FIFTEEN
FOLK-SONGS
FROM
NEWFOUNDLAND

collected and edited by
MAUD KARPELES

with piano accompaniments by
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Music Department 44 Conduit Street London W.1
INTRODUCTION

Cecil Sharp's discoveries in the Appalachian Mountains led him to believe, quite rightly, that folk-songs of English origin were to be found in other parts of the American continent. Newfoundland, our oldest colony, where ninety-eight per cent of the population is of British descent—mainly from the West of England and Ireland—seemed to him the most promising field for research. He intended to visit the island in 1918 and again in 1925; but the 1918 visit had to be given up owing to lack of funds, and he died in 1924. I had hoped to accompany him and help him with the collecting, as I had done in the Appalachian Mountains; but as this was not possible, I decided to do what I could by myself. During 1929 and 1930 I paid two visits to Newfoundland, each lasting about six weeks, and noted two hundred songs (including variants), from which the thirty songs in these two volumes have been selected.

Newfoundland's main industry is fishing. There are but few towns outside St. John's, and the people live along the shores, or on islands off the coast, in small settlements, or 'outports', as they are called. The interior consists of big lakes, rivers, forests and moorland—'barrens'—and is practically uninhabited. The coast-line is an irregular one. Great bays and indentations penetrate the country, sometimes to an extent of eighty to ninety miles, and thus transport by land is difficult and, in many parts of the island, impossible. Mail-steamers ply the coast, calling once a week, or once a fortnight, at the more important ports, but some of the smaller places can only be reached by open motor-boat.

It was from the people in these outports—nearly all fishermen and their families—that I noted the songs. My quest seemed a strange one to them, particularly when I had disposed of the idea that I was on the stage or the agent of a gramophone company. They were convinced that I should make a lot of money out of the songs. 'If I could learn to do that I should never have to do another day's fishing', said one singer after I had written down his song and had sung it back to him. However, they did not grudge me my supposed reward, or expect to share in it, and when once they saw that their songs were appreciated, they were always ready to sing. In fact, it would be impossible to find a kindlier or friendlier people than the Newfoundlanders. Wherever I went I was instantly welcome, although I came as a complete stranger without any introduction. Everyone was delighted to meet an Englishwoman and to hear what the people 'at home' were doing and thinking.

The original settlement of Newfoundland is very much older than that of the Appalachian Mountains, but the island has not had the same immunity from modern civilisation, for the sea does not isolate to the same extent as does a mountain range. Consequently, folk-songs were not so easily found as in the Appalachians. There, old and young knew the folk-songs and sang but little else; but in Newfoundland the 'old' songs were fast going out of fashion. Few of the young people had learned them, and the old people had usually to search their memories in order to recall them.

The folk-singer does not, of course, distinguish between traditional and composed songs, and many is the time I have tracked down a singer with a great reputation for old songs, only to be regaled with 'When you and I were young, Maggie', or similar sentimental ditties. I had to explain that I wanted songs which had never been written down, or that had no 'music', which to the folk-singer means the printed air. In view of this explanation, a singer on coming to the end of his very big repertoire of drawing-room songs, all of which I had rejected, remarked wearily, but sympathetically, 'Well, all I can think is
that some other young lady must have come along before you, and got all the songs printed off?'

The state of the traditional folk-song in Newfoundland is probably very much what it was in England at the end of last century, both as regards its practice and its character. The proportion of modal tunes appears to be higher than in England, but the pentatonic scale, which is a marked feature of the Appalachian tunes, is not found. In the main, the characteristics of the Newfoundland tunes are similar to those of the English tunes, and many of the individual songs bear a close resemblance to the English variants.

The Newfoundland songs are, in fact, a good example of the persistence of tradition. The singer of 'Lord Bateman' expressed to his wife his astonishment that I, a stranger, should be so much like themselves; but in listening to the familiar story of the 'noble lord' and his 'young Sophia', with the 'proud young porter', and the bride's mother 'who was never heard to speak so free', it was even more astonishing for the stranger to recall that over two thousand miles of ocean lay between Newfoundland and Somerset.

Newfoundland has not brought forth any new type of tune, but it has, in my opinion, produced a number of songs and ballads which have an individual beauty and are in themselves sufficiently distinctive to merit publication. And it is my hope that lovers of English folk music will find in these volumes a worthy addition to the vast store of treasures which have already been gathered by Cecil Sharp and others.

I would in conclusion thank the many kind friends who have helped me. In particular, I would acknowledge my gratitude to the singers who so patiently sang to me, and I would express the hope that this publication will help to restore to them their confidence in the value and beauty of the songs which have in the past afforded them so much delight.

London, 1934.

Maud Karpeles.

The above introduction was written for the original collection called Folk Songs from Newfoundland, from which these fifteen arrangements have been taken.
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1. SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

Moderato

Voice

Piano

Lady Margaret was sitting in her lonely bow'r, And she heard of a dismal moan,
Do you bring to me any apparel, she said, Do you token at all That a true love ought to bring,
Your faith and a troth I'll not bring to you, Nor yonder church And wed me with a ring,
They walk'd till they came to the old churchyard Where the Margaret, he said, And the place I do dwell in,
There is my home, Lady

...
[1] heard of a dismal moan. 2 O is it my father, the
[4] true love ought to bring? 5 I've brought to you no-
[7] wed me with a ring. 8 O God forbid, Lady
[10] place I do dwell in. 11 Is there any room at your

king? she cries. Or is it my brother John? Or
case of gold, I've brought to you no ring, I've
Marg'ret, he said, That ever that should be, That the
head, she cried, Or any at your feet, Or

is it my true love, Knight William? she cries. From Scotland he has
brought to you a white Holland sheet That my poor body lies
dead should arise and marry the quick And vanish away from
any at your right-hand side Where I can lie and...
My fathers at my head, he cried,  
My mothers at my feet.  
And there's three hell-hounds at my right side  
That torment me from my sleep. 

And one is for my drunkenness,  
The other for my pride.  
And the other's for deluding a fair pretty maid  
And staying out late by night.
[3] Scotland he has come, From Scotland he has come.
[9] dead man's company, In a dead man's company.
[12] lady to lie and sleep, For a lady to lie and sleep.

Verse 12

She took her hand all from her side And struck him all on the breast. Here is my faith and a troth, Knight William, God grant your soul to rest, God grant your soul to rest.
2.

THE CRUEL MOTHER

Allegretto

Voice

1. There was a lady in New York,
2. She laid her back against a thorn,
3. She had a knife both long and sharp,

Piano

Fair flow'rs the valley, O,

1. She was courted by her father's clerk.
2. And then she had two pretty babes born;
3. She pierced it in the two babes' hearts.

Down by the green-wood side y. O.
4. She dug a grave both long and deep.
5. As she was walking her father's hall,
6. She said: Dear babes, if you were mine,

Fair flow'rs the valley, O,
She saw two babes a-

And she put those two pretty pret-
[4] And she put those two pretty pret-
[5] She saw two babes a-
[6] I would dress you up in-

babe-
silk so-

play-
ing-

sleep;

Down by the green-wood side-
y, O-

They said: Dear mo-

7. They said: Dear mo-

8. She said: Dear babies, it's you can tell,

9. O yes, dear mo-

They said: Dear mo-

9. O yes, dear mo-

She said: Dear babies, it's you can tell,
Fair flow's the valley. O, You neither dressed us
coarse nor fine,} Down by the green-wood side-y, O
heav'n or hell. 
heav'n or hell.} 

You have seven-
roll a stone, Seventeen more to stand alone, And the
[lo] rest of your time you'll walk al on e Down by the green-wood

side-y O.  

[6] You have sev-en more to ring a bell,

Yes, dear mo-ther, we can tell, And it's sev-en more you'll

spend in hell Down by the green-wood side-y. O.
3.

THE GYPSY LADDIE

Allegro vivace

Voice

1 Seven gypsies stood in a row, They sang so sweetly
2 She was sitting in her castle high, Smiling on those

through the air, They sang so sweet and so very, very sweet,
They gypsies O. Some jealous thought came into her mind, She would

charmed the heart of a lady fair,
follow the dark-eyed gypsies O.
When the lord came home that night, Enquir-ing for his lady O, I'm a-

Saddle my horse, come saddle my team, And brace my pistols by my side That

fraid, I'm afraid, says the old kitchen maid, That she followed the dark-eyed

I may ride till broad daylight And follow the dark-eyed

fied, O.
gypsy, O.

5 He rode West and

6 You ride on, the

then rode North, Till he came to a farmer's door. O farmer, farmer, old farmer cried, Down in yonder valley O, And there you'll find your
Tell me the truth, Have you seen the own true love In the arms of a dark-eyed gypsies? Have you seen the dark-eyed gypsies? Own true love In the arms of a dark-eyed gypsy?

Verse 5

Verse 6

Last night you lay on your feather bed With dolce blankets round you white as snow. And tonight you lie on the cold damp ground. In the will you come home, my lady, For will you forsake your own native land. I'll eat of the grass and drink of the dew. And

Verse 7

Verse 8

Verse 9

Arms of a dark-eyed gypsy. Follow the dark-eyed gypsy. Follow the dark-eyed gypsy.

Verse 7 & 8

Verse 9
4.

THE BLOODY GARDENER

Allegretto

T'was of a lady fair, a shepherd's daughter dear, She was
this young maid a-rose and into the garden goes, In

Court-ed by her own true heart's delight. But his mother laid a snare and false
hopes to meet her own true heart's delight. She searched the garden round, but

Allarg. a tempo

Letters she did write, Saying: Meet me in the garden here this night.
no true love she found Till at length a bloody gardener appeared in view.

Colla voce a tempo

Piano

Voice
[1] says: My lady gay, what brought you here this way? Or
[4] pare, prepare, he cried, O prepare to lose your life. I'll
[5] he took out his knife; cut the single thread of life. And he

have you come to rob me of my garden gay? She cries: No thief I am; I'm in
lay your virtuous body to bleed in the ground, And with flowers fine and gay your.
laid her virtuous body to bleed in the ground, And with flowers fine and gay her.

allarg. a tempo

search of a young man, Who promised that he'd meet me here this way. 4 Pre-
grave I'll o-ver-lay In the way your virtuous body never will be found. 5 O
grave he o-ver-laid In the way her virtuous body never should be found. 6 Then

colla voce a tempo
[6] her true love a - rose and in - to the gar - den goes In
[7] he sat down to rest on a mos - sy bank so sweet Till a
[8] dove she flew a - way and perched on a myr - tle tree, And the
[9] said: My pret - ty dove, What makes you look so sad, Or

hopes to meet his own true heart's de - light. He
milk - white dove came perch - ing round his face, And with
young man fol - lowed af - ter her with speed. This young
have you lost your love as I have mine? When

searched the gar - den round but no true love he found Till the
bat - ter-ing wings so sweet all a round this young man's feet, But
man he called af - ter her with his heart so full of woe, Un -
down from a tree so tall, down on her grave did fall, She

colla voce a tempo
groves and valleys seemed with him to mourn.  
when he rose this dove she flew away.  
-till he came to where the dove she lay.  
drooped her wings and bled fresh from the breast.

[10] this young man a-rose and un-to his home did go, Say-ing: Mo-ther dear, you have me un-

allarg.  a tempo  
done, You have robbed me of my dear, my joy and my de-light, So it's  
colla voce  a tempo  

now with my dar-ling I'll take flight.
5.

THE BONNY BANKS OF VIRGIE-O

(THE BONNY BANKS O FORDIE)

Voice

Andante con moto

Piano

Three fair maids went out for a walk;

took the first one by the hand,

took the second one by the hand,

took the third one by the hand,

They met a robber.

All a lee and a lonely O

And he whipped her around and he

And he whipped her around and he

And he whipped her around and he

He

on their way,

made her stand,

made her stand,

made her stand,

made her stand,

On the bonny bonny banks of Virgie-o.

NOTE: This ballad can, if desired, be shortened by the omission of stanzas 8-11. In that case 'two' must be substituted for 'three' in the first stanza and 'sister' must be substituted for 'sisters' in stanzas 13 and 16. It is, however, suggested that the ballad is more effective if sung in its entirety.
will you be a robber's wife? All a lee and a lonely

will you die by my pen-knife? On the bonny bonny banks of Vir-gie-o.

will not be a robber's wife; All a lee and a lonely

rather die by your pen-knife
rather die by your pen-knife
will I die by your pen-knife

On the bonny bonny banks of Vir-gie-o.
he took out his little pen-knife.
All a lee and a lonely O

And it's

If my brothers had been here

You

He would not have killed my sisters dear

On the bonny bonny banks of Virgie o.

Verses 5 & 9

Then he took her own sweet life
On the

then he took her own sweet life
would not have killed my sisters dear

On the Verses 5 & 9

Verse 13

where are your brothers, pray now tell?

[15] where is the other, pray now tell?

All a lee and a lonely O

O [14] one of them is a minister,

[15] He's out robbing like yourself,

On the bonny bonny farms of
Verse 14

Lord have mercy on my little poor soul,

Verse 15

All a lee and a

Verse 16

Lonely

Verse 17

Bon-ny bon-ny banks of
6.

**EARL BRAND**

**Voice**

Moderato e maestoso

1. Arise, arise, King Henry, he said. Or
2. Arise, arise, my seven sons bold, And
3. Arise, arise, Lady Margaret, he said, And

Are you not at home?

Put on your armour so bright.

It shall never be said that a

While I go and fight with your

Verses 1 & 2

Youngest daughter dear. For the eldest is going with me.

Daughter of mine Shall be married to a lord or a knight.

Seventh brothers bold And your father in the meadow where he
Lady Margaret she rose and held the white steed. She
[5] hand, ease your hand, Lord Robert, she cries. For your
[6] choice, choose your choice, Lady Margaret, he said, Will you

stood and she never shed a tear
Un - til she had seen her
blows they are wonderful sore.
For sweet hearts I may get,
come along with me for a bride?
I must go along with you, Lord

seven brothers fall
many is the one.
And her father that loved her so
dear.
But a father dear I'll ne'er get
more.
Choose your

Guide.

Lord Robert he mounted a
[8] bled till he came to his
milk-white steed, And she on a dapple grey. He went own mother's door, How loud he did rap at the ring. O

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...!
Lay Lady Margaret down by my side
That the sounder and better I may sleep.

Lord Robert he died about midnight, Lady
Margaret she died before day.

I hope every couple that may now be together
May find more enjoyment than they.
7.

LORD AKEMAN
(LORD BATeman)

Voice

Moderato

1 Lord Akeman was a noble lord, A
[2] he sailed East and he sailed West Un-
[3] side of the prison there grew a tree; It
[4] gaoler had one only daughter, The
[5] you got houses, have you got land? Does

no-ble lord of a high degree; He shipped himself on
'til he came to proud Turkey. 'Twas there he was taken and
'grew so mighty stout and strong. He was tied to that right
fa- est crea-ture I've ever seen. She stole the keys of her
a-ny of Northumbland belong to thee? What would you give to

Verses 1, 2, 3 & 4

board of a vessel For-eign coun-tries to go see. 2. O
put in prison Un-til his life was most wea-ry. 3 By the
round his mid-dle Un-til his life was al-most gone. 4 The-
fa- ther's prison And said Lord Akeman she'd set free. 5 Have
a-ny fair maid-en Who from this prison would set you

Piano

Verses 1, 2, 3 & 4
Verse 5

[6] Yes, I've got houses and I've got land, And I would set me free. 7 O Go in.
[7] seven long years they made a vow, O
[8] when she sees Lord Ake-man's castle, So
[9] seven long years have passed and o'er, And
[10] cries: Is this Lord Ake-man's castle, Or

half Northumb'land belongs to me. I would
seven years to keep it strong; If
fourteen days well known to me. She
merri ly she rang the bell. Who's
is the lord himself with in? O

give it all to any lady, Who-
you don't wed with no other woman, I won't
pack ed up her mos quey cloth ing, And she
there, who's there, asked the proud young port er. I
yes, O yes, says the proud young port er, He's just

from this pris on would set me free. 7 O
wed with no other man. 8 O
said Lord Ake man she'd go see. 9 O
pray now unto me tell. 10 She
af ter bring ing a young bride

Verses 6, 7, 8 & 9

25
Tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best of wine, And-
Run she proud young porter,
Fell he, three, three,
Ran she has got rings,
Has got three,
In a passion flew,
So free,
The young bride's mother,
Who was saying:

Tell me a way, a way,
And on his bend knees fell he,
One of them she has got three,
\(\text{And so free,}^*\)
Every finger she has got three,
Flew she has crossed the sea.

Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
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Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Tell me a way, a way,
Verse 15: I own I made a sea?
Verse 15: bride of your daughter. She's neither better nor worse for me;
Verse 15: She came to me in a horse and saddle, And I'll send her home in a coach and three.
8.

THE LOVER'S GHOST

Andante moderato

1. Johnny he promised to marry me, But I
2. John he came there at the hour appointed; He

fear he's with some fair one gone. There's something bewails him and I
tapp'd at the window so low. This fair maid arose and she
don't know what it is, And I'm weary from lying alone
hurried on her clothes, And welcomed her true love home...
3 She took him by the hand and laid him down; She felt he was colder than
crow up, crow up, my little bird, And don't you crow before
clay, She said; My dearest dear, if I only had my wish This long
day, And your cage shall be made of the glittering gold, she says, And your
night would never be day.
6 The sand is my soft bed of
down, my love, And where is your white
down, my love, And the sea is my white
And And
where is the fair maid that watches on you
While you are taking your long silent
long hungry worms will feed off of me
While I sleep every night in the

[5]

[6]

sleep? deep

7 O when will I see you, my

love, she cries, And when will I see you again?
When the little fishes fly and the

seas they do run dry And the hard rocks they melt with the sun.
9.

SHE'S LIKE THE SWALLOW

Lento non troppo

1. She's like the swallow that flies so high. She's
2. 'Twas out in the garden this fair maid did go. A
3. It's out of those roses she made a bed. A
4. She's like the swallow that flies so high. She's

like the river that never runs dry, She's like the sunshine on the lee shore. I

pick-ing the beau-ti-ful prim-e-rose, The more she plucked the more she pulled Un-

sto-ny pil-low for her head. She laid her down, no word did say, Un-

like the riv-er that never runs dry, She's like the sun-shine on the lee shore, I

love my love, and love is no more.

-till she got her a-per-on full.
-till this fair maid's heart did break.

love my love, and love is no more.

[Last time]
10.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT

As I roved out one evening in Spring Down by a silent shady grove, I heard a maiden making sad lament. She cried: Alas, I have lost my love. O love is like an unquenching
[3] fire, Like a raging fire it seems to burn. Unto my cold grave I

will retire, Unto my friends I will ne'er return. 3 Come all you

fair maids like me a-dying. It's now I'm taking my last farewell. And

poco rit.

all you small birds round me flying. Let your sweet notes be my passing bell.
11.

PROUD NANCY

Allegro moderato

Voice

Piano

As I roved out one day
O Nancy, my love
To marry you into my heart

I fell in with riches, but
I have got love for thee
There's richer men than me

The trees were in full bloom of youth,
I won't you marry me?
I've got no store of such thing,
But since I've got your consent,

I can dance or sing,
I'm fitted for some subito
Nancy: she's the girl whom I adore. She is my joy, and what I am, but none could love you so. If I had gold as rich as I pray you now, be gone. O riches will suit me

verses 1 & 2  

fan-cy. How can I love her more? decline.

mountains it would be yours also.

Verse 3

better for love will soon decline.

verses 1 & 2  

Nancy, my love Nancy, it's

The space of six months after this

I wrote her back an answer all

now I'll take my leave. Nor will I mourn for Nancy. She's fair one changed her mind. She wrote a loving letter and in a most scornful way. Saying: Nancy, O love Nancy, don't
girl that will not grieve. I'm here quite broken hearted. It's
hoped I would prove kind. Saying: What I've said I'm sorry for, so
think no more of me. For I've another more suitable has

plain for to be seen. But will I mourn for Nancy, or
pray you now for give, And grant me your favour in
taken of your place. I'll let you know I can dance or sing if I

wear the willow green?
heart and hand to live.
ne'er see your

Poco meno mosso
Verse 6

Verses 4 & 5

Verse 6

Come all you pretty fair maids, a
Don't ever spite your first true love for the sake of his poverty, For riches they will wither away and your beauty will decay, And for the sake of your first true love you'll surely curse the day.
12.

**THE MORNING DEW**

Andante

Voice

Piano

The pink, the lily and the blooming rose

Grow in the garden where my love goes;

The little small birds they do rejoice

When they think they hear my love Jimmy's
O James Machree, I do love you

well, I love you better than tongue can tell; There's not one

drop of the morning dew That's half so sweet as one kiss from

you.
THE WINTER'S GONE AND PAST

1. The winter's gone and past and the come at last, And the small birds are singing on each tree, And the rings on my fingers I'll wear. All dressed in the velvet so green.

2. I'll put on a cap of black and bind chains around my neck, And gold I will wear, And I'll comb down my hair, And I'll wear. All straight.

3. The ivory I will And the gold And I'll
hearts of those are glad, but mine is low and sad since my true love is sent far from me.

sad sake, For he drives near the Curragh of Kil-

dare, And it's there I'll gain tidings of the Curragh of Kil-

dare. him.

cresc.

Verses 1 & 2

After last verse

Verses 1 & 2

After last verse

dim.

pp
14.

THE CUCKOO

Andante con moto

Voice

Piano

1 The Cuck- oo is a fine bird, She sings as she flies, And the more she sings Cuck - oo The summer draws nigh.

2 I wish I were a scholar And could [3] send and let you know, my love, Of my
handle a pen,
sorrow, grief and woe;
I would write a private letter,
To my sorrow, grief and woe;
But my blessings attend you
Wher-

true love I would send.
ev'er you may go.
3 I would

After verse 3
4 The Cuck-oo is a fine bird, She sings as she flies, And the

more she sings Cuck-oo The summer draws nigh.
15.

YOUNG FLORO

Voice

Andante

1 As I rov-ed out one morn-ing in Spring, To

Piano

mp dolce

2 I rov-ed out one morn-ing in Spring, To

hear the larks whis-tle and the night-ingales sing, O green grow the rush-es all

3 To wed a young shep-herd, kind sir, I'm too young. To

wed a young shep-herd my time is not come. I'll first be a ser-vant un-

co-vered with young, And small birds all a-round me how joy-ful they sound.

4 To wed a young shep-herd, kind sir, I'm too young. To

til I'm twen-ty-one, And then we will get mar-ried if love fol-lows on.
2. Was there ever a young man so happy as I, As

4. O eight months being over and nine coming on, I

I and my Flo-ro, my Flo-ro and I? I will go to young Flo-ro and wrote her a letter to know her intent. The answer she sent me: I'll

this I will say: O let us get married, love, mention the day. live a single life, For I never intend to be a poor shepherd's wife.

Da Capo
In reading those few lines it grieved my heart sore, To think of lovely Flo-ro that I'll ne'er see no more. My heart is en-snared with her snowy white breast, I'm in love with young Flo-ro and can't take no rest.
NOTES

Publications referred to are thus abbreviated:


*Last Leaves* = *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*. Gavin Grieg and Alex. Keith. The Buchan Club, Aberdeen, 1925.


1. *Sweet William’s Ghost*
Sung by Mr. Michael Carrol at Placentia. The text, with a few verbal alterations, is as sung by Mrs. Emma Boone and her son, Mr. John McCabe, at North River, Conception Bay. The ballad is a popular one in Newfoundland, and I noted variants. The text, without tune, is also given in *Greenleaf*, No. 9. For other versions, see *Child*, No. 77.

2. *The Cruel Mother*
Sung by Mrs. Theresa Corbett at Conception Harbour. Stanzas 5, 6, and 9-12 are as sung by Mrs. Corbett and the rest are collated from other versions. I noted ten variants. Two versions (one tune) are also given in *Greenleaf*, No. 6. For other versions, see *Child*, No. 20, and *Appalachians*, No. 10.

3. *The Gypsy Laddie*
Sung by Mrs. Margaret Quilter at Harbour Grace, Conception Bay. The text is collated from different versions, but is mainly that given by Mr. Patrick Hunt at Dunville, Placentia. I noted four versions of the tune and another is given in *Greenleaf*, No. 16. For other versions, see *Child*, No. 200, and *Appalachians*, No. 33.

4. *The Bloody Gardener*
Sung by Mrs. May (Jas.) McCabe at North River, Conception Bay. The text is practically unaltered, except for a slight alteration in the second half of the first stanza, which has been made for the sake of clearness.

A more sophisticated broadside version with twenty-seven stanzas is to be found in the Harvard University Library in a fourteen-volume collection of ballads printed by Catnach, Bebbington, Ryle, etc. This is quoted in Brand’s *Popular Antiquities*, Vol. iii, p. 217 (1893 ed.). Another similar version, entitled ‘The Bloody Gardener’s Cruelty, or The Shepherd’s Daughter Betrayed’, is in a chapbook, printed at Tewkesbury at the beginning of the century by S. Harrow. A relative of his, an old lady of over ninety, used to sing the ballad (see J. Harvey Bloom’s *Folk Lore in Shakespeare Land*), but it was not noted from her, and I know of no other version with tune.

5. *The Bonny Banks of Virgie-o*
Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Monks at King’s Cove, Bonavista Bay. The text is practically unaltered. I noted four variants of this ballad, and another is given in
Greenleaf, No. 4. Five versions, without tune, are given in Child, No. 14, and a fragment, also without tune, was noted in Aberdeenshire about seventy years ago (see Last Leaves, p. 15). No other versions have to my knowledge been recorded in Great Britain or on the American continent.

6. Earl Brand
Sung by Mr. Thomas Ghaney at Colliers, Conception Bay. The text is practically unaltered. This was the only version of the ballad that I noted in Newfoundland. Another, without tune, is given in Greenleaf, No. 2. For other variants, see Child, No. 7, and Appalachians, No. 4.

7. Lord Akeman
Sung by Mr. Wm. Holloway at King's Cove, Bonavista Bay. There are a few verbal alterations in the text. I noted four other versions of this ballad, all of them in 3/2 time. For other versions, see Child, No. 53, and Appalachians, No. 13.

8. The Lover's Ghost
Sung by Mr. Matthew Aylward at Stock Cove, Bonavista Bay. A few lines of the text are taken from another version noted at Fortune Harbour, Notre Dame Bay, but it is otherwise unaltered. For another version see Joyce, No. 408. This ballad has a close connection with 'The Grey Cock' (Child, No. 248). See note in Maine, p. 310.

9. She's Like the Swallow
Sung by Mr. John Hunt at Dunsville, Placentia. The text is unaltered except that the repetition of the first stanza has been substituted for the fourth stanza which was irregular and unintelligible.

10. The Maiden's Lament
Sung by Mr. James Sullivan at King's Cove, Bonavista Bay. I have omitted three corrupt stanzas, which tell of the intervention of the maiden's hard-hearted parents. Otherwise the text is practically unaltered.

Mr. Sullivan, an old man, sang this song with great feeling. He had not sung it for many years.

11. Proud Nancy
Sung by Mr. Robert Morgan at Blow-me-down, Conception Bay. A few verbal alterations have been made in the text.

12. The Morning Dew
Sung by Mrs. Sarah Mercer at Upper Island Cove, Conception Bay. Mrs. Mercer could only remember the first stanza and the last two lines of the second stanza. The remaining two lines are taken from another version noted at North River, Conception Bay. This is probably the same song as Joyce, No. 416.

13. The Winter's Gone and Past
Sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Farrell at Beau Bois, Placentia Bay. The last three stanzas, which were rather confused, have been omitted, otherwise the text is unaltered. For other versions, see Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, 3rd ed., 1853, i, p. 208 (1st ed., 1787–1803), and Joyce, No. 427.

14. The Cuckoo
Sung by Mr. Joseph Jackman at Grole, Hermitage Bay. I noted only two stanzas. Stanza 3 is taken from an English version. For other versions, see Appalachians, No. 140.

15. Young Floro
Sung by Mrs. Bridget Hall at North River, Conception Bay. Two stanzas have been omitted, but otherwise the text is practically unaltered. For other versions, see F.S.S.J., i, 90.