GLORISHARDS

AKA - "Leapfrog (3)". English, Morris Dance Tune (6/8 time). G Major. Standard tuning (fiddle). AB, AB, AC, AC. From the village of Leafield, Oxfordshire, in England's Cotswolds. The collector Cecil Sharp [1] (1859-1924) called the village Fieldtown, and dances from the village are known as Fieldtown dances in morris circles today. Sharp collected the music for this and other dances from Leafield fiddler Frank Butler. The title is a corruption of the phrase “Glorious Year” – taken from a song titled ‘Now Comes on the Glorious Year’, which was published in 1709 in Thomas D'Urfey's The Modern Prophets

https://youtu.be/rHYcH5I2

SWANSEA TOWN

This song is what is called a "Riley Ballad". A Riley Ballad is a type of song/story where the man leaves town (to go to sea, war, adventuring), then returns in disguise to see if his sweetheart has remained faithful. The lady-love scorns him saying she will wait for her love and he reveals himself either by saying her name, or showing a broken token of which each has half, and of course they walk off into the sunset together and live happily ever after.

Oh farewell to you my Nancy, ten thousand times adieu;
I'm bound to cross the ocean, girl, once more to part from you.
Once more to part from you, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore.
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea town once more.

(Chorus)
Old Swansea town once more, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore.
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea town once more.

(Chorus)
Oh it's now that I am out at sea, and you are far behind;
Kind letters I will write to you of the secrets of my mind.
The secrets of my mind, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore.
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea town once more.

(Chorus)
Oh now the storm is rising, I see it coming on;
The night so dark as anything, we cannot see the moon.
Our good old ship she is tossed aft, our rigging is all tore.
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea town once more.

(Chorus)
Oh it's now the storm is over and we are safe, are safe on shore.
We'll drink strong drinks and brandies, too, to the girls that we adore.
To the girls that we adore, fine girls, we'll make this tavern roar.
And when our money is all gone, we'll go to sea for more.

(Chorus)

Claudy Banks

This song is an Irish folk song, also known as Banks of the Claudy. There are several rivers of similar names and it is not known to which this song refers. The song is another Riley Ballad.

Another Riley Ballad type

'Twas on a pleasant morning all in the month of May
Down by the Banks of Claudy I carelessly did stray
I overheard a damsel most grievously complain
It is on the Banks of Claudy where my darling does remain.
I boldly stepped up to her, I took her by surprise
I own she did not know me, I being dressed in disguise
"Where are you going my fair one, my joy and heart's delight
Where are you going to wander this dark and stormy night?"
    It's on the way to Claudy's banks if you will please to show
Take pity on a stranger, for there I want to go
It's seven long years or better since Johnny has left this shore
He's crossing the wide ocean where the foaming billows roar.
    He's crossing the wide ocean for honor and for fame
His ship's been wrecked so I've been told down on the Spanish Main
It's on the banks of Claudy, fair maid whereon you stand
Now don't you believe young Johnny, for he's a false young man.
    Now when she heard this dreadful news, she fell into despair
For the wringing of her tender hands and the tearing of her hair
"If Johnny he be drowned, no man alive I'll take
Through lonesome shades and valleys, I'll wander for his sake."
    Now when he saw her loyalty, no longer could he stand
He fell into her arms saying, "Betsy, I'm your man"
Saying "Betsy, I'm the young man that caused you all your pain
And since we've met on Claudy's banks, we'll never part again.

I'll Love My Love
Odd that the movement is called "Song Without Words" when it is based on a song that HAS words! The song is sometimes called "I Love My Love" and is about a woman who ends up in Bedlam (insane asylum) because her love's parents sent him off to sea to separate the two of them. He finds her and they live happily ever after.

This ballad is similar to a Riley Ballad, but does not have the lover in disguise.

Abroad as I was walking
One evening in the spring
I heard a maid in Bedlam
So sweetly for to sing;
Her chain she rattled with her hands
And thus replied she:
    Chorus:
I love my love
Because I know
My love loves me
    Oh cruel were his parents
Who sent my love to sea
And cruel was the ship
That bore my love from me:
Yet I love his parents
Since they're his although
they've ruined me:
Chorus
    Just as she there sat weeping
Her love he came on land
Then, hearing she was in Bedlam
He ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms
And thus replied he:
Chorus

She said: “My love don’t frighten me,
are you my love or no?”
“O yes, my dearest Nancy,
I am your love, also
I am returned to make amends
for all your injury.”
Chorus

So now these two are married,
And happy may they be like turtle
Doves together, in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait
That have got loves at sea;
Chorus

**Song of the Blacksmith**

*Also known as “A Blacksmith Courted Me” this traditional English folksong, like others, has several sets of words and even different melodies.*

   For the blacksmith courted me, nine months and better;
And first he won my heart, till he wrote to me a letter.
With his hammer in his hand, for he strikes so mighty and clever,
He makes the sparks to fly all around his middle.
But where is my love gone
With his cheeks like roses
And his good black Billycock on
Decked around with primroses.
I fear the shining sun
May burn and scorch his beauty
And if I was with my love
I would do my duty.
   Strange news is come to town
Strange news is carried
Strange news flies up and down
That my love is married.
I wish them both much joy
Though they can’t hear me
And may God reward him well
For the slighting of me.
   Don’t you remember when
You lay beside me
And you said you’d marry me
And not deny me.
If I said I’d marry you
It was only for to try you
So bring your witness love
And I’ll not deny you.
Oh, witness have I none
Save God Almighty
And may he reward you well
For the slighting of me.
Her lips grew pale and wan
It made a poor heart tremble
To think she loved a one
And he proved deceitful.
A blacksmith courted me
Nine months and better
He fairly won my heart
Wrote me a letter.
With his hammer in his hand
He looked so clever
And if I was with my love
I would live forever.

Dargason
A “Fantasia” is a piece of music that doesn’t follow a particular form and is more a “free flight of fancy”
Dargason is a late 1500s English country dance (also known by “Sedanny”, “Sedany” and other names),
and was popular at the court of King Henry VII.
This tune is a “circular” melody, meaning that it has no stopping point. It ends on the dominant chord (chord built on
the 5 of the scale), which makes our ears want to return to the tonic (chord built on the 1 of the scale), but there is
no tonic chord except at the beginning of the piece, so it circles back to the beginning and never ends without a
change.

Greensleeves
Greensleeves was a very popular Elizabethan Ballad during the time of Shakespeare and is first mentioned
in 1580, although it may have been written earlier. It is a song of unrequited love — a dying man (rather well off) is
expressing his sorrow that his love of “My Lady Greensleeves” has never been returned.
There are theories that Lady Greensleeves was a prostitute and also another that the song was written by
Henry VIII about Anne Boleyn. Neither story really seems to fit with what historians know of the piece.

A long ballad of unrequited love. It is not necessary to read all of the things he did for her and
gave to her, but do read the last three verses as he bids her farewell before he dies.

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously:
And I have lovèd you so long,
Delighting in your company!
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.
I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both wagèd life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
Greensleeves was all my joy...
I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroider'd gorgeously;
Thy petticoat of sendal right,
And these I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    Thy girdle of the gold so red,
With pearls bedeckèd sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,1
Thy pin-case,2 gallant to the eye;
No better wore the burgess' wives:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk:
And yet though wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by;
Which made thee be our harvest queen:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    Thy garters fringèd with the gold,
And silver aglets 3 hanging by;
Which made thee blithe for to behold:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    My gayest gelding thee I gave,
To ride wherever likèd thee;
No lady ever was so brave:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    My men were clothèd all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...
    They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility;

1. gilt knives: spurs or similar objects
2. pin-case: a container for pins
3. silver aglets: decorative ends of a cord or string
Thy foot might not once touch the ground:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly,
To cheer thy stomach from all woes:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily,
Thy music, still to play and sing:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou didst spend when pleasèd thee?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainest to love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...

Well! I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy...
Ralph Vaughan Williams

**English Folk Song Suite mvt 1**

Seventeen Come Sunday

Also known as "As I Roved Out", is an English folk song (Roud 277, Laws O17) which was arranged by Percy Grainger for choir and brass accompaniment in 1912 and used in the first movement of Ralph Vaughan Williams' *English Folk Song Suite* in 1923. The words were first published between 1838 and 1845.\[1\]

This was a widely known song in England, and was also popular in Ireland and Scotland. It is one of those which earlier editors, such as Sabine Baring-Gould and Cecil Sharp, felt obliged to soften or rewrite for publication. It was also common on *broadsides* throughout the nineteenth century.\[2\]

An earlier version was first printed on a broadside of around 1810 with the title Maid and the Soldier. Early broadside versions were sad songs focused on the abandonment of the girl by the young man.\[3\] Later broadside and traditional folk versions celebrate a sexual encounter. A censored version published by Baring-Gould and Sharp substitutes a proposal of marriage for the encounter.

As I strolled out one May morning
One May morning so early
I overtook a handsome maid
And, my goodness, she was early

Her shoes were black and her stockings were white
And her buckles they shone like silver
She had a dark and rolling eye
And her hair hung over her shoulder

"How old are you my fair pretty maid
How old are you my honey?"
She answered me so cheerfully
"Well, I'm seventeen come Sunday"

"Could you love me my fair pretty maid
Could you love me my honey?"
She answered me so tearfully
"Oh, I can't because of Mummy"

"But if you come to my mummy's house
When the moon is shining brightly"
"Oh, I'll come down and let you in"
"And my mummy shall not hear me"

So he went to her mummy's house
When the moon was brightly shining
And she came down and she let him in
And she rolled in his arms till the morning

She says, "Kind sir, will you marry me?"
I says, "Oh no, my honey
For the fife and drum is my delight
And I'm happy in the army"

Pretty Caroline
One morning in the month of May when brightly shone the sun,
Upon the banks of Tilbury stream there sat a lovely one,
She did appear a goddess fair, her dark brown hair did shine,
It shaded the neck and bosom white of pretty Caroline.

I said to her – ‘My pretty maid, do you remember me?
I am the jolly sailor which ploughed the Regency,
And for courting of a pretty maid her parents did combine,
They sent me off in a man of war from pretty Caroline.

It’s seven long years since I was bound all for to save the King,
Where rattling cannons roared around, which made the deep sea ring,
Here’s gold and silver I have brought and freely would resign,
Here’s gold and silver for a ring, ‘tis all for Caroline.’

This maiden fair ‘twixt joy and woe away from him she flew –
‘Oh stand away without delay, unless you tell me true;
Produce the ring, the braided ring, and a lock of hair of mine,
No mortal man shall e’er deceive this faithful Caroline.’

This braided hair and ring of gold young William did her show,
Then Caroline and William unto some church did go,
Down in some lofty mansion so splendid they did shine,
The sailor blessed the month of May he met with Caroline.

**English Folk Song Suite mvt 2**

**My Bonnie Boy**

*W. Percy Merrick collected My Bonny Boy or Many a Night's Rest on 17 June 1901 from Henry Hills of Sussex, who learned the song from his mother. It was included in Lucy Broadwood's manuscript collection.*

I once loved a boy and a bonny bonny boy,
I loved him I vow and protest,
I loved him so well, there's no tongue can tell,
Till I built him a berth on my breast.

'Twas up the wild forest and through the green groves
Like one that was troubled in mind,
I hallooed, I whooped and I blew on my flute
But no bonny boy could I find.

I looked up high and I looked down low
The weather being wonderful warm;
And who should I spy but my own bonny boy
Locked fast in another girl's arms.

He took me upon his assembled knees
And looked me quite hard in the face,
He gave unto me one sweet smile and a kiss
But his heart's in another girl's breast.

Now my bonny, bonny boy is across the salt seas
And I hope he will safely return;
But if he loves another girl better than me
Let him take her, and why should I mourn?
Now the girl that enjoys my own bonny boy,
She is not to be blamed, I am sure,
For many's the long night he have robbed me of my rest
But he never shall do it no more.

**Green Bushes**

This was an immensely popular song, collected many times across England, although not so often elsewhere. It was also very popular with nineteenth-century broadside printers.

The song first appears in broadsides of the 1820s or 1830s. Its popularity was hugely increased by a popular melodrama *The Green Bushes, or A Hundred Years Ago* by William Buckstone, first performed in 1845. The heroine of the play made repeated reference to the song and sang a few verses, with the result that the sheet music was published soon after.

As I was a walking one morning in Spring,
For to hear the birds whistle and the nightingales sing,
I saw a young damsel, so sweetly sang she:
Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to meet me.

I stepped up to her and thus I did say:
Why wait you my fair one, so long by the way?
My true Love, my true Love, so sweetly sang she,
Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to meet me.

I'll buy you fine beavers and a fine silken gown,
I will buy you fine petticoats with the flounce to the ground,
If you will prove loyal and constant to me
And forsake you own true Love, I'll be married to thee.

I want none of your petticoats and your fine silken shows:
I never was so poor as to marry for clothes;
But if you will prove loyal and constant to me
I'll forsake my own true Love and get married to thee.

Come let us be going, kind sir, if you please;
Come let us be going from beneath the green trees.
For my true Love is coming down yonder I see,
Down by the Green Bushes, where he thinks to meet me.

And when he came there and he found she was gone,
He stood like some lambkin, forever undone;
She has gone with some other, and forsaken me,
So adieu to Green Bushes forever, cried he.

**English Folk Song Suite mvt 3**

**Blow Away the Morning Dew**

The earliest printed version of the ballad appears in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia* (1609) as *The Overcurteous Knight*. It also appears in Thomas D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, V, 112 (1719), *The Pepys Ballads*, the Roxburghe Ballads and Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (1776).

This version of *Blow Away the Morning Dew* is from Cecil Sharpe’s collection. It is a shortened English variation of *Child Ballad* #112 (*The Baffled Knight*).
As I walked out one midsummer morn
All in the month of May, sir,
O there I beheld a fair pretty maid
A-making of the hay, sir.

*Chorus (after each verse):*
Fol de lie de lay

I boldly stepped up to her
And asked her to lay down, sir.
The answer that she gave me:
"The dew is on the ground, sir."

"Wait till you get to my father's house
Where you may lay me down, sir;
Where you can have my maidenhead
All on a bed of down, sir."

O when she got to her father's hall,
That was walled in all round, sir.
She stepped in and shut the door,
And shut the young man out, sir.

"When you met with me at first
You did not meet a fool, sir;
You may take your Bible under your arm
And go a little more to school, sir.

"And when you meet a pretty maid
Little below the town, sir;
You must not mind her squalling
Nor the rumpling of her gown, sir.

"There is a cock in my father's yard,
He will not tread the hen, sir;
And I do think in my very heart
That you are one of them, sir.

"There is a flower in my father's garden,
it's called a marigold, sir,
And if you will not when you may
You shall not when you will, sir."
**High Germany**

*High Germany* is a traditional folk song, once known throughout England, Ireland and Scotland, with a history spanning hundreds of years. There are three songs known as High Germany. This page focuses on the best known one, the others being The Two Lovers or True Lovers and The Wars of Germany.

The song deals with a young man (usually named Willy) and his lover (Polly) lamenting over his conscription to fight in Germany, "High Germany" referring to the southern, mountainous part of the country. He attempts to convince her to join him in the war. "Polly" professes her love, but declares she is not fit for war. "Willy" attempts to persuade her to change her mind, stating that he will buy her a horse to ride, and that they will eventually wed. "Polly" still refuses and laments that her man has been drafted away from her. The historical setting of the ballad is most likely either the *War of the Spanish Succession* (1701-1714) or the *Seven Years War* (1756-1763).

**Oh Polly love, oh Polly, the rout has now begun**
And we must go a-marching to the beating of the drum
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me
I'll take you to the war, my love, in High Germany

**Oh Willy love, oh Willy, come list what I do say**
My feet they are so tender, I cannot march away
And besides, my dearest Willy, I am with child by thee
Not fitted for the war, my love, in High Germany

I'll buy for you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride
And all my delight shall be a-riding by your side
We'll stop at every alehouse and drink when we are dry
We'll be true to one another, get married by and by

**Oh, cursed be them cruel wars that ever they should rise**
And out of Merry England press many a man likewise
They pressed my true love from me, likewise my brothers three
And sent them to the war, my love, in High Germany

My friends I do not value nor my foes I do not fear
Now my love has left me I wander far and near
And when my baby it is born and a-smiling on my knee
I'll think on lovely Willy in High Germany

**Oh Polly love, oh Polly, the rout has now begun**
And we must go a-marching to the beating of the drum
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me
I'll take you to the war, my love, in High Germany

**The Tree Grows So High**

*The words may have been based on the 17th-century wedding of Lord Craigston, John Urquhart to Elizabeth Innes and her subsequent marriage to Alexander Brodie in 1635. She was several years older than Brodie. There are*
various arrangers of this early folk song including the famous English composer Benjamin Britten. The British composer Patrick Hadley wrote a large-scale choral symphony on a version of the tune and lyrics.

"The Trees They Grow So High" is a British folk song. The song is known by many titles, including "The Trees They Do Grow High", "Daily Growing", "Long A-Growing" and "Lady Mary Ann".

A two-verse fragment of the song is found in the Scottish manuscript collection of the 1770s of David Herd. This was used by Robert Burns as the basis for his poem "Lady Mary Ann" (published 1792). The subject of the song is an arranged marriage of a young woman by her father to a boy who is much younger than she. There are numerous versions of both the tune and lyrics. In one set of lyrics the groom is twelve when he marries and a father at 13.

"Judging by the number of versions gathered in the major manuscript collections and later sound recordings, this song has been a firm favourite with singers in Britain, Ireland and North America for a long time, the wording varies surprisingly little across the English versions and the story is always the same, and these probably derive from nineteenth-century broadside printings, of which there are many."

The trees they grow high,
the leaves they do grow green
Many is the time my true love I've seen
Many an hour I have watched him all alone
He's young,
but he's daily growing.

Father, dear father,
you've done me great wrong
You have married me to a boy who is too young
I'm twice twelve and he is but fourteen
He's young,
but he's daily growing.

Daughter, dear daughter,
I've done you no wrong
I have married you to a great lord's son
He'll be a man for you when I am dead and gone
He's young,
but he's daily growing.

Father, dear father, if you see fit
We'll send him to college for another year yet
I'll tie blue ribbons all around his head
To let the maidens know that he's married.

One day I was looking o'er my father's castle wall
I spied all the boys a-playing at the ball
My own true love was the flower of them all
He's young, but he's daily growing.

And so early in the morning
at the dawning of the day
They went out into the hayfield
to have some sport and play;
And what they did there,
she never would declare
But she never more complained of his growing.

At the age of fourteen, he was a married man
At the age of fifteen, the father of a son
At the age of sixteen, his grave it was green
Have gone, to be wasted in battle.
And death had put an end to his growing.

I'll buy my love some flannel
and I will make a shroud
With every stitch I put in it,
the tears they will pour down
With every stitch I put in it,
how the tears will flow
Cruel fate has put an end to his growing.

John Barleycorn
The song is related to the ancient idea of the Corn King. Perhaps too neatly so, hence the suspicion that it may not
be a genuine piece of primitive folklore. It is old (it was already in print c.1635) and has been passed on by
generations of country singers. The tune is a variant of Dives and Lazarus.

The story of the death and rebirth of John Barleycorn has a long and interesting history. The first known printed
version was as a broadside in 1620 which was described as “a pleasant new ballad about the murther of John
Barleycorn”. The great seventeenth-century diarist, Samuel Pepys, had a copy of it which he reckoned was old
then. In 1786 Robert Burns produced a poem which he noted “is partly composed on the plan of an old song known
by the same name”. It has been suggested that the story had its origin in ancient vegetation rituals which originally
involved human sacrifice to ensure the resurrection of the crops. However, most of the ballads are simply detailed
accounts of the planting, reaping, threshing, milling, and brewing of the barley grain.

The ballad has been collected fairly frequently in Britain, but very rarely in North America.

There was three men come out of the west
Their fortunes for to try,
And these three men made a solemn vow:
John Barleycorn should die.
They ploughed, they sowed, they harrowed him in,
Thrown clods upon his head.
And these three men made a solemn vow:
John Barleycorn was dead.

They let him lie for a very long time
Till the rain from heaven did fall,
And little Sir John sprung up his head
And that amazed them all.
They let him stand till midsummer
And he growed both pale and wan.
Then little Sir John, he growed a long beard
And so become a man.

They hired men with the scythes so sharp
To cut him off at the knee.
And poor little Johnny Barleycorn
They served most barbarously.
They hired men with the sharp pitchforks
To pierce him to the heart.
And the loader, he served him worse than that
For he bound him to the cart.

They wheeled him all around the field
A prisoner to endure,
And in the barn poor Barleycorn
They laid him upon the floor.
They hired men with the crab tree sticks
To cut him skin from bone,
And the miller, he served him worse than that
For he ground him between two stones.

I'll make a boy into a man,
A man into an ass.
I'll change your gold to silver, lass,
And your silver into brass.
I'll make the huntsman hunt the fox
With never a hound or horn.
I'll bring the tinker into gaol
Says old John Barleycorn.

Oh barley wine is the choicest drink
That was ever drunk on land.
It will make a man do miracles
By the turning of his hand.
You can tip your brandy in a glass,
Your whiskey in a can,
But barley corn and his nut-brown ale
Will prove the stronger man.