

Pete Shaw's music to John Clare's poems

# Come give us the health

Words: John Clare, edited by Professor E. Robinson

Music: Pete Shaw, 1993

C / F C

Come give us the health to the dear - est on earth, To the

/ / F /

fair - est the first and the best. The

C / F C

com - fort of joy and the sun - light of mirth, from the

/ G C /

south and the east and the west. Then

F Em Dm C

here's to the suns that ill - u - mine the earth, to the

F C G /

flowers that in win - ter are bloom - ing, to the

F Em Dm C

gems that are found a - bove pur - chase and worth, the

F G C /

love and the beau - ty of wo - man.


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# Something New

Words: John Clare, edited by Professor E. Robinson


Music: Pete Shaw, 1993

C / Dm / B $\flat$  F C /



How var - y - ing is the taste of\_\_ man still ea - ger to pur - sue that

B $\flat$  Am Gm C F C F /



ev - er plea - sing nov - el - ty in meet - ing some - thing new.

1. How varying is the taste of man,  
Still eager to pursue  
That ever pleasing novelty  
In meeting something new.
2. In infancy the rage begins  
(So tempting is the view)  
Babes throw aside their once lov'd things  
To sigh for something new.
3. The hoop to day which boys are seen,  
So eager to pursue,  
Tomorrow lies a toy despis'd  
Exchang'd for something new.
4. Old maids whom every hope forsakes  
The self same and pursue  
And put their wrinkled mouth in form  
To look for something new.
5. E'en wives - but hasty muse forbear -  
(The wives shou'd have their due)  
Will often harbour evil thoughts  
And wish for something new.

Early Poems of John Clare (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1989)  
from Volume 1, pages 13-15

Modified by E Robinson to clarify sense

# Winter Winds

Words: John Clare, edited by Professor E. Robinson

Music: Pete Shaw, 1993

Dm C F C B $\flat$  F

Win-ter windscold and blea, chil-ly blow o'er the lea Wan-der not out to me,

F C B $\flat$  F C Dm / /

Jen-ny so fair. Wait in thy cot-tage free I will be there.

1. Winter winds cold and blea, chilly blow oe'r the lea  
Wander not out to me, Jenny so fair.  
Wait in thy cottage free, I will be there.
2. Wait in thy cushioned chair with thy white bosom bare  
Kisses are sweeter there, leave it for me.  
Free from the chilly air, I will meet thee.
3. How sweet can courting prove? How can I kiss my love,  
Muffled in hat and glove, from the chill air?  
Quaking beneath the grove, what love is there?
4. Curl thy sweet auburn hair, keep thy sweet bosom bare,  
Kisses are sweeter there, love leave it free.  
Be the night foul or fair, I'll be with thee.
5. When thy friends go to sleep, down from thy chamber creep,  
Fall the snow ere so deep, chill be the air.  
Love will his promise keep, I will be there.
6. When the latch gives a tink, "Who is it?" ye might think,  
With no feared fancies shrink, undo the door,  
Or at the window blink, then ye'll be sure.
7. Shur from the chilly air, to thee I'll hitch my chair,  
Snudged on thy bosom bare, lost in thy charms,  
O how I'll revel there, wrapped in thy arms.

# If Kitty's rosy presence

Words: John Clare, edited by Professor E. Robinson

Music: Pete Shaw, 1993

G D G / C G

If Kit - ty's ro - sy pre - sence now should chance to meet my

D / G D G /

sight, A - gain the oft re - peat - ed vow she's

C D G / D / Em G

wit - ness with de - light. A - gain the church, a - gain the spire would

C Bm Am D / / /

prompt her bos - om with de - sire. But

G D G C / G

o sweet Kit spurn not de - lay, time will bring the

D G / D G C

pro - mis'd day, but o sweet Kit spurn not de - lay,

/ G D G

time will bring the pro - mis'd day,

1. If Kitty's rosy presence now  
Should chance to meet my sight  
Again the oft repeated vow  
She'd witness with delight  
Again the church, again the spire  
Would prompt her bosom with desire.  
But o, sweet Kit, spurn not delay;  
Time will bring the promis'd day.  
But o, sweet Kit, spurn not delay;  
Time will bring the promis'd day.
  
2. Thus sung the poor enamoured swain,  
As labouring along,  
Echo vibrating cat'ched the strain  
And brought him back the song.  
Again the rocks, again the plains  
In mellower sound repeat the strains.  
Till all in chorus, roundelay  
Join and sing 'The promis'd day.  
Till all in chorus, roundelay  
Join and sing 'The promis'd day.

Early poems of John Clare (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1989), Vol.1

# The Mother's Caution

Words: John Clare, edited by Professor E. Robinson

Music: Pete Shaw, 1993

Dm / / /

And I've told ye to hold up yer head, my boy Ro - bin, And

C / Dm /

let these poor stuck up fine wen - ches a - lone; And

/ / / /

ye've got a chance, would ye sad - dle old Dob - bin to

C / Dm /

go see a lass wi' a house of her own.

/ / / /

Pluck up yer spi - rits boy. On wi' the bri - dle.

G C / /

Tot - ter old Dob - bin as fast as ye can. Yer

Dm / / /

jour - ney's a bar - gain will pay for being id - le. The

C / Dm /

lass has got that which would make you a man.

1. And I've told ye to hold up yer head, my boy Robin,  
And let these poor stuck up fine wenches alone;  
And ye've got a chance, would ye saddle old Dobbin  
To go see a lass wi' a house of her own.  
Pluck up yer spirits boy. On wi' the bridle.  
Totter old Dobbin as fast as ye can.  
Yer journey's a bargain will pay for being idle.  
The lass has got that which would make ye a man.
  
2. Robin, take counsel, and think at your leisure  
Don't run yer head arter follies no more.  
Pride's a fool plaything and beauty's a treasure  
That loses its gilding the moment it's wore.  
Store in yer mind of good cautions a sample,  
Look, Rob, and think ere ye fall in a crime.  
Make yer poor father's old words yer example.  
Gold's not as rich as advice took in time.
  
3. Don't look at dames, boy, that toss their head highly.  
Pride unsupported is sure of a fall.  
Never let beauty's bare trifle beguile ye.  
Make yer bed, boy, 'gen age gi's a call.  
Pies risk their dwellings on oaks high and airy,  
Just as weak chances and storms may agree,  
But larks, Robin, hark ye, right cautious and wary  
Make a snug nest at the root of the tree.

Early Poems of John Clare (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1989)  
from Volume 2, pages 103-104

# When I met her

Words: John Clare, edited by Professor E. Robinson

Music: Trad. arr  
Pete Shaw, 1993

F / B $\flat$  /



When I first met her I could wish for my own, As

F / C /



fair and as blush - ing as blos - soms full blowm,

F / B $\flat$  / Gm



Ah, me, I did heave a sigh,

C / / /



When she first met my eye.

F / B $\flat$  /



Pov - er - ty frowned me she should not be my own, When

F / C /



I met her I could wish for my own, As

F / B $\flat$  / Gm



fair and as blush - ing as the blos - soms full blown,

C / / /



Pov - er - ty frowned me, she should not be my own.



1. When I first met her I could wish for my own,  
As fair and blushing as blossoms full blown,  
Ah, me, I did heave a sigh,  
When first she first met my eye.  
Poverty frowned me she should not be my own.  
When I met her I could wish for my own.  
As fair and as blushing as blossoms full blown,  
Poverty frowned me she should not be my own.
  
2. Life had a cloud that was sore to be nigh,  
Where hot love with want could get colded and die,  
When I my love did meet  
And saw her face so sweet.  
Poverty frowned with many a sigh,  
Life had a cloud that was sore to be nigh,  
Where hot love with want could get colded and die,  
Poverty frowned with many a sigh,
  
3. Ah how I wished the sweet maid for my own!  
Ah how I sighed upon troubles long known!  
But her sweet simple smile  
Poverty did beguile,  
And hazard at last took the maid for my own.  
Ah how I wished the sweet maid for my own!  
Ah how I sighed upon troubles long known!  
And hazard at last took the maid for my own.

Early Poems of John Clare (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1989)  
from Volume 2, pages 434-435

# Sports of the Village

Music: Trad. arr  
Pete Shaw, 1993

Words: John Clare, edited by Professor E. Robinson

G D G C  
 Yes - ter - day night I dressed up for the danc - ing and  
 D / G D  
 vowed for a sweet - heart if so it could be, And  
 G D G C  
 no soon - er there, but a wench fell a - glanc - ing, Her  
 D / G D G  
 eye in love's lang - uage "I'm wait - ing for thee".  
 C / D G  
 What should I do but en - quire\_ "Are ye will - ing to  
 C / G D  
 go down a dance a few min - utes with me?" Be  
 G D G C  
 sure on't she were, so I outs wi' my shil - ling and\_  
 D / G D G  
 stopped the old scrap - er to\_ pay him his fee.

1. Yesterday night I dressed up for the dancing  
 And vowed for a sweetheart if so it could be,  
 And no sooner there, but a wench fell a-glancing,  
 Her eye in love's language 'I'm waiting for thee'.  
 What should I do but enquire are ye willing  
 To go down a dance a few minutes wi' me?  
 Be sure on't she were, so I outs wi my shilling,  
 And stopped the old scraper to pay him his fee.
  
2. Then stamped the old foot of the scraper to warn us  
 And off wi' the fiddle as pleased as could be.  
 I fudged to the end of the dance, where in corners  
 I often snatched kisses when no one could see.  
 I thought how I knacked it and sweet was the beagle,  
 All that I ought to have ta'en her to be,  
 Tho' her black eye as brazen and bold as the eagle  
 Oft glanced in love's language to more besides me.
  
3. She left me at morn and went home wi another.  
 The sigh was sold cheaply I left wi her then.  
 But curse on her deepness, love lightly might bother:  
 I ne'er dreamed on troubles I'd fall in agen.  
 I went to the feast and the beagle there met me:  
 The gleg of her eye was as keen as before,  
 And tried just as usual all trappings to get me,  
 But I swore to mysen I'd be fooled no more.
  
4. And what did she do but she vowed she'd expose me  
 And 'gun say I'd played her the follies of youth,  
 And, taking in tear drops, beslubbered her bosom  
 Till folks they were fooled to believe it the truth.  
 My case, to be sure, it got mighty alarming.  
 'Twas proved I had been wi the bitch, by the by.  
 But as to the deed of her innocence harming,  
 The king on his throne worn't less guilty than I.

Early Poems of John Clare (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1989)  
 from Volume 2, pages 105-106

## Music to go after each verse of Sports of the Village

Music: Trad. arr Pete Shaw, 1993

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The chords are indicated above the notes as follows:

- Staff 1: G / D / G / C / D /
- Staff 2: G D G / D / G / C / D /
- Staff 3: G D G C / D G C D G D
- Staff 4: G D G C D / G D G



# Give me the hour - duet

Words: John Clare, edited by Professor E. Robinson

Music: Trad. arr  
Pete Shaw, 1993

D / Em A

Give me the hour that puts to bed the

D A D /

summers burn - ing sun,

D / Em A

Give me the spot where over - head the

D A D /

woodbine branches run. There

G D

leave me on the mos - sy seat that

nat - ure does provide me, And

leave me there, the bliss so sweet, the

maid I love be - side me.  
lad

1. Give me the hour that puts to bed  
The summer's burning sun.  
Give me the spot where overhead  
The woodbine branches run.  
There leave me on the mossy seat  
That nature does provide me,  
And leave me there, the bliss so sweet,  
The maid (lad) I love beside me.
  
2. And there my wish and my delight  
To have in all completed:  
To kiss my love till morning light, Then have the wish repeated,  
And ere the world was wide awake  
Let the sun in bed remain  
And I enjoy his wished mistake  
Till even come again.

Early Poems of John Clare (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1989)  
from Volume 2, pages 423-424