

FOLK-SONGS
OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY
CECIL J. SHARP.

BOOK I.

FOLK-SONGS
FROM
DORSET

COLLECTED BY
H. E. D. HAMMOND.

LONDON
Novello & Co., Ltd.

MORRIS DANCE TUNES

COLLECTED FROM TRADITIONAL SOURCES

AND ARRANGED

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

CECIL J. SHARP

AND

HERBERT C. MACILWAINE

TWO SETS.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH NET.

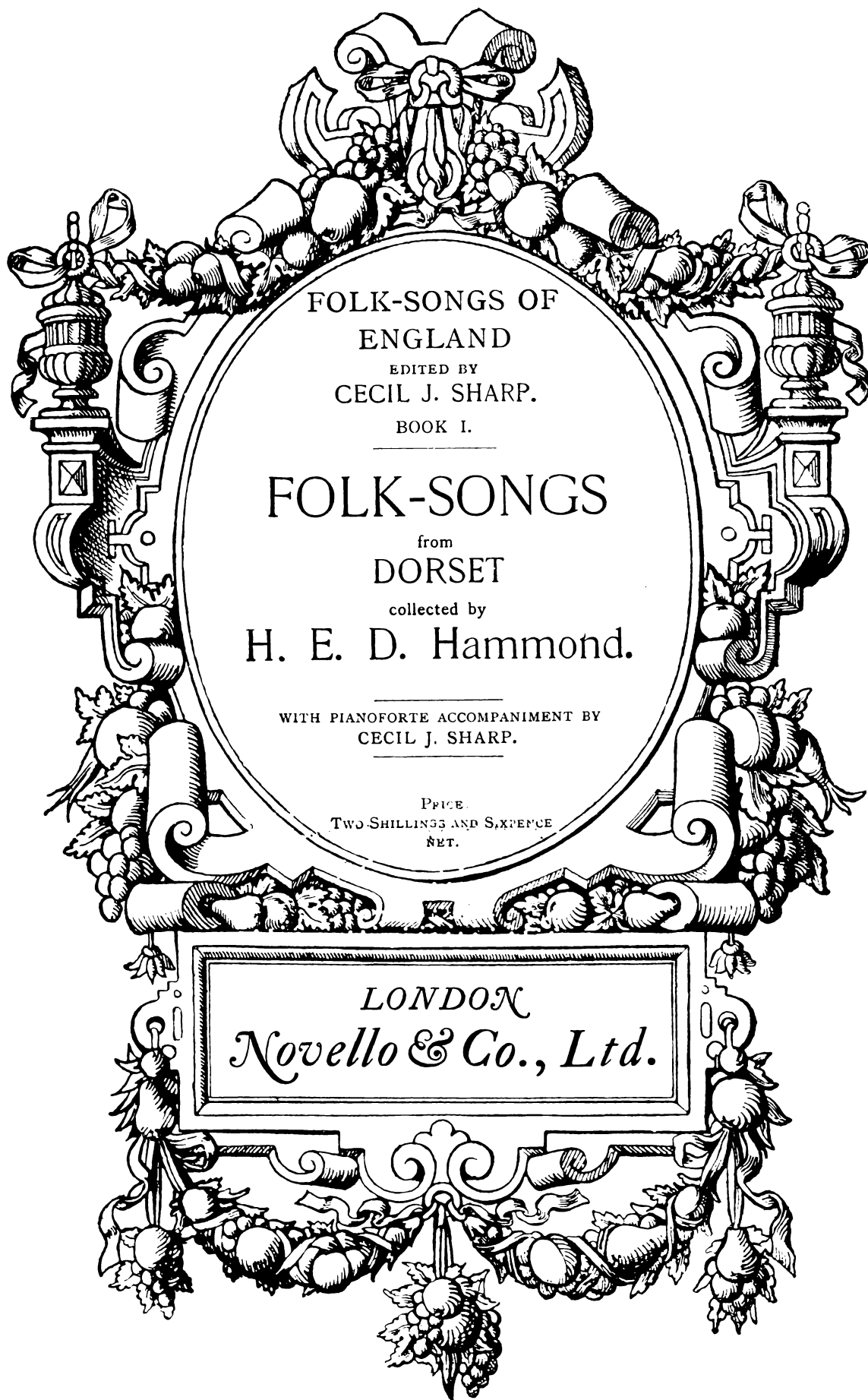
SET I.

1. BEAN SETTING (STICK DANCE).
2. LAUDNUM BUNCHES (CORNER DANCE).
3. COUNTRY GARDENS (HANDKERCHIEF DANCE).
4. CONSTANT BILLY (STICK DANCE).
5. TRUNKLES (CORNER DANCE).
6. MORRIS OFF.

SET II.

1. RIGS O' MARLOW (STICK DANCE).
2. BLUFF KING HAL (HANDKERCHIEF DANCE).
3. HOW D'YE DO (CORNER DANCE).
4. SHEPHERDS' HEY (STICK OR HAND-CLAPPING DANCE).
5. BLUE-EYED STRANGER (HANDKERCHIEF DANCE).
6. MORRIS OFF.

LONDON : NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.



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H. E. D. Hammond.

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LONDON
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PREFACE.

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

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.

The extent and character of these word-alterations will, in some measure, be left to the discretion of the editor of each volume. In this particular number Mr. Hammond has retained certain common folk-forms of speech such as the double negative, "a" prefixed with various shades of meaning to nouns and verbs, the weak form of the imperfect tense, "for to" with the infinitive, "do" for "does," "into" for "in," &c.

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.

CONTENTS.

—:O:—

No.		PAGE
1.	The Sheepstealer	I
2.	Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford ...	4
3.	The Jolly Ploughboy ...	6
4.	As I walked out one May morning	8
5.	The Sprig of Thyme ...	10
6.	High Germany ...	12
7.	Betty and her Ducks ...	15
8.	Poor Sally sits a-weeping ...	18
9.	Nancy of London	20
10.	It's of a Sailor bold	22
11.	The Cuckoo	24
12.	The Rambling Comber	26
13.	Fair Susan	28
14.	Fair Margaret and Sweet William	31
15.	The Turtle-dove	34
16.	Lady Maisry	36

THE SHEEPSTEALER.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegretto.

(1) I am a brisk lad, but my for-tune is bad, Oh! and

mf *p*

This system contains the first staff of music. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings *mf* and *p*.

I am most won-der-ful poor. Now in - deed I in - tend my sad

mf

This system contains the second staff of music. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a half note F4, and a half note E4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note D3, a half note C3, and a half note B2. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a dynamic marking of *mf*.

life for to mend, And to build a house down on the moor, My brave boys, And to

cresc.

This system contains the third staff of music. The vocal line continues with a half note D4, a half note C4, and a half note B3. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note A2, a half note G2, and a half note F2. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a dynamic marking of *cresc.*

build a house down on the moor. — (2) In my mea-dow I'll keep fat

ox - en and sheep, And a neat lit - tle nag on the down. — In the

midst of the night, when the moon do shine bright, There's a num-ber of work to be

done, My brave boys, There's a number of work to be done. — (3) I'll

THE SHEEPSTEALER.

1. I am a brisk lad, but my fortune is bad,
 Oh! and I am most wonderful poor.
 Now indeed I intend my sad life for to mend,
 And to build a house down on the moor,
 My brave boys,
 And to build a house down on the moor.

2. In my meadow I'll keep fat oxen and sheep,
 And a neat little nag on the down.
 In the midst of the night, when the moon do shine bright,
 There's a number of work to be done,
 My brave boys,
 There's a number of work to be done.

3. I'll ride all around in another man's ground,
 And I'll take a fat sheep for my own.
 I will end of his life by the aid of my knife,
 Oh! and then I will carry him home,
 My brave boys,
 Oh! and then I will carry him home.

4. My children shall pull the skin from the wool,
 And I'll be in a place where there's none.
 When the sheriff's men come, I will stand with my gun,
 And swear all that I have is my own,
 My brave boys,
 And swear all that I have is my own.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Con spirito.

Others they may tell you of bold Ro-bin Hood,

Der - ry, der - ry, down! Or else of the ba - rons bold, But

I'll tell you how they served the Bish - op, When they robbed him of his

gold. Der-ry down! Hey! Der-ry, der-ry, down!

f *mf* *f*

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

1. Others they may tell you of bold Robin Hood,
Derry, derry, down!
Or else of the barons bold,
But I'll tell you how they served the Bishop,
When they robbed him of his gold.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
2. Robin Hood, he dressed him in shepherd's attire,
Derry, derry, down!
And six of his men also,
And, when the Bishop he did come by,
They around the fire did go.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
3. "We are but poor shepherds," quoth bold Robin Hood,
Derry, derry, down!
"And keep sheep all the year,
But we've resol-ved to taste to-day
Of the best of our King's deer."
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
4. "Thou'rt a merry fellow," the old Bishop said,
Derry, derry, down!
"The King of thy deeds shall know;
Therefore make haste, come along with me,
For before the King shalt go."
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
5. Robin Hood he set then his back to an oak,
Derry, derry, down!
His foot against a thorn,
And underneath from his shepherd's cloak
Pulled out a bugle horn.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
6. Robin put the small end against his lips,
Derry, derry, down!
And loudly a blast did blow,
Till full six score of his trusty men
Came a-running on a row.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
7. "What's the matter, master?" says Little John,
Derry, derry, down!
"You call us so hastily."
"Oh! here's the Bishop of Hereford,
For to-day he passes by."
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
8. Robin Hood he took then the old Bishop's hand,
Derry, derry, down!
And led him to gay Barnsdale,
And made him sup at his board that night,
Where they drank wine, beer, and ale.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
9. "Call me in the reck'ning," the Bishop then said,
Derry, derry, down!
"I'm sure it's growing high."
"Lend me your purse, Sir," said Little John,
"And I'll tell you by and bye."
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
10. Little John he took then the old Bishop's cloak,
Derry, derry, down!
And spread it upon the ground,
And from the Bishop his portmanteau
He told five hundred pound.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!
11. Little John he took then the old Bishop's hand,
Derry, derry, down!
And called for the pipes to play,
And made the Bishop to dance in his boots;
He went gladly so his way.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegro commodo.

(1) Come, all you jol-ly plough-boys, and

help me to sing; I will sing in the praise of you all, For,

if we don't la-bour, how shall there be bread? I will sing and be

mer-ry with - al. (2) There were

Fine.

THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY.

1. Come, all you jolly ploughboys, and help me to sing;
I will sing in the praise of you all,
For, if we don't labour, how shall there be bread?
I will sing and be merry withal.

2. There were two loving brothers, two brothers of old,
And of old these two brothers were born;
The one was a shepherd and tender of sheep,
And the other a planter of corn.

3. We've moil-ed, we've toil-ed through mire and through clay,
No comfort at all can we find;
We'll sit down, and sing, and drive dull care away;
We'll not live in this world to repine.

4. Here's April, here is May, here is June and July;
What a pleasure to see the corn grow!
In August it rip'neth; we reap, and sheaves tie,
And go down with our scythes for to mow.

5. Now when we have a -pitch -ed up every sheaf,
And a -glean -ed up every ear,
Without more ado we'll to plough and to sow
To provide for the harvest next year.

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Con anima.

(1) As I walked out one May morn-ing, One

May morn - ing, as it hap-pen - ed to be, Yo!— there I spied a

fair pret-ty maid; She came trip-pa-ling o - ver the green to me. To my

right fol the dol, fol the did-dle, fol the dee! Right fol the dol, fol the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the voice part, with piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The lyrics are: "did-dle, fol the dee! Yo!— there I spied a fair pret-ty maid; She came trip- pa-ling o - ver the green to me." The score includes repeat signs for "Verses 1-4." and "Last Verse." with first and second endings. The piano part includes markings for "più rall." (more ad libitum), "con fuoco" (with fire), and "Fine." The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING.

1. As I walked out one May morning,
One May morning, as it happen-ed to be,
Yo! there I spied a fair pretty maid;
She came trippaling over the green to me.
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Yo! there I spied a fair pretty maid;
She came trippaling over the green to me.
2. I placed my arms all round her waist,
And oh! she shrank not in fear of me;
I kissed her twice, I kissed her thrice,
For I thought that it nothing amiss would be.
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
I kissed her twice, I kissed her thrice,
For I thought that it nothing amiss would be.
3. Then "Now, young man, it's now," said she,
"Since you have stolen my liberty,
And robbed me of kisses one, two, and three,
Tell me, pray, when our wedding-day shall be!"
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
"You've robbed me of kisses one, two, and three;
Tell me, pray, when our wedding-day shall be."
4. "Our wedding-day you'll wait to see,
Till each of us with the other do agree.
So go your way, contented be,
For I never would wed with a maid so free!"
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
"Go you your way, contented be,
For I never would wed with a maid so free."
5. Come, all fair maids, give ear to me:
When you go trippaling down the lea,
If a lover comes, respectful be,
Or you never will keep him no more than she!
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
If a lover comes, respectful be,
Or you never will keep him no more than she!

THE SPRIG OF THYME.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

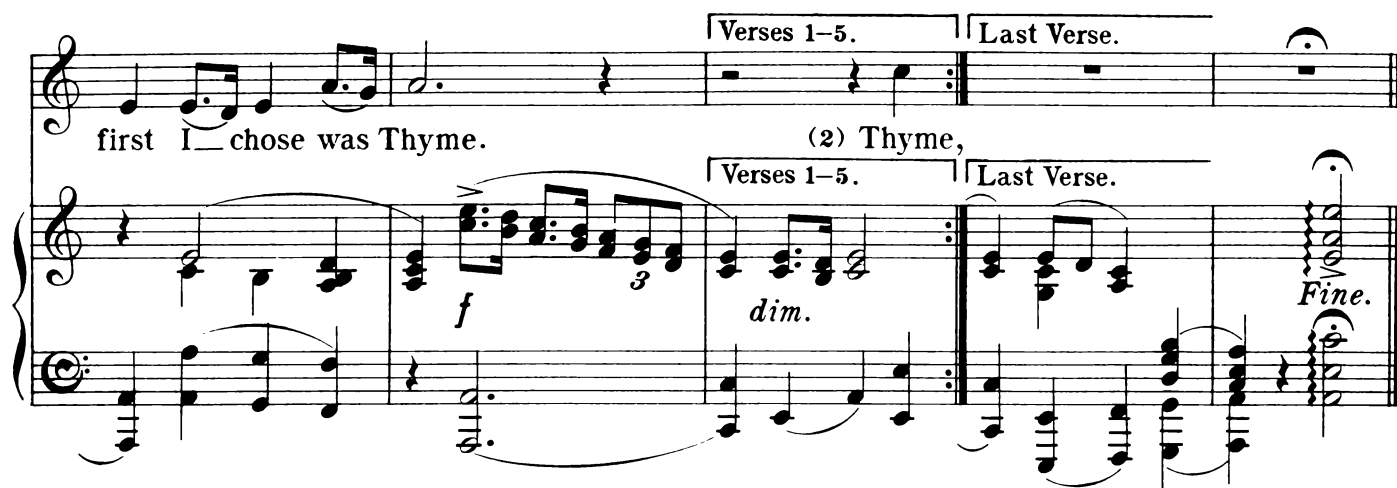
Alla marcia.

(1) 'Twas ear - ly in the Spring-time of the

year, When the sun did be-gin to shine, Oh! I had three branch-es all

for to choose but one, And the first I chose was Thyme, — The

mf *p* *cresc.* *f* *mf*



THE SPRIG OF THYME.

1. 'Twas early in the Springtime of the year,
When the sun did begin to shine,
Oh! I had three branches all for to choose but one,
And the first I chose was Thyme,
The first I chose was Thyme.
2. Thyme, Thyme, it is a precious, precious thing;
It's a root that the sun shines on;
And Time it will bring ev'ry thing unto an end;
And so our Time goes on,
And so our Time goes on.
3. And, while that I had Thyme all for my own,
It did flourish by night and day,
Till who came along but my jolly sailor boy,
And stole my Thyme away,
And stole my Thyme away.
4. And now my Thyme is perish-ed and gone,
And I never shall plant it moe,
Since into the place where my Thyme did use to spring,
Is grown a running Rue,
Is grown a running Rue.
5. Rue, Rue, it is a running, running root,
And it runs all too fast for me.
I'll dig up the bed where the Thyme of old was laid,
And plant there a brave oak tree,
And plant there a brave oak tree.
6. Stand up, oh! stand you up, my jolly oak!
Stand you up, for you shall not die;
For I'll be so true to the one I love so dear,
As the stars shine bright in the sky,
The stars shine bright in the sky.

HIGH GERMANY.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegretto.

(1) A - - broad as I was walk - ing, and a -

- walk - ing a - lone, I heard two lov - ers talk - ing, and a - mak - ing their

moan; Said the old - er one to the fond - er one "Bon - ny lass I must a -

- way, For the King he has com - mand - ed us and his or - ders I must o -

f *mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

-bey?" (2) "Oh!— false were then your prom-is-es, when

p

first you won my— love, To keep me e-ver at your side, though a-

mf

-far—you should rove. Do not me for-sake, pi-ty on me take, For—

p *legato*

great is my woe; Through France, Spain, bon-ny Ire-land a-

cresc.

-long with you I will go."

1. 2.

1. 2.

f *f>* *f*

Fine.

HIGH GERMANY.

1. Abroad as I was walking, and a-walking alone,
I heard two lovers talking, and a-making their moan;
Said the older one to the fonder one
“Bonny lass I must away,
For the King he has commanded us and his orders I must obey.”
2. “Oh! false were then your promises, when first you won my love,
To keep me ever at your side, though afar you should rove.
Do not me forsake, pity on me take,
For great is my woe;
Through France, Spain, bonny Ireland along with you I will go.”
3. “I fear the treach’rous journey, bitter cold and burning heat,
Rough roads and stony mountains, they will wound your tender feet.
To your kinsmen, too, you will prove untrue,
If from them you go,
For maids must bide at their parents’ side, while men do face the daring foe.”
4. “I fear no parents’ anger, nor any daring foe,
Since now I am resol-ved along with you to go;
And in drought or snow, in weal or woe
I’ll prove kind, as you shall see,
When the drums do beat, and the trumpets sound in the wars of High Germany.”

BETTY AND HER DUCKS.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegro ma non troppo.

1st VOICE. Oh! Bet-ty, Bet-ty,

2nd VOICE.

Allegro ma non troppo.

f *dim.* *p*

Più lento. *Tempo I^o*

have you seen my ducks to-day? All in that yon-der pond.

Where, boy, where?

Più lento. *Tempo I^o*

mf *p*

Più lento. ** Tempo I^o*

Bet-ty and her ducks.

There, boy, there. Ducks and Bet-ty.

Più lento. ** Tempo I^o*

mf *p*

* These three bars are played twice in the second verse, three times in the third verse, and four times in the fourth verse.

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Lento.

Ol - i - ver and her deer. Ro - -

Deer and Ol - i - ver. Ro - -

Lento.

più rall. *mf*

- land and Ol - i - ver, The King — and the — King his deer,

- land and Ol - i - ver, The King — and the — King his deer,

cresc.

Verses 1 & 3. *Tempo 1^o* Last Verse.

Now and for e - ver - - more. - more.

Now and for e - ver - - more. - more.

Verses 1 & 3. *Tempo 1^o* Last Verse.

f *Fine.*

1.

1st Voice Oh! Betty, Betty, have you seen my ducks to-day?
2nd „ Where, boy, where?
1st „ All in that yonder pond.
2nd „ There, boy, there.
1st „ Betty and her ducks.
2nd „ Ducks and Betty.
1st „ Oliver and her deer.
2nd „ Deer and Oliver.
1st & 2nd Voices Roland and Oliver,
The King and the King his deer,
Now and for evermore.

2.

1st Voice Oh! Thomas, Thomas, have you seen my horse to-day?
2nd „ Where, boy, where?
1st „ All on that yonder plain.
2nd „ There, boy, there.
1st „ Thomas and his horse.
2nd „ Horse and Thomas.
1st „ Betty and her ducks.
2nd „ Ducks and Betty.
1st „ Oliver and her deer.
2nd „ Deer and Oliver.
1st & 2nd Voices Roland and Oliver,
The King and the King his deer,
Now and for evermore.

3.

1st Voice Oh! Agnes, Agnes, have you seen my geese to-day?
2nd „ Where, boy, where?
1st „ All on that yonder common.
2nd „ There, boy, there.
1st „ Agnes and her geese.
2nd „ Geese and Agnes.
1st „ Thomas and his horse.
2nd „ Horse and Thomas.
1st „ Betty and her ducks.
2nd „ Ducks and Betty.
1st „ Oliver and her deer.
2nd „ Deer and Oliver.
1st & 2nd Voices Roland and Oliver,
The King and the King his deer,
Now and for evermore.

4.

1st Voice Oh! Huntsman, Huntsman, have you seen my hounds to-day?
2nd „ Where, boy, where?
1st „ All in that yonder cover.
2nd „ There, boy, there.
1st „ Huntsman and his hounds.
2nd „ Hounds and huntsman.
1st „ Agnes and her geese.
2nd „ Geese and Agnes.
1st „ Thomas and his horse.
2nd „ Horse and Thomas.
1st „ Betty and her ducks.
2nd „ Ducks and Betty.
1st „ Oliver and her deer.
2nd „ Deer and Oliver.
1st & 2nd Voices Roland and Oliver,
The King and the King his deer,
Now and for evermore.

POOR SALLY SITS A-WEEPING.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegretto con grazia.

mf *rall.* *a tempo*

Poor

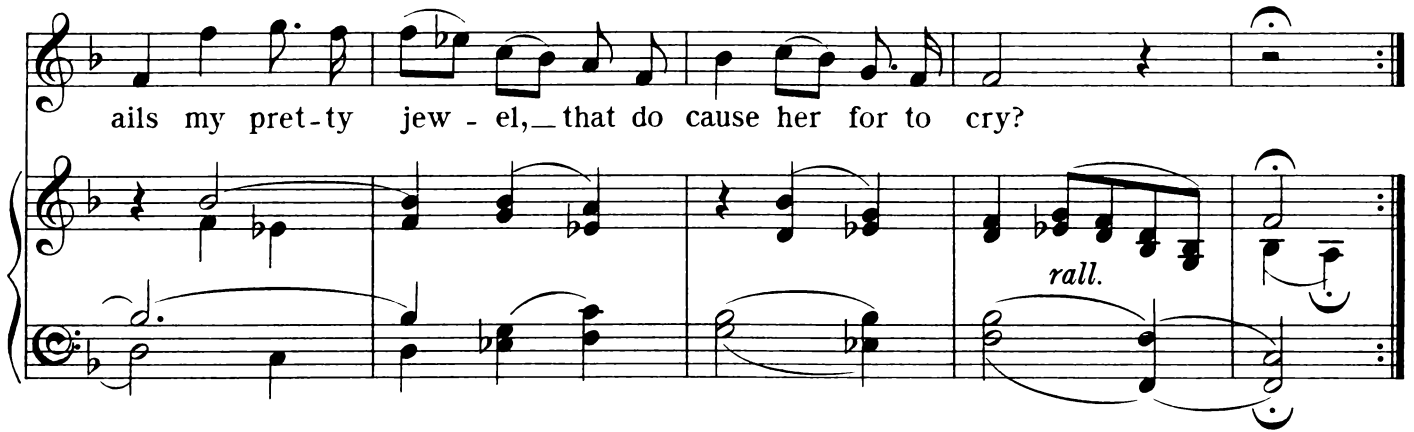
Sal - ly — sits a - weep - ing — down by — the sea - side, — Poor

p

Sal - ly — sits a - weep - ing — down by — the sea - side. What

mf

ails my pret - ty jew - el? What heart's pain so — cru - el? What



POOR SALLY SITS A-WEEPING.

1. Poor Sally sits a-weeping down by the seaside,
 Poor Sally sits a-weeping down by the seaside.
 What ails my pretty jewel?
 What heart's pain so cruel?
 What ails my pretty jewel, that do cause her for to cry?
2. Oh! I am uneasy and troubled in mind,
 Oh! I am uneasy and troubled in mind.
 Here's no joy nor pleasure,
 Here's sorrow none can measure,
 Here's no joy nor pleasure in this world can I find.
3. Now once had I a sweetheart, but now have I none,
 Now once had I a sweetheart, but now have I none.
 He's gone and he's leaved me,
 He's gone, he's deceived me,
 He's gone and he's leaved me in sorrow for to mourn.
4. If he had but a-loved me, as he did pretend,
 If he had but a-loved me, as he did pretend,
 He never would have leaved me,
 Nor never have deceived me,
 He never would have leaved me until my life's end.
5. Oh! it's I will go seek him since he's gone from me,
 Oh! it's I will go seek him since he's gone from me.
 A ship, love, I will enter,
 My sweet life I'll venture,
 A ship, love, I will enter, and cross the salt sea.
6. Here's a bunch of blue ribbon I'll wear for his sake,
 Here's a bunch of blue ribbon I'll wear for his sake;
 And that shall be my mourning,
 My mourning, my mourning,
 And that shall be my mourning till death me do take.

NANCY OF LONDON.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Andante con moto.

(1) It's Nan-cy of

Lon-don, from the fair in-land stream; I think on her wak-ing, of

her I do dream.'Twas a sad cru-el part-ing, when I had to

go All on the seas sail-ing, where the storm-y winds blow.



NANCY OF LONDON.

1. It's Nancy of London, from the fair inland stream;
I think on her waking, of her I do dream.
'Twas a sad cruel parting, when I had to go
All on the seas sailing, where the stormy winds blow.
2. The stormy winds blow, boys, and the salt spray does fly;
We toss and we tumble now low and now high.
'Midst the long rolling billows like thunder that roar,
My thought is on Nancy: shall I see my love more?
3. The rough waves beat o'er us; they make our ship shake.
They make all the timbers to quiver and quake.
But we'll fear no danger, we'll strive might and main,
We'll bring her safe through, boys, and we'll reach home again.
4. And now the storm's past, we'll take a full glass in hand,
And drink to our sweethearts we've left on dry land;
There is many a fair one, both slender and tall,
But mine's lovely Nancy; she's the queen of them all.
5. Sweet Nancy of London, here's a letter I send
To tell you I'm back at my long journey's end;
I am come to stay by you, no more for to go
All on the seas sailing, where the stormy winds blow.

NANCY OF LONDON.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

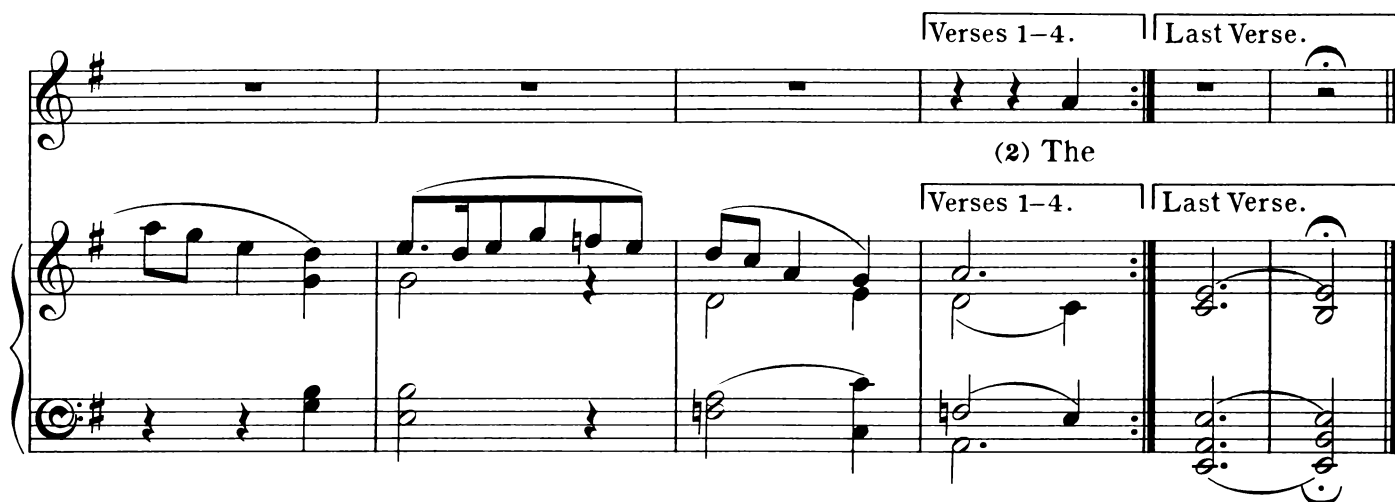
Andante con moto.

(1) It's Nan- cy of

Lon- don, from the fair in- land stream; I think on her wak- ing, of

her I do dream. 'Twas a sad cru- el part- ing, when I had to

go All on the seas sail- ing, where the storm-y winds blow.



NANCY OF LONDON.

1. It's Nancy of London, from the fair inland stream;
I think on her waking, of her I do dream.
'Twas a sad cruel parting, when I had to go
All on the seas sailing, where the stormy winds blow.
2. The stormy winds blow, boys, and the salt spray does fly;
We toss and we tumble now low and now high.
'Midst the long rolling billows like thunder that roar,
My thought is on Nancy: shall I see my love more?
3. The rough waves beat o'er us; they make our ship shake.
They make all the timbers to quiver and quake.
But we'll fear no danger, we'll strive might and main,
We'll bring her safe through, boys, and we'll reach home again.
4. And now the storm's past, we'll take a full glass in hand,
And drink to our sweethearts we've left on dry land;
There is many a fair one, both slender and tall,
But mine's lovely Nancy; she's the queen of them all.
5. Sweet Nancy of London, here's a letter I send
To tell you I'm back at my long journey's end;
I am come to stay by you, no more for to go
All on the seas sailing, where the stormy winds blow.

IT'S OF A SAILOR BOLD.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.

Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegretto con moto.

(1) It's of a sai-lor bold, And late-ly come on
 shore; Both brisk and bold, Well lined with gold, To his
 lo-ver he did re - pair; (2) In old and rag - ged dress Un -
 - to his love did go, — Un - to his love All for to prove

mf *dim.* *p* *mf* *cantabile*

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Verses 2 & 4. Last Verse.

Wheth - er she'll be kind or no. (3) "My bride.

f marcato *p* *Fine.*

IT'S OF A SAILOR BOLD.

1. It's of a sailor bold,
And lately come on shore;
Both brisk and bold,
Well lined with gold,
To his lover he did repair;
2. In old and ragged dress
Unto his love did go,
Unto his love
All for to prove
Whether she'll be kind or no.
3. "My merchandise I've lost,
My ship is gone astray,
Which makes me fret;
I'm deep in debt,
Not a tenth part can I pay."
4. "Come in, my dear, sit down,
Put off thy ragged array;
And I will be
So kind to thee,
And all thy debts I'll pay."
5. "I've gold in store of my own
My debts all for to clear.
I've rings, I've ribbons,
I've jewels so bright,
And gems to trick the hair."
6. 'Twas down in Stokon Church
The happy knot was tied.
From land to land
There's no man can
Match the sailor and his bride.

THE CUCKOO.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegretto grazioso.

(1) A - walk - ing, a -

- talk - ing, a - walk - ing went I — To meet my sweet

Wil - liam, — he'll be here by and bye. For meet - ing's a plea - sure, and

part - ing's a grief, And an un - con - stant lov - er is worse than a



THE CUCKOO.

1. A-walking, a-talking, a-walking went I
To meet my sweet William,—he'll be here by and bye.
For meeting's a pleasure, and parting's a grief.
And an unconstant lover is worse than a thief.
2. A thief can but rob you of all that you have;
An unconstant lover brings a maid to her grave;
The grave it will hide you, and bring you to dust,
So an unconstant lover young maidens can't trust.
3. Come, all you young maidens, wherever you be,
Oh! never never put your trust in a sycamore tree;
The top it shall wither, the root shall decay,
And a fair maiden's beauty will soon fade away.
4. The cuckoo's a fine bird; he sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings, and he tells us no lies.
He sucks the sweet flowers to make his voice clear,
And, the more he cries "Cuckoo," the summer draws near.

THE RAMBLING COMBER.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Andante affetuoso.

(1) You comb - ers all, both great and small, Come,

lis - ten to my dit - ty, For it is ye and on - ly ye Re -

- gard my fall with pi - ty. For I can write, read, dance, or fight, In -

- deed it's all my hon - our. My fail - ing is I drink strong beer, For

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the vocal line with lyrics: "I'm a ram - bling comb-er." and "(2) Now -to -ber." The second system contains the piano accompaniment. Above the piano staves, there are markings for "Verses 1-4." and "Last Verse." The piano part includes dynamic markings: *mf*, *dim.*, *rall.*, and *P Fine.* The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

THE RAMBLING COMBER.

1. You combers all, both great and small,
Come, listen to my ditty,
For it is ye and only ye
Regard my fall with pity.
For I can write, read, dance, or fight,
Indeed it's all my honour.
My failing is I drink strong beer,
For I'm a rambling comber.

2. Now on the tramp I'm forced to scamp;
My shoes are all a-tatter.
My hose unbound are on the ground;
I seldom wear a garter.
I have a coat scarce worth a groat,
I sadly want another;
But it's Oh! my dear, I love strong beer;
I am a rambling comber.

3. I have no watch, I have a patch
On each side of my breeches.
My hat is torn, my wig is worn,
My health is all my riches.
Oh! would I had some giggling lass
My coat all for to border
With straps and bows; I would hold those,
I'd hold them all in order.

4. A tailor's bill I seldom fill,
I never do take measure;
I make no debt, that doth me let
In taking of my pleasure;
Nor ever will, till I grow old;
Then I must give it over.
Oh! then old age will me engage
For being a rambling comber.

5. A pitcher-boy I will employ
While I have cash or credit.
I'll ramp and roar, and call for score,
And pay them when I have it.
For this is always in my mind,
Let me be drunk or sober,
A bowl of punch my thirst to quench,
And a quart of old October.

FAIR SUSAN.

Collected by H.E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Andante con moto.

(1) Fair Su - san I left with my
heart full of woe; I was go - - ing my for - - tune to mend. And
on her soft bo som fell ma - ny a tear, When she part - ed from her
true lov - ing friend. (2) "Fare - well! Jack," she cried, and she bade me a -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It is in 2/4 time and consists of four systems. The vocal line is written in a single treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is written in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto.' The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano part includes a second ending marked '(2)'.

-dieu, And the tears from her eyes—they did flow. From her I— did

strain with my heart full— of pain, For to join— with some jo - vial ship's

crew. (3) The wind did blow hard, and the high seas did roar, Whilst blue

light - ning a - round us did fly, And I thought on my Su - san whom

The musical score is for the song 'Fair Susan'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: 'I'd left on shore All a-lone and in sor-row to cry. (4) Our'. The piano accompaniment is written for a grand piano with a left-hand bass clef and a right-hand treble clef. It includes dynamic markings such as *cresc.*, *f*, *dim.*, and *ff*. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, with repeat signs at the end of the first and fourth stanzas.

FAIR SUSAN.

1. Fair Susan I left with my heart full of woe;
I was going my fortune to mend.
And on her soft bosom fell many a tear,
When she parted from her true loving friend.
2. "Farewell! Jack," she cried, and she bade me adieu,
And the tears from her eyes they did flow.
From her I did strain with my heart full of pain,
For to join with some jovial ship's crew.
3. The wind did blow hard, and the high seas did roar,
Whilst blue lightning around us did fly,
And I thought on my Susan whom I'd left on shore
All alone and in sorrow to cry.
4. Our ship sprang a leak, and 'twas all hands on deck
Ev'ry man his own life for to save.
I swam on a plank, and got safe from the wreck,
Whilst the rest met a watery grave.
5. Now, since this good fortune had sav-ed my life,
I took thought to my Susan to go;
I thought for to make her my own lawful wife,
But my joy was all turn-ed to woe.
6. Long years did pass by, and my Susan had wed,
Ere some ship to my rescue came nigh.
Oh! afar I will roam, till I'm laid with the dead;
I care nought where my poor body do lie.

FAIR MARGARET and SWEET WILLIAM.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegro comodo.

(1) Fair Mar-gret stood at her bow'r win-dow A-comb-ing of her

hair; She saw Sweet Wil-liam and his bride, As they came rid-ing

there. (2) Then down she threw her iv'-ry comb, And up she bound her

hair, And forth she went from her cham-ber, And ne-ver more came

there. (3) Sweet Wil - liam dreamed such dreams that night, Such dreams that were not

good; He dreamed his bow'r was full of white swine, And his bride-bed full of

blood. (4) Then mine." (10) Fair Mar - g'ret died to - day, to - day, Sweet

1st & 2nd time 3rd time

p *sostenuto*

Wil - liam died the mor-row; Fair Mar - g'ret died for pure true love Sweet

Wil - liam died for sor - row.

mf *p* *pp* *Fine.*

The musical score is for a song in G major (one sharp). The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'Wil - liam died for sor - row.' are written under the first few notes of the vocal line. The piano part features chords and arpeggios, with dynamic markings *mf*, *p*, and *pp* indicating a crescendo and then a decrescendo. The piece ends with a 'Fine.' marking.

FAIR MARGARET and SWEET WILLIAM.

1. Fair Marg'ret stood at her bow'r window
A-combing of her hair;
She saw Sweet William and his bride,
As they came riding there.
2. Then down she threw her iv'ry comb,
And up she bound her hair,
And forth she went from her chamber,
And never more came there.
3. Sweet William dreamed such dreams that night,
Such dreams that were not good;
He dreamed his bower was full of white swine,
And his bride-bed full of blood.
4. Then up he called his merry men
By one, by two, by three.
"Now ride we to Fair Marg'ret's bower
By leave of my ladye."
5. When he came to Fair Marg'ret's door,
He knock-ed at the ring.
So ready were her sev'n brothers
To let Sweet William in.
6. "Oh! let me see the dead" he cried,
"Oh! she looks wondrous wan."
He oftimes kissed her lily-white cheeks,
Where the cherry red had flown.
7. Then up spoke Marg'ret's sev'n brothers
All in a piteous tone:
"Go you, and kiss your nut-brown bride,
And leave our kin alone!"
8. "And if I kiss my nut-brown bride,
I do but what I may;
I swore no vow to your sister,
And have no debt to pay.
9. But we will give, and give like share,
Of wheat bread and of wine
To deal on this her burial day,
To deal the morn on mine."
10. Fair Marg'ret died to-day, to-day,
Sweet William died the morrow;
Fair Marg'ret died for pure true love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

THE TURTLE-DOVE.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegretto grazioso.

(1) "Oh! don't you see the tur-tle-dove Sitting
un - der the yon - der tree — La - ment-ing for her — own true love? And
I will mourn for thee, my dear, And — I will mourn for thee." (2) "If
you must suf - fer grief and pain, 'Tis but for a lit - tle — while; — For,

though I go a-way, I'll re-turn a-gain, If I row ten thou-sand
mile, my dear, If I row ten thou-sand mile."

rall. e dim. *Fine.*

THE TURTLE-DOVE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Oh! don't you see the turtle-dove
Sitting under the yonder tree
Lamenting for her own true love?
And I will mourn for thee, my dear,
And I will mourn for thee."</p> | <p>4. "I may not stay your grievous moan,
Your pain I may not ease;
Yet I will love but thee alone;
Till the streams run from the seas, my dear,
Till the streams run from the seas."</p> |
| <p>2. "If you must suffer grief and pain,
'Tis but for a little while;
For, though I go away, I'll return again,
If I row ten thousand mile, my dear,
If I row ten thousand mile."</p> | <p>5. "The tides shall cease to beat the shore,
The stars fall from the sky;
Yet I will love thee more and more
Until the day I die, my dear,
Until the day I die."</p> |
| <p>3. "Ten thousand mile is very far
For me to bide alone
With a heavy, heavy sigh, and a bitter, bitter cry;
No one to hear my moan, my dear,
No one to hear my moan."</p> | <p>6. "Then let the seas run dry, sweetheart,
The rocks melt with the sun,
Yet here I will stay, nor ever from thee part,
Till all my days are done, my dear,
Till all my days are done."</p> |

LADY MAISRY.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegro comodo.

(1) "Oh! mo-ther, dear mo - ther, come make me my bed, And

spread me—my milk white sheet, That I may lie— a - lone on my

bed of down To— see if there I can sleep. (2) Now, I pray you, go fetch me my

lit-tle foot-boy That is my own sis-ter's son, That he may go and tell to my

own—true love— I shall die be-fore he—can come.” (3) Now, the

first— two miles this lit-tle boy he walked, The se- cond two miles he

ran, But, when that he did come to a broad stream-side, He—

lay on his breast, and he swam. (4) He swam till he came to the

Lord's fair hall Where the Lord was a - serv - ing meat: "Oh!

if you did but know what news I've brought, Not an - o - ther bit you would

eat." (5) "Now, briar.

Verses 4 & 8. Last Verse.

Verses 4 & 8. Last Verse.

dim. pp Fine.

1. "Oh! mother, dear mother, come make me my bed,
And spread me my milkwhite sheet,
That I may lie alone on my bed of down
To see if there I can sleep.
2. Now, I pray you, go fetch me my little foot-boy
That is my own sister's son,
That he may go and tell to my own true love
I shall die before he can come."
3. Now, the first two miles this little boy he walked,
The second two miles he ran,
But, when that he did come to a broad streamside,
He lay on his breast, and he swam.
4. He swam till he came to the Lord's fair hall
Where the Lord was a-serving meat:
"Oh! if you did but know what news I've brought,
Not another bit you would eat."
5. "Now, is the high wall of my castle fallen down,
Or are my new gates o'erthrown,
Or is it some ill news of my fair ladye
That makes you thus for to moan?"
6. "No, it's not the high wall of your castle fallen down,
Nor yet your new gates o'er thrown;
It's your true love is sick, and will surely die
This night before you can come.
7. "Go saddle then and bridle my milkwhite steed,
That fast I may ride away;
That I may go and kiss her cherry cherry cheeks,
Before they are turn-ed to clay."
8. But, when he drew near to his true love's gate,
He heard there a dismal sound,
The ringing of a bell in the high church tower
And the ladies mourning around.
9. But, when he did come to his love's bedside,
He fell on his bended knee:
"Oh! love, since thou art dead, that wast my life,
Would I lay dead now with thee."
10. Now the Lady she died all upon Saturday
At twelve o'clock at noon;
And the Lord then he died all on Sunday
Ere evening prayer it was done.
11. Now the Lady was laid in the old chancel
The Lord in the new church quire;
And out of the Lady there sprung a damask rose,
And out of the Lord a sweet-briar.
12. They grew so stout and they grew so tall,
At last they could grow no higher;
They twilled and they twined in a true love-knot,
And the rose wrapped round the sweet briar.



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Charlie is my darling Scotch Air	Man's a man for a' that, A
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