

2ND AND REVISED EDITION.

Songs of the West

*Traditional Ballads & Songs
of the West of England.*

Collected by

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

AND

REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

Arranged for Voice & Piano

BY THE REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

PART 2,

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LONDON:

METHUEN AND CO., 18, BURY STREET, W.C.

&
PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

SONGS AND BALLADS

OF

THE WEST.

A Collection made from the Mouths of the People.

BY THE

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HARMONISED AND ARRANGED FOR

VOICE AND PIANOFORTE.

By the Rev. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

TO BE COMPLETED IN FOUR PARTS.

Price Three Shillings each.

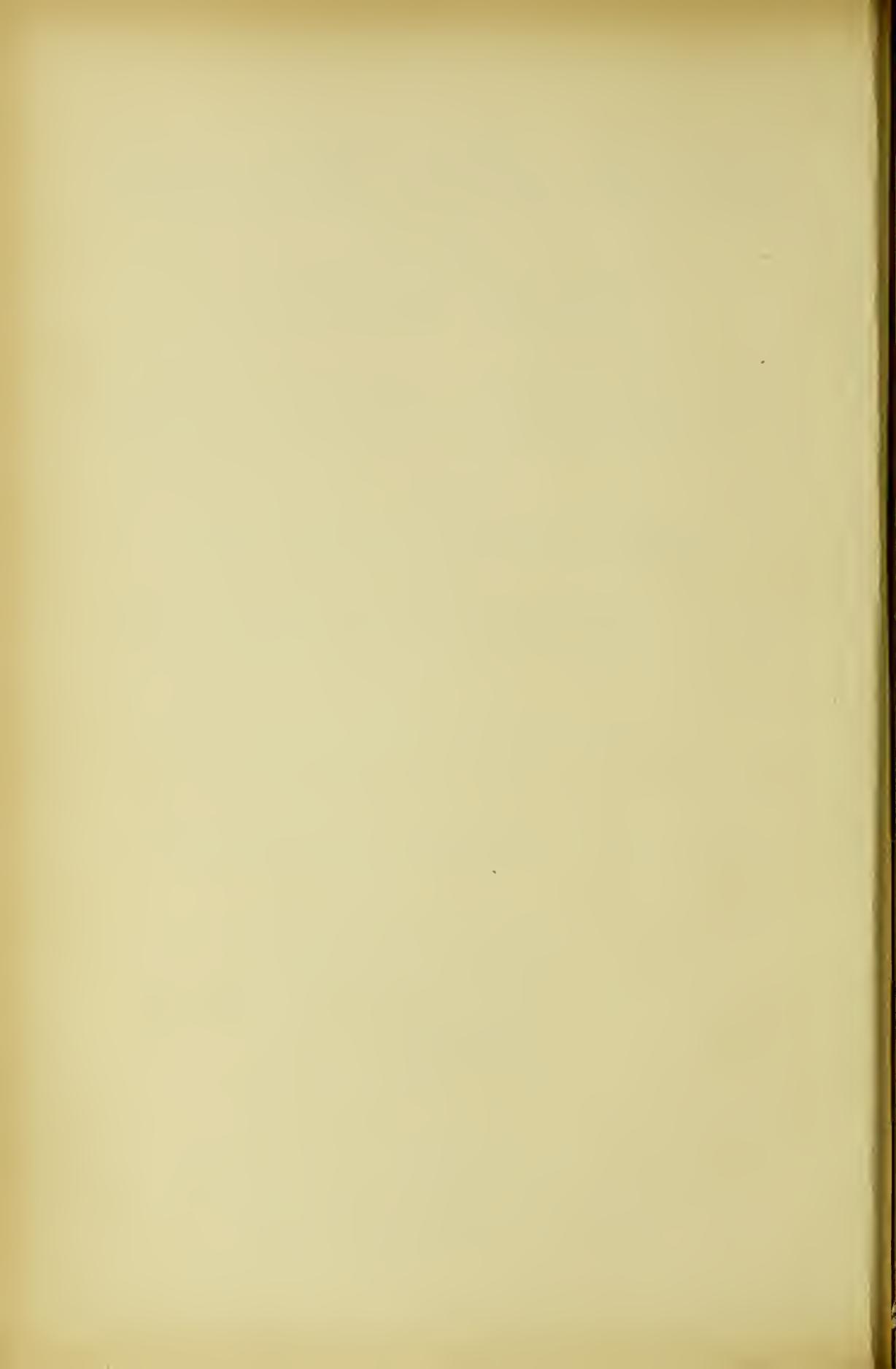
PART II.

London :

METHUEN & Co., 18, BURY STREET, W.C.,

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DEDICATED TO
D. RADFORD, Esq., J.P.,
OF MOUNT TAVY,
TAVISTOCK,
AT WHOSE HOSPITABLE TABLE THE IDEA OF
MAKING THIS COLLECTION WAS
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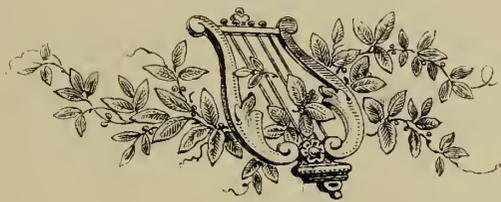
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THE HEARTY GOOD FELLOW.

No 26.

H. F. S.

Cheerfully ♩=112

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

I sad-dled my horse and a - way I did ride Till I came to an ale-house hard

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

by the roadside I call'd for a pot of ale frothing and brown And close by the fireside I

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Repeat in Chorus.

sat myself down Singing Tol de rol lol de rol lol de rol dee And

Musical notation for the chorus section, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords.

rall:
I in my pock - et had one pen - ny. *Tempo*

Musical notation for the final line of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *rall:* marking and a *Tempo* marking.

I saddled my horse, and away I did ride
 Till I came to an ale-house hard by the road-side,
 I call'd for a pot of ale frothing and brown,
 And close by the fireside I sat myself down,
 Singing, Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!
 And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.
 CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

2

I saw there two gentlemen playing at dice,
 They took me to be some nobleman nice.
 With my swagger, and rapier, and countenance bold,
 They thought that my pockets were well lined with gold,
 Singing, Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!
 And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.
 CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

3

"A hearty good fellow," they said, "loveth play?"
 "That lies with the stakes, pretty sirs, that you lay?"
 Then one said "A guinea;" but I said "Five Pound,"
 The bet it was taken — no money laid down,
 Singing, Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!
 And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.
 CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

4

I took up the dice, and I threw them the main,
 It was very good fortune, that evening; to gain;
 If they had a won, sirs, there'd been a loud curse
 When I threw in naught save a moneyless purse
 Singing Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!
 And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.
 CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

5

Was ever a mortal a quarter as glad,
 With the little of money at first that I had!
 A hearty good fellow, as most men opine
 I am; so my neighbours pray pour out the wine,
 Singing Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!
 And I in my pocket had FIVE POUNDS, free.
 CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

6

I tarried all night, and I parted next day,
 Thinks I to myself, I'll be jogging away!
 I asked of the landlady what was my bill,
 "O naught save a kiss of your lips, if you will!"
 Singing Tol de rol lol de rol Tol-de-rol dee!
 And I in my pocket had FIVE POUNDS free.
 CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol Tol-de-rol-dee!
 And I in my pocket had FIVE POUNDS, free.

THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

No 27. ♩ = 168

H. F. S.

With expression

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Be - side the roll - ing o - - cean One

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part includes a prominent eighth-note pattern.

morning in the mouth of June The feathered warbling songs - ters, Were sweetly changing

The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its rhythmic accompaniment.

note and tune; I o - ver heard a damsel fair Com - plain in words of bit - ter woe; With

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chordal textures.

rall: tear on cheek, she thus did speak *tempo* O! for the bon - ny bunch of ro - ses O!

The final line of the song includes tempo markings: *rall:* (rallentando) and *tempo* (return to tempo). The piano part also has a *rall:* marking at the beginning of the line.

N^o 27. THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.

1

Beside the rolling ocean
One morning in the month of June,
The feather'd warbling songsters
Were sweetly changing note and tune.
I overheard a damsel fair
Complain in words of bitter woe,
With tear on cheek, she thus did speak,
O for the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

2

Then up and spake her lover
And grasped the maiden by the hand,
Have patience, fairest, patience!
A legion I will soon command.
I'll raise ten thousand soldiers brave
Thro' pain and peril I will go
A branch will break, for thy sweet sake,
A branch of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

3

Then sadly said his mother,
As tough as truest heart of oak,
That stem that bears the roses,
And is not easy bent or broke
Thy father he essayed it first
And now in France his head lies low;
For sharpest thorn, is ever borne
O by the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

4

He raised a mighty army
And many nobles joined his throng
With pipe and banner flying
To pluck the rose, he march'd along:
The stem he found was far too tough
And piercing sharp, the thorn, I trow
No blossom he rent from the tree
All of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

5

'O mother, dearest mother!
I lie upon my dying bed,
And like my gallant father
Must hide an uncrowned, humbled head.
Let none henceforth essay to touch
That rose so red, or full of woe,
With bleeding hand he'll fly the Land
The land of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

THE OLD SINGING-MAN.

No 28.

F. W. B.

With pathos

I reckon the days is de - parted When folks 'ud a list'ned to

me. And I feels like as one' broken hearted A thinking of what used to be. And I

dun' know as much be a - mended Than was in those merry old times When wi'

pipes and good ale folks at - ten - ded To me and my pur - ty old rhymes, . . . To

Chorus

me and my pur - ty old rhymes.

N^o 28. THE OLD SINGING-MAN.

7

1

I reckon the days is departed,
When folks ud a listened to me.
And I feels like as one broken-hearted,
A-thinking o' what used to be.
And I don't know as much be amended,
Than was in them merry old Times,
When, wi' pipes and good ale, folks attended,
To me and my purty old rhymes,
CHORUS: To me and my purty old rhymes.

2

'Tis true, I be cruel asthmatic
I've lost every tooth i' my head;
And my limbs be that crim'd wi' rheumatic
D'rsay I were better in bed.
Oh my! all the world be for reading
Newspapers, and books and what not;
Sure -'tis only conceitedness breeding,
And the old zinging man is forgot.
CHORUS: And the old singing man is forgot.

3

I reckon that wi' my brown fiddle
I'd go from this cottage to that;
All the youngsters 'ud dance in the middle,
Their pulses and feet, pit-a-pat.
I cu'd zing, if you'd stand me the liquor,
All the night, and 'ud never give o'er
My voice—I don't deny it getting thicker,
But never exhausting my store.
CHORUS: But never exhausting my store.

4

'Tis politics now is the fashion
As sets folks about by the ear.
And slops makes the poorest of lushing,
No zinging for *me* wi'out beer.
I reckon the days be departed
For such jolly gaffers as I,
Folks never will be so light-hearted
As they was in the days that's gone by.
CHORUS: As they was in the days that's gone by.

5

O Lor! what wi' their edication,
And me — neither cypher nor write;
But in zinging the best in the nation
And give the whole parish delight
I be going, I reckon, full mellow
To lay in the Churchyard my head;
So say—God be wi' you, old fellow!
The last o' the Zingers is dead.
CHORUS: The last o' the Zingers is dead.

THE TYTHE-PIG.

No 29.

F. W. B.

With humour, not too fast.

All

you that love a bit of fun, Come listen here a-while I'll tell you of a droll affair; 'Twill

cause you all to smile The Parson drest all in his best Cock'd hat and bushy wig, He

rall:

went in - to a farmer's house, To choose a sucking pig. Good morning, said the Parson, good

Pomposo.

morning sir to you I'm come to take a sucking Pig, a pig that is my due.

colla voce

2nd

Then

No 29. THE TYTHE-PIG.

1

All you that love a bit of fun, come listen here awhile,
 I'll tell you of a droll affair, will cause you all to smile.
 The Parson dress'd, all in his best,
 Cock'd hat and bushy wig,
 He went into a farmer's house, to choose a sucking pig
 Good morning said the Parson; good morning, sir, to you!
 I'm come to take a sucking pig, a pig that is my due.

2

Then went the farmer to the sty, amongst the piglings small,
 He chose the very wee-est pig, the wee-est of them all;
 But when the Parson saw the choice,
 How he did stamp and roar!
 He snorted loud, he shook his wig, he almost — cursed and swore
 Good morning &c:

3

O then out spake the Farmer, since my offer you refuse
 Pray step into the sty yourself, that you may pick and choose.
 So to the sty the Priest did hie,
 And there without ado,
 The old sow ran with open mouth, and grunting at him flew.
 Good morning &c:

4

She caught him by the breeches black, that loudly he did cry
 O help me! help me from the sow! or surely I shall die.
 The little pigs his waistcoat tore,
 His stockings and his shoes,
 The Farmer said, with bow and smile, you're welcome, sir, to choose.
 Good morning &c:

5

Away the Parson scamper'd home, as fast as he could run,
 His wife was standing at the door, expecting his return,
 But when she saw him in such plight
 She fainted clean away,
 Alas! alas! the Parson said, I bitter rue this day.
 Good morning, &c:

6

Go fetch me down a suit of clothes, a sponge and soap, I pray
 And bring me, too, my greasy wig, and rub me down with hay
 Another time, I won't be nice,
 When gathering my dues
 Another time in sucking pigs, I will not pick and choose.
 Good morning, said the Parson, good morning, sirs, to you,
 I will not pick a sucking pig — I leave the choice to you.

MY LADYE'S COACH.

No 30.

H.F.S.

Mysteriously $\text{♩} = 104$

The piano introduction begins in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic.

My Ladye hath a sa-ble coach With horses two and four: My

The vocal line is written in a soprano or alto clef. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are: "My Ladye hath a sa-ble coach With horses two and four: My".

Ladye hath a gaunt blood hound That runneth on be-fore. My Ladye's coach hath

The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Ladye hath a gaunt blood hound That runneth on be-fore. My Ladye's coach hath". The piano accompaniment remains accompanimental.

nodding plumes The driver hath no head My Ladye is an ashen white As

The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "nodding plumes The driver hath no head My Ladye is an ashen white As". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *p*, *dim.*, *e*, and *rall.*

one that long is dead.

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "one that long is dead.". The piano accompaniment ends with a *rall.* marking and a final chord.

N^o 30. MY LADYE'S COACH.

1

My Ladye hath a sable coach,
 And horses two and four,
 My Ladye hath a gaunt blood-hound,
 That runneth on before.
 My Ladye's Coach hath nodding plumes,
 The driver hath nō head,
 My Ladye is an ashen white,
 As one that long is dead.

2

Now pray step in! my Layde saith,
 Now pray step in and ride.
 I thank thee I had rather walk,
 Than gather to thy side.
 The wheels go round without a sound
 Of tramp or turn of wheels.
 As cloud at night, in pale moonlight,
 Along the carriage steals.

3

Now pray step in! my Ladye saith,
 Now prithee come to me.
 She takes the baby from the crib,
 She sets it on her knee;
 The wheels go round, &c:

4

Now pray step in! my Ladye saith,
 Now pray step in and ride.
 Then deadly pale, in waving veil,
 She takes to her the bride;
 The wheels go round, &c:

5

Now pray step in! my Ladye saith,
 There's room I wot for you,
 She wad her hand, the coach did stand,
 The Squire within she drew.
 The wheels go round &c:

6

Now pray step in! my Ladye saith,
 Why should'st thou trudge afoot?
 She took the gaffer in by her,
 His crutches in the boot.
 The wheels go round &c:

7

I'd rather walk a hundred miles
 And run by night and day
 Than have that carriage halt for me,
 And hear my Ladye say —
 Now pray step in and make no din,
 Step in with me to ride;
 There's room I trow, by me for you
 And all the world beside.

JAN'S COURTSHIP.

N^o 31.

H. F. S.

With grave humour.

$\text{♩} = 72.$

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes and rests.

Come hither son Jan since thou art a man I'll gie the best counsel in

rall. *tempo.*

The first vocal line begins with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment starts with a *rallentando* section followed by a *tempo* section.

life Come sit down by me and my sto-ry shall be, - I'll tell how to get thee a

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes.

wife, Iss I will! man, I will! Zure I will! I'll tell how to get thee a

The third vocal line includes the lyrics "wife, Iss I will! man, I will! Zure I will!". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

wife Iss I will!

The fourth vocal line concludes the phrase "wife Iss I will!". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

1

Come hither, son Jan! since thou art a man,
I'll gië the best counsel in life,
Come, sit down by me, and my story shall be,
I'll tell how to get thee a wife.
Iss, I will! man, I will!
Zure I will!
I'll tell how to get thee a wife! Iss, I will!

2

Thy self thou must dress in thy Sunday-go-best;
They'll at first turn away and be shy.
But boldly, kiss each purtymaid that thou see'st,
They'll call thee their Love, by-and-bye.
Iss, they will! man, they will!
Zure they will!
They'll call thee their love by-and-bye! Iss, they will!

3

So a courting Jan goes in his holiday clothes,
All trim, nothing ragged and torn,
From his hat to his hose; with a sweet yellow rose,
He looked like a gentleman born.
Iss he did! man he did!
Zure he did!
He looked like a gentleman born! Iss he did!

4

The first pretty lass that Jan did see pass
A farmer's fat daughter called Grace.
He'd scarce said 'How do!' and a kind word or two,
Her fetched him a slap in the face.
Iss, her did! man, her did!
Zure her did!
Her fetched him a slap in the face! Iss, her did!

5

As Jan, never fearing o' nothing at all,
Was walking adown by the locks.
He kiss'd the parson's wife, which stirred up a strife
And Jan was put into the stocks.
Iss, he was! man, he was!
Zure he was!
And Jan was put into the stocks! Iss, he was!

6

'If this be the way, how to get me a wife
Quoth Jan, I will never have none
I'd rather live single the whole of my life
And home to my mammy I'll run
Iss, I will! man, I will
Zure I will!
And home to my mammy I'll run! Iss, I will.

THE DROWNED LOVER.

No. 32.

H. F. S.

Plaintively

♩ = 120.

a tempo.

As I was a walk - ing down

by the sea - shore Where the winds . . whistled high and the wa - ters did

roar, Where the winds whistled high and the waves raged a - round, I

heard a fair maid make a pit_i - fal sound Cry - ing O! my love is

drowned My love must I de - plore And I nev - er O nev - er, Shall

ad lib.

see my love more!

tempo.

No 32. THE DROWNED LOVER.

1

As I was a-walking down by the sea-shore,
 Where the winds whistled high, and the waters did roar,
 Where the wiuds, whistled high, and the waves raged around,
 I heard a fair maid make a pitiful sound,
 Crying, O! my love is drowned!
 My love must I deplore!
 And I never, O! never
 Shall see my love more!

2

I never a nobler, a truer did see
 A lion in courage, but gentle to me,
 An eye like an eagle, a heart like a dove,
 And the song that he sang me was ever of love
 Now I cry, O! my love is drowned!
 My love must I deplore!
 And I never; O! never
 Shall see my love more!

3

He is sunk in the waters, there lies he asleep,
 I will plunge there as well, I will kiss his cold feet,
 I will kiss the white lips, once coral-like red,
 And die at his side, for my true love is dead.
 Now I cry, O! my love is drowned.
 My love must I deplore
 And I never; O! never
 Shall see my love more!

CHILDE THE HUNTER.

N^o 33.

H. F. S.

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Vocal line: Come lis - ten all both
 Piano accompaniment: *pp*, *ff*, *tempo.*

Vocal line: great and small To you a tale Ill tell What
 Piano accompaniment: *at lib.*

Vocal line: on this bleak and bar - ren moor, In an - cient days be -
 Piano accompaniment: *rall.*

Vocal line: - fell.
 Piano accompaniment: *rall.*

No 33. CHILDE THE HUNTER.

1

Come, listen all, both great and small
To you a tale I'll tell,
What on this bleak and barren moor,
In ancient days befell.

2

It so befell, as I've heard tell,
There came the hunter Childe,
All day he chased on heath and waste,
On Dart-a-moor so wild.

3

The winds did blow, then fell the snow,
He chased on Fox-tor mire;
He lost his way, and saw the day,
And winter's sun expire.

4

Cold blew the blast, the snow fell fast,
And darker grew the night;
He wandered high, he wandered low,
And nowhere saw a light.

5

In darkness blind, he could not find
Where he escape might gain,
Long time he tried, no track espied,
His labours all in vain.

6

His knife he drew, his horse he slew,
As on the ground it lay;
He cut full deep, therein to creep,
And tarry till the day.

7

The winds did blow, fast fell the snow,
And darker grew the night,
Then well he wot, he hope might not
Again to see the light.

8

So with his finger dipp'd in blood,
He scrabbled on the stones, —
"This is my will, God it fulfil,
And buried be my bones.

9

"Who'er he be that findeth me
And brings to a grave,
The lands that now to me belong,
In Plymstock he shall have."

10

There was a cross erected then,
In memory of his name;
And there it stands, in wild waste lands,
To testify the same.

THE COTTAGE THATCHED WITH STRAW.

No. 34.

F. W. B.

With determination.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand, with several triplet figures. The vocal line includes lyrics and is marked with 'colla voce' in the final system.

In the days of yore there
 sat at his door, An old farmer and thus sang he, With my pipe and my glass, I wish every class, On the
 earth were as well as me! For he en-vi-ed not a-ny man his lot, The
 richest, the proudest he saw. For he had Home-brewed, brown-bread, And a cottage well thatched with
 straw, And a cottagewellthatch'dwithstraw, And a cottage well thatch'd with straw. For he had

colla voce.

CHORUS.

CIGELY SWEET.

N^o 35.

H. F. S.

p tempo. Cice - ly sweet the morn is fair Wilt thou drive me

tempo.

to des - pair? Oft I have sued in vain And now I'm come a-gain!

cres.

f Wilt thou be mine? Or yes or no? wilt thou be mine or

1st & 3rd verses.

CIC: *mf* *cres.* *f*
 Go for a boo - by go! go! go! Go for a boo - by go!

SIM:
 no? Cicely! yes or no? Wilt thou be mine or no?

2nd & 4th verses.

C. *f*
 Go Si - mon! go! go! go! Go for a boo - by go!

S. *f*
 wilt thou be mine? Yes or No? Wilt thou be mine or No?

mf *cres.* *f*

No 35. CICELY SWEET.

1
HE.

Cicely sweet, the morn is fair,
 Wilt thou drive me to despair?
 Oft have I sued in vain
 And now I'm come again,
 Wilt thou be mine, or Yes or No?
 Wilt thou be mine, or No?

3

Cicely sweet, if thou'lt love me,
 Mother'll do a deal for thee.
 Her'd rather sell her cow,
 Than I should die for thou.
 Wilt thou be mine, or Yes, or No?
 Wilt thou be mine, or No?

5

Cicely sweet, you do me wrong,
 My legs be straight, my arms be strong
 I'll carry thee about,
 Thou'lt go no more afoot,
 Wilt thou be mine, &c:

2
SHE.

Prithee, Simon quit thy suit,
 All thy pains will yield no fruit;
 Go booby, get a sack,
 To stop thy ceaseless clack.
 Go for a booby, go, go, go!
 Go for a booby, go!

4

Mother thine had best by half,
 Keep her cow and sell her calf;
 No, never for a crown;
 Will I marry with a clown;
 Go for a booby, go, go, go!
 Go for a booby go!

6

Keep thy arms to fight in fray,
 Keep thy legs to run away;
 Neer will I — as I'm a lass,
 Care to ride upon an ass.
 Go for a booby &c:

A SWEET PRETTY MAIDEN.

N^o 36.

H. F. S.

Artlessly. ♩ = 120.

A sweet pret-ty mai - den sat un - der a tree, She

sighed and said Would that I mar - ried might be; My mammy is so crabbed, and my

dad - dy is so cross; That a hus - band I'm cer - tain could ne - ver be worse.

N^o 36. A SWEET PRETTY MAIDEN.

1

A sweet pretty maiden sat under a tree,
 She sighed and said, Would that I married might be!
 My mammy is so crabb'd, and my daddy is so cross
 That a husband for certain could never be worse.

2

I'll drudge in the kitchen, I'll bake and I'll brew,
 A cradle be rocking the weary night through.
 A husband, he may scold, he is welcome, I agree,
 If that only a husband be granted to me.

3

My husband may beat me, I little will mind,
 If only a husband to beat me I find,
 My fingers I will work, I will work them to the bone,
 If I get but a husband and home of my own.

4

A husband they tell me will make me his slave;
 So be it if only a husband I have.
 A sweet pretty maiden sat under a tree,
 Singing, O come and marry, O, come! marry me!



THE GREEN COCKADE.

N^o 37.

H. F. S.

Plaintively. ♩ = 138.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music features a simple melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in a plaintive style.

A - las my love's en - list - ed, He wears a green cock - ade, He

The first line of the song. The vocal line is in a plaintive style, and the piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

is as gay a gal - lant as a - ny rov - ing blade; He's gone the king a -

The second line of the song. The vocal line continues the melody, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent.

- serv - ing the green cockade to wear; Whilst my poor heart is breaking, For the

rall.

The third line of the song. The tempo is marked *rall.* (rallentando). The vocal line and piano accompaniment both slow down.

ad lib.

love to him I bear.

The final line of the song. The tempo is marked *ad lib.* (ad libitum). The vocal line and piano accompaniment conclude the piece.

N^o 37. THE GREEN COCKADE.

1

Alas! my love's enlisted,
 He wears a green cockade,
 He is as gay a gallant
 As any roving blade.
 He's gone the king aserving,
 The green cockade to wear,
 Whilst my poor heart is breaking,
 For the love to him I bear.

2

"Leave off your grief and sorrow,
 And quit this doleful strain,
 The green cockade adorns me
 Whilst marching o'er the plain.
 When I return I'll marry,
 By this cockade I swear,
 Your heart from grief must rally,
 And my departure bear."

3

"Fair maid, I bring bad tidings;
 So did the Sergeant say;
 "Your love was slain in battle,
 He sends you this to-day,
 The green cockade he flourished
 Now dabbled in his gore.
 With his last kiss he sends it,
 The green cockade he wore?"

4

She spoke no word — her tears,
 They fell a salten flood;
 And from the draggled ribbons
 Washed out the stains of blood.
 "O mother I am dying!
 And when in grave I'm laid,
 Upon my bosom mother!
 Then pin the green cockade."

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

No. 38.

F. W. B.

With marked emotion.

Musical notation for the introduction, consisting of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is a whole note chord, and the piano accompaniment is a series of chords. The word "Fare" is written at the end of the vocal line.

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Farewell, farewell my Polly dear, A thousand times adieu! 'Tis

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sad to part but never fear, Your sailor will be true, And

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "must I go and leave you so, while thundering billows roar? I

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "am afraid, my own sweet maid Your face I'll see no more. 2. The

No 38. THE SAILORS' FAREWELL.

1

Farewell! farewell, my Polly dear!
 A thousand times adieu!
 'Tis sad to part; but never fear,
 Your sailor will be true.
 And must I go, and leave you so, —
 While thund'ring billows roar?
 I am afraid, my own sweet maid,
 Your face I'll see no more.

2

The weavers and the tailors
 Are snoring fast asleep,
 While we poor jolly sailors'
 Are tossing on the deep:
 Are tossing on the deep, dear girl,
 In tempest, rage and foam;
 When seas run high, and dark the sky,
 We think on those at home.

3

When Jack's ashore, safe home once more,
 We lead a merry life;
 With pipe and glass, and bnxom lass,
 A sweetheart or a wife;
 We call for liquor merrily,
 We spend our money free,
 And when our mon-ey's spent and gone,
 Again we go to sea.

4

You'll not know where I am, dear girl,
 But when I'm on the sea,
 My secret thoughts I will unfold
 In letters home to thee.
 The secrets, aye! of heart, I say,
 And best of my good will.
 My body may lay just where it may
 My heart is with you still.

THE SAILORS FAREWELL.

(SCENA, Duet & Chorus.)

F. W. B.

First system of piano introduction, featuring treble and bass staves with chords and a melodic line.

Second system of piano introduction, continuing the musical texture.

TENOR

Fare - well, fare well, ye maid - ens, dear, a

rall poco

Third system showing the Tenor vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking is *rall poco*.

thou - sand times a - dien! 'Tis sad to part; but... ne - ver fear, your

colla voce

Fourth system showing the Tenor vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking is *colla voce*.

SOPRANO

sai - lor will be true. And must you go and leave us so, while thund'ring bil - lows

Fifth system showing the Soprano vocal line and piano accompaniment.

roar. I am... a - fraid that I, ... sweet maid, will see your face no

Sixth system showing the Soprano vocal line and piano accompaniment.

more. *Chorus:* Fare - well! farewell ye (sai - lōrs) dear! A thou - sand times A -
 - dien! 'Tis sad to part, but ne - ver fear, your (mai - dēns) will be true.

The musical score consists of four systems. The first system includes vocal staves for Tenor and Soprano, and piano accompaniment for Treble and Bass clefs. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system shows the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final piano accompaniment and a double bar line.

N^o 38. THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

2^d VERSION AS DUET AND CHORUS.

1

Tenor. Farewell! farewell, my Polly dear!
 A thousand times adieu!
 'Tis sad to part; but never fear,
 Your sailor will be true.

Sopr. And must you go and leave us so,
 While thund'ring billows roar.
 I am afraid that I, sweet maid,
 Will see your face no more.

Chorus. Farewell! farewell ye (sailors) dear!
 (maidens)
 A thousand times adieu!
 'Tis sad to part, but never fear,
 Your (maidens) will be true.
 (sailors)

2

Sopr. The weavers and the tailors
 Are snoring fast asleep,
 Whilst you poor sailor boys
 Are tossing on the deep.

Ten. Are tossing on the deep, dear girls,
 In tempest, rage and foam;
 When seas run high, and dash to sky,
 We think of those at home.

Chorus. Farewell! farewell! &c.

3

Ten. When Jack's ashore, safehome once more,
 We lead a merry life.
 With pipe and glass, and buxom lass,
 A sweetheart or a wife.

Sopr. You call for liquor merrily,
 You spend your money free,
 And when your money's spent and gone,
 Again you go to sea.

Chorus. Farewell! farewell! &c.

THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN.

H. F. S.

No 39.

With melancholy tenderness.

Musical score for "The Forsaken Maiden" in 3/4 time, marked *With melancholy tenderness.* The score is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked $\text{♩} = 108$. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are:

A mai-den sat a weep-ing Down by the sea-shore What
 ails my pret-ty mis-tress? What ails my pret-ty mis-tress What ails my pret-ty
 mis-tress and makes her heart sore!
 Last Verse.
 I'll spread my sail of sil-ver I'll steer to-ward the sun And

Musical score for "The Forsaken Maiden". The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "thou false love wilt weep for me And thou false love wilt weep for me And". The piano accompaniment features chords and a melodic line. The second system continues the vocal line with "thou false love wilt weep for me For me when I am gone." and includes dynamic markings such as *dim.*, *ad lib.*, *fz*, *p*, *pp*, and *ppp*.

N^o 39. THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN.

1

A maiden sat a weeping
 Down by the sea shore,
 What ails my pretty mistress?
 What ails my pretty mistress?
 And makes her heart sore!

2

Because I am a-weary,
 A weary in mind,
 No comfort, and no pleasure, love,
 No comfort, and no pleasure, love
 Henceforth can I find.

3

I'll spread my sail of silver,
 I'll loose my rope of silk,
 My mast is of the cypress-tree,
 My mast is of the cypress-tree,
 My track is as milk.

4

I'll spread my sail of silver
 I'll steer toward the sun
 And thou, false love wilt weep for me,
 And thou, false love wilt weep for me,
 For me — when I am gone.

THE BLUE KERCHIEF.

No. 40.

F. W. B.

Cheerfully.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are as follows:

I saw a sweet maiden trip o-ver the sea, Her
 eyes were as load-stones at-trac-ting of me. Her cheeks were the ro-ses that
 Cu-pid lurks in, With a bon-ny blue ker-chief tied
 un-der her chin.

N^o 40. THE BLUE KERCHIEF.

1

I saw a sweet maiden trip over the lea
Her eyes were as loadstones attracting of me,
Her cheeks were the roses, that Cupid lurks in,
With a bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

2

O where are you going, my fair pretty maid?
O whither so swift through the dew drops? I said,
I go to my mother, kind sir, for to spin,
O the bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

* 3

Why wear you that kerchief tied over your head?
'Tis the country girl's fashion, kind sir, then she said,
And the fashion young maidens will always be in
So I wear a blue kerchief tied under my chin.

4

To kiss her sweet lips then I sought to begin,
O nay Sir! she said, 'ere a kiss you would win,
Pray show me a ring, tho' of gold the most thin,
O slyest blue kerchief tied under the chin!

5

Why wear a *blue* kerchief, sweet maiden, I said,
Because the blue colour is one not to fade,
As a sailor's blue jacket who fights for the king,
So's my bonny blue kerchief tied under the chin.

6

The love that I value is certain to last,
Not fading and changing, but ever set fast,
That only the colour, my love sir to win,
So goodbye from the kerchief tied under the chin.

* *May be omitted in singing.*

AN EVENING SO CLEAR.

N^o 41.

F. W. B.

Simply & not too fast.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "An ev'n - ing so clear, O I would that I were; To kiss thy soft cheek With the faint - est of air The star that is twink - ling so bright - ly a - bove I would that I might be, To en - light - en my love."

An ev'n - ing so clear, O I would that I
 were; To kiss thy soft cheek With the faint - est of
 air The star that is twink - ling so bright - ly a -
 - bove I would that I might be, To en - light - en my
 love.

N^o 41. AN EVENING SO CLEAR.

1

An evening so clear,
 O I would that I were,
 To kiss thy soft cheek
 With the faintest of air.
 The star that is twinkling
 So brightly above,
 I would that I might be,
 To en-lighten my love!

2

If I were the seas
 That about the world run,
 I'd give thee my pearls
 Not retaining of one.
 If I were the Summer,
 With flowers and green,
 I'd garnish thy temples
 And would crown thee my queen!

3

If I were a kiln
 All in fervour and flame
 I'd catch thee, and thou'd be
 Consumed in the same.
 But because I am nothing
 Save love-totald* Bill,
 Pray take of me, make
 Of me just what you will.

* *Totald* is foolish, crazed.

THE WARSON HUNT.

N^o 42.

H. F. S.

Boisterously. ♩ = 120.

gives throughout.

Come all you jol - ly

hunt - ers hold I'll tell you some - thing new, 'Twas in the spring - ing

of the year of eigh - teen hun - dred two; A pack of hounds from Kel - ly came And

cobs from far and nigh, The huntsman swore of oaths a score This day a hare shall

Chorus.

die. Ri - too - ra - loo, Ri - too - ra - loo, This day a hare shall die.

N^o 42. THE WARSON HUNT.

1

Come all you jolly hunters bold,
 I'll sing you something new,
 'Twas in the springing of the year
 In eighteen hundred two.
 A pack of hounds from Kelly came,
 And cobs from far and nigh,
 The huntsman swore of oaths a score,
 This day a Hare shall die.

2

The Squire was on his silver tail
 The Parson on his bay,
 And Surgeon Stone bestrode a roan,
 The huntsman rode a grey;
 And some on horses from the plough,
 And such as coaches drew,
 But some were there on shanks's mare,
 And one on crutches too.

3

They tried the down by Warson town,
 At last they start the hare,
 And full in view the hounds pursue,
 With tiff and taff, and tare.
 The MASTER said, "I stake my head,
 A golden guinea lay,
 We'll kill that hare, by George, I swear
 Before the turn of day."

4

Long time they toil'd, with sweat were soiled,
 That Puss was not overtook,
 Away she wore to Sandry moor
 She leap'd full many a brook.
 The Squire he rode with whip and spur
 His gallant silver tail;
 And they on foot were hard put to't,
 And some began to fail.

5

Then said the hunters drawing rein
 That Puss us all has beat,
 A mighty run, and we well done
 Acknowledge our defeat,
 And some went east, and some went west
 And some returned south,
 But not a few went into Lew
 To fill the hungry mouth.

6

The Squire he opened wide his door
 The hunt to entertain,
 With beef and beer and such good cheer
 As hunters ne'er disdain.
 Then it is said, he who staked his head,
 That he would kill, that day,
 He lost his head, all night as dead,
 Beneath the table lay.

7

Then, Hey! down derry! let's be merry!
 And drink a hunter's toast
 And never swear to kill a hare,
 Lest we should rue the boast.
 Yet — should we fail; — on flowing ale
 And punch, a royal brew,
 We do not care — let's miss our hare,
 And lose our heads—at Lew!

THE GREEN BUSHES.

N^o 43.

H. F. S.

Cheerfully. ♩ = 120. As

I was a walk - ing one morn - ing in May To hear the birds whis - tle, see

lamb - kins at play I spied a fair dam - sel O sweet ly sang she Down

rall. *tempo.*
by the green bushes He thinks to meet me.

rall. *tempo.* *rall.*

1

As I was a walking one morning in May,
To hear the birds whistle, see lambkins at play,
I spied a fair damsel, O sweetly sang she —
'Down by the green bushes he thinks to meet me.'

2

'O where are you going, my sweet pretty maid?'
'My lover I'm seeking, kind sir; she said
'Shall I be your lover, and will you agree,
To forsake the old love, and forgather with me?'

3

'I'll buy you fine beavers, a gay silken gown,
With fur belowed petticoats flounced to the ground,
If you'll leave your old love, and following me,
Forsake the green bushes, where he waits for thee?'

4

'Quick, let us be moving, from under the trees,
Quick, let us be moving, kind sir, if you please;
For yonder my true love is coming, I see,
Down by the green bushes He thinks to meet me.'

5

The old love arrived, the maiden was gone
He sighed very deeply, he sighed all alone,
'She is on with another, before off with me,
So, adieu, ye green bushes for ever!' said he.

6

'I'll be as a schoolboy, I'll frolic and play,
No false hearted maiden shall trouble my day,
Untroubled at night, I will slumber and snore
So, adieu, ye green bushes! I'll fool it no more.

THE BROKEN TOKEN.

N^o 44.

H. F. S.

Rather slowly & with expression, ♩ = 92.

p One sum-mer ev'n-ing, a mai-den fair Was walk-ing forth in the bal-my

air; She met a sai-lor up-on the way, "Maiden stay" he whis-per'd "Maiden stay" he

rall. whis-per'd, O pret-ty mai den stay!

N^o 44. THE BROKEN TOKEN.

1

One summer evening, a maiden fair
 Was walking forth in the balmy air,
 She met a sailor upon the way;
 'Maiden stay' he whispered,
 'Maiden stay' he whispered
 'O pretty maiden, stay!'

2

'Why art thou walking abroad alone!
 The stars are shining, the day is done',
 O then her tears they began to flow
 For a dark eyed sailor,
 For a dark eyed sailor
 Had filled her heart with woe.

3

'Three years are pass'd since he left this land,
 A ring of gold he took off my hand,
 He broke the token, a half to keep,
 Half he bade me treasure,
 Half he bade me treasure,
 Then crossed the briny deep'.

4

'O drive him damsel from out your mind,
 For men are changeful as is the wind,
 And love inconstant will quickly grow
 Cold as winter morning
 Cold as winter morning
 When lands are white with snow'.

5

'Above the snow is the holly seen,
 In bitter blast it abideth green,
 And blood-red drops it as berries bears
 So my aching bosom,
 So my aching bosom,
 Its truth and sorrow wears'.

6

Then half the ring did the sailor show,
 Away with weeping and sorrow now!
 In bands of marriage united we
 Like the broken Token
 Like the broken Token
 In one shall welded be.

THE ROUT IS OUT.

No 45.

H. F. S.

Gaily & in Marching style.

$\text{♩} = 152.$

The first system of the piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of rhythmic chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand, with a more active bass line.

A Midsummer morning fresh and bright And all the world is gay The
 Rout it is out we must all turn out The lads they march a way The

The second system includes the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with rhythmic accompaniment, including some triplet figures in the right hand.

pretty maids are left in town They look from the windows high They stand in the street, They

The piano accompaniment for the third system, showing rhythmic accompaniment with some triplet figures in the right hand.

rall:

tempo.

3

crowd in the door With ma_ny a tear and sigh Singing a_dien my boys a_dien my boys a -

The piano accompaniment for the fourth system, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line. The tempo marking 'tempo.' is present.

leggiero.

rall.

tempo.

rall.

ad lib.

- dien my boys a - dien A - lack the day! They be go_ing a_way Pray

The piano accompaniment for the fifth system, including the final vocal line. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line. The tempo marking 'tempo.' is present.

rall.

tempo.

rall.

f

girls what shall we do?

f

rue

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics 'girls what shall we do?' are written below the first few notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in G major and common time, featuring chords and a melodic line in the bass. A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is placed above the piano part. A bracket labeled 'rue' spans the first two measures of the piano accompaniment.

N^o 45. THE ROUT IS OUT.

A midsummer morning fresh and bright,
 And all the world is gay,
 The Rout it is out, we must all turn out,
 The lads they march away.
 The pretty maids are left in town,
 They look from the windows high,
 They stand in the street, they crowd in the door,
 With many a tear and sigh,
 Singing, Adieu, my boys, Adieu! my boys!
 Adieu, my boys, adieu!
 Alack the day, they be going away!
 Pray girls what shall we do!

2

O bind them posies of pleasant flowers,
 Of Marjoram, mint, and rue.
 And blow them kisses, to take away,
 As favours to wear — of you.
 And wave the kerchiefs from off your necks,
 And ribbons about them bind:
 And bid them never, O neer forget
 The pretty maids left behind
 Singing, Adieu &c:

3

My Johnny, a bonnet, he swore would buy
 The bravest in all the town,
 But now my Johnny must march away,
 I know not whither bound.
 He'd dress me, he said, in velvet red,
 He'd wrangle my hair in blue,
 And now he is gone from me along
 I doubt if he will prove true
 Singing, Adieu &c:

4

O, why are you looking so sad, my child!
 O why does your colour change!
 I'm thinking of Johnny, who's march'd away
 I know not where to range.
 My lover he was a gallant blade,
 He warbled a merry lay,
 And now am I sad, for my pretty lad
 So far, O! so far away!
 Singing, Adieu &c:

DRINKING SONG.

No. 46.

F. W. B.*Fast.*

The first system shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble.

The second system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Why should we be dullards sad Whilst on earth we moult - der? Lo! the gay the".

The third system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "good the glad Ev - ry day grow old - er Fill the flask, sweet music bring".

The fourth system contains the third line of the song. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "Joy shall quickly find us We will shout and laugh and sing And cast dull care be -".

The fifth system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "-hind us; Fill the flask, sweet mu - sic bring, Joy shall quickly find us,".

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Why Should We Be Dullards Sad'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment on the right, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written under the vocal line. The piano part includes a 'cresc.' marking. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No 46. WHY SHOULD WE BE DULLARDS SAD.

Why should we be dullards sad,
 Whilst on earth we moulder!
 See the gay the good the glad,
 Every day grow older.
 Fill the flask sweet music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us,
 We will shout and laugh and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

Chorus: Fill the flask, &c:

2

Hail good comrades every one,
 Round the polished table,
 Pass the bottle with the sun,
 Drink, sirs, whilst ye're able.
 Life is but a little span,
 Full of painful thinking,
 Let us live as fits a man,
 All good liquors drinking..

Chorus: Fill the flask, &c:

3

When at [Uncle Tom's]* we meet,
 A glass to take together,
 Hand in hand, in union sweet,
 Friendship we'll keep ever.
 We're no moles throughout the night
 Blind in darkness groping,
 But are crickets, sons of light
 Singing, chirping, toping!

Chorus: Fill the flask, &c:

4

[Uncle] brim the flowing bowl,
 Here's to each good liver
 Harmony pervade the soul,
 Discord enter never!
 Fill the flask, sweet music bring
 Joy shall quickly find us.
 We will shout and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

Chorus: Fill the flask, &c:

MAY-DAY CAROL.

No 47.

H. F. S.

In moderate time.

♩ = 72

A - wake you pret - ty maids a - wake, Re -

fresh'd from drow - sy dream And haste to dai - ry

house and take For us a dish of cream.

N^o 47. MAY-DAY CAROL.

1

Awake, ye pretty maids, awake,
Refreshed from drowsy dream,
And haste to dairy house, and take
For us a dish of cream.

2

If not a dish of yellow cream,
Then give us kisses three
The woodland bower is white with flower,
And green is every tree.

3

A branch of May we bear about
Before the door it stands;
There's not a sprout unbudded out,
The work of God's own hands.

4

Awake, awake ye pretty maids,
And take the May-bush in,
Or 'twill be gone ere tomorrow morn,
And you'll have none within.

5

Through-out the night, before the light,
There fell the dew or rain,
It twinkles bright on May bush white,
It sparkles on the plain.

6

The heavenly gates are open wide
To let escape the dew,
And heavenly grace falls on each place
It drops on us and you.

7

The life of man is but a span,
He blossoms as a flower,
He makes no stay, is here to day,
And vanish'd in an hour. *

8

My song is done, I must be gone,
Nor make a longer stay.
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you gladsome May.

* Verses 6 & 7, and there have been others of like moralising nature were added when the character of the May-Day visit was altered from one of lovers to their sweethearts into one of children seeking May-Gifts. Then the 'Kisses three' were changed to "Pennies one or three."

NANCY.

H. F. S.

N^o 43.

With feeling. ♩ = 104.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

My own pret - ty Nan - cy my love and de -

The first line of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics "My own pret - ty Nan - cy my love and de -" and a piano accompaniment with chords and a steady bass line.

- light This is the fond let - ter to you I in -

The second line of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics "- light This is the fond let - ter to you I in -" and a piano accompaniment with chords and a steady bass line.

- dite It is to in - form you Wher - ev - er I

The third line of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics "- dite It is to in - form you Wher - ev - er I" and a piano accompaniment with chords and a steady bass line. A *cres.* marking is present above the final measure.

go In tem - pest in bat - tle I'm faith - ful to you.

The fourth line of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics "go In tem - pest in bat - tle I'm faith - ful to you." and a piano accompaniment with chords and a steady bass line. Dynamic markings include *f*, *ff*, *dim.*, and *p*.

1

My own pretty Nancy
My love and delight;
This is the kind letter
To you I indite.
It is to inform you,
Wherever I go,
In tempest, in battle
I'm faithful to you.

2

When blust'ring and roaring
We're tossed about
Five hundred bright sailors,
All sturdy and stout,
One moment deep plunged,
Then high in the air,
To see my sweet Nancy
I almost despair.

3

We fought with a Spaniard,
A galleon of pride,
With cutlass and pike, love,
We climbed up her side
We fought as sea lions,
The deck ran with blood
But soon all was over,
And victors we stood.

4

Storm, battle, all ended,
If God spares our lives,
We'll come to our sweethearts,
Our children and wives,
A health to sweet Nancy!
I drink on the main,
God send me to Nancy,
And England again.

LULLABY.1st Version.N^o 49. (1.)H. F. S.*Smoothly & tenderly.* ♩ = 100.

p Sleep ha - by

sleep! Dad - dy's not nigh. Tossed on the deep;

dim. Lul - lul - la - by *cres.* Moon shin - ing bright; *dim.* Drop - ping of

dew; *cres.* Owls hoot all night; *dim.* To whit to whoo!

cres. Owls hoot all night *dim.* To whit to whoo! *ppp* *rall.*

N^o 49. LULLABYE.

1

Sleep baby sleep!
 Dad is not nigh,
 Tossed on the deep,
 Lul-lul-a-by!
 Moon shining bright,
 Dropping of dew.
 Owls hoot all night
 To-whit! to-who!

2

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Dad is away,
 Tossed on the deep,
 Looking for day.
 In the hedge row
 Glow-worms alight,
 Rivulets flow,
 All through the night.

3

Sleep baby sleep!
 Dad is afar,
 Tossed on the deep,
 Watching a star.
 Clock going-tick,
 Tack,-in the dark.
 On the hearth - clik! -
 Dies the last spark.

4

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 What! not a wink!
 Dad on the deep,
 What will he think?
 Baby dear, soon
 Daddy will come,
 Bringing red shoon
 For baby at home.

LULLABY.

2nd Version with Violin.

F. W. B.

N^o 49. (2.)

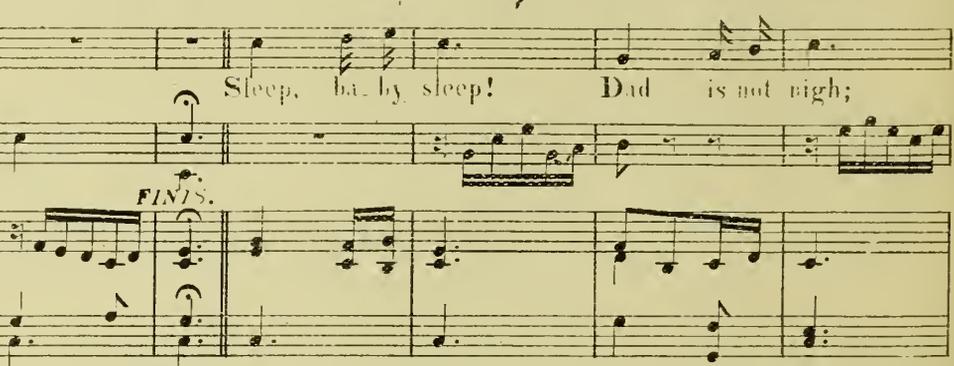
Slow.

Voice. 

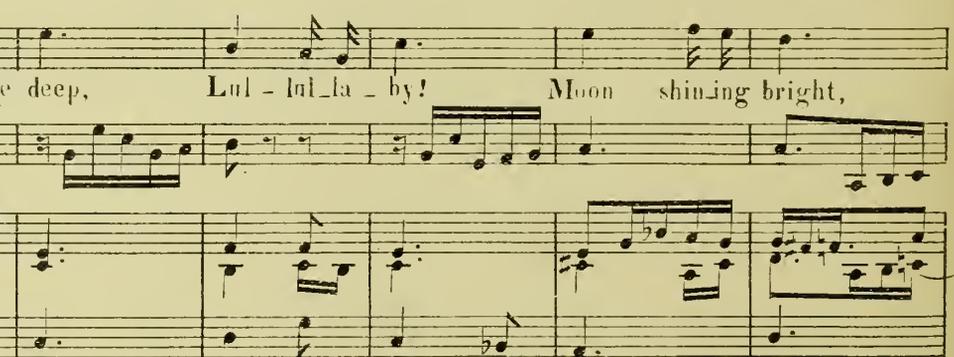
Violin. 



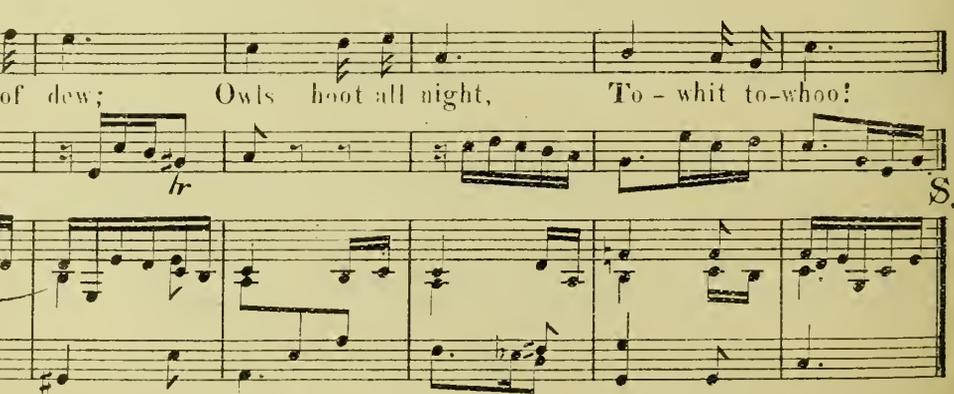
tr Sleep, ba-by sleep! Dad is not nigh;

FINIS. 

Toss'd on the deep, Lul - lul - la - by! Moon shining bright,



Drop - ping of dew; Owls hoot all night, To - whit to-who!

tr 

N^o 49. LULLABYE.

1

Sleep baby sleep!
 Dad is not nigh,
 Tossed on the deep,
 Lul-lul-a-by!
 Moon shining bright,
 Dropping of dew.
 Owls hoot all night
 To-whit! to-who!

2

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Dad is away,
 Tossed on the deep,
 Looking for day.
 In the hedge row
 Glow-worms alight,
 Rivulets flow,
 All through the night.

3

Sleep baby sleep!
 Dad is afar,
 Tossed on the deep,
 Watching a star.
 Clock going-tick,
 Tack,-in the dark.
 On the hearth - click!
 Dies the last spark.

4

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 What! not a wink!
 Dad on the deep,
 What will he think?
 Baby dear, soon
 Daddy will come,
 Bringing red shoon
 For baby at home.

THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

Part I.

N^o 50.(1)

F. W. B.

Allegro.

There

came an Earl a - rid - ing by, A gip - sy maid es - pi - ed he, "O

nut - brown maid, from greenwood glade, O pri - thee come a - long with me" "In

greenwood glade, fair sir!" she said, "I am so blythe, as bird so gay, In thy

cas - tle tall, in bow'r and hall, I fear for grief I'd pine a - way."

rail.

colla voce.

No 50. THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

55

PART. 1.

1.

There came an Earl a riding by,
A gipsy maid espy'd he;
"O nut-brown maid, from green wood glade,
O prithee come along with me?"
"In greenwood glade, fair Sir!" she said,
I am so blythe, as bird so gay.
In thy castle tall, in bower and hall,
I fear for grief I'd pine away."

2

"Thou shalt no more be set in stocks,
And tramp about from town to town,
But thou shalt ride in pomp and pride
In velvet red and broidered gown."
"My brothers three no more I'd see,
If that I went with thee, I trow.
They sing me to sleep, with songs so sweet,
They sing as on our way we go."

3

"Thou shalt not be torn by thistle and thorn,
With thy bare feet all in the dew.
But shoes shall wear of Spanish leather
And silken stockings all of blue."
"I will not go to thy castle high,
For thou wilt weary soon, I know,
Of the gipsy maid, from green-wood glade,
And drive her forth in rain and snow."

4

"All night you lie neath the starry sky
In rain and snow you trudge all day,
But thy brown head, in a feather bed,
When left the gipsies, thou shalt lay."
"I love to lie 'neath the starry sky,
I do not heed the snow and rain,
But fickle as wind, I fear to find
The man who now my heart would gain?"

5

"I will thee wed, sweet maid," he said,
"I will thee wed with a golden ring,
Thy days shall be spent in merriment;
For us the marriage bells shall swing."
The dog did howl, and screech'd the owl,
The raven croaked, the night-wind sighed;
The wedding bell from the steeple fell,
As home the Earl did bear his bride.

THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

Part II.

N^o 50. (2)

F. W. B.

In quick time.

Three Gip_sies stood at the cas_tle gate, They sang so high, they

Quicker.

sang so low; The lu_dy sate in her cham_ber late, Her

heart it melt_ed a_way as snow. A_way as snow a

Repeat these 4 bars in Chorus.

- way as snow, Her heart it melt_ed a_way as snow.

No 50. THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

57

PART 2.

Three Gipsies stood at the Castle gate,
They sang so high, they sang so low,
The lady sate in her chamber late,
Her heart it melted away as snow,
Away as snow,
Her heart it melted away as snow.

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,
All her show &c:

* 3

She plucked 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.
Weather, O! &c:

4

She took in hand but a one posie,
The wildest flowers that do grow.
And down the stair went the lady fair,
To go away with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies O! &c:

5

At past midnight her lord came home,
And where his lady was would know;
The servants replied on every side,
She's gone away with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies, O! &c:

* 6

Then he rode high, and he rode low,
And over hill and vale, I trow.
Until he espied his fair young bride,
Whod gone away with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies, O! &c:

* 7

O will you leave your house and lands,
Your golden treasures for to go,
Away from your lord that weareth a sword,
To follow along with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies O! &c:

8

O I will leave my house and lands,
My golden treasures for to go,
I love not my lord that weareth a sword,
I'll follow along with the gipsies, O!
The gipsies O! &c:

9

'Nay, thou shalt not!' then he drew, I wot,
The sword that hung at his saddle bow,
And once he smote on her lily-white throat,
And there her red blood down did flow
Down did flow, &c:

10

Then dipp'd in blood was the posie good,
That was of the wildest flowers that blow.
She sank on her side, and so she died,
For she would away with the gipsies O!
The gipsies O!
For she would away with the gipsies O!

THE GREY MARE.

N^o 51.

H. F. S.

With Spirit ♩ = 160.

The piano introduction consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 6/4 time signature. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass clef accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Young Ro-ger the mil-ler went court-ing of lite, A farmer's sweet daughter called

The first line of lyrics is set to a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Bean-ti-ful Kate. Now Kit-ty was bux-om and bon-ny and fair, Had

The second line of lyrics continues the melody. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous system.

plen-ty of hu-mour, of fro-lie a share And her fa-ther possessed an un-

The third line of lyrics continues the melody. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous system.

-com-mon grey mare A grey mare a grey mare An un-com-mon grey mare.

The fourth line of lyrics concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and piano accompaniment.

No 51. THE GREY MARE.

1

Young Roger, the Miller, went courting of late
 A farmer's sweet daughter called Beautiful Kate;
 Now Kitty was buxom, and bonny and fair,
 Had plenty of humour, of frolic a share,
 And her father possessed an uncommon grey mare,
 A grey mare, a grey mare
 An uncommon grey mare.

2

So Roger he dressed himself up as a beau,
 He comb'd down his locks, and in collars of snow,
 He went to the farmer, and said, "How d'y do?
 I love pretty Kitty to her I'll prove true;
 Will you give me the grey mare and Katherine too,
 The grey mare, the grey mare &c:

3

"She's a very nice maiden, a-courting I'm come.
 Lawks! how I would like the grey mare to ride home!
 I love your sweet daughter so much I declare,
 I'm ready my mill — and my stable — to share,
 With Kitty the charming, and with the grey mare.
 The grey mare, the grey mare &c:

4

"You're welcome to her, to her hand and her heart,
 But from the grey mare, man, I never will part?"
 So said the old farmer, — then Roger, "I swear,
 It is up with my courting, for Kate I don't care,
 Unless I be given as well the grey mare.
 The grey mare, the grey mare &c:

5

The years had pass'd swiftly, when withered and grey,
 Old Roger, the Miller, met Katherine one day.
 Said he, "I remember you, buxom and fair,
 As roses your cheeks and as broom was your hair,
 And I came a courting! — Ah, Kate! the grey mare,
 The grey mare, the grey mare &c:

6

"I remember your coming to court the grey mare
 Very well, M^r Roger, when golden my hair,
 And cheeks were as roses that bloom on the wall.
 But, lawks! M^r Roger, — I can not recall
 That e'er you came sweet-hearting *me*, man, at all,
 But the mare, the grey mare
 That uncommon grey mare?"

A WRECK OFF THE SCILLY.

N^o 52.

H. F. S.

Bolletty. ♩ = 112.

Come all you brisk young sailors bold That plough the rag-
 ing
 main; A tra-ge-dy I will un-fold In sto-ry sad and plain. From
 my true love 'twas press'd was I The gal-lant ship to steer; To Indies West, each
 heart beat high, With con-fi-dence and cheer.

ff *ff* *cres.* *cres: . . . al . . .* *Last Verse.*

No 52. THE WRECK OFF SCILLY.

61

1

Come all you brisk young sailors bold
That plough the raging main,
A tragedy I will unfold
In story sad and plain.
From my true love 'twas pressed / was I
The gallant ship to steer
To Indies west, — each heart beat high
With confidence and cheer.

2

A year was gone, and home at last.
We turn'd with swelling sail,
When — 'ere the Scilly over-passed
There broke on us a gale.
The boatswain up aloft did go,
He went aloft so high.
More angry did the ocean grow,
More menacing the sky.

3

To make the stripe in vain we tried
The Scilly rocks to clear,
The thunder of the furious tide
Was filling every ear.
There came a sharp and sudden shock, —
Each thought of wife and home!
The gallant ship was on a rock,
And swept with wave and foam.

4

Of eighty seamen 'prised the crew,
But one did reach the shore,
The gallant vessel, good and true,
Was shattered aft and fore.
The news to Plymouth swift did fly,
That our good ship was gone;
And wet with tears was many an eye,
And many a widow lone.

5

And when I came to Plymouth sound
Alive, of eighty dead,
My pretty love, then false I found
And to a landsman wed.
O gentles all that live on land
Be-think the boys at sea,
Lo! here I stand with cap in hand,
And crave your charity.

