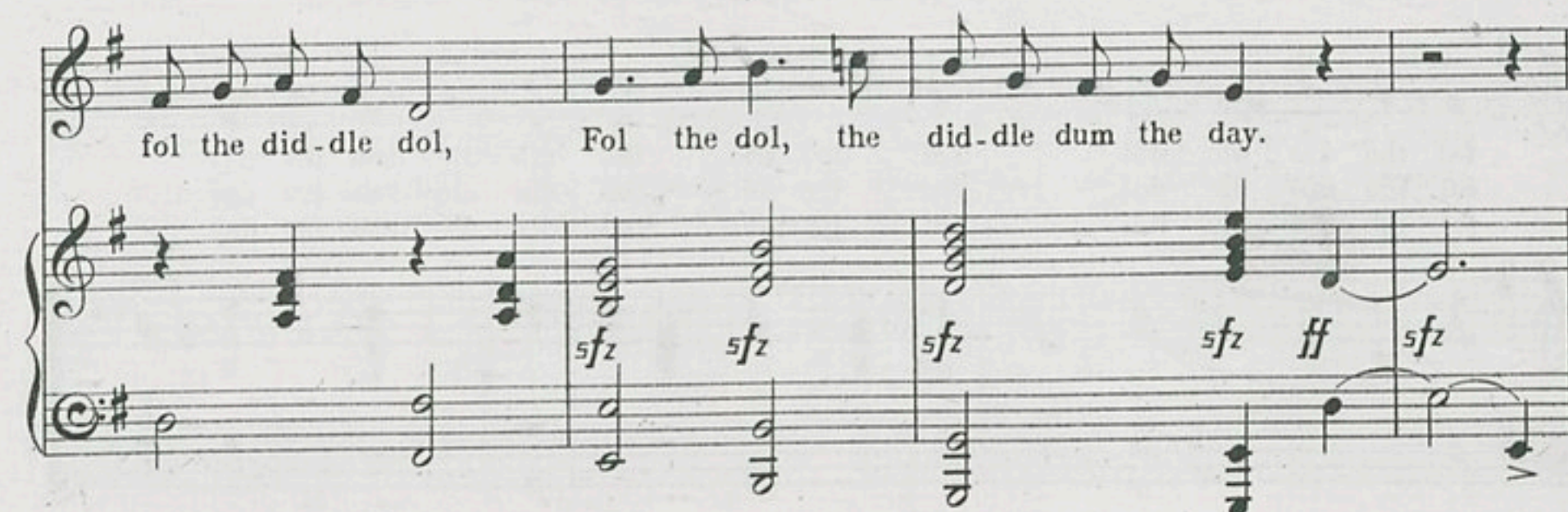
sails a - cross the brine O! The — drum and fife is my de - light,



And a mer - ry man is mine O! With my rue dum day,



fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.





## THE LARK IN THE MORN.

*Allegretto con grazia.*

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

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

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

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

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

*D.S.* *D.S.*

*p e legato* *mf* *cresc.*



## HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

*Moderato grazioso.*

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

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

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



I were but a young man, I'd soon go a - hunt - ing, To my  
 I were but a young man, I'd go and bang those bush - es, To my  
 I were but a young man, I'd go and swim af - ter, To my

*mf*

right fol - did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.  
 right fol - did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.  
 right fol - did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.

*D.C.*

*Last time*

*mf* *dim.*



## O SALLY, MY DEAR.

*Allegretto non troppo.*

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

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

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

2. O—  
 4. If—  
 6. If the



Sal-ly, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it, O— Sal-ly, my dear, but your  
las-sies were black-birds and las-sies were thrush-es, If— las-sies were blackbirds and  
wo-men were ducks and swum round the wa-ter, If the wo-men were ducks and

*p* *cresc.*

cheek I could kiss it. She laugh'd and re-plied: If you did would you miss it?  
las-sies were thrush-es, How soon the young men would go beat-ing the bush-es! Sing  
swum round the wa-ter, The men would turn drakes and would soon fol-low af-ter.)

*f*

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

*D.S.* *f*



## GENTLY, JOHNNY, MY JINGALO.

*Allegretto grazioso.*

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

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

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



Jin - ga - lo. 2. I said: You know I love you, dear, Fair maid is a  
 Jin - ga - lo. 4. I kiss'd her lips like ru - bies red, Fair maid is a  
 Jin - ga - lo. 6. I took her to the church next day, Fair maid is a

li - ly, O! She whis - per'd soft - ly in my ear: Come to me  
 li - ly, O! She blush'd; then ten - der - ly she said: Come to me  
 li - ly, O! The birds did sing, and she did say: Come to me

*mf* *p*

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

1st & 2nd times D.S. Last time

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



# L WILLIAM TAYLOR.

*Con vivo.*

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

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

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

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



be - ing mar - ried, He was press'd and sent a - way.  
 Wil - liam Tay - lor, From the I - rish ranks came he.  
 true love Wil - liam, With the bride on his right arm.

3. She dress'd up in— man's ap - par - el, Man's ap - par - el she put on;  
 6. You rise ear - ly to mor - row morn - ing, You rise at the break of day;  
 9. If young folks in— Wells or Lon - don, Were served the same as she served he,

And she fol - low'd her true lov - er; For to find him she is gone.  
 There you'll see your true love Wil - liam, Walk - ing with a la - dy gay.  
 Then young girls would all be un - done: Ver - y scarce young men would be!

1st & 2nd times 3rd time





