

English Traditional Songs. Volume II

Numéro d'inventaire : 2011.01234.2

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Type de document : imprimé divers

Éditeur : British Broadcasting Corporation

Imprimeur : Imp. ERCE

Inscriptions :

- marque : English by Radio : Teaches The World
- logo : globe terrestre
- lieu d'impression inscrit : 17, faubourg du Temple, Paris Xe

Matériau(x) et technique(s) : papier

Description : Feuille double.

Mesures : hauteur : 24 cm ; largeur : 24 cm (dimensions de la feuille)

Notes : Contient : Old King Kole ; Loch Lomond ; Sir Eglamore ; The Bluebells of Scotland ; I Married a Wife ; The Oak and the Ash ; Polly Oliver ; Rio Grande ; The Girl I left Behind me ; The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington ; John Peel ; Hey Ho, the Morning Dew ; The Three Crows ; What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor?

Mots-clés : Musique, chant et danse

Anglais

Utilisation / destination : enseignement ; chant

Élément parent : 2011.01234

Autres descriptions : Langue : anglais

Nombre de pages : non paginé

Commentaire pagination : 4 p.



ENGLISH TRADITIONAL SONGS

ETS 2 - VOL. II, Sung by STANLEY RILEY and BRENDA CLEATHER

PART ONE

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now ev'ry fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
Three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare,
With the sound of our harmony.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his harpers three.
Now ev'ry harper had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he;
Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper,
Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
Three merry men are we,
For there's none so rare as can compare,
With the sound of our harmony.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his pipers three
Now ev'ry piper had a fine pipe,
And a very fine pipe had he;
Tootle, tootle too, tootle too, went the piper,
Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper,
Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
Three merry men are we,
For there's none so rare as can compare,
With the sound of our harmony.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his drummers three.

Now ev'ry drummer had a fine drum,
And a very fine drum had he,
Rub-a-dub, a dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummer,
Tootle, tootle too, tootle too, went the piper,
Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper,
Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
Three merry men are we,
For there's none so rare as can compare,
With the sound of our harmony.

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

CHORUS: Oh ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Tho' the woeful may cease frae their greeting.

CHORUS: Oh ye'll tak'..

SIR EGLAMORE

Sir Eglamore, that valiant knight,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
He took up his sword and went for to fight.
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
And as he rode o'er hill and dale,
All armed with a coat of mail,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,

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There starts a huge dragon out of his den,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
Which had killed I know not how many men,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
But when he sees Sir Eglamore,
If you had heard how that dragon did roar,
Fa, la, la, la, Fa la lanky down dilly.

This dragon had a plaguey hard hide,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
Which could the strongest steel abide;
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
But as the dragon yawning did fall,
He thrust his sword down hilt and all.
Fa, la, la, la, Fa la lanky down dilly.

The dragon laid him down and roared,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
The knight was sorry for his sword;
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
The sword it was a right good blade,
As ever Turk or Spaniard made.
Fa, la, la, la, Fa la lanky down dilly.

When all was done to the ale-house he went,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
And presently his tuppence was spent,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
He was so hot with fighting the dragon,
That nought could quench his thirst but a flagon.
Fa, la, la, la, Fa la lanky down dilly.

Well now let us pray for the King and the Queen,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
And eke in London that may be seen,
Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
As many knights and as many more,
And all as good as Sir Eglamore:
Fa, la, la, la, Fa la lanky down dilly.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Oh! where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh! where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,
And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell,
And it's oh! in my heart I love my laddie well.

Oh! what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh! what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I love my Highland lad.

Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

I MARRIED A WIFE

I married a wife, O then! O then!
I married a wife, O then!
I married a wife she's the plague of me life,
And I long'd to be single again.

CHORUS: Again, and again, again, again,
Again, and again, again,
I married a wife she's the plague of me life,
And I long'd to be single again.

My wife she died, O then! O then!
My wife she died, O then!
My wife she died, and I laugh'd till I cried:
I was glad I was single again.

CHORUS: Again, and again...
My wife she died, and I laugh'd, till I cried:
I was glad I was single again.

I went to the funeral then! O then!
I went to the funeral then!
The band it did play, and I danced all the way,
With joy to be single again.

CHORUS: Again, and again...
The band it did play, and I danced all the way,
With joy to be single again.

But I married another, O then! O then!
I married another, O then!
I married another far worse than the other,
And I long'd for the old one again.

CHORUS: Again, and again...
I married another far worse than the other,
And I long'd for the old one again.

THE OAK AND THE ASH

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 bitterly she cried,
I wish once again in the north I could be.

CHORUS: Oh! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay;
The merry bells ring and the birds sweetly sing,
And the fields and the gardens pleasant and gay.

CHORUS: Oh! the oak...

No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease,
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come;
But whom I wed must be north-country bred,
And carry me back to my north-country home.

CHORUS: Oh! the oak...

PART TWO

POLLY OLIVER

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
A sudden, strange fancy came into her head;
Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove!
I'll enlist for a soldier and follow my love!

So early next morning she softly arose,
And dress'd herself up in her dead brother's clothes;
She cut her hair close and she stain'd her face brown,
And went for a soldier to fair London town.

Then up spake the sergeant one day at his drill:
"Now who's good for nursing? a Captain lies ill."
"I'm ready," said Polly: to nurse him she's gone,
And finds 'tis her true love all wasted and wan.

The first week the doctor kept shaking his head:
"No nursing, young fellow, can save him," he said.
But when Polly Oliver had nursed back his life,
He cried, "You have cherish'd him as if you were his wife!"

Oh then Polly Oliver she burst into tears,
And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears;
And very soon after, for better for worse,
The Captain took joyfully, his pretty soldier nurse!

RIO GRANDE

SOLO: I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

CHORUS: Oh, Rio, I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Then a-way, love, away, way down Rio,
So fare ye well, my pretty young gel,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing goodbye to Sally, and goodbye to Sue,

CHORUS: Oh, Rio,
And you who are listening, goodbye to you,
And we're bound, etc.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I left behind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their sil'ry light,
When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp;
Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
And bring me safely back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

There was a youth, and a well beloved youth,
And he was the squire's son,
He loved the Bailiff's daughter dear,
Who lived in Islington.

But she was coy and never would,
On him her heart bestow
'Till he was sent to London town
Because he loved her so.

When seven long years had passed away
She put on mean attire,
And she went off to London town,
About him to enquire.

And as she went along the road,
Through weather hot and dry,
She rested on a grassy bank,
And her love came riding by.

"Give me a penny, thou prentice good,
And help a maid for lorn!"
"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born."

"Oh I was born at Islington."
"Then tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of that place."
"She died, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some distant land,
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side!
She's here, alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be thy bride!"

JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break o' the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?