

Favourite Traditional Chorus Songs

Chosen by friends and visitors to the club
Work in progress - Draft Ver 1.06

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Calton Weaver

Suggested by John Hart

I am a weaver, a Calton weaver, I am a brash and a roving blade
I have silver in my pouches, And I follow a roving trade

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey, Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O

As I walked into Glasgow city, Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell
I walked in, sat down beside her, Seven long years I loved her well

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her,
The more I kissed her, the more she smiled
I forgot my mother's teaching, Nancy soon had me beguiled

I woke early in the mornin', Tae slake ma drought it was my need,
I tried to rise but was not able, Nancy had me by the heid.

Come landlady, noo, what's that lawin'? Tell me what there is tae pay.
"Fifteen shillings is the reck'ning; Noo pay me quickly and go away!"

I'll gang back to the Calton weaving, I'll surely mak those shuttles fly
I'll make more at the Calton weaving, Than ever I did in a roving way

So come all ye weavers, ye Calton weavers,
Weavers where e're ye be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey, She'll ruin you like she ruined me

Carrion Crow

A Carrion crow was a-sitting on an oak With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee
Watching a tailor cutting up a coat With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee

Oh fallee, fallai, falero, Oh fallee, folero mee

Up jumped John, ringing on his bell, With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee

Oh bring my arrows and my bow, With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee
That I may shoot this carrion crow, With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee

Oh fallee...

He aimed to shoot the carrion crow With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee
Instead he shot the old grey sow With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee
With a ling-dong-dilly-dong kyro-mee

Oh fallee...

Oh bring me brandy in a spoon, With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee
That I may heal her gaping wound With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee

Oh fallee...

The old sow died, and the bell did toll, With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul With a ling-dong-dilly-dong caro-lee

Oh fallee...

The Cheerful Horn

Suggested by Ann Hilton

The cheerful horn he blows in the morn and we'll a hunting go
The cheerful horn he blows in the morn and we'll a hunting go
And we'll a-hunting go-o, And we'll a-hunting go

Where all my fancy dwells upon Nancy and I'll sing tally-ho Where all my fancy dwells upon Nancy and I'll sing tally-ho

The fox jumps o'er the hedge so high and the hounds all after him go (x 2)
And the hounds all after him go-o, And the hounds all after him go

Our huntsman blows his joyful horn, we'll have his brush to show (x 2)
We'll have his brush to show-o, We'll have his brush to show

Then never despise the soldier lad though his station be but low (x 2)
Though his station be but low-o, Though his station be but low

So push about the jug me boys and we will homeward go (x 2)
And we will homeward go-o, And we will homeward go

If you ask me the sense of this song for to tell or the reason for to show (x 2)
I don't exactly know, I don't exactly know

Drink Old England Dry

From Folksongs of Britain and Ireland – suggested by Jim Coombes (in F)

Now come me brave boys like I told you before
Come drink me brave boys and we'll boldly call for more
For the French they would invade us and they say that they shall try, shall try
They say that they will come and drink old England dry.

Aye dry, Aye dry me boys aye dry-y-y They say that they will come and drink old England dry

Supposing we meet with their fleet by the way
10,000 to one we will show them British play
With our swords and our muskets We will fight until we die, we die
Before that they shall come and drink old England dry

Then up spoke brave Wellington of fame and renown
He swears he'll be true to his country and his crown
For the cannons they will rattle and the bullets they shall fly shall fly
Before that they shall come and drink old England dry

So drink me brave boys like I told you before
Come drink me brave boys `til you cannot drink no more
For the French may boast and swear but their brags are all my eye, my eye
The French will never come and drink old England dry

The Farmers Boy

suggested by Nigel Moorcroft

The sun had set beyond yon hill, across the dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there came, up to the farmer's door:
"Can you tell me whe'ere I be, and one that will me employ,"
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy,

My father is dead, and my mother is left with five children, great and small;
And what is worse for my mother still, I'm the oldest of them all.
Though little, i'll work as hard as a Turk, If you give me employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy.

"And if that you won't me employ, one favour I've to ask, -
Will you shelter me, till break of day, from the cold winter's blast?
At break of day, I'll trudge away elsewhere to seek employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy"

The farmer's wife cried "Try the lad, let him no longer seek".
"Yes Father do" the Daughter cried, while the tears rolled down her cheek:
"For those who would work, 'tis hard to want and wander for employ".
Don't let him go, but let him stay, and be a farmer's boy,

The Farmer's Boy grew up a man, and the good old couple died,
They left the lad the farm they had, and the daughter for his bride;
Now the lad that was, the farm now has, oft he thinks and smiles with joy.
Oh, happy day he came that way, to be a Farmer's Boy

Fathom the Bowl

suggested by Nigel Moorcroft

Come all you bold heroes, give an ear to my song
And well sing in the praise of good brandy and rum
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll

**Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl
I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl**

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come
But stout and strong cider are England's control

My wife she do disturb me when I'm laid at my ease
She does as she likes and she says as she please
My wife, she's a devil, she's black as the coal

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea
With no stone at his head but what matters for he
There's a clear crystal fountain, near England shall roll

The Forsaken Mermaid

Suggested by Ann Hilton - From the Copper Family Song Book

As I was a walking down by the sea shore,
Where the winds and the waves and the billows did roar,
There I heard a strange voice make a terrible sound,
'Twas the wind and the waves and the echoes all round,

**Crying Oh, my lover's gone, he's a youth I adore,
He's gone and I never shall see him no more.**

She'd a voice like a nightingale, skin like a dove
And the song that she sung it was all about love
I asked her to marry me, marry me, please
But the answer she gave, my love's drowned in the sea

I told her I'd gold and I'd silver beside
In a coach and six horses with me she could ride
No I never will marry nor yet make a wife
I'll stay constant and true all the time I've got life,

She threw out her arms and she took a great leap
From the cliffs that were high to the billows so deep,
Crying, "the rocks of the ocean shall make me a bed
And the shrimps of the sea shall swim over my head."

And now every night at six bells they appear
When the moon it is shining, the sky it is clear
These two constant lovers with all their young charms
Rolling over and over in each other's arms.

Gallowa' Hills

Suggested by John Hart

Oh I'll tak' my plaidie contented tae be, A wee bittie kilted aboon my knee
And I'll gie my pipes anither blaw, And I'll gan oot ower the hills tae Gallowa'

**Oh the Gallowa' hills are covered wi' broom,
Wi' heather bells in bonnie bloom
Wi' heather bells and rivers a', An I'll gan oot ower the hills tae Gallowa'**

For I say, bonnie lass, it's will ye come wi' me,
Tae share yer lot in a strange country
For tae share yer lot when doon fa's a', And I'll gan oot ower the hills tae Gallowa'

For I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel, I'll sell my grannie's spinning wheel
I will sell them a' when doon fa's a', An I'll gan oot ower the hills tae Gallowa'

Good Ale

Suggested by Ann Hilton - from the Copper Family Songbook

It is of good ale to you I'll sing and to good ale I'll always cling
I like my mug filled to the brim and I'll drink all you'd like to bring

Oh good ale, thou art my darling, thou art my joy both night and morning

It is you that helps me with my work and from a task I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home brew and better than one pint, I like two

I love you in the early morn I love you in daylight, dark, or dawn
And when I'm weary, worn, or spent I'll turn the tap and ease the vent

It is you that makes my friends my foes it is you that makes me wear old clothes
But since you come so near my nose it's up you comes and down you goes

And if all my friends from Adam's race was to meet me here all in this place
I could part from all without one fear before I'd part from my good beer

And if my wife should me despise how soon I'd give her two black eyes
But if she loved me as I love thee what a happy couple we should be

You have caused me debts that I've often swore
I never would drink strong ale no more
But you, for all that, I'll forgive and I'll drink strong ale as long as I live

Gosport Beach

From The Foggy Dew page 36 – Suggested by Jim Coombes

On Gosport beach I landed, that place of noted fame,
Where I called for a bottle of brandy to treat my flashy dame.
Her outside rigging was of silk, her spencer scarlet red;
The day we spent in sweet content, and at night we went to bed.

**Chorus: at night we went to bed, at night we went to bed
The day we spent in sweet content, and at night we went to bed.**

It was next morning early, just by the break of day,
I said "Fair maid, come tell me true, What brought you down this way?"
"I am rich merchant's daughter, from London I came down.
My parents cast me out of doors, and turn'd me on the town."

**Chorus: they turn'd me on the town, they turn'd me on the town
My parents cast me out of doors, and turn'd me on the town.**

I said "My pretty fair maid, I'm sorry for to see
That you should ramble so far from home and throw yourself away.
But no reflection will I cast on you and for ever I'll prove true,
and when from Chatham I return sweet lass, I'll marry you."

**Chorus: sweet lass, I'll marry you, sweet lass, I'll marry you
and when from Chatham I return sweet lass, I'll marry you."**

They both shook hands and parted, tears from her eyes did flow,
she seem'd most broken-hearted , on board she could not go.
When parting from her own true love a gold ring she broke in two,
One half she gave to her true love, crying, "Adieu, sweet lad, adieu."

**Chorus: Adieu, sweet lad, adieu, Adieu, sweet lad, adieu
One half she gave to her true love, crying, "Adieu, sweet lad, adieu."**

When scarce six months were over from Chatham he came back,
saying, "Now, sweet lass, I'll marry you, I've shiners in my sack."
To church they went together the marriage knot to tie,
and may they both live happy until the day they die.

**Chorus: until the day they die, until the day they die
and may they both live happy until the day they die.**

Hexhamshire Lass

Suggested by John Hart

Hey for the buff and the blue, Hey for the cap and the feather,
Hey for the bonny lass true, That lives in Hexhamshire.

**Through by the Saiby Syke, And over the moss and the mire,
I'll go to see my lass, Who lives in Hexhamshire.**

Her father loved her well, Her mother loved her better,
I love the lass mysel', But, alas! I cannot get her.

O, This love, this love, Of this love I'm weary,
Sleep I can get none, For thinking on my deary.

My heart is like to break, By bosom is on fire,
So well I love the lass, That lives in Hexhamshire.

Her petticoat is silk, And plated rond with siller,
Her shoes are tied with tape; She'll wait till I go till her.

Were I where I would be, I would be beside her;
But here a while I must be, Whatever may betide her.

Hey for the thick and the thin, Hey for the mud and the mire.
And hey for the bonny lass, That lives in Hexhamshire.

John Barleycorn

suggested by Jim Coombes (in B)

John Barleycorn is a hero bold as any in the land,
For ages good his fame has stood and shall for ages stand.
The whole wide world respect in him, no matter friend or foe,
And where they be that makes so free he's sure to lay them low.

**Hey! John Barleycorn, Ho John Barleycorn,
Old and young thy praise has sung: John Barleycorn!**

To see him in his pride of youth his robes are rich and green,
His head is speared with prickly beard fit nigh to serve the queen,
And when the reaping time comes round and Johnny's stricken down,
He'll use his blood for England's good and Englishmen's renown.

The lord in courtly castle, the squire in stately hall.
The great of name, of birth and fame, on John for succour call.
He bids the troubled heart rejoice, gives warmth to natures cold,
Makes weak men strong, and old ones young, and all men brave and bold.

Then shout for great John Barleycorn, more heed his luscious vine.
I have no mind much charm to find in potent draught of wine.
Give me my native nut brown ale, all other drinks I scorn.
For true English cheer is English beer, our own John Barleycorn

John Kanaka

suggested by Nigel Moorcroft

I thought I heard the old man say, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye**
Today, today is a holiday, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye,**

To-ri-aye, Oh to-ri-aye, John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye.

Today, today is a holiday, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye**
Today, today you'll take your pay, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye,**

We'll work tomorrow but no work today, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye**
We'll work tomorrow but no work today, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye,**

We're bound away from 'Sisco bay, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye**
We're bound away at break of day, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye,**

We're bound away around Cape Horn, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye**
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye,**

I thought I heard the old man say, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye**
Just one more pull and then belay, **Oh John Kanaka-naka to-ri-aye**

Jones's Ale

suggested by Nigel Moorcroft

There were five jovial fellows came over the hill together.
Came over the hill together to join the jovial crew.

***And they ordered their pints of beer and bottles of sherry
To carry them over the hills so merry,
To carry them over the hills so merry,
When Jones's Ale was new, me boys when Jones's Ale was new.***

Now the first to come in was a dyer and he sat down by the fire,
And he sat down by the fire, to join the jovial crew.
And the landlady told him to his own face
The fireside could be his own place,
For there he could sit and dye his own face,
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys when Jones' Ale was new.

And the next to come in was a mason, and his hammer it needed refacin'.
His hammer it needed refacin' to join the jovial crew.
So he threw his old hammer against the wall,
And he swore all the churches and chapels might fall,
For then there'd be work for masons all
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys when Jones' Ale was new.

And the next to come in was a hatter, and no man could be fatter,
No man could be fatter to join the jovial crew.
And he threw his own hat upon the ground,
And swore everyone should throw in a crown,
For then there'd be money for drinks all round.
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys when Jones' Ale was new.

And the next to come in was a tinker, and he was no small beer drinker.
He was no small beer drinker to join the jovial crew.
And he said have you any old pots, pans or kettles,
Me rivets are made of the finest metals
And I'll leave you all in the best of fettles,
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys when Jones' Ale was new.

And the last to come in was a soldier, with his flintlock upon his shoulder,
With his flintlock upon his shoulder, to join the jovial crew.
And the landlady's daughter, she came in
And kissed him between the nose and the chin,
And the bottles and pints came rolling in,
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys when Jones' Ale was new

The Keeper

(Noted by Cecil Sharp from Robert Kinchin at Ilmington, Warwickshire, 1909. Original text.)

O the keeper he a-shooting goes
And all amongst his bucks and does,
And O for to shoot at the barren doe
She's amongst the leaves of the green O.

Chorus:

**Jackie boy,
Sing 'ee well?**

**Hey down,
Derry derry down.**

She's amongst the leaves of the green O.

To my hey down down,

**Hey down,
derry derry down,**

She's amongst the leaves of the green O.

**Master,
Very well.
Ho down,**

To my ho down down,

Ho down,

The first doe that he shot at he missed,
And the second doe he trimmed he kissed,
And the third ran away in a young man's breast, *
She's amongst the leaves of the green O.

The fourth doe then she crossed the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again.
O and he tickled her in a merry vein,
She's amongst the leaves of the green O.

The fifth doe she crossed the brook,
The keeper fetched her back with his long hook,
And what he done at her you must go and look,
For she's amongst the leaves of the green O.

The sixth doe she ran over the plain;
But he with his hounds did turn her again;
And it's there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein
Among the leaves so green, O.

Roud Folk Song Index number 1519. From *Cecil Sharp's Collection of English Folk Songs*, vol.II, ed. Maud Karpeles, 1974.

The Lambton Worm

Suggested by John Hart

One Sunday morn young Lambton went A-fishing' in the Wear;
An' caught a fish upon he's heuk, He thowt leuk't varry queer.
But whatt'n a kind of fish it was Young Lambton cudent tell.
He waddn't fash te carry'd hyem, So he hoyed it doon a well.

**Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, An Aa'll tell ye's aall an aaful story
Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs, An' Aa'll tell ye 'boot the worm.**

Noo Lambton felt inclined te gan An' fight i' foreign wars.
he joined a troop o' Knights that cared For nowther woonds nor scars,
An' off he went te Palestine Where queer things him befel,
An' varry seun forgot about The queer worm i' the well.

But the worm got fat an' growed and' growed An' growed an aaful size;
He'd greet big teeth, a greet big gob, An' greet big goggle eyes.
An' when at neets he craaled about Te pick up bits o' news,
If he felt dry upon the road, He milked a dozen coos.

This feorful worm wad often feed On caalves an' lambs an' sheep,
An' swally little barins alive When they laid doon te sleep.
An' when he'd eaten aall he cud An' he had had he's fill,
He craaled away an' lapped he's tail Seven times roond Pensher Hill.

The news of this myest aaful worm An' his queer gannins on
Seun crossed the seas, gat te the ears Ov brave and' bowld Sor John.
So hyem he cam an' caught the beast An' cut 'im in twe haalves,
An' that seun stopped he's eatin' bairns, An' sheep an' lambs and caalves.

So noo ye knaa hoo aall the foaks On byeth sides ov the Wear
Lost lots o' sheep an' lots o' sleep An' leaved i' mortal feor.
So let's hev one te brave Sor John That kept the bairns frae harm,
Saved coos an' caalves by myekin' halves O' the famis Lambton Worm.

Final Chorus

Noo lads, Aa'll haad me gob, That's aall Aa knaa about the story
Ov Sor John's clivvor job Wi' the aaful Lambton Worm.

The Molecatcher

In old Tawney Common there's a pub and a cow,
There lived an old molecatcher, I can't tell you how.
He goes a molecatching from morning till night,
While the jolly young farmer goes playing with his wife.

Chorus:

**Singing law-til-i-day, law-til-i-little-i, law-til-i-day.
Singing law-til-i-day, law-til-i-little-i, law-til-i-day.**

The molecatcher jealous of the very same thing,
So he hides in the bake-house and saw him come in,
And when that young farmer got over the stile,
It caused the molecatcher to laugh and to smile.

Chorus

He knocked at the door and thus he did say,
"Pray, where is your husband ? good woman, I say."
He's gone a-molecatching, you need not fear,
But little did she think the molecatcher was near.

Chorus

She went upstairs -- he followed the sign,
And the molecatcher followed them closely behind,
And when that young farmer was in the midst of his frolics,
The molecatcher grabbed him quite fast by his coat.

Chorus

He clapped his hands and laughed at the sight,
Saying, "This is the finest mole I've caught in me life.
I'll make you pay well for ploughing my ground,
And the money it shall be no less than ten pound."

Chorus

"Very well" says the farmer, "the money I don't mind,
For it only cost me about a farthing a time."
So come all you young farmers, mind what you're at,
Never get caught in a molecatcher's trap.

Chorus

Nutting Girl

suggested by Nigel Moorcroft

Come all you jovial fellows, and listen to my song
It is a little ditty and it won't detain you long
It's of a fair young damsel, and she lived down in Kent
Arose one summer's morning, and she a-nutting went

***With my ral fal-lal to my rol fal-lal whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day
And what few nuts that poor girl had she threw them all away.***

It's of a brisk young farmer, a ploughing of his land
He called unto his horses, to bid them gently stand
As he sat down upon his plough, all for a song to sing
His voice was so melodious, it made the valleys ring

It's of this fair young damsel, a nutting in the wood
His voice was so melodious, it charmed her as she stood
His voice was so melodious, she could no longer stay
And what few nuts she had, poor girl, she threw them all away

She came upon young Roger, a sitting on his plough
She said: "Young man I really feel I cannot tell you how"
He took her to some shady broom, and there he laid her down
Said she: "Young man, I think I feel the world go round and round"

He went back to his horses to finish off his song
He said: "My pretty fair maid, your mother will think you long"
But she flung her arms all round his neck as they went o'er the plain
And she said: "My dear, I should like to see the world go round again"

Now, come all you young women, take warning by my song
If you should a-nutting go, don't stay from home too long
For if you should stay too late, to hear the ploughboy sing
You might have a young farmer to nurse up in the spring

Pleasant And Delightful

suggested by Phil Hewett

'Twas pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn
To view the fine meadows all covered with corn
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day
And the larks they sang melodious, and the larks they sang melodious
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day

A sailor and his true love were walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love "I'm bound far away
I'm bound for the Indies where load cannons do roar
I must go and leave you Nancy you're the girl I adore

The ring from off her finger she instantly drew
Saying "Take this dearest William and me heart will go too"
And as she embraced her tears from her eyes fell
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no me love farewell"

So fare thee well my dearest Nancy, I'm bound far away
The ship is a-waiting out there in the bay
The anchor is hoisted she waits the next flowing tide
And if ever I return again I will make you my bride

Portsmouth City

From "the Constant Lovers" page 73 Bb

As I was walking Portsmouth City, there I met a saucy strump
Up against the wall I shoved her, then I saw that she was drunk

Chorus: With my
Twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen,
twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, none
Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen,
eleven, nine, seven, five, three and one

Coming on I met some other Unto her I told my case
She said "you shall look no further" Up she took me to some place

Chorus: With my

In the morn when I awoke Oh! what a shocking scene of woes
There she was a-gone and left me Bundl'd off with all my clothes

Chorus: With my

Ripe and Bearded Barley

Come, ye rout, it's now September,
The Hunter's Moon's begun.
And through the wheat and stubble,
We hear the frequent gun.
The leaves are fading yellow, And burning into red,
While the ripe and bearded barley Is hangin' down it's head

All amongst the barley, Who would not be blithe?
When the ripe and bearded barley is Smilin' on the scythe.
All amongst the barley, Who would not blithe?
When the ripe and bearded barley is Smilin' on the scythe.

Wheat is like a rich man, He's sleek and well-to-do.
The Oats are like a pack of girls, A thin and dancing crew.
Rye is like a miser, He's sulky, mean and small,
But the ripe and bearded barley Is Monarch of them all.

All amongst the barley etc

Spring is like a young maid, who does not know her mind.
The Summer, he's a tyrant Of the most ungracious kind.
Autumn, he's an old friend, who pleaseth all he can,
He brings the bearded barley To glad the heart of men.

All amongst the barley etc

The babe it knows no grief nor care.
Safe in its mothers breast.
The grown man, he must strive and strain,
It's seldom he can rest.
The grey beard sits and takes his ease,
Where care no more holds sway.
With pipe, and dog, and clear brown ale,
He dreams the time away.

All amongst the barleyetc

Rosebuds in June

Here the rosebuds in June and the Violets are blowing
The small birds they warble on every green bough
Here's the pink and the Lily and the Daffy down dilly

**Chorus: To adorn and perfume those sweet meadows in June
If it weren't for the plough the fat ox would go slow
and the lads and the bonny lasses to the sheep shearing go**

Our shepherds rejoice in their fine heavy fleeces,
and frisky young lambs which their flocks do increase.
Each lad takes his lass all on the green grass

Chorus:

Our clean milking pails they are fouled with good ale
At the table there is plenty of cheer to be found.
We'll whis-tle and sing and dance in a ring.

Chorus:

Now the sheep shearing's over and harvest draws nigh.
We'll prepare for the fields our strength for to try
We'll reap and we'll mow. We'll plough and we'll sow

Chorus:

Sheep Stealer

I am a brisk lad but my fortune is bad, And I am most wonderful poor.
Oh, indeed I intend my life for to mend

**And to build a house down on the moor, brave boys
And to build a house down on the moor.**

The farmer he do keep fat oxen and sheep In a neat little nag on the downs.
In the middle of the night when the moon do shine bright,

**There's a number of work to be done, brave boys,
There's a number of work to be done.**

Then I'll roam all around in another man's ground,
And I'll take a fat sheep for my own.

Oh, I'll end his life by the aid of my knife
**And then I will carry him home, brave boys,
And then I will carry him home.**

My children will pull the skin from the ewe And I'll be in a place where there's none.
When the constable do come, I'll stand with my gun

**And swear all I have is my own, brave boys,
And swear all I have is my own.**

From Lloyd, Folk Song in England

Sorrows Away

suggested by Jim Coombes (in Ab)

The time passes over so cheerful and gay
Since we learned a new act to drive sorrows away
sorrows away (x3), since we learned...

Bright Phoebe arises so high in the sky
With her red rosy cheeks and sparkling eye
Sparkling eye (x3), With her red....

If you ask for my credit you'll find I have none
With my bottle and friends you will find me at home
Find me at home (x3), With my bottle....

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
I'm as happy as them that's got thousands or more
Thousands or more (x3), I'm as happy...

Sportsmen arouse

suggested by Jim Coombes (in F)

Sportsmen arouse the morning is clear,
The larks are singing all in the air. (Repeat)
Go and tell your sweet lover **the hounds are out,** (Repeat)
Saddle your horses, your saddles prepare,
We'll away to some cover to seek for a hare.

We searched the woods and the groves all round,
The trial being over the game it is found, (Repeat)
Then off she springs **through brake she flies,** (Repeat)
Follow, follow the musical horn,
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

Our huntsman blows his joyful sound,
Tally ho, my boys, all over the downs. (Repeat)
From the woods to the valleys **see how she creeps,** (Repeat)
Follow, follow the musical horn,
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

All along the green turf she pants for breath
Our huntsman he shouts out for death. (Repeat)
Relope, relope, **retiring hare.** (Repeat)
Follow, follow the musical horn
Sing follow, hark forward the innocent hare.

This hare has led us a noble run **Success to sportsmen every one,** (Repeat)
Such a chase she has led us, **four hours or more,** (Repeat)
Wine and beer we'll drink without fear,
We'll drink a success to the innocent hare.

The New Bell Wake

(A poem in St Nicolas Church, after installation of new bells, c1783)

When Norton raised at last, my friends, Their new bells in the steeple,
The ringers tried to make amends By rousing up the people,
One morn, you know, before cock-crow, They suddenly got ringing,
and for to make a new bell wake Set all the bells a-swinging.

(Chorus)

***They banged each bell And rang so well
So true their parts did take, That from morn till night
Was loud delight At Norton new bell wake.***

Such ringing ne'er was known before: They fairly shook the spire.
They kicked up one continuous roar, Twas slam round, change and fire.
The guns did shoot and folks did hoot On hearing such a clatter.
They ran about to see the rout And learn what was the matter.

(Chorus)

The beadle led, Sam Parsonage made The second bell to sing.
Then wrencher Jim the third pulled in, The fourth did Collins ring.
Dipple fifth, and Atkins Ben Chimed in the sixth so merry.
Tom Mason was seventh. The tenor bell Was rattled in by Jerry.

(Chorus)

They drank, too, at a furious rate And nearly spent their store.
Two pence was all left in the plate And they could raise no more.
The warden coming just in time Behaved them fair and well.
They gave a shout when he turned out Two shillings for each bell.

(Chorus)

At length that night and what a sight Was then on Norton Green
And what a squall at Osborn's stall When they fired her magazine.
The crackers flew and serpents, too, Made all the neighbourhood quake.
Folks thought the devil, as seemed but civil,
Had come to the new bell wake.

(Chorus)

It was crack and fizz And smack and whizz
The cakes again did bake. The powder stunk
And most were drunk To end the new bell wake.

The Tinker's Courtship

From "the Constant Lovers" page 103 G

In **Loughton** town a maid did dwell A bux-om lass and I knew her well
Her age it was scarce twen-ty two And for a man she was in view

**Chorus: Fal-la-la-ler-o lid-dle-li-day Rite fal-la-la-ler-o li-gee whoa!
Fal-la-la-ler-o lid-dle-li-day Rite fal-la-la-ler-o li-gee whoa!**

She She went to live with a gen-tle-man One day came a tinker to solder her pan
He sly-ly got her be-hind the door And gave her kiss-es o-ver and o'er

Chorus:

When all was fin-ished and at an end
She slipped him fif-ty bright guineas in hand
Saying "call when you come this way again
you shall have the same old ket-tle to mend

Chorus:

Now the Tin-ker be-ing ver-y dry
He call'd at an ale house stan-ding by
Saying "land-lord bring me some ale I pray
For Fifty bright guineas I've earn-ed to-day

Chorus:

The land-lord said "well done my cock Your ri-vits you-have bold-ly knock'd
My ale is good and your gold is fine and you shall stop with me-to dine

Chorus:

Now if all is true as I've been told The tin-ket he hath spent all his gold
So he must do as he's done be-fore And rivet the maid be-hind the door
Chorus:

Trowl the Bowl

Thomas Dekker 1600

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain, Saint Hugh be our good speed,
Ill is the wea-ther that bring-eth no gain, nor helps good hearts in need.

**Chorus: Down a down hey down a down hey der-ry der-ry down a down!
Ho, well done; to me let come! ring com- pass gen-tle joy.**

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nutbrown bowl, and here, kind mate, to thee.
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul, and down it mer-ri-ly.

Chorus

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain, Saint Hugh be our good speed,
Ill is the wea-ther that bring-eth no gain, nor helps good hearts in need.

Chorus

Twickenham Ferry

**Ohoi yeho, ho yeho, who's for the ferry,
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down,)**

And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town.
The ferryman's slim, and the ferryman's young,
And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,
And he's fresh as a pippin, and brown as a berry.
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town.

**Ohoi yeho, ho yeho. "I'm for the ferry."
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down.)**

And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny,
And how shall I get me to Twickenham town?
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh, she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows In the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose, and her lips like a cherry,
"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham town."

**Ohoi yeho, ho! you're too late for the ferry,
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down.)**

And he's not rowing quick, and he's not rowing steady
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham town.
"Ohoi and Oho," you may call as you will.
The moon is a rising on Petersham Hill,
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry.
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham town.

Wild Mountain Thyme

suggested by Richard Staines

Oh the Summer time is coming, and the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme, all around the blooming heather

***Will ye go lassie go.. and we'll all go together, to pull wild mountain thyme
From around the blooming heather, will ye go lassie go***

*I will build my love a bower, near yon pure crystal fountain
And on it I will pile, all the flowers of the mountain*

*If my true love she were gone, I will surely find no other
Where wild mountain thyme, all around the blooming heather*

Wild Rover

suggested by Nigel Moorcroft

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

***And it's no, nay, never, no nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more.***

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oft-times before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.