OLD ENGLISH DITTIES

FROM

POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME

VOL. I.

VOL. I. OF

OLD ENGLISH DITTIES,

SELECTED FROM

W. CHAPPELL'S

"Popular Music of the Olden Time;"

WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION.

THE LONG BALLADS COMPRESSED, AND OCCASIONALLY NEW WORDS WRITTEN,

BY

J. OXENFORD;

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

G. A. MACFARREN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

ON THE EARLY AGES OF ENGLISH MUSIC AND SONG.

"HISTORY had its origin in poetry,"[a] says an old Danish author, and this is undoubtedly true as to much of the early history of our own country. Without going so far as Lord Macaulay, who ranks Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena, Arthur and Mordred, as "mythical persons, whose very existence may be questioned," we may, at least, point to many adventures of our ancient kings and heroes, which, if not altogether inventions of the poet, have undoubtedly reached us only through the medium of song. In the "*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*," two complete historical ballads, and fragments of eight or ten others are inserted as integral parts of the Chronicle. While some of our earliest writers mix together truth and fiction, without attempting to distinguish between them, others, like William of Malmesbury, divide records for which there was some show of authority from those which were only derived from ballads sung about the country. In this way we learn the subjects of many of the legends and historical songs which delighted our ancestors for successive centuries.

William of Malmesbury wrote his history in the reigns of Henry I. and Stephen, when King Arthur had been dead about six hundred years, yet he says: "It is of this Arthur that the Britons fondly tell so many fables, even to the present day—a man worthy to be celebrated, not by idle fictions, but by authentic history"—"The sepulchre of Arthur is no where to be seen, whence ancient ballads fable that he is still to come." As a specimen of the miracles attributed to this king, he tells us that, "At the siege of Mount Badon,[c] relying on an image of the Virgin, which he had affixed to his armour, Arthur engaged nine hundred of the enemy single-handed, and dispersed them with incredible slaughter!" Even this bold fiction did not die away very rapidly, for Giraldus, the Welshman, who was chaplain to Henry II., improved the miracle, by adding that an image of the Virgin was fixed inside Arthur's shield, that he might kiss it in battle.

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[a] "Historia initium sumpsit a poëse."—Bartholinus, *De Contemptu Mortis apud Danaicos*

[b] "Antiquitas neniarum adhuc eum venturum fabulatur."—*De Gestis Regum Anglorum* (Lib. iii.)

[c] Supposed by some to be Bannesdown, near Bath.

In his history of King Edward, son of Alfred the Great, William of Malmesbury says: "Thus far I have written from authentic testimony; that which follows I have learned more from old ballads, popular through succeeding times, than from books written expressly for the information of posterity. I have subjoined them, not to defend their veracity, but to put my reader in possession of all I know."[d] Again, after recounting the pride of Edgar, in compelling subject kings to be his oarsmen while he sat at the prow, William says: "For this he is justly blamed by *history*, but the other imputations, which I shall mention hereafter, have rather been cast on him by ballads."[e]

A volume might be filled with the stories which these early chroniclers derived from ballads, and among them not a few that have descended to the present day. For instance, who has not heard of the deception practised upon King Edgar by the nobleman whom he commissioned to offer marriage to Elfrida, if her beauty should prove as remarkable as it was famed—of the disparaging report given to the king by his messenger, while he secretly wooed the lady for himself? This narrative, which ends in the discovery of the fraud, and the death of the betrayer at the hand of the enraged king, is one of the many for which, whether wholly true, partly true, or entirely fictitious, there is no higher authority than a ballad.

We have three accounts of warriors who gained access to the camps of their enemies by disguising themselves in the dresses of minstrels. The first is of a Saxon chief, who entered York while it was closely besieged by King Arthur and his Britons; the second of King Alfred in the Danish camp, and the third of Anlaf, the Dane, in that of Alfred's grandson, King Athelstan. The second and third adventures are recounted by William of Malmesbury; but Asser, the friend and biographer of Alfred, takes no notice of his share in any such enterprise. It is therefore probable that the story has been transferred from one hero to another, if it be not altogether an invention, framed for the purpose of exalting the privileged character of the minstrel in the minds of his hearers. It must be admitted that British and early English kings, and knights, and all of gentle blood, were taught to play upon the harp; therefore, so far, there is no improbability in the adventure.

There were then two orders of minstrelsy, between which no sufficient distinction has hitherto been drawn. The first was the Scope (Anglo-Sax, *scóp sceop*), the bard, or inventor, who combined the arts of poetry and music, singing songs of his own composition. To be a Scope was an honourable distinction, even to men of rank. The second was the Gleeman, who, deriving his name from gleo, (signifying *glee, mirth, music, song,*) was a musician, and merry-maker, usually singing songs composed by others.

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[d] "Sequentia magis cantilenis per successiones temporum detritis, quam libris ad instructiones posteriorum elucubratis, didicerim."—(Lib. ii., cap. 6.)

[e] "Inde merito, jureque, culpant eum literæ; nam ceteras infamias, quas post dicam magis resperserunt cantilenæ."—(Lib. ii., cap. 8.)

Many of the clergy indulged in music and poetry, and with little restraint so long as their songs were on historical or other unobjectionable subjects. Aldhelm, first abbot of Malmesbury, and one of the most eminent churchmen of the seventh century, exercised himself daily in playing upon the various musical instruments then in use, "whether with strings, pipes, or any other variety." (Here it may be remarked that the principal musical instruments[f] of the early English were the harp, the rote, the psaltery, the fiddle, (which is of English origin,) the cittern, and the organ. To these were added flutes, single and double, blown at the end—pipes, hornpipes, bagpipes, trumpets, cimbals, tabor, and drum). Aldhelm composed "trivial songs," says his biographer, and stationing himself on the bridge, "like a professed minstrel," he sang them to the people, in order to engage their attention, and having secured it, he gradually intermixed others on more instructive subjects. One of these trivial songs retained its popularity four hundred years, for William of Malmesbury says that it was sung about the country in his own time. The elevation of the ambitious Dunstan may be attributed to his skill in music, for it was by his harping and singing to the king, when wearied with affairs of state, that he first gained the royal favour. Dunstan was skilled in all "the vain songs" of his nation, and sought to calm his excitable temperament by means of his harp. He kept it by him to the last, thinking with Bishop Grosteste, that—

> "The vertue of the harpe, with skyll aryght,
> Will destrye the fendy's [fiend's] might."

It appears however, that some of the clergy were apt to indulge in songs of too convivial a character, for, among the laws made in King Edgar's reign (A.D. 960), the fifty-eighth is, "That no priest shall be a maker of ale-house songs" (literally, "He shall not be an ale-scope, *ealu scóp*"), "nor in anywise act the gleeman, whether alone or with others." About the same date is a similar law for Northumbrian priests, "If a priest indulge in drunkenness, or become a gleeman or ale-scope, let him make satisfaction."

One of Elfric's Canons is curious as showing that early English funerals were conducted somewhat after the manner of modern Irish wakes. The 35th is as follows: "Ye ought not to make merry over dead men, nor to hunt after a corpse except ye are invited to it. When ye are invited, forbid the heathenish songs of

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[f] The portable Harp was strung with wire, the large Harp with sheep-gut. The Rote was a kind of lyre common to the old Saxons and early English. (An engraving of the Rote will be found at p. 767 of *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*) The Cittern (*Citra* or *Citere*,) was of the lute kind, with four (single or double) strings, and strung with wire. The Fiddle had four strings and a bow, as now: its history is traced in *Popular Music*, p. 761 *et seq.* An early English Psaltery is engraved in Wackerbarth's *Music and the Anglo-Saxons.* The Organ was in use in England in the seventh century—it is described in Aldhelm's *Laus Virginitatis.*

[g] *Leges Anglo-Saxonicæ*, ed. Wilkins, fol. 86.

[h] Wilkins's *Concilia*, vol. i. p. 218, canon no. 41

laymen, and their loud cackling, and do not eat and drink over the body in their heathenish manner."[i]

Some of these laws and canons give an insight of the times which could not otherwise be obtained. In one council it is ordered that "neither bishops nor any other ecclesiastics shall keep *female* harpers, or players of other instruments; neither are they to sanction plays or buffooneries by their presence.[k] In another, "Priests are not to babble in the church like secular bards, nor to dislocate the sacred words by theatrical pronunciation:" and "Monasteries are not to be receptacles of amusing arts—that is, of poets, harpers, musicians, and jesters—but honest retreats for the silent and quiet, and such as labour for God's sake."[l] We may assume that they were sometimes perverted to such uses, or else why make a law against it?

Specimens of early English music are still extant, and among them some that are probably of the 7th and 8th centuries, such as the music to "The Praise of Virginity," and to other poems by Saint Aldhelm. It is to be regretted that they are not intelligible to us, owing to the imperfection of the notation. The same system then prevailed throughout Europe. Over the words are placed certain accents, stops, hooks, and crooks, (like slanting pot-hooks and hangers,) and these were intended to guide the voice up and down to certain notes; but as they are not written upon lines, it is impossible to decide with any certainty how far the voice should ascend or descend. Such notation could only have served with the assistance of a master, for a tune must necessarily be learnt by ear where the length of notes is undefined.[m]

The same remark will apply to later specimens, for, although, about the latter half of the tenth century, a red line was used for F, and, subsequently, a yellow line for C, (the singing-marks, or neumes, being written upon and between these lines,) still the time of all notes was as indefinite as before.

It is curious that, under such disadvantages, any progress should have been made in harmony. Still the nation which used the harp and organ could not be without some practical knowledge of concordant sounds, and the English had organs of large size. One erected in Winchester Cathedral, in the tenth century, is fully described by Wulstan, a contemporary writer, and he states the number of pipes to have been four hundred. This same Wulstan was the author of a treatise "On the Harmony of Tones," a work which was in use for at least a hundred and fifty

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[i] Wilkins's *Concilia*. vol. i. p. 255.

[k] Concilium Romano-Britannicum, Wilkins's *Concilia*, vol. i. p. 46

[l] Council of Cloveshoo, near Abingdon, A.D. 747.—Wilkins's *Concilia*, vol i. p. 94.

[m] Since this was written, the editor has found some early English Latin hymns with notation on four lines and spaces in manuscripts written in the tenth century. These quite antedate anything of the kind yet known abroad, and they precede the time of Guido, who proposed only two lines—a red line for F, and a yellow line for C.

years, for it was known to William of Malmesbury, who styles it "a most useful book."[n] He says, however, that Osberne of Canterbury (who flourished about a century after Wulstan, and outlived the Norman Conquest by about thirty years,) was indisputably the greatest of all musicians, not excepting any then living."[o]

The musical terms used in teaching boys in the tenth century, will be found in Archbishop Alfric's vocabulary, and include *Answege sang*—Tune for instrument alone, *Twegra sang*—Duet, *Hluddra sang*—Chorus, *Geðwære sang*—Harmony, and *Ungeswege sang*—Discord.

The good monk who wrote the history of Ely has preserved a fragment of an Anglo-Saxon ballad without music, which he attributes to Canute the Great. This affords a specimen of the measure which this kind of poetry had attained in the early part of the eleventh century, although the language is rather that of the twelfth :—

"Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely,	Merry sang the monks in Ely,
Tha Cnut ching reu ther by:	When Canute, the king, was rowing by:
Roweth, cnites, noer the land,	Row, ye knights, near the land,
And here we thes muneches sæng."	And let us hear these monks' song.

English monks were often censured for singing too quickly in the church, and this habit sprung, not improbably, from the natural cheerfulness of disposition which was undoubtedly characteristic of the English. The people delighted in holidays, and, thanks to their numerous saints, these were frequent. Athletic sports, (such as hunting the wild boar and the stag, hawking, wrestling, and riding,) games, tricks, feasting, and music, were the favourite amusements, and as Layamon says, "songs there were merry, and lasted very long."

"The merry, free, and frank disposition of the old English," says Camden, "was thus described by Alfred of Beverley," who died A.D. 1136: 'England, full of sports, a free people, delighting in jokes.'"[p] William of Malmesbury says of the men of East Anglia: "They are a merry, pleasant, jovial race, but apt to carry their jokes to an irritating excess."[q]

Neither was this character for cheerfulness confined to the North and East

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[n] "Fecit et aliud opus *De Tonorum Harmonia*, valde utile."—*Gesta Regum Anglorum*, b. ii. c. 8. This is elsewhere entitled the "*Breviloquium Wulstani.*"

[o] "Plura et non contemnenda de viro [*Dunstano*] volentem dicere revocat Cantuariæ cantor Osbernus, qui ejus vitam Romana elegantia composuit, nulli nostro tempore stylo secundus, musica certe omnium sine controversia primus." (*Gesta Reg. Angl.* b. ii. c. 8.) One of Osberne's treatises was *De Re Musica*, and a copy of a second, *De Vocum Consonantiis*, is stated by M. Fétis to be in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. If this manuscript could be found it might throw fresh light upon the music of the eleventh century. William of Malmesbury was always esteemed an impartial writer and unbiassed by nationality. One of his parents was English, the other Norman,) so that his unqualified praise of Osberne should have excited the attention of musical historians. Osberne was born at Canterbury.

[p] "Anglia plena jocis, gens libera, et apta, jocari."—Camden's *Remaines.*

[q] "Gens læta et lepida, facetaque festivitate jocorum ad petulantiam pronior."—*Gesta Regum Anglorum*, b. ii. c. 13.

of England. "Merry Michael, the Cornish poet, piped this upon his oaten pipe for merry England," says Camden,

> "For money, dinners, varied drinks, no land will e'er be found
> Like England, famous England, where the fertile soil is crown'd
> With countless flocks and herds, and where all social joys abound."[r]

As to London, the first good description of the city and of its customs was written in 1174, by Fitz-Stephen, the friend and biographer of Thomas à Becket. He says that, in summer evenings, the young people danced till dark to the sound of the harp (or cittern), and that some of the maidens acted as musicians.[s] That, on festival days, the boys of the London schools attached to the three principal churches, "contended with each other in verse," and wound up their contests "by recitations of epigrams, ballads, and rhymes, in which the foibles and frailties of their fellows were sarcastically exposed, but without naming the individuals." At this "the auditors, who were prepared to enter into the jest, shook the assembly with peals of laughter." The same author tells us that when à Becket went to Paris, as Chancellor to Henry the Second, he was accompanied by about two hundred and fifty English boys, who preceded him "in groups of six, ten, or more, singing something in their own language after the manner of their country."[t]

Fitz-Stephen does not elucidate the meaning of "after the manner of their country," but he intended, in all probability, that, while some sang the tune, others joined in an underpart in harmony to it. This manner of singing seems then to have been peculiar to the English. They had also another system, that of singing Rounds or Roundels, such as the watermen of London made of Sir John Norman, Lord Mayor of London, in 1453, and of which we have an earlier example in "Summer is icumen in." In both styles there is a burden or undersong for some to sing as a bass to support the upper voices.

The harp (strung with wire) being an instrument of little power, when many persons met together, the accompaniment of voices was frequently used to strengthen it. Our early songs and carols have commonly a burthen of two lines at the commencement, and not, as now, at the *end* of the stanza. This burden was intended to be sung by under-voices throughout the song, to support the tune.

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r "Nobilis Anglia pocula, prandia donat, et æra,
Terra juvabilis et sociabilis, agmine plena,
Omnibus utilis, Anglia fertilis est et amœna."—Camden's *Remaines.*

s "Puellarum cithara choros ducit usque imminente luna, et pede libero pulsatur tellus." —*Descriptio Londoniæ*, ed. T. Pegge, 4to, 1772.

t "Gregatim euntes sex vel deni, vel plures simul, aliquid lingua sua pro more patriæ suæ cantantes."—Stephanides. *Vita S. Thomæ, Cantuar.*, p. 21.

The airs and graces of church-singers were strongly reprehended at this time by John of Salisbury, and by Ailred, or Aelred, a Yorkshire abbot. Each alludes to the four qualities of voice—(treble, countertenor, tenor, and base,) and the former says that the parts were so consolidated or intermixed, that no one could distinguish one voice from another. "If you could hear the effeminate modulations of their voices," says he, "you would think them a concert of sirens, not of men." Ailred says, "Sometimes you may see a man with open mouth, not *sing* but, as it were, breathe out his last gasp: again, by a ridiculous interception of his voice, to seem to threaten silence; then to imitate the agonies of a dying man, or the anguish of those who suffer: in the mean time the whole body is stirred up and down with theatrical gestures, the lips are twisted, the eyes turned round, the shoulders play, and the bending of the fingers answers to every note."

This reprehension proves, at least, that the art of recitation was much cultivated by singers of the time. Both writers tell us that the people were delighted; they complain only that attention was too much absorbed by the singing. Recitation, as already shown, was then taught in the London schools, and we may fairly assume that singers of secular music were not behind those of the church in the art. An accomplished minstrel could secure an audience for fifty verses, but we now, occassionally, find it difficult to listen to three. The minstrel had some story to interest his hearers, and knew how to recite it to music; but any ballad tune will cloy, if the words, which give it life and spirit, be inaudible.

The study of music progressed greatly during the following century (the 13th), before the middle of which we find a round, or canon in unison, for four voices, with a foot or undersong for two more. It is accompanied by directions as to the proper way of singing, and by these the musical notation is incidentally explained. The melody stands first in the following pages, viz. "Summer is icumen in." It has been sung in public recently as a round, and with general approval. The undersong or burthen was omitted on these occasions (with one exception), because it makes a succession of fifths and octaves, in contravention of our laws of harmony. No such law existed at the time it was written, and, as there are still some who listen to Scotch tunes like Tullochgorum, which cause perpetual fifths and octaves, we cannot suppose that the burthen would, even now, be disagreeable to their less fastidious ears.

With all its faults, "Summer is icumen in," is incomparably in advance of any music of the thirteenth century that the continent of Europe has produced, and it bears out the assertion of John Tinctor, the earliest Flemish writer on music, that Counterpoint had its origin among the English.

At the end of this same thirteenth century there was a company or brotherhood established by the merchants of London, among themselves, for periodical festive meetings, and for the encouragement of musical and poetical composition, "to the end that the city of London might be renowned for all good things, and

that mirth, peace, gaiety, and good fellowship might be maintained." Each of the brotherhood paid sixpence as entrance fee, and twelvepence on the day of meeting unless he had composed a new song. In that case "his song did acquit him thereof." The constitution of their society resembled in many respects those of the present city companies. They had a Master (called a prince) and twelve companions, chosen annually; also a clerk and a chaplain. They built a chapel "in honour of God and Our Lady, near the Guildhall," and called themselves The brotherhood of the Pui. To be elected prince of the year soon became an expensive honour, for one of the statutes complains that the munificence of the feasts had so increased from year to year, each prince endeavouring to surpass the other, and at his own cost, that limits thenceforth should be placed upon the expenditure, and the entire cost of the feasts be defrayed by the Company. The following extract from the statutes will best explain the objects of the association. "And whereas the royal feast of the Pui is maintained and established principally for crowning a royal song; inasmuch as it is by song that it is honoured and enhanced; all the gentle companions of the Pui, by right reason, are bound to exalt royal songs to the utmost of their power, and especially the one that is crowned by assent of the companions upon the day of the great feast of the Pui. Wherefore it is here provided, as concerning such songs, that each new Prince, the day that he shall wear the crown and govern the feast of the Pui, and so soon as he shall have had the blazon of his arms hung in the room where the feast of the Pui shall be held, shall cause to be set up beneath his blazon the song that was crowned, on the day that he was chosen as the new prince, plainly and correctly written without default. For no singer ought by right to sing any royal song, or to proffer the same, until he shall have seen the song that was last crowned in the year just passed, honoured according to its right, in the manner aforesaid." "And that, for deciding as to the songs, there be chosen two or three, who well understand singing and music, for the purpose of trying and examining the notes and the points of the song, as well as the nature of the words composed thereto. For without singing no one ought to call a composition of words a song, nor and ought any royal song to be crowned without the sweet sounds of melody sung."[a] The seat where the singers sang the royal song was covered with cloth of gold, and when the Company had given the crown to him who had produced the best song, all mounted their horses and rode in procession through the city, (the king of the day riding between the old prince and the new,) and then escorted their new prince to his house, where they alighted and had a dance, by way of a *loath to depart*. After the dance, they were, according to the statutes, to take but one drink, and then each to return to his own house on foot.

Secular music seems always to have been greatly in advance of sacred, and so

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[a] *Liber Custumarum*, edited by T. H. Riley, M.A., pp. 589, 590.

secular tunes were frequently appropriated as hymns. The case of St. Aldhelm, on the bridge, may not be strictly in point; but we may at least date the habit from the Norman Conquest. It is recorded of Thomas, Archbishop of York under William the First, that whenever he heard any song sung by Gleeman, he wrote immediately a religious parody upon the words, to be sung to the same tune.[x] There remains at Ossory a manuscript, known as the Red Book, which contains many Latin Hymns written to popular tunes by the English bishop of that see from 1318 to 1360. The original names are there given, such as "Sweetest of all, sing," "How should I with that old man," "Do, do, nightingale, sing full merry," "Good day, my leman dear," etc. These were all stage songs (Carmina Theatralia) and the good bishop substituted hymns to the airs in order that the throats of his clergy might not be defiled by singing "profane" words.

Some writers have asserted that the popular tunes of different countries sprang from the church; but this is mere assertion, without even an atom of proof. The better feelings of man have ever revolted at such appropriations. To sing them would have been thought the extreme of ribaldry. On the contrary, in *all* countries, the case has been reversed. In the Vatican library at Rome there are now eighty volumes of masses constructed upon popular tunes by composers of various countries. Our Scottish brethen have their "Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, turned out of profane Ballads," and, curiously enough, these are chiefly parodies upon English songs, such as "John, come kiss me now," and sung to English tunes. The custom of singing "psalms to hornpipes" has not died away even yet, for we may still point to instances whichever way we turn, and whether we look abroad or at home.

A Latin proverb was current from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, which professed to characterize the singing of the principal nations of Europe, and gave the English the palm for joyous songs. The proverb is supposed to be of French origin, because not only are the French placed first, but also, are said to be the only people who then understood the true art. *Galli cantant, Angli jubilant, Hispani plangunt, Germani ululant, Itali caprizant.* In English—"The French sing, the English carol, the Spaniards wail, the German howl, the Italians quaver like goats." We have no other verb by which we can translate the word "jubilant" except "to carol," although we have a more literally corresponding noun in the word "jubilee"—Carols were songs for mirthful and festive occasions, to tunes fitted for dancing, such as:

> "All you that love good fellows,
> Come listen to my song," &c.

Even the semi-religious Christmas carols were in old times sung to tunes of this

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[x] "Si quis in auditu ejus arte jocularia aliquid vocale sonaret, statim illud in divinas laudes effigiabat."—W. Malmes. *De Gestis Pontij*, col. 1709.

class. The earliest extant with music is to the tune of "Bring us in good ale." "To carol" meant also to sing a tune whilst others danced.

All nations did not agree with this French estimate of themselves. The old English rendering of the proverb was "The French *pipe*," in allusion to their facility in executing vocal passages, and this seems still to be both characteristic and just. Pietro Arone took up the cudgels for the Italians in his *Lucidario in Musica*, and attributed the proverb to spite and malevolence, but it is still characteristic, in that tremulousness which many Italian singers intend as an ornament but carry to excess. The Germans, no doubt, thought it equally malevolent to them, although one of their writers (Jerom Turler), admits its justice when applied to "some parts" of Germany.

The name of "Old England," dates from the civil war between Charles the First and his parliament. Its first use in print seems to date from a pamphlet published in 1641—just twenty-one years after the name of our colony of North Virginia had been changed to *New* England. Before that time the usual expressions were "Fair England" when applied only to the country, and "Merry England," when to both country and people. During the reign of puritanism England could no longer be appropriately called merry, and at last the national character became affected by that taint. The puritans decried maypoles as abominations; the festivities of harvest home, (especially the figure of Ceres carried in the hock cart,) were fearful idolatry; and dancing on the village green in summer evenings, was "galloping the broad way to hell." Although a violent revulsion of public feeling ensued on the accession of Charles the Second, yet, much of this active heat expended itself after a time, and the puritan element remained unextinguished.

Before the time of Cromwell every parish in town or country, if moderately populous, had its resident musicians, called waits, who were sometimes dignified by the name of minstrels. As there was scarcely a sport or festivity unaccompanied by music, these men found profitable employment. The evening dances on the village green were from Whitsuntide to Lammas day. Harvest was then close at hand, and with harvest came rejoicings from farm to farm. Christmas furnished its indoor amusements and dances; Easter its holiday gambols. Musicians were in request at Fairs, and especially so on famous old May Day, which, corresponding with our 13th of May, was more genial to outdoor amusement than May Day according to the new style. In the intervals the waits found employment at roadside inns, where they were engaged to do honour to visitors. Fynes Moryson says that it was a custom *peculiar* to England that, if a gentleman had company at a highway inn, he would be offered music (which he might freely take or refuse), and if solitary, the musicians would give him the *good day* with music in the morning. (*Itinerary*, folio, 1617, book iii. p. 151.) Now, on the contrary, owing to an absurd piece of over-legislation in George the Second's time, the innkeeper cannot

have musicians to sing or play in his house without the trouble and expense of annual application for license.

We now give too little to relaxation, and the overtaxing of mental and bodily energies is not without its effect upon the national character. "All work and no play," proverbially "makes Jack a dull boy."

The airs in the following volume belong in a greater proportion to "Merry" than to "Old" England, and we are rarely left to such doubtful evidence as tradition for proof of their antiquity. In numerous cases the original printed copies of the ballads are still to be found in public libraries, while the tunes may also be traced in some early collection of Country Dances. The sources from which all have been derived may be seen in *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

Some of the old ballads are so long that few would *now* venture to sing them. These have been compressed, and some have been partially or entirely rewritten, by Mr. Oxenford. In other cases, the old words were thought unsuitable to the drawing-room, and new songs have been substituted. In writing these Mr. Oxenford has admirably retained the character suggested by the airs. The accompaniments are entirely new, and Mr. Macfarren's name will be a sufficient guarantee for their excellence and appropriateness. For the versions of the airs and their barring, the writer is alone responsible.

W. CHAPPELL, F.S.A.

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SUMMER IS A COMING IN.

THE AIR FROM A MANUSCRIPT SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

♩. = 96.

Words modernized.

Cheerfully

f *pp* *cres.*

f *dim.* *p*

Sum-mer is a coming in, Loudly sing, Cuck-oo! Meadows green a-round are seen Be-

- spangled o'er with dew, Sing, Cuck-oo! Young Alein, the shepherd swain, Is gath'ring vio-lets

cres. *f* *pp*

blue; He will car-ry wreaths to Ma-ry, Glad as thou, Cuckoo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, We

cres. *f* *p* *pp*

welcome thee, Cuck-oo, That wak'st the world a-new.

f *dim.* *p*

Prophet of the merry throat, Loudly sing, Cuckoo! For thou bring'st, whene'er thou sing'st, Good

tidings, aye and true: Sing, Cuck-oo! Mary's love may fickle prove, False hopes the swain may

cres. *f* *pp*

rue: May's returning, falsehood spurning, Singest thou, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck-oo! Hail,

p

cres. *f* *pp*

bird of truth! Cuck-oo! That wak'st the world a-new.

f *dim.* *p*

MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE.

♩ = 126. AIR FROM A MANUSCRIPT, TIME OF HENRY VIII.

With expression, and slowly. *Words modernized.*

p *cres.* *f* *sf* *dim.*

My lit - tle pret - ty one! My soft - ly win - ning one! Oh! thou'rt a mer - ry one.

p

ad lib. *a tempo*

And play - ful as can be. With a beck thou com'st a - non;

ad lib.

In a trice, too, thou art gone, And I must sigh a - lone, But sighs are

cres. *sf* *dim.*

a tempo.

lost up - on thee.

f *cres.* *sf* *dim.*

Art thou, my smi - ling one, Art thou, my pout - ing one, Art thou, my teaz - ing one,

p

ad lib. *a tempo*

A god - dess, elf, . . or grace? With a frown thou wound'st my heart, -

ad lib.

With a smile thou heal'st the smart, Why play the ty - rant's part With such an

cres. *sf* *dim.*

a tempo.

in no - cent face?

f *cres.* *sf* *dim.*

NOW, ROBIN, LEND TO ME THY BOW.

AIR, BEFORE 1568.

♩ = 138.

Gaily, and in moderate time.

Words modernized.

f *sf* *p* *f*

1. Now, Ro-bin, lend to me thy bow, Sweet Ro-bin, lend to me thy bow, For
2. Her mas-ter in the arch-er's craft, A lit-tle wing-ed boy is he, And

p

I must now a hunt-ing with my la-dy go, With my sweet la-dy go.
wing-ed too the hart must be, that 'scapes the shaft Of my be-lov'd la-die.

My la-dy is an arch-er rare, And in the greenwood joy-eth she: There ne-ver was a marksman
Dan Cupid is her master's name. Full an-cient is his pe-di-gree, His mother is a state-ly

yet who could compare In skill with my la-die.
well be - lov - ed dame, And like my fair la-die.

p *f*

3. He teach-es ma - ny a maid his art, And ne - ver asks for gift or fee, But

p

none that e'er took aim with Cupid's piercing dart Could match with my la - die.

"Sweet Wilkin pri-thee take my bow, And take my hawk and hound al - so, Right mer-ri-ly a hunt-ing

with thy la - die go, With thy sweet la - die go."

f

THE HUNT IS UP.

AIR, TIME OF HENRY VIII.

♩. = 108. *Words ancient.*

Merrily.

f

The hunt is up, The hunt is up, And it is well nigh day: And Harry, our King, Has gone hunting To

p

bring his deer to bay. The

f *p*

East is bright With morning light, And darkness it is fled: The mer - ry horn Wakes up the morn To

leave his i - dle bed. . .

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *f*

The sun is glad To see us clad All in our lus - ty green, And smiles in the sky, As he ri-seth high, To

p

see, and to be seen. . . A -

f *p*

- wake, all men, I say a - gain, Be mer - ry as you may, For Harry, our King, Is gone hunting To

bring his deer to bay. . .

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *f*

AH! THE SIGHS THAT COME FRO' MY HEART.

♩=92. FROM A MANUSCRIPT, TIME OF HENRY VIII.

Smoothly, and with expression. *Words modernized.*

Ah! the sighs that come from my heart, They speak of an-guish pas - sing sore, For

pp

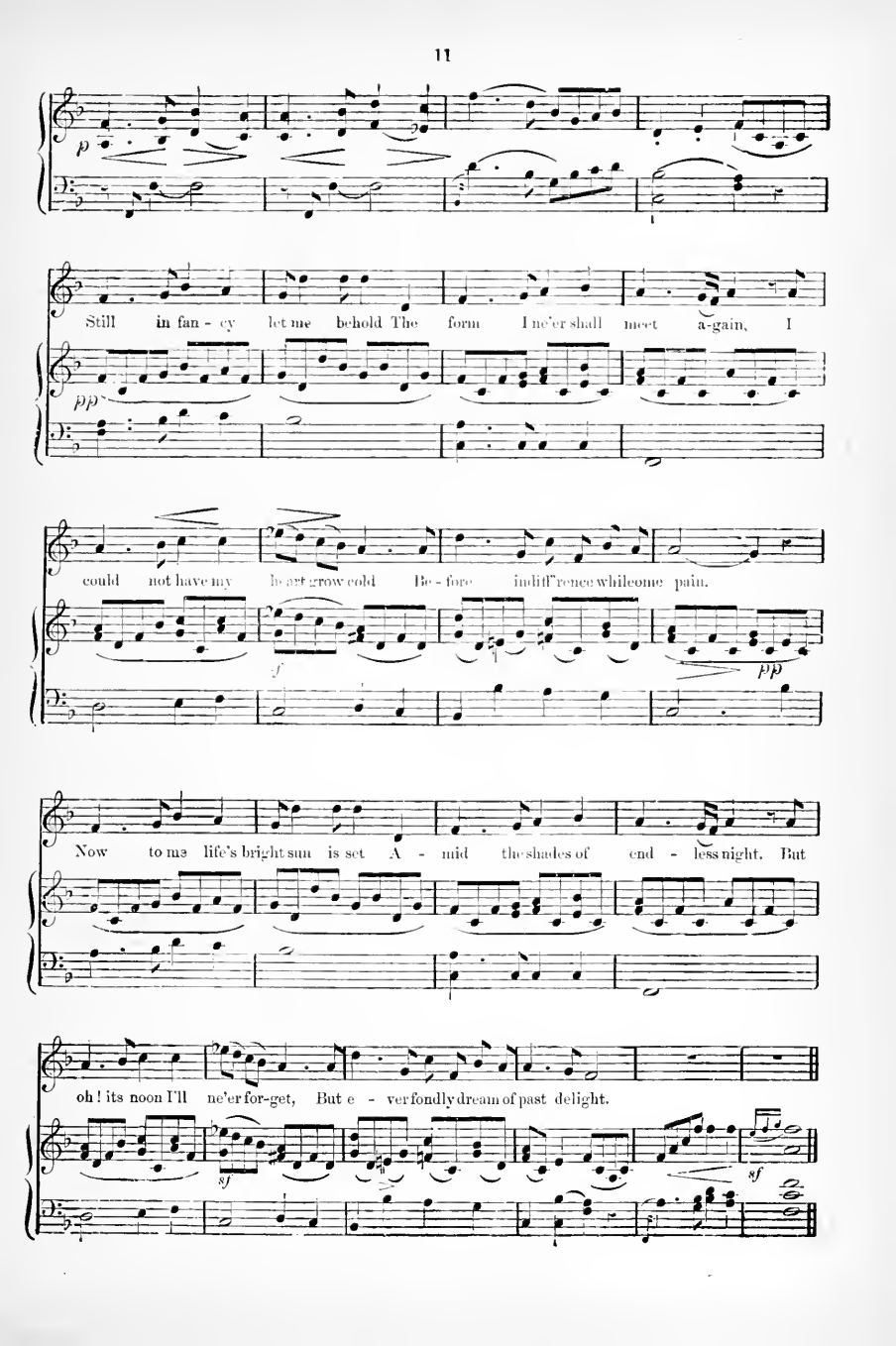
since I from my love must part, Farewell to joy for e - ver - more. . .

sf *pp*

Once on me, with sweet smi-ling face, My love was wont to cast an eye: She

left upon my heart a trace That will endure un - til at last I die.

sf *col canto.* *a tempo.*


p
Still in fan - cy let me behold The form I ne'er shall meet a-gain, I
pp
could not have my heart grow cold Be - fore indiff'rence whilecome pain.
f
pp
Now to me life's bright sun is set A - mid the shades of end - less night. But
oh! its noon I'll ne'er for-get, But e - ver fondly dream of past delight.
sf
sf

OH! WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW!

WORDS AND MUSIC FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

♩ = 100. *Desdemona's song in Othello.*

Rather slowly, and expressively.

f *p* *pp*

mf *pp*

A poor soul sat sigh - ing by a sy - ca-more tree, Sing wil - low, willow,

p *pp*

mf *f*

willow! With his hand in his bo-som, and his head upon his knee! Oh! willow, willow, willow,

p *f*

dim. *pp* *f*

wil-low, Oh! willow, willow, willow, wil-low, My gar - land shall be, Sing, all a green wil-low,

f *dim.* *pp* *f*

cres. pp

wil-low, willow, willow, Ah! me, the green wil-low my garland must be.

colla parte. a tempo.

p cres. pp cres. pp

mf pp

He sigh'd in his sing - ing, and made a great moan, Sing wil - low, willow,

p pp

mf f

willow, I am dead to all pleasure, My true love she is gone: Oh! willow, willow, willow,

p f

dim. pp f

wil-low, Oh! willow, willow, willow, wil-low, My gar - land shall be, Sing, oh! the green wil-low,

sf dim. pp f

p cres. pp

wil-low, willow, willow, Ah! me the green wil-low my garland must be.

colla parte. a tempo.

p cres. pp cres. pp

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

PRINTED IN 1600.

♩ = 96. *From Shakespeare's "As you like it."*

Moderate time.

p *cres.* *f* *p*

1. It was a lover and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no, And a hey . nonny no ni
2. Between the acres of the rye, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no, And a hey . nonny no ni

mf

no, That o'er the green corn-fields did pass. } In spring time, in spring time, in spring time, The on-ly pretty
no, These pretty coun-try fools did lie }

f

ring time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet

p *cres.* *f*

lovers love the spring.

f *p*

3. This ce-rel they began that hour, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no, And a hey . nonny no ni
4. Then pretty lovers take the time, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no, And a hey . nonny no ni

mf

no, How that life was but a flow'r, } In spring time, in spring time, in spring time. The on-ly pretty
no, For love is crowned with the prime }

f

ring time, When birds do sing. Hey ding a ding a ding. Hey ding a ding a ding. Hey ding a ding a ding. Sweet

p *cres.* *f*

lovers love the spring.

p

OH, MISTRESS MINE!

PRINTED IN 1599.

♩ = 84. *From Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."*

Moderate time, and very smoothly.

mf *pp* *sf dim.* *pp*

mf *pp*

Oh, mistress mine! where are you roaming? Oh, mistress mine! where are you roaming?

mf *pp*

mf *p*

Oh, stay and hear: your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low;

mf *cres.* *sf* *p*

mf

Trip no further, pret-ty sweeting: Jour-neys end in lovers' meeting, Ev' - ry wise man's

mf *dim.*

ritard.

son . doth know. *a tempo.*

colla parte. *f* *sf* *pp*

mf *pp*

What is love?—'Tis not here-af - ter; What is love?—'Tis not here-af - ter;

mf *pp*

mf *p*

Pre - sent mirth hath pre-sent laughter: What's to come is still un-sure:

mf *cres.* *sf* *p*

mf

In de-lay there lies no plen-ty; Then come kiss me, sweet one and twenty, Youth's a stuff

mf *dim.*

ritard.

will not endure. *a tempo.*

colla parte. *f* *sf* *pp*

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

POPULAR BEFORE 1612.

♪ = 152.

Lightly, gracefully, and quick.

p *cres.* *sf* *pp poco ritard.*

1. Oh, what a plague is love! I can - not bear it, She will in - constant prove, I great-ly fear it; It so torments my mind, That my heart fail - eth, She wa-vers with the wind, As a ship sail - eth; Please her the best I may, She looks an - o - ther way; A - lack and well - a-day! Philli - da Phil - ly; She did them all disdain, And threw them back a-gain; Therefore, 'tis flat and plain, Philli - da

2. I of - ten heard her say, That she lov'd po - sies; In the last month of May I gave her ro - ses, Cowslips and gil - ly flow'rs And the sweet li - ly, I got to deck the bow'rs Of my dear

p

poco rall. *a tempo.* *poco rall.* *a tempo.*

flouts me.
flouts me.

mf *sf* *poco ritard.* *pp*

Which way so - e'er I go, She still torments me; And what-so-e'er I do, Nothing con-

p

-tents me: I fade, and pine a - way With grief and sor - row; I fall quite to de - cay, Like a - ny

poco rall. *a tempo.* *poco rall.* *a tempo.*

sha - dow; Since 'twill no bet - ter be, I'll bear it pa-tient-ly; Yet all the world may see Philli - da

flouts me.

mf *sf* *poco ritard.* *pp*

A LEGEND OF THE AVON.

♩. = 63. AIR BY DOWLAND, 1597.

Smoothly, and rather slowly. *Written by George Macfarren.*

mf *cres.* *sf* *dim.*

1 La - dy, wake, bright stars are gleaming Through the midnight gloom a - bove, All beneath lies
3 Thus he sung, and thus he woo'd her Ma - ny a summer's night un - blest, Love, at length, the

pp

dead or dream-ing. Save thy watchful fai - ry love: Oh, most fair of earth's fair daughters
soft in-tru - der Found a welcome in her breast, The moon shone clear when gen-tle Ma - ry,

mf

rall.

Wake thee, and let us roam, O'er A - von's pure and tran-quil wa - ters, To the glad fairies'
Woke from a charm-ed dream, And gli - ded with her min-strel fai - ry O - ver the A-von's

pp *rall.*

a tempo.

home.
stream.

cres. *f* *dim.*

2. In my noise - less bark I'll row thee Close by yon - der hal-low'd shore, Glow-ing visions
4. Sad and si - lent dawn'd the mor - row To the friends she left a - lone; Still they mourn with

pp

I will show thee, Such as charm'd the bard of yore, Then to our syl - van grot re - treat-ing,
kin - dred sor - row Her for - e - ver lost and gone; And while each night, as rolls the wave on,

mf

rall.

Where mor-tal ne'er has been, A thou-sand lips shall give thee greeting, Bride of my heart and
Un - der the wil - lows green, A milk-white swan floats down the A - von, A - ri - el's bri - dal

pp

a tempo.

Queen!
Queen!

cres. *f* *dim.*

THE THREE RAVENS.

♩ = 69. AIR EARLY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Slowly, smoothly, and with expression. *Words modernized by J. Oxenford.*

mf *sf* *p*

S

1. There were three ra-vens sat on a tree, Down a down, hey down hey down; They were as black as
2. His hawks a-bout him e-ver fly, Down a down, hey down hey down; There's not a bird that

p *p*

they might be; With a down. . . . . And one of them said to his mate,
ven-tures nigh! With a down. . . . . Now yon-der comes a fal-low doe, And

p *p*

Ped. *

"Where shall we our break-fast take? With a down, derry der-ry, der-ry down down.
to the knight she straight doth go. With a down, derry der-ry, der-ry down down.

mf *sf*

Ped. *

Ah well-a-day; in yon-der field, Down a down, hey down, hey down: A knight lies slain be-
She lif-ted up his life-less head: Down a down, hey down, hey down: And kiss'd his wounds that

p *p*

neath his shield; With a down . . . . A-gainst his feet his hounds you see, They
were so red: With a down . . . . She ten - der - ly the corse did take, She

p *p* *Ped.* *

guard their lord right faith-ful - ly.
ne - ver would her lord forsake. } With a down, derry derry, der-ry down down.

mf *sf* *Ped.* *

LAST VERSE.

She buried him be - fore the prime: Down a down, hey down, hey down: She died her-self ere

p *p*

even-song time! With a down . . Now e - ver pray that heav'n may send Such

p *p* *Ped.* *

hounds, such hawks, and such a friend. With a down, derry der-ry, der-ry down down.

mf *sf* *Ped.* *

TO THE MAYPOLE HASTE AWAY.

TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

♩ = 92.

Boldly and rather quick.

ff *sf* *sf* *sf* *ff*

8

1. Come, ye young men, come a - long, With your mu - sic dance and song;
2. Here each bach - e - lor may choose One that will not faith a - buse,

p

Bring your las - ses in your hands, For 'tis that which love commands. } Then to the Maypole
Nor re - pay with coy dis-dain, Love that should be lov'd a - gain. }

f

CHORUS. *ff*

haste - - way, For 'tis now a ho - li - day. Then to the Maypole haste a - way,

ff

For 'tis now a ho - li - day.

8ves.

2. It is the choice time of the year, For the vio - lets now ap-pear;
4. When you thus have spent your time— Till the day be past its prime,

Now the rose re - ceives its birth, And pret - ty prim - rose decks the earth,
To your beds re - pair at night, And dream there of your day's de-light.
Then to the Maypole

CHORUS. *ff*

haste a - way, For 'tis now a ho - li - day. Then to the Maypole haste a - way,

For 'tis now a ho-li-day.

1st time. *2nd time.*

8ves.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

TUNE FROM TRADITION.

♩ = 100.

Smoothly, and rather slowly.

The old ballad condensed by J. Oxenford.

p *cres.* *f*

1. There was a youth, and a well be-loved youth, And he was a Squire's son, He lov-ed the bailiff's daugh - ter dear, That liv-ed in Is - ling - ton. But she was coy, and ne - ver would On him her heart be - stow, Till he was sent to Lon-don town, Be - cause he lov'd her

2. "Give me a pen-ny, thou pren - tice good, Relieve a maid for - lorn;" "Before I give you a pen-ny, sweetheart, Pray tell me where you were born?" "Oh, I was born at Is-lington," "Then tell me if you know The bailiff's daughter of that place?" "She died, Sir, long a -

sf *pp*

so.
go."

mf *cres.* *f*

When se - ven years had pass'd a - way, She put on mean at - tire, And straight to London
"If she be dead, then take my horse, My sad-dle and bri-dle al-so, For I will to some

she would go, A-bout him to enquire: And as she went a -
dis - tant land, Where no man shall me know." "Oh, stay! oh, stay! thou

sf *pp*

- long the road, Thro' weather hot and dry, She res-ted on a gras - sy load, And her love came riding
good-ly youth, She standeth by thy side, She's here a-live, she is not dead, But rea-dy to be thy

Da Capo al Segno 𝄋

by.
bride."

mf *cres.* *f*

DRIVE THE COLD WINTER AWAY.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS SONG.

♩. = 84.

Boldly and marked. *Words and Tune of the Sixteenth Century.*

f *tr* *tr*

1. All hail to the days That merit more praise Than all the rest of the year, And welcome the nights That
2. Our good gentry there, For cost do not spare, And Yeomen fast not till Lent; The farmers and such Think

p

double delights As well for the poor as the peer: Good fortune attend each mer-ry man's friend, That
nothing too much So they keep hut to pay for their rent. The poorest of all Now mer-ri - ly call, When

do-eth the best that he may, . (Forgetting old wrongs,) With carols and songs, To drive the cold winter a-
at a fit place they stay, . For a song or a tale, Or a good cup of ale,)

colla parte.

ff CHORUS.

- way, . . To drive the cold win-ter a - way, . .

tr

a tempo. *ff* *ff*

The courtier, in state, Sets o - pen his gate, And gives free welcome to all, The ci - ty likewise, Tho'
'Tis ill for the mind, To en - vy in-clin'd, To think of in - ju-ries now; If wrath be to seek, Ne'er

p

somewhat precise, Will help the great and the small; But yet by report, From ci - ty and court, The
lend her thy cheek, Nor let her dwell on thy brow, Cross out of thy books Ma-le - vo-lent looks, Which

coun-try will gain the day . . More jo - vially spent, With bet-ter content,
beau - ty and youth de - cay, . . And wholly consort With mirth and with sport } To drive the cold winter a-

colla parte.

ff CHORUS. *Da Capo al Segno* 𝄋

- way, . To drive the cold win-ter a - way. . .

tr

a tempo. *ff* *ff*

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

COMPOSED BY FORD, AND PRINTED IN 1607.

♩ = 100.

Smoothly.

Originally a song with Lute accompaniment.

p *cres.* *f* *p*

Since first I saw your face I resolved To ho - nor and re - nown you; If

pp

now I be disdained, I wish my heart had ne-ver known you. What! I that lov'd, and

f *f*

you that lik'd, Shall we be-gin to wran - gle? No, no, no, my heart is fast, And

pp *cres.* *f*

pp *cres.* *f*

can - not dis - en - tan - gle. The

sf *p* *sf* *pp*

sun, whose beams most glo - rious are, Re - ject - eth no be - hold - er; And

pp

your sweet beauty, past compare, Made my poor eyes the bold - er. When beau-ty moves, and

f *f*

wit delights, And signs of kindness bind me, There, oh there, where e'er I go, I

pp *cres.* *f* *pp* *cres.* *f*

leave my heart be - hind me.

sf *p* *sf* *pp*

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

BEFORE 1580.

♩. 100

Jovially.

Words completed from a fragment, by G. Macfarren.

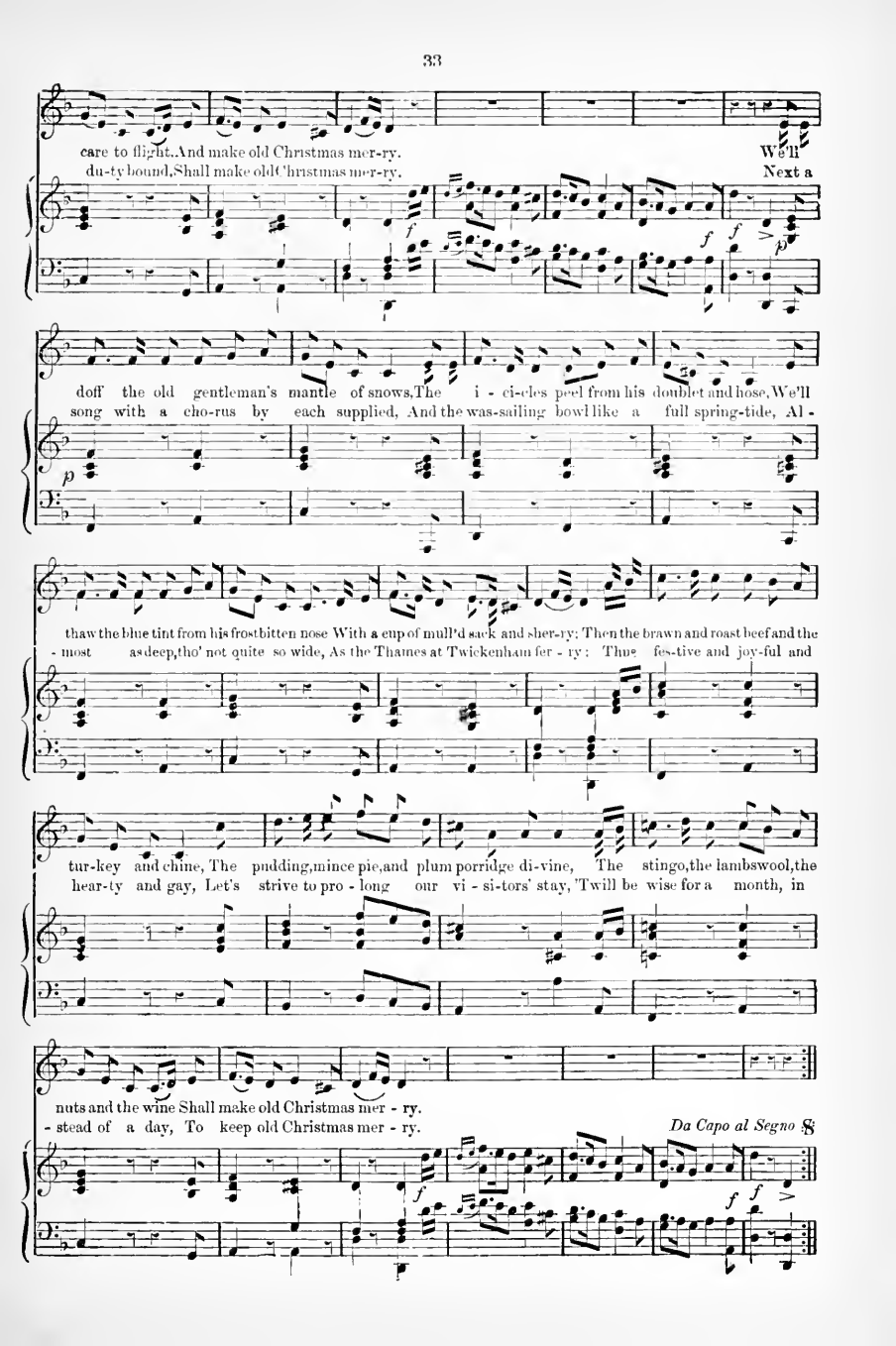
ff *f* *f*

1. Let's dance and sing, and make good cheer, For Christ - mas comes but once a year; The
2. A - non, de-spite ev' - ry whalebone prude, Our fro-lic-some las - ses un - sub-dued, Shall

p

hol - ly shall deck our household gear With its blooming win - ter cher - ry; We'll burn the Yule log, many
rouse the old man from his drowsy mood With the mistletoe bough, & ita ber - ry: Then hey for a romp and a

tapers we'll light, And with hearts more warm, and with looks more bright, We'll put the cold weather and
shriek and a bound, A coun-try dance, and a mer - ry-go-round, And the Lord of Misrule, as in


care to flight..And make old Christmas mer-ry.
du-ty bound,Shall make old Christmas mer-ry.
We'll
Next a
doff the old gentleman's mantle of snows,The i - ci-cles peel from his doublet and hose,We'll
song with a cho-rus by each supplied, And the was-sailing bowl like a full spring-tide, Al -
thaw the blue tint from his frostbitten nose With a cup of mull'd sack and sher-ry; Then the brawn and roast beef and the
- most as deep,tho' not quite so wide, As the Thames at Twickenham fer - ry: Thus fes-tive and joy-ful and
tur-key and chine, The pudding,mince pie,and plum porridge di-vine, The stingo,the lambswool,the
hear-ty and gay, Let's strive to pro - long our vi - si-tors' stay, 'Twill be wise for a month, in
nuts and the wine Shall make old Christmas mer - ry.
- stead of a day, To keep old Christmas mer - ry.
Da Capo al Segno 𝄋

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL GREEN.

(Part the First.)

♩ = 104. TUNE FROM TRADITION.

Moderate time, and with expression. *The old ballad condensed by J. Oxenford.*

mf *cres.* *sf* *p*

1. There was a blind beg-gar had long lost his sight, He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright, And
2. By ma-ny a sui-tor her love was extoll'd, Great gifts they did send her of sil-ver and gold; She

pp

ma-ny a gallant young sui-tor had she, For none was so come-ly as pret-ty Bes-sie.
said no fair youth must marry with me: Yet e-ver they waited on pret-ty Bes-sie.

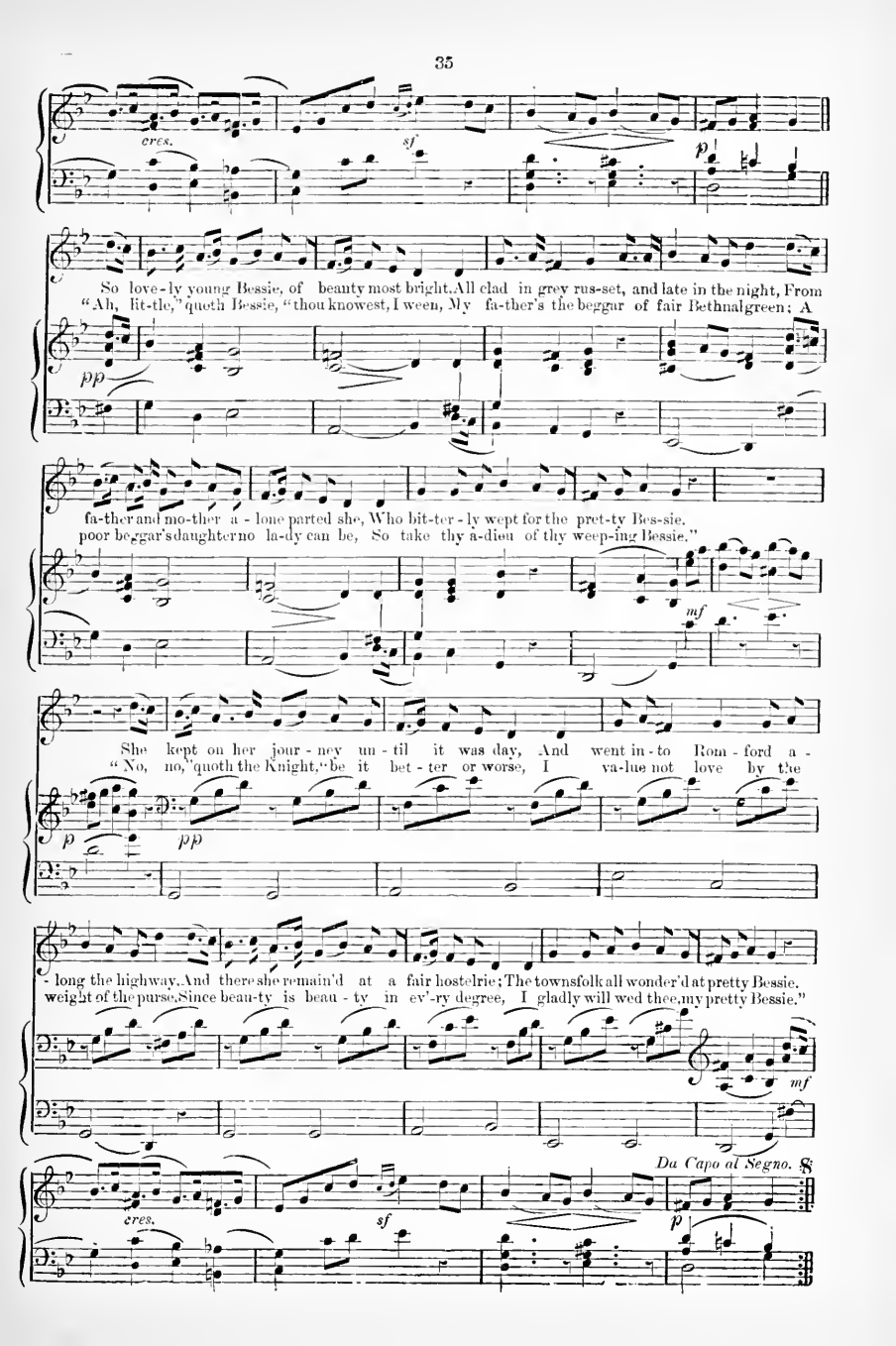
mf

No dame of high birth could with Bes-sie compare, Yet seeing she was but a
The best of them all was a gal-lant young knight, Who vow'd he would make her a

p *pp*

poor beggar's heir, Of ancient house-keep-ers despis'd was she Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.
la-dy so bright, My heart is so en-thrall'd by thy beauty, quoth he, That soon I shall die for my pretty Bessie.

mf


cres.
sf
p
So love-ly young Bessie, of beauty most bright. All clad in grey rus-set, and late in the night, From
"Ah, lit-tle," quoth Bessie, "thou knowest, I ween, My fa-ther's the beggar of fair Bethnalgreen; A
pp
fa-ther and mo-ther a - lone parted she, Who bit-ter - ly wept for the pret-ty Bes-sie.
poor beggar's daughter no la-dy can be, So take thy a-dieu of thy weep-ing Bessie."
mf
She kept on her jour - ney un - til it was day, And went in - to Rom - ford a -
"No, no," quoth the Knight, "be it bet - ter or worse, I va-lue not love by the
p
pp
- long the highway. And there she remain'd at a fair hostelrie; The townsfolk all wonder'd at pretty Bessie.
weight of the purse. Since beau-ty is beau - ty in ev'-ry degree, I gladly will wed thee, my pretty Bessie."
mf
Da Capo al Segno.
cres.
sf
p

A POOR BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER ONCE DWELT ON A GREEN.

(Second Part of the Ballad, "The Blind Beggar's Daughter.")

♩ = 104. TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Moderate time, and with expression. *The old ballad condensed by J. Oxenford.*

mf *cres.* *f* *p*

1. A poor beggar's daughter once dwelt on a green, Of beau-ty so rare she might well be a queen, A
2. "If a - ny," quoth he, "shall my daughter disdain, Her fa-ther is rea-dy with might and with main To

pp *sf*

blithe bonnie lass and a dain-ty was she, And ev' - ry one call'd her the pretty Bes-sie.
prove her a la - dy of no-ble degree, So none of you flout at my pretty Bes-sie.

pp *f*

Fair Bess won the heart of a gallant young Knight, Who made her a la - dy in
When ba - rons in arms did King Hen-ry op-pose, Sir Si-mon de Montfort their

dim. *p*

others' despite, So no-bles and gentles of ev'-ry degree All went to the wedding of pretty Bessie.
lea-der they chose, I fought at his side, for my father was he, And therefore the grand sire of pretty Bessie.

mf

f *p*

Now af - ter the sump - tu - ous banquet was done, To talk and to reason a num - ber began; Then
Sir Si-mon was kill'd up-on E - vesham plain, And thro' the realm was believ'd to be slain, While

pp *sf*

thus said the nobles, "Much marvel have we, We see not the fa-ther of pretty Bessie."
lest by my foes I dis-cover'd might be, I liv'd as a beggar with pretty Bessie."

pp *f*

As soon as these words were in mer - ri-ment spoke, The beg-gar came in with a
With that the fair bride all the guests did embrace, And said, "Since thy lin-eage is

dim. *p*

cost - ly silk cloak, A fine vel-vet cap and a feather had he, How brave look'd the father of pretty Bessie.
fair as thy face, Thou ownest a father of no - ble degree, Thou art a true la - dy, my pretty Bessie."

mf

Da Capo al Segno. 𝄋

f *p*

YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

DATE, ABOUT 1630.

♩ = 112.

Boldly.

ff

1. You gen - tle - men of Eng - land, That live at home at ease, How lit - tle do you think up-on The dan-gers of the seas; Give ear un-to the ma - ri - ners, And they will plain-ly show, All the cares, And the fears, When the stor-my winds do blow.

2. If e - ne - mies op-pose us, And Eng - land is at war With a - ny fo-reign na - tion, We fear not wound or scar; To hum - ble them, come on, lads, Their flags we'll soon lay low— Clear the way For the fray, Though the stor-my winds do blow.

f *p* *cres.* *ff* *ff*

A
But

sai - lor must have cou - rage, No dan - ger he must shun, In ev'-ry kind of
when the dan - ger's o - ver, And safe we come on shore, The horrors of the

wea - ther His course he still must run: Now moun - ted on the top - mast, How
tem - pest We think up - on no more; We find a hear - ty wel - come Where

cres.

fear-ful 'tis be - low, Then we ride, As the tide, When the stor-my winds do blow.
e - ver we may go, Safe and sound, On dry ground, When the stor-my winds do blow.

Da Capo al Segno. 𝄋

SWEET DAY, SO COOL, SO CALM, SO BRIGHT.

POPULAR BEFORE 1652.

♩ = 108.

Smoothly, and in moderate time.

Words by George Herbert.

p *cres.* *sf* *mf*

1. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal
2. Sweet spring, so beau - teous and so gay, . . . Storehouse where

pp

of the earth and sky, The dews shall weep thy fall to -
sweets un - num - ber'd lie, Not long thy fad - ing glo - ries

night, For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.
last, But thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

a tempo. *colla parte.* *mf* *cres.*

Sweet
Sweet

sf

rose, so fra - grant and so brave . . . Dazzling the
love a - lone, sweet wed - ded love! To thee no

pp *f* *p*

rash - be - hold er's eye. Thy root is ev - er in thy
period . . is as-sign'd: Thy ten - der joys by time im-

grave, For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.
prove, In death it - self the most re - fin'd.

colla parte. *a tempo.*

mf *cres.*

Da Capo al Segno. 𝄋

sf

JOAN, TO THE MAYPOLE AWAY LET US ON.

POPULAR IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

♩ = 92.

Gaily.

f *sf* *sf* *sf*

S

1. Joan, to the Maypole away let us on, The time is swift and will be gone; There go the las-ses away to the
2. Do you not see how the Lord of the May Walks a-long in rich array? There goes the lass that is on-ly

p

green Where their beauties may be seen; Bess, Moll, Kate, Doll, All the gay lasses have lads to at-
his, See how they meet and how they kiss. Come Will, Run Gill, Or dost thou list to lose thy

f *p*

-tend them, Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick, Jolly brave dancers, who can amend them? Joan to the Maypole away let us
la-bour? Kit crowd! Scrape loud! Tickle up Tom with a pipe and a ta-bor. Joan to the &c.

f *p* *f*

poco ritenuto.

on, The time is swift and will be gone, There go the lasses away to the green, Where their beauties may be seen.

a tempo

f *sf* *ff* *colla parte.* *ff*

8ves.

8va. - - - tr - - - -

sf

Da Capo al Segno.

LAST VERSE.

Now, if we hold out as we do be-gin, Joan and I the prize shall win, Nay, if we live till an-o - ther

p

day, I'll make thee La - dy of the May; Dance round, Skip, bound, Turn and kiss, and then for a

f p

greeting. Now, Joan, we've done, Fare-thee-well 'till the next merry meeting! Joan to the Maypole away let us

f p f

poco ritenuto.

on, The time is swift and will be gone, There go the lasses away to the green, Where their beauties may be seen.

a tempo

f sf ff colla parte. ff

8ves.

8va. - - - tr - - - -

sf

ONCE I LOV'D A MAIDEN FAIR.

TIME OF JAMES I.

♩ = 84.

Smoothly, and in moderate time.

The old ballad condensed by J. Oxenford.

mf

Once I lov'd a maiden fair. But she did de-ceive me; She with Ve-nus might compare

pp

In my mind believe me: She was young. And a-mong all our maids the sweetest. Now I say, Ah,

mf *pp*

well-a-day! Brightest hopes are fleet-est.

colla parte. *f a tempo.* *pp*

I the wedding ring had got, Wedding clothes pro-vi-ded, Sure the church would bind a knot

pp

Ne'er to be di - vid - ed: Married we Straight must be, She her vows had plighted; Vows, a-las! As

mf *pp*

frail as glass: All my hopes are blighted.

colla parte. *f a tempo.* *pp*

Maidens wav'ring and un-true, Many a heart have bro-ken; Sweetest lips the world e'er knew,

pp

Falsest words have spoken. Fare-thee-well, Faithless girl! I'll not sor-row for thee; Once I held thee

mf *pp*

dear as pearl, Now I do ab - hor thee.

colla parte. *f a tempo.* *pp*

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 89.

Gracefully. *The old ballad condensed by J. Oxenford.*

p *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

S

I. Will you hear a Spanish La-dy, How an English man she woo'd, Tho' he held her as his captive, E-ver

2. "It would be a shame, fair la-dy, Should I bear a woman hence, English soldiers never car-ry A-ny

pp

gen-tle was his mood, Tho' by birth and pa-rentage of high degree, Much she wept when orders came to set her

such without offence." "O, I'll quickly change myself, if so it be, Like a page, where e'er thou go'st I'll follow

free. "Gallant cap - tain, shew some mercy To a la - dy in dis-

thee." "On the seas are ma - ny dangers, Ma-ny tem - pests there a -

- tress, Leave me not within this ci - ty, I shall die of hea-viness; 'Tis an emp-ty mocke-ry to set me

- rise, Which to la-dies will be dreadful, Drawing tears from gentle eyes." "Well in troth, will I endure extremi-

free While my heart in prison still remains with thee."

- tie, I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

D.C. al S.

cres. f dim.

LAST VERSE.

"Courteous la-dy, cease to tempt me, Let us end this gentle strife, I in England have al-ready A sweet

pp

wo-man to my wife." "Then within a nun-ne-ry immur'd I'll be, Daily pray'rs I'll of-fer for thy love and

thee. Fare-thee-well, thou gallant cap-tain, Bear thy love this chain of

gold, Tho' I doat-ed on thee fondly, Count not Span-ish ladies bold; Joy and true prosperity still go with

thee." "May they e-ver be thy lot, thou fair la-die."

cres. f dim. p

HOPE, THE HERMIT.

TUNE, LADY FRANCES NEVILL'S DELIGHT—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 132. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

Boldly, and in moderate time.

1. Once in a blithe greenwood, Liv'd a hermit wise and good, Whom the folks from far and near For his counsel sought, Knowing well that what he taught The dreariest of hearts would cheer. Tho' his hair was white His eye was clear and bright, And he thus was ever wont to say: "Tho' to care we are born, Yet the dullest morn Often heralds in the fairest day!"

2. "The very long-est lane Has a turning, it is plain, E'en the blackest clouds will fly; And what can't be cur'd Must with patience be endur'd; As cheaply can we laugh as cry." And the peo-ple gaz'd, At words so deep amaz'd, While the Sage went on to say: "Tho' to care we are born, &c.

CHORUS.

"Tho' to care we are born, Yet the dullest morn Often heralds in the fairest day!"

D.C.al S.

LAST VERSE.

Pray, is the her - mit dead? From the forest has he fled? No, he lives to coun-sel all Who an

ear will lend To their wisest, truest friend, And Hope, the hermit's name they call; Still he sits I ween, 'Mid

branches ev - er green, And cheerly you may hear him say: "Tho' to care we are born, Yet the dullest morn Often

CHORUS.

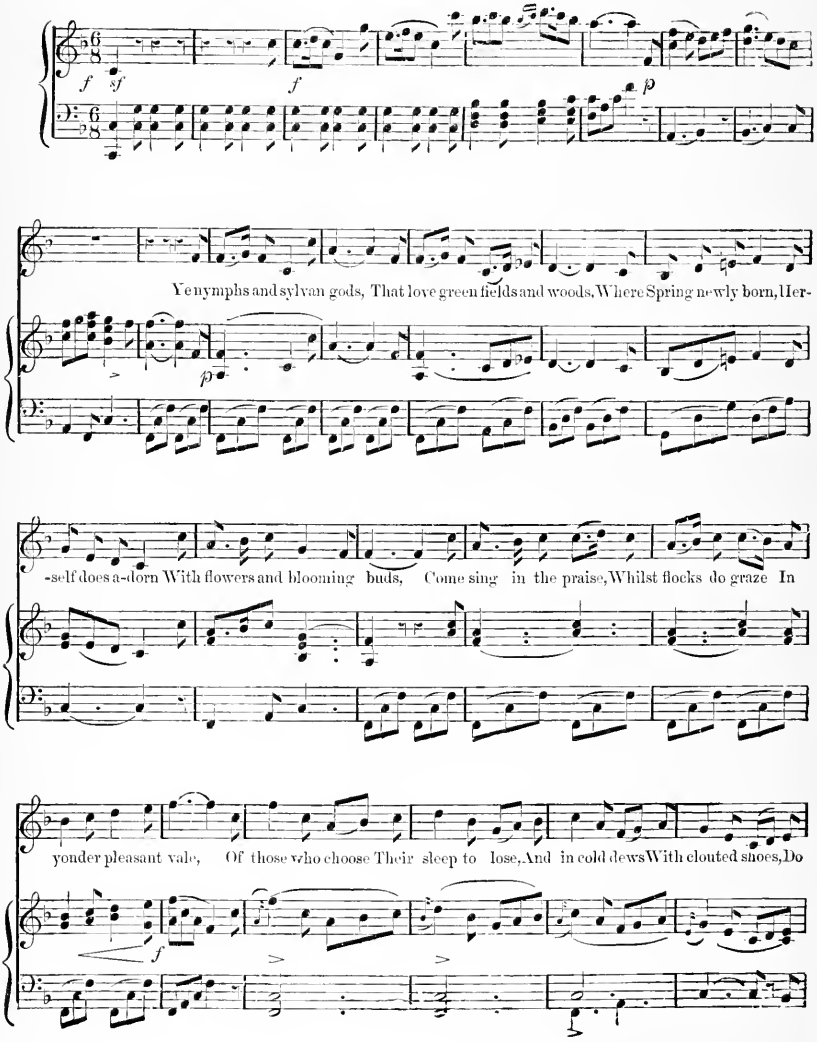
heralds in the fairest day! Tho' to care we are born, Yet the dullest morn Often heralds in the fairest day!"

TO CARRY THE MILKING PAIL.

TUNE OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

♩. = 96.

Pastoral style and gracefully.



car - ry the milk-ing pail, Do car - ry the milk - ing pail.

The God-dess of the morn, With blushes they a - dorn, And take the fresh air Whilst

linnets prepare A concert in each green thorn. The blackbird and thrush On ev' - ry bush, And

charming nightin - gale, In mer - ry vein, Their throats do strain, To en-ter-tain The jol-ly train That

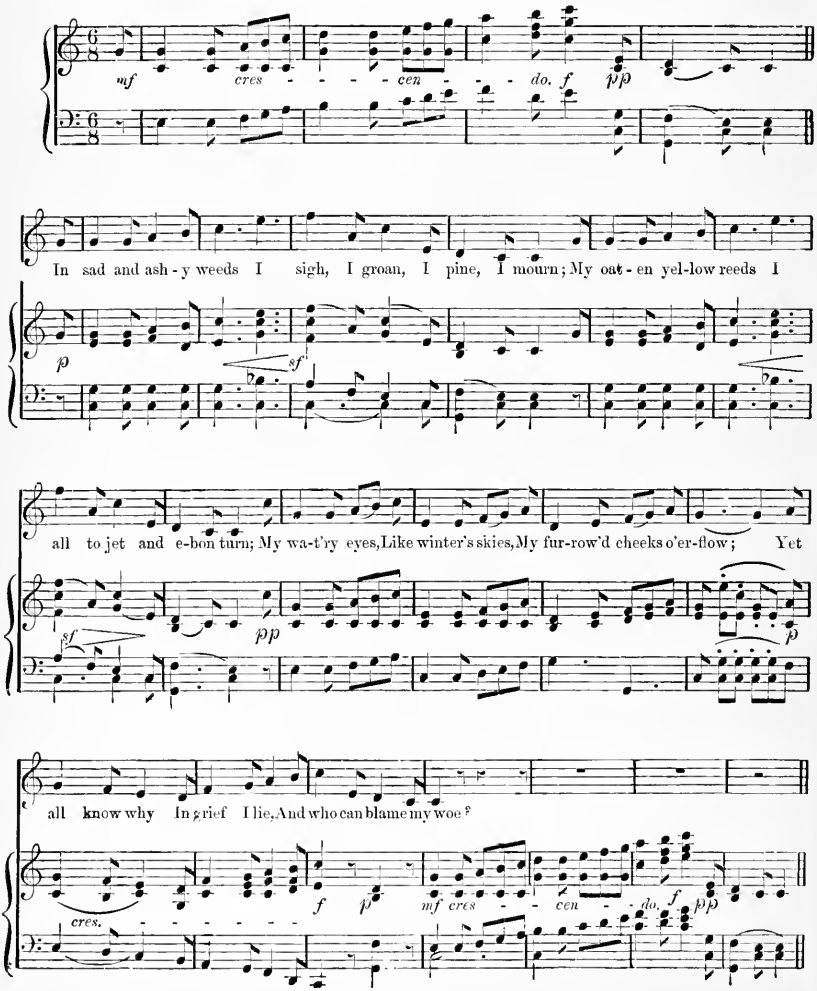
car - ry the milking pail, That car-ry the milking pail.

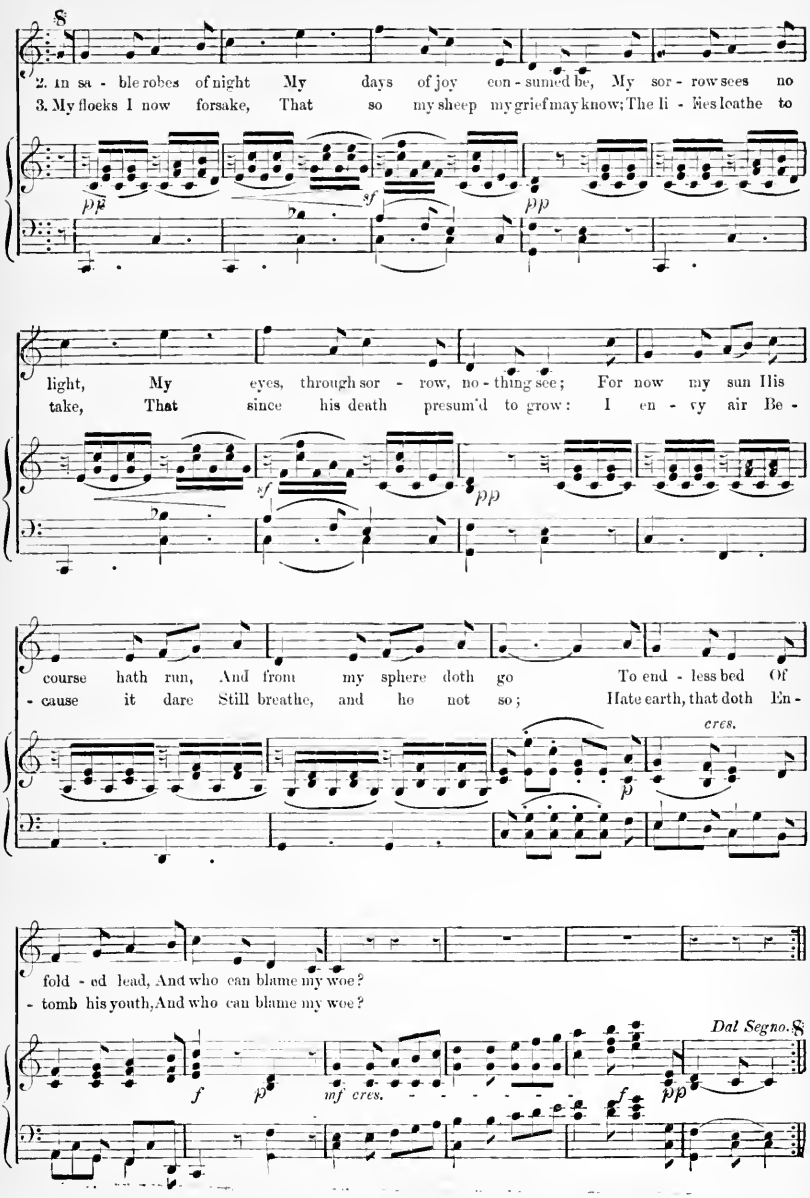
IN SAD AND ASHY WEEDS.

[This old ballad was the solace of Anne, Countess of Arundel, on the death of the Earl, her husband, who died a prisoner in the Tower of London, in 1595. A copy, in the handwriting of the Countess, is among the Howard papers in the Herald's College.]

♩ = 126.

Slow, and with expression. *Date, about* 1580.




2. In sa - ble robes of night My days of joy con - sumed be, My sor - row sees no
3. My flocks I now forsake, That so my sheep my grief may know; The li - lies loathe to
pp
sf
pp
light, My eyes, through sor - row, no - thing see; For now my sun His
take, That since his death presum'd to grow: I en - vy air Be -
sf
pp
course hath run, And from my sphere doth go To end - less bed Of
- cause it dare Still breathe, and be not so; Hate earth, that doth En -
cres.
p
fold - ed lead, And who can blame my woe?
- tomb his youth, And who can blame my woe?
Dal Segno.
f
p
mf cres.
f
pp

COLD'S THE WIND AND WET'S THE RAIN

ABOUT 1600.

♩ = 92

Jovially, and in moderate time.

Words remodeled by J. Oxenford.

ff *sf* *tr* *tr*

Cold's the wind and wet's the rain, Old Winter's voice we hear, Yet cheerful hearts will ne'er complain What-

sf *p* *sf*

- e'er the time of year. Hey down, hey down, hey down a down, Hey der - ry, derry down a down,

p *pp*

Down a down, hey down a down, Hey der - ry, der - ry, down.

f *sf* *cres.* *f*

Winter's voice is sharp and rough, But quail not at the sound; By mer-ry laughs, if loud e-nough, The

sf *p* *sf*

p

grumbler's threats are drown'd. Hey down hey down hey down a down, Hey der - ry der - ry down a down,

pp

f

Down a down, hey down a down. Hey der - ry, der - ry, down.

sf *cres.* *f*

Winter's breath is sharp and chill, It nips the tender skin, But trust me, friends, it ne - ver will As-

sf *p* *sf*

p

- sail the heart with-in. Hey down, hey down, hey down a down, Hey der - ry, der-ry down a down,

pp

f

Down a down, hey down a down. Hey der - ry, der - ry down.

sf *cres.* *f* *ff* *sf*

PHILLIS ON THE NEW-MADE HAY.

TIME OF CHARLES I.

♩ = 116.

Smoothly, and in moderate time.

Words altered.

fp *p* *cres.* *sf*

Phil - lis, on the new-made hay, Wrapp'd in hea - vy slum-bers lay, Was - ting all the

sum-mer-day With me - lan-cho - ly dream - ing: "Phil - lis, cast those cares a - way While

June's bright sun is beam - ing."

mf *cres.* *f*

Fic - kle Da - mon, so she thought. Blue-eyed Daphne's cot-tage sought, And a store of

pp

posies brought, The maid - en's birth-day greet - ing: "Da-mon is thy promise nought? Are

f

lov-ers' vows so fleet - ing?"

mf *cres.* *f*

"Light as air is Cu-pid's yoke? Could that face such falsehood cloak?" Thus in murmurs

Phil-lis spoke, Her i - dle dreams re - veal - ing; Faith - ful Da-mon, when she woke, She

saw be - fore her kneel - ing.

mf *cres.* *f*

AUTUMN'S GOLDEN LEAF.

TUNE, "THE GATHERING OF THE PEASCODS"—ABOUT 1600.

♩ = 126.

Moderate time and sustained. *The Modern Words by George Macpherson.*

sf *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

Ped. *

1. Why should we sor - row That summer's dazzling ray So soon should pass a - way,
2. Gay mu - sic sound - ing In - vites us forth to roam And share the "Harvest-home,"

p *pp*

Whilst we can bor - row From Autumn's yel-low light A scene more tru-ly bright? Where
Where, all sur - round - ing, A glad and grate-ful smile Repays the ended toil. I

p *pp*

- e'er the eye can wan - der, The garden and the field A rich-er prospect yield. Earth seems to
love the spring's meek pan-sy, The summer's blushing rose, And winter's pearly snows. But to my

p *pp* *mf*

squan-der Her plenty in the sheaf, Her gold in ev' - ry leaf.
fan - cy, Of Nature's gems, the chief Is Autumn's golden leaf.

Dal Segno. 𝄋

pp *f* *dim.* *p*

LAST VERSE.

Lite hath its chan - ges, Its spring-time hope, and joy, Be-fore we learn an - noy;

p *pp*

Then swift it ran - ges Thro' summer heats and blights, Our passions and our slights; And

p *pp*

win-ter, un - re - lent - ful, At distance frowns severe; But let us ban-ish fear: Blest and con

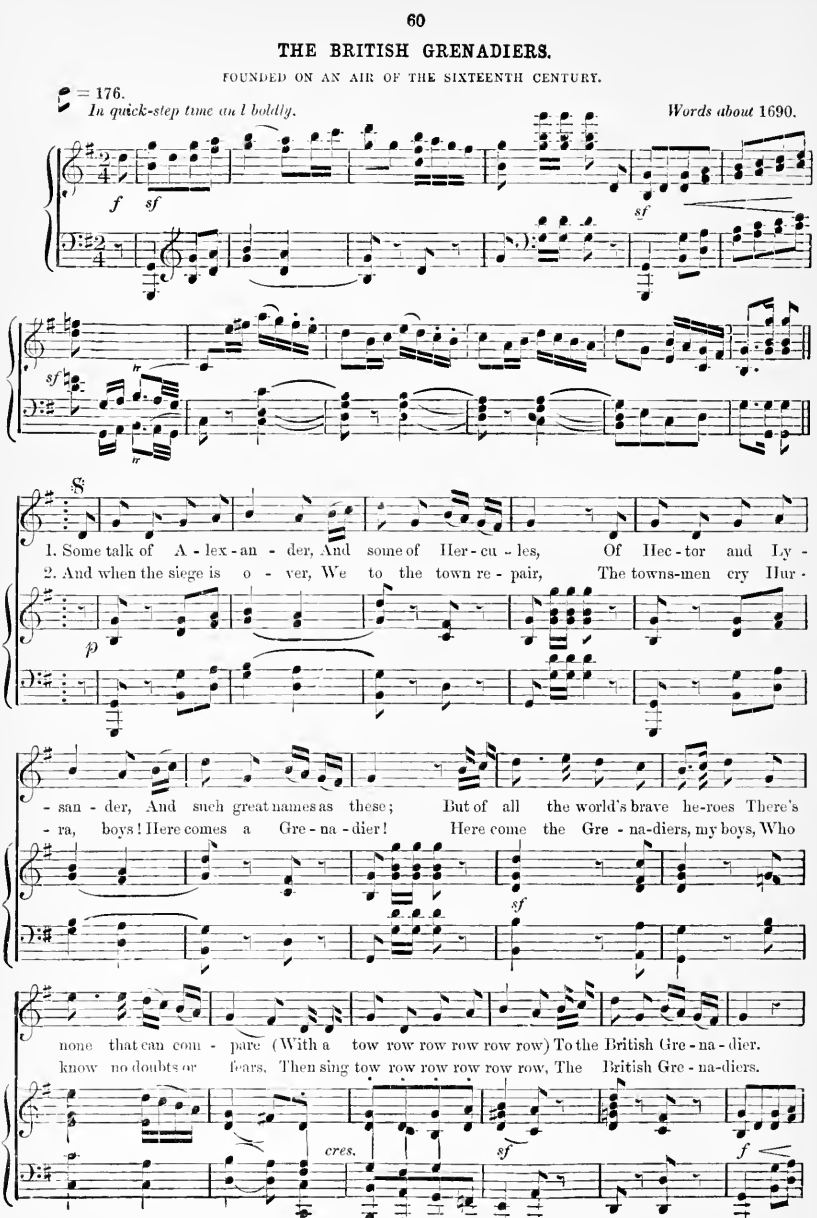
p *pp* *mf*

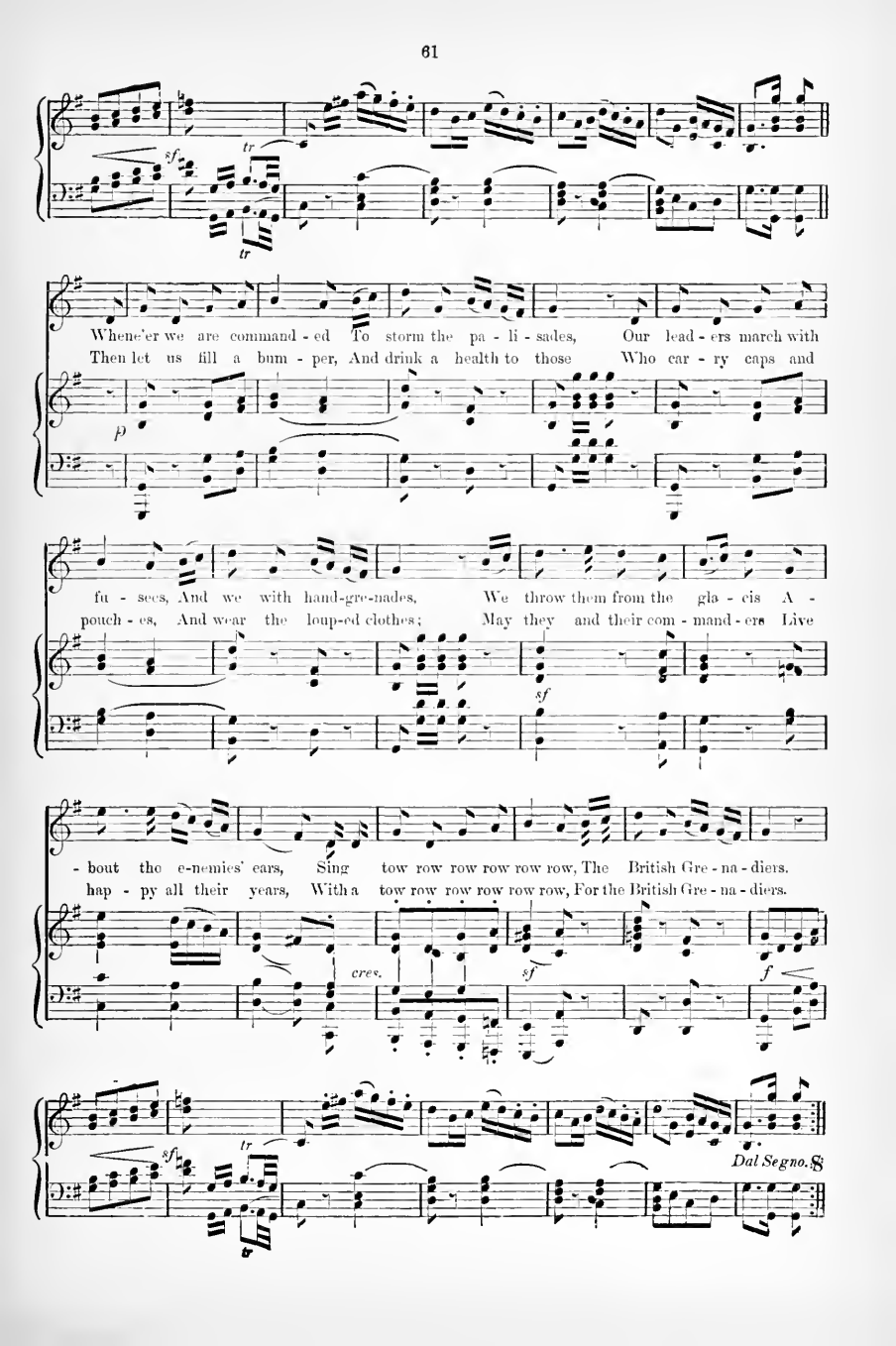
-tent - ful To wither with-out grief, Like Autumn's golden leaf.

pp *f* *dim.* *p*

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

FOUNDED ON AN AIR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.




sf
tr
tr
Whene'er we are command - ed To storm the pa - li - sades, Our lead - ers march with
Then let us fill a bum - per, And drink a health to those Who car - ry caps and
p
fu - sees, And we with hand-gre-nades, We throw them from the gla - cis A -
pouch - es, And wear the loup-ed clothes; May they and their com - mand - ers Live
sf
- bout the e-nemies' ears, Sing tow row row row row row row, The British Gre - na - diers.
hap - py all their years, With a tow row row row row row, For the British Gre - na - diers.
cres.
sf
f
sf
tr
tr
Dal Segno.

I LIVE NOT WHERE I LOVE.

TUNE FROM TRADITION.

♩ = 126.

Moderate time and smoothly.

The Modern Words by John Oxenford.

pp *ten.* *f* *sf* *p*

Ah, to me how dull and dreary Seems the gay and crowded town! Ah, these masses make me weary,

pp

While I wan-der up and down, Nothing hoping, nothing seeking, Thro' the bu-sy throng I rove,

cres - - cen - - do

While a voice with - in me speaking, Says, "I live not where I love."

pp *fsf* *a tempo* *pp*

Not a face with kindness greets me 'Mid the thousands that go past, Then an - o-ther thousand meets me,

pp

Strange and heedless as the last: Oh, the so - li - tude of ci-ties Seems all so - li - tudes a - bove!

cres - - cen - - do.

Yet there's not a heart that pities Those who live not where they love.

a tempo

pp *fsf* *pp*

Thoughts of gain I cast behind me, Thoughts that lar'd me here to roam; Yes, the coming spring shall find me

pp

Hap-py in my west-ern home. Gaudy flow'rs may deck the meadow Where the thoughtless i dlers rove;

cres - - cen - - do

Nestling in the fo - rest's sha-dow Live the vio-lets where they love.

pp *f* *pp*

WHEN AUTUMN SKIES ARE BLUE.

AIR, "JOAN'S ALE IS NEW"—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 104.

Cheerfully. *The Modern Words by John Oxenford.*

f *sf*

1. "A - way with all wine drin - kers, And such new-fan - gled thin - kers, And may they still be
2. The hop that swings so light - ly, The hop that glows so bright - ly Will sure be ho-nor'd

p

shrin - kers From all good men and true." Thus said the jo - vial man of Kent As
right - ly By all good men and true; Let Frenchmen boast their straggling vine Which

p

through his gol - den hops he went, With stur-dy limbs and brow unbent, When Autumn's sky was
gives them draughts of mea - gre wine, It can-not match this plant of mine, When Autumn's sky is

blue, When Autumn's sky was blue above, When Autumn's sky was blue.
blue, When Autumn's sky is blue above, When Autumn's sky is blue.

f *ff*

La. Segno.

LAST VERSE.

When win - ter snows are fal - ling, And win - ter winds are braw - ling, For nut-brown ale are

p

cal - ling, All hon - est men and true. And when the mer - ry song is sung, And

p

logs up - on the fire are flung, They think up-on the hop that swung When Autumn skies were

blue, When Autumn's skies were blue above, When Autumn's skies were blue.

f *ff*

THE SPRING IS COMING.

TUNE, "THE SPRING'S A COMING," ABOUT 1700, PROBABLY EARLIER.

♪ = 152.

The Modern Words by G. Macfarren.

Gracefully.

mf *cres.* *f*

The Spring is coming, resolved to ban-ish The king of the Ice with his tur - bu-lent train, With her

fai - ry wand she bids them vanish, And welcomes the sunshine to earth a-gain. Then mai-dens fore -

rall. *a tempo.*

- go the win - try kir - tle, And lace ev' - ry boddice with bright green string, And twine each lat-tice with

colla voce *a tempo.*

wreaths of myr-tle, To ho-nor the advent of joy-ful spring.

f

The Spring is com-ing to wake the ro-ses With gay se-re-nades from her cho-ris-ter birds, Ev'-ry

breath-ing flow'ret's lip discloses A gra-ti-tude sweeter than mor-tal words; Shall we be the

rall. *a tempo.*

last to swell the measure That all Nature's children in har-mo-ny sing? Ah, no! we'll tune with a

colla voce *a tempo.*

ho-li-er pleasure, The ca-rol of welcome to joy-ful spring.

f

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

TRADITIONAL AIR.

♩ = 116.

Moderate time, and gracefully.

mf *cres.*

1. As it fell out on a high ho-li-day, As ma-ny there be in the year, The
2. All this was heard by a lit-tle foot-page, By his la - dy's coach as he ran: Quoth

pp

young men and maidens to - ge-ther did go, Their masses and ma-tins to hear;
he, "This is the fals - est fair That ev - er was woo'd by man."

cres. *pp* *mf*

And there were ma - ny clad in green, And
"So, she has lov'd that lit-tle Musgrave Full

sf *pp*

o thers were clad in pall, And then came in Lord Bar-nard's love, The fair - est a-mong them
long and ma-ny a day. And he has lov - ed her likewise, For so I heard him

all. She cast an eye on little Musgrave, A
say." Now when Lord Barnard heard the page, A

f *sf* *p* *pp*

bright as the summer sun, Ah, then, bethought him little Musgrave, This lady's heart have I won.
loud laugh laughed he, And said, "I know an hundred maids, Each one as fair as she.

cres. *pp* *mf*

Quoth she, "I have lost thee, little Musgrave, Full long and many a day," "And
If lit - tle Musgrave wins her heart, The prize e'en let him wear, And

sf *pp*

I have lov'd thee, la - dy fair, But never a word durst say."
sad-dle thou my red war-steed. For I'll go to wee elsewhere."

Dal Segno. 𝄋

f *sf* *p*

FAIR HEBE.

TUNE OF "PRETTY POLLY OLIVER."

♩ = 100.

Slowly and smoothly. *Words completed from a fragment by G. Macfarren.*

mf

1. Fair He - be I left with a cautious de - sign To es - cape from her charms and to
2. On the o - cean my hope and my an-chor she seem'd; In the bat - tle field, bright-er than

pp

drown love in wine; I tried it, but found, when I came to de - part, The
glo - ry she beam'd; When I slum-ber'd, me-thought her a saint to a - dore; But I

cres. *p* *cres.*

wine in my head, but still love in my heart.
woke—she's a wo-man—what heart could wish more?

f dim. *pp* *colla voce.* *mf a tempo.* *tr*

I sought, far a - way, to be - guile the sad hours 'Mid the
Then, oh! gen - tle He - be, be thine all my love, The

pp

love - liest of mor - tals and sweet - est of flow'rs: But e'en Per - sia would
world's cold de - trac - tion thy vir - tues dis - prove: Each strug-gle to

own, if my He - be were there, Her ro - ses less sweet and her
leave thee my fond - ness dis - arms. And pas - sion con - firms me the

cres. *f* *dim.*

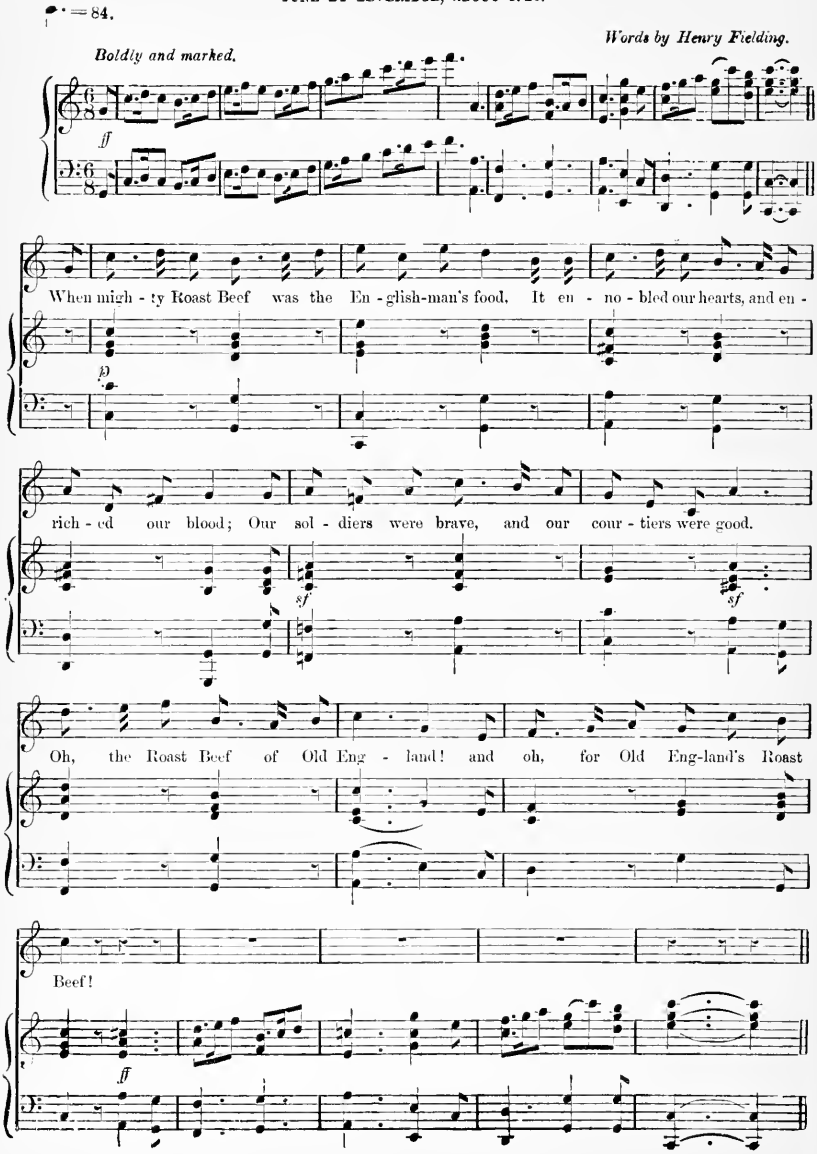
daughters less fair.
slave of thy charms.

tr *Dal Segno.* S

pp *colla voce* *mf a tempo.*

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

TUNE BY LEVERIDGE, ABOUT 1728.



Then Bri - tons, from all the nice dain - ties re - frain Of ef - fe - minate I - ta - ly

p

France or Spain; And migh - ty Roast Beef shall com - mand on the main.

sf *sf*

Oh, the Roast Beef of Old Eng - land! and oh, for Old Eng-land's Roast

Beef!

ff

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BEFORE 1650.

♩. = 72.

Tune of "Upon a Summer's Day."

Moderate time and smoothly.

p *cres.* *sf*

1. Up-on a time I chanc'd To walk along the green, Where pret-ty las - ses
2. Full well her na - ture from Her face I did ad - mire— Her ha - bit well be-

pp

danc - ed In strife, to choose a Queen: Some homely dress'd, some handsome, Some pretty and some
- came her. Although in poor at - tire; Her carriage was as good . . As a - ny seen that

gay, But who excell'd in danc - ing Must be the Queen of May.
day, And she was just - ly cho - sen To be the Queen of May.

f *sf*

From morn-ing till the ev' - - ning Their con - trover - sy held, And
Then all the rest in sor - - row, And she in sweet con-tent, Gave

pp

I, as judge, stood gaz - ing on, To crown her that ex - cell'd: At
o - ver till the mor - row, And home wards straight they went. But

last, when Phœ - bus' steeds Had drawn their wain a-way, We found and crown'd a
she, of all the rest, Was hin - der'd by the way, For ev' - ry youth that

1st time. 2nd time.

dam - sel To be the Queen of May.
met her Must kiss the Queen of May.

Dal Segno. 𝄋

f *sf*

COME, COMPANIONS, JOIN YOUR VOICES.

(DULCE DOMUM.)

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 100.

Tune attributed to John Reading.

Moderate time, and smoothly.

p *cres.* *f*

Come, com - pa-nions, join your voi-ces, Hearts with plea-sure bound - ing, Sing we the
Con - ci - na - mus, O so - da - les! E - ja, quid si - le - mus? No - bi - le

p

no-ble lay, Sweet song of ho-li-day, Joys of home, sweet home resounding, Home! sweet home, with ev'-ry
can-ti-cum, dul - ce me - los, Domum, do - mum re - so - ne-mus, Domum! do-mum! dulce

f

pleasure, Home! with ev' - ry blessing crown'd! Home! our best de-light and treasure! Home! the
domum! Dul - ce do-mum re - so - ne-mus. Do-mum! domum! dul - ce domum! Dul - ce

p

wel - come strain, re - sound!
do - mum re - so - nemus!

ff

8ves.

Quit, my wea - ry muse, your la-bours, Quit your books and learn - ing; Ba - nish all
Mu - sa, li - bros mit - te, fes - sa, Mit - te pen - sa du - ra: Mit - te ne -

p

cares away, Welcome the ho-liday, Hearts for home and freedom yearning. Home! sweet home, with ev'-ry
- go-ti-um, Jam datur o-ti-um; Me mea mit - ti - to cu - ra! Do - mum! do-mum! dul-ce

f

pleasure, Home! with ev'-ry blessing crown'd! Home! our best de - light and treasure! Home! the
domum! Dul - ce do-mum re - so - nemus. Do - mum! domum! dul - ce do-mum! Dul - ce

p

wel - come strain re - sound!
do - mum re - so - ne-mus!

ff

OH, COME YOU FROM NEWCASTLE.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 132.

Rather slowly.

Words completed from a fragment by George Macfarren.

mf

Oh, come you from New - cas - tle, Come you not there a - way, And did you meet my
My fa - ther, once his true friend, Now spurns him from our door; My mo-ther owns him

p

true Love Riding on a bon - ny bay? Why should not I love my Love, Why
wor-thy, Yet bids me love no more; The Squire, his boyhood's playmate, His

not my Love love me? Why should not I speed at - ter him, Since love to all is free?
ri - val fain would be, And Wil - lie mad - ly rides away To sail the stor-my sea.

colla parte *a tempo.*

sf *mf*

cres. *f*

There's not a stout-er yeo - man That treads the heath'ry moor, There's not a heart more
But spite of blame and dan - ger, With Wil-lie I will roam,— His arm my brave de -

p

con - stant, More gen - tle or more pure, In childhood we were plighted, And
- fender, His breast my hap - py home! Why should not I love my Love, Why

un - til death, we'll prove That gold, which conquers pride and pow'r, Can ne-ver shake our love.
not my Love love me? Why should not we to - ge - ther roam, Since love to all is free?

colla parte. a tempo.

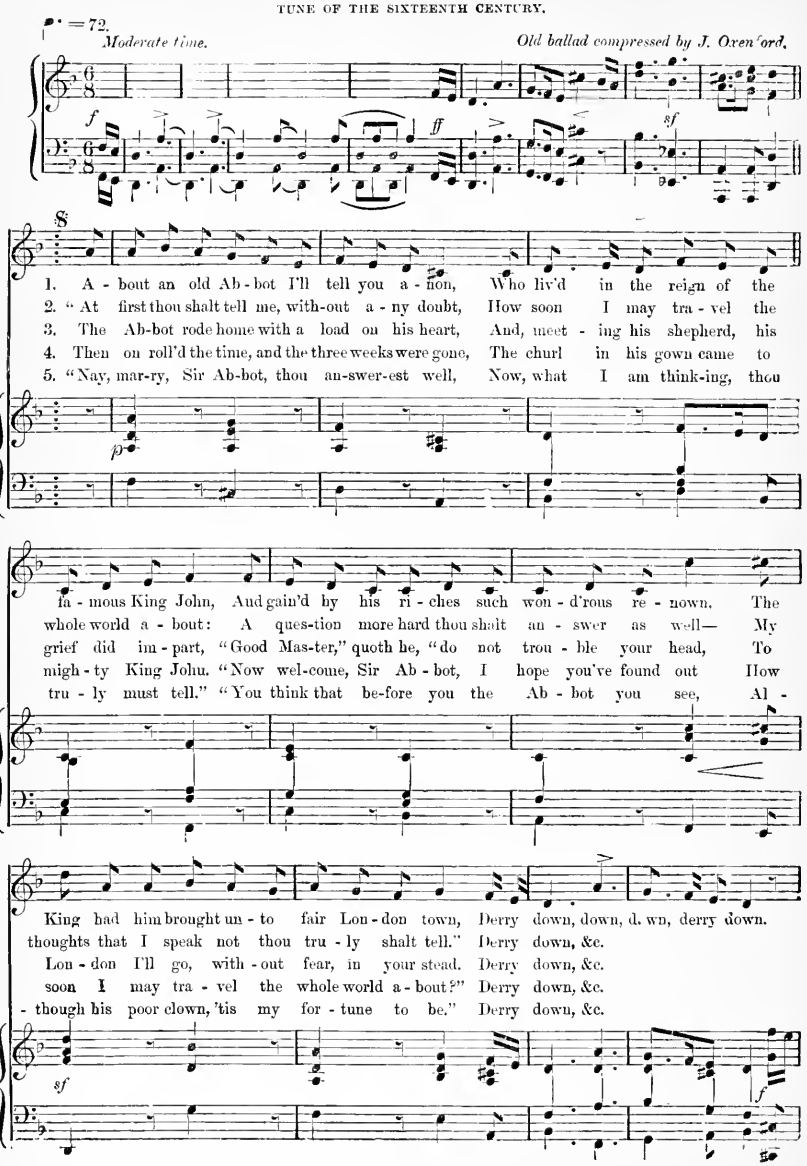
sf *mf*

Dal Segno. 𝄋

cres. *f*

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT.

TUNE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



"How now, fa - ther Ab - bot, I hear it of thee, In
"Oh! these are deep ques - tions," the poor Ab - bot said, "I
The folks of our coun - try for e - ver tell me, I'm
"Just rise with the sun, and keep close in his train, Un-
Then out laugh'd the King, and ex-claim'd, "As I live, A

p

keep-ing thy house thou art great - er than me, 'Tis trea - son,—thy head from thy
ne - ver shall an - swer them right I'm a - fraid." "Three weeks," quoth King John," for re -
like to my lord as a pea to a pea, So if you'll con - sent just to
- til the next morn - ing he ri - ses a - gain; And then, please your grace, you will
bag full of no - bles to thee will I give; And tell the old Ab - bot, when

shoulders I'll smite, Un - less thou canst an - swer my questions a - right." Der-ry
flec - tion I'll give, And then, if thou fail - est, no long - er thou'lt live." Der-ry
lend me your gown, They'll think me the Ab - bot in fair Lon - don town." Der-ry
sure - ly find out, In a day you have tra-vell'd the whole world a - bout." Der-ry
thou get - test home, Thou bring'st him a par - don from migh - ty King John." Der-ry

sf *p*

down, down, down, derry down.

Dal Segno. 𝄋

f *f* *sf*

DEAR KITTY.

THE AIR POPULAR BEFORE 1605.

♩. = 80.

Gracefully, and with expression.

Words by J. Oxenford.

mf *cres.* *f*

1. My song's of a maid that charms our vale, For well she de-serves a dit-ty; Search

pp

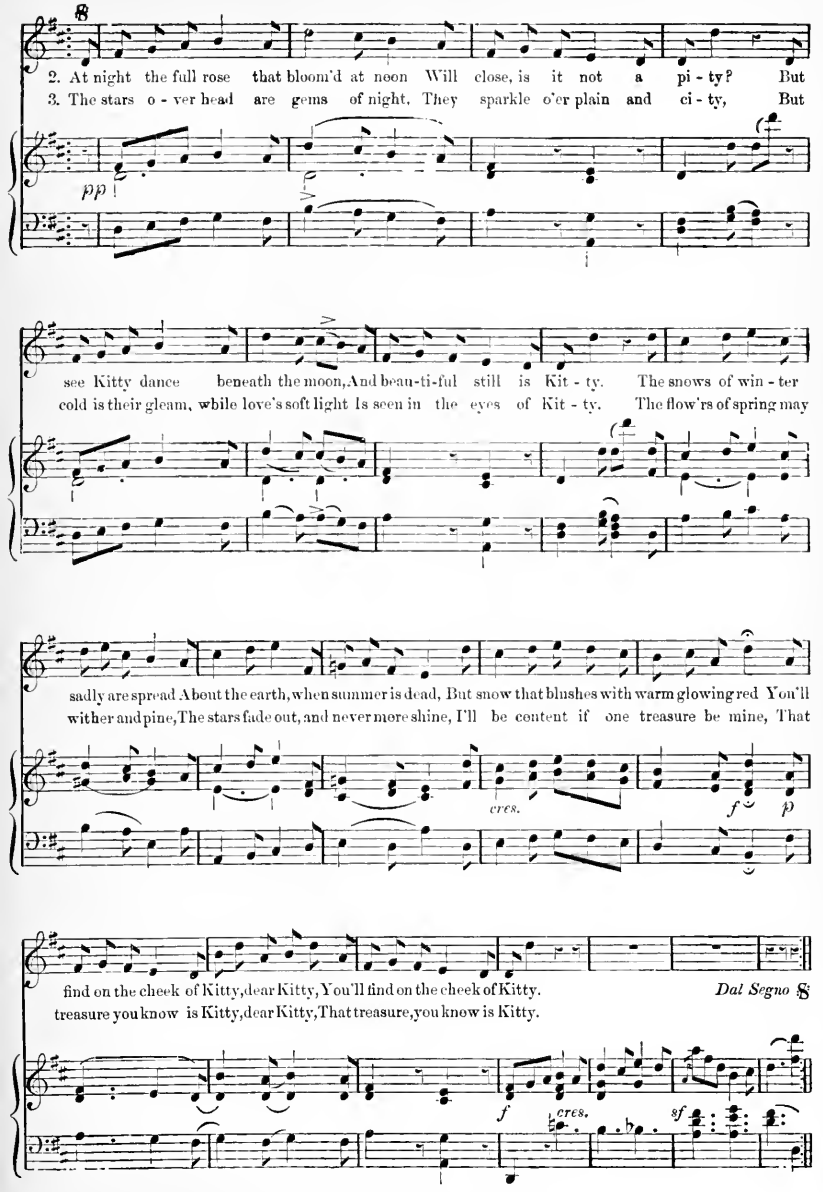
all the world through, you'll surely fail To find out a match for Kit-ty. Though bards of wond'rous

beauties sing, The stars above, the flowers of spring, The spot-less snow and the swan's downy wing, Yet

cres. *f* *p*

nothing are these to Kitty, dear Kitty Yet nothing are these to Kitty.

f *cres.* *sf*


2. At night the full rose that bloom'd at noon Will close, is it not a pi - ty? But
3. The stars o - ver head are gems of night, They sparkle o'er plain and ci - ty, But
pp
see Kitty dance beneath the moon, And beau-ti-ful still is Kit - ty. The snows of win - ter
cold is their gleam, while love's soft light Is seen in the eyes of Kit - ty. The flow'rs of spring may
sadly are spread About the earth, when summer is dead, But snow that blushes with warm glowing red You'll
wither and pine, The stars fade out, and never more shine, I'll be content if one treasure be mine, That
cres.
f
p
find on the cheek of Kitty, dear Kitty, You'll find on the cheek of Kitty.
Dal Segno
treasure you know is Kitty, dear Kitty, That treasure, you know is Kitty.
f
cres.
sf

LIGHT OF LOVE.

TUNE "LIGHT OF LOVE,"—MENTIONED BY SHAKESPEARE.

♪ = 120.

Smoothly and slowly. *Words by John Oxenford.*

p *cres.* *più cres.* *f* *p*

Why so way-ward, fai-rest trea-sure? Why to tea-zing so inclin'd? 'Tis a wick-ed

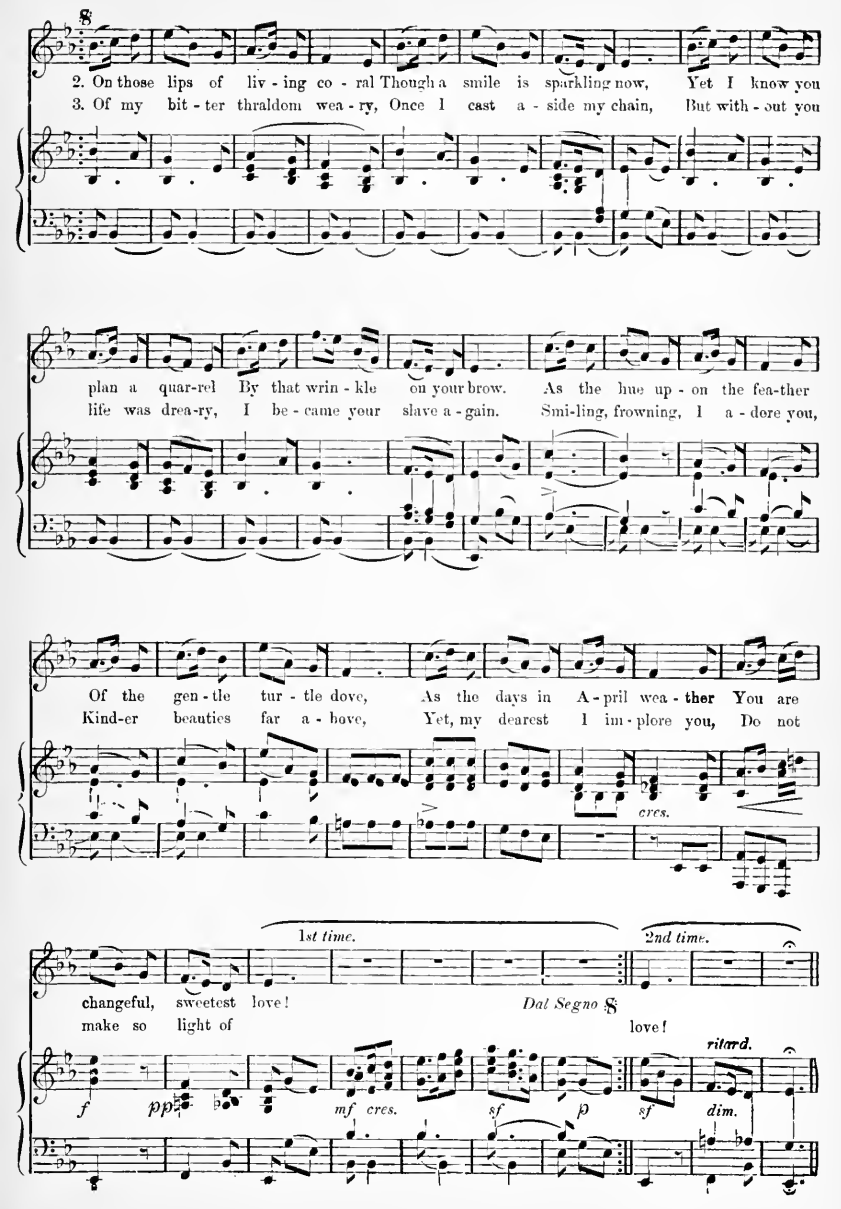
cru-el pleasure That in break-ing hearts you find. Though you know that I a-dore you

Still your pow'r you needs must prove: Oh, my dear-est! I im-plore you, Do not

cres.

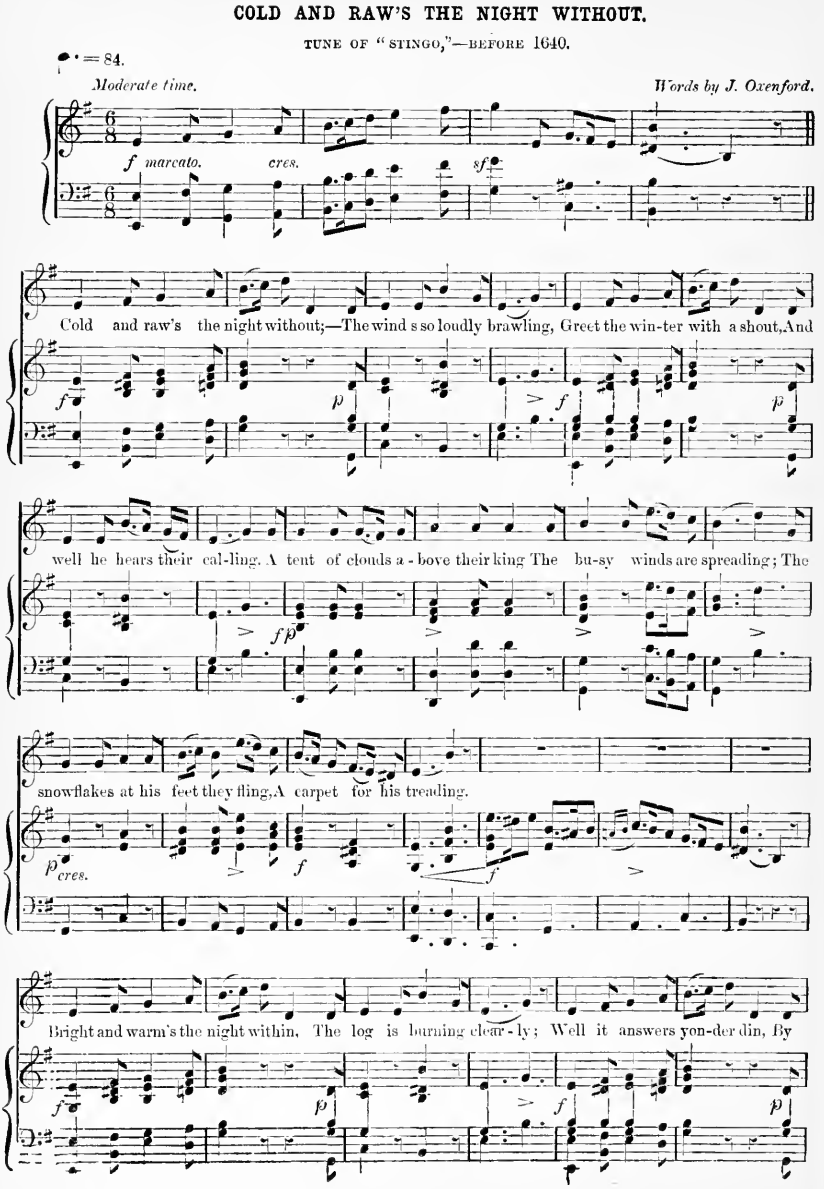
make so light of love!

f *pp* *mf* *c s.* *sf* *p*


2. On those lips of liv - ing co - ral Though a smile is sparkling now, Yet I know you
3. Of my bit - ter thraldom wea - ry, Once I cast a - side my chain, But with - out you
plan a quar-rel By that wrin - kle on your brow. As the hue up - on the fea-ther
life was drea-ry, I be - came your slave a - gain. Smi-ling, frowning, I a - dore you,
Of the gen - tle tur - tle dove, As the days in A - pril wea - ther You are
Kind-er beauties far a - bove, Yet, my dearest I im - plore you, Do not
cres.
1st time.
2nd time.
changeful, sweetest love!
make so light of
Dal Segno
love!
ritard.
f
pp
mf
cres.
sf
p
sf
dim.

COLD AND RAW'S THE NIGHT WITHOUT.

TUNE OF "STINGO,"—BEFORE 1640.



crackling loud and cheerly. We ga-ther closely round the fire, The young of love are telling; The

fp

old bring tales of goblins dire In haunted castles dwelling.

p *cres.* *f* *f*

Sil - ly souls are old and young, And sil - ly plans em-ploy them; I - dle hopes can

pp

make them strong, And i - dle fears an-noy them. I'm wea-ry of the ceaseless talk, Hate, love, and fear to -

f *pp* *cres.*

- ge - ther, So out at yonder door I'll walk, And meet the winter weather.

f *ff*

"ROUSE THEE, YOUNG KNIGHT."

TUNE, "THE HUNTER IN HIS CAREER, —ABOUT 1600.

♩ = 132.

With spirit. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

1. Rouse thee, young Knight, And arm for the fight! See the sun from his pri - son breaks! The helmets gleam In his golden beam As the camp to new life awakes. Hie thee a-long, The trumpet's loud song Thy heart with high thoughts will cheer! Foemen should quake, And the

3. Mourn not, young Knight, Thy la - dy so bright, But fan - cy she still is nigh; To gallant deeds Her true love she leads With the torch of her flash - ing eye. Hie thee a-long, The

broad plain shake, At the thunder of thy ca-reer.

Fine.

ff *sf*

un poco meno mosso.

2. Why doth that smile Thus linger awhile, And why dost thou soft-ly speak? Why starts unbid From that

pp *pp*

sleeping lid The tear that invades thy cheek? Far from thee cast All dreams of the past,

animandosi.

cres.

Bright be thy glan-ces and clear; Hie thee a-long, Let thy cour-ser strong Thunder

tempo.

f

on in his wild ca-reer!

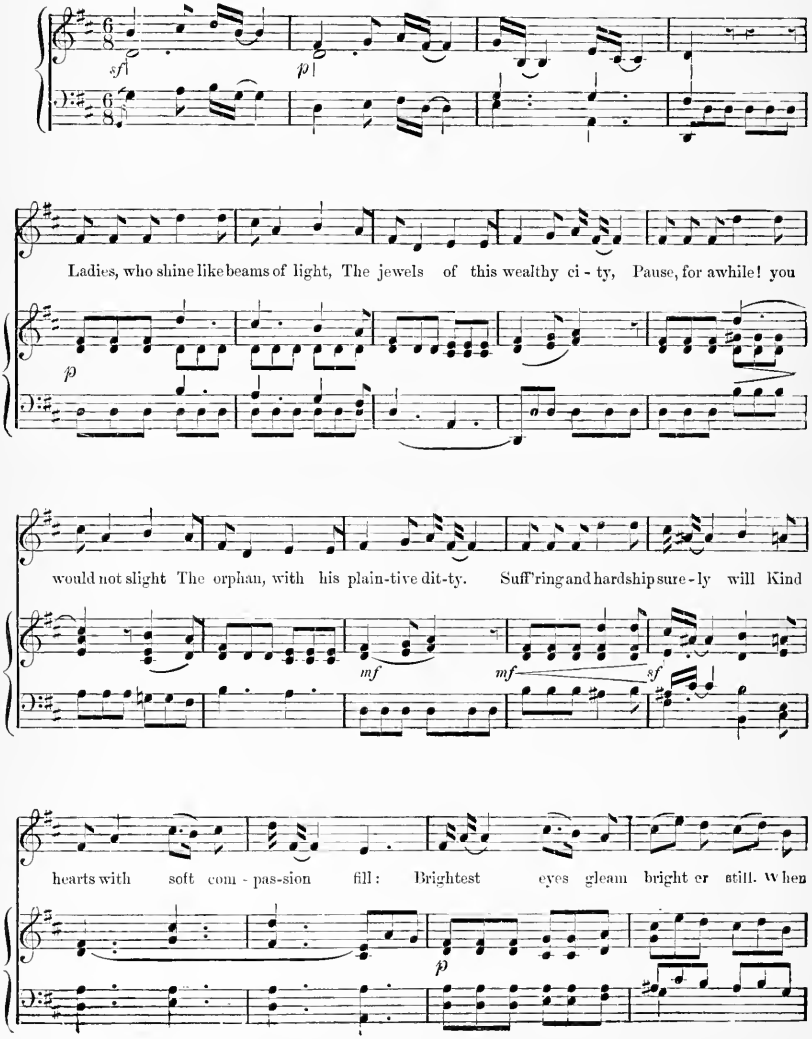
Dal Segno. 𝄋

ff *sf*

THE BEGGAR BOY.

TUNE, "THE BEGGAR BOY,"—BEFORE 1620.

Slowly and smoothly. *New Words by J. Oxenford.*



glist'ning with a tear of pi - ty.

f *dim.* *p*

Gallants, who from the ladies' eyes The light of your ex - ist-ence borrow, Listen, as you their

p

fa-vor prize, They love the heart that beats for sor-row! Pi - ty becomes the fair and gay, Sweet

mf *mf* *sf*

smiles your kind - ness will re - pay; Shed a gen - tle tear to - day, And

p

may you feel no care to - morrow.

EARLY ONE MORNING.

TRADITIONAL.

♩ = 104.

Moderate time, and gracefully.

cres. *f* *sf*

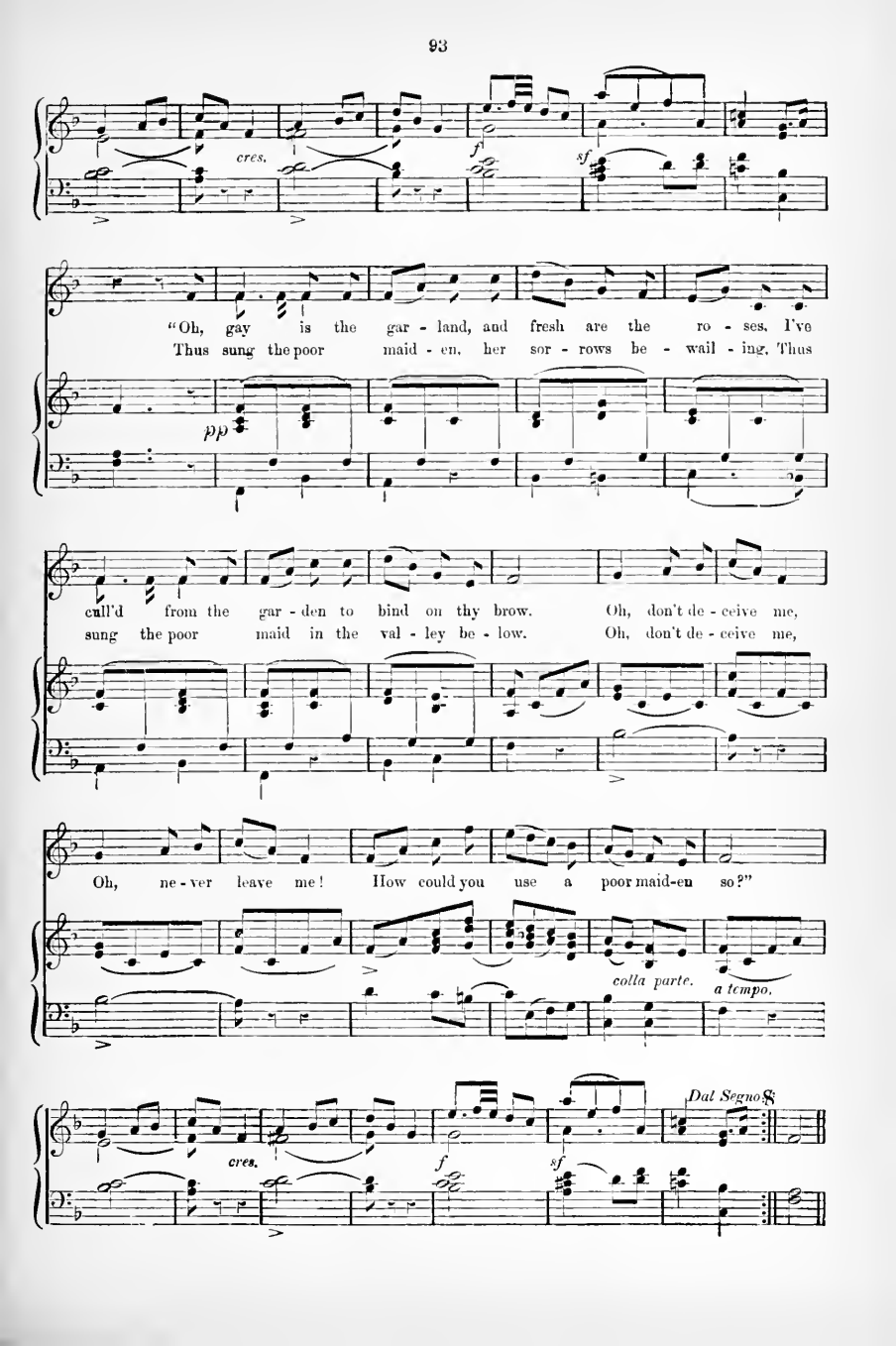
1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing, I
2. "Re - mem - ber the vows that you made to your Ma - ry, Re-

pp

heard a maid sing in the val - ley be - low; "Oh, don't de - ceive me,
- mem - ber the bow'r where you vow'd to be true. Oh, don't de - ceive me,

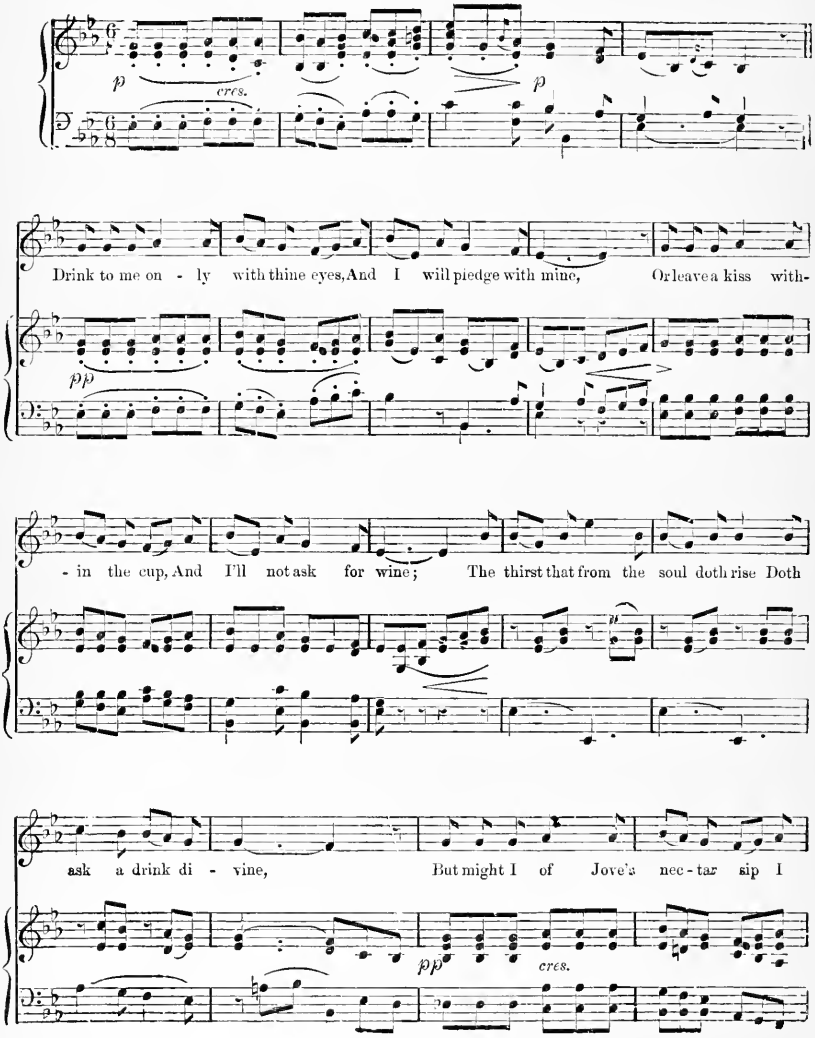
Oh, ne - ver leave me! How could you use a poor maid-en so?"

colla parte. *a tempo.*


cres.
f
sf
"Oh, gay is the gar - land, and fresh are the ro - ses, I've
Thus sung the poor maid - en, her sor - rows be - wail - ing, Thus
pp
cull'd from the gar - den to bind on thy brow. Oh, don't de - ceive me,
sung the poor maid in the val - ley be - low. Oh, don't de - ceive me,
Oh, ne - ver leave me! How could you use a poor maid-en so?"
colla parte.
a tempo.
cres.
f
sf
Dal Segno

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

DATE UNCERTAIN.



would not change for thine!

mf *cres.*

I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon'-ring thee As giving it a

pp

hope, that there it could not wi - ther'd be, . . . But thou thereon didst on - ly breathe, And

sent'st it back to me; . . . Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not

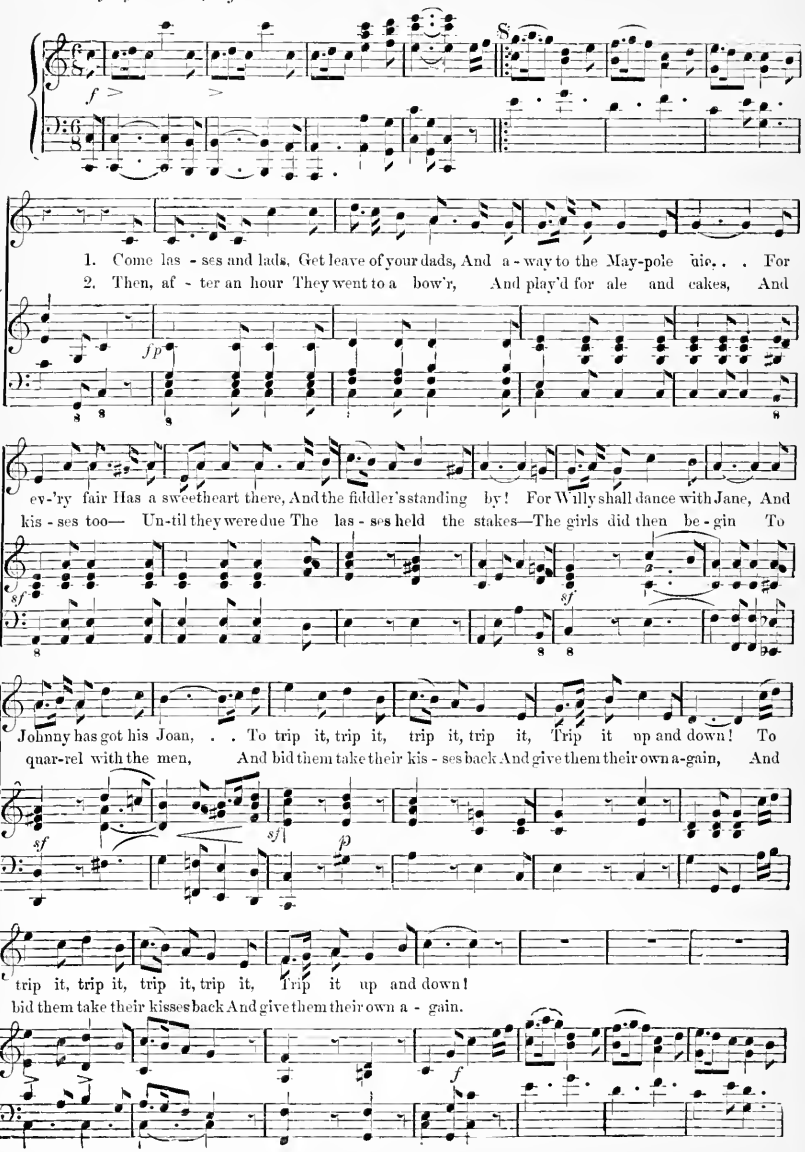
pp *cres.*

of it - self but thee!

mf

"COME LASSES AND LADS."

TIME OF CHARLES II.



"You're out," says Dick, "Not I," says Nick, "'Twas the fid - dler play'd it wrong." 'Tis
"Good night," says Harry, "Good night," says Ma-ry, "Good night," says Dolly to John; "Good

fp

true," says Hugh, And so says Sue, And so says ev' - ry one. The fid - dler then be - gan To
night," says Sue To her sweetheart Hugh, "Good night," says ev'-ry one: Some walk'd, and some did run: Some

sf *sf*

play the tune a - gain, . . And ev' - ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men, And
loiter'd on the way, And bound themselves by kis - ses twelve To meet the next no - li - day, And

sf *sf* *p*

1st time. 2nd time.

D.S. 𝄋

ev' - ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.
bound themselves by kis-ses twelve To meet the next ho - li - - - - day.

f *f* *f f*

I AM CALLED THE JOVIAL MILLER.

TUNE, "TOM OF BEDLAM,"—ABOUT 1600.

♩ = 144.

Boldly. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

f sf sf sf

1. I am call'd the jo - vial mil - ler, And well I love my cal - ling; The
2. Though the squire has grand ac - quaintance, His wealth they help to squander; My

p cres.

cares of state Ne'er plague my pate, I loathe all par - ty brawl - ing.
mates bring grist, All else, who list, May haunt the big house yon - der.

sf p

Rich in him-self is the jo - vial mil - ler, Needs no friends that flat-ter,— Mill, rat-tle

f p sf

round, Ne'er was a sound To match your cheerful clatter.

Dal Segno. 𝄋

ff *sf*

THIRD VERSE.

Though with lace the squire is 'di - zen'd, And swears the la - dies love it, Sure

p *cres.*

none will slight This coat of white, With the hear - ty face a - bove it.

sf *p*

Rich in him-self is the jo - vial mil - ler, Needs no friends that flat-ter,— Mill, rat-tle

f *p* *sf*

round, Ne'er was a sound To match your cheer - ful clat - ter.

ritenuto.

f

MY DEAREST LOVE, WHY WILT THOU ASK?

TUNE, "I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE,"—ABOUT 1610.

♩. = 76.

Slowly, and very smoothly.

Words by J. Oxenford

p *cres.* *mf* *sf* *p*

My dear - est love, why wilt thou ask If I am con - stant

pp

yet? Dost think 'tis such an ea - sy task thine image to for-get? My

cres. *f*

soul retains thee still in sight When thou art far a - way, Thou art my vi - sion

p *pp*

in the night, My wak-ing dream by day.

f *p* *mf* *cres.* *sf* *p*

And when, the time of ab - sence past, Once more I see thee

pp

near, . . I start to find my dream at last An earth - ly form can wear. . . When

cres. *f*

far, thou seem'st some pow'r a-bove To guard my soul from harm; . . When present, thou'rt my

p *pp*

own dear love That giv'st my life its charm.

f *p* *sf*

THE NAME OF MY TRUE LOVE.

TUNE, "TOM TINKER'S MY TRUE LOVE,"—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 152.

Words by J. Oxenford.

Moderate time, and smoothly.

mf *cres.* *f* *ritard.*

1. The name of my true love You'd fain have me tell, I'll give you his
2. His face of the kind is That I love the best, His fi - gure looks
3. A - gain, to his sta - ture I do not ob - ject, His eyes shine most

p

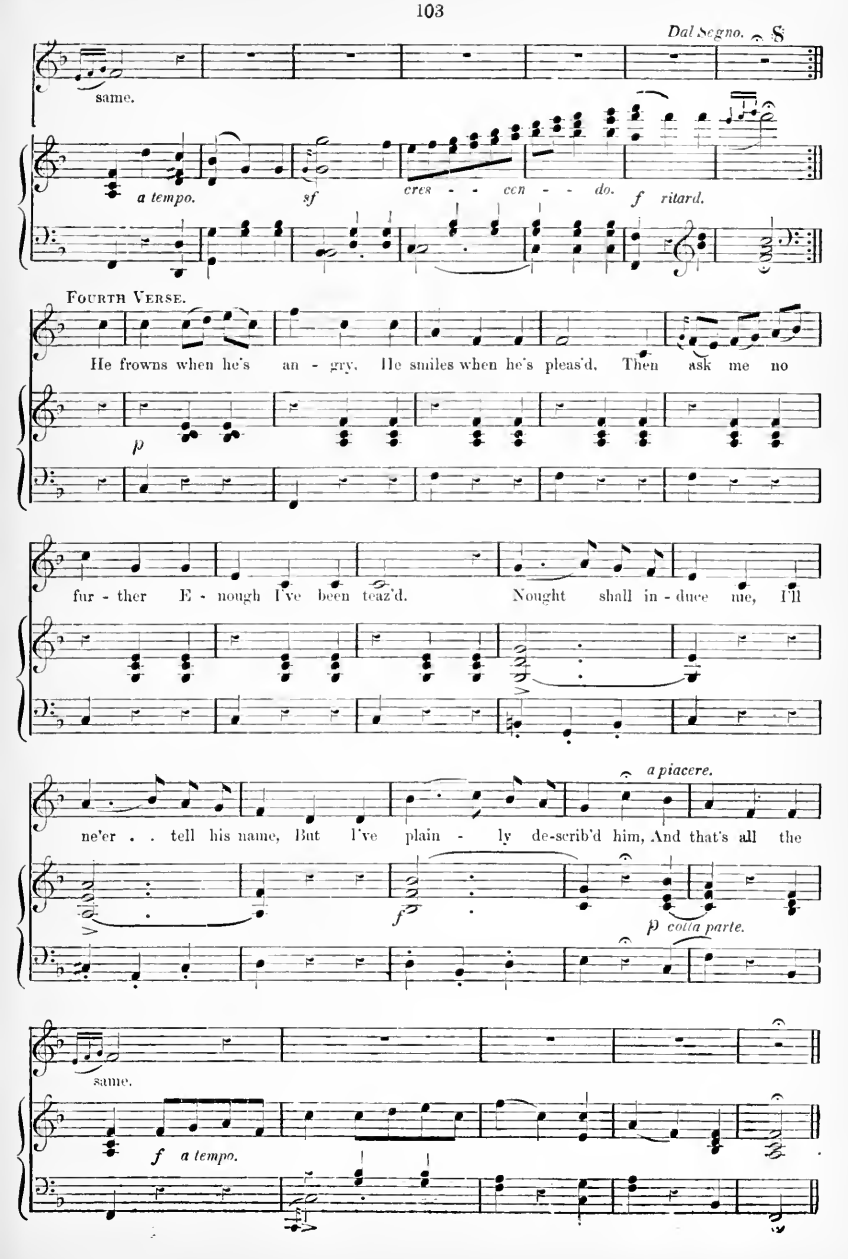
pic - ture, 'Twill do just as well; Nought shall in - duce me; I'll
gal - lant When - e'er he's well dress'd; Nought shall, &c.
bright - ly When me they re - flect; Nought shall, &c.

cres.

a piacere.

ne'er tell his name, But I'll plain - ly de-scribe him, 'Twill be just the

f *pp* *colla parte.*


Dal Segno.
same.
a tempo.
sf
cres - - con - - do.
f
ritard.
Fourth Verse.
He frowns when he's an - gry, He smiles when he's pleas'd, Then ask me no
p
fur - ther E - nough I've been teaz'd. Nought shall in - duce me, I'll
a piacere.
ne'er . . tell his name, But I've plain - ly de-scrib'd him, And that's all the
f
p colla parte.
same.
f a tempo.

A SOLDIER SHOULD BE JOLLY.

TUNE, "THE BUFF COAT HATH NO FELLOW,"—ABOUT 1610.

♩. = 100.

Words by J. Oxenford.

Boldly.

ff sf *sf*

1. Drink, boys, drink deep, For a sol - dier should be jol-ly; Laugh, boys, laugh loud, For in
2. Drink, boys, drink deep, For a sol - dier should be jol-ly; Laugh, boys, laugh loud, For in

fp *fp*

grief there's nought but fol - ly: Life's but a bub-ble That's puff'd up with trouble, A
grief there's nought but fol - ly: Here's a buff jer-kin, To fright-en a Turk in, And

p

wise man ne'er can doubt it, Bul - lets may hit us, And then it will quit us, So
brave - ly de - fy rough wea - ther, Comrades, so mer - ry, Take heed that you bu - ry My

cres.

think no more a - bout it.
coat and me to - gether.

sf *ff* *tr* *Dal Segno.*

THIRD VERSE.

Drink, boys, drink deep, For a sol - dier should be jol-ly; Laugh, boys,

fp *pp* *tr*

laugh loud, For in grief there's nought but fol - ly. Drain to the bot-tom Your

pp

cups, while you've got - 'em, There's no such a bath for sor - row: This day, dear brother, May

cres.

ne'er breed a - no-ther, We all may fall to - mor-row.

f *ff*

NORTHERN NANCY.

TUNE, "NORTHERN NANCY,"—EARLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 60.

Slowly and smoothly. *New Words by J. Oxenford.*

mf *cres - - - cen - - do* *sf* *pp*

In hap-py days, when Fate look'd kind-ly, And Nan-cy smil'd up - on me, I felt so blesa'd, I

p

nurtur'd blind-ly The faith that hath un-done me; I vainly thought love's chain was fast When

sf

so - lemn vows were pligh - ted, Now daylight dawns, my dream is past—

sf *f*

Would I were still benigh - ted.

pp *p* *f*

Her glance was bright whene'er I met her, But now she greets me cold - ly; False girl! I vow I

p

will for - get her, My mind I'll make up bold - ly. A - las! our mind is not our own, Tho'

sf

sa - ges grave may school it; A maid to whom her pow'r is known, At

sf *f*

plea - sure still may rule it.

pp *mf*

THERE WAS A SIMPLE MAIDEN.

TUNE, "THE NOBLE SHIRVE,"—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 84.

Gracefully, and not too fast. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

1. There was a sim - ple mai - den, Long a - go, yes long a - go; Whose
2. Then did she die of griev - ing? No, no, no it was not so! Now

p *pp*

heart with grief was la - den— Pray how came it so? She thought up - on the
yon - der she is liv - ing, Old e-nough I trow. The Knight observ'd her

mf

Knight who dwelt With-in the cas - tle yon - der, Keen was the pain she felt As
down-cast eye, And learn'd the cause of sor - row,— "Mai - den, no lon ger sigh, I'll

pp

on him she would pon - der.
mar-ry thee to - mor - row."

Dal Segno 𝄋

col canto. *mf*

THIRD VERSE.

In man - ner she was home - ly You must know, yes, you must know; But

p *pp*

oh! her face was come - ly, Ve - ry long a - go; And though she was of

mf

low - ly birth, And own'd no gol - den trea - sure, He thought her sim - ple worth a

pp

dow - ry past all mea - sure.

OH! THE OAK, AND THE ASH, AND THE BONNY IVY TREE.

THE AIR POPULAR BEFORE 1650.

♩ = 100.

Old Ballad abbreviated by J. Oxenford

Rather slowly, and with expression.

p *cres.* *dim.* *pp*

1. A North Country maid up to London had stray'd, Although with her na - ture it did not agree, She
2. Of parks they may talk Where 'tis fashion to walk, I'll own the gay throng is a wonderful sight, But

pp

wept and she sigh'd, And she bit-ter - ly cried, "I wish once a - gain in the North I could be. Oh! the
nought have I seen Like the Westmoreland green, Where all of us danc'd from the morning till night. Oh! &c.

pp

ritard.

oak, and the ash, and the bonny i-vy tree, They flou - rish at home in my own coun-try.

a tempo.

sf *pp* *colla parte.* *mf*

While sad - ly I roam, I re-gret my dear home. Where
No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease; Where

sf *dim.* *pp* *p*

lads and young las - ses are mak - ing the hay; The mer-ry bells ring, And the birds sweetly sing, And
mai-dens are fair, ma-ny lo - vers will come; But he whom I wed, Must be North Country bred, And

p

mai - dens and meadows are plea-sant and gay. Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny i-vy tree, They
car - ry me back to my North Country home. Oh! &c.

sf *pp*

a piacere.

flourish at home in my own coun-try.

Dal Segno. 𝄋

ritard.

colla parte *f* *sf* *dim.* *p*

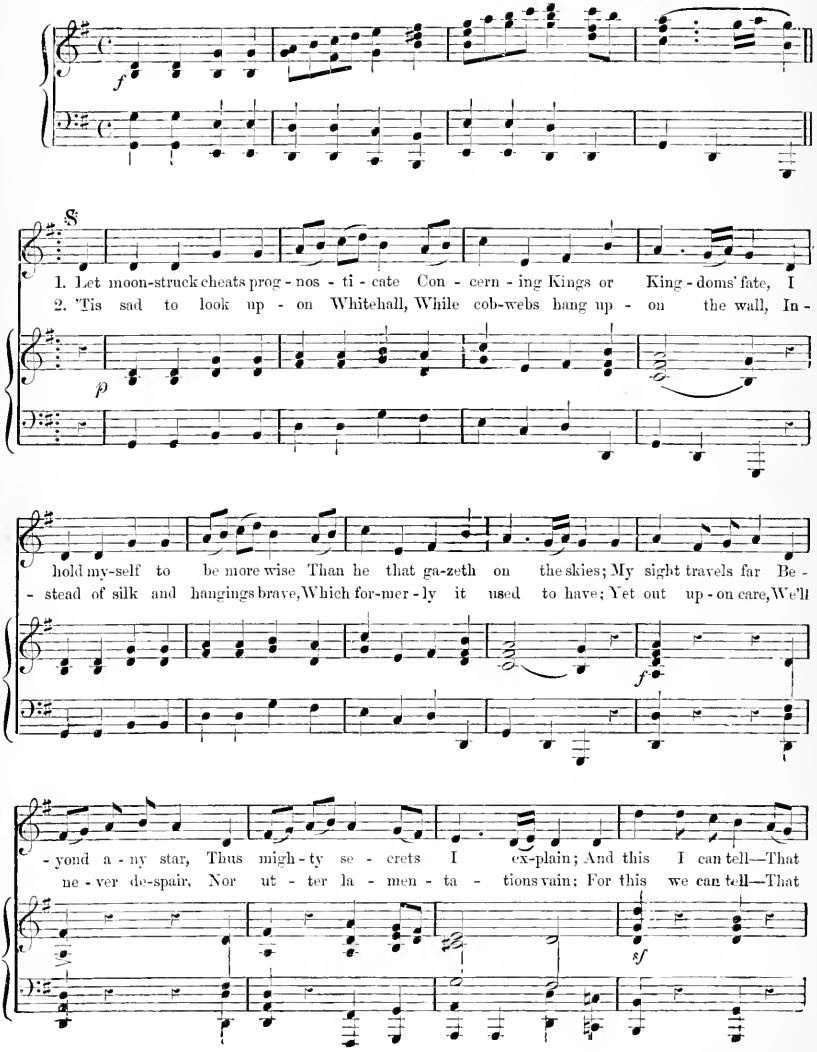
WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 152.

Boldly, and in moderate time.

Words abbreviated by J. Oxenford.



nought will be well Till the King en-joys his own a-gain. No
all will go well When the King en-joys his own a-gain. When

p *ff*

mad a-stro-lo-ger by trade Can high-er soar, or deep-er wade, Or
roy-al Charles re-gains his throne, And gives to ev'-ry man his own, Then

p

find by ga-ping at the stars, The cause of peace and ci-vil wars: The best ho-ro-scope Is
all who tread on English earth, Shall live in free-dom, joy, and mirth: So let us all pray To

f

not worth a rope, The planets shan't distract my brain; For this I can tell, That nought will go well Till the
see the great day When our own king shall o'er us reign: We sure-ly can tell, That all will go well When

sf *p*

king en-joys his own a-gain.
Charles comes home in peace a-gain. *Dal Segno.* 𝄋

ff

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

EARLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 116.

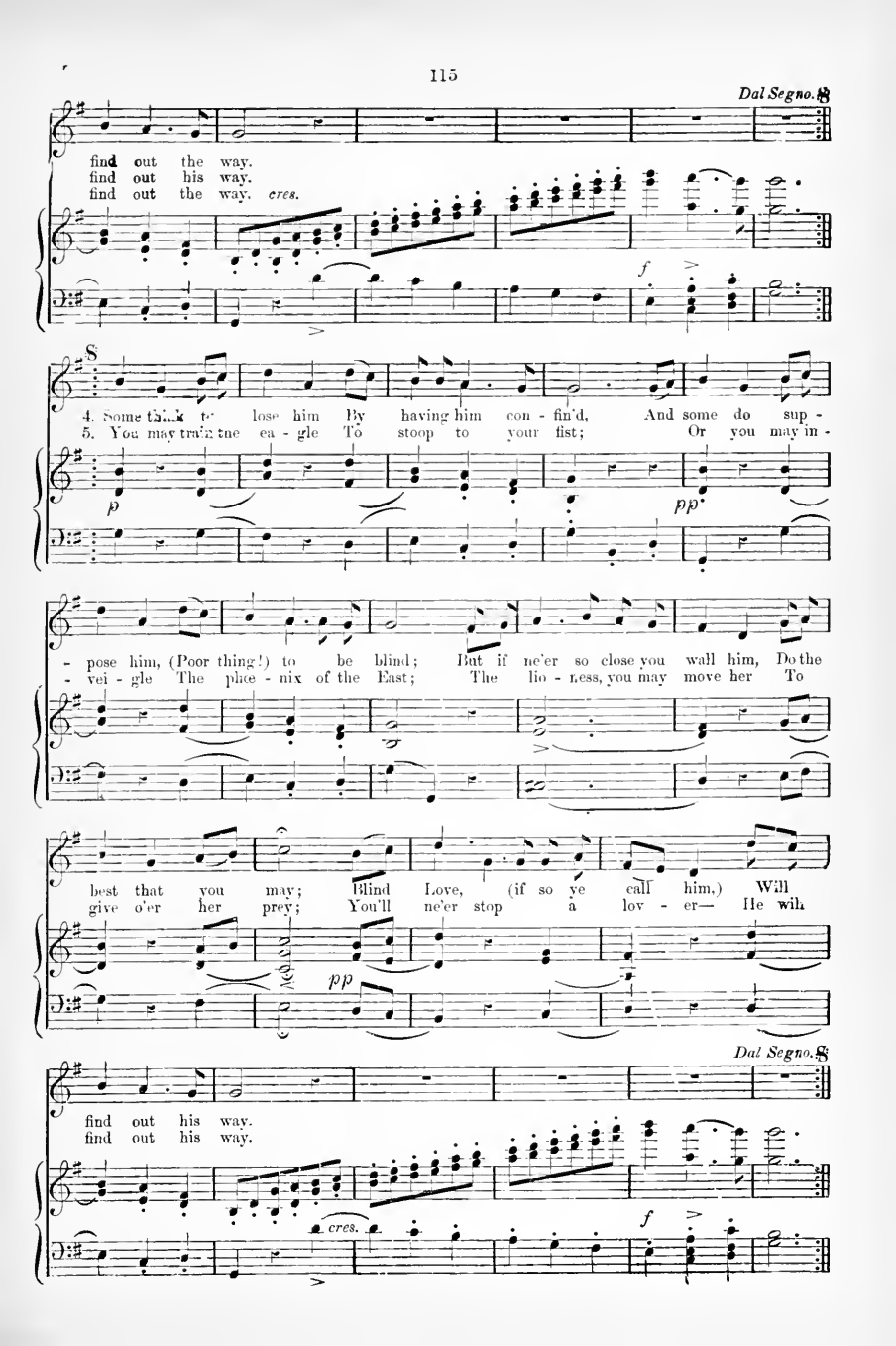
Smoothly, and not too fast.

8va. loco.

p *cres.* *sf* *pp*

1. O - ver the moun-tains, And o - ver the waves, Un - der the foun-tains, And un - der the graves; Un - der floods that are deep - est, Which Nep - tune o - bey; Over rocks that are steep - est, Love will
2. Where there is no place For the glow-worm to lie; Where there is no space For re - ceipt of a fly; Where the midge dares not ven - ture, Lest her - self fast she lay; If Love come, he will en - ter, And soon
3. You may e - steem him A child for his might; Or you may deem him A cow - ard for his flight; But if she whom Love doth ho - nor Be con - ceal'd from the day, Set a thou - sand guards up - on her, Love will

p *pp* *pp*


Dal Segno.
find out the way.
find out his way.
find out the way. cres.
f
S
4. Some think to lose him By having him con - fin'd, And some do sup -
5. You may train the ea - gle To stoop to your fist; Or you may in -
p
pp
- pose him, (Poor thing!) to be blind; But if ne'er so close you wall him, Do the
- vei - gle The phœ - nix of the East; The lio - ness, you may move her To
best that you may; Blind Love, (if so ye call him,) Will
give o'er her prey; You'll ne'er stop a lov - er— He will
pp
Dal Segno.
find out his way.
find out his way.
cres.
f

BARBARA ALLEN.

TUNE FROM TRADITION.

♩ = 88.

Old Ballad condensed.

p *cres.* *f*

1. In Scar-let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwellin', Made ev'-ry youth cry

pp *cres* *cen* *do.* *mf* *sf pp*

"well - a - way!" Her name was Barb'-ra Al - len. All

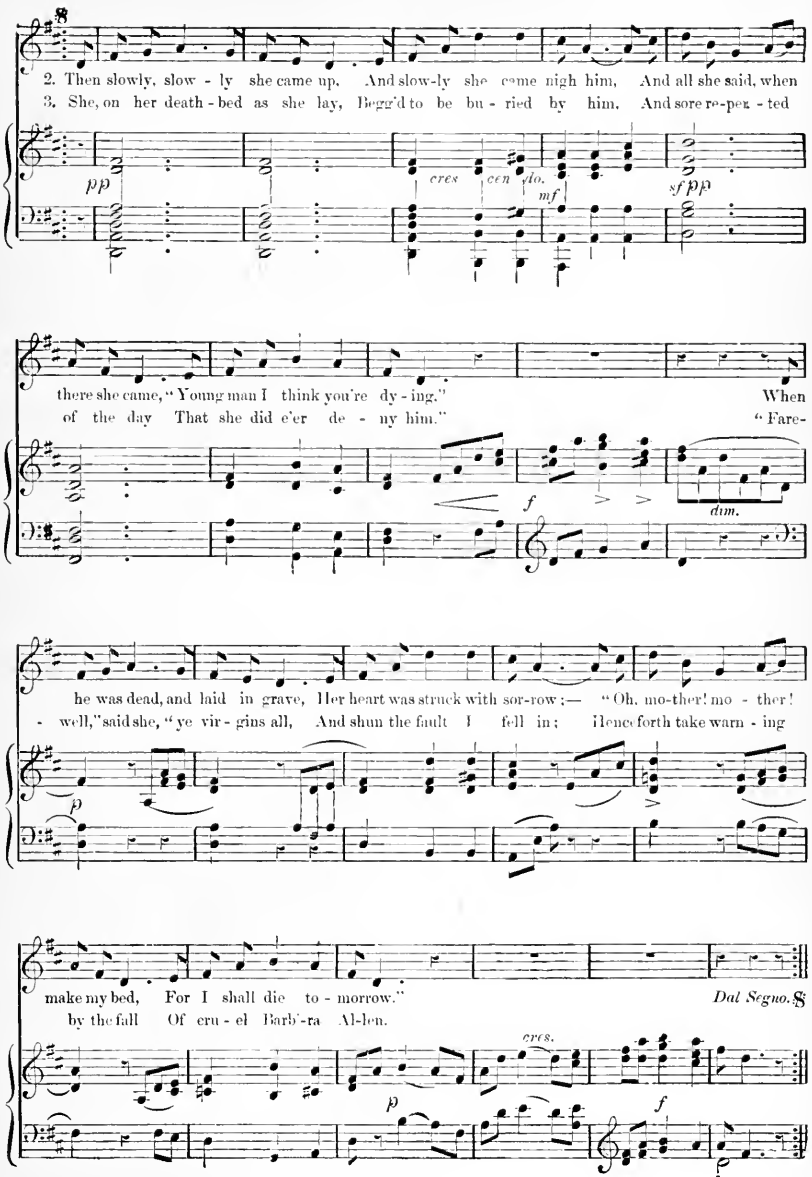
f *dim.*

in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds they were swellin', Young Jemmy Grove on his

p

death-bed lay, For love of Barb'-ra Al-len.

cres. *p* *f*

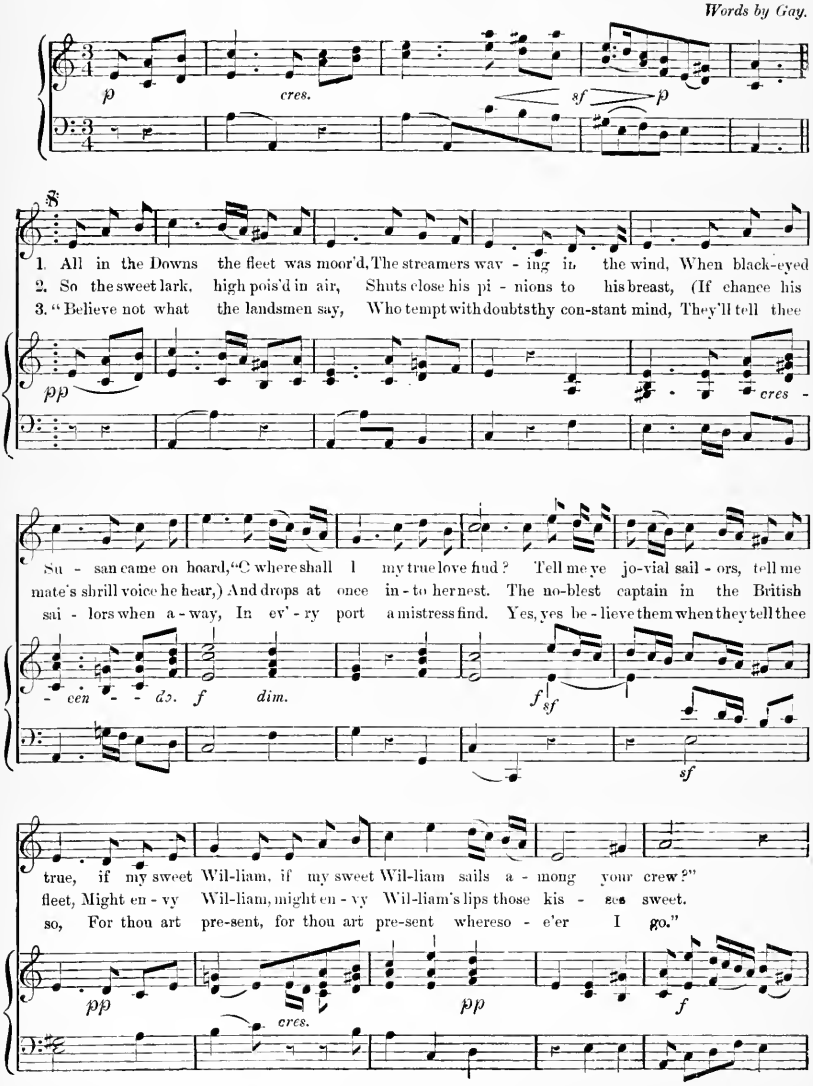

2. Then slowly, slow - ly she came up, And slow-ly she came nigh him, And all she said, when
3. She, on her death - bed as she lay, Begg'd to be bu - ried by him, And sore re-pen - ted
pp
cres cen do.
mf
sf pp
there she came, "Young man I think you're dy - ing." When
of the day That she did e'er de - ny him." "Fare-
f
dim.
he was dead, and laid in grave, Her heart was struck with sor-row;— "Oh, mo-ther! mo - ther!
- well," said she, "ye vir - gins all, And shun the fault I fell in; Hence forth take warn - ing
p
make my bed, For I shall die to - morrow." Dal Segno.
by the fall Of cru - el Barb'-ra Al-len.
cres.
p
f

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

TUNE, BY LEVERIDGE.

♩ = 72.

Words by Gay.



Wil-liam was high up - on the yard, Rock'd by the bil-lows to and fro, Soon as her well - known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be - low; The cord slides swift - ly through his glow - ing hands, And quick as light-ning, and quick as light-ning on the deck he stands.

"Oh, Su - san, Su - san, love - ly dear, My vows shall e - ver true re - main; Let me kiss off that fal-ling tear, We on - ly part to meet a - gain; Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be The faith-ful com-pass, the faith-ful compass that still points to thee."

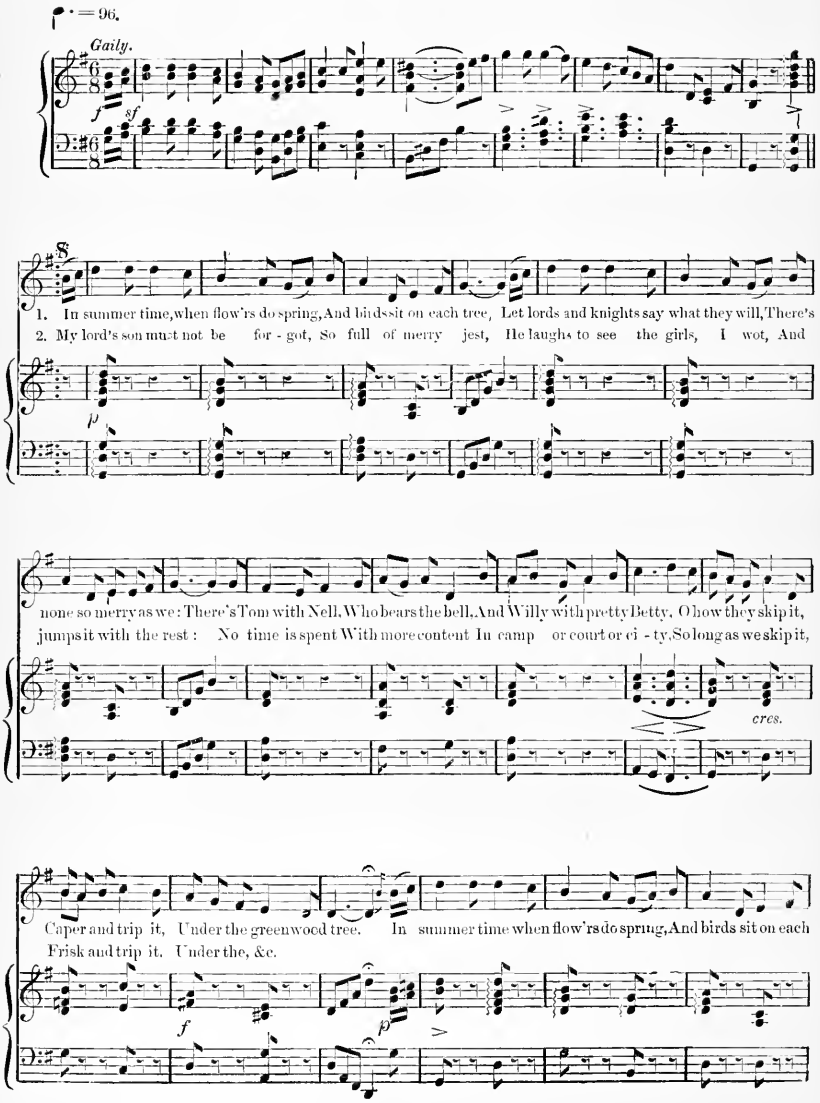
The boatswain gave the dread-ful word, The sails their swelling bo - soms spread; No lon-ger must she stay on board: They kiss—she sigh'd— he hangs his head: The less'-ning boat un - wil - ling rows to land,—"A-dieu," she cries, "A-dieu," she cries, and waves her li - ly hand.

pp *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p* *f* *sf* *pp* *sf* *cres.* *pp* *sf* *p*

Dal Segno. 𝄋

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

TUNE AND WORDS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



tree, Let lords and knights say what they will, There's none so merry as we.

f sf

Our music is a lit - tle pipe That can so sweetly play, We hire old Hal from Whitsuntide Till We oft go to Sir William's ground And a rich old cub is he, And there we dance around, around, But

p

lat-ter Lammas day, On high days And on holy days After ev'ning pray'r comes he, And then we do skip it, never a penny we see; When the day is spent With one consent A-gain we all a - gree To caper and skip it,

cres.

Caper and trip it, Under the green wood tree. In summer time when flow'rs do spring, And birds sit on each Trample and trip it, Under the, &c.

f *p*

Dal Segno.

tree, Let lords and knights say what they will, There's none so merry as we.

f sf

FAIRIES, HASTE, THE SUMMER MOON IS BRIGHT.

TUNE OF "SELLENGER'S ROUND,"—EARLY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 96.

Gracefully, and smoothly.

Words by J. Oxenford.

8va.

p *cres.* *f*

Fai - - ries, haste, . the summer moon is bright, . Ti - ta - - nia holds . . her revels here to-

night; The fay . that would now be ab-sent is a trai - tor: Arouse from dozing, Cease reposing

In the li - ly's bell; . . This carpet spreading, Waits your treading, Dian lights you well. . Then, fai - ries,

haste, the summer moon is bright, Ti - ta - - nia holds . her revels here to - night.

pp *pp* *cres.* *f* *p cres.*

Fai - - ries, dance, . the murmur of the

rills, . . The bal - - - my air . . . with dain-ty mu-sic fills, . . To sport . . till the

dawn . . of day-light it in - vites . you, 'Tis now befitting, Lightly flit-ting O'er the moon-lit

ground, To dance a measure, Wild with pleasure, Tripping round and round. Then, fai - - ries, haste, the

summer moon is bright, Ti - ta - nia holds her re-vels here to - night.

sf *pp* *ppz* *pp* *cres.* *f* *f* *sf*

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

TUNE, "MAD ROBIN,"—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 104.

Smoothly, and gracefully. *From a MS. about* 1610.

p *f* *sf* *pp*

Love me lit-tle, love me long, Is the bur-den

mf *pp*

of my song; Love that is too hot and strong Burneth soon to waste; Still I would not

sf

pp

have thee cold, or backward, or too bold, For love that last-eth till 'tis old, Fad-eth not in

pp *cres.* *p*

haste.

sf *pp* *p*

Winter's cold.or summer's heat, Autumn's tempests on it beat, It can never know de-feat,

pp

pp

Ne-ver can re-bel: Such the love that I would gain, Such love, I tell thee plain, That

sf *f* *pp*

thou must give or love in vain, So to thee fare-well.

NOUGHT I PRIZE BEYOND HER.

TUNE, "LULL ME BEYOND THEE,"—EARLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 63.

Moderately quick. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

p *cres.* *f*

S

1. Oft my love re - proach - es me, Vow - ing I am faith - less;
2. Spark - ling beau - ties oft I meet, With an air be - guil - ing,

Fick-le though my glance may be, Still my heart is scath - less; Tow'rds the left and
Me with ma - ny smiles they greet, I, in turn, am smi - ling; But when I am

mf *cres.*

tow'rds the right, Although my eye may wan - der, Nought has e - ver meet my sight
left a - lone, Up - on my love I pon - der, Then I find there is not one

f

Dat Segno.

p

That I prize be-yond her.
Whom I prize be-yond her.

pp *cres.* *f* *p*

THIRD VERSE.

Be not an - ger'd, dear - est love, Through my fan - cy's stray - ing;

cres.

One there is who reigns a - bove All this i - dle play - ing: On my heart, as

mf *cres.*

f

on a throne Sta - tion'd ne'er to wan - der, Love's own queen, she reigns a-lone,

f *sf*

pp

Nought I prize be - yond her.

ritard.

pp *p*

THERE WAS AN OLD FELLOW AT WALTHAM CROSS.

TUNE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 08.

Jovially, and moderately quick. *Words completed from a fragment by J. Oxenford.*

f marcato

1. There was an old fel - low at Waltham Cross, Who mer - ri - ly sung when he liv'd by the loss. He
2. I once had of sil - ver and gold e-nough, But what was the use of the trum-pe-ry stuff? My

p

ne - ver would sigh or would murmur heigho, But chant-ed it out with a hey trol - li - lo: He
wish - es were large so my mo-ney grew less, But mirth with each pen - ny I bought I con-fess: I

p

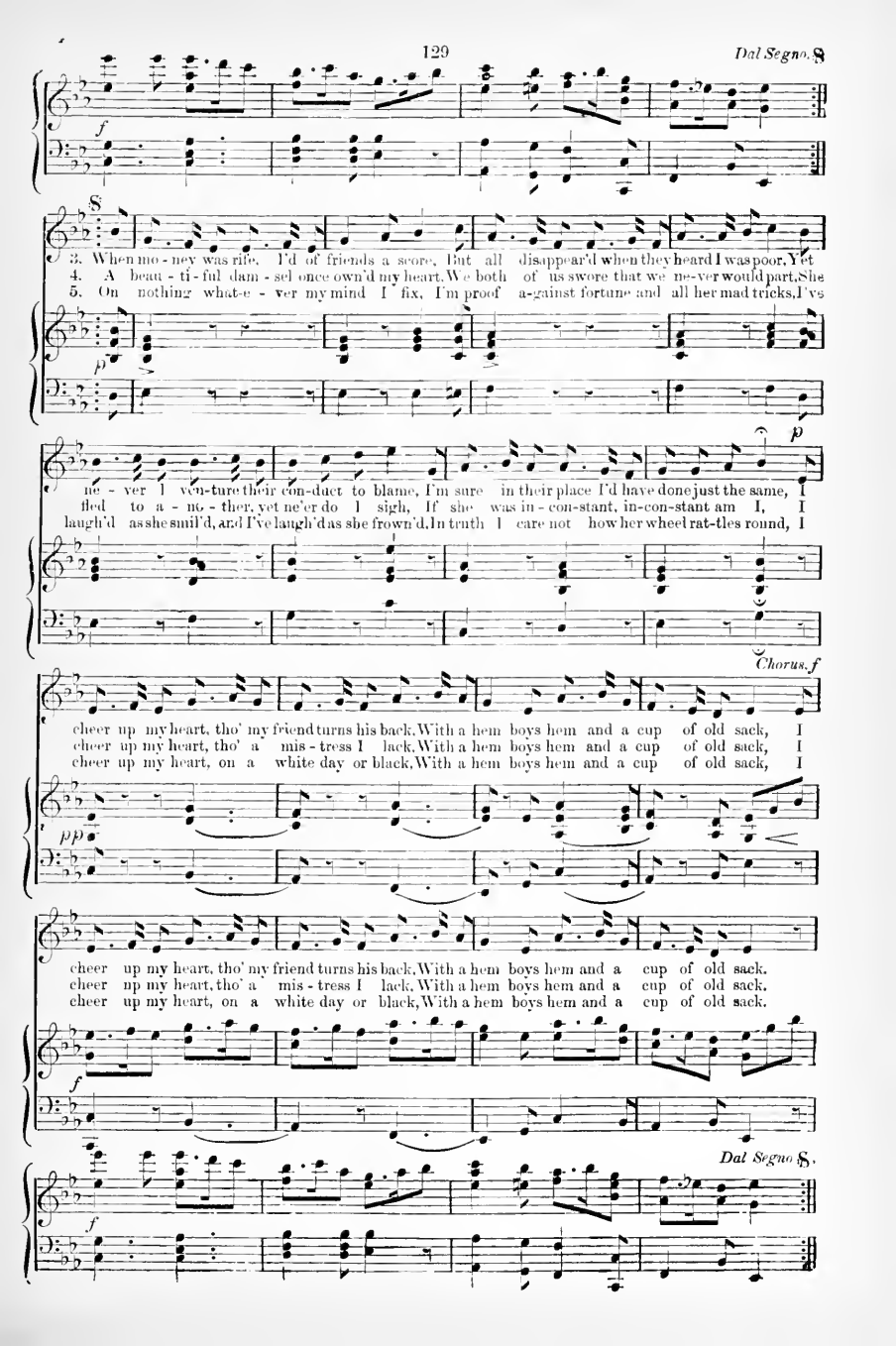
Chorus. *f*

cheer'd up his heart when his goods went to wrack With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack, He
cheer'd up my heart when my wealth went to wrack With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack, I

pp

cheer'd up his heart when his goods went to wrack With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack.
cheer'd up my heart when my wealth went to wrack With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack.

f


Dal Segno.
3. When mo - ney was rife, I'd of friends a score, But all disappear'd when they heard I was poor, Yet
4. A beau - ti - ful dam - sel once own'd my heart, We both of us swore that we ne-ver would part, She
5. On nothing what-e - ver my mind I fix, I'm proof a-gainst fortune and all her mad tricks, I've
ne - ver I ven-ture their con-duct to blame, I'm sure in their place I'd have done just the same, I
fled to a - no - ther, yet ne'er do I sigh, If she was in - con-stant, in-con-stant am I, I
laugh'd as she smil'd, and I've laugh'd as she frown'd, In truth I care not how her wheel rat-tles round, I
Chorus. f
cheer up my heart, tho' my friend turns his back, With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack, I
cheer up my heart, tho' a mis - tress I lack, With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack, I
cheer up my heart, on a white day or black, With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack, I
cheer up my heart, tho' my friend turns his back, With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack.
cheer up my heart, tho' a mis - tress I lack, With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack.
cheer up my heart, on a white day or black, With a hem boys hem and a cup of old sack.
Dal Segno.

NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN

TUNE, "THE OXFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY,"—PROBABLY AN ANCIENT MINSTREL TUNE.

♩ = 60.

Plaintively.

Written on a fragment of the old ballad by J. Oxenford.

cres. *sf*

1. Near Woodstock town I chanc'd to stray, When birds were blithe and fields were gay, 'Till by the glas - sy river's side A weeping dam - sel I es-pied: "A-las!" she said, "My love's un - true, A-no - ther mai - den doth he woo, For-get-ting all the vows that he To life's last joy was I on earth: Oh, honied words of lit-tle worth! I cannot bear that glance so cold From eyes that once of pas-sion told; I shrink before that mar-ble face, Where love's own

2. "With false and flat - t'ring tongue he spoke, To win the heart that he has broke, His on-ly

pp

cres.

hour would faithful be."
signs I once could trace.

f *p* *mf* *cres.* *sf*

3. "Oh, let me die,— though I am young My span of life has prov'd too long,— The tear that

f *p*

comes too late to save Perchance he'll drop up - on my grave, And if my spi-rit lingers

pp

near, 'Twill thank him for that sim - ple tear. And he will mourn the hap - less

cres. *sf*

fate Of one who lov'd but could not hate.

p *sf*

I SIT UPON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

TUNE, "MY FATHER WAS BORN BEFORE ME," TIME OF CHARLES II.

♩ = 88.

Words by J. Oxenford.

Smoothly, and with feeling.

p *cres.* *f dim.*

I sit up - on the moun-tain side, And watch the sun de - clin - ing; I

saw him blaze in all his pride, I mark him faint - ly shin - ing. A

cres. *pp*

mass of clouds The sky enshrouds, No star is shining o'er me, The day's last light Is

p

merg'd in night And all is dark be - fore me.

pp *mf* *cres.*

I

f

think up - on the joys of youth, Of hopes that fond - ly flat - ter'd, Of

fan - ta - sies that seem'd like truth, And then like dust were scat - ter'd: In

cres. *pp*

mem' - ry's dream once more they gleam. And bright-ly ho-ver o'er me, Now, one by one They

p

all are gone—The world is dark be - fore me.

pp *p*

OH, LIST TO ME, MY ONLY LOVE.

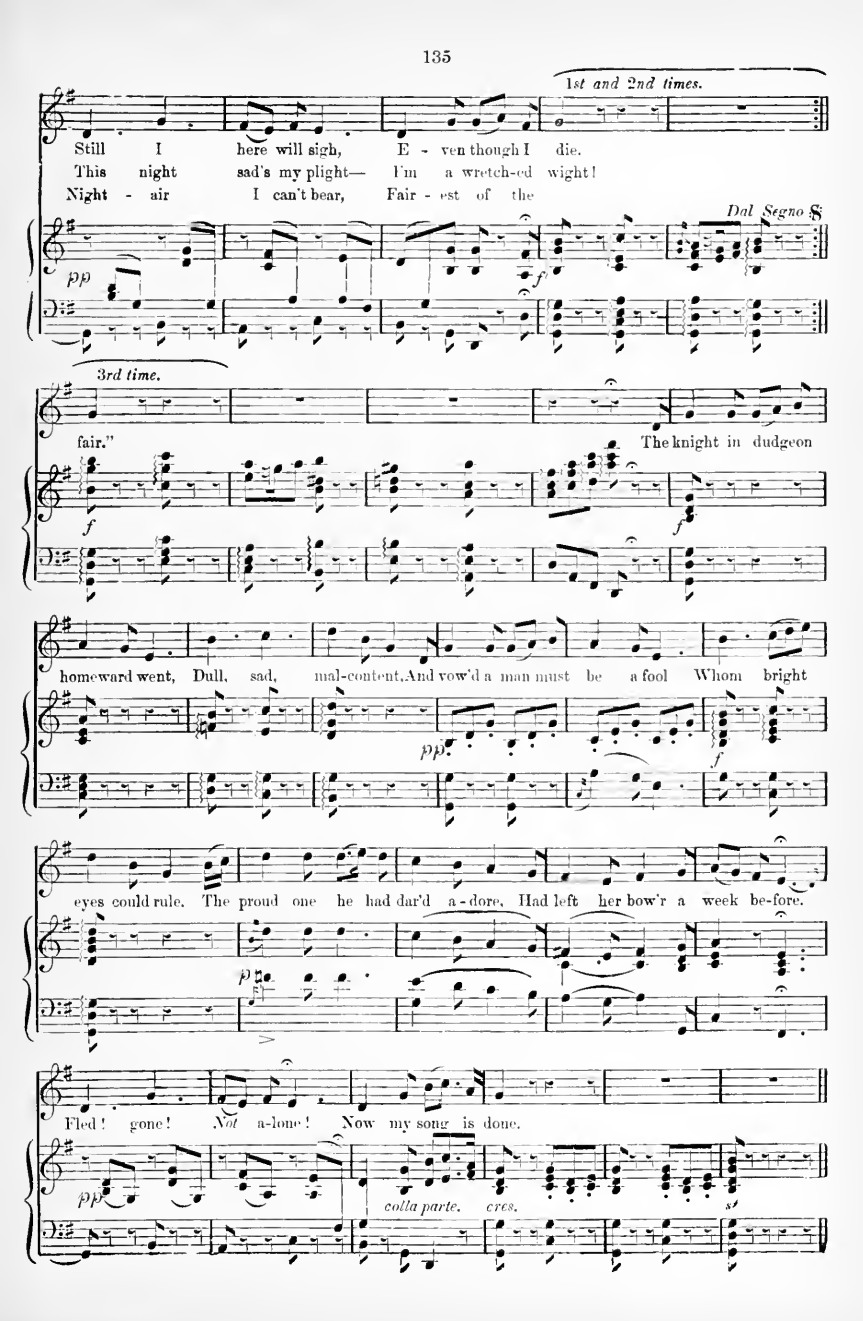
TUNE, "THE FRIAR IN THE WELL,"—SIXTEENTH CENTURY

♩. = 60.

Rather slowly, and gracefully. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

cres. *sf* *pp*

1. "Oh! list to me, my on - ly love, No star shines a-bove, With wel - come ray my sight to cheer, While I'm war - bling here. This dis - mal night, so damp and chill, A love, less warm than mine, would kill;
2. "You'll hear your doat-ing trou - ba-dour; Cold he'll catch, I'm sure; By yon - der moon, my heart is thine: Ah! no moon will shine. The sky with clouds is o - ver-cast; The rain be - gins to driz - zle fast;
3. "Oh, has - ten! fas - ter falls the rain: Do I sing in vain? Thy heart is mar - ble, I'm a-fraid, Or thou'rt deaf, sweet maid. Pray speak a word to ease my woe, Or home to bed at once I'll go,


1st and 2nd times.
Still I here will sigh, E - ven though I die.
This night sad's my plight— I'm a wretch-ed wight!
Night - air I can't bear, Fair - est of the
Dal Segno
pp
f
3rd time.
fair."
The knight in dudgeon
f
f
homeward went, Dull, sad, mal-content, And vow'd a man must be a fool Whom bright
pp
f
eyes could rule. The proud one he had dar'd a - dore, Had left her bow'r a week be-fore.
p
Fled! gone! Not a-lone! Now my song is done.
pp
colla parte.
cres.

THE PARTING

TUNE, "PORTSMOUTH,"—END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ =100.

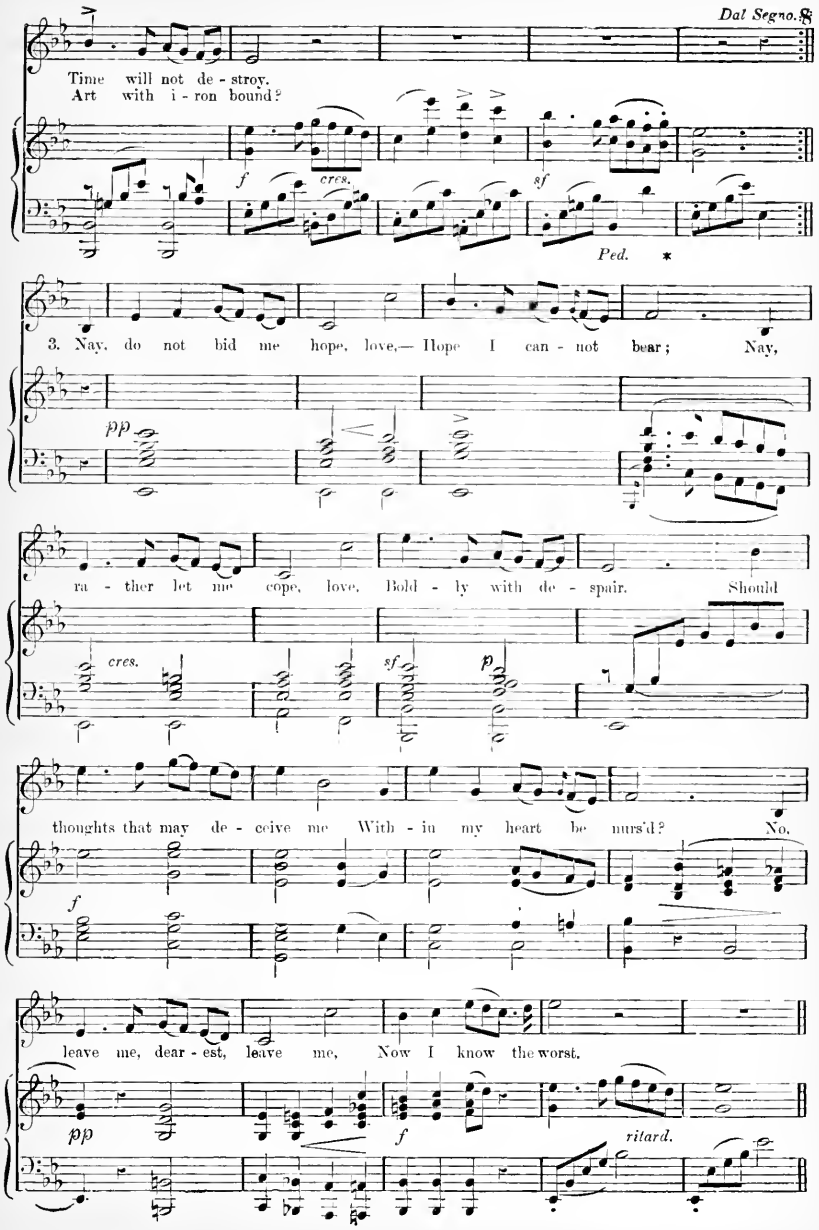
In moderate time, and with expression. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

mf

1. The dread - ed hour, my dear love, Comes to us at last, Yet I by lin-g'ring here, love, Hold the moments fast. In spite of all I'll che-rish A fix'd and last-ing joy, A dream too bright to pe - rish,

2. Vain thought! the mo - ments fly, love, All are near-ly gone; A - las! too soon shall I, love, Find my - self a - lone; But still my eyes to seek thee, Will wild - ly gaze a - round: Hard heart! will no-thing break thee?

pp *mf* *pp* *cres.*


Dal Segno.
Time will not de - stroy.
Art with i - ron bound?
f
cres.
sf
Ped.
3. Nay, do not bid me hope, love,— Hope I can - not bear; Nay,
pp
ra - ther let me cope, love, Bold - ly with de - spair. Should
cres.
sf
p
thoughts that may de - ceive me With - in my heart be nurs'd? No,
f
leave me, dear - est, leave me, Now I know the worst.
pp
f
ritard.

BENEATH THE WILLOW TREE.

TUNE, "I SOW'D THE SEEDS OF LOVE,"—TRADITIONAL.

♩ = 100.

Plaintively, and in moderate time.

mf *cres.*

1. Oh, take me to your arms, For keen the wind doth
2. She hears me not, nor heeds. She will not list to
3. I once had wealth in store, I thought it ne'er would

p

poco rall - - - - - -

blow; Oh, take me to your arms, my love, For
me, And here I lie in mi - se - ry Be -
end: I once had gold and sil - ver too, I

cres. *f*

a tempo.

bit - ter is my woe, Yes, bit - ter is my
- neath the wil - low tree, Be - neath the wil - low
thought I had a friend, I thought I had a

p

woe.
tree.
friend.

Dal Segno. 𝄋

cres. *sf*

LAST VERSE.

My wealth, my friend, are lost; My love is fled from

p

me, And here I lie in mi - se - ry Be - neath the wil - low

cres. *f*

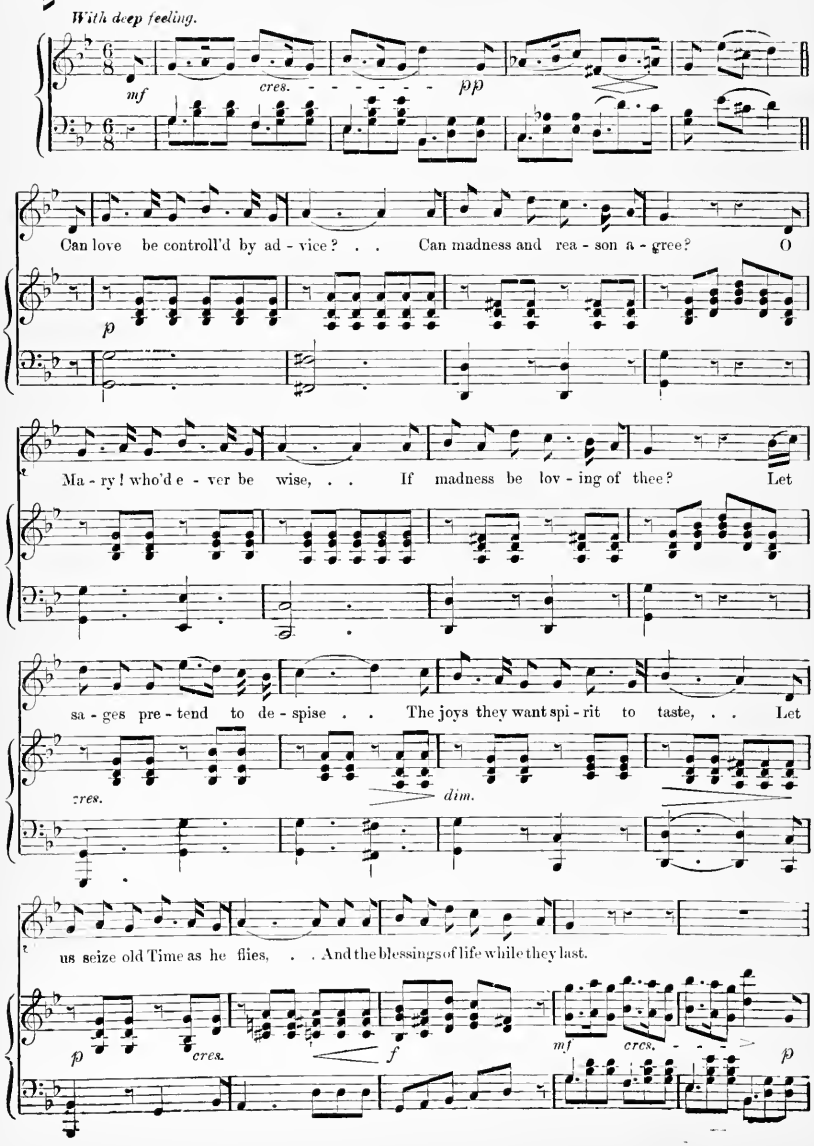
f

tree, Be - neath the wil - low tree.

sf *pp* *p*

CAN LOVE BE CONTROLLED BY ADVICE?

ABOUT 1680.



Dull wis - dom but adds to our cares; . . . Bright

pp

love will improve ev' - ry joy; Too soon we may meet with grey hairs . . Too

late may re-pent be - ing coy. Then, Ma-ry, for what should we stay, 'Till our

cres.

best blood begins to run cold? . . Our youth we can have but to - day, . . . We may

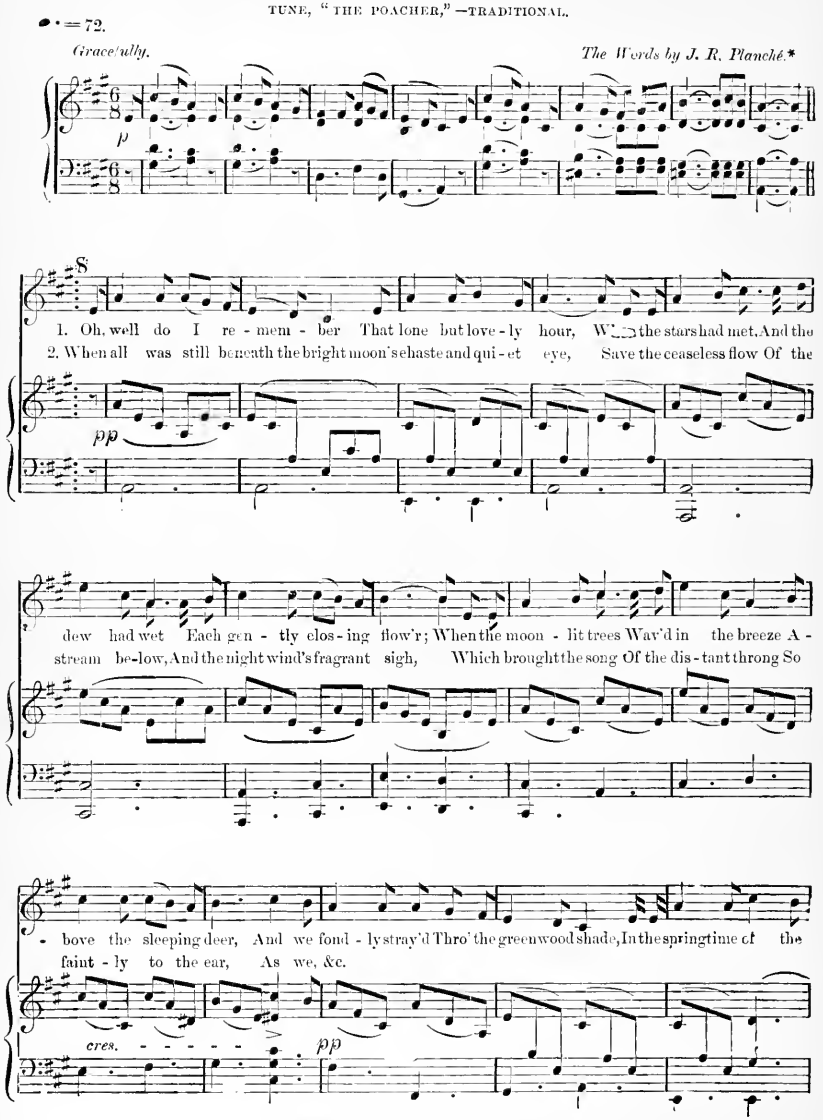
dim. *cres.*

al-ways find time to grow old.

f

IN THE SPRING-TIME OF THE YEAR.

TUNE, "THE POACHER,"—TRADITIONAL.



* By permission of Messrs. D'Almaine and Co.

year.

Dal Segno.

THIRD VERSE.

Oh, like an in-fant's dream of joy Was that sweet hour to me, As

pp

pure, as bright, As swift in flight, From care from fear as free; And from my heart The

life must part, Which now its pulse doth cheer, Ere the thought shall fade Of that

cres. *pp*

greenwood shade In the springtime of the year.

THE DUSKY NIGHT RIDES DOWN THE SKY.

TUNE, ABOUT 1750.

♩. = 100.

Gaily.

8va - - - *Words by Fielding*, 1733.

f

1. The dus - ky night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the morn; The hounds all join in glo-rious cry; The hounds all join in glorious cry, The huntsman winds his horn, . . The huntsman winds his horn; Then a hunt-ing we will go, a hunt-ing we will go, a hunt-ing we will
2. The wife a-round her husband throws Her arms to make him stay— "My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows; My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, You can-not hunt to - day, . . You can-not hunt to-day." But a hunt-ing we will go, a hunt-ing we will go, a hunt-ing we will
3. The unearth'd fox like lightning flies, His cun-ning's all a - wake. To gain the race he ea-ger tries, To gain the race he ea - ger tries, His for-feit life the stake, . . His for-feit life the stake. When a hunt-ing we do go, a hunt-ing we do go, a hunt-ing we do

p *cres.* *f* *p*

8va. - - - - - - - - *loco*

p *cres.* *f*

go, . . a hunting we will go.
go, . . a hunting we will go.
go, . . a hunting we do go.

Dal Segno. 𝄋

ff

FOURTH VERSE.

At length his strength to faintness worn, The hounds ar - rest his flight, Then hun - gry home-ward

pp *mf*

we re-turn, Then hun - gry homeward we re-turn, To feast a - way the night, To

f

feast a-way the night. Then a drink-ing we will go, a drinking we will go, a

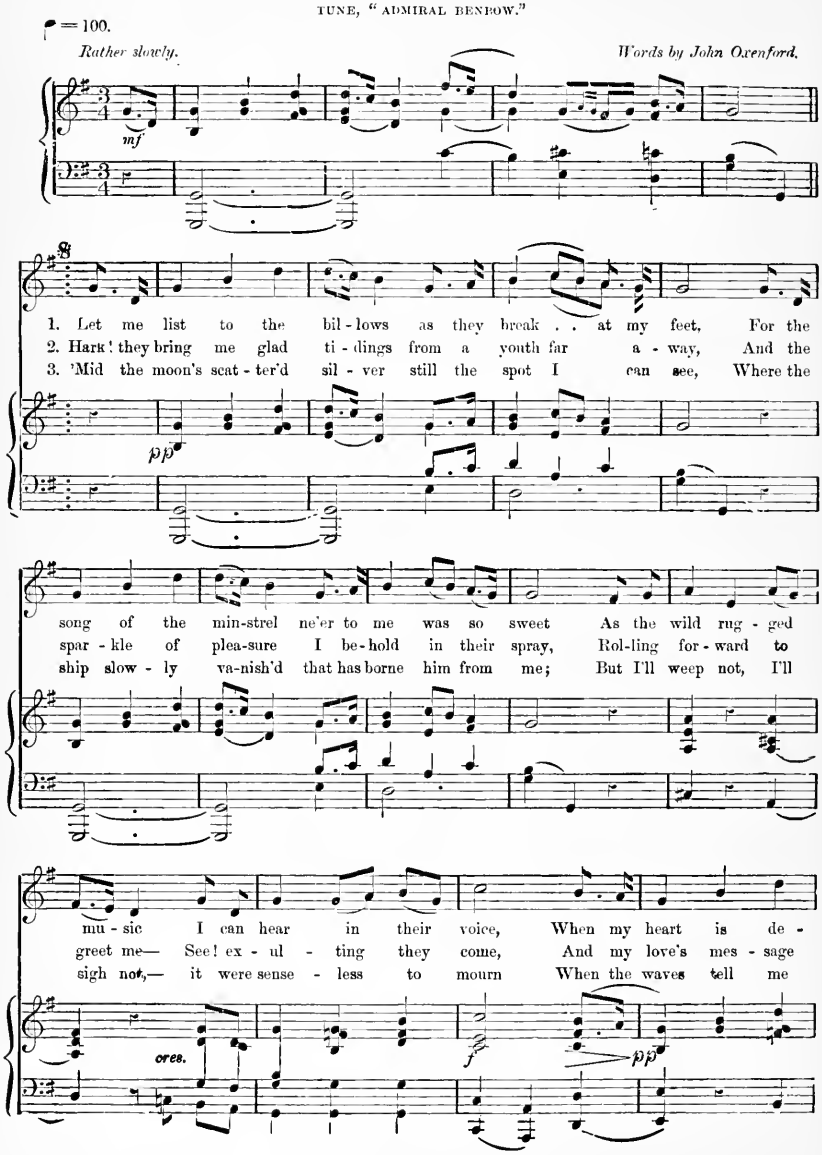
p *cres.*

drinking we will go, a drinking we will go.

f *ff*

LET ME LIST TO THE BILLOWS.

TUNE, "ADMIRAL BENBOW."



- spond-ing they would bid me re-joice.
bear to his dear one at home.
plain-ly that he soon will re-turn.

colla voce. *f a tempo.*

FOURTH VERSE.

In the leaves of the fo-rest, in the note . . of the bird, The

pp

heart that loves fond-ly oft a lan-guage has heard: Thus I read well the

bil-lows; oh, be-lieve me, there's nought That the heart can-not

cres. *f* *p*

fa-thom, when by love . . it is taught.

f

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

SUNG BY MARY DAVIS, BEFORE KING CHARLES II., IN SIR W. DAVENANT'S PLAY, "THE RIVALS," 1668.

♪ = 116.

Slowly and gracefully.

cres. *f* *ritard.* *pp*

My lod - ging is on the cold ground, And hard, very hard is my fare, But

tempo. *pp*

that which grieves me more, is The cold - ness of my dear. Yet

cres. *sf* *pp*

still I cry, Oh, turn, love, I pr'ythee, love, turn to me, For

cres. *f* *sf*

thou art the on - ly one, love, That art a - dor'd by me.

pp *cres.* *sf* *p* *p* *cres.*

I'll

f *dim.* *tempo. pp*

twine thee a gar-land of straw, love,— I'll marry thee with a rush ring, . . My

fro - zen hopes will thaw, love, And merri - ly we will sing: . . Then

cres. *sf* *pp*

turn to me, my own love, I pr'ythee, love, turn to me, . . For

cres. *f* *sf*

thou art the on - ly one, love, That art a - dor'd by me.

ritard *8va*

pp *cres.* *sf* *p*

OH, WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

"THE KEEL ROW," NORTHUMBRIAN AIR,—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 104.

Cheerfully.

New Words by J. Ivenford.

mf

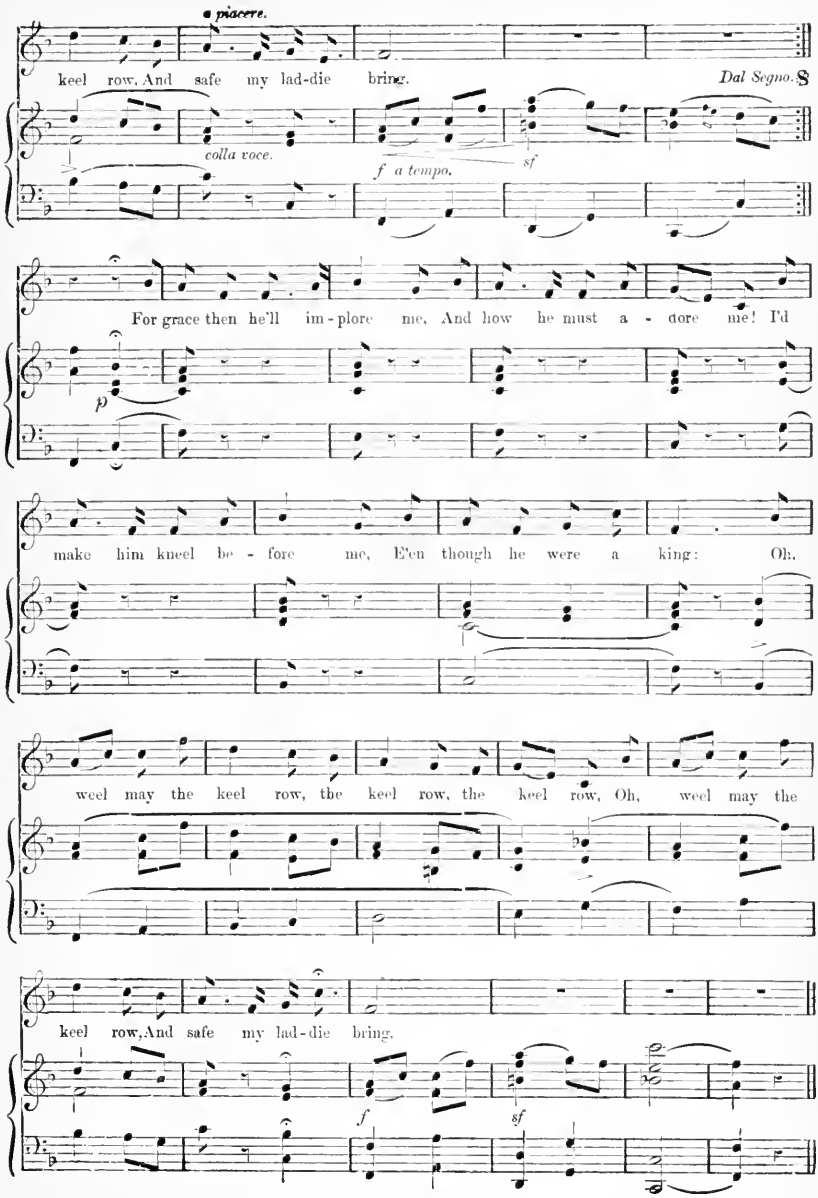
1. I see the cot-tage clear - ly, And love its mem'-ry dear - ly, The cot-tage where, so cheer - ly, I heard a las-sie sing: Oh, weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh, weel may the

2. "Oh, who is like my John - ny, So brisk, so blithe, so bon - ny, He's sa-ving all his mo - ney To buy the wedding ring: Oh, &c.

3. If you would know him right - ly, His ha - zel eye is spright - ly, No lad can dance so light - ly, No lad so gai - ly sing: Oh, &c.

4. Whene'er he looks a - bout him, I feel in-clin'd to doubt him, And then be - gin to flout him, He's such a sil - ly thing: Oh, &c.

pp


a piacere.
keel row, And safe my lad-die bring.
Dal Segno.
colla voce.
f a tempo.
sf
For grace then he'll im-plore me, And how he must a - dore me! I'd
p
make him kneel be - fore me, E'en though he were a king: Oh,
weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh, weel may the
keel row, And safe my lad-die bring.
f
sf

CEASE, RUDE BOREAS.

♩ = 88. AIR, "COME AND LISTEN TO MY DITTY,"—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Rather slowly and with expression. *Words by G. A. Stevens, 1772.*

f marcato assai.

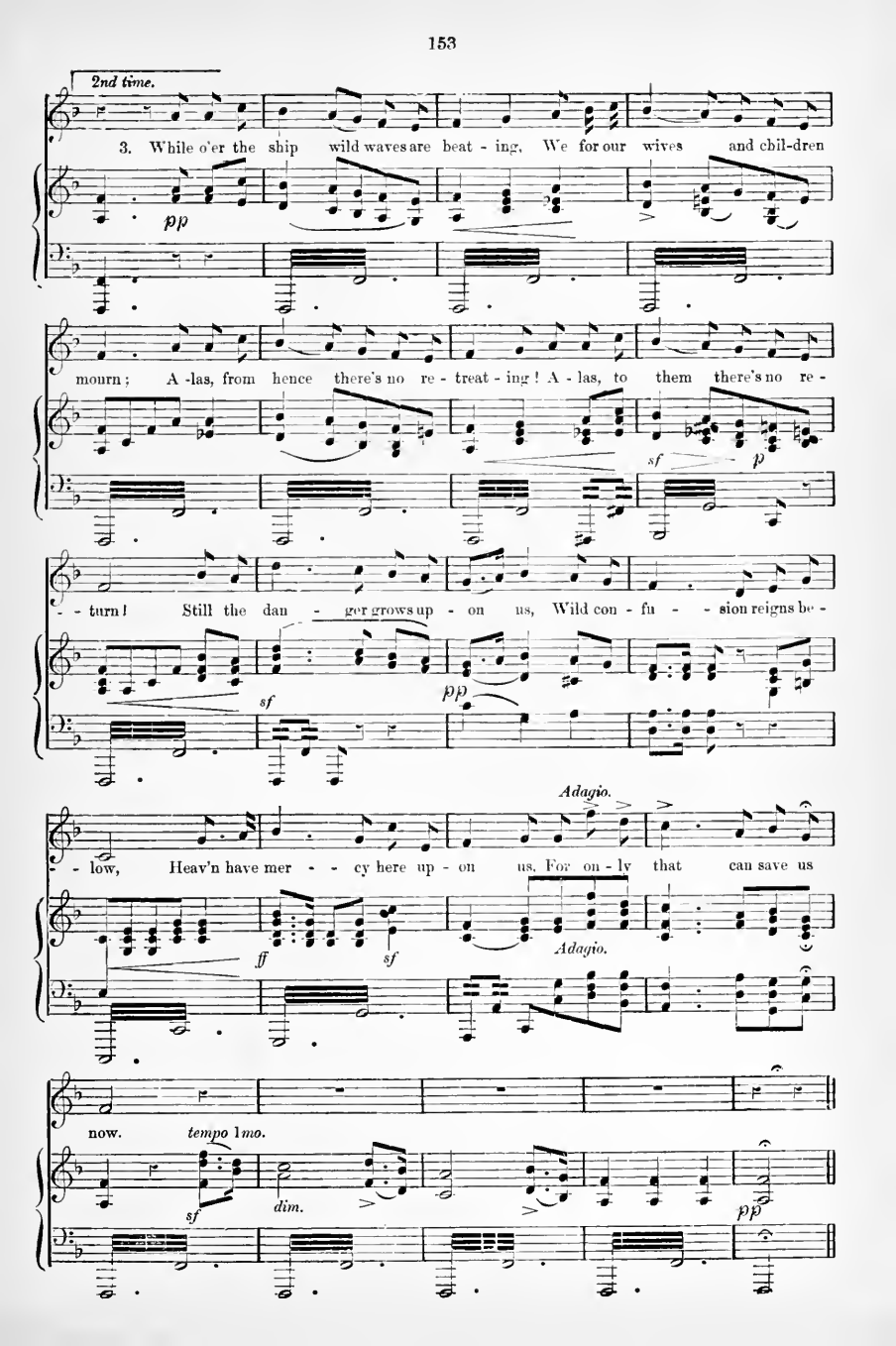
1. Cease, rude Bo - reas, blust'ring rail - er, List ye lands - men all to me: Messmates,
2. Now the dread - ful thun-der roll - ing, Peal on peals con-tending clash; On our

hear a bro - ther sai - lor Sing the dan - gers of the sea: From bounding
heads fierce rain falls pour - ing, In our eyes blue lightnings flash: One wide

bil - lows first in mo - tion, When the dis - tant whirlwinds rise, To the tem - pest-troubled
wa - ter all a - round us. All a - bove us one black sky, Diff'rent deaths at once sur-

1st time.

o - cean, Where the seas con-tend with skies.
- round us, Hark! what means that dreadful cry?


2nd time.
3. While o'er the ship wild waves are beat - ing, We for our wives and chil-dren
pp
mourn; A -las, from hence there's no re - treat - ing! A - las, to them there's no re -
sf
p
- - turn! Still the dan - ger grows up - on us, Wild con - fu - - sion reigns be -
sf
pp
Adagio.
- low, Heav'n have mer - - cy here up - on us. For on - ly that can save us
ff
sf
Adagio.
now.
tempo 1mo.
sf
dim.
pp

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER ONCE.

TUNE, "THE BUDGEON IT IS A DELICATE TRADE,"—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

♩. = 88.

Jovially. *Old Words.*

f marcato.

There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Liv'd on the ri - ver Dee, . . He work'd and sung from

p *f* *p*

morn till night, No lark more blithe than he, . . And this the bur - den of his song For

p *f* *f*

e - ver used to be,— . . "I care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, If

p *cres* *f*

no - bo-dy cares for me." "I Then,

f

live by my mill, she is to me Like pa - rent, child, and wife, I would not change my
like the mil - ler, bold and free, Let us re - joice and sing, The days of youth were

p *f* *p*

sta - tion For a - ny other in life. No law-yer, surgeon, or doc - tor, E'er
made for glee, And time is on the wing. The song shall pass from me to thee, And

p *f* *f*

had a groat from me, And I care for no - bo - dy, no not I, If
round this jo - vial ring, And all in heart and voice a - gree To

p *cres* *f*

Dal Segno 𝄋

no - bo - dy cares for
sing, "Long live the King."

ff

GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES.

A LULLABY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 63.

Smoothly. *Tune of the Seventeenth Century.*

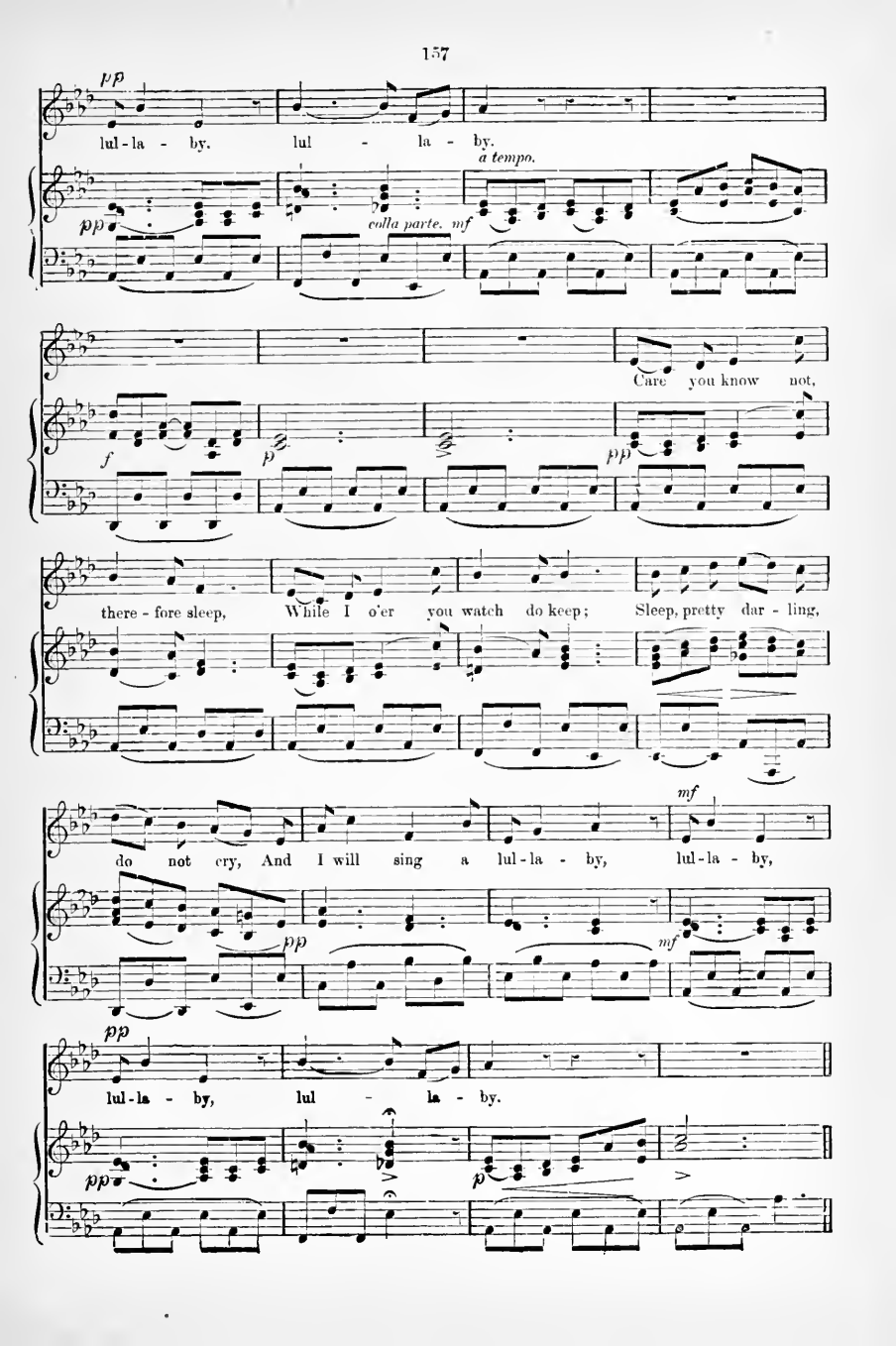
Gol - den slum - bers

f *p* *pp*

kiss your eyes, Smiles a-wake you when you rise, Sleep, pret-ty wan - ton,

do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

pp *mf* *mf*


pp
lul - la - by. lul - la - by.
a tempo.
pp
colla parte. mf
Care you know not,
f
p
pp
there - fore sleep, While I o'er you watch do keep; Sleep, pretty dar - ling,
mf
do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
pp
mf
pp
lul - la - by, lul - la - by.
pp
p

WHAT IF A DAY, A MONTH, OR A YEAR.

WORDS AND MUSIC, END OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 100.

Rather slowly.

mf *cres.* *f*

What if a day, or a month, or a year, Crown thy de - lights with a thousand sweet con-tentings, a
What if a smile, or a beck, or a look, Feed thy fond thoughts with ma - ny vain conceivings, with

pp

thousand sweet con - ten - tings: May not the change of a night, or an hour,
ma - ny vain con - ceiv - ings, May not that smile, or that beck, or that look,

Cross thy delights with as ma-ny sad tormen - tings, as ma - ny sad tor - men - tings?
Tell thee, as well, they are all but false deceiv - ings, all but false de - ceiv - ings?

For - tune, ho - nor, beau - ty, youth, Are but blossoms dy - ing, Wan - ton pleasure,
Why should beauty be so proud In things of no sur-moun - ting! All her wealth is

mf *f*

doa - ting love, Are but shadows fly - ing; All our joys are but toys,
but a shroud, No - thing of ac - coun - ting: Then in this there's no bliss—

a tempo.

f *pp* *poco ritard.* *pp*

I - dle thoughts de - ceiv - ing, None hath pow'r of an hour, Of his life be -
All is vain and i - dle! Beau - ty's flow'rs have their hours, Time doth hold the

f

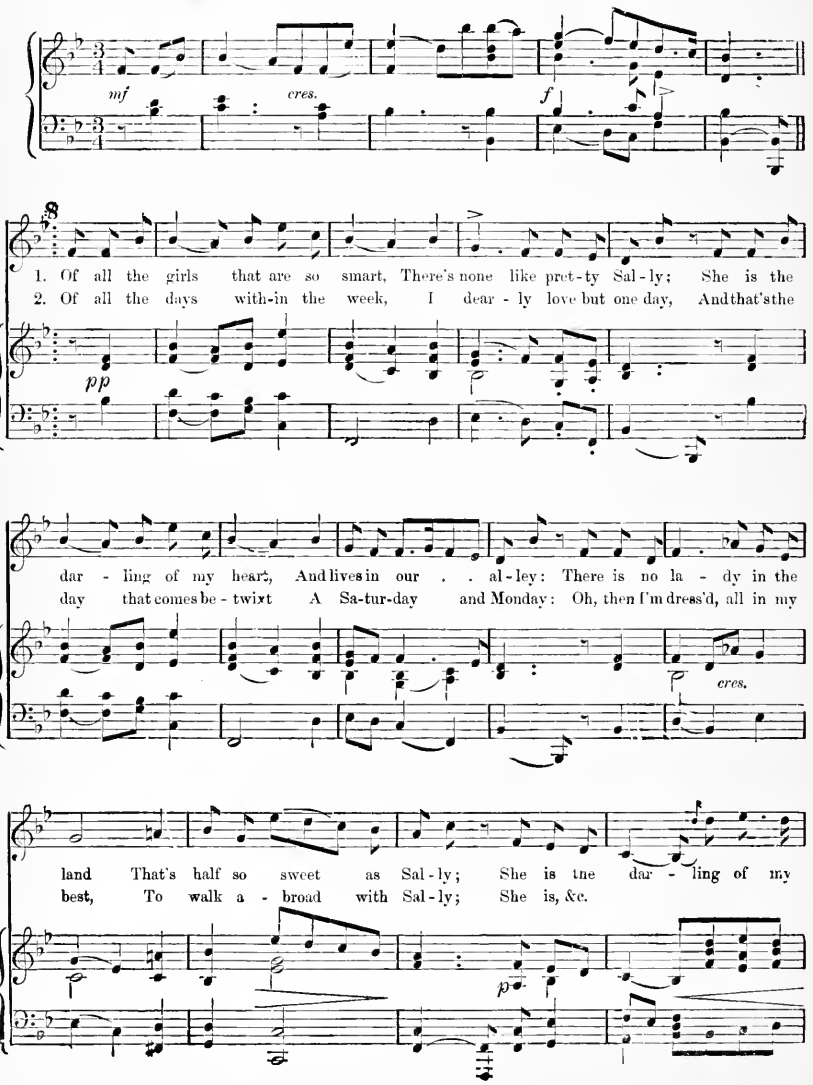
rea - ving.
bri - dle.

Dal Segno. 𝄋

mf *cres.* *f* *f* *dim.* *p*

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

TUNE, ABOUT 1620.



heart, And lives in our al-ley. *al Segno.* 𝄋

animato. LAST VERSE.

3. When Christmas comes a-bout a - gain, Oh, then I shall have mo-ney; I'll save it

up, and box and all I'll give un - to . . my ho - ney; And when my sev'n long years are

tempo.

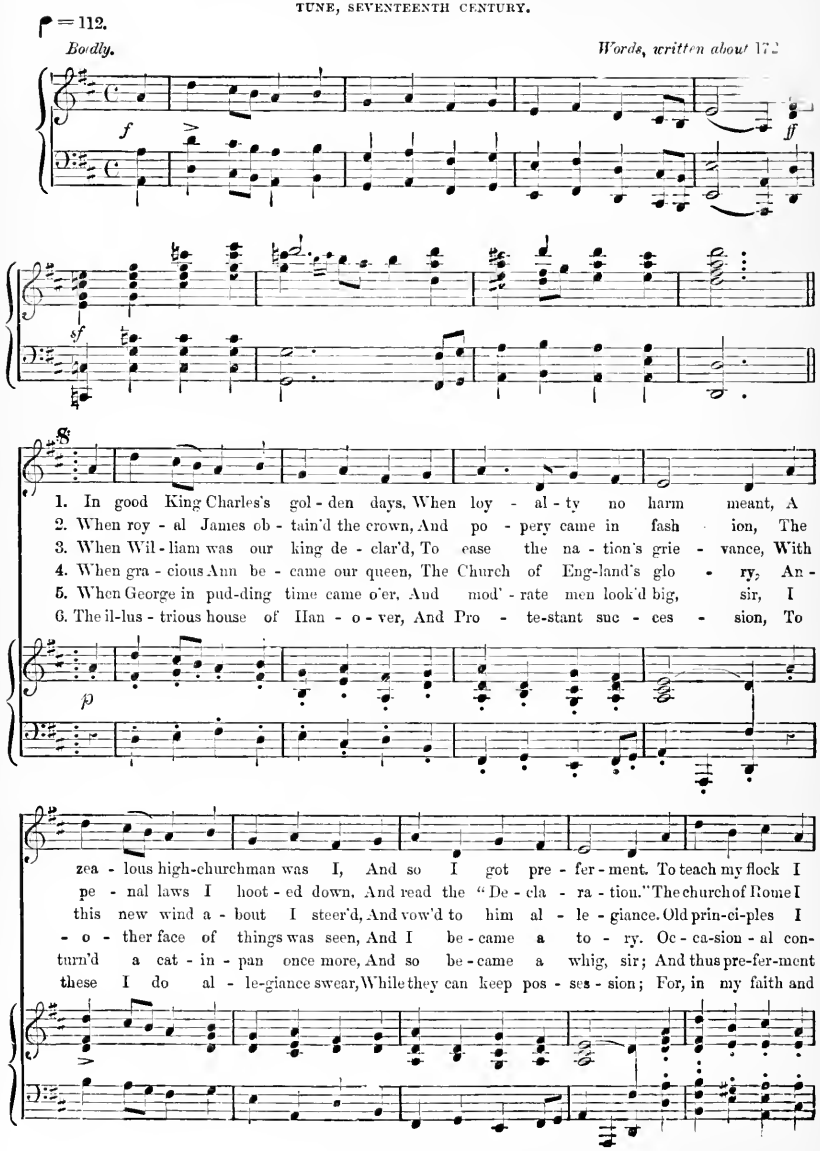
out, Oh, then I'll mar - ry Sal - ly, And then how hap - pi - ly we'll

live! But not in our . . al-ley.

a tempo.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

TUNE, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



ne - ver miss'd That Kings are by God ap - poin - ted, And lost are those that
found would fit Full well my con - sti - tu - tion, And had be - come a
did re - voke, Set con - science at a dis - tance; Pas - sive o-be - dience
- for - mists base, I blam'd their mo - de - ra - tion, And thought the church in
I pro-cur'd From our new faith's de - fen - der, And al - most ev' - ry
loy - al - ty, I ne - ver more will fal - ter, And George my law - ful

dare re - sist, Or touch the Lord's a - noin - ted. And this is law that I'll maintain Un -
Je - su - it But for the Re - vo - lu - tion. And this is, &c.
was a joke, A jest was non - re - sist - ance. But this is, &c.
dan - ger was By such pre - va - ri - ca - tion. But this is, &c.
day ab - jur'd The Pope and the Pre - ten - der. And this is, &c.
king shall be—Un - til the times do al - ter. And this is, &c.

f

- til my dy - ing day, sir; That, what-so - e - ver King shall reign, I'll be the vi-car of

riten.

sf

Bray, sir.

a tempo.

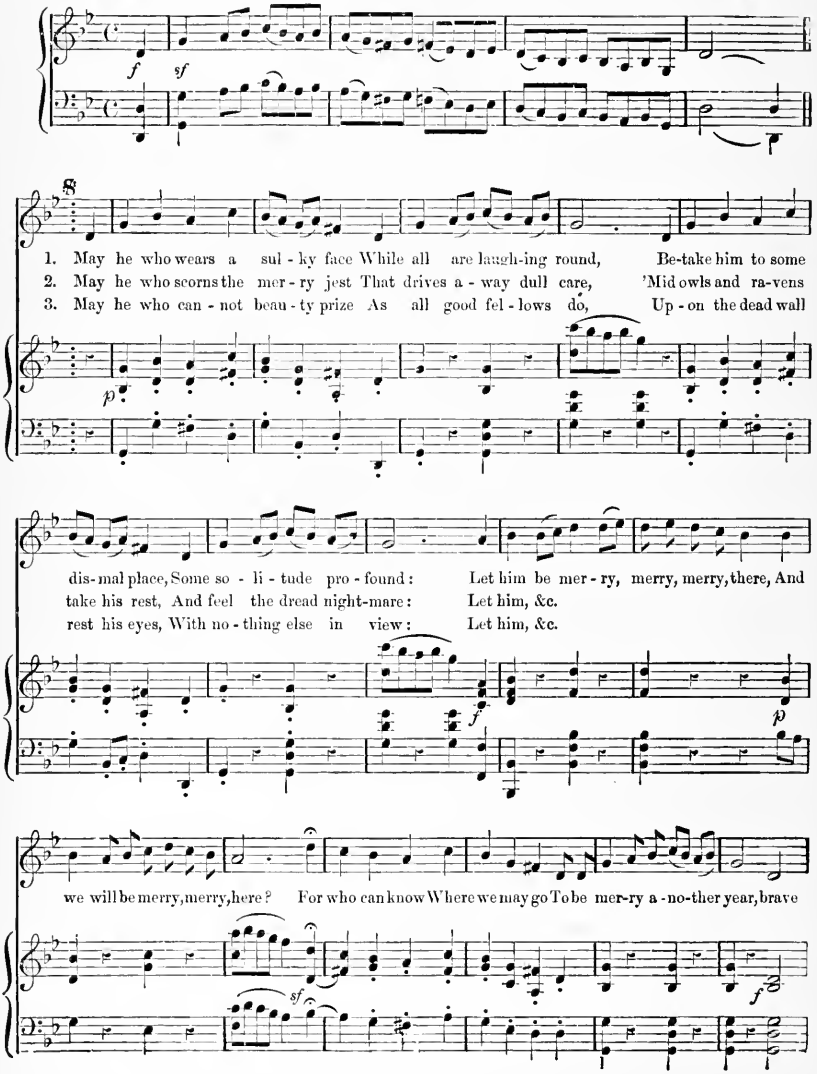
ff *sf*

Dal Segno.

MAY HE WHO WEARS A SULKY FACE.

♩ = 156. TUNE, "THREE MERRY MEN OF KENT,"—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Jovially. *Words by J. Oxenford.*



Dal Segno. 𝄋

boys, To be mer-ry a-nother year?

sf *f*

LAST VERSE.

May he who on-ly sips his glass (A cra-ven soul is he) His life a-mong the

pp

de-serts pass Of thirs-ty A-ra-by: Let him be mer-ry, merry, merry, there, And

f *p*

we will be merry, merry, here; For who can know Where we may go To be mer-ry a-no-ther

sf *p*

year, brave boys, To be mer-ry a-no-ther year?

f *sf* *f*

TILL MARY WON MY HEART.

TUNE, "THERE WAS A PRETTY LASS,"—ABOUT 1700.

♩ = 108.

Gracefully. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

mf *f* *dim.* *p*

1. Till Mary won my heart What a happy man was I, With a sad heigh ho, and a lack a well a day! I always us'd to laugh, And I never us'd to sigh, With a sad heigh ho, And a lack a well a day! But now I mope a-bout, And for mirth I do not care, My sighs come ve-ry oft, And my laughs are very rare, With a Ma-ry I con-fess That Colin's much to blame, But in my heart I wish That I could do the same, With a

2. I will not say she's coy, But I will not say she's kind, With a sad heigh ho, and a lack a well a day! She's changeful as the moon, She's more fickle than the wind, With a sad heigh ho, And a lack a well a day! But smiles amid her frowns, And she frowns amid her smiles, But do whate'er she will She my fool-ish heart beguiles, With a

3. Stout Colin loves Janet, But he will not own her sway, With a sad heigh ho, and a lack a well a day! He lets her flout and pout, And he boldly goes his way, With a sad heigh ho, And a lack a well a day! To

pp

sad heigh ho, And a lack a well a day, With a sad heigh ho. a - lack and well a day!

sf *sf* *p* *f*

LAST VERSE.

My friends a-round me jeer, And vow I'm scant of wit, With a

Dal Segno. 𝄋

dim. *p* *p*

sad heigh ho, And a lack a well a day! I own that they are right, But to Mary I submit, With a sad heigh ho, And a

lack a well a day! She will not hold me fast, She will not let me go, Sure never mortal man was plagued and troubled

mf *pp*

so, With a sad heigh ho, And a lack a well a day! With a sad heigh ho, a lack a well a day!

ritard.

sf *sf* *p* *sf*

AMID THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

TUNE, "WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR."

♩. = 88.

Cheerfully.

Words by Charles Mackay.

ff *sf* *p*

When swallows dart from cottage eaves, And far-mers dream of bar-ley sheaves; When ap-ples peep a-

- mid the leaves, And woodbines scent the way,— We love to fly from dai - ly care, To breathe the huxom

sf p *sf p*

coun-try air, To join our hands and form a ring, To laugh and sport, to dance and sing, A

f

- mid the new-mown hay, To laugh and sport, to dance and sing, A-mid the new-mown hay.

f p *f f* *f*

We've room for all, who-e'er they be, Who have a heart for

harmless glee, And in the sha-dow of our tree Can fling their pride a-way. So join our sport, ye

mai-dens true, With eyes of beaming black or blue, Come Youth, come Age, come Childhood fair, We've

welcome kind, and room to spare A-mid the new-mown hay, We've welcome kind, and

room to spare A-mid the new-mown hay.

HEART OF OAK.

MUSIC BY DR. BOYCE, 1759.

♩ = 100.

Majestically.

Words by David Garrick, 1759.

f *cres.* *ff*

S

1. Come cheer up, my lads! 'Tis to glo - ry we steer, The prize more than all to an
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They ne - ver see us but they

p

Eng-lishman dear; To ho - nor we call you, as freemen not slaves, For who are so free as the
wish us a-way; If they run, why we fol - low, and run them ashore, For if they wont fight us we

p *f*

sons of the waves? Heart of oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men, We al - ways are ready,
can - not do more. Heart of oak, &c.

p *cres* *f*

Steady, boys, steady! We'll fight and we'll conquer a - gain and a - gain.

p *cres.* *f* *f* *cres.*

Dal Segno. 𝄋 LAST VERSE.

Still Bri - tain shall tri-umph, her

ships plough the sea, Her standard be Justice, her watchword "Be free;" Then cheer up, my lads, with one

heart let us sing, "Our sol - diers, our sai - lors, our states - men, our King!" Heart of

oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men, We al - ways are ready, Steady, boys, steady! We'll

cres.

fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and a-gain.

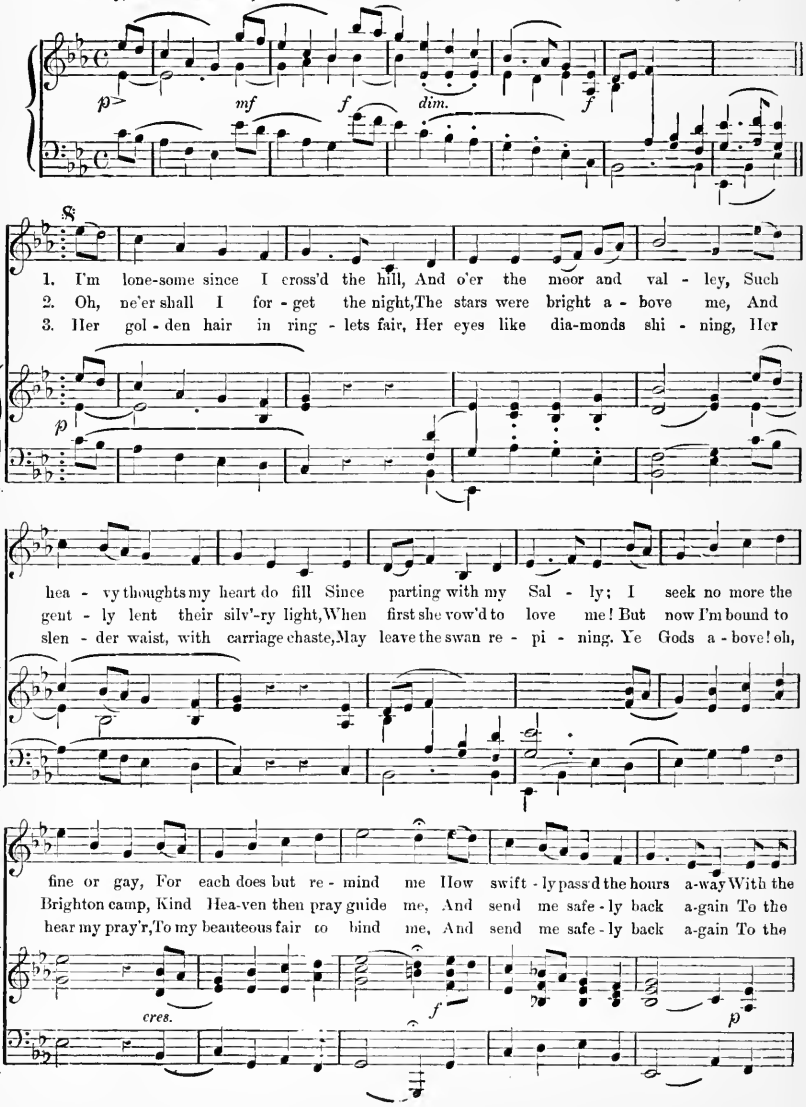
cres.

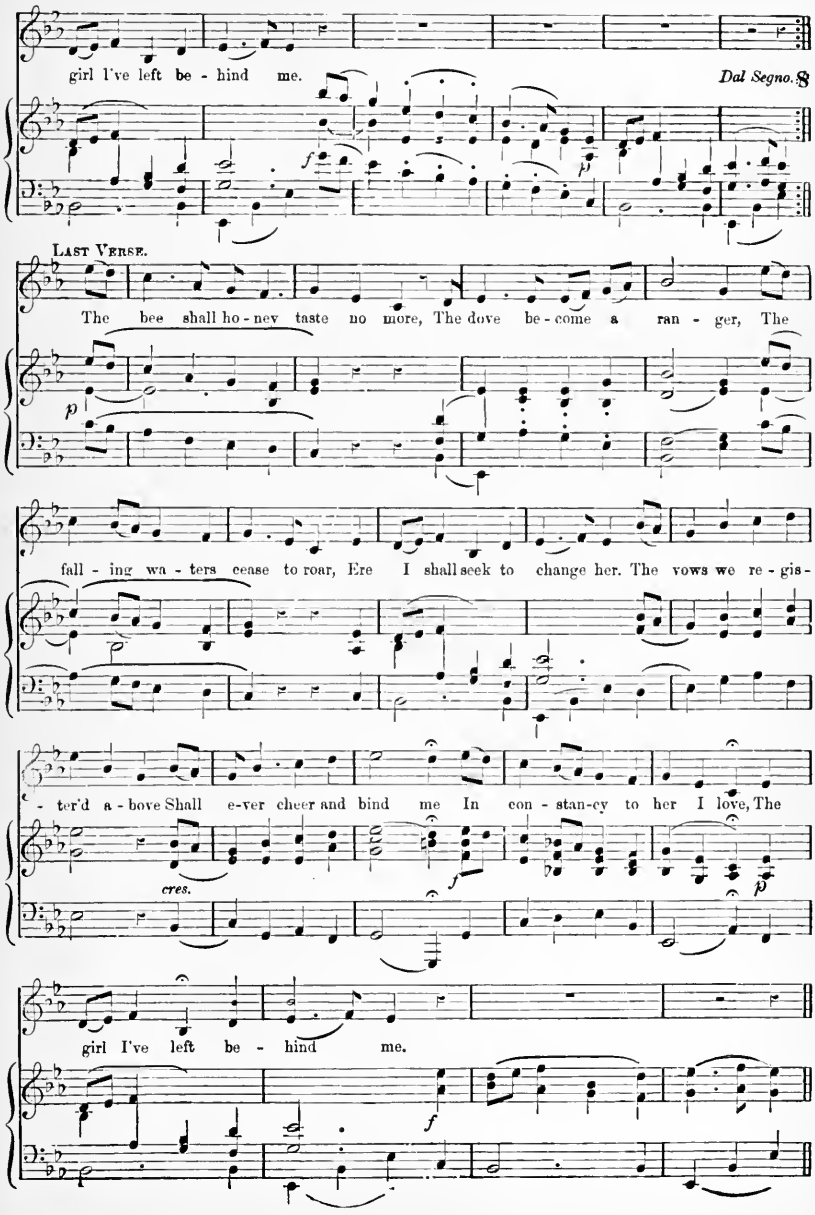
THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME.

ENGLISH MARCH—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

♩=138

Smoothly, and in Quick-step time. *Date of Words,* 1759.




girl I've left be - hind me.
Dal Segno.
Last Verse.
The bee shall ho - ney taste no more, The dove be - come a ran - ger, The
fall - ing wa - ters cease to roar, Ere I shall seek to change her. The vows we re - gis-
- ter'd a - bove Shall e-ver cheer and bind me In con - stan-cy to her I love, The
cres.
girl I've left be - hind me.

DOROTHY'S A BUXOM LASS.

TUNE, "NEAR THE TOWN OF TAUNTON DEAN."

♩. = 84.

Words by J. Oxenford.

Moderate time, and marked.

ff sf *sf*

1. Do - ro - thy's a bux - om lass, And dear - ly do I love her, To her I dai - ly
2. Do - ro - thy is beau - ty's queen, And ought to wed a king too; The pride she is of

sfp *sfp*

fill my glass, And 'faith, I'll fill it now! Be - fore I saw her ro - sy face I
Taunton Dean, And all the coun - try round. For her the red - dest rose is sought, For

sf *f*

poco ritard. *a tempo.*

liv'd a care-less ro - ver, And stroll'd a - bout from place to place, But now 'tis quite a
her the dai - sies spring too, And if they don't, why then they ought; The heart that sets her

sfp *poco ritard.* *p*

Dal Segno. 𝄋

dif - ferent case: There's none like her I vow!
charms at nought Is mar-ble, I'll be bound.

f *ff sf*

LAST VERSE.

Do - ro-thy my bride shall be, Though wor - thy some - one bet - ter, Because, you see, we

sf p *sf p*

both a-gree To love each o - ther well. Fine birds on low - ly branches perch. The

mf

poco ritard. *a tempo.*

proud - est squire can't get her; She'll leave all o - thers in the lurch: Though I be poor, from

p *poco ritard.*

Taun-ton Church I'll bear a-way the belle.

f *sf*

PAST THREE O'CLOCK!—[THE LONDON WAITS.]

TUNE, "LONDON WAITS,"—REIGN OF CHARLES II.

♩ = 116.

Smoothly, and rather slowly. *Words by J. Ovenford, retaining the old burden.*

mf *ff* *sf* *p*

1. Past three o' clock!—Young maidens are sleep - ing, Scarcely they close their bright beaming eyes;
2. Past three o' clock!—Brave warriors are sleep - ing, Me - na-cing foes in dreams they de-spise:

pp

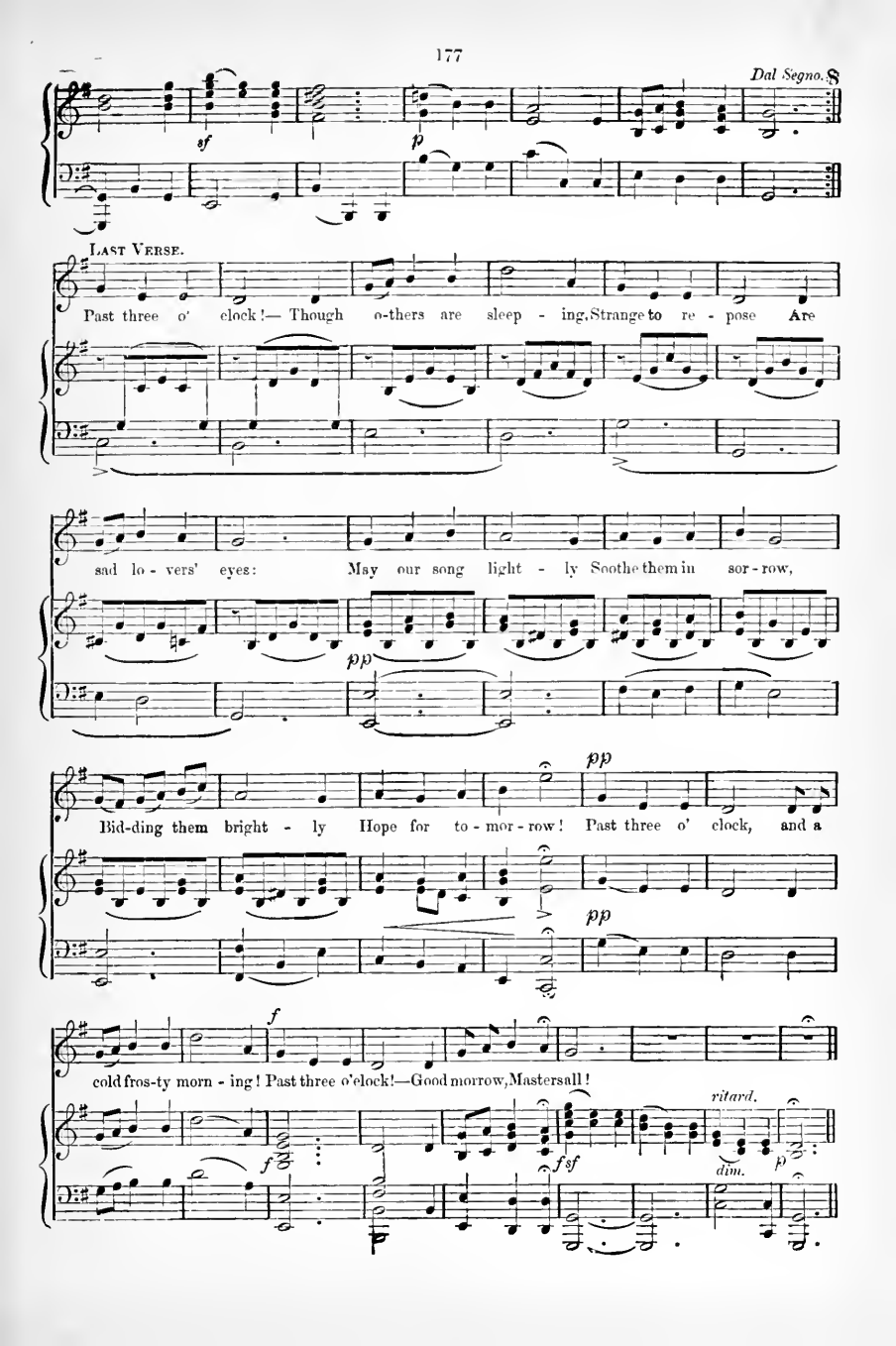
May our soft num-bers cheer you, but break not In - no - cent slum-bers—Hear us, but wake not.
Ban-ners wave proud-ly while we are sing-ing, Trumpets are loud - ly Through the air ring-ing:

pp

pp *f*

Past three o' clock, and a cold fros-ty morn-ing! Past three o'clock!—Good morrow, Masters all!

pp *f* *ff sf*


Dal Segno.
sf
p
Last Verse.
Past three o' clock!— Though o-thers are sleep - ing, Strange to re - pose Are
sad lo - vers' eyes: May our song light - ly Soothe them in sor - row,
pp
Bid-ding them bright - ly Hope for to - mor - row! Past three o' clock, and a
pp
pp
f
cold fros-ty morn - ing! Past three o'clock!—Good morrow, Masters all!
ritard.
f
f
f f
dim.
p

OLD KING COLE.

TRADITIONAL AIR OF "OLD KING COLE."

♩ = 120.

Majestically. *New Words by J. Oxenford.*

ff *sf*

1. Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, For he
2. Old King Cole had a ge-ne-rous soul, No tax-es e'er he laid; In a

p marcato. *sf*

lov'd ev'ry night jolly dit-ties to troll, And he oft took his part in a glee; Ev'-ry day was a
song or a jest (the coin he lov'd best), His re-ve-nue was paid. So the monarch laugh'd, and the

bright ho-li-day Throughout his broad do-main; Dull folks who sigh'd he sent a way, Dull
peo-ple laugh'd, And of mirth they had their fill; And when he died not a sub-ject cried, And

sf

folks who sigh'd he sent a-way, And they ne'er return'd a - gain.
when he died not a sub-jecteried, But they went on laugh-ing still.

Dal Segno.

ff

LAST VERSE.

Old King Cole was a wonderful soul, A King be-yond com - pare; Though when he liv'd I

8va

pp

do not know, Nor do I great - ly care: Such times as his were too good to last, And we

sigh with-out control, When we work all day for too little pay, When we work all day for

f *p ritard.*

f

too lit-tle pay, A - las! for Good King Cole!

p *a tempo.* *ff*

AT HER COTTAGE DOOR MARY.

♩ = 88. AIR, "NEW WELLS,"—END OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Words by J. Oxenford.

Gracefully. *dolce.* *p* *cres.* *sf* *dim.* *p* *Ped.* *

1. At her cot-tage door Ma-ry stood and lis-ten'd, While to evening's gray
2. Had you look'd a-round, ere the spot you quit-ted, Seen my tear-ful eye,

pp

pal'd the sun-ny day; Now her eye is dimm'd, which so bright-ly
mark'd the trembling sigh, Sure that sul-len mood is for love ill

cres - - - - cen - - - do.

glis-ten'd, When she heard faint sounds that died a-way.
fit-ted; Fond hearts pause be-fore their pow'r they try."

mf *cres.*

"Though my words were harsh, William, when we
Dar - ker ev'-ning grew, Ma - ry too was

sf *pp*

par - ted, Nought they meant be-side fool-ish mai - den pride; Scorn - ful
sad - der, When up - on her ear fell a foot - step near, Mo - ment

cres - - -

oft we seem, when most ten-der - heart-ed, Deep - est love we fond-ly seek to
of de-light! Lo-vers' hearts are glad-der When their joys are temper'd by a

- *cen* - - *do.*

hide.
tear.

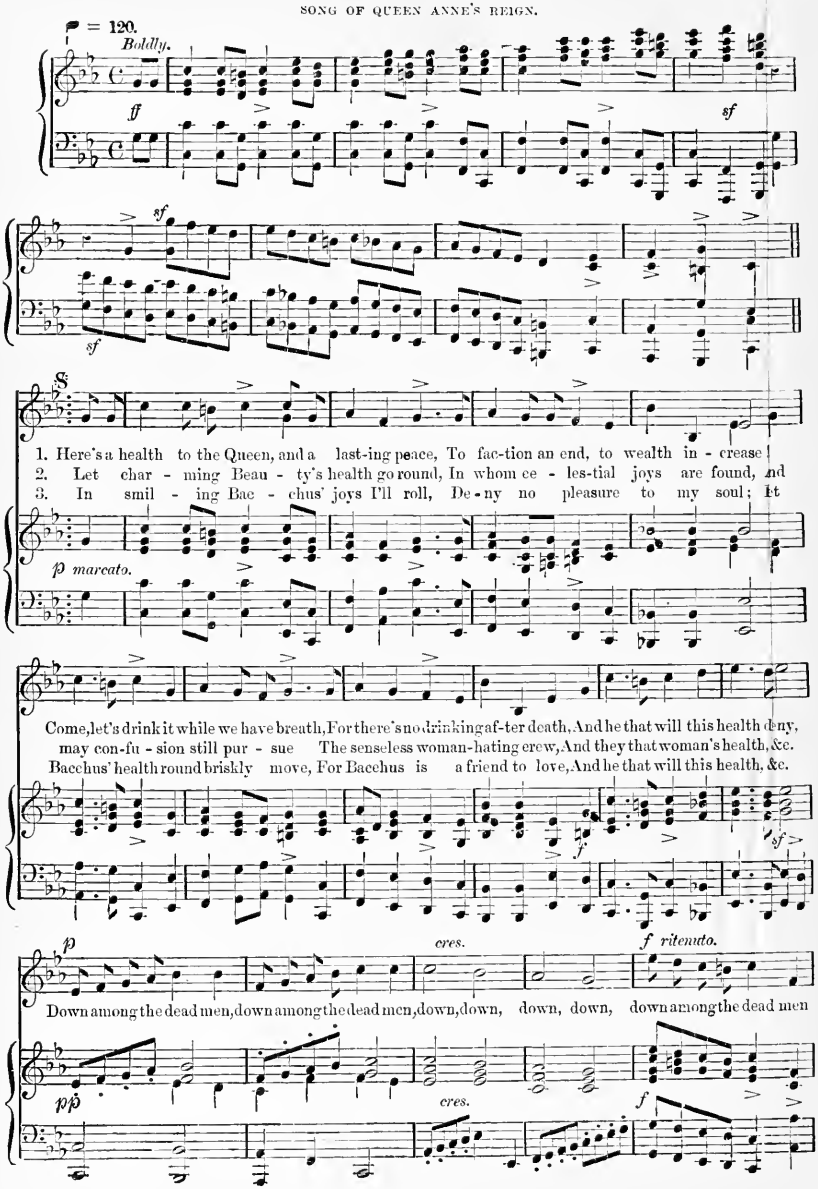
Dal Segno. 𝄋

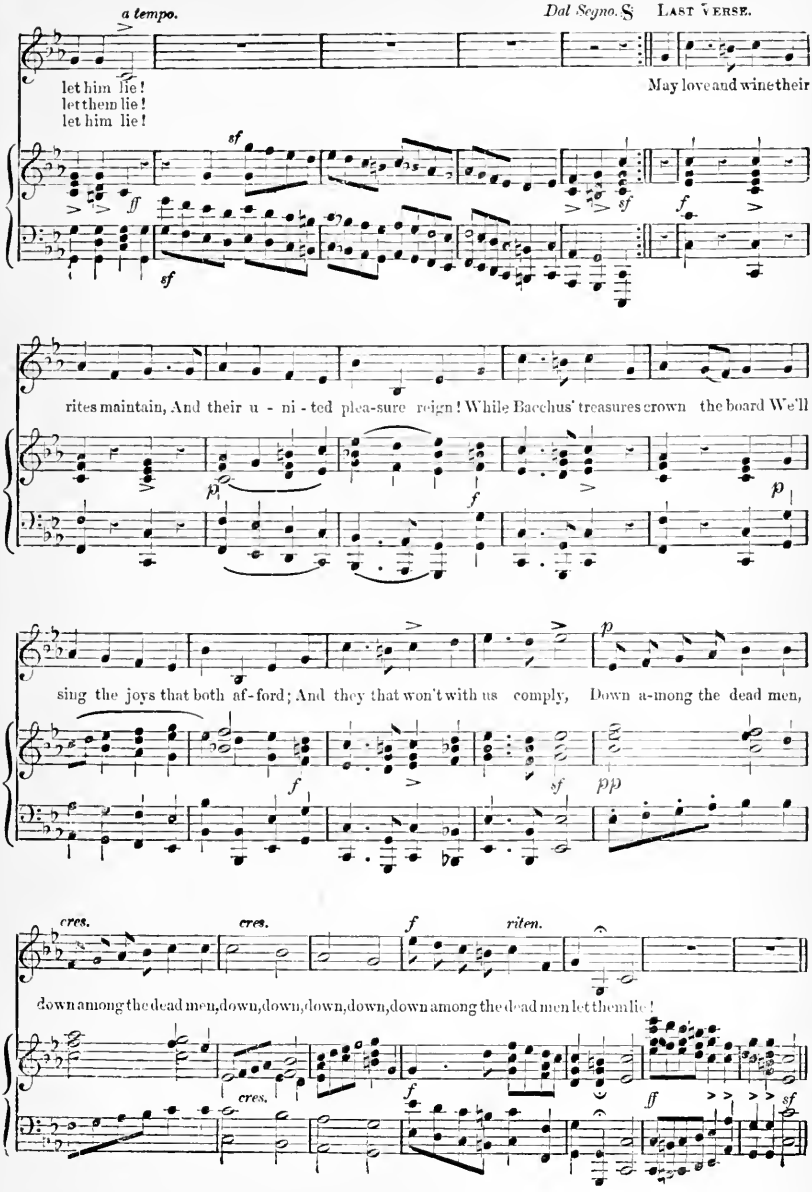
cres. *sf* *dim.* *pp*

Ped. *

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

SONG OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.




a tempo.
Dal Segno. 𝄋 LAST VERSE.
let him lie!
let them lie!
let him lie!
May love and wine their
rites maintain, And their u - ni - ted plea-sure reign! While Bacchus' treasures crown the board We'll
sing the joys that both af-ford; And they that won't with us comply, Down a-mong the dead men,
cres.
cres.
f
riten.
down among the dead men, down, down, down, down, down among the dead men let them lie!
cres.
f
ff
sf

YES, TO-MORROW MY LOVE.

TUNE, "JOAN'S PLACKET IS TORN,"—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♪ = 126.

Slowly and expressively. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

mf *sf*

Yes, to morrow my love will a-gain be here, And the sun of his smile will my cot-tage cheer, And I

pp

feel that my heart is a bea - ting, beating: Is it with pleasure, or is't with fear? Shadows of night, quickly

haste a-way! Do not one moment your course delay! Break now, awake now, fair Morning, ador-ning The

hills with the light of the gladdest day!

mf *sf*

Such a many long weeks I have sad - ly pass'd That I tremble when joy is so near at last, For our

pp

happiness e - ver is flee - ting, flee - ting, Vain are our ef - forts to hold it fast. Oh! if to morrow should

come and go, Leaving me lone - ly and weep - ing, No! Hoping, not drooping, I'll meet it and greet it, He'll

a piacere.

sure - ly be here when I love him so!

a tempo.

colla voce. *mf*

SEND ME A LOVER, ST. VALENTINE!

TUNE, "OH, MOTHER! A HOOP!"—END OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 80.

Cheerfully. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

mf *pp* *cres.* *f*

1. Give me a lo - ver, St. Va - lentine! Spring bids us to woo; So may the sun to your
2. 'Tis a bright morning, St. Va - lentine! Fine weather to woo; Maids in such weather should

p *f* *p*

glo - ry shine, High up in the blue! There's Alice, and Mary, and Bridget, and Joan, They
ne - ver pine, Saint,— ho - noring you! I hope a rich lov-er will knock at my door, But

f *p*

e piacere. *a tempo.*

all have their sweethearts, but I am a - lone;— Oh, give me a lo - ver too, Young, handsome, and
ra - ther than none I'll take one that is poor: Oh! sure there are left a few Young, &c.

pp *f* *sf* *a tempo.*

true!

Dal Segno. 𝄋

sf *sf* *f* *sf* *p*

LAST VERSE. *Rather slower.*

Quick-ly dis - per - ses St. Va - len-tine Morn's glit - ter-ing dew;

Rather slower.

pp

Beau - ty and youth, when they once de-cline, Ne'er can we re - new. So

send me a lo - ver to woo me through May, I vow I'll be married by Mid-summer day!

Oh, send me a lo-ver,— do— Young, handsome, and true!

f *sf* *f*

AS DOWN IN THE MEADOWS.

♩. = 62. END OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Gracefully.

p *cres.*

S

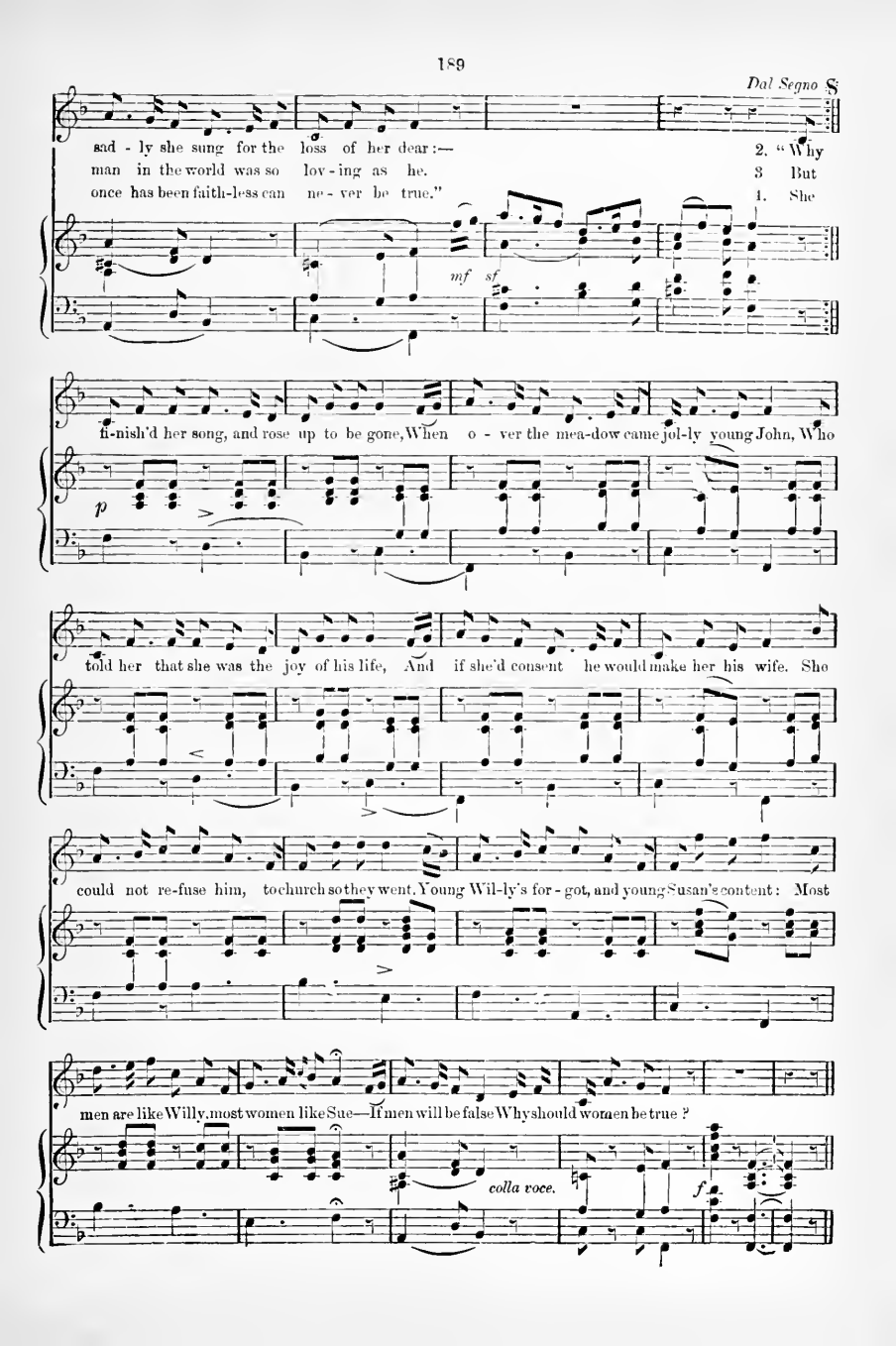
1. As down in the meadows I chane'd for to pass, Oh!
2. does my love, Willy, prove false and unkind? Oh!
3. now he has left me, and Fan-ny the fair Em-

f dim. *pp*

there I be-held a young beau-ti-ful lass; Her age I am sure it was scarcely eighteen, And
why does he change like the wa-ver-ing wind? From one that is loy-al in ev'-ry degree, Ah!
-ploys all his wish-es, his thoughts, and his care: He kisses her lips as she sits on his knee, And

she on her head wore a garland of green; Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes, They
why does he change to a-no-ther from me? In the meadows, as we were a-ma-king of hay, Oh,
says all the sweet things he once said to me: But if she believe him, the false-hearted swain Will

sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies; And then, oh, her voice! it was charming and clear, As
there did we pass the soft minutes a-way! And then was I kiss'd and set down on his knee, No
leave her, and then she with me may complain, For naught is more certain, be-lieve me," said Sue, "Who


Dal Segno
sad - ly she sung for the loss of her dear:—
man in the world was so lov - ing as he.
once has been faith-less can ne - ver be true."
2. "Why
3 But
4. She
mf
sf
fi-nish'd her song, and rose up to be gone, When o - ver the mea-dow came jol-ly young John, Who
p
told her that she was the joy of his life, And if she'd consent he would make her his wife. She
could not re-fuse him, to church so they went. Young Wil-ly's for - got, and young Susan's content: Most
men are like Willy, most women like Sue—If men will be false Why should women be true?
colla voce.
f

MY SECRET I WILL SAFELY KEEP.

TUNE BY HENRY CAREY,—ABOUT 1720.

♩ = 92.

Rather slowly, and with expression. *Words by J. Oxenford.*

mf

1. My se-cret I will safely keep. That foolish gos - sips may not tal-ly. But at my
2. I will not say my heart is sore. But oh! I will not say 'tis healthy: I ne'er, me-

pp

heart if you would peep. Just glance at yon - der smiling val-ley. You know, with maidens coy or
- thinks, have known be - fore That I am ve - ry far from wealthy: Though poor in joy is single

kind I ne'er was much dispos'd to dal-ly, Still, I'll con - fess, I of-ten fi d My steps in
life, My scanty fortune will not tal-ly With a - ny wish to take a wife,—I'll keep from

mf

yon - der tempting valley.
yon - der fa - tal valley.

Dal Segno 𝄋

f

LAST VERSE.

Yes, I'm re - solv'd, that o'er my mind, Betide what may, I will be mas - ter; King Love, if

f *f*

he . . my heart would bind, His brit - tle chain must ri - vet fas - ter. The place I'll

p *f*

quit to end this fuss. And forth to town I'll bold - ly sal - ly; A - las! while I . . am boasting

pp

thus, I find I'm wand'-ring through the val - ley!

pp *p*

THE LEATHER BOTTÉL.

TUNE, TRADITIONAL.

♩. = 104.

Words, Seventeenth

f

1. When I sur - vey the world a-round, The wond' - rous things that
2. Now what do you say to these cans of wood? Oh, no, in faith, they
3. Then what do you say to these glas - ses fine? Oh, they shall have no
4. Then what do you say to these black pots three? If a man and his wife should

p

do a - bound, The ships that on the sea do swim, To
can-not be good, For if the bear - er fall by the way, Why
praise of mine, For if you chance to touch the brim, Down
not a - gree, Why they tug and pull till their li-quor doth spill; In a

keep out foes that none come in; Well! let them all say
on the ground your li-quor doth lay: But had it been in a
falls the liquor and all there - in; But had it been in a
lea-ther bot - tél they may tug their fill, And pull a - way till their

sf p

what they can, 'Twas for one end— the use of man. So, I hope his soul in
leather bot - tél, Al-though he had fal - len all had been well. So, I, &c.
leather bot - tél, And the stop - ple in, all had been well. So, I, &c.
hearts do ache, And yet their liquor no harm can take. So, I, &c.

hea-ven may dwell That first found out the leather bot - tél.

f *ff*

Dal Segno. 𝄋

5.

Then what do you say of those flaggons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine!
For when a lord is about to dine,
And sends them to be fill'd with wine,
The man with the flaggon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
So, I hope, &c.

6.

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

7.

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

8.

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

9.

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

PRINCE CHARLES STUART'S FAREWELL TO MANCHESTER IN 1745.

TUNE, "FAREWELL, MANCHESTER!"

♩ = 76.

New Words upon the old subject by J. Oxenford.

Fare - well, Manches-ter!

f *mf* *pp* *p*

no - ble town, fare - well! Here with loy - al - ty ev'-ry breast can

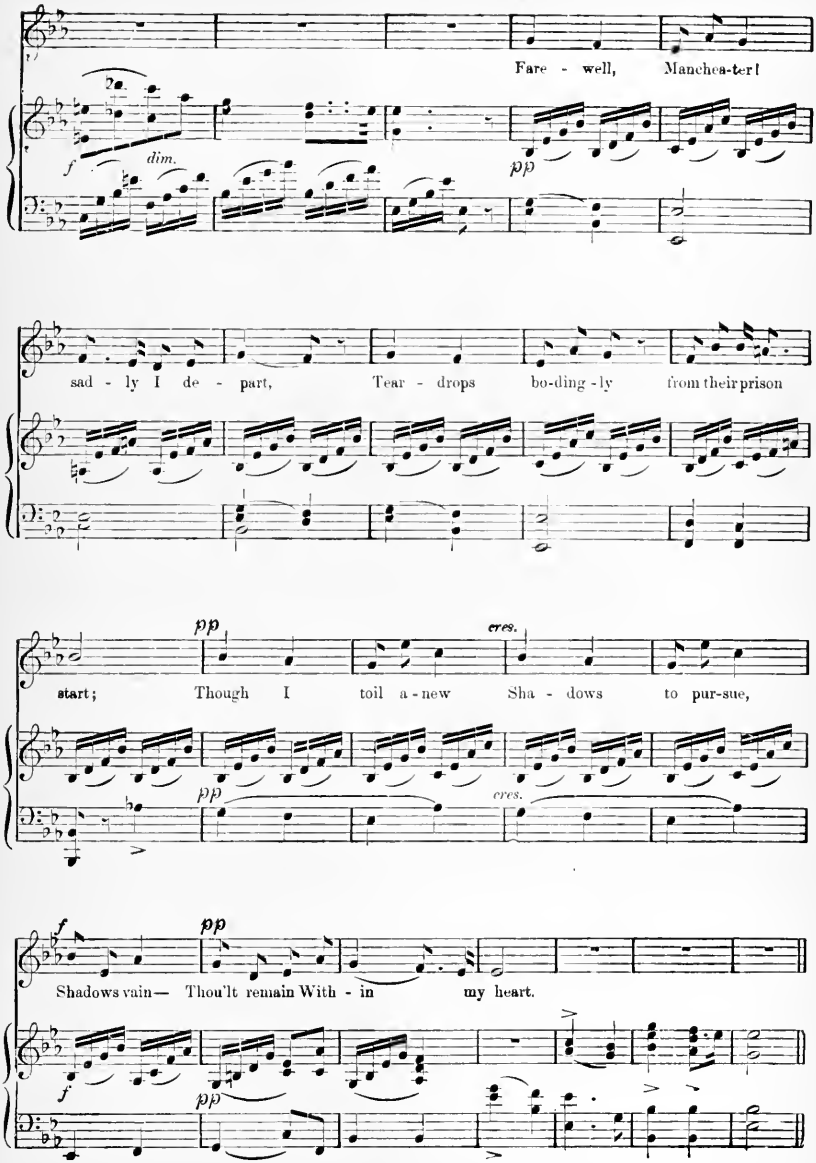
pp *cres.*

swell: Where - so - e'er I roam, Here, as in a home,

pp *cres.*

E - ver dear Lan - ca - shire, My heart shall dwell.

pp *mf*


Fare - well, Manchea-ter!
f
dim.
pp
sad - ly I de - part, Tear - drops bo-ding - ly from their prison
pp
cres.
start; Though I toil a - new Sha - dows to pur-sue,
pp
cres.
f
pp
Shadows vain— Thou'lt remain With - in my heart.
f
pp

OH! FOR A HUSBAND.

TUNE, "OH! FOR A HUSBAND,"—EARLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 84.

Moderate time.

Old Words remodelled by J. Oxenford.

1. There was a mai - den, well - a - day! Thus mourn'd her hap - less
2. An an - cient sui - tor to her came, His head was ve - ry
3. When she had been a wed - ded wife A twelvemonth and a
4. A - no - ther twelvemonth slow - ly pass'd, A wi - dow she be -

lot;— "A wife may mer - ry be and gay, But maids, a - las! may
grey: He talk'd to her of Cu - pid's flame, And stole her heart a -
day, She found her dear, her lord, her life, Was mean as well as
- came, But soon the weeds a - side she cast— Pray don't the la - dy

not. Full eigh - teen years have pass'd," she said, "All lone - ly and for -
way; Her mo - ther said, "Dont wed too fast, Lest you should soon re -
grey; He grudg'd the price of cap and gown, Of vel - vet, and of
blame: A se - cond lo - ver sought her hand, Young, gen'-rous, brave, and

- lorn, Oh, if I chance to die un-wed, Would I had ne'er been
- pent." Quoth she, "Dear mo - ther! I'm in haste," And thus the dit - ty
lace, On trin - kets he would grim - ly frown, 'Twas such a pi - teous
free; She did not shil - ly shal - ly stand, But joy - ous - ly said

horn! Oh, oh, oh, for a hus-band! Oh, oh, oh, for a husband!"
went: "Oh, oh, oh, for a hus-band! Oh, oh, oh, for a husband!"
case. "Oh, oh, oh, with a hus-band! Oh, oh, oh, with a husband!
she: "Oh, oh, oh, for a hus-band! Oh, oh, oh, for a husband!"

f *p*

Still this was her song: "I will have a hus - band! I'll have a hus-band!
Still this was her song: "I will have a hus - band! I'll have a hus-band!
What a life lead I! Plague take such a hus - band! Take such a hus-band!
Thus is still my song: "I will have a hus - band! I'll have a hus-band!

sf

Be he old or young!"
Be he old or young!"
Husband! fie! fie! fie!"
But he must be young!"

sf *f* *sf* *sf* *p*

ROW, GALLANT COMRADES, ROW.

TUNE, "ROW WELL, YE MARINERS."—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 60.

New words upon the old subject by J. Oxenford.

In rowing time.

Row, gallant comrades, row, The sun is near his western bed; Up-on the wa-ters glow Unnumber'd gems of gorgeous red; The stars that peep to ush-er night Scarce reveal their trembling light: Be-fore the sil-ver moon we see Safe at home we all should be: Then row well, row well, No breath up-on the wa-ter stirs, Then row well, row well, With all your might, ye ma-ri-ners.

mf *p* *mf* *f* *p* *mf* *ritard.* *poco ritenuto.* *f*

Row, gallant comrades, row, The

mf

log is crackling on the hearth. Kind voices, well we know, Will greet us with the sound of mirth; The

mf

cares that fill the anxious breast Soon we'll lull to hap - py rest, And drooping spi - rits

p *mf* *f*

we shall cheer: Row! the welcome shore is near: Then row well, row well, No breath un-on the

p *mf*

ritard.

wa - ter stirs, Then row well, row well With all your might, ye ma - riners.

poco ritenuto.

f *tr*

THERE WAS A MAID THE OTHER DAY.

TUNE, "WATKIN'S ALE,"—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 80.

Moderate time.

Words by J. Oxenford.

f *sf p* *f* *sf p* *f*

1. There was a maid the o - ther day, Who through the fo - rest chanc'd to stray, When soon a - mong the trees she heard A song not sung by a - ny bird:— "What a sil - ly wight am I! My
2. There was a youth the o - ther day, Who 'mid the branches sang a lay; To mock - ing birds he did con - fess The ills that spring from bash - ful-ness; Soon he heard a voice re - ply—('Twas
3. Doubts and fears at once were fled, Soon the youth and maid were wed, Now they of - ten laugh and talk All a - bout that fo - rest walk; How a ti - mid falt' - ring tongue, By

p

grief I am a - fraid to tell; Here a - lone I sit and sigh, A -
not the e - cho, nor the wind)— "Sil - ly swains de - serve to sigh, Who
love and chance was bless'd with speech, How a song at ran - dom sung, Young

- far from her I love so well: Maiden dear, maiden dear, Here my pas - sion
feel a - fraid to speak their mind: Love and Fear, Love and Fear, Sor - ry part - ners
beau - ty's ten - der heart could reach. Love and Fear, Love and Fear, Strive not long for

pp

1st and 2nd time.

I proclaim, Maiden dear, wert thou near, I should hide my face for shame.
are, I trow. Mourn not here, shepherd, dear, But thy flame at once a - vow."
vic - to-ry: No, 'tis clear, mai - den dear, Soon the vic - tor

mf

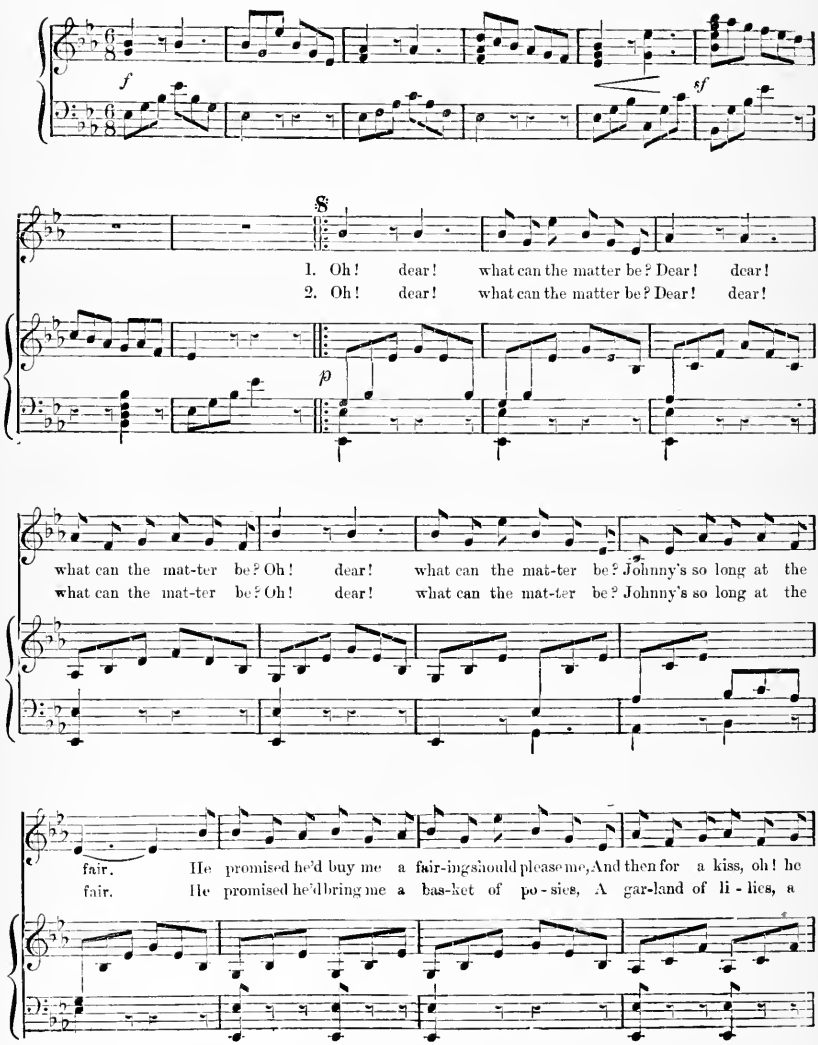
3rd time.

3. love will be.

f *sf* *f*

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

TUNE AND WORDS, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



vow'd he would tease me, He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown
garland of ro - ses, A lit - tle straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons That tie up my bonny brown

hair. And its oh! dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
hair. And its oh! &c.

1st time.

Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

f

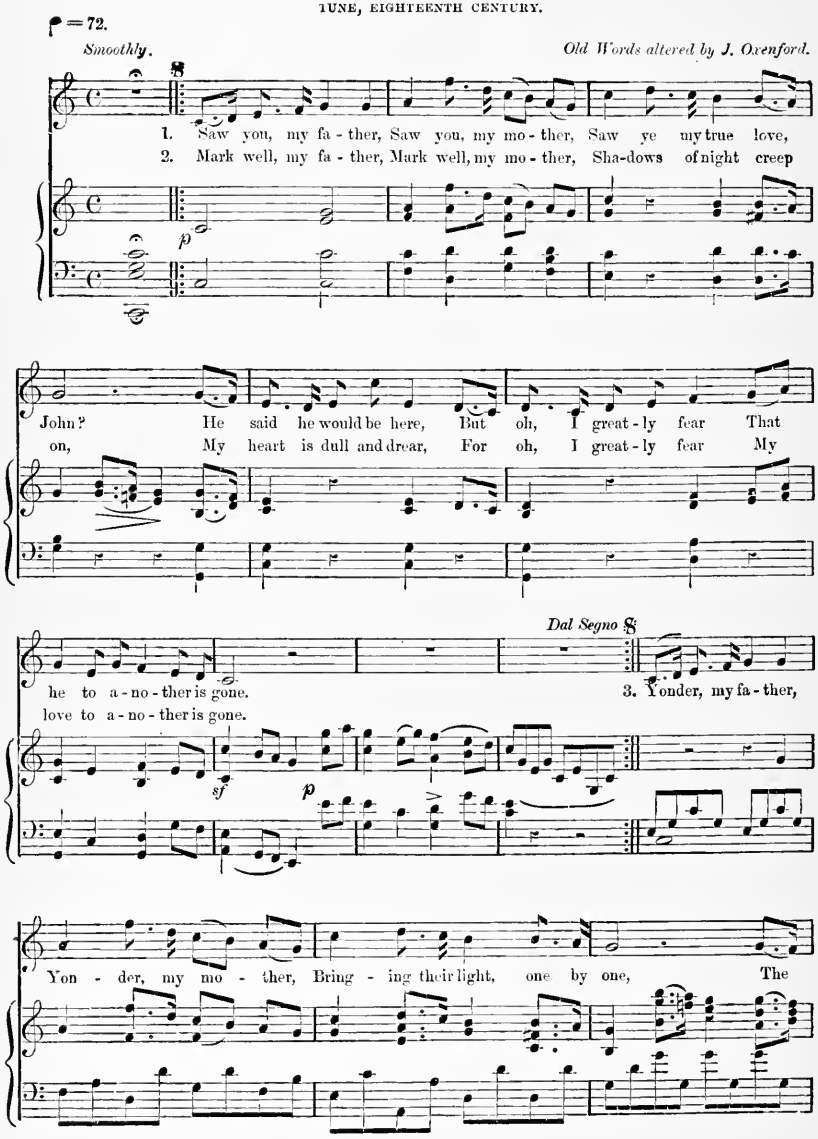
Dal Segno. 𝄋 2nd time.

fair.

f

SAW YOU, MY FATHER?

TUNE, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



glist'ning stars ap-pear, Up - on the sky so clear, My love,—where, oh where is he

LAST VERSE.

gone? See, dear - est fa - ther,

See, dear - est mo - ther, There is my true love John; The moon is full and clear To

bring him safe-ly here, Oh, ne'er with such light she shone.

THE MERMAID.

AN OLD SEA SONG.

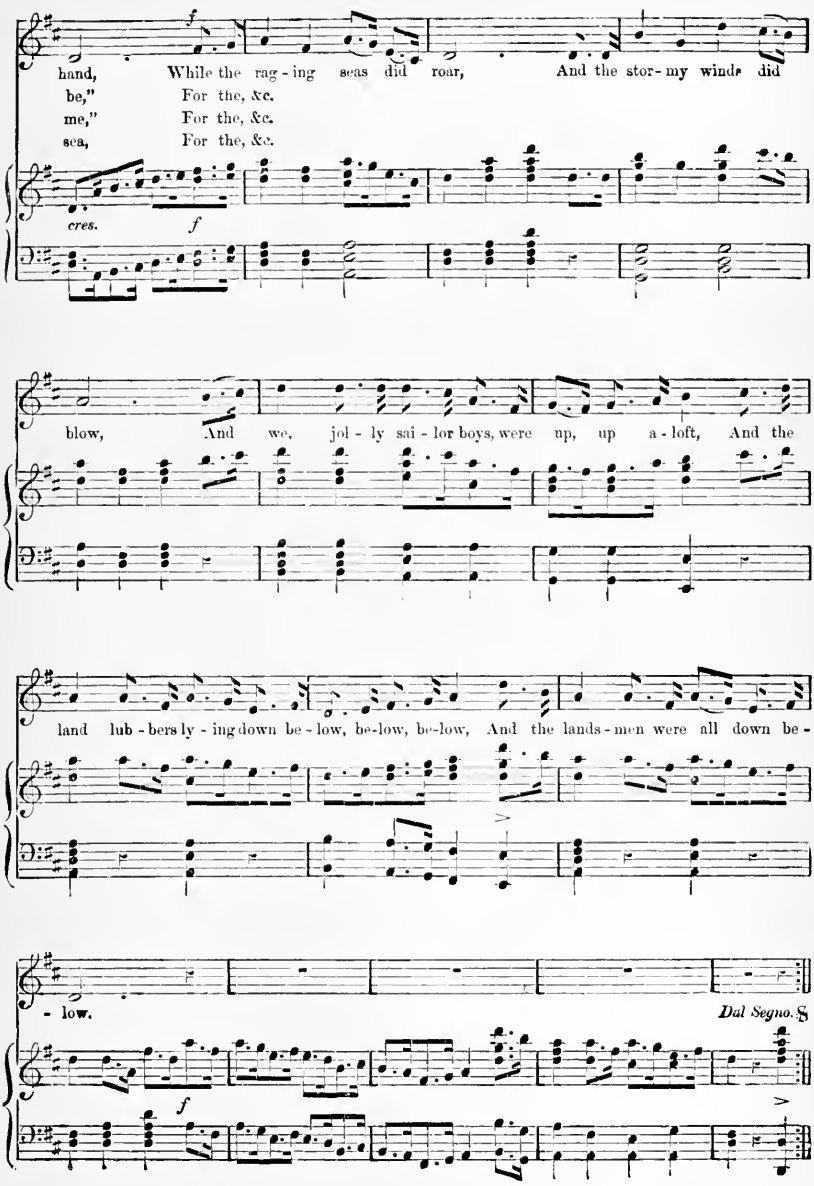
♩ = 144.

Right jovially, and moderately fast.

f

1. One Fri - day morn, when we set sail, And our ship not far from land, We there did es - py a fair pret - ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her
2. Then up spoke the cap - tain of our gal - lant ship, Who at once did our pe - ril see, "I have mar - ried a wife in fair Lon - don town, And this night she a wi - dow will be, will be, will be, And this night she a wi - dow will
3. And then up spoke the little ca - bin boy, And a fair - hair'd boy was he; "I've a fa - ther and mo - ther in fair Portsmouth town, And this night they will weep for me, for me, for me, And this night they will weep for
4. Then three times round went our gal - lant ship, And three times round went she; For the want of a life - boat they both went down, As she sunk to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea, As she sunk to the bottom of the

p


f
hand, While the rag - ing seas did roar, And the stor - my winds did
be," For the, &c.
me," For the, &c.
sea, For the, &c.
cres.
f
blow, And we, jol - ly sai - lor boys, were up, up a - loft, And the
land lub - bers ly - ing down be - low, be-low, be-low, And the lands - men were all down be -
- low.
Dal Segno.
f

FROM OBERON IN FAIRY LAND.

TUNE OF "DULCINA,"—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 80.

Poetry by Ben Jonson.

p *cres.* *f*

1. "From O - be - ron in fai-ry-land, The king of ghosts and shadows there,
2. Sometimes I meet them like a man, Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound,

pp

Mad Robin I, at his command, Am sent to view the night-sports here: What re - vel rout is
Or to a horse I turn me can, And trip and trot a - bout them round; But if to ride my

f

kept a - bout, In ev'-ry cor-ner where I go, I will o'ersee, And mer - ry be, And
back they strive, More swift than wind a - way I go, O'er hedge and lands, Thro' poole and ponds, I

ff

make good sport with ho, ho, ho!
whir - ry laugh - ing ho, ho, ho!

2. More
4. When

f *pp*

swift than lightning can I fly A - bout this ai - ry wel - kin soon, And in a minute's
lads and las - ses mer - ry be With pos - sets and rich jun - kets fine, Un - seen of all the

space des - cry Each thing that's done be - low the moon; There's not a hag, Nor ghost shall wag, Or
com - pa - ny I eat their cakes and sip their wine; And to make sport I puff and snort, And

f

cry, "Ware gob - lin!" where I go, But Robin I Their feats do spy, And
out the can - dles I do blow, And maids I kiss, They shrick, "Who's this?" I

sf

1st. *Dal Segno.* 𝄋 2nd.

send them home with ho, ho, ho!
an - swer nought but ho, ho, ho!

f *f*

THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE.

TUNE, "THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE,"—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

♩. = 80.

New Words upon the old subject by J. Oxenford.

tr. *p cres.* *f* *pp* *cres.* *f*

S

1. Young Tom the carman's tongue was slow, A sor-ry gift of speech had he, He'd ra - ther let his hor - ses know His se - cret thoughts than you or me. He whistled, whistled, whistled dai - ly, Whether good or ill be - fell, He whistled sad-ly,

3. Fair Su-san's glance was kind and bright, She own'd her love, that bux - om maid, Young Tom was cra - zy with de-light, He stammer'd—blush'd—but nought he said. He whistled, whistled, whistled gai - ly, His joy by whistling he would tell, And while he whistled,

p

whistled gai - ly, While his horses mark'd him well.
whistled daily, The knowing beasts re-joic'd as well.

Fine.

mf *cres.* *f*

Fine.

Meno mosso.

2. Fair Su-san's glance was proud and cold, The carman's heart she near-ly broke, But still his face was

pp *mf*

bluff and bold, And not a sin - gle word he spoke. He whistled, whistled, whistled sad - ly,

f *pp*

Whistled, whistled all the day; But though he whistled, whistled mad - ly,

cres.

Could not whistle care a-way.

Dal Segno.

f *sf* *mf* *cres* *f*

THE "BLUE BELL" OF SCOTLAND.

OLD ENGLISH BORDER SONG.

♩ = 104.

Gracefully. *Tune composed by Mrs. Jordan, about* 1799.

mf

1. Oh! where and oh! where is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh!
2. how? tell me how is your Highland lad-die clad? Oh!

mf

where and oh! where is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the
how? tell me how is your Highland lad-die clad? His bonnet's of the

pp *cres.*

French for King George up-on the throne, And it's oh! in my heart how I
Saxon green, his waist-coat's of the plaid, And it's oh! in my heart that I

sf *sf*

wish him safe at home! Oh!
love my High-land lad. Sp

f *pp*

where, and oh! where, did your High-land lad-die dwell? Oh!
- pose, oh! sup-pose, that your High-land lad should die! Sup-

where, and oh! where, did your High-land lad-die dwell? He
- pose, oh! sup-pose, that your High-land lad should die! Though

dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land by the sign of The Blue Bell; And it's
lau-rels would wave o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry; And it's

1st.

oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
oh! in my heart that I feel he will not

sf *p* *riten.* *f*

2nd.

die.

2. Oh!

mf

dim.

LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE, ABOUT 1720.

♩ = 88.

Rather slowly, and with expression. *The old subject re-written by J. Oxenford.*

p *cres.* *f* *dim.* *pp*

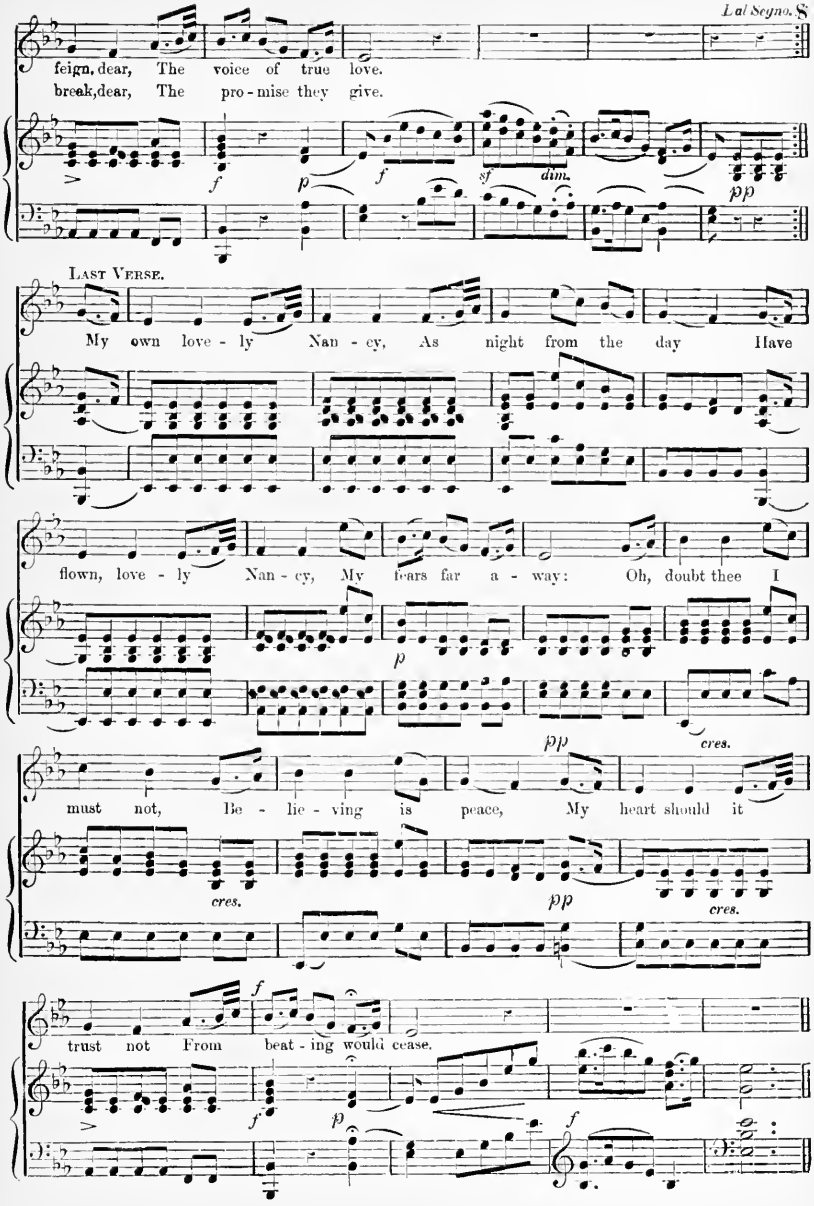
1. My own love - ly Nan - cy, I heard in thy voice A
2. My own love - ly Nan - cy, Those eyes e - ver bright They

- tone, love - ly Nan - cy, That made me re - joice: De - ceit - ful and
shine, love - ly Nan - cy, With truth's ho - ly light: A lan-guage they

p

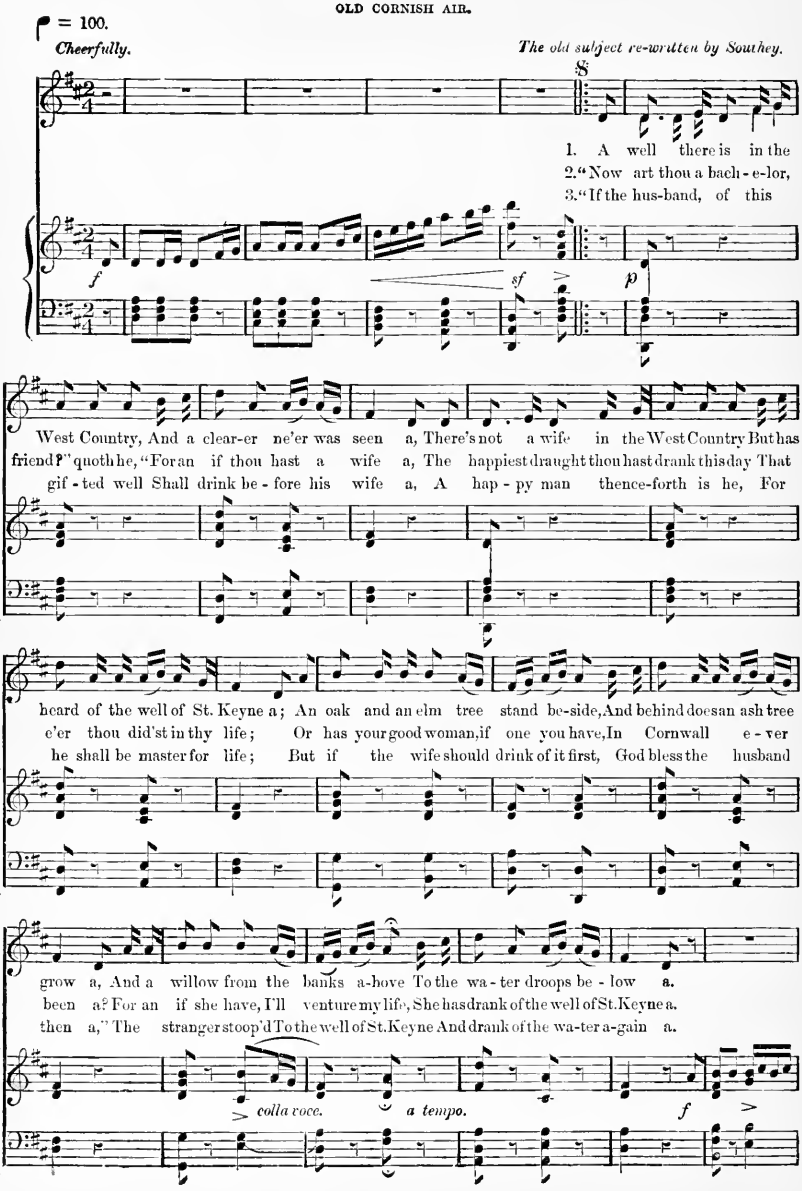
vain, dear, Fair words of - ten prove, But oh! none can
speak, dear, That can - not de - ceive, They ne - ver will

cres. *pp* *cres.*


Al Segno.
feign, dear, The voice of true love.
break, dear, The pro-mise they give.
f
p
f
sf
dim.
pp
Last Verse.
My own love-ly Nan-cy, As night from the day Have
flown, love-ly Nan-cy, My fears far a-way: Oh, doubt thee I
p
pp
cres.
must not, Be-lie-ving is peace, My heart should it
cres.
pp
cres.
f
trust not From beat-ing would cease.
f
p
f

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

OLD CORNISH AIR.



A stran-ger came to the well of St Keyne, For thirs-ty and hot was he a, And he sat down Up - on the bank, Be - neath the wil-low tree a; There came a man from a neighbouring town, At the well to fill his pail a, Up - on the side he res-ted, it, And bade the stran-ger hail a.

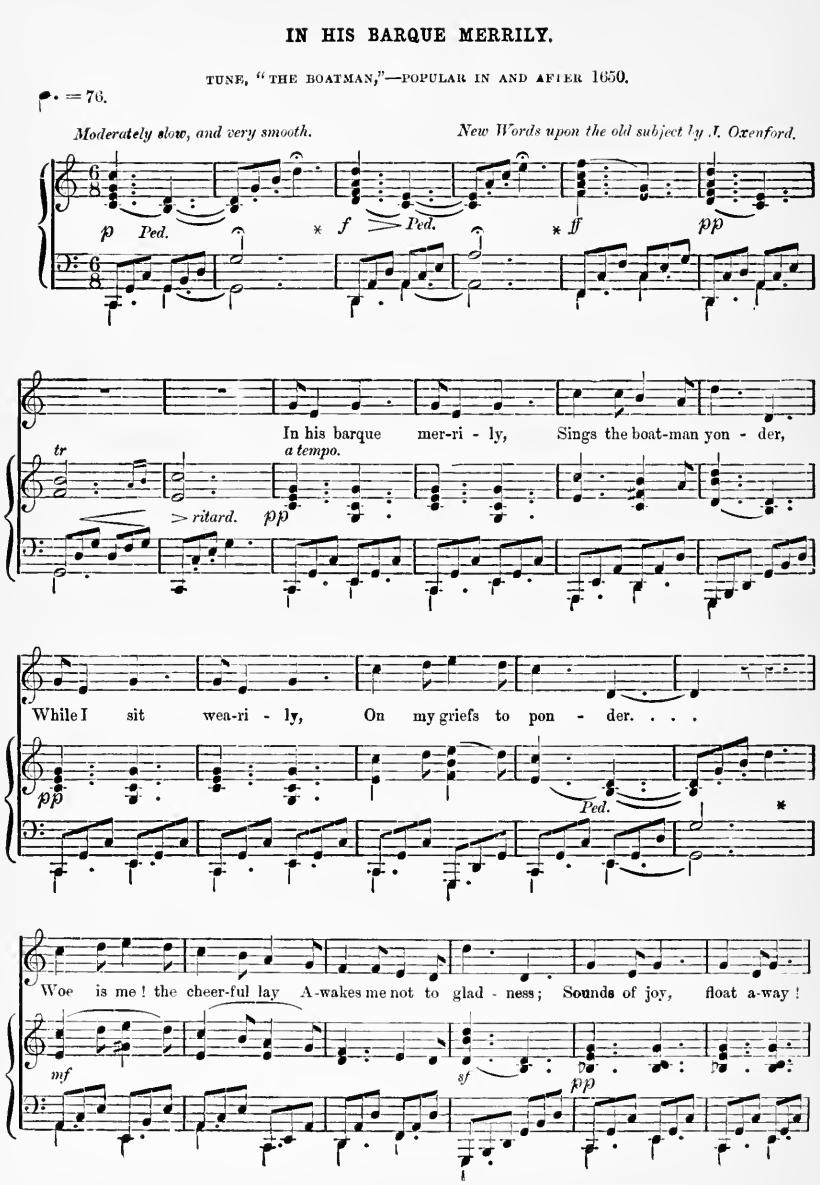
"I've left a good woman who ne'er was here," The stranger made re - ply a, "But how my draught Should be better for that To guess in vain I try a." "St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time Would drink of this crystal well a, And before the an - gels summon'd her, She laid on the wa - ter a spell a."

"You drank of the well, I said a; But the rus - tic sigh'd As the stranger spake, And sad - ly shook his head a. "I has - ten'd here, when the wedding was done, And left my wife in the porch a. But tru - ly she had been wiser than me, For she took a bot - tle to church a."

sf *colla voce.* *a tempo.* *f* *sf* *Dal Segno.* 𝄋

IN HIS BARQUE MERRILY.

TUNE, "THE BOATMAN,"—POPULAR IN AND AFTER 1650.



ritard.

Ye encrease my sad - ness . .

sf *Ped.* * *f* *Ped.* * *ff* *pp*

Still he sings mer-ri - ly, Knows not one is list - 'ning,

tr *pp*

Manful - ly, cheer-i - ly, While the stars are glist' - ning . .

pp *Ped.* *

Some can hail the plea-sant hour, I think but of its fleet - ness; Wi-ther'd I think the flower,

mf *sf* *pp*

While I scent its sweet - - ness . . . .

tr *Ped.*

HERE'S A TRUCE TO IDLE SORROW.

TUNE, "THE GLORY OF THE NORTH,"—TIME OF CHARLES I.

♩ = 88.

Gaily, and well marked

New Words by J. Oxenford.

f

Here's a truce to i - dle sor - row, Joy no ri - val owns to-day,

p

Put off sigh-ing till to - mor-row, 'Tis the mer - ry first of May. Dance-ing, jumping,

cres.

twirl-ing round, The blithesome lads and las - ses go, Skip-ping to the ma - gic sound,

sf *p* *cres.* *sf*

Wa-ken'd by the fid-dler's bow.

p *f* *f*

Youth its light-some cares for-get-ting Straight o-beys the tune-ful touch;

p

Crab-bed age, no lon-ger fret-ting, Casts a-side its use-less crutch; Mirth en-li-vens,

cres.

smiles in-vite, And not a churl will an-swer 'no:' Hearts are gay, and feet are light, And

sf *p* *cres.* *sf*

nim-bly goes the fid-dler's bow.

f *f*

TAKE ME TO THE NORTH COUNTRY.

TUNE, "THE NORTHERN LASS,"—TIME OF CHARLES I.

♩. = 44.

Slowly, and with pathos. *New Words upon the old subject by J. Oxenford.*

S

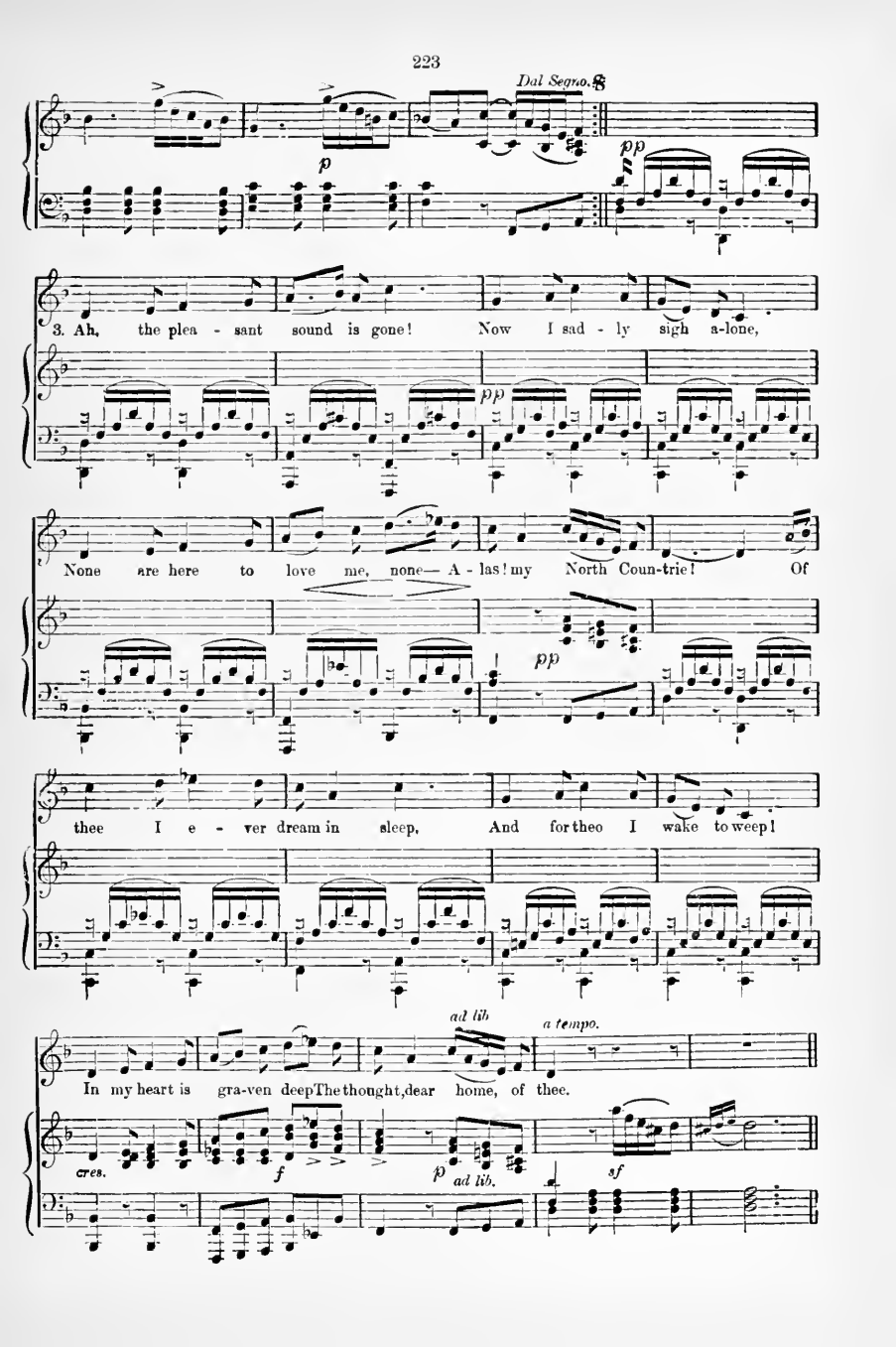
1. Take me to the North Countrie, That's the land where I would be— In the ci - ty
2. Nor-thern winds! greet you well, Such a lov - ing tale you tell, Those who in the

wea - ri - ly My young life fades a - way: The nor-thern winds are rough and bleak,
mountains dwell In you are hov'-ring nigh. My mo - ther warns her child from ill,

ad lib. *a tempo.*

But to me of home they speak; Here, my pin-ing heart to seek In kindness do they stray.
While an - o - ther, dear - er still, Whispers till the teardrops fill My dim and fa - ding eye.

cres. *ad lib.*


Dal Segno.
p
pp
3. Ah, the plea - sant sound is gone! Now I sad - ly sigh a-lone,
pp
None are here to love me, none— A - las! my North Coun-trie! Of
pp
thee I e - ver dream in sleep, And for the o I wake to weep!
ad lib
a tempo.
In my heart is gra-ven deep The thought, dear home, of thee.
cres.
f
p
ad lib.
sf

UNDER THE ROSE.

TUNE, "UNDER THE ROSE,"—TRADITIONAL.

♩ = 116.

Cheerfully.

New Words upon the old subject by J. Oxenford.

p *dim.* *p*

S

1. You smile at the beaux who are for - ward and flat - ter - ing, You think I am bash - ful and awk - ward and dull, Ah, mea - sure not love by a fond - ness for chat - ter - ing, The tongue may be still and the heart may be full. When

2. Their con - quests pro - claim - ing, the heart - less may stalk a - bout, Of hearts light - ly won they may care - less - ly boast, But ah, there are feel - ings too sa - cred to talk a bout, Ex - cept to the one who will prize them the most. Then

p

no i - dle list - 'ners a - bout us are hov - er - ing, The
hear me a - lone when the moon, watch - ing o - ver us, My

truth that is known but to few I'll dis-close. Yes, near me a-lone, and you'll
heart's deep - est se - cret shall bid me dis-close, In some sha - dy val - ley, where

f

find me dis-cov - er-ing The thoughts that are best ut - ter'd un - der the rose.
none can dis-cov - er us, My thoughts I'll con-fess to you un - der the rose.

p *f*

Dal Segno.

p

THE MOON SHALL BE IN DARKNESS.

TUNE, "THE MOON SHALL BE IN DARKNESS,"—TRADITIONAL.

♩ = 84.

New Words upon the old subject by J. Oxenford.

Smoothly, and with expression.

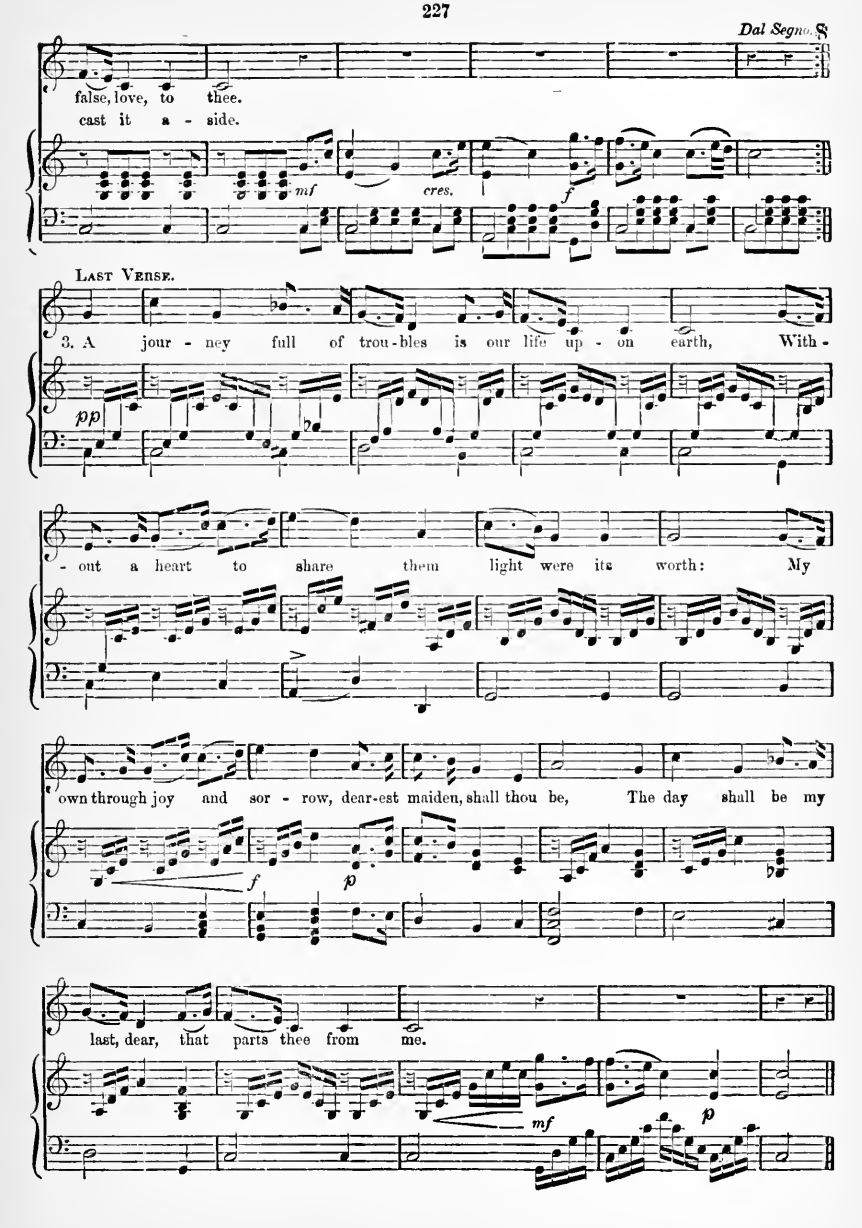
mf *cres.* *sf* *p*

1. The moon shall be in darkness, And the stars shall cease to shine, If
2. I've lived through ma-ny years, love, I have roam'd in ma - ny parts And

e - ver I prove false to thee, mai - den mine! The oak shall proud - ly
find no rar - er gems are than true faith - ful hearts: And now at last I've

flour - ish 'mid the bil - lows of the sea, The this - tle bear a rose, ere I'm
gain'd one, 'Tis my trea-sure and my pride, For all the mines of gold I'd not

cres. *f* *p*


Dal Segno.
false, love, to thee.
cast it a - side.
mf
cres.
f
Last Verse.
3. A jour - ney full of trou - bles is our life up - on earth, With -
pp
- out a heart to share them light were its worth: My
own through joy and sor - row, dear-est maiden, shall thou be, The day shall be my
f
p
last, dear, that parts thee from me.
mf
p

WHY, BROTHER SOLDIERS, WHY?

TUNE, "WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY?"—POPULAR BEFORE 1729.

♩ = 88

New Words upon the old subject by J. Oxenford.

Boldly, and with animation.

ff

Why, bro - ther sol-diers, why Should we be me - lan - cho - ly, boys? Why, bro - ther sol-diers,

p

why? We do not fear to die. How now, sigh - ing? fie! Be e - ver brave and

f

jol - ly, boys: Cold hot, wet, and dry A - like we will de - fy! To

f

quake is on - ly fol - ly, boys, Aye, aye, so say I.

ff

Pol - troons are apt to fly— We're made of bet - ter stuff, my boys, Pol-troons are apt to

p

fly When dan-ger threatens nigh. But we'll al - ways try To smile when life is

f

rough, my boys! Though dark is the sky 'Twill clear up by and by, And

f

that's for us enough, my boys, Aye, aye, so say I.

ff

TO-NIGHT LET'S JOVIAL BE.

TUNE, "HEY, BOYS, UP GO WE,"—1641.

♩. = 88.

Jovially. *New Words by J. Oxenford.*

f

1. Come, brave com-pan - ions, ga - ther round, The Christ-mas fire is bright, We
3. With wand'r-ing tir'd, in dis - tant parts, To Eng - land some have come, And

p

feel, with-out one oath, we're bound To have a mer - ry night; The trou-bles of the
with them bring the gol - den hearts That fond - ly long'd for home; And some will leave us

day are o'er, Our hearts are glad and free, Per-haps we're doom'd to
soon, for all Are un - der fate's de - cree, To-mor - row we'll o-

sf

meet no more, So now let's jo - vial be.
- bey her call, To-night let's jo - vial be.

Fine.

f

2. How ma - ny wea - ry years have past Since some of us have met! On

some dark shad - ows have been cast, With tears have eyes been wet: But we are gathered

once a - gain, One more glad night to see, To sigh o'er an - cient

griefs is vain, So now we'll jo - vial be.

Dal Segno.

f

FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU ALL, SPANISH LADIES!

OLD SEA SONG, "FAREWELL, SPANISH LADIES,"—TRADITIONAL.

♩ = 132.

With great spirit.

assai marcato.

New Words upon the old subject by J. Oxenford.

1. Fare - well and a - dieu to you all, Span - ish la - dies, Fare - well and a - dieu to you, la - dies of Spain; Though we've re - ceiv'd or - ders to sail for old Eng land We trust that we short - ly shall cres - - - cen - - - - do.

3. Then weep not at part - ing, you dear Span - ish la - dies, Then weep not at part - ing, you la - dies of Spain; The ship will some day come a - cross the salt wa - ters And bring you your true Brit - ish

see you a - gain.
sai - lors a - gain.

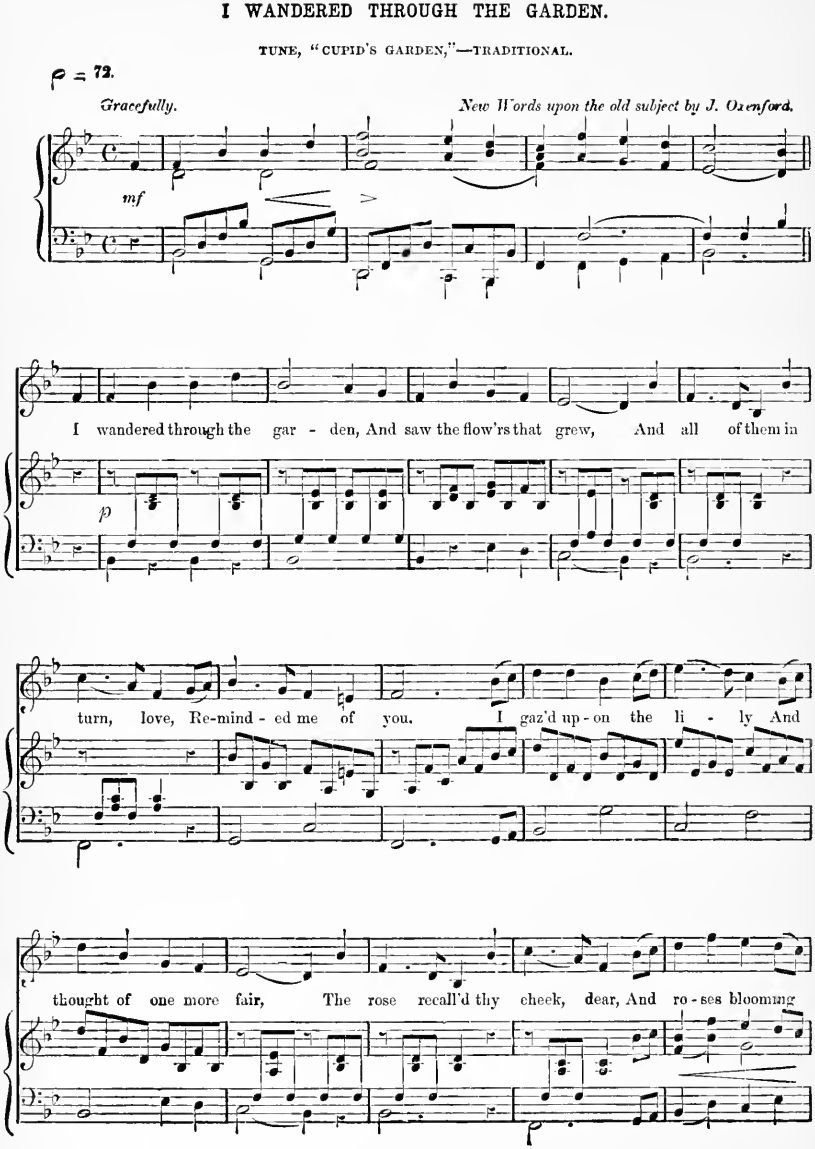
Fine.

2. Like true Brit - ish tars though we love our old Eng - land, The land of dark beau - ties we leave with re - gret, In calm and in tem - pests, in peace and in bat - tle, The la - dies of Spain we shall ne - ver for - get.

Dal Segno.

I WANDERED THROUGH THE GARDEN.

TUNE, "CUPID'S GARDEN,"—TRADITIONAL.



there, And ro - ses blooming there.

f *p* *mf*

And when I saw the heart's-ease, A sigh I scarce sup - press'd, I could not find its

p

like - ness With-in my ach - ing breast: A - las! in flow'rs of sum - mer No

com - fort can I find— They tell me you are love - ly But not that you are

kind, But not that you are kind.

f *p*

GREAT ORPHEUS WAS A FIDDLER BOLD.

TUNE, "STINGO; OR, OIL OF BARLEY,"—POPULAR BEFORE 1650.

♩. 96.

Gaily.

New Words by J. Oxenford.

1. Great Or - pheus was a fid - dler bold, And all the world could please, Sir, Both man and brute he led, I'm told, And like - wise all the trees, Sir; From stones he'd con - jure tears and smiles, The mountains shake with laugh - ter, And if he walk'd some hundred miles, They

2. Like Or - pheus I'm a fid - dler bold, But when a tune I play, Sir, They do not fol - low, as of old, Oh no, they run a - way, Sir; A mul - ti - tude I soon dis-perse, Be ga-ther'd ne'er so ma - ny, They hur - ry off, and, what is worse, Don't

Dal Segno.

all would fol-low af - ter.

leave be-hind a pen - ny.

f

LAST VERSE.

3. You ask, Sir, is the fault in me, Or in the al-tered times, Sir, That thus with lit - tle

p

sym - pa - thy They hear my notes sub-lime, Sir; A rea - dy an - swer I have not To

solve the cu - rious rid - dle, But this I know—if cash I'd got I'd soon hang up my

fid - dle.

f

SAD, WEARY HEARTED!

TUNE, "LOVE LIES BLEEDING,"—TIME OF CHARLES I.

♩ = 66.

Slow and plaintive.

New Words by J. Oxenford.

mf *sf* *p* *pp* *sf* *p*

1. Sad, wea - - ry heart - - - - ed! Soon to be part - - - - - ed! Check we the tear - - - drops of
2. Calm still ap - pear, love, List - - - 'ners are near, love, Ne'er of our sor - - - row the
3. Hap - - ly, when meet - - - - ing, With glan - - ces fleet - - - - ing, Oft we shall seem to change

an - guish that have start - ed! All is be-night - ed Our
i - - dle world must hear, love! Ne - - - ver re-veal - ing A
nought but care - less greet - ing; Thou'lt know the to - ken, With

souls that light - ed, Star - tled are we from our dream. And
wound past heal - ing Let us wear a cheer - ful smile, Our
heart nigh bro - ken, Thou wilt plain - ly read my looks, Though

p

gaze round af-fright - ed.
an - guish con-ceal - ing.
nought I have spo - ken.

1st & 2nd times.

mf *f*

p

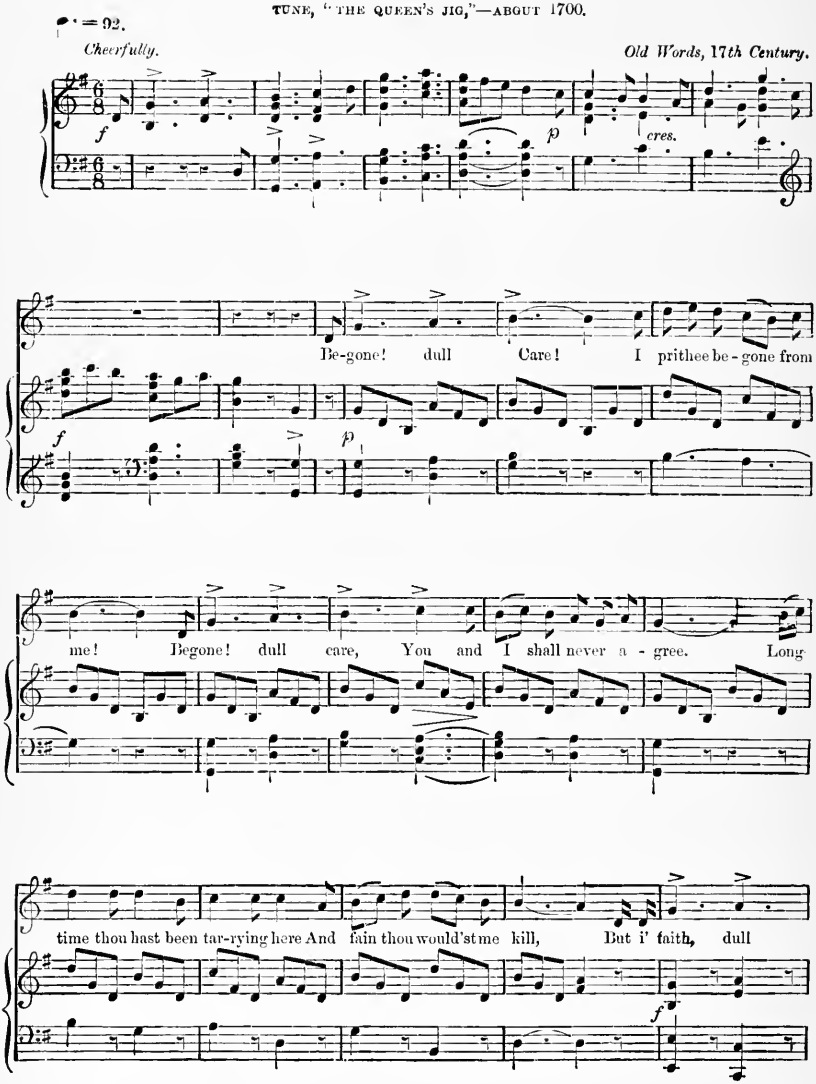
Dal Segno. 𝄋

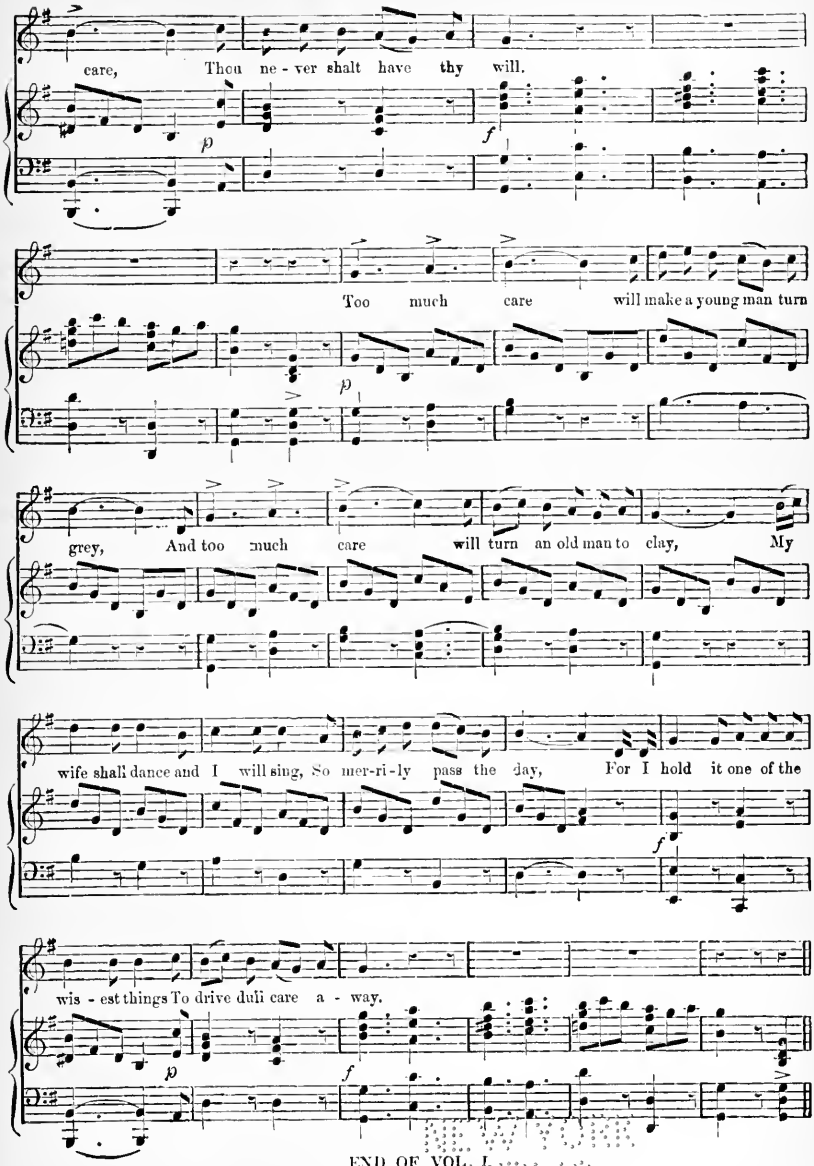
3rd. time.

pp

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

TUNE, "THE QUEEN'S JIG,"—ABOUT 1700.





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