

EARLY ONE MORNING

Folk Songs - Rounds - Ballads - Shanties
Spirituals and Plantation Songs - Madrigals

Edited by
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in cooperation with the
Pädagogische Forschungsstelle beim Bund der Freien Waldorfschulen

Stuttgart 1987



Dear Student,

We hope you will like this book. It is intended to accompany you throughout the greater part of your school career, both inside and outside the classroom. You will find two kinds of index: the first is arranged according to the type of song you are looking for; the second, at the end of the book, gives you the titles and first lines in alphabetical order. The Roman numerals in the alphabetical index show the earliest grade from which we suggest singing the songs. Of course, one is never too old to start!

Our sincere thanks are due to all those who contributed so generously to this collection. Jörg Mayer sent us innumerable songs, all of which we would have liked to include. Peter Michael Riehm helped us in the impossible task of making the right selection. We wish to express our thanks to his publishers, *Edition Bingenheim*, for their kind permission to reprint copyright material.

Most of the songs to be found in this collection originate in the British Isles, and where no other region is mentioned, they are from England.

Many of the rounds were composed by contemporaries of William Shakespeare, some are older still.

Some of you may find your favourite songs missing. Teach them to your class-mates and teachers and send them to us, please - after all we may need a second volume one day. Thank you.

We should be very happy if this book helped to make learning English more fun and, above all, if it revealed a little of the inner life of the English language.

Stuttgart, Easter 1987

Christoph Jaffke Magda Maier

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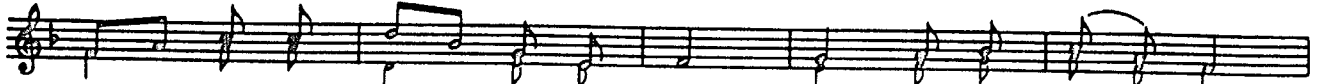
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EARLY ONE MORNING

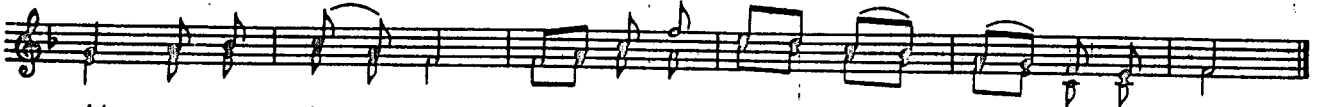
Old English



1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing, I heard a maid



sing — in the val - ley be - low. "Oh! don't de - ceive — me,



oh! nev - er leave — me, How could you treat a — poor mai - den so?"

2. "Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true."
3. "Oh, gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow."
4. Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below.

GREAT TOM IS CAST



Great Tom is cast And Christ Church bells ring One, two, three, four, five, six And Tom comes last.

'Great Tom' is the bell at Christ Church College, Oxford. He weighs over seven tons and rings 101 times at 9.05 every evening.

SEARCHING FOR LAMBS

1. As I went out — one May morn - ing, One May morn - ing — be - time, I
met a maid, — from — home had stray'd, Just as the sun — did shine.

2. "What makes you rise so soon, my dear,
Your journey to pursue?
Your pretty little feet, they tread so sweet,
Strike off the morning dew."

3. "I'm going to feed my father's flock,
His young and tender lambs,
That over hills and over dales
Lie waiting for their dams."

6. For I am thine, and thou art mine,
No man shall uncomf'ort thee;
We'll join our hands in wedded bands,
And married we will be."

4. "O stay, o stay! you handsome maid,
And rest a moment here,
For there is none but you alone
That I do love so dear."

5. How gloriously the sun doth shine,
How pleasant is the air;
I'd rather rest on a true love's breast
Than any other where.

AS I ME WALKED

As I me walk - ed on a May morn - ing, I heard a bird sing, Cuck - oo!

HASTE THEE, NYMPH

Samuel Arnold (1740-1802)

Haste thee, nymph and bring with thee Jest and youth - ful - jol - li - ty,
Quips and - cranks and wan - ton - wiles, Nods and - becks and wreath - ed smiles,
Sport that - wrink - led care deri - des, And laugh - ter - hold - ing both his sides.

THE WINTER HAS PASSED

John Milton (1608-1674)

The Win - ter has pass'd with its frowns a - way, And the beau - ti - ful Spring is
com - ing; The chil - dren - are out in the field - at play, And the
bees - round the flow'rs - are hum - ming; It seems as if Spring, with her
balm - y. breath, Hath wa - ken'd all things from a sleep - of death.

SUMER IS I-CUMEN IN

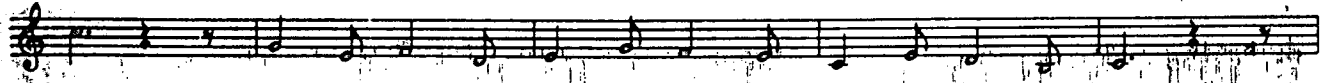
13th century



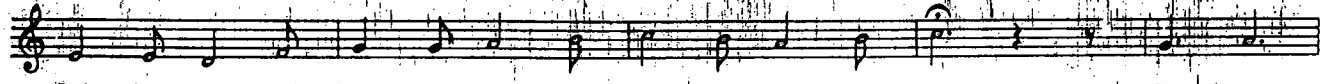
Sum - er is i - cum - en in, Lhu - de sing cuc - cu.



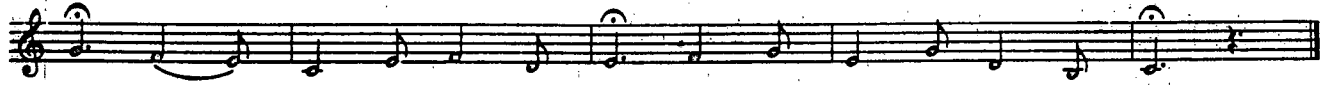
Grow - eth sed and blow - eth med and springh the wu - de nu. Sing cuc -



cu. Aw - e ble - teth af - ter lomb. Lhouth af - ter eal - ve cu.

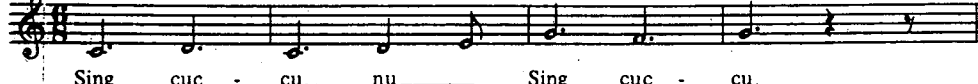


Bul - luc ster - teth, buck - e ver - teth, mu - rie sing cuc - cu. Cuc - cu,



cuc - cu, Wel sing - est thou, cuc - cu, Ne swik thou na - ver nu.

Ground for two, ad lib.



Sing cuc - cu, nu Sing cuc - cu.

I WILL GIVE MY LOVE AN APPLE

Dorset 17th century

1. I will give my love an ap - ple with - out e'er a core, I will give my love a house - with - out e'er a door, I will give my love a pal - ace, where - in she may be. And she may un - lock it with - out an - y key.

2. My head is the apple without e'er a core,
My mind is the house without e'er a door,
My heart is the palace wherein she may be,
And she may unlock it without any key.

MERRILY, MERRILY

1 Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, greet the morn: 2 Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn:
3 Hark! to the ech - oes, hear them play, 4 O'er hill and dale, far, far a - way.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES



1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I — will pledge with mine. Or leave a kiss but
in — the cup, — And I'll — not look for wine. — The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth
ask a drink di - vine; — But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip — I would not change for thine.

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And send'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

Ben Jonson (1573-1637)

HARK, POOR BIRD



Hark, poor bird, Take thy flight, Far a - bove the sor - rows of this sad



FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY

1. O there was a wo - man, and she was a wid - ow, Fair are the flow'rs in the val - ley. With a
 daugh - ter as fair as a fresh sun - ny mea - dow, The Red, the Green, and the Yel - low. The
 Harp, the Lute, the Pipe, the Flute, the Cym - bal. Sweet goes the tre - ble Vi - o - lin. The
 maid so rare and the flow'rs so fair, To - geth - er they grew in the val - ley.

2. There came a Knight all clothed in red,
 "I would thou wert my bride," he said.
 "I would," she sighed, "ne'er wins a bride!"
 Fair are the flowers in the valley.

3. There came a Knight all clothed in green,
 "This maid so sweet might be my queen."
 "Might be," sighed she, "will ne'er win me!"
 Fair are the flowers in the valley.

4. There came a Knight, in yellow was he,
 "My bride, my queen, thou must with me!"
 With blushes red, "I come," she said,
 "Farewell to the flowers in the valley."

NOW NATURE HANGS HER MANTLE – Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots

1. Now na - ture hangs her - man - tle green On - eve - ry - bloom - ing tree: An'

spreads her - sheets o' dai - sies - white Out o'er the - gras - sy lea.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
An' glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.</p> <p>3. The mavis wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.</p> <p>wight (arch.) – person maun – must</p> | <p>4. Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
An' milk-white is the slae.</p> <p>5. The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.</p> <p>Words by Robert Burns (1756-96)</p> |
|--|--|

THE CUCKOO

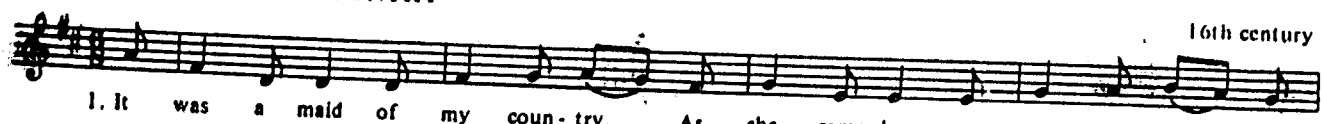
1 Sweet the pleas - ures of the Spring, When we hear the cuck - oo sing:

2 Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo. When we hear the cuck - oo sing.

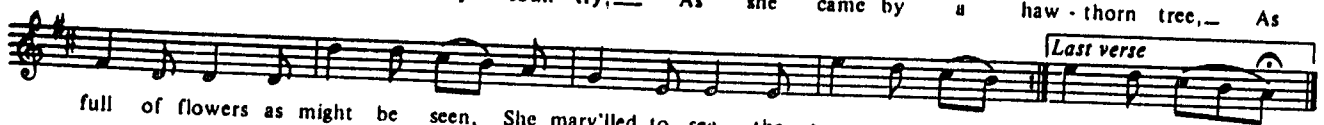
3 Hark! Hark! Hark! Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, hear the cuck - oo sing.

IT WAS A MAID OF MY COUNTRY

16th century



1. It was a maid of my coun-try,— As she came by a haw - thorn tree,— As

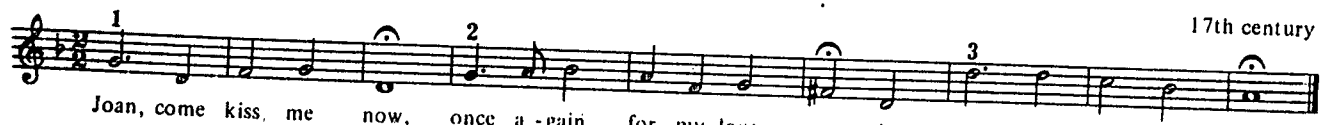


full of flowers as might be seen, She marv'led to see the tree so green. haw - thorn green. —

2. The tree made answer by and by,
"I've cause to grow triumphantly,
The sweetest dew that e'er be seen
Doth fall on me to keep me green."
3. "Yea," quoth the maid, "but where you grow
You stand at hand for every blow,
Of every man for to be seen,
I marvel that you grow so green."
4. "Though many a one take flowers from me,
And many a branch out of my tree;
I have such store they'll not be seen,
For more and more my twigs grow green.
5. And you, fair maid, cannot do so,
For when your beauty once does go,
Then will it never more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green."
6. But after this I ne'er could hear
Of this fair maiden anywhere,
That e'er she was in the forest seen
To talk again with the hawthorn green.

JOAN, COME KISS ME NOW

17th century



Joan, come kiss me now, once a - gain for my love, gen - tle Joan, come kiss me now.

WESTERING HOME

Scotland

West - er - ing home, and a song in the air, Light in the eye, and it's good - bye to care;
Laugh - ter o' love, and a wel - com - ing there; Isle of my heart, my own one!

1. Tell me o' lands o' the O - ri - ent gay! Speak o' the rich - es and joys o' Cath - ay!
2. Where are the folk like the folk o' the west? Can - ty, and cou - thy, and kind - ly, the best:

Eh, but it's grand to be wak - in' ilk day To find your - self near - er to Is - la. (And it's)
There I would hie me, and there I would rest At hame wi' my ain folk in Is - la. (And it's)

canty - neat, trim couthy - homely Cathay - China ilk - each

'TIS BLITHE MAY DAY

1 'Tis blithe May day, 2 Come haste a - way, 3 Gay flags are stream - ing
4 on the vil - lage green, Bright fa - ces beam - ing all a - round are seen.

THE ASH GROVE

(recorder)

Wales

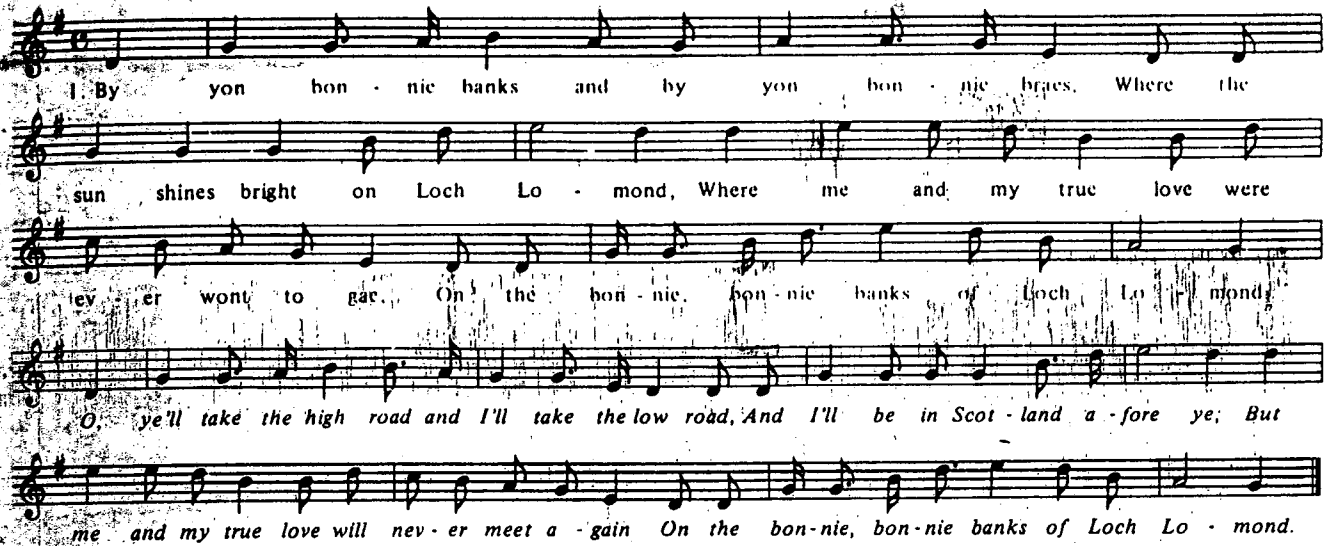
1. Down yon - der green val - ley, where stream - lets me
Or at the bright noon - tide in sol - i - tude an - der, When
twi - light is dark fad - ing the pen - sive - ly rove; 'Twas there, while the
mid the dark shades of the lone - ly Ash Grove. A
black - bird was cheer - ful - ly sing - ing, I first met that dear one, the
joy of my heart! A - round us for glad - ness the blue - bells were
ring - ing, Ah, then lit - tle thought I, how soon we should part.

2. Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?

With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love!
Ye echoes! Oh tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

LOCH LOMOND

Scotland



The musical score consists of five staves of music in G major and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and characteristic of a folk song. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I By yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love were
ley - er wont to gar. On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
O, ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road, And I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But
me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

2. 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.
3. The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart kens nae second spring again,
Though the woeful may cease frae their weeping.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

Scotland

1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and
fair! How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae wea-ry
fu' o' care! Thou'ldst break my heart, thou warbling bird That
wan-tons through the flow'ring thorn, Thou minds me
o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed, nev-er to re-turn.

2. Aft ha'e I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns (1759-96)

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES – A Tramping Song

Scotland

1. A — far croon - in' is pull - in' me a - way As — take I wi' my cro - mak to the
road, The — far Cool - ins are put - tin' love on me As step I wi' the sun - light for my
load. — Sure by Tum - mel and Loch Ran - noch and Loch - a - ber I will go. By —
hea - ther tracks wi' hea - ven in their wiles; If it's think - in' in your in - ner heart
brag - gart's in my step, You've ne - ver smelt the tan - gle o' the Isles. Oh, the
far Cool - ins are put - tin' love on me, As step I wi' my cro - mak to the Isles.

2. It's by Sheil Water the track is to the west,
By Aillort and by Moura to the sea,
The cool cresses I am thinkin' o' for pluck,
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.

3. It's the blue islands are pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame,
The blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

cromak — crook-handled walking stick

SKYE BOAT SONG

Scotland

Speed bon-nie boat like a bird on the wing, On-ward the sal-lors cry;
Car-ry the lad that's born to be king O-ver the sea to Skye.
1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thun-der claps rend the air;
Baff-led our foes stand by the shore, Fol-low they will not dare.

2. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

3. Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

4. Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men,
Yet, ere the sword cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.

JUNE, LOVELY JUNE

1
2
3
June, love-ly June, now beau-ti-fies the ground, The notes of the cuck-oo through the glad woods re-sound.

THE BOATMAN

Hebrides

1. How of - ten haunt - ing the high - est hill - top, I scan the o - cean thy sail to
see. Wilt come to - night love, wilt come to - mor - row, Or ev - er come love to com - fort
me? *Fhir a va - ta na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a va - ta na ho - ro*
ei - le, Fhir a va - ta na ho - ro ei - le, O fare ye well love wher - e'er ye be.

2. They call thee fickle, they call thee false one,
And seek to change me, but all in vain.
No, thou'rt my dream yet throughout the dark night,
And ev'ry morn yet I watch the main.
3. Dost thou remember the promise made me,
The tartan plaidie, the silken gown?
The ring of gold with thy hair and portrait,
That gown and ring I will never own.

IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY

Ireland

1. In Dub - lin's fair cit - y, where the girls are so pret - ty, I first set my eyes on sweet
 Mol - ly Ma - lone, As she wheeled her wheel - bar - row Through streets broad and
 nar - row, Cry - ing: "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live! oh! A - live, a - live oh!"

2. She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
 For so were her father and mother before;
 And they each wheeled their barrow
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying: "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

3. She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
 But her ghost wheels the barrow
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying: "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"

DAME, LEND ME A LOAF

17th century

1 Dame, lend me a loaf! Dame, lend me a loaf, from Sat - ur - day to Sat - ur - day, and
 2
 3 long - er if you long - er may. Dame, lend me a loaf! Dame, lend me a loaf!

WHISKY IN THE JAR (Kilgarry Mountain)

Ireland

1. As I was a-walk-in' round Kil-gar-ry moun-tain, I met Colo-nel
 I drew forth my pis-tol and I rat-tled my sab-re, Saying, 'Stand and de-
 Pep-per and his mo-ney he was coun-tin'. Mu-sha ring-um dur-ram dah,
 li-ver for I am the bold de-cei-ver'.
 Whack fol the dad-di-o, Whack fol the dad-di-o, There's whis-ky in the jar.

2. The shining golden coins did look so bright and jolly,
 I took them with me home and I gave them to my Molly;
 She promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me,
 But the devil's in the women for they lie oh so easy.
3. When I was awakened between six and seven,
 The guards were all around me in numbers odd and even:
 I reached for my pistol, but alas, I was mistaken,
 For Molly'd drawn my pistol and a prisoner I was taken.
4. They put me in jail without judge or writin',
 For robbing Colonel Pepper on Kilgarry mountain,
 But they didn't take my fists so I knocked the sentry down,
 And bade a fond farewell to the jail in Sligo town.
5. Now, some take delight in fishin' and bowlin',
 And others take delight in their carriages a-rollin'
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
 And courtin' pretty girls in the mornin' oh so early.



O NO, JOHN!

1. On yon - der hill there stands a crea - ture; Who she is I
do not know. I'll go and court her for her beau - ty; She must an - swer
Yes or No. O No John! No John! No John! No!

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "1. On yon - der hill there stands a crea - ture; Who she is I". The second staff continues: "do not know. I'll go and court her for her beau - ty; She must an - swer". The third staff concludes with: "Yes or No. O No John! No John! No John! No!".

2. My father was a Spanish captain -
Went to sea a month ago.
First he kissed me, then he left me -
Bid me always answer No.
3. O Madam, in your face is beauty.
On your lips red roses grow.
Will you take me for your lover?
Madam, answer Yes or No!
4. O Madam, I will give you jewels;
I will make you rich and free;
I will give you silken dresses.
Madam, will you marry me?
5. O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?
6. Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you:
Would you have me change my mind?
7. O hark, I hear the church bells ringing:
Will you come and be my wife?
Or, dear Madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?

MY BOY WILLIE

1. O where have you been all the day, My boy Wil - lie? — O where have you been
all the day? Wil - lie, won't you tell me now? I've been all the day Court - ing of a
la - dy gay; But she is too young To be ta - ken from her mam - my,

2. O can she brew and can she bake?
She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make a wedding cake.

3. O can she knit and can she spin?
She can knit and she can spin,
And she can do 'most anything.

4. O how old is she now?
Twice six, twice sev'n,
Twice twenty and elev'n.

CHAIRS TO MEND

1. Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Rush or cane - bot - tom'd old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend. New
2. mac - ker - el, new mac - ker - el, new mac - ker - el, new mac - ker - el.
3. Old rags, a - ny old rags, take mo - ney for your old rags, an - y hare skins or rab - bit skins.



THE DUMB WIFE

1. There was a bon - ny blade Had married a coun - try maid, And safe - ly con - duct - ed her home, home, home. She was neat in ev - 'ry part, And she pleased him to the heart. But ah! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb, tongue, tongue, tongue.

2. She was bright as the day
And brisk as the May,
And as round and as plump as a plum, plum, plum.
But still the silly swain
Could do nothing but complain,
Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

3. She could brew and she could bake,
She could sew and she could make,
She could sweep out the house with a broom, broom, broom.
She could wash and she could wring,
And do any kind of thing,
But ah! and alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

4. To the doctor then he went
For to give himself content
And to cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum.
'O! 'tis the easiest part
That belongs unto my art,
For to make a woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.'

5. So the doctor he did bring
And he cut her chattering string,
And at liberty he set her tongue, tongue, tongue.
Her tongue began to walk
And she began to talk,
As though she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

6. Her faculty she tries
 And she filled the house with noise,
 And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum.
 She bred a deal of strife –
 Made him weary of his life –
 He'd give anything again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

7. To the doctor then he goes
 And thus he vents his woes,
 'Oh! doctor, you have me undone, done, done.
 For my wife she's turned a scold,
 And her tongue can never hold,
 I'd give any kind of thing if she was dumb, dumb, dumb.'

8. 'When I did undertake
 To make your wife to speak,
 It was a thing quite easily done, done, done.
 But 'tis past the art of man,
 Let him do whate'er he can,
 For to make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue, tongue.'

COME, LET US ALL A-MAYING GO

John Hilton (1599-1657)

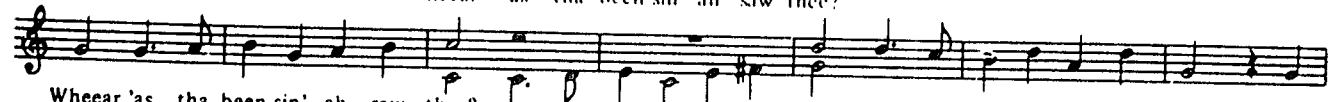
1
 Come, let us all a - - may - ing go and light - ly and light - ly trip it
 2
 to and fro! The bells shall ring, the bells shall ring, and the
 3
 cuck - oo, the cuck - oo, the cuck - oo sing. The drums shall beat, the
 fife shall play, and so we'll pass our time a - way.

ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT

North Country (Traditional) - Arr. P. M. Riehm (1987)



1. Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee? On Ilk - ley - Moor baht - 'at.
 Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee?



Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee? Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee? On



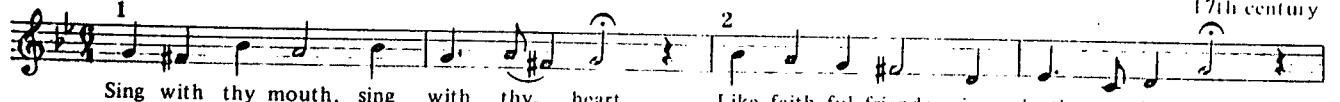
Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at, On Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at, On Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at.

- 2. Tha 's been a coortin' Mary Jane.
- 3. Tha'll go and get thi deatch o' cowl.
- 4. Then we shall ha' to bury thee.
- 5. Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee oop.
- 6. Then t' ducks'll come an' ate oop t' worms.
- 7. Then we shall go an' ate oop t' ducks.
- 8. Then we shall all 'ave eaten thee.
- 9. That's wheear we gets our oahn back.

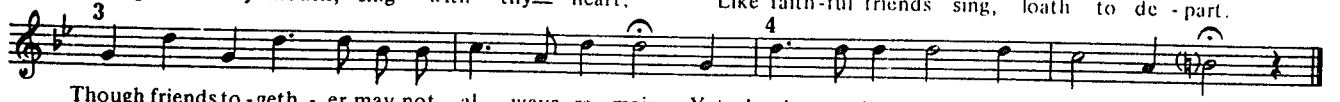
baht 'at - without a hat

SING WITH THY MOUTH

17th century



1 Sing with thy mouth, sing with thy heart. 2 Like faith-ful friends sing, loath to de-part.



3 Though friends to-geth - er may not al - ways re - main, Yet loath to de - part, sing once a - gain.

WALTZING MATILDA

Australia

1. Once a jol - ly swag - man camped by a bil - la - bong, Un - der the shade of a
 cool - i - bah tree, And he sang as he watched and wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled,
 "You'll come a - waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me! Waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma -
 til - da, You'll come a - waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me," And he sang as he watched and
 wait - ed till his bil - ly boiled, "You'll come a - waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me."

2. Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
 Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
 And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag:

3. Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
 Up rode the troopers, one, two, three:
 "Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?"

4. Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,
 "You'll never take me alive," said he.
 And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong:

swagman: a man on tramp carrying his swag, a bundle wrapped up in a blanket
 billabong: a waterhole in the dried-up bed of a river

jumbuck: a sheep
 squatter: a sheep-farmer on a large scale

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

1. A frog he would a - woo - ing go, Heigh - ho! says Row - ley, A
 frog he would a - woo - ing go, Wheth - er his mo - ther would let him or no, With a
 row - ley, pow - ley, gam - mon and spi - nach, Heigh - ho! says An - tho - ny Row - ley.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. So off he set with his opera hat,
And on the road he met with a rat. 3. They soon arrived at the mouse's hall,
They gave a loud tap and they gave a loud call. 4. 'O pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?'
'Yes, kind Sir, I am sitting to spin.' 5. 'Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?
That Froggy and I may have good cheer.' 6. 'Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
Let the subject be something that's not over long.' 7. 'Indeed, Mrs. Mouse!' replied the frog,
'A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog.' | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. 'Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog', Mousy said,
'I'll sing you a song that I have just made.' 9. As they were in glee and merrymaking,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in. 10. The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down. 11. This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
He took up his hat and he wished them good-night. 12. As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up. 13. So here is an end of one, two and three,
The rat, the mouse, and the little Froggy. |
|---|---|

THE OLD WOMAN WHO SWALLOWED A FLY

1. There was an old wom-an who swal- lowed a *fly*, I don't know why she swal- lowed the fly,
 Per - haps she'll die!

2. There was an old wom-an who swal- lowed a *spl - der* That
 wig - gled and jig - gled and tig - gled in - side her. She swal - lowed the spi - der to
 catch the fly, I don't know why she swal- lowed the fly. Per - haps she'll die!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. There was an old woman who swallowed a <i>bird</i>,
 How absurd to swallow a bird!
 She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
 That wiggled and jiggled and tiggled inside her . . .</p> <p>4. There was an old woman who swallowed a <i>cat</i>,
 Fancy that, to swallow a cat!
 She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
 She swallowed the bird to catch the spider . . .</p> <p>5. There was an old woman who swallowed a <i>dog</i>,
 Wasn't she a hog to swallow a dog?
 She swallowed the dog to catch the cat . . .</p> | <p>6. There was an old woman who swallowed a <i>goat</i>,
 Just opened her throat and swallowed a goat.
 She swallowed the goat to catch the dog . . .</p> <p>7. There was an old woman who swallowed a <i>cow</i>,
 I don't know how she swallowed the cow,
 She swallowed the cow to catch the goat . . .</p> <p>8. There was an old woman who swallowed a <i>horse</i>,
 It was by force that she swallowed the horse:
 She died, of course!</p> |
|--|---|

PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY

Solo - Jig tempo, lively North America

1. In eight - een hun - dred and for - ty - one I put my cor - du - roy breech - es on, I
 put my cor - du - roy breech - es on To work up - on the rail - way.

Chorus

Fi - li - mi - oo - ree - oo - ree - ay, Fi - li - mi - oo - ree - oo - ree - ay,
 Fi - li - mi - oo - ree - oo - ree - ay, To work up - on the rail - way.

2. In eighteen hundred and forty-two
 I left the old world for the new,
 Bad cess to the luck that brought me through
 To work upon the railway.

3. In eighteen hundred and forty-three
 'Twas then I met sweet Biddie Mc Gee,
 An elegant wife she's been to me
 While working on the railway.

4. When I left Ireland to come here
 To spend my latter days in cheer,
 The bosses they did drink strong beer
 While Pat worked on the railway.

5. It's 'Pat do this' and 'Pat do that'
 Without a stocking or cravat,
 And nothing but an old straw hat
 While Pat worked on the railway.

6. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
 Sweet Biddie Mc Gee she went to heaven,
 If she left one kid she left eleven
 To work upon the railway.

bad cess (Irish) - bad luck

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PEDLAR



1. There was a lit - tle wo - man as I've heard tell, Fol, lol, did - dle did - dle dol.
She went to mar - ket her eggs to sell, Fol, lol, did - dle did - dle dol.
She went to mar - ket all on a mar - ket day, Fol, lol, did - dle did - dle dol.
She fell a - sleep on the King's high - way, Fol, lol, did - dle did - dle dol.

2. There came by a pedlar, his name was Stout.
He cut her petticoats all round about.
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the little woman shiver and sneeze.

3. When the little woman began to awake,
She began to shiver and began to shake.
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Oh! deary me, this is none of I!"

4. "But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I've a little dog at home and he knows me.
And if it be I, he will wag his tail,
If it be not I, he will bark and rail."

5. Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up starts the little dog and he began to bark.
He began to bark and she began to cry,
"Oh! deary me, this is none of I!"

JOHN BARLEYCORN

Somerset

1. There came three men from out the west Their vic-ty to try to try. And they have ta-ken a so-lemn oath John Bar-ley-corn should die. *Sing the diddle all the dee. Right fall-lee-ro-dee.*

2. They took a plough and ploughed him in,
Laid clods upon his head,
And they have taken a solemn oath
John Barleycorn is dead.
3. So then he lay for three long weeks
Till dew from heaven did fall;
John Barleycorn sprang up again
And that surprised them all.
4. There he remained till midsummer
And looked both pale and wan,
For all he had a spikey beard
To show he was a man.
5. But soon men came with their sharp scythes
And chopped him to the knee;
They rolled and tied him by the waist
And served him barbarously.

JACK, BOY, HO!

17th century

Jack, boy, ho, boy, news! news! The cat is in the well! Let us ring now for her knell, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

1. All in the downs the fleet was moored, The streamers wav - ing in the wind, When Black-eyed
 Su - san came on board, "O where shall I my true love find? Tell me, jo - vial sail - ors, tell me
 true, Does my sweet Wil - liam, does my sweet Wil - liam sail a - mong your crew?"

2. William, who high upon the yard,
 Rocked by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed and cast his eyes below.
 Cords fly swiftly through his glowing hands,
 As quick as lightning, as quick as lightning
 On the deck he stands.

3. "O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall always true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only meet to part again;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be -
 The faithful compass, the faithful compass
 That still points to thee."

4. "Believe not what thy landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They tell thee sailors when away
 In ev'ry port a mistress find;
 Yet believe them when they tell you so,
 For thou art present, for thou art present
 Wheresoe'er I go."

5. The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer she must stay on board;
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling goes to land,
 "Adieu!" she cries, "Adieu!" she cries,
 And waves her lily hand.

John Gay (1685-1732)

WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING

1
When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn;— Bees on banks of
thyme dis - port - ing. Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn. 2 Warb - ling birds the day— pro - claim - ing
Ca - rol sweet their live - ly strain; They for - sake their leaf - y— dwell - ing To pro - cure the
gold - en grain. 3 See con - tent the hum - ble glean - ers Take the scat - ter'd
ears that fall; Na - ture all her chil - dren view - ing, Kind - ly boun - teous cares for all.

THE KEEPER DID A-HUNTING GO

Warwickshire

1. The kee - per did a - hunt - ing go, and under his cloak he carried a bow,
 all for to shoot at a mer - ry lit - tle doe a - mong the leaves so — green, o.
A) B A B A B A AB*
 Jack - y boy! Ma - ster? Sing ye well? Ve - ry well! Hey down, ho down, der - ry der - ry down, a
end A B
 mong the leaves so — green, o. To my hey down, down, to my ho down down!

2. The first doe she did cross the plain;
 The keeper fetched her back again;
 Where she is now she may remain.

3. The second doe she crossed the brook;
 The keeper fetched her back with his hook,
 Where she is now you may go and look.

*j) A = Solo; B = Chorus; or: A = Chorus I; B = Chorus II.

KOOKABURRA

Australia

1 Koo - ka - bur - ra sits in the old gum tree. — 2 Mer - ry, mer - ry king of the bush is
 he. — 3 Laugh, Koo - ka - bur - ra, laugh, Koo - ka - bur - ra, 4 Gay your life must be.

FIE, NAY, PRITHEE, JOHN

Henry Purcell (1658-1695)

1
Fie, nay, pri - thee, John, Do not quar - rel, man, Let's be mer - ry and drink a - bout!

2
You're a rogue - you cheat - ed me, I'll prove be - fore this com - pa - ny, I caren't a farth - ing,

3
sir, for all you are so stout! Sir, you're wrong - I scorn your word! Or
an - y man that wears a sword; For all your huff, who cares a fig, or who cares for you?

SMOOTHLY GLIDE, THOU STREAM OF LIFE

1
Smooth - ly glide, thou stream of life, thou stream of life, free from

2
en - vy, free from strife, free from en - vy free, free from strife.

3

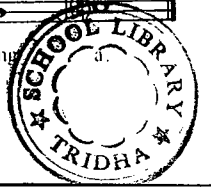
BUBBLING AND SPLASHING

Henry Purcell (1658-1695)

Bub - bling and splash - ing, and foam - ing and dash - ing. With noise and with bus - tle the
brook rush - es by: But si - lent and slow does the deep riv - er flow, On its
smooth glass - y bo - som re - flect - ing the sky. Thus shal - low pre - tence bab - bles
on with - out sense, While true know - ledge and wis - dom sit si - lent - ly by.

OAKEN LEAVES

Oak - en leaves in the mer - ry wood so wild, When will you grow green - a?
Fair - est maid, if thou be with child, Lul - la - by may'st thou sing - a: Lul - la,
lul - la - by, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by, Lul - la - by may'st thou sing



8
WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Traditional Arr. P. M. Riehm (1987)

1. Who killed Cock Ro - bin? I, said the spar - row, With my bow and ar - row, I killed Cock

Ro - bin. All the birds of the air fell a - sigh - ing and a - sob - bing, When they
All the birds _____ of the air _____, When they

heard of the death of poor Cock Ro - bin, When they heard of the death of _____
heard _____ of the death, _____ When they heard _____ of the death _____ of _____

After final verse

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system has lyrics: "poor Cock Ro-bin — Tra - la la la la la Tra la". The second system has lyrics: "poor — Cock Ro-bin — Tra la la la". The music is in a simple, rhythmic style with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

2. Who saw him die?
I, said the fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

3. Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the bull,
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.

4. Who'll dig this grave?
I, said the owl,
With my little trowel,
I'll dig his grave.

5. Who'll be the parson?
I, said the rook,
With my bell and book,
I'll be the parson.

6. Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the dove,
I'll mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.



COME, BUY MY CHERRIES

Ireland

1
Come, buy my cher-ries, pray kind la-dies, fresh from the gar-den, ga-ther'd by me.
All on a sum-mer's day, so gay you hear the Du-blin cries! — Knives! ground here by me.

2
Fine ap-ples and choice pears, eat, boys, for-get your cares. All on a sum-mer's day, when you
hear the Du-blin cries! Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep. Fruit, in a-bun-dance, sold by me.
fruit, in a-bun-dance, here you see. All on a sum-mer's day, so gay you hear the Du-blin cries:

4
Fine par-snips, fine car-rots, and choice beans. Whey, fine sweet whey, come, taste my whey.
All on a sum-mer's day, so gay you hear the Du-blin cries: — Fine ra-dish, fine let-tuce, sold by me.

ONE A PENNY, TWO A PENNY, HOT CROSS BUNS

1
 One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny, hot cross buns, hot cross buns, hot cross buns, One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,
 hot cross buns, One a pen-ny buns, two a pen-ny buns, One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny, hot cross buns,

2
 If you have no daugh-ters, give them to your sons, give them, give them to your sons, give them, give them to your sons, If you
 have, no_ daugh-ters give them to your sons, give them, give them, give them, give them to your sons, to your sons,--

3
 If you have no daugh-ters, give them to your sons. But if you have none of those pret-ty lit-tle elves,
 eat them yourselves, eat_ them your-selves, you can-not do bet-ter than eat them your-selves, But
 if_ you have none of those pret-ty lit-tle elves, you can-not do bet-ter than eat them your-selves.

A FRIEND, A FRIEND

A friend, a friend, a friend— can light - en all— our
care, — And kind - ly half, kind - ly half our bur - den, bur - den
bear; — In deed and word, in deed and word he's ev - er
true, — In sad - dest days, — sad days and hap - - py, hap - - py
too. — Who has not earn'd, who has — not earn'd a friend's kind
will, No good en - joys, no good en - joys, he's crush'd — with ill. —

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It includes first, second, and third endings. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

HOW GREAT IS THE PLEASURE

How great is the plea - sure, how sweet the de - light, When kind love and mu - sic to -
ge - ther u - nite. How great is the plea - sure, how sweet the de - light, When
love, kind love and mu - sic u - nite. Sweet, sweet, how
sweet the de - light, When har - mo - ny, sweet har - mo - ny and love do u - nite.

MAY DOES EV'RY FRAGRANCE BRING

May does ev' - ry frag - rance bring, All the ver - nal bloom of Spring;
Hap - py birds in grate - ful notes, Pour their praise through tune - ful throats;
Blush - ing flow'rs in beau - ty rise, Dif - fu - sing o - dours to the skies.

IT IS SUMMER

It is sum - mer, it is sum - mer! How beau - ti - ful it looks; There is
sun - shine on the old grey hills And sun - shine on the brooks. A
sing - ing birds on ev - ry bough, soft - ly per - fumes in the air. A
hap - py smile on each young lip And glad - ness ev - ry - where.

The musical score for 'IT IS SUMMER' consists of four staves. The first staff contains the first line of lyrics and has a '2' above the end. The second staff contains the second line of lyrics and has a '3' above the end. The third staff contains the third line of lyrics and has a '4' above the end. The fourth staff contains the fourth line of lyrics and has an 'A' above the end. The music is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

HEY HO, TO THE GREENWOOD

William Byrd (1674-1744)

Hey ho, to the green - wood now let us go, sing heave and
ho! And there shall we find both buck and doe, sing heave and
ho! The hart, the hind and the pret - ty lit - tle doe, sing heave and ho!

The musical score for 'HEY HO, TO THE GREENWOOD' consists of three staves. The first staff contains the first line of lyrics and has numbers '1', '2', and '3' above it. The second staff contains the second line of lyrics. The third staff contains the third line of lyrics. The music is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

HARK! THE BONNY CHRIST CHURCH BELLS

Hark! the bon - ny Christ Church bells, One, two, three, four, five, six. They sound so
won - drous | great, so charm - ing sweet, And they toll so mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.

Hark! the first and se - cond bell, That e - v' - ry day at four and ten, Cries
come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs, And the ver - ger trips be - fore the Dean.

Tin - gle, tin - gle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, To call the bear - ers home, But there's
ne'er a man will leave his can, Till he hears the migh - ty Tom

The musical score consists of six staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Hark! the bon - ny Christ Church bells, One, two, three, four, five, six. They sound so won - drous | great, so charm - ing sweet, And they toll so mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly." The second staff continues the melody and lyrics: "Hark! the first and se - cond bell, That e - v' - ry day at four and ten, Cries come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs, And the ver - ger trips be - fore the Dean." The third staff continues: "Tin - gle, tin - gle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, To call the bear - ers home, But there's ne'er a man will leave his can, Till he hears the migh - ty Tom". The music ends with a final note on the sixth staff.



COME, LET US LAUGH

Come, let us laugh, let us play, let us sing! The Win - ter to
us is as good as the Spring. The Win - ter to us is as
good as the Spring. We care not a fea - ther for wind or for wea - ther. By
night and by day, we sport and play; By night and by day, we
sport and play, Con - fer - ring our games to - ge - - ther, Con -
fer - ring our games to - ge - ther, our games, our games to - ge - ther.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. There are three numbered ornaments (1, 2, 3) above the notes. Ornament 1 is above the first note of the first staff. Ornament 2 is above the eighth note of the third staff. Ornament 3 is above the eighth note of the fifth staff. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the sixth staff.

HERE LIES A WOMAN

John Hilton (1599-1657)

1
Here lies a wo-man. Who can de-ny it? She died in peace tho' lived in-qui-et.

2
Her hus-band prays if o'er her grave you walk, you would tread soft, (tread soft) you would tread

3
soft, for if she wakes, for if she wakes, she'll talk, tread soft, for if she wakes, she'll talk.

Musical notation for the song 'HERE LIES A WOMAN'. It consists of three staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and includes the instruction '(tread soft)' above the notes. The third staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

WILT THOU LEND ME

1
Wilt thou lend me thy mare to go a mile? No! she's lam'd leap-ing o-ver a stile.

2
But if thou wilt her to me spare, Thou shalt have mon-ey for thy mare. Oh! oh!

3
— say you so! Mo-ney will make the mare to go, Mo-ney will make the mare to go.

Musical notation for the song 'WILT THOU LEND ME'. It consists of three staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and includes the instruction '(tread soft)' above the notes. The third staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

IF ALL BE TRUE

Henry Purcell (1658-1698)

If all be true that I do think, there are five rea-sons, five rea-sons why we
should not drink: Our name, our health, our fa-mi-ly, our peace both
oth-er rea-sons, but ma-ny oth-er rea-sons why, ma-ny rea-sons why.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Will you come in-to my par-lour," said the spi-der to the fly. "Tis the
pret-ti-est, snug-gest lit-tle cor-ner that ev-er you did spy." "Not to-
day, thanks, Mr. Long-shanks, I've o-ther fish to fry."

COME, MIRTH

1
Come, Mirth, thou foe to sigh - ing, Bring all thy joc - und train, All thy
bliss in part to each sad hea - vy heart, And ba - nish care and pain. Bring
2
all thy blest com - pan - ions, Poor mor - tals' kind - est friends. Bring
ro - sy Health, the tru - est wealth That Temp - er - ance at - tends. And
3
lead with thee Con - tent - ment, Thy own twin sis - ter true, Each the
hap - py child of a mind un - de - filed That en - vy ne - ver knew.

BRIGHTER THE SUN SEEMS

Bright - er the Sun seems, his rays re - ap - pear - ing, When tem - pests are
past, and the wide sky is clear - ing; Win - ter, of snow and fierce storms the rough
bear - er, Makes the fair flow'rs of Spring to our eyes seem the fair - er; And thus to the
heart that has felt trou - ble's sting, How high is the plea - sure that qui - et can bring.

WHEN O'ER EARTH'S FACE

When o'er Earth's face de - scends still night, Set is the sun's last ray; Un -
seen by day, the glow-worm's light Shines forth to cheer our way. Thus friendship's worth in woe's dark night,
Thus friendship's worth in woe's dark night, Un - seen in sun - ny hours, un - seen in sun - ny hours, Shines bright, shines bright.

JOLLY SHEPHERD

1
Jol - ly shep - herd and up - on a hill as he sat, So loud he blew his lit - tle horn, and
2
kept right well his gate. Ear - ly in a morn - ing, late in an eve - ning, And
3
ev - er blew this lit - tle boy, so mer - ri - ly pip - ing. Ter - li, ter - lo, ter - li, ter - lo,
ter - li, ter - lo, ter - li, ter - li, ter - lo, ter - li, ter - lo, ter - li, ter - lo, ter - li.

AS I WENT OVER TAWNY MARSH

1
As I went o - ver Tawn - y Marsh, there I met with a tawn - y lass;
2
Tawn - y hose and tawn - y shoon, tawn - y pet - ti - coat, tawn - y gown,
3
Tawn - y brows and tawn - y face; her tawn - y eyes put me in my place.

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES

1. Three gip-sies stood at the cas-tle gate, They sang so high, they sang so low, The
la-dy sat in her cham-ber late, Her heart it melt-ed a-way as snow.

2. They sing a' sweet, they sang a' shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow,
And she laid down her silken gown,
Her golden rings and all her show.
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.
4. "O saddle me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch me my pony, O
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O."
5. O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O.
6. "What makes you leave your house and land,
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O?"
7. "What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!"
8. "Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O,
Tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O."
9. "What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O?
Tonight I'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O."

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

Somerset Ballad

1. "Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare, All a - long, down a - long,
 out a - long lee, For I want for to go to Wid - di - combe Fair, With Bill
 Brew - er, Jan Stew - er, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan'l Whid - don, Har - ry
 Hawke, Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all, Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all."

2. "And when shall I see again my grey mare?"
 "By Friday soon or Saturday noon."
3. Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
 Tom Pearce's old mare had not trotted home.
4. So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,
 And he saw his old mare a-making her will.
5. So Tom Pearce's old mare, she took sick and died,
 And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried.
6. But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
 Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career.
7. When the wind whistles cold on the moor late at night
 Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghostly white.
8. And all the night long be heard skirling and groans
 From Tom Pearce's old mare a-rattling her bones.

THE THREE RAVENS

16th century

1. There were three ra'ens sat on a tree. Down - a - down, hay - down, hay - down. There were three ra'ens sat on a tree, with a down. — There were three ra'ens sat on a tree, They were as black as they might be, With a down, der - rie, der - rie, der - rie down, down.

2. The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

3. "Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain 'neath his shield.

4. His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep.

5. His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There is no fowl dare come him nigh."

10. God send every gentleman,
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a woman.

6. Down, down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

7. She lifted up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red.

8. Upon her back she bore him away,
And carried him 'most half the day.

9. She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere e'en-song time.

prime — (here) church service at 6 a.m. or sunrise

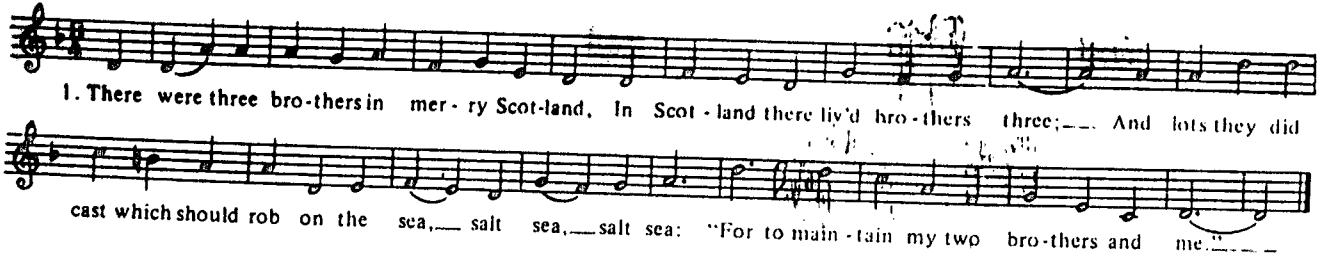
8

BARBARA ALLAN

1. It was in and a - bout the Mar - tin - mas time when the green leaves were a - fall - ing, that
Sir John Grame in the West Coun - try fell in love with Bar - ba - ra Al - lan.

2. He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
'O haste and come to my master dear,
If ye be Barbara Allan.'
3. O slowly, slowly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
'Young man, I think you're dying.'
4. 'O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 'tis all for Barbara Allan.'
'O the better for me ye's never be,
Though your heart's blood were a-spilling.'
5. 'O do not ye mind, young man,' said she,
'When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths go round and round
And slighted Barbara Allan?'
6. He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan!'
7. And slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.
8. She had not gone a mile but two,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing.
And every stroke that the dead-bell gave,
It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan!
9. 'O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it soft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.'

HENRY MARTIN



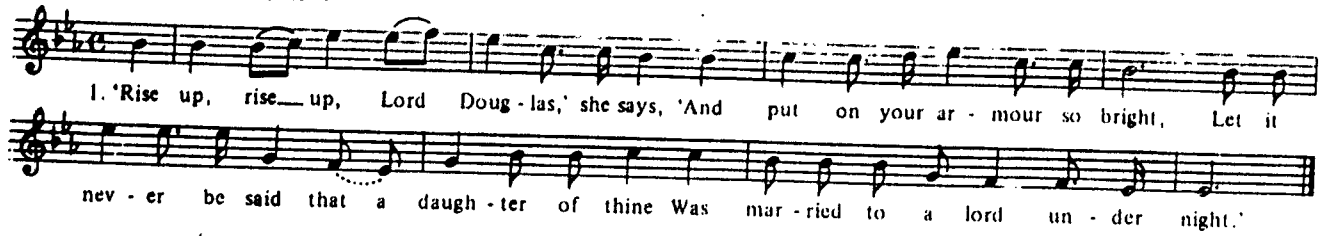
2. The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin,
The youngest of all the three.
'All for to turn robber upon the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
'For to maintain my two brothers and me.'
3. He had not been sailing but a long winter's night
And a part of a short winter's day,
Before he espied a lofty stout ship, stout ship, stout ship,
Come a-sailing down on him straight way.
4. 'How far are you bound for?' cried Henry Martin;
'O where are you bound for?' cried he.
'I'm a rich merchant ship bound for merry England, England,
England,
Therefore I want you to let me pass free.'
5. 'O no! O no!' cried Henry Martin,
'That thing it never could be;
For I've turned a robber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers and me.'
6. Come, with your topsail and brail up your mizen,
And bring your ship under my lee,
Or a full flowing ball I will fire at your tail, your tail,
All your dear bodies drown in the salt sea.'
7. With broadside and broadside and at it they went,
For fully two hours or three,
When Henry Martin gave to her the death shot, the death shot,
the death shot;
Heavily listing to starboard went she.
8. The rich merchant ship she was wounded full sore;
Right down to the bottom went she.
And Henry Martin sailed away on the sea, salt sea, salt sea.
'For to maintain my two brothers and me.'
9. Bad news! Bad news! Unto fair London town,
Bad news I will tell unto thee:
They've robbed a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away,
cast away;
All the bold sailors drowned in the salt sea.

THE GOLDEN VANITY

1. A ship I have got in the North coun - try, And she goes by the name of the Gol - den Van - i -
 ty; O I fear she will be ta - ken by a Span - ish Ga - la - lee, As she sails by the Low - lands
 low, Low - lands, Low - lands, As she sails by the Low - lands low.

2. To the Captain then up spake the little Cabin-boy,
 He said, 'What is my fee, if the galley I destroy,
 The Spanish Ga-la-lee, if no more it shall annoy,
 As you sail by the Lowlands low?'
3. 'Of silver and gold I will give to you a store,
 And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on the shore,
 Of treasure and of fee as well, I'll give to thee galore,
 As we sail by the Lowlands low.'
4. Then the boy bared his breast, and straightway leaped in,
 And he held all in his hand an auger sharp and thin!
 And he swam until he came to the Spanish Galleon,
 As she lay by the Lowlands low.
5. He bored with the auger, he bored once and twice,
 And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
 When the water flowed in, it dazzled their eyes,
 And she sank by the Lowlands low.
6. So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
 Saying, 'Captain! take me in, I am drifting with the tide!'
 'I will shoot you! I will kill you!' the cruel Captain cried,
 'You may sink by the Lowlands low.'
7. Then the Cabin-boy did swim to the starboard side,
 Saying, 'Messmates, take me in, I am drifting with the tide!'
 Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
 As they sailed by the Lowlands low.
8. They sewed his body up, all in an old cow's hide,
 And they cast the gallant Cabin-boy over the ship's side,
 And left him without more ado a-drifting with the tide,
 And to sink by the Lowlands low.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY



1. 'Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas, she says, 'And put on your armour so bright, Let it never be said that a daughter of thine was married to a lord under night.'
2. 'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's away the last night.'
3. He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.
4. Lord William looked over his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lea.
5. 'Light down, light down, Lady Margret,' he said,
'And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand.'
6. She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fall,
And her father (hard fighting) who loved her so dear.
7. 'O hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sore;
True lovers I can get many a one,
But a father I can never get more.'
8. O she's taken out her handkerchief,
It was of the holland so fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.
9. 'O choose, O choose, Lady Margret!' he said,
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For ye have left me no other guide.'

10. He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they both rode away.
11. O they rode on, and on they rode,
And all by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.
12. They lighted down to take a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear,
And down the stream ran his good heart's blood,
And sore she gan to fear.
13. 'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,
'For I fear that you are slain;
'Tis nothing but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water so plain.'
14. O they rode on, and on they rode,
And all by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's hall door,
And there they lighted down.
15. 'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'For this night my fair lady I've won.'
16. 'O make my bed, lady mother,' he says,
'O make it broad and deep,
And lay Lady Margret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.'
17. Lord William was dead long ere midnight,
Lady Margret long ere day,
And all true lovers that go together,
May they have more luck than they!
18. Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
Lady Margret in Mary's quire;
Out of the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out of the knight's a briar.
19. And they two met, and they two plat,
And fain they would be near;
And all the world might ken right well
They were two lovers dear.



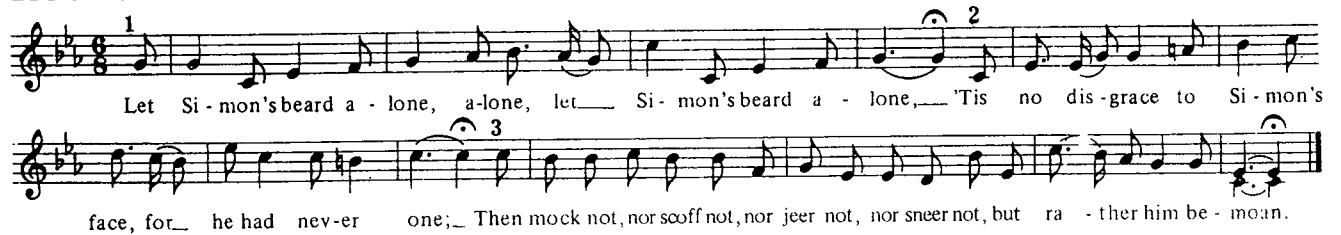
ROLLING HOME

I. Call all hands to man the capstan, see the
And we'll sing in joy - ful cho - rus. in the
cab - le run down the clear night, Heave a way, and with a
watch - es of the night, And we'll sight the shores of
will, boys, for old Eng - land, we will steer,
Eng - land, when the grey land dawn brings the light.
Roll - ing home, Roll - ing home, Roll - ing home a - cross the sea, Roll - ing
home to dear old Eng - land, Roll - ing home, dear land, to thee.

2. Many thousand miles behind us, many thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean, heave to waft us to the well-remembered shore.
Cheer up, Jack, bright smiles await you from the fairest of the fair,
And her loving eyes will greet you with kind welcomes everywhere.
3. Now farewell Australian daughters, we shall leave your fruitful shores,
We shall soon cross deep blue waters to see our home and friends once more.
We shall sing backsongs and shanties, say good-bye to all friends here
We shall soon trip our anchor, and for old England we shall steer.
4. Eastward, eastward, ever eastward, to the rising of the sun,
We have steer'd ever eastward since our voyage has begun.
Off Cape Horn on a winter's morning, setting sails in ice and snow,
We could hear the shell-backs calling, hoist away and let her go!

LET SIMON'S BEARD ALONE

John Hilton (1599-1657)



Let Si - mon's beard a - lone, a - lone, let Si - mon's beard a - lone, 'Tis no dis - grace to Si - mon's
face, for he had nev - er one; Then mock not, nor scoff not, nor jeer not, nor sneer not, but ra - ther him be - moan.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?

1. What shall we do with a drunk-en sai-lor, What shall we do with a drunk-en sai-lor,
What shall we do with a drunk-en sai-lor Ear-ly in the morn-ing?
Hoo-ray and up she ris-es, Hoo-ray and up she ris-es,
Hoo-ray and up she ris-es, Ear-ly in the morn-ing.

2. Put him in the long-boat till he's sober.
3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
4. Put him in the scuppers with the hose-pipe on him.
5. That's what we do with a drunken sailor.

This is a work-rhythm; keep it swinging and avoid anything static.

SPANISH LADIES



1. Fare-well and a - dieu to you fine Span - ish La - dies, Fare-well and a - dieu all you La - dies of Spain, For
 Chorus: We'll rant and we'll roar like true Bri - tish Sai - lors, We'll range and we'll roam o'er all the salt seas. Un -



we've re - ceived or - ders to — sail for Old Eng - land, But we hope in a short time to see you a - gain.
 til we strike sound - ings in the Channel of Old Eng - land. From Us - hant to Scil - ly is thir - ty - five leagues.

2. We hove our ship to when the wind was sou' west, boys,
 We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,
 Then we filled our main topsail and bore right away, boys,
 And right up the Channel our course we did steer,
3. The first land we made, it is known as the Dead man,
 Next Razzo Head near Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight;
 We sailed past Beachy, past Fairlight and Dungeness,
 And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.
4. Now let every man drink off a full bumper,
 Now let every man drink off a full bowl,
 For we will be jolly, and drown melancholy,
 With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

to strike soundings (naut.) — to measure the depth of the water near the coast

BOTANY BAY – A ballad of convict transportation to Australia

1. Fare well to old England for ever, Fare
 Chorus: Sing - ing too - ra - li oo - ra - li ad - di - ty Sing - ing
 well to my old pals as well, Fare well, to the well - known Old
 too - ra - li oo - ra - li ay Sing - ing too - ra - li oo - ra - li
 Repeat for chorus
 Bai - ley, Where once used to look such a swell
 ed - di - ty For we're bound for the Bot - a - ny Bay

2. There's the captain as is our commander,
 There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew,
 There's the first and the second-class passengers,
 Knows what we poor convicts go through.
3. 'Taint leaving old England we cares about,
 'Taint 'cos we misspells what we knows,
 But becous all we light-finger'd gentry,
 Hops around with a log on our toes.
4. Oh had I the wings of a turtle-dove,
 I'd soar on my pinions so high,
 Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
 And in her sweet presence I'd die.
5. Now all my young dookies and duchesses,
 Take warning from what I've to say,
 Mind all is your own as you toucheses,
 Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

A-ROVING

1. In Am - ster - dam there liv'd a maid, *Mark you what I do say;* In
Am - ster - dam there liv'd a maid, *Mind what I do say;* In Am - ster - dam there
liv'd a maid, And she was mis - tress of her trade; *I'll go no more a - ro - v - ing with*
you, fair maid. A - ro - v - ing, a - ro - v - ing, Since ro - v - ing's been my
ru - in, I'll go no more a - ro - v - ing with you, fair maid.

2. Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were brown,
Her hair in ringlets hanging down.

3. I took her hand within my own,
And said I'm bound to my old home.

4. I took this fair maid for a walk,
And we had such a loving talk.

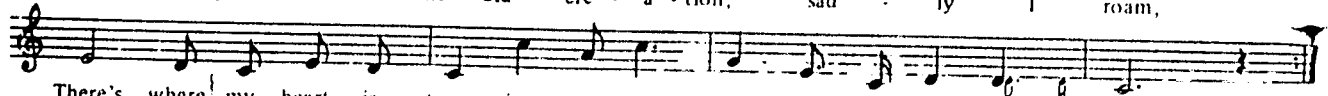
5. I took her out and spent my pay,
And then this maid just faded away.

SWANEY RIVER

Words and Music: Stephen C. Foster (1826-64)



1. Way down u - pon the Swa - nee Ri - ver, far, far a - way,
All up and down the old cre - a - tion, sad - ly I roam,



There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, there's where the old folks stay,
Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion and for the old folks at home.



All the world is sad and drear - y, ev' - ry - where I roam.



Oh, dark - ies, how my heart grows wear - y, far from the old folks at home.

2. All round the little farm I wandered when I was young;
Then many happy days I squandered, many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother, happy was I.
Oh! Take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die!
3. One little hut among the bushes, one that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming, all round the comb?
When will I hear the banjo strumming down in my good old home?

DIXIE

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for - got - ten, look a -
 In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in Ear - ly in one frost - y mor - nin', look a -
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land! Den... I wish I was in
 Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll took my stand, To
 lib an' die in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down south in
 Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

2. Old Missus marry "Will de Weaber,"
 Willium was a gay deceaber.
 But when he put his arm around'er
 He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder.

3. His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
 But dat did not seem to greab'er,
 Old Missus acted de foolish part,
 And died for de man dat broke her heart.

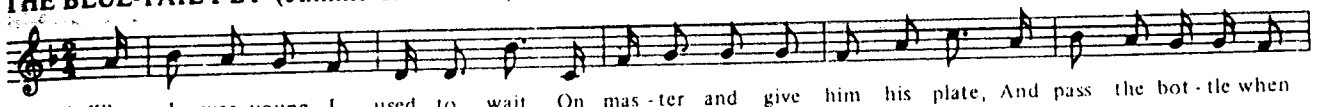
COTTON NEEDS A-PICKING

Cot - ton needs a - pick - ing so bad, Cot - ton needs a - pick - ing so bad,
Cot - ton needs a - pick - ing so bad, Gon - na pick all o - ver this field.
1. We plant - ed this cot - ton in A - pril. On the full of the moon. We've
had a hot, dry sum - mer, That's why it o - pened so soon.

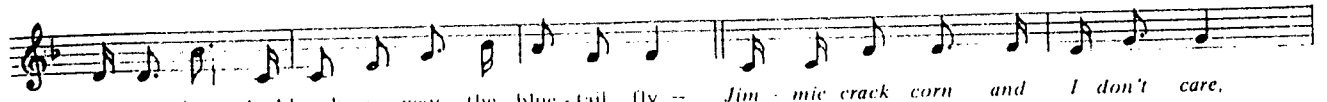
2. Boy, stop goosin' that cotton,
And take better care.
Make haste, you lazy rascal,
And bring that row from there.

3. Hurry up, hurry up, children!
We ought to have been gone;
This weather looks so cloudy,
I think it's goin' to storm.

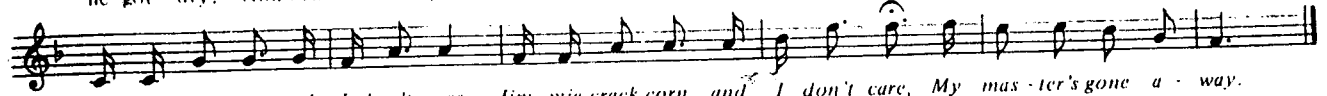
THE BLUE-TAIL FLY (Jimmie Crack Corn)



1. When I was young I used to wait On mas-ter and give him his plate, And pass the bot-tle when



he got dry. And brush a-way the blue-tail fly. -- Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care,



Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care, Jim-mie crack corn and I don't care, My mas-ter's gone a-way.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Then after dinner master sleep,
He bid his fellow vigil keep;
And as he's bout to shut his eye,
He tells me watch the blue-tail fly.</p> <p>3. And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom,
The pony being very shy
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.</p> <p>4. One day he rode around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm;
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the blue-tail fly.</p> | <p>5. The pony ran, he jump and pitch,
And tumbled master in the ditch;
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was: the blue-tail fly.</p> <p>6. They laid him under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see:
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
A victim of the blue-tail fly."</p> <p>7. Old master's gone, now let him rest,
They say all things are for the best;
I'll never forget, till the day I die,
Old master and that blue-tail fly.</p> |
|--|---|



GO DOWN, MOSES

1. When Is - r'el was in E - gypt' land, - *Let my peo - ple go!* - Op -
 pressed so | hard they could not stand, *Let my peo - ple go!*
Go down, Mos - es, 'Way down in E - gypt' land; —
Tell — ole Pha - raoh, Let my peo - ple go!

2. Thus spoke the Lord, bold Moses said,
 If not, I'll smite your first-born dead.

3. No more shall they in bondage toil,
 If them come out with Egypt's spoil.

4. O let us all from bondage flee,
 And let us all in Christ be free.

JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

Josh - ua fit the bat - tle of Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho, Je ri - cho,
 Josh - ua fit the bat - tle of Je - ri - cho, and the walls came tumbl - ing down.
 down. 1. You may talk a - bout the kings of Gi - de - on, You may talk a - bout the man of
 Saul, There's none like good old Josh - ua, In the bat - tle of Je - ri - cho.

2. Up to de walls of Jericho,
 He marched with spear in hand;
 Go blow dem ram horns, Joshua cried,
 'Cause de battle am in my hand.

3. Den de lamb ram sheep horns begin to blow,
 Trumpets begin to sound,
 Joshua commanded de chillen to shout,
 And de walls came tumbling down.

BLIND MAN

Spiritual Arr.: P.M. Riehm (1984)

S. A. T. B.



1. show me the
2. I'm a great
3. help, help me.

way: sin - ner; please!

Blind man stood on the way an' cried.

MY LORD, WHAT A MOURNING

My Lord, what a mourn - ing, My Lord, what a mourn - ing,

My Lord, what a mourn - ing. When the stars be - gin to fall.

1. You'll hear the trum - pet sound, To wake the na - tions un - der - ground,

Look - ing to my God's right hand, When the stars be - gin to fall.

2. You'll hear the sinner mourn,
To wake the nations underground,
Looking to my God's right hand,
When the stars begin to fall.

3. You'll hear the Christian shout,
To wake the nations underground,
Looking to my God's right hand,
When the stars begin to fall.

SWING LOW

Spiritual Arr. P.M. Richm (1975)

... com-ing for to car-ry me home.

S.
A.

T.
B.

Swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot, ... com - ing for to car - ry me home.

Detailed description: This block contains the vocal parts for Soprano (S.) and Alto (A.) in the first system. The Soprano part is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The Alto part is written on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are "Swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot, ... com - ing for to car - ry me home." The music features a steady bass line and a melody with eighth and quarter notes.

Solo
S./T.

1. I
2. If
3. I'm
Fine

... com-ing for to car-ry me home.

Swing low, ... sweet cha - ri - ot, ... com - ing for to car - ry me home.

Detailed description: This block contains the Solo Soprano/Tenor (S./T.) part. It begins with a treble clef staff and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "1. I, 2. If, 3. I'm, Fine". Below this, the vocal line continues with the lyrics "Swing low, ... sweet cha - ri - ot, ... com - ing for to car - ry me home." The music features a steady bass line and a melody with eighth and quarter notes.

(8) looked o - ver Jor - dan and what did I see, —
 you get there be - fore I do — a
 some - times up and some - times down, — com - ing for to car - ry me home... tell
 but

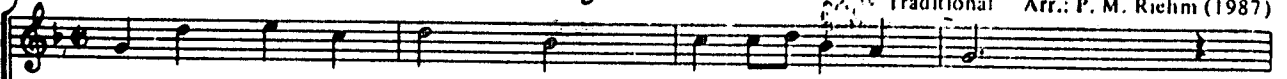
... com - ing for to car - ry me home.

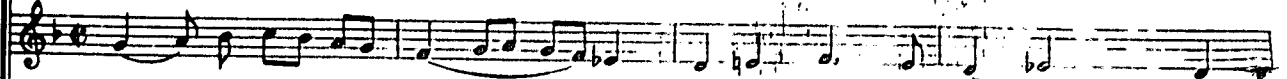
(8) band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me, —
 all my friends, I'm a - com - ing, too, —
 still my soul feels hea - ven - ly bound, — com - ing for to car - ry me home. D.C. al Fine

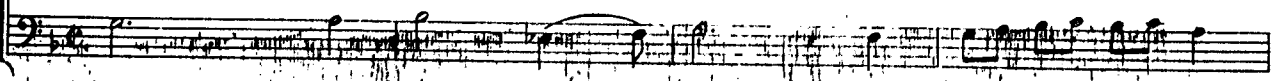
... com - ing for to car - ry me home.

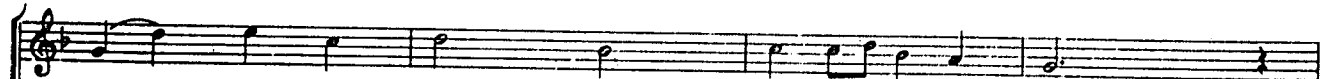
NOW THE GREEN BLADE RISETH - An Easter Song


Traditional Arr.: P. M. Riehm (1987)


S. 
1. Now the green blade ris - eth from the bur - ied grain.

A. 
1. Now the green blade ris - eth from the bur - ied grain.

B. 
1. Now the green blade ris - eth from the bur - ied


Wheat that in dark earth ma - ny days has lain;


Wheat that in dark earth ma - ny days has lain;


grain Wheat that in dark earth ma - ny days has lain;

Love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been:

Love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been:

Love lives a - gain, that with the dead has been:

Love is come a - gain, Like wheat that spring - eth green.

Love is come a - gain Like wheat that spring - eth green.

Love is come a - gain Like wheat that spring - eth green.

2. In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had slain,
Thinking that never he would wake again,
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen.

3. Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
He that for three days in the grave had lain,
Quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen.

4. When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
Thy touch can call us back to life again,
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been.

FAIR MORN ASCENDS

1
Fair morn a - scends; fresh zeph - yr's breath Blows lib - 'ral o'er the bloom - y heath,

2
Where sown pro - fuse - ly herb and flow'r, Of balm - y smell, of heal - ing pow'r,

3
Their souls in frag - rant dews ex - hale, And breathe fresh life in ev - 'ry gale.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Waltz

S. I. While the moon her watch is keep - ing, All through the

A. I. While the moon her watch is keep - ing, All

T.

B.

night, While the wea - ry world is sleep - ing,

through the night. While the wea - ry world is

All through the night. O'er my bosom gently stealing,
 sleep - ing, All through the night.

O'er my bosom gently stealing,
 O'er my bosom gently stealing,
 Vi - sions of de - light re - veal - ing, Breathes a pure and
 steal - ing, Vi - sions of de light re - veal - ing, Breathes a

ho - ly feel - ing. All through the night.

pure and ho - ly feel - ing. All through the night.

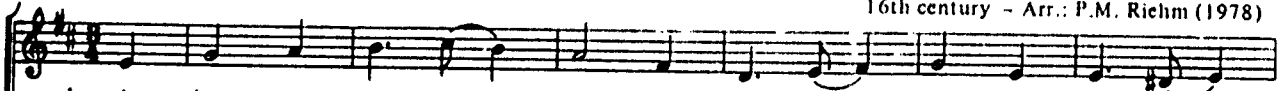
2. Love, to thee my thoughts are turning,
 And for thee my heart is yearning,
 Though sad fate our lives may sever,
 Parting will not last for ever,
 There's a hope that leaves me never.



GREENSLEEVES

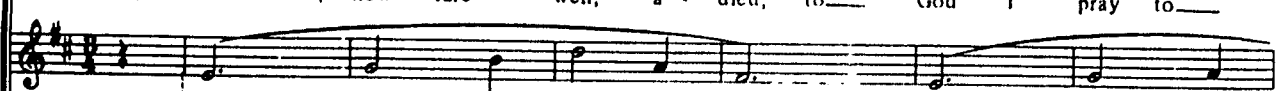
16th century - Arr.: P.M. Riehm (1978)

S




1. A - las, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off dis -
2. A - las, my love, that you should own a heart of wan - ton -
3. Ah, Green - sleeves, now fare - well, a - dieu, to God I pray to -

A.




(humming)

T.



B.



1. cour - teous - ly, and I have lo - ved - you so long, de - light - ing -
2. va - ni - ty, so I must me - di - tate a - lone up - on your -
3. pros - per thee, for I am still thy lo - ver true, come - once a -



in your com - pa - ny. Green - sleeves was all my joy,
 in sin - ce - ri - ty. Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and
 gain and love me.

1. Green - sleeves was my de - light, ... who but my La - dy Green - sleeves.
 2. ... Green - sleeves.
 (humming) ... Green - sleeves.

AUTUMN COMES

Traditional - Arr.: P. M. Richn (1975)

S. 1. Au - tumn comes, the sum-mer is past, win-ter will come too soon.

A. 1. Au - tumn comes, the sum-mer is past, win-ter will come too soon. Stars will

T. 1. Au - tumn comes, the sum-mer is past, win-ter will come too soon. Stars will

B. 1. Au - tumn comes, the sum-mer is past, win-ter will come too soon. Stars will

1. Au - tumn comes, the sum-mer is past, win-ter will come too soon, too soon.

Stars will shine clear - er, skies seem near - er un - der the Har - vest Moon. Stars will

shine clear - er, skies seem near - er, un - der Har - vest Moon. Stars will

shine clear - er, skies seem near - er, un - der the Har - vest, Har - vest Moon. Stars will

Stars will shine clear - er, skies seem near - er un - der the Har - vest - Moon.

shine clear - er, skies seem near - er un - der the Har - vest Moon.

shine clear - er, skies seem near - er un - der Har - vest, Har - vest Moon.

shine clear - er, skies seem near - er un - der the Har - vest, Har - vest Moon.

Stars will shine clear - er, skies seem near - er un - der the Har - vest Moon.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The music is in a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate syllable placement.

2. Autumn comes, but let us be glad,
Singing an autumn tune.
Hearts will be lighter,
Nights be brighter
Under the Harvest Moon.

APRIL IS IN MY MISTRESS' FACE

Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

S. A - pril is in my mis - tress' face, A - pril is in my mis - tress' face, my
A. A - pril is in my mis - tress' face, A - pril is in my mis - tress'
T. A - pril is in my mis - tress' face, A - pril is in my mis - tress'
B. A - pril is in my mis - tress' face,

mis - tress' face, A - pril is in my mis - tress' face, and Ju - ly in her eyes hath
face, A - pril is in my mis - tress' face, and Ju - ly in her eyes hath
face, A - pril is in my mis - tress' face, my mis - tress' face,
A - pril is in my mis - tress' face, my mis - tress' face,

place, and Ju - ly in her eyes, her eyes hath...

place, and Ju - ly in her eyes, her eyes hath

and Ju - ly in her eyes hath place, her eyes hath

and Ju - ly in her eyes hath place, her eyes hath

place, with - in her bo - som, with - in her bo - som is Sep - tem -

place, with - in her bo - som, with - in her bo - som is Sep - tem -

place, with - in her bo - som, with - in her bo - som is Sep -

place, with - in her bo - som is Sep -

ber, but in her heart, but in her heart, her

ber, but in her heart, her

tem ber, but in her heart, her heart,

tem ber, but in her heart, but in her

heart a cold De - cem ber, but in her heart,

heart a cold De - cem - ber, but in her heart, her heart,

a cold De - cem - ber, but in her heart, but in

heart a cold De - cem - ber, but in her

but in her heart, her heart a cold De - cem - ber.

but in her heart, her heart a cold De - cem - ber.

her heart, a cold De - cem - ber.

heart, but in her heart a cold De - cem - ber.

ADIEU, SWEET AMARYLLIS

A - dieu, sweet A - ma - ryl - lis, for since to part your will is, a - dieu, sweet A -

ma - ryl - lis! Oh woe - ful ti - ding! There is for me no bi - ding,

Yet once a - gain ere that I part from thee, A - ma - ryl - lis, sweet, a - dieu!

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING

Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

S. 
1. Now is the month of May - ing, when mer - ry lads are play - ing. *Fa la*

A. 
1. Now is the month of May - ing, when mer - ry lads are play - ing. *Fa la*

M
I
C
V. 
1. Now is the month of May - ing, when mer - ry lads are play - ing. *Fa la*


la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la.


la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la.


la la la la la, fa la la la la la la.

Each with his bon - ny lass, u - pon the green - y grass. *Fa la*
 Each with his bon - ny lass, u - pon the green - y grass. *Fa la la*
 Each with his bon - ny lass, u - pon the green - y grass. *Fa la la la la*

la la la, fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la.
fa la la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la.
fa — la la la la la — la - la la, fa la la la.

2. The Spring clad all in gladness,
 Doth laugh at winter's sadness.
 And to the bagpipes' sound,
 The nymphs tread out their ground.

3. Fie then, why sit we musing,
 Youth's sweet delight refusing?
 Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
 Shall we play barley-break?



SWEET KATE

Robert Jones (*about 1570)

S. 1. Sweet Kate of late ran a way and left me dis
 "A - - - - - bide!" I cried, "or I die with thy dis

S. 1. Sweet Kate of late ran a way and left
 "A - - - - - bide!" I cried, "or I die with thy

M
 V. 1. Sweet Kate of late ran a way and with
 "A - - - - - bide!" I cried, "or I die and with

plain - ing: dain - - - - - ing." "Te - he - he!" quoth she,
 "Ne - ver an - y yet

me plain - ing: dis - dain - ing." "Te - he - he!" quoth she,
 "Ne - ver an - y yet glad - ly would I died of such a

(8) left me plain - ing: thy dis - dain - ing." "Te - he - he!" quoth she,
 "Ne - ver an - y yet o glad - ly would I died of such a

glad - ly would I see an - y man to die with lov - - ing."
 died of such a fit; nei - ther have I fear of prov - - ing."

see an - y man to die with lov - - - ing."
 fit; nei - ther have I fear of prov - - - ing."

see an - y man to die with lov - - - ing."
 fit; nei - ther have I fear of prov - - - ing."

2. Unkind! I find thy delight is in tormenting:

"Abide!" I cried, "or I die with thy consenting.

"Te-he-he!" quoth she, "make no fool of me! Men I know have oaths at pleasure;

But their hopes attain'd, they bewray they feign'd, and their oaths are kept at leisure."

3. Her words, like swords, cut my sorry heart in sunder:

Her flouts with doubts kept my heart's affections under.

"Te-he-he!" quoth she, "what a fool is he stands in awe of once denying!

Cause I had enough to become more rough; so I did. O happy trying!"

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE


Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds* (1607)

S. 
1. Since first I saw your face, I re-solv'd To hon - our and re -

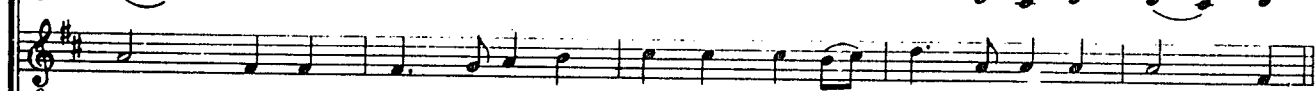
A. 
1. Since first I saw your face, I re-solv'd To hon - our and re -

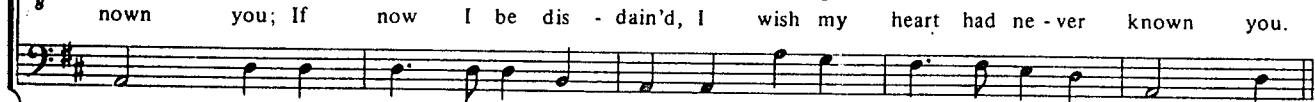
T. 
1. Since first I saw your face, I re-solv'd To hon - our and re -

B. 


nown— you; If now I be dis - dain'd, I— wish my heart had ne - ver known— you.


nown— you; If now I be dis - dain'd, I— wish my heart had ne - ver known— you.


nown you; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver known you.



What, I that lov'd, And you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?

What, I that lov'd, And you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?

No, no, no! my heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

No, no, no, no, no! my heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

No, no, no, no, no! my heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

No, no, no, no, no! my heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

2. If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you may forgive me; / Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then justly might you leave me. / I ask'd you leave, you bade me love; is 't now a time to chide me? / No, no, no, I'll love you still what fortune e'er betide me.

3. The Sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder, / And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder: Where beauty moves and wit delights and signs of kindness bind me, / There, O there, where'er I go I'll leave my heart behind me!

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

S. 1. It was a lov-er and his lass, With a hey and a ho and a hey no - ni -
A. 2. Be - tween the a - cres of the rye, With a hey and a ho and a hey no - ni - no, and a
T. 3. This ca - rol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, and a ho and a hey
B. 4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, With a hey, and a ho and a hey

no, and a hey no - ni - no - ni - no. (1.) That
hey no - ni no - ni no - ni - no. (2.) These pret - ty coun - try,
no, and a hey no - ni no - ni no - ni - no. (3.) How that a life was
no - ni - no, and a hey no - ni no - ni - no. (4.) For love is crown - ed,

o'er the green corn - field did pass, In spring time, in spring time, In
 pret - ty coun - try, folk would lie, In spring time, in spring
 that a life was but a flow'r, In spring time, in spring
 love is crown - ed with the prime, In spring time, in spring

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

ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet
sing Hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet
Hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding, Sweet
sing Hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet

lov - ers love the spring in spring time, in spring time, the
lov-ers love the spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring, spring time, the
lov - ers love the spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring, spring time, the
lov - ers love the spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring, spring time, the

on ly pret ty ring time, When birds do sing Hey ding a ding a ding, hey

on ly pret ty ring time, When birds do sing Hey, ding a

on ly pret ty ring time, When birds do sing Hey ding a ding a ding.

on ly pret ty ring time, When birds do sing Hey ding a ding a

ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov ers love the spring.

ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov ers love the spring.




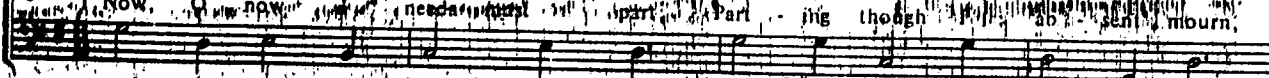
hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding, Sweet lov ers love the spring.

ding, hey ding a ding, Sweet lov ers love the spring.

William Shakespeare: AS YOU LIKE IT

NOW, O NOW I NEEDS MUST PART

John Dowland (1562-1622)

S. 
1. Now, O now I needs must part, Part - ing though I, ab - sent mourn,
A. 
2. While I live, I needs must love, Love lives not when life is gone,
T. 
Now, O now I needs must part, Part - ing though I, ab - sent mourn,
B. 
2. While I live, I needs must love; Love lives not when life is gone,

1. Ab - sence can no joy im - part, Joy once fled can - not re - turn.
2. Now at last des - pair doth prove, Love di - vi - ded lo - veth none.
1. Ab - sence can no joy im - part, Joy once fled can - not re - turn.
2. Now at last des - pair doth prove, Love di - vi - ded lo - veth none.

Sad des - pair doth drive me hence, This des - pair un - kind - ness

Sad des - pair doth drive me hence, This des - pair un - kind - ness

Sad des - pair doth drive me hence, This des - pair, des - pair un - kind - ness

Sad des - pair doth drive me hence, This des - pair un - kind - ness

sends. If that part - ing be of - fence, It is she which then of - fends.

sends. If that part - ing be of - fence, It is she which then of - fends.

sends. If that part - ing be of - fence, It is she which then of - fends.

sends. If that part - ing be of - fence, It is she which then of - fends.

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