

University of Oxford

Choral-Award auditions 2020

Unaccompanied traditional song (folk song)

- You may choose a song from those given here, or offer an alternative song. (Regarding the alternative song, see the further guidance provided at <https://www.ox.ac.uk/admissions/undergraduate/applying-to-oxford/choral-and-organ-awards/choral-awards>, and in the notes accompanying the application form.)
- If you choose to perform a song from the list below, please perform all the verses that are included in the edition provided here.
- The editions here are provided for you to use if you wish, but you may if you prefer use another version/edition of any of these songs.
- You may choose the performing pitch.

David of the White Rock

Drink to me only with thine eyes

Early one morning

Linden Lea

O Waly, Waly

Scarborough Fair

The Ash Grove

The Lark in the Clear Air

The Last Rose of Summer

The Salley Gardens

The Trees they Grow so High

Dafydd y Garreg Wen (David of the White Rock)

(may also be sung in Welsh)

5 'Bring me my harp', was Da - vid's sad sigh,
'Last night an an - gel called with hea - ven's breath:

9 'I would play one more tune be - fore I die.
"Da - vid, play, and come through the gates of death!"

13 Help me, dear wife, put the hands to the strings,
Fare - well, faith-ful harp, fare - well to your strings,

I wish my loved ones the bles - sing God brings.'
I wish my loved ones the bles - sing God brings.'

Drink to me only with thine eyes

4 Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with
I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring

7 mine; or leave a kiss but in the cup, and
thee as giv - ing it a hope that there it

10 I'll not ask for wine, the thirst that from the
could not with - er'd be: but thou there - on didst

13 soul doth rise doth ask a drink di - vine;
on - ly breathe and sent'st it back to me;

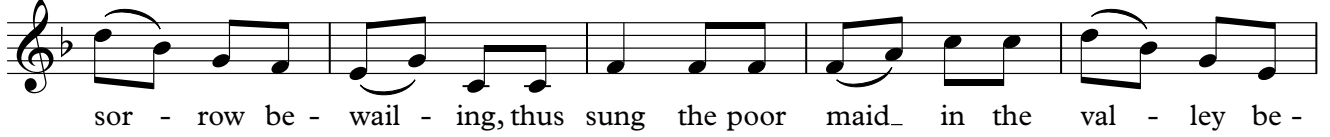
15 but might I of Jove's nec - tar sup I
since when it grows, and smells, I swear, not

would not change for thine.
of it - self but thee.

Early one morning

Ear - ly one morn - ing just as the sun was ris - ing I heard a maid
6
sing in the val - ley be - low: 'O don't de - ceive me!
11
O ne - ver leave me! How could you use a poor mai - den
16
so? O gay is the gar - land and fresh are the ro - ses I've
21
culled from the gar - den to bind on thy brow. O don't de -
26
ceive me! O do not leave me! How could you use a
31
poor mai - den so? Re - mem - ber the vows that you made to your
36
Ma - ry, re - mem - ber the bow'r where you vowed to be true.
41
O don't de - ceive me! O ne - ver leave - me! How could you
46
use a poor mai - den so?' Thus sung the poor mai - den, her

51



56



61



Linden Lea



With-in the wood-lands, flow'r-y glad-ed, by the oak trees' moss-y moot; the shin-ing

5



grass blades, tim-ber sha-ded, now do qui-ver un-der foot; and birds do

9



whis-tle o-ver-head, and wa-ter's bub-bling in its bed; and there for

13



me, the ap-ple tree do lean down low in Lin-den Lea. When leaves, that

17



late-ly were a-spring-ing, now do fade with-in the copse, and paint-ed

21



birds do hush their sing-ing up up-on the tim-ber tops; and brown leaved

25



fruit's a-turn-ing red, in cloud-less sun-shine o-ver-head, with fruit for

29



me, the ap-ple tree do lean down low in Lin-den Lea. Let o-ther

33



folk make mo-ney fas-ter in the air of dark-room'd towns; I don't

37



dread a peev-ish mas-ter, though no man may heed my frowns. I be

41



free to go a - broad, or take a - gain my home-ward road, to where, for

45



me, the ap - ple tree do lean down low in Lin - den Lea.

O Waly, Waly



The wa-ter is wide I can-not get o'er, and nei-ther have I wings to—

4 fly. Give me a— boat that will car-ry— two, and both shall row, my love and

8 I. O, down in the mea - dows the oth - er day, a - gath'-ring

11 flow'rs both fine and gay, a-gath'-ring flow'rs both red and blue, I lit - tle

15 thought what love can do. O, love is hand - some and love is fine, and love's a

19 jew - el while it is new, but when it is old, it grow - eth—

22 cold, and fades a - way like morn - ing— dew.

Scarborough Fair



Are you going to Scar - bo-rough Fair? Pars-ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and

8
thyme, — Re - mem - ber me to one who lives there, she once

15
was a true love of mine. Tell her to make me a cam - bric shirt.

22
Pars-ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, — with - out no seams nor

29
nee - dle work. Then she'll be a true love of mine. Tell her to

36
find me an a - cre of land. Pars-ley, sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, —

43
— Bet - ween the salt wa - ter and the sea strand. Then she'll be a

50
true love of mine. Tell her to reap it with a sick - le of lea - ther. Pars-ley,

57
sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, — And ga - ther it all in a bunch of

64
hea - ther. Then she'll be a true love of mine.

The Ash Grove



Down yon - der green val - ley where stream - lets me - an - der, when
Still glows the bright sun - shine o'er val - ley and moun - tain, still

5



twi - light is fa - ding I pen - sive - ly rove, or
war - bles the black - bird its note from the tree; still

9



at the bright noon - tide in so - li - tude wan - der, a -
trem - bles the moon - beam on stream - let and foun - tain, but

13



mid the dark shades of the lone - ly ash grove. 'Twas
what are the beau - ties of na - ture to me? With

17



there where the black - bird was cheer - ful - ly sing - ing, I
sor - row, deep sor - row, my bo - som is la - den, all

21



first met my dear one, the joy of my heart! A -
day I go mourn - ing in search of my love; ye

25



round us for glad - ness the blue - bells were ring - ing. Ah!
e - choes, oh, tell me, where is the sweet mai - den? 'She

29



then lit - tle thought I how soon we should part.
sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove.'

The Lark in the Clear Air

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars en-chant-ed as I
5 I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's ad-o-ra-tion; and I
hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day. For a
9 think she will hear and will not say me nay. It is
ten-der beam-ing smile to my hope has been grant-ed, and to-
13 this that gives my soul all its joy-ous e-la-tion, as I
mor-row she shall hear all my fond heart would say.
hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. There are three triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes) in the first staff, one in the second staff, and one in the fourth staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The Last Rose of Summer



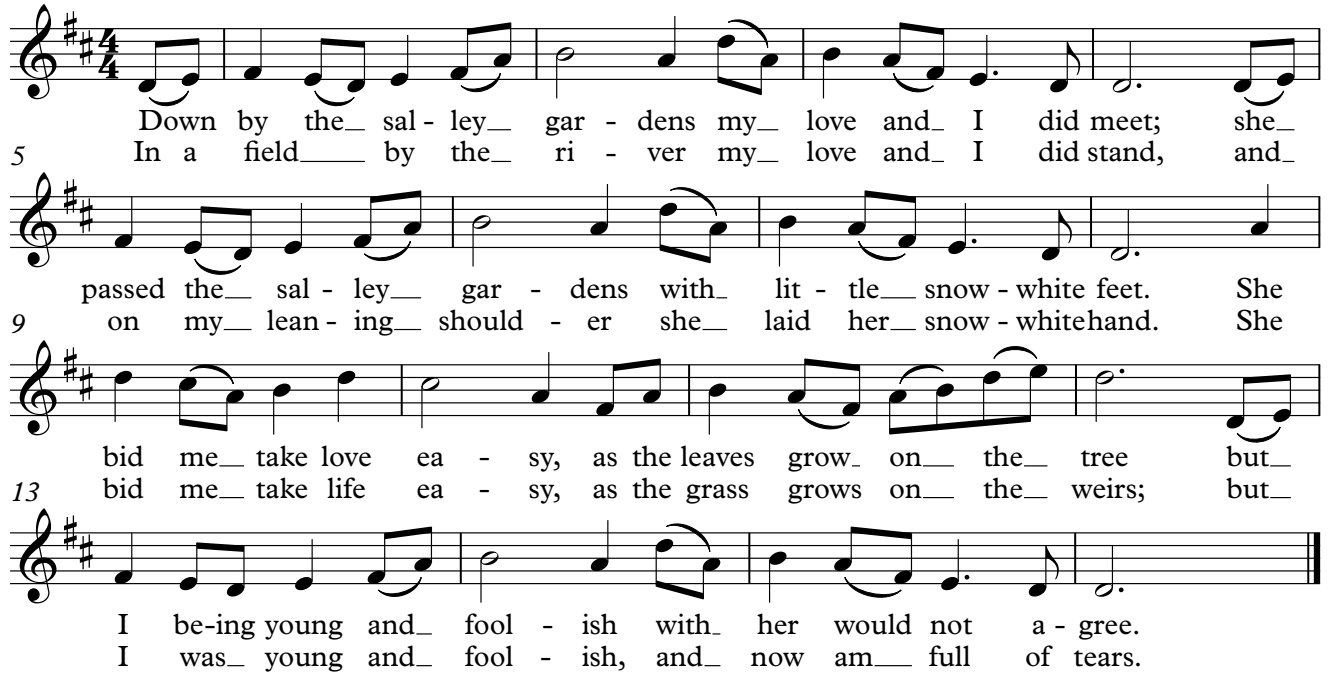
4
 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
 So soon may I follow when friendships decay,
 and from love's shrine circle the faded and gone.

7
 lone; all her lovely companions are stemless,
 since the lovely are sleeping, go, say,
 and from love's shrine circle the faded and gone.

10
 No flower of her sleep thou with them;
 thus kindly I lay gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie kindred, no rose bud is nigh,
 to re-scatter thy leaves o'er the bed where thy
 withered and fond ones are flown. Oh!

13
 flect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.
 mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.
 who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

The Salley Gardens



5 Down by the sal - ley gar - dens my love and I did meet; she
In a field by the ri - ver my love and I did stand, and

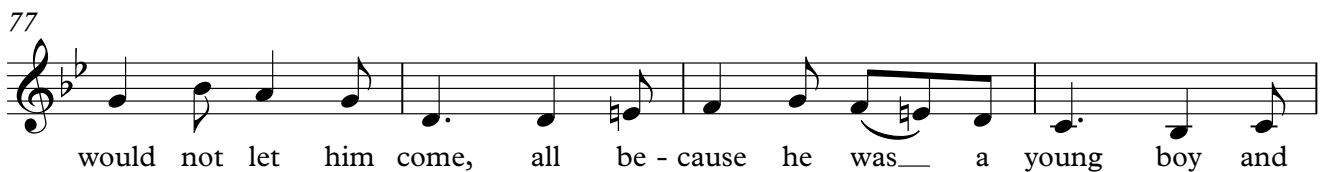
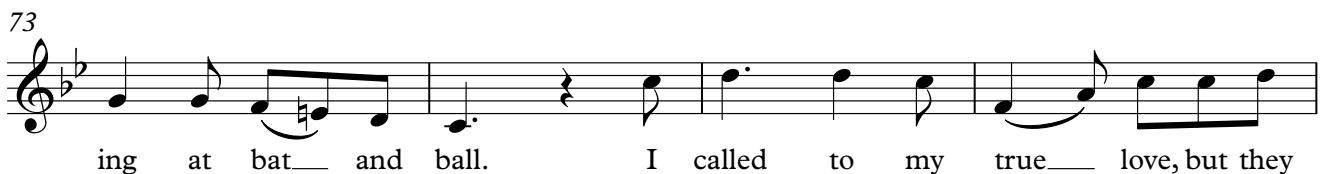
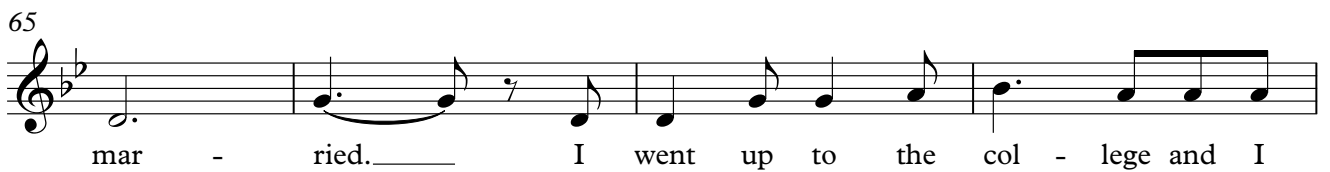
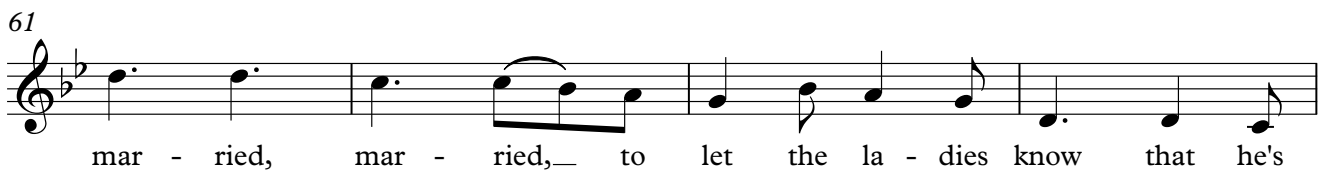
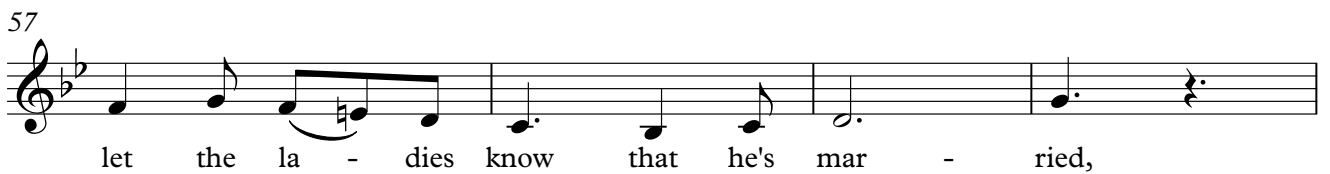
9 passed the sal - ley gar - dens with lit - tle snow - white feet. She
on my lean - ing should - er she laid her snow - white hand. She

13 bid me take love ea - sy, as the leaves grow on the tree but
bid me take life ea - sy, as the grass grows on the weirs; but

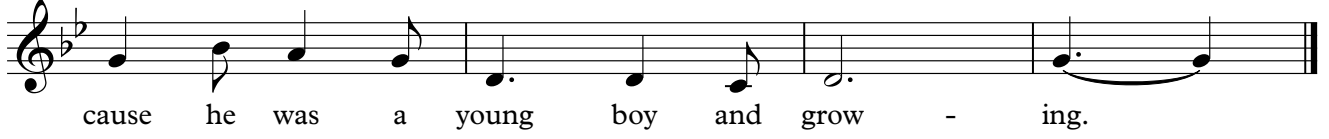
I be-ing young and fool - ish with her would not a - gree.
I was young and fool - ish, and now am full of tears.

The trees they grow so high

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green, and
5 ma - ny a cold win - ter's night my love and I have seen. Of a
9 cold win - ter's night, my love, you and I a - lone have been, whilst my
13 bon - ny boy is young he's a - grow - ing,
17 grow - ing, grow - ing, whilst my bon - ny boy is young he's a -
21 grow - ing. O fa - ther dear - est fa - ther, you've
25 done to me great wrong, you've tied me to a boy when you
29 know he is too young. O daugh - ter, dear - est daugh - ter, if you
33 wait a lit - tle while, a la - dy you shall be while he's -
37 grow - ing, grow - ing, grow - ing, a



85



cause he was a young boy and grow - ing.

The image shows a single line of musical notation on a five-line staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be common time. The melody consists of the following notes: a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, a dotted quarter note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, a dotted quarter note G3, and a final half note G3. The lyrics are written below the staff, with a hyphen under 'grow' and a period at the end of 'ing'.