



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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.



Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

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 of old, they fear not their foes.
They throw away discord, they throw away discord,
And to mirth they're inclined.

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.

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.



Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

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.

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.



Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

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.

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

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.

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,
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.



Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

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.

Washing Day

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

Winstler 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?



Kennet Morris Men Songs for Dances

Winsters Wakes

Winsters Wakes there's ale and cakes
Allton Wakes there's trenchers
Bircho'er Wakes there's knives and forks
Sheldon Wakes there's wenchies.

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.

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.