



Georgians In Stone

2021



GEORGIANS IN STONE

In that lost golden age when we could all crowd into one room and sing our socks off, arm in arm with each other, coughing and sneezing with a clear conscience, we heralded the fact that this project was coming up and would offer an opportunity to sing together again. It's been postponed till next year, but here's the story so far.

Bishop's Castle churchyard contains an unusually high number of tombs – as opposed to gravestones – and some of them are listed as ancient monuments. The plan is to restore and renovate a dozen of these – most of them commemorating local deaths during the reigns of the four King Georges - and celebrate the completion of the work with an event in the church and churchyard, bringing together all sorts of local music groups, dancers, and craftspeople. This celebration was originally scheduled for Saturday June 6th.

Bernard Edwards, our esteemed chairman, realised that most of the songs we were singing at Castle Carols dated from exactly the same period as these tombs, and that our style and repertoire would make an ideal backdrop to the occasion. I was tasked with absorbing the fantastic research done by local historians so that I could come up with appropriate material that would reflect the lives of the dear departed.

Secretly, I can now reveal that the tomb dwellers are not that exciting or interesting, as mostly they were wealthy local worthies without a stain on their character, whereas what we obviously want to hear about are murderers and pirates. So, as well as finding a few pieces that are of the time, I've come at it sideways, and written some songs that reflect different aspects of the subject matter. Before the lockdown I was doing some of these with pupils at The Community College as part of their "Enrichment Sessions".

The celebration event is now going to take place on Saturday May 15th 2021, but as we are all desperate for something to do to stop us going mad, we thought it would be fun to unleash some of these songs now. They are all in four part harmony, very much in the style of the carols. There will be a couple more in the fulness of time, as we are destined to sing for half an hour on the day, but this batch will set the ball rolling. As well as the words and the usual set of painful recordings from yours truly, as an added bonus you can also see the musical notation and hear a synthesised version of how it goes.

"Georgians in Stone" has been developed by the Parochial Church Council of St John the Baptist Church, and is being organised by Caring for God's Acre – caringforgodsacre.org.uk – with support from South West Shropshire Historical and Archaeological Society (SWSHAS) and Bishop's Castle Heritage Resource Centre (BCHRS).

John Kirkpatrick

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I'LL CARVE YOUR NAME

Words and Music by John Kirkpatrick – Copyright © Squeezer Music
Written for the *Georgians In Stone* project in Bishop's Castle 2020.

This song is based on what might have been going through the head of the imaginary disgruntled mason who carved the memorials.

1. Hoorah for the high and mighty
Hoorah for the well to do
Hoorah for the ones who need to show
They're better than me and you
Hoorah for the need that drives them
Hoorah for the gold they pay
To keep the family name alive
Beyond their dying day

CHORUS (After each verse):

I'll carve your name
For all the world to see
I'll carve your name
For all the world to see
Yours is the glory
The fortune and the fame
But mine the muscle, mine the skill
And I'll carve your name

Phrasing for Altos

I'll carve your name
I'll carve your name
All the world
Yours is the glory
The fortune and the fame
But mine the muscle, mine the skill
And I'll carve your name

Phrasing for Tenors

I'll carve your name
All, all the world to see
I'll carve your name
All the world to see
Yours is the glory
The fortune and the fame
But mine the muscle, mine the skill
And I'll carve your name

Phrasing for Basses

I'll carve your name
All, all the world to see
I'll carve your name
All, all the world
Yours is the glory
The fortune and the fame
But mine the muscle, mine the skill
And I'll carve your name

2. Now standing in this churchyard
There's monuments galore
Erected here in memory
Of those who've gone before
Their name and rank and number
All in the finest style
But who does the work to show the world
Their life's been so worthwhile?
3. I'm a monumental mason
The finest in the town
I'll chisel you into eternity
If you pay your money down
The finest stone I'll find you
I'd only use the best
I'll raise your name to glory
When you take your final rest

I'll Carve Your Name

Words & Music by John Kirkpatrick

Soprano
Hoo - rah for the high and might-y, Hoo - rah for the well to do, Hoo -

Alto
Hoo - rah for the high and might-y, Hoo - rah for the well to do, Hoo -

Tenor
Hoo - rah for the high and might-y, Hoo - rah for the well to do, Hoo -

Bass
Hoo - rah for the high and might-y, Hoo - rah for the well to do, Hoo -

5
S.
rah for the ones who need to show they're be-tter than me and you, Hoo -

A.
rah for the ones who need to show they're be-tter than me and you, Hoo -

8
T.
rah for the ones who need to show they're be-tter than me and you, Hoo -

B.
rah for the ones who need to show they're be-tter than me and you, Hoo -

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S. rah for the need that drives them, Hoo - rah for the gold they pay, To keep the fam-ily

A. rah for the need that drives them, Hoo - rah for the gold they pay, To keep the fam-ily

T. rah for the need that drives them, Hoo - rah for the gold they pay, To keep the fam-ily

B. rah for the need that drives them, Hoo - rah for the gold they pay, To keep the fam-ily

14

S. name a - live be - yond their dy - ing day. I'll carve your name

A. name a - live be - yond their dy - ing day - - -

T. name a - live be - yond their dy - ing day - - I'll carve your

B. name a - live be - yond their dy - ing day - - I'll carve your

19

S. for all the world to see, I'll carve your name

A. - I'll carve your name

T. name, all, all the world to see, I'll carve your

B. name, all, all the world to see, I'll carve your

23

S. for all the world to see, Yours is the glor-y, the

A. I'll carve your name, all the world Yours is the glor-y, the

T. name, all the world to see, Yours is the glor-y, the

B. name, all, all the world, Yours is the glor-y, the

28

S. for - tune and the fame, But mine the mu-scle, mine the skill, and

A. for - tune and the fame, But mine the mu-scle, mine the skill, and

T. for - tune and the fame, But mine the mu-scle, mine the skill, and

B. for - tune and the fame, But mine the mu-scle, mine the skill, and

32

S. I'll carve your name. 1. 2.

A. I'll carve your name.

T. I'll carve your name.

B. I'll carve your name.

ON YONDER OLD OAK

Words & Music traditional – arranged by John Kirkpatrick

This is an old “glee”, a kind of song sung in full harmony at “Glee Clubs”, which became popular from the 1750s onwards. Glee Clubs were originally exclusively for aristocratic gentlemen, but the style of singing was quickly taken up by both sexes and less exalted classes of society. Some of these glees have come down to us as traditional folk songs, and a hint of how they sounded can be heard in the style and repertoire of The Copper Family from Sussex. This song was kept alive by the far less well known Millen family from Kent, recorded in 2001.

1. In 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
While little King Cupid he cries
While little King Cupid he cries

Repeat the last three lines and slow down to finish

Phrasing for Altos:

1. Yonder old oak, sits an old crow
Violets do, violets do grow (*repeat the first two lines of every verse*)
There sits an old crow
Around him sweet violets,
Around him, Around him sweet violets do grow
Around him sweet violets do grow
2. Yonder green lane, Lives a sweet maid
Hear how she, hear how she sings
There lives a sweet maid
'Twould charm you to hear how
'Twould charm you, 'twould charm you to hear how she sings
'Twould charm you to hear how she sings
3. Come my pretty maid, be not afraid
Mischief, no mischief I vow
And be not afraid
I mean you no mischief
I mean you, I mean you no mischief I vow
I mean you no mischief I vow
4. Vow and protest, never will be kissed
Fellow as, fellow as you
I never will be kissed
By no one such fellow
By no one, by no one such fellow as you
By no one such fellow as you
5. Phoebe she shines, over our heads
Cupid, King Cupid he cries
Right over our heads
While little King Cupid
While little, while little King Cupid he cries
While little King Cupid he cries

Repeat last four lines, and slow down to finish

Phrasing for Tenors:

1. On yonder old oak, there sits an old crow
Around him sweet violets do grow (*repeat first two lines of every verse*)
On yonder old oak
Around him sweet violets, 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
Down yonder green lane
'Twould charm you to hear how, to hear how she sings
'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
Come, come, my pretty maid
I mean you no mischief, no mischief I vow
I mean you no mischief I vow
4. I vow and protest I never will be kissed
By no one such fellow as you
I vow and protest
By no one such fellow, such fellow as you
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
While little King Cupid, King Cupid he cries
While little King cupid he cries

Repeat last three lines and slow down to finish

Phrasing for Basses:

1. Yonder old oak, Sits an old crow
Violets do grow (*repeat the first two lines of every verse*)
There sits an old crow
Around, around, sweet violets do grow
Around him sweet violets do grow
2. Yonder green lane, Lives a sweet maid
Hear how she sings
There lives a sweet maid
'Twould charm, 'twould charm, to hear how she sings
'Twould charm you to hear how she sings
3. Come my pretty maid, Be not afraid
Mischief I vow
And be not afraid
I mean, I mean, no mischief I vow
I mean you no mischief I vow
4. Vow and protest, never will be kissed
Fellow as you
I never will be kissed
By no, by no, such fellow as you
By no one such fellow as you
5. Phoebe she shines, Over our heads
Cupid he cries
Right over our heads
He cries, He cries, King Cupid he cries
While little King Cupid he cries

Repeat the last three lines and slow down to finish

On Yonder Old Oak

Traditional English Folk Song

Arranged by John Kirkpatrick

The musical score is written for four voices: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first four measures of the song. The Soprano and Tenor parts have the lyrics "On yon-der old oak there sits an old crow, A - round him sweet". The Alto and Bass parts have the lyrics "Yon-der old oak, sits an old crow,". The second system contains measures 5 through 8. The Soprano and Tenor parts have the lyrics "vio - lets do grow, On yon - der old oak,". The Alto and Bass parts have the lyrics "vio - lets do, vio - lets do grow, There sits an old". The Alto and Bass parts have a double bar line after measure 6, indicating a repeat or a change in the arrangement.

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

13

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. 8 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. 8 grow A - round him sweet vio - lets do grow.

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

THE FRENCHMAN'S MILE

Words and Music by John Kirkpatrick – Copyright © Squeezer Music.
Written for the *Georgians In Stone* project, Bishop's Castle, Shropshire,
2020

Some officers in the French army were sent to Shropshire after they had been captured as prisoners of war during the campaigns against Napoleon. It was believed the distance to the French coast would discourage them from trying to escape, and consequently they were allowed a certain amount of freedom. They could walk up to a mile from their quarters – "The Frenchman's Mile". Several were stationed in Bishop's Castle, and some of these exotic foreign gentlemen formed romantic attachments to local ladies. There were marriages, children, and one French officer – the highly decorated Lieutenant Colonel Louis Pagés - died here and has a gravestone in the churchyard.

1. I'm an officer in the army and I fought at Waterloo
Fought for old Napoleon, the best that we could do
Fought in Spain and Portugal, and up to Russia as well
But Wellington he defeated us and kicked us all to hell

CHORUS: (After each verse)

Now I walk the Frenchman's mile
Titty fal-lay fal-lar fal-loo
All in the finest style
Titty fal-lay fal-lar fal-loo
Zinky minky, tip 'er the wink
Bonjour and gardy loo
Inky winky skinny malinky
Pinky parlez vous

Phrasing for Altos:

Now I walk the Frenchman's Mile
Titty fal-loo, titty fal-lay, fal-lar, fal-loo
Oh Zink, Mink, tip 'er the wink
Bonjour, gardy loo
Inky winky skinny malinky
Pinky parlez vous

Phrasing for Tenors:

Now I walk the Frenchman's Mile
Titty fal-lay, fal-lar
All in the finest style
Lay, Lar, Loo
Oh Zink, Mink, tip 'er the wink
Bonjour, gardy loo
Inky winky skinny malinky
Pinky parlez vous

Phrasing for Basses:

Now I walk the Frenchman's Mile
Titty fal-lay, titty fal-lay, fal-lar, fal-loo
Fal-lay, fal-lar, fal-loo
Zinky minky tip 'er the wink
Bonjour and gardy loo
Inky winky skinny malinky
Pinky parlez vous

2. Now there's twenty miles of water to France's golden shore
Twenty miles of water to the land that I adore
Twenty miles of water but it's three hundred miles away
So here I am in Shropshire and here I have to stay
3. So here I am in Shropshire, a prisoner of the war
I'm free to roam in the daytime but at night they lock the door
So I take my morning promenade, a mile either way
And I twirl my French moustachios at all the ladies gay
4. Oh and here I'm quite a novelty and they think I'm rather fine
They ask me out for company, they ask me out to dine
I ooze sophistication and I make the ladies sigh
But those lovely buxom country girls are the ones that catch my eye
5. And now I'm wed to a Shropshire lass, she's fairly won my heart
Whatever the future holds for us, we'll never be apart
We promenade out together, and I teach her French all day
And then at night she teaches me to "ooh" and "ah" and "ay"

The Frenchman's Mile

Words and Music by John Kirkpatrick

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

I'm an off-i-cer in the arm-y and I fought at Wat-er-loo,

I'm an off-i-cer in the arm-y and I fought at Wat-er-loo,

I'm an off-i-cer in the arm-y and I fought at Wat-er-loo,

I'm an off-i-cer in the arm-y and I fought at Wat-er-loo,

This musical system features four vocal parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Each part is written on a staff with a treble or bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are: "I'm an off-i-cer in the arm-y and I fought at Wat-er-loo,". The Soprano and Alto parts end with a half note, while the Tenor and Bass parts end with a whole note.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Fought for old Na-pol-e-on the best that we could do, We fought in Spain and

Fought for old Na-pol-e-on the best that we could do, We fought in Spain and

Fought for old Na-pol-e-on the best that we could do, We fought in Spain and

Fought for old Na-pol-e-on the best that we could do, We fought in Spain and

This musical system continues the song with four vocal parts: Soprano (S.), Alto (A.), Tenor (T.), and Bass (B.). Each part is written on a staff with a treble or bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are: "Fought for old Na-pol-e-on the best that we could do, We fought in Spain and". The Soprano and Alto parts end with a half note, while the Tenor and Bass parts end with a whole note.

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S. Port - u - gal and up to Russ - ia as well, But Well - ing - ton he de - feat - ed us and

A. Port - u - gal and up to Russ - ia as well, But Well - ing - ton he de - feat - ed us and

T. Port - u - gal and up to Russ - ia as well, But Well - ing - ton he de - feat - ed us and

B. Port - u - gal and up to Russ - ia as well, But Well - ing - ton he de - feat - ed us and

15 CHORUS

S. kicked us all to hell, Now I walk the French - man's Mile, titt - y fal - lay, fal - lar, fal -

A. kicked us all to hell, Now I walk the French - man's Mile,

T. kicked us all to hell, Now I walk the French - man's Mile. titt - y fal - lay, fal - lar,

B. kicked us all to hell, Now I walk the French - man's Mile, titt - y fal - lay, titt - y fal -

21

S. loo, All in the fin - est style, titt - y fal - lay, fal - lar, fal - loo,

A. titt - y fal - loo titt - y fal - lay, fal - lar, fal - loo, Oh

T. All in the fin - est style, lay, lar, loo, Oh

B. lay, fal - lar, fal - loo, fal - lay, fal - lar, fal - loo,

26

S. Zink - y min - ky tip 'er the wink, bon - jour and gard - y - loo,

A. Zink, Mink, tip 'er the wink, bon - jour, gard - y - loo,

T. Zink, Mink, tip 'er the wink, bon - jour, gard - y - loo,

B. Zink - y mink - y tip 'er the wink. bon - jour and gard - y - loo,

30

S. Ink - y wink - y skinn - y ma - link - y, pink - y parl - ez vous.

A. Ink - y wink - y skinn - y ma - link - y, pink - y parl - ez vous.

T. Ink - y wink - y skinn - y ma - link - y, pink - y parl - ez vous.

B. Ink - y wink - y skinn - y ma - link - y pink - y parl - ez vous.

SIN EATER

Words and Music by John Kirkpatrick – Copyright © Squeezer Music.
Written for the *Georgians In Stone* project in Bishop's Castle 2020.

The Sin Eater is described in Charlotte Burne's "Shropshire Folk Lore" book of the 1880s as somebody who emerges at funerals to take upon themselves the burden of the dead person's sins, so that their ghost will not haunt their old stamping grounds. Mary Webb used the idea in her novel "Precious Bane". The last known Sin Eater in England - Richard Munslow - was buried in Ratlinghope churchyard in 1906.

1. I stand but you don't see me
I speak but you don't hear
I ask but you don't answer me
I call – you don't come near
I tread where you've forsaken
I breathe the air you've lost
For all your sins in all your life
I'll help you count the cost

CHORUS: (After each verse)

I'll ease your journey onward
I'll ease your soul from care
I'll take the burden off your bones
As your body's lying there
I'll lift the load you carry
I'll lighten up your way
While others are kneeling around you to pray
I'll eat your sins away

Phrasing for Altos:

I'll ease your journey onward
I'll ease your soul, ease your soul from care
I'll lift the load you carry
While others are kneeling around you to pray
I'll eat your sins away

Phrasing for Tenors:

I'll ease your journey onward
I'll ease your soul
I'll take the burden off your bones
Body lying there
I'll lift the load you bear
Light your way
While others are kneeling around you to pray
I'll eat your sins away

Phrasing for Basses:

I'll ease, ease your journey onward
Ease your soul from care
Off your bones as your body, lying there
Lift the load you bear
Lighten up your way
While others are kneeling around you to pray
I'll eat your sins away.

2. This bread upon your body
That lies upon your breast
I take it and I eat it now
For your eternal rest
This bowl that lies beside you
This drink that lies within
I drain it now to wash you clean
To wash away your sin
3. I'll loose these chains that bind you
That might have laid you low
That o'er these fields and through these lanes
Your ghost shall never go
One coin is all you owe me
One coin is all my dole
The price of your eternal peace
For this I pawn my soul

Sin Eater

Words and Music by John Kirkpatrick

Soprano

I stand but you don't see me, I speak but you don't hear I ask but

Alto

I stand but you don't see me, I speak but you don't hear I ask but

Tenor

I stand but you don't see me, I speak but you don't hear I ask but

Bass

I stand but you don't see me, I speak but you don't hear I ask but

10

S.

you don't ans - wer me, I call, you don't come near, I tread where you've for -

A.

you don't ans - wer me, I call, you don't come near, I tread where you've for -

T.

you don't ans - wer me, I call, you don't come near, I tread where you've for -

B.

you don't ans - wer me, I call, you don't come near, I tread where you've for -

19

S. sak-en, I breathe the air you've lost, for all your sins in all your life, I'll

A. sak-en, I breathe the air you've lost, for all your sins in all your life, I'll

T. sak-en, I breathe the air you've lost, for all your sins in all your life, I'll

B. sak-en, I breathe the air you've lost, for all your sins in all your life, I'll

29 CHORUS

S. help you count the cost, I'll ease your jour-ney on-ward, I'll ease your

A. help you count the cost, I'll ease your jour-ney on-ward, I'll ease your

T. help you count the cost, I'll ease your jour-ney on-ward,

B. help you count the cost, I'll ease, ease your jour-ney on-ward,

39

S. soul from care, I'll take the bur-den off your bones as your bo-dy's ly-ing

A. soul ease your soul from care, off your bones, bo-dy's ly-ing

T. I'll ease your soul, I'll take the bur-den off your bones, bo-dy

B. ease your soul from care, off your bones as your bo-dy

48

S. there, I'll lift the load you ca-rry, I'll light - en up your way,

A. there, I'll lift the load you ca-rry, I'll light - en up your way,

T. ly - ing there, I'll lift the load you bear, light your

B. ly - ing there, lift the load you bear, light - en up your

57

S. while oth-ers are knee-ling a - round you to pray, I'll eat your sins a - way.

A. while oth-ers are knee-ling a - round you to pray, I'll eat your sins a - way.

T. way, while oth-ers are knee-ling a - round you to pray, I'll eat your sins a - way.

B. way while oth-ers are knee-ling a - round you to pray, I'll et your sins a - way.

POOR OLD SIMON SNELL

Adapted from an original round by William Stonard, 1585–1630.

This is from a book of rounds in the possession of the vicar of Bishop's Castle, The Rev Stephanie Fountain, who suggested it would be most appropriate to include one or two. Rounds, or "catches" as they used to be called, have been sung with gusto for many centuries, and collections of them are legion.

Ding, ding, ding dong bell
Ding, ding, ding, ding dong bell
Hark! Hark! They ring, 'tis for the burying
Of poor old Simon Snell
Alack and well-a-day, 'Tis a sad dismay
That ever us befell
Then for his sake some order take
That we may ring his knell

Poor Old Simon Snell - A Round

Adapted from an original by William Stonard

Ding, ding,ding dong bell, Ding, ding, ding,ding dong bell, Hark!

5 Hark! They ring, 'Tis for the bur-y-ing of poor old Si-mon Snell, A-

9 lack and well-a-day! 'Tis a sad dis-may that ev-er us be-fell. Then for his sake some

14 or-der let us take, that we may ring his knell. Ding, ding,ding dong bell, Ding,

19 ding, ding,ding dong bell, Hark! Hark!They ring, 'Tis for the bur-y-ing of poor old Si-mon

24 Snell, A-lack and well-a-day! 'Tis a sad dis-may that ev-er us be-fell. Then

29 for his sake some or-der let us take, that we may ring his knell.

33 Ding, ding,ding dong bell, Ding, ding, ding,ding dong bell, Hark! Hark!They ring, 'Tis

38 for the bur-y-ing of poor old Si-mon Snell,

THE AFRICAN'S GRAVE

Words and Music by John Kirkpatrick – Copyright © Squeezer Music.
Written for the Georgians In Stone project in Bishop's Castle, 2020.

One of the gravestones in Bishop's Castle churchyard commemorates an unknown African who died in the town. With unfortunate irony, to our modern eyes, that person is named only by a pair of initials – I.D. There is no record of how somebody of African birth came to be here, or what their life was like, or how they came to die here. The quotation from the Bible is one often used during the campaign to abolish slavery. The Slave Trade was abolished in 1807, and the Emancipation of Slaves finally came about in the 1830s.

The full inscription reads:

*"Here lieth the body of I.D., A native of Africa,
Who died in this town Sept 9th 1801.*

'God hath created of one blood all nations of men' – Acts Ch 17 verse 26."

1. You are not so cruel, not so unkind
But your eyes are blinkered, your eyes are blind
I play your games, like a little black toy
But you don't see me, your little black boy
Not once you ask about my home
Not once you ask about my land
Not once you ask about my name
Not once you ask, do you feel no shame?

CHORUS: (After each verse)

Boom-ba-da ma-dinghy ya-da boom-ba-da ba-yoom
One blood, one blood

God hath created of one blood all nations, all women, all men

2. Your white man's clothes, they pinch my skin
They catch my breath when I breathe in
With your heels and soles, your buckles and bows
Can't feel the earth between my toes
I hear you speak, I learn your tongue
You call me African, you call me John
But as I stand here in your white man's shoes
They are not my words, not the words I use

3. When you lay me down in the cold, cold ground
Tear off these clothes that bind me down
Tear off these shoes, made me so sore
And let me dance, let me dance once more
And if you listen where I lie
You'll hear my song 'neath the Shropshire sky
You'll hear my name 'neath the Shropshire moon
You'll hear me dance to my family tune

WEEP NOT FOR ME

Music by John Symons. Author unknown.

This Funeral Hymn is one of the pieces in The Shropshire Harmony, a manuscript collection of church music compiled by Thomas Owens. He lived at Hanley Wood, near Woodbatch, and was active as organist and choirmaster in both Mainstone and Bishop's Castle in the late eighteenth/early nineteenth century. With Mr Owens directing, this piece may well have been sung at the funerals of some of those buried in the Georgian tombs.

1. Weep not for me you standers by
Which do beset me round
For in the grave I now must lie
Until the trumpet sound
2. My life is like the dust and clay
And so it shall remain
My spirit shall return to rest
The place from whence it came
3. I must be gone for ever now
And leave you here behind
Until the day of judgement comes
The judgement of mankind
4. When Christ comes riding on the clouds
To judge the world abroad
Will saints and angels cry aloud
Rise dead, and meet the Lord

WEEP NOT FOR ME

Unknown

John Symons

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

3/4

8

Weep not for me, you stand - ers by, Which do be - set me round,

Weep not for me, you stand - ers by, Which do be - set me round,

Weep not for me, you stand - ers by, Which do be - set me round,

Weep not for me, you stand - ers by, Which do be - set me round,

10

S.

A.

T.

B.

8

For in the grave I now must lie, Un - til the trump - et sound.

For in the grave I now must lie, Un - til the trump - et sound.

For in the grave I now must lie, Un - til the trump - et sound.

For in the grave I now must lie, Un - til the trump - et sound.