

MISS BROADWOOD'S DELIGHT



Folk Songs from Sussex and Other English Counties

edited by Lewis Jones

with guitar chords and illustrations by Margaret Crosland

MISS BROADWOOD'S DELIGHT
Folk Songs from Sussex
and Other English Counties

edited by Lewis Jones

with guitar chords and illustrations by Margaret Crosland



Ferret Publications

Sutton Coldfield

First published 1998 by

Ferret Publications
34 Maney Hill Road
Sutton Coldfield
West Midlands
B72 1JL

Printed by

University of Birmingham Central Printing Service

Transcriptions, layout, introduction and notes (1998)
copyright © Lewis Jones 1998

Guitar chords and illustrations
copyright © Margaret Crosland 1998

ISBN 0 9526363 1 X

Lewis Jones, who owns the copyrights on the transcriptions, layout, introduction and notes (1998) and Margaret Guye (née Crosland), who owns the copyrights on the guitar chords and illustrations, have released *Miss Broadwood's Delight* into the public domain under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 Unported Licence, the full terms of which are available from [creativecommons.org](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/).

This book is dedicated to

**Florence Hilda
Jones**

Table of Contents

Introduction	vi
Notes for Singers and Accompanyists	xii
1. Van Diemen's Land or The Gallant Poachers	1
2. The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood	2
3. Through Moorfields	3
4. Bristol Town	4
5. I Must Live All Alone	5
6. Rosetta and Her Gay Ploughboy	6
7. The Ages of Man	7
8. The Duke of Marlborough	8
9. The Wealthy Farmer's Son	9
10. The Merchant's Daughter or The Constant Farmer's Son	10
11. Henry Martin or Salt Seas	11
12. Georgie or Banstead Downs	12
13. Boney's Lamentation or Abdication	13
14. Belfast Mountains	14
15. The Young Servant Man or The Two Affectionate Lovers	15
16. Death and the Lady	16
17. The Three Butchers or Gibson, Wilson and Johnson	18
18. I. The Unquiet Grave or How Cold the Winds Do Blow	20
19. II. The Unquiet Grave or How Cold the Winds Do Blow	20
20. III. The Unquiet Grave or Cold Blows the Wind.	21
21. Oh, the Trees are Getting High	22
22. Our Ship She Lies in Harbour	23

23.	The Irish Girl or The New Irish Girl	24
24.	The Little Lowland Maid	25
25.	The Rich Nobleman and His Daughter	26
26.	The Valiant Lady or The Brisk Young Lively Lad	27
27.	The Moon Shines Bright [Christmas Carol]	28
28.	King Pharaoh [Gypsy Christmas Carol]	28
29.	The Poor Murdered Woman	30
30.	The Hampshire Mummers' Christmas Carol	31
31.	The Sussex Mummers' Christmas Carol	32
32.	Bedfordshire May Day Carol	33
33.	The Lost Lady Found	34
34.	Died of Love or A Brisk Young Lad He Courted Me	35
35.	King Henry, My Son	36
36.	Travel the Country Round	37
37.	Oh, Yarmouth is a Pretty Town	38
38.	Some Rival Has Stolen My True Love Away	39



Introduction

Lucy Broadwood's Legacy. Lucy Etheldred Broadwood (1858-1929) was a major figure in the folk song revival around the turn of the last century. In 1898 she was one of the 110 founder members of the Folk Song Society, of which she later became secretary, journal editor and, in the 1920's, president. In 1889 she published Sussex Songs, with accompaniments by her cousin Herbert R. Birch Reynardson. In 1893 there appeared English County Songs, an influential collection compiled by Lucy Broadwood and JA Fuller-Maitland, and arranged by the latter. In addition, in the words of one of Lucy Broadwood's obituarists, "scarcely a number of the Journal (of the Folk Song Society) has appeared without some valuable contribution from her hand, and many have been almost entirely her own from beginning to end."¹

Lucy Broadwood corresponded with many of the great figures of the first folk music revival, particularly with Frank Kidson, but also with Ralph Vaughan Williams, Percy Grainger and many others. Vaughan Williams was particularly impressed with "her brilliant talents as pianist, singer, composer and essayist."²

This present collection contains the 38 songs originally edited and arranged for piano by Lucy E. Broadwood in her English Traditional Songs and Carols, published in 1908 by Boosey and Co., London and New York. It is a companion volume to Sweet Sussex: Folk Songs From the Broadwood Collections, also available from Ferret Publications. Sweet Sussex, published in 1995, like this volume, is edited by Lewis Jones and has guitar chords and illustrations by Margaret Crosland. It contains the 25 songs and 1 dance tune to be found in Songs of the Peasantry of the Weald of Surrey and Sussex (arranged by GA Dusart and published privately and anonymously by John Broadwood in 1843) and in Lucy Broadwood's volume of Sussex Songs cited above.

The Source Singers and Their Counties. Lucy Broadwood names fourteen individuals and one family as the sources for 35 of these 38 songs. Two of the remaining three songs were sung by groups of mummers and one by an anonymous singer. From the brief biographical details which we are given of the singers who are named it is clear that most of them were counted among the poor and the marginal. Two of the songs, numbers 28 and 27, are listed as coming from the Goby family, described as "gypsies... well known in Sussex and Surrey."³ There are also ten other songs from Surrey. Eight of these were contributed by farm labourers. The names of the informants were Ede (number 21), Sparks (22), Bromham (18 and 23), Foster (29), Baker (24 and 26) and Lough (38). Number 25 was from an illiterate carter in Surrey called

Grantham, and number 19 from a farm labourer's wife, Mrs. Rugman.

Apart from Sussex and Surrey another five counties are represented by songs. Number 20 was sung by Mrs Jeffreys, "an old cottager in North Devon." Number 30 was obtained from Mummers at Kingsclere, Hampshire, and number 32 from the unnamed singer mentioned above near Hinswick in Bedfordshire. Cumberland is represented by number 35, sung in the 1860s by the domestic servant, Margaret Scott, later Mrs. Thorburn. Mrs. Hills contributed number 33. She was "an old family nurse" who lived in Stamford, Lincolnshire. From Saxby-All-Saints in the north of the same county came Joseph Taylor, the singer of number 34. He is described as an "estate bailiff", born at Binbrook, Lincolnshire, in 1833. It was from Joseph Taylor that Delius got the haunting theme tune for his orchestral piece, "Brigg Fair."⁴ If you are fond of Dorian melodies (see below) you will not find a much better one than number 34, Joseph Taylor's contribution to this collection.

Added to the 18 songs itemised above are another 20 songs from Sussex. One of these (number 31) is listed as "sung by Mummers from the neighbourhood of Horsham about 1878-1881." Another, number 15, was obtained from "a young quarryman", Walter Searle, "near Amberley." The other 18 songs were all collected from Henry Burstow, "a shoemaker, born in Horsham, 1826."

Burstow was one of the rural poor. He earned well under a pound a week, a very low wage even for those days. He and his wife led a wretched life, especially as they got older. Burstow was a bell-ringer at his local church, despite being a self-professed Darwinian atheist and a radical. Assisted by his friend William Albery, Burstow produced a book, Reminiscences of Horsham, published in 1911. According to his own listing, Burstow knew 420 songs.⁵ Of these, Lucy Broadwood tells us, "about fifty or sixty are of the traditional ballad type, and these have been noted and preserved."

Burstow tells us that he learned 84 of his 420 pieces from his father, who himself had a total repertoire of almost 200. Of these the first, "learnt at his knee", was "Travel the Country Round", number 36 in this collection. Burstow also cites his father as the source for numbers 1, 2, 3, 8, 12, 13 and 14. Like Burstow himself, his father sang some pieces that were not conventional English folk songs. These included "Auld Lang Syne" and "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon."⁶

Scales and Modes. On my count, of these 38 songs 22 are in a major key. The major scale, also known as the Ionian mode, is equivalent to c to c' on the white notes of a keyboard. It is

the most common of the various scales used in modern western music. You get it if you sing the familiar "doh, ray, me" octave in tonic sol-fa.

Of the 16 songs that are not clearly Ionian, numbers 1, 3, 4, 29, 33 and 34 are assigned by Lucy Broadwood to the Dorian mode, and number 2 is described as exhibiting "Dorian influence." The Dorian mode is the scale equivalent to d to d' on the white notes of a keyboard. You get it if you sing up an octave in tonic sol-fa beginning on ray.

Lucy Broadwood describes numbers 6, 7, 8 and 23 as tunes in the Mixolydian mode. This scale is equivalent to g to g' on the white notes of a keyboard, or what you get if you sing up an octave in tonic sol-fa beginning with soh. Number 35 is defined as Aeolian. This mode, the one nearest to the modern minor scales, is equivalent to a to a' on the white notes of a keyboard. To get it, sing up an octave in tonic sol-fa beginning on la.

Lucy Broadwood does not identify the 22 tunes which are clearly Ionian (that is, they are in a major key). Nor does she ascribe a mode to numbers 11, 18, 5 and 13. Number 11 looks to be Ionian, in the key of D major, but the last three of its five c's are unsharpened. If the first two c's had also been unsharpened the tune would be Mixolydian. As it is the melody modulates from Ionian to Mixolydian after the first two lines of each verse. Number 18 looks to be Mixolydian and number 5 Aeolian. Number 13 has Dorian connections, but there is no 6th note to the scale (that is, the 'te' of the tonic sol-fa octave singing up from 'ray' is missing), and in one place the note immediately above the octave (the 'me' in tonic sol-fa) is flattened.

The fact that a clear majority of these songs are in the major scale challenges the received wisdom. We are told, for example, that "when it came to publishing, Broadwood selected out tunes which were in the simple major scale, and privileged those which were in other scales quite disproportionately, especially those which were 'modal.'"⁷ The research upon which this conclusion is based, however, analyses the "number of tunes published" but gives no indication of where they appeared.⁸ When she was publishing songs in the Folk Song Journal Lucy Broadwood does seem to have favoured modal melodies. These were more unusual, and probably of greater interest to Folk Song Society members. But English Traditional Songs and Carols was aimed at a wider popular audience which might be expected to prefer a good number of tunes in the familiar major scale.

As to which modes Lucy Broadwood personally preferred, we have a number of hints in her notes to English Traditional Songs

and Carols. Number 7, for example, "The Ages of Man", which is in the Mixolydian mode, is described as having "a fine tune." Number 8, "The Duke of Marlborough", is also Mixolydian. We are told of the text that "the airs sung to it are usually very fine and most often modal." Number 29, "The Poor Murdered Woman", and number 34, "Died of Love", are both credited with a "fine Dorian tune." Clearly, Lucy Broadwood had a "love of English folk songs in minor modes."⁹ But did she dislike, or was she indifferent to, melodies in the familiar major scale? It would seem not. In this collection, for example, number 16, "Death and the Lady", in the familiar major mode, is described as "a fine version." Another major tune, the one to number 26, "The Valiant Lady", is commended as "far more vigorous" than a corresponding tune in Chappell's Popular Music. The truth seems to have been that Lucy Broadwood's had a catholic taste in folk songs, and was fond of good traditional tunes irrespective of their mode or scale. This conclusion is reinforced by her comments on number 33, "The Lost Lady Found." This Dorian song from Lincolnshire is described as "delightful" while, at the same time, a version collected in Sussex by her uncle "before 1840" is commended for its "good major tune."¹⁰

Texts. In her Preface to English Traditional Songs and Carols Lucy Broadwood writes that "the weakness of folk song is most often apparent in its verse." She realised that often this verse did not come direct from the mouths of the people, but that "the words ...are derived, directly or indirectly, from broadsides." This, she argues, was a two way process, so that, in turn, many broadside ballads were collected from country singers. Even so, the broadsides' content was often "feeble stuff."

However, despite the shortcomings of her texts, Lucy Broadwood always argued that they were recorded and (usually) published accurately, and as transcribed from traditional singers. Of the songs in this collection, for example, she claims that "the original words of the singers remain ...unaltered, save in trifling instances where a false rhyme, forgotten line, nonsensical corruption, or the like, has made it absolutely necessary to correct them." Even then, the correction was only for the purposes of commercial publication and "the unaltered words may in many cases be found in the Journal of the Folk Song Society." In the case of the songs from Henry Burstow we know that he "wrote out the texts and sent them on after the collecting session,"¹¹ a practice which was likely to prove more exact and comprehensive than relying entirely on words recalled by the singer on the spur of the moment. Certainly, Lucy Broadwood went to great pains to print alternative versions and minor textual quibbles. These have been inserted into the texts as published here, and readers may find some of them unnecessarily precise to the point of nit-picking.

However, some modern commentators have doubted that this is the whole story.¹² The debate is too long to be fully summarised here. An interesting instance, however, is the case of song number 5, "I Must Live All Alone," which in its original form was clearly too saucy for an Edwardian audience. In her notes Lucy Broadwood claimed that "verses 1, 2 and 3, here given, are essentially the same as the first three of the five stanzas sung." But in fact they are not. What Henry Burstow actually wrote down and sung as his first verse was this:

As I was a-walking one morning by chance
I heard a maid making her moan,
I asked what was the matter, she said in a flutter
"I am obliged to lie tumbling alone, alone,
I am obliged to lie tumbling alone."¹³

Final Comment. It has been claimed that the English are the only nation in the world that treat their traditional music and dance with contempt. For an English morris dancer ridicule is an unavoidable occupational hazard, and a folk song culture based upon a defunct rural peasantry is unknown to or contemptuously shunned by sophisticated, street wise urban youth. Meanwhile, our authoritative body, the English Folk Dance and Song Society, has an ageing membership of a few thousand enthusiasts.¹⁴

In 1651, the era of Cromwell's Commonwealth and of its dance-hating Puritans, John Playford published his English Dancing Master. In his Preface, Playford made an observation which also applies to this volume. "These times and the nature of (The English Dancing Master)" he wrote, "do not agree." Even so Playford's book went into many editions and to-day his dances are widely performed. Miss Broadwood's Delight makes available, at reasonable cost, an important collection of traditional music that for many years has been difficult to obtain. Perhaps some day these beautiful songs will be as popular as Playford's dances, and Lucy Broadwood and the other pioneer collectors of English folk music will be better known and honoured.

1. Walter Ford, "Obituary: Lucy Etheldred Broadwood," Journal of the Folk Song Society 33 (December 1929): 168-9.
2. Ralph Vaughan Williams, "Lucy Broadwood: An Appreciation," Journal of the Folk Song Society 8, no. 1 (1927): 44-5. The material in these first two paragraphs of the Introduction is taken from: Lewis W. Jones, "Lucy Etheldred Broadwood: Poet and Song Writer," English Dance and Song 57, no. 4

- (Winter 1995): 2-3. Some of it is also replicated on page vi of Sweet Sussex, the companion volume to this one, of which details are given in the next paragraph of text below.
3. All quotations by Lucy E. Broadwood are taken from the Preface (pages ix-xii) and the Appendix (pages 113-125) of her English Traditional Songs and Carols, published in 1908 by Boosey and Co., London and New York.
 4. A recording of Joseph Taylor singing "Brigg Fair" was made by Percy Grainger in 1908. The track, together with Taylor's rendition of "Lord Bateman", is available on the CD entitled Hidden English (Topic, TSCD600).
 5. Vic Gammon, "Folk Song Collecting in Sussex and Surrey, 1843-1914," History Workshop 10 (Autumn 1980): 61-89. The information in this paragraph was taken from page 63.
 6. William Albery (ed.), Reminiscences of Horsham: Being Recollections of Henry Burstow, Horsham, 1911. Republished with a Foreword by A.E. Green and Tony Wales by Norwood Editions, Pennsylvania, 1975. The information here was taken from the Burstow's section "Songs and Song Singing" on pages 107 to 119.
 7. Dave Harker, Fakesong (Open University Press, 1985), 168.
 8. Gammon, op. cit., pp. 70-1.
 9. Lewis W. Jones, op. cit. in note 2 above, p. 3.
 10. Although this is evidence that, in principle, Lucy Broadwood liked major tunes, the specific assertion is, in fact, mistaken. Lucy Broadwood refers interested readers to Sussex Songs (1889). There, however, the only piece that fits the description is "Gypsy Song", which also appears as number 9 in Ferret Publication's Sweet Sussex. The tune to this song is certainly a "good" one. But it is not "major" but Mixolydian.
 11. Gammon, op. cit., p. 68.
 12. See, for example, Gammon, op. cit. and Harker, op. cit.
 13. Gammon, op. cit., p. 71. In Lucy Broadwood's defence, it would clearly have been very embarrassing, not to say self-defeating, for a respectable middle class spinster to have given precise details of the words she had amended.

14. If you would like to swim against the cultural tide and sign up you can obtain details from: The Membership Secretary, EFDSS, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, London, NW1 7AY. Telephone 0171-485-2206. Members get free copies of the Folk Music Journal and English Dance and Song, the right to borrow books free from the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, and various other benefits.
-

Notes for Singers and Accompanists

The first 4 verses of all songs have been aligned under the music, and any further verses have been placed as text after it. The melody line relates to the words of the first verse, and minor alterations may be needed to make the music fit the words of subsequent verses. For example, it may be necessary on occasions to replace a minim by two crotchets at the same pitch. Such adjustments will be easier to make if the tune is learnt thoroughly before the song is sung. Where space allowed in verses 2, 3 and 4 we have recommended, by the use of dots in the text lines, how syllables that stretch over more than one note might be sung. Where there was enough room, we have inserted similar dots in the text lines of the first verses to support the musical ties in the melody lines above them. We have also indicated how the songs might be performed ("Steadily", "Fast", "Boldly", etc.), but these recommendations may be ignored by those with different preferences.

We have suggested chords to accompany the songs, but these are optional, and you may prefer to sing the songs without accompaniment. Most of the chords are based on Lucy Broadwood's piano accompaniments. There are in general fewer chords than we used in Sussex Songs where, we feel, we may have inserted rather too many in places. Please ignore, amend or alter these chords if you wish.

Since the guitar is now the most common accompanying instrument the original piano settings have been omitted. For some of the tunes in remote keys alternative chords with capo positions have been provided for those who prefer simpler or more familiar fingerings.

Van Diemen's Land

No. 1.

Boldly

Dm F C Dm Am7 Dm

1. Come,.....all you gal- lant poach- ers, that ram- ble free from care,
 2. There.....was poor Tom Brown from Nott- ing-ham, Jack Will- iams, and poor Joe,
 3. Oh!.....When we sailed from Eng- land we land- ed at the bay,
 4. Oh!.....When that we were land- ed up- on that fat- al shore,

C Am Dm C G Am

That walk...out of...a moon- light night, with your dog, your gun, and snare;
 Were three...as dar...ing poach-.... ers as the count-ry well does know;
 We had rott...en straw for bedd..... ing, we.. dared not to say nay.
 The plant...ers they.came flock- ing round, full twent-y score or more;

Dm C G C

Where the lofty (or lusty)hare...and pheasant you.... have at your com... mand,
 At... night they were...tra- pann- èd by the keep- ers hid in... sand,
 Our... cots were fenced.with fi- re, (we.... slum- ber when we... can,)
 They.. ranked us up.....like hors- es, and.... sold us out of.... hand,

C7 G Am Em G Am7 Dm

Not think- ing that your last ca- reer is on Van Die- men's Land!
 And for four- teen years trans- port- ed were un- to Van Die- men's Land.
 To drive a-way the wolves and ti.....gers up- on Van Die- men's Land.
 They yoked us to the plough, my boys, to plough Van Die- men's Land.

5. There was one girl from England, Susan Summers was her name,
 For fourteen years transported was, we all well knew the same;
 Our planter bought her freedom, and he married her out of hand,
 Good usage then she gave to us, upon Van Diemen's Land.
6. Oh! Oft when I am slumbering, I have a pleasant dream:
 With my sweet girl I am sitting, down by some purling stream,
 Through England I am roaming, with her at my command,
 Then waken, broken hearted, upon Van Diemen's Land.
7. God bless our wives and families, likewise that happy shore,
 That isle of sweet contentment which we shall see no more.
 As for our wretched females, see them we seldom can,
 There are twenty to one woman upon Van Diemen's Land.
8. Come all you gallant poachers, give ear unto my song,
 It is a bit of good advice, although it is not long:
 Lay by your dog and snare; to you I do speak plain,
 If you knew the hardships we endure you ne'er would poach again.



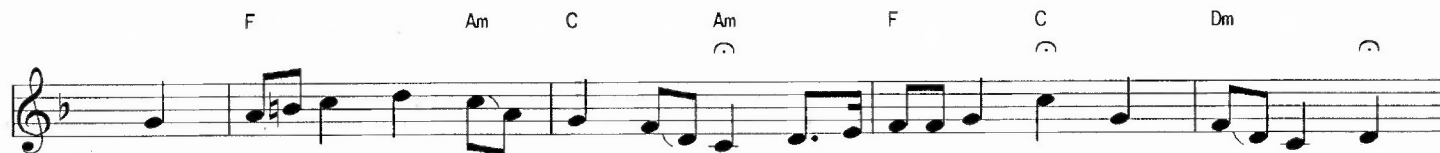
The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood

No. 2.

Moderately



1. There chanced to be... a... Ped- lar bold, A... Ped- lar bold..there chanced to...be;
 2. By chance he met.. two.. trouble- some men, Two.. trouble-some men...they. chanced to...be,
 3. "O Ped- lar, Ped.. lar,what's in thy pack? Come. speed-i- ly...and.. tell to... me."
 4. "If you have sev-eral suits of the gay green silk,And.. silk- en bow...strings two or... three,



He put.. his pack all.. on his.. back, And so mer-ri-ly trudg-èd o'er.. the lea.
 The one.. of them was.. bold Rob-in Hood, And the oth-er was Litt- le John.. so free.
 "I've sev.. eral suits of the gay green silks, And.... silken bow strings by two...or three."
 Then, by... my bo- dy" cries litt- le... John, "One.... half your pack shall be- long. to me."

5

"O nay, O nay," said the Pedlar bold,
 "O nay, O nay, that never can be,
 For there's never a man from fair
 Nottingham,
 Can take one half of my pack from me."

6

Then the Pedlar he pulled off his pack,
 And put it a little below his knee,
 Saying, "If you do move me one perch from
 this,
 My pack and all shall gang with thee."

7

Then little John he drew his sword,
 The pedlar by his pack did stand,
 They fought until they both did sweat,
 Till he cried, "Pedlar, pray hold your
 hand."

8

Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
 And he did laugh most heartily,
 Saying, "I could find a man of smaller
 scale,
 Could thrash the Pedlar and also thee."

9

"Go you try, master," says little John,
 "Go you try, master, most speedily,
 For by my body," says little John,
 "I am sure this might you will know me."

10

Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
 And the Pedlar by his pack did stand;
 They fought till the blood in streams did
 flow,
 Till he cried, "Pedlar, pray hold your
 hand."

11

O Pedlar, Pedlar, what is thy name?
 Come speedily and tell to me."
 "Come, my name I ne'er will tell,
 Till both your names you have told to me."

12

"The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
 And the other is little John so free."
 "Now," says the Pedlar, "it lays to my
 good will,
 Whether my name I choose to tell to thee."

13

I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
 And travelled far beyond the sea,
 For killing a man in my father's land,
 And from my country was forced to flee."

14

"If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green
 woods,
 And travelled far beyond the sea,
 You are my mother's own sister's son,
 What nearer cousins can we be?"

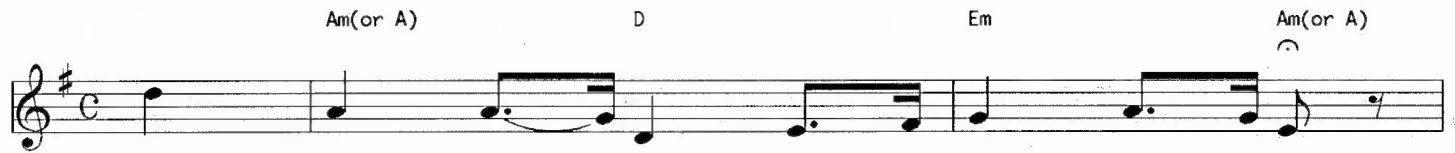
15

They sheathed their swords, with friendly
 words,
 So merrily they did agree,
 They went to a tavern and there they
 dined,
 And cracked bottles most merrily.

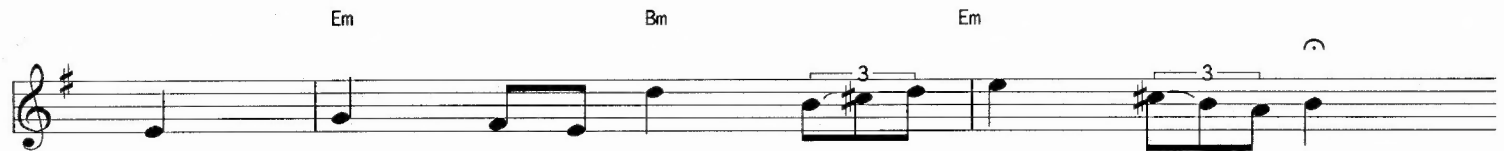
Through Moorfields

No. 3.

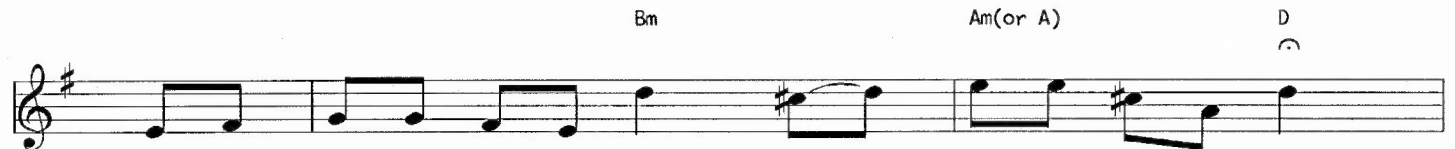
Slowly with feeling



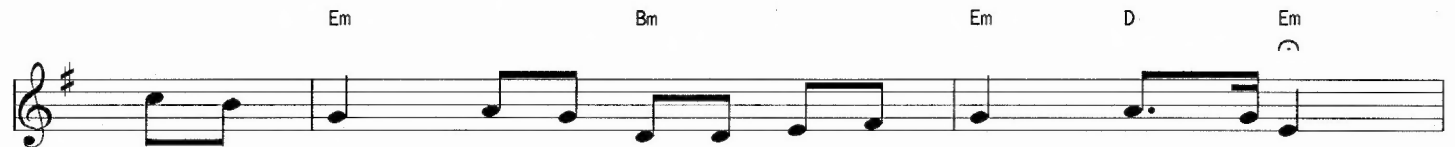
1. Through Moor.....fields, and to Bed- lam I went;
 2. "You've ba- nished my true love..... o'er the seas a- way;
 3. When the silk mer- cer..... first came to shore,
 4. The mer- cer hear- ing that, he was struck with sur-prise,



I heard a young dam- sel... to sigh and... la- ment;
 Which cau- ses me in Bed- lam... to sigh and... to say,
 As he was pass- ing..... by Bed... lam's door,
 When he saw through the win- dow... her beau- ti.... ful eyes;



She was wring- ing of her hands and..... tear- ing of her hair,
 That your cru- el base.... act- ions cause me to com- plain,
 He..... heard.... his true love la..... ment.... ing full sore,
 He..... ran..... to the port- er the truth.... for to tell,



Cry- ing "Oh cru- el par- ents you have been too se-vere!"
 For the loss of my dear.... has dis- tract- ed my brain!"
 Say- ing "Oh I shall nev- er..... see him a- ny more."
 Say- ing "Show me the way..... to the joy of my soul!"

5

The porter on the mercer began for to stare,
 To see how he was for the loss of his dear;
 He gave to the porter a broad piece of gold,
 Saying "Show me the way to the joy of my soul!"

6

And when that his darling jewel he did see
 He took her, and sat her all on his knee,
 Says she "Are you the young man my father sent to sea,
 My own dearest jewel, for loving of me?"

7

"Oh yes! I'm the man that your father sent to sea,
 Your own dearest jewel, for loving of thee!"
 "Then adieu to my sorrows, for they now are all fled,
 Adieu to these chains, and likewise this straw bed!"

8

They sent for their parents, who came then with speed;
 They went to the church, and were married indeed.
 So all you wealthy parents, do a warning take,
 And never strive true lovers their promises to break.

Bristol Town

No. 4.

Fast

Dm G Dm C F Dm Am



1. In Brist-ol town as I... have heard tell A rich mer-chant there... did dwell.
 2. Court-ed she was by ma-ny in the town, Court-ed she was by ma-ny a cle-ver man,
 3. Till a brisk young sai-lor he came from the seas. he did the la- dy well please;
 4. When her fa-ther came for to be told She was court-ed by this jol-ly sai-lor bold:

Dm F Am Dm G Dm



He had a daugh-ter beau-ti-ful and bright,... On her he fixed his own heart's de- light.
 Court-ed she was by ma-ny a cle-ver man,..... But none could this young la-dy's heart gain.
 He was a brisk young man al-though a sail-or poor, And the la-dy did the sai-lor a- dore.
 "No! Ne- ver! Ne- ver, oh! While I do live,..... Not a- ny por- tion un- to you. I'll give!"

5

"As for your portion I do not care,
 I'll wed the man whom I love so dear,
 I'll wed the man that I do love so,
 If along with him a-begging I go!"

6

Her father kept a valiant servant man,
 Who wrote a letter out of hand;
 This letter was the sailor to invite
 To meet her in the valley by night.

7

Her father kept a valiant Irishman,
 And fifty pounds he gave him out of hand,
 And a brace of pocket pistols likewise,
 He mounted, and away he did ride.

8

He mounted and away he did ride,
 Till at length the jolly sailor he espied,
 At length the jolly sailor he spied there,
 A-waiting for his joy and his dear.

9

He said "I am come to kill you indeed,
 Away! Back to some tavern with speed;
 Cheer up your heart with bowls of good
 wine,
 And soon I'll make you know my design:

10

I will go back to my master with speed,
 Saying "Master I have killed that man,
 indeed!
 I have buried him all in his grave so low,
 Where streams and fountains over him do
 flow."

11

In course of time the rich merchant died,
 Which filled the lady's heart full of
 pride;
 Now she's married to that man, you know,
 so brave,
 Who her father thought was dead, and in
 his grave."



I Must Live All Alone

No. 5.

Moderately

Em Am Em Am

1. As I was a- walk- ing one morn- ing by chance,
 2. I said "My fair maid,.... pray whence have you strayed?
 3. When I was e- lev- en I had sweet- hearts seven,
 4. Oh! Come back from sea, my dear John- ny to me,

Em Am Em

I heard a maid mak- ing her moan.
 And are you some dist- ance from home?"
 And then I would look up- on none;
 And make me a bride of your own!

B7 Em

I asked why she sighed, and she sad- ly re- plied
 "My home," re- plied she "is a burd- en to me,
 But now all in vain I must sigh and com- plain,
 r else for your sake my poor heart it will break,

C D Em D B

"A- las I must live all a- lone, a- lone,
 For there I must live all a- lone, a- lone,
 For my true love has left me a- lone, a- lone,
 And here I will diee all a- lone, a- lone,

Em Am Em

A... las! I must live all a- lone!".....
 For.. there I must live all a- lone!".....
 For my true love has left me a- lone!".....
 And.. here I shall die all a- lone!".....

Rosetta and Her Gay Ploughboy

No. 6.

Merrily

G Am7 D G D G A D



1. You con- stant lov- ers give at- ten- tion While a tale to... you I tell,
 2. At break of day each sum- mer's morn- ing Will- iam for his... hors- es went,
 3. She sat and sung of her sweet Will- iam, As she milked her... spott- ed cow;
 4. Her fa- ther came in- to the dair- y, While she sung her tale of love,

G Am D G D



Con- cern- ing of two lov- ers true, who in one house..for... years did dwell:
 And as he viewed bright Phoebus dawn- ing, He would list-..ten... with con- tent
 And he would sigh for his Ross- ett- a All the day...while. at the plough;
 He fixed his eyes to her sur- prise, And swore by all....the... powers a- bove

G A D G D7 Bm A D



Ro- set- ta was a far- mer's daugh-ter, and al- ways was her pa- rents' joy,
 To the.....voice of sweet Ros- ett- a, Which charmed young Will- iam's heart with joy;
 And as.....even- ing did app- roach Ros- ett- a tript a- long with joy;
 That he was told the huss- y bold a- long with pov- ert- y did toy,

G Am D G C G A D



Till Cu- pid in a snare had caught her, With her fa- ther's gay plough-boy.
 With voice so shrill she loved young Will, Who was her fa- ther's gay plough-boy.
 With voice so shrill to meet young Will, Who was her fa- ther's gay plough-boy.
 And that long time she had been court- ing Of young Will, her gay plough-boy.

5

Rosetta said "My dearest father,
 Shall I speak with courage bold?
 I milk my cow, I love the plough,
 I value William more than gold."
 Then in a cellar he confined her,
 Where no one could her annoy,
 And with delight, both day and night,
 She sighed for Will, her gay ploughboy.

7

At length grim death her father summoned
 From this sinful world of care,
 And then to his estate and fortune
 Rosetta was the only heir.
 Then she and William were united,
 No one could their peace destroy,
 The village bells did call Rosetta,
 And young Will, her gay ploughboy.

6

Fifteen long months on bread and water
 Sweet Rosetta was confined,
 So fast in love had Cupid caught her,
 No one thing could change her mind.
 Her father strove with all his might
 Her happiness for to destroy,
 But nothing could Rosetta daunt,
 She doted on her gay ploughboy.

8

For miles around the lads and lasses
 Merrily for them did sing,
 At their wedding all was joyful,
 And the village bells did ring.
 No couple can be more contented,
 Their happiness none can destroy,
 They sing with joy "God speed the plough,"
 Rosetta and her gay ploughboy.

The Ages of Man

No. 7.

Steadily



1. In prime of years, when I was young I took de- light in youth-ful toys,
2. At twice.. seven, I must needs go learn What disc-i-pline was taught at school;
3. At three times seven, I wex-èd wild, And man-hood led me to be bold;
4. At four times seven I must (take a wife)/(wive) And leave off all my want-on ways,



Not know-ing then what did be- long Un- to the plea- sure of those days.
 When good from evil I could disc-ern I thought my-self no more a fool.
 I thought my-self no more a child, My own con- ceit it so me told.
 Think- ing there-by per- haps to thrive And save my-self from sad dis- grace.



At sev'n years old I was a child, And sub-ject for to be be- guiled.
 My pa-rents were con- triv-ing then How I might live when (I became)/(grown) a man.
 Then I did vent- ure far and near To buy de- light at price full dear.
 So fare ye well, comp- an-ions all, For oth-er bus- iness doth me call.

5

At five times seven, I would go prove
 What I could gain by art or skill;
 But still against the stream I strove,
 I bowled stones up against the hill.
 The more I laboured with might and main,
 The more I strove against the stream (or)
 and strove in vain.

6

At six times seven, all covetousness
 Began to harbour in my breast,
 My mind then still contriving was
 How I might gain all worldly wealth,
 To purchase lands, and live on them,
 To make my children mighty men.

7

At seven times seven, all worldly care
 Began to harbour in my brain;
 Then I did drink a heavy draught
 Of water of experience plain.
 Then none so ready was as I,
 To purchase, bargain, sell, or buy.

8

At eight times seven, I waxèd old,
 I took myself unto my rest;
 My neighbours then my counsel craved
 And I was held in great request.
 But age did so abate my strength
 That I was forced to yield at length.

7

9

At nine times seven, I must take leave
 Of all my carnal vain delight (or) vanity,
 And then full sore it did me grieve,
 I fetched up many a bitter sigh.
 To rise up early, and sit up late
 I was no longer fit, my strength did
 abate (or)
 I was not fit, strength did abate.

10

At ten times seven, my glass was run,
 And I, poor silly man, must die,
 I lookèd up, and saw the sun
 Was overcome with crystal sky.
 And now I must this world forsake,
 Another man my place must take.

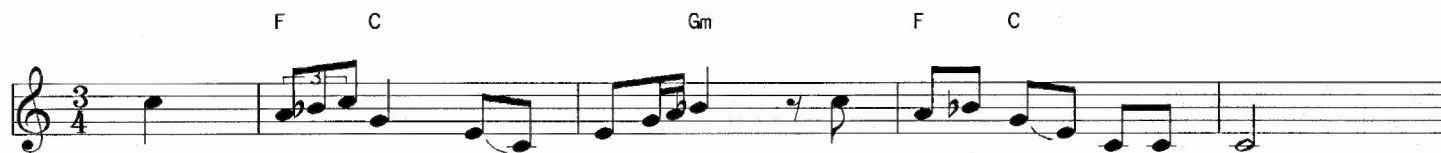
11

Now you may see within the glass
 The whole estate of mortal man;
 How they from seven to seven do pass,
 Until they are three score and ten,
 And, when their glass is fully run,
 They (must) leave off where they first
 begun.

The Duke of Marlborough

No. 8.

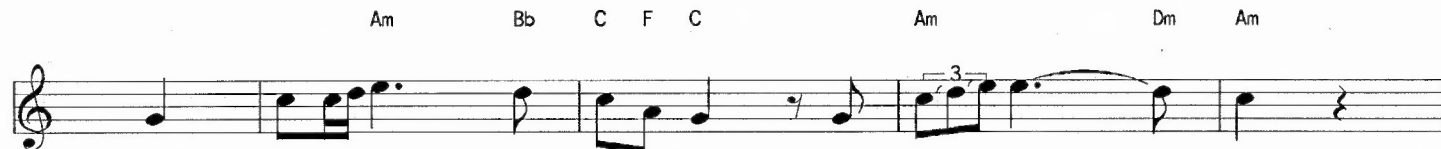
Solemnly but not too slowly



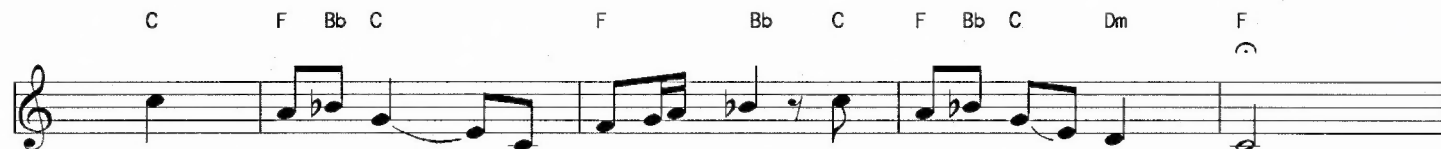
1. You ge- ne- rals all, and.. champ- ions bold, That take de- light in the field,
 2. I am.. an Eng- lish- man by my.. birth, And Marl- b'rough is.... my name,
 3. King Charles the Se- cond.. I did. serve, To face our foes.... in France,
 4. Now we.. have gained the.. vic- to- ry, And brave- ly kept... the field,



That knock down pa- la- ces and cas- tle walls, But now to Death... must yield,
 In Dev- on- shire... I.... drew my.. breath, That place of no-.... ted fame,
 And at.. the bat-.. tle of Ram- il- ies We bold- ly did..... ad- vance;
 We've took. a num-... ber of pris- on- ers And for- cèd them... to yield.



Oh! I must go and face the foe, With sword. and..... shield;
 I was be- loved by all my men, Kings and.. Prin- ces like- wise;
 The sun was. down, the earth did shine, So loud- ly I did cry:
 That ver- ry. day my horse was shot, All by.. a mus- ket ball;



I al- ways fought... with mer- ry.. men, But now to Death.. must yield!
 Though man- y towns.... I of- ten. took, I did the world.. sur- prise.
 "Fight on, my brave boys... for Eng- land! We'll con- quer, or we'll no- bly die!"
 As I was moun- ting... up a.. gain My aide- de- camp... did fall.

5

Now on a bed of sickness laid,
 I am resigned to die;
 Yet generals all, and champions bold,
 Stand true as well as I:
 Take no bribes! Stand true to your colours!
 And fight with courage bold!
 I have led my men through fire and smoke,
 But ne'er was bribed with gold.



The Wealthy Farmer's Son

No. 9.

Fast



1. Come all you pret- ty fair maids, and lis- ten to my song,
 2. "Where are you going young Nan- cy, this morn- ing bright and gay?
 3. "Be not in haste young Nan- cy," this young man he did say,
 4. "Kind Sir, you must ex- cuse me," this maid- en did re- ply,



While I re- late a.... sto- ry that does to love be- long.
 Or why do you walk. here a- lone? Come tell to me I pray."
 "And I will bear you.. comp- a- ny and guard you on the way,
 "I will not walk with. an- y man un- til the day I die;



'Tis of a bloom- ing dam- sel walked through the fields so gay,
 "I'm go- ing to yon- der ri- ver side, where fish- es they do swim,
 I live on yon- der ri- ver side, where fish- es they do swim,
 I have a sweet- heart of my own, and him my heart has won:



And there she met her... true love, And he un- to her did say:
 All for to gath- er.... flow- ers that... grow a- round the brim."
 Where you may gath- er.... flow- ers that... grow a- round the brim."
 He lived in yon- der... cott- age, a..... wealth- y farm- er's son."

5. "And pray what is your lover's name?" he unto her did say,
 Though in my tarry trousers, perhaps I know him may."
 She said "His name is William, from that I'll never run;
 This ring we broke at parting. He's a wealthy farmer's son."
6. The ring out of his pocket he instantly then drew,
 Saying "Nancy, here's the parting gift; one half I left with you.
 I have been pressed to sea, and many a battle won;
 But still your heart could ne'er depart from me, the farmer's son."
7. When these words she heard him say, it put her in surprise,
 The tear-drops they came trickling down from her sparkling eyes.
 "Oh, soothe your grief!" the young man cried,
 "the battle you have won,
 For Hymen's chains shall bind us - you, and the farmer's son."
8. To church then, went this couple, and married were with speed.
 The village bells they all did ring, and the girls did dance indeed.
 She blessed the happy hour she in the fields did run,
 To seek all for her true love, the wealthy farmer's son.

The Merchant's Daughter
or The Constant Farmer's Son

No. 10.

Moderately

F

Bb



1. It's of a mer-.. chant's daugh- ter In Lon-don town did dwell
2. Long time young Will-i- am court-ed her, and fixed their wedd- ing day,
3. A fair was held.. not far from town; these broth-ers went straight- way,
4. These vill-ains then.. re- turning home "O sis-ter they did say,

F

Gm

F



So mod- est fair and hand... some her par-ents loved her.... well.
Their par- ents all.. con- sent- ted, but her broth-ers both did.... say
And asked young Will-i-am's comp-a-ny with them to pass the.... day;
Pray think no more.. of your false love, but let him go his.... way,

Dm

Am

Dm

C

Bb



She was ad-mired by lord and squire, but. all their thoughts were vain,
"There lives a lord who pledged his word, and.... him she shall not shun;
But mark re-turn- ing back a-gain they... swore his race was run,
"For it's truth we tell, in love he fell, and.... with some oth- er one;

F

Gm

F



For on- ly one,. a far- mer's son young Ma-ry's heart did.. gain.
We will be- tray. and then we'll slay her con-stant farm- ers.. son."
Then, with a stake, the life did take of her con-stant farm- ers.. son.
There- fore we come. to tell the same of the con-stant farm- ers.. son."

5. As on her pillow Mary lay, she had a dreadful dream,
She dreamt she saw his body lay down by a crystal stream,
Then she arose, put on her clothes, to seek her love did run,
When, dead and cold, she did behold her constant farmer's son.
6. The salt tear stood upon his cheeks, all mingled with his gore,
She shrieked in vain, to ease her pain,
and kiss'd him ten times o'er,
She gathered green leaves from the trees, to keep him from the sun,
One night and day she passed away with the constant farmer's son.
7. But hunger it came creeping on; poor girl she shrieked with woe;
To try and find his murderer she straightway home did go,
Saying "Parents dear, you soon shall hear, a dreadful deed is done,
In yonder vale lies, dead and pale, my constant farmer's son."
8. Up came her eldest brother and said "It is not me,"
The same replied the younger one, and swore most bitterly,
But young Mary said, "Don't turn so red, nor try the laws to shun,
You've done the deed, and you shall bleed
for my constant farmer's son!"
9. Those villains soon they owned their guilt, and for the same did die;
Young Mary fair, in deep despair, she never ceased to cry;
The parents they did fade away, the glass of life was run,
And Mary cried, in sorrow died for her constant farmer's son.

Henry Martin

or Salt Seas

No. 11.

With spirit



1. There were..... three bro- thers in mer- ry Scot- land,
 2. The lot..... it fell..... on Hen- ry Mar- tin,
 3. They had..... not sailed... three cold wint- er's nights,
 4. "Where are..... you go- ing?" said Hen- ry Mart- in,

D G D



In mer- ry Scot- land liv- ed these.....
 The young.... est of..... the three.....
 Nor scarce- ly cold wint- er's nights three.....
 "How dare..... you sail..... so nigh?".....

D A D A D Am D



And they did cast lots.... one with... the o-..... ther, o-..... ther,
 To go a Scotch rob- bing all on the salt sea,... salt sea.....
 Be- fore they esp- ied.... a loft-y tall ship,... tall ship.....
 "I'm a rich merch-ant's ship.... to fair Eng- land bound, Eng- land bound,.....

C D A D



To know who should rob the salt seas.....
 To main- tain his two... broth- thers and he.....
 Come sail- ing all... on the salt sea.....
 So I pray you to.... let me 'pass free/by!"

5

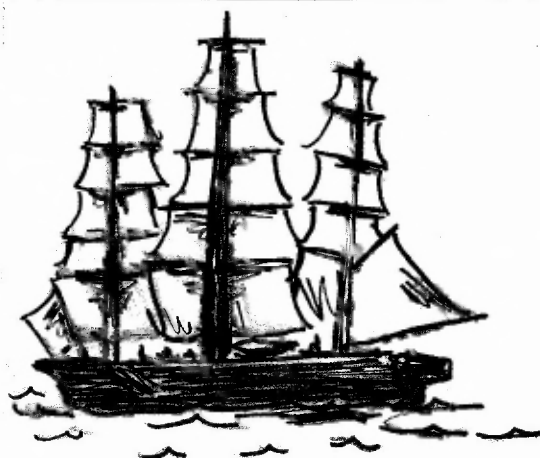
"Oh, no! Oh, no!" cried Henry Martin
 "Such a thing as that never can be,
 For I'm a Scotch robber, all on the salt
 sea, salt sea,
 To maintain my two brothers and me!"

7

Bad news, bad news, my brave Englishmen,
 Bad news I now bring to town:
 The rich merchant's ship she is now cast
 away, cast away,
 And the most of her merry men did drown.

6

So broadside to broadside in battle they
 went,
 They fought full two hours or three,
 Till Henry Martin gave her her death
 wound, death wound,
 And down to the bottom sank she.



Georgie

or Banstead Downs

No. 12.

Steadily

A E A D E A



1. As I rode o- ver Ban- stead Downs, One.. mid- May morn- ing ear-..... ly,
2. Say- ing "Geord- ie nev- er stood on the King's high- way, He... nev- er rob- bed mon-..... ey,
3. Oh, come and sad- dle my milk- white steed, And.. brid- le it all rea-..... dy,
4. And when she came to the good Lord Judge She fell down on her knees al- rea-..... dy,

Bm A D A



There I es- pied a pret- ty fair maid La- ment- ing for her Geor- gie.
 But he stole fif- teen of the King's fat deer, And sent them to Lord Na-.. vey."
 That I may go to my good Lord Judge And ask the life of my Geor- gie."
 Say- ing "My good Lord Judge, come pit-.. ty me, Grant me the life of my Geor- gie."

5

The Judge looked over his left shoulder,
 He seemed as he was very sorry:
 "My pretty fair maid, you are come too
 late,
 For he is condemned already.

7

"I wish I was on yonder hill,
 Where times I have been many!
 With a sword and buckler by my side
 I would fight for the life of my Georgie."

6

He will be hung in a silken cord
 Where there has not been many,
 For he came of royal blood,
 And courted a virtuous lady."



Boney's Lamentation

[or Abdication]

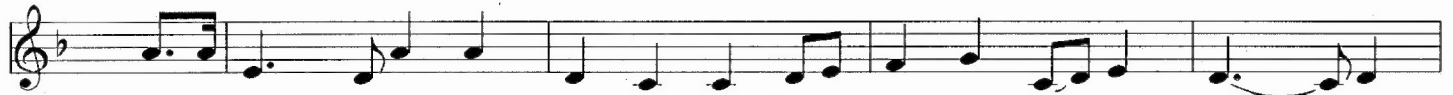
No. 13.

Boldly



1. At... tend, you sons of... high re- nown,. To these few lines which I pen down:
 2. I.... did pur- sue the Eg- ypt- ians sore,. Till Turks and A- rabs lay in gore;
 3. To... Leip- sic town my... sold- iers fled.. Mon- mart-re was strewed with Pruss- ian dead,

Dm C F C F
 Am Dm Am Dm Am Dm



I was born to wear a state-ly crown, And to rule a weal- thy na-..... tion.
 The.... rights of France I did re- store So... long in con... fisc- a..... tion.
 We.... marched (them)forth, in- vet- er- ate, To... stop a bold.. in- va..... sion.
 (men)

Bb F Eb C F



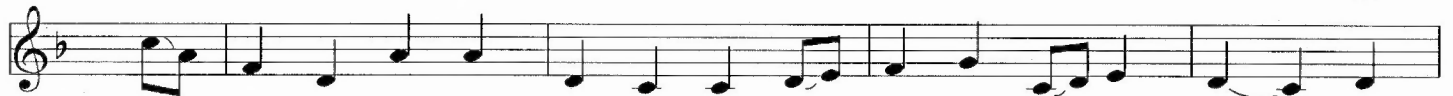
I am the man that beat Beau- lieu, And.. Wurm- ser's will did.. then sub-due;
 I chased my foes through mud and.. mire Till. in desp- air my... men did tire.
 Fare- well, my roy- al spouse, once. more, And.. off- spring great, whom. I a- dore!

Dm C Dm C Dm Am Dm F C



That great Arch- duke I o- ver- threw; On ev- 'ry plain my men were slain.
 Then Mosc- ow town was set on fire, My men were lost Through wint- er frost;
 And may you that great throne re- store, That is torn a way, With- out de- lay!

Dm Am F Am Dm C Dm



Grand trea- sures, too, I did ob- tain, And.. got ca- pi-.. tu- la-..... tion.
 I.... ne'er be- fore re- ceived such blast Since the hour of my... cre- a..... tion.
 Those kings of me have made a prey, And.. caused my (la.. ment- a..... tion.)
 (ab.. dic- a..... tion.)

Belfast Mountains

No. 14.

With expression

G A D G A D



1. All on those/the Bel-fast moun- tains I heard a maid com- plain,
 2. Oh, John -ny! my dear jew- el, don't treat me with dis- tain!
 3. "My dear, I'm sor- ry for you, that you for me should grieve,
 4. If I'd but all those dia- monds on yond- er rock that grow

A D G D A



Mak- ing forth her la-.. men- ta.....tion down.. by some/a purl- ing stream,
 Nor.. leave me here. be- hind.....you in... sor- row to comp- lain!"
 I.... am en- gaged al- read.....y; 'tis... you I can't re- lieve."
 I would give them to... my Chesh- ire lad if his love to me he'd show."

D A D F# Bm A D A



Say- ing "My heart is fet-.....tered, fast in the bonds of love,
 With her arms she clasps a- round.....him, like vio- lets round the vine,
 "Since it is so, my John-.....ny, for ev- er I'm un- done,
 Wring- ing her hands and cry-.....ing "My John- ny dear fare- well!"

D G A D F#m D



All by a false pre- ten- der who doth in- con- stant prove.
 Say- ing "My bon- ny Chesh- ire lad, you've stole this heart of... mine."
 All by this shame and scand- al I shall dist- ract- ed... run.
 Un- to those Bel- fast Mount- ains my sorr- ow I will. tell.

5. It's not those Belfast Mountains can give to me relief,
 Nor is it in their power to ease me of my grief;
 If they'd but a tongue to prattle to tell my love a tale,
 Unto my bonny Cheshire lad my mind they would reveal."¹

1. Lucy Broadwood put a margin note against verse three: "omit when singing." This was presumably because of the suggestion of unmarried pregnancy contained in lines 3 and 4.

The Young Servant Man
or The Two Affectionate Lovers

No. 15.

With spirit



1. It's of a dam- sel both fair and hand-some, (These lines are true,.....as I've been told.)
 2. As those two lov- ers were fond-ly talk-ing, Her fa- ther heard them and near them drew;
 3. So he built a dung- eon with bricks and mor-tar, With a flight of steps, for it was un- der-ground;
 4. Young Ed- win found her.... hab-i-ta- tion, It was se- cured by an ir- on door.



Near the banks of Shan- non, in a lof-ty man-sion, Her fa- ther gar- ner'd great stores of gold.
 As... those two lov- ers were.. fond-ly talk-ing, In ang-er home her.... fath- er flew;
 The food he gave her was... bread and wat-er, The on- ly com- fort for her was found.
 He vowed in spite.....of... all the na- tion He would gain her free- dom, or rest no more.



Her hair was black as a ra- ven's fea-ther, Her form and fea- tures oh! de- scribe who can?
 To build a dung- eon was his in- tent- ion, to part true love.. he con- trived a plan,
 Three times a day he.... cruel-ly beat her, Un- to her fath- er she thus be- gan:
 So, at his leis- ure he toyed with plea- sure To gain the free- dom of Ma- ry Ann;



But still, it's a fol- ly be- longs to Na- ture: She fell in love with a ser- vant man.
 He swore an oath.....by all his man- sion He'd part that fair one from her ser- vant man.
 "If I've trans- gressed, ...my dear- est fa- ther, I will lie and die for my ser- vant man."
 And when he had found.. out his trea- sure She cried my faith- ful young ser- vant man!"

5

Said Edwin "Now I've found my treasure
 I will be true to you likewise,
 And for your sake I will face your father;
 To see me here it will him surprise."
 When her father brought her bread and
 water
 To call his daughter he then began,
 Said Edwin "Enter, I've freed your
 daughter,
 I will suffer - your servant-man!"

7

When her father found him so tender-
 hearted,
 Then down he fell on the dungeon floor,
 Saying that love should never be parted,
 Since love can enter an iron door.
 So soon they're one, to be parted never,
 And roll in riches this young couple can,
 This fair young lady is blessed with
 pleasure,
 Contented with her young servant-man.

6

When her father found that she was
 vanished,
 Then like a lion he thus did roar,
 Saying "From Ireland you shall be
 banished,
 And with my sword I will spill your gore!"
 "Agreed," said Edwin, "I freed your
 daughter,
 I freed your daughter, do all you can;
 But forgive your treasure, I'll die with
 pleasure,
 For the one in fault is your servant-man."

Death and the Lady

No. 16.

Slowly

G

D

G



1. [Death] "Fair la -dy lay/throw those cost- ly robes.. a- side,
 3. [Death] "Do you not know me? I will tel... you then:
 5. [Death] "Talk not of noon! You might as well... be mute;
 7. [Lady - cont.] Are there not man- y bound in pri... son strong

D

G



No long- er may you glo- ry in... your pride.
 I am he who conqu- ers all the sons.. of men,
 There is no time at all for vain.. dis- pute,
 In bit- ter grief? And souls that lang- uish long,

D



Take leave of all your carn- al vain de- light;
 No pitch of hon- our from my dart is free,
 Your rich- es, gold, and gar- ments, jew- els bright,
 Who could but find the grave a place of rest

G

D

G



I'm come to summ- on you a- way this night."
 My name is Death! Have you not heard of me?"
 Your house, and land, must on new own- ers light."
 From all their grief, by which they are opp- rest?

D

G



2. [Lady] "What bold att-empt is this? Pray let... me know
 4. [Lady] "Yes; I have heard of thee, time af-... ter time;
 6. [Lady] "My heart is cold; it trem- bles at... such news!
 8. "Be- sides there's man- y with a hoar- y head

B



From whence you come, and with- er I... must go.
 But be- ing in the glo- ry of... my prime,
 There's/Here's bags of gold, if you will me... ex- cuse
 And pals- ied joints; from whom all joy.. is fled.

The Three Butchers
or Gibson, Wilson and Johnson

No. 17.

Lively

C Dm C G C

1. A sto-ry I will.. tell to... you it is of butch-ers three:
2. Now as they rode a.... long the.. road as fast as they could ride/hie,
3. "Oh wo-man, wo-man... John-son.. cries,"Oh pray, come tell to me,
4. Now John-son be-ing a..... val-iant. man, he bore a val-iant mind,

Em Dm G C

Gib-son, Wil-son, and John.....son, mark.. well what I do say;
"Spur on your horse" says John.....son, "For I hear a wo-man cry!"
Oh wo-man, wo-man" John.....cries, "Have you got an-y com-pan-y?"
He wrapped her up in his great-coat, And... placed her up be-hind.

G C F C

Now as they had five hun...dred pounds, all on a mar- ket day,.....
And as they rode in- to....the wood the scene they spied/scanned a- round,.....
"Oh, no! no! no!" the wo...man cries, "A- as how can that be,.....
And as they rode a- long...the road as fast as they could ride,.....

G (C) G C G C

Now as they had five hund- red pounds to pay up-on their way,
And there they found a wo...man lay a swoon- ing on the ground.
When here have been ten swagg-er-ing blades who've robbed and beat-en me?"
She put her fin- gers to....her ear and gave a screek-ful cry.

Am Dm C F C

Chorus: With my hey ding ding, With my ho, ding ding, With my high ding ding, high dey.....

G F C G C

[Or] May God keep all.. good peo- ple from such bad comp- an- y!
May Hea- ven keep. good peo- ple from such bad comp- an- y!

5. With that, came out ten swaggering blades,
with their rapiers ready drawn/in their hand.
They rode up to bold Johnson, and boldly bid him stand.
"Oh, I cannot fight," says Gibson, "I am sure that I shall die!"
"No more won't I," cries Wilson, "for I will sooner fly!"
With etc.
6. "Come on, come on!!" cries bold Johnson, "I'll fight you all so free!
And, woman, stand you here behind; we'll gain the victory!"
The very first pistol Johnson fires was loaded with powder and ball,
And, out of these ten swaggering blades five of them did fall.
With etc.
7. "Come on! Come on!" cries bold Johnson, "there are but five for me,
And, woman, stand you there behind; we'll gain the victory!"
The very next pistol Johnson fired was loaded with powder and ball,
And out of these five swaggering blades
there's three of them did fall.
With etc.
8. "Come on! Come on!" cries bold Johnson, "there are but two to me,
And, woman, stand you there behind; we'll gain the victory!"
As Johnson fought these rogues in front, the woman he did not mind,
She took his knife all from his side
and ripped him down behind/and stabbed him from behind.
With etc.
9. "Now I must fall," says Johnson, "I must fall to the ground!
For relieving this wicked woman she gave me my death wound!
Oh! Woman, woman, woman, what have you been and done?
You have killed the finest butcher that ever the sun shone on!"
With etc.
10. Now, just as she had done the deed some men came riding by,
And, seeing what this woman had done, they raised a dreadful cry.
Then she was condemned to die in links, and iron chains so strong,
For killing of bold Johnson, that great and valiant man.
With etc.



I. The Unquiet Grave

or How Cold the Winds Do Blow

No. 18.

With expression

G D Em D G D G D



1. "How cold the winds do blow, dear love! And a few small drops of rain!
 2. I'll do as much for my true love As any young girl may:
 3. When twelve months and a day were up Then he began to speak
 4. "It's I, it's I, your own true love, Your own true love!" says she,

G Em G D (D7 v.7 only)G(not v.7) D7(D in v.7)



I... never,nev-er had but one true love; In the green- wood he...was slain.....
 I'll sit and mourn up-.. on his grave for a twelve- month and.a day....."
 Say-ing "Who is that..sits up- on my grave,And will not let.. me sleep?....."
 "One.. sing- le sweet kiss from your clay-cold lips!That's all I want. from thee!....."

5

"My lips they are as cold as clay
 My breath is earthy and strong,
 And if you were to kiss my clay-cold lips
 Your life would not be long.

7

They're withered and dried up, dear love,
 Never to return any day,
 So it's you, and I, and all must die
 When Christ calls us away."¹

6

It's down in yonder garden, love,
 Where you and I used to walk,
 There's finest flowers that ever grew
 That's withered to the stalk.

1. Lucy Broadwood suggests, in a note of 1908, that "the two beautiful stanzas ...which end Mrs. Jeffreys' version" (number 20 below) "may be used as an ending to the above."

II. The Unquiet Grave

or How Cold the Winds Do Blow

No. 19.

With expression

G D C G



1. "How cold the winds do blow, dear..love! And a few small drops of... rain!
 2. I'll do as much for my true..love As any young girl. may:
 3. When twelve months and a day were..up Then he be- gan to... speak
 4. "It's I, it's I, your own true..love, Your own true love!" said. she

D G Am D G



I nev-er,nev-er had but.. one true love, In the green-wood he was.. slain.
 I'll sit and mourn all.. on his grave For twelve months and a.... day."
 "Oh, who is it sits up-.. on my grave And will not let me... sleep?"
 One sing- le kiss from your clay- cold lips! That's all I want from. thee!"

5
 "My lips they are as cold as (any) clay,
 My breath is heavy and strong,
 And if you were to kiss my clay-cold lips
 Your life it won't be long.

7
 They're withered and dried up, dear love,
 Never to return any day,
 So it's you, and I, and all must die
 When Christ calls us away."

6
 It's down in yonder garden, love,
 Where we were used to walk,
 There's finest flowers that ever grew
 All withered to the stalk.

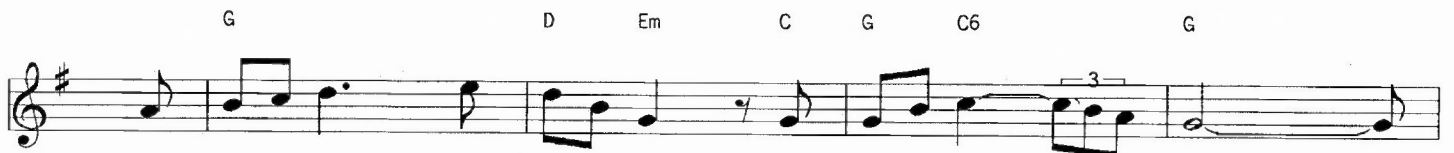
III. The Unquiet Grave
 or Cold Blows the Wind

No. 20.

With expression



1. "Cold blows the wind o'er my true love, Cold blow the drops of... rain,
 2. I'll do as much for my true love, As an- y young girl. may:
 3. But when twelve months were come and gone This young man he a.... rose:
 4. One kiss, one kiss of your li- ly white lips, One kiss is all I.... crave!



I nev-er had but one true love, In green-wood he.... was slain.
 I'll sit and weep down by his grave For twelve months and... a day."
 "What makes you weep down by my grave? I can't take my.... re- pose."
 One kiss, one kiss of your li-ly white lips, And re- turn back.... to your grave."

5
 "My lips they are as cold as clay,
 My breath is heavy and strong;
 If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips,
 Thy days would not be long!

7
 My time be long, my time be short,
 Tomorrow or to-day,
 Sweet Christ in heaven will have my soul,
 And take my life away."

6
 O don't you remember the garden grove
 Where we was used to walk?
 Pluck the finest flower of them all,
 'Twill wither to a stalk."

8
 "Don't grieve, don't grieve for me, true
 love,
 No mourning do I crave;
 I must leave you and all the world,
 And sink down in my grave."



Oh, the Trees are Getting High

No. 21.

With expression

A E Am

1. "Oh! The trees are get- ting high and the leaves are grow- ing green;
 2. Oh moth-... er! Dear moth-.... er you've done to me much wrong!
 3. "It's daught- ter! Dear daught-.. er! I have done you no wrong;
 4. "Oh! moth-... ther! Dear moth..... er" I'm but a child it's true,

E A Bm

The time is gone and past, my love, that you and I have seen!
 You've marr- ied me to a bonn- y boy, his age it is so young!
 I have marr- ied you to a bonn- y boy, he is some rich lord's son,
 I'll go back to my old coll- ege for an- oth- er year or two;

E A E A E

'Twas on a win- ter's eve-.... ning, as I sat all a- lone,
 His age is on- ly twelve,, and my- self scarce-ly thir- teen!"
 And a lad- y he will make.... you that's if you will be made,"
 I'll cut off my yell- ow hair,... put my box up- on my head,

A E A

here I spied a bon- ny boy..... young but grow- ing.
 Say- ing "My bonn- y boy is young... but a- grow- ing."
 Say- ing "Your bonn- y boy is young... but a- grow- ing."
 And I'll gang a- long with it..... to the coll- ege."

5. And at the age of thirteen he was a married man;
 And at the age of fourteen he was father of a son;
 And at the age of fifteen then his grave was growing green:
 So there was an end to his growing.

Our Ship She Lies In Harbour

No. 22.

Moderately

G D7 D G D7 G C G C D



1. "Our ship she lies in har-.... bour, Just read- y to... set sail,
 2. Said the fath- er to the daught-.. er, "What makes you so... lam- ent?
 3. Said the daught- er to the fath-.... er, "I'll tell [you]the rea-son why:
 4. If that's your in- clin- a-..... tion," the fath- er did.. re- ply,

C D Em D7 G



May heav- en be... your guard- ian love, Till I re- turn from sea."
 Is there no man.. in all the world Could give your heart cont- ent?"
 You have sent a- way.. that sail- or lad That could me - sat- is- fy."
 I wish he may.. cont- in- ue there, And on the seas may die!"

5

She, like an angel weeping,
 On the rocks sighed every day,
 Awaiting for her own true love
 Returning home from sea.

6

"Oh, yonder sits my angel!
 She's waiting there for me,
 To-morrow to the church we'll go,
 And married we will be."

7

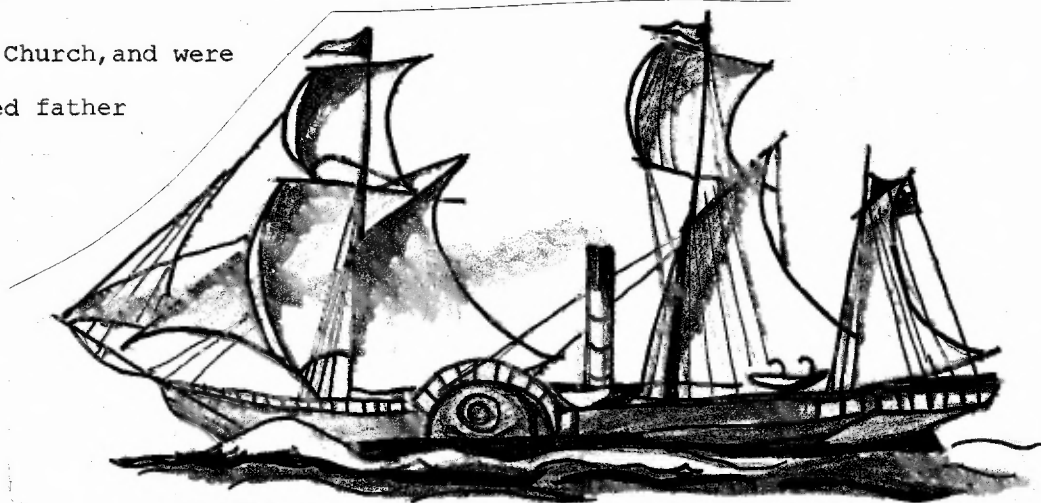
When they had been to Church, and were
 Returning back again,
 She espied her honoured father
 And several gentlemen.

8

Said the father to the daughter,
 "Five hundred pounds I'll give,
 If you'll forsake that sailor-lad
 And come with me to live."

9

"It's not your gold that glittered,
 Nor yet your silver that shined,
 For I'm married to the man I love
 And I'm happy in my mind!"



The Irish Girl
or The New Irish Girl

No. 23.

Moderately fast



1. A- broad as I was walk-.... ing, down by the riv- er side,
2. Her shoes were of the Span- ish black, all span- gled round with dew,
3. The ver- y last time I saw my love she seemed to lie in pain,
4. I wish my love was a red rose, and in the gar- den grew,

G D D7 G D D7 D



I gaz- ed all a- round.... me. an Ir- ish girl..I spied;
She wrung her hands she tore her hair cry- ing "Love what shall.I do?
With sorr- ow grief and ang-..... uish her heart was broke.in twain:
And I to be the gar- den- er; to her I would.be true.

C G C D



So... red and rub- y were her cheeks and... yell- ow was...her hair,
I'm.. go- ing home! I'm go- ing home! I'm... go- ing home.." said she,
"Oh there's man- y a man that's worse than he, then.. why should I....com- plain?
There's not a month through- out the year, but... love I would.re- new;

G D Em G D



And cost- ly were the robes of gold my Ir-...ish girl did wear.
"Why will you go a rov-..... ing, and slight your dear Pol- lie?"
Oh! love is such a kill.. ing thing! Did you ev-...er feel the pain?"
With lill- ies I would gar-..nish her, sweet Wil- li- am, thyme and rue.

5. I wish I was a butterfly, I'd fly to my love's breast;
I wish I was a linnet, I'd sing my love to rest;
I wish I was a nightingale, I'd sing till morning clear,
I'd sit and sing to you, Pollie, the girl I love so dear.
6. I wish I was at Exeter, all seated on the grass,
With a bottle of whisky in my hand, and on my knee a lass.
I'd call for liquor merrily, and pay before I go;
I'd hold her in my arms once more, let the wind blow high or low.¹

1. Note (1908) on verse 6: may be omitted when singing.

The Little Lowland Maid

No. 24.

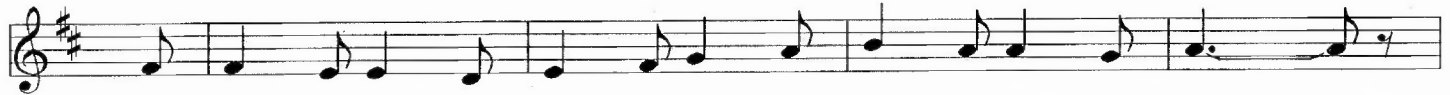
Lively

D A G A



1. It's of a pret- ty sail- or lad who ploughed the storm- y sea,.....
 2. As Mar- y Ann was stand-... ing down by her cott- age door.....
 3. "Good morn- ing," said false Mar- y Ann, "I'm glad to meet with you;.....
 4. She seemed to be so scorn- ful, so the sail- or says "Be- hold!....."

Bm Em (D) G A



He dressed him-self in tar- ry clothes, like one in pov- er- ty;.....
 She frowned up- on her sail- or lad who seemed to be so poor.....
 Have you for- got your own true love, or changed your love for new?.....
 All from his trous- ers pock-.... et he pulls a bag of gold.....

D G D G A



His pock- ets being well li..... èd, though of the sail.. or trade,.....
 She looked just like a godd-... ess, in jew- els rich.. arr- ayed,.....
 Or is your incl- i- na..... tion all on some oth-.. er strayed?.....
 So then re- plied false Mar- y Ann "Ex- cuse me what.. I said!.....

D G D A D



For to try the heart of Mar- y Ann, the litt- le Low- land Maid.....
 But the thorn was in the bloss- om of the litt- le Low- land Maid.....
 So be- gone!" said love- ly Mar- y Ann, the litt- le Low- land Maid.....
 You're wel- come to the cott- age and the litt- le Low- land Maid....."

5. "Oh no! Deceitful damsel, your falseness shall be paid,
 For I can lie till morning in some distant barn or shed."
 It was the hour of twelve o'clock young Mary Ann did stray,
 And she told some other comrade where the sailor he did lay.
6. They went with their dark lanterns and daggers in their hands,
 They rode through wood and meadows, and past the muddy lands;
 "Cheer up your hearts," said Mary Ann, "and do not be betrayed,
 We will rob and slay the sailor for the little Lowland Maid."
7. They both then plunged their daggers into the sailor, deep;
 They robbed him of his glittering gold, and left him there to weep.
 A gamekeeper was watching them; all from his wood he strayed,
 Then he swore against the villain and the little Lowland Maid.
8. They both then stood their trials, and were condemned, and cast;
 And on the fatal gallows-tree they both were hung at last.
 There were thousands flocked to see them, and scornfully they said
 "Begone! You cruel monster, and the little Lowland Maid!"

The Rich Nobleman and his Daughter

No. 25.

Merrily



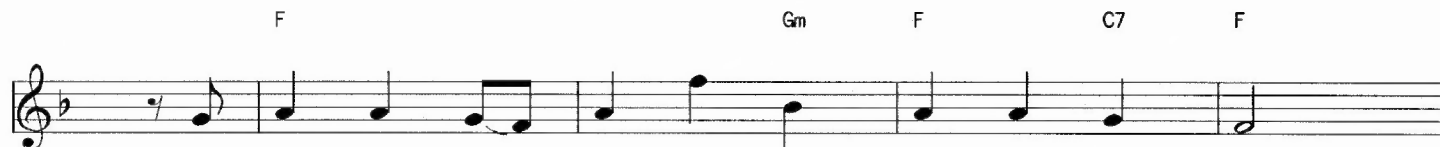
1. It's of a rich no- ble- man late- ly, we hear;
 2. Her fath- er being dead,.... and she at her ease,
 3. Great rapt- ures of love this youn- la- dy did show,
 4. Then she and her maid they agr- eed both to go



He had but one daught- er, most beau- ti- ful, fair;
 To gaze on her work folks did ride in their chaise;
 To gaze on his beau- ty to the fields she did go;
 And dress them- selves up in some reg- i ment- al clothes,



And she was a- dor- ed, most beau- ti- ful child,....
 Til at length a young plough- boy came whist-... ling by,.....
 When he whilst- led so sweet- ly he made the groves ring,.....
 With broad- sword in hand..... they marched through the grove.....



A bloom- ing young. dam- sel that has me be- guiled.
 And on this young. plough- boy she fix- ed her eye.
 And his cheeks were like.. ros- es that bloom in the Spring.
 To press this young. plough- boy with a warr- ant of love.

5

Then, with this love letter she had in her hand:
 "Here's an order for sea without more demand!
 No cares and no troubles, great bounty you'll take,
 No danger on sea, you your fortune will make!"

6

Then in a close room this young man was confined
 Till she changèd her dress; then she told him her mind.
 Then she like an angel for beauty did appear,
 And said "I'll prove true to thee, ploughboy so dear."

7

Now married this loving young couple they were,
 In a sweet country life, and free from all care.
 No cares and no troubles shall e'er them annoy,
 They'll be happily blessed with a fountain of joy.



The Valiant Lady

or The Brisk Young Lively Lad

No. 26.

Resolutely

G D7 G D G D7 G D G



1. It's of a brisk young live-ly lad Came out of Glouces-ter shire,.....
 2. This coup- le was a- walk-.... ing They loved each oth-.er well;.....
 3. 'Twas in the Spring-time of the year There was a press.be- gun;.....
 4. In man's app- a- rel then she did Res- olve to try...her fate;.....

D7 G D G D G



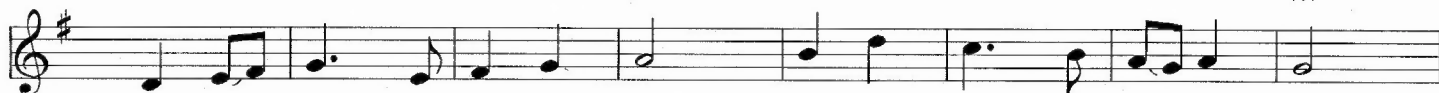
And all his full in- ten- tion was to court a la... dy fair.....
 And some- one heard them talk-.... ing And did her fath- ther tell.....
 And all their full in- ten- tion was to press a farm- er's son.....
 And in the good ship where he rid She went as surg- eon's mate.....

D G E7 Am D



Her.. eyes they shone like morn- ing dew, Her hair was fair to see;
 And.. when her fath- er came to know And un- der- stand this thing,
 They. press- ed him and sent him out Far o'er the rag- ing sea,
 She.. says "My sold- ier shall not be Destr- oyed for want of care;

G D G D7 G



She was.. grace, in form and face, And was fixed in mod..est- y.
 Then said. he "From one like thee I'll free my daught- er in...the Spring!"
 "Where I'm.. sure He will no more Keep my daught- er comp-an- y!"
 I will. dress, and I will bless, What- so- ev- er I....end- ure!"

5

The twenty-first of August
 There was a fight begun,
 And foremost in the battle
 They placed the farmer's son.
 He there received a dreadful wound
 That struck him in the thigh,
 Every vein
 Was filled with pain,
 He got wounded dreadfully.

6

Into the surgeon's cabin
 They did convey him straight,
 Where, first of all the wounded men,
 The pretty surgeon's mate
 Most tenderly did dress his wound,
 Which bitterly did smart;
 Then said he
 "Oh! One like thee
 Once was mistress of my heart!"

7

She went to the commander
 And offered very fair:
 "Forty or fifty guineas
 Shall buy my love quite clear!
 No money shall be wanted,
 No longer tarry here!"
 "Since 'tis so
 Come let's go!
 To old England we will steer!"

8

She went unto her father's gate
 And stood there for a while;
 Said he "The heavens bless you!
 My own and lovely child!"
 Cried she "Since I have found him,
 And brought him safe to shore,
 Our days we'll spend
 In old England,
 Never roam abroad no more!"

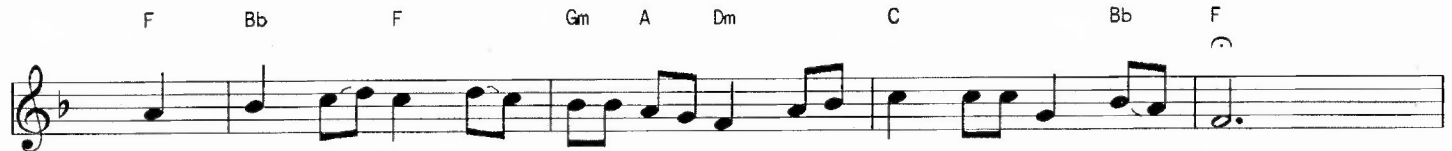
The Moon Shines Bright

[Christmas Carol]

No. 27.



1. Oh, the moon shines bright, and the stars give a light; Oh, a lit- tle be-fore the day,
 2. A-... wake, a-... wake, good peo- ple... all, A-... wake and.. you shall hear:
 3. So... dear, so... dear Christ lov- èd... us, And.. for our.. sins got slain;
 4. Oh, the life of... man it is but a..... span, He... flour-ish-es like a flower,



Our Lord our.. God He... calls up-on us all, And he bids us a- wake and.. pray.
 Our bless-èd... Sav- iour. died up-on the cross, Say-ing Christ lov-èd us so... dear.
 We'll all leave of our.. wick-ed, wick-ed way, And.. turn to the Lord a-... gain.
 He's here to-.. day and to- morr-ow he is gone, And he's dead all in an... hour.

5
 Oh, teach your children well, good man,
 As long as here you stay,
 For it might be better for your sweet
 soul,
 When your body lies under the clay.

6
 There's a green turf at your head, good
 man,
 And another at your feet.
 God bless you all, both great and small,
 And I hope you a happy New Year.¹

1. Note (1908): Some versions have:
 Your good deed and your evil
 Will all together meet.

King Pharoah

[Gypsy Christmas Carol]

No. 28.

Sweetly



1. King. Pha- raoh.. sat a.... mu-.....sing, a mu- sing all a.... lone;
 2. "Say.. where did you come from. good.....man, Oh, where did you then. pass?"
 3. "Oh... if you... come out of E-.....gypt, man, One thing I ween thou. knowst:
 4. For if this is true, is... true,....good man, That you have told to... me,



There came a/the bles..sed.. Sa-.....viour, And all to him un- known.
 "It is out of the land..of... E-.....gypt, Bet- ween an ox and ass."
 Is Je- sus sprung from. Mar-.....y And of the Hol- y Ghost?
 Make this roast- ed cock..to... crow three times In the dish that here we see!"

[Original Version]

1
King Pharim sat a-musing,
A musing all alone;
There came a blessed Saviour,
And all to him unknown.

2
"Say, where did you come from, good man,
Oh, where did you then pass?"
"It is out of the land Egypt,
Between an ox and an ass."

3
"Oh, if you come out of Egypt, man,
One thing I fain would know,
Whether a blessed Virgin Mary
Sprung from an Holy Ghost?

4
For if this is true, is true, good man,
That you've been telling to me,
That the roasted cock do crow three times
In the place where they did stand."

5
Oh, it's straight away the cock did fetch,
And feathered to your own hand,
Three times a roasted cock did crow,
On the place where they did stand.

6
Joseph, Jesus and Mary
Were travelling for the west,
When Mary grew a-tired
She might sit down and rest.

7
They travelled further and further,
The weather being so warm,
Till they came unto some husbandman
A-sowing of his corn.

8
"Come husbandman!" cried Jesus,
"From over speed and pride,
And carry home your ripened corn
That you've been sowing this day.

9
For to keep your wife and family
From sorrow, grief and pain,
And keep Christ in your remembrance
Till the time comes round again."

[Restored Version]

1
King Pharaoh sat a-musing,
A-musing all alone;
There came the blessed Saviour,
And all to him unknown.

2
"Say where did you come from, good man?
Oh, where did you then pass?"
"It is out of the land of Egypt,
Between an ox and ass."

3
"Oh, if you cone out of Egypt, man,
One thing I ween thou know'st:
Is Jesus sprung of Mary
And of the Holy Ghost?

4
For if this is true, is true, good man,
That you have told to me,
Make this roasted cock to crow three times
In the dish that here we see!"

5
Oh, it's straight away the cock did rise,
All feathered to the hand,
Three times the roasted cock did crow,
On the place where they did stand.

6
Joseph, Jesus and Mary
Were travelling for the west,
When Mary grew a-tired
She might sit down and rest.

7
They travelled further and further,
The weather being so warm,
Till they came unto a husbandman
A-sowing of his corn.

8
"Come husbandman!" cried Jesus,
"Throw all your seed away/aside,
And carry home as ripened corn
That you have sowed this day/tide;

9
For to keep your wife and family
From sorrow, grief and pain,
And keep Christ in remembrance
Till the time comes round again/
Till seed times comes again.

The Poor Murdered Woman

No. 29.

Moderately

(Am) C G C G C Dm

1. It was Han- key the.... squi- èr, as I have heard say,
 2. A- bout eight o'..... clock, boys, our dogs they threwed off,
 3. They whipp- èd their.. dogs off, and kept them a- way,
 4. They mount- ed their.. hors- es, and rode off the ground,

F G C Am

Who rode out a hunt- ing on one Sat- ur- day.
 On Leath- er- head Comm- on and that was the spot;
 For I do think it's prop- er he should have fair play;
 They rode to the vill- age, and al-armed it all round,

C F G Am F

They hunt- ed all day,..... but noth- ing they found
 They tried all the bush- es, but noth- ing they found
 They tried all the bush- es, but noth- ing they found
 "It is late in the eve-.. ning, I am sor- ry to say,

C Dm Am G C Dm

But a poor mur- dered.. wo- man, laid on the cold ground.
 But a poor mur- dered.. wo- man, laid on the cold ground.
 But a poor mur- dered.. wo- man, laid on the cold ground.
 She can- not be re-.... mov- èd un- til the next day."

5

The next Sunday morning, about eight o'clock,
 Some hundreds of people to the spot they did flock;
 For to see the poor creature your hearts would have bled,
 Some odious violence had come to her head.

6

She was took off the common, and down to some inn,
 And the man that has kept it, his name is John Simms.
 The coroner was sent for, the jury they joined,
 And soon they concluded, and settled their mind.

7

Her coffin was brought; in it she was laid,
 And took to the churchyard that was called Leatherhead,
 No father, no mother, nor no friend, I'm told,
 Come to see that poor creature put under the mould.

8

So now I'll conclude, and finish my song,
 And those that have done it, they will find themselves wrong.
 For the last day of Judgment the trumpet will sound,
 And their souls not in heaven, I'm afraid, won't be found.

The Hampshire Mummers' Christmas Carol

No. 30.

Slowly

C F C F F6 C



1. There is six good days all in the.. week, All for a.... lab- our-ing man,
 2. On... Sun- day go to church, dear. man; Down on our.. knees we must fall,
 3. Bring up your child-ren well, dear man, Whilst they are.. in their.. youth,
 4. Now the fields they are as green, as... green, As green as... an- y..... leaf,

Em Dm G C F C G C



But the sev-enth is the Sabb-ath of our Lord.. Je-sus Christ, The.. Fath-er... and the Son.
 And.. then we must pray that the Lord.. Je-sus Christ, He will bless and.. save us all.
 For.. it might be bett-er for.. your.. sweet.. soul When you go to the Lord Je-sus Christ/of Truth.
 Our.. Lord our.. God He has wa-... tered.. them With the heav- en-ly dew so sweet.

5

In hell it is dark, in hell it is dim,
 In hell it is full of lies;
 And that is the place where all wicked men
 must go
 When they part from the Lord Jesus Christ.

6

Then take your Bible in your hand
 And read your chapter through;
 And when the day of judgment comes,
 The Lord remember you.

7

Then bring us some of your Christmas ale,
 And likewise your Christmas beer;
 For when another Christmas comes
 We may not all be here.

8

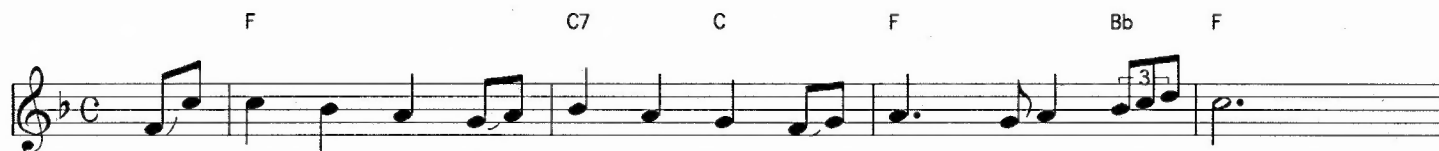
With one stone at your head, oh man,
 And another stone at your feet.
 Your good deeds and your evil
 Will all together meet.



The Sussex Mummers' Christmas Carol

No. 31.

Sweetly



1. When.. right-eous Jo- seph.. wedd- ed was Un-.. to a virtuous/virgin maid;
 2. O..... mor- tal man re.... mem- ber well When. Christ our Lord was.... born,
 3. O..... mor- tal man re.... mem- ber well When. Christ died on the.... rood;
 4. O..... mor- tal man re.... mem- ber well When. Christ was wrapt in.... clay,



A glor- ious an- gel from heav- en... came, Un- to that vir- tuous maid,.....
 He was cru- ci fied... be- twixt two.. thieves And crown- ed with the thorn,.....
 'Twas for our sins... and wick- ed... ways... Christ shed his prec- ious blood,.....
 He was tak- en to..... a se- pul.. cre.... Where no man ev- er lay,.....



Un- to..... that.. vir- tuous/virgin maid.
 And crown- ed... with..... the thorn.
 Christ shed..... His... pre- cious blood.
 Where no..... man... ev- er lay.

5

God bless the mistress of this house
 With gold all/chain round her breast;
 Where e'er her body sleeps or wakes,¹
 Lord, send her soul to rest.

7

God bless your house, your children too,
 Your cattle and your store;
 The Lord increase you day by day,
 And send/give you more and more.

6

God bless the master of this house
 With happiness beside;
 Where e'er his body rides or walks
 Lord Jesus be his guide.

1. Note (1908): "Wherever she sleeps or where she weeps" in another version.

The Lost Lady Found

No. 33.

Boldly

(Am) Em G Em Bm Em



1. 'Twas down in a vall- ey a fair maid.. did.. dwell,
 2. Long time she'd been miss- ing, and could not... be... found;
 3. The trust- ee spake up, with a cour- age... so... bold,
 4. There was a young squi- re that lov- ed.... her.. so,

G Em G Bm



She lived with her un- cle, as all knew.. full.. well.
 Her un- cle he search- ed the coun- try... a.... round,
 "I fear she's been lost for the sake of.... her... gold;
 Oft times to the school- house to- geth- er.... they did go;

(Am) G Em G A D A



'Twas down in the vall- ey, where vi- o lets were gay,
 Till he came to her trust- ee be- tween hope and fear,
 So we'll have life for life, sir," the trust- ee did say,
 I'm a- fraid she is mur- dered; so great is my fear,

D A F#m D Em Bm Em



Three gyp- sies be- trayed her and stole her.. a... way!
 The trust- ee made an- swer, "She has not.. been. here!"
 We shall send you to pris- on, and there you.. shall stay."
 If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to... my... dear!"

5. He travelled through England, through France and through Spain,
 Till he ventured his life on the watery main;
 And he came to a house where he lodged for a night,
 And in that same house was his own heart's delight.
6. When she saw him, she knew him, and flew to his arms,
 She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms.
 "How came you to Dublin, my dearest, I pray?"
 "Three gypsies betrayed me, and stole me away."
7. "Your uncle's in England; in prison doth lie,
 And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die."
 "Carry me to old England, my dearest," she cried;
 "One thousand I'll give you, and will be your bride."
8. When she came to old England, her uncle to see,
 The cart it was under the high gallows tree.
 "Oh, pardon! Oh, pardon! Oh, pardon! I crave!
 Don't you see I'm alive, your dear life to save?"
9. Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
 The bells they did ring, and the music did play;
 Every house in the valley with mirth did resound,
 As soon as they heard the lost lady was found.

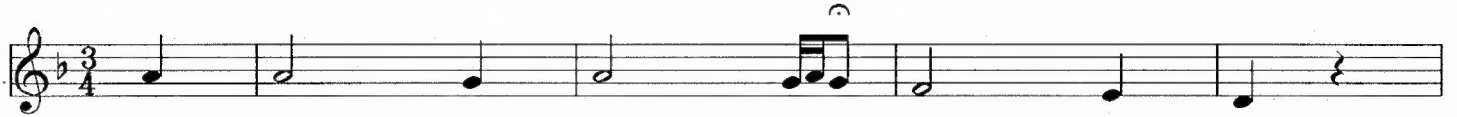
Died of Love

or A brisk Young Lad He Courted Me

No 34.

With expression

Dm



1. A brisk young lad came.. court- ing me,
 2. There is a flow'r, I've.. heard them say,
 3. Dig me my grave both.. wide and deep;

Bb

Em

Am

Dm

Am



He stole a- way..... my lib- er- ty;
 Would ease my heart.... both night and day;
 Set a mar- ble stone at my head and feet;

Dm

F

Dm



He... stole my heart with a free good will.....
 I.... would to God, that flow'r I could find.....
 And a turt- le white dove..... carve o- ver a- bove.....

G

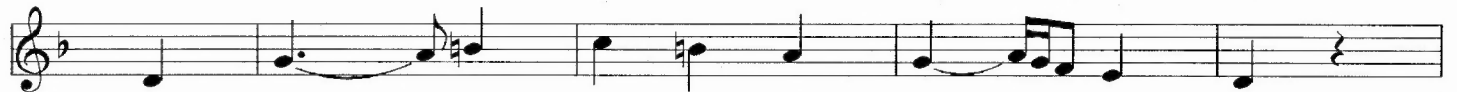
Am

C

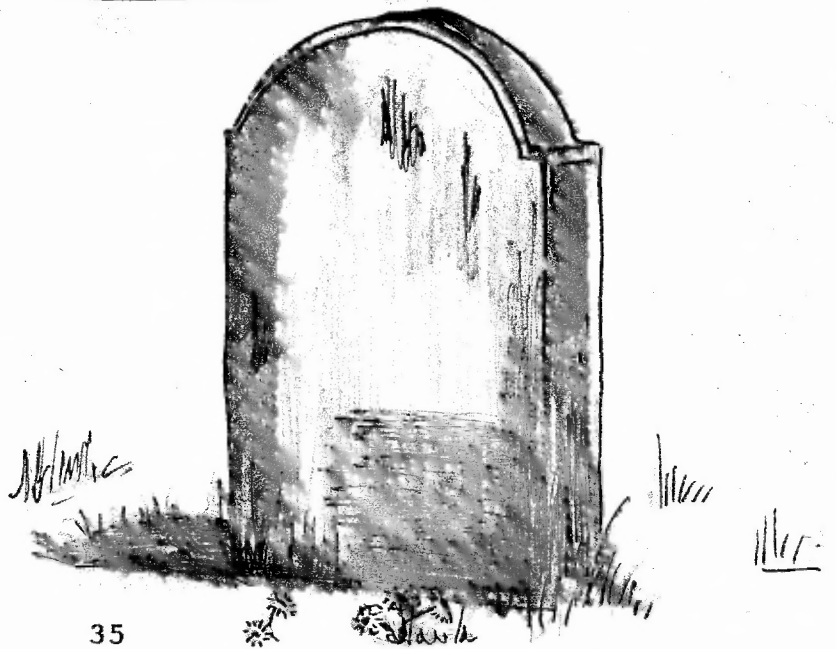
Dm

Am

Dm



He has..... it now, and he'll keep..... it still.
 That would ease..... my heart, and my trou-..... ling mind!
 To let the world know that I died..... of love



King Henry, My Son

No. 35.

Moderately

(Capo 1)

Fm(Em) Bbm(Am) Fm(Em)

1. "Oh,..... where have you been wand-... 'ring, King Hen-.... ry my son?
 2. "And..... what did she give.... you, King Hen-.... ry my son? Oh,.....
 3. "And..... what will you leave your sweet-.. heart, King Hen-.... ry my son? Oh,.....

Bbm(Am) Eb(D) Fm(Em)

Where have you been wand-.... 'ring, my..... prett- y one?"
 What did she give.... you, my..... prett- y one?"
 What will you leave your sweet-... heart, my..... prett- y one?"

Cm(Bm) Ab(G) Bbm(Am) Db(C) Ab(G)

I've..... been to my sweet-heart's moth-er; make my bed soon,
 She.....: fried me some padd- ocks moth- er; make my bed soon,
 My.....: gart- ter to hang her moth- er; make my bed soon,

Db(C) Ab(G) Fm(Em)

For I'm sick to... the heart, and would fain lay me down."
 For I'm sick to... the heart, and would fain lay me down."
 For I'm sick to... the heart; I would fain lay me down."

Travel the Country Round

No. 36.

Lively (Capo 1)

Ab(G)

Db(C) Ab(G)



1. I am a jov-ial rang-er, I fear. no kind of dang-er;
 2. When first of all I start-ed, From all.. my friends I part-ed,
 3. When up to Lon-don I wand-ered A deal. of mon-ey I squand-ered,
 4. Now I grew quite de-ject-ed, As well. might be ex-pect-ed,

Eb(D)

Ab(G)

Eb(D)

Bb(A)

Eb(D)



To sorr-ow I'm a strang-er, and so let mirth a- bound.
 All all- most brok- en heart- ed, Al- as! what grief I found!
 I mast- ers tried a hund- red, No work was to be found.
 My- self I then dir- ect- ed To Read- ing, and was "bound."

Ab(G)

Eb7(D7)

Ab(G)



I once had a fit of lov-.. ing, But, that cont-rar- y prov- ing,
 Till Lon- don had fair- ly touch- ed me, No part of com- fort reach- ed me,
 And as I wand- ered up and down, Some called me "a fool," some "count-ry clown,"
 As soon as I had arr- ived.. there, some work for me was contr- ived.. there,

Eb(D)

Ab(G)

Eb(D)

Ab(G)



It set my mind a-rov- ing To trav-el the count- ry round!
 The devil/Old Harry had sure-ly be- witched me To trav-el the count- ry round!
 And bade me get out of their fine town To trav-el the count- ry round!
 And I for a- while was de- prived there, From trav- 'lling the count- ry round!

5

Six months, or more, I tarried,
 Till of Reading I grew wearied,
 My roaming fancy fired
 To see some other town.
 To Oxford then I hasted,
 A week or more I wasted,
 As long as money lasted
 I travelled the country round.

6

So now in Oxford my station;
 And here, to my vexation,
 A foolish new temptation
 To rest awhile I found.
 A maid I met so pretty,
 So good, so wise, so witty,
 I thought it were surely a pity
 To travel the country round.

7

Now I the case must alter,
 For fear that I should falter,
 And be led in a halter
 To church (a dismal sound!)
 I made a resolution,
 Which I put in execution,
 It suited my constitution
 To travel the country round

8

So now at home¹ I'm seated
 My travels are all completed,
 These words I have repeated,
 So awhile I'll sit me down;
 Quite cured of all my moving,
 As well as of all my loving,
 I'll go no more a-roving
 To travel the country round.

1. Note (1908): The singer substitutes the name of the nearest town for "at home."

Oh, Yarmouth is a Pretty Town

No. 37.

Sadly (Capo 3)

Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G)

1. Oh, Yar- mouth is a prett-y town, And.. shines where. it... stands,
 2. The rout came on... Sun- day On... Mon- day we march'd a- way;
 3. Will you go on... board of ship? My... love will..... you try?
 4. Oh, Yar- mouth is a prett-y town, And.. shines where. it... stands,

F(D) Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G) Eb(C) Bb(G)

And the more I think on it The.. more it runs.. in my mind;
 The drums they did.. beat, And the mus-.. ic... did... play.
 I'll buy you as fine sea fare As... mon-.. ey.... will.. buy;
 And the more I thing on it The more it runs.. in my mind;

Eb(C) Bb(G)

The more I.... think. of it It... makes my heart... to grieve.
 Man-y hearts were. re-... joic- ing, But.. my.... heart was.. sad,
 And whilst I'm.. on.... sent- ry I'll guard you from.. all.. foe!
 The more I think. of it It... makes my heart... to grieve.

Cm(Am) Eb(C) Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G)

At the sign of... the... "An- gel" Prett-y Nan- cy... did.. live.
 To part from. my.... true love What a full heart I.... had!
 My love will you go.... with me? But her ans- wer.. was.. "No!"
 At the sign of the "An- gel" Prett-y Nan I.... did.. leave.



Some Rival Has Stolen My True Love Away

No. 38.

Lively



1. Some. ri- val has sto- len my true love a- way,
 2. When. I have found out my true love and de- light,
 3. Here's a health to all lov- ers that are loy- al and just!



So... I in old Eng- land no long- er can stay,
 I'll. wel- come her kind- ly by day or by night;
 Here's con- fus- ion to the ri- val that lives in dis- trust!



I will swim the wide. o- cean all round by/my fair Brest/breast.
 For the bell shall be a- ring- ing, and the drums make a noise,.....
 But it's I'll be as... con- stant as a true. turt- le dove,.....



To.. find. out my... true love whom. I love the best.
 To.. wel- come my... true love with. ten thous- and joys.
 For I nev-er will at... no time prove false to my love.





**Ferret
Publications**

Sutton Coldfield