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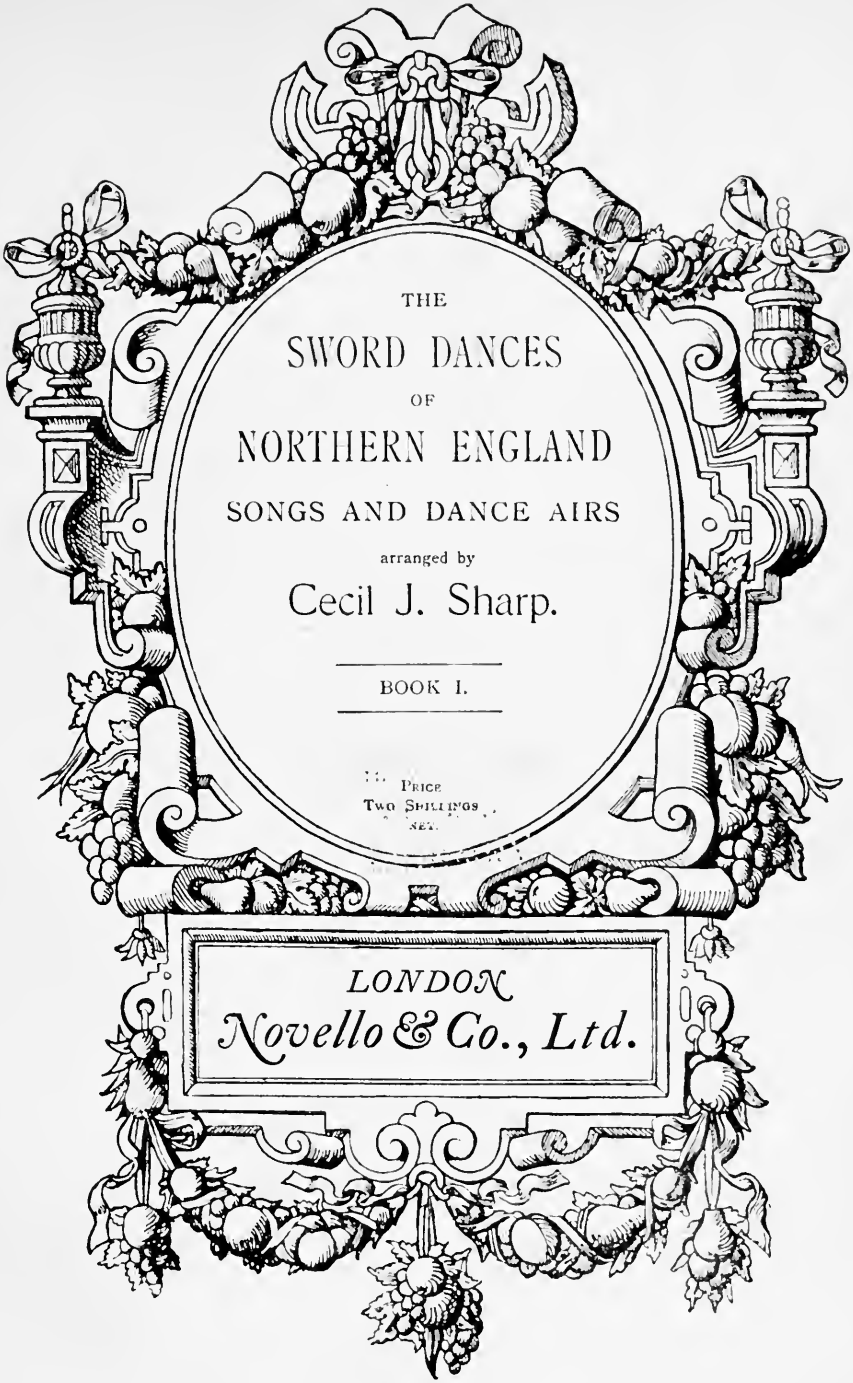

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These Songs and Dance Airs are issued in connection with "The Sword Dances of Northern England," Parts I. and II., by the same Author, in which a technical description of the dances will be found.

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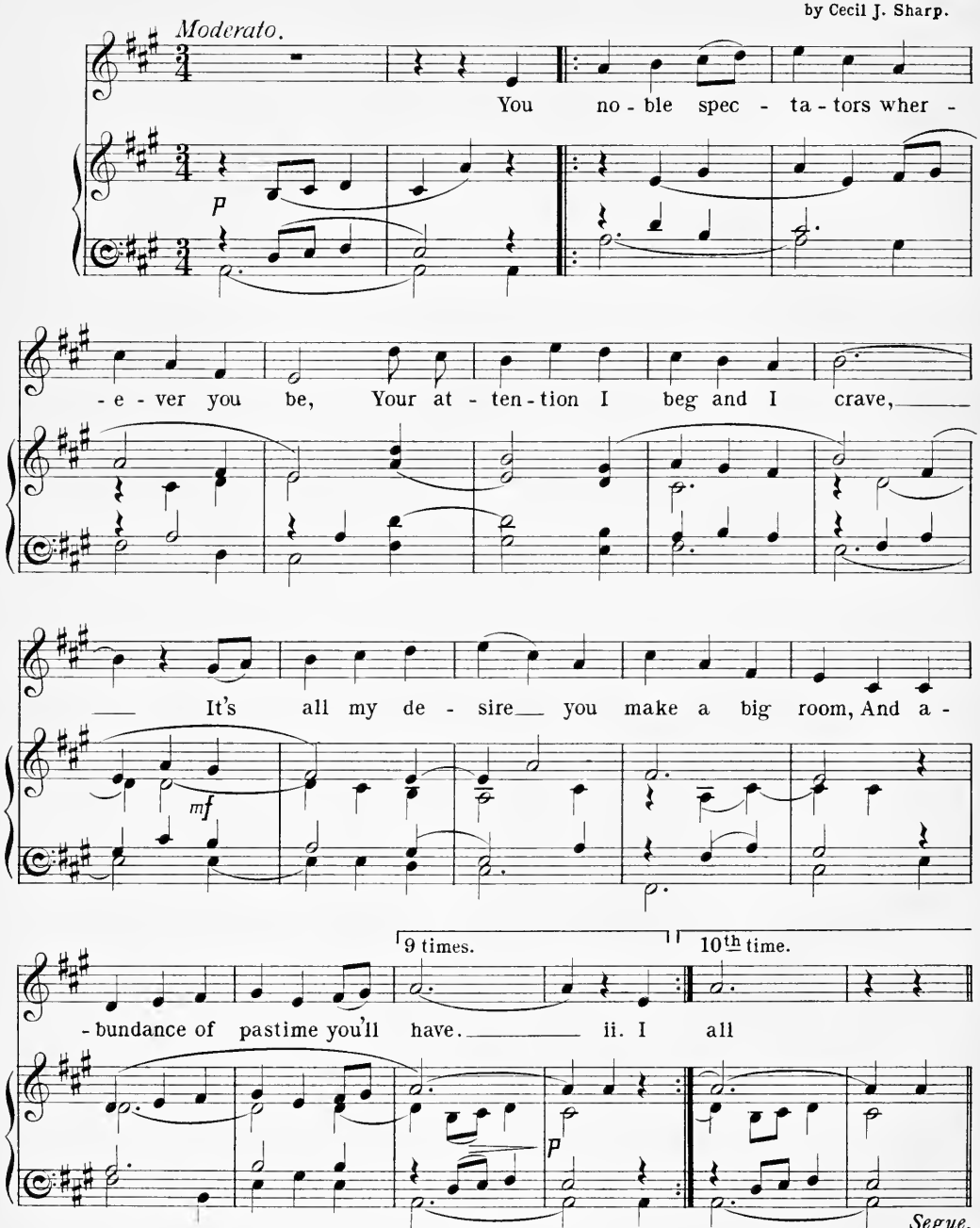
KIRKBY MALZEARD SWORD DANCE.

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

Collected and Arranged
by Cecil J. Sharp.



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ii. I am the second Sampson, in Judges you'll find,
Who delights in his darling so dear;
What a blockhead was I for to tell her my mind,
So gallant and quick you shall hear.

iii. Here comes the man who laid hands upon me,
By him I was grieved to the heart;
As I laid asleep on my dear darling's knee,
O the barber was playing his part.

iv. The second's his brother, you might think they were twins,
I thought by the world they would fight;
When these two Philistians seized on me
You'd ha' thought they'd ha' ruined me quite.

v. The third is a man of so much milder blood,
Some pity there's lodged in his breast;
He oftentimes threatened to do me some good,
But he dursn't for fear of the rest.

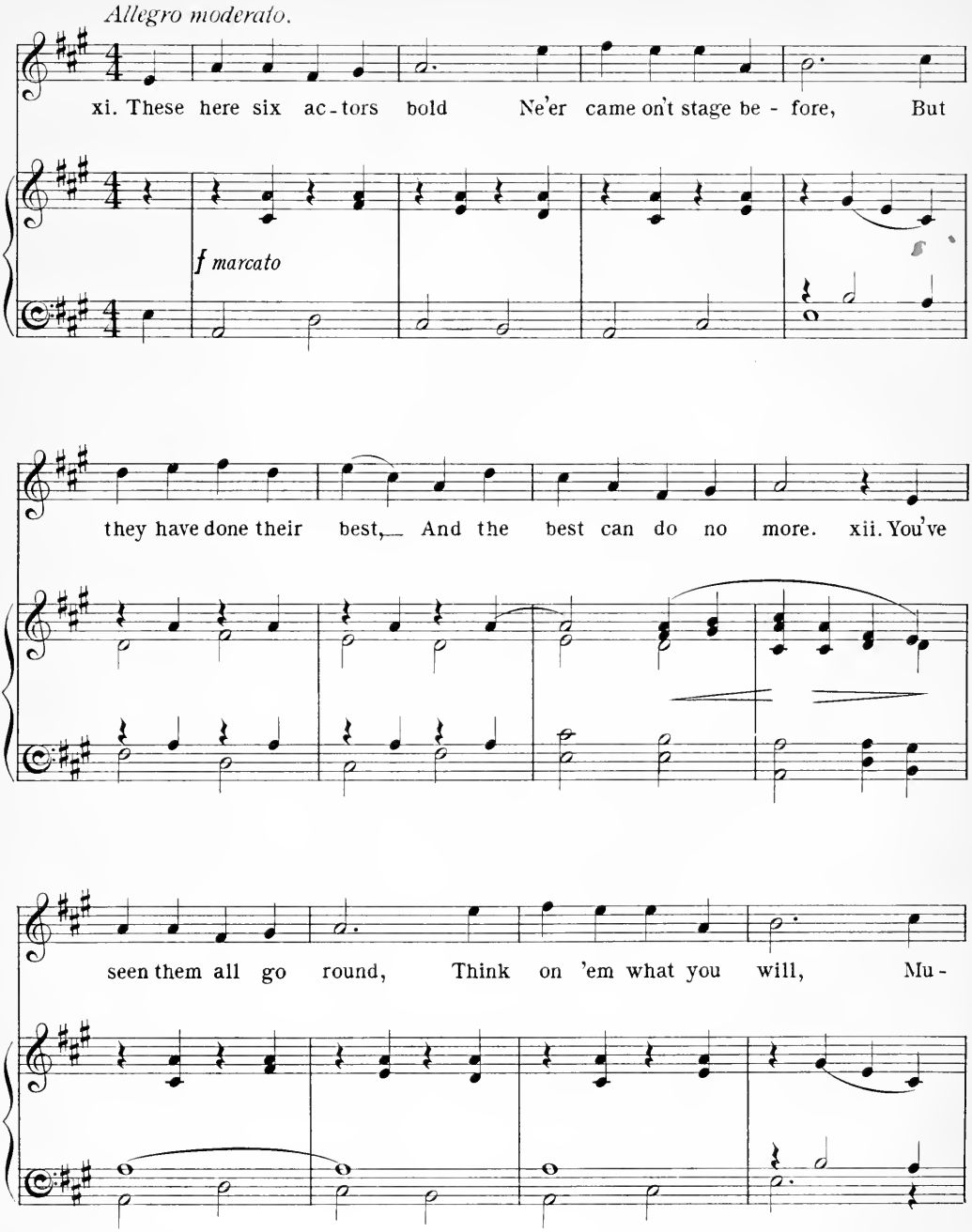
vi. The fourth he comes on like a ranting young lad,
He's like to some majestial stands;
It was he that gave orders that I should be polled,
So they fettered my feet and my hands.

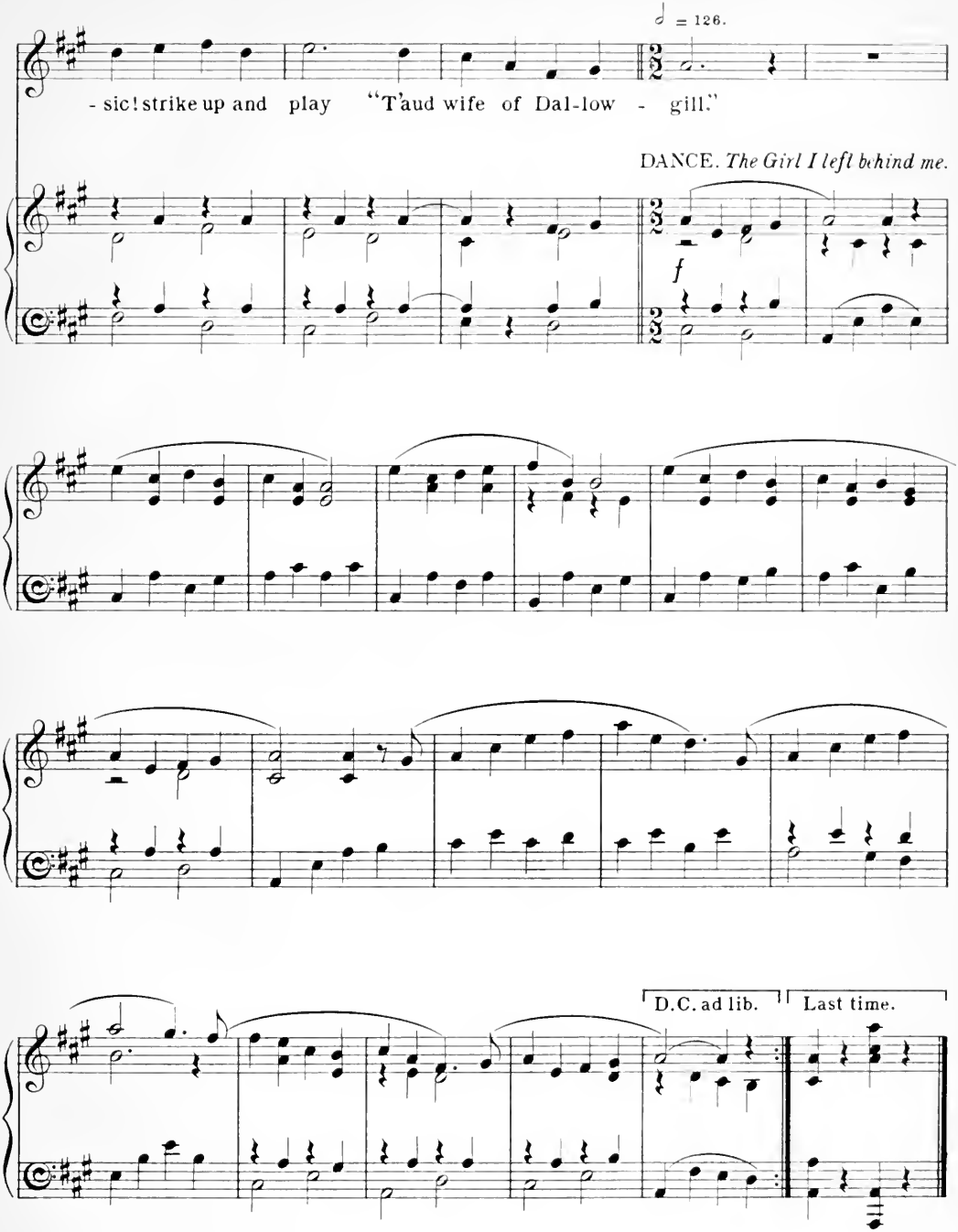
vii. The fifth is as cruel as cruel can be,
The others and him did revise;
It was he that gave orders that I should no more see,
So they instantly bored out my eyes.

viii. The sixth is no better at all than the rest,
He was the first breeder of strife;
If any of you there had been in my place,
You'd been glad to com'd off with your life.

ix. These are the six lads that laid hands on me
Without the consent of my dear;
But I will come even with them by and bye,
And so gallant and quick you shall hear.

x. When they were all merry carousing with wine
The first one for Sampson did call;
He pulled down the house and slew all at that time,
So there was an end of them all.


Allegro moderato.
xi. These here six ac - tors bold Ne'er came on't stage be - fore, But
f marcato
they have done their best, And the best can do no more. xii. You've
seen them all go round, Think on 'em what you will, Mu -

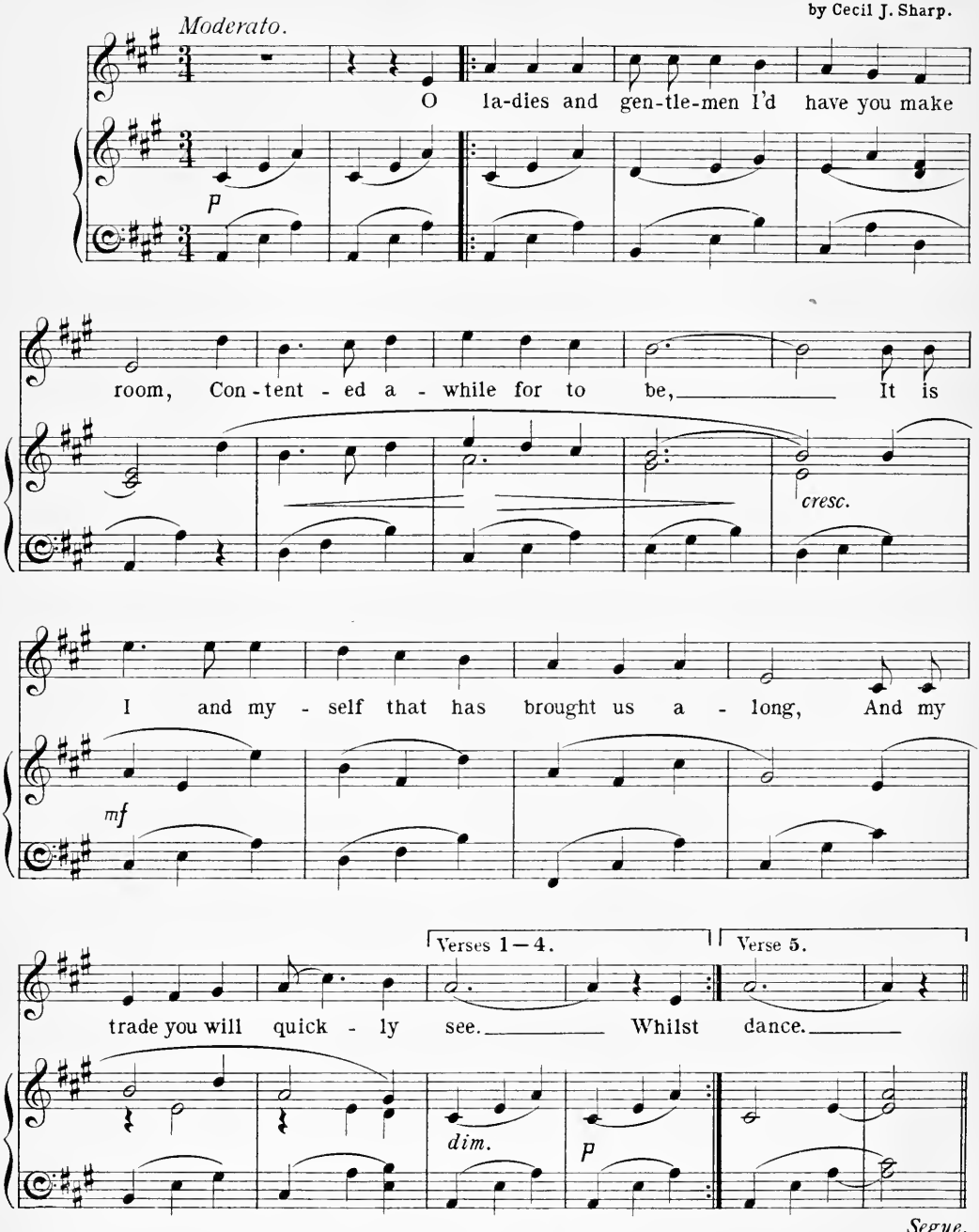

♩ = 126.
- sic! strike up and play "T'aud wife of Dal-low - gill."
DANCE. *The Girl I left behind me.*
f
D.C. ad lib.
Last time.

GRENOSIDE SWORD DANCE.

PART I.

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

Collected and Arranged
by Cecil J. Sharp.



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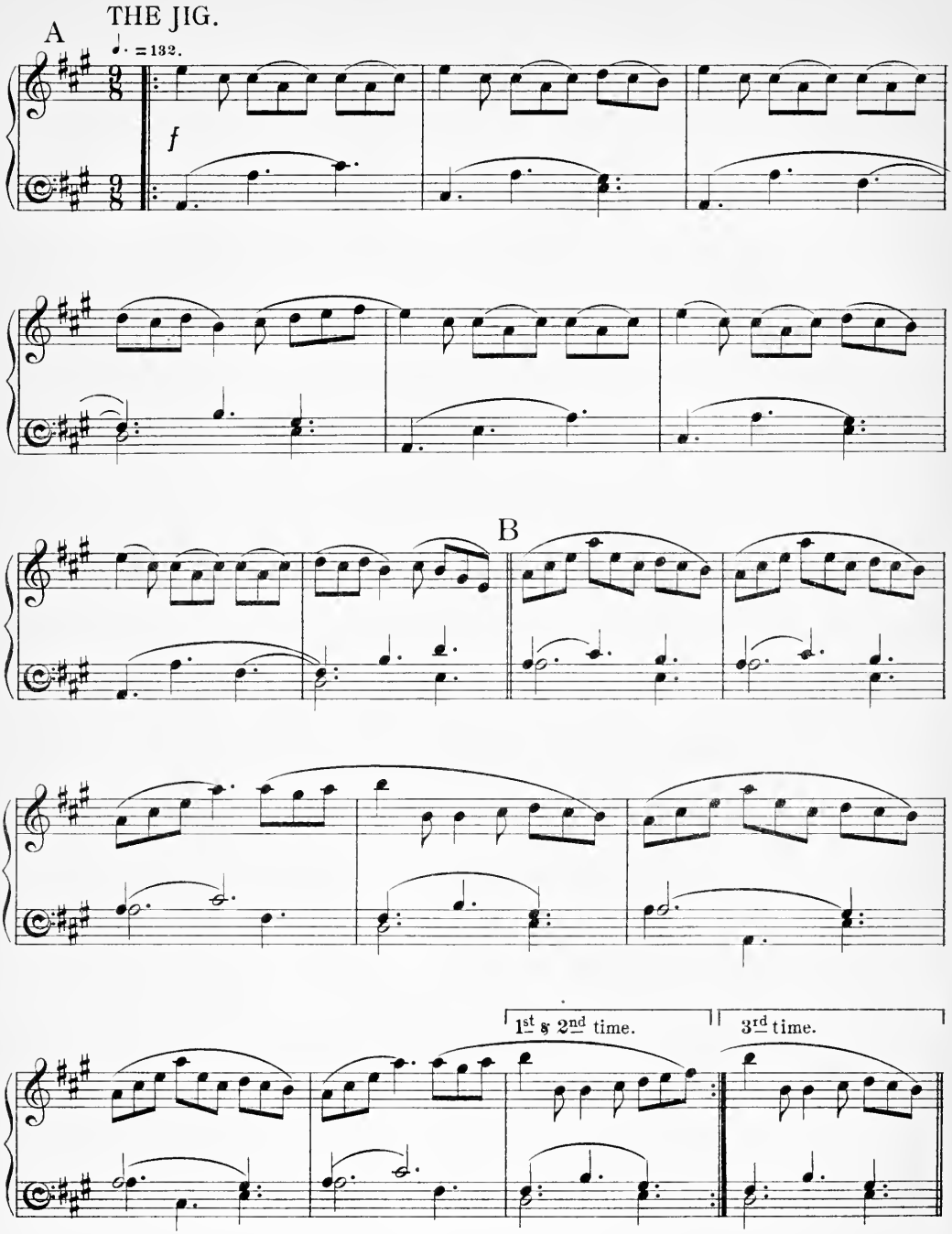
ii. Whilst in foreign parts we rambled,
All both proper stout and tall,
Though we passed through many dangers,
And at length we've caught a fall.

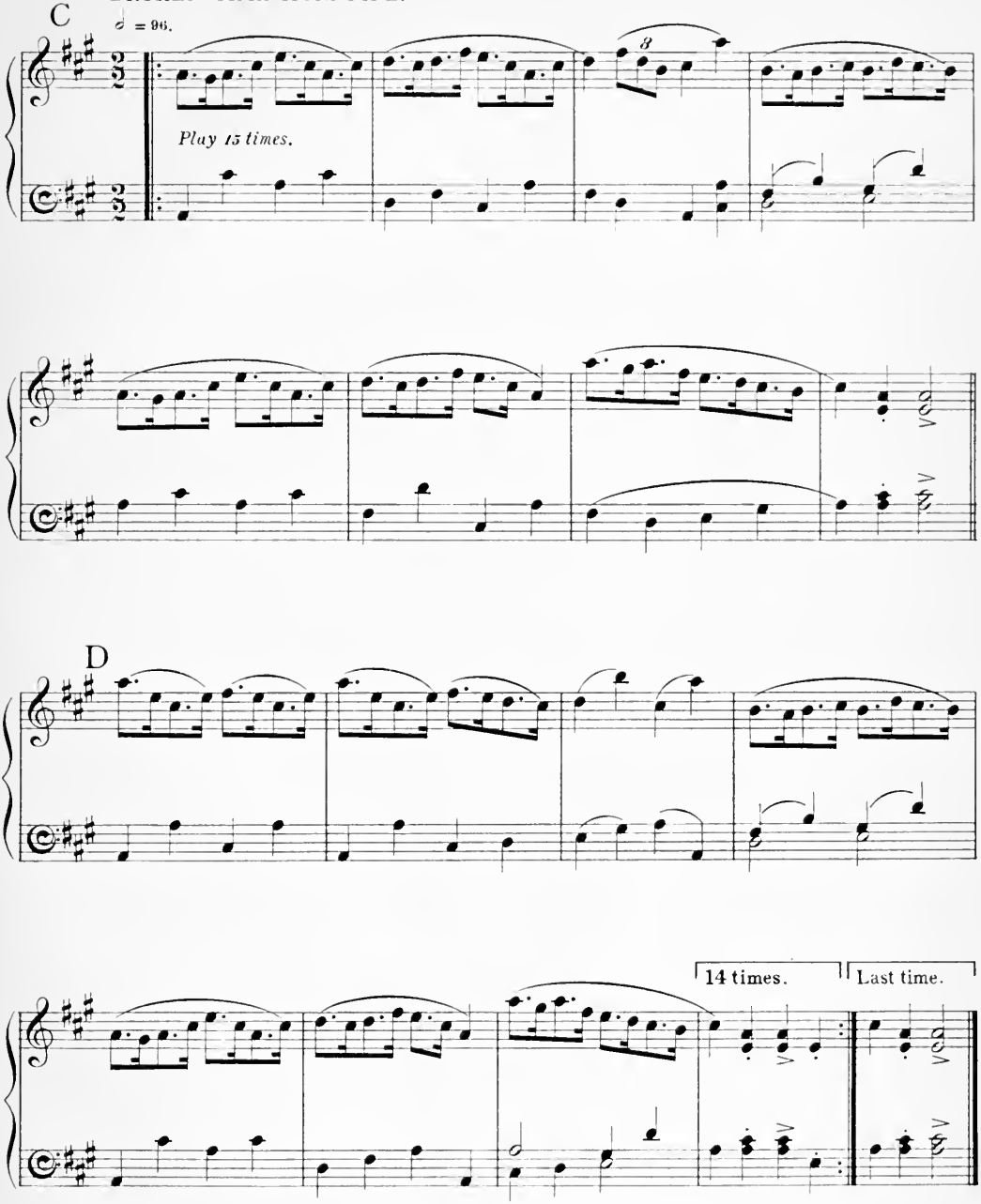
iii. Wounded by a charming lady
Her charms I almost dread;
To die for her I am quite ready,
And at length I conquered her.

iv. Six stout lads have I a-by me,
Both of honour and renown;
Christmas time it's growing nigher
And, since we've come in this town,

v. Since that we have all come hither,
Fiddler, draw thy strings, advance!
Play beside us, here to guard us,
And these lads will show 'em a dance.


THE JIG.
A
♩. = 132.
f
B
1st & 2nd time.
3rd time.

BROKEN TIME HORNPIPE.

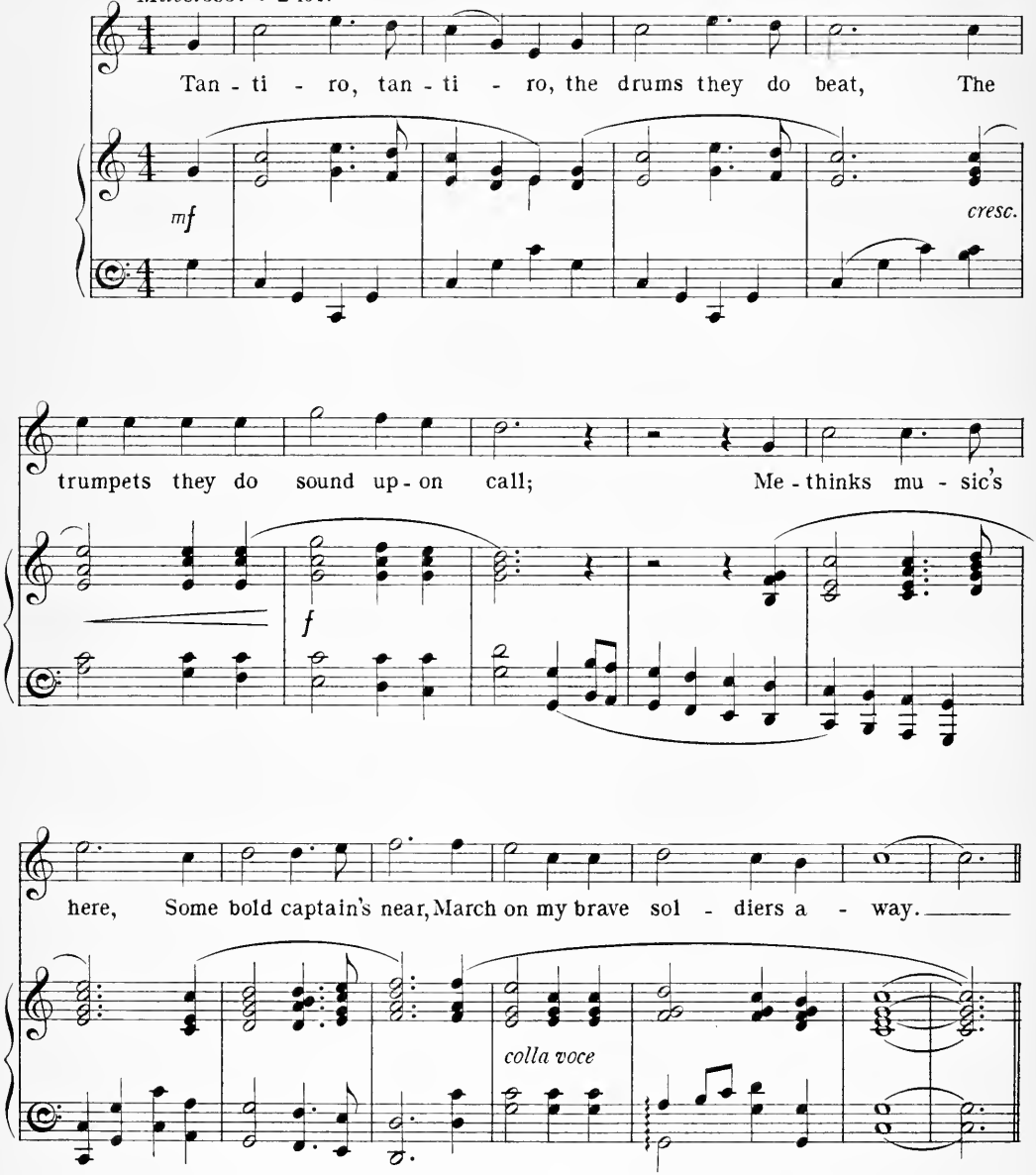


PART II.

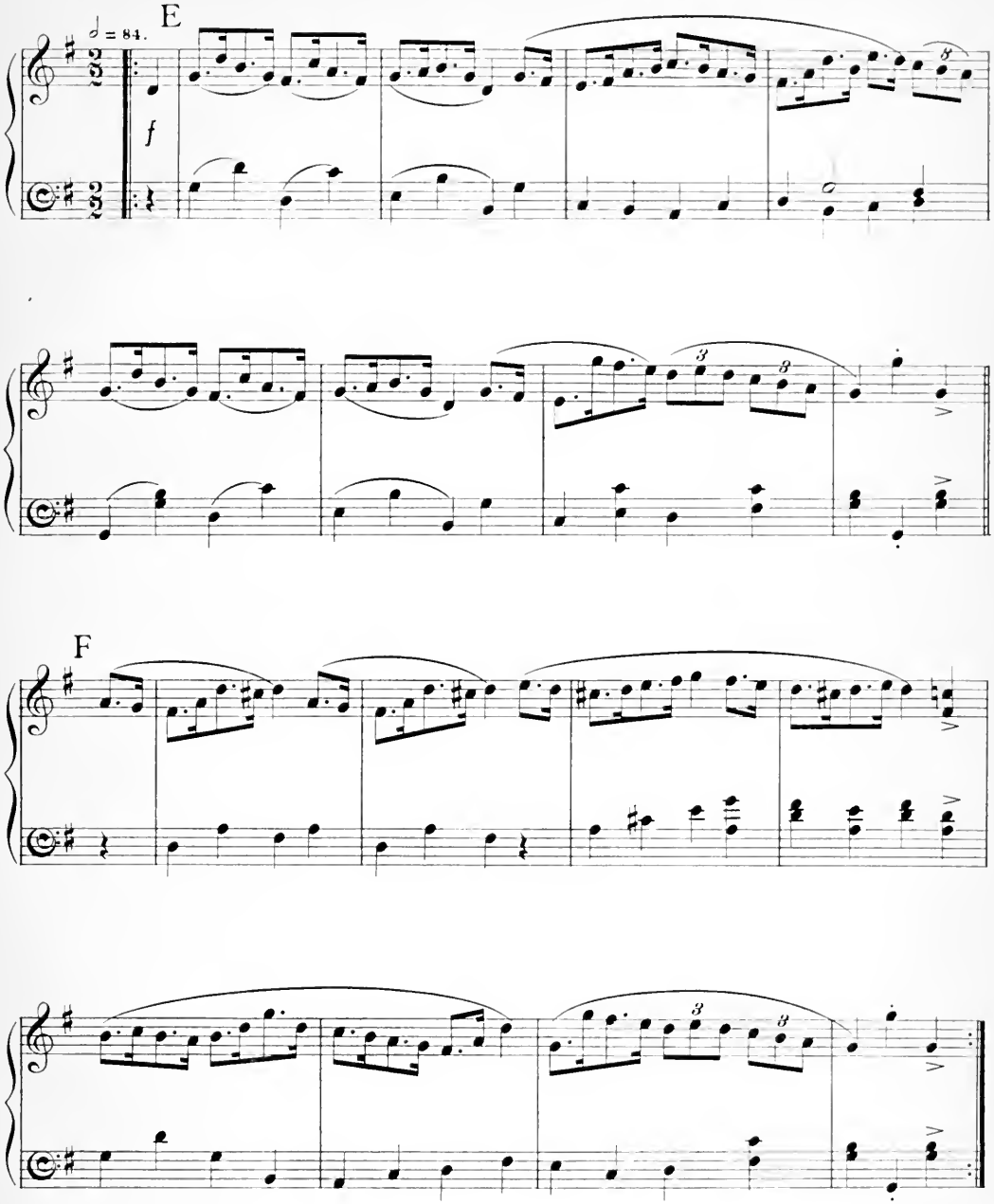
CHORUS.

Collected and Arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.

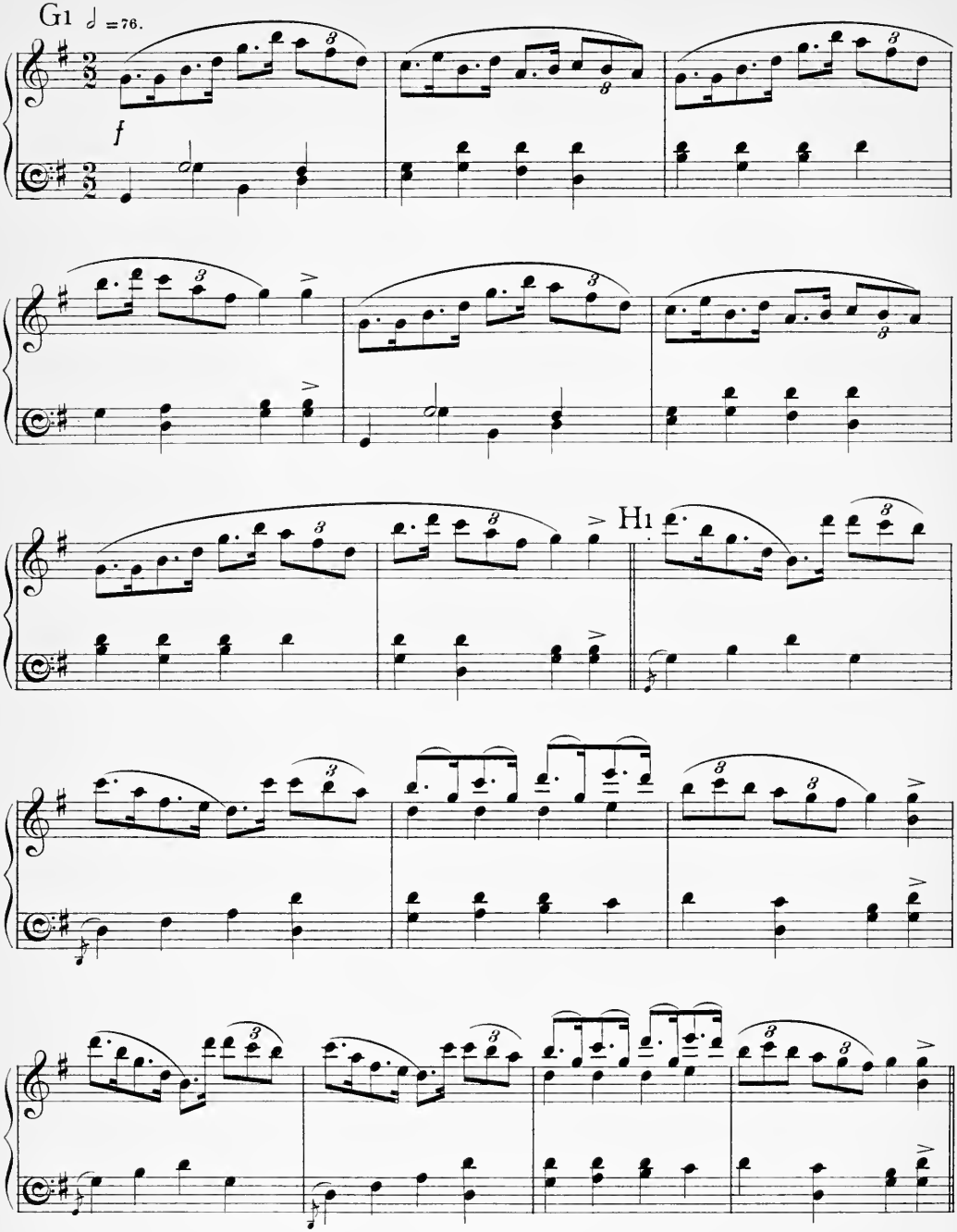
Maestoso. ♩ = 104.



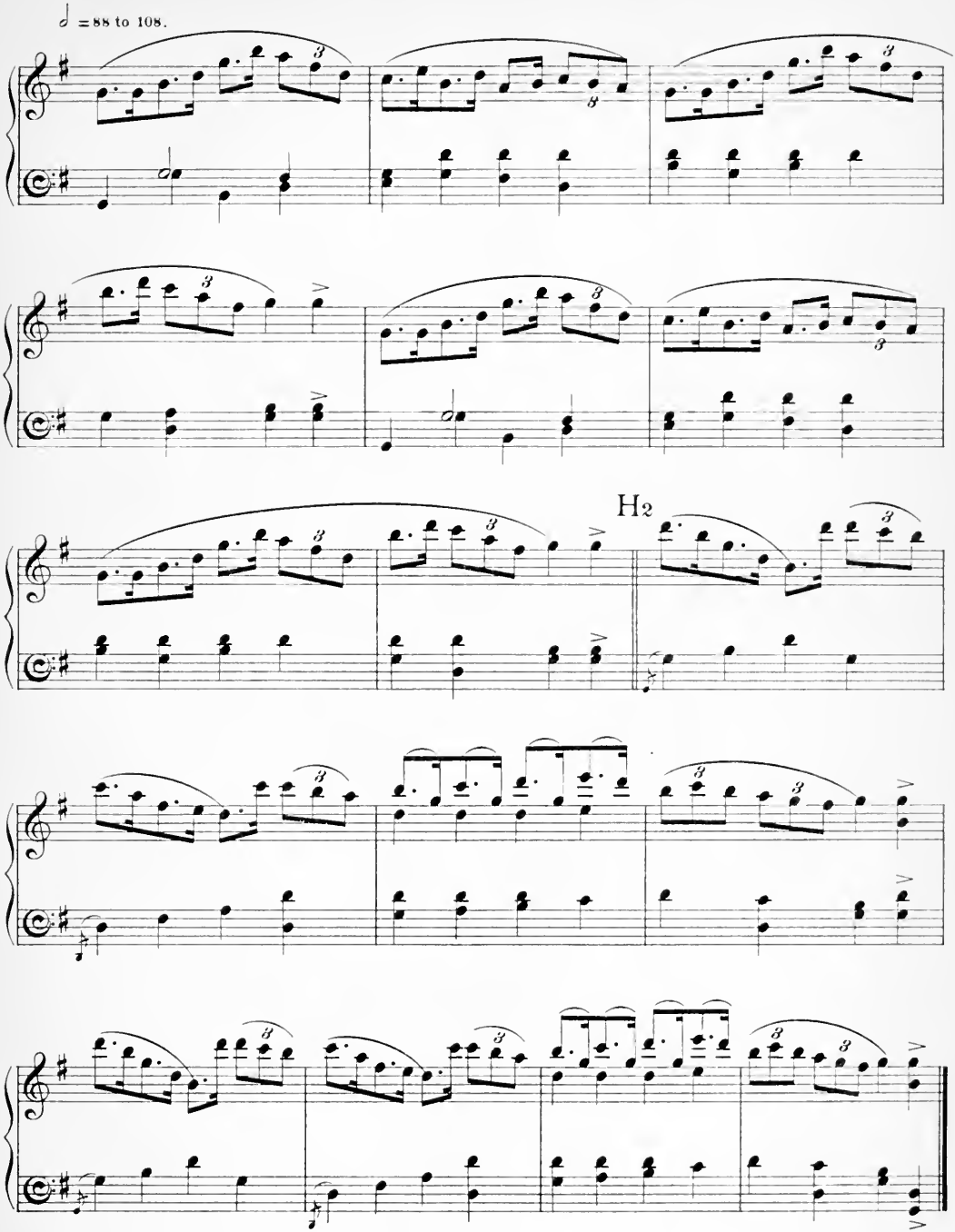
THE REEL.



THE ROLL.



G2

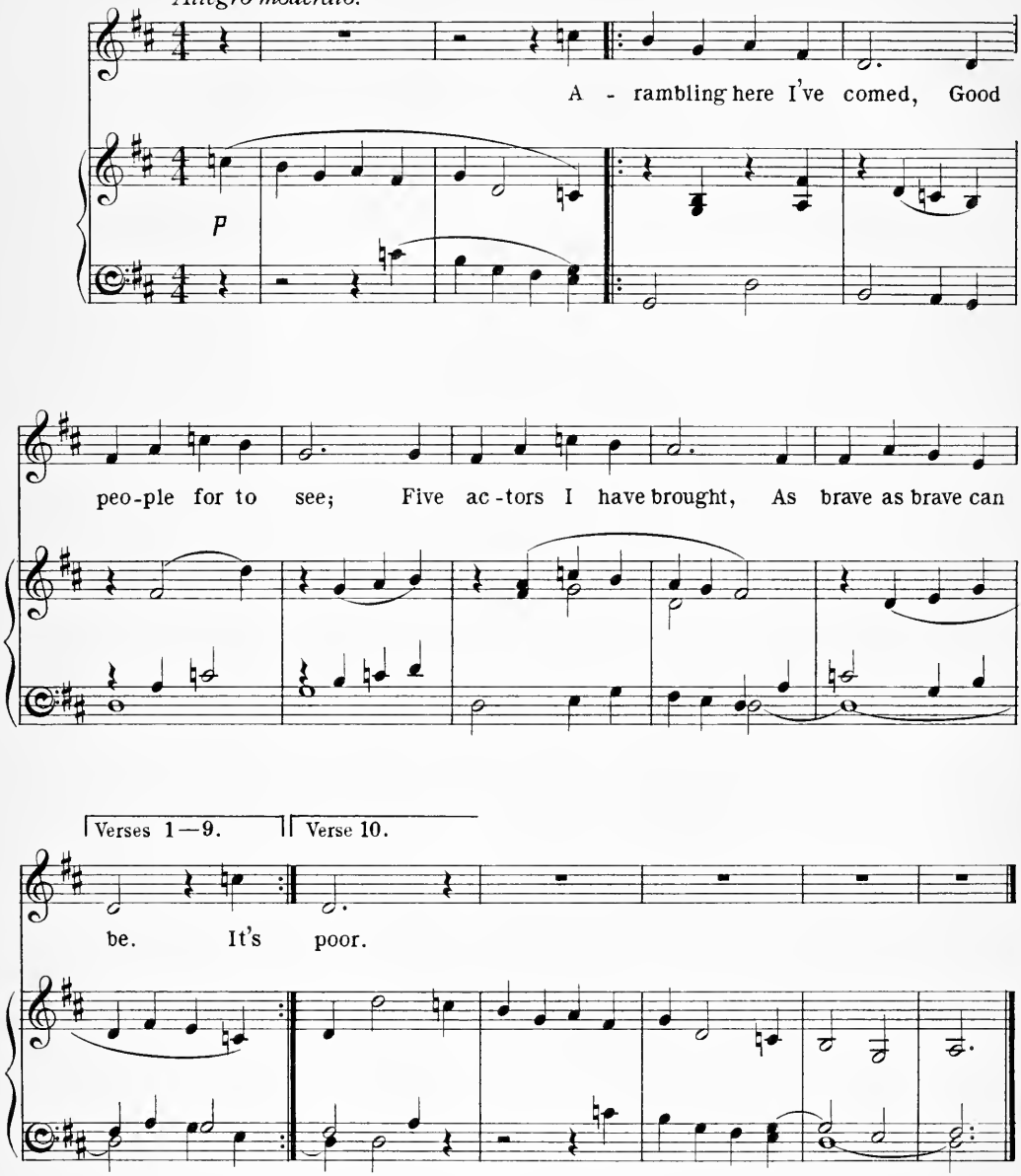


EARSDON SWORD DANCE.

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.
(OLD VERSION.)

Collected and Arranged
by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegro moderato.



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ii. It's Earsdon on the hill
Where the water washes clear,
To Earsdon habitation we belong
And merry we'll appear.

iii. The first that I'll call on
He is a pitman bold,
He walks on underground
To keep him from the cold.

iv. The next that I'll call on
It is his heart's desire
He hews and puts the coals
The old woman makes the fire.

v. The next that I'll call on
He is a tailor fine
What think you of his work?
He made this coat of mine.

vi. He is a tailor fine
And a good one to his trade,
He never closed one hole
But two for one he made

vii. The next that I'll call on,
Is Jack upon the deck,
He cooks for our ship's crew
And he sells all the fat.

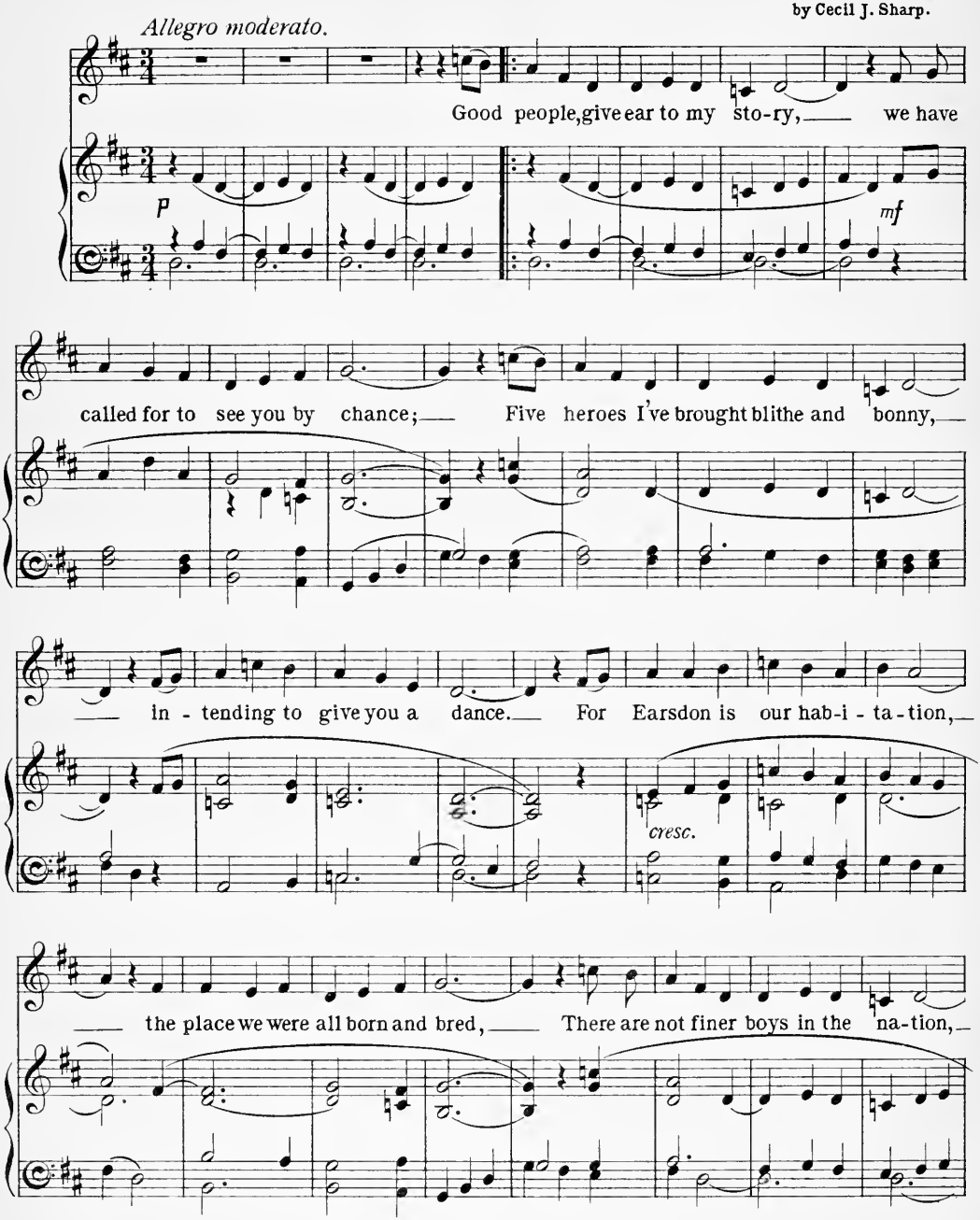
viii. The next that I'll call on
It is big walloping Tom;
He's courted two fair women
And durst not marry one

ix. For if he married one
The other he would slight
And the best thing he can do
Is to treat them both alike.

x. Now I'm going to kill a bullock,
Of that I'll make you sure,
We'll kill it in Earsdon Town
And divide it amongst the poor.

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.
(MODERN VERSION.)

Collected and Arranged
by Cecil J. Sharp.



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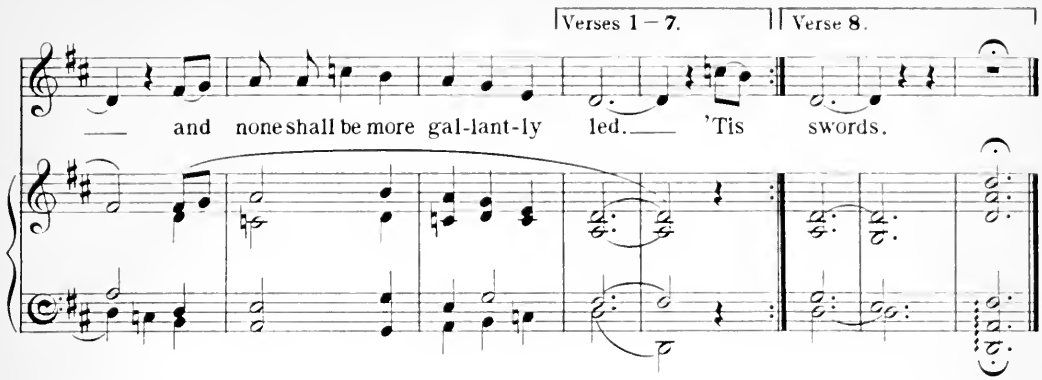

ii. 'Tis not for your gold or your silver, nor yet for the gain of your gear,
But we come just to take a week's pleasure, to welcome the incoming year.
My lads, they are all fit for action, with spirits and courage so bold;
They are born of a noble extraction, their fathers were heroes of old.

iii. Now this is the son of brave Elliott, the first youth that enters my ring;
So proudly rejoice I to tell it, he fought for his country and king.
When the Spaniards besieged Gibraltar, bold Elliott defended the place,
Soon caused them their plans for to alter; some died —others fell in disgrace.

iv. Now my next handsome youth that does enter is a boy, there are very few such;
His father beat that great De Winter, and defeated the fleet of the Dutch.
His father was the great Lord Duncan, who played the Dutch ne'er such a prank,
That they fled from their harbours, ran funkin', and they fled to the great Dogger Bank.

v. This one is the son of Lord Nelson, that hero that fought at the Nile;
Few men with such courage and talent, the Frenchmen he did them beguile.
The Frenchmen they nearly decoyed him, but the battle he managed so well,
In their fortress he wholly destroyed them, scarce one got home for to tell.

vi. Now my next handsome youth that does enter is a boy of ability bright;
Five thousand gold guineas I'd venture that he like his father would fight.
At Waterloo and Tarryvary, Lord Wellington made the French fly;
You scarcely can find such another, he'd conquer or else he would die.

vii. Now my last handsome youth that does enter is a boy that is both straight and tall;
He is the son of the great Buonaparte, the hero that cracked the whole all.
He went over the Lowlands like thunder, made nations to quiver and quake;
Many thousands stood gazing in wonder at the havoc he always did make.

viii. Now you see all my five noble heroes, my five noble heroes by birth.
And they each bear as good a character as any five heroes on earth;
If they be as good as their fathers, their deeds are deserving records;
It is all the whole company desires to see how they handle their swords.

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