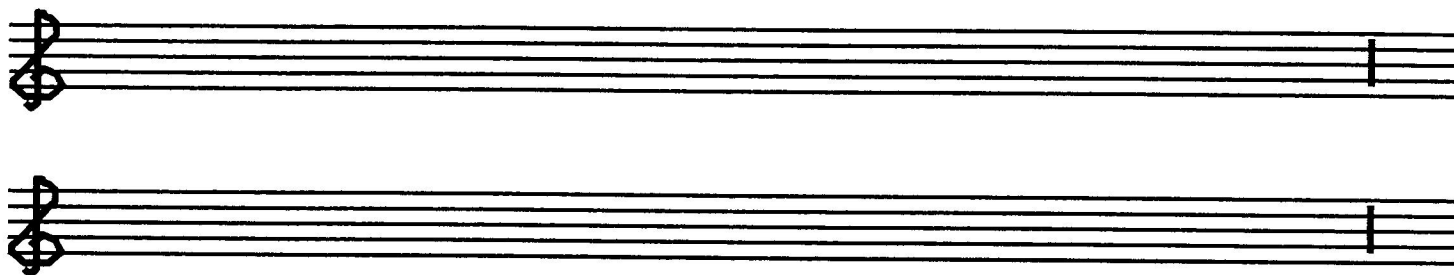


# ***EVENTS LEADING TO THE COMPOSITION OF LINCOLNSHIRE POSY***

**Mike Fansler, [mj-fansler@wiu.edu](mailto:mj-fansler@wiu.edu)  
Director of Bands, Western Illinois University**

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**The Singers**



## *Folk Song Lyrics, per original recordings demonstrated today.*

### **1. Lisbon**

*As sung by a Mr. Deane and "noted down" by Grainger in 1905. In 1908, Grainger returned to find Mr. Deane in the hospital ward of the workhouse with a great gash in his head, of which he was "proud." Grainger successfully convinced him to sing again for recording purposes.*

'Twas on a Monday morning before the break of day,  
Our ship she weighed her anchor boys, all for to sail away.  
She went up to old Lisbon lads for Lisbon we were bound,  
for Lisbon got some gardens there with pretty young girls all 'round.

It's of a tender young man of him his love was dear;  
He went to his own lover's house who lived by just there  
He went unto his own lover's house to let her understand  
That he was bound to leave his love unto some distant land.

Oh William, dearest William, you're going to break my heart.  
Let you and I get married love before that we do part.  
For it's six long months and longer, I've been with child by thee,  
So it's stay home dear William, so kind and marry me.

-- -- -- -- --(non decipherable) -- -- -- -- --

O no my dearest Polly that can never be.  
For the Queen she is in want of men as a sailor I must go.  
And for my love of life my love I dare not answer no.

Then I'll cut off my curly locks, men's clothing I'll put on.  
And I will go along with you to be your wedded wife.  
Your waist it is so slender, your fingers long and fair,  
I'm afraid you would go -- -- -- -- -- there.

### **2. Horkstow Grange**

*As sung to Grainger by George Gouldthorpe in 1905. Story of a miser and his man: A local tragedy. John Bowling was a foreman on a farm in Horkstow, and Steeleye Span was a waggoner under him.*

In Horkstow Grange there lived an old miser  
Y'all do now him as I've heard say  
It's him and his man that was named John Bowlin'  
They fell out one market day

Pity them who see them suffer  
Pity poor old Steeleye Span  
John Bowlin's deed will be remembered  
Bowlin's deeds at Horkstow Grange

With a blackthorn stick old Steeleye struck him  
Often had threatened him before  
John Bowlin' turned around all in a passion  
He knocked old Steeleye into th' Floor

Pity them who see them suffer.....

### **3. Rufford Park Poachers**

*One of the many songs that Joseph Taylor sang to Grainger in 1906.*

They say that forty gallant poachers they was in a mess  
They'd often been attack-ed when the number it was less

So poacher bold, as I unfold keep up your gallant heart  
And think about those poachers bold that night in Rufford Park

A buck or doe, believe it so a pheasant or a(n) hare  
Was sent on earth for everyone quite equal for to share

So poacher bold, . . . .

The keepers they begun the fight with stones and their flails  
But when the poachers started, why, they quickly turned their tails

### **4. Brisk Young Sailor**

*As sung to Grainger by Mrs. Thompson in 1906.*

A fair maid walkin' all in her garden  
A brisk young sailor she chanced to spy  
He stepped up to her thinking to woo her  
cried this "fair maiden can you fancy I?"

You seem to be some man of honor  
Some man of honor you seem to be  
I'm a poor and lowly maiden  
Not fittin' Sir, your servant to be

Not fittin' for to be my servant  
No I've a greater regard for you  
I'd marry you and make you a lady  
And I'd have servant to wait on you

I have a true love all of my own, Sir,  
And seven long years he's been gone from me,  
But seven more will I wait of him;  
For if he's alive he'll return to me.

If 7 long years thy love's gone from thee  
He's surely either dead or drowned;  
But if 7 more you will wait for him  
For if he's alive he'll return to me

He put his hand all in his bosom;  
His fingers being both long and small.  
Then he showed to her the true love token  
And when she saw it down she did fall

Then he took her up all in his arms,  
And gave her kisses one, two, and three.  
"Here stands thy true and faithful sailor  
Who has returned to marry thee."

### **5. Lord Melbourne**

*As sung to Grainger in 1906 by George Wray. Grainger recorded it three times the same day, each time it was sung slightly different. The song is about the Duke of Marlborough.*

I am an Englishman born by birth Lord Melbourne is my name  
In Devonshire I drew my first breath that place of noble fame  
I was beloved by all my men my kings and princes likewise  
I never failed at anything but one great victory.

Then good Queen Anne sent us on board to Flanders we did go  
We left the banks of Newfoundland to face our daring foe  
We climbed those lofty bidells away with broken guns, shield, likewise  
And all those famous towns we took to all the world's surprise

## **6. The Lost Lady Found**

*"Noted down" by Lucy Broadwood in 1893, sung to her by her nurse, Mrs. Hill. Story of a sailor who has been gone for 7 years. Mrs. Hill learned this song when a child from an old cook in Lincolnshire, who danced as she sang it beating time on the stone kitchen floor with her iron pattens.*

'Twas down in yon valley a fair maid did dwell  
She lived with her uncle all knew full well  
'Twas down in yon valley where violets grew gay  
Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away

Long time she'd been missing and could not be found  
Her uncle he searched the country around  
Till he came to the trustee between hope and fear  
The trustee made answer: "She has not been here."

The trustee spoke over with courage so bold:  
"I fear she's been lost for the sake of her gold.  
So we'll have life for life sir," the trustee did say  
"We'll send you to prison and there you shall stay."

There was a young squire that loved her so  
Oft-times to the school-house together they did go  
"I'm afraid she's been murdered, so great is my ear;  
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear.

He travell'd to England, through France and through Spain  
Till he ventured his life on the watery main;  
And he came to a house where he lodged for the night,  
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

When she saw him she knew him and fled to his arms  
She told him her grief while he gazed in her charms  
"How came you to Dublin, my dearest, I pray?  
"Three gypsies betrayed me and stole me away."

"Your uncle's in England, in [prison] does lie,  
And for your sweet sake is condemned to die."  
"Carry me to Old England, my dearest," she cried,  
"One thousand I'll give thee, and will be your bride."

When they came to Old England her uncle to see  
The cart it was under the high gallows tree  
"Oh pardon, oh pardon, oh pardon I crave!  
I'm alive! I'm alive! Your dear life to save!"

Then from the high gallows they led him away  
Their bells they did ring and their music did play.  
E'ry house in that valley with mirth did resound  
As soon as they heard that lost lady was found.

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**Brad Howard**, graduate conducting student, Western Illinois University.

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## **Source Material**

Grainger, Percy (1937). Program note to *Lincolnshire Posy*.

Thompson, Bob. Program note to *Unto Brigg Fair*.

Bird, John (1999). *Percy Grainger*. Oxford Press.

Recording of *Lincolnshire Posy*: University of Illinois Symphonic Band, James F. Keene, conductor.

Grainger Archives, University of Illinois Bands.

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***Folk recordings: Available at Library of Congress***