



## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

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## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

### Apple Tree Wassail

Oh, apple tree we wassail thee  
And hope that thou will bear,  
The Lord shall know where we shall be  
To be merry another year,  
To blow well and to bear well  
And so merry let us be:  
Let every man drink up his cup,  
A health to the old apple tree.

Hat fulls, cap fulls, three-bushel bag fulls, tallets 'ole fulls,  
barn's floor fulls and little heaps under the stairs.

Three cheers - Hip,Hip,Hip....Huzzar! x 3

### Wassail

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green;  
Here we come a-wandering so fair to be seen:  
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,  
And God bless you and send you a happy new year,  
And God send you a happy new year.

Bud and blossom, bud and blossom, bud and bloom and bear,  
So we may have plenty of cider all next year; (sing 'plen...ty' for words to  
scan)

Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,  
And God bless you and send you a happy new year,  
And God send you a happy new year.

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too;  
And all the little children that round the table go,  
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too,  
And God bless you and send you a happy new year,  
And God send you a happy new year.



## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

### **Banks of the Dee**

(part)

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,  
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree;  
At the foot of a rock, where the wild rose was growing,  
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

### **Black Joke**

Black, white, yellow and green,  
Black, white, yellow and green,  
The crudest plum puddings that ever was seen,  
They were black, white, yellow and green.

### **Blue Bells of Scotland**

Oh where, and oh where,  
Has my Highland laddie gone?  
He's gone to the wars,  
With his tartan jockstrap on.

### **Blue Eyed Stranger**

The blue-eyed stranger shuffled into town  
With his fiddle slung over his shoulder-oh  
He seemed so shy that he caught the maidens' eye  
But he proved to be much bolder-oh  
Said "I can dance the bagpipes, I can dance a jig  
And I can jump the highest caper-oh.  
And I can play a tune that'll charm the singing birds,  
I'm the finest catgut scraper-oh".

### **Bonny Green Garters**

Here's to the stockings and here's to the shoes  
And here's to the bonny green garters.  
A pair for me and a pair for you  
And a pair for the ones that comes after.



## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

Other sides may sing:

Here's to the lasses, we love them so well,  
Though some are regular Tartars!  
Here's to their stockings and here's to their shoes  
And here's to their bonny green garters.

### **Brighton Camp**

Oh! Let the night be ever so dark or ever so wet and windy.  
I must return to the Brighton camp, to the girl I left behind me.

### **Constant Billy**

Oh! my Billy, my constant Billy,  
When will I see my Billy again?  
When the fishes fly over the mountain,  
That's when I'll see my Billy again.

### **Cuckoo's Nest**

As I was a walkin' one morning in May  
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say,  
For love I'm inclined  
And I'll tell you me mind  
That me inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest.

Me darlin', says she, I am innocent and young,  
And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue,  
Yet I see it in your eyes,  
And it fills me with surprise  
That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest.

Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,  
And some like a girl who is slender in the waist,  
But I like a girl  
Who will wriggle and will twist  
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest.



## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

### Getting Upstairs

Three blind donkeys,  
Three blind mares,  
Three blind horses getting upstairs.  
Such a getting upstairs you never did see.  
Such a getting up stairs you never did see.

### Glorisher

Why don't you take a bow sir?  
Because I don't know how sir.  
Why don't you take a bow sir?  
Because I don't know how sir.  
Why don't you take a bow sir?  
Because I don't know how sir.  
Sing, rolling in the dew makes the Milk Maid fair.

### Happy Man

(Standing)

How happy's that man that's free from all care  
That loves to make merry, that loves to make merry,  
O'er a drop of good beer.

With his pipe and his friends, puffing hours away,  
Singing sing after song 'til he hails the new day.

(Sticking)

He can laugh, dance and sing and smoke without fear,  
Be as happy as a king 'til he hails a new year.

(Half Gyp)

How happy's the man that's free from all strife.  
He envies no other, he envies no other  
But travels through life.

(Hands Around)

Our seamen are bold, they fear not their foes.  
They throw away discord, the throw away discord,  
And to mirth they're inclined.



## **Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances**

### **Haste To The Wedding**

Come haste to the wedding ye friends and ye neighbours  
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay.  
Forget all your sorrows your cares and your labors,  
And let every heart beat with rapture today.

### **Highland Mary**

Around sweet Highland Mary's grave,  
We'll plant the fairest of lilies,  
The primrose sweet, and violet blue,  
Likewise the daffodillies.

But since this world's been grown so wide,  
In some lonesome place we'll tarry,  
Welcome then gather me to sleep,  
With my Highland Mary.

### **Jockey to The Fair**

'Twas on the morn of sweet May Day  
When nature painted all things gay  
Made birds to sing and lambs to play  
And decked the meadows fair.  
Young Jockie early in the morn  
Arose and tripped it o'er the lawn.  
His Sunday suit the youth put on,  
For Jenny had vowed away to run  
With Jockie to the fair.  
For Jenny had vowed away to run  
With Jockie to the fair.

### **Johnny's So Long To The Fair**

O dear, what can the matter be?  
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
O dear, what can the matter be?  
Johnny's so long at the fair.



## **Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances**

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,  
And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed he would tease me,  
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

### **Lads of Bunchum**

Oh dear mother, what a fool I be,  
Six young fellows come a-courting me.  
Five were blind and the other couldn't see.  
Oh dear mother, what a fool I be.

### **Lass of Richmond Hill**

Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill,  
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

### **Lollipop Man**

Oh the lollipop man has a great big stick  
And all that he charges is a penny a lick  
And he gets it out whenever he can  
He's a dirty old devil is the lollipop man.

### **Maid of The Mill**

The maid of the mill is a sweet pretty girl,  
The maid of the mill for me!  
The maid of the mill is a sweet pretty girl,  
The maid of the mill for me!

She's as straight and tall as a poplar tree,  
And her cheeks are as red as a rose;  
She's one of the fairest young girls that you see,  
When she's dressed in her Sunday clothes.



## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

or:

The Maid of the Mill,  
The Maid of the Mill,  
She's alright,  
'Cos she's on the pill.

The Maid of the Mill,  
The Maid of the Mill,  
Some say she won't,  
But I know she will.

### **Muriel Dashwood (Weyhill Fair)**

It's I have been to Weyhill Fair  
And oh what sights I did see there.  
To hear my tale 'ud make you stare  
And see the horses showing.  
They come from east, they come from west.  
They bring their worst and they bring their best.  
And some they lead and they drive the rest  
Unto the fair at Weyhill.  
Sing fa la la la sing fa la la ley  
Unto the fair at Weyhill.

### **Nutting Girl**

Sung during final hey:  
A nutting we will go my boys.  
A nutting we will go.  
We'll put a garland in our hat  
And give the girls a show.

### **Old Molly Oxford**

Old Molly Oxford slept on a featherbed,  
The cat jumped up and fell asleep on her head,  
Smothered her until she was dead,  
Poor old Molly Oxford





## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

or:

Old Molly Oxford, stout and strong,  
Old Molly Oxford just gone wrong.  
Old Molly Oxford if you'll come along  
And we will all be merry.  
(George Butterworth from Sam Bennett))

### **Postman's Knock**

Every morning as true as the clock  
Somebody hears the Postman's knock.  
Every morning as true as the clock  
Somebody hears the Postman's knock.

### **Queen's Delight**

Isn't it the Queen's delight  
To step abroad and take the air.  
Stepping out and treading lightly  
On the way to Towersey fair.

Hustling bustling, hurrying scurrying,  
Nobody caring and nobody worrying,  
Early, early in the morning,  
On the road to Towersey Fair.

### **Room For The Cuckold**

During each half-hey stick chorus, each verse repeated:  
We do it all day, we do it all night,  
Because it's our fertility rite.

Beecham's Pills a penny a box.  
Beecham's Pills 'll cure the pox.

Oh my dear I do feel queer,  
Must be all this lack of (*or brewery name*) beer.

We do it all day, we do it all night  
And we still can't get the bloody thing right.



## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

### **Shepherds Away**

Shepherd's turnips too,  
Rye grass seeds and clover too,  
I can whistle I can play,  
I can dance Shepherds Away.

### **Shepherd's Hey**

I can whistle, I can sing,  
I can do most anything.  
I can sport and I can play,  
I can dance the Shepherd's Hey.

or:

I can sing and I can play,  
I can dance the shepherd's hey.  
Shepherd's hay and clover too.  
Rye grass seeds and turnips too.

### **Sheriff's Ride**

When apples are red and nuts are brown,  
Petticoats up and trousers down.  
She'll lay down for half a crown,  
'long with the raggie-taggle gypsies oh.

### **Sumer is icumen in**

Summer is a coming in  
Loudly sing cuck-oo  
Groweth sead and bloweth mead  
And springeth wood a-new.

Sing cuckoo!

Ewe now bleateth after lamb  
Low'th after calf the cow,  
Bullock starteth, buck now verteth,  
Merry sing cuck-oo.

Cuck-oo, cuck-oo,  
Peter de Courcy



## **Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances**

Well now sing thy cuck-oo  
Nor cease thy never nu.  
Sing cuckoo, sing cuck-oo.

### **Sweet Jenny Jones**

My sweet Jenny Jones, she is the pride of Llangollen.  
My sweet Jenny Jones is the girl I love best.

### **The Rose**

To see the dancers three on three  
Is a most illustrious sight,  
And if anyone saw a better one  
The you'll very know well he lied.  
And if you'll come along with us  
You're numbered as a friend  
And the faded flower of England  
Will rise and bloom again.

### **Additional Verse**

When the sun comes up in the morning  
And you hear the dancing boys,  
Mother leave your pots and pans,  
Sister leave your toys.  
You can hear the bells a-ringing  
As the squire calls them on.  
They can dance away the night and day  
And never step it wrong.

### **Vandals of Hammerwich**

Will she, won't she  
Will she, won't she  
Come to the Bower?  
Will she, won't she  
Will she, won't she  
Come to the Bower?



## Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

### Washing Day

Thump! Thump! Scrub! Scrub! Scrub, scrub away.  
The devil a bit of peace I get upon the washing day.

### Willow Tree

Once they said my cheeks were red  
But now they're scarlet pale,  
For I like a silly girl  
Believed his flattering tale.  
He said he's never deceive me,  
And I like a silly believed he,  
For the moon and the stars so brightly shone  
Over the willow tree.

### Winster Processional

This is it and that is it  
And this is Morris dancing,  
The piper fell and he broke his crown,  
And wasn't that a chance, Sir?

### Winster Wakes

Winster Wakes there's ale and cakes  
Allton Wakes there's trenchers  
Bircho'er Wakes there's knives and forks  
Sheldon Wakes there's wenchens.

This is it and that is it  
And this is a morris dance, sir  
Me father fell and broke his leg  
And so I took a chance, sir.

I dunna know, you dunna know  
What fun we had in Bampton.  
Piece of beef and an old cow's head  
And pudding baked in a lantern.



## **Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances**

My new shoone they were so good  
I could dance the morris if I would  
And if in a hat and coat be dressed  
I'll dance the morris with the best.

Morris dance is a pretty tune.  
Lads and lasses plenty.  
Every lad shall have his lass  
And I'll have four and twenty

A toast let's call to one and all  
And new ones we're befriending.  
There's none so dear as them right here  
And a song that's near ending.

### **Upton upon Severn Stick Dance**

Fee fi fo fum, I smell blood of a Morris Man.