

[1] Lassie, Wad Ye Loe Me?

Traditional Scottish

O if I were a baron's heir,
An' could I braid wi gems your hair,
An' mak ye braw as ye are fair,
Lassie, wad ye loe me?
An' could I tak ye tae the toon,
An' show ye braw sights mony ane,
An' dress ye fine in silken goon,
Lassie, wad ye loe me?

Or should ye be content tae prove
In lowly life unfading love,
A heart that nocht on earth could move,
Lassie, wad ye loe me?
An' ere the lavrock wing the sky,
Say, wad ye to the forest gang,
And work wi me sae merrily,
Lassie, wad ye loe me?

And when the fair moon glistens o'er
Oor hame sae high above the shore,
Will ye no' greet should we be poor,
Lassie, for I loe ye?
For I hae nocht to offer ye,
Nae gowd frae mine, nae pearl frae sea,
Nor am I come o' hie degree,
Lassie, but I loe ye.

[2] A Lover and his Lass

From 'As You Like It' by William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Those pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

[3] The Dark-Eyed Sailor

Scottish ballad 'Fair Phoebe and her dark-eyed sailor', printed by W.S. Fortey between 1858 and 1885

It was a comely young lady fair,
Was walking out for to take the air;
She met a sailor on her way,
So I paid attention to what they did say.

Said William, "Lady why walk alone?
The night is coming and the day

near gone."
She said, while tears from her eyes
did fall,
"It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proving
my downfall.

It's two long years since he left the land;
He took a gold ring from off my hand;
We broke the token, here's part with me,
And the other lies rolling at the bottom
of the sea."

Then half the ring did young William show,
She was distracted midst joy and woe.
"O welcome, William, I've lands and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor, so manly,
true and bold."

Then in a village down by the sea,
They joined in wedlock and well agree.
So maids be true while your love's away,
For a cloudy morning brings forth
a shining day.

[4] The Orphan Girl

Appalachian folk song obtained by Mrs William Franklin, Crossnore, North Carolina, 1930

"No home, no home," begged a little girl,
At the door of a princely hall,
As she trembling stood on the
polished step
And leaned on the marble wall.

"My father, alas! I never knew,"
And a tear dimmed her eyes so bright;
"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave,
'Tis an orphan begs tonight."

Her clothes were thin and her feet
were bare,
But the snow had covered her head,
"O give me a home," she feebly said,
"A home and a bit of bread."

The night was cold, the snow fell fast,
But the rich man closed his door,
And his proud face frowned as he
scornfully said
"No home, no bread for the poor!"

The morning dawned, and the orphan girl
Lay still at the rich man's door,
But her soul had fled to a home above,
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

[5] Yarmouth Fair

Norfolk folk tune collected by E.J. Moeran

As I rode down to Yarmouth fair
The birds they sang "Good day, good day,"
And the birds they sang "Good day!"
O, I spied a maid with golden hair
A-walking along my way –
A tidy little maid so trim and fair,
And the birds they sang "Good day,
good day,"
And the birds they sang "Good day!"

I said: "My dear, will you ride with me?"
And the birds they sang, "Go on, go on!"
And the birds they sang "Go on!"
She didn't say "yes" and she didn't say "no,"

And the birds they sang
"Heigh ho, heigh ho!"
And the birds they sang "Heigh ho!"

I lifted her right on to my mare,
O light as a feather was she,
I'd never set eyes on a girl so fair,
So I kiss'd her bravely one, two, three,
O, I kiss'd her one, two, three.

Then on we rode to Yarmouth fair
Past field and green hedge-row,
And in our hearts no fret nor care,
And the birds they sang "Hullo, hullo!"
And the birds they sang "Hullo!"
At the fair the fun was fast and free
And the birds they sang "Hurray, hurray!"
And the birds they sang "Hurray!"

The band struck up a lively air
On fiddle and fife and drum.
The maid and me we made a pair,
And we danced to kingdom come,
Ho-ho! And we danced to kingdom come.
The lads and lasses cheer'd us on,
My bonny maid and me,
we danced till stars were in the sky,
And the birds they sang
"Goodbye, goodbye!"
And the birds they sang "Goodbye!"

[6] Over the Moon

Text by the composer

In the first flush of spring we were
over the moon
and the fiddler, the piper were
playing our tune
and in the bowers of blossom,
the light in the leaves,
we were carried away by the birds
and the bees.

In the deep days of summer
we dallied by the sea,
in the ebb and the flow it was just
you and me
amidst the froth of the waves
and the pull of the tide
we were blissful, immortal,
the gods on our side.

In the chill winds of autumn
our red turned to blue
we saw the sun setting on our amour fou
with lead in the clouds, cold water below,
our love was dragged down
in the undertow.

[7] Mo Nighean Dubh (My Dark-Haired Maiden)

Dr. John Park (1805–1865)

Mo nighean dubh, the hills are bright,
And on this last and lovely night,
I'd fain frae auld Knockgowan's height
Look owre the glen wi' thee.
Never mair we'll tread its heather,
Never down the lea
Liltin' will we shear thegither,
Fu' o' mirth and glee
Fortune's blasts o' wintry weather
Drive us owre the sea,
But lang's we're blest wi' ane anither,

Fie! let fears gae flee.
Yet see, my dear, the hills are bright,
And on this last and lovely night,
I'd fain frae auld Knockgowan's height
Look owre the glen wi' thee.
Mo nighean dubh, 'twas there we met,
And O! that hour is precious yet,
When first my honest vow could get
Love's tearfu' smile frae thee,
Hearts were pledged ere either knew it,
What's to be maun be.
Mine was tint ere I could trow o't
Wi' that glancing e'e.
Dear Knockgowan and the view o't
Ne'er again we'll see,
O let me gang and tak' adieu o't
Laoth ma chree wi' thee.
Mo nighean dubh, 'twas there we met,
And O! that hour is precious yet,
When first my honest vow could get
Love's tearfu' smile frae thee.

[8] Blow the Wind Southerly

Northumbrian folk song

Blow the wind southerly,
southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south o'er t
he bonnie blue sea;
Blow the wind southerly,
southerly, southerly,
Blow bonnie breeze my lover to me.

They told me last night there were ships
in the offing,
And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea,
But my eye could not see it,
Wherever might be it,
The bark that is bearing my lover to me.
Blow the wind southerly,
southerly, southerly,

Blow the wind south that my lover
may come;
Blow the wind southerly,
southerly, southerly,
Blow bonnie breeze and bring him
safe home.

I stood by the lighthouse
the last time we parted,
Till darkness came down
o'er the deep rolling sea,
And no longer I saw the bright bark
of my lover.
Blow, bonnie breeze and bring him to me.

Blow the wind southerly,
southerly, southerly,
Blow bonnie breeze my lover to me.

[9] Awake, Awake

Welsh folk song, 'Trymder'

Awake, awake, before daybreak
Our anthems raise;
To God's own Son, high on His throne
We give the praise.
The morning stars sang at His birth
And all the angels round the earth,
The prophets had foretold His worth
In truest word.
So all together let us sing

That man has seen the Heav'nly King
Like to ourselves in ev'rything,
Our living Lord.

O loving grace of his dear face
O sun above
Healer of men sent down again
To shew us love.
His father's throne
He left at will
Intent to heal us from all ill
With hope of God's forgiveness still
To us below.
He took on him a man's nature
And stoop'd to be of our stature,
Was humbly born in stable poor
His love to show.

But though He may weakness display,
How strong in sooth!
At stable door He may seem poor,
How rich in truth!
All treasure of the earth He is
The stronghold whither mankind flees.
All things obey His just decrees,
Man, beast and all.
The dead shall come to life in Him,
He feeds the hungry, casts out sin,
And lets the poor and needy in,
He saves us all.

[10] Among the Leaves So Green, O

Collected by Cecil Sharp from Robert Kinchin at Ilmington, Warwickshire, 1909

Hey down, ho down, derry derry down
Among the leaves so green, O!
The keeper did a-hunting go,
And under his cloak he carried a bow
All for to shoot at a merry little doe
Among the leaves so green, O!

Jackie boy! Master! Sing ye well! Very well!
Hey down, ho down, derry derry down
Among the leaves so green, O!

The first doe he shot at he missed,
The second doe he trimm'd he kissed,
The third doe went where nobody whist
Among the leaves so green, O!

The fourth doe she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again;
Where she is now she may remain.
Among the leaves so green, O!

Jackie boy! Master! Sing ye well! Very well!
The fifth doe she did cross the brook,
The keeper brought her back with
his crook,
Where she is now you may go and look
Among the leaves so green, O!

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

[11] Skye

Text by Sir Harold Boulton, 2nd Baronet, to an air collected by Anne Campbell MacLeod in the 1870s

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,

Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclouds rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead in Culloden's field.
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.

Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

[12] Fare Thee Well

Sussex folk song, collected 1904 by Ralph Vaughan Williams

"Fare thee well, my dearest dear,
fare thee well, adieu,
For I must go to sea for the sake of you.
Love, have a patient heart,
for you must bear the smart,
It's you and I must part, my turtle dove."

"You'll have silver and bright gold,
houses and land,
What more can you desire?
Love, don't lament.
With jewels to your hand,
and maids at your command,
It's you must think of me when I am gone."

"Your gold I'll count as dust when
that you have fled,
Your absence leaves me lost and desolate.
Your servants I'll have none,
when you are far from home,
I'd rather live alone than in company."

And so nimbly then she dressed
all in man's attire,
For to go to sea was her heart's desire.
She cut her lovely hair,
and no mistrust was there
That she a maiden were, all at the time.

Our ship was cast away,
misfortune it did frown,
For I did swim to shore,
but she was drowned.
Now she lies in the deep,
in everlasting sleep,
Which causes me to weep for evermore.

"Fare thee well, my dearest dear,
fare thee well, adieu,
For I must go to sea for the sake of you.
Love, have a patient heart,
for you must bear the smart,
It's you and I must part, my turtle dove."

[13] All Things Are Quite Silent

Sussex folk song, collected 1904 by Ralph Vaughan Williams

All things are quite silent,
each mortal at rest,
When me and my love
got snug in our nest,
When a bold set of ruffians,
they entered our cave,
And they forced my dear jewel
to plough the salt wave.
I begged hard for my sailor,
as though I begged for life,
They'd not listen to me
although a fond wife,
Saying "the king, he needs sailors,
to the sea he must go",
And they've left me lamenting
in sorrow and woe.

Through green fields and meadows
we oftentimes did walk,
And sweet conversations
of love we had talked,
With the birds in the woodland
so sweetly did sing,
And the lovely thrushes' voices
made the valleys to ring.

Although my love's gone
I will not be cast down,
Who knows but my sailor
may once more return,
And may make me amends
for all trouble and strife,
And my true love and I
might be happy for life.

[14] The Oak and the Ash

A ballad attributed to Martin Parker, c.1650

A north-country maid up to London
had stray'd
Although with her nature it did not agree,
She wept and she sigh'd
And she bitterly she cried,
"I wish once again in the north I could be.
Oh! the oak, and the ash,
and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

"While sadly I roam I forget my dear home,
Where lads and gay lasses
are making the hay;
The merry bells ring,
and the birds sweetly sing,
And maidens are pleasant and gay.
Oh! the oak, and the ash,
and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

"No doubt did I please
I could marry with ease;
Where maidens are fair
many lovers will come;
But he whom I wed
must be north-country bred,
And carry me back
to my north-county home:
Oh! the oak, and the ash,
and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

[15] The Sailor and Young Nancy

Norfolk folk song collected by E.J. Moeran

It was happy and delightful
one midsummer's morn,
When the fields and the meadows
they were covered in corn,
And the blackbirds and thrushes
sang on every green tree,
And the larks they sang melodious
at the dawn of the day.

Said the sailor to his true love,
"I am bound far away,
I am bound for the East Indies,
I no longer can stay,
I am bound for the East Indies
where the loud cannons roar,
I am going to leave my Nancy,
she's the girl I adore."

A ring from his finger
he then instantly drew,
Saying, "Take this, dearest Nancy,
and my heart shall go too "
And while he embraced her
tears from her eyes fell,
Saying, "May I go along with you?"
"Oh, no, my love, fare you well."

Said the sailor to his true love,
"I no longer can stay,
For our topsails are hoisted
and our anchor is weighed,
Our ship she lays awaiting
for the next flowing tide,
And if ever I return again
I will make you my bride."