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FOLK-SONGS OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY CECIL J. SHARP.



16. LADY MAISRY.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

BOOK II.

FOLK-SONGS FROM EASTERN COUNTIES

COLLECTED, AND SET WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT, BY

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

CONTENTS : SONGS FROM ESSEX. 1. BUSHES AND BRIARS. 2. TARRY TROWSERS. 3. A BOLD YOUNG FARMER. 4. THE LOST LADY FOUND. 5. AS I WALKED OUT. 6. THE LARK IN THE MORNING. SONGS FROM NORFOLK. 7. ON BOARD A NINETY-EIGHT. **3. THE CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE.** 9. WARD, THE PIRATE. 10. THE SAUCY BOLD ROBBER. 11. THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL. 12. THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER. **13. THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.** SONGS FROM CAMBRIDGESHIRE. 14. GEORDIE. 15. HARRY, THE TAILOR.

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GEORGE B. GARDINER.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY GUSTAV VON HOLST.

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- 2. LORD DUNWATERS.
- 3. THE IRISH GIRL.
- 4. YOUNG REILLY.
- 5. THE NEW-MOWN HAY.
- 6. THE WILLOW TREE.
- 7. BEAUTIFUL NANCY.
- 8. SING IVY.

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- 2. MY BOY WILLIE (Worcestershire).
- 3. DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY (Worcestershire).
- 4. LAWYER LEE (Warwickshire),
- 5. THE MARE AND THE FOAL (Warwickshire).
- 6. POOR OLD HORSE (Warwickshire).
- 7. THE LITTLE DUNCE (Oxfordshire).
- 8. THE DROWNED SAILOR (Oxfordshire).
- 9. MY BONNY BOY (Gloucestershire).
- 10. A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE (Berkshire).

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- 11. JACK, THE JOLLY TAR (Devonshire).
- 12. FALSE LAMKIN (Cambridgeshire).

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BOOK V.

12. THE SQUIRE AND THE THRESHER.

14. YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLAND LOW.

15. YONDER SITS A FAIR YOUNG DAMSEL. 16. OUR SHIP SHE LIES IN HARBOUR.

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to ALICE B. GOMME.

GENERAL PREFACE TO THE FOLK-SONG SERIES.

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

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

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

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

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.

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BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE.

(WORCESTERSHIRE.)



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BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE.

- Bold Nelson's praise I'm going to sing, (Not forgetting our glorious King), He always did good tidings bring, For he was a bold commander. There was Sydney Smith and Duncan, too, Lord Howe and all the glorious crew; They were the men that were true blue. Full of care, Yet I swear None with Nelson could compare, Not even Alexander.
- 2. Bold Buonaparte he threatened war, A man who feared not wound nor scar, But still he lost at Trafalgar Where Britain was victorious. Lord Nelson's actions made him quake, And all French powers he made to shake; He said his King he'd ne'er forsake. These last words Thus he spake: Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak, And the battle shall be glorious.
- 3. Lord Nelson bold, though threatened wide, And many a time he had been tried, He fought like a hero till he died Amid the battle gory. But the day was won, their line was broke, While all around was lost in smoke, And Nelson he got his death stroke. That's the man For old England! He faced his foe with his sword in hand, And he lived and he died in his glory.

MY BOY WILLIE.

(WORCESTERSHIRE.)



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MY BOY WILLIE.

- O where have you been all the day, My boy Willie?
 O where have you been all the day?
 Willie, won't you tell me now?
 I've been all the day
 Courting of a lady gay;
 But she is too young
 To be taken from her mammy.
- 2. O can she brew and can she bake, My boy Willie? O can she brew and can she bake? Willie, won't you tell me now? She can brew and she can bake, And she can make a wedding cake; But she is too young To be taken from her mammy.

3. O can she knit and can she spin, My boy Willie?

> O can she knit and can she spin? Willie, won't you tell me now? She can knit and she can spin, And she can do 'most anything; But she is too young To be taken from her mammy.

4. O how old is she now, My boy Willie? O how old is she now? Willie, won't you tell me now? Twice six, twice seven, Twice twenty and eleven; But she is too young To be taken from her mammy.

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY.

(WORCESTERSHIRE.)



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DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY.

 Come, come, my brave boys, as I told you before, Come, come, my brave boys, for we won't give it o'er, The Russians they are coming, and we'll fight until we die Before they shall come and drink old England dry. Dry, my boys; dry, my boys; Dry, my brave boys, dry, Before they shall come and drink old England dry.

- Then up spoke Lord Raglan, of honour and renown, He swore he would be true to his country and crown. With broadsword and cutlasses we will fight until we die Before they shall come and drink old England dry. Dry, my boys; etc. etc.
- 3. Supposing we should meet with the Russians on our way, Ten thousand to one we should show them English play. With broadsword and cutlasses we will fight until we die Before they shall come and drink old England dry.
 Dry my boys: etc. etc.

Dry, my boys; etc. etc.

LAWYER LEE. (WARWICKSHIRE.)



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LAWYER LEE.

- When lawyer Lee went out one day, Went out to take his pleasure, He met a fair damsel all on the highway, A charming young lady for ever.
- Where are you going to, my pretty maid, Where are you going so early? I'm going down by the green bush way, My father is mowing the barley.
- 3. Shall I go with you my fair pretty maid, Shall I go with you so early?O No, kind Sir, it never will do, My father he would be angry.
- 4. Then hold up your apron, my fair pretty maid, I'll fill it full of treasure;If you will walk with me one dayI'll make you a lady for ever.
- 5. If I were to walk with you one day, And you were to go and wed me, O up to London I must go And pass for a lawyer's lady.
- 6. I'd rather be a poor man's wife, And sit at my wheel a-spinning, Than I would be a lawyer's wife – They are the worst of women.

THE MARE AND THE FOAL. (WARWICKSHIRE.)



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THE MARE AND THE FOAL.

- Come listen awhile, and a story you'll hear; It is of a fine foal and a beautiful mare. The clerk of the parish, you all know full well, He goes for to ring the eight o'clock bell. Derry down, derry down, derry down, derry down, Derry, derry down, dee.
- As he was a-musing all over his pot, One of the church doors he forgot for to shut; The mare and the foal, they went in full speed, And in the church books they began for to read. Derry down, etc. etc.
- 3. The mare says to the foal: Let us go back again, For there's nobody here for to say the Amen.
 O no, says the foal, I pray you keep on, For when it is wanted I'll say the Amen.
 Derry down, etc. etc.

- 4. Let us pray for the blacksmith, all over the way, For 'tis he that has shod me this many long day; Let us pray, then, that he may have iron and coal And plenty of money – Amen, says the foal. Derry down, etc. etc.
- 5. Let us pray for the cobblers in cold frosty weather, When it freezes their wax, and they can't sew their leather, Let us pray, then, that they may have silver and gold, And a good fire to warm 'em – Amen, says the foal. Derry down, etc. etc.
- 6. Let us pray for the tailors, for they do not half mend; They will steal folks's clothes for to sell 'em again; Let us wish them all dead (and the Lord have their souls!) And their heads in the hog tub-Amen, says the foal. Derry down, etc. etc.
- 7. Let us pray for the brewers, and it is very loth, If you call for a quart they'll bring you half froth; Let us wish in their barrel there may be a large hole, With a spout in our mouths - Amen, says the foal. Derry down, etc. etc.



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POOR OLD HORSE.

- My clothing was once of a linsey-woolsey fine, My mane it was long and my body it did shine; But now I'm getting old and going to decay, My master frowns upon me, and thus they all do say: Poor old horse!
- My living was once on the best of corn and hay As ever grew in England, and that they all do say; But now there's no such comfort that I can find at all, I'm forced to nab the short grass that grows against the wall. Poor old horse!
- 3. My lodging was once in a stable so warm To keep my tender limbs and my body from all harm; But now in open fields I am forc-ed for to go To face cold windy weather, likewise sharp frost and snow. Poor old horse!
- 4. "He's lame and he's lazy, he eats my corn and hay, He eats my corn and hay, and he spoileth all my straw; Besides he is not fit within my shafts to draw, So whip him, stick him, shoot him, and a-hunting let him go?" Poor old horse!
- 5. My hide unto the huntsman so freely I would give, My body to the fox dogs – I'd rather die than live, Although these gallant limbs they have run so many miles O'er hedges, ditches, bramble bed, likewise o'er gates and stiles. Poor old horse!

THE LITTLE DUNEE. (OXFORDSHIRE.)







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THE LITTLE DUNEE.

- On the twenty-fourth of August last

 A horse race at Newmarket was;
 And many fine gentlemen there did resort,
 All for to see the lively sport.
 With my right fal lero,
 Liddle fol liddle-i-day.
- 2. O there was a gentleman of fame, Charles Anson Esquire, and that was his name, And he had a kinsman who kept a mare Called little Dunee, with her two cropped ears. With my right etc. etc.
- 3. He went to his kinsman and thus he did say:
 I've matched my mare to run this day,
 I've matched my mare to run this day
 Against Mr. Oliver's lively bay.
 With my right etc. etc.
- 4. For fifty! for fifty! the little boy cries,
 I'm afraid the Dunee she will lose the prize.
 O No! said his uncle, I'm sure she will beat;
 A guinea to a shilling against the first heat.
 With my right etc. etc.
- 5. Then the trumpet did sound and the drum it did beat.
 Said the boy to his uncle: I'll lose the first heat.
 You know very well the good trim of your mare,
 You may lose the first heat, my boy, if you dare!
 With my right etc. etc.
- 6. Then the gentlemen they rode round the course, A-betting their money on every horse:
 I'll lay you a wager of eight to five That the little Dunee she won't win the prize. With my right etc. etc.

- 7. What's that? what's that? the little boy cries, Who says that my mare she will lose the prize? Here's a hundred bright guineas my uncle left me, I'll venture them all on my little Dunee. With my right fal lero, Liddle fol liddle-i-day.
- 8. The jockeys were weighed, likewise their whips, And then the bold riders began for to strip; And the little Dunee, I heard them say, Carried twelve pounds more than the lively bay. With my right etc. etc.
- 9. The first five miles that she did run The lively bay she flew so strong, And whipping and slashing all over the plain, She left the Dun mare away behind. With my right etc. etc.
- 10. Then the little boy he smacked his whip, Which made little Dun to jump and skip; And as they came galloping over the moor, The little Dunee popped in before. With my right etc. etc.
- 11. Then the gentlemen they rode round the course, Saying one to the other: Our money is lost! Which made every one of them stamp and swear: The Devil take you and your little Dun mare! With my right etc. etc.
- 12. Now that, little Dunee, you have won the race, I shall not stop very long in this place; You've won me more money this very day Than my master can count or can carry away. With my right etc. etc.

THE DROWNED SAILOR. (OXFORDSHIRE.)





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THE DROWNED SAILOR.

- As a lady was walking down by the sea side,
 A poor drowned sailor she there chanced to spy.
 When that she first saw the sailor it put her to a stand,
 For she knew 'twas her lover by the mark on his hand.
- She put her arms round him, she called him her dear, She wept, and she kissed him ten thousand times o'er, Crying: Now I am contented to die by your side, As she clasped his cold neck and, heart-broken, she died.
- 3. In Robin Hood's churchyard this couple was laid,
 And a stone for remembrance was laid on her grave,
 Saying: My joys are all ended, my pleasures are fled;
 I will sleep here for ever; the grave is my bed.
Collected and arranged by Cecil J.Sharp.



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MY BONNY BOY.

- O once I was courted by a bonny, bonny boy, I loved him I vow and protest;
 I loved him so well, and so very well
 That I built him a bower in my breast.
- Now up the green meadows and a-down the steep valleys, Like one that was troubled in mind, I hulload and I whooped and played on my lute, But no bonny, bonny boy could I find.
- 3. I sat myself down on a green, mossy bank, Where the sun it shone wonderful warm; And who did I spy but my own bonny boy, Fast locked in another girl's arms?
- 4. Now the girl that's the joy of my bonny, bonny boy, I am sure she is never to blame; Though many a night she has robbed me of my rest, Yet she never shall do it again.

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A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

(BERKSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J.Sharp.



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A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

- Come all who roam, both old and young, and listen to my song, I'll tell you of a circumstance, that will not keep you long; I saw a man the other day, as savage as a Turk, And he was grumbling at his wife and said she did no work. So men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so; For no man can imagine what a woman has to do.
- 2. He said: You lazy huzzy! indeed you must confess; For I'm a-tired of keeping you in all your idleness. The woman she made answer: I work as hard as you, And I will just run through the list what a woman has to do. So men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so; For no man can imagine what a woman has to do.
- 3. At six o'clock each morning off to your work you go; At eight I rise to light the fire and the bellows for to blow; I have to set the tea things and get the kettle boiled; Besides, you know, I have to wash and dress the youngest child. So men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so; For no man can imagine what a woman has to do.
- 4. I have to shake and make the bed, and sweep the room also, I have to knit, I have to spin, I have to sit and sew; Besides, and this you well do know, I always make a rule To wash and dress the little ones and send them off to school. So men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so; But think of your poor mother, how she put up with you.

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JACK THE JOLLY TAR O. (DEVONSHIRE.)



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JACK THE JOLLY TAR O.

- O I am Jack and a jolly tar O, And just returned from the sea so far O; Yes! I am Jack, and a jolly tar And just returned from the sea so far. Fal la la doo, fal lal lero, Right fal la la doo.
- As I was walking through London city, I found myself all in great pity; And I heard them say as I passed by: Poor Jack all in the streets must lie. Fal la la doo, etc. etc.
- 3. The Squire he courted for his fancy A merchant's daughter, whose name was Nancy; And I heard them agree, as I passed that way, To meet again without delay. Fal la la doo, etc. etc.
- 4. O tie a string unto your finger, And let it hang down from out your window; Then I will come and touch the string, And you come down and let me in. Fal la la doo, etc. etc.

- 5. Blame me! said Jack if I don't venture To touch the string hanging from her window. So Jack he went and touched the string, And she came down and let him in. Fal la la doo, fal lal lero, Right fal la la doo.
- 6. O then said she: How came you here O? I fear you've robbed me of my Squire O. No, No, said Jack, I touched the string, And you came down and let me in. Fal la la doo, etc. etc.
- 7. While it is so, it makes no matter, For Jack's the lad I will follow after; For I love Jack as I love my life, And I intend to be Jack's wife. Fal la la doo, etc. etc.
- 8. The Squire cried all in a passion:
 O curse the women throughout the nation!
 For there is not one that will prove true –
 And if there is,'tis very few.
 Fal la la doo, etc. etc.

FALSE LAMKIN. (CAMBRIDGESHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp. Moderato. (1) The said to the La-dy, Be - fore Lord he went 0 dim. out: Be ware of false Lam-kin, He's a - walk - ing a - bout. (2) What care cresc. P dim. When the doors are Lam-kin Or kin? all_ Ι for false a-ny of his Ż Ì win-dow False And the win-dows close pinned. (3) At the back kitchen_ bolt - ed 0 stz 5**†**2

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FALSE LAMKIN.

- The Lord said to the Lady, Before he went out: Beware of false Lamkin, He's a-walking about.
- What care I for false Lamkin Or any of his kin? When the doors are all bolted And the windows close pinned.
- 3. At the back kitchen window False Lamkin crept in; And he pricked one of the elder babes With a bright silver pin.
- 4. O Nursemaid! O Nursemaid! How sound you do sleep; Can't you hear one of those elder babes A-trying to weep?
- How durst I go down In the dead of the night? Where there's no fire a-kindled, No candle alight.
- 6. As she was a going down, And thinking no harm, False Lamkin he caught her Right tight in his arm.

- 7. O spare my life! O spare my life! My life that's so sweet; You shall have as many bright guineas As stones in the street.
- 3. O spare my life! O spare my life!
 Till one of the clock;
 You shall have my daughter Betsy,
 She's the flower of the flock.
- Fetch me your daughter Betsy, She will do me some good; She will hold the silver basin To catch her own heart's blood.
- A AI J A AI J
 Pretty Betsy, being up At the window so high, Saw her own dearest father Come a-riding close by.
- Dear father! dear father! O blame not of me; For it was false Lamkin Murdered baby and she.
- 12. Here's blood in the kitchen, Here's blood in the hall, Here's blood in the parlour, Where the Lady did fall.
- 13. False Lamkin shall be hung On the gallows so high; While his bones shall be burn-ed In the fire close by.

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