3. The trustee spoke up with a 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 shall send you to prison, and there you shall stay.”

4. There was a young squire that loved her so,
   Off times to the school-house together they did go;
   “I’m afraid she’s been murdered; so great is my fear,
   If I’d wings like a dove I would fly to my dear!”

5. He traveled through 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 a night,
   And in that same house was his own heart’s delight.

6. When she saw him she knew him and flew to his arms,
   She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms.
   “How come you to Dublin, my dearest, I pray?”
   “Three gypsies betrayed me, and stole me away.”

7. “Your uncle’s in England; in prison doth lie,
   And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die.”
   “Carry me to old England, my dearest;” she cried;
   “One thousand I’ll give you, and will be your bride.”

8. When she 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!
   Don’t you see I’m alive, your dear life for to save?”

9. Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
   The bells they did ring, and the music did play;
   Every house in the valley with mirth did resound,
   As soon as they heard the lost lady was found.

Folk Trio
Dr. Kimm Julian, Voice
Ms. Lauren Weber, Voice
Mr. James McGuire, Guitar

Dr. Amy K. Raisum Foley, Conductor

The Vanished Army (They Never Die) Poetic March (1919/1946) Kenneth J. Alford
Ed. Frederick Fennell

Olympic Fanfare and Theme (1984) John Williams
Arr. James Curnow

CONCERT WIND ENSEMBLE PROGRAM

Folk Song Suite: For Military Band (1924) Ralph Vaughan Williams

I. March “Seventeen Come Sunday”
II. Intermezzo “My Bonny Boy”
III. March “Folk Songs from Somerset”

Dr. Amy K. Raisum Foley, Conductor

Nimrod from “Enigma Variations” (1899/1965) Edward Elgar
Arr. Alfred Reed
Mrs. Dawn Punke, Conductor

Lincolnshire Posy (1937/1987) Percy Aldridge Grainger
Assembled by Frederick Fennell

I. Lisbon (Sailor’s Song)

1. Twas on a Monday morning, all in the month of May,
   Our ship she weigh’d her anchor, all for to sail away
   The wind did from the southwest blow, for Lisbon we were bound;
   The hills and dales were covered with pretty young girls around.

2. I wrote a letter to Nancy for her to understand,
   That I should have to leave her unto some foreign land.
   She said, “My dearest William, those words will break my heart;
   O let us married be tonight, dear Willie, before you start.”

3. “For ten long weeks and better I’ve been with child by thee,
   So stay at home, dear William, be kind and marry me.”
   “Our captain has commanded us, and I shall have to go;
   The Queen’s in want of men, my love, I’d never dare answer no.”

4. “I’ll cut my long yellow hair off, your clothing I’ll put on,
   And I will go with you, love, and be your waiting man;
   And when it is your watch on deck, your duty I will do.
   I’d face the field of battle, love, in order to be with you.”

5. “Your pretty little fingers they are both long and small,
   Your waist it is too slender to face the cannon ball.
   For loud the cannons rattle, love, and blazing bullets fly,
   And silver trumpets sound, my love, to cover the dismal cry.”

6. “Pray do not talk of danger, for love is my desire,
   To see you in the battle and with you spend my time;
   And I will go through France and Spain all for to be your bride,
   And I will lay me down upon the battlefield at your side.”
II. Horkstow Grange (The Miser and his Man: A local Tragedy)
1. In Horkstow Grange there liv'd an old miser.
   You all do know there I've hear say.
   It's him and his man that was named John Bowlin'.
   They fell out one market day.
   Pity them what see him suffer,
   Pity poor old Steeleye Span;
   John Bowlin's deeds they will be remember'd,
   Bowlin's deeds at Horkstow Grange.
2. With a blackthorn stick old Steeleye struck him,
   Oftens had threatened him before;
   John Bowlin' turned round all in a passion,
   He knocked old Steeleye into t'floor.
   Pity them what see him suffer, etc.
3. Old Steeleye Span he was fell'd by John Bowlin',
   It happen'd to be on a market day.
   Old Steeleye swore with all his vengeance
   He would swear his life away.
   Pity them what see him suffer, etc.

III. Rufford Park Poachers (Version A) (Poaching Song)
1. They say that forty gallant poachers they were in a mess.
   They'ad often been attacked when their 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.
2. A buck or doe, believe it so, a pheasant or a hare,
   Was sent on earth for every one quite equally to share,
   So poacher bold, etc.
3. Among the gorse, to settle scores, those forty gather'd stones
   To make a fight for poor men's rights, and break the keepers' bones.
   So poacher bold, etc.
4. The keepers went with flails against the poachers and their cause,
   So no man there again would dare defy the rich man's laws.
   So poacher bold, etc.
5. The keepers they began the fight with stones and with their flails,
   But when the poachers started, oh, they quickly turn'd their tails.
   So poacher bold, etc.
6. Upon the ground with mortal wound head-keeper Roberts lay,
   He never will rise up until the final Judgment Day.
   So poacher bold, etc.
7. Of all that band who made their stand to set a net or snare,
   The four men brought before the court were tried for murder there.
   So poacher bold, etc.
8. The judge he said: "For Roberts' death transported you must be,
   To serve a term of fourteen years in convict of slavery."
   Now poacher bold, my tale is told, keep up your gallant heart,
   And think about those poachers bold, that night in Rufford Park.

IV. The Brisk Young Sailor (who returned to wed his True Love)
1. A fair maid walking all in her garden, A brisk young sailor she chanc'd to spy.
   He stepp'd up to her thinking to woo her, Cried thus: "Fair maid, can you fancy I?"
2. "You seem to be some man of honour, Some man of honour you seem to be.
   I am a poor and a lowly maiden, Not fitting, Sir, your servant to be."
3. "Not fitting 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 servants for to wait on you."
4. "I have a true love all of my own, Sir, And sev'n long years he's been gone from me,
   But seven more I will wait for him, If he's alive he'll return to me."
5. "If sev'n long years thy love is gone from thee, He is surely either dead or drown'd;
   But if sev'n more you will wait for him, If he's alive then he will be found."
6. He put his hand all in his bosom, His fingers being both long and small,
   Then he show'd to her the true love token, And when she saw it down she did fall.
7. 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 just now return'd to marry thee."

V. Lord Melbourne (War Song)
1. I am an English man born by birth, Lord Melbourne is my name,
   In Devonshire I first drew breath, that place of noble fame.
   I was beloved by all of my men, by kings and princes likewise.
   I never failed in anything, but one great victory.
2. Then good Queen Ann sent us on board, to Flanders we did go.
   We left the banks of Newfoundland to face our daring foe.
   We climbed those lofty hills away, with broken guns, shields likewise;
   And all those famous towns we took, to all the world's surprise.
3. King Charles the second we did reserve, to face our foes in France,
   And to the battle of elements [Ramillies] we boldly did advance.
   The sun was down, the earth did shake, and I so loud did cry:
   "Fight on, my lads, for Old England's sake, we'll gain the field, or die."
4. And now this glorious victory's won, so boldly keep the field;
   When prisoners in great numbers took, which forced our foe to yield.
   That very day my horse was shot, all by a cannon ball;
   As soon as I got up again, my head in camp [aide-de-camp] did fall.
5. Now on a bed of sickness lie, I am resigned to die.
   You generals all and champions bold, stand true as well as I.
   Stand to your men, take them on board, and fight with courage bold;
   I've led my men through smoke and fire, but now to death must yield.

VI. The Lost Lady Found (Dance Song)
1. 'Twas down in a valley a fair maid did dwell,
   She lived with her uncle as all knew full well;
   'Twas down in the valley where violets were gay,
   Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.
2. Long time she'd been missing and could not be found,
   Her uncle, he searched the country around,
   Till he came to her trustee, between hope and fear,
   The trustee made answer, "She has not been here."