



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

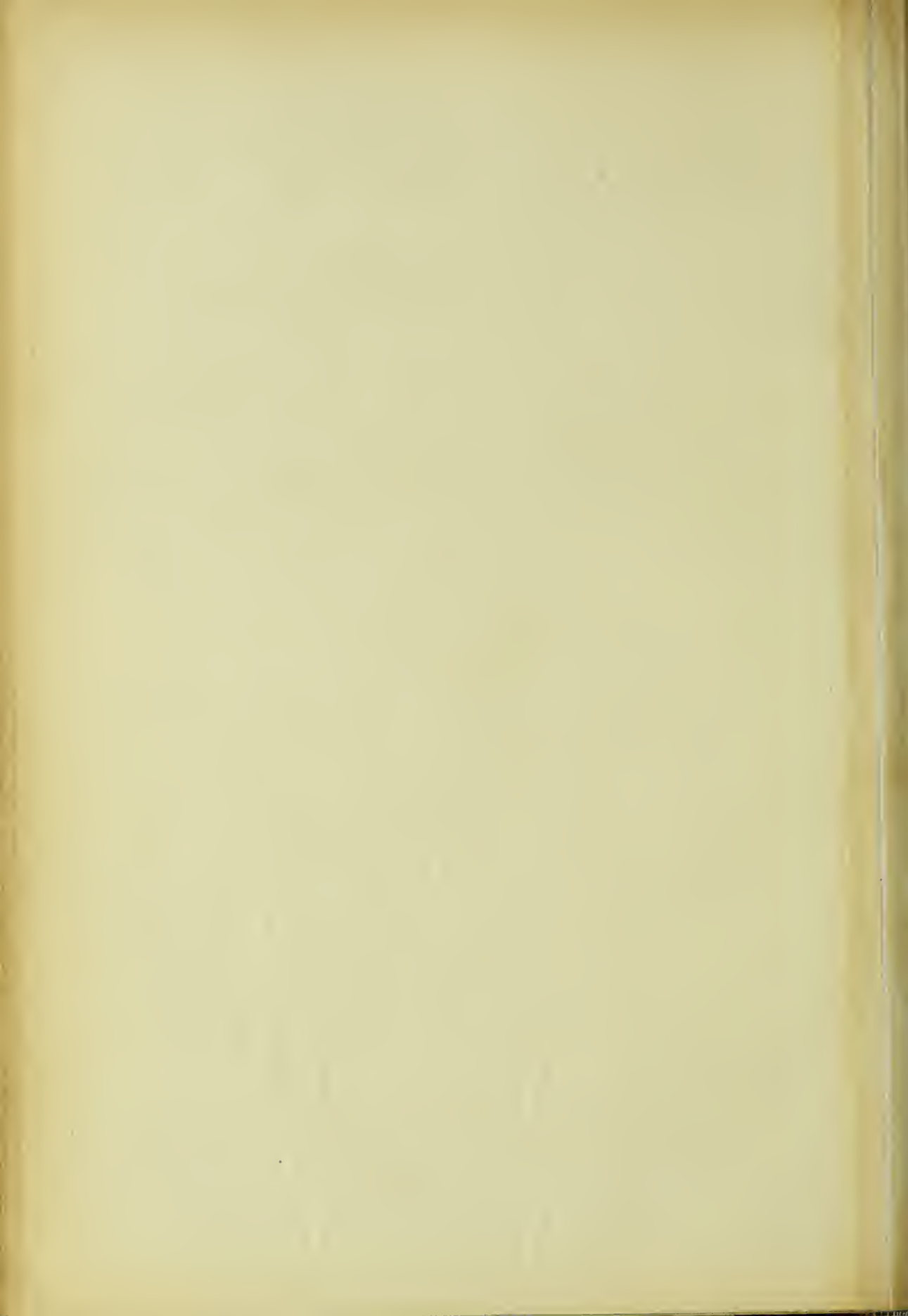
PART III.



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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.

TO BE COMPLETED IN FOUR PARTS.

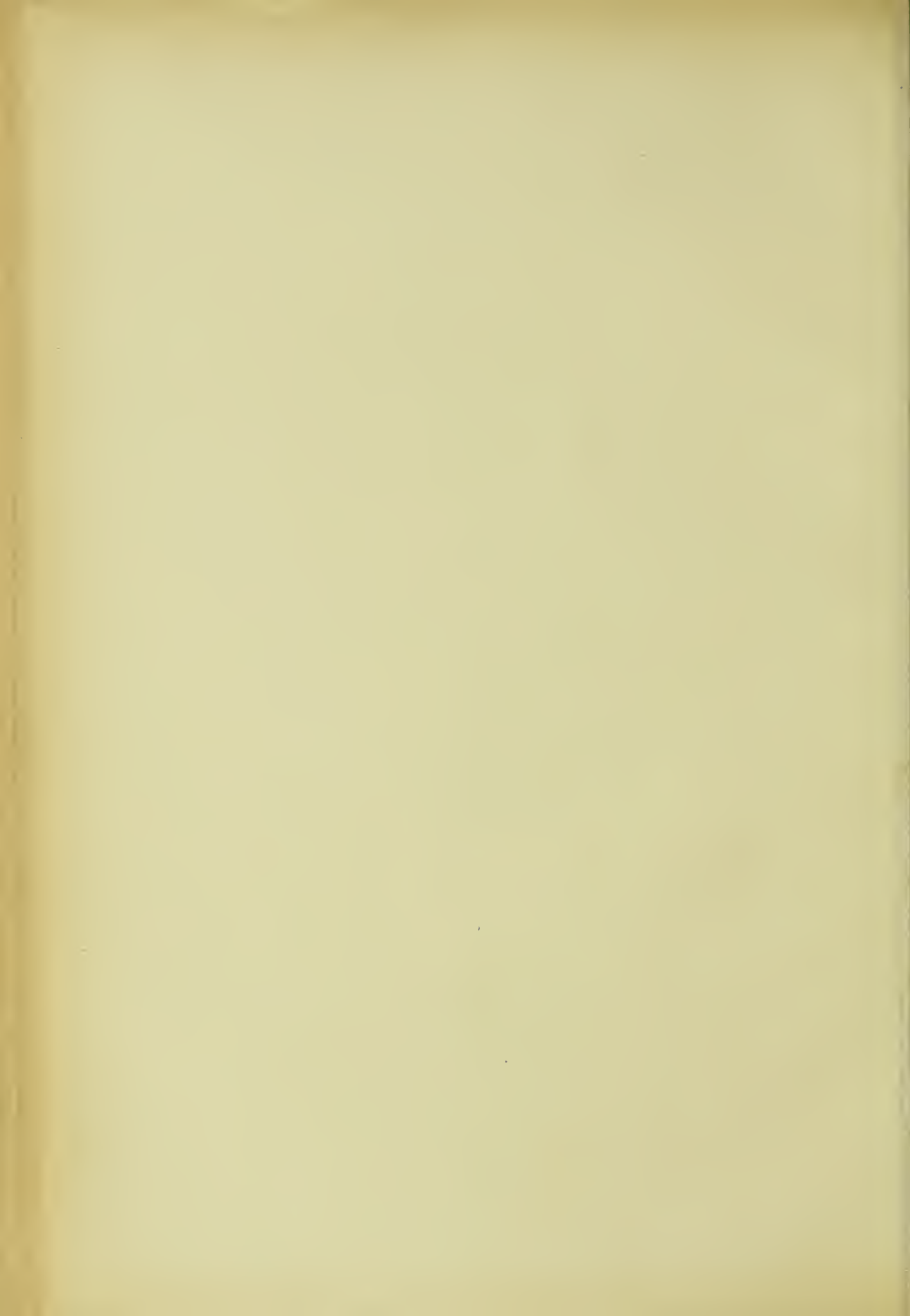
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PART III.

London :
METHUEN & Co., 18, BURY STREET, W.C.,
AND
PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.



DEDICATED TO
D. RADFORD, Esq., J.P.,
OF MOUNT TAVY,
TAVISTOCK,
AT WHOSE HOSPITABLE TABLE THE IDEA OF
MAKING THIS COLLECTION WAS
FIRST MOOTED.



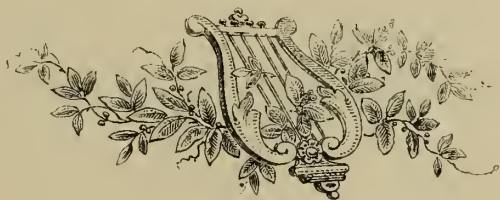
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PART III.

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- LXXXII. THE BELL RINGING.





HENRY MARTYN.

No 53.

In moderate time. ♩ = 60.

H. F. S.

N^o 53. HENRY MARTYN.

1

In merry Scotland, in merry Scotland,
There lived brothers three,
They all did cast lots which of them should go,
A robbing upoꝝ the salt sea.

2

The lot it fell upon Henry Martyn,
The youngest of the three,
That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea,
To maintain his brothers and he,

3

He had not a sailed a long winter's night,
No yet a short winter's day,
Before he espied the King's gallant ship,
Come sailing along that way.

4

How far, how far, cried Henry Martyn,
How far are you going? said he
For I am a robber upon the salt seas,
To maintain my brothers and me.

5

Stand off, stand off! the Captain he cried,
The lifeguards they are aboard.
My cannons are loaden with powder and shot;
And every man hath a sword.

6

For three long hours they merrily fought,
For hours they fought full three.
And many a blow it dealt many a wound,
As they fought on the salt, salt sea.

7

Tw'as broadside against a broadside then,
And at it, the which should win,
A shot in the gallant ship bored a hole,
And then did the water rush in.

8

Bad news! bad news, for old England
Bad news has come to the town,
The king his vessel is wrecked and lost,
And all his brave soldiers drown.

9

Bad news! bad news through the London street!
Bad news has come to the King,
The lives of his guards they be all a lost,
O the tidings be sad that I bring.

10

O had I a twisted rope of hemp,
A bowstring strong though thin;
I'd soon hang him up to his middle yard arm,
And have done with Henry Martyn.

PLYMOUTH SOUND.

N^o 54.

H. F. S.

Smoothly and with Expression. ♩=120.

O the fair town of Plymouth is by the sea-side The Sound is so blue and so
still and so wide, En-circled with hills and with forests of green As a
crown of fresh leaves on the head of a Queen O dear Plymouth town And O
blue Ply-mouth Sound O where is your e-qual on Earth to be found.

CHORUS.

O dear Ply - mouth town and O blue Ply - mouth

Sound O where is your e - qual on earth to be found.

N^o 54. PLYMOUTH SOUND.

1

O the fair town of Plymouth is by the sea-side,
 The Sound is so blue, and so still and so wide,
 Encircled with hills and with forests all green,
 As a crown of fresh leaves on the head of a queen,
 O dear Plymouth town, and O blue Plymouth Sound!
 O where is your equal on Earth to be found.

2

O the maidens of Plymouth are comely and sweet,
 So mirthful of eye and so nimble of feet,
 I love all the lasses of Plymouth so well,
 That the which I love best not a prophet can tell.
 O dear Plymouth town, & c.

3

O the bells of old Plymouth float over the bay,
 My heart it does melt, as I'm sailing away.
 O be they a ringing when I do return,
 With thoughts matrimonial my bosom will burn.
 O dear Plymouth town, & c.

4

For the maidens of Plymouth my love is so hot,
 With a bushel of rings I would marry the lot.
 But as I can't marry them all well-a-day!
 Perhaps it's as well that I'm sailing away.
 O dear Plymouth town, & c.

FAREWELL TO KINGSBRIDGE.

No 55.

With feeling. ♩ = 96.

H. F. S.

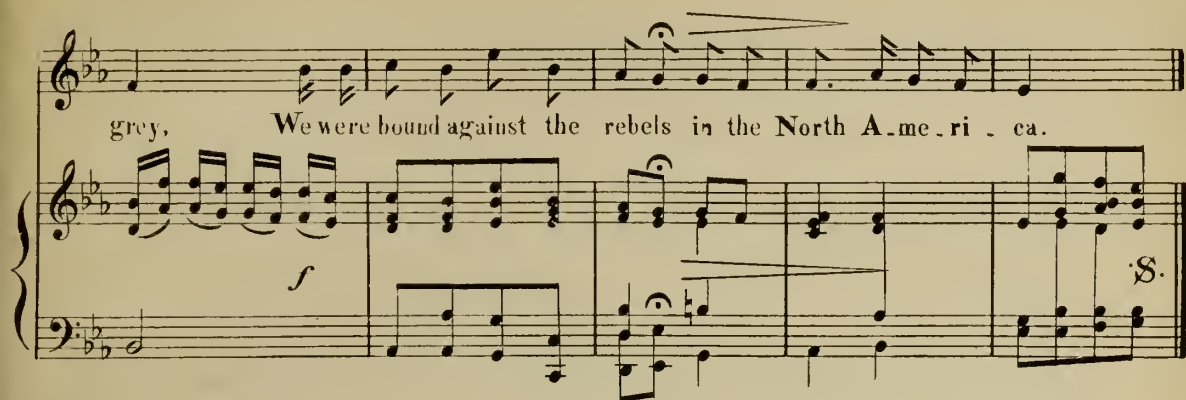
*ad lib.**rall.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in B-flat major (two flats) and common time. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked as 96 beats per minute.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "On the ninth day of No - vem - ber at the dawn - ing in the". The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern from the introduction.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sky. Ere we sail'd a - way to New York, we at an - chor here did". The piano accompaniment includes a *rall.* (rallentando) section followed by a return to *a tempo*.

The third line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lie, O'er the meadows fair of Kingsbridge, then the mist was ly - ing". The piano accompaniment includes a *rall.* section followed by a return to *tempo*.



N^o 55. FAREWELL TO KINGSBRIDGE.

1

Of the ninth day of November, at the dawning in the sky.
 Ere we sailed away to New York, we at anchor here did lie,
 O'er the meadows fair of Kingsbridge, then the mist was lying grey;
 We were bound against the rebels, in the North America.

2

O so mournful was the parting of the soldiers and their wives,
 For that none could say for certain, they'd return home with their lives.
 Then the women they were weeping, and they curs'd the cruel day,
 That we sailed against the rebels, in the North America.

3

O the little babes were stretching out their arms with saddest cries,
 And the bitter tears were falling, from their pretty simple eyes,
 That their scarlet coated daddies, must be hurrying away,
 For to fight against the rebels, in the North America.

4

Now with God preserve our Monarch, I will finish up my strain,
 Be his subjects ever loyal, and his honour all maintain.
 May the Lord our voyage prosper, and our arms across the sea
 And put down the wicked rebels in the North America.

FURZE BLOOM.

Nº 56.

With tenderness. ♩ = 100.

H. F. S.

There's not a cloud a sailing by, That

does not hold a shower. There's not a furzebush on the moor That

doth not put forth flower, About the roots we need not delve, The branches need not

prune, And love like it is ever here! And ever love's in tune!

CHORUS.

Gold - en furze in bloom, O gold - en furze in bloom,
Gold - en furze in bloom in bloom when the

When the furze is out of flower, Then love is out of tune.
gold-en furze is

N^o 56. FURZE BLOOM.

1

There's not a cloud a sailing by,
That does not hold a shower;
There's not a furze-bush on the moor,
That doth not put forth flower.
About the roots we need not delve,
The branches need not prune,
The yellow furze will ever flower,
And ever love's in tune!

Golden furze in bloom!

O Golden furze in bloom!

When the furze is out of flower,

Then love is out of tune.

2

There's not a season of the year,
Nor weather hot nor cold,
In windy spring, in watery fall,
But furze is clad in gold.
It blossoms in the falling snow,
It blazes bright in June,
And love, like it, is always here,
And ever opportune.

O golden furze & c.

3

* There's not a saucy lad I wot,
With light and roguish eye,
That doth not love a pretty lass,
And kiss her on the sly,
There's not a maiden in the shire
From Hartland Point to Brent,
In velvet, or in cotton gown,
That will his love resent.

O golden furze & c.

4

Beside the fire with toasted crabs,
We sit and love is there,
In merry spring, with apple flowers,
It flutters in the air.
At harvest when we toss the sheaves,
Then Love with them is toss't.
At fall when nipp'd and sere the leaves,
Unnipp't is Love by frost.

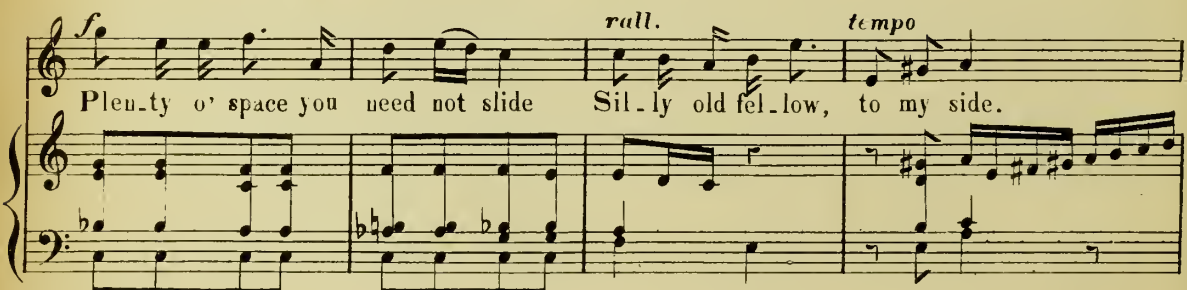
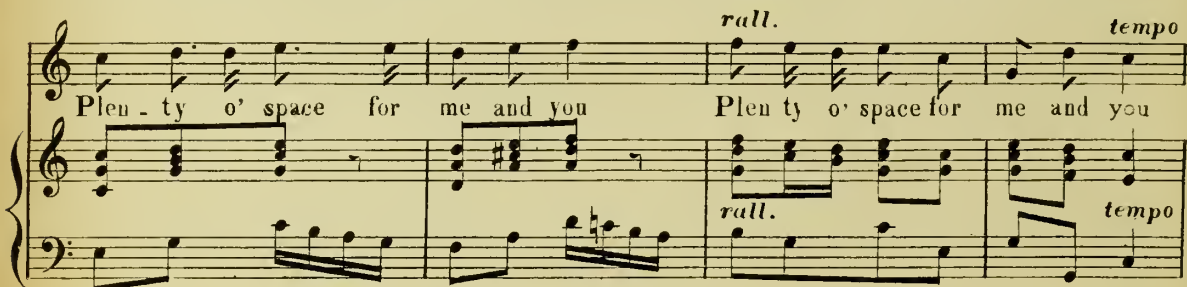
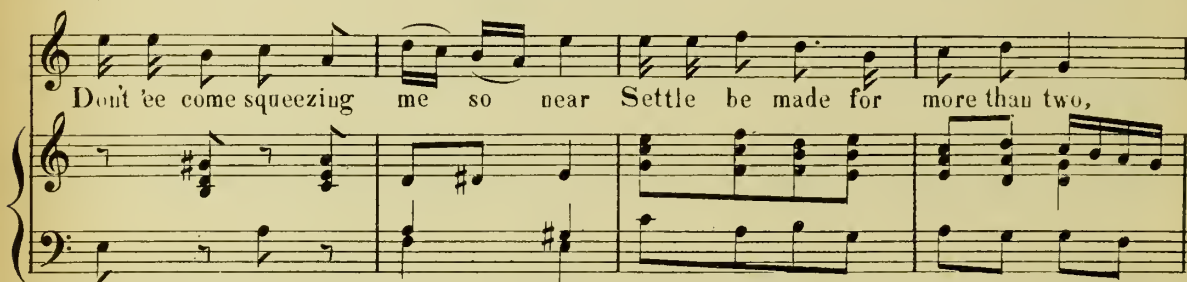
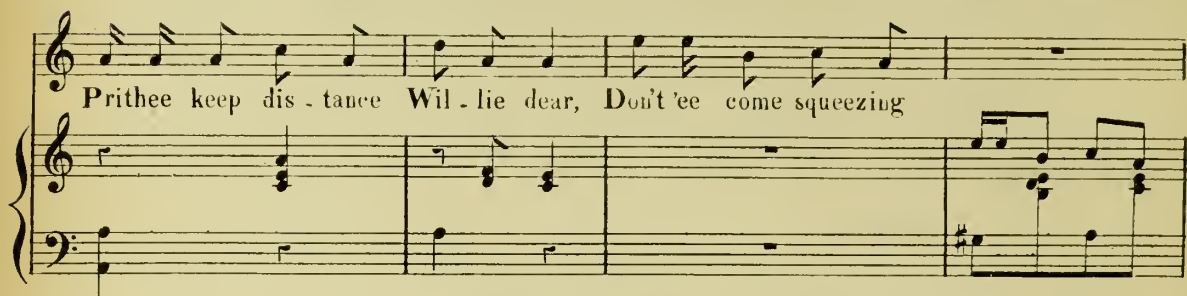
O golden furze, & c.

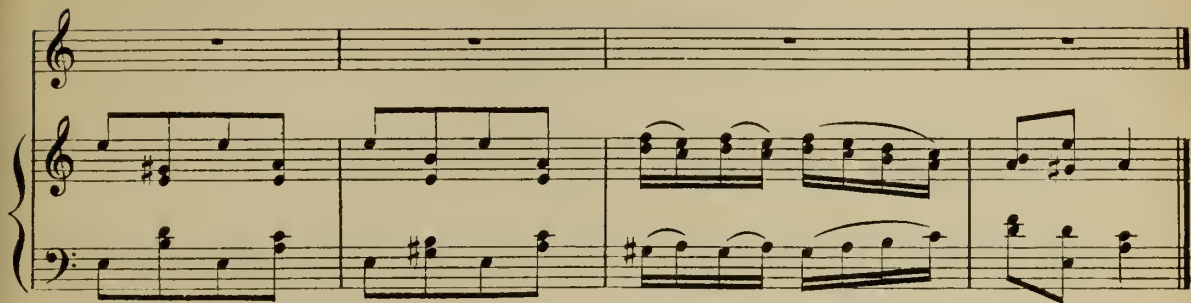
* May be omitted in singing.

ON THE SETTLE.

N^o 57.*With Spirit.* ♩ = 160.

H. F. S.





N^o 57. ON THE SETTLE.

1

Prithee, keep distance, Willie, dear,
 Don't 'ee come squeezing me so near;
 Settle were made for more than two,
 Plenty o' space for me and you.
 Plenty o' space, you need not slide,
 Silly old fellow, to my side.

2

Prithee, keep distance. If you're chill,
 Let us exchange our places, Will.
 Get from the settle, take a stool,
 Don't ee behave so like a fool.
 Take t'other corner of the fire,
 If you the heat so much desire.

3

What be a-boiling in the pot?
 Turnips and bacon, piping hot.
 Do'ee now, leave my elbows free;
 How can I mind the pot for thee?
 You be a goose! keep where you are,
 A yard betwixt us is not too far.

4

Settle, I reckon, be six foot six,
 Space for two others us betwixt.
 Mussy, O heaven! what things men be
 Bothering o' females horribly.
 Now! on my word, when I'm your wife,
 Will!-I will plague you all your life.

SOMETHING LACKING.

N^o 58.

F. W. B.

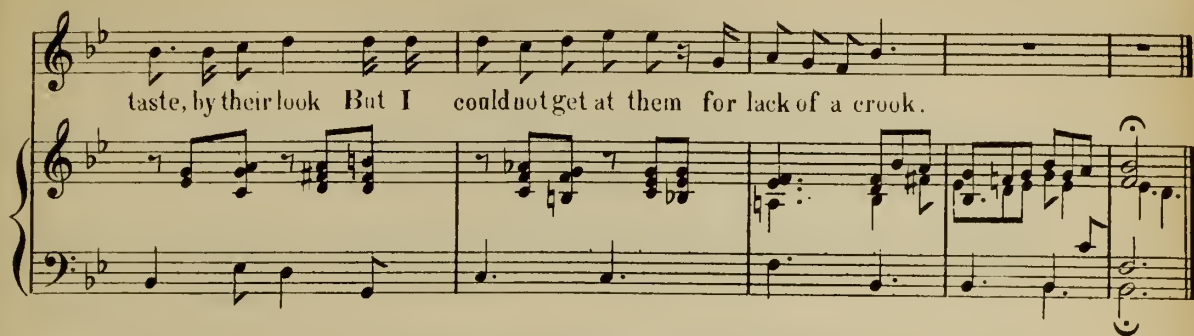
Coquettishly.

I chanced to rise at the

dawning of day, To walk in the sweet summer air, I buckled my belt, don'd my

ribbons so gay, To travel to Hatherleigh fair, Then as I went over the

road I espied, Some blackberries hanging all in the hedge side, So pleasant inviting to



No. 58. SOMETHING LACKING.

1

I chanced to rise at the dawning of day,
 To walk in the sweet summer air.
 I buckled my belt, donned my ribbons so gay,
 To travel to Hatherleigh fair.
 Then as I went over the road I espied
 Some blackberries hanging all in the hedge side,
 So pleasant, inviting to taste by their look,
But I could not get at them for lack of a crook.

2

As I was a-taking my way to the town,
 Before that bright Phoebus did rise,
 I saw some red roses, their heads hanging down,
 Red roses to gladden girls' eyes.
 I said, Pretty roses, I'll pluck you, I swear,
 That's one for my hat, and two others to spare.
But, gloveless, alack! with my hands in the thorn,
 No roses I got, though I got my hands torn.

3

* As I was a-walking along by the stream,
 I saw a blue king fisher dart.
 Your plumage I'll wear pretty bird, I declare,
 No lad at the fair'll be as smart.
 With feathers arrayed, in my beaver displayed,
 Admired I shall be, in request by each maid,
But, alack! without trap, without sling, without bow,
 Ungarnished with feathers I was forced to go.

4

I went to the fair, and I heard the bells ring.
 The maidens were many and gay.
 I said, with the lasses I'll frolic and fling,
 But every one laughed and said Nay!
 They'd have a bright ribbon, a kerchief, a toy,
 And none would say aught to a penniless boy,
 So, having no money, my journey in vain,
 Alone, lacking sweet-heart, I trudged home again.

* May be omitted in singing.

THE PLOUGHBOY.

N^o 59.*Playfully.* ♩ = 120.

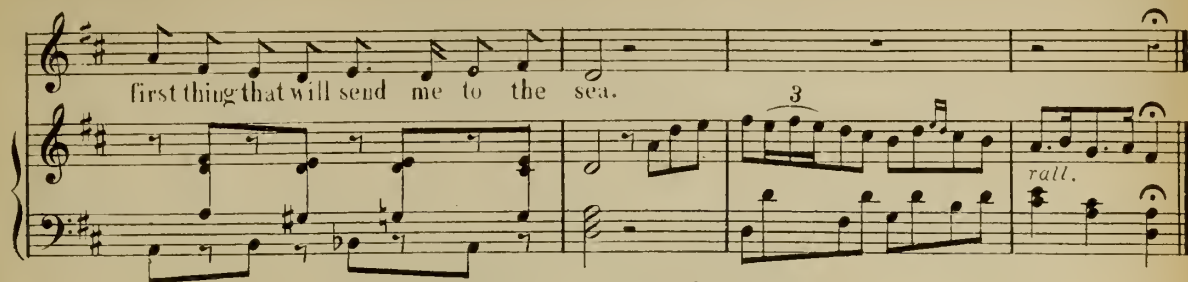
H. F. S.

O the

Ploughboy was a ploughing, With his hor - ses on the plain, And a

singing of a song as on went he, Since that I have fall'n in love, If the

parents disapprove 'Tis the first thing that will send me to the sea to the sea! 'Tis the



N^o 59. THE PLOUGHBOY.

1
O the Ploughboy was a ploughing
With his horses on the plain.
And was singing of a song as on went he.
"Since that I have fall'n in love,
If the parents disapprove,
'Tis the first thing that will send me to the sea?"

2
When the parents came to know
That their daughter loved him so,
Then they sent a gang, and pressed him for the sea.
And they made of him a tar,
To be slain in cruel war;
Of the simple Ploughboy singing on the lea.

3
The maiden sore did grieve,
And without a word of leave,
From her father's house she fled secretly,
In male attire dress'd,
With a star upon her breast,
All to seek her simple Ploughboy on the sea.

4
Then she went o'er hill and plain,
And she walked in wind and rain,
Till she came to the brink of the blue sea.
Saying, "I am forced to rove,
For the loss of my true love,
Who is but a simple Ploughboy from the lea?"

5
* Now the first she did behold,
O it was a sailor bold,
"Have you seen my simple ploughboy?" then said she.
"They have press'd him to the fleet,
Sent him tossing on the deep,
Who is but a simple Ploughboy from the lea?"

6
Then she went to the Captain,
And to him she made complain,
"O a silly Ploughboy's run away from me!"
Then the Captain smiled and said,
"Why Sir! surely you're a maid!"
So the Ploughboy I will render up to thee?"

7
Then she pulled out a store,
Of five hundred crowns and more,
And she strewed them on the deck, did she,
Then she took him by the hand,
And she rowed him to the land,
Where she wed the simple Ploughboy back from sea.

THE WRESTLING MATCH.

No 60.

H. F. S.

With Spirit. ♩ = 152.

I sing of champions bold, Who wrestled, not for

gold, And all the cry was "Will Trefry," That he should win the

day. So Will Trefry Huz - za The la - dies clap their hands and cry Tre -

- fry Tre - fry Huz - za.

N^o 60. THE WRESTLING MATCH.

1

I sing of champions bold,
That wrestled not for gold.
And all the cry was Will Trefry!
That he should win the day.
So, Will Trefry Huzzah!
The ladies clap their hands and cry
Trefry! Trefry! Huzzah!

2

Then up sprang little Jan,
A lad scarce grown a man,
He said, Trefry! I wot, I'll try
A hitch with thee this day.
So, little Jan, Huzzah!
The ladies clap their hands and cry,
O little Jan, Huzzah!

3

They wrestled on the ground
His match Trefry had found
And back he bore, in struggle sore,
He felt his force give way.
So little Jan, Huzzah!
So some did say—but others, Nay,
Trefry! Trefry! Huzzah!

4

Then with a desperate toss,
Will showed the flying boss.
And little Jan fell on the tan,
And never more he spake.
O little Jan! alack!
The ladies say, O woe's the day,
O little Jan—alack!

5

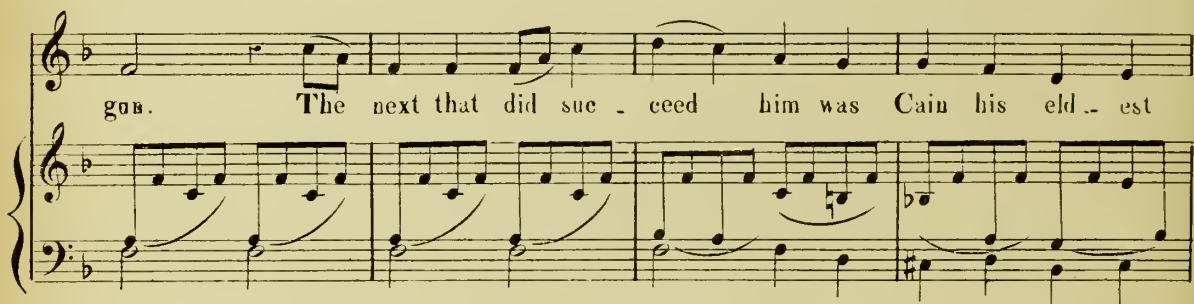
Now little Jan, I ween,
That day had married been;
Had he not died, a gentle bride,
That day he home had led.
The ladies sigh, the ladies cry
O little Jan is dead!

THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

No 61.

With Vigour. ♩ = 152.

H. F. S.



CHORUS.

la - bour at the plough.

That bread may not be want - ing they

la - bour at the plough.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble and bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line includes the lyrics 'la - bour at the plough.' and 'That bread may not be want - ing they'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the vocal line with 'la - bour at the plough.' and the piano accompaniment.

No 61. THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

1

O Adam was a ploughboy, when ploughing first begun,
 The next that did succeed him was Cain, his eldest son;
 Some of the generation the calling still pursue,
 That bread may not bewanting, they labour at the plough.

2

Samson was the strongest man, and Solomon was wise,
 And Alexander conquering, he made the world his prize,
 King David was a valiant man, and many thousands slew,
 Yet none of all these heroes bold could live without the plough.

3

Behold the wealthy merchant, that trades on foreign seas,
 And brings home gold and treasure, for such as live at ease,
 With spices and with cinnamon, and oranges also,
 They're brought us from the Indies, by virtue of the plough.

4

I hope there's none offended at me for singing this,
 For never I intended to sing you ought amiss.
 And if you well consider, you'll find the saying true,
 That all mankind dependeth upon the painful plough.

BROADBURY GIBBET.

No 62.

H. F. S.

In moderato time. ♩ = 96

f *pp*

cres. *f*

Broadbury Down the ravens croak, The breezes shriek and groan, Now

low, now high, the whiteowls fly As snow flake in the moon; The

cot - ton grass grows un - der me In tufts of sil - ver white; I
 swing and sway through - out the day, I sway and swing all night.

N^o 62. BROADBURY GIBBET.

1

On Broadbury down the ravens croak,
 The breezes shriek and groan,
 Now low, now high, the white owls fly,
 As snowflakes in the moon.
 The cotton-grass grows under me,
 In tufts of silver white.
 I swing and sway throughout the day,
 I sway and swing all night.

2

On Broadbury down my gibbet stands,
 Just where the highways cross.
 It tells the moments, marks the hours,
 With shadow on the moss.
 And I am as a pendulum,
 That swing and never stay,
 The Death Clock of a bad old world
 That cankereth away.

THE ORCHESTRA.

No 63.

F. W. B.



rall.

I went on to my true love's house at eight o'clock at night And

from her chamber window high shone out a taper's light.

Of windows had that maiden four, they looked ev'ry way; And

ritard. molto

from each casement in the night shone out an equal ray. There was I with my flageo-

rall. molto

let There was al- so fiddling Bill There was lanky Tom with his big trombone With a toothcomb Humph- ry Hill!

Tromb.

N^o 63. THE ORCHESTRA.

1

I went unto my true love's house
 At eight o'clock at night,
 And in her chamber-window high
 There burnt a taper's light.
 Of windows had that maiden four,
 They looked every way,
 And from each window, in the night,
 Shone forth an equal ray.

There was I with my flageolet,

There was also fiddling Bill.

There was lanky Tom, with his big trombone,
 With a tooth-comb, Humphry Hill.

2

Each lover deemed himself alone
 Her chosen swain to prove,
 And she looked out on every one
 With equal words of love.
 So I began on my flageolet,
 And Bill his Violin.
 And Tom-Bimbom!—on his Trombone,
 And Hill his tooth-comb thin.
 There was I, &c.

3

* Why what a marvel! then said I,
 Such echoes be most rare!
 And round the corner ran to spy,
 And found the fiddler there.
 The fiddler round the corner ran,
 On lanky Tom he lit;
 And Tom he hushed his bom bom bom,
 And next on Humphry hit.
 There was I, &c.

4

My pipe I split on Willy's head
 His violin broke Will,
 And Tom struck home with his Trombone,
 Upon the head of Hill.
 And Humphry round the corner ran,
 And when he did me spy;
 He up with his tooth-comb like a man,
 And hit me in the eye.
 There was I, &c.

5

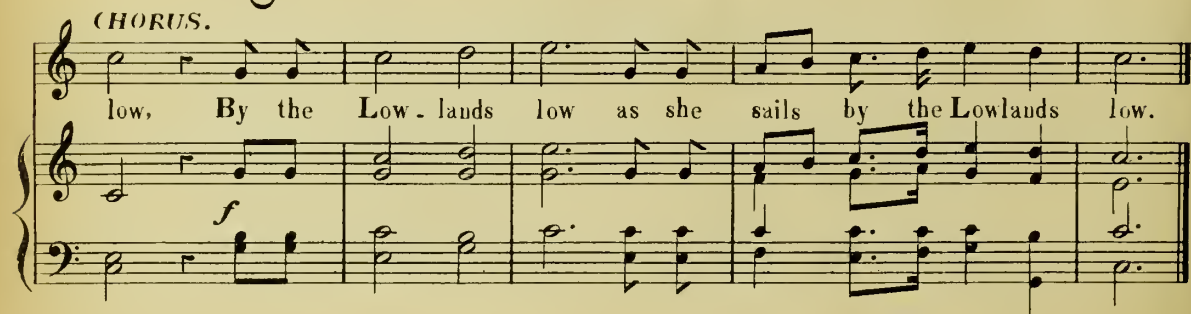
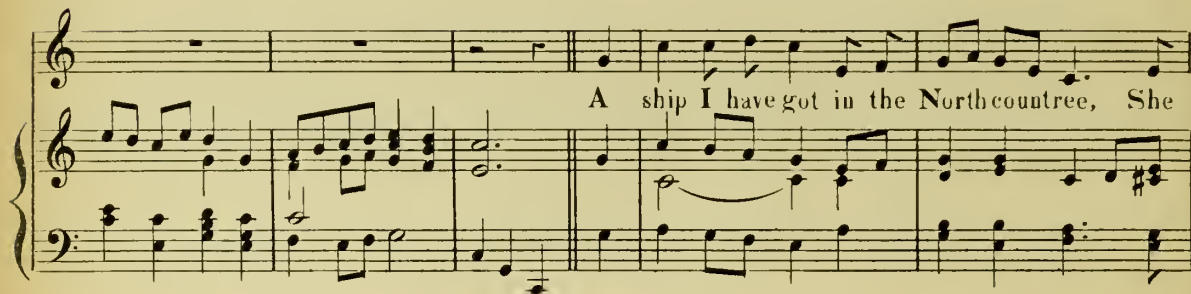
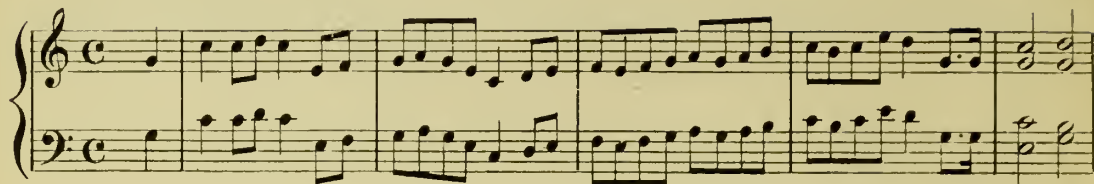
Now Brothers, peace! I said, Be calm,
 Tom Humphry and Willie,
 Let's walk away, all arm in arm,
 And leave her solitary.
 Our broken instruments we'll let
 Upon her doorstep lie.
 We'll love abjure, we'll court no more,
 Not Hill, Tom, Bill, nor I.
 There was I, &c.

* May be omitted in singing.
 P. & W. 1506.

THE GOLDEN VANITY.

N^o 64.*With Spirit.* ♩ 126.

H. F. S.



N^o 64. THE GOLDEN VANITY.

1

A ship I have got in the North Country
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity,
O I fear she'll be taken by a Spanish Gal - al - ië,
As she sails by the Low-lands low.

2

To the Captain then upspake the little Cabin-boy,
He said; What is my fee, if the galley I destroy?
The Spanish Gal - al - ië, if no more it shall annoy,
As you sail by the Low-lands low.

3

Of silver and of gold I will give to you a store;
And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on the shore,
Of treasure and of fee as well, I'll give to thee galore,
As we sail by the Low-lands low.

4

Then the boy bared his breast, and straightway leaped in,
And he held all in his hand, an augur sharp and thin,
And he swam until he came to the Spanish galleon,
As she lay by the Low-lands low.

5

He bore'd with the augur, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
When the water flowed in it dazzled their eyes,
And she sank by the Low-lands low.

6

* So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboardside,
Saying Captain! take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
I will shoot you! I will kill you! the cruel Captain cried,
You may sink by the Low-lands low.

7

Then the Cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side
Saying, Messmates take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
As they sailed by the Low-lands low.

8

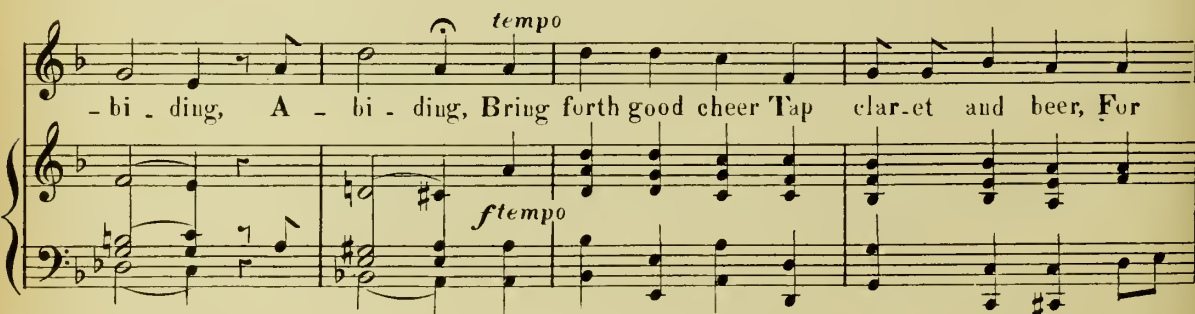
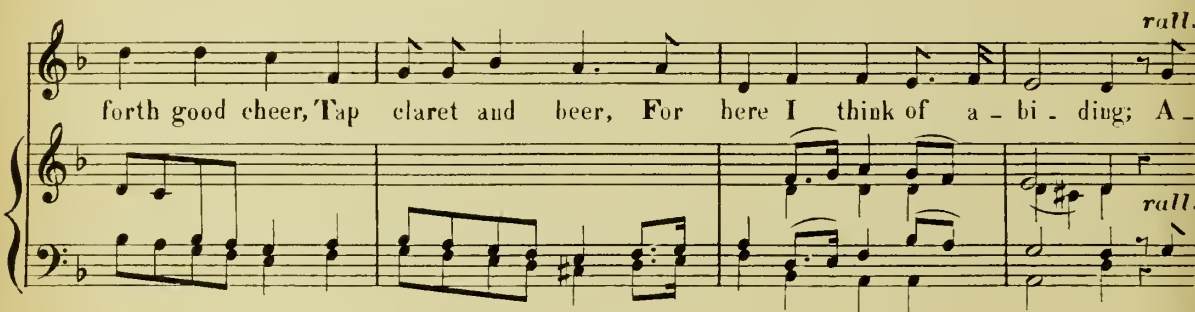
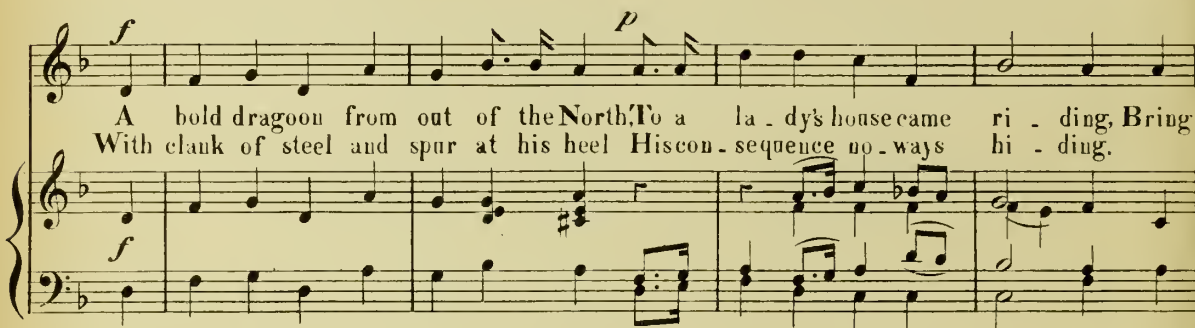
* They sewed his body up, all in an old cow's hide,
And they cast the gallant cabin-boy, over the ship's side,
And left him without more ado adrift with the tide,
And to sink by the Low-lands low.

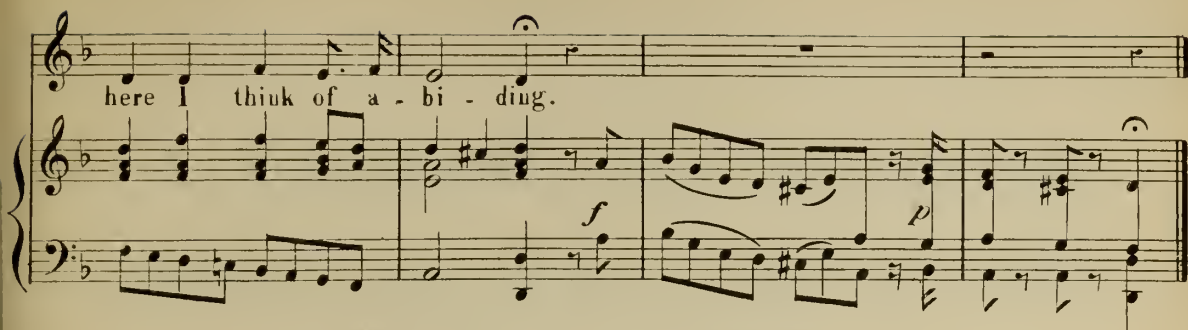
* May be omitted in singing

THE BOLD DRAGON.

No 65.

H. F. S.

With Martial spirit. ♩ = 120.



N^o 65. THE BOLD DRAGOON.

1

A bold dragoon from out of the North,
 To a lady's house came riding;
 With clank of steel, and spur at his heel,
 His consequence noways hiding.
 "Bring forth good cheer, tap claret and beer,
 For here I think of abiding,
 Abiding, Abiding.

2

The chamber best with arras be dress'd
 I intend to be comfortable.
 Such troopers as we always make ourselves free,
 Heigh!—lead my horse to the stable!
 Give him corn and hay, but for me Tockay,
 We'll eat and drink whilst able,
 Able, aye! Able.

3

The daintiest meat upon silver plate,
 And wine that sparkles and fizzes.
 Wax candles light, make the chamber bright,
 And—as soldiers love sweet Misses,
 My moustache I curl with an extra twirl,
 The better to give you kisses,
 Kisses, aye! Kisses.

4

"There's cake and wine," said the lady fine,
 There's oats for the horse, and litter.
 There's silver plate, there are servants to wait,
 And drinks, sweet, spark'ling, bitter.
 Tho' bacon and pease, aye! and mouldy cheese,
 For such as you were fitter,
 Fitter aye! Fitter.

5

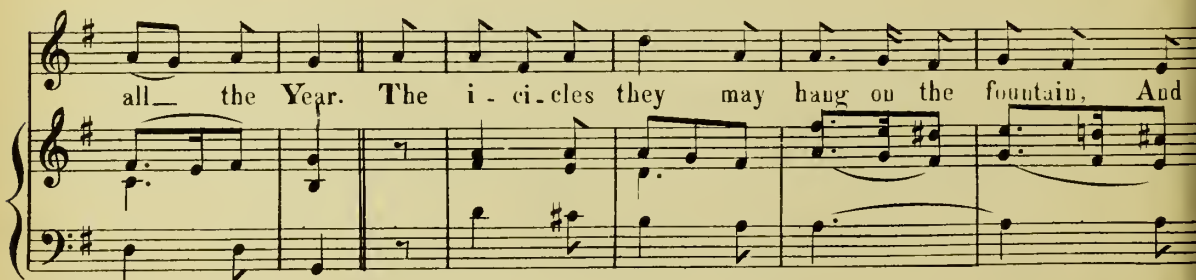
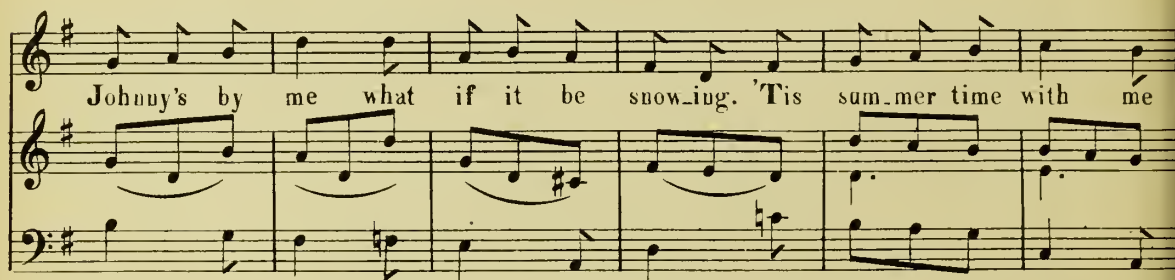
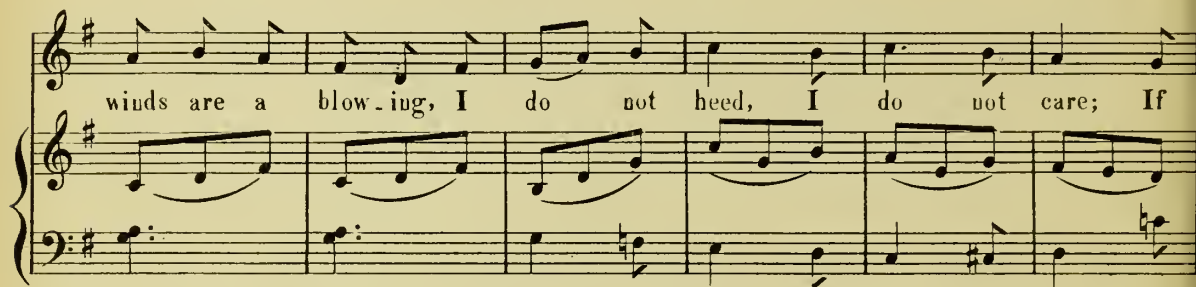
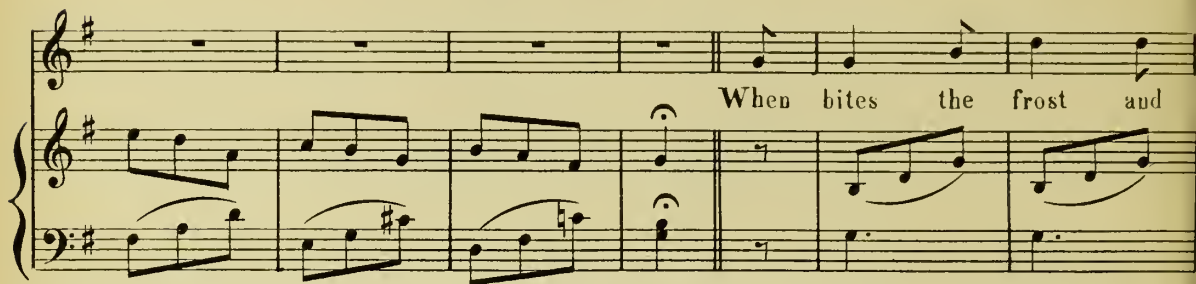
"Your distance keep, I esteem you cheap
 Tho' your wishes I've granted, partly.
 But no kisses for me from a Chimpanzee,"
 The lady responded tartly.
 "Why! a rude dragoon is a mere Baboon."
 And she boxed his ears full smartly,
 Smartly, aye! smartly.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

No 66.

With Simplicity and cheerfulness.

H. F. S.



fro - zen ov - er the farm vard pool. The bleak wind whistle a -

- cross the mountain, No win - try blast our love can cool.

N^o 66. TRINITY SUNDAY.

1

When bites the frost and winds are a blowing,
 I do not heed I do not care;
 If Johnny's by me, what if it be snowing.
 'Tis summer time with me all the year.
 The icicles they may hang on the fountain,
 And frozen over the farmyard pool.
 The bleak wind whistle across the mountain,
 No wintry blast our love can cool.

2

O what to me the wind and the weather?
 O what to me the wind and the rain?
 My Johnny loves me, and being together,
 Why let it bluster—it blows in vain.
 I never tire, I never am weary,
 I drudge and think it is only play;
 As Johnny loves me, and I am his deary,
 Why all the year it is holiday.

3

I shall be wed upon Trinity Sunday,
 And then adieu to my holiday.
 Come frost and frown the following Monday.
 Why then beginneth my workaday.
 If drudge and smudge begins on the Monday,
 If scold and grumble—I do not care,
 My winter follow Trinity Sunday.
 I can't have summertime all the year.

THE BLUE FLAME.

N^o 67.*With melancholy expression.* ♩ = 112.

H. F. S.

All un - der the stars and be -

- neath the green tree. All o - ver the sward and a -

- long the cold lea. A lit - tle blue flame A flat - ter - ing

came It came from the churchyard for you or for me.



N^o 67. THE BLUE FLAME.

1

All under the stars, and beneath the green tree,

All over the sward, and along the cold lea,

A little blue flame

A fluttering came,

It came from the churchyard for you or for me.

2

I sit by the cradle, my baby's asleep.

And rocking the cradle, I wonder and weep.

O little blue light,

In the dead of the night,

O prithee, O prithee no nearer to creep.

3

Why follow the church path, why steal you this way?

Why halt in your journey, on threshold why stay?

With flicker and flare,

Why dance up my stair!

O I would, O I would, it were dawning of day.

4

All under the stars, and along the green lane,

Unslaked by the dew, and unquenched by the rain,

Of little flames blue

To the churchyard steal two,

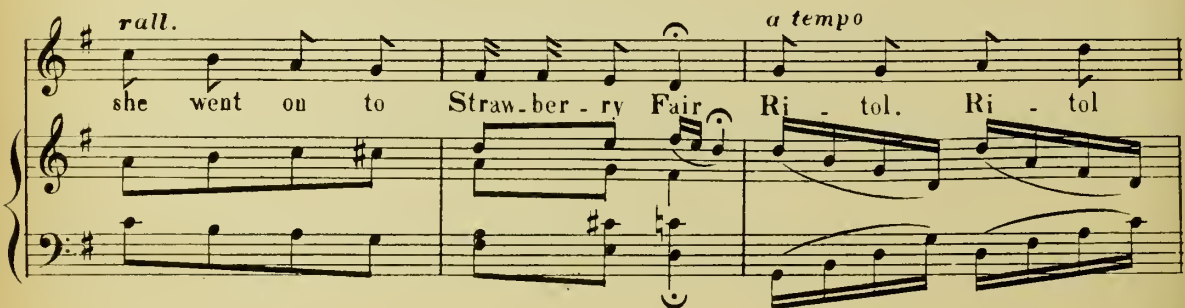
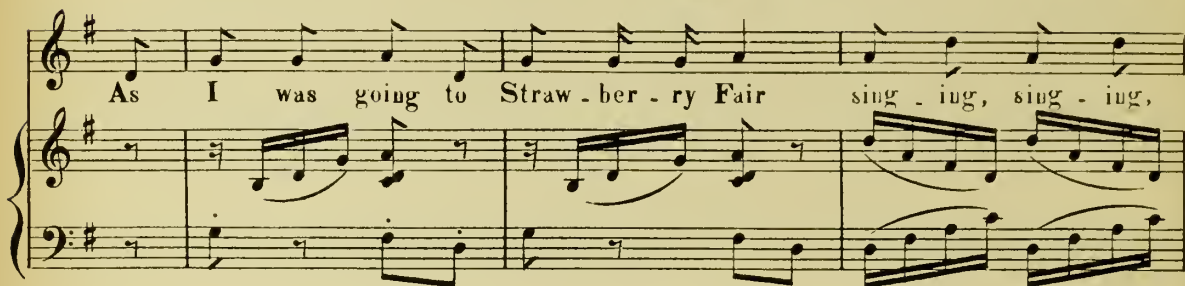
The soul of my baby! now from me is ta'en.

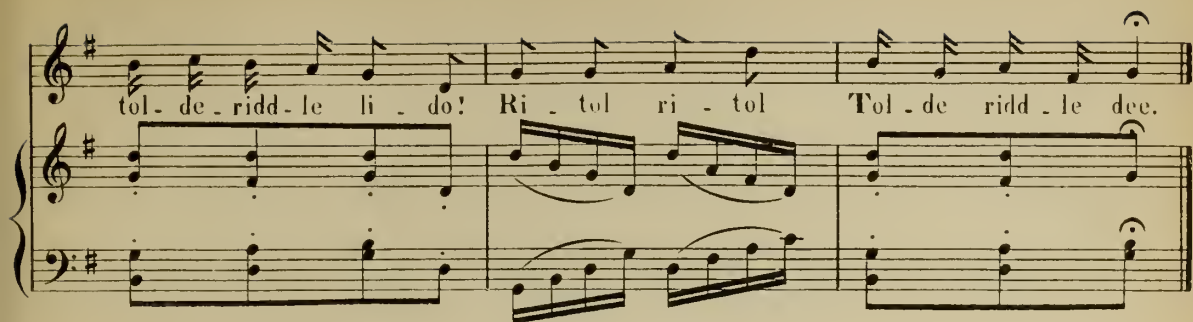
STRAWBERRY FAIR.

No 68.

Playfully. ♩ = 104.

H. F. S.





No. 68. STRAWBERRY FAIR.

1

As I was going to Strawberry Fair,
Singing, singing, Butter-cups and Daisies
I met a maiden taking her ware,
Fol-de-dee!

Her eyes were blue and golden her hair,
As she went on to Strawberry Fair,
Ri-foi, Ri-foi, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,
Ri-foi, Ri-foi, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

2

"Kind Sir, pray pick of my basket!" she said
Singing, &c.

"My cherries ripe, or my roses red,
Fol-de-dee!
My strawberries sweet, I can of them spare,
As I go on to Strawberry Fair."
Ri-foi &c.

3

Your cherries soon will be wasted away,
Singing, &c.

Your roses wither and never stay,
Tol-de-de.
I am not asking such perishing ware,
That I am tramping to Strawberry Fair
Ri-foi &c.

4

I want to purchase a generous heart,
Singing, &c.
A tongue that neither is nimble nor tart
Tol-de-dee!
An honest mind, but such trifles are rare
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry Fair:
Ri-foi &c.

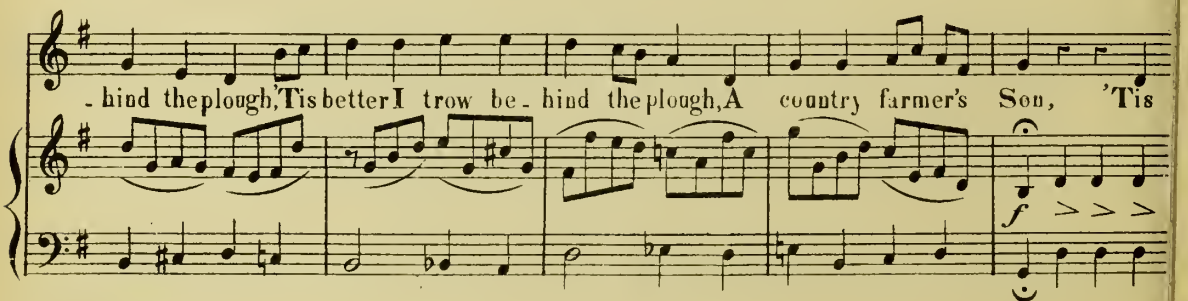
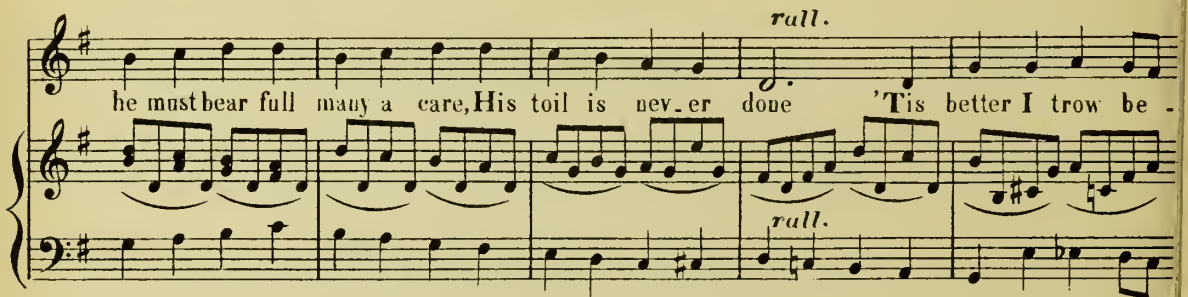
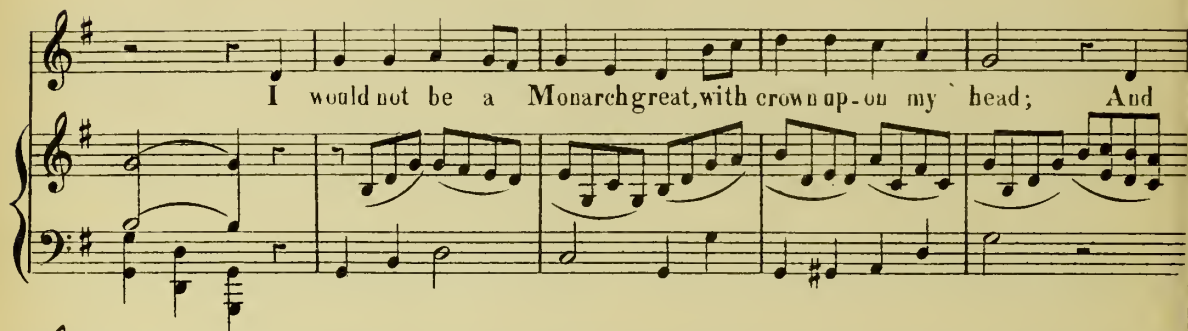
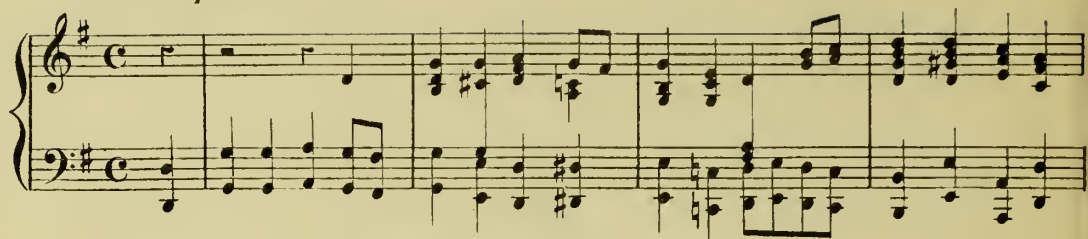
5

The price I offer, my sweet pretty maid
Singing, &c.
A ring of gold on your finger displayed,
Tol-de-dee!
So come make over to me your ware,
In church today at Strawberry Fair.
Ri-foi &c.

THE COUNTRY FARMER'S SON.

N^o 69.*With Spirit.* ♩ = 152.

H. F. S.



better I trow be - hind the plough 'Tis better I trow be - hind the plough A

better I trow be - hind the plough 'Tis better I trow be - hind the plough A

better I trow be - hind the plough 'Tis better I trow be - hind the plough A

better I trow be - hind the plough 'Tis better I trow be - hind the plough A

country Farm - er's Son, A country farm - er's Son.

country Farm - er's Son, A country farm - er's Son.

country Farm - er's Son, A country farm - er's Son.

country Farm - er's Son, A country farm - er's Son.

Nº 69. FARMER'S SON.

1

I would not be a monarch great;
 With crown upon my head,
 And Earls to wait upon my state,
 In brodered robes of red.
 For he must bear full many a care,
 His toil is never done,
 'Tis better I trow behind the plough,
 A Country Farmer's Son.

2

* I would not be the Pope of Rome,
 And sit in Peter's chair;
 With priests to bow and kiss my toe,
 No wife my throne to share.
 And never know what 'tis to go,
 With beagles for a run;
 'Tis better for me at liberty
 A Country Farmer's Son.

3

I would not be a merchant rich,
 And eat off silver plate.
 And ever dread, when laid abed
 Some freakish turn of fate.
 Oneday on high, then ruin nigh,
 Now wealthy, now undone,
 'Tis better for me at ease to be
 A Country Farmer's Son.

4

I trudge about the farm, all day,
 To know that all things thrive
 A maid I see that pleaseth me,
 Why then I'm fain to wive.
 Not over rich, I do not itch,
 For wealth, but what is won,
 By honest toil, from out the soil,
 A Country Farmer's Son.

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

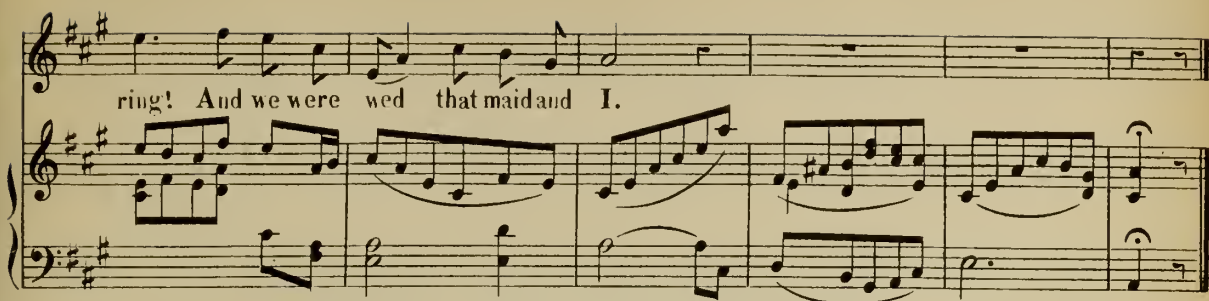
No 70.

H. F. S.

Smoothly & Gracefully. ♩ = 100.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano accompaniment and a single treble clef for the voice. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Smoothly & Gracefully' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The score is divided into five systems, each with piano accompaniment on the bottom staff and vocal melody on the top staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

The hostess of the Ring of
 Bells A daughter hath with auburn hair, Go where I will o'er plain and
 hill I do not find a maid more fair; She welcomes me with dimpled
 smiles, And e'en a kiss will not deny. O would for us the bells did



N^o 70. THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

1

The Hostess of the Ring of Bells

A daughter hath with auburn hair;

Go where I will, o'er plain and hill,

I do not find a maid more fair;

She welcomes me with dimpled smiles,

And e'en a kiss will not deny.

O! would for us the bells did ring!

And we were wed—that maid and I!

2

But as I travelled down the road,

There went by me a packer-train;

T'was Roger Rawle, and Sandy Paul,

And Hunchback Joe, and Philip Mayne.

Says Roger, I have had a kiss,

From that sly maiden at the Bell,

And I, said Joe, and Paul said so,

And so did Philip Mayne as well.

3

Till weather-beaten as the sign

That doth before the tavern swing,

That maid will stay, and none essay,

To make her his with bell and ring.

Methinks I'll take another road,

Where hap some modest maiden dwells,

No saucy miss, with ready kiss,

And then for us shall ring the Bells.

THE JOLLY GOSS-HAWK.

No. 71.

H. F. S.

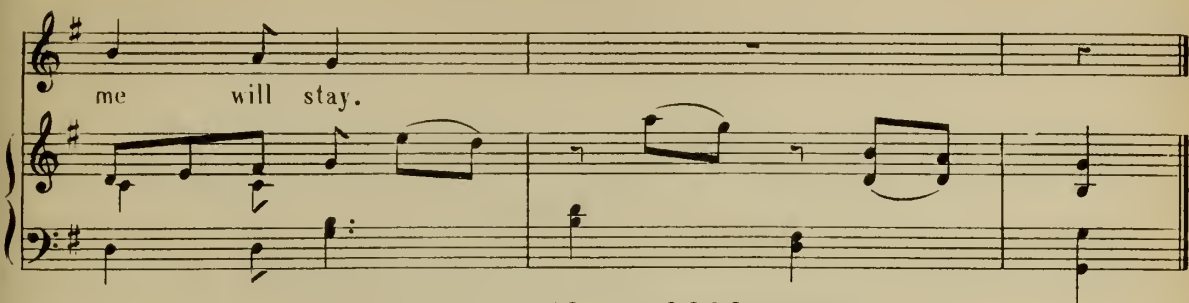
Lightly and gracefully. ♩. = 80.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending scale, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

The first line of the song features a melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "I sat on a bank in tri - fle and play, With my". The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes.

The second line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "jol - ly goss-hawk and her wings were gray; She flew to my breast, and she". The melody includes some beamed eighth notes.

The third line of the song concludes the melody and accompaniment on this page. The lyrics are: "there built her nest, I'm sure pret - ty bird you with". The melody ends with a quarter note.



Nº 71. THE JOLLY GOSS-HAWK.

1

I sat on a bank in trifle and play,
 With my jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;
 She flew to my breast, And she there built her nest,
 I am sure pretty bird you with me will stay.

2

She builded within, and she builded without,
 My jolly goss-hawk and her wings were grey;
 She fluttered her wings, And she jingled her rings,
 So merry was she, and so fond of play.

3

I got me a bell, to tie to her foot,
 My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;
 She mounted in flight, And she flew out of sight,
 My bell and my rings she carried away.

4

I ran up the street, with nimblest feet,
 My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey;
 I whooped and hallo'd, But never she shewed,
 And I lost my pretty goss-hawk that day.

5

In a meadow so green, the hedges between,
 My jolly goss-hawk and her wings were grey;
 Upon a man's hand, She perch'd did stand,
 In sport, and trifle, and full array.

6

Who's got her may keep her as best he can,
 My jolly goss-hawk and her wings were grey;
 To every man she is frolic and free,
 I'll cast her off if she come my way.

FAIR GIRL, MIND THIS!

No 72.

F. W. B.

A wo-man that hath a bad hus-band, I find By scold-ing wout make him the

bet-ter. . . . So let her be ea-sy con-tented in mind, Nor suf-fer his

foi-bles to fret her. . . . Let ev-ry good wo-man, her hus-band a-dore, Then

hap-py her lot tho't be humble and poor; We live like two tur-tles, no sor-rows we

know, And fair girl - mind this when you mar-ry Fair girl! mind

pomposo



No. 72. "FAIR GIRL, MIND THIS !"

1

A woman that hath a bad husband, I find,
 By scolding won't make him the better.
 So let her be easy, contented in mind,
 Nor suffer his foibles to fret her.
 Let every good woman her husband adore,
 Then happy her lot, though't be humble and poor,
 We live like two turtles, no sorrows we know,
 And, fair girl! Mind this when you marry!
 Fair girl! Mind this when you marry!

2

My wife has been wedded full many a year,
 And blesses the day she was married,
 She never fell out in her life with her dear,
 Tho' he at the ale-house has tarried.
 She kindles the candle, and goes to her bed,
 No word of contention and chiding is said,
 We live like two Turtles, &c,

3

At morning full early my wife's on the trot,
 Is laying and lighting the fire;
 She gets me a pot of brown coffee, and hot;
 Or anything else I desire.
 She's under subjection, is dapper and fair,
 She greeteth me always with Darling, and Dear!
 We live like two Turtles, &c.

4

Should Saturday come and the money run short.
 Why then — there is less for the Sunday.
 She says she's contented, — no angry retort;
 Only — work all the harder on Monday!
 She gives me a kiss, and away I do go,
 She never says, Husband, why worry me so?
 We live like two Turtles, &c.

ON A MAY MORNING SO EARLY.

No 73.

H. F. S.

Cheerfully. ♩ = 92.

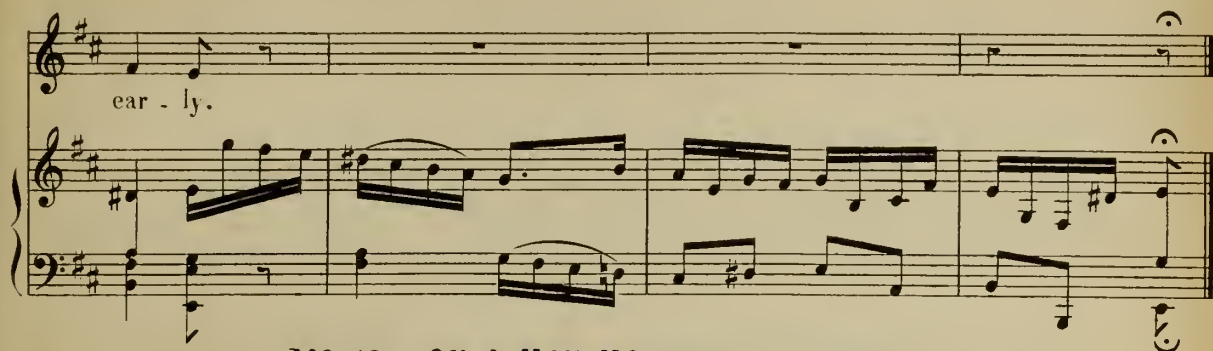
As I walked out one May morning, One

May morn - ing so ear - ly; I there es - pied a fair pret - ty maid, All

in the dew so pear - ly, O! 'twas sweet sweet spring, Merry birds did sing All in the morning

un poco rall. *tempo*

un poco rall. *tempo*



N^o 73. ON A MAY MORNING SO EARLY.

1

As I walked ont one May morning,
 One May morning so early;
 I there espied a fair pretty maid,
 All in the dew so pearly.
 O! 'twas sweet, sweet spring,
 Merry birds did sing,
 All in the morning early.

2

Stay, fair one, stay! Thus did I say,
 On a May morning so early;
 My tale of love, your heart will move,
 All in the dew so pearly.
 O! 'tis sweet, sweet spring, Merry birds do sing,
 All in the morning early.

3

No tales for me, Kind sir, said she
 On a May morning so early;
 My swain is true, I dont want two
 All in the dew so pearly.
 O! 'twas sweet sweet spring, Merry birds did sing,
 All in the morning early.

4

With lightsome tread, Away she sped,
 This May morning so early;
 To meet her lad, And left me sad,
 All in the dew so pearly.
 O! 'twas sweet, sweet spring, Merry birds did sing,
 All in the morning early.

THE SPOTTED COW.

No 74.

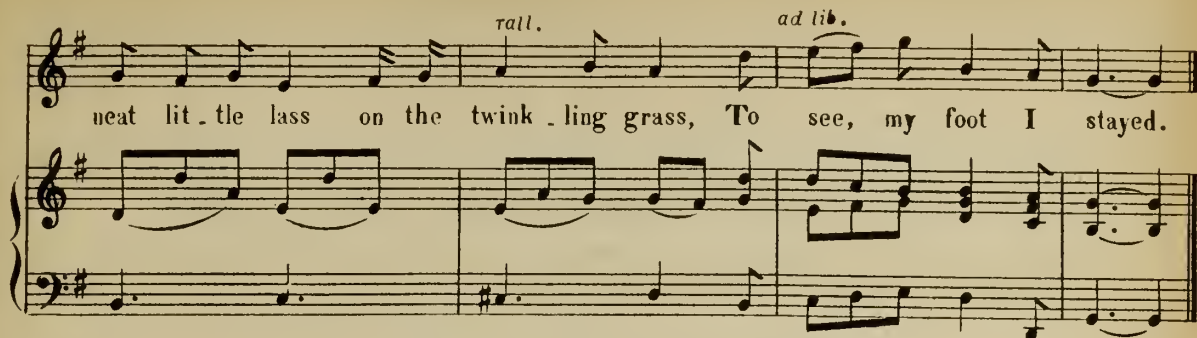
H. F. S.

In Pastoral style. ♩ = 72.

One morning so gay, In the glad month of May, When

rall. I from my cot - tage strayed; *tempo* As broke the ray of a -

rall. wake - ning day, I met a pret - ty maid. *tempo* A



Nº 74. THE SPOTTED COW.

1
 One morning so gay, in the glad month of May,
 When I from my cottage strayed;
 As broke the ray of awakening day,
 I met a pretty maid.
 A neat little lass on the twink'ling grass,
 To see, my foot I stayed.

2
 "My fair pretty maid, why wander?" I said
 "So early, tell me now?"
 The maid replied, "Pretty Sir!" and sighed,
 "I've lost my Spotted Cow.
 She's stolen," she said, many tears she shed,
 "Or lost, I can't tell how."

3
 No further complain in dolorous strain,
 I've tidings will you cheer.
 I know she's strayed, in yonder green glade,
 Come, love! I'll shew you where.
 So dry up your tears and banish fears,
 And bid begone despair."

4
 "I truly confess in my bitter distress,
 You are most good," said she
 "With help so kind, I am certain to find,
 My cow, so I'll with thee.
 Four eyes, it is true are better than two,
 And four eyes shall have we."

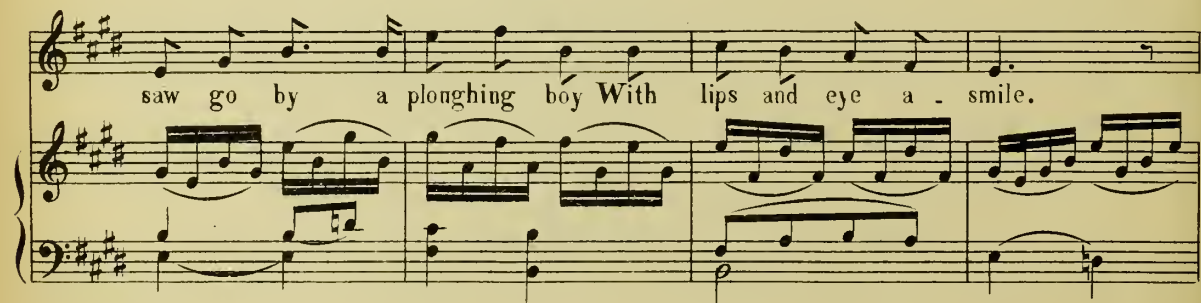
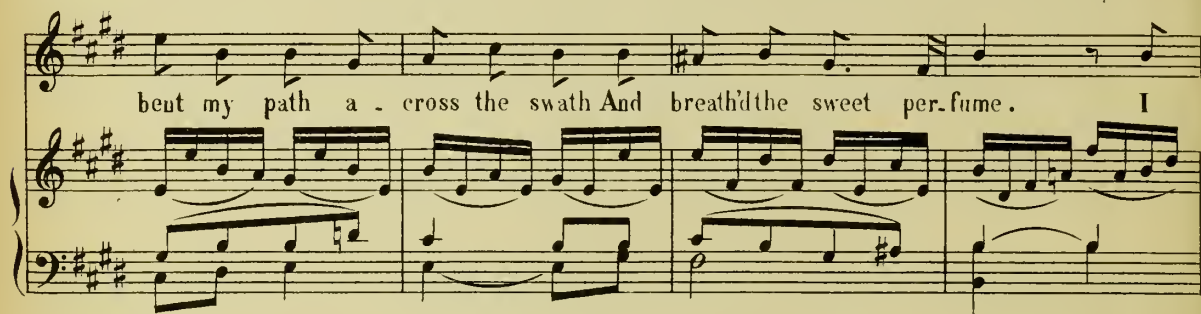
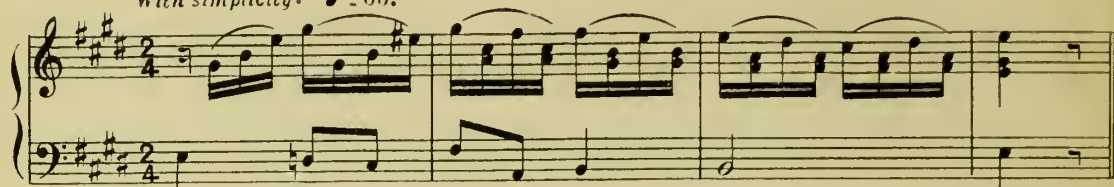
5
 Through meadow and grove, we together did rove,
 We crossed the flow'ry dale,
 Both morn and noon, we strayed till the moon
 Above our heads did sail.
 The old Spotted Cow, clean forgotten was now,
 For love was all our tale.

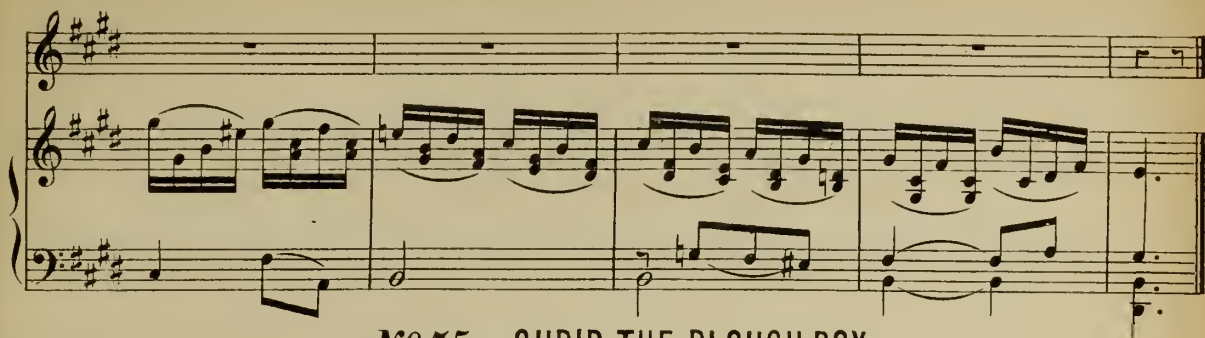
6
 Now never a day, do I go my way,
 To handle flail or plough.
 She comes again, and whispers, "Sweet swain
 I've lost my Spotted Cow."
 I pretend not to hear, she shouts "My dear,
 I've lost my Spotted Cow!"

CUPID THE PLOUGH BOY.

No 75.

H. F. S.

With simplicity. ♩ = 66.



No. 75. CUPID THE PLOUGH-BOY.

1

As I one day walked out in May,
 When May was white in bloom,
 I bent my path across the swath,
 And breathed the sweet perfume.
 I wandered near a tillage field,
 And leaning on a stile
 I saw go by a ploughing boy,
 With lips and eye asmile.

2

O Cupid was that sauncy boy
 Who furrows deeply drew,
 He broke soil, destroyed the spoil
 Of wild thyme wet with dew.
 Before his feet the field was sweet
 With flowers and grasses green,
 Behind turn'd down, and bare and brown,
 By Cupid's coulter keen.

3

O cruel, cruel ploughing boy!
 With sharp and cutting share!
 O why thy plough turn on me now,
 And leave me rent and bare?
 I would, I wot, that I had not,
 Awended down this way,
 Naught did I gain save rack and pain
 And dolour night and day.

4

"Thy heart I trow full deep I plough,
 My seed therein to sow,
 A crop will soon npspring and bloom,
 And make a pretty show.
 There'll come this way a gallant, gay,
 He'll view this flowery field,
 Then straight to him, unquestioning,
 The crop of Love you'll yield."

COME MY LADS, LET US BE JOLLY.

No 76.

F. W. B.

With spirit.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/style marking is "With spirit." The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1: The piano introduction begins with a series of chords and eighth notes in the right hand, and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The vocal line enters with a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes.

System 2: The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Come my lads, let us be jol - ly! Drive a - way dull mel - an - cho - ly". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

System 3: The vocal line continues with "For to grieve it is a fol - ly, When we've met to - ge - ther!". The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures.

System 4: The vocal line continues with "Come, let's live and well a - gree, Al - ways shun bad com - pan - y.". The piano accompaniment includes some sixteenth-note passages in the right hand.

System 5: The vocal line concludes with "Why should we not mer - ry, mer - ry be, When we're met, to - ge - ther.". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chordal cadence.

CHORUS.

Come my lads let us be jol - ly Drive a - way dull mel - an - cho - ly

For to grieve it is a fol - ly, When we've met to - geth - er.

No 76. COME MY LADS, LET US BE JOLLY.

1

Come my lads let us be jolly!
 Drive away dull melancholy
 For to grieve it is a folly,
 When we're met together.

Come, let's live and well agree,
 Always shun bad company,
 Why should we not merry merry be,
 When we're met together?

Chorus. Come my lads let us be jolly &c.

2

Here's the bottle, as it passes,
 Do not fail to fill your glasses,
 Water-drinkers are dull asses,
 When they're met together.

Milk is meet for infancy,
 Ladies like to sip Bohea,
 Not such stuff for you and me
 When we're met together.

Chorus. Come my lads, let us be jolly, &c.

3

Solomon a wise man hoary
 Told us quite another story.
 In our drink we'll chirp and glory,
 When we're met together.

Come my lads let's sing in chorus,
 Merrily, but yet decorous,
 Praising all good drinks before us,
 When we're met together.

Chorus. Come my lads, let us be jolly &c.

POOR OLD HORSE.

No 77.

H. F. S.

Plaintively. ♩ = 80.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Plaintively' with a quarter note equal to 80 beats per minute. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'O once I lay in stable, a hunter, well and warm, I had the best of shelter, from cold and wind and harm; But now in open meadow, A hedge I'm glad to find, To shield my sides from tempest, From driving sleet and wind. Poor old'.

O once I lay in sta - ble, a
 hun - ter, well and warm, I had the best of shel - ter, from cold and wind and
 harm; But now in o - pen mea - dow, A hedge I'm glad to
 find, To shield my sides from tem - pest, From driving sleet and wind. Poor old



Nº 77. POOR OLD HORSE.

1

O once I lay in stable, a hunter, well and warm,
 I had the best of shelter, from cold and rain and harm;
 But now in open meadow, a hedge I'm glad to find,
 To shield my sides from tempest, from driving sleet and wind.
 Poor old horse, let him die !

2

My shoulders once were sturdy, were glossy, smooth and round,
 But now, alas ! they're rotten, I'm not accounted sound.
 As I have grown so aged, my teeth gone to decay,
 My master frowns upon me ; I often hear him say,
 Poor old horse, let him die !

* 3

A groom upon me waited, on straw I snugly lay,
 When fields were full of flowers, the air was sweet with hay;
 But now there's no good feeding prepared for me at all,
 I'm forced to munch the nettles upon the kennel wall.
 Poor old horse, let him die !

4

My shoes and skin, the huntsman, that covets them shall have,
 My flesh and bones the hounds, Sir ! I very freely give,
 I've followed them full often, aye ! many a score of miles,
 O'er hedges, walls and ditches, nor blinked at gates and stiles.
 Poor old horse, let him die !

5

Ye gentlemen of England, ye sportsmen good and bold,
 All you that love a hunter, remember him when old,
 O put him in your stable, and make the old boy warm,
 And visit him and pat him, and keep him out of harm,
 Poor old horse, till he die !

* May be omitted in singing. P & W. 1506.

THE DILLY SONG.

H. F. S.

No 78.

Smoothly & not too fast. ♩ = 120.

Come and I will sing you! What will you sing me? What will you sing me?

I will sing you One O! One of them is all a lone, and What is your One O? One of them is What is your One O?

un poco rall.
 ev - er will re - main so; ev - er will re - main so.
 all a lone, and ev - er will re - main so; and ev - er will re - main so.
 One of them is all a lone, and ev - er will re - main so.
un poco rall.

N^o 78. THE DILLY SONG.

1

Come, and I will sing you.

What will you sing me?

I will sing you One O!

What is your One O?

One of them is all all alone, and ever will remain so.

2

Come, and I will sing you.

What will you sing me?

I will sing you Two, O!

What is your Two, O?

Two of them are lily-white babes, and dress'd all in green, O.

3

Come, &c.

I will sing you Three, O!

What is your Three, O?

Three of them are strangers, o'er the wide world they are rangers.

4

Come, &c.

I will sing you Four, O

What is your Four, O?

Four it is the Dilly Hour, when blooms the gilly flower.

5

Come, &c.

I will sing you Five, O!

What is your Five, O?

Five it is the Dilly Bird, that's never seen, but heard, O!

6

Come, &c.

I will sing you Six, O!

What is your Six, O?

Six the Ferryman in the Boat, that doth on the river float, O!

7

Come, &c.

I will sing you Seven, O!

What is your Seven, O?

Seven it is the crown of Heaven, the shining stars be seven, O!

8

Come, &c.

I will sing you Eight, O!

What is your Eight, O?

Eight it is the morning break, when all the world's awake, O!

9

Come, &c.

I will sing you Nine, O!

What is your Nine, O?

Nine it is the pale moonshine, the pale moonlight is nine, O!

10

Come, &c.

I will sing you Ten, O!

What is your Ten, O?

Ten forbids all kind of sin, and ten again begin, O!

THE MALLARD.

No 79.

H. F. S.

Gaily. ♩ = 96.

When lambskins skip, and apples are growing, Grass is green, and roses a-blow, When

pi-geons coo, and cattle are low-ing, Mist lies white in vallies below, Why should we be

all the day toil-ing? Lads and lasses, a-long with me! Done with drudgery, dust, and moil-ing,

Hasten a-way to the greenwood tree! The cows are milked the team's in the stable; Work is over, and

Hasten a-way to the greenwood tree! Work is over, and

play is begun. Come farm - er lads! Ere the moon rise we will have fun.

play is begun. Come farm - er lads both lus ty and a - ble, Ere the moon rise we will have fun.

CHORUS.

Why should we be all the day toil - ing? Lads and lasses a - long with me Done with drudgery, dust, and moiling

Why should we be all the day toil - ing? Lads and lasses a - long with me Done with drudgery, dust, and moiling

Why should we be all the day toil - ing? Lads and lasses a - long with me Done with drudgery, dust, and moiling

Why should we be all the day toil - ing? Lads and lasses a - long with me Done with drudgery, dust, and moiling

Haste away to the greenwood tree Haste away Haste away Haste away to the greenwood tree.

Haste away to the greenwood tree Haste away Haste away Haste away to the greenwood tree.

Haste away to the greenwood tree Haste away Haste away Haste away to the greenwood tree.

Haste away to the greenwood tree Haste away Haste away Haste away to the greenwood tree.

N^o 79. THE MALLARD.

(A COUNTRY DANCE)

1

She: When lambkin's skip, and apples are growing,
 Grass is green, and roses ablow,
He: When pigeons coo, and cattle are lowing,
 Mist lies white in vallies below,
Together: Why should we be all the day toiling?
 Lads and lasses, along with me!
 Done with drudgery, dust and moiling
 Haste away to the greenwood tree
She: The cows are milked, the team's in the stable,
 Work is over, and play begun,
He: Ye farmer lads all lusty and able
 Ere the moon rises, we'll have our fun,
Chorus: Why should we, &c.

*2

She: The glow-worm lights, as day is afailling,
 Dew is falling over the field,
He: The meadow-sweet its scent is exhaling,
 Honeysuckles their fragrance yield.
Together: Why should we, &c.
She: There's Jack o'lantern lustily dancing
 In the marsh with flickering flame,
He: And Daddy-long-legs, spinning and prancing,
 Moth and midge are doing the same,
Chorus: Why should we, &c.

3

She: So Bet and Prue, and Dolly and Celie,
 With milking pail 'tis time to have done.
He: And Ralph and Phil, and Robin and Willie,
 The threshing flail must sleep with the sun.
Together: Why should we, &c.
She: Upon the green beginneth our pleasure,
 Whilst we dance we merrily sing.
He: A counntry dance, a jig, and a measure,
 Hand in hand we go in a ring.
Chorus: Why should we, &c.

4

She: O sweet it is to foot on the clover,
 Ended work and revel begun.
He: Aloft the planets never give over,
 Dancing, eireling round of the sun.
Together: Why should, we, &c.
She: So Ralph and Phil, and Robin and Willie,
 Take your partners each of you now.
He: And Bet and Prue, and Dolly and Celie,
 Make a curtsey; lads! make a bow.
Chorus: Why should, we.

* May be omitted in singing. P & W 1506.

CONSTANT JOHNNY.

57

No 80.

H. F. S.

Smoothly with expression. ♩ = 76.

The first system of musical notation for 'Constant Johnny'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a smooth, expressive style. The first measure is a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble and bass staves.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Charming Molly I do love thee There's none o - ther I a - dore' are written below the treble staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests.

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'Pierced by your beauteous eyes My heart transfix - ed lies Say dearest Molly you'll be' are written below the treble staff. The music includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking followed by a 'tempo.' (tempo) marking, indicating a change in the speed of the music.

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics 'mine for ev - er more.' are written below the treble staff. The music concludes with a final cadence. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

Constant Johnny I re-ject thee I thy fruit-less suit de-plore

Dear-est I do love thee There's none other I a-dore

Your love I do decline I will be no love of thine No Johnny Constant Johnny

See my heart transfixed lies... Dearest Molly be thou

Ne'er I'll see thee more Can I see young

mine for ev-er more Canst thou see young

John-ny bleed-ing Down in Cu-pid's ro-sy bower See his sad trans.

John-ny bleed-ing Down in Cu-pid's ro-sy bower See his transfixed heart

fix - ed heart! O dearest Johnny I am thine for ever more.

Full of grief and full of smart Say dearest Molly thoult be mine for ever more.

Now the lov - ers are u - ni - ted Fast in wed - lock's chains se - cure

Now the lov - ers are u - ni - ted Fast in wed - lock's chains se - cure..

Happy as the live-long day Often to each other say O John ny dearest Johnny

Happy as the live-long day Often to each other say O Molly now we part no

now we part no more we part no more no more we part no more.

more Now we part no more we part no more we part no more.

THE DUKE'S HUNT.

No 81

F.W.B.

Quickly.

'Twas on a bright and shi - ning morn, I heard the mer - ry

hunt - ing horn, At earli - est hour of the morn - ing There

rode the Duke of Buck - ing - ham And ma - nya squire and yeo - man came,

Dull sleep and phan - tom sha - dows . . . scorn - ing.

CHORUS.

There was Dido, Spendigo Gentry too, and Hero, And Traveller that never looks behind him.

Countess and Towler Bonny-lass and Jowler were some of the hounds that did find him.

Verse 2.

CHORUS.

Voice

SYM:

No 81. THE DUKE'S HUNT.

1

Twa on a bright and shining morn
 I heard the merry hunting horn,
 At earliest hour of the morning.
 There rode the Duke of Buckingham,
 And many a squire and yeoman came,
 Dull sleep and phantom shadows scorning
 There was Dido, Spendigo
 Gentry too, and Hero,
 And Traveller that never looks behind him
 Countess and Towler,
 Bonny-lass and Jowler.
 These were some of the hounds that did find him.

2

Old Jack he courses o'er the plain,
 Unwearied tries it back again,
 His horse and his hounds fail never.
 Our hearty huntsman he will say,
 For ever and for ee'r a day,
 Hark! Forward! gallant hounds together.
 There was Dido, &c.

3

The fox we followed, being young,
 Our sport today is scarce begun,
 He's out of the cover breaking,
 Away he runs o'er hill and dale,
 Away we followed without fail
 Hark! Forward! sleeping echoes awaking!
 There was Dido, &c.

4

Shy Reynard being well nigh spent,
 His way he to the water bent,
 And speedily crossed the river.
 To save his life he sought to swim,
 But Dido sharp went after him,
 Heigh! Traveller destroyed his life for ever.
 There was Dido, &c.

5

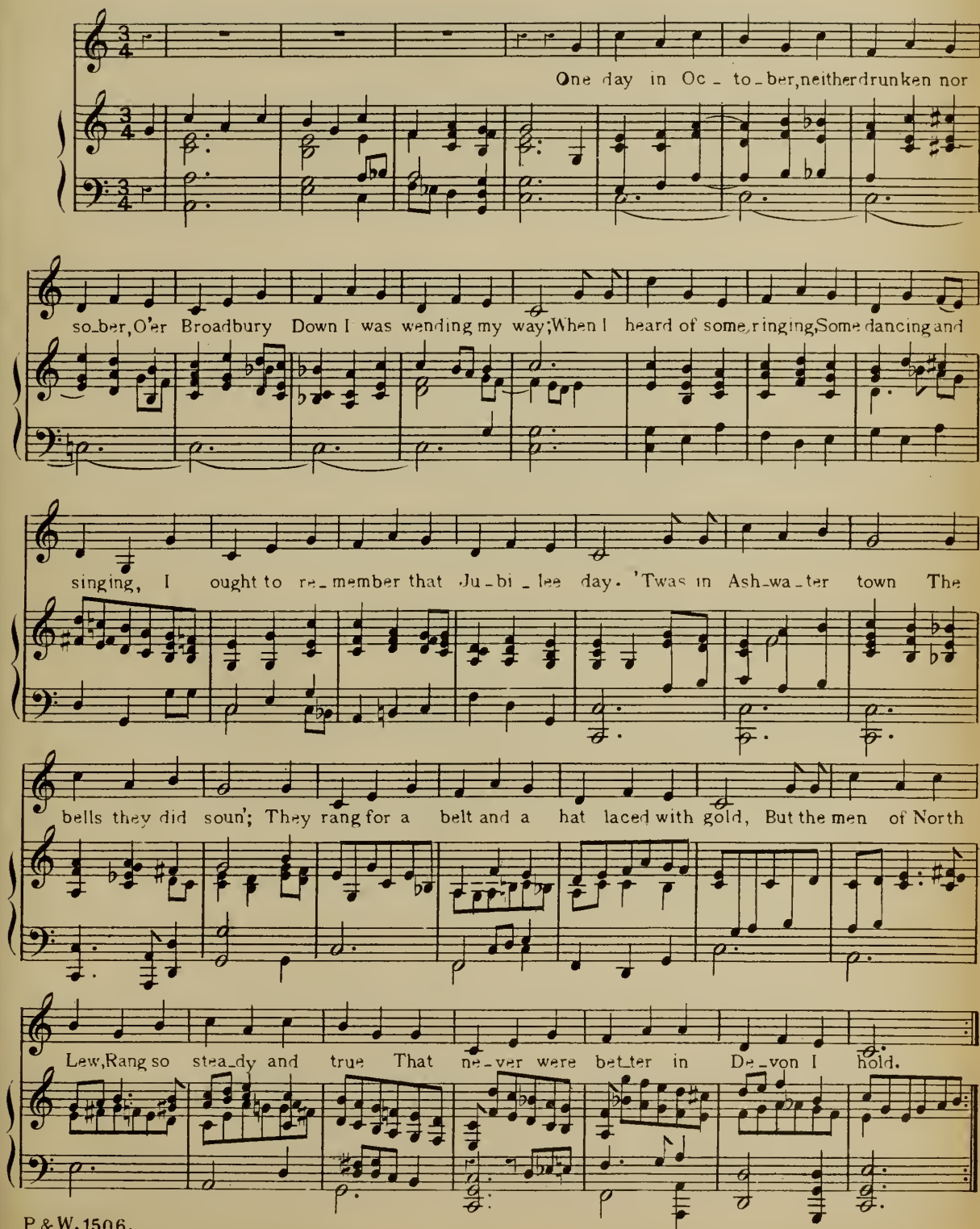
So, whoo-too-hoo! we did proclaim
 God bless the Duke of Buckingham,
 Our hounds they have gained great glory.
 This maketh now the twentieth fox,
 We've killed in river, dale and rocks,
 So here's an end to my story.
 There was Dido, &c.

THE BELL RINGING.

63

No 82.

F. W. B.



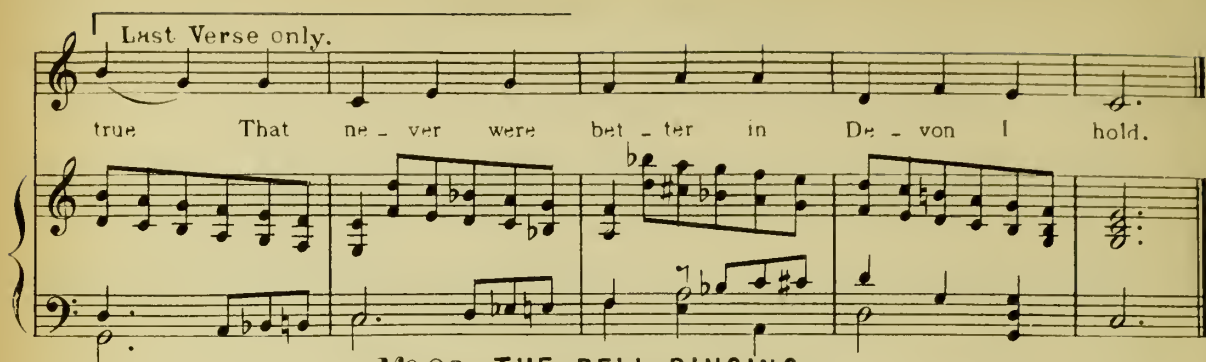
One day in Oc - to - ber, neither drunken nor

so - ber, O'er Broadbury Down I was wending my way; When I heard of some ringing, Some dancing and

singing, I ought to re - member that Ju - bi - lee day. 'Twas in Ash - wa - ter town The

bells they did soun'; They rang for a belt and a hat laced with gold, But the men of North

Lew, Rang so steady and true That ne - ver were better in De - von I hold.



Nº 82. THE BELL RINGING.

1.

One day in October,
 Neither drunken nor sober,
 O'er Broadbury Down I was wending my way.
 When I heard of some ringing,
 Some dancing and singing,
 I ought to remember that Jubilee Day.

REFRAIN.

'Twas in Ashwater Town,
 The bells they did soun'
 They rang for a belt and a hat laced with gold.
 But the men of North Lew
 Rang so steady and true,
 That never were better in Devon, I hold.

2.

'Twas misunderstood,
 For the men of Broadwood,
 Gave a blow on the tenor should never have been.
 But the men of North Lew,
 Rang so faultlessly true,
 A difficult matter to beat them I ween
 'Twas in Ashwater Town &c:

3.

They of Broadwood being naughty
 Then said to our party,
 We'll ring you a challenge again in a round,
 We'll give you the chance,
 At St Stephens or Launce-

-ston the prize to the winner's a note of five pound.

'Twas in Callington Town
 The bells next did soun'

They rang, &c:

4.

When the match it came on,
 At good Callington,
 The bells they rang out o'er the valleys below.
 Then old and young people,
 The hale and the feeble,
 They came out to hear the sweet bell music flow.
 'Twas at Callington town
 The bells then did soun'
 They rang, &c:

5.

Those of Broadwood once more,
 Were obliged to give o'er,
 They were beaten completely and done in a round.
 For the men of North Lew
 Pull so steady and true,

That no better then they in the West can be found.

'Twas at Ashwater town
 Then at Callington town
 They rang, &c:

THE BELL RINGING.

65

N^o 82.

H. F. S.

In Moderate time ♩ = 120.

One

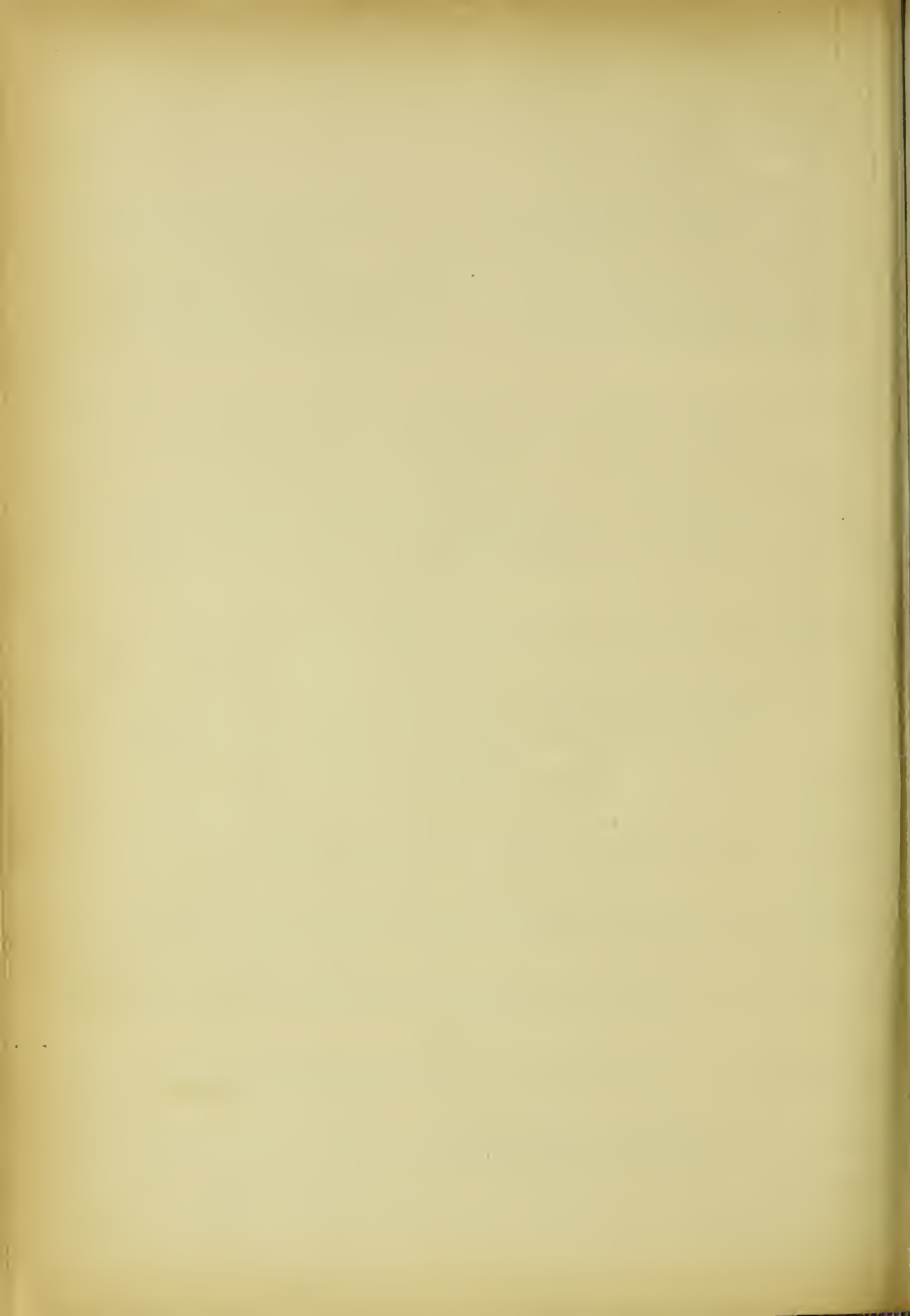
day in Oc-to-ber neither drunk nor sober, O'er Broadbury Down I was wending my way, When I

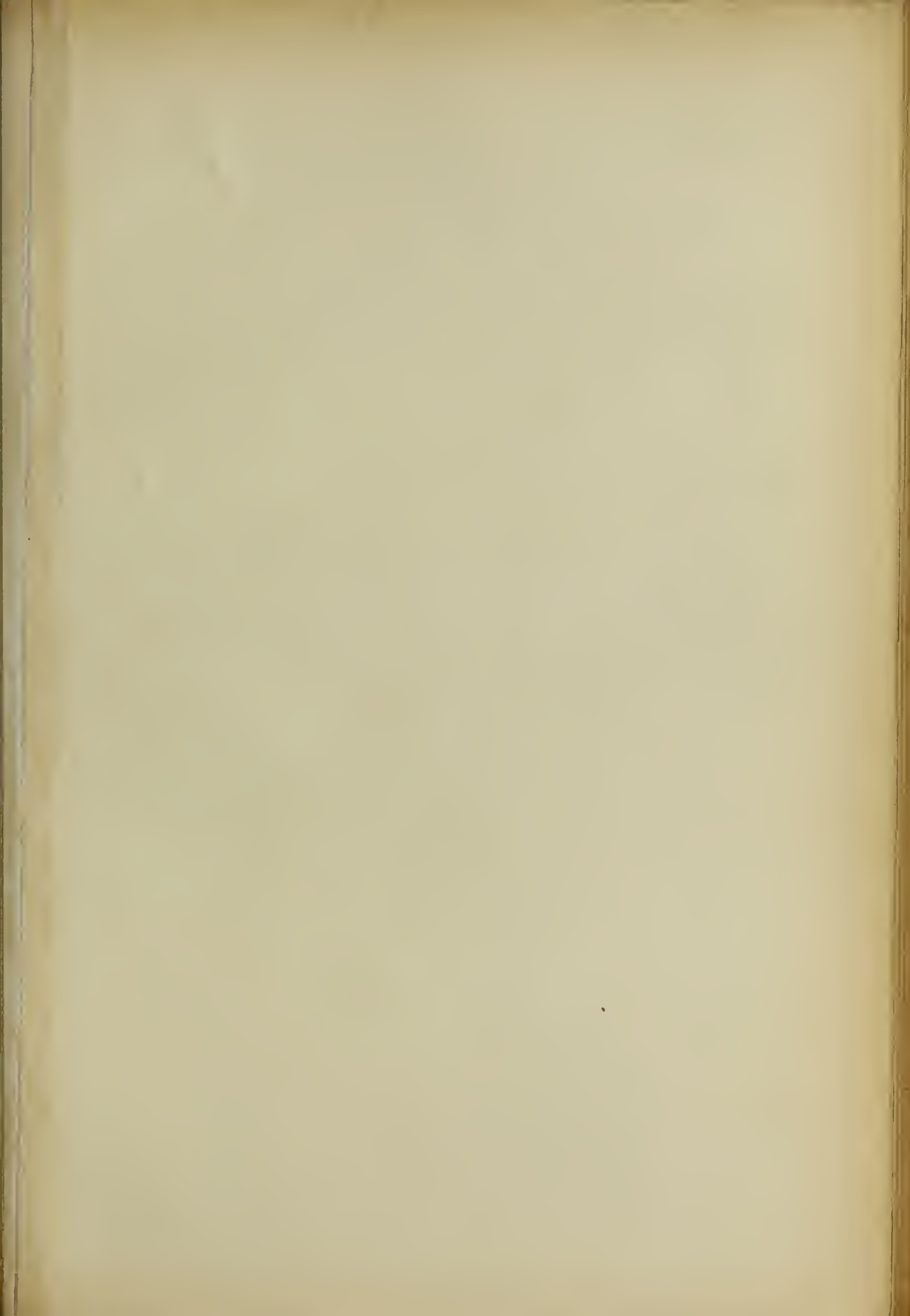
heard of some ringing Some dancing and singing I ought to re-mem-ber that Ju-bi-lee day, 'Twas in

Ash-wa-ter town, The bells they did soun' They rung for a belt and a hat laced with gold But the

men of North Lew, Rang so steady and true That there never was better in De-vo-n I hold.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'In Moderate time' with a quarter note equal to 120 beats per minute. The score is divided into four systems, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The first system includes a 'One' marking. The second system includes 'rall a tempo' markings. The third system includes 'rall a tempo' markings. The fourth system includes 'rall a tempo' markings. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The voice part is a single melodic line.





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