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.

ENGLISH FOLK SONG
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

With energy $\frac{1}{4} = 126$

REFRAIN: TUNE IN BASS

$\text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C}$

I like to rise when the sun she rises early

$\text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C}$

in the morning: I like to hear them

$\text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C}$

small birds singing merrily up on their

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

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

Fine
Verse

1. In ______ Spring, we sow; at the harvest,
2. In ______ Winter when the sky is grey.

G C F
mow; And that is how the seasons round they go.
G C F
But in the summer when the sun shines gay, We go rambling through the new-mown hay.

G C F G C G Refrain D.C.

may 'Twould be rambling through the new-mown hay. For...

* "Laylum" is thought to be a diminutive of "laly" (sing).
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  \( \dot{J} = 84 \)

**MENNONITE SONG**

Arranged by Jerome Epstein

\[ \text{C(A)} \quad \text{F(D)} \]

*Capo III*
spring
To a kinder land where gentle breezes sing.

CHORUS
We are going down the valley,
(We are)†

Going down the valley,
(We are)†

Going toward the rising of the sun.
We are

go ing down the valley,
(We are)†

Going down the valley,
(We are)†

† Use only on last time
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**

Published separately for chorus and double bass by Thorpe Music (sole selling agent Theodore Presser, Inc.).
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** \( \frac{\text{j.}}{= 56} \)

_Gm_

\[
\text{Come all you jolly plough-boys, come help me to}
\]

\[
\text{Gm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Bb}
\]

\[
\text{sing; I will sing in the praise of you all. For}
\]

**TRADITIONAL ENGLISH**

Aranged by Jerome Epstein
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 $\mathbb{d} = 72$

F(D)*

As I was a-walking one morning in the spring, I

legato

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

met a pretty damsel, so sweetly she did sing; And

* Capo III
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 $j = 84$

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Arranged by Jerome Epstein

Come on lads and let’s be jolly, Drive away all melancholy,

For to grieve it would be folly While we are together.
Broadly

Let union be in all our hearts. Let all our hearts be

chorus

Let union be in all our hearts. Let all our hearts be

joined as one. We'll end the day as we've begun, We'll

joined as one. We'll end the day as we've begun, We'll

.Faster (d = 92)

end it all in pleasure. Right fa-la-la-lye

end it all in pleasure. Right fa-la-la-lye
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.

**TRADITIONAL ENGLISH**

*Arranged by Jerome Epstein*

\[\text{\textit{Quietly lyrical}} \quad j = 66\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Eb(C)*} & \quad \text{Bb (G)} & \quad \text{Eb (C)} & \quad \text{Ab (F)} & \quad \text{Eb (C)} & \quad \text{Cm(Am)} \\
\text{It was on one April morning just as the sun was} \\
\text{Bb (G)} & \quad \text{Eb (C)} & \quad \text{Bb (G)} & \quad \text{Eb (C)} \\
\text{rising. It was on one April morning I} \\
\text{Fm(Dm)} & \quad \text{Bb (G)} & \quad \text{Eb (C)} & \quad \text{Ab (F)} \\
\text{heard the small birds sing; They were singing "Love - ly} \\
\end{align*}\]

* Capo III
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

Relentless, as a slow march  \( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} = 84 \) AMERICAN HYMN
Arranged by Jerome Epstein

VERSE
I saw the way-worn traveler in tattered garments clad, And

struggling up the mountain, it seemed that he was sad. His

back was heavy laden, his strength was almost gone; He

shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!"

* Capo V
2. The summer sun was shining, the sweat was on his brow,  
   His garments torn and dusty, his step was very slow.  
   Still he kept pressing onward, for he was wending home;  
   And he shouted as he journeyed, “Deliverance will come!”

   REFRAIN

3. The songsters in the arbor he passed along the way  
   Distracted his attention, inviting his delay.  
   His watchword being “Onward,” he stopped his ear and ran,  
   Still shouting as he journeyed, “Deliverance will come!”

   REFRAIN

4. I saw him in the evening, the sun was bending low,  
   He’d overtopped the mountain and reached the vale below.  
   He saw that holy city, his everlasting home;  
   And he shouted loud “Hosanna, Deliverance has come!”

   REFRAIN

5. While gazing on that city across the raging flood,  
   A band of holy angels came from the throne of God;  
   They bore him on their pinions across the raging foam,  
   And they joined him in his triumph, “Deliverance has come!”

   REFRAIN
WALKING ON
THE GREEN GRASS

Collected by Cecil Sharp in the southern Appalachian mountains.

Graceful and legato  \( J. = 84 \)

AMERICAN FOLK SONG
Arranged by George Emlen

Gm(Em)*

REFRAIN

We go walking on the green grass, thus, thus,

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

* Capo III
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 \( \textit{j}=92 \)

\textbf{VERSE: SOLO OR UNISON}

\begin{align*}
\text{F(D)*} & \quad \text{Gm(Em)} & \quad \text{Bb(G)} & \quad \text{Gm(Em)} & \quad \text{C(A)} \\
\text{F(D)} & \quad \text{Gm(Em)} & \quad \text{Bb(G)} & \quad \text{F(D)} & \quad \text{C(A)} & \quad \text{F(D)}
\end{align*}

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

father's father wore it, and your father wore it too.

\textbf{CHORUS: HARMONY}

\begin{align*}
\text{F(D)} & \quad \text{C(A)} & \quad \text{F(D)} & \quad \text{C(A)} & \quad \text{F(D)} & \quad \text{C(A)} & \quad \text{F(D)} & \quad \text{C(A)} \\
\text{F(D)} & \quad \text{Bb(G)} & \quad \text{C(A)} & \quad \text{F(D)}
\end{align*}

Hal-an-tow jolly rumble o! We were

up long before the day o To welcome in the

\*Capo III
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 \( j = 92 \)

**CANADIAN FOLK SONG**

*Arranged by George Emlein*

```plaintext
Oh, fare you well my own true love, Oh, fare you well my dear; For the ship lies awaiting and the wind blows free, And
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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 \( \frac{d}{= 54} \)

\( F(D)^* \)

\( \text{IRISH SONG} \)

\( \text{Arranged by Jerome Epstein} \)

\( Bb(G) \quad F(D) \quad Bb(G) \quad F(D) \)

* Capo III
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**