

Sing Along A Track

Volume Two

Folk Songs, Hymns & Carols

CD arranged and compiled by Gawen Robinson

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Useful this Term – Useful every Term

This very useful CD contains the backing tracks to over 30 favourite classroom folk songs, Hymns and Carols.

The lyrics contained within this book may be photocopied or reproduced by any means including overhead projection.

The songs are divided up into three sections, each with ten songs:

10 Folk Songs –
Early One Morning,
Greensleeves,
Skye Boat Song etc

10 Traditional Hymns –
All Things Bright and Beautiful,
Holy, Holy, Holy,
O Jesus I have Promised etc

10 Traditional Carols –
Away in a Manger,
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing,
In the Bleak Mid - Winter,
O Come, all ye Faithful,
Silent Night etc

You can use in the Classroom, Assembly or Concert.

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Plaisir D'Amore

Plaisir d'amore,
Ne dure qu'un moment chagrin,
D'amore dure toute la vie.
My love loves me.

The joys of love,
Are but a moment long,
The pain of love endures the whole life long.

Your eyes kissed mine,
I saw the love in them shine,
You brought me heaven right then,
When your eyes kissed mine.

My love loves me,
And all the wonders I see,
A rainbow shines in my window,
My love loves me.

And now he's gone,
Like a dream that fades into dawn,
But the words stay locked in my heartstrings,
My love loves me.

Plaisir d'amore,
Ne dure qu'un moment chagrin,
D'amore dure toute la vie.
My love loves me.

Greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my Lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to have.

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my Lady Greensleeves.

Early One Morning

Early one morning,
Just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maiden singing
In the valley below.
Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so?

Remember the vows
That you made to your Mary,
Remember the bower
Where you vow'd to be true.
Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so?

Thus sang the poor maiden,
Her sorrow bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid
In the valley below.
Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so?

Old English Melody

Do Ye Ken John Peel

Do ye ken John Peel
 with his coat so grey,
 Do ye ken John Peel
 at the break of the day,
 Do ye ken John Peel
 when he's far far away,
 With his hounds and his horn in the morning.
 For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
 And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-time led;
 Peel's "View halloo" would awaken the dead,
 Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too,
 Ranter and Ringwood and
 Bellman and True,
 From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
 From a view to a death in the morning.
 For the sound of his horn

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul.
 Let's drink to his health,
 let's finish the bowl;
 We'll follow John Peel, through fair and thro' foul,
 If we want a good hunt in the morning.
 For the sound of his horn

Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
 He lived at Troutbeck
 once on a day,
 Now he has gone far; far, far away,
 We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.
 For the sound of his horn

Old Hunting Song

Skye Boat Song

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry.
Carry the lad who was born to be King,
Over the sea to Sky.

Loud the waves howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air.
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry.
Carry the lad who was born to be King,
Over the sea to Sky.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed,
Rock'd in the deep, Flora will keep,
Watch by your weary head.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry.
Carry the lad who was born to be King,
Over the sea to Sky.

Uncle Tom Cobleigh

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
 All along down along out along lee,
 For I want to go to Widdicombe Fair,
 Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey,
 Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
 Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
 Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

And when shall I see again my grey mare!
 All along
 By Friday noon or Saturday soon,
 Wi' Bill Brewer,

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
 All along
 But Tom Pearce's old mare had not trotted home,
 Wi' Bill Brewer,

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,
 All along
 And seed his old mare a-making her will,
 Wi' Bill Brewer,

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
 All along
 And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried,
 Wi' Bill Brewer,

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
 All along
 Nor, tho' they be dead of the horrid career
 Of Bill Brewer,

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
 All along
 Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear gashly white,
 Wi' Bill Brewer,

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
 All along
 From Tom Pearce's old mare a-rattling her bones,
 Wi' Bill Brewer,

Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
 Silver buckles on his knee,
 He'll come back and marry me,
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
 Combing down his yellow hair,
 He's my own for ever mair,
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
 Bobby Shaftoe'setc.

Bobby Shaftoe's tall and slim,
 He's always dressed so neat and trim,
 The lasses they all look at him,

Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
 Bobby Shaftoe'setc.

Bobby Shaftoe's gett'n a bairn,
 For to dangle on his airm,
 On his airm, and on his knee,
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
 Bobby Shaftoe'setc.

Traditional