

COUNTRY LIFE

An English country song celebrating the fast-vanishing delights of life in rural England. It was collected in Wensleydale from singer and sheepdog trainer Mik Taylor, and originally arranged by the singing Waterson family.

With energy ♩. = 126

ENGLISH FOLK SONG
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

REFRAIN: TUNE IN BASS

C F G C

I like to rise when the sun she ri - ses ear - ly

F G C

in the morn - - ing; I like to hear them —

F G C

small birds sing - ing mer - ri - ly up - on their

F G C

lay - - lums,* And hur - rah for the life of a

F G C F G C Fine

coun - try boy, And to ram - ble in the new mown hay

VERSE

C F

1. In _____ Spring, we sow; at the har - vest,
 2. In _____ Win - ter when _____ the sky is

G C F

mow; _____ And that is how the sea - sons round they
 grey, _____ We hedge and we ditch our times a -

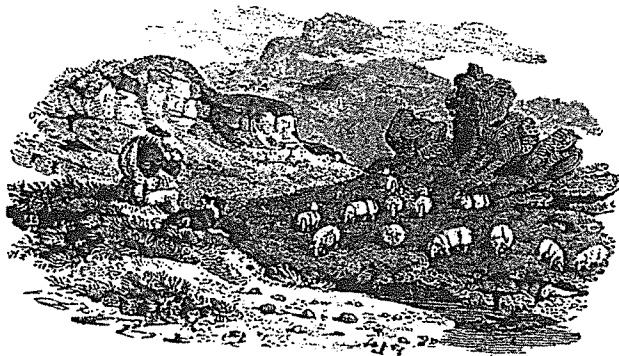
G C F

go. But of all _____ the things _____ if choose I
 way, But in the sum - mer when _____ the sun shines

G C F G C G REFRAIN D.C.

may 'Twould be ram - bling through the new - mown hay. For ...
 gay, We go ram - bling through the new - mown hay. For ...

* "Laylum" is thought to be a diminutive of "lay" (song).



GOING DOWN THE VALLEY

A Mennonite hymn by J. H. Fillmore, 1890, with a new text by Susan Cooper for a Revels spring production. The solo can be very effective when accompanied only by pizzicato double bass and the chorus humming parts.

Relentless, as a slow march ♩ = 84

MENNONITE SONG
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

SOLO F(D)*

We are go-ing down the val - ley one by one, Now the

C(A) F(D)

i - cy dark of win-ter's reign is done; We are go-ing down the val - ley of the

* Capo III

C(A) Dm(Bm) C(A)

spring To a kind-er land where gen-tle bree-zes sing.

CHORUS F(D) Bb(G)

We are go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing down the val-ley, (We are)†

F(D) C(A)

Go-ing toward the ris-ing of the sun. We are

F(D) Bb(G)

go-ing down the val-ley, (We are)† Go-ing down the val-ley, (We are)†

† Use only on last time

F(D) C(A) F(D)

Go - ing down the val - ley one by one.

2. We are going down the valley one by one,
 Dawn is breaking and the day has just begun;
 We are free of all the terrors of the night,
 And ahead of us the eastern sky is bright.

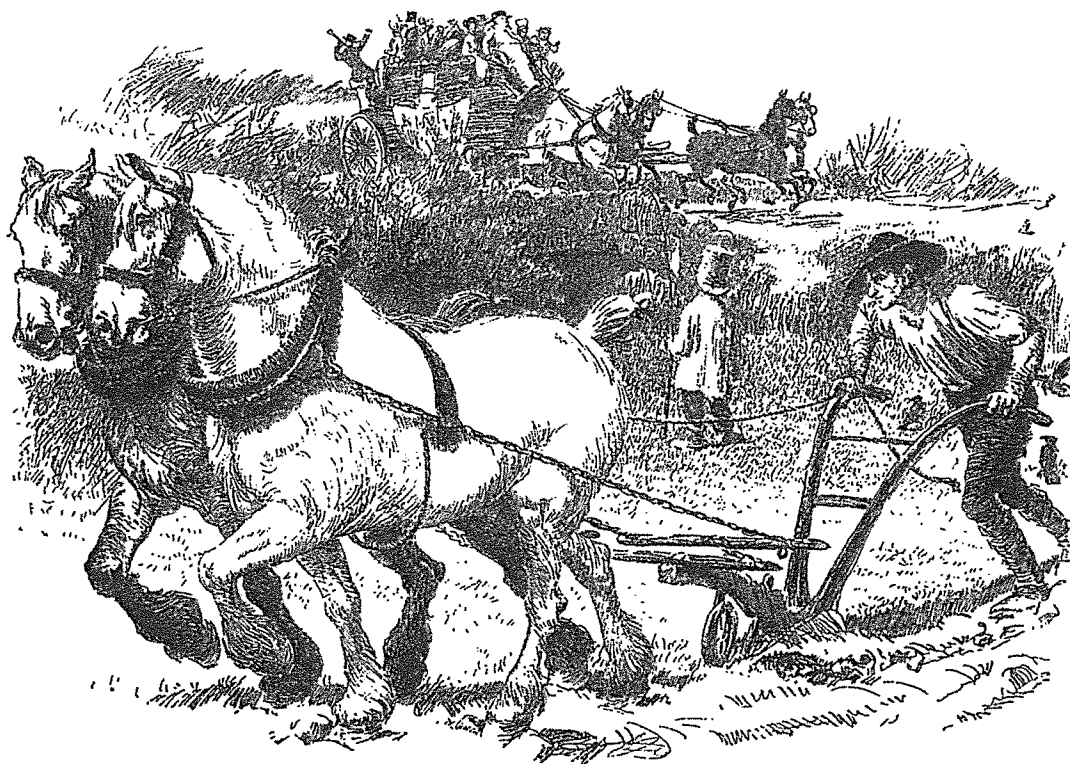
CHORUS

3. We are going down the valley one by one,
 Where the waters of the streams of summer run,
 Through the meadows' new green grasses running free
 On their shining season's journey to the sea.

CHORUS

4. We are going down the valley one by one,
 Through the summer's flowers wakened by the sun,
 In the brightness of the coming of the day,
 And the hope that goes beside us all the way.

CHORUS



THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOYS

Collected in Dorset by H.E.D. Hammond, this is a grand song for the Harvest Home celebration. This song can be sung effectively by two men on the top and bottom parts.

Strong, but with a good swing ♩. = 56

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

Gm

Come all you jol - ly plough - boys, come help me ___ to

Gm F Bb

sing; I will sing in the praise of you all. For ___

if we don't la - bor, how shall there be bread? I will

sing and be mer - ry with all.

2. There were two loving brothers, two brothers of old,
And of old these two brothers were born;
The one was a shepherd and a tender of sheep,
And the other a planter of corn.
3. We've moiléd, we've toiléd through mire and through clay,
No comfort at all can we find;
We'll sit down and sing and drive dull care away;
We'll not live in this world to repine.
4. Here is April, here is May, here is June and July.
What a pleasure to see the corn grow.
In August it ripeneth, we reap and sheaves tie,
And go down with our scythes for to mow.
5. Now when we have a-pitched up every sheaf
And a-gleaned up every ear,
Without more ado we'll to plough and to sow
To provide for the harvest next year.



THE LARK IN THE MORN

A very characteristic English folk song, collected by Cecil Sharp in Somerset. Its soaring, sweeping, lyrical phrases call to mind the lark in flight.

Smoothly sung ♩ = 72

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH
Arranged by Marshall W. Barron

F(D)*

As I — was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the spring, I

legato

C(A) Gm(Em) C(A)

met a pret - ty dam - sel, so sweet - ly she did sing; And

* Capo III

F(D) Bb(G) Gm(Em) C(A)

as we were a - walk - ing these words — did she say: — There's no

Bb(G) C(A) F(D) Bb(G) C(A) F(D)

life — like the plough - boy's all in the month of May.

2. The lark in the morn, she will rise up from her nest,
 And mount up in the air with the dew all on her breast;
 And like the pretty ploughboy, she will whistle and will sing,
 And at night she will return to her own nest back again.



LET UNION BE

A song of the Grange, learned from the English folk singer Jim Mageean, who adapted the song with one word — substituting the word “hearts” for “farms.”

Sing with expansive fervor ♩ = 84

ENGLISH FOLK SONG
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

SOLO

Come on lads and let's be jol - ly, Drive a-way all mel - an - cho - ly,

rit. *Slower*

For to grieve it would be fol - ly While we are to - ge - ther.

Broadly

Let un - ion be in all our hearts. Let all our hearts be

CHORUS

Let un - ion be in all our hearts. Let all our hearts be

joined as one. We'll end the day as we've be - gun, We'll

joined as one. We'll end the day as we've be - gun, We'll

Faster (♩ = 92)

end it all in pleas - ure. Right fa - la - ra - la - rye

end it all in pleas - ure. Right fa - la - ra - la - rye

tu - ra - lye - do, Right fa - la - ra - la - rye tu - ra - lye - do,

rit. *Broadly*

Right fa - la - ra - la - rye tu - ra - lye - do, While we are to - geth - er.

2. Old King Solomon in all his glory,
Told each wife a different story
Of the things that we delight in
While we are together.
CHORUS
3. Come on lads and raise your glasses,
Grab the bottle as it passes;
Water drinkers are dull asses,
While we are together.
CHORUS
4. Courting and dancing are quite charming,
Piping and drinking there's no harm in.
All these things we take delight in
When we are together.
CHORUS



ONE APRIL MORNING

An English folk song collected by Pricilla Wyatt-Edgell in 1908 near Exeter in Devonshire. This is a lovely solo song, sung unaccompanied. The chorus can repeat the first verse quietly at the end, as arranged here.

Quietly lyrical ♩ = 66

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

Chords: Eb(C)* Bb(G) Eb(C) Ab(F) Eb(C) Cm(Am)

It was on one Ap - ril morn - ing just as the sun — was

Chords: Bb(G) Eb(C) Bb(G) Eb(C)

ris - ing, It was on one Ap - ril morn - ing I

Chords: Fm(Dm) Bb(G) Eb(C) Ab(F)

heard the small birds sing; They were sing - ing "Love - ly

* Capo III

Eb(C) Cm(Am) Bb(G)
 Nan - cy," for _ love it is _ a fan - cy. And _
 for _

Eb(C) Ab(F) Eb(C) Cm(Am) Eb(C) Bb(G) Eb(C)
 sweet were the notes _ that I _ heard the small _ birds sing.
 I _

2. Young men are false, they're full of all deceiving.
 Young men are false, they seldom do prove true.
 With their roving and their ranging, their minds they're always changing;
 And they're thinking to find out some other girl that's new.

3. Only if I had my own heart back in keeping,
 Only if I had my own heart back again,
 Safe to my bosom I would lock it up for ever,
 And it would wander never so far from me again.

PALMS OF VICTORY

A nineteenth-century evangelical hymn written by Rev. John D. Matthias.

Relentless, as a slow march ♩ = 84

AMERICAN HYMN
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

VERSE

C(G)* F(C) C(G) F(C)

I saw the way - worn trav - 'ler in tat - tered gar - ments clad, And

Bb(F) F(C) F(C) C(G) F(C) C(G)

strugg - ling up the moun - tain, it _ seemed that he was sad. His _

F(C) C(G) F(C)

back was hea - vy la - den, his strength was al - most gone; He

Bb(F) F(C) F(C) C(G) F(C)

shou - ted as he jour - neyed, "De - li - ver - ance will come!"

* Capo V

REFRAIN

C(G) F(C) C(G) F(C)

Then — palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry,

VERSE

F(C) Bb(F) F(C) C(G) F(C)

Palms — of vic - to - ry — I shall — wear.

- 43



WALKING ON THE GREEN GRASS

Collected by Cecil Sharp in the southern Appalachian mountains.

Graceful and legato ♩. = 84

AMERICAN FOLK SONG
Arranged by George Emlen

Gm(Em)* REFRAIN %

We go walk - ing on the green grass, thus, thus,

Bb(G) F(D)

thus. Come all you pret - ty fair maids, come walk a - long with us. So

* Capo III

Gm(Em) Bb(G) Eb(C) Dm(Bm) Gm(Em)

pret - ty and so fair as you take your-selves to be, I'll choose you for a

Dm(Bm) Gm(Em) Dm(Bm) 1.-3. Gm(Em) VERSE D.S. 4. Gm(Em)

part - ner, come walk a - long with me. 1. I me.

1. I would not marry a farmer; he's always selling grain.
 I'd rather marry a soldier boy that marches through the rain.
 Soldier boy, O soldier boy, O soldier boy for me.
 If ever I get married, a soldier's wife I'll be.

REFRAIN

2. I would not marry a blacksmith; he smuts his nose and chin.
 I'd rather marry a soldier boy that marches through the wind.
 Soldier boy, O soldier boy, O soldier boy for me.
 If ever I get married, a soldier's wife I'll be.

REFRAIN

3. I would not marry a doctor; he's always killing the sick.
 I'd rather marry a soldier boy that marches double quick.
 Soldier boy, O soldier boy, O soldier boy for me.
 If ever I get married, a soldier's wife I'll be.

REFRAIN

HAL-AN-TOW

This song is traditionally sung on May 8th in the Cornish town of Helston, the same day the Furry Dance processional is done in the village, but it's a popular song in the pub on any occasion.

With gusto ♩ = 92

ENGLISH FOLK SONG
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

VERSE: SOLO OR UNISON

F(D)* Gm(Em) Bb(G) Gm(Em) C(A)

Take no scorn _ to wear the horn, It was the crest when you was born. Your

F(D) Gm(Em) Bb(G) F(D) C(A) F(D)

fa - ther's fa - ther wore it, and your fa - ther wore it too.

CHORUS: HARMONY

F(D) C(A) F(D) (drum) C(A) F(D) C(A)

Hal - an - tow jol - ly rum - ble O! We were

F(D) Bb(G) C(A) F(D)

up long be - fore the day - o To wel - come in _ the

*Capo III

Gm(Em) *rit.* Bb(G) Bb(G) C(A) F(D) *a tempo*

sum - mer To wel - come in the May O For Sum - mer

This musical system features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note Bb3. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

Gm(Em) F(D) C(A) F(D)

is a - com - in' in, and win - ter's gone a - way - O!

This musical system continues the melody from the first system. The treble staff shows a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note Bb3. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

2. What happened to the Spaniards
That made so great a boast-O?
They shall eat the feathered goose,
And we shall eat the roast-O!
CHORUS:
Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble O!
We were up long before the day-O
To welcome in the summer,
To welcome in the May-O,
For summer is a-comin' in and winter's gone a-way-O!
3. Robin Hood and Little John,
They've both gone to the fair-O,
And we will to the merry green wood
To hunt the buck and hare-O
CHORUS
4. God bless Aunt Mary Moses
In all her power and might-O!
Send us peace to England,
Send peace both day and night-O.
CHORUS



FARE YOU WELL, MARY ANN

This farewell song was sung to Marius Barbeau by a Canadian who had been a trapper with the Hudson Bay Company, and who had learned it from an Irish sailor in about 1850.

With fervor ♩ = 92

CANADIAN FOLK SONG
Arranged by George Emlen

Chords: C F C

Oh, — fare you well my — own true — love, Oh, — fare you well my —

Chords: G C G C Am

dear; For the ship lies a - wait - ing and the wind blows free, And

C F C F G Am

I am bound a - way to the sea, Ma - ry Ann, And ___

C F C F G C

I am bound a - way to the sea, Ma - ry Ann.

2. Do you see the grass that lies under your feet
 Arise and grow again?
 But love it is a killing thing;
 Do you ever feel the pain, my dear, Mary Ann?
 Do you ever feel the pain, my dear, Mary Ann?
3. Do you see the crow that flies on high?
 She will surely turn to white;
 If I ever prove false to you, my love,
 Bright morn will turn to night, my dear, Mary Ann.
 Bright morn will turn to night, my dear, Mary Ann.
4. Ten thousand miles away from home,
 Ten thousand miles or more,
 The earth will freeze and the seas will burn
 If I no more return to you, Mary Ann.
 If I no more return to you, Mary Ann.



THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

This tune has a Scottish feeling about it, and probably came from an earlier source in Scotland. James McPeake reworked this song into the variant we have here. Collected by Peter Kennedy from the McPeake family in Belfast, the simple harmony was likely influenced by the Uilleann bagpipes with which they accompanied their own singing.

Very freely sung ♩ = 54

IRISH SONG
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

F(D)*

O, the sum-mer time is com-ing, And the

Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G) F(D)

trees are sweet-ly bloom-ing, And the wild moun-tain thyme — Grows a -

* Capo III

Bb(G) F(D) C(A) F(D) REFRAIN

round the pur - ple hea - ther. Will you go, las - sie, go? And we'll

Bb(G) F(D) Bb(G) F(D)

all go to - geth - er, To pull wild moun - tain thyme, — All a -

Gm(Em) F(D) Bb(G) F(D) C(A) F(D)

Round the bloom - ing hea - ther. Will you go, las - sie, go?

2. I will build my love a bower,
By yon clear crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.
Will you go, lassie, go?
REFRAIN

3. If my true love she were gone,
I would surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?
REFRAIN