"The Bewitching Bow" Series
for Staffordshire Music Service

"Sing and Play Along"

instrumentalists join singers in the National Curriculum

PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

Kerry Milan

Introduction

"Sing and Play Along" is a collection of songs, all of which are included in Staffordshire's *Everyone Sing* National Curriculum list. They are drawn from its recommendations from Y3 upwards and include English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish tunes, songs from Europe, America and the Caribbean, 'folk and pop' music, and classical favourites by Handel, Schumann and Brahms.
In addition four of the pentatonic melodies (*Turn the Glasses Over*, *The Riddle Song*, *Ye Banks and Braes*, and *Soldier Soldier*) have been given fully pentatonic accompaniments to help with project work.

Apart from the Schumann and Handel, all the piano parts are new arrangements, specially written to be comfortable for non-specialists. And since they are intended as accompaniments to class singing the piano part always includes the melody line, which may be reduced as necessary when accompanying instrumentalists. In this edition parts may be freely copied and used educationally by all schools working with Staffordshire County Music Service.

The percussion parts aim to be imaginative and attractive; but generally have fairly simple repeated patterns. The untuned percussion will hopefully prove appropriate and fun, with plenty of variety, and the chance occasionally to use the cow-bell, guiro and vibra-slap.
The tuned percussion parts are specifically for these arrangements; though where other school collections use the same key they will usually fit. There is one open-string plucked cello part included which can be replaced by low-pitched percussion instruments. Generally, use tuned percussion as available. On the accompanying recording, for example, an alto glockenspiel is sometimes used, though it is not specifically listed.

The melodies are doubled by a variety of instruments now to be found in primary and secondary schools - descant and tenor recorders, violin, flute, clarinet and oboe - while the accompaniments also employ a variety of instruments (piano, harp, honky tonk piano and accordion) .
To hear the music, switch to the percussion book, where the individual percussion parts can also be listened to separately.

In addition to a combined words-music vocal part, the following melody parts are currently available: violin/recorder, viola, cello, flute, B flat clarinet, alto saxophone and trumpet. It should always be understood that what may be a convenient key for one instrument may be very demanding on another.

Kerry Milan, Stafford. April 1995

revised August 2001

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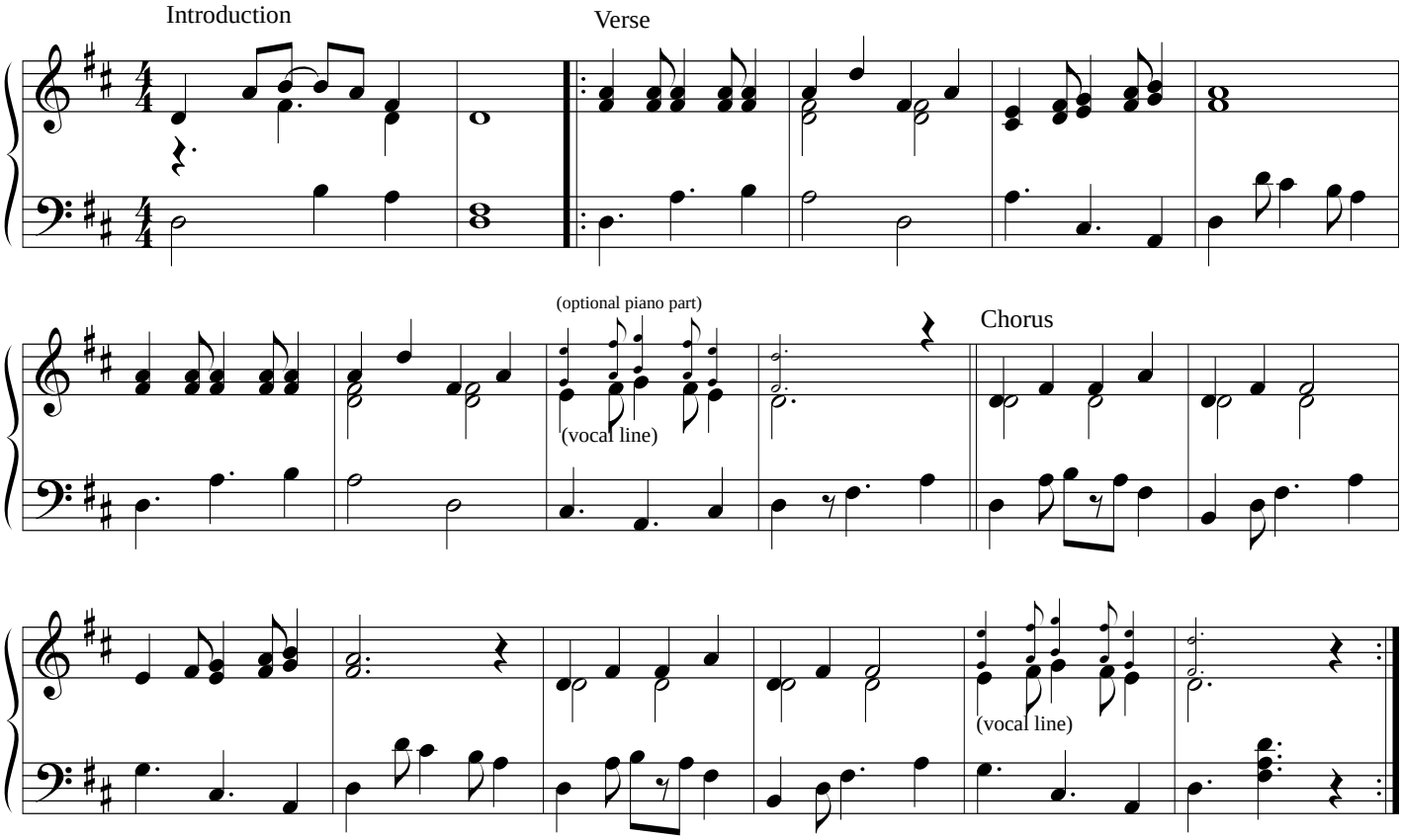
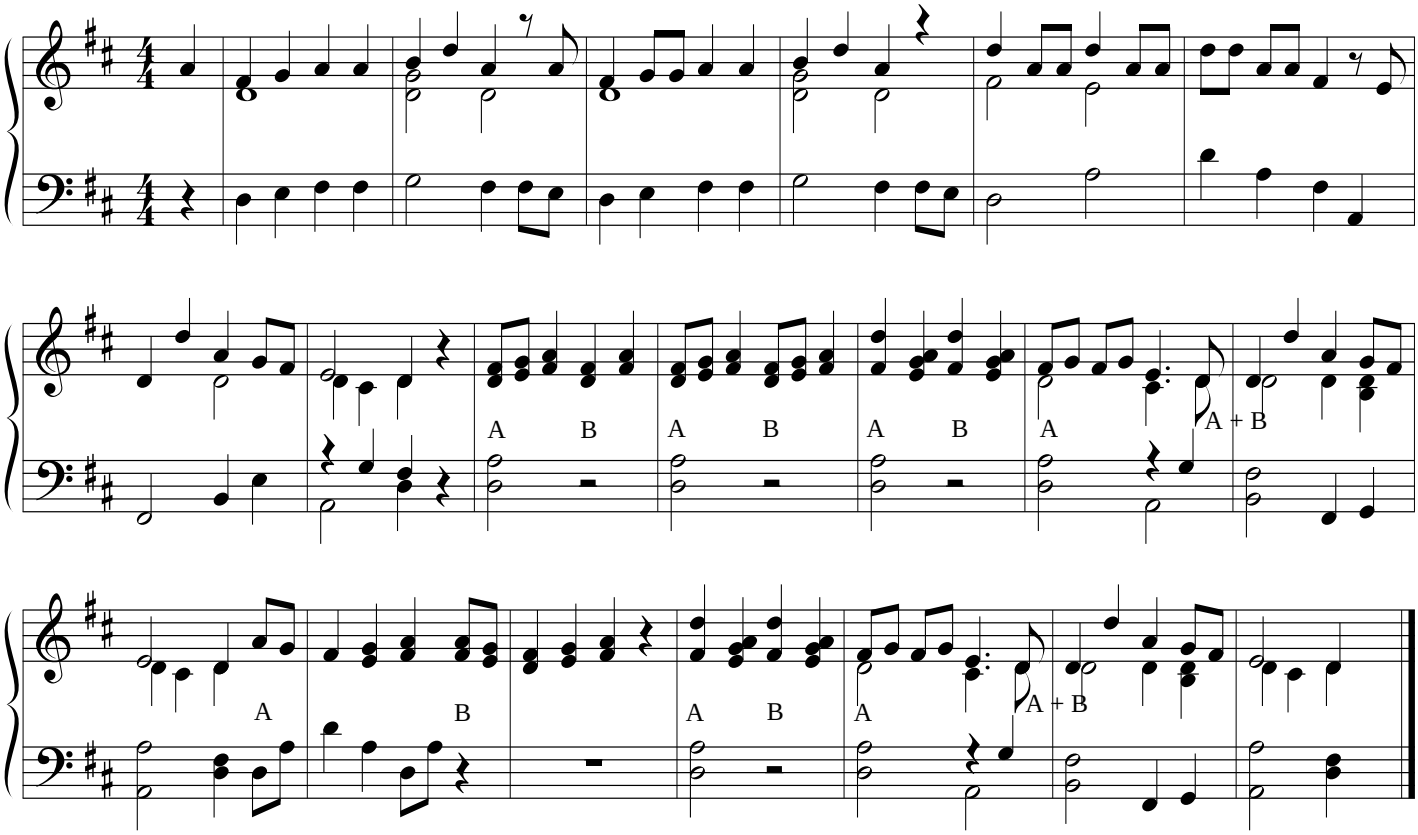
Water Come a Me Eye



The Keeper



Water Come a Me Eye

1 Ev'ry time I remember Liza, Water come a me eye.
When I think about my girl Liza, Water come a me eye.

Come back, Liza, come back, girl,
Water come a me eye.
Come back, Liza, come back, girl,
Water come a me eye.

2 Don't know why you went away, Water come a me eye.
When you comin' home to stay? Water come a me eye.
Chorus:

3 Time go slow when love is past, Water come a me eye,
When you come back, time go fast, Water come a me eye.
Chorus:

4 Listen 'cause I'm callin' you, Water come a me eye.
And my heart is calling too, Water come a me eye.
Chorus:

The Keeper

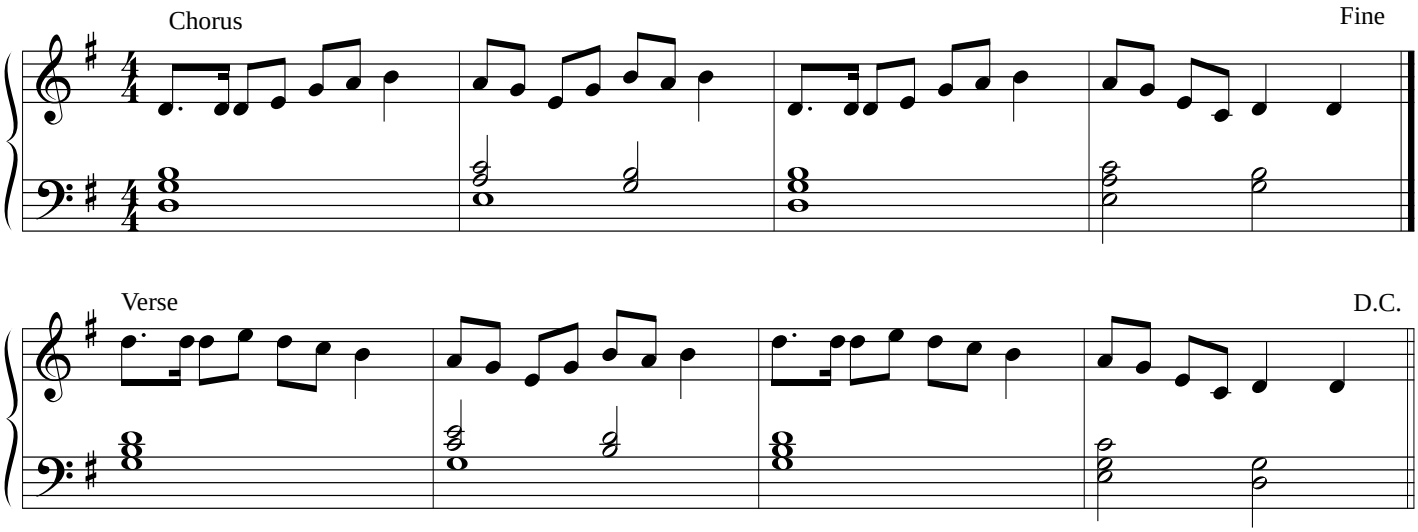
1 The keeper did a-shooting go,
And under his cloak he carried a bow,
All for to shoot at a merry little doe
Among the leaves so green O.

Jackie Boy! *Master!*
Sing ye well! *Very well!*
Hey down, *Ho down,*
Derry derry down,
Among the leaves so green O.
To my hey down down, *To my ho down down,*
Hey down, *Ho down,*
Derry derry down,
Among the leaves so green O.

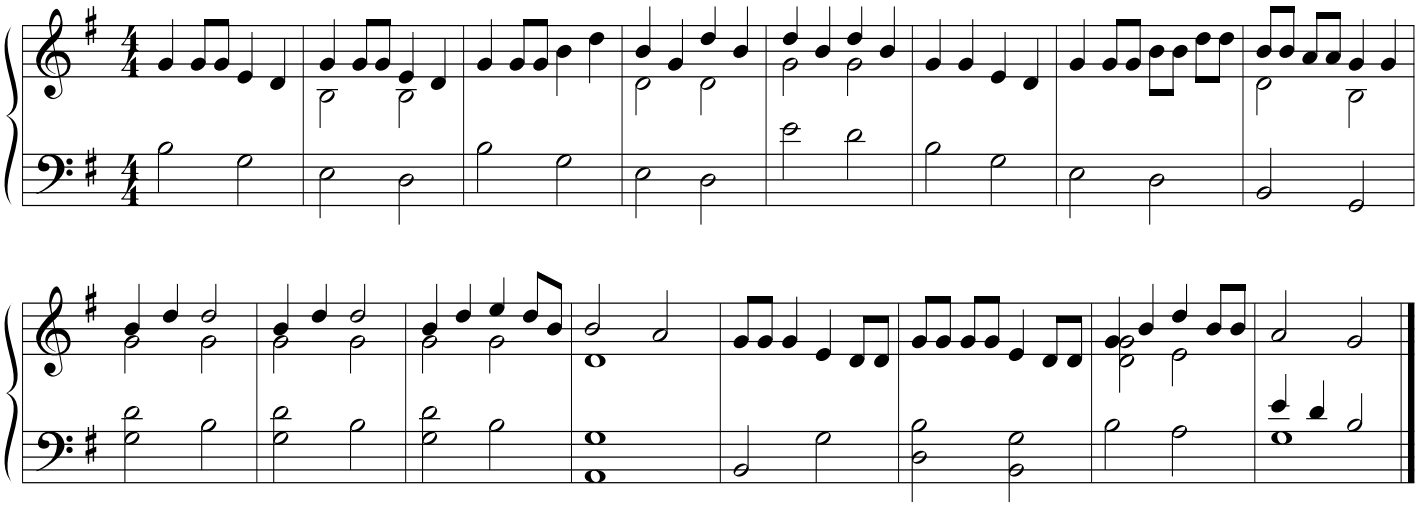
2 The first doe he shot at he missed,
The second doe he trimmed he kissed,
The third doe went where nobody wist
Among the leaves so green O. *chorus*

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. *chorus*

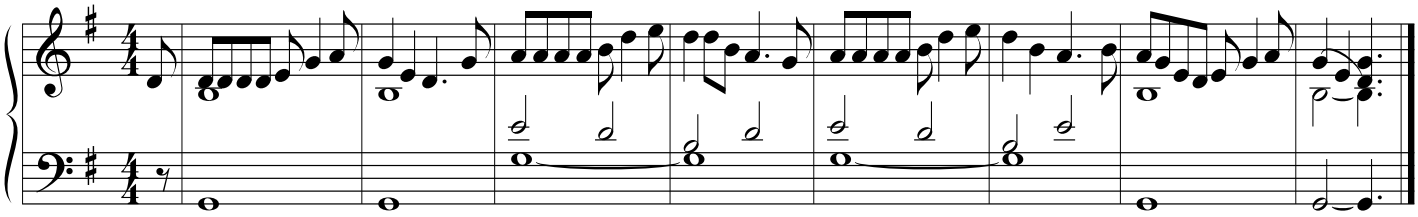
Lewis Bridal Song



Turn the Glasses Over



The Riddle Song: I Gave my Love a Cherry



Lewis Bridal Song

Step we gaily, on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Mairi's wedding.

1 Over hillways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the shielings, thro' the town,
All for sake o' Mairi.

Step we gaily...

2 Red her cheeks as rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' them all by far,
Is our darling Mairi.

Step we gaily...

3 Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonny bairns as weel,
That's the toast for Mairi.
Step we gaily...

Turn the Glasses Over

I've been to Harlem, I've been to Dover,
I've travelled this wide world all over,
Over, over, three times over,
Drink what you have to drink and turn the glasses over.
Sailing east, sailing west,
Sailing over the ocean,
Better watch out when the boat begins to rock,
Or you'll lose your girl in the ocean.

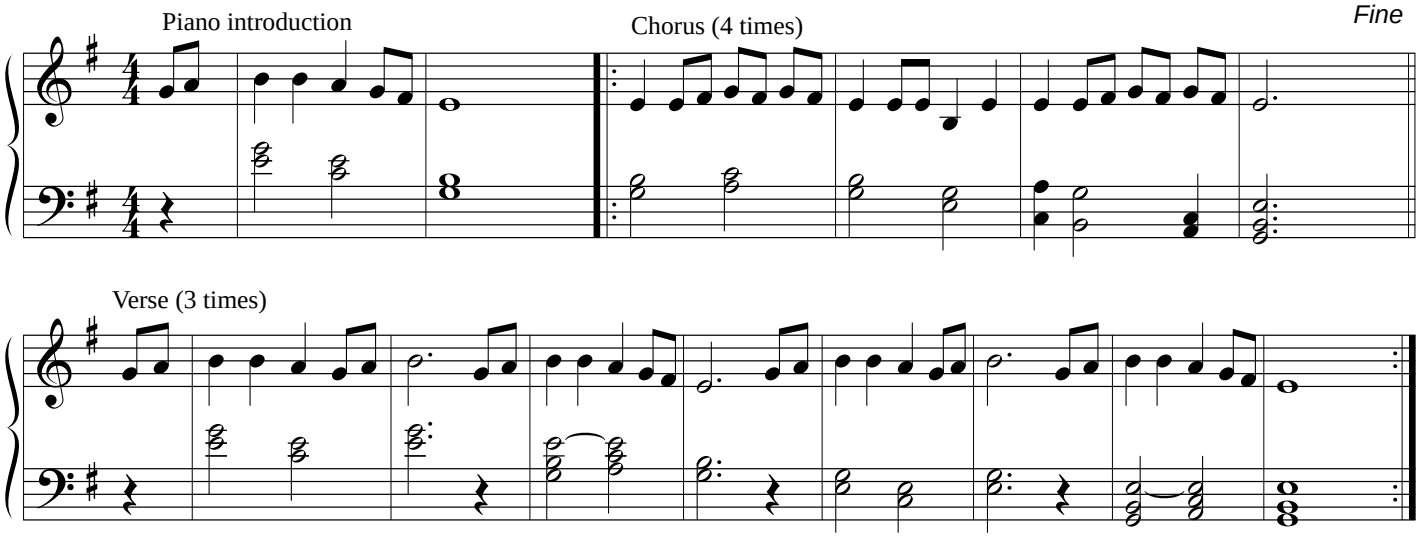
The Riddle Song: I Gave my Love a Cherry

1 I gave my love a cherry that has no stone,
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone,
I gave my love a ring that has no end,
I gave my love a baby that's no cryen.

2 How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a ring that has no end?
How can there be a baby that's no cryen?

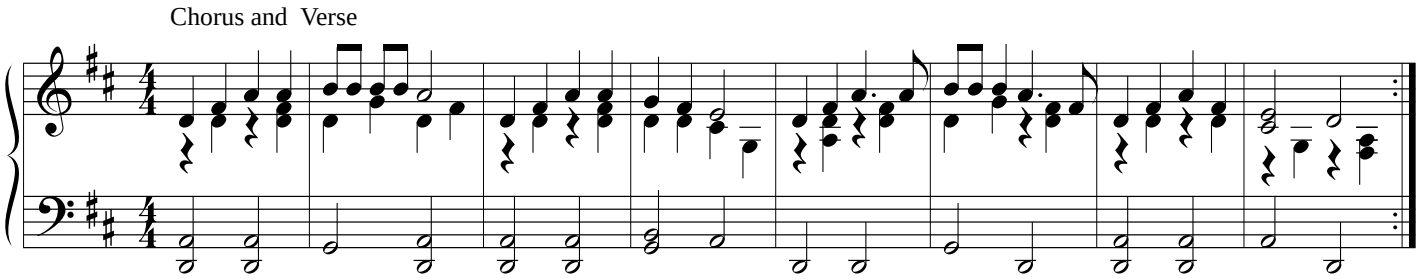
3 A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone.
A chicken when it's pipping, it has no bone.
A ring when it's rolling, it has no end.
A baby when it's sleeping, there's no cryen.

Zum Gali Gali



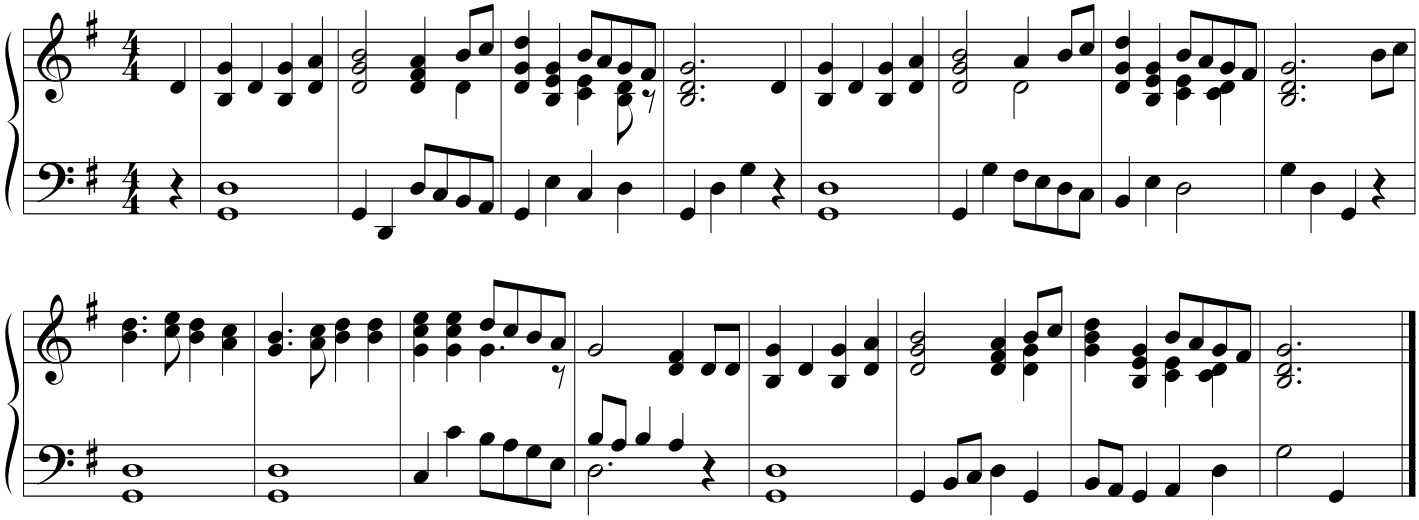
The chorus can be played throughout as a second part.

Coulter's Candy



The music for the verses matches that for the chorus, except for rhythmic variations to suit the words. The song has 4 choruses and three verses in this arrangement.

The British Grenadiers



Zum Gali Gali

Zum gali, gali, gali, Zum gali, gali,
Zum gali, gali, gali, Zum.

1 Pioneers must work ev'ry day
From dawn till day is done;
From dawn till day is done,
There is work for ev'ry one. *Chorus*

2 Pioneers will sing and dance,
Dance the hora in a ring,
Dance the hora in a ring;
With their best girls dance and sing. *Chorus*

3 Pioneers will work for peace
From dawn till day is done,
From dawn till day is done;
True peace for ev'ryone. *Chorus*

Coulter's Candy

Ally bally, ally bally bee,
Sitting on your mammy's knee,
Greetin' for anither baw-bee,
Tae buy mair Coulter's candy.

1 Ally bally, ally bally bee,
When you grow up, you'll go to sea,
Makin' pennies for your daddy and me,
Tae buy mair Coulter's candy. *Chorus*

2 Mammy gie' me a thrifty doon,
Here's auld Coulter comin' roon,
Wi' a basket on his croon,
Selling Coulter's candy. *Chorus*

3
Poor wee Jeannie's lookin' affa thin,
A rickle o' banes covered ower wi' skin,
Noo she's gettin' a double chin,
Wi sookin' Coulter's candy. *Chorus*

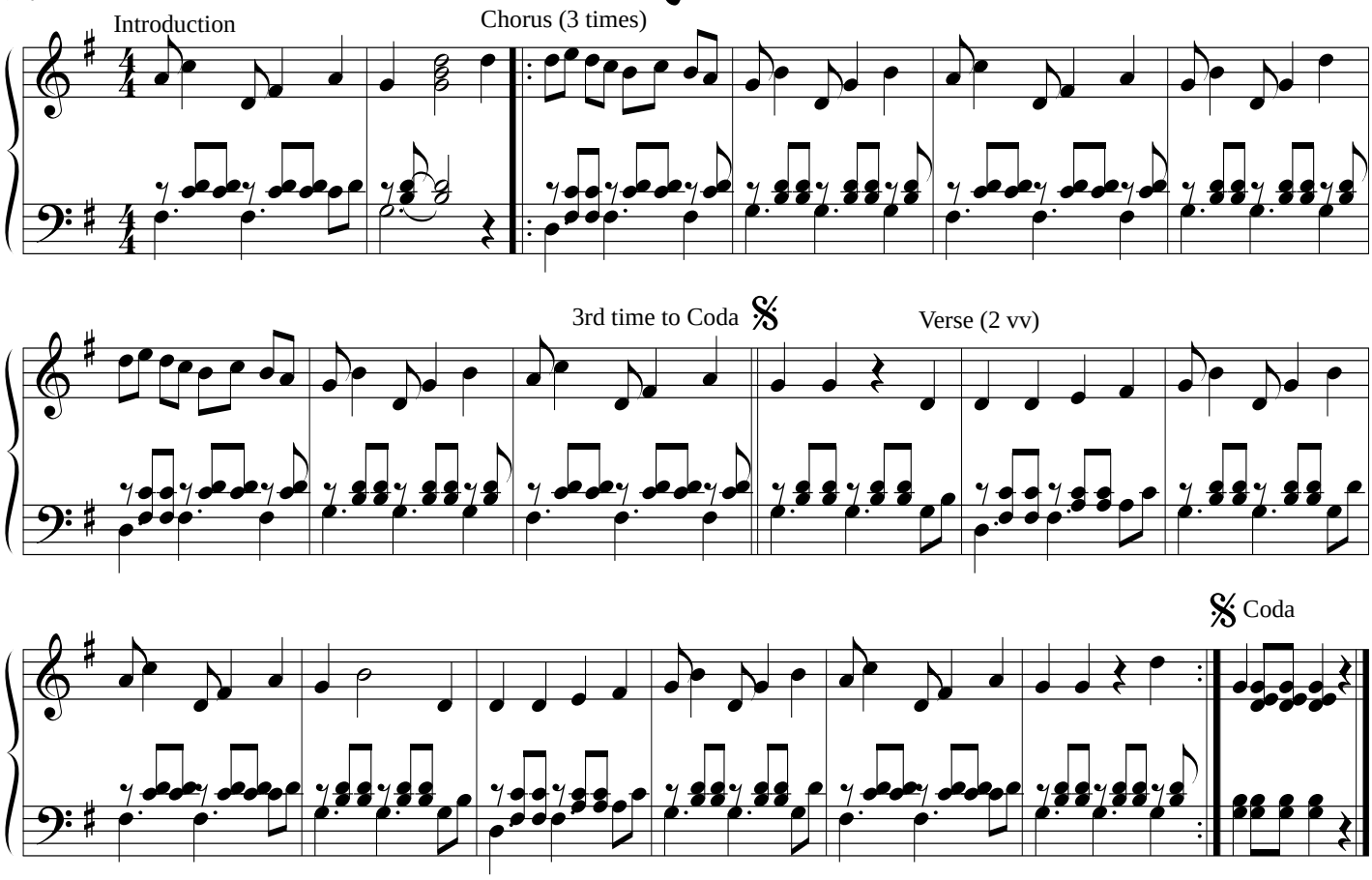
The British Grenadiers

1 Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes,
There's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.

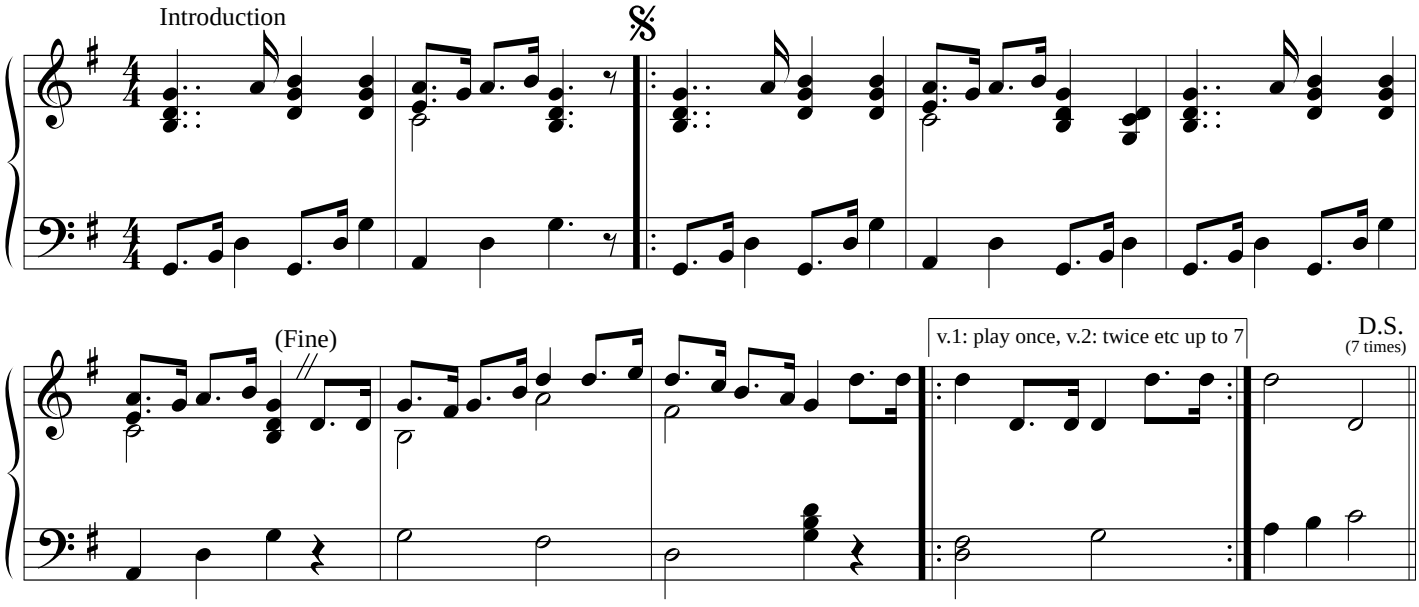
2 And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry "Hurrah, boys", Here come the Grenadiers:
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys,
Who know no doubts or fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.

3 Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loup-ed clothes;
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.

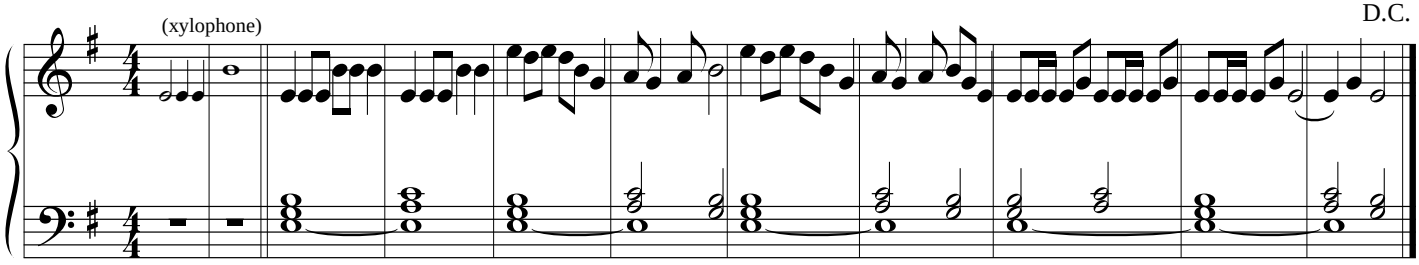
Mango Walk



Alouette



Land of the Silver Birch



Mango Walk

My brother did a tell me that you go mango walk,
You go mango walk, you go mango walk.
My brother did a tell me that you go mango walk
and steal all the number 'leven.

1 Now tell me, Joe, do tell me for true,
Do tell me for true, do tell me
That you don't go to no mango walk
And steal all the number 'leven, *chorus*

2 I tell you, Sue, I tell you for true,
I tell you for true, I tell you
That I don't go to no mango walk
And steal all the number 'leven. *chorus*

Alouette

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.

1 Je te plumerai la tête, je te plumerai la tête.
A la tête, à la tête, Al - ou - ette;

Alouette...
2 Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
A le bec, à le bec, à la tête, à la tête, Al - ou - ette;

Alouette...
3 Je te plumerai les yeux...

Alouette...
4 Je te plumerai les ailes...

Alouette...
5 Je te plumerai le dos...

Alouette...
6 Je te plumerai les jambes...

Alouette...
7 Je te plumerai les pieds...

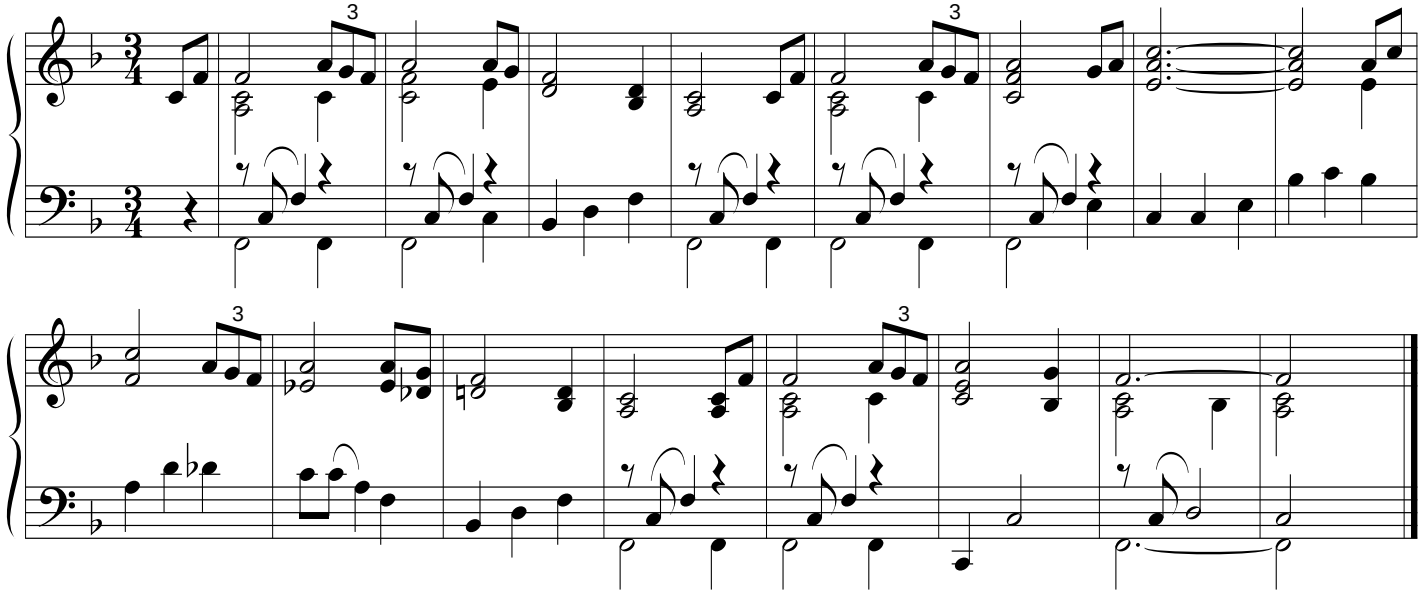
Land of the Silver Birch

1 Land of the silver birch, home of the beaver,
Where still the mighty moose wanders at will.
Blue lake and rocky shore, I will return once more,
Hi-a-ya, hi-ya, Hi-a-ya, hi-ya, Hi-a-ya, hi-ya, A - ah!

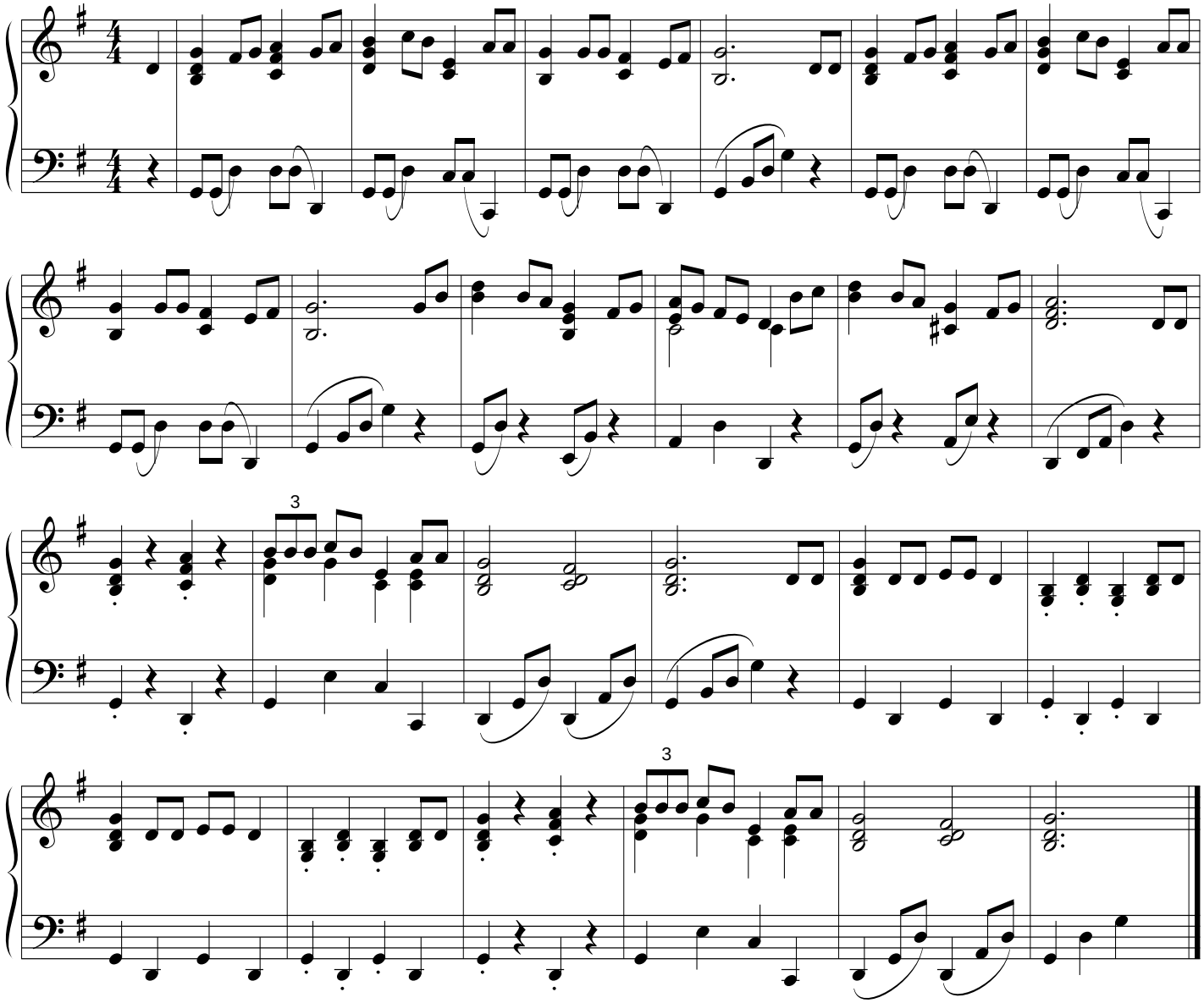
2 Down in the forest, deep in the lowlands,
My heart cries out for thee, hills of the north.
Blue lake and rocky shore, I will return once more.
Hi-a-ya....

3 High on a rocky ledge, I'll build a wig-wam,
Close by the waters edge, silent and still.
Blue lake and rocky shore, I will return once more.
Hi-a-ya...

Amazing Grace



My Grandfather's Clock



Amazing Grace

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
We have already come.
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far,
And grace will lead us home.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

My Grandfather's Clock

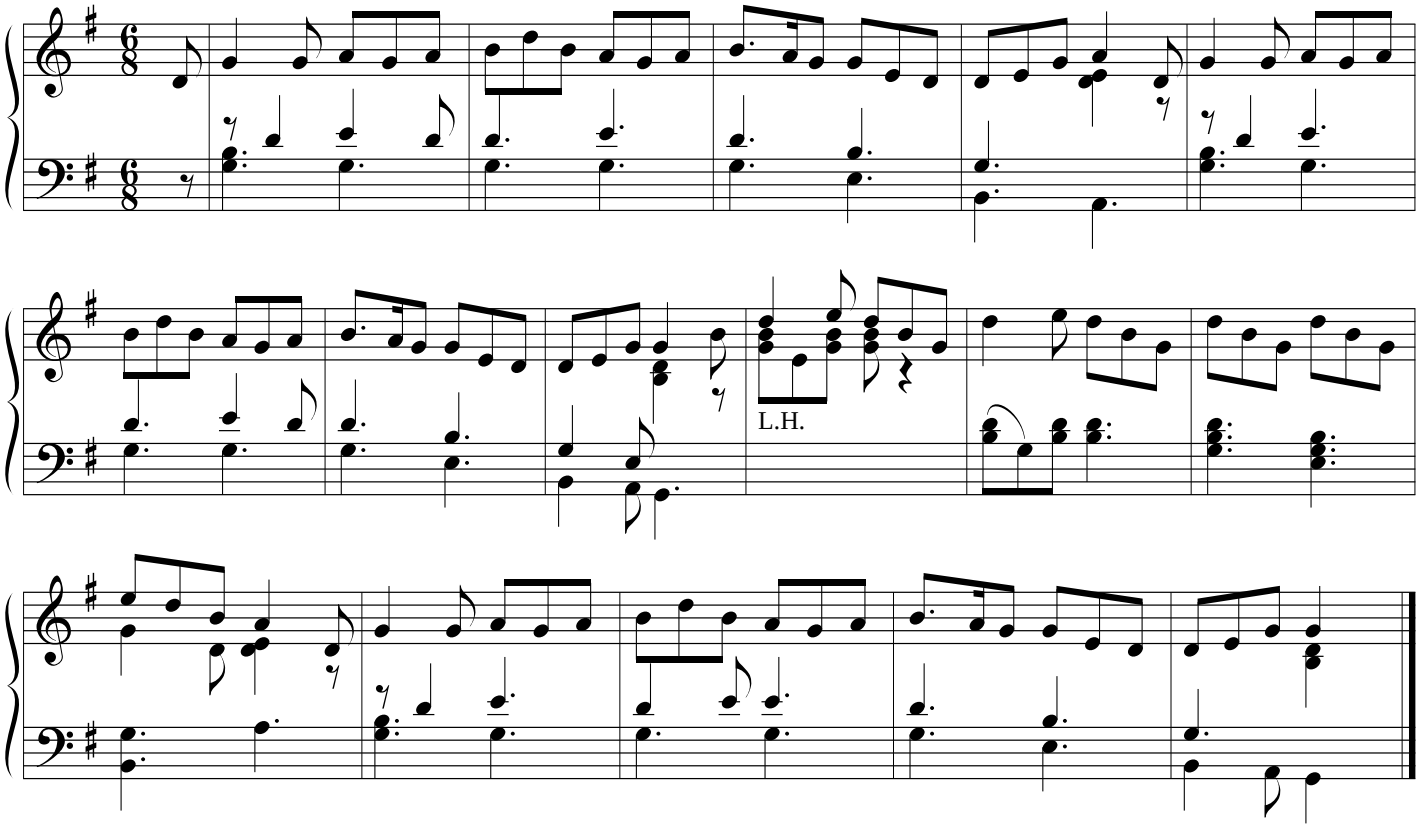
My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride -

But it stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.
Ninety years without slumbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
His life seconds numbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock.
It stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

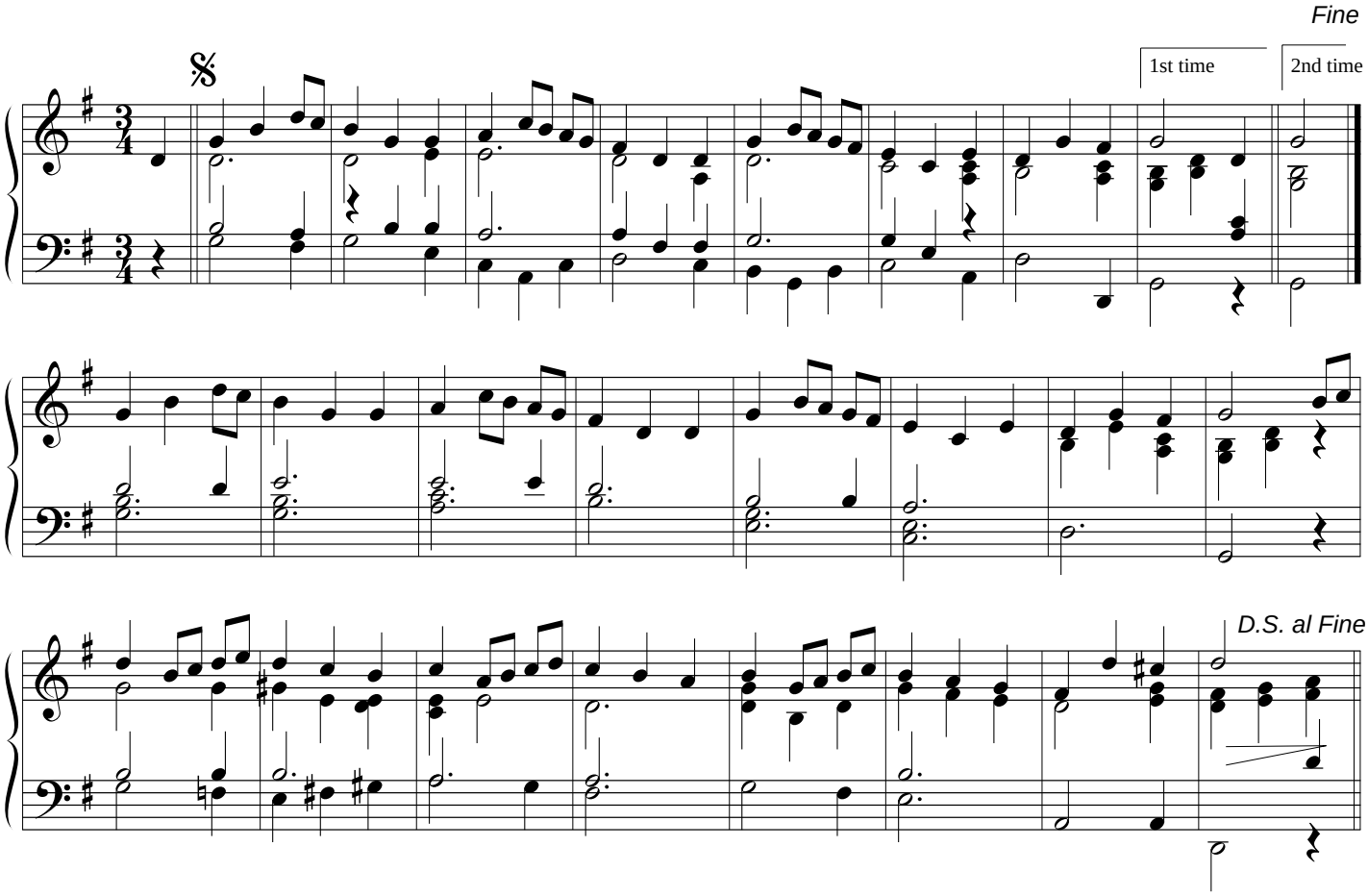
In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood, the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy;
For it struck twenty four when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride - *chorus*

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by its side - *chorus*

Ye Banks and Braes



The Ash Grove



Ye Banks and Braes

1 Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flow'ring thorn,
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

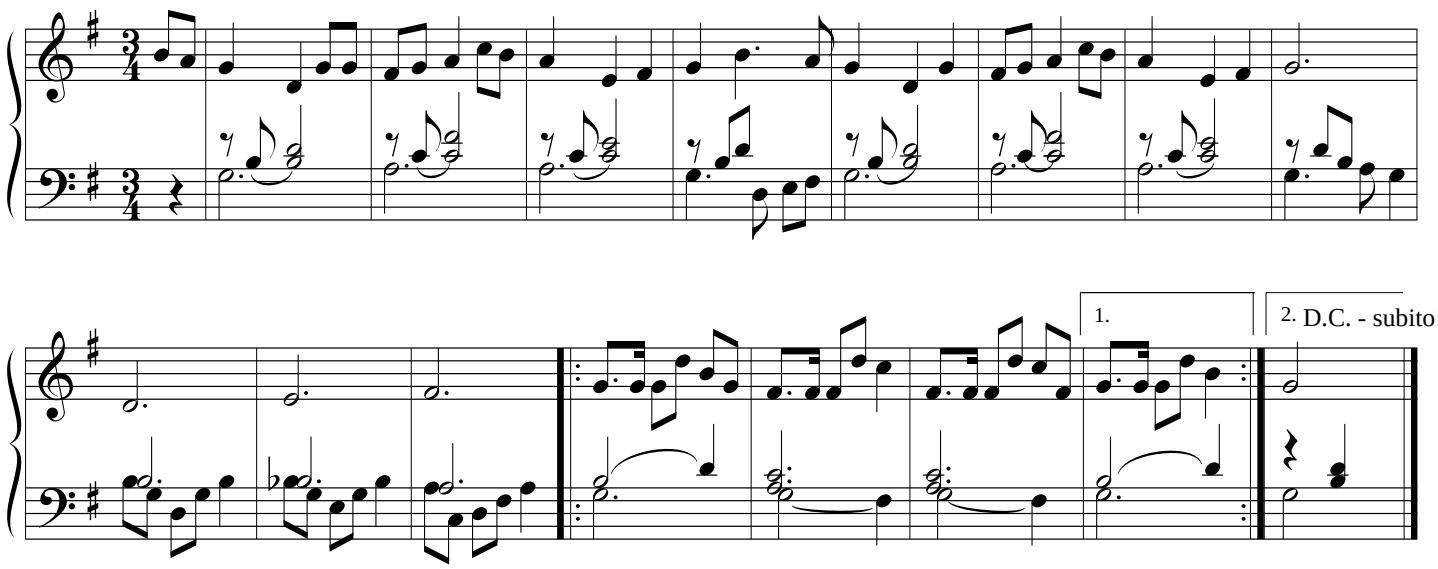
2 Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my false lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

The Ash Grove

1 Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove:
Or at the bright noontide, in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove.
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart!
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing;
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

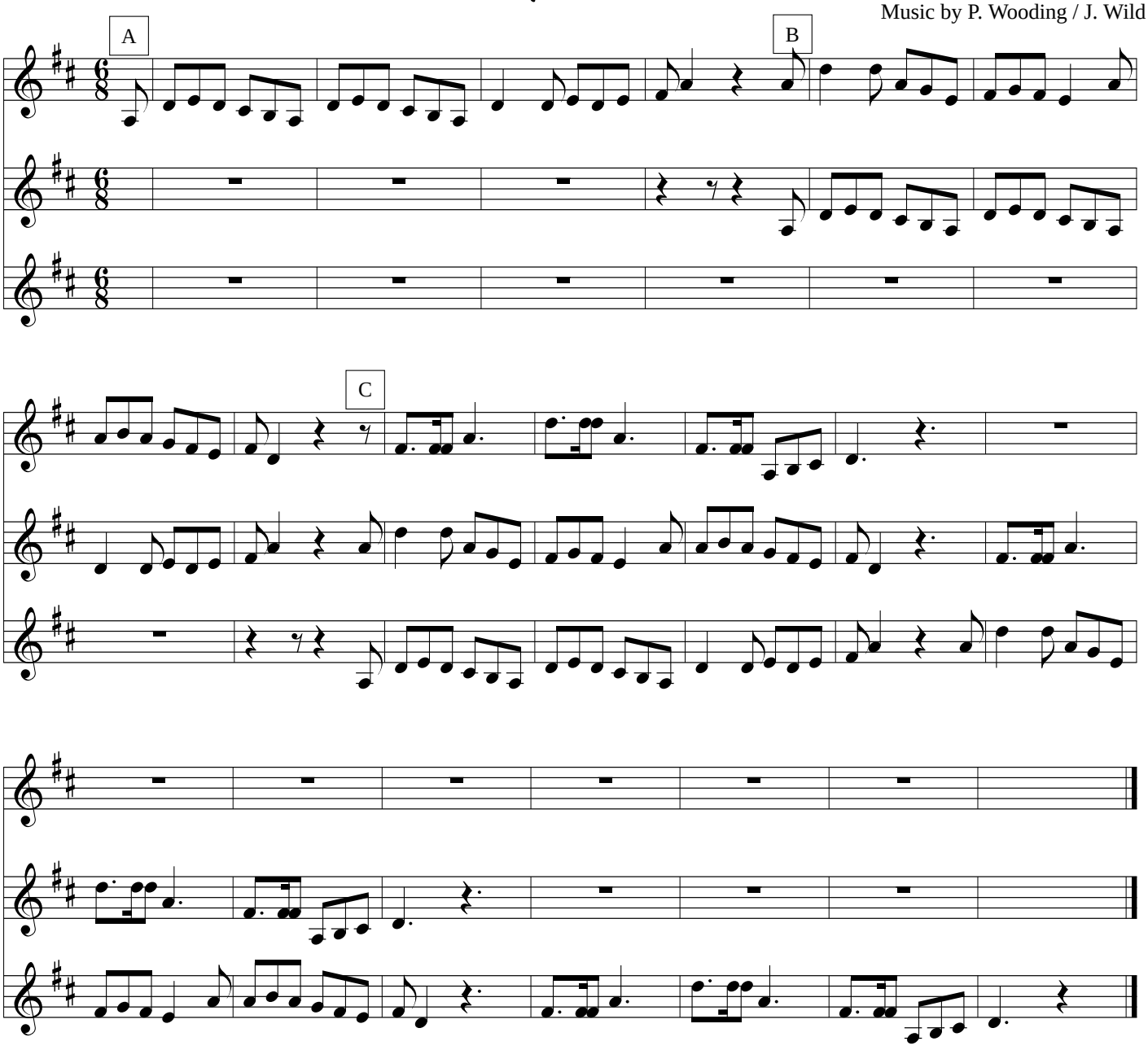
2 Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its notes from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love;
Ye echoes! oh tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

The Cuckoo



Baby Sardine

Music by P. Wooding / J. Wild



The Cuckoo

1 Oh, I went to Peter's flowing spring
Where the water's so good;
And I heard there the cuckoo as he called from the wood.
Ho-li-ah,
Ho-le-rah-hi-hi-ah, Ho-le-rah ku-kuck,
Ho-le-rah-hi-hi-ah, Ho-le-rah ku-kuck,
Ho-le-rah-hi-hi-ah, Ho-le-rah ku-kuck,
Ho-le-rah-hi-hi-ah, Ho. →

2 After Easter come sunny days
That will melt all the snow;
Then I'll marry my maiden fair: we'll be happy, I know.
chorus →

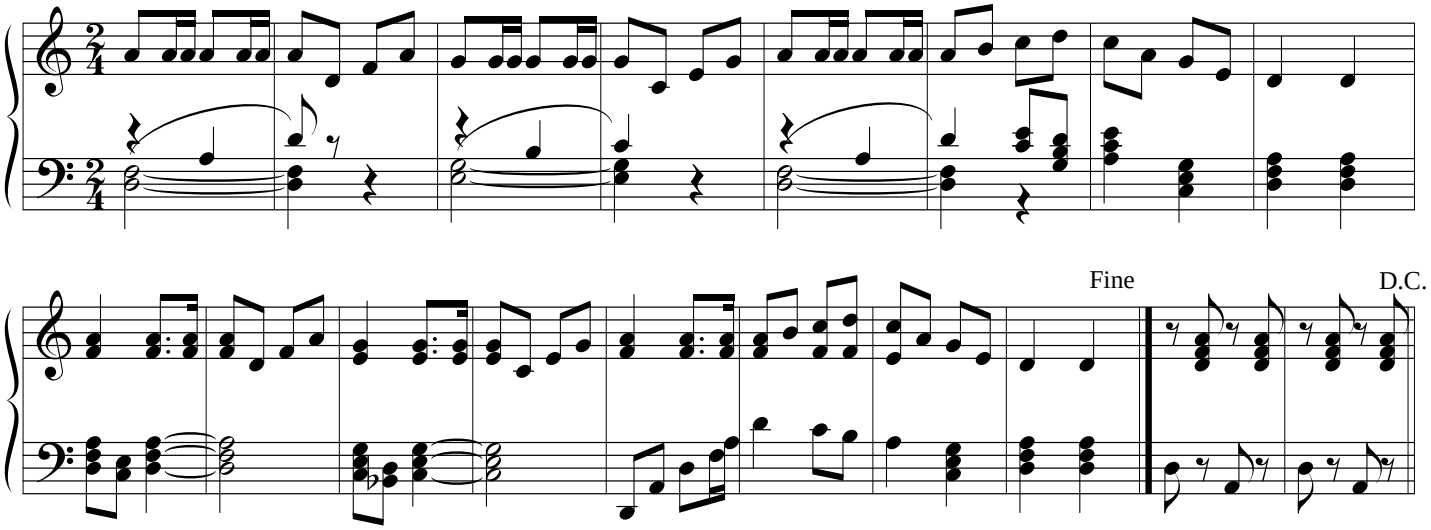
3 When I've married my maiden fair
What then can I desire?
Oh, a home for her tending and some wood for the fire.
chorus

Baby Sardine

A budgerigar saw his first motor car,
Was afraid and ruffed up his feathers.
"Now steady my lad", said his wily old dad,
"It's only a cage full of fellas!"
La-la-la La, La-la-la La, La-la-la La-la-la La.

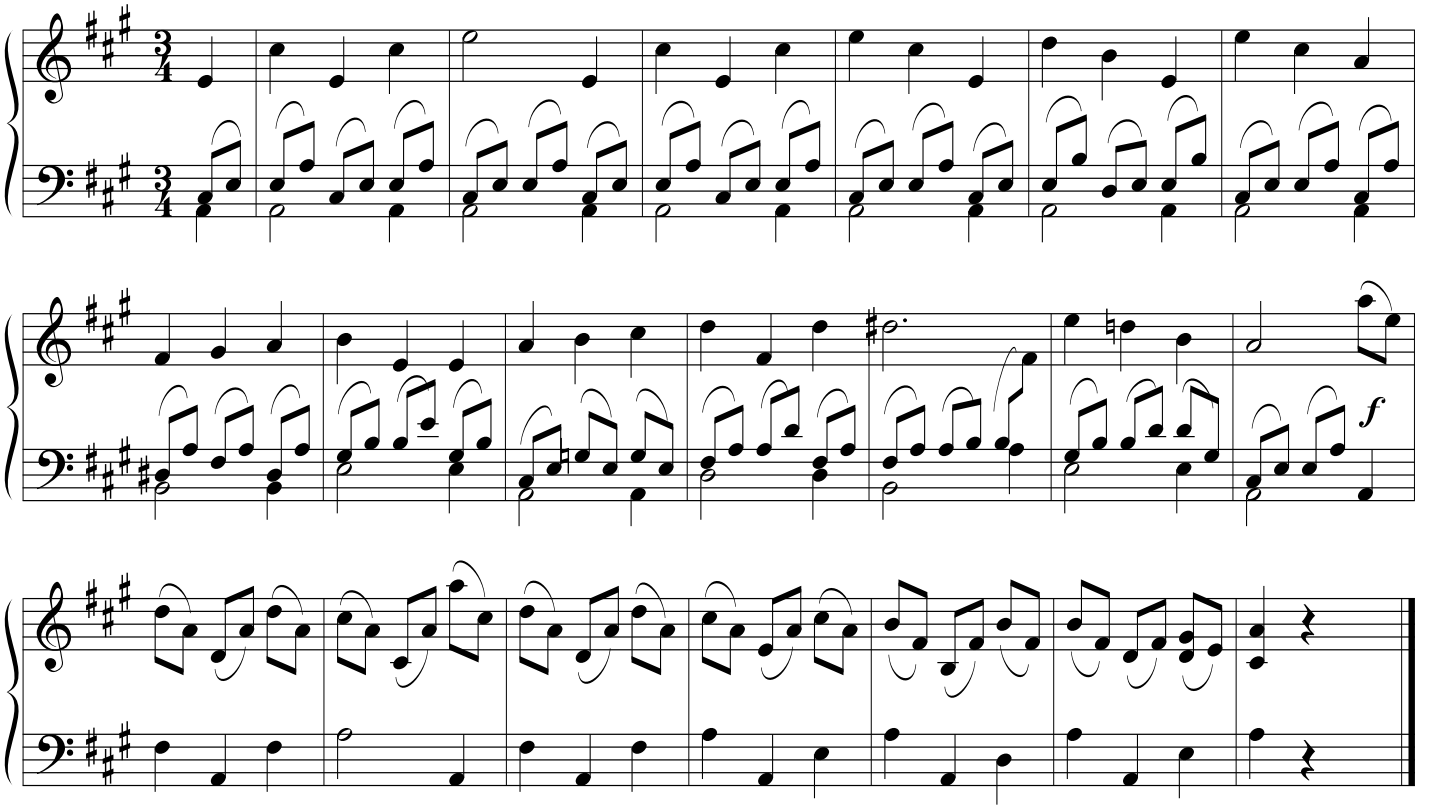
Kerry Milan, with acknowledgements to
Spike Milligan

What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor?



The Blacksmith - Brahms

This is a simplified arrangement
of Brahms' original piano part.



What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor?

1 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning?

Hooray and up she rises, Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises, Early in the morning!

2 Put him in the longboat until he's sober,
Put him in the longboat until he's sober,
Put him in the longboat until he's sober,
Early in the morning. *chorus*

3 Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Early in the morning. *chorus*

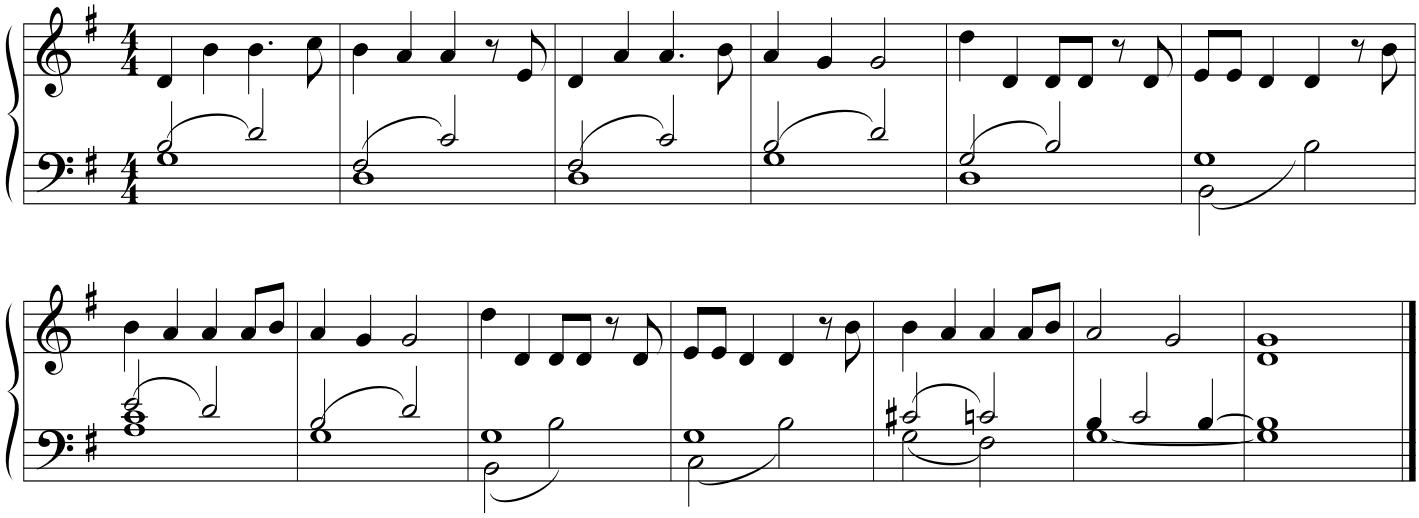
4 Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,
Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,
Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him,
Early in the morning. *chorus*

The Blacksmith - Brahms

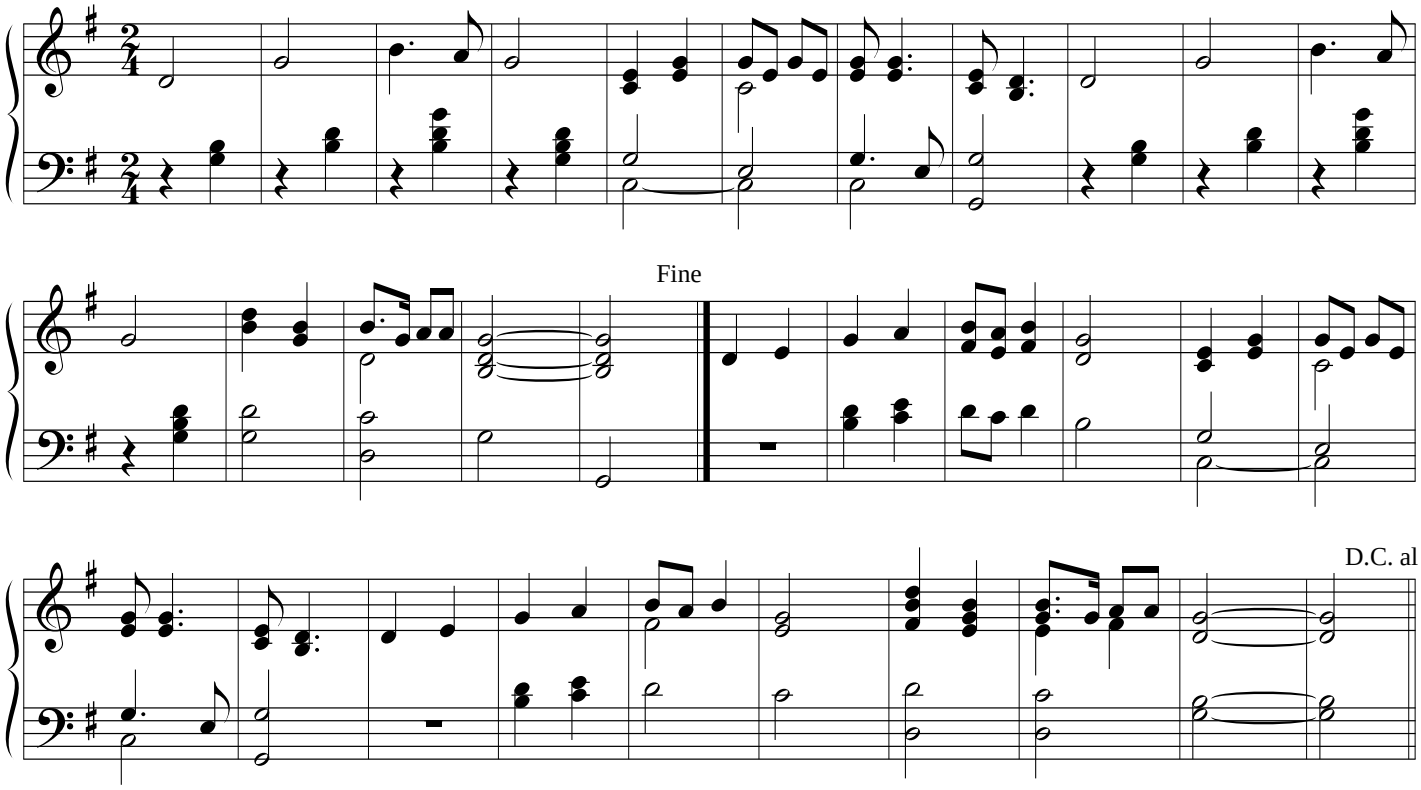
1 My loved one I hear.
The sound of his hammer
With clash and with clamour,
Doth set my heart singing
With echoes far ringing,
Of chimes loud and clear.

2 I see 'mid the smoke,
Within the forge glowing,
The flame brighter growing,
The furnace loud roaring.
The sparks high up-soaring,
Fly fast from his stroke.

My Aunt Jane



All Night, All Day



My Aunt Jane

1 My Aunt Jane she took me in,
She gave me tea in her wee tin:
Bread and butter with sugar on top
And three black balls out of her wee shop.
Bread and butter with sugar on top
And three black balls out of her - wee - shop.

2 My Aunt Jane has a grand wee shop,
Lucky bags and limejuice rock,
Cinnamon buns and yellow man,
And brandy balls in a bright tin can,
Cinnamon buns and yellow man,
And brandy balls in a bright - tin - can.

3 My Aunt Jane has a bell at the door,
A white step-stone and a clean-swept floor,
Candy apples and hard green peas,
And conversation lozenges,
Candy apples and hard green peas,
And conversation loz - en - ges.

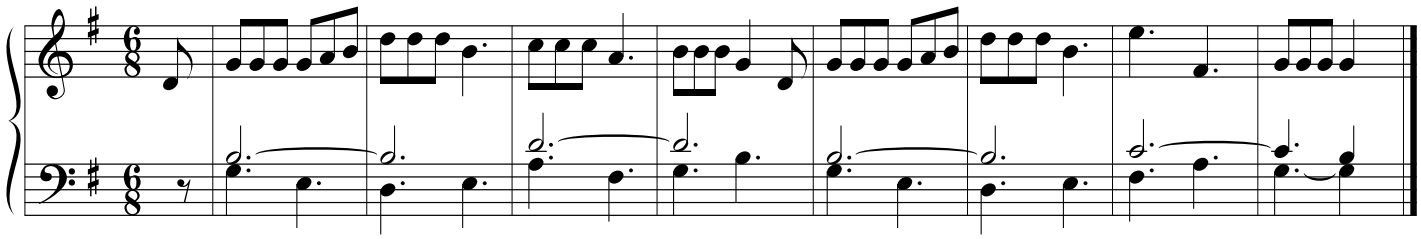
All Night, All Day

All night, all day,
Angels watching over me, my Lord.
All night, all day,
Angels watching over me.

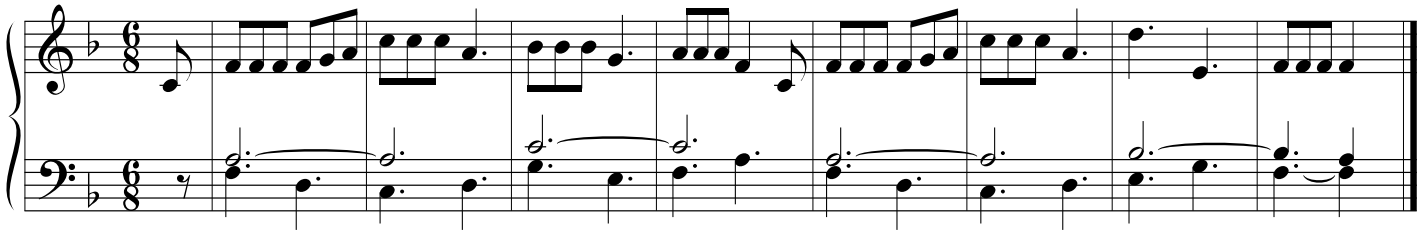
1 Now I lay me down to sleep.
Angels watching over me, my Lord,
Pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Angels watching over me. *chorus*

2 If I die before I wake
Angels watching over me, my Lord,
Pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Angels watching over me. *chorus*

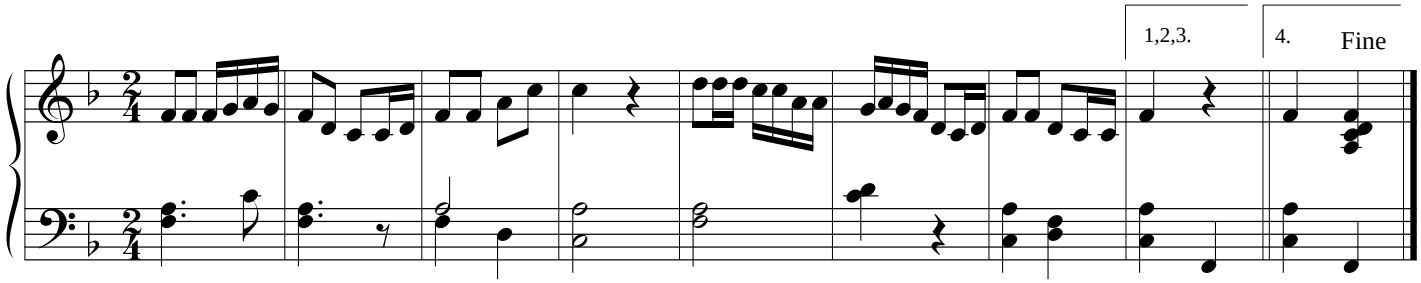
Old Rodger is Dead



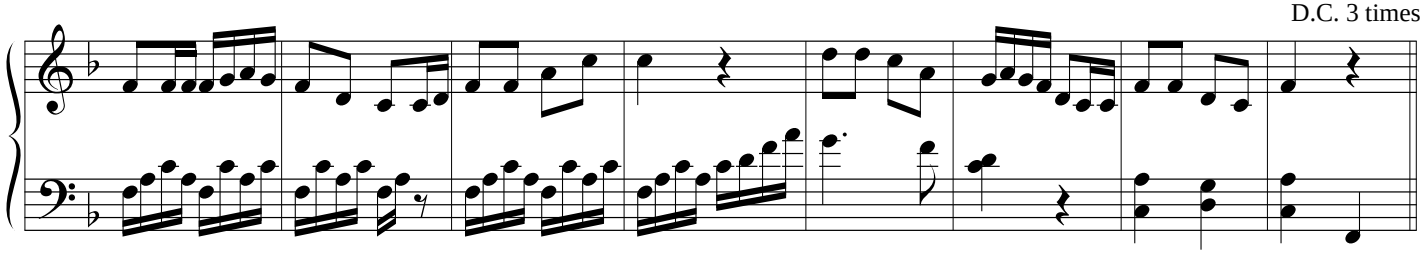
Alternative Key



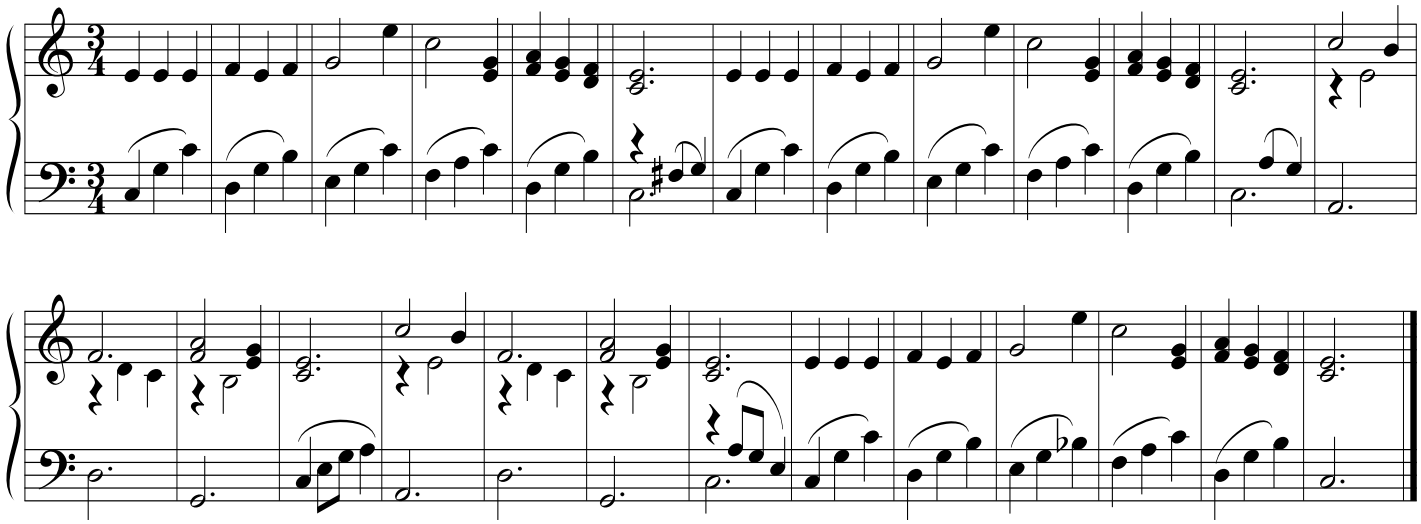
Soldier, Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?



D.C. 3 times



Andulko (Little Angel)



Old Rodger is Dead

1 Old Rodger is dead and laid in his grave,
Laid in his grave, laid in his grave,
Old Rodger is dead and laid in his grave,
Heigh-ho! laid in his grave.

2 They planted an apple tree over his head,
Over his head, over his head,
They planted an apple tree over his head,
Heigh-ho! over his head.

3 The apples grew ripe and down they did fall ...

4 There was an old woman came picking them up ...

5 Old Rodger got up and gave her a knock ...

6 That made her go off with a skip and a hop,,,,

Soldier, Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?

1 "Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"How can I marry such a pretty girl as you,
When I've got no shoes to put on?"
Off to the Cobblers she did go,
As fast as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that there was,
And the soldier put them on.

2 "Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"How can I marry such a pretty girl as you,
When I've got no socks to put on?"
Off to the Drapers she did go,
As fast as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that there was,
And the soldier put them on.

3 "Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"How can I marry such a pretty girl as you,
When I've got no pants to put on?"
Off to the Tailors she did go,
As fast as she could run,
Brought him back the finest that there was,
And the soldier put them on.

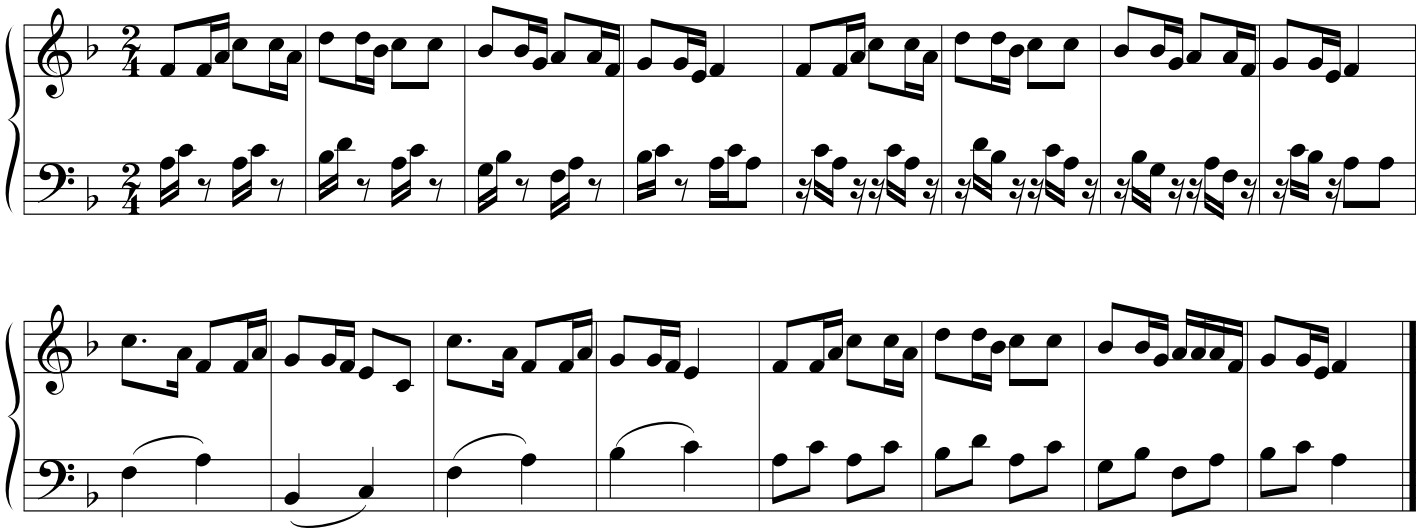
4 "Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?"
"How can I marry such a pretty girl as you,
With a wife and baby at home?"

Andulko (Little Angel)

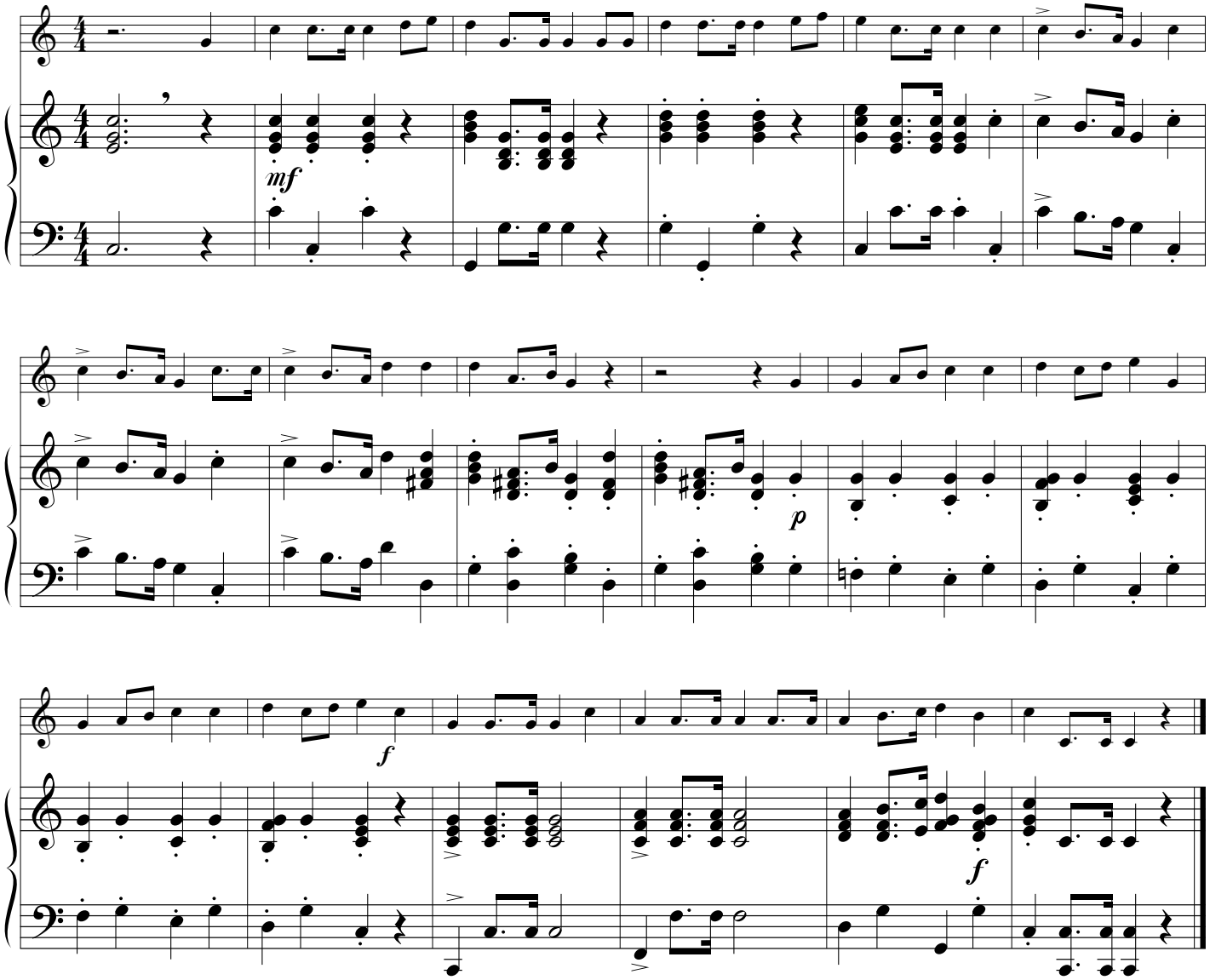
1 Andulko, are you asleep, I pray?
The time is so late.
All of your geese have made off, and stray
Beyond the far gate.
Fields of corn, geese now shake,
Bring them back, ere day break.
Andulko, angel, be on your way.
How long it will take!

2 I'd call to summon them; but I dread
My lady would hear;
She would awake at my softest tread
And scold me I fear.
Oh, the fuss she would make,
What a blow I could take;
I'll watch the sun rise from my small bed,
It's safer in here.

Paul's Little Hen



The Soldier's Song - Schumann



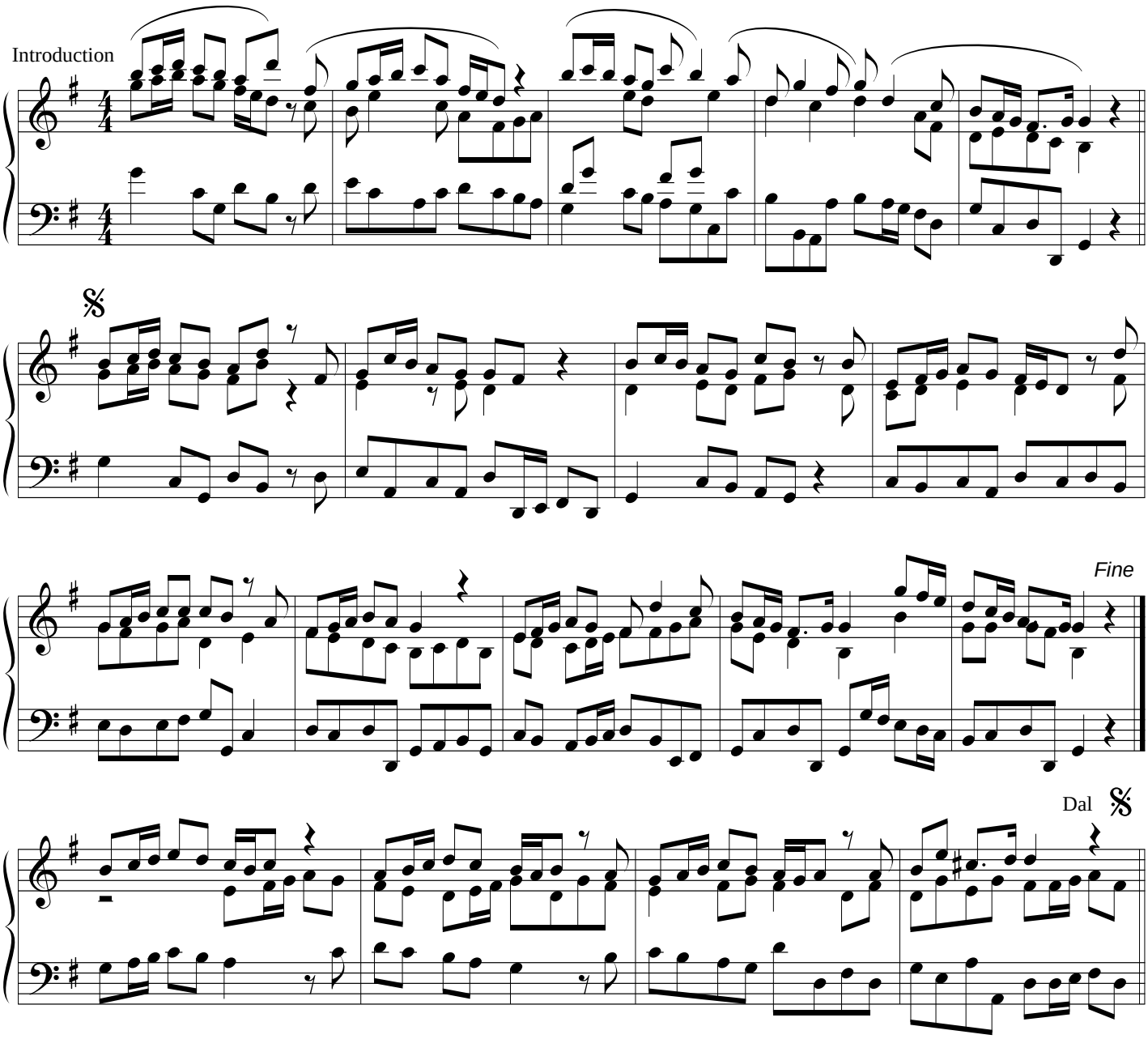
Paul's Little Hen

Paul's little hen flew away from the farmyard,
Ran down the hillside and into the dale.
Paul hurried after, but down in the brambles
There sat a fox with a great bushy tail.
"Cluck, cluck cluck," cried the poor little creature,
"Cluck, cluck cluck," but she cried in vain.
Paul made a spring, but he could not save her;
"Now I shall never dare go home again".

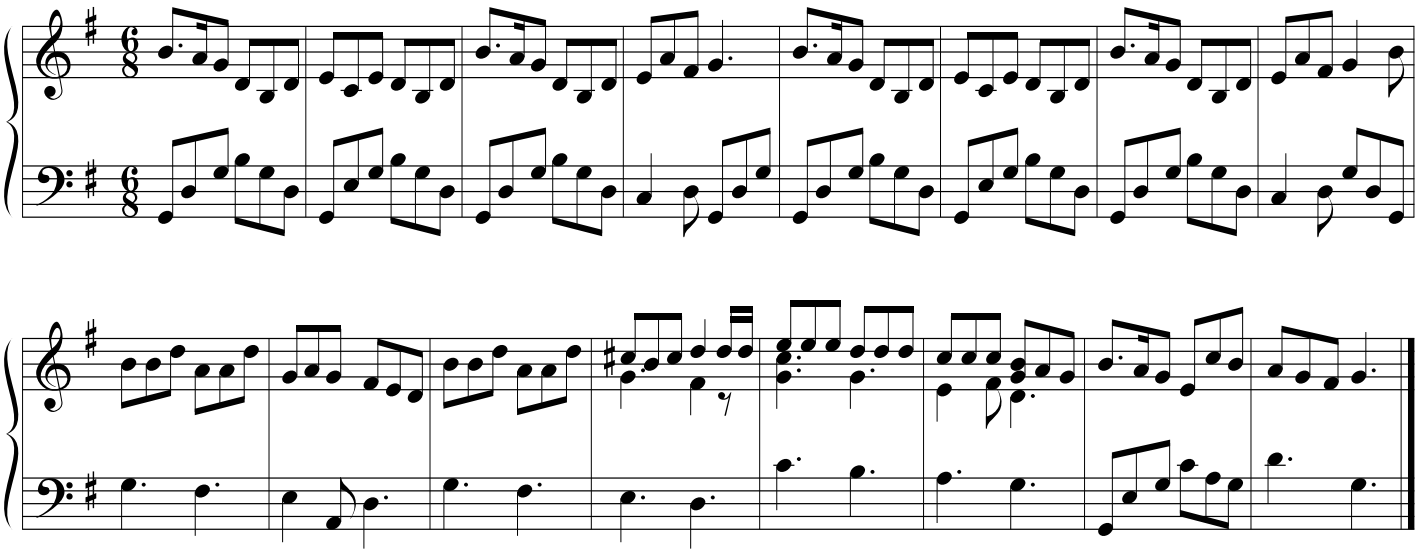
The Soldier's Song - Schumann

A fine wooden sword that's trusty and broad,
And a grey dappled steed - What more could I need?
A soldier am I, the foe I defy
As I ride up the lane, and down it again.
I march out of doors to go to the wars,
Then back with my gun for dinner at one.
From morning to night, I march and I fight.
When the enemy's fled we cry: "Home to bed".

Silent Worship



Blow the Wind Southerly



THE BLACKSMITH appears on page 18.

Silent Worship

Did you not hear my lady
Go down the garden singing?
Blackbird and thrush were silent
To hear the alleys ringing.
O saw you not my lady out in the garden there,
Shaming the rose and lily for she is twice as fair.
Though I am nothing to her,
Though she must rarely look at me,
And though I could never woo her,
I love her till I die.
Surely you heard my lady
Go down the garden singing,
Silencing all the songbirds
And setting the alleys ringing.
But surely you see my lady out in the garden there,
Riv'ling the glitt'ring sunshine with a glory of golden hair.

Blow the Wind Southerly

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea.
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow bonny breeze my lover to me:

1 They told me last night there were ships in the offing,
And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea,
But my eye could not see it wherever might be it,
The barque that is bearing my lover to me.

chorus

2 Oh, is it not sweet to hear the breeze singing,
As lightly it comes o'er the deep rolling sea?
But sweeter and dearer by far when 'tis bringing
The barque of my true love in safety to me.

Acknowledgements

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The words of BABY SARDINE by Kerry Milan with acknowledgements to Spike Milligan.
The music for BABY SARDINE by P. Wooding and J. Wild: © Sing for Pleasure, 25 Fryerning Lane, Ingatestone, Essex. CM4 0DD
The percussion / piano accompaniments are by Kerry Milan, except Handel's "Silent Worship" and Schumann's "The Soldier's Song". The accompaniment to Brahms' "The Blacksmith" is a simplified arrangement of the original piano part. (A still easier version appears in the Oxford School Music Books.)
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