

# GEORGE BUTTERWORTH

## FOLK SONGS

FROM

## SUSSEX



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LONDON



# PREFACE

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These eleven songs are chosen from the collection which Mr. Francis Jekyll and I have been making during the last six years. At this time of day I suppose it is hardly necessary to state that the tunes are printed exactly as they were sung, without "improvement" of any sort. As regards the words, every collector knows that they almost always require a certain amount of editing. One reason for this is that the words as sung very frequently contain obvious errors and corruptions; perhaps a rhyming word has been forgotten and a non-rhyming one substituted. Such mistakes are easily rectified as a rule, especially in cases where broadside versions are available for comparison. My principle throughout has been to alter as little as possible, and when doing so to adhere as closely as I could to the style of the original, never using any word or expression which could not occur in a folk-ballad.

In the following list I give the sources from which the songs were obtained :

- (1) **Yonder stands a lovely creature.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mr. Martin, Fletching; words by Mrs. Cranstone, Billingshurst.
- (2) **A Blacksmith courted me.** Tune and words given by Mr. and Mrs. Verrall, Horsham.
- (3) **Sowing the seeds of love.** Tune and words given by Mrs. Cranstone, Billingshurst.
- (4) **A lawyer he went out.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mrs. Verrall, Horsham; words given partly by her, but chiefly by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (5) **Come my own one.** Tune given by the children of Mr. Walter Searle, Amberley; words taken from a broadside.
- (6) **The Cuckoo.** Tune given by Mr. Wix, Billingshurst. The words to which the tune was sung were of inferior quality, and I have substituted these verses which were given to me by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (7) **A brisk young sailor courted me.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mr. Ford, Scaynes Hill; words by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (8) **Seventeen come Sunday.** Tune and words given by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (9) **Roving in the dew.** Tune and verses 1, 4, 5 given by Mrs. Cranstone; verses 2 and 3 taken from a version kindly placed at my disposal by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.
- (10) **The true lover's farewell.** Tune given by Mrs. Cranstone; words taken from an old chap-book.
- (11) **Tarry Trowsers.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune and words given by Mrs. Verrall.

Where not otherwise stated, the songs were noted by myself.

My very best thanks are due to the above-mentioned singers for their ungrudging assistance, to Mr. Jekyll for his enthusiastic co-operation, and to Miss L. E. Broadwood and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams for providing me with valuable clues and other useful information.

GEORGE BUTTERWORTH.

19 Cheyne Gardens,  
London, S.W.

## I.

## YONDER STANDS A LOVELY CREATURE.

Con spirito.  $\text{♩} = 108$ .

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

1. Yon - der stands a love - ly crea - ture,  
 2. "Ma - dam, I am come to court you,  
 3. "Ma - dam, I have gold and sil - ver,

PIANO.

Who she is, I do not know: I'll go and court her for her beau - ty,  
 If your fa - vour I can gain: First your hand, love, then your wel - come,  
 Ma - dam, I have house and land: Ma - dam, I have the world of plea - sure,

Let her an - swer "yes" or "no?"  
 P'rhaps that I'll not come a - gain."  
 All to be at your com - mand?"

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

*p*

4. "What care I for gold and sil - ver, What care I for house and land?  
 5. "Ri - pest ap - ples soon - est rot - ten, Hot - test love it soon gets cold:  
 6. "Af - ter net - tles then come ro - ses, Af - ter night then in comes day:

*p*

What care I for the world of pleasure, So long as I've got a nice young  
 Young men's words are soon for - got - ten, So pray, young man, don't speak too  
 Af - ter a false love then a true love, So we - pass our time a -

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

man?"  
 bold?"

- way."

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

*pp*

*2ed.* \*

## II.

## A BLACKSMITH COURTED ME.

Moderato.

George Butterworth.

VOICE. *p*

1. A — black-smith court-ed  
love's gone a-cross those  
news is come from a —

PIANO. *p*

me nine long months and bet-ter, He — stole my heart a —  
fields with his cheeks like ro-ses, My — love's gone a-cross those  
broad, strange news is car-ried, Strange news is come to

way, wrote to me a let-ter, His  
fields ga-ther-ing sweet po-sies, I  
tell that my love is mar-ried, There

*più forte*

ham-mer all in his hand he looked so brave and  
 fear the scorching suns will shine and spoil his  
 is no truth in man, nor in father nor in

cle-ver, And if I was with my love, I would  
 beau-ty, And if I was with my love, I would  
 bro-ther, And since I have lost my love, I will

*dimin.*

live for e-ver. 2. My—  
 do my du-ty. 3. Strange  
 seek no oth-er. (tacet)

*p* *rit. last time* *pp*

Last time.

# III.

## SOWING THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

Allegretto molto tranquillo.  $\text{♩} = 100$ .

George Butterworth.

VOICE. *p*

1. I — sow — ed the seeds of  
 gard' — ner was stand — ing  
 li — ly I did not  
 June there's a ro — sy  
 wil — low — tree will

PIANO. *p*

love, It will blos — som all in the spring, It will  
 by, I asked him to choose for me, He  
 like, Be — cause it does fade so soon, The  
 bud, And it runs all — o — ver me, Of —  
 twist, And the wil — low — tree will twine, And I

blo - som in A - pril, in May, and in June, When the  
 chose me the li - ly, the vio - let and pink, Each of  
 vio - let and pink I did both o - ver - look, And so  
 times I've been kissed by those red ro - sy lips, Till I  
 wish that I was in that young man's arms, That has

small birds do sweet - ly sing. 2. My\_\_\_\_  
 them I re - fused all three. 3. The\_\_\_\_  
 now I must bide till June. 4. In\_\_\_\_  
 gained the green wil - low tree. 5. The\_\_\_\_  
 sto - len this heart of

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.

Last time.  
 mine.

Last time.

*pp*

# IV. A LAWYER HE WENT OUT.

Allegro non troppo. ♩. = 112.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

*mf*

1. A law - yer he went out one day, A  
morn - ing to you, pret - ty maid, O  
take you up to Lon - don town, And  
have none of your Lon - don town, Nor  
now she is a poor man's wife, Her

PIANO.

*p*

ri - ding through the ci - ty, It was there he met with a  
whi - ther are you go - ing?" "I am going a - down yon - der  
all such love - ly pla - ces, I will busk you in - to a  
a - ny oth - er pla - ces, I will not be busked in - to a  
hus - band dear - ly loves her, And she lives a sweet and con -

hand - some maid, And he thought her so sweet and  
 mea - dow," she said, "Where my fa - ther he is a  
 silk - en gown, Gold rings and gold chains and  
 silk - en gown, Gold rings and gold chains and  
 ten - ted life, There's no la - dy in town a

pret - ty. mow - ing." la - ces." la - ces." bove her.

2. "Good  
 3. "I'll  
 4. "I'll  
 5. And

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.

Last time.

Last time.

dim. e rit. pp

## V.

## COME MY OWN ONE.

George Butterworth.

Animato.  $\text{♩} = 144.$ 

VOICE. *mf*

1. "Come my own one, come my fond one, Come my  
 3. "If I'm rag-ged, love, if I'm dir - ty, love, And my  
 5. "Do you think that I am fool - ish, love, Do you

PIANO. *mf*

dear - est un - to me, Will you wed a poor sail - or lad That has  
 clothes smell much of tar, I've sil - ver in my pock - et, love, Bright  
 think - that I am mad, To wed a poor coun - try girl, Where no

*p*

just re - turned from sea?" 2. "You are rag - ged, love, you are dir - ty, love, And your  
 gold in - great store." 4. As soon as she heard him say so Down -  
 fortune is to be had?" 6. "I'll a - cross the bri - ny o - cean, Where the

*f*

clothes smell much of tar,  
on her bend.ed knees he fell,  
mea - dows are so green,

So be - gone you sauc - y sail - or boy, So be -  
"I will wed my dear - Hen - er - y, For I  
And since you re - fuse the of - fer, love, Some

gone you - Jack Tar."  
love a sail - or lad well." 7. "I'm fro - lic - some, I'm - ea - sy, Good -  
o - ther girl shall wear the ring."

tem - pered and free, I don't care a sin - gle pin, my boys, What the

world thinks of me.

*ff* *rit.*

# VI. THE CUCKOO.

George Butterworth.

Moderato, quasi Allegretto. ♩ = 112.

VOICE. *mf*

1. The cuck - oo is a mer - ry bird, she  
 meet - ing is a plea - sure, but  
 grave it will rot - you and  
 all you young wo - men wher -

PIANO. *p*

sings as she flies, She brings us good - ti - dings and  
 part - ing a grief, An in - con - stant lo - ver is  
 bring you to dust, There is not one in twen - ty young  
 e - ver you be, Build ne - ver your nest in the

tells us no lies; She — sucks the sweet flow - ers — to  
 worse than a thief; For a thief will but rob you and  
 men girls can trust; They will kiss you, and court you and  
 top of a tree; For the leaves they will with - er, — the

*cresc.* *mf*

*dim.*

make her sing clear, And she ne - ver sings "cuck - oo" till  
 take all you have, But an in - con - stant lo - ver will  
 swear to be true, And the ve - ry next mo - ment they'll  
 branch - es de - cay, And the beau - ty of — fair maids will

*p*

1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> times. Last time.

sum - mer is near. 2. O  
 bring you to the grave. 3. The  
 bid you a - dieu. 4. Come  
 soon fade a way.

1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> times. Last time.

*rit.*

*rit.*

*pp*

## VII.

## A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR COURTED ME.

Allegretto teneramente.  $\text{♩} = 120$ .

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

1. A brisk young sail - or  
 is an ale - house in  
 grief to me! I'll  
 what a fool - ish

PIANO.

court - ed me, He stole a - way my li - ber - ty, He  
 yon - der town, Where my love goes and sits him down, He  
 tell you why, Be - cause she's got more gold than I, Her  
 girl was I To give my heart to a sail - or boy, A

won\_ my heart with a free good - will, He's false, I know, but I  
 takes an - o - ther girl on\_ his knee, And don't you think that's a  
 gold will waste and her beau - ty blast, And she'll be - come\_ like  
 sail - or boy\_ al - though he be, - I love him bet - ter than

1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> times. Last time.

love him still. 2. There  
 grief to me? 3. A  
 me at last. 4. O he loves me.

*rit.* *pp*

## VIII.

## SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

George Butterworth.

Animato.  $\text{♩} = 120$ .

VOICE.

1. As I walked out one May morn - ing, one  
 shoes were bright, her stock - ings white, and her  
 are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid, where  
 old are you, my pret - ty maid, how  
 now she's with her sol - dier lad, where the

PIANO.

May morn - ing so ear - ly, As I walked out one May morn - ing, one  
 buck - les shone like sil - ver, Her shoes were bright, her stock - ings white, and her  
 are you go - ing, my ho - ney, Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid, where  
 old are you, my ho - ney, How old are you, my pret - ty maid, how  
 wars they are a - larm - ing, And now she's with her sol - dier lad, where the

*cresc.* May morn - ing so ear - ly, I o - ver - took a  
 buck - les shone like sil - ver, She had a black and a  
 are you go - ing, my ho - ney?" She an - swered me right  
 old are you, my ho - ney?" She an - swered me right  
 wars they are a - larm - ing, And the drum and fife are

hand-some maid, just— as the sun was a - ris - ing,  
 roll - ing eye, and her hair hung down her - shoul - der,  
 cheer - ful - ly, "On an er - rand for my - mam - my," } Rue dal day,  
 cheer - ful - ly, "I am se - ven - teen come Sun - day,"  
 her de - light, and a mer - ry man in the morn - ing,

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times. Last time. *più forte*  
 Fol diddle day, Right fol did-dle dod-dle di - do.  
 2. Her  
 3. Where  
 4. How  
 5. And

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times. Last time. *più forte*

drum and fife are her de-light, and a mer-ry man in the morn-ing,

*allargando*  
 Rue dal day, Fol-diddle day, Right fol did-dle dod-dle di - do.  
*allargando*  
 ff  
 ff

# IX.

## ROVING IN THE DEW.



George Butterworth.

Con anima. ♩ = 152.

VOICE.

*mf*

1. "Where are you go - ing to,
2. "What is your fa - ther then,
3. "What is your mo - ther then,
4. "May I come a - long with you,

PIANO.

*p*

my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?"  
 my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?" "My  
 my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?" "The  
 my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?"

"I'm going a milk - ing, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For  
 fa - ther's a far - mer, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For  
 wife of my fa - ther, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For  
 "Just as it please you, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For

1. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair." 5. "Sup -  
 2. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."  
 3. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."  
 4. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."

pose I ran a-way from you, my pret-ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and

coal - black hair?" "The dev - il may run af - ter you,

I will stand and laugh at you, For rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."

## X.

## THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.



George Butterworth.

Moderato.  $\text{♩} = 100.$ 

VOICE. *p*

1. "O— don't you— see— the

PIANO. *p*

lit— tle tur— tle— dove, That's sit— ting on yon— der tree,— And mak— ing moan for its

own true love, As I shall do— for— thee, my dear, As— I shall do— for— thee?"

*pp*

*mf*

2. "O— fare you well,— my own true love, O— fare you well for a while; And

*cresc.* *mf*

I will sure - ly re - turn back a - gain, If I go ten thou - sand a - mile, my dear, If I

*cresc.* *dim.*

go ten thousand a - mile." *p* *cresc.* *f* 3. "Shall the stars fall from the skies, my dear, Or the

rocks melt with the sun? I will ne - ver be false to the girl of my heart, Till

*sempre f* *ff* all these things be done, my dear, Till all these things be done." *sempre f* *ff* *pp*

# XI.

## TARRY TROUSERS.

George Butterworth.

Commodo. ♩ = 112.

VOICE.

1. One fine morn - ing as  
 2. "Daugh - ter, I would  
 3. "Sail - ors they are  
 4. "Mo - ther, would you have me

PIANO.

I was walk - ing, The wea - ther — be - ing  
 have you mar - ry, No long - er — lead a  
 given to rov - ing, In - to — fo - reign  
 wed a far - mer, Take from — me my

bright and clear, I o - ver - heard a ten - der mo - ther,  
 sin - gle life, "O no," said she, "I'd ra - ther tar - ry,  
 parts they go; Then they leave you bro - ken - heart - ed,  
 heart's de - light! Give me the lad whose tar - ry tar - ry trow - sers

Talk - ing to her daugh - ter dear.  
 For my jol - ly sail - or bright."  
 Full of sor - row, grief and woe."  
 Shine to my eyes like dia - monds bright."

Last time.

Last time.

*dim.* *p*

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# GEORGE BUTTERWORTH

## SONGS

	Compass	Net
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