



My Own Sweet Native Vale

***Arranged by
Kathryn Davidson***

I would not be a fairy light,
To dance all on the moonbeam's rays
I would not be an elfin sprite,
To shun the glorious day
My heart still sighs for cloudless skies,
I love a perfumed gale,
They let me be a blue bell tree,
In my own sweet native vale.

It is there the mountain maidens meet,
Their amorous swains with dance
and song
And fairies lead with hallowed feet
The moonlight dance alone;
My heart still sighs for sunny skies,
I love a perfumed gale,
They let me a blue bell tree,
In my own sweet native vale.



*Unlocking hidden treasures of
England's cultural heritage*
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The Full English

The Full English was a unique nationwide project unlocking hidden treasures of England's cultural heritage by making over 58,000 original source documents from 12 major folk collectors available to the world via a ground-breaking nationwide digital archive and learning project. The project was led by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund and in partnership with other cultural partners across England.

The Full English digital archive (www.vwml.org) continues to provide access to thousands of records detailing traditional folk songs, music, dances, customs and traditions that were collected from across the country. Some of these are known widely, others have lain dormant in notebooks and files within archives for decades.

The Full English learning programme worked across the country in 19 different schools including primary, secondary and special educational needs settings. It also worked with a range of cultural partners across England, organising community, family and adult learning events.

Supported by the National Lottery through the Heritage Lottery Fund, the National Folk Music Fund and The Folklore Society.



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Written by: Kathryn Davidson

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Arranger's notes

I found the text for this piece in The Full English digital archive and was taken by the quaint and sweet nature. It's not often I find a folk song where no one dies! Whilst all parts are written in treble clef the parts are interchangeable and it would sound great with male and female voices on each part. I'm not precious with my work; please move things around to fit your singers as you need it to. I hope you enjoy singing it.

Kathryn Davidson

Kathryn is Folk Strand Leader for Sage Gateshead's Learning and Participation department and holds a degree in Folk and Traditional Music from Newcastle University. Nationally sought-after as a choir leader and vocal tutor, her approach is flexible and tailored to her pupils. As a choir leader she creates bespoke arrangements of folk songs, often from her native Northumberland.

Her debut solo album *The Lass will Not Learn* was released in 2012 and she codirects the Folkworks Adult Summer Schools. Kathryn worked on two schools projects for The Full English, and also ran a community choir event at Sage Gateshead drawing on material from The Full English digital archive.

My Own Sweet Native Vale

Collected from a broadside by Frank Kidson

www.vwml.org/record/FK/18/122/2

Roud Number: V2045

I would not be a fairy bright
To dance all on the moonbeams rays
I would not be an elfin sprite
To shun the glorious days
My heart still sighs for cloudless skies
I love the perfumed gale
Then let me be a bluebell free
In my own sweet native vale

It's there the mountain maiden's meet
Their amorous swains with song
And fairies lead with hallowed feet
The moonlit dance alone
My heart still sighs for sunny skies
I love the perfumed gale
Then let me be a bluebell free
In my own sweet native vale

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Words Traditional

Tune Kathryn Davidson

Alto

Tune

Low

I would not be a__ fai - ry__ light to dance all on the moon beams

I would not be a - fai - ry__ light to dance all on the moon - beams

4

__ rays__ I would not be an__ el - fin__ sprite to shun the glo ri - ous days. My

__ rays__ I would not be an__ el - fin sprite to shun the glo - ri - ous days. My

9

heart still sighs for cloud - less skies. I love the per - fumed gale. Then

heart skill sighs for cloud - less skies I love the per - fumed gale. Then

13

let me be a__ blue bell__ free in my own sweet na - tive vale

let me be a - blue bell - free in my own sweet na - tive__ vale.



Explore The Full English digital archive

www.vwml.org

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