Here are the tunes and lyrics to the “Ursulan Top Ten” folk songs, plus one because there was some extra space.

2nd ed, 2010. First edition by Bethan of Brockwood (Sasha Curthoys), 5 September 2005. All songs are traditional unless attributed otherwise. All errors are my own, etc. Tunes are written down (to the best of my ability) as I sing them, and so may not match any other source. Music files prepared using the Noteworthy program, which has a shareware version. The formatting was a compromise between size of font, number of pages, and ease of reading. Hope it works for you. I couldn’t get page numbers to fit on, sorry about that.
As I was walking all alone,
I heard two corbies making mane;
The tame unto the t’other did say-o,
‘Where shall we gang and dine the day-o?’
‘Where shall we gang and dine the day?’

‘Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I’ll pick out his bonny blue een;
And wi a lock o’ his gowden hair-o,
We’ll thick our nest when it grows bare-o,
Thick our nest when it grows bare.

‘In behind yon auld fall dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there-o,
But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair-o,
Hawk and his hound and his lady fair.

‘Manys a one for him makes mane,
But none shall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white bones, when they are bare-o,
The wind shall blow for evermair-o,
The wind shall blow for evermair.’
As I came in by Fiddichside, on a May morning
I spied Willie MacIntire an hour before the dawnin'

As I came in by Fiddichside, on a May morning
Auchindoon was in a blaze, an hour afore the dawnin'

Crawin’, crawin’, for all your crows a crawin’
You’ve burnt your crop and tint your wings, an hour afore the dawning

As I came in by Fiddichside, on a May morning
I spied Willie MacIntire an hour before the dawnin’

Head me or hang me, that will never fear me
I will burn Auchindoon, ere the life leaves me

Notes: Second (short) verse is to the tune of the last two lines of a normal verse.
The words to the last verse were written by Kiriel du Papillon.
The keeper did a hunting go, and under his cloak he carried a bow
All for to shoot at the merry little doe among the leaves so green, O.

(C) Jackie boy! (R) Master? (C) Sing ye well? (R) Very well! (C) Hey down, (R) Ho down. (all) Derry derry down, among the leaves so green, O! (C) To my hey down down, (R) To my ho down down, (C) Hey down, (R) Ho down. (all) Derry derry down, among the leaves so green, O!

The first doe he shot at he missed, the second doe he trimmed he kissed;
The third doe went where nobody wist, among the leaves so green, O.

The fourth doe she did cross the plain,
the keeper fetched her back again.
Where she is now, she may remain, among the leaves so green, O.

The fifth doe she did cross the brook,
the keeper fetched her back with his crook;
Where she is now you must go and look, among the leaves so green, O.

The sixth doe she ran over the plain,
but he with his hounds did turn her again,
And it's there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein,
among the leaves so green, O.
For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand miles I’d travel;
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
For to save her shoes from gravel

CH: Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
For they all go bare, and they live by the air,
And they want no drink nor money.

I went down to Satan’s Kitchen,
For to get me food one morning,
And there I saw souls piping hot,
All on the spit a-turning.

Me staff has murdered giants
And me bag a long knife carries,
For to cut mince pies from children’s thighs
With which to feed the fairies.

By the Queen of Air and Darkness
I summoned am to Tourney,
Three leagues beyond the wild world’s end
Methinks it is no journey.

The spirits white as lightning
Would on me travels guide me,
The moon would shake and the stars would quake
Whenever they espied me.

And when that I have murdered
The man in the moon to a powder
His staff I’ll break and his doct I’ll shake,
And there’ll howl no demon louder.
A Rosebud in June

It's a rosebud in June, and the violets in full bloom
And the small birds are singing love songs on each spray.

CHORUS:
We'll pipe and we'll sing, love,
We'll dance in a ring, love.
When each lad takes his lass,
All on the green grass,
And it's oh... to plough
Where the fat oxen graze low;
And the lads and the lasses to sheep-shearing go.

When we have all shear'd all our jolly, jolly sheep
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase?

Oh their flesh it is good, it's the best of all food
And their wool, it will clothe us and keep our backs from the cold.

Here's the ewes and their lambs, here's the hoggs and the rams,
And the fat wethers too they will make a fine show.

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And the lads and the lasses to sheep-shearing go.
Follow Me Up to Carlow

Lift MacCahir Og your face, brooding o'er the old disgrace
That Black FitzWilliam stormed your place and drove you to the fern
Grey said victory was sure, soon the firebrand he'd secure
Until he met at Glenmalure with Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne.

Ch.: Curse and swear Lord Kildare, Fiach will do what Fiach will dare,
Now FitzWilliam, have a care, Fallen is your star, low.
Up with halberd, out with sword, On we'll go, for by the Lord, Fiach MacHugh has given his word, Follow me up to Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imaal, flashing o'er the English pale
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners
Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore
And great is Rory Og O'More at sending loons to Hades.
White is sick, Grey is fled, now for Black FitzWilliam's head
We'll send it o'er still dripping red, to Queen Liza and her ladies.

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Oh where are you going, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
We're off to the Greenwood, said John the Red Nose

And what will you do there, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
We'll shoot the Cutty wren, said John the Red Nose

And how will you shoot her, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
With bows and with arrows, said John the Red Nose

Ah! that will not do then, said Millard to Maldar
What then we do now, said Cecil to Poss
Big guns and big cannon, said John the Red Nose

And how will you cut her, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
With knives and with blades, said John the Red Nose

Ah! that will not do then, said Millard to Maldar
What then we do now, said Cecil to Poss
USE BLOODY GREAT BRASS CAULDRONS, said John the Red Nose

And who'll get the spare ribs, said Millard to Maldar
We may not tell you, said Cecil to Poss
Give 'em all to the poor, said John the Red Nose
Green Grow the Rushes, Oh!

One is one and all alone, and ever more shall be so
Two, two, the lily-white boys, clothed all in green, oh
Three, three, the rivals
Four for the Gospel makers
Five for the symbols at your door
Six for the six proud walkers
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
Eight for the April rainers
Nine for the nine bright shiners
Ten for the ten commandments
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven
Twelve for the twelve apostles

Notes: This is an adding-on song. The first time, sing the call and response section, and then the first verse line. The second time, sing the call and response, then the second verse line, followed by the first verse line. The third time, call and response, third, second and first verse lines. And so on.

Verse lines one, two and three have unique tunes. The other verse lines share two tunes. The first time a “non-unique” verse line is sung, it is sung to the tune shown above in brackets. Following that, each time it is sung, it is sung to either the even verses tune (shown for the verse lines four and six above) or the odd verses tune (shown for verse line five above).

It’s okay, it’s really easy to pick up, just very hard to write down.
Woad (tune: “Men of Harlech”, lyrics may be by Donald Swan)

What's the use of wearing braces, Hats, or spats, or shoes with laces, Vests and pants you buy in places, Down on Brompton Road? What's the use of shirts of cotton, Studs that always get forgotten, These affairs are simply rotten! Better far is woad! Woad's the stuff to show men, Woad to scare your foe-men! Boil it to a brilliant blue And rub it on your legs and your abdomen! Ancient Britons never hit on Anything as good as woad to fit on Necks or knees or where you sit on, Tailors, be you blowed!

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And rub it on your legs and your abdomen! Ancient Britons never hit on Anything as good as woad to fit on Necks or knees or where you sit on, Tailors, be you blowed!

Building beds for bugs in britches. We have woad to clothe us which is Not a nest for fleas. Romans, keep your armours, Saxons, your pajamas! Hairy coats were made for goats, Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs, and llamas! March on Snowdon, with your woad on, Never mind if you get rained or snowed on. Never need a button sewed on, Bottoms up to woad!
The Ursulan Carrot Song (by Sarah Antill, and others?)

NB There are two third lines for the chorus. This is because the shield one was written first but then there is a lot of fighting stuff in the chorus. Sing whichever one you prefer. Preferably nice and loud to drown out the people singing the other line (I tend to alternate personally).

Chorus:

Ursulans gather your carrots for to wield Against steel and leather on the battlefield Carrots are the perfect things for garnishing your shield

Ursulans don't forget your carrots When you're armoured, authorised Inspected, Organised

Doubt not that nature is about to call Up steps an eight foot knight Challenges you to fight Die well but don't forget your carrots

At the fireside, gathered round, Cider and mead abound Take your fill of apricot liqueur and Ale Get pissed on poxy port, Tastes foul, but hey! life's short Drink up but don't forget your carrots

Studying for your degree, More or less successfully Leave your assignments 'til the night before Then burn the midnight oil, Study, sweat, slave, and toil Bribe your tutor with a bunch of carrots

Live long, singing songs, Fighting and righting wrongs Drink, think, and never let your beard reach your beer We are URSULANS! Others flee but the bears remain Life's good when you don't forget your carrots!
A band of young Ursulans was strolling one day
On the fields of fair Festival site
They brandished their carrots and drank poxy port:
These young-bloods were spoiling to fight.
And there on a hillside in rank-upon-rank
Were the finest of Lochac arrayed.
These virgins and martyrs could not wait to start as they flung themselves into the fray. (Chorus)
Blood, blood, glorious blood
Trample our enemies into the mud. How can we but relish Conditions so hellish?
Our tabards embellished with glorious blood.

A band of young Ursulans was strolling one day
On the fields of fair Festival site
They brandished their carrots and drank poxy port:
These young-bloods were spoiling to fight.
And there on a hillside in rank-upon-rank
Were the finest of Lochac arrayed.
These virgins and martyrs could not wait to start as they flung themselves into the fray.

With youthful exuberance and biting their shields
they recklessly charged up the hill.
They had no grand strategy, flanks or reserves;
Formation nor training nor skill.
The enemy larger by 20 to 1 were trying their best
not to smirk,
as they calmly awaited the brave but ill-fated
and rapidly tiring beserks.

Til Ilona was standing alone on the hill;
Her comrades all thoroughly slain.
As her resolve floundered and she was surrounded
She said 'Ah, lets try that again''

Blood, blood, Ursulan blood.
Flows not in trickles but rather in flood.
Our bodies bisected, our limbs disconnected,
we'll get resurrected and come next time
WE'LL HAVE YOUR BLOOD!

Notes: Fit the current Ursulan Seneschal’s name into verse 3 as it changes.