ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

CECIL J. SHARP

SELECTED EDITION

VOLUME I

SONGS AND BALLADS

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

CONTENTS.

BALLADS:

SONGS:

SONGS (*contd.*):

INDEX.

VOL. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE first serious and sustained attempt to collect the traditional songs of the English people was made by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould some thirty years ago in the West of England. It is true that the Rev. J. Broadwood had made a small collection of Sussex songs and published them privately among his friends as far back as 1843, and that Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (1877) and *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (1882) had both previously been given to the public. Nevertheless, the issue in 1889 of the First Part of *Songs and Ballads of the West* marked, I think, the real starting-point of the movement, which has had for its aim the systematic collection and publication of the folk-music of England. Prior to that date the knowledge that folk-songs existed in this country was confined to very few, and it was popularly assumed that the English peasant was the only one of his class in Europe who had failed to express himself spontaneously in song and dance. How, in the face of the facts which have since been brought to light, such an amazing misconception could have obtained credence and escaped disproof is an enigma which has never been satisfactorily explained. Happily, this grotesque error was exposed before it was too late to make amends for the contemptuous neglect with which our predecessors had treated their national musical heritage. A few years later, with the passing of the last survivors of the peasant class, it would have been quite impossible to have recovered anything of real value, and the achievements of a great peasant art would have been irretrievably lost. It may be thought that, owing to the late hour at which the interest in our folk-music came ultimately to be aroused, it is but a shrunken harvest that has been garnered. But I do not think this is so. That the postponement has added very materially to the difficulties of the collector—by compelling him, for instance, to take down his songs from aged and quavering throats instead of from young, fresh-voiced singers—is, of course, true enough. Nevertheless, I do not think that this has appreciably affected either the quality or the abundance of the recoveries. Indeed, our belated conversion has even had some actual advantages. For the investigations having thereby been postponed to a later and more scientific period, the work of collection has been conducted with a thoroughness, an accuracy, and honesty of purpose which we may be reasonably certain is not the treatment that work of this nature would have received a century or more ago. The present-day collector has realized that his first and chief obligation was to record just what he heard, no more and no less, and that the æsthetic as well as the scientific value of his work depended wholly upon the truthfulness and accuracy of his transcriptions. And if the investigations have throughout been conducted in this spirit—and it is a claim that may, I think, justly be made—this is owing in no small degree to the influence exercised by the Folk-Song Society (founded in 1898) and the example which, by means of its *Journal*, it has set to collectors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The modes commonly used by the English peasant are the Æolian (typified by the white-note scale of A), the Dorian (white-note scale of D), and the Mixolydian (white-note scale of G). The Phrygian (E), and the Lydian (F) he uses but rarely; a dozen tunes in the former mode and less than half that number in the latter are, perhaps, as many as English collectors have as yet unearthed.

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

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

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

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

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

After what has been already said with regard to the "editing" of folk-music, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to assure the reader that the tunes in this volume are presented precisely as they were originally taken down from the lips of the singers, without any alteration whatsoever. Logically, the words should be accorded the same treatment. But this, unhappily, it is not always possible to do. Indeed, it has reluctantly to be confessed that owing to various causes—the doggerel broadside-versions of the songs that have been disseminated throughout the country for the past several centuries; lapse of memory; corruptions arising from the inability of the singer to understand words and phrases which have come to him from other parts of the country; the varying lengths of the corresponding lines of the several stanzas of the same song; the free and unconventional treatment of some of the themes, etc.—the words of the songs are sometimes coarse and often unintelligible. It has therefore been necessary to make alterations in the texts of some of the songs in this collection. Although archaic words and expressions have been retained, no attempt has been made to preserve local peculiarities of speech, it being the custom among folk-singers to use each his own particular dialect. I have only to add that whenever alterations have been made in the text, the fact is mentioned in the notes.

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

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

C. J. S.

Hampstead,
London, 1919.

NOTES.

No. 1. *Henry Martin.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The air is in the Dorian mode.

No. 2. *Bruton Town.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first verse runs:

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

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

Robin Hood is said to have been born in Locksley in Nottinghamshire about 1160, in the reign of Henry II. He was of noble blood, and his real name was Robert Fitzooth, of which Robin Hood is a corruption. He was commonly reputed to have been the Earl of Huntingdon, and it is possible that in the latter years of his life he may have had some right to the title. He led the life of an outlaw in Barnsdale (Yorks), Sherwood (Notts), and in Plompton Park (Cumberland), and gathered round him a large number of retainers. His chief lieutenants were Little John, whose surname is believed to have been Nailor; William Scadlock (Scathelock or Scarlet); George-a-Green, pinder or pound-keeper of Wakefield; Much, a miller's son; and Friar Tuck. It is said that he died in 1247, at the age of eighty-seven, at the Kirkleys Nunnery in Yorkshire, whither he had gone to be bled, and where it is supposed that he was treacherously done to death.

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

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

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

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

No. 6. *Lord Bateman.*

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

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

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

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

No. 7. *Barbara Ellen.*

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

No. 8. *Little Sir Hugh.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clearly, "American corn" is a corruption of "In merry Lincoln"; and I hazard the guess that the "Mirry-land toune" in Percy's version is but another corruption of the same words.

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

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

No. 9. *Geordie.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The words are on broadsides by Such and others.

No. 10. *Lady Maisry.*

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

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

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

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

The tune is in the Æolian mode.

No. 11. *The Outlandish Knight.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

One singer gave me the first verse as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 13. *The Cruel Mother.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 14. *The Golden Vanity.*

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

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

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

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

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

No. 15. *Lord Thomas of Winesberry.*

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

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

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

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

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

No. 16. *The Green Wedding.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 17. *The Seeds of Love.*

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

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

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

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

No. 18. *The Sprig of Thyme.*

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

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

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

No. 19. *The Cuckoo.*

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

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

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

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

No. 20. *Blackbirds and Thrushes.*

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

No. 21. *The Drowned Lover.*

For other versions with tunes, see *Traditional Tunes* (p. 112); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii., p. 258); and *Songs of the West* (No. 32, 2d ed.). In a note to the latter, Mr. Baring-Gould states that the earliest copy of the words is in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, under the heading "Captain Digby's Farewell"; and that the song afterward came to be applied—at any rate, in the West of England—to the death of the Earl of Sandwich after the action in Sole Bay in 1673. Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that "Stokes Bay," in the version given in the text, is a corruption of "Sole Bay." In both the other versions above cited, and in another one which I have published (*Folk-Songs from Various Counties*, No. 8), the scene is laid in the North of England, the lovers being buried in Robin Hood's Churchyard.

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

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

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

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

The tune in the text is in the Æolian mode.

No. 23. *O Waly, Waly.*

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

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

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

No. 24. *Green Bushes.*

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

No. 25. *Bedlam.*

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

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

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

No. 26. *Farewell, Nancy.*

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

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

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

No. 27. *The Rambling Sailor.*

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

No. 28. *Dabbling in the Dew.*

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

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

The tune is in the Æolian mode.

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

No. 29. *The Saucy Sailor.*

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

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

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

No. 30. *Fanny Blair.*

THE words that I took down from the singer of this song were very corrupt and almost unintelligible. I have therefore substituted lines taken from a Catnach broadside in my possession.

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

No. 31. *Arise, arise.*

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

No. 32. *Searching for Lambs.*

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

No. 33. *Green Broom.*

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

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

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

No. 35. *The Sweet Priméroses.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 38. *Sweet Kitty.*

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

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

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

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

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

The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 40. *High Germany.*

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

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

No. 41. *Death and the Lady.*

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

Chappell points out that this is "one of a series of popular ballads which had their rise from the celebrated *Dance of Death*," and he quotes a very long "Dialogue betwixt an Exciseman and Death" from a copy in the Bagford Collection, dated 1659 (also given in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*). There is a tune in Henry Carey's *Musical Century* (volume i., p. 53), set to one of the recitatives in "A New Year's Ode." This is headed "The Melody stolen from an old ballad called Death and the Lady." It is this tune which Chappell prints to the words of "Death and the Lady," from *A Guide to Heaven* (1736). The words of this last version are on a broadside by Evans which I am fortunate enough to possess. It is ornamented with a curious old woodcut of a skeleton holding a scythe and an hour-glass.

No. 42. *My Boy Willie.*

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

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

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

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

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

No. 44. *Mowing the Barley.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 47. *Hares on the Mountains.*

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

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

This, of course, is clearly allied to the preceding song. I have collected only two other versions of it. The words of the first three stanzas had, of necessity, to be somewhat altered. The tune is in the Æolian mode.

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

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

No. 50. *William Taylor.*

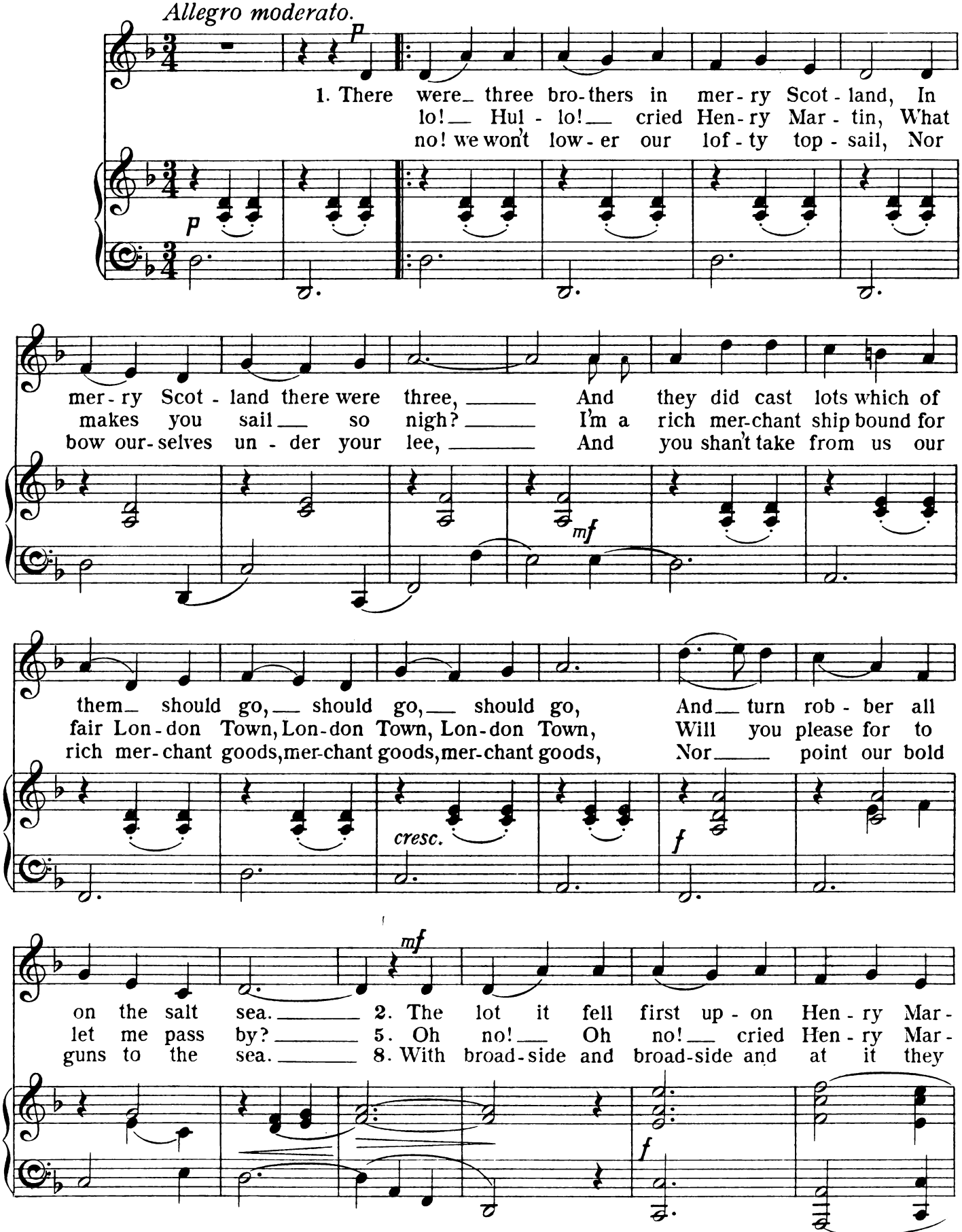
For other versions with tunes, see *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i., p. 254; volume iii., pp. 214-220); and *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (No. 118). No tune is better known to the English folk-singer than this. It is usually in the major or, as in the present case, in the Mixolydian mode,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

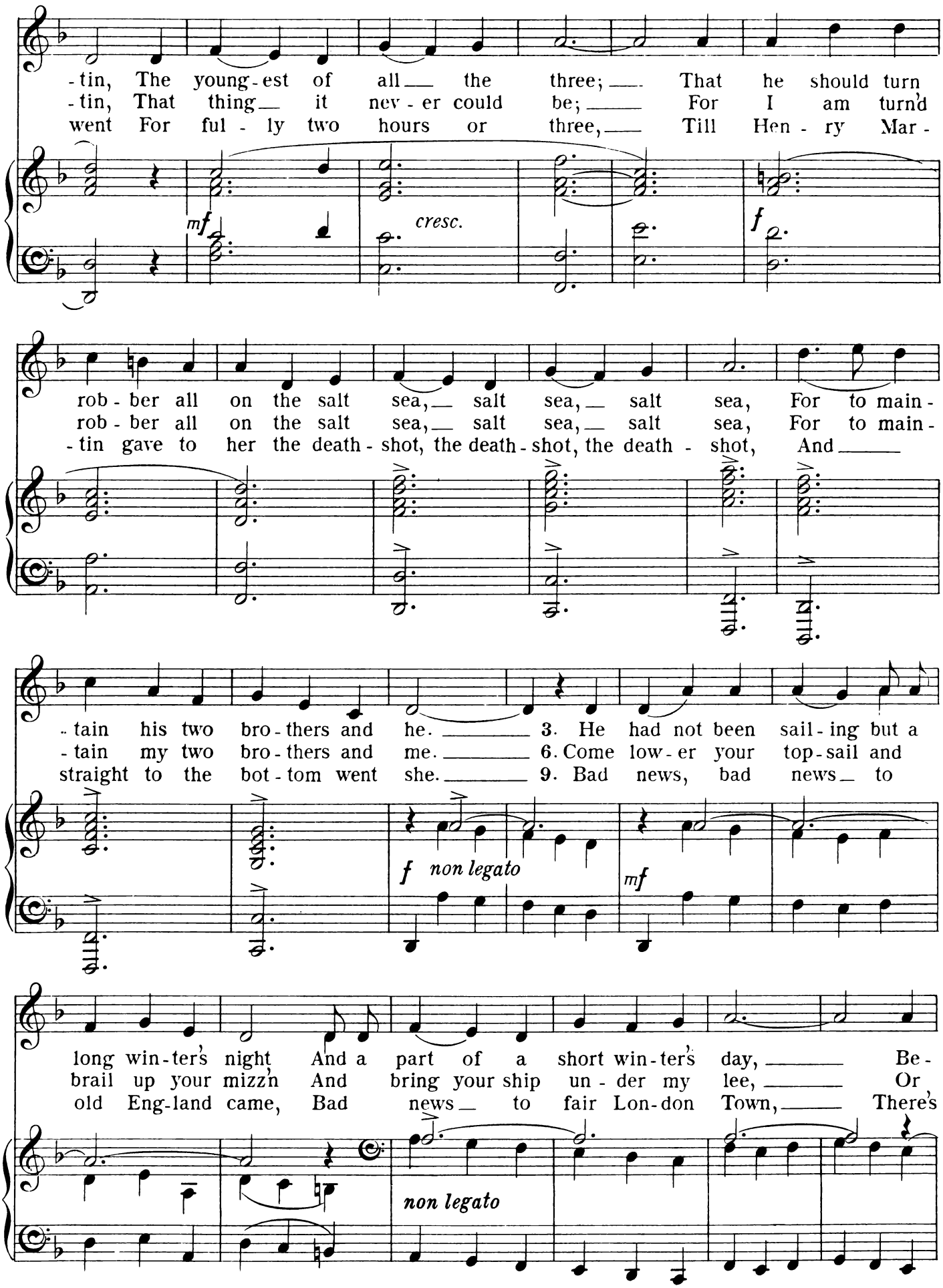
ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

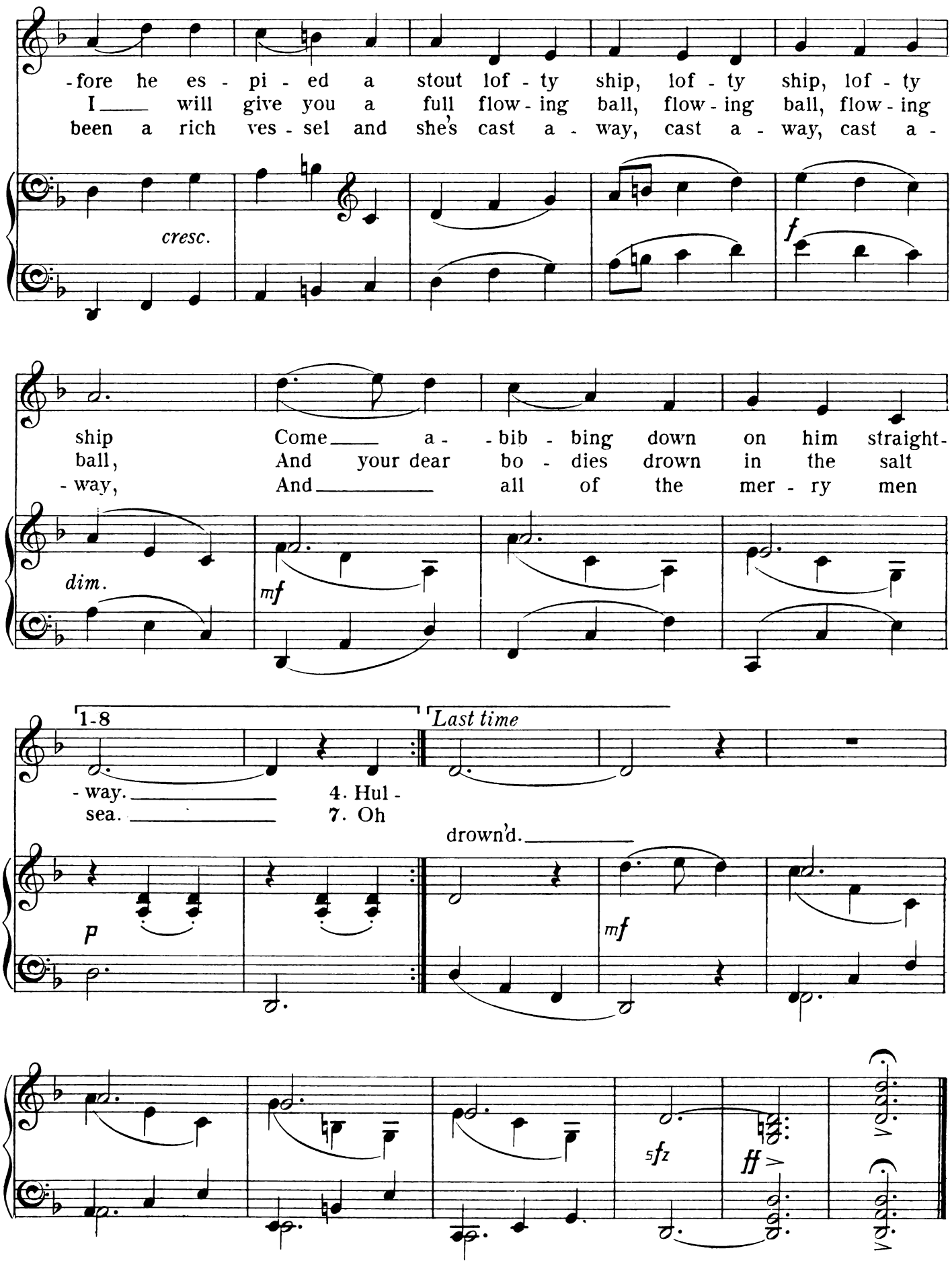
I

HENRY MARTIN.

Allegro moderato.

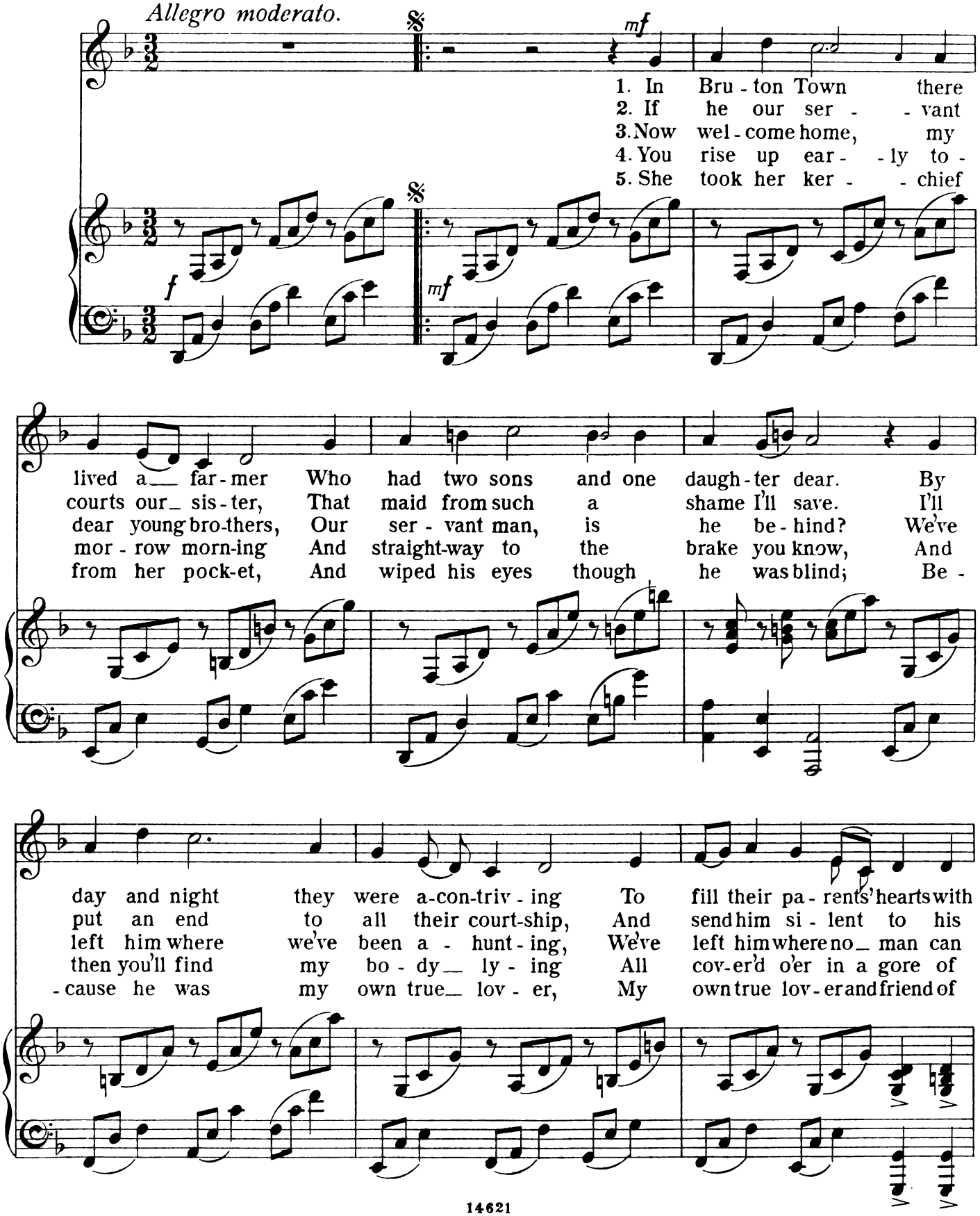


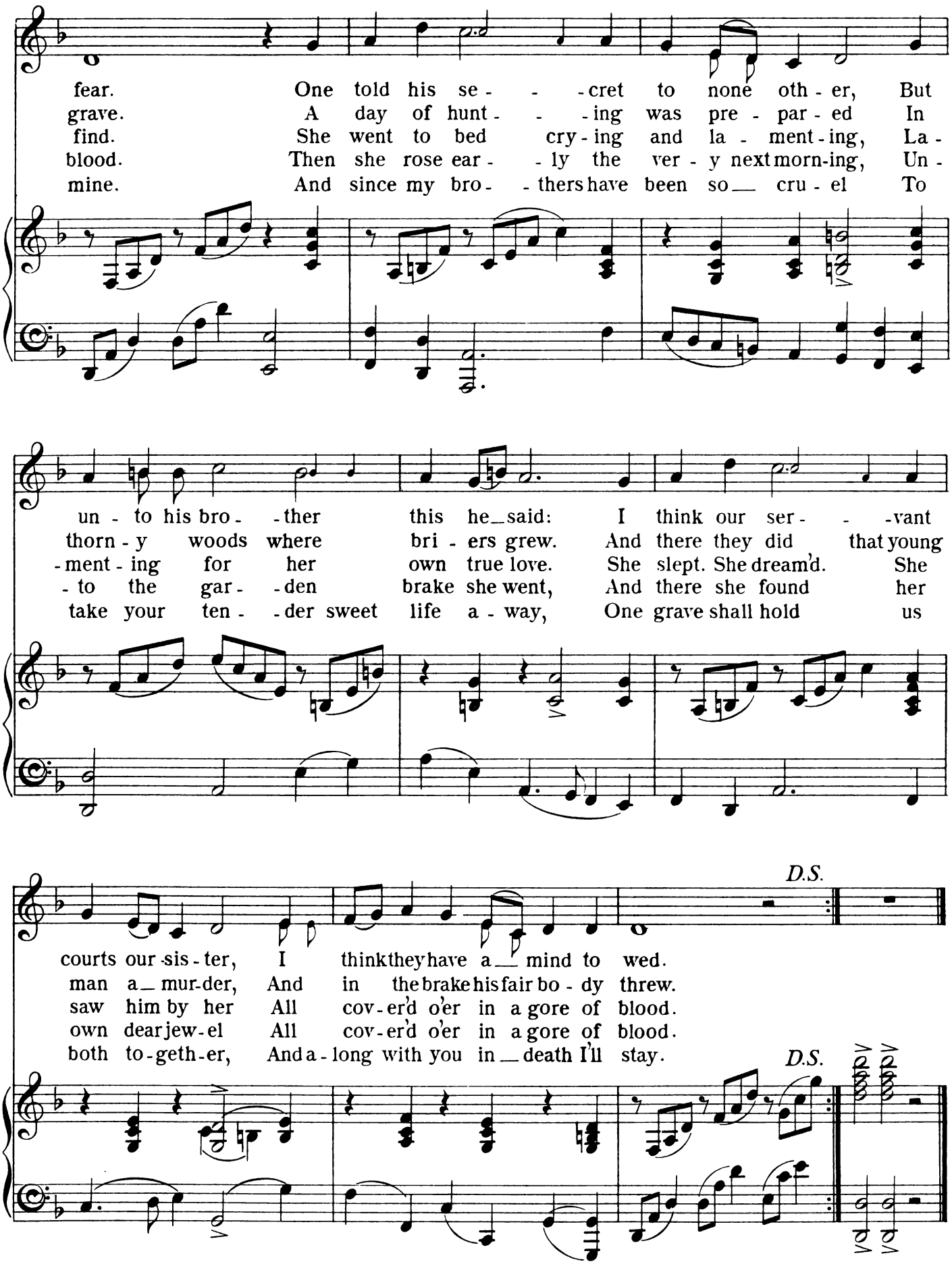

-tin, The young-est of all the three; That he should turn
-tin, That thing it nev-er could be; For I am turn'd
went For ful-ly two hours or three, Till Hen-ry Mar-
mf
cresc.
f
rob-ber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea, For to main-
rob-ber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea, For to main-
-tin gave to her the death-shot, the death-shot, the death-shot, And
-tain his two bro-thers and he. 3. He had not been sail-ing but a
-tain my two bro-thers and me. 6. Come low-er your top-sail and
straight to the bot-tom went she. 9. Bad news, bad news to
f non legato
mf
long win-ter's night And a part of a short win-ter's day, Be-
brail up your mizz'n And bring your ship un-der my lee, Or
old Eng-land came, Bad news to fair Lon-don Town, There's
non legato


-fore he es - pi - ed a stout lof - ty ship, lof - ty ship, lof - ty
I will give you a full flow - ing ball, flow - ing ball, flow - ing
been a rich ves - sel and she's cast a - way, cast a - way, cast a -
cresc.
f
ship Come a - bib - bing down on him straight -
ball, And your dear bo - dies drown in the salt
- way, And all of the mer - ry men
dim.
mf
1-8
- way.
sea.
4. Hul -
7. Oh
Last time
drown'd.
p
mf
sfz
ff

II

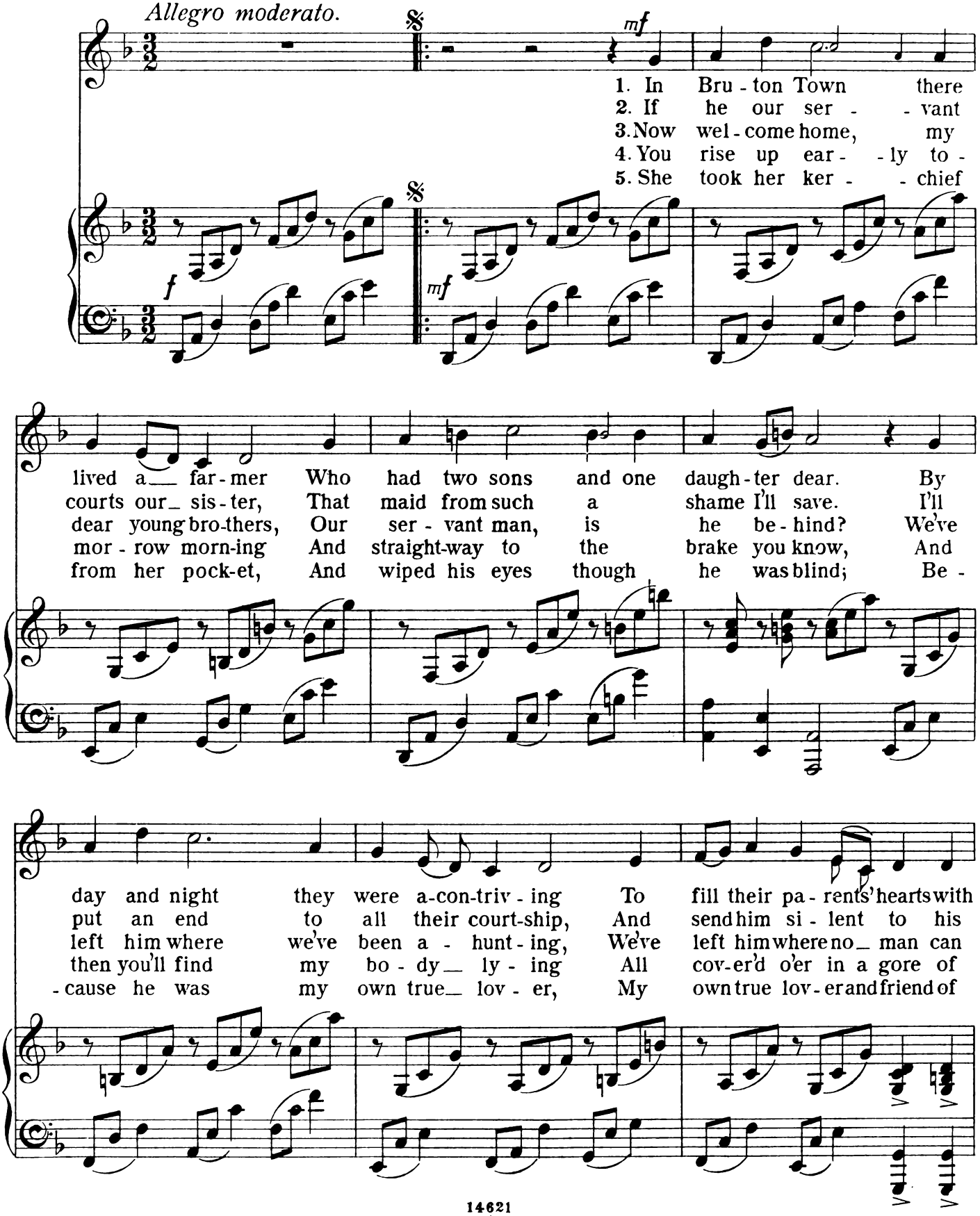
BRUTON TOWN.



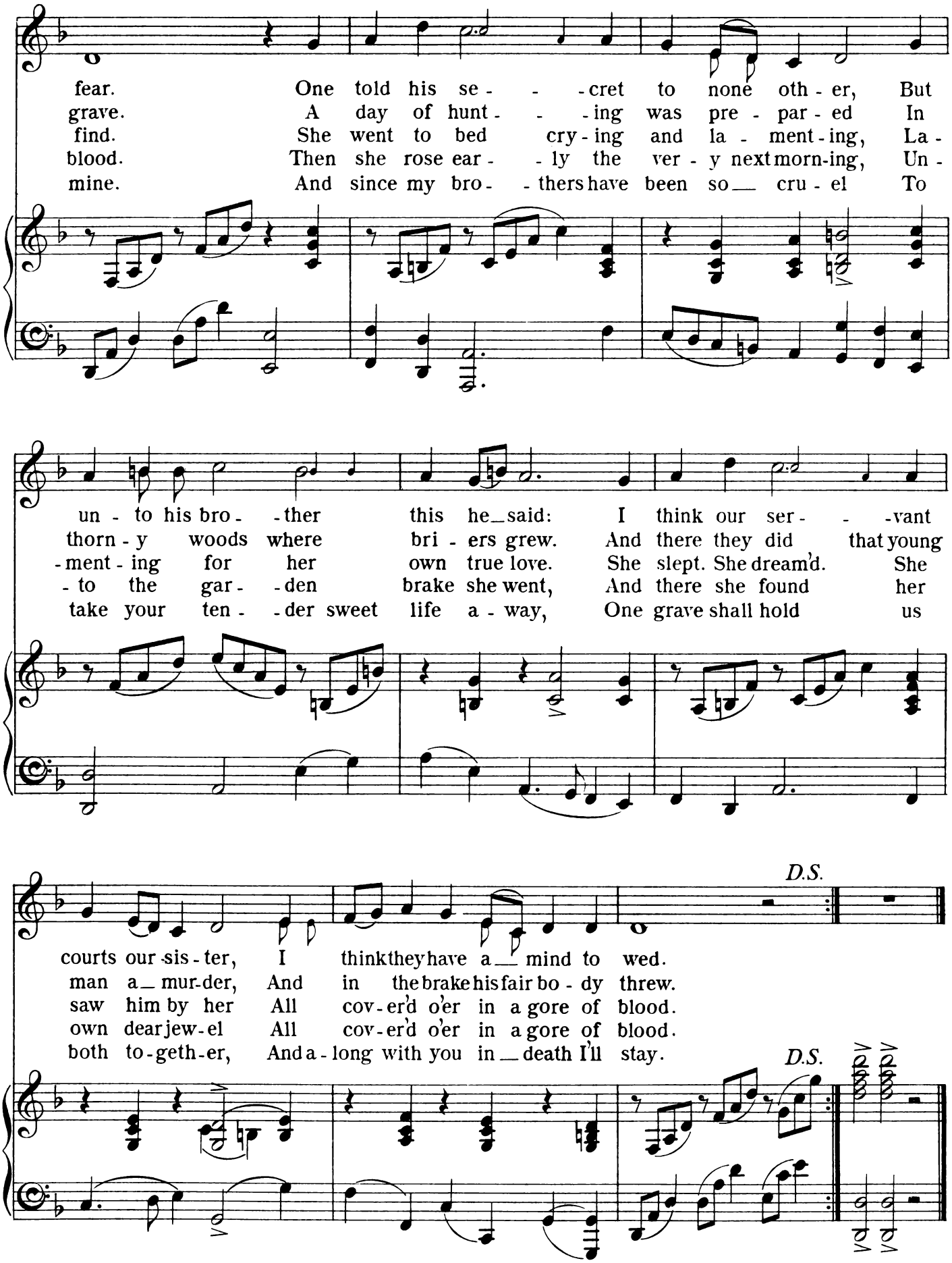

fear. One told his se - - - cret to none oth - er, But
grave. A day of hunt - - - ing was pre - par - ed In
find. She went to bed cry - ing and la - ment - ing, La -
blood. Then she rose ear - - ly the ver - y next morn-ing, Un -
mine. And since my bro - - thers have been so cru - el To
un - to his bro - - ther this he said: I think our ser - - - vant
thorn - y woods where bri - ers grew. And there they did that young
- ment - ing for her own true love. She slept. She dream'd. She
- to the gar - - den brake she went, And there she found her
take your ten - - der sweet life a - way, One grave shall hold us
D.S.
courts our sis - ter, I think they have a mind to wed.
man a mur-der, And in the brake his fair bo - dy threw.
saw him by her All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
own dear jew - el All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
both to - geth - er, And a - long with you in death I'll stay.
D.S.

II

BRUTON TOWN.



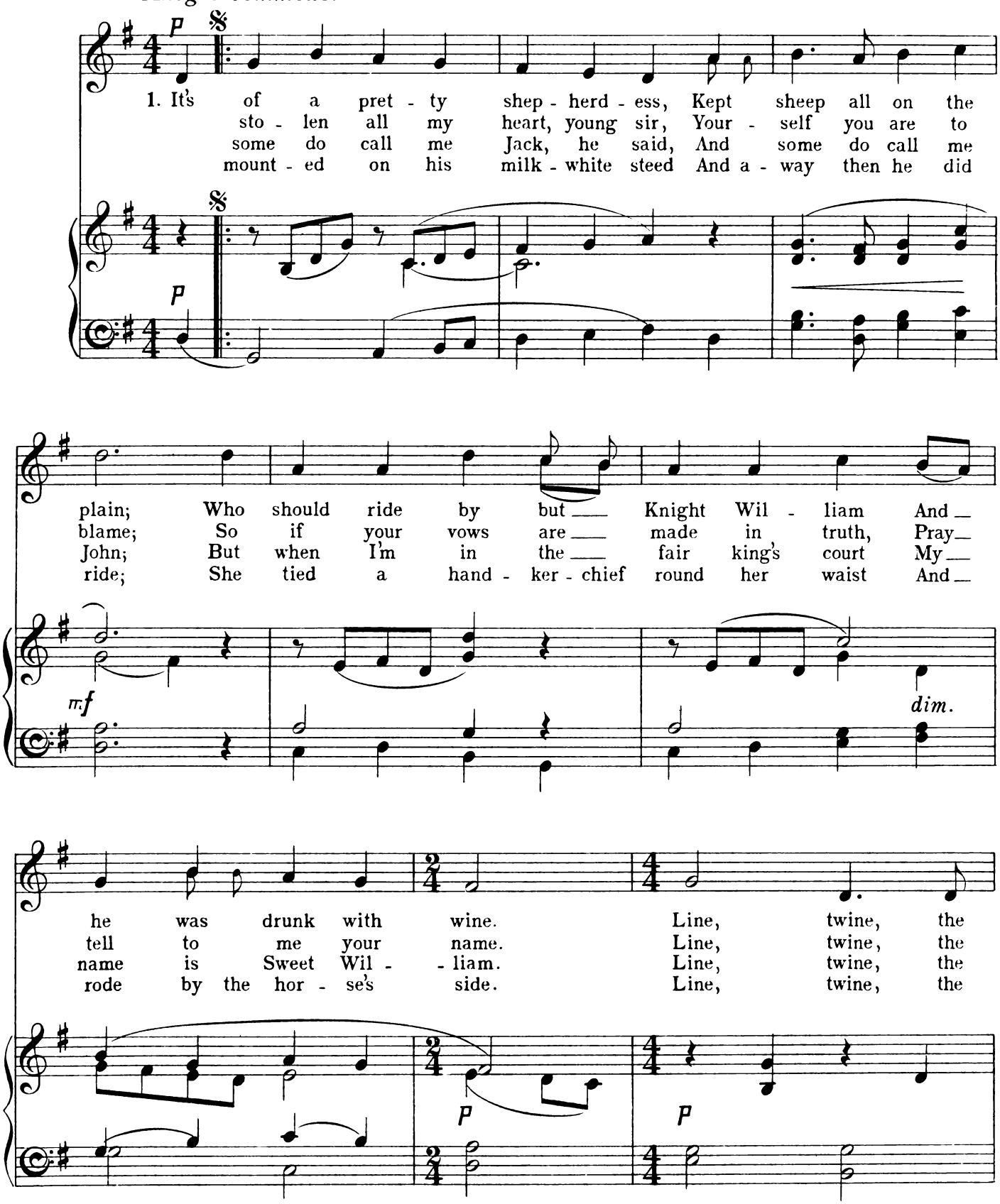
14621


fear. One told his se - - - cret to none oth - er, But
grave. A day of hunt - - - ing was pre - par - ed In
find. She went to bed cry - ing and la - ment - ing, La -
blood. Then she rose ear - - ly the ver - y next morn-ing, Un -
mine. And since my bro - - thers have been so cru - el To
un - to his bro - - ther this he said: I think our ser - - vant
thorn - y woods where bri - ers grew. And there they did that young
- ment - ing for her own true love. She slept. She dream'd. She
- to the gar - - den brake she went, And there she found her
take your ten - - der sweet life a - way, One grave shall hold us
courts our sis - ter, I think they have a mind to wed.
man a mur-der, And in the brake his fair bo - dy threw.
saw him by her All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
own dear jew - el All cov - er'd o'er in a gore of blood.
both to - geth - er, And a - long with you in death I'll stay.
D.S.
D.S.

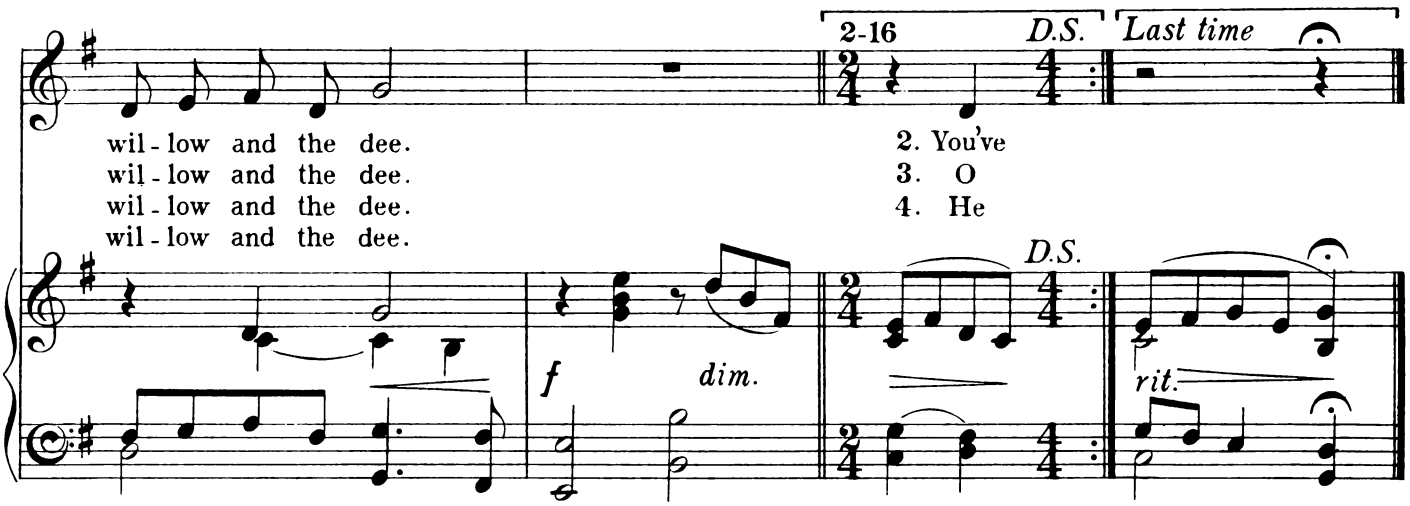
III

THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

Allegro commodo.



14621



5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

14

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

15

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

16

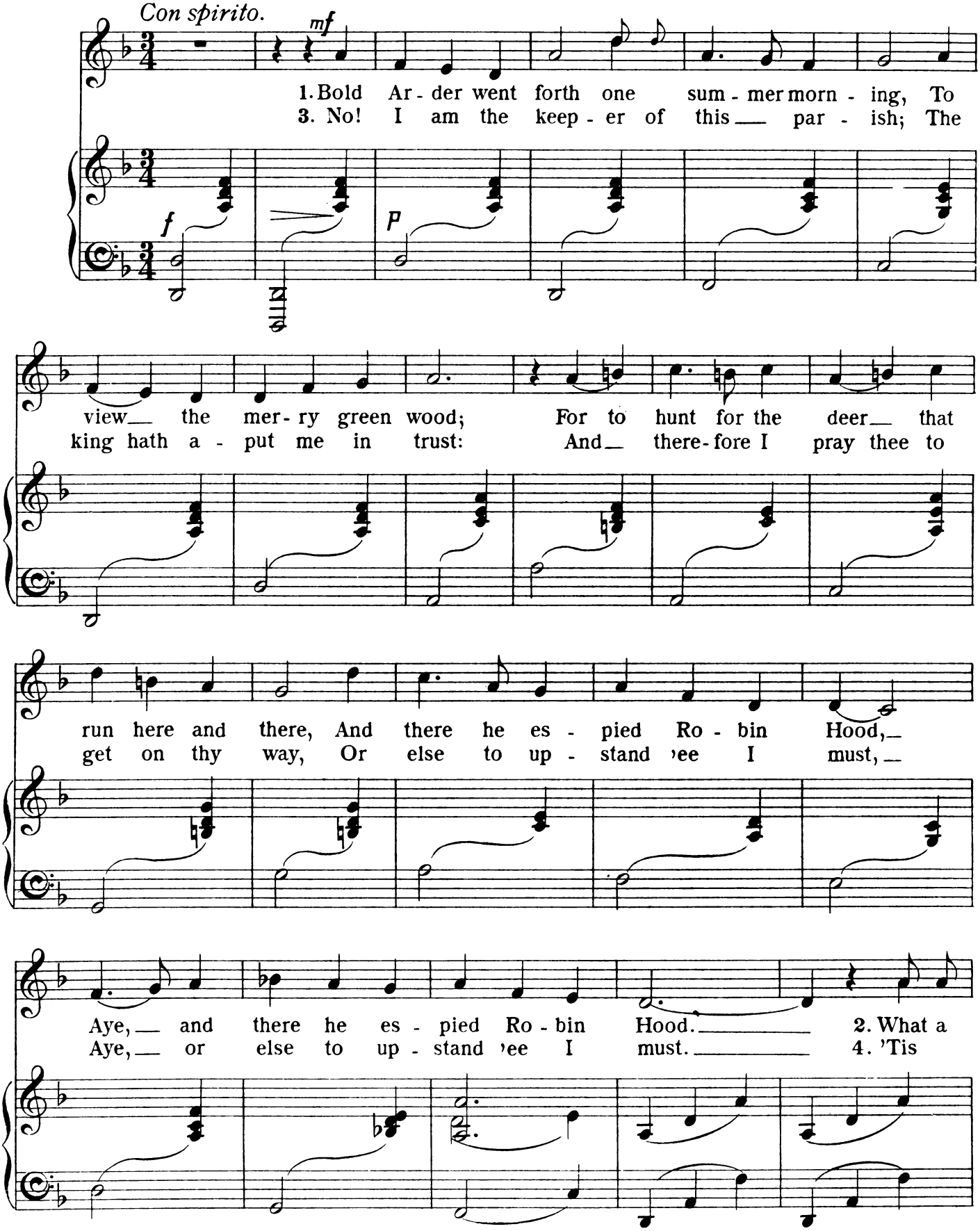
He mounted on his milk-white steed,
And she on her pony grey;
He threw the bugle round his neck
And together they rode away.

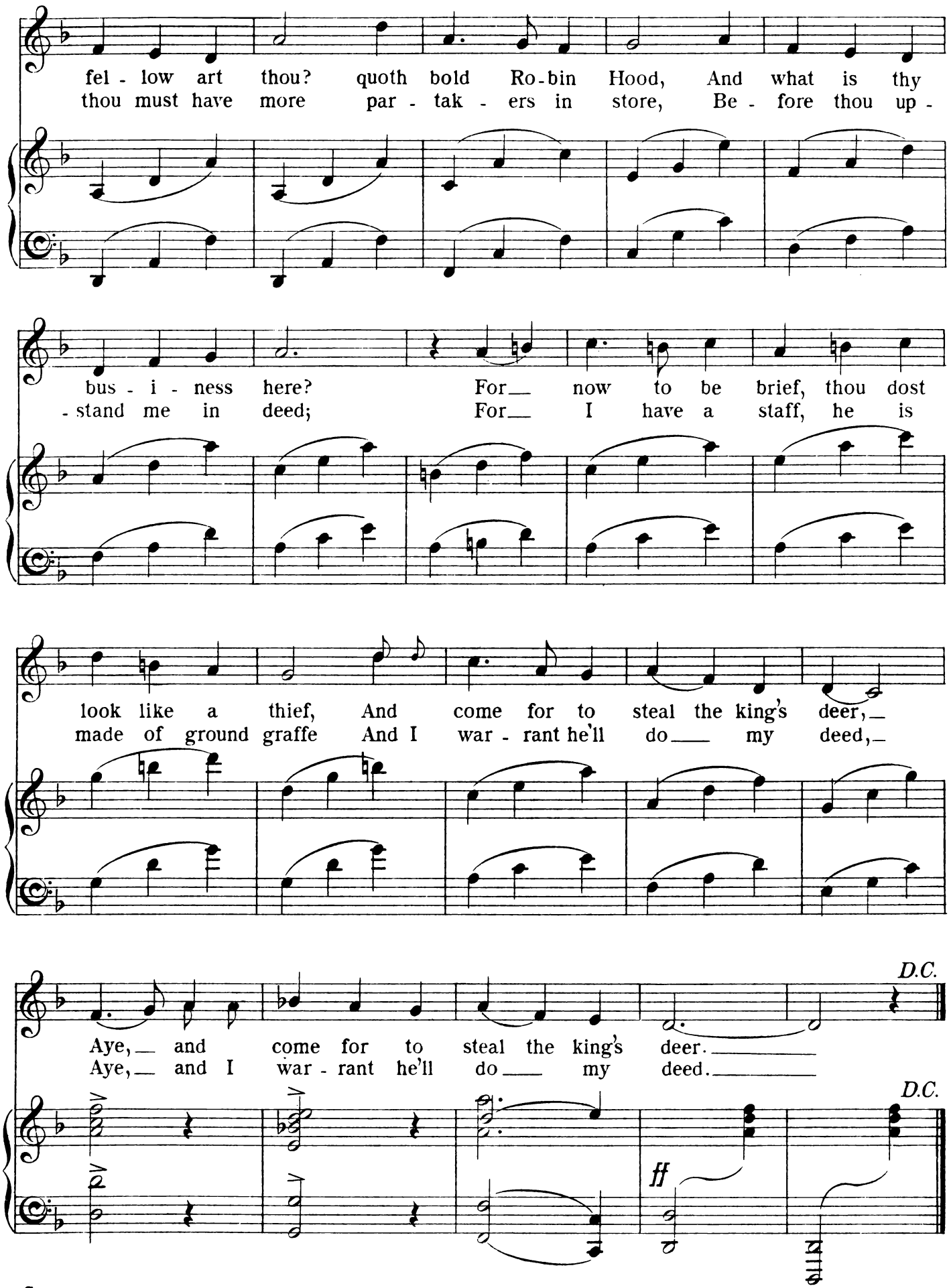
17

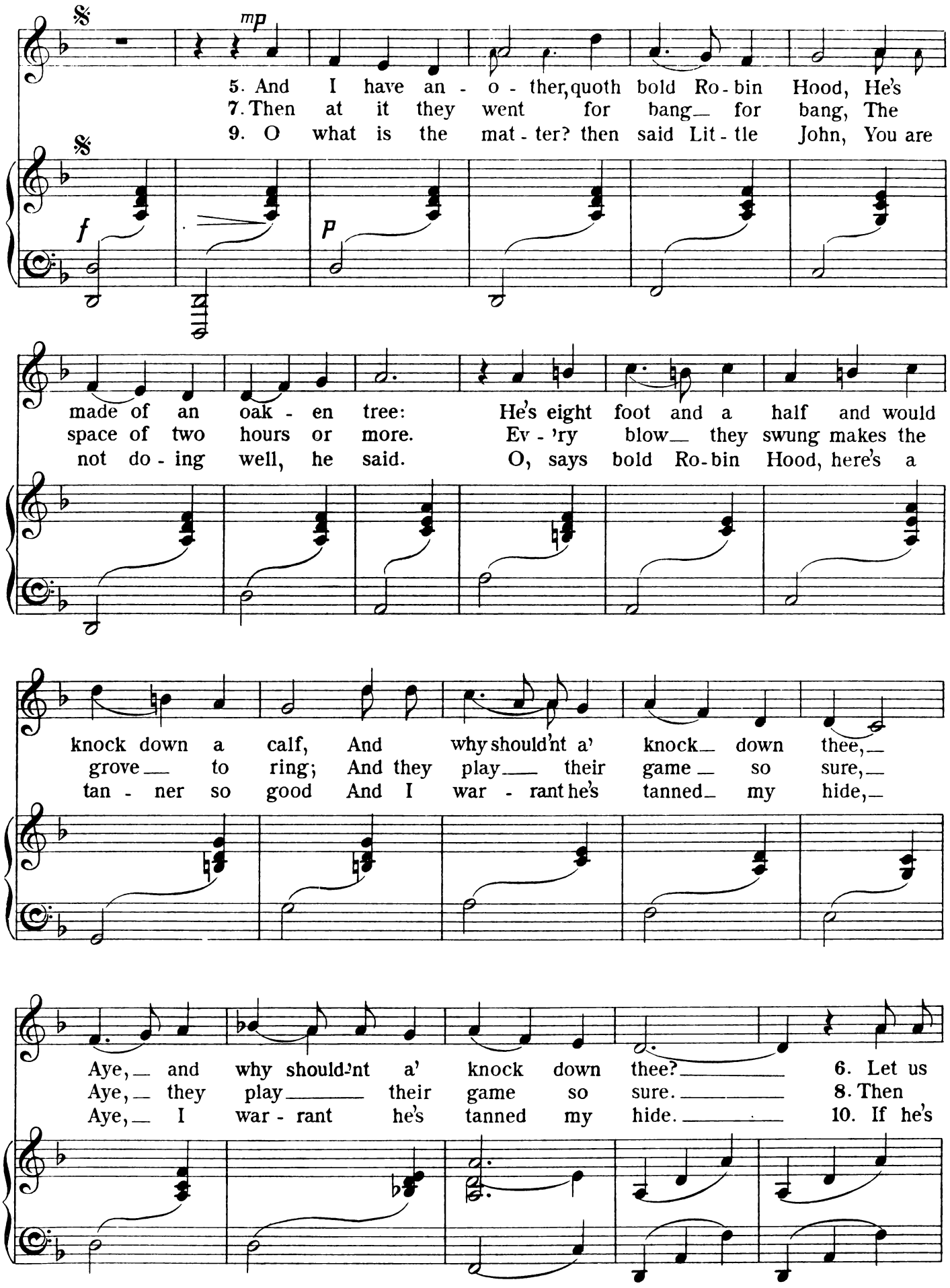
The very next town that they came to
The wedding bells did ring;
And the very next church that they came to
There was a gay wedding.

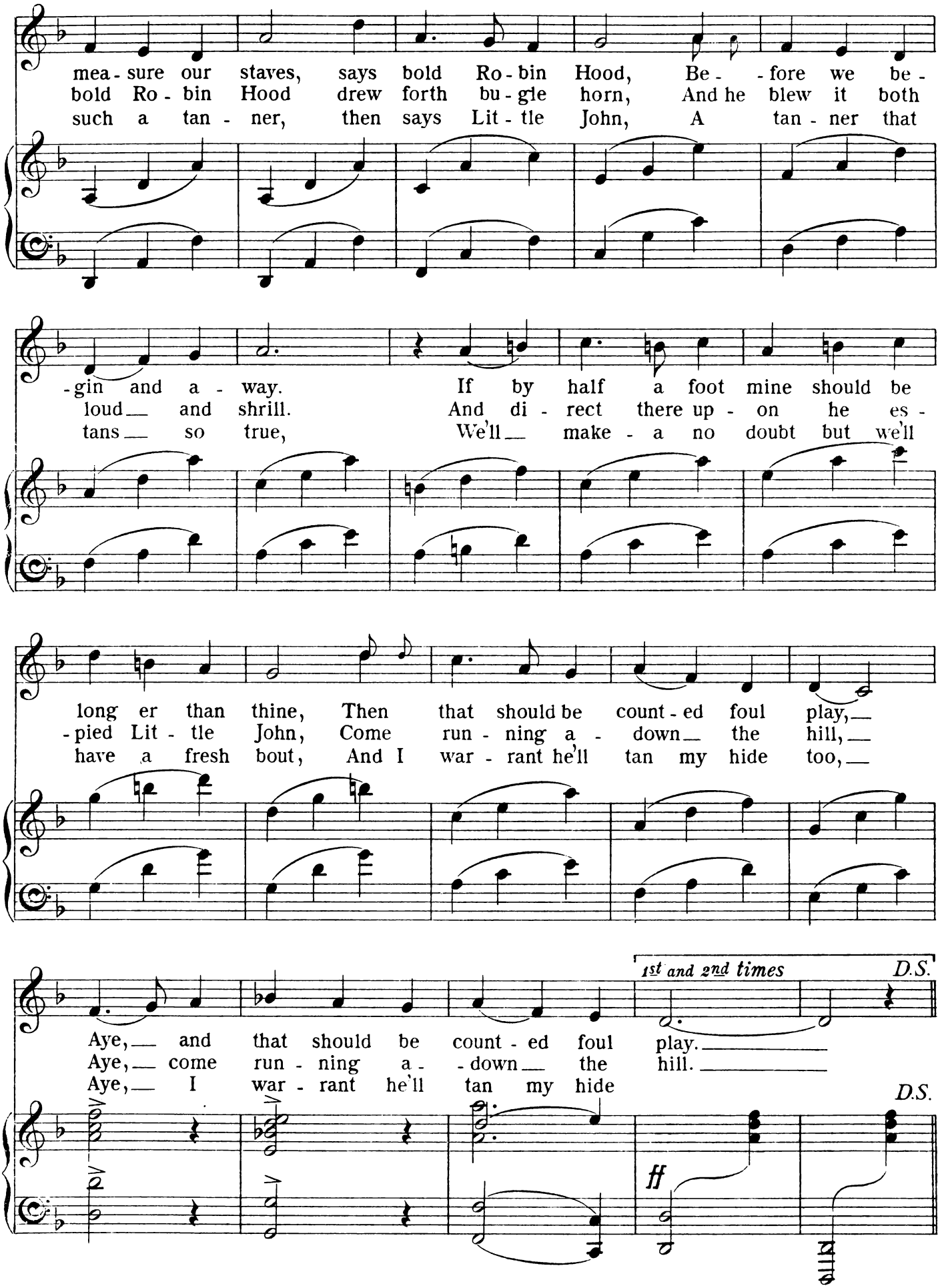
IV

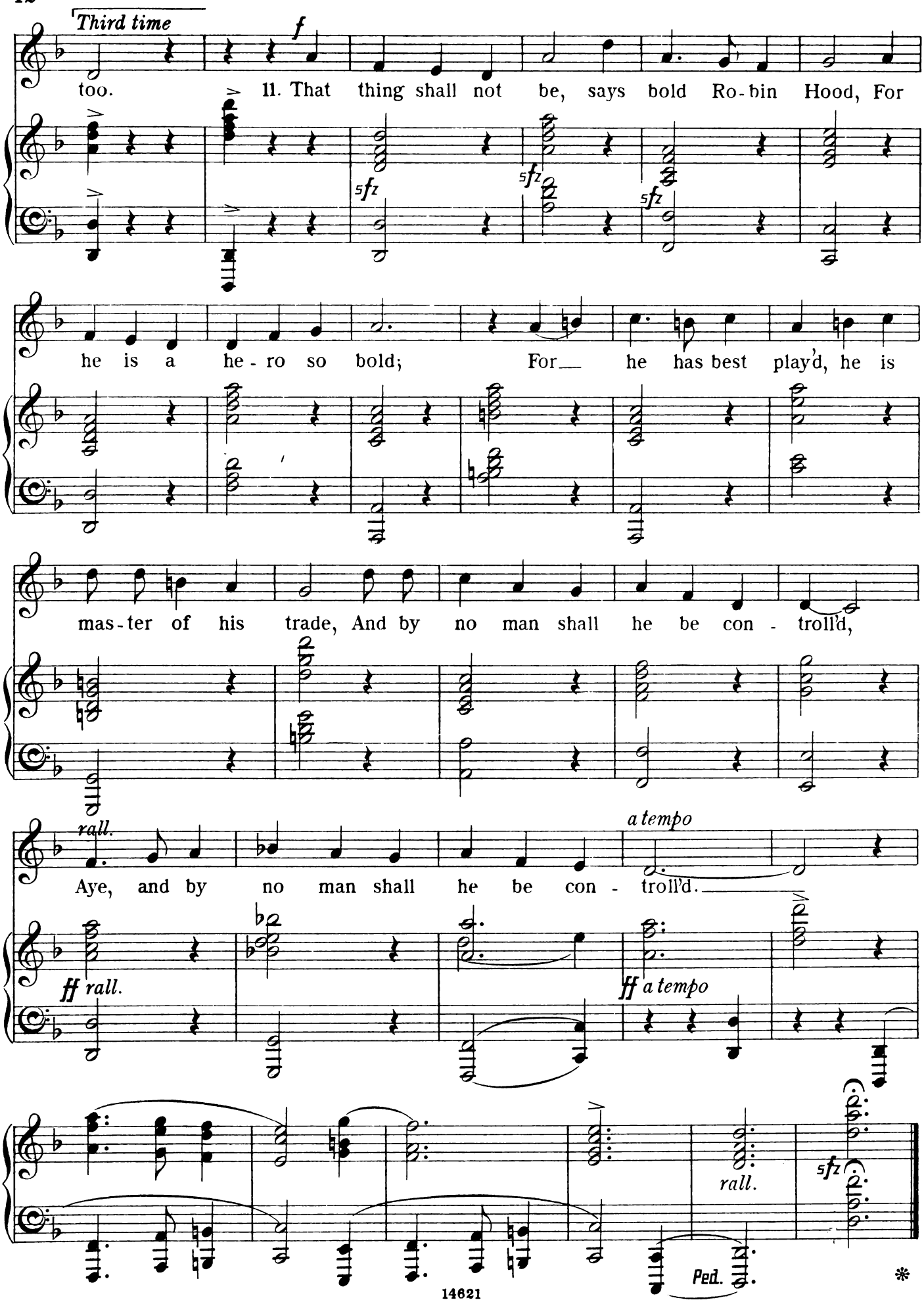
ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.



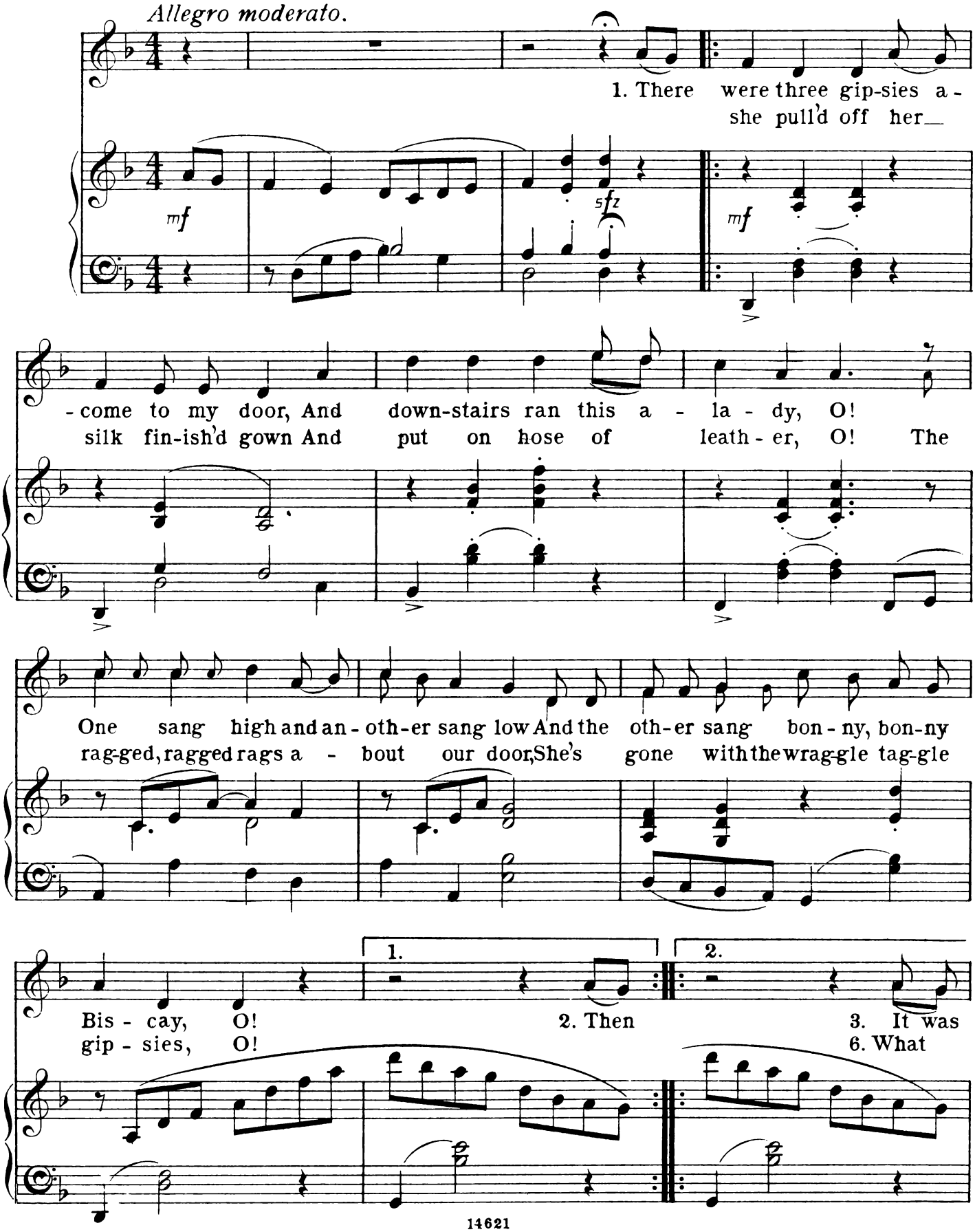

fel - low art thou? quoth bold Ro-bin Hood, And what is thy
thou must have more par - tak - ers in store, Be - fore thou up -
bus - i - ness here? For now to be brief, thou dost
- stand me in deed; For I have a staff, he is
look like a thief, And come for to steal the king's deer,
made of ground graffe And I war - rant he'll do my deed,
D.C.
Aye, and come for to steal the king's deer.
Aye, and I war - rant he'll do my deed.
D.C.
ff


5. And I have an - o - ther, quoth bold Ro - bin Hood, He's
7. Then at it they went for bang_ for bang, The
9. O what is the mat - ter? then said Lit - tle John, You are
made of an oak - en tree: He's eight foot and a half and would
space of two hours or more. Ev - 'ry blow_ they swung makes the
not do - ing well, he said. O, says bold Ro - bin Hood, here's a
knock down a calf, And why should'nt a' knock_ down thee,_
grove_ to ring; And they play_ their game_ so sure,_
tan - ner so good And I war - rant he's tanned_ my hide,_
Aye,_ and why should'nt a' knock down thee?_ 6. Let us
Aye,_ they play_ their game so sure._ 8. Then
Aye,_ I war - rant he's tanned my hide._ 10. If he's


mea - sure our staves, says bold Ro - bin Hood, Be - - fore we be -
bold Ro - bin Hood drew forth bu - gle horn, And he blew it both
such a tan - ner, then says Lit - tle John, A tan - ner that
- gin and a - way. If by half a foot mine should be
loud and shrill. And di - rect there up - on he es -
tans so true, We'll make - a no doubt but we'll
long er than thine, Then that should be count - ed foul play,
- pied Lit - tle John, Come run - ning a - down the hill,
have a fresh bout, And I war - rant he'll tan my hide too,
1st and 2nd times
D.S.
Aye, and that should be count - ed foul play.
Aye, come run - ning a - - down the hill.
Aye, I war - rant he'll tan my hide
D.S.
ff


Third time
too.
11. That thing shall not be, says bold Ro-bin Hood, For
he is a he-ro so bold; For he has best play'd, he is
mas-ter of his trade, And by no man shall he be con-troll'd,
rall.
Aye, and by no man shall he be con-troll'd.
a tempo
ff rall.
ff a tempo
rall.
Ped.
*

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!



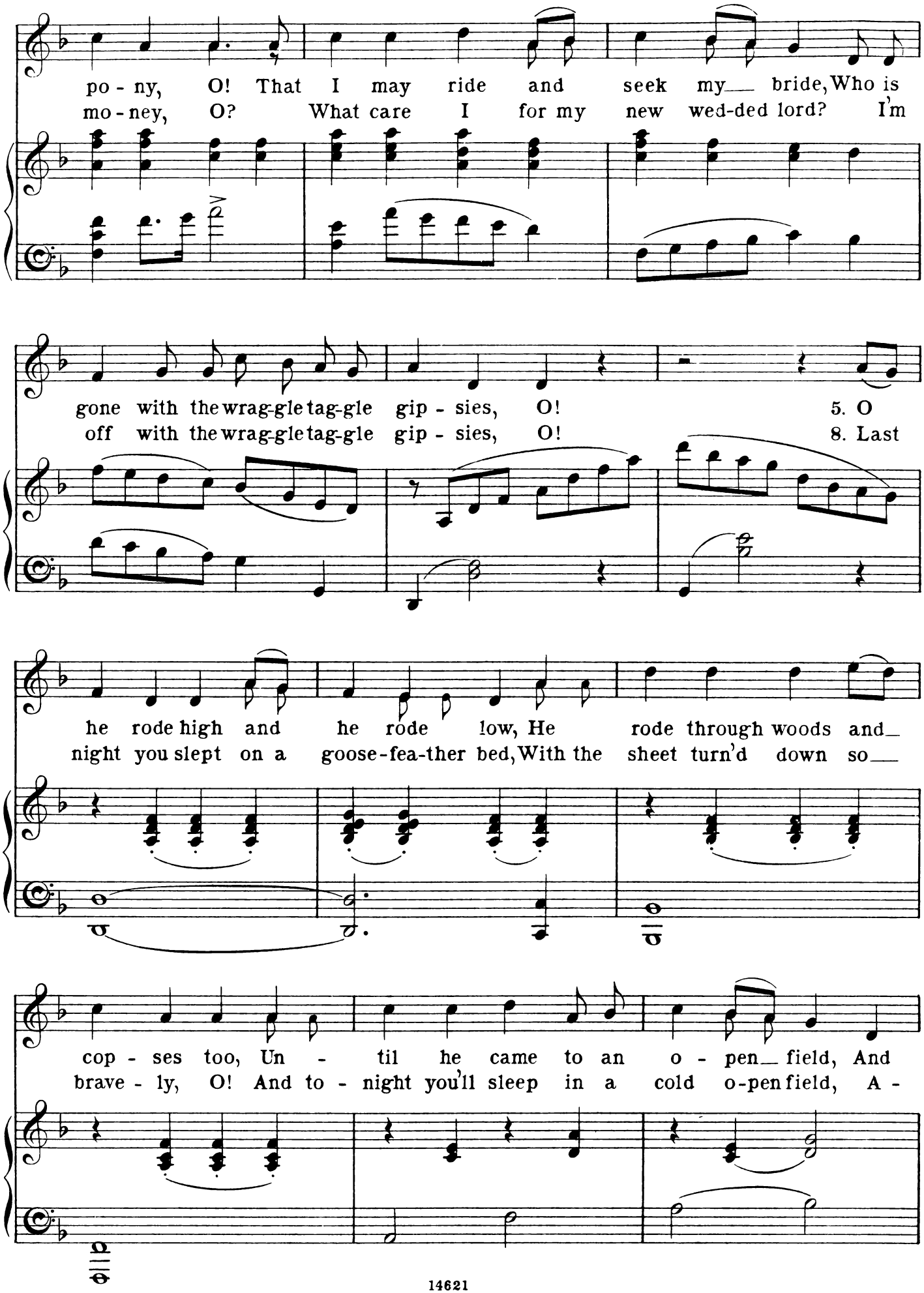
late last night when my lord came home, En - quir - ing for his a -
makes you leave your house and land? What makes you leave your

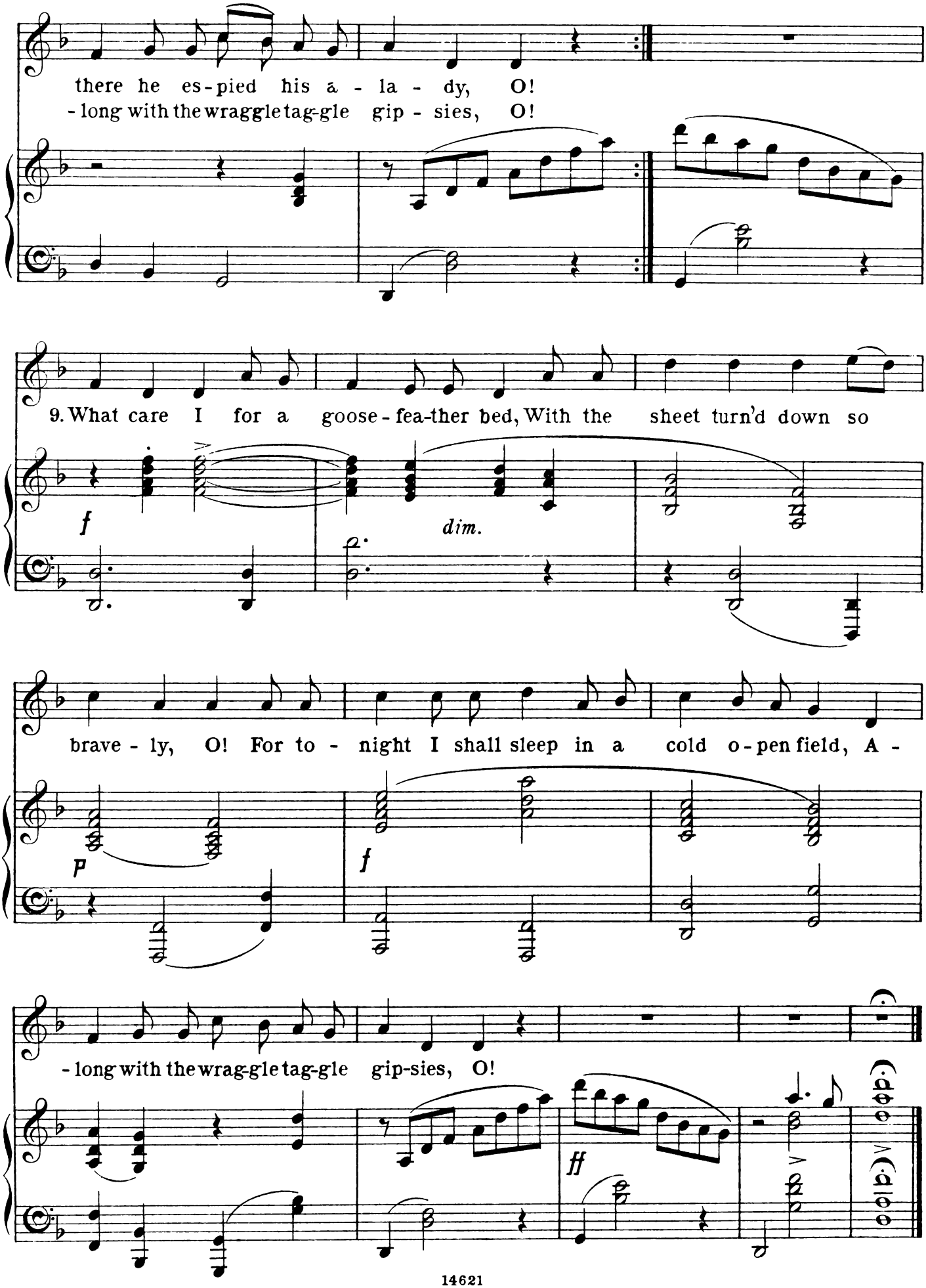
- la - dy, O! The ser - vants said, on ev - 'ry hand: She's
mon - ey, O? What makes you leave your new wed-ded lord, To

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

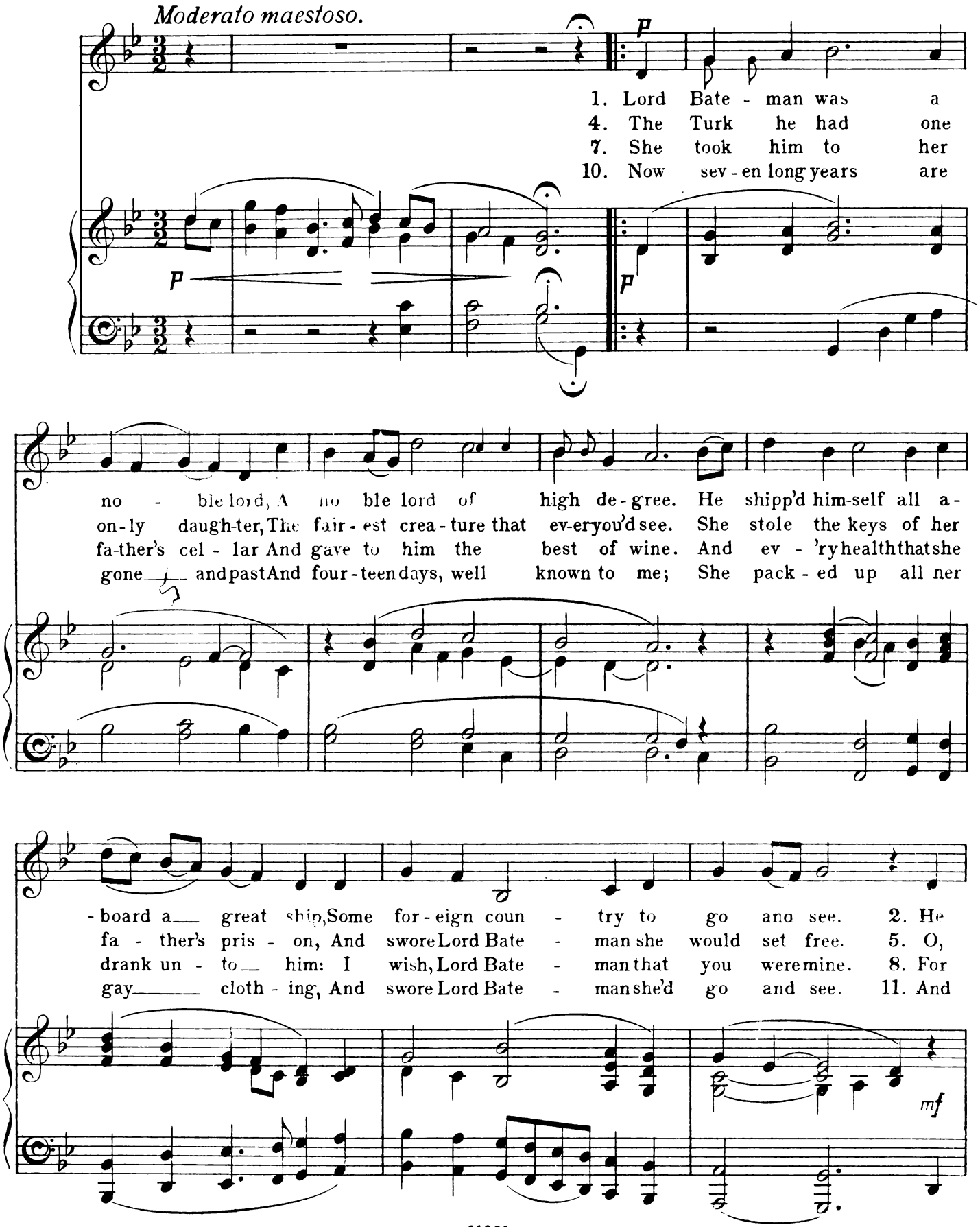
sad-dle to me my milk-white steed, Go and fetch me my
7. What care I for my house and my land? What care I for my

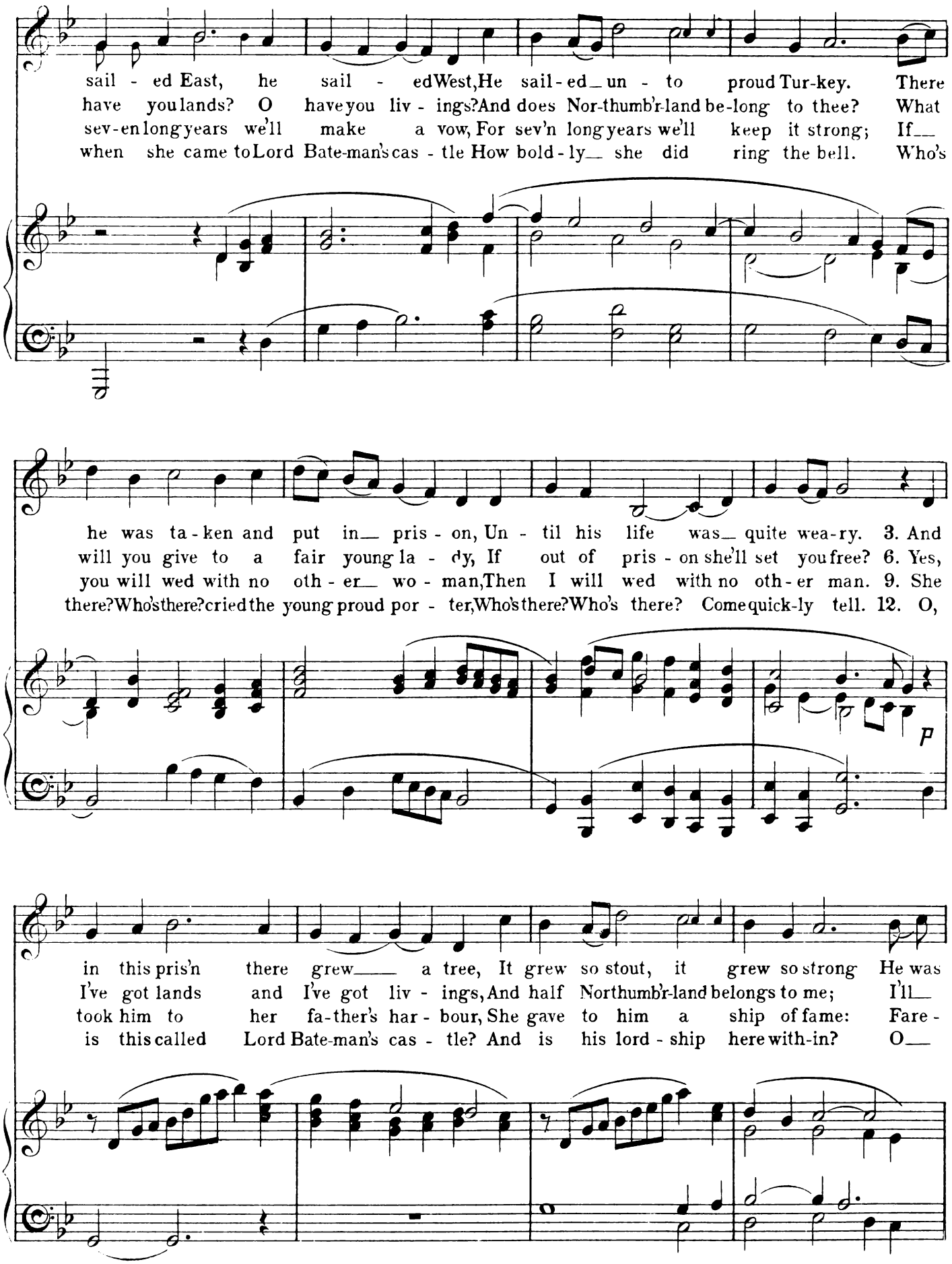
staccato

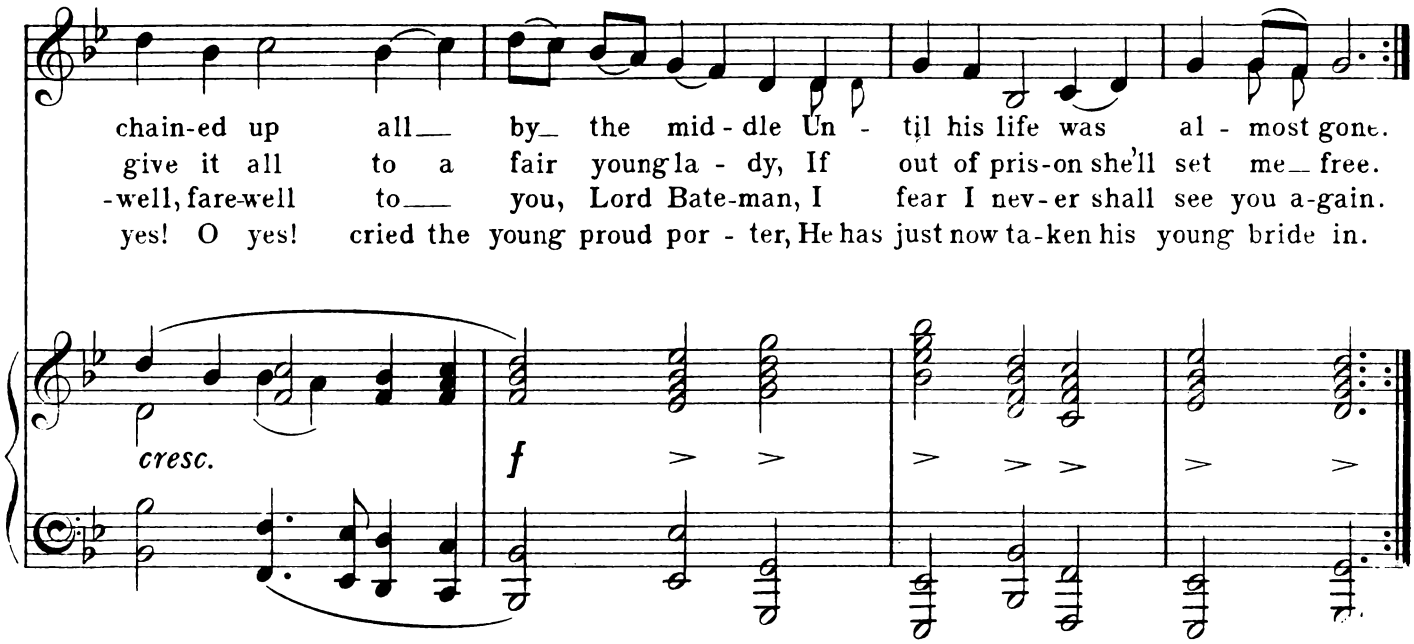

po - ny, O! That I may ride and seek my bride, Who is
mo - ney, O? What care I for my new wed-ded lord? I'm
gone with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies, O!
off with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies, O!
5. O
8. Last
he rode high and he rode low, He rode through woods and
night you slept on a goose-fea-ther bed, With the sheet turn'd down so
cop - ses too, Un - til he came to an o - pen field, And
brave - ly, O! And to - night you'll sleep in a cold o-pen field, A -


there he es-pied his a - la - dy, O!
- long with the wraggle tag-gle gip - sies, O!
9. What care I for a goose - fea-ther bed, With the sheet turn'd down so
f
dim.
brave - ly, O! For to - night I shall sleep in a cold o - pen field, A -
p
f
- long with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip-sies, O!
ff

VI
LORD BATEMAN.




sail - ed East, he sail - ed West, He sail - ed un - to proud Tur-key. There
have you lands? O have you liv - ings? And does Nor-thumb'r-land be-long to thee? What
sev-en long years we'll make a vow, For sev'n long years we'll keep it strong; If
when she came to Lord Bate-man's cas - tle How bold - ly she did ring the bell. Who's
he was ta - ken and put in pris - on, Un - til his life was quite wea-ry. 3. And
will you give to a fair young la - dy, If out of pris - on she'll set you free? 6. Yes,
you will wed with no oth - er wo - man, Then I will wed with no oth - er man. 9. She
there? Who's there? cried the young proud por - ter, Who's there? Who's there? Come quick-ly tell. 12. O,
p
in this pris'n there grew a tree, It grew so stout, it grew so strong He was
I've got lands and I've got liv - ings, And half Northumb'r-land belongs to me; I'll
took him to her fa-ther's har - bour, She gave to him a ship of fame: Fare -
is this called Lord Bate-man's cas - tle? And is his lord - ship here with-in? O



13.
You tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best of wine;
And not forgetting that fair young lady
That did release him when close confined.

14.
Away, away went the young proud porter,
Away, away, away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Down on his bended knees fell he.

15.
What news, what news, my young proud porter?
What news, what news hast thou brought to me?
There is the fairest of all young ladies
That ever my two eyes did see.

16.
She has got rings round every finger;
Round one of them she has got three.
She has gold enough all round her middle
To buy Northumb'rland that belongs to thee.

17.
She tells you to send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best of wine;
And not forgetting that fair young lady
That did release you when close confined.

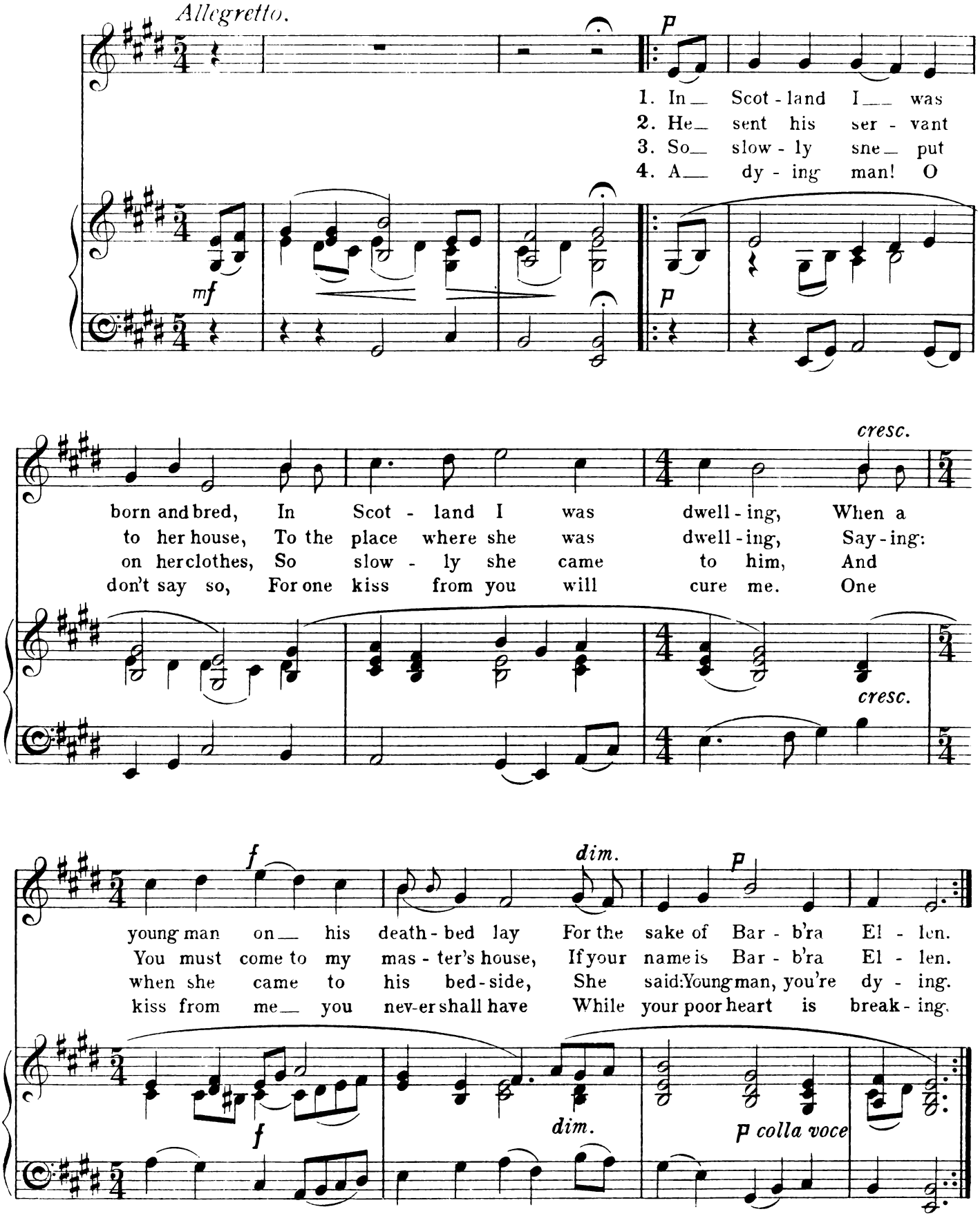
18.
Lord Bateman then in a passion flew;
He broke his sword in splinters three;
Half will I give of my father's portion
If but Sophia will have a-crossed the sea.

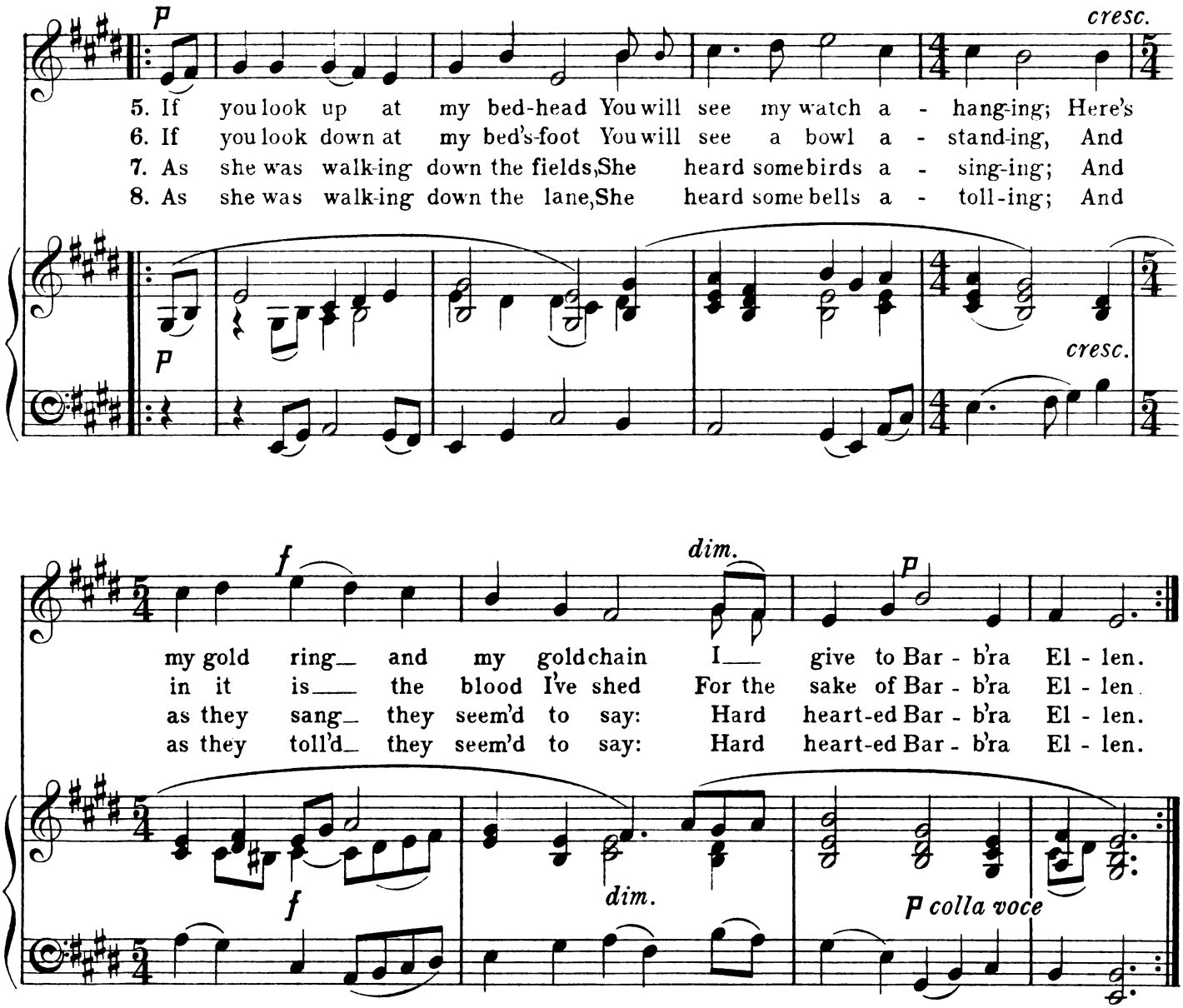
19.
O then up spoke the young bride's mother
Who was never heard to speak so free:
You'll not forget my only daughter
If but Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

20.
I own I made a bride of your daughter;
She's neither the better nor worse for me.
She came to me on a horse and saddle;
She may go back in a coach and three.

21.
Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
And both their hearts were full of glee.
I will range no more to a foreign country
Now since Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

VII
BARBARA ELLEN.





9.

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

10.

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

11.

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

12.

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

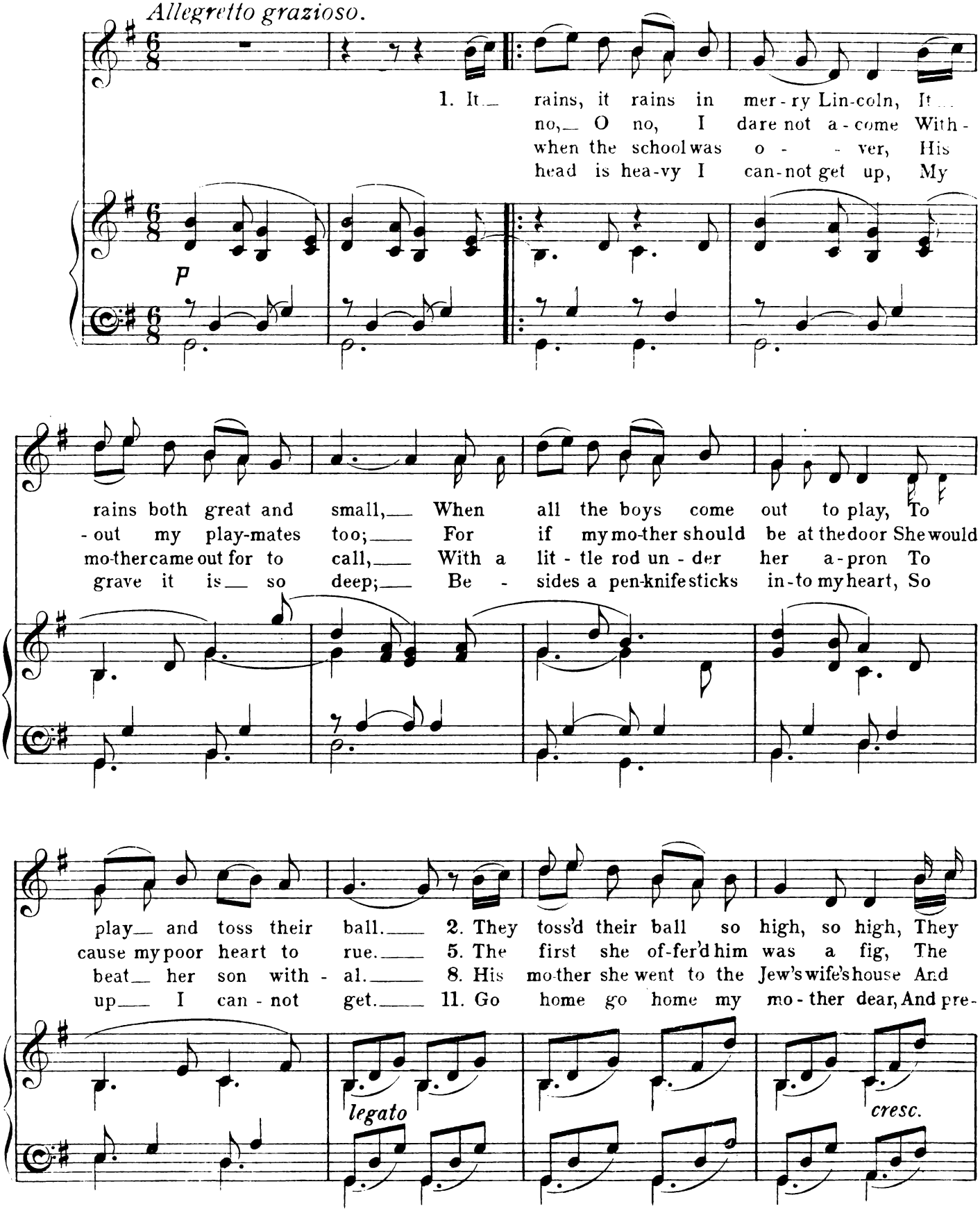
13.

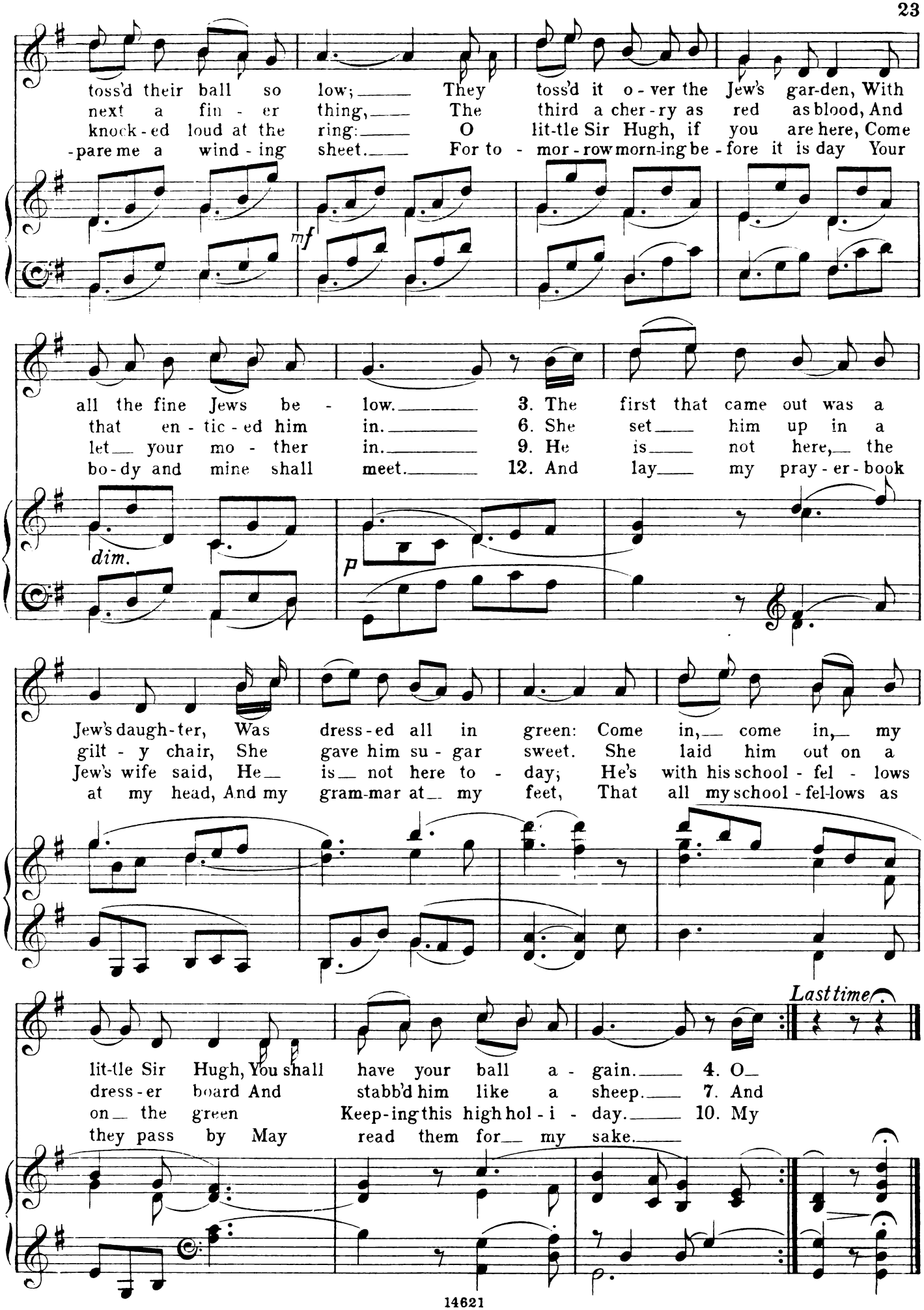
It grew and grew so very high
Till it could grow no higher;
And around the top growed a true lover's knot
And around it twined sweet-brier.

VIII

LITTLE SIR HUGH.

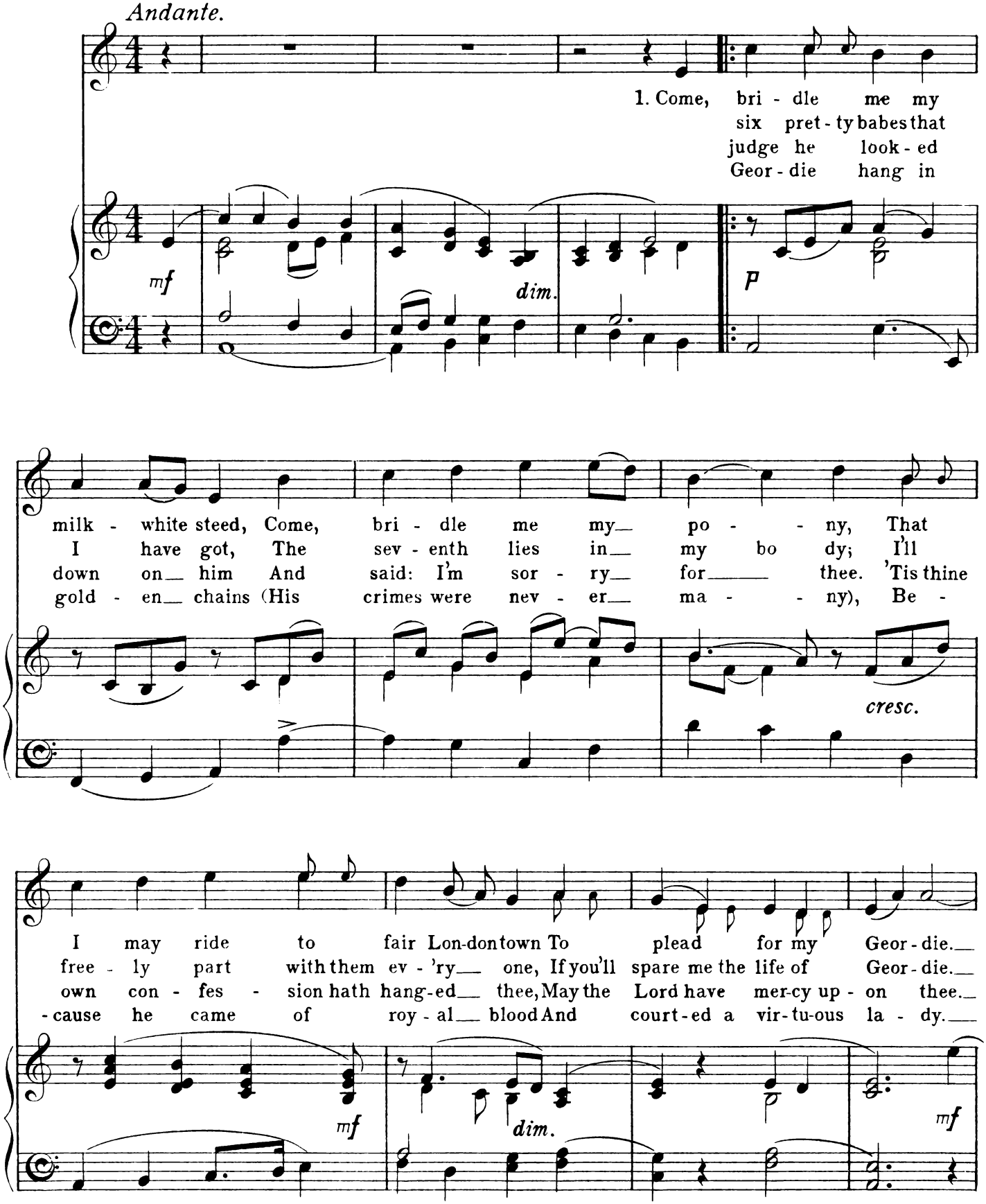
Allegretto grazioso.



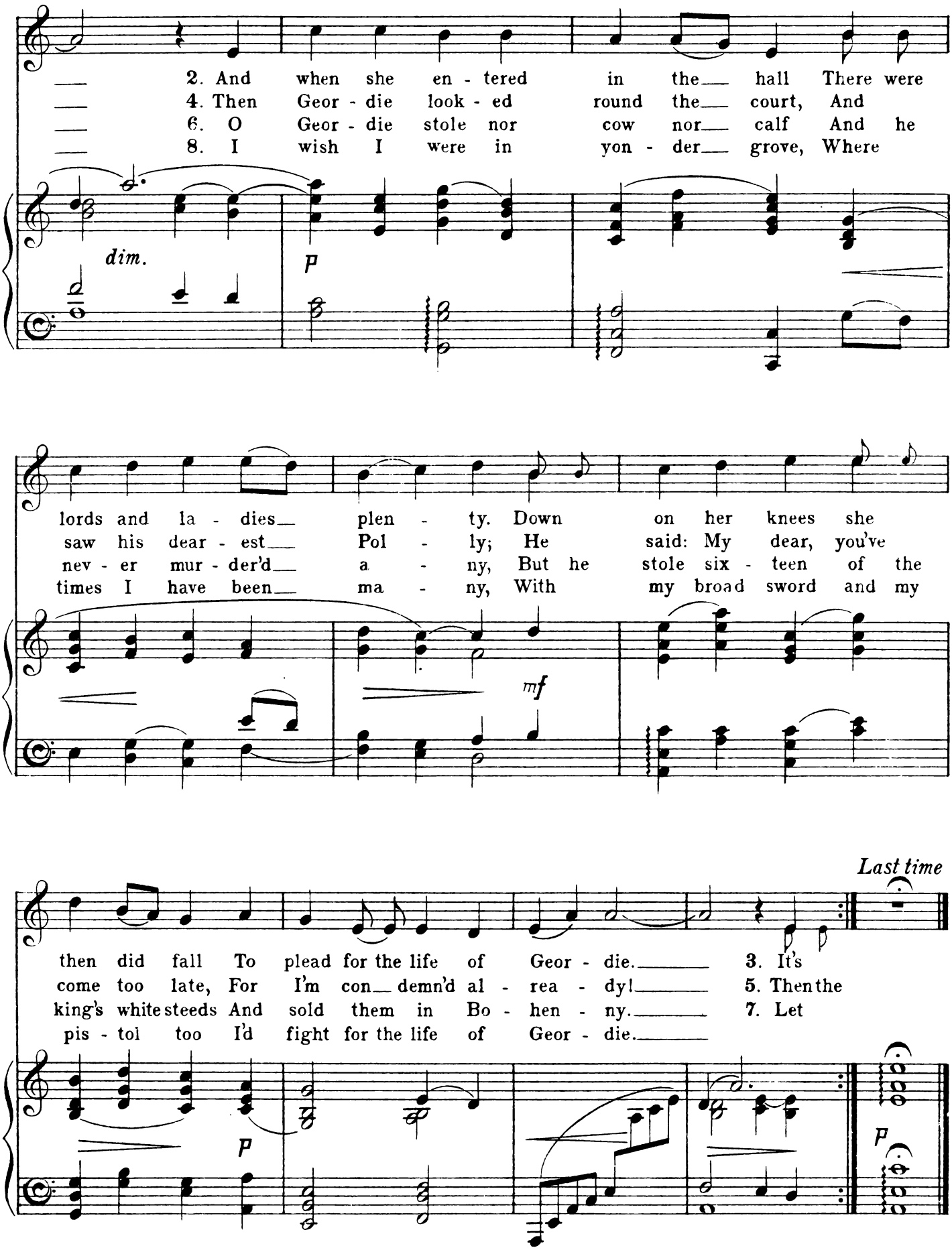

toss'd their ball so low; They toss'd it o - ver the Jew's gar-den, With
next a fin - er thing, The third a cher - ry as red as blood, And
knock - ed loud at the ring: O lit-tle Sir Hugh, if you are here, Come
-pare me a wind - ing sheet. For to - mor - row morn-ing be - fore it is day Your
mf
all the fine Jews be - low. 3. The first that came out was a
that en - tic - ed him in. 6. She set him up in a
let your mo - ther in. 9. He is not here, the
bo - dy and mine shall meet. 12. And lay my pray - er - book
dim.
p
Jew's daugh - ter, Was dress - ed all in green: Come in, come in, my
gilt - y chair, She gave him su - gar sweet. She laid him out on a
Jew's wife said, He is not here to - day; He's with his school - fel - lows
at my head, And my gram-mar at my feet, That all my school - fel-lows as
Last time
lit-tle Sir Hugh, You shall have your ball a - gain. 4. O
dress - er board And stabb'd him like a sheep. 7. And
on the green Keep-ing this high hol - i - day. 10. My
they pass by May read them for my sake.

IX

GEORDIE.

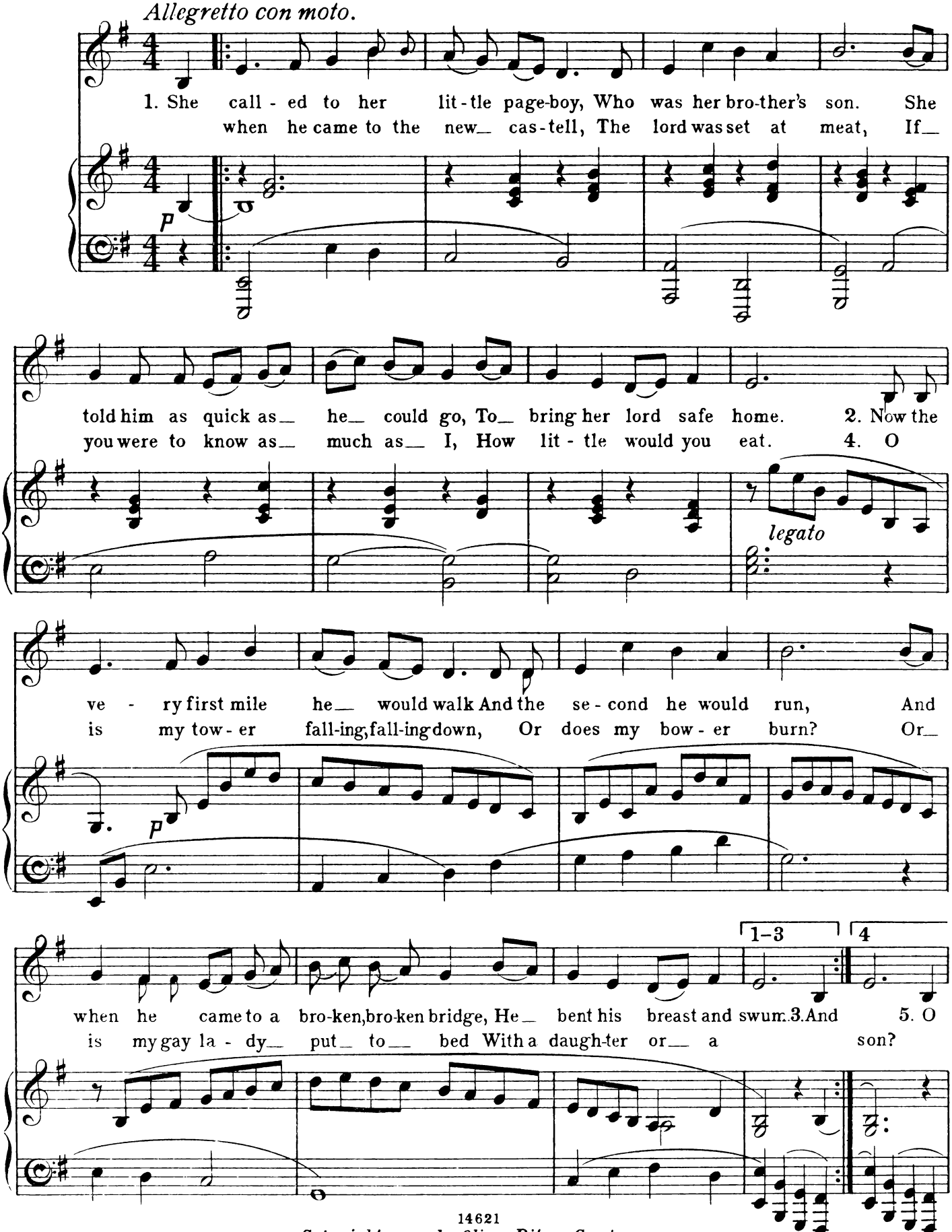


14621

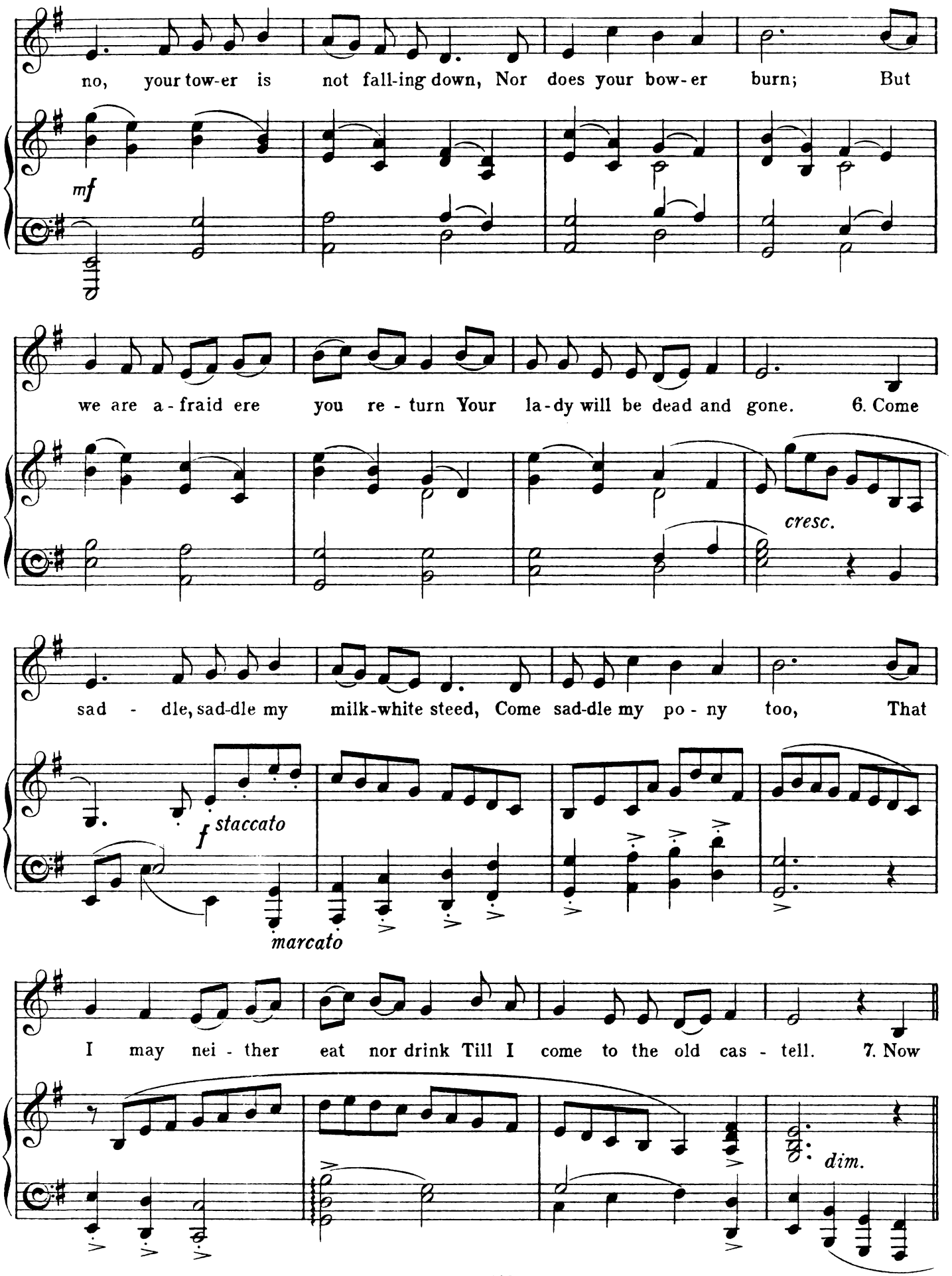

2. And when she en - tered in the hall There were
4. Then Geor - die look - ed round the court, And
6. O Geor - die stole nor cow nor calf And he
8. I wish I were in yon - der grove, Where
dim.
p
lords and la - dies plen - ty. Down on her knees she
saw his dear - est Pol - ly; He said: My dear, you've
nev - er mur - der'd a - ny, But he stole six - teen of the
times I have been ma - ny, With my broad sword and my
mf
Last time
then did fall To plead for the life of Geor - die.
come too late, For I'm con demn'd al - rea - dy!
king's white steeds And sold them in Bo - hen - ny.
pis - tol too I'd fight for the life of Geor - die.
3. It's
5. Then the
7. Let
p
p

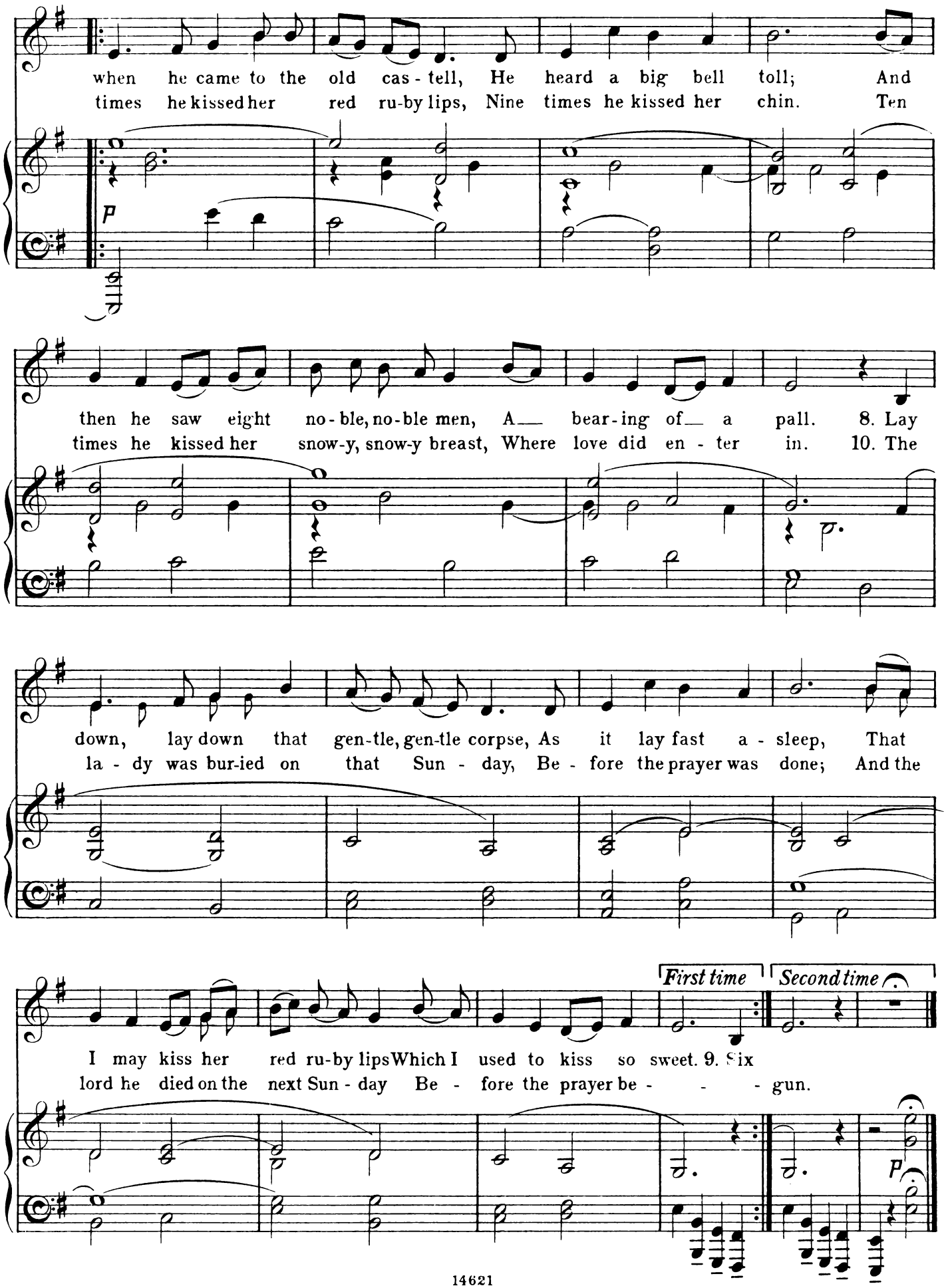
X
LADY MAISRY.

Allegretto con moto.



14621

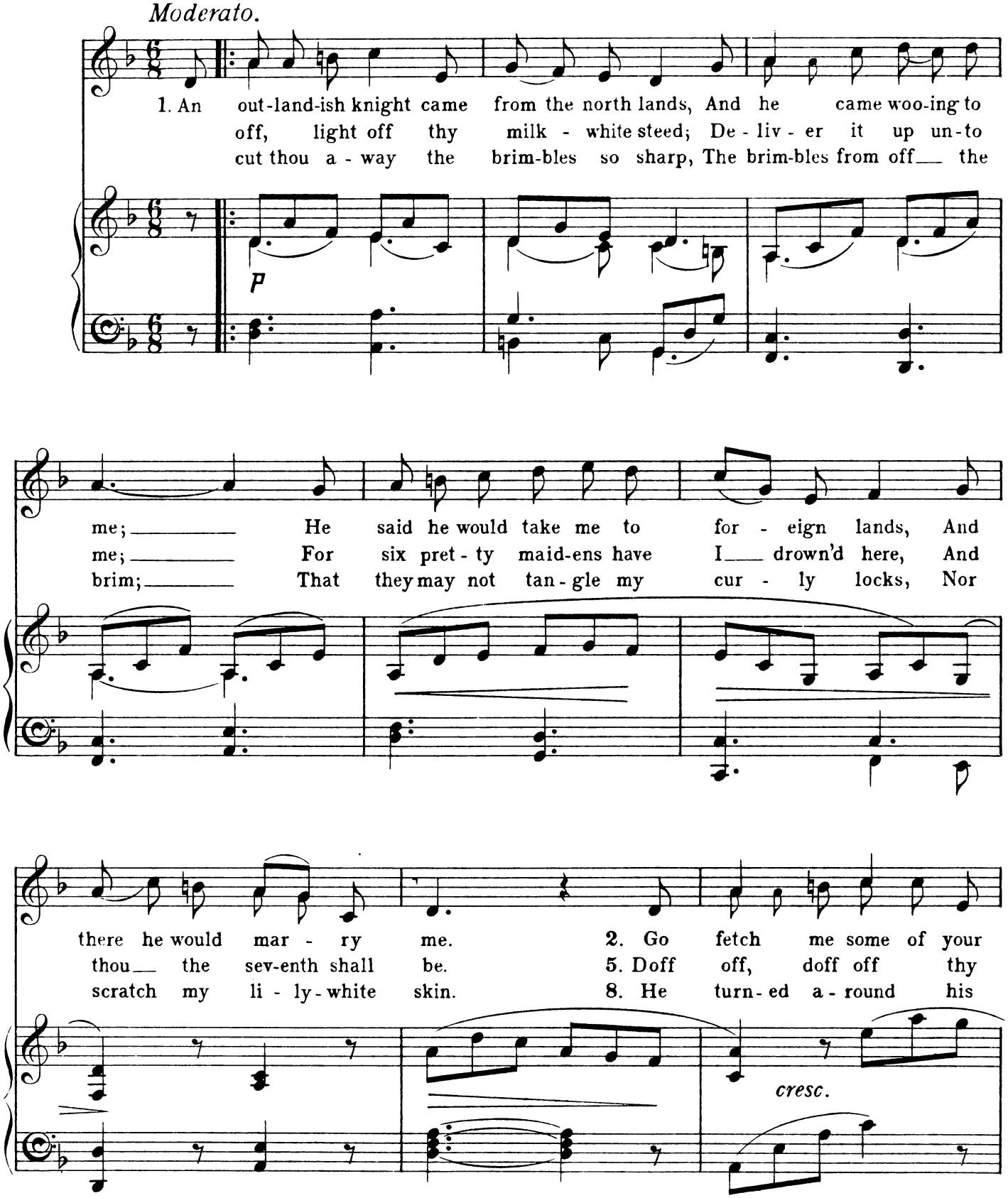

no, your tow-er is not fall-ing down, Nor does your bow-er burn; But
mf
we are a-fraid ere you re-turn Your la-dy will be dead and gone. 6. Come
cresc.
sad-dle, sad-dle my milk-white steed, Come sad-dle my po-ny too, That
f staccato
marcato
I may nei-ther eat nor drink Till I come to the old cas-tell. 7. Now
dim.

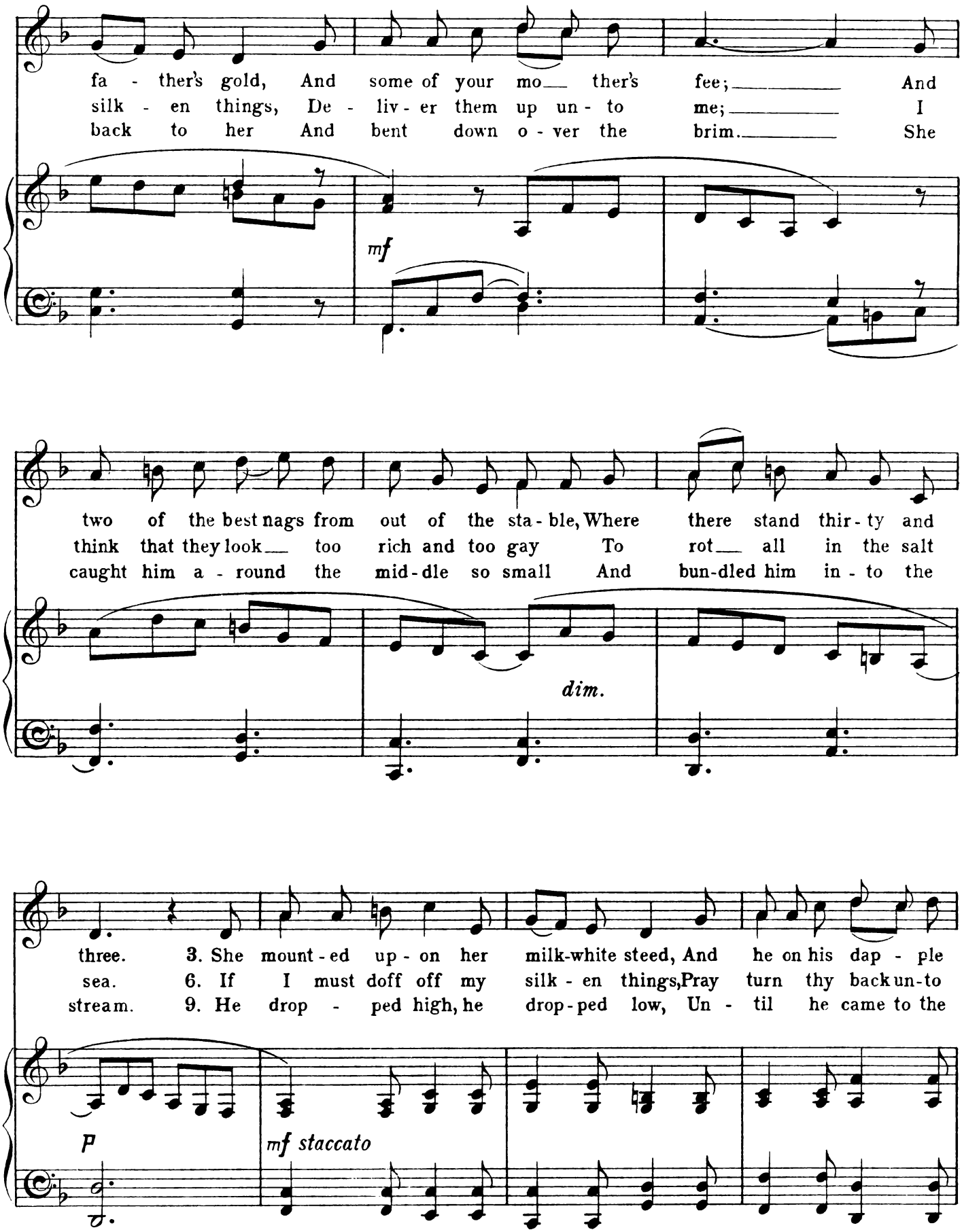

when he came to the old cas - tell, He heard a big bell toll; And
times he kissed her red ru-by lips, Nine times he kissed her chin. Ten
p
then he saw eight no - ble, no - ble men, A bear - ing of a pall. 8. Lay
times he kissed her snow-y, snow-y breast, Where love did en - ter in. 10. The
down, lay down that gen-tle, gen-tle corpse, As it lay fast a - sleep, That
la - dy was bur-ied on that Sun - day, Be - fore the prayer was done; And the
First time
Second time
I may kiss her red ru-by lips Which I used to kiss so sweet. 9. Six
lord he died on the next Sun - day Be - fore the prayer be - - - gun.
p

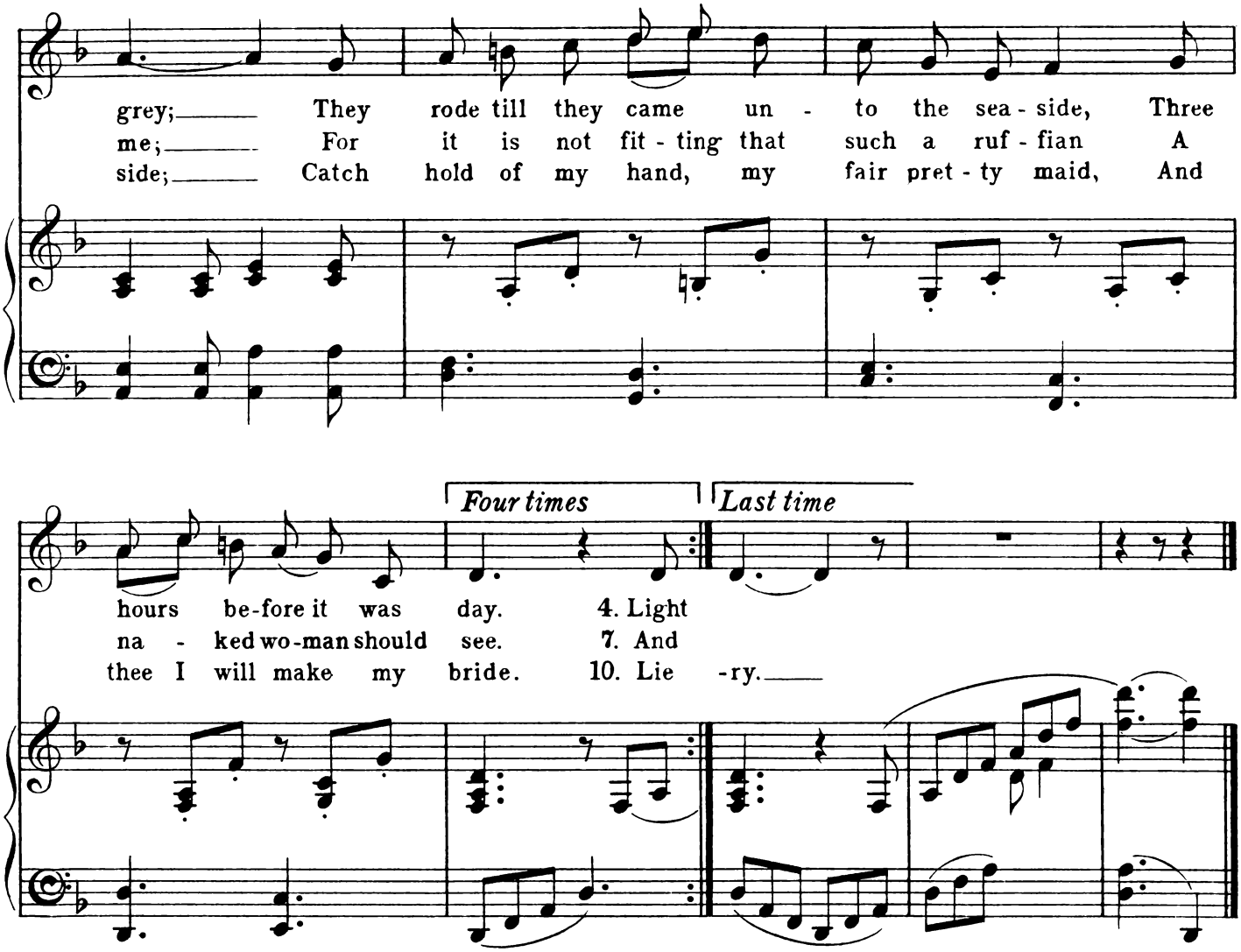
XI

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

Moderato.




fa - ther's gold, And some of your mo__ ther's fee;_____ And
silk - en things, De - liv - er them up un - to me;_____ I
back to her And bent down o - ver the brim._____ She
mf
two of the best nags from out of the sta - ble, Where there stand thir - ty and
think that they look__ too rich and too gay To rot__ all in the salt
caught him a - round the mid - dle so small And bun-dled him in - to the
dim.
three. 3. She mount - ed up - on her milk-white steed, And he on his dap - ple
sea. 6. If I must doff off my silk - en things, Pray turn thy back un-to
stream. 9. He drop - ped high, he drop - ped low, Un - til he came to the
P
mf staccato



10.

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

11.

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

12.

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

13.

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

14.

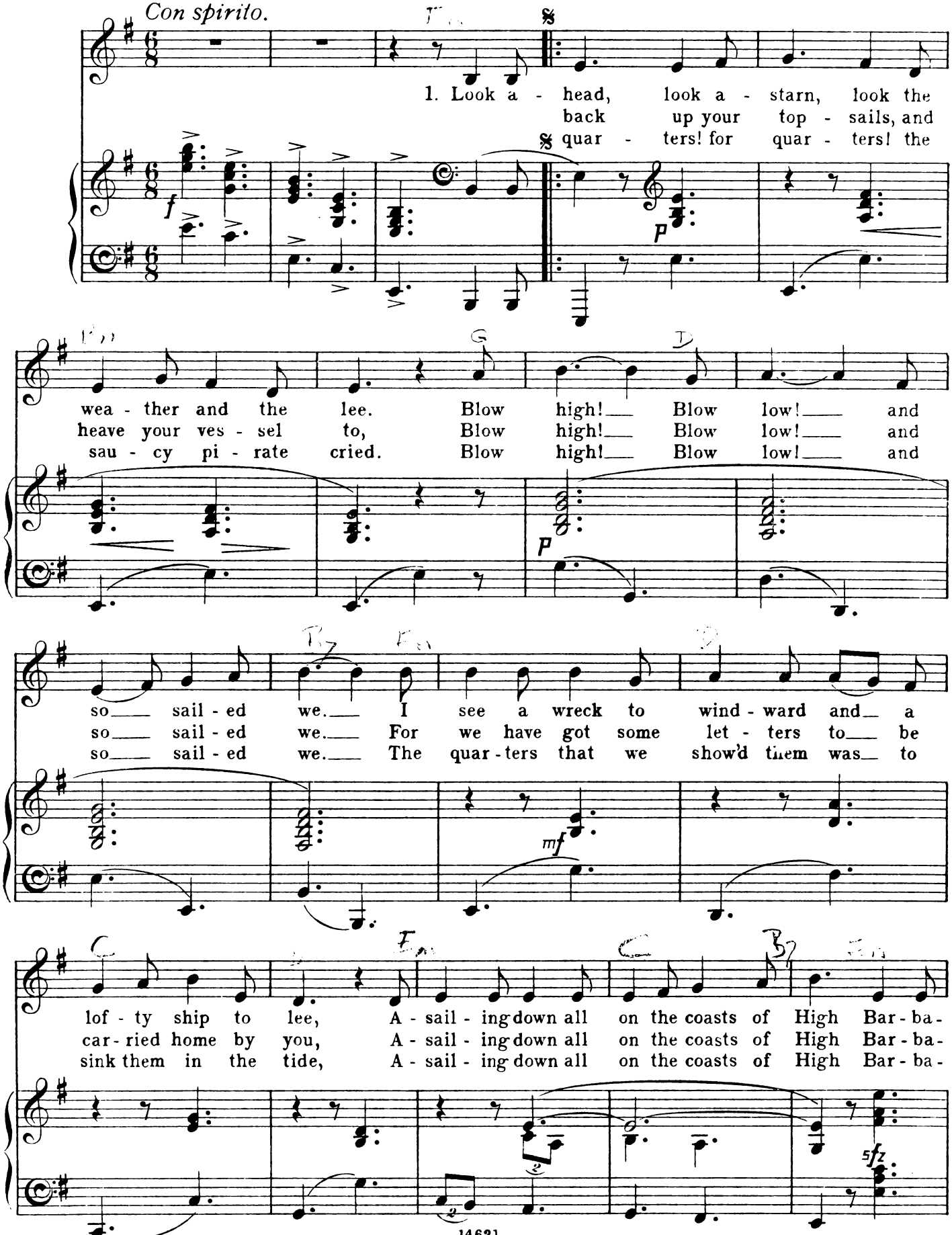
It's no laughing matter, the parrot did say,
That loudly I call unto thee;
For the cat has a-got in the window so high,
I fear that she will have me.

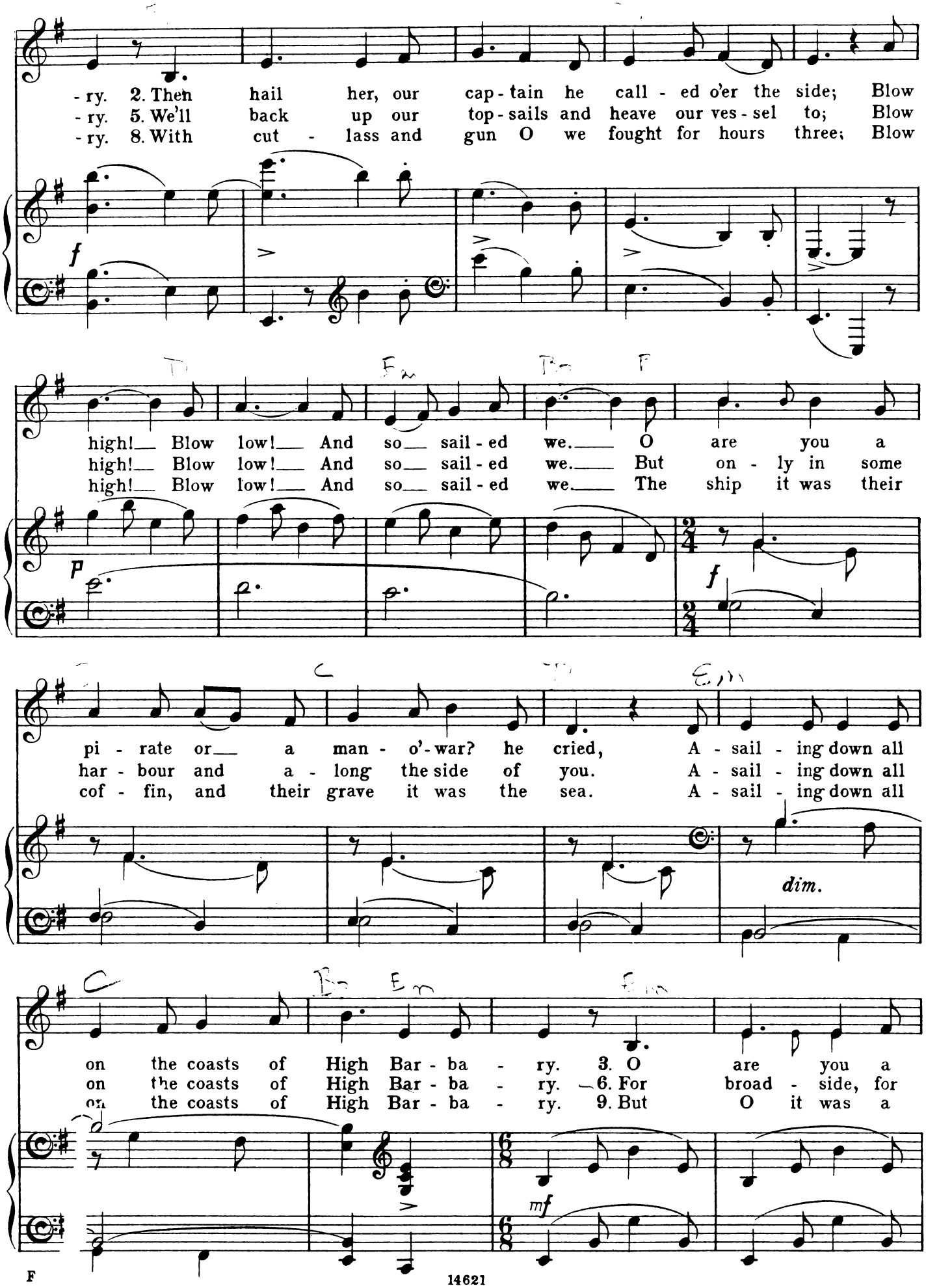
15.

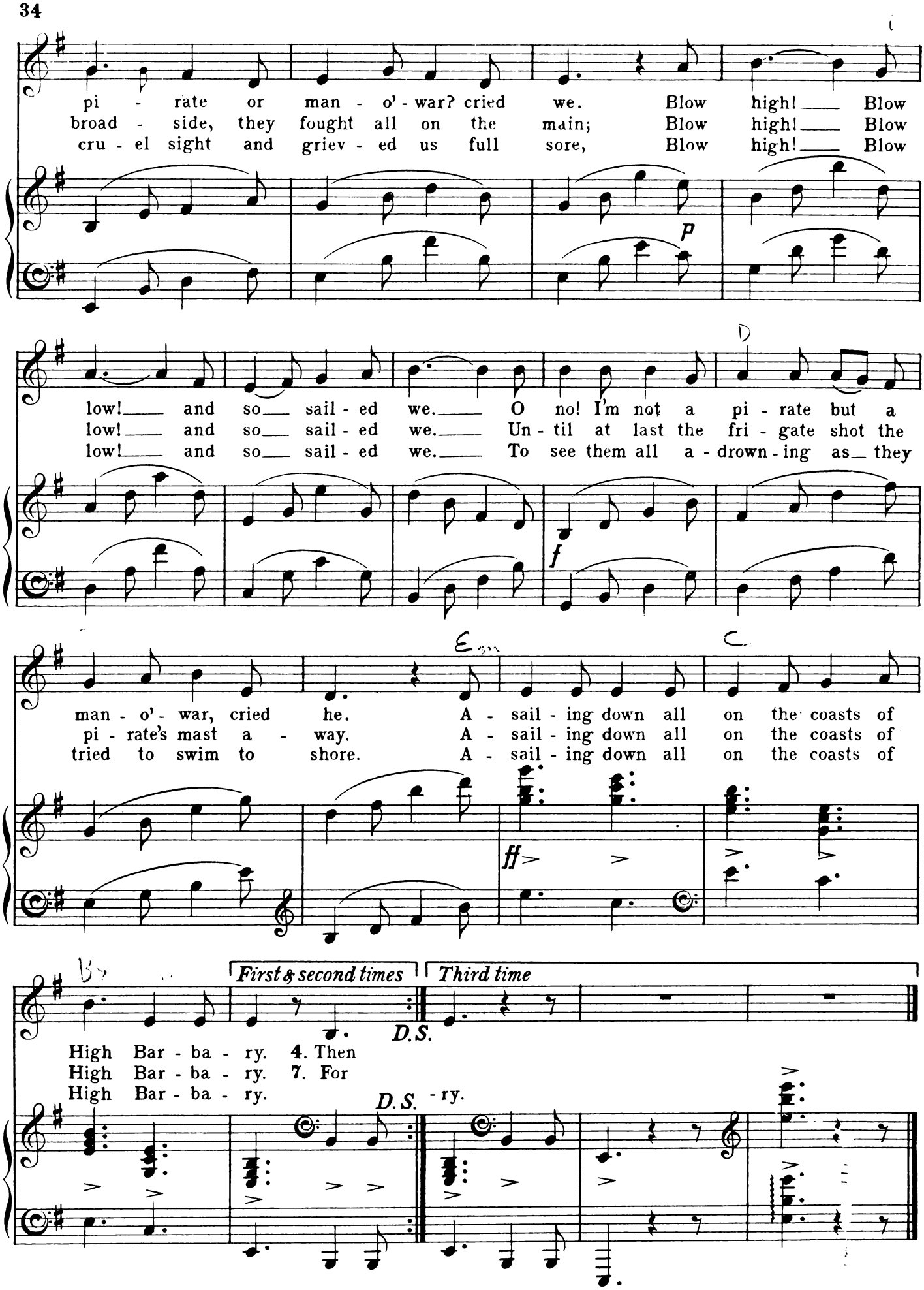
Well turned, well turned, my pretty Polly;
Well turned, well turned for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And the door of the best ivory.

XII

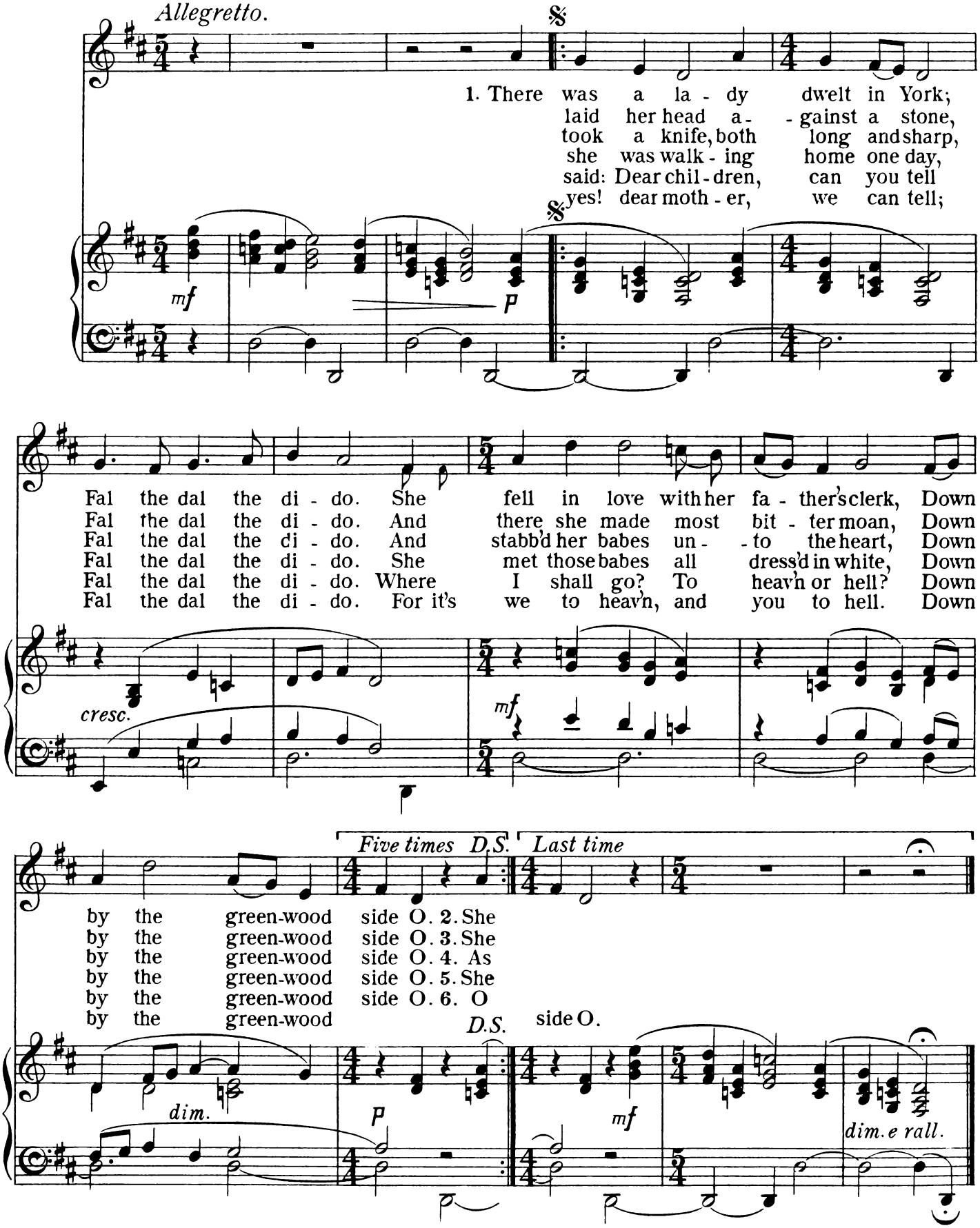
THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.



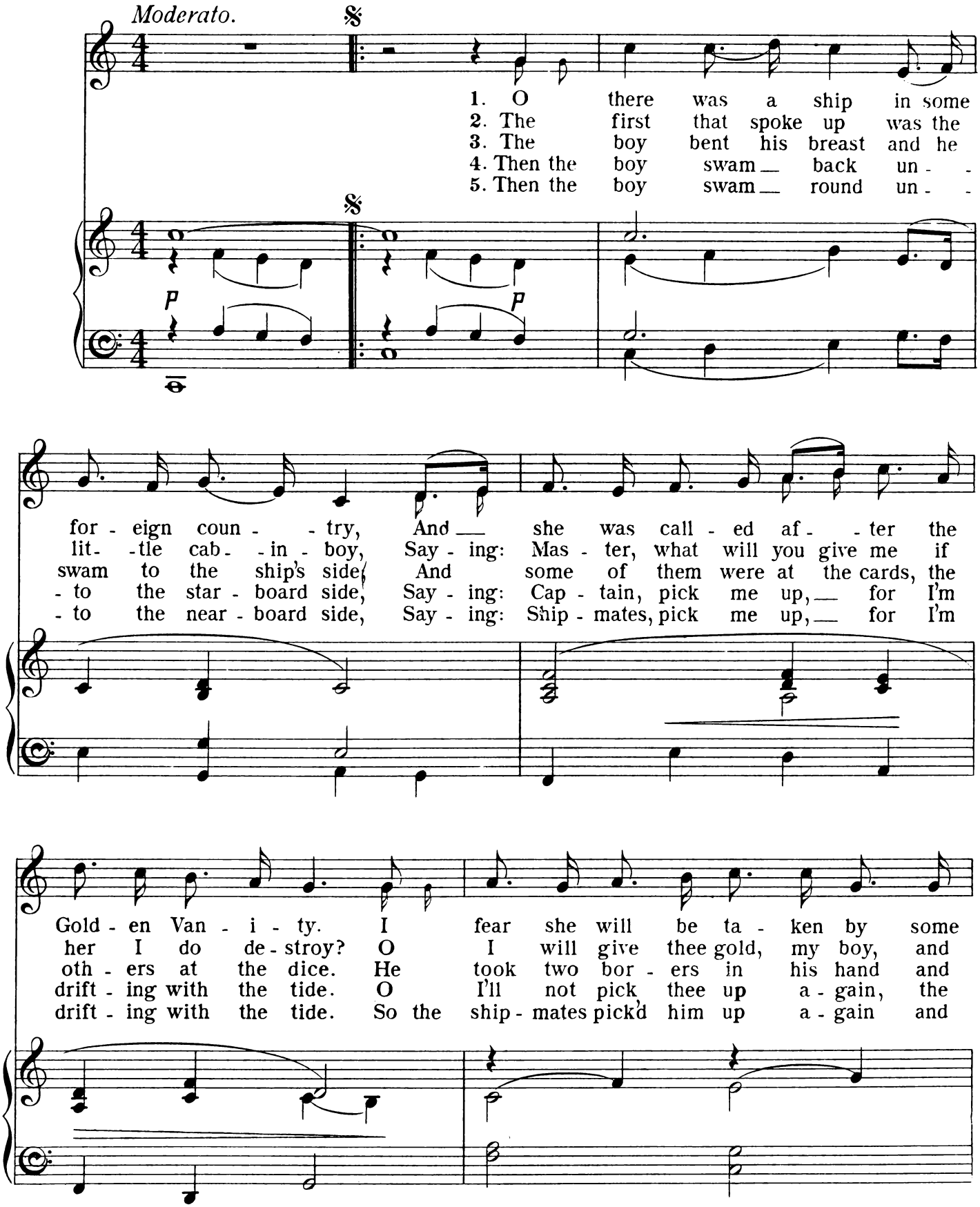

-ry. 2. Then hail her, our cap-tain he call-ed o'er the side; Blow
-ry. 5. We'll back up our top-sails and heave our ves-sel to; Blow
-ry. 8. With cut-lass and gun O we fought for hours three; Blow
high! Blow low! And so sail-ed we. O are you a
high! Blow low! And so sail-ed we. But on-ly in some
high! Blow low! And so sail-ed we. The ship it was their
pi-rate or a man-o'-war? he cried, A-sail-ing down all
har-bour and a-long the side of you. A-sail-ing down all
cof-fin, and their grave it was the sea. A-sail-ing down all
dim.
on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 3. O are you a
on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 6. For broad-side, for
on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 9. But O it was a


pi - rate or man - o' - war? cried we. Blow high! Blow
broad - side, they fought all on the main; Blow high! Blow
cru - el sight and griev - ed us full sore, Blow high! Blow
p
low! and so sail - ed we. O no! I'm not a pi - rate but a
low! and so sail - ed we. Un - til at last the fri - gate shot the
low! and so sail - ed we. To see them all a - drown - ing as they
f
man - o' - war, cried he. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
pi - rate's mast a - way. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
tried to swim to shore. A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of
ff
First & second times
Third time
D.S.
High Bar - ba - ry. 4. Then
High Bar - ba - ry. 7. For
High Bar - ba - ry.
D.S.
- ry.

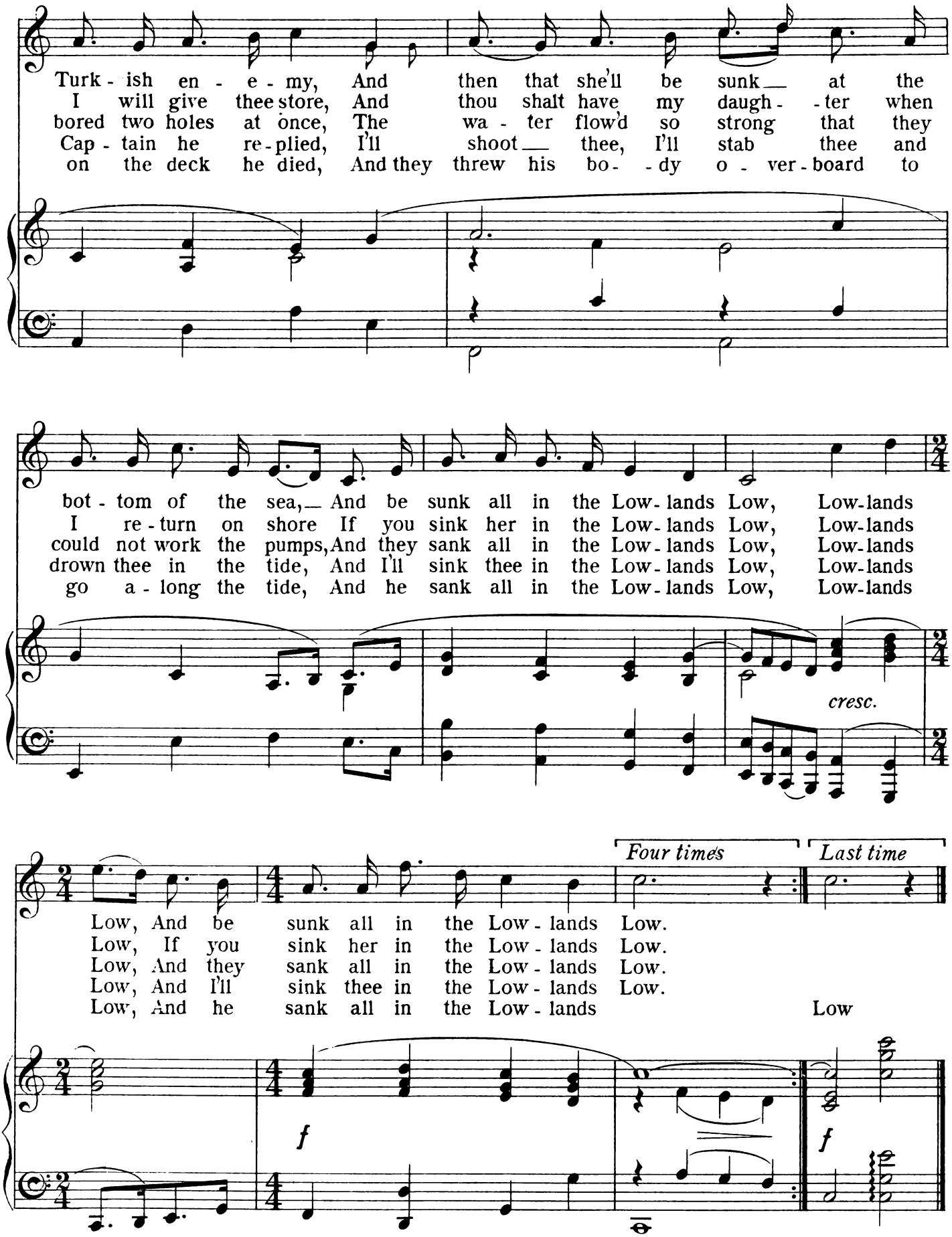
XIII
THE CRUEL MOTHER.



XIV
THE GOLDEN VANITY.

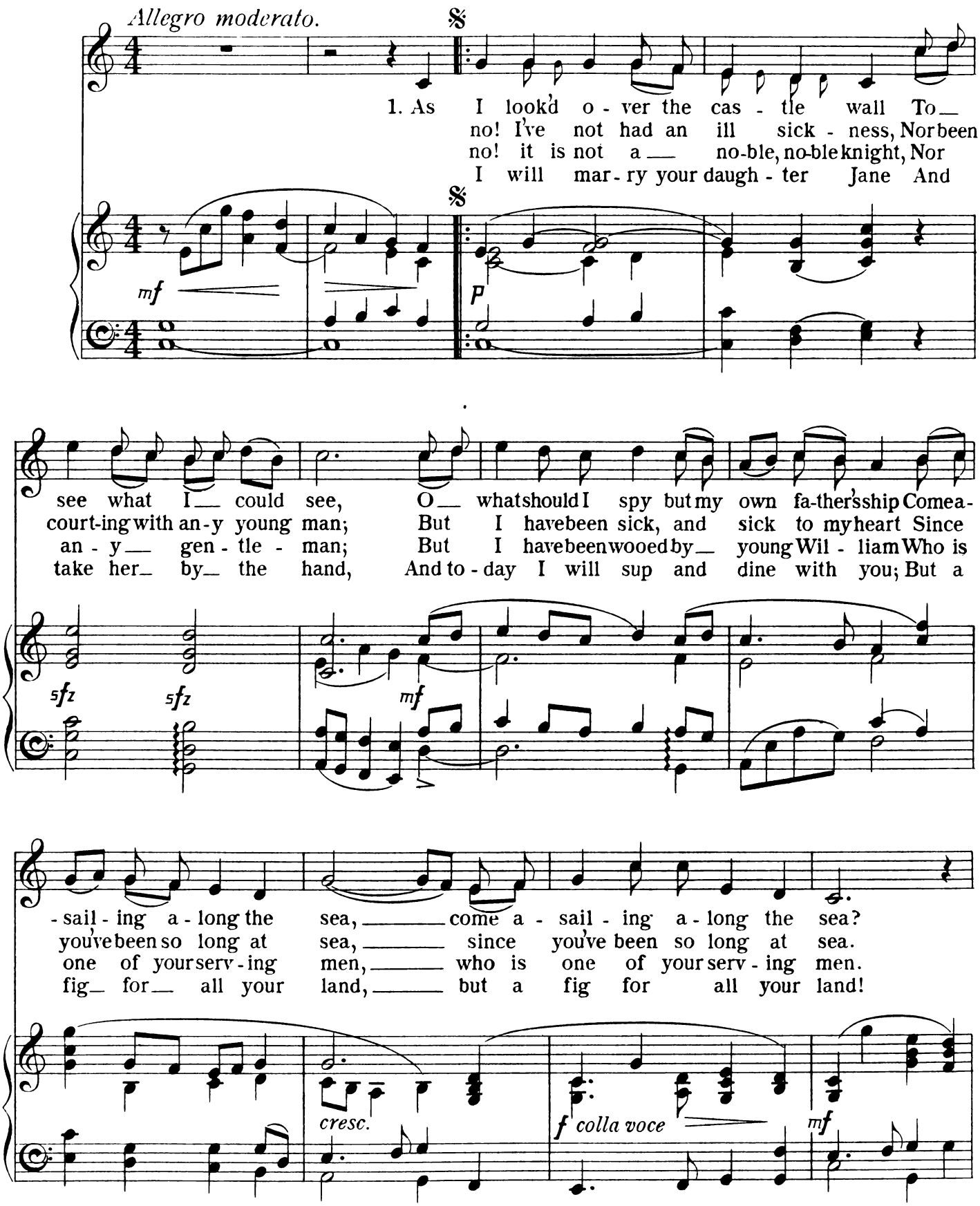


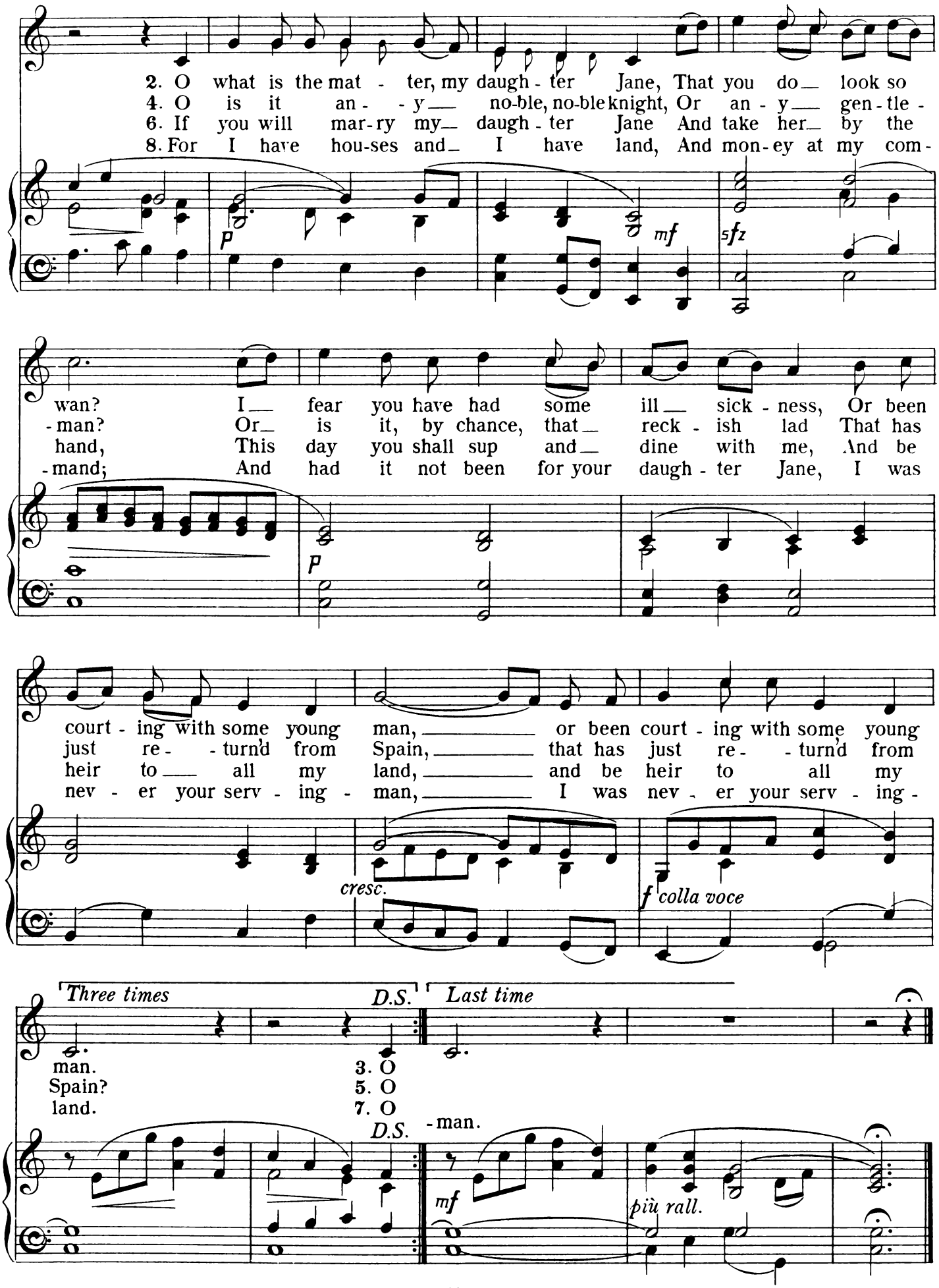
14621


Turk - ish en - e - my, And then that she'll be sunk at the
I will give thee store, And thou shalt have my daugh - ter when
bored two holes at once, The wa - ter flow'd so strong that they
Cap - tain he re - plied, I'll shoot thee, I'll stab thee and
on the deck he died, And they threw his bo - dy o - ver - board to
bot - tom of the sea, And be sunk all in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
I re - turn on shore If you sink her in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
could not work the pumps, And they sank all in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
drown thee in the tide, And I'll sink thee in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
go a - long the tide, And he sank all in the Low - lands Low, Low - lands
cresc.
Four times
Last time
Low, And be sunk all in the Low - lands Low.
Low, If you sink her in the Low - lands Low.
Low, And they sank all in the Low - lands Low.
Low, And I'll sink thee in the Low - lands Low.
Low, And he sank all in the Low - lands Low
f
f

XV

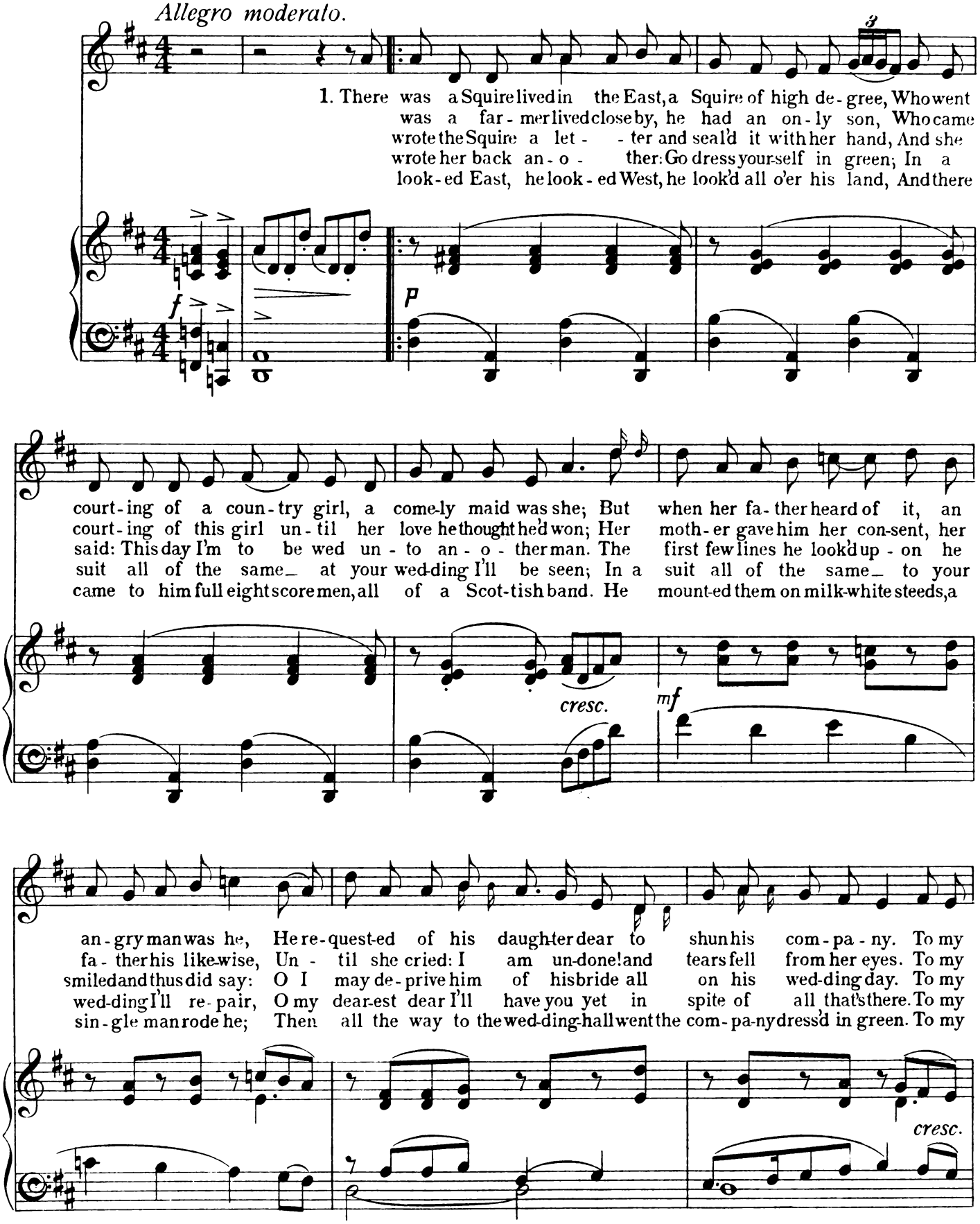
LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

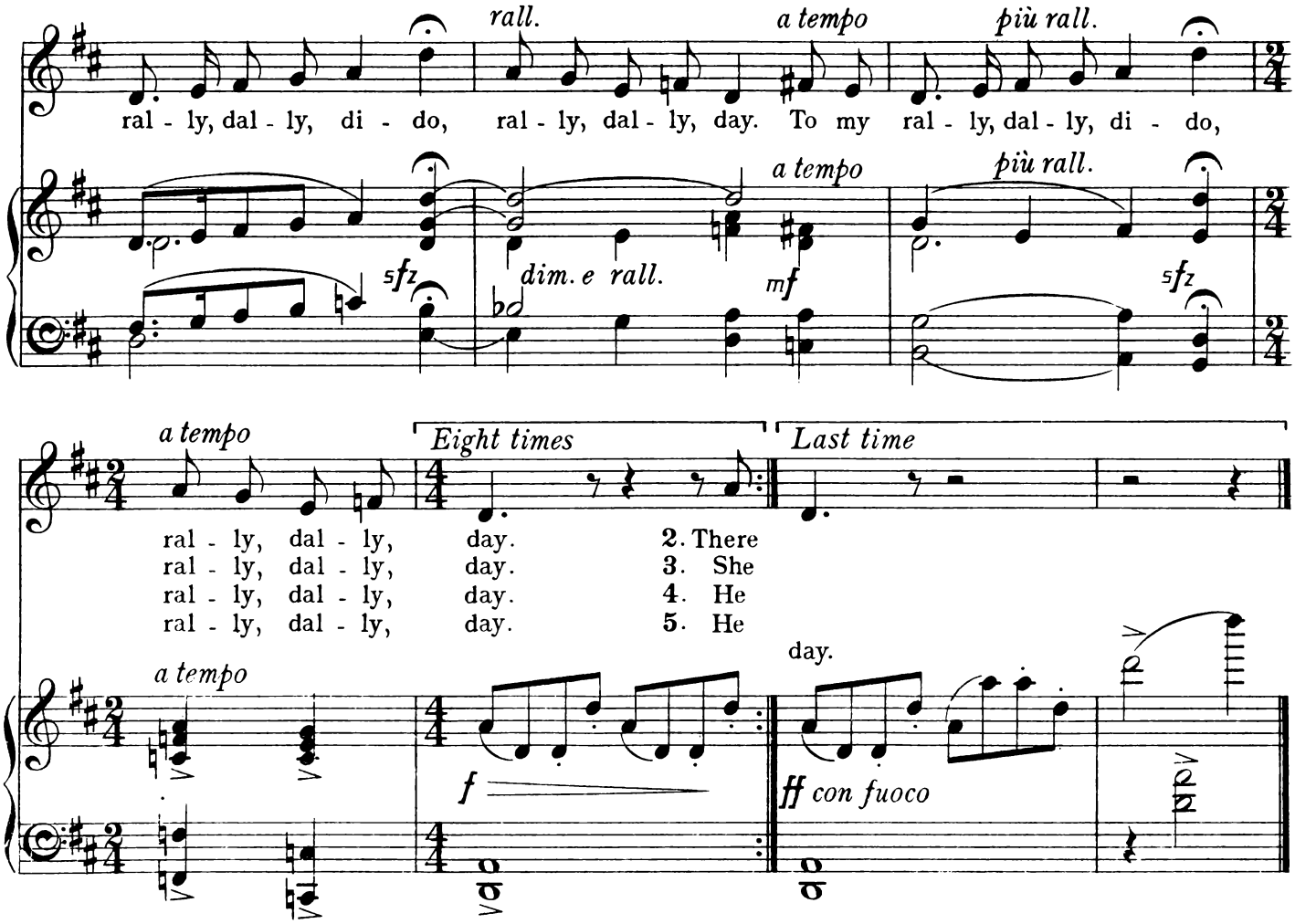



2. O what is the mat - ter, my daugh - ter Jane, That you do look so
4. O is it an - y no-ble, no-ble knight, Or an - y gen - tle -
6. If you will mar-ry my daugh - ter Jane And take her by the
8. For I have hou-ses and I have land, And mon-ey at my com -
p
mf
sfz
wan? I fear you have had some ill sick - ness, Or been
-man? Or is it, by chance, that reck - ish lad That has
hand, This day you shall sup and dine with me, And be
-mand; And had it not been for your daugh - ter Jane, I was
p
court - ing with some young man, or been court - ing with some young
just re - turn'd from Spain, that has just re - turn'd from
heir to all my land, and be heir to all my
nev - er your serv - ing - man, I was nev - er your serv - ing -
cresc.
f colla voce
Three times
D.S.
Last time
man.
Spain?
land.
3. O
5. O
7. O
D.S.
-man.
mf
più rall.

XVI
THE GREEN WEDDING.

Allegro moderato.





6

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

7

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

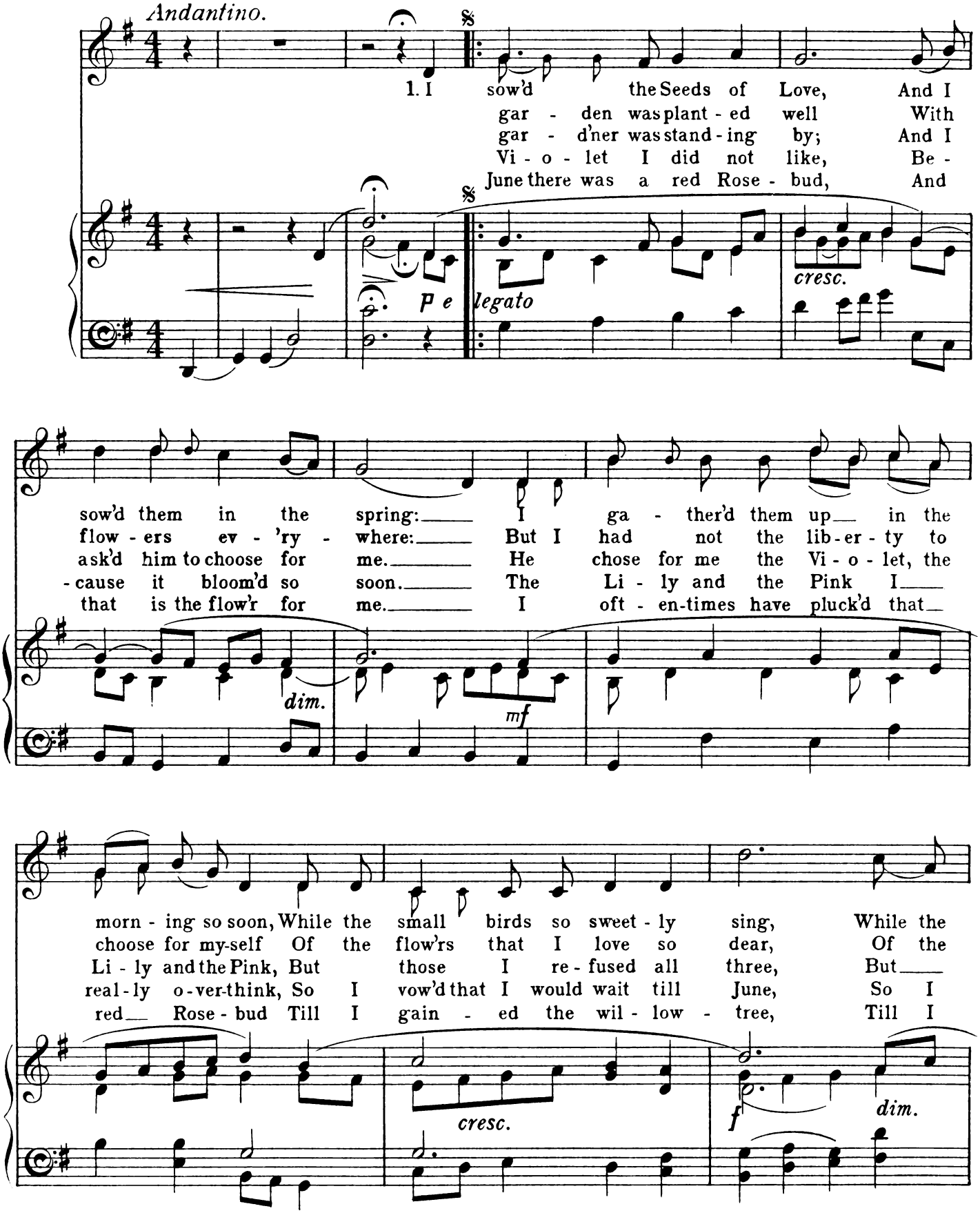
8

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

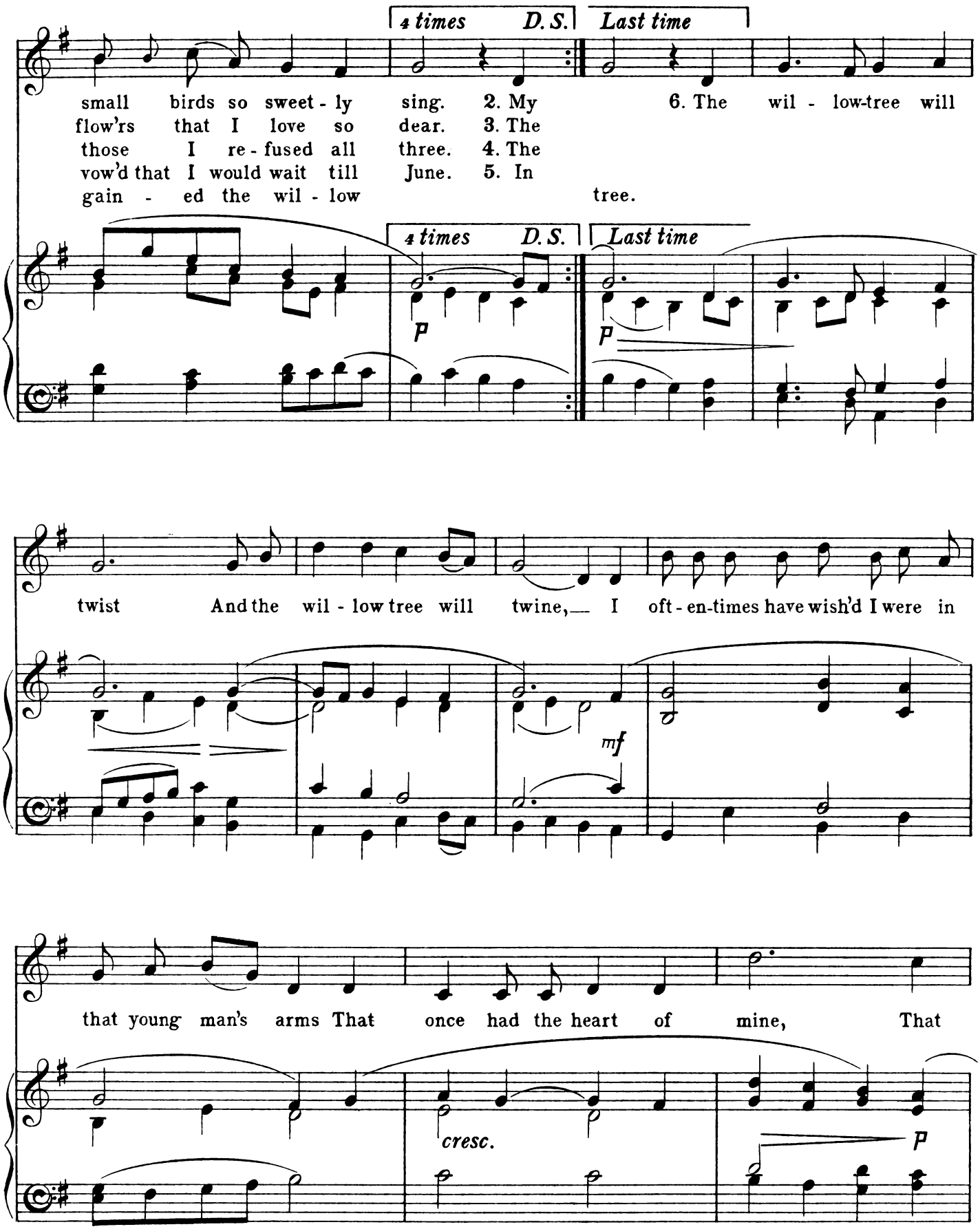
He took her by the waist so small, and by the grass-green sleeve,
And he led her from the wedding-hall, of no one asking leave.
The band did play, the bugles sound, most glorious to be seen,
And all the way to Headingbourne Town went the company dressed in green.
To my rally, dally, dido,
Rally, dally,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

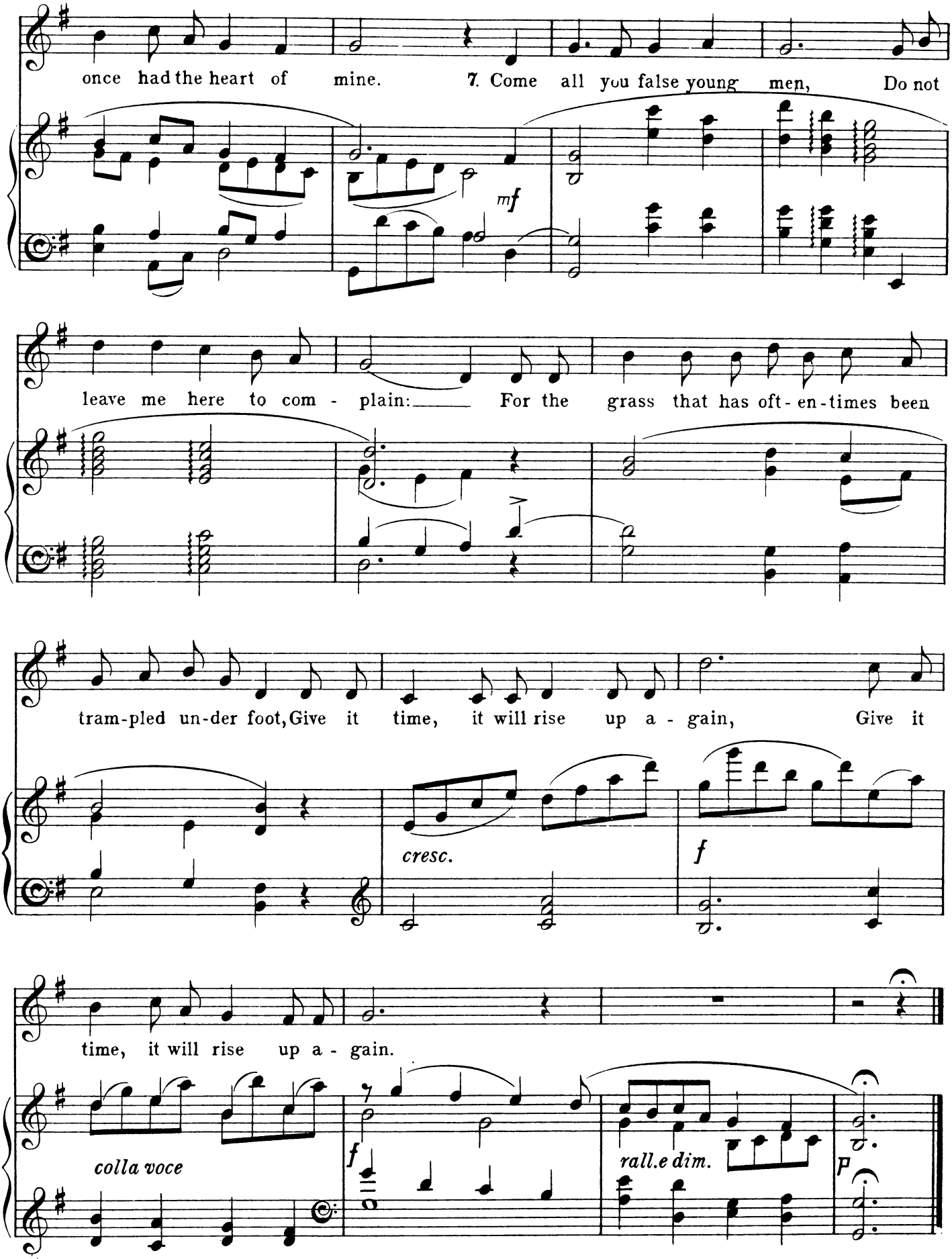
XVII

THE SEEDS OF LOVE.



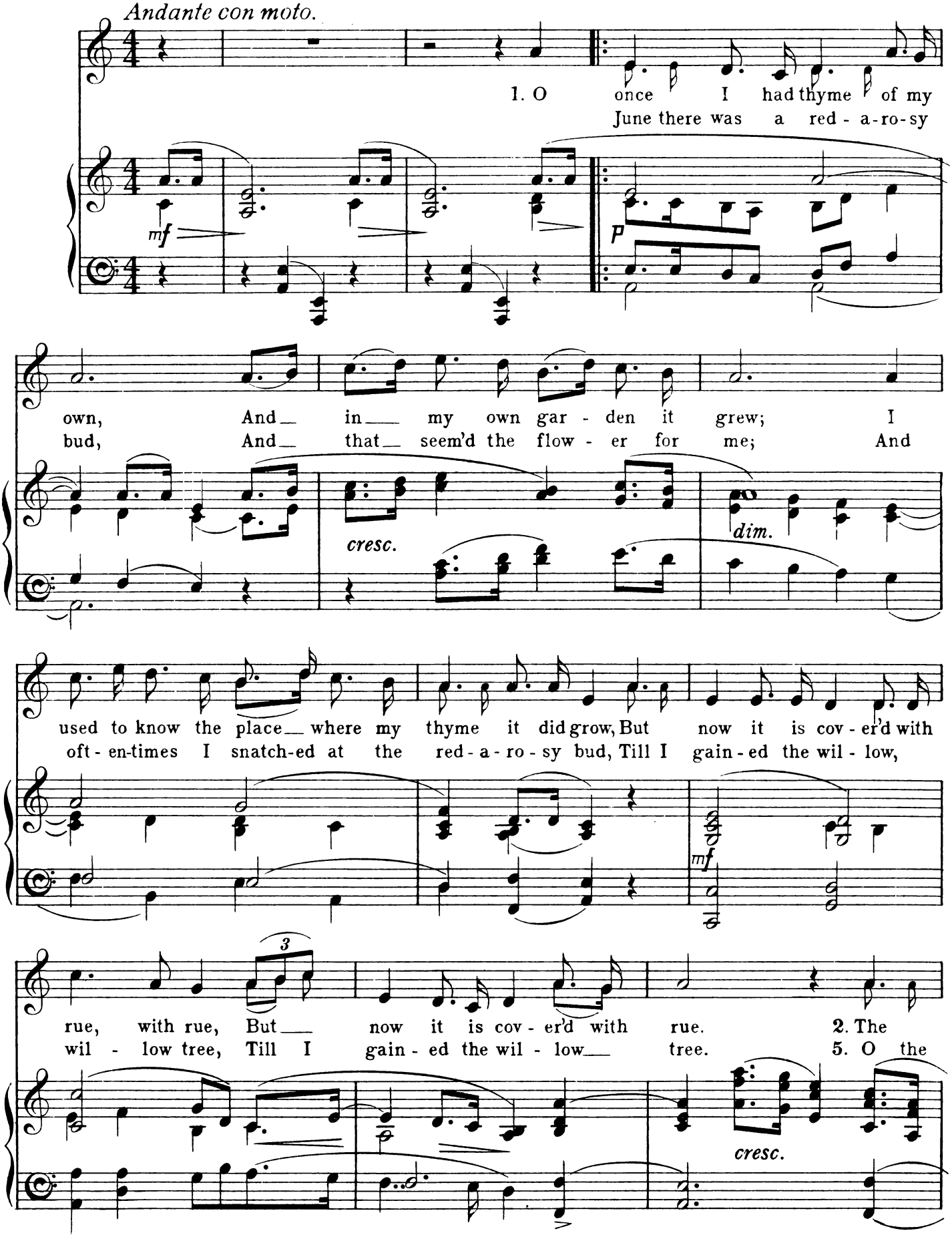
14621

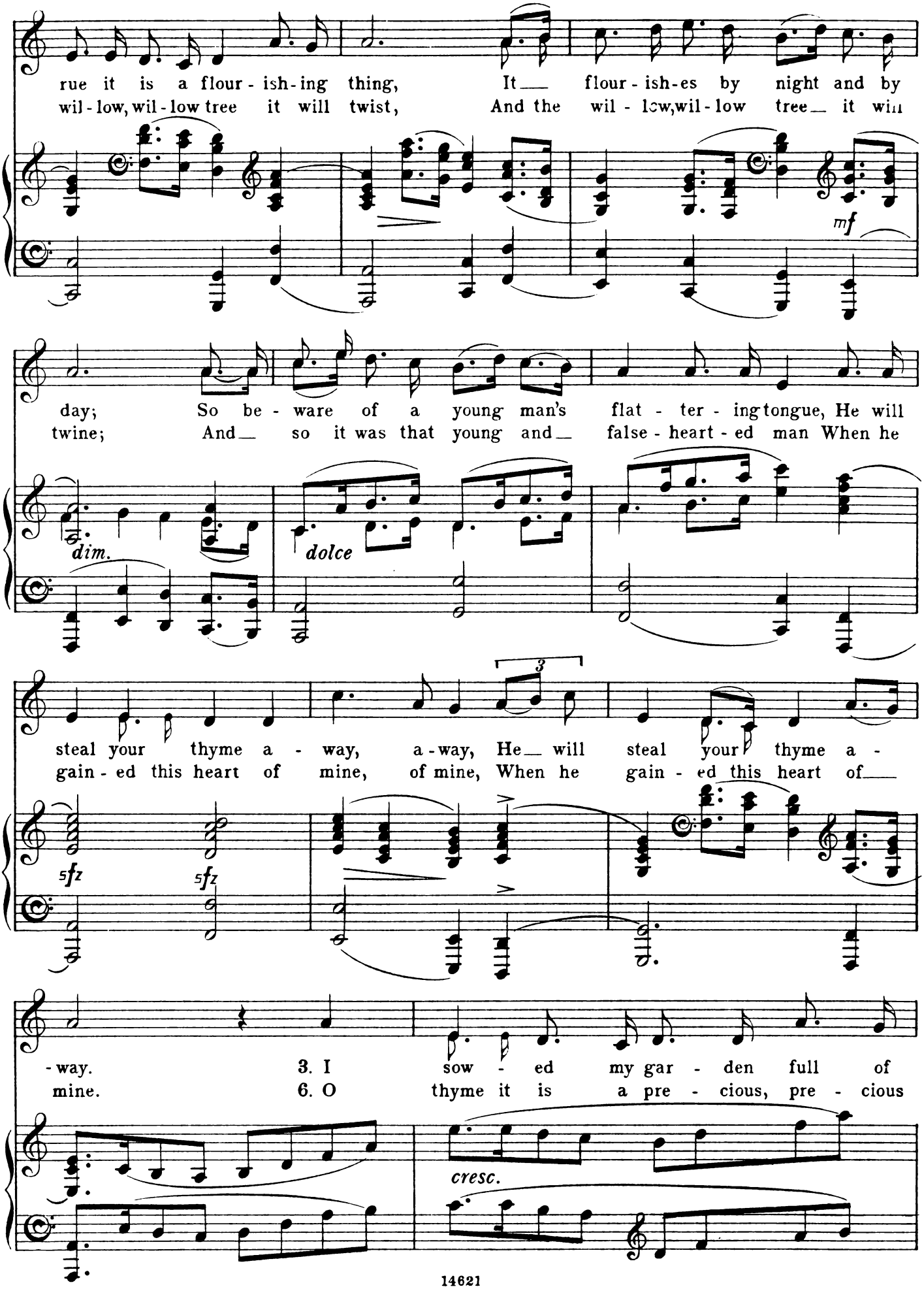

4 times D.S.
Last time
small birds so sweet - ly sing. 2. My 6. The wil - low-tree will
flow'rs that I love so dear. 3. The
those I re - fused all three. 4. The
vow'd that I would wait till June. 5. In
gain - ed the wil - low tree.
4 times D.S.
Last time
p
p
twist And the wil - low tree will twine, I oft - en-times have wish'd I were in
mf
that young man's arms That once had the heart of mine, That
cresc.
p

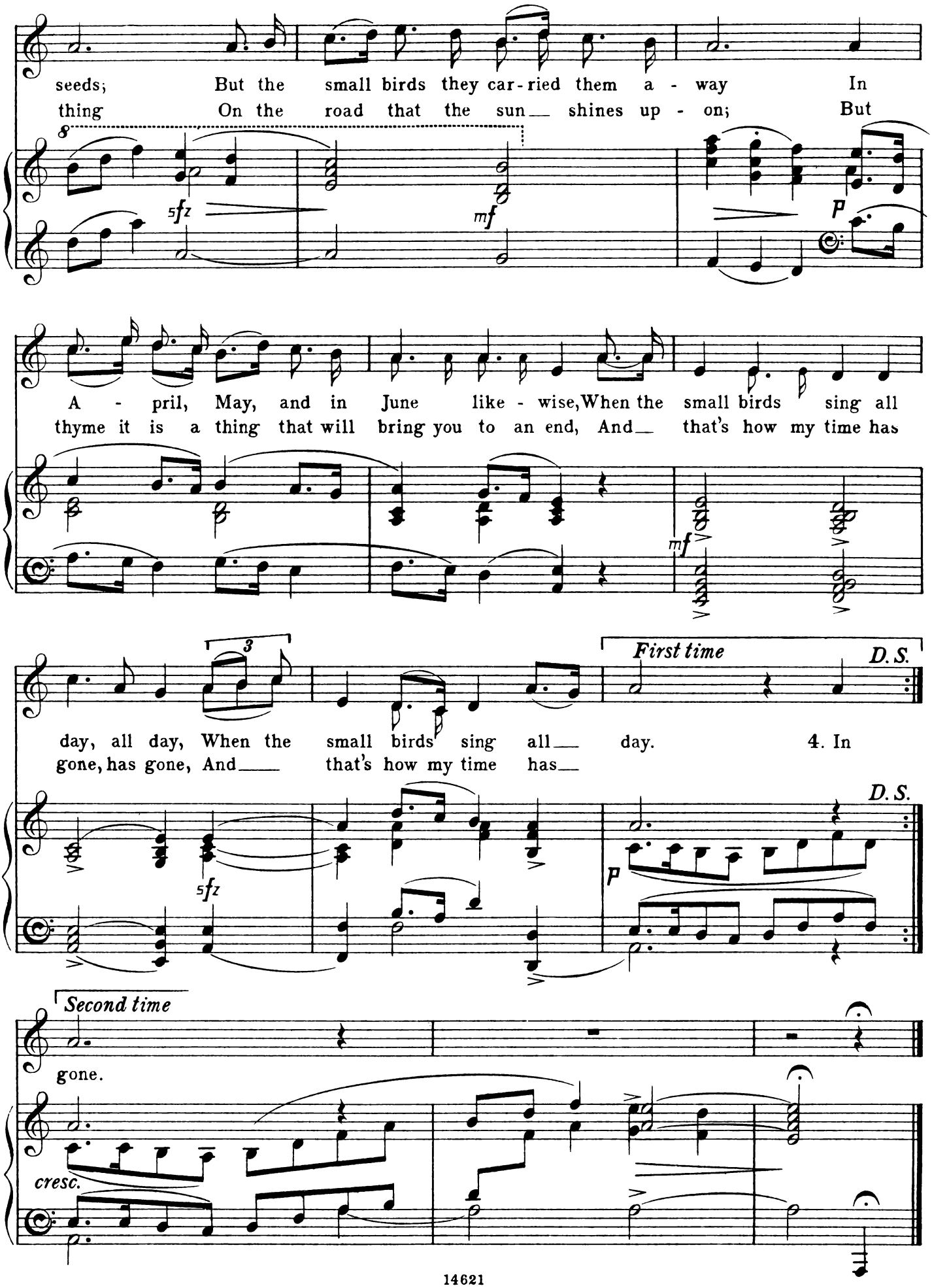

once had the heart of mine. 7. Come all you false young men, Do not
mf
leave me here to com - plain: For the grass that has oft - en - times been
tram-pled un-der foot, Give it time, it will rise up a - gain, Give it
cresc.
f
time, it will rise up a - gain.
colla voce
f
rall.e dim.
p

XVIII
THE SPRIG OF THYME.

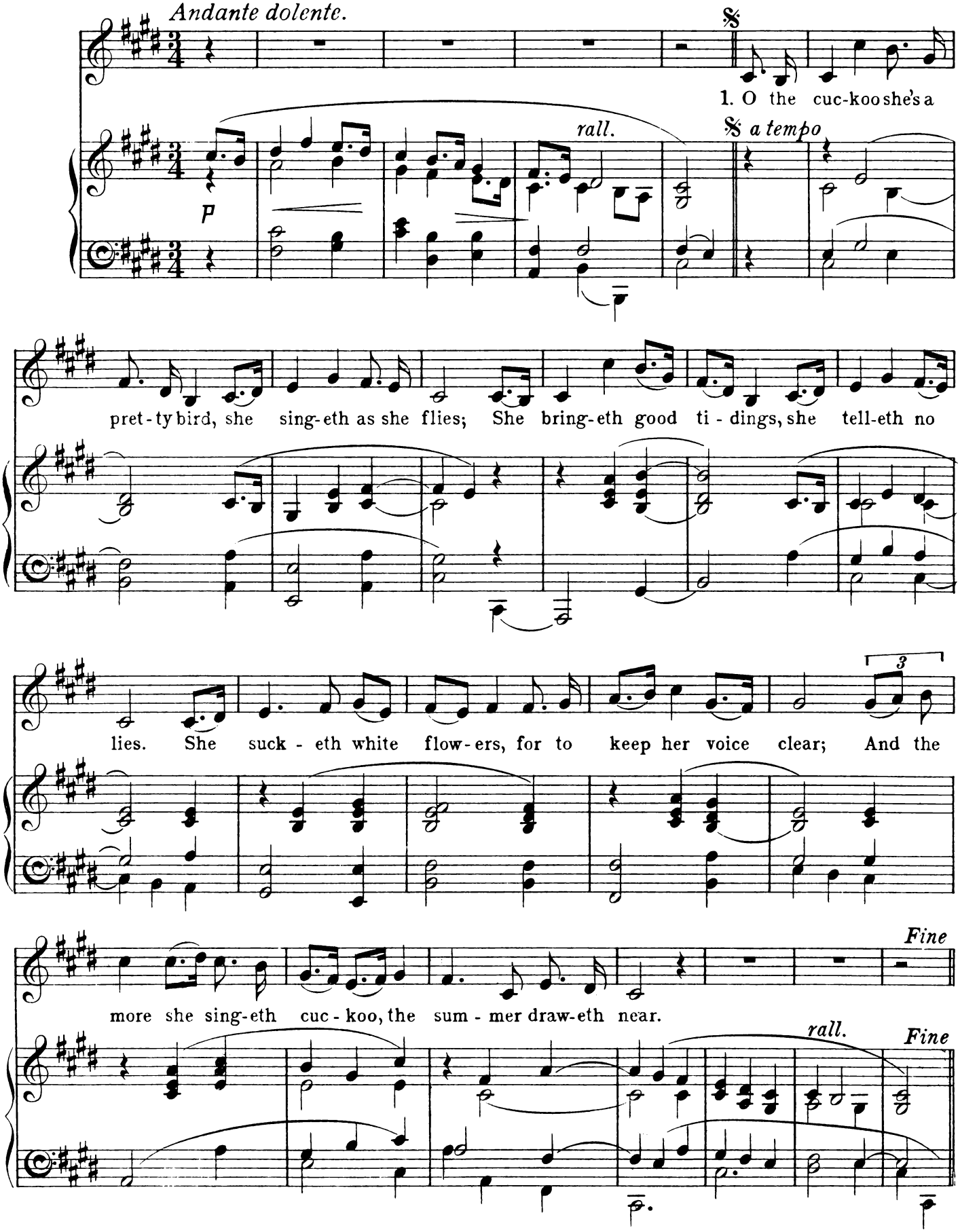
Andante con moto.

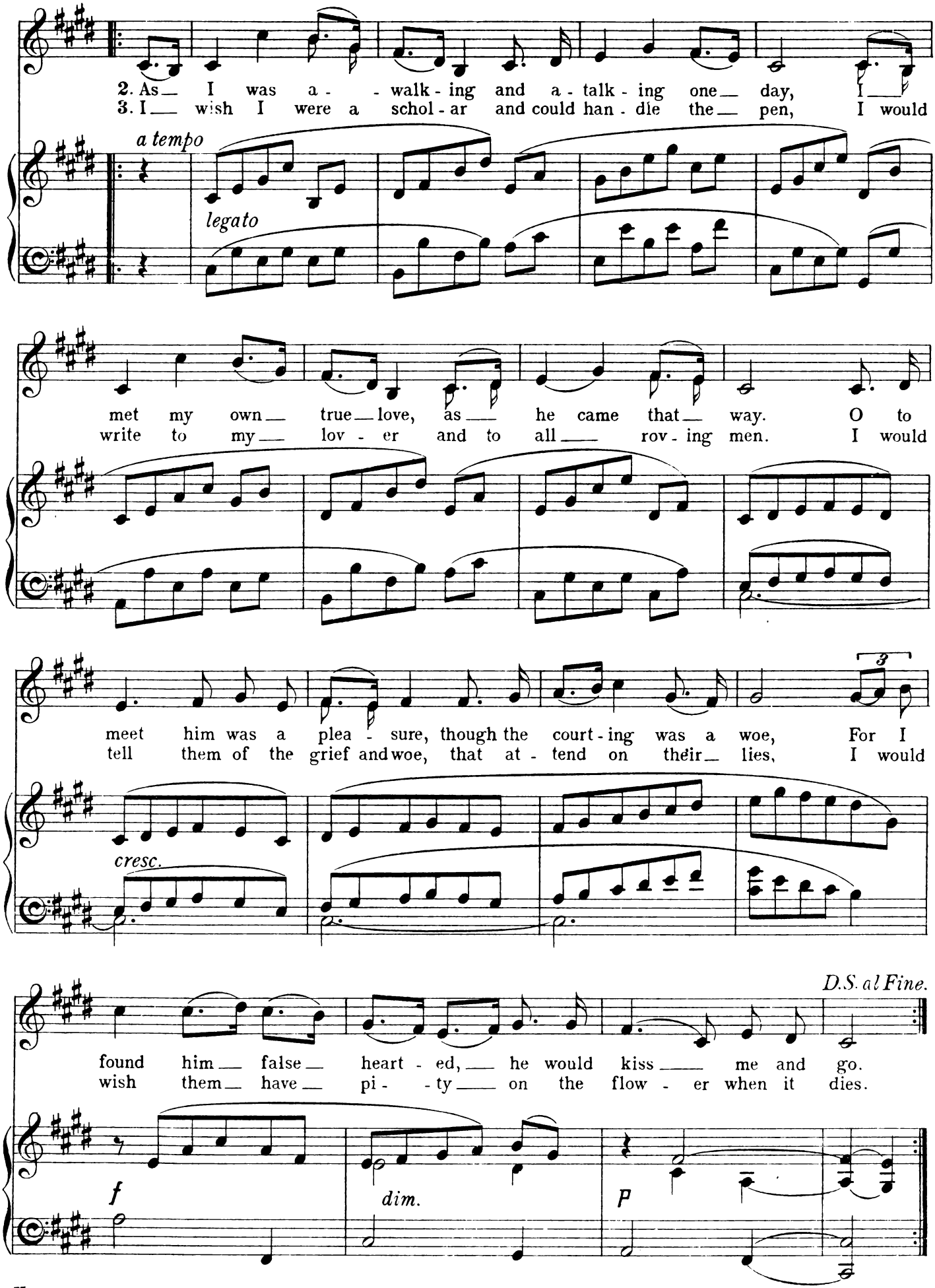



rue it is a flour - ish - ing thing, It flour - ish - es by night and by
wil - low, wil - low tree it will twist, And the wil - low, wil - low tree it will
mf
day; So be - ware of a young man's flat - ter - ing tongue, He will
twine; And so it was that young and false - heart - ed man When he
dim.
dolce
steal your thyme a - way, a - way, He will steal your thyme a -
gain - ed this heart of mine, of mine, When he gain - ed this heart of
3
sfz
sfz
- way. 3. I sow - ed my gar - den full of
mine. 6. O thyme it is a pre - cious, pre - cious
cresc.


seeds; But the small birds they car - ried them a - way In
thing On the road that the sun shines up - on; But
sfz
mf
p
A - pril, May, and in June like - wise, When the small birds sing all
thyme it is a thing that will bring you to an end, And that's how my time has
mf
3
First time
D. S.
day, all day, When the small birds sing all day. 4. In
gone, has gone, And that's how my time has
sfz
p
D. S.
Second time
gone.
cresc.

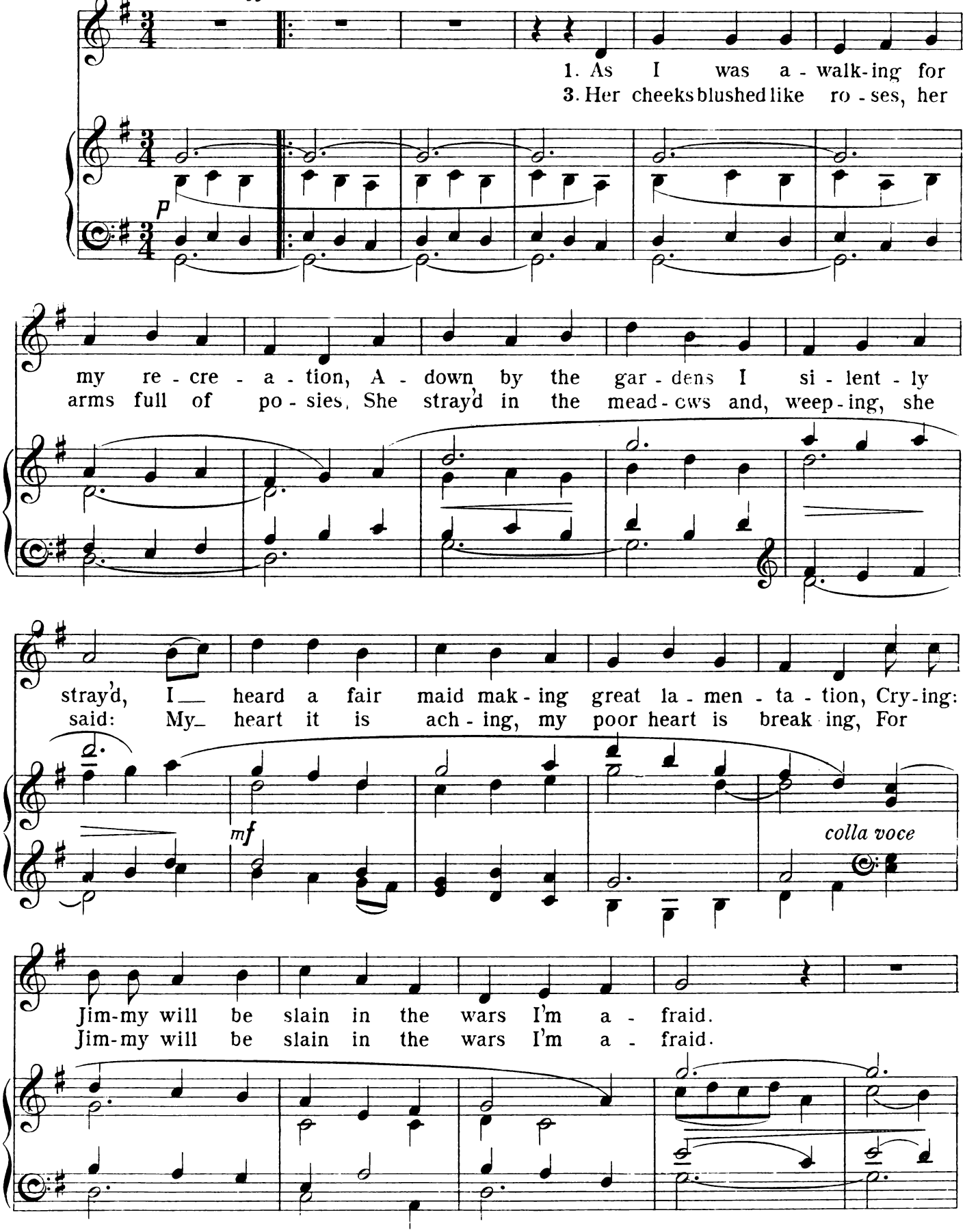
XIX
THE CUCKOO.

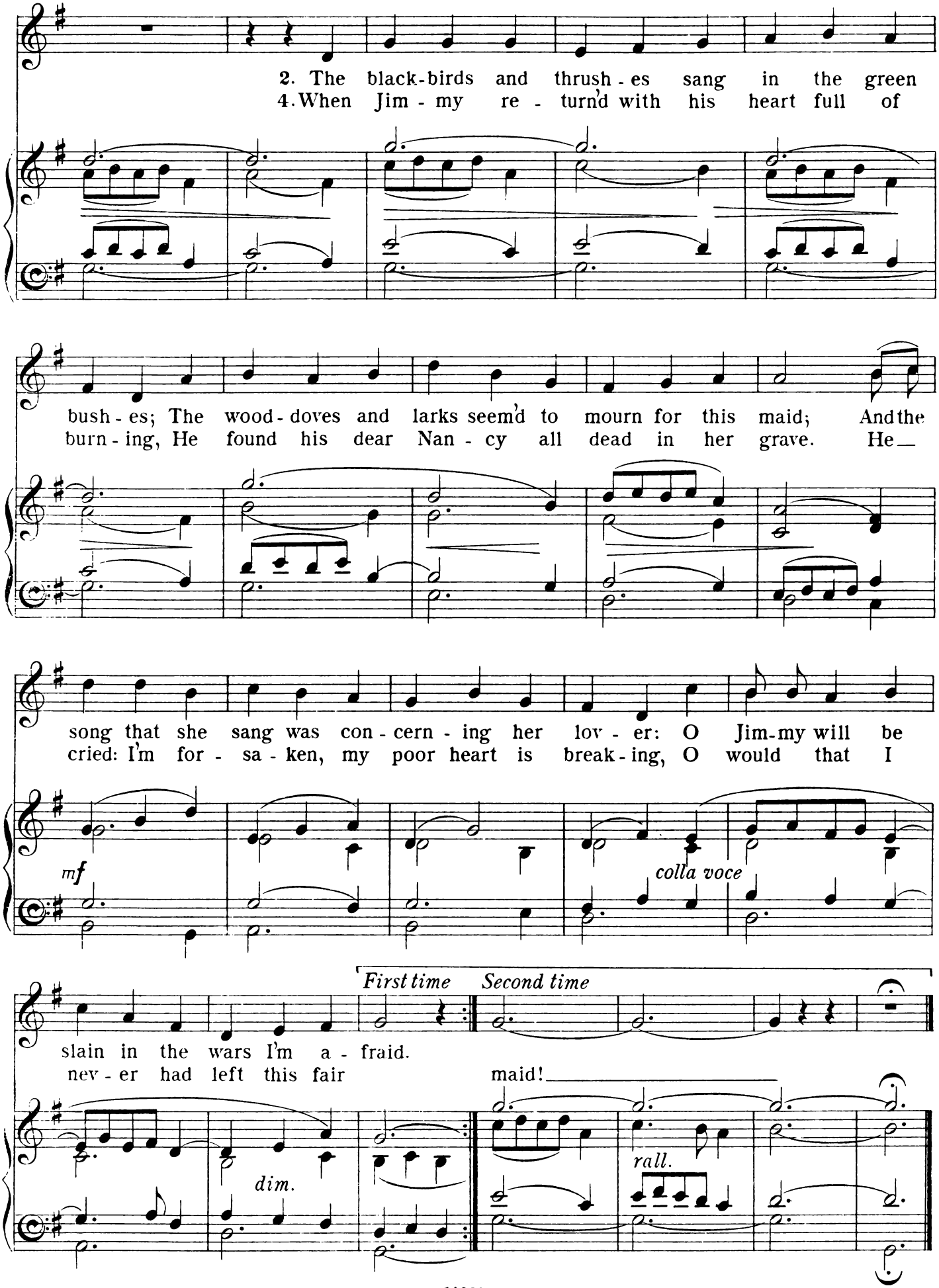



2. As I was a - walk - ing and a - talk - ing one day, I
3. I wish I were a schol - ar and could han - dle the pen, I would
a tempo
legato
met my own true love, as he came that way. O to
write to my lov - er and to all rov - ing men. I would
meet him was a plea - sure, though the court - ing was a woe, For I
tell them of the grief and woe, that at - tend on their lies, I would
3
cresc.
D.S. al Fine.
found him false heart - ed, he would kiss me and go.
wish them have pi - ty on the flow - er when it dies.
f
dim.
p

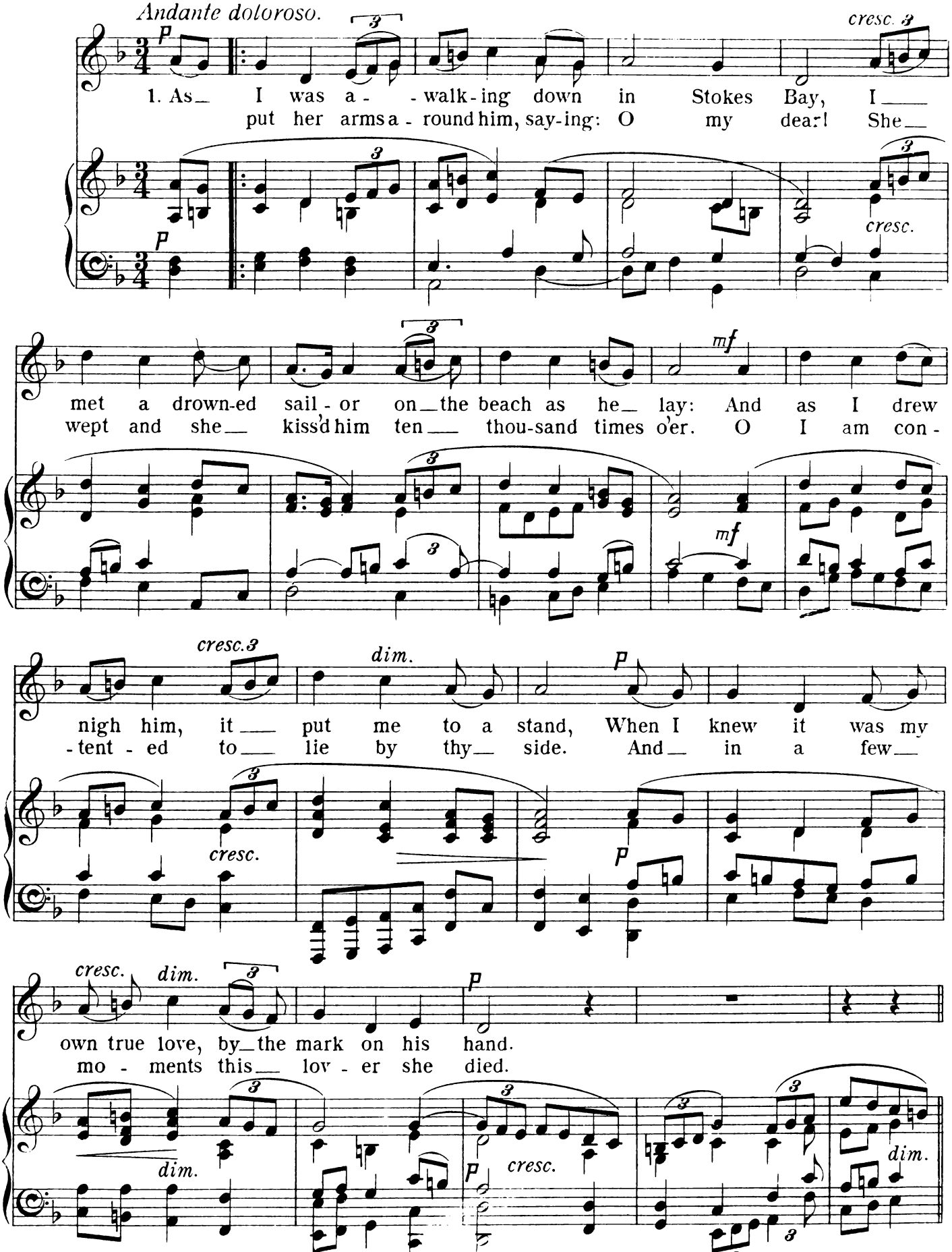
XX
BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

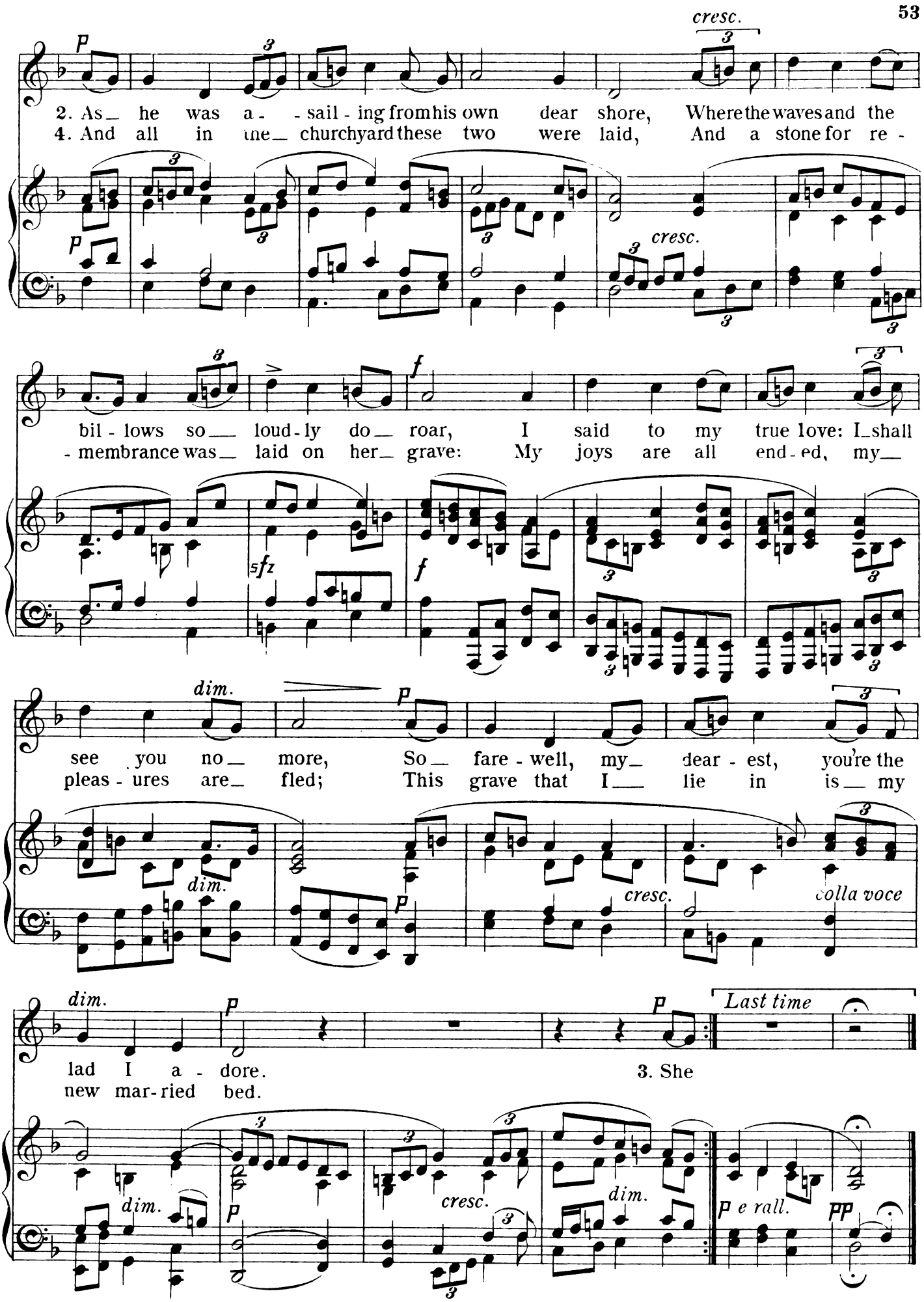
Andante affettuoso.




2. The black-birds and thrush-es sang in the green
4. When Jim-my re-turn'd with his heart full of
bush-es; The wood-doves and larks seem'd to mourn for this maid; And the
burn-ing, He found his dear Nan-cy all dead in her grave. He—
song that she sang was con-cern-ing her lov-er: O Jim-my will be
cried: I'm for-sa-ken, my poor heart is break-ing, O would that I
mf
colla voce
First time
Second time
slain in the wars I'm a-fraid.
nev-er had left this fair maid!
dim.
rall.

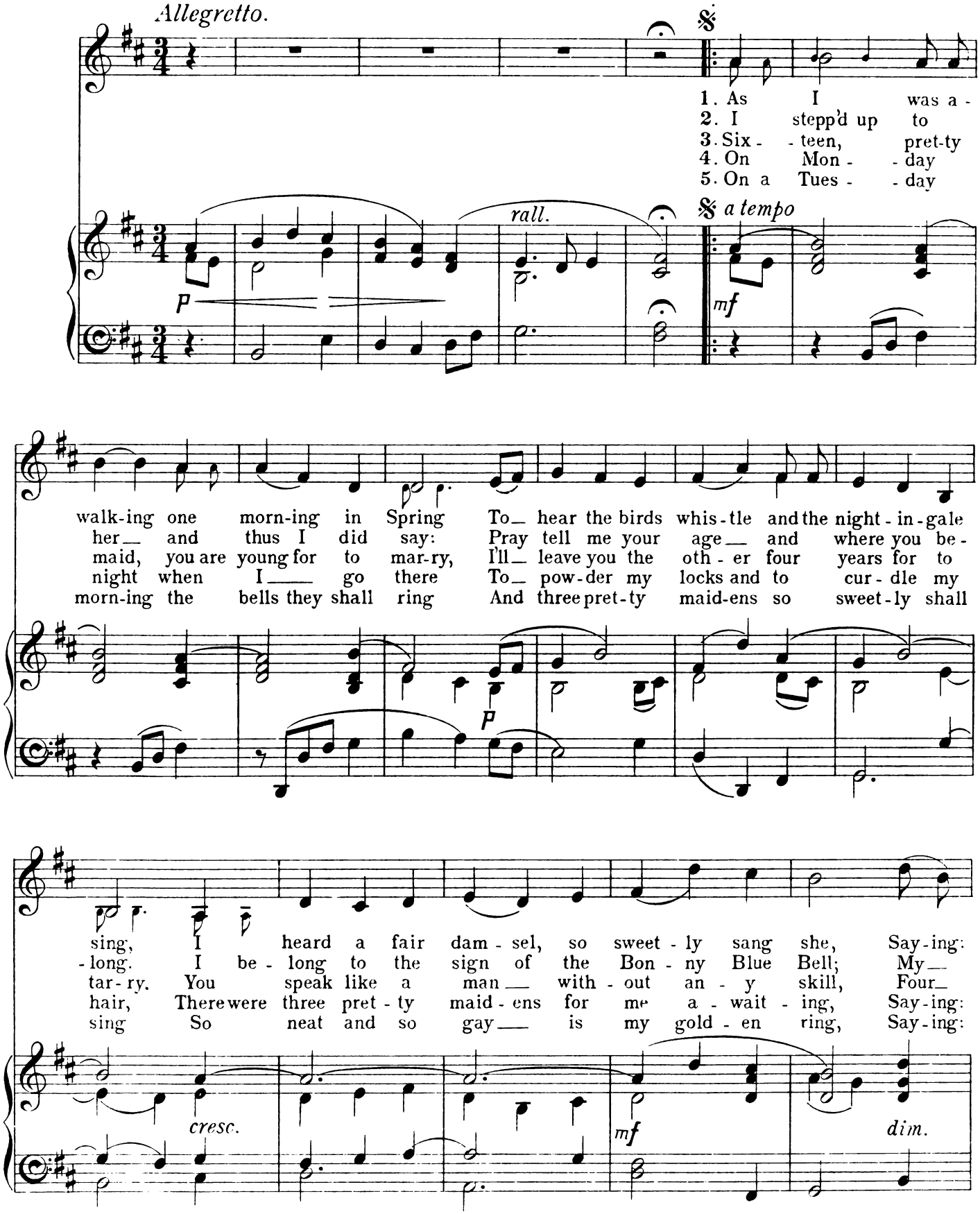
XXI
THE DROWNED LOVER.



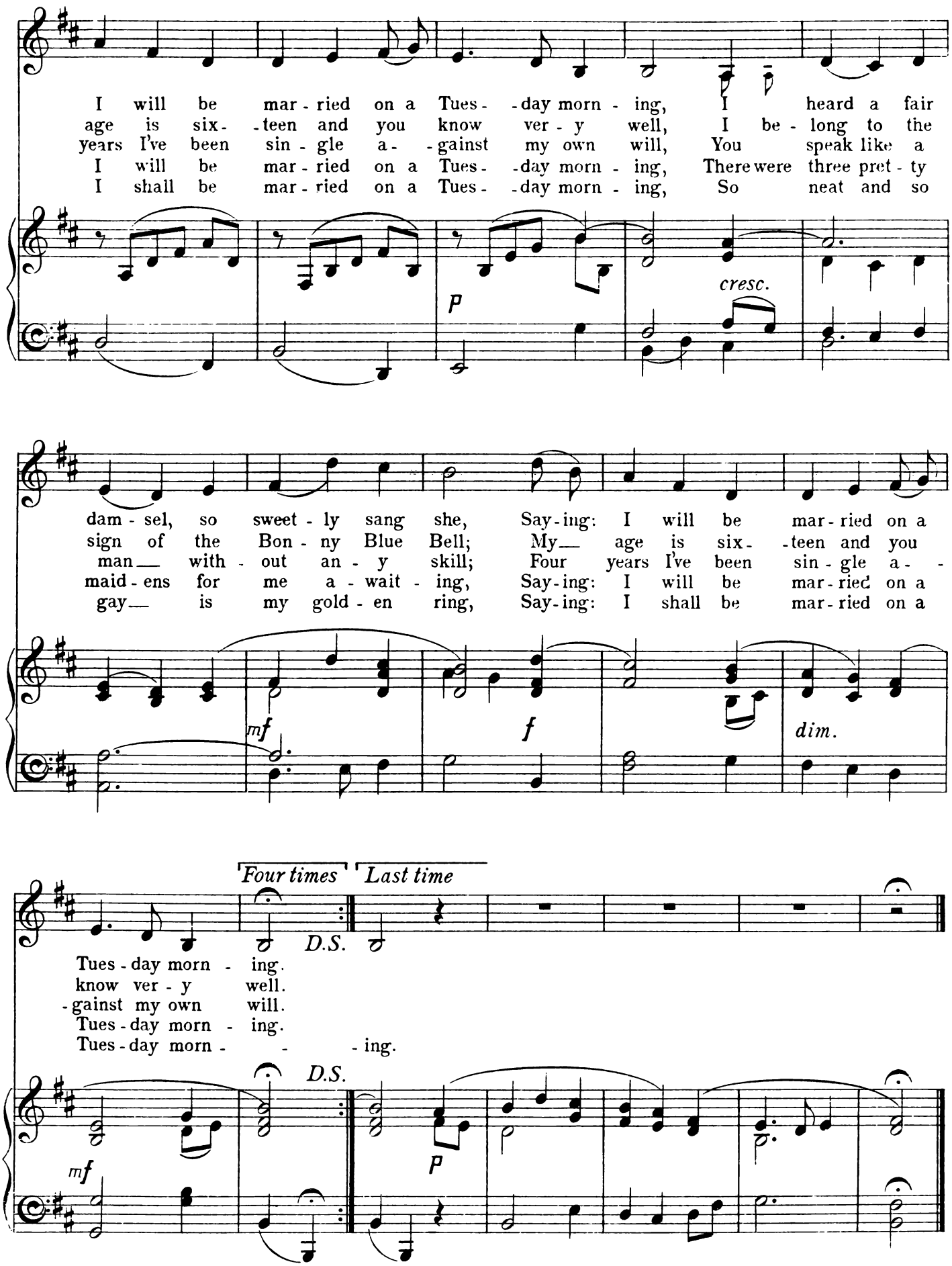

cresc.
2. As he was a - sail - ing from his own dear shore, Where the waves and the
4. And all in one churchyard these two were laid, And a stone for re -
cresc.
bil - lows so loud - ly do roar, I said to my true love: I shall
- membrance was laid on her grave: My joys are all end - ed, my
sfz
f
dim.
see you no more, So fare - well, my dear - est, you're the
pleas - ures are fled; This grave that I lie in is my
dim.
cresc.
colla voce
dim.
Last time
lad I a - dore.
new mar - ried bed.
3. She
dim.
cresc.
dim.
e rall.

XXII

THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.



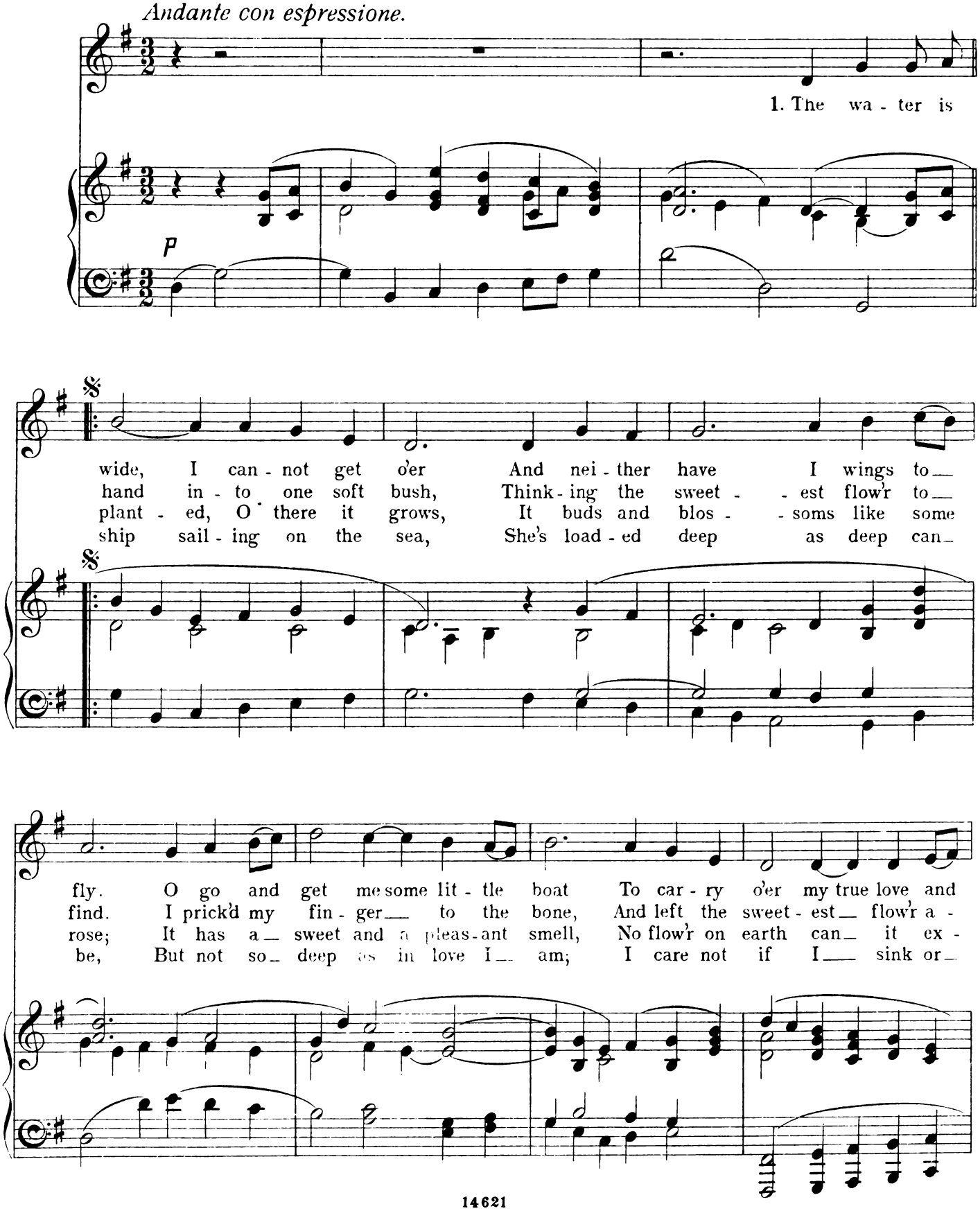
14621

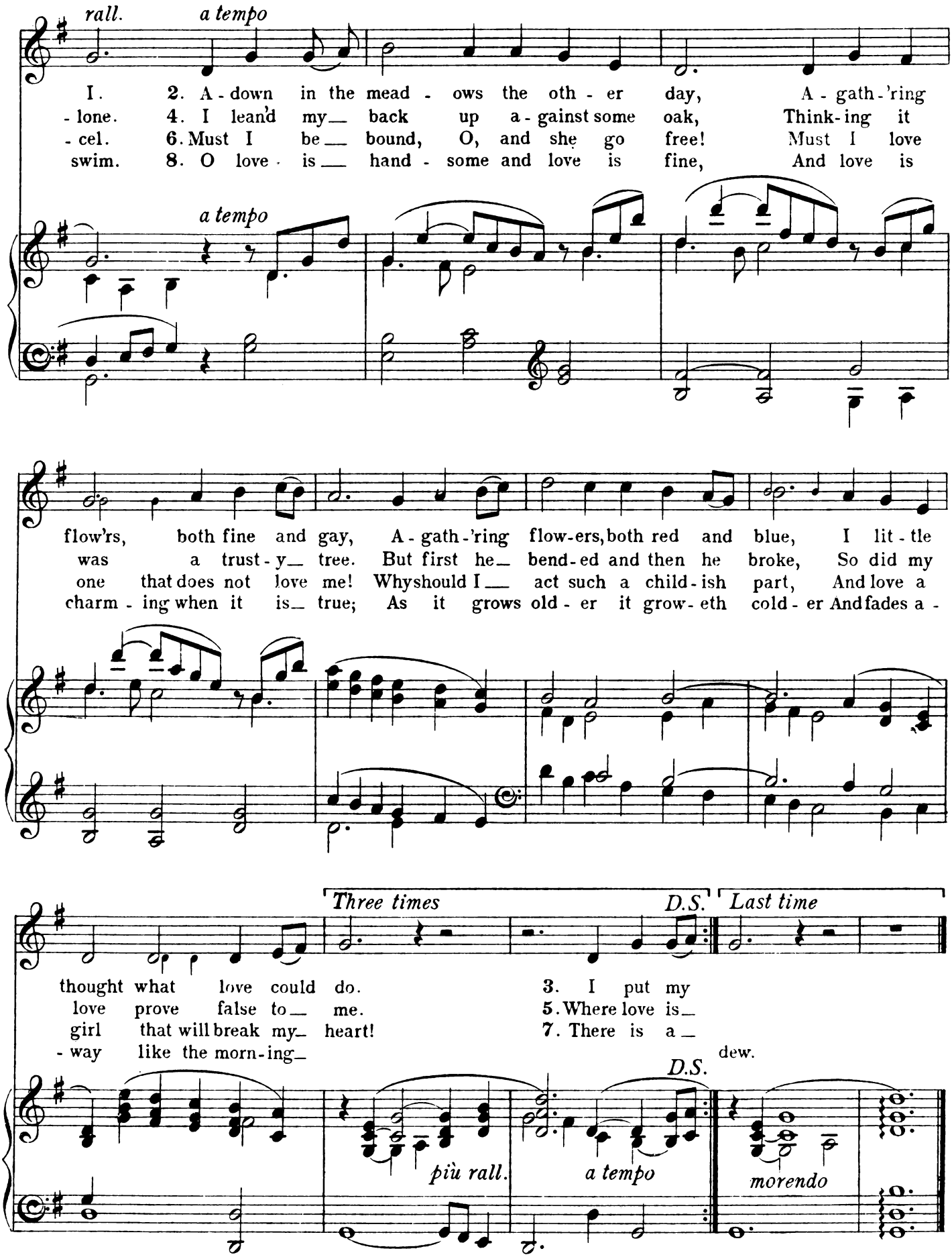

I will be mar - ried on a Tues - -day morn - ing, I heard a fair
age is six - -teen and you know ver - y well, I be - long to the
years I've been sin - gle a - -gainst my own will, You speak like a
I will be mar - ried on a Tues - -day morn - ing, There were three pret - ty
I shall be mar - ried on a Tues - -day morn - ing, So neat and so
p
cresc.
dam - sel, so sweet - ly sang she, Say - ing: I will be mar - ried on a
sign of the Bon - ny Blue Bell; My— age is six - -teen and you
man— with - out an - y skill; Four years I've been sin - gle a - -
maid - ens for me a - wait - ing, Say - ing: I will be mar - ried on a
gay— is my gold - en ring, Say - ing: I shall be mar - ried on a
mf
f
dim.
Four times
Last time
D.S.
Tues - day morn - ing.
know ver - y well.
- gainst my own will.
Tues - day morn - ing.
Tues - day morn - - - ing.
D.S.
mf
p

XXIII

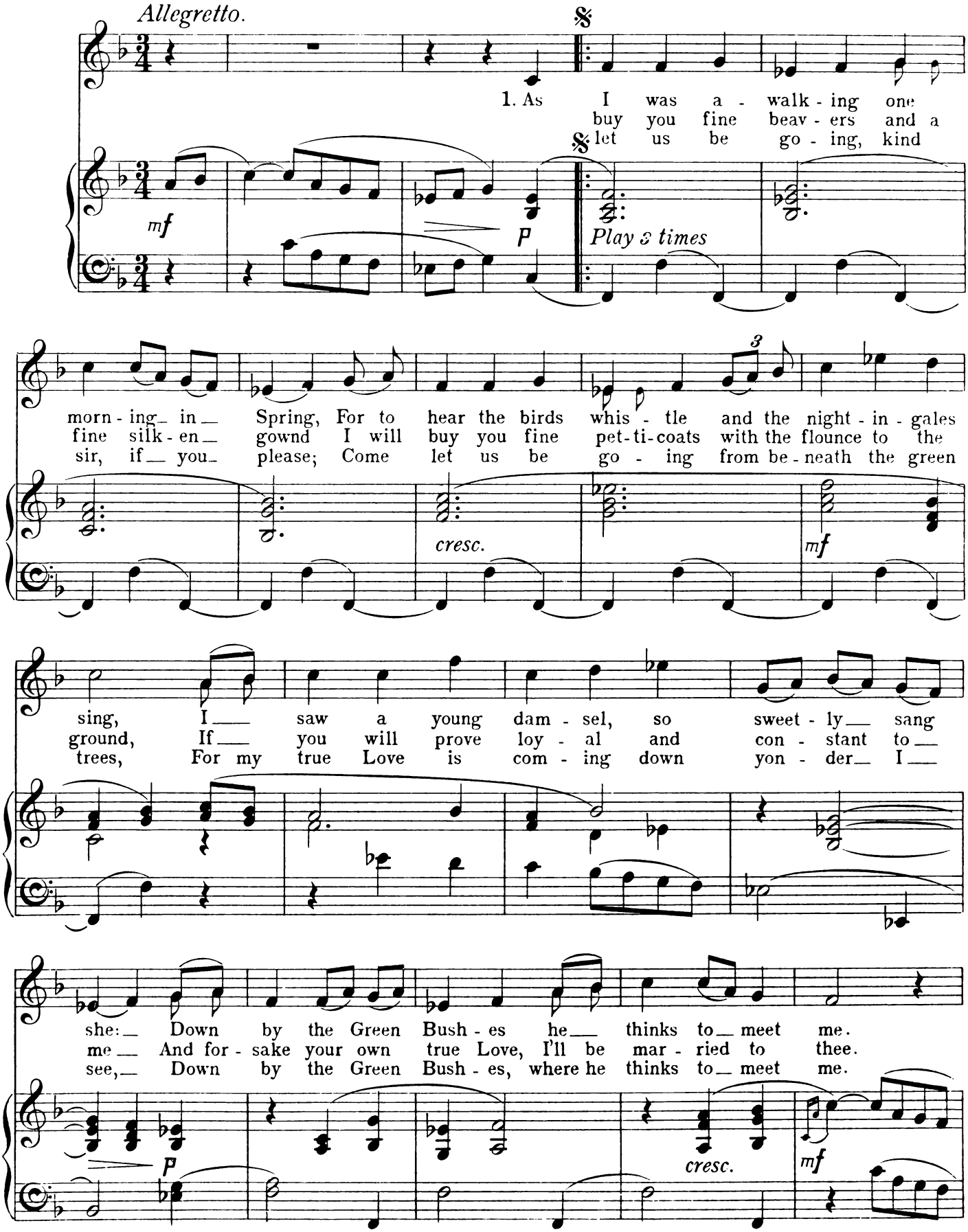
O WALY, WALY.

Andante con espressione.

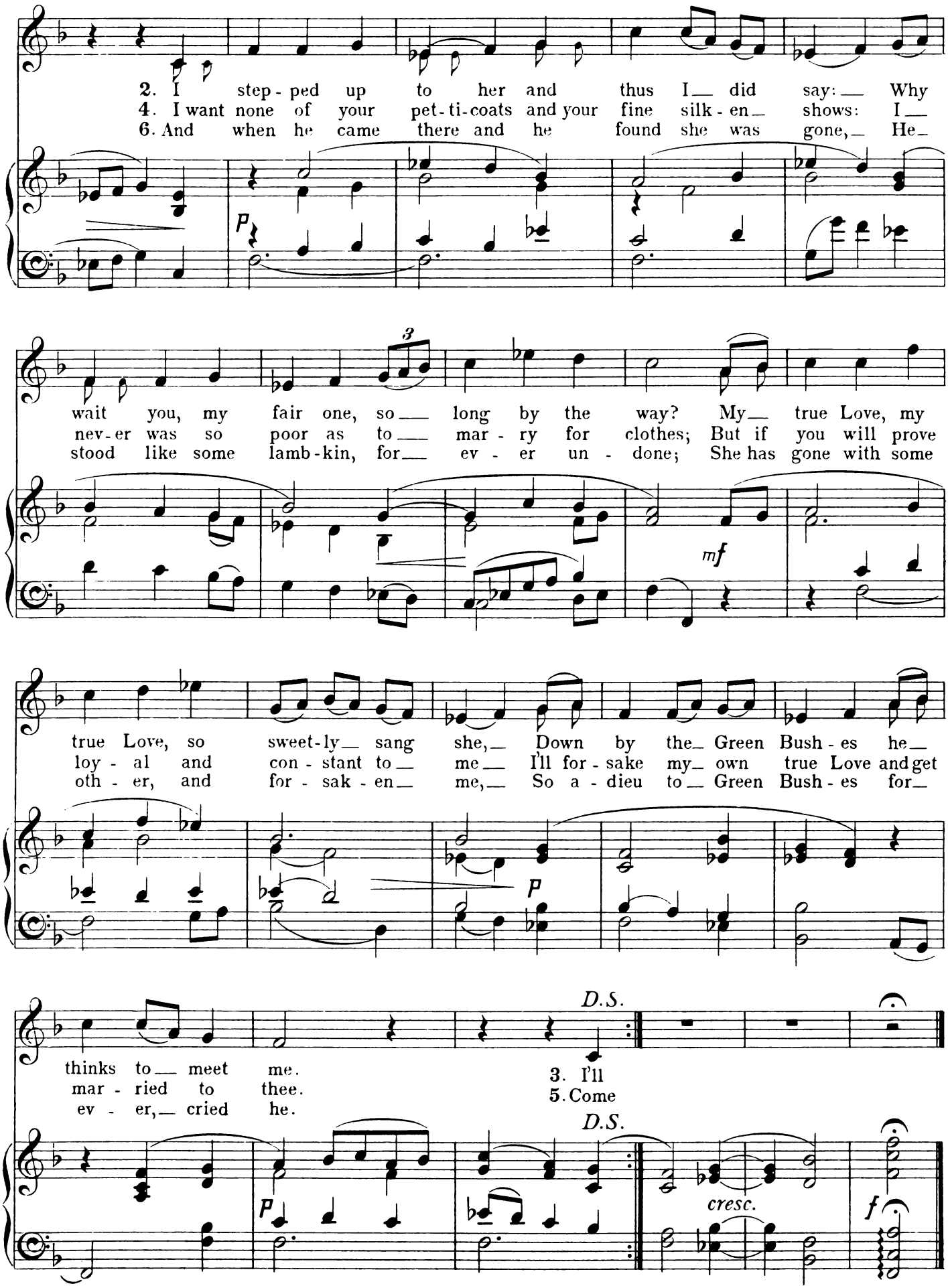



rall.
a tempo
I. 2. A - down in the mead - ows the oth - er day, A - gath - 'ring
- lone. 4. I lean'd my__ back up a - gainst some oak, Think - ing it
- cel. 6. Must I be__ bound, O, and she go free! Must I love
swim. 8. O love - is__ hand - some and love is fine, And love is
a tempo
flow'rs, both fine and gay, A - gath - 'ring flow - ers, both red and blue, I lit - tle
was a trust - y__ tree. But first he__ bend - ed and then he broke, So did my
one that does not love me! Why should I__ act such a child - ish part, And love a
charm - ing when it is__ true; As it grows old - er it grow - eth cold - er And fades a -
Three times
D.S.
Last time
thought what love could do.
love prove false to__ me.
girl that will break my__ heart!
- way like the morn - ing__
3. I put my
5. Where love is__
7. There is a__
dew.
D.S.
più rall.
a tempo
morendo

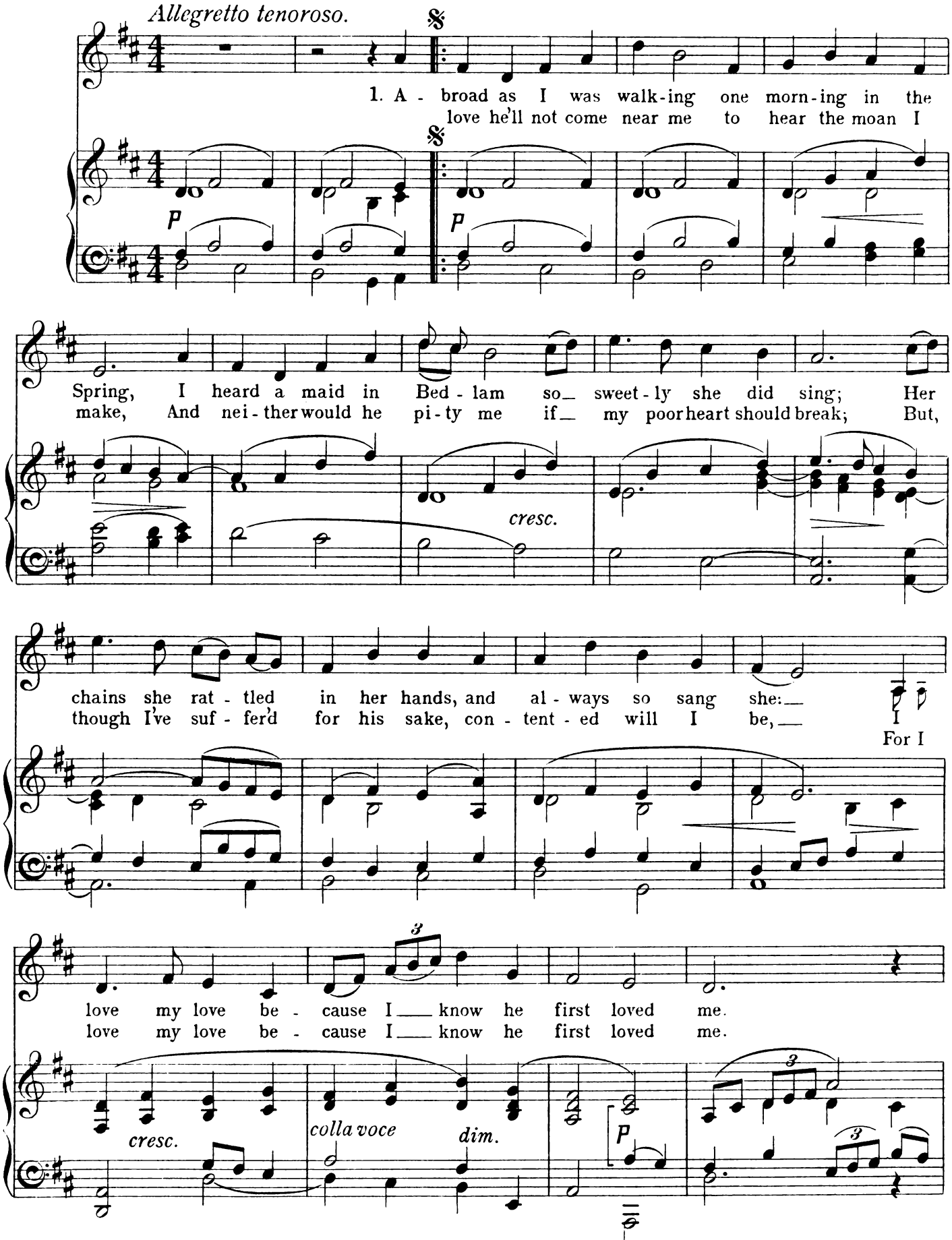
XXIV
GREEN BUSHES.

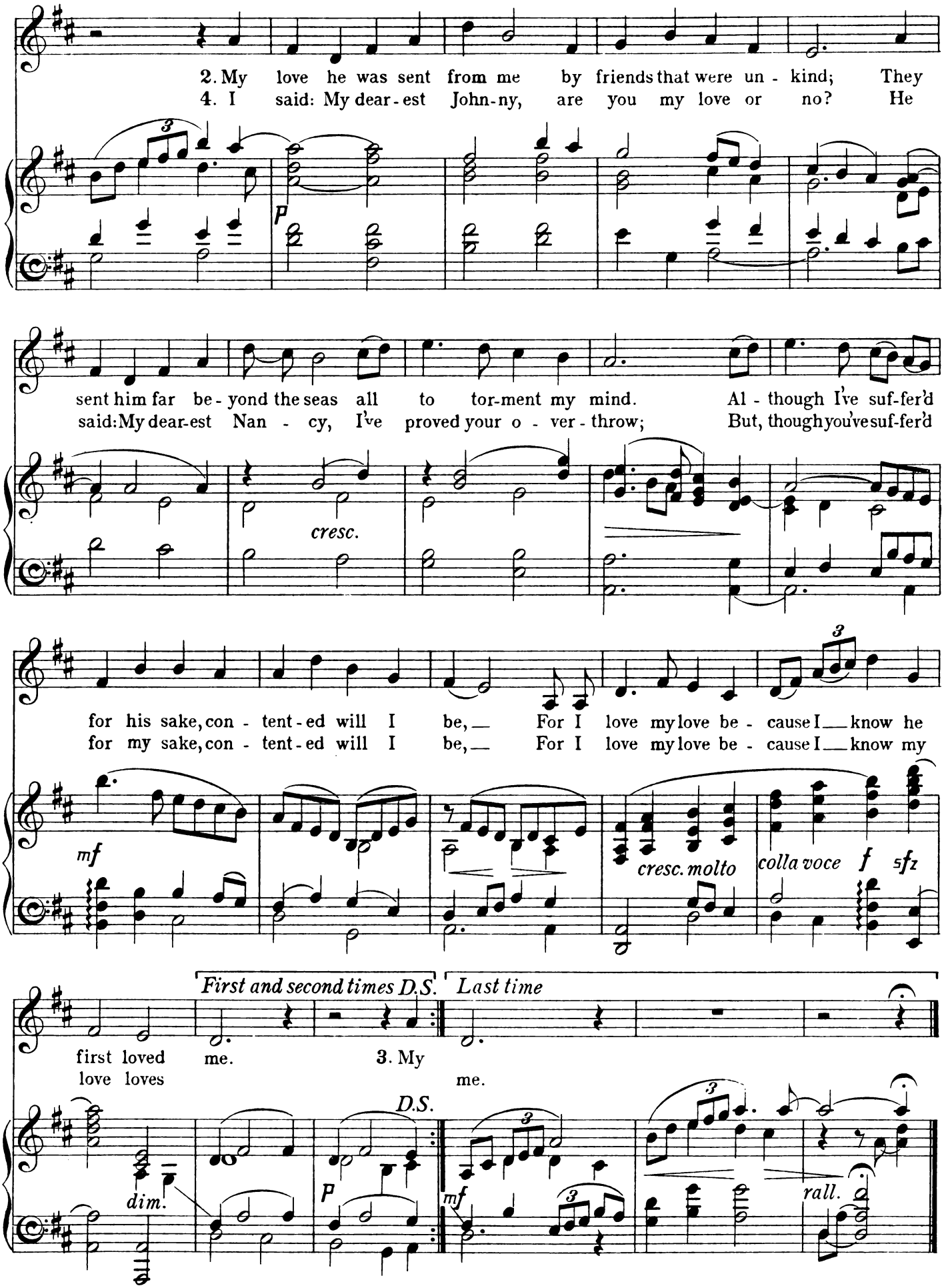


14621


2. I step-ped up to her and thus I did say: Why
4. I want none of your pet-ti-coats and your fine silk-en shows: I
6. And when he came there and he found she was gone, He
wait you, my fair one, so long by the way? My true Love, my
nev-er was so poor as to mar-ry for clothes; But if you will prove
stood like some lamb-kin, for ev-er un-done; She has gone with some
true Love, so sweet-ly sang she, Down by the Green Bush-es he
loy-al and con-stant to me I'll for-sake my own true Love and get
oth-er, and for-sak-en me, So a-dieu to Green Bush-es for
thinks to meet me.
mar-ried to thee.
ev-er, cried he.
3. I'll
5. Come
D.S.
D.S.
P
mf
P
P
cresc.
f

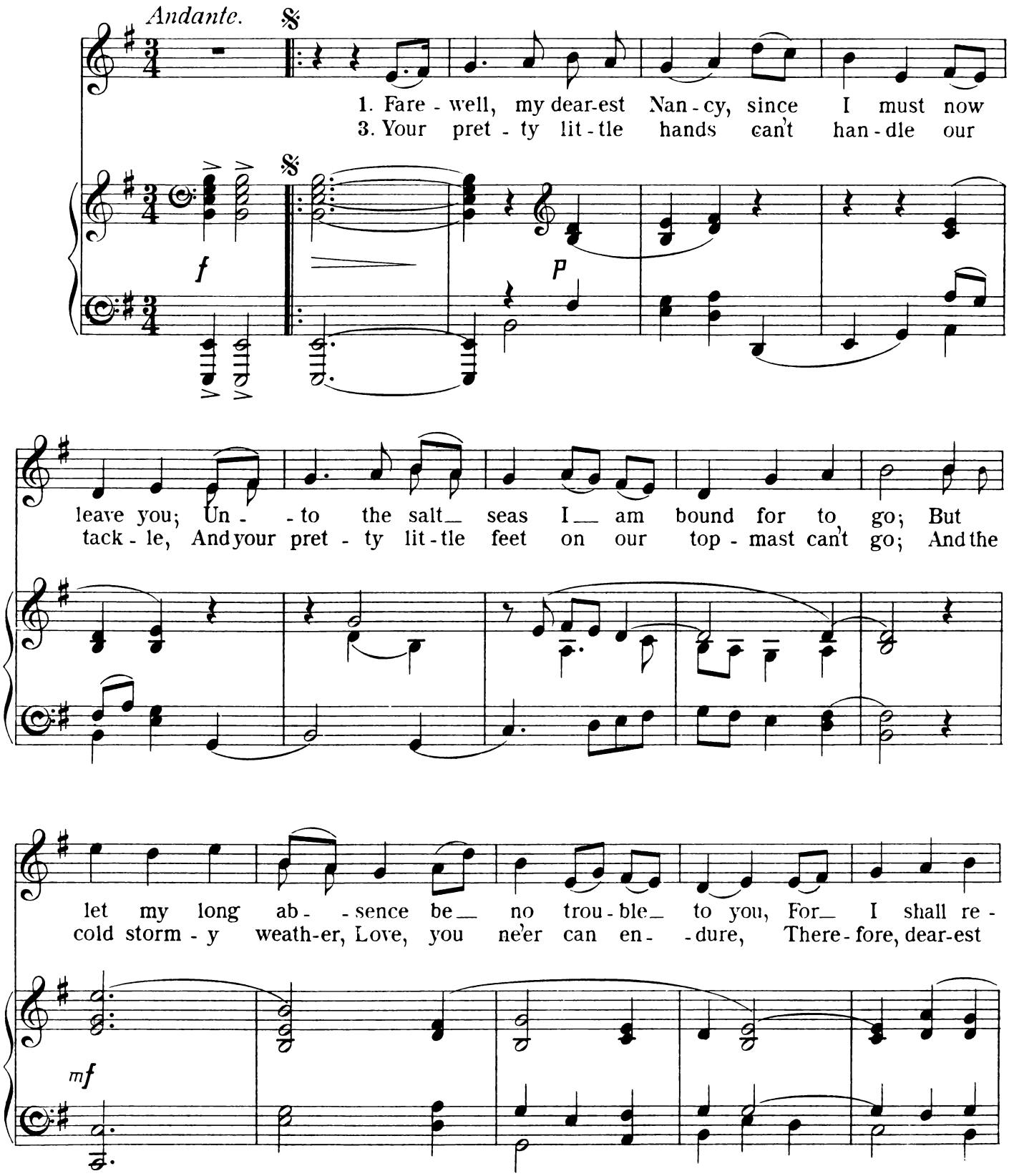
XXV
BEDLAM.


Allegretto tenoroso.
1. A - broad as I was walk-ing one morn-ing in the
love he'll not come near me to hear the moan I
Spring, I heard a maid in Bed - lam so_ sweet - ly she did sing; Her
make, And nei - ther would he pi - ty me if_ my poor heart should break; But,
cresc.
chains she rat - tled in her hands, and al - ways so sang she:_
though I've suf - fer'd for his sake, con - tent - ed will I be,_
I
For I
love my love be - cause I_ know he first loved me.
love my love be - cause I_ know he first loved me.
cresc.
colla voce
dim.

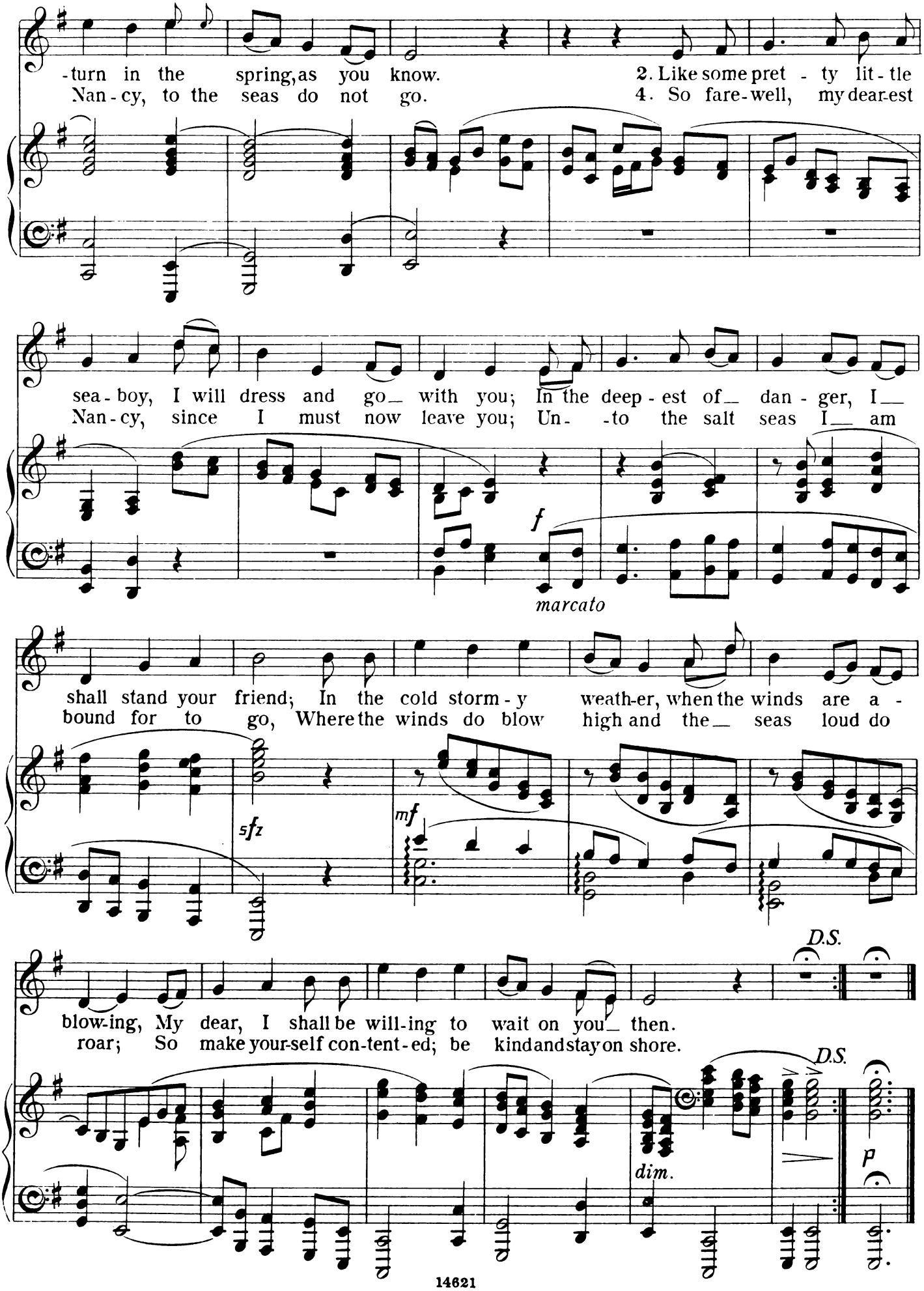

2. My love he was sent from me by friends that were un - kind; They
4. I said: My dear - est John - ny, are you my love or no? He
sent him far be - yond the seas all to tor-ment my mind. Al - though I've suf-fer'd
said: My dear-est Nan - cy, I've proved your o - ver - throw; But, though you've suf-fer'd
cresc.
for his sake, con - tent - ed will I be, For I love my love be - cause I know he
for my sake, con - tent - ed will I be, For I love my love be - cause I know my
mf
cresc. molto
colla voce
f
sfz
First and second times D.S.
Last time
first loved me.
love loves
3. My
me.
D.S.
dim.
p
mf
rall.

XXVI

FAREWELL, NANCY.

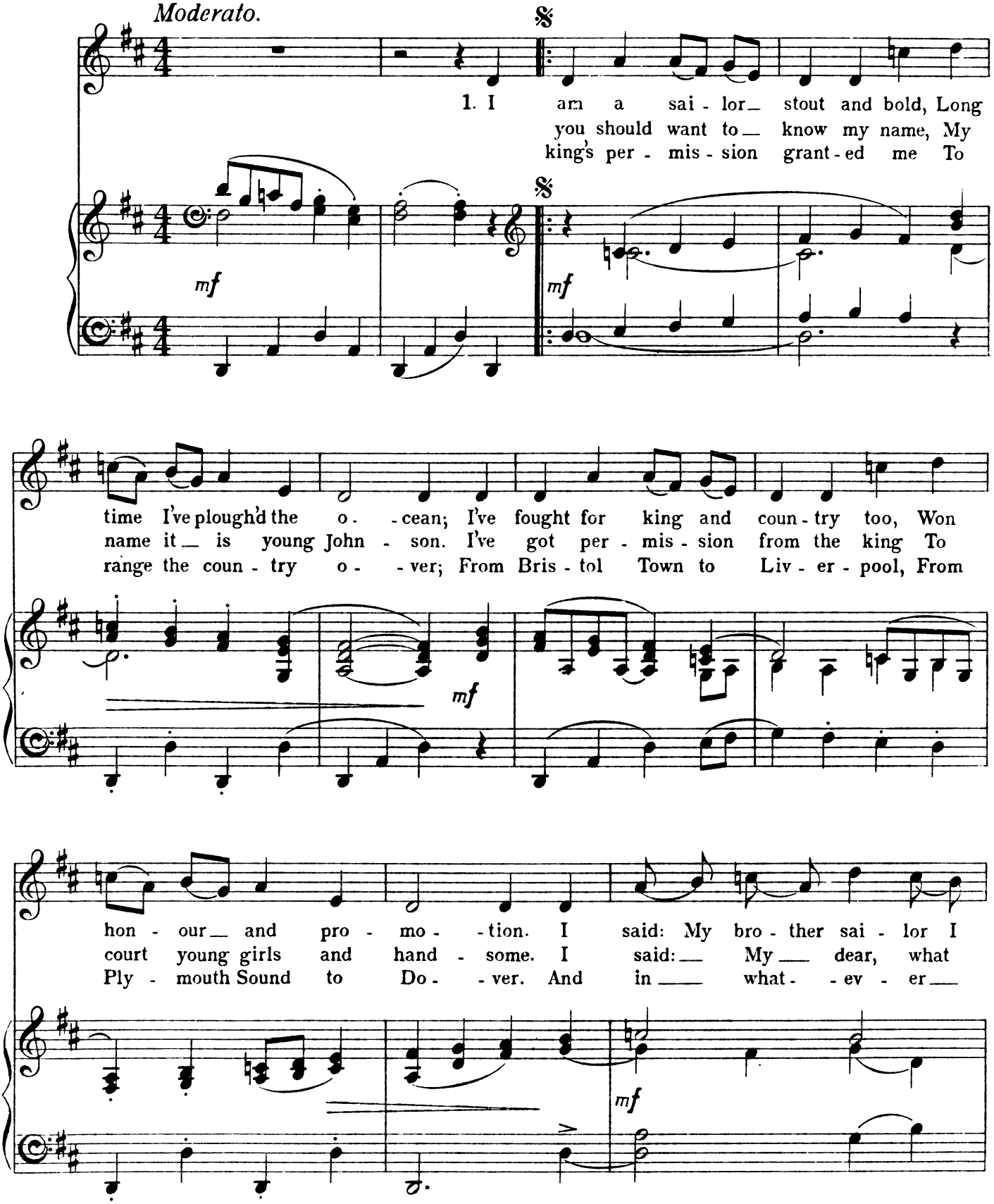


14621

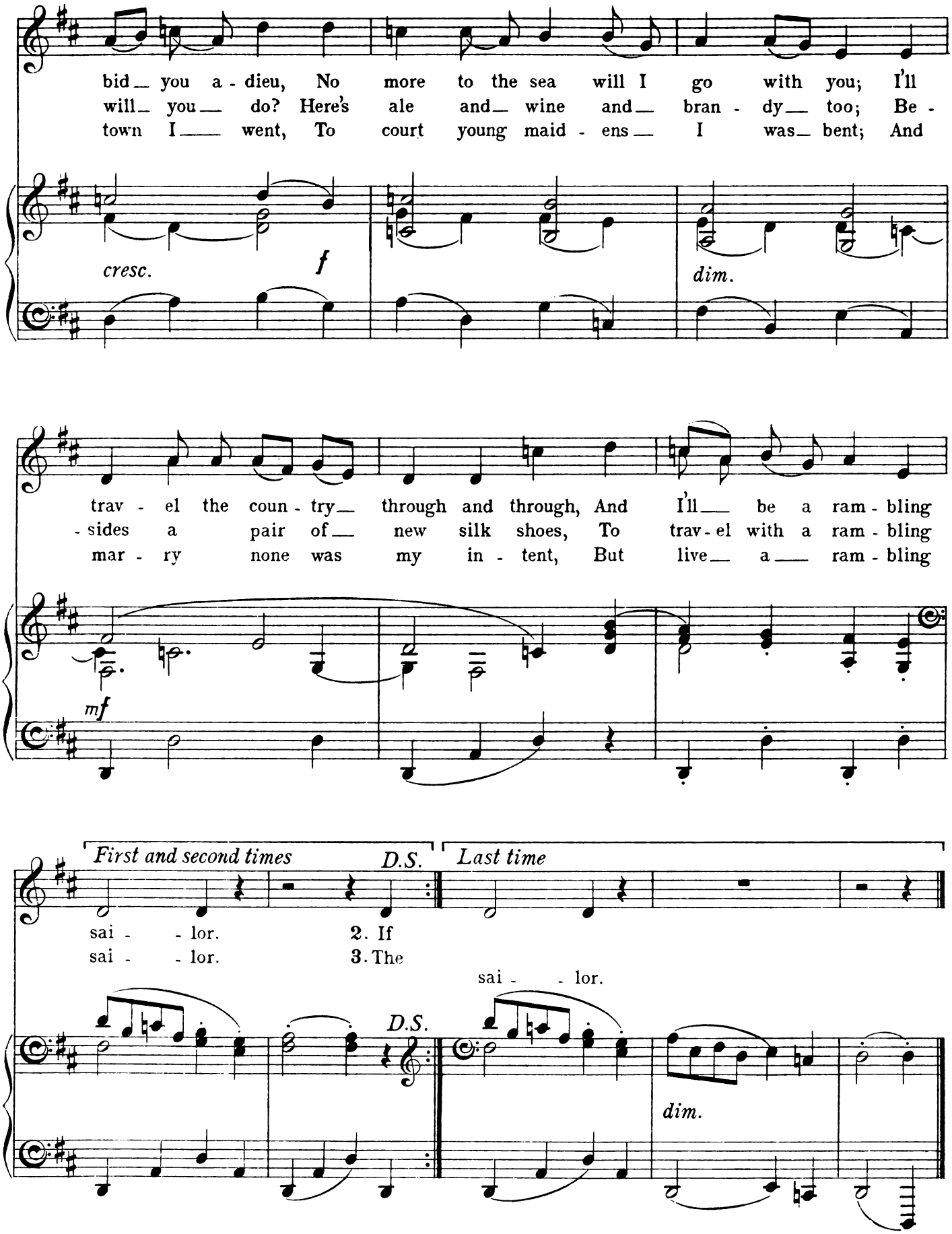

-turn in the spring, as you know.
Nan-cy, to the seas do not go.
2. Like some pret-ty lit-tle
4. So fare-well, my dear-est
sea-boy, I will dress and go with you; In the deep-est of dan-ger, I
Nan-cy, since I must now leave you; Un--to the salt seas I am
f
marcato
shall stand your friend; In the cold storm-y weath-er, when the winds are a-
bound for to go, Where the winds do blow high and the seas loud do
sfz
mf
blow-ing, My dear, I shall be will-ing to wait on you then.
roar; So make your-self con-tent-ed; be kind and stay on shore.
D.S.
D.S.
dim.
p

XXVII

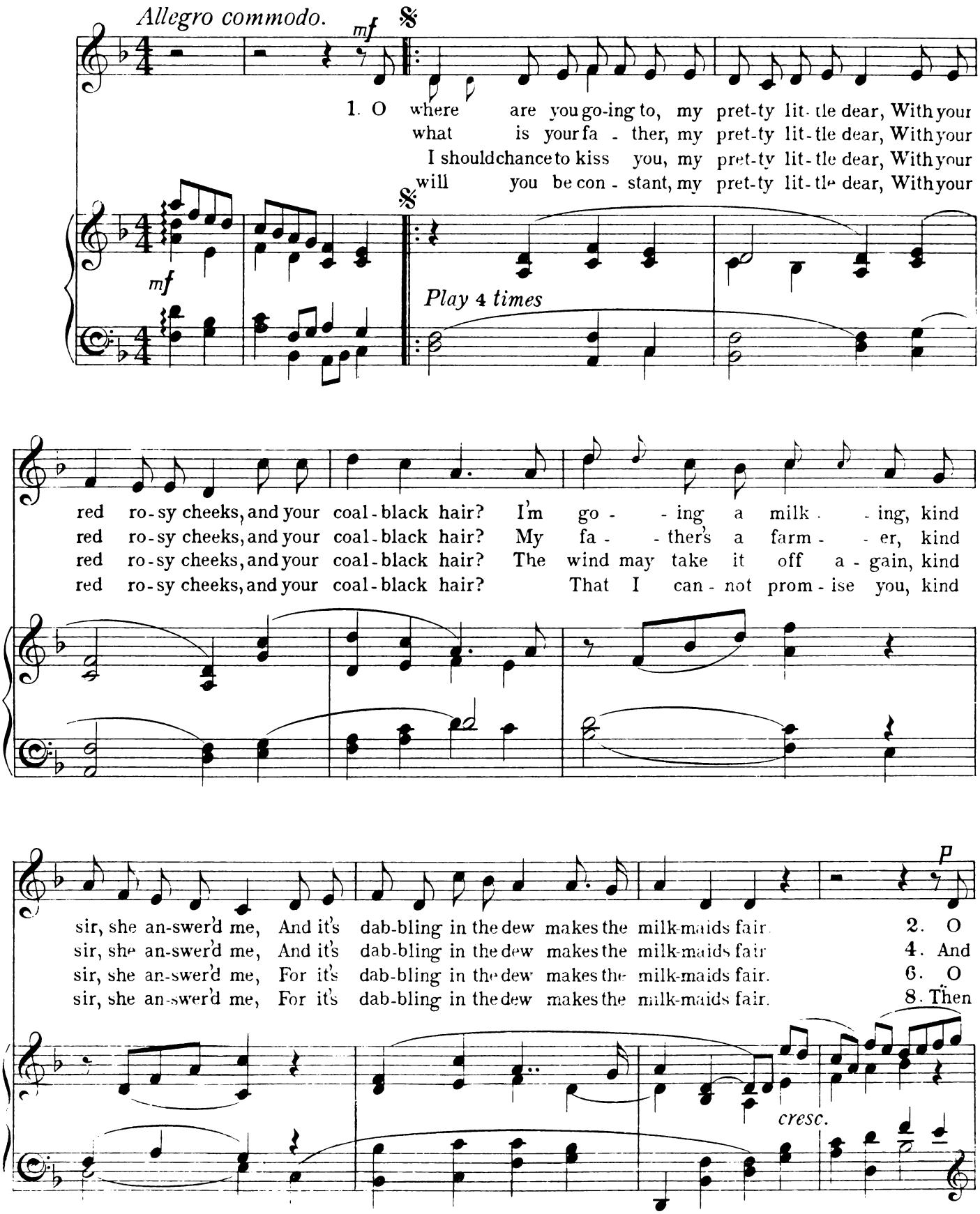
THE RAMBLING SAILOR.



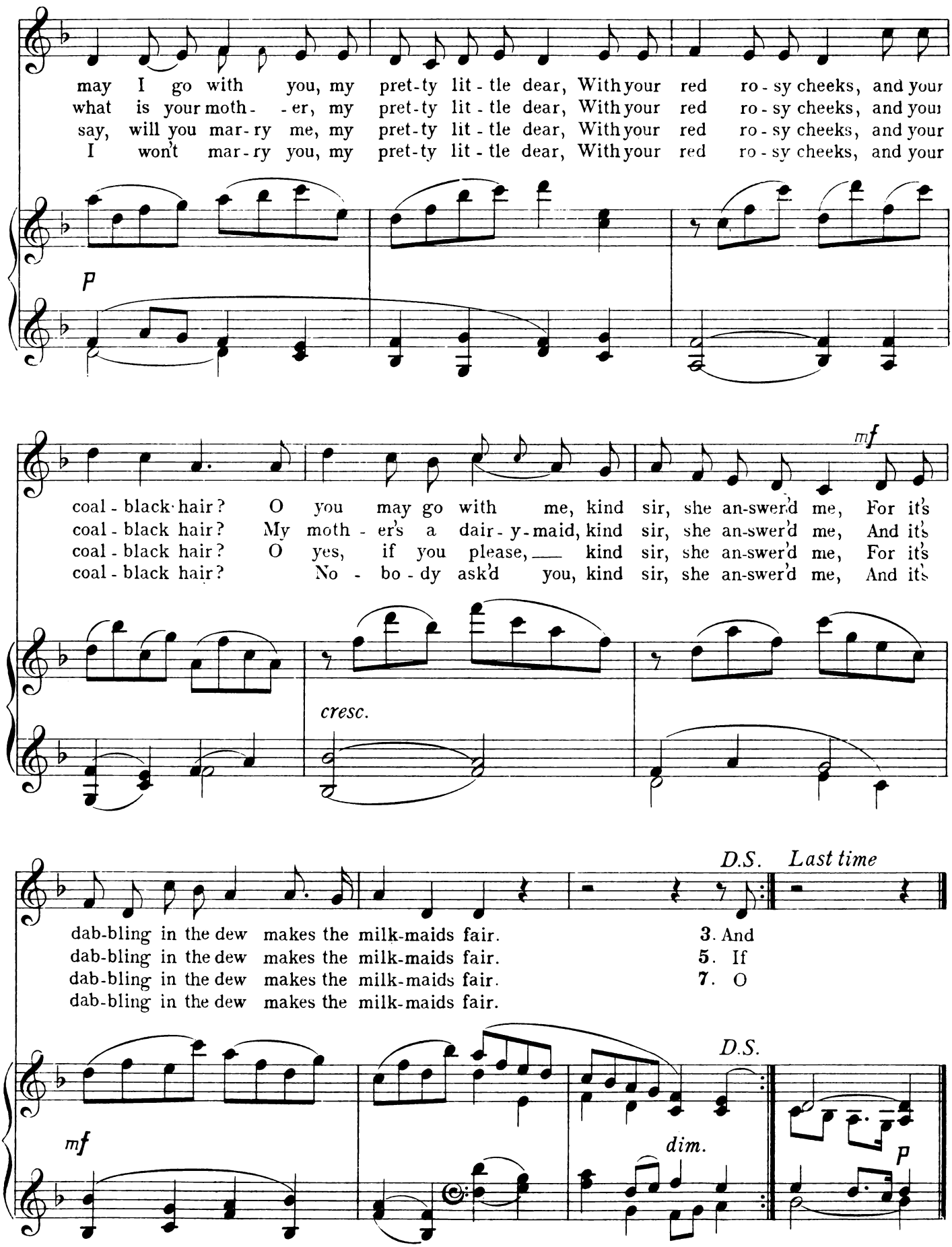
14621


bid you a - dieu, No more to the sea will I go with you; I'll
will you do? Here's ale and wine and bran - dy too; Be -
town I went, To court young maid - ens I was bent; And
cresc.
f
dim.
trav - el the coun - try through and through, And I'll be a ram - bling
- sides a pair of new silk shoes, To trav - el with a ram - bling
mar - ry none was my in - tent, But live a ram - bling
mf
First and second times
D.S.
Last time
sai - - lor.
2. If
sai - - lor.
3. The
sai - - lor.
D.S.
dim.

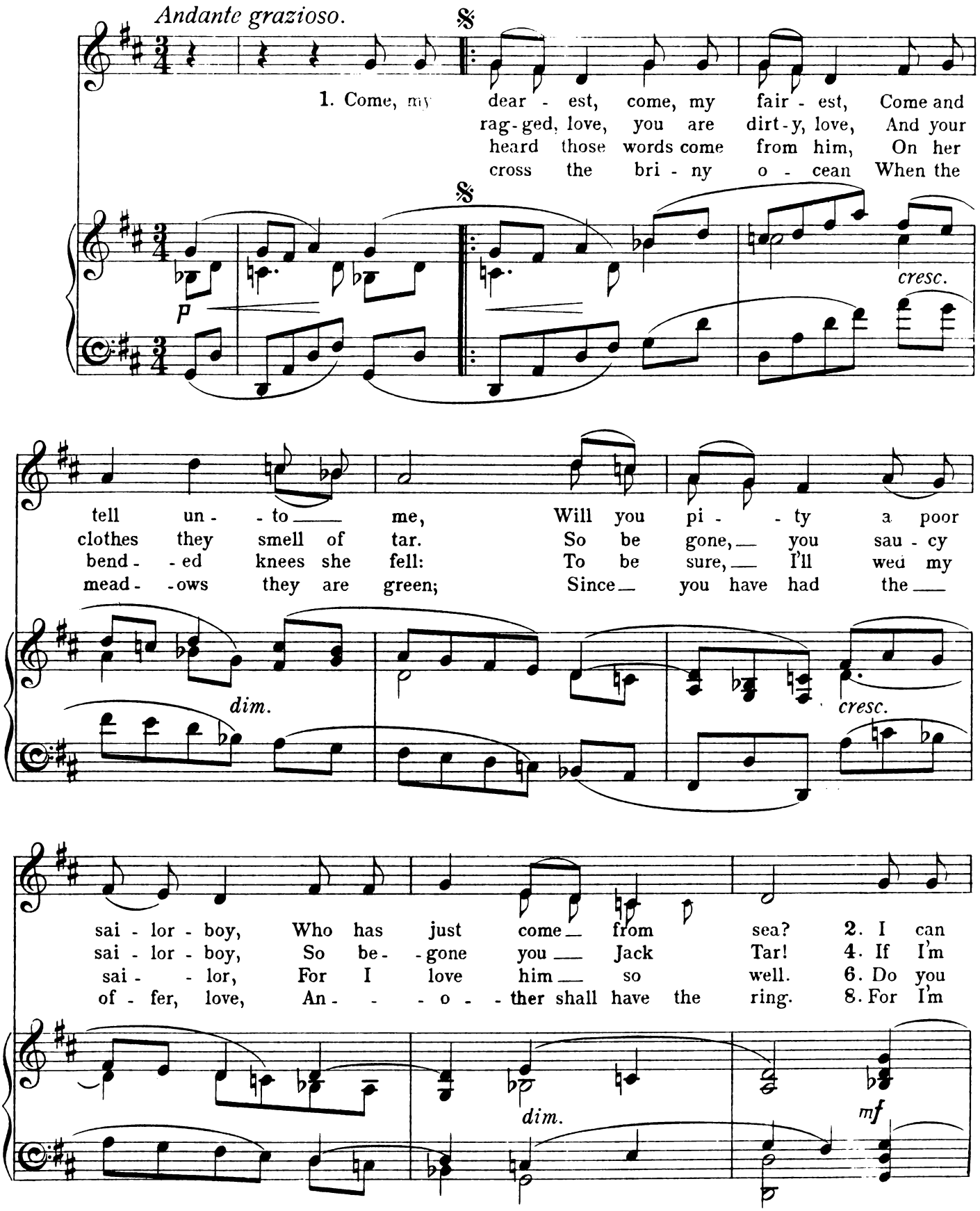
XXVIII
DABBLING IN THE DEW.

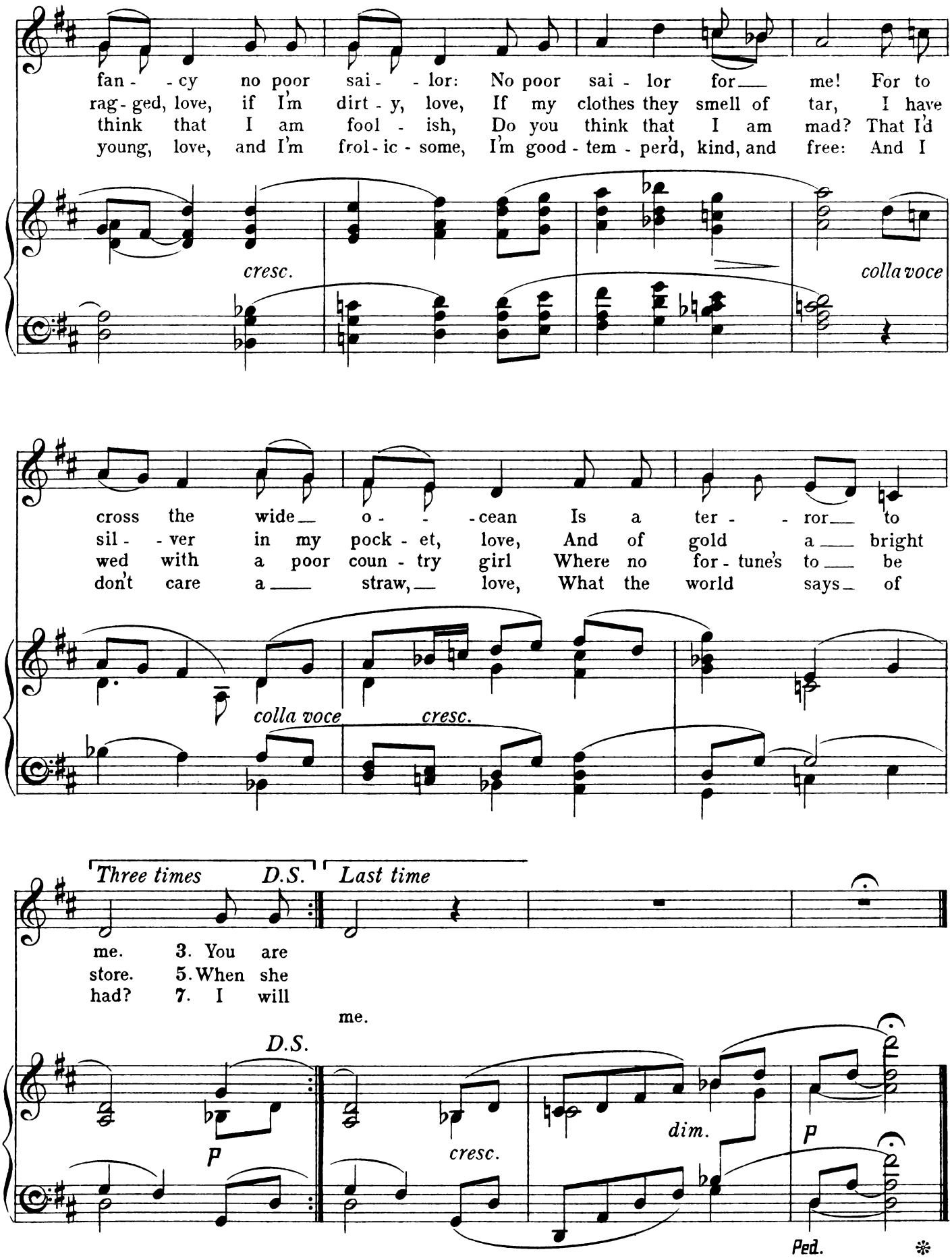


14621

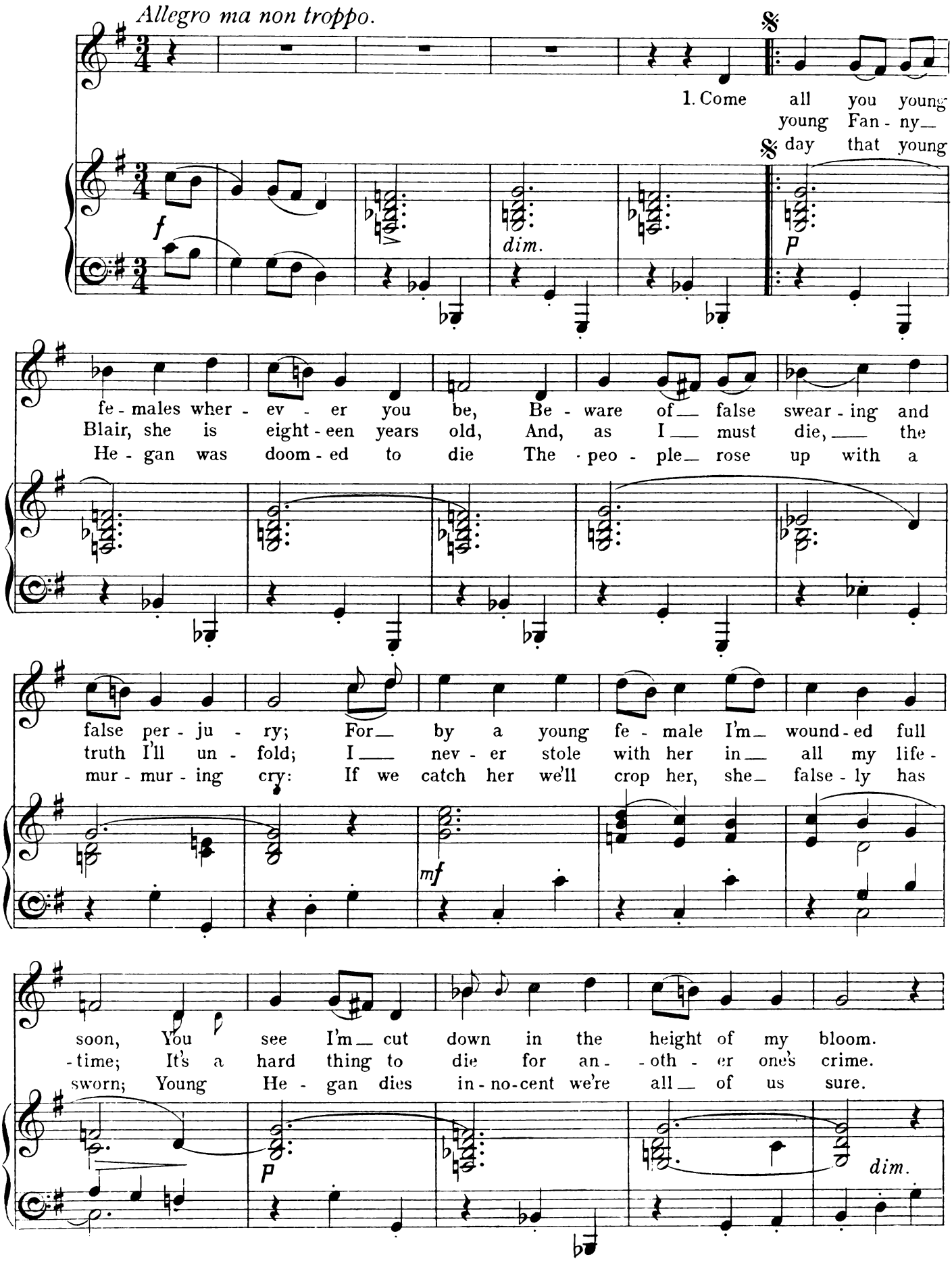

may I go with you, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your
what is your moth--er, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your
say, will you mar-ry me, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your
I won't mar-ry you, my pret-ty lit-tle dear, With your red ro-sy cheeks, and your
P
coal-black hair? O you may go with me, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's
coal-black hair? My moth-er's a dair-y-maid, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's
coal-black hair? O yes, if you please,— kind sir, she an-swer'd me, For it's
coal-black hair? No-bo-dy ask'd you, kind sir, she an-swer'd me, And it's
mf
cresc.
D.S.
Last time
dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
dab-bling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
3. And
5. If
7. O
D.S.
mf
dim.
P

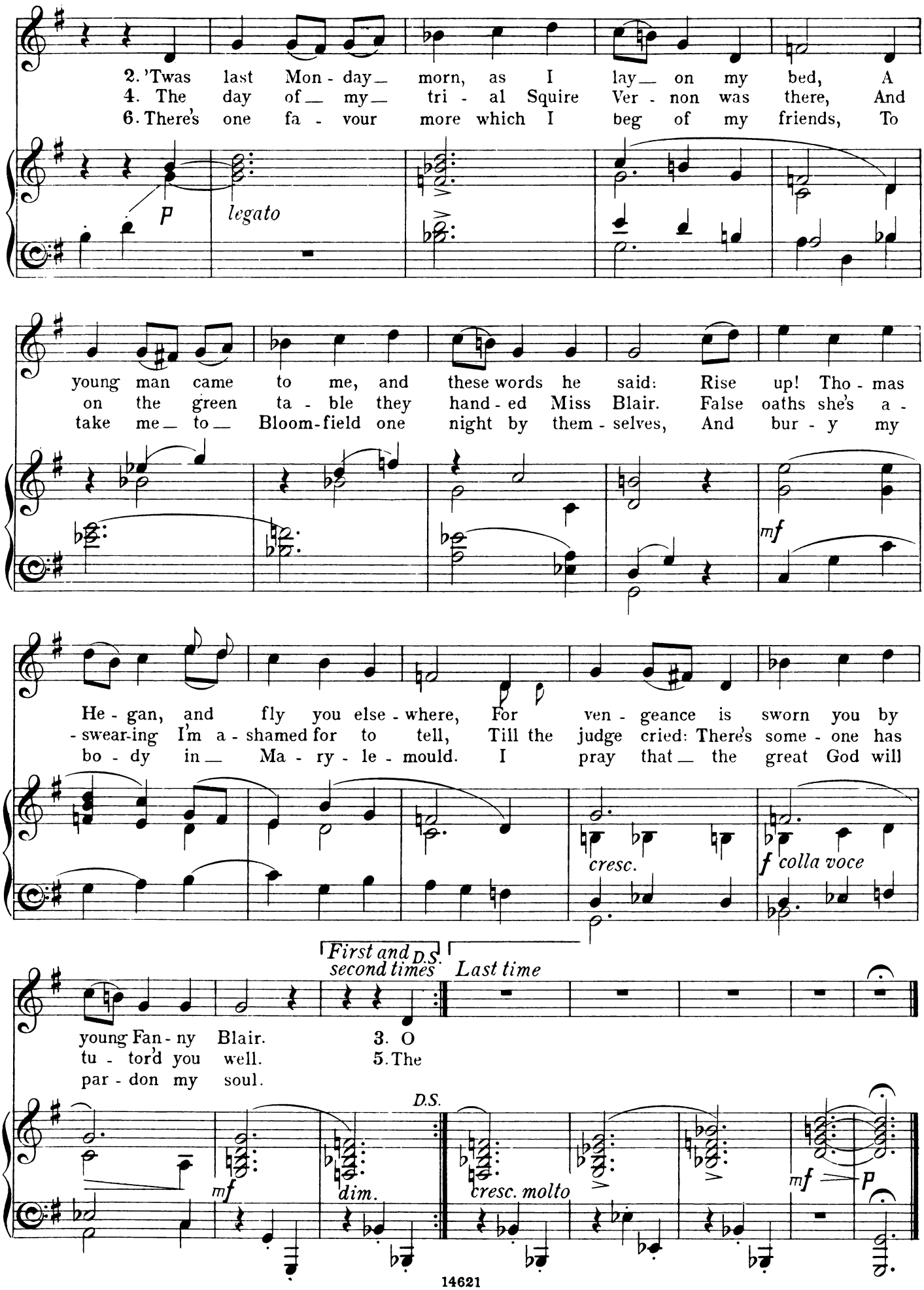
XXIX
THE SAUCY SAILOR.




fan - cy no poor sai - lor: No poor sai - lor for me! For to
rag - ged, love, if I'm dirt - y, love, If my clothes they smell of tar, I have
think that I am fool - ish, Do you think that I am mad? That I'd
young, love, and I'm frol - ic - some, I'm good - tem - per'd, kind, and free: And I
cresc.
colla voce
cross the wide o - cean Is a ter - ror to
sil - ver in my pock - et, love, And of gold a bright
wed with a poor coun - try girl Where no for - tune's to be
don't care a straw, love, What the world says of
colla voce
cresc.
Three times D.S.
Last time
me. 3. You are
store. 5. When she
had? 7. I will
me.
D.S.
p
cresc.
dim.
p
Ped.

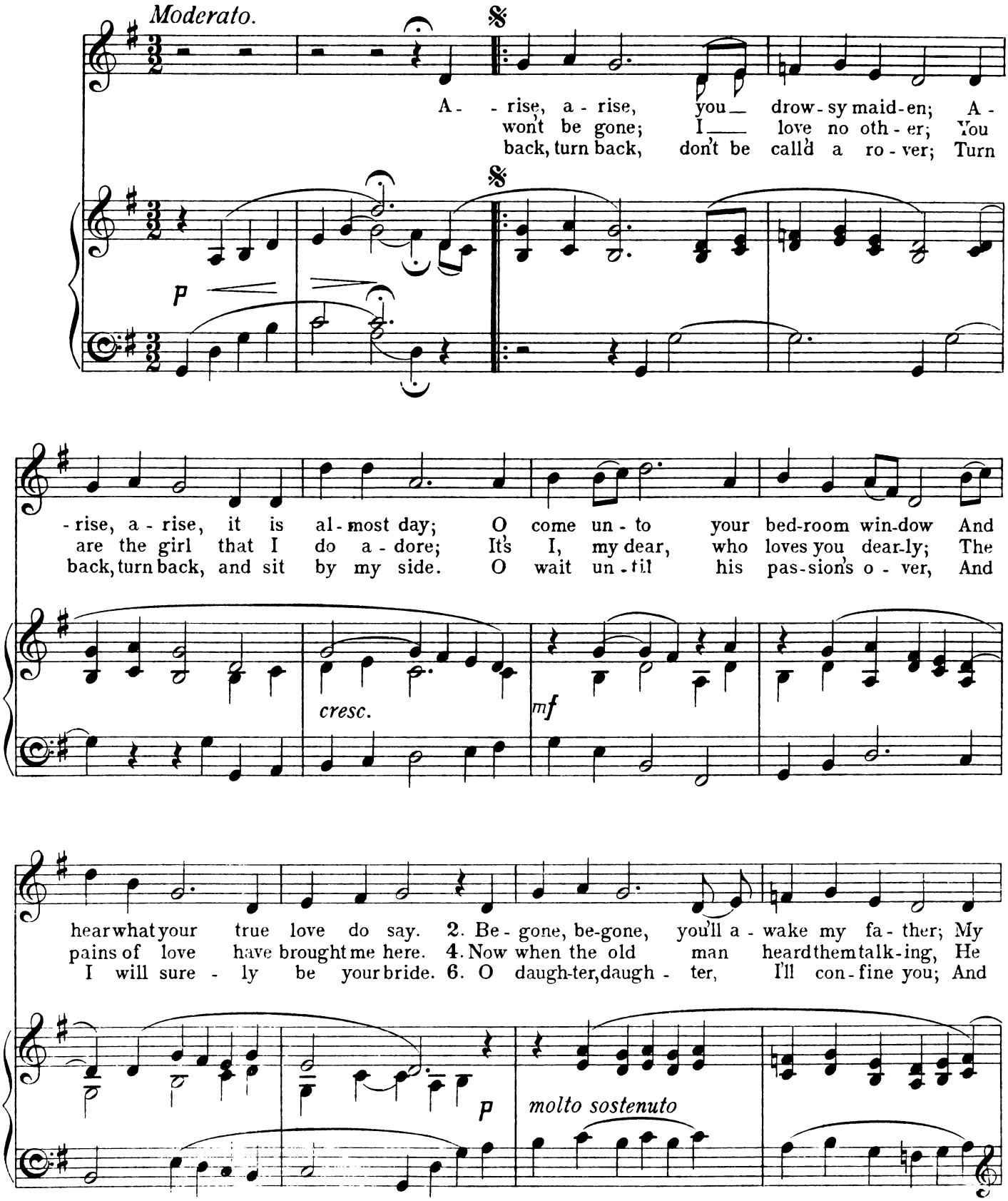
XXX
FANNY BLAIR.

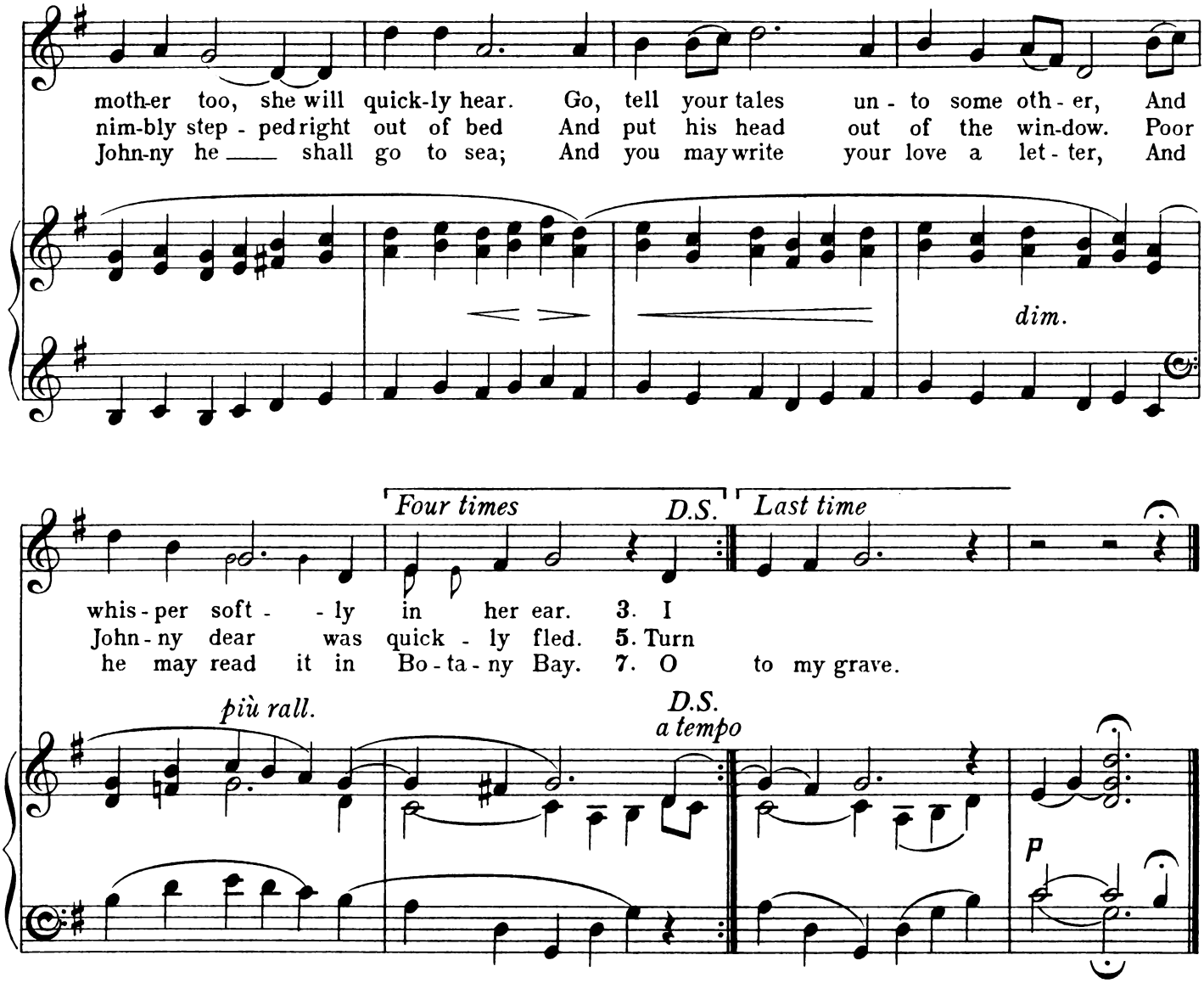



2. 'Twas last Mon - day_ morn, as I lay_ on my bed, A
4. The day of_ my_ tri - al Squire Ver - non was there, And
6. There's one fa - vour more which I beg of my friends, To
P
legato
young man came to me, and these words he said: Rise up! Tho - mas
on the green ta - ble they hand - ed Miss Blair. False oaths she's a -
take me_ to_ Bloom-field one night by them - selves, And bur - y my
mf
He - gan, and fly you else - where, For ven - geance is sworn you by
- swear-ing I'm a - shamed for to tell, Till the judge cried: There's some - one has
bo - dy in_ Ma - ry - le - mould. I pray that_ the great God will
cresc.
f colla voce
First and second times
D.S.
Last time
young Fan - ny Blair.
tu - tor'd you well.
par - don my soul.
3. O
5. The
D.S.
mf
dim.
cresc. molto
mf
P

XXXI

ARISE, ARISE.





7

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

8

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

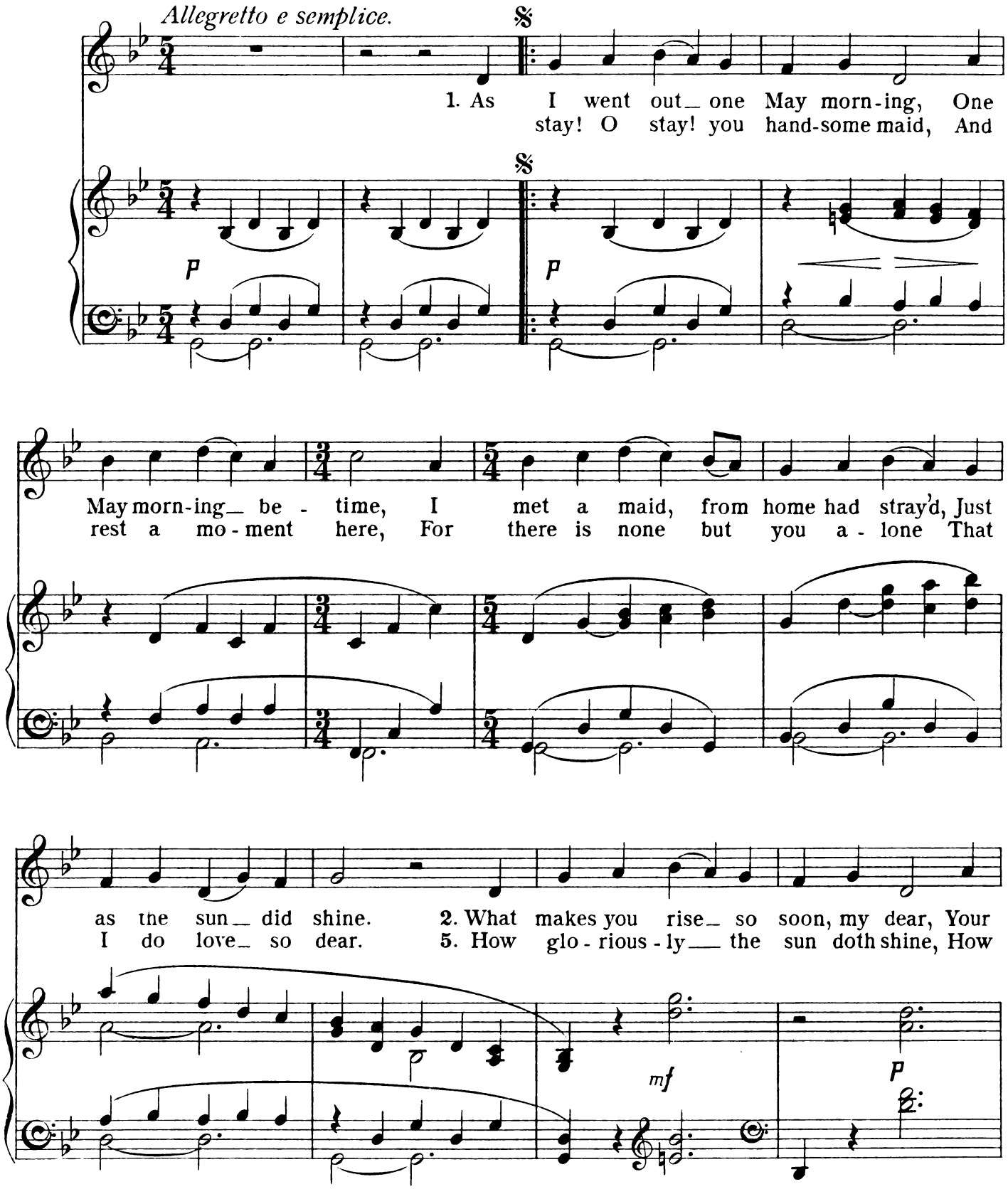
9

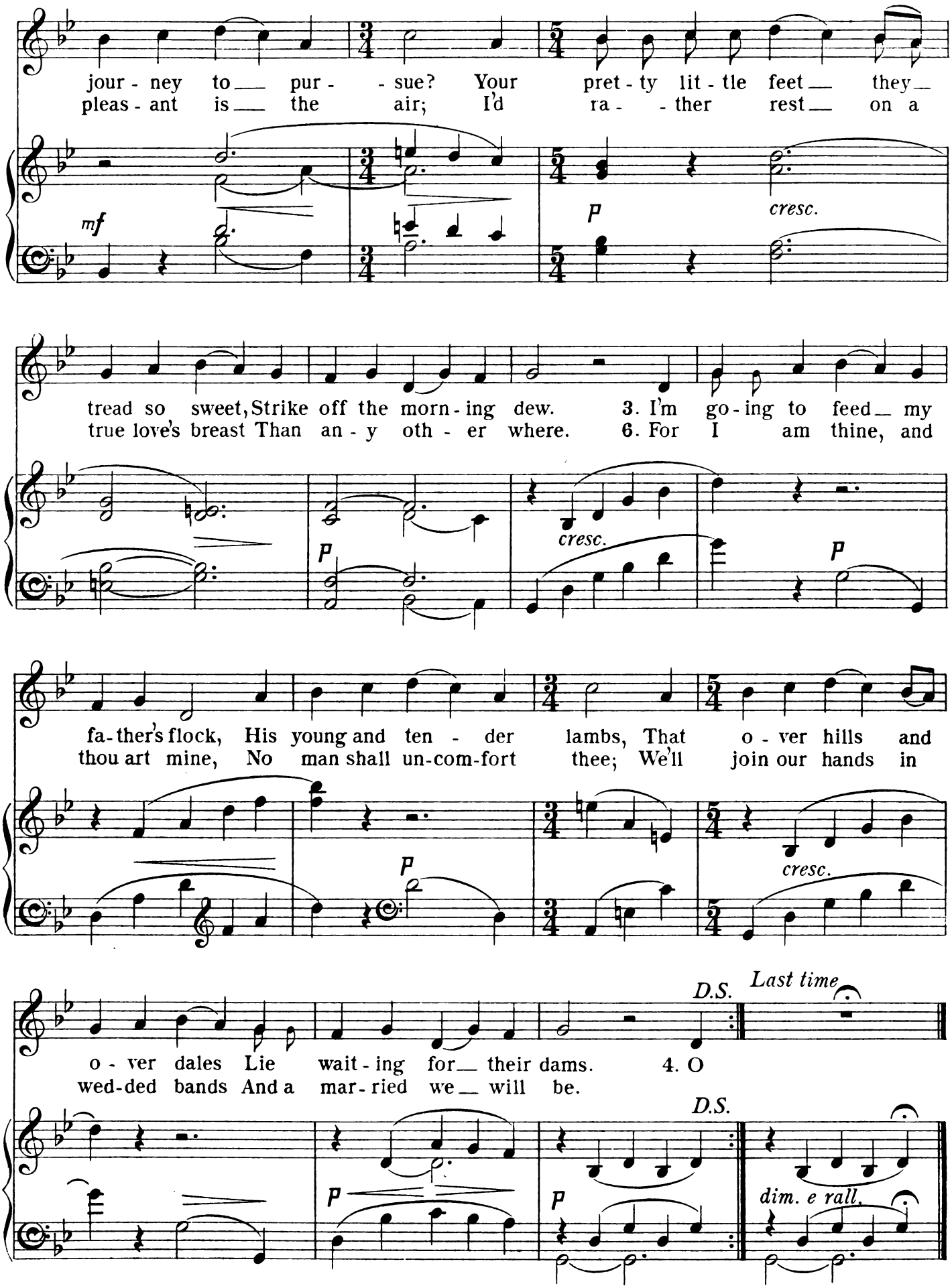
O daughter, daughter, I'll confine you;
All in your private room alone;
And you shall live on bread and water,
Brought once a day and that at noon.

10

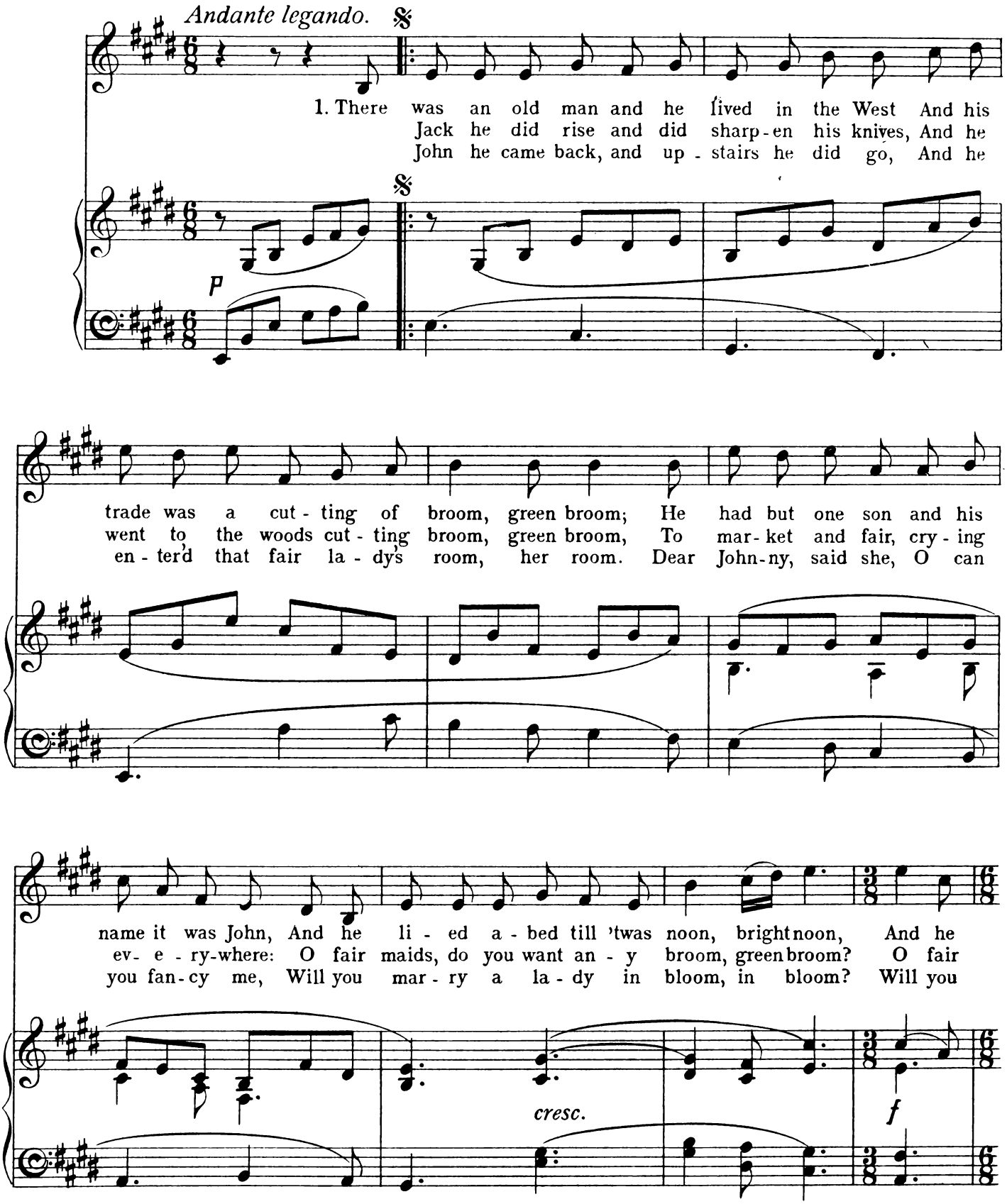
I do not want your bread and water,
Nor anything that you may have;
If I can't have my heart's desire,
Then single I'll go to my grave.

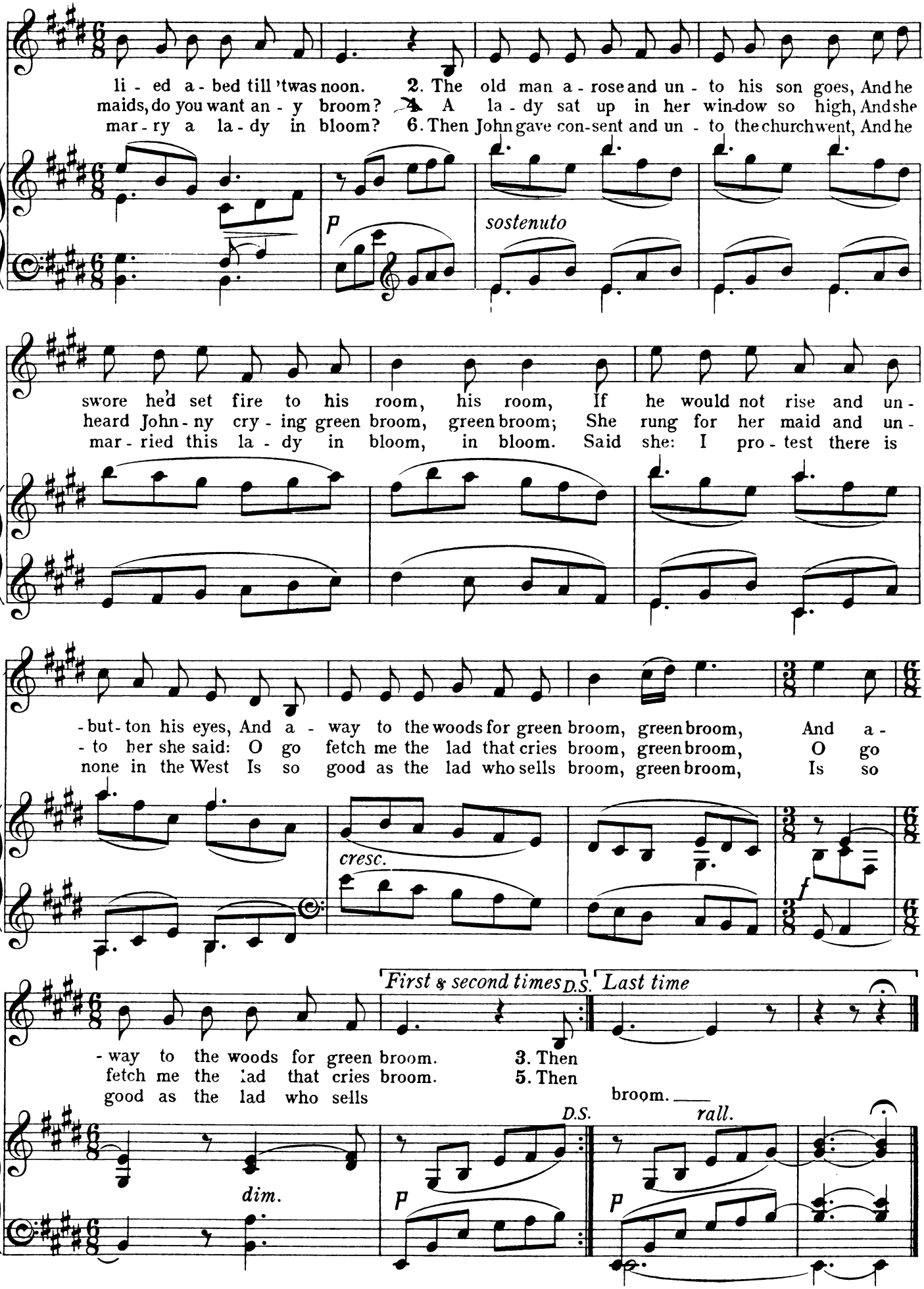
XXXII
SEARCHING FOR LAMBS.




jour - ney to pur - sue? Your pret - ty lit - tle feet they
pleas - ant is the air; I'd ra - ther rest on a
mf
p
cresc.
tread so sweet, Strike off the morn - ing dew. 3. I'm go - ing to feed my
true love's breast Than an - y oth - er where. 6. For I am thine, and
p
cresc.
p
fa - ther's flock, His young and ten - der lambs, That o - ver hills and
thou art mine, No man shall un - com - fort thee; We'll join our hands in
p
cresc.
D.S.
Last time
o - ver dales Lie wait - ing for their dams. 4. O
wed - ded bands And a mar - ried we will be.
D.S.
p
p
dim. e rall.

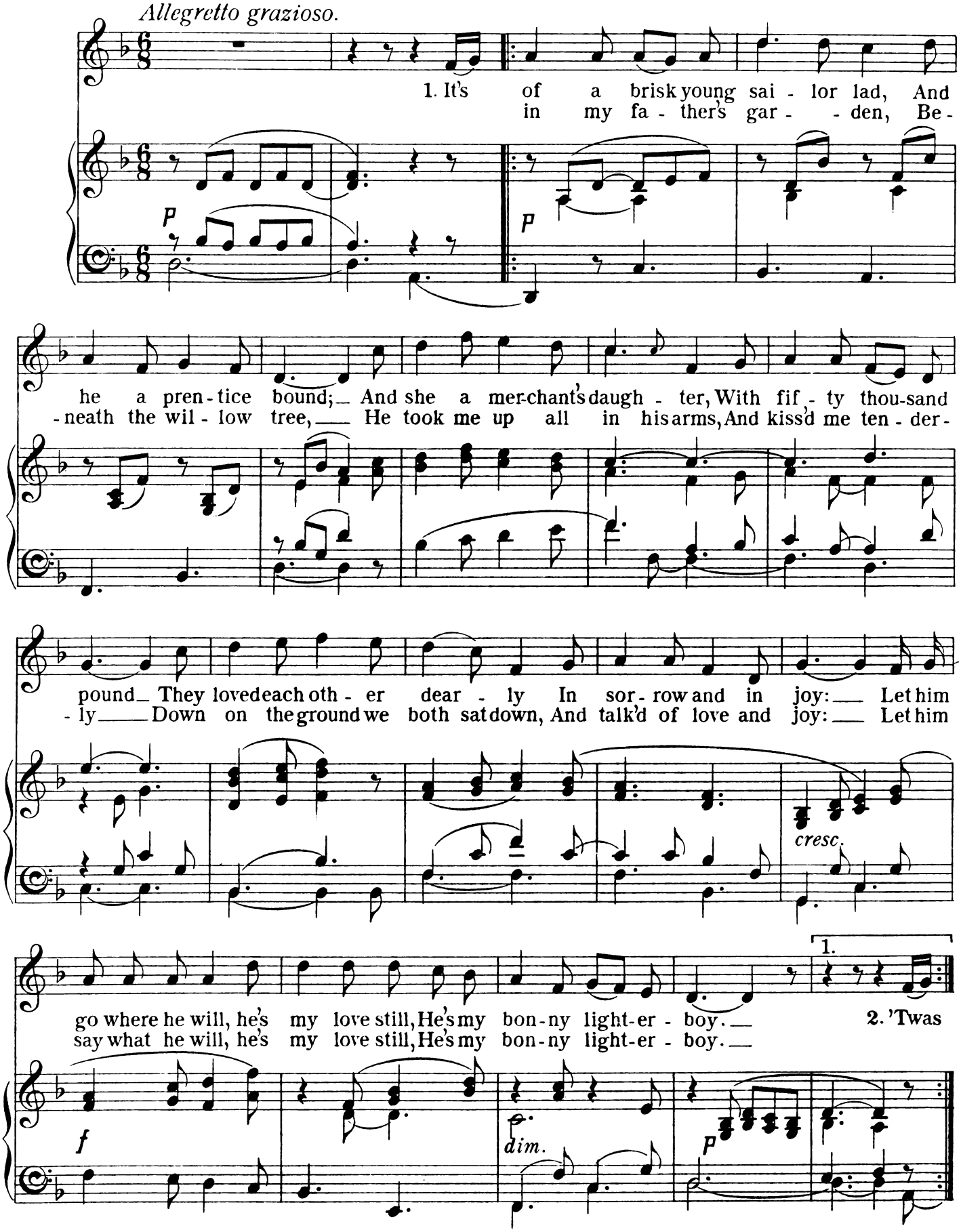
XXXIII
GREEN BROOM.

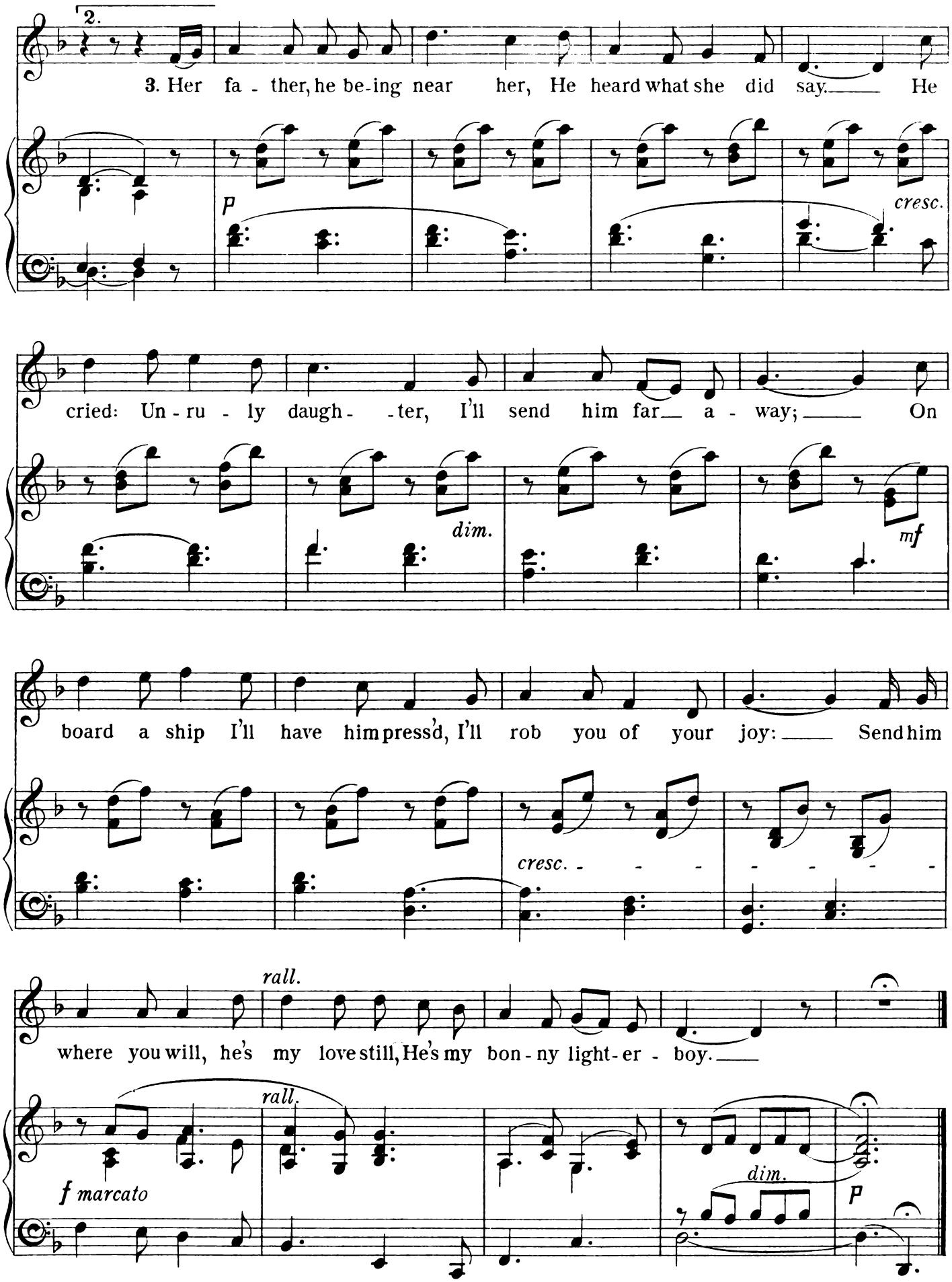



li - ed a - bed till 'twas noon. 2. The old man a - rose and un - to his son goes, And he
maids, do you want an - y broom? 4. A la - dy sat up in her win-dow so high, And she
mar - ry a la - dy in bloom? 6. Then John gave con-sent and un - to the church went, And he
p
sostenuto
swore he'd set fire to his room, his room, If he would not rise and un -
heard John - ny cry - ing green broom, green broom; She rung for her maid and un -
mar - ried this la - dy in bloom, in bloom. Said she: I pro - test there is
- but - ton his eyes, And a - way to the woods for green broom, green broom, And a -
- to her she said: O go fetch me the lad that cries broom, green broom, O go
none in the West Is so good as the lad who sells broom, green broom, Is so
cresc.
f
First & second times D.S.
Last time
- way to the woods for green broom.
fetch me the lad that cries broom.
good as the lad who sells
3. Then
5. Then
broom.
dim.
p
D.S.
rall.
p

XXXIV
THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY.

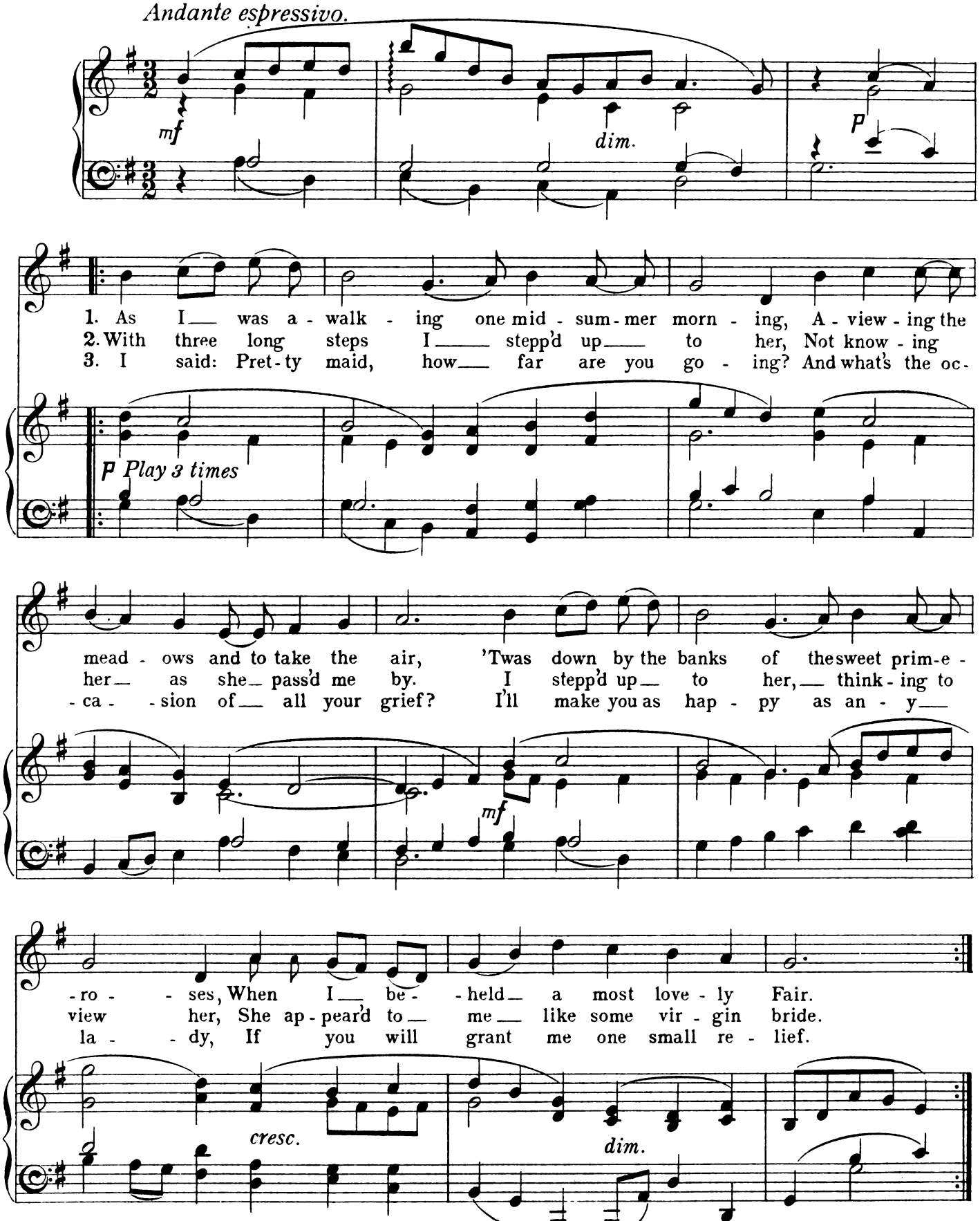
Allegretto grazioso.

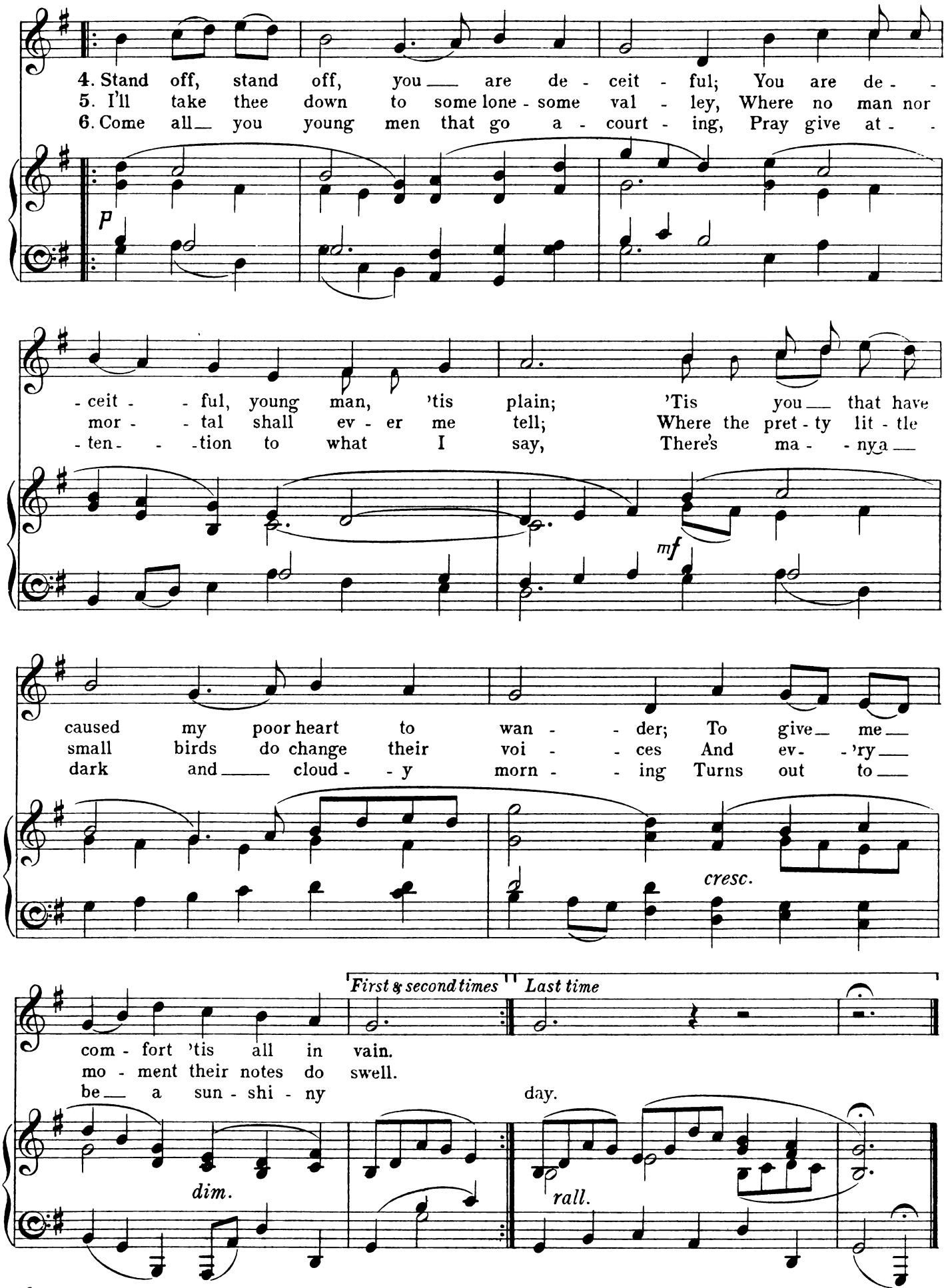



2.
3. Her fa - ther, he be-ing near her, He heard what she did say. He
p
cresc.
cried: Un - ru - ly daugh - - ter, I'll send him far a - way; On
dim.
mf
board a ship I'll have him press'd, I'll rob you of your joy: Send him
cresc.
rall.
where you will, he's my love still, He's my bon - ny light - er - boy.
rall.
f marcato
dim.
p

XXXV
THE SWEET PRIMEROSES.

Andante espressivo.




4. Stand off, stand off, you — are de - ceit - ful; You are de - -
5. I'll take thee down to some lone - some val - ley, Where no man nor
6. Come all — you young men that go a - court - ing, Pray give at - -
p
- ceit - - ful, young man, 'tis plain; 'Tis you — that have
mor - - tal shall ev - er me tell; Where the pret - ty lit - tle
- ten - - - tion to what I say, There's ma - - ny a —
mf
caused my poor heart to wan - - der; To give — me —
small birds do change their voi - - ces And ev - 'ry —
dark and — cloud - - y morn - - ing Turns out to —
cresc.
First & second times
Last time
com - fort 'tis all in vain.
mo - ment their notes do swell.
be — a sun - shi - ny day.
dim.
rall.

XXXVI
MY BONNY, BONNY BOY.

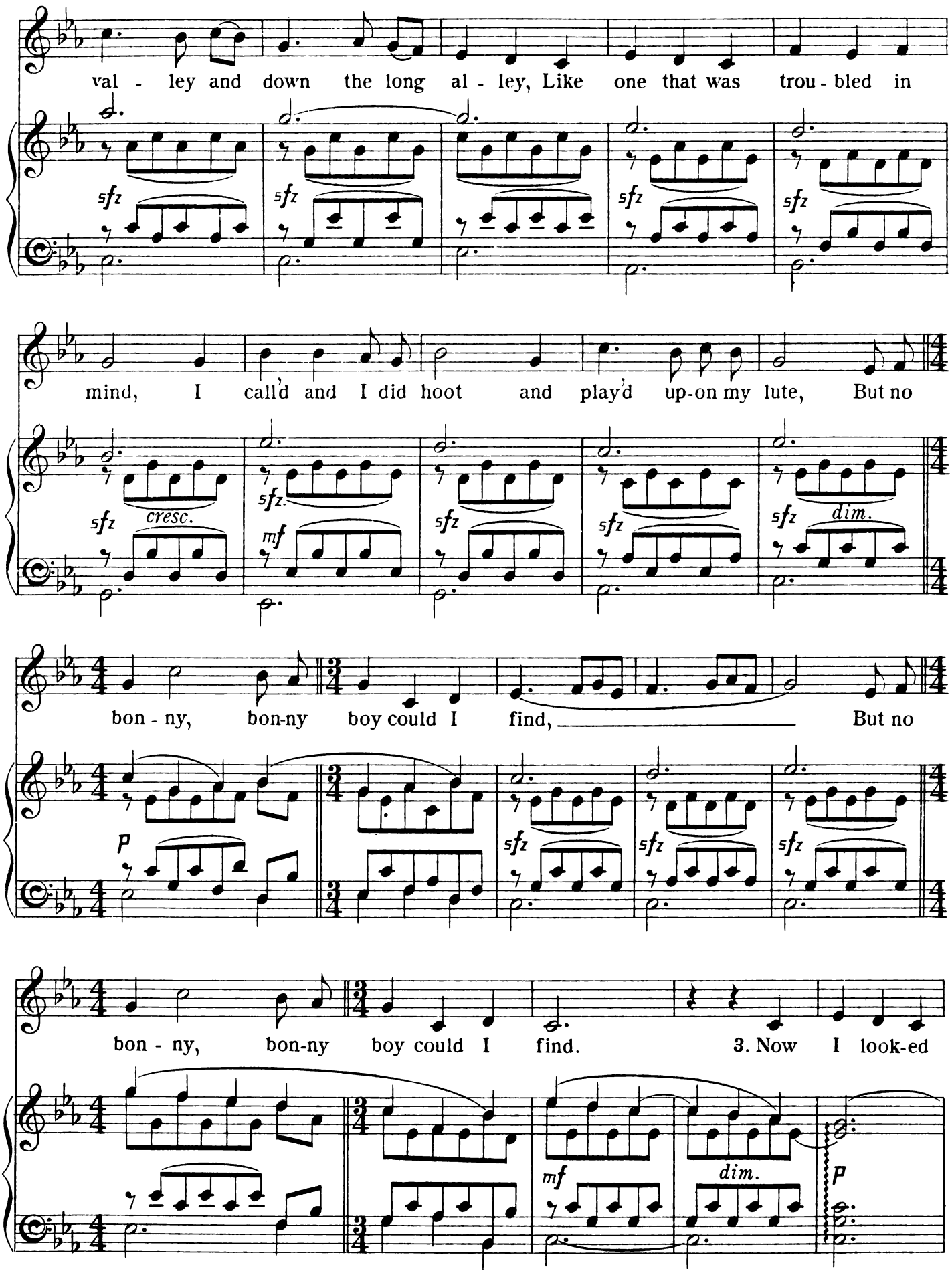
Andante affettuoso.

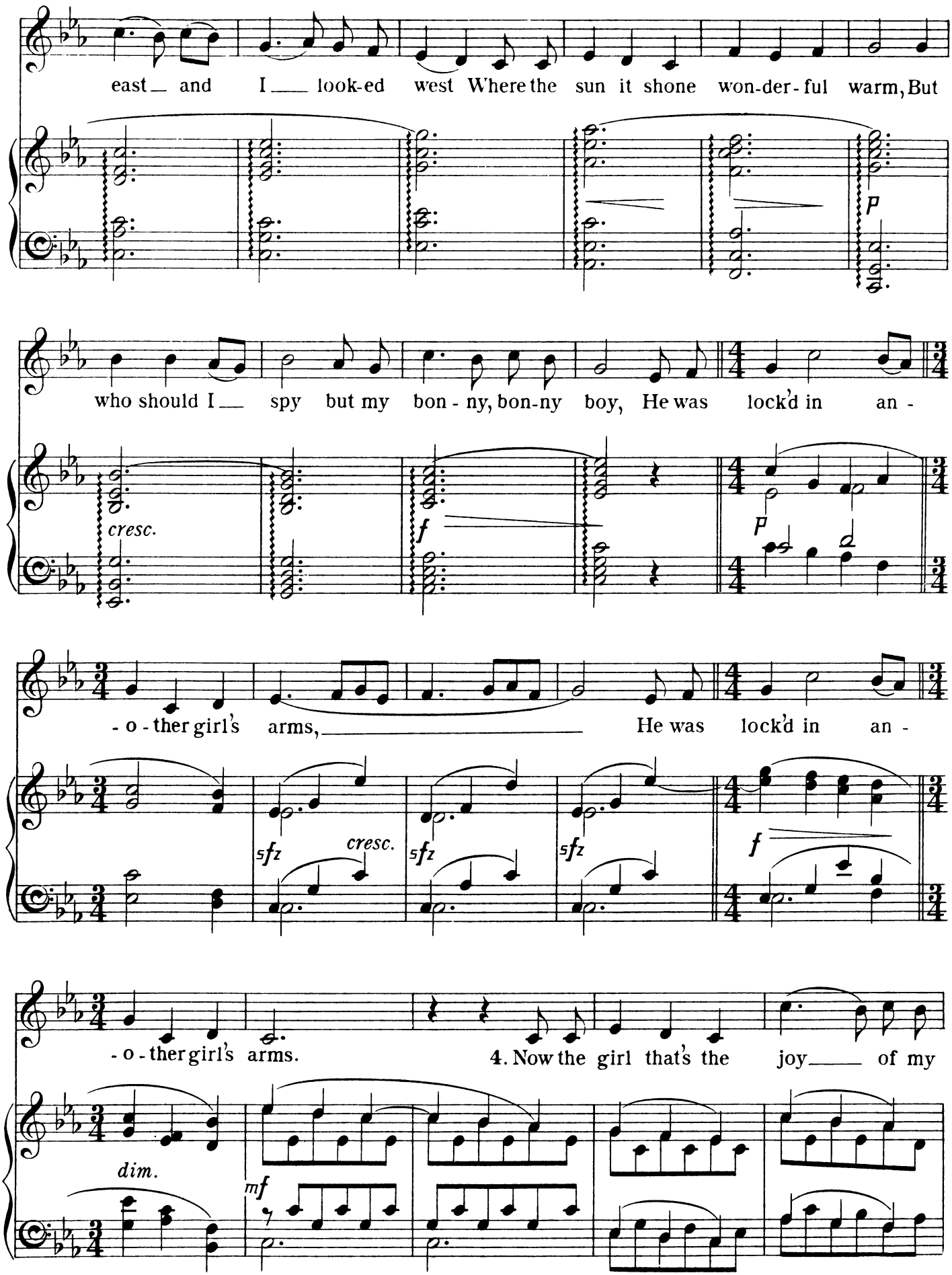
1. Now once I was court-ed by a bon-ny, bon-ny

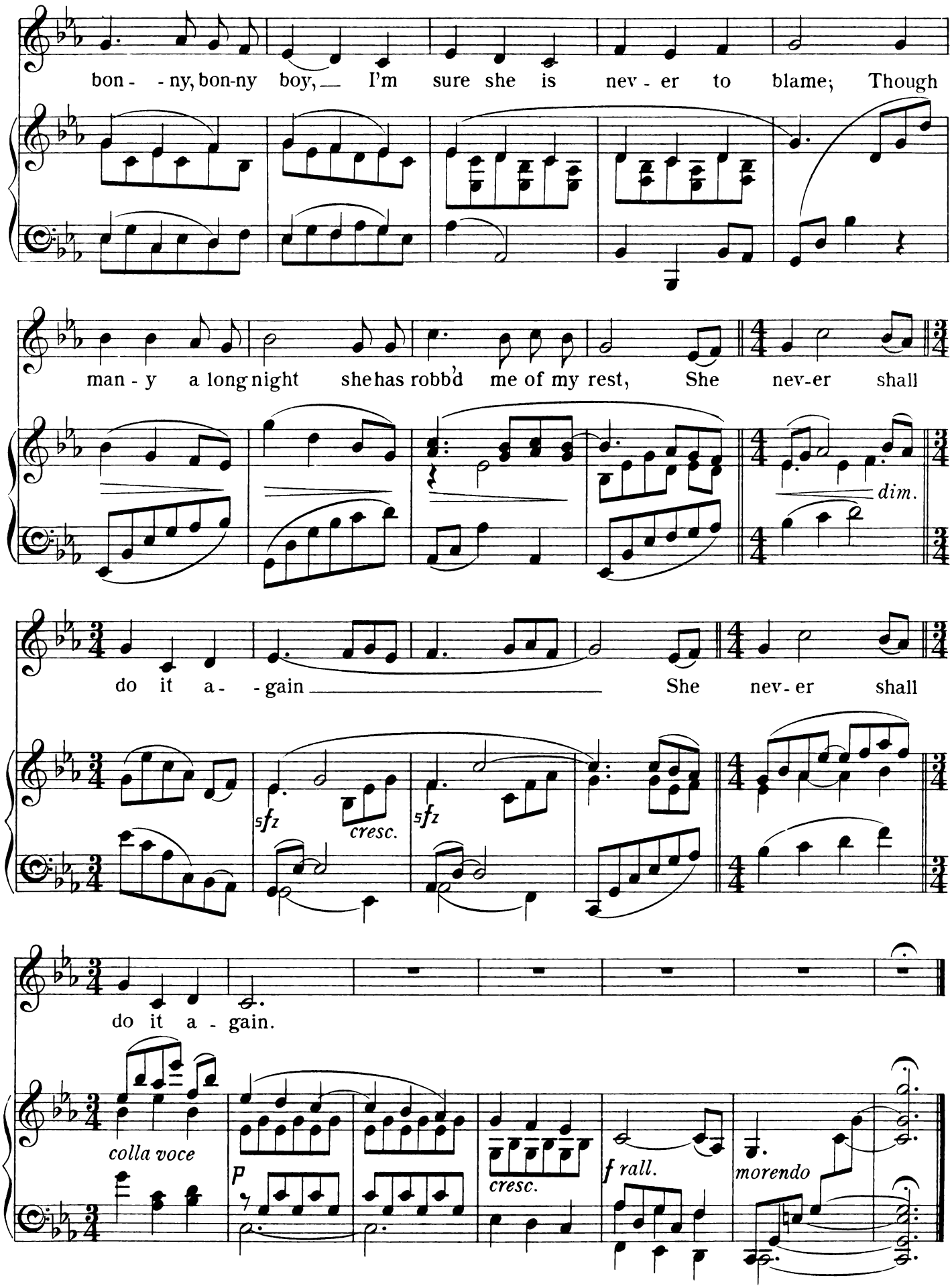
boy, I loved him, I vow and pro-test; I loved him so well, so ver- -y, ver-y

well, That I built him a bow'r in my breast, That I

built him a bow'r in my breast. 2. Now up the green


val - ley and down the long al - ley, Like one that was trou - bled in
mind, I call'd and I did hoot and play'd up-on my lute, But no
cresc.
dim.
bon - ny, bon-ny boy could I find, But no
bon - ny, bon-ny boy could I find. 3. Now I look-ed
dim.

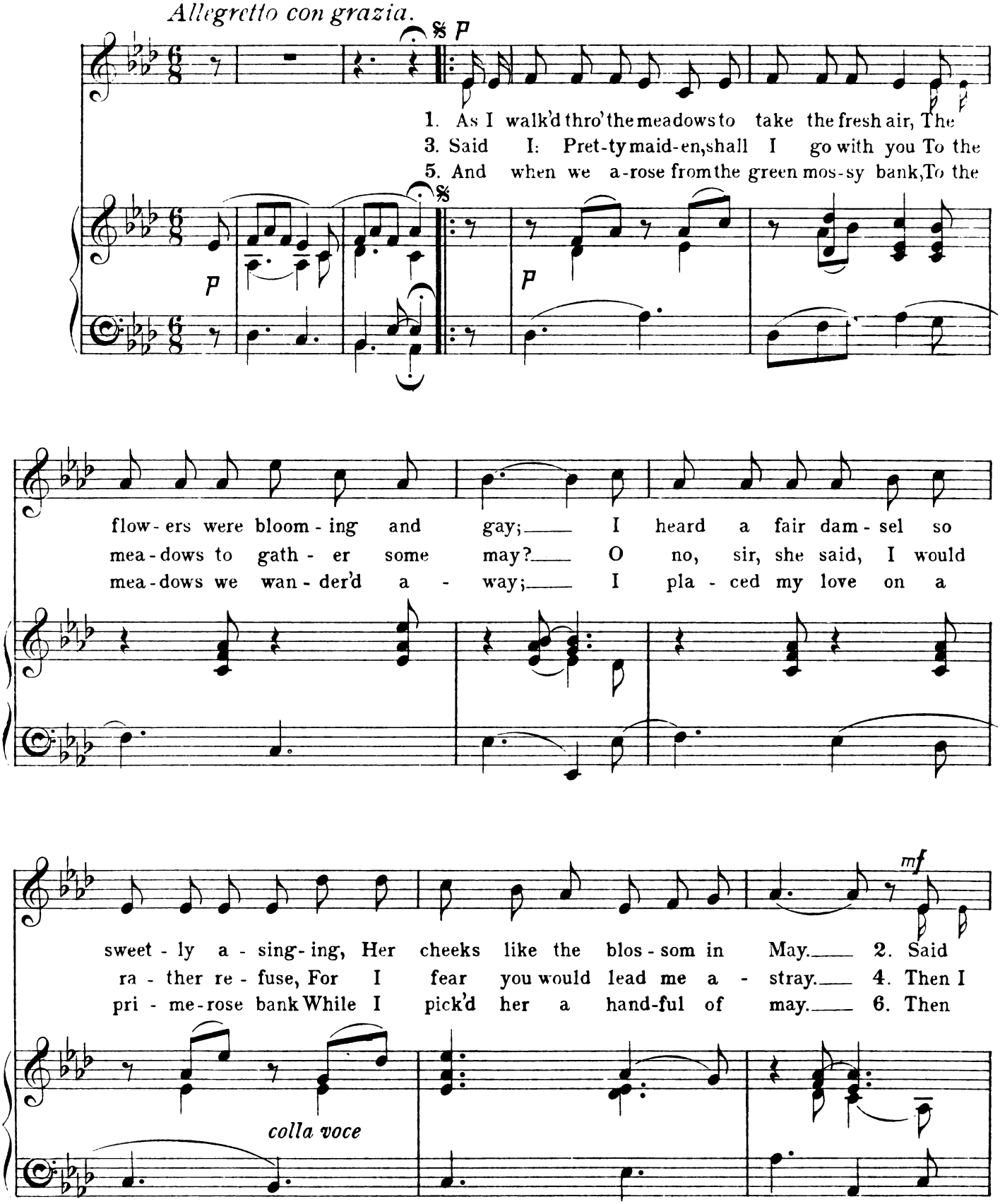

east and I look-ed west Where the sun it shone won-der-ful warm, But
p
who should I spy but my bon-ny, bon-ny boy, He was lock'd in an-
cresc.
f
p
-o-ther girl's arms, He was lock'd in an-
sfz
cresc.
sfz
sfz
f
-o-ther girl's arms.
4. Now the girl that's the joy of my
dim.
mf


bon - - ny, bon-ny boy, I'm sure she is nev - er to blame; Though
man - y a long night she has robb'd me of my rest, She nev-er shall
dim.
do it a - - gain She nev - er shall
5fz
cresc.
5fz
do it a - gain.
colla voce
p
cresc.
f rall.
morendo

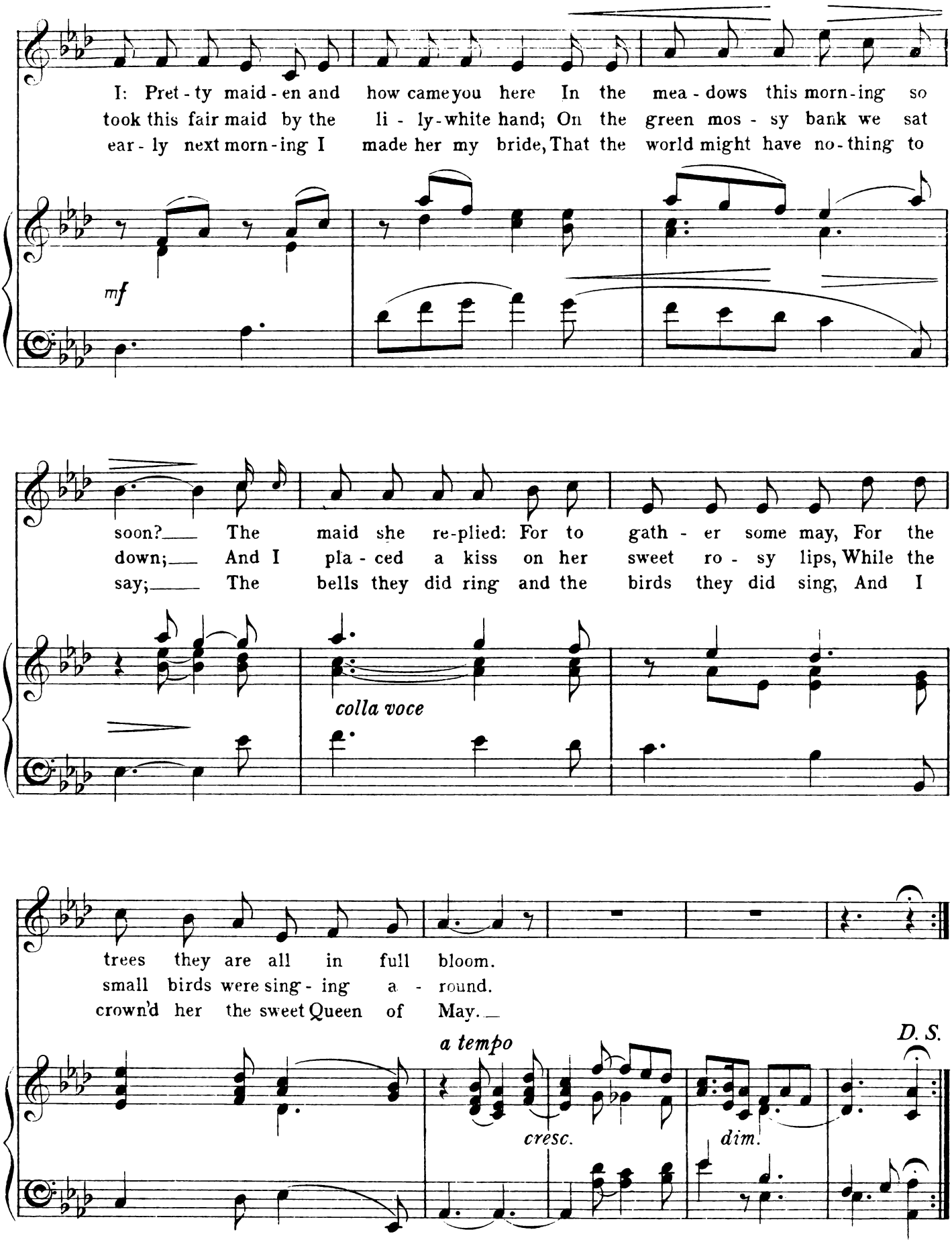
XXXVII[A]

AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

(FIRST VERSION.)



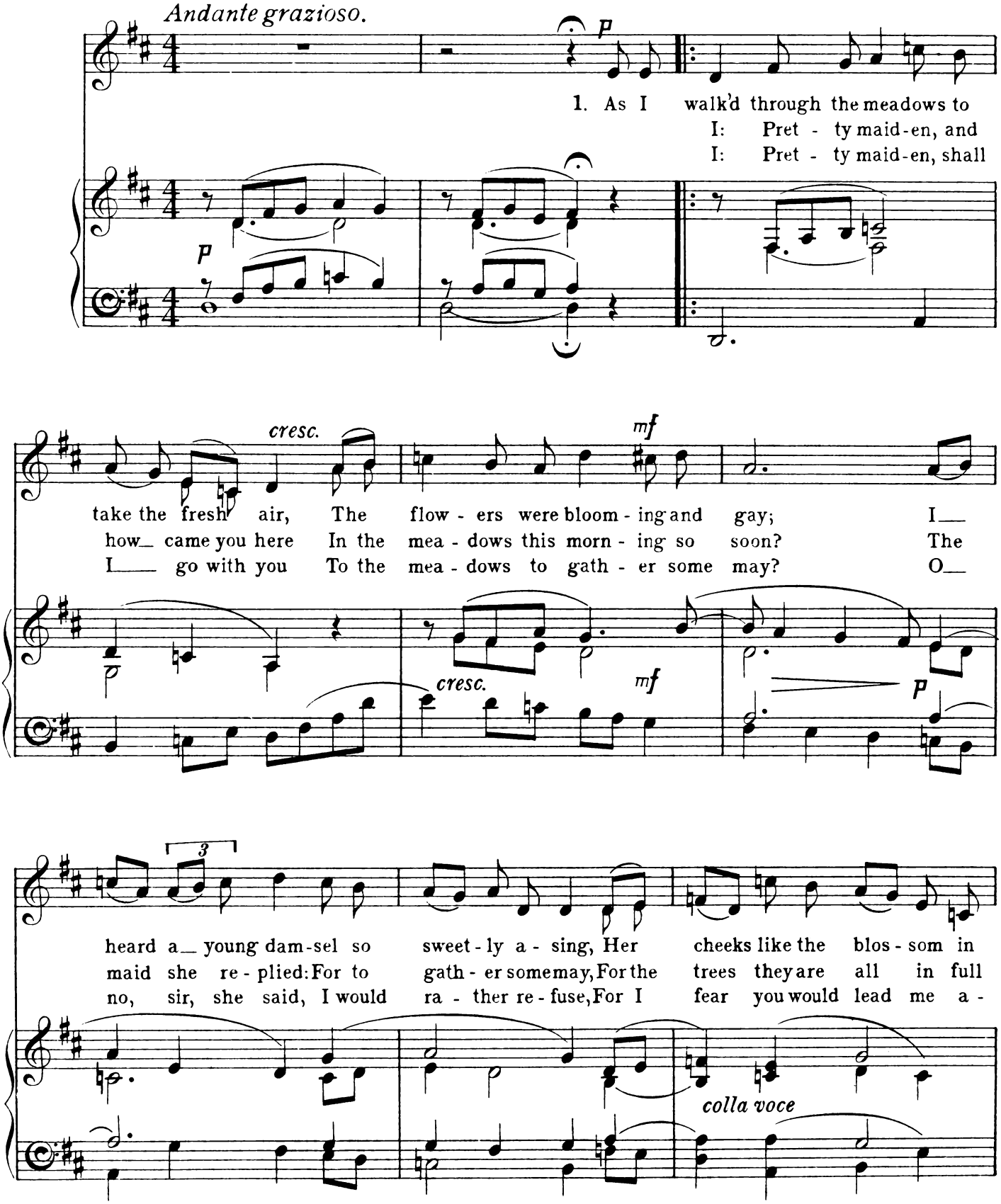
14621


I: Pret - ty maid - en and how came you here In the mea - dows this morn - ing so
took this fair maid by the li - ly - white hand; On the green mos - sy bank we sat
ear - ly next morn - ing I made her my bride, That the world might have no - thing to
mf
soon? The maid she re-plied: For to gath - er some may, For the
down; And I pla - ced a kiss on her sweet ro - sy lips, While the
say; The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I
colla voce
trees they are all in full bloom.
small birds were sing - ing a - round.
crown'd her the sweet Queen of May.
a tempo
cresc.
dim.
D. S.

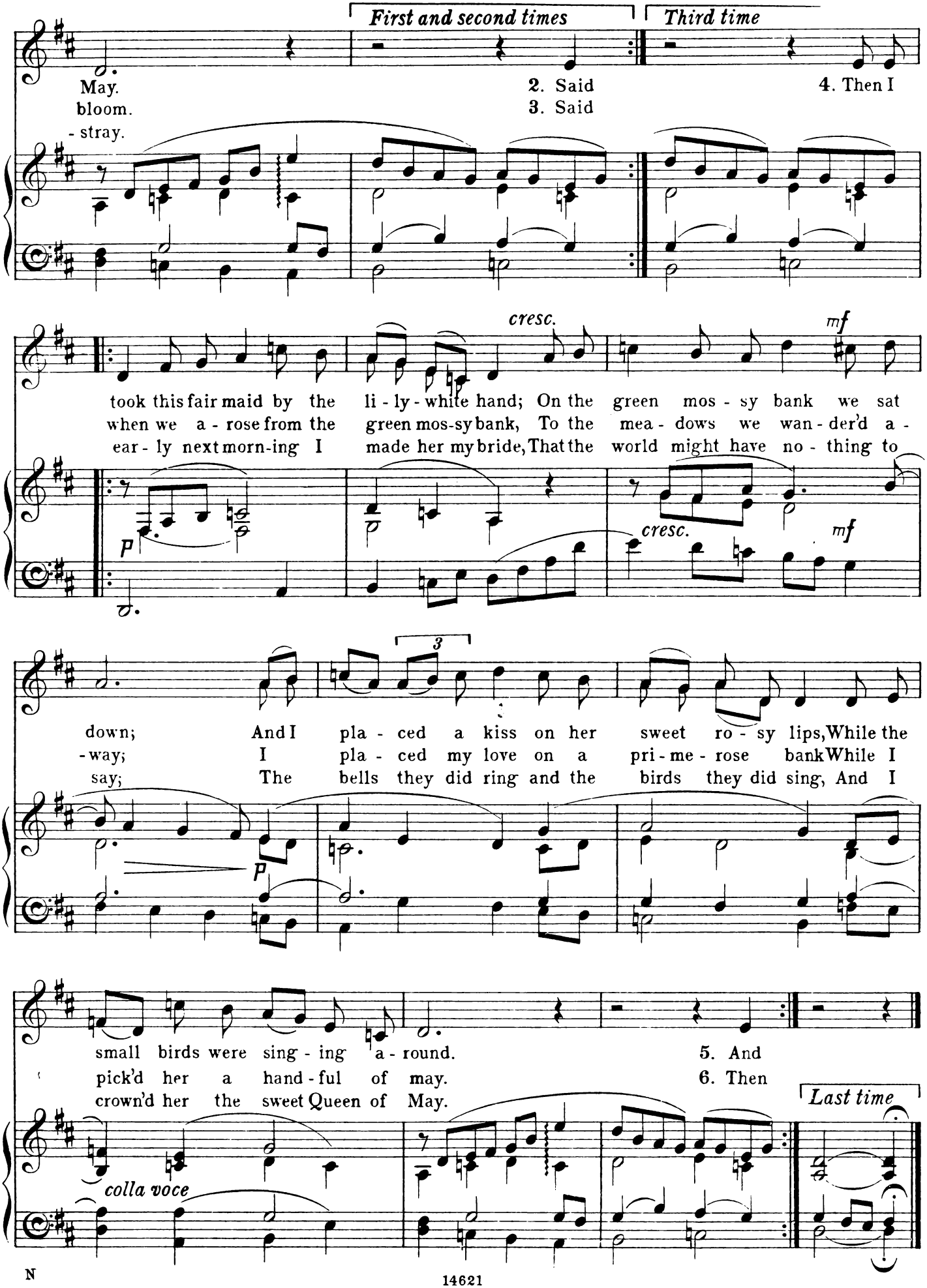
XXXVII[B]

AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

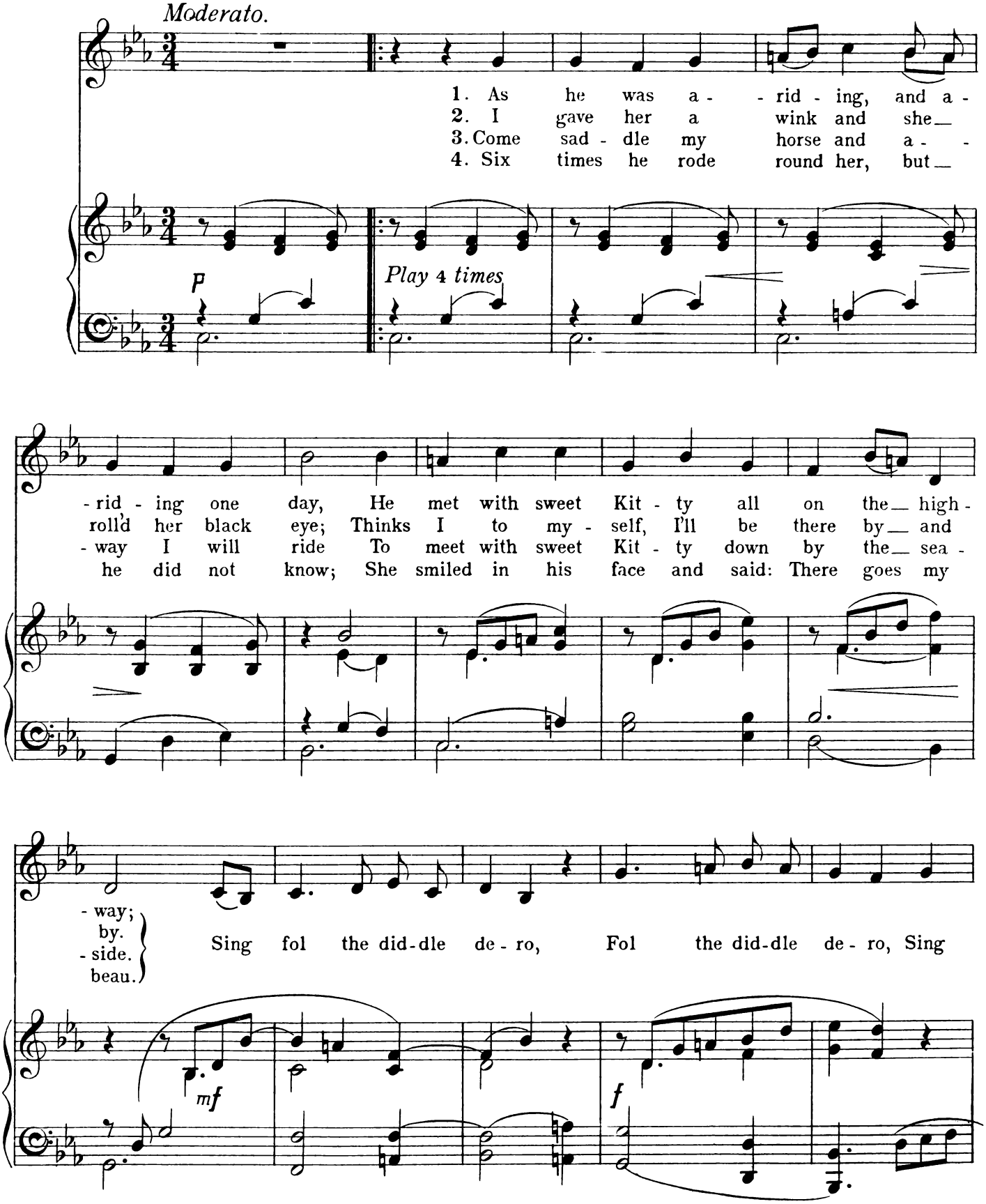
(SECOND VERSION.)



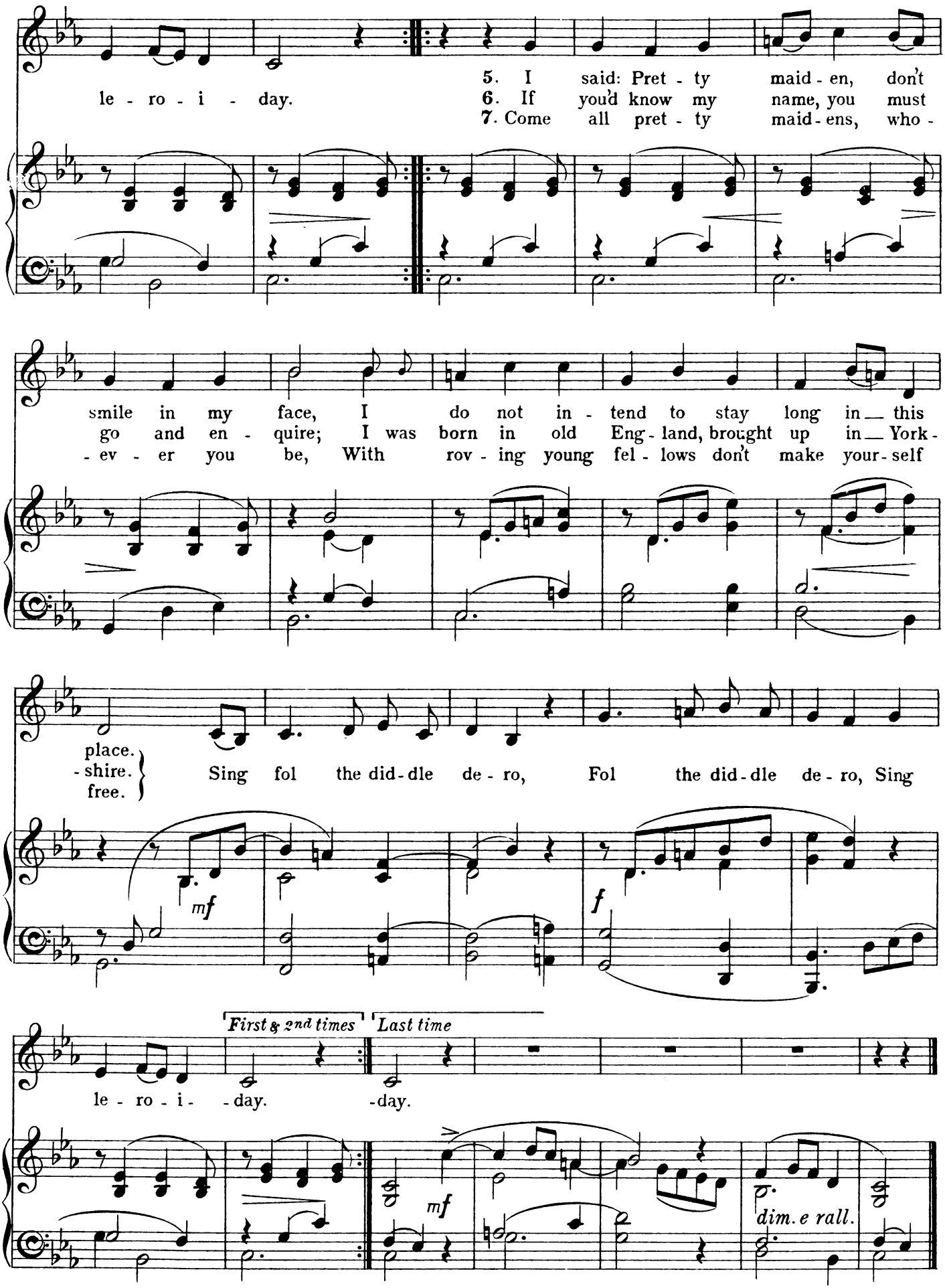
14621


First and second times
Third time
May.
bloom.
- stray.
2. Said
3. Said
4. Then I
cresc.
mf
took this fair maid by the li - ly - white hand; On the green mos - sy bank we sat
when we a - rose from the green mos-sy bank, To the mea - dows we wan - der'd a -
ear - ly next morn-ing I made her my bride, That the world might have no - thing to
p
cresc.
mf
3
down; And I pla - ced a kiss on her sweet ro - sy lips, While the
-way; I pla - ced my love on a pri - me - rose bank While I
say; The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I
p
small birds were sing - ing a - round.
pick'd her a hand - ful of may.
crown'd her the sweet Queen of May.
5. And
6. Then
Last time
colla voce

XXXVIII
SWEET KITTY.



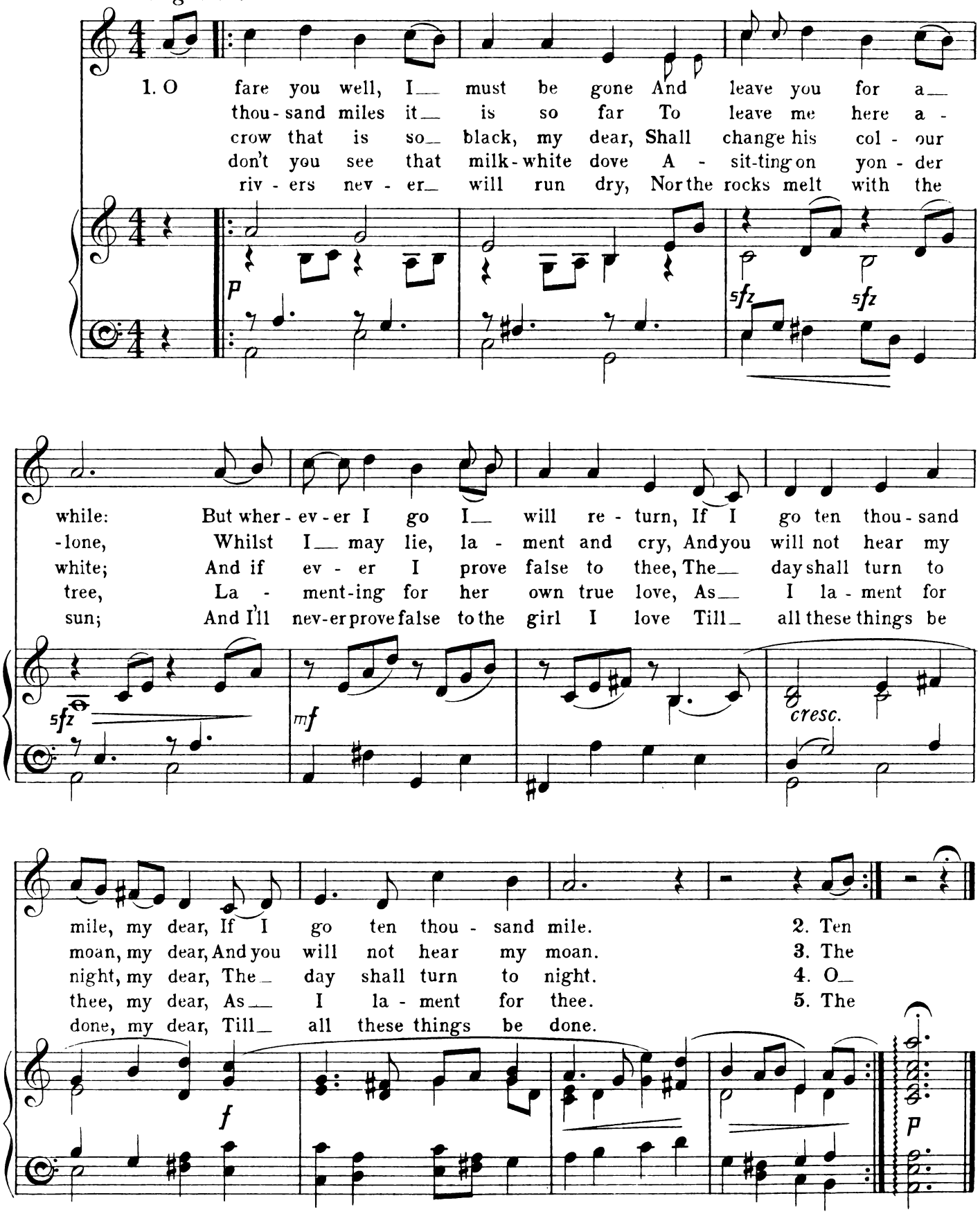
14621


le - ro - i - day.
5. I said: Pret - ty maid - en, don't
6. If you'd know my name, you must
7. Come all pret - ty maid - ens, who -
smile in my face, I do not in - tend to stay long in this
go and en - quire; I was born in old Eng - land, brought up in York -
- ev - er you be, With rov - ing young fel - lows don't make your - self
place.
- shire.
free.
Sing fol the did - dle de - ro, Fol the did - dle de - ro, Sing
mf
f
First & 2nd times
Last time
le - ro - i - day.
-day.
mf
dim. e rall.

XXXIX

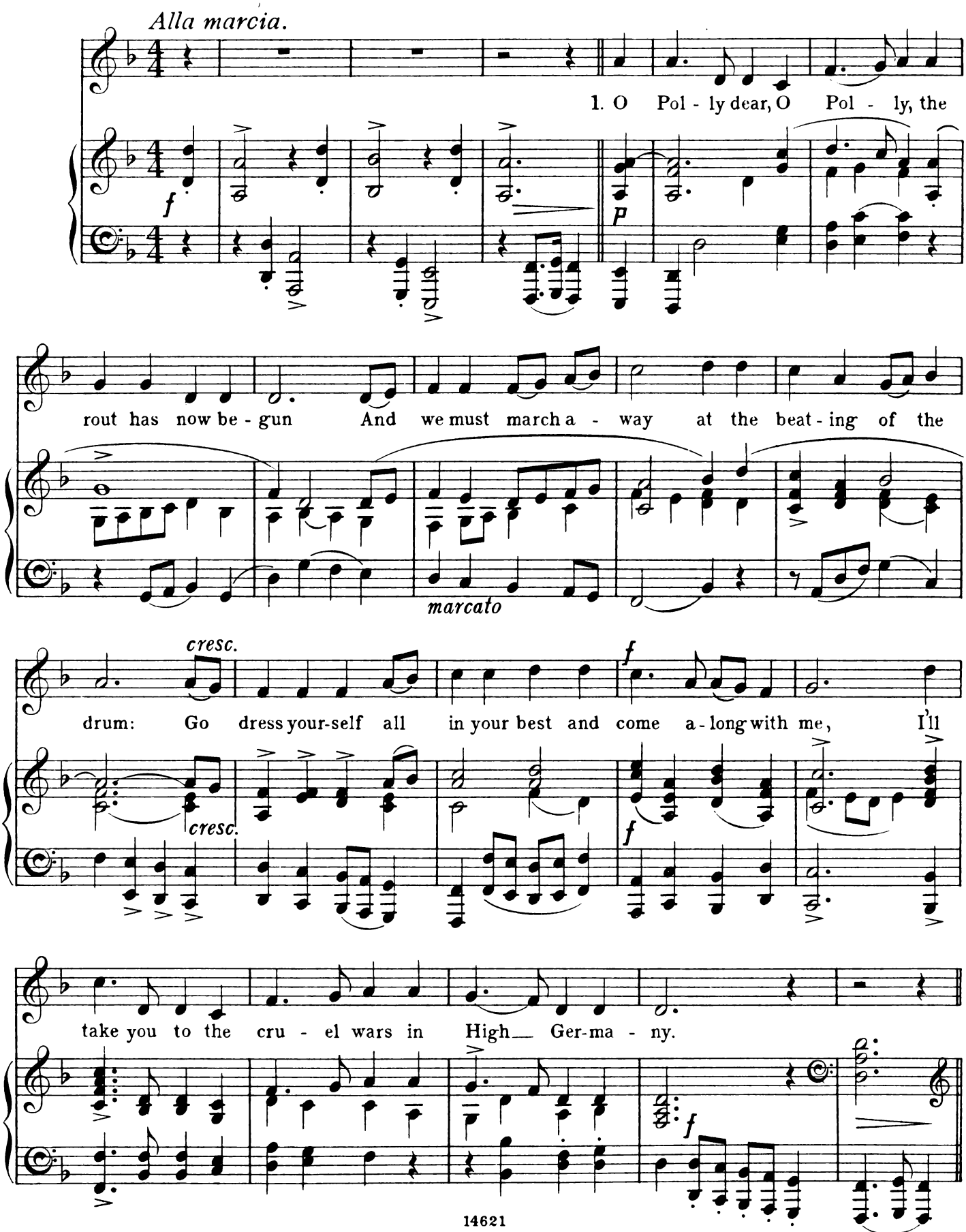
THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

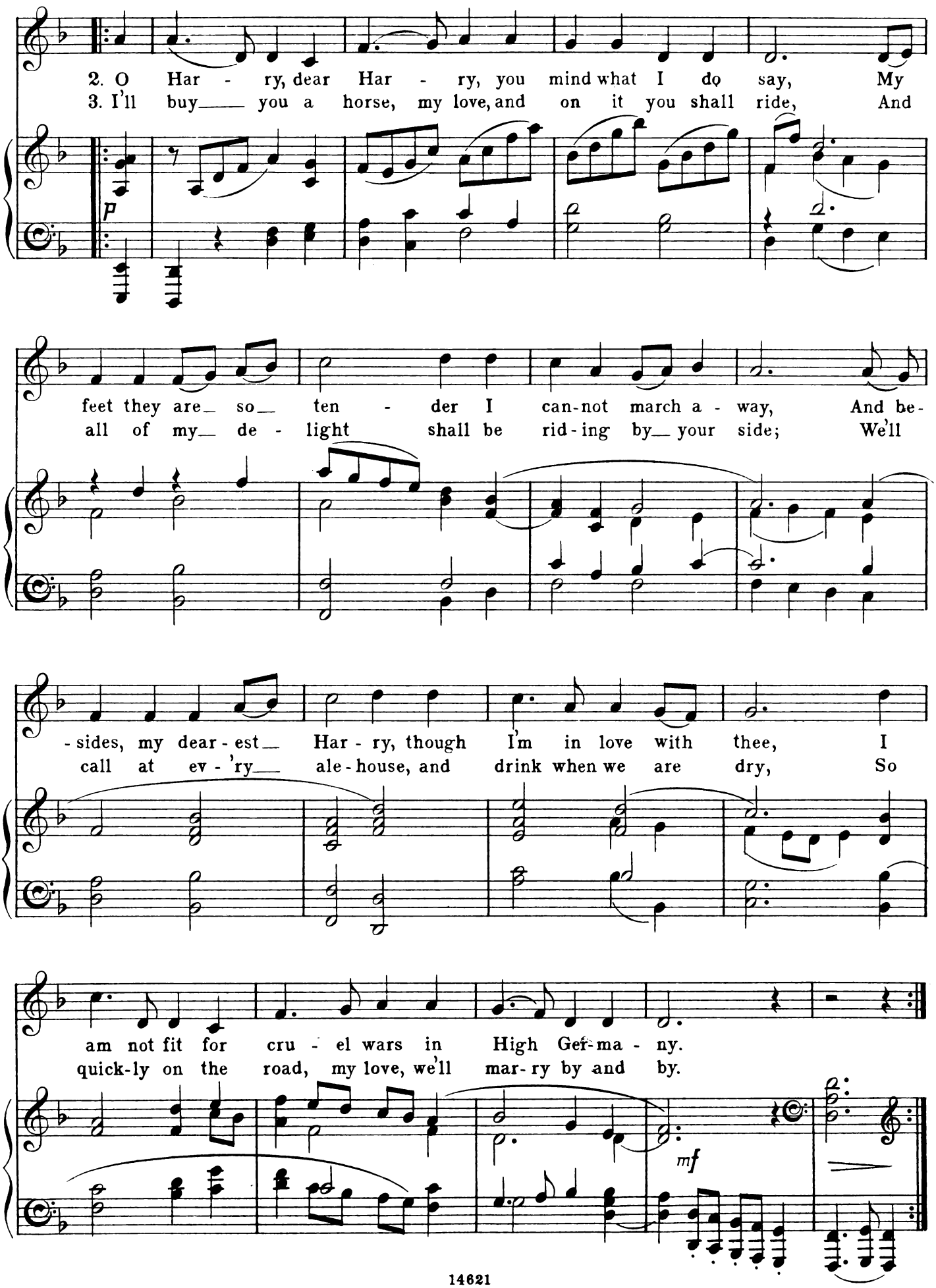
Allegretto.

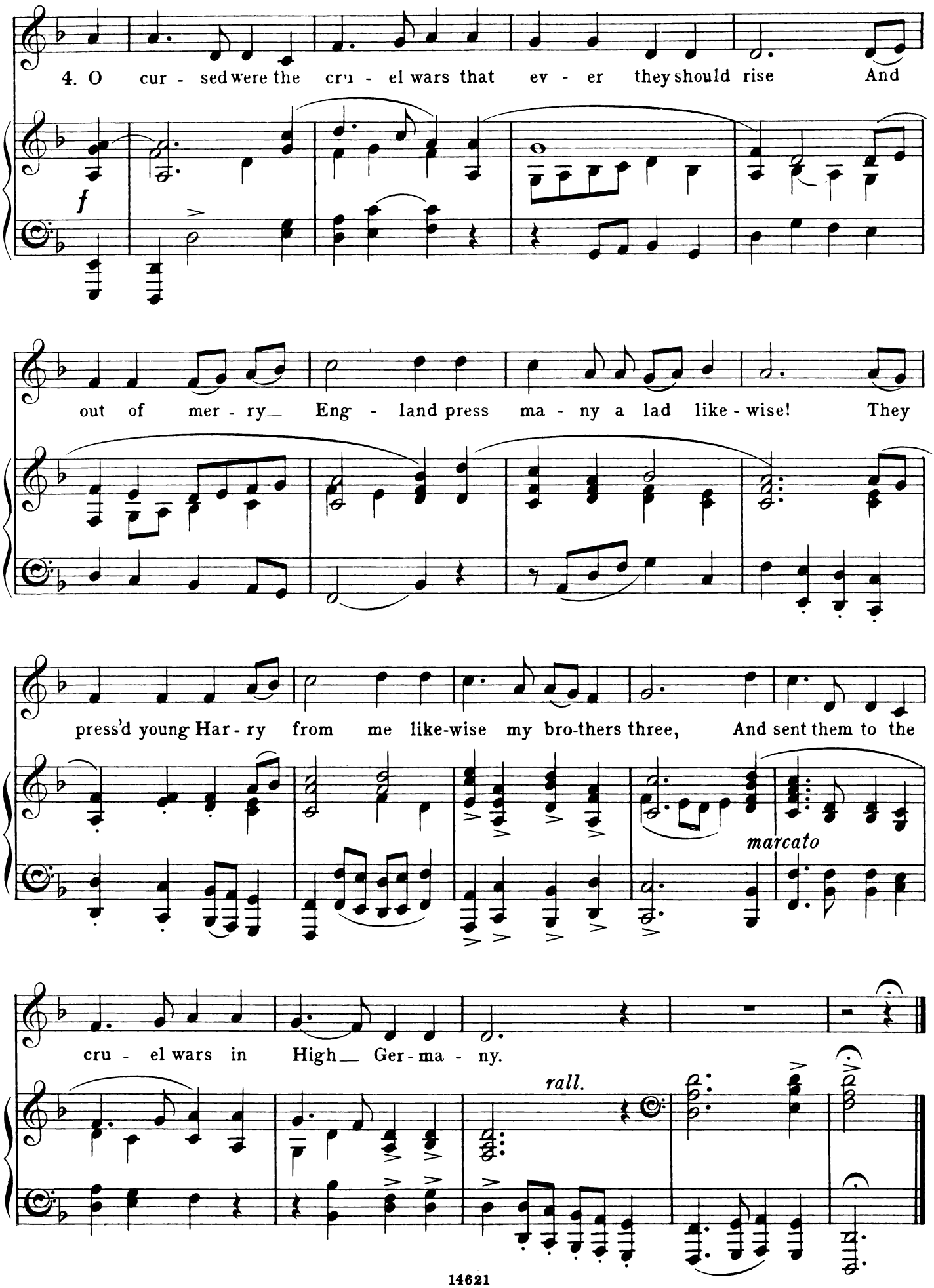


14621

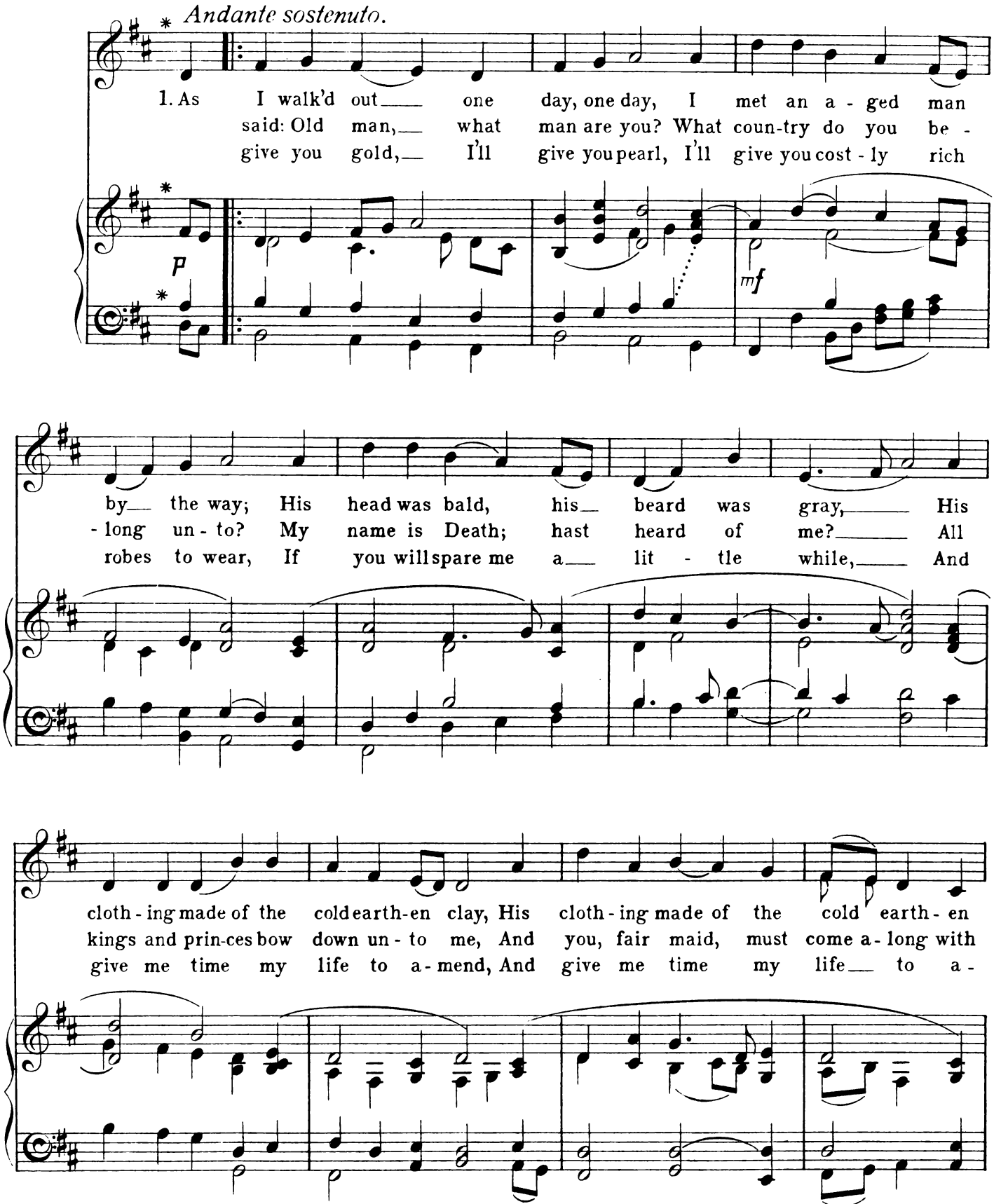
XL
HIGH GERMANY.



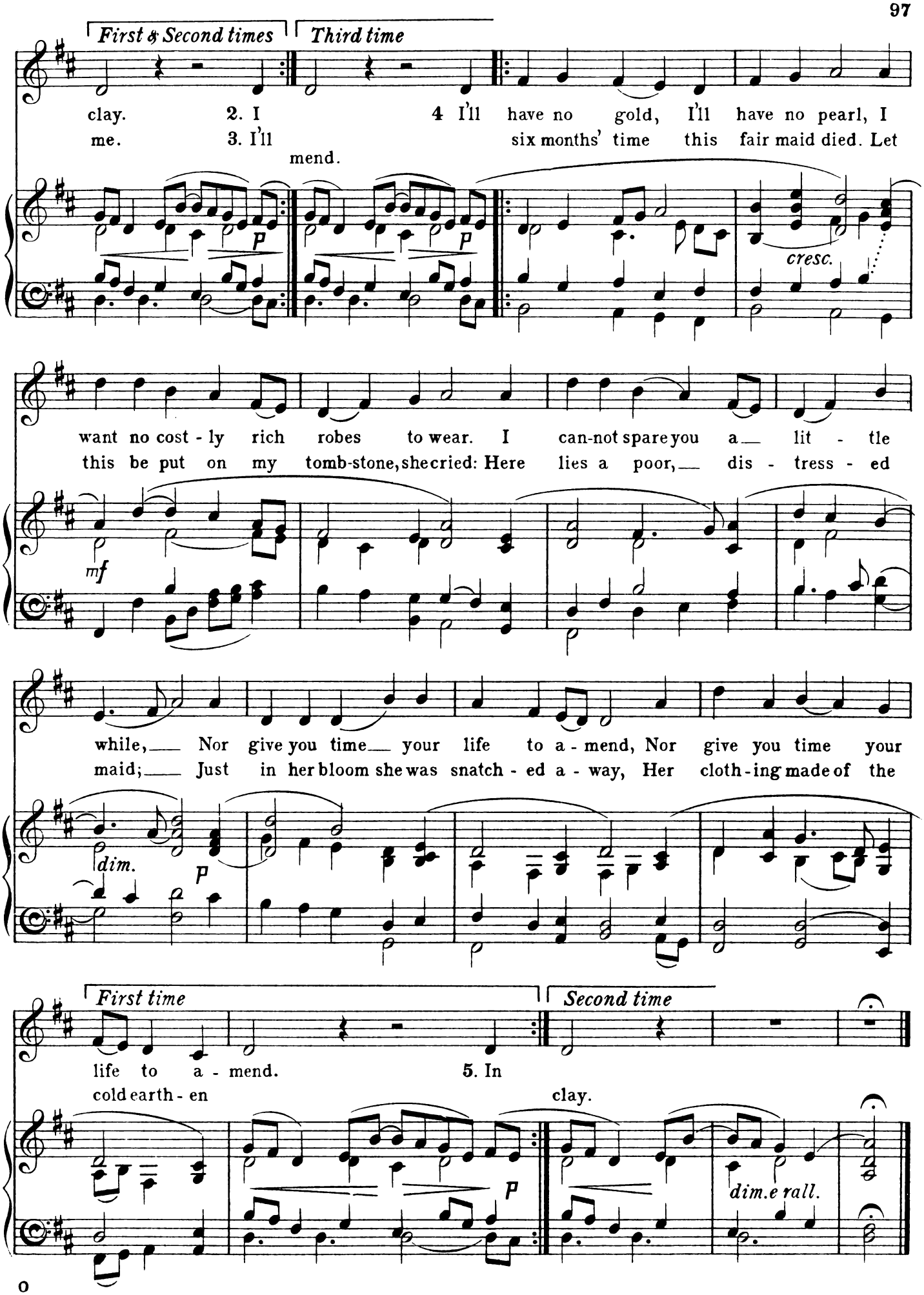

2. O Har - ry, dear Har - ry, you mind what I do say, My
3. I'll buy you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride, And
p
feet they are so ten - der I can-not march a - way, And be-
all of my de - light shall be rid-ing by your side; We'll
-sides, my dear-est Har - ry, though I'm in love with thee, I
call at ev - 'ry ale-house, and drink when we are dry, So
am not fit for cru - el wars in High Ger-ma - ny.
quick-ly on the road, my love, we'll mar-ry by and by.
mf


4. O cur - sed were the cru - el wars that ev - er they should rise And
f
out of mer - ry_ Eng - land press ma - ny a lad like - wise! They
press'd young Har - ry from me like-wise my bro-thers three, And sent them to the
marcato
cru - el wars in High_ Ger - ma - ny.
rall.

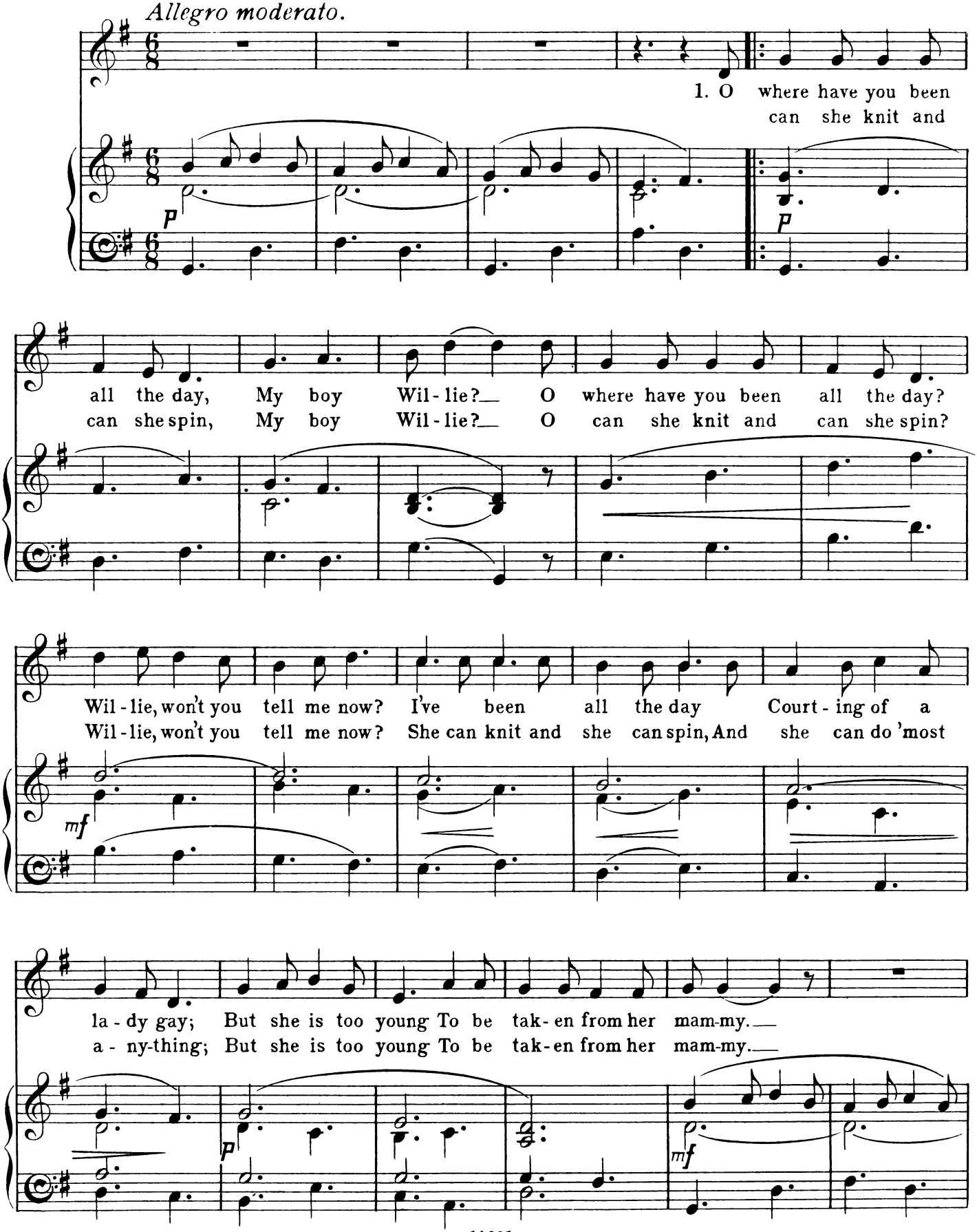
XLI
DEATH AND THE LADY.

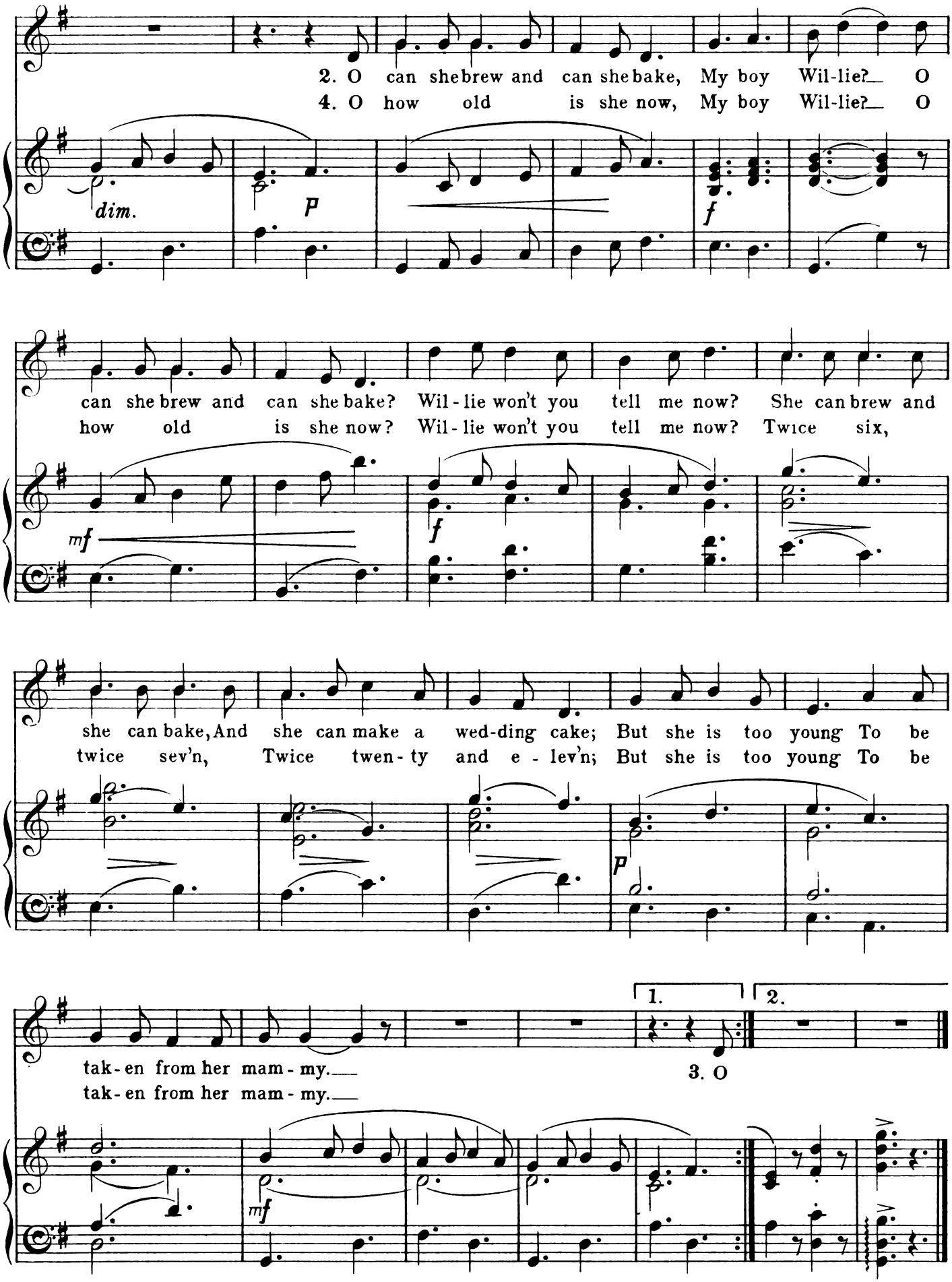


* The bars vary in length. The time-unit is the crotchet which is constant in value.


First & Second times
Third time
clay. 2. I 4 I'll have no gold, I'll have no pearl, I
me. 3. I'll six months' time this fair maid died. Let
mend.
p
p
cresc.
want no cost - ly rich robes to wear. I can-not spare you a lit - tle
this be put on my tomb-stone, she cried: Here lies a poor, dis - tress - ed
mf
while, Nor give you time your life to a - mend, Nor give you time your
maid; Just in her bloom she was snatch - ed a - way, Her cloth - ing made of the
dim.
p
First time
Second time
life to a - mend. 5. In
cold earth - en clay.
p
dim.e rall.

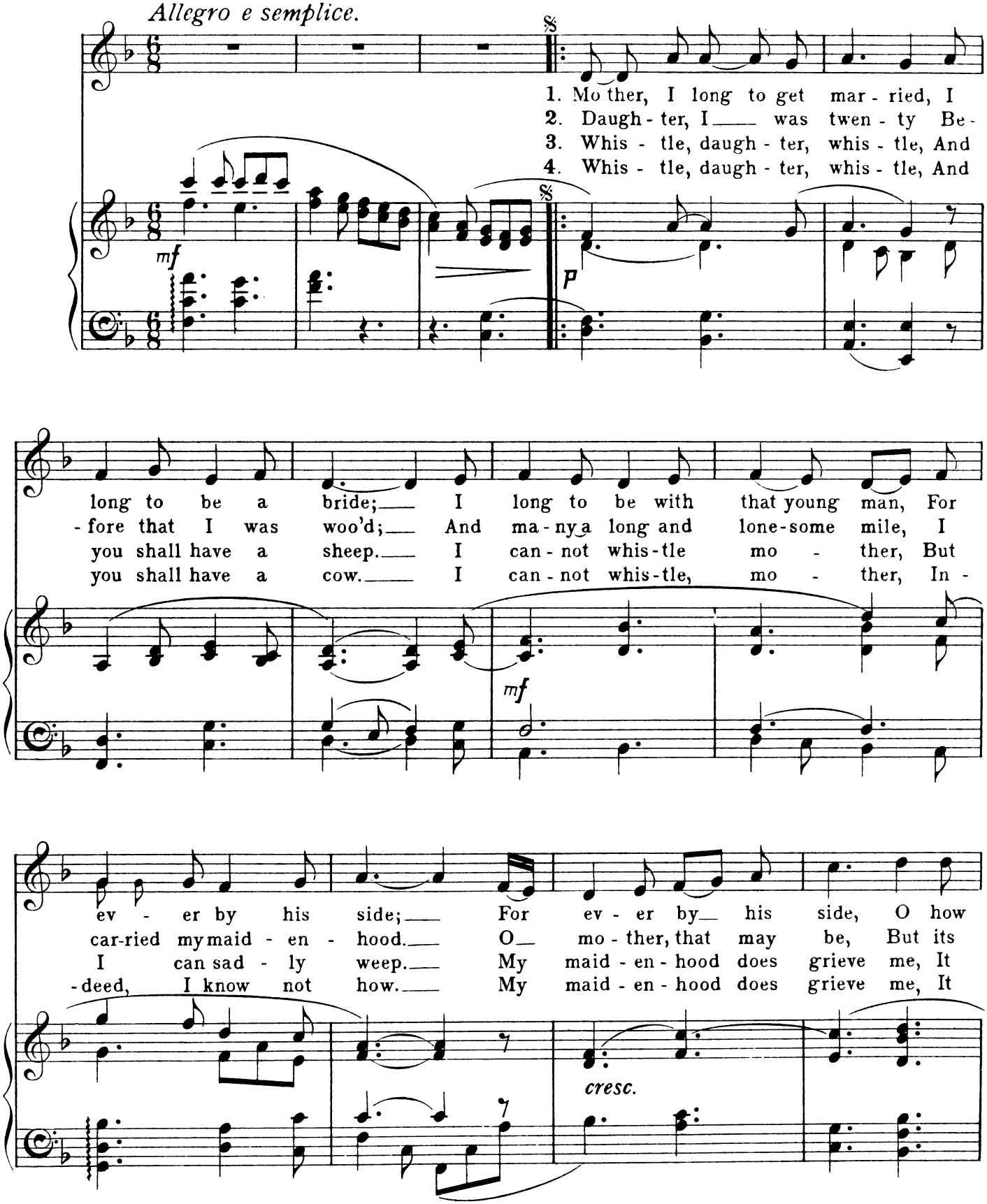
XLII
MY BOY WILLIE.



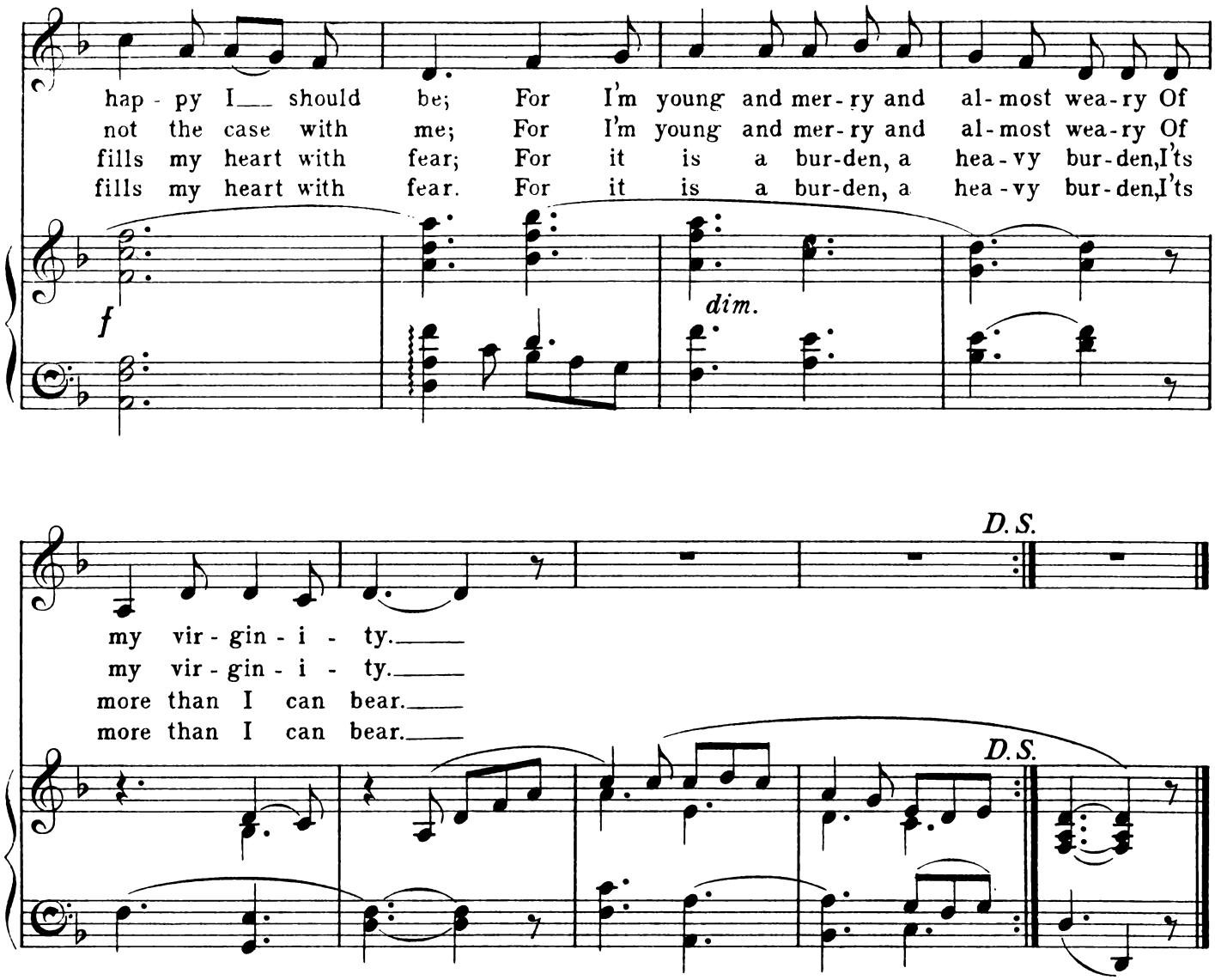

2. O can she brew and can she bake, My boy Wil-lie? O
4. O how old is she now, My boy Wil-lie? O
dim.
p
f
can she brew and can she bake? Wil-lie won't you tell me now? She can brew and
how old is she now? Wil-lie won't you tell me now? Twice six,
mf
f
she can bake, And she can make a wed-ding cake; But she is too young To be
twice sev'n, Twice twen-ty and e-lev'n; But she is too young To be
p
1.
2.
tak-en from her mam-my.
tak-en from her mam-my.
3. O
mf

XLIII

WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE.



14621



5.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a man.
(Whistles)
You see how well I can.
You nasty, impudent jade,
What makes you whistle now?
O, I'd rather whistle for a man
Than either sheep or cow.

or { I cannot whistle, mother,
But I'll do the best I can.

6.

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

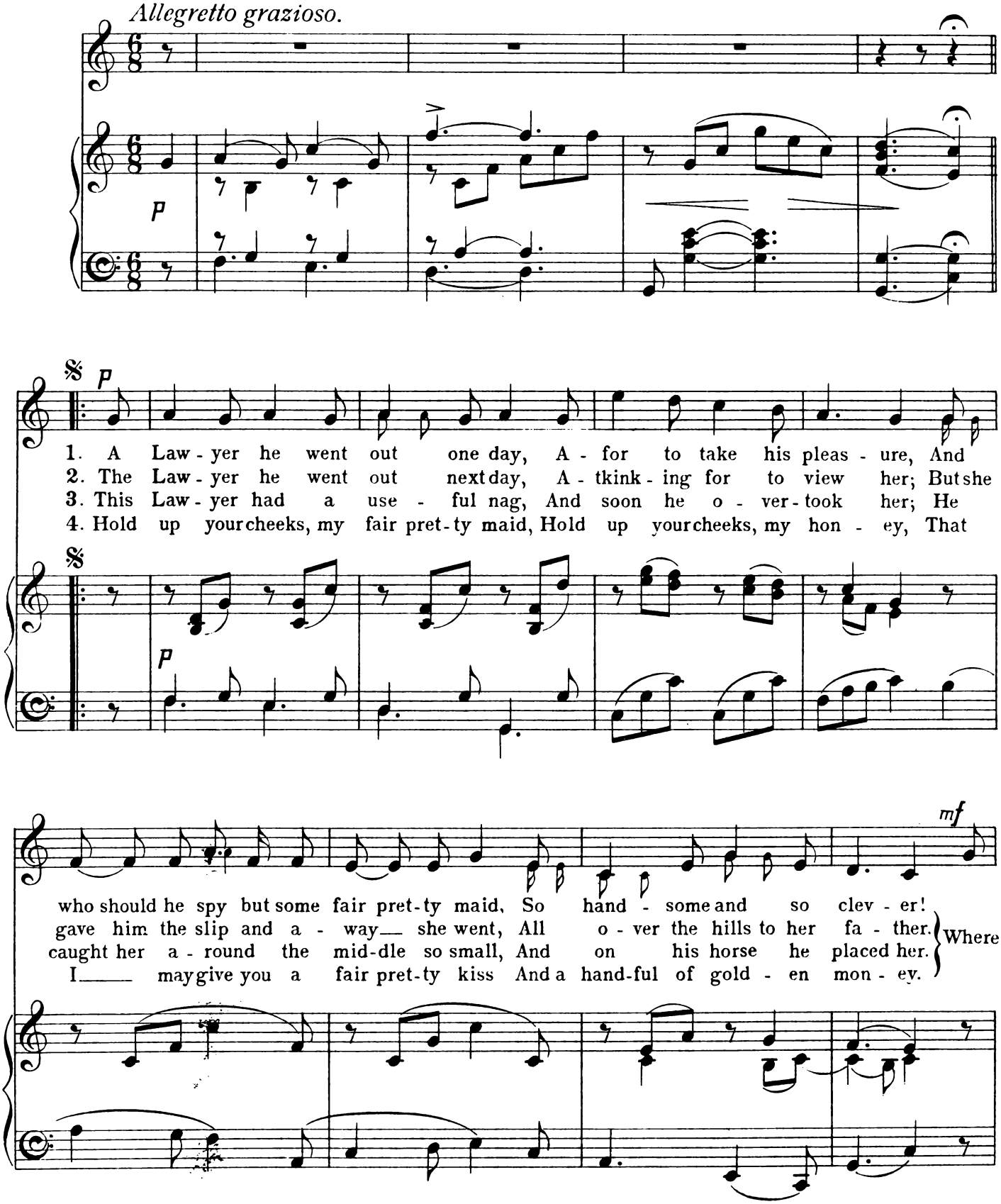
7.

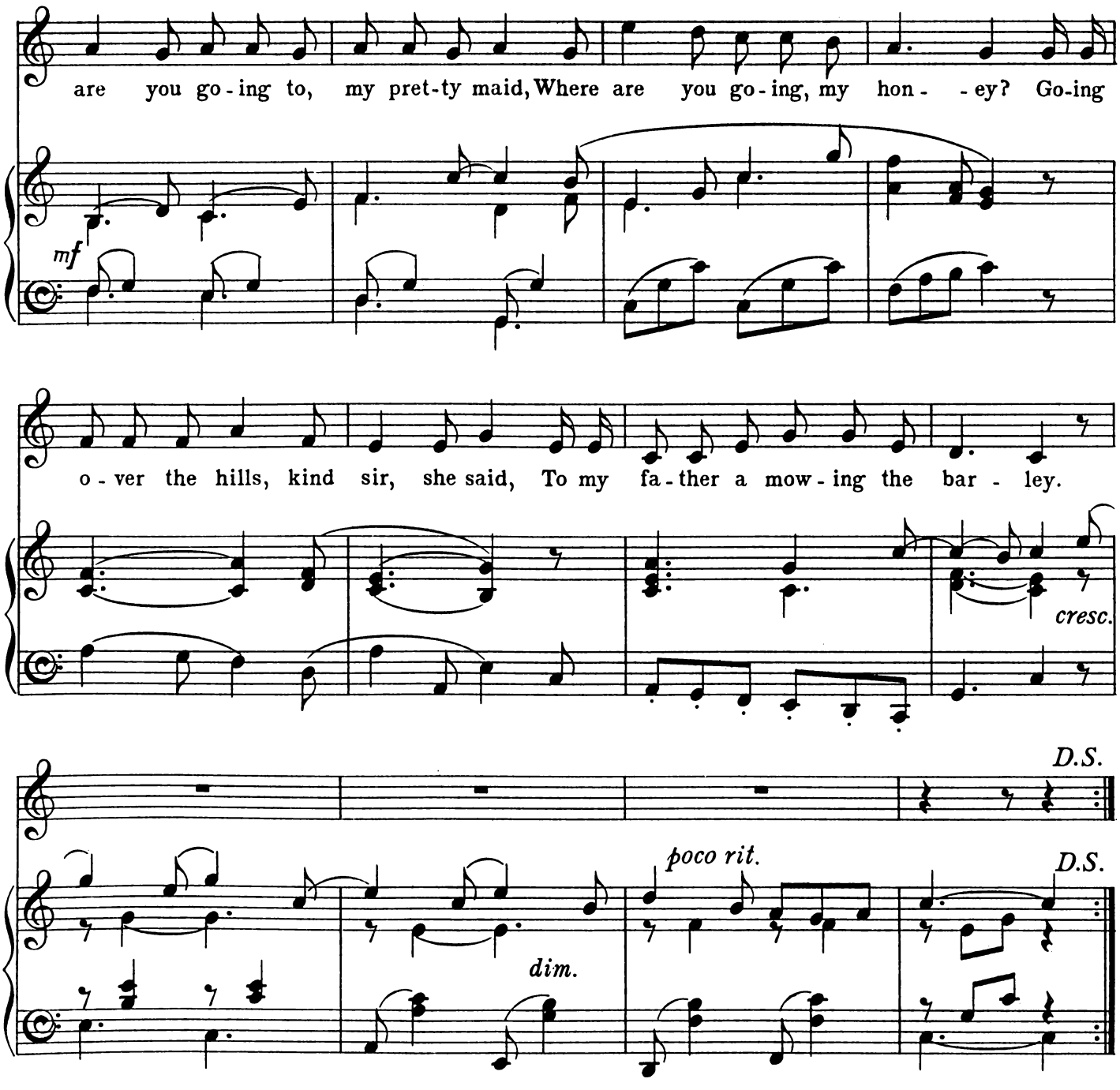
Mother, don't be so cruel
To send me to the field,
Where young men will entice me
And to them I may yield.
For, mother, it's quite well known
I am not too young grown,
And it is a pity a maid so pretty
As I should live alone.

XLIV

MOWING THE BARLEY.

Allegretto grazioso.





5

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

6

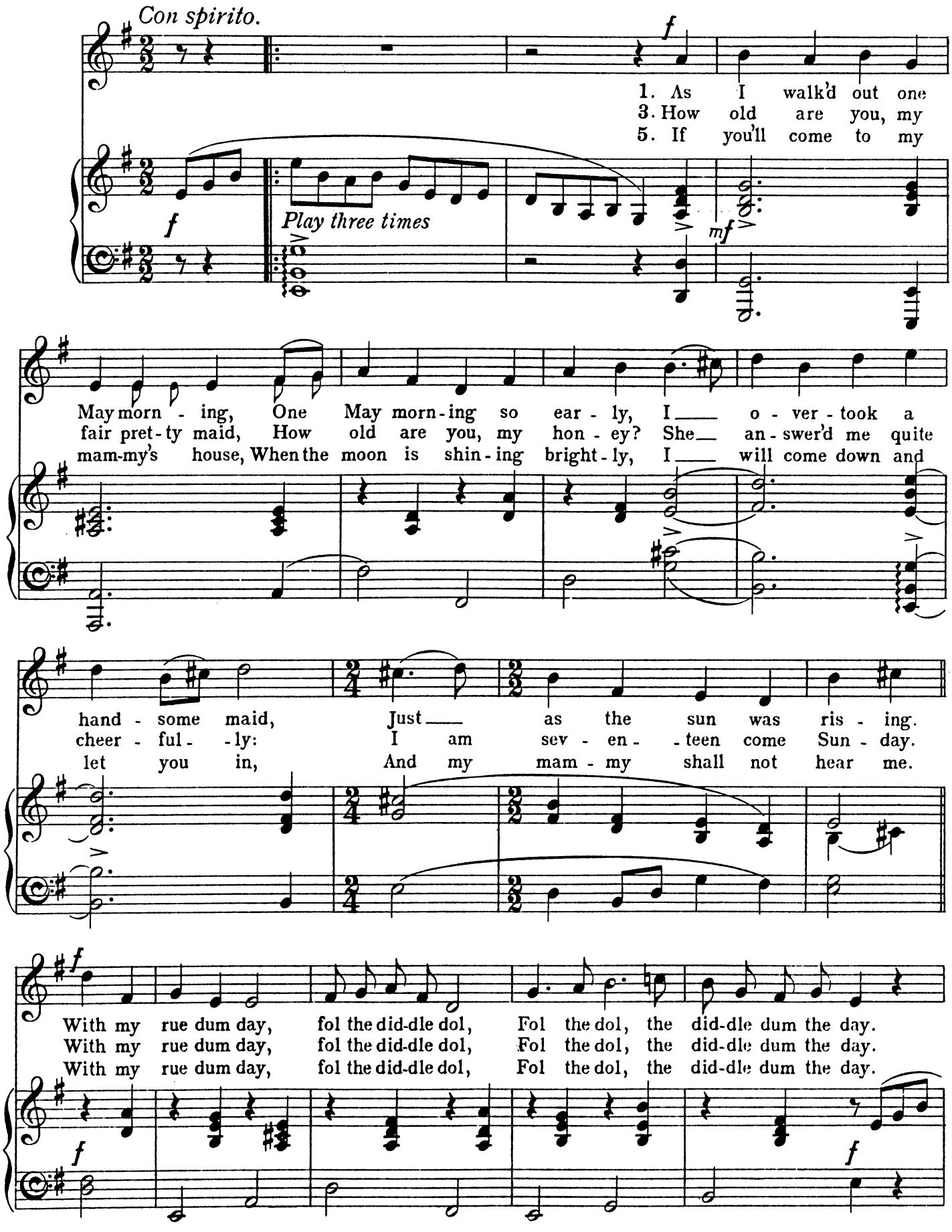
Then the Lawyer told her a story bold,
As together they were going,
Till she quite forgot the barley field,
And left her father a-mowing.
Where are you going to, *etc.*

7

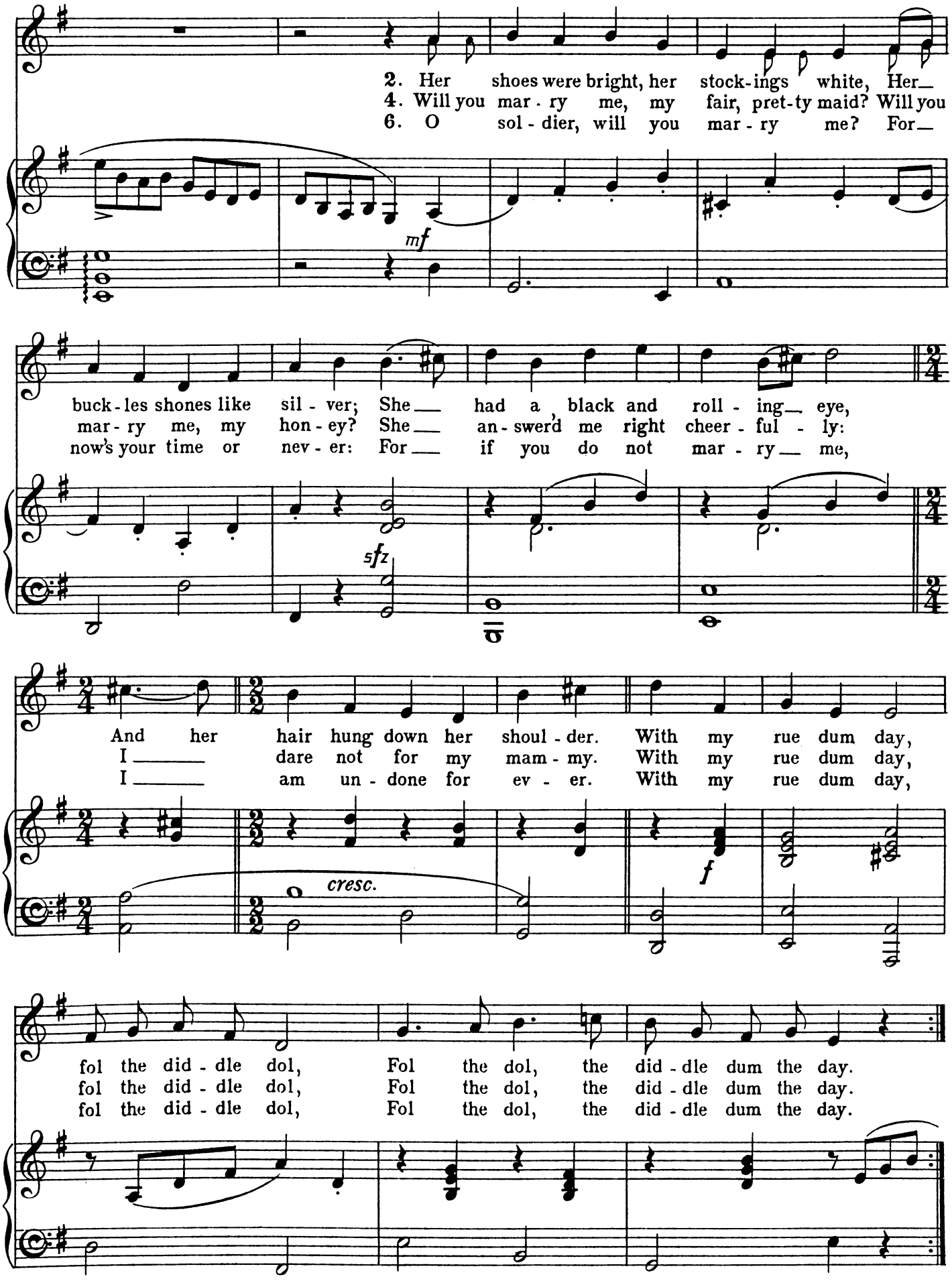
And now she is the Lawyer's wife,
And dearly the Lawyer loves her,
They live in a happy content of life;
And well in the station above her.
Where are you going to, *etc.*

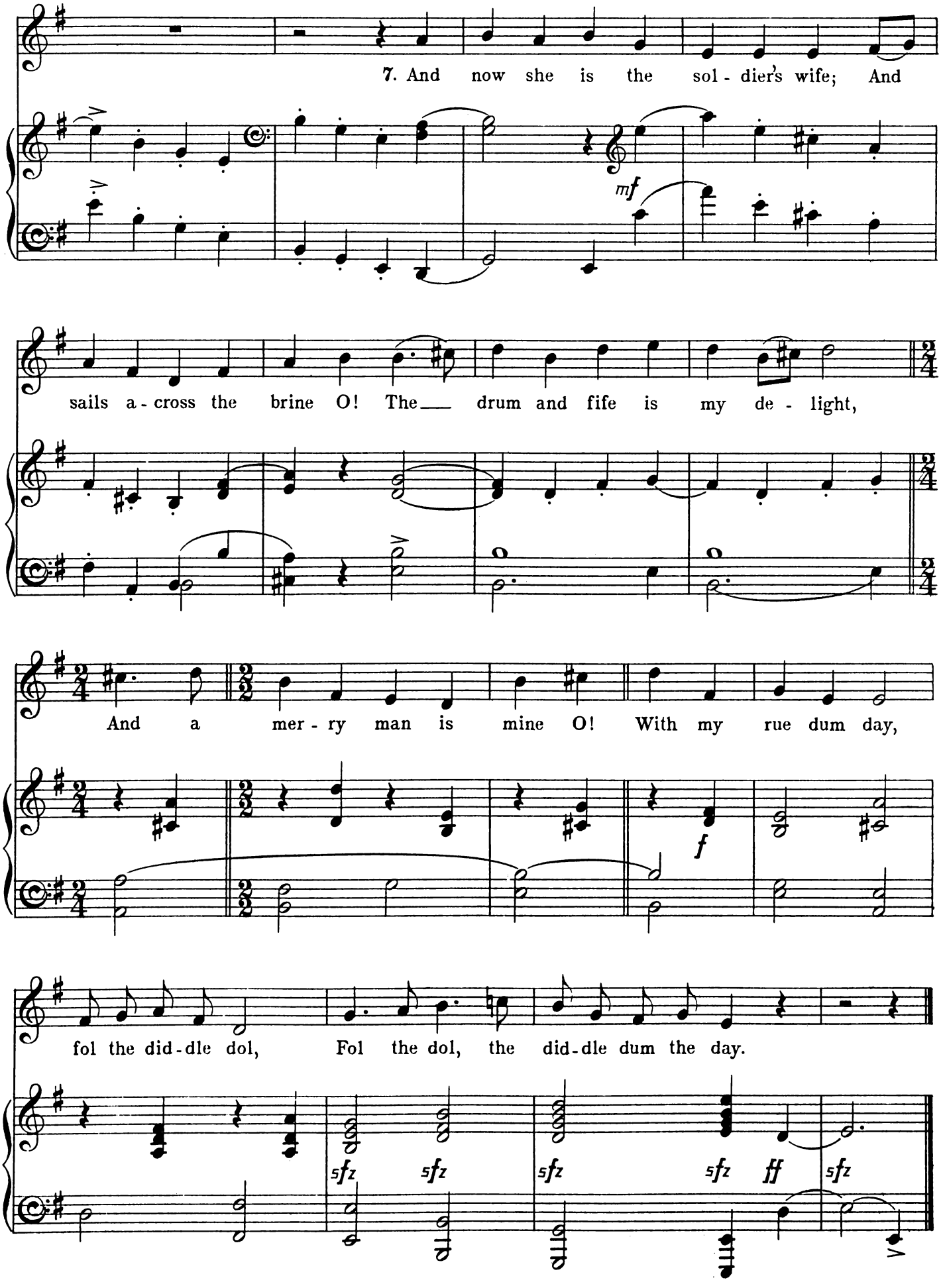
XLV

I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.



14621


2. Her shoes were bright, her stock-ings white, Her_
4. Will you mar - ry me, my fair, pret-ty maid? Will you
6. O sol - dier, will you mar - ry me? For_
mf
buck - les shones like sil - ver; She_ had a black and roll - ing_ eye,
mar - ry me, my hon - ey? She_ an - swerd me right cheer - ful - ly:
now's your time or nev - er: For_ if you do not mar - ry_ me,
sfz
And her hair hung down her shoul - der. With my rue dum day,
I_ dare not for my mam - my. With my rue dum day,
I_ am un - done for ev - er. With my rue dum day,
cresc.
f
fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.
fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.
fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.


7. And now she is the sol - dier's wife; And
mf
sails a - cross the brine O! The drum and fife is my de - light,
And a mer - ry man is mine O! With my rue dum day,
f
fol the did - dle dol, Fol the dol, the did - dle dum the day.
sfz sfz sfz sfz ff sfz

XLVI

THE LARK IN THE MORN.

Allegretto con grazia.

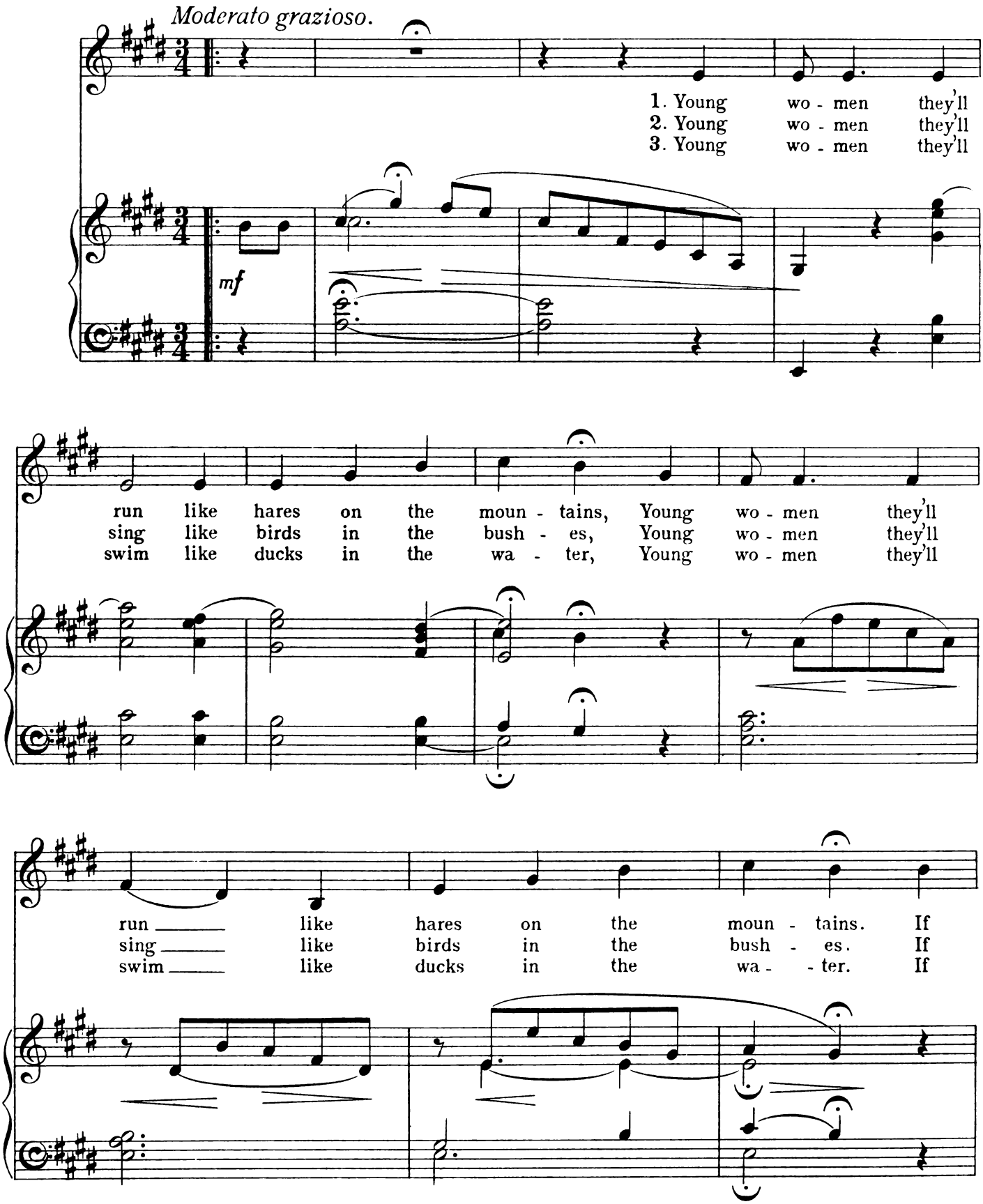
1. As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the Spring, I met a young dam - sel, so sweet - ly she did sing; And as we were a- -walk- -ing these words she did say: There is no life like a plough - boy's all in the month of May.

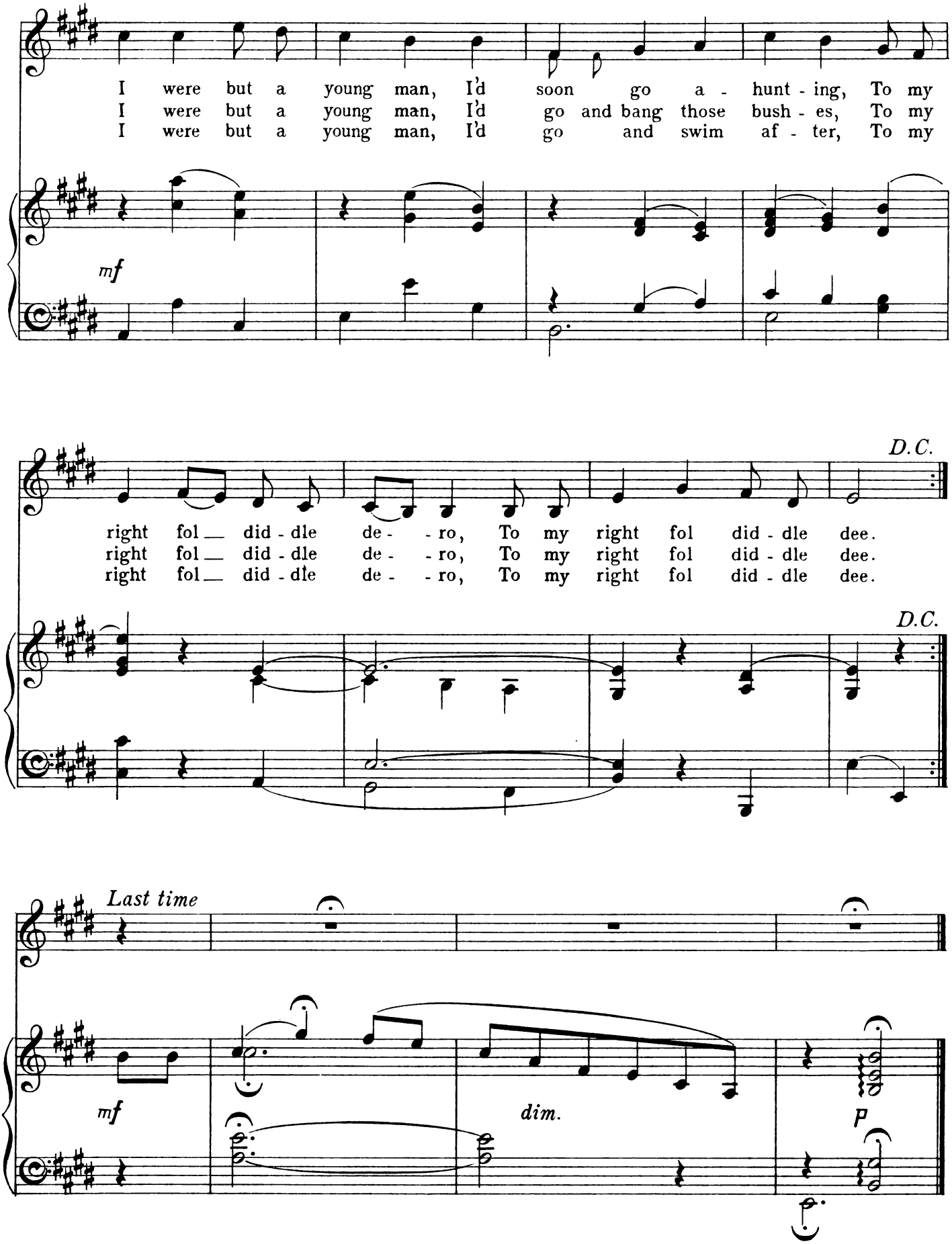
2. The lark in the morn she will rise up from her nest, And mount in the air with the dew all on her breast; And like the pret - ty plough-boy she will whis - tle and sing, And at night she'll re - turn to her own nest back a - gain.

p *p e legato* *mf* *cresc.* *D.S.* *dim.* *colla voce* *D.S.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

XLVII

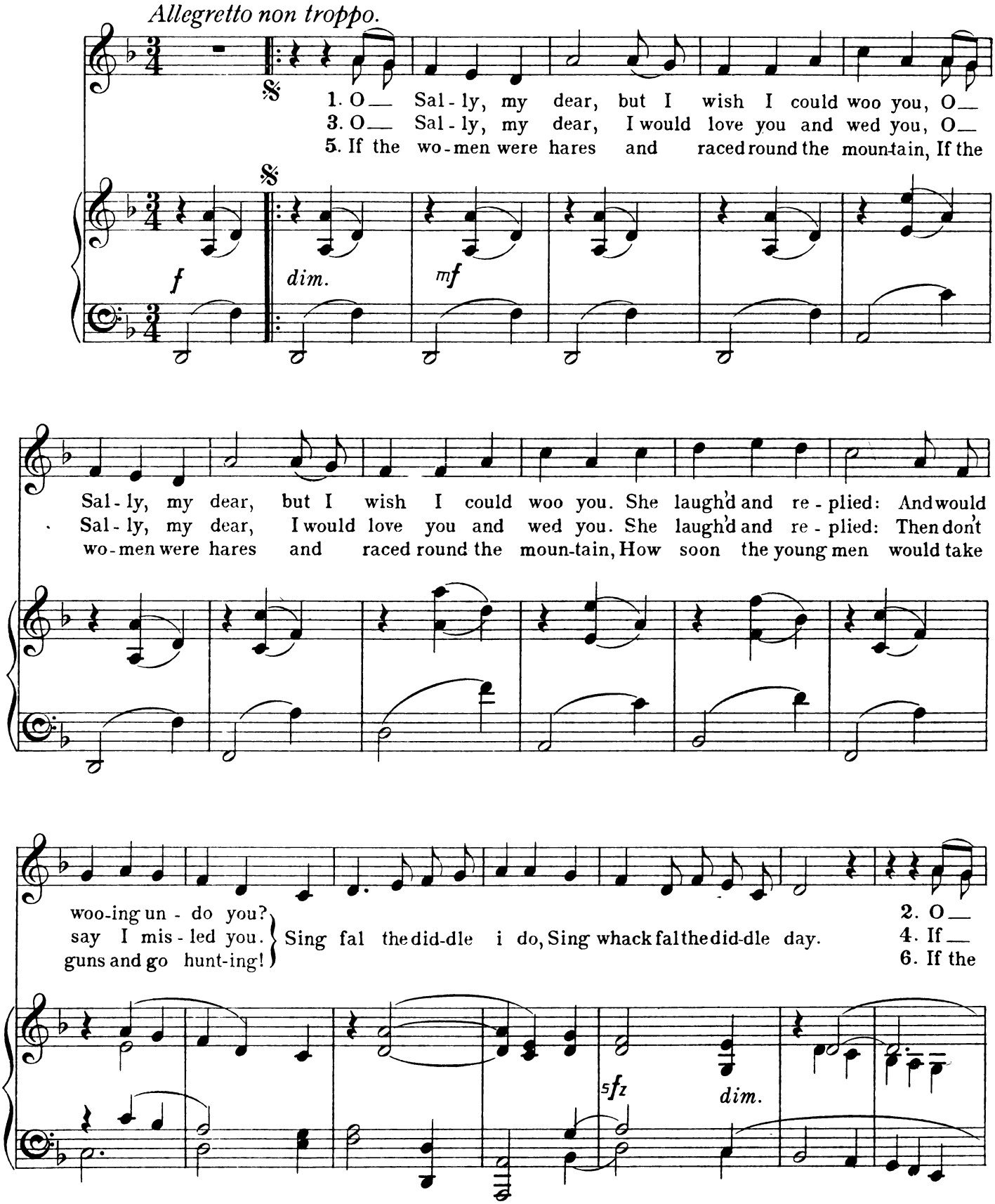
HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.



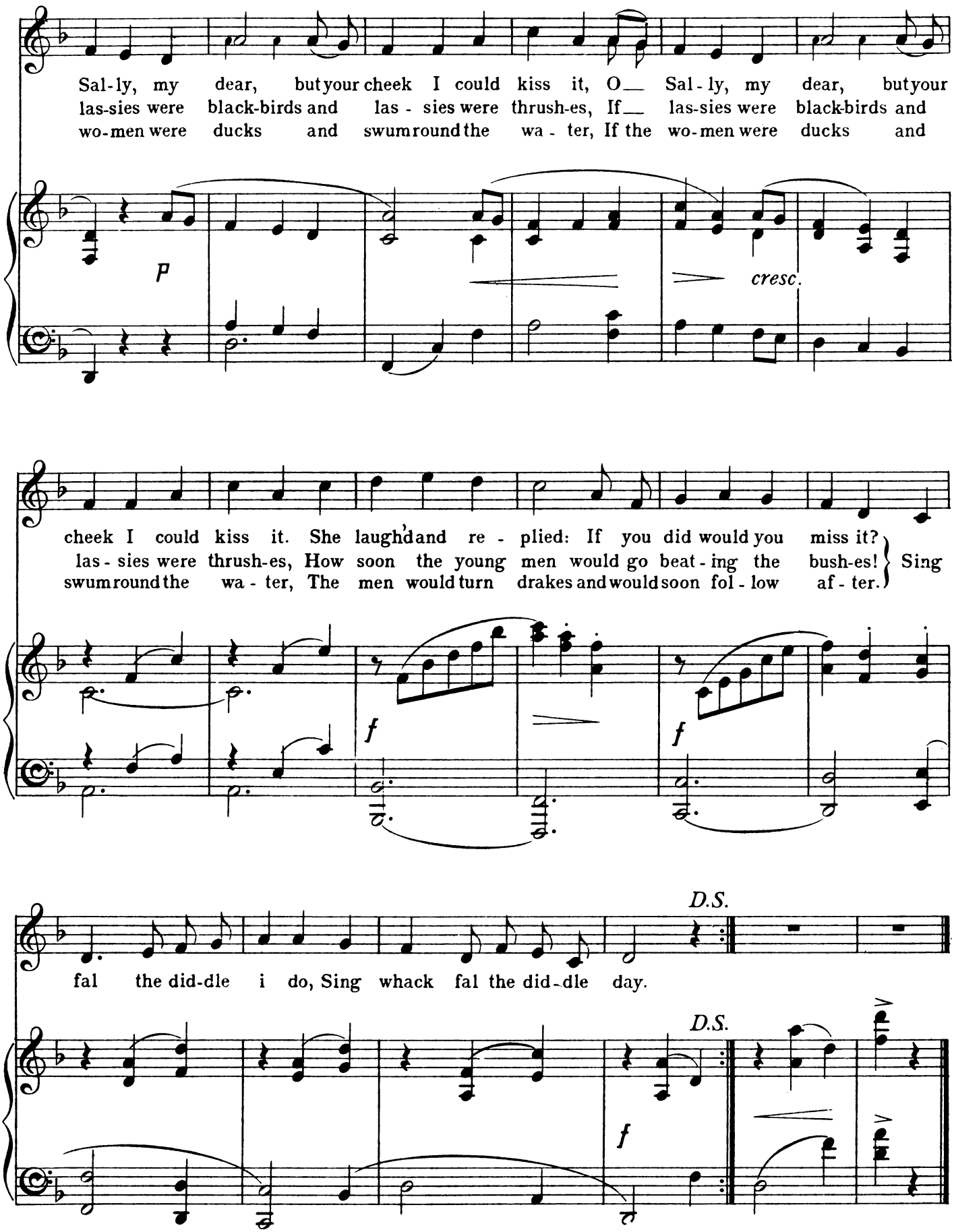

I were but a young man, I'd soon go a - hunt - ing, To my
I were but a young man, I'd go and bang those bush - es, To my
I were but a young man, I'd go and swim af - ter, To my
mf
right fol __ did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.
right fol __ did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.
right fol __ did - dle de - - ro, To my right fol did - dle dee.
D.C.
D.C.
Last time
mf
dim.
P

XLVIII

O SALLY, MY DEAR.



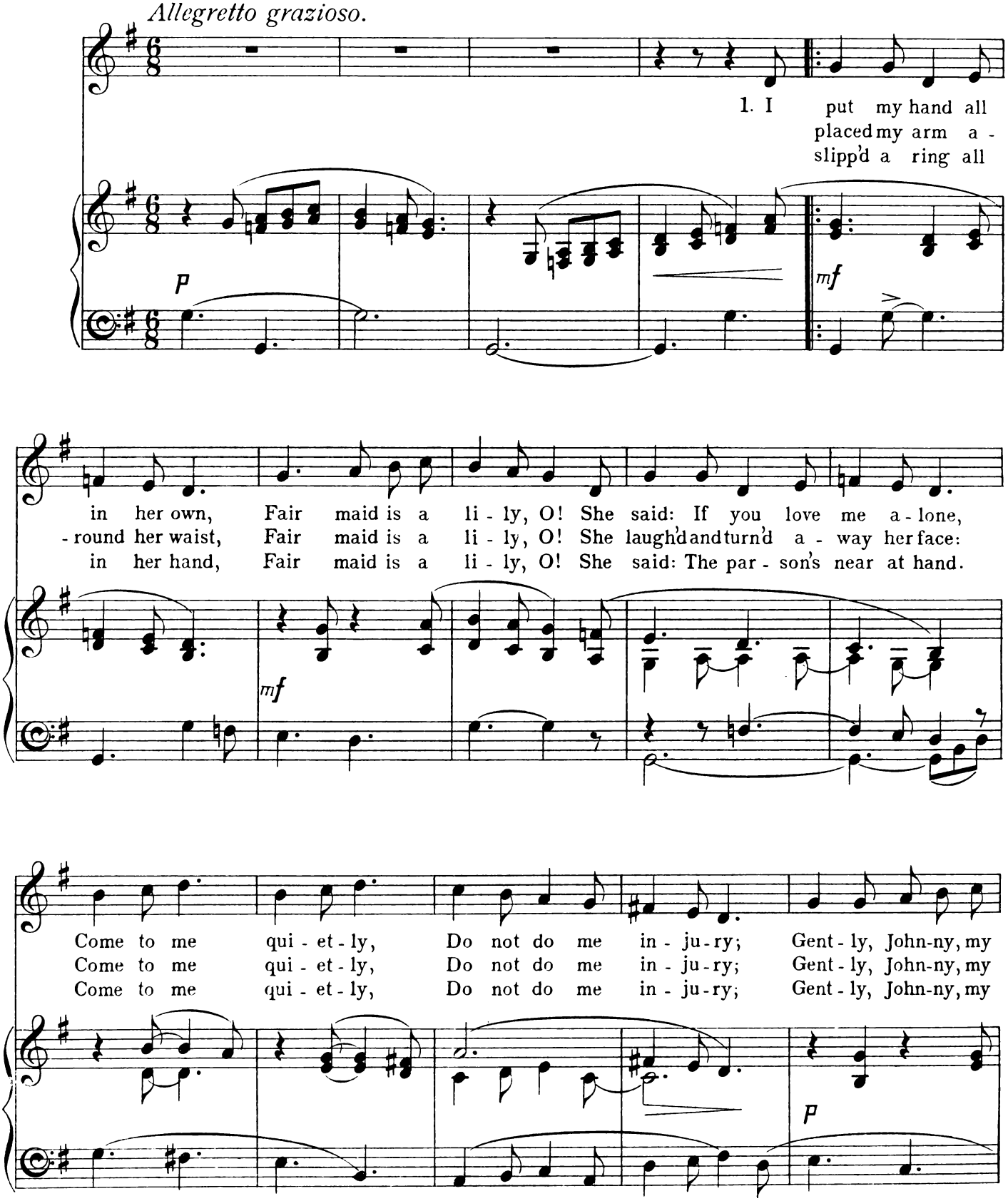
14621

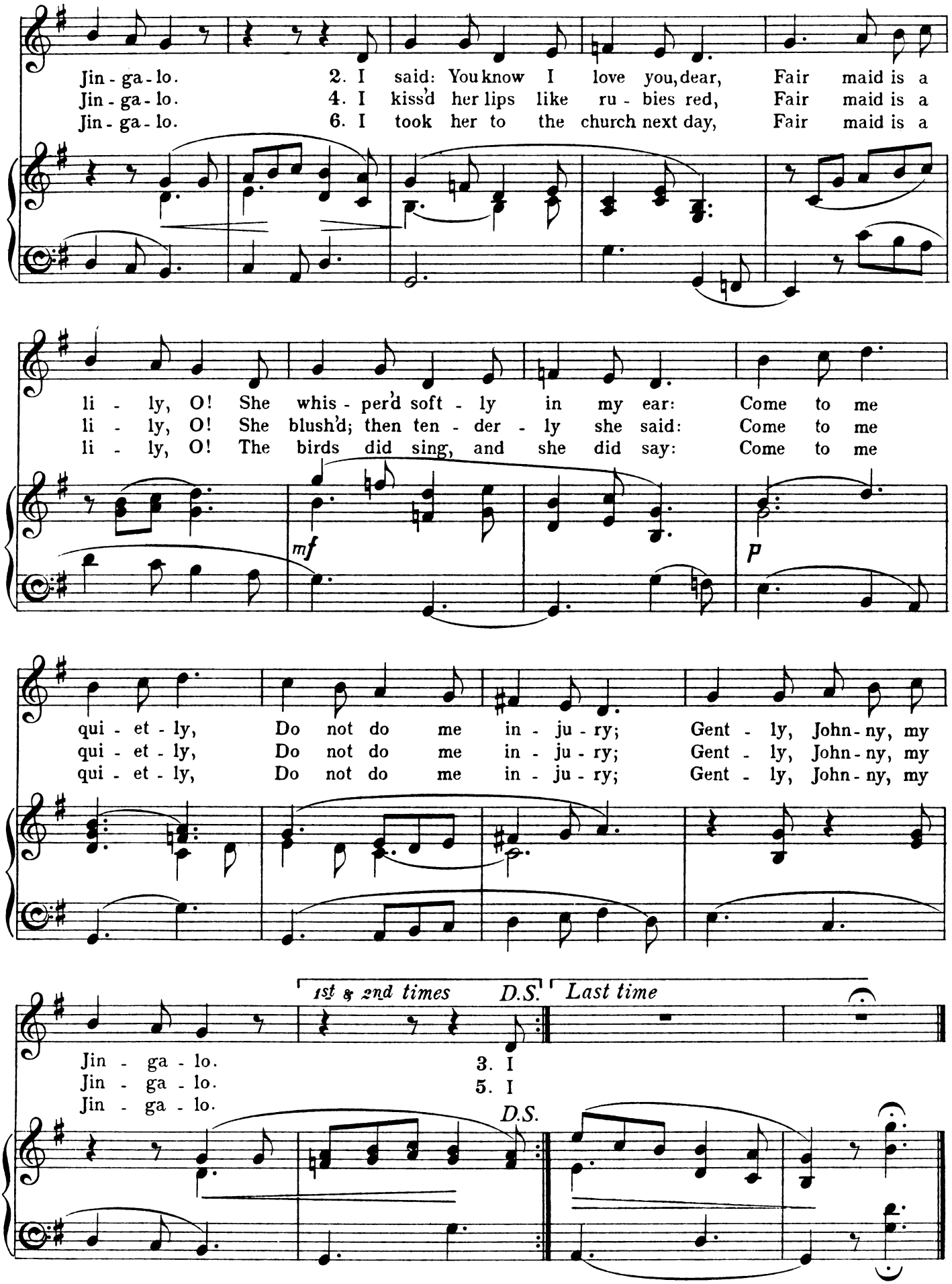

Sal-ly, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it, O— Sal-ly, my dear, but your
las-sies were black-birds and las - sies were thrush-es, If— las-sies were black-birds and
wo-men were ducks and swum round the wa - ter, If the wo-men were ducks and
p
cresc.
cheek I could kiss it. She laugh'd and re - plied: If you did would you miss it?
las - sies were thrush-es, How soon the young men would go beat - ing the bush-es! } Sing
swum round the wa - ter, The men would turn drakes and would soon fol - low af - ter.
f
f
D.S.
fal the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day.
D.S.
f

XLIX

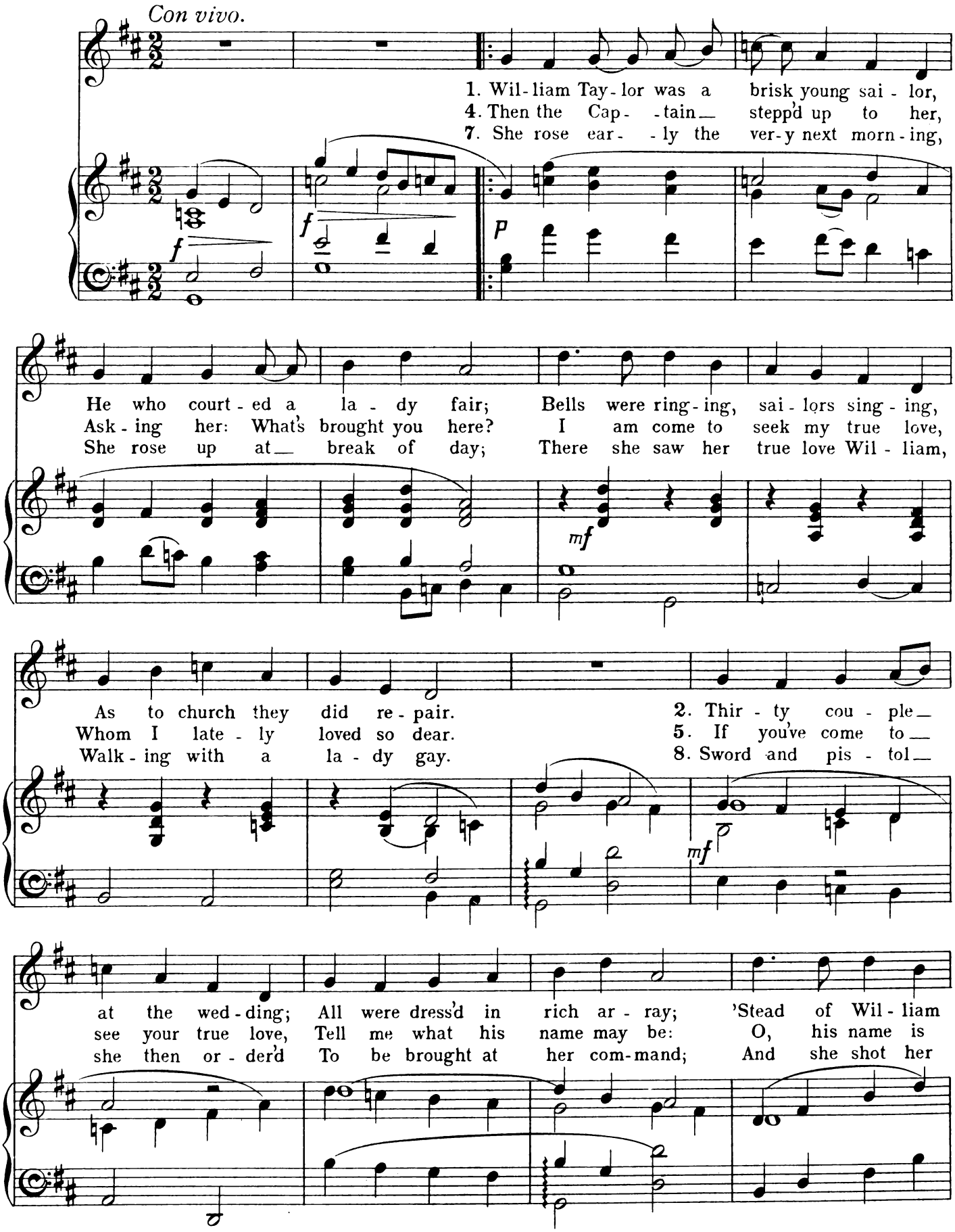
GENTLY, JOHNNY, MY JINGALO.

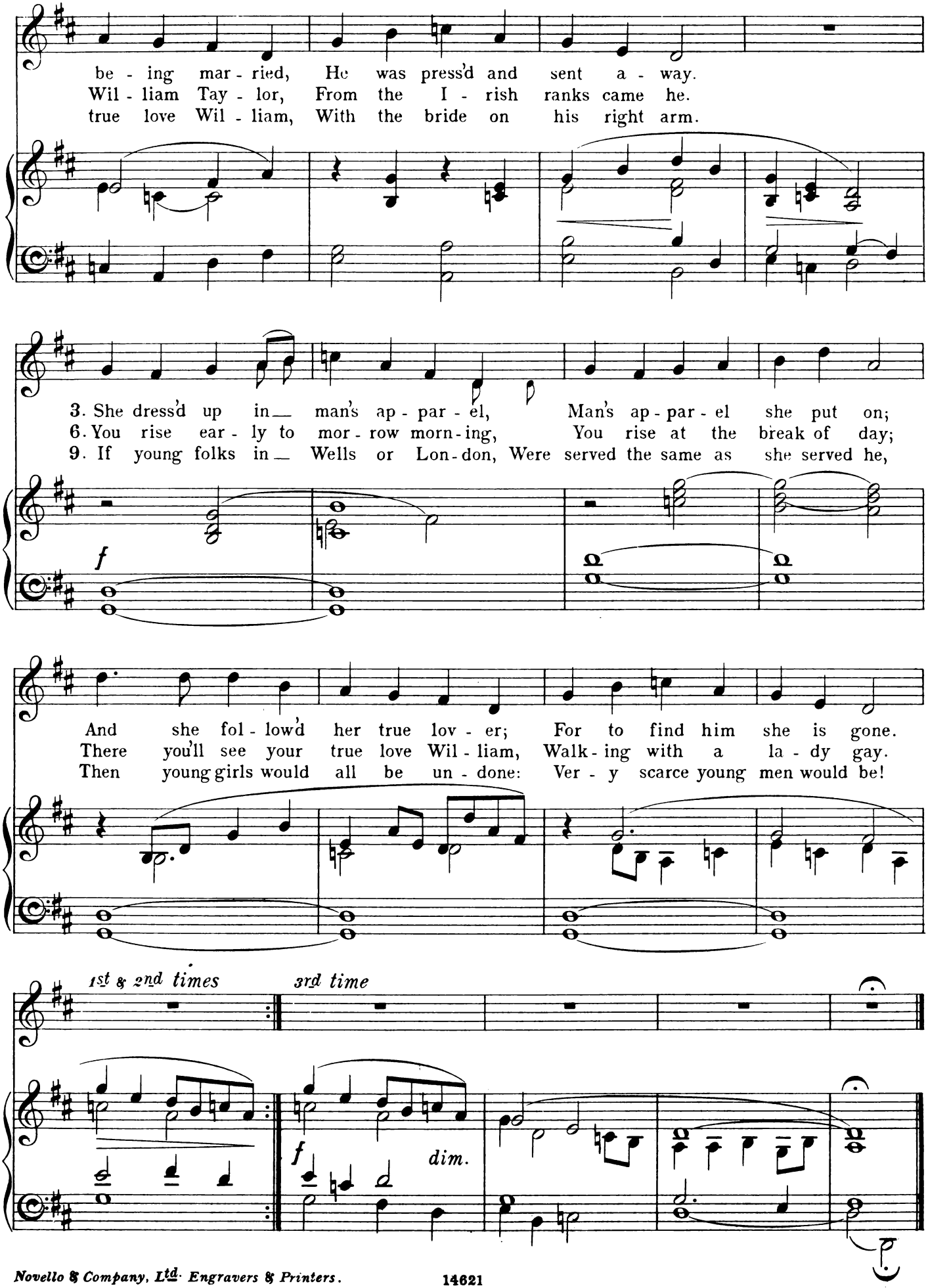
Allegretto grazioso.




Jin - ga - lo. 2. I said: You know I love you, dear, Fair maid is a
Jin - ga - lo. 4. I kiss'd her lips like ru - bies red, Fair maid is a
Jin - ga - lo. 6. I took her to the church next day, Fair maid is a
li - ly, O! She whis - per'd soft - ly in my ear: Come to me
li - ly, O! She blush'd; then ten - der - ly she said: Come to me
li - ly, O! The birds did sing, and she did say: Come to me
mf
p
qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my
qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my
qui - et - ly, Do not do me in - ju - ry; Gent - ly, John - ny, my
1st & 2nd times
D.S.
Last time
Jin - ga - lo. 3. I
Jin - ga - lo. 5. I
Jin - ga - lo.
D.S.

L
WILLIAM TAYLOR.




be - ing mar - ried, He was press'd and sent a - way.
Wil - liam Tay - lor, From the I - rish ranks came he.
true love Wil - liam, With the bride on his right arm.
3. She dress'd up in man's ap - par - el, Man's ap - par - el she put on;
6. You rise ear - ly to mor - row morn - ing, You rise at the break of day;
9. If young folks in Wells or Lon - don, Were served the same as she served he,
f
And she fol - low'd her true lov - er; For to find him she is gone.
There you'll see your true love Wil - liam, Walk - ing with a la - dy gay.
Then young girls would all be un - done: Ver - y scarce young men would be!
1st & 2nd times
3rd time
f
dim.


OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE