



SONGS of the WEST

TRADITIONAL BALLADS and SONGS
of the WEST of ENGLAND
collected by

S. BARING-GOULD M.A.

and

H. FLEETWOOD. SHEPPARD. M.A.

Arranged for
VOICE and PIANO

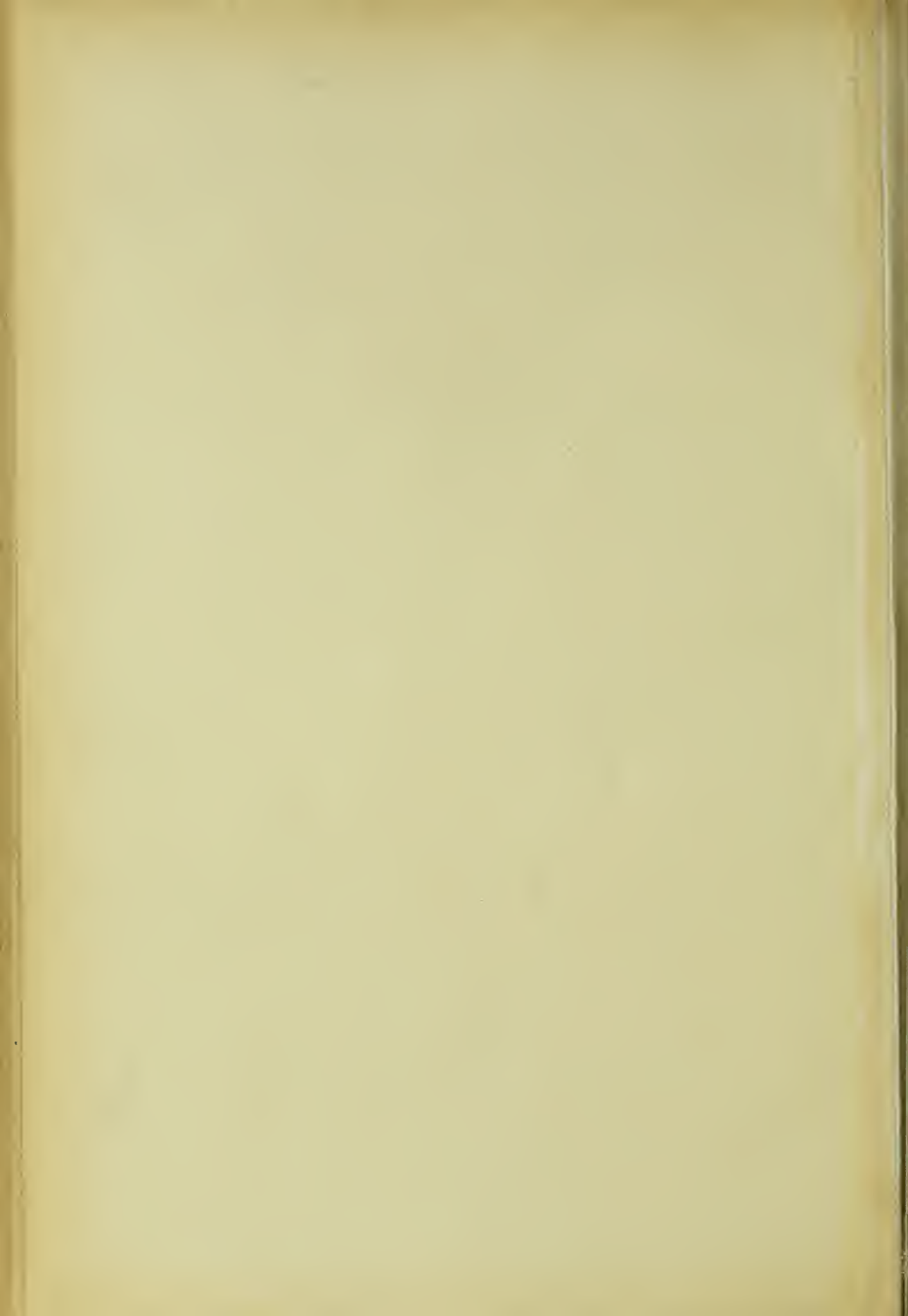
PART IV.



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LONDON
METHUEN & CO 13 BURY STREET W.C.
PATEY & WILLIS 44 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET W.



SONGS AND BALLADS

OF

THE WEST

A Collection made from the Mouths of the People

BY THE

REV. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

AND THE

REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

HARMONISED AND ARRANGED FOR

VOICE AND PIANOFORTE

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

COMPLETE IN FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.

London

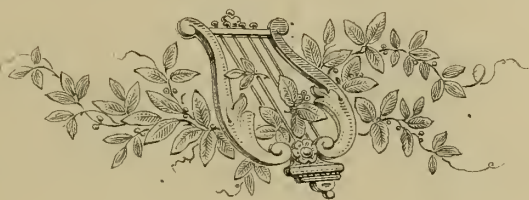
METHUEN & Co., 18, BURY STREET, W.C.

AND

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

* 8053.67
Pt. 4





No 83. $\text{♩} = 144.$

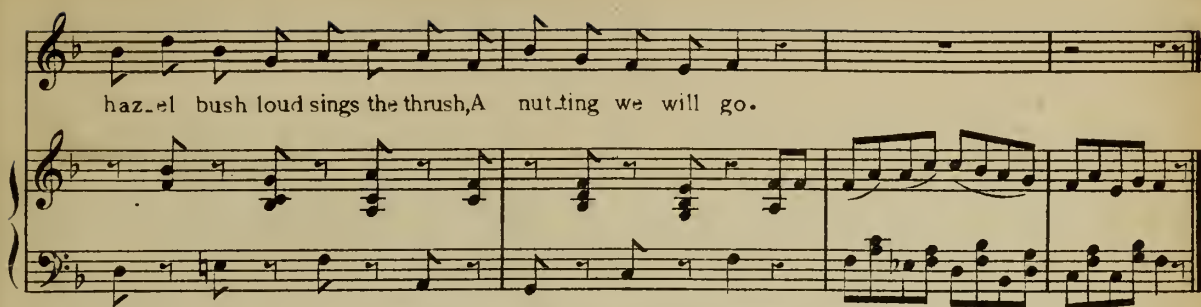
H. F. S.

With Spirit.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'With Spirit.' at the beginning and 'rall - en - tan - do tempo.' at the end of the piece. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Tis of a jol-ly ploughingman, was ploughing of his land, He called Ho! he called Wo! And bade his horses stand; Up on his plough he sat I trow, And loud began to sing, His voice rang out so clear and stout, It made the horse bells ring; For a nutting we will go my boys, A nutting we will go; From

rall - en - tan - do tempo.

rall - en - tan - do tempo.



No 83. A NUTTING WE WILL GO.

1.

'Tis of a jolly ploughingman,
 Was ploughing of his land,
 He called, Ho! he called, Wo!
 And bade his horses stand.
 Upon his plough he sat, I trow,
 And loud began to sing,
 His voice rang out, so clear and stout,
 It made the horse bells ring.
 For a nutting we will go my boys,
 A nutting we will go,
 From hazel bush, loud sings the thrush,
 A nutting we will go!

2.

A maiden sly was passing by
 With basket on her arm,
 She stood to hear his singing clear,
 To listen was no harm.
 The ploughboy stayed that pretty maid,
 And clasped her middle small,
 He kissed her twice, he kissed her thrice
 Ere she could cry or call.

For a nutting &c:

3.

Now all you pretty maidens that
 Go nutting o'er the grass
 Attend my rede, and give good heed,
 Of ploughboys that you pass.
 When lions roar, on Afric's shore,
 No mortal ventures near,
 When hoots the owl, and bears do growl,
 The heart is full of fear.

For a nutting &c:

4.

And yet, 'tis said, to pretty maid,
 There is a graver thing,
 In any clime, at any time,
 -A ploughboy that doth sing.
 So all you maidens, young and fair
 Take lesson from my lay,
 When you do hear a ploughman sing,
 Then lightly run away.

For a nutting &c:

DOWN BY A RIVER-SIDE.

No. 84.

H. F. S.

$\text{♩} = 69.$

Smoothly and with expression.

rall - en -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as 69 beats per minute. The first system features a piano introduction with a melody in the treble and accompaniment in the bass, marked *p* and *Smoothly and with expression.* The second system contains the first vocal line: "_tan - do." followed by a piano accompaniment. The third system contains the second vocal line: "Down by a Ri - ver-side, A fair maid I es-pied, La - ment-ing for her". The fourth system contains the third vocal line: "own true love La - ment-ing cry - - ing, sigh - ing,". The fifth system contains the fourth vocal line: "dy - ing, dy - - ing, La - ment-ing cry - - ing, sigh - ing,". The score includes various tempo markings: *tempo.*, *rall:*, and *rall:*. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass, often with a steady eighth-note or sixteenth-note pattern.

p

tempo.

rall:

rall:

tempo.

tempo.

dy - ing, dy - ing for her own true Love.

rall: *ad lib.*

rall: *morendo.*

N^o 84. DOWN BY A RIVER SIDE.

1.

Down by a River-side,
A fair maid I espied,
Lamenting for her own true love;
Lamenting, crying, sighing, dying;
Dying for her own true love.

2. Did you not promise me, That I ... your wife should be? Yet
3. Dry up your briny tears, And ban - ish all your tears, For

2. I de - ser - ted here must mourn; I who be - lie - - - ved,
3. faith - ful I to you will prove; So now she's sing - - - ing,

2. now be - rea - ved, grie - - ved; I who be lie - - - ved,
3. cling - ing, Church bells ring - - ing, So now she's sing - - - ing,

2. now be - rea - ved, tar - ry here in tears for - - - lorn.
3. Church bells ring - ing, married to her own true love.

THE BARLEY RAKING.

No 85.

H. F. S.

♩. = 66.

*Smoothly and with expression.**tempo.*

'Twas in the prime of sum- mer-time, When hay it was a

mak - ing; And har - vest tide was com - ing on, And bar - ley was a rak - ing; Two

woe - ful lov - ers met one day, With sighs their last fare-well to say; For John to place must

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

go a - way, And Bet - ty's heart was break - ing. Lov - ers oft have proved un - true,

rall-en-tan-do. *cres:* *tempo.* *cres:*



N^o 85. THE BARLEY RAKING.

1.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 When hay it was a making;
 And harvest tide was coming on,
 And barley wanted raking;
 Two woeful lovers met one day,
 With sighs their sad farewell to say,
 For John to place must go away,
 And Betty's heart was breaking.
 Lovers oft have proved untrue;
 'las! what can poor maidens do!

2.

But hardly was her sweet-heart gone,
 With vows of ne'er forsaking;
 The foolish wench did so take on,
 To ease her bosom's aching -
 She sent a letter to her love,
 Invoking all the powers above,
 If he should e'er inconstant prove,
 To her and the Barley raking.
 Lovers oft have proved untrue;
 'las! what can poor maidens do!

3.

Now when this letter reached the youth,
 It put him in a taking;
 Sure of each other's love and truth,
 Why such a fuss be making?
 But being a tender hearted swain,
 From hasty words he did refrain,
 And wrote to her in gentle strain,
 To bid her cease from quaking.
 Lovers oft have proved untrue;
 'las! what can poor maidens do!

4.

"I've got as good a pair of shoes
 As e'er were made of leather;
 I'll pull my beaver o'er my nose,
 And face all wind and weather;
 And when the year has run its race,
 I'll seek a new and nearer place;
 And hope to see your bonnie face
 At time of the Barley raking!"
 Lovers oft have proved untrue;
 'las! what can poor maidens do!

5.

So when the year was past and gone,
 And hay once more was making;
 Back to his love came faithful John,
 To find a rude awaking:
 For Betty thought it long to wait,
 So she had ta'en another mate,
 And left her first love to his fate,
 In spite of the Barley raking.
 Lovers oft have proved untrue;
 'las! what can poor maidens do!

DEEP IN LOVE.

No. 86.

♩ = 96.

H. F. S.

With Feeling.

p *f*

rall. *tempo.*

rall. *tempo.*

tempo.

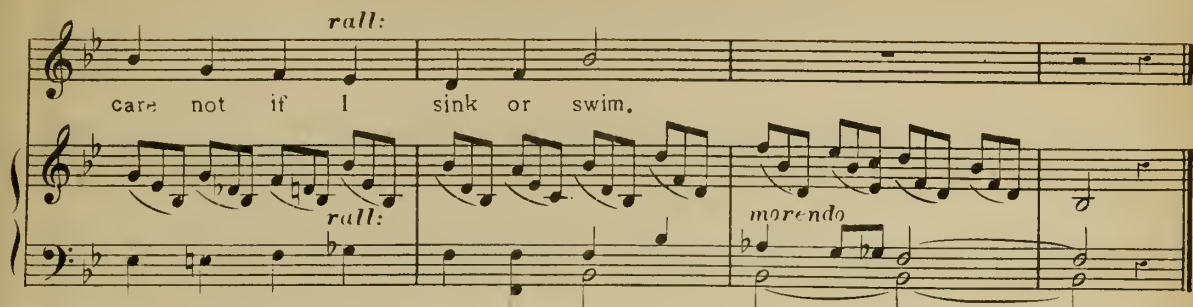
rall. *tempo.*

A ship came sail - ing

o - ver the sea, As deep - ly la - den as she could be; My

sor - rows fill me to the brim, I care not if I

sink or swim, My sor - rows fill me to the brim, I



Nº 86. DEEP IN LOVE.

1.

A ship came sailing over the sea
As deeply laden as she could be;
My sorrows fill me to the brim,
I care not if I sink or swim.

*2.

Ten thousand ladies in the room,
But my true love's the fairest bloom,
Of stars she is my brightest sun,
I said I would have her or none.

3.

I leaned my back against an oak,
But first it bent and then it broke;
Untrusty as I found that tree,
So did my love prove false to me.

4.

Down in a mead the other day,
As carelessly I went my way,
And plucked flowers red and blue,
I little thought what love could do.

5.

I saw a Rose with ruddy blush,
And thrust my hand into the bush,
I pricked my fingers to the bone,
I would I'd left that rose alone!

6.

I wish! I wish! but 'tis in vain,
I wish I had my heart again!
With silver chain and diamond locks,
I'd fasten it in a golden box.

THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

No 87.

H. F. S.

♩ = 112.

Boldly.

rall: I toss my cap up in to the air, And a-way whilst all are

tempo.

sleep - ing: The host may swear, and the hostless stare, And the pret - ty maids be

weep - ing: There is never a place that I do grace, Which a se - cond time shall

rall: see my face; For I'll travel the world from place to place, And still am a rambling

tempo.

rall.



N^o 87. THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

1.

I toss my cap into the air,
 And away whil'st all are sleeping,
 The host may swear, and the hostess stare,
 And the pretty maids be weeping:
 There is never a place that I do grace,
 Which a second time shall see my face;
 For I travel the world from place to place,
 And still am a Rambling Sailor.

2.

O when I come to London town,
 Or enter any city,
 I settle down at the Bell or Crown,
 And court each lass that's pretty.
 And I say, "My dear, be of good cheer,
 I'll never depart, you need not fear!"
 But I travel the county far and near
 And still am a Rambling Sailor.

3.

And if that you would know my name,
 I've any that you fancy,
 'Tis never the same, as I change my flame.
 From Bet, to Joan, or Nancy.
 I court maids all, marry none at all,
 My heart is round, and rolls as a ball,
 And I travel the land from Spring to Fall,
 And still am a Rambling Sailor.

A SINGLE AND A MARRIED LIFE.

No 88.

F. W. B.

Smoothly.

Come all you young men bold, And use your best en-deavour, As a wo-man's heart is
 gold, To win and tru-ly wear her. For a man that is a-lone, Doth lack the richest
 treasure, Makes a sol-i-tar-y moan, Nor knows the highest pleasure. And some the seas have
 cross'd- For wealth on foreign coast, And so their lives have lost, Yet treasure best lies
 near-est It e'er shall be my boast, That a married life is fairest.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of five systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The fifth system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features various chords and arpeggios, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes.

Nº 88. A SINGLE AND A MARRIED LIFE.

A DIALOGUE.

1. THE MARRIED MAN SAITH:—

Come all you young men bold,
 And use your best endeavour,
 -As a woman's heart is gold;
 To win and truly wear her.
 For a man that is a-lone
 Doth lack the richest treasure,
 Makes a solitary moan,
 Nor knows the highest pleasure.
 And some the seas have cross't
 For wealth on foreign coast,
 And so their lives have lost,
 Yet treasure best lies nearest.
 It e'er shall be my boast
 That a married life is fairest!

3. THE MARRIED MAN SAITH:—

My contention is not done,
 Man's half a man unmated.
 "Man is not well alone!"
 Said He who man created,
 The wife life's loads doth bear,
 Relieves the burdened shoulder:
 Shares youthful joy and care,
 And comforts thee, grown older.
 In spring she is thy flower,
 In drought a quickening shower,
 She's warmth in wintry hour,
 And food when thou goest sparest.
 God's blessing is her dower
 So a married life is fairest!

2. THE SINGLE MAN SAITH:—

I trust fond woman-kind
 No further than I prove her,
 She's fickle as the wind,
 And is a faithless rover.
 When first you her embrace,
 She sootheth all your sorrow,
 Yet speedy shifts her face,
 And curs't* is on the morrow.
 You have her love to-day;
 To-morrow she saith, Nay!
 Nor constant e'er doth stay.
 When skies are at their clearest,
 I'll leave, and fare away,
 For a single life is rarest.

4. THE SINGLE MAN SAITH:—

Don't marry one that's young,
 Mayhap her love will wander,
 Nor marry one that's old,
 There's no one may command her,
 Nor marry one that's bold,
 She'll seem to be above you,
 Nor marry one that's cold,
 She'll never truly love you:
 For the old ones they grow stale,
 And the scolding rant and rail,
 And pride must have a fall,
 And death doth end the fairest.
 So I'll have none at all
 Faith! a single life's the rarest.

5. THE MARRIED MAN SAITH:—

In marrying a wife
 I hold in vindication,
 A man completes his life,
 It is the true vocation,
 A wife's a golden crown
 For brow of man intended,
 With children rising round
 His life is never ended.
 A married man doth sing,
 As proud as any king,
 New days new pleasures bring,
 Though a single life be rarest,
 Yet a wife's the choicest thing,
 So a married life is fairest.

* cross, crusty.

MIDSUMMER CAROL.

No. 89.

F. W. B.

Smoothly.

'Twas ear - ly I walk'd on a mid - sum - mer morn - ing, The
fields and the mead - ows were deck'd and gay, The small birds were sing - ing, The
wood - - land a ring - - ing, 'Twas ear - ly in the morn - - ing at
break - ing of day, I will play on my pipes I will sing thee my lay, It is
ear - ly in the morn - - ing At break - ing of day break - ing of day.

No 89. MIDSUMMER CAROL.

1.

'Twas early I walked on a midsummer morning
 The fields and the meadows were decked and gay,
 The small birds were singing, the woodlands a-ringing,
 It was early in the morning, at breaking of day,
 I will play on my pipes, I will sing thee my lay!
 It is early in the morning, at breaking of day.

2.

O hark! and O hark! to the nightingales wooing,
 The lark is aloft piping shrill in the air.
 In every green bower the turtle-doves cooing,
 The sun is just gleaming, arise up my fair!
 Arise, love, arise! none fairer I spie
 Arise, love, arise! O why should I die?

3.

Arise, love, arise! go and get your love posies,
 The fairest of flowers in garden that grows,
 Go gather me lilies, carnations and roses
 I'll wear them with thoughts of the maiden I chose
 I stand at thy door, pretty love, full of care,
 O why should I languish so long in despair?

* 4.

O why love, O why, should I banished be from thee?
 O why should I see my own chosen no more?
 O why look your parents so slightly on me?
 It is all for the rough ragged garments I wore,
 But dress me with flowers, I'm gay as a king,
 I'm glad as a bird, when my carol I sing.

5.

Arise, love, arise! in song and in story,
 To rival thy beauty was never a may,
 I will play thee a tune on my pipes of ivory,
 It is early in the morning, at breaking of day,
 I will play on my pipes, I will sing thee my lay!
 It is early in the morning, at breaking of day.

THE BLACKBIRD.

No 90.

H. F. S.

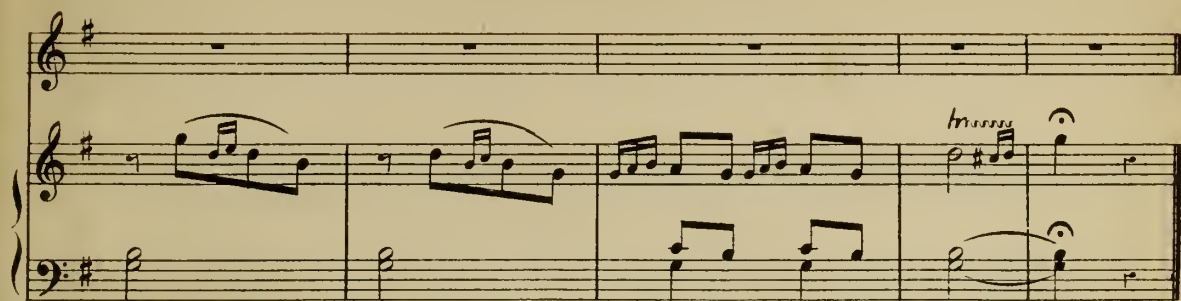
With expression. ♩ = 84.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Blackbird'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'With expression. ♩ = 84.' The piano part features a steady bass line with chords. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The system ends with a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line and a whole note chord in the piano part.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Here's a health to the Blackbird in the bush; Like -'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The system concludes with a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics '- wise to the bon-ny Wood Doe; If you'll go a-long with me, Un-to'. The piano part continues with its accompaniment. The system is marked with 'rall.' (rallentando) and 'tempo.' (tempo) markings above the vocal line.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'yon-der flow'ring tree, I will catch you a small bird or two.' The piano part continues with its accompaniment. The system is marked with 'rall.' and 'tempo.' markings above the vocal line. The piano part also has 'rall.' and 'tempo.' markings below it.



No 90. THE BLACKBIRD.

1

Here's a health to the Black-bird in the bush!
 Like-wise to the bonny Wood-doe (dove)!
 If you'll go along with me,
 Unto yonder flow'ring tree,
 I will catch you a small bird or two.

* 2

O the breath of the May is sweet as hay,
 And pleasant where ever it pass.
 And the butterfly's light wing,
 Is a-flutter all the spring,
 And the golden-cups gleam in the grass.

3

All the birds of the air consort in pair,
 And nest in each pretty green tree,
 Then my merry little maid,
 Be not coy, be not afraid,
 I've a cottage well fitted for thee.

4

On the roof there is thatch; O, lift the latch,
 Come in, take your place there as bride.
 You will find the hearth-stone clean,
 Find a throne set for my Queen,
 'Tis the settle the chimney beside.

5

Well, I reckon, 'tis so ruled by Fate,
 That I should be married this May.
 Then so long as you're inclined,
 Why — I wont go far to find.
 Clap your hand, Miss! in mine with a Yea!

* May be omitted in singing.

THE GREEN BED.

No 91.

H.F.S.

With spirit. ♩ = 132.

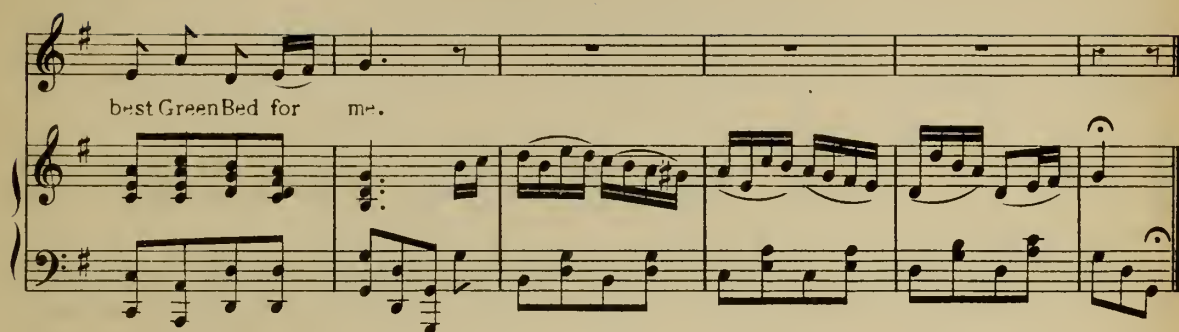
Young Sailor Dick as he stepped on shore To his quarters of old re -

turn'd; The host-ess glad cried, Dick my lad! what prizemoney have you earn'd Poor

luck! poor luck! Yet Molly my duck, your daughter I've come to see; Get ready some supper, with

CHORUS.

pipes and grog, And the best Green Bed for me. Get ready some supper with pipes and grog, And the



Nº 91. THE GREEN BED.

1

Young Sailor Dick, as he stepped on shore,
 To his quarters of old return'd
 The hostess glad, cries "Dick my lad !
 What prize money have you earn'd ! "
 "Poor luck ! poor luck ! yet Molly, my duck,
 Your daughter I've come to see :
 Get ready some supper, with pipes and grog,
 And the best Green Bed for me."

2

"My daughter, she's gone out for a walk ;
 My beds are all bespoken ;
 My larder's bare, like the rum-keg there,
 And my baccy pipes all are broken."
 Says Dick, "I'll steer for another berth,
 I fear I have made too bold :
 But I'll pay for the beer that I've just drunk here,
 And he pulled out a hand-ful of gold."

3

"Come down Molly, quick ! here's your sweetheart Dick
 Has just come back from sea :
 He wants his supper, his grog, and a bed,
 The best Green Bed it must be."
 "No bed," cries Dick "no supper, no grog,
 No sweetheart for me I swear !
 You shewed me the door when you thought me poor,
 So I'll carry my gold elsewhere."

THE LOYAL LOVER.

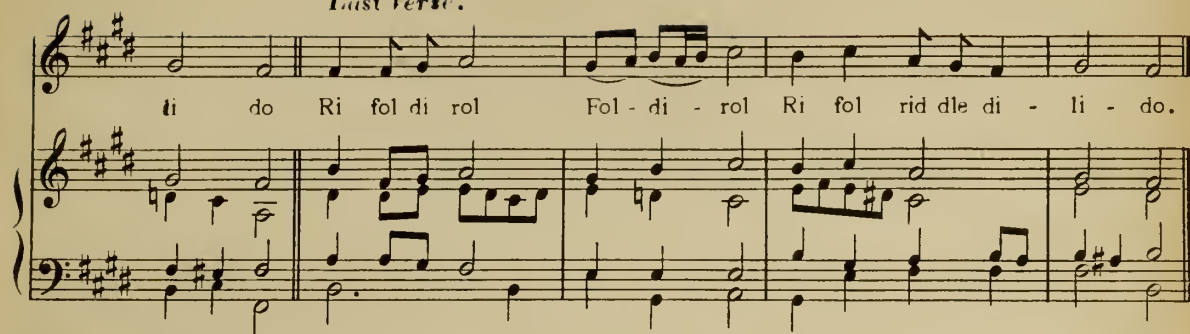
No 92.

F. W. B.

I'll weave my love a gar - land, it shall be dress'd so fine. I'll
 set it round with ros - es, With lil - ies, pinks and thyme. And I'll present it
 to my love, When he comes back from sea, For I love my love and I love my love be-
 - cause my love loves me. Ri fol di rol, fol di rol fol di riddle di

Ped

CHORUS.

Last Verse.**No 92. THE LOYAL LOVER.****1**

I'll weave my love a garland,
 It shall be dressed so fine;
 I'll set it round with roses,
 With lilies, pinks and thyme.
 And I'll present to my love
 When he comes back from sea,
 For I love my love, and I love my love,
 Because my love loves me.
 Ri-fol-di-rol fol-di-rol
 Ri-fol-riddle-li-do.

2

I wish I were an arrow,
 That sped into the air;
 To seek him as a sparrow,
 And if he was not there,
 Then quickly I'd become a fish
 To search the raging sea,
 For I love my love, and I love my love,
 Because my love loves me.
 Ri-fol &c.

3

I would I were a reaper,
 I'd seek him in the corn,
 I would I were a keeper,
 I'd hunt him with my horn.
 I'd blow a blast, when found at last,
 Beneath the greenwood tree,
 For I love my love, and I love my love,
 Because my love loves me.
 Ri-fol &c.

THE STREAMS OF NANTSIAN.

No 93.

Smoothly and with expression. ♩ = 100.

H. F. S.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/8 time, featuring a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked as 100 beats per minute. The lyrics are: "O the streams of Nant - si - an; In two parts di - vide; Where the young men in dan - cing meet sweet-heart and bride. They will take no de - ni - al we must tro - lic and sing; And the sound of the vi - ol, O it makes my heart ring! And the sound of the". The score includes dynamic markings such as *dim.* (diminuendo) and *cres.* (crescendo). The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures that complement the vocal melody.



No 93. THE STREAMS OF NANTSIAN.

1

O the Streams of Nant-si-an
 In two parts divide,
 Where the young men in dancing
 Meet sweetheart and bride.
 They will take no denial,
 We must frolic and sing.
 And the sound of the viol
 O it makes my heart ring.

2

On the rocky cliff yonder
 A castle up-stands;
 To the seamen a wonder
 Above the black sands.
 'Tis of ivory builded
 With diamonds glazed bright,
 And with gold it is gilded,
 To shine in the night.

3

Over yonder high mountain
 The wild fowl do fly;
 And in ocean's deep fountain,
 The fairest pearls lie.
 On eagle's wings soaring,
 I'll speed as the wind;
 Ocean's fountain exploring,
 My true love I'll find.

4

O the streams of Nant-si-an
 Divide in two parts
 And rejoin as in dancing
 Do lads their sweethearts.
 So the streams, bright and shining
 Tho' parted in twain
 Re-unite, intertwining,
 One thenceforth remain.

THE DRUNKEN MAIDENS.

No 94.

F. W. B.

Cheerfully.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

There were three drunken maid - ens Came from the Isle of Wight, They
 drank from Mon-day morn - ing, Nor stay'd till Sa-tur - day night, When
 Saturday night did come, Sirs! They would not then go out, Not the three drunken
 mai - dens, As they pushed the jug a - bout.

Nº 94. THE DRUNKEN MAIDENS.

1

There were three drunken maidens,
 Came from the Isle of Wight.
 They drank from Monday morning,
 Nor stayed till Saturday night.
 When Saturday night did come, Sirs!
 They would not then go out;
 Not the three drunken maidens,
 As they pushed the jug about.

2.

Then came in Bouncing Sally;
 With cheeks as red as bloom.
 "Make space my jolly sisters,
 Now make for Sally room.
 For that I will be your equal,
 Before that I go out."
 So now four drunken maidens,
 They pushed the jug about.

3

It was woodcock and pheasant,
 And partridges and hare,
 It was all kinds of dainties,
 No scarcity was there.
 It was four quarts of Malaga,
 Each fairly did drink out,
 So the four drunken maidens,
 They pushed the jug about.

4

Then down came the landlord,
 And asked for his pay.
 O! a forty-pound bill, Sirs!
 The damsels drew that day.
 It was ten pounds apiece, Sirs!
 But yet, they would not out.
 So the four drunken maidens,
 They pushed the jug about.

5

"O where be your spencers?
 Your mantles rich and fine?"
 "They all be a swallowed
 In tankards of good wine."
 "O where be your characters
 Ye maidens brisk and gay?"
 "O they be a swallowed!
 We've drunk them clean away."

TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED.

DUET.

No 95.

H. F. S.

In moderate time.

$\text{♩} = 72.$

rall. To - bac - co is an In-dian weed, Grows
rall. To - bac - co is an In-dian weed, an In-dian weed, Grows *tempo.* green at
rall. *tempo.*

green at morn, is cut down at eve It shews our de - cay . We
 morn is cut down at eve cut down at eve It shews our decay
 . We

rall. fade..... as hay, we fade as hay Think of this, Think of
rall. We fade..... as hay Think of this, Think of this
rall.

The musical score is written for four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo and dynamics markings are *cres.*, *f*, and *Slow.*. The lyrics are: "this Think of this, think of this, When you smoke to - bac - co. Think of this..... think of this, When you smoke to - bac - co." The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand.

Nº 95. TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED.

1

Tobacco is an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve;
It shows over decay;
We fade as hay.
Think on this, — when you smoke tobacco.

2

The pipe that is so lily-white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Gone with a touch;
Man's life is such,
Think on this, — when you smoke tobacco.

3

The pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how the soul is stained with sin;
It doth require
The purging fire.
Think on this, — when you smoke tobacco.

4

The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That unto dust,
Return we must.
Think on this, — when you smoke tobacco.

5

The smoke that doth so high ascend,
Shows that our life must have an end;
The vapours' gone,
Man's life is done.
Think on this, — when you smoke tobacco.

FAIR SUSAN.

No 96.

H.F.S.*Smoothly & with expression* ♩ = 84.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked as 84 beats per minute. The score includes various performance instructions: *rall.* (rallentando), *tempo*, *ad lib.* (ad libitum), and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "Fair Su-san slum-bored in shady bow-er, Safe hid she thought from ev-ry eye Nor dream'd she in that tran-quil hour. . . . Her own true love was pass-ing by, Nor dream'd she in that tranquil hour. . . Her own true love was." The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated chords and flowing sixteenth-note passages.

rall.

Fair Su-san slum-bored in shady

tempo

bow-er, Safe hid she thought from ev-ry eye Nor dream'd she

rall.

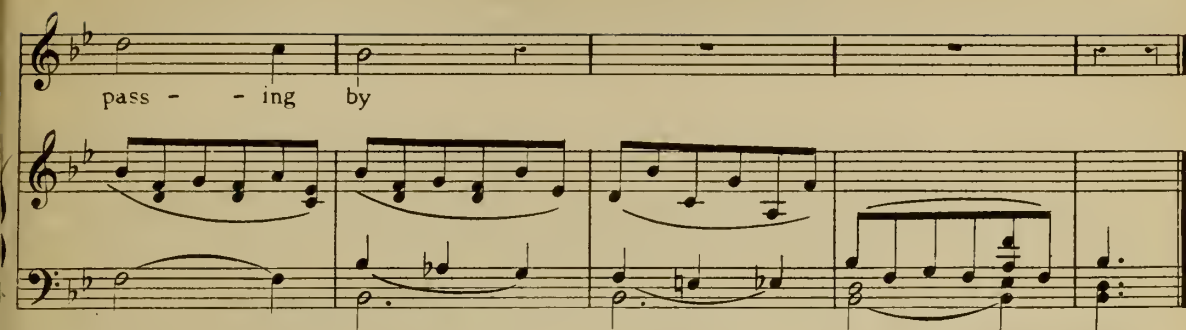
in that tran-quil hour. . . . Her own true love was pass-ing

rall.

tempo. *ad lib.*

by, Nor dream'd she in that tranquil hour. . . Her own true love was.

tempo.



Nº 96. FAIR SUSAN.

1

Fair Susan slumbered in shady bower,
 Safe hid, she thought, from every eye;
 Nor dreamed she in that tranquil hour
 Her own true love was passing by.

2

He gazed in rapture upon her beauty,
 Sleep did her charms but more reveal;
 He deemed it sure a lover's duty
 From those sweet lips a kiss to steal.

3

In shame and anger poor Susan started,
 With eyes aflame she bade him go;
 "Return no more! — for ever parted;
 Cruel and base to use me so!"

4

"By too much love I have offended,
 Forgive me if I cause you pain;
 But if indeed our love be ended,
 Pray give me back my kiss again."

THE FALSE LOVER.

No 97.

H. F. S.

In moderate time ♩. = 72.

I court-ed a lass that was bux-om and gay, Un-heed-ing what peo-ple a-

-gainst, her did say; I thought her as con-stant and true as the day; But

rall: *tempo*

rall: *tempo*

now she is going to be married! But now she is going to be married!

rall:

rall:

1

I courted a maiden both buxom and gay,
Unheeding what people against her did say,
I thought her as constant and true as the day
But now she is going to be married.

2

O when to the church I my fair love saw go,
I followed her up with a heart full of woe,
And eyes that with tears of grief did o'erflow,
To see how my suit had miscarried.

3

O when in the chancel I saw my love stan',
With ring on her finger, and true love in han',
I thought that for certain 'twas not the right man,
Although 'twas the man she was taking.

4

O when I my fair love saw sit in her seat
I sat myself by her, but nothing could eat;
Her company, thought I, was better than meat,
Although my heart sorely was aching.

5

O woe be the day that I courted the maid,
That ever I trusted a word that she said,
That with her I wander'd along the green glade,
Accurs'd be the day that I met her.

6

O make me a grave that is long, wide and deep,
And cover me over with flowers so sweet,
That there I may lie, and may take my last sleep;
For that is the way to forget her.

THE BARLEY STRAW.

No 98.

H.F.S.

With spirit. ♩ = 101.

p *cres:* *dim.*

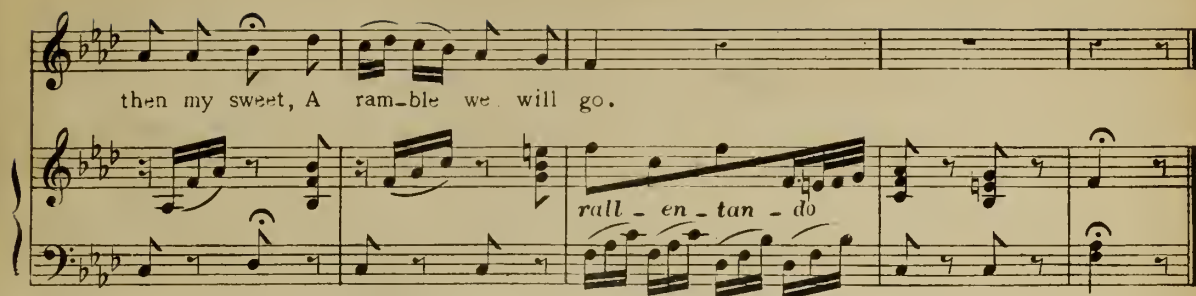
As Jan was hurrying down the glade, He

met his sweetheart Kit, "O whither so fast?" the maiden asked, "Let's bide and talk a

bit," "I'm going to the barn, and if you'll come And help me thrash the stro' . . . That

task complete, why then my sweet, A ram-ble we will go . . . that task complete why

rall: *tempo.* *rall:* *tempo* *ad lib.* *tempo* *colla voce.*



N^o 98. THE BARLEY STRAW.

1

As Jan was hurrying down the glade,
 He met his sweetheart Kit;
 "O whither so fast?" the maiden ask'd,
 "Let's bide and talk a bit."
 "I'm going to the barn, and if you'll come,
 And help me thresh the stro',
 That task complete, why then my sweet,
 A ramble we will go!"

2

She gave consent, to work they went,
 As if 'twere only play;
 The flail he plied, whilst Kit untied,
 The sheaves, and cleared away.
 O willing hands made labour light,
 And ere the sun was low,
 With arms entwined, these lovers kind,
 Did down the vales go.

3

Said Jan, "thou art a helpful lass,
 Wilt thou be mine for life?"
 "For sure!" she said. To church they sped,
 And soon were man and wife.
 A lesson then, for all young men
 Who would a courting go,
 Your sweetheart ask to share your task,
 And thresh the Barley Stro'.

4

Now many a year, this couple dear,
 They lived in harmony;
 And children had, both lass and lad,
 I think 'twas thirty three.
 The sons so hale did wield the flail,
 And like their father grow;
 The maidens sweet, like mother were neat:
 And clean as the Barley Stro'.

DEATH AND THE LADY.

No 99. *Smoothly & rather slowly* ♩ = 84.

H.F.S.

As I walked out one day, one day, All in the mer-ry
month of May When lambs did skip and thrush-es sing, And ev'-ry bush with
buds doth spring.

THE SAME ARRANGED for FOUR VOICES.

SOP.
As I walked out one day one day All in the mer-ry month of May When
ALTO.
As I walked out one day one day All in the mer-ry month of May When
TENOR
As I walked out one day one day All in the mer-ry month of May When
BASS.
As I walked out one day one day All in the mer-ry month of May When



N^o 99. DEATH AND THE LADY.

1

As I walked out one day, one day,
 All in the merry month of May,
 When lambs did skip and thrushes sing,
 And ev'ry bush with buds did spring.

2

I met an old man by the way,
 His head was bald, his beard was grey,
 His coat was of the Myrtle-green,
 But underneath his ribs were seen.

3

He in his hand a glass did hold,
 He shook as one that shakes with cold.
 I asked of him what was his name,
 And what strange place from which he came.

4

"My name is Death, fair maiden, see
 Lords, Dukes and Squires bow down to me;
 For of the Branchy Tree* am I
 And you, fair maid, with me must hie."

5

"I'll give you gold, if me you'll spare,
 I'll give you costly robes to wear!"
 "O no, sweet maid, make no delay
 Your sand is run, you must away!"

6

Alas! alack! the fair maid died,
 And these the last sad words she cried:
 "Here lies a poor, distressed maid,
 By Death — and Death alone betrayed."

*What is meant by the "Branchy Tree" I do not know, but so the words run in all versions.

ADAM AND EVE.

N^o 100.

H.F.S.

Not too fast. ♩. = 80.



Both sexes give ear to my fan - cy, In praise of sweet woman I sing, Con -

-fin'd not to Doll, Sue or Nan - cy; The mate of the beg-gar or King. When

Ad - am was first a - cre - a - - ted, And lord of the u - ni - verse crown'd; His.

hap - pi - ness was not com - ple - ted, Un - til that a helpmate was found.

1

Both sexes give ear to my fancy,
 In praise of sweet woman I sing
 Confined not to Doll, Sue, or Nancy,
 The mate of the beggar or king.
 When Adam was first a-created,
 And lord of the universe crown'd,
 His happiness was not completed,
 Until that a helpmate was found.

2

A garden was planted by Nature,
 Man could not produce in his life.
 But no rest had he till his Creator
 Discovered he wanted a wife
 He had horses and foxes for hunting
 Which most men love dearly as life
 No relishsome food was a wanting
 But still — he was short of a wife.

3

As Adam was resting in slumber,
 He lost a small rib from his side,
 And when he awoke — 'twas in wonder,
 To see a most beautiful bride.
 In transport he gaz'd upon her,
 His happiness now was complete
 He praised the bountiful Donor,
 Who to him had given a mate.

4

She was not taken out of his head, sir,
 To rule and to triumph in man.
 Nor was she took out of his foot, sir,
 By him to be trampled upon.
 But she was took out of his side, sir,
 His equal co-partner to be;
 So, united is man with his bride, sir,
 Yet man is the top of the tree.

5

Then let not the fair be despis'd
 By man, as she's part of himself.
 Let woman by man be a-prized
 As more than the world full of wealth.
 A man without woman's a beggar,
 Tho' by him the world we're possess'd
 But a beggar that's got a good woman
 With more than the world is he bless'd.

I RODE MY LITTLE HORSE.

Nº 101.

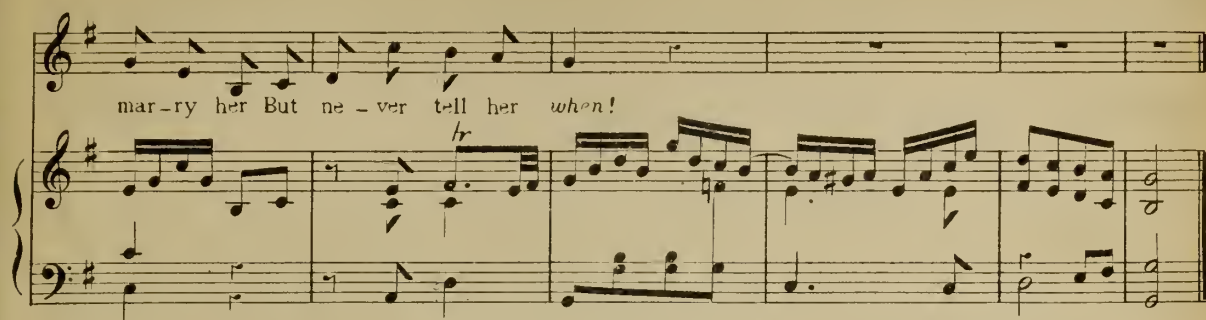
F. W. B.

The first system of the song is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I rode my lit-tle horse, From Lon-don town I came; I".

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "went in-to the coun-try To seek my-self a dame, And if I meet a".

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "pret-ty maid, Be sure I'll kiss her then, And swear that I will mar-ry her, But".

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "will not tell her when! But ne-ver tell her when! I'll swear that I will".



N^o 101. I RODE MY LITTLE HORSE.

1

I rode my little horse, from London town I came,
 I rode into the country, to seek myself a dame,
 And if I meet a pretty maid, be sure I'll kiss her then;
 And swear that I will marry her — but will not tell her *when!*

2

I found a buxom widow, with many tons of gold,
 I lived upon her fortune, as long as it would hold.
 Of pounds I took five hundred, bestrode my horse, and then,
 I promised I would marry her — but never told her *when!*

3

A vintner had a daughter, the Golden Sun his sign,
 I tarried at his tavern, I drank his choicest wine;
 I drank out all his cellar, bestrode my horse, and then,
 I said the maid I'd marry, — but never told him *when!*

4

The guineas are expended, the wine is also spent;
 The widow and the maiden, they languish and lament.
 And if they come to seek me, I'll pack them back again,
 With promises of marriage, — but never tell them *when.*


5

My little horse I mounted, the world that I might see,
 I found a pretty maiden — as poor as poor could be.
 My little horse neglected, to London ran away,
 I asked if she would marry, and bade her name the day.

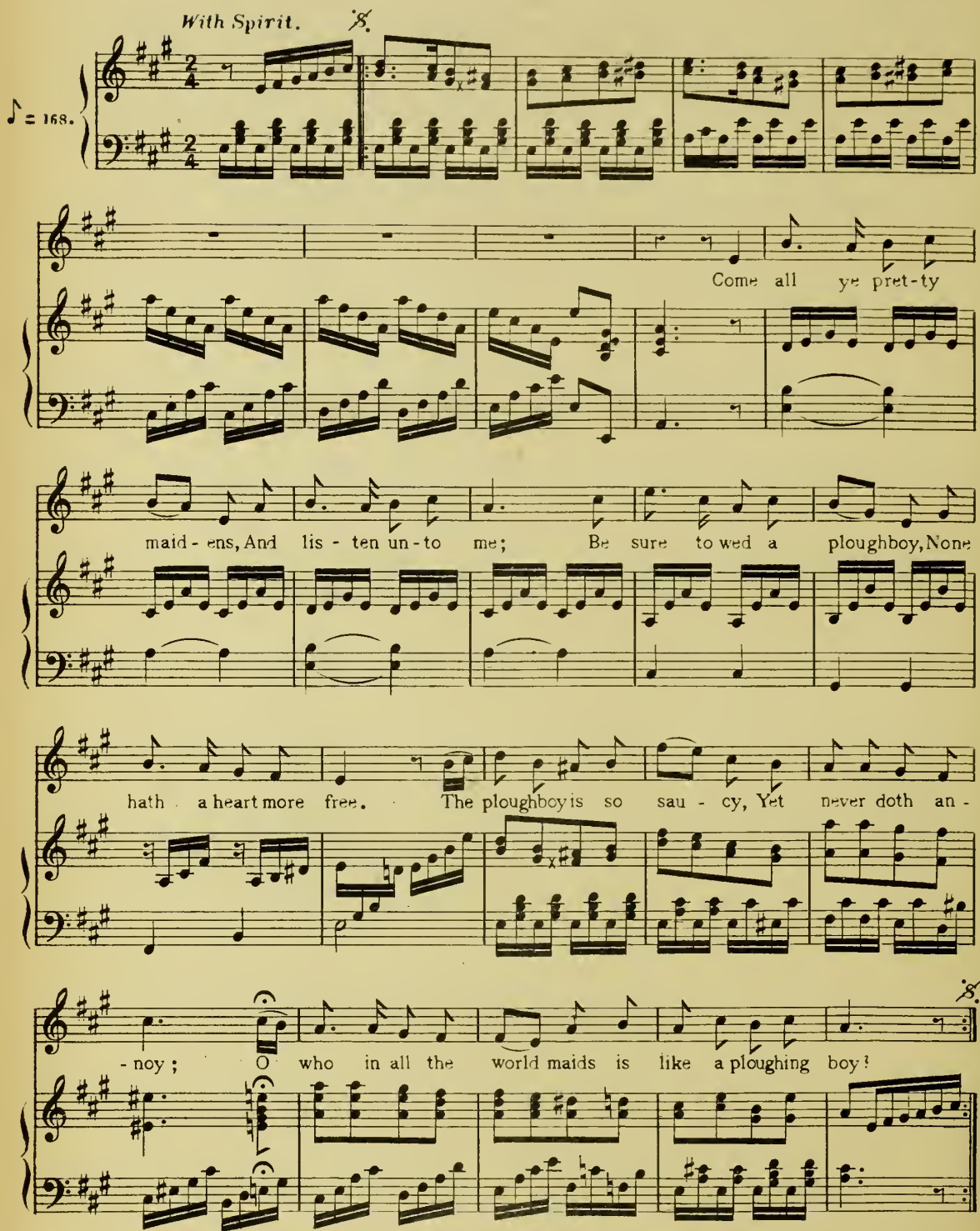
THE SAUCY PLOUGHBOY.

N^o 102.

H. F. S.

With Spirit. 

$\text{♩} = 168.$



Come all ye pret-ty

maid-ens, And lis - ten un - to me; Be sure to wed a ploughboy, None

hath a heart more free. The ploughboy is so sau - cy, Yet never doth an -

- noy; O who in all the world maids is like a ploughing boy?

N^o 102. THE SAUCY PLOUGHBOY.

1

Come all you pretty maidens,
And listen unto me.
Be sure and wed a plough-boy,
None hath a heart more free.
The plough-boy is so saucy,
Yet never doth annoy,
O who in all the world, maids,
Is like a ploughing-boy ?

2

He riseth in the morning,
Awaking with the sun.
And as a dew-drop flashing,
So gleams his eye with fun.
When all the birds are singing,
He singeth too for joy.
O who in all the world, maids,
Is like the ploughing-boy ?

3

When coming from the milking,
And carrying my pail,
The saucy plough-boy leaveth
To help me, hook and flail.
And when the hay is making,
I cannot well be coy ;
For who in all the world, maids,
Is like the ploughing-boy ?

4

At even-tide he waiteth
Beneath the green-wood tree
And will not dance with others,
He'll only dance with me.
No pleasures of the country
His honest heart can cloy,
O who in all the world, maids,
Is like the ploughing-boy ?

5

I swear to you young maidens,
A plough-boy I will wed,
I will not have a soldier
For all his jacket red,
No sailor, no, nor footman,
Shall e'er my thoughts employ
The lad to win my heart, maids,
Shall be a ploughing-boy.

I'LL BUILD MYSELF A GALLANT SHIP.

(SOLO or QUARTETTE.)

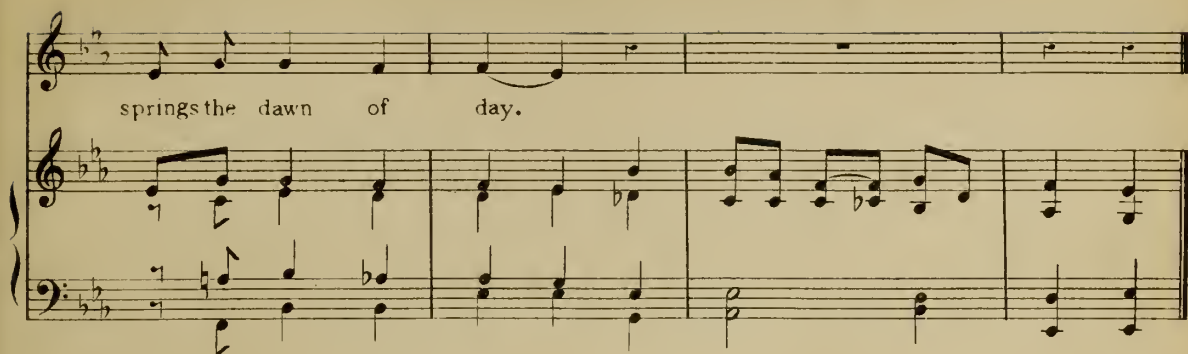
No 103.

F. W. B.

Smoothly.

The musical score is written for a solo or quartette voice and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written for three parts: right hand, left hand, and a lower part (likely for a second piano or a cello/bass). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'I'll build my-self a gal-lant ship, A ship of no-ble fame, And four and twen-ty mar-i-ners, Shall box it on th-main, And I will stand with helm in hand, To urge them on their way. way, Their way, I would I were with my love fair, Where'.

I'll build my-self a gal-lant ship, A ship of no-ble
fame, And four and twen-ty mar-i-ners, Shall box it on th-
main, And I will stand with helm in hand, To urge them on their
way. way, Their way, I would I were with my love fair, Where



No 103. I'LL BUILD MYSELF A GALLANT SHIP.

1

I'll build myself a gallant ship,
 A ship of noble fame,
 And four and twenty mariners,
 Shall box it on the main.
 And I will stand, with helm in hand
 To urge them on their way.
 I would I were with my love fair,
 Where springs the dawn of day.

2

No scarf shall o'er my shoulders go,
 I will not comb my hair,
 The pale moon light, the candle light,
 Shall neither tell I'm fair.
 The frost may fall, and, as a pall,
 Enwrap me sleet and snow,
 No rest I'll taste, but sail in haste,
 To where my love lies low.

3

The rain may beat, and round my feet
 The waters wash and foam.
 O thou north wind! lag not behind,
 But bear me far from home.
 The moon so pale shall light my sail,
 As o'er the sea I fly.
 I would I were with my love fair,
 Before my fair love die.

THE EVERLASTING CIRCLE.

N^o 104.

F. W. B.

Cheerfully.

All in a wood there grew a fine tree, The finest tree that

ev - er you did see, And the green grass grew a - round, a-round, a-round, And the

greengrass grew a - round, a - round, a - round, And the

Finis. Verse II. & succeeding.

green grass grew a - round. And on this tree there grew a fine bough, The finest bough that

à volonté.

ev - er you did see, The bough on the tree, and the tree in the wood, &c, &c

colla voce.

rall. *to Finis*

green leaves flourished there - on, there-on, there-on, And the green leaves flourished thereon.

a tempo *colly voce*

N^o 104. THE EVERLASTING CIRCLE.

All in a wood there grew a fine tree,
 The finest tree that ever you did see,
 And the green grass grew around, around, around,
 And the green grass grew around.

2

And on this tree there grew a fine bough
 The finest bough that ever you did see,
 And the bough on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
 And the green leaves flourished thereon, thereon, thereon,
 And the green leaves flourished thereon.

3

And on this bough there grew a fine twig
 The finest twig that ever you did see,
 And the twig on the bough, and the bough on the tree, and the
 tree in the wood,
 And the green leaves flourished thereon &c.

4

And on this twig there stood a fine nest,
 The finest nest that ever you did see,
 And the nest on the twig, and the twig on the bough &c.

5

And in this nest there sat a fine bird,
 The finest bird, &c.

6

And on this bird there grew a fine feather
 The finest feather, &c.

7

And of this feather was made a fine bed
 The finest bed, &c.

8

And on this bed was laid a fine mother,
 The finest mother &c.

9

In the arms of this mother was laid a fine babe
 The finest babe, &c.

10

And the babe he grew up and became a fine boy
 The finest boy, &c.

11

And boy put an acorn all into the earth
 The finest acorn &c.

12

And out of this acorn there grew a fine tree
 The finest tree &c.

WITHIN A GARDEN.

No 105.

H. F. S.

Plaintively. ♩ = 66.

rall.

With - in a gar - den a mai - den lingered, When soft the shades of

rall. *tempo*

evening fell; Ex - pect - ing, fear - ing, A foot - step hear - ing; Ex -

rall. *tempo*

- pect - ing, fear - ing, A foot - step hear - ing, Her love ap - pear - ing, to



N^o 105. WITHIN A GARDEN.

1

Within a garden a maiden lingered,
 When soft the shades of evening fell
 Expecting, fearing,
 A footstep hearing,
 Her love appearing,
 To say farewell.

2

With sighs and sorrow their vows they plighted
 One more embrace, one last adieu;
 Tho' seas divide, love,
 In this confide, love,
 Whatever betide, love
 To thee I'm true.

3

Long years are over, and still the maiden
 Seeks oft at eve the trysting tree;
 Her promise keeping,
 And, faithful, weeping
 Her lost love sleeping
 Across the sea.

THE HUNTING OF THE HARE.

A COUNTRY DANCE.

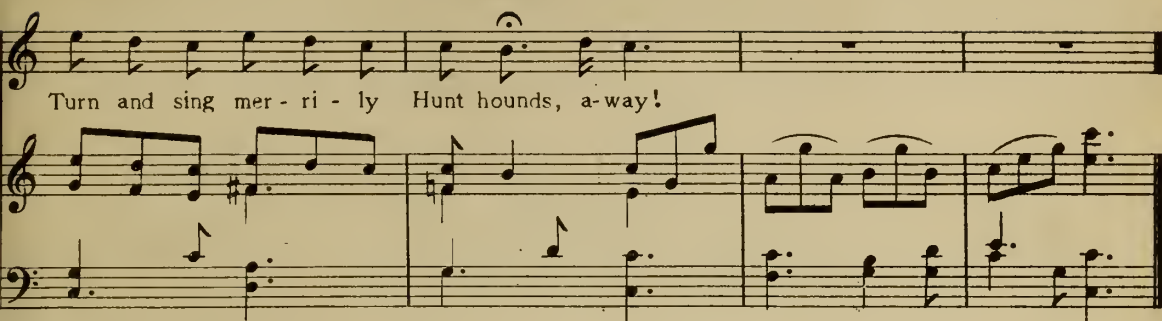
No 106.

F. W. B.

Cheerfully.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is characterized by a lively, bouncy rhythm with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and single notes, often in the bass clef, providing a steady harmonic foundation. The lyrics are written below the melody line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

I hunted my Merry all in-to the hay, The hare was be-fore and the
hounds"ware a - way!" With my Hick - er - ly Tout, tick - le - some Trout,
Hip-per - ly, Tip-per - ly ev - er-sheen nip - per - ly, Up the mid - dle
van - di - go - van, 'Twas up the hill, down the form, Here a step, there a turn,

à volonte.

N^o 106. THE HUNTING OF THE HARE.

1

I hunted my Merry all into the hay,
 The Hare was before and the hounds "ware away!"
 With my Hickerly Tout, ticklesome Trout,
 Hipperly, tipperly, eversheen, nipperly,
 Up the middle, vandigo-van
 'Twas up the hill, down the form,
 Here a step, there a turn,
 Turn and sing merrily,
 Hunt hounds, away!

2

I hunted my Merry all into the barley,
 And there the poor puss was pursued by hound Snarley.
 With my Hickerly tout, &c.

3

I hunted my Merry all into the wheat,
 And there the sly puss did attempt us to cheat.
 With my Hickerly tout, &c.

4

I hunted my Merry all into the rye,
 And there the poor hare was constrained to die.
 With my Hickerly tout, &c.

5

I hunted my Merry all into the oats
 And there I cut off both his paw and his scutt,
 With my Hickerly tout, &c.

DEAD MAID'S LAND.

No 107.

H. F. S.*In moderate time.*

♩ = 132.

p

There stood a gardher at the gate, And

rall. *tempo.* *p*

in each hand a flower; O pret-ty maid, Come in he said, And

rall. *tempo.*

view my beauteous bower.

rall. *trills*

N^o 107. DEAD MAID'S LAND.

1

There stood a gardener at the gate
And in each hand a flower;
"O pretty maid, come in," he said,
And view my beauteous bower.

2

The lily it shall be thy smock,
The jonquil shoe thy feet;
Thygown shall be the ten-week stock,
To make thee fair and sweet.

* 3

The gilly-flower shall deck thy head,
Thy way with herbs I'll strew,
Thy stockings shall be marigold,
Thy gloves the violet blue."

* 4

"I will not have the gilly-flower
Nor herbs my path to strew,
Nor stockings of the marigold,
Nor gloves of violet blue.

5

I will not have the ten-week stock,
Nor jonquils to my shoon;
But I will have the red, red rose,
That flow'reth sweet in June."

* 6

"The red, red rose it hath a thorn
That pierceth to the bone."
I little heed thy idle rede;
I will have that or none."

7

"The red, red rose it hath a thorn,
That pierceth to the heart "
"The red, red rose, O I will have,
I little heed the smart."

8

She stooped down unto the ground,
To pluck the rose so red.
The thorn it pierced her to the heart,
And this fair maid was dead.

9

There stood a gardener at the gate,
With cypress in his hand.
And he did say, "let no fair may,
Come into Dead Maid's Land."

* May be omitted in singing.

SHOWER AND SUNSHINE.

No 108.

Slowly and with feeling.

H. F. S.

♩. = 44.

Verses 1 & 2.

There went a wind o - ver the sea And borne on its wings was rain A

p

wond'rous breath passed o - ver me And steeped all my soul in pain.....

dim. *p*

..... I wept, but I wept in vain.

f dim. *p*

Verses 3 & 4.

The sun in the sky shone clear And glit - ter - ing af - ter rain The

flow'rs in bright-er tints ap-pear A rain-bow o'er arches the plain

..... wept, but I wept not in vain

dim. *rall.* *dim.* *rall.*

No 108. SHOWER AND SUNSHINE.

1

There went a wind over the sea,
 And borne on its wings was rain.
 A wond'rous breath passed over me,
 And steeped all my soul in pain.
 I wept, but I wept in vain.

2

Along with the wind went a sigh,
 And shadows fell deep around;
 In darkness I lay, with desolate cry,
 Despairing I toss'd on the ground;
 In anguish and fear profound.

3

The sun in the sky shines clear;
 And glittering after rain,
 The flowers in brighter tints appear,
 A rainbow o'er arches the plain.
 I wept—but I wept not in vain.

4

Thou love art the mightiest gale,
 To shatter to wither and rive.
 Thou makest all nature grow fresh and hale,
 Thou dost the whole world revive.
 I was dead, and am now alive.

HAYMAKING SONG.

No 109.

H. F. S.

Merrily.

$\text{♩} = 152.$

The golden sun is shining bright The dew is off the field To us it is our

main de-light The fork and rake to wield The pipe and ta-bor both shall play The

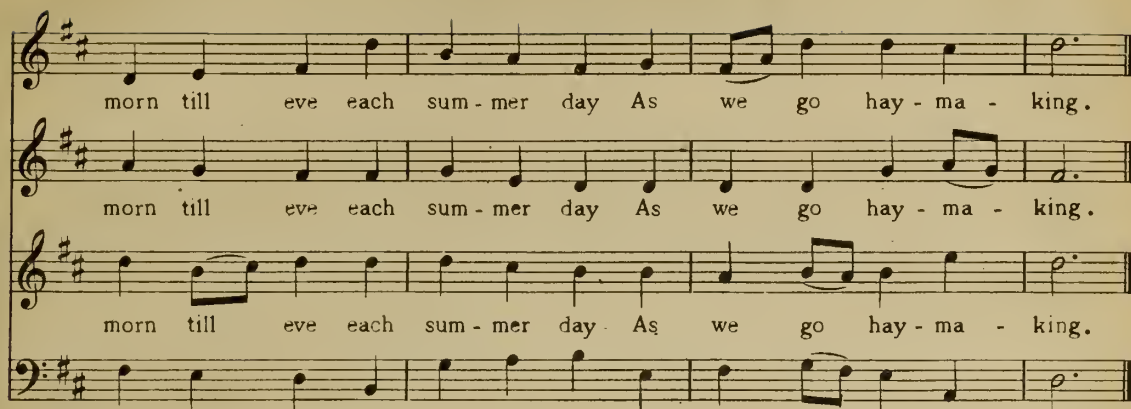
vi-ols loud-ly ring From morn till eve each summer day As we go haymak-ing.

CHORUS.

The pipe and ta-bor both shall play The vi-ols loud shall ring From

The pipe and ta-bor both shall play The vi-ols loud shall ring From

The pipe and ta-bor both shall play The vi-ols loud shall ring From



No 109. HAYMAKING SONG.

1

The golden sun is shining bright,
 The dew is off the field;
 To us it is our main delight,
 The fork and rake to wield.
 The pipe and tabor both shall play,
 The viols loudly ring,
 From morn till eve each summer day,
 As we go hay-making.

Chorus: The pipe and tabor, &c.

2

As we my boys haymaking go,
 All in the month of June.
 Both Tom and Bet, and Jess and Joe
 Their happy hearts in tune.
 O up come lusty Jack and Will,
 With pitchfork and with rake,
 And up come dainty Doll and Jill,
 The sweet, sweet hay to make.

Chorus: The pipe and tabor, &c.

3

O when the haysel all is done,
 Then in the arish grass,
 The lads shall have their fill of fun,
 Each dancing with his lass.
 The good old farmer and his wife,
 Shall bring the best of cheer,
 I would it were, aye, odds my life!
 Hay-making all the year.

Chorus: The pipe and tabor, &c.

IN BIBBERLEY TOWN.

N^o 110.

H. F. S.

Jovially. ♩. = 92.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Jovially' with a quarter note equal to 92 beats per minute. The score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

In Bib-ber-ley town a maid did dwell, A bux - om lass as
 I've heard tell; As straight as a wand, just twen - ty two; And
 many a bach - e - lor had her in view. Ri fal de ral did - dle, Ri
 fal de ral dee; What ups and downs in the world there be!



No. 110. IN BIBBERLEY TOWN.

1

In Bibberley town a maid did dwell,
 A buxom lass, as I've heard tell;
 As straight as a wand, just twenty two,
 And many a bachelor had her in view.
 Ri fal de ral diddle, ri fal de ral dee,
 What ups and downs in the world there be !

2

This maid so beautiful fair and free,
 Was sought by a squire of high degree;
 He courted her honestly for his wife,
 But she could'nt venture so high in life.
 Ri fal de ral &c.

3

A tinker there came to mend the kettle,
 She fell in love with the man of metal;
 His songs and his jokes won her heart and her hand,
 And she promised with him in the church to stand.
 Ri fal de ral &c.

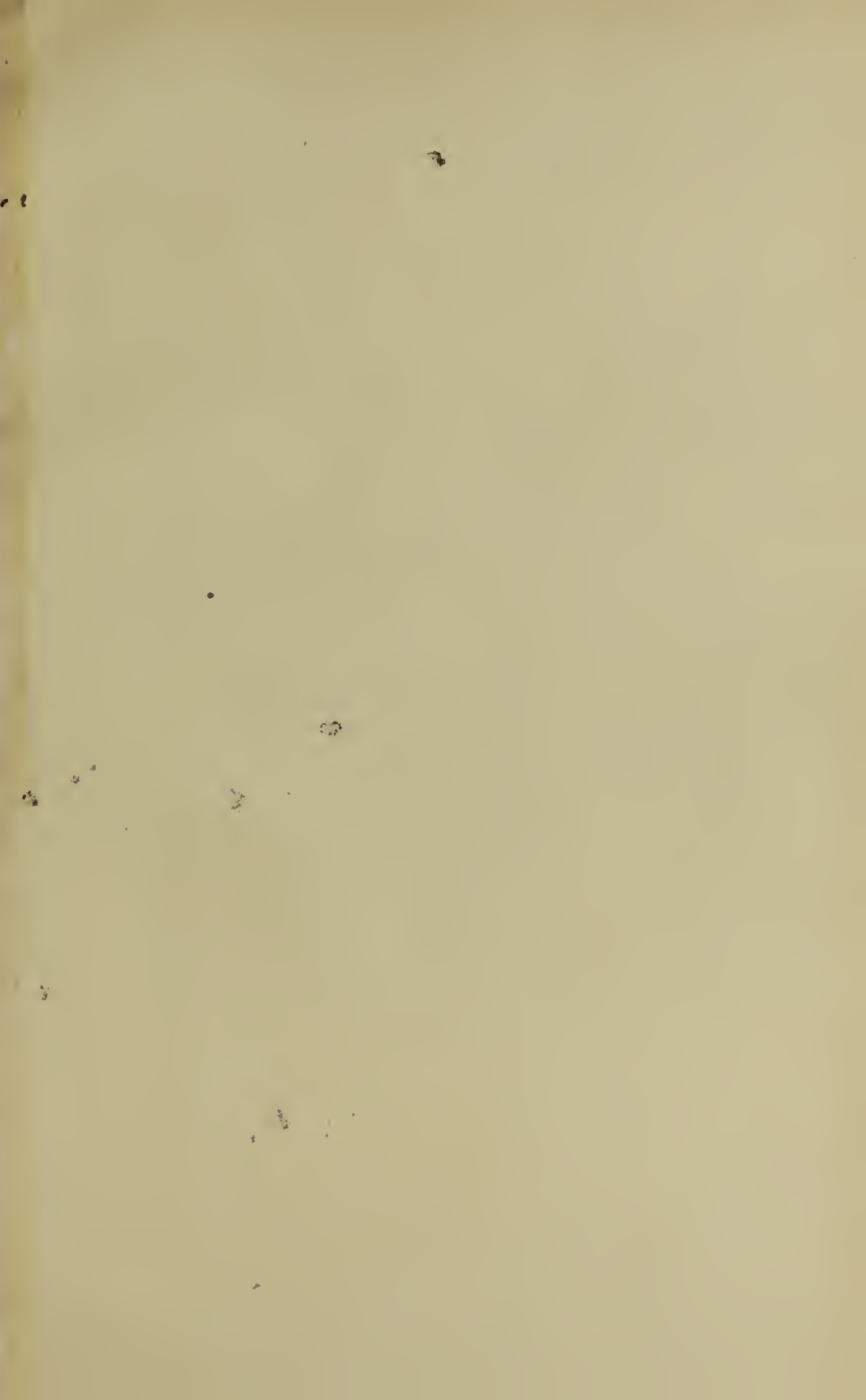
4

They wed, and this jovial mender of pots
 Proved only a brute and the prince of sots;
 He beat her, he starved her, she gave him the slip,
 And back to Bibberley town did 'trip.
 Ri fal de ral &c.

5

She found that the Squire her former flame
 Had wooed and married a wealthy dame,
 But a vacant place in the house she took,
 And, instead of his wife, she became his cook.
 Ri fal de ral diddle, ri fal de ral dee;
 What ups and downs in the world there be !





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