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Scrow Day

Dm C Dm


C Dm C


Dm C Dm


Chorus Dm C Dm C Dm


Oi, morning be miserable dull,
 Mist hangs along down like a veil;
 And most like our Hereford bull,
 The fog-horn be blaring to Chale.

Chorus:
 It's a scrow day, it's a scrow day.

The sky is all grey overhead
 - Not a sign to be seen of its blue -
 The hedges look so they were dead,
 And cattle crowd into the lee.

Chorus.

No light seems to come from the sky.
Where peewits cry plaintively shrill.
Rooks flap along lazily by
- All Nature lies sullen and still.

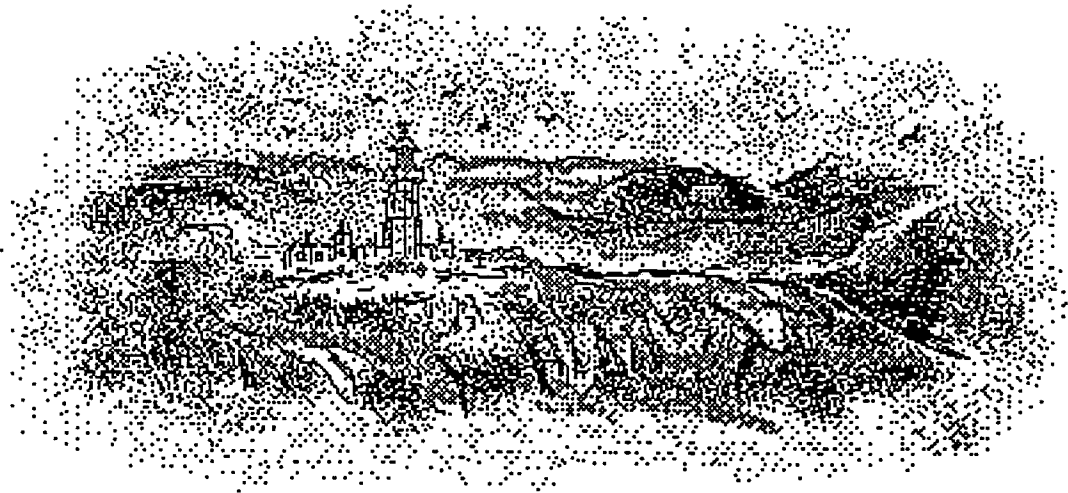
Chorus.

The ruts in the lane be that deep,
And teams sweat and strain as they go,
While carters trudge, well-nigh asleep,
As wagons draw heavy and slow.

Chorus.

The sky and the land and the sea,
Most every thing seems to be grey.
Not a bird chirps in hedge-row or tree
- For sure 'tis a proper scrow day.

Chorus.



The Widow

The musical score for 'The Widow' is written in treble clef, D major, and 6/8 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a D chord. The second staff ends with an A chord. The third staff has D and G chords. The fourth staff has D and A chords. The fifth staff has D, A, and D chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Keziah! Anna Mary! Come here you silly sluts,
I'll have my house kept tidy - No answers and no 'buts.'
What! Scoured up that saucepan. Well, do it once again.
Call that a proper cleaning! *With smears on the window pane,*
With smears on the window pane.
The oven door left open! Keziah, I'll be bound -
Seems now-a-days a missus needs to always chivvy round -
I'll have no dust in corners, no rust nor slops of wet,
I'm farmer Sibbick's missus - *and don't you maids forget,*
And don't you maids forget.

Well, Venner's George, what be it? Don't stand there like a fool,
Mumchance, as if I'd asked you a poser for the school.
Here! hands off my clean table - they're well nigh black as coal.
What! want the vet in Newport - *So Nancy's dropped her foal -
So Nancy's dropped her foal.*
If you can't tend to horses, why man you just can shunt,
You ain't no good to me, George, I'll tell thee so and blunt.
I'll waste no hard earned money on a stuck up Newport vet,
I'm farmer Sibbick's missus - *and don't you men forget,
And don't you men forget .*

Leer! bread and cheese you're wanting? 'Tis always nammet time,
I know, with you young slaabacks. Here! Mind that tub of lime,
Just slaked to white the skillen - No! Beer's for men, my son,
Spring water's drink for nippers - *There! See what you have done,
There! See what you have done.*
A harling up the knittles, you buffle - headed lout.
Hike off to Fourteen Acre - and mind what you're about;
But first tell Jem in the garden I want those taters set.
I'm Farmer Sibbick's missus - *and don't you boys forget,
And don't you boys forget.*

You do your best. I know it. There don't you mind my tongue,
My heart be right towards you. Lord! I was sweet and young
When I took up with Sibbick, nigh forty year agone -
Left twenty years a widow *to work the farm alone,*
To work the farm alone.
And not a son to help me - Lord! When I lost my Ned
It most seemed that dark winter, my blessed heart stopped dead.
Sure, when hoped up and lonesome, within my parlour shed,
I'm just your poor wold missus, *God help her! Don't forget,
God help her! Don't forget.*

Recruiting Sergeant

Capo 7

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a C#m chord and contains four measures. The second staff continues with D, A7, and E7 chords, ending with a first ending bracket labeled '1. A'. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and begins with a second ending bracket labeled '2. A', followed by Am, Dm, and Am chords. The fourth staff continues with Dm, Am, and E7 chords. The fifth staff continues with Am, Dm, Am, and Dm chords. The sixth staff continues with F and E7 chords. The seventh staff concludes the piece with an E7 chord.

I chanced to be in Newport town
 -'Twas on a market day -
 And over right to 'Rose and Crown'
 I met a sergeant gay.
 His hair was oiled, his cap atop
 Was bunched with ribbons fine;
 His coat was laced, his trousers faced
 Each side with a red line.

Chorus:

'None of your blood and war for me -
 I'll bide at home I vow.
 Cuckoo,' says I, 'Go to, say I -
 I'll stick to my master's plough.'

Shouts he, a striding up and down,
A gorgeous sight to see,
'Stroll up, my lucky lads, stroll up,
And join our grand army.'
'Times be bad,' says I. Says he,
'Twill be the very thing:
So, if you are willing, take the shilling,
And serve our gracious King.'
Chorus.

'Not me, my sergeant gay,' says I,
'To fight I don't know how,
With sword and gun and such like fun -
I'd rather follow plough.'
'There's glory and renown,' says he.
'Maybe,' says I, 'for you.
Chance I fear, with all their gear,
I might get hurted too.'
Chorus.

'There's gold to get and loot to sell.'
Says I, 'I might get sold:
Best stop I vow and mind my plough
Than be a soldier bold.
'With swords and guns I'm not acquaint,
I'd rather use a zool.
'Taint in my way, my sergeant gay;
Go - try another fool.
Chorus.



Summer

F Bb C7 F Bb

C7 F Bb Dm

C Bb F C7

F Bb C7

F Bb C7 F

Now fields be green and skies be fair,
 Coo doves around their dwelling,
 The hum of bees be in the air:
 In ear the corn be swelling.
 All Nature wide
 Through Summertide
 Of future plenty tellen,
Of future plenty tellen.



Above the swallows dart and turn;
 In cypse the magpies chitter;
 Whiles nigh their nest of bent and fern
 The game chicks cheep and twitter.
 They are fairly zote
 As mother stoat,
 Steals by to seek her litter,
Steals by to seek her litter.

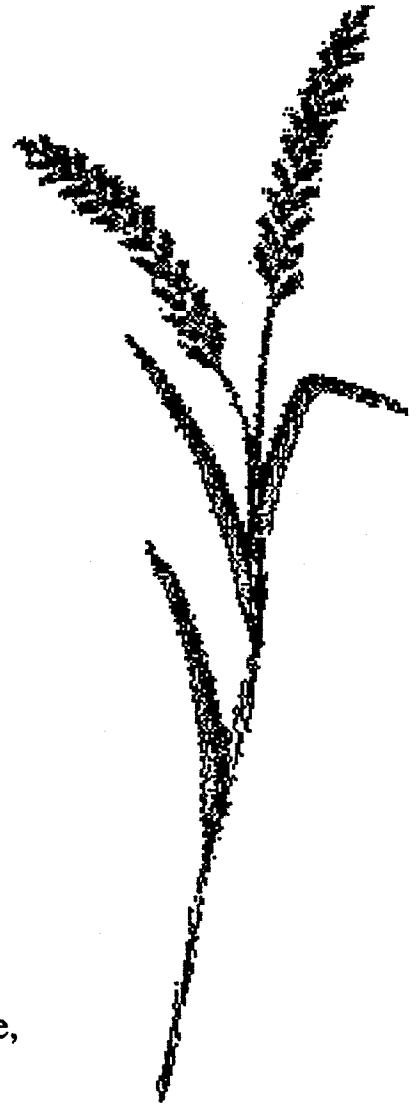
Neath sky that's one girt roof of blue
The ripened grasses feather.
Swish-o, Swish-o, the scythes sweep through
And swathe lines grow and gather.
Then stones sing blythe
Along the scythe
The song of harvest weather,
The song of harvest weather.

Now pretty maids, with buzy tongue,
Bunch meadow-sweet and mallow
Beside the stream, all overhung
With bramble bush and willow,
Where moorhens dash
And dip and splash
Through spire and pool and shallow,
Through spire and pool and shallow.

When day has drawn to eventide
Young couples 'gin to wander:
With tender snoodlen side by side
They through the lanes meander,
Or hand in hand
All mumchance stand,
Like silly goose and gander,
Like silly goose and gander.

Thro' warm still nights, with trusting love,
Green things pursue their growing.
Dews fresh the earth, and stars above
- Bright angel lamps - be glowing.
Sings nightingale
In lynch and vale,
Her song like water flowing,
Her song like water flowing.

Music : J. Killington + D. Williams



Newtown Randy

Musical score for "Newtown Randy" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. Chords G, D, and C are indicated above the first three measures. The second staff continues the melody with chords D, G, and Bm. The third staff features chords C, G, Em, D, and Em. The fourth staff concludes the piece with chords D and Em.

I bunched some flowers big as a plate,
And dressed me up so dandy o,
To meet my maid by her mammy's gate
And away to Newtown Randy o,
And away to Newtown Randy o.

If anyone had flouted she,
Reckon I'd have tanned him o:
The folk they fairly stared at we
A walking to the Randy o,
A walking to the Randy o.



I bought her a proper parasol -
Happen she'll find it handy o,
Chance sun do shine or rain do fall
Goin' to Newtown Randy o,
Goin' to Newtown Randy o.

I bought her ribbons and ginger cake,
Laces and sugar candy o;
We danced away till our legs did ache
For sure at Newtown Randy o,
For sure at Newtown Randy o.

We saw the dwarf and a proper play,
And a learned pig called Andy o.
We saw most everything that day
There was at Newtown Randy o,
There was at Newtown Randy o.

Last she gave in. 'Come take my arm
With your pretty handy-pandy o.
Snoodle 'gainst me and I'll keep you warm
Way back from the Randy o,
Way back from the Randy o.'

We lingered most by every stile
Like loving goose and gandy o.
I hugged her every quarter mile
Coming from Newtown Randy o,
Coming from Newtown Randy o.

I'm a grandfer nigh on four score years,
My back and legs be bandy o.
She's sitting there in the chimney chair -
The maid I took to the Randy o,
The maid I took to the Randy o.

Man O' War

The musical score consists of five staves of music in 4/4 time, written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The chords are indicated above the notes:

- Staff 1: Cm, Bb, Cm, Bb, Cm
- Staff 2: Ab, Cm, Bb, Cm, Ab
- Staff 3: Gm, Ab, Gm, Cm, Gm, Cm, Gm
- Staff 4: Cm, Bb, Cm, Chorus, Bb
- Staff 5: Ab, Gm, Cm

'Twas down in yonder meadows I carelessly did stray,
 Where I beheld a lady fair with some young sailor gay;
 Says he, 'My lovely Susan, I soon must leave the shore
 To cross the briny ocean in a British man o' war.'

Chorus:

Man of war, oh man of war, man of war, oh man of war.

Then Susan fell to weeping: 'Oh sailor,' she did say,
 'How can you be so venturesome, and throw yourself away?
 For when that I am twenty-one I shall receive my store,-
 Jolly sailor do not venture in a British man o' war.'

Chorus.

'Oh Susan, lovely Susan, the truth to you I'll tell,
The British flag's insulted, and England knows it well;
I may be crowned with laurels, so like a jolly tar
I'll face the walls of China in a British man o' war.'

Chorus.

'But Susan, lovely Susan, the time will quickly pass,
So come down to the ferry house and take a parting glass;
My shipmates they are waiting to row me from the shore,
And sail for England's glory in a British man o' war.'

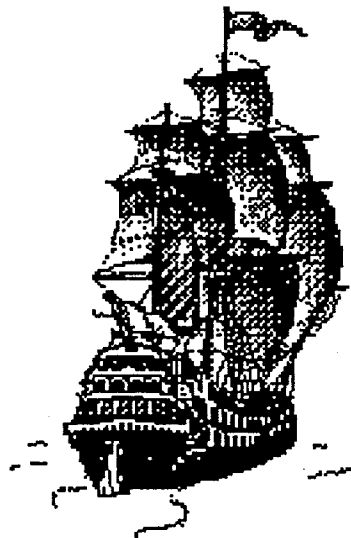
Chorus.

The sailor took his handkerchief and cut it fair in two,
Saying, 'Susan keep one half for me, I'll do the same for you;
The bullets may surround me, and the cannons loudly roar,
But I'll fight for fame and Susan in a British man o' war.'

Chorus.

A few more words together, her love let go her hand,
His shipmates launched their boat and rowed so merrily from land;
The sailor waved his handkerchief when far away from shore,
Pretty Susan blessed her sailor in a British man o' war.

Chorus.



Winter

D G D A7

D Bm F#m Bm Dm

Bm F#m Bm G

D A

D G D A7 D

D G D A7 D

The sluggard wakes with many a yawn,
 Frost stars the window pane a.
 Sure gettin' up in winter dawn
 Is a sleepy sluggards bane a.
 While Kezzie 'way to cowhouse trips,
 With ankles trim and neat a,
So tight Jack Frost her fingers grips
She scarce can draw the teat a. (x2)

The wagon horses step along
The roads all white with rime a,
While Jem the carter cracks his thong
And hames bells ring a chime a.
Will Shepherd whistles up his dogs
And seeks the lambing ewes a;
*His master way to market jogs
To learn the latest news a. (x2)*

The jolly huntsman mounts his horse
And leaves his home and wife a.
Sly Reynard breaks for furzy gorse:
Yo-oi, we'll have his life a
The sportsman reaches for his gun:
'Let's try the marsh for duck a,
*And chance some snipes afore we have done -
If we have any luck a.'* (x2)

When daylight sinks along the West
'Tis time no more to roam a.
Give over, we have done our best -
So, hey, my boys, for home a.
Ay, there it is, at end of lane,
The home we dearly love a.
*See, fire-light bivers thro' the pane
And chimney smokes above a. (x2)*

Fling on a log. Draw to a cheer.
Come, let's be snug and warm a.
Fill up the glass, away with care,
Shut out the cold and storm a.
So let our voices merry sound
With song and tale and jest a.
*Then, filling up a final round,
Toss off - and so to rest a. (x2)*

My Maid

D C D

C D C

D C D G

Am G Am

D C Em D Em

Chorus G D

C G

Am Em Am Em

I plucked a tutty the other day
From off our flower knot:
Shiny aster, marigolds,
And more I've clean forgot;
And when twas bunched I tied them round
With spire from off the marsh
And waited overright the stile
Down by the barley ash.

Chorus:

The maid I love be Island born
- Same as I do be -
Might search the Wight from end to end
To find the like of she, to find the like of she.

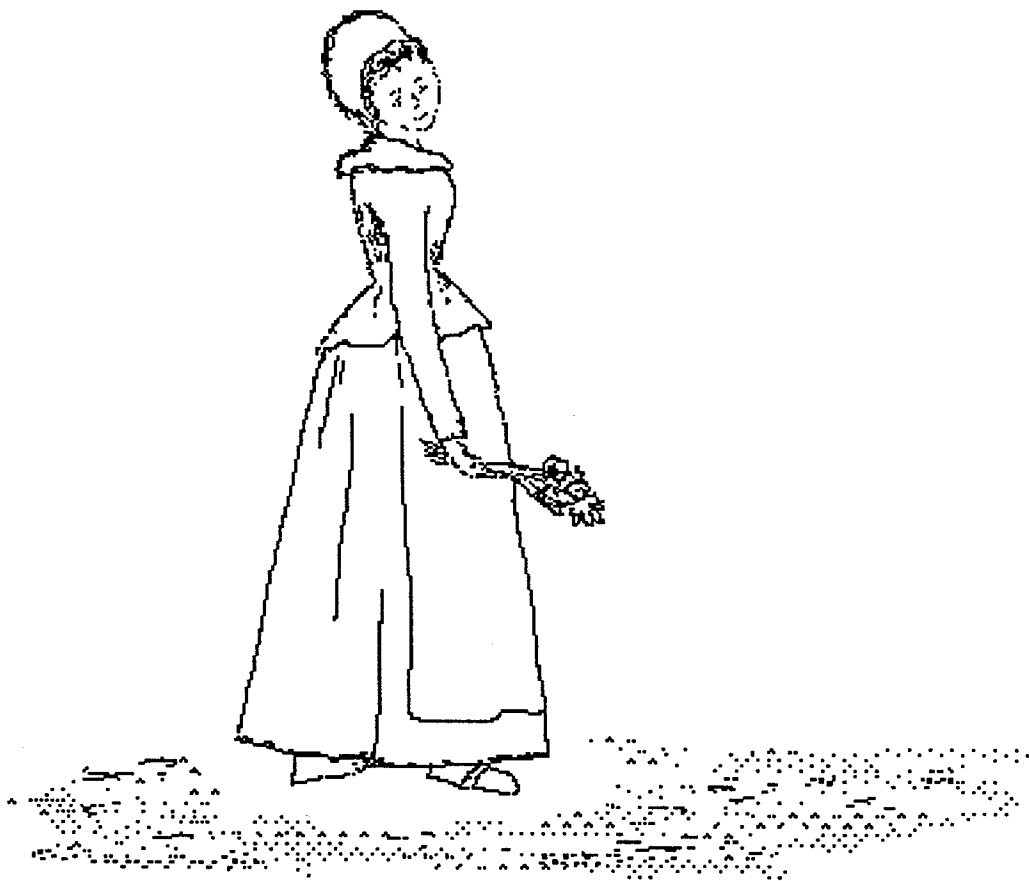
But when she came all I could say
Was, 'Morning you - Fine day' -
Sure they were not the thoughts I had,
Nor what I meant to say.
For bothered, when she looks at me
With eyes so blue and bright,
My talk is all harled up - somehow
I cannot get it right.

Chorus.

Sometimes I shut my eyes and think
I see her standing there,
A dainty maid for sure - I'll try
And draw her picture here.
Her eyes be blue as fairy bells
That blow along the lane.
Her smile is just the April sun
A-shining after rain.

Chorus.

Her cheeks they match the apple bloom:
Her mouth a rosebud be;
Her ears seem like those tiddley shells
You find beside the sea.
Her breast be the same when drifted snow
Lies wreathed along the down -
I can see the dimples in her neck
A-peeping through her gown.
Chorus.



Her voice coos soft as turtle doves
When summer hours run.
Her hair gleams like the golden corn
A-rippling in the sun.
Her laugh most minds me of the brook
That splashes through the moor.
Her breath comes sweet as milking time
Within the stable door.

Chorus.

Her hands be rosy, dainty things -
Could hold them in my one.
Her lips - sure if I tell you more,
I never shall have done.
Maybe you want to know her name?
That's telling, don't you see -
She's just the sweetest maid in Wight,
The only maid for me.

Chorus.



Shickshack Day

Musical score for "Shickshack Day" in E-flat major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff has a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. Chord symbols Eb, Bb, Cm, and Eb are placed above the notes.

The twenty-ninth of May
Is Shickshack Day,
So mount you oak my boys and give
A hip hooray!

Chorus:

Wold winter's gone away
- For Summer comes in May -
So every one might joyful be
On Shickshack Day.



'Twas after Worcester fray,
Where Cromwell gained the day,
King Charles he rode for safety with
A hip hooray!

Chorus.

Oi you, shout for they
Who's helped King Charles away
And hid him in an oaken tree
On Shickshack Day.

Chorus.

The knave who won't obey
And sport his oak today,
We'll tweak him and we'll towse him with
A hip hooray!

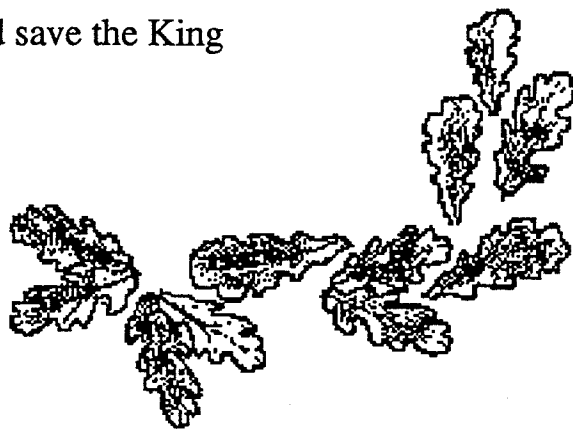
Chorus.

Here's to Prenderel and Lane
And pretty Missus Jane,
Who saved the King for England
On Shickshack Day.

Chorus.

So join in, no nay,
'Tis Shickshack Day,
And with us sing God save the King
With hip hooray!

Chorus.



Shrove Song

Em

D Em

Chorus

D Em D Em

D Em

D Em D Em

A sale, a sale in our town;
The cup is white, and the ale is brown;
The cup is made from the ashen tree;
And the ale is brewed from the good barley.

Chorus:
Cake and ale, cake and ale
A piece of cake and a cup of ale
We'll sing merrily one and all
For a piece of cake and a cup of ale.

Little maid, little maid, troll the pin,
Open the door and we'll all fall in
Give us a cake and some ale that's brown
And we don't care a fig for the sale in the town.
Chorus.

Then John he arose, and to the door goes,
And he tirded, and he tirded at the pin;
The lass she took the hint, and to the door went
And she let, oh she let her true love in.
Chorus.



Polly Oliver

The musical score for "Polly Oliver" is written in 3/4 time on a single treble clef staff. It consists of five lines of music. Above the staff, chord symbols are placed above specific notes: C, G, C, D, G, D, G, F, G, C, F, C, G, C, F, C, G, C. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some beamed eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

One night as Polly Oliver lay dozing in bed,
A comical fancy came into her head;
"No father nor mother shall make me false prove,
I'll enlist for a soldier and follow my love,"
With coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and a sword by her side,
Her father's black gelding as a dragoon she did ride.

She rode till she came to fair London town,
Where she put up her horse at the sign of the Crown;
When who should be there - in truth just come in,
But her true love, the captain, who tried her to win.
“Good even to you, my bold captain,” she cried,
“I’ve a letter from Polly, your joy and your pride.”

When he opened the letter, a guinea he found,
For he and his comrades to drink Polly’s health round;
And supper being over, Polly hung down her head,
And called for a candle to light her to bed;
When up spoke the captain, “I’ve a bed at my ease,
And you may lie with me, countryman, if you please.”

“To lie with a captain is a dangerous thing,
But I’m a new soldier come to fight for the king,
And we must obey orders by sea and by land,
And as you are my captain I’ll obey your command.”
So the captain and Polly together they lied,
And little thought he who it was by his side.

So early next morning Polly Oliver arose,
And dressed herself neat in her maidenly clothes;
And cried, when the captain came down from above,
“Look! Here stands your Polly, your joy and your love,”
“Now welcome, my Polly, I’ll make you my wife,
And we’ll live happy together all the days of our life.”

Little Cappender

The musical score for "Little Cappender" is written in 3/4 time and consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, and then eighth notes B4, C5, D5, E5, and F5. Above the staff are the chords F, C, and F. The second staff continues the melody with a dotted quarter note G4, eighth notes A4 and B4, quarter notes C5 and D5, eighth notes E5 and F5, and a half note G4. Above the staff is the chord C7. The third staff starts with a dotted quarter note G4, eighth notes A4 and B4, quarter notes C5 and D5, eighth notes E5 and F5, and a half note G4. Above the staff are the chords F, Bb, and C. The fourth staff begins with a repeat sign, followed by eighth notes G4 and A4, quarter notes B4 and C5, eighth notes D5 and E5, quarter notes F5 and G4, eighth notes A4 and B4, quarter notes C5 and D5, eighth notes E5 and F5, and a half note G4. Above the staff are the chords F, Dm, C, and F. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

“I’ll sing you a new song, that lately has been made,
'Tis of a little cappender, and of a pretty maid.
I have a fancy for you, you goes so neat and trim;
But oh, the little cappender, what will become of him?
But oh, the little cappender, what will become of him?

The first was a farmer, and he could plough and sow;
He said, ‘My pretty fair maid, I’m come to let you know
I have a fancy for you, you goes so neat and trim;
But oh, the little cappender, what will become of him?
But oh, the little cappender, what will become of him?’

The next was a wold man come hopen in the dark;
He said, 'My dearest jewel, 'tis you have won my heart;
I have a fancy for you, you goes so neat and trim;
But oh, the little capper, what will become of him?
But oh, the little capper, what will become of him?

The next was a blacksmith that comes from Newtown fair,
He gave her his gold watch, and a little of his store,
He gave her his silk handkercher all for to put it in,
Saying, 'Oh, the little capper, what will become of him?'
Saying, 'Oh, the little capper, what will become of him?'

'I'll work with my broad axe, as long as I can wag,
And all the money I can get, I'll put it in the bag,
I'll put it in my bag, until Saturday at night,
And 'tis oh, my little capper, you be my heart's delight,
And 'tis oh, my little capper, you be my heart's delight.'

