

2<sup>ND</sup> AND REVISED EDITION.

# Songs of the West

*Traditional Ballads & Songs  
of the West of England.*

Collected by

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

AND

REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

Arranged for Voice & Piano

BY THE REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

PART 2,

*All Rights Reserved.*

*Price 3/- net*

LONDON:

METHUEN AND CO., 18, BURY STREET, W.C.

&  
PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.



# SONGS AND BALLADS

OF

## THE WEST.

*A Collection made from the Mouths of the People.*

BY THE  
REV. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,  
AND THE  
REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

HARMONISED AND ARRANGED FOR  
VOICE AND PIANOFORTE.

By the Rev. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

---

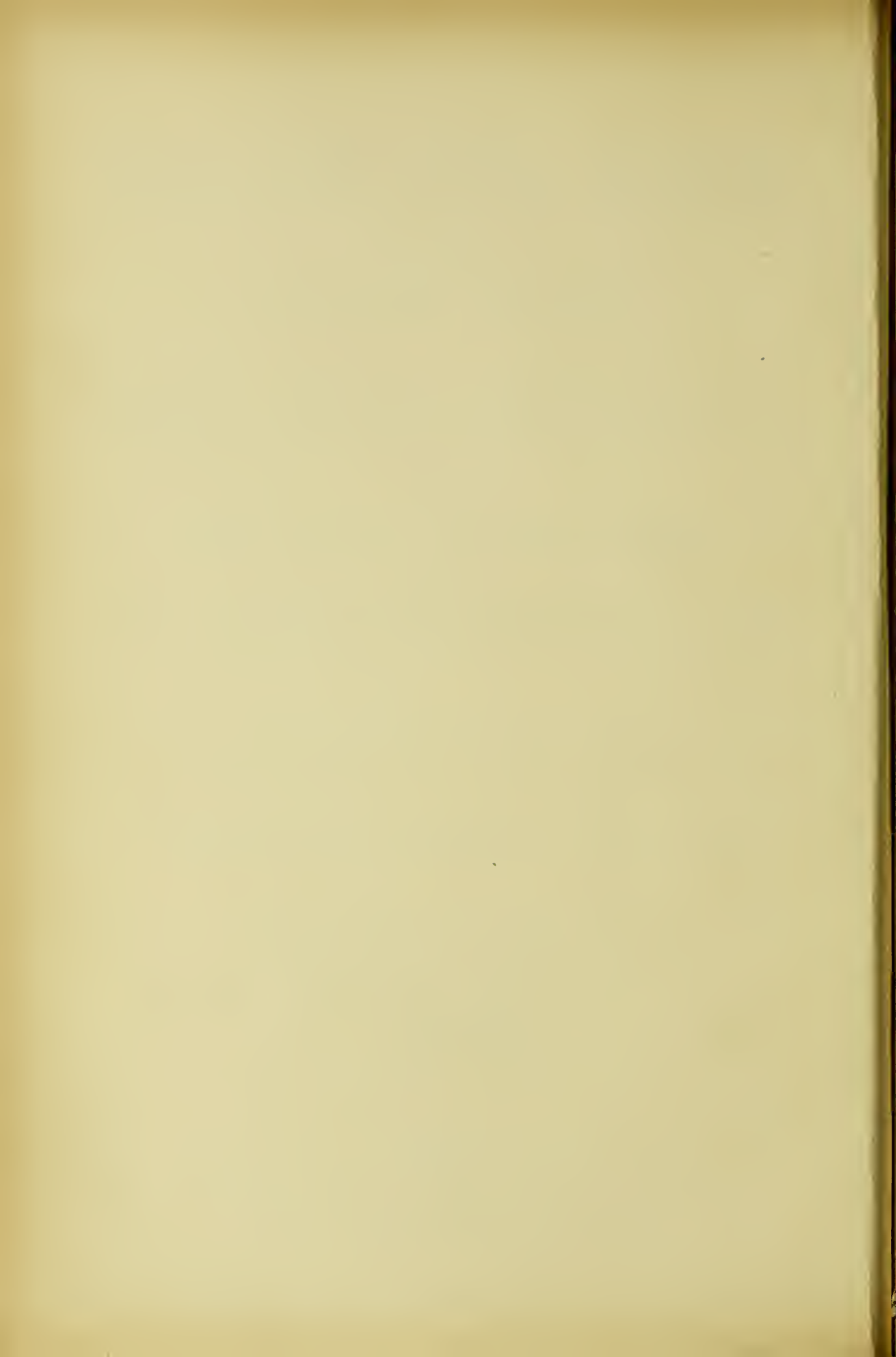
*TO BE COMPLETED IN FOUR PARTS.*

Price Three Shillings each.

PART II.

---

London :  
METHUEN & Co., 18, BURY STREET, W.C.,  
AND  
PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.



DEDICATED TO  
D. RADFORD, Esq., J.P.,  
OF MOUNT TAVY,  
TAVISTOCK,  
AT WHOSE HOSPITABLE TABLE THE IDEA OF  
MAKING THIS COLLECTION WAS  
FIRST MOOTED.



# CONTENTS.

---

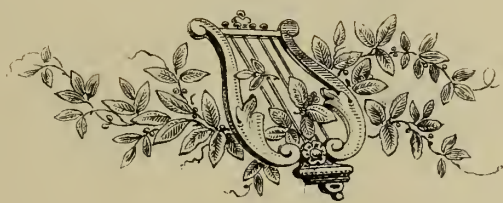
## PART II.

An Account of the Songs and Ballads in this Part will be given, along with that of those contained in Part III., and a revision of that of the Contents of Part I.; with the concluding issue.

- XXVI. A HEARTY GOOD FELLOW.
- XXVII. THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.
- XXVIII. THE LAST OF THE SINGERS.
- XXIX. THE TYTHE PIG.
- XXX. MY LADY'S COACH.
- XXXI. JAN'S COURTSHIP.
- XXXII. THE DROWNED LOVER.
- XXXIII. CHILDE THE HUNTER.
- XXXIV. THE COTTAGE THATCH'D WITH STRAW.
- XXXV. CICELY SWEET. *Duet.*
- XXXVI. A SWEET PRETTY MAIDEN.
- XXXVII. THE GREEN COCKADE.
- XXXVIII. THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.  
Ditto Ditto *As Duet & Chorus.*
- XXXIX. A MAIDEN SAT A WEEPING.
- XL. THE BONNY BLUE KERCHIEF.
- XLI. AN EVENING SO CLEAR.
- XLII. THE WARSON HUNT.
- XLIII. THE GREEN BUSHES.
- XLIV. THE BROKEN TOKEN.
- XLV. THE ROUT IS OUT.
- XLVI. WHY SHOULD WE BE DULLARDS SAD.
- XLVII. MAY DAY CAROL.
- XLVIII. NANCY.
- XLIX. LULLABYE. *With Violin accompaniment.*
- L. THE GIPSY COUNTESS, *in Two Parts.*
- LI. THE GREY MARE.
- LII. THE WRECK OFF SCILLY.







# THE HEARTY GOOD FELLOW.

N<sup>o</sup> 26.

H.F.S.

*Cheerfully* ♩=112

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, C major, and D major, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

I sad-dled my horse and a - way I did ride Till I came to an ale-house hard

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part uses chords and eighth notes to support the vocal line.

by the roadside I call'd for a pot of ale frothing and brown And close by the fireside I

The second system continues the song, with the piano accompaniment featuring more complex chordal textures and rhythmic patterns.

Repeat in Chorus.  
sat myself down Singing Tol de rol lol de rol lol de rol dee And

The third system begins with a repeat sign and the instruction 'Repeat in Chorus.' The vocal melody includes the chorus, and the piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note rhythm.

*rall:*  
I in my pock - et had one pen - ny. *Tempo*  
*rall:*

The fourth system concludes the song. It begins with a 'rall' (rallentando) instruction, followed by the final line of the song. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a 'Tempo' marking.

I saddled my horse, and away I did ride  
Till I came to an ale-house hard by the road-side,  
I call'd for a pot of ale frothing and brown,  
And close by the fireside I sat myself down,  
Singing, Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!  
And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.

CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

2

I saw there two gentlemen playing at dice,  
They took me to be some nobleman nice.  
With my swagger, and rapier, and countenance bold,  
They thought that my pockets were well lined with gold,  
Singing, Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!  
And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.

CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

3

"A hearty good fellow," they said, "loveth play?"  
"That lies with the stakes, pretty sirs, that you lay."  
Then one said "A guinea," but I said "Five Pound,"  
The bet it was taken — no money laid down,  
Singing, Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!  
And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.

CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

4

I took up the dice, and I threw them the main,  
It was very good fortune, that evening; to gain;  
If they had a won, sirs, there'd been a loud curse  
When I threw in naught save a moneyless purse  
Singing Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!  
And I in my pocket had ONE PENNY.

CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

5

Was ever a mortal a quarter as glad,  
With the little of money at first that I had!  
A hearty good fellow, as most men opine  
I am; so my neighbours pray pour out the wine,  
Singing Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-Tol-de-rol dee!  
And I in my pocket had FIVE POUNDS, free.

CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol &c:

6

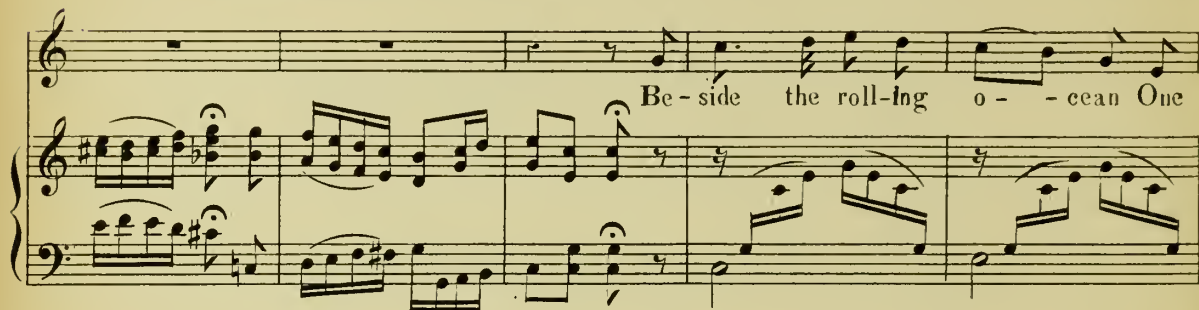
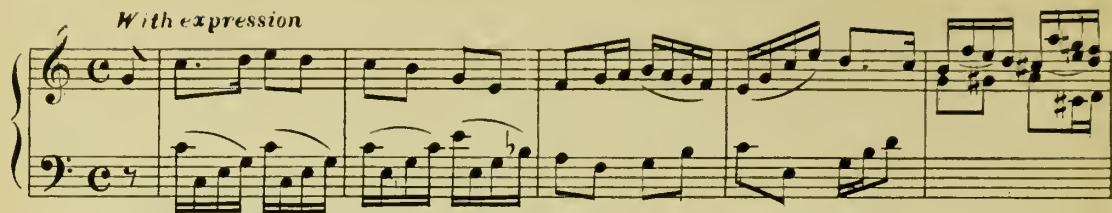
I tarried all night, and I parted next day,  
Thinks I to myself, I'll be jogging away!  
I asked of the landlady what was my bill,  
"O naught save a kiss of your lips, if you will!"  
Singing Tol de rol lol de rol Tol-de-rol dee!  
And I in my pocket had FIVE POUNDS free.  
CHORUS: Singing, Tol-de-rol-lol-de-rol Tol-de-rol-dee!  
And I in my pocket had FIVE POUNDS, free.

# THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

No 27. ♩ = 168

H.F.S.

*With expression*





1

Beside the rolling ocean  
 One morning in the month of June,  
 The feather'd warbling songsters  
 Were sweetly changing note and tune.  
 I overheard a damsel fair  
 Complain in words of bitter woe,  
 With tear on cheek, she thus did speak,  
 O for the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

2

Then up and spake her lover  
 And grasped the maiden by the hand,  
 Have patience, fairest, patience!  
 A legion I will soon command.  
 I'll raise ten thousand soldiers brave  
 Thro' pain and peril I will go  
 A branch will break, for thy sweet sake,  
 A branch of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

3

Then sadly said his mother,  
 As tough as truest heart of oak,  
 That stem that bears the roses,  
 And is not easy bent or broke  
 Thy father he essayed it first  
 And now in France his head lies low;  
 For sharpest thorn, is ever borne  
 O by the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

4

He raised a mighty army  
 And many nobles joined his throng  
 With pipe and banner flying  
 To pluck the rose, he march'd along:  
 The stem he found was far too tough  
 And piercing sharp, the thorn, I trow  
 No blossom he rent from the tree  
 All of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

5

'O mother, dearest mother!  
 I lie upon my dying bed,  
 And like my gallant father  
 Must hide an uncrowned, humbled head.  
 Let none henceforth essay to touch  
 That rose so red, or full of woe,  
 With bleeding hand he'll fly the Land  
 The land of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O!

# THE OLD SINGING-MAN.

No 28.

F. W. B.

*With pathos*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score is divided into several systems, each containing a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I reckon the days is de - parted When folks 'ud a list'ned to me. And I feels like as one' broken hearted A thinking of what used to be. And I dun' know as much be a - mended Than was in those merry old times When wi' pipes and good ale folks at - ten - ded To me and my pur - ty old rhymes, . . . To me and my pur - ty old rhymes." The score ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, providing a harmonic support for the vocal melody.

I reckon the days is de - parted When folks 'ud a list'ned to  
me. And I feels like as one' broken hearted A thinking of what used to be. And I  
dun' know as much be a - mended Than was in those merry old times When wi'  
pipes and good ale folks at - ten - ded To me and my pur - ty old rhymes, . . . To  
me and my pur - ty old rhymes.

## Nº 28. THE OLD SINGING-MAN.

7

1

I reckon the days is departed,  
When folks ud a listened to me.  
And I feels like as one broken-hearted,  
A-thinking o' what used to be.  
And I don't know as much be amended,  
Than was in them merry old Times,  
When, wi' pipes and good ale, folks attended,  
To me and my purty old rhymes,  
CHORUS: To me and my purty old rhymes.

2

'Tis true, I be cruel asthmatic  
I've lost every tooth i' my head;  
And my limbs be that crim'd wi' rheumatic  
D'say I were better in bed.  
Oh my! all the world be for reading  
Newspapers, and books and what not;  
Sure -'tis only conceitedness breeding,  
And the old zinging man is forgot.  
CHORUS: And the old singing man is forgot.

3

I reckon that wi' my brown fiddle  
I'd go from this cottage to that;  
All the youngsters 'ud dance in the middle,  
Their pulses and feet, pit-a-pat.  
I cu'd zing, if you'd stand me the liquor,  
All the night, and 'ud never give o'er  
My voice—I don't deny it getting thicker,  
But never exhausting my store.  
CHORUS: But never exhausting my store.

4

'Tis politics now is the fashion  
As sets folks about by the ear.  
And slops makes the poorest of lushing,  
No zinging for me wi'out beer.  
I reckon the days be departed  
For such jolly gaffers as I,  
Folks never will be so light-hearted  
As they was in the days that's gone by.  
CHORUS: As they was in the days that's gone by.

5

O Lor! what wi' their edication,  
And me — neither cypher nor write;  
But in zinging the best in the nation  
And give the whole parish delight  
I be going, I reckon, full mellow  
To lay in the Churchyard my head;  
So say—God be wi' you, old fellow!  
The last o' the Zingers is dead.  
CHORUS: The last o' the Zingers is dead.

# THE TYTHE-PIG.

No 29.

F.W.B.

*With humour, not too fast.*

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

The third system includes the instruction *rall:* at the end. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line.

The fourth system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

The fifth system includes the instruction *Pomposo.* at the beginning and *colla voce* at the end. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line.



2<sup>nd</sup>

Then

## No 29. THE TYTHE-PIG.

1

All you that love a bit of fun, come listen here awhile,  
 I'll tell you of a droll affair, will cause you all to smile.  
 The Parson dress'd, all in his best,  
 Cock'd hat and bushy wig,  
 He went into a farmer's house, to choose a sucking pig  
 Good morning said the Parson; good morning, sir, to you!  
 I'm come to take a sucking pig, a pig that is my due.

2

Then went the farmer to the sty, amongst the piglings small,  
 He chose the very wee-est pig, the wee-est of them all;  
 But when the Parson saw the choice,  
 How he did stamp and roar!  
 He snorted loud, he shook his wig, he almost — cursed and swore  
 Good morning &c:

3

O then out spake the Farmer, since my offer you refuse  
 Pray step into the sty yourself, that you may pick and choose.  
 So to the sty the Priest did hie,  
 And there without ado,  
 The old sow ran with open mouth, and grunting at him flew.  
 Good morning &c:

4

She caught him by the breeches black, that loudly he did cry  
 O help me! help me from the sow! or surely I shall die.  
 The little pigs his waistcoat tore,  
 His stockings and his shoes,  
 The Farmer said, with bow and smile, you're welcome, sir, to choose.  
 Good morning &c:

5

Away the Parson scamper'd home, as fast as he could run,  
 His wife was standing at the door, expecting his return,  
 But when she saw him in such plight  
 She fainted clean away,  
 Alas! alas! the Parson said, I bitter rue this day.  
 Good morning, &c:

6

Go fetch me down a suit of clothes, a sponge and soap, I pray  
 And bring me, too, my greasy wig, and rub me down with hay  
 Another time, I won't be nice,  
 When gathering my dues  
 Another time in sucking pigs, I will not pick and choose.  
 Good morning, said the Parson, good morning, sirs, to you,  
 I will not pick a sucking pig — I leave the choice to you.

# MY LADY'S COACH.

No. 30.

H.F.S.

*Mysteriously*  $\text{♩} = 104$

*p* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

My Ladye hath a sa-ble coach With horses two and four: My

Ladye hath a gaunt blood hound That runneth on be-fore. My Ladye's coach hath

nodding plumes The driver hath no head My Ladye is an ashen white As

*p* *dim.* *e* *rall.*

one that long is dead.

*rall.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a common time signature. The tempo is marked 'Mysteriously' with a quarter note equal to 104 beats. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various dynamics such as piano (p), sforzando (sf), and decrescendo (dim.), as well as articulation like accents and a rallentando (rall.) at the end. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## N<sup>o</sup> 30. MY LADYE'S COACH.

## 1

My Ladye hath a sable coach,  
 And horses two and four,  
 My Ladye hath a gaunt blood-hound,  
 That runneth on before.  
 My Ladye's Coach hath nodding plumes,  
 The driver hath no head,  
 My Ladye is an ashen white,  
 As one that long is dead.

## 2

Now pray step in! my Layde saith,  
 Now pray step in and ride.  
 I thank thee I had rather walk,  
 Than gather to thy side.  
 The wheels go round without a sound  
 Of tramp or turn of wheels.  
 As cloud at night, in pale moonlight,  
 Along the carriage steals.

## 3

Now pray step in! my Ladye saith,  
 Now prithee come to me.  
 She takes the baby from the crib,  
 She sets it on her knee;  
 The wheels go round, &c:

## 4

Now pray step in! my Ladye saith,  
 Now pray step in and ride.  
 Then deadly pale, in waving veil,  
 She takes to her the bride;  
 The wheels go round, &c:

## 5

Now pray step in! my Ladye saith,  
 There's room I wot for you,  
 She wad her hand, the coach did stand,  
 The Squire within she drew.  
 The wheels go round &c:

## 6

Now pray step in! my Ladye saith,  
 Why should'st thou trudge afoot?  
 She took the gaffer in by her,  
 His crutches in the boot.  
 The wheels go round &c:

## 7

I'd rather walk a hundred miles  
 And run by night and day  
 Than have that carriage halt for me,  
 And hear my Ladye say —  
 Now pray step in and make no din,  
 Step in with me to ride;  
 There's room I trow, by me for you  
 And all the world beside.

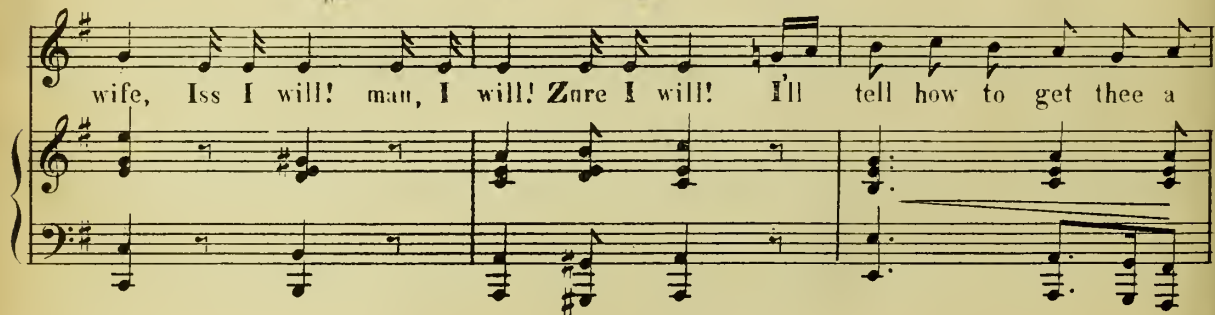
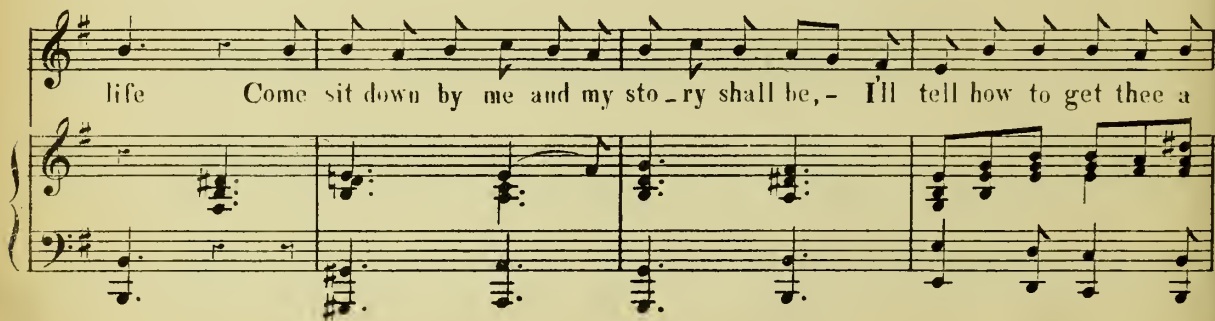
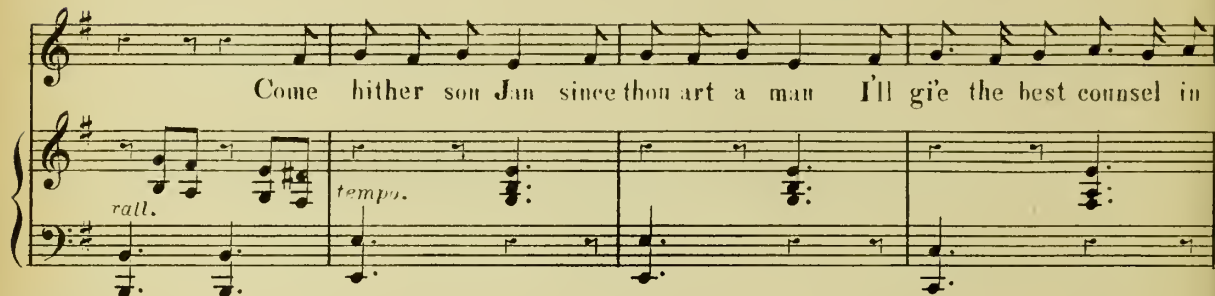
# JAN'S COURTSHIP.

N<sup>o</sup> 31.

H. F. S.

*With grave humour.*

$\text{♩} = 72.$





1

Come hither, son Jan! since thou art a man,  
 I'll gië the best counsel in life,  
 Come, sit down by me, and my story shall be,  
 I'll tell how to get thee a wife.  
 Iss, I will! man, I will!  
 Zure I will!  
 I'll tell how to get thee a wife! Iss, I will!

2

Thy self thou must dress in thy Sunday-go-best;  
 They'll at first turn away and be shy.  
 But boldly, kisse each purtymaid that thou see'st,  
 They'll call thee their Love, by-and-bye.  
 Iss, they will! man, they will!  
 Zure they will!  
 They'll call thee their love by-and-bye! Iss, they will!

3

So a courting Jan goes in his holiday clothes,  
 All trim, nothing ragged and torn,  
 From his hat to his hose; with a sweet yellow rose,  
 He looked like a gentleman born.  
 Iss he did! man he did!  
 Zure he did!  
 He looked like a gentleman born! Iss he did!

4

The first pretty lass that Jan did see pass  
 A farmer's fat daughter called Grace.  
 He'd scarce said 'How do!' and a kind word or two,  
 Her fetched him a slap in the face.  
 Iss, her did! man, her did!  
 Zure her did!  
 Her fetched him a slap in the face! Iss, her did!

5

As Jan, never fearing o' nothing at all,  
 Was walking adown by the locks.  
 He kiss'd the parson's wife, which stirred up a strife  
 And Jan was put into the stocks.  
 Iss, he was! man, he was!  
 Zure he was!  
 And Jan was put into the stocks! Iss, he was!

6

'If this be the way, how to get me a wife  
 Quoth Jan, I will never have none  
 I'd rather live single the whole of my life  
 And home to my mammy I'll run  
 Iss, I will! man, I will  
 Zure I will!  
 And home to my mammy I'll run! Iss, I will.

# THE DROWNED LOVER.

N<sup>o</sup> 32.

H. F. S.

*Plaintively*  
= 120.

*rall.*

*a tempo.*

As I was a walk - ing down

*rall.*

by the sea - shore Where the winds . . whistled high and the wa - ters did

roar, Where the winds whistled high and the waves raged a - round, I

heard a fair maid make a pit\_i - fal sound Cry\_ing O! my love is

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: "drowned My love must I de - plore And I nev - er O nev - er, Shall see my love more!". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of two flats. The tempo is marked "ad lib." at the beginning and "tempo." later in the piece. The score ends with a double bar line.

### No 32. THE DROWNED LOVER.

1

As I was a-walking down by the sea-shore,  
 Where the winds whistled high, and the waters did roar,  
 Where the winds, whistled high, and the waves raged around,  
 I heard a fair maid make a pitiful sound,  
     Crying, O! my love is drowned!  
     My love must I deplore!  
 And I never, O! never  
     Shall see my love more!

2

I never a nobler, a truer did see  
 A lion in courage, but gentle to me,  
 An eye like an eagle, a heart like a dove,  
 And the song that he sang me was ever of love  
     Now I cry, O! my love is drowned!  
     My love must I deplore!  
 And I never; O! never  
     Shall see my love more!

3

He is sunk in the waters, there lies he asleep,  
 I will plunge there as well, I will kiss his cold feet,  
 I will kiss the white lips, once coral-like red,  
 And die at his side, for my true love is dead.  
     Now I cry, O! my love is drowned.  
     My love must I deplore  
 And I never; O! never  
     Shall see my love more!

# CHILDE THE HUNTER.

N<sup>o</sup> 33.

H. F. S.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked *f*. The piano part features a rising melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with a large slur covering the first two measures.

The vocal melody enters in the second measure, marked *rall.* and *pp*. The lyrics are: "Come lis - ten all both". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand, marked *pp* and *ff*.

The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "great and small To you a tale I'll tell". The piano accompaniment remains consistent, marked *pp*.

The vocal melody then has a short rest, followed by the lyrics: "What on this bleak and bar - ren moor,". The piano accompaniment continues, marked *pp*.

The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "In an - cient days be -". The piano accompaniment continues, marked *pp*.

The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: "- fell.". The piano accompaniment continues, marked *pp*.

The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings (*f*, *pp*, *ff*, *al lib.*, *rall.*).



1

Come, listen all, both great and small  
To you a tale I'll tell,  
What on this bleak and barren moor,  
In ancient days befell.

2

It so befell, as I've heard tell,  
There came the hunter Childe,  
All day he chased on heath and waste,  
On Dart-a-moor so wild.

3

The winds did blow, then fell the snow,  
He chased on Fox-tor mire;  
He lost his way, and saw the day,  
And winter's sun expire.

4

Cold blew the blast, the snow fell fast,  
And darker grew the night;  
He wandered high, he wandered low,  
And nowhere saw a light.

5

In darkness blind, he could not find  
Where he escape might gain,  
Long time he tried, no track espied,  
His labours all in vain.

6

His knife he drew, his horse he slew,  
As on the ground it lay;  
He cut full deep, therein to creep,  
And tarry till the day.

7

The winds did blow, fast fell the snow,  
And darker grew the night,  
Then well he wot, he hope might not  
Again to see the light.

8

So with his finger dipp'd in blood,  
He scrabbled on the stones, —  
"This is my will, God it fulfil,  
And buried be my bones.

9

"Who'er he be that findeth me  
And brings to a grave,  
The lands that now to me belong,  
In Plymstock he shall have."

10

There was a cross erected then,  
In memory of his name;  
And there it stands, in wild waste lands,  
To testify the same.

# THE COTTAGE THATCHED WITH STRAW.

No 34.

F. W. B.

*With determination.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the voice part, with piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score includes several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and a 'colla voce.' instruction. The piece concludes with a chorus section.

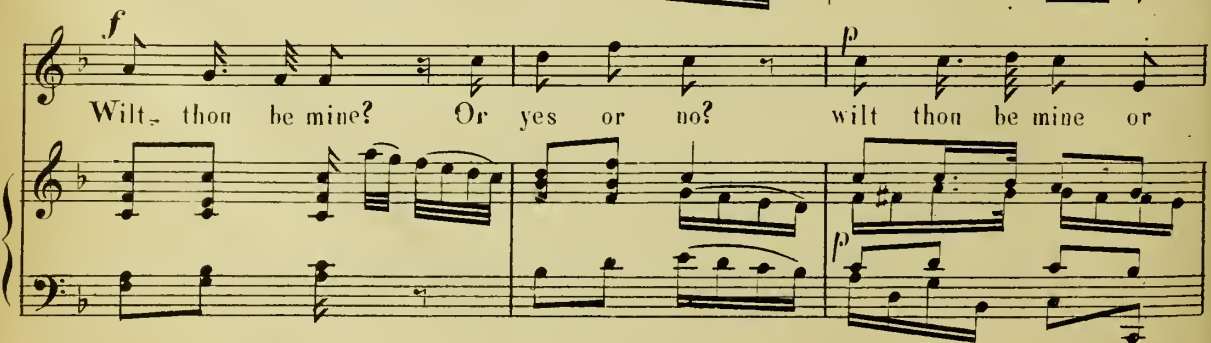
In the days of yore there  
sat at his door, An old farmer and thus sang he, With my pipe and my glass, I wish every class, On the  
earth were as well as me! For he en- vi- ed not a- ny man his lot, The  
richest, the proudest he saw. For he had Home-brewed, brown-bread, And a cottage well thatched with  
*colla voce.*  
**CHORUS.**  
straw, And a cottage well thatch'd with straw, And a cottage well thatch'd with straw. For he had



## CIGELY SWEET.

N<sup>o</sup> 35.

H. F. S.





*1st & 3rd verses.*

*CIC:* *mf* *cres.* *f*

Go for a boo - by go! go! go! Go for a boo - by go!

*SIM:* no? Cice - ly! yes or no? Wilt thou be mine or no?

*2nd & 4th verses.*

*G.* *f*

Go Si - mon! go! go! go! Go for a boo - by go!

*S.* wilt thou be mine? Yes or No? Wilt thou be mine or No?

*mf* *cres.* *f*

### No 35. CICELY SWEET.

1  
HE.

Cicely sweet, the morn is fair,  
Wilt thou drive me to despair?  
Oft have I sued in vain  
And now I'm come again,  
Wilt thou be mine, or Yes or No!  
Wilt thou be mine, or No!

3

Cicely sweet, if thou'lt love me,  
Mother'll do a deal for thee.  
Her'd rather sell her cow,  
Than I should die for thou.  
Wilt thou be mine, or Yes, or No!  
Wilt thou be mine, or No?

5

Cicely sweet, you do me wrong,  
My legs be straight, my arms be strong  
I'll carry thee about,  
Thou'lt go no more afoot,  
Wilt thou be mine, &c:

2  
SHE.

Prithee, Simon quit thy suit,  
All thy pains will yield no fruit;  
Go booby, get a sack,  
To stop thy ceaseless clack.  
Go for a booby, go, go, go!  
Go for a booby, go!

4

Mother thine had best by half,  
Keep her cow and sell her calf;  
No, never for a crown;  
Will I marry with a clown;  
Go for a booby, go, go, go!  
Go for a booby go!

6

Keep thy arms to fight in fray,  
Keep thy legs to run away;  
Neer will I — as I'm a lass,  
Care to ride upon an ass.  
Go for a booby &c:

# A SWEET PRETTY MAIDEN.

N<sup>o</sup> 36.

H. F. S.

Artlessly, ♩ = 120.

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes in G major. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of the song. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics "A sweet pret-ty mai - den sat un - der a tree, She". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The second system of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sighed and said Would that I mar - ried might be; My mammy is so crabbed, and my". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

The third system of the song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "dad - dy is so cross; That a hus - band I'm cer - tain could ne - ver be worse." The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

## N<sup>o</sup> 36. A SWEET PRETTY MAIDEN.

1

A sweet pretty maiden sat under a tree,  
 She sighed and said, Would that I married might be!  
 My mammy is so crabb'd, and my daddy is so cross  
 That a husband for certain could never be worse.

2

I'll drudge in the kitchen, I'll bake and I'll brew,  
 A cradle be rocking the weary night through.  
 A husband, he may scold, he is welcome, I agree,  
 If that only a husband be granted to me.

3

My husband may beat me, I little will mind,  
 If only a husband to beat me I find,  
 My fingers I will work, I will work them to the bone,  
 If I get but a husband and home of my own.

4

A husband they tell me will make me his slave;  
 So be it if only a husband I have.  
 A sweet pretty maiden sat under a tree,  
 Singing, O come and marry, O, come! marry me!

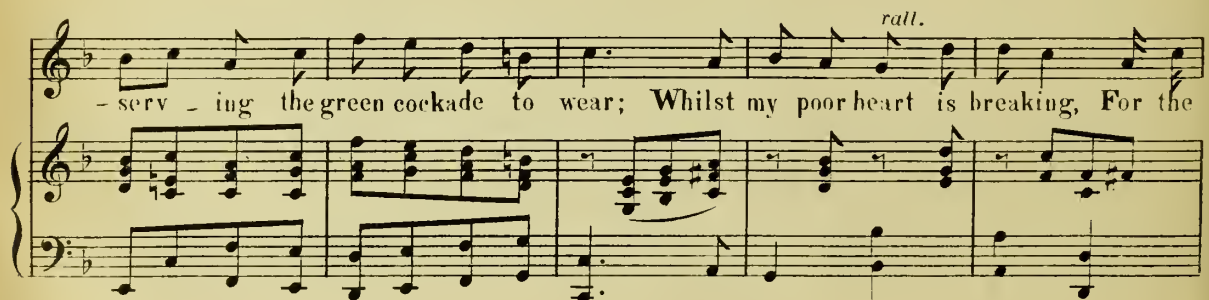
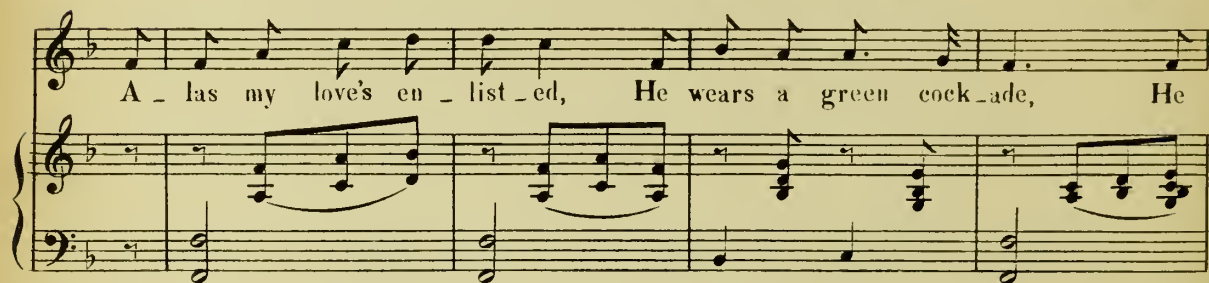


# THE GREEN COCKADE.

No 37.

H. F. S.

*Plaintively.* ♩ = 138.





## N<sup>o</sup> 37. THE GREEN COCKADE.

## 1

Alas! my love's enlisted,  
 He wears a green cockade,  
 He is as gay a gallant  
 As any roving blade.  
 He's gone the king aserving,  
 The green cockade to wear,  
 Whilst my poor heart is breaking,  
 For the love to him I bear.

## 2

"Leave off your grief and sorrow,  
 And quit this doleful strain,  
 The green cockade adorns me  
 Whilst marching o'er the plain.  
 When I return I'll marry,  
 By this cockade I swear,  
 Your heart from grief must rally,  
 And my departure bear."

## 3

"Fair maid, I bring bad tidings,"  
 So did the Sergeant say;  
 "Your love was slain in battle,  
 He sends you this to-day,  
 The green cockade he flourished  
 Now dabbled in his gore.  
 With his last kiss he sends it,  
 The green cockade he wore?"

## 4

She spoke no word — her tears,  
 They fell a salten flood;  
 And from the draggled ribbons  
 Washed out the stains of blood.  
 "O mother I am dying!  
 And when in grave I'm laid,  
 Upon my bosom mother!  
 Then pin the green cockade."

# THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

No 38.

F. W. B.

*With marked emotion.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system shows an introduction with a treble clef and a common time signature. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'well, fare\_well my Pol - ly dear, A thou sand times a - dieu! 'Tis'. The third system continues the melody with 'sad to part but ne - ver fear, Your sail - or will be true, And'. The fourth system continues with 'most I go and leave you so, while thun - d'ring bil - lows roar? I'. The fifth system concludes with 'am a -\_fraid, my own sweet maid Your face I'll see no more. 2. The'. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and provides harmonic support throughout the piece.

well, fare\_well my Pol - ly dear, A thou sand times a - dieu! 'Tis

sad to part but ne - ver fear, Your sail - or will be true, And

most I go and leave you so, while thun - d'ring bil - lows roar? I

am a -\_fraid, my own sweet maid Your face I'll see no more. 2. The

## No 38. THE SAILORS' FAREWELL.

## 1

Farewell! farewell, my Polly dear!

A thousand times adieu!

'Tis sad to part; but never fear,

Your sailor will be true.

And must I go, and leave you so, —

While thund'ring billows roar?

I am afraid, my own sweet maid,

Your face I'll see no more.

## 2

The weavers and the tailors

Are snoring fast asleep,

While we poor jolly sailors'

Are tossing on the deep:

Are tossing on the deep, dear girl,

In tempest, rage and foam;

When seas run high, and dark the sky,

We think on those at home.

## 3

When Jack's ashore, safe home once more,

We lead a merry life;

With pipe and glass, and buxom lass,

A sweetheart or a wife;

We call for liquor merrily,

We spend our money free,

And when our mon-ey's spent and gone,

Again we go to sea.

## 4

You'll not know where I am, dear girl,

But when I'm on the sea,

My secret thoughts I will unfold

In letters home to thee.

The secrets, aye! of heart, I say,

And best of my good will.

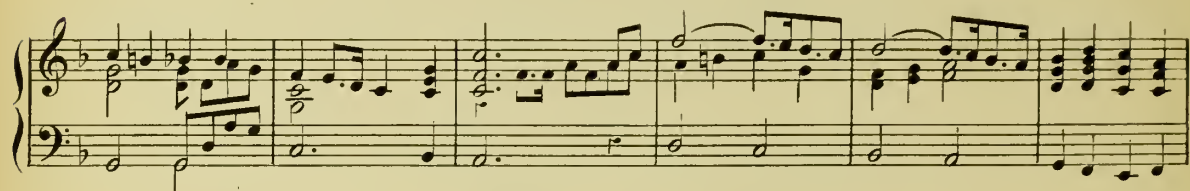
My body may lay just where it may

My heart is with you still.

## THE SAILORS FAREWELL.

(SCENA, Duet &amp; Chorus.)

F. W. B.



**TENOR**

*rall poco*

Fare - well, fare.well, ye maid - ens, dear, a

The Tenor vocal line begins with a rest, then enters with the lyrics "Fare - well, fare.well, ye maid - ens, dear, a". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass staff.

thou - sand times a - dien! 'Tis sad to part: but... ne - ver fear, your

*colla voce*

The Tenor vocal line continues with "thou - sand times a - dien! 'Tis sad to part: but... ne - ver fear, your". The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.

**SOPRANO**

sai - lor will be true. And must you go and leave us so, while thund'ring bil - lows

The Soprano vocal line begins with the lyrics "sai - lor will be true. And must you go and leave us so, while thund'ring bil - lows". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass staff.

roar. I am... a - fraid that I,... sweet maid, will see your face no

The Soprano vocal line continues with "roar. I am... a - fraid that I,... sweet maid, will see your face no". The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.



more. *Chorus:* Fare - well! farewell ye (sai - lōrs) dear! A thou - sand times A -  
 - dien! 'Tis sad to part, but ne - ver fear, your (mai - dens) will be true.

## N<sup>o</sup> 38. THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

2<sup>d</sup> VERSION AS DUET AND CHORUS.

1

*Tenor.* Farewell! farewell! my Polly dear!

A thousand times adieu!

'Tis sad to part; but never fear,

Your sailor will be true.

*Sopr.* And must you go and leave us so,

While thund'ring billows roar.

I am afraid that I, sweet maid,

Will see your face no more.

*Chorus.* Farewell! farewell! ye (sailors) dear!

A thousand times adieu!

'Tis sad to part, but never fear,

Your (maidens) will be true.

2

*Sopr.* The weavers and the tailors  
 Are snoring fast asleep,  
 Whilst you poor sailor boys  
 Are tossing on the deep.

*Ten.* Are tossing on the deep, dear girls,  
 In tempest, rage and foam;  
 When seas run high, and dash to sky,  
 We think of those at home.

*Chorus.* Farewell! farewell! &c.

3

*Ten.* When Jack's ashore, safehome once more,  
 We lead a merry life.

With pipe and glass, and buxom lass,  
 A sweetheart or a wife.

*Sopr.* You call for liquor merrily,  
 You spend your money free,  
 And when your money's spent and gone,  
 Again you go to sea.

*Chorus.* Farewell! farewell! &c.

# THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN.

H. F. S.

No 39.

*With melancholy tenderness.*

*♩ = 108.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as 108 beats per minute. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The voice enters with the lyrics 'A mai-den sat a weep-ing Down by the sea-shore What ails my pret-ty mis-tress? What ails my pret-ty mis-tress What ails my pret-ty mis-tress and makes her heart sore!'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and arpeggiated figures. The score concludes with a 'Last Verse' section, where the piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand, ending with a final chord marked 'p' (piano).

A mai-den sat a weep-ing Down by the sea-shore What  
ails my pret-ty mis-tress? What ails my pret-ty mis-tress What ails my pret-ty  
mis-tress and makes her heart sore!

*Last Verse.*  
I'll spread my sail of sil-ver I'll steer to-ward the sun And

thou false love wilt weep for me And thou false love wilt weep for me And

thou false love wilt weep for me For me when I am gone.

### No 39. THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN.

1

A maiden sat a weeping  
 Down by the sea shore,  
 What ails my pretty mistress?  
 What ails my pretty mistress?  
 And makes her heart sore!

2

Because I am a-weary,  
 A weary in mind,  
 No comfort, and no pleasure, love,  
 No comfort, and no pleasure, love  
 Henceforth can I find.

3

I'll spread my sail of silver,  
 I'll loose my rope of silk,  
 My mast is of the cypress-tree,  
 My mast is of the cypress-tree,  
 My track is as milk.

4

I'll spread my sail of silver  
 I'll steer toward the sun  
 And thou, false love wilt weep for me,  
 And thou, false love wilt weep for me,  
 For me — when I am gone.



# THE BLUE KERCHIEF.

No 40.

F. W. B.

*Cheerfully.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written on a single treble staff, while the piano accompaniment is written on grand staves (treble and bass). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I saw a sweet mai den trip o - ver the lea, Her  
 eyes were as load - stones at - trac - ting of me. Her cheeks were the ro - ses that  
 Cu - pid lurks in, With a bon - ny blue ker - chief tied  
 un - der her chin.



## No 40. THE BLUE KERCHIEF.

1

I saw a sweet maiden trip over the lea  
Her eyes were as loadstones attracting of me,  
Her cheeks were the roses, that Cupid lurks in,  
With a bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

2

O where are you going, my fair pretty maid?  
O whither so swift through the dew drops? I said,  
I go to my mother, kind sir, for to spin,  
O the bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

\* 3

Why wear you that kerchief tied over your head?  
'Tis the country girl's fashion, kind sir, then she said,  
And the fashion young maidens will always be in  
So I wear a blue kerchief tied under my chin.

4

To kiss her sweet lips then I sought to begin,  
O nay Sir! she said, 'ere a kiss you would win,  
Pray show me a ring, tho' of gold the most thin.  
O slyest blue kerchief tied under the chin!

5

Why wear a *blue* kerchief, sweet maiden, I said,  
Because the blue colour is one not to fade,  
As a sailor's blue jacket who fights for the king,  
So's my bonny blue kerchief tied under the chin.

6

The love that I value is certain to last,  
Not fading and changing, but ever set fast,  
That only the colour, my love sir to win,  
So goodbye from the kerchief tied under the chin.

\* May be omitted in singing.

# AN EVENING SO CLEAR.

N<sup>o</sup> 41.

F. W. B.

*Simply & not too fast.*

An ev'n - ing so clear, O I would that I  
 were; To kiss thy soft cheek With the faint - est of  
 air The star that is twink - ling so bright - ly a -  
 bove I would that I might be, To en - light - en my  
 love.

## N<sup>o</sup> 41. AN EVENING SO CLEAR.

## 1

An evening so clear,  
 O I would that I were,  
 To kiss thy soft cheek  
 With the faintest of air.  
 The star that is twinkling  
 So brightly above,  
 I would that I might be,  
 To en-lighten my love!

## 2

If I were the seas  
 That about the world run,  
 I'd give thee my pearls  
 Not retaining of one.  
 If I were the Summer,  
 With flowers and green,  
 I'd garnish thy temples  
 And would crown thee my queen!

## 3

If I were a kiln  
 All in fervour and flame  
 I'd catch thee, and thou'd be  
 Consumed in the same.  
 But because I am nothing  
 Save love-totald\* Bill,  
 Pray take of me, make  
 Of me just what you will.

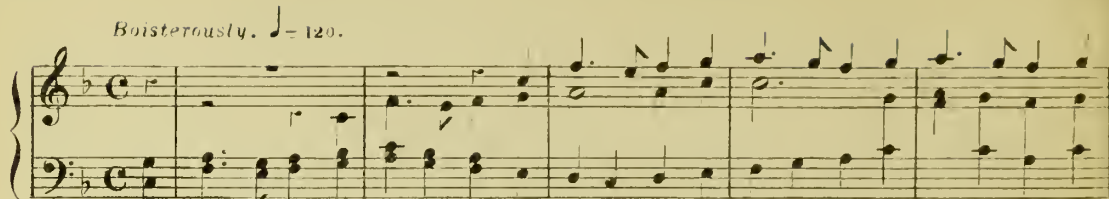
\* *Totald* is foolish, crazed.

# THE WARSON HUNT.

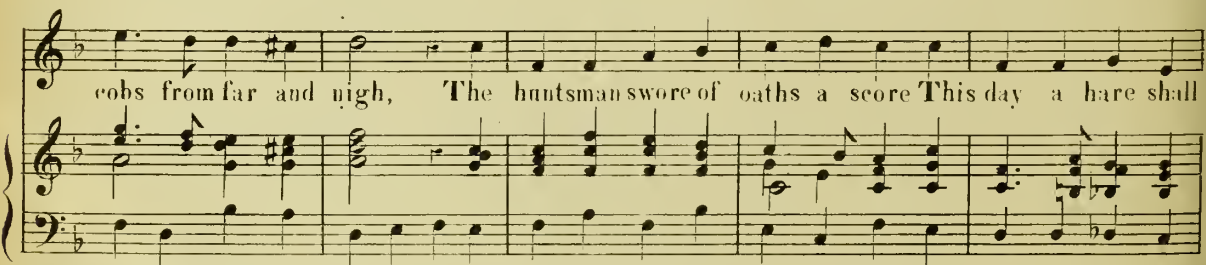
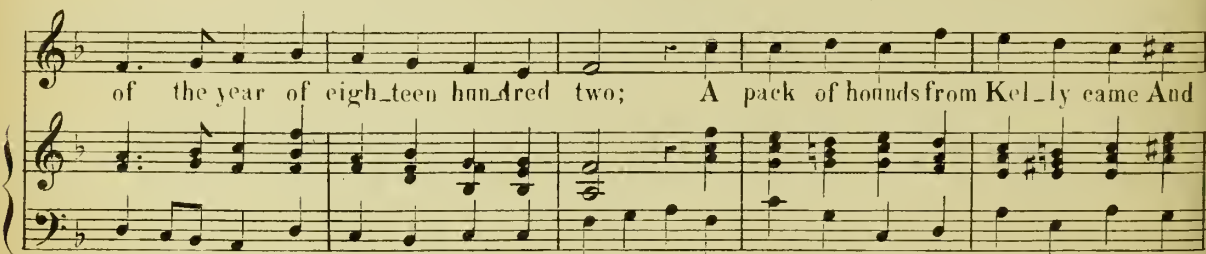
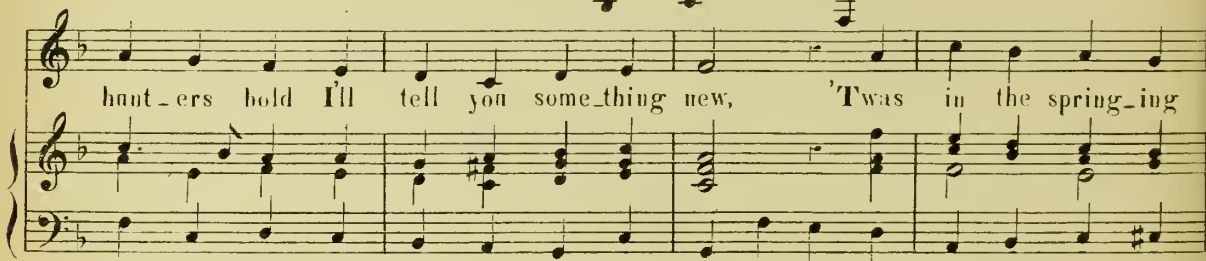
N<sup>o</sup> 42.

H. F. S.

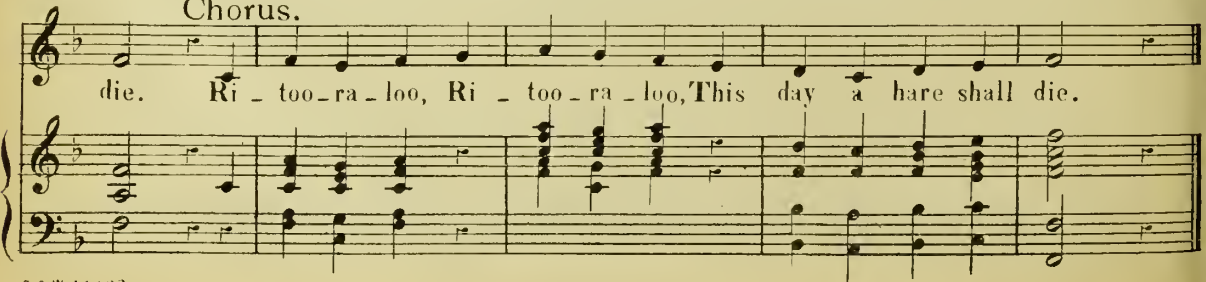
*Boisterously.* ♩ = 120.



*goes throughout.*



**Chorus.**





## N<sup>o</sup> 42. THE WARSON HUNT.

1

Come all you jolly hunters bold,  
 I'll sing you something new,  
 'Twas in the springing of the year  
 In eighteen hundred two.  
 A pack of hounds from Kelly came,  
 And cobs from far and nigh,  
 The huntsman swore of oaths a score,  
 This day a Hare shall die.

2

The Squire was on his silver tail  
 The Parson on his bay,  
 And Surgeon Stone bestrode a roan,  
 The huntsman rode a grey;  
 And some on horses from the plough,  
 And such as coaches drew,  
 But some were there on shanks's mare,  
 And one on crutches too.

3

They tried the down by Warson town,  
 At last they start the hare,  
 And full in view the hounds pursue,  
 With tiff and taff, and tare.  
 The MASTER said, "I stake my head,  
 A golden guinea lay,  
 We'll kill that hare, by George, I swear  
 Before the turn of day."

4

Long time they toil'd, with sweat were soiled,  
 That Puss was not overtook,  
 Away she wore to Sandry moor  
 She leap'd full many a brook.  
 The Squire he rode with whip and spur  
 His gallant silver tail;  
 And they on foot were hard put to't,  
 And some began to fail.

5

Then said the hunters drawing rein  
 That Puss us all has beat,  
 A mighty run, and we well done  
 Acknowledge our defeat,  
 And some went east, and some went west  
 And some returned south,  
 But not a few went into Lew  
 To fill the hungry mouth.

6

The Squire he opened wide his door  
 The hunt to entertain,  
 With beef and beer and such good cheer  
 As hunters ne'er disdain.  
 Then it is said, he who staked his head,  
 That he would kill, that day,  
 He lost his head, all night as dead,  
 Beneath the table lay.

7

Then, Hey! down derry! let's be merry!  
 And drink a hunters toast  
 And never swear to kill a hare,  
 Lest we should rue the boast.  
 Yet — should we fail; — on flowing ale  
 And punch, a royal brew,  
 We do not care — let's miss our hare,  
 And lose our heads—at Lew!

# THE GREEN BUSHES.

N<sup>o</sup> 43.

H. F. S.

*Cheerfully.* ♩ = 120. As

I was a walk - ing one morn - ing in May To hear the birds whis - tle, see

lamb - kins at play I spied a fair dam - sel O sweet ly sang she Down

by the green bushes He thinks to meet me.

*rall.* *tempo.* *rall.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Cheerfully' with a quarter note equal to 120 beats. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the word 'As' and then the first line of the song. The piano accompaniment features a 'rall.' (rallentando) section followed by a 'tempo.' (tempo) section. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'I was a walk - ing one morn - ing in May To hear the birds whis - tle, see lamb - kins at play I spied a fair dam - sel O sweet ly sang she Down by the green bushes He thinks to meet me.' The piano accompaniment includes a 'rall.' section and a 'tempo.' section. The score ends with a double bar line.

## Nº 43. THE GREEN BUSHES.

1

As I was a walking one morning in May,  
To hear the birds whistle, see lambkins at play,  
I spied a fair damsel, O sweetly sang she —  
‘Down by the green bushes he thinks to meet me.’

2

‘O where are you going, my sweet pretty maid?’  
‘My lover I’m seeking, kind sir; she said  
‘Shall I be your lover, and will you agree,  
To forsake the old love, and forgather with me?’

3

‘I’ll buy you fine beavers, a gay silken gown,  
With fur belowed petticoats flounced to the ground,  
If you’ll leave your old love, and following me,  
Forsake the green bushes, where he waits for thee?’

4

‘Quick, let us be moving, from under the trees,  
Quick, let us be moving, kind sir, if you please;  
For yonder my true love is coming, I see,  
Down by the green bushes He thinks to meet me’.

5

The old love arrived, the maiden was gone  
He sighed very deeply, he sighed all alone,  
‘She is on with another, before off with me,  
So, adieu, ye green bushes for ever!’ said he.

6

‘I’ll be as a schoolboy, I’ll frolic and play,  
No false hearted maiden shall trouble my day,  
Untroubled at night, I will slumber and snore  
So, adieu, ye green bushes! I’ll fool it no more.

# THE BROKEN TOKEN.

N<sup>o</sup> 44.

H. F. S.

*Rather slowly & with expression, ♩ = 92.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Rather slowly & with expression, ♩ = 92.' The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the piano introduction. The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody: 'One summer ev'n-ing, a mai-den fair Was walking forth in the balmy'. The third system contains the second line: 'air; She met a sai-lor up-on the way, "Maiden stay" he whisper'd "Maiden stay" he'. The fourth system contains the third line: 'whis-per'd, O pret-ty mai den stay!'. The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including arpeggiated chords, block chords, and moving bass lines. There are dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *rit.* (rallentando). The score concludes with a double bar line.

One summer ev'n-ing, a mai-den fair Was walking forth in the balmy

air; She met a sai-lor up-on the way, "Maiden stay" he whisper'd "Maiden stay" he

whis-per'd, O pret-ty mai den stay!



## N<sup>o</sup> 44. THE BROKEN TOKEN.

## 1

One summer evening, a maiden fair  
 Was walking forth in the balmy air,  
 She met a sailor upon the way;  
     'Maiden stay' he whispered,  
     'Maiden stay' he whispered  
     'O pretty maiden, stay!'

## 2

'Why art thou walking abroad alone!  
 The stars are shining, the day is done';  
 O then her tears they began to flow  
     For a dark eyed sailor,  
     For a dark eyed sailor  
     Had filled her heart with woe.

## 3

'Three years are pass'd since he left this land,  
 A ring of gold he took off my hand,  
 He broke the token, a half to keep,  
     Half he bade me treasure,  
     Half he bade me treasure,  
     Then crossed the briny deep'.

## 4

'O drive him damsel from out your mind,  
 For men are changeful as is the wind,  
 And love inconstant will quickly grow  
     Cold as winter morning  
     Cold as winter morning  
     When lands are white with snow'.

## 5

'Above the snow is the holly seen,  
 In bitter blast it abideth green,  
 And blood-red drops it as berries bears  
     So my aching bosom,  
     So my aching bosom,  
     Its truth and sorrow wears'.

## 6

Then half the ring did the sailor show,  
 Away with weeping and sorrow now!  
 In bands of marriage united we  
     Like the broken Token  
     Like the broken Token  
     In one shall welded be.

# THE ROUT IS OUT.

N<sup>o</sup> 45.

H. F. S.

*Gaily & in Marching style.*

♩ = 152.

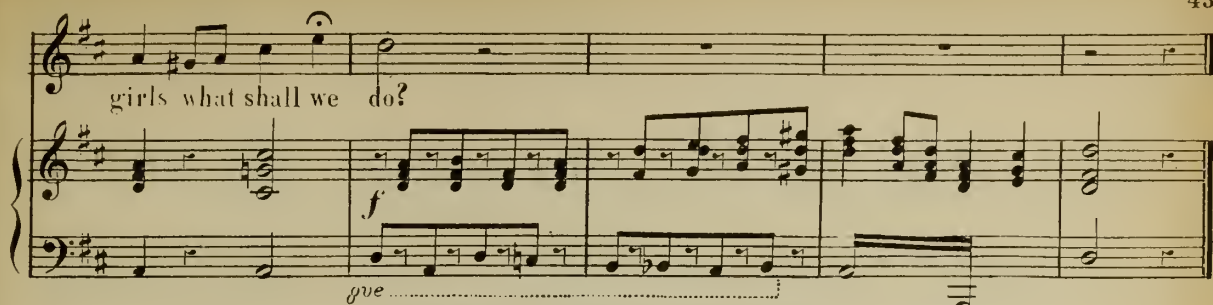
Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Gaily & in Marching style' with a tempo of 152. The music features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The lyrics are: "A Midsummer morning fresh and bright And all the world is gay The Rout it is out we must all turn out The lads they march a way The".

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The lyrics are: "pretty maids are left in town They look from the windows high They stand in the street, They".

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The lyrics are: "crowd in the door With many a tear and sigh Singing a - dien my boys a - dien my boys a -".

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the fourth verse. The lyrics are: "- dien my boys a - dien A - lack the day! They be go - ing a way Pray".



### N<sup>o</sup> 45. THE ROUT IS OUT.

A midsummer morning fresh and bright,  
 And all the world is gay,  
 The Rout it is out, we must all turn out,  
 The lads they march away.  
 The pretty maids are left in town,  
 They look from the windows high,  
 They stand in the street, they crowd in the door,  
 With many a tear and sigh,  
     Singing, Adieu, my boys, Adieu! my boys!  
     Adieu, my boys, adieu!  
 Alack the day, they be going away!  
 Pray girls what shall we do!

2

O bind them posies of pleasant flowers,  
 Of Marjoram, mint, and rue.  
 And blow them kisses, to take away,  
 As favours to wear — of you.  
 And wave the kerchiefs from off your necks,  
 And ribbons about them bind:  
 And bid them never, O ne'er forget  
 The pretty maids left behind  
     Singing, Adieu &c:

3

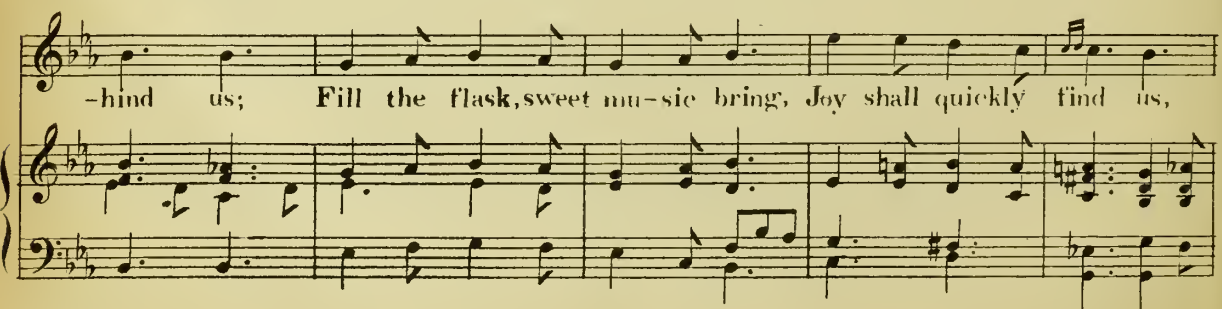
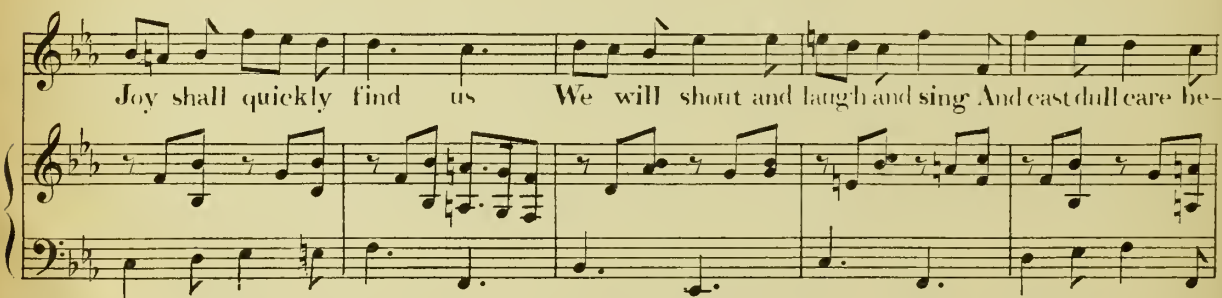
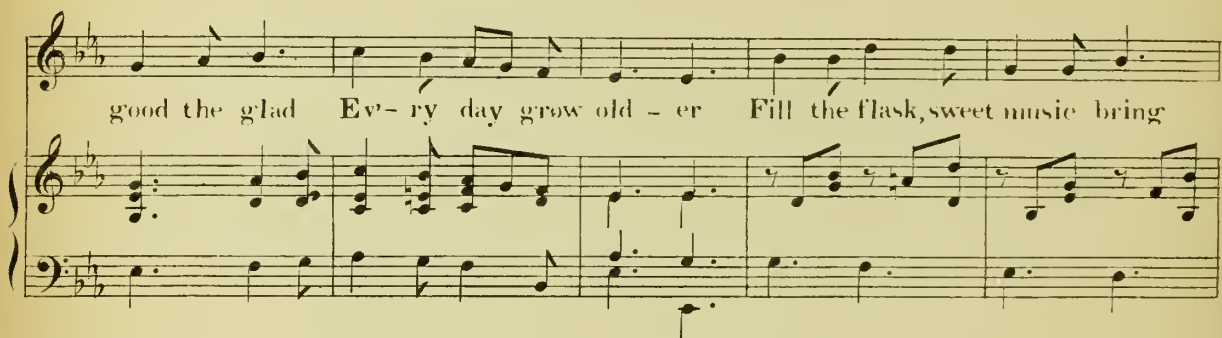
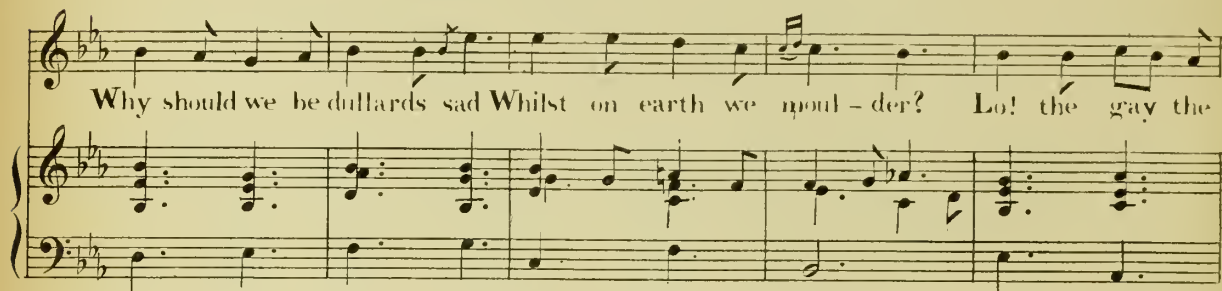
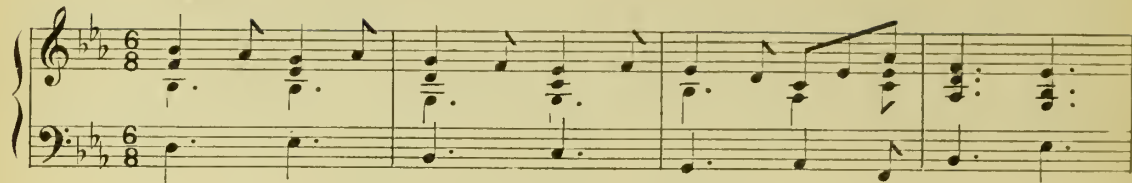
My Johnny, a bonnet, he swore would buy  
 The bravest in all the town,  
 But now my Johnny must march away,  
 I know not whither bound.  
 He'd dress me, he said, in velvet red,  
 He'd wrangle my hair in blue,  
 And now he is gone from me along  
 I doubt if he will prove true  
     Singing, Adieu &c:

4

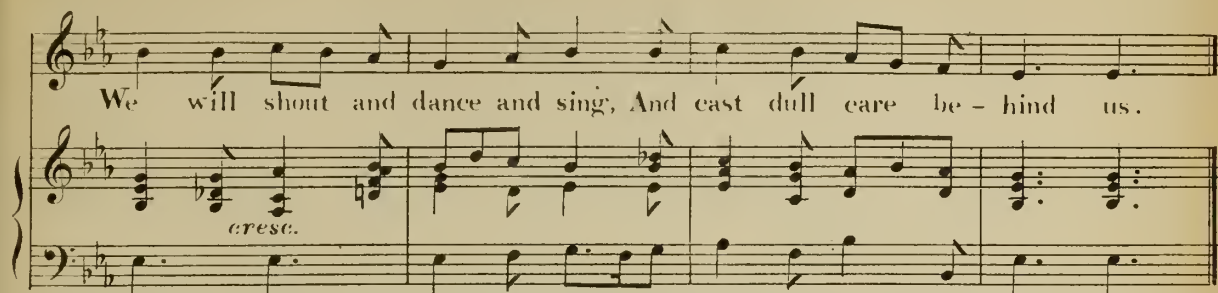
O, why are you looking so sad, my child!  
 O why does your colour change!  
 I'm thinking of Johnny, who's march'd away  
 I know not where to range.  
 My lover he was a gallant blade,  
 He warbled a merry lay,  
 And now am I sad, for my pretty lad  
 So far, O! so far away!  
     Singing, Adieu &c:

DRINKING SONG.

No 46.

F. W. B.*Fast.*





### No 46. WHY SHOULD WE BE DULLARDS SAD.

Why should we be dullards sad,  
 Whilst on earth we moulder!  
 See the gay the good the glad,  
 Every day grow older.  
 Fill the flask sweet music bring,  
 Joy shall quickly find us,  
 We will shout and laugh and sing,  
 And cast dull care behind us.

Chorus: Fill the flask, &c:

2

Hail good comrades every one,  
 Round the polished table,  
 Pass the bottle with the sun,  
 Drink, sirs, whilst ye're able.  
 Life is but a little span,  
 Full of painful thinking,  
 Let us live as fits a man,  
 All good liquors drinking..

Chorus: Fill the flask, &c:

3

When at [Uncle Tom's]\* we meet,  
 A glass to take together, .  
 Hand in hand, in union sweet,  
 Friendship we'll keep ever.  
 We're no moles throughout the night  
 Blind in darkness groping,  
 But are crickets, sons of light  
 Singing, chirping, toping!

Chorus: Fill the flask, &c:

4

[Uncle] brim the flowing bowl,  
 Here's to each good liver  
 Harmony pervade the soul,  
 Discord enter never!  
 Fill the flask, sweet music bring  
 Joy shall quickly find us.  
 We will shout and laugh, and sing,  
 And cast dull care behind us.

Chorus: Fill the flask, &c:

# MAY-DAY CAROL.

No 47.

H. F. S.

*In moderate time.*

♩ = 72

A - wake yon pret - ty maids a - wake, Re -

fresh'd from drow - sy dream And haste to dai - ry

house and take For us a dish of cream.

## N<sup>o</sup> 47. MAY-DAY CAROL.

1

Awake, ye pretty maids, awake,  
Refreshed from drowsy dream,  
And haste to dairy house, and take  
For us a dish of cream.

2

If not a dish of yellow cream,  
Then give us kisses three  
The woodland bower is white with flower,  
And green is every tree.

3

A branch of May we bear about  
Before the door it stands;  
There's not a sprout unbudded out,  
The work of God's own hands.

4

Awake, awake ye pretty maids,  
And take the May-bush in,  
Or 'twill be gone ere tomorrow morn,  
And you'll have none within.

5

Through-out the night, before the light,  
There fell the dew or rain,  
It twinkles bright on May bush white,  
It sparkles on the plain.

6

The heavenly gates are open wide  
To let escape the dew,  
And heavenly grace falls on each place  
It drops on us and you.

7

The life of man is but a span,  
He blossoms as a flower,  
He makes no stay, is here to day,  
And vanish'd in an hour. \*

8

My song is done, I must be gone,  
Nor make a longer stay.  
God bless you all, both great and small,  
And send you gladsome May.

*\* Verses 6 & 7, and there have been others of like moralising nature were added when the character of the May-Day visit was altered from one of lovers to their sweethearts into one of children seeking May-Gifts. Then the 'Kisses three' were changed to "Pennies one or three."*

# NANCY.

N<sup>o</sup> 43.

H. F. S.

With feeling. ♩ = 104.

My own pret - ty Nan - cy my love and de -

- light This is the fond let - ter to you I in -

- dite It is to in - form you Wher - ev - er I

go In tem - pest in bat - tle I'm faith - ful to you.

*f* *ff* *dim.* *p*

*f* *ff* *dim.* *p*



# No 48. NANCY.

1

My own pretty Nancy  
 My love and delight;  
 This is the kind letter  
 To you I indite.  
 It is to inform you,  
 Wherever I go,  
 In tempest, in battle  
 I'm faithful to you.

2

When blust'ring and roaring  
 We're tossed about  
 Five hundred bright sailors,  
 All sturdy and stout,  
 One moment deep plunged,  
 Then high in the air,  
 To see my sweet Nancy  
 I almost despair.

3

We fought with a Spaniard,  
 A galleon of pride,  
 With cutlass and pike, love,  
 We climbed up her side  
 We fought as sea lions,  
 The deck ran with blood  
 But soon all was over,  
 And victors we stood.

4

Storm, battle, all ended,  
 If God spares our lives,  
 We'll come to our sweethearts,  
 Our children and wives,  
 A health to sweet Nancy!  
 I drink on the main,  
 God send me to Nancy,  
 And England again.

# LULLABY.

## 1st Version.

### N<sup>o</sup> 49. (1.)

### H. F. S.

*Smoothly & tenderly. ♩ = 100.*

*p* Sleep ba - by

*cres.* sleep! Dad - dy's not nigh. Tossed on the deep;

*cres.* Lul - lul - la - by Moon shining bright; Drop - ping of

*dim.* dew; Owls hoot all night; To whit to whoo!

*cres.* *dim.* Owls hoot all night To whit to whoo! *dim.* *pp* *rall.*

## N<sup>o</sup> 49. LULLABYE.

1

Sleep baby sleep!  
 Dad is not nigh,  
 Tossed on the deep,  
 Lul-lul-a-by!  
 Moon shining bright,  
 Dropping of dew.  
 Owls hoot all night  
 To-whit! to-who!

2

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Dad is away,  
 Tossed on the deep,  
 Looking for day.  
 In the hedge row  
 Glow-worms alight,  
 Rivulets flow,  
 All through the night.

3

Sleep baby sleep!  
 Dad is afar,  
 Tossed on the deep,  
 Watching a star.  
 Clock going-tick,  
 Tack,-in the dark.  
 On the hearth-click! -  
 Dies the last spark.

4

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 What! not a wink!  
 Dad on the deep,  
 What will he think?  
 Baby dear, soon  
 Daddy will come,  
 Bringing red shoon  
 For baby at home.

# LULLABY.

2nd Version with Violin.

No. 49. (2.)

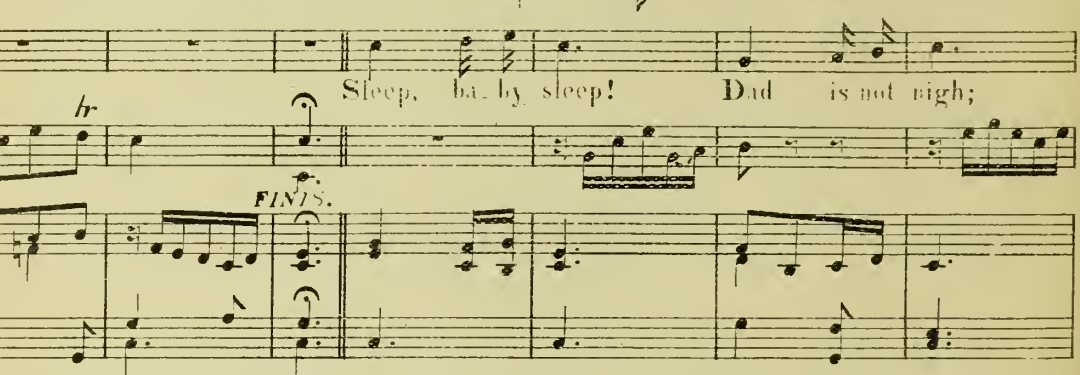
F. W. B.

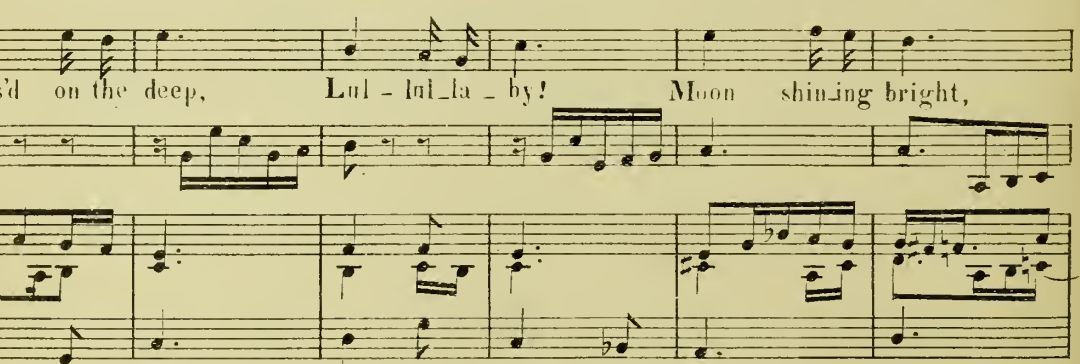
*Slow.*

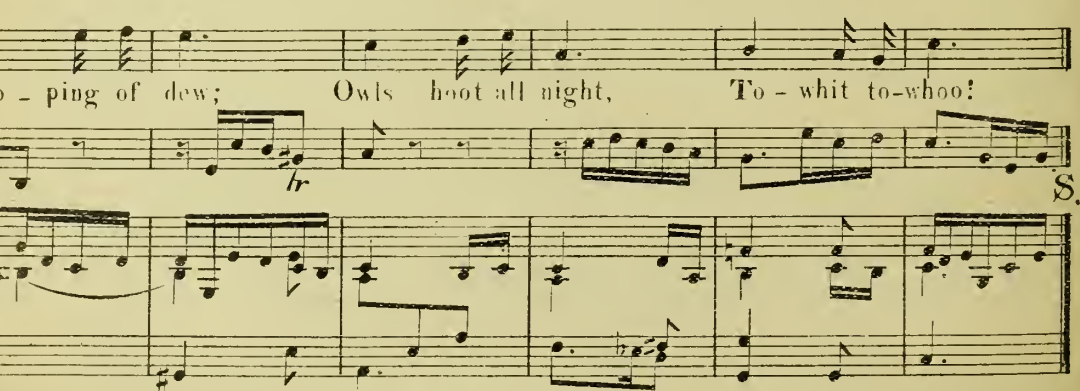
Voice. 

Violin. 



*h* Sleep, ba-by sleep! Dad is not nigh;  
*FINIS.* 

Toss'd on the deep, Lul - lul - la - by! Moon shining bright,  


Drop - ping of dew; Owls hoot all night, To - whit to-whoo!  
*h*  *S.*



## N<sup>o</sup> 49. LULLABYE.

1

Sleep baby sleep!  
 Dad is not nigh,  
 Tossed on the deep,  
 Lul-lul-a-by!  
 Moon shining bright,  
 Dropping of dew.  
 Owls hoot all night  
 To-whit! to-whoo!

2

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Dad is away,  
 Tossed on the deep,  
 Looking for day.  
 In the hedge row  
 Glow-worms alight,  
 Rivulets flow,  
 All through the night.

3

Sleep baby sleep!  
 Dad is afar,  
 Tossed on the deep,  
 Watching a star.  
 Clock going-tick,  
 Tack,-in the dark.  
 On the hearth-click!  
 Dies the last spark.

4

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 What! not a wink!  
 Dad on the deep,  
 What will he think?  
 Baby dear, soon  
 Daddy will come,  
 Bringing red shoon  
 For baby at home.

# THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

## Part I.

N<sup>o</sup> 50.(1)

F. W. B.

*Allegro.*

There

came an Earl a - rid - ing by, A gip - sy maid es - pi - ed he, "O

nut - brown maid, from greenwood glade, O pri - thee come a - long with me" "In

greenwood glade, fair sir!" she said, "I am so blythe, as bird so gay, In thy

eas - tle tall, in bow'r and hall, I fear for grief I'd pine a - way."

*colla voce.*

*rail.*

PART. 1.

1.

There came an Earl a riding by,  
 A gipsy maid espy'd he;  
 "O nut-brown maid, from green wood glade,  
 O prithee come along with me!"  
 "In greenwood glade, fair Sir!" she said,  
 I am so blythe, as bird so gay.  
 In thy castle tall, in bower and hall,  
 I fear for grief I'd pine away."

2

"Thou shalt no more be set in stocks,  
 And tramp about from town to town,  
 But thou shalt ride in pomp and pride  
 In velvet red and broidered gown."  
 "My brothers three no more I'd see,  
 If that I went with thee, I trow.  
 They sing me to sleep, with songs so sweet,  
 They sing as on our way we go."

3

"Thou shalt not be torn by thistle and thorn,  
 With thy bare feet all in the dew.  
 But shoes shall wear of Spanish leather  
 And silken stockings all of blue."  
 "I will not go to thy castle high,  
 For thou wilt weary soon, I know,  
 Of the gipsy maid, from green-wood glade,  
 And drive her forth in rain and snow."

4

"All night you lie neath the starry sky  
 In rain and snow you trudge all day,  
 But thy brown head, in a feather bed,  
 When left the gipsies, thou shalt lay."  
 "I love to lie 'neath the starry sky,  
 I do not heed the snow and rain,  
 But fickle as wind, I fear to find  
 The man who now my heart would gain"

5

"I will thee wed, sweet maid," he said,  
 "I will thee wed with a golden ring,  
 Thy days shall be spent in merriment;  
 For us the marriage bells shall swing."  
 The dog did howl, and screech'd the owl,  
 The raven croaked, the night-wind sigh'd;  
 The wedding bell from the steeple fell,  
 As home the Earl did bear his bride.

# THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

## Part II.

N<sup>o</sup> 50. (2)

F. W. B.

*In quick time.*

Three Gip-sies stood at the cas-tle gate, They sang so high, they

sang so low; The la-dy sate in her cham-ber late, Her

heart it melt-ed a-way as snow. A-way as snow a

*Repeat these 4 bars in Chorus.*

- way as snow, Her heart it melt-ed a-way as snow.



## Nº 50. THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

57

### PART 2.

Three Gipsies stood at the Castle gate,  
They sang so high, they sang so low,  
The lady sate in her chamber late,  
Her heart it melted away as snow,  
Away as snow,  
Her heart it melted away as snow.

2

They sang so sweet; they sang so shrill,  
That fast her tears began to flow.  
And she laid down her silken gown,  
Her golden rings, and all her show,  
All her show &c:

\* 3

She plucked off her high-heeled shoes,  
A -made of Spanish leather, O.  
She would in the street; with her bare, bare feet;  
All out in the wind and weather, O.  
Weather, O! &c:

4

She took in hand but a one posie,  
The wildest flowers that do grow.  
And down the stair went the lady fair,  
To go away with the gipsies, O!  
The gipsies O! &c:

5

At past midnight her lord came home,  
And where his lady was would know;  
The servants replied on every side,  
She's gone away with the gipsies, O!  
The gipsies, O! &c:

\* 6

Then he rode high, and he rode low,  
And over hill and vale, I trow.  
Until he espied his fair young bride,  
Whod gone away with the gipsies, O!  
The gipsies, O! &c:

\* 7

O will you leave your house and lands,  
Your golden treasures for to go,  
Away from your lord that weareth a sword,  
To follow along with the gipsies, O!  
The gipsies O! &c:

8

O I will leave my house and lands,  
My golden treasures for to go,  
I love not my lord that weareth a sword,  
I'll follow along with the gipsies, O!  
The gipsies O! &c:

9

'Nay, thou shalt not!' then he drew, I wot,  
The sword that hung at his saddle bow,  
And once he smote on her lily-white throat,  
And there her red blood down did flow  
Down did flow, &c:

10

Then dipp'd in blood was the posie good,  
That was of the wildest flowers that blow.  
She sank on her side, and so she died,  
For she would away with the gipsies O!  
The gipsies O!  
For she would away with the gipsies O!

# THE GREY MARE.

N<sup>o</sup> 51.

H. F. S.

With Spirit ♩ = 160.

Young Ro-ger the mil-ler went court-ing of life, A farmer's sweet daughter called

Beau-ti-ful Kate. Now Kit-ty was bux-om and bon-ny and fair, Had

plen-ty of hu-mour, of fro-lie a share And her fa-ther possessed an un-

-com-mon grey mare A grey mare a grey mare An un-com-mon grey mare.

## No 51. THE GREY MARE.

1

Young Roger, the Miller, went courting of late  
A farmer's sweet daughter called Beautiful Kate;  
Now Kitty was buxom, and bonny and fair,  
Had plenty of humour, of frolic a share,  
And her father possessed an uncommon grey mare,  
A grey mare, a grey mare  
An uncommon grey mare.

2

So Roger he dressed himself up as a beau,  
He comb'd down his locks, and in collars of snow,  
He went to the farmer, and said, "How d'y do?  
I love pretty Kitty to her I'll prove true;  
Will you give me the grey mare and Katherine too,  
The grey mare, the grey mare &c:

3

"She's a very nice maiden, a-courting I'm come.  
Lawks! how I would like the grey mare to ride home!  
I love your sweet daughter so much I declare,  
I'm ready my mill — and my stable — to share,  
With Kitty the charming, and with the grey mare.  
The grey mare, the grey mare &c:

4

"You're welcome to her, to her hand and her heart,  
But from the grey mare, man, I never will part!"  
So said the old farmer, — then Roger, "I swear,  
It is up with my courting, for Kate I don't care,  
Unless I be given as well the grey mare.  
The grey mare, the grey mare &c:

5

The years had pass'd swiftly, when withered and grey,  
Old Roger, the Miller, met Katherine one day.  
Said he, "I remember you, buxom and fair,  
As roses your cheeks and as broom was your hair,  
And I came a courting! — Ah, Kate! the grey mare,  
The grey mare, the grey mare &c:

6

"I remember your coming to court the grey mare  
Very well, M<sup>r</sup> Roger, when golden my hair,  
And cheeks were as roses that bloom on the wall.  
But, lawks! M<sup>r</sup> Roger, — I can not recall  
That e'er you came sweet-hearting me, man, at all,  
But the mare, the grey mare  
That uncommon grey mare."

## A WRECK OFF THE SCILLY.

No. 52.

H. F. S.

*Bollihy.* ♩ = 112.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Bollihy' with a quarter note equal to 112 beats. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Come all you brisk young sailors bold That plough the rag-ing main; A tra-ge-dy I will un-fold In sto-ry sad and plain. From my true love 'twas press'd was I The gal-lant ship to steer; To Indies West, each heart beat high, With con-fi-dence and cheer.' The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *ff* (fortissimo), and *cres.* (crescendo). The final system is marked 'Last Verse'.

Come all you brisk young sailors bold That plough the rag-ing  
main; A tra-ge-dy I will un-fold In sto-ry sad and plain. From  
my true love 'twas press'd was I The gal-lant ship to steer; To Indies West, each  
heart beat high, With con-fi-dence and cheer.



## Nº 52. THE WRECK OFF SCILLY.

61

### 1

Come all you brisk young sailors bold  
That plough the raging main,  
A tragedy I will unfold  
In story sad and plain.  
From my true love 'twas pressed / was I  
The gallant ship to steer  
To Indies west, — each heart beat high  
With confidence and cheer.

### 2

A year was gone, and home at last.  
We turn'd with swelling sail,  
When — 'ere the Scilly over-passed  
There broke on us a gale.  
The boatswain up aloft did go,  
He went aloft so high.  
More angry did the ocean grow,  
More menacing the sky.

### 3

To make the stripe in vain we tried  
The Scilly rocks to clear,  
The thunder of the furious tide  
Was filling every ear.  
There came a sharp and sudden shock, —  
Each thought of wife and home!  
The gallant ship was on a rock,  
And swept with wave and foam.

### 4

Of eighty seamen 'prised the crew,  
But one did reach the shore,  
The gallant vessel, good and true,  
Was shattered aft and fore.  
The news to Plymouth swift did fly,  
That our good ship was gone;  
And wet with tears was many an eye,  
And many a widow lone.

### 5

And when I came to Plymouth sound  
Alive, of eighty dead,  
My pretty love, then false I found  
And to a landsman wed.  
O gentles all that live on land  
Be-think the boys at sea,  
Lo! here I stand with cap in hand,  
And crave your charity.

