Volume 1: British Isles
Felicity Lott, Soprano 1 Philip Langridge, Tenor 2
Graham Johnson, Piano

1 The Salley Gardens 2 2:36
2 Little Sir William 2 3:01
3 The Bonny Earl o’ Moray 1 2:36
4 O can ye sew cushions? 1 2:20
5 The trees they grow so high 2 3:35
6 The Ash Grove 2 2:35
7 Oliver Cromwell 2 0:45

Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements
Philip Langridge, Tenor 2
Graham Johnson, Piano

8 Greensleeves 2 1:56
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10 The Crocodile 2 4:45

Volume 3: British Isles
Felicity Lott 1, Soprano Philip Langridge Tenor 2
Graham Johnson, Piano

11 The Plough Boy 2 1:57
12 There’s none to soothe 2 1:37
13 Sweet Polly Oliver 2 2:15
14 The Miller of Dee 2 1:56
15 The foggy, foggy dew 2 2:34
16 O Waly, Waly 1 4:03
17 Come you not from Newcastle? 1 1:10

Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements
Philip Langridge, Tenor Graham Johnson, Piano

18 Pray Goody 0:47

Volume 5: British Isles
Felicity Lott, Soprano 1 Philip Langridge, Tenor 2
Graham Johnson, Piano

19 The Brisk Young Widow 2 2:07
20 Sally in our Alley 2 4:09
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Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements
Felicity Lott, Soprano 1 Philip Langridge, Tenor 2
Graham Johnson, Piano

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Felicity Lott, Soprano  
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Graham Johnson, Piano

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Graham Johnson, Piano

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Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements
Philip Langridge, Tenor
Christopher Van Kampen, Cello
Graham Johnson, Piano

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The Stream in the Valley 2:32

Unpublished folk song setting
Christopher Van Kampen, Cello
Graham Johnson, Piano

26. Unidentified folk song setting 3:35

Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements
is published by Boosey & Hawkes, 2001
Benjamin Britten occupies an unrivalled position in English music of the twentieth century and a place of the greatest importance in the wider musical world. While Elgar was in some ways part of late nineteenth-century German romantic tradition, Britten avoided the trap offered by musical nationalism and the insular debt to folk-music of his older compatriots, while profiting from that tradition in a much wider European context. He may be seen as following in part a path mapped out by Mahler. He possessed a special gift for word-setting and vocal writing, a facility that Purcell had shown and that was the foundation of a remarkable series of operas that brought English opera for the first time into international repertoire. Tonal in his musical language, he knew well how to use inventively, imaginatively, and, above all, musically, techniques that in other hands often seemed arid. His work owed much to the friendship and constant companionship of the singer Peter Pears, for whom Britten wrote many of his principal operatic rôles and whose qualities of voice and intelligence clearly had a marked effect on his vocal writing.

Born in the East Anglian seaside town of Lowestoft in 1913, Britten showed early gifts as a composer, studying with Frank Bridge before a less fruitful time at the Royal College of Music in London. His association with the poet W.H. Auden, with whom he undertook various collaborations, was in part behind his departure with Pears in 1939 for the United States, where opportunities seemed to offer, away from the petty jealousies and inhibitions of his own country. The outbreak of war brought its own difficulties. Britten and Pears were firmly pacifist in their views, but were equally horrified at the excesses of National Socialism and sufferings that the war brought. Britten’s nostalgia for his native country and region led to their return to England in 1942, when they rejected the easy option of nominal military service as musicians in uniform in favour of overt pacifism, but were able to give concerts and recitals, often in difficult circumstances, offering encouragement to those who heard them. The reopening of Sadler’s Wells and the staging of Britten’s opera Peter Grimes started a new era in English opera. The English Opera Group was founded and a series of chamber operas followed, with larger scale works that established Britten as a composer of the highest stature, a position recognised shortly before his early death by his elevation to the peerage, the first English composer ever to be so honoured.

It was in some sense a certain nostalgia that lay behind Britten’s many folk-song arrangements. He had a particular gift for bringing out the qualities implicit in a melody and text, something displayed to admirable effect in his version of The Beggar’s Opera. The first set of songs from the British Isles was published in 1943, but the seven arrangements were made during Britten’s time in America and formed an element in recital programmes offered there by Pears and the composer [CD1, 1-7]. It was generously reviewed by Vaughan Williams, modestly decrying his own very different approach to such material. Each song is dedicated to a friend in America. The set starts with The Salley Gardens, dedicated to the Australian-born singer Clytie Mundy, with whom Pears took lessons in America, an Irish song, with folk-style words by W.B. Yeats. The second of the set, Little Sir William, dedicated to William Mayer, father of a family into which Pears and Britten were welcomed in America, is a ballad, its words slightly modified in publication to avoid the traditional anti-semitism of the text. The poignant Scottish lament for The Bonny Earl o’ Moray is dedicated to the psychiatrist Mildred Titley, wife of the Superintendent of the Long Island Home, where William Mayer was Medical Director. A second Scottish tune O can ye sew cushions? is a lullaby, dedicated to Clytie Mundy’s daughter Meg, a singer, and the moving The trees they grow so high, a Somerset folk-song, with its gradually
developing then diminishing accompaniment, to Bobby Rothman, the son of a friend introduced by the Meyers. The Welsh *The Ash Grove*, with its fine use of canon, a favourite device, has a dedication to Beata, daughter of William and Elisabeth Mayer, and the lively Suffolk nursery-rhyme *Oliver Cromwell* to their son Christopher.

The second volume of arrangements [CD2, 11-18] was published in 1946 and dedicated to Britten’s young friends Arnold and Humphrey Gyde, the latter his godson, the children of the singer Sophie Wyss, who gave the first performances of *Les Illuminations*. The present writer remembers hearing some of these and other songs a few years earlier. They include a Christmas carol, a celebration of spring, a spinning-song, *Fileuse*, with apt accompanying figuration, a hunting-song, with the necessary suggestions of the hunting-horns, a shepherd idyll, a sterner spinning-song, with a repeated bass figure, a pastoral love-song, and a final sad tale from a shepherd-boy, with a haunting refrain.

Published in 1947, bringing together further songs that had already formed part of concert repertoire for Peter Pears and the composer, the third volume [CD1, 11-17], devoted to songs from the British Isles, starts with *The Plough Boy*, his whistling over the lea vividly first illustrated in the opening bars. The sad Scottish song *There’s none to soothe* is followed by the lively narrative of *Sweet Polly Oliver*, in which Britten resorts to his favourite device of canon, *The Miller of Dee*, with his mill-wheel duly turning, and the wicked suggestiveness of *The foggy, foggy dew*. To this *O Waly, Waly* offers a contrast, and the set ends with *Come you not from Newcastle?*, over an ostinato bass variously harmonized.

It was not until 1960 that a fourth volume of folk-song arrangements appeared, this time devoted to a group of *Moore’s Irish Melodies* [CD2, 1-10]. Once again some of these songs had been heard in much earlier recitals. The first song, *Avenging and bright*, is marked *Fast and fierce*, with opening suggestions of a harp-chord, briskly struck, before the more ominous growling bass of the third verse. *Sail on, sail on* is a song of parting, as the boat gently rocks, while fragmentary echo is duly heard in *How sweet the answer*. The wild harp of *The Minstrel Boy* is heard to brave effect, followed by the nocturnal *At the mid hour of night*, over a drone-like bass. The device of canon is used once more in *Rich and rare, Dear Harp of my Country!* has harp-like figuration, while *Oft in the stilly night* unwinds over repeated bass figuration, later inverted. The very familiar *The last rose of summer* is nostalgically accompanied by harp arpeggiations, and the album ends with the patriotic ostinato of *O the sight entrancing*.

The fifth volume once more brings together songs from the British Isles. It was published in 1961, but represents songs written at least during the preceding decade [CD1, 19-23]. Britten again uses canon in the lively narrative of *The Brisk Young Widow* and subtle use of the rising interval on the girl’s name in *Sally in our Alley*. *The Lincolnshire Poacher* presents further opportunities for canonic writing, as it reaches its climax, to which *Early one morning* offers a gentle contrast. The volume closes with the Robert Burns *Ca’ the yowes*, the melody used as a source of canon in reduced note values.

The sixth volume, also published in 1961, is for high voice and guitar, songs performed by Peter Pears and the guitarist Julian Bream [CD2, 19-24]. The running accompaniment of the first song, *I will give my love an apple*, a Dorset folk-song, is fully within the idiom of the guitar, a characteristic of the second cheerful Appalachian *Sailor-boy*, with its nautical touches and uses of *grand* and *petit barré*. There is a graceful choral accompaniment to *Master Kilby*, exploring in its conclusion the varied possibilities of guitar timbre. A pattern of ascending thirds marks *The Soldier and the Sailor*, and the North Country *Bonny at Morn* uses varied arpeggiation, exploring, as elsewhere, the harmonies inherent in traditional guitar tuning. The final song is *The Shooting of his Dear*, in which characteristic guitar harmony again makes its appearance.
The collection *Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements* was published in 2001, edited, with a useful introduction, by Paul Kildea. It brings together songs performed but not published during the composer’s lifetime, some of them held back through copyright problems with collectors of the melodies and their publishers. *Greensleeves, I wonder as I wander* and the sailor’s yarn *The Crocodile* [CD1, 8-10] date from 1940-41, *Pray Goody*, [CD1, 18] from 1945-46, and *Soldier, won’t you marry me* and *The Deaf Woman’s Courtship* [CD1, 25-26] apparently for recitals by Peter Pears and the contralto Norma Procter from the 1950s. *The Holly and the Ivy* [CD1, 24] has not been dated, and *The Stream in the Valley (Da unten im Tale)* [CD2, 25] was first broadcast in 1946 with the cellist Maurice Gendron, the first song in a projected set of German folk-song arrangements. Also included is an unidentified folk-song setting, here, in the absence of words, given to the cello [CD2, 26].

Keith Anderson
Felicity Lott

Felicity Lott was born and educated in Cheltenham, read French at Royal Holloway College, of which she is now an Honorary Fellow, and singing at the Royal Academy of Music, of which she is a Fellow. Her operatic repertoire ranges from Handel to Stravinsky, but she has built up her formidable international reputation as an interpreter of the great rôles of Mozart and Strauss. At the Royal Opera House she has sung Anne Trulove, Blanche, Ellen Orford, Eva, Countess Almaviva and under Mackerras, Tate, Davis and Haitink, the Marschallin. At the Glyndebourne Festival her rôles include Anne Trulove, Pamina, Donna Elvira, Octavian, Christine (Intermezzo), Countess Madeleine (Capriccio) and the title-rôle in Arabella; in Paris at the Opéra Bastille, Opéra Comique, Châtelet and Palais Garnier she has sung Cleopatra, Donna Elvira, Fiordiligi, Countess Madeleine, the title-rôle in La belle Hélène, La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein and the Marschallin. At the Metropolitan Opera, New York, she sang the Marschallin under Carlos Kleiber and Countess Almaviva under James Levine. She has sung with the Berlin and Vienna Philharmonic and Chicago Symphony Orchestras under Solti, the Munich Philharmonic under Mehta, the London Philharmonic under Haitink, Welser-Möst and Masur, the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Masur, the Boston Symphony under Previn, the New York Philharmonic under Previn and Masur, the BBC Symphony Orchestra with Sir Andrew Davis in London, Sydney and New York and the Cleveland Orchestra under Welser-Möst in Cleveland and Carnegie Hall. A founder member of The Songmakers’ Almanac, Felicity Lott has appeared on the major recital platforms of the world, including the Salzburg, Prague, Bergen, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh and Munich Festivals, the Musikverein and Konzerthaus in Vienna and the Salle Gaveau, Musée d’Orsay, Opéra Comique, Châtelet and Théâtre des Champs Elysées in Paris. She has a particularly close association with the Wigmore Hall. Her many awards include honorary doctorates at the Universities of Oxford, Loughborough, Leicester, London and Sussex and the Royal Academy of Music and Drama Glasgow. She was made a CBE in the 1990 New Year Honours and in 1996 was created a Dame Commander of the British Empire. In February 2003 she was awarded the title of Bayerische Kammersängerin. She has also been awarded the titles Officier de l’Ordre des Arts et des Lettres and Chevalier de l’Ordre National de la Légion d’Honneur by the French Government.

Philip Langridge

Philip Langridge was born in Kent and studied at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He is one of the world’s most distinguished singers, whose musical and dramatic qualities ensure that he is in constant demand throughout Europe, the United States and Japan. In recognition of these qualities, he was made a Commander of the British Empire in the Queen’s Birthday Honours of 1994. He has also received a number of other awards, including the prestigious Olivier Award for Osud, the Singer of the Year Award from the Royal Philharmonic Society and The Worshipful Company of Musicians’ Santay Award. He was awarded the NFMS/Charles Groves Prize 2001 for his outstanding contribution to British Music. His remarkable versatility and command of a wide variety of styles is reflected in his extensive discography, ranging from the early classical period to the present day. These recordings have gained him two Grammy Awards (Moses und Aron, and Peter Grimes), the Gramophone Award (War Requiem) and a Classic CD Award (The Turn of the Screw). On video he can be seen in Peter Grimes, Billy Budd, Idomeneo, La Clemenza di Tito, From the House of the Dead, Wozzeck, Oberon, Jenůfa and Oedipus Rex, which won the Classical Music Award. International festivals and opera houses with which he is particularly closely associated include Salzburg, the Metropolitan Opera New York, La Scala, Milan, Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Glyndebourne, Edinburgh, and the English National Opera. In concert Philip Langridge has worked with the world’s leading conductors including Abbado, Barenboim, Gergiev, Haitink, Harnoncourt, Levine, Ozawa, Previn, Rattle and Solti, and appeared with the world’s major orchestras.
Graham Johnson
Graham Johnson is recognised as one of the world’s leading vocal accompanists. Born in Rhodesia, he came to London to study in 1967. After he left the Royal Academy of Music, his teachers included Gerald Moore and Geoffrey Parsons. In 1972 he was the official pianist at Peter Pears’ first master-classes at The Maltings, Snape, which brought him into contact with Benjamin Britten, a link which strengthened his determination to accompany. In 1976 he formed the Songmakers’ Almanac to explore neglected areas of piano-accompanied vocal music; the founder singers were Dame Felicity Lott, Ann Murray, Anthony Rolfe Johnson and Richard Jackson, artists with whom he has established long and fruitful collaborations both on the concert platform and in the recording studio. Some two hundred and fifty Songmakers’ programmes have been presented over the years. Graham Johnson has accompanied such distinguished singers as Sir Thomas Allen, Victoria de los Angeles, Elly Ameling, Arleen Auger, Brigitte Fassbaender, Matthias Goerne, Thomas Hampson, Simon Keenlyside, Philip Langridge, Serge Leiferkus, Edith Mathis, Lucia Popp, Christoph Prégardien, Dame Margaret Price, Dorothea Röschmann, Peter Schreier, Dame Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and Sarah Walker. His relationship with the Wigmore Hall is a special one. He devised and accompanied concerts in the hall’s re-opening series in 1994, and in its centenary celebrations in 2001. He has been chairman of the jury for the Wigmore Hall Song Competition since its inception. He is Senior Professor of Accompaniment at the Guildhall School of Music and has led a biennial scheme for Young Songmakers since 1985. His achievements include the devising and accompaniment of a set of complete Schubert Lieder on 37 discs for Hyperion Records, to be followed by a complete Schumann series, and there is an ongoing French song series to include the complete songs of such composers as Chausson, Chabrier and Fauré. All these discs are issued with Graham Johnson’s own programme notes. He has also recorded for Sony, BMG, Harmonia Mundi, Forlane, EMI and DGG. Awards include the Gramophone solo vocal award in 1989 (with Dame Janet Baker), 1996 (Die schöne Müllerin with Ian Bostridge), 1997 (for the inauguration of the Schumann series with Christine Schäfer), and 2001 (with Magdalena Kožená). He was The Royal Philharmonic Society’s Instrumentalist of the Year in 1998; in June 2000 he was elected a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music. He is author of The Songmakers’ Almanac; Twenty years of recitals in London and The French Song Companion for Oxford University Press. He was made an OBE in the 1994 Queen’s Birthday Honours list, and in 2002 he was created Chevalier in the Ordre des Arts et Lettres by the French Government.

Carlos Bonell
Carlos Bonell has enjoyed an immensely varied career. His activities include television, film and CD recordings, international tours, concertos with the major orchestras and concerts with his own ensemble. He can be heard on the soundtracks of the Hollywood films City of Angels and The Honest Courtesan and on the television films Inspector Morse and The Politician’s Wife. Carlos Bonell first gained prominence through his critically acclaimed Decca recording of Rodrigo’s Concierto de Aranjuez with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra and Charles Dutoit, which was awarded a coveted rosette by the Penguin CD guide. He has appeared in concert with a wide variety of musicians including guitarists John Williams, Paco Peña, Juan Martin and Martin Taylor, violinists Salvatore Accardo, Pinchas Zukerman and Levon Chilingirian, and singers Patricia Rozario, Teresa Berganza, Cleo Laine and Philip Langridge.


Es war in mancher Hinsicht eine gewisse Nostalgie, die Brittens zahlreichen Folksong-Arrangements zugrunde lag. Er verfügte über die spezielle Fähigkeit, melodische und textliche Besonderheiten herauszustreichen, eine Fertigkeit, die er mit wunderbarem Effekt in seiner Fassung der Beggar’s Opera demonstrierte. Die erste Sammlung mit Liedern von den Britischen Inseln erschien 1943. Die sieben Bearbeitungen waren allerdings schon in Amerika entstanden und bildeten einen Teil der Recital-Programme, die Britten und Pears dort veranstalteten [CD1, 1-7]. Ralph Vaughan Williams schrieb großzügigerweise eine Rezension zu dieser Veröffentlichung und ließ dabei bescheiden seinen völlig anderen Umgang mit folkloristischem Material in den Hintergrund treten.

gewidmet, dem Vater der Familie, die Britten und Pears aufnahmen; dabei handelt es sich um eine Ballade, deren Text für die Publikation leicht abgeändert wurde, um den herkömmlichen Antisemitismus der Worte auszumerzen. Die eindringliche schottische Klage um den Bonny Earl o’ Moray hat Britten der Psychiaterin Mildred Titley gewidmet. Sie war die Frau des Leiters von Long Island Home, wo William Mayer als medizinischer Direktor arbeitete. Das schottische Schlaflied O can ye sew cushions? ist Clytie Mundys Tochter Meg gewidmet, die wie ihre Mutter Sängerin war, und das bewegende The trees they grow so high aus der Grafenschaf Somerset mit seiner nach und nach sich entwickelnden und dann wieder zurückfallenden Begleitung ist Bobby Rothman zugeeignet, dem Sohn eines Freundes, den Britten durch die Familie Mayer kennen lernte. Das walisische The Ash Grove mit seiner fein eingesetzten Kanontechnik, einer bevorzugten Technik von Britten, ist William und Elisabeth Mayers Tochter Beata, das lebhafte Kinderlied Oliver Cromwell aus Suffolk hingegen ihrem Sohn Christopher gewidmet.


Erst 1960 kam ein vierter Band mit Volkslied-Arrangements heraus, dieses Mal mit einer Gruppe von Moore’s Irish Melodies [CD2, 1-10], von denen einige wiederum in früheren Recitals aufgeführt worden waren. Der erste Titel, Avenging and bright, mit der Anweisung Fast and fierce, erinnert zunächst an munter gezupfte Harfenakkorde, bevor es in der dritten Strophe unheilvoll im Bass grollt. Sail on, sail on ist ein zum leisen Schwanken des Bootes gesungenes Abschiedslied. In How sweet the answer hört man dem Titel entsprechend ein fragmentarisches Echo; die wilde Harfe des Minstrel Boy ertönt mit trefflicher Wirkung, worauf das nächtliche At the mid hour of night mit seinem Dudelsackbass folgt. Rich and rare steht wieder im Zeichen der Kanontechnik; Dear Harp of my Country! enthält harfenartige Figurationen; Oft in the stilly night entfaltet sich über einer repetitiven Bassfigur, die späterhin umgekehrt wird. Das wohlbekannte The last rose of summer wird nostalgisch von Harfenarpeggien begleitet, und das Album endet mit dem patriotischen Ostinato von O the sight entrancing.


Der sechste Band wurde wie der vorige 1961 veröf-


Keith Anderson  
Deutsche Fassung: Cris Posslac
1 The Salley Gardens
*Irish Tune, words by W.B. Yeats*

Down by the Salley gardens my love and I did meet,
She passed the Salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand;
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

2 Little Sir William
*Somerset Folk Song*

Easter day was a holiday
Of all days in the year,
And all the little schoolfellows went out to play,
But Sir William was not there.

Mamma went to the School wife house
And knockèd at the ring,
Saying, ‘Little Sir William if you are there,
Pray let your mother in’.

The School wife open’d the door and said:
‘He is not here today.

3 The Bonny Earl o’ Moray
*Scottish Tune*

Ye Hielands and ye Lowlands,
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl o’ Moray,
And laid him on the green.

He was a braw gallant
And rade at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o’ Moray
He might hae been a King.

O lang will his Lady
Look frae the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o’ Moray
Come soundin’ thru’ the toon.

O wae tae ye, Huntley,
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him wi’ you
And forbade ye him to slay.

He was a braw gallant
And he played at the glove;
And the bonnie Earl o’ Moray
He was the Queen’s love!

O lang will his Lady
Look frae the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o’ Moray
Come soundin’ thru’ the toon.

4 O can ye sew cushions?
Scottish Tune

O can ye sew cushions and can ye sew sheets
And can ye sing ballulow when the bairn greets?
And hie and baw, birdie, and hie and baw lamb,
And hie and baw birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.

Hie-o wie-o what will I do wi’ ye?
Black’s the life that I lead wi’ ye
Many o’ you, little for to gi’ ye,
Hie-o wie-o what will I do wi’ ye?

I’ve placed my cradle on yon hilly top
And aye as the wind blew my cradle did rock.
O hush-a-by, babie, O baw lily loo,
And hee and baw birdie, my bonnie wee doo.

Hie-o wie-o what will I do wi’ ye?
Black’s the life that I lead wi’ ye
Many o’ you, little for to gi’ ye,
Hie-o wie-o what will I do wi’ ye?

5 The trees they grow so high
Somerset Folk Song

The trees they grow so high and the leaves
they do grow green,
And many a cold winter’s night my love
and I have seen.
Of a cold winter’s night, my love, you and I
alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he’s
a-growing.

O father, dearest father, you’ve done to me
great wrong,
You’ve tied me to a boy when you know he
is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait
a little while,
A lady you shall be while he’s growing.

I’ll send your love to college all for a year
or two,
And then in the meantime he will do
for you;
I’ll buy him white ribbons, tie them round
his bonny waist
To let the ladies know that he’s married.

I went up to the college and I looked over
the wall,
Saw four and twenty gentlemen playing at
bat and ball.
I called for my true love, but they would
not let him come,
All because he was a young boy and
growing.

At the age of sixteen, he was a married man
And at the age of seventeen he was father
to a son.
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew
over him,
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.
And now my love is dead and in his grave
doth lie.
The green grass grows o’er him so very,
very high.
I’ll sit and I’ll mourn his fate until the
day I die,
And I’ll watch all o’er his child while he’s growing.

6 The Ash Grove
*Welsh Tune*

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash-grove.
’Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing.
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o’er valley
and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird his note from
the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet
and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me.
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps ’neath the green turf down by the Ash-grove.

7 Oliver Cromwell
*Nursery Rhyme from Suffolk*

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead
Hee-haw – buried and dead,
There grew an old apple tree over his head,
Hee-haw – over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall;
Hee-haw – ready to fall;
There came an old woman to gather them all,
Hee-haw – gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop,
Hee-haw – gave her a drop,
Which made the old woman go hippety hop,
Hee-haw – hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf,
Hee-haw – lie on the shelf,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself
Hee-haw – sing it yourself.

8 Greensleeves
*Traditional Folk Song*

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Alas my love you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Rejoicing in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight.
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you did crave;
And I have waged both life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to gain.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight.
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

I wonder as I wander
From Songs of the Hill Folk
Words and melody collected by John Jacob Niles
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I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die
For poor or’n’ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus ’twas in a cow stall
With wise men and shepherds and farmers and all,
On high from God’s heaven the stars’ light did fall
And the promise of ages it did then recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing
Or all of God’s angels in Heav’n for to sing,
He surely could’ve had it ‘cause he was the King!

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die
For poor or’n’ry people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

The Crocodile
From English County Songs
Words and melody collected by
L. Broadwood and J.A. Fuller Maitland
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Now listen you landsmen unto me,
To tell you the truth I’m bound,
What happened to me by going to sea,
And the wonders that I found:
Shipwreck’d I was once off Perouse,
And cast upon the shore,
So then I did resolve to roam,
The country to explore.

'Twas far I had not scouted out
When close alongside the ocean,
I saw something move which at first I thought
Was all the world in motion;
But steering up close alongside,
I found 'twas a crocodile,
And from his nose to the tip of his tail
He measured five hundred mile.

'Twas a crocodile, I plainly could see,
He was not of a common race,
For I was obliged to climb a high tree
Before I could see his face.
And when he lifted up his jaw,
Though perhaps you may think 'tis a lie,
He reach’d above the clouds for miles three score,
And almost touch’d the sky.

While up aloft the wind was high,
It blew a gale from the south.
I lost my hold and away did fly
Right into the crocodile’s mouth.
He quickly closed his jaws on me,
And thought he got a victim,
But I ran down his throat d’ye see'
And that’s the way I tricked him.

To my rit fal lal li bollem tit!...

I travelled on for a month or two,
Till I got into his maw,
Where I found of rum kegs not a few,
And a thousand fat bullocks in store.
Of life I banished all my care,
For of food I was not stinted.
And in this crocodile I lived ten years
And very well contented.

To my rit fal lal li bollem tit!...

This crocodile being very old,
One day alas he died.
He was ten long years a-getting old
He was so long and wide.
His skin was eight miles thick
I’m sure or very near about.
For I was full ten years or more
A-cutting my way out.

To my rit fal lal li bollem tit!...

And now I am once more got on earth
I’ve vowed no more to roam,
In a ship that passed I got a berth,
And now I’m safe at home.
And if my story you should doubt,
Should you ever travel the Nile,
It’s ten to one you’ll find the shell
Of the wonderful crocodile.

To my rit fal lal li bollem tit!...

Volume 3: British Isles
Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Limited

11 The Plough Boy
Tune by W. Shield

A flaxen-headed cowboy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o’er the lea;
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I’ll be a butler, and whey my jolly face.

When steward I’m promoted, I’ll snip the trademen’s bill,
My master’s coffers empty, my pockets for to fill.
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I’ll be,
You’ll forget the little plough-boy who
whistled o’er the lea.

I’ll buy votes at elections, and when I’ve made the pelf,
I’ll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself.
Whatever’s good for me, sir, I never will oppose:
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I sell my noes.

I’ll joke, harangue and paragraph, with speeches
charm the ear,
And when I’m tired on my legs, then I’ll
sit down a peer.
In court or city honour so great a man I’ll be,
You’ll forget the little plough-boy who
whistled o’er the lea.

12 There’s none to soothe
Hullah’s Song-Book (Scottish)

There’s none to soothe my soul to rest,
There’s none my load of grief to share
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,
Or light the gloom of dark despair.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm
Since mute for aye’s that voice so dear,
And closed that eye alone could charm.

**Sweet Polly Oliver**
*Old English Tune*

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,  
A sudden strange fancy came in to her head.  
‘Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove,  
I’ll list as a soldier, and follow my love.’

So early next morning she softly arose,  
And dressed herself up in her dead brother’s clothes.  
She cut her hair close, and she stained her face brown,  
And went for a soldier to fair London Town.

Then up spoke the sergeant one day at his drill:  
‘Now who’s good for nursing? A captain, he’s ill.’  
‘I’m ready’, said Polly to nurse him she’s gone,  
And finds it’s her true love all wasted and wan.

The first week the doctor kept shaking his head,  
‘No nursing, young fellow, can save him,’ he said.  
But when Polly Oliver had nursed him back to life  
He cried, ‘You have cherished him as if you were his wife.’

O then Polly Oliver, she burst into tears  
And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears  
And very shortly after, for better or for worse,  
The captain took joyfully his pretty soldier nurse.

**The Miller of Dee**
*Hullah’s Song-Book (English)*

There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee;  
He worked and sung from morn till night, no lark more blithe than he.  
And this the burden of his song for ever used to be,  
‘I care for nobody, no, not I, since nobody cares for me.

I love my mill, she is to me like parent, child, and wife,  
I would not change my station for any other in life.
**O Waly, Waly**  
*From Somerset (Cecil Sharp)*  

The water is wide I cannot get o’er,  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,  
A-gath’ring flowers both fine and gay,  
A-gath’ring flowers both red and blue,  
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,  
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bended, and then he broke;  
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,  
She’s loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I’m in;  
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love’s a jewel while it is new,  
But when it is old, it groweth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

**Pray Goody**  
*From Hullah’s Song-Book*  
*Words by Kane O’Hara*  
*Melody by Charles Burney*  
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Pray goody please to moderate the rancour  
of your tongue,  
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?  
Remember when the judgment’s weak, the  
prejudice is strong.  
A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me, try me,  
Prove e’er you deny me,  
If you cast me off  
You blast me never more to love.

**Come you not from Newcastle?**  
*Hullah’s Song-Book (English)*

Come you not from Newcastle?  
Come you not there away?  
O met you not my true love,  
Riding on a bonny bay?

Why should I not love my love?  
Why should not my love love me?  
Why should I not speed after him,  
Since love to all is free?

**The Brisk Young Widow**  
*Words and Melody collected by Cecil Sharp*  

In Chester town there liv’d  
A brisk young widow,  
For beauty and fine clothes  
None could excel her,  
She was proper stout and tall,  
Her fingers long and small,  
She’s a comely dame withall,  
She’s a brisk young widow.

A lover soon there came,
A brisk young farmer,
With his hat turn’d up all round,
Seeking to gain her.
‘My dear, for love of you
This wide world I’d go through
If you will but prove true
You shall wed a farmer.’

Says she: ‘I’m not for you
Nor no such fellow,
I’m for a lively lad
With lands and riches,
’Tis not your hogs and yowes
Can maintain furbelows,
My silk anti satin clothes
Are all my glory.’

‘O madam, don’t be coy
For all your glory,
For fear of another day
And another story.
If the world on you should frown
Your topknot must come down
To a Lindsey-woolsey gown.
Where is then your glory?’

At last there came that way
A sooty collier,
With his hat bent down all round,
He soon did gain her
Whereat the farmer swore;
‘The widow’s mazed, I’m sure.
I’ll never court no more
A brisk young widow!’

There’s ne’er a lady in the land
That’s half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days within the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that’s the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I’m dressed all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely:
My master comes like any Turk
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful
I’ll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to Church
And often I am blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the Church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I’d better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I’ll marry Sally;
O then we’ll wed and then we’ll bed,
But not in our alley.

Sally in our Alley
Words by Henry Carey

Of all the girls that are so smart
There’s none like Pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.
The Lincolnshire Poacher

When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven years
Till I took up to poaching as you will quickly hear;
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
’Twas there we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o’er anywhere;
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged home,
We took him to a neighbour’s house and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where,
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,
O ’tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Early one morning

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below;
‘O don’t deceive me, O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?’

‘O gay is the garland, fresh are the roses
I’ve culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
O don’t deceive me, O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?’

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below;
‘O don’t deceive me! O do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?’

Ca’ the yowes

Words by Robert Burns

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,
Ca’ them where the heather growes,
Ca’ them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis evening sang,
Sounden Clouden’s woods amang;
Then a-folding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes …
We'll gang down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels, spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

_Ca' the yowes to the knowes ..._

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stol'n my very heart;
I can die but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

_Ca' the yowes to the knowes ..._

**Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements**
Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Limited

**24 The Holly and the Ivy**
Traditional Folk Song
Words and melody collected by Cecil Sharp
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The holly and the ivy
Are trees that's both well known;
Of all the trees that grows in woods,
The holly bears the crown.

_The rising of the sun,_
_The running of the deer,_
_The playing of the merry harp_
_Sweet singing in the choir._

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as any flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour.

_The rising of the sun..._

**25 Soldier, won’t you marry me?**
Appalachian Folk Song
Words and melody collected by Cecil Sharp
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‘Soldier, soldier won’t you marry me?
It’s O a fife and drum.’
‘How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I’ve got no hat to put on?’

Off to the hat shop she did go
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that was there.
Now soldier put it on.

‘Soldier, soldier won’t you marry me?
It’s O a fife and drum.’
‘How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I’ve got no coat to put on?’
Off to the tailor she did go
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that was there.
Now soldier put it on.

‘Soldier, soldier won’t you marry me?
It’s O a fife and drum.’
‘How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I’ve got no shoes to put on?’

Off to the shoe shop she did go
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that was there.
Now soldier put them on.

‘Soldier, soldier won’t you marry me?
It’s O a fife and drum.’
‘How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
With a wife and baby at home?’

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26 The Deaf Woman’s Courtship
Appalachian Folk Song
Words and melody collected by Cecil Sharp
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‘Old woman, old woman,
Are you fond of smoking?’
‘Speak a little louder, sir,
I’m rather fond of hearing.’

‘Old woman, old woman,
Are you fond of knitting?’
‘Speak a little louder, sir,
I’m rather hard of hearing.’

‘Old woman, old woman,
Will you let me court you?’
‘Speak a little louder, sir,
I just begin to hear you,’

‘Old woman, old woman,
Don’t you want to marry me?’
Lawks a mercy on you, sir,
I think that now I hear you.’
1 Avenging and bright
(Crooghan a venee)

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
For ev’ry fond eye which he waken’d a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o’er her blade.

By the red cloud which hung over Conner’s
dark dwelling,
When Ulda’s three champions lay sleeping in gore –
By the billows of war which so often high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory’s shore!

We swear to avenge them! – no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall
lie wasted,
Till vengeance be wreaked on the murderer’s head!
Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hope
and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

2 Sail on, sail on
(The humming of the Ban)

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark,
Wherever blows the welcome wind;
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each smiling billow seems to say
‘Tho’ death beneath our surface be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck’d thy hopes and thee!
Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
Through calm, through tempest, stop no more;
The stormiest sea’s a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or, if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

3 How sweet the answer
(The Wren)

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night;
When, rous’d by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o’er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e’er beneath the moonlight’s star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

’Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then –
The sigh, that’s breath’d for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath’d back again.

4 The Minstrel Boy
(The Moreen)

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you’ll find him;
His father’s sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
‘Land of Song’, said the warrior bard,
‘Tho’ all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard
One faithful harp shall praise thee.’

The Minstrel fell! but the foeman’s chain
Could not bring that proud soul under,
The harp he lov’d ne’er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said ‘No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav’ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound on slav’ry.’

5 At the mid hour of night
(Molly, my dear)

At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov’d when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered e’en in the sky.

Then I’ll sing the wild song, which once ’twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro’ the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my Love! ’tis they voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

6 Rich and rare
(The summer is coming)

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But O her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and her snow-white wand.

‘Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, thro’ this bleak way?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?’

‘Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For, tho’ they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!’

On she went and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever was she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride!

7 Dear Harp of my Country!
(Kate Tyrrel)

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thee long;
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light tone of gladness Have waken’d thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo’d the deep sigh of sadness, That e’en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumber,
Till touch’d by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb’d at our lay, ’tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over, And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

8 Oft in the stilly night

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Fond mem’ry brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears of boyhood’s years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm’d and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad Mem’ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link’d together,
I’ve seen around me fall
like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad Mem’ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

The last rose of summer
(Groves of Blarney)

’Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow’r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o’er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden

9 The last rose of summer
(Groves of Blarney)

O the sight entrancing
(Planxty Sudley)

O the sight entrancing,
When morning’s beam is glancing.
O’er files array’d
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet’s voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
Then if a cloud comes over
The brow of sire or lover,
Think ’tis the shade
By vict’ry made,
Whose wings right o’er us hover.

O the sight entrancing …

Yet ’tis not helm or feather –
For ask yon despot whether
His pluméd bands could bring such hands
And heart as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need ’em –
Adorn but man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever.
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever!

\textit{O the sight entrancing…}

\textbf{Volume 2: France}
\textit{Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes Music Publisher Ltd.}

\textbf{11 La Noël passée}

La Noël passée,
Povret orphelin.
Ma goule affamée,
N’avait plus de pain.
M’en fus sous fenestre
Du bon Roy Henry,
Et lui dis ‘Mon Maistre,
Oyez bien ce-ci.’
Prenez vos musettes,
Et vos épinettes.
Jésus, cette nuit,
S’est fait tout petit.

En cette nuitée,
Au vieux temps jadis.
Naquit en Judée,
Un de mes amis.
Avait pour couchette
Une crèche en bois,
Et dans la povrette
Des ramas de pois
Prenez vos musettes,
Et vos épinettes
Jésus, cette nuit
S’est fait tout petit.

\textbf{The Orphan and King Henry}

One Christmas I’m starving,
The orphan child said,
And never a farthing,
To buy me some bread.
I went to the castle
Of good King Henry,
And said: ‘O my master
pray listen to me.’
Come set your pipes ringing,
Your spinet a-jingling,
For Jesus’ birthday
We’ll sing and we’ll play.

For this very evening
In days long gone by,
Sweet Mary was bearing
A child such as I.
He lay in a manger,
His cradle of wood,
To guard Him from danger
An ox by Him stood.
Come set your pipes ringing,
Your spinet a-jingling,
For Jesus’ birthday
We’ll sing and we’ll play.
The King robed in glory
Heard tell of this child,
For joy of my story
The good King he smiled;
He took from a casket
A big golden crown,
And into my jacket
He dropped it down.

Come set your pipes ringing,
Your spinet a-jingling,
For Jesus’ birthday
We’ll sing and we’ll play.

He said: ‘Little angel,
Here’s silver and gold,
Thou shalt not go hungry,
Thou shalt not go cold.
For France and King Henry
This gold thou shalt spend,
In honour and glory
To thy little friend!’

Come set your pipes ringing,
Your spinet a-jingling,
For Jesus’ birthday
We’ll sing and we’ll play.

Hear the Voice of Spring

Hear the voice of Spring who passeth:
‘Master Weaver, here’s good-day!
May I take thy place’, she asketh,
‘For I need it just one day.
I must clothe the woods in splendour,
Deck the fields with flowers gay.
Lend me quick thy tool, o weaver,
For thou know’st I cannot stay.’

Hear the voice of Spring who passeth:
‘Master Painter, here’s good-day!
Thine the cunning hand that painteth
All the beauties of the day.

12 Voici le Printemps

Voici le printemps qui passe;
‘Bonjour, tisserand bonjour!
Ami, cède moi ta place,
‘J’en ai besoin pour un jour.
C’est moi qui fait la toilette.
Des bois, des prés et des fleurs
Donne vite ta navette
Tu sais qu’on m’attend ailleurs.’

Voici le printemps qui passe;
‘Bonjour, mon peintre, bonjour!
Ta main s’obstine et se lasse,
A faire un semblant du jour.
Donne vite ta palette,
Ta palette et ton pinceau.
Tu vas voir le ciel en fête
Rajeunir dans mon tableau.’

Voici le printemps qui passe;
‘Bonjour, fillettes, bonjour!
Donnez vos fuseaux, de grâce,
Que je travaille à mon tour.
J’ai promis sous les charmilles
Ma laine aux nids d’alentour.
Je vous dirai jeunes filles.
Où se niche aussi l’amour.’

Fileuse

Lorsque j’étais jeunette, je gardais les moutons,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule

N’étais jamais seulette à songer par les monts,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule

Mais d’autres bergerettes avec moi devisaient
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule

Parfois de sa musette un berger nous charmait.
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule

Il nous faisait des rondes, joli’ rondes d’amour
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule

Mais me voilà vieille, reste seule toujours.
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule

Fileuse

When I was young and pretty, I watched over my flock,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule.

I never wandered lonely o’er the mountains and rocks,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule.

But we did gossip blithely, maidens silly and gay.
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule.

With songs a shepherd laddie stole our young hearts away.
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule.

He’d pipe a jolly ditty and of love sing a song.
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule.

But now I’m old and ugly, and I’ve lain alone too long.
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, Tiroulou,
Tirouli, Tiroula, Tirouli, rouli, roule.
Le roi s’en va-t’en chasse
Le roi s’en va-t’en chasse,
Dans le bois des Bourbons
Mon aimable bergère.
Dans le bois des Bourbons
Bergère Nanon.

Ne trouve rien en chasse,
Ni cailles, ni pigeons,
Mon aimable bergère.
Ni cailles, ni pigeons,
Bergère Nanon.

Rencontre une bergère
Qui dormait dans les joncs,
Mon aimable bergère.
Qui dormait dans les joncs,
Bergère Nanon.

‘Voulez vous être reine,
 Dedans mes beaux donjons,
 Mon aimable bergère.
 Dedans mes beaux donjons,
 Bergère Nanon.

‘Vous aurez des carrosses
 Et de l’or à foison,
 Mon aimable bergère.
 Et de l’or à foison,
 Bergère Nanon.

‘Et cour de grandes dames,
 De ducs et de barons,
 Mon aimable bergère.
 De ducs et de barons,
 Bergère Nanon.

‘Merci, merci, beau Sire,
 Mais j’aime un pauv’ garçon,
 Qui aime sa bergère

The King is gone a-hunting
The King is gone a-hunting
Beneath the greenwood tree,
My adorable maiden.
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Sweet maiden Marie.

He’s caught no bird a-hunting,
No pigeon catcheth he,
My adorable maiden.
No pigeon catcheth he,
Sweet maiden Marie.

But he’s found a shepherd maiden
Asleep beneath a tree,
My adorable maiden.
Asleep beneath a tree,
Sweet maiden Marie.

‘And wilt thou be my queen-a,
And live in state with me,
My adorable maiden.
And live in state with me,
Sweet maiden Marie.’

‘Oh thou shalt have a carriage
And gold in quantity,
My adorable maiden.
And gold in quantity,
Sweet maiden Marie.’

‘At court I’ve stately ladies,
Two barons one grandee,
My adorable maiden.
Two barons one grandee,
Sweet maiden Marie.’

‘I thank you, Sir, most kindly,
I love a lad,’ said she,
My adorable maiden.
Mais j’aime un pauv’ garçon,
Qui aime Nanon!

La belle est au jardin d’amour
La belle est au jardin d’amour
Il y’a un mois ou cinq semaines.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Son père la cherche partout,
Son père la cherche partout,
Son amoureux qui est en peine.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

‘Berger, berger, n’as tu point vu,
Berger, berger, n’as tu point vu,
Passer ici celle que j’aime?’
Laridondon, laridondaine.

‘Elle est là bas dans ce vallon,
Elle est là bas dans ce vallon,
A un oiseau conte ses peines.’
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Le bel oiseau s’est envolé,
Le bel oiseau s’est envolé,
Et le chagrin bien loin emmène.
Laridondon, laridondaine.

Il est quelqu’un sur terre
Il est quelqu’un sur terre
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain
Il est quelqu’un sur terre
Vers qui mes rêves vont.

There’s someone in my fancy
There’s someone in my fancy,
Turn little wheel!
So sweetly turning, spin along,
And hum to me thy busy song.
There’s someone in my fancy,
To him my thoughts do stray.

Et il est dans la vallée.
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain
Il est dans la vallée.
Un moulin près du pont.

L’amour y moud’ sa graine,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain
L’amour y moud’ sa graine,
Tant que le jour est long.

La nuit vers les étoiles.
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain
La nuit vers les étoiles.
Soupire sa chanson.

La rou’ s’y est brisée.
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain
La rou’ s’y est brisée.
Finie est la chanson.

Eho! Eho!

Eho! Eho! Eho!
Les agneaux vont aux plaines.
Eho! Eho! Eho!
Et les loups vont aux bois.

Tant qu’aux bords des fontaines
Ou dans les frais ruisseaux,
Les blancs moutons s’y baignent,
Y dansant au préau

Eho! Eho! Eho! …

Mais queuqu’fois par vingtaine
Y s’éloign’ des troupeaux,
Pour aller sous les chênes,

And hum to me thy busy song.
And down there in the valley’s
A mill where love doth stay.

There love shall grind the barley,
Turn little wheel!
So sweetly turning, spin along,
And hum to me thy busy song.
There love shall grind the barley
All through the live-long day.

To stars that shine above me,
Turn little wheel!
So sweetly turning, spin along,
To stars that shine above me,
The night shall sing her lay.

A broken wheel’s my story,
Turn little wheel!
So sweetly turning, spin along,
A broken wheel’s my story,
And finished is my lay.

Eho! Eho!

Eho! Eho! Eho!
Keep your lambs in the valley.
Eho! Eho! Eho!
For the wolf’s in the wood.

The white lambs they do dally,
By the fountain and spring,
As they bathe and skip gladly,
All around in a ring

Eho! Eho! Eho! …

But perchance there are twenty,
From the flock far will stray,
As they search for new country,
Aux herbages nouveaux.

_Eho! Eho! Eho! …._

Et les ombres lointaines,
Leurz’y cach’ leurs bourreaux,
Malgré leurs plaintes vaines,
Les loups mang’ les agneaux.

_Eho! Eho! Eho! …_

T’es mon agneau, ma reine
Les grand’ vill’ c’est le bois,
Par ainsi Madeleine,
T’en vas pas loin de moi!

_Eho! Eho! Eho! …_

Quand j’étais chez mon père
Apprenti pastoureau,
Il m’a mis dans la lande,
Pour garder les troupiaux.
Troupiaux, troupiaux,
Je n’en avais guère
Troupiaux, troupiaux,
Je n’en avais beaux.

Mais je n’en avais guère
Je n’avais qu’ trois agneaux;
Et le loup de la plaine
M’a mangé le plus biau.
Troupiaux, troupiaux,
Je n’en avais guère
Troupiaux, troupiaux,
Je n’en avais beaux.

Il était si vorace
N’a laissé que la piau,
N’a laissé que la queue,

Where a young lamb may play.

_Eho! Eho! Eho! …_

But this perilous country
Is the home of the foe,
And the wolf he is hungry
For this lamb white as snow.

_Eho! Eho! Eho! …_

Little lamb my sweet Chloe,
Do not stray far and wide,
For the wolf’s in the city,
Just you stay by my side!

_Eho! Eho! Eho! …_

Heigh ho, heigh hi!

Oh I lived with my daddy,
An apprentice was I,
Just a poor shepherd laddie
To my sheep I did cry.
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very many,
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very spry.

Oh they weren’t very many,
And the lambs they did die,
For the wolf swallowed daily
All the best and most spry.
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very many,
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very spry.

O the wolf was so greedy
Only bones he let lie,
Only tails he did leave me,
Pour mettre à mon chapeau
Troupiaux, troupiiaux,
Je n’en avais guère
Troupiaux, troupiiaux,
Je n’en avais beaux.

Mais des os de la bête
Me fis un chalumiau
Pour jouer à la fête
A la fêt’ du hamiau.
Troupiaux, troupiiaux,
Je n’en avais guère
Troupiaux, troupiiaux,
Je n’en avais beaux.

Pour fair’ danser l’ village,
Dessous le grand ormiau
Et les jeun’s et les vieilles
Les pieds dans les sabiots.
Troupiaux, troupiiaux,
Je n’en avais guère
Troupiaux, troupiiaux,
Je n’en avais beaux.

‘roun’ my hat for to tie.
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very many,
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very spry.

So a pipe I did make me
Of the bones white and dry,
For to sing and make merry
When the spring-time is nigh.
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very many,
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very spry.

Then the young and the pretty,
O, their skirts they let fly,
And the old and the ugly
For to dance they did try.
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very many,
Heigh-ho, heigh-hi,
They weren’t very spry.

Translations by Iris Rogers
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I will give my love an apple
Folk Song from Dorset
Words and Melody from
“Folksongs for Schools” collected and arranged by H.E.D. Hammond and R. Vaughan Williams

I will give my love an apple without e’er a core
I will give my love a house without e’er a door
I will give my love a palace wherein she may be,
And she may unlock it without any key.

My head is the apple without e’er a core,
My mind is the house without e’er a door,
My heart is the palace wherein she may be,
And she may unlock it without any key.

Sailor-boy
Folk song from the Appalachian Mountains of Kentucky.
Words and Melody from “Seventeen Nursery Songs from the Appalachian Mountains” (under the title ‘Soldier boy’) collected and arranged by Cecil Sharp

We go walking on the green grass
Thus, thus, thus,
Come all you pretty fair maids
Come walk along with us.
So pretty and fair
As you take yourself to be,
I’ll choose you for a partner,
Come walk along with me.
We go walking on the green grass
Thus, thus, thus
We go walking on the green grass
Thus, thus, thus.

Master Kilby
Folk song from Somerset
Words and Melody from “Folksongs for Schools” collected and arranged by Cecil Sharp

In the heat of the day
When the sun shining so freely,
There I met Master Kilby
So fine and so gay.

Then I pull’d off my hat
And I bowed to the ground
And I said: ‘Master Kilby,
Pray where are you bound?’

‘I am bound for the West,
There in hopes to find rest,
And in Nancy’s soft bosom
I will build a new nest.

And if I was the master
Of ten thousand pounds
All in gay gold and silver
Or in King William’s crowns.

I would part with it all
With my own heart so freely
But it’s all for the sake
Of my charming Nancy.
She’s the fairest of girls,
She’s the choice of my own heart,
She is painted like waxwork
In every part.’

22 The Soldier and the Sailor
Folk Song from Oxfordshire
Collected by Cecil Sharp
in Oxfordshire, August 1909

As the soldier and the sailor
Was a-walking one day,
Said the soldier to the sailor:
‘I’ve a mind for to pray.’
‘Pray on then’, said the sailor,
‘Pray on once again,
And whatever you do pray for,
I will answer Amen.’

‘Now the first thing I’ll pray for,
I’ll pray for the Queen,
That she have peace and plenty
All the days of her reign,
And where she got one man
I wish she had ten;
And never want for an Army.’
Said the sailor ‘Amen.’

‘Now the next thing I’ll pray for,
I’ll pray for the Queen,
That she may have peace and plenty
All the days of her reign.
And where she got one ship
I wish she had ten;
And never want for a Navy.’
Said the sailor: ‘Amen.’

‘Now the next thing I’ll pray for,
Is a pot of good beer,
For good liquor were sent us
Our spirits to cheer,
And where we got one pot,
I wish we had ten,
And never want for liquor,’
Said the sailor: ‘Amen.’

23 Bonny at Morn
Folk Song from Northumberland
Words and Melody from
“North Country Folk Songs” by W. G. Whittaker

The sheep’s in the meadows,
The kye’s in the corn,
Thou’s ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

Canny at night, bonny at morn,
Thou’s ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

The bird’s in the nest,
The trout’s in the burn,
Thou hinder thy mother
In many a turn.

Canny at night, bonny at morn…..

We’re all laid idle
Wi’ keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work
And the lass winnot lairn.

Canny at night, bonny at morn…..
The Shooting of his Dear
Folk Song from Norfolk.
Words and Melody from
“Six Folk Songs from Norfolk”
Collected and arranged by E.J. Moeran

O come all you young fellows that
carry a gun,
I’d have you get home by the light of
the sun,
For young Jimmy was a fowler and
a-fowling alone,
When he shot his own true love in the room
of a swan.

Then home went young Jimmy with his dog
and his gun,
Saying Uncle, dear Uncle, have you heard
what I’ve done?
Cursed be that old gunsmith that made my
old gun
For I’ve shot my own true love in the room
of a swan.’

Then out came bold uncle with his locks
hanging grey,
Saying, ‘Jimmy, dear Jimmy, don’t you
go away
Don’t leave your own country till the
trial come on,
For you never will be hanged for the
shooting of a swan.’

So the trial came on and pretty Polly
did appear,
Saying ‘Uncle, dear Uncle, let Jimmy
go clear,
For my apron was bound round me and he
took me for a swan,
And his poor heart lay bleeding for Polly
his own.’

Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements
Publisher: Boosey and Hawkes Music Publishers
Limited.

The Stream in the Valley
(Da unten im Tale) German Folk Song
Translation by Iris Rogers
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The stream in the valley
Is troubled and sad,
And it’s hard to be telling
How great is my love.

You tell me you love me,
You tell me you’re true
But a little deceiving
Is surely there too.

If I tell you a thousand times
That I am true
And if still you won’t heed me
Then I’ll go from you.

And I’ll thank you for loving me
Though we must part,
And I’ll wish you your happiness
Deep in my heart.
Benjamin Britten was throughout his life drawn to folk-song, possessing a special gift for word-setting and vocal writing. This release and its companion (Naxos 8.557222), previously available on Collins Classics, present all the known folk-songs, in both their piano and orchestral arrangements, along with the volumes for guitar and harp. The three discs include 10 world première recordings of folk-song arrangements published as recently as 2001.

# Benjamin BRITTEN (1913-1976)

## Folk Song Arrangements

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Felicity Lott, Soprano ¹ • Philip Langridge, Tenor ²
Graham Johnson, Piano ³ • Carlos Bonell, Guitar ⁴

* From *Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements* (Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd., 2001)

Recorded in Association with The Britten Estate Ltd. • Please refer to pages 2 and 3 for a complete track list
Recorded at St Giles Church, Cripplegate, London on 20th and 21st March, 1995 (CD1 Tracks 1-8 and 10-24, CD2 Tracks 1-24), at St Paul’s Church, Knightsbridge, London on 9th June, 1995 (CD1 Track 9) and at Henry Wood Hall, London, on 25th March, 1995 (CD1 Tracks 25 and 26 and CD2 Tracks 25 and 26)
Producer: John H. West and Stephen Johns (Vol. 6 only) • Engineer: Mike Hatch
Booklet Notes: Keith Anderson • Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd.
Cover Picture: *October Morning* by Frederick Walter Osborne (1859-1903) (Guildhall Art Gallery, Corporation of London / Bridgeman Art Library)

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