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# Sayings Song

C Dm C Dm C Dm C G C

C F C F

G C Chorus F G

C F G C

*Chorus:*

When St. Catherine wears a cap  
Then all the Island wears a hat. (repeat both lines)

One magpie sorrow, two magpies mirth,  
Three magpies joy, four magpies birth.  
A rainbow by night is the shepherd's delight,  
A rainbow in the morning is a shepherd's warning.

*Chorus.*

When the oak leaves come before the ash  
We shall only have a gentle splash.  
But when the ash is before the oak,  
Then England may expect a soak.

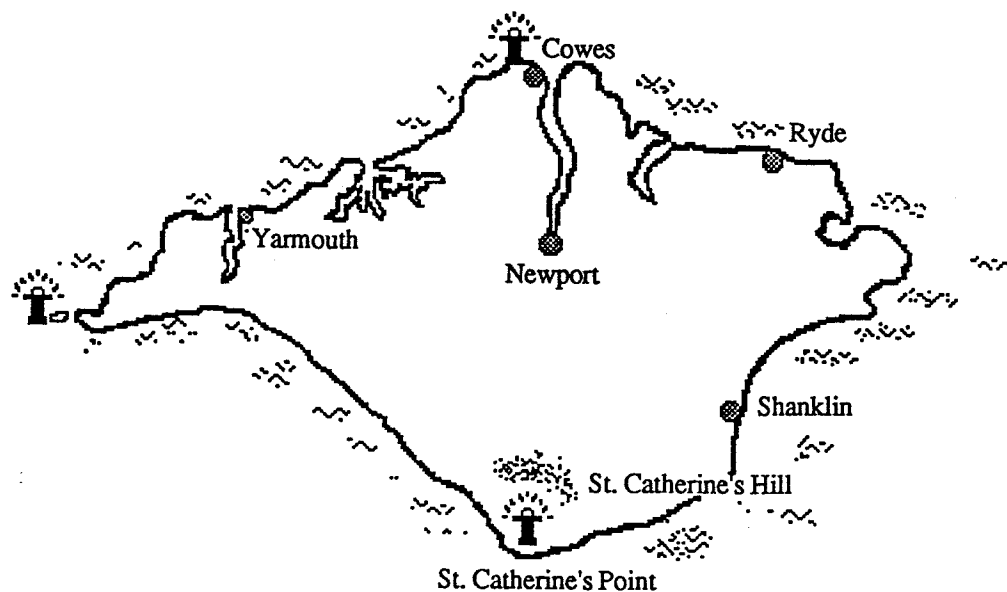
*Chorus.*

Mares' tails and a mackerel sky  
Not four and twenty hours dry.  
A mackerel sky and mares' tails  
Make lofty ships carry low sails.  
*Chorus.*

A Saturday moon's new, and a Sunday's full  
Never did no good, and never will.  
Evening red and morning grey  
Are sure signs of a fine day.  
*Chorus.*

When the wind is in the east  
'Tis good for neither man nor beast.  
But for the robin and the wren  
A spider would overcome a man.  
*Chorus.*

When the clay beats the sand  
Then 'tis merry England.  
When the sand beats the clay,  
Then, Old England, well a day.  
*Chorus.*



# Crossing the Bar

D G D

Verses 1&3 G Verses 2&4 G D G

C D G

Em Am D G

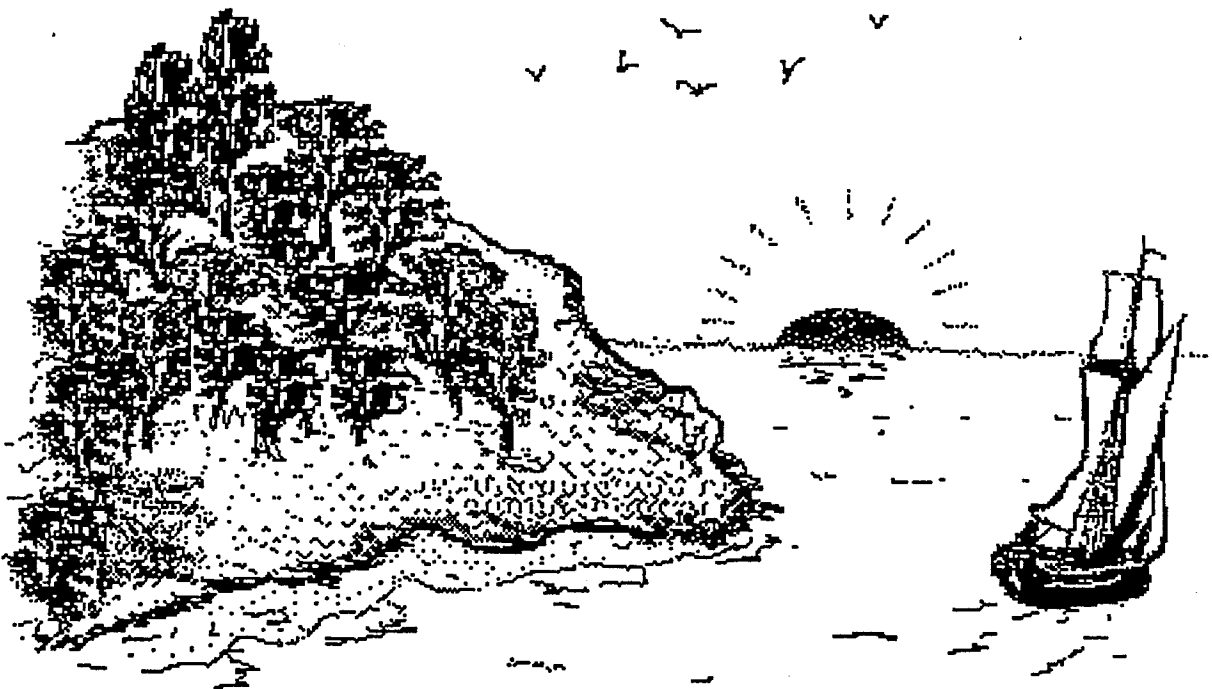
Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again for home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

*Tennyson*



# Spring

D G D A7

G D A7

G A7

D G D A7 D

Chorus G A7

D G D A7 D

I'm neither sick nor rich nor poor,  
- A jolly carter's mate I be -  
I whistle as I pass the door  
Where waits my maid expectantly,  
And crack my whip right lustily,  
While hames bells ring with silver tongue.  
'Wold winter's past, step cheerily -  
Come up, my horses, step along.'



*Chorus:*

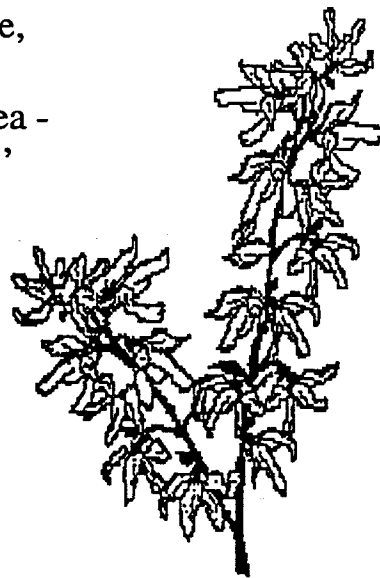
Spring! That's the time for me;  
When Nature's right and nothing's wrong;  
When the very air seems filled with glee -  
'Come up, my horses. Step along.'

Oh, Spring be here; there's signs for sure, -  
Green buds peep out in hedge and tree  
And through the meadow as of yore,  
The streamlet ripples merrily;  
While high above, a speck to see,  
A titty lark breaks into song:  
Would I could sing so sweet as he -  
'Come up, my horses. Step along.'

*Chorus.*

Grass springs again in marsh and moor  
And sunlight's over land and sea,  
While on the ledges 'long the shore  
The nesting doves coo lovingly.  
For Spring has come to gladden we,  
And summer soon will follow on  
With flowers bright in lynch and lea -  
'Come up, my horses. Step along.'

*Chorus.*



# Wilderness Fox

The musical score is written in D major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on D4 and moves through several eighth and quarter notes. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a variety of note values including dotted notes. The third staff concludes the piece with a double bar line. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, Em, D, Bm, D, Bm, A, Em, Bm, A, Em, D.

In the bank where the alder grows over  
He was born the beginning of May,  
As stout a cub as ever broke cover  
To the tune of Yo-oi! Gone away,  
*To the tune of Yo-oi! Gone away.*

As a one-year-old he was a wonder,  
Right sure, when hounds rattled him out,  
To lead them, and never a blunder,  
Straight away and no dodging about,  
*Straight away and no dodging about.*

All danger and obstacles scorning,  
No matter how far he may roam,  
When you call on 'a fine hunting morning'  
You are certain to find him at home,  
*You are certain to find him at home.*

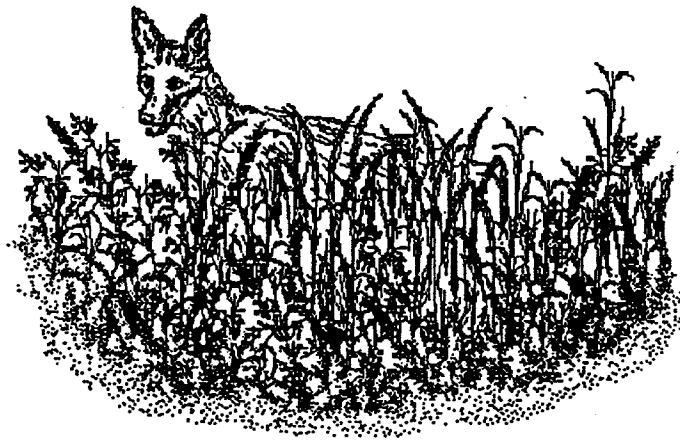


He's welcome to toll of the chickens -  
Who'll grudge him a pheasant or two? -  
For the sport he affords. 'Tis the dickens  
To live with him - even in view,  
*To live with him - even in view.*

I warrant for many a season  
He's shown us all plenty of fun.  
Ay! We love him, the rogue, for the reason  
He always affords us a run,  
*He always affords us a run.*

Good luck to the Wilderness cover  
And the fox to whom shelter it gives.  
Gad! Hunting will never 'give over'  
While one of his progeny lives,  
*While one of his progeny lives.*

A point - He can set you a stumper,  
Cridmoor to the Undercliff rocks.  
A toast - Here's to him in a bumper,  
'Our pilot the Wilderness Fox,'  
*Our pilot the Wilderness Fox.'*



# Carter's Mate

The musical score for 'Carter's Mate' is written in 3/4 time and consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature of 3/4. The melody starts on a C4 note and moves stepwise up to G4, then descends to E4, D4, and C4. The second staff continues the melody, starting on G4 and moving to A4, B4, and C5. The third staff concludes the piece, starting on F4 and moving to G4, A4, and B4. Chord markings are placed above the staves: 'C' above the first staff, 'G' and 'C' above the second staff, and 'F', 'C', 'G', and 'C' above the third staff.

Tho' I'm no but a carter's mate, you mind,  
And draw but ten shillings a week,  
I can whistle and sing and enjoy my life -  
And better I do not seek.

I stride alongside of my team so proud  
As a peacock bird in June,  
With a crack of my whip and a 'get-up-there'  
As the hames bells ring in tune.

And I love a maid - the prettiest maid  
That ever in Wight was born -  
She's one of the dainty, tiddley sort,  
Could put her two fists in my one.

I was a bit of a bashful lad  
When first I saw my maid.  
She looked so sweet and so tired like,  
'Do you want a ride?' I said.



Fuss and snigger? - she wasn't that sort -  
But 'I take it kind,' says she.  
I can see her perched on the overrods  
Like the Jenny Wren she be.

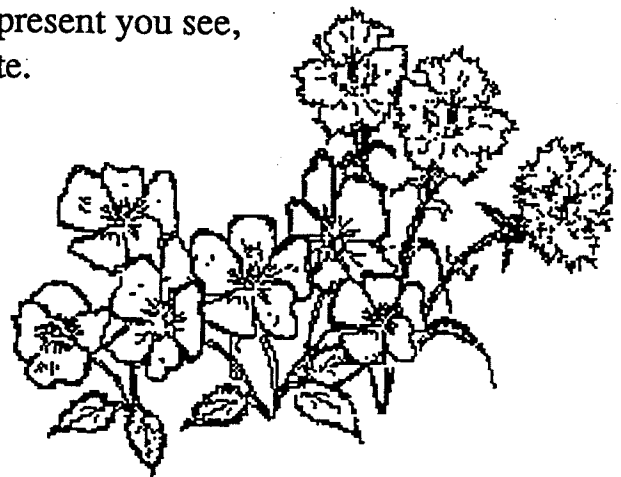
'Are you afraid of a little fly like me,  
You gurt big Dumbley Dore?'  
Then I caught her round the waist I did  
And kissed her lips for sure.

She snoodled against my side and said -  
A looking so sweet and shy -  
'I knew you'd never have found a tongue  
To tell the news to I.'

We gather together at nammet time -  
Time maids do meet the men -  
But when I'd talk of banns, she'd smile,  
'That might be - anywhen.'

'Tis somewhen, Jenny Wren, for sure,  
A cottage we shall have  
With a flower knot auver-right the door  
With pinks and pansies gay.'

So I whistle and sing as blithe as can be, -  
Though I reckon us two must wait  
Till a carter I be - for at present you see,  
I'm no but a carter's mate.



# Christmas Party

The musical score for "Christmas Party" is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of seven staves of music. The chords used are Em, D, G, Bm, and D. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some dotted notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the final staff.

Chord progression for the first staff: Em, D, Em

Chord progression for the second staff: D, Em

Chord progression for the third staff: G

Chord progression for the fourth staff: (no chords indicated)

Chord progression for the fifth staff: Em, D, Em

Chord progression for the sixth staff: D, Bm, D, Bm

Chord progression for the seventh staff: D, Bm, Em, D, Em

'Morning, you! 'Tis fine today'  
Sure wind has blown the rain away.  
Oi we've done well this lambing time,  
And hay be up and roots be prime -  
I've come to ask all of ye  
To take your vittles along with we.  
There's rabbit pie and roasted teal,  
And figgy pudding thick with peel,  
And just about a breast of veal  
In oven now a baking!  
And missus' made a topping brew  
- Sure I've a tub of whiskey too  
Will last us most the winter through -  
To cheer our merry making.'

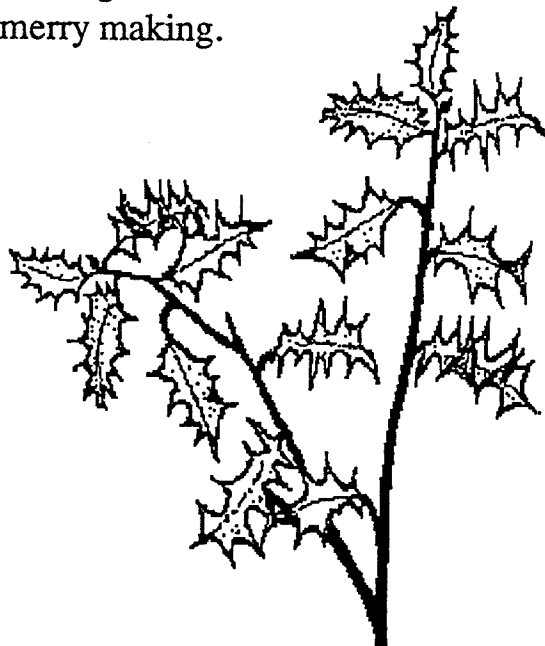
We settled down. Old George said grace,  
And then we did pitch in a pace.  
I reckon we made proper play  
With all the spread that Christmas Day.  
Soon 'Missus' farmer Chick did cry  
'Here's the bottom of your rabbit pie.'  
Then followed on the breast of veal,  
The ribs of beef, the roasted teal,  
The figgy pudding, thick with peel,  
All fairly round divided.  
We finished off with cheese and bread,  
White celery and beetroot red.  
Begob! It was a topping spread  
That Farmer Chick provided.



All done, we pushed the chairs away  
And started in for fun and play.  
Then Missus brought her famous brew  
As Farmer said she was allowed to do,  
And tongues got loose and eyes got bright,  
As ought to be on Christmas night.  
Grandfer caught old Missus Loe  
And kissed her under mistletoe,  
He did and wouldn't let her go.  
Lord! Didn't it surprise her.  
Then kiss within the ring began,  
The boys did catch, the girls did run -  
The smartest couple at the fun  
Were Sam and Serle's Eliza.

Then the Christmas boys came tumbling in  
With dance and talk and merry din.  
'Girt Head and Blunder,' starts the show  
And after him 'King George' you know;  
Next 'Father Christmas' and his wife,  
With broom and cudgel fair at strife.  
Then 'Noble Captain,' 'Turkish Knight'  
That most do give the maids a fright  
When he with brave 'King George' does fight -  
Each after the other coming'.  
Next 'Valiant Soldier,' 'Poor and Mean,'  
Then 'Doctor with his physics seen,  
Lastly 'Johnny Jack' so starved and lean  
'Twas proper Christmas mumming.

Then the farmer from his whiskey keg  
Gave all of them a middling peg;  
'Twill keep the dust down,' so he said,  
And never hurts your legs nor head.  
'Twas then the song and tale went round,  
The best of both, you may be bound.  
Last, Farmer set a dancing bout  
'Twixt Nat and Jan, the dancers stout;  
I reckon neither would give out,  
But keep their legs a shaking.  
Have done! We cried, the match be drawn,  
Else you might dance away till dawn.  
- Begob! I'll mind so long as I'm born  
Chick's Christmas merry making.



# Autumn

The musical score for 'Autumn' is written in 6/8 time and consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in a single line. Above the first staff is the chord 'Dm'. The second staff continues the melody, with a 'C' chord above it. The third staff continues the melody, with a 'Dm' chord above it. The fourth staff is labeled 'Chorus' and continues the melody, with a 'C' chord above it. The fifth staff continues the melody, with 'Dm' chords above it. The piece ends with a double bar line.

When days begin to shorten in,  
And leaves be turning brown,  
And gossamer with its fairy lace  
Does cover up the ground,  
And skies till now so clear and blue,  
With sullen rain clouds frown.

*Chorus:*

When apples fall, us knows for sure  
That autumn time be come.



When swallows have a-flitted south  
In search of warmth and sun,  
When hoar frost comes with early dawn  
And cubbing hay begun:  
Then all on farm right glad prepare  
For harvest work and fun.

*Chorus.*

From edge of down the Harvest moon  
Arises big and bright  
-Most like a golden grinding stone-  
And sheds a welcome light.  
While vixen calls at edge of copse  
And breaks the hush of night.

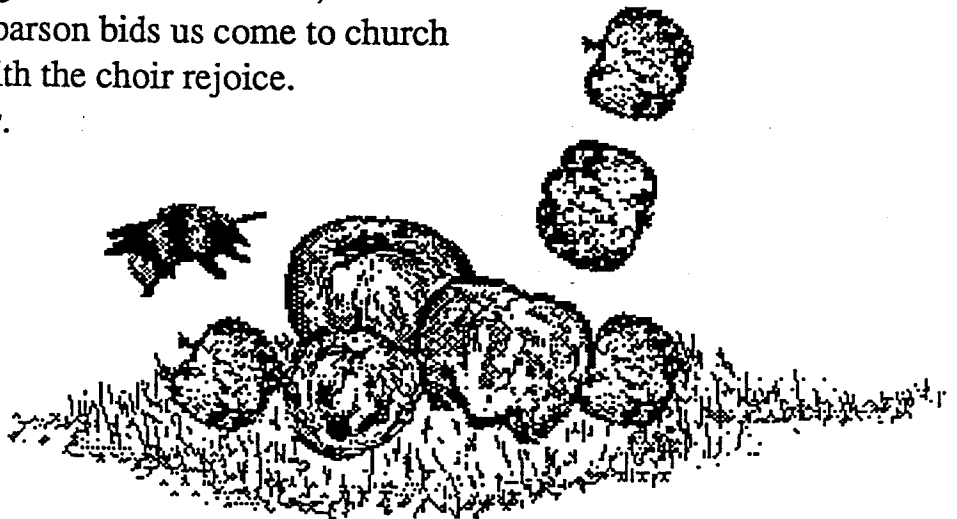
*Chorus.*

And then to Master's Harvest Home,  
To supper and to song.  
-A middling dido us kicks up  
When laughter's loud and long-  
And clean forgot be weather bad  
And smut and blight and wrong.

*Chorus.*

Oh, Spring and Summer might be fair  
And Winter has its joys,  
But 'tis for autumn's gathering  
We sing with thankful voice,  
When parson bids us come to church  
And with the choir rejoice.

*Chorus.*



# Forsaken

Musical score for the song "Forsaken". The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody consists of five lines of music. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, C, Dm, F, Dm, F, Dm, C, Dm. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I sit and think the livelong day:  
It haunts me waking, sleeping.  
Can nothing drive this dread away  
That's closer, closer creeping?  
Lord, help a maid  
By love betrayed  
- The love that ends in weeping.  
Forsaken.

I am no Nanny light-o'-love  
- 'Tis Heaven's truth, I swear it -  
This burden sore I cannot move,  
With him not here to share it.  
I'm all forlorn,  
With babe unborn,  
Have got alone to bear it.  
Forsaken.

I fell before his lying tongue  
- Woe's me! I loved him dearly -  
God's pity! I was bresh and young;  
I see it now most clearly.  
A silly child  
By love beguiled,  
A passing fancy merely.  
Forsaken.

And this that's fluttering in my breast,  
- The fruit of love forsaken -  
A 'wuzburd' called in cruel jest,  
Has mother's shame up-raken.  
Ah! Cruel woe!  
'Twere better so  
That both on us be taken.  
Forsaken.

Abroad I creep when day is done,  
So none can see my going.  
Through lane and lynch I wander on  
To where I met my ruin.  
Here by the stile  
I sit awhile  
And watch the water flowing.  
Forsaken.

The Voices.....Closer, closer, creep  
The waters.....None can see me.  
I come.....Kind river flowing deep,  
From this dread burden free me.  
With shame oppressed,  
Here's final rest.  
Ah - Mercy - God forgive me.  
Forsaken, forsaken.

# Drunken Maidens

The musical score consists of five staves of music in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The chords indicated above the staves are: F, Bb, F, C7, F; Bb, F, C7, F; Gm, Bb, C7; F, Bb, F, C7, F; Bb, F, C7, F.

There were three drunken maidens come from the Isle of Wight,  
 They drank from Monday morning or supped till Saturday night.  
 When Saturday night is come, me boys, they wouldn't then go out.  
 Oh, these three drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about,  
*Oh, these three drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.*

Then up comes rambling Sally, her cheeks as red as a bloom,  
 Move up you jolly sisters and give young Sally some room;  
 For I'll be your equal before that we go out.  
 Oh, these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.,  
*Oh, these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about,*

There's woodcock and pheasant, there's partridge and hare,  
There's all sorts of dainties, no scarcity was there.  
There's forty quarts of beer, me boys, they fairly drank them out,  
Oh, these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about,  
*Oh, these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.*

But up comes the landlord, he's asking for his pay,  
There's a forty pound bill, me boys, these girls are forced to pay,  
There's ten pounds a piece, me boys, but still they wouldn't go out.  
Oh, these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about,  
*Oh, these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.*

Oh, where are your feathered hats, your mantles rich and fine,  
They've all been a-swallowed up in tankards of good wine,  
And where are your maiden heads, you maidens brisk and gay?  
We left them in the ale house, we drank the clean away,  
*We left them in the ale house, we drank them clean away.*



# Home Harvest Evening

Em D

Em D

G Am G Am

G Am G

Chorus Em D Em D Em

G D Em D Em D Em

Here's a health unto our master,  
 The founder of the feast,  
 I hope with all my heart, boys,  
 His soul may be at rest,  
 That everything will prosper  
 That ever he takes in hand,  
 For we are all his servants,  
 And all at his command.

*Chorus:*

Then, drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill,  
For if you do, you shall drink two,  
If it is our master's will;  
For if you do, you shall drink two,  
If it is our master's will.

Here's a health unto our Mistress,  
Who brews for us good beer,  
She is an honest woman,  
And gives us all good cheer,  
For she is a good provider,  
Abroad as well as at home,  
Fill it up to the brim, and toss it off clean,  
For this is our Harvest Home.

*Chorus.*

Now harvest it is over,  
And summer it is past,  
We'll drink our Missus's health  
In a full and flowing glass;  
For she is a good woman,  
And gives us all good cheer,  
So come my brave boys,  
Let's all tip off our beer.

*Chorus.*



# Jolly Waggoner

The musical score for 'Jolly Waggoner' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. Above the staff, the chords D, Bm, D, and A are indicated. The second staff continues the melody with chords D, Bm, Em, and A. The third staff has chords G, D, G, and A. The fourth staff has chords D, A, and D. The fifth staff has chords G, D, A, and D. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

When first I went a waggoning,  
A waggoning did go,  
I filled my parents' hearts full,  
Of sorrow, grief, and woe;  
And many are the hardships  
That I have since gone through;

## *Chorus:*

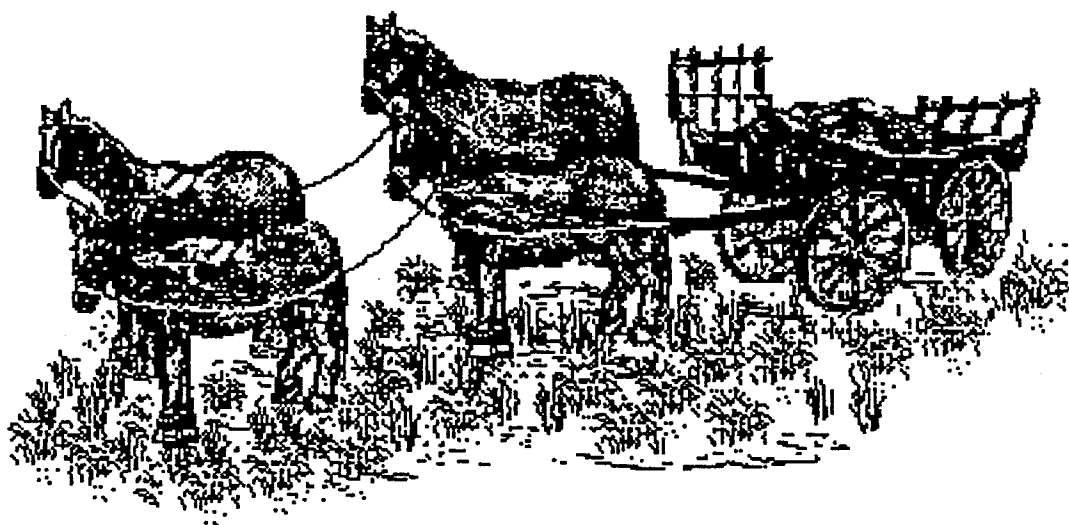
But sing woa, my lads - sing woa!  
Drive on my lads - I - o!  
There's none that lead such a merry life  
As the jolly waggoners do.



Now the night is cold and dark,  
And I'm wet through to the skin,  
But I'll bear it with contentment  
Till I get to my inn;  
And then I'll get a drinking  
With the landlord and his friends;  
*Chorus.*

The summer it is coming -  
What pleasure we shall see;  
The small birds are a singing  
On every bush and tree;  
And the blackbirds and the thrushes  
Are a whistling in the groves;  
*Chorus.*

Now Michaelmas is coming -  
What pleasures we shall find;  
It will make the gold to fly, my boys,  
Like chaff before the wind;  
And every lad shall take his lass  
And set her on his knee;  
*Chorus.*



# The Old Grey Hen



I sing about my old grey hen  
- The best the Island through -  
You wouldn't find her like, my boys,  
Wherever you might go.  
Oi, search you might through every farm,  
From Lee to Totland Bay,  
There's nothing to match with my grey hen  
That never lays away, that never lays away.

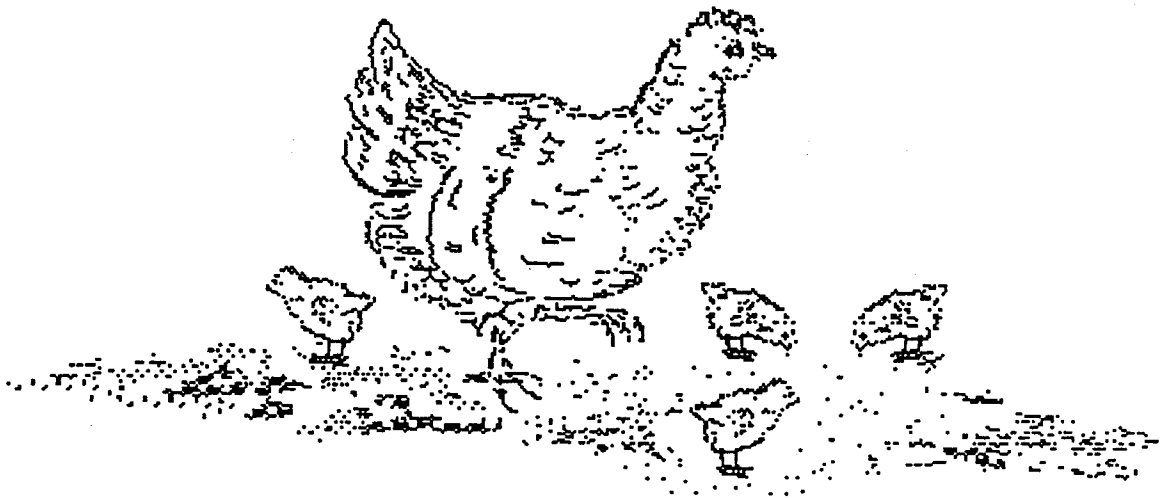
Her legs be clean; her feet be firm  
Her steps so neat and spry;  
Her feathers lie that thick and close,  
Not one of them awry;  
Her beak be yellow guinea gold;  
Her comb be gay and red;  
Her eye be bright; her breast be plump  
As Grandma's feather bed, as Grandma's feather bed.

She's never broody long, but sits  
As regular as the sun:  
I've known her cover fourteen eggs  
And hatch them - every one.  
She regularly breshes in the dew  
To help the peeping chicks.  
And eggs her don't forget to turn -  
Her's up to all the tricks, her's up to all the tricks.

She clucks so sweet and struts so proud  
With all her chickens round.  
Begob! She lifts her feet that high  
They scarcely touch the ground.  
And should a hawk or crow come nigh -  
Show hackle! That her do.  
And calls her brood within the coop  
As fast as they can go, as fast as they can go.

When try you do to feel her eggs,  
She seems to understand,  
And sits as gentle as a dove  
And never pecks your hand.  
But clucks so soft, as if to say,  
'I know what you're about.  
Sure, don't be fussing round those eggs,  
I'll hatch the bwoylen out, I'll hatch the bwoylen out.

Now that I've sung my little song  
I'm sure you'll all agree  
That this here old grey hen of mine's  
The best you're like to see.  
Oi, just the best man ever had  
- What more can mortal say?  
Here's to her then 'The old grey hen'  
That never lays away, that never lays away.'



# March of the Wight Men

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of six staves of music. The notes are primarily eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The chords are indicated above the notes: Gm, Bb, F, Gm, Bb, F, Gm, F, Gm, Eb, F, Eb, F, Eb, F, Gm, F, Gm, F, Gm.

Bright gleam the waters encircling our home,  
 Sparkling with sunshine, crested with foam.  
 Proud rise our cliffs in their towering height,  
 Clothed like a maid in their mantle of white.  
 True is our boast, as our annals can show,  
 Never has Wight man been worsted by foe.

*Chorus:*

Men of Wight, march in your might,  
 Men of Wight, march in your might,  
 Hearts will beat high when you strike for the right.

Snug lie our homesteads, unafraid of foes,  
Embowered in myrtle and fuchsia and rose.  
Sweet are our maidens and sturdy our sons,  
Fresh as the mead where the rivulet runs,  
Isle of our fathers, fertile and free,  
'Unwinnable Isle' of the narrowing sea.

*Chorus.*

Should foes ever threaten us, call ye to mind  
When the flag of the enemy was flung to the wind,  
How the Island men answered with weapon and shield  
And sternly refused at the battle to yield,  
But died in their harness - as Englishmen should -  
With face to the foe by that fatal dark wood.

*Chorus.*

March in good order, men of the Wight,  
Sons of the fathers who kept honour bright,  
Shoulder to shoulder, brother and son,  
Yeoman and craftsman, every one,  
Raising the strain of the Islanders' song  
Lustily as you go marching along.

*Chorus.*

