TRADITIONAL SINGING IN WEST SHEFFIELD, 1970-2

IAN RUSSELL

VOLUME TWO

## CONTENTS

A Note on the Method of Transcription  

**THE TRANSCRIPTIONS**

Singers (A – L)  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Singer</th>
<th>Transcript Ref.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Albert Broadhead</td>
<td>BroA 1 – 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernard Broadhead</td>
<td>BroB 1 – 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhoda Dronfield</td>
<td>Dron 1 – 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Col Goodison</td>
<td>Goo 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Green</td>
<td>Gre 1 – 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob Hancock</td>
<td>HanB 1 – 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Hancock</td>
<td>HanG 1 – 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Hinchliffe</td>
<td>Hin 1 – 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edith Lawson</td>
<td>Law 1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The method of transcription here employed is largely that proposed by Abrahams and Foss\(^1\) with some reference to the International Music Council's handbook.\(^2\) Because neither publication is comprehensive in its approach, nor entirely suitable for the material recorded, a complete breakdown of the procedures adopted is given below. It should be stressed that these transcriptions can only be fully interpreted when used in conjunction with the tapes from which they were made. Furthermore, accuracy of transcription is never achieved unless it be by mechanical means, if then,\(^3\) for such are the inadequacies of the human ear as well as the conventional system of notation. In fact, two experienced workers transcribing according to the same method may interpret differently what they both hear, just as the same worker may make different notations of the same rendition on different occasions. This factor was clearly demonstrated when an item transcribed by myself was twice transcribed by a musician experienced in folk music,\(^4\) and then retranscribed by myself. All four notations of the melody of 'While Forging of my Scales and Springs' were noticeably different in their representation of pulse, rhythm and metre.\(^5\)

In the first instance the full text and singer's title are recorded. This title is given in inverted commas, whereas the standard title is underlined. If no title is known, this is indicated by including the suggested title in parentheses. An (inc) after the title denotes that in the singer's opinion the item is incomplete though singable, an (f) denotes a fragment or snatch. The name of the singer, the date of the recording and the location, where it is other than the home, are also given. The text itself is sparsely punctuated except where the sense may become ambiguous. Any semantic difficulties or other obscurities are annotated by footnotes or in square brackets within the text. Words and phrases that cannot be deduced are represented phonetically. Standard spelling is used in the songs except where dialectal pronunciation is obviously employed. The spelling in the transcription of speech is essentially impressionistic in an attempt to record the dialect of the speakers without distorting the most important features by representing them as Standard English.

The transcription of a song is generally restricted to the first stanza, except where the singer employs significant melodic variation in the remainder of the song, when such variations are transcribed. Although this procedure is not considered to be ideal, it is the only
practical one in view of the number of songs recorded. All melodies are transposed to the common pitch of G and are shown on the treble clef whether the voice is at this octave $\text{C}$ or the one below $\text{G}$. Similarly whenever a harmony is transcribed as, for example, in the Christmas carols, this too is given on the treble clef. The original pitch is shown by a figure according to the diagram below.

\[\text{Diagram}\]

A time signature is only indicated where it consistently exists, and slight divergencies are noted by enclosing the signature in parentheses. Where there is no consistent pattern, no attempt is made to analyse each successive bar in terms of an individual signature. The range and details of the scale are shown numerically according to the diagram above, except that a major seven-tone scale is simply referred to as 'standard'.

Tempo is indicated by a metronome mark established by timing sections of the song and then calculating the pulse-rate per minute. Variation in this is indicated by plus (+) or minus (−) signs. The exact position and values of any changes are noted in the transcription itself whenever they are clearly audible. The pulse is based on the crotchet for 6, 4, 3, 2, 4, and 3 rhythms, and the quaver for 8 and 4. The use of more complex signatures has been found unnecessary for every song that demonstrates metrical consistency can be represented by one of the above.

A single staff line of music is used for each phrase of song, and bars are numbered. Thus IIIa3 refers to the third bar of the first line of the second verse of the transcription. Eighth and sixteenth notes are not given separate flags as is conventional in vocal music but are barred according to their rhythmic groupings. Two or more notes to a single syllable are indicated by a slur. This is shown in the text by a dash extending for the duration of the slurred notes, as opposed to the hyphen which is used to demarcate the syllables. Phrase marks as well as conventional crescendo and diminuendo signs are used notably in rubato singing. Other signs and their meanings are given below.
A pause of non-metrical value

The sharpening or flattening of a note

A shouted note shown in its approximate tonal position on the staff

A portamento or slide

A turn, an upper mordent

Tremolo or the rapid iteration of a note

Vibrato or the slight waving of the pitch

An accentuated note

hour or (h)open in the text indicates an aspiration.

Other details of the performance are appropriately indicated by English words and their duration shown by a line above or below the staff. All the essential information, together with details of the melodic form are summarised in a matrix as shown below.

Spout Cottage [Standard title] Chris 29
[Local title if different] C21

Remember the time when our Saviour was born [First line]

Standard [Scale] ABCD [Melodic form]

1# [Pitch] III - 5 [Range] 4 bars [Phrase length]


In chorus [Singer] 7/11/70 [Date]

The transcriptions also contain asides, comments and interjections made by the singer, and these are shown in inverted commas. Brief notes on the performance or song may also be included, as well as cross references to other West Sheffield variants. Occasionally these references extend beyond the present study to other published or manuscript sources. However, no attempt has been made to supply a comprehensive list of such references, for the primary aim of this study is investigatory rather than bibliographical.

Before concluding this section it is important that a clear statement is made as to the premise under which the work was carried out. In many published collections there has always been a tendency to present
songs in a form that agrees with conventional precepts of vocal music. For example, details of ornamentation, passing notes and rhythmic variations were ignored because they were considered superfluities unique to the singer and therefore irrelevant. In fact, the suggestion was that the printed song represented what ought to be sung and what is musically 'correct', rather than what the singer had sung. This approach, however, has not been adopted here, for every effort has been made to represent faithfully the singer's rendition (as far as this is possible within the reasonable limits of staff notation), even though the result may at times appear somewhat bizarre to the eyes of the trained musician. The purpose of these transcriptions must be to provide clear evidence of the singing style of the performers, and not to furnish a collection of songs suitable for performance by others. Moreover, an understanding of these two different philosophies is essential to an appreciation of the aims of this study.
Footnotes

3. For example see Milton Metfessel, *Phonophotography in Folk Music* (North Carolina, 1928).
5. Michael Dawney's second transcription is reproduced by his kind permission. See transcript Hin 63.
"A Few Jovial Sportsmen"

We're a few jovial sportsmen together well met

Standard

<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

IV# 1 - 8

\[
\begin{array}{ccc}
1 & 2 & 3 \\
4 &   &   \\
\end{array}
\]

Albert Broadhead 12/4/70

There's a few jovial sportsmen together well met,
And for health and amusement this world we are sent.*
Long time I've been waiting for this memorable morn,
For the shouts of the huntsman and his mellow tone horn.

Then we'll join in full chorus with an echo we'll sing,
For we'll make the woods to (h)echo and the valleys to ring,
And the valleys to ring and the valleys to ring,
For we'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring,
For we'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

When our huntsman 'e gathers 'is 'ounds in the morn,
'Ark 'ark 'ow melodious 'is 'orn 'e doth sound;
And with a shrill echo calls the sportsmen away,
Prepare to the fields, lads, to the fields let's away.

Then we'll join in full chorus with an echo we'll sing,
For we'll make the woods to (h)echo and the valleys to ring,
And the valleys to ring and the valleys to ring,
For we'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring,
For we'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

'Ere's a health to all 'unters of every degree,
And to all honest sportsman wheresoever they may be.
Long time I've been listening with a long tentive ear,
For it drown all my sorrow and it drives care away.

[No chorus.]

"That's all."

*Albert sings The Roxy Morn tune for these first two phrases by mistake (pitched at VII).

Note

Both versions given below, which were recorded in the Sportsman, are only the first verse.
See "A Few Jovial Sportsmen", Albert Broadhead at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 19/9/72, S41; and with Bernard, 5/8/72, S39, Eric Walker requests it and refers to it as 'Hills to Echo'. See also variation.
When our huntsman gathers sounds in the mom,

"Ark ark how melodious is om e doth sound;"

And with a shrill echo calls the sportsmen away,

Prepare to the fields, lads, to the fields let's away.

Then we'll join in full chorus with an echo we'll sing,

For we'll make the woods (h)echo and the valleys to ring,

And the valleys to ring and the valleys to ring,

For we'll make the woods (h)echo and the valleys to ring,

For we'll make the woods (h)echo and the valleys to ring.

Variations

And to all honest sent Long
"The Greatest Cricketer" (f)

O good evening Fulwood friends

1234
IV 1 - 4
1130 4

Albert Broadhead 12/4/70

"It were more of a recitation ... It weren't much when it were sung."

O good evening Ful'ood friends, of course you all know me, I'm the greatest cricketer you ever did see. When 'Ammond saw me 'is face did beam, He said, I'll put you in the Australian team.

"Words were very good, the way they fitted in."

Note
Albert learnt this from a local cricketer now dead.
O good evening Fulford friends, of course you all know me,

I'm the greatest cricketer you ever did see.

When 'Ammond saw me his face did beam,

He said, I'll put you in the Australian team.
The Irish Rover

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six

Standard

<p>| | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>I - 3</td>
<td></td>
<td>4 bars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 105</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Albert Broadhead 12/4/70

In the year of our Lord eighteen 'undred and six
we set sail from the fair Cove of Cork.
We were bound for New York with a cargo of (greaves?)
for the fair city hall of New York.
In a very fine craft, she were rigged fore and aft,
and ho 'ow the wild winds drove her.
She had twenty-seven masts and withstood seven blasts,
and they called her the Irish Rover.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lea,
there was Hogan from County Tyrone;
And a chap called McGurk who was scared stiff of work,
and a chap, one that we called Malone.
There was Slogger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule,
and fightin' Bill Tracy from Dover.
There was Dooley from Claire who was strong as a bear,
and was skipper of the Irish Rover.

We sailed seven years and the measles broke out,
and the ship lost its way in a fog;
And the whole of the crew was reduced to two,
'twas meself and the Captain's old dog;
And the ship struck a rock, O Lord what a shock,
and 0 she keeled right over.
[Hums] . . . and the poor dog was drowned,
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

"You forgot words."
In the year of our Lord eight hundred and six,
we set sail from the fair Cove of Cork.

We were bound for New York with a cargo of graves,
for the fair city hall of New York.

In a very fine craft, she were rigged fore and aft,
and how the wild winds drove her.

She had twenty-seven masts and withstood seven blasts,
and they called her the Irish Rover.

Variation

over...
Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay

Standard
IV VI\# - 8 2 bars
196 and 72 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
Albert Broadhead and chorus 19/9/72

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
Do you ken John Peel when he's far far away*?
Do you ken John Peel when he's far far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oftimes led.
For Peel's 'view halloo' would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Now I ken John Peel, Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman true.
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a den in the morning.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oftimes led.
For Peel's 'view halloo' would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Now here's to John Peel with me heart and soul.
We'll drink to his health, we'll finish the bowl;
For we'll follow John Peel through fair and through foul
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oftimes led.
For Peel's 'view halloo' would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

*Others sing 'at the break of day'.
Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay?

Do you ken John Peel when he's far far a-way?

Do you ken John Peel when he's far far a-way

With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Variations

I a 1

II b 2 passion

hen's to John Peel with me . . . of-times led For . . .
Larboard Watch (inc)  

At dreary midnight's cheerless hour

Standard (inflected 4#) ABCDEFGHIJK
IV# V - 8 444444444343
\( \sqrt{96^+} \) 4 and 3 4
\( \sqrt{4} \) 4 and 4
Albert and Bernard Broadhead 12/4/70

At dreary midnight's cheerless hour, deserted e'en by Cynthia's beams,
When tempests beat and torrents pour,
and twinkling stars no longer gleam,
The weary sailor, spent in toil, clings firmly to the weather shroud;
And still the lengthened hour to guile,
and still the lengthened hour to guile,
Sings as he views the gathering clouds,
Sings as he views the gathering clouds,
Larboard Watch a-hoy! Larboard Watch a-hoy!
But who can speak the joy he feels,
while o'er the foam his vessel reels,
And his tired eyelids slumberin' forth,
he rouses at the welcome call of
Larboard Watch a-hoy!
Larboard Watch, Larboard Watch,
Larboard Watch a-hoy!

"But they're very good. One's a tenor an' the other's a baritone."

Note
Albert learnt this from Walter Taylor and Leo Nelson. Bernard's harmony is pitched rather vaguely, but is usually a third below. At 1e3 and 4 it is indecipherable.
At dreary mid-nights cheer-less hour, des-erted e'en by—Cynthia's brow,

When tempests beat and torrents pour, and twinkling stars no—longer gleam,

The weary sail-ors, spent in toil, clings firmly to the—weath-er-shroud;

And still the long-thired hour to guide, and still the long-thired hour to guide,

Sings as he views the gather-ing clouds,

Sings as he views the gather-ing clouds,

Lar-board Watch a-hoy! lar-board Watch a-hoy!

But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the from his ves-sel sails,

And his tired eye-lids slum-berin'forth, he rouses at the wel-come call of

Lar-board Watch a-hoy!

Lar-board Watch, lar-board Watch,

Lar-board Watch a-hoy!
"A Lift on the Way" (inc)

So what's the use of fretching lad

Standard

VII# V - 6 2 bars
-175 4
-175 4

Albert and Bernard Broadhead 12/4/70

So what's the use of fretching [worrying], lad, this life's none so long,*
And if you'll gather round I'll try me hand at a song.
It may be a guiding glimmer to some wanderer astray,
Or happily give some poor ol' soul a lift on the way,
A lift on the way, a lift on the way,
Or happily give some poor ol' soul a lift on the way.

Life's road's full o' rocks, it's very slushy and it's dree [dry],
An' monya worn out limper ligs [lays] 'im down there to dee;
An' floundrin' low int' gutter looked round 'im with dismay,
To see if owt int' world can gi' a lift on the way.
A lift on the way, a lift on the way,
To see if owt int' world can gi' a lift on the way.

"That last verse is very good but I don't know . . ."

So whate'er thou dost with kindness at the close of the day,
An' angels up above will gi' 'im a lift on the way.

"That's an old Lancashire one."

* Tape off for most of the first line.

Note

They learnt it from Walter Taylor. A Lancashire accent is consciously attempted.
So what's the use of toil-ing, lad, this life's none so long,
And if you'll gather round I'll try me hand at a song.
It may be a guiding glimmer to some wanderer a-stray,
Or happily give some poor old soul a lift on the way.
A lift on the way, a lift on the way;
Or happily give some poor old soul a lift on the way.
The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill

I am thinking tonight of the old rustic bridge

Standard (inflected 4♯)  
ABCBDB

VII ♯  
IV - 5  
777767

Albert, Bernard and Ethel Broadhead  12/4/70

[Albert leads. Bernard immediately comments that the pitch is too high.]

I am thinking tonight of the old rustic bridge,
that bends o'er the murmuring stream.
'Twas there, Maggie dear, with a heart full of cheer,
we strayed 'neath moon's gentle beam.
'Twas there I first met you, the light in your eye
awoke in my heart a sweet thrill.
Though now far away will my thoughts fondly stray

to the old rustic bridge by the mill.
Beneath it the stream gently ripples,
around it the birds love to trill.
Though now far away will my thoughts fondly stray
to the old rustic bridge by the mill.

[Bernard leads.]

I keep in my memory a love of the past,
to me 'tis as bright, dear, of old.
Yet deep in my heart it was planted to last,
in absence it never grows cold.
I think of you, darling, when lonely at night,
and when all is peaceful and still.
My heart wanders back in a dream of delight
to the old rustic bridge by the mill.
Beneath it the stream gently ripples,
around it the birds love to trill.
Though now far away will my thoughts fondly stray
to the old rustic bridge by the mill.

Albert; "It's a very wild high tune that, I think."

Note
A neighbour called May also joined in. Bernard sings a harmony
in the second chorus, which is superimposed on the transcription.
See The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill, Sportsman, Lodge Moor,
3/10/70, S15, 4/3/72, S35, 29/7/72, S38, 5/8/72, S39 and
19/9/72, S41.
I am thinking to-night of the old rustic bridge,
that bends o'er the murmuring stream.

Twas there, Maggie dear, with a heart full of cheer,
we strayed near the moon's gentle beam.

Twas there I first met you, the light in your eye
awoke in my heart - a sweet thrill.

Though now far away will my thoughts fondly stray
to the old rustic bridge - by the mill.

Beneath it the stream gently ripples,
a-round it the birds - love to trill.

Though now far away will my thoughts fondly stray
to the old rustic bridge - by the mill.
"Holmfirth Anthem"

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking

Standard (inflected 4#) AABC

VIb V - 8 4442

J 75 and 60 4 4

Albert, Bernard and Ethel Broadhead 12/4/70

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,
'twas on a summer's, summer's evening clear.
Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,
'twas on a summer's, summer's evening clear.
'Twas there I beheld a most beautiful damsel
lamenting for her shepherd dear,
Lamenting for her shepherd dear.

The dearest evening that e'er I beheld thee,
evermore with the lass I adore.
The dearest evening that e'er I beheld thee,
evermore with the lass I adore.
Wilt thou go fight yon French and Spaniards,
wilt thou leave me thus my dear?
Wilt thou leave me thus my dear?

No more to yon green banks will I tak' thee,
with pleasure for to rest thyself and view the land.
No more to yon green banks will I tak' thee,
with pleasure for to rest thyself and view the land.
But I will tak' thee to yon green garden
where those pratty flowers grow,
Where those pratty, pratty flowers grow.
But I will tak' thee to yon green garden
where those pratty flowers grow,
Where those pratty, pratty flowers grow.

Note
Where there are harmonies Albert and Ethel sing the top part.
See also Pratty Flowers, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 3/10/70, S15, 4/3/72, S35, 1/7/72, S37, 29/7/72, S38, 5/8/72, S39, 19/9/72, S41, 7/11/70, C21; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3 and C4, 5/12/71, C41, 26/5/71, S27; and at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70 and 12/12/70, C5.
A broad for pleasure as I was a-walking,
'twas on a summer's, summer's evening clear.
A broad for pleasure as I was a-walking,
'twas on a summer's, summer's evening clear.
'Twas there I behold a most beautiful damsel
la-ment- ing for her shepherd clear,
La-ment-ing for her shepherd clear.

Variations
The dear- est... ever more with the...
But I will take thee to... But I will take thee to...
The Rosy Morn

"Bright Rosy Morning"

There's a bright rosy morning creeps over yon hill

Standard

VII

III - 5

160

3

4

Albert Broadhead and chorus

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

19/9/72

There's a bright rosy morning creeps over yon hill,
With boughs adorning o'er the meadow and hill;
And the merry, merry, merry huntsman cries come, come away,
Awake from your slumbers, awake from your slumbers
and hail this bright day.

See the hare rise before us and away she do fly,
How she pants to yon cover with the hounds in full cry.
Then let us, let us now* follow the musical chase,
With pleasure and vigour, with pleasure and vigour
our sport to embrace.

Now the day's sport is over, let the blood circulate,
And give to each lover fresh charms for the night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, let love crown the night
and sport crown the day.

*Albert realises he has begun the third line of the last stanza by mistake and corrects himself. He usually sings 'Crying follow, follow, follow the musical chase'.

Note

Douglas Marsden leads off with the first verse again immediately after the song is finished. Either he intends it as an encore or is trying to show, albeit unsuccessfully, that the first couplet should be repeated.
See The Rosy Morn, Albert Broadhead, 12/4/70, S4. He sings from
Huntors' Songs, Holme Valley Boggles Hunt (Holmfirth, 1948), p.10, and varies at the following places

Id 'choose a new day'
IIa 'The stag runs before us'
IIb 'As she pants through each'
IIia 'Now the day's well spent'

See also versions at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13;
4/3/72, S35; 29/7/72, S38; 5/8/72, S39.
Then's a bright rosy morn' ing creeps over you hill,

With blush-es a clorn' ing o'er the mea slons and hill;

And the mer -ry, mer -ry, mer -ry hunts-man cries come,— come a way,—

A wake from your slum-bers, a wake from your slum-bers

and hail this bright day.

Variations
I a 3  III d 4

way she do... night and...
In Banbridge town in the County Down one morning last July,
Down a bowling green came a sweet colleen,
and she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so neat in her two bare feet
through the sheen of her nut brown hair;
Such a coaxing girl that I shook myself to see I was really there.
From Bantry Bay up to Derrikay [?] and from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I see like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped, sure, I shook my head
and I said with a feeling rare,
Who's the maid, said I to a passerby,
who's the maid with the nut brown hair?
'E looked at me and 'e said, said 'e, She's the gem in Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McGann from the banks of the Bann,
she's the star of the County Down.
From Bantry Bay up to Derrikay and from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I see like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down.

At the 'arvest fair I'll surely be there
an' I'll dress in me Sunday clothes,
Wi' me 'at cocked right and me shoes shone bright
for a smile from me nut brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke nor horse I'll yoke till . . . [hums]
Be me own fireside sits the smiling bride,
sits the star of the County Down.
From Bantry Bay up to Derrikay and from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I see like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down.

"One that John McCormack made really famous."

**Note**
Bernard joins in with the chorus. He sings a harmony some of the
time which is very unclear.
In Banbridge town in the County Down one morning last July

Down a bowling green came a sweet colleen and she smiled as she passed me by

She looked so sweet in her two bare feet through the sheen of her nut-brown hair

Such a cooing girl that I shook me self to see I was really there

From Bantry Bay up to Derri-kay and from Galway to Doolin town

No maid I see like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down
We're No Awa' tae Bide Awa'  

Standard  

IV #  1 - 9  
100  4 4  

Sportsman, Lodge Moor  

Albert Broadhead  29/7/72  

We're no awa' tae bide awa',*  
We're no awa' tae leave ya.  
O we're no awa' tae bide awa',  
Till I come back and see ya.  

O when I was walkin' down the street yan day  
I met wi' Geordie Corby.  
Says 'e to me, You go a-home?  
Said I, That's just ma hobby.  

O we noo awa' tae bide a-wa',  
We no awa' tae leave ya.  
For we noo awa' to bide awa',  
Till I come back and see ya.  

* The opening phrase was not recorded.  

Note  
Albert affects a Scottish accent, for example he pronounces 'I' as 'Ah'.
0 when I was walkin' down the street one day

I met wi' Geordie Corby.

Says 'e to me, You go a-home?

Said I, That's just ma hob-by.
I'll sing of a song that is dear to my heart

Standard (inflected 4°)  

VII  

V - 6  

4 bars  

1 126 and 84  

6 and 4  

Sportsman, Lodge Moor  

Bernard Broadhead and chorus  

5/8/72

I'll sing of a song that is dear to my heart
of a place where I always would dwell,
And if you will kindly lend me your ear
a few of its beauties I'll tell,
In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,
how well do I love thee, how well do I love thee,
Beautiful dale, home of the Swale, beautiful, beautiful dale.

It's far, far away from the noise and the din of collieries and factories and mills.*
From the bustle and strife of town life shut in by verdant and radiant hills;
In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,
how well do I love thee, how well do I love thee,
Beautiful dale, home of the Swale, beautiful, beautiful dale.

How often as boys have we wandered along beside the river so dear.
The birds never failing to sing their sweet song and lend a charm to your ear,
In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,
how well do I love thee, how well do I love thee,
Beautiful dale, home of the Swale, beautiful, beautiful dale.

And if fate compells me to leave the dear spot*
in other lands far away roam,*
My earnest wish whate'er be my lot is to end my days there at 'ome,
In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,
how well do I love thee, how well do I love thee,
Beautiful dale, home of the Swale, beautiful, beautiful dale.

* 'Order' is called for.

Note

Bernard is applauded.
I'll sing of a song that is dear to my heart
of a place where I always would dwell,

And if you will kindly lend me your ear
a few of its beauties I'll tell,

In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,

How well do I love thee, how well do I love thee,

Beautiful, beautiful dale, home of the Swale,
I'm a decent young widow I come from the spot
in Dublin they call it the Coombes.
Me shop and me stall are both out on the street,
and me palace consists of one room.
At Patrick's Street corner for forty-five years
I stood there, I'm telling no lie,
An' as I stood there nobody would dare
to say green was the white in my eye.

You can travel from Clare to the County Kildare,
from Drogheda right down to Macroom,
But where would you see a fine widow like me,
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombes, me boys,
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombes?

"Haven't you heard that one?"

I sell apples and oranges, nuts and split peas,
I sell bulls' eyes and sugar sticks sweet.
On Saturday night I sell second hand clothes
from me stall at the top of the street.
I sell fish on a Friday, laid out on a board,
all codfish and beautiful ray,
And herrin's and mackerel, O herrin's so sweet,
that once lived in dear Dublin Bay.

You can travel from Clare to the County Kildare,
from Drogheda right down to Macroom,
But where would you see a fine widow like me,
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombes, me boys,
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombes?
I have a son Mick and he plays on the fife,
he plays in the Longford Town Band.
It would do your heart good just to see him step out,
when the band goes to Ballymount Strand.
In the park on a Sunday I cut quite a dash,
all the neighbours look on in surprise.
Wi' me new paisley shawl an' me bonnet so high,
sure, I dazzle the light in their eye.

You can travel from Clare to the County Kildare,
from Drogheda right down to Macroom,
But where would you see a fine widow like me,
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombes, me boys,
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombes?

"I thought you'd heard that one."
I'm a decent young widow, I come from the spot,
in Dublin they call 'tis the Coombes.

Me shop and me stall are both out on the street,
and me palace consists of one room.

At Patrick's Street corner for forty-five years
I stood there, I'm telling no lie,
'Kn' as I stood there nobody would dare
to say green was the white in my eye.

You can travel from Clare to the County Kildare,
from Drogheda right down to Macroom,

But where would you see a fine widow like me,
Bid-'dy Mul-ti-gan, the pride of the Coombes, me boy, Bid-'dy Mul-ti-gan, the pride of the Coombes?
'Twas there I learnt reading and writing

Standard ABABAB

VIb V - 5 886688

3 4

Bernard Broadhead and chorus 4/3/72

('Twas there I learnt reading and writing)*

at Bill Bracket's where I went to school.

'Twas there I learnt shooting [shouting] and fighting with me schoolmaster Mr O'Toole. Him and me, we had many a scrimmage, and devil the copy I wrote. There was ne'er a gassoon [boy] in the village dare tread on the tail of me Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay, There was ne'er a gassoon in the village dare tread on the tail of my coat.

[Makes a false start repeating first line of first verse.] There I sought all me courting and the lessons I took in the hand; While Cupid the blackguard was sportin', an arrow shot straight through me heart. This Judy O'Connor, she gives me a scream and tender eyes to 'er I roll. If you dare say one hard word agin 'er I'll tread on the tail of your Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay, If you dare say one hard word agin 'er I'll tread on the tail of your coat.

Then a blackguard named Micky Maloney, came and stole 'er affections away. He'd money and I hadn't any [any] so I wrote him a challenge next day. That evening we met at the woodbine, the Shannon we crossed in a boat, An' I lathered 'im with me shillelagh, for he trod on the tail of me Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay, An' I lathered 'im with me shillelagh, for he trod on the tail of me coat.

* This first phrase is inaudible and has been interpolated from the false start Bernard makes to the second verse.
Now me fame spread abroad through the nation,
and folks came a flocking to see,
And they cried out without hesitation
'E's a fighting man, Billy McGee,
'E's cleaned off the Finnegans faction,
'e's licked all the Murphys afloat.
If you're in for a row or a ruction just tread on the tail of me coat,
Mush mush mush too-rali-addy, sing mush mush mush too-rali-ay
If you're in for a row or a ruction
just tread on the tail of me coat, by God!

Note
Bernard says that he learnt it 'in the bars' in Ireland.
'Twas there I learnt reading and writing

Standard       ABABAB

VIb        V - 5     888688
| 162        3          Sportsman, Lodge Moor
| 4

Bernard Broadhead and chorus  4/3/72

('Twas there I learnt reading and writing)*

at Bill Bracket's where I went to school.
'Twas there I learnt shooting [shouting] and fighting
with me schoolmaster Mr O'Toole.

Him and me, we had many a scrimmage, and devil the copy I wrote.

There was ne'er a gassoon [boy] in the village
dare tread on the tail of me
Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,
There was ne'er a gassoon in the village
dare tread on the tail of me coat.

[Makes a false start repeating first line of first verse.]

There I sought all me courting and the lessons I took in the hand;
While Cupid the blackguard was sportin',
an arrow shot straight through me heart.

This Judy O'Connor, she gives me a scream
and tender eyes to 'er I roll.
If you dare say one hard word agin 'er I'll tread on the tail of your
Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,
If you dare say one hard word agin 'er
I'll tread on the tail of your coat.

Then a blackguard named Micky Maloney,
came and stole 'er affections away.
He'd money and I hadn't any [any] so I wrote him a challenge next day.
That evening we met at the woodbine, the Shannon we crossed in a boat,
An' I lathered 'im with me shillelagh, for he trod on the tail of me
Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,
An' I lathered 'im with me shillelagh,
for he trod on the tail of me coat.

* This first phrase is inaudible and has been interpolated from the
false start Bernard makes to the second verse.
Now me fame spread abroad through the nation,
and folks came a flocking to see,
And they cried out without hesitation
'E's a fighting man, Billy McGee.
'E's cleaned off the Finnegan faction,
'e's licked all the Murphys afloat.
If you're in for a row or a ruction just tread on the tail of me coat,
Mush mush mush too-ra-li-addy, sing mush mush mush too-ra-li-ay,
If you're in for a row or a ruction
just tread on the tail of me coat, by God!

Note
Bernard says that he learnt it 'in the bars' in Ireland.
O I went to Blaydon Races

123457# ABAC ABAD
V - VI↑ V - 5 4444 4446
312 6
Bernard Broadhead 12/4/70

O I went to Blaydon Races, 'twas on the ninth of June,
In eighteen hundred and sixty-two of a summer's afternoon.
I took the bus to Balm bra, an' she was heavy laden,
Away we went down Collingwood Street, that's on the way to Blaydon.

O lads, you should 'a' seen us gannin',
Passin' the folk along the road just as they were stannin'.
There were lots of lads and lasses there, all with smilin' faces,
Gannin' along the Scotswood Road to gan' an' see Blaydon Races.

We flew past Armstrong's factory and off to the Robin Adair.
Just gannin' along the railway bridge, the bus wheel flew off there.
The lasses lost their crinolines and the veils that hide their faces.
I got two black eyes an' a broken nose in goin' to Blaydon Races.

Now when we got the wheel put on, away we went again,
An' them that 'ad, their noses broke they went back home again.
Some went to the dispensary and some to Doctor Gibbs's,
An' some to the Infirmary to mend their broken ribses.

O me lads, you should 'a' seen us gannin',
Passin' the folk along the road just as they were stannin'.
There were lots of lads and lasses there, all with smilin' faces,
Gannin' along the Scotswood Road to see the Blaydon Races.
Now when we got to Paradise a bonny gam begun,
There was four and twenty on the bus, man, hoo we danced an' sung.
They ca'd on me to sing a song, I sang 'em "Paddy Fagan"
I danced a jig an' I swung me twig that day I went to Blaydon.

O me lads, you should 'a' seen us gannin',
Passin' the folk alang the road just as they were stannin'.
There were lots of lads and lasses there, all with smilin' faces,
Gannin' along the Scotswood Road to see the Blaydon Races.

The rain it poured all the day an' made the ground quite muddy.
Coffy John 'e 'ad a white hat on, the yan who stole the coddy.
There was spice stalls an' monkey shows, an ol' man selling cider,
An' a chap with a hoopenny roundabout shootin', Noo, ma lads, for riders.

O me lads, you should 'a' seen us gannin',
Passin' the folk alang the road just as they were stannin'.
There were lots of lads and lasses there, all with smilin' faces,
Gannin' along the Scotswood Road to see the Blaydon Races.

Note
Bernard affects a Tyneside accent pronouncing, for example,
home as 'hooam', noses as 'nooases', and again as 'ageean'.

O I went to Blay-don Rac-es, 'twas on the ninth of June,
In eigh-ten hun-dred and six-ty two of a sum-mer's after - noon.

I took the bus to Balm-bra, an' she was heav-ly la-den,
A - way we went down Col-ling-wood Street, that's on the way to Blay - don.

O lads, you should 'a' seen us gan - nin,
Pas-sin' the folk a - lang the road just as they were stan - nin?

There were lots of lads an' las-sies there, all with smil - lin' fac-es,
Gan - nin a - long the Scots-wood Road to gan an' see Blay - don Rac-es.

Variations

O me... just as they were...
Now Brian O'Lynn had no trousers to wear

Standard

IV #  V - 6 2 bars
6 280 6

Bernard Broadhead with Albert 13/5/73

Now Brian O'Lynn 'ad no trousers to wear,
So they bought 'im a sheepskin to make 'im a pair.
The skin on the outside, the fur on the in,
'Twill be well to my bottom, said Brian O'Lynn.

It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Lynn, it'll do.
For 'e 'ad a three angled iron pin
To wallop 'is mother, 'ad Brian O'Lynn.
It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Lynn, it'll do.

Now Brian O'Lynn and 'is wife's wife's mother,
They all went across to the church together.
The church was full, they couldn't get in.
We'll pray to the devil, said Brian O'Lynn.

It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Lynn, it'll do.
For 'e 'ad a three angled iron pin
To wallop 'is mother, 'ad Brian O'Lynn.
It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Lynn, it'll do.

Now Brian O'Lynn and 'is wife's wife's mother,
They all went fishing one day together.
They caught a fish, it fell back in,
We'll swim for the devil, said Brian O'Lynn.

It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Lynn, it'll do.
For 'e 'ad a three angled iron pin
To wallop 'is mother, 'ad Brian O'Lynn.
It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Lynn, it'll do.

Note
Bernard learnt the song from George Moffat who was of Irish extraction.
Now Brian O'Lynn 'ad no trousers to wear,
So they bought 'im a sheep-skin to make 'im a pair.
The skin on the outside, the fur on the in,
'Twill be well to my bottom, said Brian O'Lynn.
It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Lynn, it'll do.
For 'e 'ad a three ang-ledd iron pin
To ward off his mother, said Brian O'Lynn.
It'll do, it'll do,
Said Brian O'Lynn, it'll do.

Variations

wife's wife's mother They... church together. The... Brian O'Lynn, it'll...
The Christmas Tree

Who comes this way so blithe and gay

Standard (inflected 4#)  ABCC' DEEFFG
VII - 1#  V - 5  4 bars
120  4  Sportsman, Lodge Moor
4

Bernard Broadhead and chorus  28/11/70

Who comes this way so blithe and gay upon a merry Christmas Day,
So merrily, so cheerily, with 'is peaked hat and 'is reindeer sleigh?
With lots of toys for girls and boys as pretty as you e'er did see,
O welcome Santa Claus's man, Chris Cringle with the Christmas tree.

And jingle, jingle, jing-a-jing-a-jing, right merry shall you be,
And jingle, jingle, come this way, comes with the Christmas tree,
And welcome, welcome, welcome Chris, right welcome shall you be;
O here he is, yes, yes, he is, yes, yes, with the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree,
the Christmas tree.

His sleigh bells ring with a merry jing
as o'er the roofs the reindeer spring.
Gee up, gee ho, how swift they go over the ice and the drifts of snow.
For he must call on one and all, his master's pretty pets, you see,
O welcome Santa Claus's man, Chris Cringle with the Christmas tree.

And jingle, jingle, jing-a-jing-a-jing, right merry shall you be,
And jingle, jingle, come this way, comes with the Christmas tree,
And welcome, welcome, welcome Chris, right welcome shall you be;
O here he is, yes, yes, he is, yes, yes, with the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree,
the Christmas tree.
With cakes and plums, trumpets and drums,
and lots of pretty things he comes,
So now be quick, your places take and all a merry circle make.
For now he's here he'll soon appear, and his jolly face you'll see.
O welcome Santa Claus's man, Chris Cringle with the Christmas tree.

And jingle, jingle, jing-a-jing-a-jing, right merry shall you be,
And jingle, jingle, come this way, comes with the Christmas tree,
And welcome, welcome, welcome Chris, right welcome shall you be;
O here he is, yes, yes, he is, yes, yes, with the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree,
the Christmas tree.

[Applause]

Note
See The Christmas Tree, Billy Mills, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42; Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2; Peacock, 12/12/70, C5; Royal, Dungworth, Charlie Fretwell, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, and 5/12/71, C40.
Who comes this way so blithe and gay
Up on a merry Christmas Day,
So merrily, so cheerily, with his peaked hat and his reindeer sleigh?

With lots of toys for girls and boys as pretty as you ever did see,

O welcome Santa Claus's man, Chris Cringle with the Christmas Tree.


And jingle, jingle, jing-a-jing-a-jing, right merrily shall you be,

And jingle, jingle, come this way, comes with the Christmas Tree,

And welcome, welcome, welcome Chris, right welcome shall you be,

O here he is, yes, yes, he is, yes, yes, with the Christmas Tree,

The Christmas Tree, the Christmas Tree, the Christmas Tree, the Christmas Tree.
"I only know about three verses in this Derby Ram job. It's not one of my favourites. You see, I don't know what follows what actually."

As I was going to Derby, 'twas on a market day,
I saw the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay,
Singing hay ringle dangle, hay ringle day,
It was the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay.

The space between his horns, Sir, was far as a man could reach,
An' there they built a pulpit for the parson there to preach,
Singing hay ringle dangle, hay ringle day,
It was the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay.

"Something about, it stretched right over to Ireland and rang St. Patrick's Bell. I just forgot the start of the verse."

Little boys of Derby come beggin' for 'is eyes,
To kick about the streets, Sir, for they were football size,
Singing hay ringle dangle, hay ringle day,
It was the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay.

Believe me this is true, Sir, I never was taught to lie,
An' if you'd 'ave been in Derby, Sir, You'd 'ave seen it as well as I,
Singing hay ringle dangle, hay ringle day,
It was the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay.

Note
Ethel joins in the chorus.
As I was going to Derby, 'twas on a market day,
I saw the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay,
Singing hay mingle mingle, hay mingle day;
It was the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay.

The space... for as a man could...
A Fine Hunting Day

It's a fine hunting day, it's as balmy as May

Standard

II

1 - 8

4 bars

Bernard Broadhead with Ethel Broadhead 14/3/70

"I'll sing thee an 'unting song, but it's quite a long one."

It's a fine hunting day, it's as balmy as May,
and the hounds to the village they come.
All friends will be there, and all trouble and cares
will be left far be'ind and at 'ome.
See servants and steeds on their way,
and the huntsmen their scarlet display.
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
0 we'll all go out hunting today.
We'll all go out hunting today,
all nature is balmy and gay;
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
an' we'll all go out hunting today.

There's a doctor in boots, with a breakfast that suits
him o' good home brewed ale and good beef;
And 'is patients in pain say, We've come once again
to consult you in hope of relief.
To the rich he prescribed and took pay,
to the poor 'e advice gave away;
But to each one 'e said, You will shortly be dead
if you don't go out hunting today.
We'll all go out hunting today,
all nature is balmy and gay;
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
an' we'll all go out hunting today.

Father Hodge to his dame says, I'm sixty and lame,
times are hard yet my rent I must pay;
But I don't care a jot if I raise rent or not,
I must go out hunting today.
Thoro's a hare in yon planting, they say,
I'll find 'im an' got 'im away;
And be first up the hill and try hard for the kill,
for I must go out hunting today.
We'll all go out hunting today,
all nature is balmy and gay;
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
an' we'll all go out hunting today.
As the justice in court he gets wynd of the sport, an' the lawyers apply to adjourn.
No witness is 'eard, an' there's none found at all, they've followed the hounds and the horn.
Says his worship, Great fine they must pay if they will not our summons obey;
But it's not a bad sport so we'll close up the court, an' we'll all go out hunting today.
We'll all go out hunting today, all nature is balmy and gay,
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along, an' we'll all go out hunting today.

As the village bells chime, there's a wedding at nine, an' the parson unites the fond pair.
He hears the sweet sound of the horn and the hound, an' he knows that it's time to be there.
Says 'e, For your welfare I pray, but I regret I no longer can stay.
You are safely made one, I must quickly be gone, for I must go out hunting today.
We'll all go out hunting today, all nature is balmy and gay,
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along, an' we'll all go out hunting today.

Note
Ethel joins in the chorus. The melody in the first and third bars of phrase C are interchanged in verses IV and V.
It's a fine hunting day, it's as balm-y as May,
and the hounds to the village they come.

All friends will be there, and all troubles and cares
will be left far behind and at home.

See servants and steward on their way,
and the huntsmen their scarlet display.

We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
Oh we'll all go out hunting today.

We'll all go out hunting today,
al nature is balm-y and gay;
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
and we'll all go out hunting today.
Have you ever been in love, me boys, or have you felt the pain?
I'd rather be in gaol, me boys, than be in love again.
The girl I knew was beautiful, I'll have you all to know,
And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort of creature, boys, that nature did intend
To walk right through the world, me boys, without a 'Grecian bend' [stoop].
Nor did she wear a 'shenial' [shawl], I'll have you all to know,
And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

Says I, My pretty Kathleen, I'm tired of single life,
And if you've no objection I'll make you my sweet wife.
She answered me quite modestly and curtsied very low,
Sure I'll marry you in the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort of creature, boys, that nature did intend
To walk right through the world, me boys, without a 'Grecian bend'.
Nor did she wear a 'shenial', I'll have you all to know,
And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

And now that we are married and we're blessed with children three.
Two girls just like their mother and the other the image of me;
And when I taught them all the way, the way that they should go,
And to dig in the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort of creature, boys, that nature did intend
To walk right through the world, me boys, without a 'Grecian bend'.
Nor did she wear a 'shenial', I'll have you all to know,
And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

Note
Requested by Billy Mills. "'Mort 'er in the garden', Bernard."
Have you ever been in love, me boys, or have you felt the pain?

I'd rather be in gaol, me boys, than be in love again.

The girl I knew was beautiful, I'll have you all to know,

And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort of creature, boys, that nature did intend

To walk right through the world, me boys, without a Grecian bend.

Nor did she wear a 'shenial', I'll have you all to know,

And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.
O night and day I'm dreaming of the hills of Donegal

The heather on the hillside and the sun shines over all;
And 'tis westward I be going across the ocean blue,
To win again the happy hours that long ago I knew,
that long ago I knew.

O hills of Donegal, to thee we live and call,
In every dream that wonderful the wild and lonely sea;
And please God, if he so will, soon I'll see my Irish hills,
The hills of Donegal so dear to me.

I mind the laughing valleys that look up at dawn of day,
And watch the sunlight creeping on the rugged crest away;
An' I mind the linnets trilling when the dark cloud lifts and goes,
And the sun shines in the heather to the waiting hearts below,
to the waiting hearts below.

O hills of Donegal, to thee we live and call,
In every dream that wonderful the wild and lonely sea;
And please God, if he so will, soon I'll see my Irish hills,
The hills of Donegal so dear to me.
The hills of Donegal so dear to me.

Note
Bernard is applauded. The second verse finishes in the top octave.
O night and day I'm dreaming of the hills of Donegal.

The heather on the hill-side and the sun shines over all;

And 'tis west-ward I be going a-cross the ocean blue,

To win again the happy hours that long ago I knew that long ago I knew

O hills — of Donegal to thee we live and call.

In every dream that wonderful the wild and lonely sea;

And please God, if he so will, soon I'll see my Irish hills,

The hills — of Donegal so dear to me

Variation 1

The hills — of Donegal so dear to me.
Hooley in the Kitchen

Come all ye maids and men and to me pay attention

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IV# - V</th>
<th>V - 6</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>196</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Bernard Broadhead with Ethel Broadhead

Come all ye maids and men and to me pay attention,
Don't ever fall in love, it's the devil's own invention.
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitching,
Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kerry's kitchen.
With a tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy.
Tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy.

At the age of seventeen I was apprenticed to a grocer,
Not far from Stephen's Green where Miss Henry used to go, Sir.
'Er manners were sublime, she set my heart a-twitching;
Then she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen.
With a tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy,
Tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy.

Next Sunday being the day we were to have a flare up,
I dressed myself quite gay and I smartened all my hair up. [hesitates]
The Captain 'ad no wife, 'e 'ad gone out fishing,
And we kicked up 'igh life downstairs in the kitchen.
With a tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy,
Tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy.

With me arms around 'er waist I slyly hinted marriage.
To the door in dreadful haste came the Captain in 'is carriage.
'Er eyes soon filled with 'ate, with poison she was spitting,
When the Captain through the gate walked straight into the kitchen.
With a tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy,
Tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy.

I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial.
For 'er sauce she did indict me and I was sent for trial.
She said I'd robbed the house, in spite of all 'er screeching,
An' I got six months gaol for me courtin' in the kitchen.
With a tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy,
Tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy.

Note
Ethel joins in the chorus.
See Hooley in the Kitchen, Bernard Broadhead, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38 and 30/1/71, S24.
Come all ye maids and men and to me pay attention, don't ever fall in love it's the devil's own invention.

Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitching, Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Ker-ry's kitchen.


Variation
Vd2

galo— for me ...
"If You Ever Go to Ireland"

Pardon me, stranger, I know you from Ireland,
Ireland my home of the green emerald isle,
And I'm thinking that someday you'll go back to Ireland,
If you do, will you say, this we'd willed* with a smile?

If you ever go to Ireland will you take this message for me?
To a sweet old Irish lady, she's as sweet as an angel can be.
You'll find a white cot where the green shamrock grows,
where the mountains sweep down to the sea.
If you ever go to Ireland will you kiss my own mother for me?

* Unclear.
Par-don me, stranger, I know you from Ire-land,
Ire-land my home of the green em-erald isle,
And I'm think-ing that some-day you'll go back to Ire-land,
If you do, will you say, this we'd will-ed with a smile?
If you ev-er go to Ire-land will you take this mes-sage for me?
To a sweet old I-rish la-dy, she's as sweet as an an-gel can be.
You'll find a white cot where the green sham-rock grows,
where the moun-tains sweep down to the sea.
If you ev-er go to Ire-land, will you kiss my own moth-er for me?
"I'm Always Glad to See a Man Like Thee"

There's a pub just down our village street

Standard (inflected 4#) ABAC DEAC
VI III - V 4343 3343
165 and 140 4 4

Bernard Broadhead with Albert and Ethel 12/4/70

There's a pub just down our village street an' there I often go.
I like to meet me pals there every night.
The landlord is a pal of mine, each other well we know,
And with these words 'e greets me with delight —

I'm always glad to see a man like thee.
Thou'rt as welcome, thou'rt as welcome as can be.
Draw thee chair reet up to t'table, stop as long as thou art able.
I'm always glad to see a man like thee.

An' then I fell in love with a bonny village lass.
I thought o' nowt but her both night and day;
And every time I took a walk her cottage I would pass,
And she'd come to the door and then she'd say —

I'm always glad to see a man like thee.
Thou'rt as welcome, thou'rt as welcome as can be.
Draw thee chair reet up to t'table, stop as long as thou art able.
I'm always glad to see a man like thee.

One night I dreamt that I had died and got sent down to hell.
Old Nick himself received me on the spot.
He said, Come right inside, lad, all thee pals are here as well.
You should've seen the welcome that I got.

We're always glad to see a man like thee.
Thou'rt as welcome, thou'rt as welcome as can be.
Draw thee chair reet up to t'table, stop as long as thou art able.
We're always glad to see a man like thee.

Note
See "I'm Always Glad to See a Man Like Thee", Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14.
There's a pub just down our village street an' there I often go.

I like to meet me pals there every night.

The landlord is a pal of mine, each other well we know,

And with these words she greets me with delight—

In chorus

I'm always glad to see a man like thee.

They're as welcome, they're as welcome as can be.

Draw thee chair reet up to the table, stop as long as thou art able.

I'm always glad to see a man like thee.

Variations

II b2 passim

III d2

see a man like... seen thee welcome that I...
There is a jolly grinder that I know well

Standard (inflected 4#)  

<p>| | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>V - 6</td>
<td>4 bars</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Bernard Broadhead  

13/5/73

"This grinding song there used to be about three verses but I can just remember one."

There is a jolly grinder that I know well
an' 'e works down int' Union Wheel.
'E's a mug when 'e's paid but 'e's clever at 'is trade,
'is blades are best shear steel.
'E can work, 'e can play, 'e can grind care away
as much as any other fellow can.
'E can lend an' 'e can spend, 'e can grieve for a friend,
and still they say a grinder's not a man.

Albert: "There's summat in that you know ... There was a saying that a man, a grinder's not a man, more of an animal."

Bernard: "This Union Wheel where this fellow were, this was wheel down bottom of Corporation Street ... They used to go and hire these grindstones. They all used to do their own work, what they called out-workers like, you see."

Note

A literary version of the song appears in E. Darbyshire, Ballads (Sheffield, 1866).
There is a jolly grind-er that I know well

and 'tis works down into Un-ion Wheel.

Es'a mug when 'e's paid but 'e's clever at 'is trade,

'tis blades are best shear steel.

E can work, 'e can play, 'e can grind care a-way

as much as any other fellow can.

E can lend an' 'e can spend, 'e can grieve for a friend,

and still they say a grind-er's not a man.
Dear thoughts are in my mind and my soul's so enchanted

Standard

VIB IV - 6 4 bars

Bernard and Albert Broadhead 12/4/70

[Albert leads]

Dear thoughts are in my mind and my soul's so enchanted,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
'Tis this that bids my soul all its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

Albert: "Come on, Bernard." [Bernard leads]

I shall tell her of my love and of my adoration,
And I think she will hear me and she will not say me nay.
For her tender beaming smile to my hope has been granted,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

Albert: "A beautiful song."

Note

Although it is Albert who leads, it is Bernard's song, and Albert looks to him for help.
See The Lark in the Clear Air, Bernard Broadhead, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 4/3/72, S35. Bernard sings, "And tomorrow we shall hear all his promised news of the day", for Id.
Dear thoughts are in my mind and my soul's so enchanted,

As I hear the sweet love-sing in the clear air of the day.

'Tis this that bids my soul all its joyous elevation,

As I hear the sweet love-sing in the clear air of the day.

Variations (Bernard)

I shall tell her of my love and of my adoration,

And I think she will hear me and she will not say me nay.

For her tender beam-ing smile to my hope has been granted,

As I hear the sweet love-sing in the clear air of the day.
Men of Harlech

Standard

VII

V - 6

4 bars

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

5/8/72

Men of Harlech in the hollow, do you hear like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow, battle's distant shout?
'Tis the sound of Saxon foemen, Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen, they shall bite the ground.
Loose the fold asunder, flags we conquer under;
The placid* sky now bright on high shall launch its bolt in thunder.
Onward, 'tis our country needs us, he is bravest he who leads us.
Honour's self now proudly heads us, Cambria, God and right.

* Unclear.
Men of Har-lech in the hol-low, do you hear like rush-ing bil-low,

Wave on wave their sur-ging fol-lows, bat-tle's dis-tant shout?

'Tis the sound of Sax-on for-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men,

Be they knights or hinds or yeo-men, they shall bite the ground.

Loose the fold a-sun-der, flags we con-qu' rer un-der;

The plac-i ed sky now bright on high shall launch its bolt in thun-der.

On-ward, 'tis our coun-try needs us, he is brav'est he who leads us.

Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us, Cam-bria, God and right.
In that old fashioned town

Standard

III VI - 9 8 bars

Bernard Broadhead and chorus 4/3/72

(In that old fashioned town in that)* old fashioned place
in the dear little old fashioned farm.
I can see their old faces so tender and sweet,
and I love every wrinkle that's there.
I love every mouth in that old fashioned house
with its sweet --- as well.
Each --- and each ---, every trouble I bring
in that quaint little old fashioned town.

[Restarts same verse but stops after first phrase. Continues
after long pause with the third phrase of another verse.]

--- --- we must go,
my heart while it beats in my breast.
If e'er I may roam in that old fashioned home,
we'll fly back like a bird to its nest.

* Not recorded.

Note
The text is extremely difficult to transcribe. At the places where
there are gaps the words were inaudible.
In that old fashioned town
in that old fashioned place
in the dear little old fashioned farm.

I can see their old faces so tender and sweet,
and I love every wrinkle that's there.

I love every mouth in that old fashioned house
with its as well.

Each and each, every trouble I bring
in that quaint little old fashioned town.

Variklin

--- bird to its nest.
The Queen of Connemara (inc)  

When the boat's weighed down with fish

Standard

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{V} & \rightarrow \text{VI} \\
& \rightarrow \text{v} \\
\text{1200} & \\
6 & \\
8 & \\
\end{align*}
\]

Bernard Broadhead  

12/4/70

When the boat's weighed down with fish in the teeth of wind and weather,  
And she's out upon the ocean from midst Galway and Kinsale;  
And to me she will be binding, and to me we will be binding,  
o she leaps through the waves like a seagull in the gale.  
o she's neat, o she's sweet, she's a beauty every line,  
The Queen of Connemara is that bounding barque of mine.

Bernard: "I only know one verse."  
Albert: "It's a lovely tune that. It's a very great favourite in the west of Ireland."
When the boats weighed down with fish in the teeth of wind and weath-ers,

And she's out up-on the o-cean from midst Gal-way and Kin-sale;

And to me she will be bind-ing, and to me we will be bind-ing,

O she leaps through the waves - like a sea-gull in the gale.

O she's neat, O she's sweet, she's a beau-ti-ful ev-ery line,

The Queen of Con - me - ma-ra is that bound-ing barque of mine.
"The Extension of Swale Dale"

Beautiful Swale Dale, the land of my birth

Standard  ABAC ABAC
1       III - 3  4 bars
2  162  3  Sportsman, Lodge Moor
3  4
Bernard Broadhead and chorus  5/6/72

Beautiful Swale Dale, the land of my birth,
Beautiful Swale Dale not knowing thy worth,
Thy cattle and sheep and grass on the moors,
And pigg made o' lead bring in money like sho'ers. [showers]

Beautiful Swale Dale, land of rest,
Beautiful Swale Dale, I love thee the best.
Thy land it is set in a cultivate style,
The extension of Swale Dale is twenty long mile.

[Pause while 'time' is called.]

There's Low Row and Feetham stand close to the Swale,
They're two of the best places we have in the dale.
You can get all you want there it don't matter yet, [what]
And there isn't yan an [one of] 'em that cares for a cat.

Beautiful Swale Dale, land of rest,
Beautiful Swale Dale, I love thee the best.
Thy land it is set in a cultivate style,
The extension of Swale Dale is twenty long mile.

There's Muker and Thwaite, two ancient towns,
To see ol' women out wearing bed gowns.*
They keep all their cash in an ol' stocking leg,
An' the next thing they know they're starting to beg.

Beautiful Swale Dale, land of rest,
Beautiful Swale Dale, I love thee the best.
Thy land it is set in a cultivate style,
The extension of Swale Dale is twenty long mile.

* Unclear.
There's Satron and Ivelet [Forgets, Albert prompts.] down at the house, There isn't yan of 'em as cares for a laugh, Shepherd's peas pump* that's what they gi' 'er, But when it comes round they get plenty o' beer.

Beautiful Swale Dale, land of rest, Beautiful Swale Dale, I love thee the best. Thy land it is set in a cultivate style, The extension of Swale Dale is twenty long mile.

Way farther o'er on Black Moor Fell, Two old farmers up there they do dwell. They never seen nowt but their 'ouse tops and middens, And never been five mile from their own 'ouse middens.

Beautiful Swale Dale, land of rest, Beautiful Swale Dale, I love thee the best. Thy land it is set in a cultivate style, The extension of Swale Dale is twenty long mile.

Way farther o'er on Great Shunner Fell, Two old ladies up there they do dwell. One's seventeen stone and t'other's nineteen, If you say owt to 'em they'll blacken two een. [eyes]

Beautiful Swale Dale, land of rest, Beautiful Swale Dale, I love thee the best. Thy land it is set in a cultivate style, The extension of Swale Dale is twenty long mile.

"Well done, Bernard. Good un."

* Unclear.

Note
Bernard's song is applauded. On 19/6/73 he recites an extra verse; Thoro's Angram and Thorns and a bit farther up, All they're fit for is gerrin up muck. They sit in their nooks smokin' pipes all the time, While the ol' benty pasture is cryin' for lime.
Beautiful Swale Dale, the land of my birth,

Beautiful Swale Dale, not knowing thy worth,

Thy cattle and sheep and grouse on the moors,

And pigs made o've lead bring in money like sho'ers.

Chorus

Beautiful Swale Dale, land of rest,

Beautiful Swale Dale, I love thee the best.

Thy land it is set in a cultivate style,

The extension of Swale Dale is twenty long mile.
The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said

Standard (inflected 2# and 4#)  ABCDEFGD GHGI

III\(\text{b}\)  1 - 9  4 bars

\(\downarrow\) 65 and 75  Irregular

Bernard Broadhead with chorus  12/4/70

The preacher in our village church one Sunday morning said,
Our organist is ill today, will someone play instead?
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there,
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.
An old man staggered down the aisle, his clothes were old and torn;
How strange a drunkard seemed to be in church on Sunday morn?
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give.
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and grey,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Note
Albert and Ethel join in the chorus. At III the higher notes are Albert's. Bernard learnt this from Walter Taylor.
See The Volunteer Organist, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 5/6/72, S39.
The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said,

Our organist is ill today, will someone play instead?

An anxious look swept o'er the face of every person there,

As eagerly they watched to see whom fill the vacant chair.

An old man staggered down the aisle, his clothes were old and torn;

How strange a drunkard seemed to be in church on Sunday morn?

But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,

The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

The scene was one I'll never forget as long as I may live,

And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give.

The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and grey,

The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.
Die an Old Maid (f)  

Rhoda Dronfield  
4/6/70

"To me-I, to me-um-tum, to me-um-tay  
Better get married before I'm an old maid."

Note  
Grace also knows of the song but can only remember the title.

The Soldier and a Man (f)  

Rhoda Dronfield  
4/6/70

" 'A soldier stood on the battlefield his weary watch to scan.  
I've got words to that. Bill [?] wrote it out for me."

Note  
Rhoda cannot remember the tune.
Give me the spade (f)  

Standard  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V</th>
<th>1-8</th>
<th>4 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100±</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Col Goodison  

16/3/71  

Give me the spade and the man that can use it,  
With all our enjoyment and pleasures we [unclear]  
[Hesitates.]  
Let a man that hath strength never stoop to abuse it.  
Give it back to the giver, the land, by the land.  

"There were a lot of verses, you know."  

Note  
Col remembers that it was always sung by William Inman.
Give me the spade and the man that can use it,

With all our enjoyment and pleasures we —?

Let a man that hath strength never stoop to abuse it.

Give it back to the giver, the land, by the land.
All Hail the Power

Standard

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VI 6</td>
<td>III - 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Charles Green 20/5/71

All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall, let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord and crown him, and crown him Lord, and crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

"See, I was putting in [other parts] as well. Really wants parts."
All hail the power of Jesus' name,

Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall,

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord, and crown him, and crown him Lord, and crown him,

Crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.
At the Brush of an Early Day

Standard (inflected 4#, 5#)  ABCDEFG II
I#  1 - 11  88887103
J124  (3/4)
Charles Green  20/5/71

"We used to sing one at school, hunting song. It weren't a bad little song if I can sing it. I ha'n' 'ear it sung since I was at school though."

At the brush of a early day 'ow sweet the 'unters lay,
Through tangle break and briar, the footsteps that never tire.
The 'ardy 'unter speedeth, not ail nor danger heedeth,
'Mong greenwoods free 'e roves along;
And echoes loud awaken to his glad joyous song,
And echoes loud awaken to his glad joyous song.
Tra la tra la tra la la la tra la la tra la
Tra la la la tra la la tra la.

Faintly now tho 'unter's note upon the breezes float;
Ere daylight dies away, 'is footsteps 'omeward stray,
As through the valley roaming 'e culls the violets blooming
For 'er who shares is 'appy lot,
For 'er whose smile will greet 'im within yond 'umble cot,
For 'er whose smile will greet 'im within yond 'umble cot.

"Then 'tra la' again, only I'm a bit rusty."
At the brus'h- of a ear-ly day by sweet the 'un-bies lay

Through long — le break and brow the foot-steps that ne'er Tire

The 'ard-y in'ter speed - eth not aid nor dan-ger heed - eth

'Mong green — woods free 'e roves — a — long

And e - choes loud a - wak- en to his glad joy — ous song

And e - choes loud a - wak- en to his glad joy — ous song

Tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la

Tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la tra la

... Variation

Faintly now - the run-ter's note up -
Bonny Mary of Argyll

I have heard the mavis singing

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#)  ABCD AE

VI IV  V  8  4444 45

J 55  2 and 3

Charles Green  6/5/71

I 'ave 'eard the mavis singing 'is love song to the morn;
I 'ave seen the dewdrop clinging to the rose that's newly blown.
But a sweeter voice 'as cheered me at evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter than the dewdrop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, and thy artless winning smile
That made this world an Eden, bonny Mary of Argyll.

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness and thy eyes their beauty too,
Though thy step may lack its fleetness and thy hair its sunny hue,
Still to me thou wilt be dearer than all the world shall own.
I have loved thee for thy beauty, but not for that alone.
I have watched thee grow, dear Mary, and thy goodness was a wile
That made me thine for ever, bonny Mary of Argyll.

"Bonny Mary of Argyll"
I have 'eard the ma-ve's sing-ing  'is love song to the mom;

I have seen the dew-drop cling-ing to the rose that's new-ly blown.

But a sweet-er voice has cheered me at even-ing's gent-le close,

And I've seen an eye still bright-er than the dew-drop on the rose.

Twas thy voice, my gent-le Mar-ry, and thy art-less win-ning smile

That made this world an E-den,

bon-ny Mar-ry of Ar-gyl.
While the shot and shell were screaming

While the shot and shell were screaming upon a battlefield,
The boys in blue were fighting their noble flag to shield.
Came a cry from their brave captain, Look boys our flag is down.
Who'll volunteer to save 'er from disgrace?
I will, a young boy shouted, I'll bring it back or die.
Then straight into the thickest of the fray.
'Esed the flag but gave 'is young life, all for 'is country's sake,
They brought 'im back and softly 'eard 'im say,

Just break the news to Mother, tell 'er 'ow dear I love 'er,
Tell 'er not to wait for me for I'm not coming home.
Just say there is no other can take the place of Mother,
And kiss 'er dear sweet lips for me, and break the news to her.*

From afar a noted general had witnessed that brave deed;
Who saved our flag, speak up lad, 'twas a noble brave indeed.
There 'e lies, sir, said the captain, 'e's sinking very fast.
Then slowly turned aside to 'ide a tear.
The general in one moment was down beside that boy,
Then gave a cry that touched all hearts that day.
'Es my son, my brave young hero, I thought you safe at 'ome.
Forgive me Father, for I ran away.

Just break the news to Mother, tell 'er 'ow dear I love 'er,
Tell 'er not to wait for me for I'm not coming home.
Just say there is no other can take the place of Mother,
And kiss 'er dear sweet lips for me, and break the news to her.

"They're alright for a time like, when there's anybody singing about such like things, but too sentimental really - there's no pop song about 'em ... Happen [I learnt it] off a penny sheet that they used to bring. Haven't seen one for donkey's years."

*During the last couplet of the first chorus Charles' voice cracks several times seemingly because of the emotional content.

Note
See Bonny Mary of Argyll for variations.
While the shot and shell were screaming up-on a battle-field,

The boys in blue were fighting their noble flag to shield.

Came a cry from their brave captain, Look boys our flag is down.

Who'd volunteer to save 'er from disgrace?

I will, a young boy shouted, I'll bring it back or die.

Then straight into the thickest of the fray.

He saved the flag but gave his young life, all for his country's sake,

They brought him back and softly said I say,

Just break the news to Mother, tell 'er my dear I love 'er,

Tell 'er not to wait for me for I'm not coming home.

Just say there is no other can take the place of Mother,

And kiss 'er dear sweet lips for me, and break the news to her.
**Come Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>AABC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$3^{-3}^{-3}$</td>
<td>III - 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$1 02$</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Come Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over. For tonight we'll merry merry be, for tonight we'll merry merry be, for tonight we'll merry merry be, and tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh small beer and goes to bed quite sober, Fades as the leaves do fade and falls off in October. So tonight we'll merry merry be, for tonight we'll merry merry be, So tonight we'll merry merry be, and tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh strong beer and goes to bed quite mellow, Lives as he ought to live and dies a jolly good fellow. So tonight we'll merry merry be, for tonight we'll merry merry be, So tonight we'll merry merry be, and tomorrow we'll be sober.
Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run o-ver!

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run o-ver!

For to-night we'll merry merry be, for to-night we'll merry merry be,

For to-night we'll merry merry be, and to-morrow we'll be sober!

Variation

Fades as the...
"Dear Old Home"

Dear home far across the sea

Standard (inflected 1#, 4# and 5#) ABCD EF

VII#4 - 1
IV# - 6
A12 - 2
2
4

Charles Green 25/5/71

Dear home far across the sea, day and night for thee I'm sadly yearning. Loved ones all in all to me, fondly wait the hour of my returning. As I watch the swallows on their homeward way, speeding o'er the restless foam, Fain would I be flying for whom mine heart is sighing, sighing for the dear old home.

I want to see that dear old home again, the cottage in the little winding lane. I can see the roses climbing, I hear the sweet bells chiming, and I'm longing for that dear old home again.

Long years cannot soothe the pain, absence only makes the heart grow fonder. Oftimes down the village lane in some happy dream I seem to wander. Loving lips are meeting in a tender kiss, every 'eart with joy o'er swells. Run no risk by knowing, an' tears of joy are flowing, then I wait in exile still.

I want to see that dear old home again, the cottage in the little winding lane. I can see the roses climbing, I hear the sweet bells chiming, and I'm longing for that dear old home again.

"I'm getting a bit throttly."

Gre 6
S23
Dear home far across the sea,

day and night for thee I'm sadly yearning,

loved ones all in all to me,

fondly wait the hour of my returning.

As I watch the swallows on their homeward way,

speeding o'er the restless foam,

Fain would I be flying for whom mine heart's sighing,

sighing for the dear old home.

I want to see that dear old home again,

the cottage in the little winding lane.

I can see the roses climbing, I hear the sweet bells chiming,

and I'm longing for that dear old home again.
I like to meet with dear old pals wherever I may be;
I like a pipe, a glass or song in jovial company.
To see old faces once again inspires my 'eart with glee,
So poor or rich, no matter which, all drink this toast with me -

"We used to sing that a lot. They all knew it like. An' we were
dear old pals while we were there. I don't know whether they
forgot about it after or not."

We're dear ol' pals, pals that time cannot alter.
Staunch ol' pals, pals that are ever true.
Ever ready in weal or woe, ready an' willing an' bound to go
Through hail, rain, fire or snow, we're dear ol' pals.

Dame Fortune does not favour all, some sink while others swim.
So if you meet a pal that's down, just think the best of him.
A hearty grip, a honey shake, to 'im counts more than woe.
So poor or rich, no matter which, all friends just drink my 'ealth -

We're dear ol' pals, pals that time cannot alter.
Staunch ol' pals, pals that are ever true.
Ever ready in weal or woe, ready an' willing an' bound to go
Through hail, rain, fire or snow, we're dear ol' pals.
I like to meet with dear old pals where-ever I may be;
I like a pipe, a glass or song in jovial company.
To see old faces once again inspires my heart with glee,
So poor or rich, no matter which, all drink this toast with me:

We're dear old pals, pales that time cannot alter.
Sראש ol' pals, pals that are ever true.
Ever ready in need or woe, ready at will, glad or bound to go.
Though hail, rain, fire or snow, we're dear ol' pals.
"Derby Ram (f)

"Derby Tup"

As I was going to Derby

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>ABC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VI ♢</td>
<td>V - 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>♢ 360</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Green</td>
<td>25/5/71</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"As I was going to Derby upon a market day,
I met the finest 'throppstacle' that were ever fed on hay.
Right-fol-ay titifalay. Baa!
Tells you what, all maids in Derby wanted its ears to make aprons
or summat. Then there were bellringers, wanted tail for ringing
bells like. It were alright, Syd used to know it all through."

La la la la to Derby upon a market day,
I met the finest 'throppstacle' was ever fed on 'ay.
Right folay titifalay. Baa!

"There you go. Lads in Derby wanted its eyes 'cos they were football
size - big rigmarole with it. Syd Cook used to sing it, 'e came
from Chapeltown really, you know. Is father took a farm towards
Ughill here. Then 'e took Royal."

Note
It was never acted to Charles' knowledge in Dungworth.
Lala la la to Derby up on a market day,
I met the finest thropstacle was ever fed with "ay,"
Right fol-ay ti-ti-fol-ay! Baa!
"Twas on a stormy winter's night, the snow lay on the ground. A sailor boy stood on the quay, 'is ship was outward bound. His sweet'eart standing by 'is side shed many a silent tear, And then he pressed her to his breast and whispered in her ear,

Farewell my own true love, this parting gives me pain. I'll be your own true guiding star when I return again. My thoughts shall be of you, my love, when storms are raging high; So fare-thee-well, remember me, your faithful sailor boy.

[Repitches at VI] Then with the gales the ship set sail, 'e kissed is love goodbye. She watched the ship till out of sight, a tear bedimmed 'er eye. She prayed to him in 'eaven above to guard 'im on 'is way. The parting of that loving pair re-echoed o'er the bay.

Farewell my own true love, this parting gives me pain. I'll be your own true guiding star when I return again. My thoughts shall be of you, my love, when storms are raging high; So fare-thee-well, remember me, your faithful sailor boy.

'Tis sad to say the ship returned without 'er sailor boy, For 'e 'ad died while on the voyage, The ship [corrects himself] flag was half-mast high. They came and told her 'e was gone, they told 'or 'e was dead, And in a letter sent to 'er the last line simply read,

Fare-thee-well my own true love, on earth we'll meet no more. We soon shall be from storm and sea on that eternal shore. I 'ope to meet you in that land, that land above the sky, Where you will no'er be parted from your faithful sailor boy.
"Twas on a stormy winter's night, the snow lay on the ground.
A sailor boy stood on the quay, his ship was outward bound.
His sweetheir standing by his side shed many a silent tear,
And then he pressed her to his breast and whispered in her ear.
Farewell my own true love, this parting gives me pain.
I'll be your own true guiding star when I return again.
My thoughts shall be of you, my love, when storms are raging high.
So fare thee well, remember me, your faithful sailor boy.
The sun had set behind yond hill

The sun 'ad set be'ind yond 'ill across yon dreary moor,
When weary an' lame, a boy there came up to a farmer's door.
Can you tell me where'er there be one that will me employ,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and mow,
and be a farmer's boy, and to be a farmer's boy?

My father's dead, my mother's left with 'er five children small;
And what is worse for me mother is I'm the biggest of them all.
Though little I am, I'd labour hard if I could find employ,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and mow,
and to be a farmer's boy, and to be a farmer's boy?

The farmer's wife cried, Try the lad, let him no longer seek.
Yes, try him, Dad, the daughter cried,
while the tears streamed down her cheek.
For it's hard for one who'd work or want, and it's hard to find employ,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and mow,
and be a farmer's boy, and to be a farmer's boy?

Now in course of time, the lad grew up and the good old couple died.
They left the lad the farm they'd 'ad, and the daughter for 'is bride;
And the lad that was, a man now is, and 'e often thinks with joy
Of the lucky, lucky day, 'e came that way,
   to be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.
The sun 'ad set behind your dear-y moor,

When weary and lame, a boy there came up to a farmer's door.

Can you tell me where 'er there be one that will me employ,

For to plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy,

and to be a farmer's boy?

Variations

hard for one who'd ... lucky lucky day 'e ... be a farmer's boy.
The Fields of Waving Corn

My mind wanders today to a happy happy scene

Standard

ABACDEAC AFAC

3\* III - 5 43434343 4343

4

4

Charles Green 6/5/71

"You'll not hear nobody else sing it. Only me and I don't know where I picked it up."

My mind wanders today to a happy, happy scene,
To a little cot that stands upon a hill.
It brings back to memory a long and pleasant dream,
To view the old church and the old cornmill.
'Tis many years ago since I saw that dear old place,
Yet tender memories set my 'cart ablaze;
And it brings back to view that dear old sacred spot,
Where I passed away those happy childhood days.
So take me back to the place where I was born.
Let me see it ere I die.
The rippling brook and the fields of waving corn,
Where happy days I spent when but a boy.

And in fancy again that old fashioned church I see,
Where as children we went each Sunday morn.
Then again there's the meadow where we romped round mother's knee,
The old mill broken, fields of golden corn;
And I hear, 0 quite plainly, that old bell ringing now,
That to the old school called us every day;
And it makes me sad and lonely to recall the fact
That forever those old times have passed away.
So take me back to the place where I was born.
Let me see it ere I die.
The rippling brook and the fields of waving corn,
Where happy days I spent when but a boy.

"How about that."
My mind wanders to-day to a happy, happy scene,
To a little cot that stands upon a hill.

It brings back to memory a long and pleasant dream,
To view the old church and the old corn-mill.

'Tis many years ago since I saw that dear old place,
Yet tender memories set my heart a-blaze;

And it brings back to view that dear old sacred spot,
Where I passed away those happy childhood days.

So take me back to the place where I was born.
Let me see it ere I die.

The rippling brook and the fields of waving corn,
Where happy days I spent when but a boy.
Grandfather's Clock

Now my grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf

Standard AABA CA
1#  III - 5 4 bars
1 96 4
Charles Green 25/5/71

Now my grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf so it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by 'alf than the old man 'imself, though it weighed not a penny-weight more.
It was bought on the morn that the old man was born, and was always his pleasure and pride,
But it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
many hours 'ad 'e spent when a boy;
And in child'ood and man'ood the clock sempt to know,
and to share in 'is grief and 'is joy;
For it struck twenty-four when 'e entered at the door
with a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.

My grandfather said of those 'e could 'ire
not a servant so faithful 'e found;
For it worked all the time and 'ad but one desire,
at the end of each week to be wound,
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
and its hands never 'ung by its side,
But it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
an alarm that for years 'ad been dumb;
And we know that 'is spirit was pluming for flight,
that 'is hour of departure 'ad come;
But the clock kept the time with a still and muffled chime
as wo silently sat by 'is side;
But it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.
Ninety years without slumbering, tick took tick took.
'Is life secrets numbering, tick took tick took.
It stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.
Now my grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf
so it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
thought weighed not a penny-weight more.
It was bought on the morn that the old man was born,
and was always his pleasure and pride,
But it stopped short, never to go again
when the old man died.
Nine-ty years without simmering, tick tock tick tock!
This life seconds simmering, tick tock tick tock!
It stopped short, never to go again
when the old man died.
Grandmother's Chair

"Old Armchair"

Standard

IV# 1 - 8 8 bars
J 112 2
4
Charles Green 25/5/71

... [tape off] they laughed,
'ow me brothers and me sisters laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare
that Granny only left to me an old armchair.

Mrs Green: "It were a good song that."
Charles: "He got married took old armchair, but one day when 'e
were moving old armchair it fell a pieces or summat and there were
£200 or more in it. [laughs] Not a bad song. I've 'eard one or
two sing it."

Help a Lame Dog over a Stile

Cold December snow in winter

Standard AABC

VII V.- 6 4 bars
J 120 and 76 4
Charles Green 10/6/71

Cold December, snow in winter, I've seen many a man,
Sick and (seedy?), cold and weary, 'elp 'im if you can.
Then if you meet 'im, kindlye greet 'im, shake is 'ands and smile.
Do not sneer 'im, try to cheer 'im, help a lame dog over a stile.

"That's all there was in that."
...they laughed,
now me brothers and me sisters laughed,

When they heard the lawyer declare

that Granny only left to me an old arm-chair.

Cold, December, snow in winter, I've seen many a man,

Sick and (a-ed-j?), cold and weary, help 'im if you can.

Then if you meet 'im, kind-ly greet 'im, shake 'is hands and smile.

Do not snore 'im, try to cheer 'im, help a lame dog over a while.
"In the Valley of Switzerland"

In a sweet and verdant valley

Standard (inflected 2# and 4#) ABCD EFG

V^ VII# - 7# 8 bars

128 and 144 3

4

Charles Green 10/6/71

In a sweet and verdant valley with the mountains high above,
Looking down in snowy splendour lives a little girl I love.
She's a simple Switzer maiden, but so sweet and so divine,
And my 'eart is fondly yearning for the day when she'll be mine,

In the valley of Switzerland, Switzerland, Switzerland,
With my sweet'eart 'and in 'and, 'ow I long to be.
I know she will be waiting there, waiting there waiting there,
And a home with me she'll share in the valley of Switzerland.

But a golden day is dawning, 'ome again I soon shall go,
Where the snow lies on the mountains, but a heart beat warm below.
I shall feel those tender kisses that I've yearned for, oft in vain,
With 'er loving arms around me, never more to part again.

In the valley of Switzerland, Switzerland, Switzerland,
With my sweet'eart 'and in 'and, 'ow I long to be.
I know she will be waiting there, waiting there, waiting there,
And a home with me she'll share in the valley of Switzerland.
In a sweet and verdant valley with the mountains high above,
looking down in snowy splendour lies a little girl I love.

She's a simple Swiss girl, but so sweet and so divine,
and my heart is fondly yearning for the day when she'll be mine.

In the valley of Switzerland, Switzerland, Switzerland,
with my sweet heart and I, I long to be.

I know she will be waiting there, waiting there—waiting there,
and when she comes home with me she'll share in the valley of Switzerland.

In her... But a...
Jim the Carter's Lad

Crack, crack goes me whip, I whistle and I sing.
I sit upon me waggon, I'm as 'appy as a king.
Me 'orses they are willing, as for me I'm never sad,
There's nobody leads a jollier life than Jim the carter's lad.

Note
Charles had never heard any other verses sung to this.

Just after the Battle Mother (inc)

Still upon the field of battle

Still upon the field of battle I am lying, Mother dear,
With my wounded comrades, waiting for the morning to appear.
Many sleep to waken never, others close their eyes in death,
And many more are faintly calling with their feeble dying breath.
Mother dear, your boy is wounded, and the night is drear [?] with pain;
But still I feel that I shall see you and the dear old home again.

"I'll not sing no-moro. There is about three verses."

Note
Charles finds this song and Just Before the Battle Mother too emotionally charged to sing more than a verse of each.
Crack, crack goes my whip, I whistle and I sing.
I sit upon my wagon, I'm as happy as a king.

Me horses they are willing, as for me I'm never sad,
There's nobody leads a jollier life than Jim the carter's lad.

Still upon the field of battle I am lying, Mother dear,
With my wounded comrades, waiting for the morning to appear.

Many sleep to waken never, others close their eyes in death,
And many more are faintly calling with their failing dying breath.

Mother dear, your boy is wounded, and the night is one with pain;
But still I feel that I shall see you and the dear old home again.
Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're waiting with the enemy in view.
Comrades brave around me lying, filled with thoughts of home and God,
For well they know that on the morrow, some will sleep beneath the sod.
Farewell Mother, you may never press me to your 'eart again,
But O, you'll not forget me, Mother, if I'm numbered with the slain.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>AABABA</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VII #</td>
<td>V - 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 bars</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>3 and 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Green</td>
<td>20/5/71</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Just before the Battle Mother (inc)
Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,

While upon the field we're waiting with the enemy in view,

Comrades brave around me lying, filled with thought of home and God,

For well they know that in the morrow, some will sleep beneath the sod.

Farewell, Mother, you may never press me to your heart again,

But O, you'll not forget me, Mother, if I'm numbered with the slain.
Just Like the Ivy (inc)

Grandad sat at evenfall 'neath the dear old garden wall,

Where the ivy was clinging all around;

And a maiden young and fair, with blue eyes and golden hair,

Lay nestling there beside him on the ground.

Someday you will be leaving me for a sweet'eart, the ol' man sighed,

Someday be forgetting me, but with a smile the maid replied —

Just watch the ivy on the ol' garden wall,'

Clinging so tightly what e'er befall,

As you grow older I'll be constant and true,

An' just like the ivy, I'll cling to you.

"I only know one verse to that."
Grandad sat at even-fall 'neath the dear ol' garden wall
Where the ivy was clinging all around
And a maiden young and fair with blue eyes and golden hair
Lay nestling there beside him on the ground
Some day you will be leaving me for a sweetheart the ol' man sighed
Some day be forgetting me but with a smile the maid replied
Just watch the ivy on the ol' garden wall
Clinging so tightly what e'er befall
As you grow older I'll be constant and true
An' just like the ivy I'll cling to you
The Lass of Richmond Hill

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass

Standard (inflected 4 #) ABCDEF

VII #↑ IV - 5 4 bars
↓ 96 4

Charles Green 25/5/71

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass as pure as May Day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass, a rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, 'er smile so sweet 'as won my right good will.
I'd crowns resign to call 'er mine, sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign to call her mine, sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

How happy will the shepherd be that calls this nymph his own.
O may 'er choice be fixed on me, mine's fixed on her alone.
This lass so neat, 'er smile so sweet 'as won my right good will.
I'd crowns resign to call 'er mine, sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
I'd crowns resign to call her mine, sweet lass of Richmond Hill.
On Richmond Hill there lives a lass as pure as May Day morn,

Whose charms all other maids surpass, a rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, 'er smile so sweet, 'as won my right good will.

I'd crowns resign to call 'er mine, sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, sweet lass of Richmond Hill,
The Lincolnshire Poacher

When I was bound apprentice

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2</th>
<th>III - 5</th>
<th>4 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Charles Green 10/6/71

When I was bound apprentice in lovely Lincolnshire,
I worked hard for my master for more than seven years.
'Twas then I took to poachin', as you shall quickly hear,
0 it's my delight on a shiny night at the season of the year!

Now me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we saw the gamekeeper for 'im we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight me boys and jump o'er anywhere,
0 it's my delight on a shiny night at the season of the year!

We took the hare alive, me boys, and then we trudged home.
We took her to a neighbour's house and sold 'er for a crown.
We sold 'er for a crown, me boys, but I didn't tell you where.
0 it's my delight on a shiny night at the season of the year!
When I was bound op-prent-ice in love-ly Lin-cohn-shire,
I worked hard for my mast-er for more than sev-en years.
'Twas then I took to poach-in', as you shall quick-ly hear,
0 it's my da-light on a shi-ny night at the sea-son of the year!
On a mountain in Virginia stands a lonesome pine. 
Just below is a cabin 'ome of the little girl that's mine. 
'Er name is June and very, very soon, she'll belong to me, 
For I know she's waiting there for me 'neath that lone pine tree.

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of a lonesome pine, 
Where the pale moon shines our hearts entwine, 
where she carved 'er name and I carved mine. 
O June, like the mountain I'm blue, like the pine I am lonesome for you, 
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of a lonesome pine.

I can hear the tinkling waterfall far amongst the hills. 
Bluebirds sing, each so merrily, to his mate in rapture trills. 
They seem to say your June is lonesome too, longing filled 'er eyes; 
She is waiting for you patiently where that pine tree sighs.

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of a lonesome pine, 
Where the pale moon shines our hearts entwine, 
where she carved 'er name and I carved mine. 
O June, like the mountain I'm blue, like the pine I am lonesome for you, 
In the Blue Ridge Mountain of Virginia on the trail of a lonesome pine.
On a mountain in Virginia stands a lonesome pine.

Just below is a cabin 'round one of the little girls that's mine.

Her name is June and very, very soon, she'll belong to me.

For I know she's waiting there for me 'neath that lonesome tree.

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of a lonesome pine,

Where the pale moon shines our loves entwined, where she answers 'scuse and I cannot rise.

Oh June, like the mountain I'm blue, like the pine I am lonesome for you.

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of a lonesome pine.
There is beauty all around when there's love at home.

There is joy in every sound when there's love at 'ome.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet, makin' earth a garden sweet,
Makin' life a bliss complete when there's love at 'ome.
Love at 'ome, love at 'ome,
Makin' life a bliss complete when there's love at 'ome.

In the cottage there is joy when there's love at 'ome.
Hate an' envy ne'er annoy when there's love at 'ome,
Peace an' plenty there abide, smilin' face on every side,
Time doth softly sweetly glide when there's love at 'ome.
Love at 'ome, love at 'ome,
Time doth softly sweetly glide when there's love at 'ome.

"That's the one."
Gre 23

There is beauty all around when there's love at home.

There is joy in every sound when there's love at home.

Roses blossom 'neath our feet, mak'in' earth a garden sweet,

Mak'in' life a bliss complete when there's love at home.

Love at home, love at home,

Mak'in' life a bliss complete when there's love at home.
Love Me and the World Is Mine

I wandered on as in a dream

I wandered on as in a dream,
What goal my paradise must be?
For there an angel waits 'twould seem,
Yet look, dear heart, 'twas only thee.
Sun may shine to light my way, dear,
Wealth be mine for aye, dear,
Queens may pledge their riches too.
But the world would still seem lonely
With such virtues only,
Life to me, dear, means just you.
I care not for the stars that shine,
I dare not hope to e'er be thine,
I only know I love you,
Love me and the world is mine.

My soul soars on to realms above,
Through distant lands it seems to go.
As if 'twere born on wings of love,
The love that only angels know.
Your bright eyes like beacons guide me
Through the clouds that 'ide me,
Would that day were mine to woo.
All the joys the world may hold, dear,
Laurals and wealth untold, dear,
Seem as nowt compared to you.
I care [tape off].
I wandered on as in a dream, What goal my paradise must be?

For there an angel waits would seem, Yet look, dear heart, 'twas only thee.

Summertime shines so bright, so dear, Wealth be mine for age, dear,

Queens may pledge their riches too, But the world would still seem lonely

With such virtues only, life time, dear, means just you.

I can not for the stars that shine, I dare not hope to ever be thine,

I only know I love you,

Love me and the world is mine.

Variation

Would that day were mine to...
The Miner's Dream of Home

Now it's ten weary years since I left England's shore,
In a far distant country to roam.
How I long to return to my own native land,
To my friends and the old folks at 'ome.
Last night as I slumbered I 'ad a strange dream,
A dream that brought distant lands near.
I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,
To the heart of her sons ever dear.

Then I saw the old 'omestead and faces I loved,
I saw England's valleys and dell.
I listened with joy as I did when a boy
To the sound of the old village bell.
The log was burning brightly,
'Twas a night that would banish all sin,
For the bells were ringing the old year out
And the New Year in.

"Do you want second verse?"

While the joyous bells rang swift I wended my way
To the cot where I lived when a boy.
As I passed by the window, yes, there by the fire
Was my parents, my 'eart filled with joy.
The tears trickled fast down my bronze furrowed cheek
As I gazed on my mother so dear.
I could tell in her heart she was raising a prayer,
For the lad who she thought was not near.

Then I saw the old 'omestead and faces I loved,
I saw England's valleys and dell.
I listened with joy as I did when a boy
To the sound of the old village bell.
The log was burning brightly,
'Twas a night that would banish all sin,
For the bells were ringing the old year out
And the New Year in.
Now 'tis ten weary years since I left England's shore,
In a far distant country to roam.

How I long to return to my own native land,
To my friends and the old folks at home.

Last night as I slumbered I had a strange dream,
A dream that brought distant lands near.

I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,
To the heart of her sons ever clear.

Then I saw the old home-stead and faces I loved,
I saw England's valleys and dell.

I listened with joy as I did when a boy
to the sound of the old village bell.
"There's another verse. I don't know if I can sing it or not."

At the door of the cottage we stood face to face [Pitch VI]
The first time for ten weary years.
Soon the past was forgotten, we stood 'and in 'and,
Father, mother and wanderer in tear
Once more in the fireplace the old log burned bright,
An' I vowed that no more would I roam.
As I sat in the old vacant chair by the hearth,
And sang that good song, Home Sweet Home. [Pitch VII]

Then I saw the old 'omestead and faces I loved,
I saw England's valleys and dell.
I listened with joy as I did when a boy
To the sound of the old village bell.
The log was burning brightly,
'Twas a night that would banish all sin,
For the bells were ringing the old year out
And the New Year in.

"That's all three verses."
The Mistletoe Bough

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall

The mistletoe hung in the old castle 'all,
The 'olly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas 'oliday;
An' the baron beheld with a father's pride
'Tis beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
And she with 'er bright eyes seemed to be
The star of that goodly company —
O the mistletoe bough,
O the mistletoe bough.

I'm weary of dancing now, she cried,
'Ere tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;
An' Lovell be sure thou art first to trace
Some clue to my secret 'iding place.
Then away she ran and 'er friends began
Each tower to search, each nook to scan;
And Lovell cried, 0 where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride —
O the mistletoe bough,
O the mistletoe bough.

They sought her that night, they sought her next day,
They sought her in vain as the weeks passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found 'er not;
An' the years flew by, an' their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared the children cried,
See the old man weeps for 'is fairy bride.[no chorus]

Now at length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle, they raised the lid.
A skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreaths of a lady fair.
O sad was her fate, when in sportive jest
She hid from her Lord in that old oak chest.
It closed with a spring, an' the bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb —
O the mistletoe bough,
O the mistletoe bough.

"Best I can do tonight."
The mist-le-toe hung in the old castle hall,
The bly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the barons retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping these Christmas old-i-day;
And the baron beheld with a father's pride
Is beautiful child, young loveliest bride;
And she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of that godly company—
O the mist-le-toe bough,
O the mist-le-toe bough.
when doth thou hide I'm weary of dancing...
closed with a spring on the
One day in June when the birds sang their tune,
I carelessly wended my way.
When down by the brook my footsteps I took,
scarce knowing where I was to stray.
While down in the glade I met a fair maid,
reclining beneath an oak tree.
Young Cupid, I found, 'ad made good 'is ground
when Nellie she whispered to me.

Then we strayed by the river and then by the rill,
O'er the dell, through the wood and then by the mill.
The blackbirds were calling in the woods not far away,
On a bright summer's morning when I met Nellie Ray.

Now we 'ad not gone far when we met with her pa
an' 'e asked me whom 'e might address
I told 'im my name soon friend's we became
and to 'im I did quickly confess
I swore by above 'ow sweet was my love
I told 'im 'is Nellie was divine
In a neat little cot she'll soon be my lot
for Nellie will soon be mine.

Then we strayed by the river and then by the rill,
O'er the dell, through the wood and then by the mill.
The blackbirds were calling in the woods not far away,
On a bright summer's morning when I met Nellie Ray.

"What about that."
One day in June when the birds sang their tune,
I carelessly wended my way.
When down by the brook my footsteps I took,
scarce knowing where I was to stray.
While down in the glade I met a fair maid,
reclining beneath an oak tree.
Young Cupid, I found, ad made good is ground
when Nel-lie she whispered to me.
Then we strayed by the river and then by the mill,
Over the dell, through the wood and then by the mill.
The black-birds were calling in the woods not far away,
Oh a bright summers morning when I met Nel-lie Ray.
"One Day at the Dock" (inc)  

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#)  

VIb - V          VII# - 9  
130          3  
Charles Green 10/6/71  

"I know another we 'aven't 'ad. I only know one verse on it though."

One day at the dock I stood watching the ships,  
but one in particular there  
I noticed was just going to leave the old land,  
to tie[?] a few moments I'll spare;  
To hear the goodbye sent and watch lovers part,  
and see the ship sail with the tide,  
'ow many, I wondered, on board would return to sit by the old fireside?  
I watched the fond mother shake hands with her boy,  
tears streamed down her cheeks now quite pale;  
I'll picture to you all the scenes that I saw  
as the ship was just going to sail —

Friends were saying goodbye, goodbye,  
tears were streaming in every eye,  
Fond mothers' cries, sweet silver sky,  
as the ship sailed away from old England.

"I made a mess o' that, didn't I." [Repeats chorus pitched at VI]
One day at the dock I stood watching the ships,
but one in particular there
I noticed was just going to leave the old land,
tie a few moments I'll spare;
To hear the good-bye sent and watch lovers part,
and see the ship sail with the tide,
Oh many, I wondered, on board would return
to sit by the old fireside?
I watched the fond mother shake hands with her boy,
tears streamed down her cheeks now quite pale;
I'll picture to you all the scenes that I saw
as the ship was just going to sail—
"Two dogs in particular I know it were at White Hart in Oughtibridge in the year '95 that were. These dogs did run for a prize. They'd a man sent with a set saturated in aniseed an' 'e set off, went up Moor Hall Lane went to Bolsterstone came down into Wigtwizzle and up to Cow Hill Flat, through Kirk Edge and then down and through Oughtibridge like and back White Hart. That were one song they used to sing a lot of, but I never knew it all. I know 'crying Wonder huzzay huzzay and huzzay, either Wonder or Milner they will win today.' Used to sing a lot on it."

[Hums tune]

Crying Wonder huzzay, huzzay and huzzay,  
Either Wonder or Milner they will win today.

"That were tune."

Note
See Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f), Charles Green, 20/5/71, S29.
[Hums] La la la ...

Crying Wonder huzzaay, huzzaay and huzzaay,

Either Wonder or Milner they will win to-day.
I've travelled about a bit in my time and troubles I've seen a few,
But I found it better in (h) every clime to paddle me own canoe.
My wants are small and I care not at all if my debts are paid when due;
I wile away strife in the ocean of life while I paddle me own canoe.

Then love your neighbour as yourself
as the world you go travelling through,
And never sit down with a care or a frown but paddle your own canoe.

'It's all very well to depend on a friend,
that if you've proved 'im true;
But you'll find it better by far in the end to paddle your own canoe.
I rise with the lark and from morning till dark I do what I 'ave to do;
I'm careless of wealth, if I've only the 'ealth to paddle my own canoe.

Then love your neighbour as yourself
as the world you go travelling through,
And never sit down with a care or a frown but paddle your own canoe.
I've travelled a-bout a bit in my time and troubles I've seen a few,

But I found it better in every clime to paddle me own canoe.

My wants are small and I care not at all if my debts are paid when due;

I will a-way strife in the ocean of life while I paddle me own canoe.

Then love your neighbours as yourself as the world you go travelling through,

And never sit down with a care or a frown but paddle your own canoe.

Variation

It's all very well to de-...
The Rose of Allandale

The morn was fair the skies were clear

Standard

\begin{align*}
&1\# \\
&60
\end{align*}

4 bars

Charles Green

6/5/71

"A scotch song - I know several good Scotch songs. I've always fancied Rose of Allandale. If I can make it right height. [pitch]"

The morn was fair, the skies were clear, no breeze came o'er the sea,
When Mary left 'er 'ighland cot to wander forth with me,
The flowers decked the mountainside and fragrance filled the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allandale.
She was the Rose of Allandale, the Rose of Allandale,
By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wandered east or west though fate began to lower,
A solace still she proved to me in sorrows lonely hour.
When tempests lashed our gallant barque and rent her shivering sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm, 'twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fevered lips were parched on Afric's burning sand,
She whispered hopes of happiness in tales of distant lands.
My life had been a wilderness, unblessed by Fortune's gale,
'Ad she not linked 'er lot to mine, the Rose of Allandale.
She was the Rose of Allandale, the Rose of Allandale,
By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allandale.

Note

Charles makes a habit of not singing a chorus after middle verses.
See also The Mistletoe Bough and The Titanic.
The morn was fair, the skies were clear, no breeze came o'er the sea,

When Mary left her highland cot to wander forth with me.

The flowers decked the mountain side and fragrance filled the vale,

By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allan-dale.

She was the Rose of Allan-dale, she was the Rose of Allan-dale,

By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allan-dale.

un-blessed by—Fortunes
"Sing Us a Song of Bonny Scotland"

Far away in lonely prairie land

Far away in lonely prairie land when the evening shadows grew,
Sat a rough but merry crowd of men singing all the songs they knew;
But the fiddler stopped 'is merry tune and turning around said he,
To a highland ladie standing by, just away from old Dundee —

Sing us a song of bonny Scotland, any old song will do.
Round the old campfire, a rough and ready choir,
we'll join in the chorus too.
'You'll take the high road and I'll take the low',
is a song we all know.
It will remind the boys of bonny Scotland
where the 'eather and the bluebells grow.

Soon a hush fell on the miner's camp as that rough and ready throng
Waited for that stalwart ladie's air, to begin 'is own Scotch song;
But the lad was dreaming all the while of Scotland, 'is native shore,
And the bonny lassie he loved well, till the word he heard once more —

Sing us a song of bonny Scotland, any old song will do.
Round the old campfire, a rough and ready choir,
we'll join in the chorus too.
'You'll take the high road and I'll take the low',
is a song we all know.
It will remind the boys of bonny Scotland
where the 'eather and the bluebells grow.

Won't you sing Loch Lomond for the boys, said the fiddler, and I'll play.
Give us Bonny Mary of Argyll or that sweet song Robin Grey.
I can tell your heart is feeling sad but cheer up and do not pine,
For some day good luck will come your way so tonight for Old Lanark Syne —

Sing us a song of bonny Scotland, any old song will do.
Round the old campfire, a rough and ready choir,
we'll join in the chorus too.
'You'll take the high road and I'll take the low',
is a song we all know.
It will remind the boys of bonny Scotland
where the 'eather and the bluebells grow.
Far away in lonely prairie land, when the evening shadows grew,

Sat a rough but merry crowd of men, singing all the songs they knew;

But the fiddler stopped his merry tune, and turning around said he,

To a highland lassie standing by, just away from old Dundee,

Sing us a song of bonny Scotland, any old song will do.

Round the old camp fire, a ruddy red and ready chorist will join in the chorus too.

"You'll take the high-lead and I'll take the low," a song we all know.

It will remind the bays of bonny Scotland where the thistle and the blue-bells grow.

Variation

Scotland where the thistle and the blue-bells grow.
The Song that Reached my Heart

I sat midst a mighty throng within a palace grand.

Standard (inflected 4#, 5# and 7½) ABCDEFGC GHIJ

1 – VII#½ and V, V – 8 4 bars (I is 3 bars)

4 and 6 8

Charles Green 10/6/71

"It might be a bit difficult."

I sat midst a mighty throng within a palace grand,
In a city far across the sea, in a distant foreign land.
I listened to the grandest tune my ear 'ad ever 'eard,
In raptured charms amazed I was, my inmost soul was stirred.
I looked on the singer fair, my heart was at her feet.
She sang of love, the old, old thing, in accents low and sweet;
And then she sang a song that made the teardrops start,
She sang a song, a song of home, the song that reached my heart.

Memories of that night of bliss will never from me part.
She sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that reached my heart.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
She sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that reached my heart.

"I'm just a bit too high. I mun get lower."
[He pauses and repitches.]

That night I shall never forget, that night with its pleasure and pain.
I looked at the singer, I listened to the song,
I wish I could hear it again.
In fancy I seem to recall the scene of that splendour bright,
The mighty throng, the brilliant light, the vision of that night.
My fancy it may 'ave been, but never have I 'eard
A song that thrilled me through like this, like this so greatly stirred;
And then she sang a song that made the teardrops start,
She sang a song, a song of home, the song that reached my heart.

Memories of that night of bliss will never from me part.
She sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that reached my heart.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
She sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that reached my heart.

Note
Charles pitches the first verse too high, hence many of his higher notes are flattened.
I sat midst a mighty throng within a palace grand,
In a city far across the sea in a distant foreign land.
I listened to the grandest tune my ear had ever heard,
In raptured charm's a-mazed I was, my inmost soul was stirred.

I looked on the singer fair, my heart was at her feet.
She sang a song, the old, old thing; in accents low and sweet;
And then she sang a song, her music made the tear drops start.
She sang a song, a song of home, the song that raised my heart.

Memories of that night of bliss will never from me part,
She sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that reached my heart.

Home, home——sweet, sweet——home.
She sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that reached my heart.
Variations

That night I shall never forget, that night with its pleasure and pain.

I looked at the singer, I listened to the song, I wish I could hear it again.

In fancy I seem to recall the scene of that splendid singer...

the song that reached my heart
"There's a Picture in my Heart that Lives Forever"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard (inflected 2#, 4#, 5#)</th>
<th>ABACDEAF AGHIJ</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>V - 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J 144 -</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Charles Green | 12/7/73 |

There's a picture in my heart that lives forever,  
'Tis a home with 'oncysuckle round the door,  
By a brook that always smiles at love's sweet story,  
In those 'appy days gone by for evermore.  
At the window I can see my sweet'eart waiting,  
She is listening as the evening churchbells ring.  
I can see her in the valley where we parted,  
In the valley where the bluebirds sing.

In the valley where the bluebirds sing,  
In the valley where the churchbells ring.  
I can hear the voices sing, in my roving, in my dreams,  
Down in the valley, the valley, the valley,  
Down in the valley where the bluebirds sing.

"That's not a bad song."

Note  
Charles sings this very weakly.
There's a picture in my heart that lives for ever,

'Tis a home with on-ey-suckle round the door,

By a brook that always smiles at lovely sweet story,

In these happy days gone by for ever more.

At the window I can see my sweetheart waiting,

She is listening as the evening church bells ring,

I can see her in the valley where we parted,

In the valley where the blue-birds sing,

In the valley where the blue-birds sing,

In the valley where the church bells ring.

I can hear the voices sing, in my roving, in my dreams,

Down in the valley, the valley, the valley, Down in the valley where the blue-birds sing.
The Titanic

A big ship set sail on its first maiden voyage

Standard (inflected 4#) ABACDEFG HIJKLMNOP
3 - 4 I - 2 4 bars (except K - 3 bars)
150 3
4
Charles Green 6/5/71

"This Titanic wore a true song."

A big ship set sail on its first maiden voyage,
The world gazed in wonder and pride.
Old England was proud of the ship and its crew,
Whose captain was trusted and tried.
The ship was a city of splendour and light,
Its rich and its poor side by side;
But when the blow came and the vessel went down,
Rich men and poor men like Englishmen died—

On the ship that will never return,
The ship that will never return.
Brave hearts were spoken er [corrects himself] broken
and brave words were spoken,
I heard where true love you discern.
Mothers they sobbed in prayer,
As they parted from loved ones there.
'Usbands and sons, brave 'earted ones,
on the ship that will never return.

Be British the captain cried out from the bridge
And British ... 

"I'm wrong here. It's not right verse for a start."

Titanic its name and Titanic its size,
As away o'er the waters she rolled.
Four days had gone by since she left the old land
With over two thousand aboard;
And then came the crash in the dead of the night,
Yet none on that ship was dismayed.
They trusted the captain, they trusted the crew,
And even the women were not afraid.
A big ship set sail on its first maiden voyage,
The world gazed in wonder and pride.
Old England was proud of the ship and its crew,
Whose captain was trusted and tried.
The ship was a city of splendour and light,
Its rich and its poor side by side.
But when the blow came and the vessel went down,
Rich men and poor men like Englishmen died.
On the ship that will never return,
The ship that will never return.
Brave hearts were broken and brave words were spoken,
I heard where true love was discerned.
Be British, the captain cried out from the bridge,
And ... [forgets words] and British were they.
The women and children, the first for the boat,
And the sailors knew how to obey.
As long as old England sends ships oversea,
The deeds of that night she'll recall;
When rich men and poor men went down side by side,
When rank made no difference, for death levelled all -

On the ship that will never return,
The ship that will never return.
Brave words were spoken and brave hearts were broken,
I heard where true love you discern.
Mothers they sobbed in prayer,
As they parted from loved ones there,
'Usbands and sons, brave 'eart-ed ones,
On the ship that will never return.
"Tramp Boys Tramp by the Waggonside"

123567
1# V - 3 8 bars
1/160 3 4
Charles Green 25/5/71

Tramp boys, tramp by the waggonside, tramp on over the plain.  Let dull hearts in the town abide, tramp on never complain.  What dull miles have before us, boys, what dull sinews will tire.  Rest soon strength will restore us, boys, through vigour inspire.  Tramp boys, tramp by the waggonside, tramp on over the plain.

Note: Charles says that this was sung by carters who carried stone from the quarries at Old Broom, Crawshaw and Thorncliffe.
Tramp boys, tramp by the wagon-side, tramp on over the plain.

Let dull hearts in the town a-side, tramp on never complain.

What dull miles have before us, boys, what dull sinews will tire.

Rest soon strength will restore us, boys, through vigorous inspire.

Tramp boys, tramp by the wagon-side, tramp on over the plain.
Two Little Girls in Blue

An old man gazed on a photograph in a locket 'e'd worn for years.
'Is nephew then asked 'im the reason why that picture 'ad caused 'im tears.
Come listen, 'e said, and I'll tell thee, lad,
a story that's strange but true;
Your father and I when at school one day met two little girls in blue.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,
They were sisters and we were brothers and learned to love the two.
One little girl in blue, lad, they won your father's heart,
Became your mother, I married the other but we have drifted apart.

That picture was one of those girls, 'e said,
and to me she was once a wife.
I thought 'er unfaithful, we quarrelled, lad,
and parted that night for life.
My fancy of jealousy wronged 'er heart, a heart that was good and true;
But two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls in blue.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,
They were sisters and we were brothers and learned to love the two.
One little girl in blue, lad, she* won your father's heart,
She* became your mother, I married the other but we have drifted apart.

*Charles corrects.
An old man gazed on a photograph in a locket 'e'd worn for years.

'tis nephew then asked 'im the reason why that picture ad caused 'im tears.

Come listen, 'e said, and 'I'll tell thee, lad, a story that's strange but true;

Your father and 'I when at school one day met two little girls in blue.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,

They were sisters and we were brothers and learned to love the two.

One little girl in blue, lad, they won your father's heart,

Became your mother, 'I married the other but we have drifted a-part.

Variation

II d 2

lived than they, those...
"Wassail Song"

"We've been a while a-wandering"

Standard

\begin{align*}
\text{1# ^} & \quad \text{III - 5} \\
\text{1# 110} & \quad 4 \\
\text{4 bars} & \\
\end{align*}

Charles Green 25/5/71

"They're nearly both same." [Charles knows two versions of the song.]

We've been a while a-wandering amongst the leaves so green,
And now we come a-wesseling so fair to be seen.
Pray God send you, pray God send you,
Pray God send you a happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours children whom you 'ave seen before.
Pray God send you, pray God send you,
Pray God send you a happy New Year.

God bless the master of this house likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children that round their table go.
God send a happy, God send a happy,
Pray God send you a happy New Year.

"That's that."
We've been a-while a-wandering a-mongst the leaves so green,
And now we come a-wes-sel-ling so fair— to be seen.

Pray God send you; pray God send you,
Pray God send— you a hap-py New Year.

God send a hap-py; God send a hap-py,
**We Are All Jolly Fellows (f)**

Standard

(A)BCD

III 1 - 8 4 bars

J 162 3 4

Charles Green 6/5/71

An' the farmer came calling and thus he did say
Come arise me good fellow arise with good will
For your 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

"Mind you there's another verse or two. I don't know 'em. I know some bits on 'em. I know it comes in at finish - farmer were calling 'em about being idle fellows that follows the plough. They say, 'We've all ploughed an acre I swear and I'll vow, And we're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.' "

**We Were Sweethearts**

Standard (inflected 4#, 2#, 1#) ABCD EFEG

VII# IV# - 6 4 bars

J 64 4 and 6 8

Charles Green 10/6/71

We were sweethearts, do I remember those dear happy days of old,
When we went to school together, fair love stories sweet you told.
Years 'avo passed since we were parted, o'er the sea you had to go,
And you left me broken hearted, but, dear heart, you did not know.

We were sweet'carts in the days of yore,
Sweet'carts now, sweet'carts then, sweet'carts evermore;
Ever true, dear, as the years go by,
My sweet'cart in school days and my sweet'cart till I die.
An' the farmer came call-ing and thus he did say

Come a-rise me good fel-lows a-rise with good will

For your bris-es are wait-ing their bel-lies to fill.

We were sweet-hearts, do re-mem-ber those dear hap-py days of old,

When we went to school to-geth-er, for love tons of sweet you told.

Year’s we passed since we were part-ed, oer the sea you had to go,

And you left me bro-ken heart-ed, but dear hearts you did not know.

We were sweet-hearts in the days of yore,

Sweet-hearts now, sweet-hearts then, sweet-hearts ev-er-more;

Ev-er true dears, as the years go by,

My sweet-heart in school days and my sweet-heart till I die.
When It's Springtime in the Rockies (inc)  Gre 41

The twilight shadows deepen into night, dear,
Modulates from V to 1              ABCDABCD EFEG
1                    III - V        3 bars and 8 bars
1\72 116            3
4
Charles Green       10/6/71

The twilight shadows deepen into night, dear,
The city lights are gleaming by the snow,
I sit alone beside the cheery fire, dear,
I'm dreaming dreams from out the long ago.
I fancy it is springtime in the mountains,
The flowers with their colours are aflame,
And every day I hear you softly calling,
I'll wait until the springtime comes again.

When its springtime in the Rockies I am coming back to you,
Little sweet' eart of the mountains with those bonny eyes of blue.
Once again I'll say I love you, while birds sing all the day,
When its springtime in the Rockies, in the Rockies far away.

"I don't know next verse."
The twilight shadows deepen into night, dear,

The city lights are gleaming by the snow,

I sit alone beside the cheery fire, dear,

I'm dreaming dreams from out the long ago.

I fancy it is spring-time in the mountains,

The flowers with their colors are a-flame,

And every day since I hear you softly calling,

I'll wait until the spring-time comes again.

When it's spring-time in the Rockies I am coming back to you,

Little sweetheart of the mountains with those bonny eyes of blue.

Once again I'll say I love you, while birds sing all the day,

When it's spring-time in the Rockies, in the Rockies far away.
When We Went to School Together

Do you remember how long years ago

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#)      ABCDEF'E'G

1       IV - 5                 8 bars

138 and 124  3

Charles Green  10/6/71

Do you remember 'ow long years ago as children together we played.
I was a lad full of mischief and fun, and you were a sweet little maid.
Playing at sweet'earts 'ow 'appy were we,
    none dreamt of the changes in store;
But you became wealthy, too wealthy for me,
    and now times 'ave altered once more.

When we went to school together, I fought all your battles for you;
But riches came between us though I love you fondly and true;
And now the times 'ave altered and poverty knocks at your door.
Won't you let me battle for you as I did in the days of yore?

You never guessed I loved you so well,
    'twas pride that forbad me to speak.
I never dared my love, dear, to tell,
    you 'ad wealth, I had riches to seek.
Now fickle fortune has smiled on me too, and smiling on me, lo, I find,
While smiling on me she has frowned dear on you
    and scattered your wealth to the wynd.

When we went to school together, I fought all your battles for you;
But riches came between us though I love you fondly and true;
And now the times 'ave altered and poverty knocks at your door.
Won't you let me battle for you as I did in the days of yore?

"Thore's one just similar."  [We Were Sweethearts]
Do you re-member how long years a-go
as children to-gether we played.
I was a lad full of mis-chief and fun,
and you were a sweet little maid.

Playing at sweet-reats bow lappy were we,
none dreamt of the chang-es in store;
But you be-came wealth-y, too wealth-y for me,
and now times are al-tered once more.

When we went to school to-gether,
I fought all your batt-les for you;
But rich-ees came be-tween us
though I love you fond-ly and true;
And now the tunes are altered

and poverty knocks at your door.

Won't you let me battle for you

as I did in the days of yore?
"The White Cockade"

'Twas one bright rosy morning as I walked o'er yond' hill

I had no thoughts of listing till the soldiers bade me come.
They a kind of did induce me to go with them to roam,
They advanced me some money, they advanced me some money,
They advanced me some money, a shilling and a crown.

Now it's true my love 'as listed and 'e wears a white cockade.
'E is a handsome young man within the roving glade.
He's proper tall and slender and 'e's gone to serve the king,
And my very heart lies breaking, my very heart lies breaking,
And my very heart lies breaking all for the love of him.

He pulled out a handkerchief to wipe a flowing tear,
Saying, keep this in rememberance throughout the coming year,
And mind you keep good company till I return again,
Then I'll marry thee my true love, I'll marry thee my true love,
Then I'll marry thee my true love when I return again.

"The last verse comes in, 'O may he never prosper...' I know
that but I don't think it sounds right to come 'ere after 'Keep
good company till I return again', and then singing straight off
'O may he never prosper'."

O may 'e never prosper, O may 'e never thrive;
And everything 'e takes in 'and so long as 'e's alive.
The very ground 'o walks upon, may the grass refuse to grow,
Since 'e's been the only causer, since 'e's been the only causer,
Since 'e's been the only cause of my sorrow grief and woe.

"That's one [verse] I don't care for singing that ... I think
there must have been a verse in between. They used to know it
at Stannington."
"Twas one bright rosy morning as I walked o'er yond' hill,
I had no thoughts of list'ning till the sol-diers bade me come,
They a kind of did in-duce me to go with them to roam,
They ad- van-ced me some mo-ney, they ad- van-ced me some mo-ney,
They ad- van-ced me some mo-ney, a shil-ling and a crown.

Variations

Ia 2

IIb3

IIe 3

Last-ed and e... in the ro-ving... for the love of-

out the ro-ving... been the on-ly...
I've been a wild rover

I've been a wild rover for many long years,
I've spent all my money in whisky and beer.

"now then"

I never will play the wild rover, no more,
Singing nay, no never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

"You used to get them singing that on purpose for the landlord. He comes in the next verse, you know."

Put me 'and in me pocket, and out I withdrew
"That's when 'e get being kept away from pub."
A handful of silver, on the counter I threw.
See 'ere, me proud landlord, I've money in store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

"I didn't like 'em singing it 'cos it said too much of the landlords, 'cos there was some good landlords up and down, you know. They didn't like landlords taking their money and they'd nowt."

Note
Charles feels that the song is offensive to landlords.
I've been a wild rover for many long years,
I've spent all my money in whisky and beer.

[hum]   

I never will play the wild rover, no more,

Sing-ing nay, no, ne-ver, ne-ver no more,

I ne-ver will play the wild rover no more.
"Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?"

Now in the summer of life, sweetheart,

Standard (inflected 1# and 2#) ABCD EFGH

VI# V - 6 4444 2222
#60± 4 4

Charles Green 10/6/71

"It's old un."

Now in the summer of life, sweetheart, you say you love but me.
Gladly I give all my heart to you, throbbing with ecstasy.
Last night I saw while dreaming that I'd grown old and grey,
And I wondered if you'd love me then, dear, just as you do today.

Will you love me in December as you do in May?
Will you love me in that good old fashioned way?
When my hair 'as all turned grey, will you kiss me then and say,
That you love me in December as you do in May?
Now in the summer of life, sweet-heart, you say you love but me.

Gladly I give all my heart to you, throbbing with ecstasies.

Last night I saw while dreaming that I'd grown old and grey,

And I wondered if you'd love me then, dear, just as you do today.

Will you love me in December as you do in May?

Will you love me in that good old fashioned way?

When my hair is all turned grey, will you kiss me then and say,

That you love me in December as you do in May?
Barbara Allen (f)                                                    HanB 1
"Barbry Allen"

In Scotland I was bred and born

123567#                  ABCD
VI         III - 5       2 bars
1/60                  3
      4
Bob Hancock                     28/1/71

"Me brother knows that one. I didn't know that. I could more or less foller 'im."

In Scotland I was bred and born,
In Scotland I was dwelling.
I fell in love with a pretty fair maid,
'Er name was Barbry Allen. [laughs]

"Then it goes on 'I courted 'er for weeks and months'. I could foller 'im. There's a lot of verses to that."

Note
See HanG 1.

Bonny Mary of Argyl (inc )                                          HanB 2

I have heard the mavis singing

Standard (inflected 4#)                        AB(C)DAE
IV - V¥                      V - 8       44 445
1/60¥                      3
      4
Bob Hancock                     28/1/71

(I 'ave)¹ heard the mavis singing 'is the love song to the rose.
I 'ave seen the dew-drops clinging to the rose just newly born;
And the sweet [hesitates]
I 'ave seen an eye still blightor than the dew-drops on the rose.
I 'ave watched thine 'eart, dear Mary, and its goodness winning smile,
That 'as made thee mine forever, bonny Mary of Argyl.

"That's another old un."

¹ Not recorded.
In Scotland I was bred and born,

In Scotland I was dwelling.

I fell in love with a pretty fair maid,

Her name was Bar-bry Al-len.

I have heard the ma-vis singing, 'tis the love song to the rose,

I have seen the dewdrops clinging to the rose just newly born;

And the sweet...

I have seen an eye still brighter than the dew-drops on the rose,

I have watched thine, dear Mar-ry, and its goodness winning smile,

That's made thee mine for e-ver, bon-ny Mar-ry of Ar-gyl.
Come to the River (f)

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie

123457# AB

III VII± 5 4 bars

1 120 4

Bob Hancock 28/1/71

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie,
"That's 'ow it goes."
A blush from 'er cheek and a smile from 'er eye,
"Old Frank knows 'em."
Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lies,

A blush from 'er cheek and a smile from 'er eye.
The Garden Gate

The day being spent the moon shone bright,

Young Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate;
But who was there that made Mary sad,
Which made poor Mary sigh and say,
Thou never shalt make such a fool of me.

She traced the garden here and there, the village clock struck nine,
Which made poor Mary sigh and say, Thou never shalt be mine;
For thou promised to meet me at the gate at eight,
Thou never shalt deceive me or make me wait,
Before I'd let such a lover see,
whether they would make such a fool of me.

She traced the garden here and [hesitates] and then,
the village clock struck ten;
Which made poor Mary sigh and say, no more to part again;
For 'e 'ad been such a long, long way to buy the ring for the wedding day.
For he had been such a long, long way to buy the ring for the wedding day.

Up by the morning sun they rose, to church they went straightway,
And all the village joyful were upon that wedding day;
For in a neat little cot, just by the riverside,
young William and Mary they do reside,
For she blessed the hour that she'd wait
for 'er absent lover at the garden gate.

"I learnt it from me brother, [George] We used to sing 'em at 'ome. Me father he were a good singer. I've 'eard 'im on a Sunday night 'e used to sing 'ymns. It's a funny thing, although 'e used to come to this pub [Norfolk Arms]. 'e was born there, but, 'e'd never go drinking on a Sunday. Never catch me father in a pub on a Sunday."

Note
Bob is confused with some of the words especially in verse III. The pitch rises steadily at the same points in each verse (a2 and b2). See Han2 13.
The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck eight,

Young Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate;

But who was there that made Mary sad, the gate was there but not the lad,

Which made poor Mary sigh and say, Thorn ne'er shall make such a fool of me.

Variations

William and Mary, they...
It's my mother's birthday today.
I'm on my way with a lovely bouquet.
To me 'tis the 'appiest day.
I won't be late at the old cottage gate.
I'll greet 'er with a kiss and this I know she's worth;
And then I'll say, God bless you, many happy returns.
These roses will soon fade away,
And I know what they mean to convey,
For it's my mother's birthday today.

"They were good words then, I think."

Note
The song was in fact published by Irwin Dash Music Co. Ltd. in 1935.
It's my mother's birthday today.

I'm on my way with a lovely bouquet.

'Tis the happiest day.

I won't be late at the old cottage gate.

I'll greet her with a kiss and this I know she's worth,

And then I'll say God bless you, many happy returns.

These roses will soon fade away,

And I know what they mean to convey,

For it's my mother's birthday today.
Mocking Bird Hill

When the sun in the morning peeps over yon hill

Standard ABAC DEDF

VII - 2

III - 4

120 3

4

Bob Hancock 28/1/71

"That's not such an owd un, is it."

When the sun in the morning peeps over yon hill,
And kisses the roses on my window-sill;
When my heart fills with gladness as I hear of the trill,
Of the birds in the treetops on Mocking Bird Hill.

Tra-la-da twiddle-lee-dee-dee, it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mocking bird trill.
Tra-la-da twiddle-lee-dee-dee, there's peace and goodwill.
You're welcome as the flowers on Mocking Bird Hill.

Got a three-cornered plough and an acre to till,
And a mule that I bought for a ten dollar bill.
Got a rusty old shack and a tumble-down mill,
And it's 'ome sweet 'ome on Mocking Bird 'ill.

Tra-la-da twiddle-lee-dee-dee, it gives me a thrill.
To wake up in the morning to the mocking bird trill.
Tra-la-da twiddle-lee-dee-dee, there's peace and goodwill.
You're welcome as the flowers on Mocking Bird Hill.
When the sun in the morning peeps over your hill,
And kisses the roses on my window sill;
When my heart fills with gladness as I hear of the trill,
Of the birds in the tree-tops on Mocking Bird Hill.

Tra-la-da twiddle-lee-dee-dee, it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mocking bird trill.

Tra-la-da twiddle-lee-dee-dee, there's peace and good will.
You're as welcome as the flowers on Mocking Bird Hill.
Every morning, every morning everything is quite alright.*
You don't need a knocker-up, you don't need a cock, for underneath the bed I pop the old gamecock.
Every morning, every morning I used to (h) oversleep myself it's true, When out I go when the cock begins to crow, cock cock cock-a-doodle-do! [Laughs].

Mrs. Hancock: "That's a funny one."

*Mrs. Hancock interjects, "I don't like that one."

Note: Mrs. Hancock's initial comment would seem to reflect her uneasiness as to the sexual overtones of the song.

---

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>ABACDC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III½ - III</td>
<td>1 - 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Bob Hancock 28/1/71

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.
Gone from the shore to a better land I know.
I hear those gentle voices calling, poor old Joe.
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low.
I hear those gentle voices calling, poor old Joe.

"There used to be three verses in it and I knew them all at one time. It must be donkey's years, thirty years since I sung anything like that."
Every morning, every morning, everything is quite all-right.

You don't need a knock-er-up, you don't need a cock,

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.

For underneath the bed I pop the old game-cock.

Gone are my friends to the cotton fields away.

Every morning, every morning I used to hover-sleep myself, true,

Gone from the shore to a better land I know.

When our 1 go when the cock begins to crow, cock cock cock-a-doodle-do!

I hear those gentle voices calling, poor old Joe.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low.

I hear those gentle voices calling, poor old Joe.
The Rosy Morn (f)

"Bright Rosy Morning"

III b 1 - 8 4 bars
3 4
Bob Hancock 28/1/71

* ... And brushes adorning through meadow and field.

"There's a lot more to it. I've forgot it ... That's going back fifty years ... Frank Hinchliffe, he knows a lot of good old uns. I'll tell you best time — supposin' we went up to t' Sportsman one night an' all got together, it's surprising how you can think on 'em when you've had a drink or two. One follows other. I've been singing with Frank many a time, you know, you keep reapin' different uns up."

* Opening not recorded.

Sheffield Park (f)

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

(123456 ABCD)

V V - 6 4 bars
\( \text{\textordmasculine} \) 90 3 4
Bob Hancock 28/1/71

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell
A fair young maid, I loved so well.
I courted 'er from week to week,
Till at length she broke my heart away.

"I only know that. Frank [Hinchliffe] 'e knows that one. I've 'eard 'im sing it. Knows it right through. Spoils it when you don't know 'em right through don't it really."

Note
See Hin 51.
And brushes adorning through meadow and field,

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

A fair young maid, I loved so well.

I counted her from week to week,

Till at length she broke my heart away.
She wears red feathers and a hooley* hooley skirt. She wears red feathers and a hooley 'ooley skirt. [hesitates]
She lives on just coconuts and fish from the sea,
A rose in 'er 'air an' a look in 'er eye an' love's in 'er 'eart for me. [laughs]

* Not recorded.
She wears red feathers and a hoo-ley hoo-ley skirt,

She wears red feathers and a hoo-ley hoo-ley skirt.

She lives on just co-co-nuts and fish from the sea,

A rose in 'er 'air an'a. look in 'er eye and 'loves in 'er 'eart for me.
"Tis But a Little Faded Flower" (f)

Standard (inflected 4♯)  AB
VII  IV♯- 5  4 bars
วา 6 6 irregular

Bob Hancock  28/1/71

"This old chap he used to sing to me. I used to take milk up there as a lad. He'd been to Canada and all those fingers there were frozen off."

'Tis but a little faded flower, but 0 how fondly dear,
To bring me back one golden hour through many, through many a weary year.

"You can't sing in this pub [Norfolk Arms]. I've tried a time or two but the landlord doesn't like you to sing and that's it."

The Wild Rover (f)

I've been a wild rover

Standard  A(B)ACDC
VI♭  V - 5  2 4444
วา 85  3 4

Bob Hancock  28/1/71

I've been a wild rover

"Just forget 'ow it starts."

I'll give up me wild roaming and 'ave money in store,
I never will play the wild rover no more,
Singing, Nay, no, never, never, no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

"Old Frank [Hinchliffe] knows that one and I could foller 'im with second verse."

Note
See Hin 69.
"Tis but a little职责的 flowers, but O how fondly dear,
To bring me back one golden hour through many through many weary years.

I've been a wild rover,
I'll give up me wild roaming and have money in store,
I never will play the wild rover no more,
Sing-ing, Nay, no, never, never, no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.
"Edith Allen"

At Carsick I was bred and born

123567#
1 III - 5 2 bars
1 72
3 4
George Hancock 1/10/70

[Edith prompts] "This is his own."

At Carsick I was bred and born,
At Sheephill is my dwelling,
I fell in love with a pretty fair maid
And 'er name were Edith Allen. [laughter]

Mrs Hinchliffe: "He does alright with calling you Allen as well."

I sent one of my servant men
To the place where she was dwelling,
To tell that pretty fair maid to come,
If 'er name be Edith Allen.

And slowly she came creeping up ...

Frank Hinchliffe: "You're singing more or less old version to it."
George: "Sang that when we got married."
Frank: "... There's two or three different versions on it. ..."
[Frank recites his version]
Dorothy Hinchliffe: "In something town?"
Frank: "Scarlet town, that's school version."

Note
See Barbara Allen, George Hancock, 7/8/72, S40. George says he learnt original version from his Uncle Joe Hancock.
At Car-sick I was bred and born,

At Sheep-hill is my dwelling,

I fell in love with a pretty fair maid

And'er name were Edith Allen.
(Believe me, if all those endearing young charms, which I gaze on so fondly today, were to change* by tomorrow and fleet in my arms like fairy gifts fading away.
Thou would still be adored, as this moment thou art, let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my 'eart would entwine itself verdently still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own and thy chakes [cheeks] unprofound with a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known to which time will be make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets, but as truly loves unto the close.
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets the same look which she turned when 'e rose.

"That's just that. It's an owd un that."

* Tape off.

Note
See Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own
and thine own, profound with a tear,
That the favour and faith of a soul can be known
to which time will be made thee more clear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
burns truly loves unto the close:
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
became look which she turned when he rose.
Betsy the Serving Maid

"Sweet Betsy"

Sweet Betsy up to London went

123456

24 V - 6

156 3

George Hancock 16/3/70

"It's a good old song, it is an old 'un like, that 'Sweet Betsy'."

Sweet Betsy up to London went
To seek some service,
To seek some service with discontent.

'Er master 'ad but one only son,
Sweet Betsy's heart he fairly won.
Betsy being so very shy
It took her heart,
It took her 'eart into great fear.

One Sunday night he took his time
And to sweet Betsy 'e told his mind.
He swore an oath from the powers above,
None but you sweet Betsy,
None but you sweet Betsy, none but you I love.

His mother hearing of these words,
It put 'er 'eart into great fear;
But soon she did contrive a scheme
To send sweet Betsy,
To send sweet Betsy o'er the watery main.

Betsy, Betsy pack up thy clothes,
Pack up thy clothes love and go with me;
Pack up thy clothes love and go with me,
Some foreign friends,
Some foreign friends I am going to see.

They rode, they rode to a seaport town
Where ships were sailing both up and down.
They hired a boat and on board they went.
Sweet Betsy's 'eart,
Sweet Betsy's 'eart was discontent.
In three weeks after his mother returned.
Welcome welcome, said her son,
But where is Betsy, tell me I pray,
That she's so long,
That she so long be'ind you stay?

In three days after their son fell ill.
No man on earth could make 'im well.
At first 'e sobbed and then 'e sighed
It's for you sweet Betsy,
It's for you sweet Betsy, it's for you I die.

In three days after their son lay dead.
They wrung their hands and they shook their 'eads.
They wished their son would arise again;
They would send for Betsy,
They would send for Betsy to come back again.

Now (h)all you parents both far and near,
Do not control on your children dear,
But let them marry the one that they love best
Or else it will,
Or else it will a ruin prove at length.

"That's the one."

Note
See Betsy the Serving Maid, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.
"I learnt that here. Me father used to sing that. I think there's one or two verses I don't just know. I know there used to be about thirteen verses."
Sweet Betsy up to London went
To seek some service, To seek some service with discontent

"Er mas'ter 'ad but one only son,
Sweet Betsy's heart he fairly won.
Betsy being so very shy
It took her heart, It took her heart into great fear.

Variations

His mother hearing of these words...

They rode they rode to a...

mother returned Welcome welcome...

It's for you sweet...
"Bonny Young Scotch Lassie"(f)

I look through the glass but nine times a day
Thinks I to meself I'm a rare bonny lass.

Frank: "Aunt Jane's. Bonny young Scotch Lassie name it is Jane,
My father's a shepherd tends sheep o'er you plain."

[Frank pitches.]
I lace up me stays to make me waist small
Thinks I to meself I'm a rare bonny lass
[Hums]
But there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'
But there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'.

I look through the glass but nine times a day
Thinks I to meself I'm a rare bonny lass.

Note
George's third and fourth phrases may be improvised as they resemble The Nobleman and the Thresherman as much as Frank's version of the song.
I lace up me stays to make me waist small.

Thanks I to myself I'm a rare bonny lass.

[Hum]

But there n'er comes a lad-die to take me a-way.

But there n'er comes a lad-die to take me a-way.

Variation

T.3

nice times a day Thanks...
"Can't Change It" (f)

Standard

<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>1 - 7#</td>
<td>2 bars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

George Hancock 1/10/70

"There's one that old Jim Lidster used to sing."

Can't change it, can't change it,
No matter what the matter be, 'alf a woman and 'alf a tree.
Can't change 'er no matter how I see
I'll put that sleep in the sweet by an by.

"There were many verses to that. It were a rum un an' all."

Note
Seems to make little sense.
Can't change it, can't change it,

No matter what the matter be, 'alf a wom'an an' alf a tree.

Can't change 'er—no matter how I see

I'll put that sleep in the swear by an' by.
"Dear Old Mother" (inc)

Standard (inflected 1#, 4# and 5#) ABAABC EFGE

VI b IV - 5 4 bars
J 120 J 150 4 and 6 4 and 4
George Hancock 20/1/71

[hums] ... in this world so high
But we don't ... by her side
When times are 'ard and troubles come, the world knocks at your door.
You'll see to those who swore true friendship in the days of yore;
But they don't know when you are down and how hard seem your lot,
'Tis then you'll still remember there is one true friend you've got.

Dear old mother, always kind and true,
Dear old mother, I always think of you.
When this world departed and the time when you are old,
'Tis then you'll find your mother is the truest friend of all.
Unclear—

in this world so high

But we don't—

by her side

When times are hard and troubles come, the wolf knock at your door.

You'll see to those who swore true friendship in the days of yore;

But they don't know when you are down and how hard seem your lot,

'Tis then you'll still remember these is one true friend you've got.

Dear old mother, always kind and true,

Dear old mother, I always think of you.

When this world departs and the time when you are old,

'Tis then you'll find your mother is the truest friend of all.
Don't Go Down in the Mine Dad (inc)

Standard (inflected 1# and 2#) ABCD

VI\+ VI - 5 4 bars
J 120 6
8

George Hancock 16/9/70

Don't go down in the mine Dad, dreams very often come true.
Daddy you know it would break my heart if anything 'appened to you.
Go and tell my dreams to your friend,
it's as true as the stars that shine.
Something is going to 'appen today, dear Daddy don't go down the mine.

"I don't know any more like."
Don't go down in the mine, Dad, dreams very often come true.

Daddy you know it would break my heart if anything happened to you.

Go and tell my dreams to your friend, it's as true as the stars that shine.

Something is going to happen today, dear Daddy don't go down the mine.
"A Few Jovial Sportsmen"

We're a few jovial sportsmen together well met, 
For health and amusement this day to be spent. 
Long time I've been waiting for this memorable morn 
For the sound of the 'untsman (h)and 'is mellow tone horn.

Then let's join in full chorus with the echo we'll sing, 
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring, 
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

See the huntsman 'ow 'e gathers 'is hounds in the morn, 
How melodious how melodious 'is 'orn doth sound, 
Crying come come, come come, come let's away 
To the woods let's prepare boys to the woods let's away. 
Then let's join in full chorus with the echo we'll sing, 
We'll make the woods to echo (h)and the valleys to ring, 
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Now all you true sportsmen (h) of every degree, 
And to (h)all honest 'untsers who (h)ere they may be. 
There is Tenor and Treble and old Rambler drops in 
With 'is musical note makes you valleys to ring. 
And the valleys to ring and valleys to ring; 
We'll make the woods to echo (h)and the valleys to ring, 
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Note
See "A Few Jovial Sportsmen", George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.
We're a few jovial sportsmen together well met,

For health and amusement this day to be spent.

Long time I've been waiting for this memorable mom

For the sound of the huntsman (and is mellow tone horn)

Then let's join in full chorus with the echo we'll sing,

We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring,

We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Variations

Ia3

IIc2

IIIa3

hounds in the... come come, come let's a... ev-ery... de-

IIIa3

val-leys to...
"Friendship" (inc)

Friendship makes this world so happy

Standard

\[ \text{ABACDEDF} \]

1↓  V - 6  2 bars
\[ 92 \]
4  4

George Hancock  20/1/71

"There were another one about friendship. I always wanted to learn it, but you couldn't always catch 'em [parents] to be singing it. It were a real good song it were."

Friendship makes this world so happy,
Friendship makes us (h)all unite,
Friendship makes us sing our ditty,
Friendship's 'ere with us tonight.
Then here 'ave we been (h)all together,
'Ere 'ave we been one and all.
Brighter yet we'll be together,
And with joy we'll man the wall.

"I don't know much more of that though it goes on, 'See the beacon fires burning'... It were like a good meaning song."

Note
See "Friendship", George Hancock, 1/10/70, S14.
Friend-ship makes this world so hap-py,
Friend-ship makes us (h)all u-ni-te,
Friend-ship makes us sing our dol-ly,
Friend-ship's 'ere with us to-night.

Then here 'ave we been (h)all to-geth-er,
Ere 'ave we been one and all.
Bright-er yet we'll be to-geth-er,
And with joy we'll man the wall.
"There used to be one with all folks in Fulwood, I used to know some of it like, 'Anthony Wheatcroft lives alone, Ben Swinden's a horse of his own, Henry Broomhead sells good beer, and old Harry Hancock's sure to be there.' Grace knows that better."

Old Sally Wheatcroft lives alone
Fal der ral ...
Fal - la ...
Lee ... dee dee.

"I think it went like that. I never knew that through but I've heard me father sing it when he were young."

Note
See Fulwood Farmers and Neighbours, (f), George Hancock, 1/10/70, S14. Mrs Edith Hancock mentions that her mother used to know it.
Old Salty Wheat-Crft lives a-lone
Faul-de-mal-lal la la la
Faul-la --- Lee --- dee dee
'Twas a Lady possessed of great beauty,

Standard AABA
IV - VI V - 8 4 bars
$\uparrow 156$

'Twas a lady possessed of great beauty,

she stood at her own father's gate.
The gallant hussars were on duty, to view them this maiden did wait.
Their 'orsos were capering and prancing,
their bugles they shone like the stars.
On the plains they were ever advancing, she spied a young gallant hussar.

To the barracks right early next morning,
this damsel she went in a cart,
Because she loved so sincerely young Edwin, that gallant hussar.
O try, says young Edwin, be steady; just think of the dangers in war.
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready,
so don't wed with your gallant hussar.

Six months upon bread and cold water, my parents confined me from you.
O its hard-hearted friends to their daughter,
whose heart is so loyal and true.
But 'less they confine me forever or banish me from you afar,
I'll wed with that beautiful creature, young Edwin my gallant hussar.

Note
See The Gallant Hussar, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22. George learnt
it from Uncle Joe Hancock of Whitely Wood.
See also The Gallant Hussar, George Hancock, 7/8/72, S40.
George sings additional couplet to A A of melody.

So now they're united together friends think of them now they're afar,
God bless them both now and forever young Edwin that gallant hussar.
There was a lady possessed of great beauty, she stood at her own father's gate.

The gallant hussars were on duty, to view them this maid-endid wait.

Their horses were capering and prancing, their bugles they shook in the stars.

On the plains they were ever advancing, she spied a young gallant hussar.

III a 1

To the barracks... because she loved so well...

Six months upon bread and cold water my
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland

Standard (inflected 1♯)   ABCD
VI♯   V - 6   2 bars
J 85   4   4
George Hancock        7/8/72

George: "That Irish song that's a good un."
Edith: "That's not an ancient one."

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Or may be at the coming of your day,
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh,
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
The women in the meadows makin' hay:
Just to sit beside the turf fire in the cabin,
And to watch the barefoot cousins at their play.

For the breezes blowin' o'er the sea from Ireland
Are perfumed by the other as they blow,
And the women in the uplands diggin' praties
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way,
And somehow I am sure they're goin' to be;
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven
In that dear land across the Irish sea.
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Or maybe at the coming of your day,
You will sit and watch the moonrise over Claddagh,
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

Variation

\[ \text{heaven} \quad \text{In...} \]
The Garden Gate

The day being spent the moon shone bright

Young Mary hastened with delight unto that garden gate.
But who was there that made Mary sad, the gate was there but not the lad,
Which made poor Mary sigh and say,
Thou never never makes such a fool of me.

The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck eight.
Young Mary hastened with delight unto that garden gate.
But who was there that made Mary sad, the gate was there but not the lad,
Which made poor Mary sigh and say,
Thou never never makes such a fool of me.

The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck nine,
Which made poor Mary sigh (h) and say, Thou never shalt be mine.
For thou promised to meet me at the gate at eight.
Thou never shalt deceive me nor make me wait,
For before I let such lovers see, whether they would make such a fool of me.

The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck ten.
Young William flew into 'er (h) arms no more to part again.
For 'e 'ad been such a long long way to buy the ring for the wedding day.
For 'e had been such a long long way to buy the ring for the wedding day.

Up with the morning sun they rose [Frank prompts]
to church they went straightway,
And all the village joyful were upon that wedding day.
Now in a neat little cot by the riverside,
young William and Mary they do reside.
For she blessed the hour that she did wait,
for 'er absent lover at the garden gate.

Frank: "Just a little bit of variation George but not a great deal."

Note
Soo The Garden Gate, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22. Repeats final couplet (IV c and d).
"These are what me father and mother used to sing when we were kiddics."
The clay being open, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck eight.

Young Mary hastened with delight un-to that garden gate.

But who was there that made Mary sad, the gate was then but not the lad,

Which made poor Mary sigh and say, These never never minds such a fool of me.

Variations

For then promised tomarrow at the... For he had been such a...

Now in a neat little cot by the...
"I do love my mother as my life"

Standard (inflected 1#, 4# and 5#)  

IV  
V - 5  
\( \frac{4}{4} \)  

3 bars 4 bars

George and Edith Hancock  
1/10/70

I do love my mother as my life.
Once I thought I'd like to take a wife,
When I mentioned it to mother dear,
In 'er eye I saw they were a tear.
Do not leave me now I'm old, she cried,
You've been my only pride since father died.
Do not let another come between,
Be to me the son you've always been.

For you know I love you more than words can say,
'Twould break my (h)old 'eart if you went away,
For you and your sweet'eart may fondly love each other,
You can get a sweet'eart any day but not another mother.

Edith: "What's next?"

I said mother if I married Lou,
There would always be a place for you;
And she shook 'er 'ead in 'eavy 'eart,
Nay lad, relatives are best apart,
Suppose we were to quarrel, then what strife,
To judge between your mother and your wife,
Do not let another come between

Edith: "I think that's where you go wrong."
Then I promised 'er I would not wed,
As long as 'eaven should spare 'er snow white 'ead.

For you know I love you more than words can say,
'Twould break my (h)old 'eart if you went away,
For you and your sweet'eart may fondly love each other,
You can get a sweet'eart any day but not another mother.

Edith: "Mo mother used to sing that."
Mrs. Hinchliffe: "Mo Dad used to sing that ... Very nice that."

Note
Pulse is fairly steady and yet the metre is inconsistent.
I do love my mother as my life;
Once I thought I'd like to take a wife,
When I mentioned it to mother clear
In her eye I saw they were a tear.
Do not leave me now I'm old, she cried,
You've been my only pride since father died.
Do not let another come between,
Be to me the son you've always been.
For you know I love you more than words can say,
'Twould break my heart if you went away,
For you and your sweet heart may fondly love each other,
You can get a sweetheart any day but not another mother.
He walked upon the boulevard with an independent air,
The (people) all declare that he's a millionaire.
You can (sail) and sigh and wish to die, and see them wink the other eye,
At the man that broke the bank in Monte Carlo.
He walked up on the boulevard with an independent air,

The people all declare that he's a millionaire.

You can (said) and sigh and wish to die, and see them wink the other eye,

At the man that broke the bank in Monte Carlo.
The Mistletoe Bough

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall

Standard

\[
\begin{align*}
2 - 3 \uparrow\text{(steady rise)} & \quad \text{III - 3} \\
\downarrow 150 - 180 & \quad \frac{6}{8} \text{(and } \frac{9}{8})
\end{align*}
\]

George Hancock

"I've sung that many a time like at Sportsman. I have in Derbyshire. 'Cos nobody seems to know it much. It'll sound out of date. There's happen nobody listening outside. It's unlucky to sing it out of Christmas."

The barons retainers all blythe and gay
Were keeping their Christmas 'oliday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
That beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
And she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of a goodly company.
O it's under that mistletoe bough,
I'm weary of dancing now, she cried,
Here tarry a moment I'll 'ide I'll 'ide.
But Lovell be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret 'iding place.
Away she ran and her friends began
Each tower to search each nook to scan,
And young Lovell cried, Ho, O where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee my own dear bride.
O it's under that mistletoe bough,
O it's under that mistletoe bough.
They sought her that night and they sought her next day,  
And they sought her in vain till a week passed away.  
In the 'ighest, the lowest, the lonesomest spot,  
Young Lovell sought wildly but found her not;  
And years flew by and their grief at last  
Was told in a sorrowful tale long past,  
And when Lovell appeared the children cried,  
See the old man weep for his own dear bride.  
O it's under that mistletoe bough,  
It's under that mistletoe bough.

At length an oak chest that had long lay hid  
Was found in the castle, they raised the lid,  
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there  
With the bridal wreaths of a lady fair.  
O sad was her fate in a spirit of jest,  
She hid from her Lord in the old oak chest.  
It closed with a spring and dreadful doom,  
There she lay clasped in a living tomb.  
O it's under that mistletoe bough,  
It's under that mistletoe bough.

"I learnt it out of a book, I think. I don't know which book.  
I wished many a time we'd kept it."
The mist-le-toc hung in the old cast-lem hall,
And the ol-by branch hung on the old oak wall.

The bar-ons re-lain-ers all blitke-and gay
Were keep-ing their Christ-mas ho-lid-ay.

The bar-on be-held with a fa-ther's picle
That beau-ti-ful child, young Lov-ell's bide;
And she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The son of a good-ly com-pa-ny.

O its-un-der that mist-le-toc-bough,
It's un-der that mist-le-toc-bough.

Variations I al-pas-sim
wear-y of danc-ing
dread-ful doom There
The Mountains of Mourne

O Mary this London's a wonderful sight,

Standard

\begin{verbatim}
V  V - 5  4 bars
140  3  4
\end{verbatim}

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 1/10/70

O Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
There's people here working by day and by night.  
They don't sow potatoes, or barley, nor wheat, 
But there's gangs of 'em digging for gold in the street.
At least when I (h) asked them that what I was told,  
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold.  
But for all that I found there, I might as well be  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course,  
Well now he is here at the head of a force.  
I met him today, he was crossing the Strand,  
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand;  
And there he's stood talking of days that are gone,  
While the whole population of London look on.  
But for all these great powers he's wishful like me  
To be back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful ladies, O never mind,  
With some beautiful shapes nature never designed,  
With lovely complexions all roses and cream,  
And Young Loughlin remarked with regard to them saying,  
And if at those roses you venture to kiss,  
The colour might all come away on your lips.  
But give me that wild rose that's waiting for me,  
Back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.
Frank: "You've missed one out George ..." [Frank prompts all through this verse.]

I've seen England's king from the top of a bus,
I never knew him but he means to know us;
And though by the Saxons we once were oppressed,
Still I cheered, God forgive him, I cheered with the rest.
And now that he's visited Erin's green shore,
We'll be much better friends than we've been here before,
When we've got what we want, we're as quiet as can be
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Edith: "That's about middle verse..."
George: "If you know first line you can generally go on a bit."
Frank: "It's a rum job when you're having to sort 'em out while you're going."
O Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
There's people here working by day and by night,
They don't sow potatoes, or barley, nor wheat,
But there's gangs of 'em digging for gold in the street.
At least when I (h) asked them that what I was told,
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold.
But for all that I found there, I might as well be
...Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Variation.
III a 2
la-dies, O nev-er ...
The Nobleman and the Thresherman (inc)

"Thresherman"

A thresherman lived in the village of late

Standard III - 5 ABCDE

v 4 4 44454

A thresherman lived in the village of late,
He had a)* thresherman's business and ...
He'd a wife an' seven children, I know it to be true,
And how dost thou maintain them as well as thou do,
And how dost thou maintain them as well as thou do?

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do sow,
And sometimes I go a-hedgin' and a-ditchin' I will go.
There's** fifty acres of good land I (freely) give to thee,
For to maintain thy fam ... and thy large family,
And to maintain thy wife and thy large family.

*tape off ** Frank attempts to prompt.

Note
The second couplet of George's second verse is part of the final verse.
See The Nobleman and the Thresherman, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.
"I used to know a lot of it like, it's left me ... When you want to think of these old songs you can't. Andrew Gregory used to sing that at Sportsman ... He could sing ... He were only the same as anybody else like."
Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do sow,
And sometimes I go a-hedg'in' and a-ditch'in' I will go.

There's fifty acres of good land I (free-like) you is thee,
For to main-tain thy fam — and thy large fam-i-ly.

And to main-tain thy wife — and thy large fam-i-ly.
Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f)

At the White Hart at Oughtibridge

Standard
VI p
\( V - 6 \)
130

ABABCD AE
4 bars

George Hancock
16/9/70

Such a trail hunt was not known in old England before ...
And you'd wonder how Millers they will win the day
Crying tooralihay 0 tooralihay
Crying I wonder how Millers they will win the day.

"I don't know any more of that though I used to do. It used to be a good un that."

Note
See Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f), George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.
At the White Hart at Oughtibridge ...
A trail hunt was not known in old England before ...
"I used to know that through but it's all gone."
At the White

Such a fraud hunt wasn't known in old England before.

And you'd wonder how Millers they will win the day,

Crying too-ra-li-hay—O too-ra-li-hay!

Cryin' I wonder how Millers they will win the day.
"Ragtime Cowboy Joe"

Down in Arizona where the badmen are

123567# (inflected 1#, 5# and 7#) Irregular
2 V - 3 Irregular
D 324 6
8
George Hancock 7/8/72

"I sang it in hospital and they clapped like anything."

Down in Arizona where the badmen are,
No-one to guide you but the (h)evening star.
The roughest, toughest man by far
Is the ragtime cowboy Joe.
There 'e goes a-singing on the dancehall floor,
Never such a singer did you see no more.
For I know his forty-four,
He makes them dance all fair.
He always sings raggy music
To the cattle, as he swings
Back and forward in the saddle, on a horse,
For he sings the patergater, for its such a funny metre,
To the roar of his repeater, how they run,
When they hear the fellas gun, because the western folks all know
That he's a high-falutin', scootin', shootin' son of a gun
From Arizona, ragtime cowboy Joe.

"It were one of t'songs used to be going about years back."

To the roar of his repeater, how they run,
When they hear the fellas gun, because the western folks all know
That he's a high-falutin', scootin', shootin' son of a gun
From Arizona, ragtime cowboy Joe.
Down in Arizona where the bad men are,
No one to guide you but the (b) evening star.
The roughest, roughest man by far
Is the rag-time cowboy Joe.
There goes a-singin' on the dance-hall floor,
Never such a singer did you see no more.
For I know his forty-four,
He makes them dance all fair.
He always sings rag-gy music
To the call-lee, as he swings.
Back and forward in the saddle-lee, on a horse,
For he sings the partner garter, for it's such a funny met-rc,
Rise at six every morn

Milk the cow with the crumpled horn

Edith: "Then if there's no more work to do the rest of your day's your own."

Note
George heard it from a casual acquaintance at Green Oaks Park, Dore. He said it lasted for twenty minutes.
Rise at six every morn milk the cow with the crumpled horn
"That there Rose of Tralee that old Riley used to sing, that were a good 'un ... but I don't know all t' verses." Frank prompts.

She was lovely and fair like the roses in summer,
It was not her beauty alone that won me,
O no 'twas the truth in her (h)eyes ever beaming,
That made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading
And Mary all smiling was listening to me.
The moon through the valley her (play)·rays was spreading,
When I won the 'eart of the Rose of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair like the roses in summer,
O no not her beauty alone that won me,
O no 'twas the truth in 'er (h)eyes ever beaming,
That made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee.

Note

Verse one is omitted and George goes straight into the chorus.
II (Rubato) Han G 22

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading

And Mary all smiling was listening to me.

The moon through the valley her [play] rays were spreading,

When I won the court of the Rose of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair like the roses in summer,

Oh no, it's not her beauty alone that won me,

Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever beam-ing,

That made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee.

Variation

If2

beauty alone that won me
The Rosy Morn

"Bright Rosy Morning"

It's a bright rosy morning peeps over yon rill

Standard

1 - 2b  III - 5  4
1 104 ±  3  4

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 16/9/70

It's a bright rosy morning peeps over yon rill
With the brushes a-dorning over meadows and fields;
It's a bright rosy morning peeps over yon rill
With the brushes a-dorning over meadows and fields;
Whilst the merry merry merry ho-an [horn] cries come come away
Awake from your slumbers,
Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day.

See the 'are hise [hare rise] before us and away seems to fly
How she pants to yon cover with the 'cunds in full cry.

See the 'are rise before us and away seems to fly
How she pants to your cover with the 'cunds in full cry.
Then we'll follow follow follow follow that musical chase
With pleasure and vigour,
With pleasure and vigour we will win the day.
"I missed a verse out somewhere." [Frank Hinchcliffe prompts.]

Now the day's sport being (h)over let the blood circulate
And give to each lover fresh charms for the night.
Now the day's sport being over let the blood circulate
And give to each lover fresh charms for the night.
Now let us, let us now enjoy (h)all we can whilst we may,
Let love crown the night,
Let love crown the night and sports crown the day.

Frank:"Alright George."

Note

See  The Rosy Morn,  George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.
"I learnt it at Ringley when hounds used to come ... Hallamshire Harriers and Ecclesfield Beagles ... And then at night they'd a proper night out there Norfolk Arms, all singing, you know."
It's a bright rosy morning peeps o-ver yon-ill
With the brus-es a-dorn-ing o-ver mead-ows and fields;
It's a bright rosy morning peeps o-ver yon-ill
With the brus-es a-dorn-ing o-ver mead-ows and fields;

Whilst the merr-y merr-y ho-on cries come come a-way-
A wake from your slum-bers a wake from your slum-bers and hail the new day.

* gis-tal size
Vation III e' l
Now let us dar us new en...
"What's the Use of Gold?" (f)

Standard (inflected 4#)  
IV#  V - 6  4 bars
^180 6

George Hancock  1/10/70

Edith Hancock: "What were that one? I can always remember your Aunt Polly singing it at Douglas Marsden's (Crawshaw) twenty-first."

What's the use of gold if you are not happy?  
Those that wait for money ... [hums]  
Love can be the only bride for a bridegroom and his bride,  
For half an ounce of love is worth one hundredweight of gold.

Edith: "Two lovers they were courting, their hearts were as true as one, that's it i'n't it ..."
What's the use of gold if you are not happy?

Those that wait for money

love can be the only bride for a bridegroom and his bride,

For half an ounce of love is worth one hundredweight of gold.
"Where Is Now the Merry Party?"

Where is now the merry party, I remember long ago?
Laughing round the Christmas fire, brightened by its ruddy glow,
Or midsummers' balmy evenings in the fields amongst the hay;
They have all dispersed and wandered far away, far away,
They have all dispersed and wandered far away, far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant
and with strangers made their home.
Some upon the world of waters all their lives are forced to roam.
Some have gone from us forever longer 'ere they might not stay;
They 'ave reached a farer region far away, far away,
They 'ave reached a farer region far away, far away.

Yet there's still some few remaining who remind us of the past,
But they change as all things change 'ere,
nothing in this world can last.
Years roll on and pass forever, what is coming, who can say,
Ere this closes many may be far away, far away.
Ere this closes many may be far away, far away.
Where is now that merry party, I remember long ago?

Laughing round the Christmas fire, brightened by its kindly glow,

Or midsummer’s balmier evenings in the fields amongst the hay;

They have all dispersed and wandered far away, far away,

They have all dispersed and wandered far away, far away.
The Banks of Sweet Dundee (f)

Grace = III
Frank = IV

4 bars Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton 4/6/70

Frank: "The doctor he was sent for a man of noble skill,
Likewise a lawyer to make out his will.
He closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.
That's only one that I know 'cos it's only verse I know an' all."

[Grace sings.]
Fired and shot the squire boy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

[Frank hums part of the tune.]

Frank: "Is that it Grace?"
Grace: "Was it'a nobleman's daughter lived down in Kent and on a
Sunday morning she a-nutting went'? It's a very old one. I've
heard me dad singing that."

Note
Grace confuses the song with The Nutting Girl. See Wal 19. See
Banks of Sweet Dundee (f), Frank Hinchliffe, 1/10/70, S14.
Fired and shot the squire boy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

La la la la la la la la la la la la
"The Banks of the Clyde"

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad with his lassie

Standard (inflected 2#) ABCD EFCHIJIK (see below)

VII # V - 6 4 bars

Frank Hinchliffe 2/9/70

"I'm not sure of it right through."

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad with 'is lassie. The lad's name was George and the lassie's was Jane. She flung 'er arms round 'im saying, Pray do not leave me. Young George was going to fight for the Queen.

She cut off a lock of her golden tresses, And kissed him and pressed him once more to 'er heart; For 'er eyes spoke of words which their lips could not utter, They spoke the last words and they kissed and did part.

Over the burning plains of Egypt, Under the scorching sun, He thought of the stories 'e'd have to tell To 'is love when the fight was won. He treasured with care that dear lock of hair. For 'is own darling Jane 'e prayed; But 'is prayers were in vain for she'll ne'er see again Her lad in the Scotch Brigade.

"I'm not so sure of this verse."

On the banks of the Clyde stood an heartbroken mother, When they told 'er of how the great victory was won. The glory of England to 'er brought no comfort. The glory to 'er meant the loss of 'er son.

But Jane her daughter will be while she lives For the sake of that laddie who died far away.
On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad with his lassie.
The lad's name was George and the lassie's was Jane.
She flung her arms round him saying, Pray do not leave me.
Young George was going to fight for the Queen.

Over the burning plains of Egypt,
Under the scorching sun,
He thought of the stories he'd have to tell.

'Tis love when the fight was won.
He treasured with care that clear lock of hair.

For 'is own d'ling Jane—he prayed;
But 'is prayers were in vain for she'll ne'er see a-gain
Her lad in the Scotch Brigade.
Over the burning plains of Egypt,
Under the scorching sun,
He thought of the stories 'e'd have to tell
To 'is love when the fight was won.
He treasured with care that dear lock of hair.
For 'is own darling Jane 'e prayed;
But 'is prayers were in vain for she'll ne'er see again
Her lad in the Scotch Brigade.

"It must be thirty year since I heard anyone else sing it. They used to sing that and another one and I'll be danged if I can find other one. It were a comic one. It were his brother Billy Lovell that kept it. [Plough Inn at Sandygate.] Sam used to wait on. We 'ad to sing these 'ere at night."

Note
The form of the song is complex (ABCD/ABCD'/EFGHIJK/ABCD'/LM/
EFGHIJK). The phrases L and M may be an example of Frank's extemporisation to overcome forgotten elements. See "Banks of the Clyde", 23/4/70, S9.
Barbara Allen (inc)

"Barbara Ellen"
(In Scarlet town where I was born)

12356

VI

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton

Frank: "I was talking about 'Barbara Ellen' and Dorothy said, 'That's not very old'. No, but I know older version to it than that. One me' dad used to sing. But he was singing as he'd been courting Barbara Ellen. But you can't sing that last verse to it 'cos I mean he's buried, in't he... [Frank refuses to sing it.] I'm going to condemn that altogether... That first bit me dad used to sing don't go right at all. [Hums tune.] When we learnt it at school it were 'Jimmy Grove on his death bed lay for the love of Barbara Ellen'."

[Grace sings.] Four months and we was together. Until [Frank prompts] I took with a pretty fair maid, Her name was Barbara Ellen.

Grace: "Me Dad always sang that one."

[Frank sings.] He sent one of his servant men To the place where she was dwelling, Saying, My master's ill and sent for you If your name is Barbara Ellen.

Look up, look up at my bed head, You'll see a watch chain hanging, Take both my watch and my diamond ring, Give them to Barbara Ellen.

Look down, look down at my bed foot, You'll see a basin standing, Which is full of tears and there's many more 'll be shed for Barbara Ellen.

Grace: "Something 'bout 'hear the church bell ringing' an' all in that, in't there?"
Frank: "How you're going to go on when you're dead? You can't start singing about yoursen when you're dead!"

Note

See Barbara Allen (inc), Frank Hinchliffe, 8/6/72, S36. Frank sings:

In Scarlet town where I was born There was a fair maid dwelling, Made every youth cry, Well-a-day, Her name bein' Barbara Ellen.
"There's some different versions to it."

In the merry month of May
When green buds were a-swelling.
Young Jimmy Grove on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

Dorothy: "You don't die for love these days, you just get somebody else!"
Frank: "Ah but they used to do then. They took it more serious than what they do today. [Recites.]"

He sent one of his servant men
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying, My master's ill and sent for you
If your name is Barbara Ellen.

When he was dead and lay in his grave,
Her heart was filled with sorrow.
O Mother, Mother, make my bed
For I shall die tomorrow.

O Father, Father, dig my grave,
Dig it both deep and narrow.
Whereas my true-love died yesterday
Then I shall die tomorrow.

Something about bell ringing, in't there. [Frank remembers how Eric Mills's father used to sing it.] Last time I saw him int' Sportsman he were singing that sat in that there armchair int' corner singing 'Barbara Ellen', his eyes shut."
See also HanG 1.
I am but a poor blind boy still my heart is full of joy,
Though I never saw the light, nor the flowers they say are bright.
I can hear the sweet birds sing and the wild bee on the wing.
Bee and bird and summer wynd sing to me because I am blind.
They love me, yes they love me and to me they are so kind,
They love me, yes they love me, they love me because I am blind.

With my fingers I can trace every line on mother's face.
Oft a smile upon me beams, I can see it in my dreams.
Father takes me on his knee, brothers are so kind to me,
Sister's arms around me twine, kisses me because I am blind.
They love me, yes they love me and to me they are so kind,
They love me, yes they love me, they love me because I am blind.

"That were thee dad's weren't it. [to Dorothy] How owd it is, I don't know nowt about it."
I am but a poor blind boy still my heart is full of joy,

Though I never saw the light, nor the flowers they say are bright.

I can hear the sweet birds sing and the wild bee on the wing.

Bee and bird and summer wind sing to me because I am blind.

They love me, yes they love me and to me they are so kind.

They love me, yes they love me, they love me because I am blind.

Variation

I can trace...
As I was a-walking one morning in May,
I espied a young couple upon the highway;
And one was a lady most beautiful and fair,
And the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

"Switch it off, we're a lot too low. It's alright starting. If we've not sung 'em for donkey's years, and then you want someone to hit right pitch straight'way. We've not had owt to drink!" [repitches]

Now this lovely couple they walked on together.
They sat themselves down, me boys, by the side of the river.
They sat themselves down, me boys, by the sides of a stream,
And that was the start of a beautiful queen.

He hadn't been playing long when 'e said it's time to give o'er.
0 no, said the lady, just play one tune more,
For I like well your music and the touching of one string.
It will make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring,
And the valleys to ring.
It'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring. [hesitates]

I'm going na yonder Indies,
And if ever I return again it will be in the spring,
For to see the pretty flowers grow and hear the nightingale sing.
Hear the nightingale sing.
For to see the pretty flowers grow and hear the nightingale sing.

Dorothy: "Did you sing that word right? 'Beginning of a queen', you said. Do you mean dream?"
Frank: "No."
Dorothy: "It's a funny word that."

Note
Frank's interjection was said in good humour. The chorus is similar to "A Few Jovial Sportsmen", see HanG 8.
As I was walking one morning in May,
I espied a young couple up on the high-way;
And the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer,
And the valleys to ring.
Now it made the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Variations

down, me boys, by the there long when he put his arm round er ...

love - ly thing... playing long when he said it's ...

la - dy just... in - dies, And if ev - er I re -

Hin 7 Break the News to Mother - variation
"Bonny Young Scotch Lassie"

I'm a bonny young Scotch lassie

123567#  
1↑ - 1↑  
\( \text{V - 3} \)  
\( \text{3} \)  
\( \text{4} \)  
Frank Hinchliffe  
2/9/70

I'm a bonny young Scotch lassie, ma name it is Jane.
My father's a shepherd, tends sheep o'er yon plain;
And I am his daughter, the fairest of all,
But there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'.

My worretin' old mother, she nearly drives me mad,
For she says that I'm slighted by every young lad;
But before she was my age, that's twenty and one,
She 'ad three bonny laddies to take her awa'.

Nine times in the day I looks through the glass.
Thinks I to meself I'm a rare bonny lass;
For I lace up ma stays to make ma waist small,
But there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'.

One Sunday morning I went to the church,
Not thinking the parson would name it in prayer;
But wi' preaching and praying 'tis no good at all,
For there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'.

O I went in the garden to rest meself there,
Not thinking, not thinking there were anyone near;
When up jumped young Jimmy, to ma feet 'e did fall,
Saying, 'Ere comes a laddie to take thee awa'.

"That wer Aunt Jane's, that — Douglas's mother. I call her Aunt Jane 'cos my misses does."

Note
I'm a bonny young Scotch Lassie, ma name it is Jane.

My father's a shepherd, tends sheep o'er yon plain;

And I am his daughter, the fairest of all,

But there never comes a lad-die to take me a-way.

Variations

sligh't ed by ev'ry young... stays to ...

sun-day... garden to...
Break the News to Mother

While the shot and shell were screeching

Standard

Hf

III - 4

$\frac{150}{2}$ and $\frac{168}{4}$ and $\frac{6}{8}$

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

Frank: "That were one of your Dad's, weren't it?"
Dorothy: "He used to sing a lot of army songs."

While the shot and shell were screeching across yon battlefield,
Our boys in blue were fighting their noble flag to shield;
When up spake the brave old captain, Look boys, the flag it's down,
Who'll volunteer to save it from distress?
I will, a young boy shouted, I'll save the flag or die,
And sprang into the thickest of the flame.
Saved the flag but gave his young life all for his country's sake,
And as they brought him back they heard him say,

Just break the news to Mother, she knows how dear I love her,
But tell her not to wait for me for I'm not coming home.
Just say there is no other can take the place of Mother,
And kiss her dear sweet lips for me and break the news to her.

Then up came the dear old general who heard of this brave deed.
Who saved the flag? Speak up lad, 'twas a noble thing indeed.
He is here, said the captain, but he's sinking very fast,
And then he turned away to hide a tear.
'Tis my son my brave young hero, I thought you safe at home.
Forgive me Father for I ran away.

And break the news to Mother, she knows how dear I love her,
And till her not to wait for me for I'm not coming home.
Just say there is no other can take the place of Mother,
And kiss her dear sweet lips for me and break the news to her.

Note
See The Bold Grenadier Hin 5 for variation.
While the shot and shell were screeching across your battlefield,

Our boys in blue were fighting their noble flag to shield;

When up spake the brave old captain, look boys, the flag it's down,

Who'll volunteer to save it from distress?

I will, a young boy shouted, I'll save the flag or die,

And sprang into the thickest of the flame.

Saved the flag but gave his young life all for his country's sake,

And as they brought him back they heard him say,

Just break the news to mother, she knows how dear I love her,

But tell her not to wait for me for I'm not coming home.

Just say there is no other can take the place of mother,

And kiss her dear sweet lips for me and break the news to her.
Come to the Bower (inc.)

"Banks of Sweet Roses"

'Twere underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie

123457# ABABCD/ABCD
VII V - 5 4 bars
4 4

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton 30/4/70

Grace: "You sing then I reckon to answer you."
Frank: "I know but we're wrong with words somewhere an' all."
Grace: "O you sing one or two words different to what we do.
Just a bit different."
Dorothy: "I don't think he's always right."

[Frank sings]

'Twere underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie,
A blush in 'er cheek and a smile from 'er eye.

Frank: "In't repeated that and it comes back again?"

'Twere underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie,
A blush in 'er cheek and a smile in 'er eye.
0 will you would you? [Grace] Yes, I will.
[Frank] You say you will. [Grace] I will I cry,
[Both sing]
I'll come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

[Both sing]
To church they both went all their troubles to get over,
That they might live happy and contented in their bower.
[Frank]
0 will you would you? [Grace] Yes, I will.
[Frank] You say you will. [Grace] I will I cry,
[Both sing]
I'll come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

Frank: "Wore there some more to that?"
Grace: "I doubt it — I think so, if it was it'd be a verse before that,"
Dorothy: "Wasn't it Uncle Rowland and Aunty Polly used to sing?"
Frank: "Eevery wedding."
Dorothy: "They used to seem to go on forever."

Note
There is much debate over a missing verse. Two years later Frank
is still trying to track it down.

"We'd Dorothy's mother at it last Sunday and we just couldn't get to
her. She kept repeating thundering chorus . . . She set off with
one line then broke into chorus. Well I know that weren't right,
but I tell you George Hancock, I think he knows it — 'She showed me a ring that was sparkled with dew, something ... she would be true'.

Recorded 8/6/72. See Come to the Bower, Grace and Frank, 23/4/70, S9, and Grace, 7/9/72, Wal 4, where she remembers a third verse. See also 1/10/70 with George Hancock, S14.
"What was that verse I sung you on Brownhills this afternoon [to Dorothy] when we were going down int' car? It just come to me, one verse."

Seven long years since he left the land.
He took a gold ring from off my hand.
He broke the token and here's half with me,
And the other half's rolling at the bottom of the sea.

"Then it comes 'half that ring did young William show'. I don't know first verse to it now, but it's not same. Well it's 'appened same meaning as Grace had, but it's neither same words nort' tune neither."

Note
Frank sings this after Grace Walton's Broken Token.
Seven long years since he left the land.

He took a gold ring from off my hand.

He broke the token and here's half with me; And the other half's rolling at the bottom of the sea.
Don't Go Down in the Mine Dad (inc)

Don't go down in the mine, Dad, dreams very often come true. Daddy, you know it'd break my heart if anything happened to you.

"I knew chorus but I'd never seen words before."

Go an' tell my dream to your friend; it's as true as the stars that shine. Something is going to happen today; dear Daddy, don't go down in the mine.

Note
Frank has been given a copy of the words by Rory Greig, and has lent them to Stanley Marsden. Stanley's wife, Jean, who was present promised that she would make Frank another copy.
Don't go down in the mine, Dad, dreams very often come true.

Daddy, you know it'd break my heart if anything happened to you.

Go and tell my dream to your friends; it's as true as the stars that shine.

Something is going to happen today, dear Daddy, don't go down in the mine.
"Don't Send my Poor Boy to Prison" (f)

Standard (inflected 4♯)  ABCD
VII  V - 6  2 bars
Ⅵ/36 ±  6  8
Frank Hinchliffe  30/4/70

Don't send my poor boy to prison.  
'Tis the first crime that he's done.  
Remember I'm his mother,  
And I'm pleading for my son.

Kind gentlemen remember  
'Tis the first crime that he's done.  
Remember I'm his mother,  
And the prisoner is my son.

"That's chorus. You can go where you want for verses 'cos I don't know where to go for them. You just might get it out of Douglas Marsden but I think last time I had a go at him he didn't know nowt about it."

Note  
Frank has another go at Douglas Marsden, see "Don't Send my Poor Boy to Prison", Frank Hinchliffe, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27; see also 2/3/70, S16.
Don’t send my poor boy to prison

’Tis the first crime that he’s done.

Remember I’m his mother.

And I’m pleading for my son.
"What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve?"

**Standard**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IV</th>
<th>1 - 8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100t</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton 4/6/70

What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve,
My son, come tell it unto me?
'Tis the blood of my dear brother who
I killed under yonder tree,
Who I killed under yonder tree.

What did thou kill thy dear brother for,
My son, come tell it unto me?
'Cos he shot those three little pretty birds
That flew from tree to tree,
That flew from tree to tree.

What will thou do when thy father comes home,
My son, come tell it unto me?
I shall plant my foot on board a ship
And sail across the sea,
And sail across the sea.

What will thou do with thy children three,
My son, come tell it unto me?
I will leave them in my good old father's care
To keep him company,
To keep him company.

What will thou do with thy house and land,
My son, come tell it unto me?
I shall leave them in my good old father's care
To keep my children three,
To keep my children three.
What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve,
My son, come tell it unto me?
'Tis the blood of my dear brother who
I killed under yonder tree,
Who I killed under yonder tree.

Variation

did thou kill thy dear brother for

What will thou do with thy dear wife,
My son, come tell it unto me?
She will plant her foot on board a ship
And sail across the sea,
And sail across the sea.

When shall I see thy good old face again,
My son, come tell it unto me?
When the fish they fly and the seas run dry,
And that will never, never be,
And that shall never, never be.

"Good Old Sam Ridge, he used to sing that."

Note
See Edward, Frank Hinchliffe, 30/4/70, S10. "Eh, that's going back into 1500, I think. Old Sam Ridge'd've been a hundred if he'd been living and he used to sing it."
"The Farmhouse on the Hill"

There was a farmhouse standing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>ABACA'C'</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VI</td>
<td>V - 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120°</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Frank Hinchliffe 2/9/70

"I thought of one t'other day, I don't know if I've sung it you or not, about a farmhouse standing. It's only a short one."

There was a farmhouse standing close by yon murmuring stream, 'Twas there I spent my childhood days and dreamt my childhood dreams. My father and my mother, my sisters and my brothers, All lived together so happy as I seem to see them still; But now they are all sleeping, safe in the churchyard's keeping, And in ruins stands the farmhouse on the hill.

"That's all there is to that one."

Note
There was a farm-house standing close by yon mur-muring stream,

'Twas there I spent my childhood days and dreamt my childhood dreams,

My father and my mother, my sisters and my brothers,

All lived together so happy as I seem to see them still;

But now they are all sleeping, safe in the church-yard's keeping,

And in ruins stands the farm-house on the hill.
"A Few Jovial Sportsmen" (f)

Standard

IV# 1 - 8 4 bars
\[ 1 \] 130\[4\]

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

"There's that one that Bernard Broadhead'll 'ave sung you."

[Hums.] There be all sort of music [hums]
And the cry of the 'untsman and the sound of 'is 'orn.

Then we'll join in full chorus, with an echo we'll sing.
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.
O we'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Note
This is one of four hunting songs written out for Frank. See The
Oughtibridge Trail Hunt, Hin 47.
There be all sort of music [hum]

And the cry of the huntsman and the sound of his horn.

Then we'll join in full chorus with an echo we'll sing—

We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

0 we'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.
To the rich he prescribed and they paid,  
  to the poor he advice gives away;  
But to all of them said, You will shortly be dead  
  if you don't go out hunting today.  
O we'll all go out hunting today, all nature is balmy and gay.  
O we'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
  O we'll all go out hunting today.  

"I can't sing it thee through, Ian."

[recites]  
There's hare in yon planting, they say, all nature is balmy and gay,  
So we'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
  and we'll all go out hunting today.  

There's a doctor in boots with a breakfast that suits  
  of home brewed ale and good beef,  
And his patients in pain say, We'll call once again  
  in hoping you'll give some relief.  
To the rich he prescribed and they paid,  
  to the poor he advice gives away;  
But to all of them said, You will shortly be dead  
  if you don't go out hunting today.  

[Sings Pitch = IV]  
O the village bells chime, there's a wedding at nine,  
  [hums to the end of the phrase.]  

"T'owd parson he'd gone hunting instead of going to church."

Note  
Frank's fragment varies from Bernard Broadhead's tune. See BroB 8.  
This was one of four hunting songs for which Frank had been given a  
copy of the words. See Oughtibridge Trail Hunt, Hin 47.
0 the village bells chime there a wedding at nine

To the rich he prescribed and they paid,

To the poor he advice gives away—

But to all of them said, You will shortly be dead

if you don't go out hunting to-day.
"It hails, it rains, it snows, it blows"

It hails, it rains, it snows, it blows.
And I am wet through all me clothes;
So, I prithee love, let me in,
So, I prithee love, let me in.

To let you in that cannot be.
There's no-one in this house but me;
So I dare not let you in,
So I dare not let you in.

He turned him round and whither to go,
When sweet affection she did show.
O come, love, and I'll let you in,
O come, love, and I'll let you in.

They spent that night in sweet content,
And the very next morning to church they went,
And he made her his charming bride,
And he made her his charming bride.

"One out of blue, weren't it. There were only bit of other tune that reminded me of that."

Note
Frank is prompted by Jockey to the Fair.
It hails, it rains, it snows, it blows,

And I am weep through all me clothes,

So, I pri-thee love, let me in,

So, I pri-thee love, let me in.

Variation

II c 1

III c 1 passim
dare not let you... come and I'll let you...
"I started making one up once but, of course, it were to t'tune of that there 'Colonial Boy', but it were a bit too true. They didn't like it so I gi' no more wi' it [laughs]... I don't want to say no more about it... It were about locals what went in Sportsman. They didn't seem to care for it a lot on 'em. It was striking a bit too true [laughs]... Well Steve Fox just at time 'ad been down to Wadsley Bridge wi' t'binder, binding corn wi' t'tractor, and 'e got stopped somewhere at Hillsborough. It weren't only that it weren't taxed, it weren't insured or nowt."

And then we come to Steven Fox, 'e lives on Brown 'ills Lane. A policeman stopped 'im one day and asked 'im 'is name. 'E found 'is tractor uninsured, 'e thought, now 'ere's a job. They took 'is license off er 'im and fined 'im fifty bob.

"'E said, Bloody likely, it were a fiver! [laughs] I 'ad a bit for 'em all like that... I thought I better gi' o'er wi'it."

Note
Frank is reluctant to sing any of his own composition. See 30/4/70, S9.
And then we came to Steven Fox, 'e lives on Brown's Lane.

A policeman stopped 'im one day and asked 'im is name.

'E found 'is tractor un-insured, 'e thought, now there's a job.

They took 'is license off 'im and fined 'im fifty bob.
The Garden Gate

"The Day Being Spent"

The day being spent the moon shone bright

Standard

VII

V - 6

4 bars

6 and 4 bars

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton

23/4/70

The day being spent, the moon shone bright,
the village clock struck eight,
And Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate;
And what was there that made Mary sad,
the gate was there but not the lad,
That made poor Mary sigh and say,
There never was a girl so sad as me.

She paced the garden o'er and o'er, the village clock struck nine,
That made poor Mary* None ever shall be mine.
Thou promised for to meet me at the gate at eight,
ever to deceive me or make me wait;
And I'll let all such lovers see
whether thou shalt make such a fool of me.

She paced the garden o'er and o'er, the village clock struck ten,
Young William flew into her arms, no more to part again;
For he had been such a long, long way
to buy her a ring for the wedding day,
And how could Mary so cruel prove
as to banish the lad she so dearly loved.

Now when the morning sun did rise to church they wend their way;
And all the village bells did ring upon their wedding day.
Now in a neat little cot by the riverside
William and Mary they do reside,
And she blessed the hour that she did wait
for her own true love at the garden gate.

"You see what's happening in places. We're not just same with words."

* Frank stops because he is aware that Grace is singing different words. In later recordings he always sang 'sigh and say'.

Note

Frank dominates this rendition and I have followed his version in the transcription. See Wal 8 for Grace's version. See Garden Gate, Frank Hinchliffe with Edith Lawson, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/6/70, S13; and 30/1/71, S24.
The day being spent the moon shone bright, the village clock struck eight,
And Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate;
And what was there that made Mary sad, the gate was there but not the lad,
That made poor Mary sigh and say, There never was a girl so sad as me.

Variations

IIa2

IIc3

IIIc3

IVc1

c‘er and c‘er, the ... never is decentmen nor...

to buy her a ring for the ... Now in a neat little cot by that riv-er-side
That is to be a bride,
It is this little gipsy girl that is to be a bride.

"She tells him that int' fortune."

Note
That is to be a bride,

It is this little gipsy girl that is to be a bride.
The Gipsy's Warning

Do not trust him gentle lady

Standard

III.$ \begin{array}{c} 1 - 10 \end{array}$

$\frac{3}{4}$(irregular)

Frank Hinchliffe $2/9/70$

[Billy Mills requests it.]

Do not trust him, gentle lady, though 'is voice be low and sweet. 
Heed him not who kneels before thee, pleading gently at thy feet. 
Though thy life be in its morning, cloud not thus thy gentle love. 
Listen to the gipsy's warning, gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady turn not coldly from me, I would only guard thy youth 
From 'is stern and withering power, I would only tell thee truth. 
I would guard thee from all danger, shield thee from the tempest's snare. 
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger, I 'ave warned thee, now beware.

Lady once there lived a maiden, pure and bright and like thee fair, 
Who 'e wooed and wooed and won her, filled her gentle heart with care; 
But he heeded not her weeping nor cared he a life to save. 
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping in a cold and silent grave.

Take thy gold, I do not want it, I 'ave only longed for this, 
For the hour when I might foil 'im, rob 'im of expected bliss. 
Gentle Lady, thou may wonder at my words so cold and wild. 
Lady, in that green grave yonder lies a gipsy's only child.

"Will that do for thee, Ian. And haven't you heard that afore?"
Do not trust him gentle lady though his voice be low and sweet

Heed him not who kneels before thee pleading gently at thy feet

Though thy life be in its morning cloud not thus thy gentle love

Listen to the gipsy's warning gentle lady trust him not.
The Golden Glove

"Rich Squire in Tamworth"

It's of a rich squire in Tamworth we hear

Standard (inflected 4♯) ABCD

IV♯ 1 - 10 4 bars

4 ♫ 4 Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe with others 4/6/70

(It's of a rich squire in Tamworth we hear,)*
He courted a nobleman's daughter so dear;
And for to get married it was their intent,
All friends and relations 'ad given their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day.
A young farmer was chosen to give her away;
But as soon as the farmer, the lady did spy,
O my heart, this fair lady, the lady did cry.

Instead of getting married she took to her bed.
The thoughts of the farmer still ran in 'er head.
The thoughts of the farmer still ran in 'er mind,
And a way for to gain him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat and trousers, she then did put on,
And she went a-hunting with her dog and 'er gun.
She hunted all around where the farmer did dwell,
For she knew in 'er heart that she loved him full well.

Now she of time did fire but nothing did kill.
At length the young farmer came into the field,
And for to 'ave discourse with 'im it was 'er intent,
With her dog and 'er gun to meet him she went.

I thought you'd have been at the wedding, she cried,
To wait upon the squire and to give to him his bride.
O no, said the farmer, the truth to you I'll tell,
I can't give her away for I love her so well.

* Not recorded.
The lady was pleased to hear the farmer so bold.
She handed 'im a glove that was studded with gold.
She said that she had found it while coming along,
As she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun.

The lady went home with her heart full of love.
She gave out a notice that she had lost a glove;
And the man who shall find it and bring it unto me,
O the man who shall find it, his jewel I'll be.

As soon as the farmer did hear of the news,
Straightaway with the glove to the lady he flew;
And said my honoured lady I've brought you your glove,
And I should be pleased if you'll grant me your love.

My love's already granted, the lady replied,
I love the sweet breath of a farmer, she cried,
I'll attend to the dairy and the milking of the cow,
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling as he ploughs.

O now we are married I'll tell you of our fun,
How I hunted a farmer with a dog and a gun,
And now that I have got him well tied in a snare
I'll enjoy him forever, I vow and declare.

"That were a bad start, that mate. I don't know where I got that one. I say me dad used to sing it but where it comes from I don't know."

Note
Frank sings the first couplet of the first verse to his tune for William and Dinah by mistake. Grace joins in throughout and her points of variation are noted at Wal 10. Edith Lawson and Rhoda Dronfield also join in at times. See The Golden Glove (f), Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.
The time was appointed for the wedding day,

A young farmer was chosen to give her away;

But as soon as the farmer, the lady did spy,

O my heart, this fair lady, the lady did cry.

Variations

truth to you I'll... fun, How l...
**The Golden Vanity (f)**

Tune only.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>ABACD</th>
<th>2 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>I - 4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Frank Hinchliffe

Redmires Road

4/6/70

[Hums tune.]

"That's tune, in' it."

**Note**

I prompt the tune by asking about the 'north country'. Frank does not remember any words nor does he say where he had heard it.
At the age of eighty-three my grandmother she was taken ill and died; And after she was dead, of course, a will was read by a lawyer, we all stood by his side. To my sister it was found she had left one hundred pound, the same unto my brother I declare; But when it came to me the lawyer said, I see she has left to you the old armchair.

[In chorus.] How they tittered, how they chaffed, how me brothers and me sisters laughed, When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny only left to me the old armchair.

I thought it unkind but I said, I didn't mind and at night I took the chair away. The neighbours, they did laugh, me brother he did chaff, but said, You'll find it useful some day. When you've settled down in life with a girl to be your wife, you'll find it very handy I declare. On a cold and frosty night when the fire 'tis burning bright, you can sit at 'ome in your armchair.

How they tittered, how they chaffed, how me brothers and me sisters laughed, When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny only left to me the old armchair.

What my brother said come true and in a year or two I found a girl and settled down in life. I first the girl did court and then the ring I bought and I took her to the church to be me bride. [Continued.]
Now my old girl and me were as happy as can be
and when at night our day's work were o'er,
With no desire to roam I would sooner stay at 'ome
and be seated in my old armchair.

How they tittered, how they chaffed,
how me brothers and me sisters laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare,
Granny only left to me the old armchair.

One night while in my chair it went and broke down
and the seat it fell out upon the floor,
And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes
a lot o' notes, ten thousand pound or more.
When my brother heard of this the man, I must confess,
went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair;
But I only laughed at him and said unto him, Jim
don't you wish you'd 'ad that old armchair.

How they tittered, how they chaffed,
how me brothers and me sisters laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare,
Granny only left to me the old armchair.

Doug Thompson: "That's a good un for you, in't it."

Note
Doug and Grace Walton join in the chorus. Doug confuses this song
with The Old Wooden Rocker. See Grandmother's Chair (inc.), Sportsman,
Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13.
At the age of eighty-three my grandmother she was taken ill and died;
And after she was dead, of course a will was read by a lawyer, we all stood by his side.
To my sister it was found she had left one hundred pound,
The same unto my brother I declare;
But when it came to me the lawyer said, I see she has left to you the old armchair.

How they tittered, how they chaffed,
how me brothers and me sisters laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare,
Gran'my only left to me the old armchair.
The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea

When first in this country a stranger

When first in this country a stranger curiosity caused me to roam,
Down by the side of yon green mountain
till I came to Philadelphia my home.
It was there I beheld a fair damsel
and I wished in my heart she was mine.

I stepped up and bid her good morning
and her fair cheeks they did blush like the rose,
Saying, How the green meadows are charming,
your guardian I will be if you choose.
Young man I need no guardian, young man you're a stranger to me,
But over/And'yonder my father is a-coming
o'er the green mossy banks o' er of the Lea.

I waited till up came her father and I plucked my courage once more,
Saying, (Sir?) if this be your daughter she's a beautiful girl I adore.
Ten thousand a year is my income/fortune
and a lady your daughter might be.
She may ride in her chariots with/and her horses
o'er the green mossy banks o' er of the Lea.

But by flattering let no man deceive thee/you
whatever the price he might pay;
For there's many a poor girl that's as handsome
as those who/which have large property.
They welcomed me home to their cottage/castle and soon in wedlock were we.
It was there that I adored sweet Matilda
on the green mossy banks o' er of the Lea.

Grace: "Is that it Frank?"
Frank: "There's no more to it, is there?"
* At points of variation Frank's text is shown first.

Note
The irregularities of the form are the result of Frank rather than Grace. Her comment at the end reveals uneasiness as to whether or not the whole song, as she knows it, has been sung. See Green Mossy Banks of the Lea, Wal 11. See also Frank with Wilf Broomhead and Edith Lawson, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13; and Frank with Wilf Broomhead and Doug Maroden, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27.
I stepped up and bid her good morning
and her fair cheeks they did blush like the rose,
Saying how the green meadows are charming,

You guardian I will be if you choose.

Young man— I need no guardian,
young man you are a stranger to me,

But over yonder my father is coming
over the green mossy banks of the lea.

Variations

Frank

Stranger curi... mountain till I... a dreadful sword Me...
Grace: "We didn't get that 'We travelled through woods and through dark shady places, crying, Catch me thou rogue if thou can'."

[Grace sings]
We travelled through woods and dark shady places,
Shouting, Catch me thou rogue if thou can.

Grace: "In't it that where she had money stolen from her?"
Frank: "No. 'Deliver thy watch, thy rings and thy diamonds, deliver or else thou must die.'"
Grace: "What's it start with?"

[Frank sings]
And he gave her the bridle to hold.
She placed her left foot into the stirrup,
She flung her right o'er like a man;
She galloped o'er rock and o'er dark shady places,
Shouting, Catch me thou rogue if thou can.

Grace: "What's it start with, Frank? That were one of me Dad's."

Note
Grace confuses this with The Outlandish Knight. See The Highwayman Outwitted, Edith Lawson with Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton, Law 1.
And he gave her the bridle to hold,

She placed her left foot into the stirrup,

She swung her right o'er like a man;

She galloped o'er rock and o'er dark shady places,

Shouting, Catch me thou rogue if thou can.
"I'll Ne'er Forget the Day" (f)  

Standard (inflected 4# and 1#)  

\[ v \quad \begin{array} {c} 1 - 6 \\ -252 \quad 6 \\ 8 \end{array} \]  

Redmires Road  
Frank Hinchliffe  
4/6/70  

I'll ne'er forget the day when Nellie lost her way  
And I traced her little footprints in the snow.  

"I've heard my dad sing bits of that. Never picked it up. Don't think he knew it right through."
I'll never forget the day when Nellie lost her way.

And I traced her little footprints in the snow.
"If I get one thou'll have to have it there and then or else I'll be forgettin' it!"

I'm a man that's in trouble and sorrow.
I once was light-hearted and gay.
Not a coin in this world can I borrow;
Since my own I have squandered away.

I've a sister that's married a squire,
Ne'er looks ne'er speaks unto me,
For here in this world she's much higher,
And rides in her carriage so free.

Now me father he says when he sees me,
You beggar, are you still at large?
And mind Sir, please don't come near me
Or else I will pass you in charge.

My mother poor thing's broken hearted,
And often to me she'll try
To give me a crown with 'er head 'anging down,
And a tear gently falls from 'er eye.

I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents,
And daily I wander around
To earn a small mite for a shelter at night,
God help me now I'm cast down.

"Heard that afore?"

Note
A version of the song is found in English County Songs, edited by Lucy E. Broadwood and J.A. Fuller Maitland (London, 1893), pp.160-1.
Rubato

I'm a man that's in trouble and sorrow.

I once was light hearted and gay.

Not a coin in this world can I borrow,

Since my own I have squandered away.

To give me a crown with her head hang ing down,

And a tear gently falls from her eye.

Variations

II b1 (possible)

\( \text{VI} \) \( \text{I} \) \( \text{V} \) \( \text{V} \)

sister that's... earn a small... shelter at

come now I'm cast...
I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,

"Do you know that one?"

On a bright May morning long ago when first you were ma bride,
The corn was springing fresh and green, the lark sang loud and high,
And the red were on your lip, Mary, and the lovelight in your eye.
O the place 'tis little changed, Mary, the day 'tis bright as then,
And the lark's loud song is in my ear and the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand and your breath warm on ma cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words you never more may speak,
you never more may speak.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor mak'no new friend;
But O, they love the better still those few our father send,
And you are all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride.
I have nothing left to care for now since my poor Mary died.
I am bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all and the sun shines always there;
But I'd ne'er forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair,
were it fifty times as fair.

"That's Irish Emigrant, weren't it, that owd un, then there were a new un, weren't there."

Note
See The Irish Emigrant, Frank Hinchliffe and Stanley Marsden, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 30/1/71, S24.
Rubato

P. I'm sitting on the skile, Mary, where we sat side by side,

On a bright May morn-ing, long ago when first you were my bride.

The corn was sprin-ging fresh and green, the lark sang loud and high,

And the red were on your lip, Mary, and the love-light in your eye.

O the place 'tis little changed, Mary, the day 'tis bright as then,

And the larks loud song 'tis in my ear and the corn it's green a-gain;

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand and your breath warm on my cheek,

And I still keep listen-ing for the words you—never more may speak,

you never more may speak.

few our father... darling in the...
"I Tramp With my Gun In my Pocket" (inc )

Recites.
I tramp with my gun in my pocket,
My little dog trots by my side,
And the moon shining brightly above me,
I sing to the swing of my stride,

Sings.
O I wouldn't change my life for no-one,
"That's chorus."
Not even a great millionaire.
A great bag of gold would not tempt me,
Nor a sweet maiden's life for to share.

But I tramp with my gun in my pocket.
My little dog trots by my side,
And the moon shining brightly above me,
I sing to the swing of my stride,

"Then it comes in again like."

O I wouldn't change my life for no-one,
Not even a great millionaire.
A great bag of gold would not tempt me,
Nor a sweet maiden's life for to share.

"Only there must be some more to that, 'cos there's only one verse and two choruses and that's not right."

Standard (inflected 2\# and 4\#) ABCD A'BAE

\[ V \quad V - 7\# \]
\[ \downarrow 180^\pm \quad 3 \quad 4 \quad 3 \quad 4 \]

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe 4/6/70
But I tramp with my gun in my pocket,
My little dog trots by my side,
And the moon shining brightly above me,
I sing to the swing of my stride,
Oh! I wouldn't change my life for no-one,
Not even a great millionaire.
A great bag of gold would not tempt me,
Nor a sweet maiden's life for to share.
Frank: "'Crack goes my whip I whistle and I sing
I sit upon a waggon I'm as happy as a king'.'"  
Grace: "I've heard it but I don't know it."  
Frank: "I don't. I think I've heard another different version to it to what I know, but it all amounts to same thing. I don't know whether that comes into that or not -  
'Shout boys hurrah, troubles I defy,
Joggin' on together boys me rattlin' mare and I.'"
The Jolly Waggoner

"Waggoners"

When first I went a-waggoning

Standard (inflected 4♯) ABCDE

VI V - 8 4 bars

108 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

Frank Hinchliffe and others 2/3/71

[Frank leads.]
When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go,
I filled my parent's hearts with grief, with sorrow, grief/care* and woe;
And many are the hardships that I did undergo/I have since gone through,*
Singing, Whoa! my lads, I - 0, drive on, me lads, I - 0,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

[Douglas Marsden leads.]
'Twas a cold and frosty morning I was wet through to the skin
Billy Mills: "You ought've 'ad some trill."

[Stanley Marsden leads.]
Upon a cold and frosty morn when wetted to the skin,
Frank: "Wait a minute! What's thou want a cold and frosty morn when thou goes drinking beer? It's a cold and frosty night."

[Stanley continues.]
I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn;
And there we sit a-drinking with landlord and 'is kin,
Singing, Whoa! my lads, I - 0, drive on, me lads, I - 0.
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

[Frank leads.]
O the summer time is coming, what pleasures we will find.
[Wilf Broomhead leads.]
The sunshine and the meadows [Wilf breaks down and Frank prompts]
just before the wind;
And overy lad shall have a lass and take 'er on 'is knee,
Singing, Whoa! my lads, I - 0, drive on, me lads, I - 0.
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

* Stanley Marsden's variations are given second.
[Stanley leads.]

Now summer is a-coming on, what pleasures shall we see.
The merry finch is twittering in every greenwood tree.
The blackbird and the thrushes too are singing merrily,
Singing, Whoa! my lads, I - 0, drive on, me lads, I - 0,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

Note
Requested by George Nicholson. There are two versions sung here.
Frank and Stanley sing one version in verses I, II and IV (see Mar 20).
Douglas Marsden, Wilf Broomhead and Frank (in verse III) follow
John Taylor's version (see Tay 9). It is Frank's intention to prompt
the others to sing hence he keeps stopping while others, especially
Stanley, take over the lead. See also The Jolly Waggoner, Sportsman,
Frank also sings a different chorus see 30/4/70 S9.
When first I went a-waggon-ing, a-waggon-ing did go,
I filled my parent's hearts with grief, with sorrow, grief and woe;
And many are the hardships that I did undergo,
Sewing, Whoa! my lads, I-O, drive on, me lads, I-O,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the bosses will not go.

Variations
Doug Marston IIIa
'Was a cold and frosty morning I was wet through to the skin.
IIIa 2
Wilf Broomhead IIIb
Frank
The sunshine and the meadows just before the wind.
IIIe 1
Frank
every lad shall take 'er on
Frank 30/4/70 (e)
For who can lead the stirring life we jolly waggoners do.
(A Kiss and Nothing More)

Round Lodge Moor I wandered

Standard

\[ V \quad V - 6 \]

4 bars

\[ \frac{3}{8} \] and \[ \frac{1}{8} \] \[ \frac{3}{4} \] and \[ \frac{3}{8} \] (irregular)

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

(Round Lodge Moor I wandered, a youth so jolly green,)*

'Twere there I spied a dance 'all which before I'd never seen.

'Twere there I spied a pretty fair maid tripping lightly o'er the floor.

I asked her if she'd dance with me a waltz and nothing more.

She bashfully consented and around the floor we twirled,
An' I was so enchanted for she was such a nice young girl.

'Twas there we got a-talking behind that tap room door,
An' I got what I expected just a kiss and nothing more.

One bright May morn at the altar, in'a bride's dress she wore,
Me wife I proudly made 'er and I asked for nothing more.

When I took 'er home me wages, she raved and cursed and swore,
And I wish the devil'd fetch her and I'd ask for nothing more!

[laughs]

"Me dad used to sing 'round Lodge Moor I wandered'. I don't know if it's right or not."

* Not recorded. Confirmed 8/6/72.

Note

The form is most unusual as the melody moves from the relative minor into the major, and from a \[ \frac{3}{4} \] signature into \[ \frac{3}{8} \]. This change may be semantically based for it coincides with the reference to the maid dancing. It is perhaps significant that Frank chose an occasion when no ladies were present to sing the song. 8/6/72, S36, Frank refers to the song: "I don't know what me dad were singin' about dance floors 'cos I've never known him dance at all!" 23/4/70, S9, Frank asked Grace Walton if she knew the song. She replied that although she did not her father had known a rhyme with a similar example of localisation.

Down Lodge Lane or in yon gutter
I seen a kid with a slice of bread an' butter
In 'is 'and, in 'is 'and, in 'is 'and.
Me being so 'ungry, bread an' butter looked so nice,
I up to the kid and collared a slice!
Roundel Lodge Moor I wandered, a youth so jolly green,

'Twere there I spied a dance 'all which before I'd never seen.

'Twere there I spied a pretty fair maid tripping lightly o'er the floor.

I asked her if she'd dance with me a waltz and nothing more.

She bashful-ly con-sent-ed and a-round the floor we twirled,

And I was so en-chanted for she was such a nayng girl.

Variations

kiss and nothing...
"Darky Weep"

You may ask what makes this darky weep

Standard (inflected 4♯)  
III VII♯ - 8  2 bars

Frank Hinchliffe  30/4/70

"Let's think of someone who used to go to t'Sportsman an' we'll get back a bit. Thirty years sin' I used to go reg'lar and used to know 'em all."

(You may ask what)* makes this darky weep?  
Why he like others is not gay?  
What makes the tears roll down his cheek  
From early morn till break of day?

My story, darkies, you shall hear,  
For in my memory fresh doth dwell.  
It will cause you all to shed a tear  
O'er the grave of my sweet Kitty Dwell.

Those merry birds were singing in the morning.  
The myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
And the sun on yond hill tops were dawning.  
When I laid my darling in her tomb.

I have oftime wished that I was dead,  
And lay beside her in the tomb;  
But the sorrow now bows down her head,  
Made me silent in the midnight gloom.

Springtime brought no charms for me.  
The flowers were springing in the dell.  
There's a form that I no more shall see,  
Is the form of my sweet Kitty Dwell.

Those merry birds were singing in the morning.  
The myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
And the sun on yond hill tops were dawning  
When I laid my darling in her tomb.

"That were Riley that. Last time old Riley sang that he were getting into last verse and, old lad, he couldn't go on. He said 'Finish it, Frank'."

* Not recorded.

Note
Frank's voice croaks several times during the song to add to the pathos. See Kitty Wells, Frank Hinchliffe, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13.
My story, dar-kies, you shall hear.

For in my mem-ory fresh deth dwell.

It will cause you all to shed a tear

O'er the grave of my sweet Kit-ty Dwell.

Those mer-ry birds were sing-ing in the morn-ing.

The myrt-le and the iv-y were in . . . dawn-ing . . .

ear-ly mom till close of . . .
The Lark in the Morn (f)

Standard (inflected 4♯) A B C D

\( \begin{array}{c|c}
V \downarrow & V - 6 \\
160^+ & 4 \\
4 & 4 \\
\end{array} \)

Frank Hinchliffe 2/9/70

[Opening not recorded] ... did say,
There's no life like the ploughboy's all in the month of May.

The lark in the morn, she will rise up from 'er nest,
And whistle in the air with the dew all on 'er breast;
And like a pretty ploughboy, she will whistle and she'll sing,
And at night she will return to 'er own nest back again.

"I don't know no more to that, Ian. Forget it if I did."

Note
Frank thinks that he might have learnt the song at school.
The lark in the morning will rise up from her nest
And whistle in the air with the dew all on her breast
And like a pretty plough-boy she will whistle and she'll sing
And at night she will return to her own nest back again.
I was waiting when the postman came this morning.

I saw him take a letter from his pack.
With a smile I gave to me a friendly greeting,
As he handed me a letter edged in black.

[hesitates] "Eh dear."

Now with trembling hands I took this letter from him.
I opened it and this is what it said,
Come home, ma boy, your poor old father wants you,
Come home, ma boy, your dear old mother's dead.

O those angry words I wished I'd never spoke them.
You know I didn't mean them, don't you Dad.
O may the angels bear with this I'm asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black.

O the last words that your mother ever murmured
Was, Tell my boy I want 'im to come back.
For my eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is breaking
As I'm writing you this letter edged in black.

O the postman whistled as 'e came this morning.
I saw him take a letter from his pack.
But he little know what sorrow that 'e brought me,
As 'e handed me a letter edged in black.

"That were on a long-player."

Note
See The Letter Edged in Black, 4/6/70, S12.
I was waiting when the postman came this morning.

I saw him take a letter from his pack.

With a smile he gave to me a friendly greeting,

As he handed me a letter edged in black.

Variation

Your for...
Lincolnshire Poacher (f)  

When I was bound apprentice

Standard

VII#  III - 5  4 bars
µ276  6  Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus  4/6/70

(When I was bound apprentice)* in famous Lincolnshire,
I served my master faithful for more than seven long years,
Until I took to poaching, as you will likely hear.
O it's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year!

"Same un, in't it."

* Not recorded.

Note

Frank only sings the first verse because he realises it is so well known.

Little Mary (inc)

Standard

II.  1 - 8  488888
µ120  3  Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus  4/6/70

[Tape off.] ... you'll forgive me when I say,
You were angry when you told me I was always in your way.
You were sorry in a moment, I could read it on your brow.
Born of man [unclear] ... Is there room for Mary there?
Yes there's room, come there's room,
room in that beautiful heavenly home.
Yes there's room, come there's room,
room in that beautiful heavenly home.

Note

Dorothy informed me that the song came from 'Moody and Sankey'.
See Sacred Songs and Solos, compiled by Ira D. Sankey (London, [no date]), No. 571.
In

I

A.

\[\text{you'll forgive me when I say,}\]

\[\text{Born of man—}—\text{Is there room for Mary there?}\]

\[\text{Yes there's room, come there's room, room in that beautiful heavenly home.}\]

When I was bond-ap-prentice in fam-ous Lin-cold-shire,

I served my mas-ter faith-ful for more than seven long years,

Until I took to poach-ing as you will like-ly hear.

O it's my de-light on a shin-y night in the sea-son of the year!

\[\text{when you told me I was al-ways in your way.}\]

\[\text{I could read it on your brow.}\]

\[\text{Yes there's room, come there's room, room in that beautiful heavenly home.}\]
Love at Home

There is beauty all around

Standard

VII #  V - 5

| 86+  4

4 bars

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus 4/6/70

(There is beauty)* all around when there's love at home.
There is joy in every sound when there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide, smiling sweet on every side.
Time doth sweetly, gently glide when there's love at home,
Love at home, love at home,
Time doth sweetly, gently glide when there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above when there's love at home.
All the earth is filled with love when there's love at home.
Gently runs the brooklet by, brightly gleams the azure sky,
But there's one who smiles on high when there's love at home,
Love at home, love at home,
But there's one who smiles on high when there's love at home.

"That's last verse an' all."

In a cottage there is joy when there's love at home.
All the earth is filled with joy when there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide smiling sweet on every side.
Time doth softly gently glide when there's love at home.

"We got it mixed up right, in that one. If you set off with third
verse and double back into second, you don't know where you are
then."

* Not recorded.

Note

See Love at Home, Frank Hinchliffe, 8/6/72, S36. Frank sings the
second and third verse in reverse order.
There is beauty all around when there's love at home.

There is joy in every sound when there's love at home.

Peace and plenty here abide, smiling sweet on every side.

Time doth sweetly, gently glide when there's love at home.

Love at home, love at home.

Time doth sweetly, gently glide when there's love at home.

Variation 8/6/72

I C 1

Peace and plenty...
Mary of the Wild Moor

0 it was of a cold winter's night

When poor Mary and her child
Wandered back to her own father's door,

Crying, Father take pity on me.
Come down and open the door;
For the night it is dark and the watchdogs do bark.
0 Father take pity on me.
[hesitates]
0 Father take pity on me.
Come down and open the door;
For the child at my bosom will die
With the wind that grows bitter across the wild moor.

0 her father were deaf to her cries.
As he looked at his door in the morn
To see poor Mary lie dead but the child still alive
Tightly clasped in its dead mother's arms.

The village maidens they point out the spot
Where weeping willows they hang o'er the door.
0 the child to its mother went soon
With the wind that grew bitter across the wild moor.

"Joss White might sing you that one."

Note
Uneven pulse and rhythm may result from the fragmentary nature of the text. See also Mary of the Wild Moor (f), Frank Hinchliffe, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 30/1/71, S24, when Frank comments "Get that one hunted up, Ian. It's a good un."
O it was of a cold winter's night

When poor Mary and her child

Wandered back to her own father's door,

Crying, Father take pity on me.

Come down and open the door;

For the night it is dark and the watchdogs do bark.

O Father take pity on me.

For the child at my bosom will die

With the wind that grows bitter a-cross the wild moor.

The village... Where weeping...
The Model Church

Well wife I found a model church

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard (inflected 4 #)</th>
<th>ABCB' (See below-</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vψ - V</td>
<td>8888</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>Redmires Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

(Well wife I found a model church and worshipped there today. It made me think of good old times before my hair was grey.)*
The meeting house was finer built than they were years ago, but when I found when I went in it was not built for show.

The sexton did not sit me down away back by the door.
He knew that I was old and deaf, he saw that I was poor.
He must 'ave been a Christian man, he led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand church to find a pleasant pew.

I wished you'd heard the singing, wife, it 'ad that old-time ring.
The preacher said with (trial?) voice, Let all the people sing.
'All Hail the Power' was the hymn, the music upward rolled,
Until I thought that angelic choir played on their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire.
I joined my feeble trembling voice with that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful day 'Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him Lord of all.'

I tell you wife it did me good to sing that hymn once more.
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port for ever from the storm.

* The first couplet was not sung but recited as part of the process of remembering how the song began. At my request Frank sang the first verse after he had finished and confirmed its text and tune.
'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife, but simple gospel truth. 
It suited aged men like me, it suited hopeful youth. 
To win immortal souls to Christ that earnest preacher tried. 
He talked not of himself nor creed but Jesus crucified.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er and victory soon be won. 
The shining land 'tis just ahead, our life 'tis nearly run. 
We're gaining Canaan's happy shore where all is bright and fair. 
Thank God above where all is love, there'll be no sorrow there. 
There'll be no sorrow, there'll be no sorrow. 
In heaven above where all is love, there'll be no sorrow there.

"'Nother long un."

Note
The choruses after verses IV and VII are excerpts from well-known hymns. The first is part of the hymn tune Miles Lane, the other I have not identified. The Model Church is No. 608 of Sacred Songs and Solos, compiled by Ira D. Sankey (London, [no date]). See The Model Church (inc.), Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S27, and (f), 8/6/72, S36.
The seaman did not sit me down away back by the door.

He knew that I was old and deaf, he saw that I was poor.

He must have been a Christian man, he led me boldly through

The crowded aisle of that grand church to find a pleasant pew.

Variations (Choruses)

Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him, crown him,

Crown him, crown him Lord of all.

There'll be no sorrow, there'll be no sorrow.

In heaven above, where all is love, there'll be no sorrow there.

* voice cracks
Mother Machree

There's a spot in my heart

Standard (inflected 4♯) ABCD EFG
I ♯ 1 - 10 4444 4445
♭136♯ 3 4
Frank Hinchliffe 2/9/70

[Sings the chorus to see if I've heard it.]

There's a spot in my heart that no colleen may own,
There's a depth in my soul never sounded or known.
There's a place in my memory my heart that you fill,
For no other may share it no-one ever will.

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And a brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.
I kiss her dear fingers so toil worn for me.*
O God bless you and keep you Mother Machree.

[He cannot remember the second verse.]

* Frank emphasises these sounds and so provides an Irish flavour to the song.

Note

A month later Frank is still thinking about the missing second verse. See Mother Machree, 1/10/70, S14. "There was that there, Ian, second verse. I couldn't get no forrrarder wi' it at all. It come to me as soon as you'd gone."
[Recites first verse, sings chorus, sings second verse (see below) and chorus.]

Every sorrow and care in the dear days gone by
Was made bright by the light of the smile in your eye.
Like a candle that's set in a window at night,
Your fond love has cheered me and guided me right.
There's a spot in my heart that no colleen may own,

There's a depth in my soul ne'er sound-ed or known.

There's a place in my memory my heart that you fill,

For no other may share it no one ever will.

Sure I love the clear silver that shines in your hair,

And a brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.

I kiss her dear fingers so toil worn for me.

O God bless you and keep you Mother Machree.

* voice cranks
"Thresherman"

A nobleman met with a thresherman one day.

He kindly did accost him and unto him did say,
Thou's a wife and seven children, I know it to be true,
Yet how does thou maintain them all so well as thou do,
Yet how does thou maintain them all so well as thou do?

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do mow,
And other times a-hedging or a-ditching I do go.
There's nothing comes amiss to me, to the harrows nor the plough,
But still I get my living by the sweat of my brow,
But still I get my living by the sweat of my brow.

When my day's work is over I go home at night.
My wife and my children they all are my delight.
My children are a-prattling and playing with their toys,
And that is all the pleasure that a poor man enjoys,
And that is all the pleasure that a poor man enjoys.

My wife she is willing to join in the yoke.
We live just like two turtle doves and seldom do provoke.
Sometimes we are hard up, sometimes we're very poor,
But still we keep those raging wolves away from our door,
But still we keep those raging wolves away from our door.

So well has thou spoken of thy wife,
I'll make thee to live happy all the rest of thy life.
I've fifty acres of good land, I'll freely give to thee
To maintain thy wife and thy large family.
To maintain thy wife and thy large family.

"Phew! They're long lines, aren't they? That's old Andy Gregory's.
Now Grace, I've never heard her sing that before."

Note
Grace joins in but never takes the lead. See The Nobleman and the Thresherman, Frank Hinchliffe, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27; 22/8/70, S13; with Joe Atkins, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S27; with George Hancock, transcript NMG 18.
A noble-man met with a thresh-er-man one day.

He kind-ly did ac-cost him and un-to him did say,

That's a wife and sev-en chil-dren, I know it to be true,

Yet how does thou main-tain them all so well as thou do,

Yet how does thou main-tain them all so well as thou do?

Variations

- times I do ... But still I get my ...

When my ... So well has thou spo-ken of thy wife ...
Nothing Else to Do

Now summer is ended and the harvest is past

Standard

IV#  V - 6  2 bars

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton  23/4/70

Grace: "Harvest is past?"

Now (summer is ended and the harvest is past.)
We've mown all our corn and we've gathered all our grass.
There's a neat little cottage that stands by yond view,
And I go there a-courting when I've nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do, nothing*

(I go there a-courting and what harm is there in that.)
We spend all our time in sweet harmony and chat.
She told me that she loved and I knew she did so too,
And I told her I would marry her when I'd nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do, nothing*

So now we are married to both our hearts' content.
We must not quarrel and we must not lament;
But live together so happy like all others ought to do,
And enjoy all our pleasures when we've nothing else to do,

"That don't double back far enough."

Nothing else to do, nothing else to do,
And enjoy all our pleasures when we've nothing else to do.

* Frank stops as he follows Grace who does not sing the same chorus.

Note

The transcription is of Frank's version. He follows Grace for the
most part stopping to listen to her during the sections in
parentheses. Even the pitch is hers as he initially sings in VII#.
For Grace's version see Wal 17. See Nothing Else to Do, Frank
Hinchliffe and Grace Walton, 4/6/70, S12.
So now we are married to both our hearts’ content,

We must not quarrel and we must not lament;

But live together so happy like all others ought to do,

And enjoy all our pleasures when we’ve nothing else to do,

Nothing else to do, nothing else to do,

And enjoy all our pleasures when we’ve nothing else to do.
The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill

"Old Rustic Bridge"

I am thinking tonight of the old rustic bridge

Standard (inflected 4#) ABACDEAC FGAC

V IV - 5 43434343 3343

l 136+ 4 Sheep Hill Farm, Ringinglow.

Frank Hinchliffe (with George Hancock) 1/10/70

I am thinking tonight of the old rustic bridge
That bends o'er the murmering stream,
'Twas there Maggy dear with our hearts full of cheer
We strayed 'neath the moons gentle beam.
'Twas there I first met you, the light in your eye
Awake in my heart a sweet thrill.
Though now far away still my thoughts fondly stray
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

Beneath it the stream gently ripples,
Around it the birds love to trill,
Though now far away still my thoughts fondly stray
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

How oft time dear Maggy when years passed away
And we plighted lovers became,
We rambled the path to the bridge day by day
The smiles of each other to claim.
But one day we parted in pain and regret,
Our vows we could not fulfil,
Though deep in my heart it was planted to last
On the old rustic bridge by the mill.

Beneath it the stream gently ripples,
Around it the birds love to trill,
Though now far away still my thoughts fondly stray
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

I keep in my memory the love of the past,
To me 'tis as bright as of 'old,
Though deep in my heart it was planted to last,
In absence it never grows old.
I think of you, darling, when lonely at night,
And when all is peaceful and still.
My heart wanders back in a dream of delight
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

Beneath it the stream gently ripples,
Around it the birds love to trill,
Though now far away still my thoughts fondly stray
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.
I am thinking to-night of the old rustic bridge

That bends o'er the murmuring stream,

'Twas there Maggie clear with our hearts full of cheer

We strayed—neath the moon's gentle beam.

'Twas there I first met you, the light in your eye

Awoke in my heart—a sweet thrill.

Though now far away still my thoughts fondly stray

To the old rustic bridge—by the mill.

Be-neath it the stream gently ripples, A-round it the birds—love to trill.

Though now far away still my thoughts fondly stray

To the old rustic bridge—by the mill.
Old Virginia

Carry me back to old Virginia

Standard

VI, 120

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

ABAB'CDAB'

4 bars

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

2/3/71

(Carry me back)* to old Virginia,
That's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow.
There where the bird warbles sweetly in the springtime,
There's where old darky toil in years long ago.
There where thy laboured so hard for old master,
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
There's no place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginia, the state where I was born.

* Not recorded.

Note
See Old Virginia, Peacock, 12/12/70, C5.
Carry me back to old Virginia

That's where the cotton and the corn and tarriers grow

There where the bird warbles sweetly in the spring-time

There where old dark-y toil in years-long ago

There where thy laboured so hard for old master

Day after day in the fields of yellow corn

There's no place on earth do I love more ain-cute-ly

Than old Virginia, the state where I was born.
The Old Wooden Rocker

For it stands in the corner with its back to the wall
the old wooden rocker, so stately and tall;
With nothing to disturb it but the duster and broom,
for nobody uses the back parlour room.
For 'ow well I remember in days gone by
how we knelt by that chair, dear sister and I,
And listened to the stories that our grandma did tell,
in the old wooden rocker we all loved so well.
For she'd sit by the fire and she'd rock, rock, rock,
while listening to the ticking of the old brass clock.
Eighty years had she slumbered in that chair, grim and toil,
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

[Hesitates.]
If that chair it could speak all the tales it could tell,
how our poor old grandpa in fierce battle fell,
'Neath the stars and the stripes he fought bravely and true,
in harmony we cherished the red, white and blue.
It could tell of sad days, yes, and grand ones beside,
how poor old grandma went forth as a bride;
That is why we all love it for the tales it can tell,
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.
For she'd sit by the fire and she'd rock, rock, rock,
while listening to the ticking of the old brass clock.
Eighty years had she slumbered in that chair, grim and toil,
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

Now poor grandma is dead and her troubles they are gone;
her children have left us, yes, one by one.
They've all gone to meet her in that sweet bye and bye
there's no-one left but dear sister and I.
O never more will we steal her old specs or her cap;
never more will we tease her when she's taking her nap.
Never more shall we listen to the stories she did tell,
in that old wooden rocker we all loved so well.
For she'd sit by the fire and she'd rock, rock, rock,
while listening to the ticking of the old brass clock.
Eighty years had she slumbered in that chair, grim and toil,
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

"It's hard work."

Note
See The Old Wooden Rocker (inc.), Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel,
Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.
For it stands in the corner with its back to the wall,
the old wooden rocker, so stately and tall;
With nothing to disturb it but the dust-er and broom,
for nobody uses the back parlor room.

For now I remember in days gone by
how we knelt by that chair, dear sister and I,
And listened to the stories that our grandma did tell,
in the old wooden rocker we all loved so well.

For she'd sit by the fire and she'd rock, rock, rock,
while listening to the tick-ting of the old brass clock.
Eighty years had she slumbered in that chair—grim and tall,
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.
Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f)                      Hin 47
                                                      S11

Standard                                                      ABCD
IV#             V - 6                             4 bars
\| 180  3                          Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe                        4/6/70

[Hums tune.]

"That's tune to that one. No, we can say goodbye to that I've only heard me dad ever sing that. I didn't know it right through."

Note
This was one of four hunting songs written out for Frank by a man who had been blackberrying on his land and offered them as compensation for leaving a gate open. The others were The Rosy Morn, "A Few Jovial Sportsmen" and A Fine Hunting Day. Frank had lent the words to a friend called Roy. The form would appear to correspond to CDAE of George Hancock's and Charles Green's melody. See Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f), 30/4/70, S10. "Me Dad used to sing one,

With his fifty bright guineas, this too was the sum For the champion dog of all England had won."

Over the Garden Wall (f)                               Hin 48
                                                      S16

Just jump over the garden wall

Standard                                                      ABCD
V               1 - 8                           4 bars
\| 180  3                                  Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe                        2/3/70

(Just jump over the garden wall.)*
I'll not let you fall.
We'll play at sweethearts and going to get married.
Jump over the garden wall.

"That's all I know of that, Ian. I never heard any more sing."

* Not recorded.
Hin 47

La-la-la [etc.]

Hin 48

Just jump over the garden wall

I'll not let you fall

We'll play at sweethearts and going to get married

Jump over the garden wall.
The Pear Tree

Now me and two other boys went on the spree

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th>ABC</th>
<th>DEF</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>V</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>bars</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Frank Hinchcliffe

8/6/72

Now me an' two other boys went on the spree,
On our way we met a pear tree.
Up this pear tree I did climb
For to get some pears I felt inclined.
To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy
Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

When up this pear tree I got landed,
The other two lads from me they'd squandered.
Were not the pears that pleased me
But a man and a woman come under this tree.
To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy
Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Now with sweet kisses 'e embraced her,
'E swore for many a mile 'e'd chased her.
'E pulled off his coat to save 'er gown
An' 'e gently laid this fair maid down.
To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy
Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Now I shook this pear tree just like thunder,
The man and the woman ran away in wonder.
Were not the pears that pleased me
But a damn good coat left under this tree.
To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy
Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Now off to town I ran like fire,
The owner of the coat being my desire.
The owner of the coat were never found out,
So I got a damn good coat for nowt.
To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy
Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Come all ye lads wherever you may be,
Nivver go a-courting under a pear tree.
Nivver pull your coats off to save their gowns
For the pears they will come tumbling down.
To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy
Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Note

Frank sings this in a very subdued manner that is almost parlando.
See The Pear Tree (f), 2/5/70, S16, and Grace Walton, Wal 22.
(Rubato)

Now me an' two other boys went on the spree,

On our way we met a pear tree.

Up this pear tree I did climb

For to get some peas I felt inclined.

To me ay-me 0-me am-a-like-a-daisy

Whack fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Variations

Ia2 (passim)          Ib2 (passim)

I got land-ed, The ...  me they'd squan-der. Were ... 

just like thun-der, The ... never found out, So ...
Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking
it was one summer, summer evening clear.
Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,
it was one summer, summer evening clear.
'Twas there I beheld a most beautiful damsel
lamenting for her shepherd dear,
Lamenting for her shepherd dear.

The dearest evening that e'er I beheld was
evermore with the girl I adore.
The dearest evening that e'er I beheld was
evermore with the girl I adore.
Wilt thou go and fight yon French and Spaniard,
wilt thou lead me thus my dear?
Wilt thou lead/leave* me thus my dear?

No more to yon green banks will I take thee
with pleasure for to rest thyself and view the land.
No more to yon green banks will I take thee
with pleasure for to rest thyself and view the land.
But I will take thee to yon green garden
where those pratty flowers grow,
Where those pratty pratty flowers grow.

"There's only one thing about that, I can't see no sense in it.
There's no story."

* Frank sings 'lead'.

Note
Grace Walton, Edith Lawson and Rhoda Dronfield join in with Frank.
A-broad for plea-sure as I was a-walk-ing,

it was one sum-mer, sum-mer ev-en-ing clear.

A-broad for plea-sure as I was a-walk-ing,

it was one sum-mer, sum-mer ev-en-ing clear.

'Twas there I be-held a most beau-ti-ful dam-sel

La-ment-ing for her shep-herd dear,

La-ment-ing for her shep-herd dear.

Variations

I b1 and d1

e-ver-more with the...

III e1

I will take thee to...

* Frank sings the top part.
Down Sheffield Park a maid did dwell

A brisk young farmer loved 'er well.
He courted 'er from day to day.
At length he stole 'er heart away.

One morning upstairs to make her bed
She lay her down 'er weary 'ead.
Her mistress came to her did say,
What is the matter with you my maid?

O Mistress, O Mistress, you little'do know
What trials and troubles that I undergo.
Place your right hand upon my/on* left breast,
My fainting eart doth know no rest.

Then write 'im a letter and write it with speed,
And send it to him if he can read,
And bring me an answer without delay,
For young Colin/For he 'ath stolen your/my heart away.

Then gather leaves to make my bed,
A feathery pillow for my weary head,
And the leaves they'll flutter/fly from tree to lea
Will/Shall make a covering for/over me.

There is a flower that bloometh in May,
That's seldom seen by night or day;
And the leaves they'll flutter from tree to lea
Will make a covering for me.

Frank: 'That's as I know it but there's that last verse, it's not right.'
Grace: 'No, it doesn't really fit.'

* Frank's textual variation is given first, Grace's second.

Note
Frank is reluctant to sing the song because he knows that I have recorded John Taylor singing it (see Tay 5). Frank takes the lead and Grace joins in quietly as the pitch is unsuitable for her.
Down Sheffield Park a maid did dwell.

A brick young farmer loved her well.

He courted her from day to day.

At length he stole her heart away.

Variations

IV b2

VI e 3 Grace sings this throughout.

him if bloom-eth in...
The Ship that Never Returned

O it was one bright summer's morning

Standard

IV and IV# (vii#)1 - 8
100+ 4

Frank Hinchliffe 2/9/70

0 it was one bright summer's morning when the waves were rippling
o'er a soft and silent sea,
A ship set sail with some precious burdens to a port beyond the sea.
There were fond farewell, there were loving signals
from those whose hearts still yearned,
And they sailed away with a love and blessing
in a ship that never returned.

No, it never returned, no, it never returned,
but there fate is still unlearned;
And from that day to this they've been watching, waiting
for a ship that never returned.

Said a pale-faced boy unto his loving mother,
May I cross the deep blue sea,
For they tell me in some foreign country
there is health and wealth for me.
O 'is mother listened with a fond affection
and she said, Well Son, thou may.
And she sent him forth with a mother's blessing
in a ship that never returned.

No, it never returned, no, it never returned,
but there fate is still unlearned;
And from that day to this they've been watching, waiting
for a ship that never returned.
Only one more trip, said that gallant sailor
as 'e kissed 'is fond young wife.
Only one more bag of that golden treasure
and we'll settle down for life.
We will leave this place for a little cottage
where in joy we'll spend we've earned;
But she little thought that 'er love would perish
in a ship that never returned.

No, it never returned, no, it never returned,
but there fate is still unlearned;
And from that day to this they've been watching, waiting
for a ship that never returned.

Note
Fronks sings this fervently. See The Ship that Never Returned, 23/4/70, S9. 8/6/72 Frank comments on the song 'That's a grand un. They'll sing that a bit at Lodge Moor. There's Douglas Marsden, one or two on 'em knows chorus. Not just gone altogether.'
"Only a bit as I know. I don't know whether you'll know it, George. I know chorus to it."

And like birds of one feather 'ow they flock together,
Like bees in a hive contented we'll be.

"One me dad used to sing."

Note
It would seem that Frank is mistaken that this is chorus, as it is usually the final couplet.
And like birds of one feather bow—they flock together,
like bees in a hive—contented we'll be.
The Spotted Cow

It was one merry morning in May
Standard VII ABCD
V - 8 2 bars
8 6
Frank Hinchcliffe 23/4/70

[Sings the first verse.] "How about that for one, eh?"

It was one merry morning in May
As from my cot I strayed.
Just at the dawning of the day
I met with a charming maid.

Good morning, to this maid said I,
What makes you up so soon?
Good morning gentle Sir, she cried,
I have lost my spotted cow.

No longer weep nor mourn for her,
Your cow is not lost, my dear.
I saw her down beneath yon grove,
Come love and I'll show thee where.

Then hand in hand together we went
And crossed the flowery dell.
Just at the dawning of the day
And love were all our tale.

All in the grove we spent the day
That seem to pass too soon.
We 'uddled and cuddled each other there
While brightly shone the moon.

Whene'er in that grove I stray,
I go to view me flow'r.
She comes and cries, Kind gentle Sir,
I've lost my spotted cow.

"Thou'ra not 'card that one before! That were me great grandmother's.
We can find you old songs for a week, d'you know."
It was one morning in May
As from my cot I strayed.
Just at the dawning of the day
I met with a charming maid.

Variations
morn-ing, to this... makes you up so soon? Good...
"There was one what I was thinking about t'other day. I don't know whether it's owt in your line or not, that Two Little Girls in Blue."

An old man gazed at a photograph in a locket 'e'd worn for years.

His nephew then asked 'im the reason why

that picture 'ad cost him tears.

Come listen, 'e said, I'll tell you, me lad,

a story that's strange but true;

Your father and I at school, me lad, met two little girls in blue.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,

They were sisters, we were brothers and learnt to love the two.

Now one little girl in blue, lad, she won your father's heart,

Became your mother, I married the other but now we 'ave drifted apart.

That picture is one of the girls, me lad, to me she once was a bride.

I thought her unfaithful, we quarrelled, me lad,

and parted that night for life.

My fancy of jealousy wronged 'er heart, a heart that was good and true;

But two better girls never lived than they,

those two little girls in blue.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,

They were sisters, we were brothers and learnt to love the two.

Now one little girl in blue, lad, she won your father's heart,

Became your mother, I married the other but now we 'ave drifted apart.

Note

Frank is concerned that because of the songs comparative modernity it may not be the sort of song I was intending to record.
An old man gazed at a photograph in a locket he'd worn for years.

His nephew then asked him the reason why that picture had cost him tears.

Come listen, I'll tell you, me lad, a story that's strange but true;

Your father and I at a school, me lad, met two little girls in blue.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,

They were sisters, we were brothers and learnt to love the two.

Now one little girl in blue, lad, she won your father's heart,

Become your mother, I married the other and now we've drifted apart.

me she once was a bride... learnt to love the two...
Beneath the spreading chestnut tree
The smith, a mighty man is he with strong and sinewed hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms are as strong as iron bands.
His hair is black and crisp and long, his face it's like the tan.
His brow is wet with honest sweat, he, earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face, for 'e owes not any man.

Toiling, rejoicing —
"No that don't come there. How does tune go 'cos tune's varying
all the time through that? I'll have to recite rest I've lost tune
an' all now."

[Recites.]
He goes on Sunday morn to church and sits amongst the boys.
He 'ears the parson pray and preach he 'ears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir and it makes his heart rejoice.
It reminds him of her mother's voice singing in paradise,
His needs must think of 'er once more, 'ow in the grave she lies.
[Steps and repitches.]
And with a large rough hand 'e wipes a tear out of his eye.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward through life he goes.
Each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees its close.
Something attempted, something done hath earned a night's repose.

"Rotten when you get into middle on 'em an' then get lost, in't it."

* Not recorded.
Beneath the spreading chestnut tree the village smith he stands.

The smith, a mighty man is he with strong and sinewy hands,

And the muscles of his brawny arms are as strong as iron bands.

His hair is black and crisp and long, his face it's like the tan,

His bow is wet with honest sweat, he earns whatever he can,

And looks the world in the face for he owes not any man...

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward through life he goes.

Each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees its close.

Something attempted, something done hath earned a night's repose.
Wassail Song

We've been a while a-wassailing

123456
IV‖↓ V - 8
J 228 and 204 6
8
Frank Hinchliffe and Edith Lawson 4/6/70

We've been a while a-wassailing amongst the leaves so green.
Here we come a-wandering, so fair to be seen.
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
A New Year, a New Year,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children that round the table go.
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours children that you have seen before.
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

Note
Frank and Edith sing this with a printed text in front of them.
They seemed to know it well and scarcely referred to the copy,
which belonged to Grace. It was a popular selection published by
Banks of Leeds simply called Christmas Carols without details of
date or editorship.
We've been a while a-was-sailing among the leaves so green.

Here we come a-wander-ing, so fair to be seen.

For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,

So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

A New Year, a New Year,

So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.
Early one morning the break of the day

O we rose and put on our clothes
And into the stable we nimbly goes;
For with rubbin' and scrubbin', I'll swear and I'll vow
That we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

When six o'clock boys to our breakfast we go
Eggs, 'am and bacon we merry enjoy.
With a bit in our pockets, I'll swear and I'll vow
That we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

O we 'arnesses our 'orses to plough and to go,
To see which the best of us could a-draw.
[Hesitates.]
"Better miss that bit out."

The master came round unto us 'e did say,
What 'ave you been doing this long summer's day?
For you've not ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow
That you're all idle fellows that follows the plough.

[Pitch rises in next two verses.] The ploughboy turned round and 'e made this reply,
Master what you 'ave said, it's a very big lie;
For we've all ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow
That we're not idle fellows that follows the plough.
Now the master turned round and 'e laughed at the joke.
It's two o'clock, boys, it's time to unyoke.
Un'arness your 'orses and rub 'em well down,
And come and I'll give you some good bread and cheese
and a pint of my very best ale;
For I'll swear and I'll vow
That you're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

"There's half of that there verse, I don't know where it's gone to."
[verse IV]

Note
Frank's opening comment refers to Grace Walton's version of the song.
Note the unusual form of the final verse ABCD'ED (222412 bars respectively), an example of Frank's creativity. Thus when a part of a verse becomes forgotten the remaining elements are put together in a manner that is not only felicitous but also preserves the unity of the song. In such a way Frank clearly marks his signature on many of his songs.
Earl-y one morn-ing, the break of the day,
The cock were a-crow-ing, the master did say.

All hail, my good fellows, rise with a good will,
For good horses want something their bellies to fill.

Variations

O we rose and

When six o'clock boys to our

see which the best of us could a-draw...

Master, what you've said it's a  
good bread and chese and a pint of my very best ale

For I'll swear and I'll vow that yonse...
The Weaver's Daughter

As I went out one bright May morn

Standard

AABA (III = BABA)

VI

V - 8

108

4 bars

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton 30/4/70

As I went out one bright May morn across yon fields so early,
I espied a maid, a most beautiful maid, as sweet as any fairy.
I said, My pretty maid, where art thou going? and by the hand I took her.
She blushed and said I'm a-going home, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

O may I come with you my pretty maid for gold and silver I've plenty?
She turned her head and blushed as she said, O no, kind sir, I thank you.
My mother she is dead and lay in her grave,
and the early lesson she taught me
Was to marry for love and not for gold, cried the poor old weaver's daughter.

My father he is old and nearly blind and he's almost past his labour.
It would break his heart for me to part
for he's been such a good kind father.
So parted from him I never shall be for he's been such a good kind father,
And until he is laid in his peaceful grave I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well sweet maid, he cried,
may prospects ever be brighter,
And the lad thou loves be constant and true and happily be united.
For friendship's sake this gold ring take,
such a lovely maid I thought her,
And as long as I live I never shall forget that poor old weaver's daughter.

Frank: "By! There's some long lines in that Grace, isn't there?"
Grace: "That was nice, but one or two of t'words me Dad used to sing different."
Frank: "They're forced to alter a bit!"

Note

Frank's form is irregular in the third verse. See The Weaver's Daughter (f) with Grace Walton and Edith Lawson, 4/6/70, S11 and with Ted Wragg, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S27.
As I went out one bright May morn across your fields so early,

I espied a maid, a most beautiful maid, as sweet as any fairy.

I said, My pretty maid, where art thou going? And by the hand I took her.

She blushed and said I'm going home, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

Variation

never shall forget that...
When a Youngster at Home

1234(4*)56 ABAC (see below)

IV 1 - 9 4 bars

Frank Hinchliffe 30/4/70

(When a younster at)* home I vowed I'd ne'er roam,
And oft of this vow 'ave I thought.
I'd advice given me on my own mother's knee,
And in memory have oftime been thought.

I remember, my lad, as a quarrel I had
With my brother one morning at play.
I struck him a blow, my temper to show,
And these words my mother did say,

Forgive and forget all the troubles you've met,
Which no doubt will cause both of you pain.
For I can't happy be till I stand here and see
That you're friendly together again.

Now he thought me the worst and he would not speak first,
And it filled me with sorrow and pain.
From that very day I years stayed away,
Till I met him in sorrow again.

I met him again lying on his death bed;
His end was quite nigh it was plain.
Though feeble and weak he managed to speak,
And these were the words that he said,

Let's forgive and forget all the troubles we've met,
Which no doubt has caused both of us pain.
For I can't happy dee [die] till I lay here and see
That we're friendly together again.

Now my motto has been when a quarrel I've seen
To prevent it whenever I can.
Not long ago two soldiers I saw
Strike each other till they both fairly bled.
Now they asked me to stay and to witness fair play
And these were the words that I said,

Forgive and forget all the troubles you've met,
Which no doubt will cause both of you pain.
For I'll stand here and see that you're friendly with me,
And you're friendly together again.

* Not recorded.

Note
Frank's wife Dorothy considers this one of her favourite songs. The form of the seventh stanza is ABABAC. See 8/6/72, S36. when Frank sang the first verse but had difficulty remembering the tune.
When a young-ster at home I vowed I'd ne'er roam,
And oft of this vow have I thought.

I'd ad-vice giv-en me on my own moth-er's knee,
And in mem-ory have of-time been thought.
When You and I Were Young Maggie

I wandered today o'er the hill Maggie

Standard (inflected 4♯) AABABABA

III↓ V - 7♯ 4 bars

μ 80↑ 4

Sheephill Farm, Ringinglow.

Frank Hinchliffe with Edith Hancock 1/10/70

I wandered today o'er the hill, Maggie, to watch the scenery below.
There's a creak and a creakin' old mill, Maggie,
as it used to be long ago.
The green grove's gone from the hill, Maggie,
where first the daisies sprung.
And the creakin' old mill it is still, Maggie,
since you and I were young.

Edith: "Had music to that as well."
Frank: "What's chorus to that? There is a chorus to it, i'n't
there?"

But now we are old and grey, Maggie,
and our strides are less sprightly than then;
And thy face is a well-written page, Maggie,
but time alone would 'ave penned.
They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,
as sprayed by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
when you and I were young.
[Tune for 'The Sun Shines Bright']

Hin 61

[Music notations]

wandered to-day over the hill, Maggie,
to watch the scenery below.

There's a creek and a creak-in' old mill, Maggie,
as it used to be long ago.

The green grove's gone from the hill, Maggie,
where first the daisies sprung.

And the creak-in' old mill it is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

* Frank sings the lower note

Footnote: In z as shown, Frank, who dominates rendition, sings it as in I z, I z, and I g z.
Where There's a Will There's a Way

This world is a difficult riddle

Standard

\[ \begin{align*}
2 \downarrow & \quad III - 4 \\
\downarrow 160^\ddagger \text{ and } 126^\ddagger & \quad 7777 88 \\
\uparrow 3 & \quad \frac{3}{4} \\
\text{Sportsman, Lodge Moor} & \\
\text{Frank Hinchliffe and chorus} & \quad 22/8/70
\end{align*} \]

This world is a difficult riddle, for 'ow many people we see
With faces as long as a fiddle
that ought to be shining with glee;
For I'm sure in this world there is plenty
of good things enough for us all.
Yet I doubt if there's one out of twenty
that don't think that 'is share is too small.

But what is the use of repining,
for where there's a will there's a way.
Tomorrow the sun may be shining although it seems cloudy today.

Now there's some they grumble because they've got married
and cannot secure a good wife.
There's others because they've not tarried
and now long for a bachelor's life.
For they grumble it must be in fun,
For some because they've got too many children
and others because they 'ave none.

But what is the use of repining,
for where there's a will there's a way.
Tomorrow the sun may be shining although it seems cloudy today.

Now did you ever 'ear tell of the spider
who hard up the wall tried to climb.
You want to take that as a guidance,
you'll find it will pay you in time.
Nine times 'e tried hard to be mounted
and every time 'ad a fall,
But 'e started again without counting
at last reached the top of the wall.

But what is the use of repining,
for where there's a will there's a way.
Tomorrow the sun may be shining although it seems cloudy today.

Billy Mills: "Very nice!"

Note
This world is a difficult riddle, for how many people we see,
With faces as long as a field-le that ought to be shining with glee;
For I'm sure in this world there's plenty of good things enough for us all,
Yet I doubt if there's one out of twenty that don't think that is share is too small.

But what is the use of repining, for when there's a will there's a way.

To-morrow the sun may be shining although it's cloudy today.

Variations

Now there's some grumble be... cannot secure a good...

For they grumble it must be in fun
"While Forging of my Scales and Springs"

While forgin' of me scales an' springs an' blowin' up me bellus,
Another line or two I'll penned about my shopmate Joe Ellis.
In mekin' flights an' fishin' tools, thin's all as goes int' Darren,*
But I'll nimbly trip it o'er yon moss till I comes to t'river Darren.
Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-diddle-dal-de-dido!
I'll nimbly trip it o'er yon moss till I comes to t'river Darren.

The morning fine, slaps in me line, as e'er the fish are grayling,
For soon I catch one by the snout, see 'ow 'e comes a-sailin'.
All hold me all, thou must be sold, for me thou seems so clever,
But if this line should chance to break thou may be lost for ever.
Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-diddle-dal-de-dido!
But if this line should chance to break thou may be lost for ever.

Another isle or two I'll try although I see I'm slighted,
An' then I must be joggin' 'ome or else I'll be benighted;
And when that Joe 'e does get 'ome unto 'is recreation,
The neighbours they'll come flockin' in, the fish begin a-buyin'.
They'll take 'em 'ome to gut and wash and then begin a-fryin'.
Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-diddle-dal-de-dido!
They'll take 'em 'ome to gut and wash and then begin a-fryin'.

Some people they a-fishin' go know little of the matter.
They'll toil an' spend their time in vain in floggin' of the water.
They'll long an' wish all to catch fish an' merely they will watch 'em.
They'll bait 'em wi' a silver 'ook but it's a workman that can catch 'em.
Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-diddle-dal-de-dido!
They'll bait 'em wi' a silver 'ook but it's a workman that can catch 'em.

"Now where's that from? I know nowt about fishing. I don't know which end of rod to throw in ... One of me dad's that. I never heard it sung anywhere else."

Note
This is a remarkable song which is difficult to transcribe because of the dialect and the constantly varying pulse and measure. The form is irregular ABACDE/ABEBE/ABEBE/ABEBE. An alternative transcription is given by kind permission of Michael Dawncy.

* Derwent?
While for-gin' of me scales an' springs an' blow-in' up me bell-bus,
An-o-th'er line or two I'll penned a-bout my shop-mate Joe Ellis.
In makin' frights an' fish-in' tools, thin's all as goes int' Dar-ren,
But I'll nimbly trip it o'er you moss till I comes to t' riv'er Dar-ren.
Fad-edal fad-edal fad-dal de didde dal de di-dle do!
I'll nimbly trip it o'er you moss till I comes to t' riv'er Dar-ren.

The morn'gin' fine, slaps in me line, as o'er the fish are grag-lin',
For soon I catch one by the shout, see 'ow 'e comes a sail-in'.

though I see I'm...
"While Sitting by the Side of a Fond and Loving Wife"  

"Darling Live while Morn"

Standard (inflected 1ª and 2ª)  

VIIª  V - 5  43434343  

μ140±  2  4  

Frank Hinchliffe  30/4/70

[Frank cannot remember the first line.]  
A soldier just returning home from war.  
He 'ad been away for years from his native land so dear  
To fight for the queen and country call;  
But now 'e 'ath returned, 'ow 'is aching 'eart doth yearn  
To see 'is wife lie dying on her bed.  
'Ow 'e clasped her to 'is heart, next moment for to part,  
And these words, these loving words did say,

O darling live while morn and let the sunlight dawn  
Light up thy loving features once again.  
How I wish that I'd been slain when to England back I came  
To meet with you and part from you again.

Now 'e clasped 'er hand entwined, he was just thinking all the time  
When 'e took her to the church to be 'is bride.  
'Ow 'e vowed there not to part those two fond and loving hearts  
Till death should separate them both for life;  
But now he's broke that vow, he is a soldier now  
And far across the sea 'e's been to fight.  
One would thought he'd shed a tear, but with sorrow not with fear,  
To see his wife lie dead before 'is eyes.

"I think there's a bit more. No, that must be end on it, 'cos it  
can't come in again that there 'darling live while morn', can it,  
when she's dead."

Note  
Frank was still trying to remember the opening line, 8/6/72, when  
he commented, "First line, I'll be danged if I can think on it.  
That's what gets me so mad . . . Shall have to have me dad back  
again. He could put us right." He finally remembered it, 11/9/72.
While sit-ting by the side of a
loving wife,

A soldier just return-ing home from war,

He'd been a-way for years from his native land so dear,

To fight for the queen and coun-try calls,

But now a-ll re-turned, now is a-ch-ing for to

To see is wife lie dy-ing on her bed,

'Ow'e clasp-ed her to is heart, next mom-ent for to

And these words, these loving words did say,
It was one Monday morning as I crossed o'er yon moss

I had no thoughts of listing till a soldier did me cross.
He kindly invited me to drink of a flowing bowl,
And he advanced me some money, he advanced me some money,
He advanced me some money, ten guineas and a crown.

For it's true me love has listed and he wears a white cockade,
He is a handsome young man behind yon rolling plain.
How my very heart lies breaking, how my very heart lies breaking,
How my very heart lies breaking all for the loss of him.

He gave to me a handkerchief to wipe my flowing tears,
Saying, Take this in rememberance while I return again,
Then I'll marry thee my true-love, then I'll marry thee my true-love,
Then I'll marry thee my true-love when I return again.

"Eh dear, there's another verse . . .

I won't go down in yonder woods to while my time away
I'll neither go a-courting nor flirt with another man's wife
For I'll marry thee my true love when I return again.

Is that first line though? Doesn't sound right to me."

Note
See The White Cockade, Ted Wragg and Frank Hinchcliffe, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, 825. Grace is reminded of a song about a man and his horse "The White Cockayne we'll ride again".
It was one Monday morning as I crossed thy green moss.

I had no thought of resting till a soldier did me cross,

He kindly invited me to drink of a flowing bowl,

And he advanced me some money, he advanced me some money.

He advanced me some money, ten guineas and a crown.

Variations

I al II c4 III d 4

For it's true me love has... queen How say... true love Then I'll...
White Wings

White wings they never grow weary

Standard (inflected 4\# and 7\%) AB ABCD E

VI § V - 5 8 bars
F 144\% 3
Frank Hinchliffe 2/9/70

White wings, they never grow weary,
they carry me cheerfully over the sea.

Night comes I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Sail home as straight as an arrow,
my yacht shoots along o'er the crest of the sea.

Sail home to sweet Maggie Darrow,
in her little home she is waiting for me.

High up where cliffs are all craggy,
that's where the girl of my heart waits for me.

Heigh-ho, I long for you Maggie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Yo-ho, how we go, how the winds blow!

White wings, they never grow weary,
they carry me cheerfully over the sea.

Night comes I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Sail home to love and caresses,
for ever my darling will be by my side.

Sail home blue eyes and gold tresses,
the fairest of all is my own little bride.

Sail home to part from thee never,
always together through life's voyage we'll be.

Sail home to love thee for ever,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Yo-ho, how we go, how the winds blow!

White wings, they never grow weary,
they carry me cheerfully over the sea.

Night comes I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Note
Frank does not consider the song to be very old for an acquaintance, Oliver Fletcher, has a printed copy. When Frank performed this song in the Bell Hagg, 21/8/76, he observed that the last time he had heard it there was thirty years ago when his father had sung it.
Hin 66

Sail home as straight as an arrow,
my yacht shoots along over the crest of the sea.

Sail home to sweet Maggie Darrow,
in her little home she is waiting for me.

High up where cliffs are all craggy,
That's where the girl of my heart waits for me.

Heigh-ho, slews! long for you Maggie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Yo-ho, how we go,
How the winds blow!

Variation

-gether through life's voyage we'll be...
"Why Don't You Marry the Girl?" (f)  

Standard (inflected 4#)  
ABAC DEFG  

III♭  
VII# - 8  
4 bars  
\[ \frac{\text{340}}{8} \]  
Frank Hinchliffe  
8/6/72  

"This voice keeps coming in."  [Frank struggles for tune.]  

La la [etc.] while riding out all in a first class carriage.  
I said, Now's the time to start to talk about our future marriage.  
La la la [etc.]  
When all at once a voice exclaimed from underneath the seat.  

"It's similar to what chorus is, in't it."  

Why don't you marry the girl, you want the girl to die?  
For she is fair took up with you by the twinkle in her eye.  
To do the trick's just seven and six, why not take a tip from a pal;  
Why don't you marry the girl, why don't you marry the girl?  

"Ah but we don't know verses to it, do we. Aye, there were about  
three or four verses to it. I know this 'ere voice keeps — Oh,  
there are a lot on 'em we'll never hear again."  

Note  
Frank said that his father had sung it.
La...

...while riding out all in a first class carriage.

I said, Now's the time to start to talk about our future marriage.

La...

...slows

When all at once a voice exclaimed from underneath the seat.

Why don't you marry the girl, you want the girl to die?

For she is fair look up with you by the twinkle in her eye.

To do the trick's just seven and six, why not take a tip from a pal.

Why don't you marry the girl, why don't you marry the girl?
There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name.
Was born and reared in Ireland in a place called Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love this wild colonial boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home,
And to Australia's sunny land he was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich to help the poor, 'e stabbed James McEvoy.
A terror to Australia was this wild colonial boy.

For two more years this daring youth, he led this wild career,
With a head that knew no danger and a heart that knew no fear.
He plundered all the wealthy squires, their arms 'e did destroy,
And woe to who dare fight with 'im the wild colonial boy.

He loved the prairie and the bush [stops].

"Have to miss that one out."

[Hums.] rode along
While listening to a mocking bird he sang a merry song;
And if a foe should cross his track or sought 'im to destroy,
He'd get sharp-shooting sure from Jack, the wild colonial boy.

One morning on the prairie wild Jack Duggan rode along.
While listening to the mocking bird 'e sang a merry song.
Out jumped three troopers, fierce and grim, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy.
They'd all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy.

Surrender now, Jack Duggan, come, you see we're three to one.
Surrender in the Queen's name, lad, you are a murdering son.
Jack drew two pistols from 'is side as 'e glared upon Fitzroy.
I'll fight, I'll not surrender, cried the wild colonial boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly that brought 'im to the ground.
He fired point blank at Davis who fell dead upon the sound;
But a bullet pierced that brave young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

"Is that it, what you know? First time I heard it, there was a
There was a wild colonial boy,

Jack Duggan was his name.

Was born and reared in Ireland

in a place called Castlemaine.

He was his father's only son,

his mother's pride and joy,

And dearly did his parents love

his wild colonial boy.

Vanishing II e IV

land he ... all the...

Note
Frank sings this as he makes tea.
I've been a wild rover for many a long year
Spent all of my money on whisky, women and beer;
But since I give up my roving I've put money in store,
For I never will play the wild rover no more.
No, no never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I went into a beerhouse where I ofttime did go.
I asked for a pint says, My pocket is low.
Then in came the landlord and he said, Nay.
I can get plenty of custom like you everyday.
No, no never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I put my hand in my pocket and out I did draw,
A handful of gold to the landlord did show,
Saying, Goodbye my proud landlord, goodbye for ever,
For I never will play the wild rover no more.
No, no never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

"You've heard that before, surely."

Note
See reference 2/9/70, S16, where Frank shows how the song was localised.

I went into the Sportsman where I ofttime did go.
I asked for a pint said, Me pocket it's low.
Then in came old Jim and he said, Nay.
Then in came old Fred and he said, Nay,
I can got plenty of custom like you everyday.
Rubato

I've been a wild rover for many a long year,

Spent all of my money on whisky, women and beer;

But since I give up my roving I've put money in store,

For I never will play the wild rover no more.

No, no never, never no more,

I never will play the wild rover no more.

Variations

IIc1 came the land...

he said... custom like...
William and Dinah

"Wilkins and Dinah"

It was a rich merchant in London did dwell

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>V - 6</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Frank Hinchliffe (with Edith Lawson) 4/6/70

[Edith prompts by singing part of the last verse.]

It was a rich merchant in London did dwell.
'E 'ad but one daughter, a constant young swell.
Her name it was Dinah, scarcely sixteen years old,
And she 'ad a large fortune of silver and gold.

As Dinah was a-walking that garden around,
Her father came up to her and unto her did say,
Go dress thyself Dinah in covert array,
For I've got thee an husband both gallant and gay.

O Father, O Father, Dinah replied,
To get married just yet I've not made up my mind;
For with all my large fortune I'd freely give o'er,
If you'd let me live single a year or two more.

O Dinah, O Dinah, her parent replied,
If you don't consent to be this young man's bride,
With all your large fortune'll go nearest to kin,
And you'll not see the benefit of one single thing.

As Dinah was a-walking that garden around,
She there espied Wilkins lying dead on the ground,
With a cup of cold poison lie there by his side.
'Twas all through Dinah that Wilkins had died.

But she drank of that poison like a lover so bold.
Now Dinah and Wilkins both lie in one grave.

[Edith joins in.]

Come all you young maidens wherover you be.
Don't build up your nests in the tops of a tree,
For the green leaves they wither and the fruits they'll decay,
And your pride and your beauty may soon fade away.

"It's a good job you remembered last verse."

Note

See William and Dinah (f), Frank Hinchliffe, 8/6/72, S36.
It was a rich merchant in London did dwell.

'Er 'ad but one daughter, a constant young swell.

Her name it was Dinah, scarce-sixteen years old,

And she 'ad a large fortune of silver and gold.

Variation

all through...

Don't build your... tree For the... roots will de... soon fadea...
The Wraggle Tangle Gipsies (f)

Three gipsies stood at the castle gate

12345678

III

120

Frank Hinchliffe

1 - 9

4

4

ABCD

2 bars

Redmires Road

4/6/70

(Three gipsies stood at the castle gate.)*

They sang so high and they sang so low;
And a lady sat in her chamber fair.
Her heart it was melted away as snow.

"I 'ave words to that . . . That's where that there 'then saddle me thy milk white mare'. He goes to find his wife. She went with gipsies . . . 'Last night I slept in a feather covered bed, Tonight I'll sleep with the wraggle taggle gipsies 0' ."

* Not recorded.

Note
Frank confirmed that the song had been learnt at school.
Three gipsies stood at the castle gate.

They sang so high and they sang so low;

And a lady sat in her chamber fair.

Her heart it was melted away as snow.
It was a steamship London

Frank Hinchliffe 2/9/70

[Recites.] It was a steamship, London, an awful tale to tell,
A disaster even worse than the Northfleet 'ath befell.
Off Dover she was anchored with four hundred souls aboard,
To Tasmania she was bound and with iron she was stored.

Her emigrants were navvies who agreed to go and toil,
In hoping they'd be better off upon some foreign soil.
Some took their wives and families to cross the ocean foam,
But alas, it was a fateful day when they set out from 'ome.

The night was dark, the passengers were most of them in bed,
When the watch on deck through darkness saw a steamer right ahead.
What ship is that? 'e shouted out, Where are you coming to?
But on she came and 'eeded not, at least seemed not to do.

Straightway the Northfleet stood, this strange ship came with a splash,
And struck 'er on the starboard side with such an awful crash.
[hesitates] and some they tried to save,
But the captain with his pistol shot one cowardly knave.

"No, I'm afraid I can't go any further wi' it. No tune for it but
I'll tell you Dorothy's father 'e 'ad, but 'e knew tune and 'e
didn't know words. And I took words up. And from that day to this
I don't know where them words got to. Whether 'e kept 'em to copy
it out or whether I took 'em back. I've very few songs at all wrote
out now. Our Vera's [his sister] more than what I have 'cos I
started writing them out, then she took book off me."

Note
It is surprising that Frank should have remembered the words to a
song for which he never learnt the tune.
"That Old Poaching Song"

Come all ye wild and wicked youths

Standard

V - VI

\[ \begin{array}{c}
132^+ \text{ and } 96^+ \\
\end{array} \]

Frank Hinchliffe

23/4/70

"Now this is owd un this. I'm gonna go back, it'll be fifty year sin' above me dad sung it in Bell Hagg an' it were reet owd un then. So it'll not be improved!"

Come all ye wild and wicked youths wheresoever you may be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me.
Me and five more went out one night into Squire Dungworth's park,
All thinking for to catch some game but the night it proved dark.
The keepers overhead us and trapped us with speed,
And they marched us off to Warwick Gaol which made our hearts for to bleed.
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

We were tried at the March Assizes for the vow we did prepare.
We stood like Job with patience for to 'ear our sentence there,
But we'd been some old offenders which made our case go hard.
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

Now the ship that beared us from the land old Speedwell was her name.
She had fifteen years and upward for to plunge the virgin main.
With the rippling water around us and the deep blue skies above,
We often looked behind us towards our native shore,
Likewise to yonder cottage which we shall see no more,
Likewise my good old father who tore his old grey hair,
Likewise my tender mother the woman who did me bear.
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

Now we had a female servant, Rosanna was her name,
And we used to tell our tales of love when we were blessed at home;
But now we're rattlin' of our chains for some foreign land for to roam.
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

Now some they yoked like horses and chained them two by two,
Some unto the harrows and the others to the plough,
And the driver 'e comes over us with his man-lash and cane.
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

"By! That's some age . . . There's some long lines to it. You can't get no breather in between."

Note

Frank's son, Roger, refers to the song as 'Squire Dungworth's Park'.
Rubato \( \frac{1}{132} \)  

Come all ye wild and wicked youths where-so-ever you may be,  

I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me.  

Me and fife more went out one night into Squier Dungworth's park,  

All thinking for to catch some game but the night it proved dark.  

The keep-ers over-heard us and trapped us with speed,  

And they marched us off to Warwick Gaol which made our hearts for to bleed.  

Young men all be a-ware lest you're drawn into a snare,  

Young men all be a-ware lest you're drawn into a snare.  

We were tried at the North Assizees for the vow we did prepare  

drawn into a ... Ship that beared us...
Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime

"Royal Albion"

As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion

Standard

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{VII}\# & : V - 5 \\
\frac{3}{4} & : \frac{3}{4}
\end{align*}
\]

ABCD

4 bars

Royal Hotel, Dungworth.

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

26/5/71

As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion,
So dark was the night and so cold was the day,
And who should I see there but one of my comrades,
Wrapped in a blanket so cold and so grey.

Now 'e asked for a candle to light 'im to bed
He asked for a pillow to lay down 'is head.
'Is head it was aching, 'is heart now a-breaking
And just for one moment 'e wished 'imself dead.

We'll beat the drums o'er 'im, we'll play the fifes merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we journey along.
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im,
For 'e was a soldier cut down in 'is prime.

At the corner of the street there were two maidens standing.
One to the other, she whispered and said,
Here comes a young soldier whose money we'll squander.
Here comes a young soldier who we'll lead astray.

We'll beat the drums o'er 'im, we'll play the fifes merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we journey along.
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im,
For 'e's a young soldier cut down in his prime.

Now 'is old ancient father, 'is heart broken mother,
Oftime 'ad told him about 'is past life,
Ne'er to go a-courting the girls of the city,
For the girls of the city they'd ruin 'is life.
As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion,
So dark was the night and so cold was the day,
And who should I see but one of my comrades,
Wrapped in a blanket so cold and so grey.

Variations

O we'll beat the drums o'er 'im, we'll play the fifes merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we journey along.
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im,
'E was a young soldier cut down in 'is prime.

[Ted Wragg prompts.]
At the top of his tombstone these few words were written,
All you young soldiers, take warning from me.
Never go a-courting the girls of the city
'Twas the girls of the city, they ruined me.

O we'll beat the drums o'er 'im, we'll play the fifes merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we journey along.
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im,
'E was a young soldier cut down in 'is prime.

Frank: "I was forgetting that last un then, Ted."

Note
It is remarkable how Frank has learnt this song since he was first recorded singing it (23/4/70, S9) when he only sang two verses. See also 4/6/70, S11, with Edith Lawson, and with Stanley Marsden and Wilf Broomhead in the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27.
"Rich Farmer of Cheshire"

It was a rich farmer of Cheshire

It's of a rich farmer in Cheshire
Whose daughter to market would go.
Not thinking that anyone would harm her,
Until she got on the highway.

She met with a rustic highwayman,
Who stopped her and unto her did say,
"I've got wrong with tune." [Frank has sung a phrase from The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea by mistake.]
Deliver thy watch thy rings and thy diamonds,
Deliver or else thou must die.

Frank:"'He gave her the bridle to hold'. That's int' third verse."

She placed her left foot into the stirrup,
She flung her right o'er like a man,
She galloped o'er rock and o'er dark shady places,
Shouting Catch me thou rogue if thou can.

Edith: "I think there's a verse in between. Something like shivering and shaking, in't there."
Grace: "I don't know, but I know there's something about this bag with ten thousand in gold."
Edith: "'While shivering and shaking or something he gave her the bridle to hold'."
Frank: "We're lost wi' it."

Note

See The Highwayman Outwitted, Hin 25.
It was a rich farmer of Cheshire,
Whose daughter to the market would go,
Not thinking that anyone would harm her,
Until she got on the highway.