

# FOLK-SONGS OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY CECIL J. SHARP.

#### FOLK-SONGS FROM SOMERSET

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY CECIL J. SHARP.

PRICE IN STAFF AND TONIC SOL-FA NOTATIONS, THREE-HALFPENCE EACH NUMBER.

Sch. Songs.

Sch. Songs.

No.

SET I.

950. AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

951. I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

952. THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

953. MIDSUMMER FAIR.

954. A FARMER'S SON SO SWEET.

955. ADMIRAL BENBOW.

956. BINGO.

957. THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY.

958. THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.

The Applies with resumbers are also arbitished as BOOK No.

The above nine numbers are also published as Book No. 201 of Novello's "School Songs."

PRICE NINEPENCE. VOICE PARTS ONLY, THREEPENCE.

SET II.

No. SET II.
Sch. Songs.
959. U WALY, WALY.
960. THE LOVER'S TASKS.
961. THE SHEEP SHEARING.
962. GREEN BROOM.
963. THE GREENLAND FISHERY.
964. THE TREE IN THE WOOD.
965. COME, ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.
966. BRENNAN ON THE MOOR.
967. OH NO, JOHN.

The above nine numbers are also published as Book No. 2 The above nine numbers are also published as Book No. 202 of Novello's "School Songs."

PRICE NINEPENCE. VOICE PARTS ONLY, THREEPENCE.

## FOLK-SONGS FROM

DORSET COLLECTED BY

H. E.-D. HAMMOND.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY CECIL J. SHARP.

The Sheepstealer. Robin Hood and the Bishop of

Herefo. J.

The jolly ploughboy.
As I walked out one May

morning. The Sprig of Thyme. High Germany. Betty and her ducks. Poor Sally sits a-weeping.

Nancy of London. It's of a sailor bold.

The Cuckoo.
The rambling Comber.
Fair Susan.
Fair Margaret and Sweet
William.

The Turtle-dove. Lady Maisry.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET.

#### ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS (VARIOUS)

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CECIL I. SHARP.

PRICE IN STAFF AND TONIC SOL-FA NOTATIONS, THREE-HALFPENCE EACH NUMBER.

Sch. Songs.

SET III.

No.

SET III.

984. DANCE TO YOUR DADDY.

985. THE FARMYARD.

986. AS I WAS GOING TO BANBURY.

987. THREE LITTLE TAILORS.

988. THE THREE SONS.

989. THE POOR COUPLE.

990. THE RED HERRING.

991. DASHING AWAY WITH THE SMOOTHING IRON.

992. ONE MAN SHALL MOW MY MEADOW.

The above nine songs are also published as Book No. 212 of Novello's "School Songs."

PRICE NINEPENCE. VOICE PARTS ONLY, THREEPENCE.

Sch. Songs.

SET IV.

No. SET IV.
993. SWEET WILLIAM.
994. CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.
995. THE KEEPER.
996. THE LARK IN THE MORN.
997. FAREWELL, NANCY.
998. THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE-BELL.
1000. WASSAIL SONG.
1001. ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.
1002. HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY.

The above for same are also sublished as BOOK No. 2

The above ten songs are also published as Book No. 213 of Novello's "School Songs."

PRICE NINEPENCE. VOICE PARTS ONLY, THREEPENCE.

#### FOLK-SONGS FROM THE EASTERN COUNTIES

COLLECTED AND SET WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT BY

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

SONGS FROM ESSEX.

Bushes and Briars. Tarry Trowsers. A bold young Farmer.

On board a Ninety eight. The Captain's Apprentice. Ward, the Pirate.

The saucy bold Robber.

ner. | The Lark in the morning.

SONGS FROM NORFOLK.
-eight. | The bold *Princess Royal.*rentice. | The Lincolnshire Farmer.
The Sheffield Apprentice.

The lost Lady found.
As I walked out.
The Lark in the morning.

SONGS FROM CAMBRIDGESHIRE. | Harry, the Tailor.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS NET.

#### FOLK-SONG AIRS

COLLECTED IN SOMERSET

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE BY CECIL J. SHARP.

Book I.

William Taylor.
The crystal spring.
O Sally, my dear.
Come, all you worthy Christian
men.

The foggy Dew.
The false Bride.
The little Cobbler.

BOOK II.

Tarry Trowsers.
Death and the Lady. The seeds of love. Robin Hood and the Tanner. Geordie. High Germany.
Jolly Jack Tar.
The sweet primeroses.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE NET EACH BOOK.

#### FOLK-DANCE AIRS

COLLECTED IN OXFORDSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE DEVONSHIRE, SOMERSET, AND DERBYSHIRE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE BY CECIL J. SHARP.

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Constant Billy (Morris Dance).
Green Sleeves (Morris Baccapipe Jig).
The Marriage Vow (Morris

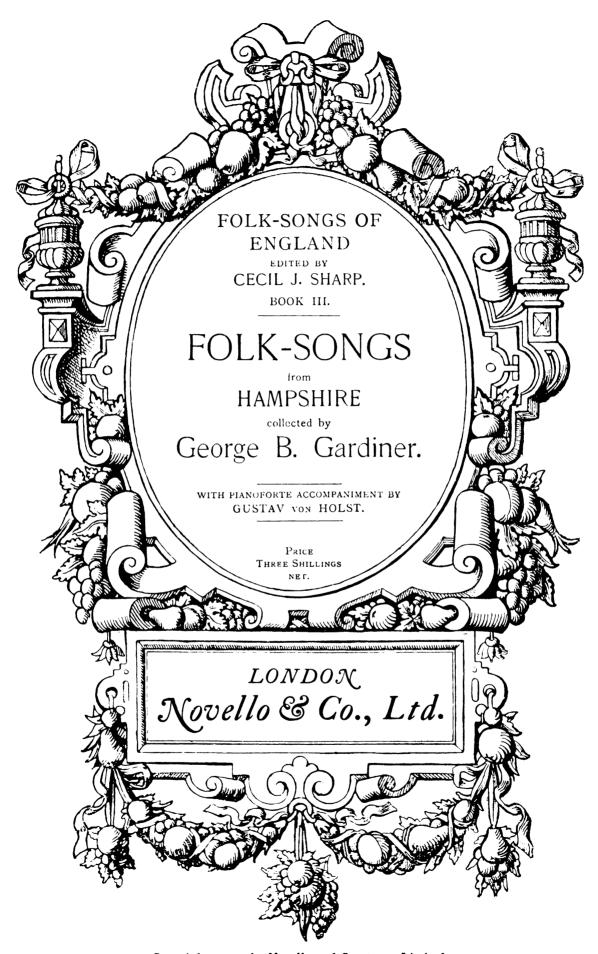
The Marriage vow (Moris dance).
The triumph, or Follow your Lovers (Country dance).
Radstock Jig.
Jockie to the fair (Morris jig).
Princess Royal (Morris dance).

Old Heddon of Fawsley (Morris dance).

Hunting the squirrel (Morridance). dance).
Derbyshire Morris reel.
Sherborne jig.
London Pride (Morris dance).
Derbyshire Morris dance.
Maid o' the Mill (Morris dance).
My grandmother's jig.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET-

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.



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## GENERAL PREFACE TO THE FOLK-SONG SERIES.

A LARGE number of traditional songs have recently been recovered in England. Moreover, we believe them to be veritable folk-songs, i.e., songs which have been created or evolved by the common people. Taken in this sense, the folk-song must be definitely distinguished from the composition of the cultivated musician. It is the invention not of the individual, but of the community. Living only in the memories and on the lips of the singers, its existence has always been conditioned by its popularity, and by the accuracy with which it has reflected the ideals and taste of the common people. Consequently, the folk-song is stamped with the hall-mark of corporate approbation, and is the faithful expression in musical idiom of the qualities and characteristics of the nation to which it owes its origin.

In its folk-music every nation possesses a musical heritage of priceless worth, which for many reasons it should cherish and preserve. The educational uses to which the folk-song may advantageously be put are many and obvious. It should be remembered, too, that folk-music is the germ of art-music. Style in all the arts—music, literature, poetry, painting, or sculpture—ultimately becomes national; indeed, it would be difficult to cite a single instance of a distinctive school of music in Europe which has not been founded upon a basis of folk-song. In the recovery, therefore, and dissemination of our own country's folk-music, the solution of the problem of a characteristic and national school of English music may possibly be found.

In past centuries the collectors of English folk-songs were accustomed to edit and alter their folk-tunes before publishing them. In thus attempting to transmute folk-music into art-music they committed what most musicians would now agree was a fatal blunder. It is, therefore, scarcely necessary to state that the tunes contained in the present volume have not been editorially "improved" in any way, and that no melody will find a place in this scries except in the precise form in which it was noted down by a competent musician from the lips of some folk-singer.

The words, which form an integral part of the folk-song, should, strictly speaking, be treated with the same respect and be presented as accurately as the melody. Unfortunately, this is not always practicable. Owing to various causes—e.g., the dissemination among the country singers of corrupt and doggerel broadside-versions of their songs; lapses of memory on the part of the folk-singers themselves; the varying

lengths of the corresponding lines of different verses of the same song; and the somewhat free and unconventional treatment of the themes of many of the ballads—the words of folk-songs can now rarely be printed without some emendation.

If, however, English folk-song is to be made popular, the words must be published in a singable form. Our guiding principle has been, therefore, to alter those phrases only to which objection might reasonably be made. No vocalist would sing words that are pointless, or ungrammatical. Nor could he, even if he would, sing accurately in dialect. Happily, however, dialect is not an essential of the folk-song. Every folk-singer uses his own native language, and consequently the words of the folk-song will be sung in as many different dialects as the districts in which each individual song is found.

The words, therefore, of many of the songs in this collection have been altered. Gaps have been filled up, verses omitted or softened, rhymes reconciled, redundant syllables pruned, bad grammar and dialect translated into King's English. On the other hand, archaic words and expressions have, of course, been retained.

It should perhaps be stated that the publishers intend to include in the present series the folk-songs of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, as well as those of England.

CECIL J. SHARP.

#### INTRODUCTION TO BOOK III.

In the summer of 1905, at the suggestion of Miss Lucy Broadwood, a distinguished leader of the folk-song movement, I undertook the systematic collection of folk-songs in Hampshire. The opinion which she then expressed, that Hampshire was a most promising field of research, has been amply justified by the results of my quest during the last three years. Of the hundreds of songs I have recorded, many of the texts are of great legendary interest, while many of the melodies are remarkable for their quaintness or beauty.

Most of the original texts have been retained with slight modifications; a few that were unsuitable have been replaced by others from traditional sources. Nearly all the melodies have been harmonized more than once. In most cases the simplest harmony accompanies the first verse, and this may be played with the other verses if it is found more convenient. The melody of "The Willow Tree" has suggested special harmonic treatment, as it presents features not usually found in English folk-song.

But for the kindness and patience of my singers my large collection could not have been committed to writing, and to them I offer my best thanks. I also desire to acknowledge my great obligations to my musical colleagues—Mr. Gamblin, of Winchester, Mr. Balfour Gardiner, and Mr. Guyer, of Southampton—for the extreme care and fidelity with which they noted the melodies.

G. B. G.

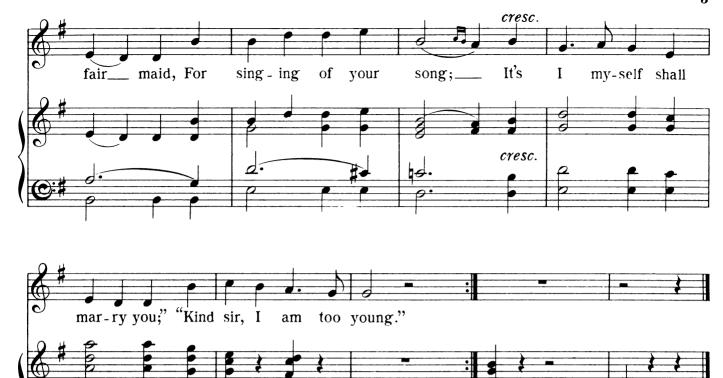
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#### ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING.



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#### ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING.

- Abroad as I was walking
   Down by some greenwood side,
   I heard a young girl singing,
   "I wish I were a bride."
- 2. "I thank you, pretty fair maid, For singing of your song; It's I myself shall marry you;" "Kind sir, I am too young."
- 3. "The younger, the better,

  More fitting for my bride,

  That all the world may plainly see

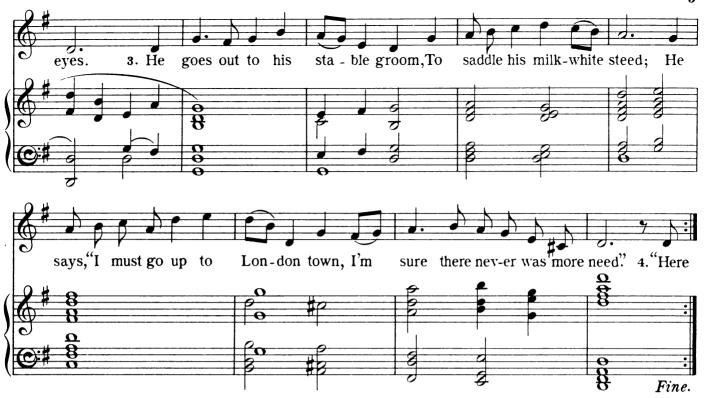
  I won a pretty maid."
- 4. Nine times I kissed her ruby lips,
   I viewed her sparkling eye;
   I took her by the lily-white hand,
   My lovely bride to be.

12993 B

#### LORD DUNWATERS.



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#### LORD DUNWATERS.

- The King he wrote a long letter,
   And sealed it up with gold,
   And sent it to my Lord Dunwaters
   To read it if he could.
- 2. The first two lines that he did read,
  They struck him with surprise;
  The next two lines Lord Dunwaters read
  Made the tears fall from his eyes.
- 3. He goes out to his stable groom, To saddle his milk-white steed; He says, "I must go to London town, I'm sure there never was more need."
- 4. "Here is unto my only son My houses and my land; Here is unto my wedded wife Forty thousand pounds in hand."
- 5. He put his foot into the stirrup
  And leaned across his steed;
  Lis gay gold ring from his finger burst
  And his nose began to bleed.
- 6. As he was riding on the road, His horse tripped against a stone; He says, "There's signs and tokens I have seen, And I fear I never shall return."

- 7. As he rode up fair London street,
  It was near by Whitehall,
  The lords and ladies they looked hard,
  And a traitor he was called.
- 8. "No traitor at all," Lord Dunwaters said, "No traitor at all," said he;"I vow I can find ye three score men That will fight for King Georgie."
- 9. Then up bespoke a grey old man, With a broad axe in his hand, Said he, "Hold your tongue Lord Dunwaters, For your life's at my command."
- 10. "My life, my life I value not,My life I will give unto thee,The black velvet coat I have on my back —You may take it for your fee."
- 11. "There is forty pounds in one pocket,
  Pray give it to the poor;
  There's forty-five in the other pocket,
  Pray give it from door to door."
- 12. He laid his head upon the block;

  The man gave a mighty blow;

  "Now there lies the head of a traitor," he said,

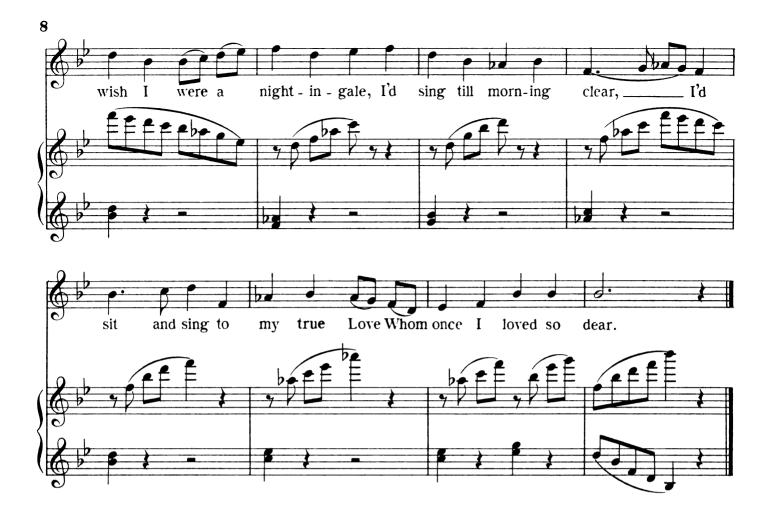
  And it answered and said "No!"

### THE IRISH GIRL.



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## THE IRISH GIRL.

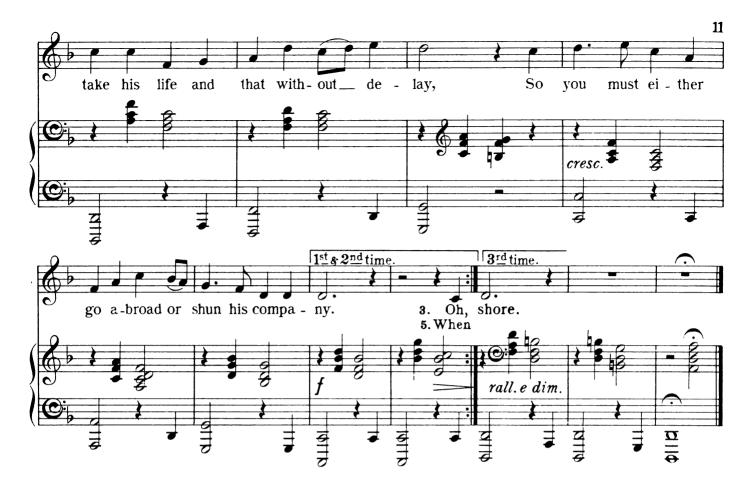
- Abroad as I was walking
   Down by a riverside,
   I turned my eyes all round me
   And an Irish girl I spied,
   So red and rosy were her cheeks,
   And coal-black was her hair,
   And costly was the robe of gold
   The Irish girl did wear.
- 2. Her shoes were of the Spanish black
  All spangled round with dew;
  She wrung her hands and cri-ed,
  "Alack, what shall I do?
  I'm a-going home, I'm a-going home,
  I'm a-going home" said she,
  "How can you go a-roving,
  And slight your dear Polly."
- 3. "I wish I were a butterfly,
  I'd fly to myLove's breast,
  I wish I were a linnet,
  I'd sing my Love to rest,
  I wish I were a nightingale,
  I'd sing till morning clear,
  I'd sit and sing to my true Love
  Whom once I loved so dear."

## YOUNG REILLY.



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#### YOUNG REILLY.

- Young Reilly is my true Love's name, he lives down by the quay,
  He is the fairest sailor lad that ever my eyes did see,
  My father he has riches great and Reilly he is poor,
  Because I loved my sailor lad, they could not me endure.
- 2. My mother took me by the hand and this to me did say, "If you are fond of Reilly, you must leave this counterie; Your father says he'll take his life and that without delay, So you must either go abroad or shun his company."
- 3. "Oh, mother dear, don't be severe, where shall I send my Love?
  His very heart lies in my breast as constant as a dove."
  "Oh, daughter dear, I'm not severe, here is one thousand pounds, Send Reilly to America to purchase there some ground."
- 4. And, when she'd got this money, to young Reilly she did run: "This very night to take your life my father charged his gun, Here is one thousand pounds in gold, my mother sends to you, Sail off unto America and I will follow you?"
- 5. When Reilly had this gold in hand, next day he sailed away,
  But, ere he set his foot on board, he thus to her did say:
  "This is a token of true love, come, break it fair in two,
  You have my heart and half this ring till I return to you."
- 6. About a twelvemonth from that day she walked down by the sea, When Reilly he was homeward bound to take his Love away, The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father grieved full sore When Reilly in his true Love's arms lay drowned upon the shore.

### THE NEW-MOWN HAY.







#### THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

- As I walked forth one summer's morn
   Hard by a river side,
   Where yellow cowslips did adorn
   The blushing field with pride,
   I spied a damsel on the grass,
   More blooming than the may;
   Her looks the Queen of Love surpassed,
   Among the new-mown hay.
- 2. I said, "Good morning pretty maid,
  How came you forth so soon?"
  "To keep my father's sheep" she said,
  "The thing that must be done.
  While they are feeding 'mong the dew,
  To pass the time away,
  I sit me down to knit or sew,
  Among the new-mown hay."
- 3. Delighted with her simple tale,
  I sat down by her side;
  With vows of love I did prevail
  On her to be my bride.
  In strains of simple melody
  She sung a rural lay,
  The little lambs stood listening by,
  Among the new-mown hay.
- 4. Then to the church they went with speed,
  And so were married there;
  No more her ewes and lambs to feed,
  For she's a lady fair;
  A lord he was that married her,
  To town they came straightway;
  She'll bless the day he spied her there,
  Among the new-mown hay.

#### THE WILLOW TREE.



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#### THE WILLOW TREE.

- 1. O take me to your arms, Love, for keen doth the wind blow:
  O take me to your arms, Love, for bitter is my deep woe.
  She hears me not, she heeds me not, nor will she listen to me,
  While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.
- 2. My Love hath wealth and beauty, rich suitors attend her door:
  My Love hath wealth and beauty, she slights me because I'm poor.
  The ribbon fair that bound her hair is all that is left to me,
  While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.
- 3. I once had gold and silver, I thought them without end:
   I once had gold and silver, I thought I had a true friend.
   My wealth is lost, my friend is false, my Love hath he stolen from me,
   While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.

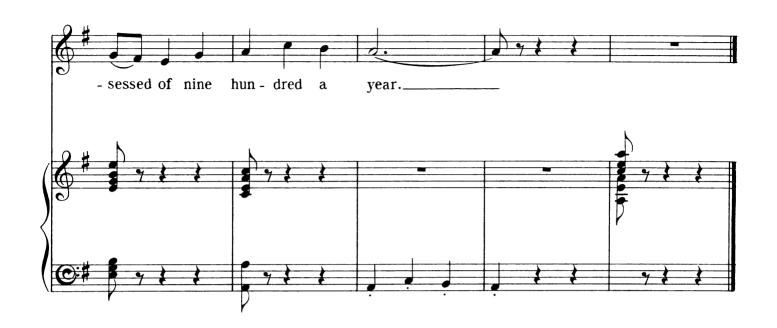
#### BEAUTIFUL NANCY.



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## BEAUTIFUL NANCY.

- 1. As beautiful Nancy was a-walking one day,
  She met a young sailor upon the highway;
  Said he, "My pretty fair maid, where are you a-going,
  Where are you a-going, tell me, pretty maid."
- 2. "I am searching for Jamie, for young Jamie, my dear, I have not a-seen him for more than nine year, But while he's absent a maid I will live and die."

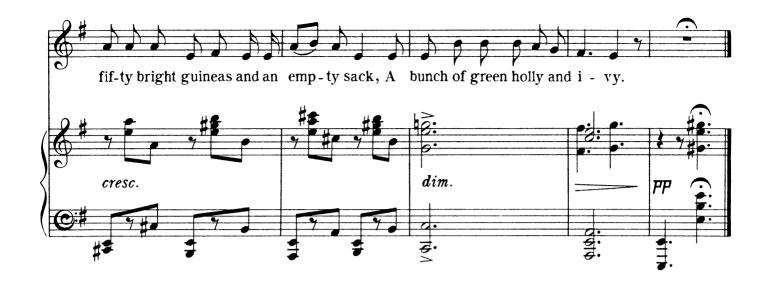
  But little did she think it was young Jamie so nigh!
- 3. Then Jamie he stood as long as he could forbear,
  And straightway he made himself beknown to his dear,
  She denied lords and squires for young Jamie, her dear,
  And now she's possessed of nine hundred a year.

## SING IVY.



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### SING IVY.

- My father gave me an acre of land, Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   My father gave me an acre of land, A bunch of green holly and ivy.
- 2. I harrowed it with a bramble bush, Sing ovy, sing ivy,
  - I harrowed it with a bramble bush, A bunch of green holly and ivy.
- 3. I sowed it with two peppercorns, Sing ovy, sing ivy,
  - I sowed it with two peppercorns, A bunch of green holly and ivy.
- 4. I rolled it with a rolling-pin, Sing ovy, sing ivy,
  - I rolled it with a rolling-pin,
    A bunch of green holly and ivy.

- 5. I reaped it with my little penknife, Sing ovy, sing ivy,
  - I reaped it with my little penknife, A bunch of green holly and ivy.
- 6. I stowed it in a mouse's hole, Sing ovy, sing ivy,
  - I mowed it in a mouse's hole,
    A bunch of green holly and ivy.
- 7. I threshed it out with two beanstalks, Sing ovy, sing ivy,
  - I threshed it out with two beanstalks, A bunch of green holly and ivy.
- 8. I sent my rats to market with that, Sing ovy, sing ivy,
  - I sent my rats to market with that, A bunch of green holly and ivy.
- 9. My team o' rats came rattling back,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   My team o' rats came rattling back
   With fifty bright guineas and an empty sack,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN.



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## JOHN BARLEYCORN.

- There were three kings came from the North,
   Came from the North so high;
   They all did make a solemn vow,
   John Barleycorn should die,
   CHORUS. With my fol le diddle rite fol le day.
- They ploughed him in, they harrowed him in With clods all over his head;
   And these three kings they swore and vowed John Barleycorn was dead,
   CHORUS.—With my &c.
- 3. There he lay sleeping in the ground,
  Till rain from heaven did fall;
  Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
  And so amazed them all,
  CHORUS.—With my &c.
- 4. There he remained till midsummer And looked both pale and wan; Then Barleycorn he got a beard And so became a man, CHORUS.—With my &c.

- 5. Then they sent men with scythes so sharp To cut him off at knee; And then poor little Barleycorn, They served him barbarously, CHORUS.—With my &c.
- 6. Then they sent men with pitchforks strong To pierce him through the heart; And like a dreadful tragedy, They bound him to a cart, CHORUS.—With my &c.
- 7. They hir-ed men with crab-tree sticks,
  And whipped him skin from bone;
  The miller served him worse than that,
  And ground him 'twixt two stones,
  CHORUS.—With my &c.
- 8. O! Barleycorn's the choicest grain
  That ever was sown on land;
  It will do more than any grain,
  By the turning of your hand,
  chorus.—With my &c.

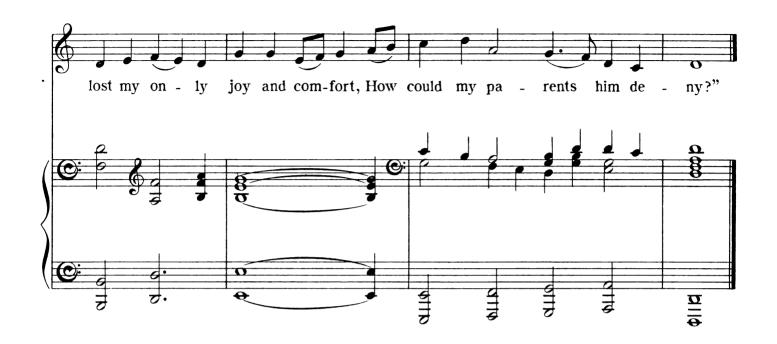
#### BEDLAM CITY.



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### BEDLAM CITY.

- 1. Down by the side of Bedlam city
  Oh there I heard a maid complain,
  She was making grievous lamentation,
  "I've lost my loved, my only swain."
- 2. "I wish I'd wings, I would fly unto him
  And lock him close within these arms;
  How cruel my parents to refuse him!
  For oh! he had ten thousand charms."
- 3. Down on a bed of straw she tumbled,
  She made her moan and this reply,
  "I've lost my only joy and comfort,
  How could my parents him deny?"

## THE SCOLDING WIFE.



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## THE SCOLDING WIFE.

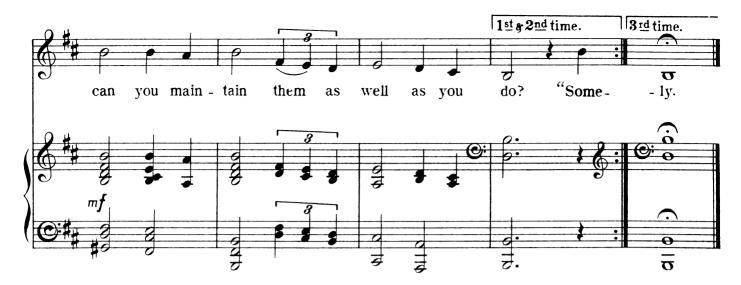
- Some men they do delight in hounds
   And some in hawks take pleasure,
   While others joy in war and wounds
   And thereby gain great treasure;
   Some they love on sea to sail
   And some rejoice in riding,
   But all their judgments do them fail,
   There's no such joy as chiding.
- When soon as day I ope mine eyes
   To entertain the morning,
   Before my husband he can rise,
   I chide and proudly scorn him;
   When at the board I take my place,
   Whatever be the feasting,
   I first do chide and then say grace,
   If then disposed to tasting.
- 3. Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold, I ever am complaining;
  Too raw, too roast, too young, too old, I always am disdaining;
  Let it be fowl or flesh or fish,
  Though I am my own taster,
  Yet I'll find fault with meat or dish,
  With maid or with the master.
- 4. But when I go to bed at night, I surely fall a-weeping, For then I leave my great delight, How can I chide when sleeping? Yet this my grief doth mitigate And must assuage my sorrow, Although tonight it be too late, I'll early chide tomorrow.

## THE SQUIRE AND THE THRESHER.



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## THE SQUIRE AND THE THRESHER.

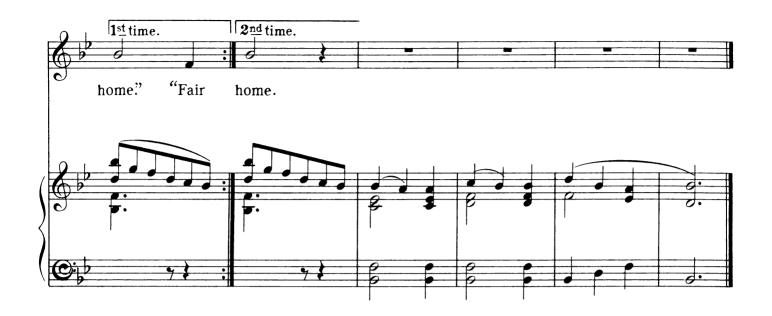
- 1. A nobleman lived in a village of late
  Hard by a poor thresherman, whose family was great,
  For he had seven children and most of them were small,
  And nought but his labour to feed them withal.
- 2. One morning this squire all on the highway
  He met the poor thresherman and unto him did say,
  "You have many children and that I well do know,
  How can you maintain them as well as you do?"
- 3. "Sometimes I do reap, sometimes I do mow,
  A-hedging, a-ditching and a-threshing I do go
  And nothing comes amiss to me from the harrow to the plough,
  My bread I do earn by the sweat of my brow.
- 4. My wife she is willing to join in the yoke,
  Like two turtle doves we live nor each other do provoke,
  Although the times are hard and we are very poor,
  We still keep the ravens and wolves from the door.
- 5. And when I come home from my labour at night To my wife and my family in whom I take delight, When my children come around me with their prittle-prattling noise, Now these are the riches a poor man enjoys."
- 6. "Well done, my good fellow, thou art kind to thy wife, I will make thee contented all the days of thy life, Here's forty acre of good land I freely give to thee All for to maintain thy sweet family."

## THE HAPPY STRANGER.









## THE HAPPY STRANGER.

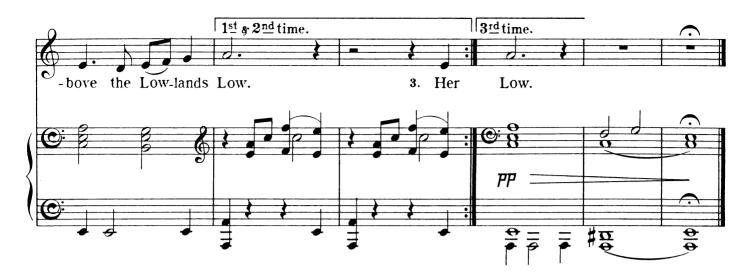
- As I was a-walking one morning in spring
   To hear the small birds whistle and the nightingales sing,
   I heard a fair maid making sorrowful moan,
   Saying, "I am a stranger and far from my home."
- 2. Her cheeks blushed like roses, her eyes shed a tear, She said, "Sir, I wonder at meeting you here, I hope you'll not harm me in this desert alone, As I am a stranger and far from my home."
- 3. "Fair maid, I'll not harm you, nor e'en cross your will,
  My heart's blood to save you I'd willingly spill,
  I'll strive to ease and relieve your sad moan
  And straightway conduct you safe back to your home."
- 4. "If you'll be my guardian, you may marry with me,
  And I'll be ever loving and faithful to thee."
  And now they are married and no longer roam,
  We hope they're both happy and safe in their home.

## YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.



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## YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.

- Come, all you wild, young people and listen to the song
   That I will sing concerning gold, which guides so many wrong.
   Young Emma was a servant-maid and loved a sailor bold,
   He ploughed the main much gold to gain, for his Love, as we've been told.
- 2. Young Emma she did daily mourn since Edwin first did roam; When seven years were past and gone, then Edwin hailed his home. He went unto young Emma's house the store of gold to show, Which he had gained upon the main above the Lowlands Low.
- 3. Her father kept a public inn, it stood down by the sea.
  Says Emma, "You can enter in and there this night can be.
  I'll meet you in the morning, don't let my parents know,
  Your name it is young Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low."
- 4. As Emma she lay sleeping she had a frightful dream,
  She dreamt her Love stood weeping, his blood poured in a stream.
  She rose up in the morning and to her friends did go,
  Because she loved him dearly, that ploughed the Lowlands Low.
- 5. "Oh, mother, where's the stranger lad, came here last night to stay?"
  "Oh, he is dead, no tales can tell," her father he did say.
  "Then father, cruel father, you will die a public show
  For murdering my Edwin, that ploughed the Lowlands Low.
- 6. The fishes of the ocean swim o'er my lover's breast,
  His body rolls in motion, I hope his souls at rest,
  How cruel were my parents to prove his overthrow,
  And take the gold from one so bold that ploughed the Lowlands Low."

## YONDER SITS A FAIR YOUNG DAMSEL.



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### YONDER SITS A FAIR YOUNG DAMSEL.

- Yonder sits a fair young damsel,
   Who she is I do not know,
   But I will go and court her for her beauty,
   Let her answer "yes" or "no."
- 2. "Madam, madam, I'm come a-courting,
  If your favour I should gain;
  And if you make me kind and welcome,
  Perhaps I'd call on you again.
- Madam, I've got gold and silver,
   Madam, I've got house and land;
   And, madam, I've got a world of treasure,
   You might take it at your command."
- 4. "What care I for gold or silver,
   What care I for house or land,
   Or what care I for a world of treasure,
   So I can't gain a handsome man."
- 5. "Madam, don't think so much of beauty,
  Beauty's a thing that will soon decay;
  The finest of flowers that shines in the summer
  Dies away on a cold winter's day.
- 6. First come cowslips, then come daisies,
  After night then comes the day;
  And after false love comes a true one,
  See how it quickly doth pass away."

## OUR SHIP SHE LIES IN HARBOUR.







### OUR SHIP SHE LIES IN HARBOUR.

- 1. Our ship she lies in harbour, just ready to set sail,
  May the Heavens be your guide, my Love, till I return again,
  Till I return again,
  May the Heavens be your guide, my Love, till I return again.
- 2. Says the father to the daughter, "What makes you so lament?"
  "Oh, the lad that you have sent to sea can give my heart content,
  Can give my heart content,
  Oh, the lad that you have sent to sea can give my heart content."
- 3. "So if that's your inclination," the old man did reply,"I hope he will continue there, and on the seas may die,And on the seas may die,I hope he will continue there, and on the seas may die."
- 4. When ten long weeks were over, and ten long tedious days,
  She saw the ship come sailing in with her true Love from the seas,
  With her true Love from the seas,
  She saw the ship come sailing in with her true Love from the seas.
- 5. "Oh, yonder sits my angel, she's waiting there for me, And tomorrow to the church we'll go, and married we will be, And married we will be, And tomorrow to the church we'll go, and married we will be."
- 6. Says the father to the daughter, "Five hundred I will give, If you forsake that sailor lad, and go with me to live, And go with me to live, If you forsake that sailor lad, and go with me to live."
- 7. "It's not your gold that glitters, nor your silver that doth shine, I'm married to the lad I love, and I'm happy in my mind, I'm happy in my mind, I'm married to the lad I love, and I'm happy in my mind."

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- 6. MORRIS OFF.

#### SET III.

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- 2. HUNTING THE SQUIRREL (STICK DANCE).
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