TRADITIONAL SINGING IN WEST SHEFFIELD, 1970-2

IAN RUSSELL

VOLUME THREE

## CONTENTS

### THE TRANSCRIPTIONS

**Singers (M - Z)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Singer</th>
<th>Transcript Ref.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stanley Marsden</td>
<td>Mar 1 - 48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Taylor</td>
<td>Tay 1 - 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doug Thompson</td>
<td>Tho 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Walton</td>
<td>Wal 1 - 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis Ward</td>
<td>War 1 - 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George White</td>
<td>Whi 1 - 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bert Womack</td>
<td>WomB 1 - 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joe Womack</td>
<td>WomJ 1 - 7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Pubs**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pub</th>
<th>Transcript Ref.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Peacock</td>
<td>PubP 1 - 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal</td>
<td>PubR 1 - 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sportsman</td>
<td>PubS 1 - 36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Christmas Items**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Transcript Ref.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Christmas</td>
<td>Chris 1 - 34</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Appendixes**

(a) (b) (c)
All I Want Is You

The mansion glittered with a thousand realms of gold
Standard (modulates from 5 to 1 with inflected 1#, 4#, 5# and 7/) ABABAB CDEF
VII – VII# V – 6 33:343 4444
4\ 210\ and 180\ 2 4
Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

"It's just the first line of that one I don't know. I always sing 'realms of gold' to it, you see."

The mansion glittered with a thousand realms of gold,
The 'usband stood up in the open door.
I'm going to the club, I sha'n't be home tonight,
But I have brought you something from the store.
He took a diamond necklace from the pocket of his coat,
But as 'e gave it 'er 'e heard her cry,

Don't give me diamonds, all I want is you.
All I ask of you dear, I want you to be true.
Precious diamonds, showers of gold, cannot change a heart that's cold,
Don't give me diamonds, all I want is you.

"That's one me father used to sing."
Rubato \( \Delta 210 \pm \)

The mansion glittered with a thousand realms of gold,

The husband stood up in the open door.

I'm going to the club, I shan't be home to-night,

But I have brought you something from the store.

He took a diamond necklace from the pocket of his coat,

But as he gave it, he heard her cry,

Don't give me diamonds, all I want is you.

All I ask of you dear, I want you to be true.

Precious diamonds, showers of gold, cannot change a heart that's cold,

Don't give me diamonds, all I want is you.
Another Year Has Passed Away (inc) Mar 2

Standard

I# 1 - 10

\[ 168 \]

4

Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

[Makes a false start by singing the first line to the melody of The Jolly Waggoner.]

Another year has passed away, time swiftly speeds along.
We come again to praise and praise and sing our festive song.
We come, we come, we come, we come with songs to greet you.
We come, we come, we come, we come with songs of praise.

"That's first verse but there's some more. But, you know, half of these here I can't get to 'em on me own like, but when there's somebody leading you can follow."

Note
The final phrase is in the top octave.
Another year has passed away, time swiftly speeds along.

We come again to praise and praise and sing our festive song.

We come, we come, we come, we come with songs to greet you.

We come, we come, we come, we come with songs of praise.
Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander when twilight is fading I pensively roam;  
Or up the bright moontide in solitude wander, amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.  
'Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing, I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were springing, I then little thought how soon we should part.
Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
when twilight is fading I pensively roam;

Or up the bright moon-tide in solitude wander,
amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.

Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.

A round us for gladness the blue-bells were springing,
I then little thought how soon we should part.
On the banks of Allan Water, when the sweet springtime did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter, the fairest of them all.
For 'is bride a soldier sought 'er and a winning tongue 'ad he,
On the banks of Allan Water none so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water, when the autumn leaves did fall,
There I saw the miller's daughter but she smiled no more.
For the summer grief 'ad brought 'er and a soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water none so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water, when the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter, chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water there a corpse lay she.

"That's all there is to it. It'll be alright when Susan gets playing these." [His daughter is having piano lessons.]

Note
See The Banks of Allan Water, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S44.
On the banks of Allan Water, when the sweet spring-time did fall,
Was the milker's lovely daughter, the fairest of them all.

For is bride a soldier sought her and a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water none so gay as she.
Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

Standard

V - VIb

1 - 8

8 bars

\[ \text{S}130^+ \]

3

4

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

"I sing that to me wife."

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fade 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 heart
would entwine itself verdently still.

'Tis not whilst beauty and youth are thine own
and thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear.
That a fervour and [hesitates] faith of a soul is found
as time will but show me more clear.
For the heart that hath loved and never forgets
but as truly loves unto the close,
As the sunflower gave to her God when she set
the same look that she gave when he rose.

Note
Stanley compares his words with those in a printed song book and comments,
"Mind you there's words not just the same as I sing in this book ...
Mind you I'm probably wrong, you see."
Rubato

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
which I gage on so fondly to day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fade in my arms,
like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wuld still be adored, as this moment thou art,
let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the clear ruin each wish of my heart
would entwine itself ver-dent-ly still.
A Bird in a Gilded Cage (inc)  

She's only a bird in a gilded cage

Standard (inflected 5#)  
VII#  IV - 3  
166  3
5/10/72

Stanley Marsden

She's only a bird in a gilded cage, a beautiful sight to see. You may think she's happy and free from care, but she's not what she seems to be. It's 'ard when you think of a wasted life, for youth can not mate with age. Her beauty was sold for an old man's gold, she's a bird in a gilded cage.

"There's a long story to that but I don't know it. That's an old one."
She's only a bird in a gilded cage,

a beautiful sight to see.

You may think she's happy and free from care,

but she's not what she seems to be.

It's hard when you think of a wasted life,

for youth cannot make with age.

Her beauty was sold for an old man's gold,

she's a bird in a gilded cage.
The Blind Boy

I am but a poor blind boy

Standard (inflected 4 # and 5½) ABCDEF

VI♭ - VI 1 - 9 4 bars

J 148+ 6

Stanley Marsden 5/10/72

"She [his wife] don't like that one though."
I am but a poor blind boy though my heart is full of joy,
Though I never saw the light, nor the flowers that are so bright.
I 'ave heard the sweet birds sing and the wild bee on the wing.
Birds and bees and summer wynd speak to me because I'm blind. [coughs]
They love me, yes they love me and to me they are so kind,
They love me, yes they love me, yes they love me because I'm blind.

With my fingers I can trace every line on mother's face,
For with smiles on me she beams, I can see her in my dreams.
Father takes me on 'is knee, brothers are so kind to me,
Sisters' arms around me twine, yes, they love me because I'm blind.
They love me, yes they love me and to me they are so kind,
They love me, yes they love me because I'm blind.

"It's alright when you've had two pints of beer. Sometimes if I
think nobody's listening I can sing, like when I'm building
bricks or anything else. If anybody's listening then I shut up."

Note
Stanley learnt this from his father.
See The Blind Boy, Stanley Marsden at the Royal Hotel, Dungworth,
26/5/71, S25.
I am but a poor blind boy though my heart is full of joy,

Though I never saw the light, nor the flowers that are so bright.

I have heard the sweet birds sing and the wild bee on the wing.

Birds and bees, and summer winds speak to me because I'm blind.

They love me, yes they love me and to me they are so kind,

They love me, yes they love me, yes they love me because I'm blind.

Variation

I can trace...
Break the News to Mother

The shot and shell was screaming above yon battlefield

Standard (inflected 5#) ABACDEACFGFH

1# III – 4 44434343 4444

Ⅰ160 and 180 2 and 6 4 and 8

Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

"Frank might 'ave sung you that one."

The shot and shell was screaming above yon 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 it from disgrace?
I will, a young boy shouted, I'll bring it back or die.
Then sprang into the thickest of the fray.
He saved the flag but gave 'is young life, all for 'is country's sake,
They brought 'im back and heard 'im softly say,

"Just break the news to Mother, she knows 'ow dear I love 'er,
And 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 note to the general that witnessed this brave deed;
Who saved the flag, spoke up lad, was noble brave indeed.
It was 'im, Sir, said the captain, but 'e's sinking very fast,
As 'e slowly turned away to hide a tear.
The general in a moment knelt down beside the lad,
Then gave a cry that touched all hearts that day.
'Tis my son, my brave young hero, I thought you safe at 'ome.
Forgive me Father for I ran away.

And break the news to Mother, she knows 'ow dear I love 'er,
And 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 'er dear sweet lips for me, and break the news to her.

"That's all of that one. But Frank 'e knows some of that like, but
I don't think 'e knows it quite all. There's a bit in t'verse 'e
doesn't know."

Note
See Break the News to Mother, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S44.
The shot and shell was screaming above the battlefield,
The boys in blue were fighting there noble flag to shield.
Came a cry from their brave captain, look boys our flag is down.
Who'll volunteer to save it from disgrace?
I will, a young boy shouted, I'll bring it back or die.
Then sprang into the thickest of the fray.
He saved the flag, but gave is young life all for is country's sake.
They brought 'im back and heard 'im softly say,
Just break the news to Mother, she knows 'ow dear I love 'er,
And 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.
The Cuckoo (f)
The cuckoo is a pretty bird

Standard AB
IV VII\# - 8 4 bars
. 200 4
Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, she singeth as she flies;
She bringeth us glad tidings, she telleth us no lies.

"But, you see, I don't know it all way through."

Danny Boy (inc)

O Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

Standard ABACDEFG
V - VI b V - 10 2 bars
. 60+ 4
Stanley Marsden 5/10/72

O Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone an' autumn leaves are falling,
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide;
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow;
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
O Danny boy, O Danny boy, I love you so.
The cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sing-eth as she flies;

She bring-eth us glad tidings, she tel-let us no lies.

Rubato

O Dan-ny boy, the pipes, the pipes are call- ing,

From glen to glen and down the moun-tain-side.

The sum- mers gone and au-tumn leaves are fall- ing,

Tis you, tis you must go and I — must bide;

But come ye back when sum-mers in the mead-ow,

Or — when the val-leys hushed and white with snow;

And I'll be — here in sun-shine or in shad-ow,

O Dan-ny boy, O Dan-ny boy, I love you so.
Don't Go Down in the Mine Dad (inc)

Standard (inflected 1#, 2# and 5#) ABCD EFGH

1 - 2 V - 5
\( \cdot \) 170^t 6
\( \cdot \) 8

Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

Stanley Marsden 2/3/71

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.
Just go and tell my dream to your mates,
all as true as the stars that shine.
Something is going to happen today, dear Daddy don't go down the mine.

Frank Hinchliffe: "Do you know tune to t'verses? Go on thou's got words now ..."

A miner was leaving his home for his work
when he heard his little child scream.
He went to his bedside, his little white face,
O Daddy, I've 'ad such a dream.
I dreamt that I saw the pit was on fire
and the men struggled hard for their lives.
The scene it then changed and the top of the mine
was surrounded by sweet'earts and wives.

"Then there's chorus then, but I only know first and last verse."

Note
Stanley sings from a handwritten copy belonging to Frank Hinchliffe
but not written by him.
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.

Just go and tell my dreams to your mate, all as true as the stars that shine.

Something is going to happen to-day, dear Daddy don't go downtown rain.

A miner was leaving his home for his work,

when he heard his little child scream.

He went to his bedside, his little white face,

O Daddy, I've had such a dream.

I dreamt that I saw the pit was on fire

and the men struggled hard for their lives.

The scene it then changed and the top of the mine

was surrounded by sweethearts and wives.
The sun was set behind yond hill

Standard

I - 3½
I - 4
140±
4
4

Stanley Marsden
4/2/71

"I'll tell you what I haven't sung. Hasn't George Hancock sung you The Farmer's Boy. You'll have heard that. That's a long one though."

The sun was set behind yond hill across yon dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there came up to a farmer's door.
Can you tell me if any there be who will (leave?) me employ,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow, and to be a farmer's boy
and to be a farmer's boy?

"What's next one?"

If you do no lad employ one favour may I ask.
Will you shelter me till the break of day from this cold winter's blast?
At the break of day I will hasten away elsewhere to seek employ,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow, and to be a farmer's boy
and to be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's wife said, Try the lad, let him no longer seek.
Yes, Father do, the daughter cried, whilst the tears rolled down his cheek.
For those that'll work it is hard for to want and to wander for employ,
Don't turn 'im away but let 'im stay to be a farmer's boy
and to be a farmer's boy.

In course of time 'e grew a man, the good old farmer died.
He left the lad the farm 'e had, and the daughter for 'is bride;
And a lad that was once a man now is, often thinks and smiles with joy,
And he blesses his lucky day 'e came that way to be a farmer's boy
and to be a farmer's boy.

"And there was another chap that used to come round, he used to sing another verse but I don't think it belonged to song. He'd added one on.

Note
Pitch rises about a semi-tone per verse.
The sun was set behind good hill across you dreary moor,

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

Can you tell me if any there be who will leave me employ,

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

and to be a farmer's boy?

Variations

Those that'll work it is... blesses his lucky dog e...
The Gipsy's Warning (inc) 

Do not trust him gentle lady

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>III - IV</th>
<th>1 - 10</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J 90⁺</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Stanley Marsden

ABCB

4 bars

24/2/71

"I used to do a little bit but I didn't know it all the way through see. I knew first verse. I shall have to read this one out of book though, 'cos I forgot it altogether. [Tries to begin] O, I can't sing this one. Not now, I can't go up and down, too high for me."

Do not trust him, gentle lady, though his voice be low and sweet.
Heed him not who kneels before thee gently pleading at thy feet.
Now thy life is in its morning, cloud not this thy happy lot.
Listen to the gipsy's warning, gentle lady trust him not.

Do not turn so coldly [hesitates] from me, I will only guard thy youth.
From his stern and withering power I would only tell thee truth.*
I would shield thee from all danger*, save thee from the tempter's snare.
Lady shun that dark-eyed stranger, I have warned thee now beware.

*Pitch rises.

"There are another two yet. You see I don't really know those next two verses. When you don't really know 'em, you can't put any feeling into 'em, can you?"

Note

Although Stanley sings with the book open he only sings that part he already knows.
Do not trust him gentle lady, though his voice be low and sweet.

Heed him not who kneels before thee gently pleading at thy feet.

Now thy life is in its morning, cloud not this thy happy lot.

Listen to the gipsy's warning, gentle lady—trust him not.
"Goodnight Pretty Maiden Goodnight"

I'm bound for the hills and the valleys below

Standard

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4#</td>
<td>V - 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>144i</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>360</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ABCD

4 bars

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Stanley Marsden

30/1/71

[Tape off]

I'm bound for the hills and the valleys below,
So goodnight pretty maiden, goodnight.
Goodnight, goodnight,
Goodnight pretty maiden, goodnight.

Note

"I'm a Daddy at Sixty-three" (f)

Standard

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VIb</td>
<td>V - 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>360</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

AB

4 bars

8

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

Played away with his hi-diddle-diddle and
dabbled the powder all over his middle;
He laughs, he laughs, he chuckles the same as me.

"He'll sing you that sometime if you ask him."

Note
Stanley refers to Billy Mills whose song it is. When Billy was asked about it he said that it was one of his father's songs. He never sang it in my presence."
In bound for the hills and the valleys below,

So good night pretty maiden, good night.

Good night, slows

Good night,Pretty maiden, good night.

Played away with his hi-diddle-diddle

And dabbled the powder all over his middle;

He laughs, he laughs,

He chuckles the same as me.
"I'm Away on the Hillside" (inc)  Mar 16

Standard (inflected 1#, 2#, 4# and 5#)  ABCB DEDF

IV# and III - IV  VII# - 9  4 bars

Stanley Marsden  4/2/71

"I know second verse but I don't know beginning of first one."

[Pitch IV]
I'm away on the hillside along with the brave and bold.
Inscribe his name on a scroll of fame in letters of purest gold.
My conscience will never convict me, he said with his dying breath.
May God bless the cause of freedom on which I am sentenced to death.

"That's chorus I think. It's an Irish song similar to these ... IRA things."

[Pitch III]
He thought of the love of his feeble old mother,
he thought of the colleen so dear to his heart.
His Bible 'e pressed to his heart as a token,
whilst knowing how soon from them both he must part.
I blame not my comrades for doing their duty,
Aim straight at my heart, were the last words 'e said.
Exposing 'is breast to the point of the rifle,
the smoke cleared away, the young soldier lay dead.

Well I'm away on the hillside along with the brave and bold.
Inscribe his name on a scroll of fame in letters of purest gold.
My conscience will never convict me, he said with his dying breath.
May God bless the cause of freedom on which I am sentenced to death.

"I'd have thought George Hancock would have known first verse to that."
Rubato

He thought of the love of his feeble old mother,
he thought of the col-leen so dear to his heart.

His bi-ble pressed to his heart as a token,
whilst know-ing how soon from them both he must part.

I blame not my com-rades for doing their duty,
Aim straight at my heart, were the last words I said.

Ex-pos-ing is breast to the point of the rifle,
the smoke cleared a-way, the young sol-dier lay dead.

Well I’m a-way on the hill-side a-lang with the brave and bold.

In-scribe his name on a scroll of fame in let-ters of pur-est gold.

My con-science will never con-vict me, he said with his dying breath.

May God bless the cause of freed-om on which I am sen-tenced to death.
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree (inc)

"Old Apple Tree"

'Neath the shade of the old apple tree

Standard (inflected 1#, 2# and 4#) ABAC DDED

VIIb – VI IV# – 6 8 bars

1/ 2 162 and 1/80 3/4 and 4/4

Stanley Marsden 24/2/71

"I only used to get to know second verses of these because 'e'd [father] started before I realised what 'e were on with. I never asked him like to sing them again."

'Neath the shade of the old apple tree

And the song that I [corrects himself] voice that I heard
like the song of a bird seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
You could 'ear the dull buzz of the bee
in the blossoms that you said to me;
With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you
'neath the shade of the old apple tree.

"That's only chorus that." [Long pause.]

(Through the [tape off]) years I've wandered since we parted,
I seek the garden fair beside the stream.
I tread each path I know where'er we parted,
No-one seems further than the one sweet dream.
No more your loving smile shall greet me,
No more of your glad face then shall I see.
But memories of the past are ever near me
And linger round the dear old apple tree.

'Neath the shade of the old apple tree

And the voice that I heard like the song of a bird
seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
I could 'ear the dull buzz of the bee
in the blossoms that you said to me;
With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you
'neath the shade of the old apple tree.

"And that second verse there's some little bits I'm not sure are right or not, it's just that I've made 'em up in between to fill gaps up."

Note

See In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S45.
"Under the shade of the old apple tree,
where the love in your eyes I could see,
And the voice that I heard like the song of a bird
seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
You could hear the dull buzz of the bee
in the blossoms that you said to me;
With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you
heath the shade of the old apple tree.

... the years I've wandered since we parted,
I seek the garden fair beside the stream.
I tread each path I know where'er we parted,
no one seems further than the one sweet dream."
No more your loving smile shall greet me,
No more of your glad face then shall I see.

But memories of the past are ever near me
And linger round the dear old apple-tree.
I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago when first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green, the larks sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lips, Mary, and the lovelight in your eye.
The place is little changed, Mary, the day is 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 my cheek,
But I'll still keep listening for the words you never more may speak,
you never more may speak.

"Now wait a minute, I'm getting wrong again. I can't think at all tonight."
[Some confusion over first line of second verse.]

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friend.
But O, they love the better still those few our father sends,
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride,
There's nothing left to care for now since my poor Mary died.
I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you in the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all and the sun shines always there,
But I'll ne'er forget old Ireland were it fifty times as fair,
were it fifty times as fair.

"But I'm short of tune tonight."

Note
Learnt from his father.
See Irish Emigrant, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S44. "That Irish Emigrant, it really is a good song that when you can sing it."
Rubato.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,

On a bright May morning long ago when first you were my bride.

The corn was sprouting fresh and green, the larks sang loud and high,

And the red was on your lips, Mary, and the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,

And the lark's loud song is in my ear and the corn is green again.

But I miss the soft press of your hand and your breath warm on my cheek.

But I'll still keep listening for the words you never more may speak,

You never more may speak.

Variations

But I'll not forget you in the sun shines always there... fair, were you...
I Wouldn't Leave my Little Wooden Hut

Once upon a cannibal isle there dwelt a dark-eyed maid.

She lived all alone in a little wooden 'ut
and on the island she reigned as a queen.
One day a stranger appeared on the scene;
'E said, Don't waste your time out in this awful clime,
But come with me, my pretty little maid, to my isle across the sea.
She went red when she turned up 'er nose and said,

I wouldn't leave my little wooden 'ut for you.
I've got one lover and I don't want two.
What might 'appen, there ain't no knowin',
if 'e comes around, you'd better be a-going,
'Cos I wouldn't leave my little wooden 'ut for you.

"You've heard that one afore." [to his wife ]

Note
Stanley learnt the song from Riley Marsden.
See I Wouldn't Leave my Little Wooden Hut, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S45
Rubato

Once upon a cannibal isle there dwelt a dark-eyed maid.

She lived all alone in a little wood-en'it and the is-lad she reigned as the queen.

One day a stranger appeared on the scene.

"E said, Don't wasting your time out in this awful clime,

But come with me, my pretty little maid, to my is-le a-cross the sea.

She went red when she turned up her nose and said,

I wouldn't leave my little wood-en'it for you.

I've got one lover and I don't want two.

What might happen there ain't no knowin', if it comes around, you'd better be a-going,

'Cos I wouldn't leave my little wood-en'it for you.
When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go,
I filled my parents hearts with grief, with sorrow care and woe;
And many are the hardships that I have since gone through,
Sing whoa, me lads, sing whoa, drive on, me lads, I-0.
For there's none can drive a waggon where the 'osses will not go.

Upon a cold and stormy night when wetted to the skin,
I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn;
And then we sit around the fire with landlord and his kin,
Sing whoa, me lads, sing whoa, drive on, me lads, I-0.
For there's none can drive a waggon where the 'osses will not go.

"But I've missed a verse out. There's one in between in't there?"

Now summertime is a-comin' on what pleasures [hesitates] shall we see.
The merry lark is twittering ("That's not it.") in every Greenwood tree.
The blackbird and the thrushes too are singing merrily,
Sing whoa, me lads, sing whoa, drive on, me lads, hi-O.
For there's none can drive a waggon where the 'osses will not go.

"But they don't all sing that bit, do they, for the last? You see we learnt that at school, but we didn't learn that bit at school. Same tune but different words."
When first I went a-waggon-ing, a-waggon-ing did go,
I filled my par-ents hearts with grief, with sorrow care and woe;
And many are the hard-ships that I have since gone through,
Sing whoa, me lads, sing whoa, drive on, me lads, I-O!
For there's none can drive a waggon where the ox-ens will not go.
"Just an Old Fashioned Lady" (inc)  

There are colleens I know have set men's hearts aglow

Standard (inflected 2#)  ABCD EFGHEIJK

VII#  V - 5  4345 44444443
\# 3  4

Stanley Marsden  5/10/72

There are colleens I know, have set men's hearts aglow,
There are colleens that I've loved;
But deep in the heart there's a sweet memory
Of someone who still holds attractions for me.

Just an old fashioned lady with old fashioned ways,
And a smile that says welcome to you.
An old fashioned bedside where she kneels in prayer,
When e'er toils of 'er long day are through.
Though she wears no fine clothes or no rich silken hose,
Still there's something that makes her divine;
For the angels above taught a way how to love,
Through that old fashioned mother o' mine.

"There's another verse to that but I don't know it, just off hand."
Rubato

There are col-leens I know, have set men's hearts a-glow,

There are col-leens that I've loved;

But deep in the heart there's a sweet mem-or-y

Of some-one who still holds attrac-tions for me.

Just an old fash-ioned lad-y with old fash-ioned ways,

And a smile that says wel-come to you.

An old fash-ioned bed-side where she kneels in pray-er,

When'er toils of her long day are through,

Though she wears no fine clothes or no rich sil-ken hose,

Still there's some-thing that makes her di-vine;

For the an-gels a-bove taught a way how to love,

Through that old fash-ioned moth-er o' mine.
Just Like the Ivy

An old man sat at eventide 'neath the old garden wall

Standard (modulates into 5 with 4#) ABCDEF GHGI

VII - 1 V - 6

\[ 108^\frac{3}{4} \text{ and } 140^\frac{2}{4} \text{ and } 4 \]

Stanley Marsden 5/10/72

An old man sat at eventide, 'neath the old garden wall,
And the ivy was clinging all around;
When a maiden, young and fair, with blue eyes and golden hair
Came nestling down beside him on the ground.
Someday you'll be leaving me for a sweetheart, the old man said,
Someday you'll be forgetting me, but with a smile the maid replied.

Just look at the ivy on the old garden wall,
Clinging so tightly what e'er may befall,
As you grow older I'll be constant and true,
Just like the ivy I'll cling to you.

When the ivy long ago, said the maid, began to grow,
Then the old wall supported it with pride.
Now the wall is in decay and is crumbling fast away,
The ivy clings more tightly to its side.
Loving you 'ave ever been, you 'ave cared for me day by day;
So loving I shall always be, and by your side I'll always stay.

Just like the ivy on the old garden wall,
Clinging so tightly what e'er may befall,
As you grow older I'll be constant and true,
Just like the ivy I'll cling to you.

"That's all I know ... 'E [father] used to sing that. I've been promising to sing that to me father-in-law 'cos 'e married somebody called Ivy, you see."

Note
See Just Like the Ivy, Stanley Marsden, 24/2/71, S24.
Rubato

An old man sat at even-tide, 'neath the old garden wall,

And the ivy was cling-ing all around;

When a maid-en, young and fair, with blue eyes and gold-en hair

Came nest-ling down be-side him on the ground.

Some-day you'll be leav-ing me for a sweet-hour, the old man said,

Some-day you'll be forget-ting me, but with a smile the maid re-plied,

Just look at the ivy on the old gar-den wall,

Cling-ing so tight-ly what e'er may be-fall,

As you grow older I'll be con-stant and true,

Just like the ivy I'll cling to you.
The Lark in the Morn

Standard (inflected 4#)        ABCD
VII #  V - 6                4 bars
180°  4
Stanley Marsden            5/10/72

The lark in the morn, she will rise up from 'er nest,  
And mount up in the air with the dew all on 'er breast;  
And like the pretty ploughboy, she will whistle and will sing,  
And at night she will return to 'er own nest back again.

"That's only a bit of a ditty. That's all there is to it."

Little Brown Jug (f)

My wife and I lived all alone

Standard        AB
4#  III - 3      4 bars
240°  2
Stanley Marsden  24/2/71

My wife and I lived all alone in a little brown hut we called our own.  
She loved gin and I loved rum, and I tell you what we'd lots of fun.

"You know that one, don't you."
The lark in the mom, she will rise up from her nest,
And mount up in the air with the dew all on her breast;
And like the pretty plough-boy, she will whistle and will sing,
And at night she will return to her own nest back again.

My wife and I lived all alone in a little brown hut we called our own,
She loved gin and I loved rum, and I tell you what we'd lots of fun.
"We used to sing that Danny Boy tune at school."

O Derry Vale, midst your Foyle's dark waters,
The salmon leap above the surging weir;
The seabirds call, I still can hear them calling,
So far away across the sea.

"But I don't know rest."

Note
Sung after Danny Boy.

(Maxwelton [tape off]) Braes are bonny, where early falls the dew,
It was there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true that ne'er forget shall be ... [Breaks down laughing because it's pitched too high.]

"She's laughing.[referring to his wife] I think I better sing another one first. If I put that down [the book] I shall get on, sha'n't I."
Rubato

0 Derry Vale, amid your Foyle's dark waters,

The salmon leap above the surging weir;

The sea-birds call, I still can hear them calling,

So far away across the sea.

Max-wellton Braes are bonny, where early falls the dew,

It was there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true.

Gave me her promise true that ne'er forgot shall be.
The Mountains of Mourne (inc)

Dear Mary this London's a wonderful sight

Standard ABABCDBAB

\begin{align*}
1 \uparrow & \quad v - 5 \\
\downarrow 175 & \quad 3 \\
\downarrow 175 & \quad 4 \\
\end{align*}

Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

"George Hancock will've sung you that."

Dear Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
With the people here working by day and by night.
They don't sow potatoes, no barley, nor wheat,
But there's gangs of 'em diggin' for gold in the street.
At least when I asked 'em that 's 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.

I believe that when writing you wish to express
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed.
Well if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball,
Well they don't wear no tops to their dresses at all.
I seen 'em myself and you could not in trust
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath.
Don't be starting these fashions, no Mary Machree,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

You'll remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course,
Well 'e is 'ere 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 we stood talking of days that were gone,
While the whole population of London looked on.
But with all his great powers he's wishful like me
To be back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

"There's another two, only I've forgot how they go."

I've seen England's king from the top of a bus,
I never knew 'im though 'e means to know us;
And though by the Saxons we once were oppressed,
Still I cheered, God forgive me, I cheered with the rest;
And now that 'e's visited Erin's Green isle,
We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore.
Now we've got what we want we're as quiet as can be,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

"And then this last one. Just hopeless tonight."

Note

See The Mountains of Mourne, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S45.
Dear Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,

With the people here working by day and by night.

They don't sow potatoes, no barley, nor wheat,

But there's gangs of 'em diggin' for gold in the street.

At least when I asked 'em that's 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

- self and you...
A nobleman met with a thresherman one day.

He likewise did accost him and unto him did say,
Thou's a wife and seven children, I know it to be true,
Yet 'ow dost thou maintain them all so well as thou do?

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do mow,
And at other times a-hedgin' and a-ditchin' I do go.
There's nothing comes amiss to me, to the 'arrows 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.

[He hesitates over the words.]

My wife, she is willing to join in the yoke.
We live just like two turtle doves and seldom doth provoke.
Sometimes we are hard up, sometimes we're very poor,
But still we keep those ragin' wolves away from the door,
But still we keep those ragin' wolves away from the door.

So well 'as 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.

"That's all I know anyway."

Note
Follows the same short line that Frank sings in the final verse.
Verse I has the form ABCD'.
Sometimes I do reap and some times I do mow,

And at other times a-hedg'in' and a-ditch'in' I do go.

There's nothing comes amiss to me, to the arrows nor the plough,

But still I get my liv'ning by the sweat of my brow,

But still I get my liv'ning by the sweat of my brow.

Variations

I d4 II e1 IV a2

Thus do... But still we keep those... spoken of thy wife...
Old Folks at Home

Standard

ABC

VIb 1 - 9
4 bars

J 80 4
Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

Stanley Marsden and chorus 2/3/71

One little hut among de bushes one dat I love;
Still fondly to my memory rushes, there's where the old folks go.

[In chorus]
All de world am sad and weary ebry where I roam.
0 darky, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at 'ome.

When I was working with my brudder, happy was I.
0 take me to my kind old mudder, dere let me live and die.
All de world is sad and weary ebry where I roam.
0 darky, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at 'ome.
When I was working with my brother, happy was I.

O take me to my kind old mud-der, dere let me hit and die.

All de world is sad and weary clog where I roam.

O dark-y, how my heart grows weary, far from the old fields I've seen.
"I know second verse. You might get somebody that knows first verse. They could tell me how it begins."

Around the campfire burning bright the story was then told,
Of a mother on 'er dying bed called forth her son so bold.
He hastened to obey her wish, was captured on the way.
She never saw her son so fair, he died at break of day;
And as the hours slowly passed, a messenger on wings did fly,
To save that boy from such a fate, the pardon but it came too late.

The volley was fired at sunrise, just at the break of day,
And as the echoes lingered a soul 'ad passed away,
Into the arms of his maker and there to hear his fate,
With a tear an' a sigh and a sad goodbye, the pardon came too late.

"That's what they call that one. The first verse goes like how 'e was caught while they thought he were deserting. How it goes in t' thing I don't know, and then second verse tells you why he were deserting."

Note
See The Pardon Came Too Late, Stanley Marsden, 24/2/71, S24 and 5/10/72, S45.
A round the camp-fire burning bright the story was then told,

Of a mother on her dying bed called forth her son so bold.

He hastened to obey her wish, was captured on the way,

She never saw her son so fair, he died at break of day;

And as the hours slowly passed, a messenger on wing did fly,

To save that boy from such a fate, the pardon but it came too late.

The valley was filled at sunrise, just at the break of day,

And as the echoes lingered a soul had passed away,

Into the arms of his maker and there to hear his fate,

With a tear and a sigh and a sad good-bye, the pardon came too late.
"Hello Patsy Fagan"

I'm working here in Glasgow

Standard (inflected 4#)  ABCA ABCA
V   V - 8    4 bars
\begin{align*}
\text{v} & = 2 \\
\text{j} & = 4 \\
\end{align*}

I'm workin' here in Glasgow, I've got a decent*job
Of mixin' cement and mortar, and ma pay is fifteen bob.
I rise up in the morning , I rise up with the lark,
And as I go walkin' down the street you can hear the girls remark,

Hello Patsy Fagan, you can 'ear the girls all cry.
Hello Patsy Fagan, you're the apple of me eye.
You're a decent*boy from Ireland, there's none that can deny.
You're a rarum-a-tarum a devil-may-carum, a decent*Irish boy.

"I only know another verse. It's not very old, is it?"

Now if there's a girl amongst you would like to marry me,
I'll take her back to a little home across the Irish Sea.
I'll dress her up in satin and please her all I can,
Just to let her folks at home know I'm a decent*Irish man.

Hello Patsy Fagan, you can 'ear the girls all cry.
Hello Patsy Fagan, you're the apple of me eye.
You're a decent*boy from Ireland, there's none that can deny.
You're a rarum-a-tarum a devil-may-carum, a decent*Irish boy.

"There's another one and I've forgot it altogether. I can't think about it at all, like. I've been trying to think earlier this week ... I learnt this when I used to go out at night."

*decent pronounced 'day-cent'.

Note
See Patsy Fagan, Stanley Marsden, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 30/1/71, S24 and 5/10/72, S45.
I'm workin' here in Glasgow, I've got a decent job

Of mixin' cement and mortar, and my pay is fifteen bob.

I rise up in the morning, I rise up with the lark,

And as I go walkin' down the street you can hear the girls remark,

Hello Patsy Fagan, you can hear the girls all cry.

Hello Patsy Fagan, you're the apple of me eye.

You're a decent boy from Ireland, there's none that can deny.

You're a ra-rum-a-ta-tum, a devil may care, a decent Irish boy.

Variation

decent Irish...
Poor Old Joe (inc)

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay

Standard

IV# 1 - 9
130 and 108 4

Stanley Marsden 24/2/71

[Abacdc - 9 4 bars]

[Hesitates over start. I prompt, "Gone".
]

Gone are the days when ma heart was young and gay.
Gone are the days to a happier land I know.
Gone far away to a happier land I know;
I hear the gentle voices calling, Poor old Joe.
I'm coming, I'm coming though ma head is bending low;
I hear the gentle voices calling, Poor old Joe.

"I went a line wrong there somewhere, 'cos I repeated it twice ...
That's all I know about Poor Old Joe. There's some more verses,
black man thing. It's a negro song."

Note

See Poor Old Joe, Stanley Marsden at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor,
30/1/71, S24.
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.

Gone are the days to a happier land I know.

Gone far away to a happier land I know;

I hear the gentle voices calling, poor old Joe.

I'm coming, I'm coming though my head is bending low;

I hear the gentle voices calling, poor old Joe.
"Out in the wilds of Australia there once stood a mine"

Standard (inflected 4♯ and 5♯)  

```
VI - VII  III - 4  
\| 96 and 144  2 \frac{3}{4} and \frac{3}{4}
```

Stanley Marsden  

4/2/71

"You mightn't have heard this other if I could think about it. Never heard Frank sing it anyway. I thought about it other day and I'd not thought about it for many a month. It's just tune I want to think of now."

Out in the wilds of Australia there once stood a mine.  
The miners were made up of all sorts of classes,  
with many a scrape race and many a scum.  
Into their midst came a young man from England,  
and with him he brought a small thrush in a cage.  
To hear the bird sing they would crowd round in dozens,  
the sweet little songster became quite a rage.

O there fell a deep hush as the song of a thrush  
was 'eard by that motley throng;  
And many a rough fellows' eyes were moist  
as its voice rang out clear and strong.  
Eyes like a dove with a bright yearning look,  
as its voice trilled its beautiful lay.  
It brought back to them dear old England and home,  
thousands of miles away.

"That's all there is to it. Tune's better than that when you can sing it properly, you know."

Note  
See The Song of a Thrush, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S45.
Out in the wilds of Australia there once stood a mine,

The miners were made up of all sorts of classes,

with many a scamp race and many a scum.

Into their midst came a young man from England,

and with him he brought a small thrush in a cage.

To hear the bird sing they would crowd round in dozens,

the sweet little songster became quite a rage.

Oh, there fell a deep hush as the song of a thrush

was heard by that motley throng;

And many a rough fellow's eyes were moist

as its voice rang out clear and strong.

Eyes like a dove with a bright yearning look,
as its voice trilled its beautiful toy.

It brought back to them clear old England and home,

thousands of miles away.
The Spaniard that Blighted my Life

List' to me whilst I tell you of the Spaniard that blighted my life

Standard

IV - V

AABCD EE'FGHI

AABCD EE'FGHI

IV - V

1 - 10

44444 44 4424

6

200 and 250

8

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

"You'll 've heard that one, won't you? That's sung on pops sometimes."

List to me whilst I tell you of the Spaniard that blighted my life.
List to me whilst I tell you of the Spaniard that pinched my future wife.
'Twas at a bullfight where we met him,
we'd been watching his daring display,
And while I'd gone out for some nuts and a programme
the dirty dog stole her away,
O yes, O yes, but I swore that I'll have my revenge —

When I get Alfonso Spigoli, the toreador,
With a mighty swipe I will dislocate his Spanish jaw.
I'll fight the bull fighter, I will,
if I catch the blighter around her I'll kill.
He shall die, he shall die, he shall die-tiddly-i-ty-ty-ty-ty,
he shall die,
He shall die, he shall die, he shall die,
For I'll lay the bunion on his Spanish onion if I catch him bending tonight.

"You'll have heard that one. Forced to have."
List to me whilst I tell you of the Spaniard that blighted my life.

List to me whilst I tell you of the Spaniard that pinched my future wife.

Two's at a bull-fight where we met him, we'd bin watching his daring display,

And while I'd gone out for some nuts and a programme the dirty dog stole her away,

O yes, O yes, but I swear that I'll have my revenge -

When I get Alfonso Spigo-lio the toreador,

With a mighty swipe I will dislocate his Spanish jaw.

I'll fight the toreador, I will, if I catch the blighter a-round her I'll kill!

He shall die, he shall die, he shall die - tilly-tilly-tilly-tilly, he shall die,

He shall die, he shall die,

For I'll lay the bun-in on his Spanish one-in if I catch him bending to-night.
Tennessee Waltz

When an old friend I happened to meet.
I introduced 'im to my loved one, and whilst they were a-waltzing
My friend stole my sweet'eart from me.
I remember the night in the Tennessee Waltz,
And I know just how much I have lost.
Yes, I lost my little darling the night they were a-playing
That beautiful Tennessee Waltz.

"You can't sing that 'ere really. You've got to have atmosphere, you see. That's a modern one that really, about twenty year old. When I went dancing."
Ma'Y'35

When an old friend I happened to meet,

Introduced him to my loved one, and whilst they were a-waltzing,

My friend stole my sweet heart from me.

I remember the night in the Tennessee Waltz,

And I know just how much I have lost.

Yes, I lost my little darling the night they were a-playing,

That beautiful Tennessee Waltz.
"I Live In a Land of Roses"

Standard (inflected 2#, 4# and 5#) ABCDE FGH

V V - 8 4444 446
\( \mathcal{N} \) 220 and 160 6 and 2 8 and 4

Stanley Marsden 5/10/72

"Wragg [Ted] sings it. 'E knows all t'words. I don't know words but I know some of them. I want to get 'im to write words down. I know it fairly well. Me father used to sing it."

I live in a land of roses but I dream of a land of snow,
Where you and I were happy in the days of long ago.
Nightingales in the branches, tra-la-la-la-la-la,
I only could 'ear you singing, I only could 'ear your song,
I only could 'ear you singing, I only could 'ear your song.

Speak, speak to me Thora, speak from your heaven to me,
Child of my dreams, light of my life, angel of love to me,
Child of my dreams, light of my life, angel of love to me,
angel of love to me.

"Then there's another verse, you see, 'We stand again'. It's a good song."

Note
See Thora, Ted Wragg and Stanley Marsden, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.
Rubato  \( \text{Dzz}0 \+ \)

I live in a land of roses but I dream of a land of snow

When you and I were happy in the days of long ago

Nightingales in the branches tru-lalala-la-la-la

I only could hear you singing I only could hear your song

Speak to me Tho-ra speak from your heaven to me

Child of my dreams light of my life angel of love to me

Child of my dreams light of my life angel of love to me

Angel of love to me
"Turn Turn the Good Brown Earth"

"Out there in the morning light I go"

Standard

VII - 1
V - 6
120 2
4

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

[Hums through the tune.]

Out there in the morning light I go,
The good brown earth to till and hoe;
For it matters not to me if the birds should silent be,
For the music of the plough is the song for me.
Turn, turn the good brown earth,
You're dear to every farmer for 'e knows your worth.

[Starts with second line and corrects himself.]
"Wait a minute I'm wrong there."

Out there in the fields it seems to me,
Aren't sights enough for folks to see?
Be each furrow straight and true, the corn that's springing through
Is as fine a picture as I want to view.
Turn, turn gold brown earth,
You're dear to every farmer for 'e knows your worth.

"That's all there is to that one. I learnt that one at school."
Out there in the morning light I go,
The good brown earth to fill and hoe;

For it matters not to me if the birds should silent be,

For the music of the plough is the song for me.

Turn, turn the good brown earth,

You're dear to every farmer for he knows your worth.

Variation

fine - a...
An old man gazed at a photograph in a locket he'd worn for years.
His nephew then asked 'im the reason why that picture 'ad caused 'im tears.
Come listen my lad I'll tell thee now a story that's strange but true,
Your father and I were at school, me boy, 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 those two.
One little girl in blue, lad, she won your father's heart,
Became your mother, I married the other but now we are drifted apart.

That picture is one of those girls, me boy, to me she was once a wife.
I thought her unfaithful and quarrelled, lad,
and parted that night for life.
My fancy of jealousy round 'er heart, a heart that was good and true,
For 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 learned to love those two.
One little girl in blue, lad, she won your father's heart,
Became your mother, I married the other but now we are drifted apart.

"That's all I know like. There's another verse where 'e caught
'er kissing this man like. He turned out to be 'er brother you see. [laughs] That's why 'e thought 'er unfaithful. It's an
old one."

Note
See Two Little Girls in Blue, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S44.
Rubato

An old man gazed at a photograph in a lock- et he'd worn for years.

His nephew then asked 'in the reason why that picture had caused him tears.'

Come listen my lad I'll tell thee now a story that's strange but true,

Your father and I were at school, me boy, 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 those two.

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

Became your mother, I married the other but now we are drifted a part.
The preacher at 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 fill the organ chair.
A man then staggered down the aisle, his clothes were old and torn.
How strange a drunkard seemed to be in church on Sunday morn;
But as 'e 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 (h)all amazed, the preacher old and grey,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest man grew pale.
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale.
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare
With that of life's example now sat in the organ chair;
And when the service ended not a soul had left his seat,
Except the poor old organist who started for the street.
Straight up the aisle, out by the door, he slowly walked away.
The preacher rose and softly said, Good brethren let us pray.

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 (h)all amazed, the preacher old and grey,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Note
See The Volunteer Organist, Stanley Marsden, 4/2/71, S25.
Rubato

&

The preacher at 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 fill the organ chair.

A man then staggered down the aisle, his clothes were old and torn.

How strange a drunkard seemed to be in church on Sunday morning.

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.
Wassail Song

"Here we come a-wassailing"

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green

123456

VI, - VI   V - 8

Ⅵ 280 and 200 8

Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

"It's a New Year song. There's about three songs you can sing. We can't do it justice tonight." [Stanley has a cold.]

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wassailing so plain 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.

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours children whom 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.

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children that around 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,
A New Year, a New Year,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

Note

Stanley explains that the refrain he sings after the final verse should be sung after every verse.
Here we come a-was-sail-ing a-mong the leaves so green.

Here we come a-was-sail-ing so plain— 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.

We are— not clearly...
We Are All Jolly Fellows (f) | Mar 41
| S24

Standard

V

3

4

Stanley Marsden | 24/2/71

[Tape off] ... fellows that follow the plough.

"I know how it goes. Won't take me long to get into it, but I don't know words on me own. I remember 'im [father] singin' it."

Weaver's Daughter (f) | Mar 42
| S24

Standard

IV | V - 5 | 4 bars
| 4

4

Stanley Marsden | 24/2/71

[Hums tune.]

"I know tune and I know some of words but I don't know much about 'em."
... fellows that follow the plough
"What's Become of the Old Songs?"

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#) (AB)CDABC'E

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>V - 6</th>
<th>4 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>300±</td>
<td>8 and 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2/3/71</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[Tape off] ... all I want to know,
Without ... to me, you shall 'ear 'em play
I was only teasing you and goodbye Dolly Grey.
What's become of my hat? said Irish Molly - O.
Stop that tickling Jock, and she's ma lady don't you know.
As soon as ... me, said Mary ...  
I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you.

Note
Much of this is inaudible because of background noise. It is obviously built up of song titles.
Rubato...

...all I want to know,

Without -- to me, you shall hear them play.

I was only teasing you and good-bye--Dol-ly Gray.

What's become of my--hat? said Irish Mel-ly-O.

Stop your tick-ing Jock, and she's a lady don't you know.

As soon as -- me, said Mary --

I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you.
"When I Grow Too Old to Dream"

My Aunt Florence learnt me that when I used to go to Greenhill, when I were at school.

When I grow too old to dream I shall 'ave you to remember,
And when I grow too old to dream your love will live in my heart.
So kiss me, my sweet, and then let us part,
For when I grow too old to dream your kiss will live in my heart.

Life has been gay, going away, you've been so beautiful,
we've been so young.
Now you are gone, life will go on, like an old song we 'ave sung.

When I grow too old to dream I shall 'ave you to remember,
And when I grow too old to dream your love will live in my heart.

"That's all I know ... I should only be about ten. She used to sing it to me. Used to go there for a week in summer holidays, only at Greenhill."
When I grow too old to dream I shall love you to remember,
And when I grow too old to dream your love will live in my heart.

So kiss me, my sweet, and then let us part,
For when I grow too old to dream your kiss will live in my heart.

Life has been gay, going away, You've been so beautiful, we've been so young,
Now you are gone, life will go on, like an old song we've sung.
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

There's a tear in your eye and I'm wondering why

Standard (inflected 4#)   ABA'C DEDF

IV# 1 - 10

α 150+ and 108 3 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

Stanley Marsden and chorus  30/1/71

There's a tear in your eye and I'm wondering why,
for it never should be there at all.
With your sweet Irish smile, sure a storm should beguile,
and there never a teardrop should fall.
With that sweet lilting laughter like some fairy song,
and two eyes that do tenderly smile. [Frank Hinchliffe prompts]
You should laugh all the while and all other times smile,
so just smile, smile for me.

[In chorus]
When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in spring;
To the sound of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing.
When Irish eyes are happy all the world is bright and gay,
But when Irish eyes are smiling, sure it steals your heart away.
There's a tear in your eye and I'm wondering why,
for it never should be there at all.

With your sweet Irish smile, sure a storm should beguile,
and there never a tear drop should fall.

With that sweet softening laughter like some fairy song,
and two eyes that do tenderly smile.

You should laugh all the while and all other times smile,
so just smile—smile—for me.

When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a mom in spring;
To the sound of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing.

When Irish eyes are happy all the world is bright and gay,
But when Irish eyes are smiling, sure it steals your heart away.
Why Do I Weep (f)

Standard

2½

III - 4

4 bars

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

[Hums] ... with the roses round the door,
A girl received a letter from a boy who was at war;
And with a mother's arms around her, she gave way to sobs and sighs,
And as she read that letter the tears fell from 'er eye.
Why do I weep? Why do I sigh? My love is gone so far away.
We had to part ...

"You've heard that one haven't you? Must have. I've just forgot last bits, but that wasn't one I was thinking about."

Note

Stanley is trying to remember The Song of a Thrush.
with the roses round the door,

A girl received a letter from a boy who was at war;

And with a mother's arms around her, she gave way to sobs and sighs;

And as she read that letter the tears fell from her eye.

Why do I weep? Why do I sigh? My love is gone so far away.

We had to part...
I've been a wild rover for many a long year,
Sure I spent all me money on whisky and beer;
But since I give up roving I put money in store,
An' I never shall play the wild rover no more.

Singing never, no never, never no more,
I never shall play the wild rover no more.

"Again, Frank can sing you like where puts his money and what."
Rubato

I've been a wild rover for many a long year,
Sure I spent all my money on whisky and beer;
But since I gave up roaming I put money in store,
And I never shall play the wild rover no more.

Singing never, no never, never no more,
I never shall play the wild rover no more.
Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime (inc)  

If you go to the street end you'll see two girls standing. If you listen to one you will hear one to the other say, Here comes the young sailor whose money we've squandered, Here comes the young sailor whom we've led astray.

We'll take him to the churchyard, we'll fire three volleys o'er him. We'll play the Dead March as we carry him along. Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im, For 'e's only a sailor cut down in 'is prime.

"That's about all I know."

Note  
See Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime, Stanley Marsden, Frank Hinchliffe and Wilf Broomhead, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27.
If you go to the street and you'll see two girls standing.

If you listen to one you will hear one to the other say,

Here comes the young sailor whose money we've squandered,

Here comes the young sailor whom we've led astray.

Variations

IIb1

IIc2

Play the Dead ... church-yard and fire three volleys ...
The sun had set behind yond'hill

Standard

VII - VII♯ I - 4 4446

John Taylor 10/4/70

The sun 'ad set behind yond'ill, across yon dreary moor,
An' weary spent, a boy there came up to a farmer's door.
Can you tell me if e'er there be anyone to me employ,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow,
and to be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy?

My father's dead, my mother's left with all five children small;
And what is worse for Mother still, I'm the eldest of them all.
Though little I am, though small may be, I'll fear no work
(if)* thou wilt me employ,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow,
and to be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.

But if a lad thou dost not want one favour may I ask;
'Tis to shelter me to the break of day from this cold winter's blast.
At the break of day I will wend my way and will wander for employ,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow,
and to be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.

Come try the lad, said the farmer's wife, let 'im no longer stray.
Yes, do dear Father, daughter cried, while the tears run down 'er cheeks.
Don't send 'im away but let 'im stay and be a farmer's boy,
For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow,
and to be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.

In length of time 'e grew a man, the good old farmer died.
'E left the lad the farm 'e 'ad and the daughter for 'is bride.
The lad that was the farmer be and 'e oftimes thinks with joy
Of that lucky, lucky day when 'e came that way,
for to be a farmer's boy and to be a farmer's boy.

"Got better as we gone on."

* Unclear.

Note

The pitch rises constantly. Note the irregular form of IIc (5 bars).
See The Farmer's Boy, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 3/10/70, S13, 1/7/72, S37, 29/7/72, S38, 5/8/72, S39; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.
The sun had set behind yonder hill, across your dreary moor,

And weary spent, a boy there came up to a farmer's door.

Can you tell me if e'er there be any one to em'ploy,

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

and to be a farmer's boy?

Little I am thought—thou wilt me em—they, was the farmer be and e...

Lucky, lucky day when e...
"'Joe's cows are very poor,
He lives against the moor.' Let's see what is it?"

Jack Lomas is tall and straight,
He allus want to fight.*

"Jack Lomas I can remember him when I were a kid. He came over from Greasborough. His daughter went to live there. And of course, when he give over farming he went to live with her. He used to come over at Friday and go back on Monday. Stopped at Sportsman when we were there."

Joss White he lives up Crimicar Lane,
Jim Marsden does the same.

"Ah, that's just come to me, that one."

* Rhymes with 'straight'.

Note
John's fragments are textually and melodically different from the White family's version. See Whi 10.
Jack

Tay 2

He al-lus wants to fight.
The Jolly Waggoner

"Waggoners"

When first I went a-waggoning

Standard (inflected 4 #) ABCDE
vii# - I# (see below) V - 8 4 bars
J 100 4
John Taylor 27/3/70

*(When)* first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go.
I broke my parents' hearts with sorrow grief and woe;
For many were the 'ardships that we 'ad to undergo,
Singing, Whoa, ma lads, drive on, ma lads, drive on, ma lads, drive on!
For there's none can drive a waggon [waggin] when the 'orses will not go.

"That's first verse to that one."

On a cold and frosty morning I was wet through to my skin,
And there we 'ad to wander till we reached to yonder inn.
There we sat a-talking to the landlord and his wife,
Singing, Whoa, ma lads, drive on, ma lads, drive on, ma lads, drive on!
There's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

0 the summer time is coming, what pleasures shall I see.
The blackbird and the thrrostle sing in every greenwood tree;
An' every lass shall 'ave a lad and sit 'er on 'is knee,
Singing, Whoa, ma lads, drive on, ma lads, drive on!
There's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

"We used to be able to sing that like billy-O."

* Not recorded.

Note

John sings this in a subdued manner because he has pitched it so low (F# below bottom G -I). The version demonstrates a remarkable amount of melodic variation. The repeat of the final phrase is John's signature especially when he is singing the Christmas carols. See also The Jolly Waggoner, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 1/7/72, S37, 4/3/72, S35, 29/7/72, S38 and 5/8/72, S39.
When first I went a-waggon-ing, a-waggon-ing did go.

I broke my parents' hearts with sorrow, grief and woe;

For many were the hardships that we had to undergo,

Singing, Whoa, ma lads, drive on, ma lads, drive on, ma lads, drive on!

For there's none can drive a waggon when the horses will not go.

On a cold and frosty morning I was wet through to my skin

And there we had to wander till we reached to won-der inn

There we sat a-talking with the...  

m, ma lads drive on, ma lads, drive on! There's...

coming, what... black-bird and the throst-le singin' ev'ry lad shall.

on, ma lads, drive on! There's... waggon when the...
The Nobleman and the Thresherman

"Thresherman"

A nobleman lived in the village of Blay

A nobleman lived in the village of Blay.
He met a poor old thresherman and unto him did say, Thou's a wife and seven children, I know it to be true, For an' ow doth thou maintain them all so well as thou do, For an' how doth thou maintain them all so well as thou do?

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do sow. Other times a-hedgin' or a ditchin' I do go. There's nothing comes amiss to me near the 'arrows or the plough, For still I gets my living by the sweat of my brow, For still I gets my living by the sweat of my brow.

When my day's work is done I go home at night. My wife and my family they all are my delight. The children they are playin' and sprottin' with their toys, For that is all the pleasure that a poor man enjoys, For 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 doth provoke. Sometimes we are 'ard 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 hath thou spoken and of thy wife. May thou live happy and contented all the days of thy life. Here's fifty acres of good land, I'll freely give to thee For to maintain thy wife and thy large family, For to maintain thy wife and thy large family.

Note
John sings this very forcefully with his foot tapping out the rhythm. His pitch rises constantly.
A noble man dwelled in the village of Bray.

He met a poor old thresh'er-man and unto him did say,

Then's a wife and seven children, I know it to be true,

For an' how doth thou maintain them all so well as thou do.

Variations

Other... or a-ditchin' I do... done I go home at...

spoken... and contented all the...

For to maintain thy wife and thy...
Sheffield Park

In Sheffield Park a maid did dwell

123456  
V - V↑  
↑3  
↓4  
John Taylor  

V - 6  
4 bars  
27/3/70

In Sheffield Park a maid did dwell,  
And a brisk young man, I knew them quite well.  
'E courted 'er from day to day,  
Till at last 'e stole 'er 'eart away.

She went upstairs to make 'er bed,  
And on the pillow she lay her weary head.  
'Er mistress came and to her did say,  
What is the matter with you today?

O Mistress, O Mistress, you little do know,  
The trials and troubles that I undergo.  
Place your right 'and on my left breast,  
My aching 'eart can find no rest.

Then write me a letter and write it with speed,  
And send it to 'im that 'e might read;  
And bring me an answer without delay,  
For young Colin 'ath stolen my heart away.

Then gather ye leaves to make my bed,  
A feathery pillow to lay my weary head;  
And the leaves that billow from tree to tree  
Will make a covering over me.

There's lots of flowers that bloom in May.  
I've oftimes heard of them by day and by night;  
And the leaves that billow from tree to tree  
Will make a covering over me.

Note  
John sings this in strict time and pounds out the rhythm with his foot.
In Shaf-tild Park a maid did dwell

And a brisk young man I knew them quite well

E court-ed her from day to day

Till at last 'e stole her heart a way.

Variation

'Im that ...
"Early one morning at the break of day"

123457#  
III♭  V - 5  2 bars
♭ 144  6
John Taylor  10/4/70

Early one morning at the break of day,
Cock was a-crowing each mortal to wake.
[hums] ... up quoth he,
The 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

"It's slipped me memory."

Note  
John's tune is close to that sung by Frank Hinchliffe, see Hin 58.

He offered me some money,
He offered me some money, one guinea and a crown.

"I've 'eard that on wireless once. It was 'early one morning as I walked o'er yon marsh', but it were to t'same tune."
Early one morning at the break of day,

Cock was a-crowing each mortal to wake.

[Hums] up quoth he,

The 'ors-es are wait-ing their bellies to fill.

He offered me some mon-ey,
He offered me some mon-ey, one gui-nea and a crown.
Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime (inc)

"As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion"

Standard

III\textsuperscript{b} V - 5

\textsuperscript{9} 96 3

4 bars 4

John Taylor 10/4/70

As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion,

At the corner of the street I see two girls standing.
One to the other they both do say,
'Ere comes the young soldier whose money we'll squander.
Here comes a young soldier they both do cry.

Then we'll beat the drums o'er 'im, play the fifes merrily.
Play the Dead March as we bear 'im along.
Take 'im to the churchyard, we'll fire three volleys o'er 'im,
For 'e was a soldier brought low in 'is prime.

"That's chorus like that. It's just slipped me memory. I've got to
be int' mood."
At the corner of the street — I see two girls standing.

One to the other they both do say,

'Ere comes the young soldier whose money we'll squander.

Here comes a young soldier they both do cry.

Variations

III a2

III a4

III c1

o'er — 'im ... merrily ... 'im to the ...

III c3

fire three volleys o'er 'im, For 'e was a young...
The Hymn that I Sang as a Boy (f)

Standard (inflected 5♯)

VII III - 4

1/132 3 4

Doug Thompson

ABC

4 bars

Fulwood Booth

30/4/70

Sat on the church window I listened with joy,
'Twas the hymn that (h)I sang as a boy.
Mother's heart would rejoice at the sound of my voice.

"I don't know what other words are now."
Sat on the church window I listened with joy.

'Twas the hymn that (b) I sang as a boy.

Mother's heart would rejoice at the sound of my voice.
The train went speeding onward

**Standard**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>4#</th>
<th>V - 5</th>
<th>4 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>130+</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Fulwood Booth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Walton</td>
<td></td>
<td>30/4/70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The train went speeding onward with a mother (h) and her babe.
In her hand she held a letter from which now and then she read;
A letter from a traitor who had lured her from her home,
That night it left the husband all deserted and alone.
The baby gazed in wonder at the landscape fleeting by.
Night shades began to gather, I'm sleepy Ma at last;
And cuddling to its mother's side, of stranger's unaware,
It closed its little sweet young eyes and list its evening prayer.
God bless my mamma and my papa too,
Make them love each other, always kind and true.
Keep them free from danger, free from sin and pain.
[hesitates and sings over last phrase to herself.]
May angels guard their footsteps was the baby's prayer.

"Sorry about that last bit, but that's the finishing of it like."

* Accentuated glottal stop.
The train went speeding onward with a mother (and her babe)

In her hand she held a letter from which now and then she read;

A letter from a truant who had lured her from her home,

That night it left the husband all deserted and alone.

The baby gazed in wonder at the landscape fleeting by,

Night shades began to gather, 'Is sleepy Ma at last;

And cuddling to its mother's side, of strangers unaware,

It closed its little sweet young eyes and listed evening prayer.

God—bless my mamma and my papa too.

Make them love each other, always kind and true.

Keep them free from danger, free from sin and pain.

May angels guard their footsteps was the baby's prayer.
Bonny Blue Handkerchief (f)

Standard

VII# and V    VII# - 8    4 bars

♩ 96

Grace Walton    4/6/70

'Tis the country fashion I like to be in
[hesitates and repitches]
With my bonny blue handkerchief tied under my chin.

  Frank: "Tied up with a black velvet band!"
"Tis the country fashion I like to be in—

With my bonny blue handkerchiefed under my chin."
The Broken Token

"Sailor's Bride"

A fair maid walked in her garden

A fair maid walked in her garden,
And a brisk young sailor came riding by,
Riding up to her thinking to own her,
He says, Fair maiden can thou fancy I?

She said, Thou seems a man of honour,
A man of honour thou seems to be.
How can thou fancy such a poorer woman
That's not fitting for thy servant to be?

If thou not fitting for to be my servant,
I have a better regard for thee.
I mean to make thee my bride and jewel,
Grace: "No, that's wrong in't it Frank."
Frank: "It's not same un as I know any road."
And you'll have servants to wait on thee.

"I'm not sure that's quite right, I think it is."

I have got a true-love of my own Sir,
And seven long years 'e's been gone from me,
And seven more I will wait upon him,
If he's alive he will return to me.

If it's seven long years since thy true-love left thee,
I'm sure he's either dead or drowned;
And seven long years makes an alteration,
Since thy true lover is not to be found.

He put his hand into 'is pocket,
His fingers they were both small and thin,
Pulling out the hoop they both betwixt [corrects herself] break betwixt them.

Down to the ground this fair maid did fall.

Now this loving couple they got married.
In wedlock they did both agree,
They live together and they loved each other,
'Er in a cottage down by the sea.

Grace: "I think that's it but I'm not sure."
Dorothy: "What did he pull out of his pocket?"
Grace: "Hoop, hoop, like it meant ring, you see."

Note
See Broken Token, Grace Walton, 29/10/70, S19, and 7/9/72, S41.
A fair maid walked in her garden,

And a brisk young sailor came riding by,

Riding up to her—thinking to own her,

He says, Fair maiden can thou fancy I?

Variation

Want to be.
"Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie"

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie,
A blush from her cheeks and a smile from her eye.
Then will you, would you? Yes, I will. You say you will?
I will, she cried,
I'll come to the bower and I'll love you for ever.

She showed to me the ring that was mingled with dew.
She languished and vowed that to me she would be true.
Then will you, would you? Yes, I will. You say you will?
I will, she cried,
I'll come to the bower and I'll love you for evermore.

To church they both went, all their troubles to get over,
That they might live happy and contented in the bower.
Then will you, would you? Yes, I will. You say you will?
I will, she cried,
I'll come to the bower and I'll love you for ever.

"There really wants two to sing that."

Note
Grace has remembered the second verse since she was first recorded. See Hin 8.
Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie—

A blush from her cheeks and a smile from her eye.

Then will you, would you? Yes, I will. You say you will? I will, she cried,

I'll come to the bow'er and I'll love you for ever.

Variations

She showed me the ... vowed that to ... ever-more...

hap-py and con... love you — for...
"What has thou killed thy dear brother for?"

What is the blood on thy shirt sleeve?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>ABCDD'</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VI↓ 1 - 8</td>
<td>2 bars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>↓ 120+ 4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Grace Walton 29/10/70

What is the blood on thy shirt sleeve?
My son, come tell it unto me.
It's the blood of my dear brother
That I slay under yonder tree,
That I slay under yonder tree.

What has thou killed thy dear brother for?
My son, come tell it unto me.
Because he killed those pretty little birds
That fly from tree to tree,
That fly from tree to tree.

What shall 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.

"I think there's one or two more verses to that, but that is a very old one, one of me dad's collection."

Note
See 7/9/72, S41 and Hin 12.
What is the blood on thy shirt sleeve?

My son, come tell it unto me.

It's the blood of my dear brother,
That I slay under yonder tree,
That I slay under yonder tree.

II a2 (passim) IIIa1 (and c1)

II d1 (and c1)
dear brother for? My... sail across the...

II c2 (also II a1) pretty little birds That fly from tree to...

III d1 (and c1)

III a2 (passim)
Old Ben Broomhead at Fairthorn

"Mind you, this one is more interesting to anyone that knows people. I don't suppose there's any of these old people left."

And Johnnie Perkin at Wyming Brook,
And Joe Smith 'is land does suck,
And Nancy Ogden she's growin' double,
An 'Arry Duke he's allus in trouble.

And there's Thomas Marsden at Fulwood Booth,
He stands weather rough and smooth,
And Billy Broomhead's beard is black,
And Billy Parkinson wears a straw hat.

Toora-roora-roora-lay
Toora-roora-roora-lay
Toora-Ioora-roora-lay
And drive away your waggon-O!
And John Brocksup, 'e keeps sheep,
And Ben Green, 'e's allus asleep,
And Jack Garner lives int' Row,
And Billy Broomhead just below.

And Fred 'Awk at Ful'ood 'All,
And Joss Fox at 'Oil int' Wall,
And Ro Marsden, a little man,
And George Peat makes all t'beezoms 'e can.

And Charlie Randerson, 'e sells spice,
And old Joe Woodcock thinks it's nice,
Zenas Marsden fiddle does play,
And Barny Kelly run away.

A toora-roora-rooralay
Toora-roola-roora-ray
Toora-roora-roora-way
And drive away your Waggon-O!

And George Marsden doctors cows,
And Jack Lomas, 'e kicks up rows,
And John Thompson, 'e sells stout,
And Jack Hewlett, 'e 'as a long snout.

And Bill Hinchliffe's very lame,
And Bob Lawson's going t'same,
And Josh White lives in Crimicar Lane,
And Jim Marsden 'e lives int' same.

And Dan 'Arrison makes saw 'andles,
And Sam Wildgoose sells tallow candles,
And Sal Hinchliffe she chews rice,
And Sam Woodcock 'e sells spice.

"I think there's some more to that."

Note
A version Grace contributed to Muriel Hall, More About Mayfield Valley and Old Fulwood (Sheffield, 1974), pp.111-2, has in addition 'Old Joe Grange is very fat
And Sam Broomhead's like a lat.
And old Bill Nicholson has a black mare,
Her shoes are all loose and her ribs all bare
And John Kenny he keeps cats
To keep in house to freeton t'rats.'
Old Ben Broom-head at Fairthorn,
An' old Con's wife she's Irish born,
And Thomas Gee at Grouse and Trout,
And Walter Woodhouse is very stout.

Variations

And there's Thomas Marsden... And Billy Broom-head's beard is black...
And Bill Greenslade's...
"Mary at the Garden Gate"

The day being spent the moon shone bright

The Garden Gate

"Mary at the Garden Gate"

The day being spent the moon shone bright

The day being spent the moon shone bright,
the village clock struck eight,
And Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate;
But what was there that made Mary sad,
the gate was there but not the lad.
It made poor Mary sigh and say,
Thou never shall deceive me or make me wait.

She paced the garden o'er and o'er, the village clock struck nine,
And Mary vowed and vowed and said,
Thou shalt not thou shalt not be mine;
For you promised to meet me at the gate at eight,
thou never shall deceive me or make me wait,
And I'll let all such people see,
thou never shall make such a fool of me.

She paced the garden o'er and o'er, the village clock struck ten,
And William caught 'er in his arms, never to part again;
For he had been such a long, long way,
he'd been to buy a ring for the wedding day,
And how could Mary so cruel prove
 to banish the lad that she dearly loved.

But when the morning sun did shine to church they went their way,
And how the village bells did ring upon the wedding day.
Now down in a cot by the riverside,
now William and Mary they do reside,
And she blessed the hour that she did wait
of her own true lover at the garden gate.

"And that's it as far as I know."

Note
Grace sings this with great confidence. See also 7/9/72, S41, and Bin 18.
The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck eight,
And Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate;
But what was there that made Mary sad, the gate was there but not the lad.
It made poor Mary sigh and say, Thou never shall deceive me or make me wait.

Variations

For you promised to meet me at the gate at eight thou never shall deceive me or make me wait...
in his arms nev... been to buy a ring for the... she did wait of her...
Geordie (f)

Standard

5 V - 5

Grace Walton 7/9/72

[Hums tune.]
And Georgie shall be hung with a golden chain

"It's one me dad used to sing. I don't know it."

And Georgie shall be hung with a golden chain

[Hums.]

"Nice swing with it like ... Hanging him for something."
And Georgie shall be hung with a golden chain [hums]
"Now my father he's the king of the gipsy gang it's true"

Standard (inflected 4#) AABA'CA' (see below)

VII# 1 - 9 4444 24
\(\frac{\#}{276} \) 6 Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton with Frank Hinchliffe 30/4/70

Frank: "Grace had got through two verses before I found out what it were. And it were one me mother used to sing."

Now me father 'e's the king of the gipsy gang it's true,
And me mother she's a-teaching me some camping for to do.
With me pack upon me back and they all did wish me well,
So off to London I set out some fortunes for to tell,
Some fortunes for to tell.
So off to London I set out some fortunes for to tell.

As I was a-walking down fair London Street,
Two handsome young squire boys I chanced for to meet.
They view-ed my brown cheeks and they lik-ed them so well,
They said, Me little gipsy girl will you me fortune tell?
Can you me fortune tell?
They said, Me little gipsy girl will you me fortune tell?

O yes Sir, O yes Sir, give me hold of your hand.
Now you have got riches in houses in land,
In houses and in land.
Now you have got riches in houses and in land.

Grace: "Now it's this last verse, in't it Frank, we don't know about.
'Now I once was a gipsy girl but now I'm a squire's bride.'"

Frank: "Now there's a bit more to that verse an' all. 'And it is this little gipsy girl that is to be a bride.' [He sings it.] She tells him that int' fortune."

I once was a gipsy girl though now I'm a squire's bride,
And now I'm a squire's bride.
I got servants to wait on me and open me the door,
And open me the door.
I got servants to wait on me and open me the door.

"But I don't think that last verse is quite right."

Note

Verses III and IV which are half forgotten are in an irregular form, AACA' and ACACA respectively. Frank's variant is transcribed elsewhere, see Hin 19. See The Gipsy Girl, Grace Walton, 29/10/70, S19.
Now me father's the king of the gipsey gang it's true,

And me mother she's a—teaching me some camping for to do.

With me pack up—on—me back and they all did wish me well,

So off to London I set out some fortunes for to tell,

Some fortunes for to tell.

So off to London I set out some fortunes for to tell.

Variations

I was a... liked them so... yes—Sir, give me...
The Golden Glove (f)  

"A wealthy young squire in Timsworth we hear"

Standard (inflected 4♯)  

III↓  

1 - 10  

4 bars  

Grace Walton with Rhoda Dronfield 4/6/70

"Frank started it a bit different."

A wealthy young squire in Timsworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
And for to get married it was their intent.
All friends and relations did given their consent.

Frank: "Ah, your right an' all."

Note
Grace sings the first verse after Frank's rendition to show me how it should go as Frank had sung part of it to the wrong melody. See Hin 21. When she sang with Frank her text varied as shown below.

IIId 0 my heart, O my heart, this fair lady did cry.
VId I can't give her away for I love her too well.
VIIIId 0 the man that shall find it, my husband you shall be.
XId I'll enjoy him forever I'll vow and declare.

That the song is a part of her repertoire was recently shown during a car journey when she performed it complete (noted 25/9/76).
A wealthy young squire in Times-worth, we hear,
He courted a noble-man's daughter so fair;
And for to get married it was their intent.
All friends and relations did give their consent.
Green Mossy Banks of the Lea

When first in this country a stranger

Standard

\[
\begin{align*}
3\wedge & \quad V - 6 \\
\cdot128 & \quad 3 \\
\cdot & \quad 4
\end{align*}
\]

7 bars

Grace Walton and Edith Lawson
(with Frank Hinchliffe)

4/6/70

(When first in this country a stranger, curiosity caused me to roam.
Over Europe I resolved to ramble)*till I came to Philadelphia my home.
I quickly sailed over to England where forms of great beauty did shine.
It was there I beheld a fair damsel
and I wished in my heart she was mine.

I stepped up I/and I wished her good morning,
her fair cheeks they blushed like the rose.
I says, The green meadow is charming, your guardian I'll be if you choose.
Kind Sir, I do not/don't need any guardian,
young man you're a stranger to me.
Over yonder my father is a-coming on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I waited till up came her father and I plucked up my courage once more.
Saying, Sir if this be your daughter she's a beautiful girl I adore.
Ten thousand a year is my fortune, and a lady your daughter shall be.
She shall ride in her chariot and her horses
on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

They welcomed me home to their cottage, [hesitates]
on soon after in wedlock they joined;
And soon they erected a castle, most beauty and splendour did shine.
By flattering let no man deceive you, no matter how poor you may be,
For there's many a poor girl that's handsome
as those who have large property.

[Frank sings.]
They welcomed me home to their cottage and soon in wedlock were we.
It were there that I adored sweet Matilda
o'er the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Note
Grace and Edith sing from a copy that had been written by Grace's father. Because of the similarity of their voices it is not possible to distinguish the source of all the variations. See Green Mossy Banks of the Lea, Hin 24.

* Not recorded.
I stepped up and I wished her good morning,
her fair cheeks blushed like the rose.

I says, The green meadow is charming,
your guardian I'll be if you choose.

Kind sir, I do not need a–ny guardian,
young man you're a stranger to me.

And o–ver yon–der my father is a–coming

on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Variation

Edith H. F. 3

shine
If Those Lips Could Only Speak (f)

123457# (inflected 2# and 4#) ABCD
VII# VII - 5 4 bars
7/168 3
4
Grace Walton 29/10/70

"I know my dad used to sing that one."

If those eyes could only see,
And those lips they only tell,
They'd tell of a beautiful picture
That hung in a golden frame.

"I think Frank [Hinchliffe] knows that one."

Let me hold your hand
As you did in the days gone by.

[Hums to end of verse.]

"A very nice old song like . . . I think it's like where the couple's grown really old. There's a sort of story to it, sort of thing."
If those eyes could only see,

And those lips they could only tell,

They'd tell of a beautiful picture

That hung in a golden frame.
Jockey to the Fair

It was one morn one sweet May day

Standard (inflected 4♯)  ABCDE

2 V - 9 4 bars

Grace Walton and Rhoda Dronfield 4/6/70

It was one morn one sweet May day
when nature painted all things gay so gay.*
Taught birds to whistle/sing and lambs to play
and made the meadows fair.
Young Jockey early in the morn arose and tripped it o'er the lawn.
His Sunday coat the youth put on,
for Jenny/Ginnie had vowed away to run
With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair.

Rhoda: "You sing it a bit different from my tune."

[Rhoda leads.]
The cheerful parish bells are rung, with eager steps he struts along.
Rhoda: "Eh come on, sing!"
Each flower he garland round and round [hums]

Rhoda: "I can't sing on me own."
Grace: "I don't know it with those words though."

[Grace leads.]
He tapped the window haste my dear,
and Jenny impatiently cried, Whose there?
'Tis I my love and no-one near, jump gently down then not to fear
With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair.

Rhoda: "You're not recording it, are you? Not while we get into it."
Grace: "The gildering shepherd's cry."
Rhoda: "Will Ginnie be my charming bride."

[Grace leads.]
Behold the ring the shepherd cried, Will Ginnie be my charming bride.

Grace: "Something about 'I'll love thee, I will by all the powers',
is it? 'and never deceive thee'."
Rhoda: "'I will be constant will be true,
I will by all the powers above,
and ne'er deceive my charming love'."
Grace: "'The charming morn, the blooming day,
when Barny Kelly ran away,
With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair!"

* Grace's variant is given first and then Rhoda's.
Rhoda: "It was one mom one sweet May day when nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to whistle and lambs to play and made the meadows fair.

Grace: Young Jockey early in the morn arose and tripped it o'er the lawn.

Rhoda: His Sunday coat the youth put on, for Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair.

Variation - Rhoda

Each flower he gav-lard...

Variations - Grace 30/4/70

Now Jockey early ... Sunday coat the youth put on for...

Note
Rhoda is extremely nervous and this prevents her from taking a strong lead even though she seems to know the song. See Jockey to the Fair, Grace Walton, 29/10/70, S19. Grace also sings,

Me dad and ma is fast asleep and I am up and with the sheep,
And will you Jenny your promise keep which I have heard you swear?
I will by all the powers above.
I'll ne'er deceive my charming love.
The smiling morn, the blooming day when Barny Kelly ran away
With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair.

See also Jockey to the Fair, 30/4/70, S10, when Grace sings only the first verse; and 7/3/72, S41.
The Jolly Waggoner

When first I went a-waggoning

Standard (inflected $7\frac{1}{2}$)  ABCDE

VII # V - 8  4 bars

140  4  Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton with Frank Hinchliffe  30/4/70

(When first I went)* a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go,
I filled my parents hearts full of sorrow grief and woe,
And many were the hardships I 'ad to undergo,
Singing, Whoa, me lads, I-O, drive on, me lads, I-O;
And there's none can drive a waggon if the horses will not go.

O the night was dark and stormy, I was wet through to the skin,
But I made myself contented till I reach to yonder inn,
And there I sat a-drinking with the landlord and his friends,
Singing, Whoa, me lads, I-O, drive on, me lads, I-O;
And none can drive a waggon if the horses will not go.

O the summertime is coming on what pleasure we shall see,
The blackbird and the throstle singing in yonder green tree,
And every lad shall have a lass and sit her on his knee,
Singing, Whoa, me lads, I-O, drive on, me lads, I-O;
And none can drive a waggon when the horses will not go.

* Not recorded.

Note
The pitch is low for Grace and she sings IIId in the top octave.
The first two phrases of the first verse are almost identical to
The Banks of Sweet Dundee sung by her brother, George White. Note
the flattened seventh. Frank mentions that he knows another chorus,
see Hin 31. See The Jolly Waggoner, Grace Walton, 7/9/72, S48.
When first I went a-waggon-ing, a-waggon-ing did go,

I filled my parents hearts full of sorrow grief and woe,

And many were the hardships I had to undergo,

Sug-ing, whoa, me lads, I-O, drive on, me lads, I-O!

And there's none can drive a waggon if the horses will not go.

Variations

-tent-ed till I reached to yon-der... have a lass and...
Little Brown Jug (f)

My wife and I lived all alone

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>5</th>
<th>III - 3</th>
<th>4 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7/85</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Grace Walton 7/9/72

"I don't know it all, but I daresay Frank [Hinchliffe] 'd know that one."

My wife and I lived all alone
in a little wooden hut we called our own.
She liked rum and I liked gin,
and I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.
Ha-ha-ha, hee-hee-hee, little brown jug don't I love thee!

"I know there are a lot more verses to it. I've only just thought about that one ... There's 'tip her up and down and in it goes'."

Note
Grace sings only one line of chorus.
My wife and I lived all alone
in a little wooden hut we called our own.

She liked rum and I liked gin,
and I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

Ha-ha-ha, hee-hee-hee,
little brown jug don't I love thee!
The Mistletoe Bough

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall

Standard

\[ \text{ABABCDCD EF} \]

\[ \text{3/2} \]

\[ \text{II - 3} \]

\[ \text{2 bars} \]

\[ \text{6} \]

\[ \text{8} \]

Grace Walton and Edith Lawson with Rhoda Dronfield

4/6/70

(The mistletoe hung in the)* old castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron retainers were blythe and gay,
All keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

\( \text{0 the mistletoe bough,} \)

\( \text{0 the mistletoe bough!} \)

I'm weary of dancing now, she cried,
Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;
And Lovell be sure thou art the first to trace
The clue to my secret hiding place.
Away she ran and her friends began
Each tower to search, each nook to scan,
And young Lovell cried, 0 where dost thou hide?
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride.

\( \text{0 the mistletoe bough,} \)

\( \text{0 the mistletoe bough!} \)

They sought her that night, they sought her next day,
They sought her in vain till a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly but found her not;
And years flew by and their grief at last,
It was told as/of a sorrowful tale long past
And when Lovell appeared the children cried
See the old man weeps for his fairy bride.

\( \text{0 the mistletoe bough,} \)

\( \text{0 the mistletoe bough!} \)

* Not recorded.
At length an old oak chest that had long laid hid
Was found in the castle they raised the lid.
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
O sad was her fate in that sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring and the dreadful doom
The bride lay clasped in a living tomb.
0 that mistletoe bough,
0 that mistletoe bough!

Note
The form of the first verse ABABABCDEF is clearly a mistake on Edith's part. It is not possible to distinguish who is responsible for textual variations as the voices of the women are very similar.
I'm weary of dancing now, she cried.

Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;

And Lovell be sure thousands the first to trace.

The clue to my secret hiding place.

Away she ran and her friends began.

Each tower to search, each nook to scan,

And young Lovell cried O where dost thou hide?

I'm done-ly without thee, my own dear bride.

O— the mist-le-toe bough,

O— the mist-le-toe bough!
Nothing Else to Do

"The summer is ended and the harvest is past"

12345(7#)
4# V - 5
J 100 4
4
Grace Walton
7/9/72

The summer is ended and the harvest is past.
We've mown all our corn and we've mown all our grass.
There's a neat little cottage that stands in yonder view,
And it's there I go a-courting when I've nothing else to do.

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 me and I thought she did so too,
So I told her we'd get married when we'd nothing else to do.

So now we are married both our hearts must be content.
We must not quarrel and we must not lament.
We must both live together like all others ought to do,
And enjoy each other's company when we've nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do,
And enjoy each other's company when we've nothing else to do.

Note
Grace confirms that her version only includes a chorus after verse III. See Hin 43.
The summer is ended and the harvest is past.

We've mown all our corn and we've mown all our grass.

There's a neat little cottage that stands in yonder view,

And it's there I go a-courting when I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else to do, and en-

Thought she did so too, so I ...
"Nowt to Do with Me"

Now I don't want to offend you

Now I don't want to offend you and I don't want you to frown,
But I don't like that nasty way of taking people down.
The reason is, I do what's right, no matter where I be,
Let people do as they've a mind, it's nowt to do with me.
So I never interfere, no matter where I be,
Let people do as they've a mind, it's nowt* to do with me.

And there's Mr Jones, the bobby, he dresses very fine.
His wage is eighteen bob a week while mine is twenty-nine.
He wears a gold watch and chain and gold rings, two or three,
But where the devil he gets 'em from, it's nowt to do with me.
So I never interfere, no matter where I be,
Let people do as they've a mind, it's nowt to do with me.

And there's Mrs Brown, me neighbour, she lodges four or five.
To make a tidy job of it, t'owd lass she does contrive;
But her lodgers, they complaining now about their sugar and tea,
But whether t'owd lass gives them any or not, it's nowt to do with me;
[Laughs as she sings this phrase.]
And every Monday morning she's off with bundles two or three,
But where the devil she takes them to, it's nowt to do with me.
So I never interfere, no matter where I be,
Let people do as they've a mind, it's nowt to do with me.

* pronounced 'note'

Note

See "Nowt to Do with Me", Grace Walton, 23/4/70, S9, and 7/9/72, S48, where she comments "me dad used to sing that."
Now I don't want to offend you and I don't want you to frown,

But I don't like that nasty way of taking people down.

The reason is, I do what's right, no matter where I be.

Let people do as they've a mind, it's nout to do with me.

So I never interfere, no matter where I be,

Let people do as they've a mind, it's nout to do with me.

Variations

Now there's Mister Jones, the bob-by, he drees-ses 'ver-y... bob a week while

never in-ter... Misses Brown me... lodges four or
Nutting Girl (f)

'Twas of a squire's daughter who lived down in Kent

Standard (inflected 4#)  AB

1 1-8 4 bars

Grace Walton  29/10/70

'Twas of a squire's daughter who liv-ed down in Kent,
And on a Sunday morning she a-nutting went.

Note
See Nutting Girl (f), 4/6/70, S11, where Grace confuses the song with The Banks of Sweet Dundee.
Twas of a squires daughter who lived down in Kent,

And on a Sunday morning she a-nutting went.
"Jump on jump on thy milk white mare"

Jump on, jump on thy milk white mare,
An' be'old me dapple so grey;
And they rode away till they reached the north sea.
Three hours before it was day.

For he rode high and she rode low,
[It hums]
Six pretty maids thou hast drowned here,
But the seventh is drowning thee.

"I don't know all that one, but that's a very old one as well.
[as Edward] I think it was where someone was robbing people like, that's what they was there for. They used to carry the gold and things about with them. And then he used to drown them, sort of thing, kill them like . . . There was much more about the songs in those days than whatever there'll be today, isn't there really. Lot of meaning to all of them."

Note
See 30/4/70, S10, where Dorothy comments that the song reminds her of Henry VIII and Frank adds;
"The same as the couple that got married, you know. I say this here couple got married and she was looking round one day and sees some hats on top of wardrobe. So she asks him, husband, what they're all about. 'Well, like they were me late wives and I wanted to keep them in remembrance.' 'Ah!' she says, 'next un up there'll be a bowler!'"
See also 4/6/70, S11, where Grace sings 'And she rode to and fro' for the second phrase of verse II.
Jump on, jump on thy milk white mare,
An old me dapp’le so grey;
And they rode a-way till they reached the north sea—
Three hours before it was day.

Variation:

drowned here But the ...
"Over the Garden Wall (inc )"

Just jump up and just jump down

Standard (inflected 4 #)  ABCDAEBF

VI  1 - 8  2 bars

200  6

Grace Walton  29/10/70

"It was one me dad used to sing."

Just jump up and just jump down, Little girl to me. I've been waiting a long, long time, And the wall's not hard to climb. Just jump up and just jump down. I won't let you fall, And we'll play at sweethearts, we're going to be married Over the garden wall.

"I know that was a nice one like but that's all I know. There's more verses to it like."

Note Grace has difficulty as she seems to have pitched it too low.
Just jump up and just jump down,

Little girl to me.

I've been waiting a long, long time,

And the wall's not hard to climb?

Just jump up and just jump down.

I won't let you fall,

And we'll play—at sweethearts, we're going to be married,

Over the garden wall.
The Pear Tree

Me and two other boys we went out for a spree

Standard

\[
\begin{align*}
3b^4 & \quad V - 6 \\
2 & \quad 4 \\
150 & \quad 4 \\
\end{align*}
\]

Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton with Frank Hinchliffe 30/4/70

Dorothy: "You'd have a job to find a pear tree anywhere wild."

Frank: "Do you know there's some up at Redmires."

Me an' two other boys, we went out for a spree,
An' on our way we let for'a pear tree.
Now to get some pears we felt inclined
So up this tree I did climb.
Em-e-ay-em-a-like a daisy
Right-fol-de-riddle-olde-right-fol-de-day.

Well up this pear tree I gets landed,
The other two boys from me had a-wandered.
It was not the pears that pleas-ed me,
'Twas the man and the woman came under that tree.
Em-e-ay-em-a-like a daisy
Right-fol-de-riddle-olde-right-fol-de-day.

With sweet kisses 'e embraced 'er,
Many a mile 'ad he a-chased her.
'E took off 'is coat to save her gown
And he gently sits this sweet maid down.
Em-e-ay-em-a-like a daisy
Right-fol-de-riddle-olde-right-fol-de-day.

Well I shook that pear tree, they dropped like thunder,
The man and the woman ran away with a wonder.
It was not the pears that pleased me,
'Twas a damn good coat left under that tree.
Em-e-ay-em-a-like a daisy
Right-fol-de-riddle-olde-right-fol-de-day.

* past tense of 'light', meaning 'chance upon, find'. Grace also sang 'let of', 7/2/72.
[Frank prompts.]
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.
Eeme-ayeme-am-a-like a daisy
Right-fol-de-riddle-olde-right-fol-de-day.

Come all ye fair maids wherever you may be,
Nivver go a-courting under a pear tree.
Never take off your coat to save their gown,
If you do the pears 'll come tumbling down.
Eeme-ayeme-am-a-like a daisy
Right-fol-de-riddle-olde-right-fol-de-day.

Note
Frank prompts the fifth verse as he had noticed that Grace had not performed it the previous week. See The Pear Tree, Grace Walton, 23/4/70, S9, and 7/9/72, S41, and The Pear Tree, Frank Hinchliffe, 8/6/72, Hin 49. 7/9/72 Grace includes the extra verse and it is interesting that the melodic variation does not follow Frank's version.
Off to the town I went like fire,
The owner of the coat was my desire.
The owner of the coat was never found out
So I got a dang good coat for nowt . . .
"That was one of Dad's favourites. He was always singing that."
Me and two other boys, we went out for a spree,

And on our way we let for a pear tree.

Now to get some pears we felt inclined

So up this tree I did climb.

Ee-me-aye-me am-a-like-a-daisy

Right fol-de-riddle ol-de right fol-de-day.

Variations

Well up this pear tree I gets landed the...

'Twixt the man and the woman came...

Xa 1 recorded 7/9/72

Off to the town I went like fire

The owner of the coor was my desire...
"Ranmoor Inn" (f)

Standard (inflected 4# and 2#)

VII V - 5
\[ \begin{array}{cc}
104 & 4 \\
\end{array} \]

Grace Walton

Fulwood Booth

30/4/70

[Tape off.]
Then go down to the Ranmoor Inn, it is the best beer in the land. Come on in here, a glass of beer, the best beer in the land.

"Me dad used to sing that. Another one that old Fulwooders made up, like."
Then go down to the Ran-moor Inn, it is the best beer in the land.

Come on in here, a glass of beer, the best beer in the land.
"Rotherham Wedding" (f)  

Standard  ABAC DEDF  
See below  VII# - 8 2 bars  
1 224 4 4  
Grace Walton with Frank Hinchliffe 4/6/70  

Grace: "They bought a pot for smokin' in  
They bought a pipe for smokin' in  
And then asked price of cradle."

[Grace sings.]  
O we supped as much to make us run  
As'd drowned all folk in Rotherham. [She laughs.]  

Grace: "Me dad used to sing that one."

[Frank sings part of the chorus.]  
Roo-dum roo-dum roo-dum day  
Roo-dum tooral-ay-O.  

[Grace hums first part of the tune and sings.]  
A chap came smokin' in me face.  
[She then hums the complete chorus.]  

Note  
See "Rotherham Wedding" (f), 29/10/70, S19, "I only know snatches of it like. [recites]  
'I bought a glass for lookin' in,  
I bought a pipe for smokin' in,  
I bought a pot for suppin' in,  
And Nan asks price of cradle!'  
That's about all I know like."
Grace Pitch = IV

[Hums]

A chap come smokin' in me face

Pitch = VII

0 we supp'd as much to make us run

As 'd drowned all folk in Rotherham,

[Hums]

La - la - la - la - la - la - la

Frank joins in

La - la - la - la - la - la - la

Koo - dum - koo - roo -ral - I. O.
"Take That Ring" (f)  

Standard (inflected 4#)  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ABAC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 3♭   | V - 6  
| ↓ 135 | 4  
|      | 4  

Grace Walton  

7/9/72  

Take that ring from off your finger,  
Take that necklace from your neck,  
And give it to that blue-eyed lover,  
To the one that you love best.  

"I know that's a very old one. I know me dad used to sing it."

"There Came a Cold Wind from the North" (f)  

Standard  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ABCA</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| VII# | 1 - 8  
| ↓ 150 | 3  
|      | 4  

Grace Walton  

29/10/70  

There came a cold wind from the north.  
[Hum]  
And there came a cold wynd from the north.  

"That's the tune of it, like. That's another old one."
Take that ring from off your finger,

Take that necklace from your neck,

And give it to that blue-eyed lover,

To the one that you love best.

There came a cold wind from the north.

And there came a cold wynd from the north.
"Stop and I will sing you"

Stop and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you the ten times.
What by the ten times?
Ten by the ten commandments,
Nine by the nine bright shiners,
Eight by the Gabriel rangers,
Seven from the star of heaven,
Six 'Bowaters' coming,
Five comes o'er the border, three, 'three thribers,
Two gaily white birds and they were dressed in green-O,
One stole 'em all away and never no more shall be.

Note
See Twelve Apostles, Grace Walton, 29/10/70, S19 "It's funny there isn't a four, isn't it, but I've never heard it sung any different". Grace also confirms that there are eleven and twelve times (see Whi21), and that it is sung progressively in two parts from six times upwards.
Stop and I will sing you. What will you sing me?

I will sing you the ten times. What by the ten times?

Ten by the ten commandments, Nine by the nine bright shiners,

Eight by the Gabriel rangers, Seven from the star of heaven,

Six Bow-aters coming,

Five comes o'er the border, Three, three thrivers,

Two gaily white birds and they were dressed in green-O,

One stole 'em all away and never no more shall be.
"Ump Jump Jack" (f)

I# 1 - 8
144 Fulwood Booth
Grace Walton 30/4/70

"Me dad used to sing that."
Ump jump Jack was as live as a bee
And a brisk young sailor he was [hums].

Frank: "For the sword he hath girded on!"
Grace: "'Tis a bit like Minstrel Boy."

Note See 29/10/70, S19.
Ump jump Jack was as live as a bee

and a brisk young sailor he was ...
We Are All Jolly Fellows

"It was early one morn at the break of the day"

Standard

3
176
Grace Walton

ABCA

VII#- 8
3
4
4/6/70

It was early one morn at the break of the day.
The cock was a-crowing, the master did say,
Come arise my good fellows and arise with good will
For your horses want something their bellies to fill.

And when five o'clock comes they awake and arise,
And into the stable they merrily fly.
With a piece* in their pocket, I'll swear and I'll vow
That we're all jolly fellows who follows the plough.

And when six o'clock comes to breakfast they meet.
Of beef bread and pud they merrily eat,
With a-rubbing and scrubbing, I'll swear and I'll vow
That we're all jolly fellows who follows the plough.

We will harness our horses and away we will go,
And see which of us the best furrows draw.
We'll all plough an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow
That we're all jolly fellows who follows the plough.

When the master came round he passed this remark,
What have you been doing? It's now nearly dark.
There's none ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow
That you're all idle fellows who follows the plough.

* Grace later explained that this referred to a working man's snack
as do 'snap' or 'packing-up'.

Wal 29

S11
The ploughboy turned round and he gave this reply,
What you have just said it is a big lie;
For we've all ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow
That we're 'ardworking fellows who follows the plough.

Now it's four o'clock boys, it's time to unyoke.
Unharness your horses with a whistle and joke,
Unharness your horses and rub them well down,
And give them some hay of the very best brown.

Frank: "It's different to what I know."
Dorothy: "Tune or words?"
Frank: "Both on 'em. That tune I've heard it sung to other songs."
Dorothy: "Sounds like Villikins and Dinah."
Grace: "Well you hear that on television. You hear other songs sung to different tunes. I've noticed that."

Note
Grace uses a slide up into some of her notes which is not passing ornamentation (it does not relate to the melodic contour) but is an example of a vocal 'scoop'.
As I walked out one bright May morn

It was there I spied a pretty fair maid as bright as any fairy.
I said, "pretty maid, where are you going?"

But she turned 'er head and blushed and said,
"I'm a poor old weaver's daughter."

"Think I've gone wrong there ... [Grace tries to piece it together.]
'Parted from me, it never shall be, for he's been a good kind father,
And as long as I live I never shall be a poor old weaver's daughter'.
There's something about her mother being dead in that as well ... [Sings first verse again.] There's something about gold and silver I have plenty."

My father he is lame, he's nearly blind and almost past his labour,
And until he is laid in his peaceful grave,
I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

"There's some missed out, I know. Then he says";

Fair-thee-well, fair-thee-well, sweet maid, he cried,
may thy prospect ever be brighter.
May the lad thou loves be constant and true and happily be united.
For friendship's sake this gold ring take,
and a charming maid I thought her;
And as long as I live I never shall forget
the poor old weaver's daughter.

"We're getting a bit more."

Note
Grace sings this hesitantly. In phrase A notes 5 and V are interchanged. See also Hin 59.
As I walked out one bright May morn across your fields so early,

It was there I spied a pretty fair maid as bright as any fairy.

I said, "Pretty maid, where are you going, and by the hand I caught her;

But she turned her head and blushed and said, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

Variations

Well, fare thee well, sweet maid, he cried, may thy...
Come to the Bower (inc)

"Underneath the beds of sweet roses she lie"

123457#
VII V - 5 4 bars
.152 4
Lewis Ward 22/6/71

Underneath the beds of sweet roses she lie,
A blush from her cheek and a tear from her eye.
Then will you, would you? Yes, I will.
You say you will? I will, she cried,
I'll come to the bowers where I love you for ever.

To church then we went for our troubles to get over,
That we might live happy and contented in the bower.
Then will you, would you? Yes, I will.
You say you will? I will, she cried,
I'll come to the bowers where I love you for ever.

Lewis: "I don't know what next is. That's last un, isn't it?"
Mrs Ward: "You used to sing a lot to me 'high-heeled boots and patent leather shoes!'"
Underneath the beds of sweet roses she lies,

A blush from her cheeks and a tear from her eye-

Then will you, would you? Yes, I will. You say you will? I will, she cried,

I'll come to the bowers where I love you forever.

Variations

To church then we... happy and contented in the...
Mrs Lewand, Mrs. Ward and sister 22/6/71

Mrs Ward: "Father used to sing that 'John John John the grey goose is gone and the fox is off to his den-O'. He used to give such a 'Ho!' at finish."

John, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is gone to 'is den-O:

"The Frost Looked Out" (f)  War 3

Mrs Lewis Ward 22/6/71

The frost looked out one still clear night
and whispered now I shall be out of sight.
Over the hills and over the [hesitates] in silence I'll take my way.
I'll not go on like the blustering wind, the hail and the snow [hesitates]
But I'll be as busy as they.

"It's frost ont' window."

First 'e went to the window and powdered 'is crest,
And over the fields and the flowers 'e dressed.

"It's good."

Note  Mrs Ward half-sings and half-recites this item. The melody is too vague to transcribe.
John, John, John, the grey goose is gone,

and the fox is gone to 'is den - O!
My lover she's a tailor

123)4567
V (see below) VII - 8
ɔ360 6

Lewis Ward 22/6/71

Me lover she's a tailor, a tailor she's be trade,
And many a coat and waistcoat me lover she 'as made.
She rises in the morning and finishes off at night.
She's a regular tip and slasher on the Knickerbocker Line.

Watch 'er, twig 'er, a pipe around she goes.
She's got high-heeled boots and patent on the toes
She's one of those flash girls, so beautiful to shine.
She can do the double shuffle on the Knickerbocker Line.

Ah took her to London, a place she liked to go.
She saw some pretty (h)ysters, she said she loved 'em so.
She quickly put two dozen away with 'alf a bottle o' wine.
She's a regular tip and slasher on the Knickerbocker Line.

Watch 'er, twig 'er, a pipe around she goes.
She's got high-heeled boots and patent on the toes
She's one of those flash girls, so beautiful to shine.
She can do the double shuffle on the Knickerbocker Line.

All you young false men, take warning here by me,
Never with a flash girl, never makes you free.
For if you do you're sure to rue, skedaddle her in time,
Then you 'ave to pay for courtin' on the Knickerbocker Line.

Mrs Ward: "O I 'aven't 'eard that verse before."

Watch 'er, twig 'er, a pipe around she goes.
She's got high-heeled boots and patent on the toes
She's one of those flash girls, so beautiful to shine.
She can do the double shuffle on the Knickerbocker Line.

Mrs Ward: "Very good. That end verse we haven't heard before."
Lewis: "I don't know where I dug that up from, but I dug it up."

Note
Lewis learnt the song from his mother. I asked him if he could explain some of the obscure phrases but he could only comment that that was how he had learnt it. The pitch is approximate as the batteries in the tape recorder were fading.
Me lover she's a tailor, a tailor she's be trade,
And many a coat and waistcoat me lover she 'as made.

She rises in the morning and finishes off at night.

She's a regular tip and slaicher on the knickerbocker line.

Watch 'er, twig 'er, a pipe around she goes,

She's got high-heeled boots and patent on the toes.

She's one of those flash girls, so beautiful to shine.

She can do the double shuffle on the knickerbocker line.
Mr Gallagher and Mr Sheen (f)

O Mr Sheen 0 Mr Sheen

123456 (inflected 4¾) ABCD

VII V - 8 3344
1252 2
2 4
Lewis Ward 22/6/71

O Mr Sheen, O Mr Sheen,
What's on your mind this morning Mr Sheen?
For the price is now so high, it's cheaper now to die.
Exactly Mr Gallagher, Absolutely Mr Sheen.

"There's verse after verse of it."

Note
Billy Mills' father and Uncle Jack used to sing it. It was taken from a popular radio programme.

O Joe the Boat Is Going Over (f)

Standard (inflected 4¾) ABCD

VI IV - 4 2 bars
\(\text{\textsc{Note}}\)

Lewis Ward 22/6/71

0 Joe, the boat is going over.
0 Joe, you naughty man, she cried.
0 Joe, I wish I was in Dover,
I'd take you on the waters for a ride.

"When I broke my leg . . . about thirty years ago when I was in hospital, I were laid in bed one morning . . . And there were a chap opposite, an old man about eighty. And one morning he woke up about six, and he started singing 0 Joe the Boat Is Going Over."

Note
Lewis also remembered that his grandfather had sung it.
O Mister Sheen, O Mister Sheen,

What's on your mind this morn-ing Mister Sheen?

For the price is now so high, it's cheaper now to die.


O Joe, the boat is go-ing over.

O Joe, you naugh-ty man, she cried.

O Joe, I wish I was in Dover,

I'd take you on the wat-ers for a ride.
Mrs. Ward: "You daren't sing that one about cow."

Three men went a-hunting and (h)all that they could find
Was an 'aystack stuck in the middle of the field
that they 'ad left be'ind.
The Englishman said it was a 'aystack, the Scotchman 'e said nay,
Old Paddy said it was a church with the steeple blown away.

Three men went a-hunting an' all that they could find
Was an 'edge'og stuck in the middle of the field
that they 'ad left be'ind.
The Englishman said it was a 'edge'og, the Scotchman 'e said nay,
Old Paddy said it was a pin cushion wi' the pins stuck int' wrong way.
[Laughs]

Mrs. Ward: "There's a bit more."
Lewis: "What's next un?"

Three men went a-hunting an' all that they could find
Was a cowflop stuck in the middle of the field
that they 'ad left be'ind.
The Englishman said it was a cowflop, the Scotchman 'e said nay,
Old Paddy said it was a plum pudding with the currants blown away.
[Mrs. Ward laughs uproariously.]

Mrs. Ward: "Now is that too bad for you? I know I used to laugh
when 'e used to sing it to me when I was in my teens."
Lewis: "That is an owd un, that. Me grandfather, he used to sing
that. I once went to a wedding when Owen got married. There were
an old man there from a farm down Lightwood Lane at Norton. An'
it were miles from anywhere then. An' this 'ere old farmer 'e sang
it. Old Syd Morton."
War 7

Three men went a-hunting and (h)all that they could find

Was an 'ay-stack stuck in the middle of the field that they 'ad left be'-ind.

The English-man said it was a 'ay-stack, the Scotch-man 'e said nay,

Old Pad-dy said it was a church with the steep-le blown a-way.
"This one's a very good one if you know it. It's been on telly, part of it. There's some more verses before this one I know."

When six o'clock come to breakfast we went.
We'd good bread and cheese and the best of stingo.
With a-rubbing and scrubbing, I'll swear and I'll vow,
O we all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

"That's one of verses. Frank'll know biggest part of it. Me grandfather used to sing that, Nicholson. He were champion with wood-beam plough."

When the fields were white with daisies
And the roses bloom again.

"I've heard it on telly."

Note
Lewis's father sang it when he was drunk.
When six o'clock come to break-fast we went.

We'd good bread and cheese and the best of akin-go.

With a rub-bing and scrub-bing, I'll swear and I'll vow,

0 we all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

When the fields are white with daisies

And the roses bloom again.
The Banks of Sweet Dundee

"Farmer's Daughter"

It's of a farmer's daughter so beautiful I'm told

1234567(#)

ABBA

III 1 - 8

4 bars

4

136

4

George White

14/10/70

It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,

Her parents died and left her five hundred pound in gold.
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
And soon you shall hear this maiden fair did prove her overthrow.

Her (h)uncle had a ploughboy young Mary loved full well,
And in her uncle's garden the tales of love would tell;
And there was a wealthy squire who oftimes came to see,
But still she loved the ploughboy on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

It was one summer's morning, her uncle went straightway,
He knocked at her bedroom door and thus to her did say,
The squire is waiting for you on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

A fig for all your squires, your dukes and lords likewise,
My William's hands appears to me like diamond in your eye.
Begone unruly female, you will each unhappy be,
For I mean to banish William from the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her (h)uncle (h)and the squire rode out one summer's day.
Young William he's in favour, her uncle he did say,
Indeed its my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the press gang on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

The press gang came to William when he was all alone.
He boldly fought for liberty but there was three to one.
The blood did flow in torrents, Come kill me now, said he,
I would rather die for Mary on the banks of Sweet Dundee.
This maid one day was walking lamenting for her love. She met with the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove. He put his arms around her; stand off (base) man, said she, You sent the (h)only lad I loved from the banks of Sweet Dundee.

He clapped his arms around her and tried to throw her down. Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown. Young Mary took the weapon, his sword he used so free, But she fired and shot the squire on the banks of Sweet Dundee. "That's it."

Notes
See The Banks of Sweet Dundee, George White, 25/2/71, S18. George sang two additional verses.

Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground; Since you have shot the squire, I'll give you your death wound. Stand off then, said young Mary, undaunted I will be, And drew and shot her uncle on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

The doctor was sent for, a man of noble skill, Likewise a lawyer for 'im to make his will. He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully, And now she lives quite happy on the banks of Sweet Dundee.
It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold.

She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
And soon you shall hear this maid-en-fair did prove her overthrow.

plough-boy on the... for you on the banks of our dear Dun-clay...
ap-pees to me like... William from the...

Mary on the... lad I loved from the...

off then, said young... doctor was... Like-wise a
"I've been trying to think about that Barbara Allen job. I used to know some o' that."

In Scarlet town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling.
[hums] a well-a-day,
Her name was Barbara Allen.
In Scarlet town where I was born,

There was a fair maid dwelling.

[Hum]

A well-a-day,

Her name was Barbara Allen.
Beulah Land

My father comes and dwells with me

Standard (inflected 1#, 2 # and 4#) ABCD EFGHFD

V V - 6 2 bars
\( \frac{1}{80} \) 3
4

George White 14/10/70

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
And on the 'ighest mound I stand.
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shornin' [shining?] glory shore,
My heaven at 'ome for evermore.

My father comes and dwells with me,
A sweet communion there will be.
'E gently leads me by the hand
And this is ever Beulah Land.

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
And on the 'ighest mound I stand.
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shornin' [shining?] glory shore,
My heaven at 'ome for evermore.

"You've never 'eard that before, O, I better get 'ymn book."

Note George undoubtedly refers to Ira D. Sankey, Sacred Songs and Solos (London [no date]) where Beulah Land is No. 277.
Rubato

My father comes and dwells with me,

A sweeter communion there will be.

'Em gently leads me by the hand,

And this is ever Beulah Land.

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,

And on the highest mound I stand.

I look away across the sea,

Where mansions are prepared for me,

And view the shorn-in glory shore,

My heaven at some forevermore.
Break the News to Mother (inc)

"Four-wheel brake"

Whilst the shot and shells were flying

Standard (inflected 2#) ABACDE FGPH

IV III - 4 444343 4444

160 6 8

George White 25/2/71

For we'll break the news to Mother, and tell her how dear I love her.
Tell her not to wait for me, for I'm not coming home.
Just say there is no other to take the place of Mother,
And kiss those two red lips for me and break the news to her.

"That's about a young soldier."

Whilst the shot and shells were flying upon the battlefield,
The boys in blue were fighting, they wore a flag a shield.
When a voice from our brave captain, Look boys our flag is down,
Who'll volunteer to save it from disgrace?
I will, the young boy shouted, I'll bring it back or die.
And then he sprang in the thickest of the fray.

"Somebody fetched him in. This they heard 'im say."

For break the news to Mother and tell her how dear I love her.
Tell her not to wait for me, for I'm not coming home.
Just say there is no other to take the place of Mother,
And tell her not to wait for me and break the news to her.
For we'll break the news to mother, and tell her how dear I love her.

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

Just say there is no other to take the place of mother,

And kiss those two red lips for me and break the news to her.

Whilst the shot and shell were flying up on the battle field,

The boys in blue were fighting, they wore a flag a shield.

When a voice from our brave captain, looked boys our flag is down,

Who'll volunteer to save it from disgrace?

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

And then he sprung in the thickest of the fray.
"Breddle on the Moor"

Standard

II

1 - 9
4
4

George White 25/2/71

"I've heard me dad sing a bit of that but not all of it."

With Breddle on the moor, with Breddle on the moor,
It's the wynd that blows bitter with Breddle on the moor.

"It's about a young woman that had a little un and father turned her out, you see. And she goes back knocking on t'door. And he wouldn't open door to 'er. And when they found 'er she was laid dead at door."

[Hums fragment of tune for Mary of the Wild Moor.]

Note
George confuses two songs.
With Breddle on the moor with Breddle on the moor

It's the wynd that blows bitter with Breddle on the moor

[Hums] — — — — — — — — — —
The Broken Token

"Sailor's Bride"

A pretty fair maid walked in her garden

Standard

VII - VII#↓ I - 5 2 bars

136+ 2

George White 14/10/70

A pretty fair maid walked in her garden.
A brisk young sailor came riding by,
Riding up to her thinking to own her,
He said, Fair maid canst thou fancy (h)I?

She said, Thou look some man of honour,
Some man of honour thou seems for to be.
How canst thou fancy such a poorer woman
That's not fitting for thy servant for to be?

If thou not fitting to be my servant,
I got as good a regard for thee.
I mean to make thee my bride and jewel,
Thou shall 'ave servants to wait on thee.

I got a sweetheart of my own, Sir,
And seven long years he's been gone from me;
And seven more years I will wait upon him,
If he's alive he will return to me.

If it's seven long years since thou love [hesitates] left me,
I'm sure he's either dead or drowned.
For seven long years makes an alteration,
Since thou true love is not to [hesitates] be found again.

He clasped his loving arms around her,
He said, Thou true love shall never be lost.
For I am thou true love and a single sailor,
And many a time the wild ocean crossed.

If thou my true and single sailor,
Show me the ring that thou gave to me.
Show me the hoop that we broke betwixt us,
And then I will give in to thee.

He put 'is 'and into 'is bosom,
'Is fingers they being thin and small,
Pulling out the hoop that they broke betwixt us.
Down to the ground this fair maid did fall.

This lovely couple they got married.
In wedlock banks they did both agree.
They lived together and they loved each other,
Down in a cottage down by the sea.

"That's it."
A pretty fair maid walked in her garden.

A brisk young sailor came riding by,

Riding up to her, thinking to own her,

He said, Fair maid, canst thou fancy (h)I?

Verse One

That’s not... mean to make thee my...

seven more years I will... seven long years makes an...

be found again...
Come to the Bower

"Banks of Sweet Roses"

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie

123457#  ABCD
V↓ V - 5  4 bars
↓ 136(+)  4
George White  25/2/71

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie,
A blush from 'er cheeks and a smile from 'er eye.
Then will you, would you? Yes, I will.
   You say you would? I will, she cried,
I'll come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

He showed to me a ring that was mingled with dew.
She languished and vowed that to me she would be true.
Then will you, would you? Yes, I will.
   You say you would? I will, she cried,
I'll come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

To church we both went, all our troubles to get over,
That we might live happy and contented in the bower.
Then will you, would you? Yes, I will.
   You say you would? I will, she cried,
I'll come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

"It wants two to sing that. It don't matter whether it's a
woman or not. Me dad and me used to sing it."

Note
A text of the song appears in Johnson's New London Song Book (London
[no date]), p. 47. It is printed in two parts, 'Will You Come to the
Bower?' and 'I'll Come to the Bower'.
Un-derneath the banks of sweet roses she lie-

A blush from 'er cheeks and a smile from 'er eye.

Then will you, would you? Yes, I will. You say you would? I will, she cried,

I'll come to the bow'er and I'll love you--for- e-ver.

Vanishing

He... happy and con-...
Early One Morning (f)

Standard

III½  V - 8
½  2
4 bars
4

George White  14/10/70

Early one morning just as the sun was rising,
I met a pretty maid in the valley below;
O don't deceive me, O never leave me,
How canst thou treat a poor maiden so?

"I forgot the other. [words] ... Me sister knows that I'll bet you."
Early one morning just as the sun was rising,
I met a pretty maiden in the valley below;
O don't deceive me, O never leave me,
How canst thou treat a poor maiden so?
Edward

"What is that blood?"

What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve?

Standard

IIIþ 1 - 8
110 4

George White 2 bars

What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve?
My son, come tell it unto me.
It's the blood of thy dear brother
That's layin' under yonder tree,
That's layin' under yonder tree.

What has thou killed thy dear brother for?
My son, come tell it unto me.
Because he's killed those three pretty birds
That fly from tree to tree,
That fly from tree to tree.

What shall I do now thy father's gone?
My son come tell it unto me.
I'll put my foot on board a ship
And sail across the sea,
And sail across the sea.

"One of these lads has shot these birds, you see, these pretty birds. Course 'e's killed his brother - a serious job ..."
What is that blood on thy shirt-sleeve?

My son come tell it un-to me.

It's the blood of thy dear brother.

That's layin' under yonder tree,

That's layin' under yonder tree.

Variations

fly from tree to ...
Fulwood Farmers and Neighbours

Old Ben Broomhead at Fairthorn

12345
IIIβ  1 - 5
1/60  4
George White  14/10/70

Old Ben Broom'ead at Fairthorn,
Old Con's wife she's Irish born,
And Thomas Gee keeps Grouse and Trout,
And Walter Wood'ouse is very stout.

And Johnnie Perkin at Wyming Brook,
And Joe Smith 'is land doth suck,
And Nancy Ogden shoes growin' double,
And 'Arry Duke he's allus in trouble.

And Billy Marsden at Fulwood Booth,
He stands weather rough and smooth,
And Billy Broom'ead beard is black,
And Billy Parkinson wears a straw hat.

And Jim Swift [hesitates] has a long chin, [laughs]
And Johnnie Lawson likes his gin,
And Rachel Duke is as rough as gorse,
And Harry Thorpe he clams [starves] his horse.

And Ben Marsden milk does 'goer',
And George Silcock lives next door,
And Bill Fox is getting old,
And Bill Green's ear 'oils allus cold.

And John Brocksup 'e keeps sheep,
And Ben Green 'e's allus asleep,
And Jack Garner lives in t'row,
And Billy Broom'ead just below.
And Fred 'Awk at Ful'ood 'all,
And Joss Fox 'as 'Ole in t'Wall,
And Harry Wilson is a little man,
And George Peat makes all t'beezoms 'e can.

And Charly Randerson he sells spice,
And Joe Woodcock says it's nice,
And Ben Thorpe [hesitates] keeps farm stock,
And Fred Elliot works among rock.

And George Marsden doctors cows,
And Jack Lomas kicks up rows,
Zenas Marsden fiddle doth play,
And Barny Kelly run away.

And John Thompson he sells stout,
And Jack 'Ewitt has a long snout,
And Jack Grange is very fat,
And Sam Broom'ead is thin as a lath.

And Joe Dungworth [hesitates] keeps Sportsman Inn,
And George Lawson's very thin,
And Josh White lives in Crimicar Lane,
And Jim Marsden lives in t'same.

And Bill Hinchliffe's very lame,
And Bob Lawson's going t'same,
And Dan Harrison makes saw 'andles,
And Sam Wildgoose sells tallow candles.

"That's all there is. Me dad could sing that. Me grandad White not long before 'e died 'e wrote that."

Note
George confirms that his father sang a chorus, 'Toora-roora-roora-lay'.
George sings another couplet at the end,

And Bill Nicholls has a black mare,
Her shoes were all rough and her ribs were all bare.

At George Silcocks he interrupts with, "That's him that was buried yesterday."
Old Ben Broomfield at Fairthorn,

Old Con's wife she's Irish born,

And Thomas Gee keeps Grouse and Trout,

And Walter Woodhouse is very stout.

Variations

And Billy Marsden at... And Ben Marsden...

And Josh White lives in... fiddle cloth play And

makes saw and...
The Golden Glove

"Dog and Gun"

A wealthy young squire in Tamworth we hear

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>ABCD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>VII* - 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

George White 14/10/70

A wealthy young squire in Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
And for to get married it was their intent,
All friends and relations they gave their consent.

The time being appointed for their wedding day,
A young farmer was chosen to give her away.
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
O my heart, O my heart, this fair lady did cry.

Instead of getting married she took to 'er bed.
The thoughts of the farmer ran (h) into 'er head.
The thoughts of the farmer so ran in 'er mind,
And for to gain him she quickly did find.

[Long pause as George tries to read his father's copy.]

A waistcoat and trousers she then did put on
As she went y-hunting with 'er dog and 'er gun
She 'unted all round where the farmer did dwell,
For she knew in 'er heart that she loved him so well.

She oft 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,
As she went y-hunting with 'er dog and 'er gun.

I thought you'd have been at the wedding today,
To wait upon the squire and give 'er away.
O no, said the farmer, the truth to you I'll tell,
I can't give 'er away, I love her full well.
The lady was pleased to hear him so bold.
She handed him a glove that was covered with gold.
She says that I've found it in coming along,
As she was y-hunting with 'er dog and 'er gun.

The lady went 'ome with her heart full of love,
And she gave out a notice that she had lost a glove;
And the man that shall find it and bring in unto me,
And the man that shall find it my husband he shall be.

As soon as the farmer did hear of the news,
Straightaway with the glove to the lady he goes.
'E says, My honoured lady I've brought you your glove,
And I shall be pleased if you'll grant me your love.

Your love's already granted, I will be your bride.
I love the sweet breath of the farmer, she cried.
I'll be t'mistress of me dairy and the milkin' of me cows,
While me jolly young farmer goes whistlin' with 'is plough.

So now we are married, I'll tell you of the fun,
As I went y-hunting with a dog and a gun.
So now (h)I have got him so fast in a snare,
I'll enjoy him forever, I'll vow and declare.

"That's the end o' that. You see, how she managed to get him, same as my missis got me, she dropped glove and gave it 'im, you see."

Note
George starts singing the melody of The Banks of Sweet Dundee, realises his mistake and restarts.
A wealthy young squire in Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
And for to get married it was their intent,
All friends and relations they gave their consent.

Variations

The time... Their wedding day, A young...
Instead of getting... For she knew... him she...
When first in this country a stranger
curiosity caused me to roam.
Over England I resolved to ramble till I came to Philadelphia my home.
I quickly sailed over to England,
in course of great beauty to 'shorne';*
Till at length I beheld a fair damsel
and I wished in my heart she was mine.

One morning I careless did ramble
in the meadow where the soft breezes blow.
It was there I espied a fair damsel, most beauty and splendour to 'shorne',
She rose from the reeds by the water on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I stepped up and I bids her good morning,
and her fair cheeks they did blush like a rose.
Saying, I, the green meadows are charming
your guardian I'll be, if you chose.
Young man I need no guardian, young man you're a stranger to me;
And yonder my father he's a-comin' o'er the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I awaited till up came her father and I plucked up my courage once more.
Saying, Sir, if this be your daughter, she's a beautiful girl I adore.
Ten thousand a year is my fortune, and a lady your daughter might be.
She will ride in a chariots and horses
o'er the green mossy banks of the Lea.

They welcomed me home to her cottage, soon after to wedlock did join;
And soon they erected a castle most beauty and splendour to 'shorne'.
Now this young gay Irishman, a stranger,
to all pleasures and pastimes can be,
Like the daughter of a gentle Matilda
on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Come all ye young maids take a warning no matter how poor you may be.
For there's many a poor girl that's handsome
as those that have the large property.
By flattering let no man deceive you,
you may know what your future might be.
Like the daughter of a gentle Matilda
on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

* George's pronunciation of this word follows his father's spelling
in the MS as shown above and certainly mean's 'shine'. See Whi 3
for an example of the same usage.
When first in this country a stranger
curiosity caused me to roam.
Over England I resolved to ramble
Till I came to Philadelphia my home.
I quickly sailed over to England,
in course of great beauty to shone;
Till at length I beheld a fair damsel.
and I wished in my heart she was mine.

Variations
II d2

splendor to ... Matilda on the ...

man I need no ...
Jockey to the Fair (f)  

Standard (inflected 4#)  

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{II} & \quad V - 9 \\
\text{♯240} & \quad 6 \\
\text{George White} & \quad 8
\end{align*}
\]

George White

Me dad and ma is fast asleep,  
And I am up and with the sheep,  
And lambs to fiddle and lambs to play,  
And made [hums] ...  
The smiling morn, the blooming day,  
[Hums]  
The smiling morn, the blooming day,  
When lovely Jeannie ran away  
With Jockey to the fair, the fair,  
With Jockey to the fair.

"Me dad used to sing that."
Me dad and ma is fast a-sleep,
And I am up and with the sheep.

And lambs to field-le and lambs to play,
And ma-lc [Hum] ---

The smi-ling morn—the bloom-ing day,
[Hum] ---

The smi-ling morn—the bloom-ing day,
When love-ly Jean-nie ran a-way

With Joc-key to the fair, the fair,
With Joc-key to the fair.
The Jolly Waggoner

"Waggoning"

When first I went a-waggoning

Standard (inflected 4♯) ABCDE

II    V - 8
       4 bars

.160  4
       4

George White  25/2/71

Upon a cold and stormy night when wet through to my skin,
I filled my parents hearts with grief, with sorrow, care and woe,
And many (h)are the 'ardships that I have since gone through;
Singing, Whoa me lads! Drive on! Drive on me lads I-O,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

"I've got mixed up here, haven't I." [long pause]

Upon a cold and stormy night when wet through to my skin.
I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn,
And there about the fire with the landlord and his kin;
Singing, Whoa me lads! Drive on! Drive on me lads I-O,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

Now the summer time is coming on, what pleasures we shall see.
The merry finch is twittering on every greenwood tree.
The blackbird and the throstle too are singing merrily;
Singing, Whoa me lads! Drive on! Drive on me lads I-O,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

Note
George is confused over the first line of the first verse. This is resolved after he has recited the verse through.
Upon a cold and stormy night when wet through to the skin,

I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn,

And then about the fire with the landlord and his kin.

Singing, Whoa me lads! Drive on! Drive on me lads I - O,

For there's none can drive a waggon when the horses will not go.

Variation

Hearts with grief with... I have since gone...

Now the...
"Little Pal"

Now little pal when your Daddy goes away

Standard

IV     V - 5
152 and 108 4 and 3

George White 14/10/70

Now little pal, when your daddy goes away,
Promise you'll be good from day to day.
Do as your mummy says and never sin;
Try an' be the lad your daddy might 've been.
Your daddy didn't have an easy start,
And this is the way I'll keep within my heart —

What I couldn't be, little pal,
I want you to be, little pal,
And if someday you'll be on a new daddy's knee
Don't forget about me, little pal.

"I used to know a lot of them sort of songs, you know, but I've forget 'em."

Note

George is prompted to sing this by his wife. He had sung it to her after an argument on one occasion.
Now little pal, when your daddy goes away,
Promise you'll be good from day to day.
Do as your mummy says and never sin;
Try an' be the lad your daddy might've been.
Your daddy didn't have an easy start,
And this is the way I'll keep within my heart—
What I couldn't be, little pal,
I want you to be, little pal.
And if some day you'll be on a new daddy's knee
Don't forget about me, little pal.
I was scarcely eighteen years of age

When into the army I did engage.
I left my home with a good intent
To join the forty-second regiment.

Now to Fullwood barracks I had to go,
To put some time in at that depot.
[Hums] ...

Now while stationed out on guard one day,
Some comrades children came out to play.
From orderly room my captain came
And he ordered me to take the parents' name.

Now I took but one, instead of three,
Neglect of duty he then charged me.
Neglect of a duty is a serious crime,
Ten days solitary confinement was my time.

"I'n't it sickening when you forget it, eh?"
When stationed back on guard one day
[Hums]...
I shot my colonel against my will,
It was Captain 'Ammond I intended to kill.

Now I shed his blood, I did the deed.
At Liverpool Assizes my trial stood,
And the judge said to me, Why McCaffery
Prepare for your death upon the barracks square.

Now I had no father to take my part,
Nor had I a mother to break her heart,
I had a pal and a pal was she,
She'd 'a' laid her life down for McCaffery.

Now all you officers take a tip from me,
Respect young soldiers with civility,
Treat them right for they'll ne'er forget,
An officer made a murderer of McCaffery.

"I learnt that with soldiers. I might have learnt it when I were
in Service Corps ... Barrack Room song."
I was scarcely eighteen years of age.

When into the army I did engage.

I left my home with a good intent.

To join the forty-second regiment.

Vanishing

Full-wood barracks I... order-ly room my...

days solitary confinement was my time.

Nor had I a mother to break her heart.

An officer made a murderer of McCaffery.
"Thresherman"

A nobleman lived in the village of Leek.

He kept a poor thrasher man whose family was great.
He's a wife and seven children, and most of them are small,
With nothing but his labour to maintain them all,
With nothing but his labour to maintain them all.

So careful and constant each morning he went
Unto his daily labour with joy and content.
With his frail [flail] on his back and a bottle of beer,
As cheerful as those that gets a thousand a year,
As cheerful as those that gets a thousand a year.

The nobleman met his poor thrasher man one day,
And kindly accosted him, Tell to me I pray,
Thou's a wife and seven children, I know it to be true.
How canst thou maintain them so well as thou do?
How canst thou maintain them so well as thou do?

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do mow,
And other times a-hedging and a-ditching I do go.
There's nothing comes amiss to me neither harrow, cart or 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.

My wife she is willing to join me in youth.
We live just like two turtle doves and seldom do provoke.
Sometimes we are hard up and sometimes very poor.
But still we keep those raging wolves away from the door.
But still we keep those raging wolves away from the door.

When my day's work is over I go home at night.
My wife and my children they are my delight;
The children they are prattlin' and playin' with their toys,
And these are the riches that a poor man enjoys,
And these are the riches that a poor man enjoys.

Now since thou spoke so well of your wife and family,
I make you live happy all the rest of your life.
There's fifty acre 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.

Their tongues were unable in full to express
The depth of their joy and their thankfulness.
They make many courtesy and bow to the ground;
Such noblemen there are few to be found,
Such noblemen there are few to be found.
A noble man lived in the village of Leck,

He kept a poor thrasher man whose family was great.

He's a wife and seven children, and most of them are small,

With nothing but his labour to maintain them all.

With nothing but his labour for to maintain them all.

Variation

maintain them so... When my... beer As...
Now the summer is ended and the harvest is past.

We've sown all our corn an' we've mown all our grass.
There's a neat little cottage that stands in yonder view,
And that's where I go a-courting when I've nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do, nothing else to do,
And that's where I go a-courting when I've nothing else to do.

I go there a-courting, an' what harm in that.
I spend all my time in sweet 'armony and chat.
She told me that she loved me and I thought she did so too,
And I told her we'd get married when I'd nothing else to do.

"That's all I know of that one."
Now the summer is ended and the harvest is past.

We've sown all our corn and we've mown all our grass.

There's a neat little cottage that stands in yonder view,

And that's where I go a-court-ing when I've nothing else to do.

Nothing else to do, nothing else to do;

And that's where I go a-court-ing when I've nothing else to do.
Outlandish Knight (f)

"Jump On Jump On"

Standard

II 1-8
Δ 198 6
George White 8

ABCA' CA' CA'

2 bars

George White 25/2/71

"I know a bit of that one."

Jump on, jump on thy milk white mare,
And be'old me dapple so grey.
It's six pretty maids has drowded here,
And the seventh is drownding thee.

And she took him by the middle so small
And she tumbled him into the sea.

"You know it's thirty years since I was singing these and you forget
the blooming things."

Fetch three of the best nags out your father's stable
That's where there lay three and thirty.
Jump on, jump on thy milk white mare,
And be-fore—me dapp-le so grey.

It's six pret-ty maids has drown-ed here,
And the seventh is drown-ing thee.

Variation

Three of the best mags in your fa-ther's stable.
In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

123456    ABCD
2ψ V - 6   4 bars
130 3
4
George White 14/10/70

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell
A brisk young lad; and I loved him well
He courted me, my heart so gay,
Until at length, he stole my heart away.

O mistress, O mistress you little do know
The pains and trials I now undergo.
Put your right hand on my left breast,
My aching 'eart can take no rest.

I went upstairs to make my bed.
I layed me down and nothing said.
My mistress came unto me and said,
What is the matter with you, my maid?

O write me a letter and write it with speed,
And take it to him, that's if he can read,
Then bring me a (h)answer without delay,
For he's been and stole my heart away.

She gathered the leaves to make my bed
A feathery pillow for my head;
And the leaves that fall from tree to tree
Shall make a covering over me.

This brings to mind the past and gone,
Night after night brings all things on.
You do a question ask of me,
May this in answer prove to be.

**Note**
See Sheffield Park, George White, 25/2/71, S18.
In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

A brisk young lad, and I loved him well.

He courted me, my heart so gay,

Until at length, he stole my heart away.

Variations

My aching... feath-er-y
Twelve Apostles

"Five comes over the border"

Stop and I will sing thee

123456 Irregular ABCBA ... DEF

III I - 5 22223 ... 444

\[ 180+ \]

4 and 2

4

George White

14/10/70

Stop and I will sing thee.
What will thou sing me?
I will sing you the six times.
What by the six times?

"You've got to sing 'em all way down, everyone..."

Twelve by the twelve apostles,
Eleven by the 'leven archangels,
Ten by the ten commandments,
Nine by the nine bright shiners,
Eight by the Gabriel Rangers,
Seven from the star of heaven,
Six 'Bowaters' cooing,
Five comes o'er the border,
Three three thrivers,
Two gaily white birds
And they were dressed in green - 0,
One stole them all away
And never no more shall be.

"You could get fair out o' wind with that job."

Note
George works this out slowly stopping to think. He first sings five times, then nine times and ten times, and finally twelve times. George insisted that there was no four times. See Twelve Apostles, George White, 25/2/71, S26. "I've sung that wi' me dad. We used to let it rip, that one. Build it all up and come down every time."
Stop and I will sing thee. What will thou sing me?

I will sing you the six times. What by the six times? ...

Twelve by the twelve apostles, Eleven by the eleven archangels,

Ten by the ten commandments, Nine by the nine bright shinners,

Eight by the Gabriel Rang-ers, Seven from the star of Beau-en,

Six Bo-water com-ing,

Five come over the border, Three three thri-vers,

Two gai-ly white birds. And they were dressed in green-o,

One stole them all away And ne-ver no more shall be.
We Are All Jolly Fellows (f)

For we've all ploughed an acre I'll swear and I'll vow,
We're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

[hums]

Standard (A)BCD

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{II} & 1 - 8 \\
\text{I} & 3 \\
\text{I} & 4 \\
\text{George White} & 14/10/70
\end{array} \]

4 bars
For we've all ploughed an acre I'll swear and I'll vow

We're all jolly fellows that follow the plough
As I walked out one bright May morn

As I walked out one bright May morn across yon fields so early,
It was there I spied a pretty fair maid as bright as any fairy.
I says, My pretty maid, where are you going?
and by the hand I caught her.

Kind sir, she says, I'm going home, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

My mother's dead and in her grave, and the early lesson taught me,
To marry for love and not for gold,
cried the poor old weavers daughter.

My father he's lame and nearly blind, and he's almost past his labour;
And parted from me it never shall be, for he's been a good kind father,
Until he's layed in his peaceful grave, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well sweet maid, he cried,
may the prospects never be blighted.
May the lad thou love may be constant and true and happy be united.
For friendship's sake this gold ring take,
and a charming manner thought her,
As long as I live I never shall forget that poor old weaver's daughter.

"That's all I know. I think there's another verse to that, but I've forgot it, you know. My dad never wrote that one down, you see. One of best int' lot."
As I walked out one bright May morn across your fields so early,

It was there I spied a prettiest maid as bright as any fairy.

I says, My pretty maid, where are you going? and by the hand I caught her,

Kind sir, she says, I'm going home, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

Variations

father he's lame, and his... -well fare thee well sweet...
"What's the Use of Gold?" (f)

Standard ABECD

IV  V - 6

y180  6

George White  25/2/71

O what's the use of gold if you are not 'appy?
Those that wait for money is oftime very sore.
But love is but the only guide for a bridegroom and his bride,
For half an ounce of love is worth a hundredweight of gold.

"That's all you get of that one."
Who is the use of gold if you are not happy?

Those that wait for money is of time very sure.

But love is but the only guide for a bridegroom and his bride.

For half an ounce of love is worth a hundred weight of gold.
"White Cockayne"

It was on one Monday morning when I crossed o'er yond' hill

It was on one Monday morning when I crossed o'er yond' hill,
I had no thought of listing till a soldier did me cross.
He advanced me some money, he advanced me some money,
He advanced me some money ten guineas and a crown.

It's true my love had listed and he wears a white cockayne.
He's a very handsome young man and he gone to serve the queen,
Whilst my very heart lies breaking, whilst my very heart lies breaking,
Whilst my very heart lies breaking all for the love of you.

He pulled out a handkerchief to wipe a flowing tear.
Saying, Take this in rememberance till 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.

Note
George's version has a four phrase melody in contrast to the usual five phrases.
It was on one Monday morning when I crossed over yond'hill,
I had no thoughts of list'ning till a sol-dier did me cross.
He advanced me some money, he advanced me some money,
He advanced me some money ten guineas and a crown.

Variations

It's true my love had list'ed and he... While myvery heart lies...
He pulled out a money thee my...
The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many long year

I spent all my money on whisky and beer,
I have travelled the wide world, I put 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.

I asked him to forgive, I asked him to forgive his dear prodigal son;
And if he forgives me, never again will I roam,
An' 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.

I go to the Peacock, as I oft used to do,
I said to the landlord, My pockets are low.
Will you strap me a jar, sir? The (h)answer was, No,
I can have lots of customers like you every day.
Singing nay, O never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

"And that's all we've got o' t'Wild Rover."

Note
Joe Womack had written the words out for George but he had mislaid them and so sang from memory.
Rubato

I've been a wild rover for many long years.

I spent all my money on whisky and beer.

I have travelled the wide world, I put 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.

Variations

II a 3

III d 2

asked him to forgive...

customers like...

II c 3

III c 3

never again...

the answer...
Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime

"Royal Albion"

As I walked down by yon Royal Albion

Standard  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IV</th>
<th>V - 5</th>
<th>4 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

George White  
25/2/71

"I've got all t'words of that down somewhere when I can find 'em."

As I walked down by yon Royal Albion,

Dark was the morning and bitter the day,
When who should I see there but one of my comrades,
Rolled in a blanket far colder than clay.

So we'll beat the drum o'er him we'll blow the fife merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we carry him along,
We'll take him to the churchyard and fire three volley's o'er him,
He was a young soldier cut down in his prime.

At the corner of the street you'll see two flash girls standing,
One to the other they whisper and say,
There goes that young soldier whose money we squandered,
Whose money we squandered on whisky and wine.

Six pretty young maidens will carry his coffin,
Six pretty young maidens will follow be'ind,
Each one of them carrying a bunch of white roses,
Then no-one will smell him as we pass him by.

So we'll beat the drums o'er him we'll blow the fife merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we carry him along,
We'll take him to the churchyard we'll fire three volleys o'er him,
He was a young soldier cut down in his prime.

Now all ye young fellows take heed of my story,
Now all ye young fellows take a warning from me,
And never go courting flash girls of the city,
Flash girls of the city were the ruin of me.

"I might 'ave missed one or two verses out o' that ... I was reading a book when I was a soldier, in Ireland at time, an' that song were in it. It were one of them there paperback books ... Some sing young soldier and some sing young sailor. 'E's knocking about with these women and gets a disease an' it kills 'im. He [father] never used to sing that. I'd heard somebody singing that, I knew a bit on it, and then I came across it in this 'ere book ... We used to sing in t'army and that. We used to sing a lot o' army songs. Black and Tan, I forget that, Irish Rebel Song. If you start singing that in Ireland you're likely to get tar and feathered."
As I walked down by the Royal Albion,

Dark was the morning and bitter the day,

When who should I see but one of my comrades,

Rolled in a blanket far colder than clay.

Vanishing
In a passion

so we'll beat the drum... five three volleys o'er him,

carry his coffin... carrying a...

never go...
When I was scarcely eighteen years of age, I
Into the army I did engage. I
left my home with the best intent To join the forty-second regiment. Now to Fullwood Barracks I did go, To serve my time in that old depot; But out of trouble I was never free, Since Captain Hood took dislike to me. Now as I stood on guard one day, Three soldiers' children they came to play. From the officers' quarters the orders came For me to take their parents' name: Now I took one name, say, out of three. Neglect of duty was the charge on me. "I'm embarrassed singing like." Ten days C.B.* and ten days' pay, Say, for doing my duty the opposite way. Now back to the barrack room I did go, And with a loaded rifle, say, I let go. Was Captain Hood that I meant to kill, But I shot my colonel against my will. I done my deed, I shed his blood. At Liverpool Assizes my trial I stood. The judge said, Guilty, prepare thyself, For the gallows that thou's earned theeself. Now I had no father to take my part, Nor yet a mother to break 'er heart, But I 'ad a friend and a girl is she. She'd lay down 'er life for McCaverty. "I'd've got that other bit if I'd 'ad a drink and been singing it."

Note

* confined to barracks
When I was scarcely eighteen years of age,

Into the army I did engage.

I left my home with the best intent

To join the forty second regiment.

Since Captain Hood took dislike to me...

She'd lay down her life for McCawerty.
The Wild Rover (r)

I've been a wild rover for many a year

Standard (A)BACDC

IV V - 5 44454

128+ 3

Bert Womack 1/4/71

(I've been a wild rover for many a year)*
I've spent all my money on whisky and beer.
I've travelled the world over but never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.
Singing, No, nay, never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

"We can sing you that up 'ere."

* Recited.
I've spent all my money on whisky and beer,
I've travelled the world over but never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

Singing, No, nay, never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.
Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime

"Royal Albion"

As I walked down by the Royal Albion Standard

IV V - 5
1/80\textsuperscript{+} 3
\textfrac{4}{4}

Bert Womack 1/4/71

As I walked down by the Royal Albion,
Dark was the morning and bitter the day,
When who should I see there but one of my comrades,
Rolled in a blanket far colder than clay.

We'll beat the drums o'er him, we'll blow the fifes merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we carry 'im along.
We'll take 'im to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er him.
He was a young soldier cut down in his prime.

"This is old army song."

At the corner of the street you'll see six girls standing.
One to the other they whisper and say,
There goes that young soldier whose money we've squandered,
Whose money we've squandered on whisky and wine.

"Then repeat chorus."

Six pretty young maidens will carry his coffin.
Six pretty young maidens will follow behind.
Each of them carrying a bunch of white roses,
So we will not smell him as we pass him by.

Note
Unfortunately the last verse was not recorded. See Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime, Peacock, 11/3/71, S26, where Bert recites the following,

"Six pretty young maidens will carry his coffin.
Six pretty young maidens will follow behind.
Each of them carrying a bunch of white roses,
So we will not smell him as we pass him by.

Now all you young soldiers take heed of my story.
Now all you young soldiers take warning by me.
Never go a-courting flash girl in the city,
Flash girls in the city were the ruin of me.

About a youth that has that disease."
As I walked down by the Royal Al-bi-on,

Dark was the morn-ing and bit-ter the day,

When who should I see there but one of my com-rades,

Rolled in a blan-ket far cold-er than clay.
Jim the Carter's Lad (f)   WomJ 1

"Crackety Crackety Goes my Whip"   S26

Standard (see below)   ABCD

IV#   V - 3 (see below)   4443
G238   6
6         8

Joe Womack   10/4/71

Crackety, crackety, goes me whip, I whistle and I sing. I sit upon ma waggon, I'm as 'appy as a king. The 'orse is always willing and it's a jolly life, I'm Jim the carter's lad. [Laughs]

"There were three verse to all of them."

Note
The first line is obviously sung to the wrong tune (My Yorkshire Farm?). The fourth phrase is also confused.
Cock-ety, cock-ety, goes me whip, I whistle and I sing.

I sit upon my wagon, I'm as jolly as a king.

The horse is always willing and it's a jolly life,

I'm Jim the cart-ee's lad.
"My Yorkshire Farm"

When first I took my Yorkshire Farm

When first I took my Yorkshire Farm it nearly turned me grey. The bulls and cows were ragin' and the farm-dog wouldn't stay. The horse won't kick, the cow won't milk, for I dare not feed the sow; For I was kind and gentle, and that's where I've to now - And if so be you will stay with me for a farmyard holiday, The ducks and 'ens won't do you any 'arm. They lay you eggs to take to town, [unclear] To think that you're a prodigal son on a dear old Yorkshire farm.

"I'm not very good at singing."

Note
Many of the words are difficult to hear. The song finishes in the top octave (8).
When first I took my Yorkshire farm it nearly turned me grey.

The bulls and cows were raging and the farm-dog wouldn't stay.

The horse won't kick, the cow won't milk, I dare not feed the sow,

For I was kind and gentle and that's where I've to now.

And if so be you will stay with me for a farm-yard holiday,

The ducks and hens want do you any harm.

They lay you eggs to take to town, [unclear] — — —

To think that you're a prodigal son on a dear old Yorkshire farm.
Nothing Else to Do (f)

Standard

II V - 5 4 bars

Joe Womack 10/4/71

[Hums first line.]
I spent all my hours in sweet 'armony and chat,
And she told me that she loved me as I thought she did so too.
I told 'er I would wed 'er when I'd nothing else to do. [laughs]

Wassail Song

"We've been a while a-wandering"

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

Note

Joe said they went 'wesseling' on New Year's Eve. They also sang "Tinwood."
I spent all my hours in sweet harmony, and chat,

And she told me that she loved me as I thought she did so too.

I told 'er I would wed 'er when I'd nothing else to do.

We've been a while a-wandering amongst the leaves so green,

But now we've come a-wassailing, so fairly to be seen.

Pray God send you, pray God send you,

Pray God send you a happy New Year.
'Twas early one morning before break of day
The cocks were all crowing, the farmer did say.
Come arise my good fellows, arise with a will,
The 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

When six o'clock came we merrily rise,
And across to yon stable we merrily fly.
With a-rubbing and scrubbing, our 'orses to clean,
And we all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

"I don't know no more. Least, I've forgot it. There used to be
three or four long verses to that."

Note
The whole of the first verse is sung to the phrase 'A' of the melody.
When six o'clock came we merrily rise,
And across to your stable we merrily fly.
With a scrubbing and scrubbing, our horses to clean,
And we all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

Variation
I a 2 (also b and d)

Morning before break of...
White Cockade (f)  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>ABCD/CE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>V - 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>108</td>
<td>4 bars</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Joe Womack 10/4/71

(First I went a-waggoning,)* a-waggoning did go,  
I 'ad no thoughts of listing till a soldier did me go.  
'E advanced me some money, when I return again,  
'E advanced me some money, one sovereign and one crown.

'E gave to me an 'andkerchief to wipe a flowing tear.  
'E gave to me an 'andkerchief to wipe a flowing tear.

"That's all I know of that. There's two or three verses of that."

* Recited

Note  
Joe confuses the first line with The Jolly Waggoner.
First I went a-waggoning, a-waggon-ing did go,
I had no thoughts of list'ring till a soldier did me go.
"E advanced me some mon-ey, when I re-turn a-gain,
"E advanced me some mon-ey, one sover-eign and one crown.
"E gave to me a hand-ker-chief to wipe a flowing tear.
The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many long year.
I've travelled the wide world, I've put money in store,
For I never will play the wild rover no more.
Singing, Nay, O never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I go to the Peacock as I oft used to do,
I said to the landlord, My pockets are low.
Will you strap me a jar, Sir? The answer was, No,
I could 'ave lots of customers like you in a day.
Singing, Nay, O never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I go to my father; I ask him to forgive.
I ask him to forgive me, his prodigal son;
And if he forgives me never again will I roam.
I never will play the wild rover no more.
I've been a wild rover for many long years.

I spent all my money on whisky and beer.

I've travelled the wide world, I've put money in store,

For I never will play the wild rover no more.

Singing, Nay, O never, never no more,

I never will play the wild rover no more.

Variation

Customers like...
The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

"The Youth of Islington"

There was a youth and a well beloved youth

There was a youth and a well beloved youth,
And 'e was a squire's son.
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
That lived near Islington.

But as he walked along the road,
The weather be hot and dry,
He sat 'im down on a mossy bank
And 'is true-love came riding by.

She partly blind, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle rein.
One penny, one penny, kind Sir, she said,
Will ease me of my pain.

But before I give thee a penny, he said,
Pray tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?
She's dead, Sir, long ago.

If she be dead then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also.
I may depart to some far country
Where no man... [Tape runs out.]
There was a youth and a well-beloved youth,

And he was a squire's son,

He loved the bailiff's daughter dear

That lived near Islington.
"Bluebells Are Bluebells"

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VI</th>
<th>VI - 5</th>
<th>AB</th>
<th>4 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td>Peacock, Stannington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ted Wragg</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>11/3/71</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Same line all along. No verses to it."

Bluebells are bluebells, bluebells are blue,
Bluebells are bluebells 'cos bluebells are blue.
Blue [Stops abruptly and laughs.]

Note
Ted comments that it was a favourite with soldiers who would sing the song ad infinitum.

"Cock-a-doodle-do" (f)

134567# | ABAC | PubP 3  
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>III - 1</td>
<td>4445</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>324</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Peacock, Stannington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Womack</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>11/3/71</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Cock-a-doodle)*-do, it's nothing to do with you.
It's a very fine cock you hold, no, but it's me cock-a-doodle-do! O!
A lady passing by she gave me a terrible shock.
I fell into the water and a fish gor'owd me cock-a-doodle-do!

* Not recorded.

Note
The last phrase leads straight into the chorus. This song form is an example of a 'suspended chain' (see Roger D. Abrahams and George Foss, Anglo-American Folk Song Style (New Jersey, 1968), p.76).
Blue-bells are blue-bells, blue-bells are blue,
Blue-bells are blue-bells 'cos blue-bells are blue. Blue-

Cock-a-doodle-do; it's nothing to do with you.
It's a very fine cock you hold, no, but it's me cock-a-doodle-do O!
A lady passing by, she gave me a terrible shock.
I fell into the water and a fish gored me cock-a-doodle-do
Come to the Bower (f)

"Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie"

123457# AB
IV# V - 5 4434
i 144 4 Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg and Bert Womack 11/3/71

[Ted leads.]
Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie
A blush from her cheek and a smile from her eye.
Then will you, won't you? [Bert] Yes I will. I will, she cried,
[Both] I will come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

He's Been a Long Time Gorn (f)

Standard AB
IIIb 1 - 8 4 bars
i 88 4 Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg 11/3/71

A long time going for that wood, he's been a long time gone.
Won't I wallop him when he comes home,
I'll make him wish he'd ne'er been born.

"This is a story about a kid who went to fetch some firewood. He went and joined British navy. About seven year after when he came home."

Note
See also He's Been a Long Time Gorn (f), Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 30/1/71, S24.
Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lay,

A blush from her cheek and a smile from her eye.

Then will you, won't you? Yes I will, I will, she cried,

I will come to the bow'er and I'll love you for ev'er.

A long time going for that love, she saw a long time gone.

Wait I will—lop him when he comes home, I'll make him wish he'd never been born.
"If Winter Comes with Bitterness"

If winter comes with bitterness and every blossom kill,
Just jog along with a smile and a song for summer will come some day,
Summer will come some day.

"We used to sing them a lot you know, Colleys and all them lot — Fred Colley."
Rubato

If winter comes with bitterness and every blossom kill

Just jog a long with a smile and a song for summer will come some day

Summer will come some day.
Bert: "I'm riding along in a free train,
Bound for no-one knows where.
When I left home this morning
My heart was heavy with care.

I quarrelled with my old father,
Because of the things I had done...
He called me a drunkard and a gambler,
Not thinking he called his son.

At first in this quarrel with my father,
I told him these words were a lie.
I packed all my clothes in a bundle
And turned to kiss Mother goodbye.

My mother broke down a-crying
And cried, O, my son, do not leave.
Your poor mother's heart will be broken,
And all her life long she will bleed.

I know she'll be stood there by the window,
Day after day as I roam.
Watching and waiting and praying
For a boy who will never come home."

[Bert leads]
I'm riding along in a free train,
Bound for no-one knows where.
I only left home this morning,
My heart is heavy with care.
"We daren't go on with that in here."

[Ted leads.]
I quarrelled with my dear old mother
Because of the things I had done.
She called me a [unclear] and a sinner
Not fit to be called her son.

Ted: "Old Lol Mason used to sing that and he always used to sing 'I quarrelled with my dear old mother'."
Bert: "No, but he turned round to kiss his mother goodbye. He's quarrelled with his father 'cos his father's been going at him for drinking and gambling."

Note
Bert recites the text and this reluctance to sing is explained above. See pp.128-9.
"In a Churchyard in the City"

But in a churchyard in the city

123456

III½ 1 - 8 4 bars

Ted Wragg 11/3/71

"You know that there one, don't you?"

But in a churchyard in the city, where I met a beggar old and grey;

Bert Womack: "This is a good un."

With 'is arms outstretched 'e asked me, 0 for pity,
and it nearly broke my heart to hear him say,
0 I wonder, yes, I wonder, if the angels are up yonder,
If the angels play their harps for (me?).
A million miles I've travelled and a thousand sights I've seen,
But I'm ready for the glory of my Saviour.
But I wonder, yes, I wonder, if the angels are up yonder,
If the angels play their harps (for me?).

"Never get it out!"

Irish Emigrant (f)

I'm sitting on the stile Mary

Standard (A)BCD

III½ 1 - 10 4 bars

Ted Wragg 11/3/71

(I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,)* where we sat side by side,
One bright May morning long ago when first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green, the lark's loud song was high.
The red was on your lips, Mary, and the lovelight in your eye.

"I can't sing it."

* Not recorded.
But in a churchyard in the city, where I met a beggar old and grey,

With his arms outstretched he asked me, O for pity, and it nearly broke my heart to hear him say,

O I wonder, yes, I wonder, if the angels are up yonder,

If the angels play their harps for

A million miles I've travelled and a thousand sights I've seen,

But I'm ready for the glory of my Saviour.

One bright May morning long ago when first you were my bride,

The corn was springing fresh and green, the lark's loud song was high,

The veil was on your lips, Ma'ny, and the love-light in your eye.
A nobleman did live in the village of Leek.
He kept a wife and children and most of them small.
Yet how does he support them like he does do,
Yet how does he support them like he does do?

"I don't know words. George White knows that."

Sometimes I do reap, sometimes I do mow.
Sometimes I go a-hedging or a-ditching do I go.
There's nothing comes amiss to me, the 'arrows or the plough,
And yet I get my living with the sweat of my brow."

Note
Ted finishes on VII#. See Whi 17.
A noble man did live in the village of Leek.

He kept a wife and children and most of them small.

Yet how does he support them-like he does do.

Yet how does he support them-like he does do.
Nothing Else to Do

The summer is ended and the harvest is past

Standard  
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VII</th>
<th>V - 5</th>
<th>2 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Peacock, Stannington</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Ted Wragg  
| 11/3/71 |

The summer is ended and the 'arvest is past.
We've mown all our corn and 'ave sown all our grass.
There's a quaint little cottage that I keep within my view,
And I go there a-courting when I've nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do, nothing else to do,
I go there a-courting when I've nothing else to do.

I told her I'd wed her when I'd nothing else to do.

"Very comical this, isn't it ... Next verse goes on."

So now we are married and both are hearts are at ease.
So now we are married we must not lament.
We must love one another like all couples ought to do,
And enjoy all our pleasures when we've nothing else to do.

"It's a comical song."

Note
Ted is really amused by this song.
The summer is ended, the harvest is past.

We've mown all our corn and sown all our grass.

There's a quaint little cottage that I keep within my view,

And I go there a-courting when I've nothing else to do,

Nothing else to do, nothing else to do,

I go there a-courting when I've nothing else to do.
In Sheffield Park a maid did dwell

Standard

VI♭    V - 6
J 150  3
        4
Ted Wragg

"You've heard it a dozen times."

In Sheffield Park a maid did dwell,
A brisk young man he loved her well.
He courted 'er from day to day
Till at length he stole her heart away.

"No, I can't sing no more."

Note
Ted's reluctance to continue singing is discussed in 'Pub Singing in West Sheffield', pp.128-9.
In Sheffield Park a maid did dwell,
A brisk young man he loved her well.
He courted her from day to day
Till at length he stole her heart away.
"The Sunset Light Was Fading" PubP 13 S26

Standard (inflected 4#) Modulates to 4 (inflected 7#) ABCDEFGH
II IV - 8 4 bars
120 and 80 6 and 4 Peacock, Stannington
4 and 4
Ted Wragg 11/3/71

"There's another similar to that." ["Through the Old Church Door"]

The sunset light was fading as by an old church door,
I pondered on the dear old hymns I heard in days of yore.

Bert Womack: "There all coming back now, you see. This is a good un."

Like angel voices whispering, the twilight shadows fall,
The old church choir sang sweetly . . . [inaudible]
Sweet were the verses I heard the church choir sing;
Hosannah in the highest, our Saviour and our King,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty,
Rock of ages cleft for me were the hymns at the old church door.

Bert Womack: "That's really a good un. When 'e were singing that
did thou see how many hymns 'e brought in?"

Note
A further example of a song that incorporates well known phrases from popular hymns is The Model Church, see Hin 40.
The sunset light was fading as by an old church door,
I pondered on the dear old hymns I heard in days of yore.

Like angel voices whispering, the twilight shadows fall,
The old church choir sang sweetly.

Sweet were the verses I heard the church choir sing;
Hosanna in the highest, our Saviour and our King.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty,
Rock of ages cleave for me were the hymns at the old church door.
A Tall Stalwart Lancer (f)

A tall stalwart lancer were dying

Standard

IV# 1-8

\( J 140 \) 3

Ted Wragg

ABAC

4 bars

Peacock, Stannington

11/3/71

A tall stalwart lancer were dying.
As on his deathbed 'e lay,
To his friends all around him were sighing,
These last dying words he did say --

Wrap me up in my old staple jacket,
Say the poor buffer lies low.

"D'you know it? . . . 'Six stalwart lancers shall carry me'. If I was singing, it would all come to me."

Note

Ted's remark is made because he is attempting to recite the remaining verses.

"Through the Old Church Door" (f)

"Through the Old Church Door" I heard the organ playing.
It was through that old church door I heard somebody playing.

"'Then something made me enter, I thank the 'eavens above.
Through that old church door I found the way to love.'
There's a lot more verses. I can sing it thee all through."
A tall stalwart lanceer were dying.

He on his death-bed ‘e lay,

To his friends all a-round him were sighing,

These last dying words he did say—

Through the old church door I heard the organ playing.

It was through that old church door I heard some-body playing.
'Twas early one morning before break of day

Standard \( V (V) 1 - 9 \) \( \text{ABCA}' \)

\( J 144 \) \( 3 \) 4 bars

Jim Womack 11/3/71

Peacock, Stannington

"Some queer dos round here with singing ... Same as that —"

Arise my good fellows, arise with a will,
Your 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

Ted Wragg: "Just been on about that."

'Twas early one morning before break of day
The cocks were all crowing, the farmer did say,
Come arise my good fellows, arise with a will,
Your 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

Jim: "That's going back a year or two. There isn't many knows it."
Ted Wragg: "I've only heard thee father sing it all the way through."

Note
For an explanation of Jim's first remark see pp.128-9. His opening
couplet, which resembles John Taylor's tune (see Tay 6), is from a
different variant to his complete verse. His father's variant is
transcribed at WomJ 5.
A-rose my good fellows, a-rose with a will,
Your 'ors-es are wait-ing their bel-lies to fill.

'Twas ear-ly one morn-ing be-fore break of day,
The cocks were all crow-ing, the farm-er did say,
Come a-rose my good fel-lows, a-rose with a will,
Your 'ors-es are wait-ing their bel-lies to fill.
'Twas early one morning just at break of day

The cocks were a-crowing, the master did say,
Arise you young fellows, arise with good will,
For your 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

"I don't know all the verses. Uncle Joe [Womack] knows that right through."

The master came out, to us he did say,
What have you been doing this long summer day?
You've not ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
That you're all idle fellows that follow the plough.

Then I stepped straight up to my master did say,
Dear master, dear master, you told a great lie.
*We've all ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
That we're not idle fellows that follows the plough.

* Ted drops an octave because the pitch is too high.

Note
See We Are All Jolly Fellows, Joe Womack, WomJ 5, and We Are All Jolly Fellows, Jim Womack, PubP 16.
"Twas early one morning just at break of day.

The cocks were all crowing, the master did say,

A-rise you young fellows, a-rise with good will,

For your horses are waiting their bellies to fill.
White Cockade (f)

It was one Monday morning as I went o'er yon moss

Standard
VI₆ V - 8
136 4
Ted Wragg

ABECA'
4 bars
Peacock, Stannington
11/3/71

(It was on)* one Monday morning as I went o'er yon moss;
I had no thoughts of listing till a soldier did me cross.
He kindly did invite me to take a flowing bowl.
He advanced me some money, he advanced me some money,
He advanced me some money ten guineas and a crown.

"Can't sing at this pitch."

* Not recorded.

Note
Ted sings this song under his breath and his remark refers to the
difficulty he finds singing at this volume. See White Cockade,
Ted Wragg and Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.
It was on one Monday morning as I went o'er you moss;

I had no thoughts of list'ning till a soldier did me cross—

He kindly did invite me to take a flow'ring bowl—

He advanced me some money, he advanced me some money,

He advanced me some money ten guineas and a crown.
Among my Souvenirs

There's nothing left for me

Standard (inflected 2#)  ABACDEAC

IV  1 – 9  44444544

Q 96  4  Royal, Dungworth

Ted Wragg and others  26/5/71

There's nothing left for me, the things that used to be,
They're just a memory among my souvenirs.
Some letters tied with blue, a photograph or two,
I find the most of you among my souvenirs.
A [inaudible] within my treasure chest,
And though I know by this [inaudible] consolation.
I count them all a part and as the teardrops start,
I find a broken heart among my souvenirs.

Note
The final is in the top octave.
There's nothing left for me, the things that used to be,

They're just a memory among my souvenirs.

Some letters tied with blue, a photograph or two,

I find the most of you among my souvenirs.

A within my treasure chest,

And though I know by this consolation,

I count them all a part and as the tears drops start,

I find a broken heart among my souvenirs.
'Twas a bright and shining morn
123456 ABAC DBDC
\[ VI \] III - 5 2222 4444
\[ IV \] 4 and 2 Royal, Dungworth
\[ I \] 4 4
Joe Atkins and chorus 26/5/71

'Twas a bright and shining morn that I heard the hunting horn,
At earliest dawning of the day.
It was with the Duke of Buckingham, many a squire and ladies come,
The grey shadows they were softly fading.

But there was Dido, Bendigo, Gently there was also,
Traveller who never looked behind him;
There was Countess, Rowler, Bonny Lass and Towler,
These were the hounds that would find him.

Now at first our fox being young and his trials all before him,
He made straight for the cover.
He went up yon steepest hill and yon deepest gill,
Hoping there to hide himself for ever.

But there was Dido, Bendigo, Gently there was also,
Traveller who never looked behind him;
There was Countess, Rowler, Bonny Lass and Towler,
These were the hounds that would find him.

Our huntsman tried them through the plain,
he weary tried them back again,
His horse and his hound wearied never.
It's just twelvemonths today since I heard the squire say,
Hark!* forrard, hark my gallant hounds together.

For there was Dido, Bendigo, Gently there was also,
Traveller who never looked behind him;
There was Countess, Rowler, Bonny Lass and Towler,
These were the hounds that would find him.

Now at last our fox being done and his trials all behind him,
He made straight for the river.
To save his life he sought to swim but Dido quick plunged after him,
And Bonny Lass destroyed his life for ever.

"Come away home!"
* Shouted (pitch is 3).

Note
Joe has learnt this in the Lake District. During the period of research, Joe was a keen contributor to The Survey of Language and Folklore at the University of Sheffield, and as an old friend of Ted Wragg he had come to help get the singsong underway.
"Twas a bright and shining morn that I heard the hunting horn,
At earliest dawning of the day.

It was with the Duke of Buckingham, many a page and ladies come,
The grey shadow they were softly fading.

But there was Dido, Ben-digo, Gently there was also,
Traveler, who never looked behind him;
There was Countess, Rover, Bonny Bass and Toulter,
These were the hounds that would find him.
Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V</th>
<th>III - 5</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J 68</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In chorus

[Jack Couldwell leads.]

(My grand)father's clock was too tall for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor.

It was taller by half than the old man himself, yet it weighed not a pennyweight more.

It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, it was always his treasure and pride;

But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock, his life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock.

It stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

[Ted Wragg leads.]

Now in watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours he had spent while a boy;

And from childhood to manhood the clock seemed to know, and to share both his grief and his joy;

For it struck twenty-four when he entered in the door with a blooming and beautiful bride;

But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock, his life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock.

It stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Stanley Marsden: "Go on Ted there's another one yet."

* Not recorded.
[Frank Hinchliffe leads.]

His grandfather said of those he could hire
not a servant so faithful he found;

Jack Couldwell: "It's not right that."

For it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
and its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Note

Jack sings some harmony which is indistinct. Frank's stanza is rather confused. He sings the first phrase to the melody of *The Mistletoe Bough*, realises his mistake and omits the second before returning to the usual melody. Someone simulates the 'tick tock' of the song by flicking the fingers. See *Grandfather's Clock (inc)*, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13, where a fragmented fourth stanza is sung which is led by Albert Broadhead.

Now it sprang an alarm in the dead of the night,
an alarm that for years had been dumb.

[Hums.] that the hour of departure had come.

For it struck twenty-four [Breaks down.]
My grand-father's clock was too tall for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor.

It was taller by half than the man himself; yet it weighed not a pennyweight more.

It was bought on the morning of the day that he was born; it was always his treasure and pride;

But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Ninety years without turning, tick — tick, tick — tick, his life seconds numbering, tick — tick — tick — tick,

It stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Variations

Frank Finchlife

My grand-father said of those he could hire not a servant so faithful he found...

hands never hung by its...
Down at Howtown we met with Joe Bowman at dawn

The grey hills echoed back the sound of his horn;
And the charm of its note sent the mist far away,
And the fox to his lair at the dawn of the day.

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds,
We'll drink to Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds;
For we ne'er shall forget how he woke us at dawn
With the crack [claps] of his whip and the sound of his horn.

Then with steps that were light and with hearts that were gay,
To a right smickle spot we all hastened away.
The voice of Joe Bowman, it rang like a bell,
As he cast off his hounds by the side of Swarth Fell.

Master Reynard was anxious his brush for to keep,
As he followed the wind o'er the high mountain steep.
Past the deep silent tarn, past the bright running beck,
Where he hoped by his cunning to give us a check.

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds,
We'll drink to Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds;
For we ne'er shall forget how he woke us at dawn
With the crack [claps] of his whip and the sound of his horn.

* Not recorded.
Though he took us o'er Kidsey we held to his track,
For we hunted, my lads, with the Ullswater pack.
Those gay bonny hounds they effected a kill,
By the silvery stream of the bonny Ramps Gill.

Now his head's on the crook and the bowl is below,
And we're gathered around round the fire's warming glow.
Our songs they are merry, our choruses high,
As we drink to all hunters who joined in the cry.

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds,
We'll drink to Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds;
For we ne'er shall forget how he woke us at dawn
With the crack [claps] of his whip and the sound of his horn.

Note
Joe learnt the song in the Lake District and he sings it from a printed collection. The text is included in Songs of the Fell Packs [Hunt Show Committee of the Melbreak Hunt, 1971], p.55.
Rubato \(\text{D 216}\)

Then with steps that were light and with hearts that were gay,

To a night smickle spot we all hast-end a-way.

The voice of Joe Bow-mar, it rang like a bell,

As he cast off his hounds by the side of Swath Fell.

When the fires on the hearth and good cheer a-bounds,

We'll drink to Joe Bow-man and his Ulls-water hounds;

For we ne'er shall forget how he woke-us at dawn-

With the crack of his whip and the sound of his horn.
At dreary midnight's cheerless hour

Standard (inflected 4#)  
VII  
\[ \begin{bmatrix} 1 \text{ and } 4 \\ 4 \text{ and } 3 \end{bmatrix} \]

Royal, Dungworth  
26/5/71

At dreary midnight's cheerless hour, deserted e'en by Cynthia's beam,
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 length and hour to guile,
and still the length and hour to guile.
Sings as he views the gathering cloud,
Sings as he views the gathering cloud,
Larboard Watch, ahoy! Larboard Watch, ahoy!
But who can speak the joy he feels while o'er the foam his vessel reels,
And his tired eyelids slumbering fall, he rouses at the welcome call of
Larboard Watch, ahoy!
Larboard Watch, Larboard Watch,
Larboard Watch, ahoy!

With anxious care he eyes each wave
that swelling threatens to o'erwhelm,
And his storm-beaten bark to save, directs with skill the faithful helm.
With joy he drinks the cheery grog,
midst storms that bellow loud and hoarse.
With joy he leaves the reeling log,
with joy he drinks the cheering grog.
Marks the leeway and the course,
Marks the leeway and the course.
Larboard Watch, ahoy! Larboard Watch, ahoy!
But who can speak the joy he feels while o'er the foam his vessel reels,
And his tired eyelids slumbering fall, he rouses at the welcome call of
Larboard Watch, ahoy!
Larboard Watch, Larboard Watch,
Larboard Watch, ahoy!

[Applause.]

Note
Russell sings the tenor part and Jack sings the bass. An earlier attempt by Ted Wragg to sing the song with Jack had failed because Jack realised that Ted could not manage the top part on his own.
At drowsy midnights—cheerless hour, deserted dimly—Gin-thin’s beam,

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

The weary sailor spent in toil clings firmly to the weather’s shroud,

And still the length—and hour to guile, and still the length—and hour to guile,

Sings as he views the gathering cloud,

Sings as he views the gathering cloud,

starboard Watch, a—hoy! starboard Watch, a—hoy!

But who can speak the joy he feels while o’er the... from his vessel’s heels,

And his tired eyes—lids slumber—ing fall, he muses at the—welcome call of

starboard Watch—a—hoy!

starboard Watch, starboard Watch,
Love at Home

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

Standard: ABCDBDB

VII# - 1^ V - 5
\[90\] 4

Royal, Dungworth

Jack Couldwell and chorus 26/5/71

"I'll sing verses and you join in chorus."

There is beauty all around when there's love at 'ome.
There is joy in every sound when there's love at 'ome.
Peace and plenty e'er abide, smiling sweet 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.

In the cottage there is joy when there's love at 'ome.
'Ate and envy ne'er annoy when there's love at 'ome.
Roses blooming 'neath our feet all the earth's a garden sweet.
Making life a bliss complete when there's love at 'ome.
Love at 'ome, love at 'ome,
Making life a bliss complete when there's love at 'ome.

Kindly 'eaven smiles above when there's love at 'ome.
All the earth is filled with love when there's love at 'ome.
Swiftly runs the brooklet by brightly beams the azure sky
But there's one who smiles on high when there's love at 'ome.
Love at 'ome, love at 'ome,
But there's one who smiles on high when there's love at 'ome.

Note
Jack sings the harmony in the chorus.
Rubato Declarato

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 'ere abide, smiling sweet on every side.

Time doth softly sweetly glide when there's love at home,

In chorus

love at home, love at home,

Time doth softly sweetly glide when there's love at home.
The Mardale Hunt

The morn is here awake my lads away away

Standard ABCD
III V - 6 4445
360 6 Royal, Dungworth
Joe Atkins 26/5/71

(The morn is here, awake my lads, away, away!
The hounds are giving mouth, my lads, away my lads, away!
The Mardale Hunt is out today, Joe Bowman strong shall lead the way,)*
Who ne'er has led his hounds astray, away my lads, away!

"Can't see without me glasses."

Our Bowman is a huntsman rare, away, away!
His tally-ho's beyond compare, away my lads, away!

"That's chorus you see."

We always find him just the same, at Grasmere Sports you'll hear 'is name,
His Mardale hunts will live in 'ame, away my lads, away!

The Mardale pack is on the trail, away, away!
The fox is leading through the dale, away my lads, away!
Hound Miller's on the scent, I'm told,
so follow 'im lads through frost and cold,
The mountain breeze is pure as gold, away my lads, away!

Jack Couldwell: "It's nice, in'it."

On Branstree Fell the fox is seen, away, away!
The hounds are off the scent is keen, away my lads, away!
'Tis music sweet to dalesman's ear,
so when hounds give mouth so loud and clear,
So off my lads and lend a cheer, away my lads, away!

The air is keen, our hearts are light, away, away!
We'll scale with glee the frowning height, away my lads, away!
The fox has slipped and made his cave, so in we send the terrier brave,
The fox will bolt his brush to save, away my lads, away!

"I can't sing."

* Not recorded.
Our terrier frail will win or die, away, away!
So too will Wallow Crag, say I, away my lads, away!
On Roman Tarn is mountain cave, we lost, alas, a terrier brave,
For good old Frisk we failed to save, away my lads, away!

Who'd weary with a sport like this? away, away!
Or who a Mardale Hunt would miss? away my lads, away!
Are hardy fellsmen [hesitates] huntsmen born
will rally to the huntsman horn,
Nor heed be by rain and storm, away my lads, away!

When darkness comes to Mardale high, away, away!
For who the Dun Bull dares decry, away my lads, away!
Hal Usher kind will find a bed, to rest our limbs and lay our head,
We're welcomed, housed, and warmed and fed, away my lads, away!

We're lads from East and lads from West, away, away!
And North and South, but all the best, away my lads, away!
With Auld Lang Syne, and Old John Peel,
with foaming glass and nimble heel,
We'll drink to all a healthy weal, away my lads, away!

Note
Joe learnt the song in the Lake District and sings it from a
printed collection of hunting songs. It is found in Songs of the
Fell Packs [Hunt Show Committee of the Melbreak Hunt, 1971], p.55,
where it is attributed to Winson Scott and dated 1904.
Our Bowman is a huntsman rare, a-way, a-way!

His falcy bo's beyond compare, a-way, my lads, a-way!

We al-ways find him just the same at Grassmere Spots you'll hear is name

His Mardale hunts will live in fame, a-way my lads, a-way!
"Now I'm Going to Sing a Song to You This Evening"

Standard (inflected 2¾) | ABACDEABAC
VI | V - 6 | 3 bars
$b$ 288 | 6 | Royal, Dungworth
Jack Couldwell | 26/5/71

Now I'm going to sing a song to you this evening. I've been a lovely singer from birth; And when you hear these pretty notes I render, You'll say I possess the finest voice on earth. Before the King I once appeared. 'E clapped 'is 'ands and 'e loudly cheered. 'E sent for me and says, Why, you're a marvel, At singing you 'ave fairly got the knack; And from out 'is tie 'e took a diamond scarf pin. 'E smiled at me and then 'e put it back.

Now Paddy at 'is job worked like a nigger. I've never seen one work so hard before. I said to him, Why do you work so hard, Pad, For you seem to do the work of three or four? Says 'e, My man, you've touched the spot. You think I'm working but I'm not; For when I'm climbing up this great big ladder, With the bricks upon me 'ead, it's simply fine, And the boss, the silly ass, 'e thinks I'm working, But I'm carrying up the same bricks every time. [Laughter]

Now Dimple Dumple Daisy was a widow, And by 'er 'usband's grave she went an' sat. I said to 'er, If you stay there till midnight Your 'usband will appear, you silly cat. But Dimple Dumple sat down there On a bunch of nettles, I declare, And when those nettles they began a-tickling To keep a modest face she did contrive. Then at last she shouted, Charlie, do give over! Thou's just as bad as when thou were alive. [Laughter]

"Good un, that."
Rubato Declamato

Now I'm going to sing a song to you this evening.

I've been a love-ly singer from my birth;

And when you hear these pretty notes I render,

You'll say I possess the fun-est voice on earth.

Before the King I once ap-peared.

'E clapped his hands and 'e loud-ly cheered.

'E sent for me and says, Why, you're a mar-vel,

At sing-ing you've fairly got the knack;

And from out 'is tie 'e took a dia-mond scar-f pin.

'E smiled at me and then 'e put it back.
"0 See You Not my Lady?"

Standard (inflected 4♯)    ABCD/EF/ABCD
3 b    V - 6       4 bars
J 88    4       Royal, Dungworth
Russell Davis    26/5/71

O see you not my lady go down the garden singing?
Blackbird and thrush were silent to hear the alleys ringing.
O see you not my lady out in the garden there?
Banish the rose and lily for she, she's as twice as fair.

Though I am nothing to her, though she may rarely look at me,
And though I could never woo her, I'd love her till I die.

Surely you've seen my lady go down the garden singing,
Blackbird and thrush were silent to hear the alleys ringing;
And surely you've seen my lady out in the garden there,
Banish the rose and lily for she, she's as twice as fair.

Jack Couldwell: "Very good."

Note
Russell attended the singsong at the invitation of Joe Atkins. He lives near Stocksbridge and is a leading tenor with the Bolsterstone Male Voice Choir.
Oh, see you not my lady go down the garden singing?
Blackbird and thrush were silent to hear the old lady ring.

Oh, see you not my lady out slow in the garden then?

Banish the rose and lily, for she, she's as twice as fair.

Though I am nothing to her, though she may rarely look at me,
And though I could never woo her, I'd love her till I die.
Passing By (to Deep Harmony)

There is a lady sweet and kind

Standard
VII 1-8
\( \text{\framebox{80}} \) 4
In chorus 4

An 8

(There is a lady sweet)* and kind,  
Was never face so pleased my mind.  
I did but see her passing by,  
Yet will I love her till I die.

Her gestures, motions and her smile,  
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguile.  
Beguile my heart, I know not why,  
Yet will I love her till I die.

Cupid is wing-ed and doth range  
Her country so my heart to change;  
But change the earth or change the sky,  
Yet will I love her till I die.

* Not recorded.

Note
The harmonies are indistinct and no attempt has been made to transcribe them. The melody was composed by Handel Parker as a hymn tune.
There is a lady sweet and kind,

Was never face so pleased my mind.

I did but see her passing by,

Yet will I love her till I die.
"There's a Dear Little Lady" (inc) PubR 11

Standard (inflected 7\textfrac{1}{4})

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1#</th>
<th>3\textfrac{1}{2}</th>
<th>II</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>8 bars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Royal, Dungworth</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Jack Couldwell 26/5/71

"I never break down. I might not pitch right and 'ave to stop. I like to do things right. You can't guess much."

There's a dear little lady I always shall love
till the end of life's story is told;
And the sunbeam's caressing her beautiful 'air
    turns the silvery ringlets to gold.
I kneel by her side where I first learnt to pray,
and taking 'er dear 'and in mine, I say,
There's a wonderful light in your eyes,
and each line on your face seems to shine,
For the bloom of your cheek never dies,
and the dimples are there all the while.
Mother dear, though you've lived many years,
    still to me you will never go old.
May God bless each silvery hair on your 'ead
    and your wonderful 'eart of gold.

"There's another verse but I'm bit tired. Me father used to sing it."
Ted Wragg: "I've 'eard Ted Colley sing it."
There's a dear little lady I always shall love till the end of life's story is told;
And the sun beams caressing her beautiful face turns the silver ringlets to gold.

I kneel by her side where I first learnt to pray, and taking her dear and in mine, I say,
There's a wonderful light in your eyes, and each line on your face seems to shine,
For the bloom of your cheek never dies, and the dimple are there all the while.

Mother dear, though you've lived many years, still to me you will never go old.
May God bless such silvery hair on your head and your wonderful heart of gold.
Bless This House

Standard (inflected 4♯) AABC/ADBEF

IV♯ - V VII♯ - 11 8887 88888
J 72 2 4
In chorus 5/8/72

[David Smith leads.]
Bless this house, O Lord, we pray, make it safe by night and day.
Bless these walls so firm and stout, keeping want and trouble out.
Bless the roof and chimneys tall; let thy peace lie over all.
Bless this door that it may be ever open to joy and love.

Bless these windows shining bright, letting in God's heavenly light.
Bless the hearth a-blazing there, with smoke ascending like a prayer.
Bless the people here within; keep them pure and free from sin.
Bless us all that we may be fit, O Lord, to dwell with thee.
Bless us all that we, one day, [pitch rising] may dwell, O Lord, with thee.

Ethel Broadhead: "Walker's there."

Note
The song finishes in the top octave. Ethel's remark refers to Eric Walker who has sung the high notes with great enthusiasm. It is significant that it has the function of a goodnight or leave-taking song whatever time of year it is sung. See Bless This House, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 3/10/70, S15, 7/11/70, C21, 11/12/71, C42, and 29/7/72, S39.
Bless this house, O Lord, we pray, make it safe by night and day.

Bless these walls so firm and stout, keeping want and trouble out.

Bless the roof and chimneys tall; let thy peace lie over all.

Bless this door that it may be ever open to joy and love.

Bless the hearth a-baking there, with smoke ascending like a prayer.

Bless us all that we may be fit, O Lord, to dwell with thee.

Bless us all that we, one day, may dwell, O Lord, with thee.
Bonny Mary of Argyll

Standard (inflected 5♯ and 4♯)                 ABCDAE
VI                                          V - 8                4 bars
↓ 60±                                        3                Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus                                    4                1/7/72

[Opening not recorded.]

'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, and thy artless winning smile,
That hath made this world an Eden, bonny Mary of Argyll.

[Albert Broadhead leads.]
Though your notes have lost their sweetness
and thine eye its bright young look;
Though thy step may lack its fleetness and thy hair its lovely hue;
Still to me thou wilt be dearer than all the world will own.
I have loved thee for thy beauty, but not for that alone.
'Twas thy heart, my gentle Mary, and thy goodness was a wile
That hath made me thine for ever, bonny Mary of Argyl.

Note
The final is in the top octave.
Though your notes have lost their sweetness and thine eye its brightyoung look;

Though thy step may lack its fleetness and thy hair its love-ly hue;

Still to me thou wilt be dear-er than all the world will own.

I have loved thee for thy beauty, but not for that a- lone.

Twos thy heart, my gent- le Ma- ry, and thy good- ness was a wil

That hath made me thine for ev- er, bon- ny Mary of Ar- gy- l.

Variation

Ma- ry of Ar- glyl...
Cockles and Mussels

In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty

[Albert Broadhead leads.]
(In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly) Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O:
Alive, alive O: Alive, alive O:
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O:

She was a fishmonger, and it was no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before;
And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O:
Alive, alive O: Alive, alive O:
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O:

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]
She died of a fever, and no-one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
And her ghost wheels the barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O:
Alive, alive O: Alive, alive O:
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O:

[David Smith leads.]
Alive, alive O! ("I thought they were all dead!") Alive, alive O:
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O:

* Not recorded.

Note
The last phrase finishes in the top octave. Albert sings the upper part where melodic variations are shown, and these result from his anticipation of the phrase's melodic peak or final.
She was a fishmonger, and it was no wonder,

For so were her father and mother before;

And they each wheel their barrow through streets broad and narrow,

Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

Alive, alive O! — Alive, alive O!

Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!
[Bernard Broadhead leads.]
(Come ye)* thankful people, come, join/raise the song of harvest home. All is safely gathered in ere the winter storm begin. God, our maker, will/doth provide for our wants to be supplied. Come ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home.

* Not recorded.

Note
Albert Broadhead is responsible for the melodic variations.
Come ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home.

All is safely gathered in ere the winter storm begin.

God, our maker, will provide for our wants to be supplied.

Come ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home.
The Lord's my shepherd I'll not want

In chorus

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and my rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes.
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
Thy dwelling place shall be.

Note
Albert is responsible for the melodic variation in the second phrase.
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
Guide me O thou great Jehovah

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1#</th>
<th>V - 5</th>
<th>4442</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In chorus

1/7/72

[David Smith leads.]

(Guide me, O)* thou great Jehovah, pilgrim of the barren land.
I am weak but thou art mighty, guide me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain whence the healing waters flow.
David Smith: "Let the fiery cloudy pillar."
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
David Smith: "Lead me all my journey through."
lead me all my journey through.
David Smith: "Strong deliverer."
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield/I will ever give to thee,
[Much laughter at this mistake.]
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordon bid my anxious fears subside.
Death of death and hell's destruction land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.
Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.

David Smith: " Bloody marvellous!"

Note

David lines out in verse two and also initiates the repeat of the
final phrases. See also Cwm Rhondda, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72,
S38 and 5/8/72, S39.
Guide me, 0 thou great Jehovah, pilgrim of the barren land,

I am weak but thou art mighty, guide me with thy powerful hand.

Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more,

Feed me till I want no more.
Down in the Fields Where the Buttercups All Grow

Now Mary Green loves me and I love her so

Standard (inflected 4#) ABCDE/ABCDE

IV - V 1 - 9 ABCDE/ABCDEFGE

4 bars

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Billy Mills and chorus 30/1/71

Now Mary Green loves me and I love her so.
We brush when we meet like all true lovers do.
Beside the plantation where green meadows run,
We fool in the dark and we 'ave lots of fun,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.*

We walk side by side through the long winding grass,
And the rhubarb grew sideways to let us get past.
We stood 'neath the trees and the birds up above
Were all busy dropping their tokens of love, [laughter]
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.
My girl climbed a gate and said, Turn your 'ead, Joe.
My neck was so stiff so I let meself go,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

The songsters were greeting the day newly born, [pitch rising]
The sheep in the meadows the cows in the corn;
But when sheep and cows had been round there a bit,
It's not a nice place for a lady to sit,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

My sweet'eart and I were be'ind a haystack,
When a bumble bee flew down the small of her back.
I saw what 'ad 'appened and in my distress
I pushed me right 'and down the back of 'er dress,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.
My hand down her back when she struck me a blow.
I'd no idea my hand was so far below,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

A ten gallon can on the top of the hill
Came rolling towards us, my heart it stood still;
But Mary stood bravely, unflinching and true,
Her legs were so banty the barrel went through, [laughter]
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.
Our courtship was fast but our 'oneymoon slow.
The bed was so small so we both had to go
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

"Good old Bill." [Applause]
* This phrase is sung each time in chorus.

Note
The song was recorded on a gramophone disc in the 1930s by Charlie
Higgins. See Mike Yates, "Review of The Brave Ploughboy", Traditional
Music, No,4 (Mid 1976), 25.
We walk side by side through the long winding grass,
And the rhubarb grew sideways to let us get past.

We stood near the trees and the birds up above
Were all busy dropping their tokens of love,

Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.
My girl climbed a gate and said, 'Turn your head, Joe.'

My neck was so stiff so I let myself go,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

Variations

run, We... back when she...
(She had just the)* sort of memory that nature did intend,
To walk right over the world, me boys, without a (wig and pen?).
But if I was a beggar, I guess you ought to know,
That I met 'er in the garden where the praties grow.

* Not recorded.
She had just the sort of memory that nature did intend,

To walk right over the world, me boys, without a (wig and pen?).

But if I was a beggar, I guess you ought to know,

That I met 'er in the garden where the pratties grow.
(Hail smiling morn, smiling morn,)*
That tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold;
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven,
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven.

Hail smiling morn, smiling morn,
That tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold;
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven,
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven.

All the/O'er green fields that nature doth enfold,
all the green fields that nature doth enfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away, flies away, flies away,
Darkness flies away, darkness flies away,
At whose bright presence darkness flies, darkness flies away,
flies away, flies away,
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

All the/O'er green fields that nature doth enfold,
all the green fields that nature doth enfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away, flies away, flies away,
Darkness flies away, darkness flies away,
At whose bright presence darkness flies, darkness flies away,
flies away, flies away,
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

David Smith: "Good un!"

* Not recorded.

Note
Printed copies of the song attribute it to Reginald Spofforth. See also Hail Smiling Morn, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S39, 28/11/70, C1; at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40, 26/5/71, S27; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, and 12/12/70, C5. Also at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42, and 2/12/72, C51.

** At the Sportsman Hail Smiling Morn was generally thought of as belonging to the Christmas repertoire and singers would often object strongly to Albert Broadhead or David Smith leading the song out of season (see p.126). Their persistence would seem to result from the knowledge that at other pubs the song was not exclusively reserved for Christmas.
Hail smiling mom, smiling mom,

That tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold;

At whose rosy fingers open wide

The gates of heaven, the gates of heaven,

At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven.

All the green fields that nature doth enfold,

All the green fields that nature doth enfold,

At whose bright presence darkness flies away,

Flies away, flies away, flies away, flies away

Darkness flies away, darkness flies away

At whose bright presence darkness flies away.
flies a-way
[slows to end] darkness flies a-way
darkness flies a-way

Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail,
Happy Birthday to You

Standard [Standard (inflected 1#')] 2# and 4#

2 [VII #] V - 5 [VI - 6]

D 84 [d 264] 3 [6]

David Smith and chorus

[In chorus]

Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday dear Fred/Freddie.
Happy birthday to you!

"Hip hip hooray!" [Applause]

Twenty-one today, twenty-one today,
He's got the key of the door, never been twenty-one before.
On Saturday night you can do as you like and shout hip hip hooray,
For he's a jolly good fellow, twenty-one today.

Note

The occasion was Fred Bonnington's sixty-fifth birthday, two days before his retirement as landlord of the Sportsman. The information in square brackets relates to Twenty-One Today.
Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday dear Fred!

Happy birthday to you!

Twenty one to-day, twenty one to-day,

He's not the key of the door, never been twenty-one before.

On Saturday night you can do as you like and shout hip hip hooray,

For he's a jolly good fellow, twenty one to-day.

P. 11 The Holy City (II final phrase)

Ho-san-na in the highest, ho-san-na forever more
The Holy City

Last night I lay a-sleeping

Standard (inflected 1♯, 4♯, 5♯, 7♯) ABACDEF/GHIJKCDEFL

1 and 3♯ III - 5 4 bars
1 80 and 60 4
4
David Smith and chorus 4/3/72

Last night I lay a-sleeping, there came a dream so fair.
I stood in old Jerusalem beside the temple there.
I heard the children singing and ever as they sang,
It was the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your voice and sing,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna to your King!

[There is a delay as some of the chorus singers have mistaken this phrase for the finale. David Smith repitches.]

And once again the scene was changed, new earth there seemed to be.
I saw the holy city beside a tideless sea.
The light of God was on those streets, the gates were open wide,
"Get choir in!"

And all who would might enter and no-one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night or sun to shine by day.
It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away,
It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna for evermore,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna for evermore!

"Good old Eric!"

Note
The final comment is addressed to Eric Walker who has sung the high notes of the finale with great zest. For the musical transcription of this phrase see Happy Birthday to You, PubS 10. See The Holy City, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38.
last night I lay a - sleep-ing, there came a dream so fair;

I stood in old Je - ru - sa - lem be - side the Tem - ple there.

I heard the child-ren sing-ing and ev - er as they sang,

It was the voice of an - gels from heaven in an - swer rang,

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, lift up your voice and sing,

Ho - san - na in - the high - est, ho - san - na - to your king!

And once a - gain the scene was changed, new earth there seemed to be,

I saw the ho - ly city be - side a Rid - less sea.

The light of God was on those streets, the gates were open wide,

And all who would might en - ter and no - one was de - nied.

No need of moon or stars by night or sun to shine by day...
If You Were the Only Girl in the World

Standard

IV       VI - 8
♯222      6

In chorus

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>abcdefgh</th>
<th>abcdefgh</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

If you were the only girl in the world
And I was the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world today.
We could go on loving in the same old way —
A garden of Eden just made for two
With nothing to mar our joy.
I would sing such wonderful things to you.
There would be such wonderful things to do,
If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.

Note
The singing is lead by an acquaintance of Albert Broadhead, who also sings the descant in the final bars.
If you were the only girl in the world

And I was the only boy,

Nothing else would matter in the world today.

We could go on loving in the same old way-

A garden of Eden just made for two

With nothing to mar our joy.

I would sing such wonderful things to you.

There would be such wonderful things to do,

If you were the only girl in the world

And I were the only boy.
I'll Be Your Sweetheart

I once saw two lovers in a garden
Standard (inflected 4# and 7½) AAB CDCE
IV# - V V - 5 4 bars
105+ and 126 4 and 6 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
4 and 4
Billy Mills and chorus 30/1/71

I once saw two lovers in a garden,
a little boy and girl with golden hair.
At first I thought of asking their pardon,
on second thoughts I watched the youthful pair.
The girl turned and gave the boy a kiss,
and tenderly he whispered this;

[In chorus.]
I'll be your sweetheart if you will be mine.
All my life I'll be your valentine.
Bluebells I'll gather, take them and be true.
When I'm a man my plan will be to marry you.

Note
Billy sings the turns.
I once saw two lovers in a garden, a little boy and girl with golden hair.

At first I thought of asking their pardon, on second thoughts I watched the youthful pair.

The girl turned and gave the boy a kiss, and tenderly he whispered this;

I'll be your sweetheart if you will be mine.

All my life I'll be your Valentine.

Bluebells I'll gather, take them and be true.

When I'm a man my plan will be to marry you.
I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#) ABCD AE
IV - IV# V - 7
56 4
Sportsman, Lodge Moor
David Smith and chorus . 19/3/72

[In chorus]
I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
to where your heart will feel no pain,
Ethel Broadhead: "You're wrong already."
To where your heart has ever been,
since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek.
I watched them fade away and die.
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak,
and tears bedim your loving eyes.

I will take you back, Kathleen, to where your heart will feel no pain;
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I will take you to your home again.
I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
to where your heart will feel no pain,
To where your heart has ever been,
since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek,
I watched them fade away and die.
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak,
and tears dim your loving eyes.
I will take you back, Kathleen,
to where your heart will feel no pain;
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I will take you to your home again.
Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient times

Standard (inflected 4# and 7/4) ABCD
III VI - 9 4 bars
J 80 3 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
2

In chorus 4/3/72

[ Bernard Broadhead leads. ]
And did those feet in ancient times
walk upon England's mountain's green;
And was the holy lamb of God on England's pleasant pastures seen;
And did the countenance divine shine forth upon those crowded hills;
And was Jerusalem builded here among those dark satanic mills?

Give me my bow of burning gold, bring me my arrows of desire. 
Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold, bring me my chariot of fire.
I shall not cease from mental strife,
    nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

Note
See Jerusalem, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38.
And did those feet in ancient times
walk upon England's mountain green;
And was the holy lamb of God
on England's pleasant pastures seen;
And did the countenance divine
shine forth on those crowded hills;
And was Jerusalem builded here
among those dark satanic mills?
Seated one day at the organ

Standard (inflected 1#, 2#) 4#, 5# and 7#

V\[5]    \text{V} - 8
\text{I}\text{ss}\[4]

David Smith and chorus.

[Bernard Broadhead prompts.]

Seated one day at the organ,

[Ethel Broadhead takes up the lead.]

I was weary and ill at ease,

And my fingers wandered idly, over the noisy keys.

[David Smith takes over.]

I know not what I was playing or what I was dreaming then,

But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great Amen,

[In chorus.]

Like the sound of a great Amen.

[David Smith]

It flooded the crimson twilight like the close of angel psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit with a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow like grief overcoming strife.
It seemed harmonious echo from our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence as if it were loth to cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ and entered into mine.

[In chorus.]

It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord again.
It may be that* only in heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.
It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord again.
It may be that* only in heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.

* Bernard Broadhead mistakenly repeats the first line of the verse.

Note

David's performance is somewhat subdued as he seems unsure of the words.
Sent one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease,

And my fingers wandered idly over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing or what I was dreaming then,

But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great a-men,

Like the sound of a great a-men.

It linked all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace,

And trembled away into silence as if it were both to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that on last chord divine,

Which came from the soul of the organ and entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord again.

It may be that only in heaven I shall hear that grand a-men.
"Own Sweet Song"

Just a song at twilight

Standard (inflected 4 #)  ABACD EFGHIJ
1 - 1#  IV# - 6  4 bars
\( \frac{1}{60} \) 3 and 2
\( \frac{1}{4} \) 4 4
In chorus  Sportsman, Lodge Moor

30/1/71

[Requested by Ethel Broadhead.]

Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.
Though your/the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight, come love's own song,
Come love's own sweet song.

Even today we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in my heart it dwells for evermore.
Footsteps/Fortunes may falter, weary grows the way,
Still we shall hear it at the close of day.
So to the end when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

"Altogether this time please!"

Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.
Though your/the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight, come love's own song,
Come love's own sweet song.

Ethel: "That's it, curtains down."

Note
See Love's Old Sweet Song, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38, and 5/8/72, S39.
Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.

Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight, come love's own song.

Come love's own sweet song.

Even today we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in my heart it dwells for evermore.

Footsteps may falter, weary grows the way,
Still we shall hear it at the close of day.

So to the end when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
Moonlight Bay

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay.

123456 (inflected 1# and 2#) ABAC

VII # V - 4 6878

$480 6 Sportsman, Lodge Moor

8 29/7/72

In chorus

[Words unclear.]

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay.
You could 'ear the voices singing, they seemed to say.
You were strolling along the lunar way.
If this night would only stop on Moonlight Bay.

Note
The second part is sung by David Smith as an echo.
We were sailing along (we were sailing a-

ong) Moon-Light Bay.

You could hear the voices singing,

they seemed to say.

You were strolling along (we were strolling a-

long) the lunar way.

If this night would only stop

on Moon-Light Bay (on Moon-Light Bay)
Mother Machree

There's a spot in my heart

Standard (inflected 4#)  A B C D E F E G

IV  1 - 10  4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus 1/7/72

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

(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 that my heart will fill.
No-one else can change it, no-one ever will.

For 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.

Each sorrow and care in the dear days gone by
Was made light by the life and the light in your eye.
Like a candle that burns in a window at night,
Your kind hands have (guarded?) and guided me right.

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.

* Not recorded.
Each sorrow and care in the dear days gone by
Was made light by the life and the light in your eye,
Like a candle that burns in a window at night,
Your kinder hands have guarded and guided me right.
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.
"It Seems Like Only Yesterday" (inc)

Standard ABAC
V 1 - 8 4 bars
\textsuperscript{b}294\textsuperscript{t} 6 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
Billy Mills and chorus 30/1/71

It seems like only yesterday I wandered out of Cork.
I sailed away from Erin's isle and landed in New York.
There wasn't a soul to greet me there, a stranger on the shore,
But my mother will introduce them all and \[unclear\] galore.

[Bernard Broadhead prompts.]
She passes your uncle by, my boys, and kisses your sister Kate,
And this is the girl I used to swing down by the garden gate.
She counted all the neighbours and Mister Kidd and all;
You're as welcome as the \[unclear\] in dear old Donegal.

"C'mon on Bunny, finish it off."

Note
Appeals to Bernard to finish the song are unsuccessful.
It seems like only yesterday I wandered out of Cork.

I sailed away from Erin's Isle and landed in New York.

There wasn't a soul to greet me there, a stranger on the shore,

But my mother will introduce them all --- gai-lore.

by, my boy, and ... You're as ...
Lonely I wander through scenes of my childhood

They call back to memory those happy days that are gone.
Gone are the old folks, the house stands deserted,
No light in the window, no welcome at the door.

There's where the children played games on the heather.
There's where they sailed their wee boats on the burn.
Where are they now? Some 'ave left, some have wandered.
No more to their home will those children return.

Lonely the house now and lonely the moorland.
The children are scattered, the old folks are gone.
Why stand I now like a ghost and a shadow?
'Tis time I was moving, 'tis time I passed on.

"All sup!"

Note
See The Old House, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13, 3/10/70, S15, 30/1/71, S24, 1/7/72, S37, 5/8/72, S39, 19/9/72, S41; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S27.
Lonely I wander through scenes of my childhood.

They call back to memory those happy days that are gone.

Gone are the old folks, the house stands deserted,

No light in the window, no welcome at the door.

Variations

IIa

There's where they... sail their wee boats on the...

IIb2

home will those children... scatter the...

IId2

There's where they... morning, 'tis time I passed on.
The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross

Standard (inflected 4♯ and 5♯) ABAC DEFG

VII♯ and 2 III - 4 4 bars

In chorus 4/3/72

[Unidentified singer leads.]
On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best,
For a world of lost sinners, was slain.

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]
I'll cling to the old rugged cross,
(Till my trophies at last I lay down.)*
Yes, I'll cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

[David Smith leads and repitches.]
To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear.
He calls me some day to his home far away,
Where his glories for ever I'll share.

So I'll cling to the old rugged cross,
(Till my trophies at last I lay down.)*
Yes, I'll cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchanged it some day for a crown.

* This phrase is unclear.
To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,

Its shame and reproach gladly bear.

He calls me some day to his home far away,

With his glories for ever I'll share.

So I'll cling to the old rugged cross,

Till my trophies at last I'll lay down.

Yes, I'll cling to the old rugged cross,slow

And exchange it some day for a crown.
Our Goodman (f)

III  V - 1  4 bars
b360  6  Sportsman, Lodge Moor
Billy Mills  8  2/3/71

[Whistles part of tune which was not recorded.] I saw this hat upon the rack where my hat ought to be.
I saw this hat all on the rock where my hat ought to be.
Passing By

There is a lady sweet and kind

Standard

VI VI - 6
1/60 2
4

In chorus

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind.
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gestures, motions and her smile,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguile.
Beguile my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wing-ed and doth range
Her country so my heart doth change;
But change the earth or change the sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Note

See Passing By, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 1/7/72, S37, 19/9/72, S41;
and at the Royal, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.
There is a lady sweet and kind,

I was never face so pleased my mind.

I did but see her passing by,

And yet I love her till I die.

Variation

Be-guile my heart I...
Rose of Tralee

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain

Standard (inflected 5♯)  ABAC DEAC
1♯ - 2  III - 4  4 bars
J 72  3  4
Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus  1/7/72

[Albert leads.]
The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair like the rose of the summer.
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.
O no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle was spreading,
And Mary, all smiling, sat listening to me.
The moon through the valley her pale ray was shedding,
When I won the heart of the rose of Tralee.

Though lovely and fair like the rose of the summer.
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.
O no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee.
The cool shades of evening their mantle was spreading,

And Mary, all smiling, sat listening to me.

The moon through the valley her pale ray was shedding,

When I won the heart of the rose of Tralee.

Though lovely and fair like the rose of the summer,

Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.

No, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning

That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee.
Shall We Gather at the River (f)  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Standard</th>
<th>ABCB</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III 1 - 8</td>
<td>4 bars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Sportsman, Lodge Moor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernard Broadhead and chorus</td>
<td>4/3/72</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Shall we gather at the river, [laughter]
the beautiful, the beautiful, the river?
Shall we gather at the river and there use (Arboy's?) soap?
[Ethel Broadhead leads.]
Yes, we'll gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful, the river.
Yes, we'll gather at the river and there use (Arboy's?) soap.

David Smith: "It's like being in a market place!"
Bernard: "That's what they used to sing, David; when they came
selling bloody soap they used to sing it."

Note
The humour of this song is double-edged. Firstly it is a parody of
No.68 in Ira D. Sankey's, Sacred Songs and Solos (London [no date]).
Secondly it is sung after The Old Rugged Cross, thereby suggesting
that the singsong is beginning to resemble a religious revival
meeting. In fact the song is obviously the subject of much local
humour for Grace Walton calls it "The Milk Jogger's Hymn", referring
to the practice of dishonest milkmen who would water their milk.
Shall we gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful, the river?

Shall we gather at the river and there use Ar-boy's soap?

Yes, we'll gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful, the river.

Yes, we'll gather at the river and there use Ar-boy's soap.
Sheffield Park (f)

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

123456       ABCD

III 1 - 6     4 bars
\96 3        Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Edith Lawson  22/8/70

(In Sheffield Park)* there once did dwell
A brisk young** lad and I loved him well.
He** courted me, my heart so gay,
Till at length he stole my heart away.

"That's one I've been trying to get."

* Not recorded.

** She appeals unsuccessfully to Frank Hinchliffe or John Taylor to join in — "Go on, go on!"
In Sheffield Park there once did dwell
A brisk young lad and I loved him well.
He courted me,—my heart so gay,
Till at length he stole my heart a way.
"Two Eyes of Blue"

There's a little brown road winding over the hill

Standard (inflected 4♯ and 7½) ABCD

IV - IV 1 - 9 4343

66

2 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus 4/3/72

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

There's a little brown/white road winding over the hill,
To a little white cot by the sea,
There's a little green gate at whose trellis I wait,
While two eyes of blue come smiling through at me.

There's a grey lock or two in the brown of your hair.
There's some silver in mine too I see.
But in all the long years, when the clouds brought their tears,
Those two eyes of blue came smiling through at me.

And if ever I'm left in this world all alone,
I shall wait for my call patiently;
And if heaven be kind, I shall wait there to find,
Those two eyes of blue still smiling through at me.

Note

The song was first published in 1918 by Feldman and Co., London. See Smiling Through, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13, 3/10/70, S15, 30/1/71, S24, 29/7/72, S38, 5/8/72, S39, and 19/9/72, S41.
There's a little brown road winding over the hill,

To a little white cot by the sea.

There's a little green gate—at whose trellis I wait,

While two eyes of blue come smiling through at me.

Smiling through at me.
The Soldier's Farewell

How can I bear to leave thee

Standard (inflected 7½)

VI  III - 4

Albert Broadhead and chorus

[In chorus.]

How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee;
And whatever e'er befalls me,
I'll go where honour calls me.

Farewell, farewell, my own true-love.
Farewell, farewell, my own true-love.

I think of thee with longing.
Think thou when tears are thronging,
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft while dying —

Farewell, farewell, my own true-love.
Farewell, farewell, my own true-love.

Note

See also The Soldier's Farewell, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/71, C40, 29/7/72, S39, and 22/8/70, S13, which also includes another verse:

In shadows may I behold thee,
   [Unclear] enclose thee.
With spears [unclear] glancing,
I see the foe advancing.
How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee;
And what-er e'er be-falls me,
I'll go where honour calls me.

Fare-well, fare-well, my own true-love.
Fare-well, fare-well, my own true-love.
The Sunshine of your Smile

Dear fates that hold the sweetest smile for me

Standard (inflected 4°)  ABCDEFG
IV - IV#  VI - 8(10)  4 bars
1 52\+  2  AECDEFEG  4 bars
4

In chorus  Sportsman, Lodge Moor  5/8/72

Ethel Broadhead: "I think we really should have Jim's tonight."

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]

Dear fates that hold the sweetest smile for me.
Were you not nine how dark this world would be.
I know no light above that could replace,
Love's radiant sunshine in your dear, dear face.
Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eye;
Life would not hold a fairer paradise.
Give me the right to love you all the while,
My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

Shadows may fall across the land and sea.
Sunshine [unclear] how dark this world would be.
For none shall see no cloud across the sun.
Your face will light my life till life be done.
Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eye;
Life would not hold a fairer paradise.
Give me the right to love you all the while,
My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

Note
Ethel refers to a friend with whom the song is associated. See
The Sunshine of Your Smile, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 3/10/70, S15,
1/7/72, S37, 30/1/71, S24.
Rabbi

Dear fates that hold the sweetest smile for me,

Were you not mine how dark this world would be,

I know no light above that could replace,

Love's radiant sunshine in your dear, dear face,

Give me your smile, the love-light in your eye;

Life would not hold a fairer paradise,

Give me the right to love you all the while,

My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.
"There's a Bridle Hanging on the Wall"

Standard (inflected 5 #)  

VI♭  V - 6  

Sportsman, Lodge Moor  

Eric Walker  

There's a bridle hanging on the wall.  
There's a saddle in an empty stall.  
You ask me why my tears do fall.  
It's that bridle 'anging on the wall.

There's an 'orseshoe hung above the door.  
There's an old rope that he always wore.  
No more he'll answer to my call.  
It's that bridle 'anging on the wall.

"Does thou know that, John? From Tidsa [Tideswell]."

Note  
Eric comes from Tideswell.
There's a bridle hanging on the wall.

There's a saddle in an empty stall.

You ask me why my tears do fall.

It's that bridle 'ang-ing on the wall.
Tideswell Anthem (f)

"Tidsa Anthem" "Long Lost Goldmine in the Sky"
"In the Evening"

123456 [Standard]  ABAC [ABCD]


120 [1 144] 4, [3]

Eric Walker and Albert Broadhead  29/7/72

[Albert asks Eric if he knows the song. Eric sings.]

By the river in the moonlight, you can 'ear those darkies singing.

Albert: "No, no, 'Tidsa Anthem'."
Bernard Broadhead: "This is it."

In the evening in the moonlight, you can 'ear those darkies singing.
[unclear] . . . they will sit awhile and listen
To the music in the evening by the moonlight.

[Albert continues to disagree and sings.]

When we find that long lost goldmine in the sky,
Far away away, far away away, [hesitates]
We will wait while we watch the sun go by,
Till we find that long lost goldmine in the sky.

Note
Both Albert and Eric are correct in believing that they are singing
"The Tidsa Anthem" as both melodies are incorporated in the version sung in the Tideswell district. This was confirmed at a visit to the Red Lion, Litton, 6/2/76. The information concerning Albert's fragment is shown in square brackets.
By the river in the moonlight, you can hear those darkies singing.

In the evening in the moonlight, you can hear those darkies singing.

... they will sit a while and listen

To the music in the evening by the moonlight.

When we find that long lost gold mine in the sky,

Far away, far away,

We will wait while we watch the sun go by,

Till we find that long lost gold mine in the sky.
We Plough the Fields and Scatter

standard (inflected 4#)  ABCDEF
1 - 2  I - 5  4 bars
J 84  4
In chorus  3/10/70

[Albert and Bernard Broadhead lead.]
(We plough the fields and)* scatter the good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine and soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.

He only is the maker of all things near and far.
He paints the wayside flower, he lights the evening star.

[Confusion with the words.]
The winds and waves obey him, by him the birds are fed.
Much more to us his children, he gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.

We thank thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest, our life, our home, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer for all thy love imparts;
And what thou most desirest, our humble thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.

* Not recorded.

Note
This is the second rendition of the song during the session. The melodic variations are those of Albert Broadhead.
We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land,

But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand.

He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,

The breezes and the sunshine and soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts a-round us are sent from heaven a-bove,

Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.
"When You're Happy" (f)

2 IV - 1 4 bars

1 64 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor

4

David Smith 5/8/72

[Albert Broadhead prompts.]
When you're happy, friend of mine, and all your skies are blue.

Note
The song is one of David's specialities but he is not willing to continue it as it is very late and he wants to go home.
When you're happy, friend of mine, and all your skies are blue.
With Someone Like You

Standard (inflected 1#, 2# and 4#)  ABCDCF

IVb  IV# - 5(8)  8 bars

J 70  3

4

In chorus  4/3/72

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

[Opening not recorded.]

... we find in this life is it worthwhile ... [unclear]

I've been wishing today, I could just run away
out where the west winds blow.

With someone like you, a pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find
A place that's known to God alone, just a spot to call our own.
We'll find a perfect peace, where joys will never cease,
out there beneath the moonlit sky
We'll build a sweet little nest, somewhere out in the west,
and let the rest of the world go by.

Note

See With Someone Like You, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 7/11/70, C21, 1/1/72, S37.
I've been wishing today, I could just run away
out where the west winds blow.

With someone like you, a pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find
a place that known to God alone,
just a spot to call our own.

We'll find a perfect peace, where joys will never cease,
out there beneath the moon-lit sky.

We'll build a sweet little nest, somewhere out in the west,
and let the rest of the world go by.
Won't You Buy my Pretty Flowers?

Underneath the gaslight glitter stands a little fragile girl.

Standard (inflected 4#)       ABCB
VII&       V - 6       8 bars
1 88
3
4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Douglas Marsden, Edith Lawson and chorus 19/9/72

Underneath the gaslight glitter "Come on Edith!"
stands a little fragile girl.

Heedless of the night winds bitter; Won't you buy my pretty flowers?
There are many sad and weary in this pleasant world of ours,
Crying every night for pity; Won't you buy my pretty flowers?
[Tape runs out.]
Underneath the gas-light glitter, stands a little fragile girl.

Beneath of the night winds bitter; Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

There are many sad and weary in this pleasant world of ours,

Cry- ing ev'ry night for pi- ty; Won't you buy my pretty flowers?
Angels from the Realms of Glory

Standard (inflected 4#)  
VI - VII  
I 96+  
In chorus

ABACDEF GHIJKLMNOP
4444444 3334444444
Peacock, Stannington
12/12/70

Angels from the realms of glory
Wing your flights o'er all the earth.
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, your new-born King,
Worship Christ, your new-born King.

Angels from the realms of glory,
Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flights o'er all the earth.
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth, now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, your new-born King, worship Christ, your new-born King,
Worship Christ, your new-born King.

Shepherds in the fields abiding
Watching o'er their flocks by night.
God with man is now residing
Yonder shines the infant light.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, your new-born King,
Worship Christ, your new-born King.
O’er realms of glory wing your flights o’er all the earth.

Ye, who sang creation’s story, now proclaim Messiah’s birth.

Wing your flights o’er all the earth.

Ye, who sang creation’s story, now proclaim Messiah’s birth.

Wing your flights o’er all the earth.

Ye, who sang creation’s story, now proclaim Messiah’s birth.
Angels from the realms of glory,
Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flights o'er all the earth.
Ye, who sang creations story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth, now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, your new-born King, worship Christ, your new-born King,
Worship Christ, your new-born King.

Note
This melodically complex carol would seem to be the result of the amalgamation of two different tunes. The latter part of the melody is the same as that used for a West Country version of this carol, see Ralph Dunston, The Cornish Song Book (London, 1929), p.102. See Angels from the Realms of Glory, at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41. The form sung at the Royal is ABACDEFF GHIJKLADNO.
Awake Arise Good Christians

In chorus

[Billy Mills leads.]
Awake, arise, good Christians, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day.
The self-same moon was shining that now is in the sky,
When a holy band of angels came down from out the sky.
Hosanna, hosanna, to Jesus we'll sing,
Hosanna, hosanna, our Saviour, our King!

Fear not, we bring glad tidings, for on this happy morn,
The promised one, our Saviour, in Bethlehem's town was born.
Up rose those simple shepherds, all with a joyful mind,
Then let us go in haste, they say, the holy child to find.
Hosanna, hosanna, to Jesus we'll sing,
Hosanna, hosanna, our Saviour, our King!

Then like unto the shepherds, we wander far and near,
And bid you wake good Christians, the joyful news to hear.
Awake, arise good Christians, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day.
Hosanna, hosanna, to Jesus we'll sing,
Hosanna, hosanna, our Saviour, our King!

Note
The interference on the recording is caused by a fruit machine. See Awake Arise Good Christians, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 7/11/70, C21, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C52; and at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70 and 12/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C4.
Then like unto the shepherds, we wander far and near,
And bid you wake, good Christians, the joyful news to hear.
A wake, a wake, good Christians, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day.
Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, to Jesus we'll sing,
Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, our Saviour, our King!
Behold the grace appears

Standard

IV# - V  I - 2  223543
\  96  4  Sportsman, Lodge Moor
4  4

In chorus  7/11/70

(Behold, the grace appears.)*
The promise is fulfilled,
The promise is fulfilled.
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child, and Jesus is the child,
And Jesus is the child.

Go humble swain, said he,
To David's city fly,
To David's city fly.
The promised infant born today
Doth in a manger lie, doth in a manger lie,
Doth in a manger lie.

With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your King,
Go visit Christ your King;
And straight a flaming troop was seen.
The shepherds heard them sing, the shepherds heard them sing,
The shepherds heard them sing.

[Billy Mills exclaims.]
"What did they?"

All glory be to God,
And on the earth be peace,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease, begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease, begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

* Not recorded.

Note
The final couplet is repeated. See Back Lane, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40 and 41. The tune is ascribed to W. Womack, see F. Morris, A Set of Old Favourite Christmas Tunes, No.1 (Sheffield [no date]).
Go humble awain, said he,
To David's city fly,
The promised infant born today,
Both in a manger lie, both in a manger lie,
Bright and Joyful

Bright and joyful is the morn

Standard (inflected 2\#) ABCA

VII # V - 6 4 bars
*A 70 3 Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus 4

Billy Mills: "Frank, let's have 'Bright and Joyful is the Morn'." Eric Walker: "We've not had that for many a year."

[Doug Marsden leads.] Bright and joyful is the morn, "We used to stand up for this," Unto us a child is born, From the highest realms of heaven, Unto us a son is given/a child is born.

"D'you know this?"
"Stand up."

All my trust on thee is stayed/I pray.
All my help from thee I bring.
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Frank Hinchliffe: "William, [Billy Mills] thou set off with 'Bright and Joyful' there, thou went into 'Jesu Lover' and then thou finished up with summat else!"

Note
As Frank observes the performance is very confused. The third verse is from Sovereignty. It is interesting to note that they used to stand in respect for this carol. The tune, which is Malin Bridge, is called by this title when sung to the words 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing', and is also the melody for Jesu Lover of my Soul, see Chris 15. The words (verse one) are attributed to J. Montgomery, see Walter Goddard's Collection of the Old Favourite Christmas Tunes (Sheffield [no date]), p.20.
Bright and joyful is the mom,

unto us a child is born,

From the highest realms of heaven,

unto us a son is given.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from men/heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Note
The harmonies are indistinct and are not transcribed. See Crimond, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41; and at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2.
Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
had seized their troubled mind.

Glad tidings of great joy— I bring
To you—and all mankind.
All hail the power of Jesu's name

Let angels prostrate fall, let angels prostrate fall.

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him, and crown him Lord of all.

Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the foe, ye ransomed from the foe,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him, and crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall, we at his feet may fall.
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him, and crown him Lord of all.

And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all.

Note
The melody is found in the Appendix to The Methodist Hymn Book (London, 1904), p.873, where it is attributed to J. Ellor and dated 1838. See Diadem, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3; and at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2.
that with yon-der sac-red

We, at his feet may fall, we at his feet may fall.

Join in the e-ver last-ing song

And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

And crown him Lord of all;

And crown him Lord of all;

And crown him Lord of all,
Christians awake unclose your eyes

Standard

\[ \begin{array}{ll}
\text{VI}_b & V - 6 \\
\text{\textdagger} & 4 \\
\text{\textdagger} & 4 \\
\end{array} \]

In chorus

43444

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

28/11/70

Christians awake, unclose your eyes.
Glad tidings now we bring.
To us is born a heavenly prize.
Arise, rejoice and sing, arise, rejoice and sing,
Arise, rejoice and sing!

This prize it is the Son of God,
And Jesus called by name.
Great wonders he hath shown abroad.
Salvation by him came, salvation by him came,
Salvation by him came.

Therefore let us lift up our voice,
And hallelujah sing.
Forevermore let us rejoice
In Israel's holy King, in Israel's holy King,
In Israel's holy King.
Forevermore let us rejoice
In Israel's holy King, in Israel's holy King,
In Israel's holy King.

Note

Only the principal parts have been transcribed. See Egypt, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40; and at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, C2 (two performances).
This praise— it is the Son of— God,

And Jesus called by name.

Great wonders he hath shown abroad

Great wonders he hath shown abroad.

 Salvation by him came, salvation by him came,

Salvation by him came, salvation by him came.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Note
The melody is attributed to J.W. Drake of Sheffield. See Walter Goddard's Collection of the Old Favourite Christmas Tunes (Sheffield [no date]). See Fern Bank, at the Royal, Dungworth, 22/11/70, C2.
Fear no-- said he-- for migh-- ty dread

Had seized-- their trou-- ble--d-- mind.

Glad ti-- dings of great joy-- I-- bring

To you-- and all-- man-- kind.
The First Nowell

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V</th>
<th>1 - 8(10)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

| J 102 | 3 |

| In chorus | 4 bars |

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

11/12/71

[David Smith leads.]

(The first Nowell the)* angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields where they lay,
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

David Smith: "Ne'er mind all singing bloody tenor!"

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far,
To (view the King)** was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Billy Mills: "Very good!"

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
Who hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

* Not recorded.
** Unclear.

Note

The final of the melody is '3'.
and by the light of that same star

Three wise men came from country far,

To view the King was their intent,

And to follow the star wherever it went.

No well, no well, no well, no well,

Born is the King of Israel.
Hark, hark, what news those angels bring

Standard (inflected 4 # in bass) ABCDEA
3 (I)III - 4 44454
4

In chorus 7/11/70

[Albert Broadhead leads.]
Hark, hark, what news those angels bring!
Glad tidings of a new-born King,
Glad tidings of a new-born King,
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,
Born without sin, from guilt secure,
Born without sin, from guilt secure.

Hail, mighty Prince, eternal King.
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.
Angels and men with one accord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, 'e comes and leaves the sky.
Awake, ye slumbering mortals, rise,
Awake, ye slumbering mortals, rise.
Awake to joy and hail the morn,
The Saviour of this world was born,
The Saviour of this world was born.

Eric Walker: "All sup! What's up with John? Has he fell asleep?"

Note
Eric comments upon the fact that John Taylor does not lead a repeat
of the final couplet. The tune is ascribed to John Hall of Sheffield
Park, see Ian Russell, 'A Survey of a Christmas Singing Tradition in
South Yorkshire', Lore and Language, 1, No.8 (January, 1973), 23.
See Good News at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71,
C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; at the Peacock, Stannington,
12/12/70, C5; at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C4;
and at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2.
Hail, mighty Prince, eternal king.

Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,

Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,

Angels and men, with one accord, with one accord,

Break forth in song, to praise the Lord.

Break forth in song, to praise the Lord.
"Hark Hark — Old Tune".

Standard (inflected 4½) ABCDE/ABCDE/ABCDE/ABCDEFGH

2 II - 4 4 bars

1 88 4 and 3 Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus 4

7/11/70

(Hark, hark, hark, hark, what news those angels)* bring,
Glad tidings of a new-born King.
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,
Born without sin from guilt secure, born without sin from guilt secure,
Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail migh-, hail mighty Prince, eternal King,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.
Angels and men with one accord
Break forth in song to praise the Lord,
  break forth in song to praise the Lord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, behold, he comes and leaves the skies.
Awake, ye slumbering mortals, rise,
Awake to joy and hail the morn,
The Saviour of this world was born, the Saviour of this world was born,
The Saviour of this world was born.

Praise God, praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost, praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

* Not recorded.

Note
The tail-piece is part of Sovereignty, see Chris 28. See Hark Hark Hark Hark, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2.
Praise God, praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost; praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Hark, hear ye not a cheerful sound,
Which makes the heavens to ring with joy,
Which makes the heavens to ring with joy.
See, where light stars, bright angels fly,
See, where light stars, bright angels fly,
A thousand heavenly echoes cry.
See, where light stars, bright angels fly,
A thousand heavenly echoes cry.

Hail, mighty Prince, eternal King,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.
Angels and men with one accord,
Angels and men with one accord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.
Angels and men with one accord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

**Note**
The variation in verse II would seem to have been influenced by the melody of *Good News* which includes the same verse. The melody of *Hark Hear Ye Not* is also sung for *The Star of Bethlehem*, see Chris 31.
Hark, hear ye not a cheerful sound,
Which makes the heavens to ring with joy,
Which makes the heavens to ring with joy.

See, where light stars, bright angels fly,
See, where light stars, bright angels fly,

A thousand heavenly echoes cry,
A thousand heavenly echoes cry.

Variation

Hail mighty Prince e...
How Beautiful upon the Mountain

Standard

VII ♯ I - 4

4 and 100 3 and 2

In chorus

ABC/ABC/DEFGG/HIJK/HIJK

226/226/44444/8756/8756

Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor

20/12/69

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]

How beautiful upon the mountain,
How beautiful upon the mountain,
How beautiful upon the mountain are the fields of him
that bringeth glad tidings.

How beautiful upon the mountain,
How beautiful upon the mountain,
How beautiful upon the mountain are the fields of him
that bringeth glad tidings.

Glad tidings I bring, glad tidings I bring,
That bringeth glad tidings, glad tidings I bring;
That promiseth/publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion,
My God reigneth,
My God reigneth.

Break forth, sing together, sing together, sing together,
in the presence of Jerusalem;
For the Lord, he hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

Break forth, sing together, sing together, sing together,
in the presence of Jerusalem;
For the Lord, he hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

Note

See How Beautiful upon the Mountain, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor,
27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70,
C4, 5/12/71, C41.
How beautiful upon the mountain, how beautiful upon the mountain are the fields of him that bring-eth glad tidings.

Glad tidings I bring, glad tidings I bring,

That bring-eth glad tidings, glad tidings I bring;

That promis-eth salva-tion, that saith un-to Zion,

My God reign-eth,

My God reign-eth.

Break forth, sing to-geth-er, sing to-geth-er, sing to-geth-er,

in the pres-ence of Je-ru-sa-lam;

For the Lord, he hath com-fort-ed his peo-ple,
He hath redeemed Jerusalem,

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!
At Jacob's Well a stranger sought

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#)  ABCDEF

VI - VII  VII  - 6  465233

100  4  Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus  7/11/70

(At Jacob's Well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer, his drooping frame to cheer.*
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near;
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sighed, for richer draughts had sighed.
Nor had Messiah ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied;
Nor had Messiah ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

The ancient well, no glass so true,
Britannia's image shows, Britannia's image shows.
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the stranger knows;
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the stranger knows.

Yet Britain must this stranger know,
Or soon her loss deplore, or soon her loss deplore.
Behold, the living waters flow,
Come drink and thirst no more.
Behold, the living waters flow,
Come drink and thirst no more.
Behold, the living waters flow,
Come drink and thirst no more.

* Not recorded.

Note

The final couplet is repeated. Only the main harmony has been transcribed. This carol is believed to have been written by Hugh Bourne of Newcastle Under Lyme, founder of the Primitive Methodists.

See Jacob's Well, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 1/7/72, S37, 2/12/72, C51; at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40; at the Peacock, Stannington, 12/12/70, C5; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2.
This had she known, her fainting mind,

For richer draughts had sighed, for richer draughts had sighed.

Nor had Messiah ever kind, Nor had Messiah ever kind,

Those richer draughts denied;

Nor had Messiah ever kind;

Those richer draughts denied.
Jesu Lover of my Soul

Standard (inflected 2nd)  
VII#  V - 6  
Ⅰ82  3  
In chorus  4

Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

"Hide me."

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past.  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

"Your favourite that, in' it, Josh."

Note  
The remark is addressed to Josh White, an old man who is an uncle to George White. The carol is sung unaccompanied, after the main session, and only a few of the singers seem to know all the words. The tune, Malin Bridge, is also used for Bright and Joyful, see Chris 4. See Jesu Lover of my Soul, at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C4.
Jone, lover of my soul,

lead me to thy bosom fly,

While the nearer waters roll,

While the tempest still is high.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard (inflected 7h) ABCDEF
VII # V - 4 334433
• 105 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus 7/11/70

(While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,)*
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around, and glory shone around,
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind, to you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign, and this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Goodwill henceforth from men/heaven to men,
Begin and never cease, begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

* Not recorded.

Note
Only the principle parts have been transcribed. This setting is ascribed to John Hall of Sheffield Park, see Ian Russell, "A Survey of a Christmas Singing Tradition in South Yorkshire - 1970", Lore and Language, 1, No. 8 (January, 1973), 23. See Liverpool,
Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3 and C4.
Fear not, said he, for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind.

Glad tidings of glad tidings of your joy—bring joy I bring

To you and— all mankind, to you and—all mankind, to you and—all

To you and—all mankind, to you and—all mankind,
While shepherds watched their flocks by night

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Note
See Lloyd, at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Peacock, Stannington, 12/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 5/12/71, C40.
Fear not, said he, for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind.

Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind.
Merry Christmas

We singers make bold as in days of old

Standard

ABACD

2 V - 5 4 bars
\[ 102 \]

3

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus 7/11/70

We singers make bold, as in days of old,
To celebrate Christmas and bring you good cheer.
Glad tidings we bring of Messiah our King;
So we wish you a merry Christmas, so we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The shepherds amazed as upward they gazed.
Behold, holy angels to them drawing near/nigh,
Singing, Goodwill to men, as onward they came;
So we wish you a merry Christmas, so we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Let's join heart and hand to keep God's command,
To love him and serve him throughout the New Year.
In an innocent way we'll be happy today;
So we wish you a merry Christmas, so we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Note

See Merry Christmas, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14, and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41.
The shepherds amazed as upward they gazed,

Behold, holy angels to them drawing near,

Singing, Good will to men, as onwards they came;

Saw we wish you a merry Christmas, so we wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a

Saw we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Saw we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.
The Mistletoe Bough

The mistletoe hung on the old castle hall

Standard AABBC

| 3½ - 3 | II - 4 | 4 bars |
| 114+ 6 | 8      |

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

David Smith and chorus 11/12/71

[David Smith]
The mistletoe hung on the old castle hall;
the holly branch shone in the old oak hall.
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
all keeping their Christmas 'oliday.
[Other singers join in.]
The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
his beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
the star of that goodly company.
O the mistletoe bough, O the mistletoe bough!

[In chorus.]
I'm weary of dancing now, she cried,
please tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;
And Lovell be sure thou'rt first to trace
the clue to my secret hiding place.
Away she ran and her friends began
each tower to search, each nook to scan.
And young Lovell cried, 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 till a week passed away.
The highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
young Lovell sought wildly but found her not;
And years flew by and their grief, at last,
was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared all the children cried,
see the old man weep for his fairy bride.
O the mistletoe bough, O the mistletoe bough!
At length an oak chest that had long laid hid
was found in the castle, they raised the lid.
A skeleton form lay mouldering there
in the bridal wreaths of a lady so fair.
O sad was her fate, in sportive jest,
she hid from her lord in an old oak chest.
It closed with a spring and the bridal bloom
lay withering there in a living tomb.
O the mistletoe bough, O the mistletoe bough:

[applause]

Note
The words are by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1829) and the music by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786-1855). See The Mistletoe Bough at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/12/72, C52, 28/11/70, C1; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70 and 12/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40.
The mistletoe hung on the old castle hall;
The holly branch alone in the old oak hall.
The barons' retainers were blithe and gay, all keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld, with a father's pride, his beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be the star of that goodly company.

slow—O, the mistletoe bough,

slow—O, the mistletoe bough!
Mount Moriah

Glory to God the angels sing

Standard (inflected 4#)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>V - 5</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1#</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ABCDEF/ABCDEFG/ABCDEF

44445/44445/44445445

Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor

In chorus

20/12/69

Glory to God, the angels sing.
Glad tidings, lo, I bring, glad tidings, lo, I bring.
In David's city lies a babe,
And Jesus is the child, and Jesus is the child,
And Jesus is the child.

Glory to God, let man reply,
For Christ the Lord is come, for Christ the Lord is come.
Behold him in a manger lie.
A stable is his room, a stable is his room,
A stable is his room.

Glory to God, let all the earth,
Join in the heavenly song, join in the heavenly song;
And praise him for our Saviour's birth,
In every land and tongue, in every land and tongue,
In every land and tongue.
And praise him for our Saviour's birth,
In every land and tongue, in every land and tongue,
In every land and tongue.

Note
See Mount Moriah, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40.
Glory to God, let man– re– ply,
For Christ the Lord is come, for Christ the Lord is come.
A sta– ble is his room, a sta– ble is his room.
A sta– ble is his room, a sta– ble is his room.
Mount Zion

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>3b</th>
<th>1 - 3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>108</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In chorus

ABCDEF

423243

Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor

20/12/69

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
All seated on the ground.
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around, and glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
Had seized their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind, to you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
Is born of David's line.
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign, and this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven/men to men,
Begin and never cease, begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

Note
The fourth verse is the only one in which the fuguing part is successfully performed. The carol would appear to be unfamiliar to many of the singers.
All glory be to God on high,

And on the earth be peace,

And on the earth be peace.

Good will henceforth from man to man,

Begin and never cease.

Begin and never cease.
Come let us all rejoice,
And hail the perfect morn.
We'll tune our harps and raise our voice.
This day our Saviour's born,
This day our Saviour's born,
This day our Saviour's born.

Go, humble swain, said he,
To David's city fly.
The promised infant born today
Doth in a manger lie,
Doth in a manger lie,
Doth in a manger lie.

Glory to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease,*
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

Doug Marsden: "You've got last verse wrong."

* Doug Marsden sings 'At our Redeemer's birth'.

The carol is sung infrequently, hence the confusion over the final verse. Doug Marsden's verse appears to correspond to that found in *Ye Old Christmas Carols* (Sheffield [1968]), No.4

Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Goodwill to men, to angels joy
At our Redeemer's birth.
Go, humble awair, said he,

To David's city fly.

The promised infant born today

Both in a manger, lie,

Both in a manger, lie,

Both in a manger, lie.
Come All Ye Faithful

Standard

1# V - 5
.100 4
In chorus 4 bars

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

11/12/71

(O come all ye faithful,)* joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold him, born the King of angels.
O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, (sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God in the highest.
O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.)*

* Not recorded.

Note
See O Come All Ye Faithful at the Royal, Dungworth, 5/12/71, C41,
6/12/70, C3; and at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14.
O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold him, born the King of angels.
O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ the Lord.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,
[See opposite for repeats during fuguing passage.]
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from men/Heaven to men
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

Note
Only the two principal parts are transcribed. Lol Loy plays an organ introduction and symphony between each verse. The setting is named after its composer, John Foster (1752-1822) of High Green House near Sheffield, who published it in his Second Collection of Sacred Music (York [about 1820]), p.25. See Old Foster, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around,
While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard  

| IV# - VII | VII# - 6 | 108 | 4 | 4 | 32342253 | Sportsman, Lodge Moor |

In chorus  28/11/70 (second performance)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

Note  
Because the second part is indistinct only the main features are shown. See **Pentonville**, at the **Sportsman, Lodge Moor**, 28/11/70, (first performance), C1; at the **Peacock, Stannington**, 12/12/70, C8; and at the **Royal, Dungworth**, 5/12/71, C40.
All glory be to God on high,

And on the earth be peace,

And on the earth be peace.

Good will henceforth from heaven to man,

Begin and never cease,

Begin and never cease,

Begin and never cease,

Begin and never cease.

Begin and never cease.

Begin and never cease.
Silent Night

Standard

IIIb
1 - 11

172
3

4

Unidentified woman

ABCCDE

4 bars

Royal, Dungworth

5/12/71

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin, mother and child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar.
Heavenly host sing, Alleluia.
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

[She sings a third verse in German after which she is loudly applauded.]

Note

The singer is a professional concert performer, a contralto, and an acquaintance of David Smith. Lol Loy accompanies the carol on the electric organ, playing an introduction and a symphony between the verses. See Silent Night at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14.
Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin, mother and child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
A Song for the Time

"Squire Came Forth"

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime

12346

VI V - 5 2 bars

/75 4

In chorus 27/11/71

[David Smith leads.]

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray.
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

The squire came forth from his rich old hall,
And the peasants by two by three.
The woodman let his hatchet fall
And the shepherd left his sheep.

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray.
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

Through the churchyard snow in a goodly row,
There came both old and young;
And with one consent, in prayer they bent,
And with one consent they sang.

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray.
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

We'll cherish it now in the time of strife
As a holy and peaceful thing.
For it tells of his love* coming down from above,
And the peace he deigns to bring.

* Confusion with the words of the last verse.
There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray.
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

In those good old days of prayer and praise,
'Twas a season of right good will.
For they kept his birthday holy then,
And we'll keep it holy still.

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray.
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

Note
The carol is believed to have been written during the nineteenth century by the Rev. Alfred Scott Gatty, vicar of Ecclesfield. See A Song for the Time, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 11/12/71, C42; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3 and C4, 5/12/71, C41.
Sovereignty*

Would Jesus have a sinner die

Standard (inflected 4#)    ABCDEFGG'
3   I - 2    4 bars
\frac{3}{4} 4 and \frac{3}{4}  

Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor

In chorus    20/12/69

(Would)** Jesus have a sinner die?
Why hangs he here on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and for me,
Sinners, he prays for you and for me.
Forgive them, Father, O forgive.
They know not that by me they live,
They know not that by me they live.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him, all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

** Not recorded.

Note
In order to keep the transcription of both parts more or less within the staff lines the item has been written in the top octave. The melody is included in The Methodist Hymn Book (London, 1904), p.894 and attributed to J. Newton.

* Pronounced Sov-er-ren-i-ty.
Would Je-sus have a sin-ner die?

Why hangs he then on yon-der tree?

What means that strange ex-pir-ing cry?

Sin-ners, he prays for you and for me.

Sin-ners, he prays for you and me.

For-give them, Fa-ther, O for-give.

They know not that by me they live.

They know not that by me they live.
Remember the time when our Saviour was born

Standard

1#  III - 5  4 bars

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

7/11/70

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

Remember the time when our Saviour was born,
No house for a home but a stable forlorn,
His birthplace no more than where oxen did lie,
Yet he for all people most surely did die.

So now we will praise him for what he hath done,
And trust in his mercy for what is to come.
Be true to your King whilst the battle is o'er,
Then we'll sing hallelujah to God evermore.

The final couplet is repeated. See Spout Cottage, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C4, where they sing an additional verse between the two shown above:

So now he's ascended to heaven above
And there to all nations revealed his sweet love.
While angels before him in rapture doth sing
In hymns most delightful makes the heavens to ring.

The tune is ascribed to F. Thorpe, see F. Morris, A Set of Old Favourite Christmas Tunes, No.1 (Sheffield [no date]).
Remember the time when our Saviour was born,

No house for a home but a stable for - lorn,

His birth-place no more than where ox-en did - lie.

Yet he for all peo-ple most surely did die.
"Sing All Ye People"

Sing all ye people of the earth today,

For Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day.
Ring out, ye joyous bells in heaven, ring on,
For Christ is born.

Born in a stable bare of humble birth.
Born of a virgin pure to dwell on earth.
Let all mankind rejoice on this great day,
For Christ is born.

He came to us that wars on earth may cease.
He came to bring us love and joy and peace.
Worship, O nations, at his feet today,
For Christ is born.

Glory to God on high, we all will sing,
Glory and praise we render to our King.
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men this day,
For Christ is born.

"Very good!"

**Note**
The carol was written by Mrs Mina Dyson of Stannington about 1952. The melody was originally composed for a Sunday School Anniversary hymn but proved so popular that she wrote a new set of words appropriate to Christmas. (Noted 5/3/71.) See Stannington at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, and 5/12/71, C41.
Sing all ye people of the earth to-day,
For Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day.

Ring o'er, ye jovous bells in heaven, ring on,
For Christ is born.
The Star of Bethlehem

When marshalled on the nightly plain

Standard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>III - 4</th>
<th>ABCDEFGH</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J104</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>43344444</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In chorus</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sportsman, Lodge Moor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>27/11/71</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[David Smith leads.]

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestrewed the sky,
The glittering host bestrewed the sky.
One star alone of all the train,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinners wandering eye.
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinners wandering eye.

Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks.
It is the star of Bethlehem.
But one alone, the Saviour speaks.
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er.
I'll sing first in life's diadem,
I'll sing first in life's diadem;
For ever and for evermore,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

Note
The final couplet is repeated. The melody is attributed to T. Dungworth. See F. Morris, A Set of Old Favourite Christmas Tunes, No.2 (Sheffield [no date]). Morris's setting is to Hark Hear Ye Not which is sung to T. Dungworth's tune in Stannington, see transcript Chris 12. See The Star of Bethlehem at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C52; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er.

I'll sing first in life's diadem,

I'll sing first in life's diadem;

For ever and for evermore,

For ever and for evermore,

The star, the star of Bethlehem.

The star, the star of Bethlehem.
"Chiming Bells"

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

123456
VII 1 - 8
1100 4
4

In chorus

[Roger Hinchliffe leads.]
While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,
They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells,
They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign.
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,
They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells,
They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,
Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,
They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells,
They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells.

Note
When this carol was first recorded in the Three Merry Lads no-one seemed to know it, but it quickly achieved popularity at Lodge Moor. It is normal at Lodge Moor to sing only three verses but elsewhere four are sung. See Sweet Chiming Bells at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40, 2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down and glory shone around.

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,

They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells,

They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells.

Second part

sweet bells  sweet bells  sweet bells
Come all ye weary travellers, come let us join and sing

The everlasting praises of Jesus Christ, our King,
We've had a tedious journey and tiresome it is true,
But see how many dangers,
But see how many dangers our Lord hath brought us through.

At first when Jesus found us he called us unto him,
And 'e pointed out the dangers of falling into sin.
The world, the flesh and Satan will prove to us a snare,
Except we do reject them,
Except we do reject them by faith and humble prayer.

But by our disobedience, in sorrow, we confess
We oftimes had to wander in that dark wilderness,
Where we might soon have fainted in that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster,
But now and then a cluster of pleasant grapes we found.

Note
See F. Morris, A Set of Old Favourite Christmas Tunes, No.1 (Sheffield [no date]) where the carol is attributed to Rose and Womack, and the arrangement dated 1877. See Tinwood, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 11/12/71, C42; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40.
At first when Jesus found us he called us unto him,

And he pointed out the dangers of falling into sin.

The world, the flesh and Satan will prove to us a snare,

Except we do reject them,

Except we do reject them by faith and humble prayer.
Hark, hark what news those angels bring

Standard (inflected 2# and 4#)

IV#
1 - 8
4 bars

In chorus
Sportsman, Lodge Moor 7/11/70

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

Hark, hark, what news those angels bring?
Glad tidings of a new-born King.
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,
Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail mighty Prince, eternal King,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.
Angels and men with one accord
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold 'e comes and leaves the skies,
Awake ye slumbering mortals rise.
Awake to joy and hail the morn,
The Saviour of this world was born.

Note
The harmonies are not transcribed because they are indistinct. See Tyre Mill, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14.
Hark, hark, what news these angels bring!

Glad tidings of a new-born king,

Born of a maid, a virgin pure,

Born without sin— from guilt secure.

or are also sung.
Sweet Betsy Betsy to London went
To seek for service was her intent.
Her master had but one only son.
Sweet Betsy's heart,
Sweet Betsy's heart he fairly won.

One Sunday night he took his time,
And to sweet Betsy he told his mind;
Saying, None but you, my love, 'tis true,
None but you, sweet Betsy
None but you, sweet Betsy, none but you I love.

His mother, hearing of these words,
Said she would contrive a scheme
To send Betsy back again,
To send Betsy,
To send Betsy o'er the watery main.

Betsy, Betsy, come pack up thy clothes.
Pack up thy clothes and come with me.
Some foreign friends I am going to see,
Some foreign friends,
Some foreign friends that you will like.

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 heart,
Sweet Betsy's heart, it was discontent.
Three weeks later the mother returned.
Welcome, welcome, this said the son;
But where is Betsy tell me, I pray,
That she so long,
That she so long behind you stay?

Well now, my son, I can plainly see
Thou art in love with Betsy.
Pray, from such fancies as these, refrain
For Betsy's sailing,
For Betsy's sailing o'er the watery main.

A few days later the son fell ill.
No man on earth could make him well.
At first he sobbed and then he sighed,
'Tis for you, sweet Betsy,
'Tis for you, sweet Betsy, 'tis for you I die.

Three days later the son lay dead.
They wrung their hands and they shook their heads;
Saying, if their son would arise again,
They would send for Betsy,
They would send for Betsy to come back again.

Now all you parents that listen here,
Do not control on your children dear;
But let them marry the one that they love the best,
Or else it will
Or else it will their ruin prove at last.
The Broken Token

A fair maid walking in her garden

Standard

VII I - 5
J108 3 2

Margaret Marsden

A brisk young sailor came riding by,
Riding up to her, thinking to gain her,
He says, Fair maid, canst thou fancy I?

She says, Thou looks a man of honour,
Some man of honour thou seems to be.
How canst thou fancy such a poorer woman,
That's not fitting thy servant for to be?

If thou not fitting for to be my servant,
I have a good regard for thee.
I mean to make thee my pride and jewel.
Thou shalt have servants to wait on thee.

I have a sweetheart of my own, Sir,
And seven long years he's been gone from me,
And seven more I will wait upon him.
If he's alive he will return to me.

If it's seven long years since thy love left thee,
I'm sure he's either dead or drowned;
For seven long years makes an alteration,
Since thy true lover is not to be found.

He clasped his loving arms around her,
And said, Thy true-love will never be lost;
For I am thy true and single sailor,
And many times the wild ocean crossed.
If thou art my true and single sailor,
Show me the ring that I gave to thee.
Show me the hoop that was broke betwixt us,
And then I will give in to thee.

He put his hand into his bosom,
His fingers being both thin and small,
Pulling out the hoop that was broke betwixt them,
Down to the ground did this fair maid fall.

He took her up all in his arms,
And gave her kisses, one, two, three;
And said, I am thy true and single sailor,
And just come home to marry thee.

This loving couple soon were married.
In wedlock they did both agree.
They lived together and they loved each other,
All in a cottage down by the sea.

Note
The song was Tom White's favourite. Margaret's verse IX does not appear in Tom's handwritten copy, and is not sung by either Grace Walton or George White.
A fair maid—walking in her garden,

A brisk young sailor came riding by,

Riding up to her, thinking to gain her,

He says, Fair maid, canst thou fancy I?
When first in the country a stranger
Over England I resolved to ramble till I came to Philadelphia, my home.
I quickly sailed over to Ireland, in course of great beauty to find,
Till, at last, I espied a fair damsel
and I wished in my heart she was mine.

One morning I careless did ramble
in the meadows where the soft breezes blow,
Down by the side of yon green mountain
where the clear purling water does flow.
It was here I espied this fair damsel
with such goodly appearance to see.
She arose from the reeds by the water
on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I steps up and I bids her, Good morning,
and her fair cheeks did blush like the rose.
Saying, In these green meadows so charming
your guardian I'll be if you choose.
Young man I do need no guardian, young man you're a stranger to me;
And yonder my father is a-comin' on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I waited till up came her father
then I plucked up my courage once more;
Saying, Sir, if this be your daughter,
she's the beautiful girl I adore.
Ten thousand a year is my fortune,
and your daughter a lady shall be.
She shall ride with her chariot and horses
on the green mossy banks of the Lea.
[Appendix (c) continued]

They welcomed him home to their cottage
   and soon after in wedlock did join;
And soon they erected a castle with such beauty and splendour to shine.
This gay young Irishman, a stranger
   to all pleasures and pastimes shall be,
As the adorer of the gentle Matilda on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Now all you young maids take a warning, no matter how poor you may be.
For there's a many a poor girl as handsome
   as those that have large property.
By flattering let no man deceive you,
you may know not what your fortune may be,
Like the adored one, the gentle Matilda,
   on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Note
The song was learnt from Tom White. A comparison with George White's version and the handwritten copies in his possession that were written by his father, indicate that the text has been touched up.
When first in this country a stranger
curiosity brought me to roam
Over England I resolved to ramble

Till I came to Philadelphia my home

I quickly sailed over from Ireland
in course of great beauty to find

Till at last I espied a fair damsel

and I wished in my heart she was mine