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# FOLK-SONGS OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY  
CECIL J. SHARP.

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BOOK II.

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## FOLK-SONGS FROM THE EASTERN COUNTIES

COLLECTED BY  
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

LONDON  
*Novello & Co., Ltd.*

FOLK-SONGS OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY  
CECIL J. SHARP

BOOK I.

FOLK-SONGS

FROM

DORSET

COLLECTED BY

H. E. D. HAMMOND.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY

CECIL J. SHARP.

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BOOK II.

FOLK-SONGS

FROM THE

EASTERN COUNTIES

COLLECTED, AND SET WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT, BY

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

CONTENTS:

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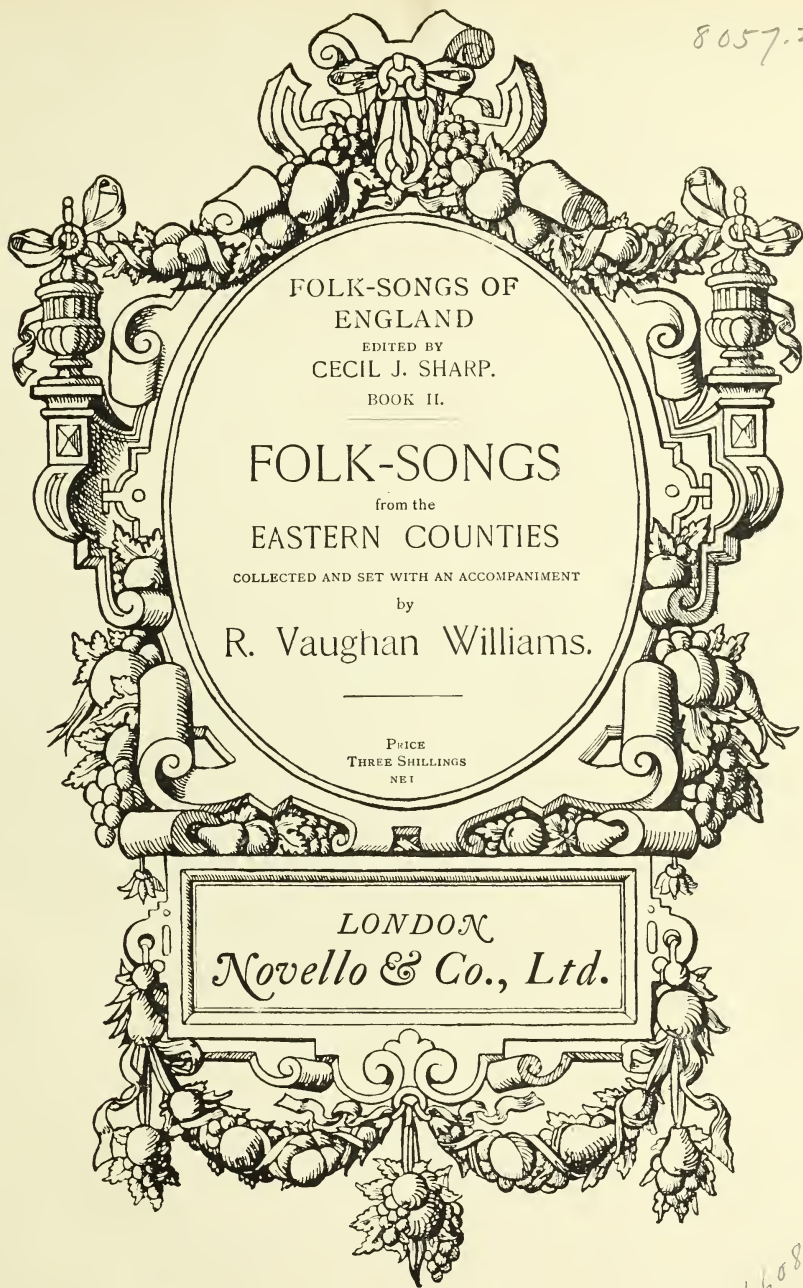
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*Cont. of series*

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## GENERAL PREFACE TO THE FOLK-SONG SERIES.

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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 series 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

#### PREFACE.

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 II.

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THE Fifteen Melodies which are arranged in this volume are part of a much larger collection made in the Eastern Counties. It is not to be supposed that they are the exclusive property of the counties to which they are credited; all that is claimed for them is that they certainly are sung in these counties, and that most of the melodies have not as yet been discovered elsewhere. It will be noticed that, while six songs from Essex and seven from Norfolk are given, there are only two from Cambridgeshire and none from Suffolk. This means, not that these two counties are less rich in folk-song than the others, but simply that time and opportunity have not yet been found to explore them. Nor do the songs collected from Essex and Norfolk represent an exhaustive search; all the Norfolk tunes come from Kings Lynn and the neighbourhood, and the Essex songs from a small area near the town of Brentwood. It is to be hoped that an acquaintance with the melodies here given will incite others to explore those parts of East Anglia which are still unsearched.

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my grateful thanks to the singers of these melodies, and to all those who helped in the work of collection.

R. V. W.

*These arrangements of Folk-tunes are gratefully dedicated to  
those who first sang them to me.*

*R. V. W.*



# BUSHES AND BRIARS.

(ESSEX.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Lento e molto espressivo.*

1. \* Through bush-es and through bri-ars, I late-ly took my—

*pochettino animando*

way; All— for to— hear the small birds sing, And the

*colla voce*

*ritard.* *pochettino animando*

lambs to— skip and play. All— for to hear the

*colla voce* *colla voce*

Ped. ✱

\* The first verse may, with great advantage, be sung unaccompanied, the accompaniment coming in at the bar marked † B

*rall.*

small birds sing, And the lambs to\_\_ skip and play. 2.1

o - ver - heard my own true love, Her voice it was so\_\_ clear, "Long

*pochettino animando*

time I\_\_ have been wait - - ing\_\_ for The com - ing\_\_

*colla voce*

*ritard.* *pochettino animando*

of my dear.\_\_\_\_ Long time I\_\_ have been wait - - ing\_\_

*colla voce* *colla voce*

*Ped.* ✱

*rall.* *mf*

for the com - ing of my dear. 3. Some -

*poco più animato* *poch. animando*

- times I am un - eas - y And troubled in my mind, Some-times I -

*mf poco più animato* *colla voce*

*poco rit.*

think I'll go to my love And tell to him my -

*colla voce*

*f* *pochettino animando*

mind. Some-times I think I'll go to my

*colla voce*

*poco rall.* *Tempo I?*

love And tell to him my mind. 4. And if I should go

*p colla voce* *pp*

*pochettino animando*

to my love, My love he will say nay, If I show to

*colla voce*

*rit.*

him my bold - - - ness He'll ne'er love me a - gain.

*colla voce cresc.* *stringendo simile*

*Ped.* *\** *Ped.* *\** *Ped.* *\**

*ff appassionato poch. animando*

If I show to him my bold - - - ness He'll ne'er love

*f appassion.* *colla voce* *fff*

*Ped.* *\** *Ped.* *\** *Ped.* *\** *Ped.* *\** *Ped.* *\** *Ped.* *\**

*molto rit.*

*pp*

me a - - gain."

*pp poco più lento*

*Ped.*

The musical score is for a song titled 'BUSHES AND BRIARS.' It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'me a - - gain.'" and is marked with 'molto rit.' and 'pp'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with arpeggiated chords and a left hand with sustained chords. The tempo is marked 'pp poco più lento' and 'Ped.' is indicated for the piano.

## BUSHES AND BRIARS.

1. Through bushes and through briars,  
I lately took my way;  
All for to hear the small birds sing,  
And the lambs to skip and play.
2. I overheard my own true love,  
Her voice it was so clear,  
"Long time I have been waiting for  
The coming of my dear.
3. Sometimes I am uneasy  
And troubled in my mind,  
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love  
And tell to him my mind.
4. And if I should go to my love,  
My love he will say nay,  
If I show to him my boldness  
He'll ne'er love me again."



# TARRY TROUSERS.

(ESSEX.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Allegretto.*

1. As I walked out one fine sum-mers morn - ing, The

morn - ing being both fine and clear, There I heard a

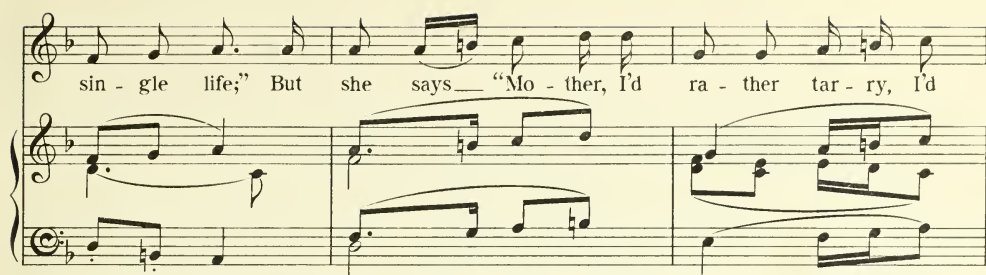
tend - er mo - ther Talk - ing to her daugh - ter dear.

2. "Daugh - ter, daugh - ter, I'd have you to mar - ry, Live no long - er a

The accompaniment to the first verse may be used throughout if preferred.

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sin - gle life;" But she says — "Mo - ther, I'd ra - ther tar - ry, I'd



ra - ther wait for my sai - lor bold." 3. "Sai - lors they are  
mo - ther wants me to

(2<sup>nd</sup> time *pp*)



giv'n to — rov - ing, In - - to for - eign parts they do go,  
wed with a tai - lor, And not give me my heart's de - light, But

(2<sup>nd</sup> time *pp*)



Then they will leave you brok - en - heart - ed, And they'll prove your —  
give me the man with the tar - ry trowsers, That shine to me like —

(2<sup>nd</sup> time *f*)

The musical score is for a song in 2/4 time, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two first endings and a second ending. The piano accompaniment includes a left hand with a descending scale and a right hand with a more complex melodic line. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *ppp* (pianississimo). A pedal point is marked with 'Ped.' and a decorative asterisk at the end.

1. *pp* o - ver - throw." 4. "My di - a-monds bright."

1. *pp* *ppp* *Ped.* \*

## TARRY TROWERS.

1. As I walked out one fine summer's morning,  
The morning being both fine and clear,  
There I heard a tender mother  
Talking to her daughter dear.
2. "Daughter, daughter, I'd have you to marry,  
Live no longer a single life;"  
But she says "Mother, I'd rather tarry,  
I'd rather wait for my sailor bold."
3. "Sailors they are given to roving,  
Into foreign parts they do go,  
Then they will leave you broken-hearted,  
And they'll prove your overthrow."
4. "My mother wants me to wed with a tailor,  
And not give me my heart's delight,  
But give me the man with the tarry trowsers,  
That shine to me like diamonds bright."

# A BOLD YOUNG FARMER.

(ESSEX.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Andante con Larghezza.* Verses 1, 2, 3 & 4.

*p sostenuto*

1. A bold young farm-er he court-ed me, He

*P molto sostenuto*

gained my heart and my li - - ber-ty, He has gained my heart with a

free good will, And I must con - fess I love him still.

1. Verse 5. *pp poco più lento*

2. There 5. Go dig my grave both long, wide and deep. Place a

mar - ble stone at my head and feet, And in the mid - dle a tur - tle dove, To

show the wide world I died for love. \_\_\_\_\_

*ppp*



## A BOLD YOUNG FARMER.

1. A bold young farmer he courted me,  
He gained my heart and my liberty,  
He has gained my heart with a free good will,  
And I must confess I love him still.
2. There is an inn, in this same town,  
Where my love goes and sits him down,  
And takes another girl on his knee,  
He tells her what he doesn't tell me.
3. It's grief to me, I'll tell you for why,  
Because she has more gold than I,  
But in needy time her gold shall fly,  
And she shall be as poor as I.
4. There is a bird on yonder tree,  
They say it's blind and cannot see;  
I wish it had been the same with me,  
Before I joined his company.
5. Go dig my grave both long, wide and deep,  
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,  
And in the middle a turtle dove,  
To show the wide world I died for love.

# THE LOST LADY FOUND.

(ESSEX.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Allegro comodo.* *mf* (very rhythmical)

1. 'Twas down in a val - ley a young dam - sel did

*f* *p* *pp* (small notes ad lib.)

dwel, She lived with her un - cle as all knew full well, 'Twas

down in the val - leys where vio - lets are gay, Three gyp - sies be -

-trayed her and stole her a - way.      2. Long time she'd been miss-ing and

*f* *sempre p*

could not be found, Her un - cle, he search - ed the coun - try a -

*simile*

- round, Till he came to her trus - tee, be - tween hope and fear, The

trus - tee made an - swer, "She has not been here?" 3. The

*f*

trus-tee spake up, with a cour-age so bold, "I fear she's been

*sempre p*

lost for the sake of her gold; So we'll have life for life, sir," the

trus-tee did say, "We'll send you to pris-on, and there you shall

stay."

4. There

*f* *p* *ff*

## THE LOST LADY FOUND.

1. 'Twas down in a valley a young damsel did dwell,  
She lived with her uncle as all knew full well,  
'Twas down in the valleys where violets are gay,  
Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.
2. Long time she'd been missing and could not be found,  
Her uncle, he search'd the country around,  
Till he came to her trustee, between hope and fear,  
The trustee made answer, "She has not been here."
3. The trustee spake up, with courage so bold,  
"I fear she's been lost for the sake of her gold;  
So we'll have life for life, sir," the trustee did say,  
"We'll send you to prison, and there you shall stay."
4. There was a young squire that lov'd her so,  
Oft times to the schoolhouse together they'd go;  
"I'm afraid she is murdered; so great is my fear,  
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear."
5. He travelled through England, through France and through Spain,  
He ventured his life on the watery main;  
Till he came to a house where he lodged for a night,  
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.
6. When she saw him, she knew him and flew to his arms;  
She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms.  
"How came you to Dublin, my dearest?" said he,  
"Three gypsies betrayed me and stole me away."
7. "Your uncle's in England, in prison doth lie,  
And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die."  
"Carry me to old England, my dearest," she cried;  
"One thousand I'll give you, and will be your bride."
8. When she came to old England, her uncle to see,  
The cart it was under the high gallows-tree.  
"Oh, pardon! oh, pardon! oh, pardon! I crave!  
Don't you see I'm alive, your dear life for to save?"
9. Then straight from the gallows they led him away,  
The bells they did ring and the music did play;  
Ev'ry house in the valley with mirth did resound,  
As soon as they heard the "Lost Lady" was found.



## AS I WALKED OUT.

(ESSEX)

*Moderato espressivo.*Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*p* *sostenuto*

1. As I walked out one May morn-ing, So ear-ly in the

*p* *simile*

Spring; I placed my back a - gainst the old gar - den gate, And I

heard my true love sing. 2. To hear my true love now my love and

*mf*

sing, my boys, To hear what she had for to say, " 'Tis  
sit down by me, Where the leaves are spring - ing - green, 'Tis

now ve - ry near three quar - ters of a year Since you and I to - ge - ther did  
now ve - ry near three quar - ters of a year Since you and I to - ge - ther have

1. stay." 2. been" 3. "Come 4. "I will not come and

*pp* *simile*

sit down by you, Nor yet no o - ther young man, Since you have been court - ing some

*poco f* *f*

*molto rall.*

o - ther young girl, Your heart is no lon - ger - mine."

*P* *pp*

*P colla voce* *pp*

*Ped.* \*

## AS I WALKED OUT.

1. As I walked out one May morning,  
So early in the Spring;  
I placed my back against the old garden gate,  
And I heard my true love sing.
2. To hear my true love sing, my boys,  
To hear what she had for to say,  
" 'Tis now very near three quarters of a year  
Since you and I together did stay."
3. "Come now my love and sit down by me,  
Where the leaves are springing green,  
'Tis now very near three quarters of a year  
Since you and I together have been"
4. "I will not come and sit down by you,  
Nor yet no other young man,  
Since you have been courting some other young girl,  
Your heart is no longer mine."

# THE LARK IN THE MORNING.

(ESSEX.)

Collected and set with an accompaniment by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Moderato grazioso. mp semplice*

1. As — I was a - walk-ing one morn-ing in the

*mp semplice*

Spring, I — heard a pret-ty dam - sel most sweet-ly to sing, And,

as she was — sing-ing, these words she did — say — "There's no life like a

*pp*

plough-boy's all in the month of May. 2. The —

Last time.

rall. PPP

## THE LARK IN THE MORNING.

1. As I was a-walking one morning in the Spring,  
I heard a pretty damsel most sweetly to sing;  
And, as she was singing, these words she did say —  
“There’s no life like a ploughboy’s all in the month of May.
2. The Lark in the morning doth rise from her nest,  
She mounts in the air with the dew round her breast.  
It’s all the day long she will whistle and sing,  
And at night she will return to her own nest again.
- \* 3. And when the pretty ploughboy his day’s work is done,  
He trips down to the meadows where the grass is all cut down,  
And there with his sweetheart he’ll dance and he’ll sing,  
And at night he will return with his lass home again.”

\* May be omitted.

*Note.* The singer of the above tune remembered only fragments of the words. The complete words exist on a broadside, but in that form they were not suitable for this publication. In compiling the above text some of the broadside verses have been omitted and some of the lines transposed from one verse to another; nothing, however, has been added.



# ON BOARD A NINETY - EIGHT.

(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

Verses 1, 2, 3 & 4.

*Allegro.*

*f risoluto*

1. When I was young and—

scarce eigh - teen, I— drove a roar - ing trade; And—

many a sly— trick I have played On— many a pret - ty

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' and the dynamics include 'f risoluto'. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system shows the beginning of the first verse. The second system continues the first verse. The third system continues the first verse. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, with some passages marked with a hairpin crescendo.

*Note.* The first verse may, with advantage, be sung unaccompanied, the accompaniment entering at †. The whole song may, with the exception of the last verse, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.

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maid. My par-ents saw that would not do, I— soon would spend their

store, So— they re-solv'd that I— should go On—

board a Man - of - War. *ff* Verses 5 & 6. 5. So years rolled by, at—

Tra-fal - gar Brave Nel-son fought and fell; As— they cap-sized that

hard - y tar I — caught a rap — as well. To Green-wich Col - lege

I came back, Be - cause I saved my pate; They on - ly knocked a

wing off Jack On board a Nine - ty - Eight. 6. So

*p dolce*

*molto rall. e dim.*

*Piu lento.*

now my co - coa — I can take, My — pouch with 'bac - ca stored; With —

*Piu lento.*

*p*

my blue clothes and three-cocked hat I'm hap - py as a lord. I've

done my du - ty, served my king, And now I bless my fate, But

dam-me, I'm too old to sing, I'm near - ly nine - ty - eight.

*rall.*

*rall.*

*PPP*

*Ped.*

## ON BOARD A NINETY - EIGHT.

---

1. When I was young and scarce eighteen,  
I drove a roaring trade;  
And many a sly trick I have played  
On many a pretty maid.  
My parents found that would not do,  
I soon would spend their store,  
So they resolv'd that I should go  
On board a Man-of-War.
  
2. A bold pressgang surrounded me,  
Their warrant they did show,  
And swore that I should go to sea,  
And face the daring foe.  
So off they lugged me to the boat,  
O how I cursed my fate,  
'Twas then I found that I must float  
On board a Ninety-Eight.
  
3. When first I put my foot on board,  
How I began to stare,  
Our Admiral he gave the word,  
"There is no time to spare."  
They weighed their anchor, shook out sail,  
And off they bore me straight,  
To watch the foe in storm and gale,  
On board a Ninety-Eight.
  
4. Now as time fled I bolder grew,  
And hardened was to war;  
I'd run aloft with my ship's crew,  
And valued not a scar.  
So well I did my duty do,  
Till I got boatswain's mate,  
And damme, soon got boatswain too  
On board a Ninety-Eight.
  
5. So years rolled by, at Trafalgar  
Brave Nelson fought and fell;  
As they capsized that hardy tar  
I caught a rap as well.  
To Greenwich College I came back,  
Because I saved my pate;  
They only knocked a wing off Jack  
On board a Ninety-Eight.
  
6. So now my cocoa I can take,  
My pouch with 'bacca stored;  
With my blue clothes and three-cocked hat  
I'm happy as a lord.  
I've done my duty, served my king,  
And now I bless my fate,  
But damme, I'm too old to sing,  
I'm nearly ninety-eight.



# THE CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE.

(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Lento.* *To be sung freely.* *p sostenuto*

1. One day a poor boy to me was bound apprentice, Be-

*pp* *(small notes ad lib.)*

- cause of his be - ing fa - ther - less; I took him out of Saint

James' work - house, His mo - ther be - ing in deep dis - tress. I

took him out of Saint James' workhouse, His mother be - ing in

deep distress. 2. One day this poor boy un-to me offended, But

noth-ing to — him — I did say, Up to the main-mast shroud I sent him, And

there I kept him all that long day. Up to the main - - mast

shroud I sent him, And there I kept him all that long day.

*Ped.*

(2<sup>nd</sup> time *f*)

3. All with my gas - ket I mis-used him, So  
4. You cap - tains all through - out the na - tion, Hear a

(2<sup>nd</sup> time *f*)

\*

shame - ful - ly I can't de - ny, And by my bar - ba - rous  
voice and a warn - ing take by - me; Take spe - cial care — of

cru - el en - treat - ment, The ve - ry next day this poor boy died. And  
your — ap - pren - tice While you are on the rag - ing sea. Take

by my bar - ba - rous cru - el en - treat - ment, The ve - ry next day this  
spe - cial care of your ap - pren - tice While you are on the

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. The vocal line features a melody with two triplets marked with a '3' and a slur. The piano accompaniment consists of block chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

After last Verse.  
poor boy died.  
rag - ing sea.

After last Verse.

The second system continues the melody. It includes a repeat sign and a key signature change to 3/4 time. The piano part includes a pedaling instruction 'Ped.' and dynamic markings 'p' and 'ppp'. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line. A double asterisk '\*' is located below the piano part.

## THE CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE.

1. One day a poor boy to me was bound apprentice,  
Because of his being fatherless;  
I took him out of S<sup>t</sup> James' workhouse,  
His mother being in deep distress.
2. One day this poor boy unto me offended,  
But nothing to him I did say,  
Up to the mainmast shroud I sent him,  
And there I kept him all that long day.
3. All with my gasket I misused him,  
So shamefully I can't deny,  
And by my barbarous cruel entreatment,  
The very next day this poor boy died.
4. You captains all throughout the nation,  
Hear a voice and a warning take by me;  
Take special care of your apprentice  
While you are on the raging sea.

# WARD, THE PIRATE. (NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Moderato, alla Marcia.*

*f risoluto*  
*8ves ad lib.*

Verses 1, 2 & 3.

1. Come all you gal-lant sea-men bold, all you that march to  
drum, Let's go and look for Cap-tain Ward, far on the sea he

*Note.* The accompaniment to the 1<sup>st</sup> verse may be used throughout. The last two lines of each verse may be repeated in Chorus if such be available.

12678

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roams; He is the big - gest rob - - ber that\_ e - ver you did

hear, There's not been such a rob - ber found for a - bove this hun - dred year.

Last two Verses.

4. 'Twas eight o' - clock in the morn - - ing when they be - gan to  
5. O then the gal - lant Rain - - bow she fired, she fired in

fight, And so they did con - tin - ue there till nine o' - clock at  
vain, Till six and thir - ty of her men all on the deck were

night: "Fight on, fight on," says Cap-tain Ward, "this sport well plea-ses  
slain "Go home, go home," says Cap-tain Ward, "and tell your King from

me, For if you fight this month or more, your  
me, If he reigns King on

mas-ter I will be. all the land, Ward will reign King on sea."

*ff molto rall.*

*ff colla voce*

## WARD, THE PIRATE.

1. Come all you gallant seamen bold, all you that march to drum,  
Let's go and look for Captain Ward, far on the sea he roams;  
He is the biggest robber that ever you did hear,  
There's not been such a robber found for above this hundred year.
  
2. A ship was sailing from the east and going to the west,  
Loaded with silks and satins and velvets of the best,  
But meeting there with Captain Ward, it was a bad meeting;  
He robbed them of all their wealth and bid them tell their King.
  
3. O then the King provided a ship of noble fame,  
She's called the *Royal Rainbow*, if you would know her name;  
She was as well provided for as any ship can be,  
Full thirteen hundred men on board, to bear her company.
  
4. 'Twas eight o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,  
And so they did continue there till nine o'clock at night:  
"Fight on, fight on," says Captain Ward, "this sport well pleases me,  
For if you fight this month or more, your master I will be."
  
5. O then the gallant *Rainbow* she fired, she fired in vain,  
Till six and thirty of her men all on the deck were slain.  
"Go home, go home," says Captain Ward, "and tell your King from me,  
If he reigns King on all the land, Ward will reign King on sea."

*Note.* The above words have been completed partly from a Sussex version (sung to another tune) and partly from a printed copy.

## THE SAUCY BOLD ROBBER.

(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Allegro.*

1. O come you good  
2. He rob - bed a —

*ff marcato* *mf*

peo - ple that go out a - trip - ping, I pray give at - - ten - tion and  
lord and he rob - bed a la - dy, Five hun - dred bright gui - neas from

*simile*

listn to my song; I'll sing you a dit - ty of a jol - ly bold  
each one of them, Till, as he was a - walk - ing, he — met a young

rob - ber, Stood se - ven foot high in pro - por - tion quite strong.  
sai - lor, And bold as a - li - on he step-pèd up to - him.

3. "De - liv - er - your mo - ney, my jol - ly young  
4. I've just left my - ship - ping and ta - ken my

*ff* *mf* *staccato*

sai - lor, You've plen - ty of - bulk in your pock - et I see." "Aye,  
mo - ney, I'm bound for - old - Eng - land my friends for to see. I've



aye," says the sai - lor, "I've plen - ty of mo - ney, But while I have  
 nine - ty bright gui-neas my friends to make mer - ry, So I pray jol - ly—

life I have got none for— thee.  
 rob-ber, don't you take them from me."

5. Then the

sau - cy— bold rob - ber struck the jol - ly young sai - lor Such a  
 then they both strip - ped, like lamb-kins they skip - ped, They

*f* *simile*

blow on the head which brought him to the ground. "Aye, aye," says the  
 went, life for life, like to sol - diers in field; And the nine - ty eighth

sai - lor, "you have struck me quite hea - vy, But I must en -  
 meet - ing it was a com - - plete-ment, And this jol - ly young

-deav-our to re - turn it a - gain." 6. O  
 sai - lor the rob - ber near killed. 7. Says the

jo! - ly— young sai-lor to the sau - cy bold rob-ber "I hope you won't lay a - ny

*p* *staccato*

blame on to me, If I'd been a rob-ber of— ten hun-dred gui-neas, I—

ne'er would have stopped a poor sai - lor like me."

*rall.*

*colla voce* *ff*

*Ped.* \*

## THE SAUCY BOLD ROBBER.

---

1. O come you good people that go out a-tripping,  
I pray give attention and list'n to my song;  
I'll sing you a ditty of a jolly bold robber,  
Stood seven foot high, in proportion quite strong.
  
2. He robbèd a lord and he robbèd a lady,  
Five hundred bright guineas from each one of them,  
Till, as he was a-walking, he met a young sailor,  
And bold as a lion he steppèd up to him.
  
3. "Deliver your money, my jolly young sailor,  
You've plenty of bulk in your pocket I see."  
"Aye, aye," says the sailor, I've plenty of money,  
But while I have life I have got none for thee.
  
4. I've just left my shipping and taken my money,  
I'm bound for old England my friends for to see.  
I've ninety bright guineas my friends to make merry,  
So I pray jolly robber, don't you take them from me."
  
5. Then the saucy bold robber struck the jolly young sailor  
Such a blow on the head which brought him to the ground.  
"Aye, aye" says the sailor, "you have struck me quite heavy,  
But I must endeavour to return it again."
  
6. O then they both strippèd, like lambkins they skipèd,  
They went, life for life like to soldiers in field;  
And the ninety eighth meeting it was a completement,  
And this jolly young sailor the robber near killed.
  
7. Says the jolly young sailor to the saucy bold robber  
"I hope you won't lay any blame on to me,  
If I'd been a robber of ten hundred guineas,  
I ne'er would have stopped a poor sailor like me."

## THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL.

(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Moderato risoluto.*

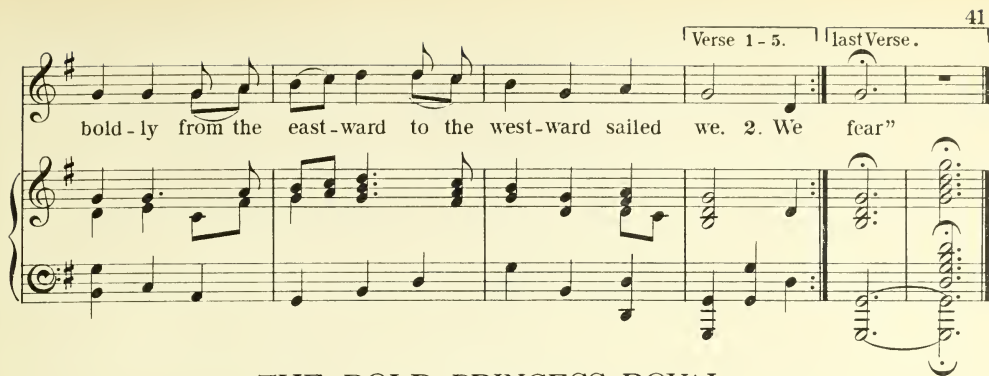
1. On the

four - teenth of Fe - bru - a - ry we sailed from the land, In the

bold Prin - cess Roy - al bound for New - found - land, We had

for - ty brave sea - men for our ship's com - pa - ny, And





## THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL.

1. On the fourteenth of February we sailed from the land,  
In the bold *Princess Royal* bound for Newfoundland,  
We had forty brave seamen for our ship's company,  
And boldly from the eastward to the westward sailed we.
2. We had not been sailing past days two or three,  
When a man from our foremast a sail he did see,  
She hove down upon us to see what we were,  
And under her foremast black colours she wore.
3. Now when this bold pirate she hove alongside,  
With a large speaking trumpet "whence come you" they cried.  
Our captain being aft, boys, he answered him so;—  
"We come from fair London and we're bound for Cairo."
4. "Come haul down your topsails, your sternsails also,  
For I have a letter to send home by you."  
"I'll not haul down my topsail nor heave my sails to,  
But shall be in some harbour, not alongside of you."
5. They fired shot after us but could not prevail,  
When the bold *Princess Royal* soon shewed them her tail,  
They drove us to windward, but couldn't make us stay,  
We hoisted our mainsail and then bore away.
6. "Thank God," cries our captain, "the pirate is gone.  
Come down to your grog boys, come down everyone,  
Come down to your grog boys and be of good cheer,  
For while we have sea-room, brave boys, never fear."

# THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER.

(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Allegro.*

1. Good peo - ple at - tend and soon you shall hear, It's —

of an old far - mer lived in Lin - coln - shire; A York - shire boy he kept for his man, For to

do all his bus' - ness as you shall un - der - stand. 2. Now

## THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER.

---

1. Good people attend and soon you shall hear,  
It's of an old farmer lived in Lincolnshire;  
A Yorkshire boy he kept for his man,  
For to do all his business, as you shall understand.
  
2. Now early one morning he called for his man,  
For to go to the fair, as you shall understand,  
Saying "Boy, th'old cow you shall take to the fair,  
For she is in good order and her I can spare."
  
3. Away the boy went with the cow in a band,  
To go to the fair, as you shall understand,  
As he was going he met with three men,  
And he sold his old cow for six pound ten.
  
4. Away then they went to an ale-house to drink  
And there the three men paid the boy down his clink,  
There sat an old highwayman drinking of wine,  
Said he to himself "all that money is mine."
  
- \* 5. The boy then unto the landlady did say,  
"What am I to do with my money I pray,"  
"I'll sew it within your coat-lining," said she  
"For fear on the highway you robbèd should be."
  
6. The boy took his leave and home he did go,  
The highwayman he followed after also,  
And soon o'ertook him upon the highway;  
"O well overtaken young man" he did say.
  
7. "Will you get up behind me" the highwayman said,  
"How far are you going? the poor boy replied  
"Four miles, and further, for ought that I know,"  
So it's "jump up behind" and away they did go.
  
8. They rode till they came to a green shaded lane—  
"O now my young man I must tell it you plain,  
Deliver your money, without any strife,  
Or else I will soon make an end of your life."
  
9. When he found that he had no time to dispute,  
He quickly alighted without fear or doubt.  
He tore his coat-lining, the money pulled out,  
And all in the long grass he strewed it about.
  
10. The highwayman he jumped off from his horse,  
But little he thought that it was to his loss,  
For while he was gath'ring the money from the grass,  
To make him amends he rode off with his horse.
  
- \*  
11. He holloed and shouted and bid him to stand;  
The boy would not hear him but still galloped on  
Unto his own master, and to him did bring  
A saddle and bridle and many a fine thing.
  
12. Now as the boy John he was riding home,  
The servant was standing all in the front room,  
She runs to her master, says she "here's a loss"  
Says she "the old cow has turned into a hoss."
  
13. The saddlebag was opened, within was a hole,  
They took sixty pounds out in silver and gold,  
Says the boy to his master "I hope you'll allow  
That master, dear master, I've well sold your cow."
  
- \*  
14. The boy with his valour and courage so rare,  
Three parts of the money he got for his share,  
So now the highwayman he's lost a great store,  
And he may go robbing until he gets more.

*Note.* A few lines have had to be supplied from a printed version and elsewhere.

\* Verses 5, 11 and 14 may be omitted.

## THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.

(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Andante con moto.* § Verses 1, 3, 5 & 7.

1. I — was brought up in Shef - field, but not of high de -

- gree, My pa - rents do - ted on me, they had no child but

me; I roamed a - bout for plea - - sure, wher - e'er my fan - cy

*rall. (last Verse only.)*

led, Till I was bound ap - pren - tice, then all my joys were fled.

*Fine.*

Verses 2, 4 & 6.

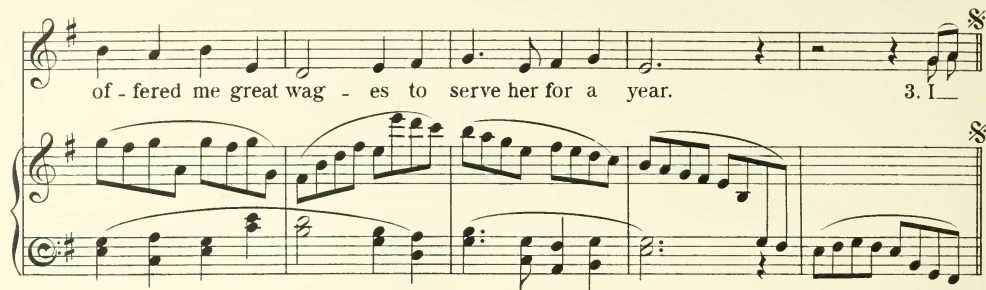
2. I did not like my mas - ter, he did not use me well, I

*pp*

made a re - so - lu - tion not long with him to dwell. A

wealth-y rich young la - - dy from Lon-don met me there, And





## THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.

1. I was brought up in Sheffield, but not of high degree;  
My parents doted on me, they had no child but me;  
I roamed about for pleasure, where'er my fancy led,  
Till I was bound apprentice, then all my joys were fled.
2. I did not like my master, he did not use me well,  
I made a resolution not long with him to dwell.  
A wealthy rich young lady from London met me there,  
And offered me great wages to serve her for a year.
3. I had not been in London scarce one month, two or three,  
Before my honoured mistress grew very fond of me,  
She said "I've gold, I've silver, I've houses and I've land,  
If you will marry me they shall be at your command?"
4. "O no, dear honoured mistress I cannot wed you now,  
For I have lately promised likewise a solemn vow,  
To wed with dearest Polly your handsome chambermaid,  
Excuse me honoured mistress, she has my heart betrayed."
5. She flew into a passion and turned away from me,  
Resolved within herself she would be revenged on me;  
Her gold ring from her finger, as she was passing by,  
She slipped it in my pocket, and for it I must die.
6. For that before the justice, the justice I was brought,  
And there before the justice I answered for my fault;  
Long time I pleaded innocent but that was all in vain,  
She swore so false against me that I was sent to gaol.
7. On the day of execution, all on that fatal day,  
I prayed the people round me "O pray come pity me.  
Don't laugh at my downfall, for I bid this world adieu;  
Farewell my dearest Polly, I died for love of you."

## GEORDIE.

(CAMBRIDGESHIRE)

*Andante con moto.*Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

Verse 1 only.

1. As I walked o - ver London Bridge One mid-summer's morning

*ad lib.*

*fp*

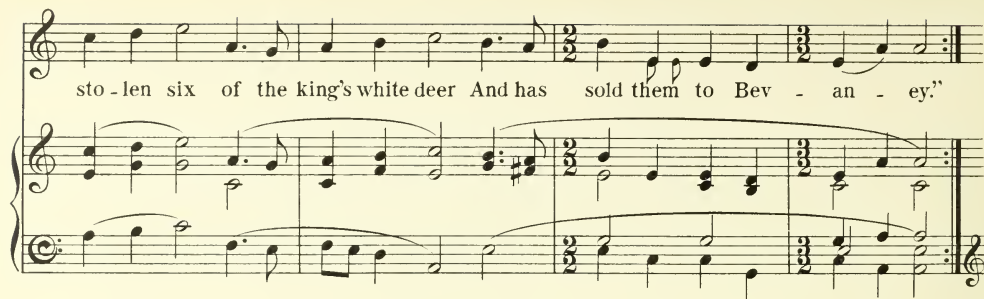
*fp*

ear-ly, O there I spied a fair pretty maid, La - menting for her Geordie.

§ Verses 2, 3, 5 &amp; 7.

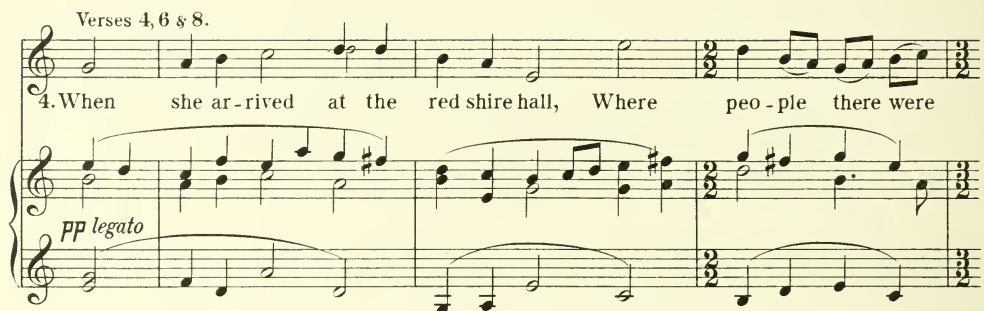
2. Geord - ie has sto'n nor house nor land, Nor has he murdered a - ny, He's

*mf legato*



sto-len six of the king's white deer And has sold them to Bev-an-ey."

Verses 4, 6 & 8.



4. When she ar-rived at the red shire hall, Where peo-ple there were

*pp legato*



ma-ny, Down on her bend-ed knees did fall, Cry-ing

1. last Verse.



"Spare me the life of Geord-ie." Geord-ie."

*ppp*

## GEORDIE.

---

1. As I walked over London Bridge  
 One midsummer's morning early,  
 O there I spied a fair pretty maid,  
 Lamenting for her Geordie.
  
2. "Geordie has stol'n nor house nor land,  
 Nor has he murdered any,  
 He's stolen six of the king's white deer  
 And has sold them to Bevaney?"
  
3. "Come bridle me my milk white steed,  
 Come saddle me my pony,  
 That I may ride to the good lord judge,  
 There I'll beg for the life of Geordie?"
  
4. When she arrived at the red shire hall,  
 Where people there were many,  
 Down on her bended knees did fall,  
 Crying "Spare me the life of Geordie?"
  
5. The judge looked over his left shoulder,  
 And he was very sorry;  
 He said "Young woman, you are too late,  
 For he is condemned already?"
  
6. She turned her heavy eyes around  
 And fixed them on poor Geordie;  
 "It's your own confession, and die you must,  
 May the Lord have mercy on ye!"
  
7. "Geordie shall be hung in chains of gold,  
 Such chains as there never were any,  
 For he is one of the royal blood,  
 And he courted a royal lady."
  
8. "I wish I were on yonder hill,  
 Where times I have been many,  
 With a sword and pistol all by my side,  
 There I'd fight for the life of Geordie?"

# HARRY, THE TAILOR.

to the tune of "THE TAILOR?"

(CAMBRIDGESHIRE.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by  
R. Vaughan Williams.

*Allegro.*

1. When Har - ry, the tail - or was

twen - ty years old — He 'gan — for to look with a cour - age so bold. Tu - re -

- lu - tu - re - lay. — He told his old mo - ther he was not in - jest, — But

he could have a wife just as well — as the rest. Tu - re - lu - fol - de - lol - fol - de -



## Verses 2-5.

- lid-dle-lad-di - lay. 2. Then Har-ry next morning be -

*p*

- fore it was day, To the house of a fair maid he bold-ly took his way. Tu - re -

- lu - tu - re-lay. — He found his dear Dol - ly a - ma - king a cheese, Says

*p*

he — "You must give me a kiss if you please?" Tu-re - lu - fol-de-lol - fol-de -

*f dim.*

After last Verse.

- lid-dle-lad-di - lay.

**HARRY, THE TAILOR.**

1. When Harry, the tailor was twenty years old,  
He 'gan for to look with a courage so bold  
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.  
He told his old mother he was not in jest,  
But he could have a wife just as well as the rest.  
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.
2. Then Harry next morning before it was day,  
To the house of a fair maid he boldly took his way.  
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.  
He found his dear Dolly a-making a cheese,  
Says he "You must give me a kiss if you please"  
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.
3. She up with the bowl and the butter-milk flew,  
And Harry the tailor looked wonderful blue,  
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.  
"O Dolly my dearest, O what hast thou done?  
From my back to my heels has the butter-milk run?"  
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.
4. She gave him a push, and he stumbled and fell  
Right down from the dairy into the draw well,  
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.  
Then Harry the plough-boy he ran up amain,  
And soon brought him up in a bucket again.  
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.
5. The tailor went home all like a drowned rat,  
And told his old mother what he had been at,  
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.  
With butter-milk, bowl, and a terrible fall,  
"O, if this be called love may the devil take all!"  
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.

*Note.* The words to which this tune was sung are unsuitable for this publication; other words, therefore, (also traditional) have been substituted; they are taken from Bells "Songs of the Peasantry." The burden proper to the tune has, however, been retained.



# THREE SONGS FOR SOLDIERS.

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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

No. 1.

“MIGHT I MARCH THROUGH LIFE AGAIN”  
(E. FITZBALL).

No. 1, in F.      No. 2, in G.      No. 3, in B flat.

---

No. 2.

TO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR GEORGE S. WHITE, V.C.

“THE GORDONS”  
(B. MALCOLM RAMSEY).

No. 1, in D.      No. 2, in E.      No. 3, in G.

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No. 3.

TO FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C.

“BAD LUCK TO THEIR MARCHING”  
(CHARLES LEVER).

No. 1, in D minor.      No. 2, in E minor.      No. 3, in G minor.

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COMPOSED BY

**ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.**

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*PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH.*

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