

CURWEN



EDITION

English Folk-Songs For Schools

Collected and Arranged by
S. BARING GOULD, M.A.
and CECIL J. SHARP, B.A.

Curwen Edition 6051

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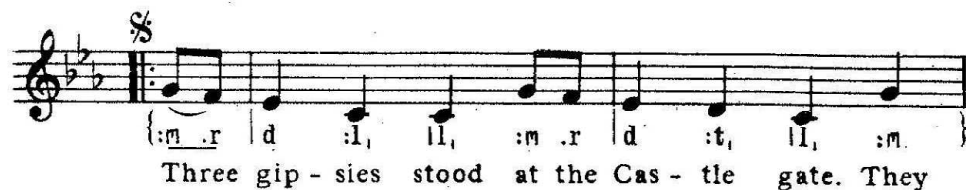
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1. THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!

Allegro commodo

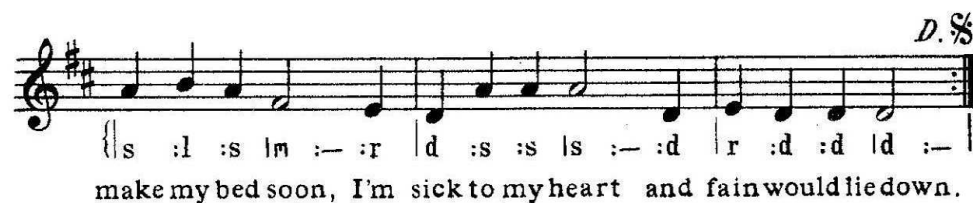
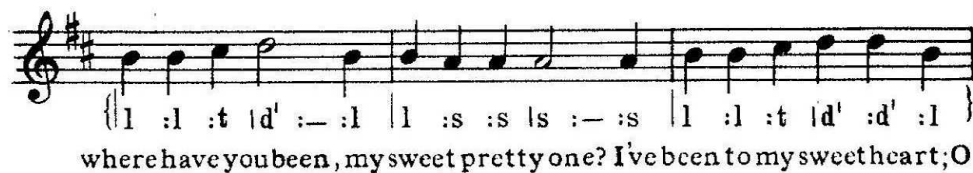
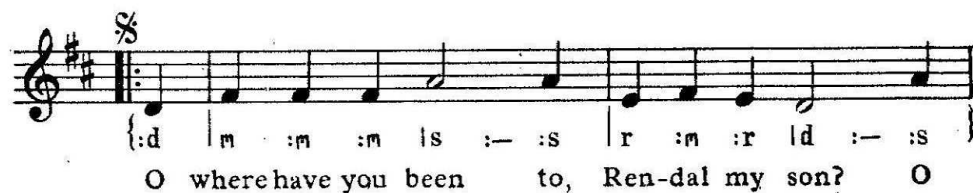
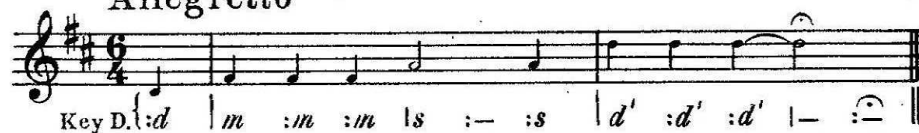


- 2 They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow.
And she laid down her silken gown,
Her golden rings and all her show.

- 3 She pluck-ed off her high-heeled shoes,
A-made of Spanish leather, O.
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet!
All out in the wind and weather, O.
- 4 O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!
- 5 O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!
- 6 What makes you leave your house and land,
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O?
- 7 What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord,
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!
- 8 Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!
- 9 What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

2. LORD RENDAL

Allegretto



2 O what did she give you, Rendal my son?
O what did she give you, my pretty one?
She gave me some eels; O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

3 O what colour were they, Rendal my son?
O what colour were they, my pretty one?
They were speckled and blotched: O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

4 O where did she get them, Rendal my son?
O where did she get them, my pretty one?
From hedges and ditches; O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

5 O where are your bloodhounds, Rendal my son?
O where are your bloodhounds, my pretty one?
They swelled and they died; O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

6 O that was strong poison, Rendal my son!
O that was strong poison, my pretty one!
You'll die, you'll die, Rendal my son,
You'll die, you'll die, my sweet pretty one.

Allegro con grazia



5 He went within to fetch a stick
To give the pig his hire, sir,
But she ran in between his legs
And cast him in the mire, sir.
And as he looked at pig and cow
He said, I do agree, sir,
If my wife never works again
She'll not be blamed by me, sir.

4. THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

Allegretto

Key G. { s₁ | d : m | r : d | l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : || s₁ | d : m | r : d }

1. A shep-herd maid to

{ t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : r | m : - r | m : f | s : - | - : s }

Lon-don came, Her feet her there did bring. She

{ r : r | s : f . m | r : r | f : m . r | d : m | r : d || }

hast-ed to the King's pal-ace, And knock-ed at the

D. { Two-pulse meas. | Four-pulse meas. }

{ t₁ : - || d : - | s₁ : - . s₁ | s₁ . l₁ : t₁ . s₁ | d || }

ring. Line, twine, the wil-low and the dee.

- 2 There was no servant in the hall,
Nor noble heard the din,
And so there came the King himself,
And let the fair maid in.
- 3 "What wouldst thou have of me?" he said.
"Oh, what dost seek?" said he.
"Thou hast a man in thy fair court,
That hath a rob-bed me."

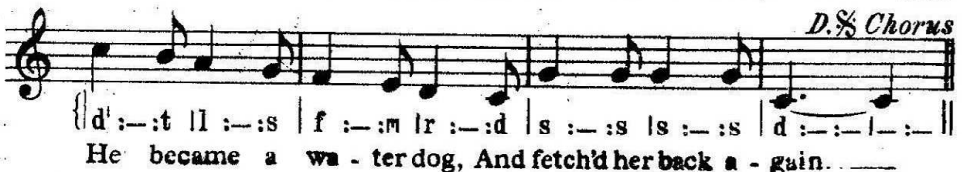
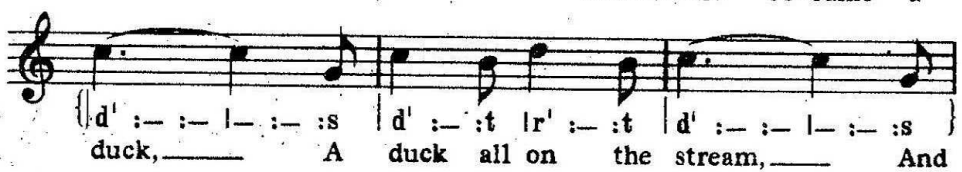
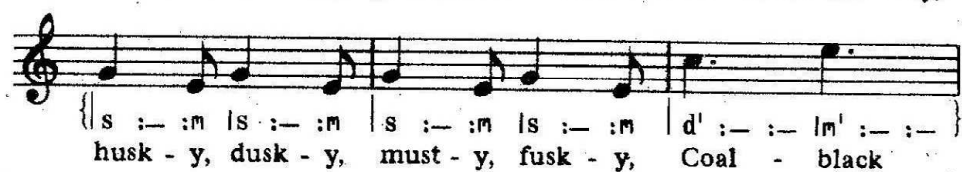
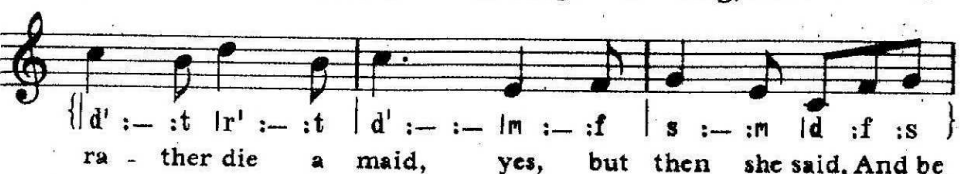
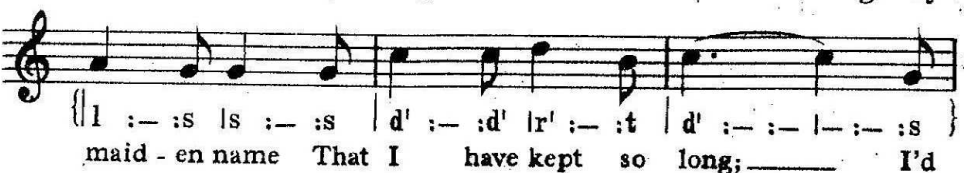
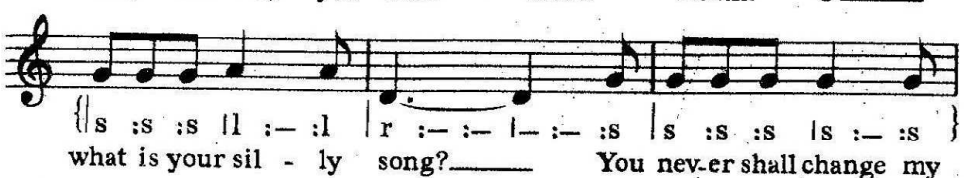
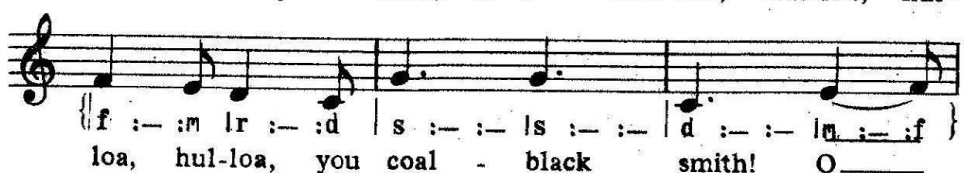
- 4 "He hath not robb'd me, gentle sir,
Of purple or of pall,
But he hath stol'n my heart away,
Which grieves me most of all."
- 5 "How dost thou know this robber knight,
What dost thou know him by?"
"By his locks which are as yellow wheat,
And by his bright blue eye."
- 6 "Oh! if he be a married man,
I'll hang him on a tree,
But if he be a bachelor
His body I'll give to thee."
- 7 The King he call-ed down his men
By one, by two, by three;
Sir William once was first of all,
And now the last came he.
- 8 Then he held out full fifty pound
All wrap-ped in a glove,
"Fair maid, I'll give the same to thee;
Go seek another love."
- 9 "Oh! I want nothing of thy gold,
Nor nothing of thy fee,
But I will have thy body whole,
The King hath granted me."
- 10 "A shepherd's maiden tho' I was,
My heart if left but free,
I ne'er had come to London town,
To ask of aught from thee."
- 11 He set her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon a grey,
And forth he rode with the shepherd maid
From London town away.
- 12 The very first town they came unto,
He bought her a golden ring,
The very next town they came unto,
He made her a gay wedding.
Line, twine, the willow and the dee.

5. THE TWO MAGICIANS

Con spirito



1. O She looked out of the win - dow, As white as an-y

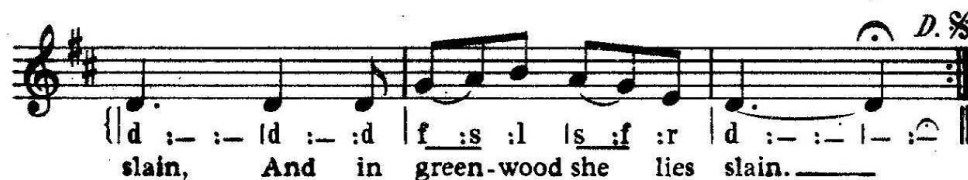
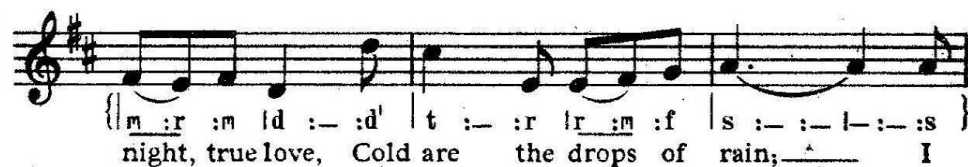


3 Then She became a hare,
A hare all on the plain;
And He became a greyhound dog
And fetched her back again.
Hulloa, etc.

4 Then She became a fly,
A fly all in the air;
And He became a spider
And fetched her to his lair.
Hulloa, etc.

6. COLD BLOWS THE WIND

Allegretto



2 I'll do as much for my sweetheart
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all on her grave
A twelvemonth and a day.

3 The twelvemonth and a day was past,
The ghost began to speak.
Why weep you there upon my grave,
And will not let me sleep?

4 What is it that you want of me,
And will not let me sleep?
Your salten tears they trickle down
And wet my winding-sheet.

5 What dost thou want of me, true heart,
Of me what dost thou crave?
One only kiss from your lily-white lips,
Then I'll go from your grave.

6 My lips are cold as clay, sweetheart,
My breath smells earthy strong,
And if you kiss my lily-white lips
Your time will not be long.

7 My time be short, my time be long,
To-morrow or to-day,
May Christ in heaven have all my soul—
But I'll kiss your lips of clay.

8 When shall we meet again, sweetheart?
When shall we meet again?
When the oaken leaves that fall from the trees
Are green—and spring again.

7. THE GOLDEN VANITY

Allegro moderato

Key C. {s | d' : d' ., r' | d' .s : m .f | s .l : s .m | d' }

{s | d' : d' .r' | d' .s : m .f | s .l : s .m | d' : m .m }

1. A ship I have got in the North Coun - try, And she

{f .m : f .s | l .t : d' .m' | r' .d' : t .l | s : s .s }

goes by the name of the Gold-en Van-i - ty, O I

{l .s : l .t | d' .r' : d' .t | d' .l : r' .f | m .r : d .m }

fear she will be tak-en by a Span-ish Ga-la - lie, — As she

{s ., l : s .f | m : r | d : — | — : s .s }

sails — by the Low - lands low, As she

{l .t : d' .r' | d' : t | d' : — | — : s .s | d' : — | r' : — }

sails by the Low - lands low, by the Low - lands

D. %

{m' : — | — : s .s | l .t : d' ., r' | m' : r' | d' : — | — }

low, As she sails by the Low-lands low.

- 2 To the Captain then up spake the little Cabin-boy,
He said, What is my fee, if the galley I destroy,
The Spanish Ga-la-lie, if no more it shall annoy,
As you sail by the Low-lands low?
- 3 Of silver and gold I will give to you a store,
And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on the shore,
Of treasure and of fee as well, I'll give to thee galore,
As we sail by the Low-lands low.
- 4 Then the boy bared his breast, and straightway leaped in,
And he held all in his hand an augur sharp and thin,
And he swam until he came to the Spanish Galleon,
As she lay by the Low-lands low.
- 5 He bored with the augur, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
When the water flowed in it dazzl-ed their eyes,
And she sank by the Low-lands low.
- 6 So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
Saying, Captain! take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
I will shoot you! I will kill you! the cruel Captain cried,
You may sink by the Low-lands low.
- 7 Then the Cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side,
Saying, Messmates, take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
As they sailed by the Low-lands low.
- 8 They sewed his body up, all in an old cow's hide,
And they cast the gallant Cabin-boy over the ship's side,
And left him without more ado adrift with the tide,
And to sink by the Low-lands low.

8. FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY

Moderato

Key A. :s₁ :s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | d :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :l₁ .s₁ | d

1. O there was a wo - man, and she was a wid - ow,

Fair are the flow'rs in the val - ley, With a

daugh - ter as fair as a fresh sun - ny mea - dow, The

Red, the - Green, and the Yel - low. The

Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cym - bal,

Sweet goes the tre - ble Vi - o - lin. The

maid so - rare and the flow'rs so fair, To -

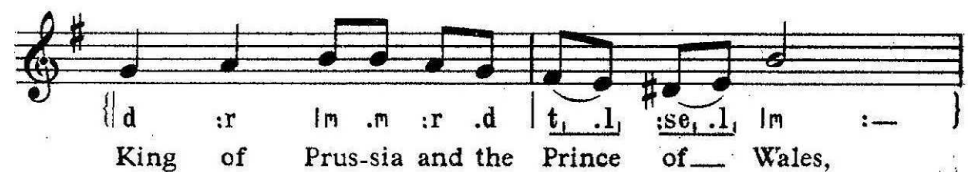
geth - er they grew in the val - ley.

D. %

- 2 There came a Knight all clothed in red,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"I would thou wert my bride," he said,
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
"I would," she sighed, "ne'er wins a bride!"
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
- 3 There came a Knight all clothed in green,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"This maid so sweet might be my queen,"
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
"Might be," sighed she, "will ne'er win me!"
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
- 4 There came a Knight, in yellow was he,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"My bride, my queen, thou must with me!"
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
With blushes red, "I come," she said;
"Farewell to the flowers in the valley."

9. THE COASTS OF BARBARY

Allegro moderato



2 There's naught ahead, sirs, nothing astern,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we,
But a lofty vessel to windward would turn,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

3 Then hail her, the captain call'd o'er the side,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we,
Be you a privateer, then he cried,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary?

4 I am a privateer, sirs, to-day,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
A saucy privateer, sirs, after prey,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

5 Then broadsides on the gallant vessels go,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
Away her mainmast did we English blow.
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

6 For mercy then how the rascals cried,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
The mercy shown was to sink them in the tide,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

7 With cutlass and gun, they fought hours three,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
The ship their coffin, their grave the sea,
Cruising down the coasts of Barbary.

10. HENRY MARTIN

Moderato

Key G. { :s₁ | d :— :d | m :s :s₁ | d :— :d₁ | d :— ||

{ :s₁ | d :— :d | m :s :m | r :d :l₁ | s₁ :— :s₁ }

1. There were three bro-thers in mer-ry Scot-land, In

{ d :d :d | m :s :m | m :— :— | r :— :s₁ }

Scot-land there lived bro - thers three; ——— And

{ d :d :r | m :— :r :d | f :s :l₁ | s₁ :— :r :r }

lots they did cast which should rob on the sea, To main-

D. %

{ m :r :m | s :f :r | d :— :— | — :— ||

tain his two bro - thers and he. ———

The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin,
 The youngest of all the three,
 All for to turn robber upon the salt sea,
 To maintain his two brothers and he.

- 3 He had not been sailing a long winter's night
 And a part of a short winter's day,
 Before he espi-ed a lofty stout ship,
 Come a-bibbing down on him straightway.
- 4 How far are you bound for? cried Henry Martin;
 O where are you bound for? cried he.
 I'm a rich merchant ship bound for merry England,
 And I will you to let me pass free.
- 5 O no! O no! cried Henry Martin,
 That thing it never could be;
 For I've turned a robber all on the salt sea,
 To maintain my two brothers and me.
- 6 Come, lower your topsail and brail up your mizzen,
 And bring your ship under my lee,
 Or a full flowing ball I will fire at your tail,
 And your bodies drown in the salt sea.
- 7 With broadside and broadside and at it they went,
 For fully two hours or three,
 When Henry Martin gave to her the death shot,
 And listing to starboard went she.
- 8 The rich merchant vessel was wounded full sore;
 Right down to the bottom went she.
 And Henry Martin sailed away, sailed away,
 To maintain his two brothers and he.
- 9 Bad news! bad news! unto fair London town,
 Bad news I will tell unto thee;
 They've robbed a rich vessel and she's cast away;
 All the sailors drowned in the salt sea.

10. HENRY MARTIN (SECOND VERSION).

Allegretto risoluto §

Lah is D. || :l: :l: : : :l: || l: :m: :m: }

1. There were — three

|| m :r :m | d :r :t: | l: : — :l: |

bro - thers in mer - ry Scot - land, In

|| d :t: :l: | r :d :r | m : — : — |

Scot - land there lived bro - thers three; —

|| — : :m | m :l :l | s :fe :m |

— And lots they did cast which should

|| m :l: :t: | d :t: :l: | r :d :r |

rob on the sea, — salt sea, — salt

|| m : — : — | l : — :l | s :m :m | r :t: :s: |

sea, For to main - tain his two bro - thers and

V. 1 to 8 D. § V. 9 3

|| l: : — : — | — : :l: || — : : |

he. — The —

3 meas. Instrumental

- 2 The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin,
The youngest of all the three,
All for to turn robber upon the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.
- 3 He had not been sailing but a long winter's night
And a part of a short winter's day,
Before he espi-ed a lofty stout ship, stout ship, stout ship,
Come a-bibbing down on him straightway.
- 4 How far are you bound for? cried Henry Martin;
O where are you bound for? cried he.
I'm a rich merchant ship bound for merry England, England,
England,
Therefore I will you to let me pass free.
- 5 O no! O no! cried Henry Martin,
That thing it never could be;
For I've turned a robber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers and me.
- 6 Come, lower your topsail and brail-up your mizzen,
And bring your ship under my lee,
Or a full flowing ball I will fire at your tail, your tail, your tail,
All your dear bodies drown in the salt sea.
- 7 With broadside and broadside and at it they went,
For fully two hours or three,
When Henry Martin gave to her the death shot, the death
shot, the death shot;
Heavily listing to starboard went she.
- 8 The rich merchant ship she was wounded full sore;
Right down to the bottom went she,
And Henry Martin sailed away on the sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.
- 9 Bad news! bad news! unto fair London town,
Bad news I will tell unto thee;
They've robbed a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away,
cast away,
All the bold sailors drowned in the salt sea.

11. LORD BATEMAN

Allegretto

Key G, {s, | d .d :d :— .s, | l, t, .d :s, :— .f

1. Lord Bate-man was a no-ble lord, A

{m .f :s :—d | t, .d :r :—r | s .s :f :s

no-ble lord of high de-gree He shipp'd himself a -

{d .d, t, :s, :—l, | ta, l, :f, :s, .s, | d .d :d :— .f

board a ship Some foreign coun-try to go and see.

- 2 He sail-ed east, he sail-ed west
Until he came to fair Turkey,
Where he was taken and put in prison
Until of life he was weary.
- 3 All in his prison grew a tree,
O there it grew so stout and strong,
About the middle he was chained,
Until his life it was almost gone.
- 4 This Turk he had one daughter fair,
The fairest maid two eyes could see;
She stole of her father the prison key
And said, Lord Bateman, he shall be free.
- 5 She to the cellar then took her way
And gave to him the best of wine;
And every health she to him drank,
Was, "Would, Lord Bateman, that thou wert mine."

- 6 "For seven long years, I'll make a vow,
For seven long years, and keep't I can,
That if you'll wed no other maid,
Then I will wed not another man."
- 7 She took him to her father's port,
She gave to him a ship of fame,
Saying, "Farewell to you, Lord Bateman,
I fear we never shall meet again."
- 8 Now seven long years are gone and past
And fourteen days, as I tell thee.
She pack'd up her apparel gay,
And said, Lord Bateman I must go see.
- 9 Now when she reach'd Lord Bateman's hall,
How boldly then she rang the bell,
"Who's there? Who's there?" does the porter call,
"O come unto me and quickly tell."
- 10 "Is this Lord Bateman's castle high?
And is his lordship now within?"
"O yes, O yes," said the porter proud,
"He just is taking his young bride in."
- 11 "O bid him send me a slice of bread,
And send a bottle of choicest wine,
And bid him remember the fair young maid
Who set him free from his close confine."
- 12 And when Lord Bateman this did hear,
He broke his sword in splinters three,
And said, "My bride, you must home again,
The Turkish maid, she has come to me."
- 13 "Call up your maidens and all your men,
For you must speedily from me fare;
You came to me on a saddled horse,
You may go home in a coach and pair."
- 14 Lord Bateman made another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee,
And said, "I'll roam to no foreign lands
Now my Turkish maiden has crossed the sea."

12. THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT

Allegro

Key A^b { :s, | d :t, .l, | s, :l, .t, | d :r | m :||

{ :s, | d :t, .l, | s, :l, .t, | d :s, | m :-.d |

1. An out - land-ish Knight from the North - ern lands He

{ d :t, .l, | s, :l, .t, | d :-. | :r | m :r .d | r :f .f |

came a - court-ing of me. He said we should go to the

{ m :d | s, :-. | r | m :r .d | r :m .r |

far, far land, And there we should mar - ried

{ d :-. | :s | s :f .m | r :m .f | s :d | s :-.s |

be. "Go fetch me some of your fa - ther's gold, And

{ s :f .m | r :d .r | m :-. | :s, | d :t, .l, | s, :l, .t, |

some of your mo - ther's fee, And two of the best of your

D. %

{ d :s, | m :-.d | d :t, .l, | s, :l, .t, | d :-. |

fa - ther's nags, That stand by - thir - ty and three."

- 2 She mounted with speed on her milk-white steed,
And he on a dapple-grey,
And away they did ride to the water's side
Six hours before the day.
"Un-light, un-light, my lady bright,
Deliver thy steed to me;
Six pretty maids have I crown-ed here,
And the seventh thou shalt be."
- 3 "Take off, take off thy robe of silk
And lay it upon a stone,
The gay, gay gown is all too good
To lie in a watery tomb.
Take off, take off thy holland smock,
And lay it upon a stone,
The holland smock is all too good
To lie in a watery tomb."
- 4 "If I must take off my holland smock
Then turn away from me,
For it ill befits an outlandish Knight
To view a stark lady.
And never blink, but from the brink
Pluck all the thistles away,
That they may not tangle my golden hair
Nor my milk-white skin may fray."
- 5 She gave him a push, and a hearty push,
And the false Knight push-ed in,
Saying "Swim, O swim, Outlandish Knight,
Thou never the land shall win."
She mounted with speed her milk-white steed,
And she led the iron-grey,
And away did ride to the Castle's side
Two hours before the day.
- 6 The parrot he sat in the window high,
And he laughed shrill, and did say,
I'm afraid some ruffian came here last night
And carried my lady away.
Her father was not so sound asleep,
But he heard what the bird did say,
And he call'd, "What waketh my pretty parrot
So early before the day?"
- 7 "The cat was up at the window high,
And the cat he would me slay,
So loud I did cry for help to be nigh
To drive the cat away."
Well turn'd, well turn'd, my pretty parrot,
A good turn done to me,
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold
And the door of ivory.

13. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR

Key G. $\{s, d : r : m | f : m : f | s : r : s | - : \hat{c} : ||$

$\{s, d : r : m | f : m : r | d : s, : l, | s, : - : f : f\}$
1. Lord Tho-mas he Was — a for-est-er bold And a

$\{m : s : s | s : d : m | r : - : - : r | r : s : f | m : r : d\}$
cha-ser of the — king's deer; — Fair E-lea-nor was a

$\{d : s, : l, | s, : - : s, : s, | d : r : m | f : m : r | d : - : - : - : ||$ D. %
fine — wo-man, And Lord Thomas he lov'd her dear. —

- 2 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," he said,
"And riddle us both in one;
Shall I up and marry the fair Eleanor,
And let the brown girl alone?"
- 3 "The brown girl she has house and lands
Fair Eleanor she has none,
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To bring the brown girl home."
- 4 And as it befel on a holiday,
And many there be beside,
Lord Thomas he went to the fair Eleanor,
That should have been his bride.
- 5 "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said.
"What news dost thou bring me?"
"I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee."

- 6 "O heaven forbid, Lord Thomas!" she said,
"That thing should ne'er be done.
I ought to have been thy bride myself,
And thou shouldst have been bridegroom."
- 7 "Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she said,
"And riddle it all in one:
Shall I go myself to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or whether I tarry at home?"
- 8 "O here be many your friends, daughter,
And there be many your foe.
Therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go."
- 9 "There be many that are my friends, mother,
But were every one my foe,
Betide me life, or betide me death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."
- 10 But when she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knock-ed there at the ring,
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas
To let fair Eleanor in?
- 11 "Is this your bride?" fair Eleanor said;
"Methinks she is but brown;
Thou mightest have had as fair a woman
As ever trod on the ground."
- 12 The brown bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharp,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She stabbed fair Eleanor's heart.
- 13 "O Eleanor fair," Lord Thomas he said,
"Methinks you look wondrous wan;
You once had a colour as fresh as a rose
As ever the sun shone on."
- 14 "O art thou blind, Lord Thomas?" she said,
"Or canst thou not well see,
That here, here is falling my own heart's blood,
A-trickling down my knee?"
- 15 Lord Thomas he had a sword at his side
As he walk-ed in the hall,
He smote the brown bride's head from her neck,
And threw it against the wall.
- 16 He set the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his heart.
There never three lovers together did meet,
That sooner again did part.

14. HENRY V. AND THE KING OF FRANCE

Moderato maestoso

Key D. { :s .,f | m .r :d :s, .,s, | l, .d :— }

1. As our King lay dream - ing up-on his bed, A

hap - py thought came in to his head, That

he would send to the King of France, And

cause his tri - bute — to be paid.

Ri fol de rol, ri fol de ray.

D. %

- 2 Come here to me, my trusty page,
My trusty page, come here to me!
And you shall go to the King of France
To fetch the tribute due to me.
- 3 O then uprose that trusty page,
That trusty page then uprose he,
Until he came to the King of France,
And he went down on bended knee.
- 4 "What news, what news, my trusty page,
From English King what news to me?"
"O I have come from the English King
To fetch the tribute due from thee."
- 5 "Your King is young, of tender years,
And is not come to my degree,
So I will send him three tennis balls
That with them he may play, may he."
- 6 "Now come to me, my trusty page,
My trusty page, now come to me,
And we will send him such English balls
As in fair France they ne'er did see."
- 7 "Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby men that are so free.
No married man and no widow's son,
For no widow's curse shall light on me."
- 8 They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby men that are so free,
And when the numbers were counted o'er,
'Twas fifty thousand men and three.
- 9 They fought the French, they fought the King,
Until they gained the victory,
They fought the King until he cried—
"Have mercy on my men and me."
- 10 "O I will send the tribute home,
Ten tons of gold is due from me,
And the fairest lily that is in France
To the Rose of England give I free."
Ri fol de rol, ri fol de ray.

15. THE GOLDEN GLOVE

Moderato

Key C. : d . r | m : m . m | m : d . d' | d' : r' . m' | d' ||

1. A — wealth — y young squire — of Tam — worth, we hear, He

|| l : t . l | l : t . d' | r' : s . s | s : — . s |

court — ed a no — ble — man's daugh — ter, so fair: To

|| d' : t . d' | l . t : d' . l | s : m . s | f . m : r . d |

mar — ry this la — dy it was his in — tent, — All —

|| m . f : s . d' | l . f : m . f | s : d . d' | d' ||

friends and re — la — tions gave glad — ly con — sent.

D. %

- 2 The time was appointed for their wedding day,
A young farmer chosen to give her away;
As soon as the farmer this lady did spy,
He inflam-ed her heart; "O my heart!" she did cry.
- 3 She turned from the squire, but nothing she said;
Instead of being married she took to her bed;
The thought of the farmer ran sore in her mind,
A way to secure him she quickly did find.

- 4 Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
And a-hunting she went with her dog and her gun;
She hunted a-round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him full well.
- 5 She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,
At length the young farmer came into the field;
And as to discourse with him was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.
- 6 "I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried,
"To wait on the squire, and give him his bride,"
"No, sir," said the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."
- 7 "Suppose that the lady should grant you her love?
You know that the squire your rival would prove,"
"Why then," says the farmer, "with sword blade in hand,
By honour I'll gain her when she shall command."
- 8 It pleas-ed the lady to find him so bold;
She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a-hunting with dog and with gun.
- 9 The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove;
And said, "Who has found it, and brings it to me,
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be."
- 10 The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes:
"Dear honour-ed lady, I've picked up your glove,
And hope you'll be pleas-ed to grant me your love."
- 11 "It already is granted, and I'll be your bride;
I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried.
"I'll be mistress of dairy, and milking my cow,
While my jolly brisk farmer sings shrill at the plough."
- 12 And when she was married she told of her fun,
How she went a-hunting with dog and with gun:
"And now I have got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare!"

16. BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

Allegro vivace

Key G. { : s₁ | s₁ : d | d : d | d : - | - : l | s : - | s : - s | d' : - | - }

1. Up on the sweet - est sum - mer time, In the

{ r : m | l f : r | m : - | - : d }

mid - dle of the morn, A

{ m : m | m : d | r : r | r : t, }

pret - ty dam - sel I es - pied, The

{ d : t, | l, : s₁ | f : - | m : r }

fair - est ev - er born, And sing,

{ d : - | d | d : l, | l, : s₁ | s₁ : s }

blow a - way the morn - ing dew, The

{ s : - | m : s | l : - | - : }

dew, and the dew.

{ s : - | m | d : r | m : d | l, : f }

Blow a - way the morn - ing dew, How

{ m : - | d | r : - | t, | d : - | - }

sweet the winds do blow.

D. %

- 2 She gathered to her lovely flowers
And spent her time in sport;
As if in pretty Cupid's bowers
She daily did resort.
- 3 The yellow cowslip by the brim,
The daffodil as well,
The timid primrose, pale and trim,
The pretty snowdrop bell.
- 4 And ever, ever as she did
Those pleasant flowers pull,
She rais'd herself and fetch'd a sigh
And wish'd her apron full.
- 5 Then did I offer her to pluck
Of every flower that grew,
No herb nor flower then I missed
But only bitter rue.
- 6 Both she and I did bow in pain
To gather quite a store,
Until the modest maiden said,
"Kind sir, I'll have no more."
- 7 Yet still did I with willing heart
Essay some more to pull.
"No thank you, sir," she said, "we part,
Because my apron's full."
- 8 She's gone with all those flowers sweet,
Of white, of red and blue,
And unto me about my feet
Is only left the rue.

17. THE SEEDS OF LOVE

Moderato

Key G. { :s₂ | d₁ :d₁ | s₁ :s₁ | s :— | d }
BASS TREBLE

1. I sowed the seeds of love, I

s :s | f :m .r | d :— | s₁ :s₁ }
sowed them in the spring, I

m :m .m | s .m :f .r | d .r :m .d | s₁ :s₁ }
gath - ered them up — in the morn - ing so soon, While

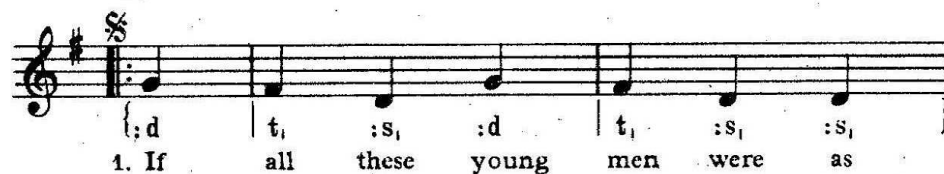
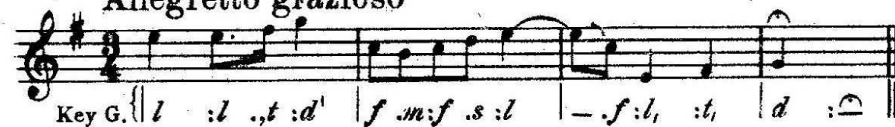
f₁ :f₁ .f₁ | s₁ :s₁ | s :— | :f .r }
small birds did sweet - ly sing, While

m :f .r | d :t₁ | d :— | :— }
small birds did sweet - ly sing. D. %

- 2 My garden was planted well
With flowers everywhere,
But I had not the liberty then for to choose
The flower that I lov-ed dear.
- 3 The gardener standing by,
I ask-ed to choose for me;
He chose me the Violet, the Lily, and the Pink,
But these I refus-ed all three.
- 4 The Violet I did not like
Because it fades so soon;
The Lily and the Pink I then did overthink,
And vow-ed I'd stay till June.
- 5 In June is a red, red Rose,
And that is the flower for me;
I'll pluck it and think that no Lily nor Pink
Can match with the bud on that tree.
- 6 The gardener standing by,
He bid me take great care;
For that under the blossom and under the leaves
Is a thorn that will wound and tear.
- 7 Of Hyssop I'll take a spray,
No other flowers I'll touch;
That all in the world may both see and may say,
That I lov-ed one flower too much.

18. HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN

Allegretto grazioso



2 If all these young men were as rushes a-growing,
Then all these pretty maidens will get scythes, go a-mowing.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.

3 If all these young men were as ducks in the water,
Then all these pretty maidens will soon follow after.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.

4 But the young men are given to frisking and fooling,
I'll let them alone and attend to my schooling.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.

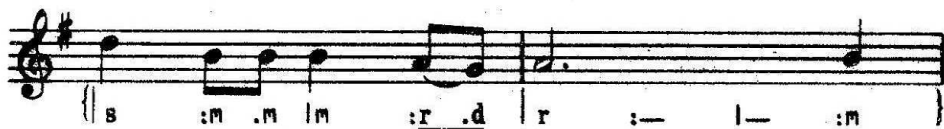
19. CREEPING JANE

Allegro moderato

Fine



1. I will sing you a song, and a pret - ty lit - tle song, Con -



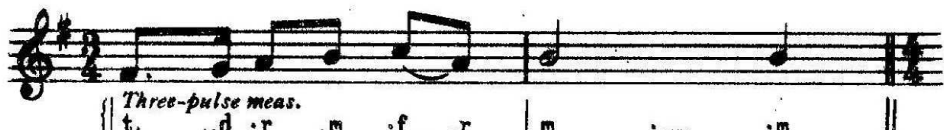
cern - ing of Creep - ing — Jane. She



nev - er lost a race — with a horse or a marc, She



nev - er was a - count - ed as a pea ne lal - li day: Sing

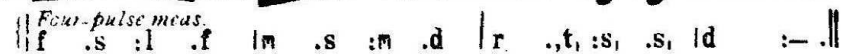


pea ne lal - li - lie - day, She

D.C.



{ Four-pulse meas.



nev - er was a - count - ed as a pea ne lal - li day.

2 Now when she came to the first mile post,

Little Jane was she behind,

All they could say of my little Creeping Jane:

My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day!

Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,

My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day!

3 And when she came to the second mile post,

Little Jane she still kept behind,

All they could say of my little Creeping Jane:

My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day!

Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,

My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day!

4 But when she came to the third mile post,

Little Jane she still kept behind,

The rider clapt his whip round her slender little waist,

So she scudded o'er the marshes like a pea ne lalli day!

Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,

So she scudded o'er the marshes like a pea ne lalli day!

5 And now little Jane she has won the race;

She scarcely sweats a hair,

She is able for to race it all over again,

While the others are not able to trot the lalli day!

Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,

While the others are not able to trot the lalli day!

6 But now little Jane is dead and gone,

And her body lies on the cold ground.

I went unto the Master for to ask leave of him

For to keep her little body from the hounds and lalli day!

Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,

For to keep her little body from the hounds and lalli day!

20. POOR OLD HORSE

Andante

Key B♭: { :s₁ | d :m | t₁ :m | l₁ :m | s₁ :— | f₁ :m₁ r₁ | f₁ :r₁ | m₁ :— | C₁ ||

1. When I was young and in my prime, And

{ d :m | r :t₁ | d :— | l :— | r }

in my sta - ble lay. They

{ m :— | r | r :t₁ | d .d :d | s₁ :— | f₁ m }

gave to me the ve - ry best corn And

{ f :f | m :r | d :— | B₇ t | t₁ m₁ :f₁ }

eke the choic - est hay. Poor old

D. %

{ s₁ :— | l₁ :t₁ | d :— | l :— | :— | l :— | C₁ ||

horse! Poor old mare!

2 My master used to ride me out.
O'er many a gate and stile,
O'er many a hedge and ditch I've gone,
And borne him many a mile.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

3 My feeding once was of the best,
The sweetest of sweet hay,
That ever grew in a green field
When fields with flowers were gay.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

4 Now I am old and quite done for
And fit for naught at all,
I'm forced to eat the sour grass
Upon the churchyard wall.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

5 Then lay my tott'ring legs so low
That have run very far,
In following the hounds and horn
O'er tunpike gate and bar.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

6 My hide I'll to the huntsman give,
My shoes I'll throw away;
The dogs shall eat my rotten flesh
And that's how I'll decay.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

21. HIGH GERMANY

Alla marcia

Lah is D *(m)* *m* *:- .l, l, :s, l, :-* *(D)*

(S) *(m)* *m* *:- .l, l, :s, d :- .r m :m* *(D)*

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

(r *:r* *ll, :l, l, :-* *(l, t)*

rout has now be - gun, And -

(d *:d* *ld .r :m .f* *s :- ll :l .l*

we must be a - march - ing at the

(s *:m* *lr .m :f* *m :-* *(m .r*

beat - ing of the drum; Go -

(d *:d* *ld :m .f* *s :s ll :l*

dress your - self all in your best and

(s *:- .m lm .r :d* *r :-* *(l*

come a - long with me, I'll

(s *:- .l, l, :s, d :- .r m :m* *r :- d ll, :l*

take you to the cru - el wars in High Ger - man -

(l, :- *(l* *:l* *:l* *:l* *:l* *:l* *(D, %*

y.

- 2 O Harry love, O Harry, you hearken what I say;
My feet are all too tender, I cannot march away;
Besides, my dearest Harry, though man and wife we be,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany?
- 3 A horse I'll buy you, dapple grey, and on it you shall ride,
And all my heart's delight will be a-trotting at your side;
We'll ride o'er moor and mountain high, and breathe the air so free,
And jauntily we'll ride along in High Germany.
- 4 O no, my love, it may not be, I cannot with you ride,
For I have here my children dear, at home I must abide,
But all my thoughts and many prayers shall be the while with thee
As thou dost fight Old England's wars in High Germany.
- 5 O cursed are the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise,
They pressed my Harry from me, as all my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.

22. SWEET ENGLAND

Andante grazioso

Key G. *d. r m :r :d l, :s, f, s, :— :s, s, :—*

1. As I was a - walk - ing one

r :r :r r :— :d .r
morn - ing in spring, To —

m :r :d l, :s, f,
hear the larks whis - tle, the

s, :d :d d :— :d
col - ley - bird sing, I

d :m :m .f s :f :m
heard a fair — maid - en a

m :r :d r :— :d .r
mak - ing her moan, O a -

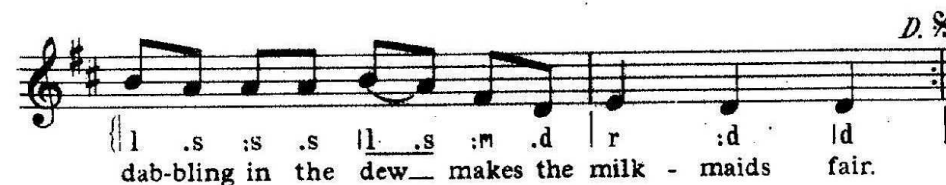
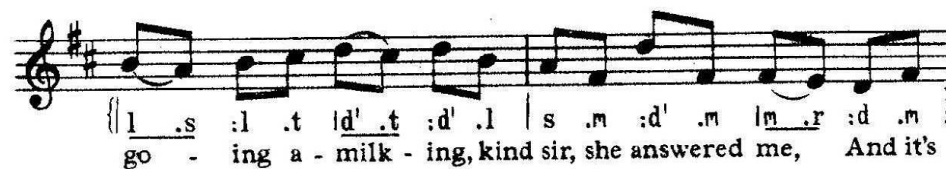
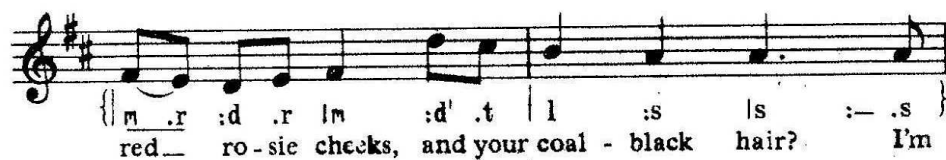
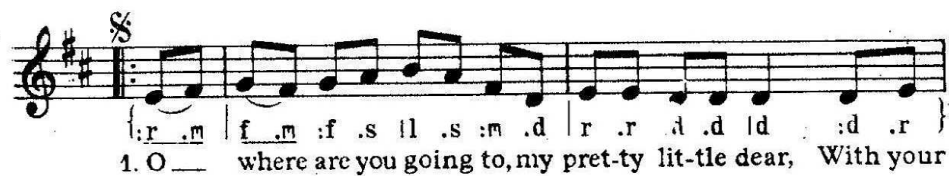
m :r :d l, :s, f,
las! I'm a stran - ger a -

s, :d :d d :—
way from my home. *D. %*

- 2 O where is your country I gladly would know,
And what mean the tears that so freely do flow?
What made you to wander so far from your home,
And causes lament in a strange land alone?
- 3 I came from sweet England, with mother and dad;
They thought in America all might be had,
Of gold and of silver and acres galore,
And never need hunger in poverty more.
- 4 But alas, for sweet England! my father is dead,
My mother could earn but a dollar for bread,
And alack! the white wings of the ships as they fly
Across the blue sea, and leave me here to die!
- 5 Now mother is dead, I am left all alone;
If I were in England no more would I roam.
I've an aunt who is grey, and she loves me amain,
Oh, will not some ship take me homeward again?
- 6 She has got a neat cottage, a rose at her door,
Her pans and her dishes I'd scrub, and her floor,
I'd kiss her old cheeks, and I'd nurse her in pain,
And thank God I was back in sweet England again.

23. DABBLING IN THE DEW

Allegretto



- 2 Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear,
In a green silken gown and the amethyst rare?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
- 3 Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,
In a chariot with horses, a grey gallant pair?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
- 4 Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
- 5 Oh, but London's a city, my pretty little dear,
And all men are gallant and brave that are there.
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
- 6 Oh, fine clothes and dainties and carriages so rare
Bring grey to the cheeks and silver to the hair.
What's a ring on the finger, if rings are round the eye?
But it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

24. THE THREE HUNTSMEN

Con spirito

Key B \flat { :s, .,s, l, :r | d :t, | d :— | — :c. }

{ :s, f, m, .s, :d .,r | d .s, :s, .,s, | r .r :r .r }

1. There were three jo - vial Welsh-men, As I have heard men

{ r :— .r, m | f .m :r .d | d .t, :l, .s, }

say, And they would go a - hunt-ing, boys, Up -

{ l, .d :t, .r | d :s, .,f, m, .s, :d .,r }

on St. Da - vid's Day. And — all the day they

{ d .s, :— .s, | r .r :r .r | r :— .r, m }

hunt-ed, But noth-ing could they find, Ex -

{ f .m :r .d | d .t, :l, .,s, | l, .d :t, .r | d :— }

cept a ship a - sail - ing, A-sail-ing with the wind.

più lento D. %

{ :s, .,s, l, :r | d :t, | d :— | — :c. }

And a-hunt - ing they did go. — — —

2 One said it surely was a ship,
The second he said, Nay;
The third declared it was a house
With the chimney blown away.
Then all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
Except the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.
And a-hunting they did go.

3 One said it surely was the moon,
The second he said, Nay;
The third declared it was a cheese
The half o't cut away.
Then all next day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
Except a hedgehog in a bush,
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

4 One said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said, Nay;
The third, it was a pincushion,
The pins stuck in wrong way.
Then all next night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
Except a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

5 One said it surely was a hare,
The second he said, Nay;
The third, he said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.
Then all next day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But one owl in a holly-tree
And that they left behind.
And a-hunting they did go.

6 One said it surely was an owl,
The second he said, Nay;
The third said t'was an aged man
Whose beard was growing grey.
Then all three jovial Welshmen
Came riding home at last,
"For three days we have nothing killed
And never broke our fast!"
And a-hunting they did go.

25. JUST AS THE TIDE WAS A-FLOWING

Allegro ma non troppo

Key G. { m . r | d : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ | d : r | m }

{ m . r | d : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ | d : d | l₁ r : d . r }

1. One morn - ing in the month of May, When

{ m : s | m : d | l₁ : t₁ | l₁ d : m . r }

all the birds were sing - ing, And

{ d : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ | d : d | l₁ r : r }

ev - 'ry bush and ev - 'ry tree With

{ s : - . s | m : d | l₁ : t₁ | l₁ d : m }

mer - ry notes were ring - ing, I

{ s : s | l₁ : m | f : l | l₁ : s }

saw a love - ly la - dy stray A -

{ f : m | l₁ r : d | m : l₁ | l₁ : m . r }

cross the mead with dais - ies gay, And

{ d : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ | d : d | l₁ r : r }

soft - ly sang a round - e - lay. Just

{ s : - . s | m : d | l₁ : t₁ | l₁ d : m }

as the tide was a - flow - ing

- 2 And this the burden of her song
As through the wet grass straying:
"Alack, a sailor travels long
From home, his king obeying;
A sailor's wife at home must bide"—
She halted, heavily she sighed,
"He parted from me—me a bride,"
Just as the tide was a-flowing.
- 3 "The tide comes in, the tide goes out,
Twice every day returning,
And hope and sorrow, turn about,
Oppress my spirit yearning;
A hope deferred makes sick the heart,
My bosom ever feels a smart,
O when shall we two never part?"
Just as the tide was a-flowing.
- 4 Then lo! a boat towards her came,
A sailor hard was rowing;
The sun arose in sheets of flame,
And all the east was glowing.
"My husband! husband! back from sea!"
She cried, "he comes, he comes to me,"
And tears and pain together flee
Just as the tide was a-flowing.

26. THE MERRY HAYMAKERS

Allegro

Key D. *l* : *s* | *l* : *s* | *l* . *t* : *d*' | *s* : - *f* | *m* : *s* }

1. The gold - en sun is shin - ing bright, The

l : *s* | *m* : *r* | *d* : - | *s* : }

dew is off the field; To

l : *s* | *l* . *t* : *d*' | *l* : *s* | *m* : *s* }

us it is — our main de - light The

l : *s* | *m* : *r* . *d* | *s* : - | - }

fork and rake to — wield.

l : *s* | *l* : *s* | *l* : *r*' | *d*' : *t* | *l* : *s* }

The pipe and ta - bor both shall play, The

l : *s* | *d*' : *t* | *m* : *l* : - | *s* : }

vi - ols loud - ly ring, From

d : *r* | *m* : *d*' | *l* : *s* | *m* : *f* }

morn till eve each sum - mer day, As

m : *d* | *l* : *r* : *r* | *d* : - | - }

we go hay - mak - ing.

D. % & D. C.

- 2 As we, my boys, haymaking go,
All in the month of June,
Both Tom and Bet, and Jess and Joe,
Their happy hearts in tune.
O up come lusty Jack and Will,
With pitchfork and with rake,
And up come dainty Doll and Jill,
The sweet, sweet hay to make.
The pipe and tabor, etc.
- 3 O when the haysel all is done,
Then in the arish grass,
The lads shall have their fill of fun,
Each dancing with his lass.
The good old farmer and his wife
Shall bring the best of cheer,
I would it were, aye, odds my life!
Haymaking all the year.
The pipe and tabor, etc.

27. STRAWBERRY FAIR

Moderato

Key G. { s , d' | m' , d' . s' , t : d' , l . s , f | m . r : d' . }

{ s, | d . d : r , r . s, | d . d , d : r | r . s : r . s }

1 As I was go-ing to Straw-ber-ry Fair, Sing-ing, sing-ing,

{ m , f . m , r : d . s, s, | d . d : r . s, | d . d , d : r . m , f }

buttercups and dai-sies, I met a maid-en tak-ing her ware, Fol-de-

{ s : - . m | f . m : r . m | f . m , m : r . m }

dee! Her eyes were blue, and gold-en her hair, As

{ f . m : r . d | t, . l, l, s, | d . d : r . s }

she went on to Straw-ber-ry Fair, Ri - fol, Ri - fol,

D.C.

{ m , f . m , r : d . s, | d . d : r . s | m , d . r , t, : d }

Tol-de-rid-dle-i - do, Ri - fol, Ri - fol, Tol-de-rid-dle-dee.

2 "Kind sir, pray pick of my basket!" she said,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
"My cherries ripe, or my roses red,
Fol-de-dee!

My strawberries sweet, I can of them spare,
As I go on to Strawberry Fair."

Ri-fol, etc.

3 Your cherries soon will be wasted away,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
Your roses wither and never stay,
Fol-de-dee!

'Tis not to seek such perishing ware,
That I am tramping to Strawberry Fair.

Ri-fol, etc.

4 I want to purchase a generous heart,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
A tongue that is neither nimble nor tart.
Fol-de-dee!

An honest mind, but such trifles are rare,
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry Fair.

Ri-fol, etc.

5 The price I offer, my sweet pretty maid,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,
A ring of gold on your finger displayed,
Fol-de-fee!

So come, make over to me your ware
In church to-day at Strawberry Fair.

Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-li-do
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

28. SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN

Allegretto maestoso $\text{\$}$

Key G. $\{ d : m, f | s, : d \parallel d : m | m : d \}$

1. There came three kings from

$\{ t, : r | r : d | d : m | m : r | m : - | - : d \}$

out the West, Their vic - to - ry to try; And

$\{ d : m | m : r | d : t, | l, : s, | l, : r | r : d \}$

they have ta'en a sol - emn oath, Poor Bar - ley - corn should

$\{ t, : - | - | l, . s, | d : s, | s, : - | l, . s, | l, . t, | r : - \}$

die. With a Ri - fol - lol, riddle-diddle-dol,

D. \% *Fine*

$\{ d : m | r : m | d : - | : d \parallel : | : \}$

Ri - fol, ri - fol - dee. They

2 They took a plough and ploughed him in,
Clods harrowed on his head;
And then they took a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

3 There he lay sleeping in the ground
Till rain did on him fall;
Then Barleycorn sprang up his head,
And so amazed them all.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

4 There he remained till midsummer
And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard
And so became a man.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

5 Then they sent men with scythes so sharp
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor Johnny Barleycorn
They served most barbarouslie.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

6 Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
To pierce him through the heart;
And like a doleful tragedy
They bound him in a cart.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

7 And then they brought him to a barn
A prisoner to endure;
And next they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

8 Then they set men with holly clubs,
To beat the flesh from th' bones;
But the miller served him worse than that—
He grounded him 'twixt two stones.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

9 Oh! Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That e'er was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

10 It will make a boy into a man,
A man into an ass;
To silver it will change your gold,
Your silver into brass.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

11 Oh! Barleycorn is th' choicest grain
That e'er was sown on land.
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.
With a Ri-fol-lol, etc.

29. THE SIMPLE PLOUGHBOY

Moderato

Key C. { : m . f | s . l : s . m | r . , d : r . m | d : - . l | d }

1. O the Ploughboy was a-ploughing With his horses on the plain, And was
sing-ing of a song as on went he: "Since that
I have fall'n in love, If the pa-rents dis-ap-prove, 'Tis the
first thing that will send me to the sea, to the sea, 'Tis the
first thing that will send me to the sea."

D. %

2 When the parents came to know
That their daughter loved him so,
Then they sent a gang, and pressed him for the sea;
And they made of him a tar,
To be slain in cruel war;
Of the simple Ploughboy singing on the lea.

3 The maiden sore did grieve,
And without a word of leave,
From her father's house she fled secretlie,
In male attire dress'd,
With a star upon her breast,
All to seek her simple Ploughboy on the sea.

4 Then she went o'er hill and plain,
And she walked in wind and rain,
Till she came unto the brink of the blue sea.
Saying, "I am forced to rove,
For the loss of my true love,
Who is but a simple Ploughboy from the lea."

5 Now the first she did behold,
O it was a sailor bold,
"Have you seen my simple Ploughboy?" then said she.
"They have pressed him to the fleet,
Sent him tossing on the deep,
Who is but a simple Ploughboy from the lea."

6 Then she went to the Captain,
And to him she made complain,
"O a silly Ploughboy's run away from me!"
Then the Captain smiled and said,
"Why, sir! surely you're a maid!
So the Ploughboy I will render up to thee."

7 Then she pull-ed out a store
Of five hundred crowns and more,
And she strewed them on the deck, did she,
Then she took him by the hand,
And she rowed him to the land,
Where she wed the simple Ploughboy back from sea.

30. SWEET NIGHTINGALE

Allegro con grazia

Key G. { s₁ s₁ | d : d : s₁ | d : — || s₁ s₁ | d : d : s₁ }

1. My sweet-heart, come a -

long, Don't you hear the sweet song, The sweet

notes of the night - in - gale flow?

— Don't you hear the fond tale. Of the

sweet night-in - gale, As she sings in the val - leys be -

low? As she

sings in the val - leys be - low?

D. %

2 Pretty Betty, don't fail,
For I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your cot as we go;
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

3 Pray let me alone,
I have hands of my own,
Along with you, sir, I'll not go,
To hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

4 Pray sit yourself down
With me on the ground,
On this bank where the primroses grow,
You shall hear the fond tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
As she sings in the valleys below.

5 The couple agreed,
And were married with speed,
And soon to the church they did go;
No more is she afraid
For to walk in the shade,
Nor to sit in those valleys below.

31. THE FOX

Allegro moderato

Key A. { s₁ s₁ :s₁ l d :m₁ f₁ s₁ :— l }

{ :s₁ s₁ :s₁ l d :t₁ d r :t₁ l r :— s₁ }

1. The fox went out one win - ter night, And

{ l₁ :l₁ l f₁ :s₁ f₁ m₁ :s₁ l d :s₁ s₁ }

prayed the moon to — give him light, For he'd

{ d :d d l d :t₁ d r :t₁ d l r :r }

man - y a mile to — go that night, Be -

{ m :f l s :f m :r l d :— }

fore he reached his den, — oh!

{ d :— l s₁ :— m :— l d :s₁ s₁ }

Den, oh! Den, oh! For he'd

{ f :m m l r :d t₁ r :s₁ l s₁ :s₁ s₁ }

man - y a mile to — go that night, For he'd

{ s₁ :l₁ t₁ l d :t₁ d r :t₁ d l r :r }

man - y a mile to — go that night, Be -

{ m :f l s :f m :r l d :— }

fore he reached his den, — oh!

D. %

- 2 At last he came to a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese were all afar'd.
"The best of you all shall grease my beard,
Before I leave the town, oh!
Town, oh! Town, oh!
The best of you all," etc.
- 3 He took the grey goose by the neck,
He laid a duck across his back,
And heeded not their quack! quack! quack!
The legs all dangling down, oh!
Down oh! Down oh!
And heeded not their, etc.
- 4 Then old mother Slipper Slopper jump'd out of bed
And out of the window she popt her head,
Crying, "Oh! John, John! the grey goose is dead,
And the fox is over the down, oh!"
Down, oh! Down, oh!
Crying, "Oh! John, John!" etc.
- 5 Then John got up to the top o' the hill,
And blew his horn both loud and shrill,
"Blow on," said Reynard, "your music still,
Whilst I trot home to my den, oh!"
Den, oh! Den, oh!
"Blow on," said Reynard, etc.
- 6 At last he came to his cosy den,
Where sat his young ones, nine or ten,
Quoth they, "Daddy, you must go there again,
For sure 'tis a lucky town, oh!"
Town, oh! Town, oh!
Quoth they, "Daddy," etc.
- 7 The fox and wife, without any strife,
They cut up the goose without fork or knife,
And said, 'twas the best they had eat in their life,
And the young ones pick'd the bones, oh!
Bones, oh! Bones, oh!
And said, 'twas the best, etc.

32. THE COUNTRY FARMER'S SON

Allegro con spirito

Key G. *f* *s* *d* *d* *lr* *m* *f* *s* *l* *s* *f*

1. I would not be a mon - arch great, With

s *s* *lf* *r* *d* *l* *s*

crown up - on my head, And

d *d* *lr* *d* *t* *d* *l* *s* *m* *f*

earls to wait up - on my state, In

s *s* *lf* *r* *d* *l* *m*

broi - dered robes of red. For

m *f* *ls* *s* *m* *f* *f* *ls* *s*

he must bear full man - y a care, His

f *m* *lr* *d* *s* *l* *s*

toil is nev - er done; 'Tis

d *d* *lr* *d* *t* *d* *l* *ls* *m* *f*

bet - ter I trow be - hind the plough, 'Tis

s *s* *s* *l* *l* *s* *f* *m* *lr* *s*

bet - ter I trow be - hind the plough, A

d *d* *lr* *f* *r* *t* *d* *l*

Coun - try Farm - er's son.

2 I would not be a merchant rich,
And eat off silver plate,
And ever dread, when laid abed,
Some freakish turn of fate:
One day on high, then ruin nigh,
Now wealthy, now undone;
'Tis better for me at ease to be
A Country Farmer's Son.

3 I trudge about the farm all day,
To know that all things thrive;
A maid I see that pleaseth me,
Why then I'm fain to wive.
Not over rich, I do not itch
For wealth, but what is won
By honest toil from out of the soil,
A Country Farmer's Son.

33. THE CUCKOO

Con grazia

Key E. { :s₁ | d :— .r :m .f | s :— |— :f | d :— .r | d :t₁ | d :— |— }

1. The cuc - koo is a pret - ty bird, She

{ :s₁ | d :d | d .r :m .f | s :— |— :d }

sing - eth as she flies; She

{ l :— .l | l :t | d' :s |— :s }

bring - eth us good tid - ings, She

{ f :— .m | f :s | m :— |— :s }

tell - eth us no lies; She

{ l :— .l | l :t | d' :s |— :s }

suck - eth all sweet flow - ers To

{ s :f | s :l | s :— |— :s₁ }

keep her throt - tle clear, And

{ d :— .r | m :f | s :l | s : }

ev - 'ry time she sing - eth

{ d' :s | : | d' :s | : }

Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo,

{ d' :s |— :s₁ | d :d | d :d | d :— |— }

Cuc - koo, The sum - mer draw - eth near. *D. %*

2 The cuckoo is a giddy bird,
No other is as she,
That flits across the meadow,
That sings in every tree.
A nest she never buildeth,
A vagrant she doth roam!
Her music is but tearful—
Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!
"I nowhere have a home."

3 The cuckoo is a witty bird,
Arriving with the spring.
When summer suns are waning
She spreadeth wide her wing.
She flies th' approaching winter,
She hates the rain and snow;
Like her, I would be singing,
Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo!
And off with her I'd go!

34. THE JOLLY WAGGONER

Con spirito

Key E. { d d l : s f m ., r : d . t, d ., r : m f e }

1. When first I went a - wag - gon - ing, A - wag - gon - ing did

{ s : - . s m ., m : r m f . m : r l }

go, I filled my pa - rents' hearts with grief, With

{ l . s : m . d r : - . s l ., s : f . l }

sor - row, care, and woe; And ma - ny are the

{ s ., f : m . s f . m : r . d d . t, : l, . s, }

hard - ships that I have since gone through. — Sing

{ d ., t, : d . l, r : - . r m ., r : m . d }

wo! my lads, sing wo! Drive on, my lads, I -

{ s : - . s d' ., t : d' . l s ., l : s . f }

ho! Who would not lead the stir - ring life We

{ m . d : r , r . t, d : - . s, d ., t, : d . l, }

jol - ly wag - gon - ers do? Sing wo! my lads, sing

{ r : - . r m ., r : m . d s : - . s }

wo! Drive on, my lads, I - ho! Who

D. C.

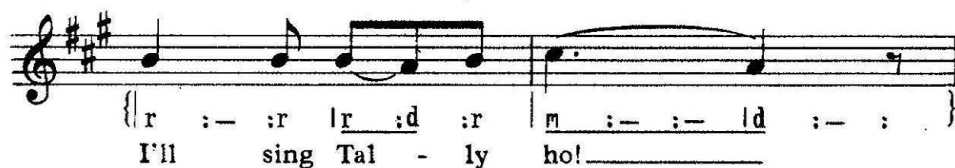
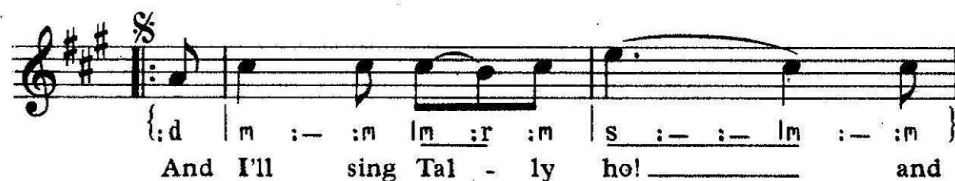
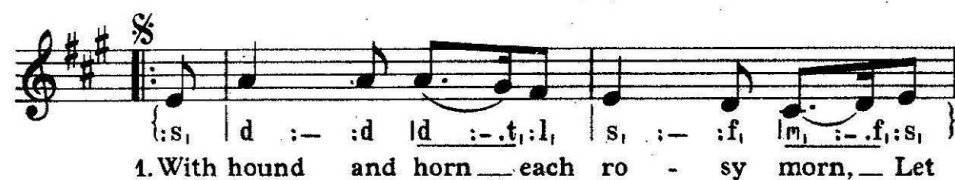
{ d' ., t : d' . l s ., l : s . f m . d : r , r . t, d : - . }

would not lead the stir - ring life We jol - ly waggoners do?

- 2 Upon a cold and stormy night
When wetted to the skin,
I bear it with a contented heart,
Until I reach the inn,
And then we sit about the fire,
With landlord and his kin.
Sing wo! etc.
- 3 Now summer is a-coming on,
What pleasures shall we see!
The merry finch is twittering
On every greenwood tree;
The blackbird and the thrushes too
Are whistling merrily.
Sing wo! etc.
- 4 When Michaelmas is coming on,
We'll pleasure also find,
We'll make the gold to fly, my boys,
Like chaff before the wind,
And every lad will home return,
To wife and children kind.
Sing wo! etc.

35. LET BUCKS A-HUNTING GO

Vivace



- 2 Were she my wife, how sweet my life,
In station high or low.
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
Midst war's alarms, her sweetness charms;
And I'll sing Tally ho!
And I'll sing Tally ho! I'll sing Tally ho!
Midst war's alarms, etc.

- 3 On hearth or warren, though ne'er so barren,
With her 'twould fruitful grow.
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
Make vi'lets spring, all verdure bring;
And I'll sing Tally ho!
And I'll sing Tally ho! etc.

- 4 How sweet my lot, my homely cot,
There's none but I can know.
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
All my fancy dwells with Nancy,
And I'll sing Tally ho!
And I'll sing Tally ho! etc.

- 5 The music of her voice, I'm sure,
Would charm poor Reynard's woe.
And I'll sing Tally ho! and I'll sing Tally ho!
On May-day seen, my girl in green,
When I sing Tally ho!
When I sing Tally ho! etc.

36. THE EVENING PRAYER

Andante serioso

Key F. Phrygian Mode

1. Mat - thew, Mark, and Luke and John, —

Bless the bed that I lie on.

Four an - gels to my bed, —

Two to bot - tom, two to head,

Two to hear me when I pray,

Two to bear my soul a - way.

2 Monday morn the week begin,
Christ deliver our souls from sin.
Tuesday morn, nor curse, nor swear,
Christes Body that will tear.
Wednesday, middle of the week,
Woe to the soul Christ does not seek.

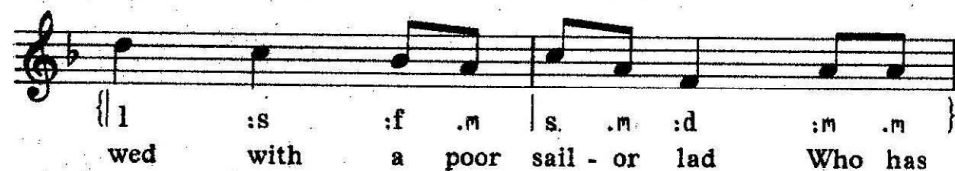
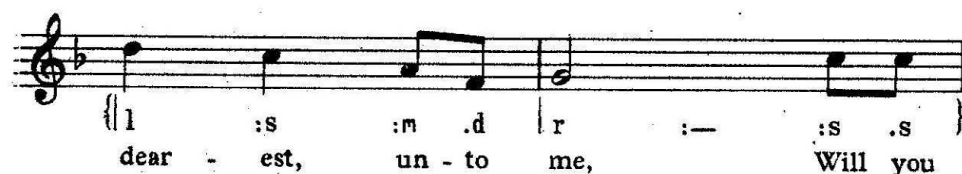
3 Thursday morn, Saint Peter wrote,
Joy to the soul that heaven hath bote.*
Friday Christ died on the tree
To save other men as well as me.
Saturday, sure, the evening dead,
Sunday morn, the Book's outspread.

4 God is the branch and I the flower,
Pray God send me a blessed hour.
I go to bed, some sleep to take,
The Lord, He knows if I shall wake.
Sleep I ever, sleep I never,
God receive my soul for ever.

*bote = bid for

37. THE SAUCY SAILOR

Andante



2 "O indeed! I'll have no sailor,
For he's dirty, smells of tar;
You are ragged, you are saucy,
Get you gone, you Jacky Tar!"

3 "If I'm dirty, if I'm ragged,
If, may be, of tar I smell,
Yet I've silver in my pocket,
And a store of gold as well."

4 When she heard him thus address her,
Down upon her knees she fell,
Saying, "Ragged, dirty sailors,
I love more than words can tell."

5 "Do you take me to be foolish?
Do you think that I am mad?
That I'd wed the like of you, miss,
When there's others to be had?"

6 "No! I'll cross the briny ocean,
No! my boat shall spread her wing;
You refused me, ragged, dirty,
Not for you the wedding ring."

38. THE LOYAL LOVER

Allegretto grazioso

Lah is G. m | l₁ :- .t₁ | d :t₁ | l₁ :- |

1. I'll weave my love a gar - land, It

|| d :- .r | t₁ :d | l₁ :- | l₁ :t₁ |

shall be dress'd so fine; I'll

|| m₁ :- .f₁ | m₁ :r₁ | m₁ :- | l₁ :t₁ |

set it round with ros - es, With

|| m :- .t₁ | r :d .t₁ | l₁ :- | l₁ :t₁ |

li - lies, pinks, and - thyme. And

|| t₁ :- .d | r :m | d :- .t | l₁ :l₁ |

I'll pre - sent it to my love When

se, :- .l₁ | t₁ :d | l₁ :- | l₁ :l₁ |

he comes back from sea, For I

|| m₁ :- .f₁ | m₁ :r₁ | m₁ :- | m₁ :l₁ | t₁ |

love my love, and I love my love, Be -

|| m :- .t₁ | r :d .t₁ | l₁ :- | l₁ :t₁ |

cause my love loves - me. *D. %*

2 I wish I were an arrow,
That sped into the air,
I'd seek him as a sparrow;
And, if he were not there,
Then quickly I'd become a fish,
To search the raging sea,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.

3 I would I were a reaper,
I'd seek him in the corn;
I would I were a keeper,
I'd hunt him with my horn.
I'd blow a blast, when found at last,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
For I love my love, and I love my love,
Because my love loves me.

39. OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD BOUND

Allegro moderato

Key E. *f m r m f* *ls :d'* *r :- d d*

ls .f m .r m f *ls :f .m* *r :d ld :s*

1. To — Kath-er-ine Docks we'll bid a - dieu, To

l :- f ld' :t .l *l :s ls :s*

sau - cy Poll and — love - ly Sue; Our

lf :f lf :l .f *m :m lm :s*

an - chor's weigh'd, our — sails un - furl'd, We're

ld' :s lf .m :r .d *m :r ld*

bound to plough the — wat - 'ry world.

ls, .s, d :- .d lt, :r

For the seas we're out - ward

ld :m ls :d' .t *l :- f ls :s*

bound, my boys, For the seas we're out - ward

ld :- l — :s, .s, d :- .d lt, :r

bound, For the seas we're out - ward

ld :m ls :d' .t *l :- f ls :s d :- l —*

bound, my boys, For the seas we're out - ward bound. *D. %*

- 2 Then when we come to Malabar,
Or any port that is so far,
Our thund'ring cannons we'll let fly,
And send our foes right through the sky;
For the seas we're *outward* bound, my boys.
- 3 Some Russian ship we'll take in tow
And to old England speedy go,
The steady breeze our sails will fill,
And every Jack shall meet his Jill.
From the seas we're *homeward* bound, my boys, etc.
- 4 When we return to Poll and Sue,
To all good friends in London too,
Our pockets will with gold be lined,
And all our troubles left behind.
From the seas we're *homeward* bound, my boys, etc.
- 5 Our hands and hearts to all men free,
We'll dance our kiddies on our knee,
And give th' old girl a hearty smack;
She'll say, "You are a saucy Jack!"
From the seas we're *homeward* bound, my boys, etc.

40. THE DARK-EYED SAILOR

Allegretto

Key F { .d | d .m :m :r .m | f .s :m :m ||

§

{ .d | d .m :m :r .m | l, .l, :l, :— .s, }

1. 'Tis of a come - ly young maid-en fair Was

{ d .m :s :l .s | m .s :m :l }

walk - ing out for to take the air; She

{ s .m :d :t, .d | r .m :f :m .r }

met a sail - or up - on the way, So I

rall a tempo

{ m .l, :l, .s, :d .,r | m .f .s :l .s :l .f ||

paid at - ten - tion, So I paid at - ten - tion to

D. §

{ Two-pulse meas. m .,r :d .t, | d :— ||

hear what they would say.

- 2 "Why are you walking," he said, "alone;
The night is coming, the day is done?"
O then her tears they began to flow,
"For a dark-eyed sailor am I so full of woe."
- 3 "Three years are pass'd since he left the land;
A ring of gold he took off his hand,
He broke the token, gave half to me,
But the other half now is beneath the sea."
- 4 "O drive him, maiden, from out your mind,
For men are changeful as is the wind,
And love inconstant and cold will grow
As the wintry landscape that is white with snow."
- 5 "O no!" she answered, "that cannot be;
I loved my William and he loved me;
A broken token and a broken heart
They are mine, and never from this I'll part!"
- 6 Then half the ring did the sailor show;
She was distraught between joy and woe.
"O welcome, William! I've lands and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor, so manly and so bold!"

41. NEAR LONDON TOWN

Allegretto con grazia

Musical score for "Near London Town" in G major, 4/4 time. The tempo is "Allegretto con grazia". The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Lah is E. d r m l s m r d t d l", "d r m l s m f m r d m f", "1. Near Lon - don town there grows a flow'r, The", "m r d t l l se m f", "fair - est to be seen. It", "s l s f m r d r m f", "grow - eth by a pleas - ant bow'r Near", "m r d t l l se l t l l f", "by a pleas - ant green."

2 This lovely flower, this lovely flower,
It smells so sweet and rare,
The fragrance of it is perfect,
To drive away dull care.

3 Now oftentimes have I desired
That flower for my parterre,
But round it groweth many a thorn,
Who draweth near beware!

4 But if I could, O then I would
Tear all those briars away;
I'd keep it from the nipping frost,
From scorching sun by day.

5 Did e'er you see the lily white?
Did e'er you see the rose?
The violet or the pansy bright?
Sure she is none of those.

6 The auricula and tulip too,
So glorious to behold,
The cowslip and the bell of blue,
And eke the marigold.

7 Alas for every flower fair!
The wintry winds will blow;
The biting frost will chill the air,
And bury all in snow.

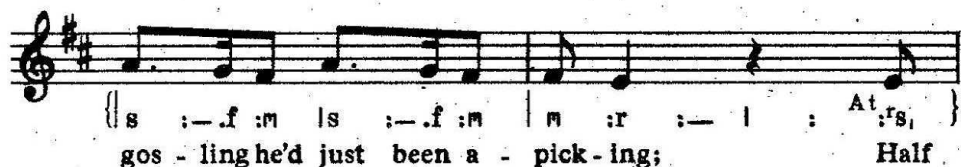
8 And my fair flower will fade away,
Her bed a grave will prove,
For all things have but little stay,
Those least that most we love.

42. SLY REYNARD

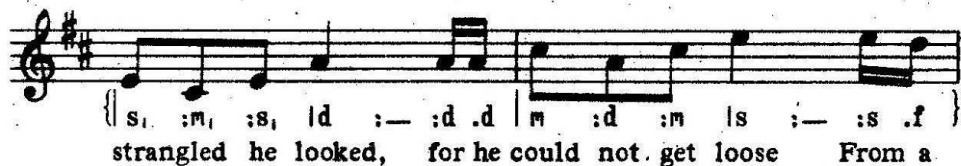
Moderato



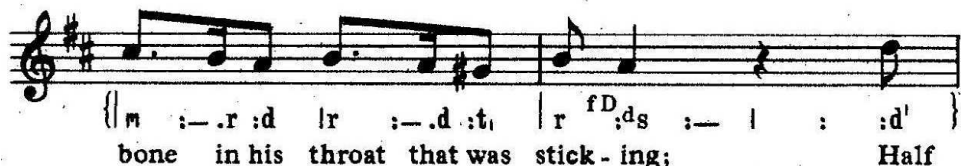
1. Sly Reynard look'd forth from a farm-er's hen-roost, Where a



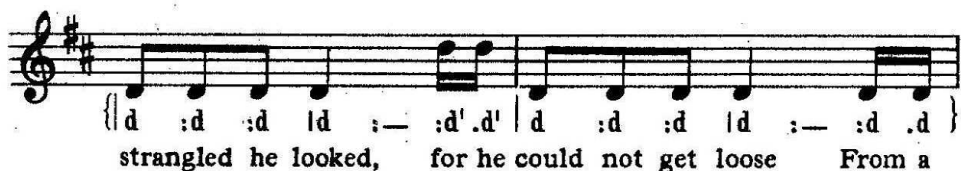
gos - ling he'd just been a - pick - ing; Half



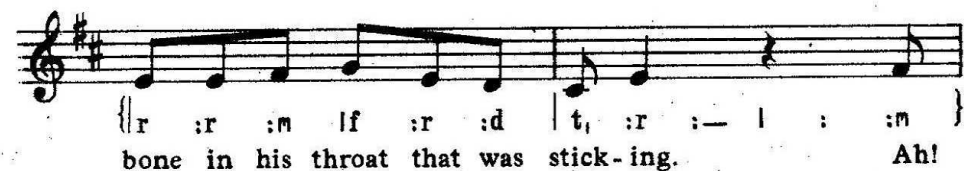
strangled he looked, for he could not get loose From a



bone in his throat that was stick - ing; Half



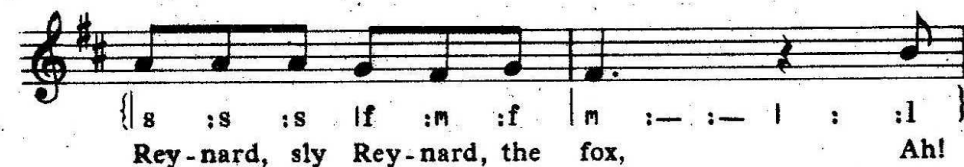
strangled he looked, for he could not get loose From a



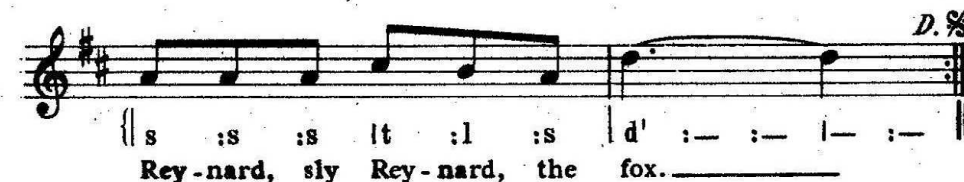
bone in his throat that was stick - ing. Ah!



Rey - nard, sly Rey - nard, Ah!



Rey - nard, sly Rey - nard, the fox, Ah!



Rey - nard, sly Rey - nard, the fox. D. %

- 2 He twisted his jaws, his eyes rolled about,
Like a frog in a quinzey he croaked too.
"Will no good-natured bird," said he, "pull the bone out?"
"Twas a flock of poor geese that he spoke to.
Ah! Reynard, etc.
- 3 A gander advanced, once the pride of the flock,
No friend had he near to remind him;
He put his long neck down the throat of the fox
But left his poor head there behind him.
Ah! Reynard, etc.

43. A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

Moderato

Key C. { :s | d' :— :s | s :— :f | m :— :r | d :— : }
1. A Frog he would a - woo - ing go,

{ d' :— :— | m' :— :d' | t :r' :— | :— :t }
Heigh - ho, says Ro - ley. A

{ l :— :l | d' :t :l | s :— :f | m :— :— }
Frog he would a - woo - ing go,

{ l :l :l | d' :t :l | s :l :f | m :— :m .m }
Whether his mother would let him or no, With a

{ f :— :l | m :— :s | r :m :f | s :l :t }
Ro - ley, Po - ley, Gam-mon and Spi-nach, Heigh-

{ d' :— :s | s :l :f | m :— :— | d :— || }
ho, says An - tho - ny Ro - ley.

- 2 He saddled and bridled a great black snail,
And rode between the horns and the tail.
- 3 So off he set with his opera hat,
And on the way he met with a rat.
- 4 They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
And there they both did knock and call.
- 5 "Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"Oh yes, sir, here I sit and spin."
- 6 Then Mrs. Mouse she did come down
All smartly dresst in a russet gown.
- 7 "Pray, Mrs. Mouse, can you give us some beer
That froggy and I may have good cheer?"
- 8 She had not been sitting long to spin,
When the cat and the kittens came tumbling in.
- 9 The cat she seiz'd Master Rat by the crown,
The kitten she pulled Miss Mousey down.
- 10 This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
He took up his hat and he wished them "Good night."
- 11 And as he was passing over the brook
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.
- 12 So there's an end of one, two, and three,
The Rat, the Mouse, and little Froggy.

44. THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

Con spirito

3 meas.
Lah is C. { Instrumental m; - : m; - : l; - : - : - : - : - : - : }

§
{ : l; | l; - : d | m; - : d | f; - : r | d; - : - : }

1. There was a frog liv'd in a well,

{ l; - : l; | l; : t; : d | t; - : l; | l; - : l; }

Whip - see did - dle dee dan - dy dee. There

{ l; - : d | m; - : d | f; - : r | d; - : - : }

was a mouse liv'd in a mill,

{ l; - : l; | l; : t; : d | t; - : l; | l; - : l; }

Whip - see did - dle dee dan - dy dee. This

{ l; - : l; | l; - : m; | l; - : l; | l; - : m; }

frog he would a - woo - ing ride, With

{ l; - : l; | l; - : m; | l; - : l; | l; - : m; }

sword and buck - ler by his side. With a

{ f; - : m; | f; - : m; | f; : f; : m; | f; - : s }

har - um scar - um did - dle dum da - rum,

D. §
{ l; - : l; | l; : t; : d | t; - : l; | l; - : }

Whip - see did - dle dee dan - dy dee.

- 2 He rode till he came to Mouse's Hall,
Where he most tenderly did call:
"Oh! Mistress Mouse, are you at home?
And if you are, oh pray come down."
- 3 "My uncle rat is not at home,
I dare not for my life come down."
Then uncle rat he soon comes home,
"And who's been here since I've been gone?"
- 4 "Here's been a fine young gentleman,
Who swears he'll have me if he can."
Then uncle rat gave his consent,
And made a handsome settlement.
- 5 Four partridge pies with season made
Two potted larks and marmalade,
Four woodcocks and a venison pie,
I would that at that feast were I!

45. THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PEDLAR

Moderato

Key D. { d d . r : m . f l s : s . s d' : d' l l : — }

1. There was an old — wo - man as I've heard tell,

{ s : — l m : — r . d : r . m l d : — }

Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la!

{ d . r : m . f l s : s . s d' : d' d' l l : — }

She — went to mar - ket her eggs for to sell,

{ s : — l m : — r . d : r . m l d : — }

Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la!

{ d' : d' d' l d : d . d d' : d' l d : — }

She went to mar - ket as I've heard say,

{ d' : — l t : — l . s : l . t l s : — }

Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la!

{ d . r : m . f l s : s . s d' : d' l l : — }

She — fell a - sleep on the King's high - way,

D. %

{ s : — l m : — r . d : r . m l d : — }

Fal lal, lal lal lal lal la!

- 2 There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
Fal lal, etc.
He cut her petticoats round about;
Fal lal, etc.
He cut her petticoats up to the knees
Fal lal, etc.
Which made the old woman to shiver and sneeze,
Fal lal, etc.
- 3 When this little woman did first wake,
Fal lal, etc.
She began to shiver and began to shake;
Fal lal, etc.
She began to wonder, she began to cry,
Fal lal, etc.
"Oh! deary me, this can never be I!"
Fal lal, etc.
- 4 "But if it be I, as I hope it be,
Fal lal, etc.
I've a doggie at home that I'm sure knows me,
Fal lal, etc.
And if it be I, he will wag his tail,
Fal lal, etc.
And if it's not I, he will bark and wail."
Fal lal, etc.
- 5 Home went the old woman all in the dark,
Fal lal, etc.
Then up got her dog and began to bark,
Fal lal, etc.
He began to bark; she began to cry,
Fal lal, etc.
"Deary me, dear! this is none of I!"
Fal lal, etc.

46. THIS OLD MAN

Moderato

Key F. || s .m :s | s .m :s |

1. This old man, he played one,

|| l .s :f .m | r .m :f |

He played nick nack on my drum;

|| s .d :d ,d .d | d ,r .m ,f :s |

Nick nack pad-dy whack, give a dog a bone,

|| s .r :r .f | m .r :d |

This old man came roll - ing home.

2 This old man, he played two,
He played nick nack on my shoe;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

3 This old man, he played three,
He played nick nack on my tree;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

4 This old man, he played four,
He played nick nack on my door;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

5 This old man, he played five,
He played nick nack on my hive;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

6 This old man, he played six,
He played nick nack on my sticks;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

7 This old man, he played seven,
He played nick nack on my Devon;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.


8 This old man, he played eight,
He played nick nack on my gate;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

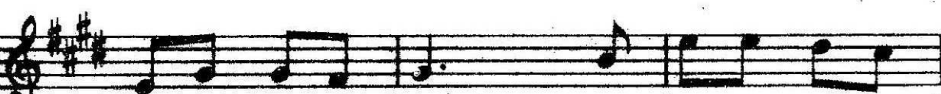
9 This old man, he played nine,
He played nick nack on my line,
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.


10 This old man, he played ten,
He played nick nack on my hen;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

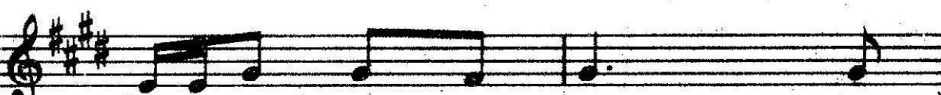
47. COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!


Allegretto


Key E. 
 1. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My


 dame has lost her shoe! My mas-ter's lost his


 fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do, And


 does-n't know what to do, And


 doesn't know what to do, My mas-ter's lost his


 fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do.

2 Cock-a-doodle-doo!

What is my dame to do?

Till master's found his fiddling stick,

She'll dance without her shoe.

3 Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame has found her shoe,

And master's found his fiddling stick,

Sing doodle doodle doo!

4 Cook-a-doodle-doo!

May dame will dance with you,

While master fiddles his fiddling stick,

For dame and doodle doo!

48. THE CARRION CROW

Moderato

Key Bb { :s₁ | d :d | s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :l₁ | s₁ :— }

1. A car - rion crow sat on an oak;

{ d :d .d | r :d .r | m :d | : }

Hey der-ry down der-ry di - do!

{ d :d .d | s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :l₁ .l₁ | s₁ :— }

Watch - ing a tail - or mend - ing his cloak;

{ d :— | s₁ :— .f₁ | m₁ .f₁ :s₁ | d₁ :— }

Caw! caw! the car-ri-on crow,

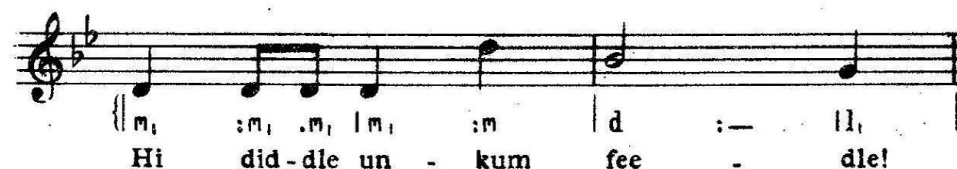
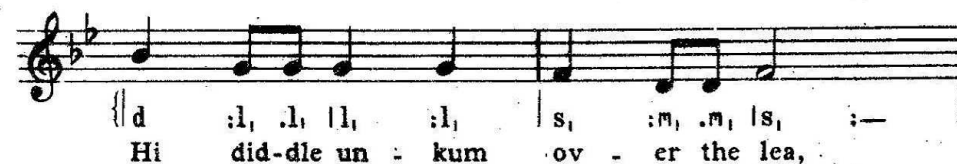
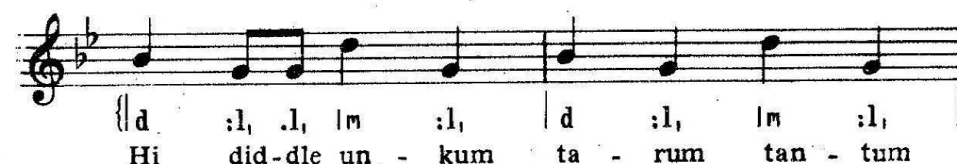
{ d :d .d | r :d .r | m :d | : }

Hey der-ry down der-ry di - do!

- 2 O wife, O wife, bring here my bow;
Hey derry down derry dido!
That I may shoot this carrion crow;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!
- 3 The tailor he fired, but missed his mark;
Hey derry down derry dido!
For he shot his old sow right bang through the heart;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!
- 4 O wife, O wife, bring brandy in a spoon;
Hey derry down derry dido;
For our old sow is down in a swoon;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!
- 5 The old sow died, and the bell did toll;
Hey derry down derry dido!
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul;
Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
Hey derry down derry dido!

49. THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE

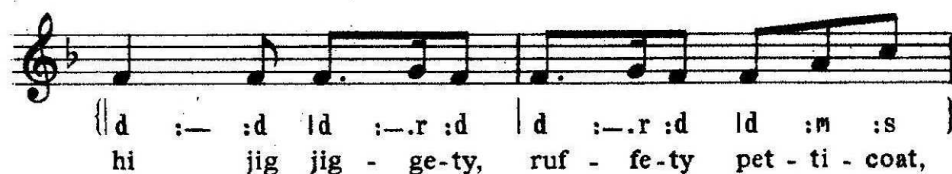
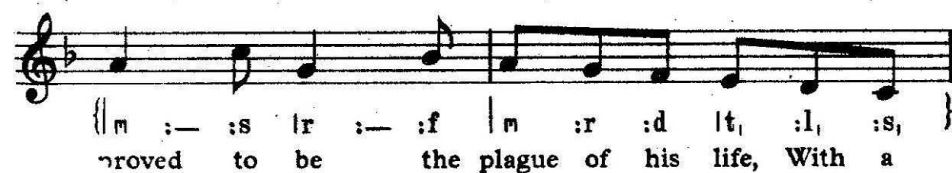
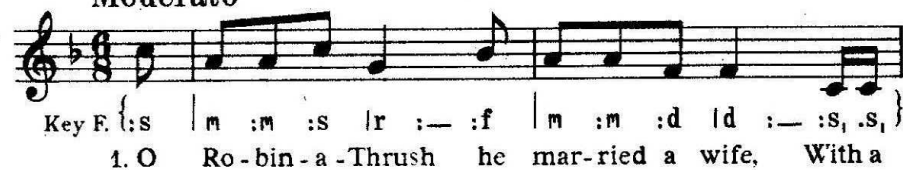
Allegretto



- 2 The tailor thought the mouse was ill;
 Hi diddle unkum feedle!
 He gave him part of a blue pill,
 Hi diddle unkum feedle!
- 3 The tailor thought his mouse would die;
 He baked him in an apple pie.
- 4 The pie was cut, the mouse ran out,
 The tailor followed him all about.
- 5 The tailor found his mouse was dead,
 So he caught another in his stead.

50. ROBIN-A-THRUSH

Moderato



2 She never gets up till twelve o'clock,
Puts on her gown and above it her smock.

3 She sweeps the house but once a year!
The reason is that the brooms are dear.

4 She milks her cows but once a week,
And that's what makes her butter sweet.

5 The butter she made in an old man's boot;
For want of a churn she clapp'd in her foot.

6 Her cheese when made was put on the shelf,
And it never was turned till it turned of itself.

7 It turned and turned till it walked on the floor,
It stood upon legs and walked to the door.

8 It walked till it came to Banbury Fair;
The dame followed after upon a grey mare.

9 This song it was made for gentlemen,
If you want any more you must sing it again.

51. ONE MICHAELMAS MORN

Andante



Key F. { :s₁ | s₁ :d :d | d :— :d | d :m :s | s :f :m }

1. One Mi-chael-mas morn I woke in a fright, I



{ | d :d :d | s₁ :— :s₁ | s₁ :l :t | d :— :m }

rose in the dawn be - fore it was light, I



{ | s :m :s | l :— :s | f :m :f | s :— :s }

rose in the dawn be - fore it was light, I



{ | l :t :l | s :m :d | s₁ :l :t | d :— || }

rose in the dawn— be - fore it was light.

2 I sat myself down the world to admire,
And saw the ripe blackberries on the green briar,
And saw, etc.

3 And when I walked further, I chanc-ed to see
A cow and a pretty maid under a tree,
A cow, etc.

4 I stepp'd to the damsel and to her said I,
"A penn'orth of milk, if you please, for I'm dry,"
A penn'orth of milk, etc.

5 "Look yonder," she answered, "the cow with black tail
Has spilt all the milk and kicked over the pail,"
Has spilt all the milk, etc.

52. THE FOOLISH BOY

Moderato



Key Eb { :d :s₁ } | d :d' | s :l .s | f .m :r .m | d :d' }

1. My fath - er died and I can-not tell how, He



{ | r :r .r | r .l :s .f | f .m :r .d | d .t₁ | :l₁ .r₁ }

left me six hors - es to fol - low the plough. With a



{ | d :d' | { | d .s :s₁ | d .s₁ :s₁ } | d :d' .d' | s .m :m }

wing - wang - wad-dle, O! Jack sold his sad-dle O!



{ | l .f :r | s .m :d | r :d .t₁ | d }

Blas-sy boys, bub-ble O! un - der the broom.

2 I sold my six horses and bought me a cow,
I'd fain have a fortune, but didn't know how.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! etc.

3 I sold my cow and bought me a calf,
I'd fain have a fortune, but I lost a half.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! etc.

4 I sold my calf and I bought me a cat;
The pretty thing by my chimney sat.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! etc.

5 I sold my cat and I bought me a mouse;
He fired his tail and he burnt down my house.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! etc.

6 I have nothing to buy, and I've nothing to sell,
And how I shall live, I am sure I cannot tell.
With a wing-wang-waddle, O! etc.

53. MOWING THE BARLEY

Allegretto e grazioso

Key C: S | 1 :— :s | 1 :— :s | 1 :— :s | 1 :— :s |

1. A Law - yer he went out one day, A -

| m' :— :r' | d' :— :t | 1 :— :— | s :— :s |

for to take his plea - sure, And

| f :f :f | l :— :f :f | m :m :m | s :— :m |

who should he spy but some fair pret - ty maid, So

| d :— :m | s :— :m | r :— :— | d :— :s |

hand - some and so clev - er. Where

| 1 :— :s | l :l :s | 1 :l :s | l :— :s |

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

| m' :— :r' | d' :d' :t | 1 :— :— | s :— :s :s |

are you go - ing, my hon - ey? Go-ing

| f :f :f | l :— :f | m :— :m | s :— :m :m | d :d :m | s :s :m |

ov - er the hills, kind sir, she said, To my fa - ther a - mow - ing the

3

| r :— :— | d :— :— : | 3 meas. Instrumental | : : | : : |

bar - ley.

- 2 The Lawyer, he went out next day,
A-thinking for to view her;
But she gave him the slip and away she went,
All over the hills to her father.
Where are you going to? etc.
- 3 This Lawyer had a useful nag,
And soon he overtook her;
He caught her around the middle so small,
And on his horse he placed her.
Where are you going to? etc.
- 4 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.
- 5 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, my pretty maid?
Where are you going, my honey?
Going over the hills, kind sir, she said,
To my father a-mowing the barley.

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