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TO

Mrs. JAMES JACKSON STORROW
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The first serious and sustained attempt to collect the traditional songs of the English peasantry 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 folksongs 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 properly solved. 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 products of a great peasant art would have been irrevocably 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 have thereby come to be made at a period when the scientific spirit is abroad, and consequently the work has been conducted with thoroughness, accuracy, and honesty of purpose. And this is scarcely the way in which it would have been done a century or more ago. For the 18th century musician had other notions, and was little disposed to trouble himself with ethical considerations where the collecting of the people's music was concerned. Fortunately, the present day collector has set up a very different standard, and has realized that his first and chief obligation is to record just what he hears, no more and no less, and that the aesthetic as well as the scientific value of his work depends 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 folksong. Some hold that folksongs 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 neighborhoods where, although long forgotten in the towns and cities of their origin, they had since been preserved. To put it in another way, the folksong, it is contended, is not a genuine wild flower, but, in the jargon of the botanist, a "garden-escape."
ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH FOLKSONGS

The opponents of this school, however, impressed by the fact that the essential characteristics of the folksong—its freshness, spontaneity, naturalness, and unconventionality—are the very qualities which are conspicuously absent from the popular song-music of the past, maintain that folksongs are the products 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 them, but for moulding, developing, and, in a sense, creating them 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 folksong and its history can be satisfactorily explained only on that hypothesis; that the most typical qualities of the folksong 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 folksong been weighed and tested by the community, and accepted or rejected by their verdict; and that the life history of the folksong 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 fulfill 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 preëminence, however, which it completely lost in the two following centuries, 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 classes, 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 nation to produce great 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 favorable conditions, English music will assuredly be reborn and once again assume that position which it held before the Restoration.

The greatest care has been exercised in the selection of the songs for this volume, in order that the collection may be thoroughly representative of the subject and contain one or more examples of each of the chief types of English folksong. With this end in view, it has been found necessary to limit the selection to folksongs proper, and to exclude carols, sea-chanteys, children's games, nursery songs, etc.
It will be seen that more than half of the tunes here presented are cast in one or other of the ancient diatonic modes (excluding the major, or "Ionian"), the forerunners 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 favor of a scale-system better suited to modern 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 that it should not, therefore, be regarded in any way as evidence of antiquity, is shown by the manner in which the folksinger will frequently translate into one or other of the modes the "composed" songs which he takes into his repertory. The modal character of so many folksongs has no doubt brought this question 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 medieval survivals and relegated, as such, to the lumber room. They reveal, rather, a new species of melody suggesting many possibilities to the composer of the present day.

The modes commonly used by the English peasant are the Aeolian (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. Of the songs in this collection, twenty-seven are in the Aeolian mode, twenty in the Dorian, and nine in the Mixolydian, while four, though modal, are irregular and cannot be concisely classified.

What form the ideal accompaniment to a folksong should take is a question upon which many divergent views may legitimately be held. With the purist, a simple solution is to dispense with an accompaniment altogether, on the ground that it is an anachronism. But this is surely to handicap the folk-tune needlessly and to its detriment. For just as it takes an artist to appraise the value of a picture out of its frame, so it is only the expert who can extract the full flavor from an unharmonized melody. Musically, we live in a harmonic age, when every one, 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, of course, is demonstrably constructed upon a harmonic basis.

If, then, the need of an instrumental setting to the folksong be granted, we have next to consider what is its ideal form; and this, likewise, 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. For 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 day, 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-qual-
ities, 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 folksingers themselves. This, at any rate, is the theoretic basis upon which the accompaniments in this volume have been constructed.

After what has been said above with regard to the "editing" of folk-music, it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark 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 many of the songs are often very corrupt, and sometimes unintelligible. It has therefore been necessary to make alterations in the words of many of the songs in this volume. Although archaic words and expressions have been retained, no attempt has been made to preserve local peculiarities of speech, it being the custom among folksingers 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, it is necessary to say something about the singing of folksongs. Traditionally, folksongs are sung not only without gesture, but with the greatest restraint in the matter of expression; indeed, the folksinger 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, then, it will, I think, be found that the most effective treatment to accord to the folksong 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, diminuendoes, and other devices of a like character.
NOTES ON THE SONGS

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, 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 recomposed 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

This 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 two other versions of this ballad, “Lord Burlington’s Sister” and “In Strawberry Town,” see the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume ii, p. 42; volume v, pp. 123-127), where the ballad has received a very searching analysis at the hands of Miss Lucy Broadwood. 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 Stein- höwel (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 were 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

Two versions of this ballad, under the above title, are in the Roxburgh 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 naivété 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 very 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 they were 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 key down, down, a down, down, His name is Arthur-a-Bland, There is never a squire in Nottinghamshire Dare bid bold Arthur stand.
NOTES ON

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 Nailer; 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 troubadour-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 invariably call “Robin Hood,” “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, 2d ed.) and “The Gipsy” (A Garland of Country Song, No. 32). A Scottish version of the words is in Ramsay’s Teat-Table Miscellany (volume iv); see also “Gipsy Laddie,” in Herd’s Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs (volume ii, p. 95, ed. 1791). In Finlay’s Scottish Ballads (1808), the ballad appears as “Johnnie Faa,” and in Chambers’sPicture of Scotland, a valiant effort is made, after the manner of Scottish commentators, to provide the story with a historical foundation.

THE SONGS

The tune is in the Æolian mode. I have noted no less than eighteen variants.

No. 6. Lord Bateman

This, again, is a very popular ballad with English folksingers, 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); English Folk Songs for Schools (No. 11); 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 well-known and 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 "Bar-
barous Ellen," or "Edelin," as it is usually called.
I have taken down as many as twenty-seven vari-
ants, 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; vol-
ume ii, pp. 15-18); Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*
(p. 39); Rimbaud'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 col-
lection, 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); Moth-
erwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 51, tune No. 7); *Journal*
of the *Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 264); and
in Rimbaud's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Re-
ilques* (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 *Pe-
ople Ballads* (volume i, p. 151); *Notes and Que-
ties* (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 this ballad were sup-
posed to have taken place in the 17th 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 tor-
tures. 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 odor 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 sus-
ppected. 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 re-
specting 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." Mur-
ders of this sort have been imputed to the Jews
for seven hundred and fifty years 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 con-
sequences, 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
"Merry-land toune" in Percy's version is but
another corruption of the same words.
NOTES ON THE SONGS

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); 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 Aolian; it is harmonized as though it were the latter.

Child gives many 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 Strachan 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 Aolian 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."

This ballad is widely known throughout England, and I have taken it down no less than thirty-six times. 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 heard only one singer sing the seventh and eighth stanzas of 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
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the Roxburghe Collection, in which the following lines occur:

Go fetch the sickle, to crop the nettle,
That grow's 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 say 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 county 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;
This 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 $\frac{4}{5}$ time, and is usually modal. The second air, however, in Tre-

ditional 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, 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 Saffee
and amongst 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 $\text{AE}$olian mode, is not unlike the corresponding phrase of "When Johnny comes Marching Home Again." Compare also, "Whistle, Daughter, Whistle" (No. 59).
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No. 13. The Cruel Mother

The story, which is not quite clear in this version, is of a woman who contrives an illicit alliance with her father's clerk, and secretly gives birth to twin babes "down by the green wood side." 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 Mutherwell'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 quite 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 clercs,
Down by the green wood side a.

Child 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."

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, 2d 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 vi, 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.

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:
And 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
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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 altering 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 folksingers, and several examples of this may be seen in this volume (see Nos. 46, 47, and 53 [second version]); but for the major interval to follow the minor almost immediately 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; Motherwell's Minstrelsy; Sidgwick's Popular Ballads of the Olden Time; and Scott's Minstrelsy, 1st and 3d editions).

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 meet 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 their 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 his behind himself,  
At her kinsmen speir'd na leave.

No. 17. The Briery Bush

The lines printed in the text are as the singer of this version sang them, with the exception of the last stanza, which I have borrowed from a variant collected elsewhere. For other versions with tunes, see English County Songs (p. 112); and the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume v, pp. 228-235), with a long and exhaustive note.

Under the heading of "The Maid freed from the Gallows," Child (English and Scottish Ballads, No. 95) gives several versions and shows that the ballad is very generally known throughout Northern and Southern Europe — nearly fifty versions have been collected in Finland. In the foreign forms of the ballad, the victim usually falls into the hands of corsairs or pirates, who demand ransom, but none of the English versions account in any way for the situation.

Child also quotes another English variant communicated by Dr. Birkbeck Hill in 1890, "as learned forty years before from a schoolfellow who came from the North of Somerset."
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This is very much like the version given in the text, the first two lines of the refrain running:

Oh the briers, prickly briers,
Come prick my heart so sore.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in the appendix to Henderson's Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England (p. 333, ed. 1866), gives a Yorkshire story, "The Golden Ball," which concludes with verses very similar to those of "The Briery Bush." A man gives a ball to each of two maidens, with the condition that if either of them loses the ball, she is to be hanged. The younger, while playing, tosses her ball over a park-paling; the ball rolls away over the grass into a house and is seen no more. She is condemned to be hanged, and calls upon her father, mother, etc., for assistance, her lover finally procuring her release by producing the lost ball.

Child quotes a Cornish variant of the same story, communicated to him by Mr. Baring-Gould.

That the ballad is a very ancient one may be inferred from the peculiar form of its construction—sometimes called the "climax of relatives." The same scheme is used in the latter half of "Lord Rendal" (No. 18), and is one that lends itself very readily to improvisation.

No. 18. Lord Rendal

This ballad is sung very freely from one end of the island to the other, and I have taken it down at least twenty times.

The words given in the text have been compiled from different sets, but none of them have been altered.

One of the earliest printed versions of this ballad is in Johnson's The Scots Musical Museum (1787–1803) under the heading "Lord Ronald my Son;" and that is a fragment only. The "Willy Doo" in Buchan's Ancient Ballads (1828) is the same song; see also "Portmore" in the same volume.

Sir Walter Scott, in Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border (1828), calls it "Lord Randal," and thinks it not impossible "that the ballad may have originally referred to the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most needed by his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison." But, of course, Sir Walter did not know how many countries have the ballad.

A nursery version of the ballad is quoted in Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Ballads, under the title, "The Croodlin Doo" (Cooing Dove). Jamieson gives a Suffolk variant, and also a translation of the German version of the same song, called "Grossmutter Schlangenkocherin," that is, Grandmother Adder-cook. The German version is like ours in that it attributes the poisoning to snakes, not toads, which is the Scottish tradition. Kinloch remarks: "Might not the Scots proverbial phrase, 'To gie one frogs instead of fish,' as meaning to substitute what is bad or disagreeable, for expected good, be viewed as allied to the idea of the venemous quality of the toad?" Sir Walter Scott quotes from a manuscript Chronicle of England which describes in quaint language how King John was poisoned by a concoction of toads: "Tho went the monke into a gardene, and fonde a tode therin; and toke her upp, and put hyr in a cuppe, and filled it with good ale, and pryked hyr in every place, in the cuppe, till the venom came out in every place; and brought hitt befor the kynge, and knelyd, and said, 'Sir, wassayle; for never in your lyfe drank ye of such a cuppe.'"

A very beautiful version of the song is given in A Garland of Country Song, No. 38. In the note, Mr. Baring-Gould remarks that, not only is the ballad popularly known in England and Ireland, but it has also been noted down in Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Bohemia, and Iceland. The ballad is exhaustively dealt with by Child.

The West Country expression "spickit and sparkit" means "speckled and blotched."

For other versions with tunes, see the Journal...
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"The French ballad generally begins with a young man's announcing that he has won a mistress, and intends to pay her a visit on Sunday, or to give her an aubade. She declines his visit or his music. To avoid him she will turn, e.g. into a rose; then he will turn bee and kiss her. She will turn quail; he sportsman and bag her. She will turn carp; he angler, and catch her. She will turn hare; and he hound. She will turn nun; and he priest and confess her day and night. She will fall sick; he will watch with her or be her doctor. She will become a star; he a cloud and muffle her. She will die; he will turn earth into which they will put her, or into Saint Peter, and receive her into Paradise. In the end she says, 'Since you are inevitable, you may as well have me as another; ' or more complaisantly, 'Je me donnerai à toi, puisque tu m'aimes tant.'"

The ballad in varying forms is known in Spain, Italy, Roumania, Greece, Moravia, Poland, and Servia. See the chapter on "Magical Transformations and Magical Conflicts," in Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fiction*. I believe there is a similar story in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*.

No. 20. The Two Magicians

This is, I believe, the only copy of this ballad that has as yet been collected in England. The tune, which, of course, is modern, is a variant of one which was used for a series of humorous songs of the "exaggeration" type that was very popular in the 18th and 19th centuries, of which "The Crocodile" (*English County Songs*, p. 184) is an example.

The words were first printed, I believe, in 1828 in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs* (volume i, p. 24), together with the following comment: "There is a novelty in this legendary ballad very amusing, and it must be very old. I never saw anything in print which had the smallest resemblance to it." It has been necessary to make but one or two small alterations in the words.

Child (*English and Scottish Ballads*, volume i, p. 244) prints Buchan's version and says: "This is a base born cousin of a pretty ballad known all over Southern Europe and elsewhere, and in especially graceful forms in France."

No. 21. The Duke of Bedford

The singer of this ballad, a native of Sheffield, told me that he learned it from his father, who, in turn, had derived it from his father, and that it was regarded by his relatives as a "family relic" and sung at weddings and other important gatherings. The earlier stanzas of the song are undoubtedly traditional, but some of the later ones (omitted in the text) were, I suspect, added by a recent member of the singer's family, or, possibly, derived from a broadside.

The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, has some affinities with the second strain of "The Cuckoo" (No. 35), an air which is often sung to "High Germany." See also the tune of No. 92 of Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*.

Three Lincolnshire variants collected by Percy Grainger are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii, pp. 170-179); while the version in the text is given, with all the words, in the fifth volume of the same publication (p. 79).
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Very full notes have been added to these by Miss Lucy Broadwood in an attempt to throw light on the origin of the historical incident upon which the ballad story is founded. Two other versions have been published in Longman's Magazine (volume xvii, p. 217, ed. 1890), and in the Ballad Society's edition of the Roxburghe Ballads (part xv, volume v, ed. 1885).

Professor Child reprinted the first of these in a note upon "The Death of Queen Jane," observing that "one half seemed a plagiarism upon that old ballad," and that the remainder of "The Duke of Bedford" was so "trivial" that he had not attempted to identify this Duke—"any other Duke would probably answer as well."

Miss Broadwood has not reached a definite conclusion, but she inclines to the theory that the Duke of the ballad was William De la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk (1396–1450). She admits, however, that there is a good deal of evidence in favor of the Duke of Grafton, son of Charles II, an account of whose death was printed on a broadside, licensed in 1690. She thinks that the ballad given here is probably a mixture of two separate ballads, the more modern of the two (describing hunting) referring to the death of the son of the fourth Duke of Bedford, born in 1739, who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1767. Woburn only came into the possession of the Bedford family after the accession of Edward VI.

The last stanza refers to the popular superstition that the flowing of certain streams, known as "woe-waters," was the pressage of coming disaster.

No. 22. 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, 2d 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 in one hand and an hour-glass in the other.

No. 23. The Low, Low Lands of Holland
One of the earliest copies of this ballad is printed in Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs (volume ii, p. 2, ed. 1776). It is also in the Roxburghe and Eddsorth Collections and in Johnson's Museum. The ballad appears also in Garlands, printed about 1760, as "The Sorrowful Lover's Regrate" and "The Maid's Lamentation for the Loss of her True Love," as well as on broadsides of more recent date. See also the Pedlar's Pack of Ballads (pp. 23–25); the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume i, p. 97; volume iii, p. 307); and Dr. Joyce's Ancient Irish Music (No. 68).

The "vow" verse occurs in "Bonny Bee Hom," a well-known Scottish ballad (Child, No. 92).

The words in the text are virtually as I took them down from the singer. The tune is partly Mixolydian. The word "box" in the third stanza is used in the old sense, that is "to hurry."

No. 24. The Unquiet Grave, or, Cold Blows the Wind
This ballad, of which I have collected a large number of variants, is widely known and sung by English folksingers. A Scottish version, "Charles Graeme," is in Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs; while several traditional versions of the words are printed by Child. Compare the ballad of "William and Marjorie" (Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 186), and versions of the well-known "William and Margaret." For variants
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with tunes, see the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume i, pp. 119 and 192; volume ii, p. 6); English County Songs (p. 34); Songs of the West (p. 12, 2d ed.); and English Traditional Songs and Carols (p. 50). The words of the sixth stanza in the text refer to an ancient belief that a maiden betrothed to a man was pledged to him after his death, and was compelled to follow him into the spirit world unless she was able to perform certain tasks or solve certain riddles that he propounded. In this particular version the position is, of course, reversed, and it is the maiden who lies in the grave. Compare "Scarborough Fair" (No. 74).

No. 25. The Trees they do grow high
The singer varied his tune, which is in the Dorian mode, in a very remarkable way, a good example of the skill with which folk singers will alter their tune to fit various metrical irregularities in the words (see English Folk Song: Some Conclusions, p. 25). For versions with tunes, see the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume i, p. 214; volume ii, pp. 44, 95, 206, and 274); Songs of the West (No. 4, 2d ed.); English Traditional Songs and Carols (p. 56); Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs ("Young Craigston"); and Johnson's Scott Musical Museum, volume iv ("Lady Mary Ann"). For some reason or other, Child makes no mention of this ballad. For particulars of the custom of wearing ribands to denote betrothal or marriage, see "Ribands" in Hazlitt's Dictionary of Faiths and Folk-Lore.

No. 26. Lord Lovel
I do not know of any publication in which the tune of this ballad is published. I have collected six versions, but only one complete set of words, the one given in the text (with the exception of the last two stanzas). Versions of the words are given in Child (English and Scottish Ballads); Bell's Early Ballads (p. 134); and Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads.

No. 27. False Lamkin
Under the heading "Lamkin," Child deals very fully with this ballad. There is a tradition in Northumberland that Lamkin and his tower were of that county, and Miss Broadwood says that she has seen what is said to be the original tower close to the little village of Ovingham-on-Tyne, "now a mere shell overgrown with underwood."

For other versions with tunes, see Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland and the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume i, p. 212; volume ii, p. 111; volume v, pp. 81-84). The ballad given here was collected in Cambridgeshire, in which county it is still very generally known to folk singers.

No. 28. Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor
This, of course, is a very common ballad. The words are on ballad-sheets and in most of the well-known collections, and are fully analyzed in Child's English and Scottish Ballads. For versions with tunes, see the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume ii, pp. 105-108); English County Songs (p. 42); Sandys's Christmas Carols; Traditional Tunes (p. 40); Ritson's Scottish Songs (Part iv, p. 228); etc.

The singer assured me that the three lines between the twentieth and twenty-first stanzas were always spoken and never sung. This is the only instance of the kind that I have come across (see English Folk Song: Some Conclusions, p. 6).

No. 29. The Death of Queen Jane
For other versions see Child (No. 170) and the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume ii, p. 221; volume iii, p. 67).

Queen Jane Seymour gave birth to Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI, on October 12, 1537, and died twelve days later. There is no evidence that her death was brought about in the way narrated in the ballad.

No. 30. 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).
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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. 31. 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” (No. 75), have been compiled from several versions that I have collected.

No. 32. The Crystal Spring
I have no variants of this song, nor have I been able to find it on ballad-sheets or in any published collection. I believe the tune to be a genuine folk-melody, though the sequence in the first phrase is unusual. On the other hand, the middle cadence on the third degree of the scale (thus avoiding a dominant modulation) is very characteristic of the folk-tune proper.

No. 33. 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 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 an example of a certain type of English folk-air.

No. 34. 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 tone 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 symbolic, 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. 35. 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 song as a wiles;
A brenus us good tidin’s,
And tells us no lies.
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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. 39. *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 very obscure. The tune is given in Rimbaud's *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques* (p. 102); in Chambers's *Scottish Songs prior to Burns* (p. 280); and elsewhere.

No. 40. *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.), but none of these are downright Mixolydian; tunes like the one in the text, which is the form in which the air is usually sung in England. 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..."
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Spark and a Country Lass,” 1740. It is difficult to say whether this be so or not, but I think that 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. 41. 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 Country 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 favorites with English folksingers, 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. 42. The Bold Fisherman
For other versions with tunes, see the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume i, p. 138; volume v, pp. 132-133); and English County Songs (p. 110).

I have always felt that there was something mystical about this song, and I was accordingly much interested to find that the same idea had independently occurred to Miss Lucy Broadwood, who, in the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume v, pp. 132, 133), has developed her theory in a very interesting manner. She believes that the “Bold Fisherman,” as it appears on broadsides, is but “a vulgar and secularized transmutation of a mediæval allegorical legend,” and points out that the familiar elements of Gnostic and Early Christian mystical literature, for example, “the River, the Sea, the royal Fisher, the three Vestures of Light (or Robes of Glory), the Recognition and Adoration by the illuminated humble Soul, the free Pardon,” etc., are all to be found among variants of this ballad. The early

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Fathers of the Christian Church wrote of their baptized members as “fish,” emerged from the waters of baptism. For a full exposition of this view, however, the reader is referred to the note above mentioned.

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

No. 43. 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, 2d 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. 44. Dabbling in the Dew
This is a very popular song all over England, and I have taken down a large number of variants. The 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,” not “dabbling in the dew,” that “makes the milkmaids fair”—which I am 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. 45. The Saucy Sailor
Other versions with tunes are published in the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume v, pp. 343-345); Tozer’s Sailor’s Songs (No. 39); Bar-
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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. 48. 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. 49. 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. 50. The Bonny Ligher-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. 51. The Sweet Primêroses
This is one of the most common of English folksongs. 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 emphasize the rhythm.”

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

No. 46. 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 folksingers 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 folksingers of that county.

No. 47. Arise, arise
I have taken down four variants of this ballad, but I do not know of any published form of it.
No. 52. 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, 2d 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 folksong, in which several notes are sung to a single syllable (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 109).

No. 53 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. 54. *Erin’s Lovely Home*
Other versions with tunes are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 117; volume ii, pp. 167 and 211); and the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society* (Part I, p. 11).

The words are on broadsides by Such and others.

The tune is almost invariably a modal one, either Æolian or, as in the present case, Dorian.

No. 55. *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. 56. *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.
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No. 57. *Sweet Lovely Joan*

The only variant of this that I know of is printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 270) and harmonized by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams in *Folk Songs from Sussex* (No. 14). As the singer could give me but five stanzas, I have had to complete his song from a broadside in my possession (no imprint). The tune, which is remarkable for the irregularity of its rhythm, is in the Æolian mode.

No. 58. *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. 59. *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. 60. *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. 61. *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, 2d 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. 62. *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. 63. *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 Lühr 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. 64. *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. 65. *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 folksong. The tune is partly Mixolydian.

No. 66. *The Keys of Canterbury*

For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume ii, p. 85); *English County Songs* (p. 32); *Songs of the West* (No. 22,
Neither words nor music were at all complete... I wrote it down and it got a good deal altered and I never looked upon it at all as a folksong,” and added that her song was now sung by the Salvation Army, under the title “Yes, Lord!” The song is, of course, closely allied to the two preceding songs. The tune is a variant of the “Billy Taylor” tune (see No. 71). The Shropshire version and the one in English County Songs are Dorian and Æolian (?) variants of the same air. The first two stanzas of the text are exactly as they were sung to me; the rest of the lines were coarse and needed considerable revision.

No. 69. The Brisk Young Bachelor

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

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

No. 70. Ruggleton’s Daughter of Iero

This song, of which I have only collected one variant, is a version of a very ancient ballad, the history of which may be traced in Child’s English and Scottish Ballads (No. 227), and in Miss Gilchrist’s note to “The Wee Cooper of Fife,” in the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume ii, pp. 223, 224). In some versions the husband is deterred from beating his wife through fear of her “gentle kin.” To evade this difficulty he kills one of his own wethers, strips off its skin, and lays it on her back, saying:

I dare na thump you, for your proud kin,
But well t’ail I lay to my ain wether’s skin.

(See “Sweet Robin,” in Jamieson’s Popular Ballads, volume i, p. 319.)
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This motive is absent from the present version, of which it may or may not once have formed part. For it is possible to argue that the "wether's skin" motive is an addition, which became attached to an older and simpler form of the ballad. The facts, as they stand, admit of either interpretation.

There is yet a third variation of the story in "Robin-a-thrush (see English County Songs, The Besom Maker, English Folk Songs for Schools, etc.), in which the story is still further curtailed by the omission of the wife-beating episode. In this latter form, it becomes a nursery nonsense-song, which relates in humorous fashion the ridiculous muddles made by a slovenly and incompetent wife. Its connection with "Ruggleton" or "Sweet Robin" is to be inferred from the title and refrain, "Robin-a-thrush," which, as Miss Gilchrist has pointed out, is probably a corruption of "Robin he thrashes her."

I have collected another song which has some affinity with "Ruggleton." Here the husband married his wife on Monday; cut "a twig of holly so green" on Tuesday; "hung it out to dry" on Wednesday; on Thursday he "beat her all over the shoulders and head, till he had a-broke his holly green twig;" on Friday she "opened her mouth and began to roar;" and, finally,

On Saturday morning I breakfast without
A solding wife or a brawling bout.
Now I can enjoy my bottle and friend;
I think I have made a rare week's end.

The same motive is to be found in "The Husband's Complaint," printed in Herd's Manuscripts, edited by Dr. Hans Hecht (p. 106).

The words given in the text are almost exactly as they were sung to me. I have, however, transposed the order of the words "breev" and "bake" in the fourth and fifth verses, in order to restore some semblance of a rhyme. Clearly there was some corruption; but whether my emendation is the correct one or not, it is difficult to say. There is a fragment, quoted by Jamieson, in which the verse in question is rendered:

She wadna bake, she wadna brew,
(Hollin, green hollin),
For spoiling o' her comely hue,
(Bend your bow, Robin).

There is, too, a version in The Journal of American Folk-Lore (volume vii, p. 253), quoted by Child, which is closely allied to the song in the text. In this variant, the following stanza occurs:

Jenny could n't wash and Jenny could n't bake,
Gently Jenny cried rosemerry,
For fear of dairing her white apron tape,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

No. 71. William Taylor

For other versions with tunes, see The Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume iii, pp. 214-220); and Folk Songs from Somerset (No. 118). No tune is better known to the average English folksinger 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 Cruikshank, 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.

No. 72. Sweet William

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

No. 73. The Watchet Sailor

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

No. 74. Scarborough Fair

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

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

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

No. 75. Brimledon Fair, or Young Ramble-Away

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

No. 76. Bridgewater Fair

St. Matthew’s Fair at Bridgewater is a very ancient one, and is still a local event of some importance, although it has seen its best days. The tune, which is partly Mixolydian, is a variant of “Gently, Johnny, my Jingalo” (No. 65), and also of “Bibberly Town” (Songs of the West, No. 110, 2d ed.). I have only one other variant of this, from which, however, some of the lines in the text have been taken.

No. 77. The Crabfish

A Scottish version of this curious song, “The Crab,” is given in A Ballad Book by C. K. Sharpe and Edmund Goldsmitd (volume ii, p. 10), published in 1824. The footnote states that the song is founded upon a story in Le Moyen de Parvenir. Some of the words have been altered.

The tune is in the Mixolydian mode, and was sung to me very excitedly and at break-neck speed, the singer punctuating the rhythm of the refrain with blows of her fist upon the table at which she was sitting.

No. 78. The Beggar

The words of the refrain of this song are very nearly identical with the chorus of “I cannot eat but little meat,” the well-known drinking-song in Gammer Gurton’s Needle. This play was printed in 1575 and, until the discovery of Royster Doyster, was considered to be the earliest English comedy. Its author was John Still, afterwards, that is, 1592, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The song, however, was not written by him, for Chappell points out that “the Rev. Alex. Dyce has given a copy of double length from a manuscript in his possession and certainly of an earlier date than the play.” Chappell furthermore calls attention to the custom of singing old songs or playing old tunes at the commencement, and at the end, of the acts of early dramas. “I cannot eat” has been called “the first drinking-song of any merit in our language.”

The words of this Exmoor song, excluding the chorus, are quite different from the version in Gammer Gurton’s Needle. It appears that under the title of “The Beggar and the Queen,” they were published in the form of a song not more than a century ago (see A Collection of English Ballads from beginning of Eighteenth Century, volume vii, Brit. Mus.). The tune, which is quite different from the one given here, is clearly the invention of a contemporary composer, but there is no evidence to show whether or not the words were the production of a contemporary writer; they may have been traditional verses which happened to attract the attention of some musician.
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There is a certain air of reckless abandonment about them which seems to suggest a folk-origin, and they are, at any rate, far less obviously the work of a literary man than are the verses—apart from the refrain—of "I cannot eat."

In The Songster's Museum (Gosport), there is a parody of the above song (chorus omitted), which, in the Bagford Ballads (volume i, p. 214), are attributed to Tom Dibdin.

A tune of "I cannot eat" is given in Ritson, and in Popular Music of the Olden Time (p. 72), and is a version of "John Dory." The tune in the text has no relation whatever to that well-known air, nor to any other tune that I know of. In my opinion, it may well be a genuine folk-air.

The singer gave me two verses only, the second and third in the text. The other two are from a version which the Rev. S. Baring-Gould collected in Devon, and which he has courteously allowed me to use. Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has recovered similar words in Dorset, but, like Mr. Baring-Gould, he found them mated to quite a modern and "composed" air.

No. 79. The Keeper
This is one of the few two-men folksongs. I have several variants of it, but the words of all of them, except this particular one, were so corrupt as to be unintelligible. The words are printed in an old garland, from which the last stanza in the text has been derived. The rest of the words are given as they were sung to me.

No. 80. The Three Sons
For other versions with tunes, see English Country Songs (p. 20), and Miss Mason's Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs (p. 7).

No. 81. Jack Hall
Jack Hall, who had been sold to a chimney-sweep for a guinea, was executed for burglary at Tyburn in 1701. The song must have been written before 1719, for in Pills to Purge Melancholy (volume ii, p. 182), there is a song, "The Moderator's Dream," "the words made to a pretty tune, call'd Chimney Sweep," which is in iden-

tically the same metre as that of "Jack Hall." A vulgarized edition of the song was made very popular in the middle years of the last century by a comic singer, G. W. Ross.

I have taken down four versions, the tunes of which, with the exception of that given in the text, are all variants of the "Admiral Benbow" air (see No. 87). The metre in which each of these two ballads is cast is so unusual that we may assume that one was written in imitation of the other. As Jack Hall was executed in 1701 and Admiral Benbow was killed in 1702, it is probable that "Jack Hall" is the earlier of the two.

The singer could recall the words of one verse only. The remaining stanzas have been taken from my other versions. The tune is in the Ἀεολικ mode.

No. 82. Driving away at the Smoothing Iron
I have noted two other versions of this song. The tune is a variant of "All round my hat," a popular song of the early years of the last century. Chappell, in his Ancient English Melodies (No. 126), prints a version of the air and dubs it "a Somersetshire tune, the original of "All round my hat."" I believe it to be a genuine folk-air, which, as in other cases, formed the basis of a street-song.

No. 83. The Robber
The words to which this remarkably fine Dorian air was sung were about a highwayman and his sweetheart, but were too fragmentary for publication. I have wedded the tune to a different, but similar, set of words which another singer sang to a very poor tune.

No. 84. John Barleycorn
For other versions with tunes of this well-known ballad, see Songs of the West (No. 14 and Note, 2d ed.); Barrett's English Folk Songs (No. 8); Journal of the Folk-Song Society (volume i, p. 81; volume iii, p. 255); and Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland (volume i, p. 134).

The earliest printed copy of the ballad is of the time of James I.
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Versions with words only are given in Dick’s *Songs of Robert Burns* (p. 314); *Roxburghe Ballads* (volume ii, p. 327); and Bell’s *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (p. 8c). Chappell gives “Stingo or Oil of Barley” as the traditional air; while Dick says it is uncertain whether Burns intended his version of the ballad to be sung to that tune or to “Lul me beyond thee.”

It is not easy to express in musical notation the exact way in which the singer sang this song. He dwelt, perhaps, rather longer upon the double-dotted notes than their written value, although not long enough to warrant their being marked with the formal pause. The singer told me that he heard the song solemnly chanted by some street-singers who passed through his village when he was a child. The song fascinated him and he followed the singers and tried to learn the air. For some time afterward he was unable to recall it, when one day, to his great delight, the tune suddenly came back to him, and since then he has constantly sung it. He gave me the words of the first stanza only. The remaining verses in the text have been taken from Bell’s *Songs of the Peasantry of England*. The tune, which is in the Æolian mode, is such a fine one that I have been tempted to harmonize it somewhat elaborately. Those who prefer a simpler setting can repeat the harmonies set to the first verse.

No. 85. Poor Old Horse

For other versions with tunes, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, pp. 75 and 26o; volume ii, p. 263); Miss Mason’s *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 49); *Songs of the West* (No. 77, 2d ed.); and *Songs of Northern England* (p. 6c).

The song was evidently one that was sung during the ceremony of the hobby horse, for example, the Hooden Horse in Kent (see *The Hooden Horse*, by Percy Maylam). A kindred ceremony, also associated with a song, “The Dead Horse,” is still celebrated by sailors after they have been a month at sea (*English Folk Chanties*, p. 73).

The tune is partly Mixolydian.

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No. 86. Botany Bay

I do not know of any published versions of this song. I made use of the tune in Mr. Granville Barker’s production of Hardy’s *Dynasts*, setting the words of the “Trafalgar” song to it.

No. 87. Admiral Benbow

*Chappell* (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*, volume ii, pp. 642 and 678) gives two versions of this ballad. The first of these is entirely different from that given in the text; but the words of the second version, which are taken from Halliwell’s *Early Naval Ballads of England*, are substantially the same, though set to a different air. The air “Marrinys yn Tiger,” in Mr. Gill’s *Manus National Songs* (p. 4), is a variant of our tune. Messrs. Kidson and Moffat publish a variant of the first of Chappell’s versions in *Minstrelsy of England* (p. 25) with an instructive note. See also Ashton’s *Real Sailor Songs* (p. 19).

John Benbow (1653–1702) was the son of a tanner at Shrewsbury. He was apprenticed to a butcher, from whose shop he ran away to sea. He entered the navy and rose rapidly to high command. The ballad is concerned with his engagement with the French fleet, under Du Casse, off the West Indies, August 19–24, 1702. The English force consisted of seven ships, of from fifty to seventy guns. Benbow’s ship was the *Breda*. Captain Walton of the *Ruby* was the only one of his captains to stand by him; the rest shirked. The *Ruby* was disabled on August 23, and left for Port Royal. Shortly afterwards Benbow’s right leg was shattered by a chain shot. After his wound was dressed, he insisted on being carried up to the quarter-deck, as narrated in the ballad. On the following day, his captains, headed by Captain Kirkby of the *Defiance*, came on board and urged him to discontinue the chase. This they compelled him to do, and he returned to Jamaica, where he at once ordered a court-martial. Captains Kirkby and Wade were sentenced to be shot; Vincent and Fogg were suspended; while Captain Hudson of the *Pendennis* died before the trial. Kirkby and Wade were executed on board the *Bristol*, in Plymouth Sound, on
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April 16, 1703. Admiral Benbow succumbed to
his wounds November 4, 1702, at Port Royal,
and was buried at Kingston. His portrait is, or
was, in the Painted Hall, Greenwich, to which
it was presented by George IV. Mr. Ashton
states that there is a tradition “that his body was
brought to England and buried in Deptford
Church.”

It is a little difficult to account for the popu-
larlity Benbow excited. Personally brave he cer-
tainly was; but he has been described as “an hon-
est rough seaman,” who, it is alleged, treated his
inferiors with scant courtesy. Their failure to
stand by him in the French fight was, of course,
dishonorable act of cowardice; but it may also
be attributed, to some extent, to their want of
personal regard for their chief.

No. 88. Bold Nelson’s Praise
This is the only version of this song that I know.
The singer mixed his words in all the verses ex-
cept the first one, necessitating a certain amount
of rearrangement. The air is in the Dorian mode,
and is a variant of “Princess Royal,” a well-known
Morris-Jig tune. Shield adapted the air to the
words of “The Saucy Arethusa,” one of the songs
in the ballad-opera The Lock and Key (1796). The
composition of the air has sometimes been at-
thributed to Carolan. The tune is also printed in
Walsh’s Compleat Dancing Master (circa 1730),
under the title “The Princess Royal: the new
way.”

No. 89. Spanish Ladies
This is a Capstan Chantey. It is also well known
in the navy, where it is sung as a song, chantey
not being permitted. Captain Kettlewell, R.N.,
who has made a special study of this song and
has very kindly revised the words for me, tells
me that when it is sung on board ship, the con-
cclusion of the chorus is, or always used to be,
greeted with a shout of “Heave and paw!” (the
pawl is the catch which prevents the recoil of the
windlass).

The tune is in the Æolian mode and, in my
opinion, it is one of the grandest of our folk-tunes
and one of which a seafaring nation may well be
proud. Nowadays, alas! sailors sing a modernized
and far less beautiful form of the air in the major
mode.

No. 90. The Ship in Distress
For other versions with tunes, see the Journal of
the Folk-Song Society (volume iv, pp. 320-323).
Ashton, in his Real Sailor Songs (No. 44), prints
a broadside version of the words. A similar song
is sung by French sailors, “Le petit Navire”
(Miss Laura A. Smith’s Music of the Waters,
p. 149), which Thackeray’s “Little Billee” was
a burlesque.

The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 91. Come all you worthy Christian men
Several versions of this moralizing ballad with
tunes are printed in the Journal of the Folk-Song
Society (volume i, p. 74; volume ii, pp. 115-122).
The tune is one of the most common, the most
characteristic, and I would add, the most beau-
tiful of English folk airs. The version here given
is in the Æolian mode, but it is often sung in the
major, Dorian, and Mixolydian modes. For other
versions of the tune set to different words, see
English County Songs (pp. 34, 68, and 102); and
Songs of the West (No. 111, 2d ed.). The well-
known air “The Miller and the Dee” is a minor
and “edited” version of the same tune. Chappell,
too, noted down a version of it which he heard
sung in the streets of Kilburn in the early
years of the last century (Popular Music, p. 748).
For an exhaustive note by Miss Broadwood upon
the tune and its origin, see the Journal of the
Folk-Song Society (volume ii, p. 119).

No. 92. Wassail Song
The old custom of wassail singing still survives
in many parts of England, though it is fast dying
out. The ceremony is performed on January 5,
_i.e._, the eve of Epiphany. It is of Saxon origin,
the word “wassail” (accent on the last syllable)
meaning “be of good health,” from A.-S. _wæs =
be, and _hæl_ = whole or hale. The cup “made of
the good old ashen tree” takes us back to the
period when all common domestic vessels were of wood. In early times there was an ecclesiastical edict against the use of wooden vessels for the Holy Communion.

Sir James Ramsay, in his *Foundations of England* (volume ii), quotes an old Saxon “toasting-cry” from Wace, the Anglo-Norman poet (d. 1180). The Chronicler says that the following lines were sung in the English camp on the eve of the battle of Hastings:

- *Bublie crient i weisel,*
- *E laticome i drencheheil*
- *Drinc Hindrewart i Drintome*
- *Drinc Helf, i drinc tome.*

This, according to Sir James Ramsay, may be translated thus:

- *Rejoice and wassail*  
  *Let it come (pass the battle) and drink health*  
  *Drink backwards and drink to me*  
  *Drink half and drink empty.*

For other versions, see “Somersetshire Wassail” (*A Garland of Country Songs*, No. 20); *Sussex Songs* (No. 3); and *The Besom Maker* (p. 9). For a Gloucestershire version, see *English Folk Carols* (No. 21).

The strong tune in the text is in the Dorian mode.

**No. 93. It's a rosebud in June**

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

**No. 94. A Brisk Young Sailor**

This is one of the most popular of English folk-songs. I have collected a large number of variants, from the several sets of which the words in the text have been compiled. For other versions see “There is an ale-house in yonder Town,” in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 252; volume ii, pp. 155, 158, 159, and 168; volume iii, p. 188).

**No. 95. The Sheep-Shearing**

The tune to which this song is set is, of course, that of “The Sweet Nightingale,” a song that is known to almost every folksinger in the West Country (see *Songs of the West*, No. 15, 2d ed.). Bell, in his *Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry*, prints the words, which he first heard from some Cornish miners at Marienburg and afterwards procured from a gentleman at Plymouth. He erroneously assigns them to the 17th century. For the Rev. S. Baring-Gould has shown that they first appeared in Bickerstaff’s “Thomas and Sally” (1760), set to music by Dr. Arne. The West Country tune, however, is quite distinct from Dr. Arne’s, and has all the qualities of the genuine folk-sir. Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that Bickerstaff’s words “travelled down into Cornwall in some such collection as ‘The Syren,’ and were there set to music by some local genius.”

I have collected several variants of “The Sweet Nightingale,” and the singer of one of them casually remarked that the tune did not really belong to those words but to a sheep-shearing song. He went on to say that many years ago, when he was a boy, a very old man used to come to his cottage and sing this sheep-shearing song; and then he repeated to me the words of the first stanza, which were all that he could recall. Now the singer was a man of ninety years of age, so that the sheep-shearing song must, presumably, have been in existence before 1760. It will be noticed that in this version of the air, the fourth phrase is not lengthened as it always is when sung to the words of “The Sweet Nightingale.” How and why this variation came to be made is an interesting point (see *English Folk Song: Some Conclusions*, p. 110).
No. 96. The Twelve Days of Christmas
This song consists of twenty-three verses, and is sung in the following way. The second verse begins:

On the eleventh day of Christmas
my true Love sent to me
Eleven bags of sealing wax,

and so on till the twelfth verse, as given in the text. The process is then reversed, the verses being gradually increased in length, so that the thirteenth verse is:

On the second day of Christmas
my true Love sent to me
Two turtle doves
One goldie ring,
And the part of a June apple-tree.

In this way the twenty-third verse is triumphantly reached, and that, except for the last line, is the same as the first verse.

Another way to sing the song is to begin with “On the first day of Christmas,” etc., and to continue to the “twelfth day,” when the song concludes.

“June Apple-Tree” may or may not be a corruption of “Juniper-Tree,” but the singer explained it by saying that it meant a tree whose fruit kept sound and good till the following June.

For the third gift, the singer sang “Three Britten Chains,” which she said were “sea-birds with golden chains round their necks.” All the other singers I have heard sang “Three French Hens,” and as this is the usual reading in printed copies, I have so given it in the text. “Britten Chains” may be a corruption of “Breton hens.”

The “twelve days” are, of course, those between Christmas Day and Epiphany, or Twelfth Day.

For other versions, see Mr. Baring-Gould’s note to “The jolly Goss-hawk (Songs of the West, No. 71); Chambers’s Popular Songs of Scotland (p. 42); Halliwell’s Nursery Rhymes (pp. 63 and 73); and Northumbrian Minstrelsy (p. 129), where the song is described as “one of the quaintest of Christmas carols now relegated to the nursery as a forfeit game, where each child in succession has to repeat the gifts of the day and incurs a forfeit for every error.” In this last version (also given in Halliwell’s Nursery Rhymes, p. 73, and Husk’s Songs of the Nativity), the first gift is “a partridge on a pear tree,” and this I have heard several times in country villages. One singer who gave it to me volunteered the statement that it was only another way of singing “part of a Juniper-tree,” of which, of course, it may be a corruption.

These words are also used as a Children’s Game. One of Halliwell’s versions (p. 63) is still used by children in Somerset, and Lady Gomme (Dictionary of British Folk-Lore, Vol. I, p. 315), besides reprinting three of the forms given above, gives a London variant. In a note to the game, Lady Gomme points out that the festival of the twelfth day, the great midwinter feast of Yule, was a very important one, and that in this game may, perhaps, be discerned the relic of certain customs and ceremonies and the penalties or forfeits incurred by those who omitted religiously to carry them out; and she adds that it was a very general practice for work of all kinds to be put entirely aside before Christmas and not resumed until after Twelfth Day.

Country singers are very fond of accumulative songs of this type, regarding them as tests of endurance and memory, and sometimes of sobriety!

No. 97. The Ten Commandments
This song is very common in Somerset and over the whole of the West of England. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has published a version in Songs of the West, and there are two versions in English County Songs. Both of these publications contain notes respecting the origin, distribution, and meaning of this curious song.

It will be seen that the words of many of the verses are corrupt; so corrupt, indeed, that in some cases we can do little more than guess at their original meaning. The variants that I have recovered in Somerset are as follows:

(1) All versions agree in this line, which obviously refers to God Almighty.

(2) “Two of these are lizzie both, clothed all in green, O!” Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that
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the “lily-white babes” are probably the Gemini, or signs for Spring.

(3) “Thriers,” “Tires,” or “Trivers.” It has been suggested that these may be corruptions of “Wisers,” as one printed version gives it, and may refer to the Wise Men from the East.

(4) Always “Gospel Preachers” or “Makers.”

(5) “The boys upon the pole,” “The thimble over the ball,” “The plum boys at the bowl,” or “in the brow.”

(6) “Broad Waiters,” “Charming Waiters,” “Go Waiters,” “The Minger Waiters.” The editors of English County Songs suggest that these may refer to the six water-pots used in the miracle of Cana of Galilee.

(7) Always “Seven stars in the sky” — presumably the constellation of Ursa Major.


(9) No Somerset variants. Mr. Baring-Gould records a Devon variant, “The Nine Delights,” that is, the joys of Mary.

(10) No variants.

(11) “Eleven and eleven is gone to heaven,” that is, the twelve Apostles without Judas Iscariot.

(12) No variants.

In Notes and Queries for December 26, 1868, there is a version of the words of this song as “sung by the children at Beckington, Somerset.” It begins as follows:

Sing, sing, what shall we sing?
Sing all over one.
One! What is one?
One they do call the righteous Man.
Serve poor souls to rest, Amen.

These are the remaining verses:

Two is the Jewry.
Three is the Trinity.
Four is the open door.
Five is the man alive.
Six is the crucifix.
Seven is the bread of leaven.
Eight is the crooked straight.
Nine is the water wine.
Ten is our Lady’s hen.
Eleven is the gate of heaven.
Twelve is the ring of bells.

A Hebrew version of the words of “The Ten Commandments” is to be found in the service for the Passover (see Service for the First Nights of Passover according to the custom of the German and Polish Jews, by the Rev. A. P. Mendes). The service for the second night of the Passover concludes with two recitations, both of which are accumulative songs. The second of these, “One only kid,” has nothing to do with “The Ten Commandments,” but, as it is analogous to the English nursery song, “The Old Woman and her Pig,” it is perhaps worth while to quote the last verse:

Then came the Most Holy, blessed be He, and slew the slayer of the ox, which had drunk the water, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two xuzim; one only kid, one only kid.

This, of course, is explained esoterically. The “cat,” for instance, refers to Babylon; the “dog” to Persia; the “staff” to Greece, and so on (see Mendes).

The other accumulative song, which precedes “One only kid,” is a Hebrew rendering of “The Ten Commandments” of western England. It contains thirteen verses:

Who knoweth one? I, saith Israel, know one: One is God, who is over heaven and earth.

Who knoweth two? I, saith Israel, know two: there are two tables of the covenant; but One is our God, who is over heaven and earth.

Who knoweth three? I, saith Israel, know three: there are three patriarchs, the two tables of the covenant; but One is our God, who is over heaven and earth.

Etc., etc., etc.

Who knoweth thirteen? I, saith Israel, know thirteen: Thirteen divine attributes, twelve tribes, eleven stars, ten commandments, nine months preceding child-birth, eight days preceding circumcision, seven days in the week, six books of the Mishnah, five books of the Law, four matrons, three patriarchs, two tables of the covenant; but One is our God, who is over the heavens and the earth.

Whether “One only kid” and “Who knoweth One?” originated with the common people and were afterward taken into the Passover service, or vice versa, is a matter of some doubt. Sim-
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rock (*Die deutschen Volkslieder*, p. 520) says that "Who knoweth One?" was originally a German peasants' drinking-song; that it was changed by the monks into an ecclesiastical song, very similar to the form in which we know it; and that afterward, probably during the latter half of the 16th century, it suffered a further adaptation and found a place in the Passover service of the German Jews. "Ehad Mi Yodea"—to give it its Hebrew title—has, however, since been found in the Avignon ritual as a festal table-song for holy-days in general, so that its inclusion in the Jewish Passover service may have been earlier than Simrock surmised. It appears that to the early manuscript Jewish prayer-books it was customary to append popular stories and ballads. That may have been the case with the two songs in question, in which event it is easy to see how they may gradually have been absorbed into, and have become, an integral part of the service itself.

The Rev. A. A. Green, in *The revised Hagada*, expresses the opinion that both of these accumulative songs are essentially Hebrew nursery-rhymes, and he regrets "that they have ever been regarded as anything else." He quotes the first verse of the Scottish "Song of Numbers:"

*We will all go sing, boys.*
*Where will we begin, boys?*
*We'll begin the way we should*
*And we'll begin at one, boys.*

The literature on the subject is a very large one. Those who are interested in the matter should consult the articles "Ehad Mi Yodea" and "Had Gadya" in the *Jewish Encyclopedia* (volumes v and vi), where many authorities are quoted.

It will be noticed that all the Christian forms of the song stop at the number twelve. It has been suggested that the Hebrew version was purposely extended to thirteen, the unlucky number, in order that the Jew might be able to feel that with him thirteen was a holy and, therefore, lucky number.

Like many accumulative songs, "The Ten Commandments" is a most interesting one to listen to. The best folksingers combine their musical phrases in a different manner in each verse, and in so doing display no little ingenuity. Their aim, no doubt, is to compound the phrases so as to avoid the too frequent recurrence of the full-close. I should have liked to have shown exactly how the singer sang each verse of the song, but this would have entailed printing every one of the twelve verses, and consideration of space forbade this. I have, however, given the last verse in full, and this, I hope, will be some guide to the singer.

A form of this song, "Green grow the rushes, O," is known at Eton, and is printed in *English County Songs* (p. 158); and Sullivan introduced a version into *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

No. 98. *The Tree in the Wood*

Miss Mason prints an interesting Devon variant in *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs* (p. 26), and there is another version from the same county in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West* (No. 104, 1st ed.). In his note to the latter, Mr. Baring-Gould says that under the name of "Ar parc caer" the song is well known in Brittany (see Luzel's *Chansons Populaires de la Basse Bretagne*). There are also French ("Le Bois Joli") and Danish forms of the song. See, also, the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (volume iii, p. 277); *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society* (volume i, p. 40); and *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (No. 93).

The version given here has not been previously published. The tune, which is in the Aëolian mode, is a variant of "Come all you worthy Christian men" (No. 91).

This is one of the easiest of all accumulative songs, both to learn and to sing, and it may, of course, be lengthened indefinitely, according to the taste and inventive powers of the singer.

No. 99. *The Barley-Mow*

I have a large number of variants of this song, which used to be in great request at Harvest Homes.

Chappell, without giving its origin, prints a traditional version in *his Popular Music* (p. 745),
and connects it with one of the Freemen's Songs in Deuteromelia. In Bell's Songs of the Peasantry of England, two versions of the words are given, one from the West Country, and a Suffolk variant. In a note to the former, it is stated that the song was usually sung at country meetings immediately after the ceremony of "crying the neck," an ancient pagan rite, traces of which still survive in Somerset.

A good singer, proud of his memory, will often lengthen the song to abnormal proportions by halving the drink-measures, half-pint, half-quart, half-gallon, and so on.

No. 100. One man shall mow my meadow
Although this is a very popular song and very widely known, and I have recently heard soldiers singing it on the march on more than one occasion, I am unable to give a reference to any published version of it.
ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH FOLKSONGS
HENRY MARTIN

1. There were three brothers in merry Scotland, In
   lo! Hul-lo! cried Henry Martin, What
   not! we won't lower our lofty top-sail, Nor
   
   merry Scotland there were three, And they did cast lots which of
   makes you sail so nigh? I'm a rich merchant ship bound for
   bow ourselves under your lee, And you shan't take from us our
   
   them should go, should go, should go, And turn robber all
   fair London Town, London Town, London Town, Will you please for to
   rich merchant goods, merchant goods, merchant goods, Nor point our bold
   
   on the salt sea. 2. The lot it fell first upon Henry Mar-
   let me pass by? 5. Oh no! Oh no! cried Henry Mar-
   guns to the sea. 8. With broad-side and broad-side and at it they
   
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tin, The youngest of all the three; That he should turn

went For fully two hours or three, Till Henry Mar-

robber 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 brothers and he. 8. He had not been sailing but a

tain my two brothers and me. 6. Come lower your top-sail and

straight to the bottom went she. 9. Bad news, bad news to

long winter's night And a part of a short winter's day, Be-

brall up your mizzen And bring your ship under my lee, Or

old England came, Bad news to fair London Town, There's
I will give you a full flowing ball, flowing ball, flowing ball,
been a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away, cast away,

And your dear bodies drown in the salt sea.
And all of the merry men drown'd.
BRUTON TOWN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

1. In Bruton Town there
2. If he our servant
3. Now welcome home, my
4. You rise up early to
5. She took her kerchief

lived a farmer
Who had two sons and one daughter dear.

By courts our sister,
That maid from such a shame I'll save.

I'll
dear young brothers,
Our servant man is he behind?

We've
morrow morning
And straightway to the brake you know,

And
from her pocket,
And wiped his eyes though he was blind;

Be-

day and night they were a-contriving To fill their parents' hearts with

put an end to all their courtship, And send him silent to his

left him where we've been a-hunting, We've left him where no man can

All
then you'll find my body lying cov'rd o'er in a gore of

cause he was my own true lover, My own true lover and friend of

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One told his secret to none other, But fear.

A day of hunting was prepared In grave.

She went to bed crying and lamenting, La find.

Then she rose early the very next morning; Un blood.

And since my brothers have been so cruel To mine.

unto his brother this he said: I think our servant thorny woods where briars grew. And there they did that young menting for her own true love. She slept. She dream'd. She to the garden brake she went, And there she found her take your tender sweet life away, One grave shall hold us courts our sister, I think they have a mind to wed. man a murder, And in the brake his fair body threw. saw him by her All covered o'er in a gore of blood. own dear jewel All covered o'er in a gore of blood. both together, And along with you in death I'll stay.
THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

Allegro commodo

1. It's of a pretty shepherdess, Kept sheep all on the
   stolen all my heart, young sir, Your self you are to
   some do call me Jack, he said, And some do call me
   mounted on his milk-white steed And away then he did

plain; Who should ride by but-- Knight William And--
blame; So if your vows are-- made in truth, Pray--
john; But when I'm in the-- fair king's court My--
ride; She tied a handkerchief round her waist And--

he was drunk with wine. Line, twine, the
tell to me your name. Line, twine, the
name is Sweet William. Line, twine, the
rode by the horse's side. Line, twine, the

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2. You've
3. O
4. He

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 shalt eat the bran;
I'll make thee rue the day and hour
That ever thou wast born.

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

17. The very next town that they came to
The wedding bells did ring;
And the very-next church that they came to
There was a gay wedding.
ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER

1. Bold Ar-der went forth one sum-mer morn-ing, To
view the mer-ry green wood; For to hunt for the deer that
king hath a-put me in trust; And there-fore I pray thee to

2. What a
Aye, or else to up-stand 'ee I must.

3. No! I am the keep-er of this par-ish; The
run here and there, And there he es-pied Rob-in Hood,
get on thy way, Or else to up-stand 'ee I must,

4. 'Tis
Aye, and there he es-pied Rob-in Hood.

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fellow art thou? quoth bold Robin Hood, And what is thy
thou must have more par-takers in store, Before thou up-

business 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 warrant he’ll do my deed,

Aye, and come for to steal the king’s deer.
Aye, and I warrant he’ll do my deed.
5. And I have an- other quoth bold Rob-in Hood, He's
7. Then at it they went for bang— for bang, The
9. O what is the mat-ter? then said lit-tie 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 Rob-in Hood, here's a

knock down a calf, And why should 'nt a knock down thee,
groove 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.
Aye, they play their game so sure.
Aye, I war-rant he's tanned my hide.
measure our staves, says bold Robin Hood, Before we be-
obliged Robin Hood drew forth bugle horn, And he blew it both
such a tanner, then says little John, A tanner that

gin and away.
loud and shrill. If by half a foot mine should be

pied little John, Come running a down the hill,
have a fresh bout And I warrant he’ll tan my hide too,

longer than thine, Then that should be counted foul play,

Aye, and that should be counted foul play,
Aye, come running a down the hill,
Aye, I warrant he’ll tan my hide too.
last verse

11. That thing shall not be, says bold Robin Hood, For

he is a hero so bold; For he has best play'd, he is

master of his trade And by no man shall he be controlled

Aye, and by no man shall he be controlled.
THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

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

2. Then

3. It was

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late last night, when my lord came home, Enquiring for his answer makes you leave your house and land? What makes you leave your lady, O! The servants said, on every hand: She's money, O? What makes you leave your new wedded lord, To
gone with the wrangle taggle gip-sies, O!
go with the wrangle taggle gip-sies, O? 4. O,
saddle 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
po - ny, O! That I may ride and seek my bride, Who is
mon - ey, O? What care I for my new wed - ded lord? I'm

gone with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip-sies, O! 5. O
off with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip-sies, O!

he rode high and he rode low, He rode through woods and
night you slept on a goose-feath-er 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 wrag-gle tag-gle gip-sies, O!

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

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

long with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip-sies, O!
6

LORD BATEMAN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato maestoso

1. Lord Bate-man was a
2. He
3. She
4. The Turk he had one
5. O, drunk unto him: I wish, Lord Bate-man, that you were mine.
6. And
7. She took him to her
8. For gay clothing, And swore Lord Bate-man she'd go and see.
9. And
10. Now sev-en long years are

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sailed East, he sailed West, He sailed unto proud Turkey.

There have you lands? O, have you living? And does Nor-thumb-land belong to thee?

What seven long years we'll make a vow, For seven long years we'll keep it strong;

If when she came to Lord Bateman's castle, How boldly she did ring the bell. Who's

he was taken and put in prison, Until his life was quite weary.

3. And will you give to a fair young lady, If out of prison she'll set you free.

6. Yes, you will wed with no other woman, Then I will wed with no other man.


12. O, in this prison there grew a tree, It grew so stout, it grew so strong. He was

I've got lands and I've got living, And half Nor-thumb-land belongs to me;

I'll took him to her father's harbour, She gave to him a ship of fame: Fare-

is this called Lord Bateman's castle? And is his lordship here within?
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 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.
BARBARA ELLEN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

1. In Scotland I was
2. He sent his servant
3. Slowly she put
4. A dying man! 0

born and bred,  In Scotland I was dwelling,  When a
she was  say ing:

to her house  To the place where she was dwell ing,  And
on her clothes,  So slowly she came to him,
don't say so, For one kiss from you will cure me.  One

young man on his death bed lay  For the sake of Bar b'ra El len.
You must come to my mas ter's house,  If your name is Bar b'ra El len,
when she came to his bedside,  She said: Young man, you're dying.
kiss from me you nev er shall have  While your poor heart is break ing.
5. If you look up at my bed-head
You will see my watch a-hang-ing;
Here's
6. If you look down at my bed's-foot
You will see a bowl a-standing,
And
7. As I was walking down the fields,
I heard some birds a-sing-ing;
And
8. As I was walking down the lane,
I heard some bells a-toll-ing;
And

my gold ring and my gold chain
in it is the blood I've shed
as they sang they seem'd to say:
as they told they seem'd to say:

I give to Bar-bra Ellen.
For the sake of Bar-bra Ellen.
Hard heart-ed Bar-bra Ellen.
Hard heart-ed Bar-bra Ellen.

9. As I 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 heart-ed Bar-bra 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 tomorrow.

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 briar.

13. It grew and grew so very high
Till it could grow no higher;
And around the top grewed a true lover's knot
And around it twined sweet-briar.
LITTLE SIR HUGH

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto grazioso

1. It rains, it rains in merry Lincoln, It no, no, I dare not come With-
when the school was over, His head is heavy I cannot get up, My-

rains both great and small, When all the boys come out to play, To
out my playmates too; For if my mother should be at the door She would
mother came out for to call; With a little rod under her apron To
grave it is so deep; Besides a penknife sticks into my heart, So

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

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

all the fine Jew's 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 moth-er in. 9. He is not here the
bod- y and mine shall meet. 12. And lay my pray-er book

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

lit-tle Sir Hugh, You shall have your ball a-gain. 4. O_
dress-er board And stabbd 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.
GEORDIE

Collected and arranged by
GEORGE J. SHARP

VOICE

Andante

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

milk-white steed, Come, brid-le me my po-ny, That I have got, The sev-enth lies in my bod-y; I'll
down on him. And said: I'm sor-ry for thee. 'Tis
gold-en chains. (His crimes were nev-er man-

I may ride to fair Lon-don town To plead for my Geor-die.
free-ly part with them ev-ry one, If you'll spare me the life of Geor-die.
thine own con-fes-sion hath hang-ed thee, May the Lord have mer-cy up-on thee.
cause he came of roy-al blood And court-ed a vir-tu-ous la-dy.
2. And when she entered in the hall There were
lords and ladies plenty.

4. Then Georgie looked round the court, And
saw his dearest Polly; He said: My dear, you've
never murdered any.

6. O Georgie stole nor cow nor calf And he
times I have been many, With my broad sword and my

8. I wish I were in yonder grove, Where
then did fall To plead for the life of Georgie.

3. It's come too late, For I'm condemn'd already!

5. Then the king's white steeds And sold them in Bohemian.

7. Let pistol too I'd fight for the life of Georgie.
10

LADY MAISRY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto con moto

1. She called to her little page-boy, Who was her brother's son. She
when he came to the new cas-tell, The lord was set at meat; If

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

ver - y first mile he would walk And the sec - ond he would run,
is my tow - er fall-ing, fall-ing down, Or does my bow - er burn? Or_

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

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No, your tower is not falling down, Nor does your bower burn; But

we are afraid ere you return Your lady will be dead and gone. 6. Come

saddle, saddle my milk-white steed, Come saddle my pony too, That

I may neither eat nor drink Till I come to the old castle. 7. Now
when he came to the old cas-tell, He heard a big boll toll; And
times he kissed her red ru-by- lips, Nine times he kissed her chin. Ten

then he saw eight no-ble, no-ble men, A- bear-ing of a pall. 8. Lay
times he kissed her snow-y, snow-y breast, Where love did en- ter in. 10. The
down, lay down that gen-tle, gen-tle corpse, As it lay fast a-sleep, That-
lad-y was bur-ied on that Sun-day, Be-fore the prayer was done; And the

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

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

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

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

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

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fa - ther's gold, And some of your moth - er'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

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 - die so small And bun-dled him in - to the
dim.

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

p

mf staccato
grey; They rode till they came unto the seaside, Three me; For it is not fitting that such a ruffian A side; Catch hold of my hand, my fair pretty maid, And

hours before it was day. 4. Light naked woman should see. 7. And thee I will make my bride. 10. Lie

10. Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man, Lie there instead of me; For six pretty maidens hast thou drowned here, The seventh hath drown-ed 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 turn-ed for me; Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold, And the door of the best ivory.
12

THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY

Collected and arranged by

CECIL J. SHARP

Con spirito

VOICE

1 Look ahead, look astern, look the back up your top sails, and quarters! for quarters! the

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

so sailed we. I see a wreck to wind ward and a
so sailed we. For we have got some let ters to be
so sailed we. The quar ters that we showed them was to

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

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ry. 2. Then hail her, our captain he called o'er the side; Blow
ry. 5. We'll back up our top-sails and heave our vessel to; Blow
ry. 8. With cutlass and gun O we fought for hours three; Blow

high! Blow low! And so sailed we. O are you a
high! Blow low! And so sailed we. But only in some
high! Blow low! And so sailed we. The ship it was their

pirate or a man-o'-war, he cried? A-sailing down all
harbour and along the side of you. A-sailing down all
coffin, and their grave it was the sea. A-sailing down all

on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 3. O are you a
on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 6. For broad-side for
on the coasts of High Bar-ba-ry. 9. But O it was a
Pirate or man-o'-war, cried we?
Blow high!

Broad side, they fought all on the main;
Blow high!

Cruel sight and grieved us full sore,
Blow high!

Low! and so sailed we.
O no! I'm not a pirate but a
Low! and so sailed we.
Until at last the frigate shot the
Low! and so sailed we.
To see them all drowning as they

Man-o'-war, cried he,
A sailing down all on the coasts of
Pirate's mast away.
A sailing down all on the coasts of
Tried to swim to shore.
A sailing down all on the coasts of

First & second times
Third time

High Bar-ba-ry. 4. Then
High Bar-ba-ry. 7. For
High Bar-ba-ry.
13

THE CRUEL MOTHER

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

1. There was a lady dwelt in York;
laid her head against a stone,
took a knife, both long and sharp,
she was walking home one day,
said: Dear children, can you tell
yes! dear mother, we can tell;

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

Five times

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

Last time

by the green-wood side O.

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THE GOLDEN VANITY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

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

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

Gold-en Van-i-ty. I _ fear she will be ta-ken by some
her I do de-stroy? O I will give thee gold, my boy, and
oth-ers at the dice. He took two bor-ers in his hand and
drift-ing with the tide. O I'll not pick thee up a-gain, the
drift-ing with the tide. So the ship-mates pick'd him up a-gain and
Turkey Enemy, and then she'll be sunk, at the 
I will give thee store, and thou shalt have my daughter when
bored two holes at once, the water flowed so strong that they
Captain he replied, I'll shoot thee, I'll stab thee and
on the deck he died, and they threw his body overboard to

Bottom of the sea, and be sunk all in the Low-lands Low, Low-lands
I return 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 along the tide, and he sank all in the Low-lands Low, Low-lands

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.
15

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

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

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

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

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2. O what is the matter, my daughter Jane, That you do look so wan?

4. O is it any noble, noble knight, Or any gentle hand, This day you shall sup and dine with me, And be

6. If you will marry my daughter Jane And take her by the hand, This day you shall sup and dine with me, And be

8. For I have houses and I have land, And money at my command, I fear you have had some illness, Or been

worrying with some young man, or been courting with some young man, that has just returned from Spain, and be heir to all my land, I was never your serving man,
1. There was a Squire lived in the East, a Squire of high degree, Who went was a farmer lived close by, he had an only son, Who came wrote the Squire a letter and sealed it with her hand. And she wrote her back another: Go, dress yourself in green; In a looked East, he looked West, he looked all o'er his land. And there court- ing of a country girl, a comely maid was she; But when her father heard of it, an court- ing of this girl un-til her love he thought he'd won; Her mother gave him her consent, her said; This day I'm to be wed unto another man. The suit all of the same at your wedding I'll be seen; In a suit all of the same to your came to him full eight score men, all of a Scotch band. He mounted them on milk-white steeds, a

angry man was he, He requested of his daughter dear to shun his company. To my father his like-wise, Until she cried: I am undone! And tears fell from her eyes. To my smiled and thus did say: O I may de-prive him of his bride all on his wedding day. To my wedding I'll re-pair, O my dear-est dear I'll have you yet in spite of all that's there. To my singe man rode he; Then all the way to the wedding-hall went the company dressed in green. To my
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do, ral-ly, dal-ly, day. To my ral-ly, dal-ly, di-do,
ral-ly, dal-ly, day. 2. There
ral-ly, dal-ly, day. 3. She
ral-ly, dal-ly, day. 4. He
ral-ly, dal-ly, day. 5. He
day.

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.
   6. To my rally, daily, dido,
      Rally, daily, day. :a

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.
   7. To my rally, daily, dido,
      Rally, daily, day. :a

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.
   8. To my rally, daily, dido,
      Rally, daily, day. :a

9.
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.
   9. To my rally, daily, dido,
      Rally, daily, day. ::
17

THE BRIERY BUSH

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto semplice

1. O hang-man, stay thy hand, And stay it for a
father, have you my gold? And can you set me
I've not brought thee gold, And I can't set thee

while, For I fancy I see my father Across the yonder
free? Or are you come to see me hung All on the gallows-
free; But I have come to see thee hung All on the gallows-

stille. 2. O tree? 3. No, tree. 4. O the bri-ery bush, That
The above verses are repeated ad libitum, with the substitution of other relatives, e.g. "mother," "brother," "sister," etc. for "father." The arrival of the "true-love" brings the song to a close as follows:

5.
O hangman, stay thy hand,
And stay it for a while,
For I fancy I see my true-love a-coming
Across the yonder stile.

6.
O true-love, have you my gold?
And can you set me free?
Or are you come to see me hung
All on the gallows tree?

7.
O yes, I've brought thee gold,
And I can set thee free;
And I've not come to see thee hung
All on the gallows tree.

8.
O the briery bush,
That pricks my heart so sore;
Now I've got out of the briery bush,
I'll never get in any more.
18

LORD RENDAL

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante con moto

1. Where have you been all the day,
2. What have you been eat - ing,
3. Where _ did she get them from,

REN - dal, my son? Where have you been all the day, my pret - ty one? I've
REN - dal, my son? What have you been eat - ing, my pret - ty one? O
REN - dal, my son? Where _ did she get them from, my pret - ty one? From

been to my sweet-heart, moth-er,
eels and eel broth, moth-er,
hed - ges and ditch - es, moth-er,

I've been to my sweet-heart,
O eels and eel broth,
From hed - ges and ditch - es,

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4. What was the colour on their skin, Rendal, my son?
What was the colour on their skin, my pretty one?
O spickit and sparkit, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

5. What will you leave your father, Rendal, my son?
What will you leave your father, my pretty one?
My land and houses, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

6. What will you leave your mother, Rendal, my son?
What will you leave your mother, my pretty one?
My gold and silver, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

7. What will you leave your brother, Rendal, my son?
What will you leave your brother, my pretty one?
My cows and horses, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

8. What will you leave your lover, Rendal, my son?
What will you leave your lover, my pretty one?
A rope to hang her, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

1. There was a farmer's
   son
   and ran out one May morning
   to see what he could kill.

2. He looked high, he
   kept
   there he saw a fair pretty maid
   beside the wat'ry brook.

3. Cast over me your
   look
   if you will, take hold my hand,
   and I will be your own.

4. If you come down to my
   cottage
   you shall have a kiss from me,
   and twenty thousand pound.

5. He mounted on a
   steed
   then they rode along the lane
   like sister and brother.
And sing blow away the morning dew
The dew, and the dew.

Blow away the morning dew, How sweet the winds do blow.

6.
As they were riding on alone,
They saw some pooks of hay.
O is not this a very pretty place
For girls and boys to play?

And sing blow away the morning dew,
The dew and the dew.

Chorus
Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

7.
But when they came to her father's gate,
So nimble she popped in:
And said: There is a fool without
And here's a maid within.

Chorus. And sing blow away etc.

8.
We have a flower in our garden,
We call it Marigold:
And if you will not when you may,
You shall not when you wolde.

Chorus. And sing blow away etc.
THE TWO MAGICIANS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Vivace

1.0 She look'd out of the window as white as any milk, — But

He look'd into the window as black as any silk. — Hul-loa, hul-loa, hul-loa, hul-loa, you coal-black smith! you have done me no harm. You

never shall change my maiden name that I have kept so long; I'd rather die a
maid. Yes, but then she said, And be buried all in my grave, than I'd have such a nasty,

husky, dusty, musty, fussy, coal-black Smith. A maiden I will

die.

2. Then she became a duck,

3. Then she became a hare,

4. Then she became a fly,

duck all on the stream; And he became a water-dog And fetch'd her back again.

hare upon the plain; And he became a greyhound dog And fetch'd her back again.

fly all in the air; And he became a spider And fetch'd her to his lair.

D.S.
1. Six Lords went a-hunting Down by the sea-side,
   And they spied a dead body Wash'd away by the tide.
   Side,

2. They thrown, Twas the noble Duke of Bedford The sea had thrown.
   Some folks disputed The hunt-men's bare word, Un-

3. Took him to Portsmouth, The place he was known.
   And noble Duke of Bedford In his coffin of stone,

4. Straight away to London To the place he was born.
   Boy grand lady cried: 'Tis my dear lord.

5. In his coffin of stone. 9. With in Woburn

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bowels And stretched out his feet, And garnish'd him all over With
side him And kiss'd his cold cheek— And sadly did murmur: My
Abbev His body was laid, Amongst his ancestors, Whose

lil'ses so sweet. 4. 'Twas the poor heart will break. 7. For
deeds are not dead.

heard to this day, When a noble Duke of Bedford is passing a-

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DEATH AND THE LADY

Collected and arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

Andante sostenuto

VOICE

1. As I walk'd out one day, one day, I met an aged man—
said: Old man, what man are you? What country do you be—
give you gold, I'll give you pearl, I'll give you costly rich—

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

cloth-ing made of the cold earth-en clay, His cloth-ing made of the cold earth-en
kings and princes bow down unto me, And you, fair maid, must come a-long with
give me time my life to a-mend, And give me time my life to a—
I'll have no gold, I'll have no pearl, I
six months' time, this fair maid died. Let

want no costly rich robes to wear. I cannot spare you a little
this be put on my tombstone, she cried. Here lies a poor, distressed

while, Nor give you time your life to amend, Nor give you time your
maid; Just in her bloom she was snatched away, Her clothing made of the

life to amend.

cold earthen clay.
THE LOW, LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND

Collected and arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

1. The very day I was married, That
Holland is a cold place, A
build my love a galant ship, A
mother to the daughter, What
not a swain goes round my waist, Nor a

night I lay on my bed;
place where grows no green,
ship of noted fame,
makes you to lament?
comb goes in my hair,

A press-gang came to
And Holland is a
With four and twenty
O there are lords and
Neither firelight nor

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rise, a - rise, a - rise, young man, And_ come a - long with
mon - ey had been as_ plen - ti - ful_ As_ leaves up - on_ the
rant and roar_ in_ spar - kling glee Where - some ev - er they_ do
nev - er will I_ mar - ried be_ Un - til the day_ I
nev - er will I_ mar - ried be_ Un - til the day_ I

me, with me, To the low, low lands of_ Hol - land To -
tree, the tree, Yet be - fore I'd time to_ turn my - self My -
go, do_ go, To the low, low lands of_ Hol - land, To -
die, I die, Since the low, low lands of_ Hol - land Have
die, I die, Since the low, low lands of_ Hol - land Have

face your en - e - my.
love was stol'n from me.
face the dar - ing_ foe.
part - ed my love and me.

2. But
3. I'll
4. Says the
5. There's
THE UNQUIET GRAVE
or
COLD BLOWS THE WIND

Collected and arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

VOICE

Andante

1. Cold blows the wind to my true love, And
gently drops the rain, I never had but one sweet-heart, And in
any young man may; I'll sit and mourn all on her grave For a
ghost began to speak: Why sit-test here all on my grave, And.

PIANO

and

one thing that I crave: And that is a kiss from your lil-y-white lips— Then

green-wood she lies slain, And in green-wood she lies slain.
twelve-month and a day, For a twelve-month and a day,
will not let me sleep? And will not let me sleep?
il'll go from your grave, Then il'll go from your grave.

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5. My breast it is as cold as clay, My breath smells earth-ly
6. Go fetch me wa-ter from the des-ert, And blood from out of a
7. O down in yon-der grave, sweet-heart, Where you and I would
8. The stalk is with-er'd and dry, sweet-heart, And the flow-er will nev-er re-
9. When shall we meet a-gain, sweet-heart? When shall we meet a-

strong: And if you kiss my cold clay lips, Your-
stone; Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast That a
walk; The first flow-er that ev-er I saw Is-
turn; And since I lost my own sweet-heart, What-
gain? When the oak-en leaves that fall from the trees Are-

days they won't be long, Your days they won't be long.
young man nev-er had known, That a young man nev-er had known.
with-er'd to a stalk, Is with-er'd to a stalk.
can I do but mourn? What can I do but mourn?
green and spring up a-gain, Are green and spring up a-gain.
THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH

Collected and arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto espressivo

1. The trees they do grow high, and the leaves they do grow
   green; But the time is gone and past, my Love, that you and I have seen. It's a
two, And then perhaps in time, my Love, a man he may grow, I will fine, And ev'ry stitch I put in it the tears came trink-ling down; And

cold winter's night, my Love, when you and I must bide a-lone. The bon-ny lad was
buy you white ribbons to tie about his bon-ny waist, To let the la-dies
I will sit and mourn his fate until the day that I shall die, And watch all o'er his

young, but a-grow-ing.

2. O fa-ther, dear fa-ther, I
know that he's mar-r-yed.

4. At the age of six-teen O he
child while it's grow-ing.

6. O now my Love is dead and
fear you've done me harm. You've married me to a bonny boy, but I
was a married man. At the age of seventeen He was the
in his grave doth lie. The green grass that's over him it

fear he is too young. O daughter, dearest daughter, but
father of a son. At the age of eighteen my Love, his
growth up so high. O once I had a sweet heart, but

if you stay at home with me A Lady you shall be, while he's
grave it was a growing green, And so she saw the end of his
now I have got never a one, So fare you well, my own true Love, for

First and second times

Third time
LORD LOVEL

Collected and arranged by
Cecil J. Sharp

Moderato

1. Lord Lovel he stood at his own castle gate, A long you'll be gone Lord Lovel? she said; How rode and he rode on his milk-white steed, Till he ordered the grave to be open'd a wide, And the one was buried in the lower chan-cell, The

comb-ing his milk-white steed, When up came Lady Nancy Belle To long you'll be gone? cried she, In a year or two, or three at the most, I'll return to London Town; And there he heard the church-bells ring And the shroud to be turn'd around; And then he kiss'd her cold clay cheeks Till the other was buried in the high'r, From one sprang out a gallant red rose, From the

wish her lover good speed, good speed, To wish her lover good speed. 2. O turn to my Lady Nancy, Nancy, I'll return to my Lady Nancy. 4. He people all mourning around, around, And the people all mourning around. 6. Ahi! tears came trickling down, down, down, Till the tears came trickling down. 8. Lady other a gilly flower, flower, From the other a gilly flower. 10. And
where are you going, Lord Love? she said,
where are you going? cried
had not been gone but a year and a day,
Strange
who is dead? Lord Love he cried, Ah!
who is dead? cried
Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord
there they grew and turn'd and twined
Till they gained the chan-

she: I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle, Strange
to
see,
When a strange thought came into his head,
He'd go and see Lady Nancy
he.
An old woman said: Some lady is dead, They called her Lady Nancy
mor-row;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief, Lord Love he died out of
top,
And there they grew and turn'd and twined And tied in a true lover's

see, see, see, Strange countries for to see.
3. How
cy, -cy, -cy, He'd go and see Lady Nancy.
5. He
cy, -cy, -cy, They called her Lady Nancy.
7. He
sor-row, row, Lord Love he died out of sor-row.
9. The
knot, knot, knot, And tied in a true lover's

Four times
Last time
27 FALSE LAMKIN

Moderato

1. The Lord said to the Lady, Before he went
durst I go down in the dead of the
me your daughter Betsy, She will do me some

out: Beware of false Lam-kin, He's a-walk-ing a-bout. 2 What care
night? Where there's no fire a-kin-died, No can-dle a-light. 6 As
good; She will hold the sil-ver ba-sin To catch her own heart's blood. 10 Pre tty

I for false Lam-kin Or an-y of his kin? When the doors are all
she was a-go-ing down, And think-ing no harm, False Lam-kin he-
Betsy, be-ing up At the win-dow so high, Saw her own dear est
bolt-ed And the windows close pinn'd. 3. At the back window False caught her Right tight in his arm.

fair father Come a-riding close by. 11.Dear father! dear father! O

Lam-kin crept in; And he prick-ed one of the el-der babes With a bright sil-ver

life that's so sweet; You shall have as man-y bright guin-eas As stones in the blame not of me; For it was false Lam-kin Mur-der'd ba-by and

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

hear one of those el-der babes A-try-ing to weep? 5. How 13. False
have my daugh-ter_ Bet-sy, She's the flow'r of the flock. 9. Fetch
blood in the_ par-lour, Where the La-dy did fall.

Lam-kin shall be hung On the gal-lows so high; While his bones shall be_

burn-ed In the fire close by.
28

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

1. Lord Thom-as he was a bold for-es-ter, And
   way— he flew to fair El-li-nor's bow'r And
   rid-dle, my moth-er, come rid-dle, she said, Come
   El-li-nor dress'd in her rich ar-ray, Her

keep-er of our king's deer; Fair El-li-nor she was a gay la-dy, Lord
rin-gled so loud at the ring; No one was so read-y as fair El-li-nor To
ridd-le it un-to me; Wheth-er I to Lord Thom-as's wed-ding shall go, Or
mer-ry men all in green; And ev-'ry town that she rode through They

Thom-as he loved her dear, 2. Now rid-dle my rid-dle, dear moth-er, said she, And
let__ Lord Thom-as in. 5. What news, what news, what news? she cried, What
whether I stay with thee. 8. It's hun-dreds are your friends, daugh-ter, And
took__ her for some queen. 11. She rode till she came to Lord Thom-as-‘s house; She

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The brown girl, Or bring fair El-linor home.
my wed-ding, Beneath the syc-a-more tree.
all my bless-ing To Lord Thom-as's wed-ding don't go.
Thom-as him-self To let fair El-linor in.

house and land, Fair. El-linor she has none;
any such thing Should ev-er pass by my side;
friends, moth-er; And hun-dreds are my foes;
lil-y-white hand And led her through the hall;

Whether I shall mar-ry the news hast thou brought un-to me?
I am come to bid thee to thou-sands are your foes;
There-fore I beg thee with tindled so loud at the ring;
There was none so read-y as Lord
on my bless-ing To bring the brown girl home. 4. So a-
been my bride-groom And I should have been thy bride. 7. Come
tide—my death, To Lord Thom-as’s wed-ding I’ll go. 10. Fair
no-bless chair A-mongst the ladies all. 13. Is

13. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas? she said,  16. Oh! what is the matter, Fair Ellen? he said,
     Methinks she looks wonderfully brown;   Methinks you look wondrous wan;
     When you could have had the fairest lady   You used to have as fair a colour
     That ever trod English ground.   As ever the sun shone on.

14. Despise her not, Lord Thomas then said,  17. Oh! are you blind, Lord Thomas? she said,
     Despise her not unto me;   Oh! can you not very well see?
     For more do I love thy little finger   Oh! can you not see my own heart’s blood
     Than all her whole body.   Come trinkling down my knee?

15. The brown girl had a little penknife,  18. Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
     Which was both long and sharp;   As he walked through the hall;
     ’Twixt the small ribs and the short she pricked   He took off the brown girl’s head from her shoulders
     Fair Ellinor to the heart.   And flung it against the wall.

19. He put the handle to the ground,  20. Lord Thomas was buried in the church,
     The sword unto his heart.   Fair Ellinor in the choir;
     No sooner did three lovers meet,   And from her bosom there grew a red rose,
     No sooner did they part.   And out of Lord Thomas the briar.

21. They grew till they reached the church tip top,  21. Make me a grave both long and wide,
     When they could grow no higher;   Spoken And lay fair Ellinor by my side—
     And then they entwined like a true lover’s knot,   And the brown girl at my feet.
THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

1. Queen Jane was in labour For
   Henry was absent for, King
   Jane, my love, Queen Jane, my love, Such a
   Henry went mourning And

six days or more, Till her women got tired And wished it were
Henry did come home For to meet with Queen Jane My love Your eyes do look so
thing was never known, If you have your right side open'd You will lose your dear ba-
so did his men And so did his dear baby For Queen Jane did di-

2. Good women, good women, Good women if you be, Will you
dim. 4. King Henry, King Henry, King Henry if you be, If you
by. 6. Will you build your love a castle And lie down so deep For to
en. 8. How deep was the mourning How wide were the bands, How

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send for King Henry, For King Henry I must see.
have my right side open'd You will find my dear baby.
bury my body And christen my dear baby.
yellow, yellow were the flam boys They carried in their

Fourth time

hands. 9. There was fiddling, there was dancing On the day the babe was

born, While the royal Queen Jane beloved Lay cold as a stone.
FAREWELL, NANCY

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY
CECIL J. SHARP

1. Farewell, my dearest Nancy, since I must now leave you;
   Unto the salt seas I am bound for to go; But tackle, And your pretty little feet on our topmast can't go; And the

2. Your pretty little hands can't handle our cold stormy weather, Love, you never can endure, Therefore, dearest
2. Like some pretty little sea-boy, I will dress and go with you; In the deepest of danger, I shall stand your friend; In the cold stormy weather, when the winds are abounding for to go, Where the winds do blow high and the seas loud roaring, My dear, I shall be willing to wait on you then.

4. So farewell, my dearest Nancy, since I must now leave you; Unto the salt seas I am blowing. My dear, I shall be willing to wait on you then. So make yourself contented; be kind and stay on shore.
31

SWEET KITTY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

1. As he was a
   riding, and a

2. I gave her a
   wink and she

3. Come saddle my
   horse and a

4. Six times he rode
   round her, but

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

way; by.
Sing fol the did-dle de-ro,
Fol the did-dle de-ro, Sing
side.
beau.

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5. I said: Pretty maiden, don't—
6. If you'd know my name, you must—
7. Come, all pretty maidens, who—

smile in my face, I do not intend to stay long in this
place. 

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

First & 2d times  Last time

le-ro-i-day. day.

dim. e rall.
THE CRYSTAL SPRING

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

1. Down by some crystall...
true love, for to be his bride. 2. Dear Phyllis, says he, can
chaffing they'll change like the wind: 4. But if e'er I prove false to my

you fancy me? All in your soft bowers a crown it shall
soft little dove May the ocean turn desert; and the elements

be: You shall take no pain, I will you maintain. My
move; For wher e'er I shall be, I'll be constant to thee. Like a

ship she's a loaded, just come in from Spain. 3. There are
rover I will wander and swim through the

sea.
Andantino

I sow'd the Seeds of Love,  And I
And the Garden was planted well,  With
And the Gard'ner was standing by;  And I
And the Violet I did not like;  Be-
June there was a Red Rosebud,  And-

sow'd them in the spring: I gather'd them up in the
flow'ers every where: But I had not the liberty to
ask'd him to choose for me. He chose for me the Violet, the
cause it bloom'd so soon. The Lily and the Pink I
that is the flow'r for me. I oftentimes have pluck'd that

morning so soon, While the small birds so sweetly sing, While the
choose for myself Of the flow'rs that I love so dear, Of the
Lily and the Pink, But those I refused all three, But
really over-think, So I vow'd that I would wait till June, So I
red Rosebud Till I gain'd the willow tree, Till I

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small birds so sweetly sing.
flow-ers that I love so dear.
those I re-fused all three.
vow'd that I would wait till June.
gain-ed the willow-

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

that young man's arms That once had the heart of mine,
That
once had the heart of mine. 7 Come, all you false young men, Do not leave me here to complain. For the grass that has often times been trampled under foot, Give it time, it will rise up again, Give it time, it will rise up again.
Andante con moto

1. O once I had thyme of my June, there was a red-a-ro-sy own, And in my own garden it grew; I
bud, And that seemed the flower for me; And

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

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

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rue it is a flourishing thing, It flourishes by night and by
wil-low, wil-low tree it will twist, And the willow, willow tree it will

day; So be-ware of a young man's flatter-ing tongue, He will
twine; And so it was that young and false-hearted man When he

steal your thyme a-way, a-way, He will steal your thyme a-
gained this heart of mine, of mine, When he gained this heart of

way, 3. I sow-ed my gar-den full of
mine. 6. O thyme it is a pre-cious, pre-cious
seeds; But the small birds they carried them away. In
thing On the road that the sun shines upon;

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

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

Second time
gone.
35
THE CUCKOO

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante dolente

1. O the cuckoo she's a
pretty bird, she sing-eth as she flies. She bring-eth good tid-ings, she tell-eth no-
lies. She suck-eth white flow-ers, for to keep her voice clear; And the

more she sing-eth cuckoo, the sum-mer draw-eth near.
2. As I was a-walking and a-talking one day,

3. I wish I were a scholar and could handle the pen, I would

met my own true love, as he came that way. O to

write to my lover and to all roving men. I would

meet him was a pleasure, though the court ing was a woe, For I
tell them of the grief and woe, that attend on their lies, I would

found him false heart ed, he would kiss me and go.
wish them have pity on the flower when it dies.

D.S. al Fine
BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

1. As I was a-walking for

my recreation,

2. Her cheeks blushed like roses, her

arms full of posies,

3. I heard a fair maid making great lamentation,

stray'd, I heard a fair maid making great lamentation,

stray'd, I heard a fair maid making great lamentation,

Crying:

said: My heart it is aching, my poor heart is breaking, For

Jimmy will be slain in the wars I'm afraid.

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2. The black-birds and thrushes sang in the green
4. When Jimmy returned with his heart full of

bushes; The wood-doves and larks seemed to mourn for this maid; And the
burning, He found his dear Nancy all dead in her grave. He

generated text

song that she sang was concerning her lover: O Jimmy will be
cried: I'm forsaken, my poor heart is breaking, O would that I

First time

slain in the wars I'm afraid.
never had left this fair

Second time

maid!
THE DROWNED LOVER

Andante doloroso

1. As I was walking down in Stokes Bay, I put her arms around him, saying: O my dear! She met a drowned sailor on the beach as he lay. And as I drew wept and she kissed him ten thousand times. o'er. O I am con-

nigh'ted to lie by thy side. When I knew it was my own true Love, by the mark on his hand.

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2. As he was a-sail-ing from his own dear shore, Where the waves and the

4. And all in the church-yard these two were laid, And a stone for re-

bil-lows so loud-ly do roar, I said to my true Love: I shall mem-brance was laid on her grave: My joys are all ended, my-

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

lad. I a-dore. 3. She

new mar-ried bed.
THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL

Collected and arranged by
Cecil J. Sharp

Allegretto

1. As I was a-
2. I stepp'd up to
3. Sixteen, pretty
4. On Monday
5. On a Tuesday

A tempo

sing:

1. Walking one morning in Spring To hear the birds whistle and the nightingale
2. Singing I heard a fair damsel, so sweetly sang she; Saying:
3. Long: I belong to the sign of the Bonny Blue Bell; My:
4. Tarry, You speak like a man without any skill; Four:
5. Hair, There were three pretty maidens for me awaiting; Say-sing:
6. Sing: So neat and so gay is my golden ring; Say-sing:

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I will be married on a Tuesday morning, I heard a fair
age is sixteen and you know very well, I belong to the
years I've been single against my own will, You speak like a
I will be married on a Tuesday morning, There were three pretty
I shall be married on a Tuesday morning, So neat and so

damsel, so sweetly sang she; Say ing: I will be married on a
sign of the Bonnie Blue Bell; My age is sixteen and you
man without any skill; Four years I've been single a-
maiden for me awaiting, Say ing: I will be married on a
gay is my golden ring; Say ing: I shall be married on a

Four times Last time

Tuesday morning.
know very well.
gainst my own will.
Tuesday morning.
Tuesday morning.
Andante con espressione

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er
Hand into one soft bush, Thinking the sweetest flow'r to
Planted, O there it grows, It buds and blossoms like some
Ship sailing on the sea, She's loaded deep as deep can

fly. O go and get me some little boat To carry o'er my true love and
find. I pricked my finger to the bone, And left the sweetest flow'r a
rose; It has a sweet and a pleasant smell, No flow'r on earth can it ex-
be, But not so deep as in love I am; I care not if I sink or

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I. A down in the meadows the other day, 
A gathering lone.

2. I lean'd my back up against some oak, 
Thinking it

3. Must I be bound, O, and she go free! 
Must I love

4. Flowers, both fine and gay, 
A gathering flowers, both red and blue, I little

5. Was a trusty 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 childish part, And love a

6. Charm-ing when it is true; As it grows old-er it grow-eth cold-er And fades a-

7. Thought what love could do. 3. I put my-

8. Love prove false to me. 5. Where love is-

9. Girl that will break my heart. 7. There is a-

10. Way like the morn-ing-

11. Più rall. a tempo morendo
40
GREEN BUSHES

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

1. As I was a-walking one
    buy you fine beavers and a
    let us be going, kind

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

ing, I saw a young dam-sel, so sweet-ly sang-

ground, If you will prove loy-al and con-stant to

trees, For my true Love is com-ing down yon-der I

she, Down by the Green Bush-es he thinks to meet me.

me And for-sake your own true Love, I'll be mar-ried to thee.

see, Down by the Green Bush-es, where he thinks to meet me.
2. I stepped up to her and thus I did say: Why wait you, my fair one, so long by the way? My true Love, my
4. I want none of your petti-coats and your fine silk-en shows: I never was so poor as to marry for clothes; But if you will prove
6. And when he came there and he found she was gone, He stood like some lamb-kin, for ever undone; She has gone with some
true Love, so sweet-ly sang she, Down by the Green Bush-es he loyal and constant to me I'll forsake 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. 3. I'll married to thee. 5. Come ever, cried he.
41
BEDLAM

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto teneroso

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 sosweetly she did sing;
make, And neith-er would he pi-ly me if my poor heart should break;

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,

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

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

sent him far beyond the seas all to torment my mind. Although I've suffered
said: My dearest Nan-cy, I've proved your over-throw; But, though you've suffered

for his sake, contented will I be, For I love my love be-cause I know he
for my sake, contented will I be, For I love my love be-cause I know my

First and second times Last time
first loved me. 3. My love loves me.
42

THE BOLD FISHERMAN

Collected and arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto con grazia

1. As I walked out one May morn-ing Down by the riv -
he un-braced his morn-ing-gown, And gen-tly laid it
side, There I be-held a bold fish-er-man Come roll-ing down the
down; When she be-held three chains of gold Went trin-kling three
times

tide.

2. Bold fish-er-man, bold fish-er-man, How come you fish -
round.

5. Down on her bend - ded knees she fell, Cry-ing: Par-don, par-
don

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here? I'm come for you, fair lady gay. All down the river.

me, In calling you, a fisherman. Come rolling down the.

clear.

3. He tied his boat unto a stand And

sea.

6. He took her by her lily-white hand, Cry-ing:

to this lady went; For to take hold of her

Follow, follow me; I'll take you to my

lily-white hand. It was his full intent. 4. Then

father's house, And married we will be.
43
THE RAMBLING SAILOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

1. I am a sail-or stout and bold, Long you should want to know my name, My king's permission granted me To

time I've plough'd the ocean; I've fought for king and country too, Won
name it is young Johnson. I've got permission from the king To
range the country over; From Bristol Town to Liverpool, From

honour and promotion. I said: My brother sailor or I
court young girls and handsome. I said: My dear, what
Plymouth Sound to Dover. And in whatever

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

travel the country through and through, And I'll be a rambling
sides a pair of new silk shoes, To travel with a rambling
marry none was my intent, But live a rambling

First and second times

| sail or. | 2. If
| sail or. | 3. The sail or.

Last time
DABBING IN THE DEW

Collected and arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro commodo

1. O where are you going to, my pretty little dear, With your
   what is your father, my pretty little dear, With your
   I should chance to kiss you, my pretty little dear, With your
   will you be constant, my pretty little dear, With your

   red rosy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? I'm going a-milking, kind
   red rosy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? My father's a farmer, kind
   red rosy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? The wind may take it off again, kind
   red rosy cheeks, and your coal-black hair? That I cannot promise you, kind

   sir, she answered me, And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
   2. O
   4. And
   6. O
   8. Then

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may I go with you, my pretty little dear, With your red rosy cheeks, and your
what is your mother, my pretty little dear, With your red rosy cheeks, and your
say, will you marry me, my pretty little dear, With your red rosy cheeks, and your
I won't marry you, my pretty little dear, With your red rosy cheeks, and your

coal-black hair? O you may go with me, kind sir, she answered me, For it's
coal-black hair? My mother's a dairymaid, kind sir, she answered me, And it's
coal-black hair? O yes, if you please, kind sir, she answered me, For it's
coal-black hair? No bod-y asked you, kind sir, she answered me, And it's

Last time

dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.
dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

8. And
9. If
10. O
45
THE SAUCY SAILOR

Andante grazioso

1. Come, my dearest, come, my fairest, Come and ragged, love, you are dirty, love, And your heard those words come from him, On her cross the briny ocean. Where the

tell unto me, Will you pity a poor

clothes they smell of tar. So be gone, you saucy

bended knees she fell. To be sure, I'll wed my

meadows they are green; Since you have had the

sailor boy, Who has just come from sea? 2. I can

sailor boy, So be gone, you Jack Tar! 4. If I'm

sail or, For I love him so well. 6. Do you

offer, love, Another shall have the ring. 8. For I'm
fancy no poor sailor. No poor sailor for me! For to
ragged love, if I'm dirty love. If my clothes they smell of tar, I have
think that I am foolish? Do you think that I am mad? That I'd
young, love, and I'm frolicksome, I'm good-tempered, kind, and free: And I
cross the wide ocean. Is a terror to
silver in my pocket, love. And of gold a bright
wed with a poor country girl. Where no fortune to be
don't care a straw, love. What the world says of

Three times

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

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro ma non troppo

1. Come all you young
   young Fanny

voice

Blair, she is eighteen years old,
And, as I must die,

PIANO

The people rose up with a

false perjury;

forever you be,
Be aware of false swearing and

He-gan was doomed to die

for all my life

mur-muring cry;

If we catch her we'll crop her, she falsely has

soon, You see I'm cut down in the height of my bloom.

for another one's crime.

sworn, Young He-gan dies innocent we're all of us sure.

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2. 'Twas last Monday morn, as I lay on my bed, A young man came to me, and these words he said: Rise up! Thomas.

4. The day of my trial Squire Vernon was there, And on the green table they handed Miss Blair. False oaths she's a -

6. There's one fa - vour more which I beg of my friends, To take me to Bloomfield one night by them - selves, And bury my He - gan, and fly you else - where, For vengeance is sworn you by swearing I'm a - ashamed for to tell, Till the judge cried: There's some - one has bod - y in Maryle - mould. I pray that the great God will

First and second times last time

young Fanny Blair. 3. O tutor'd you well. 5. The pardon my soul.
ARISE, ARISE.

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

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

VOICE

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

PIANO

hear what your true love do say. 2. Be - gone, be - gone, you'll a - wake my fa - ther; My
pains of love have brought me here. 4. Now when the old man heard them talk - ing, He
I will sure - ly be your bride. 6. O daugh - ter, daugh - ter, I will con - fine you; And
mother too, she will quickly hear. Go, tell your tales unto some other, And
nim-bly stepped right out of bed And put his head out of the window. Poor
John-ny shall go to sea; And you may write your love a letter, And

Four times

whisper softly in her ear. 3. I
John-ny dear was quickly fled. 5. Turn
he may read it in Bo-ta-ny Bay 7. O to my grave.

7.
O father, father, pay down my fortune-
It's fifty thousand bright pounds, you know-
And I will cross the briny ocean,
Go where the stormy winds do blow.

8.
O daughter, 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.

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.
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.
SEARCHING FOR LAMBS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto e semplice

1. As I went out one morning, One little lamb, O lamb, O lamb,
May morning be time, I met a maid, from home had stray'd, Just as she came,
Rest a moment here, For there is none but you alone, That sun did shine.

May morning, O stay! O stay! you hand-some maid, And

I do love so dear. 5. How glorious the sun doth shine, How

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journey to pursue? Your pretty little feet they
pleasant is the air, I'd rather rest on a
tread so sweet, Strike off the morning dew. 3. I'm going to feed my
true love's breast Than any other where. 6. For I am thine, and

father's flock, His young and tender lambs, That over hills and
thou art mine; No man shall un-comfort thee; We'll join our hands in

over dales Lie waiting for their dams. 4. O
wedded bands And a married we will be.
Andante legando

1. There was an old man and he lived in the West And his
   name it was John, And he lay abed till 'twas noon, bright noon, And he
   Jack he did rise and did sharpen his knives, And he
   every where: O fair maids, do you want any broom, green broom? O fair
   John he came back, and upstairs he did go, And he
   you fancy me, Will you marry a lady in bloom, in bloom? Will you

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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

sawred 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-married 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 to her she said: O go fetch me the lad that cries 'broom, green broom,
none in the West Is so good as the lad who sells broom, green broom,
Is so

way to the woods for green broom.
3. Then fetch me the lad that cries broom.
5. Then good as the lad who sells broom.
THE BONNY LIGHTER-BOY

Allegretto grazioso

1. It's of a brisk young sailor lad, And in my father's garden, Be-
he a prentice bound; And she a merchant's daughter, With fifty thou-

2. 'Twas

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3. Her father, he being near her, He heard what she did say—He cried: Unruly daughter, I'll send him far away—On board a ship I'll have him press'd, I'll rob you of your joy—Send him where you will, he's my love still, He's my bonny lighter boy.
THE SWEET PRIMÉROSES

Andante espressivo

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

PIANO

1. As I was a-walking one mid-summer morn-ing, A-view-ing the
meadows and to take the air,
ro-ses, When I beheld a most love-ly Fair.

2. With three long steps I stepp'd up to her, Not know-ing-
her as she pass'd me by; I stepp'd up to her, thinking to
view her, She ap-pear'd to me like some vir-gin bride.

3. I said: Pret-ty maid, how far are you go-ing? And what's the oc-
casion of all your grief? I'll make you as hap-py as an-y-
la-dy, If you will grant me one small re-lief.
4. Stand off, stand off, you are deceitful; You are deceitful, young man, 'tis plain—
5. I'll take thee down to some lonely valley, Where no man nor mortal shall ever me tell;
6. Come all young men that go a-court ing, Pray give attention to what I say, There's many a

caused my poor heart to wander, To give me
small birds do change their voices And every
dark and cloudy morning Turns out to

comfort 'tis all in vain; moment their notes do swell.
be a sunny day.
MY BONNY, BONNY BOY

Collected and arranged by
CEcil J. SHARP

Andante affectuoso

Now once I was courted by a bonny, bonny boy,
I loved him, I vow and protest;
I loved him so well, so very, very well,
That I built him a bow'ring in my breast,
That I built him a bow'r in my breast.

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valley and down the long alley, Like one that was troubled in mind, I called and I did hoot and play'd up-on my lute, But no

bonny, bonny boy could I find, But no

bonny, bonny boy could I find. Now I looked
east and I looked west Where the sun it shone wonderful warm, But

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

cresc.

other girl's arms,

He was lock'd in an-

cresc.

dim. mf

other girl's arms.

Now the girl that's the joy of my
bon-ny, bon-ny boy, I'm sure she is nev-er to blame; Though

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

do it a-gain. She nev-er shall
do it a-gain.
AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS

(FIRST VERSION)

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto con grazia

1. As I walk'd thro' the meadow's to take the fresh air, The
2. Said I: Pretty maiden, shall I go with you To the
3. And when we arose from the green mossy bank, To the

flow-ers were bloom-ing and gay; I heard a fair damsel so
mead-ows to gath-er some may? No, sir, she said, I would
mead-ows we wan-der'd a-way; I placed my love on a

sweet-ly a-sing-ing, Her cheeks like the blossoms in May.
rath-er re-fuse, For I fear you would lead me a-stray.
prim-e-rose bank While I pick'd her a handful of may.

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I. Pretty maiden and how came you here In the meadows this morning so took this fair maid by the lily-white hand; On the green mossy bank we sat early next morning I made her my bride, That the world might have nothing to

soon? The maid she replied; For to gather some may, For the down; And I placed a kiss on her sweet rosy 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 singing around crowned her, the sweet Queen of May.

a tempo
cresc. dim.
AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS
(SECOND VERSION)

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante grazioso

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

VOICE

PIANO

take the fresh air, The flowers were blooming and gay;
how came you here In the meadows this morning so soon?
The
I go with you To the meadows to gather some may?
O

heard a young damsel so sweetly a-sing, Her cheeks like the blossom in
maid she re-plied: For to gather some may, For the trees they are all in full
no, sir, she said, I would rather re-fuse, For I fear you would lead me a-

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ML-2724 - 831
May, bloom, stray.

2. Said
3. Said
4. Then I

took this fair maid by the lily white hand; On the green mossy bank we sat when we arose from the green mossy bank, To the meadows we wandered early next morning I made her my bride, That the world might have nothing to

down; And I placed a kiss on her sweet rosy lips, While the way; I placed my love on a primrose bank While I say; The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing, And I

small birds were singing around.

5. And
6. Then

crown'd her the sweet Queen of May.

colla voce
ERIN'S LOVELY HOME

Moderato

1. When I was young and in my prime, my
2. 'Twas in her father's garden, all
3. That very night I gave consent a-

age just twenty-one,
Then I became a servant un-
in the month of June,
A viewing of those pretty flow'rs all-
long with her to go
All from her father's dwelling place, which
to some gentleman.
I served him true and honest, and
in their youthful bloom,
She said: My dearest Johnnie, if
prov'd my overthrow.
The night being bright with moonlight, we

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that is very well known, But cruelly he banished me from
with me you will roam, We'll bid adieu to all our friends in
both set off to roam, A thinking we'd got safe away from

Erin's lovely home.
Erin's lovely home.
Erin's lovely home.

4.
But when we got to Belfast, 'twas at the break of day,
My true love she got ready a passage for to pay;
Five hundred pounds she did pay down, saying: That shall be your own,
And never mourn for the friends you've left in Erin's lovely home.

5.
But of our great misfortune I mean to let you hear;
'Twas in a few hours afterwards her father did appear.
He marched me back to Armagh gaol, in the county of Tyrone,
And there I was transported from Erin's lovely home.

6.
And now when I heard my sentence it grieved my heart full sore;
And parting from my sweetheart it grieved me ten times more.
I'd seven links all on my chain, and every link a year,
Before I could return again to the girl I loved so dear.

7.
But when the rout came to the gaol to take us all away,
My true love she came on to me, and this to me did say:
Bear up your heart, don't be dismayed, for it's you I'll never disown
Until you do return again to Erin's lovely home.
THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL

Allegretto

1. O' fare you well, I must be gone And leave you for a thousand miles it is so far To leave me here a crow that is so black, my dear, Shall change his colour don't you see that milk-white dove A-sitting on yonder river never will run dry, Nor the rocks melt with the

while: But wherever I go, I will return, If I go ten thousand

lone, Whilst I may lie, lament and cry, And you will not hear my

white; And if ever I prove false to thee, The day shall turn to

tree, Lamenting for her own true love, As I lament for

sun; And I'll never prove false to the girl I love Till all these things be

mile, my dear, If I go ten thousand mile. 2. Ten,

moan, my dear, And you will not hear my moan. 3. The,

night, my dear, The day shall turn to night. 4. O,

thee, my dear, As I lament for thee. 5. The,

done, my dear, Till all these things be done.
1. O. Polly dear, O Polly, the rout has now begun. And we must march away at the beating of the drum: Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me, I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.

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2. O Harry, dear Harry, you mind what I do say, My feet they are so tender I cannot march away, And be all of my delight shall be riding by your side; We'll sides, my dearest Harry, though I'm in love with thee, I call at every ale-house, and drink when we are dry, So am not fit for cruel wars in High Germany. quick on the road, my Love, we'll marry by and by.
4.0 cursed were the cruel wars that ever they should rise

out of merry England press many a lad likewise! They

press'd young Harry from me, likewise my brothers three, And sent them to the

cruel wars in High Germany.
57
SWEET LOVELY JOAN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

1. A story to you I
morn-ing to you, my
no-ble knight, I pray

will re-late, Con-cern-ing of a pre-tty maid; Con-cern-ing of sweet
pre-tty maid. O twice good morn-ing, sir, she said. What! are you mil-k- ing
you for-bear, I can-not mar-ry you, I swear; For on to-mor-row

love-ly Joan, As she sat milk-ing all a lone. 2. A
all a lone? O yes! re-plied sweet love-ly Joan. 4. Then
I'm to wed My own, my own true love in stead. 6. Twas

* The measures vary in length. The time-unit is the quarter-note which is constant in value.

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noble knight, he rode with speed; All mounted on his
out he pulled his purse of gold. And said: Fair maid, do
then he made her a solemn vow, He'd wed her if she

milk-white steed; He rode, he rode, him self a lone, Un-
this behold! All this I'll give if me you'll wed. Her
would or no; But this he said to fright'en Joan, As

til he came to love-ly Joan. 3. Good
cheeks they blushed like ros-es red. 5. O
she sat milk-ing all a lone. 7. Give

Give me the gold, sir, into my hand,
And I will be at your command;
For that will be more good to me
Than twenty husbands, sir, said she.

As he was looking across the mead,
She mounted on his milk-white steed.
He called, he called, 'twas all in vain;
She never once looked back again.

She did not feel that she was safe
Until she reached her true love's gate.
She'd robbed him of his steed and gold,
And left him an empty purse to hold.

It pleased her love to the heart
To think how well she'd played her part:
To-morrow morning we'll be wed,
And I will be the knight instead.
MY BOY WILLIE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

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

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

lad-y gay; But she is too young To be ta-ken from her mam-my.
an-y-thing; But she is too young To be ta-ken from her mam-my.
2. O can she brew and can she bake, My boy Willie? O

4. O how old is she now, My boy Willie? O

can she brew and can she bake? Willie, won't you tell me now? She can brew and

how old is she now? Willie, won't you tell me now? Twice six,

she can bake, And she can make a wedding cake; But she is too young To be
twice sev'n, Twice twenty and eleven; But she is too young To be

taken from her mammy.
taken from her mammy.
WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

1. Mother, I long to get married, I
2. Daughter, I was twenty Be-
3. Whistle, daughter, whistle, And
4. Whistle, daughter, whistle, And

Allegro e semplice

VOICE

long to be a bride;
fore that I was woo'd,
you shall have a sheep.
you shall have a cow.

I long to be with that young man.
And man a long and lone some mile.
I can not whistle, mother.
But In -

ev er by his side;
carried my maidenhood;
I can sadly weep.
deed I know not how.

For ev er by his side, O how
O mother, that may be, But it's
My maidenhood does grieve me, It
My maidenhood does grieve me, It

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happy I should be; for I'm young and merry and almost weary Of
not the case with me; for I'm young and merry and almost weary Of
fills my heart with fear; for it is a burden, a heavy burden, It's
fills my heart with fear. for it is a burden, a heavy burden, It's

my virginity,
my virginity,
more than I can bear,
more than I can bear.

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

You nasty, impudent jade,
I will 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.

Mother, don't be so cruel
To send me to the field,
Where young men will entice me
And to them I may yield.
Fa, 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.
60

MOWING THE BARLEY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto grazioso

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

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

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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.
I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY

May morning, One fair, pretty maid, How old are you, my honey? She answered me quite
May morning so early, I overtook a mammy's house, When the moon is shining brightly, I will come down and

handsome maid, Just as the sun was rising:
cheerfully: I'm seventeen come Sunday.
let you in, And my mammy shall not hear me.

With my rue dum day, fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.
With my rue dum day, fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.
With my rue dum day, fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.
2. Her shoes were bright, her stockings white, Her__
4. Will you marry me, my fair, pretty maid? Will you__
6. O soldier, will you marry me? For__

buckles shone like silver; She had a black and rolling eye,
marry me, my honey? She answered me right cheerfully:
now's your time or never: For if you do not marry me,

And her hair hung down her shoulder. With my rue dum day,
I dare not for my mammy. With my rue dum day,
I am undone for ever. With my rue dum day,

fol the diddle dol, Fol the dol, the diddle dum the day.
fol the diddle dol, Fol the dol, the diddle dum the day.
fol the diddle dol, Fol the dol, the diddle dum the day.
7. And now she is the soldier's wife; And_
sails across the brine O! The___ drum and fife is my delight,

And a merry man is mine, O! With my rue dum day,

fol the diddle dol, Fol the dol, the diddle dum the day.
THE LARK IN THE MORN

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

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

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

plough-boy's all in the month of May.
turn to her own nest back a-gain.
7. And now she is the soldier's wife; And

sails a-cross the brine O! The____ drum and fife is my delight,

And a merry man is mine, O! With my rue dum day,

fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the did-dle dum the day.
THE LARK IN THE MORN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto con grazia

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

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

as we were a-walk-ing these words she did say: There’s no life like a
like the pret-ty plough-boy she will whis-tie and sing; And at night she’ll re-

plough-boy’s all in the month of May.
turn to her own nest back a-again.

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HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato grazioso

1. Young women they'll
2. Young women they'll
3. Young women they'll

run like hares on the mountains, Young women they'll
sing like birds in the bushes, Young women they'll
swim like ducks in the water, Young women they'll

run like hares on the mountains. If
sing like birds in the bushes. If
swim like ducks in the water. If

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I were but a young man, I'd soon go a-hunting, To my
right fol----- did-dle de-ro, To my right fol did-dle dee.

I were but a young man, I'd go and bang those bushes, To my
right fol----- did-dle de-ro, To my right fol did-dle dee.

I were but a young man, I'd go and swim after, To my
right fol----- did-dle de-ro, To my right fol did-dle dee.

Last time
O SALLY, MY DEAR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro non troppo

1. O Saly, my dear, but I wish I could woo you.
2. O Saly, my dear, I would love you and wed you.
3. O Saly, my dear, I would love you and wed you.
4. If the women were hares and raced round the moun-tain, If the
5. If the women were hares and raced round the moun-tain, If the

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

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

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Sally, my dear, but your cheek I could kiss it. O— Sally, my dear, but your cheeks were black-birds and—
lasses were thrushes, If— lasses were black-birds and—
women were ducks and— swum round the water. If the women were ducks and—
check I could kiss it. She laugh'd and replied: If you did would you miss it?
lasses were thrushes, How soon the young men would go beating the bushes! Sing swum round the water. The men would turn drakes and would soon follow after.

f al the did-dle i do, Sing whack fal the did-dle day.
65
GENTLY, JOHNNY, MY JINGALO

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Voice: Allegretto grazioso

\[\text{\textbf{VOICE}}\]

\[\text{\textbf{PIANO}}\]

\[1. \text{ I put my hand all placed my arm a-}
\text{slipp'd a ring all in her own, Fair maid is a lil-y, O! She said: If you love me a-lone}
\text{round her waist, Fair maid is a lil-y, O! She laughed and turn'd a-way her face:}
\text{in her hand, Fair maid is a lil-y, O! She said: The parson's near at hand.}
\]

\[\text{Come to me qui-et-ly, Do not do me in-ju-ry; Gen-tly, John-ny, my}
\text{Come to me qui-et-ly, Do not do me in-ju-ry; Gen-tly, John-ny, my}
\text{Come to me qui-et-ly, Do not do me in-ju-ry; Gen-tly, John-ny, my}
\]

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Jingalo. 2. I said: You know I love you, dear, Fair maid is a
Jingalo. 4. I kiss'd her lips like rubies red, Fair maid is a
Jingalo. 6. I took her to the church next day, Fair maid is a

lilly, O! She whisper'd softly in my ear: Come to me
lilly, O! She blush'd; then tenderly she said: Come to me
lilly, O! The birds did sing, and she did say: Come to me

quietly, Do not do me injury; Gently, Johnny, my
quietly, Do not do me injury; Gently, Johnny, my
quietly, Do not do me injury; Gently, Johnny, my

First and second times
Jingalo. 3.1
Jingalo. 5.1

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THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY

Collected and arranged by CECEL J. SHARP

Allegro con grazia

(Voice)

(He) 1. O Mad - am, I will
(She) 2. I shall not, Sir, ac -
(He) 3. O Mad - am, I will
(She) 4. I shall not, Sir, ac -

give to you The keys of Can - ter - bur - y, And all the bells in
cept of you The keys of Can - ter - bur - y, Nor all the bells in
give to you A pair of boots of cork, The one was made in
cept of you A pair of boots of cork, Though both were made in

(Piano)

London Shall ring to make us mer - ry, If you will be my
London Shall ring to make us mer - ry, I will not be your
London The oth - er made in York, If you will be my
London, Or both were made in York. I will not be your

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joy, my sweet and only dear, And walk along with joy, your sweet and only dear, Nor walk along with joy, my sweet and only dear, And walk along with joy, your sweet and only dear, Nor walk along with me, anywhere.

5.
O Madam, I will give to you
A little golden bell,
To ring for all your servants
And make them serve you well,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

6.
I shall not, Sir, accept of you
A little golden bell, •
To ring for all my servants
And make them serve me well.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

7.
O Madam, I will give to you
A gallant silver chest,
With a key of gold and silver
And jewels of the best,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

8.
I shall not, Sir, accept of you
A gallant silver chest,
A key of gold and silver
Nor jewels of the best.
I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

9.
O Madam, I will give to you
A brodered silken gownd,
With nine yards a-drooping
And training on the ground,
If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

10.
O Sir, I will accept of you
A brodered silken gownd,
With nine yards a-drooping
And training on the ground:
Then I will be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
And walk along with you, anywhere.
MY MAN JOHN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

My man John, what can the matter be,
That I should love the lady fair and

she should not love me?
She will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear,
And

neither will she walk with me anywhere.
Court her, dearest Master, you

court her without fear,
And you will win the lady in the space of half a year;
And

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she will be your bride, your joy and your dear, And she will take a walk with you any-

crema. piu rall. f

where.

1. O Mad-am, I will give to you a lit-tle grey-hound, And
2. O Mad-am, I will give to you a fine i-vry comb, To
3. O Mad-am, I will give to you a cushion full of pins, To
4. O Mad-am, I will give to you the keys of my heart, To

a tempo p

ev-ry hair up-on its back shall cost a thousand pound, If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
fascen up your sil-ver locks when I am not at home, If you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
pin up your lit-tle ba-by's white mus-e-lins, If you will be my bride, my joy, and my dear, And
lock it up for ev-er that we nev-er more shall part, If you will be my bride, my joy, and my dear, And
you will take a walk with me any-where.
you will take a walk with me any-where.
you will take a walk with me any-where.
you will take a walk with me any-where.

O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
O Sir, I will ac-cept of you the

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

joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you any-where.
joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you any-where.
joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you any-where.
joy and your dear, And I will take a walk with you any-where.
Last verse

(My)

My man John, here's fifty pounds for thee! I'd never have won this lady fair if it

f marcatto

hadn't been for thee; For now she'll be my bride, my

t marcatto

joy and my dear, And now she'll take a walk with me anywhere.
68

O NO, JOHN!

Collected and arranged by
Cecil J. Sharp

Allegro moderato

1. On yon-der hill there stands a crea-ture;
   fa-ther was a Span-ish Cap-tain
   Mad-am, in your face is beau-ty,

Who she is I do not know. I'll go and court her for her beau-ty;
Went to sea a month a-go. First he kiss'd me, then he left me
On your lips red roses grow. Will you take me for your lover?

She must an-swer Yes or No. 0 No, John! No, John! No, John! No!
Bid me al-ways an-swer No. 0 No, John! No, John! No, John! No!
Mad-am, an-swer Yes or No. 0 No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

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No!

7. O hark! I hear the church bells ringing: Will you come and be my wife? Or, dear Madam, have you settled to live single all your life?

O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

4. O Madam, I will give you jewels; I will make you rich and free; I will give you silken dresses. Madam, will you marry me? O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

5. O Madam, since you are so cruel, And that you do scorn me so, If I may not be your lover, Madam, will you let me go? O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!

6. Then I will stay with you for ever, If you will not be unkind Madam, I have vowed to love you; Would you have me change my mind? O No, John! No, John! No, John! No!
THE BRISK YOUNG BACHELOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Con spirito

1. Once I was a brisk young bach-e-lor,
2. First half year that I was mar-ried,
3. In the morn-ing ve-ry ear-ly, Be-

Till I gain'd a hand-some wife; I want-ed some one to live by me,
She'd not do a stroke of work, But al-ways grum-bled, al-ways scold-ed,
fore to work that I do go, She makes me rise and light the fire,

Help me lead a so-ber life.
Made me sav- age as a Turk.
And the be-lows I've to blow.

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4. Home come I both wet and weary, No dry clothes for
5. If I scarcely make an answer, She will say: O
6. Listen, all you brisk young bachelors! If that you would

to put on, But right up-stairs and down in the cellar, With the kettle
come! come! come! The women say they will have pleasure; Poor man's work is
happy be, When you want some one to live with you Think of what has

must run. With my whack fal lor, the did-dle and the di-do,
never a done.} To me. With my whack fal lor, the did-dle and the did-do,

Whack fal lor, the did-dle-i-day.
70

RUGGLETON'S DAUGHTER OF IERO

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

1. There was a man lived in the West; Fal lal lal lal li - do, He
   if your dinner you must have, Fal lal lal lal li - do, Then
   you shall brew and you shall bake, Fal lal lal lal li - do, And
   married a wife—she was not of the best; She was Rug-gle-ton's daughter of I-e-ro.

2. Said he, when he came in from plough; Fal lal lal lal li - do, Ho!
   3. For I won't brew and I won't bake, Fal lal lal lal li - do, And
   4. He took a stick down off the rack; Fal lal lal lal li - do, And

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Is my dinner ready now? To Rug-gle-ton's daughter of I-e-ro.

I won't make my white hands black, said Rug-gle-ton's daughter of I-e-ro.

On the back went rick-ety-rack of Rug-gle-ton's daughter of I-e-ro.

I will bake and I will brew, Fal-lal-lal-lal-lal-li-do, And

I will cook your meat for you, said Rug-gle-ton's daughter of I-e-ro.
71
WILLIAM TAYLOR

Con vivo

He who court-ed a la-dy fair;  Bells were ring-ing, sail-ors sing-ing,

As to church they did re-pair.  2. Thir-ty cou-ple-

Whom I late-ly loved so dear.  5. If you've come to-

Walk-ing with a la-dy gay.  8. Sword and pis-tol-

at the wed-ding;  All were dress'd in rich ar-ray;  'Stead of Wil-liam

see your true love,  Tell me what his name may be.  O, his name is

she then or-der'd To be brought at her com-mand;  And she shot her
3. She dress'd up in man's apparel, Man's apparel she put on;
6. You rise carry to mor row morn ing, You rise at the break of day;
9. If young folks in Wells or Lon don Were served the same as she served he,

And she follow'd her true lover; For to find him she is gone.
There you'll see your true love William Walking with a lady gay.
Then young girls would all be undone: Very scarce young men would be!

1st & 2d times

3rd time
SWEET WILLIAM

1. A sailor's life is a merry life. He'll rob young girls of their heart's delight, Then

and not sailed far kneel'd down and she on the deep before a king's ship she chanced to meet. O

wrote a song, wrote it neat and she wrote it long; At

go and leave them to sigh and moan. No tongue can tell when he all you sailors come tell me true, Is my sweet William on

every line, O, she shed a tear, And at the end: Fare you

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2. O—father, father, build me a boat, That
board with you?
4. Oh,—no, fair lady, he is not here; For
well, my dear.
6. The—grass it groweth on ev'ry lea, The

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

will en—quire for my Wil—liam sweet. 3. She
we lost sight of your sail—or boy. 5. She
hath her true—love close to her side.
THE WATCHET SAILOR

Allegro con spirito

As I was walking down
went and he took the fair

Watchet Swayne Street, A jolly old shipmate I chanced to meet. Hulmaid by the hand, You're going to be married, as I understand. But if

brother sailor, you're welcome to home. In season to Watchet I
ever you marry, why you shall be mine. So I have come here for to

think you are come. 2. Now don't you remember once courting a maid? But

balk your design. 5. Good Lord! said this fair maid, now what shall I do? I
through your long absence she's going to be wed. Tomorrow in Bristol this
know I was solemnly promised to you. The sailor, my true love, and

wedding's to be. And I am invited the same for to see. Jack
I'll be his bride; there's none in this world I can fancy beside. Then the

went and got licence the very same night, And walk'd into
tailor, he roar'd like a man that is mad, I'm ruined, I'm
Bris-
tol as soon as 'twas light. He sat in the Temple church-
ru-in'd, I'm ru-in'd, he said. All you that have sweet-hearts, take
yard for a while Till he saw the bride com-ing, which caused Jack to
them while you may, Or else the Jack Tars, they will take them a-
smile.
way.

4. He
SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante

1. Where are you going? To
2. Tell her to wash it in
3. Tell her to plough it with

Scarbo-rough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to a bonny lass there,
For once she was a true

yon-der well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
water ne'er sprung nor a drop of rain fell,
And she shall be a true

one ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
sow it all over with one pepper corn,
And she shall be a true

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lo\-ver of mine. 2. Tell her to make me a
lo\-ver of mine. 4. Tell her to plough me an
lo\-ver of mine. 6. Tell her to reap it with a

ca-m\-bric shirt, Pars-ley, sage, rose-
acre of land, Pars-ley, sage, rose-
sick-le of leath-er, Pars-ley, sage, rose-

out a-ny nee-dle or thread workd in it, And she shall be a true
tween the sea and the salt sea strand, And she shall be a true
tie it all up with a tom-tit's leath-er, And she shall be a true
Lover of mine.
Lover of mine.
Lover of mine.

7. Tell her to gather it all in a sack,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, And carry it home on a butterfly's back, And then she shall be a true lover of mine.
Brimbledon Fair, I saw pretty Nancy a-curling her hair, I laughed in my face, But she answered by slipping away from the place. So to

gave her a wink and she roll'd a dark eye, And said I to myself: I'll be

find her I rambled thro' fair Lincolnshire, And I vow'd I would ramble, I
there by and by.
did not care where.

2. I watch'd and I watch'd, all the_

4. Come all you young maid-ens, wher-

ight in the dark,
ev'er you be,

For to ask pret-ty Nan-cy to
And find pret-ty Nan-cy and

be my sweet-heart. But all that she said, when I saw her next day: And are
bring her to me. And all you young ram-blers you mind and take care, Or

you the young rogue they call Ram-ble-a-way?
else you'll get brim-bled at Brim-bledon Fair.
BRIDG WATER FAIR

Collected and arranged by

CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

VOICE

All you who roam, both young and old, Come listen to my lads and lasses they come through From Stowey, Stoursey and Tom and Jack, they look so gay, With Sal and Kit they story bold. For miles around from far and near. They Cannington too. That farmer from Fiddington, true as my life. He's haste away To shout and laugh and have a spree. And

come to see the rigs o' the fair. O Master John, do you beware! And come to the fair to look for a wife. O Master John, do you beware! And dance and sing right merrily. O Master John, do you beware! And

don't go kissing the girls at Bridgewater fair. 2. The
don't go kissing the girls at Bridgewater fair. 3. There's
don't go kissing the girls at Bridgewater fair.
4. The jovial plough-boys all serene, They dance the maidens on the green.
Says car-rotty Kit so jolly and fat, With her girl flip-pee-ty, flop-pee-ty hat;
A up with the fiddle and off with the dance, The lads and lasses gaily prance, And

John to Mary: Don't you know? We won't go home till morning O?
Ohole in her stocking as big as a crown, And the hoops of her skirt hanging down to the ground. O
When it's time to go away They swear to meet again next day. O

Master John, do you beware! And don't go kissing the girls at Bridge-
Master John, do you beware! And don't go kissing the girls at Bridge-
Master John, do you beware! And don't go kissing the girls at Bridge-

First and second times
Last time

water fair. 5. There's
water fair. 6. It's
water fair.
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THE CRABFISH

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro con spirito

1. There was a little man and he
3. Then up her man arose and he
5. O yes, and O yes, I have
7. Then the wife just to smell him pop

had a little wife, And he loved her as dear as he loved his life. Mash-a row dow dow dow
girt him in his clothes, And down to the sea-side he fol-low'd his nose. Mash-a row dow dow dow
one, two and three, And the best of them all. I will sell to thee. Mash-a row dow dow dow
up from the clothes, When up got the crab-fish and nipp'd her by the nose. Mash-a row dow dow dow

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She fell a sick, O, and all her wish was just to put her lips to a fisherman, O fisherman, O come and tell me have you a little crab-fish you caught him and bought him and clapt him on a dish: O wife put thy lips to this.

Hey man and ho man, come hither do ye hear? But the crab-fish was ready and little crab-fish. Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a can sell me? Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a little crab-fish. Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a caught him by the ear. Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash-a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.

row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.
row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.
row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.
row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.
THE BEGGAR

1. I'd just as soon be a beggar as a king, And the reason I'll tell you for why;
   A work'd hard for it, Kind landlord, here it is.

2. I've six-pence in my pocket and I've no-ble-man's hall, And beg for bread and beer;
   Some hogs in a sty, With a flock of straw on the ground;

3. Sometimes we call at a king, cannot swagger, nor drink like a beggar, Nor be half so happy as
   A Jew nor Turk shall make me work, While begging is as good as it

4. Sometimes we lie like
   Some times we are lame, some times we are blind, Some times too deaf to
   Some times eat a crust that has roll'd in the dust, And are thankful if that can be

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I. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the

II. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the

III. Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys, Let the

hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the belly, boys,

hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the belly, boys,

hands and the feet gang cold: But give to the belly, boys,

"beer e-nough, Wheth-er it be new or old."

"beer e-nough, Wheth-er it be new or old."

"beer e-nough, Wheth-er it be new or old."

"beer e-nough, Wheth-er it be new or old."

Three times Last time
THE KEEPER

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

FIRST VOICE

1. The keeper did a shooting go, And
2. The first doe he shot at he missed, The
3. The fourth doe she did cross the plain; The
4. The fifth doe she did cross the brook; The
5. The sixth doe she ran over the plain; But

un-der his coat he car-ried a bow, All for to shoot at a
sec-on-d doe he trimm'd he kissed, The third doe went where
keep-er fetch'd her back again; Where she is now she
keep-er fetch'd her back with his crook; Where she is now you must
he with his hounds did turn her again, And it's there he did hunt in a

mer-ry lit-tle doe. Among the leaves so green, 0.
no-bod-y wist. Among the leaves so green, 0.
may re-main Among the leaves so green, 0.
go and look Among the leaves so green, 0.
mer-ry, mer-ry vein Among the leaves so green, 0.

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Jackie, boy! Sing ye well! Hey down, der-ry, der-ry down, A-
SECOND VOICE
Mas-ter! Ver-y well! Ho down, A-

among the leaves so green, O! To my hey down, down,
Hey down,

to my ho down, down, Ho down,

D.S. Last time
der-ry, der-ry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O.

A-mong the leaves so green, O.

Last time
THE THREE SONS

Allegro moderato

1. There was a farmer had three sons, Three
sons to him were born, And he came home tight in the middle of the night, And he
next was a spinner of yarn, And the third to be sure was a little tailor or With the
turn'd them out of doors, And he turn'd them out of doors. And he broad-cloth under his arm, With the broad-cloth under his arm. And the
came home tight in the middle of the night, And he turn'd them out of doors.
third to be sure was a little tailor Or With the broad-cloth under his arm.

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3. The stout mill-lard he stole the corn, The spinner he stole yarn, And the 
4. The mill-lard he was drown'd in his pond, The spinner was hang'd by his yarn, And the 

tail-or went forth and he stole broad-cloth For to keep those three scamps 
de-vil ran a-way with the tail-or one day With the broad-cloth un-der his 

warm, For to keep those three scamps warm. And the tail-or went forth and he 
arm, With the broad-cloth un-der his arm. And the de-vil ran a-way with the 

stole broad-cloth For to keep those three scamps warm. 
tail-or one day With the broad-cloth un-der his 

arm.
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JACK HALL

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

1. O my name it is Jack Hall, chimney swept.
   I have twenty pounds in store, that's no joke.
   Tell me that in gaol I shall die.
   Rode up Tyburn Hill in a cart, that's no joke.

Chimney sweep, O my name it is Jack Hall,
That's no joke, I have twenty pounds in store.
Tell me that in gaol I shall die.
Rode up Tyburn Hill in a cart, that's no joke.

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Hall, and I've robb'd both great and small, And my
store and I'll rob for twenty more, And my
gaol I shall drink no more brown ale, But be
Hill, and 'twas there I made my will, Saying: The
grope, and the hang-man spread the rope, O but

neck shall pay for all when I die, when I die, And my
neck shall pay for all when I die, when I die, And my
dash'd if ev-er I fail till I die, till I die, But be
best of friends must part, so fare-well, so fare-well, Saying: The
nev-er a word said I coming down, coming down, O but

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

2. I have
3. O they
4. O I
5. Up the
DRIVING AWAY AT THE SMOOTHING IRON

Moderato

1. Twas on a Monday
2. Twas on a Tuesday
3. Twas on a Wednesday

When I beheld my darling,
Oh she was fair and she was free
In every high degree,
Yes! she was neat and willing
Oh, A-

Picking up her linen clothes;
And driving away at the
Soap ing of her linen clothes;
And driving away at the
Starching of her linen clothes;
And driving away at the
smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a-way, And driv-ing a-way at the
smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a-way, And driv-ing a-way at the
smooth-ing-iron, She stole my heart a-way, And driv-ing a-way at the

4. 'Twas on a Thurs - day morn - ing When I be - held my dar - ling; O
5. 'Twas on a Fri - day morn - ing When I be - held my dar - ling; O
6. 'Twas on a Sat - ur - day morn - ing When I be - held my dar - ling; O
7. 'Twas on a Sun - day morn - ing When I be - held my dar - ling; O

she was fair and she was free In ev - 'ry high de - gree. Yes!
she was fair and she was free In ev - 'ry high de - gree. Yes!
she was fair and she was free In ev - 'ry high de - gree. Yes!
she was fair and she was free In ev - 'ry high de - gree. Yes!
she was neat and willing O,
A - hang - ing out her lin - en clothes;  
And
she was neat and willing O,
A - roll - ing down her lin - en clothes;  
And
she was neat and willing O,
A - iron - ing of her lin - en clothes;  
And
she was neat and willing O,
A - wear - ing of her lin - en clothes;  
And

driv - ing a - way at the smooth - ing - iron,
She stole my heart a - way,  
And
driv - ing a - way at the smooth - ing - iron,
She stole my heart a - way,  
And
driv - ing a - way at the smooth - ing - iron,
She stole my heart a - way,  
And
driv - ing a - way at the smooth - ing - iron,
She stole my heart a - way,  
And

Last verse

way.
THE ROBBER

Andante maestoso

1. When I was eighteen I took a wife; I
father cried: O, my darling son! My

loved her dearly as I loved my life;
wife she wept and cried: I am undone!

to maintain her both fine and gay,
mother tore her white locks and cried: O, in his cradle, O
wents a - rob - bing on the King's high-way. I nev - er robb'd an - y
in his cra - die he should have died! When I am dead and go

poor man yet, And I was nev - er in a trades-man's debt; But I
to my grave, A flash-y fu - ne - ral let me have; Let

robb'd the lords and the la-dies gay, And car - ried home the gold, And
none but bold rob - bers fol - low me, Give them good broad swords, Give

car - ried home the gold to my love straight-way. To Cu - pid's gar - den I
them good broad swords and lib - er - ty. May six - pret-ty maid - ens bear
did a way, To Cupid's garden for to
up my pall, And let them have white gloves and

see the play; Lord Fielding's gang there did me pursue, And
ribbons all; That they may say when they speak the truth: There

I was taken, And I was taken by the
goes a wild youth, There goes a wild and a

Moderato e maestoso

There were three kings came from the West, Their victory to try; And they have taken a solemn oath, John Barleycorn should die.

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They took a plough and plough'd him in, Laid clods up - on his head;
And they have taken a solemn oath, John Barleycorn is dead.
Fol the dol the did-i-ay, Fol the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.
So there he lay for a full fortnight, Till the dew on him did fall: The

Barley corn sprang up again, And that surprised them all.

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

There he remain'd till
mid-summer, And look'd both pale and wan; Then

Barley-corn he got a beard, And so became a man.

Fol the dol the did-i-ay,
Then they sent men with scythes so sharp; And then poor Johnny

Barleycorn, They served him barb'rously.

Fol the dol the did-i-ay, Fol the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.
O Barley-corn is the choicest grain That e'er was sown on land; It will do more than any grain, By the turning of your hand.

For the dol the did-i-ay, For the dol the did-i-ay-ge-wo.
POOR OLD HORSE

I was young and in my prime, And in my stable lay,
My master used to ride me out And tie me to a stile.
Gave to me the best of corn And the best of clover hay.
Poor old horse! Poor old mare!

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8. Now I am old and done for,
   And lay my tot'ring legs, so low,
   That hide I'll give to the huntsman,
   My fit for nothing at all,
   I'm forced to eat the have run very far,
   O'er hedges and o'er shoes I'll throw away;
   The hounds shall eat my sour grass
   That grows along the wall.
   Poor old ditch-ces, O'er turnpike gate and bar.
   Poor old rotten flesh
   And that's how I'll decay.
   Poor old horse!
   Poor old mare!
   Poor old horse!
   Poor old mare!
   Poor old horse!
   Poor old mare!

4. Then

5. My
1. Come, all young men of learning good, A warning take by charac-ter was taken, And I was sent to me.

I'll have you quit night-walking And shun bad com-pa-gaol.

My parents tried to clear me But noth-ing would pre-vail.

Twas at our Rüt-land ses-sions The Judge to me did say:

And you will be trans-port-ed And go to Bo-ta-ny Bay.

2. I say: The Ju-ry's found you guilt-y, You must go to Bo-ta-ny Bay.

4. To
was brought up in London town, A place I know full well;
Like
up by honest parents, The truth to you I'll tell.
And in tearing of her parents, Who loved me tenderly,
Till I became a roving blade To prove my destiny.
Brought up by honest wise my dear old mother Her old gray locks she tore.
And in tearing of her old gray locks These words to me she did say: O son! O son! what hast thou done? Thou art bound for Botany Bay.
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ADMIRAL BENBOW

Collected and arranged by

CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro moderato

VOICE

1. Come all you sea-men bold and draw
3. Says Kirby unto Wade: We will
5. Brave Ben-bow lost his legs by chain

run, we will run,
shot, by chain shot,

near, and draw near,

Come all you sea-men bold and draw

run, we will run,

Says Kirby unto Wade: We will

shot, by chain shot,

Brave Ben-bow lost his legs by chain

near: It's of an admiral's fame, O brave Ben-bow was his

run. For I value no disgrace, Nor the losing of my

shot. Brave Ben-bow lost his legs, And all on his stumps he

name. How he fought all on the main, you shall hear, you shall

place. But the enemy I won't face, nor his guns, nor his

begs. Fight on my English lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our

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2. Brave Ben-bow he set sail, for to fight, for to
4. The Ruby and Ben-bow fought the French, fought the
6. The surgeon dress'd his wounds, cries Ben-bow, cries Ben-
fight, Brave Ben-bow he set sail, for to fight. Brave
French, The Ruby and Ben-bow fought the French. They
bow, The surgeon dress'd his wounds, cries Ben-bow: Let a

Ben-bow he set sail with a fine and pleasant gale, But his
fought them up and down, till the blood came trickling down, Till the
cradle now in haste, on the quarter-deck be placed, That the

Cap-tains they turn'd tail, in a fright, in a fright.
blood came trickling down, where they lay, where they lay.
enemy I may face, till I die, till I die.
BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE

Collected and arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto maestoso

1 Bold Nelson's praise I'm going to sing,
Buo-na-par-te he threat-end war,
A

(Not for-getting our glo-rious King) He al-ways did good ti-dings bring, For
man who fear'd not wound nor scar, But still he lost at Tra-fal-gar Where

he was a bold com-man-der. There was Syd-ney Smith and Dun-can too, Lord
Brit-ain was vic-to-ri-ous. Lord Nel-son's ac-tions made him quake, And

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Howe and all the glorious crew;
all French pow'rs he made to shake;
He said his king he'd ne'er for sake.

Full of care, Yet I swear None with Nelson could compare,
These last words Thus he spoke: Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak, And the

even Alexander.
battle shall be glorious.

Nelson bold, though threaten'd wide, And many a time he had been tried, He
fought like a hero till he died Amid the battle gory. But the

day was won, their line was broke, While all around was lost in smoke, And

Nelson he got his death-stroke. That's the man For old England! He

faced his foe with his sword in hand And he lived and he died in his glory.
SPANISH LADIES

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

1. Farewell and a
dieu to you, Spanish ladies,

to the wind from south-west, boys,
sighted was called the Dogman,

2. We have our ship

3. The first land we

sailed by

died to you, ladies of Spain;
deepest soundings to take;

Twang forty-five

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orders for to sail for old England, But we hope in a
fathoms, with a white sandy bottom, So we squared our main
Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover, And then we bore

short time to see you again.
yard and up channel did make.
up for the South Foreland light:

We will rant and we'll roar

like true British sailors, We'll rant and we'll roar all

on the salt seas, Until we strike soundings in the
Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

Chorus. We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England:
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.
THE SHIP IN DISTRESS

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto maestoso

1. Ye sea-men bold that plough the ocean,
   See rats and mice, how they did eat them,
   Their dangers lands—men never know,
   'Tis for no honour nor promotion,
   No hunger for to ease, we hear.
   And in the midst of all their trials
   Cap-

   tongue can tell what they under-go.
   There's blus'-rous wind, and the heat of battle,
   Where tain and men bore an equal share.
   At last there came a scant up-on them,
   A
there's no back door to run away; But thun-d'ring can-nons

dis-mal tale most cer-tain-ly. Poor fel-lows they stood

lou-dy rat-tle. There's dan-ger both by night and day. 2. There

in a too-roo, Cast-ing of lots as to who should die. 4. This

was a ship of di-vers pla-ces, Long time she sail-ed a-long the seas. The

lot did fall on one poor fel-low, Whose fam-ily was ver-y great, The

weather be-ing so un-cer-tain, Drew her to great ex-trem-i-ties. Noth-

men they did la-ment his sor-row, But to la-ment it was too late. I'm
1. "...ing was left these poor souls to cherish; For want of food they are feeble grown. Poor free to die, but..."
2. "fellows, they will surely perish; They're wasted now to skin and bone. 3. The see what there he can discover, Whilst I unto the"
3. "Lord do pray. 5. I think I see a ship a-sailing; Come..."
4. "...bearing down with some relief. As soon as this glad..."
news was shouted It banished all their care and grief. We

hailed her, all was now provided. Both food and drink they

grudged it not. The ship brought to, no longer drifting, Safe into Lisbon

harbour got.
COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN

Andante serioso

COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN

1. Come all you worthy Christian men,
   That dwell upon this land,
   Don't spend your time in rioting:
   Remember how poor
   Lazarus lay

   mem - ber you're but man.
   Be watchful for your latter end;
   Be at the rich man's door,
   While begging of the crumbs of bread
   That are so very poor,

read - y when you're call'd.
There are many changes in this world;
Some from his table fell.
The Scriptures do inform us all
That in
2. Now, Job he was a patient man, The rich est in the heav en he doth dwell.

4. The time, a las, it soon will come When parted we shall

East: When he was brought to po ver ty, His sor rows soon in creased. He be;
But all the dif f erence it will make is in joy and mis er y. And

bore them all most pa tient ly, From sin he did re train; He al ways trust ed
we must give a strict ac count Of great as well as small: Be lieve me now, dear

in the Lord; He soon got rich a gain. 3. Come
Christian friends, That God will judge us all.
WASSAIL SONG

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

1. Was - sail and was - sail all o - ver the
town, The cup it is white and the ale it is brown; The

cup it is made of the good old ash - en tree, And so is our
beer of the best barley. To you a wassail! Aye, and

joy come to our jolly wassail.

2. O maid, O maid, with your silver-headed pin,
mace, Pray open the door and pleased
harm, Pray set all on your table your

3. O maid, O maid, with your glove and your

4. O master and mistress, if you are so well

5. O master and mistress, if we've done any
let us all in, All for to fill our
show your pretty face, For we are truly
white bread and your cheese, And put forth your roast
let us pass a - long, And give us hearty
wassail bowl and so away a - gain.
wear - y of standing in this place.
beef, your por - reps and your pies.
thanks for sing - ing of our song.

You a wassail! Aye, and joy come to our
jolly wassail!

D.S.
IT'S A ROSEBUD IN JUNE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante sostenuto

1. It's a rose-bud in June and violets in full bloom, And the small birds singing love-

songs on each spray; We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love, We'll dance in a ring. Love, When each lad takes his lass all on the green grass; And it's
all to plough Where the fat oxen graze low, And the

colla voce

lads and the lasses to sheep-shearing go.

cresc.
f

2. When we have sheared all our jolly, jolly

dim. p e legato

sheep, What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase?
We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love, We'll dance in a ring, Love, When each lad takes his lass All on the green grass; And it's all to plough—Where the fat oxen graze low, And the lads and the lasses to sheep-shearing go.
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A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante doloso

1. A brisk young sailor came court-ing;
4. I wish to God that my babe was
me

me

me Un-till he gained my li-ber-ty.
born, Smil-ing all on its fa-ther's knee;
and I in

heart with free good will

my cold grave was lain

2. There is an ale-house in yon-der town
5. There is a bird all in yon-der tree;

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down. He takes some strange girl on his knee And he tells her what he does not tell
see. I wish it'd been the same by me Be - fore I'd gain'd my love's com-

me. 3. Hard grief for me and I'll tell you why, Be - cause that
ny. 6. The green-est field it shall be my bed; A flow-'ry

she has more gold than I. Her gold will waste, her beau-ty pass, And she'll come like pil-low shall rest my head, The leaves which blow from tree to tree They shall be the

me, a poor girl, at last.

1. 

2.
THE SHEEP-SHEARING

1. How delightful to see, In those evenings in spring, The sheep going home to the fold: The master doth see, They're a blessing to a man on his farm. For their flesh it is
good, It's the best of all food, And the wool it will clothe us up
told, And his dog goes before him where told. 2. The sixth warm, And the wool it will clothe us up warm. 4. Now, the

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The month of the year, In the month called June, When the weather's too hot to be borne,
The master doth say, As he goes on his way;
And, if we should stay, Till the last goes away.

To-morrow my sheep shall be shorn, To-morrow my way,
I'm afraid 'twill be past twelve o'clock, I'm afraid 'twill be sheep shall be shorn.
past twelve o'clock.

3. Now
THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Collected and arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

On the twelfth day of Christ-mas my true Love sent to me

Twelve bells a-ring-ing, Elev-en bulls a-beat-ing,

Ten ass-es ra-cing, Nine la-dies dan-cing,

Eight boys a-sing-ing, Seven swans a-swim-ming, Six geese a-lay-ing,

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Five golden rings, Four colley birds, Three French hens,

Two turtle doves And the part of the mistletoe bough

Twelfth verse *)

On the first day of Christmas my true Love sent to me

One golden ring, And the part of a June apple tree.

*) See Note upon this song in the Preface.
1. Come and I will sing to you. What will you sing to me? I will sing you one-e-ry
2. two-e-ry etc., etc.

What is your one-e-ry? One and One is all a- lone, and ever-more shall be so.

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

One and One is all a- lone, and ever-more shall be so.
3rd Verse FIRST VOICE

Three of them are thri - vers, And two and two are li - ly-white babes a- etc.

4th Verse FIRST VOICE

Four are the gos - pel ma - kers. Three of them are thri - vers, And two and two are etc.

etc.

12th Verse FIRST VOICE

Twelve are the twelve A - pos - tles. E - lev-en and e - lev-en are the keys of heav-en, And
ten are the ten com - mand-ments. Nine are the nine that bright-ly shine, And eight are the eight com-
manders. Seven are the seven stars in the sky, And six are the six broad waiters.

Five are the flam-boys un-der the boat, And four are the gos-pel mak-ers. Three of them are

thri-vers, And two and two are li-ly-white babes a-cloth-ed all in

più rall.

green, Of One and One is all a-lone, and ev-er-more shall be so.
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. 1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
    2nd voice What will you sing to me?
    1st voice I will sing one one-e-ry.
    2nd voice What is your one-e-ry?
    1st voice One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

2. 1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
    2nd voice What will you sing to me?
    1st voice I will sing you two-e-ry.
    2nd voice What is your two-e-ry?
    1st voice Two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
           One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

3. 1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
    2nd voice What will you sing to me?
    1st voice I will sing you three-e-ry.
    2nd voice What is your three-e-ry?
    1st voice Three of them are thrivers,
           And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
           One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

4. 1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
    2nd voice What will you sing to me?
    1st voice I will sing you four-e-ry.
    2nd voice What is your four-e-ry?
    1st voice Four are gospel makers,
           Three of them are thrivers,
           And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
           One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.

(The remaining verses are sung after the manner of all cumulative songs, i.e. each verse deals with the next highest number and contains a new line. The additional lines are shown in the last and twelfth verse which follows.)

12. 1st voice Come and I will sing to you.
    2nd voice What will you sing to me?
    1st voice I will sing you twelve-e-ry.
    2nd voice What is your twelve-e-ry?
    1st voice Twelve are the twelve apostles.
           Eleven and eleven are the keys of heaven,
           And ten are the ten commandments.
           Nine are the nine that brightly shine,
           And eight are the eight commanders.
           Seven are the seven stars in the sky,
           And six are the six broad waiters.
           Five are the flamboys under the boat,
           And four are the gospel makers.
           Three of them are thrivers,
           And two and two are lily-white babes a-clothed all in green, O!
           One and One is all alone, and evermore shall be so.
THE TREE IN THE WOOD

Collected and arranged by
CEcil J. Sharp

1. All in a wood there was a tree, And a funny and a curious tree;
   And the tree was in the wood, And the wood lay down in the valley below,
   And the wood lay down in the valley below, below.

2. And on this tree there was a bough, And a funny and a curious bough; And the
   bough was in the wood, And the wood lay down in the valley.
1. All in a wood there was a tree,
   And a funny and a curious tree;
   And the tree was in the wood,
   And the wood lay down in the valley below.

2. And on this tree there was a bough,
   And a funny and a curious bough;
   And the bough was on the tree,
   And the tree was in the wood,
   And the wood lay down in the valley below.

3. And on this bough there was a twig,
   And a funny and a curious twig;
   And the twig was on the bough,
   And the bough was on the tree,
   And the tree was in the wood,
   And the wood lay down in the valley below.

4. And on this twig there was a nest,
   And a funny and a curious nest;
   And the nest was on the twig,
   And the twig was on the bough,
   And the bough was on the tree,
   And the tree was in the wood,
   And the wood lay down in the valley below.

5. And in this nest there was an egg,
   And a funny etc.

6. And in this egg there was a bird,
   And a funny etc.

7. And on this bird there was a head,
   And a funny etc.

8. And on this head there was a feather,
   And a funny and a curious feather;
   And the feather was on the head,
   And the head was on the bird,
   And the bird was in the egg,
   And the egg was in the nest,
   And the nest was on the twig,
   And the twig was on the bough,
   And the bough was on the tree,
   And the tree was in the wood,
   And the wood lay down in the valley below.

* This measure is sung twice in the third verse, three times in the fourth verse, etc. etc.
THE BARLEY-MOW

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

VOICE

Moderato

(Solo)

(Chorus)

0 I will drink out of the nip-per-kin, boys; So

here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The nip-per-kin and the brown bowl! S:

here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. 0 I will drink out of

Chorus

S.: y to my boys. So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The

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nip-per-kin and the brown bowl. So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow.

I will drink out of the quart, my boys; So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The quart, the pint, the nip-per-kin and the brown bowl. So

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

*) There will be three 2 measures in the next verse, four in the fifth verse, and so on. These measures must be sung with increasing speed as the song develops.
THE BARLEY-MOW

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato

(Solo)

Chorus

O I will drink out of the nip-per-kin, boys; So

here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The nip-per-kin and the brown bowl! So

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

O I will drink out of the

pint, my boys, So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The pint, the

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nip-per-kin and the brown bowl. So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow.

I will drink out of the quart, my boys; So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow. The quart, the pint, the nip-per-kin and the brown bowl. So here's a good health to the bar-ley-mow.

*) There will be three $\frac{2}{8}$ measures in the next verse, four in the fifth verse, and so on. These measures must be sung with increasing speed as the song develops.
THE BARLEY-MOW

Solo.  1. O I will drink out of the nipperkin, boys;

Chorus. So here's a good health to the barley mow.
The nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

2. O I will drink out of the pint, my boys;

So here's a good health to the barley mow.
The pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

3. O I will drink out of the quart, my boys;

So here's a good health to the barley mow.
The quart, the pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.

The song proceeds after the usual manner of cumulative songs, an additional measure being added to each verse. The last verse runs as follows:

18. O I will drink out of the clouds, my boys;

So here's a good health to the barley mow.
The clouds, the ocean, the sea, the river, the well, the tub, the but, the hogshead, the keg, the gallon, the quart, the pint, the nipperkin and the brown bowl.
So here's a good health to the barley mow.
ONE MAN SHALL MOW MY MEADOW

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

1. One man shall mow my meadow—Two

men shall gather it together—Two men, one man and one more

shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams, And gather my gold together.

D.S. Last time

2.

Three men shall mow my meadow,
Four men shall gather it together,
Four men, three men, two men, one man,
and one more,

Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my gold together.

3.

Five men shall mow my meadow,
Six men shall gather it together,
Six men, five men, four men, three men,
two men, one man, and one more,

Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
And gather my gold together.

(And so on ad lib.)

*) This measure must be played twice in the 2nd verse, three times in the 30th verse, and so on.

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