

Old English Songs. Popular
traditional Songs and Ballads,
revised, with new
Symphonies and
accompaniments by Osborne
[...]

Denton, Osborne. Compositeur. Éditeur scientifique. Old English Songs. Popular traditional Songs and Ballads, revised, with new Symphonies and accompaniments by Osborne Denton. 1917.

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OLD ENGLISH SONGS.



Popular Traditional Songs and Ballads,



Revised, with

New Symphonies & Accompaniments,

By

OSBORNE DENTON.

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 THE FARMER'S BOY.

Vol. VII. 14376

Oh! Rest Thee, Babe.

(OH SLUMBER, MY DARLING.)

Arranged by OSBORNE DENTON.

Andantino.

PIANO.

Oh! slum - ber, my dar - ling, thy sire is a knight, Thy

p legato.

mo - ther a la - dy, so love - ly and bright! The hills and the dales from the

tow'rs which we see, They all shall be - long, my dear in - fant, to thee: Oh!

rall.

colla voce.

tempo.

rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day, Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,

pp

rall.
 sleep while you may. Oh!

colla voce.
p

rest thee, my dar - ling, the time it shall come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken by

p legato.
f

trum - pet and drum; Then rest thee, my dar - ling, oh! sleep while you may, For

p
mf

rall.
 war comes with man-hood, as light comes with day. Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,

p tempo
colla voce.
pp legato.

rall.
 sleep on till day, Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

pp
colla voce.
rall. dim.

Come, Lasses and Lads.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegretto.

1. Come, lass-es and lads, get leave from your dads, And a-
1. Strike up, says Watt, a-greed, says Matt, And I
3. You're out, says Dick, not I, says Nick, 'Twas the

- way to the May - pole hie, . . . For ev - 'ry fair has a sweet - heart there, And the fid - dler's stand - ing
 pri - thee, fid - dler, play; . . . Con - tent, says Hodge, and so says Madge, For this is a hol - i -
 fid - dler played it wrong; . . . 'Tis true, says Hugh, and so says Sue, And so says ev - 'ry

by. . . For Wil-ly shall dance with Jane, . . . And John-ny has got his Joan, . . . To trip it, trip it,
 - day. . . Then ev - 'ry lad did doff . . . His hat un - to his lass, . . . And ev - 'ry girl did
 one; . . . The fid - dler then be - gan . . . To play the tune a - gain, . . . And ev - 'ry girl did

trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down, . . . To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
 curt - sey, curt - sey, Curt - sey on the grass; . . . And ev - 'ry girl did curt - sey, curt - sey,
 trip it, trip it. Trip it to the men; . . . And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it,

Trip it up and down.
 Curt - sey on the grass.
 Trip it to the men.

Dol

Tell Me, Mary, How to Woo Thee.

C. A. HODSON.

Moderato.

PIANO.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, key signature of one flat, common time. Treble staff contains a melodic line with slurs and accents. Bass staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, marked *p dol.*

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, key signature of one flat, common time. Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff features a dense chordal accompaniment of eighth notes, marked *p*, *cres.*, *fs*, *p*, and *f*.

First system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Treble clef, bass clef, key signature of one flat, common time. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Tell me, Ma - ry, how to woo thee; Teach my bo - som to re - veal . .". The piano accompaniment in the bass staff is marked *p*.

Second system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Treble clef, bass clef, key signature of one flat, common time. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "All its sor - rows, sweet, un - to thee, All the love my heart can feel;". The piano accompaniment in the bass staff is marked *rit.*

Third system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Treble clef, bass clef, key signature of one flat, common time. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "Tell me, Ma - ry, how to woo thee; Teach my bo - som to re - veal All its sor - rows". The piano accompaniment in the bass staff is marked *p*.

p lov'd thee e - ver, Loves thee, Ma - ry, loves thee, Ma - ry, loves thee, Ma - ry, to the last. . . . *ad lib.*

p *colla voce.*

p a tempo mo. Tell me, Ma - ry, how to woo thee; Teach my bo - som to re - veal All its sorrows *p*

sweet, un - to thee, All the love my heart can feel, All its sorrows, sweet, un - to thee, *f* *dim.* *p* *f* *p* *f*

dol. All its sorrows, sweet, un - to thee, All the love my heart can feel, All the love my *con anima.* *p espress.* *f cres.*

p *f* *f*

heart can feel, All the love my heart can feel. *f cres.* *f cres.* *f*

Down Among the Dead Men.

JOHN DYER.

PIANO.

S

1. Here's a health to the king, and a last - ing peace, To fac - tion an end, to wealth in - crease! Come, let's drink it
 2. Let charm - ing beau - ty's health go round, In whom ce - les - tial joys are found, May con - fu - sion
 3. In smil - ing Bac - chus' joys I'll roll, De - ny no plea - sure to my soul; Let Bac - chus' health round
 4. May love and wine their rites main - tain, And their u - ni - ted plea - sures reign; While Bac - chus' trea - sure

while we have breath, For there's no drink - ing af - ter death, And they that will this health de - ny,
 still pur - sue The sense - less wo - man - hat - ing crew; And they that wo - man's health de - ny,
 brisk - ly move, For Bac - chus is a friend to love, And they that will this health de - ny,
 crowns the board, We'll sing the joys that both af - ford; And they that won't with us com - ply,

CHORUS.

Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down, down, down,

Marcato.

Down a - mong the dead men let them lie.

Marcato. *f* *Dal S* FINE.

The Old English Gentleman.

Allegretto

Arranged by OSBORNE DENTON.

PIANO.

Introduction for piano, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

S

1. Now I'll sing you a good old song Made by a good old pate, Of a fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man Who

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The piano part is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

had an old Es-tate; And who kept up his old man-sion At a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of the song.

good old por-ter to re-lieve The old poor at his Gate, Like a fine old English Gen-tle-man, All of the old-en time.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of the song. The piano part is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

CHORUS. *f*

Like a fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, All of the old-en time. *mf* *Dal S* FINE.

Chorus musical notation, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The section ends with a double bar line and the word "FINE".

2 His hall so old, was hung around,
With pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers, which
Had stood some tough old blows;
'Twas there "His Worship" sat in state,
In doublet and trunk hose,
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack,
To comfort his old nose;
Like a fine old English Gentleman,
All of the olden time.

3 The custom was when Christmas came,
To bid his friends repair
To his old hall, where feast and ball,
For them he did prepare.
And though the rich he entertain'd,
He ne'er forgot the poor,
Nor was the houseless wanderer
E'er driven from his door;
Like a fine old English Gentleman,
All of the olden time.

4 But times and seasons though they change,
And customs pass away,
Yet English hands and English hearts
Will prove old England's sway;
And though our coffers mayn't be fill'd
As they were wont of yore.
We still have hands to fight if need,
And hearts to help the poor—
Like a fine old English Gentleman,
All of the olden time.

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Allegretto

PIANO.

1. I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills, And o'er the moor-land sed - gy, Much
 2. The hour I re - member well, When first she owned she loved me, A
 3. My mind her im - age must re - tain, A - sleep or sad - ly wak - ing; I

hea - vi - ness my bo - som fills, Since part - ing with my Bet - sy. I seek for one as
 pain with - in my breast doth tell, How con - stant I have proved me; But now I'm bound for
 long to see my love a - gain, For her my heart is break - ing. When - e'er my steps re -

fair and gay, But find none to re - mind me, How blest the hours pass'd a - way With the
 Brigh - ton camp, Kind Hea - ven then pray guide me, And send me home safe back a - gain, To the
 - turn that way, Still faith - ful shall she find me, And nev - er more a - gain I'll stray From the

girl I left be - hind me.
 girl I left be - hind me.
 girl I've left be - hind me.

Dal 8:
 FINE.

The British Grenadiers.

Allegro con spirito.

PIANO

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
2. When - e'er we are com - man - ded To storm the pa - li - sades, Our
3. Then let us fill a bum - per, And drink a health to those Who

Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these; But of all the world's brave
 lead - ers march with fu - sees, And we with hand - gre - nades; We throw them from the
 car - ry caps and pouch - es, And wear the loup - ed clothes; May they and their com -

he - roes There's none that can com - pare With a tow row row row row row To the
 gla - cis A - bout the en - e - mies' ears, Sing tow row row row row row The
 - man - ders Live hap - py all their years, With a tow row row row row row, For the

Bri - tish Gre - na - dier.
 Bri - tish Gre - na - diers.
 Bri - tish Gre - na - diers.

The Vicar of Bray.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. In
2. When
3. When

good King Charles' gold - en days, When loy - al - ty no harm meant, A
roy - al James ob - tain'd the crown. And Po - p'ry came in fash - ion, The
Wil - liam was our King de - clar'd, To ease the na - tion's griev - ance, With

zea - lous High Church - man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment; To
pe - nal laws I hoot - ed down, And read the dec - la - ra - tion; The
this new wind a - bout I stirr'd, And swore to him al - le - giance; Old

teach my flock, I nev - er miss'd, Kings were by God ap - point - ed, And
Church of Rome I found would fit, Full well my con - sti - tu - tion; And
prin - ci - ples I did re - voke, Set con - science at a dis - tance; Pas

lost are they who dare re - sist, Or touch the Lord's a - noint - ed.
 had be - come a Jes - u - it, But for the rev - o - lu - tion. } And
 - sive o - be - dience was a joke, A jest was non - re - sis - tance.

this is law that I'll main - tain Un - til my dy - ing day, sir; That

what - so - ev - er King shall reign, I'll still be the Vic - ar of Bray, sir.

rall.

colla voce.

f

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory.
 Occasional Conformists base,
 I blam'd their moderation,
 And thought the Church in danger was
 By each prevarication.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir;
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
 And mod'rate men look'd big, sir,
 I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
 And so became a Whig, sir.
 And thus preferment I secur'd,
 From our new faith's defender,
 And almost ev'ry day abjured,
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir;
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

The illustrious house of Hanover
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear,
 While they can keep possession.
 For in my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful King shall be,
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir;
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

Alice Gray.

WILLIAM MEE.

Mrs. P. MILLARD.

PIANO

Allegretto moderato. *cres.*

8

1. She's all my fan - cy paint - ed her, She's
2. Her dark brown hair is braid - ed, o'er A
3. I've sunk beneath the sum - mer's sun, And

dolce.

love - ly, she's di - vine, . . . But her heart it is a - no - ther's, She
brow of spot - less white; . . . Her soft blue eye now lan - guish - es, Now
trem - bled in the blast, . . . But my pil - grimage is near - ly done, The

nev - er can be mine, Yet lov'd I as man nev - er lov'd, A
flash - es with de - light The hair is braid - ed not for me, The
wea - ry con - flict's past; And when the green sod wraps my grave, May

ritard. *a tempo.*

love without de - cay, . . . Oh! my heart, my heart is break - ing for the
Eye is turn'd a - way, . . . Yet my heart, my heart is break - ing for the
pi - ty hap - ly say . . . "Oh! his heart, his heart is bro - ken for the

ad lib. *a tempo.*

love of A - lice Gray . . Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of A - lice
 love of A - lice Gray . . Yet my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of A - lice
 love of A - lice Gray . . Oh! his heart, his heart is broken for the love of A - lice

ten. *piu.*

Gray.

Dal 8

The Farmer's Boy.

Arranged by OSBORNE DENTON.

PIANO.

mf *mf*

8 p

1. The sun had set be - hind the hills, A -
 2. My fa - ther's dead, mother is left With
 3. And if that you no boy now want, One

p

- cross the drea - ry moor, When wea - ry and lame a poor boy came Up
 five children large and small, And what is worse for mo - ther still, I'm the
 fa - vour let me ask, Just shel - ter me till break of day From

to a farm - er's door; Can you tell me where a farm there be Where
 big - gest of them all: Tho' small I am, I would la - bour hard If I
 this cold win - ter's blast, At the break of day I will haste away Else -

I could get em - ploy, . . . To plough and sow, To reap and mow, And
 I could get em - ploy, . . . To plough and sow, To reap and mow, And
 - where to seek em - ploy, . . . To plough and sow, To reap and mow, And

be a far - mer's boy, . . . And be a far - mer's boy.
 be a far - mer's boy, . . . And be a far - mer's boy.
 be a far - mer's boy, . . . And be a far - mer's boy.

Dal S
 FINE.

4 The farmer's wife said "try the lad,
 Let him no longer seek;
 "Yes! father, do," the daughter cried,
 While tears roll'd down her cheek:
 For those who would work it is hard to want
 And wander for em - loy,
 Do let him stay, father, I pray,
 And be a farmer's boy,
 And be a farmer's boy.

5 The farmer's boy grew up a man,
 The good old couple died,
 They left the lad the farm they had,
 And the daughter for his bride:
 Now the young farm man with his good wite
 Oft think and smile with joy,
 And bless the day he came that way
 To be a farmer's boy,
 To be a farmer's boy.

