



RESOURCES

KS4

BRITISH FOLK SONGS

Oliver Tarney

An exploration of traditional folk songs for KS4

Funded by the Vaughan Williams Charitable Trust

## BRITISH FOLK SONGS






### STEP ONE

#### WHAT ARE FOLK SONGS?

Today you will gain an **understanding** of the **context** of folk songs, why they were sung, and how they change over time. You will work on **aural skills** as you learn folk songs by ear. You will add to your **critical thinking** skills through discussion.

#### LISTENING:

To start with, listen to the following pieces and make some notes about the musical features you can hear in each (you could write about melody, harmony, rhythm, texture, lyrics etc.), where and why you think they may have been sung, the feel/mood, and anything else you find interesting.

Name	Musical features	Why/where	Feel/mood	Anything else interesting
Dance to your Daddy English  				
She moved through the fair Irish  				
Màiri Bhàn 'Blonde Mary' Scottish  				

Name	Musical features	Why/where	Feel/mood	Anything else interesting
<p>Suo Gân Welsh</p> 				

NOW TALK ABOUT THE FEATURES OF THE SONGS AND WHAT YOU FOUND INTERESTING.

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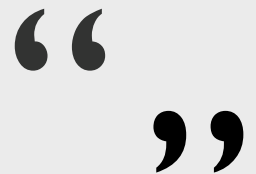
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**DISCUSSION:**

WHICH BRITISH FOLK SONGS DO WE KNOW?  
 HOW DO WE KNOW THEM?  
 WHO WROTE THEM?  
 WHY WERE THEY SUNG?




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## FOLK SONG COLLECTORS:

One of the ways we know about folk songs is through the work of folk song 'collectors' in the 19th and 20th centuries. These collectors went to hear ordinary people singing these folk songs that they had known and sung for a long time. These people had learnt these tunes by ear.

### THREE COLLECTORS



**Lucy Broadwood** (1858 – 1929) was one of the founder members of the Folk-Song Society and Editor of the Folk-Song Journal, and a leading influence on the English 'folk revival' at the time, notating and collecting a great many folk songs. She was a skilled singer, composer, accompanist, and poet. Her great grandfather, the famous piano builder John Broadwood, revolutionised the piano by using an iron frame.



Find out more

Photographer not known  
Lucy Broadwood photographed in 1901  
Surrey History Centre ref: 2185/LEB/9/111



**Cecil Sharp** (1859 – 1924) was a British composer and collector of folk songs. He was a leading influence on the folk song movement, collecting music all around the British Isles as well as in the United States, gathering thousands of tunes in total. Many of the melodies that Sharp collected were also included in the English Hymnal. His work, particularly that in the US, has been criticised by some because of the way he recorded the music of some cultural traditions, whilst leaving others unrecorded.



Find out more

c.1900 - Photographer not known



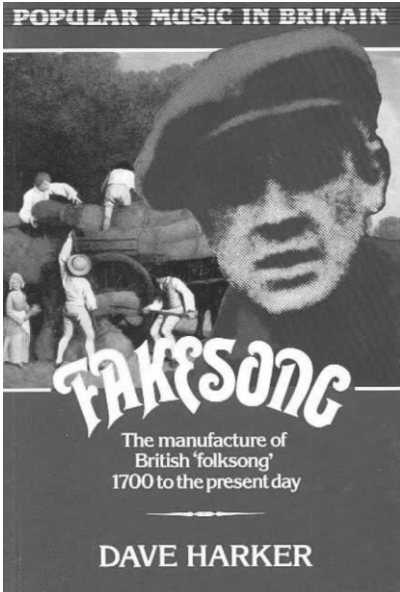
**Ralph Vaughan Williams** (1872 – 1958) was one of the most prolific and influential British composers of the 20th century. His output included symphonies, operas, ballets, chamber music, and choral music. He revitalised the sound of British music, drawing influence from the music of Tudor England, and folk songs of which he collected a great many. When he compiled the English Hymnal a number of these folk songs were re-introduced as tunes to hymns. He served in World War I and was deeply affected by his experiences.



Find out more

c. 1920 - Photographer not known

**PROBLEMS WITH FOLK SONG COLLECTION:**



In his 1985 book, *Fakesong*, David Harker criticises many of the early folk song collectors. He points out some of the problems of performance, selection, notation, editing, and harmony that call into question the 'authenticity' of these folk songs as originally sung and used.

**TASK: What do you think that some of the problems might be?**

THINK ABOUT:

- Performance setting** - where were these songs sung to the collectors?
- Selection** - how were the songs selected to be notated or dismissed?
- Notation** - what might the problems be in accurately notating folk songs?
- Editing** - Is it possible that notes/rhythms in the tunes were later adapted?
- Harmony** - how might the addition of certain types of harmony be problematic for 'authenticity'?

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**STEP  
TWO**

**DIVES AND LAZARUS AND THE PLOUGHBOY'S DREAM**

Today you will gain further understanding of the **context** of folk songs. You will work on **aural skills** as you listen out for features of folk songs. You will add to your **music literacy** skills as you analyse features of the songs.

This story is a paraphrase of a bible parable where Dives, the rich man, holds a lavish feast but refuses to share it with poor, starving Lazarus the beggar. Dives even sets his dogs on Lazarus. However in the end Dives is condemned to Hell for his actions, whilst Lazarus makes it to Heaven. Here is the tune as recorded by Lucy Broadwood in 1893, though versions of this song are much older. She notes 'I think this is a pure version of the tune, and the repeat is also correct.'



**LISTEN** to the versions of this song that are listed below and make some notes about **their musical features** and how they **differ from the printed music** and **from each other**.

Comparison	Version 1	Version 2	Version 3
With the score	Miss Bishop, Gloucestershire, 1954	'The Young Tradition' 1966	'Puzzlejug' 1996
With other versions			

AUDIO: Version 1



Version 2

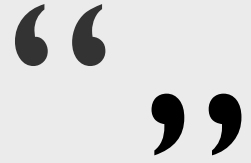


Version 3



DISCUSSION:

WHAT WERE THE MERITS OF EACH DIFFERENT VERSION?  
WHICH DO YOU THINK WAS MOST 'AUTHENTIC'?  
WHY DO YOU THINK THAT DIFFERENT VERSIONS EXIST?



SINGING: THE PLOUGHBOY'S DREAM

Here is a 'broadside' publication of the ballad, *The Ploughboy's Dream*. The words are printed a bit more clearly on the next page. This is a song largely about animal welfare! In the ballad a young boy is trying to plough the ground (ready for planting crops) but the ground is too hard, and his cattle who are pulling the the plough are having difficulty. The boy's solution is the hit the cattle and whip them until they work harder. That is until an angel appears to him in a dream to show him the error of his ways. He vows to be forever good and kind to animals, and everyone lives happily ever after - especially the cows.



**THE PLOUGHBOY'S DREAM.**

I AM a ploughboy stout and strong,  
As ever drove a team,  
And three years since, asleep in bed,  
I had a dreadful dream.

Now since that dream has done me good,  
I've got it put in rhyme,  
That other boys may read or sing  
My dream when they have time.

Methought I drove my master's team,  
With Dolbin, Ball, and Star,  
Before a stiff and hard plough,  
As all my master's are,

But found the ground was baked so hard,  
More like brick than clay,  
I could not cut my furrow through,  
Nor would my beasts obey.

The more I whipp'd and lash'd and swore,  
The less my cattle stir'd,  
Dobbin lay down, and Ball, and Star,  
They kicked, and snorted hard.

When lo I above me a bright youth,  
Did seem to hang in air,  
With purple wings, and golden wand,  
As Angels painted are.

Give over, cruel wretch, he cried,  
Nor thus thy beasts abuse,  
Think if the ground it was not hard,  
Would they their work refuse.

Besides I hear thee curse and swear,  
As if dumb beasts could know,  
What all thy oaths and curses meant,  
Or better for them go.



But tho' they know not, there is ONE,  
Who knows thy sins full well,  
And what shall be thy after doom,  
Another shall thee tell.

No more he said, but light as air,  
He vanished from my sight,  
And with him went the sun's bright beams,  
And all was dark as night.

The thunder roar'd from under ground,  
The earth did seem to gape,  
Blue flames broke forth, and in the flames  
A dire gigantic shape.

Soon shall I call thee mine, it cried,  
With voice so dread and deep,  
That quiv'ring like an aspen leaf,  
I wak'd from my sleep.

And tho' I found it but a dream,  
It left upon my mind,  
That fear of GOD, that dread of sin,  
Which all should wish to find.

For since that hour, I never dar'd  
To use my cattle ill,  
And ever fear'd to curse or swear,  
And hope to do so still.

Now ponder well, ye Ploughboys all,  
This Dream which I have told,  
And if it work such change in you,  
'Tis worth it's weight in gold.

For should you think it false or true,  
It matters not one pin,  
If you but deeds of mercy shew,  
And keep your souls from sin.

**VAUGHAN WILLIAMS'S RECORD OF THE TUNE:**

This is a page of Ralph Vaughan Williams's notebook where he jots down this tune.

(3) Songs sung by Mr Garman (Labourer at Forest Green near Ockley - Surrey) (about 60?)

Mr Garman used to sing to the Rev John Broadwood who "would give half a crown to hear the plough boys' dream". Mr Garman learnt the "Health Song" at Lutter at Lyne.

(a) The Ploughboys' Dream

"I am a ploughboy stout and strong as ever drove a team  
two 3 years since I slept in bed I had a dreadful dream  
how since the dream has done me good I put it down in  
rhyme that other boys might read and sing when ever they have  
time

**WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM THIS PAGE?**

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NOW IT'S TIME TO SING: THE PLOUGH BOY'S DREAM (*earliest collected words c.1827*)

48.—THE PLOUGHBOY'S DREAM.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. GARMAN,  
FOREST GREEN, SURREY, DEC. 1903.

I am a plough-boy stout and strong as ev - er drove a team, Now  
three years since I slept in bed I had an aw - ful dream : Now  
since the dream has done me good, I'll put it down in rhyme, That  
oth - er boys might read and sing, When - ev - er they have time.

Here is the tune printed clearly in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, vol. 2, no. 8 in 1906.

I am a ploughboy stout and strong, as ever drove a team,  
And three years since, asleep in bed, I had a dreadful dream.  
Now since that dream has done me good, I've got it put in rhyme,  
That other boys may read or sing my dream when they have time.

Methought I drove my master's team with Dobbin, Ball and Star,  
Before a stiff and hand plough as all my master's are.  
But found the ground was baked so hard, ('twas) more like brick than clay,  
I could not cut my furrow through, nor would my beasts obey.

The more I whipped and lashed and swore, the less my cattle stirred,  
Dobbin lay down, and Ball, and Star, they kicked and snorted hard.  
When lo! above me a bright youth did seem to hang in air,  
With purple wings and golden wand, as Angels painted are.

Give over, cruel wretch, he cried, nor thus thy beasts abuse,  
Think, if the ground it was not hard, would they their work refuse?  
Besides, I heard thee curse and swear, as if dumb beasts could know,  
What all thy oaths and curses meant, or better for them go.

But though they know not, there is ONE who knows thy sins full well,  
And what shall be thy after doom another shall thee tell.  
No more he said, but light as air, he vanished from my sight,  
And with him went the sun's bright beams, and all was dark as night.

The thunder roared fro under ground, the earth did seem to gape,  
Blue flames broke forth, and in the flames, a dire gigantic shape.  
Soon shall I call thee mine, it cried, with voice so dread and deep,  
And quiv'ring like an aspen leaf, I wakened from my sleep.

And though I found it but a dream, it left upon my mind,  
That fear of GOD, that dread of sin, which all should wish to find.  
For since that hour, I never dared to use my cattle ill  
And ever feared to curse or swear, and hope to do so still.  
Now ponder well, ye ploughboys all, this Dream which I have told  
And if it work such change in you, 'tis worth its weight in gold.  
For should you think it false or true, it matters not one pin,  
If you but deeds of mercy show, and keep your souls from sin.

**DID YOU RECOGNISE THE TUNE?  
WAS IT DIFFERENT FROM HOW YOU KNOW IT?**

**FOREST GREEN.** (D. C. M. Words irreg.)  
In moderate time  $\text{♩} = 80$ . English Traditional Melody.

Here is the tune as it is most commonly known after Vaughan Williams sets it to the words *O Little Town of Bethlehem* in the 1906 English Hymnal.

Look at the ringed moment in the tune and compare it with the version above (also from 1906.)

Think back to the discussion the problems with relying on records as being totally accurate.

FOREST GREEN, music collected, adapted, and arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), from *The English Hymnal*. Reproduced by permission of Oxford University Press. All rights reserved.

**TASK:**

Can you circle any more changes in the melody?  
Why do you think the changes were made?  
Do you think they were justified?



**STEP  
THREE**

**THE U.K. NATIONAL THEME**

Today you will further your **understanding** of the **context** of folk songs, as you think about how they are still relevant.  
 You will **analyse** folk songs in order to shed light on why these melodies are so memorable.  
 You will add to your **music literacy** skills as you analyse features of the songs.

**STARTER:**

Listen to the following piece of music by Fritz Spiegl (and Manfred Arlan), which was played every day on Radio 4 between 1978 and 2006. How many of the tunes contained within it can you recognise?

Number	Name	Other details you know about it or can hear in the music
1		
2		
3		
4	'Annie Laurie'	
5		
6		
7		
8		
9 (1)		
10 (2)		
11		

WHAT GIVES MANY OF THESE FOLK SONGS THEIR PARTICULAR SOUND?

KEYWORDS:

P \_\_\_\_\_ S \_\_\_\_\_

M \_\_\_\_\_

WHAT MAKES THEM EASY TO LEARN?

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**DISCUSSION TASK:**

**IN 2006 THIS PIECE OF MUSIC WAS CANCELLED FROM THE RADIO.  
READ THE QUOTATIONS BELOW:**

**THINK - PAIR - SHARE**

WHAT DO YOU THINK?  
WHY DO YOU THINK SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE SUCH STRONG VIEWS?  
DO YOU AGREE?  
SHOULD IT HAVE BEEN KEPT?

More than 6,000 Radio 4 listeners complained when the controller, Mark Damazer, announced he was axing its early morning UK Theme. The 5.30am tune, a medley including Rule Britannia, Greensleeves and What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor?, is being dropped to make way for a news summary.

(The Guardian John Plunkett, Wednesday 29 March 2006)

"It's about time it went - it's an irrelevance, who really cares about these tunes. Do they really contribute to a modern sense of identity, or point towards a time that simply doesn't exist any more."

"This seems typical of the BBC's constant desire to disassociate itself from anything that could be construed as nationalism," wrote one complainant on the Radio 4 website.

Tory MP James Clappison took the opportunity at question time in the Commons to ask Tony Blair to intervene on behalf of the popular medley.

"Whether or not we are to have a Great Britain Day, will you at least do what you can do to help keep the UK Theme on early British morning radio?" asked Mr Clappison.

To laughter, Mr Blair joked: "Obviously, my influence with the BBC is legendary. But I know they will be aware of the very strong feeling that is expressed by you and by many others, I am sure, in the house and across the country." In his motion, Mr Davies said he regretted that "political correctness has sparked the removal of the UK medley" and claimed this was detrimental to patriotism.

(*The Guardian*, Julia Day, Wednesday 25 January 2006)

"We can't be a nation without being aware of our history and the place that we have traditionally lived. These songs tie us to these islands very vividly, and to the lives and experiences of our ancestors for hundreds (if not thousands) of years before us. It will be a devastating day when we lose these connections to our past. They will always be relevant."

"It is ironic that this jolly folksy patriotic medley should be abandoned the week after Gordon Brown's speech about the need for us to do more to celebrate 'Britishness'."

Mr Damazer, a former BBC news executive, said the assortment of tunes from around the British Isles had a "certain kind of poetic and pastoral feeling" but had "clearly served its purpose" and was not the best way of serving the early morning audience.

"18,430 signed the original petition"

A large section of the page containing 24 evenly spaced horizontal lines, intended for musical notation.

**STEP  
FOUR**

**SEA SHANTIES AND OTHER WORK SONGS**

Today you will gain an **understanding** of the practical purpose of some folk songs.

You will work on **aural skills** as you identify features of songs.

You will add to your **music literacy** skills as you analyse features of the songs.

You will add to your **singing and musicianship** skills as you learn to sing a sea shanty, holding your part against another.

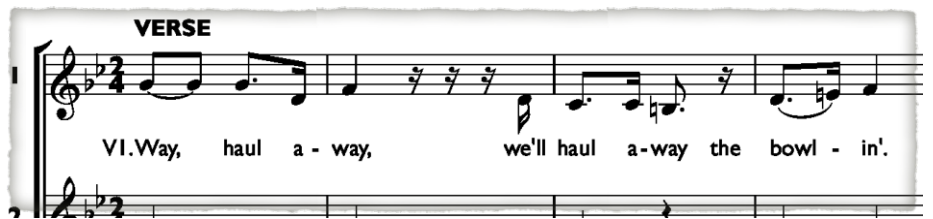
**STARTER:**

Either: Look at the following 8 words or symbols and identify what they mean.

VERSE			
			
		SHANTY	
		Arr.	

If you finish very quickly, identify 5 mistakes in the tune 'Haul Away Joe'.

**VERSE**



VI. Way, haul a - way, we'll haul a-way the bowl - in'.

**WORK SONGS**

What do you think work songs might be? Can you think of any examples?

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**LISTENING**

**LISTEN** to some examples of **work songs**.

**THEN DISCUSS** What features of the music make them suitable to accompany (often) physical jobs?

1.

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2.

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3.

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**SUGGESTIONS:**

<p><b>Skye Waulking Song</b> (Waulking) <b>Mo Nighean Donn</b> (Waulking)</p>  	<p><b>The Wellerman</b> (Whaling)</p> 
<p><b>Rousay Lullaby</b> (Dandling song)</p> 	<p><b>Haul away, Joe</b> (Heaving ropes - the bow line)</p> 
<p><b>Cattle call</b> (Calling cattle - cows)</p> 	<p><b>Haligen, haligen</b> (Wool winding)</p> 

**QUESTION:** What are **Waulking\***, **Whaling** and **Dandling**?

\*Watch the clip of *Mo Nighean Donn*

# SOUTH AUSTRALIA

SEA SHANTY  
Arr. OLIVER TARNEY

Boisterously ♩ = 96

N.C.  
VI. In

South Aus - tra - lia I was born:  
now I'm bound for a fo - reign strand:  
drink a glass as we cross the foam:  
heave a - way,  
haul a - way!

heave a - way,  
haul a - way!

heave a - way,  
haul a - way!

haul a - way!  
haul a - way!

haul a - way!  
haul a - way!

haul a - way!  
haul a - way!

In South Aus - tra - lia, round Cape Horn: we're  
a bot - tle of whis - ky in my hand:  
And one to the love | leave at home:  
bound for South Aus - tra - lia!  
bound for South Aus - tra - lia!  
bound for South Aus - tra - lia!  
bound for South Aus - tra - lia!

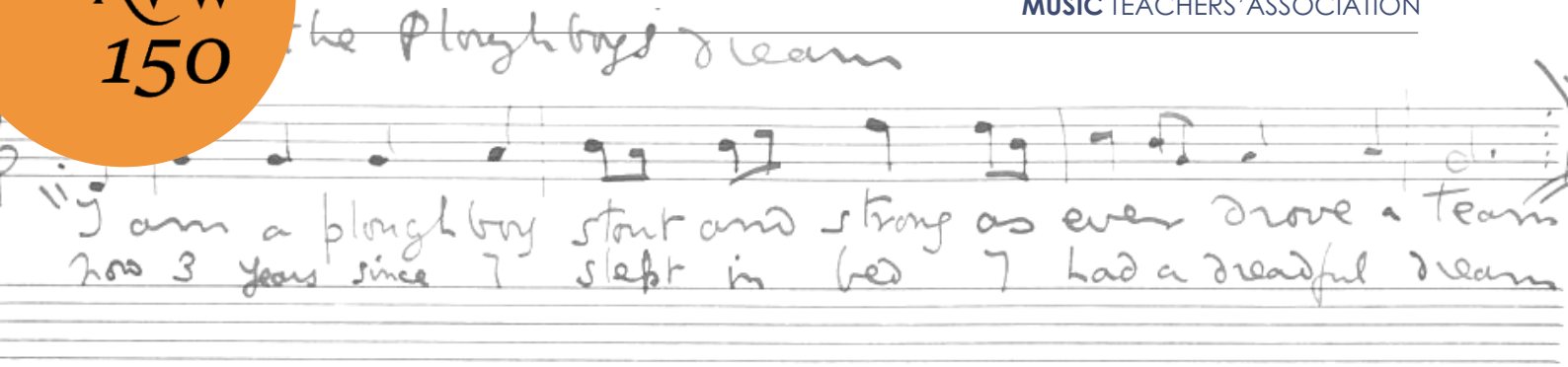
heave a - way,  
haul a - way,  
rol - ling kings,  
haul a - way.

heave a - way,  
haul a - way,  
heave a - way,  
haul a - way,

O, we're bound for South Aus -  
All the way you'll hear us sing, we're bound for South Aus -  
hear us sing, we're bound for South Aus -  
tra - lia!  
tra - lia!  
tra - lia!  
tra - lia!

1, 2 Bb Eb  
3 Bb Eb  
V2. And  
V3. |||





## WRITING A SONG IN THE STYLE OF A FOLK SONG

Folk songs were 'composed' by ear, meaning that their creators came up with them by improvising (singing or playing an instrument) and keeping the tunes in their heads. This can take many years of practice, so to get us going, let's investigate a few important ideas first that will help.

STEP  
ONE

### 1. WORD STRESS

Words are split up into SYLLABLES. Each \_\_\_\_\_ is a different part of the the \_\_\_\_\_.

Sometimes they are stressed and sometimes they are un\_\_\_\_\_. This affects the \_\_\_\_\_ of the word.

**LOOK** at the word below and **HEAR THE RHYTHM AND STRESS OF IT IN YOUR HEAD:**

**BANANA**

Which of these is the correct pronunciation? Place a ✓ or a ✗ in the box above each one

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/                    /  
**BANANA**

/                    /  
**BĀNANA**

/                    /  
**BANANA**

**KEY:** We use a above the syllable in question to show that it's **STRONG** and a / above a syllable to show that it is **WEAK**

## 2. WHAT'S THE METRE?

STEP  
TWO

Metre is essentially how many \_\_\_\_\_ there are in the \_\_\_\_\_.

If there are \_\_\_\_\_ then the music will sound like it has a swing to it like a **waltz**.

If there are \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_ then it will sound a bit more rigid like a **march**.

### HOW TO CHOOSE?

How does it feel when you say the words?

How does it look when you've analysed the text?

$\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
2 or 4 crotchet beats in a bar	3 crotchet beats in a bar
$\cup /$ or $\cup / \cup /$	$\cup //$
<b>STRONG</b> WEAK <b>STRONG</b> WEAK	<b>STRONG</b> WEAK WEAK

### STRONG SYLLABLES

Try to place **STRONG** syllables on **STRONG** beats

At least don't place weak syllables on weak beats.

In:  $\frac{2}{4}$  there is **one** strong beat on the **first** beat

In:  $\frac{4}{4}$  there are **two** strong beats on the **first** and **third** beat

In:  $\frac{3}{4}$  there is **one** strong beat on the **first** beat

STEP  
THREE

**TASK 1:** Use the words below and see if you can work out where the stresses would be. *You may have to say it aloud.*

Use a  $\smile$  above the syllable in question to show that it's **strong** and a / above a syllable to show that it is **weak**.

The first line is done for you.

/  $\smile$  /  $\smile$  /  $\smile$  /  
Our ship she lies in harbour,

Just ready to set sail,

May heaven be your guardian, love,

Till I return from sea!

**TASK 2:**

Now try this one. Again, the first line is done for you

/  $\smile$  / /  $\smile$  /  
I once had a sweet-heart,

I loved her so well

I loved her far better than

my tongue could tell

So, in 4/4 the following text could look like this.

4 1 2 3 4 1 2 (3)  
Our | ship she lies in | har-bour,

4 1 2 3 4 1 (2, 3)  
Just | rea-dy to set | sail,

**(TASK :** now complete the rest on verse 1)

May | hea-ven be your | guar-dian, love,

Till | I return from sea!

**TIP:**

Most of the time we start a piece on the first beat of the bar (the down beat). Sometimes we need to start in a different place like the last beat ('up beat' or 'anacrusis'). In the example opposite it's because the first syllable of the piece is **weak** so it can't come on a strong beat.

**ALSO:**








If a piece in 4 starts on the 4th beat (up beat) it will finish on beat 3 so that it all adds up neatly. So in other words the last bar will look a little bit shorter.


STEP  
FOUR

**TASK 3:** Now do the same but in notation:

Complete the task in  $\frac{4}{4}$

**NB:** remember to write this on the first line.

	Semibreve Four beats
	Minim Two beats
	Crotchet One beat
	Quaver Half a beat
	Beamed quavers Add up to one beat
	Semiquaver Quarter of a beat
	Beamed semiquavers Add up to one beat




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Maybe you can think of another way of doing it?

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STEP  
FIVE

3  
4

CHOOSE A TEXT

1 Farewell to Erin

Tho' the last glimpse of E-rin with sor-row I see,  
Yet, wher-ev-er thou art shall seem E-rin to me.  
In ex-ile thy coun-try shall still be my home,  
And thine eyes make my cli-mate, wher-e-ver we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
I will fly with my Coulin and think the rough wind  
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,  
And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes;  
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

2 It's of a sailor bold

2  
4

It's of a sai-lor bold,  
And late-ly come on shore;  
Both brisk and bold,  
Well lined with gold,  
To his lo-ver he did re-pair;

In old and ragged dress  
Unto his love did go,  
Unto his love  
All for to prove  
Whether she'll be kind or no.

My merchandise I've lost,  
My ship is gone astray,  
Which makes me fret;  
I'm deep in debt,  
Not a tenth part can I pay.

Come in, my dear, sit down,  
Put off thy ragged array;  
And I will be  
So kind to thee,  
And all thy debts I'll pay.

I've gold in store of my own  
My debts all for to clear,  
I've rings, I've ribbons,  
I've jewels so bright,  
And gems to trick the hair.

'Twas down in Stokton Church  
The happy knot was tied.  
From land to land  
There's no man can  
Match the sailor and his bride.

4  
4

3 The lover's ghost

Well met, well met, my own true love;  
Long time I have been ab-sent from thee;  
I am late-ly come from the salt sea,  
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

I have three ships all on the salt sea,  
And one of them has brought me to land,  
I've four and twenty mariners on board,  
You shall have music at your command.

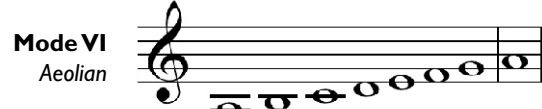
The ship wherein my love shall sail  
Is glorious for to behold,  
The sails shall be of shining silk,  
The mast shall be of the fine beaten gold.

I might have had a King's daughter,  
And fain she would have married me,  
But I forsook her crown of gold,  
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

WRITE THE MELODY

STEP  
SIX

Now it's time to write the melody. You'll select a 'mode' to use. Modes are like scales but each one has its own character.



**Modes II** and **VI** sound quite **minor**

**Mode V** sounds quite **major**

**Mode IV** can sound a bit **magical**

**Mode III** also sounds quite **minor** but it is tricky to use, so maybe **avoid it**.

Once you've chosen your mode,  
**Note 1** of the scale is the **TONIC**,  
**Note 4** is the **SUB-DOMINANT**  
**Note 5** is the **DOMINANT**

**AT THIS POINT:**

You could **improvise** your tune based on the rhythm you have identified and the mode you have chosen.

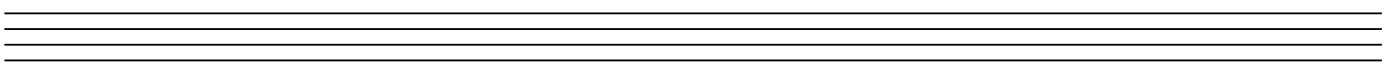
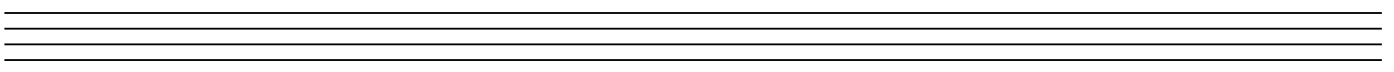
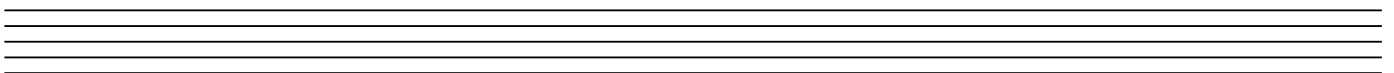
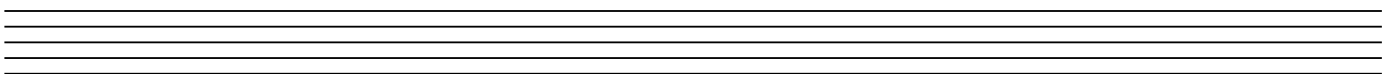
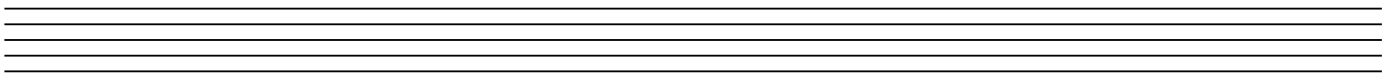
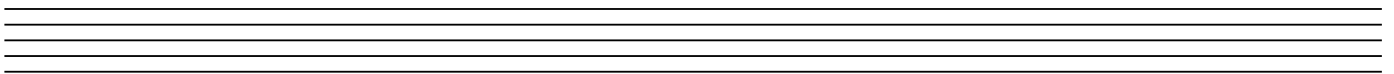
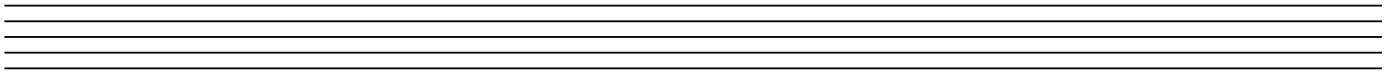
Even if you feel confident improvising, some of the rules below might help you to create your tune.

THE **TEN** RULES!

- 1) Stick to the rhythm that you invent (once your teacher has told you it's okay)
- 2) **Start** and **end** most phrases on the **TONIC** (note 1 of your chosen scale or mode)
- 3) You may start and **end one phrase** (perhaps the one next to last) on the **DOMINANT** (5th note) or **SUB-DOMINANT** (4th note)
- 4) Try to put **important syllables** on the **TONIC**, **SUB-DOMINANT**, or **DOMINANT** notes.
- 5) You can try to link up your main notes with notes in-between.
- 6) Make sure that **each phrase goes up and down** in **symmetry**

- 7) Try not to leap too far (say from note 1 to 6, or 7 to 3) too often
- 8) **Don't leap** by an interval of seven notes.
- 9) When you do get to the 7<sup>th</sup> note of your scale (**LEADING NOTE**), it's best to go upwards by one note.
- 10) **Have fun!** Use the rules, but also **trust your ears!** That's what original folk song creators did.

Good luck! You can use the **manuscript paper** below. Or if it's appropriate you could consider using a **recording device** to help you capture your ideas, either to perform, sequence, or help you notate them. You can use a keyboard, or another instrument you play, perhaps — and **don't forget your voice!**



The page contains ten blank musical staves, each consisting of five horizontal lines, arranged vertically down the page. These staves are intended for musical notation.



The page contains ten blank musical staves, each consisting of five horizontal lines, arranged vertically down the page.

## ADDITIONAL TEXTS

### 1. Our ship, she lies in harbour

'Our ship she lies in harbour,  
Just ready to set sail,  
May heaven be your guardian, love,  
Till I return from sea!'

Said the father to the daughter,  
'What makes you so lament?  
Is there no man in all the world  
Could give your heart content?'

Said the daughter to the father,  
'I'll tell [you] the reason why:  
You have sent away that sailor-lad  
That could me satisfy.'

If that's your inclination;  
The father did reply,  
'I wish he may continue there,  
And on the seas may die!'

She, like an angel weeping,  
On the rocks sighed every day,  
Awaiting for her own true love  
Returning home from sea.

'Oh, yonder sits my angel!  
She's waiting there for me,  
To-morrow to the church we'll go,  
And married we will be.'

When they had been to church,  
And were returning back again,  
She espied her honoured father  
And several gentlemen.

Said the father to the daughter,  
'Five hundred pounds I'll give,  
If you'll forsake that sailor-lad  
And come with me to live.'

'It's not your gold that glittered,  
Nor yet your silver that shined;  
For I'm married to the man I love  
And I'm happy in my mind!'

### 2. Farewell to Erin

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,  
Yet, wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me.  
In exile thy country shall still be my home,  
And thine eyes make my climate, wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
I will fly with my Coulin and think the rough wind  
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,  
And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes;  
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

### 3. Black is the colour

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
Her lips are like a rose so fair  
And the prettiest face and the neatest hands.  
I love the grass whereon she stands  
She with the wondrous hair.

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
Her face is something truly rare.  
Oh I do love my love and so well she knows  
I love the ground whereon she goes.  
She with the wondrous hair.

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
Alone, my life would be so bare.  
I would sigh, I would weep, I would never fall asleep  
My love is way beyond compare  
She with the wondrous hair.  
Black, black, black is the colour of my true love's  
hair.

### 4. David of the white rock

"Bring me my harp," was David's sad sigh,  
'I would play one more tune before I die.  
Help me, dear wife, put the hands to the strings,  
I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings.'

'Last night an angel called with heaven's breath:  
'David, play, and come through the gates of death!  
Farewell, faithful harp, farewell to your strings,  
I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings.'

### 5. The drowned sailor

As I was a-walking down in Stokes Bay  
I met a drowned sailor on the beach as he lay  
And as I drew nigh him, it put me to a stand.  
When I knew it was my own true Love by the marks on  
his hand.

As he was a sailing from his own dear shore  
Where the waves and the billows so loudly do roar,  
I said to my true Love, I shall see you no more  
So farewell, my dearest, you're the lad I adore.

She put her arms around him, saying O! My dear!  
She wept and she kiss'd him ten thousand times o'er.  
O I am contented to lie by thy side.  
And in a few moments, this lover she died.

And all in the churchyard these two were laid,  
And a stone for remembrance was laid on her grave,  
My joys are all ended, my pleasures are fled,  
This grave that I lie in is my new married bed.

### 6. The Lark in the Clear Air

(Sir Samuel Ferguson)  
Dear thoughts are in my mind  
And my soul soars enchanted,  
As I hear the sweet lark sing  
In the clear air of the day.  
For a tender beaming smile  
To my hope has been granted,  
And tomorrow she shall hear  
All my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love,  
All my soul's adoration,  
And I think she will hear  
And will not say me nay.  
It is this that gives my soul  
All its joyous elation,  
As I hear the sweet lark sing  
In the clear air of the day.

### 7. It's of a sailor bold

It's of a sailor bold,  
And lately come on shore;  
Both brisk and bold,  
Well lined with gold,  
To his lover he did repair;

In old and ragged dress  
Unto his love did go,  
Unto his love

All for to prove  
Whether she'll be kind or no.

My merchandise I've lost,  
My ship is gone astray,  
Which makes me fret;  
I'm deep in debt,  
Not a tenth part can I pay.

Come in, my dear, sit down,  
Put off thy ragged array;  
And I will be  
So kind to thee,  
And all thy debts I'll pay.

I've gold in store of my own  
My debts all for to clear,  
I've rings, I've ribbons,  
I've jewels so bright,  
And gems to trick the hair.

'Twas down in Stokton Church  
The happy knot was tied.  
From land to land  
There's no man can  
Match the sailor and his bride.

### 8. Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Remember me to one who lives there,  
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Without a seam or fine needle work,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Where ne'er a drop of water e'er fell.  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Between the sea and over the sand,  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Plough the land with the horn of a lamb  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Then sow some seeds from north of the dam  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

If she tells me she can't, I'll reply  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Let me know that at least she will try  
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Love imposes impossible tasks,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Though not more than any heart asks  
And I must know she's a true love of mine.

Dear, when thou has finished thy task,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,  
Come to me, my hand for to ask,  
For thou then art a true love of mine.

### 9. The water is wide

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
O go and get me some little boat,  
To carry o'er my true love and I.

A-down in the meadows the other day  
A-gath'ring flow'rs along the way,  
A-gath'ring flowers, both red and blue,  
I little thought what love could do.

I put my hand into one soft bush,  
Thinking the sweetest flow'r to find.  
I prick'd my finger to the bone  
And left the sweetest flow'r alone.

I lean'd my back up against some oak,  
Thinking it was a trusty tree.  
But first he bended then he broke,  
So did my love prove false to me.

Where love is planted, O there it grows,  
It buds and blossoms like some rose;  
It has a sweet and pleasant smell,  
No flow'r on earth can it excel.

Must I be bound, O and she go free!  
Must I love one thing that does not love me!  
Why should I act such a childish part,  
And love a girl that will break my heart?

There is a ship sailing on the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I'm in;  
I care not if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's a jewel when it is new;  
But when it is old, it groweth cold  
And fades away like the morning dew.

### 10. The lover's ghost

Well met, well met, my own true love;  
Long time I have been absent from thee;  
I am lately come from the salt sea,  
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

I have three ships all on the salt sea,  
And one of them has brought me to land, I've  
four and twenty mariners on board,  
You shall have music at your command.

The ship wherein my love shall sail  
Is glorious for to behold,  
The sails shall be of shining silk,  
The mast shall be of the fine beaten gold.

I might have had a King's daughter,  
And fain she would have married me,  
But I forsook her crown of gold,  
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

**GLOSSARY: KEYWORDS**

You might want to keep track of **new words** as you come across them. Why not have a go at **defining them yourself** before noting down an 'official' definition?

<b>Keyword</b>	<i>I think it means:</i>	<i>Now compare it with someone else's. Do you want to change your mind?</i>	<i>Correct meaning...</i>
Drone			
Accompaniment			
Solo			
Texture			
Melody			
Octave			
Pentatonic			
Work Song			
Shanty			
Mode			
Metre			
Anacrusis			
Lombardic			
Mixolydian			





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