

# English Folk Songs

## *Early one morning*

Early one morn - ing, just as the sun was ris - ing, I heard a young maid sing — in the val - ley be  
low. "Oh, don't de - ceive me, oh never leave me, How could you use — a — poor maiden so?"

## *The keeper would a-hunting go*

The keep - er would a - hunting go, and un - der his coat he car - ried a bow, All for to shoot at the  
**Chorus**  
mer - ry lit - tle doe, A - mong the leaves so green, O. Jack - ie boy! Mas - ter? Sing ye well? Ve - ry well.  
Hey down! Ho down! Der - ry der - ry down! A - mong the leaves so green, O. To my hey, down, down! To my  
ho, down, down! Hey down! Ho down! Der - ry der - ry down. A - mong the leaves so green, O!

## *O no, John!*

On yon - der hill there stands a — crea - ture; Who she is I do not know. I'll go and court her  
for her — beau - ty, She must an - swer yes or no. O no, John! No, John! No, — John! No!

## *On Ilkley Moor baht 'at*

Whear 'as tha' been sin' ah saw thee? On Il - kla — Moor — baht — 'at. —  
Whear 'as tha' been sin' ah saw thee? Whear 'as tha' been sin' ah saw thee? On  
Ilk - la Moor baht 'at, On Ilk - la Moor baht 'at, On Ilk - la Moor baht 'at.

*Rule Britannia*

When Bri-tain first \_\_\_\_\_ at Heav'ns com - mand, A - rose \_\_\_\_\_ from out the  
 4 a - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from \_\_\_\_\_ out the a - zure \_\_\_\_\_ main,  
 7 This was the char-ter, the char-ter of the land, And guard-ian an - gels sang this strain:  
 11 Rule Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tan-nia rules the waves; Bri - tens ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver will be slaves.

*The British Grenadiers*

Some talk of A - lex - an - der, And \_\_\_\_\_ some of Her - cu - les, Of Hec-tor and Ly -  
 6 san - der, And \_\_\_\_\_ such great names \_\_\_\_\_ as \_\_\_\_\_ these; But of all the world's brave he - roes, There's  
 11 none that can \_\_\_\_\_ com - pare, \_\_\_\_\_ With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, To the Bri-tish Gren - a - diers.

*The Minstrel boy*

The Min - strel boy \_\_\_\_\_ to the war is gone, In the ranks of death \_\_\_\_\_ you'll find him; His  
 5 fa - ther's sword \_\_\_\_\_ he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung \_\_\_\_\_ be - hind him,  
 9 "Land of song" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays \_\_\_\_\_ thee, One  
 13 sword at least, \_\_\_\_\_ thy \_\_\_\_\_ rights shall guard, One \_\_\_\_\_ faith - ful heart \_\_\_\_\_ shall praise \_\_\_\_\_ thee!"