

SONGS AND BALLADS OF
NORTHERN ENGLAND.

Songs and Ballads of Northern England.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

J O H N S T O K E .

HARMONISED AND ARRANGED FOR PIANOFORTE BY

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Newcastle-on-Tyne and London: WALTER SCOTT, LTD.

DEDICATED,

By permission,

To His Grace

The Duke of Northumberland.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following collection has been made in order to present, in a convenient and popular form, some of the characteristic Songs and Ballads of Northern England, including many of the old lyrics which, having survived the changes of fashion, and living in the memories of those to whom they are endeared by early association, still retain their ancient hold upon the affections of the sons of Northern England.

The difficulties encountered in preparing a work of this kind have been considerably lessened by the large mass of manuscript matter gathered together by the Melodies Committee of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-on-Tyne. This committee was appointed in 1857 at the request of the late Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland, and the result of their labours appeared in the publication in 1882 of a work entitled *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, edited by the late Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., F.R.A.S., etc., and the present writer. The melody only of each ballad was given in that book, and it was found to be a drawback to its usefulness. When the opportunity offered of having the assistance of Mr. Samuel Reay, whose love for North-Country melodies, and whose musical ability would be a guarantee for the work being effectively completed, it was gladly accepted by the publisher, and the result is now placed before the public.

J. S.

[Should the present collection prove sufficiently successful, the publisher contemplates the issue of a second volume of selections of North-Country Songs and Ballads.]

19/25- Reeves 12/6.

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SONGS AND BALLADS.

CHEVY CHASE.

Andante. ♩ = 80.

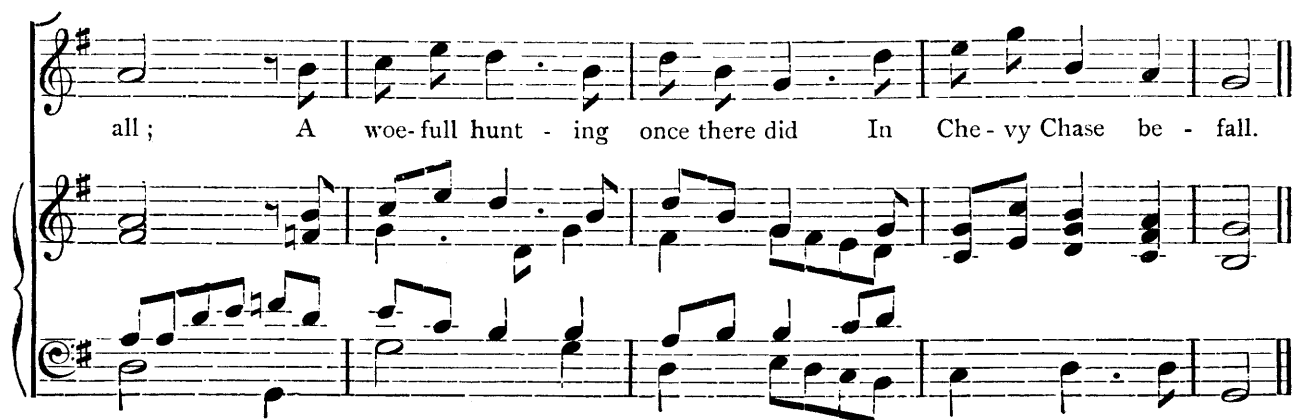


The piano introduction is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four measures. The melody in the right hand begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4-B4, and then a quarter note G4. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.



God pros-per long our no-ble King, Our lives and safe - ties

The vocal melody for the first line of lyrics is written in the treble clef. It starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4-B4, and then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.



all; A woe-full hunt - ing once there did In Che - vy Chase be - fall.

The vocal melody for the second line of lyrics is written in the treble clef. It starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4-B4, and then a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

CHEVY CHASE.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all!
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day!

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer:
On Monday they began to hunt
Ere daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain:
Then having dined, the drivers went
To rouse the deer again.

* * * * *

Lord Percy to the quarry went
To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say,

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight."

* * * * *

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer."

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy, he,
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be;

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say,

"Ere thus I will out-braved be
One of us two shall die!
I know thee well! an earl thou art,
Lord Percy! so am I."

* * * * *

Our English archers bent their bows—
Their hearts were good and true,—
At the first flight of arrows sent
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

* * * * *

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like captains of great might:
Like lions wud, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

CHEVY CHASE—continued.

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"O yield thee, Percy!" Douglas said,
"In faith, I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king;

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born!"

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all!
For why? my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas! for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

* * * * *

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

* * * * *

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly;

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bathed in purple gore
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.

* * * * *

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

Andante. About $\text{♩} = 88$.

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a whole rest for two measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4) and the left hand plays a series of eighth notes (F#3, G3, A3, B3, A3, G3, F#3). The system concludes with a double bar line.

Fare-well to plea - sant

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Dilston Hall, My father's an - cient seat ; A stranger now must call thee his, Which gars my heart to

The third system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The system concludes with a double bar line.

rit.
greet. Fare-well, each friendly well-known face My heart has held so dear ; My tenants now must

The fourth system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The system concludes with a double bar line.

leave their lands, Or hold their lives in fear.

colla voce.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat ;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell each friendly, well-known face
My heart has held so dear ;
My tenants now must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
I'll rove in autumn grey,
No more I'll hear at early dawn
The lav'rocks wake the day.
And who shall deck the hawthorn bower,
Where my fond childhood strayed?
And who, when Spring shall bid it flower,
Shall sit beneath the shade?

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down,
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our King has lost his crown.
But when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.

Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill, thou counsell'dst me ;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.
Then fare thee well, brave Widdrington,
And Forster ever true ;
Dear Shaftesbury and Errington
Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed
That carried me aye so free,
I wish I had been asleep in my bed
Last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble's nearly o'er ;
Yon sun that rises from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die ;
Oh! carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie.
And chant my solemn requiem,
In Hexham's holy towers ;
And let six maids from fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

THE BRAVE EARL BRAND.

Rather boldly. About $\text{♩} = 72$.

mf *sf*

mf *f* *mf*

Oh, did you ev-er hear of the brave Earl Brand? Hey lil-lie ho, lil-lie lal - lu! He's

mf *f* *mf*

rit.

court-ed the King's daughter of · fair Eng-land, I' the brave nights so ear - ly.

rit.

THE BRAVE EARL BRAND.

O DID you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie ;
He's courted the king's daughter o' fair England,
I' the brave nights so early.

She was scarcely fifteen years that tide,
Hey lillie, etc. ;
When sae boldly she came to his bedside,
I' the brave nights, etc.

"O Earl Brand, how fain would I see
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."

"O lady fair, I have no steed but one,
But thou shalt ride and I will run."

"O Earl Brand, but my father has two,
And thou shalt have the best o' tho'."

Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor,
And they have met neither rich nor poor.

Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,
He's aye for ill and never for good.

"Now, Earl Brand, an' ye love me,
Slay this old Carl and gar him dee."

"O lady fair, but that would be sair,
To slay an auld Carl that wears grey hair.

"My lady fair, I'll not do that,
I'll pay him his fee . . ."

"O where have you ridden this lee lang day,
And where have you stown this fair lady away?"

"I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Nor yet have I stown this fair lady away."

"For she is, I trow, my sick sister,
Whom I have been bringing fra' Winchester."

"If she's been sick and nigh to dead,
What makes her wear the ribbon sae red ?

"If she's been sick and like to die,
What makes her wear the gold sae high?"

When came the Carl to the lady's yett,
He rudely, rudely, rapped thereat.

"Now where is the lady of this hall?"
"She's out with her maids a playing at the ball."

"Ha, ha, ha! ye are all mista'en,
Ye may count your maidens owre again."

"I met her far beyond the lea,
With the young Earl Brand his leman to be."

Her father of his best men armed fifteen—
And they're ridden after them bidene.

The lady looked owre her left shoulder, then
Says, "O Earl Brand, we are both of us ta'en."

"If they come on me one by one,
You may stay by me till the fights be done.

"But if they come on me one and all,
You may stand by and see me fall."

They came upon him one by one,
Till fourteen battles he has won ;

And fourteen men he has them slain,
Each after each upon the plain.

But the fifteenth man behind stole round,
And dealt him a deep and a deadly wound.

Though he was wounded to the deid,
He set his lady on her steed.

They rode till they came to the river Doune,
And there they lighted to wash his wound.

"O Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood."
"It's nothing but the glent and my scarlet hood."

They rode till they came to his mother's yett,
So faintly and feebly he rapped thereat.

"O my son's slain, he is falling to swoon,
And it's all for the sake of an English loon."

"O say not so, my dearest mother,
But marry her to my youngest brother."

To a maiden true he'll give his hand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie ;
To the king's daughter o' fair England,
To a prize that was won by a slain brother's hand,
I' the brave nights so early.

BINNORIE; OR, THE CRUEL SISTER.

Moderato. About $\text{♩} = 69$.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed above the first measure of the left hand.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "There were twa sis - ters sat in a bow'r,—Bin - no - rie, O Bin - no - rie! There". The melody is in a minor key, indicated by two flats in the key signature.

The second system continues the song with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "cam' a knight to be their woo'r, By the bon-nie mill - dams o' Bin - no - - rie." The piano accompaniment includes some more complex rhythmic patterns in the right hand.

BINNORIE; OR, THE CRUEL SISTER.

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
Binnorie, etc.;
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing
By the bonnie, etc.

He courted the eldest wi' broach and knife,
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon his life.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sore envied her sister fair.

The eldest said to the youngest ane—
"Will you go and see our father's ship come in?"

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river strand.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
The eldest cam' and pushed her in.

She took her by the middle sma'
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land."

"O sister, I'll not reach your hand,
And I'll be the heir of all your land.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It's twined me and my world's make."

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love."

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,
And sweet William shall better be my love.

"Your cherry cheeks, and your yellow hair,
Garr'd me gang maiden ever mair."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Until she cam' to the miller's dam.

The miller's daughter was baking bread,
And gaed for water as she had need.

"O father, father, draw your dam,
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drowned woman.

Ye couldna see her yellow hair,
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare.

Ye couldna see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

Ye couldna see her lily feet,
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

A famous harper passing by,
The sweet, pale face he chanced to spy;

And when he looked that lady on,
He sighed and made a heavy moan.

"Sair will they be, whate'er they be,
The hearts that live to weep for thee."

He made a harp o' her breast-bone,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Their notes made sad the listening ear.

He brought it to her father's ha',
There was the court assembled a'.

He laid the harp upon a stane,
And straight it began to play alane—

"O yonder sits my father, the king,
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;

"And yonder sits my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true."

But the last tune the harp played then
Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"

SIR ARTHUR AND CHARMING MOLLEE.

Andante. ♩ = 96.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, marked *mf*. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "As no - ble Sir Arthur one morning did ride, With his hounds at his feet and his sword by his side, He". The music continues with the same instrumental texture as the introduction.

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "saw a fair maid sit-ting un - der a tree, He ask - ed her name, and she said 'twas Mollee." The vocal melody and piano accompaniment maintain the same musical style and key signature.

SIR ARTHUR AND CHARMING MOLLEE.

As noble Sir Arthur one morning did ride,
With his hounds at his feet and his sword by his side,
He saw a fair maid sitting under a tree ;
He asked her name, and she said 'twas Mollee.

"Oh, charming Mollee, you my butler shall be,
To draw the red wine for yourself and for me !
I'll make you a lady so high in degree,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee !

"I'll give you fine ribbons, I'll give you fine rings,
I'll give you fine jewels and many fine things ;
I'll give you a petticoat flounced to the knee,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee !"

"I'll have none of your ribbons, and none of your rings,
None of your jewels and other fine things ;
And I've got a petticoat suits my degree,
And I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dec."

"Oh, charming Mollee, lend me then your penknife,
And I will go home and I'll kill my own wife ;
I'll kill my own wife, and my bairnies three,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee !"

"Oh, noble Sir Arthur, it must not be so,
Go home to your wife, and let nobody know ;
For seven long years I will wait upon thee,
But I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dec."

Now seven long years are gone and are past—
The old woman went to her long home at last ;
The old woman died, and Sir Arthur was free,
And he soon came a-courting to charming Mollee.

Now charming Mollee in her carriage doth ride,
With her hounds at her feet and her lord by her side.
Now all ye fair maids take a warning by me,
And ne'er love a married man till his wife dec.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

Lively. ♩ = 120.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note chords in a descending sequence, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes and rests.

Bob - by Shaf-toe's ga'en to sea, Sil - ver buck - les at his knee ; He'll come back and

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

mar - ry me, Bon - ny Bob - by Shaf - toe. Bob - by Shaftoe's bright and fair, Combing down his

The second system continues the song with the same musical structure. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

yel - low hair ; He's my awn for ev - er - mair, Bon - ny Bob - by Shaf - toe.

The third system concludes the song with the same musical structure. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

BOBBY SHAFTOE'S gaen to sea,
Siller buckles on his knēe,
He'll come back and marry me,

Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's me awn for iver mair,

Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe hes a bairn
For to dangle on his airm;
In his airm and on his knee,

Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's gaen to sea,
Siller buckles on his knee,
He'll come back and marry me,

Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

O THE OAK, AND THE ASH, AND THE BONNY IVY TREE.

Moderato. About $\text{♩} = 100$.

mf *cres.*

rit.

A North Countrie lass up to Lon-don did pass, Although with her na - ture it did not a-gree, Which

rit.

rit.

made her re-pent and so oft - en la-ment, Still wish-ing a - gain in the North for to be. O the

rall.

oak, and the ash, and the bon-ny i - vy tree, Do flour-ish at home in the North Coun-trie.

rall.

O THE OAK, AND THE ASH, AND THE BONNY IVY TREE.

A NORTH-COUNTRY lass up to London did pass,
Although with her nature it did not agree,
Which made her repent and so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North for to be.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in my own countrie.

Fain would I be in the North Country,
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay;
There should I see what is pleasant to me,
A mischief light on them enticed me away.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish most bravely in our countrie.

Since that I came forth of the pleasant North
There's nothing delightful I see doth abound;
They never can be half so merry as we,
When we are a-dancing of Sellinger's Round.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in our own countrie.

I like not the court, nor to city resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me;
Their pomp and their pride I can never abide
Because with my humour it doth not agree.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in my own countrie.

How oft have I been on the Westmoreland Green,
Where the young men and maidens resort for to
play;
Where we with delight, from morning till night,
Could feast it and frolic on each holiday.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish most bravely in our countrie.

A-milking to go, all the maids in a row,
It was a fine sight, and pleasant to see;
But here in the city they're void of all pity—
There is no enjoyment of liberty.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our countrie.

When I had the heart from my friends to depart,
I thought I should be a lady at last;
But now do I find that it troubles my mind
Because that my joys and my pleasures are past.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own countrie.

The ewes and the lambs, with the kids and their
dams,
To see in the country how finely they play;
The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own countrie.

At wakes and at fairs, being 'void of all cares,
We there with our lovers did used for to dance;
Then hard hap had I, my ill fortune to try,
And so up to London my steps to advance.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our countrie.

But still I perceive I a husband might have,
If I to the city my mind could but frame;
But I'll have a lad that is North-Country bred,
Or else I'll not marry, in the mind that I am.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our countrie.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,
Until my own country again I do see;
For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face
Of him that's allotted my love for to be.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own countrie.

Then farewell, my daddy, and farewell, my mammy,
Until I do see you I nothing but mourn;
Rememb'ring my brothers, my sisters, and others,
In less than a year I hope to return.
Then the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
I shall see them at home in my own countrie.

OH! I HA'E SEEN THE ROSES BLAW.

Allegretto non troppo. About ♩ = 84.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Oh! I ha'e seen the ro - ses blaw, The heather bloom, the broom and a' The li - ly spring as

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in 6/8 time and includes the lyrics: "Oh! I ha'e seen the ro - ses blaw, The heather bloom, the broom and a' The li - ly spring as".

white as snaw, With all their na - tive splen - dour ; Yet Ma - ry's sweet - er, on the green As

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "white as snaw, With all their na - tive splen - dour ; Yet Ma - ry's sweet - er, on the green As". The musical notation includes a repeat sign in the vocal line.

fresh and fair as Flora's queen ; Mair stately than the branching bean, Or like the i - vy slen - der.

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics: "fresh and fair as Flora's queen ; Mair stately than the branching bean, Or like the i - vy slen - der." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand.

OH! I HA'E SEEN THE ROSES BLAW.

OH! I ha'e seen the roses blaw,
The heather bloom, the broom and a',
The lily spring as white as snaw,
 With all their native splendour.
Yet Mary's sweeter on the green,
As fresh and fair as Flora's queen,
Mair stately than the branching bean,
 Or like the ivy slender.

In nature, like a summer day,
Transcendent as a sunny ray,
Her shape and air is frank and gay,
 With all that's sweet and tender.
While lav'rocks sing their cheerful lays,
And shepherds brush the dewy braes,
To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,
 Among the shades I wander.

My captive breast, by fancy led,
Adores the sweet, the lovely maid,
Wi' ilka smile and charm arrayed,
 To make a heart surrender.
I love her mair than bees do flowers,
Or birds the pleasant leafy bowers,
Her presence yields me what the showers
 To hills and valleys render.

Could I obtain my charmer's love,
Mair stable than a rock I'd prove,
With all the meekness of a dove,
 To ilka pleasure hand her.
If she would like a shepherd lad,
I'd change my cane, my crook, and plaid,
Upon the hill tune up a reed,
 And with a song commend her.

For her I'd lead a life remote,
Wi' her I'd love a rustic cot,
There bless kind fortune for my lot,
 And ilka comfort lend her.
Till death seals up my wearied e'e,
In troubled dreams her form I'll see;
Till she consents to live with me,
 In lonesome shades I'll wander.

BLAW THE WIND SOUTHERLY.

Tune—"Kinloch of Kinloch."

Allegretto. About ♩. = 80.

The first system of musical notation is for the piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Blaw the wind souther - ly, south-er - ly, south-er-ly; Blaw the wind souther - ly, south or south-west.

The second system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment. It features the same grand staff, key signature, and time signature. The melody in the right hand continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand continues with harmonic support.

My lad's at the bar, at the bar, at the bar; My lad's at the bar, whom I love best. Then

The third system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment. It features the same grand staff, key signature, and time signature. The melody in the right hand continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand continues with harmonic support.

blaw the wind souther - ly, south-er - ly, south-er - ly; Blaw the wind souther - ly, south or south-west.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment. It features the same grand staff, key signature, and time signature. The melody in the right hand continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand continues with harmonic support.

BLOW THE WIND SOUTHERLY.

A NEW VERSION, BY JOHN STOBBS.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea ;
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow, bonny breeze, my lover to me.
They told me last night there were ships in the offing,
And I hurried me down to the deep rolling sea ;
But my eye could not see it, wherever might be it—
The bark that is bearing my lover to me.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south, that my lover may come ;
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow, bonny breeze, and bring him safe home.
I stood by the lighthouse the last time we parted,
Till darkness came down o'er the deep rolling sea ;
And no longer I saw the bright bark of my lover,
Blow, bonny breeze, and bring him to me.

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow, bonny breeze, o'er the bonny blue sea ;
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow, bonny breeze, and bring him to me.
Is it not sweet to hear the breeze singing,
As lightly it comes o'er the deep rolling sea ?
But sweeter and dearer by far when 'tis bringing
The bark of my true love in safety to me.

BUY BROOM BUZZEMS.

Andante con moto. About ♩ = 96.

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with two measures of whole rests, followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "If you want a buz-zem, For to sweep your hoose," are written below the vocal line.

If you want a buz-zem, For to sweep your hoose,

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line continues the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands. The lyrics "Come to me, maw hin - nies, Ye may ha'e your choose. Buy broom buz - zems," are written below the vocal line.

Come to me, maw hin - nies, Ye may ha'e your choose. Buy broom buz - zems,

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line finishes with a final melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment ends with sustained chords. The lyrics "Buy them when they're new ; Fine heath - er bred 'uns, Bet - ter nev - er grew." are written below the vocal line.

Buy them when they're new ; Fine heath - er bred 'uns, Bet - ter nev - er grew.

BUY BROOM BUZZEMS.

If you want a buzzem
For to sweep your hoose,
Come to me, maw hinnies,
Ye may hae your choose.

Buy broom buzzems,
Buy them when they're new,
Fine heather bred 'uns,
Better never grew.

Buzzems for a penny,
Rangers for a plack;
If you winnot buy,
Aw'll tie them on my back.
Buy broom buzzems, etc.

If aw had a horse,
Aw wad hev a cairt;
If aw had a wife,
She wad tyek me pairt.
Buy broom buzzems, etc.

Had aw but a wife,
Aw care not what she be—
If she's but a woman,
That's enuf for me.
Buy broom buzzems, etc.

If she like a droppie,
Her and I'd agree;
If she didn't like it,
There's the mair for me.
Buy broom buzzems, etc.

THE KEACH I' THE CREEL.

Lively. About ♩ = 88.

The first system of musical notation features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Lively. About ♩ = 88.' The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics 'A fair young May went' are aligned with the vocal melody.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics 'up the street, Some white fish for to buy; And a bon-ny clerk's fa'n in' are aligned with the vocal melody.

The third system concludes the musical piece. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics 'luve wi' her, And he's followed her by and by, by; He's followed her by and by.' are aligned with the vocal melody.

THE KEACH O' THE CREEL.

A FAIR young May went up the street,
Some white fish for to buy ;
And a bonny clerk's fa'n in luv' wi' her,
And he's followed her by-and-by.

"O where live ye, my bonny lass,
I pray thee tell to me ;
For gin the night were ever sae mirk,
I wad come and visit thee."

"O my faither he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key ;
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wicht,
Ye canna win in to me."

But the clerk he had a true brother,
And a wily wicht was he ;
And he has made a lang ladder,
Wi' thirty steps and three.

He has made a cleek but and a creel—
A creel but and a pin ;
And he's away to the chimley-top,
And he's letten the bonny clerk in.

The auld wife being not asleep,
Tho' late, late was the hour—
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man in our dochter's bower."

The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true ;
But she's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue.

"O where are ye gaun now, father?" she says,
"And where are ye gain sae late?
Ye've disturbed me at my evening prayers,
And, O, but they were sweet."

"O ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee ;
She has the muckle buik in her airms,
And she's prayin' for you and me."

The auld wife still lay wide awake,
Then something mair was said ;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man by our dochter's bed."

The auld wife now gat owre the bed
To see if the thing was true ;
But what the rack took the auld wife's fit !
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimley-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shoulder,
And fast to him he drew.

"O help! O help! O hinny now, help!
O help! O hinny, do!
For *him* that ye aye wished me at,
He's carryin' me off just noo."

"O if the foul thief's gotten ye,
I wish he may keep his haud,
For a' the lee lang winter nicht,
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gien her a richt doon fa',
Till every rib o' the auld wife's side
Played nick-nack on the wa'.

O the blue, the bonny, bonny blue,
And I wish the blue may do weel ;
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her
dochter,
May she get a good keach i' the creel.

THE SKIPPER'S WEDDING.

Lively. About $\text{♩} = 84$.

The piano introduction is in 8/8 time, marked *f* (forte). The right hand features a lively melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The first vocal entry is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melody begins with a rest followed by a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand.

Oh, neighbours, I've come for to tell ye Our Skipper and Mall's to be wed, And

The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a rising eighth-note line in the right hand and a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

if it be true what they're saying, E-gad we'll be all rarely fed. They've brought home a shoulder of mutton, Be-

The third vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a rising eighth-note line in the right hand and a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

sides two fine thumping fat geese, And when at the fire they're roasting, We're all to have sops in the grease. Blind

THE SKIPPER'S WEDDING—continued.

Wil-ly's to play on the fid-dle,—

f

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'Wil-ly's to play on the fid-dle,—' are written below the first measure. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in G major, starting with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a forte dynamic marking 'f'. The music is in 2/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

THE SKIPPER'S WEDDING.

GOOD neighbours, I'm come for to tell you
Our skipper and Moll's to be wed ;
And if it be true what they're saying,
Egad, we'll be rarely fed ;
They've brought home a shoulder of mutton,
Besides two thumping fat geese ;
And when at the fire they're roasting,
We're all to have sops in the grease.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be pies and spice dumplings,
And there will be bacon and peas ;
Besides a great lump of beef boiled,
And they may get crowdies who please.
To eat of such good things as these are,
I'm sure you've but seldom the luck ;
Besides, for to make us some pottage,
There'll be a sheep's head and a pluck.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

THE SKIPPER'S WEDDING—continued.

Of sausages there will be plenty,
Black puddings, sheep fat, and neat's tripes ;
Besides, for to warm all our noses,
Great store of tobacco and pipes.
A room, they say, there is provided
For us at "The Old Jacob's Well,"
The bridegroom he went there this morning,
And spoke for a barrel o' yell.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

There's sure to be those things I've mentioned,
And many things else ; and I learn
There's white bread and butter and sugar,
To please every bonny young bairn.
Of each dish and glass you'll be welcome
To eat and to drink till you stare ;
I've told you what meat's to be at it,
I'll next tell you who's to be there.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Why there will be Peter the Hangman,
Who flogs the folks at the cart tail ;
Auld Bob, with his new sark and ruffle,
Made out of an old keel sail ;
And Tib on the Quay who sells oysters,
Whose mother oft strove to persuade
Her to keep from the lads, but she couldn't,
Until she got by them betrayed.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be Sandy the Cobbler,
Whose belly's as round as a keg ;
And Doll, with her short petticoats,
To display her white stockings and leg ;
And Sall, who, when snug in a corner,
A sixpence, they say, won't refuse :
She curs'd when her father was drowned,
Because he had on his new shoes.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be Sam the Quack Doctor,
Of skill and profession he'll crack ;
And Jack, who would fain be a soldier,
But for a great hump on his back ;
And Tom, in the streets, for his living,
Who grinds razors, scissors, and knives ;
And two or three merry old women,
That call "Mugs and doublers, wives !"

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

But, neighbours, I'd almost forgotten
For to tell ye :—exactly at one
The dinner will be on the table,
The music will play till it's done.
When you'll be all heartily welcome
Of this merry feast for to share ;
But if you won't come at this bidding,
Why then you may stay where you are.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

SWALWELL HOPPING.

Lively. About $\text{♩} = 108$.

Tune—"Paddy's Wedding."

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Lively. About ♩ = 108.' and 'Tune—"Paddy's Wedding."'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first vocal line is in 6/8 time, marked 'mf'. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Lads, myek a ring, and hear huz sing The sport we had. at Swal - well, O ; Wor".

The second vocal line is in 6/8 time, marked 'mf'. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "mer - ry play o' the hop-pin' day, Howay, marrows, an' awl tell ye, O. The sun shines warm on".

The third vocal line is in 6/8 time, marked 'mf'. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Whick-ham Bank, Let's all lie down at Dol - ly's, O, An' hear 'bout monny a funny prank Played".

SWALWELL HOPPING—continued.

by the lads at Crow-ley's, O. Fal lal the dal la, Fal lal the dal la, Fal lal the lal, lal the lal,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

lal lal O; Fal lal the dal la, Fal lal the dal la, Fal lal the lal, lal, the di - dee O.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the top staff.

SWALWELL HOPPING.

LADS! myek a ring
An' hear huz sing
The sport we had at Swalwell, O ;
Wor merry play
O' th' Hopping Day,
Ho'way, marrows, an' aw'll tell ye, O.
The sun shines warm on Whickham Bank,
Let's a' lie doon at Dolly's, O,
And hear 'boot mony a funny prank
Played by the lads at Crowley's, O.

There was Sam, O zoons,
Wiv his pantaloons,
An' gravat up ower his gobby, O ;
An' Willie, thou
Wi' the jacket blue,
Thou was the very bobby, O.
There was knock-kneed Mat, wiv's purple suit,
An' hopper-hipp'd Dick, a' yellow, O ;
Greet Tom was there, wi' Hepple's awd coat,
An' buck-sheen'd Bob frae Stella, O.

When we were drest,
It was confest,
We shem'd the cheps frae Newcassel, O ;
So away we set
To wor toon gyet,
To jeer them a' as they pass'd us, O.
We shouted some, we some dung doon,
Lobstrop'us fellows we kicked them, O ;
Some culls went hyem, some crush'd to toon,
Some gat about by Whickham, O.

The spree came on—
The hat was won
By carrot-pow'd Jenny's Jacky, O.
What a fyece, begock !
Had buckle-mouthed Jock,
When he twin'd his jaws for the baccy, O.
The kilted lasses fell tid pell-mell,
Wi'—Talli-i-o the Grinder, O ;—
The smock was gi'en to slaverin' Nell—
Ye'd dropp'd had ye been behind her, O.

Wor dance began
Aw'd buck-tyuthed Nan,
An' Geordy thou'd Jen Collin, O ;
While the merry black,
Wi' mony a crack,

Set the tambourine a-rolling, O.
Like wor forge-hammer, we bet sae true,
An' shuck Raw's hoose se soundly, O ;
Tuff canna cum up wi' Crowley's crew,
Nor thump the tune se roundly, O.

Then Gyetside Jack,
Wiv's bloody back,
Wad dance wi' goggle-eyed Molly, O ;
But up cam Nick,
An' gav' him a kick,
An' a canny bit kind o' fally, O.
That day a' Hawks's blacks may rue—
They got monny a varry sair clanker, O ;
Can they de owse wi' Crowley's crew,
Frev a needle tiv an anchor, O.

What's that to say
To the bonny fray,
We had wi' skipper Robin, O ;
The keel bullies a',
Byeth greet an' sma',
Myed a beggarly tide o' the hoppen, O.
Gleed Will cried "Ma-a," up lap aud Frank,
An' Robin that marry'd his dowter, O ;
We hammered their ribs like an anchor shank,
They fand it six weeks after, O.

Bald-pyet Joan Carr
Wad hev a bit spar,
To help his marrows away wid, O,
But poor aud fellow,
He'd gotten ower mellow,
So we doon'd byeth him an' Davy, O.
Then Petticoat Robin jumped up agyen,
Wiv's gully to marcykree huz, O ;
But Winlaton Dan laid him flat wiv a styen,
Hurrah ! for Crowley's crew, boys, O.

Their hash was sattled,
So off they rattled,
An' we jigged it up se hearty, O ;
Wi' mony a shiver,
An' lowp se cliver,
Can Newcassel turn oot sic a party, O ?
When quite dyun ower the fiddlers went,
We staggered ahint se merry, O,
An' throo wor toon, till fairly spent,
Roar'd "Crowley's crew an' glory, O."

THE WATER OF TYNE.

Andante con moto. About $\text{♩} = 120$.

I cannot get to my love if I would dee, The

The first system of musical notation for the song. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto' with a note indicating a tempo of about 120 beats per minute. The lyrics 'I cannot get to my love if I would dee, The' are written below the vocal line.

wa - ter of Tyne runs be - tween him and me; And here I must stand, with the

The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'wa - ter of Tyne runs be - tween him and me; And here I must stand, with the' are written below the vocal line.

rit.
tear in my e'e, Both sigh - ing and sick - ly my sweet-heart to see.
rit.

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'tear in my e'e, Both sigh - ing and sick - ly my sweet-heart to see.' are written below the vocal line. The word 'rit.' (ritardando) appears above the final measure of the vocal line and below the final measure of the piano accompaniment.

THE WATER OF TYNE.

I CANNOT get to my love, if I would dee,
The water of Tyne runs between him and me;
And here I must stand with the tear in my e'e,
Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman? my bonny hinny!
O where is the boatman? bring him to me,—
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O bring me a boatman, I'll give any money,
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,—
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
Or scull him across that rough river to me.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND BAGPIPES.

Lively. ♩ = 92.

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning. The bass staff, which begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature, provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords and single notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. The treble staff has a whole rest for the first three measures, followed by a melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "A shep-herd sat him" are aligned with the end of the first measure of the treble staff's melody. A dynamic marking of *fr* (forzando) appears above the treble staff in the fourth measure.

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "un - der a thorn, He pull'd out a pipe and be - gan for to play; It was on a mid-summer" are written below the treble staff. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with the bass staff providing a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system concludes the piece on this page. The lyrics "day in the morn, For hon - our of that hol - i - day. A dit - ty he did chant a - long, That" are written below the treble staff. The musical notation features a final melodic phrase in the treble staff and a corresponding accompaniment in the bass staff.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND BAGPIPES—continued.

goes to the tune of "Ca - ter Bor - dee," And this was the bur - den of his song, "If

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "goes to the tune of 'Ca - ter Bor - dee,' And this was the bur - den of his song, 'If

thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee; To thee, to thee, der-ry, der-ry, to thee; To

This system contains measures 4 through 7. The lyrics are: "thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee; To thee, to thee, der-ry, der-ry, to thee; To

thee, to thee, der-ry, der-ry, to thee." And this was the bur - den of his song, "If

This system contains measures 8 through 11. The lyrics are: "thee, to thee, der-ry, der-ry, to thee." And this was the bur - den of his song, "If

thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee."

This system contains measures 12 through 15. The lyrics are: "thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee." The system concludes with a double bar line. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte) at measure 13 and *rit.* (ritardando) at measure 14. There is also a trill (*tr*) in the piano part at the end of measure 14.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND BAGPIPES.

A SHEPHERD sat him under a thorn,
He pulled out his pipes and began for to play,
It was on a midsummer day in the morn,
In honour of that holiday.
A ditty he did chant along,
That goes to the tune of "Cater Bordee,"
And this was the burden of his song,
"If thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee ;
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee ;
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee.
And this was the burden of his song,
"If thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee."

And while his harmony he did make,
A country damsel from the town,
A basket on her arm she had,
A gathering rushes from the down ;
Her bongrace was of wended straw,
From the sun's beams her face to free,
And thus she began when she him saw—
If thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee.
To thee, to thee, etc.

I DREW MY SHIP INTO THE HARBOUR.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 84.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

I drew my ship in - to the har - bour, I drew her up where my true love lay ; I

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I drew my ship in - to the har - bour, I drew her up where my true love lay ; I". The music continues with the same instrumental texture as the introduction.

drew her close by up to the win - dow, To list - en what my dear girl did say.

The second system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "drew her close by up to the win - dow, To list - en what my dear girl did say.". The music concludes with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.

I DREW MY SHIP INTO THE HARBOUR.

I DREW my ship into the harbour,
I drew her up where my true love lay;
I drew her close by up to the window,
To listen what my dear girl did say.

"Who's there that raps so loud at my window—
That raps so loud and fain would be in?"
"It is your true love that loves you dearly,
So rise, dear girl, and let him in."

Then slowly, slowly, got she up,
And slowly, slowly, came she down;
But before she got the door unlocked,
Her true love had both come and gone.

"Come back, come back, my only true love,
Come back, my ain one, and ease my pain;
Your voice I knew not, your face I saw not,
Oh, John! my heart will break in twain."

The ripest apple is soonest rotten,
The hottest love is soonest cold;
Seldom seen is soon forgotten,
True love is timid, so be not bold.

He's brisk and braw, lads, he's far awa', lads,
He's far beyond yon raging main,
Where fishers dancing, and dark eyes glancing,
Have made him quite forget his ain.

THE BONNIE REDESDALE LASSIE.

Cheerful. ♩ = 80.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Cheerful.' with a quarter note equal to 80 beats per minute. The score includes dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

mf
The breath of Spring is

p *mf* *mf*

grate - ful, As mild it sweeps a - long, . . A - waken-ing bud and blos- som, The

p

bon- ny braes a - mong ; And waft- ing notes of glad - ness Frae ilk - a bower and

mf

tree, Yet the bon - nie Redes- dale las - sie Is sweet - er still to me.

THE BONNIE REDESDALE LASSIE.

THE breath of Spring is gratefu',
As mild it sweeps alang ;
Awaukening bud an' blossom,
The broomy braes amang ;
And wafting notes of gladness,
Fra ilka bower and tree ;
Yet the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is sweeter still to me.

How bright is Summer's beauty !
When, smilin' far an' near,
The wildest spots o' nature
Their gayest livery wear ;
An' yellow-cups an' daisies
Are spread on ilka lea ;
But the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Mair charming is to me.

O sweet is mellow Autumn !
When, wide owre a' the plain,
Slow waves in rustlin' motion
The heavy-headed grain ;
Or in the sunshine glancin'
An' rowin' like the sea ;
Yet the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is dearer far to me.

As heaven itself, her bosom
Is free o' fraud an' guile,
What hope o' future pleasure
Is centred in her smile !
I wadna loss for kingdoms
The love-glance o' her e'e :—
O the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is life an' a' to me.

THE PITMAN'S COURTSHIP.

Allegretto. ♩. = 84.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. It starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature, starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and featuring a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The introduction concludes with a forte (*sf*) dynamic.

The first system of the song consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and featuring a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The lyrics for this system are: "Quite soft blew the wind from the west, The sun faint - ly shone in the sky, When".

The second system of the song consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and featuring a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The lyrics for this system are: "Lukey and Bessie sat courtin', As walking I chanced to es- py. Un-heeded, I stole close beside them, To".

The third system of the song consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and featuring a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The lyrics for this system are: "hear their discourse was my plan ; I listened each word they were saying, When Lukey his courtship began." The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

THE PITMAN'S COURTSHIP.

QUITE soft blew the wind from the west,
The sun faintly shone in the sky,
When Lukey and Bessy sat courting,
As walking I chanc'd to espy ;
Unheeded I stole close beside them,
To hear their discourse was my plan ;
I listen'd each word they were saying,
When Lukey his courtship began.

"Last hoppen thou won up my fancy,
Wi' thy fine silken jacket o' blue ;
An' smash if thor fine Newcassel lyedys
Cou'd marrow the curls o' thy brow ;
That day aw whiles danc'd wi' lang Nancy,
She couldn't like thou lift her heel ;
My grandy likes spice singing hinnies
Ma comely, aw like thou as weel.

"Thou knaws, ever since we were little,
Together we've ranged through the woods,
At neets hand in hand toddled hyem,
Varry oft wi' howl kites and torn duds ;
But now we can tauk about marriage,
An' lang sair for wor weddin'-day :
When married we'll keep a bit shop,
An' sell things in a huickstery way.

"An' to get us a canny bit leevin',
A' kinds of fine sweetmeats we'll sell—
Reed harrin', broon syep, and mint candy,
Black pepper, dye-sand, an' sma' yell,

Spice hunters, pick-shafts, farden candles,
Wax dollies wi' reed leather shoes,
Chawk pussy-cats, fine curly-greens,
Paper skyets, penny pies, and huil-doods.

"I'se help thou to tie up the shuggar,
At neets when frae wark I get lowse !
An' wor Dick that leeves owr by High
Whickham
He'll myek us broom buzzums for nowse ;
Like an image thou's stand owr the coonter,
Wi' thy fine muslin, cambricker goon ;
An' te let fokes see thou's a lyedy
On a cuddy thou's ride to the toon.

"There's be matches, pipe-clay, an' broon dishes,
Canary seed, raisins, and fegs ;
And, to please the pit laddies at Easter,
A dishful of giltey paste-eggs ;
Wor neibors, that's snuffers an' smokers,
For wor snuff an' wor backy they'll seek,
An' to show them we deal wi' Newcassel,
Twee blackies sal mense the door cheek

"So now for Tim Bodkin I'se send,
To darn my silk breeks at the knee,
Thou thy ruffles and frills mun get ready,
Next Whit-Sunday married we'll be.
Now aw think it's high time to be steppin',
We've sittin' tiv aw's about lyem ;"
So then, wiv a kiss and a cuddle,
These lovers they bent their ways hyem.

THE KEEL ROW.

Moderato. ♩ = 112.

As I cam' thro' Sand-gate, thro' Sand-gate, thro' Sandgate, As I cam' thro' Sand-gate, I

heard a las - sie sing: "Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,

Weel may the keel row that my lad-die's in. And weel may the keel row, the

THE KEEL ROW—continued



THE KEEL ROW.

As I cam' thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I cam' thro' Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing:
"Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that my laddie's in."
Weel may the keel row, etc.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin.
Weel may the keel row, etc.

THE NEW KEEL ROW.

THOMAS THOMPSON.

WHE's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny,
He's foremost 'mang the mony
Keel lads o' Coaly Tyne.
He'll set or row so tightly,
Or in the dance so sprightly
He'll cut or shuffle sightly,
'Tis true—were he not mine.
Weel may the keel row, etc.

He's ne mair learning
Than tells his weekly earning,
Yet reet frae wrang discerning,
Tho' brave, ne bruise he;
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His awn coat on his back is,
And nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnny's e'e.

Each pay-day nearly,
He takes his quairt right dearly,
Then talks O latin O cheerly,
Or mavies jaws away;
How caring not a feather,
Nelson and he together,
The springy French did lether,
And gar'd them shab away.

Were a' kings comparely,
In each I'd spy a fairly,
An' aye wad Johnny barly:
We hae sic bonny bairns;
Go bon, the queen, or misses,
But wad for Johnny's kisses,
Luik upon as blisses,
Scrimp meals, caff beds, and dairns.

Wour lads, like their deddy,
To fight the French are ready,
But gie's a peace that's steady,
And breed cheap as lang syne;
May a' the press-gangs perish,
Each lass her laddy cherish,
Lang may the Coal Trade flourish
Upon the dingy Tyne.

Bright Star o' Heaton,
Your aye wour darling sweet'en,
May heaven's blessings leet on
Your leddy, bairns, and ye;
God bless the king and nation,
Each bravely fill his station,
Our canny Corporation
Lang may they sing wi' me.
Weel may the keel row, etc.

CANNY NEWCASTLE.

Allegretto. ♩. = 92.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and reaching a forte (f) dynamic. The left staff uses a bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

'Bout Lunnun aw'd heard ay sic won-der-ful spokes, That the streets were a' covered wi' guin-eas ; The

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support.

hous-es se fine an' sic grandees the folks, To them huz in the North were but nin-nies. But aw

The second system continues the song. The vocal line maintains the melody, and the piano accompaniment provides a consistent harmonic background.

fund mawsel' blonk'd when to Lunnun aw gat, 'The folks there a' luik'd wishy wash-y ; For

The third system concludes the song. The vocal line ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding harmonic support.

CANNY NEWCASTLE—continued.

gowld ye might howk till ye're blind as a bat, For their streets are, like wors, brave and bash-y. 'Bout

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, with some measures containing triplets.

Lun-non then div-ent ye myek sic a rout, There's nowse there maw winkers to daz-zle ; For

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes some measures with triplets and sustained chords.

a' the fine things ye are gob-bin' a - boot, We can mar - ra iv can - ny New - cas - sel.

The third system concludes the musical score. It includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking above the vocal line and below the piano line. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the previous systems. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes some measures with triplets and sustained chords.

CANNY NEWCASSEL.

'BOUT Lunnun aw'd heard sec wonderful spokes,
That the streets were a' covered wi' guineas ;
The houses se fine, sec grandees the folks,
Te them huz i' th' North were but ninnies.
But aw fund ma-sel blonk'd when to Lunnun aw gat,
The folks they a' luck'd wishy-washy ;
For gould ye may howk till ye're blind as a bat,
For their streets are like wors—brave and blashy.

'Bout Lunnun, then, divn't ye mak' sic a rout,
There's nowse there ma winkers to dazzle !
For a' the fine things ye are gobbin about
We can marra' iv canny Newcassel.

A Cockney chep show'd me the Thames' druvy feace,
Whilk he said was the pride o' the nation ;
And thowt at their shippin' aw'd maek a haze-gaze,
But aw whop'd ma foot on his noration.
"Wi' huz, man, three hundred ships sail iv a tide,
We think nouse on't, aw'll maek accydavy ;
Ye're a gouck if ye din't knaw that the lads i' Tyneside
Are the Jacks that maek famish wor Navy."
'Bout Lunnun, etc.

We went big St. Paul's and Westminster to see,
And aw warn't ye aw thought they luck'd pretty ;
And then we'd a keek at the monument tee,
Whilk ma friend ca'd the pearl o' the city.
"Wey, hinny," says aw, "we've a Shot Tower se hee,
That biv it ye might scruffle to Heaven ;
And if on St. Nicholas ye once cus' an e'e,
Ye'd crack on't as lang as ye're livin."
'Bout Lunnun, etc.

We trudg'd to St. James's, for there the King lives,
Aw warn'd ye a gud stare we teuk on't ;
By my faicks ! it's been built up by Adam's awn neaves,
For it's aud as the hills by the leuk on't.
"Shem binye!" says I ; "ye shou'd keep the King douse,
I speak it without ony malice ;
Aw own that wor Mayor rather wants a new house,
But then wor Infirm'ry's a palace."
'Bout Lunnun, etc.

Ah, hinnies ! out cum the King, while we were there,
His leuks seem'd to say, "Bairns, be happy !"
So down o' my hunkers aw set up a blare,
For God to preserve him frae Nappy.

For Geordy aw'd dee—for my loyalty's trig,
And aw own he's a geud-leukin' mannic ;
But if wor Sir Matthew ye buss iv his wig,
By gocks ! he wad just leuk as canny.
'Bout Lunnun, etc.

Ah, hinnies ! about us the lasses did lowp,
Thick as curns in a spice singin-hinnie ;
Some aud an' some hardly flig'd ower the doup,
But aw ken'd what they were by their whinnie.
"Ah ! mannie," says aw, "ye hev mony a tite girl,
But aw'm tell'd they're oft het i' their trappin' ;
Aw'd cuddle much rather a lass i' the Swarl,
Than the dolls i' the Strand or i' Wappin'."
'Bout Lunnun, etc.

Wiv a' the stravaging, aw wanted a munch,
An' ma thropple was ready to gizen ;
So we went tiv a yell-house and there teuk a lunch,
But the reck'ning, my soul, was a bizon
Wiv huz i' th' North, when aw'm wairsh i' my way
(But te knaw wor warm hearts ye yur-sell come),
Aw lift the forst latch, and baith man and dame say,
"Cruck yor hough, canny man, for ye're welcome."
'Bout Lunnun, etc.

A shillin' aw thought at the Playhouse aw'd ware,
But aw jump'd there wiv heuk-finger'd people ;
My pockets gat rip'd, and aw heard ne mair
Nor aw cud frae St. Nicholas's Steeple.
Dang Lunnun ! wor Playhouse aw like just as weel,
And wor play folks aw's shure are as funny ;
A shillin's-worth sarves me to laugh till aw squeel,
Ne hallion there thrimmels ma money.
'Bout Lunnun, etc.

The loss o' the cotterels aw dinna regaird,
For aw've gotten some white heft o' Lunnun ;
Aw've learn'd to prefer my awn canny calf-yaird,
If ye catch me mair fra't ye'll be cunnun.
Aw knaw that the Cockneys crake rum-gum-shus
chimes,
To make gam of wor bur and wor 'parel ;
But honest Blind Willy shall string this iv rhymes,
And aw'll sing'd for a Christmas Carol.
'Bout Lunnun, etc.

JEMMY JOHNSON'S WHERRY.

Allegretto. About ♩ = 92.

Whei cow-ers biv the

chim - ley reek, Be - gor, it's all a hor-ney, For through the world aw wish't to keek, Yen

day when aw was cor - ney. Sac wiv some var - ry can - ny chiels, All on the hop and

mur-ry, Aw thowt aw'd myek a voyage to Shields Iv Jem-my John-son's whur-ry.

JEMMY JONESON'S WHURRY.

WHEI cowers biv the chimley reek,
Begox ! it's all a horney ;
For thro' the world aw wisht to keek
Yen day when aw was corney.
Sae, wiv some varry canny chiels,
All on the hop an' murry,
Aw thowt aw'd myek a voyage to Shiels
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Ye never see'd the church sae scrudg'd
As we wur there thegither,
An' gentle, semple, throughways nudg'd,
Like burdies of a feather.
Blind Willie, a' wor joys to croon,
Struck up a hey-down-derry,
An' crouse we left wor canny toon
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

As we push'd off, loak ! a' the Key
To me seem'd shuggy-shooin',
An' tho' aw'd niver been at sea
Aw stuid there like a new-un.
And when the Malls began their reels,
Aw kick'd maw heels reet murry,
For, faix ! aw liked the voyage to Shiels
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Quick went wor heels, quick went the oars,
An' where me eyes wur cassin',
It seem'd as if the bizzy shores
Cheer'd canny Tyne i' passin'.
What ! hes Newcassel now nae end ?
Thinks aw, its wondrous vurry ;
Aw thowt aw'd like me life to spend
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Tyneside seem'd clad wiv bonny ha's,
An' furnaces sae dunny ;
Wey, this mun be what Bible ca's
"The land ov milk and honey !"

If a' thor things belanged tiv I,
Aw'd myek the poor reet murry,
An' cheer the folks i' gannin' by
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Then on we went, as nice as owse,
Till 'nenst aud Lizzy Moody's ;
A whirlwind cam' an' myed a' souse,
Like heaps o' babby boodies.
The heykin myed me vurry wauf,
Me heed turn'd duzzy vurry ;
Me leuks, aw'm sure, wad spyen'd a cauf
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

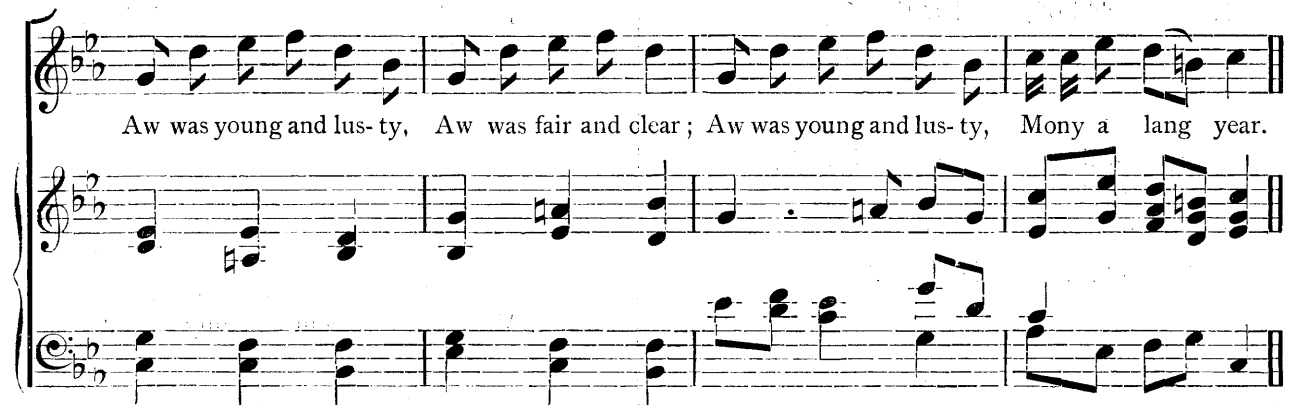
For hyem an' bairns, an' maw wife Nan,
Aw yell'd oot like a lubbart ;
An' when aw thowt we a' shud gan
To Davy Jones's cubbart,
The wind bec-baw'd ; aw wish'd me squeels,
An' yence mair a' was murry,
For seun we gat a sect o' Shiels
Frev Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Wor Geordies now we thrimmel'd oot,
An' tread a' Shiels, sae dinny ;
Maw faix ! it seems a canny sprout,
As big maist as it's minny.
Aw smack'd their yell, aw clim'd their bree,
The sect was wondrous vurry ;
Aw lowp'd sec gallant ships to see
Biv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

To Tynemouth then aw thowt aw'd trudge,
To see the folks a' duckin' ;
Louk ! men an' wives together pludg'd,
While hundreds stud by luikin'.
Amang the rest, aw cowp'd me creels,
Eh, gox ! 'twas funny vurry ;
An' so aw end me voyage to Shiels
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

SAIR FYEL'D, HINNY.

Moderato. About ♩ = 76.



Sair fyel'd, hinny,
Sair fyel'd now ;
Sair fyel'd, hinny,
Sin' I ken'd thou.
Aw was young and lusty,
Aw was fair and clear ;
Aw was young and lusty
Mony a lang year.
Sair fyel'd, hinny, etc.

When aw was young and lusty
Aw could lowp a dyke ;
But now aw'm awd an' stiff
Aw can hardly step a syke.
Sair fyel'd, hinny, etc.

When aw was five-and-twenty
Aw was brave and bauld ;
Now, at five-and-sixty,
Aw'm byeth stiff and cauld.
Sair fyel'd, hinny, etc.

Thus said the auld man
To the oak tree :
"Sair fyel'd is aw
Sin' aw ken'd thee."
Sair fyel'd, hinny, etc.

THE DEATH OF PARCY REED.

Moderato. ♩ = 108.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 in the left hand and a half note A3 in the right hand, followed by a series of chords and moving lines. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "God send the land de - liv - er - ance Frae ev' - ry reav - ing, riv - ing Scot; We'll". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

The third system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "sune ha'e nei - ther cow nor ewc, We'll sune ha'e nei - ther staig nor stot." The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

THE DEATH OF PARCY REED.

God send the land deliverance
Frae every reaving, riving Scot;
We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,
We'll sune hae neither staig nor stot.

The outlaws cam frae Liddesdale,
They harry Redesdale far and near;
The rich man's gelding it maun gang,
They canna pass the puir man's mear.

Sure it were weel had ilka thief
Around his neck a halter strang;
And curses heavy may they light
On traitors vile oursels amang.

Now Parcy Reed has Crosier ta'en,
He has delivered him to the law;
But Crosier says he'll do waur than that;
He'll make the tower o' Troughend fa'.

And Crosier says he will do waur—
He will do waur if waur can be;
He'll make the bairns a' fatherless,
And then the land it may lie lea.

"To the hunting, ho!" cried Parcy Reed,
"The morning sun is on the dew;
The cauler breeze frae aff the fells
Will lead the dogs to the quarry true."

"To the hunting, ho!" cried Parcy Reed,
And to the hunting he has gane;
And the three fause Ha's o' Girsontield,
Alang wi' him he has them ta'en.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
By heathery hill and birken shaw;
They raised a buck on Rookan edge,
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They made the echoes ring amain;
Wi' music sweet o' horn and hound,
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They hunted up, they hunted down,
Until the day was past the prime,
And it grew late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in Batinghope,
When as the sun was sinking low;
Says Parcy then, "Ca' aff the dogs;
We'll bait our steeds, and homeward go."

They lighted high in Batinghope
Atween the brown and benty ground;
They had but rested a little while,
Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.

There's nane may lean on a rotten staff
But him that risks to get a fa';
There's nane may in a traitor trust,
And traitors black were every Ha'.

They've stown the bridle aff his steed,
And they've put water in his lang gun;
They've fixed his sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come.

"Waken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,
Or by your enemies be ta'en,
For yonder are the five Crosiers,
A-coming o'er the Hingin'-stane."

"If they be five and we be four,
Sae that ye stand alang wi' me,
Then every man ye will take ane,
And only leave but two to me;
We will them meet as brave men ought,
And make them either fight or flee."

"We mayna stand, we canna stand,
We daurna stand alang wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and we."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Johnny Ha',
O turn ye, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
My gude black nag I will gie thee;
He cost full twenty pound o' gowd
Atween my brother John and me."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha',
O turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
A yoke o' owsen I'll gie thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

THE DEATH OF PARCY REED—continued.

"O turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha',
O turn now, man, and fight wi' me;
If ever we come to Troughend again,
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O shame upon ye, traitors a'!
I wish your hames ye may never see;
Ye've stown the bridle aff my naig,
And I can neither fight nor flee."

"Ye've stown the bridle aff my naig,
And ye've put water i' my lang gun;
Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come."

He had but time to cross himsel'—
A prayer he hadna time to say,
Till round them cam' the Crosiers keen,
All riding graithed, and in array.

"Weel met, weel met now, Parcy Reed,
Thou art the very man we sought;
Owre lang hae we been in your debt,
Now will we pay ye as we ought."

"We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,
Where we will hang thee like a hound"—
Brave Parcy raised his fankit sword,
And felled the foremost to the ground.

Alake and wae for Parcy Reed—
Alake, he was an unarmed man;
Four weapons pierced him all at once,
As they assailed him there and than.

They fell upon him all at once,
They mangled him most cruellie;
The slightest wound might cause his deid,
And they hae gi'en him thirty-three.
They hackit aff his hands and feet,
And left him lying on the lea.

"Now, Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt;
Ye canna weel dispute the tale,"
The Crosiers said, and aff they rade—
They rade the airt o' Liddesdale.

It was the hour of gloomin' gray,
When herds came in frae fauld and pen;
A herd he saw a huntsman lie:
Says he, "Can this be Laird Troughen'?"

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And some will ca' me Laird Troughen';
It's little matter what they ca' me,
My faes hae made me ill to ken."

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And speak my praise in tower and toun;
It's little matter what they do now,
My life bluid rudds the heather brown."

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And a' my virtues say and sing;
I would rather have just now
A draught o' water frae the spring."

The herd flang aff his clouted shoon,
And to the nearest fountain ran;
He made his bonnet serve a cup,
And wan the blessing o' the dying man.

"Now, honest herd, ye maun do mair,
Ye maun do mair as I ye tell,
Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,
And bear likewise my last farewell."

"A farewell to my wedded wife,
A farewell to my brother John,
Wha sits into the Troughend tower
Wi' heart as black as ony stane."

"A farewell to my daughter Jean,
A farewell to my young sons five;
Had they been at their father's hand,
I had this night been man alive."

"A farewell to my followers a',
And a' my neighbours gude at need;
Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's
Betrayed the life o' Parcy Reed."

"The Laird o' Clennel bears my bow,
The Laird o' Brandon bears my brand;
Whene'er they ride i' the border side,
They'll mind the fate o' the Laird Troughend."

ROBIN SPRAGGON'S AULD GREY MARE.

Allegretto. ♩. = 92.

mf

The Mill-er of O - gle

f *mf*

bred me, As I have heard them say, . . . And gal-lant-ly he fed me With the

best of corn and hay; . . . For meal and malt I want-ed not, When in his cus-to-

dy, But now I'm Ro-bin Spraggon's auld grey mare, Ae how he's guid-ed me. . . .

ROBIN SPRAGGON'S AULD GREY MARE.

THE miller of Ogle bred me, as I have heard them say,
And gallantly he fed me with the best of corn and hay;
For meal and malt I wanted not when in his custody,
But now I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Sometimes he took his gowpins, sometimes he took his hat,
Sometimes he took the mouter dish to where the toll was put;
For meal or malt I wanted not when in his custody,
But now I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Spraggon sets the pads upon my back sae early in the morn,
And rides me down to Felton without either hay or corn;
When all the rest get hay enough, there's now never a bit for me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Our thrifty dame, Mally, she rises soon at morn,
She goes and tells the master I'm pulling up the lorn;
He clicks up the oxen gad and sair belabours me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

When aw loup the dyke to Pepperhaugh, they hound me back again,
For a' the dogs o' Pepperhaugh sac weel they do me ken;
They run me to the lairy bog and round about the lea,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

There's Tallyho Trevillian, he hunts upon the hill,
I'll leave to him my carcase to be his dogs a fill,
To make them hunt sly Renny until the day they dee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

There's fussy Parson Olivant, his coat is growing thin,
I'll leave to him my battered hide to roll him cozy in;
To keep him warm in winter, as oft it has done me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Then there's sturdy Willy Hemley is a ploughman good and true,
I'll leave to him my hind legs to be stilts unto his plough,
To be stilts unto his plough, my lads, for he's often riving lea,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

There's canty Matthew Arkley whiles works about the dykes,
I'll leave to him my small bags to be a pair of pipes,
To play the lasses merry tunes, to make them dance wi' glee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

There's blythesome Tibby Richison, she is a bonny lass;
The water trough, where oft aw drank, may serve as keeking glass,
To see to set her pinner straight, as oft it stands aglee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Then there's doughty Tom, the blacksmith, sets the shoes upon my heel,
I'll leave to him my other bones to grind to havermeal,
To grind to havermeal, my lads, I think they've all a share,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, and I can leave ne mair!

But as for Robin Spraggon, I've left him not a plack,
For many a time he's spurred my sides, and sore he's licked my back;
But, worst of all, he pinched my waim, which caused me to dee,—
I was Robin Spraggon's hungered jade, and ill he used me.

WHITTINGHAM FAIR.

Allegretto. ♩. = 88.

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked *Allegretto* at 88 beats per minute, and the dynamic is *mf*.

The first vocal line spans four measures. The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Are you go - ing to Whitting-ham Fair?— Pars-ley, sage, rose - ma - ry, and thyme—Re -". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second vocal line also spans four measures. The melody continues from the previous line. The lyrics are: "mem - ber me to one that lives there, For once she was a true love of mine." The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

WHITTINGHAM FAIR.

ARE you going to Whittingham Fair?—

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,—
Remember me to one that lives there,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,

Parsley, sage, etc.,
Without any seam or needlework,
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,

Parsley, etc.,
Where never spring water nor rain ever fell,
Then she, etc.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,

Parsley, etc.,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
Then she, etc.

Now he has asked me questions three,

Parsley, etc.,
I hope he'll answer as many for me,
Before he shall, etc.

Tell him to find me an acre of land,

Parsley, etc.,
Betwixt the salt water and the sea sand,
Then he, etc.

Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,

Parsley, etc.,
And sow it all over with one pepper corn,
And he, etc.

Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather,

Parsley, etc.,
And bind it up with a peacock's feather,
And he, etc.

When he has done and finished his work,

Parsley, etc.,
Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,
And he, etc.

LAY THE BENT TO THE BONNIE BROOM.

Rather slow. ♩ = 92.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Rather slow' with a quarter note equal to 92 beats per minute.

There was a la - dy in the North Coun - trie,— Lay the bent to the bon - nie

Legato.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are 'There was a la - dy in the North Coun - trie,— Lay the bent to the bon - nie'. The piano part is marked 'Legato' and provides a steady accompaniment to the vocal line.

broom,— And she had love - ly daughters three, Fal la la la la la la la.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'broom,— And she had love - ly daughters three, Fal la la la la la la la'. The piano part continues with a consistent accompaniment pattern.

LAY THE BENT TO THE BONNIE BROOM.

THERE was a lady in the North Countrie
(Lay the bent to the bonnie broom),
And she had lovely daughters three,
Fal la, la, la la la la re.

There was a knight of noble worth,
Who also lived in the north.

This knight was of courage stout and brave;
Nothing but love could his heart enslave.

This knight he knockt at the ladye's gate
One evening when it was full late.

The eldest sister let him in,
And pinned the door with a silver pin.

The second sister she made his bed,
And laid soft pillows under his head.

The youngest sister, fair and bright,
Was resolved to wed this valiant knight.

And in the morning, when it was gay,
These words unto him she did say :—

“Now (as I love you well),” quoth she,
“I pray, Sir Knight, will you marry me?”

The brave young knight to her replied,
“Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be denied.

“If thou canst answer me questions three,
This very day I will marry thee.”

“Kind sir, in love, oh then,” quoth she,
“Tell me what your questions be?”

“O what is longer than the way,
Or what is deeper than the sea?”

“Or what is louder than the horn,
Or what is sharper than the thorn?”

“Or what is greener than the grass,
Or what is worse than woman e’er was?”

“Oh, true love is longer than the way,
And hell is deeper than the sea.

“And thunder is louder than the horn,
And hunger is sharper than a thorn.

“And poison is greener than the grass,
And the Devil is worse than woman e’er was.”

When she these questions answered had,
The knight became exceeding glad;

And having tried so hard her wit
He much commended her for it;

And after it was verified
He made of her his lovely bride.

Now, fair maidens all, adieu,
This song I dedicate to you.

I wish that you may constant prove
To the men that you do love.

THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 120.



f

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords in the treble clef, while the left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).



mf

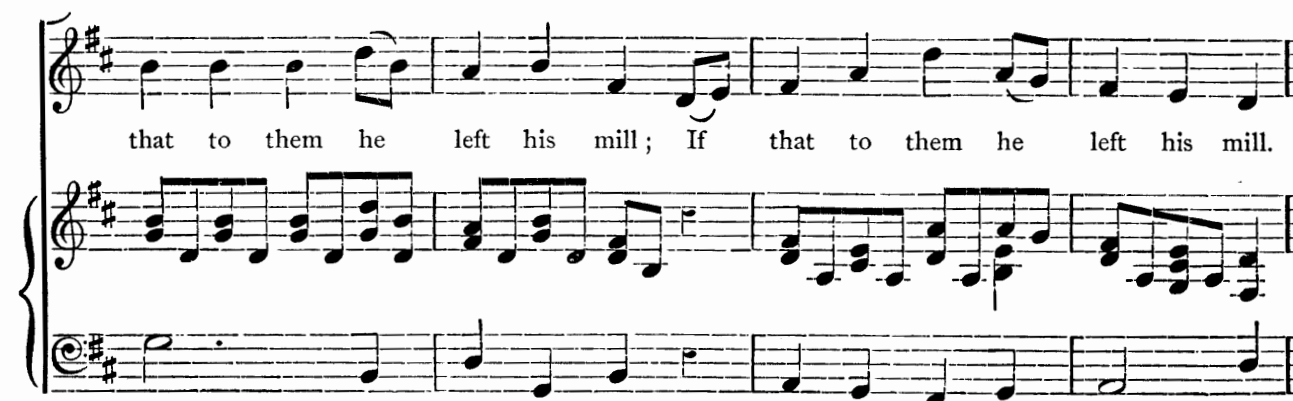
There was a jol - ly mil - ler and he Had lus - ty sons, one,

The first vocal entry is on a single staff in the treble clef. It begins with a melody in the key of one sharp (F#) and common time. The piano accompaniment continues in the same key and time signature.



two, and three; He call'd them all and ask'd their will, If

The second vocal entry continues the melody on a single staff in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.



that to them he left his mill; If that to them he left his mill.

The third vocal entry concludes the phrase on a single staff in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.

THERE was a jolly miller, and he
Had lusty sons, one, two, and three;
He call'd them all and ask'd their will,
If that to them he left his mill.

He called first to his eldest son,
Saying: "My life is almost run,
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," said he, "my name is Jack;
Out of a bushel I'll have a peck
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool," the old man said,
"Thou hast not well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live."

He called for his middlemost son,
Saying: "My life is almost run,
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," says he, "my name is Ralph;
Out of a bushel I'll take a half
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool," the old man said,
"Thou hast not well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live."

He called for his youngest son,
Saying: "My life is almost run,
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," says he, "I'm your only boy,
For taking toll is all my joy!
Before I will a good living lack,
I'll take it all and forswear the sack!"

"Thou art my boy," the old man said,
"For thou hast right well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I give," he cried,
And then turned up his toes and died.

THE POOR OLD HORSE.

Moderato. About $\text{♩} = 100$.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the time signature is common time (C).

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "My cloth - ing once was lin - sey - wol - sey fine, My hair un - linkt, and my". The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "coat it did shine ; But now in o - pen fields I'm forc'd for to go, To". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

The third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: "face the cold winter, and the hail - storm and the snow, Crying, 'Poor old horse, O poor old horse.'" The piano accompaniment features a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking towards the end of the system.

THE POOR OLD HORSE.

My clothing once was linsey-woolsey fine,
My hair unlinkt, and my coat it did shine;
But now in open fields I'm forced for to go
To face the cold winter, and the hailstorm and the snow.
Crying, "Poor old horse, O poor old horse."

My bait it once was of the best of hay
That ever grew in fields or in meadows gay;
But now no such comfort I can get at all,
I'm forced to crop the short grass that grows upon the wall.
Crying, etc.

My days are near an end, and now I must die,
And at some lownd dike back my weary bowk may lie;
I do not greatly mind, for I'm clean done anyhow,
And my master does not care, for I'm worse than useless now.
Crying, etc.

My skin unto the huntsman I freely do give,
My flesh unto the hounds I also bequeath,
Likewise my body stout, that's gone o'er so many miles
Over hedges, over ditches, over gates and over stiles.
Crying, etc.

THE BLAEBERRIES.

Larghetto. About $\text{♩} = 96$.

Will you go to the

The first system of musical notation for the song 'THE BLAEBERRIES.' It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto' with a note value of approximately 96 beats per minute. The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics 'Will you go to the' are written below the vocal line.

Hie-lands, my jew-ell, wi' me; Will you gan wi' your true love the

The second system of musical notation continues the song. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics 'Hie-lands, my jew-ell, wi' me; Will you gan wi' your true love the' are written below the vocal line.

moun-tains to see? It's heal-thy, dear las-sie, to breathe the sweet

The third system of musical notation continues the song. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics 'moun-tains to see? It's heal-thy, dear las-sie, to breathe the sweet' are written below the vocal line.

air, And to pu' the blae-ber-ries in the for-est sae fair.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the song. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics 'air, And to pu' the blae-ber-ries in the for-est sae fair.' are written below the vocal line.

THE BLAEBERRIES.

"WILL you go to the Hielands, my jewell, wi' me,
Will you gan wi' your true love the mountains to see?
It's healthy, dear lassie, to breathe the sweet air,
An' to pu' the blaeberries in the forest sae fair."

"Wi' thee to the Hielands, love, I daurna gang;
The mountains are dreary, the journey is lang;
I love this fair valley an' sweet corn-field
Mair than a' the blaeberries your wild forests yield."

"O! the Hielands are bonny when the heather's in bloom;
An' ilk strath where you wander smells sweet wi' perfume;
You may gather blaeberries ere summer be gone,
And produce them at table when December comes on."

Then out spake her father, a haughty auld man:
"Gae seek ye a mistress amang your ain clan;
We lo'e nae the proffer 'mang wild Hieland fells,
O' your walth o' blaeberries and blue heather-bells."

"Come kilt up your plaidie, an' off owre the hill,
The sight o' your Hieland face does me much ill!
I'll marry my daughter, and spare pennies too,
On anither mair gentle an' likely than you."

"My plaidie is broad and has colours anew;
Gudeman, for your kindness, I'll leave it with you!
The cauld days o' winter are harmless to me,
When I get blinks o' love frae your sweet daughter's e'e."

"My flocks are but scanty, my lodging's but bare,
And you that hae plenty the mair you can spare;
Ye'll no send your lassie, your darling awa',
A wife to the Hielands, wi' naething ava'?"

Then off drew the father wi' her to advise:—
"If ye think o' gaun wi' him you're surely not wise!
He's a rude Hieland fellow, as pair as a crow,
And the likest a cateran that ever I saw."

"But if you determine his mistress to be,
Ye'se get nought that I or your mither can gie;
Frae a' our possessions we bar you for aye,
If aff to the Hielands wi' him you'll away."

"Then keep, honoured father, whate'er you possess,
For all you say of him I love him not less.
I value not riches, though tempting they be,
If the wild Hieland hills are between him and me."

Awa' she's gane wi' him, in spite o' them a'—
Awa' to a countrie her een never saw;
Owre broad moss an' mountain on foot did she gang,
And aye he said, "Lassie, think no the road lang."

The warm sun was shining, 'twas now afternoon,
The lassie grew weary and fain wad sit down;
But he said, "Sweetest jewel, step onward wi' me,
Ere saft fa's the gloaming at hame we maun be."

"I'm fit-sair an' weary, my shoes are all rent,
Sae far hae we travelled, I'm ready to faint;
An' were it not, dearest, for your company,
Amang the lang heather I'd lie down and dee."

"O! were there an outhouse, a barn, or a byre,
An' we lodged in either, it's a' I desire."—
"Cheer up, my sweet lassie, we'll no tarry here,
Our ane woods and steading we're now drawing near."

As onward they wandered, they came to a grove
Where sheep out o' number a-feeding did rove;
And Allan stood musing his hirsels to see,
But to her, his dear lassie, nae joy could they gie.

A sprightly young laddie wi' green tartan trews
And twa bonnie lassies were buchtin' his ewes;
They said, "Honoured Master, fu' blessed may ye be;
Both you and your leddy we lang look'd to see."

"Bucht in the ewes, lassies, and gang your way hame;
I've brought you a mistress—a gentle young dame;
Although amang strangers she's bashfu' an' shy,
Yet in my best chamber this night sall she lie."

'Midst warmest of welcomes she entered the ha',
And sic a fine mansion she scarce ever saw;
Wi' ale and gude whisky they drank her health roun',
And they made her a bra' bed o' heather an' down.

He led her neist morn to the hay-field near by,
And bade her look round her far as she could spy—
"These lands and possessions are yours, love, for aye;
And ye winna gang round them in a lang simmer day."

"O Allan! O Allan! why came ye to me?
Sure I am unworthy your mistress to be!"
"Look up, winsome lassie, ye needna think shame;
And call me not Allan, for Sandy's my name!"

"Oh, don't you remember, at school long ago,
Your hard-hearted father was ever my foe?
And most of my comrades dealt harshly with me,
Yet I was respected and loved by thee."

"Are you then my Sandy, whom I loved dear?
Why heard I not from you for many a year?
O oft, faithfu' Sandy, wi' thinking on thee!
When others were sleeping, I ne'er closed an e'e."

"Alas! both my parents I lost when a child,
And far from these valleys was I then exiled;
But years came, and plenty was showered on me;
So I wish, dearest jewel, to share it with thee."

"We loved other dearly, with love let us end,
While in innocent pleasures our days will we spend;
And again to your father together we'll go;
I will ease the old farmer of trouble and woe."

With man and maid-servants to wait them upon,
Away to the Lowlands again are they gone;
They drove to the window before they wad stand,
While down came the father wi' bonnet in hand.

"Come, keep on your bonnet, and don't let it fa';
It sets not the peacock to bow to the crow!"
"Forbear, gentle Sandy, an' dinna taunt me;
My Jean's undeserving your leddy to be."

There's mirth in the kitchen, delight on the green;
Sae pleased was the mother, tears blinded her een;
To mak ilk ane happy nae siller was spared,
An' now the auld farmer's a douce looking laird.

THE HEXHAMSHIRE LASS.

Lively. About $\text{♩} = 84$.

mf

Hey, for the buff and the blue;

f *mf*

Hey, for the cap and the fea - ther ; Hey, for the bon - ny lass true, That

lives in Hex - ham - shire. Through by the Sai - by Syke, An

o - ver the moss and the mire, I'll go to see my lass, Who lives in Hex - ham - shire.

THE HEXHAMSHIRE LASS;

OR, HEY FOR THE BUFF AND THE BLUE.

HEY for the buff and the blue,
Hey for the cap and the feather,
Hey for the bonny lass true,
That lives in Hexhamshire.

Through by the Saiby Syke,
An' over the moss and the mire,
I'll go to see my lass,
Who lives in Hexhamshire.

Her faither lov'd her well,
Her mother lov'd her better;
I love the lass mysel,
But, alas! I cannot get her.
Through by, etc.

Oh, this love, this love;
Of this love I'm weary!
Sleep, I can get none,
For thinking on my deary!
Through by, etc.

My heart is like to break,
My bosom is on fire,
So well I love the lass
That lives in Hexhamshire.
Through by, etc.

Her petticoat is silk,
And plaited round with siller,
Her shoes are tied with tape,
She'll wait till I go till her.
Through by, etc.

Were I where I would be,
I would be beside her;
But here a while I must be,
Whatever may betide her.
Through by, etc.

Hey for the thick and the thin,
Hey for the mud and the mire,
And hey for the bonny lass
That lives in Hexhamshire.
Through by, etc.

BONNY AT MORN.

Moderato. ♩ = 120.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.

mf

The sheep's in the mea-dows, The kye's in the corn; Thou's ow - er lang

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "The sheep's in the mea-dows, The kye's in the corn; Thou's ow - er lang".

in thy bed, Bon-ny, at morn. The sheep's in the mea-dows, The kye's in the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "in thy bed, Bon-ny, at morn. The sheep's in the mea-dows, The kye's in the".

corn; Thou's ow - er lang in thy bed, Bon - ny, at morn. Can - ny at

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "corn; Thou's ow - er lang in thy bed, Bon - ny, at morn. Can - ny at".

BONNY AT MORN—continued.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, also in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests and ties. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

night, Bon - ny at morn ; Thou's ow - er lang in thy bed, Bon - ny, at morn.

THE sheep's in the meadows,
The kye's in the corn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

Canny at night,
Bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

The bird's in the bush,
The trout's in the burn ;
Thou hinders thy mother
In many a turn.

Canny at night, etc.

We're all laid idle
Wi' keeping the bairn—
The lad winnot work,
And the lass winnot lairn.

Canny at night, etc.

IT WAS ONE SUMMER MORNING.

Lively. ♩ = 92.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note D, followed by eighth notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D, and ends with a quarter note D. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: D, C, B, A, G, F#, E, D.

The first vocal line is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a half note D, followed by quarter notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D, and ends with a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "It was one sum-mer morn - ing, as I went o'er the moss, I had no thought of".

The second vocal line is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a half note D, followed by quarter notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D, and ends with a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "'list - ing till the sol-diers did me cross; They kind-ly did in - vite me to a".

The chorus and solo section is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note D, followed by quarter notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D, and ends with a quarter note D. The lyrics are: "flow-ing bowl, and down, They ad - vanc - ed, They ad - vanc - ed, They ad - vanc - ed, They ad -". The section is marked with dynamics: *f* for the chorus, *mf* for the solo, and *f* for the chorus.

IT WAS ONE SUMMER MORNING—continued.



It was one summer morning, as I went o'er the moss,
I had no thought of 'listing till the soldiers did me cross;
They kindly did invite me to a flowing bowl, and down
They advanced me some money—'twas ten guineas and a crown.

"It's true my love has 'listed, he wears a white cockade;
He is a handsome young man, besides a roving blade;
He is a handsome young man, and he's gone to serve the king,—
Oh! my very heart is breaking all for the loss of him."

My love is tall and handsome, and comely for to see,
And by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he;
I hope the man that 'listed him may not prosper night nor day,
For I wish that the Hollanders may sink him in the sea.

"Oh! may he never prosper. Oh! may he never thrive,
Nor anything he takes in hand so long as he's alive.
May the very grass he treads upon the ground refuse to grow,
Since he's been the only cause of my sorrow, grief, and woe."

Then he pulled out a handkerchief to wipe her flowing eyes—
"Leave off those lamentations, likewise those mournful cries;
Leave off your grief and sorrow, while I march o'er the plain,
We'll be married when I return again."

"Oh, now my love has 'listed, and I for him will rove,
I'll write his name on every tree that grows in yonder grove;
Where the huntsman he does hollow, and the hounds do sweetly cry,
To remind me of my ploughboy until the day I die."

ELSIE MARLEY.

Lively. ♩. = 96.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Di' ye ken El - sie Mar - ley, ho - ney? The wife that sells the bar - ley, ho - ney; She

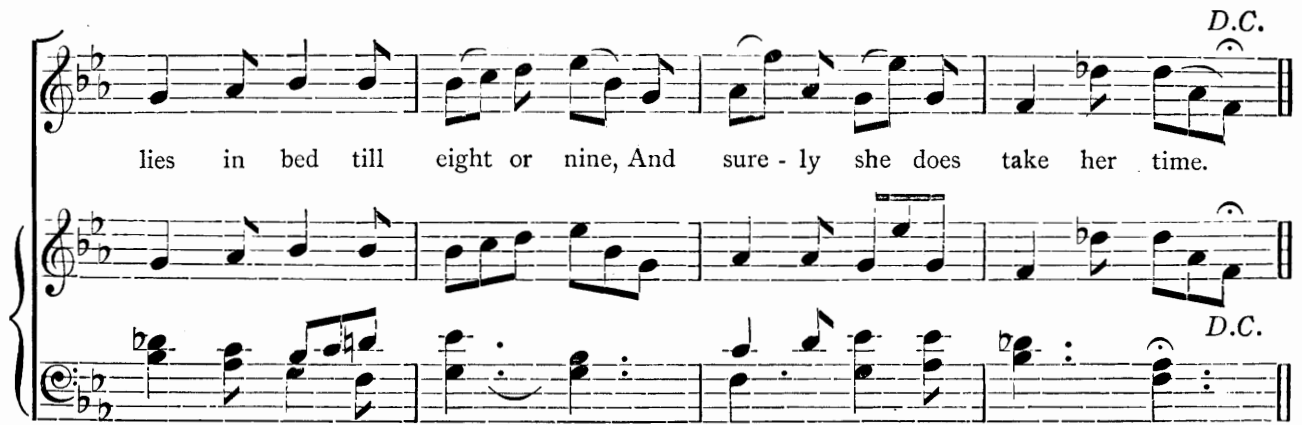
The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Di' ye ken El - sie Mar - ley, ho - ney? The wife that sells the bar - ley, ho - ney; She".

lost her pock-et and all her mon-ey, A - back o' the bush i' the gar - den, hon - ey.

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "lost her pock-et and all her mon-ey, A - back o' the bush i' the gar - den, hon - ey.".

El - sie Mar - ley's grown so fine, She won't get up to serve the swine, But

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics: "El - sie Mar - ley's grown so fine, She won't get up to serve the swine, But".



Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife that sells the barley, honey;
She lost her pocket and all her money,
Aback o' the bush i' the garden, honey.

Elsie Marley's grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

Elsie Marley is so neat,
It's hard for one to walk the street,
But every lad and lass they meet
Cries "Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?"
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

Elsie Marley wore a straw hat,
But now she's gotten a velvet cap;
The Lambton lads mun pay for that,
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

Elsie keeps rum, gin, and ale,
In her house below the dale,
Where every tradesman, up and down,
Does call and spend his half-a-crown.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

The farmers, as they cum that way,
They drink with Elsie every day,
And call the fiddler for to play
The tune of "Elsie Marley," honey.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim
They drink Bumbo made of gin,
And for to dance they do begin
To the tune of "Elsie Marley," honey.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

The sailors they do call for flip,
As soon as they come from the ship,
And then begin to dance and skip
To the tune of "Elsie Marley," honey.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

Those gentlemen that go so fine,
They'll treat her with a bottle of wine,
And freely they'll sit down and dine
Along with Elsie Marley, honey.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

So to conclude those lines I've penn'd,
Hoping there's none I do offend,
And thus my merry joke doth end
Concerning Elsie Marley, honey.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley? etc.

SPOTTEE.

Lively. About ♩. = 80.

First system of piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *f*. The music is in A major (three sharps) and consists of two staves. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

To be sung chantwise.

Second system of music, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Come, all you good people, and list-en to me, And a com-i-cal jest I will tell un-to ye, Con -". The piano part is marked *mf*.

Third system of music, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "cern-ing one Spottee, that liv'd on the Law Kee, That had neither house nor har-bour he." The piano part continues with the same accompaniment.

SPOTTEE.

COME, all you good people, and listen to me,
And a comical jest I will tell unto ye,
Concerning one Spottee that lived on the law key,
That had neither house nor harbour he.

The au'd wives of Whitburn did not know what for tae dee,
For they durs'n't come and see their husbands when they cam to the key;
For he frightened baith them, and their infants tee,
Did this roguish fellow they call Spottee.

But now he is gane frae there tae the seaside,
Where mony a yan wishes he may be washed away by the tide;
For if Floter's flood comes as it used for tae dee,
It'll drive out his heart, and where will his midriff be!

The fish wives of Whitburn didn't know what for tae dee,
They durs'n't come along the sands wiv their swills in their hands tae sell their lang-tailed skaits at Jacob Spencer's landing as they used for tae dee,
For they used to come along the sands wiv their swills in their hands,
But now they are forced tae tak a cobble and come in by the sea.

As Laird Forster of Whitburn was riding along the sand,
As he or any other gentleman might dee,
Spottee cam out, his tatter wallops did flee,
The horse teuk the boggle and off went he.

He gathers sticks in the day time as he's well knawn for tae dee,
And maks a fire on at neit that casts a great leit into the sea,
Which garred the poor sloop cry "helm a lee,"
And a back of the pier went poor she.

"Alack and a-well-a-day," says the maister, "what mun we dec?"
"Trust to Providence," says the mate, "and we will get free."
There was a poor little lad aboard cam a trial voyage tae sea,
His heart went like a pair of bellows, and he said he wad niver gan ne mair tae sea.

Johnny Usher, the maister, wad hae carried him away,
But the ship's company swore, deil b' i' their feet i' they wad wiv him stay;
They'd sooner forfeit their wages for gannan tae sea,
Then sail along with that roguish fellow they call Spottee.

THE COLLIER'S RANT.

Allegro moderato. ♩. = 88.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

The first system of the song includes a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 6/8 time, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the left hand marked *mf*. The lyrics are: "As me and maw mar-ra was gan-nin' te wark, We met wi' the De'il, it was i' the dark; Aw

The second system continues the song. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are: "up wi' my pick, and it bein' i' the neet, Aw knockt off his horns, like - wise his club feet.

The third system concludes the song. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are: "Fol-low the hors - es, John-ny, me lad - dy; Follow them through, me can - ny lad, oh!". The piano accompaniment includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a label "L.H." for the left hand.

THE COLLIER'S RANT—continued.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff, while the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the melody. The score includes dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and phrasing slurs. The lyrics are: "Fol-low the hors - es, John-ny, me lad - die; Oh! lad, lie a - way, can-ny lad, oh!"

As me and maw marra was gannin te wark,
 We met wi' the Deil, it was i' the dark;
 Aw up wi' me pick, and it bein' i' the neet,
 Aw knockt off his horns, likewise his club feet.
 Follow the horses, Johnny, me laddy,
 Follow them through, me canny lad, oh!
 Follow the horses, Johnny, me laddy,
 Oh! lad, lie away, canny lad, oh!

As me an' me marra was puttin' the trams,
 The lowe it went oot, an' me marra went wrang;
 Ye wad ha'e laught had ye seen the gam,—
 The Deil gat me marra, but aw gat the tram.
 Follow the horses, Johnny, me laddy, etc.

Oh! marra, oh! marra, what does thou think,
 Aw've broken me bottle, an' spilt aw me drink,
 Aw've lost me shin splints amang the greet styens;
 Draw me ti' the shaft, lad, it's time ti' gan hyem.
 Follow the horses, etc.

Oh! marra, oh! marra, where hes thou been?
 Drivin' the drift doon fre the law seam,
 Drivin' the drift doon fre the law seam;
 Haud up the lowe, lad! deil stop up thy e'en.
 Follow the horses, etc.

Oh! marra, oh! marra, this is wor pay week,
 We'll get penny loaves and drink tiv wor beak,
 We'll fill up wor bumper, and round it shall go,
 Follow the horses, Johnny, lad, oh!
 Follow the horses, etc.

There is the horse, and there is the tram;
 Twee horns full o' grease will myek her to gan;
 There is me hoggers, likewise me half shoon,
 An' smash me heart, marra, me puttin's a' dunc.
 Follow the horses, etc.

DANCE TI' THY DADDY.

Brightly. About ♩ = 108.

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note Bb3. The system concludes with a vocal line ending on a half note Bb4 and a piano accompaniment ending on a half note Bb3. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line consists of a continuous eighth-note melody. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation. The system ends with a vocal line ending on a half note Bb4 and a piano accompaniment ending on a half note Bb3. Dynamics include *mf*.

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line consists of a continuous eighth-note melody. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation. The system ends with a vocal line ending on a half note Bb4 and a piano accompaniment ending on a half note Bb3. Dynamics include *mf*.

The fourth system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line consists of a continuous eighth-note melody. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation. The system ends with a vocal line ending on a half note Bb4 and a piano accompaniment ending on a half note Bb3. Dynamics include *f* and *rit.*

DANCE TI' THY DADDY.

COME here, maw little Jacky,
Now aw've smok'd mi backy,
Let's hev a bit o' cracky,
Till the boat comes in.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a fishy when the boat comes in.

Here's thy mother humming,
Like a canny woman;
Yonder comes thy father,
Drunk—he cannot stand.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a haddock when the boat comes in.

Our Tommy's always fuddling,
He's so fond of ale,
But he's kind to me,
I hope he'll never fail.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a bloater when the boat comes in.

I like a drop mysel',
When I can get it sly,
And thou, my bonny bairn,
Will lik't as well as I.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a mackerel when the boat comes in.

May we get a drop,
Oft as we stand in need;
And weel may the keel row
That brings the bairns their bread.

Dance ti' thy daddy, sing ti' thy mammy,
Dance ti' thy daddy, ti' thy mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a salmon when the boat comes in.

THE TYNE EXILE'S LAMENT.

Grazioso. $\text{♩} = 69.$

Modern.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a melody in 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "I sat by the side of a broad roll-ing riv-er, That spar-kles a-long on its". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "way to the sea; But my thoughts fly a-gain o'er the wide heav-ing main, To the". The piano accompaniment maintains its harmonic structure.

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "home of my child-hood, so hap-py and free. The". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

THE TYNE EXILE'S LAMENT—continued.

cres.

sun with rare splendour may brighten each scene, All nature in hues the most gorgeous may shine, But

Earnestly.

all is in vain the fond wish to re-strain, I wish I were a - gain on the banks of the Tyne.

I SAT by the side of a broad rolling river,
 That sparkles along on its way to the sea;
 But my thoughts fly again o'er the wide-heaving main,
 To the home of my childhood, so happy and free.
 The sun with rare splendour may brighten each scene,
 All Nature in hues the most gorgeous may shine,
 But all is in vain the fond wish to restrain,
 I wish I were again on the banks of the Tyne.

How clearly before me again each bright scene
 Of my childhood appears to my sad, longing eye,
 The wild rugged banks where so often I've played,
 And listen'd the river roll murmuring by;
 Though brighter the river that rolls at my feet,
 And fairer the banks where I sadly recline,
 All, all I'd resign for the bleak hills of mine,
 Oh! I wish I were again on the banks of the Tyne.

Oh, Fortune! I pray thee, oh! list to the prayer
 Of the exile who mourns on a far foreign shore;
 If here I must die, 'neath the fierce blazing sky,
 And the home of my youth I must never see more,
 Take me far, far from here, in my still narrow bier,
 And lay me where lie all the past race of mine;
 With them I would lie where the river rolls by,
 On the banks dearly lov'd of my own native Tyne.

THE WILLOW TREE; OR, RUE AND THYME.

Moderato. ♩ = 100.

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ends with a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and ends with a quarter note E4. The piano part has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking at the beginning and a decrescendo (dim.) marking towards the end.

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ends with a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and ends with a quarter note E4. The piano part has a piano (p) dynamic marking at the beginning and a crescendo (cres.) marking towards the end. The vocal line has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking at the end.

Be - ware, young maids, be - ware ; Be - ware, and read my rhyme ; And

The third system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ends with a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and ends with a quarter note E4. The piano part has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking at the beginning and a decrescendo (dim.) marking towards the end. The vocal line has a decrescendo (rit.) marking at the end.

see that you keep your gar - den well, And let no one steal your thyme.

THE WILLOW TREE; OR, RUE AND THYME.

BEWARE, young maids, beware;
Beware, and read my rhyme;
And see that you keep your garden well,
And let no one steal your thyme.

Oh, when my thyme was new,
It flourished both night and day,
Till by there came a false young man,
And he stole my thyme away.

And now my thyme's all gone,
And I can plant no new,
And the very place where my thyme was set
Is all o'ergrown with rue.

And rue runs over all,
And nothing can it stop;
But there grows a flower in my father's garden
They call it the fair maid's hope.

"Now spring up hope," said I,
"And be not afraid of rue;"
And if ever that young man come again,
He'll surely find me true.

The gardener standing by,
I bade him choose for me;
He choose me the lily, the violet, and the pink,
But these I refused all three.

The lily I refused
Because it fades so soon;
The violet and the pink I did them overlook,
And vowed I would wait till June.

In June the red rose buds,
And that is the flower for me;
But in laying my hand on the red rose bush,
I thought of the willow tree.

The willows they grow long,
The willows they grow strong;
And the whole world over may very well know
That false love has done me wrong.

It's good to be drinking the beer,
It's good to be drinking the wine;
But it's better far to be on the bonny laddie's knee
That's stolen this heart of mine.

Farewell to all fading flowers,
Farewell to young lovely June,
For the grass that was once trodden under foot,
Perhaps it may rise again.

THE FIERY CLOCK FYECE.

Lively. ♩. = 96.

mf

O Dick, what's kept ye

a' this time? Aw've fretted sair a - boot ye; Aw thought that ye'd fa'n in the Tyne, Then

what wad aw deun with - oot ye? O hin-ny, Dol-ly, sit thee doon, And hear the news aw've

f

brought fra toon, The New-cas-sel folks hes catch'd a moon, And myed it a bon - ny clock fyECE.

THE FIERY CLOCK-FYECE.

O DICK, what's kept ye a' this time?
Aw've fretted sair about ye;
Aw thowt that ye'd fa'n in the Tyne,
Then what wad aw deun without ye?
O hinny, Dolly, sit thee doon,
And hear the news aw've browt fra toon—
The Newcassel folks hes catch'd a moon,
An' myed it a bonny clock-fyece.

Thou knaws St. Nicholas' Church, maw pet,
Where we war tied together—
That place, aw knaw, thou'll not forget,
Forget it aw will niver.
'Twas there then, jewel, aw saw the seet,
As aw cam staggerin' through the street—
Aw thowt it queer at pick-dark neet
Te see a fiery clock-fyece.

The folks they stood in flocks aboot—
Aw cried, "How! what's the matter?"
Aw glowered—at last aw gov a shoot
For them te fetch sum watter;
The church is afire, and varry suin
That bonny place 'ill be burnt doon—
Ye fyul, says a chep, it's a bonny moon
They've caught an' myed it a clock-fyece.

On Monday, when aw gan te wark,
Aw'll surely tell wor banksman,
If we had sic a leet at dark,
We niver wad break wor shanks, man;
Maw marrows an' aw'll gan te the toon
Te see if we can catch a moon—
If we can only coax one doon,
We'll myek't a bonny clock-fyece.

Then if we get it doon the pit,
We'll hed stuck on a pole, man;
'Twill tell us how wor time gans on,
Likewise to hew wor coal, man.
So now, maw pet, let's gan te bed,
An' not forget the neet we wed;
The morn we'll tell wor Uncle Ned
About the bonny clock-fyece.

"CAPPY"; OR, THE PITMAN'S DOG.

Lively. ♩. = 92. *mf*

In a

mf *f*

toon near Newcas - tle a pit-man did dwell Wiv his wife, nyem'd Peg, a tom-cat and his-sel'; A

mf

dog call-ed "Cap-py" he doat-ed up-on, Be - cause he was gi'en him by greet-un-cle Tom.

mf *f*

cres. *f* *Repeat Chorus.*

Weel-bred "Cap-py," Fam-ous aud "Cap-py"; "Cap-py's" the dog, Tal-li - o! tal-li - o!

cres. *f*

* "Cappy" barks approval.

"CAPPY"; OR, THE PITMAN'S DOG.

IN a toon near Newcassel a pitman did dwell,
Wiv his wife, nyem'd Peg, a tom-cat, and hissel ;
A dog called Cappy he doated upon,
Because he was left him by great Uncle Tom.

Weel bred Cappy, famous au'd Cappy,
Cappy's the dog, Tallio, tallio.

His tail pitcher-handled, his colour jet black,
Just a foot and a half was the length of his back,
His legs seven inches frev shoulder to paws,
And his lugs like two dockins hung ower his jaws.

Weel bred Cappy, etc.

For huntin' of vermin reet cliver was he,
And the house frev a' robbers his bark wad keep free ;
Cou'd byeth fetch and carry,—cou'd sit on a stuil,
Or, when frisky, wad hunt water-rats in a puil.

Weel bred Cappy, etc.

As Ralphy to market one morn did repair,
In his hat-band a pipe, and weel kyem'd was his hair ;
Ower his arm hung a basket—thus onward he speels,
And enter'd Newcassel wi' Cap at his heels.

Weel bred Cappy, etc.

He haddent got farther than foot o' the Side,
Before he fell in with the dog-killing tribe ;
When a highwayman fellow slipt round in a crack,
And a thump on the skull laid him flat on his back.

Down went Cappy, etc.

Now, Ralphy *extonished*, Cap's fate did repine,
While its eyes like tve little pyerl buttons did shine ;
He then spat on his hands, in a fury he grew,
Cries, "Gad smash ! but I'se hev satisfaction o' thou
For knocking down Cappy," etc.

Then this grim-luiking fellow his bludgeon he rais'd,
When Ralphy eyed Cappy, and then stuid amaz'd ;
But fearing beside him he might be laid down,
Threw him into the basket and bang'd out o' town.

Away went Cappy, etc.

He breethless got hyem, and when lifting the sneck,
His wife exclaimed, "Ralphy, thou's suin gettin'
back !"

"Gettin' back," replies Ralphy, "I wish I'd ne'er gyen,
In Newcassel they're fellin' dogs, lasses, and men.

They've knock'd down Cappy," etc.

"If aw gan te Newcassel when comes wor pay week,
Aw'll ken him agyen by the patch on his cheek ;
Or if iver he enters wor town wiv his stick,
We'll thump him about till he's black as au'd Nick,
For killing au'd Cappy," etc.

Wiv tears in her eyes Peggy heard his sad tale,
And Ralph wiv confusion and terror grew pale ;
While Cappy's transactions with grief they talk'd o'er,
He crait oot o' the basket quite brisk on the floor.

Weel deun, Cappy, etc.

DOL-LI-A.

Moderato. ♩ = 100.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, playing a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, then shifts to a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic with a more melodic line.

The first vocal entry is on a single staff with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Fresh aw cum frae Sandgate Street—Dol - li, Dol - li,—Maw best friends here to meet— Dol - li - a." The piano accompaniment continues below, with the right staff providing harmonic support and the left staff playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second vocal entry is on a single staff, featuring a melodic line with accents. The lyrics are: "Dol - li the dil - len dol, Dol - li, Dol - li, Dol - li the dil - len dol, Dol - li - a." The piano accompaniment continues below, with the right staff providing harmonic support and the left staff playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

DOL-LI-A.

FRESH aw cum frae Sandgate Street,

Dol-li, dol-li,

Maw best freends here to meet,

Dol-li-a,

Dol-li the dillen dol,

Dol-li, dol-li,

Dol-li the dillen dol,

Dol-li-a.

The Black Cuffs is gawn away,

An' that'll be a crying day.

Dolly Coxon's pawned her shirt,

To ride **upon** the baggage-cart.

The Green Cuffs is cummin' in,

An' that'll make the lasses sing.

BOB CRANKY'S 'SIZE SUNDAY.

Moderately quick. ♩. = 92.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a melodic phrase in the right hand, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte), followed by a phrase in the left hand marked *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *mf* and includes the lyrics: "How - ay and aw'll sing thee a tune, man, 'Bout huz see - in' my lord at the toon, man ; Aw's". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, marked *mf* in the right hand and *f* in the left hand.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The vocal line is marked *f* and includes the lyrics: "sure aw was smart, now, Aw'll lay thee a quart, now, Nyen them aw cut a dash like Bob Cran - ky." The piano accompaniment features a final melodic flourish in the right hand, marked *f*, and a concluding bass line in the left hand.

BOB CRANKY'S 'SIZE SUNDAY.

HO'WAY and aw'll sing thee a tune, mun,
'Bout huz seein' my lord at the toon, mun ;
 Aw's sure aw was smart, now,
 Aw'll lay thee a quart, now,
Nyen them aw cut a dash like Bob Cranky.

When aw pat on my blue coat that shines se,
The jacket wi' posies se fine tee,
 Maw sark sic sma' threed, man,
 Maw pig-tail se greet, man !
Od smash ! what a buck was Bob Cranky.

Blue stockings, white clocks, and reed garters,
Yellow breeks, and my shoon wi' lang quarters ;
 Aw myed wor bairns cry,
 "Eh ! sarties ! ni ! ni !"
Sic verra fine things had Bob Cranky.

Aw went to Aud Tom's and fand Nancy ;
Kiv aw, "Lass, thou's myed to maw fancy ;
 Aw like thou as weel
 As a stannin-pye heel,
Ho'way to the toon wi' Bob Cranky."

As up Jenny's backlane we were bangin',
Ki Geordy, "How, where are ye gannin' ?"
 "Wey, to see my Lord 'Sizes ;
 But ye shanna gan aside us,
For ye're not half se fine as Bob Cranky."

Ki Geordy, "We leeve i' yen raw, wyet
I' ycn corf we byeth gan below, wyet ;
 At aw things aw've played,
 And te hew aw'm not flayed,
Wi' siccan a chep as Bob Cranky."

Bob hez thee at lowpin' and flingin',
At the bool, football, clubby, and swingin' :
 Can ye jump up and shuffle,
 And cross ower the buckle,
When ye dance, like the clivor Bob Cranky ?

Thou knows, i' my hoggers and drawers,
Aw'm nyen o' yor scarters and claws :
 Fra' the trap-door bit laddie
 T' the spletter, his daddie,
Nyen handles the pick like Bob Cranky.

So, Geordy, od smash my pit sark,
Thou'd best haud thy whist about wark,
 Or aw'll sobble thy body,
 And myek thy nose bloody,
If thou sets up thy gob to Bob Cranky.

Nan laughed—t' church we gat without 'im ;
The great crowd, becrike ! how aw hew'd 'em !
 "Smash," a keel bully roar'd,
 "Clear the road ! whilk's my lord ?"
Owse se high as the noble Bob Cranky.

Aw lup up and catch'd just a short gliff
O' Lord Trial, the Trumpets, and Sheriff,
 Wi' the little bit mannies,
 Se fine and se canny,—
Ods heft ! what a seet for Bob Cranky.

Then away we went ti' the yell-hoose,
Wiv a few hearty lasses and fellows—
 Aw tell'd ower the wig
 Se curl'd and se big,
For nyen saw'd se weel as Bob Cranky.

Aw gat drunk, fit, and kick'd up a racket,
Rove my breeks an' spoiled a' my fine jacket ;
 Nan cried and she cuddled,
 Maw hinny, thou's fuddled !
Ho'way, now, me bonny Bob Cranky !

So we staggered along fra the toon, man,
Whiles gannin', whiles byeth fairly doon, man—
 Smash, a banksman or hewer,
 No, not a fine viewer,
Durst jaw to the noble Bob Cranky.

What care aw for maw new suit a' tatters,
Twe black een ?—od smash o' sic matters ;
 When my lord comes agyen, man,
 Aw'll strive every byen, man,
To bang a wor consarn, ki Bob Cranky.

O' the flesh an' breed day, when wor bun, man,
Aw'll buy claes far bonnier than thon, man ;
 For od smash my neavel !
 As lang as wor yebble,
Let's keep up the day ! ki Bob Cranky.

CAPTAIN BOVER.

With expression. ♩ = 72.

Where has ti' been, Maw can - ny hin - ny?

mf

Where has ti' been, Maw win-some man? Aw've been to the Norrard, Cruising back and for-rard;

Aw've been to the Nor-rard, Cruis-ing sair and lang; Aw've been to the Nor-rard,

cres.

cres.

Cruis-ing back and for-rard, But daur - na come a - shore For Bo - ver and his gang.

dim. *mf*

dim. *mf*

BOB CRANKEY'S ADIEU.

Moderato. About ♩ = 112.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "Fare - well, fare-well, ma come - ly pet, Aw's forc'd three weeks to leave thee, Aw's

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "doon for perm'nent du - ty set, O din - na let it grieve thee. Ma hin-ny, wipe them

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "e'en sae breet, That mine wi' love did daz - zle ; When thy heart's sad, can mine be leet ? When

BOB CRANKEY'S ADIEU—continued.

thy heart's sad, can mine be leet? Come, how'ay get a gill o' beer, Thy heart to cheer; . .

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are written below the melody.

. An' when thou sees me march away, Whiles in, whiles oot o' step nae doot, "Bob Crankey's gyen," thou'lt

The second system continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the melody.

sob - bin' say ; "Bob Crankey's gyen," thou'lt sob-bin' say, "A - so - jer-in' to New - cas - sel."

The third system concludes the piece. It includes tempo markings: *rit.* (ritardando) above the first measure and *a tempo.* above the second measure. The piano accompaniment also has *rit.* and *a tempo.* markings. The lyrics are written below the melody.

BOB CRANKY'S ADIEU.

FAREWELL, farewell, ma comely pet!

Aw's forc'd three weeks to leave thee;

Aw's doon for parm'nent duty set,

O dinna let it grieve thee!

Ma hinny! wipe them e'en, sae breet,

That mine wi' love did dazzle;

When thy heart's sad, can mine be leet?

Come, ho'way, get a jill o' beer

Thy heart to cheer;

An' when thou sees me march away,

Whiles in, whiles oot,

O' step, nae doot;

"Bob Cranky's gyen," thou'lt sobbin' say,

"A-sougering to Newcassel!"

Come, dinna, dinna whinge and whipe,

Like yammering Isbel Macky;

Cheer up, ma hinny! leet thy pipe,

And take a blast o' backy!

It's but for yen-and-twenty days,

The foulks's e'en aw'll dazzle—

Prood, swagg'ring i' my fine reed claes.

Odds heft! my pit claes—dist thou hear?

Are waurse o' wear;

Mind cloot them weel when aw's away,

An' a posie gown

Aw'll buy thee soon,

An' thou's drink thy tea—ay, twice a-day—

When aw come frae Newcassel.

Becrike! aw's up tiv every rig,

Sae dinna doot, ma hinny!

But at the Blue Stane o' the Brig

Aw'll hae ma mairching ginny.

A ginny! wuks! sae strange a sect,

Ma e'en wi' joy will dazzle;

But aw'll hed spent that verra neet—

For money, hinny! owre neet to keep,

Wad brick ma sleep.

Sae smash! aw thinks't a wiser way,

Wi' flesh and beer

Mysel' to cheer

The lang three weeks that aw've to stay

A-sougering in Newcassel.

But whisht! the sairgent's tongue aw hear,

"Fa' in! fa' in!" he's yelpin';

The fifes are whusslin' lood an' clear,

An' sair the drums they're skelpin'.

Fareweel, ma comely! aw mun gang

The Gen'ral's een to dazzle.

But, hinny! if the time seems lang,

An' thou freets aboot me neet an' day,

Then come away,

Seek oot the yell-hoose where aw stay,

An' we'll kiss and cuddle;

An' mony a fuddle

Shall drive the langsome hours away

When sougering at Newcassel.

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Allegretto. ♩. = 80.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' with a quarter note equal to 80 beats per minute. The dynamic is marked 'mf'.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "It was a knight in Scot-land born— Fol-low, my love, come o-ver the strand—Was". The dynamic is marked 'mf'.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tak-en pris'-ner and left for-lorn, Even by the good Earl of North-um-ber-land." The dynamic is marked 'mf'.

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

It was a knight in Scotland born,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Where he could not walk nor lay along,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The Earl's sweet daughter passed that way,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And passing by, like an angel bright,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The prisoner had of her a sight,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this knight did cry,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The salt tears standing in her eye,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

"Fair lady," he said, "take pity on me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And let me not in prison dee,
And you the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fair sir, how should I take pity on thee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Thou being a foe to our countree,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he said,
"Follow, my love, come over the strand;
Through thy sweet love here was I stayed,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Having wife and bairns in thy own countree,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

"I swear by the blessed Trinity,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
That neither wife nor bairns have I,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"If courteously thou wilt set me free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
I vow that I will marry thee,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"Thou shalt be lady of castles and towers,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
Even thou, the fair flower of Northumberland."

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And got her father's ring away,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Likewise much gold got she by sleight,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And all to help this forlorn knight,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
She likewise took out of the stable,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And to the gaoler she sent the ring,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Who the knight from prison forth did bring,
To meet the fair flower of Northumberland.

This token set the prisoner free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Who straight went to this fair lady,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And with the lady away did ride,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow, my love, come over the strand;
"Good sir, how shall I follow you here,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?"

"Fear not the ford, fair lady," quoth he,
"Follow, my love, come over the strand,
For long I cannot stay for thee,
Even thou, the fair flower of Northumberland."

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND—continued.

The lady prickt her gallant steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And over the water swam with speed,
Even she, the fair flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she,
Follow, my love, come over the strand.
"This have I done for love of thee,
Even I, the fair flower of Northumberland."

Thus rode she all one winter's night,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Till Edinborough they saw in sight,
The fairest town in all Scotland.

"Now choose," quoth he, "thou wanton flower,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
If thou wilt be my paramour,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"For I have a wife and children five,
Follow, my love, come over the strand;
In Edinborough they be alive,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"And if thou wilt not give thy hand,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Then get thee home to fair England,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"This favour thou shalt have to boot,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
I'll have thy horse; go thou on foot,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"O false and faithless knight," quoth she,
"Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And canst thou deal so bad with me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?"

"Dishonour not a lady's name,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
But draw thy sword and end my shame,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And left her there in extreme need,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow, my love, come over the strand.
At length two knights came riding by,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Two gallant knights of fair England,
Follow, my love, come over the strand;
And there they found her on the strand,
Even she, the fair flower of Northumberland.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Crying, "Courteous knights, take pity on me,
Even I, the fair flower of Northumberland.

"I have offended my father dear,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
For a false knight that brought me here,
Even I, the fair flower of Northumberland."

They took her up beside them then,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And brought her to her father again,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Now all you fair maids be warned by me,
Follow no Scotchman over the strand.
Scots never were true, nor ever will be
To lord nor lady, nor fair England.

ABOUT THE BUSH, WILLY.

Allegro moderato. $\text{♩} = 76.$

The piano introduction is in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The left hand accompaniment consists of chords: B-flat4, D5, and F4.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is *Allegro moderato*. The lyrics are: "A - boot the bush, Wil-ly, a - boot the bee-hive, A - boot the bush, Wil-ly, I'll meet thee, be-lyve ;". The piano accompaniment consists of chords: B-flat4, D5, and F4.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Then to my ten shillings add you but a groat, I'll go to New-cas-tle and buy a new coat." The piano accompaniment consists of chords: B-flat4, D5, and F4.

ABOUT the bush, Willy,
About the bee-hive,
About the bush, Willy,
I'll meet thee belyve.

Then to my ten shillings
Add you but a groat ;
I'll go to Newcastle
And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a crown ;
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new gown.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a groat ;
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new coat.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 92.

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Hughie the Græme'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto' with a quarter note equal to 92 beats per minute. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of three sharps. The system ends with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation for the song 'Hughie the Græme'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto' with a quarter note equal to 92 beats per minute. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of three sharps. The system ends with a double bar line.

Gude Lord Scrope's to the hunt-ing gone, He has rid - den o'er moss and muir, And

The third system of musical notation for the song 'Hughie the Græme'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto' with a quarter note equal to 92 beats per minute. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of three sharps. The system ends with a double bar line.

he has grip - pit Hughie the Græme, For steal-ing o' the Bish-op's mear.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

GUDE Lord Scrope's to the hunting gane,
He hae ridden o'er moss and muir,
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mear.

"Now, good Lord Scrope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tried."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief,
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme;
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your worst now, good Lord Scrope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can;
It shall be tried within an hour
Which of us two is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Ower the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town,
The lasses and lads stood on the walls
Crying, "Hughie the Græme, thou'se ne'er gae
down."

Then hae they chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle town,
And twelve of them cried out at once,
"Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down."

Then up bespak' him gude Lord Hume,
As he sat by the judge's knee—
"Twenty white owsen, my good lord,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lord Hume,
Forsooth and sae it mauna be,
For were there but three Græmes o' the name,
They sud be hangit a' for me."

'Twas up and spak the gude Lady Hume,
As she sat by the judge's knee—
"A peck o' white pennies, my gude Lord Judge,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume,
Forsooth, and so it mustna be;
Were he but the one Græme of the name
He sud be hangit high for me."

"If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,
"Of me my friends shall have small talk;"
And he has louped fifteen feet and three,
Tho' his hands were tied behind his back.

He looked over his left shouther,
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld faither,
Cam tearing his hair most piteously.

"O hald your tongue, my faither," says he,
"And see that ye dinna weep for me;
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me frae heaven hie."

"Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife,
The last time we came frae the toon
'Twas thou bereft me of my life,
And wi' the Bishop thou played the loon."

"Here, Johnie Armstrong, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine;
And when thou comes to the English side
Remember the death of Hughie Græme."

THE BEWICKE AND THE GRÆME.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 84.

Smoothly.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes in a 3/4 time signature. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Gude Lord Græme is to Car - lisle gane, Sir Ro - bert Be - wicke there met he, And

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in a 3/4 time signature and includes various note values and rests. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and single notes.

arm in arm to the wine they did go, And drank till they were baith mer - rie.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody includes a phrase with a slur over it. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

THE BEWICKE AND THE GRÆME.

GUDE Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane,
Sir Robert Bewicke there met he;
And arm-in-arm to the wine they did go,
And drank till they were baith merrie.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewicke, and here's to thee;
And here's to our twa sons at hame,
For they like us best in our ain countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twa brethren bauld,
And they might hae bragg'd the Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he's but bad,
And billie to my son he canna be."

"Ye sent him to the schools and he wadna learn,
Ye bought him books and he wadna read;"
"But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown and it went roun',
It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gane,
Where there stude thirty steeds and three,
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" says Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewicke he met me:
He says you are a lad and you are but bad,
And billie to his son you canna be.

"I sent you to the schools and ye wadna learn,
I bought ye books and ye wadna read,
Therefore, my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewicke thou save thy head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing suld be;
Billie Bewicke was my master and I was his scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me."

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be;
If thou disna end me this quarrel soon,
There's my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."

Then Christie Græme he stooped low,
Unto the ground you shall understand,—
"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand."

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loon,
How dares thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand, thou shall fight with me."

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be:
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie, Bewicke, he.

"If I suld kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twould be a mortal sin.

"But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will, so let it be;
But I make a vow ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's dee."

Then he's put on his back a gude auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword an' buckler by his side,
O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belyve.
And we will talk of bonnie Bewicke,
When he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He looked atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon that cam this way,
Sae hastilie that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear!
I think it be young Christie Græme.—

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"
"But I'm wae to say I've seen the day
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewicke there met he:
He says I'm a lad and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools and I wadna learn,
He got me books and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing suld be;
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree."

"O haud thy tongue now, billie Bewicke,
And of thy talking let me be;
But if thou'rt a man as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke and fight wi' me."

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."—
"But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine."—

Then he's thrown off his coat o' mail,
His cap of steel awa flung he;
He stuck his spear unto the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewicke has thrawn off his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twa lang hours,—
When twa lang hours were come and gane
The sweat drapp'd fast frae off them baith,
But a drop o' blood could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewicke an awkward stroke,
An akward stroke stricken sickerly;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now billie dear,
Arise and speak three words to me!—
Whether thou's gettin' thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leeching may succour thee?"

"O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
And get thee far frae hence with speed,
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed."

"O I have slain thee, billie Bewicke,
If this be true thou tellest to me;
But I made a vow ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitched his sword on a moodie hill,
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewicke,
And his brave son alive saw he.
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Of your pridefu' talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave baith wide and deep,
And a grave to haud baith him and me;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewicke cried,
"Alack! was I not much to blame?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That ever was born unto my name."

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord Græme,
"I'm sure I hae the deeper lack!
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock;
I durst hae ridden the world around,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

O THE BONNY FISHER LAD.

Allegro. ♩ = 108.

mf

O the bonny fisher lad That brings the fishes frae the sea,

O the bon-ny fish-er lad, The fish-er lad gat haud o' me. On Bamboroughshire's rocky shore, Just

as you en-ter Boomer Raw, There lives the bonny fish-er lad, The fish-er lad that bangs them a'. *D.C.*

O, THE bonny fisher lad
That brings the fishes frae the sea ;
O, the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad gat haud o' me.

On Bamboroughshire's rocky shore,
Just as you enter Bowmer Raw,
There lives the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad that bangs them a'.
O, the bonny fisher lad, etc.

My mother sent me out one day
To gather cockles frae the sea ;
But I had not been lang away
When my fisher lad fell in wi' me.
O, the bonny fisher lad, etc.

A sailor I will never marry,
Nor soldier, for he's got ne brass ;
But I will have a fisher lad,
Because I am a fisher's lass.
O, the bonny fisher lad, etc.

BROOM, GREEN BROOM.

Cheerfully. ♩. = 80.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The piece concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

The first system of the song consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "There was an auld man, he liv'd in the West, His trade was the cut-ting of broom, green broom; There

The second system of the song consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "was an auld man, he liv'd in the West, His trade was the cutting of broom. He had a lang lad, whose

The third system of the song consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "name it was Jack, Who'd lie in his bed till noon, till noon, Who'd lie in his bed till noon.

BROOM, GREEN BROOM.

THERE was an auld man, he liv'd in the west,
His trade was the cutting of broom, green broom;
He had a lang lad, whose name it was Jack,
Who'd lie in his bed till noon, till noon,
Who'd lie in his bed till noon.

The auld man arose, and to his son goes,
And swore he would fire the room, the room,
If Jack wadna rise and sharp up his knives,
And go to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
And go, etc.

Then Jack he arose, and put on his clothes,
He bann'd and he swore, and did fume, did fume,
To think that he should with his breeding so good,
Be doomed all his life to cut broom, green broom,
Be doomed all his life, etc.

But Jack he passed on to the greenwood alone,
Till he came to a castle of gloom, grey gloom.
He rapp'd at the yett whate'er he could beat,
Crying, "Maids, will you buy my broom, green broom,"
Crying, "Maids, will you," etc.

A lady on high then did him espy,
And marvelling much at his bloom, bright bloom;
She called on her maid to use all her speed,
And bring up the youth with his broom, green broom,
And bring up the youth, etc.

Jack climbed the dark stair without dread or fear
Till he came to this fair lady's room, fine room;
With courtesy kind he pleased so her mind,
She arled him there for her groom, bride-groom,
She arled him there, etc.

Now all you broom-cutters that live in the west,
Pray call at the castle of gloom, grey gloom;
There's both meat and drink, lads, what do you think,
No trade like the cutting o' broom, green broom,
No trade like the cutting o' broom.

THE MODE O' WOOING.

Allegro. ♩ = 108.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "Young men when that they do ar - rive Be - tween a score and twen - ty - five, There's". The piano part has a moderate accompaniment with some chords and moving lines. A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking is present.

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "scarce-ly one that you will find, But's eith - er more or less inclined To gan a-way a - woo - ing, A-". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern. A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking is present.

The third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: "woo, woo, woo - ing, To gan a-way a - woo - ing, A - mang the maid-ens fair." The piano accompaniment provides a final accompaniment. A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking is present.

THE MODE O' WOOING.

YOUNG men when that they do arrive
Between a score and twenty-five,
There's scarcely one that you will find
But's either more or less inclined
 To gang away a-wooing, a woo, woo, wooing,
 To gang away a-wooing, among the maidens
 fair.

When I myself was a young man,
Between a score and twenty-one,
One evening I will ne'er deny
The trade myself I thought to try
 And gang away a-wooing, etc.

But finding it no easy task,
I in a joking way did ask
Some counsel of an aged man,—
'Twas how he did when he began
 To gang away a-wooing, etc.

Says he, "Young man, I pray draw near,
And unto me come lend an ear,
And I will tell you if I may
Both what to do and what to say
 When ye shall gang a-wooing, etc.

"When e'er at market or at fair
Be sure that weel ye treat them there
With raisins, wine, or ginger bread,
A comb, or ribbon, for the head,
 When ye shall gang a-wooing, etc.

"Remember this and then ye're sure
To gain a lass though rich or poor ;
But if that ye this thing neglect,
They will for you show no respect
 When ye shall gang a-wooing," etc.

"I hear your say, and thank ye, man,
Yet nane the less I doubt your plan,
For I've observed it all my life,
And yet have never got a wife,
 For all your mode o' wooing, etc.

"Another thing I plainly see,
Sic wooing will not do for me,
For I've got little in my purse,
And therefore would I fare the worse
 In this your mode o' wooing," etc.

It so befell another day,
As I was walking out the way,
I met a Howdie auld and grey,
And unto me thus did she say,
 "It's time ye were a-wooing," etc.

"Now honest Luckie, well ye ken
The nature baith of maids and men,
While I'm but young and blate I trow,
And kenna what to say or do
 Were I to gang a-wooing," etc.

Says she, "Young man, I pray draw near,
And unto me come lend an ear,
And I will tell you if I may
Both what to do and what to say
 When ye shall gang a-wooing, etc.

"When ye're at market or at fair,
To treat them, gold ye need not ware
On sweetmeats, wine, on toys and tools,
Lest they rank you among the fools
 That waste their wealth in wooing, etc.

"But if ye see a lass you like,
About her haud nae unco fyke,
Set tryst with her—if she incline
To come, O that's a noble sign
 Of fortune fair in wooing, etc.

"Before ye speak a word ava'
Just gie her kisses, ane or twa,
And after that a little wee,
Just gae her kisses, twa or three,
 Make this your mode o' wooing—

"Sit down her by, tell her your case,
Ca' her the wale of all her race ;
Then take her gently on your knee,
And lay the lip on lavishly,
 Make this your mode o' wooing, etc.

"And be your trysting air or late,
Be sure ye be not over blate ;
If in the dark you grip by guess,
She'll like ye ne'er ae hair the less,
 In this your mode o' wooing, etc.

"Remember this, and then ye're sure
To gain a lass though rich or puir ;
But if you do these things neglect,
They will for you show no respect
 When ye shall gang a-wooing," etc.

"Now honest Luckie, here's my hand,
The case I think you understand,
In woman's will ye maun be wise,
So I will follow your advice
 When I'se away a-wooing, a woo, woo, wooing,
 When I'se away a-wooing among the maidens
 fair."

D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

Boldly. ♩ = 144.

mf

D' ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gray? D' ye ken John Peel at the break of the day? D' ye

mf

ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing? 'Twas the

f

f

sound of his horn call'd me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led; For

ff

D' YE KEN JOHN PEEL?—continued.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, starting with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking, followed by a *tempo.* (tempo) marking, and ends with a *Repeat in Chorus.* instruction. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs), starting with a *ff* (fortissimo) marking and a *Col voce.* (con voce) instruction. The lyrics are written below the top staff, aligned with the notes.

rit. *tempo.* *Repeat in Chorus.*

Peel's view-hal-loa would wak - en the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

ff Col voce.

D' YE ken John Peel, with his coat so gray,
 D' ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
 D' ye ken John Peel, when he's far, far away,
 With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed,
 And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led,
 For Peel's view-halloa would waken the dead,
 Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

D' ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death,
 D' ye ken her sons of peerless faith?
 D' ye ken that a fox wi' his last breath
 Cursed them all as he died in the morning?

'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and auld Ruby too,
 Ranter, and Royal, and Bellman true;
 From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
 From the view to the death in the morning.

'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

And I've followed John Peel, both often and far,
 O'er the rasper-fence, and the gate, and the bar,
 From Low Denton Holme, to Scratchmere Scar,
 When we vied for the brush in the morning.

'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
 Come fill to him another strong bowl,
 And we will follow John Peel through fair and foul,
 While we are waked by his horn in the morning.

'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

GEORDIE GILL.

Moderato. ♩ = 76.

mf

Of aw the lads I

see or ken, There's yen I like a - buin the rest; He's nic - er in his war-day duds Than

oth-ers donn'd in aw their best. A bo-dy's heart's a bo - dy's own, And they may gie't to

rit.

whae they will; Had I got ten where I ha'e nean, I'd gi'e them aw to Geor - die Gill.

rit.

GEORDIE GILL.

OF aw the lads I see or ken,
There's yen I like abuin the rest ;
He's neycer in his warday duds
Than others donn'd in aw their best.
A body's heart's a body's awn,
And they may gie't to whea they will ;
Had I got ten where I hae nean,
I'd gie them aw to Geordie Gill.

Whea was't that brak our landword garth
For me, when bairns we went to schuil ?
Whea was't durst venture mid-thie deep,
To get my clog out o' the puil ?
And when the filly flang me off,
And lang and lang I laid sae ill,
Whea was't gowl'd owre me day and neet,
And wish'd me weel ? 'Twas Geordie Gill.

Oft mounted on his lang-tail'd naig
Wi' feyne new buits up till his knee,
The laird's daft son leets i' the fauld,
And keaves as he wad wurry me ;
Tho' fadder, mudder, uncle tui,
To wed this maz'lin teaze me still,
I hear of aw his lan' and brass,
But oft steal out to Geordie Gill.

Frae Carel cousin Fanny com,
And brong her whey-feac'd sweetheart down,
Wi' sark-neck stuck abuin his lugs,
A peer clipt dinment frae the town ;
He minc'd and talk'd and skipp'd and walk'd,
But tired a gangin up the hill,
And luik'd as pale as ony corp,
Compar'd to rowsie Geordie Gill.

My Geordie's whussle weel I ken,
Lang ere we meet, the darkest neet ;
And when he lilts and sings Skewball,
Ni playhouse music's hawf sae sweet.
A body's heart's a body's awn,
And they may gie't to whea they will ;
I yence had yen, now I hae nean,
For it belongs to Geordie Gill.

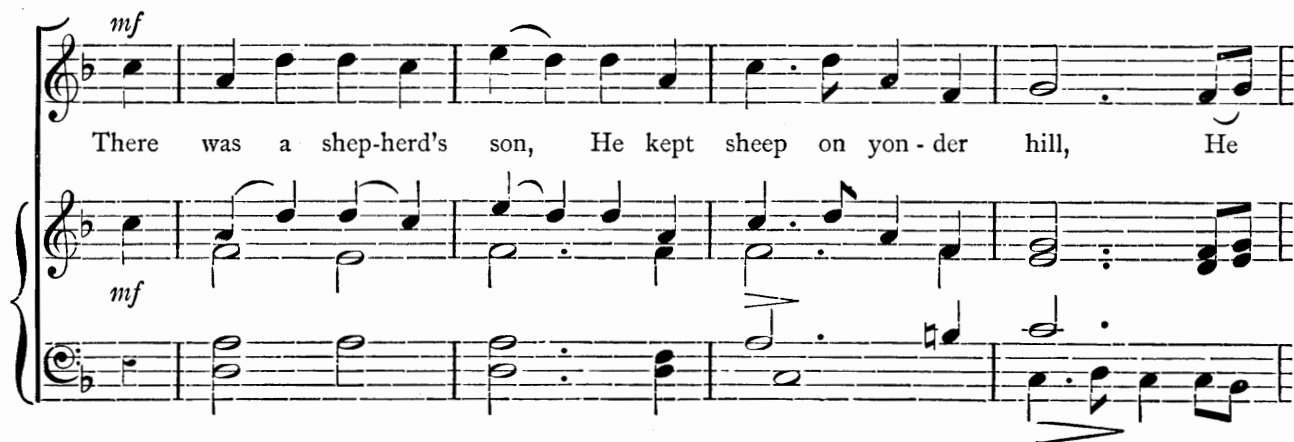
BLOW THE WINDS, I-HO!

Allegro. ♩ = 160.



mf *f*

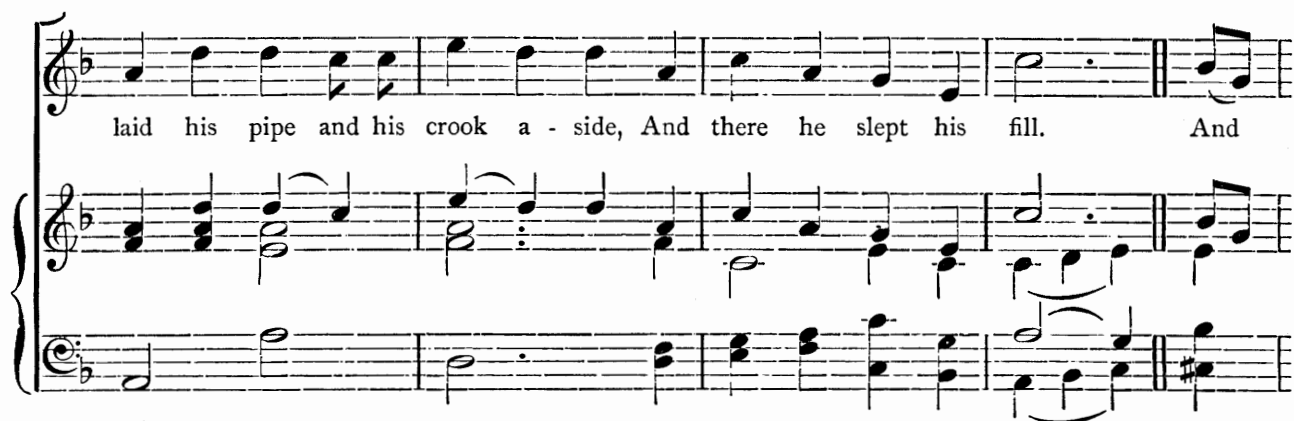
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some triplets and accidentals (sharps). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics range from mezzo-forte (mf) to forte (f).



mf

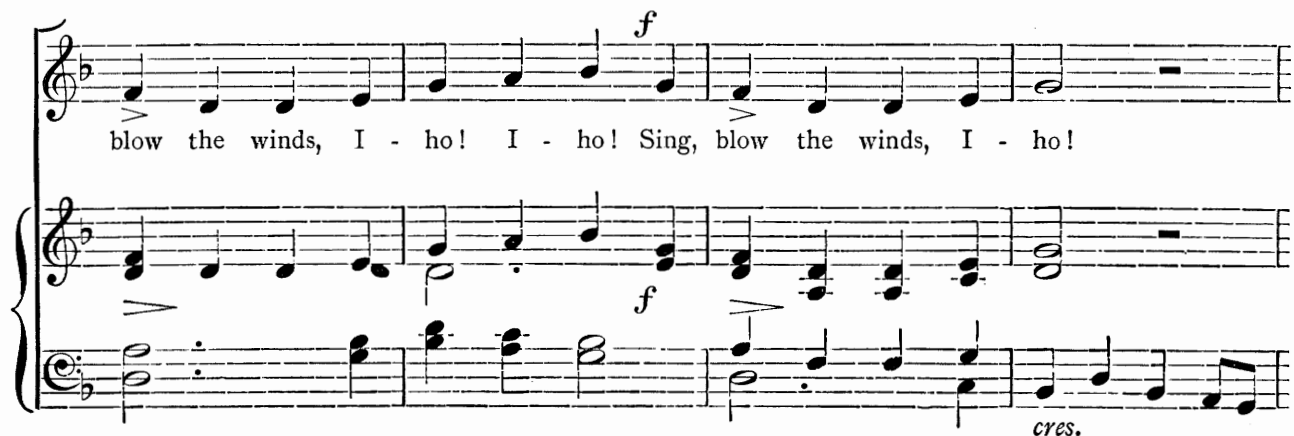
There was a shep-herd's son, He kept sheep on yon-der hill, He

The first vocal line is on a single staff. It begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues in the lower staves.



laid his pipe and his crook a-side, And there he slept his fill. And

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and some sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand.



f

blow the winds, I - ho! I - ho! Sing, blow the winds, I - ho!

f *cres.*

The third vocal line is marked forte (f). It includes a crescendo (cres.) at the end. The piano accompaniment also features a crescendo and ends with a final chord.

BLOW THE WINDS, I-HO!—continued.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and ends with a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The lyrics are: "Clear a - way the morn - ing dew, And blow the winds, I - ho!". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff brace on the left. It also begins with a *cres.* marking and ends with a *ff* marking. The piano part features chords and single notes that complement the vocal melody.

THERE was a shepherd's son,
He kept sheep on yonder hill;
He laid his pipe and his crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.

And blow the winds, I-ho!
Sing, blow the winds, I-ho!
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow the winds, I-ho!

He lookèd east, he lookèd west,
He took another look,
And there he spied a lady gay
Was dipping in a brook.

She said, "Sir, don't touch my mantle,
Come, let my clothes alone;
I will give you as much white monèy
As you can carry home."

"I will not touch your mantle,
I'll let your clothes alone,
I'll take you out of the water clear,
My dear, to be my own."

He did not touch her mantle,
He let her clothes alone,
But he took her from the clear water,
And all to be his own.

He set her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another,
And there they rode along the road,
Like sister and like brother.

And as they rode along the road,
He spied some cocks of hay;
"Yonder," he says, "is a lovely place
For men and maids to play."

And when they came to her father's gate,
She pullèd at a ring,
And ready was the proud porter
For to let the lady in.

And when the gates were opened,
This lady jumpèd in;
She says, "You are a fool without,
And I'm a maid within.

"Good morrow to you, modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
If you had been what you should have been,
I would not have left you there.

"There is a horse in my father's stable,
He stands behind the thorn,
He shakes his head above the trough,
But dares not pric the corn.

"There is a bird in my father's flock,
A double comb he bears,
He claps his wing and crows full loud,
But a capon's crest he bears.

"There is a flower in my father's garden,
They call it marygold;
The fool that will not when he may,
He shall not when he wold."

Said the shepherd's son, as he doft his shoon,
"My feet they shall run bare,
But if ever I meet another maid,
I rede that maid beware."

THE SHOEMAKER.

Allegro. ♩ = 108.

f

mf

My mo - ther sent me to the school To learn to be a

mf

rit. *a tempo.*

stock - ing knit - ter, But I went wrang and played the fule, And mar - ried with a shoe - mak - ker.

rit. *a tempo.*

f

Shoe - mak - ker, lea - ther crack - er, With all his stink - ing, dir - ty wa - ter ; I

f

THE SHOEMAKKER—continued.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a melodic line that includes a ritardando (rit.) and an accelerando (a tempo) marking. The lyrics are: "wish a thou - sand deaths I'd died, Ere I had wed a shoe - mak - ker." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff bracket. It features a steady accompaniment with some chords and a melodic line in the bass staff that also includes a ritardando (rit.) and an accelerando (a tempo) marking.

My mother sent me to the school
To learn to be a stocking-knitter,
But I went wrang and played the fule,
And married with a shoemaker.
Shoemaker, leather cracker,
With all his stinking, dirty water;
I wish a thousand deaths I'd died
Ere I had wed a shoemaker.

His hands is like a cuddy's houghs,
His face is like the high-lowed leather,
His ears is like I don't know what,
His hair is like a bunch of heather.
Shoemaker, leather cracker,
Stinking kit and rotten leather;
I wish a thousand deaths I'd died
Ere I had wed a shoemaker.

He sent me for a pint of wine,
And I brought him a pint o' water,
But he played me as good a trick,
He made my shoes o' rotten leather.
Shoemaker, leather strapper,
Three rows o' rotten leather;
Balls o' wax and stinking water,
Who would have a shoemaker?

DE'IL STICK THE MINISTER.

Humorous. About ♩ = 104.

Our wife she keeps baith beef and yell, And tea to treat the Min - is - ter ; There's

With humour.

nowt for me but sup the kale, The beef's for the Min-is - ter. Be - sides a bot-tle keeps in by, To

Sostenuto.

Col voce.

rit. tempo. accel.

warm his breast, when he's no dry, While I the water-stand may try: May the De'il stick the Min-is - ter !

rit. tempo. accel.

DEIL STICK THE MINISTER.

OUR wife she keeps baith beef and yell,
And tea to treat the Minister;
There's nowt for me but sup the kale,
The beef's for the Minister.

Besides, a bottle keeps in by
To warm his breast, when he's no dry;
While I the water-stand maun try.
May the Deil stick the Minister.

Our Minister he's now fawn sick,
Waes me the Minister;
Wha'll save us now fra Auld Nick,
Gin the Lord tak the Minister.
Left to oursels we ken fu' weel
The brent upstairs we canna spiel;
We'll just turn back and meet the Deil
Gin the Lord tak the Minister.

Our Minister he has nae pride—
Ne'er a bit the Minister;
He just sits by our fireside,
Gin he war no the Minister.
He taks the gudewife by the hand,
Says, "John, man, sit—what maks ye stand,"
Has a' the bairns at his command;
He's a holy man the Minister.

The Covenant he can explain,
He's a wise man the Minister;
Thinks nae religion like his ain,
We maun think like the Minister.

The Papists are a wicket sect,
They no belang the Lord's elect;
Gin Parliament their claims accept,
May the Deil stick the Minister.

Our Minister he's aft in want,
He's a puir man the Minister;
Whate'er he wants we a' maun grant.
We maun supply the Minister.
And aft to him a horse we lend,
His wife and bairns on us depend;
Tho' our ainsels can hardly fend,
May the Deil stick the Minister.

Yet still he's usefu' in his place,
He's a brow man the Minister;
At ilka feast he says the grace,
Nane fitter than the Minister.
And when the glasses come in view,
He says, "We'll drink, but no get fou;
Sic deeds the Lord does not allow,"—
Yet fou gets the Minister.

He preaches loud, he saft does pray,
This says the Minister—
"Ye needna fear your dying day,
Gin ye be like your Minister;
Ye'll get abune, ye needna fear,
Be sure that after me ye speir."—
But faith we doubt, when we get there,
We'll no see the Minister.

THE NOBLEMAN AND THRASHER.

Allegretto. ♩. = 76.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The music is in 6/8 time and ends with a double bar line.

A nobleman liv'd in a vil-lage of late, Hard by a poor thrasher, whose charge it was great, For he

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in 6/8 time and ends with a double bar line.

had sev-en child-ren, the most of them small, And nought but his la-bour to sup-port them withal.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in 6/8 time and ends with a double bar line.

THE NOBLEMAN AND THRASHER.

A NOBLEMAN liv'd in a village of late,
Hard by a poor thrasher, whose charge it was great;
For he had seven children, the most of them small,
And naught but his labour to support them withal.

He never was given to idle and lurk,
For this nobleman saw him go daily to work,
With his flail and his bag and his bottle of beer,
As cheerful as those that have hundreds a year.

Thus careful and constant each morning he went
Unto his daily labour with joy and content;
So jocular and jolly he'd whistle and sing,
As blithe and as brisk as the birds in the spring.

One morning this nobleman taking a walk,
He met this poor man and he freely did talk;
He asked him [at first] many questions at large,
And then began talking concerning his charge.

"Thou hast many children, I very well know;
Thy labour is hard and thy wages are low;
And yet thou art cheerful—I pray tell me true,
How can you maintain them as well as you do?"

"I carefully carry home what I do earn,
My daily expenses by this I do learn;
And find it is possible, though we be poor,
To still keep the ravenous wolf from the door.

"I reap and I mow and I harrow and sow,
Sometimes a-hedging and ditching I go;
No work comes amiss, for I thrash and I plough,
Thus my bread I do earn by the sweat of my brow.

"My wife she is willing to pull in a yoke,
We live like two lambs, nor each other provoke;
We both of us strive like the labouring ant,
And do our endeavours to keep us from want.

"And when I come home from my labour at night
To my wife and children in whom I delight,
To see them come round me with prattling noise,
Now these are the riches a poor man enjoys.

"Though I am as weary as weary can be,
The youngest I commonly dance on my knee;
I find that content is a moderate feast,
I never repine at my lot in the least."

Now the nobleman, hearing what he did say,
Was pleased, and invited him home the next day;
His wife and his children he charged him to bring,
In token of favour he gave him a ring.

He thankèd his honour, and, taking his leave,
He went to his wife who would hardly believe,
But this same story himself he might raise,
Yet seeing the ring she was lost in amaze.

Betimes in the morning the good wife she arose,
And made them all fine in the best of their clothes;
The good man with his good wife and children small,
They all went to dine at the nobleman's hall.

But when they came there, as truth does report,
All things were prepared in a plentiful sort;
And they at the nobleman's table did dine,
With all kinds of dainties, and plenty of wine.

The feast being over, he soon let them know
That he then intended on them to bestow
A farm-house with thirty good acres of land,
And gave them the writings then with his own hand.

"Because thou art careful and good to thy wife,
I'll make thy days happy the rest of thy life;
It shall be for ever for thee and thy heirs,
Because I beheld thy industrious cares."

No tongue then is able in full to express
The depth of their joy and true thankfulness,
With many a curtsy and bow to the ground,—
Such noblemen there are but few to be found.

THE SNOW IT MELTS THE SOONEST.

With expression. ♩ = 76.

p

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the

winds be - gin to sing, And the corn it rip - ens fast - est when the

mf

frosts are set - tin' in; And when a wo - man tells me that my

mf

p

face she'll soon for - get, Be - fore we part, I wad a croon, she's fain to fol - low't yet.

p

THE SNOW IT MELTS THE SOONEST.

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing,
And the corn it ripens fastest when the frosts are settin' in;
And when a woman tells me that my face she'll soon forget,
Before we part, I wad a croon, she's fain to follow't yet.

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing,
And the swallow skims without a thought as long as it is Spring;
But when Spring goes and Winter blows, my lass, an' you'll be fain,
For all your pride, to follow me, were't across the stormy main.

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing,
The bee that flew when Summer shone in Winter cannot sting;
I've seen a woman's anger melt between the night and morn,
And it's surely not a harder thing to tame a woman's scorn.

Oh, never say me farewell here—no farewell I'll receive,
For you shall set me to the stile, and kiss, and take your leave;
But I'll stay here till the woodcock comes and the martlet takes his wing,
Since the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing.

UP THE RAW.

Allegretto. ♩. = 96.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (cres.) and then a piano (p) section, ending with a mezzo-forte (mf) section. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first vocal line is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Up the Raw, Up the Raw, Up the Raw, lass, ev' - ry day,—". The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second vocal line is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand. The lyrics are: "For shape and co-lour, ma bon-ny hin-ny, Thou bangs thy mother, ma can - ny bairn." The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The third vocal line is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand. The lyrics are: "Black as a craw, maw bon - ny hin - ny, Thou bangs them a', lass, ev' - ry day." The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

UP THE RAW—continued.

The musical score is written for three parts: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment lines. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics: "Thou's a' clag can - died, ma bon - ny hinny; Thou's dou - ble ja - pan - ded, ma can - ny bairn." The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand line with a treble clef and a left-hand line with a bass clef. The right-hand line features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left-hand line provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include a forte (*f*) marking above the vocal line and a piano (*p*) marking below the right-hand piano line.

UP the Raw, down the Raw,
Up the Raw, lass, ev'ry day;
For shape and colour, ma bonny hinny,
Thou bangs thy mother, ma canny bairn.

Black as a crow, ma bonny hinny,
Thou bangs them a', lass, ev'ry day;
Thou's a' clag-candied, ma bonny hinny,
Thou's double japanded, ma canny bairn.
Up the Raw, etc,

For hide and hue, ma bonny hinny,
Thou bangs the crow, ma canny bairn,
Up the Raw, ma bonny hinny,
Thou bangs them a', ma canny bairn.
Up the Raw, etc.

SAWNEY OGILVIE'S DUEL WITH HIS WIFE.

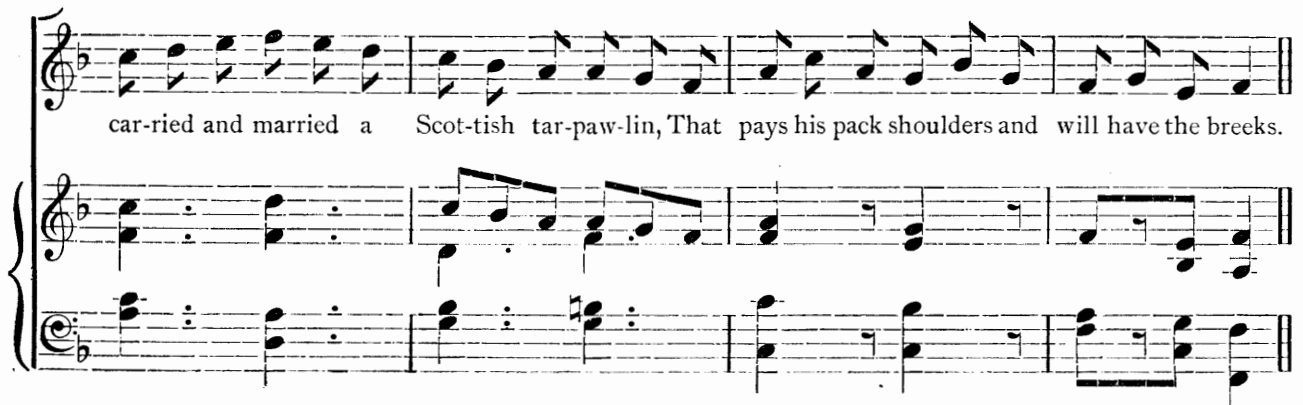
Lively. ♩. = 88.

mf

Good people, give ear to the fa-tal-est duel That Morpeth e'er saw since it was a town ; Where

fire is kind-led and has so much fuel, I would not be he that would quench't for a crown.

Poor Sawney, as can-ny a North British hallion As e'er crost the border this million of weeks, Mis-



Good people, give ear to the fatalest duel
That Morpeth e'er saw since it was a town;
Where fire is kindled and has so much fuel,
I wou'd not be he that wou'd quench't for a crown.
Poor Sawney, as canny a North British hallion
As e'er crost the border this million of weeks,
Miscarried and married a Scottish tarpawlin,
That pays his pack-shoulders and will have the breeks.

I pity him still when I think of his kindred—
Lord Ogleby was his near cousin of late;
And if he and somebody else had not hinder'd,
He might have been heir unto all his estate.
His stature was small, and his shape like a monkey,
His beard like a bundle of scallions or leeks;
Right bonny he was, but now he's worn scruntly,
And fully as fit for the horns as the breeks.

It fell on a day, he may it remember,
Tho' others rejoiced, yet so did not he,
When tidings were brought that Lisle did surrender,
It grieves me to think on't, his wife took the gee.
These witches still itches and stretches commission,
And if they be crossed they are still taking peeks,
And Sawney, poor man, he was out of condition,
And hardly well fit for defending the breeks.

She muttered and moun'g'd, and looked deuced misty,
And Sawney said something as who cou'd forbear?
Then straight she began, and went to it handfisty,
She withered about and dang down all the gear;

The dishes and dublers went flying like fury—
She broke more that day than would mend in two weeks;
And had it been put to a judge or a jury,
They could tell whether deserved the breeks.

But Sawney grew weary, and fain would be civil,
Being auld and unfeary, and fail'd of his strength;
Then she cowp'd him o'er the kail-pot with a kevil,
And there he lay labouring all his long length.
His body was soddy, and sore he was bruised,
The bark of his shin was all standing in peaks;
No stivat e'er lived was so much misused
As sare as auld Sawney for claiming the breeks.

The noise was so great all the neighbours did hear them,
She made his scalp ring like the clap of a bell;
But never a soul had the mense to come near them,
Tho' he shouted "Murder!" with many a yell.
She laid on whisky-whasky, and held like a steary—
Wight Wallace could hardly have with her kept streaks,
And never gave over until she was weary,
And Sawney was willing to yield her the breeks.

And now she must still be observed like a madam,
She'll cause him to curvet and skip like a frog;
And if he refuses, she's ready to scud him;
Deuce take such a life, it wou'd weary a dog.
Ere I were so served, I wou'd see the deil take her.
I hate both the name and the nature of sneaks,
But if she were mine I wou'd clearly forsake her,
And let her make a kirk and a mill of the breeks.

JACK AND TOM.

Moderato. ♩ = 96.

mf

I'm a North-countrie man, In Redesdale born, Where our

land lies lea and grows no corn, And two such lads to my

house nev - er com', As them two lads call - ed Jack and Tom.

JACK AND TOM.

I'm a North-countrie man, in Redesdale born,
Where our land lies lea and grows ne corn—
And two such lads to my house never com',
As them two lads called Jack and Tom.

Now Jack and Tom they're going to the sea,
I wish them both in good companie!
They're going to seek their fortunes ayont the wide sea,
Far, far away frae their oan countrie!

They mounted their horses and rode over the moor
Till they came to a house, where they rapped at the door;
"D'ye brew ony ale? d'ye sell ony beer?
Or have ye ony lodgings for strangers here?"

"No, we brew ne ale nor we sell ne beer,
Nor we have ne lodgings for strangers here;"
So they bolted the door and bade them begone,
For there was ne lodgings there for poor Jack and Tom.

They mounted their horses and rode over the plain—
Dark was the night and down fell the rain,
Till a twinkling light they happened to spy,
And a castle and a house they were close by.

They rode up to the house and they rapped at the door,
And out came Jockey the hosteler;
"D'ye brew ony ale? d'ye sell ony beer?
Or have ye ony lodgings for strangers here?"

"Yes, we have brewed ale this fifty lang year,
And we have got lodgings for strangers here;"
So the roast to the fire and the pot hung on,
'Twas all to accommodate poor Jack and Tom.

When supper was over and all was *sided down*,
The glasses of wine did go merrily roun';
"Here is to thee, Jack, and here is to thee,
And all the bonny lasses in our countrie."
"Here is to thee, Tom, and here is to thee,
And lang may they *leuk* for thou and me!"

'Twas early next morning, before the break of day,
They mounted their horses and so they rode away.
Poor Jack! he died upon a far foreign shore,
And Tom, he was never, never heard of more.

DERWENTWATER.

Gracefully. ♩ = 116.

The first system of the musical score for 'Derwentwater'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Gracefully' with a quarter note equal to 116 beats per minute. The music begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The first system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score, which includes the first line of lyrics. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Oh! Der - went - wa - ter's a bon - ny lord, And gold - en is his hair; And". The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of the musical score, which includes the second line of lyrics. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "glint - in' is his hawk - in' e'e, Wi' kind love dwell - ing there." The system ends with a double bar line.

DERWENTWATER.

OH! Derwentwater's a bonny lord,
And golden is his hair,
And glintin' is his hawkin' e'e
Wi' kind love dwelling there.

Yestreen he cam' to our lord's yett,
And loud, loud, did he ca',
"Rise up, rise up, for good King James,
And buckle and come awa'."

Our ladie held by our good lord,
Wi' weel love-locket hands,
But when young Derwentwater came,
She loss'd the snawy bands.

And when young Derwentwater kneel'd,
"My gentle fair ladie,"
The tears gave way to the glow o' luve
In our gude ladie's e'e.

"I will think," he said, "on those e'en o' blue
And on this snowy hand,
When on the helmy ridge o' war
Comes down my burly brand."

O, never a word our ladie spake
As he pressed her snowy hand;
"But O, my Derwentwater!" she sighed,
When his glowing lips he fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd
Which knots his gude weir-glove;
And he has drapp'd a spark frae his e'en
Which gars our ladie love.

"Come down, come down," our gude lord says,
"Come down, my fair ladie,
O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
The morning sun is hie."

And hie hie raise the morning sun
Wi' front o' ruddie blude—
Thy harlot front, frae the white curtain
Betokens naething gude.

Our ladie look'd frae the turret top
As lang as she could see,
And for every sigh for her gude lord
For Derwent there were three.

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

Allegretto moderato. ♩. = 80.

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto moderato* with a tempo of 80 beats per minute. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, and F5, then a half note G5. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score is marked *Smoothly.* and contains the first line of the song's lyrics. The melody in the right hand is a continuous eighth-note line. The left hand continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "An out-land-ish Knight came from the North lands, And he came a - woo - in' to me ; He". The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of the musical score contains the second line of the song's lyrics. The melody in the right hand continues the eighth-note pattern. The left hand provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "told me he'd take me un - to the North lands, And there he would mar - ry me." The system concludes with a double bar line.

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

AN outlandish Knight came from the North
lands,
And he came a wooin' to me;
He told me he'd take me unto the North lands,
And there he would marry me.

"Come fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stand thirty and three."

She fetched him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.

She mounted her on her milk-white steed,
He on the dapple grey;
They rode till they came unto the sea-side
Three hours before it was day.

"Light off, light off, thy milk-white steed,
And deliver it unto me!
Six pretty maids have I drownèd here,
And thou the seventh shall be.

"Pull off, pull off, thy silken gown,
And deliver it unto me!
Methinks it looks too rich and too gay
To rot in the salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off, thy silken stays,
And deliver them unto me;
Methinks they are too fine and gay
To rot in the salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off, thy Holland smock,
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks it looks too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea."

"If I must pull off my Holland smock,
Pray turn thy back to me,
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked woman should see."

He turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green;
She caught him around the middle so small
And tumbled him into the stream.

He droppèd high, he droppèd low,
Until he came to the side—
"Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,
And I will make you my bride."

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me!
Six pretty maids have you drownèd here,
And the seventh has drownèd thee."

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

The parrot being in the window so high,
Hearing the lady, did say,
"I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,
That you've tarried so long away."

"Don't prittle or prattle, my pretty parrot,
Nor tell no tales of me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Although it is made of a tree."

The king being in the chamber so high,
And hearing the parrot, did say,
"What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,
That you prattle so long before day?"

"It's no laughing matter," the parrot did say,
"But so loudly I call unto thee;
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I'm afraid they will have me."

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

CA' HAWKIE THROUGH THE WATER.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 108.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*.

The first vocal entry begins with the melody on a single staff, accompanied by the piano on two staves. The lyrics are: "Ca' Haw - kie, Ca' Haw - kie, Ca' Haw - kie through the wa - ter. Haw - kie is a". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a moving bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf*.

The second vocal entry continues the melody, with lyrics: "sweir beast, And Haw - kie win - na wade the wa - ter. Haw - kie is a bon - ny cow,". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include *mf*.

The third vocal entry features a more complex melodic line, with lyrics: "Though she's loth to wade the wa - ter ; While she waits the wark'll stand, So ca' Haw - kie through the wa - ter." The piano accompaniment includes a *cres.* section and a *f* section. The piece concludes with a *D.C.* (Da Capo) instruction.

CA' HAWKIE THROUGH THE WATER.

CA' Hawkie, ca' Hawkie,
Ca' Hawkie through the water ;
Hawkie is a sweir beast,
And Hawkie winna wade the water.

Hawkie is a bonny cow,
Though she's loth to wade the water ;
While she waits the wark 'll stand,
So ca' Hawkie through the water.

Hawkie is a pretty cow ;
All the children do adore her,
For she gives them all the milk—
There is none they prize before her.

Girls, be not too nice and coy,
If your sweethearts want to marry,
Ne'er say nay, but quick comply,
As 'tis hazardous to tarry.

Now, young maids, my counsel take,
Since that it can be no better ;
Cast off baith your hose and shoon,
And safely drive her through the water.

THE AULD FISHER'S FAREWELL TO COQUET.

Andante. About $\text{♩} = 72$.

Irish Air—"Gramachree."

First system of musical notation. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a whole rest for four measures, then plays a series of chords and eighth notes. The lyrics "Come, bring to me my" are written below the vocal line.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes. The lyrics "lim - ber gad I've fished wi' mony a year; An' let me ha'e my well-worn creel, An'" are written below the vocal line.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note F#4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes. The lyrics "a' my fish - ing gear. The sun-beams glint on Lin-den Ha', The breeze comes frae the" are written below the vocal line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note B3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes. The lyrics "west, An' love - ly looks the gowd - en morn On the streams that I love best." are written below the vocal line.

THE AULD FISHER'S FAREWELL TO COQUET.

COME, bring to me my limber gad
I've fished wi' mony a year,
An' let me ha'e my weel-worn creel,
An' a' my fishing gear.
The sunbeams glint on Linden Ha',
The breeze comes frae the west,
An' lovely looks the gowden morn
On the streams that I love best.

I've thrawn the *flee* thae sixty year,
Ay, sixty year an' mair,
An' mony a speckled Troutie killed
Wi' *heckle*, heuk, an' hair;
An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,
"My locks are like the snaw,"
But I'll gang again to Coquet-side
An' take a fareweel thraw.

Coquet! in my youthful days
Thy river sweetly ran,
An' sweetly down thy woody braes
The bonny birdies sang;
But streams may run, an' birds may sing,
Sma' joy they bring to me,
The blithesome strains I dimly hear,
The streams I dimly see.

But ance again the weel-kenned sounds
My minutes shall beguile,
An' glistening in the airly sun
I'll see thy waters smile;
An' Sorrow shall forget his sigh,
An' Age forget his pain;
An' ance mair by sweet Coquet-side,
My heart be young again.

Ance mair I'll touch wi' gleesome feet
Thy waters clear and cold,
Ance mair I'll cheat the gleg-e'e trout,
An' wile him frae his hold;
Ance mair at *Weldon's* frien'ly door
I'll wind my tackle up,
An' drink "Success to Coquet-side,"
Though a tear fa' in the cup.

An' then farewell, dear Coquet-side!
Aye gaily may thou rin,
An' lead thy waters sparkling on,
An' dash frae linn to linn;
Blithe be the music o' thy streams
An' banks through after-days,
An' blithe be every fisher's heart
Shall ever tread thy braes.

COME, GEORDY, HAUD THE BAIRN.

Allegretto. ♩. = 88.

mf

Come, Geor-dy, haud the

mf

bairn, Aw's sure aw'll not stop lang; Aw'd tyek the jew-el me - sel', But

real - ly aw's not strang. Thor's flour and coals to get, The hoose-turns thor not deun : So

rit. *a tempo.*

haud the bairn for fairs, Ye've oft - en deun'd for fun, Ye've oft - en deun'd for fun.

Legato. *rit.* *a tempo.*

CUM, GEORDY, HAUD THE BAIRN.

"CUM, Geordy, haud the bairn,
Aw's sure aw'll not stop lang;
Aw'd tyek the jew'l me-sel,
But really aw's not strang.
Thor's floer and coals te get,
The hoose-turns thor not deun;
So haud the bairn for fairs,
Ye've often deun'd for fun!"

Then Geordy held the bairn,
But sair agyen his will;
The poor bit thing wes gud,
But Geordy had ne skill:
He haddint its muther's ways,
He sat byeth stiff an' num;
Before five minutes wes past,
He wished its muther wad cum!

His wife had scarcely gyen,
The bairn begun te squall,
Wi' hikin't up an' doon,
He'd let the poor thing fall.
It waddent haud its tung,
Tho' sum aud teun he'd hum—
"Jack an' Jill went up a hill"—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

"What weary toil," says he,
"This nursin' bairns mun be;
A bit on'ts weel eneuf,
Ay, quite eneuf for me.
Te keep a cryin' bairn
It may be grand te sum;
A day's wark's not as bad—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!"

"Men seldum giv a thowt
Te what thor wives indure;
Aw thowt she'd nowt te de
But clean the hoose, aw's sure;
Or myek me dinner an' tea—
It's startin' te chow its thumb;
The poor thing wants its tit—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!"

"What a selfish world this is!
Thor's nowt mair se than man;
He laffs at wummin's toil,
An' winnet nurse his awn—
It's startin' te cry agyen,
Aw see tuts throo its gum:
Maw little bit pet, dinnet fret—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!"

"But kindness dis a vast,
It's ne use gettin' vext;
It winnet please the bairn,
Or ease a mind perplext.
At last, it's gyen te sleep,
Me wife 'ill not say aw's num;
She'll think aw's a real gud nurse—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!"

GAN TO THE KYE WI' ME.

Expressively. About ♩. = 84.

mf

Gan to the kye wi' me, my love,

mf

Gan to the kye wi' me; O - ver the moor and thro' the grove, I'll sing dit-ties to thee.

p

Cush - ie, thy pet, is low - ing A - round her poor first - ling's shed,

p

Tears in her eyes are flow - ing, Be - cause lit - tle Col - ly lies dead.

GAN TO THE KYE WI' ME.

GAN to the kye wi' me, my love,
Gan to the kye wi' me;
Over the moor and thro' the grove,
I'll sing ditties to thee:
Cushie, thy pet, is lowing
Around her poor firstling's shed,
Tears in her eyes are flowing,
Because little Colly lies dead.
Gan to the kye, etc.

All the fine herd of cattle
Thy vigilant sire possest,
After his fall in battle
By rebel chieftains were prest:
Kine now is all our property,
Left by thy father's will;
Yet if we nurse it watchfully,
We may win geer enow still.
Gan to the kye, etc.

SUCCESS UNTO THE COAL TRADE.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 104.

mf

Good peo-ple, list - en while I sing The

mf

source from whence your com - forts spring; And may each wind that blows still bring Suc -

f

cess un - to the coal trade. Who but un - u - sual plea-sure feels, To see our fleets of

f

ff

ships and keels? New - cas - tle, Sun - der-land, and Shields, May ev - er bless the coal trade.

ff

SUCCESS UNTO THE COAL TRADE.

GOOD people, listen while I sing
The source from whence your comforts spring;
And may each wind that blows still bring

Success unto the coal trade.

Who but unusual pleasure feels
To see our fleets of ships and keels?
Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields

May ever bless the coal trade.

May vultures on the caitiff fly,
And gnaw his liver till he die,
Who looks with evil, jealous eye,

Down upon the coal trade.

If that should fail, what would ensue?
Sure ruin, and disaster too!

Alas! alas! what would we do

If 'twere not for the coal trade?

What is it gives us cakes of meal?
What is it crams our wames se weel
With lumps of beef and draughts of ale?

What is't, but just the coal trade.

Not Davis' Straits, or Greenland oil,
Nor all the wealth springs from the soil,
Could ever make our pots to boil,

Like unto our coal trade.

Ye sailors' wives that love a drop
Of stingo fra the brandy shop,
How could you get one single drop,

If it were not for the coal trade?

Ye pitman lads, so blithe and gay,
Who meet to tipple each pay-day,
Down on your marrow bones, and pray,

Success unto the coal trade.

May Wear and Tyne still draw and pour
Their jet black treasures to the shore,
And we with all our strength will roar,

Success unto the coal trade.

Ye owners, masters, sailors, a',
Come, shout till ye be like to fa';
Your voices raise—huzza! huzza!

We all live by the coal trade.

This nation is in duty bound
To prize those who work under ground,
For 'tis well known this country round

Is kept up by the coal trade.

May Wear and Tyne and Thames ne'er freeze,
Our ships and keels will pass with ease,
Then Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields

Will still uphold the coal trade.

I tell the truth, you may depend,
In Durham or Northumberland,
No trade in them could ever stand,

If it were not for the coal trade.

The owners know full well, 'tis true,
Without pitmen, keelmen, sailors too,
To Britain they might bid adieu,

If it were not for the coal trade.

So to conclude and make an end
Of these few lines which I have penn'd,
We'll drink a health to all these men

Who carry on the coal trade.

To owners, pitmen, keelmen too,
And sailors, who the seas do plough,
Without these men we could not do,

Nor carry on the coal trade.

MY LORD 'SIZE.

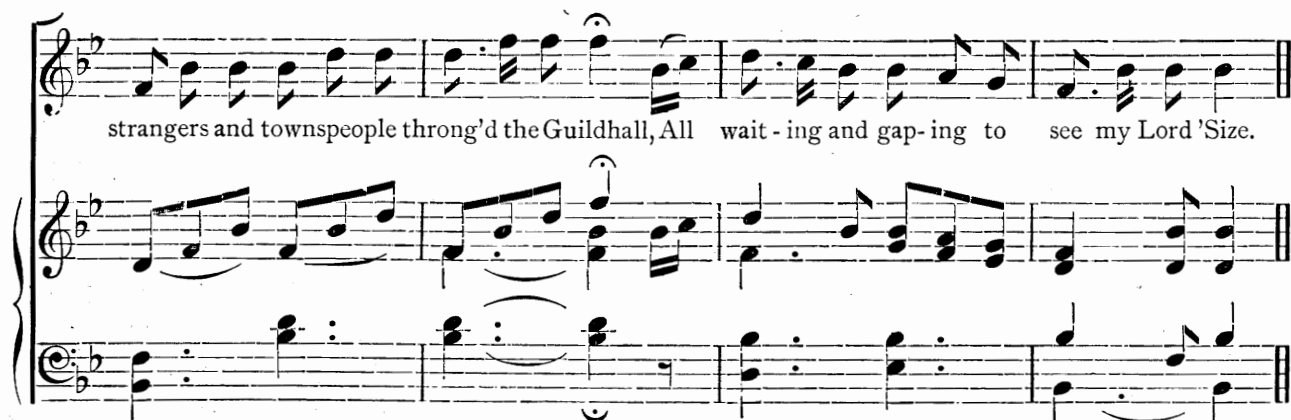
Allegretto. About ♩. = 76.

The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The melody in the treble staff is lively and rhythmic, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is written in the treble staff, starting with a mezzo-forte 'mf' dynamic. The lyrics are: "The jail - or for tri-al had brought up a thief, Whose looks seem'd a passport for Bot-a-ny Bay ; The". The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff, continuing the rhythmic pattern established in the introduction.

The third system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "lawyers, some with and some wanting a brief, A-round the green table were seat-ed so gay. Grave". The piano accompaniment in the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The fourth system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "jurors and witness-es wait-ing a call, At - tornies, and clients more an-gry than wise, With". The piano accompaniment in the bass staff continues to support the vocal line.



THE jailor for trial had brought up a thief,
 Whose looks seem'd a passport for Botany Bay ;
 The lawyers, some with and some wanting a brief,
 Around the green table were seated so gay ;
 Grave jurors and witnesses waiting a call,
 Attornies, and clients more angry than wise,
 With strangers and townspeople throng'd the Guild-
 hall,
 All waiting and gaping to see my Lord 'Size.

Oft stretch'd were their necks, oft erected their ears,
 Still fancying they heard of the trumpets the sound,
 When tidings arrived which dissolved them in tears,
 That my Lord at the dead-house was then lying
 drown'd !
 Straight left *tête-à-tête* were the jailor and thief,
 The horror-struck crowd to the dead-house quick
 flies ;
 E'en the lawyers, forgetful of fee and of brief,
 Set off helter-skelter to view my Lord 'Size.

And now the Sandhill with the sad tidings rings,
 And the tubs of the taties are left to take care ;
 Fish-women desert their crabs, lobsters, and lings,
 And each to the dead-house now runs like a hare.

The glassmen, some naked, some clad, heard the news,
 And off they ran smoking, like hot mutton pies ;
 Whilst Castle Garth tailors, like wild kangaroos,
 Came tail-on-end jumping to see my Lord 'Size.

The dead-house they reached, where his Lordship
 they found,
 Pale, stretched on a plank, like themselves out of
 breath ;
 The Coroner and Jury were seated around,
 Most gravely inquiring the cause of his death.
 No haste did they seem in, their task to complete,
 Aware that from hurry mistakes often rise ;
 Or wishful, perhaps, of prolonging the treat
 Of thus sitting on judgment upon my Lord 'Size.

Now the Mansion House butler thus gravely deposed—
 " My Lord on the terrace seem'd studying his
 charge,
 And when (as I thought) he had got it composed,
 He went down the stairs and examined the barge.
 First the stem he survey'd, then inspected the stern,
 Then handled the tiller, and looked mighty wise ;
 But he made a false step when about to return,
 And souse in the water straight tumbled Lord 'Size."

Now, his narrative ended, the butler retired,
Whilst Betty Watt, mutt'ring (half drunk) thro' her
teeth,
Declared "in her breast greet consarn it inspired,
That my Lord should se cullishly come by his deeth."
Next a keelman was called on, Bold Archy his name,
Who the book, as he kissed, showed the whites of
his eyes,
Then he cut an odd caper attention to claim,
And this evidence gave respecting Lord 'Size.

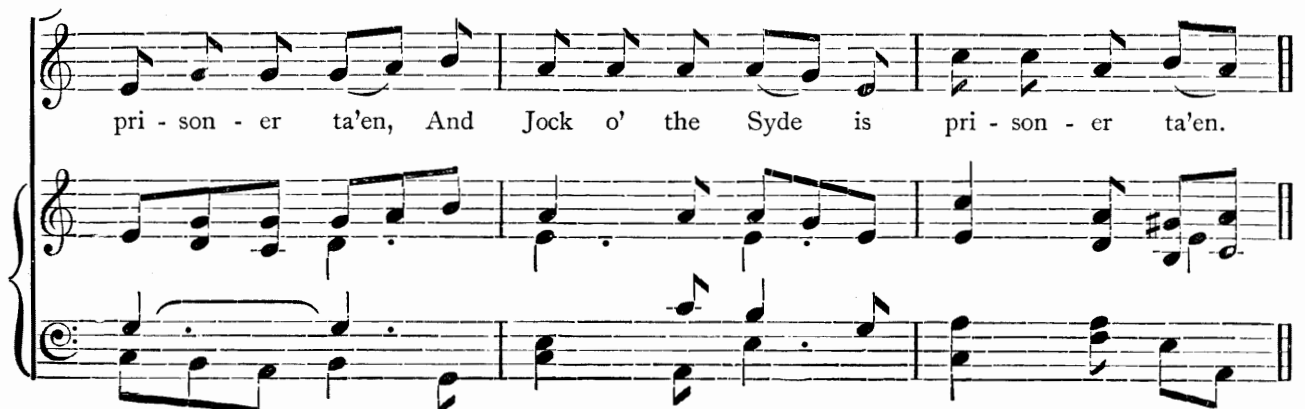
"Aw was settin' the keel, wi' Dick Stavers and Matt,
An' the Mansion House stairs we were just
alangsides,
When we a' three see'd somethin' but didn't ken what,
That was splashin' and labberin' about i' the tide.
'It's a flucker,' ki Dick; 'No,' ki Matt, 'it's ower big;'
It luik'd mair like a skyet when aw first seed it rise.
Kiv aw—for aw'd gotten' a gliff o' the wig—
'Ods, marcy! whey, marrows, becrike its Lord 'Size.'

"Sae aw huik'd him an' haul'd him suen into the
keel,
And o' top o' the huddock aw rowl'd him aboot;
An' his belly aw rubb'd, an' aw skelped his back
weel,
But the watter he'd drucken it wadn't run oot.
So aw browt him ashore here, an' doctors in vain,
Forst this way an' that, to recover him tries,
For ye see that he's lyin' as deed as a styen,
An' that's a' aw can tell you about my Lord 'Size."

Now the Jury for close consultation retired—
Some "*Death Accidental*" were willing to find,
Some "*God's visitation*" most eager required,
And some were for "*Fell in the river*" inclined;
But ere on their verdict they all were agreed,
My Lord gave a groan and wide opened his eyes;
Then the coach and the trumpeters came with great
speed,
And back to the Mansion House carried Lord 'Size

JOCK O' THE SYDE.

Allegretto. ♩. = 80.



JOCK O' THE SIDE.

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better ha'e stayed at hame,
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangerton House Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee,
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spaits fall fast frae her e'e.

Then up and spak' her gude auld lord—
"What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"
"Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;
Michael is killed, and they ha'e ta'en my son Johnnie."

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton;
"I have yokes of ousen eighty and three:
My barns, my byres, and my faulds all weel filled,
I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnnie shall die.

"Three men I'll send to set him free,
A' harneist with the best of steel;
The English louns may hear and drie,
The weight o' their braidswords to feel.

"The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,
O, Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be;
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,
Since England banished thee to me."

Now, Hobbie was an Englishman,
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born,
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave—
"Your horses the wrang way maun be shod,
Like gentlemen ye maunna seem,
But look like corn-cadgers ga'en the road.

"Your armour gude ye maunna show,
Nor yet appear like men o' weir;
As country lads be a' arrayed
Wi' branks and brecham on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine,
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water of Tyne.

At the Chollerford they all light down,
And there with the help of the light o' the moon
A tree they cut with fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa' o' Newcastle toun.

But when they cam' to Newcastle toun,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells o'er laigh,
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak' the Laird's ain Jock—
"There's naething for't; the gates we maun force."
But when they cam' the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang,
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er played pa!
His life and his keys at anes they ha'e ta'en,
And cast his body ahint the wa'.

Now sune they reached Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call—
"Sleep's thou, wake's thou, Jock o' the Side,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"

Jock answers thus with duleful tone—
"Aft, aft, I wake—I seldom sleep;
But wha's this kens my name sae weel,
And thus to mese* my wae's does seek?"

Then out and spak' the gude Laird's Jock,
"Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he;
"For here are the Laird's Jock, and the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble come to set thee free."

"Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
For ever, alas! this canna be,
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun die.

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,
They hae laid a' right sair on me;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and drearie."

"Fear ye na that," quo' the Laird's Jock—
"A faint heart ne'er won a fair ladye;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."

* Soothe.

The first strong door that they cam' at
They loosed it without a key;
The next chained door that they cam' at
They garr'd it all to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back
The Laird's Jock's gotten up full hie,
And doun the stairs, him, *Airns and a'*,
With nae sma' speed and joy brings he.

"Now, Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
"Some o' his weight ye may lay on me;"
"I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
"I count him lighter than a flee."

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
The prisoner's set on horseback hie;
And now wi' speed they've ta'en the gate,
While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie.

"O Jock! sae winsomely's ye ride,
With baith your feet upon ae side;
Sae weel ye're harneist, and sae trig—
In troth ye sit like ony bride."

The night tho' wat they didna mind,
But hied them on fu' merrilie,
Until they cam' to Cholerford brae,
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam' to Cholerford
There they met wi' an auld man;
Says—"Honest man, will the water ride?
Tell us in haste if that ye can."

"I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man.
"I ha'e lived here thretty years and three,
And I nae yet saw the Tyne sae big,
Nor running anes sae like a sea."

Then out and spak' the Laird's saft Wat,
The greatest coward in the companie—
"Now halt, now halt, we needna try't;
The day is come we a' maun die."

"Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
"There'll nae man die but him that's fey;
I'll guide ye a' right safely thro';
Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."

Wi' that the water they ha'e ta'en
By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro';
"Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock;
"And puir faint Wat, what think ye noo?"

They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant the water saw,
"It winna ride, my lads," quo' he;
Then cried aloud, "The prisoner take,
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."

"I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
"I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be,
My gude bay mare—for I am sure
She has bought them all right dear frae thee."

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E'en as fast as they could them hie;
The prisoner's brought to's ain fireside,
And there o's airns they mak' him free.

"Now Jock, my billie," quo' all the three,
"The day is com'd thou was to dee,
But thou's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,
Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."

They ha'e garred fill up ae punch bowl,
And after it they maun hae anither;
And thus the night they a' ha'e spent,
Just as they'd been brither and brither.

SHEW ME THE WAY TO WALLINGTON.

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 112.$

mf

O . . . can-ny man, O! Shew me the way to Wallington: I've got a mare to ride, And

mf

This system contains the first three measures of the song. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 9/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

she's a trick o' gal - lop - ing; I ha'e a las - sie be - side, 'That

This system contains the next three measures of the song. The musical notation and piano accompaniment continue from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

win-na give o'er her wal-lop-ing. O can-ny, can-ny man, O! Shew me the way to Wal-ling-ton.

This system contains the final three measures of the song, ending with a double bar line. The musical notation and piano accompaniment continue from the previous systems. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

SHEW ME THE WAY TO WALLINGTON.

O, CANNY man, O! shew me the way to Wallington:
I've got a mare to ride, and she's a trick o' galloping;
I hae a lassie beside, that winna give o'er her walloping,
O canny, canny man, O! shew me the way to Wallington.

Weel or sorrow betide, I'll hae the way to Wallington,
I've a grey mare o' my ain, that ne'er gives o'er her galloping;
I hae a lass forbye, that I cannot keep frae walloping;
O canny, canny man, O! tell me the way to Wallington.

Sandy, keep on the road, that's the way to Wallington.
Soon he reached Bingfield Kame, and by the banks o' Hallington;
Through by Bavington Ha' and in ye go to Wallington;
Whether ye gallop or trot, ye're on the way to Wallington.

Off like the wind he went, clattering on to Wallington;
Soon he reached Bingfield Kame, and passed the banks o' Hallington;
O'er by Bavington Syke the mare couldn't trot for galloping;
Now, my dear lassie, I'll see, for I'm on my way to Wallington.

FELTON LONNON.

Allegro moderato. ♩. = 100.

mf

The kye's come hame, but I see not my hin-ny; The kye's come hame, but I see not my bairn. I'd

mf

ra-ther loss a' the kye than loss my hin-ny, I'd ra-ther loss a' the kye than loss my dear.

Fair-faced is my hin-ny, his blue eyes are bon-ny, His hair in curl'd ringlets hang sweet to the sight; O

mount the old po-ny, seek af-ter my hin-ny, And bring to his mammy her on-ly de-light.

FELTON LONNIN'.

(1793.)

THE kye's come hame but aw see not ma hinny,
The kye's come hame but aw see not ma bairn;
I'd rather loss a' the kye than loss my hinny,
I'd rather loss a' the kye than loss my bairn.

Fair faced is my hinny, his blue eyes are bonny,
His hair in curled ringlets hang sweet to the sight;
O mount the old pony, seek after my hinny,
And bring to his mammy her only delight.

FELTON LONNIN'.

(1820.)

There's three famed horses frae Felton Lonnin',
For fleetness, beauty, and strength uncommon,
They've won the head prize wi' famous runnin',
But Dr. Syntax he's King o' the Lonnin'.
Three cups or in value was won by the Don,
Besides nine gold cups X Y Z won.
But mark! there's a score the Doctor's tyen from 'em
Which adds to my song—he's the King o' the Lonnin'.
Oh, could I in full perfection view him,
Or could my merits do justice to him,
By the spirit that roused the Muse o' Tim Whittle,
I challenge the world to produce such cattle.
May Riddell long live to adorn the county,
The poor all around acknowledge his bounty;
Northumberland's praise shall be ever forthcoming,
The wealthy donor of Felton Lonnin'.

PELTON LONNIN'.

(DURHAM VERSION.)

THE swine came jumping down Pelton Lonnin',
The swine came jumping down Pelton Lonnin',
The swine came jumping down Pelton Lonnin',
There's five black swine and never an odd one.

Three i' the dyke and two i' the Lonnin',
Three i' the dyke and two i' the Lonnin',
Three i' the dyke and two i' the Lonnin',
That's five black swine and never an odd one.

THE MILLER'S WIFE O' BLAYDON.

Allegro. ♩ = 138.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' with a quarter note equal to 138 beats per minute.

The first vocal entry is marked *mf* and begins with the lyrics: "The mil - ler's wife o' Blay - don, The mil - ler's wife o' Blay - don,". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and single notes, also marked *mf*.

The second vocal entry continues the melody with the lyrics: "Sair she bang'd her ain gude-man For kiss-ing o' the maid-en. Yet aye the mil-ler sings and swears, Tho'". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

The third vocal entry concludes the piece with the lyrics: "kiss-ing he had plen - ty, For one kiss o' that bon-ny mouth He'd free-ly give up twen-ty." The piano accompaniment ends with a double bar line. Both the vocal and piano parts are marked *D.C.* (Da Capo).

THE MILLER'S WIFE O' BLAYDON.

THE miller's wife o' Blaydon,
The miller's wife o' Blaydon,
Sair she bang'd her ain gudeman
For kissing o' the maiden.

Yet aye the miller sings and swears,
Tho' kissing he had plenty,
For one kiss o' that bonny mouth
He'd freely give up twenty.

The miller's wife, etc.

Still though she bang me neet and day,
I'll get another laid in,
For gin ye gan through every toon,
You'll niver bang our maiden.

The miller's wife, etc.

THE SWORD DANCER'S SONG.

EARSDON.

Allegretto. ♩. = 76.

mf

Good peo-ple, give ear to my sto-ry, I've

mf *f* *mf*

call'd in to see you by chance; Five lads I have brought, blyth and mer-ry, In-

tend-ing to give you a dance. Ears-don is our hab-i-ta-tion, The

place we were all born and bred; There are not fin-er lads in the nation, And none shall be gallanter led.

THE EARSDON SWORD-DANCERS' SONG.

GOOD people, give ear to my story,
I've called in to see you by chance ;
Five lads I have brought blithe and merry,
Intending to give you a dance.
Earsdon is our habitation,
The place we were all born and bred ;
There are not finer lads in the nation,
And none shall be gallanter led.

'Tis not for your gold and your silver,
Nor yet for the gain of your gear,
But we come just to take a week's pleasure,
To welcome the incoming year.
My lads they are all fit for action,
With spirits and courage so bold ;
They are born of a noble extraction,
Their fathers were heroes of old.

Now this is the son of brave Elliott,
The first youth that enters the ring ;
So proudly rejoice I to tell it,
He fought for his country and king.
When the Spaniards besieged Gibraltar,
Bold Elliott defended the place ;
Soon caused them their plans for to alter,
Some fell—others fled in disgrace.

Now my next handsome youth that does enter
Is a boy there are very few such ;
His father beat that great De Winter,
And defeated the fleet of the Dutch.
His father was the great Lord Duncan,
Who played the Dutch ne'er such a prank,
That they from their harbours ran funk'in',
And they fled to the great Dogger Bank.

This one is the son of Lord Nelson,
That hero that fought at the Nile ;
Few men with such courage and talent,
The Frenchmen he did them beguile.
The Frenchmen they nearly destroyed him,
But the battle he managed so well ;
In the fortress he totally destroyed them,
Scarce one got off home for to tell.

Now my next handsome youth that does enter
Is a boy of ability bright ;
Five thousand gold guineas I'd venture
That he like his father would fight.
At Waterloo and Tarryvarry*
Lord Wellington made the French fly,
You scarcely could find such another,
He'd conquer, or else he would die.

Now my last handsome youth that does enter
Is a boy that is both straight and tall ;
He's the son of the great Buonaparte,
The hero that cracked the whole all.
He went over the Lowlands like thunder,
Made nations to quiver and quake,
Many thousands stood gazing in wonder
At the havoc he always did make.

Now you see all my five noble heroes,
My five noble heroes by birth,
And they each bear as good a character
As any five heroes on earth.
If they be as good as their fathers,
Their deeds are deserving records ;
It is all the whole company desires,
To see how they handle their swords.

* Query, "Torres Vedras."

MAW CANNY HINNY.

Moderato. ♩ = 80.

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The piano part has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *cres.* (crescendo) leading to a *f* (forte) section.

The second system continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "Where hes te been, Maw can - ny hinny? An' where hes te been, Maw bon - ny bairn?" are written below the staff. The piano part maintains its accompaniment with some harmonic changes. Dynamics include *mf*.

The third system continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "Aw was up and doon, Seek - in' maw hinny ; Aw was throo' the toon, Seek-in' for maw bairn. Aw" are written below the staff. The piano part continues with its accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf*.

The fourth system continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "went up the Butcher Bank an' doon Grindin' Chare, Caw'd at the 'Dun Cow,' but aw cudent find thee there." are written below the staff. The piano part continues with its accompaniment. Dynamics include *rit.* (ritardando) at the end of the system.

MAW CANNY HINNY.

WHERE hes te been, maw canny hinny?
An' where hes te been, maw bonny bairn?
Aw was up an' doon, seekin' maw hinny;
Aw was throo' the toon, seekin' for maw bairn.

Aw went up the Butcher Bank an' doon Grindin' Chare,
Caw'd at the "Dun Cow," but aw cuddent find thee there.
Where hes te been? etc.

Then aw went te the Cassel Garth and ca'd on Johnny Fife;
The beer-drawer tell'd me she ne'er saw thee in her life.
Where hes te been? etc.

Then aw went into the Three Bulls' Heeds, an' doon the Lang Stairs,
An' a' the way along the Close as far as Mr. Mayor's.
Where hes te been? etc.

Frae there aw went along the Brig, an' up te Jackson's Chare,
Then back agyen te the Cross Keys, but cuddent find thee there.
Where hes te been? etc.

Then cummin' oot o' Pipergate aw met wi' Willy Rigg,
Whe tell'd me that he saw thee stannin' luikin' ower the Brig.
Where hes te been? etc.

Cummin' along the Brig agyen, aw met wi' Cristy Gee:
He tell'd me he saw thee gannin' doon Hume's Entry.
Where hes te been? etc.

Where hev aw been! aw can suen tell ye that.
Cummin' up the Kee aw met wi' Peter Pratt;
Meetin' Peter Pratt, we met wi' Tommy Wear,
And went te Hume's te get a gill o' beer.
That's where aw've been, maw canny hinny!
That's where aw've been, maw bonny lamb!
Was tu up an' doon seekin' for thee hinny?
Was tu up and doon seeking for thee lamb?

Then aw met yor Ben, an' we were like te fite,
An' when we cam' te Sandgate it was pick nite;
Crossin' the road aw met wi' Bobby Swinny—
Hing on the girdle, let's hev a singin' hinny.
A' me sorrows ower, noo aw've fund me hinny,
A' me sorrows ower, noo aw've fund me bairn;
Lang may aw shoot, maw canny hinny,
Lang may aw shoot, maw canny bairn.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

Allegro. ♩. = 120.

mf *f*

mf

The An - ti - Gal - li - can's safe ar-rived, On board of her with speed we'll hie ;

She'll soon be fit to sail a - way, To the An - ti - Gal - li - can haste a - way.

f *f*

Haste a - way, haste a - way, To the An - ti - Gal - li - can haste a - way.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

THE Anti-Gallican's safe arrived,
On board of her with speed we'll hie,
She'll soon be fit to sail away,
To the Anti-Gallican haste away.
Haste away, haste away,
To the Anti-Gallican haste away.

For gold we'll sail the ocean o'er,
From Britain's isle to the French shore;
No ships from us shall run away—
To the Anti-Gallican haste away.
Haste away, etc.

The Spaniards, too, those cunning knaves,
We'll take their ships and make them slaves;
Till war's declared we'll never stay,
To the Anti-Gallican haste away.
Haste away, etc.

If we should meet with a galloon,
Our own we'll make her very soon;
Then drums shall beat and music play—
To the Anti-Gallican haste away.
Haste away, etc.

Our country calls us all to arms
To keep us safe from French alarms;
Then let us all her voice obey,
To the Anti-Gallican haste away.
Haste away, etc.

When we are rich then home we'll steer,
And enter Shields with many a cheer;
To meet our friends so blithe and gay,
To the Anti-Gallican haste away.
Haste away, etc.

To Charlotte's Head then let's repair,
We'll be received with welcome there;
We'll enter then without delay,
To the Anti-Gallican haste away.
Haste away, etc.

A, U, HINNY BURD.

Allegro. ♩ = 138.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegro* with a tempo of 138 beats per minute. It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

The first vocal entry is marked *mf* and begins with the lyrics "It's O, but aw ken well— A, U, hin - ny burd—The bon - ny lass o'". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The second vocal entry continues the melody with the lyrics "Ben - well— A, U, A. She's lang legg'd and mo - ther-like—". The piano accompaniment maintains its accompaniment pattern.

The third vocal entry concludes the piece with the lyrics "A, U, hin - ny burd ; See, she's rak - ing up the dyke— A, U, A.". The piano accompaniment continues until the final measure.

A, U, HINNY BURD.

It's O, but aw ken well—
A, U, hinny burd ;
The bonny lass o' Benwell,
A, U, A.

She's lang-legg'd and mother-like,
A, U, hinny burd ;
See, she's raking up the dyke,
A, U, A.

The Quayside for sailors,
A, U, hinny burd ;
The Castle Garth for tailors,
A, U, A.

The Gateshead Hills for millers,
A, U, hinny burd ;
The North Shore for keelers,
A, U, A.

There's Sandgate for auld rags,
A, U, hinny burd ;
And Gallowgate for trolly-bags,
A, U, A.

There's Denton and Kenton,
A, U, hinny burd ;
And canny Lang Benton,
A, U, A.

There's Tynemouth and Cullercoats,
A, U, hinny burd ;
And North Shields for sculler boats,
A, U, A.

There's Westoe lies in a neuk,
A, U, hinny burd ;
And South Shields the place for seut,
A, U, A.

There's Harton and Holywell,
A, U, hinny burd ;
And bonny Seaton Delaval,
A, U, A.

Hartley Pans for sailors,
A, U, hinny burd ;
And Bedlington for nailers,
A, U, A.

THE SANDGATE LASS'S LAMENT.

Allegretto. ♩. = 92. *mf*

I was a young maid-en

tru - ly, And liv'd in Sand-gate Street ; I thought to mar-ry a good man, To

keep me warm and neat : Some good-like bo - dy, some bon - ny bo - dy, To be with me at

rit.

noon, But last I mar-ried a keel - man, And my good days are done.

rit.

THE SANDGATE LASS'S LAMENT.

I WAS a young maiden truly,
And liv'd in Sandgate Street ;
I thought to marry a good man,
To keep me warm and neat ;
Some good-like body, some bonny body,
To be with me at noon ;
But last I married a keelman,
And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a parson,
To hear me say my prayers ;
But I have married a keelman,
And he kicks me down the stairs.
He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
An ill-faured ugly loon ;
And I have married a keelman,
And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a dyer,
To dye my apron blue ;
But I have married a keelman,
And he makes me sairly rue.
He's an ugly body, etc.

I thought to marry a joiner,
To make me chair and stool ;
But I have married a keelman,
And he's a perfect fool.
He's an ugly body, etc.

I thought to marry a sailor,
To bring me sugar and tea ;
But I have married a keelman,
And that he lets me see.
He's an ugly body, etc.

"X, Y, Z."

Tune—"Cameronian's Rant."

Vivace. About $\text{♩} = 132$.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*.

The second system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *mf* and *f*. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *mf* and *f*.

Smash! Jemmy, let us buss, we'll off An' see New-cas-tle Ra - ces; Set Dick the trap-per for some syep, We'll

The third system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *mf* and *f*. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *mf* and *f*.

seun wesh a' wor fa - ces. There's ne'er a lad in Per - cy Main Be bet this day for five or ten, Wor

The fourth system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *mf* and *cres.*. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *mf* and *cres.*.

pockets lined wi' notes and cash, Among the chaps we'll cut a dash, For "X, Y, Z," that bon-ny steed, He

"X, Y, Z"—continued.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. It contains two measures of music, each ending with a double bar line. The lyrics "bangs them a' for pith and speed, He's sure to win the Cup, man." are written below the first measure, and "Fal the dal the dal the day, Fal" are written below the second measure. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also featuring chords and moving lines. Both piano staves begin with a forte (*f*) dynamic and include accents over the first two notes of each measure.

f bangs them a' for pith and speed, He's sure to win the Cup, man. *f* Fal the dal the dal the day, Fal

The second system of the musical score continues the piece with three staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, with lyrics "lal the dal the di - do ; Fal lal the lal the dal the day, Fal lal the dal the di - do." written below it. The middle and bottom staves continue the piano accompaniment, maintaining the harmonic structure established in the first system. The system concludes with a double bar line on all three staves.

lal the dal the di - do ; Fal lal the lal the dal the day, Fal lal the dal the di - do.

"X, Y, Z."

SMASH! Jemmy, let us buss, we'll off
An' see Newcassel Races:
Set Dick the Trapper for some syep,
We'll seun wesh a' wor faces.
There's ne'er a lad in Percy Main
Be bet this day for five or ten;
Wor pockets lin'd wiv notes an' cash,
Amang the cheps we'll cut a dash—
For X Y Z, that bonny steed,
He bangs them a' for pith and speed,
He's sure to win the Cup, man.

We reach'd the Moor, wi' sairish tews,
When they were gaun to start, man:
We gav a fellow tuppence each,
To stand upon a cart, man;
The bets flew round frae side to side,
"The field agyen X Y!" they cried;
We'd hardly time to lay them a',
When in he cam—Hurraw! hurraw!
"Od smash!" says I, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
We niver see'd the like, man!"

Next, to the tents we hied, te get
Some stuffin for wor bags, man:
Wi' flesh we gaily pang'd wor hides—
Smok'd nowse but patent shag, man.
While rum and brandy soak'd each chop,
We'd Jackey and fine ginger pop;
We gat what made us winkin' blin'—
When drunky aw began te sing—
"Od smash! X Y, that bonny steed,
Thou bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
We niver see'd the like, man!"

Next up amang the shows we gat,
Where folks a' stood i' flocks, man,
To see a chep play Bob and Joan
Upon a wooden box, man:
Whie bairns an' music fill'd the stage,
An' some, by gox! were grim wi' age;
When next au'd grin a powney brought,
Could tell at yence what people thowt!
"Od smash!" says I, "if he's the breed
Of X Y Z, that bonny steed,
Thou niver see'd his like, man!"

But, haud! when we cam' to the toon,
What thinks tou we saw there, man?
We see'd a Blackey puffin, swetten,
Suckin' in fresh air, man;
They said that he could fell an ox—
His name was fightin Mollinox;
But ere he fit another round,
His marrow fell'd him te the ground.
"Od smash!" says I, "if thou's sec breed
As X Y Z, that bonny steed,
Thou niver see'd his like, man!"

Next board the steamer-boat we gat,
A laddie rang a bell, man:
We haddent sitten verra lang,
Till baith asleep we fell, man,
But the noise suen myed poor Jemmy start—
He thowt 'twas time to gang to wark,
For pick an' hoggers roar'd oot he—
An' myed sic' noise it wakened me.
"Od smash!" says I, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
Aw niver see'd his like, man!"

When landed, straight off hame aw gans,
An' thunnars at the door, man;
The bairns lap ower the bed wi' fright,
Fell smack upon the floor, man;
But to gar the wifey haud her tongue,
Show'd her the kelter aw had won;
She with a cinder burnt her toes,
An' little Jacob broke his nose—
The brass aw've gotten at the race
Will buy a patch for Jacob's face—
So now my song is deun, man.

THE PITMAN'S HAPPY TIMES.

Moderato con anima. ♩ = 1. 2.

Tune—"The days when we went gipsying."

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*.

When aw wes young, maw col - lier lads, Ne man cud hap - pier

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf*.

be ; For wa - ges was like sma' coals then, An' cheps could raise a spree. Wor

The second system continues the song with the same musical structure. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. Dynamics include *mf*.

pay - neet cam' wiv drink an' dance, Wor sweethearts luickt se fine ; An' lumps o' beef, an'

The third system concludes the song. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. Dynamics include *mf*.

THE PITMAN'S HAPPY TIMES—continued.

f

This system contains the first two lines of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: 'dads o' duff, Wes there for folks te dine. An' then we spent sic mer-ry neets, For'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a left-hand staff with a bass clef. The piano part features chords and moving lines in both hands. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears above the piano staff.

dads o' duff, Wes there for folks te dine. An' then we spent sic mer-ry neets, For

f

This system contains the third and fourth lines of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'grum-lin' we had nyen ; But the times o' wor pros - per - i - ty Wiil niv - er cum a -'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears above the piano staff.

grum-lin' we had nyen ; But the times o' wor pros - per - i - ty Wiil niv - er cum a -

f

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'gyen, But the days o' wor pros - per - i - ty Wiil niv - er cum a - gyen.'. The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears above the piano staff.

gyen, But the days o' wor pros - per - i - ty Wiil niv - er cum a - gyen.

f

THE PITMAN'S HAPPY TIMES.

WHEN aw wes yung, maw collier lads,
Ne man cud happier be;
For wages was like sma' coals then,
An' cheps cud raise a spree.
Wor pay-neet cam' wiv drink an' dance,
Wor sweethearts luckt se fine;
An' lumps o' beef an' dads o' duff
Wes there for folks to dine.
An' then we spent sic merry neets,
For grumlin' we had nyen;
But the times o' wor prosperity
Will niver cum agyen.

Wor hooses then wes ower sma',
For ivery nuik was chock;
Wor drawers wes fair mahogany,
An' se wes chairs an' clock.
Wor feather beds, and powls se fine,
Wes welcum te the seet;
A man work'd harder i' the day
Wi' thinkin' o' th' neet.
Spice hinnies on the gurdle fizz'd,
Maw tea had rum in't then;
But the times o' wor prosperity
Can niver cum agyen.

Wor wives cud buy new shawls an' goons,
An' niver heed the price;
The spyed-face guineas went like smoke
Te myek wor darlins nice.
The drapers used ne tickets then
The country gowks to coax;
They got thereckly what was ax'd,
An' prais'd us collier folks.
The butcher meat wes always best
When Kenton paid thor men;
But the days o' wor prosperity
Can niver cum agyen.

When aw gat wed—gox, what a row!
The bindin' brass aw spent;
Aw bowt new gloves an' ribbons, man,
For aw the folks aw kent.
At ivery yell-hoose i' this toon
We had a cocktail pot;
Wi' treatin' a' the company roond,
Maw kelter went like shot.
But smash! we had a merry neet.
Tho' fights we had but ten;
Thor wes sic times for collier lads—
They'll niver come agyen.

We didn't heed much lairnin' then,
We had ne time for skyul;
Pit laddies work'd for spendin's syek,
An' nyen wes thowt a fyul.
Noo, ivery bairn can read and writc—
Extonishin' to me!
The varry dowpie on my lap
Can tell his A B C.
Sum folks gets reet and sum gets wrang,
Biv lettin' buiks alyen;
But this aw'll sweer, ne times like mine
Can iver cum agyen.

THE AMERICAN STRANGER.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 108.

mf

I'm a stran - ger to this

coun - try, from A - me - ri - ca I came, There is no one that knows me nor

cres.

can tell my name; I'm a stran - ger to this coun - try, and shall tar-ry here a

mf

while, And I'll ram - ble from my dar - ling for ma - ny a long mile.

mf

THE AMERICAN STRANGER.

I'm a stranger to this country,
From America I came,
There is no one that knows me
Nor can tell my name;
I'm a stranger to this country,
And shall tarry here a while,
And I'll ramble from my darling
For many a long mile.

Some say I am rakish,
Some say I am wild,
And some say I'm rakish
My friends to beguile;
But to prove myself loyal,
You shall come along with me,
And I'll take you to America
My darling for to be.

Give my love to my Polly,
She's the girl I adore,
Likewise to my Susan,
Although she is poor;
Give my love to my Betsy,
She's my joy and delight,
I'll clasp her in my arms
On a cold frosty night.

The moon shall be in darkness,
And the stars shall give no light,
If ever I prove false
To my own heart's delight;
In the midst of the ocean
There shall grow a myrtle tree,
If ever I prove false
To the girl that loves me.

They are bound to America,
And the ship she sets sail;
Kind Heaven, protect them
With a prosperous gale;
And when we are landed
We'll dance and we'll sing,
In a plentiful country,
And God bless the King.

THE SINGIN' HINNIE.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 126.

Tune—"Eveleen's Bower."

The piano introduction is in D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. It begins with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note D, followed by a quarter note E, then a quarter note F# and a quarter note G. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece ends with a final chord of D major.

mf
Sit doon, noo, man a - live! To tell ye a'al con-trive, O' the fin-est thing the world hes iv - ver

The first system of the song features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are written below the right-hand staff.

gin ye, O; It's not fine claes or drink, Nor ought 'at ye can think, Can

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the right-hand staff.

CHORUS.

haud a can-nle up to Singin' Hin - nie, O. Sing, hey, the Pudden Chare and Elswick's Lonnin', O.

f
CHORUS.

The chorus system begins with the word "CHORUS." above the staff. The melody is marked *f* (forte). The lyrics are written below the right-hand staff. The system ends with a final chord.

THE SINGIN'-HINNEY.

SIT doon, noo, man alive!
Te tell ye aa'll contrive
O' the finest thing the worl' hes ivver gin ye, O.
It's not fine claes nor drink,
Nor owt 'at ye can think,
Can had a cannle up ti singin'-hinney, O.
Sing hi, the Puddin' Chare an' Elwick's Lonnin, O!
Newcassel's fame 'ill bide
Lang as its coaly tide;
But it winnet rest on what makes sic a shinney, O!
The pride o' a' the North
Is cas it forst ga' borth
To the greetest charm o' life—a singin'-hinney, O.
Sing hi, the Spittal Tongues an' Javel Groupe, hi O!
Fre the day we forst draa breeth,
To the day 'at brings wor deeth,
Fre the forst day ony on us kenn'd wor minnie, O,
We gan on step bi step,
An' each gaady day is kep,
Wiv a cheer 'at's elways crooned wi' singin'-hinney, O.
Sing hi, for Denton Chare an' the Bigg Markit, O!
Wor weddin' feast wis spread
Wi' menseful meat an' breed,
An' ivverything wis theer for kith an' kin', ye O!
As aa sat doon wi' me bride,
Aa wad say aa felt a pride
To hear them praise her aan-made singin'-hinney, O.
Sing hi, the Bottle Bank an' the Team Gut, hi O!
The day the bairn wis born
Wis a snaay New Eer's morn;
Se caad yee'd scarsly feel yorsel' or fin', ye O!
But we put the gordle on,
The rousin' fire upon,
An' we whistled as we baked wor singin'-hinney, O.
Sing hi, the Dog-Lowp Stairs an' the Darn Crook, hi O!
At christnen, tee, se fine,
Another wife an' mine
Gans oot an' takes the bairn, see spick an' spinney, O.
Wi' spice cake an' wi' salt,
The forst they met te halt,
An' gar him stan' an' tyeest wor singin'-hinney, O.
Sing hi, the Friar's Geuse an' the Aad-Faad, hi O!
An' se on day bi day,
As we trudge alang life's way,
We've troubles roond—like stoor—eneuf te blin' ye, O!
But whiles thor comes a stop,
An' wor tools we then can drop,
To gan hyem, lads, an' hev a singin'-hinney, O.
Sing hi, the Close, Waal-Knowl, an' the Cut-Bank, hi O!
An' when we can enjoy,
'Mang wor hivvey 'poy,
A day 'at brings huz not a single whinney, O;
Let's elwis drop wor cares
An' set worsels, for fairs,
To celebrate it wiv a singin'-hinney, O!
Sing hi, the Mushroom, Forth, an' Heed o' Side, hi O!

ALL TOGETHER, LIKE THE FOLKS O' SHIELDS.

Allegro commodo. About ♩ = 144.

Tune—"South Shields Lasses."

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, playing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in a descending and then ascending pattern. The left hand (bass clef) plays a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter and half notes.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "Tho' Tyne-side coal an' fur-nace reek Hes made wor riv-er black e-neuf, It's".

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "rais'd a breed o' men that's worth, Aye, hin-nies! mair than plack e-neuf. And though we can-na show ye here Green".

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hedgerows, woods, or bon-ny fields, We'll show ye something bet-ter if ye gan to Shields."

ALL TOGETHER, LIKE THE FOLKS O' SHIELDS—continued.

Oh, wor pi - lots an' wor sail - ors, An' wor Life Brig - ade an' boat-men, An' wor

rit. *a tempo.*

fish - er-men an' trawlers are the fin - est chaps a-float, man. Where-iv-ver ye may sail, or when Ye

rit. *a tempo.*

gan tiv oth - er ports, machiels, Ther's nycen hang al - to - gith - er like the folks o' Shields.

ALL TOGETHER, LIKE THE FOLKS O' SHIELDS.

THO' Tyneside coal an' furnace reek
Hes made wor river black eneuf,
It's raised a breed o' men that's worth—
Aye, hinnies!—mair than plack eneuf.
An' tho' we canna show ye here
Green hedgerows, woods, or bonny fields,
We'll show ye something better, if
Ye gan to Shields.

O wor pilots an' wor sailors,
An' wor life brigade an' boatmen,
An' wor fishermen an' trawlers,
Are the finest cheps afloat, man.
Where ivver ye may sail, or when
Ye gan tiv other ports, maa chiels,
Thor's nyen, tyek aal togithor,
Like the folks o' Shields!

Fine weather friends are weel eneuf,
But them 'at's been i' danger
Hes often fund them faal away,
An' leave them like a stranger;
But trusty, true, an' honest sows,
The chep 'at needs them aalways feels
It's them 'at's aal togithor
Like the folks o' Shields.

O wor pilots an' wor sailors, etc.

The winter's blast may raise the waves,
An' furious seas may sweep the deck;
The ship, tho' close at port, may drive
Till aal is but a heap o' wreck;
But lifeboats, "aalways ready," is
The motto o' wor Tyneside chiels,
Brave hearts, pull aal togithor,
Like the folks o' Shields.

O wor pilots an' wor sailors, etc.

So, canny lads, byeth yen an' aa',
Where ivver it's yor chance to be,
Stand biv each other to the last,
Stick aal togithor manfully.
May storm, or shine, or port, or wreck,
Or anything that time reveals,
Still find us aal togithor,
Like the folks o' Shields.

O wor pilots an' wor sailors, etc.

HERE'S THE TENDER COMING.

Allegretto. ♩. = 96.

mf

Here's the ten-der com-ing, Press-ing all the men ;

Oh! dear, hin - ny, What shall we do then? Here's the ten - der com - ing,

Off at Shields Bar; Here's the ten - der com - ing, Full of men o' war.

HERE'S the tender coming,
Pressing all the men,
Oh! dear hinny,
What shall we do then?
Here's the tender coming,
Off at Shields Bar;
Here's the tender coming,
Full of men-o'-war.

Hey, bonny lassie,
Let's gan ti the Lawe,
And see the tender lying
Off at Shields Bar,
Wiv her colours flying
And her anchor at the bow;
They tyuek maw bonny laddie,
Best iv all the crew.
Here's the tender coming, etc.

THE BATTLE OF BOULOGNE.

Moderato. ♩ = 104.

mf On the se - cond of

Au - gust, eighteen hun - dred and one, As we sailed with Lord Nel - son to the

cres. port of Bou - logne, For to cut out some ship - ping, which prov - ed in

cres.

mf vain, To our great mis - for - tune they were all moored with chain.

mf

THE BATTLE OF BOULOGNE.

ON the fifteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and one,
We sailed with Lord Nelson to the port of Boulogne ;
To cut out their shipping, which proved in vain,
For, to our misfortune, they were all moored with chain.

Our boats being well mann'd, by eleven at night,
To cut out their shipping, not expecting to fight ;
But the grape from their batteries so smartly did play,
That nine hundred seamen killed and wounded there lay.

We hoisted our colours, and so boldly did them spread,
With the British flag flying at the royal mast head ;
For the honour of Old England we'll always maintain,
Whilst bold British seamen plough the watery main.

Exposed to the fire of the enemy we lay,
Whilst ninety bright pieces of cannon did play ;
There many brave seamen did lay in their gore,
And the shot from their batteries so smartly did pour.

Our noble commander, with heart full of grief,
Used every endeavour to afford us relief ;
No ship could assist us, as well he did know ;
In this wounded condition we were tossed to and fro.

All you that relieve us, the Lord will you bless,
For relieving poor seamen in the hour of distress ;
May the Lord put an end to all cruel wars,
Send peace and contentment to all British tars.

THE LAIDLEY WORM.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 108.

First system of piano introduction. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The music is in common time (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system. Treble staff contains the vocal melody starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics "The king is gone from Bam - borough Cas - tle, Long may the prin-cess mourn ;" are written below. The piano accompaniment in the bass staff continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

Third system. Treble staff contains the vocal melody with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The lyrics "Long may she stand on the cas - tle wall, Look - ing for his re - turn." are written below. The piano accompaniment in the bass staff also includes a *rall.* marking.

THE LAIDLEY WORM.

THE King is gone from Bamborough Castle,
Long may the Princess mourn;
Long may she stand on the castle wall,
Looking for his return.

It fell out on a day the King
Brought the Queen with him home;
And all the lords in our country
To welcome them did come.

"Oh! welcome, father," the lady cried,
"Unto our halls and bowers;
And so are you, my stepmother,
For all that's here is yours."

A lord said, wondering while she spake,
"This Princess of the north
Surpasses all of female kind
In beauty and in worth."

The envious Queen replied at last,
"Ye might have excepted me;
In a few hours I will her bring
Down to a low degree.

"I will liken her to a Laidley worm,
That warps about the stone;
And not till Childy Wynd comes back
Shall she again be won."

The Princess stood at her bower door
Laughing; who could her blame?
But e'er the next day's sun went down
A long worm she became.

For seven miles east and seven miles west,
And seven miles north and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth.

Word went east and word went west,
And over the sea did go;
The Child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,
They thirty were and three;
"I wish I were at Spindlestone,
This desperate worm to see.

"We have no time now here to waste,
Hence quickly let us sail;
My only sister Margaret
Something, I fear, doth ail."

They built a ship without delay,
With masts of the rowan-tree—
With flutt'ring sails of silk so fine,
And set her on the sea.

The Queen looked out of her bower window
To see what she could see;
There she espied a gallant ship
Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails
Full glancing in the sun,
To sink the ship she sent away
Her witch wives every one.

Their spells were vain; the hags returned
To the Queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that "Witches have no power
Where there is rowan-tree wood."

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
She plaited round the stane,
And aye as the ship came to the land,
She banged it off again.

The Child then ran out of her reach
The ship on Budle sand;
And jumping into the shallow sea,
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry-brown sword
And laid it on her head;
And swore if she did harm to him,
That he would strike her dead.

"Oh, quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
If I'm not won e'er the sun go down,
Won I shall never be."

He quitted his sword, and bent his bow,
He gave her kisses three;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But out stept a lady.

He has taken his mantle from him about,
And it he wrapt her in;
And they are up t' Bamborough Castle,
As fast as they could win.

Her absence and her serpent shape
The King had long deplored;
He now rejoiced to see them both
Again to him restored.

The Queen they wanted, whom they found
All pale and sore afraid,
Because she knew her power must yield
To Childy Wynd's, who said:

"Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
An ill death mayst thou dee;
As thou my sister has lik'ned,
So lik'ned shalt thou be.

"I will turn you into a toad,
That on the ground doth wend,
And won, won shalt thou never be
Till this world hath an end."

Now on the ground near Ida's tower
She crawls a loathsome toad,
And venom spits on every maid
She meets upon the road.

THE GYETSIDIE LASS.

Allegretto. ♩. = 96.

Tune—"All round my hat."

mf

Aw warn'd ye hev - ent

cres. *f*

mf

seen my lass, her nyem aw win - not men - shun, For fear ye gan an' tell her how aw

like her,—so aw dee ; But just for lads an' lass - es te whis - per their af -

p

p

- fec - shun, The bon - niest lass o' Gyetside's bon - ny fye - ces both - er'd me.

mf

mf

MAW BONNY GYETSIDe LASS!

Aw warn'd ye hevent seen me lass—her nyem aw winnet menshun,
For fear ye gan an' tell her hoo aw like her, so aw de!
But it's just for lads an' lasses te whispor thor affecshun,
The bonniest lass o' Gyetside's bonny fyece's bothered me.

The forst time aw saw her, whey aw's sure aw diddint know her,
Tho' aw thowt aw'd seen her fyece afore, but cuddint think o' where;
Her blue eye met mine i' passin' up High Street, i' the mornin',
An' her luik wes se intransin, that me heart wes mine ne mair.

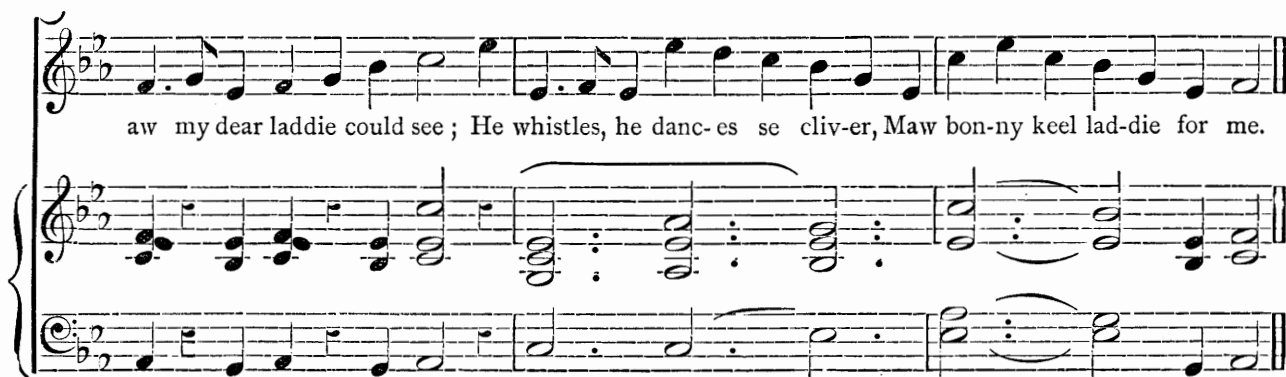
Aw diddint see her for a week, till one neet at the Bridge End,
When aw strampt upon her goon, an' the gethors com away;
She said that aw wes clumsy, an' aw said that aw wes sorry,
An' aw humbly beg'd her pardon,—aw wes lickt for what te say.

But aw wawk'd on biv her side just as if aw had a reet te did,
The convorsayshun forst wes shy, at last it turn'd forst-class;
We byeth spoke about the weather—an' she menshun'd that her fethur
Wes a puddlor doon at Hawks's—Oh, maw bonny Gyetside Lass!

She menshun'd confidenshly that her unkil wes a grossor,
An' his muther's fether's cussin wes a fiddler doon the shore;
An' she spoke se nice an' frindly, an' smil'd se sweet an' plissint,
That aw thowt aw'd nivor seen a lass se charmin' like before.

She said her muthor kept a shop, an' sell'd het pies an' candy,
An' her bruther wes a cobbler at the high pairt o' the toon;
An' she wes a dressmaker—we got se kind together,
That aw blis't aw'd been se awkward as aw strampt upon her goon.

Aw myed her laff an' slap me lug, wi' tawkin' lots o' nonsense,
But, bliss ye, when yor curtin thor's nowt se gud 'ill pass;
Aw askt her wad she be me lass, an' aw'd tyek her oot on Sunday,
To maw delite, she said aw might, maw bonny Gyetside Lass!



ON the Ropery Banks Jenny was sittin'—
 She had on a bed-goon just new,
 And blithely the lassie was knittin'
 Wi' yarn of a bonny sky-blue ;
 The strings of hor cap they were hingin'
 Se lang on hor shoulders se fine,
 And hearty I heard this lass singin'—
 My bonny keel lad shall be mine.

Chorus.

O wad the keel come doon the river,
 That I my dear laddie might see ;
 He whistles and dances se clivvor,
 My bonny keel laddie for me.

Last neet in amang the green dockins
 He fed me wi' gingerbreed spice—
 I promised to knit him his stockings,
 He cuddled and kissed me se nice ;
 He ca'd me his jewel and hinny ;
 He ca'd me his pet and his bride ;
 And he swore that I should be his Jenny
 To clean up his awn fireside.

That morning forget I will nivor,
 When first I saw him on the Kee,
 The "Keel Row" he whistled se clivvor,
 He won my affections frae me ;
 His drawers luik'd se black and se canny,
 His keel hat was cock'd on his heed,
 And if I'd not gettin' my Jimmy,
 Faith, by this time I wad hae been deed.

The first time I spoke to my Jimmy—
 Noo mind ye it isn't a lee—
 My mother had gi'en me a penny,
 To get hor a penn'orth o' tea ;
 When a lad i' the street cried oot "Bessie!"
 Says I, "Hinny, that's not me nyem ;"
 "Becrike, nivor mind," he said, "lassie,
 The neet aw will see thee safe hyem."

Since then aw have been his true love,
 And lov'd him as dear as my life,
 And in spite of byeth father and mother,
 I'll suen be my keel-laddie's wife ;
 How happy we'll be then together,
 When he brings hyem his wages te me,
 Wiv his bonny bit bairn crying "Fethur,"
 And another yen laid o' my knee.

'T WAS DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN.

Vivace. $\text{♩} = 92$.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "The Swan" from "The Swan Lake" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky. The score is written for piano and is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The melody is marked "mf" (mezzo-forte) and "f" (forte). The score is in a single system, and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The melody is a simple, elegant line, and the bass line provides a steady accompaniment. The score is written in a clear, legible font, and the notation is standard for piano music.

mf

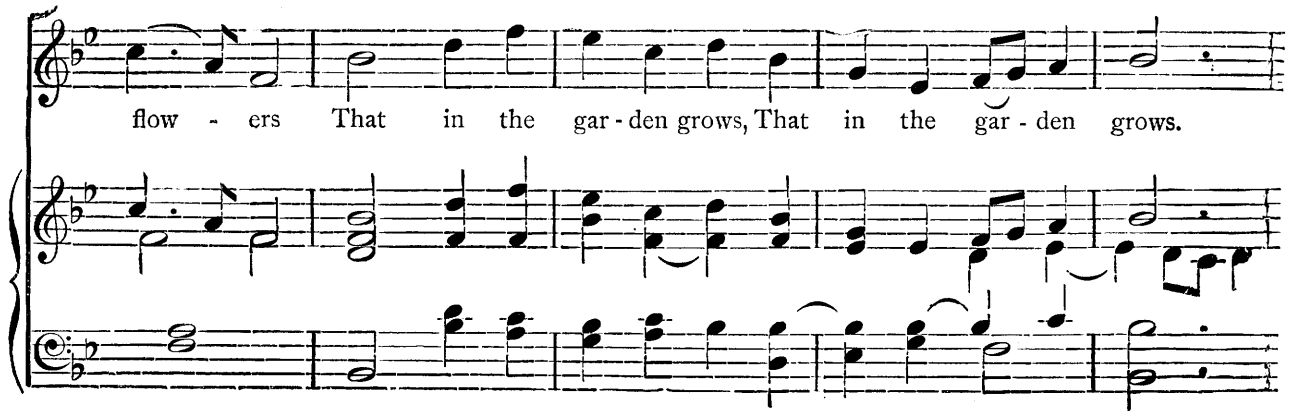
'Twas down in Cu - pid's gar - den One day I chanced to rove, To

mf

view the love - ly flow - ers That in that gar - den grows. I plucked up the

jess - a - mine, The li - ly, pink, and rose, Which are the fair - est

'TWAS DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN—continued.



'Twas down in Cupid's garden
One day I chanced to rove,
To view the lovely flowers
That in that garden grows;
I plucked up the jessamine,
The lily, pink, and rose,
Which are the fairest flowers
That in the garden grows.

I'd not walk'd in that garden
The space of half-an-hour,
When there I saw two pretty maids
Sitting under a shady bower.
The first was lovely Nancy,
So beautiful and fair,
The other was a virgin
Who did the laurel wear.

I boldly stepped up to her,
And thus to her did say,
"Are you engaged to any young man?
Come, tell to me, I pray!"
"I'm not engaged to any young man,
I solemnly do swear;
I mean to live a maiden,
And still the laurel wear."

Then hand in hand together
This lovely couple went;
Resolved was the sailor-boy
To know her full intent—
To know if he would slighted be
When to her the truth he told—
"Oh no! oh no! oh no!" she cried,
"I love a sailor bold."

LIBERTY FOR THE SAILORS.

Allegro. ♩. = 112.

Old version.

mf

Lass - es, call your lads a - shore; Lass - es, call your lads a - shore;

mf

Lass - es, call your lads a - shore, There's lib - er - ty for the sail - ors.

f

Lib - er - ty and mon - ey free, Lib - er - ty and mon - ey free, There's

f

mf

f

lib - er - ty and mon - ey free, There's lib - er - ty for the sail - ors.

mf

f

LIBERTY FOR THE SAILORS.

THE Bellman's called it round the town,
And far and near the news has flown;
Each wife seeks out her last new gown,
 There's liberty for the sailors.
Lasses, call your lads ashore—
Lads ashore, lads ashore—
Lasses, call your lads ashore,
 There's liberty for the sailors.
 Lasses, call your lads ashore, etc.

Our bairns shall all be dressed so nice,
Our girdle cakes be black with spice,
With a pound of butter for every slice,
 All for to please the sailors.
Our empty bottles we will fill
To cheer each passing hour until
The time is up, with right good-will—
 Liberty for the sailors.
 Lasses, call your lads ashore, etc.

Rare fun down Maudlon's Lane there'll be,
And many a lark down Lishman's Quay,
Tommy Hays is sure to get on the spree,
 When there's liberty for the sailors.
There'll be a battle as sure as your life
'Twixt Mally the Pant and the black-pudding wife,
And Billy Reppeth'll come in at the end of the strife;
 Hoo! Liberty for the sailors!
 Lasses, call your lads ashore, etc.

Dress'd in his jacket of matchless blue,
With silver buckles and trousers new,
With a heart that beats to his country true—
 Liberty for the sailors.
Up to the Wooden Bridge and back,
To the Low Light shore down in a crack,
Rambling, swaggering, away goes Jack,
 When there's liberty for the sailors.
 Lasses, call your lads ashore, etc.

Now every lass will get her lad,
And every bairn will see its dad,
And many a mother's heart be glad
 With liberty for the sailors.
And many a widow's heart rejoice,
To see the face and hear the voice
So like to his, her heart's dear choice—
 Liberty for the sailors!
 Lasses, call your lads ashore, etc.

NEWCASTLE IS MY NATIVE PLACE.

Moderato. About $\text{♩} = 72$.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a melody in G major, marked *mf*. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one flat (F major/D minor).

The first system of the song. The vocal melody (treble clef) enters with the lyrics "New - cas - tle is my native place, Where my mother sigh'd for". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are: New - cas - tle is my native place, Where my mother sigh'd for

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "me ; I was born in New • cas - tle Chare, The cen - tre of the Kee ; Where in". The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support. The lyrics are: me ; I was born in New • cas - tle Chare, The cen - tre of the Kee ; Where in

The third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics "ear - ly youth I sport - ed, Quite free from care and pain ! But a - las ! those days are". The piano accompaniment ends with sustained chords. The lyrics are: ear - ly youth I sport - ed, Quite free from care and pain ! But a - las ! those days are

past and gone, They'll nev - er come a - gain. No, they'll nev - er come a - gain, They'll

nev - er come a - gain ; A - las! those days are past and gone, They'll nev - er come a - gain.

NEWCASSEL is my native place,
Where my mother sighed for me,
I was born in Rewcastle Chare,
The centre of the Kee ;
Where in early youth I sported,
Quite free from care and pain !
But, alas! those days are gone and past,
They'll never come again.

They sent me to the Jub'lee school
A scholar to make me,
Where Tommy Penn, my monitor,
Learnt me my A, B, C ;
My master to correct me then
He often used the cane,
But I can say with confidence
He'll never do't again.

Now like another youth I had
A love to grace my side,
I often whispered in her ear
That she should be my bride ;
And when I kissed her rosy lips,
She cried "O fie, for shame!"
But with "Good-night," she always said,
"O, mind come back again!"

At length I had to go to trade,—
I went to serve my time ;
The world with all its flattering charms
Before me seemed to shine ;
When plenty cash was in my store,
I never did complain,
Alas! those days are gone and past,
They'll never come again.

At length to church I gladly went
With Nancy to be wed,
The thought of matrimony came
And troubled then my head ;
The priest that tied the fatal knot,
I now could tell him plain
That, if I was once more single,
He should never tie't again.

Now like another married man,
I have with care to fight,
So let all joy and happiness
Among us reign to-night ;
And with a bumper in each hand,
Let every heart proclaim,
That happy may we separate,
And happy meet again.

MY LADDIE SITS OWER LATE UP.

Allegretto. ♩. = 88.

mf

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' with a quarter note equal to 88 beats per minute. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

My lad - die sits ow - er late up, My hin - ny sits ow - er late up, My

mf

dear - ie sits ow - er late up, Be - twixt the pint pot and the cup.

My laddie sits ower late up,
My hinny sits ower late up,
My dearie sits ower late up,
Betwixt the pint pot and the cup.

Hey, Johnny, come hame to your bairn,
Hey, Johnny, come hame to your bairn,
Hey, Johnny, come hame to your bairn,
Wiv a rye loaf under your airm.

He addles three-ha'pence a week,
That's nobbut a farthing a day;
He sits wiv his pipe iv his cheek,
And fuddles his money away.

My laddie is never the near,
My hinny is never the near,
And when I cry out, "Laddie, cum hame,"
He calls oot again for mair beer.

NOTES ON SONGS AND BALLADS.

CHEVY CHASE.

There are four melodies, all with claims more or less genuine, which have been identified as the original air of "Chevy Chase." The first of these was given by Joseph Ritson, and is called "Flying Fame," or "When Flying Fame." The second was published by the late Dr. Rimbault, in his *Music to 'Percy's Reliques'*, as the true "Chevy Chase" melody, and was known as "Pescod Time" (*i.e.*, peascod time, when field peas were gathered). The third was given in Oswald's *Collection of Scottish Airs*, 1781, as "Chevy Chase," but he had no ground for doing so. The tune will be found at page 4 as "Derwentwater's Farewell," and will be described in the note to that ballad. The tune, which is given with the abridged words of the ballad, in this book has been identified with and sung to "Chevy Chase" by all Northumbrian minstrels and pipers from time immemorial, and the earliest copies of the ballad, printed on broadsheet (*with music*) about the beginning of last century, give this as the tune. Mr. Chappell is of opinion that the ballad has been sung to "Flying Fame," to "Pescod Time," and to our popular tune, which tradition and popular favour in Northumberland recognise this last only as the true "Chevy Chase." In some of the old tune-books it is called "Now Ponder Well," or "The Children in the Wood," from that favourite old ballad having been sung to it.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

In the dearth of Northumberland Jacobite songs the ballad of "Derwentwater's Farewell" is usually accepted as an interesting reminiscence of the Jacobite rising of 1715. There is more than a suspicion that it was the offspring of the facile pen of the late Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, although he represented it to his friend and correspondent, Sir Walter Scott, as a poem of the period to which it refers; and it was inserted, on Scott's recommendation, in James Hogg's *Jacobite Relics of Scotland* in 1819.

The tune is much older than the ballad, or even the historical event it celebrates, as it was popular in England in the early part of the seventeenth century, under the name of "I'll never love thee more," from the refrain or recurring final line of the stanzas of the song to which it was sung.

The celebrated James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, wrote a paraphrase of the English song, addressed to the State (for which he had made such great exertions and sacrifices) instead of a flesh and blood mistress, which often appeared in old Scottish collections under the title of *Montrose's Lynes*, melody as well as words being claimed for that nationality.

THE BRAVE EARL BRAND.

This ballad is probably one of the latest of the old ballads rescued from obscurity and oblivion. It was taken down, we are informed, by Mr. J. H. Dixon, from the recitation of an old fiddler in Northumberland. But there is another copy, which we have followed, in the handwriting of Mr. Robert White, now in the possession of his sister, Mrs. Andrews, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, to whose recollection we are indebted for the beautiful air to which the ballad was chanted in olden times. Mrs. Andrews learnt the air from her mother, who died at Otterburn Mill in 1829.

BINNORIE.

This ballad was popular in England more than two centuries ago. Dr. G. F. Rimbault printed a version from a broadside, dated 1656, and it also appeared in *Wit Restored*, 1658. Sir Walter Scott, Jameson, Buchan, and other Scottish collectors have published versions of it, with slight variations, both in the verses and the burden. The tune is a true Northumbrian melody, and differs from the Scottish tune, which is of more modern date.

SIR ARTHUR AND CHARMING MOLLEE.

This song is traditional, and the Sir Arthur named is no less a personage than Sir Arthur Haslerigg, the Governor of Tynemouth Castle during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. The original title of the melody is "The Cripple," and many ballads have been written to it, such as the "Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," etc.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

Tradition connects this song with one of the Shaftoes of Bavington, who ran away to sea to escape the attentions of an enamoured lady of beauty and fortune, who loved not wisely but too well. The original air was entitled "Brave Wully Forster," and appears so in a manuscript music book in the Antiquarian Society's possession, dated 1694.

O THE OAK, AND THE ASH, AND THE BONNY
IVY TREE.

The tune of this song was very popular in the seventeenth century, and many songs were written to it. In Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, it is found under the name of "Godesses," with full directions for use as a country dance. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of *Rob Roy*, makes Francis Osbaldiston tell how his Northumbrian nurse (old Mabel) amused him by singing the ballads and ditties of his childhood, and specially names "O the Oak, and the Ash, and the Bonny Ivy Tree," as an old Northumbrian ballad.

BLAW THE WIND SOUTHERLY.

In Sir Cuthbert Sharp's *Bishoprick Garland* is given a fragment of four lines, which appears to have been either the first verse or the chorus of the original ballad, written to this beautiful and lively tune, and sung by the fair maids at the mouth of Coaly Tyne from time immemorial. This new version by Mr. John Stobbs appeared in broadsheets from about forty years ago as No. 1 of a series entitled *Songs of our own Town*, by Crutchy Frank, *alias* Francis of the Crutches.

BUY BROOM BUZZEMS.

This unique little ballad, quaint and simple alike in music and words, is popularly ascribed to William Purvis, commonly called "Blind Billy," one of the most worthy and famous of the Newcastle eccentrics. He was the son of William Purvis, waterman, and born about 1752, having been baptised at All Saints' Church, Newcastle, on the 16th February of that year. He died in All Saints' Poorhouse, 20th July 1832, upwards of eighty years of age.

THE SKIPPER'S WEDDING.

Written by William Stephenson, the elder; born in Gateshead in 1763, and died there in 1836. The tune is Irish, and usually known as "The Night before Larry was stretched." It has been a great favourite with local song-writers.

SWALWELL HOPPIN'.

John Selkirk, the author of this, "Bob Cranky's 'Size Sunday,'" and other songs highly popular in their day, was born at Gateshead about the year 1783, and after living a life characterised by many changes, the latter portion in great poverty, was found drowned in the river Tyne, 11th November 1843. A few gingerbread and fruit stalls now form all that remain of the glories, such as they were, of "Swalwell Hoppin'."

THE WATER OF TYNE.

The version of this ballad is from John Bell's *Rhymes of the Northern Bards*, 1812. The tune is common in Tynedale and Redesdale, and, like many other beautiful old airs, had been seized upon and used by "patterers" and "street singers" until it has nearly passed with their lugubriously pathetic productions into oblivion.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND BAGPIPES.

Mr. William Chappell, in his invaluable work, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, has several notices of Lincolnshire and Worcestershire bagpipes, but the Northumberland bagpipes are only once mentioned, and that is in connection with this ballad and air. They are taken from D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. ii., p. 136, dated 1700, and called by the same title.

THE BONNY REDESDALE LASSIE.

The words of this beautiful little song are by the late Mr. Robert White, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, a well-known antiquary, and to whose unceasing perseverance many of the old melodies and ballads were rescued from oblivion. The air is an old Tyneside tune called "The Fleet's a-coming," dating about 1740.

THE PITMAN'S COURTSHIP.

One of the most captivating songs published in this district; and no Tyneside poet was more known or more esteemed in his day than the author, William Mitford. He was born in 1788, at Preston, North Shields, but, coming to Newcastle at the age of four years, was completely identified with that town, soon

becoming known as a poet; and some of his songs—"Cappy," "X Y Z," and "The Pitman's Courtship"—will probably live for ever. He died at his home in Oystershell Lane, Newcastle, on 3rd March 1851, aged sixty-three years.

Some controversy has arisen about the tune this song was written to, but the air given here is from my friend Mr. Samuel Reay's knowledge of the correct melody.

THE KEEL ROW.

The "Keel Row" is the best known and most popular of all Northumbrian lyrics, and, like some others in this collection, has been claimed for the Scottish side of the Border. To go into all the evidence of its origin in these notes is, however, outside of the design of this book. The song has attained great popularity in Scotland, but we have no evidence of such favour being bestowed upon it until comparatively late in the present century.

CANNY NEWCASSEL.

The author of this song, Mr. Thomas Thompson, was a timber merchant in Newcastle, who had raised himself by his talents and merit from a humble position to a respectable rank in society. He died at his house on the Windmill Hills, Gateshead, on 9th January 1816, in the forty-third year of his age. His death was occasioned by cold and fatigue in his exertions to save his property (timber) from a destructive flood in the Tyne in the preceding month. Besides being the author of the above song, he wrote "Jemmy Joneson's Whurry" and other local songs of great merit.

JEMMY JONESON'S WHURRY.

See "*Canny Newcassel*."

THE DEATH OF PARCY REED.

This ballad was first published in the *Local Historian's Table-Book*, to which it was communicated by the late Mr. Robert White, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, who stated it had been taken down by Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, in Liddesdale, from the chanting of an old woman named Kitty Hall, a native of Northumberland, who resided at Fairloans, Roxburghshire. There is no historical evidence to prove at what period it occurred; but as the farm at Girsonton belonged to those who betrayed Parcy Reed, and as that place has been in the possession of the successive owners of the Otterburn demesne ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we may assign it a date not later than the sixteenth century.

The ballad is stated to be historically correct, and Mr. John Bell, in the course of his inquiries into Northumbrian Ballad history, had, in 1829, a letter from a Mr. Henderson, of Redesdale, who at that time was eighty-three years of age, in which he relates that although he could not recollect the ballad of Parcy Reed, he remembered his gun at Troughend when he was a lad, and it was about "two yards i' the barrel."

The tune appears in old MS. collections of last century as "Hey, sae green as the rashes grow," and also as "Laird Trowend" (Troughend).

ROBIN SPRAGGON'S AULD GREY MARE.

"Robin Spraggon" takes the form of the last will and testament of an old mare, which seems to have been badly used in its latter days. The song was written down from memory by the late Mr. R. Fairless, of Hexham, an earnest antiquarian, and was probably written about a century ago. The melody was two hundred years ago one of the most popular of the day, and known as *Hey, boys, up go we*, a song of the Cavaliers.

LAY THE BENT TO THE BONNY BROOM.

Enigmatical ballads, though somewhat rare with us, are common enough in Sweden and other northern nations. Sometimes the riddle is propounded to a knight, sometimes to a lady, sometimes to the Evil One himself; in the latter case the demon is, of course, sure to be puzzled, and unable to answer the question. This ballad was communicated to the *Local Historian's Table-Book* by Mr. J. H. Dixon, who found it in the *Bodleian Library Collection of Ballads*.

THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.

There are both Lancashire and West of England versions of this ballad in existence, and the tune also varies in different localities. Our melody is a slightly varied set of the old tune called *The Oxfordshire Tragedy*, which Mr. William Chappell believed to have been one of the old ditties used by the minstrels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in chanting their lengthy narratives at Christmas dinners and bride-ales.

THE POOR OLD HORSE.

From William Topliff's *Melodies of the Tyne and Wear*, published over fifty years ago. This song, or one nearly identical, was also formerly common to the mummers in the North of Yorkshire at Christmas time. The person who sung the song was masked as an old horse, and at the end of every verse the jaws were snapped in chorus.

ELSIE MARLEY.

Elsie (or Alice) Marley was the wife of the innkeeper of the Barley Mow Inn, Pictree, near Chester-le-Street, and the ballad was founded on a true incident in her life. It speedily became so popular that Joseph Ritson considered it to be of sufficient importance to be included in his *Bishoprick Garland*, 1784. Poor Alice, having caught a fever, got out of her house and went into a field, where there was an old coal-pit full of water, which she fell into, and was drowned.

Sir Walter Scott, by a singular anachronism, has introduced four lines of the ballad of "Elsie Marley" in his novel, *The Fortunes of Nigel* (chapter vii.), the scenes of which are laid in the reign of King James the First.

SPOTTEE.

Sir Cuthbert Sharp, in a note to this song in *The Bishoprick Garland*, says:—"Spottee was a poor lunatic, who lived in a cave between Whitburn and Sunderland, which still retains the name of 'Spottee's Hole.' Spottee lived about the beginning of last century, as the Johnny Usher mentioned in the ballad was an old man, who had left off going to sea in 1740. Spottee lived by begging; and after living in his strange abode for some years, disappeared.

DANCE TI THY DADDY.

The air and refrain of this song are of considerably greater antiquity than the song itself, which was written by Mr. William Watson, the author of "Thumping Luck to yon Toon," and other popular Tyneside lyrics. He was a painter to trade, and died at his residence in St. Martin's Court, Newgate Street, Newcastle, on 4th February 1840, aged 44 years.

THE TYNE EXILE'S LAMENT.

This song was written some years ago by a gentleman who still desires to remain anonymous, and the melody specially composed for it by my collaborateur, Mr. Samuel Reay.

RUE AND THYME.

This song is stated by Mr. William Chappell to have been written by a Mrs. Frances Habbergham, of Habbergham, in the county of Lancaster, who died in 1703. Our version of both tune and ballad as sung by the common folk of Tynedale and Redesdale differ slightly from that given by Mr. Chappell in his work.

THE FIERY CLOCK FYECE.

Robert (or Bobby) Nunn, the writer of this admirable local song, was a celebrated blind musician, whose services at local festivals and dancings were in great request as vocalist and violinist forty to fifty years ago. Many of his songs, including "The Fiery Clock Fyce," "New-cassel is my native place," "St. Nicholas' Church," "The Sandgate Lass," will retain their popularity when more pretentious ballads will be forgotten. He died at Queen Street, Castle Garth, Newcastle, on 2nd May 1853, aged forty-five years.

CAPPY.

By William Mitford (see "Pitman's Courtship"). The tune of "Cappy" is an old English pantomime air, called "The Chapter of Kings," and the greatest favourite for the effusion of local poetasters, more than twenty Tyneside songs having been written to it.

BOB CRANKY'S 'SIZE SUNDAY.

Written by John Selkirk, author of "Swalwell Hoppin'," etc., set to music by Thomas Train, of Gateshead.

CAPTAIN BOVER.

This beautiful fragment was picked up by Mr. Thomas Doubleday from a woman singing it in the streets. All attempts to recover more of it have been fruitless. Captain Bover was commander of the Press-gang on the Tyne for many years, but appears to have carried out harsh laws as leniently as he could to be effective. He died 20th May 1792.

BOB CRANKY'S ADIEU.

This song is a parody on a popular song of the Peninsular War period, entitled "The Soldier's Adieu." John Shield was born at Broomhaugh, near Hexham, in 1768; came to Newcastle and acquired a competency. He wrote "Lord 'Size," "Bonny Gyetsider," and many other popular songs. He retired to Broomhaugh and died there, 6th August 1848, in his eightieth year.

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

There are both English and Scottish versions of this ballad. The English version is by "T. D.," or Thomas Deloney, the ballading silk weaver, who died about the year 1600. The melody given here is the one to which the ballad is sung in the Reedwater and Liddesdale districts.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

This ballad first appeared in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, and several versions have since been published, notably in Joseph Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (edition 1790), in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, etc. It relates to an incident common enough in the old moss-trooper days. The melody herewith is the popular one in use in Liddesdale district, and is different from the Scottish tune.

THE BEWICKE AND THE GRÆME.

Sir Walter Scott deemed the date of this ballad uncertain, but placed it late in the sixteenth century; it is remarkable as containing the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood-in-arms which was held sacred in the days of chivalry, and whose origin may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin. The melody is peculiar, and like many ancient tunes contains only one movement.

JOHN PEEL.

Old John Peel was for many years the hunting hero of Cumberland, and Cumbrians who have never met before have grasped each other's hands and joyfully claimed county kindred in the Indian bungalow or the log hut of the backwoods when one of them, being called upon for a song, has struck up "D'ye ken John Peel?"

The hero of the song was born 13th November 1797, at Greenrig, on the outskirts of the Caldwell Fells, where his father was a small landed proprietor. He was passionately fond of the chase, and unaided he maintained his famous pack, usually comprising twelve couples of efficient hounds, for the long period of fifty-four years, and kept a pair of hunters beside. He died 13th November 1854, aged seventy-eight years.

John Woodcock Graves, the writer of the song, was born at Wigton, 9th February 1795, was too fond of hunting to settle down to steady work, and emigrated to Tasmania in 1833. He died at his residence in the suburbs of Hobart Town, 17th August 1886, in the ninety-second year of his age.

The song was written almost impromptu by Graves when in company with John Peel, at Caldbeck. The melody is a well-known Border air, "Where will Bonnie Annie lie in the Cauld Nights o' Winter, O?"

GEORDIE GILL.

This spirited song is one of the productions of the Cumberland poet, Robert Anderson, whose songs are still the delight of all Cumbrians. A collection of his ballads was published at Carlisle in 1828. The tune is a well-known Scottish air, "Andro wi' his Cutty Gun."

THE SNOW IT MELTS THE SOONEST.

This melody was picked up from a street singer in Newcastle, by Mr. Thomas Doubleday, and inserted in a contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1821. He presumably was the author of the ballad.

SAWNEY OGILVIE'S DUEL WITH HIS WIFE.

Written by the eccentric Thomas Whittle, whose comic productions often beguile the long winter evenings of our rustic Northumbrians. His parents and the place of his birth are unknown. After experiencing the long vicissitudes of an irregular life, he died at East Shaftoe, and was buried at Hartburn, 19th April 1736.

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

This is the common English stall copy of a ballad common to both sides of the Border. By the term "outlandish" is signified an inhabitant of that portion of the Border which was formerly known by the name of "the Debatable Land," a district which, though claimed by both England and Scotland, could not be said to belong to either country. The melody was taken down by the writer from the singing of Mrs. Andrews, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, sister of the late Robert White, the celebrated antiquarian.

THE AULD FISHER'S FAREWEEL TO COQUET.

This spirited song is one of *The Fisher's Garlands* to which Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday were the best known contributors, and was written by them conjointly about 1825. The melody is the well-known Irish air, "Gramachree."

CUM, GEORDY, HAUD THE BAIRN.

The best local song of the best of the latest local writers. Joseph (or Joe) Wilson, a man of blameless life, not possessing a robust frame, he passed quietly and respected through a life of thirty-four years, dying in February 1875, leaving a vacancy not yet filled. Some of his songs will be sung as long as Tyne runs to the sea. The tune is a well-known Irish air, "The Whistlin' Thief."

LORD 'SIZE.

This celebrated song is commemorative of an unlucky accident that actually occurred to one of Her Majesty's Judges of Assize, Baron Graham, about the year 1810. Written by John Shield, it speedily became popular, and has since been included in every local collection. The air is incidental to the song.

JOCK O' THE SIDE.

Of Jock o' the Side, the hero of this one of the most popular of the Border Ballads, Sir Richard Maitland says a greater thief did never ride, and the story of his rescue from Newcastle Gaol rests purely upon tradition. Several poems on the rescue of prisoners have been written, the incidents of which nearly resemble each other, and indeed some verses are common to two or three of the ballads. The tune given above is the one to which the ballad is invariably sung in Liddesdale, and is much better than either the one in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy*, or in Robert Chambers' *Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads*, 1843.

SHEW ME THE WAY TO WALLINGTON.

A well-known small pipe tune, with the fragment of the song once sung to it. Many efforts have been made to recover the rest without success.

FELTON LONNIN'.

Sometimes called Pelton Lonnin'. A favourite piper's tune, and the verses herewith are all that can be found of ballads sung to it.

EARSDON SWORD DANCERS' SONG.

This tune is very peculiar, and is taken down from the singing of the sword dancers of Earsdon, who even yet (1892) annually visit Alnwick Castle and other mansions at Christmas-tide to perform the time-honoured dance.

THE SINGIN' HINNY.

THE FOLKS O' SHEELS.

Both these songs are by a well-known gentleman of Newcastle, who wrote under the name of "Harry Haldane," who now devotes his leisure to an elaborate and valuable work on "Northumberland Words" now appearing in the *Weekly Chronicle* (Mr. Richard Oliver Heslop).

LIBERTY FOR THE SAILORS.

(Old Version.)

Lasses, call your lads ashore,
There's liberty for the sailors—
Liberty and money free,
There's liberty for the sailors.

Let the lubbers lie aboard,
Because they're nobbut tailors;
But lasses, call your lads ashore,
There's liberty for the sailors.

ANOTHER VERSION OF "BOBBY SHAFTOE."

Bobby Shaftoe's gaen to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee,
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
Bobby Shaftoe's, etc.

Bobby Shaftoe's tall and slim,
He's always drest so neat and trim,
The lasses they all keek at him,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
Bobby Shaftoe's, etc.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's me awn for ever mair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
Bobby Shaftoe's, etc.

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"There's native bards in yon toon,
For wit and humour seldom be't;
They sang so sweet in yon toon,
Gud faith, aw think aw hear them yet."

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(This notice extended to five columns.)

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