

SIR EGLAMORE

Sir Eglamore was a valiant knight,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
He took up his sword and he went to fight,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
As he rode o'er hill and dale,
All armoured with a coat of mail,
Fa la la n da da pa da da pa da lanky down dilly.

Out came a dragon from her den
Fa la lanky down dilly,
That killed God knows how many men,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
But when she saw Sir Eglamore,
You should have heard that dragon roar!
Fa la la n da da pa da da pa da lanky down dilly.

Then the trees began to shake
Fa la lanky down dilly,
Horse did tremble and man did quake,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
The birds betook them all to peep;
It would have made a grown man weep.
Fa la la n da da pa da da pa da lanky down dilly.

But all in vain it was to fear,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
For now they fall to fight like bears.
Fa la lanky down dilly,
To it they go and soundly fight;
A live-long day from morn 'til night.
Fa la la n da da pa da da pa da lanky down dilly.

This dragon had a plaguey hide,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
That could the sharpest steel abide,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
No sword could enter through her skin,
Which vexed the knight and made her grin.
Fa la la n da da pa da da pa da lanky down dilly.

But as in Choler he did burn,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
He fetched the dragon, a great good turn;
Fa la lanky down dilly,
For as a-yawning she did fall
He thrust his sword up hilt and all.
Fa la la n da da pa da da pa da lanky down dilly.

Then like a coward she did fly,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
Unto her den, which was hard by,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
And there she lay all night and roared;
The knight was sorry for his sword.
Fa la la n da da pa da da pa da lanky down dilly.

Words and Music by Kate Rusby
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the pit boys

The sun is sinking fast, mother, behind the far Clee hills,
The signal bell has ceased, mother, the breeze of evening chills,
They call me to the pit, mother, the nightly toil to share,
One kiss before we part, mother, for danger lingers there,
One kiss before we part, mother, for danger lingers there.

My father's voice I hear, mother, as o'er his grave I tread;
He bids me cherish thee, mother, and share with you my bread.
And while I see you smile, mother, my labours light will be;
And should his fate prove mine, mother, heaven will comfort thee,
And should his fate prove mine, mother, heaven will comfort thee.

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the wee weaver

I am a wee weaver, confined to my loom,
And my love, she is fairer than the red rose in bloom.
She is loved by all others, and that does grieve me;
My heart's in my bosom, for lovely Mary.

As Willie and Mary rode by yon shady bower,
Where Willie and Mary spent many a happy hour,
Where the blackbirds and thrushes do concert and chor,
Sing the praises of Mary, round love, fair and sure.

As Mary and Willie rode by yonder loch side,
Says Willie unto Mary: 'will you be my bride?'
So this couple got married and they'll roam no more;
They have pleasures and treasures, and love, fair and sure.

maid on the shore

It's of a fair maiden who walked all alone,
She walked all alone on the shore-o.
No-one could she find for to calm her sweet mind,
As she walked all alone on the shore, the shore,
As she walked all alone on the shore.

It's of a sea captain who sailed a fine ship,
The weather was pleasant and clear-o.
'I shall die! I shall die!' this young captain did cry,
'If I can't have that maid on the shore, the shore,
If I can't have that maid on the shore.'

This captain had silver, this captain had gold,
This captain had fine costly ware-o.
And these would he give to this pretty fair maid
If she'd please take a sail from the shore, the shore,
If she'd please take a sail from the shore.

After many persuasions they got her on board.
The captain he's set down a chair-o;
He's invited her down to his cabin below.
Farewell sorrow, farewell now dull care-o,
Farewell sorrow, farewell now dull care.

'I'll sing you a song,' this young maiden did cry;
The young captain was weeping with joy-o.
She sang to them sweetly, so neat and completely,
Sang sailors and captain to sleep-o,
Sang sailors and captain to sleep.

Then she's robbed them of silver, she's robbed them of gold,
She's robbed them of fine costly ware-o.
The captain's broadsword she has used as an oar
And she's rowed herself back to the shore, the shore,
She's rowed herself back to the shore.

The captain was mad and the captain was sad;
The captain was deep in despair-o
To see her go away, with her beauty so gay
And her rings and her things and her fine fare-o,
Her rings and her things and her fine fare.

'Now your men must be mad and your men must be sad,
And your men must be deep in despair-o,
For I've robbed you of silver and I've robbed you of gold;
And again I'm a maid on the shore, the shore,
Again I'm a maid on the shore.'

dance to your daddy

*Dance to your daddy, my little laddie,
Dance to your daddy, my little lamb.*

You shall have a fish and you shall have a fin;
You shall have a haddock when the boat comes in.
You shall have a codling boiled in a pan;
Dance to your daddy, my little lamb.

*Dance to your daddy, my little laddie,
Dance to your daddy, my little lamb.*

When you are a man and you will want a wife,
You shall wed a lassie, love her all your life;
She shall be your lassie, you will be her man;
Dance to your daddy, my little lamb.

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t stands for thomas

Now as I was a-walking on a May morning
And sat down by a tall, lofty tree,
For to hear two lovers talk and hear what they'd got to say,
And to find out something more about courting.

*And it's 'T' stands for Thomas', I suppose,
'J', 'O', 'N' stands for John,
And it's 'W', 'E' and 'M' stand for my sweet William,
Because he is a clever young man.*

Come and sit down with me together on the grass,
Sit down on the grass so very green.
It's a long three quarters of a year, darling dear,
Since together you and I have been seen.

[CHORUS]

No, I'll not sit with you together on the grass,
Not now nor at any other time;
For I heard you were in love with another pretty girl
And your heart wasn't any longer mine.

[CHORUS]

Oh, then I'll go and climb a lofty, lofty tree,
And I'll rob a small bird of its nest;
And if ever I should then come down without having a fall,
I'll get married to the lass I love best.

[CHORUS]

Oh, then I'll go and climb a taller tree than that,
And I'll harry a far richer nest;
And if ever I should then come down without having a fall,
I'll get married to the lad I love best.

[CHORUS]

sair fye'l'd hinny

Sorely failed, honey

Original words

*Sair fye'l'd hinny,
Sair fye'l'd nu,
Sair fye'l'd hinny,
Sin' I ken'd thu.*

Aw was young and lusty,
Aw was fair and clear;
Aw was young and lusty
Many a lang year.

[CHORUS]

When aw was young and lusty
Aw could lowp a dyke;
But now aw'm awd an' stiff
Aw can hardly step a syke.

[CHORUS]

When aw was five and twenty
Aw was brave and bauld;
Now at five and sixty
Aw'm byeth stiff and cauld.

[CHORUS]

Thus said the auld man
To the oak tree:
'Sair fye'l'd is aw
Sin' aw ken'd thee.'

sair fye'l'd hinny

Sorely failed, honey

Anglicised version

*Sorely failed, honey,
Sorely failed now,
Sorely failed, honey,
Since I've known thou.*

I was young and lusty,
I was fair and clear;
I was young and lusty
Many a long year.

[CHORUS]

When I was young and lusty
I could jump a dyke;
But now I'm old and stiff
I can hardly step a syke.

[CHORUS]

When I was five and twenty
I was brave and bold;
Now at five and sixty
I'm both stiff and cold.

[CHORUS]

Thus said the old man
To the oak tree:
'Sorely failed, have I,
Since I've known thee.'

ho, ho, Bonny lass

Ho, ho, bonny lass, wa' gae ye the wain,
Ho, ho, bonny lass, wa' gae ye the wain,
Ho, ho, bonny lass, wa' gae ye the wain,
I got it from a sailor lad, and he's away to Spain.

What would you do if he comes back again,
What would you do if he comes back again,
What would you do if he comes back again?
I'd say I didn't care if he did the same again

A row-n-tow tucky sucky porridge wi' a spoon,
A row-n-tow tucky sucky porridge wi' a spoon,
A row-n-tow tucky sucky porridge wi' a spoon,
Diddley um bye dye diddle-iddle-diddle-aye.

A bum' bee stung me doon amang the glaw,
A bum' bee stung me doon amang the glaw,
A bum' bee stung me doon amang the glaw,
Diddley um bye dye diddle-iddle-diddle-aye.

Um bye, um bye dye diddle-aye, diddle
Um bye, um bye dye diddle-aye,
Um bye, um bye dye diddle-aye,
Ya, da, diddle-iddle-diddle-aye.

ye mar'ners all

Ye mar'ners all, as you pass by,
Call in and drink if you are dry;
Come spend, my lads, your money brisk,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh mar'ners all, if you've half a crown,
You're welcome all for to sit down;
Come spend, my lads, your money brisk,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh tipplers all, as you pass by,
Come in and drink if you are dry;
Call in and drink, think not amiss,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh now I'm old and can scarcely crawl,
I've an old grey beard and a head that's bald;
Crown my desire and fulfil my bliss:
A pretty young girl and a jug of this.

Oh when I'm in my grave and dead,
And all my sorrows are past and fled;
Transform me then into a fish,
And let me swim in a jug of this.

the three ravens

There were three ravens on a tree,
A down, a down, a derry down,
There were three ravens on a tree,
Heigh ho!

The middlemost raven said to me:
'There lies a dead man at yon tree.'
A down, a down, a derry down,
Heigh ho!

There comes his lady full of woe,
A down, a down, a derry down,
There comes his lady full of woe,
Heigh ho!

There comes his lady full of woe,
As great with child as she could go.
A down, a down, a derry down,
Heigh ho!

Who's this that's killed my own true love?
A down, a down, a derry down,
Who's this that's killed my own true love?
Heigh ho!

I hope in heav'n he'll never rest,
Nor e'er enjoy that blessed rest.
A down, a down, a derry down,
Heigh ho!

thirty foot trailer

The old ways are changing, you cannot deny,
The day of the trav'ller is over;
There's nowhere to go and there's nowhere to bide,
So farewell to the life of the rover.

*Farewell to the tent and the old caravan,
To the tinker, the gypsy, the travelling man;
And farewell to the thirty-foot trailer.*

Farewell to the cant and the travelling tongue,
Farewell to the Romany talking;
The buying and selling, the old fortune telling,
The knock on the door and the hawking.

You've got to move fast to keep up with the times,
For these days a man cannot dander;
It's a bylaw to say you must be on your way,
And another to say you can't wander.

Farewell to the besoms of heather and broom,
Farewell to the creel and the basket,
For the folks of today, they would far sooner pay
For a thing that's been made out of plastic.

Farewell to the pony, the cob, and the mare,
The reins and the harness are idle;
You don't need a strap when you're breaking up scrap,
So farewell to the bit and the bridle.

Farewell to the fields where we've sweated and toiled
At pulling and shoving and lifting;
They'll soon have machines and the travelling queens,
And their menfolk had better be shifting.

So farewell to the thirty-foot trailer.

Words and Music by Ewan MacColl
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the cruel mother

A minister's daughter in the north,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
She's fallen in love with her father's clerk,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

He courted her for a year and a day,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
'Til her the young man did betray,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

She leaned her back up against a tree,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
And there the tear did blind her eye,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

She leaned her back up against a thorn,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
And that her bonny boys she has born,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

She's taken out her little pen-knife,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
And she has twined them of their life,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

She laid them beneath some marble stone,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
Thinking to go a maiden home,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

As she looked o'er her father's wall,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
She saw her two bonny boys playing ball,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

Oh bonny boys, if you were mine,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
I would dress you in silk so fine,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

Oh cruel mother, when we were thine,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
We didn't see aught of your silk so fine,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

Oh bonny boys, come tell to me,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
What sort of death I'll have to die?
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

Seven years as a fish in the flood,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
And seven years, a bird in the wood,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

Seven years, a tongue in the warning bell,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
And seven years in the flames of Hell.
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

Welcome, welcome, fish in the flood,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
And welcome, welcome, bird in the wood,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

Welcome, tongue to the warning bell,
Hey the rose and the lindsay-o!
But God keep me from the flames of Hell,
Down by the greenwood side-i-o!

Bonny at morn

The sheep in the meadow and the kye in the corn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn.

*Canny at neet, bonny at morn;
Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn.*

The bird in the nest and the trout in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mother at many a turn.

*Canny at neet, bonny at morn;
Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn.*

We're all laid idle with keeping the bairn,
The lad will not work and the lass will not learn.

*Canny at neet, bonny at morn;
Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn.*

seven yellow gypsies

There were seven yellow gypsies and all in a row,
None of them lame or lazy-o;
And they sang so neat and so complete,
They stole the heart of the lady-o.

It was late last night when the lord came home
Enquiring for his lady-o;
And the answer the servants gave to him:
'She's gone away with the sev'n yellow gypsies-o!

Then saddle for me my bonny black horse:
The white one's ne'er so speedy-o;
That I may ride on a long summer's night
In search of my false lady-o!

So he rode east and he rode west;
He rode through woods and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he saw his lady-o!

'Would you give up your house and land?
Would you give up your baby-o?
Would you give up your newly wedded lord
To run away with the sev'n yellow gypsies-o?'

'Well, what care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my baby-o?
Sure I wouldn't give a kiss from a gipsy laddie's lips,
Not for all Lord Cassilis' money-o!'

the ROSEBUD in june

It's a rosebud in June and the violets in full bloom,
And the small birds are singing love songs on each spray.

*We'll pipe and we'll sing, love,
We'll dance in a ring, love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass.
And it's oh, to plough where the fat oxen graze low,
And the lads and the lasses do sheep-shearing go.*

When we have all sheared our jolly, jolly sheep,
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase?

[CHORUS]

For their flesh, it is good, it's the best of all food;
And their wool, it will clothe us and keep our backs from the cold.

[CHORUS]

Here's the ewes and the lambs, here's the hogs and the rams,
And the fat wethers too, they will make a fine show.

[CHORUS]

elsie marley

*Do ye ken Elsie Marley, hinny,
The wife that sells the barley, hinny?
She's lost her pocket and all of her money
A-back-a the bush in the garden, hinny.*

Elsie Marley's grown so fine,
She won't get up to feed the swine.
She lies in bed 'til eight or nine;
Surely she must take her time.

[CHORUS]

Elsie Marley is so neat,
It's hard for one to walk the street
But ev'ry lad and lass you meet says,
'Do ye ken Elsie Marley, hinny?'

[CHORUS]

Farmers as they come that way,
They drink with Elsie ev'ry day,
And call the fiddler for to play
The tune of Elsie Marley, hinny.

[CHORUS]

Sailors, they do call for kip
As soon as they come from the ship,
Then lately they'll go dance and skip
The tune of Elsie Marley, hinny.