



*FOLK SONGS*  
*of the*  
*KENTUCKY*  
*MOUNTAINS*

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED  
by  
*JOSEPHINE Mc GILL*

*Price \$1.00 (net)*

**BOOSEY & C.**

NEW YORK

TORONTO

LONDON, (ENG.)

15 EAST 17 ST.

RYRIE BLDG. YONGE ST.

295 REGENT ST. W.



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# FOLK-SONGS OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS



Twenty Traditional Ballads  
and  
Other English Folk-Songs

NOTATED FROM THE SINGING OF THE

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

AND

ARRANGED WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

JOSEPHINE Mc GILL

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY

H. E. KREHBIEL

*Price \$1.00 net*

BOOSEY & C<sup>o</sup>

NEW YORK - TORONTO - LONDON. (ENG.)  
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## AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

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When, in April, 1916, I published in The New York Tribune, the words and tunes of several English ballads, received from Miss Josephine McGill, as they had been handed down orally for generations among the mountaineers of Kentucky, I accompanied the publication with some brief comments on the success which had of recent years accompanied the efforts to collect these ancient Songs in the South Atlantic States. An explanation of the phenomenon was found, or at least sought, in the circumstance that there has been a larger survival of the old English and Scottish ballad in the mountainous regions of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia and the Carolinas, than elsewhere in the country, because of the isolation in which their inhabitants lived. There can be no doubt, however, that much of the success of the Southern collectors is due to their extraordinary zeal, stimulated by the fact that romantic elements have attended their researches, which are absent in cities and more populous rural districts. Urban peoples feel little interest in traditions of any kind. Their lives are too full of contemporaneous distractions, diversions and entertainments. Moreover, he who wants folksongs must go after them, and his search must be laboriously and systematically conducted.

When Professor Child, of Harvard University, made his monumental collection, and still more monumental comparative study, he was thrown chiefly upon the manuscripts and printed collections which he could find in Europe. He did not have such an admirable agency as the present English Folk-Song Society, to help him, by collecting songs from the mouths of folksong singers in Great Britain; and for traditional American versions he was thrown wholly upon chance, and the interest of a few friends. Had he undertaken a lecture-tour of the country, and appealed to his hearers to make him the repository of their memories, he would have gleaned a richer harvest. Such, at least, has been my experience. For some years I have talked to a considerable number of clubs, schools and popular audiences, between the Atlantic and the Mississippi River, on the subject

of "Wandering Ballads." I seldom left a meeting without at least one contribution to my portfolios.

The "Journal of American Folk-Lore" has done good work in the folk-song field for ten years or more; but the contributions have been desultory; and, though the musical side of the quest has not been neglected altogether, the record of variant texts has been much larger than the record of melodies. Now the musical side of the study is receiving the attention of musical experts. The melodies of a large collection of ballads made by Mrs. John C. Campbell, of Asheville, N. C., have undergone scrutiny and revision from Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, an acknowledged English authority, who also collated them with oral tradition. Miss McGill had been earlier in the field, but since her first fruits were exhibited by The Tribune, Mr. Howard Brockway and Miss Lorraine Wyman have visited the district, in Kentucky, which Miss McGill had already partially gleaned. Through Miss McGill's publication, and others, I make no doubt but that some of the old songs will find their way into the concert rooms, and thus attain to new life and a wider currency.

From Hindman, Kentucky, I hear that an English example, which has been very fruitful of results, has been followed, and the ballad tunes sung at the Settlement School, which has been headquarters of collectors. Two years ago Professor Reed Smith reported in "The Journal of American Folk-Lore," that the tunes of ballads collected in Georgia were sung in the Mount Berry School, in that State, and in the Spring of 1916 the Varsity Quartette of the University of South Carolina, sang five ballads at the meeting of the State Teachers' Association. In The Tribune I also directed attention to the unique and agreeable enterprise of the Edith Rubel Trio, in playing at its concerts artistic arrangements of some of the Kentucky Ballads collected by Miss McGill. Plainly, folk-song is having a real awakening, and interest in it is no longer to be merely scientific or literary, and confined to the few.

*New York, March 6, 1917.*

**H. E. KREHBIEL.**

## PREFACE

It has been said that a good melody is not for an age—but for all time. Such a conclusion is inevitable to one who finds in remote sections of the world melodic survivals whose ancestry can be traced to far distant lands and climes.

Shut off in his fastnesses, the Kentucky mountaineer has preserved as a proud heritage many traditional ballads, and other fine old Scotch and English folk-songs brought to America by his colonial ancestors.

From a literary point of view, the most valuable of these survivals are the ballads which, according to the ancient ballad tradition, are always sung (not recited) by the mountain balladist. The lament called forth from the mother of the Ettrick Shepherd on the publication of the *Border Minstrelsy*: "Ye ha'e broken the charm now, and they'll never be sung mair," was indeed prophetic; for it is only in such isolated regions as the Kentucky mountains that one may still hear "these canticles of love and woe" chanted as in days of old.

Besides the ballads, however, there are other traditional songs, such as "The Cuckoo," "As I Walked Out," et cetera, less interesting for their literary value, but having a vital melodic charm which our age can ill afford to lose.

The present collection was made during the autumn of 1914, in Knott and Letcher Counties, Kentucky, in the heart of the mountain region—many miles from the nearest railroad.

Sincere thanks are expressed to all who assisted in the making of the collection, which was suggested by Miss May Stone, head of the Settlement School at Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky.

For advice about the literary texts particular indebtedness is felt toward Miss Lucy Furman, (author of *Mothering on Perilous*) whose long residence in the mountains makes her opinion one to be highly valued.

Acknowledgment is made to the following mountain people, from whose singing the airs were notated:—

Mrs. Sally Adams, Mrs. Dave Mullins, Mrs. Martha Richie, Mrs. Julie Morgan, Mrs. Isom Richie, Mr. Will Wooten, Mrs. Tom Witt, Mrs. Betty Jane Smith, Mr. Wiley Parks, and the children of the Hindman Settlement School.

To Messrs. Jason Richie, Rob Morgan, and Senator Hillard Smith, who were frequently consulted, especial thanks are due.

JOSEPHINE MCGILL.

## DEDICATION:

*To those in the Kentucky Mountains*

*"who take delight in singing,"*

*these arrangements*

*are dedicated*

*by*

*"The strange woman who went among them*

*looking for Song-Ballets".*

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\* Asterisks indicate ballads as distinguished from the other songs in this volume. The titles and numbers in parentheses are those given in the Cambridge Edition of Professor Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads.

## LADY GAY.

There was a lady, a lady gay,  
Of children she had three;  
She sent them away to the north countrie  
To learn high gramarye.

They had been gone but a very little while,  
Scarcely three weeks to a day;  
When death, cold death came hasting along,  
And stole those babes away.

"If there is a King in heaven," she said,  
"That wears the brightest crown,  
Pray send to me my three little babes  
Tonight or in the morning soon."

It was just about old Christmas time,  
The nights being cold and clear;  
She looked and saw her three little babes  
Come running home to her.

She set a table both long and wide,  
Put on it bread and wine;  
"Come eat and drink, my three little babes,  
Come eat and drink of mine."

"We do not want your bread, mother,  
We do not want your wine;  
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,  
To Him we must resign."

She fixed a bed in the long back room,  
Spread over it fine sheets,  
And covered it with a cloth of gold,  
That the sounder her babes might sleep.

Up rose the oldest one in the bed,  
"The cock's a-crowing for day;  
We're going never to come back again,  
Away, and away, and away.

Green grass grows over our heads, mother,  
Cold clay is under our feet;  
And ev'ry tear that you shed for us  
It wets our winding sheet."

---



# Lady Gay

about 104  $\text{♩}$  1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1. There

was a la-dy, a la - dy gay, Of chil - dren she had -  
 2. had been gone but a ve-ry lit-tle while, Scarce - lie three weeks to a

three; She sent them a-way to the north coun - trie To  
 day; When death, cold death came hast - ing a - long, And

learn high gram-a - rye.  
 stole those babes a - way.

2. They

3. "If

there is a King in heaven, she said, "That wears the bright-est—  
 4. was just a-bout old Christ-mas time, The nights being cold, and—

crown, Pray send to me my three lit-tle ba-bes To -  
 clear; She looked and saw her three lit-tle ba-bes Come

night or in the morning soon."  
 run-ning home to— 4. It her.

5. She set a ta-ble both long and wide, Put  
 7. fixed a bed in the long back room, Spread

on it bread and wine; "Come eat and drink, my—  
o - ver it— fine sheets, And cov - ered it with a

three lit-tle ba-bes, Come eat and drink of— mine." 6. "We  
cloth of— gold, That the sound - er her babes might sleep. 8. Up

do not want your— bread, moth-er, We do not want your—  
rose the— old - est one in the— bed, "The cock's a - crow-ing for

wine; For yon - der— stands our— Sav - ior— dear— To  
day; We're go - ing— nev - er to come back a - gain, A -

Him we— must re - sign.”  
- way, and a - way, and a - way,

7. She  
- 8. Green

grass grows ov-er our— heads, moth-er, Cold clay is un-der our—

feet; And ev' - ry— tear that you shed for— us— It

wets our— wind-ing— sheet.”

## LORD LOVEL.

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle wall  
Combing his milk-white steed;  
Down came the Lady Nancie Belle  
A-wishing her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she cried,  
"Where are you going?" cried she;  
"I'm going, my dear Lady Nancie Belle,  
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she cried,  
"When will you come back?" cried she;  
"In a year or two, or three at most,  
I'll return to my Lady Nancie."

He hadn't been gone but a year and a day  
Strange countries for to see,  
When a languishing thought came over his mind—  
It was of the Lady Nancie.

He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed  
Until he came to the town;  
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,  
And the people all mourning round.

"What is the matter?" Lord Lovel, he cried,  
"What is the matter?" cried he;  
"There's a lord's lady dead," the women replied,  
"Some call her the Lady Nancie."

He ordered the grave to be opened wide,  
The shroud to be turned down;  
He kissed, and kissed her clay-cold lips,  
Then the tears came trinkling down.

"I'll take a kiss, kind Madam," said he,  
"I am sure you can never kiss me;  
But I'll vow a vow to great God above  
That I'll never kiss lips after thee."

Lady Nancie Belle died like it might be today;  
Lord Lovel, like it might be tomorrow;  
Lady Nancie Belle died for pure, pure grief;  
Lord Lovel, he died for sorrow.

Landy Nancie was laid in St. Pancras' Church,  
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;  
And out of her breast there grew a red rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They grew, and they grew to the old church top,  
Then they could grow no higher;  
There they tied in a true lover's knot  
For all true lovers to admire.

# Lord Lovel

80 *mf*

1. Lord Lov-el he stood at his cas - tle\_ wall\_

3. "When will you come back, Lord\_ Lov - el?" she\_ cried, "When

Comb-ing his milk - white steed; Down came the La - dy

will you come back?" cried she; "In a year or two, or

Nan - cie\_ Belle A - wish-ing her lov-er good speed. 2. "Where

three at\_ most, I'll re - turn to my La - dy Nan - cie." 4. He

are you go-ing, Lord Lev-el?" she cried, "Where are you go-ing?" cried  
had'nt been gone but a year and a day Strange coun-tries for\_ to

she; "I'm\_ go-ing, my dear La-dy Nan - cie\_ Belle, Strange  
see; When a lan-guish-ing thought came in - to his mind, It was '

coun - tries for\_ to\_ see.  
of the La - dy Nan - cie.

5. He rode and he rode on his milk - white steed Un -  
7. He or - dered the grave to be o - pened wide, The

- til he came to the town; And there he heard St. Pan - cras' bells, And the  
shroud to be turned down; He kissed, and kissed her clay - cold lips, Then the

peo - ple all mourn - ing - round.  
tears - came trink - ling - down.

6. "What's the  
8. "I'll take

mat - ter, what's the mat - ter?" Lord Lov - el, he - cried "What's the  
a kiss, I'll take a kiss, kind Ma - dam," said - he, "I am

mat - ter, what's the mat - ter?" cried he; "There's a lord's la - dy dead," the  
sure - you can nev - er kiss me; But I'll vow a - vow to great



wom-en re-plied, Some call her the La-dy Nan-cie.  
God-a-bove, That I'll nev-er kiss lips af-ter thee.

9. La-dy Nan-cie Belle died like it might be to-day, Lord  
10. La-dy Nan-cie was laid in St. Pan-cras' Church, Lord  
11. They grew, and they grew to the old church top, Then.

Lov-el, like it might be to-mor-row; La-dy Nan-cie Belle died for  
Lov-el was laid in the choir; And out of her breast there  
they could grow no high-er; There they tied in a true

pure, pure grief; Lord Lov-el, he died for sor-row.  
grew a red rose, And out of his a bri-ar.  
lov-er's knot For all true loversto ad-mire.

3 times

## THE GYPSIE LADDIE

There came two gypsies from the north,  
They were all wet and weary O;  
They sang so neat and so complete,  
It charmed the heart of the lady O.

The squire he came home one night  
Inquiring for his lady O;  
The news so quickly lit on him,—  
"She's gone with the dark-eyed gypsy O."

"Go saddle up my milk-white steed,  
Go saddle up my brownie O;  
And I will ride both night and day  
To overtake my honey O."


He rode east and he rode west,  
He rode north and southward too;  
There he spied his sweet little miss  
A-following the dark-eyed gypsy O.

She pulled off the garment that she wore,  
And laid it down for a head-rest O;  
She lay on the grass and drank of the dew;  
And followed the dark-eyed gypsy O.

"Would you forsake your house and land,  
Would you forsake your baby O;  
Would you forsake your own true love,  
And follow the gypsy laddie O?"

"What cares I for house and land,  
What cares I for money O;  
I'd rather have a kiss from the gypsy's lips  
Than all your land and money O."

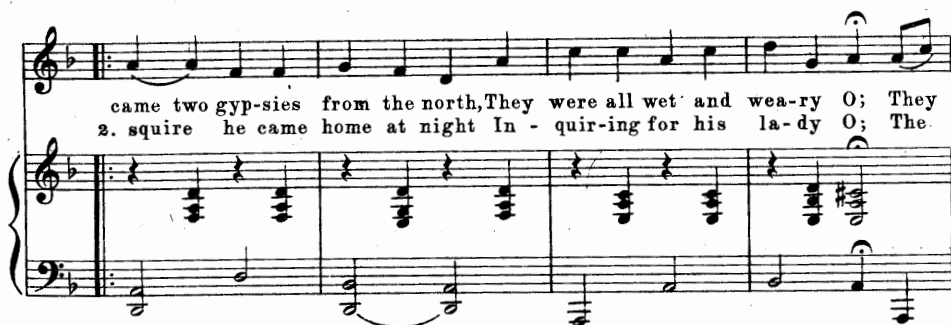
# The Gypsie Laddie

about 96 

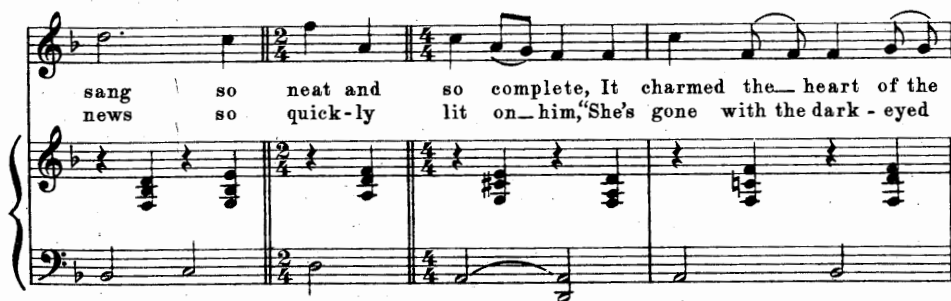
1. There



came two gyp-sies from the north, They were all wet and wea-ry O; They  
2. squire he came home at night In - quir-ing for his la-dy O; The



sang so neat and so complete, It charmed the heart of the  
news so quick-ly lit on him, "She's gone with the dark-eyed



1. la - dy O. 2. The gyp-sie O"



3. 'Go sad-dle up my milk-white steed, Go  
4. He rode east and he rode west,

sad-dle up my brown-y O; And I will ride both  
He rode north and south-ward too; There he spied his

night and day To o - ver - take my hon-ey O"  
sweet lit-tle miss A - fol-low-ing the dark-eyed gyp-sie O.

5. She pulled off the gar-ment that she wore, And laid it down for a  
6. you for - sake your house and land, Would you for-sake your

head-rest O; She lay on the grass and drank of the dew; And  
ba-by O: Would you for-sake your own true love, And

fol-lowed the dark-eyed gyp-sie O.  
fol-low the gyp-sie lad-die O? 6. Would 7. What cares I for house and land,

What cares I for mon-ey O; I'd rath-er have a kiss from the

gyp-sie's lips Than all your land and mon-ey O."

## LORD RANDAL.

"Where have you been, Randal, it's Randal my son,  
Where have you been, Randal, my pretty sweet  
one?"

"O I've been a-courting, mother make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie  
down."

"What did you have for your supper, it's Randal my  
son,  
What did you have for your supper, my pretty  
sweet one?"

"Fried eels and fresh butter, mother make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie  
down."

"What will you leave to your father, it's Randal my  
son,  
What will you leave to your father, my pretty  
sweet one?"

"A chest of fine clothing, mother make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie  
down."

"What will you leave to your brother, it's Randal  
my son,  
What will you leave to your brother, my pretty  
sweet one?"

"My horse and fine saddle, mother make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie  
down."

"What will you leave to your sister, it's Randal my  
son,  
What will you leave to your sister, my pretty  
sweet one?"

"My land and fine buildings, mother make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie  
down."

"What will you leave to your sweetheart, it's Ran-  
dal my son,  
What will you leave to your sweetheart, my pretty  
sweet one?"

"A rope and a gallows, mother make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie  
down."

"What will you leave to your mother, it's Randal  
my son,  
What will you leave to your mother, my pretty  
sweet one?"

"A dead son to bury, mother make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie  
down."

# Lord Randal

about 126 

1. "Where

have you been Ran-dal, it's\_ Ran-dal my son, Where\_ have you been,  
 2. have for your sup-per, it's\_ Ran-dal my son, What did you have for your

Ran-dal, my pret-ty sweet one?" "O\_ I've been a - court-ing, {Mother make my bed  
 sup-per, my pret-ty sweet one?" "Fried eels and fresh but - ter, {

soon, For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down." 2. "What did you down."



3. "What will you leave to your fath-er, it's Ran-dal my  
 4. "What will you leave to your broth-er, it's Ran-dal my  
 5. "What will you leave to your sis-ter, it's Ran-dal my

son, What will you leave to your fath-er, my-pret-ty sweet one?" "A—  
 son, What will you leave to your broth-er, my-pret-ty sweet one?" "My—  
 son, What will you leave to your sis-ter, my-pret-ty sweet one?" "My—

chest of fine cloth-ing,  
 horse and fine sad-dle, {Moth-er make my bed soon, For I'm sick at the  
 land and fine build-ings,

heart, and I fain would lie down." *3 times*



6. "What will you leave to your sweet-heart, it's— Ran - dal my

son, What will you leave to your sweet-heart, my— pret - ty sweet

one?" "A— rope and a gal-lows, moth-er make my bed soon, For I'm


sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down?"

7. "What will you leave to your moth-er, it's— Ran-dal my son, What will you

leave to your moth-er, my— pret-ty sweet one?" "A— dead son to

bur-y, moth-er make my bed soon, For I'm sick at the heart, and I

fain would lie down."



### LITTLE SPARROW.

Come all you fair and tender ladies,  
Take warning how you court young men;  
They are like a star in the cloudy morning,  
They first appear and then they're gone.

They tell to you some lovely story,  
They swear to you their love is true;  
Then away they'll go and court some other,  
And that's the love they have for you.

I wish I were some little sparrow,  
And I had wings and I could fly;  
I would fly away to my false lover,  
And while he'd talk I'd sit and cry.

But I am not a little sparrow,  
I have no wings, nor can I fly;  
I will sit down in grief and sorrow,  
And pass my trouble by and bye.

I wish I'd known before I courted,  
That love had been so hard to gain;  
I'd have locked my heart with a key of golden,  
And tied it down with a silver pin.

Young men ne'er cast your eyes on beauty,  
For it's a thing that will decay;  
The prettiest flowers that grow in the garden,  
They soon will wither and fade away.

# Little Sparrow

72

1. Come all you  
3. I wish I  
5. I wish I'd

fair and ten-der la - dies, Take warn-ing how you court young  
were some lit-tle spar - row, And I had wings and I could  
known be - fore I court - ed, That love had been so hard to

men; They are like a star in the cloud-y morn - ing, They first ap -  
fly; I would fly a - way to my false lov - er, And while he'd  
gain; I'd have lockt my heart with a key of gold - en, And tied it

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the song 'Little Sparrow'. It is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The first system includes three numbered vocal entries: '1. Come all you', '3. I wish I', and '5. I wish I'd'. The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The third system contains the second line of lyrics, including a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

pear and then they're gone. 2. They tell to you some love-ly  
talk I'd sit and cry. 4. But I am not a lit-tle  
down with a sil-ver pin. 6. Young men ne'er cast your eyes on

sto - ry, They swear to you their love is true; Then a-way they'll  
spar - row, I have no wings, nor can I fly; I will sit  
beau - ty, For it's a thing that will de - cay; The pret-ti-est

go and court some oth - er, And that's the love they have for  
down in grief and sor - row, And pass my trou - ble by and  
flowers that grow in the gar - den, They soon will with - er and fade a -

you.  
bye.  
way.

3 times

rit.

## LORD THOMAS.

"O mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,  
Come riddle it all as one;  
Must I go marry Fair Ellender,  
Or bring the brown girl home?"

"The brown girl she has house and lands,  
Fair Ellender, she has none;  
I warn you on my blessing, Sir Thomas,  
Go bring the brown girl home."

"Go saddle up my milk-white steed,  
Go saddle him up for me;  
I'll go invite fair Ellender,  
My wedding for to see."

He rode, he rode till he came to the hall,  
He tingled all on the ring;  
Nobody so ready as Fair Ellender,  
To rise and let him come in.

"What news, what news," fair Ellender cried,  
"What news have you brought to me?"  
"I've come to invite you to my wedding.  
Is that good news for thee?"

"Bad news, bad news," fair Ellender cried,  
"Bad news have you brought to me;  
I once did think I would be your bride,  
And you my bridegroom would be."

"O mother, O mother, come riddle my sport,  
Come riddle it all as one;  
Must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,  
Or tarry at home with thee?"

"O enemies, enemies you have there,  
The brown girl she has none;  
I warn you on my blessing, my child,  
To tarry this day at home."

"There may be many of my friends, mother,  
But many more of my foes;  
But if I never return again,  
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

She dressed herself in scarlet red,  
Her maids she dressed in green;  
And every town that she passed through,  
They took her to be some queen.

LORD THOMAS.—*Continued*

She rode, she rode till she came to the hall,  
She tingled all on the ring;  
Nobody so ready as Lord Thomas himself,  
To rise and bid her come in.

He took her by the lily-white hand,  
And led her through the hall;  
And set her down in a golden chair,  
Among the ladies all.

"Is this your bride?" fair Ellender cried,  
"That looks so wondrous brown?  
You once could have married as fair a ladie  
As ever the sun shone on."

"Despise her not, Fair Ellen," he cried,  
"Despise her not to me;  
I love the end of your little finger,  
Much better than her whole bodie."

The brown girl had a little penknife,  
It was both keen and sharp;  
Between the long ribs and the short,  
She pierced fair Ellender's heart.

"O what is the matter?" Lord Thomas, he cried,  
"O are you blind?" cried she;  
"And don't you see my own heart's blood,  
Come trickling down my knee?"

He caught the brown girl by the hand,  
And led her across the hall;  
He drew a bright sword, he cut off her head,  
And threw it against the wall.

"O mother, O mother, go dig my grave,  
Go dig it wide and deep;  
And place fair Ellender at my head,  
The brown girl at my feet."

He placed the butt against the wall,  
The point against his breast;  
Saying: "Here's the end of three poor lovers,  
God take them all to rest."

# Lord Thomas

about 108 ♩.

1. "O  
3. "Go

moth-er, O moth-er, come rid-dle my sport, Come rid-dle it all as  
sad - dle up my milk-white steed, Go sad-dle him up for

one; Must I go mar-ry Fair El - len - der, Or  
me; I'll go in - vite Fair El - len - der, My

bring the brown girl home?'' 2. "The brown girl she has  
wed - ding for too see." 4. He rode, he rode till he



house\_ and lands, Fair El-len-der, she\_ has none; I  
came to the hall, He tin-gled all on\_ the ring; No

warn you on\_ my bless-ing, Sir Thomas, Go bring the brown girl home?"  
bod-y so ready as Fair El-len-der, \_ To rise and let him come in.

5. "What  
7. "O

news, what news," Fair El-len-der cried, "What news have you brought to me?" "I've  
mother, O mother, come rid-dle my sport, Come riddle it all\_ as one; \_ Must

come to in-vite you to— my wed-ding, Is that— good news for  
I— go to Lord Thomas's— wed-ding Or tar-ry at home with

thee?" 6 "Bad news,— bad news," Fair El-len-der cried, "Bad  
thee?" 8 "O en - e-mies, en - e-mies you— have there, The

news have you brought to me; I once did think I would  
brown girl she— has none; I warn you on— my

be— your bride, And you— my bridegroom would be."  
blessing, my child, To tar-ry this day— at home."

9. "There may be many of my  
11. She rode, she rode till she  
13. "Is this your bride?" Fair

friends, mother, But ma-ny more of my foes; But if— I rev-er re-  
came to the hall, She tin-gled all on the ring; No- bo-dy so ready as Lord  
El-len-der cried, "That looks so wondrous brown?" You once could have married as

turn— a - gain, To Lord Thomas's wed-ding I'll go!" 10. She  
Thomas him-self, To— rise and bid her— come in. 12. He  
fair a la-die As— ev - er the sun— shone on." 14. "Des -

dressed her-self in scar - let red, Her maids she dressed in green; And  
took her by the li-ly-white hand, And led her through the hall; And  
pise her not, Fair El-len," he cried, "Des - pise her not— to me; I

ev - ery town, that she passed through, They took her to be - some queen.  
 set her down in a gold - en chair, A - mong the la - dies all.  
 love the end of your lit-tle fin-ger, Much more than her whole bod - ie?"

*3 times.*

15.. The

brown girl had a lit-tle pen-knife, It was both keen and sharp; Be -

tween the long ribs and the short, She pierced fair El-len-der's heart.

*Faster*

16. "O what is the matter?" Lord Thomas, he cried, "O are— you blind?" cried she;—"And  
 17. He caught the brown girl by— the hand, And led her a-cross the hall;— He

*Faster*

don't you see my own heart's blood, Come trick - ling down my knee?"  
 drew a bright sword, he cut off her head, And threw it a - gainst the wall.

*Slower*

18. "O mother, O mother, go dig my grave, Go dig it both wide and  
 19. He placed the but— a - gainst the wall, The point— a - gainst his

deep; And place Fair El-len-der at my head,— The brown girl at— my  
 breast; Saying: "Here's the end— of three poor lovers, God take them all to

feet."  
 rest."

*ff*

## THE CUCKOO.

A-walking and talking, a-walking goes I,  
To meet my true lover, we'll meet by and bye;  
For meeting's a pleasure, and parting's a grief,  
An inconstant lover is worse than a thief.

A thief will but rob you and take all you have,  
An inconstant lover will bring you to the grave;  
The grave will consume you, and turn you to dust;  
There's not one in a thousand a poor girl can trust.

Come all you pretty fair maids take warning by me,  
Never place your affections on a green growing  
tree;  
For the leaves they will wither, the roots will decay,  
The beauty of a fair one will soon pass away.

Cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies,  
She brings us good tidings, and tells us no lies;  
She sucks all sweet flowers to keep her voice clear,  
She never cries "Cuckoo" till spring of the year.

# The Cuckoo (1)

about 126 



1. A - walk - ing and — talk - ing, a - -  
 2. thief will but — rob — you and  
 3. all you pret - ty fair — maids take  
 4. - koo is a — pret - ty bird, she

- walk - ing goes I, To meet my true  
 take all you have, An in - con - stant  
 warn - ing by me, Ne'er place your af -  
 sings as she flies, She brings us good

lov - er, we'll meet by and bye; For meet - ings a  
 lov - er will bring you to the grave; The grave will con -  
 fec - tions on a green grow - ing tree; For the leaves they will  
 tid - ings, and tells us no lies; She sucks all sweet

pleas - ure, and part - ings a grief, An in - con - stant  
 - sume you, and turn you to dust; There's not one in a  
 with - er, the roots will de - cay, The beau - ty of a  
 flow - ers to keep her voice clear, She nev - er cries

lov - er is worse than a thief.  
 thou - sand a poor girl can trust. 2. A  
 fair - one will soon pass a way. 3. Come  
 "Cuc - koo" till spring of the 4. Cuc -

year.



# The Cuckoo (2)

about 128 



1. A - walk ing and talk - ing, a -  
 2. thief will but rob you and  
 3. all you pret - ty fair maids take  
 4. - koo is a pret - ty bird, she

walk - ing goes I, To meet my true  
 take all you have, An in - con - stant  
 warn - ing by me, Ne'er place your af -  
 sings as she flies, She brings us good

lov - er, we'll meet by and - bye; For - meet - ing's a  
 lov - er will - bring you to the grave; The - grave will con -  
 - fec - tions on a green grow - ing - tree; For the leaves they will  
 tid - ings, and - tells us no - lies; She - sucks all sweet

pleas - ure, and part - ings' a grief, An, in - con - stant  
 - sume you, and turn you to dust; There's not one in a  
 with - er, the roots will de - cay; The beau - ty of a  
 flow - ers to keep her voice clear, She nev - er cries

lov - er is worse than a thief.  
 thou - sand a poor girl can trust. 2. A  
 fair one will soon pass a - way. 3. Come  
 "Cue - koo" till spring of the 4. Cue -

year.

## BARBARA ALLEN.

All in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swelling;  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death bed lay  
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town,  
The town where she was dwelling;  
"Fair maid there is a call for you,  
If your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowlie, slowlie she got up,  
And slowlie she went to him;  
But all she said when she got there,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O yes, I'm sick and very sick,  
And death is with me dealing;  
No better will I ever be  
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

"O don't you remember in yonder town,  
When the red wine you were filling;  
You drank a health to the ladies all around  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

"O yes, I remember in yonder town,  
When the red wine I was filling;  
I drank a health to the ladies all around,  
But my love to Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall  
While death was with him dealing;  
"Adieu, adieu to my dear friends all,  
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

As slow-lie, slow-lie she got up,  
As slow-lie she went from him;  
The birds they sang so clear in her ear,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

As she were walking o'er the fields,  
She heard those death bells knelling,  
And every stroke it seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

As she were walking through the streets,  
She saw the corpse a-coming;  
"Take off, take off that winding sheet,  
And let me look upon him."

The more she looked, the more she grieved,  
Till she bursted out a-crying:  
"O pick me up and take me home,  
For surely I am dying."

"O mother, mother, make my bed,  
Go make it long and narrow;  
Young Jemmy died for me today,  
I'll die for him tomorrow."

"O father, father, dig my grave,  
Go dig it deep and narrow;  
Young Jemmy died for me through love,  
I'll die for him through sorrow."

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in;  
Henceforth take warning by the fate  
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

# Barbara Allen

69 *d*

1. All in the

mer - - ry month of May, When greenbuds they were  
 2. ser - - vant to the town, The town where she was

swell - ing; Young Jem-my Grove on his death bed lay For  
 dwell - ing; "Fair maid there is a call for you, If your

love of \*Bar - ba - ra Al - len. 1. He sent his Al - len.  
 name be Bar - ba - ra 2. He sent his Al - len.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the beginning of the song with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the first two verses of the song. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The fourth system shows the final lines of the song, with two endings marked '1' and '2'. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

\* Wherever this name occurs, it may, if preferred, be abbreviated to—Barb'ra.

3. So slow - lie,  
4. "O yes, I'm

slow - lie she got\_ up, And slow - lie she went  
sick and ver - y\_ sick, And death is with me

to him; But all she said when she got\_ there— "Young  
deal - ing; No bet - ter will I ev - er\_ be If I

man I think you're dy - ing."  
don't get Bar - ba-ra Al - len."

5. "O don't you re-mem-ber in yon-der town, When the red wine you were  
6. "O yes I re-mem-ber in yon-der town, When the red wine I was

fill-ing; You drank a health to the la-dies all a-round And  
fill-ing; I drank a health to the la-dies all a-round, My

slight-ed Bar-ba-ra Al-len? Al-len?  
love to Bar-ba-ra Al-len?

7. He turned his pale face to the wall, While death was with him deal-ing; "A -  
8. As slow-lie, slow-lie she got up, As slow-lie she went from him; The

- dieu, a - dieu to my dear friends all, Be kind to Bar - ba-ra  
birds they sang so clear in her - ear, "Hard - heart - ed Bar - ba-ra"

Al - len." 9. As she were walk - ing o'er the fields, She  
Al - len." 10. As she were walk - ing through the streets, She

heard those death bells knell - ing; And ev - 'ry stroke it -  
saw the corpse a - com - ing; "Take off, take off that -

seemed to say, "Hard - heart - ed Bar - ba-ra Al - len."  
wind - ing sheet, That I may look up - on him."

11. The more she looked, the more she grieved, Till she burst out a - cry - ing; "O  
 12. "O moth - er, moth - er, make my bed, Go make it long and nar - row; Young

pick me up and take me home, For sure - ly I am dy - ing;  
 Jem - my died for me to - day, I'll die for him to - mor - row.

13. O father, fa - ther dig my grave, Go dig it deep and nar - row; Young  
 14. "Farewell," she said, "ye vir - gins all, And shun the fault I fell in; Hence -

Jem - my died for me through love, I'll die for him through sor - row.  
 - forth take warn - ing by the fate Of cru - el Bar - ba - ra Al - len.



## THE MERMAID.

Last Friday morning as we set sail,  
Not very far from land;  
We all espied a fair mermaid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

### \*Chorus

The stormy winds do blow, blow blow,  
And the raging seas how they roar;  
And us three sailors climbing to the top,  
And the land all a-lying down below.

The first came up was the captain of the ship,  
And a jolly looking fellow was he;  
O I've this night in merry Eng-a-land,  
A wife that is weeping for me."

The next came up was a pretty little boy,  
And a pretty little fellow was he,  
Saying, "I've this night in merry Eng-a-land,  
A mother that's looking for me."

The next came up was the greasy old cook,  
And a greasy old fellow was he;  
Saying: "I care more for the kettle and the stove  
Than I do for the raging of the sea."

The gallant old ship, she turned herself around,  
Yes three times over again;  
The very last time she turned herself around,  
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

\*Chorus after each verse.

# The Mermaid

96

1. Last Fri - day morn - ing as  
2. The first came up was the

we — set — sail, Not — ver — y — far — from —  
cap-tain of the ship, And a jol - ly look - ing fel - low was —

land; We all es - pied a fair mer - maid, With a  
he; "O I've this day in mer - ry Eng - a - land, A —

comb and a glass in her hand, in her hand, With a  
wife that is weep - ing for me, for — me, A —

## CHORUS

comb and a glass in her hand. {The storm - y winds do  
wife that is weep - ing for me?}

blow, blow, blow, And the rag - ing seas how they roar; And us three sail - ors

climb - ing to the top, And the land all a - ly - ing down be -

- low, down be - low, And the land all a - ly - ing down be - low.

3. The next— came up was a  
 4. The next— came up was the  
 5. The gal-lant old ship, she—

pret-ty lit-tle boy, And a pret-ty lit-tle fel-low was—  
 greas-y old— cook, And a greas-y old— fel-low was—  
 turned her-self a-round, Yes— three— times— ov-er a—

he; "O I've this day in— mer-ry Eng-a-land, A—  
 he; "O I— care more for the ket-tle and the stove, Than I  
 - gain; The ver-y last time she— turned her-self a-round, She—

moth-er that's look-ing for me, for— me, A—  
 do for the rag-ing of the sea, of the sea, Than I  
 sank to the bot-tom of the sea, of the sea, She—

## CHORUS

moth - er that's look - ing for me,"  
do for the rag-ing of the sea." } The storm - y winds do  
sank to the bot-tom of the sea."

blow, blow, blow, And the rag-ing seas how they roar; And us three sail-ors

climb-ing to the top, And the land all a - ly - ing down be -

- low, down be - low, And the land all a - ly - ing down be - low.

*3 times*

## THE FORSAKEN GIRL.

I walked out one morning so early in spring,  
To hear the small birds whistle and the night-  
ingales sing;

It was all at a distance, I heard a sad moan,  
"I am a poor strange girl and far from my home.

O William, O William, it's for your sake alone,  
That I left my poor father and mother to mourn;  
That I left my poor father and mother to mourn;  
I am a poor strange girl and far from my home.

O don't you remember last Saturday night,  
The words that you said as you sat by my side?  
You told me you loved me, your heart lay in my  
breast,  
That unless we got married you never could rest.

I'll build me a castle on yon mountain so high,  
Where the wild geese can see me as they do pass  
by;  
Where the turtle dove can hear me and help me  
to mourn,  
For I am a poor strange girl and far from my  
home."

# The Forsaken Girl

76 



1. I  
2. "O

walked out one morn - ing so ear - ly in spring, To —  
Will - iam, O Will - iam, it's for your sake a - lone, That I

hear the small birds whis - tle — and the night - in - gales sing; It was  
left — my poor fath - er and moth - er to mourn; That I

all at a dis - tance, I heard a sad moan, "I —  
left my poor fath - er and moth - er to mourn; I —

am a poor strange girl and far from my home."  
am a poor strange girl and far from my home?"

3. "O  
4. "I'll

don't you re - mem - ber last Sat - ur - day  
build me a cas - tle on yon moun - tain - so

night, The words that you said as you  
high, Where the wild geese can see me as



sat by my side? You — told — me you  
they do pass by; Where the tur - tle dove can

loved 'me, your heart lay in my breast, That un -  
hear me and help — in me to mourn, For I

- less we got mar - ried you nev - er could rest."  
am a poor strange girl and far from my home."

## JOHN AND WILLIAM.

O John and William walkèd out one day  
To view the iron band.  
Says John to William, "At any price  
We'd better turn home again."

"O no," says William, "That can never be  
That we'll return again,  
For I'm the one loves pretty Susanne  
And I will murder thee."

"What will you tell to my mother dear,  
When she askèd for her son John?"  
"I left him at the cottage school  
His lessons for to learn."

"What will you tell to my father dear,  
When he askèd for his son John?"  
"I left him in the high wild woods  
A-learnin' his hounds to run."

"What will you tell to my pretty Susanne  
When she askèd for her true love John?"  
"I left him in the grave-lie deep,  
Never more to return."

She mourned the fish all out of the sea,  
The birds all out of the nest;  
She mourned her true love out of his grave  
Because that she could not rest.

"What do you want, my pretty Susanne,  
What do you want with me?"  
"A kiss or two from your pretty bright lips  
Is all that I ask of thee."

"Go home, go home, my pretty Susanne,  
Go home, go home," said he;  
"If you weep and mourn all the balance of your  
days  
You'll never more see me."

# John and William

84

1. O

John and Will-iam walk-ed out one day To view the ir - on -  
 2. no? says Will-iam, "That can nev - er be That we'll re - turn a -

band. Says John to Will - iam: "At an - y price We'd  
 - gain, For I'm the one - loves pret - ty Su - sanne And

bet - ter turn home a - gain."  
 I - will mur - der - thee?"

1 2  
 2. "O 3. "What

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and block chords in the right hand. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, followed by a half note 'O'. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, with the first system containing two verses. The second system continues the narrative, and the third system includes a musical repeat with first and second endings. The first ending leads back to the beginning of the second system, while the second ending concludes the piece with a final chord.

will you tell to my moth - er dear, When she ask - ès for her Son  
4. will you tell to my fath - er dear, When he ask - ès for-her Son

John?" "I left him at the cot - tage school His  
John?" "I left him in the high wild woods A -

les - sons for to learn."  
- learn-in' his hounds to run.' 4. "What 5. "What will you tell to my

pret - ty Su - sanne When she asks for her true love John?" "I

left him in the grave - lie deep, Nev - er more to re -

- turn." 6. She mourned the fish all out of the sea, Tha  
7. do you want my pret - ty Su - sanne, What

birds all out of the nest; She mourned her true love -  
do you want of me? "A kiss or two from your

out of the grave Be - cause that she could not rest.  
pret - ty bright lips Is all that I ask of thee? 7. "What 8. "Go

home, go home, my— pret - ty Su - sanne, Go—

home, go home," said he; "If you weep and mourn all the

balance of your days You'll nev - er— more see— me."

## THE CHERRY TREE.

When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,  
He married Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee.

As Joseph and Mary were walking one day  
Here are apples, here are cherries, enough to  
behold.\*

Then Mary spoke to Joseph so meek and so mild,  
"Joseph gather me some cherries, for I am with  
child."

Then Joseph flew in anger, in anger flew he,  
"Let the father of the baby gather cherries for  
thee."

Then Jesus spoke a few words, a few words spoke  
He,  
"Let my mother have some cherries, bow low down  
Cherry Tree."

The cherry tree bowed low down, bowed low down  
to the ground,  
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood  
around.

Then Joseph took Mary all on his right knee:  
"What have I done—Lord have mercy on me!"

Then Joseph took Mary all on his left knee:  
"O tell me little baby, when Thy birthday will be?"

"The sixth day of January my birthday will be,  
When the stars in the elements shall tremble with  
glee."

\*The Cambridge Edition of Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads gives two versions of this carol. In version A the above stanza appears thus:—  
Joseph and Mary walked through an orchard green  
Where was berries and cherries as thick as might be seen.

# The Cherry Tree

96

1. When Jo-seph was an  
2. \*As Jo-seph and—

old man, an old man was he, He— mar - ried Vir-gin Ma - ry, the—  
Ma - ry were walk - ing one day Here are ap - ples, here are cher - ries e -

Queen of Gal - i - lee, He— mar - ried Vir-gin Ma - ry, the—  
- nough— to be - hold, Here are ap - ples, here are cher - ries e -

\*The Cambridge Edition of Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads gives two versions of this carol. In version A the above stanza appears thus:

Joseph and Mary walked through an orchard green  
Where was berries and cherries as thick as might be seen.



Queen of Gal-i - lee.  
- nough - to be - hold.

3. Then Ma - ry spoke to Jo - seph so meek and so - mild, "Jo-seph  
4. Then Jo - seph flew in an - ger, in an - ger flew he, "Let the

gath - er me some cher - ries, for - I am with child, Jo-seph  
fath - er of the ba - by gath-er cher - ries for - thee, Let the

gath - er me some cher - ries, for - I am with child.  
fath - er of the ba - by gath-er cher - ries for - thee?.

5. Then  
6. The

Je - sus spoke a few words, a few words spoke He, "Let my  
cher - ry tree bowed low down, bowed low down to the ground, And -

moth - er have some cher - ries bow - low down Cherry Tree, Let my  
Ma - ry gath - ered cher - ries while Jo - seph stood a - round, And -

moth - er have some cher - ries bow - low down Cher - ry Tree."  
Ma - ry gath - ered cher - ries while - Jo - seph stood a - round.

7. Then  
8. Then

Jo - seph took — Ma - ry all on his right knee: "What  
Jo - seph took — Ma - ry all on his left knee: "O —

have — I — done? Lord, have mer - cy on — me! What —  
tell me lit - tle ba - by when Thy birth - day will be, O —

have — I — done? — Lord, have mer - cy on — me."  
tell me lit - tle ba - by when Thy birth - day will be?"

9. "On the

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, all in a descending sequence.

sixth day of — Jan - u - ary my birth-day will be, When the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G, A, B) followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

stars — in the el - e - ments shall trem - ble with glee, When the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

stars — in the el - e - ments shall . trem - ble with glee."

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G, A, B) followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

### AS I WALKED OUT.

As I walked out one evening late  
To hear the birds sing sweet,  
I sat me down in a lonesome grove  
To see true lovers meet.

To see true lovers meet, my love,  
And to hear what they had to say.  
To see true lovers meet, my love,  
And to hear what they had to say.

Come, sit you down by me, my love,  
Come, sit you on the green.  
It has been three-quarters of a long year  
Since together we have been.

"I can't sit down and I won't sit down,  
For I've not a moment's time;  
And more than that, you've another true love,  
And your heart's no longer mine."

# As I Walked Out

100

1. As I walked out one eve-ning late To

hear the birds sing sweet; I sat me down in a lone-some grove To

see true lov-ers meet. To see true lov-ers meet, my love, And to

hear what they had to say; To see true lov-ers meet, my love, And to

hear what they had to say. 2. Come,

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with chords in the left hand.

sit you down by me, my love, Come, sit you on the green. It has

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, C5, B4, A4, and G4, followed by a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a half note G2.

been three quar-ters of a long year Sinceto-geth-er we have been. Sinceto-

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a half note G2.

geth-er we have been, my love, Sinceto-geth-er we have been; It has

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a half note G2.

been three quar-ters of a long year Sinceto-geth-er we have been.

The fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a half note G2.

3. "I can't sit down and I won't sit down, For I've

not a mo - ments time; And more than that you've an -

oth-er true love, And your heart's no long-er mine. Your heart's no long-er -

mine, my love, your heart's no long-er mine; And more than that you've an -

oth-er true love, And your heart's no long-er mine."



## SWEET WILLIAM.

Sweet William arose on last May morning,  
And dressed himself in blue;  
"Come, tell unto me that long, long love  
Between Lyddy Marget and you."

"I know no harm of Lyddy Marget, my love,  
I'm sure she knows none of me;  
By eight o'clock tomorrow morning  
Lyddy Marget my bride shall see."

Lyddy Marget was sitting in her own bower room  
A-combing her yellow hair;  
She saw Sweet William and his new bride  
As they came riding near.

Lyddy Marget threw down her golden comb,  
And quickly she bound up her hair;  
And away she went from her own bower room,  
No more to be seen there.

The day being past and night come on  
When all men were asleep,  
Lyddy Marget's ghost came about midnight  
And stood at Sweet William's bed feet.

"How do you like your bed?" she said,  
"How do you like your sheet;  
How do you like that fair ladie  
That lies in your arms asleep?"

"Very well I like my bed," he said,  
"Very well I like my sheet;  
But better I like the fair ladie  
That stands at my bed feet."

The night being gone and day come on,  
When all men were awake;  
Sweet William he rose with trouble on his mind  
From the dream that he dreamed last night.

"Such dreams, such dreams as I dreamed last night,  
Such dreams are never good;  
I dreamed my room was full of wild swine,  
My bride bed full of blood."

Sweet William he called his merry men all  
By ones, by twos and by threes;  
Before them all he asked his bride  
If Lyddy Marget he might go see.

SWEET WILLIAM—*Continued*

"What will you do with Lyddy Marget, my love,  
And what will you do with me?"  
"Today I go see Lyddy Marget," he said,  
"Tomorrow return to thee."

He rode till he came to Lyddy Marget's hall,  
And dinged so loud on the ring;  
And who so ready as her own brothers  
To rise and let him come in?

"Is Marget in her own bower room,  
Or is she in her hall,  
Or is she in the kitchen  
Among her merry maids all?"

"She's neither in the kitchen,  
She's neither in her hall;  
But she is in her own bower room  
Laid out against the wall."

"Raise up, raise up that coffin lid  
So I can gaze within;  
And let me kiss her clay-cold lips  
Lord send it the breath was in."

First he kissed her on the cheek,  
And then he kissed her chin;  
And then he kissed her clay-cold lips  
That oft times had kissed him.

"Fold down, fold down those snowy white sheets,  
All made of linen so fine;  
Today they hang over Marget's corpse,  
Tomorrow hang over mine."

Lyddy Marget died like it might have been today,  
Sweet William died tomorrow;  
Lyddy Marget died for pure, pure love,  
Sweet William died for sorrow.

Lyddy Marget was buried in the lower church yard,  
Sweet William was buried in the higher;  
And out of her grave there sprang a red rose,  
And out of his grave a briar.

They grew and they grew to the high church top,  
And then they could grow no higher;  
And there they tied in a true lover's knot  
The red rose and the briar.

# Sweet William

112

1. Sweet

Will-iam he rose on last May morning, And dressed him-self in blue; "Come

tell un-to me that long, long love Be - tween Lyddy Marget and you." 2. "I

know no— harm of Lyd- dy Marget, my love, I'm sure she knows none of me; By

*rit.* *a tempo.*

*rit.* *a tempo.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The score is divided into four systems. The first system begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest, followed by a piano introduction in the grand staff. The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Will-iam he rose on last May morning, And dressed him-self in blue; "Come'. The third system continues the melody with 'tell un-to me that long, long love Be - tween Lyddy Marget and you." 2. "I'. The fourth system concludes with 'know no— harm of Lyd- dy Marget, my love, I'm sure she knows none of me; By'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands. Performance markings include 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'a tempo.' (return to tempo) above and below the piano staff in the fourth system.

eight o - clock to - mor - row morn-ing Lyd-dy Mar - get my bride shall

see."

3. Lyd-dy Mar - get was sit-ting in her own bow-er room A -  
 5. The - day be - ing past - and - night come - on When  
 7. "Ver-y well I - like - my - bed," he - said, "Ver-y

- comb - ing her yel - low hair; She - saw sweet Will-iam and -  
 all men - were a - sleep, Lyd-dy Mar - get's ghost came a -  
 well I - like my sheet; But - bet - ter - far I like the

his new bride As they came rid - ing near. 4. Lyd - dy  
- bout mid - night And stood at sweet William's bed feet. 6. "How -  
fair la - die That stands at my - bed feet?" 8. The -

*rit.*  
Mar - get threw down her gold - en comb, — And quick - ly she bound up her  
do you — like your bed?" she said — "How do you like your  
night be - ing gone and day come on, — When all men were a - -

*a tempo.*  
hair; And a - way she went from her own bow - er room, No —  
sheet; How do you like that fair - la - die That —  
- wake; Sweet Will - iam rose with trou - ble on his mind from the

*a tempo.*

more to — be seen there.  
lies in your arms a - sleep?"  
dream that he dreamed last night.

*3 times*

9. "Such dreams, such dreams as I dreamed last night, Such  
 11. "What will you— do with Lyd-dy Mar-get, my love, And

dreams are— nev - er good; I dreamed my— room was—  
 what will you do with me?" "To - day I go see Lyd-dy

full of wild swine, My bride— bed— full of blood." 10. Sweet  
 Mar-get," he said, "To - mor-row re - turn to thee." 12. He

Will - iam— called his— mer - ry men— all By— ones, by— twos and by  
 rode till he came to Lyd-dy Mar - get's hall, And dinged so— loud on the

*a tempo*

threes; Be - fore — them all he asked his bride If Lyd-dy  
ring; And who so read-y as her own broth - ers To —

*a tempo*

Mar - get he might — go see. 13. "Is Mar get — in her  
rise and let him come in? 15. "Raise up, raise up that

bow - er room, Or is she in her hall; Or is — she in the  
cof - fin lid So I can gaze with - in; And let — me kiss her

kitch - - en A - mong her mer - ry maids all?" 14. "She's  
clay cold lips Lord send it — the breath was in?" 16. First

neith - er - in her kitch - - en, — She's neith - er - in her -  
he kissed her on the — cheek, — And then he kissed her -

*a tempo*  
hall; But she is in her own bow-er room Laid  
chin; And then he kissed her clay cold lips That

out a - gainst the wall.' 17. "Fold down, fold down the -  
oft times had kissed him. 19. Lyd-dy Mar - get was bur-ied in the

snow-y white sheets, All made of lin-en so fine; To -  
low-er church yard, Sweet Will - iam was bur-ied in the high-er; And



day they hang ov - er Mar - get's corpse, To - mor - row hang ov - er  
out of her grave there sprang a red rose, And out of his grave a

mine." 18. Lyd-dy Mar - get - died like it might have been to - day, Sweet  
briar. 20. They - grew and they grew to the high - church top, - And -

*a tempo.*  
Will - iam died to - mor - row; Lyd-dy Mar - get - died of  
then they could grow no high - er; And - there they tied in a true

*a tempo.*

pure, pure love, Sweet Will - iam died of sor - row.  
lov - er's knot The red rose and the bri - ar.

## BANGUM AND THE BOAR.

There is a wild boar in these woods,  
Dillom dom dillom.  
He eats our flesh and drinks our blood,  
Tum a qui quiddle quo qum.

How shall I this wild boar see?  
Dillom dom dillom.  
"Blow your horn and he'll come to thee."  
Tum a qui quiddle quo qum.

Bangum blew his horn a blast,  
Dillom dom dillom.  
The wild boar came cutting oak and ash.  
Tum a qui quiddle quo qum.

Bangum drew his wooden knife,  
Dillom dom dillom.  
And he worried the wild boar out of his life.  
Tum a qui quiddle quo qum.

Bangum rode to the wild boar's den,  
Dillom dom dillom.  
And he found the bones of a thousand men.  
Tum a qui quiddle quo qum.

# Bangum and the Boar

120

1. There is a wild boar  
2. "How shall I this

in these woods, Dil-lom dom dil-lom. There is a wild boar in these woods, Dil-  
wild boar see? Dil-lom dom dil-lom. How shall I this wild boar see? Dil-

-lom dom dil-lom. There is a wild boar in these woods, He  
-lom dom dil-lom. How shall I this wild boar see?"

eats our flesh and drinks our blood, Tum-a qui quid-dle quo qum.  
"Blow your horn and he'll come to thee." Tum-a qui quid-dle quo qum.

8

3. Ban-gum blew his horn a — blast, Dil - lom dom

dil - lom. — Ban-gum blew his horn a — blast, Dil - lom dom

dil - lom. Ban-gum blew his horn a — blast, The wild boar came cut-ting

oak and ash, Tum a qui quiddle quo qum.

4. Ban-gum drew his— wood-en— knife, Dil - lom dom dil-lom.  
 5. Ban-gum rode to the wild boar's den, Dil - lom dom dil-lom.

Ban-gum drew his— wood-en— knife, Dil - lom dom dil-lom.  
 Ban-gum rode to the wild boar's den, Dil - lom dom dil-lom.

Ban-gum drew his— wood-en— knife, And he wor-ried the wild boar—  
 Ban-gum rode to the wild boar's den, And he found the bones of a

out of his life, Tuma qui quiddle quo gum.  
 thous-and men, Tuma qui quiddle quo gum.

## THE GREENWOOD SIDE.

There was a lady in yonder town,  
Alone, alonie O;  
She's taken her a walk one day  
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

She leaned her back against a thorn,  
Alone, alonie O;  
And there her two little babes were born  
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

She drew a penknife from her side,  
Alone, alonie O;  
She took her two little babies' lives  
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

She passed along again one day,  
Alone, alonie O;  
She saw her two little babes at play  
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

"O babes, O babes, if you were mine,"  
Alone, alonie O;  
"T'd dress you up in silk so fine"  
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

"O mother, O mother, when we were yours,"  
Alone, alonie O;  
"You neither allowed us coarse nor fine"  
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

"You drew a penknife from your side,"  
Alone, alonie O;  
"You took your two little babies' lives"  
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

"Seven long years you've rested well,"  
Alone, alonie O;  
"The rest of your life you'll spend in hell"  
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

# The Greenwood Side

54

1. There

was a la - dy in yon - der town, A - lone, a - lon - - ie  
 2. leaned her back a - gainst a thorn, A - lone, a - lon - - ie

O; She's tak - en her a walk one day Down  
 O; And there her two lit - tle babes were born Down

by the green-wood side - - y - O. 2. She side - - y - O.

by the green-wood

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into four systems. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to two flats, followed by a measure with a whole rest and a fermata. The second system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody with lyrics. The third system contains the next two lines of the vocal melody with lyrics. The fourth system contains the final two lines of the vocal melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody. There are various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings throughout the score.

3. She drew a pen - knife from her side, A -

- lone, a - lon - - ie O; She took her two lit - tle

ba - bies' lives Down by the green - wood side - - y - O.

4. She passed a - long - a - gain one day, A -  
5. "O babes, O babes, if you were mine," A -



- lone, a - lon - - ie O; She saw her two lit - tle  
- lone, a - lon - - ie O; "I'd dress you up - in

babes at play Down by the green - wood side - - y - O.  
silk so fine" Down by the green - wood side - - y - O.

6. "O moth - er, O moth - er, when we were yours," A -  
7. "You drew - a pen - - knife from your side," A -

- lone, a - lon - - ie O; "You neith - er al - lowed us  
- lone, a - lon - - ie O; "You took - your two lit - tle

coarse nor fine" Down by the green-wood side - - y - O.  
 ba - bies lives" Down by the green-wood side - - y - O.

s. "Seven long years you've rest - ed well," A -

- lone, a - lon - - ie O; "The rest of your life - you'll

spend in hell" Down by the green-wood side - - y - O.

## LOVING HANNAH.

"Loving Hannah, loving Hannah, come give me  
your hand,  
And say if ever you marry, that I shall be the  
man."

I rode to church on Sunday, my true love passed  
me by,  
I knew her mind was changing by the movements  
of her eye.

When her parents saw me coming they flew in  
angry rage:

"You must not steal my daughter, for she is under  
age."

"Kind sir, to steal your daughter I never yet did  
try,

But court her in some bride-room I never will  
deny."

My love's both neat and proper, and she is very  
small,

And she is quite good looking, and that's the best  
of all.

Her hair is black as the raven, her eyes as black  
as the crow,

Her cheek as red as the rosie that blooms in the  
morning glow.

If I were on some ocean or in some foreign town,  
I'd put my foot in a bonny boat and sail the world  
around.

I'd sail all over the ocean, I'd sail all over the deep,  
I'd think of loving Hannah, and then sit down and  
weep.

# Loving Hannah

126

1. "Loving  
2. I —

Han - nah, loving Han - nah, come give— me your hand, And  
rode to church on— Sun - day, my— true love past me by, I

say if ev-er you mar - ry, that I shall be the man,— That  
knew her mind was chang - ing by the move-ments of her eye,— By the

I shall be the man,— that I shall be the man, And  
move-ments of her eye,— by the move-ments of her eye, I

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both the right and left hands. The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation with notes and rests. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature change from two flats to one flat (B-flat only) and a time signature change from 3/4 to 4/4. The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics and ends with a double bar line.

say if ev-er you mar - ry, that I shall be the man." 3. When her  
knew her mind was chang-ing by the movements of her eye.

par-ents saw me com - ing they flew in an - gry rage: "You  
4. sir, to steal your daugh - ter I nev - er yet did try, But

must not steal my daugh - ter, for she is un - der age, For  
court her in some bride - room, I nev - er will de - ny, I

she is un - der age, — for she is un - der age, You  
nev - er shall de - ny, — I nev - er shall de - ny, But

must not steal my daugh - ter, for she is un - der age?"  
court her in some bride - room, I nev - er will de - 4. "Kind ny." 5. My

love's both neat and pro - per, and she is ve - ry small, And

she is quite good look - ing, and that's the best of all, And

that's the best of all, and that's the best of all, And

she is quite good look - ing, and that's the best of all. 6. Her

hair is black as the rav - en, her eyes as black as the crow, Her

cheek as red as the ro - sie that blooms in the morn-ing glow, — That

blooms in the morn-ing glow, — that blooms in the morn-ing glow, Her

cheek as red as the ro - sie that blooms in the morn-ing glow. 7. If —

I were on some o - cean or in some for-eign  
s. sail all ov-er the o - cean, I'd sail all ov-er the

town, I'd put my foot in a bon - ny boat and sail the world a -  
deep, I'd think of lov-ing- Han - nah, and then sit down and

round, And sail the world a - round, and sail the world a -  
weep, And then sit down and weep, and then sit down and

round, I'd put my foot in a bon - ny boat and sail the world a -  
weep, I'd think of lov-ing- Han - nah, and then sit down and

round s. I'd weep.



HER CHEEK IS LIKE SOME  
BLOOMING RED ROSE.

Her cheek is like some blooming red rose,  
All in the month of June;  
Her voice is like some sweet instrument,  
That's just been put in tune.

So fare you well, my own true love,  
So fare you well awhile;  
I am going away, but to come back again  
If it be ten thousand miles.

# Her Cheek is Like Some Blooming Red Rose

56

1. Her — cheek is like some

blooming red rose, All in the month of June; Her voice is

like some sweet in-stru-ment, That's just been put in

tune. 2. So—

fare you well, my own true love, So fare you well a -

while; I'm going a - way, but to come back a - gain If it

be ten thous-and miles.

## THE "GOLDEN WILLOW TREE."

I had a little ship, and I sailed her on the sea,  
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"  
I had a little ship, and I sailed her on the sea,  
And she went by the name of the "Golden Willow Tree."  
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

We hadn't been sailing past weeks two or three,  
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"  
We hadn't been sailing past weeks two or three,  
Till we came in sight of the British robberie,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

Then up spake our little bold cabin boy,  
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"  
Then up spake our little bold cabin boy,  
Saying: "What will you give me if the ship I will destroy?"  
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

"O I will give you gold, or I will give you fee,"  
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"  
"O I will give you gold, or I will give you fee,  
Or I'll give to you my daughter to sail with you on the sea,  
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low, low, low,  
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."

He turned upon his breast, and away swam he,  
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"  
He turned upon his breast, and away swam he,  
And he swam till he came to the British robberie,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

He had a little instrument prepared for the use,  
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"  
He had a little instrument prepared for the use,  
And he bored nine holes, and he bored them all at once,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

"O Captain, Captain, take me on board,  
Crying: 'O the land that lies so low,  
O Captain, Captain, take me on board,  
And be unto me as good as your word,  
For I've sunk her in the lowlands low, low, low,  
For I've sunk her in the lowlands low.'"

"I will not take you in on board,  
Crying: 'O the land that lies so low,'  
I will not take you in on board,  
Nor be unto you as good as my word,  
Though you've sunk her in the lowlands, low, low, low,  
Though you've sunk her in the lowlands low."

"If it wasn't for the love that I bear for your men,  
Crying: 'O the land that lies so low,'  
If it wasn't for the love that I bear for your men,  
I would do unto you as I've done unto them,  
I would sink you in the lowlands low, low, low,  
I would sink you in the lowlands low."

He turned upon his head, and down went he,  
Crying: "O the land that lies so low;"  
He turned upon his head, and down went he,  
And he sank himself to the bottom of the sea,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,  
As we sailed in the lowlands low.

# The "Golden Willow Tree"

104

1. I  
2. We

had a lit-tle ship, and I sailed her on the sea, — Cry - ing:  
 hadn't been sail-ing past weeks two or three, — Cry - ing:

"O the land that lies so low;" I had a lit-tle ship and I  
 "O the land that lies so low;" We had been sail-ing past—

sailed her on the sea, And she went by the name of the "Gold-en Wil-low Tree," As we  
 weeks two or three, Till we came in sight of the Brit-ish rob-ber-ie, As we

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes a tempo marking of 104. The second system includes a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The third system includes a second ending bracket. The fourth system includes a final cadence.

sailed in the low-lands low, low, low, As we sailed in the low-lands low.  
sailed in the low-lands low, low, low, As we sailed in the low-lands low.

3. Then up spake our lit-tle bold cab-in boy, Cry-ing:

"O the land that lies so low;" Then up spake our lit-tle

bold cab-in boy, Say ing: "What will you give me if the ship I will destroy?" As we

sailed in the low-lands low, low, low, As we sailed in the low-lands low.

4. "O I will give you gold, or— I will give you fee,"  
 5. turned up- on his breast, and a - way— swam— he,  
 6. had a lit- tle in- strument pre - pared for the use,

Cry-ing: "O the land that lies so— low;" "O  
 Cry-ing: "O the land that lies so— low;" He  
 Cry-ing: "O the land that lies so— low;" He

I will give you gold,— or— I will give you fee,— Or I'll  
 turned up - on his breast, and a - way— swam— he,— And he  
 had a lit- tle in- strument pre - pared for the use,— And he

give to you my daugh-ter to sail with you on the sea, If you'll  
 swam till he came to the Brit - ish rob - ber - ie, As we  
 bored nine— holes, and he bored them all at once, As we

sink her in the low - lands low, low, low, If you'll sink her in the low - lands  
 sailed in the low - lands low, low, low, As we sailed in the low - lands  
 sailed in the low - lands low, low, low, As we sailed in the low - lands

low." 5. He low. 7. "O Cap-tain, Cap-tain,  
 low. 6. He

take me on board, Crying: "O the land that lies so low, O

Cap-tain, Cap-tain, take me on board, And be un-to me as good as your word, For I've

sunk her in the low - lands low, low, low, For I've sunk her in the low - lands low."



8. I will not take you in on board, — Crying: "O the land that  
 9. "If it wasn't for the love that I bear for your men, — Crying: "O the land that

lies so low, — I will not take you in on board, Nor —  
 lies so low, If it wasn't for the love that I bear for your men, I would

be un-to you as good as my word, Though you've sunk her in the low - lands  
 do un-to you as — I've done unto them, I would sink you in the low - lands

low, low, low, Though you've sunk her in the low - lands low."  
 low, low, low, I would sink you in the low - lands low."

10. He turned up-on his head, and— down went he, \_\_\_\_\_ Crying:

"O the land that lies so— low;"— He turned up - on his head, and

down went he,— And he sank him-self to the bot-tom of the sea, As we

sailed in the low - lands low, low, low, As we sailed in the low-lands

low,

## BABES IN THE WOODS.

My dear, do you know a long time ago,  
Two little children whose names I don't know  
Were stolen away on a bright sunny day  
And were left in the woods, as I've heard people  
say.

And when the night came on, so sad was their  
plight,  
The sun had gone down and the moon gave no  
light.  
The poor little children they sobbed and they cried  
And all in the darkness they laid down and died.

And when they were dead the robin so red  
Took strawberry leaves and over them spread,  
And all the day long this was their song—  
"O don't you remember the babes in the woods?"

# Babes in the Wood

92

1. My

dear — do you — know — a long — time a — go,

Two lit - tle chil - dren whose names I don't know. Were

stol - en a - way — on a bright sun - ny day, And were

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The first system shows the vocal line with a whole rest followed by a half note, and the piano accompaniment with a series of chords. The second system contains the first line of lyrics: 'dear — do you — know — a long — time a — go,'. The third system contains the second line of lyrics: 'Two lit - tle chil - dren whose names I don't know. Were'. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics: 'stol - en a - way — on a bright sun - ny day, And were'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes or simple chords in the left hand.

left in the woods, as I've heard— peo-ple say. 2. And

2. when— the night came on, ——— so sad— was their  
3. when— they were dead ——— the rob - - in so—

plight, The sun— had gone down— and the  
red Took straw - - ber - ry leaves— and —

moon ——— gave no light. The poor lit - tle—  
ov - - er them spread, And all the day—

chil - - dren they sobbed and they  
long - - - - - this - - - - - was their

cried, And all in the  
song- "O don't you re - -

dark - - - ness they laid down and  
- mem - - - ber the babes in the

died.  
wood?"

*p*

3. And