

BRITTEN FOLK SONGS

Sung texts

CD1

1. I wonder as I wander

from *Songs of the Hill Folk* • Words and melody collected by J. J. Niles
Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

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 the 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 it for he was the King!

2. The Salley Gardens

Irish Tune • Words by W. B. Yeats
Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 1: British Isles

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.

3. Little Sir William

Somerset Folk Song
Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 1: British Isles

Easter day was a holiday
Of all the days in the year,
And all the little school fellows went out to play
But Sir William was not there.
Mamma went to the School wife house
And knocked 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.
He is with the little school fellows out on the green
Playing some pretty play.”
Mamma went to the Boyne water
That is so wide and deep,
Saying, “Little Sir William if you are there,
Oh pity your mother’s weep.”
“How can I pity your weep, mother
And I so long in pain?
For the little penknife sticks close to my heart
And the School wife hath me slain.
Go home, go home my mother dear,
And prepare my winding sheet,
For tomorrow morning before eight o’clock,
You with my body shall meet.
And lay my Prayer Book at my head,
And my grammar at my feet,
That all the little school fellows as they pass by
May read them for my sake.”

4. **The Bonny Earl o’ Moray**

Scottish Tune

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 1: British Isles

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 he rade at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o’ Moray
He might hae been the 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.

5. O can ye sew cushions?

Scottish Tune

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 1: British Isles

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 hee 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.

6. The trees they grow so high

Somerset Folk Song

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 1: British Isles

The trees they grow so high
And the leaves they grow so 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.
Growing, growing,
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.
Growing, growing,
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 mean-time
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,
Married, married,
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,
Growing, growing,
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 a father to a son
And at the age of eighteen
The grass grew over him,
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing,
Growing, growing,
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 mourn
His fate until the day I die,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing,
Growing, growing,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing.

7. The Ash Grove

Welsh Tune

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 1: British Isles

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.

8. Oliver Cromwell

Nursery Rhyme from Suffolk
Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 1: British Isles

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.

9. The Crocodile

from *English County Songs* • Words and melody collected by L. Broadwood
Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

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:
Shipwrecked I was once off Perouse,
And cast upon the shore,
So then I did resolve to roam,
The country to explore.
To my rit fal lal li bollem tit! To my rit fal lal li dee!
To my rit fal lal li bollem tit! To my rit fal lal li dee!
'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 reached above the clouds for miles three score,
And almost touched 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.
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.
This crocodile being very old,
One day, alas he died.
He was ten long years a-getting cold,
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.
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.

10. Greensleeves

Traditional Folk Song

Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

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 what ever you did crave;
And I have waged both life and land,
Your love and good-will for to gain.
Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

11. The Holly and the Ivy

Traditional Folk Song • Words and melody collected by C. Sharp
Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

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,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry harp,
Sweet singing in the choir.
The holly bears a colour
As green as any tree;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To set poor sinners free.
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 berry
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

12. La Noël passée

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 2: France

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 ceci".
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.
Et de sa chambrette,
Oyant mon récit,
Avecque amourette
Le bon Roy sourit.
Prit en sa cassette
Deux écus dorés;
De sa main doucette
Me les a donnés.
Prenez vos musettes
Et vos épinettes.
Jésus, cette nuit,
S'est fait tout petit.
Disant: "Petit ange,
Je suis content,
Afin si tu manges,
Voilà de l'argent
Pour la douce France
Et son Roy Henry,
Prie avecque instance
Ton petit amy!"
Prenez vos musettes
Et vos épinettes.
Jésus, cette nuit,
S'est fait tout petit.

13. Voici le printemps

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 2: France

Voici le printemps qui passe:

«Bonjour, tisserand, bonjour!
«Ami, cède-moi ta place,
«J'en ai besoin pour un jour.
«C'est moi qui fais 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 charmillas,
«Ma laine aux nids d'alentour.
«Je vous dirai, jeunes filles,
«Où se niche aussi l'amour.»

14. Fileuse

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 2: France

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 . . .

Mais d'autres bergerettes avec moi devisaient.
Tirouli . . .

Parfois de sa musette un berger nous charmait.
Tirouli . . .

Il nous faisait des rondes, joli' rondes d'amour.
Tirouli . . .

Mais me voilà vieille, reste seule toujours.
Tirouli . . .

15. Le roi s'en va-t'en chasse

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 2: France

Le roi s'en va-t'en chasse,
Dans le bois des Bourbons,

Mon aimable bergère,
Dans les 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 façon,
Mon aimable bergère,
Et de l'or à façon,
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,
Mais j'aime un pauv' garçon,
Qui aime Nanon!”

16. La belle est au jardin d'amour

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 2: France

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.

17. Il est quelqu’un sur terre

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 2: France

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 me rêves vont.
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.

18. Eho! Eho!

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 2: France

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 pré-au.
Mais queuq' fois par vingtaine
Y s'éloign' des troupeaux,
Pour aller sous les chênes,
Aux herbages nouveaux.
Et les ombres lointaines
Leur-z'y cach' leurs bourreaux,
Malgré leurs plaintes vaines,
Les loups mang' les agneaux.
T'es mon agneau, ma reine.
Les grand' vill' c'est le bois,
Par ainsi Madeleine,
T'en vas pas loin de moi!

19. Quand j'étais chez mon père

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 2: France

Quand j'étais chez mon père,
apprenti pastoureau,
il m'a mis dans la lande,
pour garder les troupioux.
Troupioux, troupioux,
je n'en avais guère.
Troupioux, troupioux,
je n'en avais biaux.
Mais je n'en avais guère,
je n'avais qu'trois agneaux;
et le loup de la plaine
m'a mangé le plus biau.
Il était si vorace
n'a laissé que la piau,
n'a laissé que la queue,
pour mettre à mon chapiau.
Mais des os de la bête
me fis un chalumiau
pour jouer à la fête,
à la fêt' du hamiau.
Pour fair' danser l'village,
dessous le grand ormiau,
et les jeun's et les vieilles,
les pieds dans les sablots.

20. The Plough Boy

Tune by W. Shield

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 3: British Isles

A flaxen-headed cowboy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry ploughboy, 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 ploughboy who whistled o'er the lea.
I'll buy votes at elections, but, 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'll 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 ploughboy who whistled o'er the lea.

21. **There's none to soothe**

from *Hullah's Song Book* (Scottish)

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 3: British Isles

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.

22. **Sweet Polly Oliver**

Old English Tune

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 3: British Isles

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
A sudden strange fancy came into 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".
Oh, 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.

23. The Miller of Dee

from *Hullah's Song Book* (English)

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 3: British Isles

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, if 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.
Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys, and pass it round to me,
The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be."
So sang the jolly miller, who 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, if nobody cares for me."

24. The Foggy, Foggy Dew

from Suffolk

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 3: British Isles

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone
and worked at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter time, and in the summer too,
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong
was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
One night she came to my bedside when I lay fast asleep,
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn'd near died,
she said: "What shall I do?"
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,
just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
Oh, I am a bachelor and I live with my son,
and we work at the weaver's trade.
And ev'ry single time that I look into his eyes,
he reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time, and of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

25. The Stream in the Valley *

German Folk Song • English translation by I. Rogers

Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

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.

* con Umberto Aleandri (violoncello)

CD 2

1. O Waly, Waly

from Somerset (C. Sharp)

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 3: British Isles

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-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
A-gathering 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.

2. Come you not from Newcastle?

from *Hullah's Song Book* (English)

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 3: British Isles

Come you not from Newcastle?
Come you not there away?

Oh, 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?

3. Pray goody

from *Hullah's Song Book* • Words by K. O'Hara • Melody by C. Burney
Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

Pray goody please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember when the judgement's weak, the prejudice is strong.
A stranger why will you despise?
Plyme, try me, Prove e'er you deny me,
If you cast me off You blast me never more to love.
Pray goody please to moderate the rancour of your tongue.
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember when the judgement's weak, the prejudice is strong.
A stranger why will you despise?

4. The Deaf Woman's Courtship *

Appalachian Folk Song • Words and melody by C. Sharp
Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

HE: "Old woman, old woman, are you fond of smoking?"
SHE: "Speak a little louder, sir, I'm rather fond of hearing."
HE: "Old woman, old woman, are you fond of knitting?"
SHE: "Speak a little louder, sir, I'm rather hard of hearing."
HE: "Old woman, old woman, will you let me court you?"
SHE: "Speak a little louder, sir, I just begin to hear you."
HE: "Old woman, old woman, don't you want to marry me?"
SHE: "Lawks a mercy on you, sir, I think that now I hear you."

* con Lorna Windsor (soprano)

5. At the mid hour of night

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*
Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

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 even 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 thy voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

6. Rich and rare

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

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, or snow-white wand.
"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through 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 though 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!

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

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 slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'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. The last rose of summer

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

'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 back 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
Lie senseless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

9. O the sight entrancing

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

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,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd

With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.
Yet 'tis not helm or feather
For ask yon despot whether
His plumèd bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts 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 for ever!
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.

10. Avenging and bright

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
For ev'ry fond eye he 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 Ulad'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 wreak'd on the murderer's head.
Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are our tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

11. Sail on, sail on

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

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 wrecked 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.

12. How sweet the answer

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

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.

13. The Minstrel Boy

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

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 chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slav'ry."

14. **Oft in the stilly night**

from Thomas Moore's *Irish melodies*

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 4: Moore's Irish Melodies

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory 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 dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
When I remember all
The friends so linked 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 Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

15. **Soldier, won't you marry me? ***

Appalachian Folk Song • Words and melody collected by C. Sharp

Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

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

SHE: "Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
It's O a fife and drum."
HE: "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 was there,
Now soldier put it on.
SHE: "Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
It's O a fife and drum."
HE: "How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I've got no shoes to put on?"
Off to the shoeshop she did go,
As hard as she could run.
Brought him back the finest was there,
Now soldier put them on.
SHE: "Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
It's O a fife and drum."
HE: "How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
With a wife and baby at home?"

* con Lorna Windsor (soprano)

16. The Brisk Young Widow

Words and melody collected by C. Sharp
Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 5: British Isles

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 and 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 top-knot 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,
And soon he did gain her:
Whereat the farmer swore,
“The widow’s mazed, I’m sure.
I’ll never court no more
A brisk young widow!”

17. Sally in our Alley

Words and music by H. Carey
Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 5: British Isles

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!
There’s not 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 that’s in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that’s the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday,
For then I’m drest 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 am I blam’d
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,
Oh! Then I'll marry Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.

18. The Lincolnshire Poacher

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 5. British Isles

When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year
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 game-keeper, 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.
As me and my companions were setting four or five,
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive,
We took the hare alive, my boys, and thro' the woods did steer,
O 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.
I threw him on my shouldier, 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 game-keeper that will not sell his deer,
O 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

19. Early one morning

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 5: British Isles

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.
"Oh, don't deceive me, oh, 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?
Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true.
Oh, don't deceive me, oh, never 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?”

20. **Ca’ the yowes**

Words by R. Burns

Arranged by B. Britten • vol. 5: British Isles

Ca’ the yowes tae the knowes,
Ca’ them whar the heather growes,
Ca’ them whar the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.
Hark, the mavis evening sang,
Sounden Cluden's woods amang;
Then afolding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
We’ll gang down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O’er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
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 tae the knowes,
Ca’ them whar the heather growes,
Ca’ them whar the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

21. **Tom Bowling**

from *The Oddities* • Words and music by C. Dibdin

Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he’ll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft.
Faithful below, Tom did his duty,
And now he’s gone aloft.
Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he’d sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many’s the time and oft;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.
Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,

When He, who all command,
Shall give, to call life's crew together.
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life hath doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

22. **Dink's Song**

from *American Ballads and Folk Songs* • Words and melody by J. A. Lomax
Arranged by B. Britten • Tom Bowling and Other Song Arrangements

If I had wings like Noah's dove,
I'd fly up da river to the man I love.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.
Ise got a man, he's long and tall,
Moves his body like a cannon ball.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.
When I wo' my ap'ons low,
Couldn't keep you from my do'.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.
Now I wears my ap'ons high,
Sca'cely ever see you passin' by.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.
One o' these days, it won't be long,
Call my name an' I'll be gone.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

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