



# Rapsquillion

Workshop  
2026

**ADDENDUM**

# All Among the Barley

Trad arr Rapsquillion

Soprano

1. Now is come Sep - tem - ber, the hun - ter's moon be - gun; And  
 2. The spring is like a young man who does not know his mind; The  
 3. The wheat is like a rich man, it's sleek and well to do; The  
 Repeat 1.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

1. Now is come - Sep tem - ber, the hun - ter's moon be - gun; And  
 2. The spring is li - ke a young man who does not know his mind; The  
 3. The wheat is li - ke a rich man, it's sleek a well to do; The

5

S.

through the wheat - en stub - ble is heard the fre - quent gun. The leaves are pale and  
 sum - mer is a ty - rant of most un - grac - ious kind. The au - tumn's like an  
 oats are like a pack of girls laugh - ing and danc - ing too. The rye is like a


A.


T.


B.


through the wheat - en stub - ble is heard the fre - quent gun. The leaves are pale and  
 sum - mer is a ty - rant of most un - gra - cious kind. The au - tumn's like an  
 oats are li - ke a pack of girls laugh - ing and dan - cing too. The rye is like a

10


S.    
 yel - low and kind - ling in - to red, And the ripe and beard - ed bar - ley is  
 old - friend who loves one all - she can; And she brings the beard - ed bar - ley to  
 mi - ser, it's sul - ky, lean and small; But the ripe and beard - ed bar - ley is


A. 


T. 


B.    
 yel - low and kind - ling in - to red, And the ripe and beard - ed bar - ley is  
 old friend who loves one all she can And she brings the beard - ed bar - ley to  
 mi - ser, it's sul - ky, lean and small; But the ripe and beard - ed bar - ley is

15

S.    
 hang - ing down his head.  
 glad the heart of man.  
 mon - arch of them all.

A. 

T. 

B.    
 hang - ing down his head.  
 glad the heart of man.  
 mon - arch of them all.

17

S. All a - mong the bar - ley, who would not be blithe, When the

A. All a - mong the bar - ley, who would not be blithe, When the

T. All a - mong the bar - ley, who would not be blithe, When the

B. All a - mong the bar - ley, who would not be blithe, When the

21

S. ripe and beard - ed bar - ley is smil - ing on the scythe.

A. ripe and beard - ed bar - ley is smil - ing on the scythe.

T. ripe and beard - ed bar - ley is smil - ing on the scythe.

B. ripe and beard - ed bar - ley is smil - ing on the scythe.

# On Yonder Old Oak

Traditional English Folk Song

Arranged by John Kirkpatrick

Soprano: On yon-der old oak there sits an old crow, A - round him sweet

Alto: Yon-der old oak, sits an old crow,

Tenor: On yon-der old oak there sits an old crow, A - round him sweet

Bass: Yon-der old oak, sits an old crow,

6

S. vio - lets do grow, On yon - der old oak,

A. vio - lets do, vio - lets do grow, There sits an old

T. vio - lets do grow, On yon - der old oak,

B. vio - lets do grow, There sits an old

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S. A - round him sweet vio - lets do grow,

A. crow, A - round him sweet vio - lets, A - round him, A - round him sweet

T. A - round him sweet vio - lets, sweet vio - lets do

B. crow A - round, A - round, sweet

19

S. A - round him sweet vio - lets do grow.

A. vio - lets do grow, A - round him sweet vio - lets do grow.

T. grow A - round him sweet vio - lets do grow.

B. vio - lets do grow, A - round him sweet vio - lets do grow.

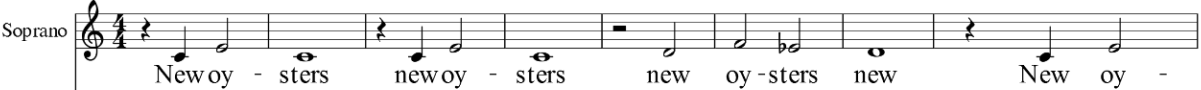
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1. On yonder old oak there sits an old crow,  
Around him sweet violets do grow,  
On yonder old oak there sits an old crow,  
Around him sweet violets do grow,  
On yonder old oak  
Around him sweet violets do grow  
Around him sweet violets do grow
2. Down yonder green lane, there lives a sweet maid  
'Twould charm you to hear how she sings
3. Come, come, my pretty maid,  
And be not afraid,  
I mean you no mischief I vow
4. I vow and protest,  
I never will be kissed  
By no one such fellow as you
5. Bright Phoebe she shines, right over our heads  
While little King Cupid keeps crying  
Bright Phoebe she shines right over our heads  
While little King Cupid keeps crying  
Bright Phoebe she shines  
Right over our heads  
While little King Cupid he cries  
While little King Cupid he cries.

# Street Calls


Thomas Ravenscroft

Soprano




New oy - sters new oy - sters new oy - sters new New oy -

Alto




Bass



Have ye an - y wood to


9

S.

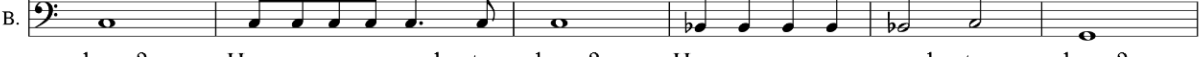


sters new oy - sters new oy - sters new

A.




B.



cleave? Have ye an - y wood to cleave? Have ye an - y wood to cleave?

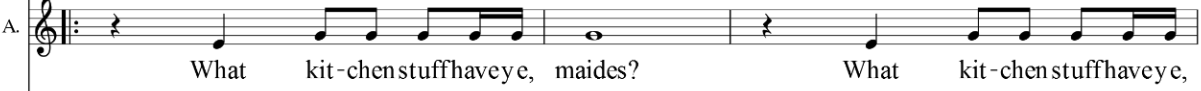
15

S.




New oy - sters, New oy -

A.



What kit - chen stuff have ye, maides? What kit - chen stuff have ye,

B.



Have ye an - y wood to cleave? Have ye an - y wood to

18

S.



sters, New oy - sters new

A.



maides? What kit - chen st - uff have ye, maides?

B.

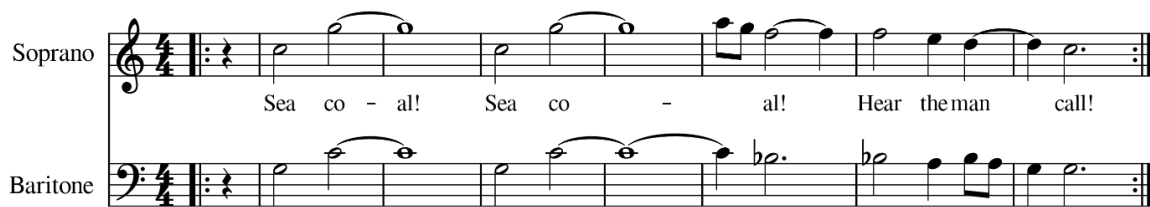


cleave? Have ye an - y wood to cleave?

# Sea Coal

Graeme Miles (arr Rapsquillion)

Soprano



Sea co - al! Sea co - al! Hear the man call!

Baritone

9

S.

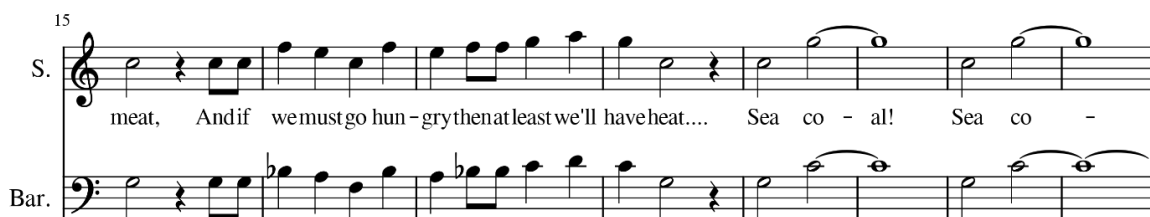


If we go buy a bag we'll have nowt left at all For we need our bit mo-ney to buy bread and

Bar.

15

S.

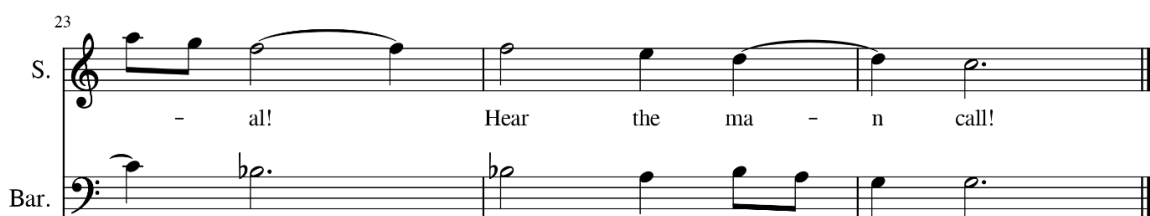


meat, And if we must go hun-gry then at least we'll have heat... Sea co - al! Sea co -

Bar.

23

S.



- al! Hear the ma - n call!

Bar.

## Sea Coal

Graeme Miles, arr Rapsquillion

*'Sea coal! Sea coal!' hear the man call.*

1. 'Sea coal! Sea coal!' hear the man call.  
If we go buy a bag we'll have nowt left at all,  
For we need our bit money to buy bread and meat,  
And if we must go hungry, then at least we'll have heat

*'Sea coal! Sea coal!' hear the man call.*

2. 'Who'll buy? who'll buy?' hear the man cry.  
It's just a few shillings for the finest of fuel,  
Come stoke up your fires now for the weather is cruel  
It's a cold place in winter is old Hartlepool.

*'Sea coal! Sea coal!' hear the man call.*

3. See him, see him, see him at the end of the road  
If we don't go buy quick then it all will be sold,  
I can see by his wagon that small is his load,  
And if we must go hungry, then we needn't go cold.

*'Sea coal; sea coal;' hear the man call.*