

THE URSULAN SONGBOOK

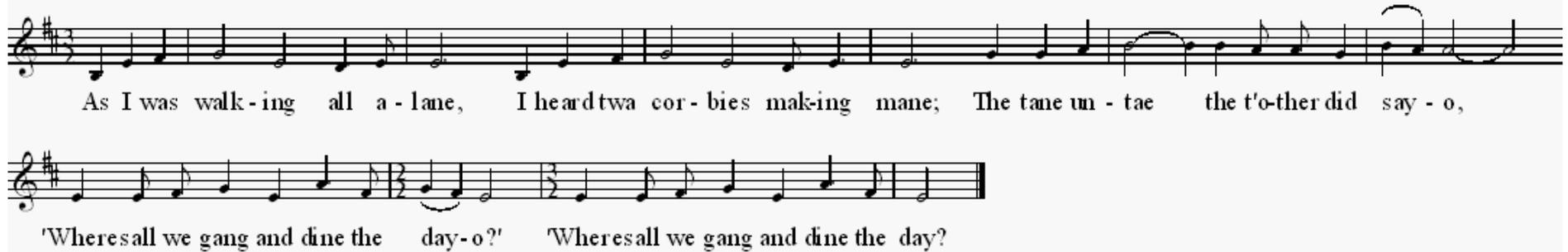


Twa Corbies	p2
Auchindoon	p3
The Keeper	p4
Bedlam Boys	p5
A Rosebud in June	p6
Follow Me Up to Carlow	p7
The Cutty Wren	p8
Green Grow the Rushes Oh!	p9
Woad	p10
Ursulan Carrots	p11
Ursulan Blood	p12

Here are the tunes and lyrics to the “Ursulan Top Ten” folk songs, plus one because there was some extra space.

Edited by Bethan of Brockwood (Sasha Curthoys), 5 September 2005. All songs are traditional unless attributed otherwise. All errors are my own, etc. Tunes are written down (to the best of my ability) as I sing them, and so may not match any other source. Music files prepared using the Noteworthy program, which has a shareware version. The formatting was a compromise between size of font, number of pages, and ease of reading. Hope it works for you. I couldn’t get page numbers to fit on, sorry about that.

Twa Corbies



As I was walk - ing all a - lane, I heard twa cor - bies making mane; The tane un - tae the t'o - ther did say - o,
'Wheresall we gang and dine the day - o?' 'Wheresall we gang and dine the day?

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making mane;
The tane untae the t'other did say-o,
'Where sall we gang and dine the day-o?'
'Where sall we gang and dine the day?'

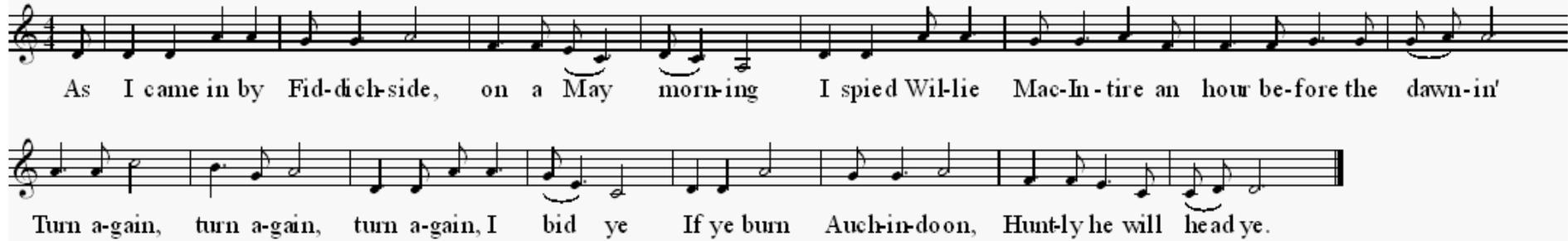
'In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there-o,
But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair-o,
Hawk and his hound and his lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate-o,
So we shall make our dinner sweet-o,
We shall make our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
And wi ae lock o his gowden hair-o
We'll thick our nest when it grows bare-o,
Thick our nest when it grows bare.

'Manys a one for him makes mane,
But nane shall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are bare-o,
The wind shall blow for evermair-o,
The wind shall blow for evermair.'

Auchindoon



As I came in by Fiddich-side, on a May morn-ing I spied Wil-lie Mac-In-tire an hour be-fore the dawn-in'

Turn a-gain, turn a-gain, turn a-gain, I bid ye If ye burn Auch-in-doon, Hunt-ly he will head ye.

As I came in by Fiddichside, on a May morning
I spied Willie MacIntire an hour before the dawnin'
Turn again, turn again, turn again, I bid ye
If ye burn Auchindoon, Huntly he will head ye

Head me or hang me, that will never fear me
I will burn Auchindoon, ere the life leaves me

As I came in by Fiddichside, on a May morning
Auchindoon was in a blaze, an hour afore the dawnin'
Crawin', crawin', for all your crows a crawin'
You've burnt your crop and tint your wings, an hour afore the
dawning

As I came in by Fiddichside, on a May morning
I spied Willie MacIntire, from a tree a-hangin'
Hangin', hangin, by his neck was a-hangin'
Ye shouldna burned Auchindoon, for now the life has left ye

Notes: Second (short) verse is to the tune of the last two lines of a normal verse.
The words to the last verse were written by Kiriel du Papillon.

The Keeper

The keep-er did a hunt-ing go, and und-er his cloak he carried a bow All for to shoot at the mer-ry lit-tle doe a - mong the leaves so green, O. (C)Jackie boy! (R)Mas-ter? (C)Sing ye well? (R)Ve-ry well! (C)Hey down, (R)Ho down, (all)De-rry der-ry down, a - mong the leaves so green, O! (C)To my hey down down, (R)To my ho down down, (C)Hey down, (R)Ho down, (all)De-rry der-ry down, a - mong the leaves so green, O!

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff contains the main melody for the first line of the song. The second staff is labeled 'Chorus' and contains the call-and-response lyrics. The third staff continues the melody for the second line of the song. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a final line of lyrics.

The keeper did a hunting go,
and under his cloak he carried a bow
All for to shoot at the merry little doe
among the leaves so green, O.

Chorus:

(Call) Jackie boy! (Response) Master?
(Call) Sing ye well? (Response) Very well!
(Call) Hey down (Response) Ho down
(all) Derry derry down, among the leaves so green, O
(Call) To my hey down down
(Response) To my ho down down
(Call) Hey down (Response) Ho down
(all) Derry derry down, among the leaves so green, O

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.

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.

The fifth doe she did cross the brook,
the keeper fetched her back with his crook;
Where she is now you must go and look, among the leaves so green, O.

The sixth doe she ran over the plain,
but he with his hounds did turn her again,
And it's there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein,
among the leaves so green, O.

Bedlam Boys

For to see Mad Tom of Bed - lam Ten thou-sand miles I'd tra-vel; Mad Maud-lin goes on dir - ty toes For to

Chorus:
save her shoes from gra-vel Still I sing bon-ny boys, bon-ny mad boys, Bed-lam boys are bon-ny, For they

all go bare, and they live by the air, And they want no drink nor mo-ney.

For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand miles I'd travel;
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
For to save her shoes from gravel

CH: Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
For they all go bare, and they live by the air,
And they want no drink nor money.

I went down to Satan's Kitchen,
For to get me food one morning,
And there I saw sould piping hot,
All on the spit a-turning.

Me staff has murdered giants
And me bag a long knife carries,

For to cut mince pies from children's thighs
With which to feed the fairies.

By the Queen of Air and Darkness
I summoned am to Tourney,
Three leagues beyond the wild world's end
Methinks it is no journey.

The spirits white as lightning
Would on me travels guide me,
The moon would shake and the stars would quake
Whenever they espied me

And when that I have murdered
The man in the moon to a powder
His staff I'll break and his doct I'll shake,
And there'll howl no demon louder..

A Rosebud in June

The image shows a musical score for the song 'A Rosebud in June'. It consists of three staves of music in a 3/4 time signature. The first staff begins with the lyrics 'It's a rosebud in June, and the vio-lets in full bloom' and ends with 'We'll pipe and we'll'. The second staff continues with 'sing, love, We'll dance in a ring, love. When each lad takes his lass, All on the green grass, And it's oh... to'. The third staff concludes with 'plough Where the fat ox-en graze low, And the lads and the lass-es to sheep-shear-ing go.' The word 'Chorus:' is written above the first staff.

It's a rosebud in June, and the violets in full bloom
And the small birds are singing love songs on each spray.

CHORUS :

We'll pipe and we'll sing, love,
We'll dance in a ring, love.
When each lad takes his lass,
All on the green grass,
And it's oh... to plough
Where the fat oxen graze low;
And the lads and the lasses to sheep-shearing go.

When we have all shear'd all our jolly, jolly sheep
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase.

Oh their flesh it is good, it's the best of all food
And their wool, it will clothe us and keep our backs from the cold.

Here's the ewes and their lambs, here's the hogs and the rams,
And the fat wethers too they will make a fine show.

Follow Me Up to Carlow

Musical score for the song 'Follow Me Up to Carlow'. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Lift Mac-Cah-ir Og your face, brooding o'er the old dis-grace That Black Fitz-Will-iam stormedyour place and drove you to the fern Grey said vic-to - ry was sure, soonthe fire-brand he'd se-cure Un - til he met at Glen-ma-lure with Fiach Mac-Hugh O' -By-me. Chorus: Curse and swear Lord Kil-dare, Fiach will do what Fiach will dare, Now Fitz-Will-iam, have a care, Fal-len is your star, low. Up with hal-berd out with sword, On we'll go, for by the Lord; Fiach Mac-Hugh has giv-en his word, Fol-low me up to Car-low!'

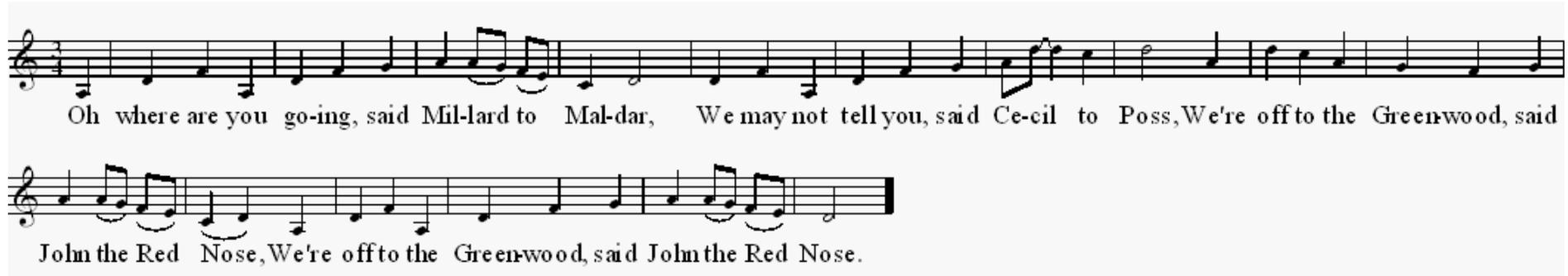
Lift MacCahir Og your face, brooding o'er the old disgrace
 That black FitzWilliam stormed your place and drove you to the fern
 Grey said victory was sure, soon the firebrand he'd secure
 Until he met at Glenmalure with Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne.

See the swords of Glen Imaal, flashing o'er the English pale
 See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners
 Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock
 Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

Ch.: Curse and swear Lord Kildare
 Fiach will do what Fiach will dare
 Now FitzWilliam, have a care
 Fallen is your star, low
 Up with halberd out with sword
 On we'll go for by the Lord
 Fiach MacHugh has given his word,
 Follow me up to Carlow.

From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon
 gore
 And great is Rory Og O'More at sending loons to Hades.
 White is sick, Grey is fled, now for Black FitzWilliam's head
 We'll send it o'er still dripping red, to Queen Liza and her
 ladies.

The Cutty Wren



Oh where are you go-ing, said Mil-lard to Mal-dar, We may not tell you, said Ce-cil to Poss, We're off to the Greenwood, said
John the Red Nose, We're off to the Greenwood, said John the Red Nose.

Oh where are you going, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
We're off to the Greenwood, said John the Red Nose
We're off to the Greenwood, said John the Red Nose

And what will you do there, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
We'll shoot the Cutty wren, said John the Red Nose
We'll shoot the Cutty wren, said John the Red Nose

And how will you shoot her, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
With bows and with arrows, said John the Red Nose
With bows and with arrows, said John the Red Nose

Ah! that will not do then, said Millard to Maldar
What then we do now, said Cecil to Poss
Big guns and big cannon, said John the Red Nose
Big guns and big cannon, said John the Red Nose

And how will you cut her, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss

With knives and with blades, said John the Red Nose
With knives and with blades, said John the Red Nose

Ah! that will not do then, said Millard to Maldar
What then we do now, said Cecil to Poss
Big hatchets and cleavers, said John the Red Nose
Big hatchets and cleavers, said John the Red Nose

And how will you cook her, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
In pots and in pans, said John the Red Nose
In pots and in pans, said John the Red Nose

Ah that will not do then, said Millard to Maldar
What then we do now, said Cecil to Poss
USE BLOODY GREAT BRASS CAULDRONS, said John the Red Nose
USE BLOODY GREAT BRASS CAULDRONS, said John the Red Nose

And who'll get the spare ribs, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
Give 'em all to the poor, said John the Red Nose
Give 'em all to the poor, said John the Red Nose

Green Grow the Rushes, Oh!

(C) I'll sing you one, oh! (R) Green grow the rushes, oh! What is your one, oh? One is one and all alone, and ever more shall be so

Two, two, the lily-white boys, clothéd all in green, oh! Three, three, the rivals (Four for the Gospel makers)

Four for the Gospel makers Five for the symbols at your door Six for the six proud walkers

(Call) I'll sing you one, oh!
 (Response) Green grow the rushes, oh
 What is your one, oh?

One is one and all alone, and ever more shall be so
 Two, two, the lily-white boys, clothéd all in green, oh
 Three, three, the rivals
 Four for the Gospel makers
 Five for the symbols at your door
 Six the six proud walkers
 Seven for the seven stars in the sky
 Eight for the April rainers
 Nine for the nine bright shiners
 Ten for the ten commandments
 Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven
 Twelve for the twelve apostles

Notes: This is an adding-on song. The first time, sing the call and response section, and then the first verse line. The second time, sing the call and response, then the second verse line, followed by the first verse line. The third time, call and response, third, second and first verse lines. And so on.

Verse lines one, two and three have unique tunes. The other verse lines share two tunes. The first time a “non-unique” verse line is sung, it is sung to the tune shown above in brackets. Following that, each time it is sung, it is sung to either the even verses tune (shown for the verse lines four and six above) or the odd verses tune (shown for verse line five above).

It's okay, it's really easy to pick up, just very hard to write down.

Woad

(tune: "Men of Harlech", lyrics may be by Donald Swan)



What's the use of wear-ing bra-ces, Hats, or spats, or shoes with la-ces, Vests and pants you buy in pla-ces, Down on Brompton
Road? What's the use of shirts of cot-ton, Studs that al-ways get for-got-ten, These af-fairs are sim-ply rot-ten! Bet-ter far is
woad! Woad's the stuff to show men, Woad to scare your foe-men! Boil it to a bril-liant blue And
rub it on your legs and your ab - do-men! An-cient Brit-ons ne-ver hit on An-y-thing as good as woad to fit on Necks or knees or
where you sit on, Tail-ors, be you blowed!

What's the use of wearing braces,
Hats, or spats, or shoes with laces,
Vests and pants you buy in places,
Down on Brompton Road?
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten,
These affairs are simply rotten!
Better far is woad!
Woad's the stuff to show men,
Woad to scare your foemen!
Boil it to a brilliant blue

And rub it on your legs and your abdomen!
Ancient Britons never hit on
Anything as good as woad to fit on
Necks or knees or where you sit on,
Tailors, be you blowed!

Romans came across the Channel
All dressed up in tin and flannel;
Half a pint of woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these!
Saxons, you may save your stitches

Building beds for bugs in britches.
We have woad to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.
Romans, keep your armours,
Saxons, your pajamas!
Hairy coats were made for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs, and llamas!
March on Snowdon, with your woad on,
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on.
Never need a button sewed on,
Bottoms up to woad!

The Ursulan Carrot Song (by Sarah Antill, and others?)

NB There are two third lines for the chorus. This is because the shield one was written first but then there is a lot of fighting stuff in the chorus. Sing whichever one you prefer. Preferably nice and loud to drown out the people singing the other line (I tend to alternate personally).



Chorus:

Urs-u-lans gath-er your car-rots for to wield A - gainst steel and leather on the bat-tle-field Car-rots are the per-fect things for

Verse:

gar-nish-ing your shield Urs-u-lans don't for-get your car - rots When you're ar-moured, auth-or-ised In-spect-ed, Or-ga-nised

Doubt not that na-ture is a-bout to call Up steps an eight footknight Chal-lenges you to fight Die well but don't for-get your car - rots

Chorus:

Ursulans gather your carrots for to wield
Against steel and leather on the battlefield
Carrots are the perfect things for garnishing your shield
(Dine in the tavern on carrots cooked and peeled)
Ursulans don't forget your carrots

When you're armoured, authorised, Inspected, Organised
Doubt not that nature is about to call
Up steps an eight foot knight, Challenges you to fight
Die well but don't forget your carrots

At the fireside, gathered round, Cider and mead abound
Take your fill of apricot liqueur and Ale
Get pissed on poxy port, Tastes foul, but hey! life's short
Drink up but don't forget your carrots

Studying for your degree, More or less successfully
Leave your assignments 'til the night before
Then burn the midnight oil, Study, sweat, slave, and toil
Bribe your tutor with a bunch of carrots

Live long, singing songs, Fighting and righting wrongs
Drink, think, and never let your beard reach your beer
We are URSULANS! Others flee but the bears remain
Life's good when you don't forget your carrots!

Ursulan Blood

(tune: "The Hippopotamus Song" by Flanders, lyrics by Ben and Alastair Simpson, and Kathryn Topp)

A band of young Ur-su-lans was strolling one day On the fields of fair Fest-i-val site They bran-dished their car-rots and
 drank pox-y port: These young -bloods were spoi-ling to fight. And there on a hill-side in rank -u-pon rank Were the
 fin-est of Loch-ac ar - rayed. These vir-gins and mar-tyrs could not wait to start as they flung them-selves in-to the
Chorus:
 fray-(ay-ay-ay-ay-ay). Blood, blood, glor-i-ous blood Tram-ple our en-e-mies in-to the mud. How can we but re-lish Con-
 - di-tions so hel-ish? Our tab-ards em-bel-lished with glor-i-ous blood.

A band of young Ursulans was strolling one day
 On the fields of fair Festival site
 They brandished their carrots and drank poxy port:
 These young-bloods were spoiling to fight.
 And there on a hillside in rank-upon rank
 Were the finest of Lochac arrayed.
 These virgins and martyrs could not wait to start as
 they flung themselves into the fray.

<Chorus:> Blood, blood, glorious blood
 Trample our enemies into the mud.
 How can we but relish Conditions so hellish?
 Our tabards embellished with glorious blood.

With youthful exuberance and biting their shields
 they recklessly charged up the hill.
 They had no grand strategy, flanks or reserves;
 Formation nor training nor skill.
 The enemy larger by 20 to 1 were trying their best
 not to smirk,
 as they calmly awaited the brave but ill-fated
 and rapidly tiring beserks.

These eager upstarts full of misguided zeal
 Hit the enemy shieldwall in clumps.
 The heavens resounded with steel upon steel
 and warcries cut short with dull thumps.

Til Am'line was standing alone on the hill;
 Her comrades all thoroughly slain.
 As her resolve floundered and she was surrounded
 She said 'Ah, lets try that again'

Blood, blood, Ursulan blood.
 Flows not in trickles but rather in flood.
 Our bodies bisected, our limbs disconnected,
 we'll get resurrected and come next time
WE'LL HAVE YOUR BLOOD!