

Session 2: Schemata and Formula

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnswell (Barnard)

<https://mainlynorfolk.info/sandy.denny/songs/mattygroves.html>

collated from various sources with a tune from New Brunswick, Bronson 81 version 71, p. 313	Nic Jones and Christy Moore's versions https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7VUAJZ7zrF8
<p>Little Musgrave and Lady Barnswell Bronson Child 81 tune 71 New Brunswick trad</p>	<p>Little Musgrave (and Lady Barnard) As sung by Nic Jones and Christy Moore Trad.</p>
	As it fell out on a holiday as there are many in the year, Little Musgrave to church did go to see young ladies there.
There were four'n'twenty ladies of the East, assembled at the ball, and in came Lord Barnswell's wife, the fairest of them all.	Four and twenty were dressed in velvet red four twenty and in velvet pale And then came Lord Barnard's wife, the fairest of them all.
She cast her eye on the little Musgrave, and Little Musgrave on she 'Will you ride with me, my little Musgrave, and tarry one night with me?'	She cast an eye on the little Musgrave as bright as the summer sun. Said Musgrave onto himself 'This lady's heart I've won.'
	'I have loved you, fair lady, for long and many's the day.' 'And I have loved you, little Musgrave, and never a word did say.
'I daren't ride nor tarry with you, for I fear for my life; I see by the rings on your right hand, you are Lord Barnswell's wife.'	
'And what if I be Lord Barnswell's wife, this night I'll him beguile, for he is away in fair England and won't be back for a while.'	'I have a bower at Bucklesfordberry, it is my heart's delight. I'll take you back there with me, if you lie in my arms tonight.'
Then up 'n' spoke the little page boy and an angry boy was he: 'I will neither eat nor sleep until my master I shall see.'	But standing by was a little footpage from the lady's coach he ran: 'Though I am a lady's page, I am Lord Barnard's man.'

And he has rode to his master's keep and tirl'd at the pin, and none other than Lord Barnswell himself let the page boy in	'My Lord Barnard will hear of this, oh whether I sink or swim.' Everywhere the bridge was broke he'd enter the water and swim.
'Are my castles burnt,' he said, 'or any of my tenants wrong? Or is my lady brought to bed with a daughter or a son?'	
'Your castles are not burnt,' he said, 'nor any of your tenants wrong, But Musgrave lies with your wedded wife, my Lord, you must come home.'	Oh, my Lord Barnard, my Lord Barnard, you are a man of life. Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry asleep with your wedded wife.
'If this be true you tell to me, a grievéd man am I. But if this be lies you tell to me, tomorrow you shall die.'	'If 'tis true, my little footpage, this tale you tell to me, All the gold in Bucklesfordberry I'll gladly give to you.
	But if 'tis a lie, my little footpage, this tale you tell to me, From the highest tree in Bucklesfordberry hang'd you shall be.'
He called upon his merry men all, by one, by two, by three, and instead of riding on foremost, the very last man riding was he.	'Go saddle for me the milkwhite steed, go saddle for me the grey And sound not your horns', he said, 'Lest our coming you'll betray.'
There was a man in Lord Barnswell's train who loved the little Musgrave, He blew his horn both loud and shrill, 'Away Musgrave away!'	But there was a man in Lord Barnard's train who loved the little Musgrave He blew his horn both loud and shrill, 'away Musgrave away.'
'Methinks I hear the morning cock, methinks I hear the jay, Methinks I hear Lord Barnswell's men, my love I must away.'	'Methinks I hear the morning cock, methinks I hear the jay, Methinks I hear Lord Barnard's men coming o'er the lea.'
'Lie still, lie still, my little Musgrave, and keep me from the cold. 'Tis nothing but a shepherd boy bring his sheep into the fold.'	'Be still, be still, my little Musgrave, and hug me from the cold, 'Tis nothing but a shepherd lad a-bringing his flock to the fold'
They turned around and he hugged her and they fell fast asleep And when they woke Lord Barnswell's men were standing at their feet.	He's turned around and kissed her twice, and then they fell asleep, When they awoke, Lord Barnard's men where standing at their feet.
He lifted up the coverlet and he's taken off the sheet, 'Oh now, oh now, my little Musgrave, how dost find my lady sweet?'	'And how do you like my feathered bed, and how do you like my sheets, And how do you like my wedded wife that lies in your arms asleep?'
	'And it's well I like your feathered bed, and well I like your sheets, But best I like your wedded wife that lies in my arms asleep.'
Arise, arise my little Musgrave, your clothes you must put on, For it'll never be said in all my land I slew a naked man.'	'Rise up, rise up, little Musgrave, and your clothes put on, For it'll not be said in Bucklesfordberry that I slew a naked man.

‘There are two swords by my side and much they cost my purse. You shall have the better of them and I will have the worse.’	There are two swords by my side and dear they cost my purse, And you shall have the best of them and I shall have the worse.’
The very first blow little Musgrave struck, it hurt Lord Barnswell sore And the next blow that Lord Barnswell struck, little Musgrave struck no more.	Well the first stroke that little Musgrave struck, it hurt Lord Barnard sore. And the next stroke that Lord Barnard struck, little Musgrave struck no more.
	And up then spoke the fair lady from her bed whereon she lay, ‘Although you’re dead my little Musgrave, still for you I will pray.
	‘How do you like his cheeks,’ he said, ‘and how do you like his chin, And how do you like his dead little body, now there’s no life within?’
She lifted up his dying head and kissed him cheek and chin saying ‘I’d rather have thee, little Musgrave, than Lord Barnswell’s kith and kin.’	‘It’s well I like his cheeks,’ she said, ‘and well I like his chin, And it’s more I like his dead little body, than all your kith and kin?’
Lord Barnswell turned to his fair lady and stabbed her through the heart. ‘Since in life you’ve lovers been, in death you shall not part.’	He’s taken out his gallant sword to strike his mortal blow And through and through the lady’s heart the cold steel it did go.
‘A grave a grave’, Lord Barnswell said, ‘to put these lovers in, but bury her on the upper hand for she came from noble kin.’	‘A grave, a grave’, Lord Barnard cried, ‘to put these lovers in. Put the lady on the upper hand for she came from noble kin.’
And I have killed the finest knight that ever rode on a steed; and I have killed the fairest lady that ever did women’s deed.’	‘It’s I have killed the finest knight that ever rode a steed. And I have killed the fairest lady that ever did woman’s deed.’

A Sailor’s Life

<https://mainlynorfolk.info/lloyd/songs/asailorslife.html>

A Sailor's Life

adapted from Fairport Conventions

trad. trad.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, F, G, G, F, G, G, F, G, G, and D7. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The score continues on a second line, starting with a 7-measure rest, followed by a key change to two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. Chords G, C, G, F, C, F, and G are indicated above the staff. The lyrics continue below the staff.

a sai-lor's life is a mer-ry life he robs young girls of their heart's de-light

lea-ving them be-hind to weep and moan they ne-ver know when they will re turn

(Fairport Convention)

A sailor's life, it is a merry life
He robs young girls of their heart's delight
Leaving them behind to weep and mourn
They never know when they will return

"Well, there's four and twenty all in a row
My true love he makes the finest show
He's proper, tall, genteel withal
And if I don't have him, I'll have none at all"

"Oh, father build for me a bonny boat
That on the wide ocean I may float
And every Queen's ship that we pass by
There I'll inquire for my sailor boy"

They had not sailed long upon the deep
When a Queen's ship they chanced to meet
"You sailors all, pray tell me true
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

"Oh no, fair maiden, he is not here
For he's been drowned, we greatly fear
On yon green island, as we passed it by
There we lost sight of your sailing boy"

Well, she rung her hands and she tore her hair
She was like a young girl in great despair
And her little boat against a rock did run
"How can I live now? My sweet William is gone."