

SWEET SUSSEX



Folk Songs from the Broadwood Collections

edited by Lewis Jones

with guitar chords and illustrations by Margaret Crosland

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Introduction

This is the first of a series of books from Ferret Publications. It contains folk songs from two sources. The first is Songs of the Peasantry of the Weald of Surrey and Sussex arranged by GA Dusart and published privately and anonymously by John Broadwood in 1843. The title of the present book is adapted from song number 5 in this 1843 collection, "A Sweet Country Life." The second source is Sussex Songs: Popular Songs of Sussex arranged by HF Birch Reynardson. This volume of sheet music is undated. It was catalogued by the British Library in 1890, but Lucy Broadwood, John Broadwood's niece, tells us that it was published in 1889.¹ It contains all 16 songs in the 1843 collection, together with 9 songs and 1 dance tune collected later by Lucy Broadwood.

For details of the life and significance of the Rev. John Broadwood (1798-1864) of Lyne in Sussex we are indebted to Stanley Godman, whose findings are freely drawn on here.²

There are a number of testimonies to the importance of Broadwood's collection of 1843. It was, in Margaret Dean Smith's view, "the first... to be made of folksong airs for their own sake." Vaughan Williams' opinion was that Broadwood "is to be honoured in the annals of English folk-song." In 1943, Frank Howes wrote an article in the Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society to "celebrate the centenary of scientific method applied editorially to the oral tradition of English folk-song."³

Broadwood's collection has been highly regarded because, unlike other editors, he meticulously recorded what he actually heard. According to the title page of his book the "old English songs" that it contained were presented "as now sung by the peasantry of the Weald of Surrey and Sussex." They had been "collected by one who has learnt them by hearing them sung every Christmas from early childhood by the country people who go about to the neighbouring houses singing, or 'wassailing' as it is called, at that season." Broadwood added that "the airs are set to music exactly as they are now sung, to rescue them from oblivion and to afford a specimen of genuine old English melody." As for the words, they were "given in their original rough state with an occasional slight alteration to render the sense intelligible."

It was this accurate transcription of the songs that caused Lucy Broadwood to describe her uncle's book as "the first serious collection of English traditional songs that we possess." She continued: "I am told that my uncle had a wonderfully accurate musical ear and voice, and wonderful obstinacy. This latter quality stood him in good stead when

fighting with... (Dusart)... , who undertook to harmonize his collection, but who raised lamentable cries at the flat sevenths and other monstrous intervals which Mr. Broadwood sang, or blew persistently with his flute. 'Musically,' said my uncle, 'they may be quite wrong, but the tunes shall be printed as they were sung to me, and as I sing them to you.'"⁴ A fellow member of the Sussex Archaeological Society testified in 1849 that Broadwood "had the airs set to music exactly as they are now sung, with the true feeling of an archaeologist."

An interesting gloss on this was provided by Frank Howes in the article cited above. Howes gave a musical analysis of the modal nature of the tunes. He was particularly interested in 'The Privateer' (number 7) which he cited as "an instance of a Near Eastern scale." Howes also noted "peculiarities" which "at first struck me as suspicious, and I wondered whether for all his flute-blasting the vicar had got his way with the organist." Howes conclusion, however, was that the seeming inconsistencies were "peculiarities of time and place," and that 'The Privateer' was "a testimony to Mr. Broadwood's insistence on oral transcription."

Copies of Broadwood's original publication are now extremely rare. The British Library and Brighton Public Library each have a one, and there is a third among the collection of Lucy Broadwood's papers in the Surrey Record Office.⁵ A photocopy is held at the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library at Cecil Sharp House.

The 1889 collection was the first publication of Lucy Etheldred Broadwood (1858-1929), a major figure in the folk song revival around the turn of the last century. According to Ralph Vaughan Williams, Lucy Broadwood "inherited her love of folk-song from her uncle."⁶ His 1843 collection, she testified, "led me very early in life into a new and wonderful country in the world of music."⁷ In 1898, Lucy Broadwood was one of the 110 founder members of the Folk Song Society, of which she later became secretary, journal editor and, in the 1920's, president. In 1893 she published, with JA Fuller-Maitland, an influential collection entitled English County Songs. In 1908 there followed English Traditional Songs and Carols, for which she wrote the accompaniments herself. According to one of her obituarists "scarcely a number of the Journal (of the Folk Song Society) has appeared without some valuable contribution from her hand, and many have been almost entirely her own from beginning to end."⁸

Herbert Frederick Birch Reynardson was Lucy Broadwood's cousin.⁹ He is one of the forgotten characters of the first folk music revival. There is no evidence of any previous research into him, and no reference to him in the Biographical Catalogue

at the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library. This is the justification for giving him a fuller treatment here than either John or Lucy Broadwood, even though they were both more important figures.

The records at the General Register Office tell us that Reynardson was born on 6 January 1856 at Adwell, Oxfordshire. His father, Henry, was a barrister, and the maiden name of his mother, Eleanor Dorothea, had been Partridge. He died at Rudge Hill House, Edge, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, on 10 January 1939, aged 83. His wife, Marian L. Birch Reynardson, was older than him. She died in 1936 aged 85.

Reynardson was described on his death certificate as being "of independent means." His estate was valued at just over £50,547.¹⁰ Previously he seems to have worked for the British Museum.¹¹ From 1927 to 1931 the Journal of the Folk Song Society recorded Reynardson in its annual listings of members as living at his Stroud address. After the merger with the Folk Dance Society, however, he appears to have become inactive, and there was no obituary for him in the Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society.

As well as arranging Sussex Songs, Birch Reynardson also composed a number of other songs and piano pieces. These can be found in the British Library Music Collection and among Lucy Broadwood's papers at the Surrey Record Office. Also at the Surrey Record Office is an amusing letter in which Reynardson described his attempts to call on Lucy Broadwood in the face of problems on the Underground. "If I had walked," he concluded, "or even hopped on one leg, I should have got to you much quicker."¹² In addition, there are photographs, including one of Lucy Broadwood with Reynardson's wife, Marian, taken by Herbert at Brighton¹³, and another of Herbert himself, seated at a piano.¹⁴ By 1930, according to his wife, Reynardson was seeking the services of a masseur in France for "aches and pains" in his hips and back.¹⁵

Reynardson's musicianship appears to have been somewhat amateurish. In a letter to Lucy Broadwood dated 3 June 1891 he apologised for a number of consecutive octaves in his piano settings of Sussex Songs, concerning which a "learned German" had taken him to task in a review. "I am very much annoyed that I should have done anything so perfectly idiotic" he wrote.¹⁶

In the Preface to Sussex Songs Reynardson affirmed that Lucy Broadwood, like her uncle before her, had transcribed her collection accurately: "The songs, both words and music, were faithfully written down exactly as they were sung by country people in the Weald of Sussex." This was a guiding principle of Lucy Broadwood throughout her life. The preface to English

County Songs (1893), for example, states that, with one minor exception, "the words have been left absolutely unaltered, and the melodies have in no instance been tampered with."

It would take too much space to try to relate these songs to their variants. For an example of what can be done, however, see Lucy Broadwood's article of 1923, in which she compares some strikingly beautiful versions of 'Rosebuds in June', including the one collected by her uncle (number 4 below).¹⁷

1. Journal of the Folk Song Society 27 (December 1923): 81.
2. Stanley Godman, "John Broadwood: New Light on the Folk-Song Pioneer," the Monthly Musical Record (May-June 1957): 105-8; Stanley Godman, "John Broadwood, the Earliest English Folksong Collector," West Sussex Gazette (30 January 1964). Copies of both articles are available in the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library at Cecil Sharp House.
3. Frank Howes, "A Centenary," Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society 4, no.4 (1943): 157-60.
4. Lucy E. Broadwood, "On the Collecting of English Folk-Song," Proceedings of the Royal Musical Association 31 (March 1905): 89-109. The quotation is from p. 97. For more details see loc. cit. in note 1 above.
5. Surrey Record Office, County Hall, Kingston upon Thames, 2185/LEB/4/8. This copy has a number of annotations on it by Lucy Broadwood.
6. Journal of the English Folk Dance Society 2nd ser. 3 (1930): 61.
7. Lucy Broadwood, loc. cit. in note 4 above.
8. Walter Ford, "Obituary: Lucy Etheldred Broadwood," Journal of the Folk Song Society 33 (December 1929): 168-9.
9. Margaret Dean-Smith (ed.), "Letters to Lucy Broadwood: A Selection from the Broadwood Papers at Cecil Sharp House," The Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song society 9, no.5 (December 1964): 233-268 at p. 235.
10. Calendar of All Grants of Probate and Letters of Administration made in the Probate Registries of the High Court of Justice in England... (etc.) ... His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1939.

11. Margaret Dean Smith, The Broadwood Collection: Report, Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, MPS9.
12. Surrey Record Office, 2185/LEB/1/76.
13. Surrey Record Office, 2185/LEB/9133.
14. Surrey Record Office, 2185/LEB/9136.
15. Surrey Record Office, 218/BMB/4/70(7) DW.
16. Surrey Record Office, 2185/LEB/1/17a-b.
17. "Songs of Country Life and Work", Journal of the Folk Song Society 27 (December 1923): 76-82.

Notes for Singers and Accompanyists

The first 4 verses of all songs have been aligned under the music, and any further verses have been placed as text after it. The melody line relates to the words of the first verse, and minor alterations may be needed to make the music fit the words of subsequent verses. For example, it may be necessary on occasions to replace a minim by two crotchets at the same pitch. Such adjustments will be easier to make if the tune is learnt thoroughly before the song is sung. Where space allowed in verses 2, 3 and 4 we have recommended, by the use of dots in the text lines, how syllables that stretch over more than one note might be sung. Where there was enough room, we have inserted similar dots in the text lines of the first verses to support the musical ties in the melody lines above them. We have also indicated how the songs might be performed ("Steadily", "Joyfully", "Boldly", etc.), but these recommendations may be ignored by those with different preferences.

Over the years various opinions have been expressed on whether and how folk songs should be accompanied. In the Preface to English County Songs (1893) Lucy Broadwood and JA Fuller Maitland argued that the presentation of unaccompanied tunes was "the most scientific method." However, since this idea was "practically useless to educated singers", they gave piano settings. These were supposedly kept "as simple as possible", but, for two of the songs, they thought it appropriate to adopt the styles of Schubert and Chopin.

In One Hundred English Folk Songs (1916) Cecil Sharp came down against the "purist." He advocated accompaniments since "we live in a harmonic age." The style was "a matter of individual taste", but he personally disliked the use of modern harmonies and of modulation.

R Vaughan Williams and AL Lloyd in The Penguin Book of English Folk Song (1959) held a different view: "The ideal way to sing an English folk song is unaccompanied." There was, however, "no harm in adding a few supporting chords" provided that they were in the same mode as the melody.

Frank Pursloe, in Marrow Bones (1965), thought that folk songs should be accompanied "as simply as possible, or not at all" and that "in every case 'fancy' chords should be avoided." Finally, by 1975, Pat Shaw, in The Crystal Spring, was passing no opinion at all. He merely suggested chords "for those who want to accompany the songs."

That is the approach adopted here. The majority of the chords are based on Reynardson's piano accompaniments of 1889. They sound good to us, but they are only suggestions and you

are, of course, free to alter them. In a number of songs you may feel that an overgenerous number of chords has been inserted. Please omit any of these that you do not like, or find cumbersome. Several songs are not well suited to harmonisation, for example 'Lord Bateman' (number 16) and 'Drink Old England Dry' (number 25).

Since the guitar is now the most common accompanying instrument the original piano settings have been omitted. For some of the tunes in remote keys alternative chords with capo positions have been provided for those who prefer simpler or more familiar fingerings.

PART ONE

**JOHN
BROADWOOD**

1843

The Moon Shines Bright.

No. 1.

Steadily.

Em F#m D Em B

1. The moon shines... bright and the stars give a light
 2. A- wake, a- wake, good... peo- ple... all!
 3. So dear, so... dear Christ... lov- ed... us,
 4. The fields so... green, so... wond- rous... green,

Em F#m Em A B

In a li- ttle time it will be day;.....
 A- wake,..... and you shall hear.....
 And... for..... our sins was slain,.....
 As... green..... as an- y leaf;.....

Em G D Em G Am F#m G

The Lord..... our God He calls up-on us all,
 How Christ..... was born all u-..... pon this morn,
 So pray..... leave off your wick- ed wick- ed- ness,
 The Lord..... our God, He wa-..... tered them

A G Am Em D G B Em

And..... bids us a- wake.... and pray.....
 For the Lord lo- ved us..... so dear.....
 And..... turn to the Lord.... a- gain.....
 With His heav- en- ly dew..... so sweet.....

5. The life of man, it is but a span,
 His beauty is like any flower;
 To-day he is strong, and to-morrow he is gone,
 For he fadeth in less than an hour.
 To-day, etc.

6. Repent, repent, good people all,
 Repent, while yet you may,
 For it is too late for to repent
 When dead and turned to clay.
 For it is, etc.

7. Now my song it is done, and I must be gone,
 No longer can I tarry here;-
 So God bless you all, both great and small,
 And send you a happy new year.
 So God, etc.



A Wassail, A Wassail.

No. 2.

Joyfully.

(Capo 1.)

Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em)

1. A was-..... sail, a was-..... sail, a was- sail we be- gin,
 2. Good mas- ter and good mis-..... tress, as you sit by the fire,
 3. Good mas- ter and good mis-..... tress, if you will be but willing,
 4. Good mas- ter and good mis-..... tress, if thus it should you please,

Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em)

With su- gar plums and cinn- a- mon, and o- ther spi- ces in;-
 Con- si- der us poor was- sail- ers, who tra- vel through the mire;-
 Come, send us out your el- dest son with six- pence or a shilling;-
 Come, send us out your white.... loaf, like- wise your Christ-mas cheese;-.

Cm(Gm) Gm(F#m)Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em) C7(B7)

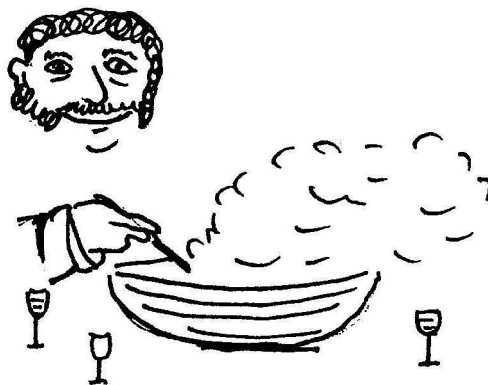
Chorus: With a was- sail, a was- sail, a jol- ly was- sail,
 Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em) Bbm(Am) C7(B7) Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em)

And may joy come to you and to our..... was-..... sail;-

Cm(Gm) Gm(F#m)Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em) C7(B7)

With a was- sail, a was- sail, a jol- ly was- sail,
 Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em) Bbm(Am)C7(B7) Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em) C7(B7) Fm(Em)

And may joy come to you and to our..... was-..... sail.....

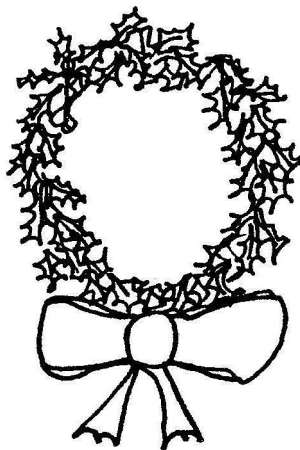


5. Good master and good mistress, if
you will so incline,
come, send us out your roast beef, likewise your
Christmas chine;-
With a wassail, etc.
6. If you've any maids within your house, as I suppose
you've none,
They'd not let us stand a wassailing so long on this
cold stone;-
With a wassail, etc.
7. For we've wassailed all this day long, and nothing
could we find,
But an owl in an ivy-bush, and her we left behind;-
With a wassail, etc.
8. We'll cut a toast all round the loaf, and set it by
the fire,
We'll wassail bees, and apple-trees, unto
your heart's desire;-¹
With a wassail, etc.
9. Our purses they are empty, our purses they are thin,
They lack a little silver to line them well within;-
With a wassail, etc.
10. Hang out your silver tankard² upon your golden spear,
We'll come no more a wassailing, until another year;-
With a wassail, etc.³

1. Note (1843): Alluding to the custom of repeating certain rhymes to the bees and apple trees.

2. Note (1843): Or 'silken handkerchief', as some sing.

3. Note (1889): For other versions of the tune see Gilbert's Carols, and Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. 2, p. 752.



The Noble Lord.

No. 3.

Boldly.

Dm A Dm Gm Dm A Dm

1. 'Tis of a no- ble Lord, my boys, as a- ny in....the land;
 2. The Lord he kill'd the squire,..... a wit- ness stand- ing by,
 3. 'Tis of as poor a ser- ving girl as an- y in... the land,
 4. And when she came be- fore the judge, down on her knees..did fall,

C Dm Am Dm E E7 Am

He'd squires.... to att- end.....him and ser- vants at com- mand.
 'Twas brought in wil- ful mur.....der, con- demned he was to die;
 She bor- owed rings and jew-.....els, and ser- vants at comm- and;
 "O! par- don him! O! par- don him!" for par- don she did call,

Dm A Dm A Dm Am G Dm C Dm A

One.. day as they were walk- ing to take the plea- sant air,.....
 Con... demned he was to die, sen- tence up- on him..... passed,.
 She.. bor- owed rings and jew- els, a foot- man with her came,....
 "Take pi- ty on a vir- gin, and grant to me my love,.....

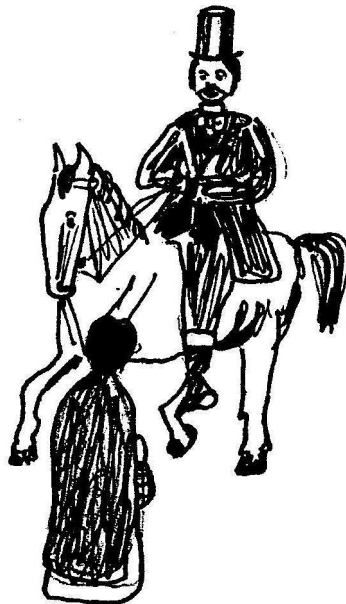
Dm C Dm Gm A Dm Bb Gm A Dm

When the Lord he kill'd the squire,.. as quick- ly you shall hear.
 But be- yond all ex- pec- ta- tion, a friend there came at last.
 Just like an- y no- ble La- dy in all her birth and fame.
 And the heav- ens shall re- ward you great bless- ings from a- bove!"



5. The judge he says "Fair Lady, your love's
condemned to die."
She wrung her hands, and tore her hair, and bitterly
did cry,
Saying "If one of us must die, pray let it
fall on me,
I will give my life to save him, and set
his Lordship
free!"
6. The judge, he says "Fair Lady, we'll pardon him for
your sake."
She took him by the lily-white hand,
a journey for to make,
And as they walked together across the
pleasant plain,
Says he, "Dear honoured Lady, pray tell to me your
name!"
7. "Indeed, I am no Lady, these clothes
they are not mine,
They are my mistress' daughter's,
the truth you soon shall find,
They are my mistress' daughter's, and that you soon
shall know,
Which I borrowed to prevent them from proving your
overthrow."
8. "O, if you are no Lady, ten thousand pounds
I'll give,
Or you shall be my wedded wife, as long as
I do live,
We'll live and love together, and you shall be my
bride,
For I've more right to love you, than all the world
beside!"
9. This fair maid soon consented to be
his lawful bride,
And then they go unto the church, and there the knot
is tied.
So now they live in pleasure, for they have gold in
store:
This young Lord and his Lady each other do adore.¹

1. Note (1889): A version of this ballad is found amongst the Roxburgh Ballads. It is entitled "A most sweet song of an English merchant born at Chichester" sung "to an excellent new tune." The merchant kills a "man of Emden town," a German, and is saved by a young woman who offers to die for him.



Rosebuds in June.

No. 4.

Cheerfully. {Capo 1.}

Fm(Em) Db(C) Em(D) C(B) Fm(Em)

1. Here the rose-buds in June, and the vio-lets are blow-ing,
 2. Our..... shep-herds re-joice in their fine heav-y fleec-es,
 3. Our..... clean milk-ing pails, they are fouled with good ale,....
 4. Now the sheep shear-ing's ov-er, and har-vest draws nigh;...

Cm(Bm) Db(C) Bb(A) C(B)

The small birds they war-ble on ev'-ry... green bough,
 And frisk-y young lambs which their flocks do... in-crease.
 At the tab-le there is plent-y of cheer to... be found.
 We'll pre-pare for the fields our... strength for... to try:

Fm(Em) Ab(G) Eb(D) Fm(Em) Eb(D) C(B)

Here's the pink and... the... li-ly, and the daf-fy down dil-ly
 Each..... lad takes his... lass,.... all... the green grass...
 We'll..... whis-tle... and... sing,.... and... dance in a ring...
 We'll..... reap and... we'll mow,.... we'll.. plough and we'll sow,....

Fm(Em) Em(D) Fm(Em) Em(D)

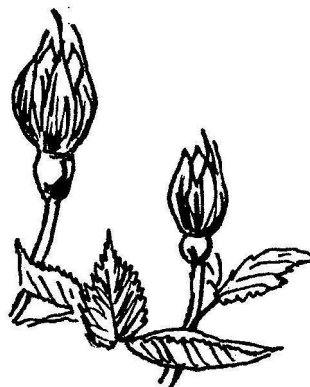
To a-dorn and per-fume.... those sweet mea-dows in June....
 To a-dorn and per-fume.... those.. mea-dows in June....
 To a-dorn and per-fume.... those sweet mea-dows in June....
 To a-dorn and per-fume.... those sweet mea-dows in June....

Db(C) Ab(G) Gm(F#m) Ab(G) Fm(Em) C(B)

Chorus: If it weren't for the plough the fat ox would go slow. -

Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em)

And the lads and the bon-ny las-ses to the sheep shear-ing go.



A Sweet Country Life.

No. 5.

Cheerfully. (Capo 3.)

Gm(Em) B(D) Gm(Em) D(B)

1. A sweet coun- try life is to me both dear and charm-..... ing,
 2. Oh, naught do I ad- mire your..... robes..... and fine dress..... es,
 3. No fidd- le, no flute, no..... haut-..... boy, no spi-..... net,
 4. As Johnn- y the plough- boy was walk-..... ing a- lone.....,

Gm(Em) Cm(Am) Gm(Em) Am(F#m) Gm(Em) Am(F#m) Gm(Em) D(B) Gm(Em)

For to walk a- broad in a fine summ- er's morn- ing.
 Your silks... and fine scar- lets, and oth- er ex- cess- es,
 In aught... can com- pare with the lark or the linn- et-
 To fetch home his catt- le so ear- ly at morn,.....

Gm(Em) Cm(Am) Bb(G) F(D) Gm(Em) D(B)

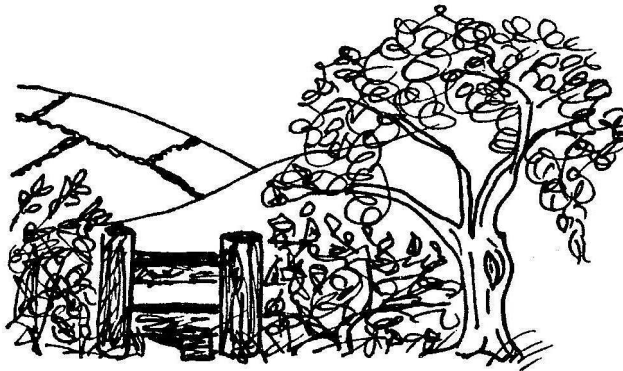
Your hous- es, your ci- ties, your lof- ty gay tow-.....ers
 For my own coun- try cloth- ing is to me more en- dear-.....ing
 A- down as I lay all a- mongst the green bush.....es,
 There he spied prett- y Nan- cy all a- mongst the green bush..... es;

Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) F(D) A(F#) Gm(Em)

In no- thing can com- pare with the sweet sha- dy bow-.....ers.
 Than your prett- y sweet.... mant- le, for 'tis home- spun wear-.....ing.
 I was charmed.. by the notes of the black- birds and thrush.....es.
 She was sing- ing much more sweet- ly than the black- birds and thrush.....es.

5. 'Twas down in the meadows,
 beneath the high mountain,
 Where she sat a-milking
 by the side of the fountain,
 The flocks they did graze
 in the dew of the morning,
 Bright Phoebus did shine
 the hills all adorning.
 The flocks they did, etc.

6. So now to conclude,
 and to end my ditty,
 To all you country lasses,
 that are so neat and pretty:
 Oh never do forsake
 your own country employment,
 No cities can afford
 half so sweet an enjoyment.
 Oh never do, etc.



The Plough Boy.

No. 6.

Cheerfully.

D G C D G D G C D

1. Come all you jolly plough-boys, come listen to my lays,

2. So early in the morn-ing, the plough-boy he is seen;

3. Now all things be-ing read-y, the harn-ess put on too;

4. So early in the morn-ing, to harr-ow, plough and sow;-

C D G D C G D

And join with me in cho-rus, I'll sing the plough-boy's praise;

He hast-ens to the sta-ble, his hors-es for to clean;

All with a smil-ing count-en-ance his work he will pur-sue;

And with a gent-le cast my boys, we'll give the corn a throw; -.....

G C G C G C (D) G D G D

My song is of... the plough-boy's fame, and un-to you I'll re-late the same;

Their manes and tails he will comb straight, with chaff and corn.. he does them bait;

The small birds sing.. on ev-ry tree, the cuck-oo joins in.. harm-on-y;

This makes the vall-ies thick to stand with corn to fill.. the reap-er's hand;

G D G C D C D C G D G

He whist-les sings and drives his team, the brave plough-ing boy.....

Then he'll en-deav-our to plough straight, the brave plough-ing boy.....

To wel-come him.. they all a-gree., the brave plough-ing boy.....

All this, you may.. well und-er stand, does the brave plough-ing boy.....

5. Now the corn it is a-growing,
and seed time it is o'er,
Our master he does welcome us
and opes the cellar door,
With cake and ale we have our fill,
because we've done our work so well:
There's none here can excel the skill
of the brave ploughing boy.

6. Now the corn it is a-growing,
the fields look fresh and gay,
The cheerful lads come in to mow,
whilst damsels make the hay,
The ears of corn, they now appear,
and peace and plenty crown the year:
So we'll be merry, and drink, whilst here,
to the brave ploughing boy.



The Privateer.

No. 7.

With feeling.

(Capo 1.)

G(F#) Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em) G(F#) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em)

1. Our boat she's on the drift.... and our ship she's un- der weigh.
 2. "There's no..... one can tell.... what great ha-..... zards you run,
 3. "Grieve not my dear- est jew-.... el, when I'm out of thy sight,
 4. "Then, since you are a- go-..... ing, may heav- en gra- cious be,

C(B) Fm(Em) Ab(G) C(B) Fm(Em)

Fare- well my dear- est jew-el, for no lon- ger I can stay;
 So man- y have been slain..... since first the wars be- gun;
 For I must go on board,, and so bold- ly will I fight,
 May heav- en kind pro- tect... you by land.... or by sea;

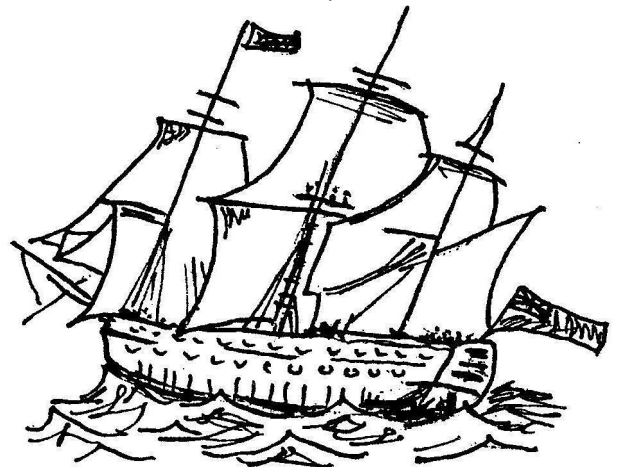
Ab(G) C(B) Fm(Em)

Our ship she lies a wait-..... ing, so fare you well my dear,....
 Such blood-... y en- gage..... ments, and dan- gers they draw near,....
 We'll beat.... down the pride..... of the loft-.... ty 'Mon- sieur',...
 May heav- ven kind pro- tect..... you, wher- ev..... er you steer,...

Bbm(Am) C(B) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em)

For I must go... on.... board of this bold pri-.. va- teer.
 With the loss of their..sweet.. lives in this bold pri-.. va- teer."
 And soon we'll let.. them.. know she's a bold pri-.. va- teer."
 And send you safe...home.. back from this bold pri-.. va- teer."

5. "The prizes we have taken
 are from France and from Spain,
 And my true love at home
 shall have part of them the same.
 When the wars they are all over,
 I will turn unto my dear,
 And then I'll bid adieu
 to this bold privateer."



The Fourteenth of July.

No. 8.

Boldly. (Capo 1.)

Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em)

1. On the fourteenth of July,..... so clear... was the sky,.....
 2. Now my brave boys, think of home!..... in gun shot they are come,.....
 3. We..... fought for full three hours,..... the batt- le was so hot,.....
 4. Now, my brave boys, think of home,..... the prize is all our own,.....

G(F#) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em) Bbm(Am) C(B) Fm(Em)

A might- y sail.. of French.. ships came bear- ing down so nigh:.....
 We'll hoist up Eng- lish col- ours, and we'll give to them a gun;.....
 There were four- teen of.... our fore- most men lay dead up- on the spot,.....
 What shall we do... for jur- y masts, supp- ose that they have none?.....

Cm(Bm) G(F#) Cm(Bm) Ab(G) Bb(A)

Came bear- ing down up- on..... us, right clear... out of France, ..
 To broad- ... side! to broad- ... side! we'll shew them gall- ant sport, ..
 There were six more that they woun- ded, there were twen- ty lads in all:-
 We'll take her in- to har- bour with a sweet and pleas- and gale.

Eb(D) Bbm(Am) Fm(Em)

And the name that we did give her was 'the Litt- le Fight- ing Chance', ..
 Till the loft- y yarks and top.... sails come tumb- ling ov- er board, ...
 We'll cut down the white lil-ies of the French dogs, one..... and..... all.....
 And be earl- y the next morn- ing at the head of old Kin- sale.

Bb(A) C(B) Fm(Em)

Chorus: So cheer up my live- ly lads, For it nev- er shall be said

C(B) Fm(Em) Bbm(Am) C(B) Bbm(Am) Fm(Em) Bbm(Am) Fm(Em)

That the sons of bold Bri- tan- nia shall ev- er be a- fraid.

5. Now, my brave boys, one and all, since we are safe ashore,
 We'll make the lofty ale houses and taverns for to roar:
 Here's a health to King George, and to all his Royal fleet!
 We will smother all those Frenchmen, wherever we do meet.
 So cheer up, etc.



Gipsy Song.

No. 9.

With feeling.

D G D G D G D G D

1. 'Tis of a young dam- sel that was left all a- lone,
 2. As she was a- walk- ing in the mea- dows so low,
 3. Long time she'd been miss- ing, no-.... where could be found; ...
 4. And when that her un- cle his... tale he had told,

G D Em D

For the sake of her pa- rents she sad- ly did moan;
 Her... un- cle was pleas- ed that lov- ed her so;
 Her... un- cle he search- ed the whole coun- try round;
 They.... swore he had slain her, for sake of her gold;

G D G D Em D Em D

She had but one un-... cle, two trus- tees, be- side,
 As she was a walk- ing in the mea- dows so gay,
 He went to the trus- tees, 'twixt hope and des- pair,
 "It shall be death, for death, then!" the trus- tees did cry,

G D G D G Em D G A D

That were left all a- lone. for this young la- dy's... guide,
 Three gip- sies be- trayed her and.. stole her.. a-... way.
 But.. all was in vain.. for she.. had not.. been.. there.
 "We will cast you in pri- son, con.. dem- ned.. to... die!"

5. 'Tis of a young squire that lov-ed her so,
 Many years to a schoolhouse they together did go;
 No rest could he find, or by night or by day,
 In search of his lady he wander'd away.

6. He travelled thro' Scotland, thro' France and
 thro' Spain,
 He ventured his life o'er the watery main,
 He went to an ale-house, for to
 pass there the night,
 And in that same house was his joy and delight!

7. "How came you in Flanders, in Flanders?" says he,
 "How came you in Flanders? Pray tell unto me."
 "Oh, as I was a-walking in the meadows so gay,
 Three gipsies betrayed me, and stole me away."

8. "Your uncle's in prison, in prison doth lie,
 And for thy sweet sake is condem-ned to die!"
 "Carry me to my uncle, my uncle!" she cried,
 I'll give you ten thousand, or I'll be your bride!"

9. Says he "My dear jewel, we'll order it so,
 Since love it brings danger, to the church
 let us go,
 To the church let us go, love, and be
 married indeed,
 Then home to old England we'll hie with all speed!"

10. And when that old England they came for to see,
 The cart was under the high gallows tree.
 She down on her knees, and for pardon did crave:
 "You see, I'm alive, sir, my uncle to save."

11. "My father he left me fifteen thousand pounds;
 Two trustees and my uncle to pay me my bounds,-
 To pay me my bounds, sir; and all that I have
 I'll enjoy with my squire so young and so brave!"



The Husbandman.

No. 10.

With spirit. (Capo 1.)

Serving man. Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)



1. Well.. met, my broth- er friend, All on the high- way rid-.... ing
2. If a hus- band- man you be, Then gang a- long with me.....
3. The... meat that we do eat Is the fin- est of all meat.....
4. Then the cloth- ing we do wear Of all clo- thing is most rare:.....

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)



So sim- ply all... .. a- lone;
So read- ly... .. out of han',
There's Tur- key, Ca... .. pon and Swan;
Our hats they are la- ced all a- round,

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)



I pray you tell to me What call- ing you may be;
And in a litt- le space I'll help you to a place
And our drink is ver- y fine We mix sug- ar with our wine:-
Our shirts as white as milk Our stock- ings made of silk:-

Bbm(Am)Fm(Em) Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)



Or are..... you some serv- ing man?.....
Where you may be a serv- ing man.....
That's vic- tuals for the serv- ing man.....
That's clo- thing for the serv- ing man.....

Husbandman.

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)



Why why? my broth- er dear, What makes you to en- quire
As for your dil- i- gence I re- turn you man- y thanks
As for your dain- ty ca- pon, Give me some beef and ba- con,
As for your clo- thing rare, Give me the shoes I wear

Eb(D)

Bbm(Am)Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

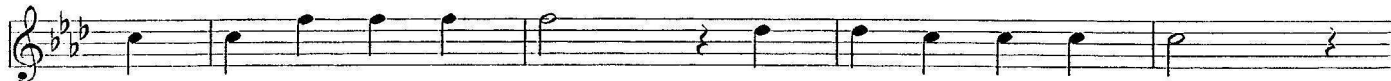
Fm(Em)



Of an-..... y such thing.... at my hand?
I re- quire.... no such thing.... at your han'
And a good bit of cheese... now and then;
The bu..... shes to tram.... ple up- on;

Bbm(Am)

Fm(Em)



In- deed I will not feign,
But pray, be- fore you go,
There's chitt-er- lings and souse
Give me a good great coat,

But I will tell you plain:
Do some- thing to me show
Al-ways in a farm-er's house:-
And in my purse a groat:-

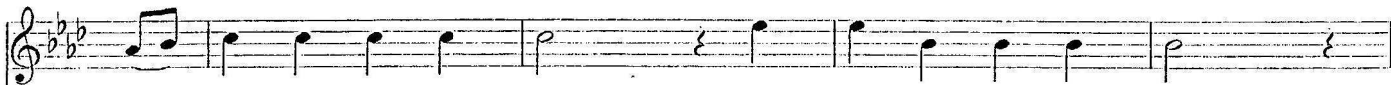
Eb(D) Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em)



I am a down- right Hus- band- man.....
Of the liv- ing of a Serv- ing man.....
That's vic- tuals for the Hus- band- man.....
That's clo- thing for the Hus- band- man.....

Serving man and Husbandman in Duet.

E(D)



In.. deed I will not feign,
But pray be- fore you go,
There's chitt-er- lings and souse
Give me a good great coat,

But I will tell you plain:
Do some- thing to me show
Al-ways in a farm-er's house:-
And in my purse a groat:-

In.. deed I will not feign,
But pray be- fore you go,
There's chitt-er- lings and souse
Give me a good great coat,

But I will tell you plain:
Do some- thing to me show
Al-ways in a farm-er's house:-
And in my purse a groat:-

Fm(Em) Bbm(Am) Eb(D)Fm(Em)Bbm(Am) Fm(Em)

Eb(D)

Fm(Em)



I am a down- right Serv- ing man.....
Of the liv- ing of a Serv- ing man.....
That's vic- tuals for the Hus- band- man.....
That's clo- thing for the Hus- band- man.....



I am a down- right Hus- band- man.....
Of the liv- ing of a Serv- ing man.....
That's vic- tuals for the Hus- band- man.....
That's clo- thing for the Hus- band- man.....



5. S. But, sir, 'tis a fine thing
To ride out with the king,
Or any other noble man;
Then hear the horn to blow,
To see the hounds to go:-
That's pleasure for the serving man.

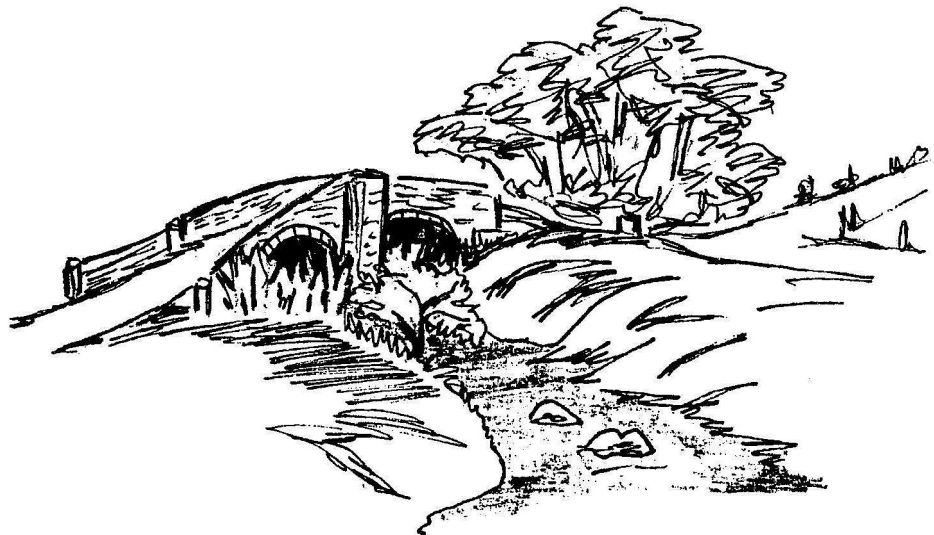
H. My pleasure's more than that
'Tis to see my oxen fat
With a good rick of hay by them stan',
(The ploughing and the sowing,
Repeat (The reaping and the mowing,
(Are the pleasures of the husbandman.

6. S. Kind sir, it would be sad
If none were to be had
The table to wait upon:
There's not Lord, Duke, nor Squire,
Nor any one that's higher,
Could live without the serving man.

H. Fine sir, it would be worse
If there were none of us
To tend to the tilling of the land:
(There's not Lord, Duke, nor Squire,
Repeat (Nor any one that's higher,
(Could live without the husbandman.

7. S. Oh, sir, I must confess
And grant you your request
And give you the uppermost han';
Although your labour's painful,
Methinks it must be gainful:-
I wish I were a husbandman.

H. & S. Then come, let us all,
Both little, big, and small
Drink to the King of this lan';
(And let us all together
Repeat (Do our best endeavour
(For to maintain the husbandman.



The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

No. 11.

Cheerfully.

D G D C D G D C D



1. There was a youth, and a well-bred youth,
 2. As soon as his father came for to know
 3. And when he had served his seven long years,
 4. As he was a riding out one day,

G C G D



And he was a squire's son,
 His fond and fool- ish mind,
 His true love he ne'er had seen;
 The weather be- ing fine and dry,

G C G D G D G D C D



And he fell in love with the bai- liff's daugh- ter dear,
 He sent him a- way up to fair Lon- don town,
 Whilst he had shed many a tear for her,
 He thought he saw his own true love,

G D G D C D G



That liv'd in fair Is- ling- ton,
 As app- rent- tice there to bind
 She little had thought of him,
 As he was a- rid- ing by.

5. She stepped up to his horse's head,
 Took hold of his bridle rein;
 And she said "Kind sir, will you let me ride a mile
 Just to ease my weary, weary pain?"

6. He said "Fair maid, where came you from?
 Oh where were you bred and born?"
 "In fair Islington, kind sir," said she,
 "Where I have had many a scorn."

7. "Pray did you know the bailiff's daughter dear,
 That lived in fair Islington?"
 "Yes, kind sir, I knew her very well,
 but she hath been dead so long ago."

8. "Then I'll saddle up my milk white steed,
 And take my arrow and bow;
 And I'll go down to some foreign country
 Where no one doth me know!"

9. "Oh no! Kind sir, {she is not dead!
 {do not do so!
 For she is by your side!
 And here she doth stand at your fair horse's head
 All ready to be your bride!"

10. "Oh farewell to father, farewell to mother!
 Farewell to friend and foe!
 For now I'll enjoy my own true love,
 Who I thought was dead so long ago!"¹

1. Note (1889): This tune, which is quite different both from the traditional one to which the ballad is commonly sung and from the other tune given in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, bears some likeness to the tune of 'Little Musgrave and the Lady Barnard' given in that work.

The Poacher's Song.

No. 12.

With spirit.

D G D G C D C G



1. In Thorn-y woods in Buck-ing- ham-shire, Right- fol- lol- de- li- de- O,
 2. I and my dogs went out... one night,
 3. The ver-y first night I had... bad luck,
 4. I searched his wounds, and found. them slight,

D Em D Em D G D A D A D



Three keep- ers' hou- ses stood three square; Fo- de-rol- lol-de- ri- da,-
 The moon and stars they shone so bright,
 For my ver-y best dog in the breast got stuck,
 'Twas done by the keep- er out of spite,

C D G C D C D C G D G D



Three keep- ers' hou- ses stood three square, A- bout a mile from each oth-er they were;
 O'er hed- ges, dit- ches, gates and stiles, with my two dogs.. close at... my heels,
 He came to me so limp- ing lame, He was not ab- le to foll-ow the game, .
 I took my pike- staff in my hand, And ranged the woods to find out.. the man.,

D C D G D G C D C D C G A G B Em



In or- der to look af-ter the deer. - Fol- de-rol lol- de-rol- li- do.
 To look for a buck in Park-. moor fields,
 How sorr-y was I to see... the same!
 To see wheth-er I his hide.. could tan,

5. When I had rang-ed all that night,
 Right fol lol, etc.
 Until the next morning it was daylight,
 Fol de rol, etc.
 When I had rang-ed all that night,
 until the next morning it was daylight,
 I thought it high time to take my flight,
 Fol de rol, etc.

6. Then I went home, and went to bed,
 Right fol lol, etc.
 And limping Jack went in my stead,
 Fol de rol, etc.
 In Parkmoor fields, oh! There he found
 A brave fat buck running over the ground,
 And my two dogs soon pulled him down,
 Fol de rol, etc.

7. I listened a while to hear their note,
 Right fol lol, etc.
 Jack drew a quivy, and cut his throat,
 Fol de rol, etc.
 How you'd have laughed to see limping Jack
 Come hopping along with a buck at his back,
 And hide it under the miller's haystack,
 Fol de rol, etc.

8. We sent for a butcher to dress up our game,
 Right fol lol, etc.
 And likewise another to sell the same,
 Fol de rol, etc.
 A very fine haunch we offered for sale,
 'Twas to an old woman that sold bad ale,
 And, hang her! She brought us all to jail,
 Fol de rol, etc.

9. Now sessions are over, assizes are near,
 Right fol lol, etc.
 Now Jack and I we must appear,
 Fol de rol, etc.
 Your bucks and does may range so free,
 but hares and rabbits they are for me;
 A poacher's life is the life for me,
 Fol de rol, etc.

In Lancashire.

No. 13.

Fairly fast.

C D G C G D G C G C

In Lan- ca- shire there liv'd a man, And peo- ple they call'd him Ea- sy John:

G C G C G C G F G C G

Fear- ing that he was... a witch, To his old wife.. he did be-seech

C F G F C F C F G C

That he might to some.. court go, - To know whe-ther he was a witch or no.



Come Listen.

No. 14.

With spirit.

(Capo 3.)

Bb(G) Eb(C) Bb(G)

Come list-en to a mer-ry jest,

F(D) Bb(G) Eb(C) Bb(G) F(D)

'Tis of a dam-sel in the West. . . .;

Bb(G) Eb(C)

And she was gay and hand-some too,

Bb(G) Cm(Am) Bb(G) F(D) Eb(C) Bb(G)

As plain-ly I'll. . . . re-late to you,

Eb(C) Bb(G) Eb(C) Bb(G) Eb(C) Bb(G)

With a high ran dan- dy, dan-dy da;

Eb(C)

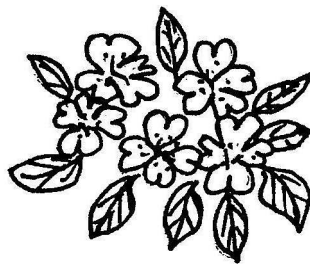
And she was gay and hand-some too,

Bb(G) Cm(Am) Bb(G) F(D) Eb(C) F(D) Eb(C) Bb(G)

As plain-ly I'll. . . . re-late to you,

Eb(C) Bb(G) Eb(C) Bb(G) Eb(C) Bb(G)

With a high ran dan- dy, dan-dy da.



The Woodcutter. [Harvest Supper Song.]

No. 15.

Cheerfully.

G D C D C G D G

1. Here's a health un-to... the jol-ly wood-cut-er that lives.. at home at ease.....
 2. Here's a health un-to... our mas-..... ter,.. the foun- der of the feast;.....

D C D C G D G

He takes his work.. a slight in hand and he leaves it when he please.
 I wish him well.. with all my heart that his soul. in heaven may rest:

D C G Am G D G C G D

He takes the withe and he winds it and he lays it on the ground,
 That all his works.. may pros- per,.. what- ev- er he takes in hand;

G D C D C G D G

A- round the fag-got he binds it,- drink round, brave boys, drink round!
 For we are all... his ser- vants and all.. at his com- mand.

D C G Am G D G C G D

Drink round, brave boys! drink round, brave boys! till it does come to me;.....
 So drink, boys, drink! so drink, boys, drink! and see you do not spill,

G D C D C G D G D G

The lon- ger we. .. sit here and drink, the mer-ri- er we shall be. 1
 For if you do, .. you shall drink two, for it is our mas- ter's will.

1. Note (1889): This is a version, in the Major instead of the Minor, of the tune known as 'The Miller of the Dee', of which, however, an earlier name is, according to Mr. Chappell: 'The budgeon it is a delicate trade.' The Harvest Supper song, sung to the tune in a Major Key, is, or was, known in Kent, Suffolk and Wiltshire, and probably in other Counties, as well as in Sussex and Surrey.

Lord Bateman.

No. 16.

Resolutely. (Capo 3.)

C(A) F(D) C(A) F(D) Bb(G) C(A)

1. Lord Bate- man he had a mind to tra- vel
 2. And in this prison there grew a tree.
 3. This Turk he had one. on- ly daugh- ter,
 4. "Have you got hous- es have you got lands. ..?

F(D) C(A) F(D) Bb(G) C(A)

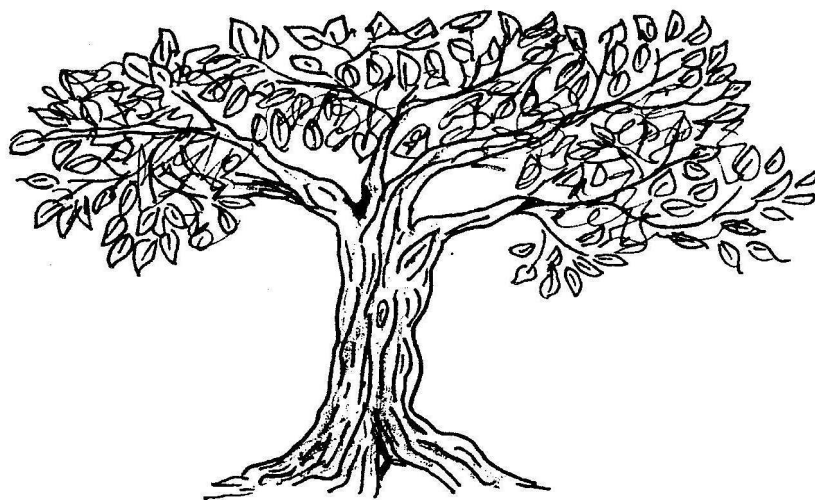
In- to some fo- reign coun. try;
 It grew so stout. and strong,
 The fair- est crea- ture my eyes did see,
 Or does North- umb- er land bel- ong to thee?

F(D) Bb(G) C(A) F(D) C(A) Bb(G) C(A) F(D)

Where he was ta- ken and put in pri- ... son,
 Where he was chain- ed by. the mid. die,
 She stole the keys. of her fath- er's pris- ... on,
 What would you give. to the fair young la- dy

C(A) F(D) Bb(G) C(A) Bb(G) C(A)

Till of his life. he was quite wea- ry.
 Un- til his life. it was al- most gone.
 And swore Lord Bate. man she would set free.
 That out of pri- son would set you free? "



5. "I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland belongs to me.
I'll give it all to the fair young lady,
That out of prison would set me free."
6. O then she took him to her father's hall,
And gave to him the best of wine,
And every health she drank unto him,
"I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine."
7. Now in seven years I'll make a vow,
And seven years I'll keep it strong,
If you'll wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man."
8. O then she took him to her father's harbour
And gave to him a ship of fame,
"Farewell, farewell to you Lord Bateman,
I'm afraid I ne'er shall see you again."
9. Now seven long years are gone and past,
And fourteen days well known to thee,
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.
10. But when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
So boldly she rang the bell,
"Who's there, who's there?" cried the proud porter,
"Who's there? Come tell unto me."
11. "O is this Lord Bateman's castle,
Or is his Lordship here within?"
"O yes, O yes," cried the young porter.
"He's just now taken his new bride in."
12. "O tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady,
Who did release him when close confined."
13. Away, away went this young proud porter,
Away, away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Down on his bended knees fell he.
14. "What news, what news, my proud young porter,
What news hast thou brought unto me?"
"There is the fairest of all young creatures
That e'er my two eyes did see."
15. She has got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she has got three,
And as much gay clothing round her middle
As would buy all Northumberland.
16. She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady,
Who did release you when close confined."
17. Lord Bateman he then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying "I will give all my father's riches,
That if Sophia has crossed the sea."
18. Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,
"You'll not forget my only daughter,
That if Sophia has crossed the sea?"
19. "I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's neither the better nor worse for me.
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three."
20. Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee.
"I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now since Sophia has crossed the sea."

1. The 1843 and the 1889 versions contain only the first verse. The other verses are taken from a text "printed and sold by J. Catnach" to be found on page 199 of the Cecil Sharp Broadside Collection (2061) in the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library at Cecil Sharp House. The words in the last line of verse 2 have been slightly altered to make them fit the music better.



PART TWO

**LUCY
BROADWOOD**

1889

Mummers' Carol.

No. 17.

Steadily with feeling.

D Em D A D G D A D A D G D

1. A... glo- rious an- gel from Hea- ven came Un- to the Vir- gin... Maid.....
2. Each. mor- tal man re- mem- bers well, When. Christ came down from... heaven.....
3. Each. mor- tal man re- mem- bers well, When. Christ was put to ... scorn.....
4. Each. mor- tal man re- mem- bers well, When. Christ our Sa- viour. died.....

G D G A G A G D G D G D A

Strange news and ti- dings of great joy.. the hum- ble Ma- ry had.....
'Twas for our sins and wick- ed... ways. His pre- cious blood was gi-.....
He was ta- ken to.. the judg- ment. seat. and crown- ed with the thorn.....
He was cru- ci- fied up- on the.. tree. With thieves on ei- ther side.....

Bm D A D G D A D

the hum- ble.. Ma- ry had...
his pre- cious blood. was given.
and with crown- ned.. with. the thorn.
with thieves. on... ei- ther side.

- | | | | |
|----|--|----|---|
| 5. | Each mortal man remembers well
How Christ died on the rood,
'Twas for our sins and wicked ways
Christ shed his precious blood,
Christ shed his precious blood. | 7. | God bless your house, your children too,
Your cattle and your store;
The Lord increase you day by day,
And give you more and more,
And give you more and more. ¹ |
| 6. | Each mortal man remembers well,
When Christ was wrapped in clay,
He was taken to a sepulchre
Where never man did lay,
Where never man did lay. | | |

1. Note (1889): Sung by Mummers, called in Sussex 'Tipteerers', after their play of 'St. George, the Turk and the Seven Champions of Christendom.' Words put into shape from two very illiterate versions written down from memory by two of the actors.



The Nobleman and the Thresherman.

No. 18.

At a steady pace.

(Capo 3.)

Cm(Am) G(E) Cm(Am) Fm(Dm) Ab(F) Fm(Dm) Cm(Am)

1. A no- ble-man there liv- ed in the vil-.... lage of late;

2. This no- ble-man he met.... .. with this poor.... .. man one day.... ..

3. "Some times... .. I do reap... .. and some- times I do sow... ..

4. "When my day's work is done... .. I go home.... .. late at night;

G(E) Eb(C) D(B) Gm(Em) Eb(C) G(E) Cm(Am) D(B) G(E)

There was a poor... .. thresh- er- man, his fa- mi- ly was great;

And un- to this poor thresh- er- man these ver- y words did say:

And some- times I a- hedg- ing, and a- ditch- ing too, do go;

All in my wife and fam- i- ly I take a great de- light;

Cm(Am) D(B) Gm(Em) Eb(C) D(B) Gm(Em) Cm(Am) D(B) Cm(Am) G(E)

He had got se- ven chil... .. ren and most of them were small;

"You are a poor... .. thresh- er- man, I know it to be true;

There's noth- ing goes a- miss with me, my harr- ow or my plough:

My child- ren they come round me with their pratt- le and their toys;

Cm(Am) G(E) Cm(Am) G(E) Cm(Am) Fm(Dm) G(E) Cm(Am)

He'd no- thing but hard la.... .. bour for to main- tain them all;

And how do you get your li.... .. ving so well as you now do?

And so I get my li- ving by the sweat.... .. of my brow;

And that is all the plea- sure, that a poor.... .. man en- joys;



5. "My wife she is willing to join me in the yoke;
We live like unto turtle-doves, and ne'er a one
provoke.
These times are very bad, and we are very poor,
But still we get our living, and we keep
cold from the door."

6. "You are an honest fellow, you speak well
of your wife;
And you shall both live happy all the
last part of your life:
Here's forty acres of good land I'll freely give to
thee
For to maintain your wife and self, and your sweet
family!"

7. God bless all the farmers that take pity on poor men,
I wish of them with all my heart their souls
in heav'n may stand;
And may those that are left behind, a better pattern
take,
That they may follow after as quick as they can.¹

1. Note (1889): Probably the original ran more as follows:

7. God bless all such good farmers as live in our
dear land,
I wish of them with all my heart their souls in heav'n
may stand;
And may the rich a pattern take from this good nobleman,
That they may follow after him as quickly as the can.

A version is in the Roxburgh Ballads, also in Bell's
Songs of the Peasantry.

Bango. [Harvest Supper Song.]

No. 19.

Cheerfully. (Capo 3.)

Gm(Em) Eb(C) F(D) D(B) Gm(Em) Eb(C) F(D)

1. The Mil-ler's old dog lies on the mill floor, and Ban- go is his name, oh-

Gm(Em) D(B) Gm(Em) D(B) Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) B(D) Gm(Em)

B, A, and N, G, O, And Ban- go is his name, oh.

F(D) Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) F(D)

2. Have you seen old Si- mon's wal- let Hang- ing on the wall, oh?
3. Have you seen the beg- gar's wal- let Hang- ing on the nail, oh?

Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) D(B) Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em)

Bud- get, bot- tle, wal- let, sat- chel, Hang- ing on the wall, oh!
Mut- ton, ba- con, beef and pud- den, Hang- ing on the nail, oh!

Bold Reynard the Fox. [Hunting Song.]

No. 20.

Boldly.

(Capo 1.)

Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em)

1. Most gen- tle- men take great de- light.
 2. 'Twas by Gaf- fer Gill's I did lie,
 3. For for- ty long miles I did run,
 4. 'Twas by Si- mon Sturt's where I wan- dered,

1. In. hunt- ing bold Rey- nard the fox,
 And I lived at a plen- ti- ful rate;
 I. ran them in three hours. ... space;
 Where a game- keep- er shot through my thigh,

Eb(D) Fm(Em) B(C) Fm(Em)

'Twas by Gaf- fer Gills that I lay,
 Young lams there I pick- ed their bones,
 It made my old coat stand on end,
 Oh par- don! dear hunts- man and hounds,

Eb(D) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em)

Where I fed up- on fat geese and ducks;
 And the farm- ers 'gan me for to hate,
 As the hounds fol- lowed on me a- pace,
 For from this fa- tal wound I must die,

Eb(D) Fm(Em) Bbm(Am) Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em)

'Twas by Gaf- fer Gill's I did lie,
 Lord Jones for the King's hounds did send,
 Full man- y times I've been pur- sued,
 My old coat it lay close to my back,

Bbm(Am) Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em) C(B)

Not think- ing how soon I should die;
 Tom- my Bow- son he said I should die;
 By dogs that could run like a cow,
 For to hear the brave hunts- man hol- lo;

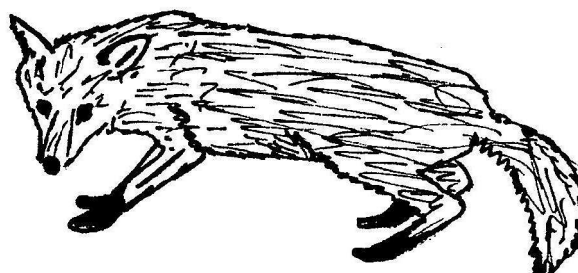
Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em)

I was chas'd by a fresh pack of hounds,
 I left two lit- tle bro- thers be- hind me.....
 But in all the whole course of my life.....
 My sweat dropped like the dew in the morn- ing.....

Eb(D) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em)

Which caus'd me from my coun- try to fly.....
 That love young... .. lambs bet- ter than I.....
 I ne'er had such a breath- ing as now.....
 To hear how the hounds they did fol- low.....

5. 'Twas in Stoney Fields that they kill'd me
 Where the blood thirsty hounds they did follow;
 They tore my old jacket to pieces,-
 Good Lord how the huntsman did holla.
 And now that poor Reynard is ended,
 We'll down to the Dragon and dine;
 We'll dip his fore-pad in a bumper,
 And we'll drink my Lord's health in good wine.



Last Valentine's Day. [Hunting Song.]

No. 21.

With Spirit.

(Capo 3.)

F(D) Dm(Bm)

1. Last Va- len- tine's day bright Phoe- bus shone clear,
 2. "Hark! hark! in to cover! " Colonel Wynd- ham he cried,
 3. Then up stept Jim Norr- is who cared not a pin
 4. Our hounds and our hor- ses they all were so good

Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G) Dm(Bm) Bb(G) F(D) C(A) F(D)

We had not been a hunt- ing for the space of one year.
 He had no soon- er spoke than a fox he es- pied;
 When he pushed at the stream and his horse tum- bled in;
 As... e- ver broke co- ver or dashed though a wood.

Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G) C(A) F(D)

I... mount- ed Black Clo- ver that horse of great fame,
 "Tal- ly ho!" was the word, and then, "crack! " the whip!
 As... he cross- ed o- ver, he spied the bold Ren,
 Come. fill up your glass- es and round let us drink,

Bb(G) F(D) C(A)

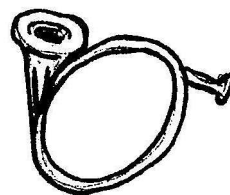
For to hear the horn blow and the word "Tal- ly ho! ho!
 And.. that, being the sig- nal, our hounds they let slip.,
 With his tongue hang- ing out turn- ing back to his den.,
 For.. whilst we are hunt- ers we ne- ver will shrink,

Chorus: Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!"

F(D) C(A) Bb(G) F(D) C(A) F(D)

Hark, For- ward! Who says "Tal- ly ho! ?" 1

1. In verses 3 and 4 substitute "Huzza!" for "Who says" in the last line of the Chorus.



The Sweet Rosy Morning. [Hunting Song.]

No. 22.

With spirit.

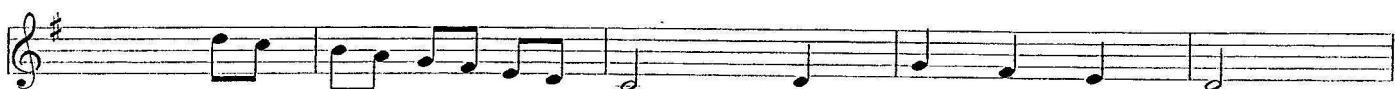


1. The sweet ro-sy morn-ing smiles o-ver the hills.....
2. The fox runs be-fore us, he seems for to fly.....
3. When our day's work is end-ed we home do re-tire.....



With blush- es a- dorn- ing the mea- dows and rills:
And pants to the cho- rus of the hounds in full cry.
And we pull off our boots by the light of the fire.

1st Voice. D G D C D C 2nd Voice. D G D C G



Chorus: And the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry horn Cries "come, come a-way!"

1st Voice. C D C G D 2nd Voice. G D C D



And the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry horn..... cries "come, come a-way!"

G D G C

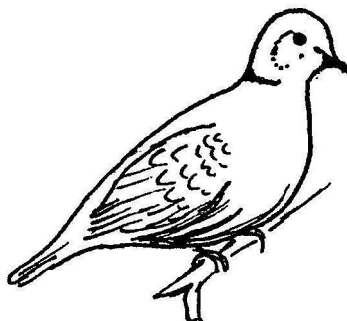


A- wake from your slum- bers and hail the new day,

G D G C G C D G



A- wake from your slum- bers and hail the new day.



Bowl! Bowl! [Drinking Song.]

No. 23.

Merrily.

C F G F G C

1. Come, all you good fel- lows, give ear... to me, come!
 2. My fa- ther, he lies in the depths, of the sea,
 3. From France there comes bran- dy, from Ja- mai-...-ca comes rum,

G F G F G C F G

I'll sing in the praise of good bran- dy and rum.
 With the stones at his feet, but no ma- tter to he!
 Sweet oran- ges and le- mons from Port- u- gal come,

C G C F rit. C G

Old ale and good cy- der o'er Eng- land do roll,.....
 There's a clear and tal- cun- tain o'er Eng- land doth roll,.....
 Old ale and good cy- der o'er Eng- land do roll,.....

a tempo C F G F G F G F G C

Chorus: Give me the punch la- dle, I'll fa- thom the bowl!

G C F G C F G

I'll fa- thom the bowl, I'll fa- thom the bowl,

rit. F G

Bowl!

a tempo C F G F G F G C

Give me the punch la- dle I'll fa- thom the bowl!



I've been to France and ...Dover.

No. 24.

With movement.

(Optional chord changes.)

G (C) (G) C (G) D G (D) (G) D

I've been to France. .. and I've been to Do. ver,
I've been a tra- vel- ling o- ver and o- ver,

G C D G D

O- ver, o- ver, o- ver and o- ver.

C (D) (G) D (G) (C) G D G

Drink up your li- quor and turn the horn o- ver. ¹

1. Note (1889): In an interesting Lecture on "Sussex Songs and Music" delivered before the British Archaeological Association (Brighton, 1885) Mr. F.E. Sawyer gives the following account of the singing of another version of this song:- "The Chairman stands behind the pail of beer with a tall horn Cup in his hand and fills it from the pail. The man next to him stands up and holding a hat with both hands by the brim, crown upwards, receives the Cup from the Chairman on the crown of the hat, not touching it with either hand. He then lifts the Cup to his lips by raising the hat, and slowly drinks the contents. As soon as he begins to drink the chorus strike up this chant:-

I've bin to Plymouth, and I've bin to Do-over,
I've bin ramblin', boys, all de wurd o-over,
Over and over, and over, and o-over,
Drink up yur liquor and turn yur cup over.
Over and over, and over, and o-over,
De liquor's drink't up, and de cup is turned o-over.

The man drinking is expected to empty his glass by the end of the fourth line and then to return the hat to the perpendicular, still holding it by the brim, and to toss the cup into the air and, reversing the hat, to catch the cup in it as it falls. If he fails, the chorus say:-

De liquor's drink't up, but de cup ain't turned over.

And the unhappy (?) man has to go through the ceremony again."

He Swore He'd Drink Old England Dry.

No. 25.

Rousingly. (Capo 3.)

C(A) F(D) C(A) F(D) C(A) F(D) C(A) F(D)

C(A) F(D) Bb(G) C(A) Bb(G) C(A) Bb(G) F(D)

Bb(G) C(A) Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G) C(A) F(D) C(A)

Bb(G) C(A) F(D) C(A)F(D) B(G) C(A) Bb(G) C(A) Bb(G) F(D) C(A) F(D)

C(A) F(D) C(A) Bb(G) C(A)

Dry, dry, dry, boys,.... dry!

F(D) C(A) F(D) Bb(G) C(A) Bb(G) C(A) Bb(G) F(D) C(A) F(D)

He swore he'd come and drink old Eng- land dry, dry, dry.¹

1. A note of 1889 tells us that the "He" referred to in the title is Napoleon Bonaparte. We are further informed: "This tune is one of those collected by Miss L.E. Broadwood, who has not been able to obtain the words of the whole song, but only of the chorus, as here given."



The Shepherd Boy.¹

No. 26.

Lyrically.

Em Am G B Em D B

Em Am G B Em D B

B C B D B D G D C D C G D G D G D

Em C D G D C G D Em

1. Note (1889): There seem to be no words known as belonging to this tune; it was probably a dance tune.





Ferret
Publications

Sutton Coldfield