

85949

English folk Songs

The fuller Sisters

New York
The H. W. Gray Co.

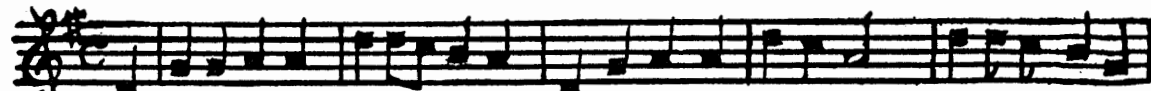
M
1740
F96



Dorothy Fuller, Her Work.

Copyright, 1915, by The H. W. Gray Co.

O No, John!



(John:) On yon-der hill there stands a - crea-ture; Who she is I do not know. I'll go and court her



for her beau-ty; She must ans-wer Yes or No. Tra la - la, la - la, la-la-la, la.
O No, John! No, John! No, John! No.

2] The Lady:

My father was a Spanish captain—
Went to sea a month ago.
first he kissed me, then he left me—
Bade me always answer No.
Tra la-la, la-la, la-la-la, la.

5] John:

O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?

The Lady:

O No, John! No, John! No, John! No.

3] John:

O Madam, in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow.
Will you take me for your lover?
Madam, answer Yes or No.

The Lady:

O No, John! No, John! No, John! No.

6] John:

Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you;
Would you have me change my mind?

The Lady:

O No, John! No, John! No, John! No.

4] John:

O Madam, I will give you jewels;
I will make you rich and free;
I will give you silken dresses:
Madam, will you marry me?

The Lady:

O No, John! No, John! No, John! No.

7] John:

O hark! I hear the church bells ringing;
Will you come and be my wife?
Or, dear madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?

The Lady:

O No, John! No, John! No, John! No.

This English folk song, printed at The De Vinne Press, and issued to the public by The H. W. Gray Company,
in the City of New York, sole agents for Novello & Co., Limited, at the price of
ten cents plain, and twenty-five cents colored.

Broadside No. 1



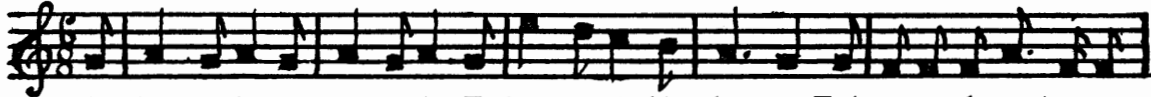
The Fuller, as record, their names



Dorothy Fuller, Her Work.

Copyright, 1915, by The H. W. Gray Co.

Mowing the Barley



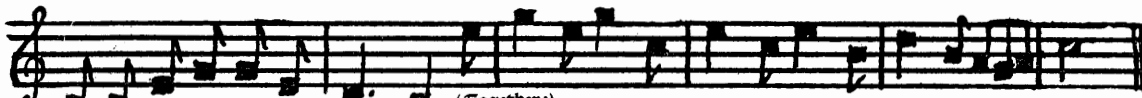
A law - yer he went out one day, H - for to take his pleas - ure, And who should he see but some



fair pret - ty maid, So hand - some and so clew - er? (The Lawyer :) "Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid, Where



are you go - ing, my hon - ey?" (The Maid :) "Go - ing o - ver the hills, kind sir," she said, "To my



fa - ther a - mow - ing the bar - ley." (Together :) "Mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow, mo - ow."

2] (Together:)

The lawyer he went out next day,
H - thinking for to view her;
But she gave him the slip and away she
went,
All over the hills to her father.

"Where are you going to," etc.

4] (Together:)

The lawyer told her a story bold,
As together they were going,
Till she quite forgot the barley field,
And left her father a - mowing.

"Where are you going to," etc.

3] (Together:)

The lawyer had a useful nag,
And soon he overtook her;
He caught her around the middle so
small,
And on his horse he placed her.

"Where are you going to," etc.

5] (Together:)

And now she is the lawyer's wife,
And dearly the lawyer loves her,
They live in a happy content of life,
And well in the station above her.

"Where are you going to," etc.

This English folk Song, printed at The De Vinne Press, and issued to the public by The H. W. Gray Company, in the City of New York, sole agents for Novello & Co., Limited, at the price of ten cents plain, and twenty-five cents colored.

Broadside No. 2



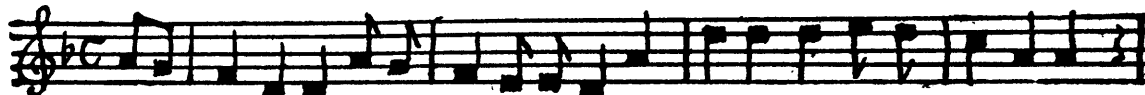
Dorothy Fuller, Her Work.



Copyright, 1915, by The H. W. Gray Co.

Dorothy Fuller New York

The Wraggle- Taggle Gypsies, O!



There were three gyp-sies a - come to my door, And down-stairs ran this a - la - dy, O!



One sang high and the oth-er sang low, And the oth-er sang bon-ny, bon - ny Bis - cay, O!

- 2] Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged rags about our door—
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gyp-
sies, O!
- 3] It was late last night when my lord came
home,
Enquiring for his a-lady, O!
The servants said, on every hand:
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gyp-
sies, O!
- 4] The Lord:
Come, saddle to me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle-taggle gyp-
sies, O!
- 5] Then he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!
- 6] The Lord:
What makes you leave your house and
land?
- 7] The Lady:
O what care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle-taggle gyp-
sies, O!
- 8] The Lord:
Last night you slept on a goose-feather
bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
But to-night you'll sleep in a cold open
field,
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!
- 9] The Lady:
O what care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open
field,
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

This English folk Song, printed at The De Vinne Press, and issued to the public by The H. W. Gray Company,
in the City of New York, sole agents for Novello & Co., Limited, at the price of
ten cents plain, and twenty-five cents colored.

Broadside No. 4

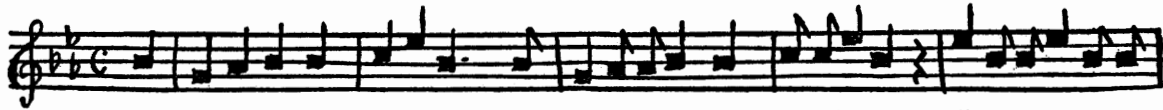


Dorothy Fuller New York

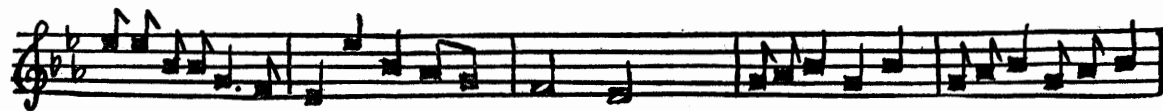


Copyright, 1915, by The H. W. Gray Co.

The Keeper



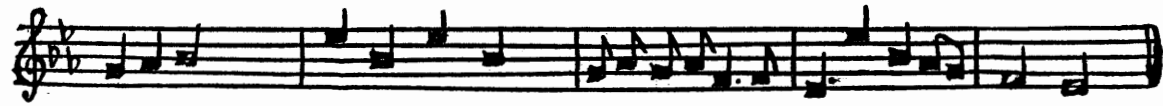
A keep-er would a - hunt-ing go, And un-der his cloak he car-ried a bow, All for to shoot at a



mer-rie lit-tle doe, A-mong the leaves so green, O! Jack-ie, boy! Mas-ter? Sing ye well? Ve-ry well!



Hey down! Ho down! Der-ry, der-ry down! A - mong the leaves so green, O! To my hey down, down! To my



ho down, down! Hey down! Ho down! Der-ry, der-ry down! a - mong the leaves so green, O!

2] The first doe he shot at he missed;
The second doe he trimmed he kissed;
The third doe went where nobody wist,
Among the leaves so green, O.

Jackie, boy! etc.

3] The fourth doe she did cross the plain;
The keeper fetched her back again;

Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green, O.

Jackie, boy! etc.

4] The fifth doe she did cross the brook;
The keeper fetched her back with his crook;
Where she is now you must go and look,
Among the leaves so green, O.

Jackie, boy! etc.

This English folk song, printed at The De Vinne Press, and issued to the public by The H. W. Gray Company, in the City of New York, sole agents for Novello & Co., Limited, at the price of ten cents plain, and twenty-five cents colored.

Broadside No. 5

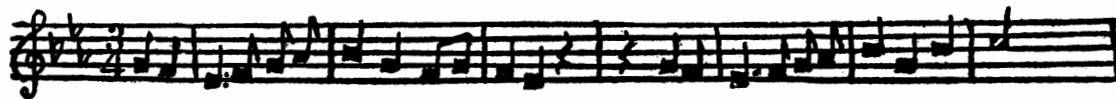




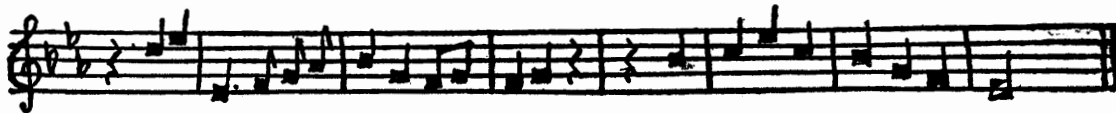
Dorothy Fuller. Her Work.

Copyright, 1916, by The H. W. Gray Co.

Leezie Lindsay



"Will ye gang tae the Hie-lands Leez-ie Lind-say? Will ye gang tae the Hie-lands wi' me?"



Will ye gang tae the Hie-lands Leez-ie Lind-say? My bride and my dar-lin' to be?"

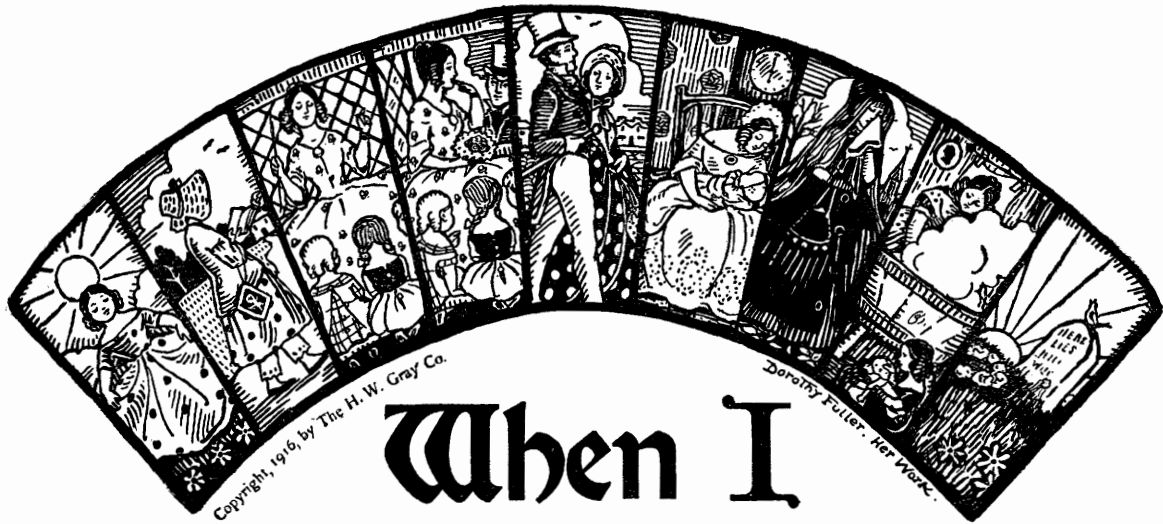
- 2] "Tae gang tae the Hielands wi' you, Sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
for I ken no' the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm goin' wi'."
- 3] "O Leezie lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae be ye dinna ken me.
O my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree."
- 4] "Gin it be you're the Laird o' MacDonald,
A great one ye then maun be;
And how can a chieftain sae mighty
Think o' a poor lassie like me?"
- 5] "Why! Leezie lass, ye are the fairest!
The flower o' the West Countree!
Will ye gang tae the Hielands, Leezie
Lindsay,
My bride and my darlin' tae be?"
- 6] "I've land and I've gold, Leezie Lindsay,
And a heart that loves only thee,
And all shall be thine, Leezie Lindsay,
If you my own darlin' will be."
- 7] She has kilted her coat o' green satin,
She has kilted it up tae the knee,
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darlin' tae be.

This English folk song, printed at The De Vinne Press, and issued to the public by The H. W. Gray Company,
in the City of New York, sole agents for Novello & Co., Limited, at the price of
ten cents plain, and twenty-five cents colored.

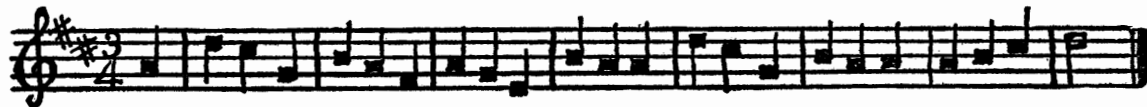
Broadside No. 7



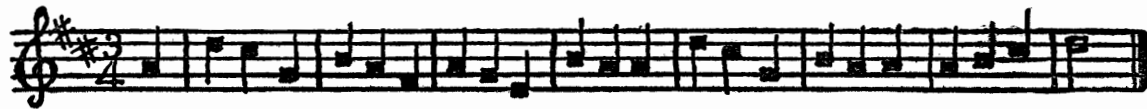
Ye Fuller Sisters, their Mark.



When I Was a Young Girl



When I was a young girl, a young girl, a young girl, When I was a young girl, O this way went I.



(Refrain) 'T was this way and that way, 't was this way and that way, 't was this way and that way, O this way went I.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2] When I was a school girl, a school girl,
a school girl,
When I was a school girl, O this way
went I.

(Refrain)</p> | <p>6] When I had a baby, a baby, a baby,
When I had a baby, O this way went I.

(Refrain)</p> |
| <p>3] When I was a teacher, a teacher, a teacher,
When I was a teacher, O this way went I.

(Refrain)</p> | <p>7] When my husband was buried, was buried,
was buried,
When my husband was buried, O this
way went I.

(Refrain)</p> |
| <p>4] When I had a lover, a lover, a lover,
When I had a lover, O this way went I.

(Refrain)</p> | <p>8] When I took in washing, in washing, in
washing,
When I took in washing, O this way
went I.

(Refrain)</p> |
| <p>5] When I had a husband, a husband, a hus-
band,
When I had a husband, O this way went I.

(Refrain)</p> | <p>9] O when I was dead, was dead, was dead,
O when I was dead, how sorry was I.

(The End)</p> |

This English folk song, printed at The De Vinne Press, and issued to the public by The H. W. Gray Company, in the City of New York, sole agents for Novello & Co., Limited, at the price of ten cents plain, and twenty-five cents colored.

Broadside No. 8



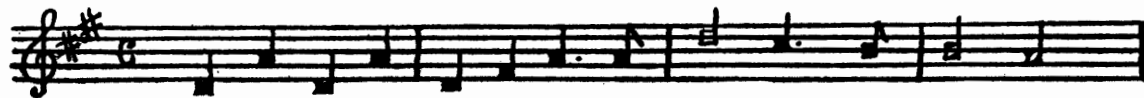


Dorothy Fullen-Her Works

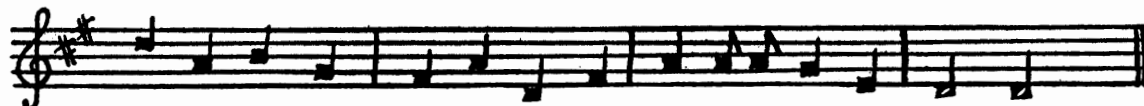
The Roman Soldiers



Copyright, 1916, by The H. W. Gray Co.



Have you a - ny bread and wine? for we are the Ro - mans;



Have you a - ny bread and wine? for we are the Ro - man sol - diers.

2] Yes, we have some bread and wine,
for we are the English;
Yes, we have some bread and wine,
for we are the English soldiers.

3] Then we will have one cup full,
for we are the Romans;
Then we will have one cup full,
for we are the Roman soldiers.

4] No, you won't have one cup full,
for we are the English;
No, you won't have one cup full,
for we are the English soldiers.

5] Then we will have two cups full,
for we are the Romans;
Then we will have two cups full,
for we are the Roman soldiers.

6] No, you won't have two cups full,
for we are the English;
No, you won't have two cups full,
for we are the English soldiers.

7] We will tell the Pope of you,
for we are the Romans;
We will tell the Pope of you,
for we are the Roman soldiers.

8] We don't care for the Pope or you,
for we are the English;
We don't care for the Pope or you,
for we are the English soldiers.

9] We will tell the King of you,
for we are the Romans;
We will tell the King of you,
for we are the Roman soldiers.

10] We don't care for the King or you,
for we are the English;
We don't care for the King or you,
for we are the English soldiers.

11] We will send our dogs to bite,
for we are the Romans;
We will send our dogs to bite,
for we are the Roman soldiers.

12] We don't care for your dogs or you,
for we are the English;
We don't care for your dogs or you,
for we are the English soldiers.

13] Are you ready for a fight?
for we are the Romans;
Are you ready for a fight?
for we are the Roman soldiers.

14] Yes, we're ready for a fight,
for we are the English;
Yes, we're ready for a fight,
for we are the English soldiers.

15] Now we've only got one arm,
for we are the {Romans;}
 {English;}
Now we've only got one arm,
for we are the {Roman;} soldiers;

16] Now we've only got one leg,
for we are the {Romans;}
 {English;}
Now we've only got one leg,
for we are the {Roman;} soldiers.

17] Now we've only got one eye,
for we are the {Romans;}
 {English;}
Now we've only got one eye,
for we are the {Roman;} soldiers.

This English folk song, printed at The De Vinne Press, and issued to the public by The H. W. Gray Company, in the City of New York, sole agents for Novello & Co., Limited, at the price of ten cents plain, and twenty-five cents colored.

Broadside No. 9



By Dorothy Fullen-Her Works

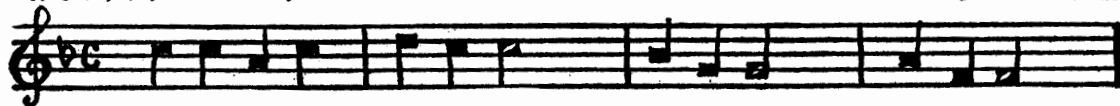


Copyright, 1916, by The H. W. Gray Co.

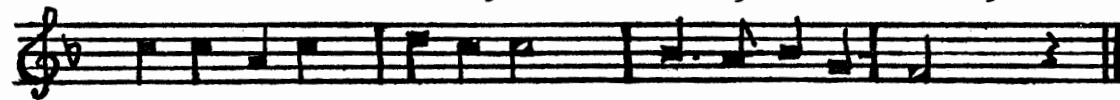
When Shall We Be Married John?



Dorothy Fuller. Her Work.



When shall we be mar-ried John? mar-ried John? mar-ried John?



When shall we be mar-ried John? John, my pret - ty lad?

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>2] Tomorrow morning to be sure.
To be sure, to be sure,
Tomorrow morning to be sure,
If thee think it fit.</p> <p>3] Can't we be married sooner John?
Sooner John, sooner John?
Can't we be married sooner John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>4] What d' you want to be married
sooner for?
Sooner for, sooner for?
What d' you want to be married
sooner for?
Sure the wench is mad.</p> <p>5] What shall I wear at the wedding
John?
Wedding John, wedding John?
What shall I wear at the wedding
John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>6] Your lilac cotton to be sure,
To be sure, to be sure,
Your lilac cotton to be sure,
If thee think it fit.</p> <p>7] Can't I wear something better
John?
Better John, better John?
Can't I wear something better
John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>8] What d' you want silks and satins
for?
Silks and satins for, silks and
satins for?
What d' you want silks and satins
for?
Sure the wench is mad.</p> | <p>9] How shall we go to the chapel
John?
Chapel John, chapel John?
How shall we go to the chapel
John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>10] In your father's old waggon to
be sure,
To be sure, to be sure,
In your father's old waggon to
be sure,
If thee think it fit.</p> <p>11] Can't we go somehow better John?
Better John, better John?
Can't we go somehow better John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>12] What d' you want a coach and
horses for?
Coach and horses for, coach and
horses for?
What d' you want a coach and
horses for?
Sure the wench is mad.</p> <p>13] Who shall we have at the wed-
ding John?
Wedding John, wedding John?
Who shall we have at the wed-
ding John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>14] Your father and your mother to
be sure,
To be sure, to be sure,
Your father and your mother to
be sure,
If thee think it fit.</p> <p>15] Can't we have someone better
John?
Better John, better John?
Can't we have someone better
John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> | <p>16] What d' you want lords and
ladies for?
Lords and ladies for, lords and
ladies for?
What d' you want lords and
ladies for?
Sure the wench is mad.</p> <p>17] What shall we have for the
dinner John?
Dinner John, dinner John?
What shall we have for the
dinner John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>18] Broad-beans and bacon to be sure,
To be sure, to be sure,
Broad-beans and bacon to be sure,
If thee think it fit.</p> <p>19] Can't we have something better
John?
Better John, better John?
Can't we have something better
John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>20] What d' you want duck and
green peas for?
Duck and green peas for, duck
and green peas for?
What d' you want duck and
green peas for?
Sure the wench is mad.</p> <p>21] Who shall we have for the best
man John?
Best man John, best man John?
Who shall we have for the best
man John?
John, my pretty lad?</p> <p>22] I'll be the best man to be sure,
To be sure, to be sure,
I'll be the best man to be sure,
And that's the end o' that.</p> |
|--|--|---|

This English Folk Song, printed at The De Vinne Press, and issued to the public by The H. W. Gray Company,
in the City of New York, sole agents for Novello & Co., Limited, at the price of
ten cents plain, and twenty-five cents colored.

Broadside No. 10



85949

