

ONE HUNDRED  
SONGS OF ENGLAND



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# ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY  
GRANVILLE BANTOCK

FOR LOW VOICE



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SHELF

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**S**umer is icumen in. Iude sing cucu. Swyð sed and bloweþ  
 Perspice xpicola que dignacio celicus agrico—  
 med and springþ þe uide nu. Sing cucu awe bletþ after  
 la pro uitis vicio. fili o — non partens expositi  
 lomb. Ihouþ after calue cu. Bulluc stertþ. bucke uertþ  
 it. mortis exicio — Qui captiuos seminuos  
 aurie sing cucu. Ducu cucu Wel singes þu cucu ne siwik  
 a supplicio — Vite donat et secum coronat. in ce  
 þu naueþ nu.  
 li so li o.  
**P** Sing cucu nu. Sing cucu.  
 Sing cucu. Sing cucu nu.

Hanc rotam cantare possint quatuor socii. A pancia  
 ribus autem qm a tribus ut saltem duobus nō debet  
 dici. præter eos qui dicunt pedem. Cantant autē sic. Dacen  
 taly cōfisi inchoat cū hys q cetero pede. Cō cū uenerit  
 ad pñam notam post cruce. inchoat aliud. et sic de cetero.  
 Singli ū repaſent ad pauſaciones ſcriptas  
 in alibi. quia uno ū longe notat.  
 hoc repetit un⁹ quociens op⁹ eſt.  
 faciens pauſacionem in fine.  
 hoc dicit ali⁹ pauſant in medio. et in  
 fine. et immediate repetit incipit.

FACSIMILE OF THE OLD NORTHUMBRIAN ROUND, "SUMMER IS ICUMEN IN," THE MOST REMARK-  
 ABLE ANCIENT MUSICAL COMPOSITION KNOWN TO BE IN EXISTENCE. DATE, CIRCA 1225 A.D.

(ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, HARLEIAN MSS., VOL. I, NO. 978)

# ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF ENGLAND



THE saying "Life without art is brutality" represents a real fact of life. Man's creative faculty, however it arose,—whether it be involved in our nature as an image of the Divine, or whether, as some say, it has arisen merely as a by-product of brain-chemistry,—man's creative faculty is at any rate among those traits that most sharply differentiate him from the animal world, to which on one side of his nature he belongs. Of course there is a sense in which no man is altogether without art, art being the embodiment in material form of some idea or emotion; for when we speak the simplest sentence, we are using material vibrations and forms to express our thought. Speech is a form of art; but in its more restricted sense, as used in this celebrated phrase, the word still conveys a real meaning. No great nation—as we mean great—has been without the arts either of poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, or music; and those portions of a nation which are comparatively without them are precisely those which are least removed from brute-life.

It has often been brought against England, as a serious reproach, that she has no music, and in that sense is in a state of comparative brutality. This dictum is disputable on two grounds. No nation has ever been—or, probably, ever will be—equally great in all the five arts. English poetry is one of the glories of the world. Few races have existed in which there has been, over such long periods, so continuous a stream of poetry of really high quality. Not only have the English produced perhaps the greatest figure in all poetry,—certainly one of the two or three greatest,—but at almost no period has the river altogether ceased flowing. Even in the sceptical and formal eighteenth century, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, and others were living and working, and kept up a trickling stream which, in the last-named, began to swell again to its normal volume. The body of English poetry, as a

whole, is certainly not a thing to cause us to be a reproach and a hissing among the nations. In painting we have a school which, though for long unduly disparaged, is now acknowledged, abroad as well as at home, as an individual and valuable addition to the wealth of the world: while in water-color painting the English school stands alone. In architecture we have perhaps not so much to say for ourselves. We have some of the grandest buildings in the world in our ancient cathedrals: but these are rather the products of a continental wave of thought than a very individual expression of our own national consciousness, though they have their own distinct characteristics. Our domestic Elizabethan architecture is, however, a discovery of our own, and one that is unlike anything else in the world. Here, then, are three arts, in one of which we occupy a place certainly inferior to that of no other nation, while in the other two we are at least in a respectable position. In sculpture, it is to be feared, there is not much to be said for us. We have some good work: but it cannot be pretended that there is a great English School of Sculpture. Largely owing to our climate, it is atmosphere, and all the magical effects of the play of light through changeful sun and cloud, that appeal more especially to us: and these are not the qualities that enter so much into the completed thought and clear-cut forms of statuary.

In music the case is different. The reproach is really not a just one, and is largely due to a want of historical perception on the part of our somewhat hasty critics. For the two hundred years extending from about 1675–1875, we went through a kind of eclipse, it is true, just at the time that Germany was rising to her finest efflorescence in musical art: and it is this fact that has led to the somewhat hurried verdict just mentioned. Just as winter does not characterize the whole year, just as the "Dark Ages" do not represent European life as a whole, so the winter

of music in England should not be taken as representative of the national mind. And after all, the term the "Dark Ages" is a misnomer: there was real intellectual life going on all through them, Dante being an instance. So, too, there was musical life existent in England, though one must own that it was mostly in a torpid condition. The causes of this hibernation are mysterious. Some have said Puritanism: but then you have to account for that. Some say commercialism; and Mr. Cecil Sharpe, putting it differently, says exteriorizing—fixing the thoughts upon the exterior life instead of the interior. It is even said that the particular aspect of this which is known as sea-power exercises a peculiarly blighting influence upon music as distinguished from the other arts. Certainly other arts can flourish in an era of general mental activity, as witness the time of the Renaissance in Italy, with its bubbling, seething cauldron of life of all kinds (exterior enough, too, in all conscience)—war, politics, literature, and art: not to mention our own Elizabethan period, with the simultaneous sea-power of Drake and the rest, the adventures to the Spanish Main, the poetical work of Spenser, Shakespeare, and that group, the intellectual achievements of Bacon and others, the musical work of Byrd, Gibbons, Wilbye, and their comrades being in this case contemporaneous. It seems that at times of a stirring of mental life, there are usually various types working together simultaneously, some "exteriorizing," and some "interiorizing." But whatever the cause, it cannot be denied that there was a "dark age" in England which is now yielding to a musical "renaissance."

A particular form of this charge has been that we have no national popular songs of any real merit. The folksong movement has already sufficiently rebutted that accusation. These songs were at first preserved by tradition, and, when the decline set in, tended to become forgotten and lost: fortunately large numbers have now been recovered and written down before it was too late. The previous issue of this present series (*One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations*) is in itself a sufficient refutation. The present issue goes further,

and shows that besides the simple song that springs from the popular heart, there is a fine body of genuine song of a more definitely artistic character. If we have not any writer of the peculiar genius of a Schubert, we have, at least, writers of a very real genius,—genius of a delicate "atmospheric" type, one might call it,—rather than the more imposing continental type. English song is in fact analogous to the Shakespeare and the Herrick lyric, in poetry. For the central type of English song is such as "Sigh no more, ladies," of Stevens, or "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," of Arne, or "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," rather than Purcell's "I'll sail upon the dog-star:" just as, in choral music, it is the delicate beauty of the madrigal rather than the more grandiose oratorio or cantata with orchestra, that is the peculiarly English product: and just as in painting it is the elusive and atmospheric water-color that is the characteristic English work rather than the more solid achievements in oils.

In the present selection Professor Bantock has shown a wise eclecticism; and the complete series of notes to the individual songs makes more than a cursory view of the whole unnecessary. The first song, "Sumer is icumen in," is a historic event. Written about 1250—before the battle of Evesham—it is the earliest product of really artistic music in Europe, and shows that at that time England was actually in advance of the world. Several sixteenth century songs follow—many of them of great beauty when once the ear is accustomed to the old modal idiom. These, however, come largely under the heading of folksong; and as we have already discussed that department in the previous book, we shall now pass on. Suffice it to say that tunes like "Green-sleeves," "The Oak and the Ash," "Pretty Polly Oliver," and "The Miller of Dee" are a sufficient answer to those who compare, to their disadvantage, English tunes with Scottish or Irish. The atmosphere is different, that is all: and we, to whom the idiom is unfamiliar, are especially struck with the apparent originality of the tunes thought out largely in the pentatonic scale.

The ten County Songs that follow come under

the same heading. "The Cheshire Man" shows a certain patriotic bombast which is robbed of its sting by its salt of humor. No offence can be felt where the whole thing is so obviously a joke. "The Vly is on the Turmut" and "Lord Rendal" show different phases of the national mind, though the latter is connected with a widely spread cycle of ballads: and "Widdicombe Fair" is, frankly, farcical jollity.

Coming to the songs whose authors are known, we find first the delicate work of one of the greatest of the Shakespearians—Byrd. The whole of this group, as is acknowledged on all hands, were at least abreast, if not in advance, of the continental writers. Most of the songs of the period were originally written as madrigals; but it was quite common, at that time, to sing such pieces in either form; and their inclusion here is perfectly justified. Weelkes, Gibbons, Dowland, Morley, Wilbye, etc., are well-known writers: Campion, however, is a somewhat recent discovery; and it is interesting to find specimens of his individual work included—work which reminds one of Herrick. The poems are often his own as well as the music, and the two are fitly mated. The two Lawes's, too, are welcome friends; while Savil's "Here's a Health" is a song that certainly finds a fit place in such a collection as this.

Among the Restoration writers, Pelham Humfrey is not a popularly known composer; but he had real genius; and had he lived longer, would probably have made a great name. Of Blow and Purcell it is not necessary to say much. Purcell, of course, won for himself, in his thirty-seven years, a splendid reputation; and, considering the time in which he lived, his achievement is wonderful. He is interesting, too, historically; since in him we find the Handel type, complete in little, long before Handel's advent. At the same time one must admit that the characteristic sweetness and delicacy of the central English type are rather to seek. His idiom is nearer to that of the Continent. Compare his work with such songs as "Gather ye rosebuds," or "Bid me but live," with their Herrick atmosphere, and the difference is at once apparent.

Of Dr. Arne we have spoken already. His work falls in what might be termed the "dark ages" of the Georges; and yet it has the characteristic English note, and shows that the national spirit was still alive even in its winter sleep. Linley's "Here's to the maiden," too (still Georgian, and with the Sheridan tang), has the real blood of life in its veins. Jackson, a little known writer, is certainly worth preserving: and then we come to Dibdin. It must be owned that Dibdin is not a great artist. Neither in words nor music has he any pretensions to technique, and his thousand and odd songs must always remain a rather heavy mass of luggage. And yet he had a power of finding his way to the heart—especially of those that go down to the sea in ships—which must ensure him an honored place; and a few of his efforts—"Tom Bowling," of course, being the chief—are a real national possession. Hook's "Lass of Richmond Hill" has an easy, pleasant sentiment which has won it popular favor, though it is rather facile. Stevens's "Sigh no more, ladies," is genuine and delicate poetry, and not unworthy of the lyric to which it is wedded. Davy's "Bay of Biscay" is a characteristic English type; and it would hardly have been honest to omit Braham's "Death of Nelson," though it is to be hoped we shall not produce much more in this vein. "Drink to me only" and "Cherry ripe" have a good deal of the real English charm.

Bishop was perhaps the most representative composer of his time, lasting well into the Victorian era. He of course cannot compare for a moment with the best German writers of his period,—Schumann, for example,—and yet the best of his work has a value of its own. A good specimen, not given here, is a setting of Shakespeare's "As it fell upon a day," with the nightingale who

*Leaned her breast up till a thorn.*

His technique is often hasty, and his sentiment a little obvious and wanting in poetry, but there is a living ring about his best work.

Contemporary writers are of course excluded,

as the task of selection would be invidious. It is now certain that a real renaissance is taking place in English music: and the volume of a future compiler will be enriched with songs of high quality and real poetical value. We have here, however, a very representative body of work up to 1855, which is a valuable addition to this interesting library of the world's songs.

*N. Edmund Cudworth —*

## NOTES ON THE SONGS

No. 1. *Sumer is icumen in* (*Summer is a-coming in*).

THIS wonderful piece of work was discovered at Reading Abbey some years ago, and is now in the British Museum. It was written about 1226, probably by John of Fornsete, and is by far the earliest music in existence of anything like the same artistic value. It is for six voices, originally four tenors and two basses. The tenors take up the tune one after another in canon, while the two basses sing a "ground." It is written on a six-lined stave, in C clef, and has a flat in the signature. Latin religious words have been added. The staves and Latin words are in red, the English words in black, and the initial S in blue. It is called in the MS. a "Rota," and the "ground" is spoken of as "pes." It is strikingly different, with its freedom and swing, from the ecclesiastical work of the time. There is nothing archaic about it: it seems to breathe a certain bucolic exultation in the days when

*"The Spring's in the Blood."*

<i>Sumer is icumen in,</i>	<i>Summer is a-coming in,</i>
<i>Lhude sing cuccu:</i>	<i>Loudly sing cuckoo.</i>
<i>Groweth sed</i>	<i>Groweth seed</i>
<i>And bloweth med,</i>	<i>And bloweth mead,</i>
<i>And springth the wode nu.</i>	<i>And springeth wood a-new.</i>
<i>Sing cuccu!</i>	<i>Sing cuckoo!</i>
<i>Awe bleteth after lomb,</i>	<i>Ewe bleateth after lamb,</i>
<i>Lhouth after calve cu.</i>	<i>Low'th after calf the cow.</i>
<i>Bulluc sterteth,</i>	<i>Bullock starteth,</i>
<i>Bucke verteth,*</i>	<i>Buck he verteth.</i>
<i>Murie sing cuccu.</i>	<i>Merry sing cuckoo.</i>
<i>Cuccu! Cuccu!</i>	<i>Cuckoo! Cuckoo!</i>
<i>Wel singes thu, cuccu!</i>	<i>Well singest thou, cuckoo!</i>
<i>Ne swik thu naver nu.</i>	<i>Nor cease thou never, now.</i>

REFERENCES. Chappell, Grove, Duncan, Davey.

No. 2. *Ah! the sighs that come fro' my heart.*

THIS tender little song—both words and air—appears in a collection of the time of Henry VIII, now in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 58). The author is unknown, as also is the date of its origin; but it has been ascribed, with great probability, to the century previous, *i.e.*, the fif-

\* *verteth* = *taketh cover in the vert or fern, green-wood.*

teenth. It may be as well to add that although, as a rule, these songs are treated with extreme simplicity, as being suited to the period of their birth, in this case—there being no bass given in the old MSS.—it seemed permissible to use a little more freedom, but still without tampering in any way with the original melody.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Duncan.

No. 3. *The Three Ravens.*

THIS well-known old ballad appears under the heading "Country Pastimes" in an old collection entitled *Melismata*, of the date 1611. It is probably, however, a good deal older than that. Its authorship is of course unknown, both words and music. It has had a very wide range, and Danish and Scottish versions are still in existence, the latter being the celebrated "The Twa Corbies."

The word *mate* in stanza 1 is probably a mistaken correction. *Mate* is really a corruption of *make*, the Middle English form; the Anglo-Saxon being *gemaca* or *maca*. Some editor has probably considered it a misprint. If the original form of the word is retained (as is here done), the rhyme is true.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Kidson, Duncan, Euterpe.

No. 4. *The King's Hunt.*

THE words of this song were probably written by "one Gray," who grew into "good estimation" with Henry VIII, and afterwards "with the Duke of Somerset, Protectour, for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*" There was a tune of this name as early as 1537—very probably the same as this present one, which is taken from *Musick's Delight on the Cithren* (ed. of 1666), a collection of very old popular tunes. A curious religious version by John Thorne, preserved in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 15,233), begins as follows:

*The hunt ys up, the hunt ys up,  
Loe! it is almost daye:*

*For Christ our Kyng is cum a-huntyng  
And brought his deare to staye.*

This runs to seventeen verses.

The present is a spirited tune, and the arrangement of the accompaniment as a reminder of hunting-horns seems an appropriate touch. The end is a trifle abrupt, and those who prefer can make use of the two-measure extension.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Duncan, Boosey, Jackson, Stanford.

#### No. 5. *The Hawthorn Tree.*

THIS song is given in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, Class IV (from Edward VI to Elizabeth), under the title, "A Mery Ballet of the Hathorne Tre, to be sung to the tune of Donkin Dargeson." It comes from a miscellaneous collection in the Cotton Library, and Ritson says: "This tune, whatever it was, appears to have been in use till after the Restoration." The present copy is from *The Dancing Master* (1650-51), where it is called "Dargason, or the Sedany,"—the Sedany being a country-dance. Gifford speaks of some child's book of knight-errantry in which there is a dwarf named Dargison, who serves as page to the heroine in her adventures: and in an old piece played by the Children of the Revels at Blackfriars in 1606, and entitled *The Isle of Gulls*, is the following couplet, perhaps a scrap of the old ballad:

*An ambling nag, and a-down, a-down,  
We have borne her away to Dargison.*

This reference to the Children may also remind our readers of the passage in *Hamlet* which indicates that Shakespeare did not regard these youthful prodigies as an unmixed blessing.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Duncan.

#### No. 6. *Westron Wynde.*

THIS small, but touching song is preserved in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 58). There is one verse only, the second in this edition having been specially written by Helen F. Bantock. The original is of course unbarred, and there has been some difference of opinion as to the true rhythm. Jackson and Duncan both print it in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time: Chappell gives it in duple time, which seems

better in every way. The collection in which it appears is a very valuable store of rare English songs: as is congruous with the folksong genus, melodies only are given.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Duncan.

#### No. 7. *The Woods so Wild.*

THIS song was a favorite about the middle of the sixteenth century and onward. We learn from the Life of Sir Peter Carew, by John Vowell, that he was accustomed to sing it with Henry VIII. The essential portion of the passage runs: "For the King himself being much delighted to sing, and Sir Peter having a pleasant voice, the king would often use to sing with him certain songs they call Freemen Songs, as namely, 'By the Bancke as I lay,' and 'As I walked the Wode so wylde,' etc." It evidently kept its popularity for long, since there are two versions of it in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (1608-16), one by Byrd, and one by Gibbons. The version of the tune here given is Byrd's. It is distinctly attractive, and belongs not to the modern key idiom, but to the modal school of the period. The first and third lines of the second verse, as given in this volume, are by Helen F. Bantock.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Duncan, *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*.

#### No. 8. *Chevy Chace.*

THIS well-known ballad is very old, and of unknown authorship—a real folksong. The tune was sometimes sung to "The Children in the Wood" and to "Pescod Time," but it is usually known as "Chevy Chace," and is so entitled in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, as well as in *The Beggars' Opera* (1728), etc. Two versions—an older and a more recent—of "Chevy Chace" are given in Percy's *Reliques*, where they are easily accessible; and as they are very long, it has been thought best to give here a few typical verses from the later version, the earlier offering perhaps too much difficulty for ordinary purposes.

The older version is dated by Percy, with every probability, about Henry VI's reign (circa 1450). To give an idea of it, we quote the celebrated

stanza of Wetherington, which appears in its later form among those given here to be sung, so that it may be easily compared:

*For Wetharryngton my hearte was wo,  
That ever he slayne shulde be;  
For when both his leggis wear heuwyne in to,  
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.*

This version is in two "fits" — sixty-eight stanzas, some of six lines instead of four. Percy says of the newer version: "The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has everywhere improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction, yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsolescence of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever may appear too familiar and vulgar in them. . . . We might also add that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original than in the improved copy."

1. *God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safetyes all!  
A woefull hunting once there did  
In Chevy Chace befall.*
2. *To drive the deere with hound and horne  
Erle Percy took his way:  
The child may rue that is unborne  
The hunting of that day.*
3. *The stout Erle of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer days to take,*
4. *The chiefest harts in Chevy Chace  
To kill and bear away:  
These tydings to Erle Douglas came  
In Scotland where he lay,*
5. *Who sent Erle Percy present word  
He wold prevent his sport:*

\*mad, furious.

†weight, or violence.

*The English erle, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort.*

Their numbers and array are then described, and the beginning of the battle:

35. *At last these two stout erles did meet  
Like captaines of great might:  
Like Lyons wood\* they layd on lode†  
And made a cruell fight.*
37. *Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd,  
In faith, I will thee bringe  
Where thou shalt high advancèd bee  
By James our Scottish king:*
38. *Thy ransome I will freely give,  
And this report of thee—  
Thou art the most coragious knight  
That ever I did see.*
39. *Nay, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,  
Thy proffer I doe scorne:  
I will not yeelde to any Scott  
That ever yett was borne.*
40. *With that, there came an arrow keene  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Erle Douglas to the hart  
A deep and deadly blow:*
41. *Who never spake more words than these:—  
Fight on, my merry men all:  
For why, my life is at an end—  
Lord Percy sees my fall.*
42. *Then leaving liffe Erle Percy tooke  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said:—Erle Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land!*
43. *O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake:  
For sure, a more redoubted knight  
Mischance could never take.*

The Percy is also slain, and various encounters described:

54. *For Witherington needs must I wayle  
As one in doleful dumpes:*

*For when his leggs were smitten off  
He fought upon his stumpes.*

Of two thousand Scottish spears, scarce fifty-five were left: of fifteen hundred English, scarce fifty-three went home: and the ballad ends:

68. *God save our king, and bless this land  
With plenty, joy and peace,  
And grant henceforth that foule debate  
'Twixt noblemen may cease!*

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Duncan, Kidson.

#### No. 9. *Of all the birds.*

IN Act I, Scene 4, of Beaumont and Fletcher's play *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the drunken Merrythought is heard within singing:

*Nose, nose, jolly red nose,  
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?  
Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves,  
And they gave me this jolly red nose—*

being the last four lines of this song, a clear indication that it was at that time still popular. It is considerably older than that, however, having been one of Henry VIII's favorites; and it is included in *Deuteromelia* (1609), a collection of King Henry's *Mirth or Freeman's Songs*, referred to in Nos. 4 and 7. The collection of old songs called *The Thrush* (1827) includes this song, but reads, in line 1, *Of all the brave birds that e'er I did see*; in line 2, *every for her*; in line 7, *noodle for knave*; line 10 runs simply: *Nose, nose!* omitting *jolly red nose!* in line 12, omit *and*; and in line 14, for *that* read *they*. This last reading has also the authority of the *Mermaid*, Beaumont and Fletcher.

REFERENCES. Chappell, *The Thrush*.

#### No. 10. *We be three poor mariners.*

THIS very popular old song is also one of King Henry VIII's *Mirth or Freeman's Songs*, and is preserved in *Deuteromelia* (1609). A version of the tune also appears as a *Braule* or *branle* (*Branle de Poictu*), a kind of dance analogous to the modern cotillon.

With regard to line 5, some versions read

*Shall we go dance, etc. —*

and most begin the *shall* on the accent. One authority has it as it is here given, which seems more satisfactory.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Jackson, Duncan, *The Harmonist*, Boosey, Stanford, *The Thrush*, *Euterpe*.

#### No. 11. *By a bank as I lay.*

THERE are two versions of this song, so different as to be practically two songs, both words and music. It is one of those referred to in Nos. 4 and 7, as sung by King Henry VIII and Sir Peter Carew. The version given by Chappell runs as follows:

*By a bank as I lay,  
Musing on a thing that was past and gone,  
Heigh-ho!*

*In the merry month of May,  
Oh! somewhat before the day  
Methought I heard at the last.*

*Oh, the gentle nightingale,  
The lady and the mistress of all musick,  
She sits down ever in the dale;  
Singing with her notes smale,  
And quavering them wonderfully thick.*

*Oh, for joy my spirits were quick  
To hear the bird, how merrily she could sing.  
And I said, Good Lord defend  
England, with thy most holy hand,  
And save noble Henry, our king.*

In *Deuteromelia* the last line has *James* for *Henry*, the book having been printed in James I's reign (1609). Another curious point is that the word *thicke* seems to have remained in traditional memory, but is used in different senses in the two songs—in the one as the adjective, in the other as the substantive now used in the form *thicket*. The air in Chappell is as follows:



REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson.

No. 12. *The Carman's Whistle.*

THIS tune is in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (and also Lady Nevill's *Virginal Book*), arranged by Byrd, and his harmonizing is used in the present version. The carmen of the period were noted for their whistling and singing, so that Falstaff says of Justice Shallow, after the celebrated scene (K. Henry IV, Pt. II, Act III, Scene 2) with Falstaff's disgraceful recruits at Shallow's house in Gloucestershire: "... a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sang those tunes to the over-scutched huswives, that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies, or his Goodnights." Other references to plays and books in which the musical powers of the carmen are referred to are given by Chappell (volume I, page 138), and will be found of interest by those of antiquarian tastes.

Several ballads were sung to the tune, but the present one finally came into permanent possession. There are really twelve stanzas, but Chappell gives only the five here printed.

REFERENCE. Chappell.

No. 13. *The British Grenadiers.*

THE date of this tune is not certain, and it has appeared in various forms at different periods; or, to put it in another way, it strongly resembles airs set to other words. The regiment was embodied in 1678, so that the words cannot be older than that. It is a great favorite in the army, and produces a stirring effect as played by the band of the Grenadier Guards, the regiment having taken it as their Regimental March.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Duncan, Boosey, Baring-Gould, Stanford.

No. 14. *Come, live with me and be my love.*

THIS song has sometimes been attributed to Shakespeare, and is included in the *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*. Sir Hugh Evans, too, sings a verse of it in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act III, Scene 1), to show his unconcern at the expected duel. It is now, however, generally assigned to Kit Marlowe: Izaak Walton so placed it in his *Compleat Angler*; Palgrave does the same

in *The Golden Treasury*, and the verdict is generally accepted. The last two verses here given do not appear in the *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, but Palgrave includes them in *The Golden Treasury*. The tune was discovered by Sir John Hawkins "in a MS as old as Shakespeare's time," and printed in Steevens's edition of Shakespeare. It is also given in a "Second Booke of Ayres, some to sing and play to the Base-Violl alone: others to be sung to the Lute and Base-Violl," etc., by W. Corkine (1612). Chappell contributes a considerable discussion of the whole matter.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Kidson, Duncan, *The Thrush*.

No. 15. *Green-sleeves.*

THIS has been one of the most popular of all English ballads. There is a reference to it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The loyal Subject*; and a couple of Shakespeare's references may be given, as showing the currency of the tune in his day. In the scene in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act II, Scene 1) in which Mistress Ford and Mistress Page plot their pranks against Falstaff, who has written a love-letter to the former, she exclaims: "And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green-sleeves.'" The other is in the same play (Act V, Scene 5), the midnight scene in Windsor Park, just before Falstaff's final exposure. He enters alone disguised as Herne the Hunter, and then, on the coming of Mistress Ford (with Mistress Page) exclaims: "... let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of 'Green-sleeves,' hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation—I will shelter me here" (embracing her).

The first record of it is in 1580, when Richard Jones appears in the Register of the Stationers' Co., as licensed to print "A new Northern Dittye of the Lady Green-sleeves," but it seems to

have been popular before that time. In 1686 the tune was included in *The Dancing Master* under the title "Green-sleeves and Pudding-pies," this being one of the many ballads made to be sung to the tune. This version of the air has an altered second part, possibly to suit the violin, the older version not being so effective. The tune, in this form, appears in *The Beggars' Opera* (1728), and is perhaps the best known. We give it here, however, in its original form, which is really the best and raciest. All the verses given by Chappell are here reprinted. After stanza 5, the lover speaks of the gold girdle, purse, crimson silk stockings, grass-green gown, satin sleeves, gelding, waiting-men, etc.—in fact, she could ask for nothing without having it. At the time of the Civil War it became a Cavalier tune, with no fewer than fourteen songs against Roundheads set to it, one of which, "The Blacksmith," had as a refrain, or last line, "*which nobody can deny*." This was the case also with "The Trimmer," one of the many songs to the tune, and which occurred in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Duncan.

NO. 16. *Once I loved a maiden fair.*

THIS tune also appears in *The Dancing Master* (1650-98), in Playford's *Introduction* (1664), and other collections of the time. The original ballad contains twelve stanzas, but it is thought that the three here given are sufficient for the present purpose.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Baring-Gould.

NO. 17. *You gentlemen of England.*

THIS ballad seems to have had its origin in a song preserved in black-letter, with the following portentous title: "Saylers for my Money: a new ditty composed in the praise of Saylers and Sea Affaires; briefly showing the nature of so worthy a calling, and effects of their industry: to the tune of 'The Joviall Cobbler.'" The opening words are slightly different, and run: "Countriemen of England." This appeared in the Pepys collection. There is another version, used by Ritson, and which has a title still more like a sermon than the

last, viz., "Neptune's raging Fury — or the Gallant Seamen's Sufferings. Being a relation of their perils and dangers, and of the extraordinary hazards they undergo in their noble adventures: together with their undaunted valour and rare constancy in all their extremities; and the manner of their rejoicing on shore at their return home. Tune of 'When the stormy Winds do blow.'" This also is printed in black-letter in the Bagford collection (temp. Charles II). Chappell gives details of still other versions. Ritson gives fourteen stanzas. The shorter version here printed is Chappell's, and comes from one of the old broadsides. Kidson's version is the same, with the omission of stanza 2. Duncan's has many variants.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Boosey, Kidson, Duncan, Baring-Gould, *The Skylark*.

NO. 18. *Early one morning.*

THE words of this song are given in several of the old song-books, e.g., *Sleepy Davy's Garland*, *The Songster's Magazine*, etc. There are countless variations. Sometimes the lover is a sailor, sometimes a shepherd; and some copies scorn the restraints of rhyme. The tune is said to be connected with a hornpipe formerly played at the theatres — "Come all you young Blades, that in robbing take Delight."

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Boosey, Kidson, Baring-Gould, Duncan, Stanford.

NO. 19. *Love me little, love me long.*

THESE are the first and last stanzas of a ballad of the time of James I, and were associated with the present tune by Chappell. The tune is "Mad Robin," the words of which are lost. It appears in *The Dancing Master* of 1686 and onward, and in other collections.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Boosey, Duncan.

NO. 20. *Pretty Polly Oliver.*

CHAPPELL says that, when he wrote, this old ballad was still in print in *Seven Dials*, under the title of "Polly Oliver's Ramble." An old song on *The Pretender* is said to be a parody of it:

*As Perkin one morning lay musing in bed  
The thought of three kingdoms ran much in his head, etc.*

The inference appears to be that "Perkin" was a nickname of The Old Pretender of "The '15." The last two words of line 1 belong also to the present version, but have evidently been replaced by "*'tis said*," as being a little suggestive. Duncan merely calls the whole "traditional." Chappell gives an altogether different set of words by Lord Cantalupe. The tune has a particularly taking lilt; the story just hits the popular sentiment; and the whole, as it stands, is a good specimen of the typical English ballad.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Stanford.

No. 21. *Begone, dull care.*

THE earlier versions of this song had "Begone, old care." "Dull care" appeared first when sung in *The Buck's Delight* at Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1798. The tune seems to have had its origin in "The Queen's Jigg," contained in *The Dancing Master* (1701). One verse of the words appears as early as 1687, in Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion* (Part II), being set as a catch by John Jackson: but they seem to have been suggested by a song of Queen Elizabeth's reign, beginning:

*Care, away go thou from me:  
I am no fit mate for thee, etc.*

The middle section of the tune, it will be noticed, is the same as that of "There was a jolly miller," only in the major mode.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Boosey, Kidson, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Stanford, *The Skylark*.

No. 22. *There was a jolly miller.*

SOMETIMES also called "The Miller of Dee." The tune seems to have been a sort of Bluebeard among tunes, and to have been a much wedded one. There is a Harvest-supper song—"Here's a health unto our master"—to which it was married; and still earlier (perhaps its first love) there is "The budgeon it is a delicate trade." Chappell supposes *budgeon* to come from *budge*, a thief of the sneak variety, and gives a couple of stanzas of the song in thieves' slang. Kidson's suggestion that *budgeon* is perhaps rather connected with *budge* and *budget*, a tinker's bag of tools, and that

the song has sung the pleasures of a wandering tinker's life, seems also a reasonable one: and in fact the first idea the title suggested to the present writer was Autolycus'—

*If tinkers may have leave to live  
And bear the sow-skin budget—*

which connects the two ideas, Autolycus being the prince of the light-fingered gentry.

The tune has also been introduced into several ballad-operas, to various words. One stanza of "There was a jolly miller" was sung in *Love in a Village* (1762), and was therefore attributed to Bickerstaffe; but it was in print before that. Several variants, some very long, are given by Chappell; and Kidson gives the verses here printed, with additional ones. Duncan's version is substantially the same as Kidson's: that here given seems, however, to be the norm. Note that the middle section is the same as that of the previous song, *Begone, dull care*, in minor form.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Boosey, Jackson, Kidson, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Stanford.

No. 23. *The Barley-mow.*

THOSE who have sat in an inn-parlor in some of the country districts of England when the rustics were drinking and smoking after the day's work, will be able to call up the peculiar flavor of such songs as this, "Tha Vly iz on the Turmut," and others. The conversation is more than deliberate: a perceptible pause is necessary for a question to soak in, before the answer begins slowly to exude: and the songs are roared out lustily, at least, if not correctly. We say *is* and *are*; but perhaps we should use the past tense; for even in out-of-the-way villages this state of things is dying out before the influence of the schools.

This song is sung in Hertfordshire, Suffolk, Devonshire, Cornwall, and other counties, and is thought to be native to the last named. Of course it may be sung at any time; but it was more especially due at the supper, or (failing that, as it is now often extinct) during the evening, after the carrying of the barley, when the stack, rick, or *mow* of barley is finished. The measure out of which these heroic toppers imbibe is doubled

at each verse, and may be carried on at fancy. Duncan gives only three verses (up to gallon); Kidson jumps from gallon to river, and thence to ocean (five verses); Stanford has well, lake, river, sea, ocean (five verses); the list here given is according to Chappell, slightly enlarged, "after the manner" — as he says — "of one of the *Free-men's Songs* in *Deuteromelia*."

REFERENCES. Chappell, Duncan, Kidson, Stanford.

#### No. 24. *Barbara Allen*.

THIS is one of the best known of the English ballads. The tune is traditional, and of unknown ancestry. The version of the words here given is according to Percy's *Reliques*, which has also a Scottish version. For Scarlet Town, which remains unidentified, Carlisle has been suggested, and one copy has Reading. Carlisle is the more probable, however, as the ballad seems to belong to the North Country.

Goldsmith speaks of the song in the passage: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's last Good-night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'"

#### No. 25. *The Leather Bottel*.

THERE is no original of this ballad earlier than the time of Charles II, but it is evidently far older than that. For one thing, *bottel* was not so pronounced then; and for another, the earliest copies have stanzas of a varying number of lines, in the manner of the earlier "Chevy Chace," which is quite unlike the more finished style of Dryden's time. Copies are given in Bagford, Roxburghe, *Wit and Drollery* (1682), *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, Dufey's *Wit and Mirth* (III, 1719), etc.

Some of the modern versions have altered the first two lines, and so lost the old naïve simplicity. To the men of that time there was nothing incongruous in saying even amid jollity and boon companions, that God made the world; perhaps the present age, indeed, has gone to the other extreme. We give the altered lines below, for the benefit of any who may feel squeamish in the matter. They run:

*When I survey the world around,  
The heavens, the earth, and all therein, etc.*

Duncan and Kidson both give this "emendation." The patch is badly made—we can see the join: the beginning of line 6 does not correspond. Line 7, similarly, has been altered to

*So I wish him joy where'er he dwell, etc.*

Duncan gives this.

These changes, however, largely remove the racy tang and savor of the old-time song, and destroy its power as a charm to conjure up vividly the past whose legacy it is. In our view they are a sort of treason, both human and artistic.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Baring-Gould, Boosey, Jackson, Kidson, Duncan.

#### No. 26. *John Peel*.

THIS is one of the best known and most popular of all songs in those circles where hunting-men most do congregate—at hunt-suppers, yeomanry sing-songs, and the like; and to hear the whole scarlet-coated company roar out the chorus, striking the table with their whips till the glasses ring, and give "Peel's *view halloo* would waken the dead," is to have an experience that is not likely to be soon forgotten. The tune is given simply as "an old hunting song," in the various collections: the words are by John Woodcock Graves.

REFERENCES. Duncan, Boosey, Stanford.

#### No. 27. *The Oak and the Ash*.

THIS pathetic and haunting tune appears in Sir John Hawkins's *Transcripts of Music for the Virginals*; and also in *The Dancing Master* (1650-1701) under the title "Godesses." Giles Farnaby's "Quodling's Delight," in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (circa 1608-16), is practically the same air. It may of course be even older, as the tune is probably traditional. Chappell gives the ballad under the title "I would I were in my own Country," as it is given in a black-letter copy in the Roxburghe Collection.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Duncan, Boosey, Kidson, Baring-Gould, Stanford.

#### No. 28. *Love will find out the way*.

OF this tune Mr. Chappell, writing about the

middle of last century, says: "The air is still current, for in the summer of 1855, Mr. Jennings, Organist of All Saints' Church, Maidstone, noted it down from the wandering hop-pickers singing a song to it, on their entrance to that town." The tune is preserved also by Playford in his *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol* (1652), and elsewhere: the words appear in several collections, including Percy's *Reliques*. This last (five stanzas) is the shortest version, and is here given.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Boosey, *Pan Pipes*.

No. 29. *With Jockey to the Fair*.

THIS cheery song is printed in *Vocal Music, or the Songster's Companion* (volume iii, No. 26), 2d ed. 1772. Chappell says: "It was originally a song for the public gardens," — *i.e.*, Vauxhall, or some such, — "and has been somewhat simplified by popular use. The tune, in this instance, has been rather improved than deteriorated by the change" — a verdict of which we make a present to Cecil Sharp. The song seems to have been in great vogue about 1779–80. Kidson agrees with Chappell as to the two versions of the ballad: he gives only four verses. Duncan omits stanzas 3 and 4. The words alone, and the tune alone, appeared in other publications of the time.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Boosey, Duncan, Stanford.

No. 30. *Down among the Dead Men*.

THIS popular drinking-song seems to date from the time of Queen Anne,

*Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace,*

being the opening of what appears to be the earliest version. There are also George I versions, beginning: "Here's a health to the King," etc. One of these (circa 1720) was "sung by Mr Dyer, at Mr Bullock's booth in Southwark Fair;" and another, with additional stanzas by the singer, at Lincoln's Inn Theatre. Lines 3 and 4 are a reminiscence of a drinking-song in Fletcher's *Bloody Brothers*:

*Best, while you have it, use your breath;  
There is no drinking after death.*

The air is in *The Dancing Master*, volume iii (circa

1726), and was a great favorite with Samuel Wesley, the church writer, who often used it as a subject for fugal treatment.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Boosey, Kidson, Duncan, Baring-Gould.

No. 31. *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*.

THIS ballad has the old English spirit in its fullest flavor, and has for long been one of the most popular of all. Both tune and story have just that sort of sentiment which has always been dear to the English heart. The song appears in the Roxburghe, Pepys, and Douce collections, in Ritson, and in Percy's *Reliques*. The words were associated, in a ballad-opera of 1731, with another tune which Chappell prints; but the one here given is the one so universally known that all knowledge of a rival has died away.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Boosey, Kidson, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Stanford.

No. 32. *King Arthur*.

THIS is a traditional Lancashire Song, and is full of the genuine bucolic feeling. The words, "That he had," "That he did," etc., may properly be sung, if desired, by a chorus, as also may all the latter portion from measure 8.

REFERENCE. *English County Songs*.

No. 33. *The Cheshire Man*.

THE words and melody of this County Song are given in Edward Jones's *Popular Cheshire Melodies* (1798). The book has an engraving illustrating the situation in the song. The "Cheshire Round" mentioned in the ballad was not a round in the sense in which the term is now used, but a dance of the character of a triple-time hornpipe. The one here given is included in Jones's work just mentioned, in *The Dancing Master* (11th ed.), in *Polly* and other ballad-operas, etc. In George Daniel's *Merry England* there is a cut of Doggett, the actor, dancing a Cheshire Round, and a reproduction of one of Doggett's play-bills (date 1691). The dance is also mentioned in *A Second Tale of a Tub* (8vo, 1715). Chappell gives some additional particulars.

REFERENCES. Kidson, Broadwood (and, for Cheshire Round), Chappell.

No. 34. *The Derby Ram.*

THERE are many versions of this song. The present version, both words and tune, was taken down by Miss Mason, of Morton, near Retford, Notts. Portions of the tune strongly resemble the "Hobby Horse" tune given by Chappell; and the "Hobby Horse" was introduced, together with the song, in the Christmas plays of Derbyshire and Notts. Both the words and the tune show, even more strongly than do those of No. 32, the natural grossness of the country-bumpkin which Touchstone satirizes in *As You Like It*; for the present is a somewhat watered version, the original being unsuitable for ears polite.

REFERENCE. *English County Songs.*

No. 35. *The Lincolnshire Poacher.*

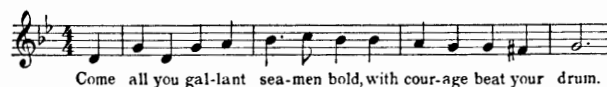
THE air of this jolly song was printed by d'Almaine about 1835 with words by Planché. Chappell published the song, words and tune, in 1838-40, in his *Collection of National English Airs*, which was afterwards issued in an enlarged form as the valuable and well-known *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (1855-59), to which we have made so many references. He, speaking from the gentleman's point of view, remarks that the song "is rather too well known among the peasantry." There is, however, another side to the poaching question which, in a broadly human view, is at least as important. The song became very popular during the forties, and our readers will remember the second verse as quoted in one of the most memorable scenes of *Tom Brown's School-days*, where the boys, playing beside the river, chaff Velveteens, who just afterward catches Tom fishing and "trees" him, so that he has to submit and is taken before the Doctor. Kidson gives the song under the title, "When I was bound apprentice."

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Duncan, Boosey, Kidson.

No. 36. *Ward the Pirate.*

Two tunes are associated with this ballad, and the ballad itself appears in various forms. The tune here given comes from Norfolk, and has a

certain stirring quality. Dr. Vaughan Williams states that he collected the verses "partly from a Sussex version (sung to another tune) and partly from a printed copy." The version given by Mr. Barrett (Novello), and which is sold as a sheet song, appears to us to be a more sophisticated treatment of some such original as this, which is ruder in form though certainly not inferior in spirit. The first line of the tune according to Mr. Barrett runs:



The exact dates of the two tunes are difficult to determine. This latter has the appearance of being the older, though it is probably not contemporary with Ward. Captain (or Jack) Ward was originally a Feversham fisherman. His piratical career extended from about 1603 to 1615, and he seems to have escaped the hands of justice. The incident in the present song seems to be mythical. The *Dictionary of National Biography* says: "There was a Captain Ward, and there was a king's ship *Rainbow*, but that the two ever fought is a ballad-monger's fiction." It bears on its face evidence of this: the fight is somewhat Gilbertian. A king's ship with thirteen hundred men on board fighting a pirate for thirteen hours, then renewing the fight desperately till they surrender with a loss of thirty-six, is somewhat grotesque unless intended for satire.

REFERENCES. *Folksongs of England*, *English Folksongs.*

No. 37. *The Berkshire Tragedy.*

THOUGH this song is here affiliated especially to Berkshire, it appears—as is frequently the case with ballads, fairy-stories, and the like—in various forms in many counties. It is sometimes known as "Binorrie." The present version is peculiar in a few particulars, one being the touch of local color in the introduction of the "Crownier." A Lancashire version is given by John Harland in *Songs and Ballads of Lancashire*; and another occurs in a broad-sheet of 1656.

REFERENCE. *English County Songs.*

and so the song ends. There is no suggestion that the lad's sweetheart knew they were poison, and no curse upon her. The "*eels*," it will be noticed, came from "hedges and ditches," and probably have nothing to do with the fish, which do not live in hedges—or ordinary ditches either, for that matter. Wright's *Dialect Dictionary* says that *eel* and *eel-thing* are often equivalent to *evil* and *evil-thing*; and here the term probably refers to some poisonous berries. Now one of the names of night-shade (belladonna) is *dwale* (A.-S. *dwala*), and it is not impossible that *eel* might be a corruption of that word, the *d* being elided. Whether that be so or not, *eels* would seem to be poison-berries of some kind. "Spickit and sparkit" suggests a cluster, spike, or spikelet, of shining berries; and the reference to *eel-broth* and *eels'-skins* might easily creep in if the nature of the *eels* were misapprehended by a later poet. It would seem that the lovers were wandering along the lanes, and that the girl gave the lad some berries which did the mischief. One person, however, speaks

of a Somersetshire meaning of "spickit and sparkit" as "speckled and blotched."

REFERENCE. *Folksongs from Somerset*.

NO. 41. *Widdicombe Fair*.

THIS has become the accepted Devonshire song, and is adopted as their march by the Devon Volunteers. Mr. Baring-Gould says that he first received it, both words and tune, from Mr. W. F. Collier, of Horrabridge. "Uncle Tom Cobby" lived near Yeoford Junction: the names of the chorus all belong to Sticklepath.

REFERENCES. Baring-Gould (*Songs of the West*, and *English Minstrelsy*).

WILLIAM BYRD.

WILLIAM BYRD (circa 1542-1623) was regarded in his own day as foremost in his art, and the checkbook of the Chapel Royal (of which he was a member), in recording his death, speaks of him as "*Father of Musicke*." Being a Catholic, he suffered some inconveniences in consequence under Elizabeth and James I, though he was so valuable that he was spared serious persecution. His church music was mostly written to Latin and adapted to English words. As a madrigal writer he was not, perhaps, so successful, his nature being rather serious for this lighter style. There are over seventy of his instrumental pieces in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* (1608-16). Two of his songs are here given.

NO. 42. *O Mistress Mine*.

THIS is Byrd's arrangement of a traditional air, and appears in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* mentioned above, for Virginals alone. The words are from *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare probably writing fresh verses to an old tune, as Burns so often did. The play was most likely produced in 1599, in which year the song appeared in Morley's *Consort Lessons*. In what year Byrd wrote his arrangement of the air is not known.

REFERENCES. Jackson, Chappell, Kidson, Duncan, Bridge.

NO. 43. *I Thought that Love had been a Boy*.  
This comes from a publication entitled *Songs of Sundrie Natures, some of Gravitie and others of Myrth*

(for three, four, five, and six voices), 1589. This work corresponds to another issued two years previously under the title *Psalmes, Sonets and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie*, etc. These various songs have a certain naïve simplicity that is very engaging.

REFERENCE. *Songs of Sundrie Natures*.

THOMAS WHEELKES.

THOMAS WHEELKES was born, probably, about 1575-77, since he speaks of his "years being unripened" when his *First Set of Madrigals*, published in 1597, appeared. This book contains twenty-four madrigals—six each in three, four, five, and six parts. Five books of these madrigals and Ballets came from his pen between 1597 and 1608. The *Ayeres or Phantasticke Spirits* of 1608 contains "A Remembrance of his friend Thomas Morley" in the shape of a setting of a verse beginning "*Death hath deprived me of my dearest friend*." He seems to have been pretty closely associated with Morley; and in *The Triumphs of Oriana*, of which Morley was editor (1601-03), he has a madrigal in six parts, "As Vesta was from Latmos." He was at one time (1600) organist of Winchester College; and in 1608 organist of Chichester Cathedral. He took his Mus. Bac. at New College, Oxford, in February, 1601-02. He wrote also a good deal of church music, mostly anthems; and a little instrumental music, Pavans and pieces for viols, three "In Nomine's," "Lacrimae," etc. His will is dated November 30 and proved December 5, 1623; so that he must have died between those dates.

NO. 44. *Cease, sorrows, now*.

THIS piece, given here in the form of a song, appeared originally as a madrigal, and was the last of those in three parts in the first collection, published in 1597. The original key is D minor, the change to E minor having been made merely for the convenience of the singer. The present is an exact transcription, the three parts being preserved throughout—a treatment to which, as we have said, these madrigals were frequently subjected in their own day and by their authors.

REFERENCES. *Euterpe*, *First Set of Madrigals*.

## THOMAS MORLEY.

THOMAS MORLEY (1557-1603) was a pupil of Byrd, and shortly after the expiration of Byrd's patent for the printing of music, a similar grant was made to Morley (1598). He was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, the "editor" of *The Triumphs of Oriana*, and the author of a *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke* (1597). A small point of personal interest is that in 1598 his name and that of Shakespeare appear in a roll of assessment, their goods being valued at the same figure. They both appealed against the rating, whether successfully or not is unknown. It seems that there must have been intercourse between the two, as Morley composed music for some of Shakespeare's songs, presumably for stage use. Our first specimen is one of these:

No. 45. *It was a lover and his lass.*

THIS song is preserved in a MS. in the Advocates' Library, at Edinburgh. It was written for *As You Like It* (Act V, Scene 3), and, being free from some of the corruptions that crept into the theatrical copies, has served to correct the text of the play. A place in which it is doubtful if the song-version is correct, however, is stanza 2, line 4, which has *fools*; the usually accepted reading is *folk*, which is perhaps, on the whole, preferable. The song is indeed a happy inspiration, and seems to have caught the artless and spontaneous charm of the scene perfectly.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Baring-Gould, Duncan, Kidson, Boosey, Stanford, Bridge.

No. 46. *Now is the month of maying.*

THIS appears as No. 3 in *The First Booke of Balletts to Five Voyces*, CIO, IO, XC.V. (1595). It will be noticed that the style is altogether lighter than that of the madrigals. The word *ballet*, like the modern *ballad*, is of course connected with the Italian *ballare*, to dance; and the character of the song accords with this origin.

REFERENCES. Duncan, Kidson, Stanford, *The Harmonist*.

## ROBERT JOHNSON.

THE dates of Robert Johnson are given in Jack-

son's *English Melodies* as circa 1555-1625. As, however, it seems that in 1596 he was apprenticed to Sir George Carey "for seven yeares, as 'allowes or covenant servaunt,' Sir George undertaking to have him taught and instructed in the art of music, and providing board, lodging, and necessaries" (Barclay Squire, quoted Grove), it seems that 1575, or even 1585, would be nearer the mark, a man of forty-one being somewhat old for such treatment: while with regard to his death-year, it was more probably 1634, as we shall see. He was the son of John Johnson, lutenist to Queen Elizabeth, and thus had music in his veins. He was appointed one of James I's lutenists in 1604, his salary being twenty pence a day, and £16.2.6. per annum for livery: and his name appears regularly in the audit till 1633. In 1611 he became one of the musicians of that greatly beloved Prince Henry (of Wales) who was so munificent a patron of learning and genius, and whose death set Charles I on the throne. By this appointment Johnson received a salary of £40, with £20 for strings. In 1628 he was appointed "Composer to the Lutes and Voices," in which office he was succeeded in April, 1634, by Lewis Evans—his death having evidently just occurred.

He was well known in his own day, his wider reputation being gained by his connection with the theatre. Some of his music for Virginals, Lute, and Viols is preserved in the Fitzwilliam and University Libraries, Cambridge, the Music School and Christchurch, Oxford, the Royal College of Music, and the British Museum. Two of his songs are here given, first:

No. 47. *As I walked forth.*

THIS was printed in Playford's *Ayres and Dialogues* (1652-59); and in the *Treasury of Music* (1669), which later appeared in Tom Durfey's *Wit and Mirth*, and has found its way into several modern collections. The song has distinct attractiveness and somewhat of a mediaeval character. Or perhaps one might say the figure of the girl resembles those of some of Beaumont and Fletcher's heroines. The cadences are not

unskilfully managed, there being all the variety possible at the time.

REFERENCES. Jackson, Kidson, Duncan, Dolmetsch.

No. 48. *Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong.* THIS song has not before been printed, and is preserved in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 29396, p. 22). The poetry is there stated to be come from May's *Old Couple*. The whole has an infectious gaiety which is very attractive.

REFERENCE. *British Museum Add. MSS.* 29396, p. 22.

#### JOHN DOWLAND.

JOHN DOWLAND (1562–1626) was primarily a lute-player, but was also a very graceful and popular composer, and was a widely travelled man. He was appointed lutenist to King Christian of Denmark in 1598, but later on he returned home. In 1605 he was in England and published his "Lachrymae," or "Seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans, etc., Set forth for the Lute, Viols or Violins in five parts." The *Lacrimae* are several times referred to in contemporary literature, e.g., in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where the citizen's wife exclaims (Act II, Scene 8):

*No, good George, let's ha' Lacrimae.*

Dowland is also referred to in a sonnet long ascribed to Shakespeare, but now assigned to Barnfield. Our first specimen is

No. 49. *Awake, sweet love.*

THIS is one of the most striking pieces in the *First Book of Ayres* (1597). It is very simple in structure, but there is distinctly more of the contrapuntal madrigal idiom than in most of the other numbers, and even a real imitation or two, which is unusual with Dowland. With his homophonic writing, he was, in fact, one of the influences that destroyed the true madrigal, whose essence is not that of an air accompanied, but of a number of real and equally important melodies imitating each other. This piece is very effective chorally, broad and full. It was originally written in  $\frac{3}{2}$  time, but it has seemed better (as in many

other cases) to give the more usual modern signature for the present purpose.

REFERENCE. Dowland's *First Book of Ayres*.

No. 50. *Now, O now, I needs must part.*

THIS piece is No. 6 from the "First Booke of Songes or Ayres of foure parts with Tablature for the Lute, So made that all the parts together or either of them severally may be song to the Lute, Orpherian, or Viol de gambo" (1597) — to give the book its full title, which is taken from the facsimile given in the Musical Antiquarians' edition. So large a choice being offered, there is obviously no impropriety in arranging the song in its present form. It will be noticed that this also is not at all in madrigal style, but is purely harmonic in structure. This version is simply a transcription, the parts being unaltered. The tune is also known as "The Frog Galliard" in Dowland's Lute MSS. ; and it seems that this was the original, being fitted to the words by Dowland later — when he found that others were adapting his dance-tunes in this way.

REFERENCES. Jackson, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Kidson, Dowland's *First Book of Ayres*.

No. 51. *Come again.*

THIS charming song also first appeared in Dowland's *First Book of Ayres* (1597). The verses themselves are fine work, and the way Dowland has seen their capabilities and brought out the point of line 4, for example, is quite admirable. It is in this simple and unpretentious lyrical style that Dowland's sweet and natural powers shine in their most attractive colors.

REFERENCES. Keel, Dowland's *First Book of Ayres*.

#### THOMAS CAMPION.

THOMAS CAMPION's reputation is of quite recent growth. He was "discovered" by Mr. A. H. Bullen, who issued an "editio princeps" in 1889; and undoubtedly he is a real acquisition to our wealth in the matter of Elizabethan art.

He was born about 1566, was intended for the law, and (probably) admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1586. Law, however, delighted him not,

and he deserted it for medicine, studying at Cambridge, and taking his M.D. in all probability at that university. His first publication was a volume of Latin *Poemata* (1594). In 1601 appeared a *Booke of Ayres*, of which Part I was entirely his, words and music; and in Part II the words only, the music being by Rosseter. In 1602 he published his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*, advocating the abandonment of rhyme. As in the case of Dryden, however, his native instinct proved wiser than his theory. His first Masque was produced at Whitehall before the king on Twelfth Night, 1606-07, at the marriage of Sir James Haye. In 1613 came the *Songs of Mourning*. This book was occasioned by the death of Prince Henry (of Wales), who was a great loss to the country, and whose place was taken by Charles I. The music was written by Coperario, an Englishman who Italianized his name during a visit to Italy. Probably in the same year were published also the *Two Bookes of Ayres*, both words and music being entirely Campion's own. The first book consists of *Divine and Moral Songs*; the second of *Light Conceits of Lovers*. His last collection was the *Third and Fourth Bookes of Ayres* (about 1615). About 1617 appeared *A new Way of making Four Parts in Counterpoint, by a most familiar and infallible rule*—which, it must be confessed, sounds like a quack medicine on the part of the worthy doctor. It took rank, however, as a standard work, and was frequently reprinted. Campion died March 1, 1619-20, and was buried in St. Dunstan's in the West, Fleet Street.

Campion is a real poet, with the kind of feeling that we find in its perfection in Herrick, but he has not Herrick's literary finish. He wrote always with music in view, and (as is right) the two arts suffered a little give and take. The verse which is most perfect in itself is not always most suitable for musical setting: it must be confessed, however, that Campion's lapses are not all due to this cause. His music is homophonic, simple, and carefully adapted to the rhetorical sense of the words.

No. 52. *Shall I come, sweete Love, to thee.*

THIS is the first of three songs here given from

the *Third Booke of Ayres*, in which it is No. 17. It is in two parts, treble and bass: but it is intended to have also a lute, some little hint of which is here given in the accompaniment.

REFERENCES. Jackson, Keel, Campion (*Third Booke of Ayres*).

No. 53. *Never weather-beaten sail.*

THIS is taken from the *Divine and Moral Songs* (Book I, No. 2). It is in four parts, separately written, as given here, and is intended (as the note says) for accompaniment of lute and viols.

REFERENCES. *Euterpe*, Campion's *Divine and Moral Songs*.

No. 54. *There is a Garden in her face.*

THIS is one of Campion's most charming and characteristic efforts. It is taken from the *Fourth Booke of Ayres*, in which it is No. 7. It, too, is in two parts, treble and bass, but is intended to be accompanied by a lute. In the present arrangement the three parts can also be played (as was usual at that period) on three viols—or, more conveniently, on violin, viola, and violoncello.

REFERENCES. Keel, Campion's *Fourth Booke of Ayres*.

JOHN WILBYE.

OF Wilbye's life practically nothing is known. In 1598 he published his first set of madrigals—a collection of thirty, in three, four, five, and six parts. In 1601-03 appeared *The Triumphs of Oriana*, which contained Wilbye's "The Lady Oriana." The second set of madrigals came out in 1609; and in 1614 Leighton's *Teares or Lamentacions* contained two pieces by Wilbye, viz., "I am quite tired" (four parts), and "O God the Rock" (five parts). These were of course brought out in parts, as was usual at the time, and were first printed in score by the Musical Antiquarian Society at the latter part of the last century.

No. 55. *Flora gave me fairest flowers.*

This song appears as one of the first set of madrigals (1598), being the last of those in five parts: the present version is simply an arrangement

of these five parts for the pianoforte. Wilbye is acknowledged as one of the chief glories of the Elizabethan period. Some go even further, and Dr. Walker says, in his *History of Music in England*: "Both as a technical musician and as an expressive artist, Wilbye is one of the very greatest figures in English music; his total output, compared with that of many of his contemporaries, was not large, but its splendid quality places him, along with Purcell, at the head of English composers."

REFERENCE. *First Set of Madrigals*.

JOHN BENET.

JOHN BENET (circa 1570-1615) was one of the group of well-known madrigal writers, and was included in the band who took part in *The Triumphs of Oriana* (1601-03).

No. 56. *Weep, O mine eyes*.

THIS specimen of Benet's work in the present collection is one of a set (No. 13) of "Madrigals to Foure Voyces, by John Bennet, his first works, at London. Printed in Little Saint Hellens by William Barley, the assigne of Thomas Morley. M.D.XC.IX." This title is from the facsimile of the original title-page, which is reproduced in the Musical Antiquarian Society's edition.

These madrigals were constantly announced as "apt for Voyces or Viols;" and, when performed by voices, a missing part would be supplied by a viol, or *vice versa*. In addition to which, they were frequently sung by a single voice, to a viol or harpsichord accompaniment: so that purists need scent no sacrilege in seeing the madrigal arranged here for pianoforte and voice. It is sometimes known as "Flow, O my Tears," the change having been made, possibly, to distinguish it from Wilbye's setting of the same words. Dr. Walker speaks of this, in his *History of Music in England*, as a very pathetic and beautiful composition, and places Benet's work, generally, with that of Bateson and Weelkes, "only a little behind that of Wilbye: between the three there is very little to choose, and each is among the great English composers." This is, no doubt, a judicious

verdict: but others may be inclined to waive the distinction and accept them as equals.

REFERENCE. Benet's *Madrigals*.

PHILIP ROSSETER.

PHILIP ROSSETER was born about 1575, and became a well-known lute-player. In 1601 he published a "Booke of Ayres, set foorth and to be song to the Lute, Orpherion [an instrument of similar type], and Base Violl." It consisted of two equal parts with separate indices, the first twenty-one songs being entirely by Campion, both words and music, while to the second half Rosseter himself wrote the music.

No. 57. *If she forsake me*.

THE present song is No. 17 in this set. In 1610 a patent was granted to a company, of whom he was one, appointing them Masters of the Children of the Queen's Revels. In 1515 he, with three others, obtained a Privy Seal patent for a theatre in Blackfriars; but the Lord Mayor and Aldermen compelled them to relinquish it when the building was nearly finished. This was evidently in consequence of the same Puritan movement that had driven Shakespeare's theatre, some fifteen years earlier, out of the city, and led to the erection of the Globe, on the Surrey side. Rosseter died May 5, 1623.

These songs have the melody and bass only, which are here unaltered. The lute and orpherion were apparently expected to follow their fancy. This was often the way in Elizabethan times, which are frequently held up to us as a pattern, though this procedure, at any rate, must have sometimes led to weird results, as a phrase of Campion's will indicate: "Yet doe wee daily observe that when any shall sing a Treble to an instrument, the standers by will be offering at an inward part out of their owne nature; and, true or false, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmonie." In this song the insertion of the  $\frac{2}{4}$  measure is conjectural. A previous editor has it; and it seems particularly happy as giving a slight pause after the question and answer. The song is quite simple, but there is a quaintness about it that is very engaging.

With regard to Campion, who was a composer as well as a poet, the reader will find a note in connection with his own songs, given in this collection.

REFERENCES. *Euterpe*, Keel (*Elizabethan Love Songs*), Rosseter (*Book of Ayres*, Part II, 1601).

#### THOMAS FORD.

THOMAS FORD (1580–1648) was one of the musicians (at a salary of £30) in the suite of that Prince Henry of Wales who was so greatly beloved, and whose death left the succession open to Charles I. On the latter's accession to the throne Ford was appointed one of the Court Musicians at a salary of £80. In 1607 he published "Musicke of Sundrie Kindes, set forth in two Bookes, the first whereof are Aires for four Voyces to the Lute, Orpharion, or Basse-Viol, with a Dialogue for two Voyces and two Bass Viols in parts tunde the Lute way. The Second are Pavens, Galiards, Thumpes and such like, for two Basse Viols, the Liera way, so made as the greatest number may serve to play alone, very easie to be performde." In the first part of this work occurs the song here given:

#### No. 58. *Since first I saw your face.*

FORD was not one of the great musicians of his time; yet, as sometimes happens, his simple and unpretentious air has outlasted many a more ambitious work, and is still a really popular melody. Harmony was not his strong point, and none of the modern versions have reproduced his original in this particular. The song has on occasion been called a madrigal, and the term was not infrequently applied, at that period, to such pieces: as, however, it has for long been restricted to choral compositions with points of imitation, it seems a pity to confuse the terminology.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Jackson, Kidson, Boosey, Duncan, Stanford, *The Harmonist*.

#### WILLIAM LAWES.

WILLIAM LAWES came of a musical family, one of his brothers being the well-known Henry Lawes,

and another a vicar choral of Salisbury Cathedral. He was born probably about 1582 at Salisbury, and received musical instruction from Coperario at the expense of the Earl of Hereford. He then went to Chichester Cathedral, and from there in January, 1603, to the Chapel Royal. Later, he became one of the Chamber Musicians to Charles I, and was much beloved, says Fuller, "by all who cast any looks towards virtue and honor." He entered the royalist army at the Civil War. Lord Gerrard made him a commissary to avoid risks, but his zeal carried him away, and he was shot at the siege of Chester, in 1645.

In 1633 he joined Ives in writing the music for *Triumphs of Peace*. Boyce has preserved an anthem of his—"The Lord is my Light." Various other compositions appeared, some in *Select Musically Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653 and 1659; some in *Select Musical Ayres* ("Catch that catch can"), 1652; and in other forms. His portrait is in the Music School, Oxford.

#### No. 59. *Gather your rosebuds.*

THIS song appeared in Playford's *Ayres and Dialogues*, mentioned above, and was originally in three parts, soprano, tenor, and bass. It became very popular in ballad form. The words are from Herrick's *Hesperides*. Robert Herrick (1591–1633) is one of the most charming writers of love verses, and a true poet. In 1629, after his mother's death, he took orders and went to live in Devonshire, which he found a great contrast after his gay London and university life. His one book, containing the *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*, appeared in 1633. Such pieces as "To daffodils," "Go, lovely rose," and "To Anthea, who may command him anything," are among the treasures of our language. "Gather ye rosebuds" has been many times set, but this contemporary version is of special interest. It is preserved in the British Museum, Add. MSS., 29396, page 17.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME \*

*Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying:*

\*As will be seen, there are variations in the text of this song. The version given in the old musical MSS. is here printed with the music, and the accepted literary version below. Several titles have also been used; a similar course has been followed in that respect.

*And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.*

*The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.*

*That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer:  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former.*

*Then be not coy, but use your time;  
And while you may, go marry:  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.*

ROBERT HERRICK

REFERENCES. Dolmetsch, Duncan, Chappell, Baring-Gould, Kidson, *Essex Harmony*, Grove.

#### ORLANDO GIBBONS.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, one of the chief musical glories of the Elizabethan era, was born at Cambridge in 1583, and received his musical education in the choir of King's College, which he entered in 1596. In 1604 he was appointed organist at the Chapel Royal. About 1610 he published the celebrated *Fantasies in three Parts*; and the following year joined with Byrd and Bull in the publication of *Parthenia*. In 1612 his *First set of Madrigals and Motets of five Parts* appeared. His main work, however, consisted of anthems, services, etc., for the Anglican Church; and Dr. Walker speaks of him as "virtually the Father of pure Anglican music." He published also other works, two of his Virginal pieces being preserved in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*. In 1622 he received the degree of Mus. Doc. at Oxford. In 1623 he became organist of Westminster Abbey; and in 1625 was summoned to Canterbury for the marriage of Charles I and Henrietta Maria, for which occasion he composed an ode and other music. Here he took smallpox, died, and was buried in the cathedral.

#### No. 60. *The Silver Swan*.

THIS song appears in the book of madrigals men-

tioned above (five parts). The words to all these are by Christopher Hatton. "The Silver Swan" is somewhat slight and has little of the typical imitation of the genus, but this is an advantage for the purpose of such an arrangement as this, and the sentiment of the music is very finely conceived. Gibbons's madrigals, on the whole, are more serious than was the custom of the time, somewhat meditative, and pondering gravely upon life. Madrigals were often sung to the lute when no choir was available, so that there is no solecism in the present arrangement. One small point may be noticed: the first note in the alto in measures 10 and 17 is E $\flat$ , as here given, though some editions have D—apparently owing to the editors' doubt as to Gibbons's writing an unprepared augmented fifth. The edition of the Musical Antiquarian Society is correct.

REFERENCE. Gibbons's *Madrigals*.

#### HENRY LAWES.

HENRY LAWES was the younger brother of William Lawes, and was born probably in December, 1595. He became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1626. In 1634 he wrote the music for the production of Milton's *Masque Comus*, at Ludlow Castle (Michaelmas), and himself performed the part of the Attendant Spirit. This association led to a permanent friendship between Lawes and the great poet, who addressed to him the sonnet beginning:

*Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song.*

In 1653 he published *Ayres and Dialogues for One, Two, and Three Voyces*, with a portrait, reproduced by Grove, showing him to have been rather of the Cavalier type. Two other books with the same title followed in 1655 and 1658. He also set the Christmas songs in Herrick's *Hesperides*, and wrote various other works. He died in October, 1662, and was buried in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

#### No. 61. *Bid me to live*.

THIS is one of the songs in Herrick's *Hesperides*, and Lawes's setting appeared in the *Ayres and*

*Dialogues* of 1653, mentioned above. It was reprinted in Playford's *Treasure of Music* (1669). Dolmetsch, following Playford, gives the opening thus:

*Bid me but live, and I will live  
Thy votary to be;*

but the version here given is accepted by all the best authorities on Herrick, and this seems a case for following the literary rather than the musical experts.

REFERENCES. Duncan, Kidson, Dolmetsch.

NO. 62. *Here's a health unto His Majesty.*

THIS song, which has been popular since the days of Charles II, is by Jeremy Savile; and appears in Playford's *Musical Companion* (1667). It is referred to in two of Shadwell's plays—*The Miser* (1672), and *Epsom Wells* (1673).

REFERENCES. Jackson, Chappell, Baring-Gould, Kidson, Duncan, Stanford.

MATTHEW LOCKE.

MATTHEW LOCKE was born at Exeter in 1632, and was early engaged in dramatic music, since in 1653 he collaborated with Christopher Gibbons for the music to Shirley's *Masque, Cupid and Death*. At the time of the Restoration (1661) he wrote music for Charles II's procession from the Tower to Whitehall, the day before the coronation; and he was the author of several anthems for the Chapel Royal. One of his best known works is the *Macbeth-music*, written for a production initiated by Sir William Davenant, whose death unfortunately intervened, the play being finally given by his widow and son, in 1672. The music has been ascribed to Purcell on account of a copy having been found in his handwriting. It seems, however, that he copied it as a study in preparation for his own sorceress-music in *Dido and Aeneas*, his first dramatic composition, three years after Locke's death. Purcell was only fourteen years of age at the time of this *Macbeth* production. Locke died in 1677. There is a portrait of him in the Music School at Oxford.

NO. 63. *My lodging it is on the cold ground.*

THIS piece appears in *The Rivals*, founded on

Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*. Chappell says Pepys witnessed the play twice in 1664, but it became most popular about 1667, when Moll Davis and Betterton appeared in it. Moll Davis so took Charles II's fancy that he removed her from the stage and had a child by her; whereupon it was said that she sang this song so touchingly that it raised her bed from the cold ground to the couch royal. The original air is here given, though the words are now often sung to a later, popular air which suits them less. This latter is also associated with words by Rochester. Locke's air appears in *The Dancing Master* of 1665.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Duncan.

PELHAM HUMFREY.

PELHAM HUMFREY was born in 1647, and was one of a group of three very gifted "Children of the Chapel" (*i.e.*, boys educated as choristers in the Chapel Royal), immediately after the Restoration. The other two were Wise and Blow, the last being the best known, perhaps owing to his having lived out his natural life, while Humfrey—possibly a finer genius—died young. He was sent by Charles II to study in Paris under Lully, and on his return in 1667 was admitted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. In 1672 he succeeded Cooke as Master of the Choristers, and died two years later in his twenty-seventh year. He has left really fine work. Boyce preserves seven anthems in his collection, the best, perhaps, being "O Lord my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—an elevated and very pathetic composition. Both this and "Have mercy upon me, O Lord!" contain the chord of the augmented sixth, unprepared, some dozen years or more before Bach's birth. Two of his songs are given in this collection, and these represent very fairly his powers in this kind.

NO. 64. *I pass all my hours.*

THIS song is sometimes called "The Phoenix," and is printed under that title in Jackson's *English Melodies*. The rhythm halts somewhat owing to the frequent quarter-note, following an eighth-note, at the end of the measure; and the two

measures of C bass with dotted half-notes both in bass and melody are a little unfortunate. The song has, nevertheless, a distinct charm of its own. Neither bass nor melody,—all that Humfrey left,—of course, has been tampered with.

Both words and music appear in Playford's *Choice Songs*, and the words are said, in an old copy, to be written by Charles II—an ascription which to Horace Walpole, at least, seemed probable enough. The copy in question adds: "and set by Mr. Pelham Humfrey, Master of the Children of his Chapel."

REFERENCES. Hawkins (*App. No. 32*), Burney, Playford, Jackson.

#### No. 65. *O the sad day!*

THIS pathetic song is preserved in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 29396). The words are by Thomas Flatman. The voice-part and bass only are given, and in the present version these remain untouched. Here and there, as in measures 6 to 9, this bass shows signs of uncertainty in the way it hovers about the D; but on the whole the song is remarkable for the period, and shows genuine feeling, notably in measures 1 to 4, and at the diminished fourth on "those dear eyes." The augmented triad used in measure 1 is not an anachronism: it was employed without preparation before Humfrey's time.

REFERENCE. Jackson.

#### JOHN BLOW.

DR. BLOW is one of the chief musical figures of the Restoration Period. He was born in 1648, and was one of the Children of the Chapel Royal on its revival in 1660. He became organist at Westminster Abbey in 1669, resigned in favor of his pupil Purcell in 1680, was reappointed on Purcell's death in 1692, and then held the office till his own death in 1708. He wrote a large number of anthems, etc., for use in the services there and in the Chapel Royal, of which also he was one of the organists. Three services and eleven anthems are preserved in Boyce's collection of Cathedral Music. In 1700 he published a collection of songs, etc., under the title *Amphion*

*Anglicus*, from which both of the two songs here given are taken.

#### No. 66. *Tell me no more.*

THIS song also is from the *Amphion Anglicus*, where it appears simply as a melody with figured bass accompaniment. This bass has been preserved in the present version. The title-page of the original edition (1700) says: "A Thorow-Bass to each Song, figur'd for an Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorboe-Lute By Dr. John Blow. London: Printed by Wm. Pearson for the Author; and are to be Sold at his House in the Broad Sanctuary, over against Westminster Abbey, and by Henry Playford, at his shop in the Temple-Change, Fleet St. MDCC."

REFERENCE. *Amphion Anglicus*.

#### No. 67. *It is not that I love you less.*

THIS is a setting of words by the well-known poet, Edmund Waller (1606–1687). This piece (called also "The Self-banished") was set likewise by Henry Lawes and others. Kidson gives a setting by Charles Young, father-in-law of Dr. Arne. In the present version the original bass is preserved.

REFERENCES. Duncan, Kidson, Boosey, Novello, *Amphion Anglicus*.

#### HENRY PURCELL.

HENRY PURCELL, who may be considered one of England's really great composers, was born about 1658, in Westminster. He entered the Chapel Royal when little more than six years of age, and was at first under Captain Henry Cooke; but at his death in 1672 was transferred to Pelham Humfrey. Later, he became Blow's pupil for composition; and in 1675, when about seventeen, was commissioned to compose music for *Dido and Aeneas*, written by Nahum Tate. This was performed by a Girl's School in Leicester Fields, under the direction of the Principal, Josias Priest, who was also a dancing-master, and led to Purcell's being commissioned to write music for Dryden's *Aurung-zebe*, as well as for Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, and *The Libertine* (1676), both of which

were given on the public stage; and other dramatic works followed from time to time.

In 1680 he was appointed organist at Westminster Abbey, in succession to— and many say at the suggestion of— Blow, who resumed the post on Purcell's death. In 1682 he became organist at the Chapel Royal, on the death of Edward Lowe. His connection with these churches led to his writing a good deal of church music, much of which is very fine, and some—such as the anthem "O Lord God of Hosts"—magnificent.

In 1690 he wrote new music for Shadwell's version of *The Tempest*; and in 1691 came his chief dramatic work, *King Arthur*, for Dryden's play. This was a great success; and about a dozen songs from it are included in the *Orpheus Britannicus*. In 1692 came *The Indian Queen* (Howard and Dryden), which contains the celebrated song, "Ye twice ten hundred Deities." He died at home (Westminster) in November, 1695, and was buried under the organ in the Abbey.

No. 68. *I attempt from love's sickness to fly.*

THIS pleasant song is from *The Indian Queen*, and is included in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, which is a collection of Purcell's songs for one, two, and three voices, from various sources, published by his widow in 1698. A second edition, enlarged, followed in 1711; and a third, now very rare, in 1721. It is from this last that the present version is prepared. Only melody and bass are given (and are here preserved), with some, though incomplete, figuring. The volume is of stamped leather, about thirteen inches by nine inches. It is two inches thick, and contains two books (four hundred and ninety pages),—in all about one hundred and eighty songs. The first part has a dedication to Lady Howard, by Purcell's wife; the second contains a dedication to Lord Halifax, by Playford.

REFERENCES. *Orpheus Britannicus*, Boosey, Jackson, Baring-Gould, Novello.

No. 69. *Nymphs and Shepherds.*

THIS very attractive song is also preserved in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, and comes from *The Libertine*, mentioned above. As in the last case, only

the melody and bass are given, both of which have been preserved in the present version. The figuring is still more exiguous, a couple of 2's being the whole of the directions in this kind. The imitational passages have been carried out in the manner of Purcell's, in similar pieces with string accompaniments.

REFERENCES. *Orpheus Britannicus*, Novello.

No. 70. *I'll sail upon the dog-star.*

THIS is from *The Fool's Preferment* (Act IV), written in 1688 to Tom d'Urfey's play. It is preserved in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, and the same remarks as were made for Nos. 68 and 69 apply in this case.

REFERENCES. *Orpheus Britannicus*, Jackson, Baring-Gould, Novello.

No. 71. *Dido's Song.*

IT is noticeable that the ground-bass of this very touching song is almost identical with one sometimes used by Bach—most notably in the great "Crucifixus" in the *B minor Mass*. Purcell, of course, does not show so much resource in varying the effects, but he makes fine use of the idea, and his avoidance of the full cadence in the sixth measure from the end is a very happy touch. As might be conjectured, the song comes from *Dido and Aeneas*, and that it should have been written at the age of seventeen, and ten years before Bach's birth, is remarkable. The present is simply an arrangement for pianoforte of the original string-parts.

REFERENCE. *Dido and Aeneas*.

No. 72. *Mad Bess.*

THIS song, also, appears in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, Book I. It is not—like the greater number of the pieces in that collection—taken from one of the operas, but is a separate song standing entirely on its own merits. The title there is "Bess of Bedlam;" voice and figured bass only are given. Considering the state of the separate song at the time,—and indeed until Schubert came,—it is remarkable that Purcell has done as much as he has in the way of poetic illustration.

REFERENCE. *Orpheus Britannicus*.

No. 73. *What shall I do?*

IN 1690 Purcell wrote music for a quasi-opera by Betterton, based upon Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Prophetess, or the History of Dioclesian*; and the present song appears in Act III. The air was afterwards adapted to the words, "Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre," in *The Beggars' Opera*. The score of the opera was published in 1691, and in the dedication, to the Duke of Somerset, Purcell has some interesting remarks on the state of music in England at the time, which are quoted in Grove. The song is very attractive, with its strongly rhythmic, dance-like character. It does not appear in the *Orpheus Britannicus*. Some of the current versions seem to be either carelessly done, or to take unwarrantable liberties, even Purcell's bass, the substratum of the whole, being frequently altered.

REFERENCES. Purcell's *Dioclesian*, Novello.

## RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

RICHARD LEVERIDGE was primarily a bass singer, and was born in 1670. He sang in Blow's "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" for St. Cecilia's Day, 1695, at Drury Lane, 1705-07, at the Queen's Theatre, 1708-12, and in Rich's Company at Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden for nearly thirty years. In 1730 (at the age of sixty) his voice was so well preserved that he challenged all comers in a bass song, for one hundred guineas. About 1726 he opened a coffee-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. Meantime he had been doing some composition—in 1699 the music for *The Island Princess, or the Generous Portuguese*, and in 1716 music for a comic masque—*Pyramus and Thisbe*—of his own compiling from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. He published a number of songs in 1727, in two small volumes, and others appeared separately. He died in March, 1758, having been supported during his last years by a subscription among his friends.

No. 74. *The Roast Beef of Old England.*

CHAPPELL gives three versions of the words of this song: (1) The original two verses by Field-

ing, from his *Don Quixote in England*, 1733; (2) Leveridge's six verses, the first being simply an appropriation of Fielding's; and (3) *The Roast Beef Cantata*, by Forest, in illustration of Hogarth's picture, *The Gate of Calais*. Hogarth, it seems, had an inveterate enmity for the French, having narrowly escaped being shot as a spy for sketching the gate of Calais. The present song is preserved in Welsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, and in the *Universal Musician*, both undated.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Kidson, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Boosey, Stanford.

No. 75. *Black-eyed Susan.*

THE tune of this song was used in several operas of the time. The words are by Gay, were written not later than 1723, and were also set by several other composers: it was Leveridge's tune, however, that took the popular fancy. Duncan gives, in his Appendix, an earlier version of this tune, which bears little resemblance to its present form as here printed. It comes from a volume of half-sheet songs in the British Museum. The book contains four settings, by Carey, Leveridge, Haydon, and Sandonis, of "Sweet William and Black-eyed Susan," as the song was formerly called.

REFERENCES. Chappell, Duncan, Kidson.

## T. AUGUSTINE ARNE.

DR. ARNE, as he is usually called, was born in 1710, and was the son of an upholsterer in Covent Garden. He went to Eton, and was educated for the law, but his natural bent declared itself and overcame all obstacles. Like Handel, he managed to smuggle a spinet upstairs, and practised at night with the strings muffled. His passion for the opera led him to borrow a servant's livery, and so to get in undetected. At last, when his father found him leading a chamber-band at a friend's house, before he was believed to know how to handle a fiddle, he saw that it was of no use to oppose him any longer, and bowed to the inevitable.

The lad soon got into opera-composing; and, after teaching his sister singing, wrote, and produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, music to Addison's opera, *Rosamund* (1733), in which she took

the name-part. Various similar works followed, among them *Alfred*, produced in 1740 at the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales (afterwards killed by a cricket-ball), and in which occurs the song "Rule Britannia." In the December of the same year, for a revival of *As You Like It*, he set two or three songs, not all of which really belong to the play. The two years 1742-44 he spent in Dublin. In 1746 he wrote, for *The Tempest* at Drury Lane, the song "Where the Bee sucks." In 1759 he received the Oxford degree of Mus. Doc., *honoris causa*. He produced many other operas, glees, catches, canons, etc., before his death in 1778. He was buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

No. 76. *Under the greenwood tree.*

THIS is of course one of the *As You Like It* songs mentioned above. Many of the current versions are rather sophisticated: the present one has been prepared from what is apparently a contemporary print, which gives the songs sung at this production, in score. This score is very simple, consisting only of piccolo, violins, voice, and figured bass, which last would certainly be filled up at the harpsichord, and probably by Arne himself. The spirit of the words is well caught, and the song has deservedly remained the standard setting.

REFERENCES. Duncan, Chappell, Baring-Gould, Boosey, *The Skylark*, Novello, Stanford, Arne's *As You Like It* music.

No. 77. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind.*

THE same remarks apply to this. The music, which is perforce of a more intimate character, thereby attains a higher beauty, and is more vital and touching. It will be noticed that Arne did not set the whole of the words.

REFERENCES. Jackson, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Boosey, *The Skylark*, Novello, Stanford, Arne's *As You Like It* music.

No. 78. *When daisies pied.*

THIS song appears in the same set, having been inserted for the 1744 production, and sung by Celia. It comes, of course, from *Love's Labor's Lost*. The piccolo is here replaced in the score by the *flauto traversa*.

REFERENCES. Duncan, Kidson, *The Skylark*, Novello, Boosey, Baring-Gould, Arne's *As You Like It* music.

No. 79. *Tell me where is fancy bred.*

THIS, too, from *The Merchant of Venice*, was appropriated for the 1744 production, the flute being again a piccolo. It is very strong, as music, though it perhaps is not quite successful in reflecting the delicate and fanciful beauty of the words. It will be noticed that Arne did not set the whole of the words.

REFERENCE. Arne's *As You Like It* music.

No. 80. *Where the bee sucks.*

THIS, as mentioned above, was written for a production of *The Tempest* at Drury Lane, in 1746. It is a very charming effort, has taken a permanent place on the stage, and is the most adequate setting of the words which has so far appeared.

REFERENCES. Duncan, Kidson, Boosey, *The Skylark*, Novello, Stanford, Arne's *As You Like It* music.

THOMAS LINLEY.

THOMAS LINLEY was born at Wells, about 1725, and became a singing-master at Bath. In 1774 he collaborated with Stanley in the production of oratorios at Drury Lane; and on Stanley's death in 1786, with Dr. Arnold. His daughter married the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan, for whose play, *The Duenna*, Linley and his son Thomas supplied the music. In 1776 he bought part of Garrick's share in Drury Lane and became musical manager, composing a good deal himself. He died in Southampton Street, Covent Garden (his home), in November, 1795, and was buried in Wells Cathedral.

No. 81. *Here's to the maiden.*

THIS well-known and breezy song comes from Sheridan's scintillating comedy, *The School for Scandal*, which was produced in 1777. The tune was adapted by Linley from an old dance-tune, "Half-Hanykin," which appears in all the early editions of Playford's *Dancing Master*, from the first (1650) onward. Linley has done so much to the tune, however, that it may really be called

his. The old copies of the song bear the title "The General Toast."

REFERENCES. Duncan, Kidson, Boosey, Baring-Gould, Chappell.

#### WILLIAM JACKSON.

THE author of Jackson's *Te Deum* (in F), at one time so popular, was born in 1730, as the son of a grocer at Exeter. He received a good general education, and in music became a pupil, first, of Silvester, organist of Exeter Cathedral, and afterwards (1748) of Travers, in London. He returned to Exeter as a teacher, and in 1755 published a set of twelve songs, which immediately became popular. From this time his compositions flowed in a pretty copious stream, among them a comic opera, *The Metamorphosis*, produced at Drury Lane in December, 1783, the words of which, as well as the music, were attributed to him. It was not a great success, being performed only two or three times. He wrote a fair amount of church-music, which was not published till long after his death, when it was edited by Padon, then organist of Exeter Cathedral. It is not of high quality, though the *Te Deum* had a great vogue and is still used. Jackson was also an amateur painter, an imitator of Gainsborough, whose friend he was. He died in July, 1803.

#### No. 82. *What shepherd or nymph of the grove?*

THIS is number eleven of a set of twelve songs marked *Opera Settima*. It has a simple charm, and is composed for voice and *cembalo solo*, fully written out, and here merely transcribed. There is a curious introduction to the volume in which the *Opera Settima* appears, wherein Mr. Jackson falls foul of Dryden, Pope, and others, for specifying instruments in musical odes, which he regards as very embarrassing, since it forces the composers to execute the order willy-nilly.

REFERENCE. Jackson (*Twelve Songs*, Op. 7, No. 11).

#### No. 83. *To fairest Delia's grassy tomb.*

THIS is number twelve of the same set, and, like the last, is composed for voice and *cembalo solo*, fully written out. It has only been necessary to

add a few notes here and there, where, to modern ears, there was a very noticeable bareness. It likewise has a touching and direct quality which constitutes its value.

REFERENCE. Jackson (*Twelve Songs*, Op. 7, No. 12).

#### CHARLES DIBDIN.

CHARLES DIBDIN, the writer of sea-songs, was the son of a Southampton silversmith, and was born in the year of "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" Rebellion—1745. He was the eighteenth child, and the family had been of some importance, his grandfather having been a wealthy merchant and the founder of the village of Dibdin. Sea-affairs would be brought before the child's mind at Southampton, especially as his eldest brother was captain of an Indiaman. Charles went to Winchester College, and while there felt the call of music, and sang with the choristers not only in the college chapel, but also in the cathedral. Kent, the organist, wrote anthems for him and taught him to sing them; and Fussell, his successor, taught the boy the rudiments of music. Beyond this he was self-taught, studying Corelli's concertos and Rameau's works. At fifteen he went to London as an employee in Johnson's music warehouse, but soon left this for the stage, getting an engagement as actor-singer at Covent Garden. Beard, the manager, encouraged him, and gave him a benefit, at which he produced his Pastoral (words and music), *The Shepherd's Artifice* (1762–63). This was the first of a long series. Dibdin was connected with the theatres all his life, wrote music for a large number of pieces, and wrote also a large number which were entirely his own. In 1796 he built a theatre, which he called "Sans Souci;" about 1798–99 he published a *History of the Stage*; in 1802 the Government granted him a pension of two hundred pounds; in 1803 he published his own *Professional Life*; in 1805 he sold his theatre and retired. Shortly after this, owing to a change of ministry, his pension was withdrawn, and he opened a music-shop, which failed and left him bankrupt. A subscription was then opened, and an annuity of thirty pounds was purchased for himself, his wife, and daughter,

successively. Later on, his pension was returned. In 1813 he was attacked by paralysis, and died in July, 1814, at Camden Town, London.

In 1823 a collection of ninety-nine songs was issued by Dr. Kitchiner, with the approval of Dibdin's widow. This edition, which contains a biographical sketch and the songs in their original form (tune and bass), has been used in the preparation of the present issue.

No. 84. *Blow high, blow low.*

THIS is one of Dibdin's best known songs, and was composed in a gale during a thirteen-hour passage from Calais. "It arose," he says, "out of reflections that I was on my return to her who has since lent inspiration to so many similar sentiments." It should be understood that Dibdin's gift was especially for melody: his technique in the matter of harmony, and so forth, was small; and consequently his songs have been *edited* from the beginning. In a volume containing more than one thousand of his songs (1842), four men were engaged to provide pianoforte accompaniments. In the present version Dibdin's melody and bass are preserved. These facts will explain any differences that may be observed between the songs as given here and elsewhere. This song first appeared in *The Seraglio* (1776).

No. 85. *Yo, heave ho!*

THIS song appeared first in a piece called *Tour to the Land's End*, classified as a "table entertainment," and produced in 1799, probably at Sans Souci. It has a certain sturdy quality which has given it its popularity.

No. 86. *Then farewell, my trim-built wherry.*

THIS song comes from *The Waterman*, which was first performed at the Haymarket in 1774. Charles Bannister was the original "Poor Tom," or "Tom Tug," a part which was filled later by Incledon, Dignum, and Braham. The song has a pleasing flow of melody which has given it a wide popularity.

No. 87. *Tom Bowling.*

THIS—probably the finest, and certainly the

most widely known of all Dibdin's songs—first appeared in a piece called *The Oddities*, produced at The Lyceum in 1789. It has a touching quality, which may be partly accounted for by the fact that it was written on the occasion of the death of the writer's eldest brother, that captain of an Indiaman mentioned above, by whose help he had first been started in London. Dibdin's songs are known wherever sea-faring folk do congregate; but "Tom Bowling" is known wherever English is known, and always finds its way to the heart.

No. 88. *The Jolly Young Waterman.*

IT is this jolly young waterman whose farewell is given as No. 85. Both songs come from *The Waterman*, produced in 1774, and were enormously successful.

JAMES HOOK.

JAMES HOOK was born in 1746 at Norwich, and received his musical instruction from Garland, the Cathedral organist. He early migrated to London, and soon got some of his songs sung at Ranelagh and Richmond. He was next engaged at Marylebone Gardens as organist and composer (1769–73); and a similar engagement followed at Vauxhall Gardens (1774–1820). During these years he is said to have written two thousand songs, cantatas, and catches, some of which won prize medals at the Catch Club. He was also for many years a church organist, and wrote music for a large number of dramatic pieces. Many of his songs were published in collections, but the greater number were issued separately. He died at Boulogne in 1827.

No. 89. *The Lass of Richmond Hill.*

THIS song was written in 1790, probably for use at Vauxhall Gardens, a purpose for which its easy sentiment and smoothly flowing melody rendered it very suitable. It has proved widely popular by reason of the same qualities. The words are attributed by some to Leonard McNally, by others to W. Hudson.

REFERENCES. Duncan, Boosey, Baring-Gould, *The Thrush*, Novello, Crosby, Stanford.

## RICHARD JOHN SAMUEL STEVENS.

RICHARD JOHN SAMUEL STEVENS was born in London in 1757, and became a chorister in St. Paul's Cathedral, thus receiving his education. He gained the Catch Club prizes for glees in 1782 and 1786, and in the latter year was appointed organist of the Temple. Ten years later he received the appointment (in addition) to the Charterhouse; and in March, 1801, that of Professor of Music in Gresham College. He wrote a large number of glees, many of which are of very fine quality. He died in September, 1837.

No. 90. *Sigh no more, ladies.*

THE original form of this very arresting piece is that of a glee, but it is now very frequently sung as a song, and has been included in many collections in that guise. It has a simple sincerity and charm which cause it never to fail in its appeal. Duncan gives settings by Arne and Sullivan, the latter of which is rather sophisticated, and neither of which is so convincing as this unassuming flow of song by Stevens. The words, of course, come from *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II, Scene 3,—the scene in which the trick is played upon Benedick to make him think Beatrice is in love with him.

REFERENCES. Boosey, *The Skylark*, Stanford, *The Harmonist*, Duncan.

## JOHN DAVY.

JOHN DAVY was a native of Devonshire, and was born near Exeter in 1765. A pleasant tale is told of his childhood. The village blacksmith is said to have missed some twenty or thirty horse-shoes, which were at last discovered in an upper room, where Davy, having arranged them to form a scale, was imitating Creditor chimes upon them. When about twelve, he was articled to Jackson, organist of Exeter Cathedral; and later went to London, finding employment as a teacher and in a theatre band. His powers in composition gradually became known, and he wrote music for several dramatic pieces which were produced at various theatres, including the old Sadler's Wells. He died at St. Martin's Lane, of general infirmity, in February, 1824.

No. 91. *The Bay of Biscay.*

THIS is the best known of Davy's works, and the piece upon which his reputation now rests. It originally belonged to the ballad-opera *Spanish Dollars* (1805), the words being by A. Cherry. It is a stirring song, and still a popular favorite. REFERENCES. Boosey, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Stanford.

## JOHN BRAHAM.

JOHN BRAHAM, who was of Jewish extraction, was born in London in 1774, and is said to have sold pencils in the streets for a time. Apparently Leoni, the Italian singer, heard him sing; for the boy became his pupil, and sang for his benefit at Covent Garden in April, 1787. Other appearances followed; but when Braham's voice broke he was in some difficulty, for Leoni had proved unsuccessful and left England. Abraham Goldsmith befriended the lad; and in 1794, when his voice recovered, he appeared at Bath, under the direction of Rauzzini, who gave him instruction for three years. In 1796 he appeared at Drury Lane under Storace's management, and then went to Italy, visiting and studying at Florence, Milan, and Genoa. He reappeared at Covent Garden in 1801, and thenceforward had a triumphant career as a singer. The low level to which opera had fallen is illustrated by the fact that, in whatever piece he sang, Braham made a rule of writing his own part,—a rule that he was able to follow for years. In 1826, however, he appeared as Sir Huon at the production of Weber's *Oberon*. In 1831 he, in partnership with Yates, bought the Colosseum for forty thousand pounds; he then built, at a cost of twenty-six thousand pounds, the St. James's Theatre, which was opened about 1836. These ventures proved unsuccessful, and the fortune he had amassed was dissipated. He died in February, 1856. He was popular in society, and his reputation as a singer was unrivalled, while his songs also created a sort of rage for some years.

No. 92. *The Death of Nelson.*

THIS is perhaps the most widely known of Braham's songs, and has had an enormous pop-

ularity. Of course it must not be judged by any high artistic standard; it attained its vogue by its patriotic and hero-worshipping sentiment, ready intelligibility, and easy vein of melody. The words are by J. S. Arnold.

REFERENCES. Boosey, Duncan, Baring-Gould.

No. 93. *Drink to me only.*

CHAPPELL says that "all attempts to discover the author of this simple and beautiful air have hitherto proved unavailing, and, in all probability, will now remain so." Since his time, however, it has come to seem probable that the writer was Colonel R. Mellish (1777-1817), who—says Duncan—was himself the first to sing it, at the Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Catch Club, which was founded in 1761, and had George IV and William IV among its earlier members. The song seems to have appeared in various forms: Duncan speaks of it as having been at first a duet; and Kidson speaks of a version as a glee for three voices. The words are by Ben Jonson (1573-1637), and appear among his earlier poems under the title *To Celia*.

REFERENCES. Boosey, Duncan, Kidson, Baring-Gould, Chappell, *The Skylark*, Crosby, Stanford, *The Harmonist*, *Pan Pipes*.

CHARLES EDWARD HORN.

CHARLES EDWARD HORN was the son of a musician from Saxony, who settled in London in 1782, under the patronage of Count Brühl, the Saxon ambassador. Four years later the son, Charles Edward, was born, and received his musical education at first from his father, and then from Rauzzini. He became an opera-singer, and made a success as Caspar at the production of *Der Freischütz* at Drury Lane. He also wrote several operas, and a good deal of incidental music for the stage, as well as single songs, glees, etc. During 1831-32 he was musical director at the Olympic. About 1833 he went to America, where he successfully produced several English operas at the Park Theatre, New York. He then had a serious illness, lost his voice, left the stage, began teaching, and—in partnership with a Mr. Davis—founded a business as importer and publisher

of music. In 1843 he returned to England, and two years later produced his oratorio, *Satan*. In 1847 he again went to America, and became conductor of the *Handel and Haydn Society* of Boston. Early in 1848 he was back in England, but by June had returned to Boston and was re-elected to his old conductorship. He died in that city in October, 1849.

He made a wide reputation, and his list of compositions is a considerable one, including opera, oratorio, cantata, song, and glee.

No. 94. *Cherry ripe.*

THIS setting of Herrick's charming song from the *Hesperides* is now by far the best known of all Horn's writings, and has attained a popularity which bids fair—and deservedly—to last for many a day yet. There is a simple freshness and charm about it which make an instant appeal to all. It first appeared in 1825.

A change or two from Herrick's text have crept into the song. His first line runs:

*Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry.*

And lines 6 and 7 were originally:

*There's the land, or cherry isle,  
Whose plantations, etc.*

REFERENCES. Boosey, Duncan, Baring-Gould, Stanford.

No. 95. *I've been roaming.*

THIS, too, though not equal to "Cherry ripe," is an attractive song, and a favorable specimen of the work of the period to which it belongs. The words first appeared in the *Athenaeum*, and are variously attributed to two writers on the staff—Soame and Darley.

REFERENCES. Boosey, Baring-Gould.

SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP was born in London, in November, 1786, and received his musical instruction from Francesco Bianchi. His dramatic bent declared itself early, and at the age of eighteen he wrote the music to *Angelina*, which was performed at Margate; the ballet-music *Tamarlan* and *Bajazet* followed, and was produced at the King's Theatre in 1806 (aet. 20). From this time

onward his connection with the theatres was very close, and his writings for them flowed in a continuous stream. In 1810 Covent Garden engaged him for three years as composer and director of music; and when this period had elapsed a fresh engagement of five years followed. In 1813 the Philharmonic Society was founded, Bishop being one of the original members and taking his turn as conductor. In 1825 he transferred his services to Drury Lane, under the management of that El-liston whom our readers will remember as the subject of one of Lamb's most picturesque essays. In 1826 Weber's *Oberon* was announced at Covent Garden, and consequently "The Lane" put Bishop on to prepare a rival opera as a counter-attraction. This piece, *Aladdin*, took him more than a year to write. The book of *Oberon* is poor, the music fine: the book of *Aladdin* is even worse, and the music of Bishop hardly a make-weight to that of Weber: consequently it is no great wonder that the piece fell flat. In 1830 Bishop became musical director at Vauxhall, and a fresh series of compositions followed. In 1833 he wrote *The Seventh Day* for the Philharmonic Society, but this was out of his true line, and was not successful. In 1839 he received the Oxford degree of Mus. Bac. In 1841 he accepted the Chair of Music at the Edinburgh University, but resigned it in 1843. He was knighted in 1842, and on Crotch's death was appointed to the Chair of Music at Oxford. He died in April, 1855, and was buried at Finchley.

Bishop has been mentioned as almost the only instance in recent times of a man's living by composition, but there seems to be a slight misapprehension involved in the remark. His duties were generally those of *director* and composer: he had a steady routine of conducting and organizing to get through, and it was for this, largely, that his salary was paid. His genius is not of the great order; but he was ready, fertile in resource, and deservedly popular in his own time. One of his happiest pieces is the popular part-song, "What shall he have that killed the Deer," from *As You Like It*. It is to him also that we are indebted for the tune of "Home, Sweet Home,"

which he adapted from an old Sicilian air, and used in the opera *Clari*.

No. 96. *Bid me discourse.*

THIS is a fair specimen of Bishop's powers. It is straightforward, sound, honest stuff; but poetical feeling is not Bishop's forte, and there is not much of it here. The words are part of Venus's speech, in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, stanza 25.

REFERENCES. Boosey, Novello.

No. 97. *Should he upbraid.*

THIS song is often, following a theatrical tradition, inserted in *The Taming of the Shrew*, as a sort of introduction to the last scene. The repeated chords are rather characteristic of Bishop.

REFERENCES. Boosey, Baring-Gould, Novello.

No. 98. *Love has eyes.*

THE same characteristics are noticeable here. It would seem that the necessity of turning out theatrical stuff to time was not of unmixed advantage to Bishop's art: still, no great sentiment is required, and the music is not unsuited to the conceits of the poem.

REFERENCES. Boosey, Duncan, Novello.

No. 99. *The Dashing White Sergeant.*

THIS also shows the stage influence. It is a *mezzo* song; and one can almost see the actress in a semi-military costume advancing to the footlights with a theatrical smile, and with interludes of dance. It is a spirited piece, and would be bound to go down well.

REFERENCES. Boosey, Duncan, Novello.

JOSEPH AUGUSTINE WADE.

JOSEPH AUGUSTINE WADE was probably the son of a Dublin dairyman, and was born about 1797-1803. He married a young lady of fortune, near Athlone, but soon tired of her and returned to Dublin. Whether the fortune vanished, or whether he was cast off, he seems soon to have been in difficulties. He published a ballad, "I have culled every floweret that blows," which so struck Sir J. Stevenson that he—finding Wade had some knowledge of theory—persuaded him

to apply for the Chair of Music in the University of Dublin (!), which had been unoccupied since Lord Mornington's resignation in 1774. Matriculation, etc., proved, however, an insuperable bar, and the idea was abandoned. Wade tried surgery, but gave that up, and at last migrated to London, where he was engaged by Chappell as a sort of general utility man. Here he helped Macfarren with some of the accompaniments in the earlier issue of Chappell's national ballads, but his intemperance soon led to his dismissal. He managed to get appointed as conductor of the opera, but did not retain that post long either. His wife died, and he seems to have married again and to have had some children, as an appeal was made for them after his death. He became more and more dissipated, and his downward progress was at last rapid. He died in London, in July, 1845.

Mr. Baring-Gould tells of his having been engaged by M. Anati, at one time an officer under Murat when King of Naples, but then settled at Winchester as teacher of languages at the college. Wade had to teach Anati's daughter harmony, etc., lived in the house, and received a

salary. His drinking-habits demoralized Anati, who followed suit; and Wade found himself so comfortable that he did not relish the idea of wandering again when the engagement was over. One evening, therefore, over their gin and water, he proposed to marry his pupil and stay there *in saecula saeculorum*; whereupon "the proud Neapolitan" rushed to the cupboard and produced two pistols, one of which he flung at the music-master, shouting: "To death, for this insult!" Wade was sobered, incontinently fled, and returned to London post-haste. He had real talents, and, had his character been steadier, might have done good work. As it is, he is remembered by a few songs, though he wrote also one or two larger works.

No. 100. *Meet me by moonlight.*

THIS is now the best known of Wade's writings, though the duet "I've wandered in dreams," and a few other vocal pieces, are still occasionally met with. The vein is somewhat sentimental, doubtless, but it is just that quality which has given the song its vogue.

REFERENCES. Boosey, Baring-Gould.





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(*As I abroad was walking*). Chap. 139, FWVB.
13. *The British Grenadiers.* Chap. 152, K 214, ED I 256, B I 26, BG 2, N 11.
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30. *Down among the Dead Men.* Chap. 643, B I 138, K 238, ED I 12, BG 1.
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76. *Under the greenwood tree.* ED I 211, Chap. 541, BG 1, B I 102, SL 253, AES I 72, N 28.
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ONE HUNDRED  
SONGS OF ENGLAND



# 1

## SUMER IS ICUMEN IN

### (SUMMER IS A-COMING IN)

Attributed to John of Fornsete (circa 1226)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Con gaio  
f espress.*

VOICE

Su - mer is i - cu - men in, — Lhu - de sing cuc - cu.  
 Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, — Loud - ly sing Cuck - oo;  
*espress.*

PIANO

*mf* *f*

*mf* *cresc.*

Grow - eth sed and blow - eth med and springth the wo - de nu.  
 Grow - eth seed and blow - eth mead and spring - eth wood a - new;

*f* *mp*

Sing cuc - - cu. Aw - e blet - eth af - ter lomb, lhouth  
 Sing Cuck - - oo. Ewe — bleat - eth af - ter lamb, low'th

*f* *mp*

*cresc.*

af - ter cal - ve cu. Bul - luc stert - eth, buck - e vert - eth,  
 af - ter calf the cow. Bul - lock start - eth, buck he vert - eth,

*cresc.*

*f* mu - rie sing cuc - cu. *p* Cuc - cu, cuc - cu, — *cresc.* Wel sing - es thu cuc - cu, ne  
mer - ry sing Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo, — Well thou sing - est, Cuck - oo, Nor

*mf* swik thu na - ver nu. *dim.* *f* *espress.* Su - mer is i - cu - men in, — Lhu - de sing cuc - cu.  
cease thou nev - er now. Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, — Loud - ly sing Cuck - oo;

*mf* Grow - eth sed and blow - eth med and *cresc.* springth the wo - de nu.  
Grow - eth seed and blow - eth mead and spring - eth wood a - new.

*f* Sing cuc - cu. *p* Aw - e blet - eth af - ter lomb, lhouth af - ter cal - ve cu.  
Sing Cuck - oo. Ewe — bleat - eth af - ter lamb, low'th af - ter calf the cow.

*cresc.* *f* *p*

Bul - luc stert-eth, buck - e vert - eth, mu - rie sing cuc-cu. Cuc - cu, cuc - cu,—  
 Bul - lock start-eth, buck he vert - eth, mer - ry sing Cuck-oo. Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo,—

*cresc.* *f* *p*

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

Wel sing - es thu cuc - cu, ne swik thu na - ver nu. Well thou sing - est, Cuck - oo, Nor cease thou nev - er now.

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

*f espress.*

Su - mer is i - cu - men in, — Lhu - de sing cuc - cu. Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, — Loud - ly sing Cuck - oo;

*f* *espress.*

*mf* *cresc.* *f rall.* *sostenuto*

Grow-eth sed and blow-eth med and springth the wo - de nu. Sing cuc - cu.  
 Grow - eth seed and blow - eth mead and spring - eth wood a - new. Sing Cuck - oo.

*mf* *cresc.* *f rall.* *sostenuto*

# AH! THE SIGHS THAT COME FRO' MY HEART

Fifteenth Century Melody  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Lento cantabile sostenuto*  
*mp espress. dolce*

VOICE  
 Ah! the sighs that come fro' my heart! They grieve me pass-ing sore:— Sith

PIANO  
*mp*  
*cresc.*  
*p espress.*

*cresc.*  
*f poco allargando*  
*dim.*  
*p*

I must fro' my love de - part, — Fare-well, my joy, for ev - er - more. —

*cresc.*  
*f poco allargando*  
*dim.*  
*p*

*a tempo*  
*p dolce*

Oft to me, with her good - ly face, She was wont to cast an eye: — And now

*p a tempo*

*cresc.*  
*poco allargando*  
*dim.*  
*p*

ab - sence to me — in — place! — A - las! for woe I die, I die. —

*cresc.*  
*poco*  
*poco allargando*  
*dim.*  
*p*

*a tempo*  
*mp espress.*

I was wont her to be-hold, And take in arm - es twain, — And

*p a tempo* — *mp*

*cresc.* *poco allargando*, *dim.* *p*

now, with sigh - es man-i - - fold, — Fare-well, my joy, and wel-come pain! —

*poco allargando* *cresc.* *dim.* *p*

*mf* *a tempo*  
*espress.*

Ah me! think that should I yet, As would to God that I might! — There

*a tempo* *espress.* *mp legato*

*cresc.* *f molto allargando* *p* *sostenuto* *p*

would no joys com - pare with it, — Un - to my heart, to make it light. —

*cresc.* *f* *p* *molto allargando*

## THE THREE RAVENS

Old Ballad (circa 1611)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lento espressivo

VOICE

1. There were three ra - vens sat on a tree, Down a down, hey  
 2. Down in yon - der green— field, Down a down, hey

PIANO

*mp* *cresc.*

*mf* *f sostenuto*

down, hey down, They were as black as they might be, With a down.  
 down, hey down, There lies a knight slain un-der his shield, With a down.

*mp* *dim.*

The one of them said to his make Where shall we now our  
 His hounds lie down— at his feet, So well do they their

*p rit.* *pp*

break - fast take, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.  
 mas - ter keep, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.

*p rit.* *pp*

*mp* *cresc.*

3. His hawks they fly so ea - ger - ly, Down a down, hey  
 4. She lift - ed up his blood - y head, Down a down, hey  
 5. She bur - ied him be - fore the prime, Down a down, hey

*mp* *cresc.*

*mf* *f sostenuto*

down, hey down, There's no fool that dare him come nigh, With a down.  
 down, hey down, And kiss'd his wounds that were so red, With a down.  
 down, hey down, She was dead her - self ere e - ven-song time, With a down.

*mf* *f*

*mp* *dim.*

Down there comes a fal - low doe, As great with young as  
 She got him up up - on her back And car - ried him to the  
 , God send ev - 'ry gen - tle - man Such hawks, such hounds, and

*mp* *dim.*

*p rit.* *pp*

she might go, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.  
 earth - en lake, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.  
 such a loved one, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.

*p rit.* *pp*

## THE KING'S HUNT

Words attributed to GRAY

Old Tune (1537)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE *Con spirito* *f*

1. The hunt is up, — the hunt is up, — And  
 2. The east is bright with morn - ing light, The  
 3. Be - hold the skyes with gold - en dyes — Are

PIANO *mf quasi corni* *mp*

*cresc.*

it — is well\_nigh day; — And Har - ry our King is gone a-hunt - ing, To  
 dark-ness it — is fled, — And the mer - rie horne wakes up — the morne To  
 glow-ing all — a - round; — The grasse — is greene and so are the treene, All

*cresc.*

*Original ending* *Alternative ending*  
*più f*

bring his deere\_ to bay. — bay, To bring his deere to bay. —  
 leave his i - dle bed. — bed, To leave his i - dle bed. —  
 laugh-ing at — the sound. sound, All laugh-ing at — the sound. —

*f dim.* *più f*

*f*

4. The hors - es snort to be at the sport, — The  
 5. The sunne is glad — to see us clad — All  
 6. A - wake, all men, — I say a - gen, — Be

*mf quasi corni* *mp*

*cresc.*

dogges are run - ning free, — The woddess re - joice at the mer - rie noise Of  
 in — our lus - tie greene, — And smiles in the skye as he ris - eth hye To  
 mer - rie as — you may, — For Har - ry our King is gone a-hunt - ing To

*cresc.*

*Original ending* *Alternative ending*  
*più f*

hey tan-tar - a — tee - reel! — reel Of hey tan - tar - a tee reel —  
 see — and to — be seene. seene, To see and to — be seene.  
 bring his deere to bay. — bay, To bring his deere to bay. —

*f dim.* *più f*

# THE HAWTHORN TREE

Tune: Dargason, or the Ledany  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con gaio *mf* *semplice*

VOICE

1. It was a maid of my coun - try — As  
 last she ask - ed of this tree, — "How  
 tree made an - swer by and by, "I have

PIANO

*mp*

she came by a haw - thorn tree, — As full of flow'rs as  
 came this fresh - ness un - to thee, — And ev - 'ry branch so  
 cause to grow tri - um - phant - ly, — The sweet - est dew that

*cresc.*

1. & 2. 3.

might be seen She mar - veld to see the tree so green. 2. At  
 fair and clean? I mar - vel that you grow so green." 3. The  
 ev - er be seen Doth fall — on me to keep me green?" 4. "Yea,"

quoth the maid, "but where you grow— You stand at hand for  
 man - y one take flow'rs from me, — And man - y a branch out  
 how an' they chance to cut thee down, — And car - ry thy bran - ches

ev - - 'ry blow, — Of ev - 'ry man for to be seen, — I  
 of my tree, — I have such store they will not be seen — For  
 in - to the town? — Then they will nev - er - more be seen — To

*cresc.*

4. & 5. 6.

mar - vel that you grow so green." 5. "Though  
 more and more my twigs grow green." 6. But  
 grow a - gain so fresh and green." 7. "Though

that you do it is no boot,— Al - tho' they cut me  
 you, fair maid, can - not do so,— For when your beau - ty  
 maid with that be - gan to blush— And turn'd her from the  
 af - ter this nev - er could I hear— Of this fair maid - en

to the root,— Next year a - gain I will be seen— To  
 once does go— Then will it nev - er - more be seen— As  
 haw - thorn bush,— She thought her - self so fair and clean,— Her  
 an - y - where, That ev - er she was in for - est seen— To

*cresc.*

7, 8 & 9. 10.  
 bud my bran - ches fresh and green.— 8. "And  
 I with my bran - ches can grow green"— 9. The  
 beau - ty still would ev - er grow green.— 10. But  
 talk a - gain with the haw - thorn green.—

*p*

## WESTRON WYNDE

Second verse by  
Helen F. Bantock

Sixteenth Century Tune  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tristamente  
*mp espress.*

VOICE

PIANO

1. West - ron wynde, when wyll—thou blow? The smalle rain down doth rayne; Oh!

if my love were in my armes, And I in my bed a - gayne!

2. West - ron wynde, when wyll—thou—blow? My hearte with yearn - ing payne Is

wear - ie through the win - ter dayes To clasp my dear love a - gayne.

*Tristamente mp espress.*

*cresc.*

*mp*

*p*

*dim.*

*mf*

*rall. molto dim.*

*p*

*a tempo mp espress.*

*a tempo mp*

*cresc.*

*p*

*dim.*

*piu p*

*cresc.*

*mf*

*dim.*

*rall. molto p*

*rall. molto*

*p*

## THE WOODS SO WILD

Tune from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book  
(William Byrd's version)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**VOICE** *Cantabile mp espress.*

Shall I go walk the woods so wild, Wan - d'ring, wan-d'ring here and there, As

**PIANO** *mp*

*mf* I was once full sore be-guiled, A - las for love! — I die — with woe. *dim. poco rit. p*

*espress.*

*a tempo mp* Wear - i - ly blows the win - ter wind, Wan - d'ring, wan-d'ring here and there, My

*mp a tempo*

*f* heart is like a strick - en hind, A - las for love! — I die — with woe. *dim. poco rit. p*

# 8 CHEVY CHACE

15

Tune : Chevy Chace  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE *mf* *cresc.*

1. God pros - per the long our no - ble king, Our  
 2. To drive the deere of with hound and horne Erle  
 3. The stout Erle of Nor - thum - ber - land A

PIANO *mf* *cresc.*

lives and safe - ties all; \_\_\_\_\_ A woe - ful hunt - ing  
 Per - cy took his way; \_\_\_\_\_ The child may rue that  
 vow to God did make, \_\_\_\_\_ His pleas - ure in the

*dim.* *p*

once there did In Che - vy Chace be - fall. \_\_\_\_\_  
 is un - borne, The hunt - ing of that day. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Scot - tish woods Three sum - mer days to take. \_\_\_\_\_

*dim.* *p*

There are sixty-eight verses in this ballad, most of which are given in the Introduction to this volume.

# 9 OF ALL THE BIRDS

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Giocoso*  
*mf*

VOICE  
 Of all the birds that ev - er I see, The owl is the fair - est in

PIANO  
*mp*

*p doloroso*

her de - gree; For all the day long she sits in a tree, And

*f*, *pp* *mf*

when the night comes, a - way flies she: Te whit, te whoo! To

*cresc.* *f* *pp* *mf*

*cresc.* *f* *mf*

whom drink'st thou? Sir Knave, to you. This

song is well sung, I make you a vow, And he is a knave that

*mf* *dim.*

drink - eth now: Nose, nose, Jol - ly red nose! And

*f*

who gave thee that jol - ly red nose? Cin - na - mon, gin - ger,

*più f*

nut - mags and cloves, And that gave me my jol - ly red nose.

*accel. f* *sostenuto*

*accel. f* *sostenuto*

# WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato  
*mp espress.*

VOICE

1. We be three poor ma - ri - ners, New -  
 2. We care not for those mar - tial men That

PIANO

*mp espress.*

*mf*

ly — come from the seas; We spend our lives in  
 do — our states dis - dain; But we care for the

*mf*

*cresc.*

jeo - par - dy, — While oth - ers live at ease. Come,  
 mer - chant - men — Who do our states main - tain; To

*f*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

let us dance the round, a - round, a - round, Come  
them we dance this round, a - round, a - round, To

*cresc.*

*più f*

let us dance the round, a - round, a - round, And he that is a  
them we dance this round, a - round, a - round, And he that is a

*più f*

*f*

bul - ly boy, - Come pledge me on this ground, a - ground, a - ground.  
bul - ly boy, - Come pledge me on this ground, a - ground, a - ground.

*f* *dim.*

## BY A BANK AS I LAY

From "Deuteromelia" (1609)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Lentamente sostenuto*  
*p espress.* *dim.*

VOICE

1. By a bank as I lay — My — self a —  
2. Mas-ter of Spring's sweet mu — — sic, — The lust — y —  
3. Wak-en there - fore, young men, — All ye that

PIANO

*espress.*  
*p legato* *dim.*

*cresc.*

lone did — muse, — Hey, — ho! — A bird's sweet voice did me re —  
night - in - gale, — Hey, — ho! — Full mer - ri - ly and se - cret -  
lov - ers — be, — Hey, — ho! — This month of May, so fresh, so

*cresc.*

*mf* *mp*

joyce, — She sang be - fore — the day. Me - thought full well I  
ly — She sing - eth in — the thicke; With - in her breast a  
gay, — So fair by field — and fen, Hath flow - er'd o'er each

*mf* *mp*

*cresc.* *dim.*

wot her lay, She said, "The Win - ter's past,"— Hey,— ho!  
 thorn doth prick To keep her off from sleep,— Hey,— ho!  
 leaf - y den; Great joy it is to see;— Hey,— ho!

*cresc.* *dim.*

**REFRAIN**  
*mf* Più allegro *cresc.* *poco*

Down, der - ry down, down der - ry, down der - ry,

*mf* *cresc.* *poco*

*f* *rall.* *p*

down, der - ry down, der - ry down, der - ry down, down!

*f* *rall.* *p*

# 12

## THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE

From the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book  
(With harmonies by William Byrd)  
Edited by Granville Bantock

Tempo comodo

VOICE *mf* *cresc.*

1. As I a-broad was walk - ing By the break - ing of the day, In -  
2. So come - ly was her coun - te - nance, And win - ning was her air, As

PIANO *mf* *cresc.*

*mp* *cresc.*

to a pleas - ant mead - ow A young man took his way;  
tho' the god - dess Ve - nus Her - self she had been there; And

*p*

And look - ing round a - bout him, To mark what he could see, At  
man - ya smirk - ing smile she gave A - mongst the leaves so green, Al -

*p*

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

length he spied a fair maid Un - der a myr - tle tree.  
tho' she was per - ciev - ed She thought she was not seen.

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

*mf* *cresc.*

3. At length she changed her coun - te - nance And sung a mourn - ful song, La -  
 4. "Why should young vir - gins pine a - way And lose their chief - est prime, And  
 5. When he had play - ed un - to her One mer - ry note or two, Then

*mf* *cresc.*

*mp* *cresc.*

ment - ing her mis - for - tune She stay'd a maid so long;  
 all for want of sweet - hearts To cheer us up in time?"  
 was she so re - joi - ced She knew not what to do;

*mp* *cresc.*

*p*

Sure young men are hard - heart - ed And know not what they do, Or  
 The young man heard her dit - ty And could no long - er stay, But  
 "Oh God - a - mer - cy, car - man, Thou art a live - ly lad; Thou

*p*

*cresc.* *dim. poco rit.* *p*

else they look for com - pli - ments Fair maid - ens for to woo?"  
 straight un - to the dam - o - sel. With speed he did a - way.  
 hast as rare a whis - tle As ev - er car - man had?"

*cresc.* *dim. poco rit.* *p*

## THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Air: Sir Nowell's Delight (1634)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con spirito  
*mf* *energico*

VOICE

① Some talk of A-lex - an - - der, and some of Her-cu - les, Of  
 2. Those he-roes of an - ti - qui - ty ne'er saw a can-non - ball, Or

PIANO

*mf* *energico*

Hec-tor and Ly - san - - der, and such great names as these; But of  
 knew the force of pow - - der, to slay their foes with - al; But

all the world's brave he - - roes there's none that can com - pare With a  
 our brave boys do know it, and ban - ish all their fears, Sing

tow row row row row row, To the Bri-tish Gren - a - - dier.  
 tow row row row row row, For the Bri-tish Gren - a - - diers.

*mf energico*

③ When - e'er we are com - mand - ed to - storm the pal - i - sades, Our  
 ④ And when the siege is o - ver, we - to the town re - pair, The  
 ⑤ Then let us fill a bump - er, and drink a health to - those Who

*mf energico*

*f*

*più f*

lead - ers march with fus - es, and we with hand-gre - nades; We -  
 towns-men cry, hur - rah, boys, here comes a Gren-a - dier, Here  
 car - ry caps and pouch - es, and wear the loup-ed - clothes; May

*più f*

*mf*

throw them from the gla - cis, a - bout the en - e - mies' ears, Sing  
 come the Gren - a - diers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears, Sing  
 they and their com - mand - ers live hap - py all their years, With a

*mf*

*cresc.* *f sostenuto*

tow row row row row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - diers.  
 tow row row row row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - diers.  
 tow row row row row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - diers.

*cresc.* *f sostenuto*

# COME, LIVE WITH ME

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Sixteenth Century Melody  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**VOICE**

*Lentamente*  
*mp espressivo*

*cresc.*

1. Come, live with me— and be my love, And we will all— the pleas— ures  
 2. There will we sit— up— on the rocks And see the shep— herds feed— their  
 3. There will I make thee beds of ros— es And a thou— sand fra— grant

**PIANO**

*p*

*cresc.*

*mf*

*poco rit.* *dim.* *p*

prove That hill and val— ley, dale and field, And all— the crag— gy moun— tains yield.  
 flocks By shal— low riv— ers, to whose falls Me— lo— dious birds sing mad— ri— gals.  
 po— sies, A cap of flow— ers and a kir— tle Em— broi— der'd all with leaves of myr— tle.

*mf*

*poco rit.* *dim.* *p*

4.

A gown made of the finest wool  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull,  
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold.

5.

A belt of straw and ivy buds  
 With coral clasps and amber studs:  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Come, live with me and be my love.

6.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,  
 As precious as the gods do eat,  
 Shall on an ivory table be  
 Prepared each day for thee and me.

7.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
 For thy delight each May-morning:  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me and be my love.

## LOVE'S ANSWER

From the "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music"

If that the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

## GREEN-SLEEVES

Sixteenth Century Melody (1580)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andantino  
*mp tristamente*

VOICE

1. A - las! my love, — you do me wrong, To cast me off — dis - cour-teous - ly, And  
 2. I have been read - y at your hand To grant what-ev - er you would crave; I

PIANO

*mp*

Ped.

\* Ped.

\* Ped.

\* Ped.

\*

*p*  
 I have lov - ed — you so long, — De - light - ing in — your com - pa - ny.  
 have both wa - ged life and land — Your love — and good - will for to have. }  
*dim.*

Animando  
*f espress*

Green - Sleeves was all my joy, — Green - Sleeves was my de-light,

*f espress*

Ped.

\* Ped.

\* Ped.

\* Ped.

\*

*più f*  
 Green - Sleeves was my heart of gold, — And who but my La - dy Green - Sleeves.  
*dim.*

*più f*

Ped.

\* Ped.

Ped.

\* Ped.

\* Ped.

\*

For the remaining verses, see the Introduction to this volume.

## ONCE I LOVED A MAIDEN FAIR

Seventeenth Century Melody (1650)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto delicato

VOICE

1. Once I loved a maid - en fair, But she did de - ceive me;  
 2. Three times did I make it known To the con - gre - ga - tion  
 3. Hap - py he who nev - er knew What to love be - long - ed,

PIANO

*cresc.* *dim.*

She with Ve - nus might com - pare In my mind, be - lieve me.  
 That the church should make us one As priest had made re - la - tion.  
 Maid - ens wa - v'ring and un - true Ma - ny a man have wrong - ed.

*mf* *dim.*

She was young, and a - mong Crea - tures of temp - ta - tion,  
 Mar - ried we straight must be Al - tho' we go a - beg - ging;  
 Fare thee well, faith - less girl, I'll not sor - row for thee;

*mp* *cresc.* *p*

Who will say but maid - ens may Kiss for re - cre - a - tion.  
 Now, a - last 'tis like to prove A ve - ry hope - less wed - ding.  
 Once I held thee dear as pearl, Now I do ab - hor thee.

## YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

Seventeenth Century Tune  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Majestico

VOICE

1. You gen - tle - men of Eng - land, That live at home at  
 2. The sail - or must have cour - age, No dan - ger must he

PIANO

*f marcato*

*mf*

ease, How lit - tle do you think up - on The dan - gers of the  
 shun: In ev - 'ry kind of weath - er His course he still must

*mf espress.*

*p cresc. mf*

seas; Give ear un - to the ma - ri - ners, And they will plain - ly  
 run. Now mount - ed on the top - mast How dread - ful 'tis be -

*p cresc. mf*

*più cresc. f*

show, All the cares and the fears When the storm - y winds do blow.  
 low! Then we ride as the tide When the storm - y winds do blow.

*più cresc. f*

*f*

3. If en - e - mies op - pose us And Eng - land is at  
 4. Some - times in Nep - tune's bos - on Our ship is toss'd by  
 5. But when the dan - ger's o - ver And safe we come on

*f marcato*

*mf*

war With an - y for - eign na - tion, We fear not wound nor  
 waves, And ev - 'ry man ex - pect - ing The sea to be our  
 shore, The hor - rors of the tem - pest We think of then no

*mf espress.*

*p cresc. mf*

scar: To hum - ble them, come on, — lads! Their flags we'll soon lay  
 graves: Then up a - loft she's mount - ed And down a - gain so  
 more: The flow - ing bowl in - vites — us And joy - ful - ly we

*p cresc. mf*

*più cresc. f*

low: Clear the way for — the fray Though the storm - y winds do blow.  
 low In — the waves on — the seas, When — the storm - y winds do blow.  
 go, All — the day drink a - way, Though the storm - y winds do blow.

*più cresc. f*

# 18 EARLY ONE MORNING

31

Seventeenth Century Tune  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Dolcemente*

VOICE *p* *cresc.*

1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing I heard a maid —  
gay is the gar - land, and fresh are the ros - es I've cull'd from the  
mem - ber the vows that you made to your Ma - ry, Re - mem - ber the  
sung the poor maid - en, her sor - rows be - wail - ing, Thus sung the poor

PIANO *p* *cresc.*

*dim.* *mp* *più p*

sing in the val - ley be - low: Oh, don't de - ceive me, Oh, nev - er  
gar - den to bind on thy brow: Oh, don't de - ceive me, Oh, do not  
bow'r where you vow'd to be true: Oh, don't de - ceive me, Oh, do not  
maid in the val - ley be - low: "Oh, don't de - ceive me, Oh, do not

*dim.* *p* *dolce* *più p*

*cresc. poco a poco rit.* *dim.* 1. 2. & 3. *p* last time

leave me, How could you use a poor maid - en sol 2. "Oh  
leave me, How could you use a poor maid - en sol 3. "Re -  
leave me, How could you use a poor maid - en sol 4. Thus  
leave me, How could you use a poor maid - en sol"

*cresc. poco a poco rit.* *dim.* *p*

# LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG

Seventeenth Century Tune  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

VOICE *mp* *cresc.*

1. Love me lit - tle, love me long— Is the bur - den of my song,  
 2. Win - ter's cold or sum - mer's heat, Au - tumn's tem - pests on it — beat,

PIANO *mp* *cresc.*

*mf* *dim.*

Love that is too hot and strong Burn - eth soon to waste.  
 It can nev - er know de - feat, Nev - er can re - bel:

*mf* *cresc.*

Still I would not have thee cold, Nor too back - ward, nor too bold;—  
 Such the love that I would gain, Such love, I tell thee plain,—

*mp* *cresc.* *poco rit.* *dim.*

Love that last - eth till 'tis old— Fad - eth not in haste.  
 Thou must give or woo in vain, So to thee, fare - well!

*mp* *cresc.* *poco rit.* *dim.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, with two verses. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the next two lines. The fourth system contains the final two lines. Performance markings include dynamics (mp, mf, cresc., dim., poco rit.) and phrasing slurs. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some harmonic changes.

# PRETTY POLLY OLIVER

Seventeenth Century Tune  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

*mp dolce cresc.*

1. As pret-ty Pol-ly O-li-ver sat mus-ing, 'tis said, A com-i-cal  
 2. So in sol-dier's at-tire to the wars she set out, And bore a brave

PIANO

*mp dolce cresc.*

*dim. mf*

fan-cy came in-to her head; Nor fa-ther nor moth-er shall  
 part in both raid and in rout; In the bat-tle she found him slight-ly

*dim. mf L. H.*

*più f dim. rall. p*

make me false prove, I'll list for a sol-dier and fol-low my love.  
 wound-ed and low, On the ground where he lay with his face to the foe.

*più f dim. rall. p*

*mp dolce cresc.*

3. Now Pol - ly he knew in a mo-ment's quick glance, And he cried: "Why, my  
 4. The ser - geant, he sent for the par - son to come, And cou - ple the

*mp dolce cresc.*

*dim. mf*

dear, sure I've met you in France;" But the lass she said "nay, he\_\_ was\_\_  
 lov - ers who'd fol - low'd the drum; And Pol - ly, re - stored to\_\_ her\_\_

*dim. mf L. H.*

*più f dim. rall. p*

sure - ly mis - took?" But her words were be - lied by the love in her look.  
 wom - an - ly state, Found all she had sought in a home and a mate.

*più f dim. rall. p*

## BEGONE, DULL CARE

Seventeenth Century Tune  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Animato**  
*mf marcato*

**VOICE**

1. Be - gone, dull care! — I pri - thee be - gone from me, — Be -  
 2. Too much care — will make a young man turn gray, — And

**PIANO**

*mf* *piu f*

gone, dull care! You and I — will nev - er a - gree. — Long  
 too much care will — turn an old man — to clay. — My

*mp*

time thou hast been tar - rying here, And fain — thou wouldst me kill, — But i'  
 wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer - ri - ly pass the day, — For I

*cresc.* *f*

faith, dull care! — Thou nev - er shalt have thy will. —  
 hold it one of the wis - est things To drive — dull care a - way. —

*cresc.* *f*

## THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER

Seventeenth Century Tune  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Giovale

VOICE *mf*

1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once, Lived on the riv - er  
 2. I love my mill, she is to me Like pa - rent, child and

PIANO *mf*

*cresc.*

Dee, — He work'd and sung from morn till night No lark more blithe than  
 wife, — I would not change my sta - tion For an - y oth - er in

*cresc.*

*più f*

he. — And this the bur - then of his song For ev - er used to be, — I  
 life: — Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys, And pass it round to me; — The

*più f* *f*

care for no - bod - y, no, not I, If no - bod - y cares for me. —  
 lon - ger we — sit here and drink, The mer - ri - er we shall be. —

## THE BARLEY-MOW

Seventeenth Century Tune  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con anima, giocoso

VOICE



Here's a health to the bar - ley - mow, my boys, A health to the bar - ley - mow. —

1. We'll  
 2. We'll  
 3. We'll

PIANO



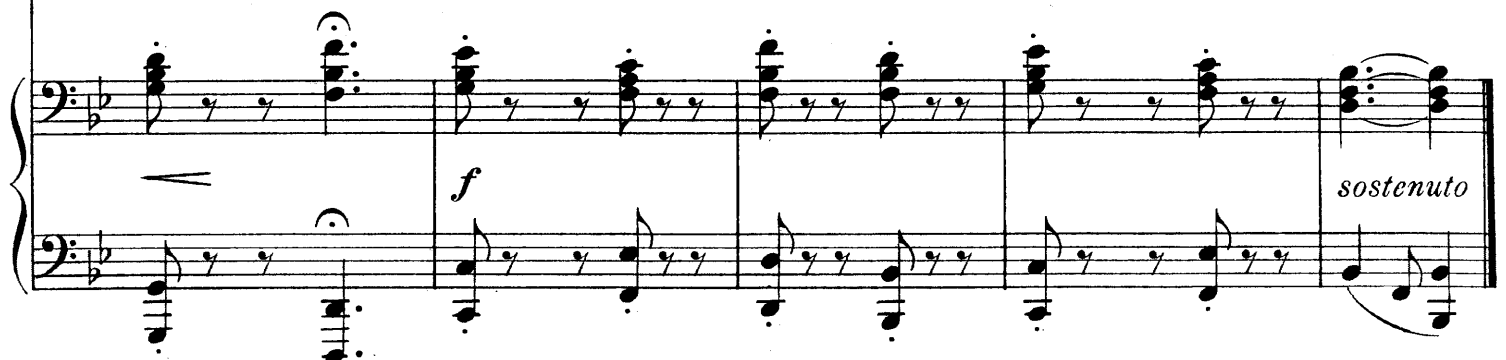
*sempre f*

*mf cresc.*

drink\_ it out of the nut - brown bowl,  
 drink\_ it out of the pint, — my boys, } A health to the bar - ley - mow. — The nip-per-kin, pip-per-kin,  
 drink\_ it out of the \*) quart, — my boys, }



and the brown bowl, A health to the bar - ley - mow, my boys, A health to the bar - ley - mow. —



\*) Verse 4, pottle, 5, gallon, 6, barrel, 7, hogshead, 8, pipe, 9, butt, 10, tun, 11, lake, 12, river, 13, sea, 14, ocean.

## BARBARA ALLEN

Traditional Tune

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lento cantabile  
*mp espress.*

VOICE

(1) In Scar - let Town where I was born, There  
 (2) All in the mer - ry month of May, When  
 (3) He sent his man un - to her then To the

PIANO

*mp espress.**cresc.*

was a fair maid dwell - in', \_\_\_\_\_ Made . ev - 'ry youth cry \_\_\_\_\_  
 green buds they were swell - in', \_\_\_\_\_ Young Jen - my Grove on his  
 town where she was dwell - in', \_\_\_\_\_ "You must come to my \_\_\_\_\_

*mf**mf espress.**dim.**poco rall.**p*

"well - a - day," \_\_\_\_\_ Her name was Bar - bara Al - len.  
 death - bed lay \_\_\_\_\_ For love of Bar - bara Al - len.  
 mas - ter dear \_\_\_\_\_ Giff your name be Bar - bara Al - len.

*dim.**poco rall.**p*

*mp espress.* *cresc.*

(4) "For death is print - ed on his face And o'er his heart is  
 5. Though death be print - ed on his face And o'er his heart is  
 (6) So slow - ly, slow - ly she came up, And slow - ly she came

*mp espress.* *cresc.*

*mf* *dim.* *poco rall.* *p*

steal-in', — Then haste a - way to — com-fort him, — O love - ly Bar - bara Al - len"  
 steal-in', — Yet lit - tle bet - ter — shall he be — For bon - ny Bar - bara Al - len.  
 nigh him, — And all she said when — there she came:—"Young man, I think you're dy - ing."

*mf espress.* *dim.* *poco rall.* *p*

(7)

He turned his face unto her, straight,  
 With deadly sorrow sighing:-  
 "O lovely maid, come pity me;  
 I'm on my death-bed lying."

(8)

"If on your death-bed you do lie,  
 What needs the tale you're tellin';  
 I cannot keep you from your death;  
 Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

9.

He turned his face unto the wall  
 As deadly pangs he fell in;  
 "Adieu! Adieu! Adieu to you all!  
 Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

10.

As she was walking o'er the fields  
 She heard the bell a-knellin';  
 And every stroke did seem to say,  
 "Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

11.

She turned her body round about  
 And spied the corpse a-coming;  
 "Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,  
 "That I may look upon him."

12.

With scornful eye she looked down,  
 Her cheek with laughter swellin';  
 Whilst all her friends cried out amain:-  
 "Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

(13.)

When he was dead and laid in grave  
 Her heart was struck with sorrow;  
 "O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 For I shall die tomorrow.

14.

"Hard-hearted creature him to slight  
 Who loved me so dearly!  
 O that I had been more kind to him  
 When he was alive and near me!"

(15.)

She, on her death-bed as she lay,  
 Begged to be buried by him,  
 And sore repented of the day  
 That she did e'er deny him.

(16.)

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in;  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall  
 Of cruel Barbara Allen"

## THE LEATHER BOTTÉL

Tune of the Seventeenth Century (or earlier)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Animato

VOICE

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *poco*

1. 'Twas God a - bove\_ that made all things, The heav'ns, the earth and  
 2. Now\_ what do you say to these cans of wood? Oh no, in faith, they  
 3. Then what do you say to these glass - es fine? Oh, they shall have no

PIANO

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *poco*

*a* *poco* *dim.*

all there-in, The ships that on the sea do swim To guard from foes that  
 can-not be good, For if the bear - er fall by the way, Why, on the ground your  
 praise of mine, For if you chance to touch the brim Down falls the li- quor and

*a* *poco* *dim.*

*f*

none come in; And\_ let them all\_ do what they can, 'Twas  
 li - quor doth lay: But\_ had it been in a leath - er bot - tél Al - -  
 all there - in: But\_ had it been in a leath - er bot - tél And the

*f*

*più f* *cresc.*

for one end, the use of man.  
 tho' he had fall-en, all had been well. } So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell, That  
 stop - ple in all had been well.

*più f* *cresc.*

*f* *rall.* *dim.*

first found out the leath - er bot - tle.

*f* *rall.* *dim.* *espress.*

## 4.

Then what do you say to these black pots three?  
 If a man and his wife should not agree,  
 Why, they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill:  
 In a leather bottél they may tug their fill,  
 And pull away till their hearts do ake,  
 And yet their liquor no harm can take.  
 So I wish, etc.

## 5.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?  
 Oh, they shall have no praise of mine;  
 For when a lord is about to dine  
 And sends them to be filled with wine,  
 The man with the flagon doth run away  
 Because it is silver most gallant and gay.  
 So I wish, etc.

## 6.

A leather bottél we know is good,  
 Far better than glasses or cans of wood;  
 For when a man's at work in the field  
 Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;  
 But a good leather bottél, standing by,  
 Will raise his spirits whenever he's dry.  
 So I wish, etc.

## 7.

At noon the haymakers sit them down  
 To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;  
 In summer too, when the weather is warm,  
 A good bottle full will do them no harm;  
 Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,  
 But what would they do without this bottle?  
 So I wish, etc.

## 8.

There's never a lord, an earl, or knight,  
 But in this bottle doth take delight;  
 For when he's hunting of the deer  
 He oft doth wish for a bottle of beer:  
 Likewise the man that works in the wood,  
 A bottle of beer will oft do him good.  
 So I wish, etc.

## 9.

And when the bottle at last grows old,  
 And will good liquor no longer hold,  
 Out of the side you may make a clout  
 To mend your shoes when they're worn out;  
 Or take and hang it up on a pin,  
 'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.  
 So I wish, etc.

# 26

## JOHN PEEL

Old Hunting Song  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Con spirito**

**VOICE**

*mf*

1. D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the break o' the day, D'ye  
 2. Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ru - by too, Ran - ter and Ring - wood, Bell - man and True, From a

**PIANO**

*mf* *mp*

*cresc.* *più f* *dim.* *f*

ken John Peel when he's far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing? For the  
 "find" to a "check", from a "check" to a "view", From a "view" to a "death" in the morn - ing.

*cresc.* *più f* *dim.* *f*

*cresc.*

sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led,

*più f* *mf* *dim.*

Peel's "View hal-loo" would a - wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

*più f* *mf* *f* *dim.*

*mf*

3 Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's fin - ish the bowl; We'll  
 4 D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout-beck once on a day;

*mf* *mp*

*cresc.* *più f* *dim.* *f*

fol - low John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul If we want a good hunt in the morn - ing. For the  
 Now he has gone far, far a - way, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.

*cresc.* *più f* *dim.* *f*

*cresc.*

sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds which he oft - times led,

*cresc.*

*più f* *mf* *dim.*

Peel's "View hal - loo" would a - wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing

*più f* *mf* *sf* *dim.*

## THE OAK AND THE ASH

Old Tune (circa 1608 - perhaps older)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lento con espressione

VOICE

*mp*

*cresc.*

1. A North-Coun-try lass up to Lon-don did pass, Al - though with her na - ture it
2. "Fain would I be in the North-Coun-tree, Where the lads and the lass - es are
3. "Since that I came forth of the pleas - ant - North There's noth - ing de - light - ful I

PIANO

*mp*

*cresc.*

did not a - gree, Which — made her re - pent, and so of - ten la - ment, Still —  
 mak - ing of hay, There — should I — see what is pleas - ant to me — A —  
 see doth a - bound; There — nev - er can be half so mer - ry as we When —

*, mf*

*mf*

wish - ing a - gain in the North for to be. "O the oak and the ash, and the  
 mis - chief light on them en - ticed me a - way! O the oak and the ash, and the  
 we are a - dan - cing of Sel - len - ger's Round. O the oak and the ash, and the

*p*

*, cresc.*

*più f*

*cresc.*

*p*

*più f*

*poco rall.*

bon - ny i - vy - tree Do — flour - ish at home in my own Coun - tree!"  
 bon - ny i - vy - tree Do — flour - ish most brave - ly in our Coun - tree!"  
 bon - ny i - vy - tree Do — flour - ish at home in our own Coun - tree!"

*poco rall.*

*dim. p*

4.

"I like not the Court, nor to City resort,  
 Since there is no fancy for such maids as me;  
 Their pomp and their pride I can never abide,  
 Because with my humor it doth not agree.  
 O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree  
 Do flourish at home, in my own Countree!"

5.

"How oft have I been on the Westmoreland green  
 Where the young men and maidens resort for to play,  
 Where we with delight, from morning till night,  
 Could feast it, and frolic, on each holiday.  
 O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree  
 Do flourish most bravely in our Countree!"

6.

"A-milking to go, all the maids in a row,  
 It was a fine sight, and pleasant to see;  
 But here in the city they're void of all pity,  
 There is no enjoyment of liberty.  
 O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,  
 They flourish most bravely in our Countree!"

7.

"When I had the heart from my friends to depart  
 I thought I should be a lady at last;  
 But now I do find that it troubles my mind,  
 Because that my joys and pleasures are past.  
 O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,  
 They flourish at home in my own Countree!"

8.

"The ewes and the lambs, with the kids and their dams,  
 To see, in the country, how finely they play!  
 The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,  
 And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay!  
 O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,  
 They flourish most bravely in our Countree!"

9.

"At wakes and at fairs, being void of all cares,  
 We there with our lovers did use for to dance;  
 Then hard hap had I my ill fortune to try,  
 And so up to London my steps to advance.  
 O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,  
 They flourish most bravely in our Countree!"

10.

"But still I perceive I a husband might have  
 If I to the City my mind could but frame;  
 But I'll have a lad that is North-Country bred,  
 Or else I'll not marry, in the mind that I am.  
 O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,  
 They flourish most bravely in our Countree!"

11.

"A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain  
 Until my own country again I do see;  
 For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face  
 Of him that's allotted my love for to be.  
 O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,  
 They flourish at home in my own Countree!"

12.

"Then farewell, my daddy, and farewell, my mammy!  
 Until I do see you I nothing but mourn;  
 Remembering my brothers, my sisters and others,  
 In less than a year I hope to return:  
 Then the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,  
 I shall see them at home in my own Countree!"

## LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

Seventeenth Century Tune (1652)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lento

*mp espress.**più p*

VOICE

1. O - ver the moun-tains And o - ver the waves; Un - der the  
 2. Where there is no place For the glow-worm to lie, Where there is

PIANO

*p dolce**più p**p*

foun - tains, And un - der the graves; Un - der floods that are deep-est Which  
 no space For re - ceipt of a fly, Where the midge dares not ven-ture Lest her-

*p**cresc. poco**p**cresc. poco*

Nep-tune o - bey: O-ver rocks that are steep-est Love will find out the way.  
 self fast she lay, If Love comes he will en - ter And soon find out the way.

*rall.**p**rall.**p*

*mp espress.* *più p*

3. You may es - teem him A child for his might; Or you may  
 4. Some think to lose him By hav - ing him con - fined, And some do sup -  
 5. You may train the ea - gle To stoop to your fist, Or you may in -

*p dolce* *più p*

*p*

*p cresc. poco*

deem him A cow - ard from his flight: But if she whom Love doth hon - or Be con -  
 pose him, Poor thing, to be blind: But if ne'er so close ye wall him, Do the  
 vei - gle The Phoe - nix of the east: The lion - ess, ye may move her, To

*p cresc. poco*

*rall.* *p*

cea'd from the day, Set a thou - sand guards up - on her, Love will find out the way.  
 best that ye may, Blind Love, if so ye call him, Will find out the way.  
 give o'er her prey, But you'll ne'er stop a lov - er, He will find out the way.

*rall.* *p*

## WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR

Popular Song (circa 1772)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Animato

VOICE *mf*

1. 'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day, When Na - ture paint - ed  
 2. The cheer - ful par - ish bells had rung, With ea - ger steps he  
 3. "My dad and mam - my're fast a - sleep, My broth - er's up — and

PIANO *mf*

*cresc.*

all — things gay, Taught birds to sing and lambs to play, And  
 trudged a - long, Sweet flow - 'ry gar - lands round him hung, Which  
 with — the sheep; And will you still your prom - ise keep Which

*cresc.*

*f*

deck'd the mead - ows fair, — Young Jock - ey, ear - ly in — the morn, A -  
 shep - herds used to wear: — He tapp'd the win - dow: "Haste, my dear!" —  
 I — have heard you swear? — And will you ev - er con - stant prove?" "I

*f*

rose and tripp'd it o'er the lawn; His Sun-day coat the youth put on,— For  
Jen-ny im-pa-tient cried, "Who's there?" "Tis I, my love, and no one near, Step  
will, by all the Pow'rs a-bove, And ne'er de-ceive my charm-ing dove: Dis-

Jen-ny had vow'd a-way to run With Jock-ey to the Fair,— For  
gen-tly down, you've naught to fear With Jock-ey to the Fair,— Step  
pel— these doubts, and haste, my love, With Jock-ey to the Fair,— Dis-

Jen-ny had vow'd a-way to run With Jock-ey to the Fair.—  
gen-tly down, you've naught to fear With Jock-ey to the Fair.—  
pel— these doubts, and haste, my love, With Jock-ey to the Fair.—

4.

"Behold the ring!" the shepherd cried:  
"Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
And Hymen meet us there!"  
Then Jockey did his vows renew:  
He would be constant, would be true:  
His word was pledged—away she flew,  
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,  
With Jockey to the Fair.

5.

Soon did they meet a joyful throng,  
Their gay companions, blithè and young;  
Each joins the dance, each joins the song  
To hail the happy pair:  
What two were e'er so fond as they?  
All bless the kind, propitious day,  
The smiling morn and blooming May  
When lovely Jenny ran away  
With Jockey to the Fair.

## DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

Old Drinking Song (circa 1726)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Risoluto**  
*mf*

VOICE

1. Here's a health to the King, and a last - ing peace, To  
 2. Let charm - ing beau - ty's health go round, In  
 3. In smil - ing Bac - chus' joys I'll roll, De -  
 4. May love and wine their rites main - tain, And

PIANO

*mf marcato*

*cresc.*

fac - tion an end, to wealth in - crease.  
 whom ce - les - tial joys are found; And  
 ny no - pleas - ure to my soul; Let  
 their u - nit - ed pleas - ures reign! While

*cresc.*

*f* *p* *dim.*

Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drink - ing  
 may con - fu - sion still pur - sue The sense - less wo - man -  
 Bac - chus' health round brisk - ly move, For Bac - chus is a  
 Bac - chus' treas - ure crowns the board We'll sing the joys that

*f* *dim.* *p*

*f* *cresc.*

af - ter death. And he that will this health de - ny,  
 hat - ing crew! And they that wo - man's health de - ny,  
 friend to love: And he that will this health de - ny,  
 both af - ford: And they that won't with us com - ply,

*f* *cresc.*

*p* *cresc.* *f*

Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down,  
 Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down,  
 Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down,  
 Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down,

*p* *cresc.* *f*

*allargando* *più f*

down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let him lie.  
 down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let them lie.  
 down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let him lie.  
 down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let them lie.

*più f* *allargando* *cresc.* *ten.*

## THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

Lento cantabile

Traditional Tune

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*mp espress.**cresc.*

VOICE

1. There was a youth, and a well-be-lov-ed youth, And he was a squire's  
 2. Yet— she was coy and would not— be - lieve That he did love her  
 3. But— when his friends did— un - der - stand His fond and fool - ish

PIANO

*mp espress.**cresc.*

- son; He— loved the— bai - liff's daugh - ter dear That lived— in— Is-ling - ton.  
 so, No,— nor at— an - y— time would she An - y coun - te - nance to him show.  
 mind, They sent him— up to— fair Lon - don, An ap - pren - tice— for to bind.

4.

And when he had been seven long years,  
 And never his love could see:—  
 "Many a tear have I shed for her sake,  
 When she little thought of me."

5.

Then all the maids of Islington  
 Went forth to sport and play,  
 All but the bailiff's daughter dear—  
 She secretly stole away.

6.

She pulled off her gown of green  
 And put on ragged attire,  
 And to fair London she would go,  
 Her true love to enquire.

7.

And as she went along the high road,  
 The weather being hot and dry,  
 She sat her down upon a green bank,  
 And her true love came riding by.

8.

She started up, with a color so red,  
 Catching hold of his bridle-rein:—  
 "One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,  
 "Will ease me of much pain!"

9.

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,  
 Pray tell me where you were born:"  
 "At Islington, kind Sir," she said,  
 "Where I've had many a scron"

10.

"I prythee, sweet-heart, tell to me,  
 O tell me whether you know  
 The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"  
 "She's dead, Sir, long ago"

11.

"If she be dead, then take my horse,  
 My saddle and bridle also;  
 For I will into some far country  
 Where no man shall me know."

12.

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,  
 She standeth by thy side:  
 She is here alive, she is not dead,  
 And ready to be thy bride."

13.

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy  
 Ten thousand times therefore:  
 For now I have found mine own true love  
 Whom I thought I should never see more"

## KING ARTHUR

Lancashire County Song  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con spirito

VOICE

*mf* *sf* *mf*

1. King Ar - - thur had three sons that he had: King  
 2. The first he was a mil - ler that he was: The  
 3. Now the mil - ler stole some grist for his mill that he did: And the  
 4. Oh, the mil - ler he was drown'd in his dam that he was: And the

PIANO

*mf* *poco marcato* *sf* *mf*

*sf* *p*

Ar - - - thur had three sons that he had; He  
 sec - - - ond he was a weav - er that he was; The  
 weav - er stole some wool for his loom that he did; And the  
 weav - er he was kill'd at his loom that he was; And old

*sf* *p*

*cresc.*

had three sons of yore, And he kick'd them out of door Be - cause they could not  
 third he was a lit - tle, lit - tle tail - or - boy, And he was might - y  
 lit - tle tail - or - boy He stole some cor - du - roy For to keep those three rogues  
 Nick he cut his stick With the lit - tle tail - or - boy With the broad - cloth un - der his

*cresc.*

*staccato*

*sf* > > *f* *sf* > >

sing — that he did. Be - - cause they could not sing — that he did; Be -  
 clev - er — that he was. And he was might - y clev - er — that he was; And  
 warm — that he did. For to keep those three rogues warm — that he did; For to  
 arm — that he did. With the broad - cloth un - der his arm — that he did; With the

*sf* *f* *sf*

*più f* *sf* > > *p*

cause they could not sing — that he did; He had three sons of yore, And he  
 he was might - y clev - er — that he was; The third he was a lit - tle,  
 keep those three rogues warm — that he did; The lit - tle tail - or - boy He  
 broad - cloth un - der his arm — that he did; Old Nick he cut his stick With the

*più f* *sf* *p* *staccato*

*cresc.* *sf* > >

kick'd them out of door Be - - cause they could not sing — that he did.  
 lit - tle tail - or - boy, And — he was might - y clev - er — that he was.  
 stole some cor - du - roy For to keep those three rogues warm — that he did.  
 lit - tle tail - or - boy With the broad - cloth un - der his arm — that he did.

*cresc.* *sf*

## THE CHESHIRE MAN

Traditional Cheshire County Song  
Arranged by H. Orsmond Anderton  
and edited by Granville Bantock

Comodo e drammatico

*mf*

VOICE

1. A Che-shire man sail'd in - to Spain, To trade for mer - chan -  
said, "You Eng - lish rogue, look here! What fruit and spi - ces—  
Che-shire man ran to his hoard And fetch'd a Che-shire—  
fruits are ripe but twice a year, As you your-self do—  
Span-iard in a pas-sion flew, And his rap-ier took in—  
nev-er let a Span-iard boast While Che-shire men a -

PIANO

*mf*

dise; When he ar-riv-ed from the main A Span-iard him-es-  
fine Our land pro-du-ces twice a year! Thou hast not such in—  
cheese, And said, "Look here, you dog! be-hold! We have such fruits as—  
say; But such as I pre-sent you here Our land brings twice a—  
hand: The Che-shire man kick'd up his heels, Say-ing, "Thou'rt at my com-  
bound, Lest they should teach him to his cost To dance a Che-shire—

pies, — A Span-iard him-es- pies: 2. Who  
thine, — Thou hast not such in thine? 3. The  
these, — We have such fruits as these. 4. Your  
day, — Our land brings twice a day? 5. The  
mand,' — Say-ing, "Thou'rt at my com-mand? 6. So  
Round, — To dance a Che-shire Round.

## CHESHIRE ROUND

Con gaiezza

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Key signature: one sharp (F#). Time signature: 3/4. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody in the treble staff features eighth-note patterns, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and occasional eighth-note accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth-note patterns. The dynamic changes to forte (*f*). The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues. The dynamic changes back to piano (*p*) in the first measure and then to forte (*f*) in the last measure, which is marked "L. H." (Left Hand). The system concludes with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth-note patterns. The dynamic is piano (*p*). The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth-note patterns. The dynamic is forte (*f*). The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

# 34 THE DERBY RAM

57

Derbyshire County Song  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Gioviale

VOICE *mf*

1. As I was go - ing to Der - by, Sir, 'Twas on a sum - mer's  
2. It had four feet — to walk on, Sir, It had four feet to  
3. The horns that were on its head, Sir, Held a re - gi - ment of

PIANO *mp*

*cresc.*

day, — I met the fin - est ram, Sir, That ev - er was fed on hay;  
stand, — And ev - 'ry foot it had, Sir, Did cov - er an a - cre of land. } And in -  
men, — And tongue that was in its head, Sir, Would feed — them ev - 'ry one, }

*cresc.*

*mp*

deed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I nev - er was giv'n to lie, And —

*mp*

*cresc.* *f* *sostenuto*

if you'd been to Der - by, Sir, You'd have seen him as well as I. —

*cresc.* *f* *sostenuto*

*mf*

4. The wool that was on its back, Sir, Made fifty packs of  
 5. The wool that was on its sides, Sir, Made fifty more, com -  
 6. The tail was fifty yards, Sir, As near as I can

*mp*

*cresc.*

cloth, — And for to tell a lie, Sir, I'm sure I'm ver - y loth. }  
 plete, — And it was sent to Rus - sia, To clothe the Em-p'r's fleet. } And in -  
 tell, — And it was sent to Rome, Sir, To ring Saint Pe - ter's bell. }

*cresc.*

*mp*

deed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I nev - er was giv'n to lie, And —

*mp*

*cresc.* *f* *sostenuto*

if you'd been to Der - by, Sir, You'd have seen him as well as I. —

*cresc.* *f* *sostenuto*

## THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

Lincolnshire County Song

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Animato**  
*mf*

VOICE

1. When I was bound ap - pren - tice In fa - mous Lin - coln - shire, — Full  
2. As me — and — my com - rade Were set - ting of a snare, — 'Twas

PIANO  
*mf*

*cresc.*

well I served my mas - ter For more than sev - en year, — Till  
then we spied the game - keep - er, For him we did — not care, — For

*cresc.*

*f*

I took up to poach - ing, As you shall quick - ly hear; Oh! 'tis  
we can wres - tle and fight, my boys, And jump o'er an - y - where, Oh! 'tis

*f*

*più f* *sostenuto*

my de - light on a shin - ing night, In the sea - son of the year. —  
my de - light on a shin - ing night, In the sea - son of the year. —

*più f* *sostenuto*

*mf*

3. As me — and — my com - rade Were set - ting four or five — And  
 4. I threw him on — my shoul - der, And then we trudged home; — We  
 5. Suc - cess to ev - 'ry gen - tle - man That lives in Lin - coln - shire! — Suc -

*mf*

*cresc.*

tak - ing on 'em up a - gain, We caught the hare — a - live: — We  
 took him to a neigh - bor's house And sold him for — a crown; — We  
 cess to ev - 'ry poach - er That wants to sell — a hare! — Bad

*cresc.*

*f*

took the hare a - live, my boys, And thro' the woods did steer, Oh! 'tis  
 sold him for a crown, my boys, But I did not tell — you where, Oh! 'tis  
 luck to ev - 'ry game - keep - er That will not sell — his deer! Oh! 'tis

*f*

*più f* *sostenuto*

my de - light on a shin - ing night In the sea - son of the year. —  
 my de - light on a shin - ing night In the sea - son of the year. —  
 my de - light on a shin - ing night In the sea - son of the year. —

*più f* *sostenuto*

# 36 WARD THE PIRATE

61

Norfolk County Song  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**VOICE** *Ardito* *mf*

1. Come all you gal-lant sea-men bold, all you that march to drum, Let's  
2. A ship was sail-ing from the east and go-ing to the west,

**PIANO** *mf*

*cresc.* go and look for Cap-tain Ward, far on the sea he roams; He  
Load-ed with silks and sat-ins and vel-vets of the best; But

*f*

*cresc.*

*mf*

is the big-gest rob-ber that ev-er you did hear, There's  
meet-ing there with Cap-tain Ward, it was a bad meet-ing; He

*mf*

*f* *sostenuto*

not been such a rob-ber found for a-bove this hun-dred year.  
rob-bed them of all their wealth, and bid them tell their king.

*f* *sostenuto*

*mf*

3. O then the king pro - vid - ed a ship of no - ble fame, She's  
 4. 'Twas eight o - clock in the morn - ing when they be - gan to fight, And  
 5. O then the gal - lant "Rain - bow" she fired, she fired in vain, Till

*mf*

*cresc.**f*

call'd the "Roy - al Rain - bow" if you would know her name; She  
 so they did con - tin - ue there till nine o - clock at night; "Fight  
 six - and - thir - ty of her men all on the deck were slain; "Go

*cresc.* *f*

*mf*

was as well pro - vid - ed for as an - y ship can be, Full  
 on, fight on," says Cap - tain Ward, "this sport well pleas - es me, For  
 home, go home," says Cap - tain Ward, "and tell your king for me, If

*mf*

*sostenuto*

thir - teen hun - dred men on board, to bear her com - pa - ny.  
 if - you fight this month or more, your mas - ter I will be."  
 he reigns king on all the land, Ward will reign king on sea."

*f* *sostenuto*

## THE BARKSHIRE TRAGEDY

Berkshire County Song

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andantino

Solo

Chorus

VOICE

1. A varm - er he lived in the West Coun - tree, (With a  
 2. As they were walk - ing by the riv - er's brim, (With a  
 3. O sis - ter, O sis - ter, pray gie me thy hand, (With a  
 4. I'll nei - ther, I'll nei - ther gie thee hand nor glove, (With a

PIANO

*p*

Solo

*p*

hey down, bow down,) A varm - er he lived in the  
 hey down, bow down,) As they were walk - ing by the  
 hey down, bow down,) O sis - ter, O sis - ter, pray  
 hey down, bow down,) I'll nei - ther, I'll nei - ther gie

*p*

Chorus

*mf**cresc.*

West Coun-tree, And he had daugh - ters, one two and three,  
 riv - er's brim, The eld - est push'd the young - est in, (And  
 gie me thy hand, And I'll gie thee both house— and land,  
 thee hand nor glove, Un - less thou'lt gie me thy own true love,

*cresc.*

*cresc.*  
I'll be true to my love if my love-'ll be true to me.)

*mf cresc.*  
*espress.*  
*p*

5.

So down she sank and away she swam,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
Until she came to the miller's dam,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

6.

The miller's daughter stood by the door,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
As fair as any gilly-flower,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

7.

"O vather, vather, here swims a swan,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
Very much like a drowned gentlewoman,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

8.

The miller he fot his pole and hook,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
And he fished the fair maid out of the brook,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

9.

"O miller, I'll gie thee guineas ten,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
If thou'lt fetch me back to my father agen,"  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

10.

The miller he took her guineas ten,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
And he pushed the fair maid in agen,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

11.

But the Crowner he came and the Justice too,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
With a hue and a cry and a hullabaloo,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

12.

They hanged the miller beside his own gate.  
(With a hey, etc.)  
For drowning the varmer's daughter Kate,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

13.

The sister she fled beyond the seas,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
And died an old maid among black savagees,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

14.

So I've ended my tale of the West Countree,  
(With a hey, etc.)  
And they calls it the Barkshire Tragedee,  
(And I'll be true, etc.)

# THE VLY IS ON THE TURMUT

Oxfordshire County Song  
*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

Pigramente, rustico

VOICE *mp* *cresc.*

1. 'Twas on a jol - ly sum-mer's morn, the twen - ty-first of May, — Giles—  
 2. Now the first place as I went to work, it were at farm-er Tow - er's He—  
 3. When I was over at yon-der farm, they sent for I a - mow - in', But I

PIANO *p* *cresc.*

*dim.* *mp*

Scrog-gins took his tur - mut - hoe, with which he trudged a - - way; — For  
 vow'd and swear'd and then de - clared I — were a first - rate ho - er; Now the  
 sent word back I'd sooner have the sack than lose my tur - mut - hoe - in'. Now

*dim.* *p*

*cresc.*

some de - lights in hay - mak - in', and some they fanc - ies mow - in', But of  
 next place as I went to work, I took it by the job, — But if  
 all you jol - ly farm - in' - lads as bides at home so warm, — I —

*cresc.*

\*) "Vly" is Oxfordshire dialect for "fly."

all the trades as I likes best, give— I the tur - mut - hoe - - in'.  
 I'd ha' know'd it a little a - fore, I'd soon - er been in quod. \_\_\_\_\_  
 now con-cludes my dit - - ty with— wish - in' you no harm. \_\_\_\_\_

*dim.*

*Chorus*

*mf* For the vly, — the vly, — the vly is on the tur - mut; And it's *f*

*mf* *cresc.*

all my eye for we to try, to keep vly off the tur - - mut.

*f* *espress.* *rall.* *dim.*

# 39 THE PLOUGHBOY

67

Sussex County Song

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**VOICE**

*Gajo*  
*mf*

*cresc.*

1. Come, all you jol - ly plough-boys, Come, lis - ten to my lays, — And  
2. So ear - ly in the morn - ing The plough-boy he is seen; — He

**PIANO**

*mp*

*cresc.*

*mf espress.*

*più f*

join with me in cho - rus, I'll sing the plough - boy's praise. — My  
ha - stens to the sta - ble His hors - es for to clean; — Their

*più f*

*f*

*dim.* *mf*

song is of — the plough-boy's fame, And un - to you I'll re - late the same, He  
manes and tails he will comb straight, With chaff and corn — he does them bait, Then

*f*

*dim.*

*cresc.* *f* *poco rall.*

whis - tles, sings, and drives his team, — The brave plough - ing - boy. —  
he'll en - deav - or to plough straight, The brave plough - ing - boy. —

*cresc.* *f* *poco rall.*

*mf* *cresc.*

3. So ear - ly in the morn - ing To har - row, plough and sow, — And  
 4. The corn is now a - grow - ing, And seed - time it is o'er; — Our  
 5. The corn is now a - grow - ing, The fields look fresh and gay, — The

*mp* *cresc.*

*mf espress.*

*più f*

with a gen - tle cast, my boys, We'll give the corn a throw: — This  
 mas - ter he does wel - come us And opes the cel - lar - door: — With  
 cheer - ful lads come in to mow While dam - sels make the hay: — The

*più f*

*f* *dim.* *mf*

makes the val - leys thick to stand, With corn to fill — the reap - er's hand; All  
 cake and ale — we have our fill Be - cause we've done — our work so well, There's  
 ears of corn they now ap - pear And peace and plen - ty crown the year, So

*f* *dim.*

*cresc.* *f* *poco rall.*

this you well — may un - der - stand Does the brave plough - ing - boy. —  
 none can here — ex - cel the skill Of the brave plough - ing - boy. —  
 we'll be merry, and drink, whilst here, To the brave plough - ing - boy. —

*cresc.* *f* *poco rall.*

## LORD RENDAL

Andante espressivo  
*mp espress.*Somersetshire County Song  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE

1. Where have you been all the day, Ren - dal, my son?  
 2. What have you been eat - ing of, Ren - dal, my son?  
 3. Where — did she get them from, Ren - dal, my son?  
 4. What was the col - or on their skin, Ren - dal, my son?

PIANO

*p**sostenuto**cresc.*

Where have you been all the day, my pret - ty one? — I've  
 What have you been eat - ing of, my pret - ty one? — O  
 Where — did she get them from, my pret - ty one? — From  
 What was the col - or on their skin, my pret - ty one? — O

*cresc.**mf**più f**dim.*

been to my sweet-heart, moth-er, I've been to my sweet-heart, moth-er;  
 \* eels and eel-broth, moth-er, O eels and eel-broth, moth-er;  
 hed-ges and ditch-es, moth-er, From hed-ges and ditch-es, moth-er;  
 spick-it and spark-it, moth-er, O spick-it and spark-it, moth-er;

*mf**più f**dim.*

Lento

*p**più p**molto rall.*  
*dim.*

make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

*p**più p**dim.*  
*molto rall.*

\*) See note to this song in the Introduction.

*mp espress.*

5. What will you leave your fa - - ther, Ren - dal, my son?  
 6. What will you leave your moth - - er, Ren - dal, my son?  
 7. What will you leave your broth - - er, Ren - dal, my son?  
 8. What will you leave your lov - - er, Ren - dal, my son?

*ten*  
*p* *sostenuto.*

What will you leave your fa - - ther, my pret - ty one? My  
 What will you leave your moth - - er, my pret - ty one? My  
 What will you leave your broth - - er, my pret - ty one? My  
 What will you leave your lov - - er, my pret - ty one? A

*cresc.*

*mf* *più f* *dim.*  
 land and hous - es, moth - er, My land and hous - es, moth - er;  
 gold and sil - ver, moth - er, My gold and sil - ver, moth - er;  
 cows and hors - es, moth - er, My cows and hors - es, moth - er;  
 rope to hang her, moth - er, A rope to hang her, moth - er;

*mf* *più f* *dim.*

*Lento* *p* *più p* *molto rall.* *dim.*  
 make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart, and I fain would lie down.

*p* *più p* *dim.* *molto rall.*

# 41 WIDDICOMBE FAIR

71

Devonshire County Song  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Animoso**

**VOICE**

*mf*

1. Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your gray mare, All a-long, down a-long;  
 2. And when shall I see a - gain my gray mare? All a-long, down a-long;  
 3. Then Fri - day came and Sat - ur - day noon, All a-long, down a-long;  
 4. So Tom Pearce he got to the top of the hill, All a-long, down a-long;

**PIANO**

*mf*

*f*

*cresc.*

*mp*

out a - long, lee; For I want for to go — to Wid - di-combe Fair Wi' Bill  
 out a - long, lee; By Fri - - day soon, — or Sat - ur - day noon, Wi' Bill  
 out a - long, lee; But Tom Pear - ce's old mare — had not trot - ted home Wi' Bill  
 out a - long, lee; And he seed his old mare down a - mak - ing her will Wi' Bill

*cresc.*

Brew-er, John Stew-er, Pe - ter Gur-ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan Whid-don, Har - ry Hawk, old  
 Brew-er, John Stew-er, Pe - ter Gur-ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan Whid-don, Har - ry Hawk, old  
 Brew-er, John Stew-er, Pe - ter Gur-ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan Whid-don, Har - ry Hawk, old  
 Brew-er, John Stew-er, Pe - ter Gur-ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan Whid-don, Har - ry Hawk, old

*p*

*f*

*p*

*cresc.*

**Chorus**

*f*

Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, — Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. —  
 Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, — Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. —  
 Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, — Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. —  
 Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, — Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. —

*cresc.*

*f*

*mf* *f*

5. So Tom Pear - ce's old mare, her took sick — and died, All a - long, down a - long,  
 6. But this is - n't the end of this shock - ing af - fair, All a - long, down a - long,  
 7. When the wind whis - tles cold on the moor of a night, All a - long, down a - long,  
 8. And all the long night be heard skirl - ing and groans, All a - long, down a - long,

*mf* *f*

*cresc.* *mp*

out a - long, lee; And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried, Wt' Bill  
 out a - long, lee; Nor, though they be dead, of the hor - rid ca - reer Of Bill  
 out a - long, lee; Tom Pear - ce's old mare doth ap - pear gash - ly white, Wt' Bill  
 out a - long, lee; From Tom Pear - ce's old mare in her rat - - tling bones, And from Bill

*cresc.*

Brew - er, John Stew - er, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan Whid - don, Har - ry Hawk, old  
 Brew - er, John Stew - er, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan Whid - don, Har - ry Hawk, old  
 Brew - er, John Stew - er, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan Whid - don, Har - ry Hawk, old  
 Brew - er, John Stew - er, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan Whid - don, Har - ry Hawk, old

*p* *f* *p*

*cresc.* *Chorus* *f*

Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, — Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. —  
 Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, — Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. —  
 Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, — Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. —  
 Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, — Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. —

*cresc.* *cresc.* *f*

# 42 O MISTRESS MINE

73

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

WILLIAM BYRD (1542?-1623)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lento molto sostenuto  
*mp espress.*

*più p*

VOICE

1. O mis-tress mine, where are you roam-ing? O mis-tress mine,  
2. What is love? 'tis not here-after; What is love?

PIANO

*p*

*più p*

where are you roam-ing? O stay and hear; your true love's com-ing, That can sing  
'tis not here-after; Pres-ent mirth hath pres-ent laugh-ter; What's to come

*cresc.*

*f*

*cresc.*

*f*

both high and low: Trip no fur-ther, pret-ty sweet-ing; Jour-neys end  
is still un-sure: In de-lay there lies no plen-ty; Then come, kiss me,

*dim.*

*f*

*dim.*

*mf*

in lov-ers' meet-ing, Ev - 'ry wise man's son doth know.  
sweet - and - twen - ty, Youth's a stuff will not en-dure.

*p*

*rall.*

*p*

*p*

*rall.*

*p*

## I THOUGHT THAT LOVE HAD BEEN A BOY

From "Songs of Sundry Natures" (1589)

WILLIAM BYRD (1542?-1623)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto delicato

*p espress.**dim.**, mp*

VOICE

PIANO

I thought that Love had been a boy, I thought that  
 Love had — been a boy, With blind - ed eyes, Or  
 else some oth - er — wan - ton toy That — men de - vise,  
 Like tales of fair - ies of - ten told

*p* *cresc.* *dim.* *mp* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p* *dolce* *cresc.* *più p*

*più p*

By dot - ing age that dies for cold,

*cresc. poco* *dim.* *mp* *espress.*

*cresc.*

Like tales of fair - - ies of - ten told

*cresc.* *p*

*f* *dim.*

By dot - ing age that dies for

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*p* *dim. poco rall.* *p*

cold, By dot - ing age that dies — for cold.

*p* *dim. poco rall.* *p*

## CEASE, SORROWS, NOW

From the "First Set of Madrigals" (1597)

Lento molto

*p espress.*

THOMAS WHEELKES (circa 1575-1623)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE

PIANO

Cease, sor - rows, now, cease, sor - rows, now, cease,  
 sor - rows, now, for you have done — the deed, Lo, care hath  
 now con-sumed my bod - y quite, Lo, care hath now con-sumed — my bod - y  
 quite, Lo, care — hath now con-sumed my bod - y quite, my bod - y quite:

Dynamics and markings: *p*, *mp*, *più p*, *mf*, *cresc.*, *pp*.

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

No hope is left, no hope is left, nor help can stand in stead, in

*p* *f* *cresc.*

*mf*

*a tempo* *p* *cresc.* , *più p*

stead, For dole-ful death, for dole-ful death doth

*p* *cresc.* *più p*

*Più lento* (♩ = ♩) *mp*

cut off pleas-ure— quite, off pleas-ure— quite. Yet, whilst I

*mp*

*cresc.*

hear the knoll-ing of the bell, Yet, whilst I hear the knoll-ing of the bell, of—

*cresc.*

*p* *dim.* *pp*

the bell, Be - fore I die, be - fore I die, I'll

*p* *dim.* *pp*

*dolce* *cresc. poco*

sing my faint fare - well, I'll sing my faint fare - well, my

*dolce* *cresc. poco*

*mf*

faint fare - well, my faint fare - well, I'll sing my faint fare - well, I'll

*espress.* *mf*

*espress.*

*pp* *allargando* *morendo*

sing my faint fare - well, my faint fare - well.

*pp* *espress.* *morendo*

## IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

THOMAS MORLEY (1557-1603)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro giojoso  
*mp espress.*, *cresc.**f*

VOICE

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, non-ne-  
 2. Be - tween the a - cres of the rye, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, non-ne-  
 3. This car - ol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey. non-ne-  
 4. Then, pret - ty lov - ers, take the time, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, non-ne-

PIANO

*mp**cresc.**f**dim.**p**mf*

no, And a hey, — non-ne - no, ne - no, That o'er the green corn - field did pass,  
 no, And a hey, — non-ne - no, ne - no, These pret - ty coun - try fools did lie  
 no, And a hey, — non-ne - no, ne - no, How that life was but a flow'r } In  
 no, And a hey, — non-ne - no, ne - no, For love is crown - ed with the prime, }

*dim.**p**mf*

spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do sing, Hey

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

ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

*f**mf**p**rit.**dim.**f**mf**p**rit.**dim.*

## NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING

THOMAS MORLEY (1557-1603)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Vivo

1st time *f* 2d time *p*

VOICE

1. Now is the month of may - ing, When mer - ry lads are  
 2. The Spring, clad all in glad - ness, Doth laugh at Win - ter's  
 3. Fie, then! Why sit we mus - ing, Youth's sweet de - light re -

PIANO

1st time *f* 2d time *p**leggiero**dim.*

play - ing, Fa la la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la.  
 sad - ness, Fa la la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la.  
 fus - ing? Fa la la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la.

*dim.*

*f* Each with his bon - ny lass, *p* A - dan - cing on the  
 And to the bag - pipes' sound The nymphs tread out their  
 Say, dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play bar - ley -

*mf* grass. Fa la la la la, *cresc.* Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.  
 ground. Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.  
 break? Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

## AS I WALKED FORTH

Allegretto grazioso  
*mf giojoso*

ROBERT JOHNSON (Circa 1560-1634)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE

1. As I walked forth one sum-mer's day, To view the  
2. Then round the mead-ow did she walk, Catch-ing each  
3. The flow-ers of the sweet-est scents She bound a-  
4. When she had fill'd her a-pron full Of such green

PIANO

mead-ows green and gay A pleas-ant bow-er I es-pied,  
flow-er, by the stalk, Such flow'rs as in the mead-ow grew,  
bout with knot-ty bents; And as she bound them up in bands  
things as she could cull, The green things served her for her bed,

*cresc.* *espress.* *p*

Stand-ing fast by the riv-er-side, And in't a maid-en—  
The Dead Man's Thumb, an herb all blue; And as she pull'd them  
She wept, she sigh'd, she wrung her hands; "A-las! a-las! a-  
The flow'rs were the pil-lows for her head; Then down she laid her, ne'er

*cresc.* *espress.* *cresc.* *p*

*mf* *poco rall.* *dim.* *p*

I heard cry: "A-las! a-las! there's none e'er loved as I."  
still cried she: "A-las! a-las! there's none e'er loved as I."  
las!" cried she, "A-las! a-las! there's none e'er loved as I."  
word more did speak, A-las! a-las! with love her heart did break.

*mf* *poco rall.* *dim.* *p*

# DEAR, DO NOT YOUR FAIR BEAUTY WRONG

Verses from May's "Old Couple"

ROBERT JOHNSON (circa 1560-1634)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Dolcemente*

VOICE *p*

Dear, do not your fair beau - ty wrong In think - ing

PIANO *p*

*mf*

still you are too young: The Rose and Lil - y in your cheek

*f* *cresc.* *f*

Flour-ish and no more ri - p'ning seek En - flam - ing beams shot from your

*f* *cresc.*

*dim. mp*

eye Do show Love's mid - sum-mer is nigh. Your cher - ry lip,

*dim. p*

*cresc.* *dim.*

red, soft, and sweet Pro - claims such fruit for — taste is meet.

*cresc.* *dim.*

*mp* *cresc.* *espress.*

Love is still young, a buck - some boy, And young - lings are al - low'd —

*mp* *cresc.*

*mf*

— to — toy: Then lose no time, for love hath wings And

*mf*

*f* *dim.* *p*

flies a - way, and flies a - way, and flies a - way — from — a - ged things.

*f* *dim.* *p*

# 49 AWAKE, SWEET LOVE

JOHN DOWLAND (1582 - 1626)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Cantabile sostenuto*

**VOICE** *mf dolce* *mp*

A - wake, sweet love! thou art re - turn'd, My heart, which long in

**PIANO** *mf dolce* *mp*

ab - sence mourn'd, Lives now in per - fect joy. —

*cresc.* *f*

*mf* *cresc.*

Let love, which nev - er ab - sent dies, Now live for ev - er

*mf* *cresc.*

*mp* *dim.* *mf*

in her eyes Whence came my first an - noy. — On - ly her - self hath

*mp* *dim.* *mf*

seem - ed fair, She on - ly I could love, She on - ly drove

*p* *cresc.*

me to de - spair When she un - kind did prove.

*dim.*

De-spair did make me wish to die, That I my joys\*) might end;

*mf* *dim.*

She on - ly which did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.

*mp* *dim.* *p*

\*) The word "griefs" has been suggested here.

## NOW, O NOW I NEEDS MUST PART

JOHN DOWLAND (1562-1626)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Poco lento  
*mp espress.**cresc.*

VOICE

Now, O now I needs must part, Part - ing

PIANO

*espress.**mp**cresc.*

though I ab - sent mourn, Ab - sence can no

*più p**più p*

joy im - part, Joy once fled — can - not re - turn! —

*mf**dim.**mf**dim.*§ *mp**cresc.*

1. While I live I needs must love, Love lives not when life is gone,  
 2. Dear, when I am from thee gone, Gone are all my hopes at once;  
 3. Dear, if I do not re - turn, Love and I shall die to - geth - er,

*mp**cresc.*

*mf* *dim.*

Now at last de - spair doth prove Love di - vid - ed lov - eth  
 I loved thee and thee a - lone In whose love I joy - ed  
 For my ab - sence do not mourn, Whom you might have joy - ed

*mf* *dim.*

*f*

none. Sad de - spair doth drive me hence,  
 once: And al - tho' your sight I leave  
 ev - er. Part we must, tho' now I die,

*f*

*dim.* *mp*

This de - spair un - kind - ness sends, If that part - ing  
 Sight where - in my joys do lie Till that death do  
 Die I do to part with you! Him de - spair doth

*dim.* *mp*

*cresc.* *rit.* *dim.* *p* *Fine*

be of - fence, It is she which then of - fends.  
 sense be - reave Nev - er shall af - fec - tion die.  
 cause to lie Who both lived and di - eth true.

*cresc.* *rit.* *dim.* *p*

*D.S.*

## COME AGAIN

JOHN DOWLAND (1562-1626)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE *Vivo mf p dolce*

1. Come a - gain, Sweet Love doth now in - vite  
 2. Come a - gain, That I may cease to mourn  
 3. Gen - tle Love! Draw forth thy wound - ing dart:

PIANO *mf p dolce*

*cresc. f*

Thy gra - ces, that re - frain To do me due de - light:  
 Thro' thy un - kind dis - dain, For now, left and for - lorn,  
 Thou canst not pierce her heart, For I, that do ap - prove

*p cresc. f*

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die \_\_\_\_\_  
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die \_\_\_\_\_  
 By sighs and tears, more hot than are thy shafts, \_\_\_\_\_

*p cresc. f*

*mf p p 2d time pp*

With thee a - gain in sweet - est sym - - pa - thy.  
 In dead - ly pain and end - less mis - - er - y.  
 Do tempt, while she for tri - - umph laughs.

*mf p p*

## SHALL I COME, SWEETE LOVE, TO THEE

Words and Music by THOMAS CAMPION (circa 1566-1619)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Dolcemente*  
*p espress.* *più p*

VOICE

1. Shall I come, sweete Love, to thee, When the  
 2. Who can tell what thief or foe In the  
 3. But to let such dan - gers pass, Which a

PIANO

*p sostenuto* *dim.* *pp* *mp* *più p*

eve-ning beams are set? Shall I not ex - clud - ed be?  
 cov-ert of the night, For his prey will work my woe,  
 lov-er's thoughts dis - dain, 'Tis e - nough in such a place

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.* *pp*

Will you find no fain - ed let? Let me not, for pit - y,  
 Or thro' wick - ed foul des - pite? So may I die un - re -  
 To at - tend love's joys in vain: Do not mock me in thy

*f* *dim.* *rall.* *p*

more, Tell the long, long - hours, Tell the long hours at your door.  
 dress'd Ere my long, long - love, Ere my long love be re - dress'd.  
 bed While these cold, cold - nights, While these cold nights freeze me dead.

*f* *dim.* *rall.* *p*

## NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL

Words and Music by

THOMAS CAMPION (Circa 1566-1619)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Religioso, con espressione

VOICE *mp* *dim.*

1. Nev - er weath - er - beat - en sail more will - ing bent to shore,  
 Nev - er tir - ed pil - grim's limbs af - fect - ed slum - ber more;  
 2. Ev - er bloom - ing are the joys of heav'n's high par - a - dise:  
 Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor va - por dims our eyes.

PIANO *mp* *dim.*

*p*

Than my wear - y sprite now longs to fly out of my trou - bled breast:  
 Glo - ry there the sun out - shines, whose beams the bless - ed on - ly see:

*p*

*p poco accel. cresc.*

O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,  
 O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

*cresc. p poco accel.*

*mp dolce* *p* *rall.* *dim.*

sweet - est Lord, and take my soul to rest.  
 glo - rious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee!

*mp* *p* *rall.* *dim.*

## THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE

Words and music by  
 THOMAS CAMPION (Circa 1566-1619)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lentamente  
*mp dolce*

VOICE

1. There is a Gar - den in her face,  
 2. Those Cher - ries fair - ly doe en - close  
 3. Her eyes like An - gels watch them still;

PIANO

*mp*

*cresc.*

Where Ros - es and white Lil - ies grow;  
 Of O - rient Pearls a dou - ble row,  
 Her Browes like bend - ed bowes do stand,

*cresc.*

*p*

A heav'n - ly Par - a - dise is that place,  
 Which when her love - ly laugh - ter shows,  
 Threat - 'ning with pier - cing frowns to kill

*p*

*f* *dim.*

Where - in all pleas - ant fruits do flow.  
 They look like Rose - buds fill'd with snow.  
 All that at - tempt with eye or hand

*mf* *dim.*

*mp* *mf*

There Cher - ries grow which none may buy, Till "Cher - ry -  
 Yet them nor Prince nor Peer can buy, Till "Cher - ry -  
 Those sa - cred Cher - ries to come nigh, Till "Cher - ry -

*mp* *mf*

*cresc.*

ripe," till "Cher - ry - ripe," till "Cher - ry - ripe, Cher - ry - ripe, ripe,  
 ripe," till "Cher - ry - ripe," till "Cher - ry - ripe, Cher - ry - ripe, ripe,  
 ripe," till "Cher - ry - ripe," till "Cher - ry - ripe, Cher - ry - ripe, ripe,

*cresc.*

*f* *dim.* *rall.* *p* *sostenuto*

ripe, Cher - ry - ripe, Cher - ry - ripe," them - selves do cry.  
 ripe, Cher - ry - ripe, Cher - ry - ripe," them - selves do cry.  
 ripe, Cher - ry - ripe, Cher - ry - ripe," them - selves do cry.

*f* *dim.* *rall.* *p* *sostenuto*

## FLORA GAVE ME FAIREST FLOWERS

JOHN WILBYE (circa 1568-?)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro delicato

VOICE <sup>\*)</sup> *mf dolce* *cresc.*  
 Flo - ra gave me fair-est flow - ers, Flo - ra gave me fair-est

PIANO *mf* *cresc.*

*f*  
 flow-ers, None so fair, none so fair, none so fair in Flo - ra's treas -

*dim.* *p* *cresc.*  
 ure, None so fair, none so fair, none so fair in Flo - ra's

*f* *dim.*  
 treas-ure, These — I placed in Phil - lis' bow - ers;

\*) N.B. Upper vocal part.

*mp* *cresc.*

She was pleased, she was pleased, she was pleased, and she's my pleas - - ure,

*mp* *cresc.* *L.H.*

*mf* *p*

She was pleased, she was pleased, she was pleased, and she's my pleas - - ure.

*mf* *p*

*Poco animato* *mf* *f*

Smil - ing mead - ows seem to say, "Come, — ye wan - tons, here to play,"

*mf* *L.H.* *f*

*dim.* *mf*

Smil - ing mead - ows seem to say, "Come, ye wan - tons, here to play, come

*dim.* *mf*

here to play, Come, ye wan - tons, here to play, to play, Come, ye

*f* *p*

wan - tons, here to play, Come, ye wan - tons, here to play, Come, ye

*f* *p*

wan - tons, here to play, to play, Come, ye wan - tons, here to

*cresc.*

play, to play, Come, come, ye wan - tons, here to play."

*f* *poco rall.*

# WEEP, O MINE EYES

JOHN BENET (Circa 1570-1615)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*\*) Lento, con molto espressione mp*

VOICE

PIANO

*mp*

*p*

Weep, O mine eyes, weep, O mine eyes, weep, O mine

*dim.* *p poco cresc.* *mf*

eyes and cease not, A - las! these your spring-tides, A - las!

*dim.* *p* *poco cresc.* *mf*

these your spring-tides, me-thinks, in-crease not, O when, O when be-gin

*p*

*cresc.* *f poco rit.* *dim. p*

you, To swell so high that I may drown me in you, That I may drown me in you.

*cresc.* *f* *poco rit.* *dim. p*

\*) Upper vocal part.

# 57 IF SHE FORSAKE ME

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THOMAS CAMPION

PHILIP ROSSETER (Circa 1575-1623)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Allegretto grazioso*

VOICE

PIANO

*mf* *p*

1. If she for-sake me I must die, Shall I tell her  
 2. What heart can long such pains a-bide? Fie up-on this  
 3. I do my love in lines com-mend, But, a-las, in

*dim. mf* *p*

so? A-las, then straight will she re-ply, "No, no, no, no,  
 lovel I would ven-ture far and wide If it would re-  
 vain: The cost-ly gifts that I do send She re-returns a-

*dim. mf* *cresc.*

no!" If I dis-close my des-prate state, She will but make  
 move. But Love will still my steps pur-sue, I can-not his  
 gain: Thus still is my de-spair pro-cured And her mal-ice

*dim. mf* *cresc.*

sport there-at, And more un-re-lent-ing grow.  
 ways es-chew: Thus still help-less hopes I prove.  
 more as-sured: Then come, Death, and end my pain!

*dim. p*

*dim. p*

## SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

THOMAS FORD (1580-1648)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lento sostenuto

*p dolce**mf*

VOICE

1. Since first I saw your face I re-solved To hon - or and re -  
 2. If I ad - mire or praise you too much That fault you may for -  
 3. The sun whose beams most glo - rious — are Re - ject - eth no be -

PIANO

*dim.* , *mp* *poco cresc.*

noun you, If now I be dis - dain'd I — wish My heart had nev - er  
 give me; Or if my hands had stray'd to — touch, Then just - ly you might  
 hold - er: And your sweet beau - ty, past com - pare, Made my poor eyes the

*f**cresc.*

known you. What! I that loved and you that liked, Shall we be - gin to  
 leave me: I ask'd you leave, you bade me love, Is't now a time to  
 bold - er. When beau - ty moves and wit de - lights, And signs of kind - ness

*mf deciss.**cresc.**poco rit.**p*

wran - gle? No, no, no, my heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.  
 chide me? No, no, no, I'll love you still What for - tune e'er be - tide me.  
 bind me, There, O there, wher - e'er I go I'll leave my heart be - hind me.

## GATHER YOUR ROSEBUDS

ROBERT HERRICK

WILLIAM LAWES (1582-1645)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante grazioso

VOICE *p* *cresc.*

Gath-er your rose-buds while you may, Old Time is still a-fly-ing,

PIANO *p* *cresc.* *espress.*

*mp* *più p* *dim.*

And the same flow'r that smiles to-day To-mor-row will be dy-ing.

*mp* *più p* *dim.* *p*

or *f* The glo-rious *cresc.*

The glo-rious Lamp of Heav'n, the Sun, The high-er he is get-ting,

*f* *cresc.* *espress.*

or *mf* The soon-er *p* *dim.*

The soon-er will his race be-run, And near-er he's to set-ting.

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

*mf* *cresc.*

That age is best that is the first, While youth and blood are warm-er,

*mf* *cresc.* *espress.*

or *mp* Ex - pect

Ex - pect not the last and worst, Time— still suc-ceeds the form-er.

*mp* *mf* *dim.*

*pp* *espress.* *cresc.*

Then be not coy, but use your time,— While you may, go— mar-ry,

*pp* *cresc.* *espress.*

*mf* *rall. dim.* *p*

For hav-ing once but lost your prime, You may for—ev—er tar-ry.

*mf* *dim. rall.* *p*

# 60 THE SILVER SWAN

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CHRISTOPHER HATTON

ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625)

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

**VOICE** *Largamente sostenuto* *mp espress.* *dim.*

The sil-ver swan who, liv-ing, had no note, When death ap-proach'd un-

**PIANO** *mp* *dim.*

lock'd her si-lent throat. Lean-ing her breast a-gainst the reed-y

shore, Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more. "Fare-well, all joys! O

death, come close mine eyes; More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise?"

*p* *più p* *p* *f* *cresc.* *dim.* *più p* *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.* *dim.* *rall.* *p* *mf* *cresc.* *dim.* *p*

# BID ME TO LIVE

ROBERT HERRICK

HENRY LAWES (1595-1662)

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

*Cantabile con dolcezza*  
*mp espress.*

VOICE

1. Bid — me to live and I will — live Thy  
 2. A — heart as soft, a heart as — kind, A  
 3. Bid — that heart stay, and it will — stay To

PIANO

*p*

Pro - tes - tant to be; Or — bid me love, and  
 heart — as — sound and free As — in the whole world  
 hon - or — thy de - cree: Or — bid it lan - - guish

*cresc.*

I will give — A — lov - ing heart to thee.  
 thou canst find — That — heart I'll give to thee.  
 quite a - - way, — And't — shall do so for thee.

*f* *p*

# HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

JEREMY SAVILE (1625-1660)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**VOICE** *Con spirito* *mf* *più f* *mf*

Here's a health un-to His Ma-jes-ty With a fal la la la la la la, Con -

**PIANO** *mf* *più f* *mf*

*poco marcato*

fu - sion to his en - e - mies, With a fal la la la la la la. And

*cresc.* *più f*

he that will not pledge this health, I wish him nei-ther wit nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to

*cresc.* *p* *meno mosso*

hang him-self, With a fal la la la la la la la la la la, With a fal la la la la la la.

*a tempo* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*a tempo* *ten.* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

## MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND

MATTHEW LOCKE (1632-1677)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante sostenuto

VOICE

1. My lodg - ing it is on the cold ground, And  
 2. I'll crown thee with a gar - land of straw, then, And I'll  
 3. But if thou wilt hard - en thy heart still And be

PIANO

*p**espress.**p.**dim.*

oh! ve - ry hard is my fare, But  
 mar - ry thee with a rush ring, My  
 deaf to my pit - i - ful moan, Then

*dim.**mp**cresc.*

that which trou - bles me most is The un - kind - ness of my  
 fro - zen hopes\_ shall thaw, then, And mer - ri - ly will we  
 I must en - dure\_ the smart still And tum - ble in straw a -

*mp**cresc.*

*mf*

dear. \_\_\_\_\_ Yet still I cry, "O turn, love," And  
sing: \_\_\_\_\_ O turn to me, my dear love, And  
lone: \_\_\_\_\_ Yet still I cry, O turn, love, And

*mf*

*mp cresc.*

pri - thee, love, turn to me, \_\_\_\_\_ For thou art the man that I  
pri - thee, love, turn to me; \_\_\_\_\_ For thou art the man that a -  
pri - thee, love, turn to me! \_\_\_\_\_ For thou art the man that a -

*mp cresc.*

*rall.* *dim.*

long for, And a - lack! \_\_\_\_\_ what rem - e - dy? \_\_\_\_\_  
lone canst Pro - cure \_\_\_\_\_ my lib - er - ty. \_\_\_\_\_  
lone art The cause of my mis - er - y. \_\_\_\_\_

*rall.* *dim.*

## I PASS ALL MY HOURS

Words attributed to CHARLES II

(THE PHOENIX)

PELHAM HUMFREY (1647-1674)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Doloroso*  
*mp espress.*

VOICE

1. I pass all my hours in a sha - dy old  
2. But each shade and each con - - scious bow'r when I  
3. Whilst a - lone to my - self I re - peat all her  
4. But when I con - sid - er the truth of her

PIANO

*mp*

*cresc.*

grove, But I live not the day when I see not my  
find, Where I once had been hap - py and she had been  
charms, She I love may be lock'd in an - oth - er man's  
heart Such an in - no - cent pas - sion, so kind with - out

*cresc.*

*dim.* *mf*

love: I sur - vey ev - 'ry walk now my Phyl - lis is  
kind, When I see the print left of her foot in the  
arms, She may laugh at my cares and so false she may  
art; I do fear I have wrong'd her and so she may

*dim.* *mf*

gone, And sigh when I think we were there all a -  
 green, And im - a - gine the pleas - ures may yet come a -  
 be, To say the kind things she be - fore said to  
 be, So full of true love to be jeal - ous of

*dim.*

*dim.*

*p* *poco* *a* *poco*

lone; O then 'tis, O then that I  
 gain; O then 'tis, O then I think  
 me. O then 'tis, O then that I  
 me. O then 'tis, O then I think

*p* *poco* *a* *poco*

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

think there's no Hell Like lov - - ing too well.  
 no joy's a - bove The pleas - - ures of love.  
 think there's no Hell Like lov - - ing too well.  
 no joy's a - bove The pleas - - ures of love.

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

## O THE SAD DAY

THOMAS FLATMAN

PELHAM HUMFREY (1847-1874)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Andante con espressione*

VOICE *mp*

O the sad day! When men shall shake their

PIANO *p sostenuto*

(Original Bass)

*più p*

heads, and say Of mis - er - a - ble me: Hark how he groans!—

*più p*

*mf*

Look how he pants for breath! See! See!— how he struggles with the

*mf*

*Poco lento*

*p*

pangs— of death! When they shall say of these dear— eyes: How

*dim.* *mf* *cresc.*

hol-low, and how dim they bee! Mark how his brest does swell and rise A-against his po-tent

*dim.* *mf* *cresc.*

*più p* *poco cresc.*

en - e - mies! When some old friend shall step to my bed - side,

*più p* *poco cresc.*

*dim.* *p*

Touch my chill face and thence shall gen - tly glide: And when his next com -

*dim.* *p*

*mf* *rit.* *p a tempo*

pan-ions say, How does he doe? What hopes? shall turne a-way, An - swer-ing

*mf* *rit.* *a tempo*

on - ly with a lift - up hand, Who, who, — can his fate with-stand?

*mp* *dim.*

Più Andante

Then shall a gasp or two doe more Than e'er my Rhet - 'rick

*mp*

could be - fore; Per - suade the world to trou - ble mee no more, no

*cresc.* *p*

more, Per - suade the world — to trou - ble mee no more.

*dim.* *rall.* *pp*

66  
TELL ME NO MORE

111

Allegretto grazioso  
*mp dolce*

JOHN BLOW (1648-1708)  
*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

VOICE

Tell me no more, — no more — you love; in vain, — Fair

PIANO

*mp*

*mf* , *più f*

Ce - lia, tell me no more, — no more — you love; in vain, — Fair —

*mf* *più f*

*meno f* *cresc.*

Ce - lia, in vain, — fair — Ce - lia, you — this pas - - sion —

*meno f* *cresc.*

*p*

feign. Tell me no more, — no more — you love;

*p*

*cresc.*

Can they pre - tend — to love, who do Re - fuse what love — per - suades — them

*cresc.*

*mf*

to? Tell me no more, — no more — you love, Who once — has —

*mf*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

felt — his ac - tive — fire, — Dull laws — of — hon - or will dis -

*dim.*

*p*

dain; Tell me no more, — no more — you love; in vain, — Fair

*p*

*cresc.* *poco* *mf*

Ce-lia, You would be thought, you would be thought, you would be thought his slave, and

*cresc.* *poco* *mf*

*poco rit.*

yet You will not, and yet you will not to his pow'r sub - mit.

*poco rit.*

*mp a tempo*

Tell me no more, — no more — you love; in vain, — Fair Ce - lia,

*a tempo* *mp*

*cresc.* *poco rall.* *dim. p*

in vain, — fair Ce - lia, you — this pas - sion feign.

*cresc.* *poco rall.* *dim. p*

# IT IS NOT THAT I LOVE YOU LESS

## or THE SELF-BANISHED

EDMUND WALLER

JOHN BLOW (1648-1708)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Cantabile sostenuto  
*mp espress.*

VOICE

1. It is not that I love you less, Than when be -  
2. Who in the spring - time, from the sun Al - read - y -

PIANO

*mp**dim.**mf*

fore your feet I lay; But to pre - vent the  
has a fe - ver got, Too late be - gins those

*dim.**mf**poco cresc.**dim.*

sad in - crease Of hope - less love, I keep a - way:  
shafts to shun Which Phoe - bus thro' his veins hath shot.

*poco cresc.**dim.*

1st time *mf*2d time *p*The 3d verse begins here *cresc.*

In vain, a - las! for ev - 'ry - thing, Which I have  
Too late he would the pain as - suage, And to thick -  
3. But vow'd I have, and nev - er must Your ban - ish'd

*p* *cresc.*

known be - longs to you. Your form does to my  
shad - ows does re - tire: A - bout with him he  
ser - vant trou - ble you. For if I break, you

*dim.* *mp* *dim.* *mp*

fan - cy bring, And makes my old wounds bleed a - new.  
bears the rage, And in his taint - ed blood the fire.  
may mis - trust The vow I made to love you too.

*cresc.* *poco rit.* *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *poco rit.* *dim.* *p*

## I ATTEMPT FROM LOVE'S SICKNESS TO FLY

From "The Indian Queen"

HENRY PURCELL (1658-1695)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Moderato*  
*mp espressivo*

VOICE

I at - tempt from love's sick - ness to fly in vain, Since

PIANO

*p*

*cresc.*

I am my - self my own fe - ver, Since I am my - self my own fe - ver and

*cresc.*

*p* *cresc.* *mf*

pain, No more now, no more now, fond - heart, with pride no more swell, Thou

*p* *cresc.* *mf*

*mp*

canst not - raise for - ces, Thou canst not raise for - ces e - nough to re - bel. I at -

*mp*

*espressivo* *p* *cresc.*

tempt from love's sick-ness to fly in vain, Since I am my-self my own

*p* *mf*

fe-ver, Since I am my-self my own fe-ver and pain. For Love has more pow'r, and less

*cresc.* *poco rit.*

mer-cy than Fate, To make us seek ru-in, To make us seek ru-in, and

*dim.* *a tempo* *mp* *espressivo* *p*

love those that hate. I at-tempt from love's sick-ness to fly in vain, Since

*cresc.* *allargando* *p*

I am my-self my own fe-ver, Since I am my-self my own fe-ver and pain.

# NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS

From "The Libertine"

HENRY PURCELL (1658-1695)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto gioioso

VOICE *mf* *cresc.*

Nymphs and shep-herds, come a - way, come a - way; Nymphs and shep-herds,

PIANO *mf delicato* *sostenuto cresc.*

come a - way, come a - way, come, come, come a - way; In the

groves, in the groves let's sport and play, let's sport and play, let's sport and play, For

this, this is Flo-ra's hol-i-day; this is Flo-ra's hol-i-day, this is

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

*f* *mp* *espress.*

Flo - ra's hol - i - day; Sa - cred to ease

*f* *espress.*

*mf*

— and hap - py love; to dan - cing, to mu - sic, to

*mf* *cresc.*

*cresc.*

dan - cing, to mu - sic and to po - e - try;

*p* *cresc.* *mf*

*mf* *dim.*

Your flocks may now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now,

*dim.*

now se - cure - ly — rove; whilst you ex - press, whilst you ex - press —

*mp* *cresc.*

*mp* *cresc.*

your jol - li - ty.

*f*

*f*

Nymphs and shep - herds, come a - way, come a - way,

*mp*

*mp*

Nymphs and shep - herds, come a - way, come a - way, come, come, come, come a - way.

*cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.* *dim.*

*sostenuto* *cresc.* *mf* *poco rall.* *dim.*

# I'LL SAIL UPON THE DOG-STAR

From "The Fool's Preferment"

HENRY PURCELL (1658-1695)

Arranged by Granville Bantock

**VOICE**

*Con spirito* *f*

I'll sail up-on the dog-star, I'll

**PIANO**

*marcato* *f* *mf* *p*

*espress. e marcato*

sail up-on the dog-star And then pur-sue the morn-ing, And then pur-sue, and then pur-sue the

*mf* *cresc.*

morn-ing; I'll chase the moon till it be noon, I'll

*mf* *mp*

*f* *dim.* *mf*

chase — the moon till it be noon, But I'll make, I'll make her leave her horn-ing,

*cresc.* *f* *cresc.*

I'll climb the frost-y moun-tain, I'll climb the frost-y moun-tain, And there I'll coin the

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

weath-er. I'll tear — the rain-bow from the sky, I'll tear — the

*f* *f* 4

rain-bow from the sky And tie, — and tie both ends to-geth-er.

*mp* *p* *mp* *p*

*f*

The stars pluck from their orbs too, The stars pluck from their orbs too, And

*cresc.* *p*

*più f*

crowd them in my bud-get. And wheth-er I'm a—roar—

*mf*

*mf* *cresc.*

— ing boy, a roar — ing boy, Let all, —

*cresc.* *cresc.*

*poco rit.* *fa tempo*

— let— all— the— na— tions judge it.

*poco rit.* *mf a tempo* *f*

# 71 DIDO'S SONG

NAHUM TATE

From "Dido and Æneas"

HENRY PURCELL (1658-1695)  
Arranged by Granville Bantock

Recit. *pp*

VOICE

Thy hand, Be-lin - da, dark - - - ness shades me: On thy bos - om let me

PIANO

*pp*

rest: More I would, but Death in - vades me: Death is now a wel - come guest.

*dim.* *pp*

*dim.*

Air

Larghetto

*p espress.*

When I am laid, am laid \_\_\_\_\_ in

*pp molto sostenuto* *pp*

earth, may my wrongs cre - ate No trou - ble, no trou - ble in thy breast;

*cresc.* *dim.*

*cresc.* *dim.*

*p*

When I am laid,— am laid — in earth, may my

*pp*

wrongs— cre - ate No trou-ble, no trou-ble in thy breast; Re-

*cresc.* *dim.* *pp*

*cresc.* *dim.*

mem-ber me, re - mem-ber me, but ah!— for - get — my fate. Re-

*pp* *pp* *p cresc.* *f*

*poco rit.* *dim.*

mem-ber me, but ah! — for-get my— fate.

*pp poco rit.* *p a tempo* *cresc.*

*sf* *dim.* *pp*

## MAD BESS

HENRY PURCELL (1658-1695)

Arranged by Granville Bantock

Dolente

*Recit.**espress.*

VOICE

From si-lent shades, and the E-ly-sian groves, Where sad de-part-ed

PIANO

*p**espress.*

spir-its mourn their loves; From crys-tal streams, and from that coun-try

*p**poco cresc.*

where Jove crowns the fields with flow'rs all the year; Poor sense-less

*p*

Bess, clothed in her rags, and sole-ly, Is come to cure her love-sick mel-an-chol-y.

*dim.**dim.*

## Allegro

*cresc.*

Bright Cyn-thia kept her rev-els late, While Mab the fair-y queen did dance, And O - be-

*cresc.*Lento *p espress.*

ron did sit in state, When Mars at Ve-nus ran his lance; In yon-der

*più p**mf*

cows - lip lies my dear, En - tomb'd in li - quid gems of dew, Each

*dim.*

day I'll wa - ter it with a tear, Its fad - ing blos - som to re -

*Recit.**p à piacere**cresc.**Lento**mp**doloroso*

new. For since my love is dead, and all— my joys are gone, Poor Bess for his sake A

*p* *cresc.* *mp* *cresc.*

*Andante**p espress.*

gar-land will make, My mu - sic shall be a— groan, I'll lay me down and die with -

*dim.* *dim.* *p*

*mf**cresc.*

in some hol-low tree, The rav-en and cat, The owl and bat Shall war - - ble forth my ei-e -

*più p* *sostenuto*

*Agitato**mf**cresc.*

gy. Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you? His two flam - ing

*f*

*dim.* *p*

eyes, if he come nigh you, They will scorch up your hearts; La - dies, be - ware ye,

*cresc.* *f Recit.* *p*

Lest he should dart a glance that may en - snare ye; Hark!

hark! I hear old Cha - ron bawl, His boat he will no lon - ger

*cresc.* *f*

stay, And Fu-ries lash their whips and call, — "Come, come a - way; come, come a - way!"

*Lento* *p espress.* *cresc.*

Poor Bess will re - turn to the place whence she came, Since the world is so

mad she can hope for no cure, For love's grown a bub-ble, a shad-ow, a name, Which

*f* *dim.*

fools do ad-mire, and wise men en-dure. Cold and hun-gry am I grown, Am-

*Adagio*  
*Recit. p* *più p* *f*

*dim.* *p* *dim.*

bro-sia will I feed up-on, Drink nec-tar still and sing;

*Allegretto* *poco rit. cresc.*

*f* *cresc. poco rit.*

Who is con-tent, Does all sor-row pre-vent: And Bess in her straw, Whilst

*Lento*  
*mp espress.* *mf*

*mp espress.* *mf*

free from the law, In her thoughts is as great, great as a king.

*cresc.* *rall. cresc.* *f*

*cresc.* *cresc.*

## WHAT SHALL I DO

From "Dioclesian"

HENRY PURCELL (1658 - 1695)  
Arranged by Granville BantockSostenuto cantabile  
*mp espress.**cresc.*

VOICE

What shall I do to show how much I love her?

PIANO

*mp**cresc.*

How man - y mil - lions of sighs can suf - fice?

*mp**cresc.*

That which wins oth - ers' hearts nev - er can move her,

*mp**cresc.*

Those com - mon meth - ods of love she'll de - spise.

*mf*

*p*

I . will love more than man e'er loved be - fore me,

*p*

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

Gaze on her all the day, and melt all the night;

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

*mp* *cresc.*

Till for her own sake, at last she'll im - plore me,

*mp* *cresc.*

*mf* *p* *p*

To love her less, to pre - serve our de - light. light.

*mf* *p* *p*

# THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

RICHARD LEVERIDGE (1670-1758)

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

**Con spirito**

**VOICE**

*mf*

1. When might - y roast beef was the En-glish-man's food, It en - no - bled our hearts, and en -  
 2. But since we have learn'd from ef - fem - i - nate France To eat their ra - gouts — as  
 3. Our fa - thers of old were ro - bust, stout and strong, And kept o - pen house with good

**PIANO**

*mf*

*cresc.*

rich - ed our blood; Our sol - diers were brave and our cour - tiers were good.  
 well as to dance, We are fed up with noth - ing but vain com - plai - sance:  
 cheer all day long, Which made their plump ten - ants re - joice in this song.

*cresc.*

**Chorus**

*f* *cresc.* *ff sostenuto*

Oh, the roast beef of old Eng - land! And oh, for old Eng-land's roast beef! —

*f* *cresc.* *ff sostenuto*

4.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
 Ere coffee and tea, and such slip-slops were known,  
 The world was in terror if e'en she did frown:  
 Oh, the roast beef, etc.

5.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,  
 They seldom, or never, returned back again,  
 As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain:  
 Oh, the roast beef, etc.

6.

Oh, then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,  
 And, when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves right;  
 But now we're a — h'm — I could, but good night:  
 Oh, the roast beef, etc.

# 75 BLACK-EYED SUSAN

RICHARD LEVERIDGE (1670-1758)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Moderato**  
*mf espress.*

VOICE

1. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The stream - ers  
2. Wil - liam, who high up - on the yard, Rock'd with the  
3. So sweet the lark, high poised in air, Shuts close his

PIANO

*mf espress.*

*p* *cresc.*

wav - ing in the wind, When black-eyed Su - san came on  
bil - lows to and fro, Soon as her well - known voice he  
pin - ions to his breast, If, chance, his mate's shrill voice he

*p* *cresc.*

*mf* *f*

board, "O where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye  
heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be - low: The cord slides  
hear, And drops at once in - to her nest: The no - blest

*mf* *f*

jo - vial sail - ors, - tell me true, If my sweet Wil - liam, if my sweet  
 swift - ly thro' his glow - ing hands, And quick as light - ning, and quick as  
 cap - tain in the Bri - tish fleet Might en - vy Wil - liam, might en - vy

Wil - liam sails a - mong your crew.  
 light - ning, on the deck he stands.  
 Wil - liam's lip those kiss - es sweet.

4.  
 "O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!  
 My vows shall ever true remain:  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
 We only part to meet again:  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

5.  
 Believe not what the landmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:  
 They'll tell thee sailors, when away,  
 In every port a mistress find:  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

6.  
 If to fair India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory so white:  
 Thus every beauteous object that I view  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

7.  
 Though battle call me from thy arms  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn:  
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
 William shall to his dear return:  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

8.  
 The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread:  
 No longer must she stay on board—  
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head:  
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,  
 "Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

# UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

T. AUGUSTINE ARNE (1710-1778)

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

**Allegro non troppo**

VOICE

PIANO

*mf* *dolce* *p*

Violin Flute

*mp dolce*

Un - der the green-wood tree Who loves to lie with

*cresc.*

me, And tune his mer-ry note, his mer-ry, mer-ry note Un-to the

Flute

sweet bird's throat, *f* And tune\_ his mer-ry note Un-to the sweet bird's

*mf*

throat, *p* Come hith-er, hith-er, *cresc.* *poco f* Come hith-er, come hith-er, come hith-er, come

Violin *p* Flute *p* *cresc.* *poco f*

hith-er, come hith-er, come hith-er. *p*

Flute *f*

*p* Here shall he see\_ no en-e-my, *cresc.* But win-ter and rough weath-er,

Violin *p* Violin *f*

*p* *cresc.* *p*

Here shall he see no en-e-my, But win-ter and rough weath-er, Here shall he see\_ no

Violin

*dim.* *p* *cresc.* *f* *p*

*dim.* *p* *cresc.* *poco f*

en-e-my, But win-ter, but win-ter and rough weath-er, rough weath-er, but

*dim.* *f* *p* *cresc.* *poco f*

*p dolce*

win-ter and rough weath-er. Un-der the green-wood

*f* *p*

tree, Who loves to lie with me, And tune\_ his mer-ry note, Un-to the

*cresc.*

sweet bird's throat, And tune his mer-ry note, Un-to—the sweet bird's

*cresc.*

*f* throat, Come hith-er, hith-er, hith-er, hith-er, Come

*p*

Violin Flute Violin Flute

*f* *mf* *p*

*poco f*

hith-er, come hith-er, come hith-er, come hith-er, come hith-er, come hith-er.

*poco f* *f*

*poco rit.*

*p* *f*

## BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

T. AUGUSTINE ARNE (1710-1778)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Andante*

VOICE

PIANO

*mp* *cresc.*

*p espress.*

Blow, blow, thou win-ter wind, Thou

*dim.* *p*

art not so un-kind, Thou art not so un-kind As man's in-grat-i-tude.

*p*

*p*

\* Play  and 

*mf* Thy tooth is not so keen, — Be - cause thou art not — seen, — *p* Thy

tooth is — not so — keen, — Be - cause thou art not seen, — Al -

tho' thy — breath be rude, Al - tho' — thy — breath be rude, — Al -

tho' — thy — breath be — rude.

## WHEN DAISIES PIED

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

T. AUGUSTINE ARNE (1710-1778)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Non troppo allegro*

VOICE

Flute & Violins

PIANO

*p*

*espress.*

*p dolce*

1. When dai - sies pied and vio - lets blue, And  
2. When shep - herds pipe on oat - en straws, And

Violins

*dim. Fine*

*p*

la - dy-smocks all sil - ver white, And cuck - oo buds of yel - low hue Do  
mer - ry larks are plough-men's clocks, And tur - tles tread, and rooks and daws, And

*espress.*

paint the mead - ows with de - light. Flute & Violins  
maid - ens bleach their sum - mer frocks.

*f*

*mp*

The cuck-oo then on ev - 'ry tree Mocks mar-ried men, mocks mar-ried men,

*mp*

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

mocks mar-ried men, for thus sings he, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo,

Flute

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

*f* *p* *mp espress.*

cuck - oo, cuck - oo, O word of fear, O word of fear, Un-

Violins

*f* *p* *p*

*cresc.* *poco rit.* *tr* *p* *D.C.*

pleas - ing to a mar - ried ear, un - pleas - ing to a mar - ried ear.

*cresc.* *poco rit.* *tr* *p* *D.C.*

## TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

T. AUGUSTINE ARNE (1710-1778)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante con moto

PIANO

*mf* *p* *f* *p*

*mp espress.* *tr*

Tell me where is fan - cy - bred,

*f* *mp* *espress.*

Or in the heart, or in the head, Where be-got, where nour - ish -

*p* *f* *p*

*f* *p*

ed, Re - ply, re - ply, re - ply, re - ply,

*poco rall.* *a tempo*

re - ply, re - ply, re - ply.

*poco rall.* *a tempo* *f* *p* *f*

1. 2. *p*

It is en - gen - der'd in — the

*p* *mf* *p*

eye By gaz - ing — fed, and fan - cy — dies —

*espress.* *f* *p*

— In the cra - dle, the cra - dle where it lies.

*p* *f*

*mp espress.* *tr* *mp* *p*

It is en - gen - der'd in the eye, *espress.* By gaz - ing fed, by gaz - ing

fed, and fan - cy - dies *cresc.* In the cra -

dle, the cra - dle where it lies, *p* And fan - cy dies, *mp*

dies, *dim.* *p* In the cra - dle, the cra - dle, *p* the cra - dle where it lies. *p* *f* *più p* *rall. molto* *a tempo*

*poco rall.*

# 80 WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

T. AUGUSTINE ARNE (1710-1778)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Allegretto*

PIANO

*mf espress.* *p* *f*

*tr* *p* *f* *dim.*

*mp* *p*

Where the bee sucks there suck I, In a cow-slip's bell I lie, There I

*mp* *p*

couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do cry; On the

*p* *mf*

*p* *L.H.* *mp*

*cresc.*

bat's back do I fly, Af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly,

*cresc.*

*poco rit. f**a tempo*

mer-ri-ly, Af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly.

*poco rit.**f**f a tempo**mp**più p*

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now, Un-der the

*p* *mp sostenuto**più p*

blos-som that hangs on the bough, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now, Un-der the

*mf*

blos-som that hangs on the bough, Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

*p**f rall.**p**f a tempo**tr*

## HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN

THOMAS LINLEY (1725-1795)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Con gaio*  
*mp*

VOICE

*cresc.*

1. Here's to the maid - en of bash - ful fif - teen; Now to the wid - ow of fif - ty;  
 2. Here's to the charm - er whose dim - ples we prize, Now to the maid who has none, Sir;  
 3. Here's to the maid with a bos - om of snow; Now to her, brown as a ber - ry:  
 4. Let them be clum - sy or let them be slim, Mar - ry! I care not a feath - er.

PIANO

*mp*

*cresc.*

*poco cresc.*

Here's to the flaunt - ing ex - tra - va - gant queen, And here's to the house - wife that's thrift - y.  
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes And here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.  
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe, And now to the dam - sel that's mer - ry.  
 Fill a pint bump - er quite up to the brim And let us e'en toast them to - geth - er.

*poco cresc.*

*mf*

*cresc.*

Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass, I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass,

*mf*

*cresc.*

CHORUS  
*più f*

*cresc.*

Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass, I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

*più f*

*cresc.*

## WHAT SHEPHERD OR NYMPH OF THE GROVE

WILLIAM JACKSON (1730-1803)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Adagio*

VOICE

PIANO

*p* *dim.* *p*

1. What  
 2. Can I  
 3. She was

*dolce*

shep - herd or nymph of the grove Can 'blame me for  
 ev - er for - get how we stray'd O'er the hill, thro' the  
 all my fond wish - es could ask; She had all the kind

*cresc.* *più p*

drop - ping a — tear, Or la - ment - ing a - loud as I — rove, Since  
 mead - ow — and — grove? Can I ev - er for - get the dear maid, When,  
 gods could im - part; She was na - tures most beau - ti - ful task, The de -

*p* *mf*

*mp*

De - lia no long - er is here. My flocks if at  
 blush - ing she first own'd her love? When she fear'd e'en the  
 spair and the en - vy of Art. In her what is

*p*

*cresc.*

ran - dom they stray What won - der, if she's from the  
 trees might re - veal What she scarce could to tell me a  
 worth - y to prize In all that is love - ly was

*cresc.*

*p*

plain? Her hand they were wont to o - bey, She  
 lone! But oh, what a change do I feel Now my  
 dress'd, For the gra - ces were throned in her eyes, And the

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

*rall.*

ruled both the sheep and the swain.  
 love - ly com - pan - ion is gone!  
 Vir - tues all lodged in her breast.

*p a tempo*

*D.S.*

*rall.*

*p a tempo*

*D.S.*

## TO FAIREST DELIA'S GRASSY TOMB

WILLIAM JACKSON (1730-1803)

Edited by Granville Bantock

Adagio

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*cresc.*

*mp*

1. To fair - est De - lia's grass - y tomb, Soft  
 wail - ing ghosts shall dare ap - pear To  
 with - er'd witch shall here be seen, No  
 red - breast oft at eve - ning hours Shall  
 howl - ing winds and beat - ing rain In  
 love - ly scene shall thee re - store, For

*tr*

*p*

*3*

*3*

*p*

*cresc.*

maids and vil - lage hinds shall bring Each o - p'ning sweet of  
 vex with shrieks this qui - et grove: But shep - herd lads as -  
 gob - lins lead their night - ly crew: But fe - male fays shall  
 kind - ly lend his lit - tle aid With hoar - y moss and  
 tem - pest shake the syl - van cell, Or midst the chase on  
 thee the tear be du - ly shed: Be - loved till life can

*p*

*cresc.*

ear - liest bloom, And ri - fle all the breath - ing spring, Each  
 sem - ble here, And melt - ing vir - gins own their love, But  
 haunt the green And dress thy grave with ear - ly dew, But  
 gath - er'd flow'rs To deck the ground where thou art laid, With  
 ev - 'ry plain The ten - der thought on thee shall dwell, Or  
 charm no more, And mourn'd till pit - y's self be dead, Be -

*poco cresc.* *mf* *poco rit. dim.* *p*

o - p'ningsweet of ear - liest bloom, And ri - fle all the breath - ing spring.  
 shep - herd lads as - sem - ble here, And melt - ing vir - gins own their love.  
 fe - male fays shall haunt the green And dress thy grave with ear - ly dew.  
 hoar - y moss and gath - er'd flow'rs To deck the ground where thou art laid.  
 midst the chase on ev - 'ry plain The ten - der thought on thee shall dwell.  
 loved till life can charm no more, And mourn'd till pit - y's self be dead.

*poco cresc.* *dim.* *poco rit.* *p*

*a tempo* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. 6.

2. No  
 3. No  
 4. The  
 5. When  
 6. Each

*a tempo* *dim.* *dim.*

# 84 BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro con spirito

PIANO

*f* *cresc.* *mf*

*cresc.*

*mf*

1. Blow high, blow low, let tem - pests tear The main-mast by the board, My

*mp* *f*

heart with thoughts of thee, my dear, And love, well stored, Shall brave all dan-ger,

*mp* *f*

*cresc.* *più f allargando*

scorn all fear, The roar - ing winds, the ra - ging sea, In hopes on shore To be once more

*cresc.* *più f allargando*

*p poco rit.* *dim.*

Safe— moord with thee.

*p poco rit.* *dim.* *mf a tempo* *cresc.*

*Second time go to Verse 3* *mf* *cresc.*

2. A - loft while moun-tains high we— go, The whis - tling winds that

*f* *mf* *cresc.*

*Fine*

*più f* *p* *3*

scud a - long, And the surge roar-ing from be - low, Shall my sig-nal be To—

*più f* *dim.* *p* *3*

*poco cresc.* *D.S. al Fine*

think on thee, Shall my sig-nal be To— think on thee, And this shall be— my song;

*poco cresc.* *cresc.*

*D.S. al Fine*

*mp*

3. And on that night, when all the crew, The mem-ry of their form-er lives, O'er

*mp*

*cresc.*

flow - ing cans of flip re - new, And drink their sweet - hearts -

*cresc.*

*mp* *più p* *dim.*

and their wives, I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh, and think of

*dim.* *p* *più p* *dim.*

*mp* *cresc.* *poco* *poco rall.* *D.S. al Fine sostenuto*

thee And as the ship rolls thro' the sea, The bur - den of my song shall be:

*mp* *cresc.* *poco* *poco rall.* *sostenuto*

*D.S. al Fine*

## YO, HEAVE HO!

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andantino

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked Andantino. It begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The piece includes a crescendo (cresc.) and a marcato section towards the end.

This system of piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a forte (f) dynamic.

*mf*

1. My name, d'ye see's, Tom Tough, I've seen a lit - tle ser - vice, Where—  
 2. When from my love to part I first weigh'd an - chor, And—

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic.

*cresc.* *f*

might - y bil - lows roll and loud tem - pests blow, I've  
 she was sniv - 'ling seen on the beach be - low, I'd

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a crescendo (cresc.) and a marcato section.

sail'd with val - iant Howe, I've sail'd with no - ble— Jar - vis, and in  
like to've cotch'd my eye sniv'-ling too, d'ye see, to — thank her, But I

*cresc.* gal - lant Dun-can's fleet I've sung out "Yo, heave ho!" Yet more shall ye be know-ing I was  
brought my sor-row up— with a "Yo, heave ho!" For sail - ors, tho' they have their jokes, And

*cresc.* *marcato* *più f*

cox - swain to Bos - ca - wen, And e - ven with brave Hawke have I  
love and feel like oth - er folks, Their du - ty to neg - lect— must not

*mp* no - bly faced the foe, Then— put round the grog; So we've  
come— for to go: So I seized the cap - stan bar Like a—

*mp*

that and our prog, We'll laugh in care's face, and sing  
true and hon - est tar. And in spite of tears and sighs sung out

"Yo, heave ho," We'll laugh in care's face and sing out "Yo, heave ho."  
"Yo, heave ho," And in spite of tears and sighs sung out "Yo, heave ho."  
"Yo, heave ho,"

*cresc.* *f* *p*

*cresc.* *f* *p*

*cresc.* *sf marcato*

## 3.

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were sickly,  
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;  
The word was given to weigh so sudden and so quickly  
I thought my heart would break as I sung "Yo, heave ho!"  
For Poll, so like her mother;  
And as for Jack, her brother,  
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe:  
But in Providence I trust,  
For you see what must be, must,  
So my sigh I gave the winds, and sung out "Yo, heave ho!"

## 4.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,  
For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe;  
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,  
Nor again the anchor weigh with a "Yo, heave ho!"  
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs  
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,  
And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the foe:  
Then to country and king  
Fate no danger can bring  
While the tars of old England sing out "Yo, heave ho!"

# THEN FAREWELL, MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Andantino**

VOICE

PIANO

*mp espress.*

*dim.*

*p*

*dim.*

*mp espress.*

1. Then fare - well, my trim - built wher - ry, Oars and coat and badge, fare -  
 2. But, to hope and peace a stran - ger, In the bat - tle's heat I'll  
 3. Then, may - hap, when home - ward steer - ing, With the news my mess - mates

*mp*

*cresc.*

well! — Nev - er - more at Chel - sea fer - ry Shall your Thom - as take a  
 go, — Where, ex - posed to ev - 'ry dan - ger, Some friend - ly ball shall lay me  
 come, E - ver you my sto - ry hear - ing, With a sigh may cry, "Poor

*cresc.*

*mf*

spell. Then fare - well, my trim - built wher - ry, Oars and  
low. But to hope and peace a stran - ger, In the  
Tom!" Then, may - hap, when home - ward steer - ing, With the

*mf*

*dim.* *mp espress.*

coat, and badge, fare - well; Nev - er - more at Chel - sea  
bat - tle's heat I'll go, Where ex - posed to ev - 'ry  
news my mess - mates come, E - ven you, my sto - ry

*dim.* *mp*

fer - ry Shall your Thom - as take a spell, Shall your  
dan - ger, Some friend - ly ball shall lay me low, Some friend - ly  
hear - ing, With a sigh may cry, "Poor Tom!" With a

*poco rit.* *p a tempo*

Thom - as take a spell.  
ball shall lay me low.  
sigh may cry, "Poor Tom!"

*poco rit.* *p* *dim.* *p*

## TOM BOWLING

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Sostenuto  
con molto espressione*

PIANO *p* *espress.*

*più p* *dim.*

*p* *espress.*

1. Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowl- ing, The dar- ling of our—  
 2. Tom nev- er from his word de- part- ed, His vir- tues were so—  
 3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleas- ant weath- er, When He who all com-

*più p*

crew; — No more he'll hear the — tem- pest — howl- ing, For  
 rare, — His friends were ma- ny — and true- heart- ed, His  
 mands — Shall give, to call life's — crew to- geth- er, The

*più p*

*dim.* *cresc.*

death has broached him to. His form was of the man-liest beau-ty, His  
 Poll was kind and fair; And then he'd sing so blithe and jol-ly, Ah,  
 word to pipe all hands: Thus death, who kings and tars de-spach-es, In

*dim.* *cresc.* *p*

*p* *dim.* *mf*

heart was kind and soft, Faith-ful be-low he—  
 ma-ny's the time and oft! But mirth is turn'd to—  
 vain Tom's life has doff'd, For tho' his bod-y's—

*p* *dim.* *mf*

*rall.* *cresc.*

did— his du-ty And now he's gone a-loft, And now he's gone a-  
 mel-an-chol-y, For Tom is gone a-loft, For Tom is gone a-  
 un-der hatch-es, His soul is gone a-loft, His soul is gone a-

*rall.* *cresc.*

loft.  
loft.  
loft.

*p* *a tempo* *più p* *dim.* *p*

## THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro moderato

PIANO

1. And— did you not hear of a jol - ly young wa - ter - man  
 2. What— sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wher - ry, 'Twas  
 3. And— yet, but to see— he how strange - ly things hap - pen! As he

Who at Black-fri - ars Bridge used for to ply; And he feath - er'd his oars with such  
 clean'd out so nice, and so paint - ed with-al: He was al - ways first oars when the  
 row'd a - long, think - ing of noth - ing at all, He was ply'd by a dam - sel so

skill and dex - ter - i - ty, Win - ning each heart and de - light - ing each eye: He  
 fine ci - ty la - dies In a par - ty to Ran - e - lagh went, or Vaux-hall: And  
 love - ly and charm - ing That she smiled, and so straight-way in love he did fall: And

look'd so neat and row'd so stead-i - ly,  
 of - ten times would they be gig - gling and jeer - - ing,  
 would this young dam - sel but ban - ish his sor - - row,

The  
 But t'was  
 He'd

*p* *mf*

maid - ens all flock'd in his boat so read - i - ly,  
 all one to Tom — their gib - ing and jeer - - ing,  
 wed her to - night — be - fore to - mor - - row;

And he  
 For  
 And

*p* *mf*

*cresc.*  
 eyed the young rogues with so charm - ing an air, — He eyed the young rogues with so  
 lov - ing or lik - ing he lit - tle did care, For lov - ing or lik - ing he  
 how should this wa - ter - man ev - er know care, And how should this wa - ter - man

*cresc.*

*mf*  
 charm - ing an air, That this wa - ter - man ne'er was in want of a fare.  
 lit - tle did care; For this wa - ter - man ne'er was in want of a fare.  
 ev - er know care, When he's mar - ried and nev - er in want of a fare.

*mf* *cresc.*

*f* *dim.* *p*

## THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

JAMES HOOK (1746-1827)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

*mp*

VOICE

1. On Rich - mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May - day  
 2. Ye zeph - yrs gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the  
 3. How hap - py will that shep - herd be Who calls this nymph his

PIANO

*mp**cresc.*

morn, Whose charms all oth - er maids sur - pass, A  
 grove, O whis - per to my charm - ing fair, "I'd  
 own! O may her choice be fix'd on me! Mine's

*cresc.**p*

rose with - out a thorn.  
 die for her I love."  
 fix'd on her a - lone. } This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has

*p*

won my right good - will, — I'd crowns re - sign to

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

call thee mine, Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill, — Sweet lass of Rich - mond

*p*

*cresc.*

*p*

*cresc.*

Hill, — Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill, — I'd —

*f*

*ad lib.*

crowns re - sign to call thee mine, Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill. —

*poco dim.*

*p*

*f*

*dim.*

*p*

## SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

RICHARD J. S. STEVENS (1757-1837)  
Edited and arranged by Granville BantockAllegretto  
*p espress.*

VOICE

1. Sigh no more, la - dies, la - dies, sigh no more, —  
 2. Sing no more dit - ties, la - dies, sing no more — Of

PIANO

*p*

*mf* Men were de-ceiv - ers ev - er, Men were de-ceiv - ers ev - er; *mp* One foot in  
 dumps so — dull and heav - y; Of dumps so — dull and heav - y; The fraud of

*mf**mp*

*cresc.* sea, and one — on shore, — To one thing con-stant nev - er, To  
 men was ev - er so, — Since sum-mer first was leav - y, Since

*cresc.*

one thing con-stant nev - er. } Then sigh not so. But let them  
 sum - mer first was leav - y. }

*mf* *cresc.*

go, — And be you blithe and bon - ny, And be you blithe and bon - ny, Con -

*f* *dim.* *p*

vert - ing all your sounds of woe, Con - vert - ing all your sounds of woe To hey non - ny,

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

non - ny, hey non - ny, non - ny, Hey non - ny, non - ny, hey non - ny, non - ny.

*p* *f* *rit. dim.* *p*

*espress.* *espress.*

## THE BAY OF BISCAÏ

A. CHERRY

JOHN DAVY (1765 - 1824)  
Edited by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE

1. Loud roar'd the dread - ful thun - der, The rain a de - luge -  
 2. Now dash'd up - on the bil - low, Her o - p'ning tim - bers -  
 3. At length the wish'd - for mor - row Broke thro' the ha - zy -  
 4. Her yield - ing tim - bers sev - er, Her pitch - y seams are -

PIANO

show'rs, The clouds were rent a - sun - der By light - ning's viv - id -  
 creak, Each fears a wa - try pil - low, None stop the dread - ful -  
 sky; Ab - sorb'd in si - lent sor - row, Each heaved a bit - ter -  
 rent, When Heav'n, all - boun - teous ev - er, Its bound - less mer - cy -

pow'rs. The night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vot - ed -  
 leak: To cling to slip - p'ry shrouds Each breath - less sea - man -  
 sigh. The dis - mal wreck to view Struck hor - ror to the -  
 sent: A sail in sight ap - pears, We hail her with three -

bark, Till next day There she lay, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!  
 crowds, As one lay Till next day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!  
 crew, As she lay All that day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!  
 cheers; Now we sail With the gale For the Bay of Bis - cay, O!

## THE DEATH OF NELSON

S.J. ARNOLD

JOHN BRAHAM (1774-1856)  
Edited by Granville Bantock

*Larghetto*

PIANO

*p* *più p* *cresc.*

*mf* *più p*

*mp Recit.*  
O'er Nel-son's tomb, with si-lent grief op-

*p*

*mf*  
prest, Bri-tan-nia mourns her he-ro now at rest: But those bright lau-rels ne'er will fade with

*f*

*p* *dim.*  
years, Whose leaves are wa-ter'd by a na-tions tears.

*p* *pp dim.*

## Allegro maestoso

Trumpets

*f* *ff* (Tutti) *f* *ff*

*mf* ARIA *marc.*

1. 'Twas in Tra-fal-gar's bay We saw the foe-men lay; Each  
2. And now the can-nons roar A long th'af-fright-ed shore, Our

heart was bound-ing then; We scorn'd the for-eign yoke, For our  
Nel-son led the way; His ship, the Vic-tory named; Long

*p* *f* *ff*

ships were Bri-tish oak, And hearts of oak our men! Our  
be that vic-t'ry famed, For vic-t'ry crown'd the day! But

*mp* *ff*

*f* *ad lib.* *p*

Nel - son mark'd them on the wave, Three cheers our gal - lant sea - men gave, Nor  
 dear - ly was that con - quest bought, Too well the gal - lant he - ro fought For

*p* *colla voce*

*e legato* *cresc.*

thought of home— or beau-ty, Nor— thought of home— or beau-ty. A -  
 Eng - land, home, and beau-ty, For— Eng - land, home, and beau-ty. He

*p e legato* *cresc.*

*f marcato*

long the line the sig - nal ran, } "Eng - land ex - pects that ev - 'ry—  
 cried, as 'midst the fire he ran, }

*f*

*cresc.* *più f* *cresc.*

man This day will do his du - ty, This day will do his

*cresc.* *più f* *cresc.*

du - ty."

*sf* *f* *ten.* *cresc.* *ff*

## Meno mosso

*p*

At last the fa - tal wound, Which spread dis - may a - round, The he - ro's

*p* *fz* *fz*

*dim.* *p* *cresc.*

breast, the he - ro's breast re - ceiv'd, "Heav'n fights up - on our side! The

*dim.* *p* *cresc.*

## Tempo I

*mf*

day's our own," he cried! "Now long e - nough I've lived! In

*mf*

*dim.* *p* *slentando* *mp*

hon - or's cause my life was pass'd, In hon - or's cause I fall at last, For

*dim.* *p colla voce*

*espress.* *cresc.*

Eng - land, home, - and beau-ty, For - Eng - land, home, - and beau-ty." Thus

*p e legato* *cresc.*

*f marcato*

end - ing life as he be - gan, Eng - land con - fess'd that ev - 'ry -

*f*

*cresc.* *più f* *cresc.*

man That day had done his - du - ty, That day had - done his -

*cresc.* *più f* *cresc.*

du - ty.

*sf* *f* *ten.* *cresc.* *ff*

## DRINK TO ME ONLY

BEN JONSON

Colonel R. MELLISH(?) (1777-1817)

Edited by Granville Bantock

Molto lento

*p espress.*

VOICE

*dim.*

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I — will pledge with mine;  
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so — much hon - 'ring thee

PIANO

*p**dim.**più p**dim.*

Or leave a kiss but in — the cup, — And I'll — not ask for wine, — The  
 As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er'd be: — But

*più p**dim.**cresc.**dim.*

thirst that from the soul — doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine; —  
 thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And sent'st it back to me; —

*cresc.**dim.*

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sup, — I would not change for thine.  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of — it - self but thee.

*p**cresc.**rall.**pp.*

ROBERT HERRICK  
(1591-1674)

# CHERRY RIPE

CHARLES EDWARD HORN (1786-1849)  
Edited by Granville Bantock

*Andantino*

PIANO *p*

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

*p dolce*

Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, ripe, I — cry; —

*pp staccato*

*cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

Full and fair ones, come — and — buy, — Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe,

*p* *cresc.*

*mf* *dim.*

ripe, I — cry; — Full and fair — ones, — come and — buy.

*mf* *dim.*

*p*

If so be you

*f espress.*

*p*

ask me where— They do— grow, I an— swer— there,

Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile,

*mf*

Where my Ju - lia's lips do smile, There's the land, or

*mf*

*poco cresc.*

*cresc. e rall.*

Cher - ry— Isle, There's the land, or— Cher - ry Isle

*cresc.* *colla voce*

*p a tempo*  
 Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I cry; — Full and fair ones,  
*a tempo*  
*pp staccato*

come — and — buy, — Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe, ripe, I cry; —  
*p* *cresc.*

*mf* *p dolce*  
 Full and fair ones — come and buy. Where the sun — beams  
 Where my Ju — lia's —  
*mf* *dim.* *p dolce espress.*

sweet — ly smile  
 lips do smile, There's the land, or Cher — ry Isle;

*mf* *cresc.*

There plan - ta - tions ful - ly show, — All the year where

*dim.*

cher - ries grow, All the year where cher - ries grow,

*p dolce* *mp*

Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, — ripe, I cry; — Full and fair ones,

*dim.* *mf rall.* *dim.* *p*

come and buy, Full and fair ones, come and buy.

*mf colla voce* *dim.* *p*

## I'VE BEEN ROAMING

GEORGE SOANE

CHARLES EDWARD HORN (1786-1849)

*Edited by Granville Bantock**Andante con anima*

PIANO

*p* *f* *cresc.*

*mf* *dim.* *p*

*p espress.* *cresc.*

I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing Where the mead-ow - dew is sweet, - And I'm

*p* *cresc.*

com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet, I've been

*p* *cresc.*

roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mead - ow - dew is sweet, And I'm

*p* *cresc.*

com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its pearls up-on my feet.

*dim.* *p*

*dim.* *mf*

I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing O'er the rose and li - ly fair; And I'm

*mp* *dim.* *mp*

com-ing, and I'm coming With their blos-soms in my hair; I've been roam-ing, I've been roam-ing Where the

*p* *p*

mead-ow-dew is sweet, And I'm com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its pearls up-on my feet.

*dim.* *dim. colla voce* *mf*

*p dolce*

I've been roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the

*dim.* *p*

*rit.* *cresc.* *ad lib.* *p a tempo*

hon-ey - suc-kle creeps, And I'm com-ing, and I'm com-ing With its kiss-es on my lips; I've been

*rit.* *cresc.* *col voce* *p a tempo*

*cresc.*

roam - ing, I've been roam - ing Where the mead - ow - dew is sweet, And I'm

*cresc.*

*mf*

com - ing, and I'm com - ing With its pearls up - on my feet; I've been

roam - ing, I've been roam - ing O - - ver hill and o - ver plain, And I'm

*mf*

com-ing, and I'm com-ing To my bow-er back a - gain, O - ver hill and o - ver plain, To my

*cresc.*

bow-er back a - gain, And I'm coming, and I'm com - ing To my bow-er back a - gain, To my

*più f* *meno f*

bow-er back a - gain, To my bow-er—back a - gain.

*dim. ad lib. p* *a tempo*

*dim. colla voce* *a tempo* *f* *p*

# BID ME DISCOURSE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP (1786-1855)

*Edited by Granville Bantock**Allegro moderato, ma con anima*

PIANO

The piano score for "Bid Me Discourse" is written for a single piano. It begins with a tempo and mood instruction of "Allegro moderato, ma con anima". The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into five systems. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (cresc.) and a forte (f) dynamic. The third system is marked "leggiere" (light). The fourth system includes a "cresc. poco" (crescendo a little) and trills (tr). The fifth system includes a mezzo-forte (mf) and a forte (f) dynamic. The score features various musical notations including triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings.

*mp espress.*

Bid me dis-course, I will en - chant thine ear, Or, like a — fair - y,

*pp staccato*

*mp*

trip — up-on — the green, I will — en — chant thine ear,

*f* *p*

*p*

Or, like — a — fair - y, trip — up - on — the — green,

*f* *p dim.* *p* *f*

*p* *p*

Or, like a — nymph, — with bright and — flow - ing — hair —

*p* *f* *p*

*mp* *cresc.*

Or, like a nymph, or, like a nymph, with bright and flow-ing hair, with

*staccato* *cresc.*

*f*

bright and flow-ing hair, Dance, dance on the sands, dance,

*f*

*dim.* *p*

dance on the sands, on the sands, Dance

*dim.* *p*

*cresc.* *tr* *mf* *tr* *tr*

and yet no foot-ing seen, and yet no foot-ing

*cresc.* *mf*

seen. —

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

*p* *cresc.*

Bid me dis-course, I will en-charm thine ear, Or, like a fair - y —

*p staccato* *cresc.*

*scherzando* *dim.*

trip up-on the green, trip, trip up - on the green,

*f* *p* *dim.*

*mp espress.*

Bid me dis-course, I will en-charm thine ear,

*Come prima* *ff* *pp staccato*

Or, like a fair - y, trip up-on the green,

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*f*

I will en - chant thine ear, Or, like a fair - y, trip up-on the green,

*mp*

*pp*

*f*

*p*

Or, like a nymph, or, like a nymph, with bright and flow-ing hair, with

*mp*

*pp*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

bright and flow-ing hair, Dance, dance on the sands, dance, dance on the

*f*

*dim.*

*f*

sands, on the sands, Dance, *p* *cresc.* *tr*

*p* *cresc.*

*mf* *tr* *poco rit.* *tr*

and yet no foot-ing seen, and yet no foot-ing

*mf* *poco rit.*

*f* *p a tempo*

seen. Dance, Dance, Dance

*a tempo* *f* *p* *staccato*

*cresc.* *tr*

on the sands, and yet no foot-ing seen, and

*cresc.*

yet, — and yet no foot-ing seen. Dance, —

*f* *p* *più p*

*f* *p* *più p* *staccato*

— Dance, — Dance —

*cresc.* *tr* *f* *dim.*

— on the sands, and yet no foot-ing seen, and yet, — and yet no foot-ing

*f* *p colla voce*

*p a tempo*

seen. —

*a tempo* *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sostenuto*

## SHOULD HE UPBRAID

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP (1786-1855)

*Edited by Granville Bantock*

Moderato ma brillante

PIANO

*p* *cresc.*

*f*

*p* *tr*

*cresc.* *mf* *f* *cresc.* *ff*

*p*

Should he\_ up - braid, I'll own that he pre - vail, — And sing as\_ sweet-ly

*p staccato*

*dim.* *mp*

as the night-in - gale. — Say that he — frown, I'll say his looks I view —

*dim.* *mp*

*dim.* *mf*

As morn-ing ros - es — new - ly — tipp'd with dew, As morn-ing —

*cresc.* *mf*

*dim.* *p* *p*

ros - - es — tipp'd with — dew. Say that — he

*dim.* *p* *f* *p* *staccato*

*p* *dim.*

frown, — I'll say — his — looks I view

*f* *p*

*p* *cresc.*

As morn-ing ros - es tipp'd with dew, As ros - es

*tr*

tipp'd with dew, tipp'd with dew, As morn - ing ros-es tipp'd with

*p*

dew.

*p* *cresc.* *f* *sf sf sf*

*p* *f*

Say he be mute, I'll an-swer with a smile, And dance and play, And wrin-kled care be -

*p* *cresc.* *f*

*p*

guile, And dance and play, — dance and play, And wrin - - - kled

*cresc.*

*rall. tr*

care — be - guile. Should he — up -

*p espress.*

*f rall. dim. f a tempo p staccato*

*dim.*

braid, I'll own that he pre - vail, — And sing as — sweet-ly as the night in — gale, —

*mp*

Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view — As morn-ing ros-es, new-ly tipp'd with

*mp*

*dim.* *più p* *cresc.*

dew, — Say he'll be mute, I'll an - swer with a smile, And dance — and

*dim.* *più p* *cresc.*

*p* *cresc.*

play, — I'll dance — and play, dance — and play, dance — and

*p* *cresc.*

*mf* *p* *f* *p* *poco*

play, And wrin - kled care be - guile, And care — be - guile, I'll dance, — play, —

*mf p* *f* *p* *poco*

*8ves ad lib.*

*a* *poco* *cresc.* *f*

dance, — play, — dance — and play, And wrin - kled care — be - guile, —

*a* *poco* *cresc.* *f*

*mf* *3* *3* *p*

dance — and play, — I'll dance — and play, dance — and play,

*mf* *p*

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

dance — and play, And wrin-kled care be - guile, and care — be-guile, I'll dance, —

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

*8ves ad lib.*

*poco* *a* *poco* *cresc.* *f*

play, — dance, — play, — dance — and play, And wrin-kled care — be -

*poco* *a* *poco* *cresc.* *f*

*p*

guile.

*p cresc.* *f* *sf sf sostenuto*

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## LOVE HAS EYES

CHARLES DIBDIN

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP (1786-1855)

*Edited by Granville Bantock**Allegretto moderato*

PIANO

*mf scherzando*
*p scherzoso*

1. Love's blind they say, — O nev-er, nay, — Can words love's grace im - part? — The  
 2. Love's wing'd they cry, — O nev-er, I — No pin - ions have to soar! — De -

*p staccato*

*più p* fan - cy weak — The tongue may speak, — But eyes a - lone the heart.  
 ceiv - ers rove — But nev - er love, — At - tach'd he roves no more!

*più p* *cresc.*



# THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP (1786-1855)

*Edited by Granville Bantock**Allegro à la militaire*

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The vocal entry begins with the instruction *mp espress.* (mezzo-piano, expressive). The lyrics are:
   
1. If I had a beau For a sol-dier who'd go, Do you
   
2. When my sol-dier was gone, Do you think I'd take on, Or sit
   
The piano accompaniment for this system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a section marked *sf* (sforzando).

The vocal entry continues with the lyrics:
   
think I'd say no? No, no, not I! For a sol-dier who'd go, Do you
   
mop-ing for-lorn? No, no, not I! Do you think I'd take on, Or sit
   
The piano accompaniment for this system includes a section marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and another marked *f* (forte).

*cresc.* *f*

think I'd say no? No, no, no, no, no, not I!  
 mop - ing for - lorn? No, no, no, no, no, not I!

*cresc.* *f*

*p*

When his red - coat I saw, Not a sigh - would it draw,  
 His fame - my con - cern, How my bos - om would burn,

*p* *f* *p* *f*

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *rall.* *p a tempo*

But I'd give him é - clat for his bra - ver - y!  
 When I saw him re - turn crown'd with vic - to - ry!} If an

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *rall.*

*cresc.*

arm - y of A - ma - zons e'er came in play, As a

*p a tempo*

dash-ing white ser - geant I'd march a - way, mf A

*p cresc.* *f*

dash-ing white ser - geant I'd march a - way, march a - way, march a - way, f

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

march a - way, — march a - way, march a - way, — march a - way, march a - way, — cresc.

*pp* *cresc.*

march a - way, — march a - way! — f

*con brio* *f* *cresc.* *sf* *sostenuto*

## MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT

J. AUGUSTINE WADE (1796-1845)

Edited by Granville Bantock

*Allegretto*

PIANO

*p*

*più p*

*p dolce*

1. Meet me by— moon-light a - lone, ——— And  
2. Day - light may do for the gay, ——— The

*dim.*

*p*

*più p*

then I will tell you a tale, ——— Must be told by— the moon-light a -  
thought-less, the heart-less, the free; ——— But there's some-thing a - bout the moon's

*più p*

*mp*

*dim.*

lone, ——— In the grove at— the end of the vale; ——— You must  
ray, ——— That is sweet-er— to— you and to me: ——— Oh! re -

*mp*

*dim.*

*più p*

pro - mise to come, for I said \_\_\_\_\_ I would show the night - flow - ers their  
mem - ber, be sure to be there, \_\_\_\_\_ For though dear - ly a moon - light I

*dim.* *p*

queen, \_\_\_\_\_ Nay, turn not a - way that sweet head, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis the  
prize, \_\_\_\_\_ I care not for all in the air, \_\_\_\_\_ If I

*dim.* *mf*

lov - li - est ev - er was seen! \_\_\_\_\_ Oh! meet me by moon - light a -  
want the sweet light of your eyes! \_\_\_\_\_ So meet me by moon - light a -

*p poco rit.* *a tempo dim.*

lone, \_\_\_\_\_ Meet me by moon - light a - lone! \_\_\_\_\_  
lone, \_\_\_\_\_ Meet me by moon - light a - lone! \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *dim.* *p*