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TO
Miss Baillie Cochrane.

ENGLISH SONGS AND DITTIES,

Arranged for the

Guitar,

for her Pupils

-> BY <-

MAD^{ME} SIDNEY PRATTEN.

TEACHER OF THE GUITAR

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 5/-

EARLY ONE MORNING.
GOLDEN SLUMBERS.
OH DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.
THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.



BECOME DULL CARE.
NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.
THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.
DRINK TO ME ONLY.



MAY BE HAD OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL MUSIC SELLERS.

Author's Property.

Owing to the limited sale of Guitar Music, M^{me} Pratten is obliged to charge FULL PRICE for her own Publications.

London,

PUBLISHED AT HER RESIDENCE 22^d DORSET STREET, PORTMAN SQ. W.

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all her Publications for the GUITAR VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL (being the largest Collection of Modern Guitar Music in Europe) also her GUITAR SCHOOL Price 12/-

Being Complete Instructions for Modern Guitar Playing in the Common Key. and her last Work "LEARNING THE GUITAR SIMPLIFIED" Price 10/6 FORMING A KEY & COMPANION TO THE ABOVE.

"EARLY ONE MORNING"

OLD ENGLISH.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS CHAPPELL
FROM THEIR "OLD ENGLISH DITTIES."

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR
BY
MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN.

ALLEGRETTO.

VOICE.

1.- Ear-ly one morn-ing, just as the sun was ris-ing, I
2.- "Re-mem-ber the vows that you made to your Ma-ry, Re-
3.- "O gay is the gar-land and fresh are the ro-ses I've
4.- Thus sung the poor maid-en her sor-rows be-wail-ing Thus

GUITAR.

heard a maid sing in the val-ley be-low;
- mem-ber the bow'r where you' vow'd to be true.
cull'd from the gar-den to bind on thy brow.
sung the poor maid in the val-ley be-low:

"O don't de-ceive me, O ne-ver leave me!"


How could you use..... a poor maid-en so?"


NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.


BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS BOOSEY & CO
 FROM THEIR "SONGS OF ENGLAND."


ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR
 BY MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN.


Andante.

VOICE. Near Woodstock town in Ox-ford-shire,..... As I walk'd
 GUITAR: 

forth to take the air, To view the fields and meadows round, Methought I


heard a mournful sound, Down by a crys-tal ri-ver side,.... A gallant


how-er I es-pied, Where a fair la-dy made great moan, With many a


bit-ter sigh and groan.


2
 "Alas!" quoth she, my love's unkind,
 My sighs and tears he will not mind!
 But he is cruel unto me,
 Which causes all my misery.
 Soon after he had gained my heart,
 He cruelly did from me part;
 Another maid he does pursue,
 And to his vows he bids adieu.

3
 The lady round the meadow ran;
 And gather'd flowers as they sprang;
 Of every sort she there did pull,
 Until she got her apron full.
 The green turf served her as a bed,
 And flowers, a pillow for her head;
 She laid her down and nothing spoke.
 Alas! for love her heart was broke

"GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES"

A LULLABY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS CHAPPELL.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

FROM THEIR "OLD ENGLISH DITTIES."

BY MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN.

VOICE. *SMOOTHLY.*

1. Gol - - den slum - - bers
2. Care you know not

GUITAR.

kiss your eyes, Smiles a wake you when you rise,
there - - fore sleep, While I o'er you watch do keep;

Sleep pret.ty mai - den do not cry, And I will sing a lul.la - by
Sleep pret.ty dar - ling do not cry,

p lul - la - - by, *pp* lul - la - - by, *rall:* lul - - - la - - by.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS BOOSEY & CO FROM THEIR "SONGS OF ENGLAND."

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR
BY MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN.

Andantino.

GUITAR.

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,....
I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath, Not so much hon'-ring thee,....

Or leave a kiss with in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;.... The
As giving it a hope that there It could not with-er'd be;.... But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di-vine,....
thou there on did'st on-ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,....

But might I of Love's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine,....
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee,....

BEGONE! DULL CARE!

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS BOOSEY & CO

FROM THEIR "SONGS OF ENGLAND."

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN.

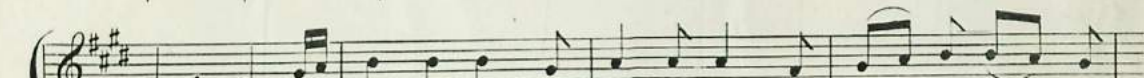
Allegretto.

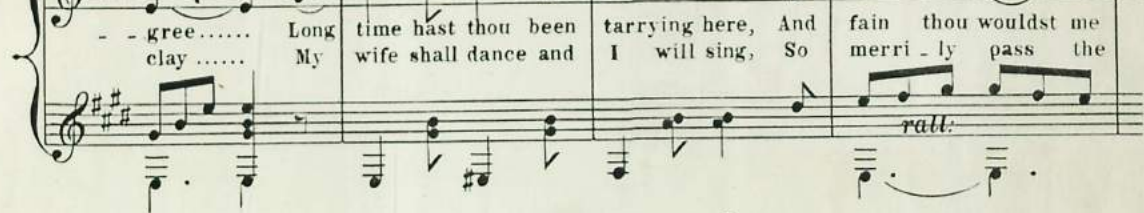
VOICE. 
 1. Be gone! dull Care,.... I pri - thee be - gone from
 2. Too much care..... Will make a young man turn

GUITAR. 



 me, Be gone! dull Care, You and I shall ne - ver a
 grey And too much care..... Will turn an old man to




 - - gree..... Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And fain thou wouldst me
 clay..... My wife shall dance and I will sing, So merri - ly pass the

 *rall:*


 kill, ... But i' faith dull Care,..... Thou never shall have thy
 day, ... For I hold it one of the wis - est things To drive dull care a -




 will.
 - - way.

 12th harm:

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESS^{RS} CHAPPELL.
FROM THEIR "OLD ENGLISH DITTIES"

Cheerfully.

VOICE.

1. Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
2. Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair,..... He
Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair,..... He

promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me, And then for a kiss, oh! he vow'd he would tease me, He
promised he'd bring me a basket of posies, A garland of lilies, a garland of roses, A

promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair. And its
little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons That tie up my bonny brown hair. And its

Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair,.....
Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair,.....

VII.....

D.C.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER ONCE.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESS^{RS} CHAPPELL.
FROM THEIR "OLD ENGLISH DITTIES?"

Jovially. 17th Century.

GUITAR. 

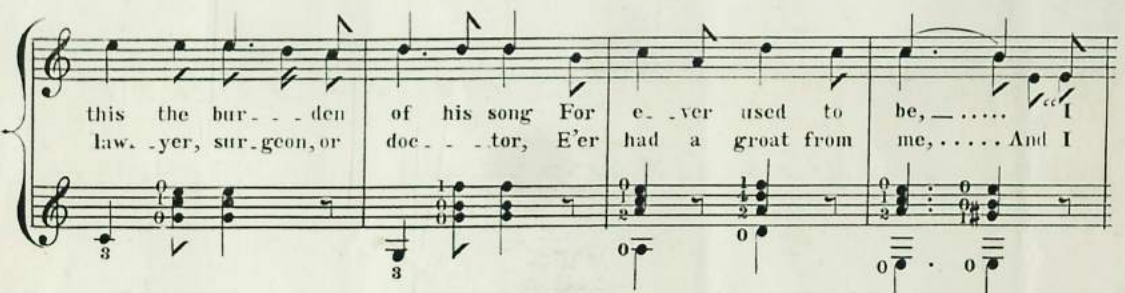
1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Liv'd on the ri - ver Dec, He
2. "I live by my mill, she is to me Like pa - rent, child, and wife, I



work'd and sung from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he, And
would not change my sta - tion For a ny other in life. . . . No



this the bur - den of his song For e - ver used to be, "I
law - yer, sur - geon, or doc - tor, E'er had a groat from me, And I



care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me?"
care for no - bo - dy no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me?"



Then like the miller, bold and free,
Let us rejoice and sing,
The days of youth were made for glee,
And time is on the wing.

The song shall pass from me to thee,
And round this jovial ring,
And all in heart and voice agree
To sing, "Long live the King?"

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS BOOSEY & CO
FROM THEIR "SONGS OF ENGLAND."

Allegretto.

VOICE. There was a youth, and a well-be-lov-ed youth, And he was a squire's
And as she went a - long the high road, The weather being hot and

GUIAR.

son; He lov'd the bai. liff's daughter dear. That liv'd in Is - ling -
dry; She sat her down up - on a greenbank. And her true love came ri - ding

ton. But when his friends did un - der-stand his fond and fool-ish
by. She start-ed up with a colour so red, Catching hold of his bri - dle.

mind; They sent him up to fair London, An ap - prentice for to
rein; One pen - ny, one penny, kind sir, she said Will ease me of much

bind
pain.

3
Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born;
At Islington, kind sir, she said,
Where I have had many a scorn.
I prithee, sweetheart, tell to me,
O tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?
She is dead, sir, long ago.

4
If she be dead then take my horse
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some far country,
Where no man shall me know.
O stay, O stay thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side!
She is here, alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride.