THE MOUNTEBANKS

SONG CYCLE FOR FOUR VOICES

LYRICS BY
HELEN TAYLOR

MUSIC BY
EASTHOPE MARTIN

1. (a) PREAMBLE (b) EPISODE
2. CROON (Contralto)...DUSK OF DREAMS
3. ADVERTISEMENT (Baritone)...THE QUACK DOCTOR
4. DIRGE (Quartet)...THE HEARTRENDING STORY
5. ROMANCE (Tenor)...THE MINSTREL
6. RONDO (Soprano)...JINGLE HAT
7. ENVOY (Quartet)...HERE TO-DAY AND GONE TO-MORROW.

Price 4/6 net.

London
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19, Hanover Square, W.1.

U.S.A. & CANADA:
Boosey & Co Ltd
PARIS:
Enoch & Co

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND.
In steady, rhythmic time; not hurried.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

In Winchester and Wessex Weald, In sun and wind and rain.

In Winchester and Wessex Weald, In sun and wind and rain.

In Winchester and Wessex Weald, In sun and wind and rain.

In Winchester and Wessex Weald, In sun and wind and rain.

E. & S. 5330.
sun and wind, In sun and wind and rain, In
sun and wind, In sun and wind and rain, In
sun and wind, In sun and wind and rain, In
sun and wind, In sun and wind and rain, In
sun and wind, In sun and wind and rain, In
wind, In sun and wind and rain, in wind and rain
wind, In sun and wind and rain, in wind and rain
wind, In sun and wind and rain, in wind and rain
wind, In sun and wind and rain, in wind and rain
wind, In sun and wind and rain, in wind and rain
wind, In sun and wind and rain, in wind and rain

E. S. 5339.
They were a merry company, A quaint and motley company As
ev - er you could find For Tom the Pi - per marched be - fore, And

Jock the Fid - dler, limp - ing sore, Came fol - low - ing be - hind.

poco rit. a tempo.

Jock the Fid - dler, limp - ing sore, Came fol - low - ing be - hind.

poco rit. a tempo.

Jock the Fid - dler, limp - ing sore, Came fol - low - ing be - hind.

poco rit. a tempo.

Jock the Fid - dler, limp - ing sore, Came fol - low - ing be - hind.
Ah!

Ah!

Another Orphy, with his magic

Another Orphy, with his lute

there was Hans who played the flute

Ah!

Another Orphy, with his

lute

Made folks to dance and play,

Made folks to dance, and

folks to dance and play,

Made folks to dance and play,

And

lute

Made folks to dance and play,

Made folks to dance, and

lute

Made folks to dance and play,

Made folks to dance, and

F. & S. 5390
Allegretto.
Soprano.

there was Nell, a dainty dear, who trilled away both loud and clear,

sweetest song you ne'er would hear upon a morn in May.

Contralto.

on a morn in May.

And

there was Meg who folowed soon with voice that mock'd the ring dove's croon.

Andante.
espressivo.

E.8. S. 5330.
Soprano.
Lento espress.

Contralto.

an - y time o' day

Tenor.

Oh, an - y time o' day.

Bass.

An - y time o' day.

Lento espress.

Moderato.

And then came youth-ful

Moderato.

Oh, Rom - e - o, Oh, Rom - e - o!

Oh, Rom - e - o, Oh, Rom - e - o!

Rom - e - o

Who

Oh, Rom - e - o, Oh, Rom - e - o!

E. S. \#5936.
Molto riten.

Tenor.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

(spoken)  yes, any time o’ day

Oh no!  Oh, any time o’ day

Any time o’ day  And
Bass.

Noll, a heavy baritone (A basso, e profondo tone) He'd

roar you like a megaphone, So loudly he could

(slow, and in a halting manner)

bray.

But when he did a tavern spy, He

Soprano.

Contralto.

Lento espressivo.

Tenor.

Oh, any time o' day.

Bass.

Oh, any time o' day.

stay'd his feet, nor passed it by,

Anytime o' day.
There was a troupe of mount.e.banks, They came\'way\'er the

There was a troupe of mount.e.banks, They came\'way\'er the

There was a troupe of mount.e.banks, They came\'way\'er the

plain. By Winc.hester and Wes.sex Weald, In sun, and wind and rain, In
plain. By Winc.hester and Wes.sex Weald, In sun, and wind and rain, In
plain. By Winc.hester and Wes.sex Weald, In sun, and wind and rain, In
plain. By Winc.hester and Wes.sex Weald, In sun, and wind and rain, In

E.\& S. 5338.
sun, in wind, In sun, in wind and rain, In sun, in wind, in
sun, in wind, In sun, in wind and rain, In sun, in wind, in
sun, in wind, In sun, in wind and rain, In sun, in wind, in
sun, in wind, In sun, in wind and rain, In sun, in wind, in
sun, in wind, In sun, in wind and rain, In sun, in wind, in

ff molto largamente.
a tempo.
molto riten.

sun, in wind and rain, In sun, and wind and rain, and rain.
sun, in wind and rain, In sun, and wind and rain, and rain.
sun, in wind and rain, In sun, and wind and rain, and rain.
sun, in wind and rain, In sun, and wind and rain, and rain.
sun, in wind and rain, In sun, and wind and rain, and rain.
sun, in wind and rain, In sun, and wind and rain, and rain.

molto largamente.
pesante.
molto riten.
No. 1b EPISODE.

Text by HELEN TAYLOR.

Music by EASTHOPE MARTIN.

A piacere. (quasi recit.)

Piano

Bass. (spoken)

And as the evening shadows longer grew, they found themselves in the village of Farthinghoe where they would spend the night. Mine host of the 'Barley Mow,' a right good man and a worthy, seeing that their pockets were as light as their cares, essayed a fair exchange. He would give them sustenance and shelter for the night, if they, in their turn, would ply their art before the company.

Soprano

9 These words should be declaimed in the ordinary speaking voice, rather slowly and deliberately.

'Barley Mow': The word 'Mow' is locally pronounced as though to rhyme with 'Cow'.

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E & S 3880.
Allegretto.

Now our purpose is to show how Nell, Noll, Meg and Romeo earned board and bed at Farthinghoe,

Earn'd board and bed at Farthinghoe, At the

mf staccato.

in Farthinghoe, One day at Farthinghoe,

in Farthinghoe, One day at Farthinghoe.

in Farthinghoe, One day at Farthinghoe.

"Barley Mow" in Farthinghoe, One day at Farthinghoe.

E S S 3330
No 2. (Croon):- DUSK OF DREAMS.

(Contralto Solo.)

Lyric by HELEN TAYLOR.

Music by EASTHOPE MARTIN.

Andante teneramente.

Voice.

Piano.

\[\text{mp poco rit. a tempo.}\]

There's a swaying of branches where the white blossom swings, There's a

\[\text{mp col canto.}\]

drift-ing of pet-al and a fold-ing of wings, And a hush in the glade where the

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E & S 5391.
nightingale sings, As we glide down the dusk of dreams.

Long ago the wind sang lullaby.

Rock'd the sleepy world to lullaby, Calling us away, Oh, so far and far away, Crooning down the dusk of dreams.
There's a glowing of embers where the fire-flicker dies, There's a
depth 'ning of shadows, and a closing of eyes, And there's
one ray of star-light where a drowsy bird lies, As we
glide a-down the dusk of dreams Long ago the wind sang
lull-a-by,  Rocked the sleepy world to lull-a-by,

Call-ing us a-way, Oh so far and far a-way, Croon-ing down the dusk of dreams

Long a-go the wind sang lull-a-by,  Rocked the sleepy world to
lull-a-by, Calling us away, far and far away,
lull-a-by, Calling us away, Oh, so far and far away,
lull-a-by, Calling us away, far and far away,
lull-a-by, Calling us away, far and far away,
No. 3. (Advertisement):- THE QUACK DOCTOR.

Lyric by
HELEN TAYLOR.

Con brio.

Music by
EASTHOPE MARTIN.

Baritone Solo.

My name is Tom Shilling, the King of the Quacks, For I

heal all your aches and your ills,

The pains in your legs and the

cricks in your backs All give way to my potions and pills. I've a

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E. & S. 5392.
wonderful cure, will you buy it? A remedy sure, will you try it? Walk up, there's nothing to pay, For a sample there's nothing to pay, It will drive all your aches and your pains and your ailing a way!
Jack Pudding fell sick of a grievous complaint, And he wouldn't be tempted to eat; He left the "Red Lion" so weary and faint That he couldn't stand up on his feet. Then he
had a most excellent notion, To sample my wonderful

location, And now he's jolly and gay, Oh, so

jaunty and jolly and gay, He can walk twenty miles to the

"Crown" or the "Dragon" today.
Dame Dawskins was cursed with a terrible cough, And her

voice was so feeble and weak, The neighbours all said "It will

carry her off," For she hardly could hear herself speak. Then I

E. S. S. 5332.
gave her one dose of my lotion, My staggering, life-giving

lotion, and now she's merry and gay, Oh, so

mirthful, merry and gay Her good man can hear her the

length of the village a-way!

* From A to B may be omitted.
name is Tom Shil-ling, the King of the Quacks, For I heal all your aches and your
ills, The pain in your legs and the cricks in your backs All give way to my
potion and pills. I've a wonderful cure, will you buy it? A
remedy sure, will you try it? Walk up! there's nothing to pay,
For a sample there's nothing to pay,
For I drive all your aches and your pains and your ailments away.

So if pain you'd be killing, just come to Tom Shilling, The King of the Quacks!

E. & S. 5332
No. 4. (Dirge):- THE HEART-RENDING STORY.

Lyric by
HELEN TAYLOR.

Music by
EASTHOPE MARTIN.

Andante doloso

Soprano.
Contralto.
Tenor.
Bass.

Piano.

'Tis of a love-ly maid-en the tale is told, Her
eyes were like the violet, her hair was of gold. This
tale of cruel beauty would melt the stones,
heart-rending story of Barbara Jones.

heart-rending story.

heart-rending story of Barbara Jones.

Contraalto Solo

'Twas on a Sunday morning at half past eight, They

'Twas on a Sunday morning at half past eight, They

'Twas on a Sunday morning at half past eight, They

E.S.S. 5335.
met the very first time, beside the church gate. He
met the very first time, beside the church gate. He
met the very first time, beside the church gate. He
met the very first time, beside the church gate. He

asked if he might court her, in manly tones,
asked if he might court her, in manly tones,
asked if he might court her, in manly tones,
asked if he might court her, in manly tones,

E. B. S. 5333.
Did Barbara Jones,
turned from him coldly, Did Barbara Jones.
turned from him coldly, Did Barbara Jones.

'Twas on a Monday morning at half past eight, He
'Twas on a Monday morning at half past eight, He
'Twas on a Monday morning at half past eight, He

Baritone Solo

E. & S. 5333.
begg'd her for to wed him, beside the church gate,

begg'd her for to wed him, beside the church gate,

begg'd her for to wed him, beside the church gate, But

But she would only mock him in scornful tones,

She mocked him in scornful tones, And

But she would only mock him in scornful tones, And

she would only mock at him in scornful tones, And
did Barbara Jones. Contralto Solo
left him there weeping, did Barbara Jones. Hear
left him there weeping, did Barbara Jones.

* Humming with lips parted.

E. & S. 5333.
For she

side the church gate, So ends this gloomy story in tears and groans, For she

For she

met him And she married him! did Bar - b'ra Jones.

met him And she married him! did Bar - ba-ra Jones.

met him And she married him! did Bar - b'ra Jones.

met him And she married him! did Bar - b'ra Jones.

-
No. 5. (Romance):- THE MINSTREL.

(Tenor Solo.)

Lyric by
HELEN TAYLOR.

Music by
EASTHOPE MARTIN.

Andantino espressivo

Piano.
sing to the opening flow'r,

To the

The indication for the simultaneous use of both pédals is 2 Peds.
birds at morn, My song stirs the brook in the meadow And the waving corn.

sing to the banners of sunset As
day gone by, I sing to the sisters

seven, And the

moon in the sky...

But
con moto

when thou lookest upon me,

loved one of mine,
The

song and the heart of the singer
Are

thine, all thine.
Love—
that is more than
song.

Life
more than mu-
sic,

Love—
that is more than
song.
No. 6. (Rondo):-- JINGLE HAT.

Lyric by
HELEN TAYLOR.

(Soprano Solo.)

Music by
EASTHOPE MARTIN.

Con vivacità

Voice:

Piano:

Whether you wish it or no,
You must dance when he comes.
To the tune of the pan-pipes, cymbals and
drums

Sounded by Jingle-Hat -

Joe.

Bells on his head, bells on his toes, Jingly he comes, jingly he goes.  Wedding or wake, market or

fair, Jingle-Hat Joe's sure to be there.

And
whether you wish it or no,
You must dance when he comes.

To the sound of his pan-pipes, cymbals and drums.

whether you wish it or no,
You must
dance when he comes
To the tune of his
pan-pipes, cymbals and drums,

Sounded by Jingle-Hat Joe Hornpipe or jig or sara-

band, Played by the skill of the one-man-band, Now it's a
waltz, lilt - ing and low, Now a ga

-votte state - ly and slow, (And,)

a tempo

now it's a round or a reel or a mad ta - ran-telle

Not a lad in the land can play it as well So

E. & S. 5535.
whether you wish it or no,
You've all got to dance when he comes
To the sound of the pan-pipes, cymbals and drums,

The sound of the pan-pipes, cymbals and drums,
When they're played by the one-man band.
No. 7. (Envoy):—HERE TO-DAY AND GONE TO-MORROW.

Lyric by
HELEN TAYLOR.

Music by
EASTHOPE MARTIN.

Moderato, con fermezza

Piano.

Con brio.

Soprano.

And so they passed from Far.thing-hoe

When

Contralto.

And so they passed from Far.thing-hoe

Tenor.

And so they passed from Far.thing-hoe

Bass.

And so they passed from Far.thing-hoe

When

Con brio.

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B. S. S. 5886.
morn-ing broke a-cross the plain,

When morn-ing broke a-cross the plain, And like the

And like the pil-grims of long a-go, They

pil-grims long a-go,

pil-grims long a-go,

pil-grims long a-go,
They took the onward road again

To other hamlets far away

Where they might beg, or

Where they might beg or steal, beg, or steal

E. S. S. 5336
steal or bor-row, For strolling mount-e-banks were they, For
steal or bor-row, For strolling mount-e-banks were they, For
beg or steal or bor-row, For strolling mount-e-banks were they, For
steal or bor-row, For strolling mount-e-banks were they, For

strolling mount-e-banks were they, For strolling mount-e-banks were they, And
strolling mount-e-banks were they, For strolling mount-e-banks were they, And
strolling mount-e-banks were they, For strolling mount-e-banks were they, And
strolling mount-e-banks were they, For strolling mount-e-banks were they, And

E. S. S. 5386
here today and gone tomorrow.
here today,
here today, gone tomorrow.
here today, gone tomorrow.

And all the folk
And all the folk
And all the folk
And all the folk of kindly

a tempo 10
of kind-ly heart  Sped on ___ their way ___ the mot-ley show,

of kind-ly heart  Sped on their way the mot-ley show,

of kind-ly heart  Sped on their way the mot-ley show,

heart ______ Sped on ___ their way ___ the mot-ley show,

mp lento

meno mosso

Save one small maid who stole a-part

Save one small maid who stole a-part

Save one small maid who stole a-part

Save one small maid who stole a-part

mp lento

E. S. 5336
shed a tear for Romeo.

To shed a tear for Romeo.

But comrades of so short a stay
can part with but a

Can part with fleeting sorrow, but
fleeting sorrow

fleeting sorrow

fleeting sorrow

fleeting sorrow

fleeting sorrow

fleeting sorrow

fleeting sorrow

strolling mounte-banks were they, and here today and gone tomorrow, They're

strolling mounte-banks were they, and here today and gone tomorrow, They're

strolling mounte-banks were they, and here today and gone tomorrow, They're

strolling mounte-banks were they, and here today and gone tomorrow, They're

strolling mounte-banks were they, and here today and gone tomorrow, They're
here to-day and gone to-mor-row, Stroll-ing mount-e-banks were they Who

Moderato, con forza

halt-ed here a day. And so this troupe of mount-e-banks They

E.N.S. 5336
passed 'way o'er the plain
By Winchester and
passed 'way o'er the plain
By Winchester and
passed 'way o'er the plain
By Winchester and
passed 'way o'er the plain
By Winchester and
Wessex Weald, In
sun, in wind and rain,
In
Wessex Weald, In
sun, in wind and rain,
In
Wessex Weald, In
sun, in wind and rain,
In

E.S.S 5836
THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE LADY

Song Cycle for Four Voices

WRITTEN BY
HELEN TAYLOR

COMPOSED BY
EASTHOPE MARTIN

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