



"The Bewitching Bow" Series
for Staffordshire Music Service



"Sing and Play Along"



Voices join in
the National Curriculum

Kerry Milan



Water Come a me Eye



Ev'-ry time I re - mem - ber Li - za, Wa - ter come a me



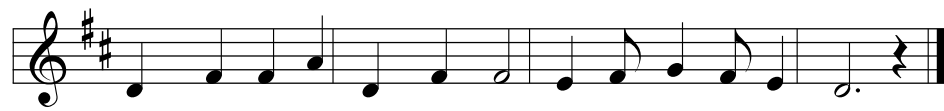
eye When I think a - bout my girl Li - za,



Wa - ter come a me eye. Come back, Li - za,



come back, girl, Wa - ter come a me eye



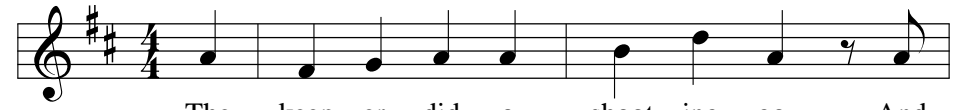
Come back, Li - za, come back, girl, Wa - ter come a me eye.

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



The keep - er did a - shoot - ing go, And



un - der his cloak he car - ried a bow, All for to shoot at a



mer - ry lit - tle doe A - mong the leaves so — green O.



Chorus
Jack-ie Boy! Mas-ter! Sing ye well! Ve-ry well! Hey down Ho down,
(a) (b) (a) (b) (a) (b)



Der-ry der-ry down, A - mong the leaves so — green O. To my
(a) (all) (a)



hey down down, To my ho down down, Hey down, Ho down,
(b) (a) (b)



Der-ry der-ry down, A - mong the leaves so — green O.
(a) (all)

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



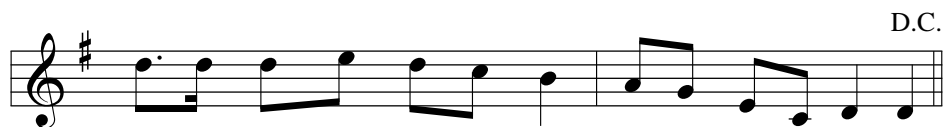
Step we gai-ly, on we go, Heel for heel and toe for toe,



Arm in arm and row on row, All for Mai-ri's wed-ding.



Ov-er hill-ways up and down, Myr-tle green and brac-ken brown,



Past the shiel-ings, thro' the town, All for sake o' Mai-ri.



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

3 *Step we gaily...*
 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 Har - lem,



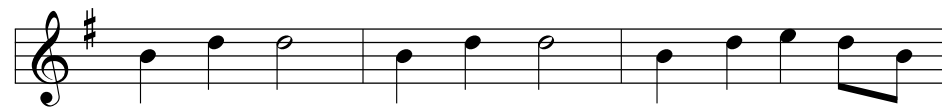
I've been to Do - ver, I've tra - velled this wide



world all o - ver, O - ver, o - ver, three times o - ver,



Drink what you have to drink and turn the glas - ses o - ver.



Sail - ing east, sail - ing west, Sail - ing o - ver the



o - cean, Bet-ter watch out when the boat be-gins to rock, Or you'll



lose your girl in the o - cean.

The Riddle Song: I Gave my Love an Apple

I gave my love a cher - ry that has no stone, I
 gave my love a chick - en that has no bone, I
 gave my love a ring that has no end, I
 gave my love a ba - by that's no cry - en.

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

Piano introduction Chorus
 Zum ga - li, ga - li, ga - li,
 Zum ga - li, ga - li, Zum ga - li, ga - li, ga - li, Zum.
 Verse
 Pi - o - neers must work ev - 'ry day From—
 dawn till day is— done; From— dawn till day is—
 done, There is work for ev - 'ry— one.

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

Chorus



Al - ly bal - ly, al - ly bal - ly bee,
 Sit - ting on your mam - my's knee, Greet - in' for a -
 ni - ther baw - bee, Tae buy mair Coul - ter's can - dy.

Verse



Al - ly bal - ly, al - ly bal - ly bee, When you grow up, you'll
 go to sea, Mak - in' pen - nies for your
 dad - dy and me, Tae buy mair Coul - ter's can - dy.

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



Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, and— some of Her - cu -
 les, Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, and—
 such great names— as— these; But of all the world's brave
 he - roes, There's none that can— com - pare— With a
 tow, row, row, row, row, row, For the Brit - ish Gre - na - diers.

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.

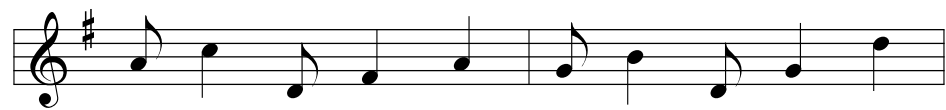
3 Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
 Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loup-ed clothes;
 May they and their commanders
 Live happy all their years,
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, For the British Grenadiers.

Mango Walk



Chorus

My bro-ther did a tell me that you go man-go walk, You



go man - go walk, you go man - go walk. My



bro-ther did a tell me that you go man-go walk and

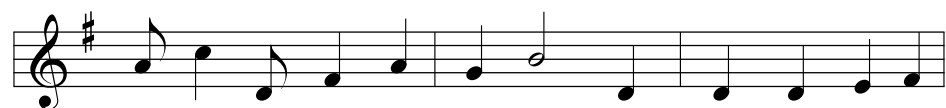


steal all the num - ber 'le-ven.

Verse



Now tell me, Joe, do tell me for true, Do

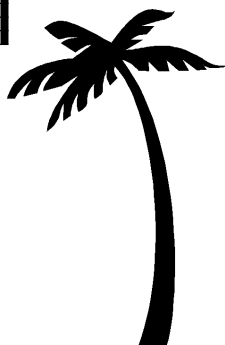


tell me for true, do tell me That you don't go to

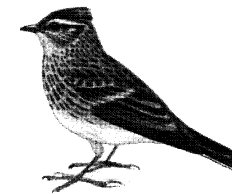


no man-go walk And steal all the num-ber 'leven.

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



Al - ou - et - te, gen - tille Al - ou - et - te,



Al - ou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.



Je te plu-me-rai la tête, je te plu-me-rai la tête. A la



tête, à la tête, Al - ou - et - te;



Al - ou - et - te, gen - tille Al - ou - et - te,



Al - ou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 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 - et - te;
<i>Alouette...</i> | 5 Je te plumerai le dos...
<i>Alouette...</i> |
| 3 Je te plumerai les yeux...
<i>Alouette...</i> | 6 Je te plumerai les jambes...
<i>Alouette...</i> |
| 4 Je te plumerai les ailes...
<i>Alouette...</i> | 7 Je te plumerai les pieds...
<i>Alouette ...</i> |

Land of the Silver Birch

(xylophone) Verse

Land of the sil - ver birch,
 home of the bea - ver, Where still the might - y moose
 wan - ders at will. Blue lake and rock - y shore,
 Chorus
 I will re - turn once more, *Hi - a - ya, hi - ya, Hi - a - ya, hi - ya,*
 D.C.
Hi - a - ya, hi - ya, 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

A — maz - ing — 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 grand-fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it



stood nine-ty years on the floor. It was tall-er by half than the



old man him-self, Though it weighed not a pen-ny-weight



more. It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was



al-ways his trea-sure and pride *But it stopped, short,*



ne-ver to go a-gain, When the old man died. Nine-ty



years with-out slum-ber-ing, Tick, tock, tick, tock, His



life se-conds num-ber-ing, Tick, tock, tick, tock. It stopped short,



ne-ver to go a-gain, When the old man died.

- 2 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

- 3 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



Ye banks and braes— o' bon - nie Doon,— How



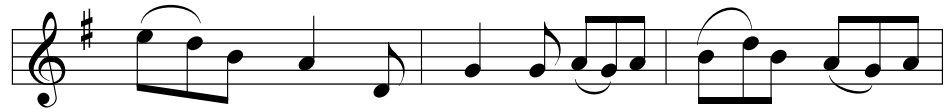
can— ye bloom— sae fresh— and fair? How can ye chant,— ye



lit - tle birds,— And I— sae wea - ry, fu'— o' care? Thou'll



break my heart,— thou warb-ling bird,— That wan - tons through— the



flow - 'ring thorn, Thou minds me o'— de - part - ed joys,— De-



part - ed nev - er to— re - turn.

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 yon - der green— val - ley where stream - lets— me -
2. Still glows the bright— sun - shine o'er val - ley— and—



an - der, When twi - light— is— fa - ding, I pen - sive - ly
moun - tain, Still war - bles— the— black - bird its notes from the



rove: Or at the bright— noon - tide, in sol - i - tude—
tree; Still trem - bles the— moon - beam on stream - let— and—



wan - der A - mid the— dark— shades of the lone - ly Ash
foun - tain, But what are— the— beau - ties of na - ture to



Grove. 'Twas— there, while— the— black - bird was cheer - ful - ly—
me? With— sor - row, deep— sor - row, my bo - som— is—



sing - ing, I first met— that— dear one, the joy of my
la - den, All day I— go— mourn - ing in search of my



heart! A - round us for— glad - ness the blue - bells— were—
love; Ye ech - oes! oh— tell me, where is the— sweet—



ring - ing; Ah! then lit - tle— thought I how soon we should part.
mai - den?"She sleeps 'neath— the— green turf down by the Ash Grove."

The Cuckoo



Oh, I went to Pe-ter's flow-ing spring Where the wa-ter's so



good; And I heard there the cuck - oo as he

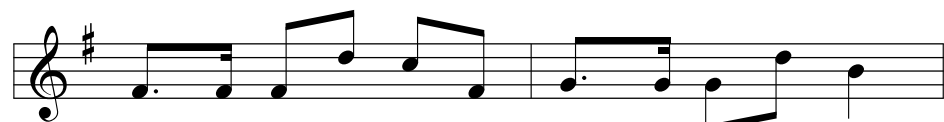
Chorus



called from the wood. Ho - li - ah,



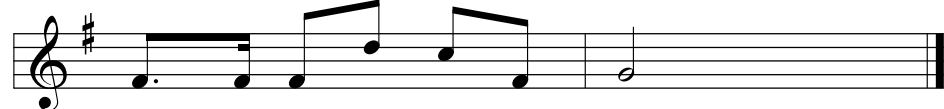
Ho - le - rah - hi - hi - ah, Ho - le - rah ku - kuck,



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

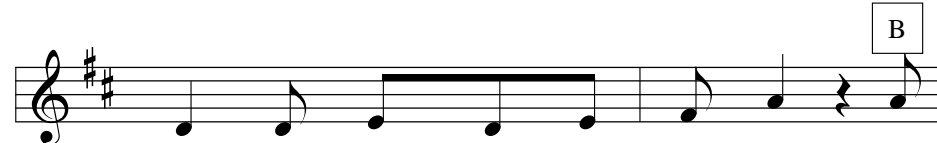
3 When I've married my maiden fair
What then can I desire?
Oh, a home for her tending
And some wood for the fire.

chorus

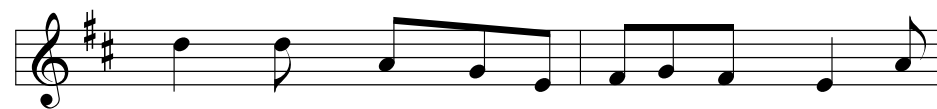
Baby Sardine



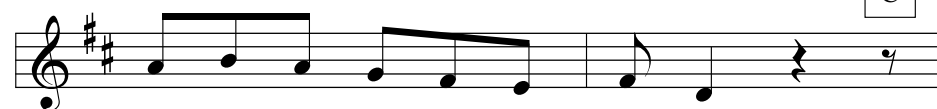
A bud-ge - ri - gar saw his first mo-tor car, Was a -



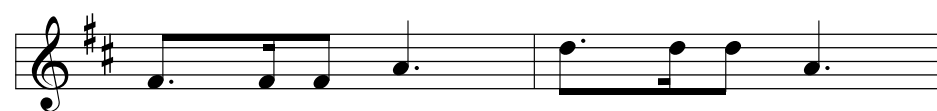
B fraid and ruffed up his fea - thers. "Now



steady my lad" said his wi - ly old dad, "It's



C on ly a cage full of fel - las!"



La - la - la La, La - la - la La,



La - la - la La - la - la La.

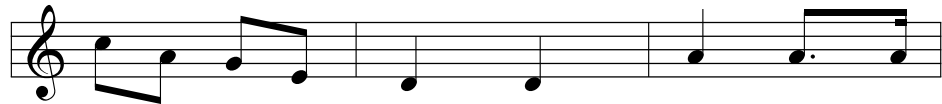
What shall we do with the drunken Sailor?



What shall we do with the drun-ken sail-or, What shall we do with the



drun-ken sail-or, What shall we do with the drun-ken sail-or,



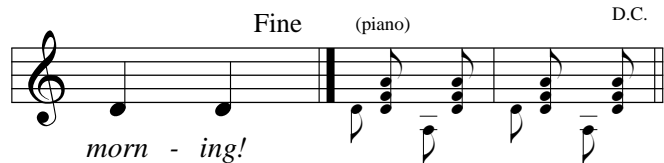
Ear - ly in the morn - ing? *Hoo - ray and*



up she ri - ses, Hoo - ray and up she ri - ses,



Hoo - ray and up she ri - ses, Ea - rly in the



- 2 Put him in the longboat until he's sober.
- 3 Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
- 4 Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him.

My Aunt Jane



My Aunt Jane she took me in, She gave me tea in



her wee tin: Bread and but - ter with sug - ar on top And



three black balls out of her wee shop. Bread and but - ter with



sug - ar 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.

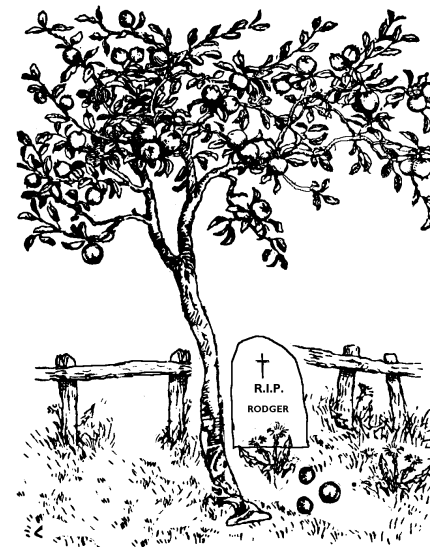
All Night, All Day

All night, all day, An - gels
 watch - ing o - ver me, my Lord. All
 night, all day, An - gels watch - ing o - ver
 Fine
 me. Now I lay me
 down to sleep. An - gels watch - ing o - ver me, my
 Lord, Pray the Lord my soul to
 keep, An - gels watch - ing o - ver me.

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

Old Rod - ger is dead and laid in his grave,
 Laid in his grave, laid in his grave, Old Rod - ger is dead and
 laid in his grave, Heigh - ho! laid in his grave.

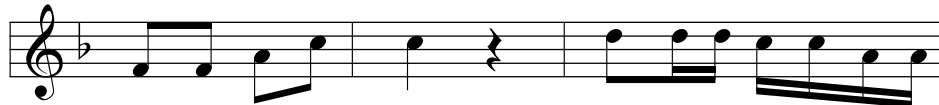


- 2 They planted an apple tree over his head,
Over his head, over his head,
They planted an apple tree over his head,
Heigh-ho! over his head.
- 3 The apples grew ripe and down they did
fall ... Heigh-ho! down they did fall.
- 4 There was an old woman came picking
them up ... Heigh-ho! picking them up.
- 5 Old Rodger got up and gave her a
knock ... Heigh-ho! gave her a knock.
- 6 That made her go off with a skip and a
hop ... Heigh-ho! a skip and a hop.

Soldier, Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?



"Sol - dier, sol - dier, won't you mar - ry me, With your



mus - ket, fife and drum?" "How can I mar - ry such a



Fine

pret - ty girl as you, When I've got no shoes to put on?"



Off to the Cob - blers — she did go, As —



fast as she could run, Brought him back the



D.C.

fi - nest that there was, And the sol - dier 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)



An dul ko, are you a - sleep, I pray, The



time is so late. All of your geese have made



off, and stray, Be - yond the far gate.



Fields of corn, geese now shake, Bring them



back, ere day break. An dul ko,



an-gel, 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



Paul's lit - tle hen flew a - way from the farm - yard,



Ran down the hill - side and in - to the dale.



Paul hur - ried af - ter, but down in the bram - bles



There sat a fox with a great bush - y tail.



"Cluck, cluck cluck," cried the poor lit - tle crea - ture,



"Cluck, cluck cluck," but she cried in— vain.



Paul made a spring, but he could not— save her;



"Now I shall nev - er dare go home a - gain".

Schumann's "The Soldier's Song"



A fine wood-en sword that's— trust-y and broad, And a



grey dap-pled steed What— more could I need? A sol-dier am I, the



foe I de-fy As I ride up the lane, and down it a-gain.



I march out of doors to go to the wars, Then



back with my gun for din-ner at one. From morn-ing to night, I



march and I fight. When the en-e-my's fled we cry: "Home to bed".



Silent Worship - Handel



Did you not hear my la-dy Go
Sure - ly you heard my la-dy Go



down the— gar-den sing-ing? Black-bird and thrush were si - lent To
down the— gar-den sing-ing, Si - len-cing all the song-birds And



hear the— al-leys ring - ing. O saw you— not my la-dy out
set - ting the al-leys ring - ing. But sure - ly you see my la-dy out



in the— gar-den there, Sham - ing the rose and li - ly for
in the— gar-den there, Riv' - ling the glit - t'ring sun - shine with_a



she is— twice as fair.
glo - ry of gol - den hair.



Though I am no-thing to— her, Though she must rare-ly look at me, And



though I could nev - er woo— her, I love her till I die.

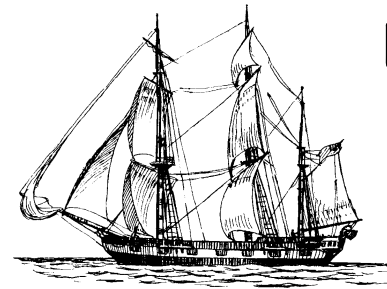
D.C. al fine

The Blacksmith - Brahms

My loved one I hear. The sound of his
ham-mer With clash and with cla-mour, Doth set my heart
sing - ing With ech - oes far ring - ing, Of
chimes—— loud and clear.

D.C.

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.



Blow the Wind Southerly

Chorus

Blow the wind south - er - ly,
south - er - ly, south - er - ly, Blow the wind south o'er the bon - ny blue sea.
Blow the wind south - er - ly, south - er - ly, south - er - ly,
Verse
Blow bon - ny breeze—— my lov - er to me: They
told me last night there were ships in the off - ing, And
I hurr - ied down to the deep roll - ing sea, But my eye could not see it wher -
ev - er might be it, The barque that is bear - ing my lov - er to me.

2 chorus
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.

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15	Silent Worship - Handel
16	The Blacksmith - Brahms
16	Blow the Wind Southerly
17	Acknowledgements

Acknowledgements

The words of ANDULKO THE GOOSE GIRL by Kerry Milan with acknowledgements to Roger Fiske.
The words of BABY SARDINE by Kerry Milan with acknowledgements to Spike Milligan.
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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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