

TRADITIONAL SINGING IN WEST SHEFFIELD, 1970-2

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✓

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### THE TRANSCRIPTIONS

#### Singers (A - L)

Albert Broadhead

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Bernard Broadhead

BroB 1 - 20

Rhoda Dronfield

Dron 1 - 2

Col Goodison

Goo 1

Charles Green

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Bob Hancock

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George Hancock

HanG 1 - 25

Frank Hinchliffe

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Edith Lawson

Law 1

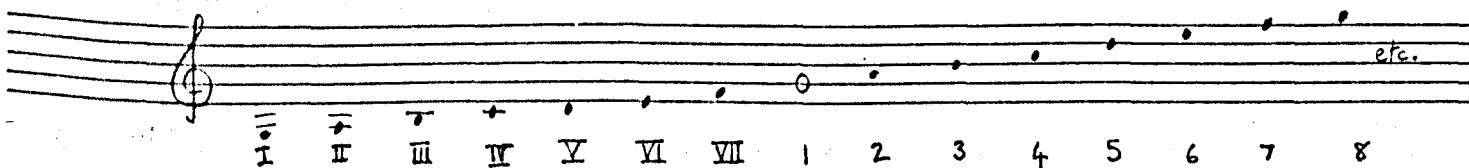
## A NOTE ON THE METHOD OF TRANSCRIPTION

The method of transcription here employed is largely that proposed by Abrahams and Foss<sup>1</sup> with some reference to the International Music Council's handbook.<sup>2</sup> Because neither publication is comprehensive in its approach, nor entirely suitable for the material recorded, a complete breakdown of the procedures adopted is given below. It should be stressed that these transcriptions can only be fully interpreted when used in conjunction with the tapes from which they were made. Furthermore accuracy of transcription is never achieved unless it be by mechanical means, if then,<sup>3</sup> for such are the inadequacies of the human ear as well as the conventional system of notation. In fact, two experienced workers transcribing according to the same method may interpret differently what they both hear, just as the same worker may make different notations of the same rendition on different occasions. This factor was clearly demonstrated when an item transcribed by myself was twice transcribed by a musician experienced in folk music,<sup>4</sup> and then retranscribed by myself. All four notations of the melody of 'While Forging of my Scales and Springs' were noticeably different in their representation of pulse, rhythm and metre.<sup>5</sup>

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

The transcription of a song is generally restricted to the first stanza, except where the singer employs significant melodic variation in the remainder of the song, when such variations are transcribed. Although this procedure is not considered to be ideal, it is the only






practical one in view of the number of songs recorded. All melodies are transposed to the common pitch of G and are shown on the treble clef whether the voice is at this octave  $\text{G}$  or the one below  $\text{F}$ . Similarly whenever a harmony is transcribed as, for example, in the Christmas carols, this too is given on the treble clef. The original pitch is shown by a figure according to the diagram below.



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

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

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

⋈	A pause of non-metrical value
↑↓	The sharpening or flattening of a note
	A shouted note shown in its approximate tonal position on the staff
x	
	A <u>portamento</u> or slide
	A turn, an upper mordent
	<u>Tremolo</u> or the rapid iteration of a note
	<u>Vibrato</u> or the slight waving of the pitch
	An accentuated note

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

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

Spout Cottage	[Standard title]				
	[Local title if different]				Chris 29
					[Number of transcription]
					C21
					[Tape reference]
Remember the time when our Saviour was born	[First line]				
Standard	[Scale]		ABCD	[Melodic form]	
1#	[Pitch]	III - 5	[Range]	4 bars	[Phrase length]
♩ 72	[Pulse]	$\frac{3}{4}$	[Time signature]	Sportsman, Lodge Moor	[Place]
In chorus	[Singer]			7/11/70	[Date]

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

Before concluding this section it is important that a clear statement is made as to the premise under which the work was carried out. In many published collections there has always been a tendency to present

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

Footnotes

1. Roger D. Abrahams and George Foss, Anglo-American Folksong Style (New Jersey, 1968), pp.206-224.
2. Notation of Folk Music (International Music Council, 1952).
3. For example see Milton Metfessel, Phonophography in Folk Music (North Carolina, 1928).
4. Michael Dawney, Lecturer in Music, University College, Cork.
5. Michael Dawney's second transcription is reproduced by his kind permission. See transcript Hin 63.
6. Abrahams, op.cit., p.211.



We're a few jovial sportsmen together well met

Standard

ABCD CDEFD

IV# 1 - 8

4 bars

196 3  
4

Albert Broadhead

12/4/70

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

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

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

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

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

[No chorus.]

"That's all."

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

Note

Both versions given below, which were recorded in the Sportsman, are only the first verse.

See "A Few Jovial Sportsmen", Albert Broadhead at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 19/9/72, S41; and with Bernard, 5/8/72, S39, Eric Walker requests it and refers to it as 'Hills to Echo'. See also variation.

When our hunts-man e-gath-ers 'is 'ounds in the mom,

'Ark ark 'ow mel-o-dious 'is 'om 'e-doth-sand;-

And with a shrill e-cho calls the-sports-men-a-way,

Pre-pare to the fields, lads, to the fields let's a-way.

Then we'll join in full-chor-us with an e-cho-we'll sing,

For we'll make the woods to (h)e-cho and the val-leys-to-ring,

And the val-leys to ring-and the val-leys to ring,

For we'll make the woods e-cho and the val-leys-to-ring,

For we'll make the woods to (h)e-cho and the val-leys-to-ring.

Variations

III b 1  
And to all hon-est

I b 4 (recorded 5/8/72)  
sent-Long-

O good evening Fulwood friends

1234

ABCB

IV

1 - 4

2 bars

1 130

4

4

Albert Broadhead

12/4/70

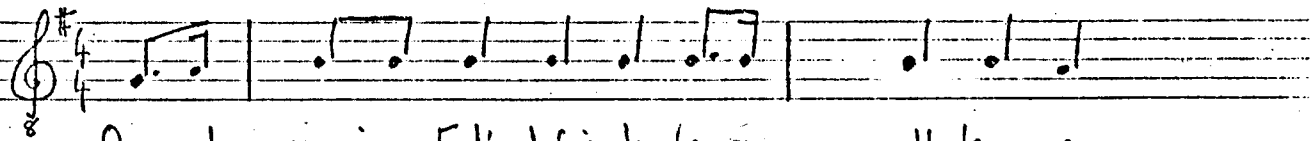
"It were more of a recitation ... It weren't much when it were sung."

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

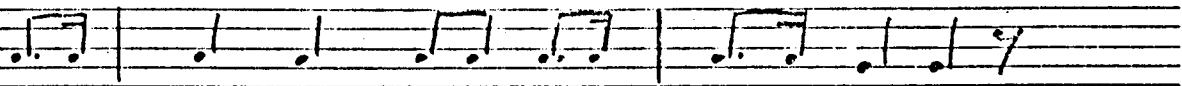
"Words were very good, the way they fitted in."

Note

Albert learnt this from a local cricketer now dead.



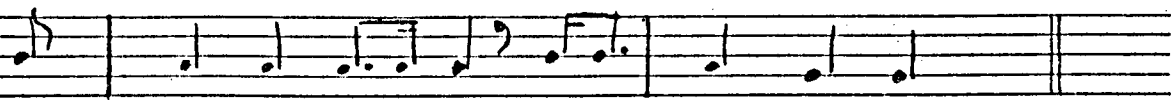
O good eve-ning Fulboel friends, of course you all know me,



I'm the great-est crick-et-er you ev-er did see.



When 'Am-mond saw me 'is face did beam,



He said; I'll put you in<sup>3</sup> the Aus-tra-lian team.

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six

Standard

ABCD

1

I - 3

4 bars

♩ 105

4

4

Albert Broadhead

12/4/70

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six  
we set sail from the fair Cove of Cork.

We were bound for New York with a cargo of (greaves?)  
for the fair city hall of New York.

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

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

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lea,  
there was Hogan from County Tyrone;

And a chap called McGurk who was scared stiff of work,  
and a chap, one that we called Malone.

There was Slogger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule,  
and fightin' Bill Tracy from Dover.

There was Dooley from Claire who was strong as a bear,  
and was skipper of the Irish Rover.

We sailed seven years and the measles broke out,  
and the ship lost its way in a fog;

And the whole of the crew was reduced to two,  
'twas meself and the Captain's old dog;

And the ship struck a rock, O Lord what a shock,  
and O she keeled right over.

[Hums] . . . and the poor dog was drowned,  
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

"You forget words."

In the year of our Lord eight-een 'un-dred and six

we set sail from the fair Cove of Cork.

We were bound for New York with a car-go of graves

for the fair cit-y hall of New York.

In a ve-ry fine — craft, she were rigged fore and aft,

and ho'ow the wild winds drove — her —

She had twen-ty se-ven masts and with-stood sev-en blasts,

and they called — her the I-rish — Ro-ver.

Variation  
III f 2

o-ver...

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay

Standard

ABCD

IV

VII# - 8

2 bars

96 and 72

4  
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Albert Broadhead and chorus

19/9/72

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

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

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

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

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

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

\*Others sing 'at the break of day'.

♩ 96

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay ?

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

Do you ken John Peel when he's far far a-way  
With his hounds and his horn in the morn-ing ?

Variations

V a 1

II b 2 passim

here's to John Peel with me ... of-times led For ...



At dreary midnight's cheerless hour

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCCDEFGHIJK

IV#

V - 8

444444444343

♯ 96<sup>+</sup>

4 and 3  
4 4

Albert and Bernard Broadhead

12/4/70

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

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

Note

Albert learnt this from Walter Taylor and Leo Nelson. Bernard's harmony is pitched rather vaguely, but is usually a third below. At 1e3 and 4 it is indecipherable.

At drear-y mid-nights cheer-less hour, de-serted e'en by - Cyn-thia's beams,

When tem-pests beat and tor-rents pour, and twink-ling stars no - lon-ger gleam,

The wear-y sai-lor, spent in toil, clings firm-ly to the - weath-er shroud;

And still the leng-thered hour to guide, and still the leng-thered hour to guide,

Sings as he views the gath-er-ing clouds,

Sings as he views the gath-er-ing - clouds,

Lar-board Watch a-hoy!

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

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

Lar-board Watch - a-hoy!

Lar-board - Watch, Lar-board - Watch,

Lar-board Watch - a-hoy!

So what's the use of fratching lad

Standard

ABCDEDE/ABCDEDE/CD

VII#

V - 6

2 bars

-175

4

4

Albert and Bernard Broadhead

12/4/70

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

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

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

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

"That's an old Lancashire one."

\* Tape off for most of the first line.

Note

They learnt it from Walter Taylor. A Lancashire accent is consciously attempted.

Tape off -----

So what's the use of frat-ching, lad, this life's none so long,

And if you'll gath-er round I'll tryne hand at a song.

It may be a guid-ing glim-mer to some wan-der-er a-stray,

Or hap-pily give some poor ol'soul a lift on the way,

A lift on the way, a lift on the way,

Or hap-pily give some poor ol'soul a lift on the way.

The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill

BroA 7

S4

I am thinking tonight of the old rustic bridge

Standard (inflected 4#) ABCBDB

VII # IV - 5 777767

♩ 110 4  
4

Albert, Bernard and Ethel Broadhead 12/4/70

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

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

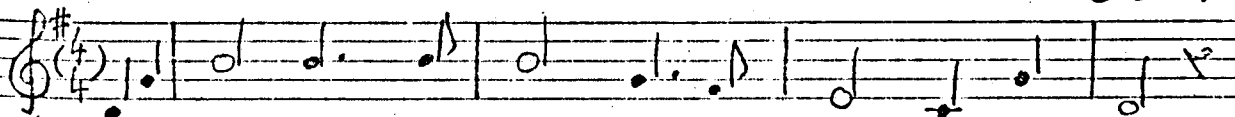
[Bernard leads.]

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

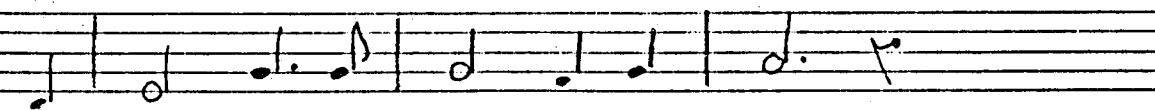
Albert; "It's a very wild high tune that, I think."

Note

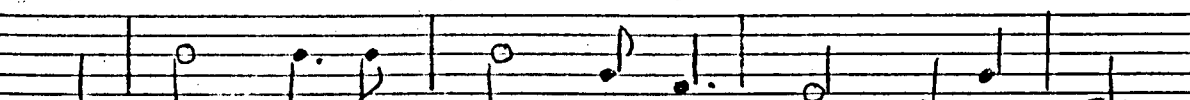
A neighbour called May also joined in. Bernard sings a harmony in the second chorus, which is superimposed on the transcription. See The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 3/10/70, S15, 4/3/72, S35, 29/7/72, S38, 5/8/72, S39 and 19/9/72, S41.




I am think-ing to-night of the old rust-ic bridge,




that bends o'er the mur-mer-ing stream.




'Twas there, Mag-gie dear, with a heart full of cheer,



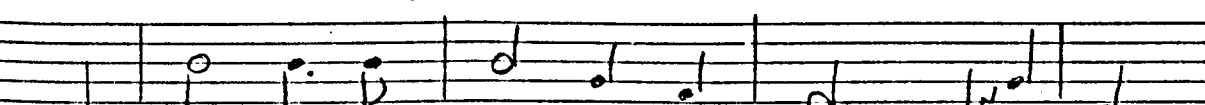
we strayed 'neath the moon's - gent-le beam.



'Twas there I first met you, the light in your eye



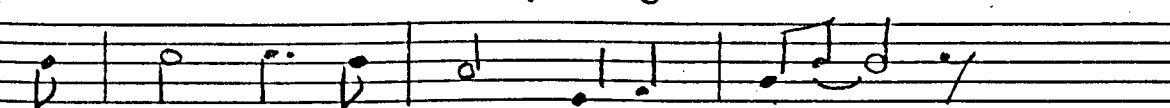
a-woke in my heart - a sweet thrill.




Though now far a-way will my thoughts fond-ly stray



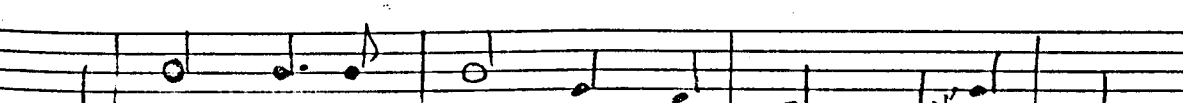
to the old ru-stic bridge - by the mill.



Be-neath it the stream gent-ly ripp-les,



a-round it the birds - love to trill.



Though now far a-way will my thoughts fond-ly stray



To the old rust-ic bridge - by the mill.

"Holmfirth Anthem"

S4

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking

Standard (inflected 4#)

AABC

VIb

V - 8

4442

♩ 75 and 60

4  
4

Albert, Bernard and Ethel Broadhead

12/4/70

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,

'twas on a summer's, summer's evening clear.

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,

'twas on a summer's, summer's evening clear.

'Twas there I beheld a most beautiful damsel

lamenting for her shepherd dear,

Lamenting for her shepherd dear.

The dearest evening that e'er I beheld thee,  
evermore with the lass I adore.

The dearest evening that e'er I beheld thee,  
evermore with the lass I adore.

Wilt thou go fight yon French and Spaniards,  
wilt thou leave me thus my dear?

Wilt thou leave me thus my dear?

No more to yon green banks will I tak' thee,  
with pleasure for to rest thyself and view the land.

No more to yon green banks will I tak' thee,  
with pleasure for to rest thyself and view the land.

But I will tak' thee to yon green garden  
where those pratty flowers grow,

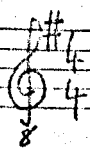
Where those pratty, pratty flowers grow.

But I will tak' thee to yon green garden  
where those pratty flowers grow,

Where those pratty, pratty flowers grow.

Note

Where there are harmonies Albert and Ethel sing the top part.  
See also Pratty Flowers, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 3/10/70, S15,  
4/3/72, S35, 1/7/72, S37, 29/7/72, S38, 5/8/72, S39, 19/9/72, S41,  
7/11/70, C21; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70,  
C3 and C4, 5/12/71, C41, 26/5/71, S27; and at the Peacock,  
Stannington, 5/12/70 and 12/12/70, C5.



A - broad for plea - sure as I was a-walk-ing,

'twas on a sum-mer's, sum-mer's eve-ning clear.

A - broad for plea - sure as I was a-walk-ing,

'twas on a sum-mer's, sum-mer's even-ing clear.

'Twas there I be-held a most beau-ti-ful dam-sel

la-ment-ing for her shep-herd dear,

la - ment - ing for - her - shep - herd - dear.

Variations

II a 1

The dear-est ... e - ver - more with the ...

III e 1

But I will take thee to ... But I will take thee to ...



"Bright Rosy Morning"

S41

There's a bright rosy morning creeps over yon hill

Standard

ABCD

VII

III - 5

4446

160

3

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Albert Broadhead and chorus

19/9/72

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

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

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

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

Note

Douglas Marsden leads off with the first verse again immediately after the song is finished. Either he intends it as an encore or is trying to show, albeit unsuccessfully, that the first couplet should be repeated.

See The Rosy Morn, Albert Broadhead, 12/4/70, S4. He sings from Hunters' Songs, Holme Valley Beagles Hunt (Holmfirth, 1948), p.10, and varies at the following places

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

See also versions at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13; 4/3/72, S35; 29/7/72, S38; 5/8/72, S39.

There's a bright-ro-sy-morn-ing creeps o-ver you hill,

With blush-es a — dawn-ing o'er the mea — dows and hill;

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

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

and hail this bright day.

Variations

II a 3

III d 4

way she do... night and...

In Banbridge town in the County Down

13/457

ABCBCB

VII

V - 7

4 bars

↓ 128

4  
4

Albert Broadhead with Bernard

12/4/70

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

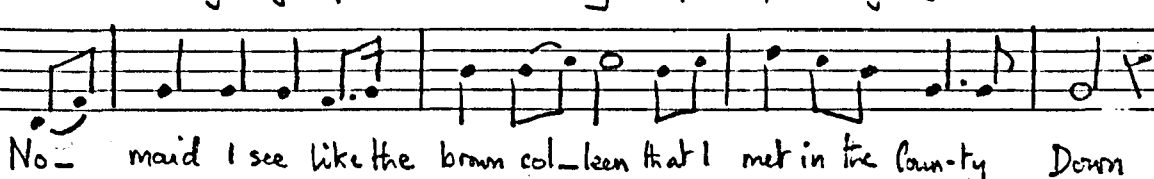
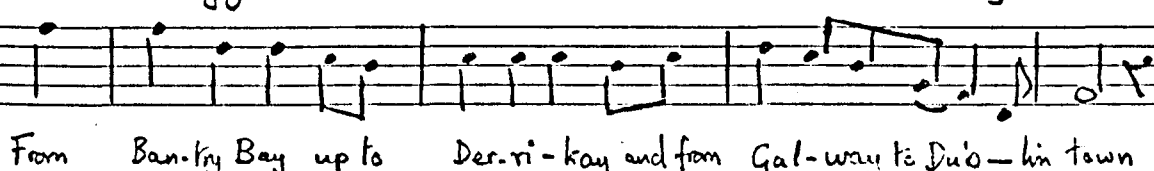
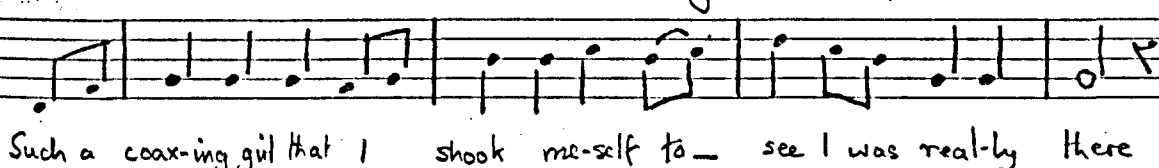
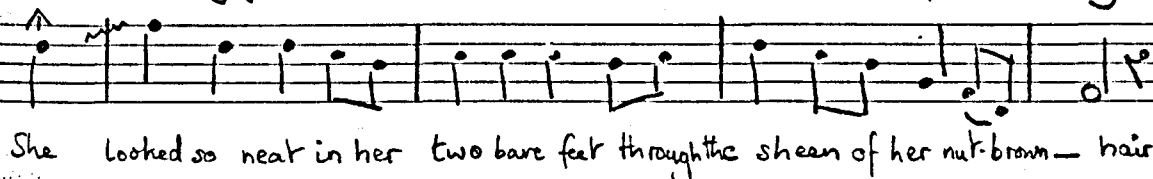
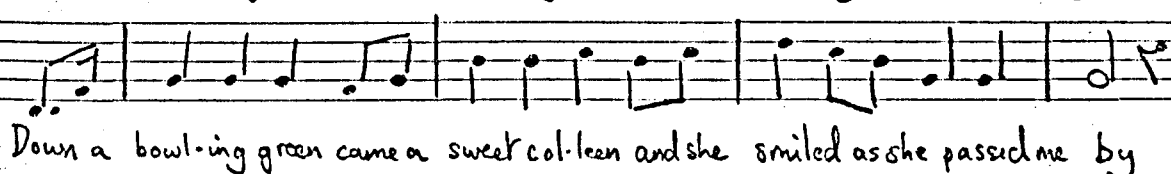
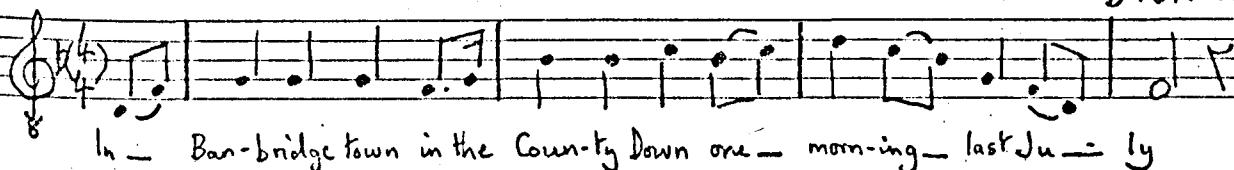
As she onward sped, sure, I shook my head  
and I said with a feeling rare,  
Who's the maid, said I to a passerby,  
who's the maid with the nut brown hair?  
'E looked at me and 'e said, said 'e, She's the gem in Ireland's crown,  
Young Rosie McGann from the banks of the Bann,  
she's the star of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

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

"One that John McCormack made really famous."

Note

Bernard joins in with the chorus. He sings a harmony some of the time which is very unclear.



Standard

ABCD

IV # 1 - 9

2 bars

♩ 100 4  
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Albert Broadhead

29/7/72

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

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

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

\* The opening phrase was not recorded.

Note

Albert affects a Scottish accent, for example he pronounces 'I' as 'Ah'.

II

O when I was walk-in' down the street yan day

I met wi' Geor— die — Cor— by.

Says— 'e to me, You go a-home?

Said I, That's just ma hob—by.

I'll sing of a song that is dear to my heart

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

VII ↓

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 126 and 84      6 and 4  
                         4 and 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

5/8/72

I'll sing of a song that is dear to my heart

of a place where I always would dwell,

And if you will kindly lend me your ear

a few of its beauties I'll tell,

In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,

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

Beautiful dale, home of the Swale, beautiful, beautiful dale.

It's far, far away from the noise and the din

of collieries and factories and mills.\*

From the bustle and strife of town life shut in

by verdant and radiant hills;

In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,

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

Beautiful dale, home of the Swale, beautiful, beautiful dale.

How often as boys have we wandered along

beside the river so dear.

The birds never failing to sing their sweet song

and lend a charm to your ear,

In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,

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

Beautiful dale, home of the Swale, beautiful, beautiful dale.

And if fate compells me to leave the dear spot\*

in other lands far away roam,\*

My earnest wish whate'er be my lot

is to end my days there at 'ome,

In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,

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

Beautiful dale, home of the Swale, beautiful, beautiful dale.

\* 'Order' is called for.

Note

Bernard is applauded.

1126 BroB 1

I'll sing of a song that is dear to my heart

of a place where I always would dwell,

84

And if you will kindly lend me your ear

a chorus

a few of its beauties I'll tell,

slows

In that beautiful dale, home of the Swale,

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

slows

Beautiful dale, home of the Swale,

Beautiful, beautiful dale.



I'm a decent young widow I come from the spot

Standard ABAB CD

V V - 6 8888 8 12

1 175 3

4

Bernard Broadhead with Albert and Ethel 13/5/73

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

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

"Haven't you heard that one?"

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

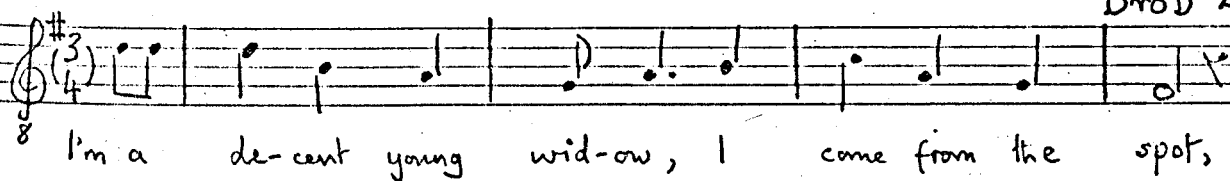
You can travel from Clare to the County Kildare,  
from Drogheda right down to Macroom,  
But where would you see a fine widow like me,  
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombes, me boys,  
Biddy Mulligan, the pride of the Coombes?

[BroB 2 continued]

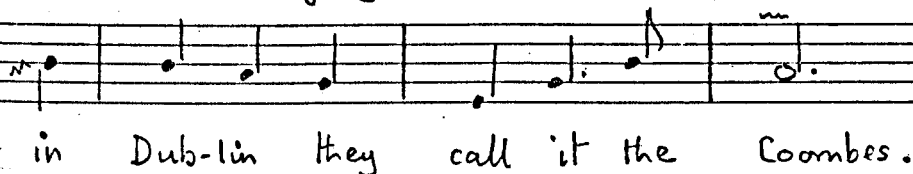
I have a son Mick and he plays on the fife,  
he plays in the Longford Town Band.  
It would do your heart good just to see him step out,  
when the band goes to Ballymount Strand.  
In the park on a Sunday I cut quite a dash,  
all the neighbours look on in surprise.  
Wi' me new paisley shawl an' me bonnet so high,  
sure, I dazzle the light in their eye.

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

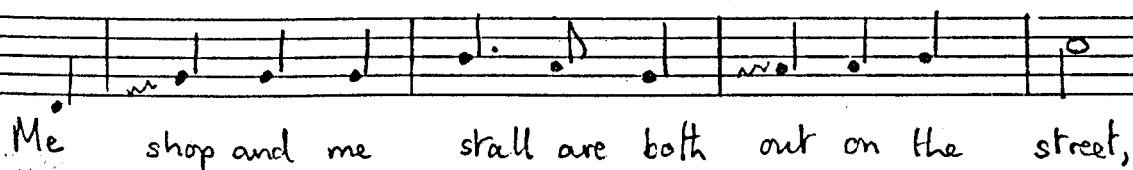
"I thought you'd heard that one."



I'm a de-cent young wid-ow, I come from the spot,



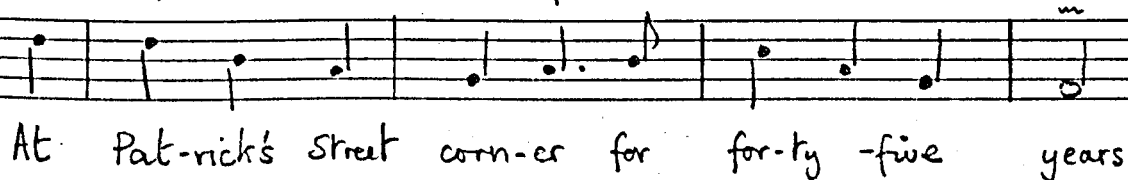
in Dub-lin they call it the Coombes.



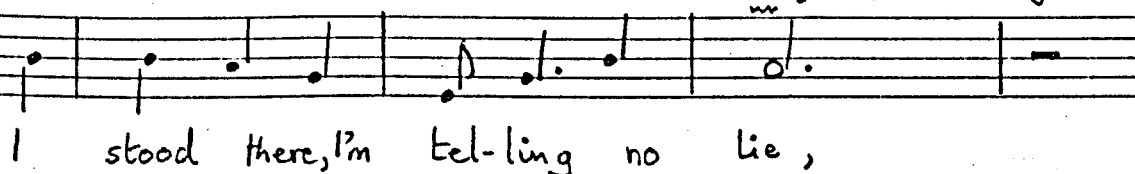
Me shop and me stall are both out on the street,



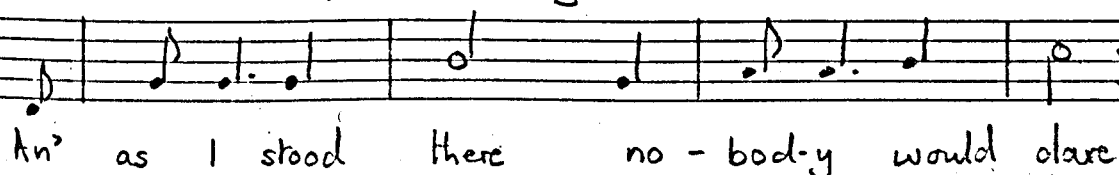
and me pal-ace con-sists of one room.



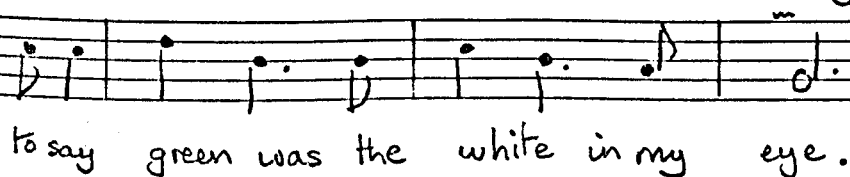
At Pat-rick's Street cor-ner for for-ty -five years



I stood there, I'm tel-ling no lie,



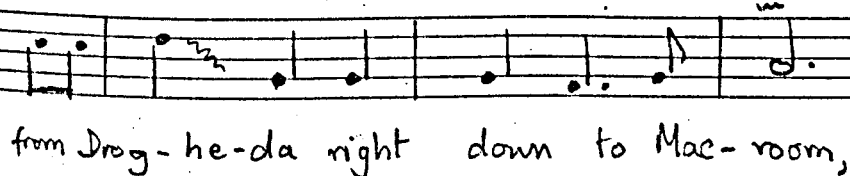
An' as I stood there no - bod-y would dare



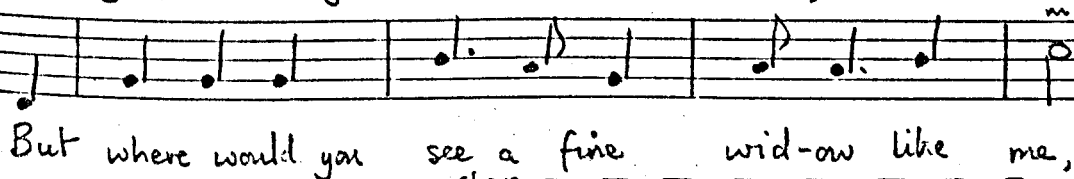
to say green was the white in my eye.



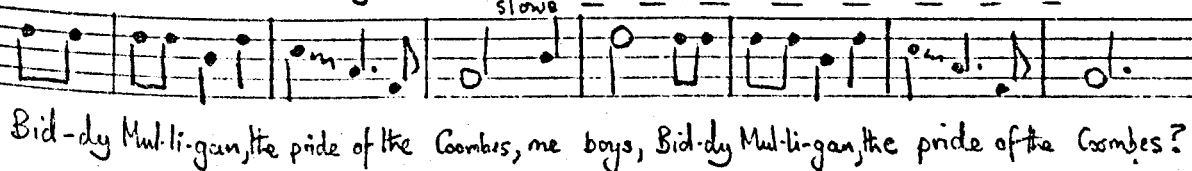
You can trav-el from Clare to the Coun-ty Kil-dare,



from Dro-g-he-da right down to Mac-room,



But where would you see a fine wid-ow like me,



Bid-dy Mul-li-gan, the pride of the Coombes, me boys, Bid-dy Mul-li-gan, the pride of the Coombes?

'Twas there I learnt reading and writing

Standard

ABABAB

VIb

V - 5

888688

.1 162

3

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

4/3/72

('Twas there I learnt reading and writing)\*

at Bill Bracket's where I went to school.

'Twas there I learnt shooting [shouting] and fighting

with me schoolmaster Mr O'Toole.

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

There was ne'er a gassoon [boy] in the village

dare tread on the tail of me

Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,

There was ne'er a gassoon in the village

dare tread on the tail of me coat.

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

There I sought all me courting and the lessons I took in the hand;

While Cupid the blackguard was sportin',

an arrow shot straight through me heart.

This Judy O'Connor, she gives me a scream

and tender eyes to 'er I roll.

If you dare say one hard word agin 'er I'll tread on the tail of your

Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,

If you dare say one hard word agin 'er

I'll tread on the tail of your coat.

Then a blackguard named Micky Maloney,

came and stole 'er affections away.

He'd money and I hadn't any [any] so I wrote him a challenge next day.

That evening we met at the woodbine, the Shannon we crossed in a boat,

An' I lathered 'im with me shillelagh, for he trod on the tail of me

Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,

An' I lathered 'im with me shillelagh,

for he trod on the tail of me coat.

\* This first phrase is inaudible and has been interpolated from the false start Bernard makes to the second verse.



'Twas there I learnt shoot-ing and fight-ing with me school-master Mist-er O'-Toole.

Him and me, we had man-y a scrim-mage, and de-vil the cop-y I wrote.

There was ne'er a gas-son in the vil-lage dare tread on the tail of me

Mush mushmush too-ra-li-ad-dy, sing mush mushmush too-ra-li-ay,

There's ne'er a gas-son in the vil-lage dare tread on the tail of me coat.

### Variations

II c3

IV f7

gives me a scream and ... tail of me coat, by God!

Now me fame spread abroad through the nation,

and folks came a flocking to see,

And they cried out without hesitation

'E's a fighting man, Billy McGee.

'E's cleaned off the Finnegan faction,

'e's licked all the Murphys afloat.

If you're in for a row or a ruction just tread on the tail of me

Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,

If you're in for a row or a ruction

just tread on the tail of me coat, by God!

### Note

Bernard says that he learnt it 'in the bars' in Ireland.

'Twas there I learnt reading and writing

Standard

ABABAB

VIb

V - 5

888688

↓ 162

3  
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

4/3/72

('Twas there I learnt reading and writing)\*

at Bill Bracket's where I went to school.

'Twas there I learnt shooting [shouting] and fighting  
with me schoolmaster Mr O'Toole.

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

There was ne'er a gassoon [boy] in the village  
dare tread on the tail of me

Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,

There was ne'er a gassoon in the village  
dare tread on the tail of me coat.

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

There I sought all me courting and the lessons I took in the hand;

While Cupid the blackguard was sportin',  
an arrow shot straight through me heart.

This Judy O'Connor, she gives me a scream  
and tender eyes to 'er I roll.

If you dare say one hard word agin 'er I'll tread on the tail of your

Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,

If you dare say one hard word agin 'er

I'll tread on the tail of your coat.

Then a blackguard named Micky Maloney,  
came and stole 'er affections away.

He'd money and I hadn't any [any] so I wrote him a challenge next day.

That evening we met at the woodbine, the Shannon we crossed in a boat,

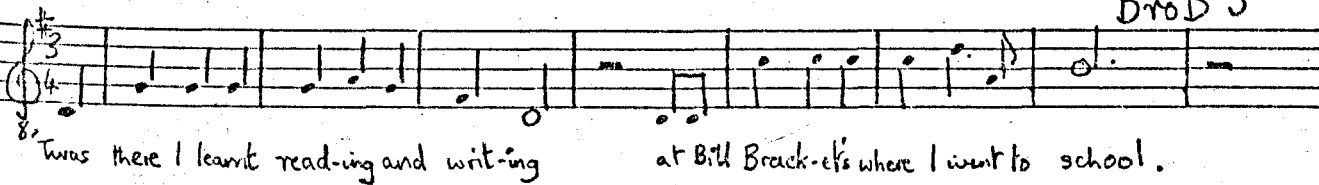
An' I lathered 'im with me shillelagh, for he trod on the tail of me

Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,

An' I lathered 'im with me shillelagh,

for he trod on the tail of me coat.

\* This first phrase is inaudible and has been interpolated from the false start Bernard makes to the second verse.



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Him and me, we had man-y a scrim-mage, and de-vil the cop-y I wrote.

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Mush mushmush too-ra-li-ad-dy, sing mush mushmush too-ra-li-ay,

There's ne'er a gas-son in the vil-lage dare tread on the tail of me coat.

### Variations

II c 3

IV f 7

gives me a scraam and ... tail of me coat, by God!

Now me fame spread abroad through the nation,  
 and folks came a flocking to see,  
 And they cried out without hesitation  
 'E's a fighting man, Billy McGee.  
 'E's cleaned off the Finnegan faction,  
 'e's licked all the Murphys afloat.  
 If you're in for a row or a ruction just tread on the tail of me  
 Mush mush mush toorali-addy, sing mush mush mush toorali-ay,  
 If you're in for a row or a ruction  
 just tread on the tail of me coat, by God!

### Note

Bernard says that he learnt it 'in the bars' in Ireland.

O I went to Blaydon Races

123457#

ABAC ABAD

W↓ - VI↑

V - 5

4444 4446

♩ 312

6

8

Bernard Broadhead

12/4/70

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

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

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

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

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

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



[BroB 4 continued]

Now when we got to Paradise a bonny gam begun,  
There was four and twenty on the bus, man, hoo we danced an' sung.  
They ca'd on me to sing a song, I sang 'em "Paddy Fagan"  
I danced a jig an' I swung me twig that day I went to Blaydon.

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

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

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

Note

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

O I went to Blay-don Rac-es, 'twas on the ninth of June,

In eight-teen hun-dred and six-ty two of a sum-mer's af-ter - noon.

I took the bus to Balm-b-ra, an' she was heav-y la-den,

A-way we went down Col-ling-wood Street, that's on the way to Blay-don.

O Lads, you should 'a'seen us gam-nin,

Pas-sin the folk a-lang the road just as they were stan-nin'.

There were lots of lads an' las-sies there, all with smi-lin' fac-es,

Gan-nin a-long the Scots-wood Road to gan an' see Blay-don Rac-es.

Variations  
IIe 1 and passim

II f 3

O me. . . just as they were . . .

Now Brian O'Lynn had no trousers to wear

Standard

ABCD EDFGED

IV #

V - 6

2 bars

♩ 280

6

8

Bernard Broadhead with Albert

13/5/73

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

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

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

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

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

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

Note

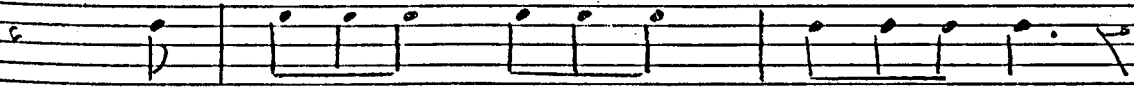
Bernard learnt the song from George Moffat who was of Irish extraction.



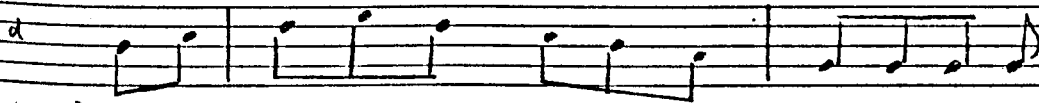
Now Bri-an O'-Lynn 'ad no trou-sars to wear,



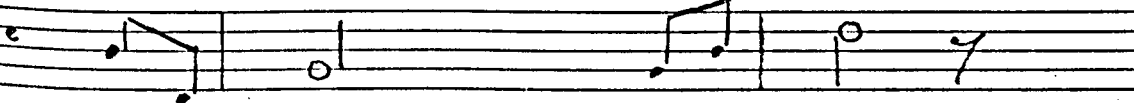
So they bought 'im a sheep-skin to make 'im a pair.



The skin on the out-side, the fur on the in,



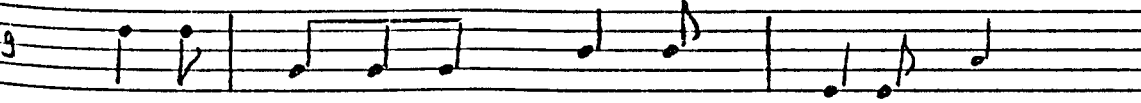
'Twill be well to my bot-tom, said Bri-an O'-Lynn.



It-'ll do, it-'ll do,



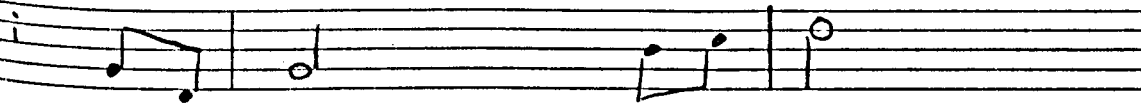
Said Bri-an O'-Lynn, it-'ll do.



For e 'ad a three ang-led ir-on pin



To wal-top 'is mol-ker, 'ad Bri-an O'-Lynn.



It-'ll do, it-'ll do,



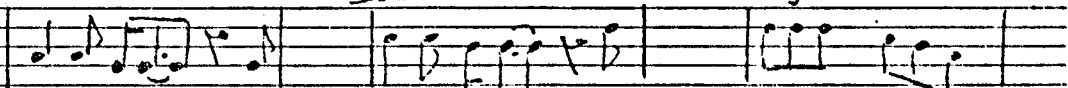
Said Bri-an O'-Lynn, it-'ll do.

Variations

II a 2

II b 2

II and III j 1



wife's wife's mol-ker, They... church to-ge-ker. The... Bri-an O'-Lynn, it-'ll...

The Christmas Tree

BroB 6

C1

Who comes this way so blithe and gay

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCC' DEEFFG

VII - 1#

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 120

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

4

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

28/11/70

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

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

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

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

[BroB 6 continued]

With cakes and plums, trumpets and drums,  
and lots of pretty things he comes,  
So now be quick, your places take and all a merry circle make.  
For now he's here he'll soon appear, and his jolly face you'll see.  
O welcome Santa Claus's man, Chris Cringle with the Christmas tree.

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

[Applause]

Note

See The Christmas Tree, Billy Mills, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42; Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2; Peacock, 12/12/70, C5; Royal, Dungworth, Charlie Fretwell, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, and 5/12/71, C40.

Who comes this way so blithe and gay Up-on a mer-ry Christ-mas Day,

So mer-ri-ly, so cheer-i-ly, with 'is peaked hat' and 'is rein-deer sleigh?

With lots of toys for girls and boys as pret-ty as you e'er did see,

O wel-come San-ta Claus-'s man, Chris Cring-le with the Christ-mas tree.

In Chorus

O ho, O ho, O ho, O ho, O ho ho ho ho ho ho ho!

And - jing-le, jing-le, jing-a-jing-a-jing, right mer-ry shall you be,

And jing-le, jing-le, come this way, comes with the Christ-mas tree,

And wel-come, wel-come, wel-come Chris, right wel-come shall you - be;

O here he is, yes, yes, he is, yes, yes, with the Christ-mas tree,

The Christ-mas tree, the Christ-mas tree, the Christ-mas tree, the Christ-mas tree.

As I was going to Derby 'twas on a market day

Standard (inflected 4#) ABAB

VI I - 2 4 bars

♩ 300 6  
8

Bernard Broadhead with Ethel Broadhead 14/3/70

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

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

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

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

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

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

Note

Ethel joins in the chorus.



As I was going to Der-by, 'twas on a mar-ket day;

I saw the fin-est ram, Sir, that ev-er was fed on hay,

Sung-ing hay ring-le dang-le, hay ring-le day;

It was the fin-est ram, Sir, that ev-er was fed on hay.

IIa1 Variations

IIa3

The space ...

for as a man could ...

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

Standard ABCBCB

II 1 - 8 4 bars

♩ 192 6  
8

Bernard Broadhead with Ethel Broadhead 14/3/70

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

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

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

Father Hodge to his dame says, I'm sixty and lame,  
times are hard yet my rent I must pay;  
But I don't care a jot if I raise rent or not,  
I must go out hunting today.  
There's a hare in yon planting, they say,  
I'll find 'im an' get 'im away;  
And be first up the hill and try hard for the kill,  
for I must go out hunting today.  
We'll all go out hunting today,  
all nature is balmy and gay;  
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
an' we'll all go out hunting today.

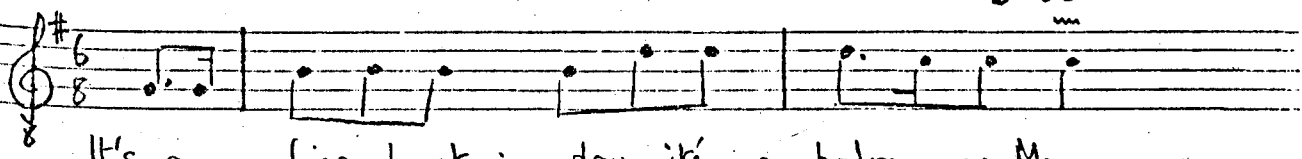
[BroB 8 continued]

As the justice in court he gets wynd of the sport,  
an' the lawyers apply to adjourn.  
No witness is 'eard, an' there's none found at all,  
they've followed the hounds and the horn.  
Says his worship, Great fine they must pay  
if they will not our summons obey;  
But it's not a bad sport so we'll close up the court,  
an' we'll all go out hunting today.  
We'll all go out hunting today,  
all nature is balmy and gay,  
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
an' we'll all go out hunting today.

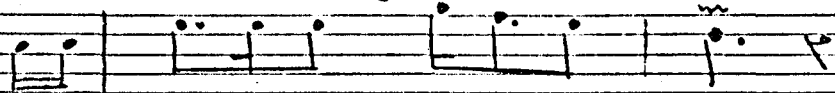
As the village bells chime, there's a wedding at nine,  
an' the parson unites the fond pair.  
He hears the sweet sound of the horn and the hound,  
an' he knows that it's time to be there.  
Says 'e, For your welfare I pray,  
but I regret I no longer can stay.  
You are safely made one, I must quickly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

Note

Ethel joins in the chorus. The melody in the first and third bars of phrase C are interchanged in verses IV and V.



It's a fine hunt-ing day, it's as balm-y as May,



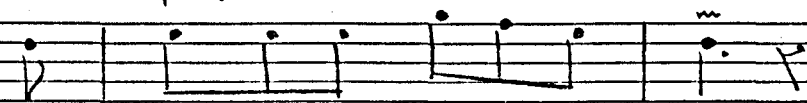
and the hounds to the vil-lage they come.



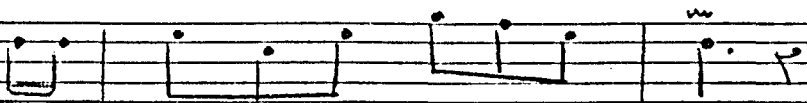
All friends will be there, and all trou-bles and cares



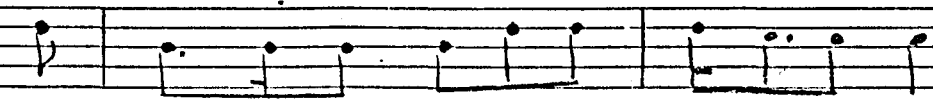
will be left far be-ind and at 'ome.



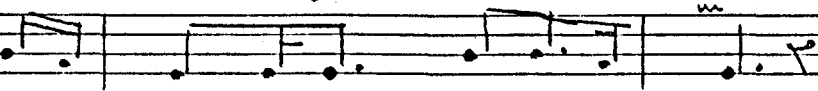
See ser-vants and steeds on their way,



and the hunts-men their scar-let dis-play.



We'll join the glad throng that goes laugh-ing a-long,



O we'll all go out hunt-ing to-day.



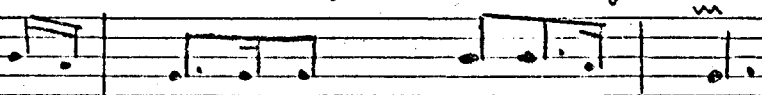
We'll all go out hunt-ing to-day,



all na-ture is balm-y and gay;



We'll join the glad throng that goes laugh-ing a-long,



an' we'll all go out hunt-ing to-day.

Have you ever been in love my boys?

123456

ABCA ABCA

V

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 288 and 230

6

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

8

Bernard Broadhead

19/9/72

Have you ever been in love, me boys, or have you felt the pain?  
I'd rather be in gaol, me boys, than be in love again.  
The girl I knew was beautiful, I'll have you all to know,  
And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

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

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

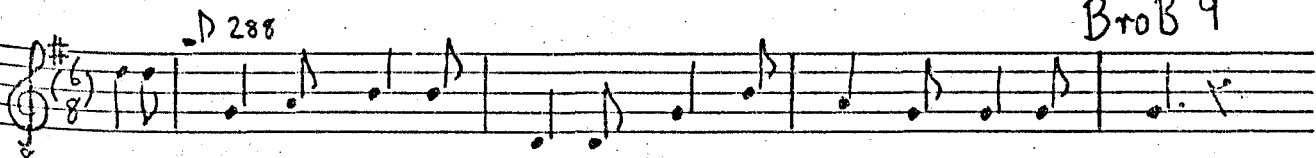
She was just the sort of creature, boys, that nature did intend  
To walk right through the world, me boys, without a 'Grecian bend'.  
Nor did she wear a 'shenial', I'll have you all to know,  
And I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

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

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

Note

Requested by Billy Mills. "Met 'er in the garden", Bernard.'



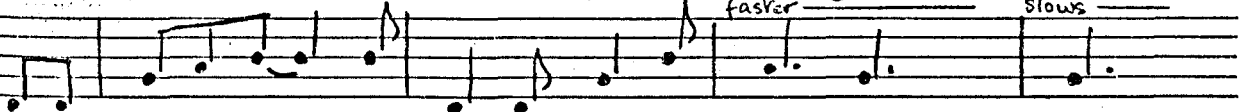
Have you ev-er been in love, me boys, or have you felt the pain?



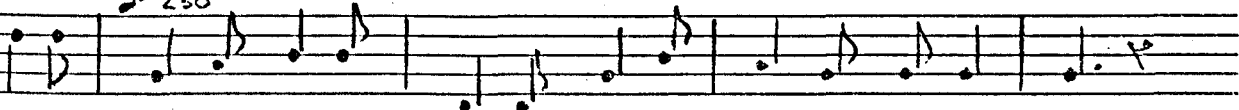
I'd rath-er be in gaol, me boys, than be in love a-gain.



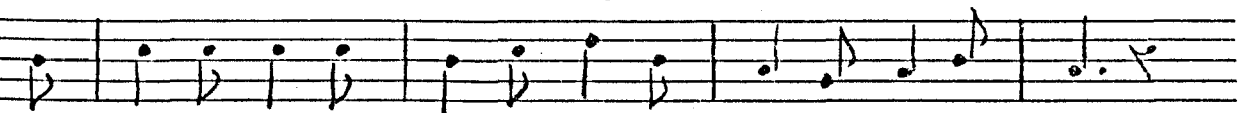
The girl I knew was beau-ti-ful, I'll have you all to know,



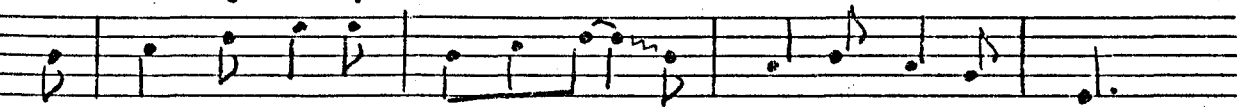
And I met her in the gar-den where the pra-ties grow.



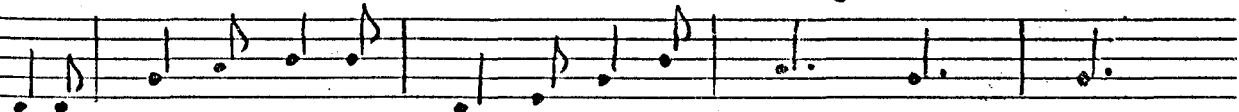
She was just the sort of crea-ture, boys, that na-ture did in-tend



To walk right through the world, me boys, with-out a 'Gre-cian bend'.



Nor did she wear a 'she-ni-al', I'll have you all to know,



And I met her in the gar-den where the pra-ties grow.

O night and day I'm dreaming of the hills of Donegal

Standard (inflected 2# and 4# )                      ABCD EFGH(I)

I#                      1 - 12                      4446 4444(4)

.l 105<sup>+</sup>                      4                      Sportsman, Lodge Moor  
  4

Bernard Broadhead                      4/3/72

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

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

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

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

Note

Bernard is applauded. The second verse finishes in the top octave.

a

O night and day I'm dream-ing of the hills of Do-ne-gal.

b

The <sup>faster</sup> heath-er on the hill-side and the sun shines o-ver all;

c

And 'tis west-ward I be go-ing a-cross the o-cean blue,

d

To win a-gain the hap-py hours that long a-go I knew, that long a-go-I knew

e

O hills — of — Do-ne-gal to thee we live and call.

f

In ev-ery dream that won-der-ful the wild and lone-ly sea;

g

And please God, if he so will, soon I'll see my Ir-ish hills,

h

The hills — of — Do-ne-gal so dear — to : me

Variation II h3

i

The hills — of — Do-ne-gal so dear — to me.



Come all ye maids and men and to me pay attention

Standard ABCDAE

IV# - V V - 6 4 bars

196 2  
4

Bernard Broadhead with Ethel Broadhead

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

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

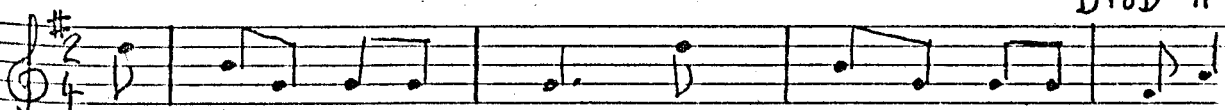
Next Sunday being the day we were to have a flare up,  
I dressed myself quite gay and I smartened all my hair up. [hesitates]  
The Captain 'ad no wife, 'e 'ad gone out fishing,  
And we kicked up 'igh life downstairs in the kitchen.  
With a tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy,  
Tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy.

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

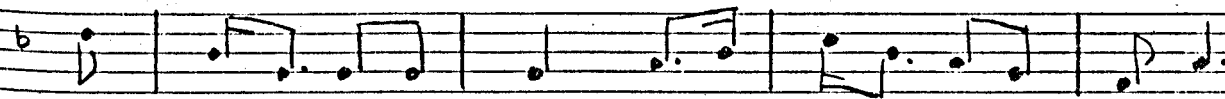
I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial.  
For 'er sauce she did indict me and I was sent for trial.  
She said I'd robbed the house, inspite of all 'er screeching,  
An' I got six months gaol for me courtin' in the kitchen.  
With a tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy,  
Tooralooralye, tooralooraladdy.

Note

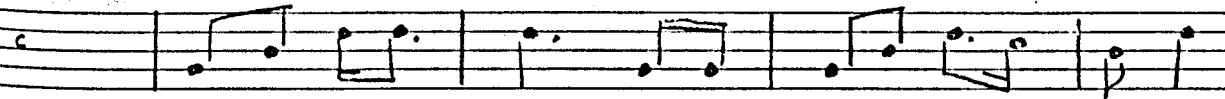
Ethel joins in the chorus.  
See Hoolley in the Kitchen, Bernard Broadhead, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38 and 30/1/71, S24.



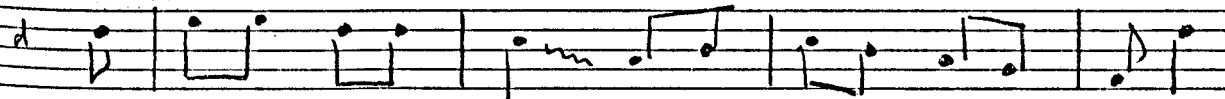
Come all ye maids and men and to me pay at-ten-tion,



Don't er-er fall, in love it's the dev-il's own in-ven-tion.



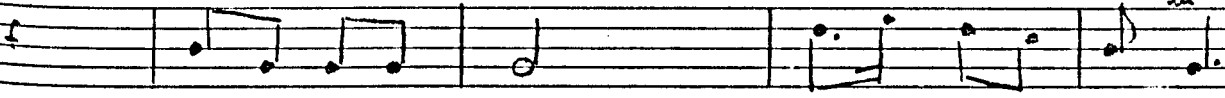
Once I fell in love with a maid-en so be-witch-ing,



Miss Hen-ri-et-ta Bell out of Cap-tain ker-ry's kit-chen.

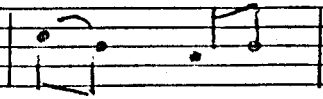


With a too-ra - loo-ra - lye, too-ra - loo-ra - lad-dy,



Too-ra - loo-ra - lye, too-ra - loo-ra Lad-dy.

Variation  
Vd 2



gaol - for me ...

"If You Ever Go to Ireland"

BroB 12

S38

Pardon me stranger I know you from Ireland

Standard

ABAC DEFE

III

VII# - 10

4444 4445

190± 160± 3 and 4 and 6  
4 4 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

29/7/72

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

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

\* Unclear.

♩ 90 ±

Par-don me, stran-ger, I know you from Ire-land,

Ire-land my home of the green em-erald isle,

And I'm think-ing that some-day you'll go back to Ire-land,

Slows

If you do, will you say, this we'd willed with a smile?

chorus ♩ 60

If you ev-er go to Ire-land will you take this mes-sage for me?

Slows

To a sweet old I-rish la-dy, she's as sweet as an an-gel can be.

♩ 80

You'll find a white cot where the green sham-rock grows,

where the moun-tains sweep down to the sea.

If you ev-er go to Ire-land, will you kiss my own moth-er for me?

Slows

There's a pub just down our village street

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABAC DEAC

VI

III - V

4343 3343

♩ 165 and 140     4  
                             4

Bernard Broadhead with Albert and Ethel     12/4/70

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

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

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

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

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

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

Note

See "I'm Always Glad to See a Man Like Thee", Sportsman,  
Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14.

There's a pub just down our vil-lage street an' there I oft-en go.

I like to meet me pals there e-very night.

The land-lord is a pal of mine, each o-ther well we know,

And with these words'e greets me with de-light -  
In chorus

I'm al-ways glad to see a man like thee.

Thou'rt as wel-come, thou'rt as wel-come as can be .

Draw thee chair reet up to t<sup>e</sup> tab-le, stop as long as thou art ab-le .

I'm al-ways glad to see a man like thee .

Variations

II h 2 passim

III d 2

see a man like ... seen the wel-come that I ...

There is a jolly grinder that I know well

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

V                      V - 6

4 bars

-| 116<sup>±</sup>

4  
4

Bernard Broadhead

13/5/73

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

There is a jolly grinder that I know well  
an' 'e works down int' Union Wheel.

'E's a mug when 'e's paid but 'e's clever at 'is trade,  
'is blades are best shear steel.

'E can work, 'e can play, 'e can grind care away  
as much as any other fellow can.

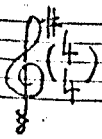
'E can lend an' 'e can spend, 'e can grieve for a friend,  
and still they say a grinder's not a man.

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

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

Note

A literary version of the song appears in E. Darbyshire, Ballads  
(Sheffield, 1866).



There is a jol-ly grind-er that I know well

an'è works down int' Un-ion Wheel.

'E's a mug when 'e's paid but 'e's clev-er at 'is trade,

'is blades are best shear steel.

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

as much as an-y o-ther fel-law can.

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

and still they say a grind-er's nota man.



Dear thoughts are in my mind and my soul's so enchanted

Standard

ABCB

Vib

IV - 6

4 bars

-|60<sup>+</sup>

(<sup>4</sup>/<sub>4</sub>)

Bernard and Albert Broadhead

12/4/70

[Albert leads]

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

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

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

Albert: "A beautiful song."

Note

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

Rubato

Dear thoughts are in my mind and my soul's so en-chant-ed,

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

'Tis this that bids-my-soul all-its joy-ous-e-lat-ion,

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

Variations (Bernard)

I shall tell her of my love and of my a-dor-a-tion,

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

For her ten-der beam-ing-smile to my hope-has-been-grant-ed,

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

Standard

ABABCDEB

VII

V - 6

4 bars

J 96

4  
4

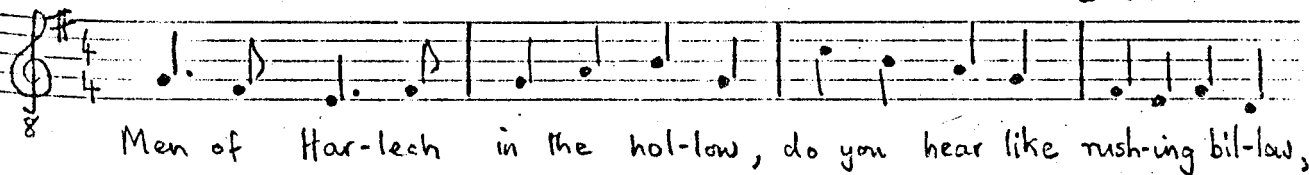
Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

5/8/72

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

\* Unclear.



Wave on wave that sur-ging fol-low, batt-le's dist-ant shout?

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

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

Loose the fold a-sund-er, flags we con-quer un-der;

The placid sky now bright on high shall launch its bolt in thun-der.

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

Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us, Cam-bria, God and right.

In that old fashioned town

Standard

ABCD

III

VI - 9

8 bars

♩ 88 and 110

3

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

4/3/72

(In that old fashioned town in that)\* old fashioned place  
in the dear little old fashioned farm.

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

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

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

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

— — — we must go,  
my heart while it beats in my breast.

If e'er I may roam in that old fashioned home,  
we'll fly back like a bird to its nest.

\* Not recorded.

Note

The text is extremely difficult to transcribe. At the places where  
there are gaps the words were inaudible.

♩ 88

*p*  $\sharp$   $\frac{2}{4}$   

 In that old fash-ioned town in that old fash-ioned place

*b*  

 in the dear litt-le old fash-ioned farm.

*c*  

 I can see their old fac-es so ten-der and sweet,

*d*  

 and I love ev-ery wrin-kle that's there.

*e*  

 I love ev-ery mouth in that old fash-ioned house

*f*  

 with its - - - as well.

*g*  

 Each - and each - , ev-ery trou-ble I - bring

*h*  

 in that quaint lit-tle <sup>slows</sup> old fash-ioned town.

Variation II h 2

*h*  

 ... bird to its nest.

The Queen of Connemara (inc)

BroB 18

S4

When the boats weighed down with fish

Standard

ABCDEF

V - VI ♭

V - 9

4 bars

♩ 200<sup>+</sup>

6

8

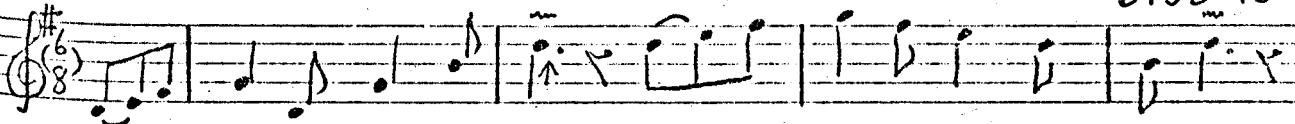
Bernard Broadhead

12/4/70

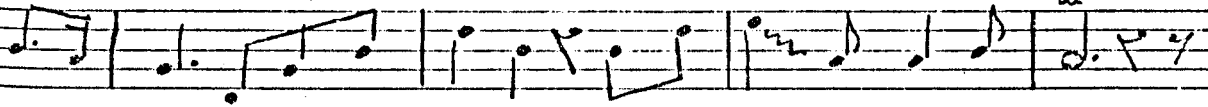
When the boats weighed down with fish in the teeth of wind and weather,  
And she's out upon the ocean from midst Galway and Kinsale;  
And to me she will be binding, and to me we will be binding,  
O she leaps through the waves like a seagull in the gale.  
O she's neat, O she's sweet, she's a beauty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

Bernard: "I only know one verse."

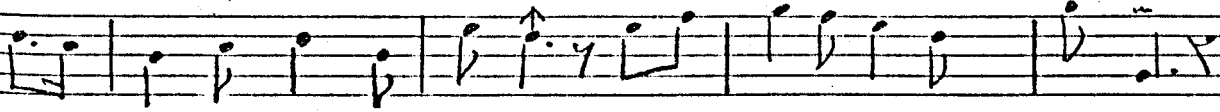
Albert: "It's a lovely tune that. It's a very great favourite in the west of Ireland."



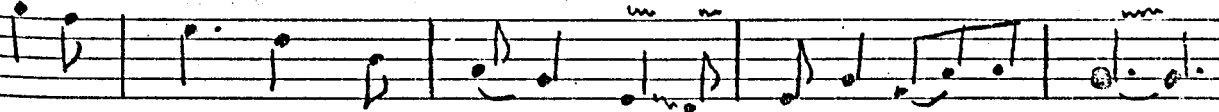
When - the boats weighed down with fish in the teeth of wind and weath-er,



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



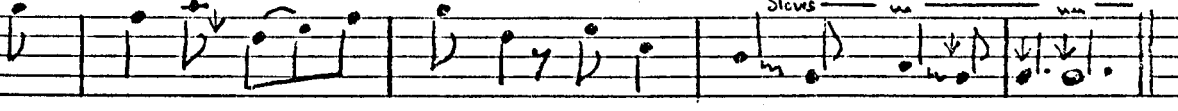
And to me she will be bind-ing, and to me we will be bind-ing,



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



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



The Queen of Con-ne-ma-ra is that bound-ing barque of mine.



"The Extension of Swale Dale"

S39

Beautiful Swale Dale, the land of my birth

Standard

ABAC ABAC

1 III - 3

4 bars

↓ 162

3  
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Bernard Broadhead and chorus

5/8/72

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

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

[Pause while 'time' is called.]

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

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

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

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

\* Unclear.

[BroB 19 continued]

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well done, Bernard. Good un."

\* Unclear.

#### Note

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

Beau-ti-ful Swale Dale, the land of my birth,

Beau-ti-ful Swale Dale not know-ing thy worth,

Thy calf-le and sheep and grouse on the moors,

And pigs made o' lead bring in mo-ney like sho'ers

Chorus

Beau-ti-ful Swale Dale, land of rest,

Beau-ti-ful Swale Dale, I love thee the best.

Thy land it is set in a cul-ti-vate style,

The ex-ten-sion of Swale Dale is twen-ty long mile.

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said

Standard (inflected 2# and 4#)

ABCDEFCD GHGI

III ♭

1 - 9

4 bars

♩ 65 and 75

Irregular

Bernard Broadhead with chorus

12/4/70

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

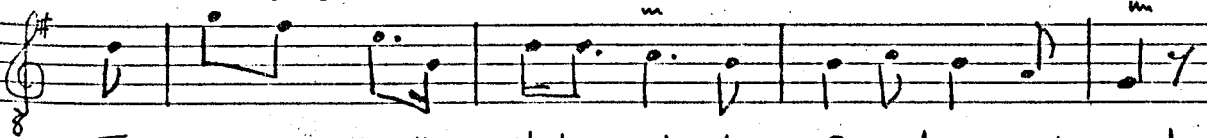
The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,  
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give.  
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and grey,  
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Note

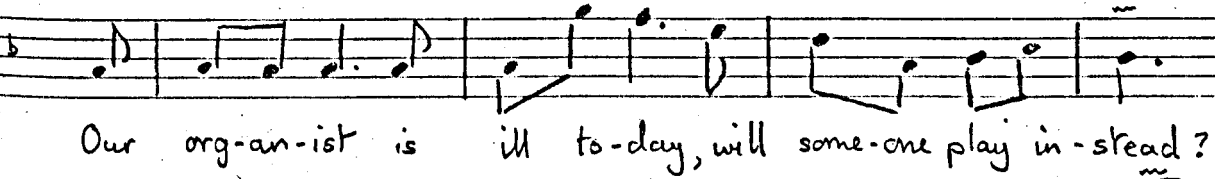
Albert and Ethel join in the chorus. At II1 the higher notes are Albert's. Bernard learnt this from Walter Taylor.  
See The Volunteer Organist, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 5/8/72, S39.

Rubato ♩ 65

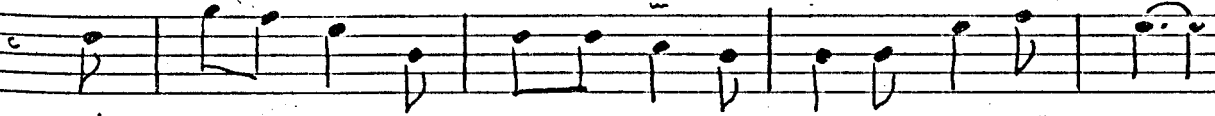
BroB 20



The preach-er in the vil-lage church one Sun-day morn-ing said,



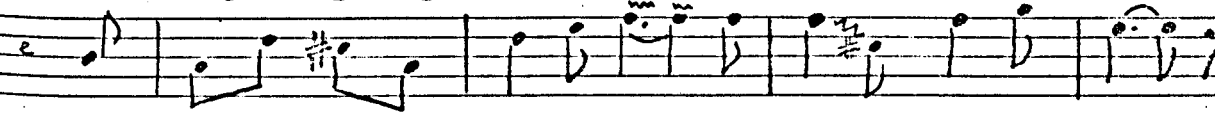
Our org-an-ist is ill to-day, will some-one play in-stead?



An an-xious look crept o'er the face of ev-ery per-son there,



As eag-er-ly they watched to see who'd fill the va-cant chair.



An old man stag-gered down the aisle, his clothes were old and torn;



How strange a drunk-ard seemed to be in church on Sun-day morn'g?



But as he touched the or-gan keys with-out a sing-le word,



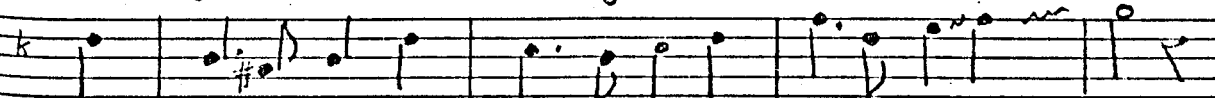
The me-lo-dy that fol-lowed was the sweet-est ev-er heard.



The scene was one I'll ne'er for-get as long as I may live,



And just to see it o'er a-gain all earth-ly wealth I'd give.



The con-gre-ga-tion all a-mazed, the preach-er old and grey,



The or-gan and the or-gan-ist who vol-un-teered to play.

Die an Old Maid (f)

Dron 1

S11

Redmires Road

Rhoda Dronfield

4/6/70

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

Note

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

The Soldier and a Man (f)

Dro 2

S11

A soldier stood on the battlefield

Redmires Road

Rhoda Dronfield

4/6/70

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

Note

Rhoda cannot remember the tune.

Give Me the Spade (f)

Goo 1

S28

Standard

ABCD

V 1 - 8

4 bars

1100<sup>+</sup> 2

4

Col Goodison

16/3/71

Give me the spade and the man that can use it,  
With all our enjoyment and pleasures we [unclear]  
[Hesitates.]

Let a man that hath strength never stoop to abuse it.  
Give it back to the giver, the land, by the land.

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

Note

Col remembers that it was always sung by William Inman.

God 1

Give me the spade and the man that can use it,

With all our en-joy-ment and plea-sures we

Let a man that hath strength nev-er stoop to a-buse it.

Give it back to the giv-er, the land, by the land.



Standard

ABCDE

VI ♭

III - 6

4 bars

♩ 105

4  
4

Charles Green

20/5/71

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

"See, I was putting in [other parts] as well. Really wants parts."

All hail the pow-er of Je-su's name,

Let an-gels prost-rate fall, Let an-gels prost-rate fall,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,

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

*slows*

Crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

Standard (inflected 4 #, 5 #)

ABCDEFGH I

I # 1 - 11

888887,108

. | 124 (3)  
4

Charles Green

20/5/71

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

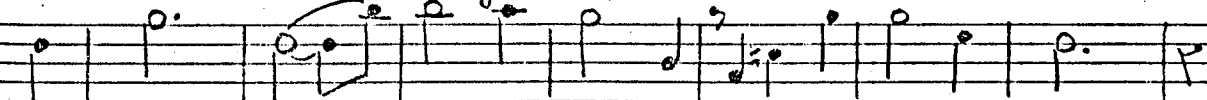
At the brush of a early day 'ow sweet the 'unters lay,  
Through tangle break and briar, the footsteps that never tire.  
The 'ardy 'unter speedeth, not ail nor danger heedeth,  
'Mong greenwoods free 'e roves along;  
And echoes loud awaken to his glad joyous song,  
And echoes loud awaken to his glad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

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

"Then 'tra la' again, only I'm a bit rusty."



At the brush — of a ear-ly day 'ow sweet the 'unt-ers lay



Through tang — la — break and bias the 'foot-steps that nev-er tire



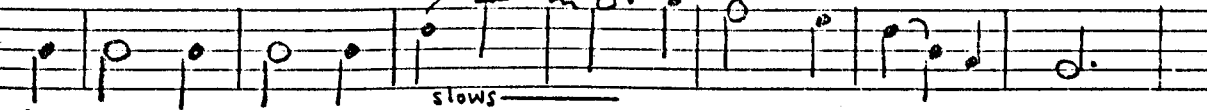
The 'ard-y unt-er speed — eth not ail nor dan-ger heed — e'n



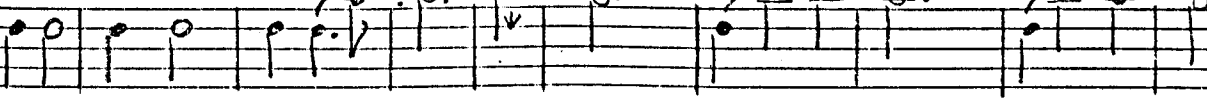
'Mong green — woods free 'e roves — a — long



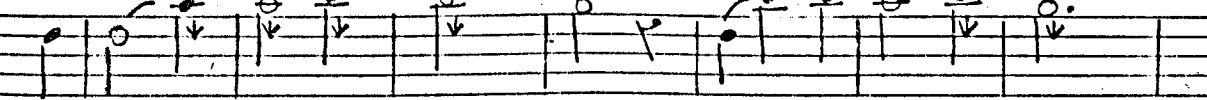
And e-choes loud a — wak — en to his glad joy — ous song



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



Tra-la tra-la tra-la — la la tra — la la tra — la la



Tra la — la — la la tra — la la la la

### Variation

II al



Faintly now — the 'unt-ers note up —

I have heard the mavis singing

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#)

ABCD AE

Vl $\downarrow$

V - 8

4444 45

♩ 55

2 and 3  
4 4

Charles Green

6/5/71

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

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

"Bonny Mary of Argyll"

Gre 3

I 'ave 'eard the ma-vis sing-ing 'is love song to the morn;

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

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

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

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

That made this world an E—den,

bon-ny Ma-ry of ————— Ar-gyl.

Variation

II 92

of ————— Ar-gyl.

Gre 4 Break the News to Mother - Variations

II c3

II 91

'E's sink-ing ve-ry... 'E's my son my love young

While the shot and shell were screaming

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#) ABACDEAC FGFH

3b III - 4 44434443 4444

♩ 138 and 92 4  
4

Charles Green 20/5/71

"War song."

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

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

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

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

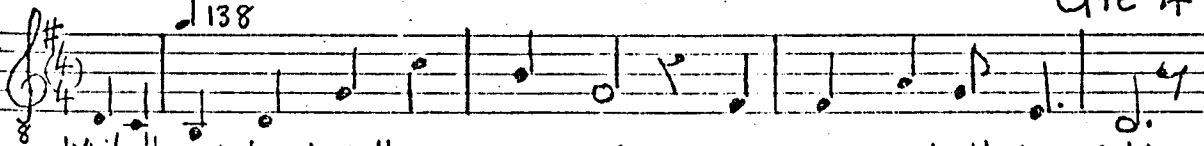
"They're alright for a time like, when there's anybody singing  
about such like things, but too sentimental really - there's no  
pop song about 'em ... Happen [I learnt it] off a penny sheet  
that they used to bring. Haven't seen one for donkey's years."

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

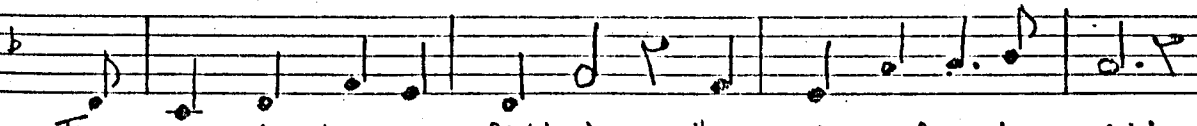
Note

See Bonny Mary of Argyll for variations.

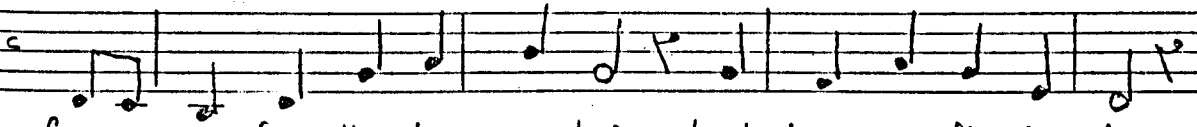
138



While the shot and shell were scream-ing up-on a batt-le-field,



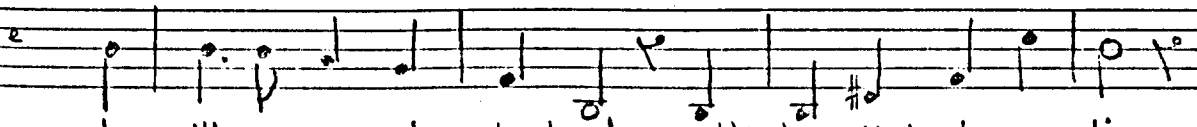
The boys in blue were fight-ing their nob-le flag to shield.



Came a cry from their brave cap-tain, Look boys our flag is down.



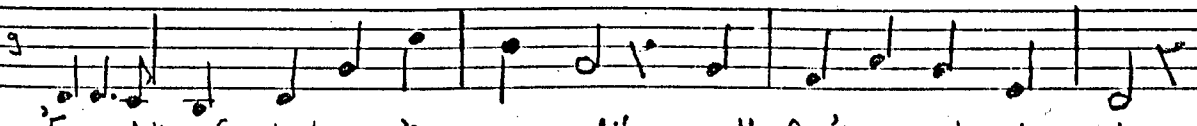
Who'd vol-un-teer to save 'er from dis-grace?



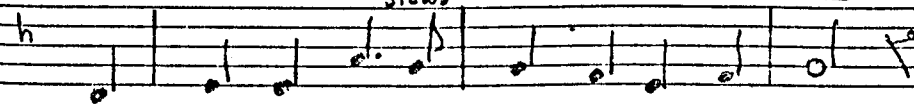
I will, a young boy shout-ed, I'll bring it back or die.



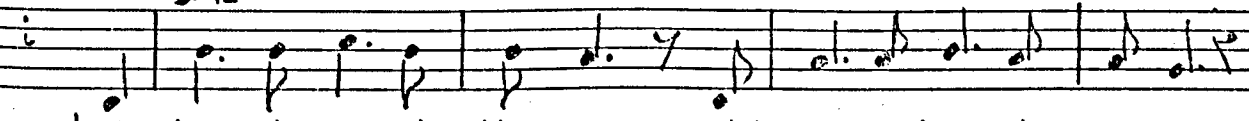
Then straight in-to the thic-k-est of the fray.



Esawed the flag but gave 'is young life, all for 'is count-ry's sake,



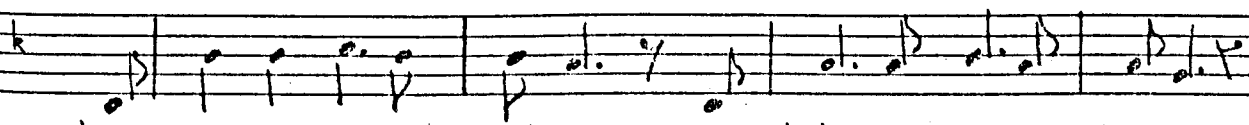
They brought 'im back and soft-ly ear'd 'im say,



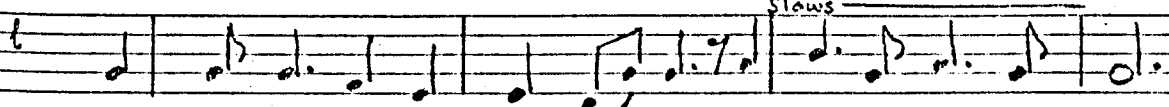
Just break the news to Moth-er, tell 'er 'ow dear I love'er,



Tell 'er not to wait for me for I'm not com-ing home.



Just say there is no o-ther can take the place of Moth-er,



And kiss 'er dear sweet lips for-me, and break the news to her.



Come Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl

Gre 5

S30

Standard

AABC

3↓ - 3↑

III - 5

4 bars

♩ 102

4  
4

Charles Green

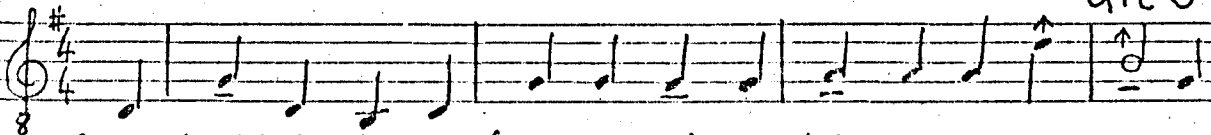
10/6/71

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

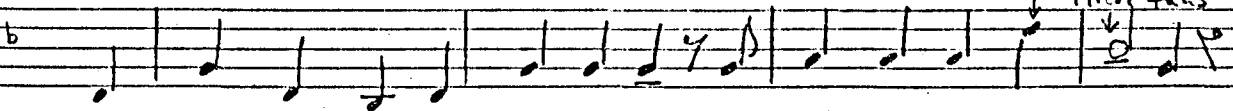
The man who drinketh small beer and goes to bed quite sober,  
Fades as the leaves do fade and falls off in October.  
So tonight we'll merry merry be, for tonight we'll merry merry be,  
So tonight we'll merry merry be, and tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh strong beer and goes to bed quite mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live and dies a jolly good fellow.  
So tonight we'll merry merry be, for tonight we'll merry merry be,  
So tonight we'll merry merry be, and tomorrow we'll be sober.

Gre 5



Come land-lord fill the flow-ing bowl un-til it doth run o-ver!



Come land-lord fill the flow-ing bowl un-til it doth run o-ver!



For to-night we'll mer-ry mer-ry be, for to-night we'll mer-ry mer-ry be,



For to-night we'll mer-ry mer-ry be, and to-mor-row we'll be sob-er!

Variation

II b1



Fades as the ...

"Dear Old Home"

Gre 6

S23

Dear home far across the sea

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

VII#4 - 1 IV# - 6 7788 78

♩112 - 2  
4

Charles Green

25/5/71

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

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

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

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

"I'm getting a bit throttlly."

Handwritten musical notation: treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), time signature of 2/4, and a common time signature (C) with a 2 over it.

Dear home far a-cross the sea,

day and night for thee I'm sad-ly yearn-ing.

Loved ones all in all to me,

fond-ly wait the hour of my re- turn-ing.

As I watch the swal-lows on their home-ward way,

speed-ing o'er the rest-less foam,

Fain would I be fly-ing for whom mine heart is sigh-ing,

sigh-ing for the dear old home.

I want to see that dear old home a-gain,

the cot-age in the litt-le wind-ing lane.

I can see the ros-es climb-ing, I hear the sweet bells chim-ing,

and I'm long-ing for that dear old home a-gain.

dream I seem to...

Pitch rises

Pitch rises

Pitch rises

foam, slows

slows

Variation II d 2

I like to meet with dear old pals wherever I may be

Standard (inflected 1#)

ABAC EFGH

2^ III - 5

4 bars and 8 bars

♩ 120 and 180 4 and 3  
4 and 4

Charles Green

10/6/71

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

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

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

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

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

♩ 120  
I like to meet with dear old pals where-ev-er I may be;

faster faster

I like a pipe, a glass or song in jo-vial com-pan-y.

To see old face-s— once a-gain in-spires my éart with glee,

slows

So poor or rich, no mat-ter which, all drink this toast with me—

♩ 180

We're dear ol' pals, pals that time can-not al-ter.

Sraunch ol' pals, pals that are e-ver true.

E-ver read-y in weel or woe,— read-y an' wil-ling an' bound to go—

Through hail, rain, fire or snow, were dear ol' pals.

Derby Ram (f)

Gre 8

"Derby Tup"

S23

As I was going to Derby

Standard

ABC

VI ♭

V - 5

442

♩ 360

6

8

Charles Green

25/5/71

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

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

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

Note

It was never acted to Charles' knowledge in Dungworth.

La la la la to Derby up-on a mark-et day,

I met the fin-est throp-stac-le was e-ver fed with 'ay.

Right fol-ay ti-ti-fal-ay! Baa!



Faithful Sailor Boy

Gre 9

S30

'Twas on a stormy winter's night

Standard

ABA'C ABA'C

2↑ and VI - V↑ V - 5

4 bars

♩ 138

6  
8

Charles Green

10/6/71

'Twas on a stormy winter's night, the snow lay on the ground.  
A sailor boy stood on the quay, 'is ship was outward bound.  
His sweet'cart standing by 'is side shed many a silent tear,  
And then he pressed her to his breast and whispered in her ear,

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

[Repitches at VI]

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

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

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

Fare-thee-well my own true love, on earth we'll meet no more.  
We soon shall be from storm and sea on that eternal shore.  
I 'ope to meet you in that land, that land above the sky,  
Where you will ne'er be parted from your faithful sailor boy.

'Twas on a storm-y win-ter's night, the snow lay on the ground.

A sail-or boy stood on the quay, 'is ship was out-ward bound.

His sweet-heart stand-ing by 'is side shed man - ya sil-ent tear,

And then he pressed her to his breast and whis-pered in her ear,

Fare-well my own true love, this part-ing gives me pain.

I'll be your own true guid-ing star when I re-turn a - gain.

My thoughts shall be of you, my love, when storms are rag-ing high;

So fare-thee-will, re-mem-ber me, your faith-ful sail-or boy.

The sun had set behind yond hill

Standard

ABCD

3b - 3

I - 4

4446

♩ 100

4  
4

Charles Green

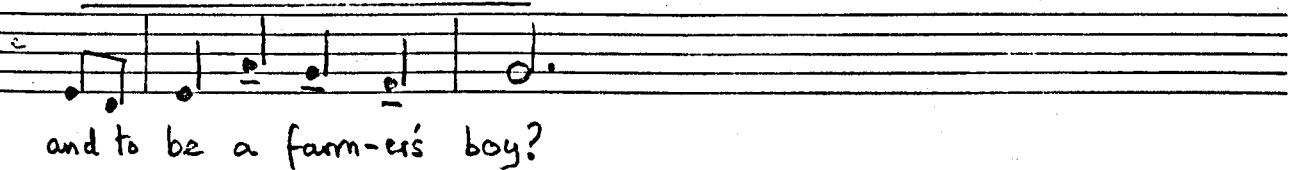
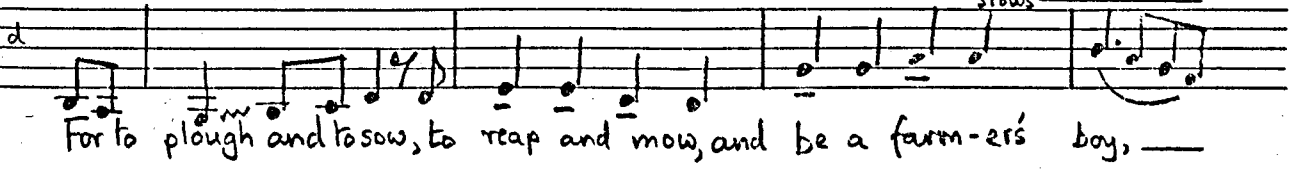
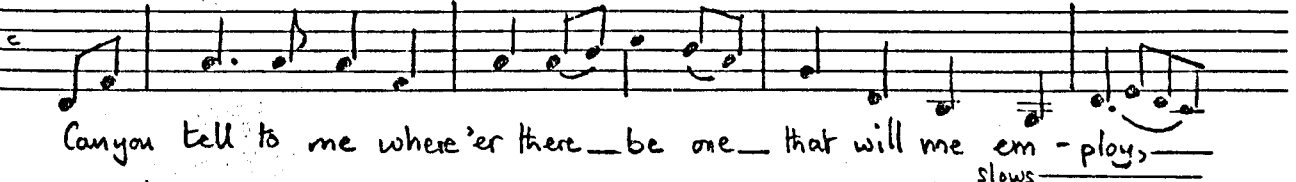
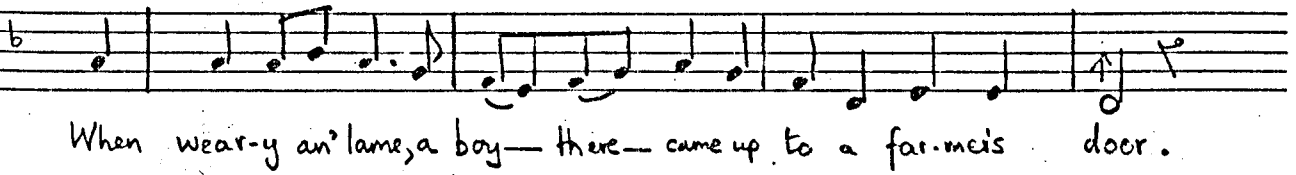
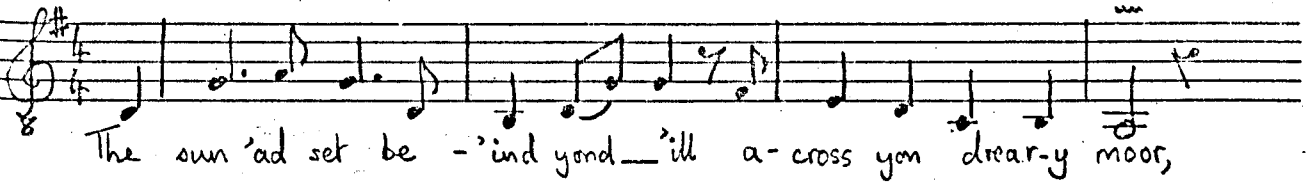
6/5/71

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

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

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

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

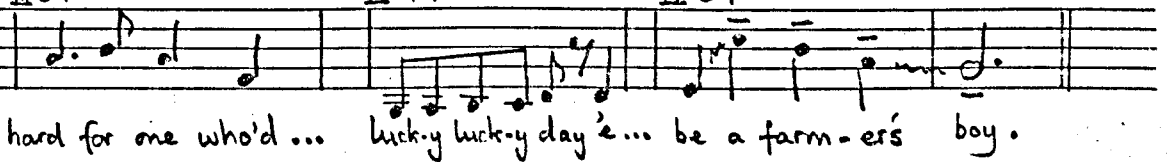


### Variations

III c 1

IV d 1

IV e 1



My mind wanders today to a happy happy scene

Standard

ABACDEAC AFAC

3b

III - 5

43434343 4343

♩ 110<sup>+</sup>

4

4

Charles Green

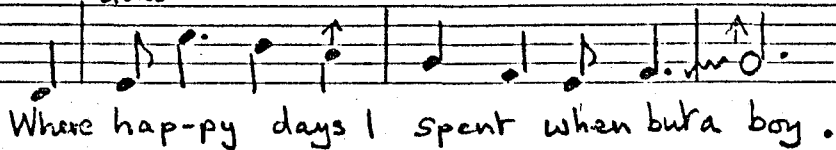
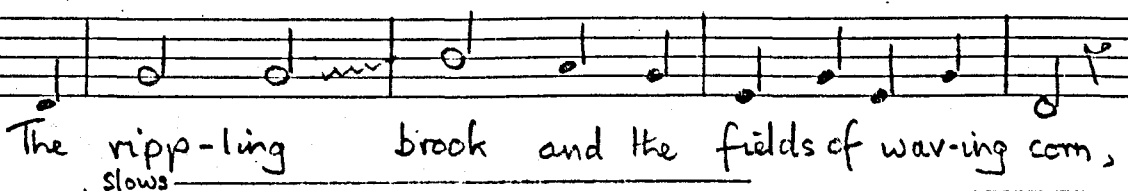
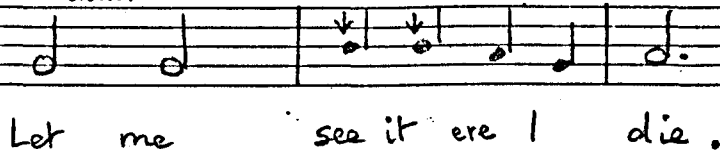
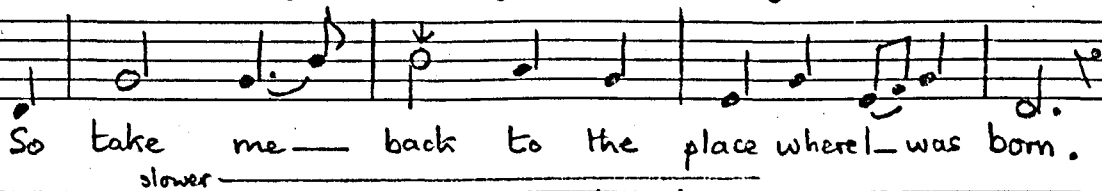
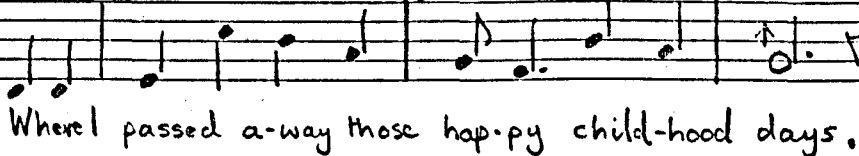
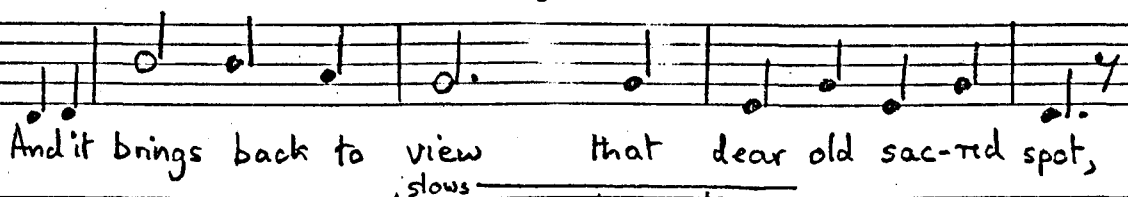
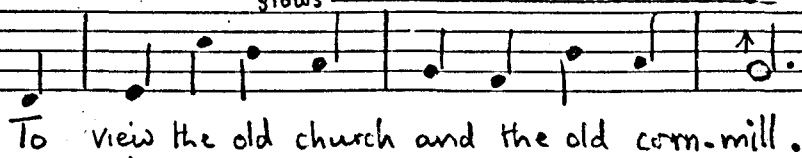
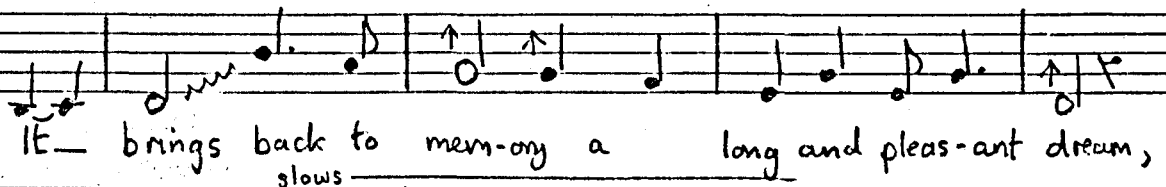
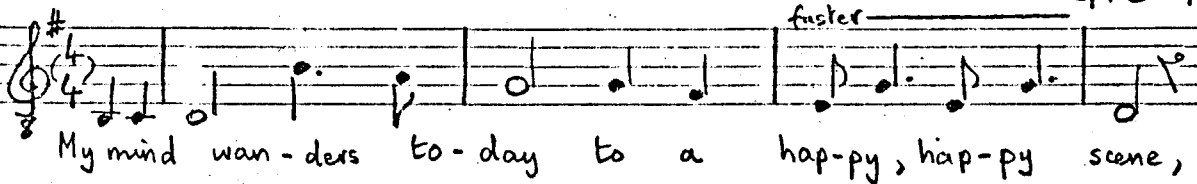
6/5/71

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

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

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

"How about that."



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

Standard

AABA CA

1# ^

III - 5

4 bars

! 96

4  
4

Charles Green

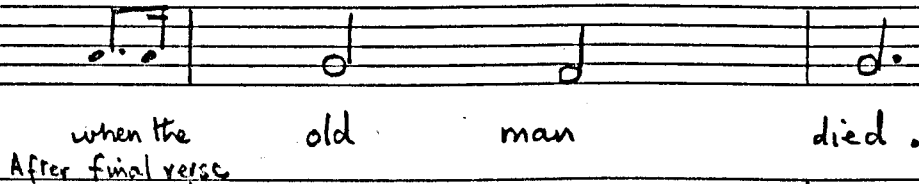
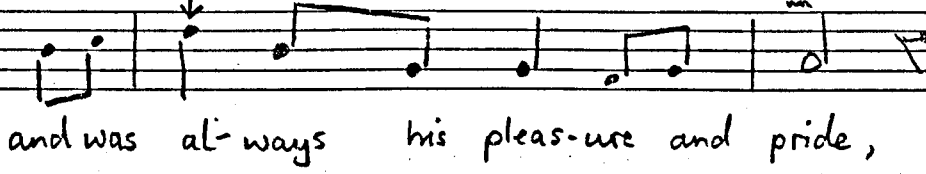
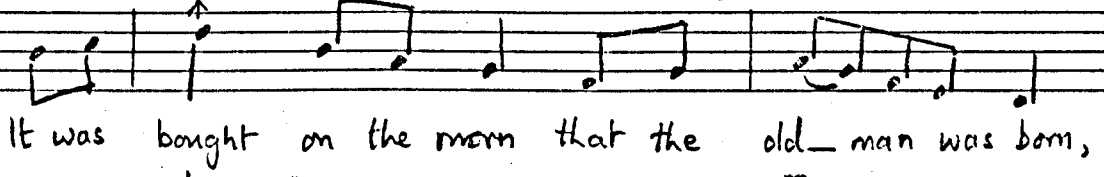
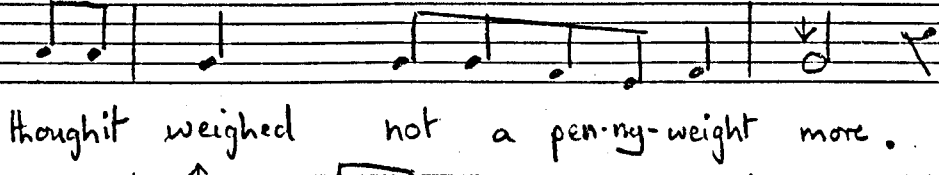
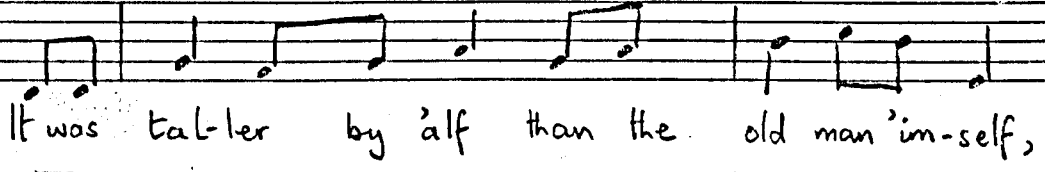
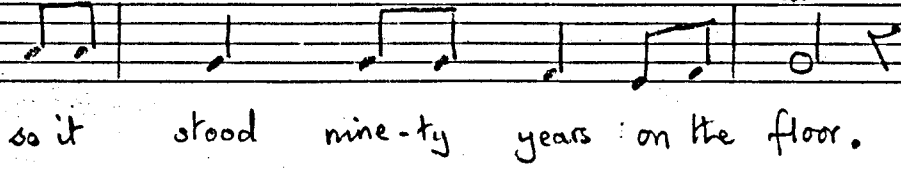
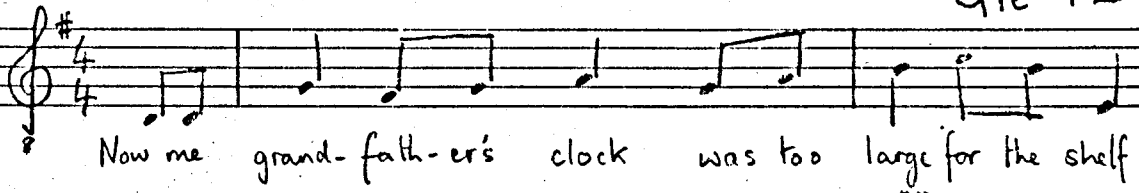
25/5/71

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

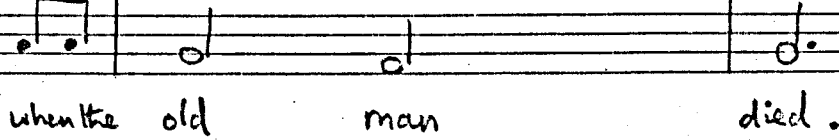
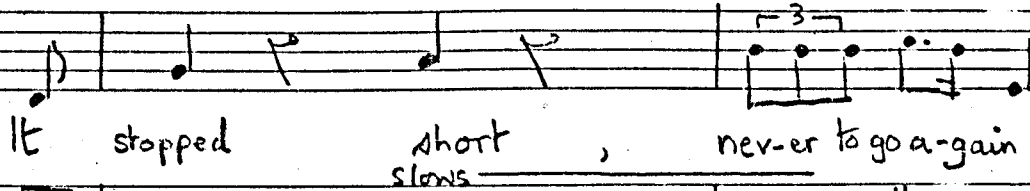
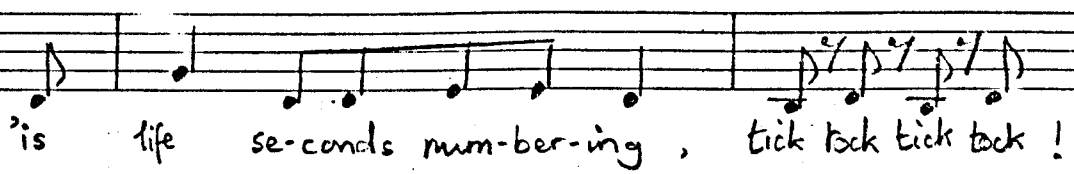
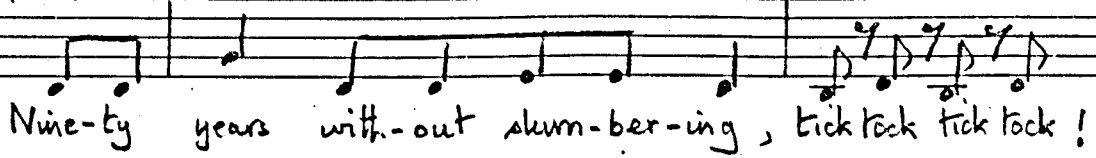
In watching its pendulum swing to and fro  
many hours 'ad 'e spent when a boy;  
And in child'ood and man'ood the clock sempt to know,  
and to share in 'is grief and 'is joy;  
For it struck twenty-four when 'e entered at the door  
with a blooming and beautiful bride,  
But it stopped short, never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

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

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,  
an alarm that for years 'ad been dumb;  
And we know that 'is spirit was pluming for flight,  
that 'is hour of departure 'ad come;  
But the clock kept the time with a still and muffled chime  
as we silently sat by 'is side;  
But it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.  
Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock tick tock.  
'Is life seconds numbering, tick tock tick tock.  
It stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.



After final verse





Grandmother's Chair

Gre 13

"Old Armchair"

S23

Standard

IV# 1 - 8 8 bars

♩ 112 2  
4

Charles Green 25/5/71

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

Mrs Green: "It were a good song that."

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

Help a Lame Dog over a Stile

Gre 14

S15

Cold December snow in winter

Standard

AABC

VII V.- 6 4 bars

♩ 120 and 76 4  
4

Charles Green 10/6/71

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

"That's all there was in that."

Gre 13

... they laughed,

Now me brothers and me sisters laughed,

When they heard the lawyer declare

that Gran-my on-ly left to me an old arm-chair.

Gre 14

Gold, De-cem-ber, snow in win-ter, I've seen man-y a man,

Sick and (seed-y?), cold and wea-ry, 'elp'im if you can.

Then if you meet 'im, kind-lye greet 'im, shake 'is 'ands and smile.

Do not sneer 'im, try to cheer 'im, help a lame dog o-ver a stile.

In a sweet and verdant valley

Standard (inflected 2# and 4#)

ABCD EFEG

V^

VII# - 7#

8 bars

♩ 128 and 144

3  
4

Charles Green

10/6/71

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

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

In 'er eyes the tears were shining on the day I said goodbye,  
Leaving 'ome and love, my fortune in a far off land to try.  
I can see 'er sad an' lonely as that parting she recalled  
Of 'er absent lover dreaming as the twilight softly falls.

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

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

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

♩ 128  
8

In a sweet and ver-dant val-ley with the moun-tains high a-bove ,

hook-ing down in snow-y splen-dour lies a litt-le girl I love .

She's a simp-le Swit-zer maid-en , but so sweet and so di-vine ,

And my 'eart is fond-ly yearn-ing for the day when she'll be mine .

♩ 144

In the val-ley of Switz-er-land , Swit-zer - land , Swit-zer-land ,

With my sweet-'eart — and in 'and , 'ow I long to be — .

I know she will be wait-ing there , wait-ing there — , wait-ing there ,

*slows*

And a home with me she'll share in the val-ley of Swit-zer-land .

IIal

In'er ...

IIIal

But a ...

Jim the Carter's Lad

Gre 16

S23

Standard

ABCD

VII#

V - 5

4 bars

♪ 288

6  
8

Charles Green

25/5/71

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

Note

Charles had never heard any other verses sung to this.

Just after the Battle Mother (inc)

Gre 17

S29

Still upon the field of battle

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCBCB

VII#↓ - VII

VII# - 7#

4 bars

♪ 65

4  
4

Charles Green

20/5/71

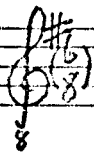
Still upon the field of battle I am lying, Mother dear,  
With my wounded comrades, waiting for the morning to appear.  
Many sleep to waken never, others close their eyes in death,  
And many more are faintly calling with their feeble dying breath.  
Mother dear, your boy is wounded, and the night is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

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

Note

Charles finds this song and Just Before the Battle Mother too emotionally charged to sing more than a verse of each.

## Gre 16



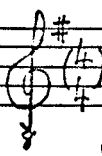
Crack, crack goes my whip, I whistle and I sing.

I sit up-on me wag-on, I'm as 'ap-py as a king.

Me 'ors-es they are wil-ling, as for me I'm nev-er sad,

There's no-body leads a joll-ier life than Jim the car-ter's lad.

## Gre 17



Pitch falls

Still up-on the field of batt-le I am ly-ing, Moth-er dear,

With my wound-ed com-rades, wait-ing for the morn-ing to ap-pear.

Ma-ny sleep to wak-en nev-er, o-thers close their eyes in death,

And ma-ny more are faint-ly cal-ling with their fee-ble dy-ing breath.

Moth-er dear, your boy is wound-ed, and the night is dree with pain;

But still I feel that I shall see — you and the dear old home a-gain.

Just before the Battle Mother (inc)

Gre 18

S29

Standard

AABABA

VII #

V - 4

4 bars

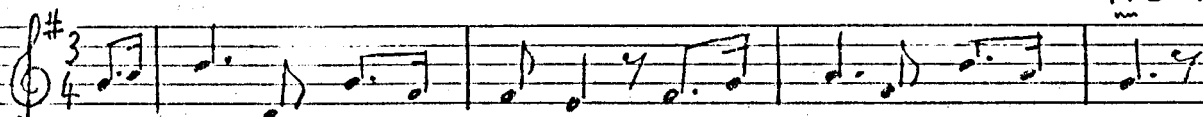
♩ 65

3 and 4  
4 4

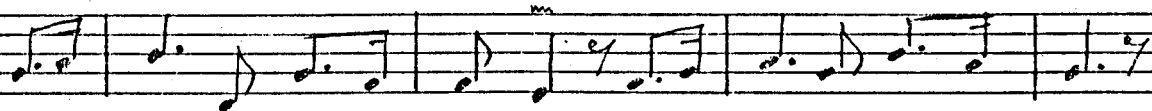
Charles Green

20/5/71

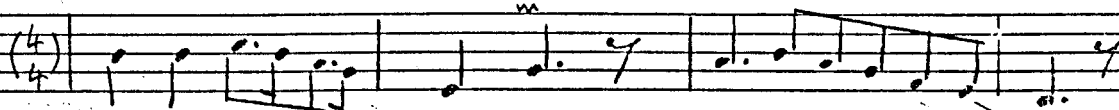
Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,  
While upon the field we're waiting with the enemy in view.  
Comrades brave around me lying, filled with thoughts of home and God,  
For well they know that on the morrow, some will sleep beneath the sod.  
Farewell Mother, you may never press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



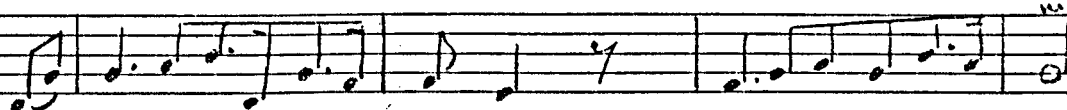
Just be-fore the bat-tle, Moth-er, I am think-ing most of you,



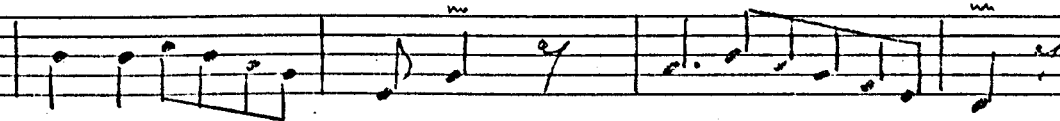
While up-on the field we're wait-ing with the en-e-my in view.



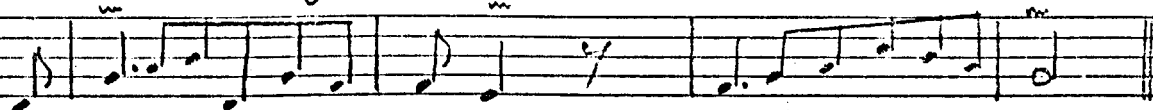
Com-ra-des brave a-round me ly-ing, filled with thought of home and God,



For well they know that on the mor-row, some will sleep be-neath the sod.



Fare-well Moth-er, you may ne-ver press me to your heart a-gain,



But O, you'll not for-get me, Moth-er, if I'm num-bered with the slain.



Grandad sat at evenfall 'neath the dear old garden wall

Standard (Modulates into 5 with inflected 1#, 4# and 5# ) ABCDEF GHGI

1#↓ V - 6 434344 4444

♩ 66 and 90 (Irreg.) and 4/4

Charles Green

10/6/71

Grandad sat at evenfall, 'neath the dear ol' garden wall,  
Where the ivy was clinging all around;  
And a maiden young and fair, with blue eyes and golden hair,  
Lay nestling there beside him on the ground.  
Someday you will be leaving me for a sweet'eart, the ol' man sighed,  
Someday be forgetting me, but with a smile the maid replied -

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

"I only know one verse to that."

♯ 166  
 Gran-dad sat at ev-en - fall 'neath the dear ol' gar-den wall

Where the i-vy was cling-ing all - a-round

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

slows  
 Lay nest-ling there be-side him on the ground

Some-day you will be leav-ing me for a sweet-heart the ol' man sighed

Some-day - be for-get-ting me but with a smile the maid re-plied

♯ 90  
 Just watch the iv-y on the ol' gar-den wall

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

As you grow old-er I'll be con-stant and true

slows  
 An' just like the iv-y I'll cling to you

The Lass of Richmond Hill

Gre 20

S23

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCDEF

VII #↑

IV - 5

4 bars

♩ 96

4

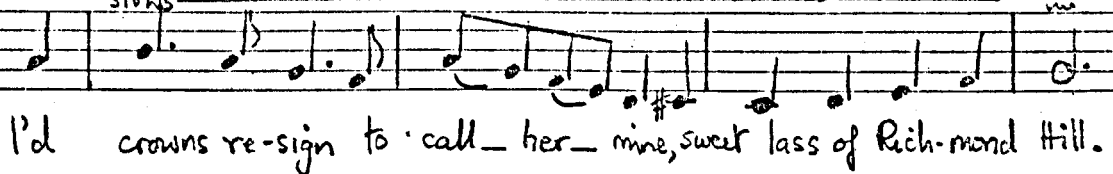
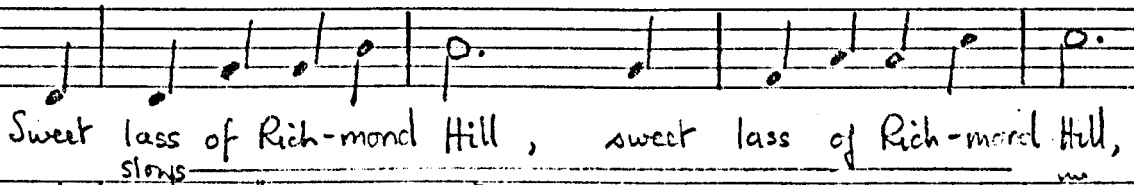
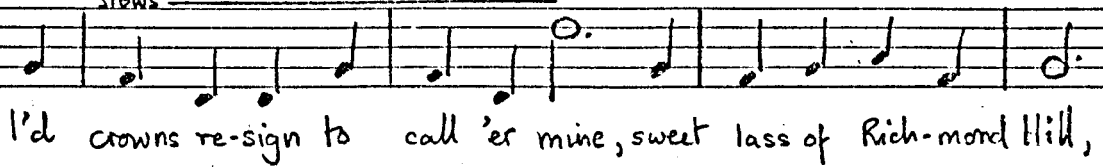
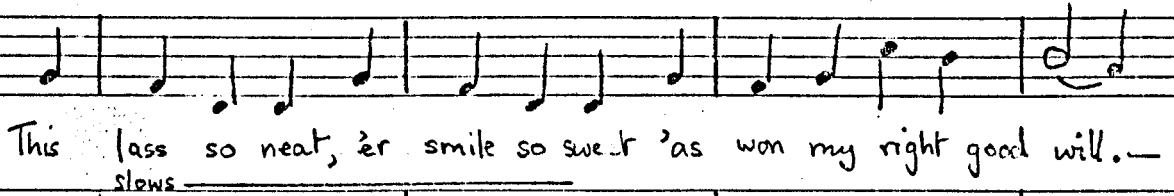
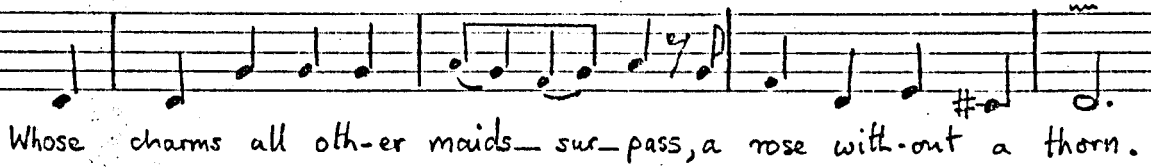
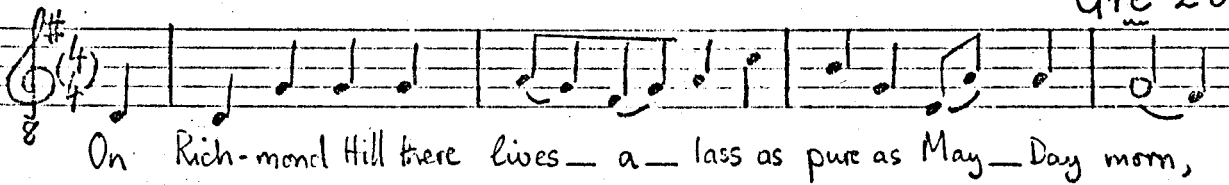
4

Charles Green

25/5/71

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

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



When I was bound apprentice


Standard

ABBA

2

III - 5

4 bars

 168

6

8

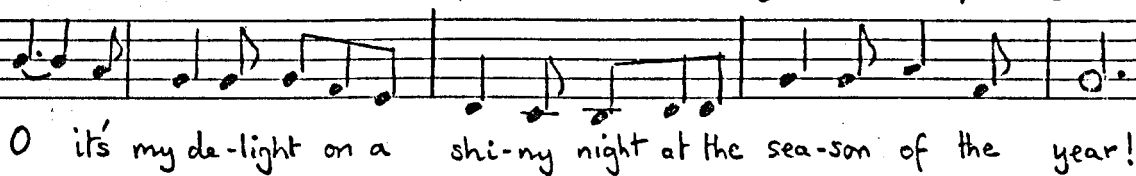
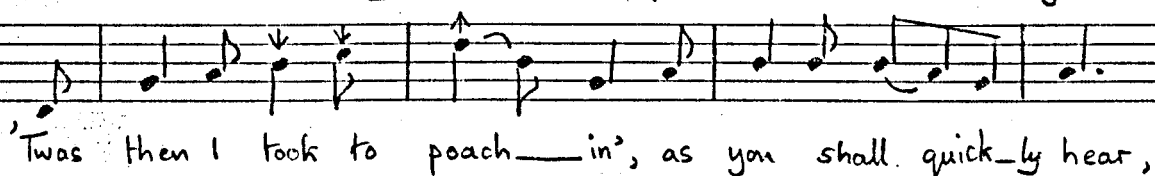
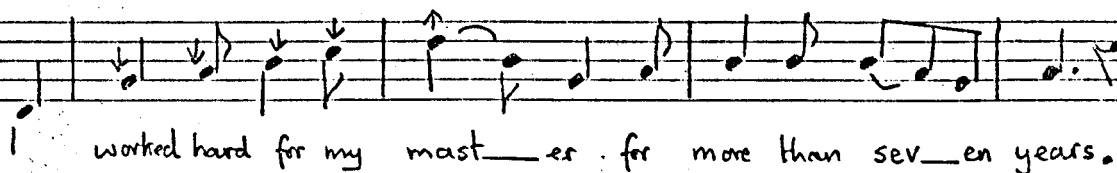
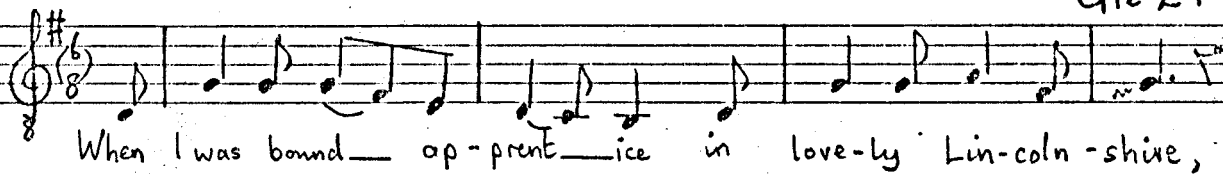
Charles Green

10/6/71

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

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

We took the hare alive, me boys, and then we trudged home.  
We took her to a neighbour's house and solded 'er for a crown.  
We solded 'er for a crown, me boys, but I didnot tell you where.  
O it's my delight on a shiny night at the season of the year!



On a mountain in Virginia stands a lonesome pine

Standard (inflected 2#, 4 # and 5#) ABCD EFGE

2 III - 4 4444 5444

.1 96 4  
4

Charles Green

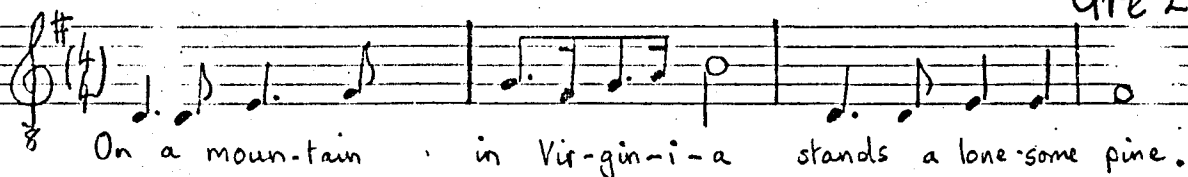
10/6/71

On a mountain in Virginia stands a lonesome pine.  
Just below is a cabin 'ome of the little girl that's mine.  
'Er name is June and very, very soon, she'll belong to me,  
For I know she's waiting there for me 'neath that lone pine tree.

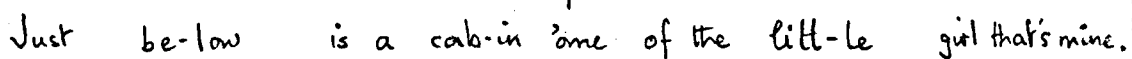
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of a lonesome pine,  
Where the pale moon shines our hearts entwine,  
where she carved 'er name and I carved mine.  
O June, like the mountain I'm blue, like the pine I am lonesome for you,  
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of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

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

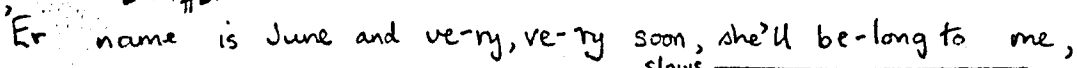
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia on the trail of a lonesome pine,  
Where the pale moon shines our hearts entwine,  
where she carved 'er name and I carved mine.  
O June, like the mountain I'm blue, like the pine I am lonesome for you,  
In the Blue Ridge Mountain of Virginia on the trail of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



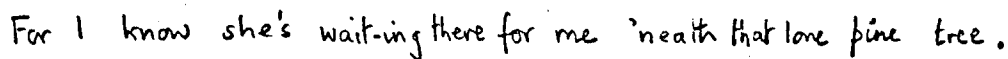
On a moun-tain in Vir-gin-i-a stands a lone-some pine.



Just be-low is a cab-in 'ome of the litt-le girl that's mine.



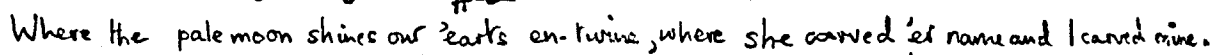
Er name is June and ve-ry, ve-ry soon, she'll be-long to me,



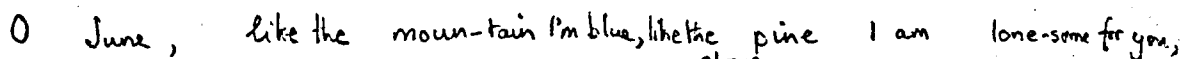
For I know she's wait-ing there for me 'neath that lone pine tree.



In the Blue Ridge Moun-tains of Vir-gin-ia on the trail of a lone-some pine,



Where the pale moon shines our 'earts en-twine, where she carved 'er name and I carved mine.



O June, like the moun-tain I'm blue, like the pine I am lone-some for you,



In the Blue Ridge Moun-tains of Vir-gin-ia on the trail of a lone-some pine.



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

Standard

ABCB DB

2b

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 80

4  
4

Charles Green

10/6/71

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

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

"That's the one."

There is beau-ty all a-round when there's love at 'ome .

There is joy in ev-ery sound when there's love at 'ome .

Ro-ses, blos-som 'neath our feet, mak-in' earth a-gar-den sweet ,

Mak-in' life a bliss com-plete when there's love at 'ome .

Love — at 'ome , Love at — 'ome ,

Mak-in life a bliss com-plete when there's love at 'ome .

I wandered on as in a dream

Standard (inflected 4 # and 5 #)

ABACDEFDEFGHIJ

3 - 3♯

II - 4

2 bars (except J = 3)

(See opposite) Irreg.

Charles Green

25/5/71

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

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

♩ 130

a

I wan-dered on as in a dream, What goal my par-a-dise must be?

b

For— there an an-gel waits 'twould seem, Yet look, dear heart, 'twas on-ly thee.

c

Sun may shine to light my way, dear, Wealth be mine for aye, dear,

d

Queens may pledge their ri-ches too.— But the world would still seem lone-ly

e

With such vir-tues on-ly, life time, dear, means just you.

f

I care not for the stars that shine, I dare not hope to e'er be thine,

g

I on-ly know I love you,

h

Love me and the world is mine.

Variation II d 1

Would that day were mine to ...

Now it's ten weary years since I left England's shore

Standard (inflected 2# and 4#) ABACDEDF GHACDHIJ

IV# and VII V - 7# 4 bars

♩ 130 3  
4

Charles Green 6/5/71

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

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

"Do you want second verse?"

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

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

Now it's ten wear-y years since I left Eng-land's shore,

In a far dist-ant count-ry to roam.

How I long to re - turn to my own na-tive land,

To my friends and the old folks at 'ome.

Last night as I slum-bered I had a strange dream,

A dream that brought dist-ant lands near.

I dreamt of old Eng-land, the land of my birth,

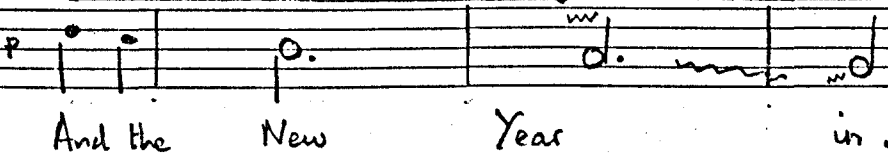
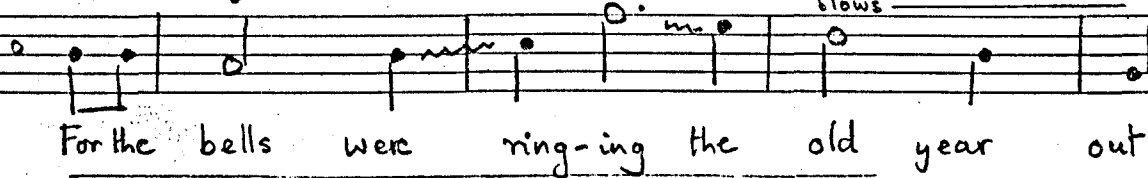
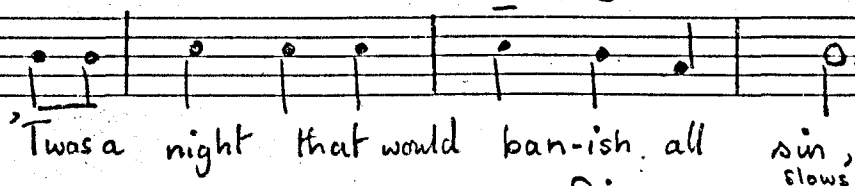
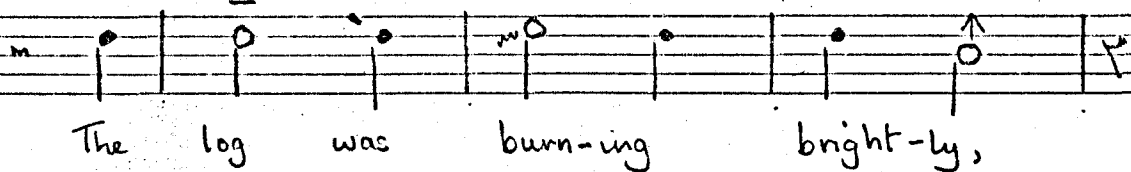
To the heart of her sons ev-er dear.

Then I saw the old 'ome-stead and fa-ces I loved,

I saw Eng-land's val-leys and dell.

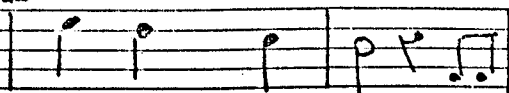
I list-ened with joy as I did when a boy

To the sound of the old vil-lage bell.



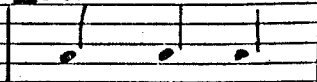
## Variations

II n 3



Wend-ed my way To the ...

III b 2



ten wear-y

"There's another verse. I don't know if I can sing it or not."

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

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

"That's all three verses."

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall

Standard

ABABCDCDEF

3 - 4#

II - 3

2 bars

♩ 120<sup>+</sup>

6

8

Charles Green

6/5/71

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

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

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

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

"Best I can do tonight."



♯ 144

The mist-le-toe hung in the old castle all,

The ol-ly branch shone on the old oak wall;

And the bar-ons re-tain-ers were blithe and gay,

And keep-ing these Christ-mas 'ol-i-day;

And the bar-on be-held with a fa-ther's pride

's beau-ti-ful child, young lov-er's bride;

And she with'er bright eyes seemed to be

The star of that good-ly com-pan-y -

O the mist-le-toe bough,

O the mist-le-toe bough.

where dost thou hide I'm... wear-y of danc-ing...

closed with a spring an' the

One day in June when the birds sang their tune

Standard

ABCD EFGH

1 - 1↓

V - 6

8888 6888

♩ 120 -

3

4

Charles Green

25/5/71

One day in June when the birds sang their tune,  
 I carelessly wended my way.  
 When down by the brook my footsteps I took,  
 scarce knowing where I was to stray.  
 While down in the glade I met a fair maid,  
 reclining beneath an oak tree.  
 Young Cupid, I found, 'ad made good 'is ground  
 when Nellie she whispered to me.

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

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

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

"What about that."

One day in June when the birds sang their tune,

I care-less-ly wend-ed my way.

When down' by the brook my foot-steps I took,

scarce know-ing where I was to stray.

While down in the glade I met a fair maid,

re-din-ing be-neath an oak tree.

Young Cu-pid, I found, ad made good 'is ground

when Nel-lie she whis-pered to me.

Then we strayed by the ri-ver and then by the rill,

O'er the dell, through the wood and then by the mill.

The black-birds were call-ing in the woods not far a-way,

On a bright sum-mers morn-ing when I met Nel-lie Ray.

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#) ABCBDE FG

VI $\flat$  - V VII# - 9 8 bars

$\downarrow$  130 3  
4

Charles Green 10/6/71

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

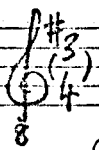
One day at the dock I stood watching the ships,  
but one in particular there  
I noticed was just going to leave the old land,  
to tie[?] a few moments I'll spare;  
To hear the goodbye sent and watch lovers part,  
and see the ship sail with the tide,  
'Ow many, I wondered, on board would return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

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

"I made a mess o' that, didn't I." [Repeats chorus pitched at VI]

Gre 28 (cont)  
Pitch falls  $\downarrow$  130

Friends were say-ing good - bye, good - bye,  
tears were seen — in ev - ery eye,  
Fond moth - ers' cries, sweet sil - ver sky,  
as the ship sailed a - way from old Eng - land.



One day at the dock I stood watching the ships,

but one in part - ic - u - lar there

I not - iced was just going to leave the old land,

to tie a few mo - ments I'll spare ;

To hear the good - bye sent and watch lov - ers part,

and see the ship sail with the tide,

Ow ma - ny, I won - dered, on board would re - turn

to sit by the old fi - re - side ?

I watched the fond moth - er shake hands with her boy,

tears streamed down her cheeks now quite pale ;

I'll pic - ture to you all the scenes that I saw

as the ship - was just go - ing to sail -

Standard

ABCD AE

VII

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 120

4

4

Charles Green

12/7/73

"Two dogs in particular I know it were at White Hart in Oughtibridge in the year '95 that were. These dogs did run for a prize. They'd a man sent with a set saturated in aniseed an' 'e set off, went up Moor Hall Lane went to Bolsterstone came down into Wigtwizzle and up to Cow Hill Flat, through Kirk Edge and then down and through Oughtibridge like and back White Hart. That were one song they used to sing a lot of, but I never knew it all. I know 'crying Wonder huzzay huzzay and huzzay, either Wonder or Milner they will win today.' Used to sing a lot on it."

[Hums tune]

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

"That were tune."

Note

See Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f), Charles Green, 20/5/71, S29.

[Hums] La la la . . . . .

Cy-ing Won-der hu-zzay , hu-zzay and hu-zzay ,

Eith-er Won-der or Mil-ner they will win to-day.

I've travelled about a bit in my time

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#)

ABCD AB

VI

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 176

6

8

Charles Green

20/5/71

"I can sing two verses on it. I can sing all three. I'm not singing last un Well - 'I've no wife to bother me life.' "  
[ie. Charles refuses to sing the last verse because it refers to bachelorhood.]

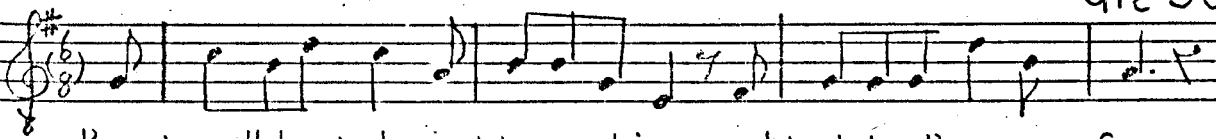
I've travelled about a bit in me time and troubles I've seen a few,  
But I found it better in (h)every clime to paddle me own canoe.  
My wants are small and I care not at all if my debts are paid when due;  
I wile away strife in the ocean of life while I paddle me own canoe.

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

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

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

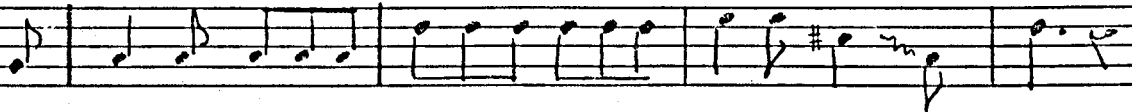




I've tra-velled a-bout a bit in me time and troub-les I've seen a few,



But I found it bet-ter in (h)ev-ery clime — to padd-le me own can-oe.



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



I will a-way strife in the o-cean of life while I padd-le me own — can-oe.



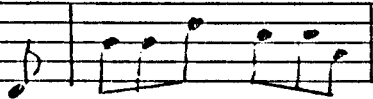
Then love your neigh-bour as your-self as the world you go tra-vel-ling through,



And ne-ver sit down with a care or a frown — but padd-le your own can-oe .

### Variation

#### II a 1



It's all ve-ry well to de- ...

The morn was fair the skies were clear

Standard

ABCB DE

1#

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 80

4

4

Charles Green

6/5/71

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

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

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

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

Note

Charles makes a habit of not singing a chorus after middle verses.  
See also The Mistletoe Bough and The Titanic.

The morn was fair, the skies were clear, no breeze came o'er the sea,

When Mar-y left er 'igh-land-cot to wan-der forth with me.

The flow-ers decked the-moun-tain-side and fra-grance filled-the vale,

By far the sweet-est flow-er there was the Rose of Al-lan-dale.

She was the Rose of Al-lan-dale, the Rose of Al-lan-dale,

By far—the sweet—est—flow—er there was the Rose—of Al-lan-dale.

Variation III c.3

un-blessed by—Fer-tunes

"Sing Us a Song of Bonny Scotland"

Gre 32

S23

Far away in lonely prairie land

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#)

ABCD EFGH

VI ♭ ↑ ↓

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 96 and 90

4  
4

Charles Green

25/5/71

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

Sing us a song of bonny Scotland, any old song will do.  
Round the old campfire, a rough and ready choir,  
we'll join in the chorus too.

'You'll take the high road and I'll take the low',  
is a song we all know.

It will remind the boys of bonny Scotland  
where the 'eather and the bluebells grow.

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

Sing us a song of bonny Scotland, any old song will do.  
Round the old campfire, a rough and ready choir,  
we'll join in the chorus too.

'You'll take the high road and I'll take the low',  
is a song we all know.

It will remind the boys of bonny Scotland  
where the 'eather and the bluebells grow.

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

Sing us a song of bonny Scotland, any old song will do.  
Roung the old campfire, a rough and ready choir,  
we'll join in the chorus too.

'You'll take the high road and I'll take the low',  
is a song we all know.

It will remind the boys of bonny Scotland  
where the 'eather and the bluebells grow.

196

Far a-way in lone-ly prai-rie land when the even-ing sha-dows grew,

Sat a rough but mer-ry crowd of men sing-ing all the songs they knew;

But the fidd-ler stop-ped 'is mer-ry tune and turn-ing a-round said he,

To a high-land lad-die stand-ing by, just a-way from old Dun-dee -

Sing us a song of bon-ny Scot-land, any old song will do.

Round the old camp fire, a rough and read-y choir will join in the chor-us too.

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

It will re-mind the boys of bon-ny Scot-land where the eath-er and the blue-bells grow.

Variation

III h 2

Scot-land where the eath-er and the blue-bells grow

I sat midst a mighty throng within a palace grand

Standard (inflected 4#, 5 # and 7 b) ABCDEFCD GHIJ

1 - VII#↓ and V, V - 8

4 bars (I is 3 bars)

♩ 84                    4 and 6  
                          4        8

Charles Green

10/6/71

"It might be a bit difficult."

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

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

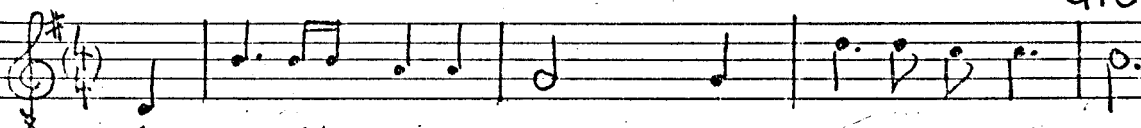
"I'm just a bit too high. I mun get lower."  
[He pauses and repitches.]

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

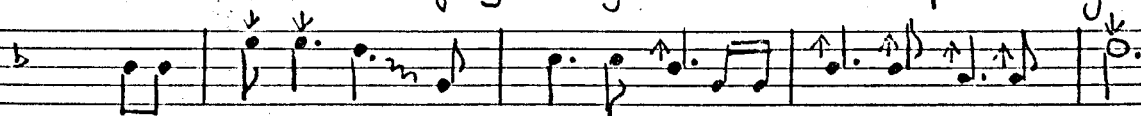
Memories of that night of bliss will never from me part.  
She sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that reached my heart.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.  
She sang a song of home, sweet home, the song that reached my heart.

Note

Charles pitches the first verse too high, hence many of his higher notes are flattened.



I sat midst a might-ty throng with - in a pa-lace grand,



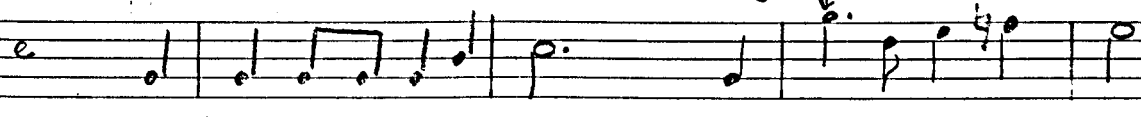
In a city far a - cross the sea, in a dist-ant for-eign land.



I list-ened to the grand-est tune my ear 'ad ev-er 'eard,



In rap-tured charms a-mazed I was, my in-most soul was stirred.



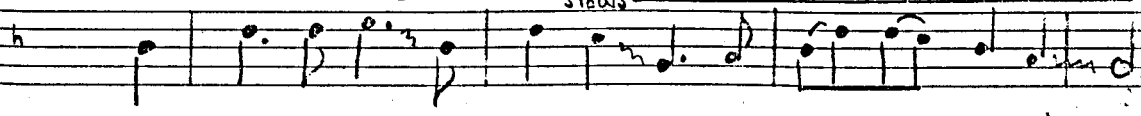
I looked on the sing-er fair, my heart was at her feet.



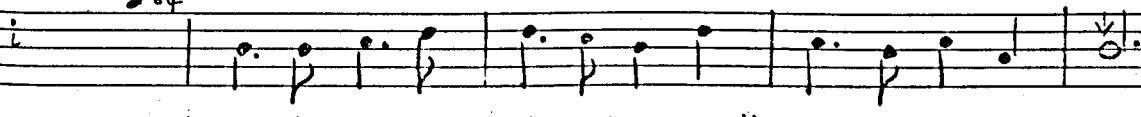
She sang of love, the old, old thing, in ac-cents low and sweet;



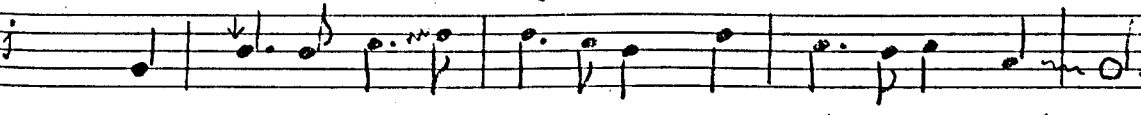
And then she sang a song that made the tear drops start,



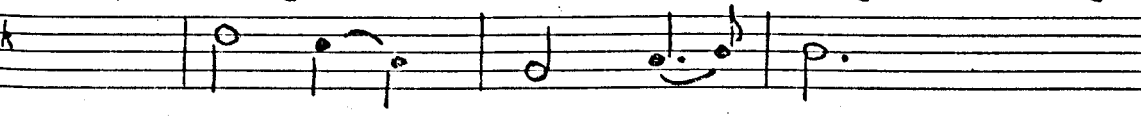
She sang a song, a song of home, the song that reached my heart.



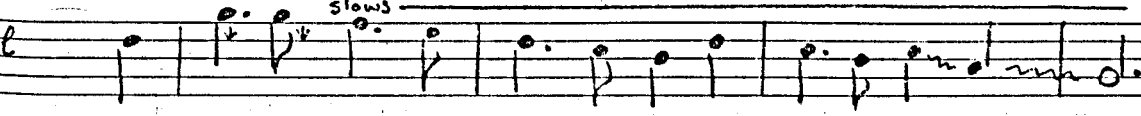
Mem-ories of that night of bliss will ne-ver from me part.



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



Home, home —, sweet, sweet — home.



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

Variations

Gre 33 (cont.)

IIa1

That night I shall nev-er for-get, that night with its plea-sure and pain

I looked at the sing-er, I list-ened to the song, wish I could hear it a-gain.

In fan-cy I seem to re-call the scene of that splen-dor bright...

the song that reached my-heart



"There's a Picture in my Heart that Lives Forever"

Gre 34

S50

Standard (inflected 2#, 4#, 5#)

ABACDEAF AGHIJ

IV

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 144 -

4  
4

Charles Green

12/7/73

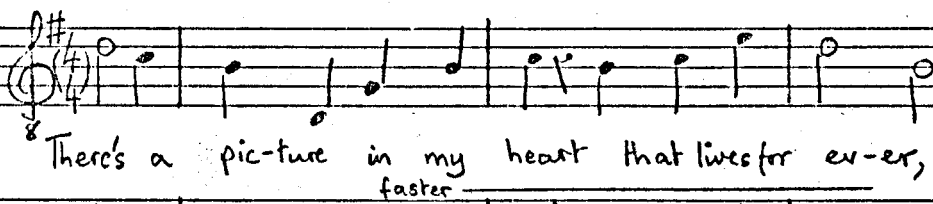
There's a picture in my heart that lives forever,  
'Tis a home with 'oneysuckle round the door,  
By a brook that always smiles at love's sweet story,  
In those 'appy days gone by for evermore.  
At the window I can see my sweet'eart waiting,  
She is listening as the evening churchbells ring.  
I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

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

"That's not a bad song."

Note

Charles sings this very weakly.



'Tis a home with òn-cy-suck-le round the door,

By a brook that al-ways smiles at love's sweet sto-ry,

In those ap-py days gone by for-ev-er more.

At the win-dow I can see my sweet-heart wait-ing,

She is list-ening as the eve-ning church bells ring.

I can see her in the val-ley where we part-ed,

In the val-ley where the blue-birds sing.

In the val-ley where the blue-birds sing,

In the val-ley where the church bells ring.

I can hear the voic-es sing, in my rov-ing, in my dreams,

Down in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, Down in the val-ley where the blue-birds sing.

A big ship set sail on its first maiden voyage

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABACDEFG HIJKLMNO

3 - 4

I - 2

4 bars (except K - 3 bars)

↓ 150

3

4

Charles Green

6/5/71

"This Titanic wor a true song."

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

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

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

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

Titanic its name and Titanic its size,  
As away o'er the waters she rolled.  
Four days had gone by since she left the old land  
With over two thousand aboard;  
And then came the crash in the dead of the night,  
Yet none on that ship was dismayed.  
They trusted the captain, they trusted the crew,  
And even the women were not afraid.

A big ship set sail on its first maid-en voyage,

The world gazed in won-der and pride.

Old Eng-land was proud of the ship and its crew,

Whose cap-tain was trust-ed and tried.

The ship was a cit-y of splen-dour and light,

Its rich and its poor side by side;

But when the blow came and the ves-sel went down,

Rich men and poor men like Eng-lish-men died—

On the ship that will nev-er re-turm,

The ship that will nev-er re-turm.

Brave hearts were' broh-en and brave words were spok-en,

I heard where true love you dis-cern.

Moth-ers they sobbed in prayer,  
 As they part-ed from loved ones there.  
 'Us-bands and sons, brave 'eart-ed ones,  
 On the ship that will ne-ver re-turn.

Be British, the captain cried out from the bridge,  
 And ... [forgets words] and British were they.  
 The women and children, the first for the boat,  
 And the sailors knew how to obey.  
 As long as old England sends ships oversea,  
 The deeds of that night she'll recall;  
 When rich men and poor men went down side by side,  
 When rank made no difference, for death levelled all -

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

"Tramp Boys Tramp by the Waggonside"

Gre 36

S23

123567

AABCA

1#↓

V - 3

8 bars

↓ 160

3  
4

Charles Green

25/5/71

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

Note

Charles says that this was sung by carters who carried stone from the quarries at Old Broom, Crawshaw and Thorncliffe.

Tramp boys, tramp by the wag-gon-side, tramp on o-ver the plain.

Let dull hearts in the town a-bide, tramp on ne-ver com-plain.

What dull miles have be-fore us, boys, what dull sin-ews will tire.

Rest soon strength will re-store us, boys, through vig-or in-spire.

Tramp boys, tramp by the wag-gon-side, tramp on o-ver the plain.

An old man gazed on a photograph

Standard

ABCD EFGH

1 V - 5

4 bars

♩ 160 and 148(verse 2)  $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 8 \end{matrix}$

Charles Green

10/6/71

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

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

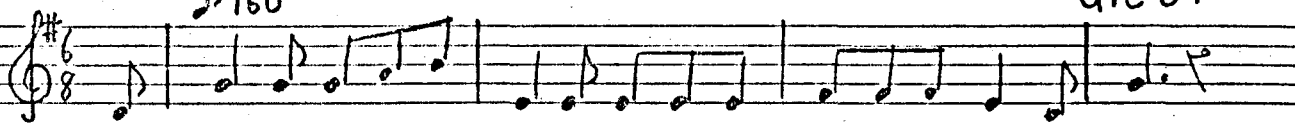
That picture was one of those girls, 'e said,  
and to me she was once a wife.  
I thought 'er unfaithful, we quarrelled, lad,  
and parted that night for life.  
My fancy of jealousy wronged 'er heart, a heart that was good and true;  
But two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls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

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

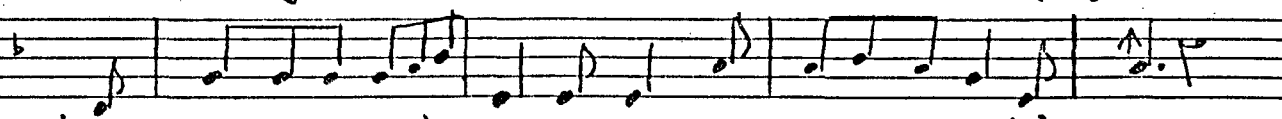
\*Charles corrects.



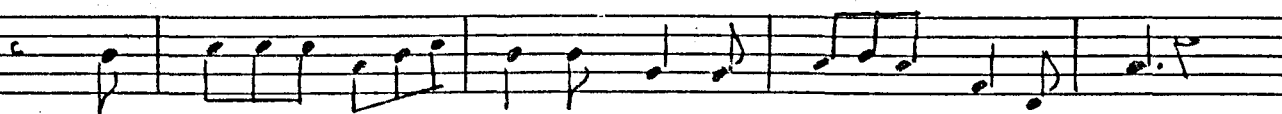
♩ 160



An old man gazed on a photo-graph in a lock-et'e'd worn for years.



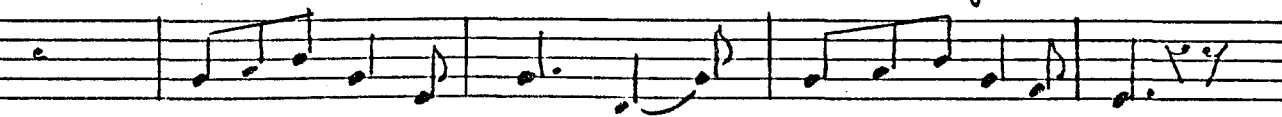
'Is neph-ew then asked 'im the rea-son why that pic-ture 'ad caused 'im tears.



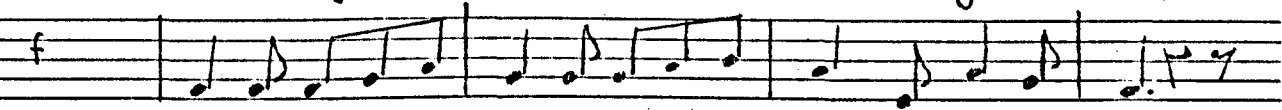
Come list-en, 'e said, and I'll tell thee, lad, a stor-y that's strange but true;



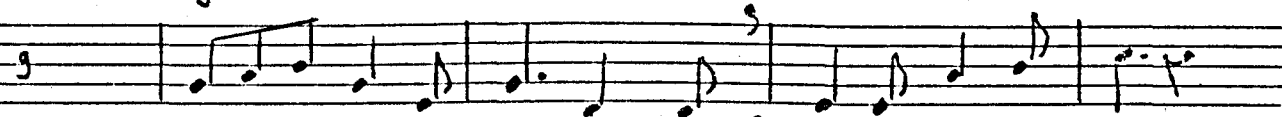
Your fath-er and I when at school one day met two litt-le girls in blue.



Two litt-le girls in blue, lad, — two litt-le girls in blue,



They were sist-ers and we were broth-ers and learned to love the two.



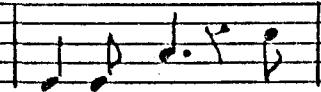
One litt-le girl in blue, lad, they' won your fath-er's heart,



Be-came your moth-er, I mar-ried the oth-er but we have drift-ed a-part.

## Variation

II d 2



lived than they, those ...

Wassail Song

Gre 38

"We've been a while a-wandering"

S23

Standard

AB CD

1#  $\uparrow$

III - 5

4 bars

$\downarrow$  110

4  
4

Charles Green

25/5/71

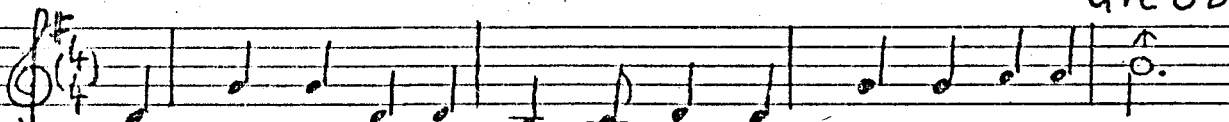
"They're nearly both same." [Charles knows two versions of the song.]

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


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

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

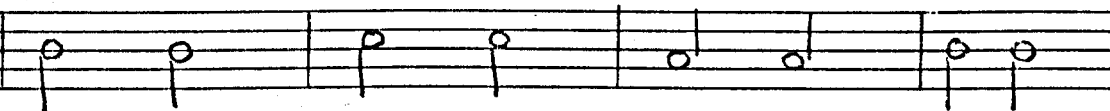
"That's that."



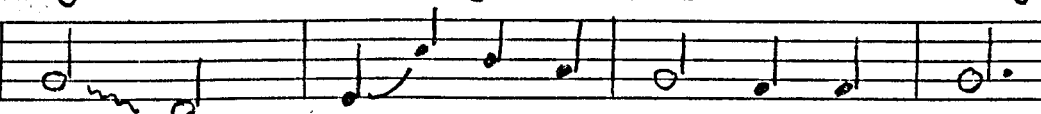
We've been a-while a - wan-der-ing a - mongst the leaves so green,



And now we come a - wes-sel-ling so fair — to be seen.



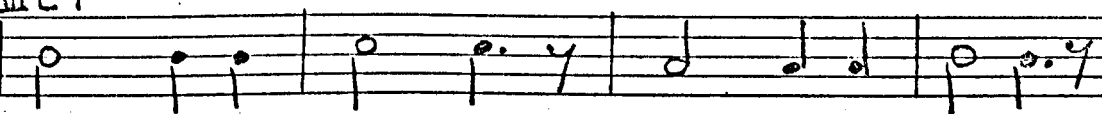
Pray God send you, pray God send you,



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

## Variation

III c 1



God send a hap-py, God send a hap-py,

We Are All Jolly Fellows (f)

Gre 39

S29

Standard		(A)BCD
III	1 - 8	4 bars
♩ 162	3 4	
Charles Green		6/5/71

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

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

We Were Sweethearts

Gre 40

S30

Standard (inflected 4#, 2#, 1#)		ABCD EFEG
VII#	IV# - 6	4 bars
♩ 64	4 and 6 4 8	
Charles Green		10/6/71

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

We were sweet'earths in the days of yore,  
 Sweet'earths now, sweet'earths then, sweet'earths evermore;  
 Ever true, dear, as the years go by,  
 My sweet'cart in school days and my sweet'cart till I die.

Gre 39



An' the farm-er came cal-ling and thus he did say

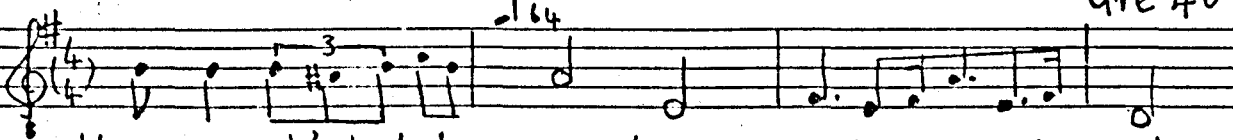


Come a-rise me good fel-lows a - rise with good will



For your 'ors-es are wait-ing their bel-lies to fill

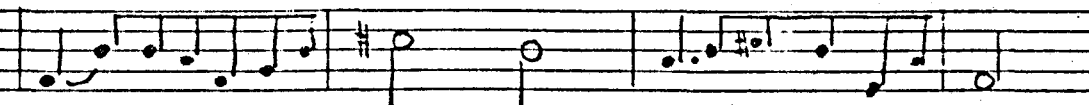
Gre 40



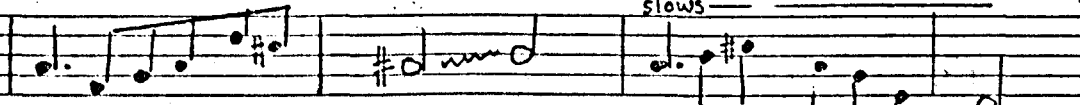
We were sweet'arts, do tre-mem - ber those dear hap-py days of old,



When we went to school to-geth - er, fair love stor-ies sweet you told.



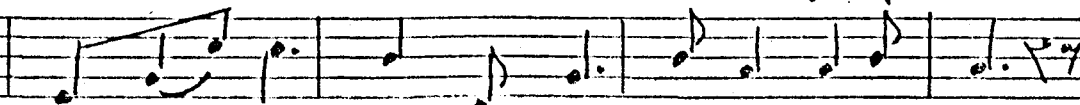
Years - 'ave passid since we were part - ed, o'er the sea you had to go,



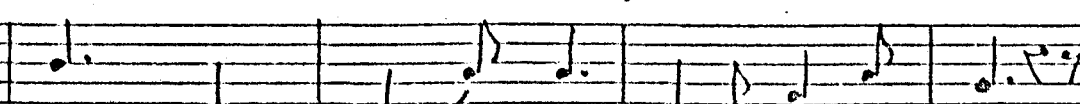
And you left me bro-ken heart - ed, but, dear heart, you did not know.



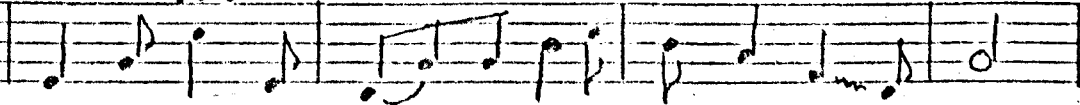
We were sweet - 'arts in the days of yore,



Sweet - 'arts - now, sweet-'arts then, sweet-'arts ev-er-more;



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



My sweet-'art in school - days and my sweet-'art till I die.

The twilight shadows deepen into night dear

Modulates from V to 1

ABCDABCD EFEG

1

III - V

3 bars and 8 bars

♩ 72 ♩ 116

3  
4

Charles Green

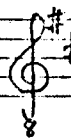
10/6/71

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

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

"I don't know next verse."

♩ 72



The twi-light sha-dows deep-en in-to night, dear,

The city lights are gleam-ing by the snow,

I sit a-lone be-side the cheer-y fire, dear,

I'm dream-ing dreams from out the long a-go.

I fan-cy it is spring-time in the moun-tains,

The flow-ers with their col-ours are a-flame,

And ev-ery day I hear you soft-ly call-ing,

I'll wait un-til the spring-time comes a-gain.

When it's spring-time in the Rock-ies I am com-ing back to you,

Little sweet'art of the moun-tains with those bon-ny eyes of blue.

Once a-gain I'll say I love you, while birds sing all the day,

When it's spring-time in the Rock-ies, in the Rock-ies far-a-way.

Do you remember how long years ago

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#)

ABCDEFEG

1 IV - 5

8 bars

♩ 138 and 124 3  
4

Charles Green

10/6/71

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

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

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

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

"There's one just similar." [We Were Sweethearts]



♯ (3/4) 138  
 Do you re - mem - ber 'ow long years a - go

as child - ren to - geth - er we played.

I was a lad full of mis - chief and fun,  
 and you were a sweet litt - le maid.

Play - ing at sweet - 'earts 'ow 'ap - py were we,  
 none dreamt of the chang - es in store;

But you be - came wealth - y, too wealth - y for me,  
 and now times are al - tered <sup>slows</sup> once more.

♯ 4/4 124  
 When we went to school to - geth - er,

I fought all your batt - les for you;

But rich - es came be - tween us

though I love you fond - ly and true;

And now the tunes are altered

and <sup>slows</sup> pov-er-ty knocks at your door.

Wait you let me batt-le for you

as I did in the days of yore?

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

Standard

ABCDA

VII

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 108

4  
4

Charles Green

10/6/71

'Twas one bright rosy morning as I walked o'er yond' hill,  
I had no thoughts of listing till the soldiers bade me come.  
They a kind of did induce me to go with them to roam,  
They advanced me some money, they advanced me some money,  
They advanced me some money, a shilling and a crown.

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

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

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

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

"That's one [verse] I don't care for singing that ... I think  
there must have been a verse in between. They used to know it  
at Stannington."

'Twas one bright ro-sy morn—ing as I walked o'er yond' hill,

I had no thoughts of list-ing till the sol-diers bade me come.

They a kind of did in—duce— me to go with them to roam,—

They ad—van—ced me some mo—ney, they ad—van—ced me some mo—ney,

They ad—van—ced me some mo—ney, a shil—ling and a crown.

Variations

IIa2

IIb3

IIe3

list-ed  
IIIb3

and e... in the ro—ving—... for the love of—

IVe1

out the com—ing... been the on—ly...

The Wild Rover (inc)

Gre 44

S30

I've been a wild rover

Standard

ABAC DC

V

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 135<sup>+</sup>

3

4

Charles Green

10/6/71

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

"now then"

[hums next line]

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

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

Put me 'and in me pocket, and out I withdrew

"That's when 'e get being kept away from pub."

A handful of silver, on the counter I threw.

See 'ere, me proud landlord, I've money in store

And I never will play the wild rover no more.

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

Note

Charles feels that the song is offensive to landlords.

Quietly

I've been a wild ro-ver for ma-ny long years,

I've spent all my mo-ney in whis-ky and-beer.

[hums] - - - - -

I nev-er will play the wild ro-ver , no more ,

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

*slows*

I ne-ver will play the wild ro-ver no more .

"Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?"

Gre 45

S30

Now in the summer of life sweetheart

Standard (inflected 1# and 2#)

· ABCD EFGH

VIb

V - 6

4444 2222

↓ 60+

4  
4

Charles Green

10/6/71

"It's old un."

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

Will you love me in December as you do in May?  
Will you love me in that good old fashioned way?  
When my hair 'as all turned grey, will you kiss me then and say,  
That you love me in December as you do in May?

*♩* 60

Now in the sum-mer of life, sweet-heart, you say you love but me.

Glad-ly I give all my heart to you, throb-bing with ec-sta-sy.

Last night I saw while dream-ing that I'd grown old and grey,

And I won-dered if you'd love me then,—dear, just as you do to-day.

Will you love me in De-cem-ber as you—do in May?

Will you love me in that good old fash-ioned way?

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

That you love me in De-cem-ber as you do in May?



Barbara Allen (f)

HanB 1

"Barbry Allen"

S23

In Scotland I was bred and born

123567#

ABCD

VI

III - 5

2 bars

♩ 60

3

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

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

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

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

Note

See HanG 1.

Bonny Mary of Argyll (inc )

HanB 2

S23

I have heard the mavis singing

Standard (inflected 4#)

AB(C)DAE

IV - V↓

V - 8

44 445

♩ 60#

3

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

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

"That's another old un."

\* Not recorded.

HanB 1

In Scot-land I was bred and born,

In Scot-land I was dwel-ling.

I fell in love with a pret-ty fair maid,

'Er name was Bar-bry AL-len.

HanB 2

I 'ave heard the ma-vis sing-ing 'is the love song to the rose.

I 'ave seen the dew-drops cling-ing to the rose just new-ly born;

And the sweet...?

I 'ave seen an eye still bright-er than the dew-drops on the rose.-

I 'ave watched thine 'eart, dear Mar-y, and its good-ness win-ning smile,

That 'as made thee mine for e-ver, bon-ny Mar-y of-Ar-gyl.

Come to the Bower (f)

HanB 3

S23

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie

123457#

AB

III

VII#- 5

4 bars

♩ 120

4

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie,

"That's 'ow it goes."

A blush from 'er cheek and a smile from 'er eye.

"Old Frank knows 'em."



Un-der-neath the banks— of sweet res—es she lie,—

A blush from 'er cheek and a smile from 'er eye.—

The day being spent the moon shone bright

Standard

AABC

VIb - 1#

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 120 and ♩ 80    6    4  
                          8    4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

The day being spent, the moon shone bright,  
the village struck eight.

Young Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate;

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

Which made poor Mary sigh and say,  
Thou never shalt make such a fool of me.

She traced the garden here and there, the village clock struck nine,  
Which made poor Mary sigh and say, Thou never shalt be mine;

For thou promised to meet me at the gate at eight,  
thou never shalt deceive me or make me wait,

Before I'd let such a lover see,  
whether they would make such a fool of me.

She traced the garden here and [hesitates] and then,  
the village clock struck ten;

Which made poor Mary sigh and say, no more to part again;

For 'e 'ad been such a long, long way to buy the ring for the wedding day.  
For he had been such a long, long way to buy the ring for the wedding day.

Up by the morning sun they rose, to church they went straightway,  
And all the village joyful were upon that wedding day;

For in a neat little cot, just by the riverside,  
young William and Mary they do reside,

For she blessed the hour that she did wait  
for 'er absent lover at the garden gate.

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

Note

Bob is confused with some of the words especially in verse III. The  
pitch rises steadily at the same points in each verse (a2 and b2).  
See HanG 13.

The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the vil-lage clock - struck eight.

Young Ma-ry hast-ened with de-light un-to the gar-den gate;

But who was there that made Ma-ry sad, the gate - was - there but not the lad,

Which made poor Ma-ry sigh and say, Thou nev-er shalt - make such a fool of me.

Variations

IV c 3

IV d 3

Wil-liam and Ma-ry they... 'er - absent lov-er at the...

It's my Mother's Birthday Today

HanB 5

S23

Standard (inflected 4 # and 5 #)

ABAC DEAFG

1 - 2

IV# - 6

4 bars

♩ 72

3

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

"That's not such an owd un. It'll happen be forty year owd. I were singing that down London. This little village where I built the bungalow for me daughter. Just one pub in this village. You see, I were going in there every night. Course the landlady every Saturday night and every Sunday night she got on the piano, and they were playin' all the owd uns. Well, it were just up my street."

It's my mother's birthday today.

I'm on my way with a lovely bouquet.

To me 'tis the 'appiest day.

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

I'll greet 'er with a kiss and this I know she's worth;

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

These roses will soon fade away,

And I know what they mean to convey,

For it's my mother's birthday today.

"They were good words then, I think."

Note

The song was in fact published by Irwin Dash Music Co. Ltd. in 1935.

It's my moth-er's birth-day to-day.

I'm on my way with a love-ly bou-quet.

To me 'tis the 'ap-pi-est day.

I won't be late at the old cot-tage gate.

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

And then I'll say, God bless you, ma-my hap-py re-turms.

These ros-es will soon fade a-way,

And I know what they mean to slows con-vey,

For it's my moth-er's birth-day to-day.



Mocking Bird Hill

HanB 6

S23

When the sun in the morning peeps over yon hill

Standard

ABAC DEDF

VII - 2)

III - 4

4 bars

.|120

3

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

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

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

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

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

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

When the sun in the morn-ing peeps ov-er you hill,

And kis-ses the ros-es on my win-daw - sill;

When my heart fills with glad-ness as I hear of the trill,

Of the birds in the tree-tops on Mock-ing Bird Hill.

Tra-la - da twidd-le-lee - dee-dee , it gives me a thrill

To wake up in the morn-ing to the mock-ing bird trill.

Tra-la da twidd-le-lee - dee-dee , There's peace and good-will.

You're as wel-come as the flow-ers on Mock-ing Bird Hill.

(The Old Gamecock)

HanB 7

S23

Every morning every morning

Standard

ABCD

V

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 114

4  
4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

Every morning, every morning everything is quite alright.\*  
You don't don't need a knocker-up, you don't need a cock,  
for underneath the bed I pop the old gamecock.  
Every morning, every morning I used to (h)oversleep myself it's true,  
When out I go when the cock begins to crow,  
cock cock cock-a-doodle-do! [Laughs]

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

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

Note

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

Poor Old Joe (inc )

HanB 8

S23

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay

Standard

ABACDC

III ♯ - III

1 - 9

4 bars

♩ 92

4  
4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

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

"There used to be three verses in it and I knew them all at one time. It must be donkey's years, thirty years since I sung anything like that."

# HanB 7

Ev-er-y morn-ing, ev-er-y morn-ing ev-ery-thing is quite al-right.

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

for un-der-neath the bed I pop the old game-cock.

Ev-er-y morn-ing, ev-er-y morn-ing I used to hor-er-sleep my-self it's true,

When out I go when the cock be-gins to crow, cock cock cock-a-dood-le - do!

# HanB 8

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

Gone are my friends to the cot-ton fields a-way.

Gone from the shore to a bet-ter land I know.

I hear those <sup>slows</sup> gent-le voi-ces call-ing, poor old Joe.

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, for my head is bend-ing low.

I hear those <sup>slows</sup> gent-le voi-ces call-ing, poor old Joe.

The Rosy Morn (f)

HanB 9

"Bright Rosy Morning"

S23

III ♭                    1 - 8                    4 bars

3

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

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

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

\* Opening not recorded.

Sheffield Park (f)

HanB 10

S23

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

123456

ABCD

V                    V - 6

4 bars

♩ 90

3

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

A fair young maid, I loved so well.

I courted 'er from week to week,

Till at length she broke my heart away.

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

Note

See Hin 51.

Hand B 9

And brush-es a - dorn-ing through mead-ow - and field.

Hand B 10

In Shef-field Park - there once - did dwell  
 A fair young maid, - I loved - so well.  
 I court-ed 'er - from week - to week,  
 Till at length she broke - my heart a - way.

She Wears Red Feathers (f)

HanB 11

S23

123567#

ABCD

V

VI - 7#

4 bars

♩ 114

2

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

(She wears red feathers and a hooley)\* hooley skirt,  
She wears red feathers and a hooley 'ooley skirt. [hesitates]  
She lives on just coconuts and fish from the sea,  
A rose in 'er 'air an' a look in 'er eye an' love's in 'er 'eart for me.  
[laughs]

\* Not recorded.

She wears red feath-ers and a hoo-ley hoo-ley skirt,

She wears red feath-ers and a hoo-ley hoo-ley skirt.

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

A rose in'er 'air an'a, look in 'er eye and 'love's in 'er'eat for me.



"'Tis But a Little Faded Flower" (f)

HanB 12

S23

Standard (inflected 4 #)

AB

VII

IV#- 5

4 bars

♯ 66

irregular

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

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

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

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

The Wild Rover (f)

HanB 13

S23

I've been a wild rover

Standard

A(B)ACDC

VI ♯

V - 5

2 4444

♯ 85

3

4

Bob Hancock

28/1/71

I've been a wild rover

"Just forget 'ow it starts."

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

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

Note

See Hin 69.

HanB 12

'Tis but a little faded flower, but O how fond-ly dear,

To bring me back one golden hour through many through many a weary year.

HanB 13

I've been a wild rover

I'll give up me wild roaming and live mon-ey in store,

I never will play the wild rover no more,

Sing-ing, Nay, no, never, never, no more,

I never will play the wild rover no more.

Barbara Allen (inc)

HanG 1

"Edith Allen"

S14

At Carsick I was bred and born

123567#

ABCD

1

III - 5

2 bars

♪ 72

3

4

George Hancock

1/10/70

[Edith prompts] "This is his own."

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

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

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

And slowly she came creeping up ...

Frank Hinchliffe: "You're singing more or less old version to it.

George: "Sang that when we got married."

Frank: "... There's two or three different versions on it. . ."

[Frank recites his version]

Dorothy Hinchliffe: "In something town?"

Frank: "Scarlet town, that's school version."

#### Note

See Barbara Allen, George Hancock, 7/8/72, S40. George says he learnt original version from his Uncle Joe Hancock.

Hang 1

At Car-sick I was bred and born,

At Sheep-hill is my dwell-ing,

I fell in love with a pret-ty fair maid

And'er name were E-dith Al-len.

Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

HarG 2

S13

Standard

ABCB

II ↑

1 - 8

7 bars

♩ 116<sup>+</sup><sub>-</sub>

3

4

George Hancock

16/9/70

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

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

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

\* Tape off.

Note

See Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.

II

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own

and thy chokes un-pro-found with a tear,

That the fer-vour and faith of a soul can be known

to which time will be make thee more dear.

No, the heart that has true-ly loved ne-ver for—gets,

but as true-ly loves un-to the close:

As the sun-flaw-er turns on her god when he sets

the same look which she turned when 'e rose.

"Sweet Betsy"

S13

Sweet Betsy up to London went

123456

ABCDE (verse I = ADE)

21

V - 6

22213

156

3  
4

George Hancock

16/9/70

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

Sweet Betsy up to London went

To seek some service,

To seek some service with discontent.

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

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

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

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

They rode, they rode to a seaport town  
Where ships were sailing both up and down.  
They hired a boat and on board they went.  
Sweet Betsy's 'eart,  
Sweet Betsy's 'eart was discontent.

[HanG 3 continued]

In three weeks after his mother returned.  
Welcome welcome, said her son,  
But where is Betsy, tell me I pray,  
That she's so long,  
That she so long be'ind you stay?

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

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

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

"That's the one."

Note

See Betsy the Serving Maid, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.  
"I learnt that here. Me father used to sing that. I think there's  
one or two verses I don't just know. I know there used to be  
about thirteen verses."



I  

 Sweet Bet-sy up to Lon-don went

To seek some ser-vice, To seek some ser-vice with dis-con-tent

II  
 a  

 'Er mas-ter 'ad but one on-ly son,

b  

 Sweet Bet-sy's heart he fair-ly won.

c  

 Bet-sy being so ver-ry shy

d  

 It took her heart, It took her 'art in to great fear.

Variations

IV a 1 *faster*  

 His moth-er hear-ing of these words...

VI a 1  

 They rode they rode to a ...

VII a 2  

 moth-er re-turned Wel-come wel-come ...

VIII d 2  

 It's for you sweet...

123456

ABCDB

VII#↓

III - 6

44454

♩ 132

3  
4

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 16/9/70

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

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

[Frank pitches.]

I lace up me stays to make me waist small  
Thinks I to meself I'm a rare bonny lass

[Hums]

But there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'  
But there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'.

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

Note

George's third and fourth phrases may be improvised as they resemble The Nobleman and the Thresherman as much as Frank's version of the song.

II  
 #3  
 7/4

I lace up me stays to make me waist small

Thinks I to me - self I'm a rare bon-ny lass.

unclear  
 [Hums] - - - - -

d But there nêr comes a lad-die to take me a-wa-

e But there nêr comes a lad-die to take me a-wa'.

Variation  
 Ia3

nine times a day Thinks...

"Can't Change It" (f)

HarG 5

S14

Standard

ABCD

III

1 - 7#

2 bars

J 120

4

4

George Hancock

1/10/70

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

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

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

Note

Seems to make little sense.

Can't change it, Can't change it,

No mat-ter what the mat-ter be, 'alf a wom-an an' 'alf a tree.

Can't change 'er-no matter how I see

I'll put that sleep in the sweet by an' by.

"Dear Old Mother" (inc)

HarG 6

S22

Standard (inflected 1#, 4# and 5#) ABABCD EFGH

VI ♭ IV - 5 4 bars

♩ 120 ♩ 150  $\frac{4}{4}$  and  $\frac{6}{4}$

George Hancock

20/1/71

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

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

Unclear

in this world so high

Unclear

But we don't - - - - - bey her side

When times are hard and troubles come, the wolf knock at your door.

You'll see to those who swore true friendship in the days of yore;

But they don't know when you are down and how hard seem your lot,

'Tis then you'll still re-mem-ber there is one true friend you've got.

Dear old mo-ther, al-ways kind - and true,

Dear old - mo-ther, I al-ways think of you.

When this world de-part-ed and the time when you are old,

'Tis then you'll find your mo-ther is the true-est friend of all.

Don't Go Down in the Mine Dad (inc)

HanG 7

S13

Standard (inflected 1# and 2#)

ABCD

VI ↘

VI - 5

4 bars

♩ 120

6

8

George Hancock

16/9/70

Don't go down in the mine Dad, dreams very often come true.

Daddy you know it would break my heart if anything 'appened to you.

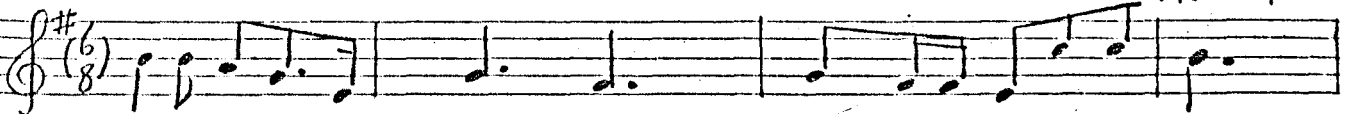
Go and tell my dreams to your friend,

it's as true as the stars that shine.

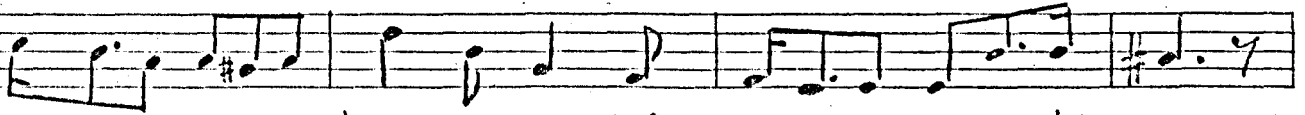
Something is going to 'appen today, dear Daddy don't go down the mine.

"I don't know any more like."





Don't go down in the mine Dad, dreams ve-ry of-ten come true.

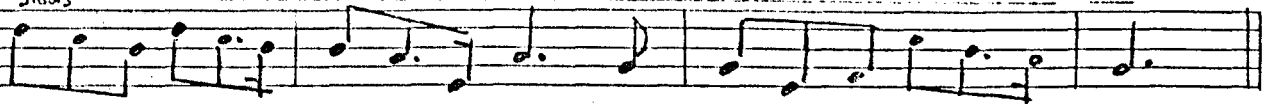


Dad-dy you know it would break my heart if an-y-thing ap-pened to you.



Go and tell my dreams to your friend, it's as true as the stars that shine.

*slows*



Some-thing is go-ing to ap-pen to-day, dear Dad-dy don't go down the mine.

We're a few jovial sportsmen together well met

Standard

ABCD EFD

IV#

1 - 8

4544 444

♩ 108

3

4

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 16/9/70

We're a few jovial sportsmen together well met,  
For health and amusement this day to be spent.  
Long time I've been waiting for this memorable morn  
For the sound of the 'untsman (h)and 'is mellow tone horn.  
Then let's join in full chorus with the echo we'll sing,  
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring,  
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

See the huntsman 'ow 'e gathers 'is hounds in the morn.  
How melodious how melodious 'is 'orn doth sound,  
Crying come come, come come, come let's away  
To the woods let's prepare boys to the woods let's away.  
Then let's join in full chorus with the echo we'll sing,  
We'll make the woods to echo (h)and the valleys to ring,  
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Now all you true sportsmen (h)of every degree,  
And to (h)all honest 'unters who (h)e'er they may be.  
There is Tenor and Treble and old Rambler drops in  
With 'is musical note makes yon valleys to ring.  
And the valleys to ring and valleys to ring,  
We'll make the woods to echo (h)and the valleys to ring,  
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Note

See "A Few Jovial Sportsmen", George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.

Hang 8

*(3)*  
*(4)*  
 We're a few jov-ial sports-men to-ge-ther well met,

b For health and a muse-ment this day to be spent.

c long time I've been wait-ing for this mem-ora-ble mom

d For the sound of the 'unts-man (hand's mel-low tone horn.

e Then let's join in full cho-rus with the ech-o we'll sing,

f We'll make the words to ech-o and the val-leys to ring,

*slow*  
 g We'll make the words to ech-o and the val-leys to ring.

Variations

*II a 3*                      *II c 2*                      *III a 3*  
 -hounds in the ...      come eric, come let's a ...      ev-ery de- ...

*III f 3*  
 val-leys to ...

"Friendship" (inc)

HarG 9

S22

Friendship makes this world so happy

Standard

ABACDEDF

1↓

V - 6

2 bars

↓ 92

4  
4

George Hancock

20/1/71

"There were another one about friendship. I always wanted to learn it, but you couldn't always catch 'em [parents] to be singing it. It were a real good song it were."

Friendship makes this world so happy,  
Friendship makes us (h)all unite,  
Friendship makes us sing our ditty,  
Friendship's 'ere with us tonight.  
Then here 'ave we been (h)all together,  
'Ere 'ave we been one and all.  
Brighter yet we'll be together,  
And with joy we'll man the wall.

"I don't know much more of that though it goes on, 'See the beacon fires burning'... It were like a good meaning song."

Note

See "Friendship", George Hancock, 1/10/70, S14.

Friend-ship makes this world so hap-py,

Friend-ship makes us (h)all - u - nite,

Friend-ship makes us sing our dit-ty,

Friend-ship's 'ere with us - to - night.

Then here 'ave we been (h)all to-ge - ther,

'Ere 'ave we been one and all.

Bright-er yet we'll be to-ge - ther,

And with joy - we'll man the wall.

12345

ABCD

IV

1 - 5

2 bars

♩ 160

4  
4

George Hancock

20/1/71

"There used to be one with all folks in Fulwood, I used to know some of it like, 'Anthony Wheatcroft lives alone, Ben Swinden's a horse of his own, Henry Broomhead sells good beer, and old Harry Hancock's sure to be there.' Grace knows that better."

Old Sally Wheatcroft lives alone

Fal der ral ...

Fal - la ...

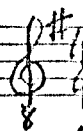
Lee ... dee dee.

"I think it went like that. I never knew that through but I've heard me father sing it when he were young."

Note

See Fulwood Farmers and Neighbours, (f), George Hancock, 1/10/70, S14. Mrs Edith Hancock mentions that her mother used to know it.

Hang 10



Old Sal-ly Wheat-craft lives a-lone Fal-der-ral - la la - la

Fal - la

lee

dee dee

'Twas a Lady possessed of great beauty

Standard

AABA

IV - V↓

V - 8

4 bars

♪ 156

♩

George Hancock

1/10/70

'Twas a lady possessed of great beauty,  
she stood at her own father's gate.  
The gallant hussars were on duty, to view them this maiden did wait.  
Their 'orses were capering and prancing,  
their bugles they shone like the stars.  
On the plains they were ever advancing, she spied a young gallant hussar.

To the barracks right early next morning,  
this damsel she went in a cart,  
Because she loved so sincerely young Edwin, that gallant hussar.  
O try, says young Edwin, be steady; just think of the dangers in war.  
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready,  
so don't wed with your gallant hussar.

Six months upon bread and cold water, my parents confined me from you.  
O its hard-hearted friends to their daughter,  
whose heart is so loyal and true.  
But 'less they confine me forever or banish me from you afar,  
I'll wed with that beautiful creature, young Edwin my gallant hussar.

Note

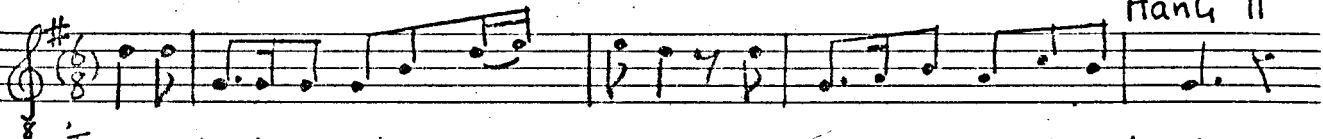
See The Gallant Hussar, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22. George learnt it from Uncle Joe Hancock of Whitely Wood.

See also The Gallant Hussar, George Hancock, 7/8/72, S40. George sings additional couplet to A A of melody.

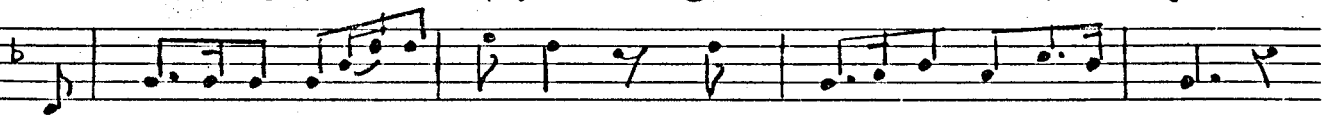
So now they're united together friends think of them now they're afar,  
God bless them both now and forever young Edwin that gallant hussar.



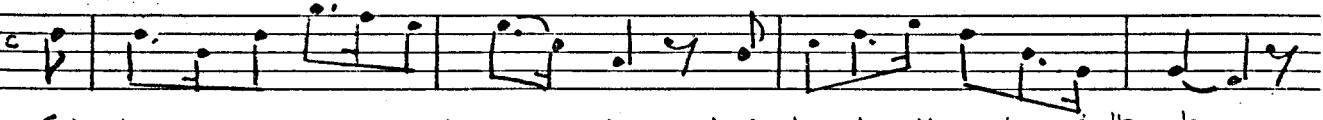
Hang II



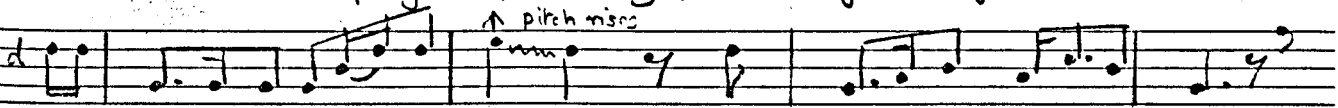
'Twas a la-dy pos-sessed of great-beau-ty, she stood at her own fa-ther's gate.



The gal-lant hus-sars were-on du-ty, to view them this maid-en did wait.



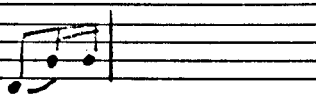
Their 'ors-es were ca-eping and pranc-ing, their bug-les they shone in the stars.



On the plains they were e-ver-ad-vanc-ing, she spied a young gal-lant hus-sar.

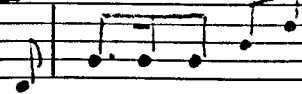
Variations

II a 1



To the bar-racks...

II b 1



Be-cause she loved so sin-

III a 1



Six months up-on bread and cold wa-ter my

Galway Bay

HarG 12

S40

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland

Standard (inflected 1#)

ABCD

VI

V - 6

2 bars

J 85

4

4

George Hancock

7/8/72

George: "That Irish song that's a good un."

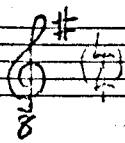
Edith: "That's not an ancient one."

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,  
Or may be at the coming of your day,  
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh,  
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

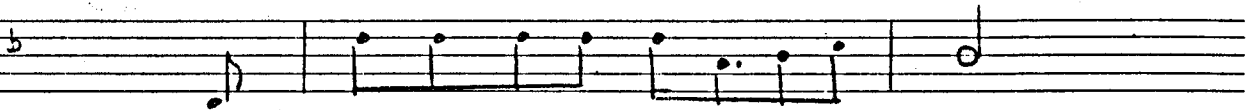
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,  
The women in the meadows makin' hay:  
Just to sit beside the turf fire in the cabin,  
And to watch the barefoot couzans at their play.

For the breezes blowin' o'er the sea from Ireland  
Are perfumed by the other as they blow,  
And the women in the uplands diggin' praties  
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way,  
And somehow I am sure they're goin' to be;  
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven  
In that dear land across the Irish sea.



If you — e-ver go a-cross the sea to Ire-land,



Or may-be at the com-ing of your day,



You will sit and watch the moon-rise o-ver Clad-dagh,



And see the sun go down on Gal-way Bay.

Variation

IV c 2



heav-en In...

The day being spent the moon shone bright

Standard

AABC

1↓ - 1#

V - 6

4 bars

♪ 124±, ↓ 112±     6 and 4  
                          8     4

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 16/9/70

The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck eight.  
Young Mary hastened with delight unto that garden gate.  
But who was there that made Mary sad, the gate was there but not the lad,  
Which made poor Mary sigh and say,  
    Thou never never makes such a fool of me.

The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck nine,  
Which made poor Mary sigh (h)and say, Thou never shalt be mine.  
For thou promised to meet me at the gate at eight.  
    Thou never shalt deceive me nor make me wait,  
For before I let such lovers see, whether they would make such a fool of me.

The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock struck ten.  
Young William flew into 'er (h)arms no more to part again.  
For 'e 'ad been such a long long way to buy the ring for the wedding day.  
For 'e had been such a long long way to buy the ring for the wedding day.

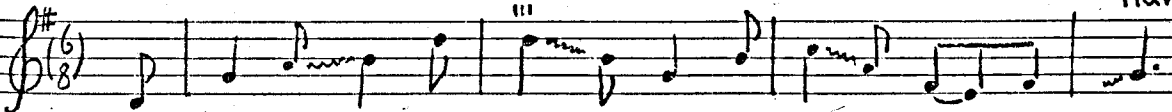
Up with the morning sun they rose [Frank prompts ]  
    to church they went straightway,  
And all the village joyful were upon that wedding day.  
Now in a neat little cot by the riverside,  
    young William and Mary they do reside.  
For she blessed the hour that she did wait,  
    for 'er absent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

Frank: "Just a little bit of variation George but not a great deal."

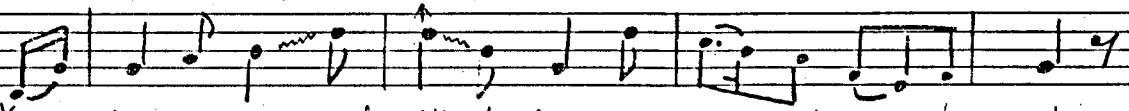
Note

See The Garden Gate, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22. Repeats final couplet (IV c and d).

"These are what me father and mother used to sing when we were kiddies."



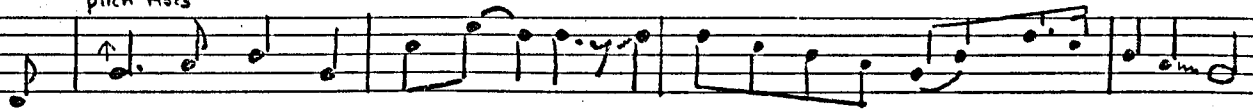
The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the village clock\* struck eight.



Young Ma-ry has-tenced with de-light un-to that gar-den gate.



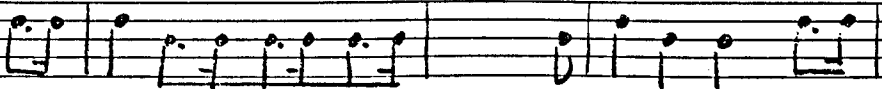
But who was there that made Ma-ry sad, the gate was there but not the lad,



Which made poor Ma-ry sigh and say, thou never never makes such a fool of me.

\*aspirates

Variations II c 1



For thou pro-mised to meet me at the... For 'e 'ad been such a ...

III c 1



Now in a neat little cot by the...

"I Do Love my Mother as my Life"

Hand 14

S14

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

ABCDEFGHIJ

IV<sup>^</sup>

V - 5

3 bars 4 bars

J 112

(4)  
(4)

George and Edith Hancock

1/10/70

I do love my mother as my life.  
Once I thought I'd like to take a wife,  
When I mentioned it to mother dear,  
In 'er eye I saw they were a tear.  
Do not leave me now I'm old, she cried,  
You've been my only pride since father died.  
Do not let another come between,  
Be to me the son you've always been.

For you know I love you more than words can say,  
'Twould break my (h)old 'eart if you went away,  
For you and your sweet'eart may fondly love each other,  
You can get a sweet'eart any day but not another mother.

Edith: "What's next?"

I said mother if I married Lou,  
There would always be a place for you;  
And she shook 'er 'ead in 'eavy 'eart,  
Nay lad, relatives are best apart,  
Suppose we were to quarrel, then what strife,  
To judge between your mother and your wife,  
Do not let another come between

Edith: "I think that's where you go wrong."  
Then I promised 'er I would not wed,  
As long as 'eaven should spare 'er snow white 'ead.

For you know I love you more than words can say,  
'Twould break my (h)old 'eart if you went away,  
For you and your sweet'eart may fondly love each other,  
You can get a sweet'eart any day but not another mother.

Edith: "Me mother used to sing that."  
Mrs. Hinchliffe; "Me Dad used to sing that ... Very nice that."

Note

Pulse is fairly steady and yet the metre is inconsistent.

I do love my mother as my life ;

Once I thought I'd like to take a wife ,

When I men-tioned it to mother dear

In'er eye I saw they were a tear .

Do not leave me now I'm old, she cried ,

You've been my on - ly pride since fa-ther died .

Do not let an-o-ther come be-tween ,

Be to me the son you've al-ways been .

For you know I love you more than words can say ,

'Twould break my (h)old'art if you went a - way ,

For you and your sweet'art may fond-ly love each o-ther ,

You can get a sweet'art a-ny day but not an-o-ther mother .

The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (f)

HarG 15

S13

He walked upon the boulevard with an independent air

Standard (inflected 1#)

ABCD

V↓

V -6

4 bars

♪ 282

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe)

He walked upon the boulevard with an independent air,  
The (people) all declare that he's a millionaire.  
You can (sail) and sigh and wish to die, and see them wink the other eye,  
At the man that broke the bank in Monte Carlo.



He walked up-on the bou-le-vard with an in-de-pend-ent air,

The peop-le all de-clare that he's a mil-lion-aire,

You can (sail) and sigh and wish to die, and see them wink the o-ther eye,

At the man that broke the bank in Mon-te Car - lo.

The Mistletoe Bough

HarG 16

S22

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall

Standard

ABABCD CD EF

2 - 3↓ (steady rise) III - 3

2 bars

♪ 150 - 180                    6 (and 9)  
                                     8 (and 8)

George Hancock

20/1/71

"I've sung that many a time like at Sportsman. I have in Derbyshire.  
'Cos nobody seems to know it much. It'll sound out of date.  
There's happen nobody listening outside. It's unlucky to sing it  
out of Christmas."

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall,  
And the 'olly branch hung on the old oak wall.  
The barons retainers all blythe and gay  
Were keeping their Christmas 'oliday.  
The baron beheld with a father's pride  
That beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;  
And she with her bright eyes seemed to be  
The star of a goodly company.  
O it's under that mistletoe bough,  
It's under that mistletoe bough.

I'm weary of dancing now, she cried,  
Here tarry a moment I'll 'ide I'll 'ide.  
But Lovell be sure thou'rt the first to trace  
The clue to my secret 'iding place.  
Away she ran and her friends began  
Each tower to search each nook to scan,  
And young Lovell cried, Ho, O where dost thou hide?  
I'm lonsome without thee my own dear bride.  
O it's under that mistletoe bough,  
O it's under that mistletoe bough.

[HanG 16 continued]

They sought her that night and they sought her next day,  
And they sought her in vain till a week passed away.  
In the 'ighest, the lowest, the lonest spot,  
Young Lovell sought wildly but found her not;  
And years flew by and their grief at last  
Was told in a sorrowful tale long past,  
And when Lovell appeared the children cried,  
See the old man weep for his own dear bride.  
O it's under that mistletoe bough,  
It's under that mistletoe bough.

At length an oak chest that had long lay hid  
Was found in the castle, they raised the lid,  
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there  
With the bridal wreaths of a lady fair.  
O sad was her fate in a spirit of jest,  
She hid from her Lord in the old oak chest.  
It closed with a spring and dreadful doom,  
There she lay clasped in a living tomb.  
O it's under that mistletoe bough,  
It's under that mistletoe bough.

"I learnt it out of a book, I think. I don't know which book.  
I wished many a time we'd kept it."

♩ 120  
The mist - le - toe hung in the old cast - le hall,

And the 'ol - ly branch hung on the old oak wall.

The bar - ons re - tain - ers all blithe - and gay

Were keep - ing their Christ - mas 'o - li - day.

The bar - on be - hold with a fa - ther's pride  
*slows*

That beau - ti - ful child, young Lov - ell's bide;

And she with her bright eyes seem'd - to be

The star of a good - ly com - pa - ny.

O it's un - der that mist - le - toe bough,

It's un - der that mist - le - toe bough. [\* = d.]

Variations I al - passim

wear - y of dan - cing

dread - ful doom There

O Mary this London's a wonderful sight

Standard

ABABCDAB

V

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 140

3  
4

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 1/10/70

O Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,  
There's people here working by day and by night.  
They don't sow potatoes, or barley, nor wheat,  
But there's gangs of 'em digging for gold in the street.  
At least when I (h)asked them that what I was told,  
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold.  
But for all that I found there, I might as well be  
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course,  
Well now he is here at the head of a force.  
I met him today, he was crossing the Strand,  
And he stopp'd the whole street with one wave of his hand;  
And there he's stood talking of days that are gone,  
While the whole population of London look on.  
But for all these great powers he's wishful like me  
To be back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful ladies, O never mind,  
With some beautiful shaps nature never designed,  
With lovely complexions all roses and cream,  
And Young Loughlin remarked with regard to them saying,  
And if at those roses you venture to kiss,  
The colour might all come away on your lips.  
But give me that wild rose that's waiting for me,  
Back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

[HanG 17 continued]

Frank: "You've missed one out George ..." [Frank prompts all through this verse.]

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

Edith: "That's about middle verse..."

George: "If you know first line you can generally go on a bit."

Frank: "It's a rum job when you're having to sort 'em out while you're going."

# (3/4)  
8

O Ma-ry , this Lon-don's a won-der-ful sight ,

There's peop-le here work-ing by day and by night.

They don't sow po-ta-toes , or bar-ley , nor wheat ,

But there's gangs of 'em dig-ging for gold in the street .

At least when I (h)asked them that what I was told ,

So I just took a hand at this dig-ging for gold .

But for all that I found there, I might as well be

*slows*

Where the Mon-tains of Mo-urne sweep down to the sea .

Variation  
III a 2

la-dies , O nev-er ...

"Thresherman"

S13

A thresherman lived in the village of late

Standard	III - 5	ABCDE
V	4	44454
	4	

♪ 124

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 16/9/70

(A thresherman lived in the village of late,  
He had a)\* thresherman's business and ...  
He'd a wife an' seven childeren, I know it to be true,  
And how dost thou maintain them as well as thou do,  
And how dost thou maintain them as well as thou do?

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do sow,  
And sometimes I go a-hedgin' and a-ditchin' I will go.  
There's\*\* fifty acres of good land I (freely) give to thee,  
For to maintain thy fam ... and thy large family,  
And to maintain thy wife and thy large family.

\*tape off

\*\* Frank attempts to prompt.

Note

The second couplet of George's second verse is part of the final verse.

See The Nobleman and the Thresherman, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.

"I used to know a lot of it like, it's left me ... When you want to think of these old songs you can't. Andrew Gregory used to sing that at Sportsman ... He could sing ... He were only the same as anybody else like."



II

Some-times I do reap and some-times I do sow,

And some-times I go a-hedg-in' and a-ditch-in' I will go.

There's fifty ac-res of good land I (free-ly) give 'is thee,

For to main-tain thy fam - and thy large fa-mi-ly,

And to main-tain thy wife - and thy large fa-mi - ly.

Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f)

HanG 19

S13

At the White Hart at Oughtibridge

Standard

ABABCD AE

VI ♯

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 130

3  
4

George Hancock

16/9/70

At the White ...

Such a trail hunt was not known in old England before ...

And you'd wonder how Millers they will win the day

Crying tooralihay O tooralihay

Crying I wonder how Millers they will win the day.

"I don't know any more of that though I used to do. It used to be a good un that ."

Note

See Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f), George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.

At the White Hart at Oughtibridge ...

A trail hunt was not known in old England before ...

"I used to know that through but it's all gone."

Hesitates

At the White - - - - -

Such a trail hunt was not known in old Eng-land be-fore.

La - - - - -

- - - - - dee - - - - -

La - - - - -

And you'd won-der how Mil-lers they will win the day,

Cry-ing too-ra-li-hay— O too-ra-li hay!

Cryin' won-der how Mil-lers they will win the day.

"Ragtime Cowboy Joe"

HanG 20

S40

Down in Arizona where the badmen are

123567# (inflected 1# , 5# and 7#) Irregular

2 V - 3 Irregular

♩ 324 6 8

George Hancock

7/8/72

"I sang it in hospital and they clapped like anything."

Down in Arizona where the badmen are,  
 No-one to guide you but the (h)evening star.  
 The roughest, toughest man by far  
 Is the ragtime cowboy Joe.  
 There 'e goes a-singing on the dancehall floor,  
 Never such a singer did you see no more.  
 For I know his forty-four,  
 He makes them dance all fair.  
 He always sings raggy music  
 To the cattle, as he swings  
 Back and forward in the saddle, on a horse,  
 For he sings the patergater, for its such a funny metre,  
 To the roar of his repeater, how they run,  
 When they hear the fellas gun, because the western folks all know  
 That he's a high-falutin', scootin', shootin' son of a gun  
 From Arizona, ragtime cowboy Joe.

"It were one of t'songs used to be going about years back."

HanG 20 (cont)

To the roar of his re-peat-er, how they run,

When they hear the fel-la's gun, be-cause the west-ern folks all know

That he's a high fa-lu-tin, scoo-tin, shoot-in son of a gun

From Ar-i-zo-na, rag-time cow-boy Joe.

Down in A-ri-zo-na where the bad men are,

No-one to guide you but the (h)eve-ning star,

The rough-est, tough-est man by far

Is the rag-time cow-boy Joe.

There's goes a-sing-in' on the dance-hall floor,

Ne-ver such a sing-er did you see no more.

For I know his for-ty -four,

He makes them dance all fair.

He al-ways sings rag-gy mu-sic

To the catt-le, as he swings

Back and for-ward in the saddle, on a horse,

For he sings the par-ter ga-ter, for it's such a fun-ny met-re,

The Rest of the Days your Own (f)

HarG 21

S40

Rise at six every morn

Standard

VII

George Hancock

7/8/72

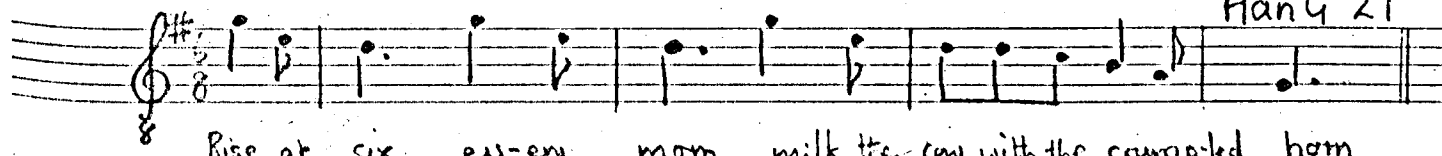
Rise at six every morn

Milk the cow with the crumpled horn

Edith: "Then if there's no more work to do the rest of your days  
your own."

Note

George heard it from a casual acquaintance at Green Oaks Park,  
Dore. He said it lasted for twenty minutes.



Rise at six ev-ery mom milk the cow with the crumpled horn

Standard (inflected 5#)

ABAC DEAC

VI ♯

III -5

4 bars

♯ 80 ±

3

4

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 16/9/70

"That there Rose of Tralee that old Riley used to sing, that were a good 'un ... but I don't know all t' verses." Frank prompts.

She was lovely and fair like the roses in summer,  
It was not her beauty alone that won me,  
O no 'twas the truth in her (h)eyes ever beaming,  
That made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading  
And Mary all smiling was listening to me.  
The moon through the valley her (play) rays was spreading,  
When I won the 'eart of the Rose of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair like the roses in summer,  
O no not her beauty alone that won me,  
O no 'twas the truth in 'er (h)eyes ever beaming,  
That made me love Mary the Rose of Tralee.

Note

Verse one is omitted and George goes straight into the chorus.



II (Rubato)

(3/4)  
 The cool shades of evening their mantle were spread-ing

b  
 And Ma-ry all smil-ing was listen-ing to me.

c  
 The moon through the val-ley her [play] rays were spread-ing,

d  
 When I won the éurt of the Rose of Tra-lee.

e  
 Shows love-ly and fair like the ros-es in sum-mer,

f  
 O no not her beau-ty a-lone that won me,

g  
 O no 'twas the truth in 'er h'eyes ev-er beam-ing,

h  
 That made me love Ma-ry the Rose of Tra-lee.

Variation  
 If 2

beau-ty a-lone that won me

"Bright Rosy Morning"

S13

It's a bright rosy morning peeps over yon rill

Standard

ABABCD

1 - 2b

III - 5

444446

↓ 104 ±

3

4

George Hancock (with Frank Hinchliffe) 16/9/70

It's a bright rosy morning peeps over yon rill  
 With the brushes a-dorning over meadows and fields;  
 It's a bright rosy morning peeps over yon rill  
 With the brushes a-dorning over meadows and fields;  
 Whilst the merry merry merry ho-an [horn] cries come come away  
 Awake from your slumbers,  
 Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day.

See the 'are hise [hare rise] before us and away seems to fly  
 How she pants to yon cover with the 'ounds in full cry.  
 See the 'are rise before us and away seems to fly  
 How she pants to yon cover with the 'ounds in full cry.  
 Then we'll follow follow follow follow that musical chase  
 With pleasure and vigour,  
 With pleasure and vigour we will win the day.

"I missed a verse out somewhere." [Frank Hinchliffe prompts.]

Now the day's sport being (h)over let the blood circulate  
 And give to each lover fresh charms for the night.  
 Now the day's sport being over let the blood circulate  
 And give to each lover fresh charms for the night.  
 Now let us, let us now enjoy (h)all we can whilst we may,  
 Let love crown the night,  
 Let love crown the night and sports crown the day.

Frank: "Alright George."

Note

See The Rosy Morn, George Hancock, 20/1/71, S22.  
 "I learnt it at Ringinglow when hounds used to come ... Hallamshire  
 Harriers and Ecclesfield Beagles ... And then at night they'd a  
 proper night out there Norfolk Arms, all singing, you know."

It's a bright ro—sy morn—ing peeps o-ver yon— rill  
*faster*

With the brush-es a—dorn—ing o-ver mead-ows—and fields;

It's a bright ro—sy morn—ing peeps o-ver yon— rill  
*faster*

With the brush-es a—dorn—ing o-ver mead-ows—and fields;

While the merry merry merry ho-an cries come come—a-way—  
*faster* *slows*

A—wake from your slum\* bers, a-wake from your slum-bers and hail the—new—day.

\* glottal stop  
 Variation III e 1

Now let us let us now en-...

"What's the Use of Gold?" (f)

HanG 24

S14


Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

IV#

V - 6

4 bars

 180

6

8

George Hancock

1/10/70

Edith Hancock: "What were that one? I can always remember your Aunt Polly singing it at Douglas Marsden's (Crawshaw) twenty-first."

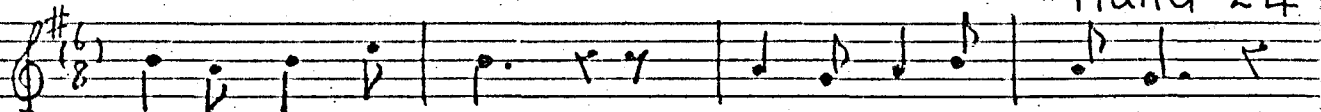
What's the use of gold if you are not happy?

Those that wait for money ... [hums]


Love can be the only bride for a bridegroom and his bride,

For half an ounce of love is worth one hundredweight of gold.

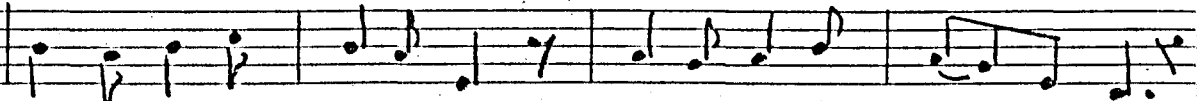
Edith: "Two lovers they were courting, their hearts were as true as one, that's it i'n't it ..."



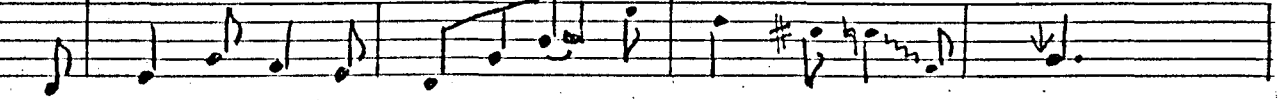
What's the use of gold if you are not hap-py?



Those that wait for mo-ney



love can be the on-ly bride for a bride-groom and his bride,



For half an ounce of love is worth one hun-dred-weight of gold.

"Where Is Now the Merry Party?"

HarG 25

S40

Standard (inflected 4# )

ABCDE

V $\flat$  - V

V - 8

4 bars

J 70

3

4

George Hancock

7/8/72

Where is now the merry party, I remember long ago?  
Laughing round the Christmas fire, brightened by its ruddy glow,  
Or midsummers' balmy (h)evenings in the fields amongst the hay;  
They have all dispersed and wandered far away, far away,  
They have all dispersed and wandered far away, far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant  
and with strangers made their home.  
Some upon the world of waters all their lives are forced to roam.  
Some have gone from us forever longer 'ere they might not stay;  
They 'ave reached a farer region far away, far away,  
They 'ave reached a farer region far away, far away.

Yet there's still some few remaining who remind us of the past,  
But they change as all things change 'ere,  
nothing in this world can last.  
Years roll on and pass forever, what is coming, who can say,  
Ere this closes many may be far away, far away.  
Ere this closes many may be far away, far away.

Where is now that merry party, I re-mem-ber long a-go?

Laugh-ing round the Christ-mas fi-re, bright-ened by its red-dy glow,

Or mid-sum-mers balm-y(h) eve-nings in the fields a-mongst the hay;

They have all dis-perced and wand-ered fara-way, far a-way,

They have all dis-perced and wand-ered fara-way, far a-way.

*slow*

The Banks of Sweet Dundee (f)

Hin 1

S11

Grace = III) Frank = IV

4 bars

4

Redmires Road

4

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton

4/6/70

Frank: "The doctor he was sent for a man of noble skill,  
Likewise a lawyer to make out his will.  
He closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.  
That's only one that I know 'cos it's only verse I know an' all."

[Grace sings.]

Fired and shot the squire boy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

[Frank hums part of the tune.]

Frank: "Is that it Grace?"

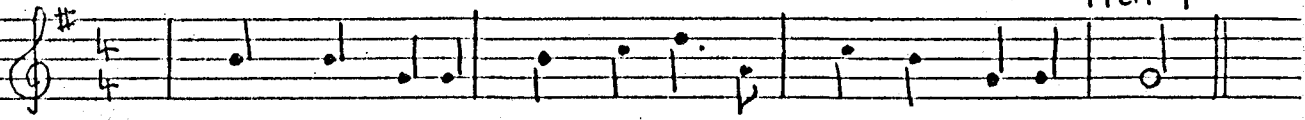
Grace: "Was it 'a nobleman's daughter lived down in Kent and on a  
Sunday morning she a-nutting went'? It's a very old one. I've  
heard me dad singing that."

Note

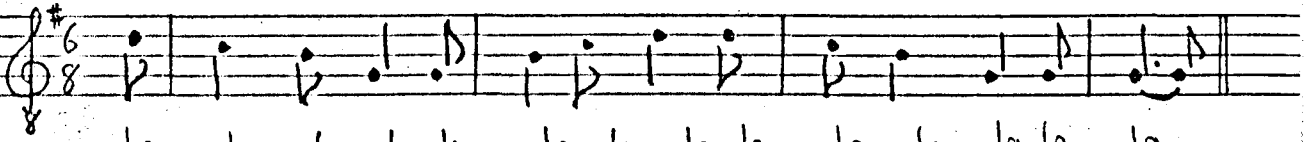
Grace confuses the song with The Nutting Girl. See Wal 19. See  
Banks of Sweet Dundee (f), Frank Hinchliffe, 1/10/70, S14.



Hin 1



Fired and shot the squire boy on the banks of sweet Dun-dee.



La la la la la la la la la la la

"The Banks of the Clyde"

Hin 2

S16

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad with his lassie

Standard(inflected 2#)

ABCD EFGHIJK(see below)

VII#

V - 6

4 bars

130<sup>±</sup>

$\frac{3}{4}$ (irregular)

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

"I'm not sure of it right through."

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad with 'is lassie.  
The lad's name was George and the lassie's was Jane.  
She flung 'er arms round 'im saying, Pray do not leave me.  
Young George was going to fight for the Queen.

She cut off a lock of her golden tresses,  
And kissed him and pressed him once more to 'er heart;  
For 'er eyes spoke of words which their lips could not utter,  
They spoke the last words and they kissed and did part.

Over the burning plains of Egypt,  
Under the scorching sun,  
He thought of the stories 'e'd have to tell  
To 'is love when the fight was won.  
He treasured with care that dear lock of hair.  
For 'is own darling Jane 'e prayed;  
But 'is prayers were in vain for she'll ne'er see again  
Her lad in the Scotch Brigade.

"I'm not so sure of this verse."

On the banks of the Clyde stood an heartbroken mother,  
When they told 'er of how the great victory was won.  
The glory of England to 'er brought no comfort.  
The glory to 'er meant the loss of 'er son.

But Jane her daughter will be while she lives  
For the sake of that laddie who died far away.

I

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad with 'is las-sie.  
faster — —

The lad's name was George and the las-sie's was Jane.

She flung 'er arms round 'im saying, Pray do not leave me.

III Chorus  
Yang George was go-ing to fight for the Queen.

O-ver the burn-ing plains of E-gypt,

Un-der the scorch-ing sun,

He thought of the stor-ies 'e'd have to tell

To 'is love when the fight was won.

He treas-ured with care that dear lock of hair.

For 'is own dar-ling Jane - 'e prayed;

But 'is prayers were in vain for she'll ne'er see a - gain

Her lad in the Scotch Bri-gade.

V

Hin 2 (cont)

But Jane her daughter will be while she lives

For the sake of that lad-die who died far a-way.

They spoke the last words and they kissed and did part

cut off a ... mother when they ...

Over the burning plains of Egypt,  
 Under the scorching sun,  
 He thought of the stories 'e'd have to tell  
 To 'is love when the fight was won.  
 He treasured with care that dear lock of hair.  
 For 'is own darling Jane 'e prayed;  
 But 'is prayers were in vain for she'll ne'er see again  
 Her lad in the Scotch Brigade.

"It must be thirty year since I heard anyone else sing it. They used to sing that and another one and I'll be danged if I can find other one. It were a comic one. It were his brother Billy Lovell that kept it. [Plough Inn at Sandygate.] Sam used to wait on. We 'ad to sing these 'ere at night."

#### Note

The form of the song is complex (ABCD/ABCD'/EFGHIJK/ABCD'/LM/EFGHIJK). The phrases L and M may be an example of Frank's extemporisation to overcome forgotten elements. See "Banks of the Clyde", 23/4/70, S9.

Barbara Allen (inc )

Hin 3

"Barbara Ellen"

S10

(In Scarlet town where I was born)

12356

ABCD

VI ↓

III - 5

2 bars

♩ 72

3

4

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton

30/4/70

Frank: "I was talking about 'Barbara Ellen' and Dorothy said, 'That's not very old'. No, but I know older version to it than that. One me dad used to sing. But he was singing as he'd been courting Barbara Ellen. But you can't sing that last verse to it 'cos I mean he's buried, in't he. [Frank refuses to sing it.] I'm going to condemn that altogether . . . That first bit me dad used to sing don't go right at all. [Hums tune.] When we learnt it at school it were 'Jimmy Grove on his death bed lay for the love of Barbara Ellen'."

[Grace sings.]

Four months and we was together.

Until [Frank prompts] I took with a pretty fair maid,  
Her name was Barbara Ellen.

Grace: "Me Dad always sang that one."

[Frank sings.]

He sent one of his servant men  
To the place where she was dwelling,  
Saying, My master's ill and sent for you  
If your name is Barbara Ellen.

Look up, look up at my bed head.  
You'll see a watch chain hanging.  
Take both my watch and my diamond ring.  
Give them to Barbara Ellen.

Look down, look down at my bed foot.  
You'll see a basin standing,  
Which is full of tears and there's many more  
'll be shed for Barbara Ellen.

Grace: "Something about 'hear the church bell ringing' an' all in that, in't there?"

Frank: "How you're going to go on when you're dead? You can't start singing about yoursen when you're dead!"

Note

See Barbara Allen (inc ), Frank Hinchliffe, 8/6/72, S36. Frank sings:

In Scarlet town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling.  
Made every youth cry, Well-a-day,  
Her name bein' Barbara Ellen.

He sent one of his ser-vant men  
 To the place where she was dwell-ing  
 Saying my mas-ter's ill and sent for you  
 If your name is Bar-bara EL-len.

"There's some different versions to it."

In the merry month of May  
 When green buds were a-swelling.  
 Young Jimmy Grove on his death bed lay  
 For the love of Barbara Ellen.

Dorothy: "You don't die for love these days, you just get somebody else!"

Frank: "Ah but they used to do then. They took it more serious than what they do today. [Recites.]

He sent one of his servant men  
 To the place where she was dwelling,  
 Saying, My master's ill and sent for you  
 If your name is Barbara Ellen.

When he was dead and lay in his grave,  
 Her heart was filled with sorrow.  
 O Mother, Mother, make my bed  
 For I shall die tomorrow.

O Father, Father, dig my grave,  
 Dig it both deep and narrow.  
 Whereas my true-love died yesterday  
 Then I shall die tomorrow.

Something about bell ringing, in't there. [Frank remembers how Eric Mills's father used to sing it.] Last time I saw him int' Sportsman he were singing that sat in that there armchair int' corner singing 'Barbara Ellen', his eyes shut."  
 See also HanG 1.

The Blind Boy

Hin 4

S9

I am but a poor blind boy

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#)      ABCDEF

IV#                                      1 - 9                                      4 bars

♩144<sup>±</sup>                                      Irregular

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

I am but a poor blind boy still my heart is full of joy,  
Though I never saw the light, nor the flowers they say are bright.  
I can hear the sweet birds sing and the wild bee on the wing.  
Bee and bird and summer wynd sing to me because I am blind.  
They love me, yes they love me and to me they are so kind,  
They love me, yes they love me, they love me because I am blind.

With my fingers I can trace every line on mother's face.  
Oft a smile upon me beams, I can see it in my dreams.  
Father takes me on his knee, brothers are so kind to me,  
Sister's arms around me twine, kisses me because I am blind.  
They love me, yes they love me and to me they are so kind,  
They love me, yes they love me, they love me because I am blind.

"That were thee dad's weren't it. [to Dorothy] How owd it is, I don't  
know nowt about it."





As I was a-walking one morning in May

Standard

ABCADA

I and III b            1 - 10

444424

↓ 122†

3

4

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton            30/4/70

"Now what's that last verse? There's a line missing, but I don't reckon if they didn't be going to India or not."

As I was a-walking one morning in May,  
I espied a young couple upon the highway;  
And one was a lady most beautiful and fair,  
And the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

"Switch it off, we're a lot too low. It's alright starting. If we've not sung 'em for donkey's years, and then you want someone to hit right pitch straight'way. We've not had owt to drink!" [repitches]

Now this lovely couple they walked on together.  
They sat themselves down, me boys, by the side of the river.  
They sat themselves down, me boys, by the sides of a stream,  
And that was the start of a beautiful queen.

Now they hadn't been sat there long when he put 'is arm round 'er middle.  
He took off his knapsack and drew out a fiddle;  
And he played such a tune, my boys, such a lovely thing,  
That it made the woods to echo and the valleys to ring,  
And the valleys to ring.  
Now it made the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

He hadn't been playing long when 'e said it's time to give o'er.  
O no, said the lady, just play one tune more,  
For I like well your music and the touching of one string.  
It will make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring,  
And the valleys to ring.  
It'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring. [hesitates]

I'm going na yonder Indies,  
And if ever I return again it will be in the spring,  
For to see the pretty flowers grow and hear the nightingale sing.  
Hear the nightingale sing.  
For to see the pretty flowers grow and hear the nightingale sing.

Dorothy: "Did you sing that word right? 'Beginning of a queen', you said. Do you mean dream?"

Frank: "No."

Dorothy: "It's a funny word that."

Note

Frank's interjection was said in good humour. The chorus is similar to "A Few Jovial Sportsmen", see HAN 8.

(Rubato)

Hin 5

As I was a-walk-ing one morn-ing in May,

I es-pied a young coup-ple up-on the high-way;

And one was a la-dy most beau-ti-ful and fair,

And the o-ther was a sol-dier, a brave vol-un-teer.

And the val-leys to- ring.

Now it made the woods to e-cho and the val-leys to ring.

Variations

down, me boys, by the ... there long when he put it am round er ...

love-ly-thing ... playing long when e said it's ...

la-dy just ... In-dies, And if ev-er I re-

Hin 7 Break the News to Mother - variation

II b 2

up lad? 'Twas a nob-le thing in- ...

"Bonny Young Scotch Lassie"

Hin 6

S16

I'm a bonny young Scotch lassie

123567#

ABAC

1↓ - 1↑

V - 3

4 bars

♩ 120±

3

4

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

I'm a bonny young Scotch lassie, ma name it is Jane.  
My father's a shepherd, tends sheep o'er yon plain;  
And I am his daughter, the fairest of all,  
But there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'.

My worretin' old mother, she nearly drives me mad,  
For she says that I'm slighted by every young lad;  
But before she was my age, that's twenty and one,  
She 'ad three bonny laddies to take her awa'.

Nine times in the day I looks through the glass.  
Thinks I to meself I'm a rare bonny lass;  
For I lace up ma stays to make ma waist small,  
But there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'.

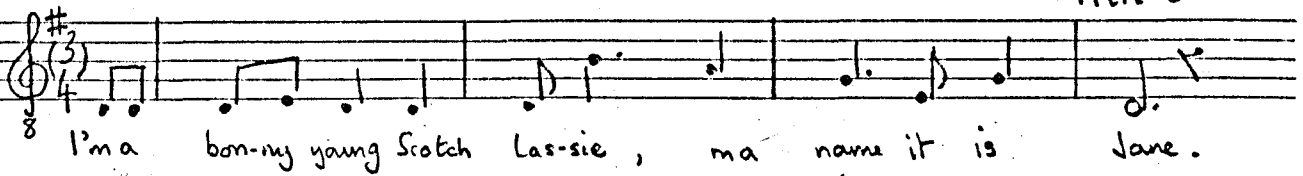
One Sunday morning I went to the church,  
Not thinking the parson would name it in prayer;  
But wi' preaching and praying 'tis no good at all,  
For there ne'er comes a laddie to take me awa'.

O I went in the garden to rest maself there,  
Not thinking, not thinking there were anyone near;  
When up jumped young Jimmy, to ma feet 'e did fall,  
Saying, 'Ere comes a laddie to take thee awa'.

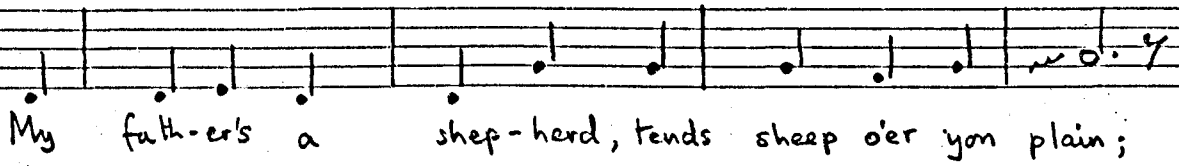
"That were Aunt Jane's, that — Douglas's mother. I call her Aunt Jane 'cos my misses does."

Note

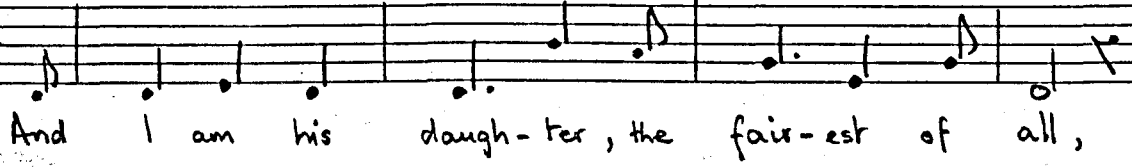
See "Bonny Young Scotch Lassie", 23/4/70, S9.



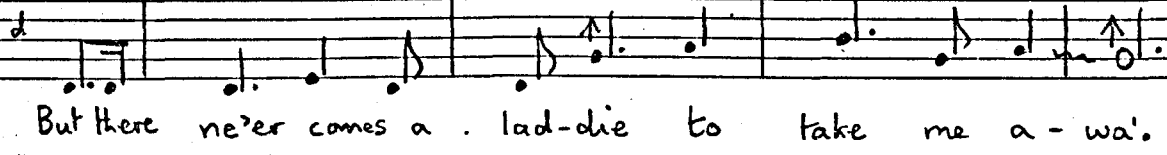
I'm a bon-my young Scotch Las-sie, ma name it is Jane.



My fath-er's a shep-herd, tends sheep o'er yon plain;

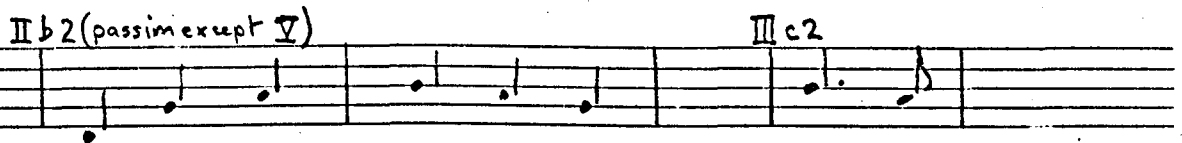


And I am his daugh-ter, the fair-est of all,

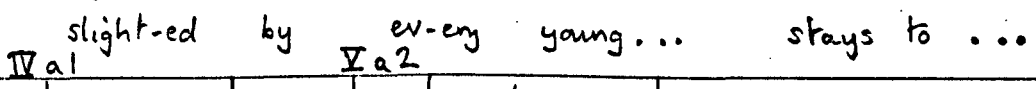


But there ne'er comes a lad-die to take me a-wa'.

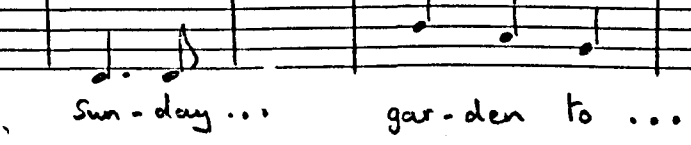
Variations



II b2 (passim except V) III c2



slight-ed by ev-ery young... stays to ...



IV a1 V a2

Sun-day... gar-den to ...

While the shot and shell were screeching

Standard

ABACDCAC EFEG

ABACDC EFEG

1#

III - 4

44434343 4444

♩ 150<sup>+</sup> and 168<sup>+</sup>  $\frac{2}{4}$  and  $\frac{6}{8}$

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

Frank: "That were one of your Dad's, weren't it?"

Dorothy: "He used to sing a lot of army songs."

While the shot and shell were screeching across yon battlefield,  
Our boys in blue were fighting their noble flag to shield;  
When up spake the brave old captain, Look boys, the flag it's down,  
Who'll volunteer to save it from distress?  
I will, a young boy shouted, I'll save the flag or die,  
And sprang into the thickest of the flame.  
Saved the flag but gave his young life all for his country's sake,  
And as they brought him back they heard him say,

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

Then up came the dear old general who heard of this brave deed.  
Who saved the flag? Speak up lad, 'twas a noble thing indeed.  
He is here, said the captain, but he's sinking very fast,  
And then he turned away to hide a tear.  
'Tis my son my brave young hero, I thought you safe at home.  
Forgive me Father for I ran away.

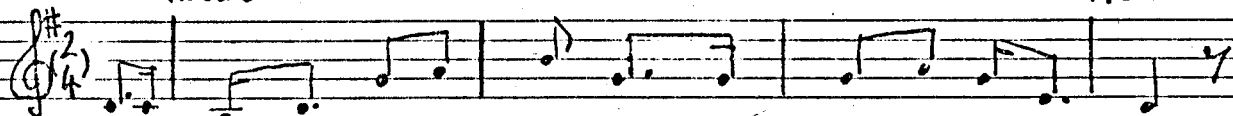
And break the news to Mother, she knows how dear I love her,  
And tell her not to wait for me for I'm not coming home.  
Just say there is no other can take the place of Mother,  
And kiss her dear sweet lips for me and break the news to her.

Note

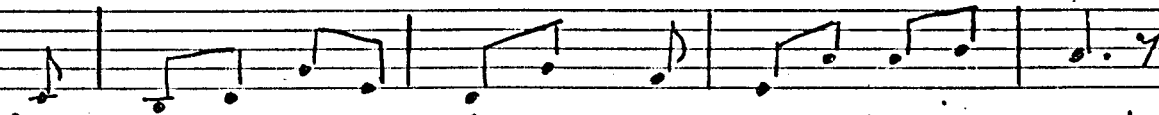
See The Bold Grenadier Hin 5 for variation.

Rubato

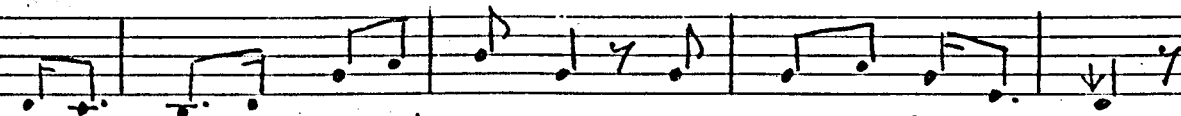
Hin 7



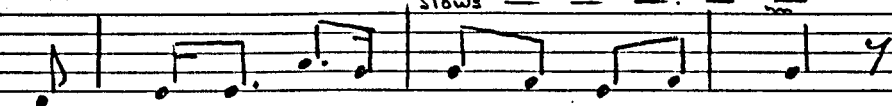
While the shot and shell were screech-ing a-cross you batt-le - field,



Our boys in blue were fight-ing their nob-le flag to shield;



When up spake the brave old cap-tain, look boys, the flag it's down,



Who'll vol-un-teeer to save it from dis-tress?



I will, a young boy shout-ed, I'll save the flag or die,



And sprang in-to the thick-est of the flame.



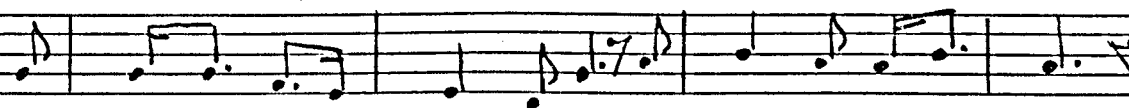
Saved the flag but gave his young life all for his coun-try's sake,



And as they brought him back they heard him say,



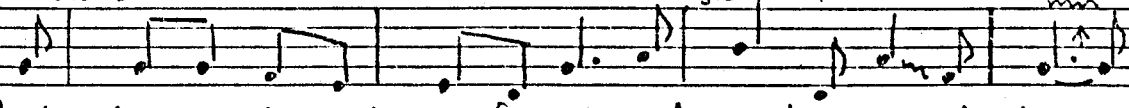
Just break the news to moth-er, she knows how dear I love her,



But tell her not to wait for me for I'm not com-ing home.



Just say there is no oth-er can take the place of moth-er,



And kiss her dearsweet lips for me and break the news to her.

Come to the Bower (inc.)

Hin 8

"Banks of Sweet Roses"

S10

'Twere underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie

123457#

ABABCD/ABCD

VII

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 125

4  
4

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton

30/4/70

Grace: "You sing then I reckon to answer you."

Frank: "I know but we're wrong with words somewhere an' all."

Grace: "O you sing one or two words different to what we do.  
Just a bit different."

Dorothy: "I don't think he's always right."

[Frank sings]

'Twere underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie,  
A blush in 'er cheek and a smile from 'er eye.

Frank: "In't repeated that and it comes back again?"

'Twere underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie,  
A blush in 'er cheek and a smile in 'er eye.

O will you would you? [Grace] Yes, I will.

[Frank] You say you will. [Grace] I will I cry,  
[Both sing]

I'll come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

[Both sing]

To church they both went all their troubles to get over,  
That they might live happy and contented in their bower.

[Frank]

O will you would you? [Grace] Yes, I will.

[Frank] You say you will. [Grace] I will I cry,  
[Both sing]

I'll come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

Frank: "Were there some more to that?"

Grace: "I doubt it — I think so, if it was it'd be a verse before  
that,"

Dorothy: "Wasn't it Uncle Rowland and Aunty Polly used to sing?"

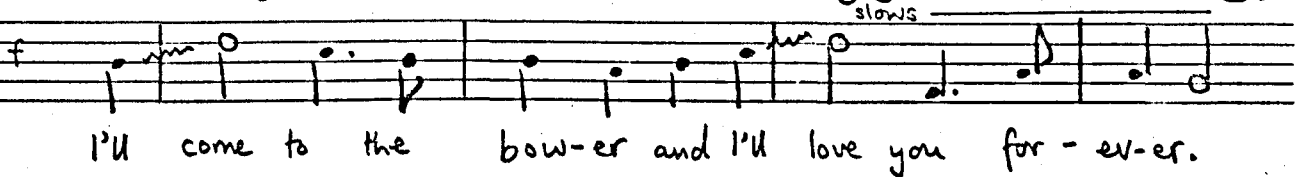
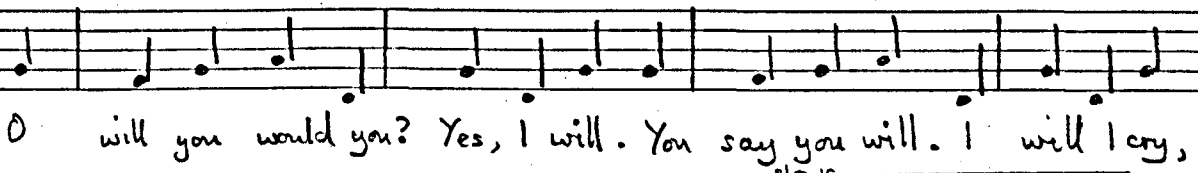
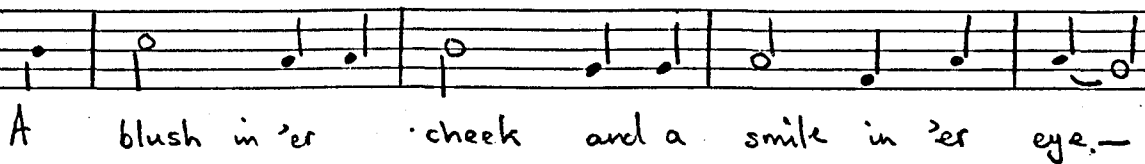
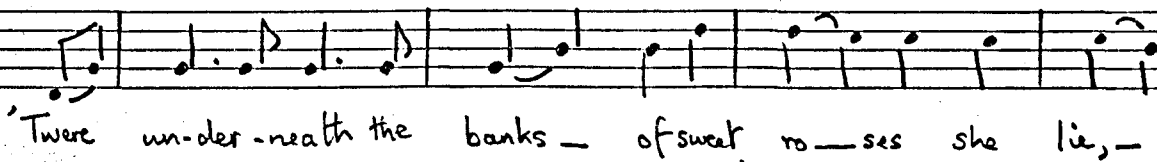
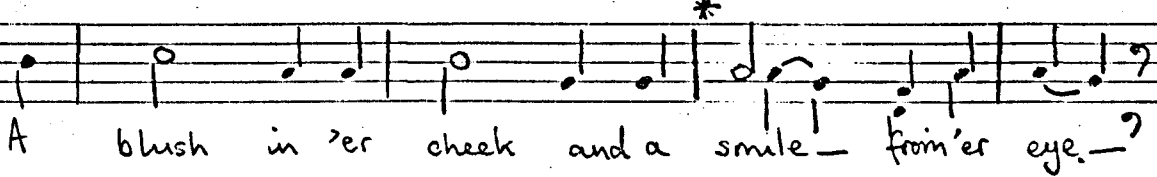
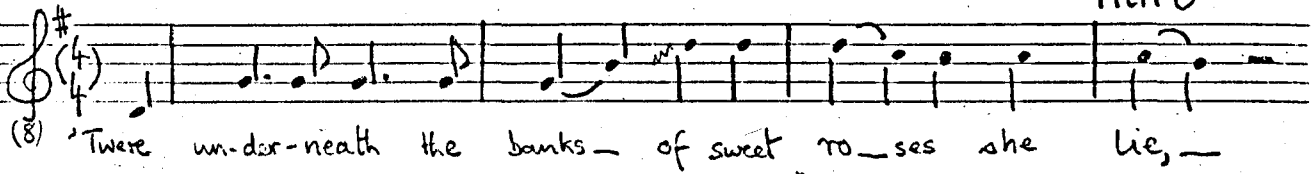
Frank: "Every wedding."

Dorothy: "They used to seem to go on forever."

#### Note

There is much debate over a missing verse. Two years later Frank  
is still trying to track it down.

"We'd Dorothy's mother at it last Sunday and we just couldn't get to  
her. She kept repeating thundering chorus . . . She set off with  
one line then broke into chorus. Well I know that weren't right,



\* Grace's variation is shown tails up, Frank's tails down. Grace only sings this bar until she joins in the chorus.

but I tell you George Hancock, I think he knows it -- 'She showed me a ring that was sparkled with dew, something . . . she would be true'.

Recorded 8/6/72. See Come to the Bower, Grace and Frank, 23/4/70, S9, and Grace, 7/9/72, Wal 4, where she remembers a third verse. See also 1/10/70 with George Hancock, S14.



Dark-Eyed Sailor (f)

Hin 9

S9

Standard

ABCD

VI

V - 6

2 bars

♩ 140

3  
2

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

"What was that verse I sung you on Brownhills this afternoon [to Dorothy] when we were going down int' car? It just come to me, one verse."

Seven long years since he left the land.  
He took a gold ring from off my hand.  
He broke the token and here's half with me,  
And the other half's rolling at the bottom of the sea.

"Then it comes 'half that ring did young William show'. I don't know first verse to it now, but it's not same. Well it's 'appen same meaning as Grace had, but it's neither same words nort' tune neither."

Note

Frank sings this after Grace Walton's Broken Token.

Sev-en long years since he left the land.

He took a gold ring from off my hand.

He broke the tok-en and here's half with me,

And the o-ther half's rol-ling at the bot-tom of the sea.

Don't Go Down in the Mine Dad (inc)

Hin 10

S36

Standard (inflected 1#, 2# and 4#)	ABCD
VII	V - 5
♩ 192 <sup>+</sup>	6 8
Frank Hinchliffe	8/6/72

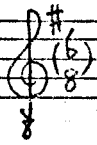
Don't go down in the mine, Dad, dreams very often come true.  
Daddy, you know it'd break my heart if anything happened to you.

"I knew chorus but I'd never seen words before."

Go an' tell my dream to your friend; it's as true as the stars that shine.  
Something is going to happen today; dear Daddy, don't go down in the mine.

Note

Frank has been given a copy of the words by Rory Greig, and has lent them to Stanley Marsden. Stanley's wife, Jean, who was present promised that she would make Frank another copy.



Don't go down in the mine Dad dreams ver-y of-ten come true

Dad-dy you know it'd break my heart if an-y-thing hap-pened to you?

Go an' tell my dream to your friend; it's as true as the stars that shine

slows

Some-thing is go-ing to hap-pen to-day dear Dad-dy don't go down in the mine

"Don't Send my Poor Boy to Prison" (f)

Hin 11

S10

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

VII V - 6

2 bars

♩ 136 ± 6  
8

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

Don't send my poor boy to prison.  
'Tis the first crime that he's done.  
Remember I'm his mother,  
And I'm pleading for my son.

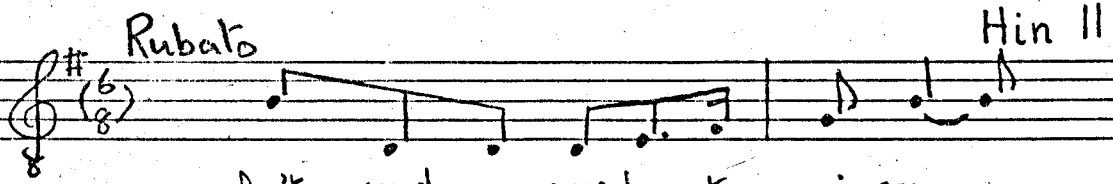
Kind gentlemen remember  
'Tis the first crime that he's done.  
Remember I'm his mother,  
And the prisoner is my son.

"That's chorus. You can go where you want for verses 'cos I don't know where to go for them. You just might get it out of Douglas Marsden but I think last time I had a go at him he didn't know nowt about it."

Note

Frank has another go at Douglas Marsden, see "Don't Send my Poor Boy to Prison", Frank Hinchliffe, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27; see also 2/9/70, S16.

Rubato Hin II



Don't send my poor boy to pri-son

'Tis the first crime that he's done

Re - mem - ber I'm his moth - er

And I'm plead - ing for my son

"What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve?"

Standard

ABCDD'

IV

1 - 8

2 bars

♩ 100<sup>+</sup>

4

4

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton

4/6/70

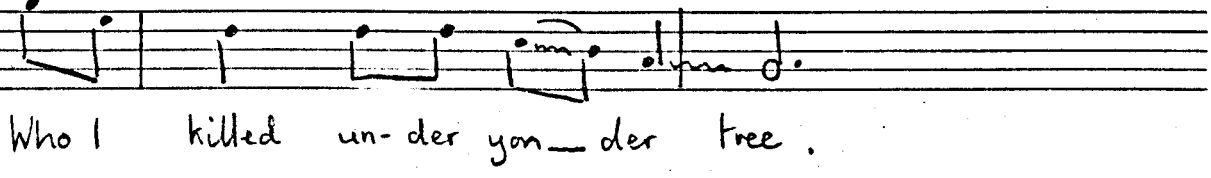
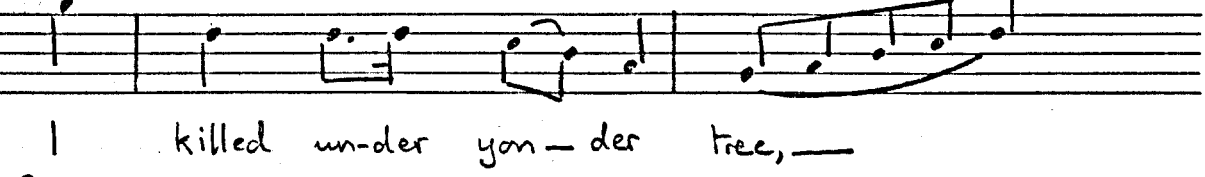
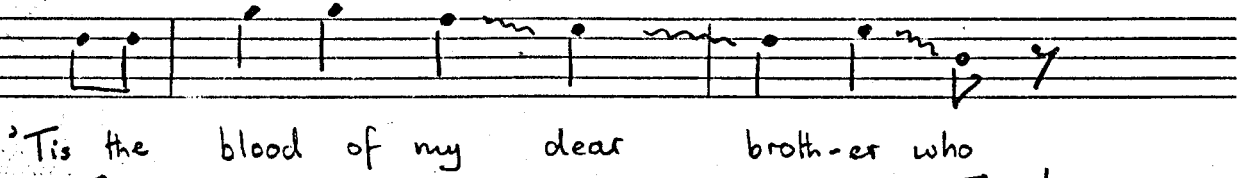
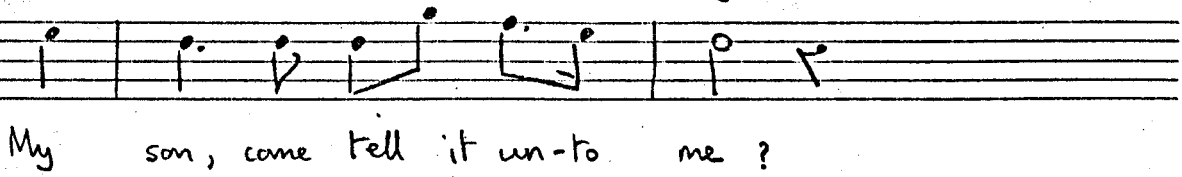
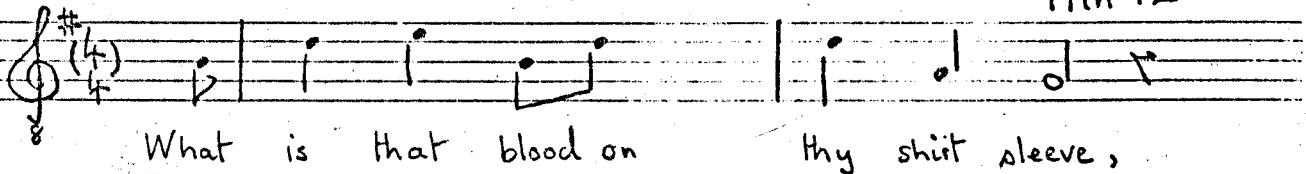
What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve,  
My son, come tell it unto me?  
'Tis the blood of my dear brother who  
I killed under yonder tree,  
Who I killed under yonder tree.

What did thou kill thy dear brother for,  
My son, come tell it unto me?  
'Cos he shot those three little pretty birds  
That flew from tree to tree,  
That flew from tree to tree.

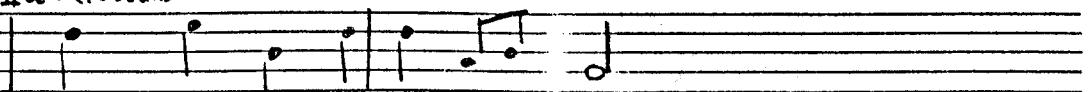
What will thou do when thy father comes home,  
My son, come tell it unto me?  
I shall plant my foot on board a ship  
And sail across the sea,  
And sail across the sea.

What will thou do with thy [hesitates] children three,  
My son, come tell it unto me?  
I will leave them in my good old father's care  
To keep him company,  
To keep him company.

What will thou do with thy house and land,  
My son, come tell it unto me?  
I shall leave them in my good old father's care  
To keep my children three,  
To keep my children three.



Variation  
IIa 1 (passim)



did thou kill thy dear brother for

What will thou do with thy dear wife,  
My son, come tell it unto me?  
She will plant her foot on board a ship  
And sail across the sea,  
And sail across the sea.

When shall I see thy good old face again,  
My son, come tell it unto me?  
When the fish they fly and the seas run dry,  
And that will never, never be,  
And that shall never, never be.

"Good Old Sam Ridge, he used to sing that."

Note

See Edward, Frank Hinchliffe, 30/4/70, S10. "Eh, that's going back into 1500, I think. Old Sam Ridge'd've been a hundred if he'd been living and he used to sing it."



"The Farmhouse on the Hill"

Hin 13

S16

There was a farmhouse standing

Standard

ABACA'C'

VI

V - 5

44444 3

♩ 120<sup>+</sup>

4

4

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

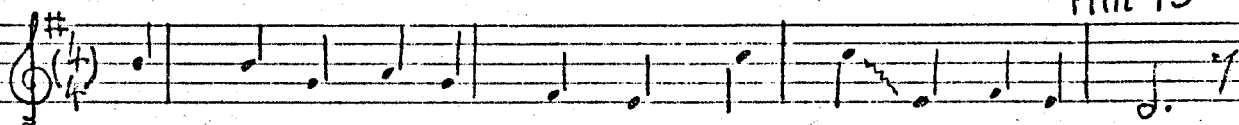
"I thought of one t'other day, I don't know if I've sung it you or not, about a farmhouse standing. It's only a short one."

There was a farmhouse standing close by yon murmuring stream,  
'Twas there I spent my childhood days and dreamt my childhood dreams.  
My father and my mother, my sisters and my brothers,  
All lived together so happy as I seem to see them still;  
But now they are all sleeping, safe in the churchyard's keeping,  
And in ruins stands the farmhouse on the hill.

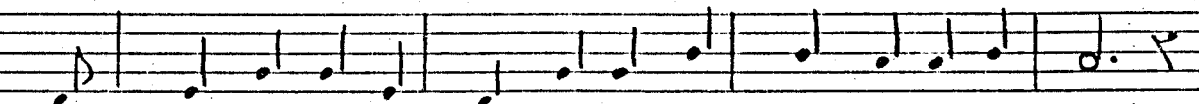
"That's all there is to that one."

Note

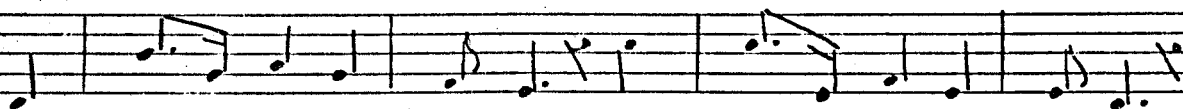
See "The Farmhouse on the Hill", 30/4/70, S10.



There was a farm-house stand-ing close by yon mur-mering stream,



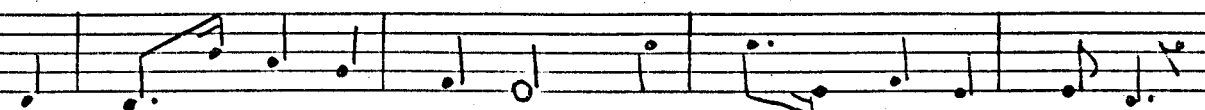
'Twas there I spent my child-hood days and dreamt my child-hood dreams.



My fath-er and my moth-er, my sist-ers and my broth-ers,



All-lived to-geth-er so hap-py as I seem to see them still;



But now they are all sleep-ing, safe in the church-yard's keep-ing,



And in ru-ins stands the farm-house on the hill.

"A Few Jovial Sportsmen" (f)

Hin 14

S11

Standard		ABCD EFD
IV#	1 - 8	4 bars
♩ 130 <sup>+</sup>	3 4	Redmires Road
Frank Hinchliffe		4/6/70

"There's that one that Bernard Broadhead'll 'ave sung you."

[Hums.]

There be all sort of music [hums]  
And the cry of the 'untsman and the sound of 'is 'orn.

Then we'll join in full chorus, with an echo we'll sing.  
We'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.  
O we'll make the woods to echo and the valleys to ring.

Note

This is one of four hunting songs written out for Frank. See The Oughtibridge Trail Hunt, Hin 47.

[Hums]

There be all sort of mu-sic' [Hums]

And the cry of the 'unts-man and the sound of 'is 'orn.

Then we'll join in full chor-us with an e-cho we'll sing.—

We'll make the woods to e-cho and the val-leys to ring.

O we'll make the woods to e-cho and the val-leys to ring.

Standard

(ABCD~~CD~~?)

III

1 - 8

4 bars

♩180<sup>±</sup>

6

8

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

To the rich he prescribed and they paid,  
to the poor he advice gives away;  
But to all of them said, You will shortly be dead  
if you don't go out hunting today.  
O we'll all go out hunting today, all nature is balmy and gay.  
O we'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
O we'll all go out hunting today.

"I can't sing it thee through, Ian."

[recites]

There's hare in yon planting, they say, all nature is balmy and gay,  
So we'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
and we'll all go out hunting today.

There's a doctor in boots with a breakfast that suits  
of home brewed ale and good beef,  
And his patients in pain say, We'll call once again  
in hoping you'll give some relief.  
To the rich he prescribed and they paid,  
to the poor he advice gives away;  
But to all of them said, You will shortly be dead  
if you don't go out hunting today.

[Sings Pitch = IV]

O the village bells chime, there's a wedding at nine,  
[hums to the end of the phrase.]

"T'owd parson he'd gone hunting instead of going to church."

Note

Frank's fragment varies from Bernard Broadhead's tune. See BroB 8.  
This was one of four hunting songs for which Frank had been given a  
copy of the words. See Oughtibridge Trail Hunt, Hin 47.

O the vil-lage bells chime there's a wed-ding at nine

[hums]

To the rich he pre-scribed and they paid,

to the poor he ad-vice gives a-way:-

But to all of them said, You will short-ly be dead

if you don't go out hunt-ing to-day.

"It hails, it rains, it snows, it blows"

Standard

ABCD

3b

I - 3

2332

♩ 220<sup>+</sup>

6

8

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

"It hails, it rains, it snows, it blows . . . Does that strike owt?"

It hails, it rains, it snows, it blows,  
And I am wet through all me clothes;  
So, I prithee love, let me in,  
So, I prithee love, let me in.

To let you in that cannot be.  
There's no-one in this house but me;  
So I dare not let you in,  
So I dare not let you in.

He turned him round and whither to go,  
When sweet affection she did show.  
O come, love, and I'll let you in,  
O come, love, and I'll let you in.

They spent that night in sweet content,  
And the very next morning to church they went,  
And he made her his charming bride,  
And he made her his charming bride.

"One out of blue, weren't it. There were only bit of other tune  
that reminded me of that."

Note

Frank is prompted by Jockey to the Fair.

It hails, it rains, it snows, it blows,

And I - am wet - through all my clothes,

So, I pri- thee love, let me in,

So, I pri- thee love, let me in.

Variation  
II c 1

dare not let you ...

III c 1 *passim*

come and I'll let you ...



Standard

ABBA

IV

V - 8

4 bars

♪ 360

6

8

Frank Hinchliffe

20/10/71

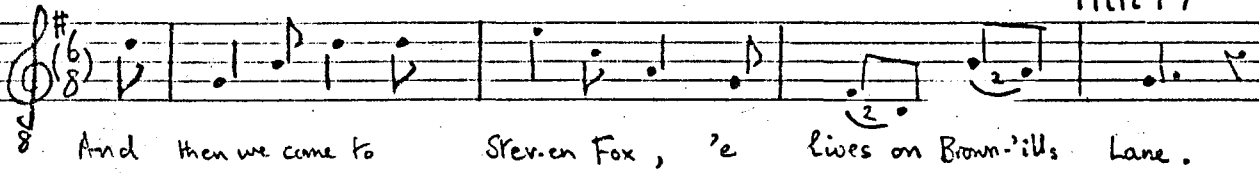
"I started making one up once but, of course, it were to t'tune of that there 'Colonial Boy', but it were a bit too true. They didn't like it so I gi' no more wi' it [laughs] . . . I don't want to say no more about it . . . It were about locals what went in Sportsman. They didn't seem to care for it a lot on 'em. It was striking a bit too true [laughs] . . . Well Steve Fox just at time 'ad been down to Wadsley Bridge wi' t'binder, binding corn wi' t'tractor, and 'e got stopped somewhere at Hillsborough. It weren't only that it weren't taxed, it weren't insured or nowt."

And then we come to Steven Fox, 'e lives on Brown 'ills Lane. A policeman stopped 'im one day and asked 'im 'is name. 'E found 'is tractor uninsured, 'e thought, now 'ere's a job. They took 'is license off er 'im and fined 'im fifty bob.

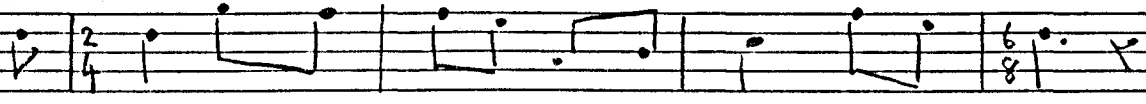
"'E said, Bloody likely, it were a fiver! [laughs] I 'ad a bit for 'em all like that . . . I thought I better gi' o'er wi'it."

Note

Frank is reluctant to sing any of his own composition. See 30/4/70, S9.

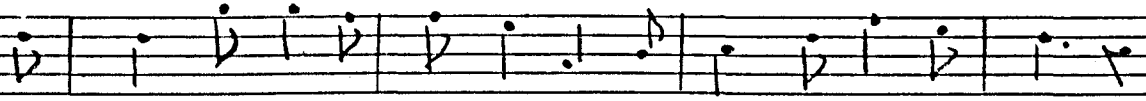


And then we come to Steven Fox, 'e lives on Brown-'ills Lane.



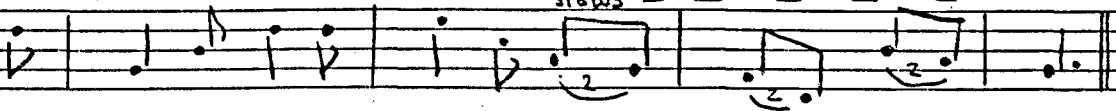
A police-man stopped 'im one day and asked 'im 'is name.

A police-man stopped 'im one day and asked 'im 'is name.



'E found 'is trac-tor un-in-sured, 'e thought, now 'ere's a job.

'E found 'is trac-tor un-in-sured, 'e thought, now 'ere's a job.



They took 'is lic-ense off er 'im and fined 'im fif-ty bob.

They took 'is lic-ense off er 'im and fined 'im fif-ty bob.

"The Day Being Spent"

S9

The day being spent the moon shone bright

Standard

AABC

VII

V - 6

4 bars

♩168 ♩112

6 and 4  
8 4

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton

23/4/70

The day being spent, the moon shone bright,  
 the village clock struck eight,  
 And Mary hastened with delight unto the garden gate;  
 And what was there that made Mary sad,  
 the gate was there but not the lad,  
 That made poor Mary sigh and say,  
 There never was a girl so sad as me.

She paced the garden o'er and o'er, the village clock struck nine,  
 That made poor Mary\* None ever shall be mine.  
 Thou promised for to meet me at the gate at eight,  
 never to deceive me or make me wait;  
 And I'll let all such lovers see  
 whether thou shalt make such a fool of me.

She paced the garden o'er and o'er, the village clock struck ten.  
 Young William flew into her arms, no more to part again;  
 For he had been such a long, long way  
 to buy her a ring for the wedding day,  
 And how could Mary so cruel prove  
 as to banish the lad she so dearly loved.

Now when the morning sun did rise to church they wend their way;  
 And all the village bells did ring upon their wedding day.  
 Now in a neat little cot by the riverside  
 William and Mary they do reside,  
 And she blessed the hour that she did wait  
 for her own true love at the garden gate.

"You see what's happening in places. We're not just same with words."

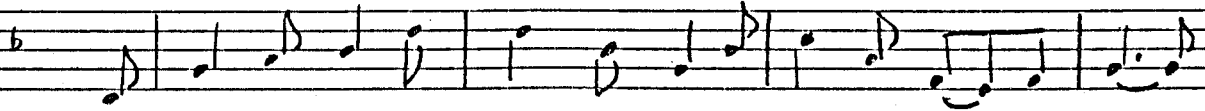
\* Frank stops because he is aware that Grace is singing different words. In later recordings he always sang 'sigh and say'.

Note

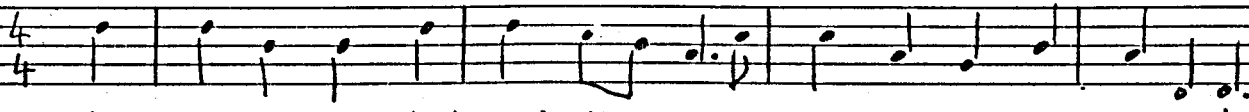
Frank dominates this rendition and I have followed his version in the transcription. See Wal 8 for Grace's version. See Garden Gate, Frank Hinchliffe with Edith Lawson, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13; and 30/1/71, S24.



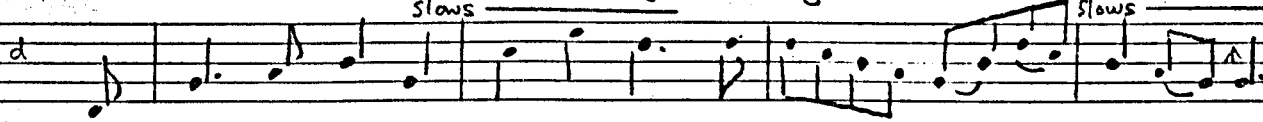
The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the vil-lage clock struck eight,



And Ma-ry hast-ened with de-light un-to the gar-den gate;



And what was there that made Ma-ry sad, the gate was there but not the lad,



That made poor Ma-ry sigh and say, There ne-ver was a girl-so-sad-as-me.

Variations

IIa2

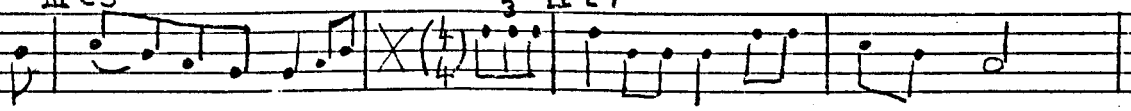
IIc3



o'er and o'er, the ... nev-er to de-ceive me nor...

IIIc3

IVc1



to buy-her a ring for the ... Now in a neat lit-tle cot by that riv-er-side

The Gipsy Girl (f)

Hin 19

S9

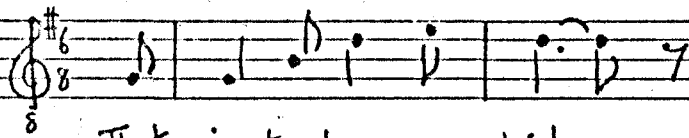
		(CA?)
IV #	1 - 8	24
♪ 288	6 8	
Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton		30/4/70

That is to be a bride,  
It is this little gipsy girl that is to be a bride.

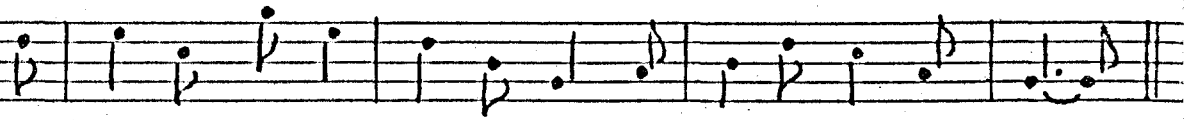
"She tells him that int' fortune."

Note

Sung with Grace's version (Wal 9). See The Gipsy Girl (f), Frank Hinchliffe, 2/9/70, S16.



That is to be a bride,



It is this litt-le gip-sy girl that is to be a bride.

The Gipsy's Warning

Hin 20

S16

Do not trust him gentle lady

Standard

ABCB

III ♩

1 - 10

4 bars

♩ 72<sup>+</sup>

$\frac{3}{4}$ (irregular)

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

[Billy Mills requests it.]

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

Lady turn not coldly from me, I would only guard thy youth  
From 'is stern and withering power, I would only tell thee truth.  
I would guard thee from all danger, shield thee from the tempest's snare.  
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger, I 'ave warned thee, now beware.

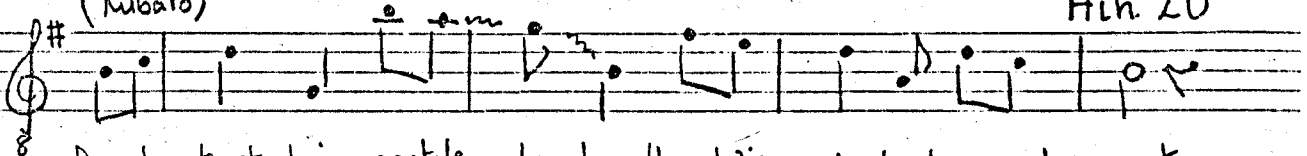
Lady once there lived a maiden, pure and bright and like thee fair,  
Who 'e wooed and wooed and won her, filled her gentle heart with care;  
But he heeded not her weeping nor cared he a life to save.  
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping in a cold and silent grave.

Take thy gold, I do not want it, I 'ave only longed for this,  
For the hour when I might foil 'im, rob 'im of expected bliss.  
Gentle Lady, thou may wonder at my words so cold and wild.  
Lady, in that green grave yonder lies a gipsy's only child.

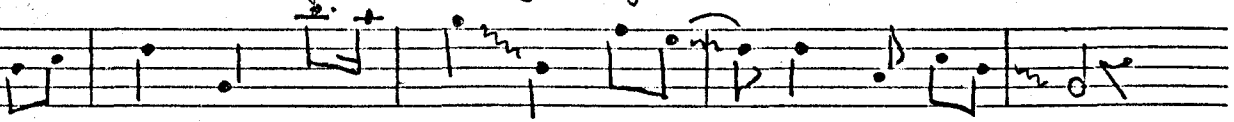
"Will that do for thee, Ian. And haven't you heard that afore?"

(Rubato)

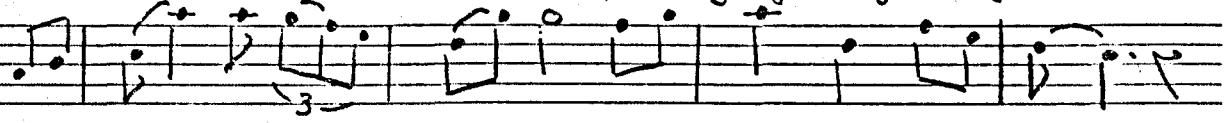
Hin 20



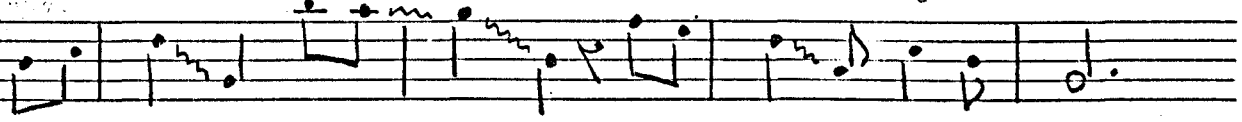
Do not trust him gentle lady though his voice be low and sweet



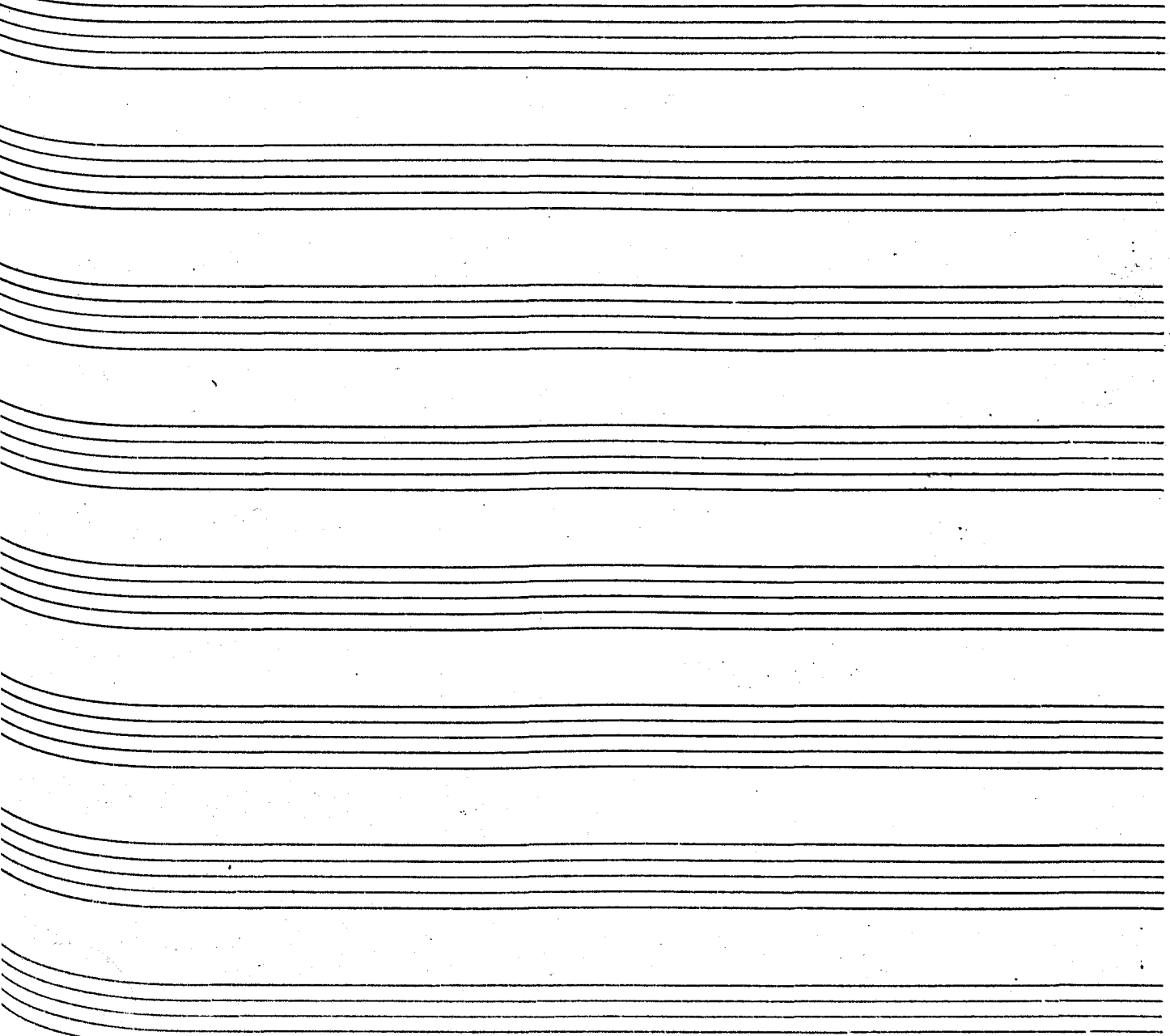
Heed him not who kneels before thee pleading gently at thy feet



Though thy life be in its morning cloud not thus thy gentle love



Listen to the gipsy's warning gentle lady trust him not.





The Golden Glove

Hin 21

"Rich Squire in Tamworth"

S11

It's of a rich squire in Tamworth we hear

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCD

IV #

1 - 10

4 bars

♩ 150<sup>+</sup>

4  
4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe with others

4/6/70

(It's of a rich squire in Tamworth we hear,)\*  
He courted a nobleman's daughter so dear;  
And for to get married it was their intent,  
All friends and relations 'ad given their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day.  
A young farmer was chosen to give her away;  
But as soon as the farmer, the lady did spy,  
O my heart, this fair lady, the lady did cry.

Instead of getting married she took to her bed.  
The thoughts of the farmer still ran in 'er head.  
The thoughts of the farmer still ran in 'er mind,  
And a way for to gain him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat and trousers, she then did put on,  
And she went a-hunting with her dog and 'er gun.  
She hunted all around where the farmer did dwell,  
For she knew in 'er heart that she loved him full well.

Now she oftime did fire but nothing did kill.  
At length the young farmer came into the field,  
And for to 'ave discourse with 'im it was 'er intent,  
With her dog and 'er gun to meet him she went.

I thought you'd have been at the wedding, she cried,  
To wait upon the squire and to give to him his bride.  
O no, said the farmer, the truth to you I'll tell,  
I can't give her away for I love her so well.

\* Not recorded.

[Hin 21 continued]

The lady was pleased to hear the farmer so bold.  
She handed 'im a glove that was studded with gold.  
She said that she had found it while coming along,  
As she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun.

The lady went home with her heart full of love.  
She gave out a notice that she had lost a glove;  
And the man who shall find it and bring it unto me,  
O the man who shall find it, his jewel I 'll be.

As soon as the farmer did hear of the news,  
Straightaway with the glove to the lady he flew;  
And said my honoured lady I've brought you your glove,  
And I should be pleased if you'll grant me your love.

My love's already granted, the lady replied,  
I love the sweet breath of a farmer, she cried,  
I'll attend to the dairy and the milking of the cow,  
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling as he ploughs.

O now we are married I'll tell you of our fun,  
How I hunted a farmer with a dog and a gun,  
And now that I have got him well tied in a snare  
I'll enjoy him forever, I vow and declare.

"That were a bad start, that mate. I don't know where I got that one.  
I say me dad used to sing it but where it comes from I don't know."

Note

Frank sings the first couplet of the first verse to his tune for William and Dinah by mistake. Grace joins in throughout and her points of variation are noted at Wal 10. Edith Lawson and Rhoda Dronfield also join in at times. See The Golden Glove (f), Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.

II

The time was ap-poin-ted for the wed-ding day.

A young farm-er was cho-sen to give - her a-way;

But as soon - as the farm-er, the La-dy did spy,

O my heart, this fair la-dy, the la-dy did cry.

Variations

VI c 3

truth to you I'll...

XI a 4

fun, How I...

The Golden Vanity (f)

Hin 22

S11

Tune only.

Standard

ABACD

1

I - 4

2 bars

♩ 132

4  
4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

[Hums tune.]

"That's tune, in' it."

Note

I prompt the tune by asking about the 'north country'. Frank does not remember any words nor does he say where he had heard it.

Hin 22

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff, including a treble clef, a sharp sign (#), and a 4/4 time signature.

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff, showing a sequence of notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation for the second staff, showing a sequence of notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation for the third staff, showing a sequence of notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth staff, showing a sequence of notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth staff, showing a sequence of notes and rests.

Empty musical staves for the remainder of the page.

Grandmother's Chair

Hin 23

"Old Armchair"

S10

At the age of eighty-three

Standard (inflected 4 )

AABA CD

III

VI - 8

8 bars

♩ 300<sup>+</sup> and 200  $\frac{6}{8}$  and  $\frac{2}{4}$

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

30/4/70

[Doug Thompson requests the song.]

At the age of eighty-three my grandmother she was taken ill and died;  
And after she was dead, of course, a will was read  
by a lawyer, we all stood by his side.  
To my sister it was found she had left one hundred pound,  
the same unto my brother I declare;  
But when it came to me the lawyer said, I see  
she has left to you the old armchair.

[In chorus.]

How they tittered, how they chaffed,  
how me brothers and me sisters laughed,  
When they heard the lawyer declare,  
Granny only left to me the old armchair.

I thought it unkind but I said, I didn't mind  
and at night I took the chair away.  
The neighbours, they did laugh, me brother he did chaff,  
but said, You'll find it useful some day.  
When you've settled down in life with a girl to be your wife,  
you'll find it very handy I declare.  
On a cold and frosty night when the fire 'tis burning bright,  
you can sit at 'ome in your armchair.

How they tittered, how they chaffed,  
how me brothers and me sisters laughed,  
When they heard the lawyer declare,  
Granny only left to me the old armchair.

What my brother said came true and in a year or two  
I found a girl and settled down in life.  
I first the girl did court and then the ring I bought  
and I took her to the church to be me brido.

[Continued.]

[Hin 23, continued]

Now my old girl and me were as happy as can be  
and when at night our day's work were o'er,  
With no desire to roam I would sooner stay at 'ome  
and be seated in my old armchair.

How they tittered, how they chaffed,  
how me brothers and me sisters laughed,  
When they heard the lawyer declare,  
Granny only left to me the old armchair.

One night while in my chair it went and broke down  
and the seat it fell out upon the floor,  
And there to my surprise I saw before my eyes  
a lot o' notes, ten thousand pound or more.  
When my brother heard of this the man, I must confess,  
went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair;  
But I only laughed at him and said unto him, Jim  
don't you wish you'd 'ad that old armchair.

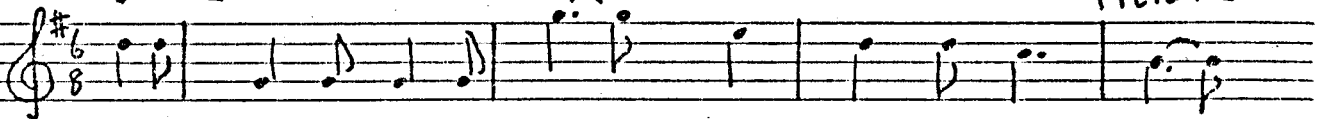
How they tittered, how they chaffed,  
how me brothers and me sisters laughed,  
When they heard the lawyer declare,  
Granny only left to me the old armchair.

Doug Thompson: "That's a good un for you, in't it."

Note

Doug and Grace Walton join in the chorus. Doug confuses this song with The Old Wooden Rocker. See Grandmother's Chair (inc ), Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13.

♩ 300±



At the age of eight-y - three my grand-moth-er she

was tak-en ill and died;

And af-ter she was dead , of course a will was read

by a law-yer, we all stood by 'is side .

To my sis-ter it was found she had left one hun-dred pound,

The same un-to my broth-er I de - dare ;

But when it came to me the law-yer said, I see

she has left to you the old arm - chair.

Chorus

2/4

How they tit-tered, how they chaffed,

how me broth-ers and me sis-ters laughed,

When they heard the law-yer de - dare,

Gran - my on-ly left to me the old arm - chair.

slows



When first in this country a stranger

Standard

AAC/AABC/AABC/BABC

VI b

V - 6

777/7787/7787/8787

.l 130

3  
4

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton

30/4/70

When first in this country a stranger curiosity caused me to roam.  
Down by the side of yon green mountain  
till I came to Philadelphia my home.  
It was there I beheld a fair damsel  
and I wished in my heart she was mine.

I stepped up and bid her good morning  
and her fair cheeks they did blush like the rose,  
Saying, How the green meadows are charming,  
your guardian I will be if you choose.  
Young man I need no guardian, young man you're a stranger to me,  
But over/And\*yonder my father is a-coming  
o'er the green mossy banks o'er/of the Lea.

I waited till up came her father and I plucked my courage once more,  
Saying, (Sir?) if this be your daughter she's a beautiful girl I adore.  
Ten thousand a year is my income/fortune  
and a lady your daughter might be.  
She may ride in her chariots with/and her horses  
o'er the green mossy banks o'er/of the Lea.

But by flattering let no man deceive thee/you  
whatsoever the price he might pay;  
For there's many a poor girl that's as handsome  
as those who/which have large property.  
They welcomed me home to their cottage/castle and soon in wedlock were we.  
It was there that I adored sweet Matilda  
on the green mossy banks o'er/of the Lea.

Grace: "Is that it Frank?"

Frank: "There's no more to it, is there?"

\* At points of variation Frank's text is shown first.

Note

The irregularities of the form are the result of Frank rather than Grace. Her comment at the end reveals uneasiness as to whether or not the whole song, as she knows it, has been sung. See Green Mossy Banks of the Lea, Wal 11. See also Frank with Wilf Broomhead and Edith Lawson, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13; and Frank with Wilf Broomhead and Doug Marsden, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27.

II

I stepped up and bid her good morn-ing

and her fair cheeks they did blush like the rose,

Saying how the green mead-ows are charm-ing,

Your guard-ian I will be if you choose.

Young man - I need - no guard-i-an,

young man you're a stran-ger to me,

But over yon-der my father is a com-ing

o'er the green mos-sy banks o'er the lea.

Variations

stran-ger cur-i... moun-tain fill I ... a - dand - Sweet Ma...

The Highwayman Outwitted (f)

Hin 25

S10

123457#

(CD/BCBCD)

VII and VI, V - 5

4 bars

♩ 180

3

4

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton

30/4/70

Grace: "We didn't get that 'We travelled through woods and through dark shady places, crying, Catch me thou rogue if thou can'."

[Grace sings]

We travelled through woods and dark shady places,  
Shouting, Catch me thou rogue if thou can.

Grace: "In't it that where she had money stolen from her?"

Frank: "No. 'Deliver thy watch, thy rings and thy diamonds, deliver or else thou must die.'"

Grace: "What's it start with?"

[Frank sings]

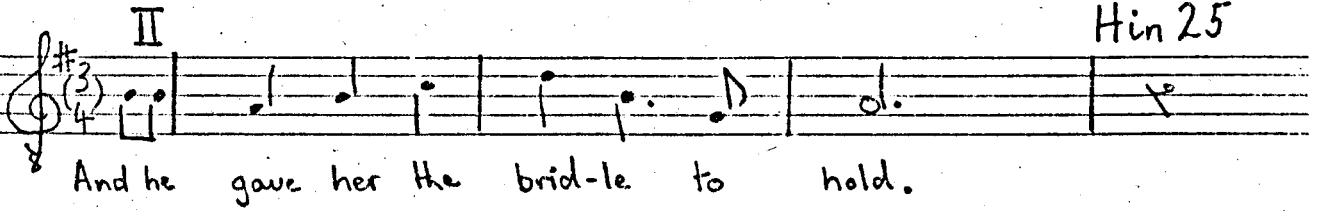
And he gave her the bridle to hold.  
She placed her left foot into the stirrup,  
She flung her right o'er like a man;  
She galloped o'er rock and o'er dark shady places,  
Shouting, Catch me thou rogue if thou can.

Grace: "What's it start with, Frank? That were one of me Dad's."

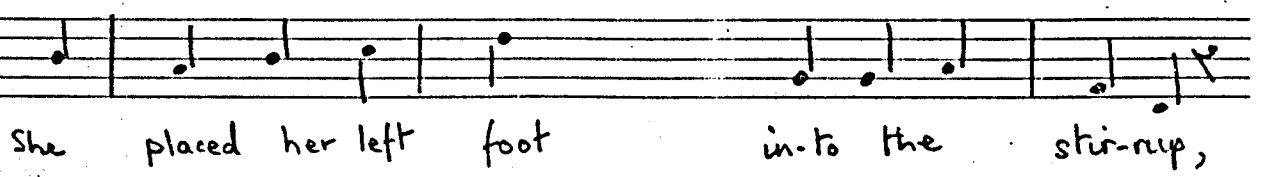
Note

Grace confuses this with The Outlandish Knight. See The Highwayman Outwitted, Edith Lawson with Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton, Law 1.

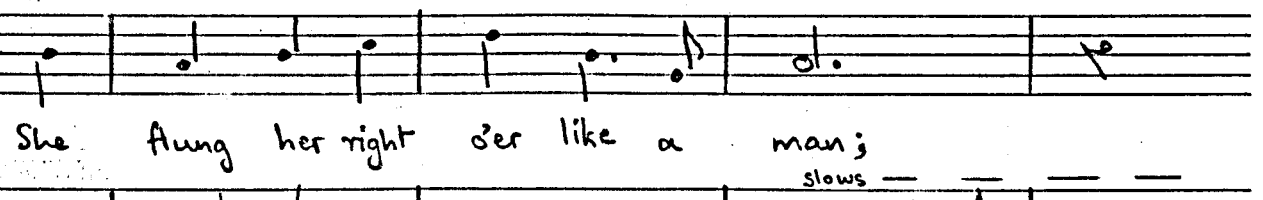
II



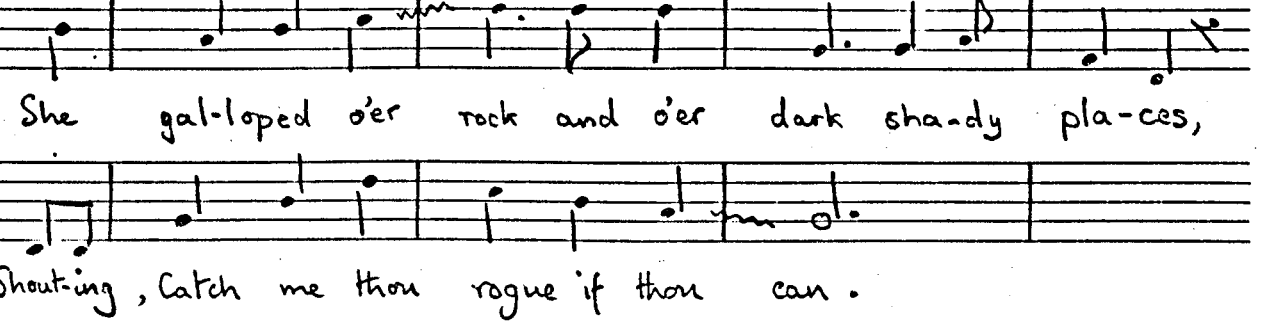
And he gave her the brid-le to hold.



She placed her left foot in-to the stir-rup,



She flung her right o'er like a man;  
slows



She gal-loped o'er rock and o'er dark shandy pla-ces,  
Shout-ing, Catch me thou rogue if thou can.

"I'll Ne'er Forget the Day" (f)

Hin 26

S12

Standard (inflected 4# and 1#)

V 1 - 6

♩ 252

6  
8

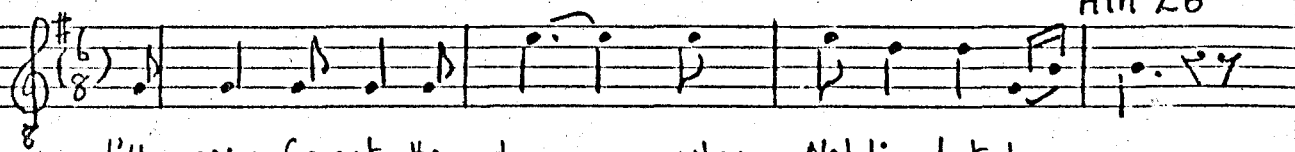
Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe

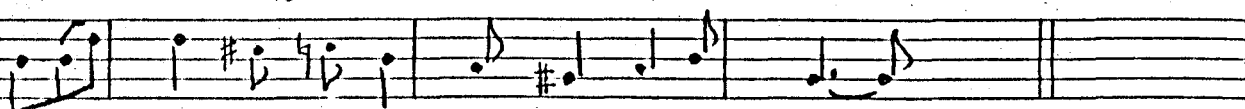
4/6/70

I'll ne'er forget the day when Nellie lost her way  
And I traced her little footprints in the snow.

"I've heard me dad sing bits of that. Never picked it up. Don't  
think he knew it right through."



I'll ne'er for-get the day when Nel-lie lost her-way



And I traced her litt-le foot-prints in the snow.

I'm a man that's in trouble and sorrow

Standard (inflected 2#)

ABA'C/ABA'C/ABA'C  
ABDC'/ABDC'

VII

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 130

3  
4

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

"If I get one thou'll have to have it there and then or else I'll  
be forgettin' it!"

I'm a man that's in trouble and sorrow.  
I once was light-hearted and gay.  
Not a coin in this world can I borrow,  
Since my own I have squandered away.

I've a sister that's married a squire,  
Ne'er looks ne'er speaks unto me,  
For here in this world she's much higher,  
And rides in her carriage so free.

Now me father he says when he sees me,  
You beggar, are you still at large?  
And mind Sir, please don't come near me  
Or else I will pass you in charge.

My mother poor thing's broken hearted,  
And often to me she'll try  
To give me a crown with 'er head 'anging down,  
And a tear gently falls from 'er eye.

I'm a man that's done wrong to my parents,  
And daily I wander around  
To earn a small mite for a shelter at night,  
God help me now I'm cast down.

"Heard that afore?"

Note

A version of the song is found in English County Songs, edited by  
Lucy E. Broadwood and J.A. Fuller Maitland (London, 1893), pp.160-1.

Rubato

*3*  
4

I'm a man that's in trow-ble and sor-row.

I once was light heart-ed and gay.

*faster*

*c*

Not a coin in this world can I bor-row,

*slows*

Since my own I have squan-dered a-way.

*IV c*

To give me a crown with 'er head 'ang-ing down,

And a tear gent-ly falls from 'er eye.

Variations

*II b 1 (passim)*                      *V c 1*                      *V c 3*

*IV d 1*    sis-ter that's ...    earn a small ...    shel-ter at

help me now I'm cast...





Rubato

Hin 28

I'm sit-ting on the stile, Ma-ry, where we sat side by side,

On a bright May morn-ing long a-go when first you were ma bride.

The corn was spring-ing fresh and green, the lark sang loud and high,

And the red were on your lip, Ma-ry, and the love-light in your eye.

O the place 'tis lit-tle changed, Ma-ry, the day 'tis bright as then,

And the larks loud song it's in my ear and the corn it's green a-gain;

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand and your breath warm on ma cheek,

And I still keep list-ening for the words you nev-er more may speak,

you nev-er more may speak.

few our fath-er ...

dar-ling in the ...

"I Tramp With my Gun In my Pocket" (inc )

Hin 29

S11

Standard (inflected 2# and 4#)

ABCD A'BAE

V

V - 7#

3434 34444

♩ 180<sup>+</sup>

3 and 4  
4 and 4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

[Recites.]

I tramp with my gun in my pocket.  
My little dog trots by my side,  
And the moon shining brightly above me,  
I sing to the swing of my stride,

[Sings.]

O I wouldn't change my life for no-one,

"That's chorus."

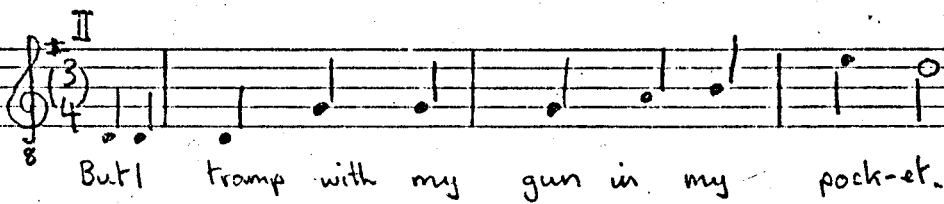
Not even a great millionaire.  
A great bag of gold would not tempt me,  
Nor a sweet maiden's life for to share.

But I tramp with my gun in my pocket.  
My little dog trots by my side,  
And the moon shining brightly above me,  
I sing to the swing of my stride,

"Then it comes in again like."

O I wouldn't change my life for no-one,  
Not even a great millionaire.  
A great bag of gold would not tempt me,  
Nor a sweet maiden's life for to share.

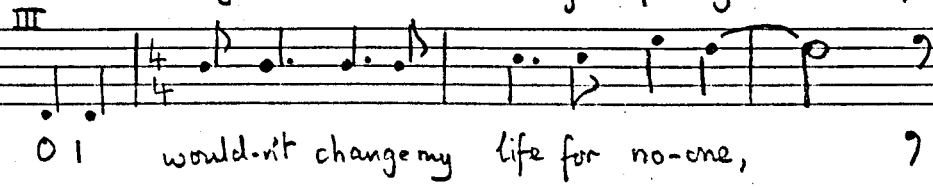
"Only there must be some more to that, 'cos there's only one verse  
and two choruses and that's not right."

II  

 But I tramp with my gun in my pocket.

My little dog trots by my side,

And the moon shining brightly above me,

I sing to the swing of my stride,

III  

 O I would not change my life for no-one,

Not even a great million-aire.

A great bag of gold would not tempt me,

Nor a sweet maid-en's life for to share.

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

Frank: "'Crack goes my whip I whistle and I sing  
I sit upon a waggon I'm as happy as a king'."

Grace: "I've heard it but I don't know it."

Frank: "I don't. I think I've heard another different version to it  
to what I know, but it all amounts to same thing. I don't know  
whether that comes into that or not -

'Shout boys hurrah, troubles I defy,  
Joggin' on together boys me rattlin' mare and I.'"

"Waggoners"

S27

When first I went a-waggoning

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDE

VI

V - 8

4 bars

♩ 108

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

4

Frank Hinchliffe and others

2/3/71

[Frank leads.]

When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go,  
I filled my parent's hearts with grief, with sorrow, grief/care\* and woe;  
And many are the hardships that I did undergo/I have since gone through,\*  
Singing, Whoa! my lads, I - O, drive on, me lads, I - O,  
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

[Douglas Marsden leads.]

'Twas a cold and frosty morning I was wet through to the skin

Billy Mills: "You ought've 'ad some trill."

[Stanley Marsden leads.]

Upon a cold and frosty morn when wetted to the skin,

Frank: "Wait a minute! What's thou want a cold and frosty morn when  
thou goes drinking beer? It's a cold and frosty night."

[Stanley continues.]

I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn;  
And there we sit a-drinking with landlord and 'is kin,  
Singing, Whoa! my lads, I - O, drive on, me lads, I - O.  
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

[Frank leads.]

O the summer time is coming, what pleasures we will find.

[Wilf Broomhead leads.]

The sunshine and the meadows [Wilf breaks down and Frank prompts]  
just before the wind;

And every lad shall have a lass and take 'er on 'is knee,  
Singing, Whoa! my lads, I - O, drive on, me lads, I - O,  
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

\* Stanley Marsden's variations are given second.

[Hin 31 continued]

[Stanley leads.]

Now summer is a-coming on, what pleasures shall we see.  
The merry finch is twittering in every greenwood tree.  
The blackbird and the thrushes too are singing merrily,  
Singing, Whoa! my lads, I - O, drive on, me lads, I - O,  
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

Note

Requested by George Nicholson. There are two versions sung here. Frank and Stanley sing one version in verses I, II and IV (see Mar 20). Douglas Marsden, Wilf Broomhead and Frank (in verse III) follow John Taylor's version (see Tay 9). It is Frank's intention to prompt the others to sing hence he keeps stopping while others, especially Stanley, take over the lead. See also The Jolly Waggoner, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70 S13, 4/3/72 S35, 29/7/72 S38 and 5/8/72 S39. Frank also sings a different chorus see 30/4/70 S9.

When first I went a-wag-gon-ing, a-wag-gon-ing did go,

I filled my par-ent's hearts with grief, with sor-row, grief and woe ;

And ma-n-y are the hard-ships that I did un-der-go, -

Sing-ing, Whoa! my lads, I - O, drive - on, me lads, I - O,

For there's none can drive a wag-gon when the 'ors-es will not go.

Variations  
Doug Marsden - IIa

'Twas a cold and frost-y morn-ing I was wet through to the skin.

The sun-shine - and the mead-ows ? just be-fore the wind.

For who can lead the stir-ring life we jol-ly wagg-on-ers do.



Round Lodge Moor I wandered

Standard

ABCD EDED EDED

V

V - 6

4 bars

J 84<sup>+</sup> and -1.84<sup>+</sup> 4 and 6<sup>+</sup> (irregular)  
4 8

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

(Round Lodge Moor I wandered, a youth so jolly green,)\*

'Twere there I spied a dance 'all which before I'd never seen.

'Twere there I spied a pretty fair maid tripping lightly o'er the floor.

I asked her if she'd dance with me a waltz and nothing more.

She bashfully consented and around the floor we twirled,

An' I was so enchanted for she was such a nice young girl.

'Twas there we got a-talking behind that tap room door,

An' I got what I expected just a kiss and nothing more.

One bright May morn at the altar, in'a bride's dress she wore,

Me wife I proudly made 'er and I asked for nothing more.

When I took 'er home me wages, she raved and cursed and swore,

And I wish the devil'd fetch her and I'd ask for nothing more!

[laughs]

"Me dad used to sing 'round Lodge Moor I wandered'. I don't know if it's right or not."

\* Not recorded. Confirmed 8/6/72.

Note

The form is most unusual as the melody moves from the relative minor into the major, and from a 4 signature into 6. This change may be semantically based for it coincides with the reference to the maid dancing. It is perhaps significant that Frank chose an occasion when no ladies were present to sing the song. 8/6/72, S36, Frank refers to the song: "I don't know what me dad were singin' about dance floors 'cos I've never known him dance at all!" 23/4/70, S9, Frank asked Grace Walton if she knew the song. She replied that although she did not her father had known a rhyme with a similar example of localisation.

Down Lodge Lane or in yon gutter

I seen a kid with a slice of bread an' butter

In 'is 'and, in 'is 'and, in 'is 'and.

Me being so 'ungry, bread an' butter looked so nice,

I up to the kid and collared a slice!

I  
4  
4  
Round Lodge Moor I wan-dered, a youth so jol-ly green,

Twere there I spied a dance 'all which be-fore I'd nev-er seen.

Twere there I spied a pret-ty fair maid trip-ping light-ly o'er the floor.

I asked her if she'd dance with me a waltz and noth-ing more.

She bash-ful-ly con-sent-ed and a-round the floor we twirled,

An' I was so en-chan-ted for she was such a nice young girl.

Variations

kiss and noth-ing ...

bright May morn at the ...

"Darky Weep"

S10

You may ask what makes this darky weep

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

III

VII# - 8

2 bars

♩.72<sup>+</sup>

Irregular

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

"Let's think of someone who used to go to t'Sportsman an' we'll get back a bit. Thirty years sin' I used to go reg'lar and used to know 'em all."

(You may ask what)\* makes this darky weep?  
Why he like others is not gay?  
What makes the tears roll down his cheek  
From early morn till break of day?

My story, darkies, you shall hear,  
For in my memory fresh doth dwell.  
It will cause you all to shed a tear  
O'er the grave of my sweet Kitty Dwell.

Those merry birds were singing in the morning.  
The myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
And the sun on yond hill tops were dawning  
When I laid my darling in her tomb.

I have oftime wished that I was dead,  
And lay beside her in the tomb;  
But the sorrow now bows down her head,  
Made me silent in the midnight gloom.

Springtime brought no charms for me.  
The flowers were springing in the dell.  
There's a form that I no more shall see,  
Is the form of my sweet Kitty Dwell.

Those merry birds were singing in the morning.  
The myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
And the sun on yond hill tops were dawning  
When I laid my darling in her tomb.

"That were Riley that. Last time old Riley sang that he were getting into last verse and, old lad, he couldn't go on. He said 'Finish it, Frank'."

\* Not recorded.

Note

Frank's voice croaks several times during the song to add to the pathos. See Kitty Wells, Frank Hinchliffe, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13.

II Rubato ♩ = ♩ Hin 33

My sto-ry, dar-kies, you shall hear.

For in my mem-ory fresh doth dwell.

It will cause you all to shed a tear

O'er the grave of my sweet kit-ty dwell.

III a 1

Those mer-ry birds were sing-ing in the morn-ing.

The myrt-le and the iv-y were in ... dawn-ing, ...

I d 1

ear-ly morn till close of ...

The Lark in the Morn (f)

Hin 34

S16

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

V↓

V - 6

4 bars

160<sup>+</sup>

4  
4

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

[Opening not recorded] . . . did say,  
There's no life like the ploughboy's all in the month of May.

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

"I don't know no more to that, Ian. Forget it if I did."

Note

Frank thinks that he might have learnt the song at school.



The lark — in the morn — she will rise up from 'er nest  
faster — — — — —

And whist-le in the air — with the dew all on 'er breast

And like a pret-ty plough-boy she will whist-le and she'll sing

And at night she will re-turn — to 'er own nest back a-gain.



(Ritardando)

I was wait-ing when the post-man came this morn-ing.

I saw 'im take a let-ter from 'is pack.

With a smile 'e gave to me a friend-ly greet-ing,

As 'e hand-ed me a let-ter edged in black.

Variation

III d1

Your for- ...



Lincolnshire Poacher (f)

Hin 36

S11

When I was bound apprentice

Standard

ABBA

VII#

III - 5

4 bars

♪ 276

6

8

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

4/6/70

(When I was bound apprentice)\* in famous Lincolnshire,  
I served my master faithful for more than seven long years,  
Until I took to poaching, as you will likely hear.  
O it's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year!

"Same un, in't it."

\* Not recorded.

Note

Frank only sings the first verse because he realises it is so well known.

Little Mary (inc )

Hin 37

S12

Standard

ABCBDE

II.

1 - 8

488888

♪ 120

3

4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

4/6/70

[Tape off.] . . . you'll forgive me when I say,  
You were angry when you told me I was always in your way.  
You were sorry in a moment, I could read it on your brow.  
Born of man [unclear] . . . Is there room for Mary there?  
Yes there's room, come there's room,  
room in that beautiful heavenly home.  
Yes there's room, come there's room,  
room in that beautiful heavenly home.

Note

Dorothy informed me that the song came from 'Moody and Sankey'.  
See Sacred Songs and Solos, compiled by Ira D. Sankey (London, [no date]), No.371.

Hin 36

When I was bound-ap-pren-tice in fam-ous lin-corn-shire,

I served my mas-ter faith-ful for more than sev-en long years,

Un-til I took to poach-ing as you will like-ly hear.

Chorus

O it's my de-light on a shin-y night in the sea-son of the year!

Hin 37

you'll for-give me when I say,

You-were an-gry when you told me I was al-ways in your way.

You-were sor-ry in a mo-ment, I-could read it on your brow.

Born-of man - - - - Is there room-for Ma-ry there?

Yes there's room, come there's room, room in that beau-ti-ful heav-en-ly home.

Yes-theres room, come there's room, room in that beau-ti-ful heav-en-ly home.

There is beauty all around

Standard

ABCDBD

VII #

V - 5

4 bars

.! 88±

4  
4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

4/6/70

(There is beauty)\* all around when there's love at home.  
There is joy in every sound when there's love at home.  
Peace and plenty here abide, smiling sweet on every side.  
Time doth sweetly, gently glide when there's love at home,  
Love at home, love at home,  
Time doth sweetly, gently glide when there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above when there's love at home.  
All the earth is filled with love when there's love at home.  
Gently runs the brooklet by, brightly gleams the azure sky,  
But there's one who smiles on high when there's love at home,  
Love at home, love at home,  
But there's one who smiles on high when there's love at home.

"That's last verse an' all."

In a cottage there is joy when there's love at home.  
All the earth is filled with joy when there's love at home.  
Peace and plenty here abide smiling sweet on every side.  
Time doth softly gently glide when there's love at home.

"We got it mixed up right, in that one. If you set off with third  
verse and double back into second, you don't know where you are  
then."

\* Not recorded.

Note

See Love at Home, Frank Hinchliffe, 8/6/72, S36. Frank sings the  
second and third verse in reverse order.



There is beau-ty all a-round when there's love at home.

There is joy in ev-ery sound when there's love at home.

Peace and plen-ty here a-bide, slows smil-ing sweet on ev-ery side.

Time doth slower (♩ 76) sweet-ly, gent-ly glide when there's love at home,

Love at home, slows love at home.

Time doth sweet-ly gent-ly glide when there's love at home.

Variation 8/6/72

I c 1

Peace and plen-ty ...

O it was of a cold winter's night

Standard (inflected 5#)

ABCD (I = ABD)

III↑ - IV            VII# - 6

4 bars (irregular)

♩ 125<sup>+</sup>            3 and 2  
                     4        4

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

"Mind you I might get wrong with some of this."

O it was of a cold winter's night  
When poor Mary and her child  
Wandered back to her own father's door,

Crying, Father take pity on me.  
Come down and open the door;  
For the night it is dark and the watchdogs do bark.  
O Father take pity on me.  
    [hesitates]  
O Father take pity on me.  
Come down and open the door;  
For the child at my bosom will die  
With the wind that grows bitter across the wild moor.

O her father were deaf to her cries.  
As he looked at his door in the morn  
To see poor Mary lie dead but the child still alive  
Tightly clasped in its dead mother's arms.

The village maidens they point out the spot  
Where weeping willows they hang o'er the door.  
O the child to its mother went soon  
With the wind that grew bitter across the wild moor.

"Joss White might sing you that one."

Note

Uneven pulse and rhythm may result from the fragmentary nature of the text. See also Mary of the Wild Moor (f), Frank Hinchliffe, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 30/1/71, S24, when Frank comments "Get that one hunted up, Ian. It's a good un."

I Rubato

O it was of a cold winter's night

When poor Ma-ry and her child

Wan-dered back to her own fath-er's door,

II

Cry-ing, Fath-er take pi-ty on me.

Come down and o-pen the door;

Slows

For the night it is dark and the watch-dogs do bark.

O Fath-er take pi-ty on me.

III c

For the child at my bo-som will die

With the wind that grows bit-ter a-cross the wild moor.

Ma-l

The vil-lage... Where weep-ing...

Well wife I found a model church

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCB' (See below-

V↓ - V

V - 6

8888

♩ 180

3  
4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

(Well wife I found a model church and worshipped there today.  
It made me think of good old times before my hair was grey.)\*  
The meeting house was finer built than they were years ago,  
But when I found when I went in it was not built for show.

The sexton did not sit me down away back by the door.  
He knew that I was old and deaf, he saw that I was poor.  
He must 'ave been a Christian man, he led me boldly through  
The crowded aisle of that grand church to find a pleasant pew.

I wished you'd heard the singing, wife, it 'ad that old-time ring.  
The preacher said with (trial?) voice, Let all the people sing.  
'All Hail the Power' was the hymn, the music upward rolled,  
Until I thought that angelic choir played on their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire.  
I joined my feeble trembling voice with that melodious choir;  
And sang as in my youthful day 'Let angels prostrate fall.  
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him, crown him,  
Crown him, crown him Lord of all.'

I tell you wife it did me good to sing that hymn once more.  
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore.  
I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form,  
And anchor in the blessed port for ever from the storm.

\* The first couplet was not sung but recited as part of the process  
of remembering how the song began. At my request Frank sang the  
first verse after he had finished and confirmed its text and tune.

[Hin 40 continued]

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife, but simple gospel truth.  
It suited aged men like me, it suited hopeful youth.  
To win immortal souls to Christ that earnest preacher tried.  
He talked not of himself nor creed but Jesus crucified.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er and victory soon be won.  
The shining land 'tis just ahead, our life 'tis nearly run.  
We're gaining Canaan's happy shore where all is bright and fair.  
Thank God above where all is love, there'll be no sorrow there.  
There'll be no sorrow, there'll be no sorrow.  
In heaven above where all is love, there'll be no sorrow there.

"'Nother long un."

Note

The choruses after verses IV and VII are excerpts from well-known hymns. The first is part of the hymn tune Miles Lane, the other I have not identified. The Model Church is No. 608 of Sacred Songs and Solos, compiled by Ira D. Sankey (London, [no date]). See The Model Church (inc.), Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S27, and (f), 8/6/72, S36.



II faster Hin 40

The sex-ton did not sit me down a-way back by the door.

He knew that I was old and deaf, he saw that I was poor.

He must've been a Christian man, he led me bold-ly through

The crowd-ed aisle of that grand church to find a pleas-ant paw.

Variations (choruses)

IV d 196

Bring- forth the roy-al di-a-dem, and- crown him, crown him,

Crown him, crown him lord- of- all?  
*slows*

\* \* There'll be- no sor- row, There'll be- no sor- row.  
*slows*

In heaven a-bove- where all-is love, there'll be- no sor- row there.  
 \* voice cracks

There's a spot in my heart

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD EFEG

I# 1 - 10

4444 4445

. | 136<sup>±</sup> 3  
4

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

[Sings the chorus to see if I've heard it.]

There's a spot in my heart that no colleen may own.  
There's a depth in my soul never sounded or known.  
There's a place in my memory my heart that you fill,  
For no other may share it no-one ever will.

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,  
And a brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.  
I kiss her dear fingers so toil worn for me.\*  
O God bless you and keep you Mother Machree.

[He cannot remember the second verse.]

\* Frank emphasises these sounds and so provides an Irish flavour to the song.

Note

A month later Frank is still thinking about the missing second verse. See Mother Machree, 1/10/70, S14. "There was that there, Ian, second verse. I couldn't get no forrarder wi' it at all. It come to me as soon as you'd gone."

[Recites first verse, sings chorus, sings second verse (see below) and chorus.]

Every sorrow and care in the dear days gone by  
Was made bright by the light of the smile in your eye.  
Like a candle that's set in a window at night,  
Your fond love has cheered me and guided me right.

There's a spot in my heart that no col-teen may own.

There's a depth in my soul new-er sound-ed or known.

There's a place in my mem-ory my heart that you fill,

For no o-ther may share it no-one ev-er will.

Sure I love the dear sil-ver that shines in your hair,

And a brow that's all fur-rowed and wrink-led with care.

I kiss her dear fin-gers so toil worn for me.

O God bless you and keep you Moth-er : Mach-ree .

\* voice cracks

Variation 1/10/70 IIh 5

- ree.

"Thresherman"

S9

A nobleman met with a thresherman one day

Standard ABCDE

1 III - 5 44454

♩ 124<sup>+</sup> 4  
4

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton 23/4/70

"What about 'Thresherman', can we do that? Get ready for swinging on to't end of lines 'cos I break down nearly at end."

A nobleman met with a thresherman one day.  
He kindly did accost him and unto him did say,  
Thou's a wife and seven childeren, I know it to be true,  
Yet how does thou maintain them all so well as thou do,  
Yet how does thou maintain them all so well as thou do?

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do mow,  
And other times a-hedging or a-ditching I do go.  
There's nothing comes amiss to me, to the harrows nor the plough,  
But still I get my living by the sweat of my brow,  
But still I get my living by the sweat of my brow.

When my day's work is over I go home at night.  
My wife and my childeren they all are my delight.  
My children are a-prattling and playing with their toys,  
And that is all the pleasure that a poor man enjoys,  
And that is all the pleasure that a poor man enjoys.

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

So well has thou spoken of thy wife,  
I'll make thee to live happy all the rest of thy life.  
I've fifty acres of good land, I'll freely give to thee  
To maintain thy wife and thy large family,  
To maintain thy wife and thy large family.

"Phew! They're long lines, aren't they? That's old Andy Gregory's.  
Now Grace, I've never heard her sing that before."

Note

Grace joins in but never takes the lead. See The Nobleman and the Thresherman, Frank Hinchliffe, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27; 22/8/70, S13; with Joe Atkins, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S27; with George Hancock, transcript HanG 18.

A nob-le-man met with a threch-er-man one day.

He kind-ly did ac-cost him and un-to him did say,

Thou's a wife and sev-en chil-der-en, I know it to be true,

Yet how does thou main-tain them all so well as thou do,

Yet how does thou main-tain them all so well as thou do?

Variations

II a 3

-times I do ...

II e 1 passim

But still - I get my ...

III a 1

When my ...

V a 1

So well has thou spo-ken of thy wife ...

Now summer is ended and the harvest is past

Standard

ABCDEDED

IV#

V - 6

2 bars

.1 96

4

4

Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton

23/4/70

Grace: "Harvest is past?"

Now (summer is ended and the harvest is past.)  
We've mown all our corn and we've gathered all our grass.  
There's a neat little cottage that stands by yond view,  
And I go there a-courting when I've nothing else to do,  
Nothing else to\*

(I go there a-courting and what harm is there in that.)  
We spend all our time in sweet harmony and chat.  
She told me that she loved and I knew she did so too,  
And I told her I would marry her when I'd nothing else to do,  
Nothing else to do, nothing\*

So now we are married to both our hearts' content.  
We must not quarrel and we must not lament;  
But live together so happy like all others ought to do,  
And enjoy all our pleasures when we've nothing else to do,

"That don't double back far enough."

Nothing else to do, nothing else to do,  
And enjoy all our pleasures when we've nothing else to do.

\* Frank stops as he follows Grace who does not sing the same chorus.

Note

The transcription is of Frank's version. He follows Grace for the most part stopping to listen to her during the sections in parentheses. Even the pitch is hers as he initially sings in VIII#. For Grace's version see Wal 17. See Nothing Else to Do, Frank Hinchliffe and Grace Walton, 4/6/70, S12.

So now we are mar-ried to both our hearts' cont-ent.

We must not quar-rel and we must not lam-ent;

But live to-geth-er so hap-py like all o-thers ought to do,

And en-joy all our plea-sures when we've no-thing else to do,

No-thing else to do, no-thing else to do,

And en-joy all our plea-sures when we've no-thing else to do.

"Old Rustic Bridge"

I am thinking tonight of the old rustic bridge

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABACDEAC FGAC

V IV - 5

43434343 3343

♩ 136+ 4  
4

Sheephill Farm, Ringinglow.

Frank Hinchliffe (with George Hancock) 1/10/70

I am thinking tonight of the old rustic bridge  
That bends o'er the murmuring stream,  
'Twas there Maggy dear with our hearts full of cheer  
We strayed 'neath the moons gentle beam.  
'Twas there I first met you, the light in your eye  
Awoke in my heart a sweet thrill.  
Though now far away still my thoughts fondly stray  
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

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

How oftime dear Maggy when years passed away  
And we plighted lovers became,  
We rambled the path to the bridge day by day  
The smiles of each other to claim.  
But one day we parted in pain and regret,  
Our vows we could not fulfil,  
Though deep in my heart it was planted to last  
On the old rustic bridge by the mill.

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

I keep in my memory the love of the past,  
To me 'tis as bright as of 'old,  
Though deep in my heart it was planted to last,  
In absence it never grows old.  
I think of you, darling, when lonely at night,  
And when all is peaceful and still.  
My heart wanders back in a dream of delight  
To the old rustic bridge by the mill.

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



(Rubato)

*un-dear*  
 I am think-ing to-night of the old rust-ic bridge

That bends o'er the mur-mer-ing stream,

'Twas there Mag-gy dear with our hearts full of cheer

We strayed 'neath the moon's-gent-le beam.

'Twas there I first met you, the light in your eye  
*slower*

A - woke in my heart - a sweet thrill.

Though - now far a-way still my thoughts fond-ly stray

To the old - rust-ic bridge - by the mill.  
*faster*

Be - neath it the stream gen-t-ly ripp-les, A - round it the birds - love to trill  
*slows*

Though now far a - way still my thoughts fond-ly stray

To the old rust-ic bridge - by the mill.

Variations II e 1 II f 1 III c 3 II b 1 passim

one day we ... vows we ... plant-ed to ... we plight-ed

Old Virginia

Hin 45

S27

Carry me back to old Virginia

Standard

ABAB'CDAB'

VI ♭

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 120

4  
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

2/3/71

(Carry me back)\* to old Virginia,  
That's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow.  
There where the bird warbles sweetly in the springtime,  
There's where old darky toil in years long ago.  
There where thy laboured so hard for old master,  
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.  
There's no place on earth do I love more sincerely,  
Than old Virginia, the state where I was born.

\* Not recorded.

Note

See Old Virginia, Peacock, 12/12/70, C5.

Car-ry me back to old Vir - gin-ia

That's where the cot-ton and the corn and ta-ters grow

There where the bird warb-les sweet-ly in the spring-time

There's where old dark-y soil in years - long a-go

There where thy la-bored so hard for old - master

Day af-ter day in the fields of yel-low corn

There's no place on earth do I love more sin - cere-ly

Than old Vir - gin-ia, the state where I was born.

For it stands in the corner with its back to the wall

Standard

ABCBCB

1 III - 4

8 bars

♩ 120<sup>+</sup>

2

4

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

For it stands in the corner with its back to the wall,  
the old wooden rocker, so stately and tall;  
With nothing to disturb it but the duster and broom,  
for nobody uses the back parlour room.  
For 'ow well I remember in days gone by  
how we knelt by that chair, dear sister and I,  
And listened to the stories that our grandma did tell,  
in the old wooden rocker we all loved so well.  
For she'd sit by the fire and she'd rock, rock, rock,  
while listening to the ticking of the old brass clock.  
Eighty years had she slumbered in that chair, grim and toil,  
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

[Hesitates.]

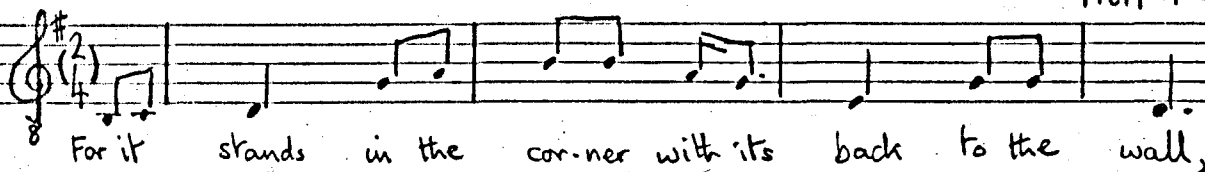
If that chair it could speak all the tales it could tell,  
how our poor old grandpa in fierce battle fell,  
'Neath the stars and the stripes he fought bravely and true,  
in harmony we cherished the red, white and blue.  
It could tell of sad days, yes, and grand ones beside,  
how poor old grandma went forth as a bride;  
That is why we all love it for the tales it can tell,  
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.  
For she'd sit by the fire and she'd rock, rock, rock,  
while listening to the ticking of the old brass clock.  
Eighty years had she slumbered in that chair, grim and toil,  
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

Now poor grandma is dead and her troubles they are gone;  
her children have left us, yes, one by one.  
They've all gone to meet her in that sweet bye and bye  
there's no-one left but dear sister and I.  
O never more will we steal her old specs or her cap;  
never more will we tease her when she's taking her nap.  
Never more shall we listen to the stories she did tell,  
in that old wooden rocker we all loved so well.  
For she'd sit by the fire and she'd rock, rock, rock,  
while listening to the ticking of the old brass clock.  
Eighty years had she slumbered in that chair, grim and toil,  
the old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

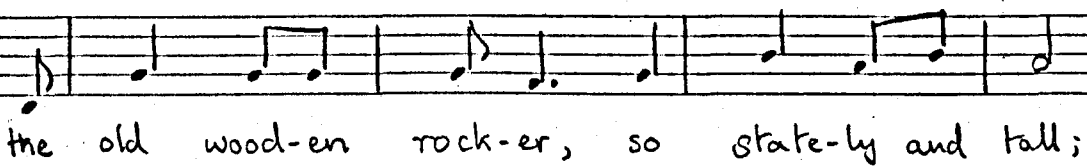
"It's hard work."

Note

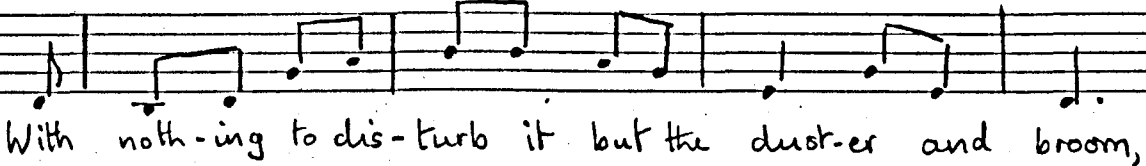
See The Old Wooden Rocker (inc ), Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel,  
Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.



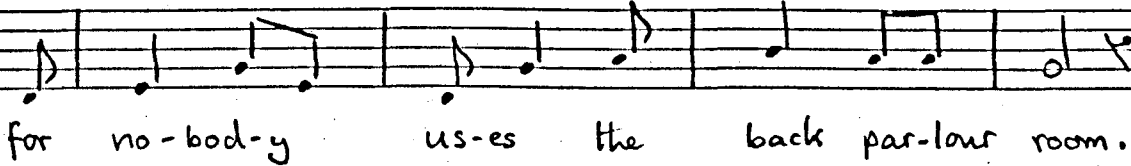
For it stands in the corner with its back to the wall,



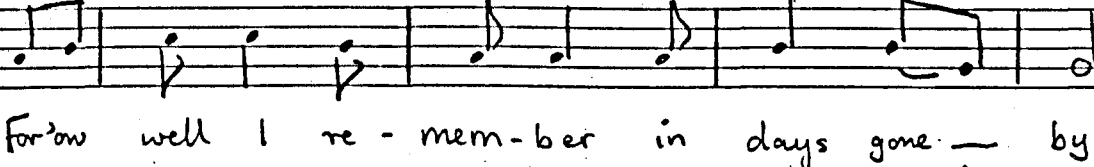
the old wood-en rock-er, so stately and tall;



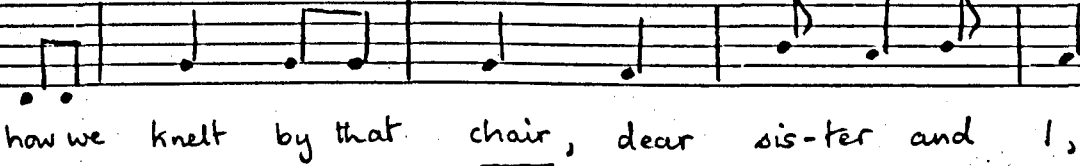
With noth-ing to dis-turb it but the dust-er and broom,



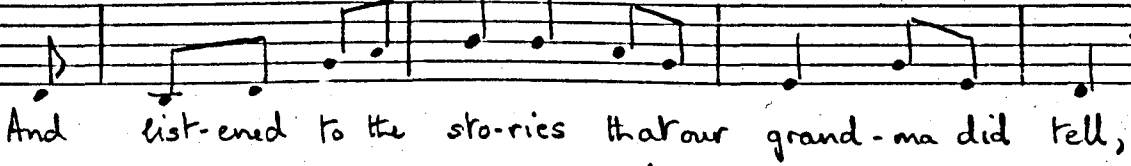
for no-bod-y us-es the back par-lour room.



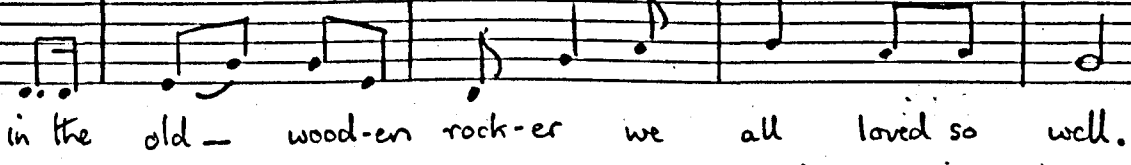
For now well I re-mem-ber in days gone — by



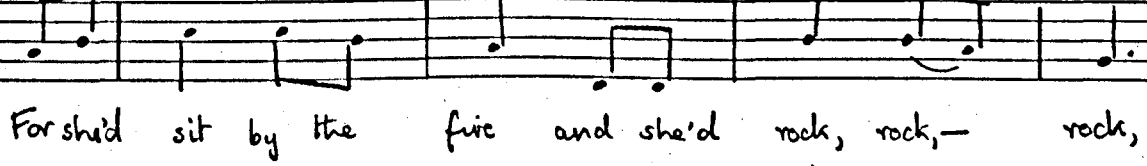
how we knelt by that chair, dear sis-ter and I,



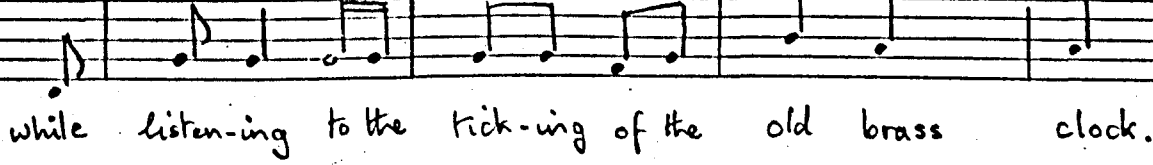
And list-ened to the sto-ries that our grand-ma did tell,



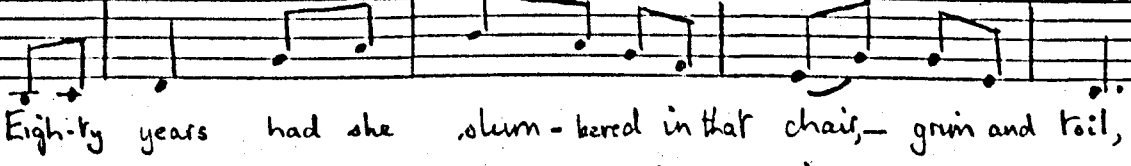
in the old — wood-en rock-er we all loved so well.



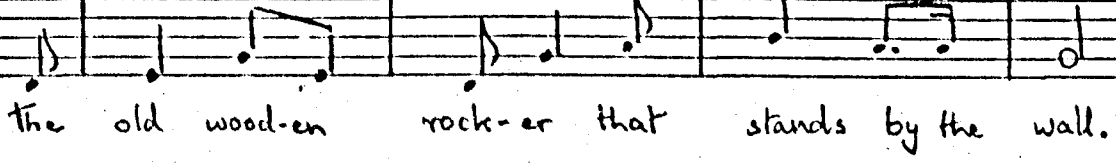
For she'd sit by the fire and she'd rock, rock, — rock,



while listen-ing to the tick-ing of the old brass clock.



Eighty years had she slum-bered in that chair, — grim and toil,



The old wood-en rock-er that stands by the wall.

Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f)

Hin 47

S11

Standard

ABCD

IV#

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 180

3  
4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

[Hums tune.]

"That's tune to that one. No, we can say goodbye to that I've only heard me dad ever sing that. I didn't know it right through."

Note

This was one of four hunting songs written out for Frank by a man who had been blackberrying on his land and offered them as compensation for leaving a gate open. The others were The Rosy Morn, "A Few Jovial Sportsmen" and A Fine Hunting Day. Frank had lent the words to a friend called Roy. The form would appear to correspond to CDAE of George Hancock's and Charles Green's melody. See Oughtibridge Trail Hunt (f), 30/4/70, S10. "Me Dad used to sing one,

With his fifty bright guineas, this too was the sum  
For the champion dog of all England had won."

Over the Garden Wall (f)

Hin 48

S16

Just jump over the garden wall

Standard

ABCD

V

1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 180

3  
4

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

(Just jump over the garden wall.)\*

I'll not let you fall.

We'll play at sweethearts and going to get married.

Jump over the garden wall.

"That's all I know of that, Ian. I never heard any more sung."

\* Not recorded.

La - la - la [etc.]

Just jump o-ver the gar-den : wall

I'll not let you fall

We'll play at sweet-hearts and going to get mar-ried

Jump o-ver the gar-den wall.

Now me and two other boys went on the spree

Standard

ABCDEF

IV

V - 6

2 bars

♩ 160<sup>+</sup>

4

4

Frank Hinchliffe

8/6/72

Now me an' two other boys went on the spree,  
 On our way we met a pear tree.  
 Up this pear tree I did climb  
 For to get some pears I felt inclined.  
 To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy  
 Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

When up this pear tree I got landed,  
 The other two lads from me they'd squandered.  
 Were not the pears that pleased me  
 But a man and a woman come under this tree.  
 To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy  
 Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Now with sweet kisses 'e embraced her,  
 'E swore for many a mile 'e'd chased her.  
 'E pulled off his coat to save 'er gown  
 An' 'e gently laid this fair maid down.  
 To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy  
 Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Now I shook this pear tree just like thunder,  
 The man and the woman ran away in wonder.  
 Were not the pears that pleased me  
 But a damn good coat left under this tree.  
 To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy  
 Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Now off to town I ran like fire,  
 The owner of the coat being my desire.  
 The owner of the coat were never found out,  
 So I got a damn good coat for nowt.  
 To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy  
 Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

Come all ye lads wherever you may be,  
 Nivver go a-courting under a pear tree.  
 Nivver pull your coats off to save their gowns  
 For the pears they will come tumbling down.  
 To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy  
 Whack-fol-de-diddle to me whack-fol-de-day!

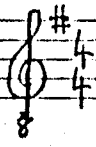
Note

Frank sings this in a very subdued manner that is almost parlando.  
 See The Pear Tree (f), 2/9/70, S16, and Grace Walton, Wal 22.



(Rubato)

Hin 49



Now me an' two other boys went on the spree, slows

On our way we met a pear tree.

Up this pear tree I did climb slows

For to get some pears I felt inclined.

To me ay-me o-me am-a-like-a-daisy slows

Whack fol-de-didd-le to me whack-fol-de-day!

Variations

II a 2 (passim)

II b 2 (passim)

I got land-ed, The ...

me they'd squan-dered. Were ...

IV a 2

IV c 2

just like thun-der, The ...

nev-er found out, So ...

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking

Standard (inflected 4 )

AABC

V - V↓

V - 8

4442

♩70<sup>±</sup>

4  
4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

4/6/70

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

The dearest evening that e'er I beheld was  
evermore with the girl I adore.  
The dearest evening that e'er I beheld was  
evermore with the girl I adore.  
Wilt thou go and fight yon French and Spaniard,  
wilt thou lead me thus my dear?  
Wilt thou lead/leave\* me thus my dear?

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

"There's only one thing about that, I can't see no sense in it.  
There's no story."

\* Frank sings 'lead'.

Note

Grace Walton, Edith Lawson and Rhoda Dronfield join in with Frank.

(8)  $\frac{4}{4}$

A - broad for pleas - ure as I was a-walk-ing,

it was one sum-mer, sum-mer eve-ning clear.

A - broad for pleas - ure as I was a-walk-ing,

it was one sum-mer, sum-mer eve-ning clear.

'Twas there I be-held a most beau-ti-ful dam-sel

La-ment-ing for her shep-herd dear,

La-ment -ing for - her - shep-herd dear.

Variations  
II b1 and d1

e - ver - more - with the ...

III e1

I will take thee to ...

\* Frank sings the top part.

Down Sheffield Park a maid did dwell

123456

ABCD

VI

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 136<sup>+</sup>

3

4

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton

30/4/70

Down Sheffield Park a maid did dwell.  
A brisk young farmer loved 'er well.  
He courted 'er from day to day.  
At length he stole 'er heart away.

One morning upstairs to make her bed  
She lay her down 'er weary 'ead.  
Her mistress came to her did say,  
What is the matter with you my maid?

O Mistress, O Mistress, you little do know  
What trials and troubles that I undergo.  
Place your right hand upon my/on my\* left breast,  
My fainting 'eart doth know no rest.

Then write 'im a letter and write it with speed,  
And send it to him if he can read,  
And bring me an answer without delay,  
For young Colin/For he 'ath stolen your/my heart away.

Then gather leaves to make my bed,  
A feathery pillow for my weary head,  
And the leaves they'll flutter/fly from tree to lea  
Will/ Shall make a covering for/over me.

There is a flower that bloometh in May,  
That's seldom seen by night or day;  
And the leaves they'll flutter from tree to lea  
Will make a covering for me.

Frank: "That's as I know it but there's that last verse, it's not right."

Grace: "No, it doesn't really fit."

\* Frank's textual variation is given first, Grace's second.

Note

Frank is reluctant to sing the song because he knows that I have recorded John Taylor singing it (see Tay 5). Frank takes the lead and Grace joins in quietly as the pitch is unsuitable for her.

Down Shef-field

Park - a maid - did dwell.

A brisk - young farm - er loved - er well.

He cour-ted er - from day - to day.

At length he stole - er heart a - way.

Variations

IV b2

VI a3

Grace sings this throughout.

him if ... bloom-eth in ...

The Ship that Never Returned

Hin 52

S16

O it was one bright summer's morning

Standard

ABAB AB

IV and IV# (VII#)1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 100<sup>±</sup>            4  
                         4

Frank Hinchliffe

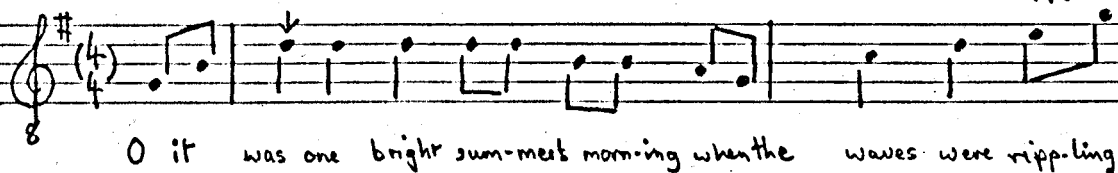
2/9/70

O it was one bright summer's morning when the waves were rippling  
o'er a soft and silent sea,  
A ship set sail with some precious burdens to a port beyond the sea.  
There were fond farewell, there were loving signals  
from those whose hearts still yearned,  
And they sailed away with a love and blessing  
in a ship that never returned.

No, it never returned, no, it never returned,  
but there fate is still unlearned;  
And from that day to this they've been watching, waiting  
for a ship that never returned.

Said a pale-faced boy unto his loving mother,  
May I cross the deep blue sea,  
For they tell me in some foreign country  
there is health and wealth for me.  
O 'is mother listened with a fond affection  
and she said, Well Son, thou may.  
And she sent him forth with a mother's blessing  
in a ship that never returned.

No, it never returned, no, it never returned,  
but there fate is still unlearned;  
And from that day to this they've been watching, waiting  
for a ship that never returned.



O it was one bright sum-mer's morn-ing when the waves were ripp-ling

o'era soft and si-lent sea

faster

A ship set sail with some pre-cious bur-dens

to a port be-yond the sea

Variations II

For they tell me in some ...

health and wealth for...

Only one more trip, said that gallant sailor  
 as 'e kissed 'is fond young wife.  
 Only one more bag of that golden treasure  
 and we'll settle down for life.  
 We will leave this place for a little cottage  
 where in joy we'll spend we've earned;  
 But she little thought that 'er love would perish  
 in a ship that never returned.

No, it never returned, no, it never returned,  
 but there fate is still unlearned;  
 And from that day to this they've been watching, waiting  
 for a ship that never returned.

#### Note

Fronks sings this fervently. See The Ship that Never Returned, 23/4/70, S9. 8/6/72 Frank comments on the song 'That's a grand un. They'll sing that a bit at Lodge Moor. There's Douglas Marsden, one or two on 'em knows chorus. Not just gone altogether.'

Spencer the Rover (f)

Hin 53

S14

123456

CD

IV

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 132

$\frac{3}{4}$  and  $\frac{4}{4}$

Sheephill Farm, Ringinglow.

Frank Hinchliffe

1/10/70

"Only a bit as I know. I don't know whether you'll know it,  
George. I know chorus to it."

And like birds of one feather 'ow they flock together,  
Like bees in a hive contented we'll be.

"One me dad used to sing."

Note

It would seem that Frank is mistaken that this is chorus, as it is usually the final couplet.



And like birds of one feather 'ow - they flock to - ge - ther,

*faster*

like bees - in a hive - con - tent - ed we'll be.

It was one merry morning in May

Standard

ABCD

VII V - 8

2 bars

♩ 200±

6

8

Frank Hinchliffe

23/4/70

[Sings the first verse.] "How about that for one, eh?"

It was one merry morning in May  
As from my cot I strayed.  
Just at the dawning of the day  
I met with a charming maid.

Good morning, to this maid said I,  
What makes you up so soon?  
Good morning gentle Sir, she cried,  
I have lost my spotted cow.

No longer weep nor mourn for her,  
Your cow is not lost, my dear.  
I saw her down beneath yon grove,  
Come love and I'll show thee where.

Then hand in hand together we went  
And crossed the flowery dell.  
Just at the dawning of the day  
And love were all our tale.

All in the grove we spent the day  
That seem to pass too soon.  
We 'uddled and cuddled each other there  
While brightly shone the moon.

Whenever in that grove I stray,  
I go to view me flower.  
She comes and cries, Kind gentle Sir,  
I've lost my spotted cow.

"Thou's not 'eard that one before! That were me great grandmother's.  
We can find you old songs for a week, d'you know."

(Rubato)

Hin 54

It was — one met — my morn-ing in May

*slower*

As from — my cot — I strayed.

Just at the dawn-ing of the day

I met with a — char-ming maid.

*slows*

Variations

IIa1

IIb1

morn-ing, to this... makes you up so soon? Good...

Two Little Girls in Blue

Hin 55

S16

An old man gazed at a photograph

Standard

ABCD EFGH

VI↓↑

III - 5

4 bars

♩ 198

6

8

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

"There was one what I was thinking about t'other day. I don't know whether it's owt in your line or not, that Two Little Girls in Blue."

An old man gazed at a photograph in a locket 'e'd worn for years.  
His nephew than asked 'im the reason why  
that picture 'ad cost him tears.  
Come listen, 'e said, I'll tell you, me lad,  
a story that's strange but true;  
Your father and I at school, me lad, met two little girls in blue.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,  
They were sisters, we were brothers and learnt to love the two.  
Now one little girl in blue, lad, she won your father's heart,  
Became your mother, I married the other but now we 'ave drifted apart.

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

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,  
They were sisters, we were brothers and learnt to love the two.  
Now one little girl in blue, lad, she won your father's heart,  
Became your mother, I married the other but now we 'ave drifter apart.

Note

Frank is concerned that because of the songs comparative modernity it may not be the sort of song I was intending to record.

8 (6/8) An old man gazed at a pho-to-graph in a lock-et 'e'd worn for years.

9 His neph-ew then asked im the reas-on why that pic-ture 'ad cost him tears.

Pitch falls

slows

10 Come list-en, 'e said, I'll tell you, me lad, a stor-y that's strange but true;

slows

11 Your fath-er and I at a school, me lad, met two litt-le girls in blue.

198

12 Two litt-le girls in blue, lad, two litt-le girls in blue,

Pitch rising

13 They were sis-ters, we were broth-ers and learnt to love the two.

pitch rises

14 Now one litt-le girl in blue, lad, she won your fath-er's heart,

slows

15 Be-came your moth-er, I married the o-ther and now we've drift-ed a-part.

Variations II a3 II f3

16 me she once was a bride... learnt to love the two...

Beneath the spreading chestnut tree

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#)

ABCDEF. . . DEF

2♯ - 2 and VII I - 3

4 bars

♩ 124<sup>+</sup> 4  
4

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

(Beneath the spreading chestnut)\* tree the village smith he stands.  
The smith, a mighty man is he with strong and sinewed hands,  
And the muscles of his brawny arms are as strong as iron bands.  
His hair is black and crisp and long, his face it's like the tan.  
His brow is wet with honest sweat, he earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face, for 'e owes not any man.

Toiling, rejoicing —

"No that don't come there. How does tune go 'cos tune's varying  
all the time through that? I'll have to recite rest I've lost tune  
an' all now."

[Recites.]

He goes on Sunday morn to church and sits amongst the boys.  
He 'ears the parson pray and preach he 'ears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir and it makes his heart rejoice.  
It reminds him of her mother's voice singing in paradise,  
His needs must think of 'er once more, 'ow in the grave she lies.

[Sings and repitches.]

And with a large rough hand 'e wipes a tear out of his eye.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onward through life he goes.  
Each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees its close.  
Something attempted, something done hath earned a night's repose.

"Rotten when you get into middle on 'em an' then get lost, in't it."

\* Not recorded.

Be - neath the spread - ing chest - nut tree the vil - lage smith he stands.

The smith, a nigh - ty man is he with strong and sin - ewed hands,

And the muse - les of his brow - ny arms are as strong as i - ron bands.

His hair is black and crisp and long, his - face it's like the ran.

His brow is wet with honest sweat, he earns what - e'er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face for he owes not a - ny - man ...

Toil - ing, re - joic - ing, sor - row - ing, on - ward through life he goes.

Each morn - ing sees some task be - gun, each eve - ning sees its close.

Some - thing at - tempt - ed, some - thing done hath earned a night's re - pose.

We've been a while a-wassailing

123456

AABC(DC)

IV#↓

V - 8

4454(24)

♪ 228 and 204     6  
                           8

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe and Edith Lawson

4/6/70

We've been a while a-wassailing amongst the leaves so green.  
Here we come a-wandering, so fair to be seen.  
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,  
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year,  
A New Year, a New Year,  
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too,  
And all the little children that round the table go.  
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,  
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,  
But we are neighbours children that you have seen before.  
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,  
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

Note

Frank and Edith sing this with a printed text in front of them. They seemed to know it well and scarcely referred to the copy, which belonged to Grace. It was a popular selection published by Banks of Leeds simply called Christmas Carols without details of date or editorship.



D278

Hin 57



(8) We've been a-while a - was-sail-ing a - mongst the leaves so green.

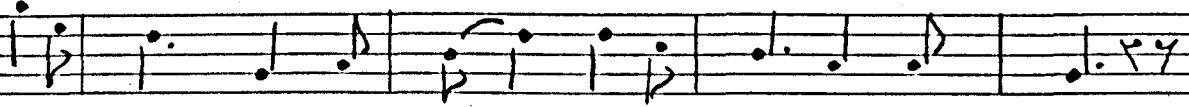


Here we come a - wand-er-ing, so fair - to be seen.

D204

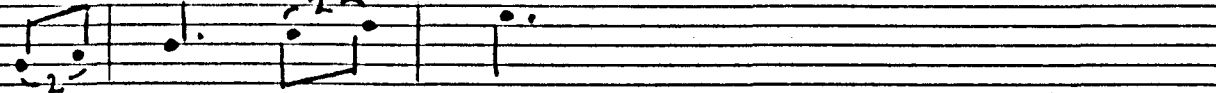


For it is our Christ-mas time, stran-gers wan-der for and near,

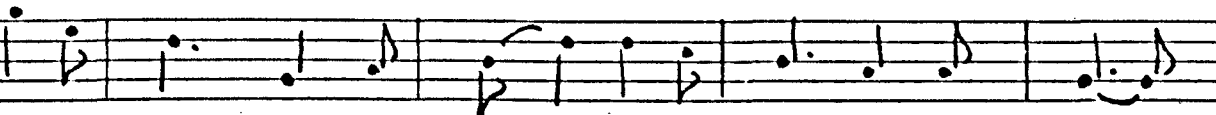


So God bless you and send - you a hap-py New Year,

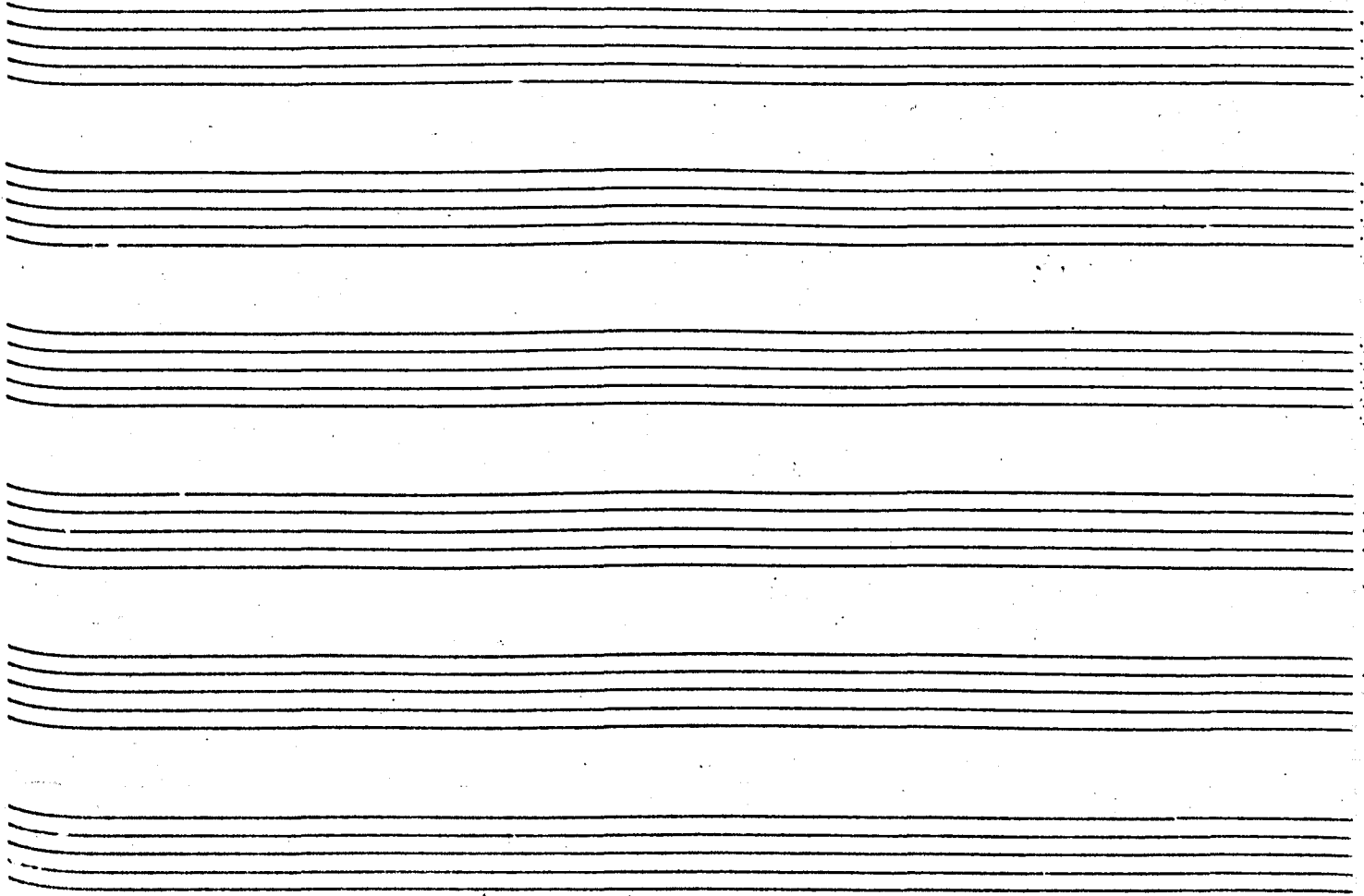
slower



A New Year , a New Year,



So God bless you and send - you a hap-py New Year.



Early one morning the break of the day

Standard

ABCD

VI - VII

V - 6

2 bars

♩ 228<sup>+</sup>

6

8

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

"Tune were wrong to me. I've heard several sing it in Grace's tune, but I think some other words go to that tune she were singing. Me dad never sung it like that."

Early one morning, the break of the day,  
The cock were a-crowing, the master did say.  
All hail my good fellows, rise with a good will,  
For yond horses want something their bellies to fill.

O we rose and put on our clothes  
And into the stable we nimbly goes;  
For with rubbin' and scrubbin', I'll swear and I'll vow  
That we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

When six o'clock boys to our breakfast we go  
Eggs, 'am and bacon we merry enjoy.  
With a bit in our pockets, I'll swear and I'll vow  
That we're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

O we 'arnesses our 'orses to plough and to go,  
To see which the best of us could a-draw.

[Hesitates.]

"Better miss that bit out."

The master came round unto us 'e did say,  
What 'ave you been doing this long summer's day?  
For you've not ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow  
That you're all idle fellows that follows the plough.

[Pitch rises in next two verses.]

The ploughboy turned round and 'e made this reply,  
Master what you 'ave said, it's a very big lie;  
For we've all ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow  
That we're not idle fellows that follows the plough.

[Hin 58 continued]

Now the master turned round and 'e laughed at the joke.  
It's two o'clock, boys, it's time to unyoke.  
Un'arness your 'orses and rub 'em well down,  
And come and I'll give you some good bread and cheese  
and a pint of my very best ale;  
For I'll swear and I'll vow  
That you're all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

"There's half of that there verse, I don't know where it's gone to."  
[verse IV]

Note

Frank's opening comment refers to Grace Walton's version of the song. Note the unusual form of the final verse ABCD'ED (222412 bars respectively), an example of Frank's creativity. Thus when a part of a verse becomes forgotten the remaining elements are put together in a manner that is not only felicitous but also preserves the unity of the song. In such a way Frank clearly marks his signature on many of his songs.

Ear-ly one morn-ing, the break of the day,

The cock were a-crow-ing, the mast-er did say.

All hail my good fel-lows, rise with a good will,

For yond hors-es want some-thing their bel-lies to fill.

Variations

II a1

O we rose and ...

III a1 (passim)

When six o'clock boys to our ...

IV b1

see which the best of us could a-draw ...

VI b1

Mast-er what you've said it's a ...

VII d2

good bread and chere and a pint of my ver-y best ale

For I'll swear and I'll vow that you're ...

As I went out one bright May morn

Standard

AABA (III = BABA)

VI | V - 8

4 bars

4 | 108  
4

Frank Hinchliffe with Grace Walton 30/4/70

As I went out one bright May morn across yon fields so early,  
I espied a maid, a most beautiful maid, as sweet as any fairy.  
I said, My pretty maid, where art thou going? and by the hand I took her.  
She blushed and said I'm a-going home, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

O may I come with you my pretty maid for gold and silver I've plenty?  
She turned her head and blushed as she said, O no, kind sir, I thank you.  
My mother she is dead and lay in her grave,  
and the early lesson she taught me  
Was to marry for love and not for gold, cried the poor old weaver's daughter.

My father he is old and nearly blind and he's almost past his labour.  
It would break his heart for me to part  
for he's been such a good kind father.  
So parted from him I never shall be for he's been such a good kind father,  
And until he is laid in his peaceful grave I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well sweet maid, he cried,  
may prospects ever be brighter,  
And the lad thou loves be constant and true and happily be united.  
For friendship's sake this gold ring take,  
such a lovely maid I thought her,  
And as long as I live I never shall forget that poor old weaver's daughter.

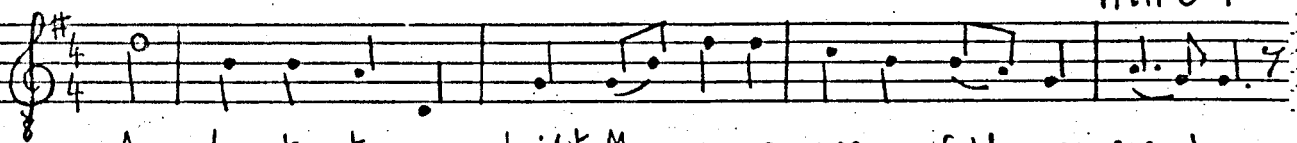
Frank: "By! There's some long lines in that Grace, in't there.?"

Grace: "That was nice, but one or two of t'words me Dad used to  
sing different."

Frank: "They're forced to alter a bit!"

Note

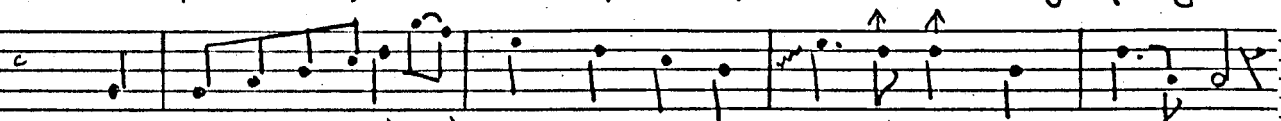
Frank's form is irregular in the third verse. See The Weaver's  
Daughter (f) with Grace Walton and Edith Lawson, 4/6/70, S11 and  
with Ted Wragg, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S27.



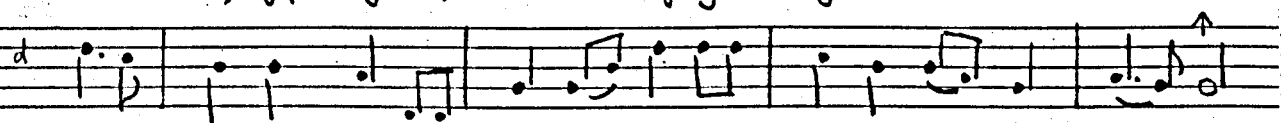
As I went out one bright May-morn a-cross yon fields- so ear-ly,



I es-pied a maid, a most beau-ti-ful- maid, as sweet as an-y fair-y.



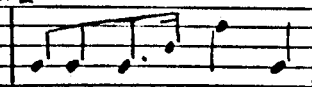
I said, My pret-ty maid, where- art thou going? and by the hand I took- her.



She- blushed and said I'm a-go-ing- home, I'm a poor old weav-er's daugh-ter.

Variation

IV d 2



ne-ver shall for-get that...

1234(4#)56

ABAC (see below)

IV

1 - 9

4 bars

♩ 120<sup>+</sup>

3

4

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

(When a younster at)\* home I vowed I'd ne'er roam,  
And oft of this vow 'ave I thought.  
I'd advice given me on my own mother's knee,  
And in memory have oftime been thought.

I remember, my lad, as a quarrel I had  
With my brother one morning at play.  
I struck him a blow, my temper to show,  
And these words my mother did say,

Forgive and forget all the troubles you've met,  
Which no doubt will cause both of you pain.  
For I can't happy be till I stand here and see  
That you're friendly together again.

Now he thought me the worst and he would not speak first,  
And it filled me with sorrow and pain.  
From that very day I years stayed away,  
Till I met him in sorrow again.

I met him again lying on his death bed;  
His end was quite nigh it was plain.  
Though feeble and weak he managed to speak,  
And these were the words that he said,

Let's forgive and forget all the troubles we've met,  
Which no doubt has caused both of us pain.  
For I can't happy dee [die] till I lay here and see  
That we're friendly together again.

Now my motto has been when a quarrel I've seen  
To prevent it whenever I can.  
Not long ago two soldiers I saw  
Strike each other till they both fairly bled.  
Now they asked me to stay and to witness fair play  
And these were the words that I said,

Forgive and forget all the troubles you've met,  
Which no doubt will cause both of you pain.  
For I'll stand here and see that you're friendly with me,  
And you're friendly together again.

\* Not recorded.

Note

Frank's wife Dorothy considers this one of her favourite songs. The form of the seventh stanza is ABABAC. See 8/6/72, S35. when Frank sang the first verse but had difficulty remembering the tune.

When a young-ster at home I vowed I'd ne'er roam,

And oft of this vow have I thought.

I'd ad-vice giv-en me on my own moth-er's knee,

And in mem-ory have of-time been thought.



I wandered today o'er the hill Maggie

Standard (inflected 4#)

AABABABA

III↓

V - 7#

4 bars

♩ 80+

4  
4

Sheephill Farm, Ringinglow.

Frank Hinchliffe with Edith Hancock

1/10/70

I wandered today o'er the hill, Maggie, to watch the scenery below.

There's a creak and a creakin' old mill, Maggie,

as it used to be long ago.

The green grove's gone from the hill, Maggie,

where first the daisies sprung.

And the creakin' old mill it is still, Maggie,

since you and I were young.

Edith: "Had music to that as well."

Frank: "What's chorus to that? There is a chorus to it, i'n't there?"

But now we are old and grey, Maggie,

and our strides are less sprightly than then;

And thy face is a well-written page, Maggie,

but time alone would 'ave penned.

They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,

as sprayed by the white breakers flung;

But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,

when you and I were young.

a wan-dered to-day oer the hill, Mag-gie,

b to watch the scen-ery be-low.

c There's a creak and a creak-in old mill, Mag-gie,

d as it used to be long a-go.

e The green grove's gone from the hill, Mag-gie,

f where first the dais-ies—prung.

g And the creak-in' old mill it is still, Mag-gie,

h Since you and I— were young.

\* Frank sings the lower note

Edith interprets Ia.2 as shown. Frank, who dominates rendition, sings it as in Ic.2, Id.2 and Ig.2.

This world is a difficult riddle

Standard

ABCB AC

2v

III - 4

7777 88

♩ 168<sup>+</sup> and 126

3  
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

22/8/70

This world is a difficult riddle, for 'ow many people we see  
With faces as long as a fiddle  
that ought to be shining with glee;  
For I'm sure in this world there is plenty  
of good things enough for us all.  
Yet I doubt if there's one out of twenty  
that don't think that 'is share is too small.

But what is the use of repining,  
for where there's a will there's a way.  
Tomorrow the sun may be shining although it seems cloudy today.

Now there's some they grumble because they've got married  
and cannot secure a good wife.  
There's others because they've not tarried  
and now long for a bachelor's life.  
For they grumble it must be in fun.  
For some because they've got too many children  
and others because they 'ave none.

But what is the use of repining,  
for where there's a will there's a way.  
Tomorrow the sun may be shining although it seems cloudy today.

Now did you ever 'ear tell of the spider  
who hard up the wall tried to climb.  
You want to take that as a guidance,  
you'll find it will pay you in time.  
Nine times 'e tried hard to be mounted  
and every time 'ad a fall,  
But 'e started again without counting  
at last reached the top of the wall.

But what is the use of repining,  
for where there's a will there's a way.  
Tomorrow the sun may be shining although it seems cloudy today.

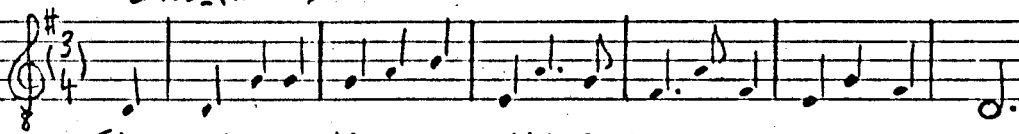
Billy Mills: "Very nice!"

Note

See Where There's a Will There's a Way, 3/10/70, S15, and (f) Billy Mills, 4/3/72, S35. An Australian version of the song is found in Ron Edwards, The Overlander Song Book (London, 1972), p.299.

♩ 168± (Rubato)

Hin 62



This world is a difficult riddle, for 'ow many peop-le we see,

With faces as long as a fidd-le that ought to be shin-ing with glee;

For I'm sure in this world there is plen-ty of good things e-nough for us all.



Yet I doubt if there's one out of twen-ty that don't think that is share is too small.



But what is the use of re-pin - -ing, for where there's a will there's a way.



To - mor-row the sun may be shin - -ing al-though it ~~seems~~ cloudy to-day.

Variations

IIa1

IIa5

Now there's some key grumb-le be- ...

can-not se-cure a good ...

IIc

For they grumb-le it must be in fun

Standard

Irregular (see below)

VII#

V - 6

4 bars

$\text{♩}$  240<sup>+</sup>

( $\frac{2}{4}$  and  $\frac{5}{8}$  irregular)

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

While forgin' of me scales an' springs an' blowin' up me bellus,  
 Another line or two I'll penned about my shopmate Joe Ellis.  
 In mekin' flights an' fishin' tools, thin's all as goes int' Darren,\*  
 But I'll nimbly trip it o'er yon moss till I comes to t'river Darren.  
 Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-diddle-dal-de-dido!  
 I'll nimbly trip it o'er yon moss till I comes to t'river Darren.

The morning fine, slaps in me line, as e'er the fish are grayling,  
 For soon I catch one by the snout, see 'ow 'e comes a-sailin'.  
 All hold me all, thou must be sold, for me thou seems so clever,  
 But if this line should chance to break thou may be lost for ever.  
 Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-diddle-dal-de-dido!  
 But if this line should chance to break thou may be lost for ever.

Another isle or two I'll try although I see I'm slighted,  
 An' then I must be joggin' 'ome or else I'll be benighted;  
 And when that Joe 'e does get 'ome unto 'is recreation,  
 The neighbours they'll come flockin' in, the fish begin a-buyin'.  
 They'll take 'em 'ome to gut and wash and then begin a-fryin'.  
 Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-diddle-dal-de-dido!  
 They'll take 'em 'ome to gut and wash and then begin a-fryin'.

Some people they a-fishin' go know little of the matter.  
 They'll toil an' spend their time in vain in floggin' of the water.  
 They'll long an' wish all to catch fish an' merely they will watch 'em.  
 They'll bait 'em wi' a silver 'ook but it's a workman that can catch 'em.  
 Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-diddle-dal-de-dido!  
 They'll bait 'em wi' a silver 'ook but it's a workman that can catch 'em.

"Now where's that from? I know nowt about fishing. I don't know  
 which end of rod to throw in . . . One of me dad's that. I never  
 heard it sung anywhere else."

Note

This is a remarkable song which is difficult to transcribe because  
 of the dialect and the constantly varying pulse and measure. The  
 form is irregular ABACDE/ABBEDE/ABBEDE/ABBEDE. An alternative  
 transcription is given by kind permission of Michael Dawney.

\* Derwent?

While for-gin' of me scales an' springs an' blow-in' up me bel-lus,

An-oth-er line or two I'll penned a-bout my shop-mate Joe El-lis.

In mak-in' fights an' fish-in' tools, thin's all as goes int' Dar-ren,

But I'll-nim-bly trip it o'er you moss till I comes to t'riv-er Dar-ren.

Fal-de-dal fal-de-dal fal-dal-de-didd-le-dal-de-di-do!

I'll nim-bly trip it o'er you moss till I comes to t'riv-er Dar-ren.

The morn-ing fine, slaps in me line, as e'er the fish are gray-ling,

For soon I catch one by the shout, see 'ow'e comes a-sail-in'.

though I see I'm...

Reproduced by permission of Michael Dawney

Hin 63b

I

2  
4

3

3

2  
4

5  
8

3  
4

2  
4

3  
4

7

3

7

"While Sitting by the Side of a Fond and Loving Wife"

Hin 64

"Darling Live while Morn"

S10

Standard (inflected 1# and 2#)

ABCDEFCD/ABCD  
ABCDEFCD

VII#

V - 5

43434343

♩140<sup>+</sup>

2  
4

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

[Frank cannot remember the first line.]

A soldier just returning home from war.  
He 'ad been away for years from his native land so dear  
To fight for the queen and country call;  
But now 'e 'ath returned, 'ow 'is aching 'eart doth yearn  
To see 'is wife lie dying on her bed.  
'Ow 'e clasped her to 'is heart, next moment for to part,  
And these words, these loving words did say,

O darling live while morn and let the sunlight dawn  
Light up thy loving features once again.  
How I wish that I'd been slain when to England back I came  
To meet with you and part from you again.

Now 'e clasped 'er hand entwined, he was just thinking all the time  
When 'e took her to the church to be 'is bride.  
'Ow 'e vowed there not to part those two fond and loving hearts  
Till death should separate them both for life;  
But now he's broke that vow, he is a soldier now  
And far across the sea 'e's been to fight.  
One would thought he'd shed a tear, but with sorrow not with fear,  
To see his wife lie dead before 'is eyes.

"I think there's a bit more. No, that must be end on it, 'cos it  
can't come in again that there 'darling live while morn', can it,  
when she's dead."

#### Note

Frank was still trying to remember the opening line, 8/6/72, when  
he commented, "First line, I'll be danged if I can think on it.  
That's what gets me so mad . . . Shall have to have me dad back  
again. He could put us right." He finally remembered it, 11/9/72.



While sitting by the side of a fond and loving wife

Rubato

A soldier just returning home from war.

He had been away for years from his native land so dear

To fight - for the queen and country call;

But now he hath returned, now his aching heart doth yearn

To see his wife lie dying on her bed.

Now he clasped her to his heart, next moment for to part,

And these - words, these loving words did say,

It was one Monday morning as I crossed o'er yon moss

Standard (inflected 5#)

ABCDA/ABCDA/ABDA

IV

V - 6

4 bars

.! 120<sup>+</sup>

4

4

Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

It was one Monday morning as I crossed o'er yon moss.  
I had no thoughts of listing till a soldier did me cross.  
He kindly invited me to drink of a flowing bowl,  
And he advanced me some money, he advanced me some money,  
He advanced me some money, ten guineas and a crown.

For it's true me love has listed and he wears a white cockade.  
He is a handsome young man behind yon rolling plain.  
He's proper tall and slender and he's gone to fight for the queen.  
How my very heart lies breaking, how my very heart lies breaking,  
How my very heart lies breaking all for the loss of him.

He gave to me a handkerchief to wipe my flowing tears,  
Saying, Take this in remembrance while I return again,  
Then I'll marry thee my true-love, then I'll marry thee my true-love,  
Then I'll marry thee my true-love when I return again.

"Eh dear, there's another verse . . .

I won't go down in yonder woods to while my time away  
I'll neither go a-courting nor flirt with another man's wife  
For I'll marry thee my true love when I return again.

Is that first line though? Doesn't sound right to me."

Note

See The White Cockade, Ted Wragg and Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25. Grace is reminded of a song about a man and his horse "The White Cockayne we'll ride again".

It was one Mon-day morn-ing as I crossed o'er you moss.

I had no thoughts of list-ing till a sol-dier did me cross.

He-kind-ly in-vi-ted me to drink of a flav-ing bowl,

And head-van-ced me some mo-ney, he ad-van-ced me some mon-ey,

He ad-van-ced me some mon-ey, ten guin-eas and a-crown.

Variations

For it's true me love has ... queen - How my ... true-love Then I'll ...

White wings they never grow weary

Standard (inflected 4# and 7<sup>b</sup>) AB ABCD E

VI<sup>b</sup>↑ V - 5 8 bars

♩ 144± 3  
4

Frank Hinchliffe 2/9/70

White wings, they never grow weary,  
they carry me cheerfully over the sea.  
Night comes I long for my dearie,  
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Sail home as straight as an arrow,  
my yacht shoots along o'er the crest of the sea.  
Sail home to sweet Maggie Darrow,  
in her little home she is waiting for me.  
High up where cliffs are all craggy,  
that's where the girl of my heart waits for me.  
Heigh-ho, I long for you Maggie,  
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Yo-ho, how we go, how the winds blow!

White wings, they never grow weary,  
they carry me cheerfully over the sea.  
Night comes I long for my dearie,  
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Sail home to love and caresses,  
for ever my darling will be by my side.  
Sail home blue eyes and gold tresses,  
the fairest of all is my own little bride.  
Sail home to part from thee never,  
always together through life's voyage we'll be.  
Sail home to love thee for ever,  
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Yo-ho, how we go, how the winds blow!

White wings, they never grow weary,  
they carry me cheerfully over the sea.  
Night comes I long for my dearie,  
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Note

Frank does not consider the song to be very old for an acquaintance, Oliver Fletcher, has a printed copy. When Frank performed this song in the Bell Hagg, 21/8/76, he observed that the last time he had heard it there was thirty years ago when his father had sung it.

Sail home as straight as an ar-row,

my yacht shoots a-long o'er the crest of the sea.

Sail — home to sweet Mag-gie Dar-row,  
slows —

in her litt-le home she is wait-ing for me.

High up where cliffs are all crag-gy,

That's where the girl of my heart waits for me.—

Heigh- ho, slows | long for you Mag-gie,

I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Yo - ho, how — we go,

How the winds blow!

Variation

II f 2

-geth-er through life's voyage we'll be...

"Why Don't You Marry the Girl?" (f)

Hin 67

S36

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABAC DEFG

III♭

VII# - 8

4 bars

♩ 240±

6

8

Frank Hinchliffe

8/6/72

"This voice keeps coming in." [Frank struggles for tune.]

La la [etc.] while riding out all in a first class carriage.  
I said, Now's the time to start to talk about our future marriage.  
La la la [etc.]  
When all at once a voice exclaimed from underneath the seat.

"It's similar to what chorus is, in't it."

Why don't you marry the girl, you want the girl to die?  
For she is fair took up with you by the twinkle in her eye.  
To do the trick's just seven and six, why not take a tip from a pal;  
Why don't you marry the girl, why don't you marry the girl?

"Ah but we don't know verses to it, do we. Aye, there were about  
three or four verses to it. I know this 'ere voice keeps — Oh,  
there are a lot on 'em we'll never hear again."

Note

Frank said that his father had sung it.

La... while riding out all in a first class carriage.

I said, Now's the time to start to talk a-bout our future marriage.

La...

slows  
When all at once a voice ex-claimed from un-der-neath the seat.

Why don't you mar-ry the girl, you want the girl to die?

For she is fair took up with you by the twink-le in her eye.

To do the trick's just sev-en and six, why not take a tip from a pal;

Why don't you mar-ry the girl, why don't you mar-ry the girl?

"Colonial Boy"

S16

There was a wild colonial boy

Standard

ABBA

IV#

V - 8

8 bars

♩ 180<sup>+</sup>

3

4

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

"A lot of verses that's not sung to it, in't there? I don't know whether I can get them all in rotation or not."

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was 'is name.  
Was born and reared in Ireland in a place called Castlemaine.  
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,  
And dearly did his parents love this wild colonial boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home,  
And to Australia's sunny land he was inclined to roam.  
He robbed the rich to help the poor, 'e stabbed James McEvoy.  
A terror to Australia was this wild colonial boy.

For two more years this daring youth, he led this wild career,  
With a head that knew no danger and a heart that knew no fear.  
He plundered all the wealthy squires, their arms 'e did destroy,  
And woe to who dare fight with 'im the wild colonial boy.

He loved the prairie and the bush [stops].

"Have to miss that one out."

[Hums.]

rode along

While listening to a mocking bird he sang a merry song;  
And if a foe should cross his track or sought 'im to destroy,  
He'd get sharp-shooting sure from Jack, the wild colonial boy.

One morning on the prairie wild Jack Duggan rode along.  
While listening to the mocking bird 'e sang a merry song.  
Out jumped three troopers, fierce and grim, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy.  
They'd all set out to capture him, the wild colonial boy.

Surrender now, Jack Duggan, come, you see we're three to one.  
Surrender in the Queen's name, lad, you are a murdering son.  
Jack drew two pistols from 'is side as 'e glared upon Fitzroy.  
I'll fight, I'll not surrender, cried the wild colonial boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly that brought 'im to the ground.  
He fired point blank at Davis who fell dead upon the sound;  
But a bullet pierced that brave young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy,  
And that was how they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

"Is that it, what you know? First time I heard it, there was a



(Ritardando)

Hin 68

There was a wild co-lo-nial boy,

Jack Dug-gan was his name.

Was born and reared in Ire-land

in a place called Cast-le - maine.

He was his fath-ers on-ly son,

his moth-er's pride and joy,

And dear-ly did his par-ents love

this wild co-lo-nial - boy.

land he ...

all the ...

chap sung it int' Sportsman at Lodge Moor. I don't know whether it weren't one of Broadheads' gang. I believe he were a hiker. I know I were going a bit to't golf [club] for me dinner at times when I were working at Wiggins, and . . . anyway he were half-bred bloke, half-Spanish and half Irish. By! he wan't fit to know. Talk about a fiery. An' I just happened to be hummin' it like and he gave me words for it. He said, I'll write it you out."

Note

Frank sings this as he makes tea.

I've been a wild rover for many a long year

Standard . ABACDC

VI↑ V - 5 4 bars

↓ 110<sup>+</sup> 3  
4

Frank Hinchliffe 30/4/70

"By gum! there were another what I were singing at teatime. Funny how one reminds you of another."

I've been a wild rover for many a long year,  
Spent all of my money on whisky, women and beer;  
But since I give up my roving I've put money in store,  
For I never will play the wild rover no more.  
No, no never, never no more,  
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I went into a beerhouse where I oftime did go.  
I asked for a pint says, My pocket is low.  
Then in came the landlord and he said, Nay,  
I can get plenty of custom like you every day.  
No, no never, never no more,  
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I put my hand in my pocket and out I did draw,  
A handful of gold to the landlord did show,  
Saying, Goodbye my proud landlord, goodbye for ever,  
For I never will play the wild rover no more.  
No, no never, never no more,  
I never will play the wild rover no more.

"You've heard that before, surely."

Note

See reference 2/9/70, S16, where Frank shows how the song was localised.

I went into the Sportsman where I oftentime did go.  
I asked for a pint said, Me pocket it's low.  
Then in came old Jim and he said, Nay.  
Then in came old Fred and he said, Nay,  
I can get plenty of custom like you everyday.

Rubato

Hin 69

I've been a wild ro-ver for ma-ny a long year,

*much faster*

Spent all of my mon-ey on whis-ky, wom-en and beer;

*much faster*

But since I give up my rov-ing I've put mon-ey in store,

For I nev-er will play the wild ro-ver no more.

No, no ne-ver, ne-ver no more,

*Slows*

I nev-er will play the wild ro-ver no more.

Variations

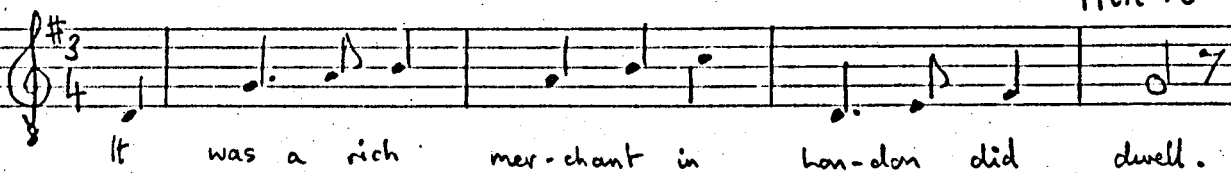
IIc1 came the land...

IIc3

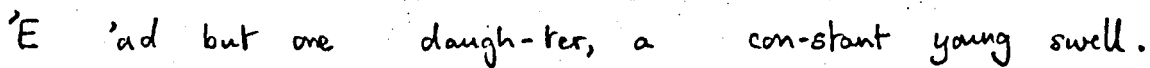
II d2

he said ... custom like ...

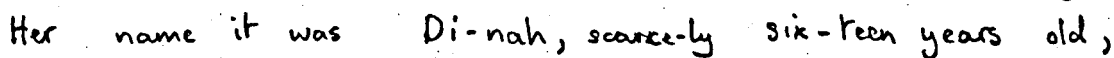




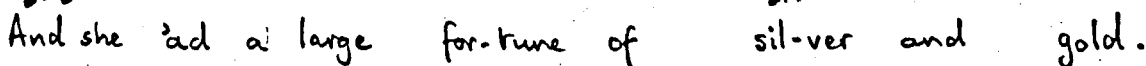
It was a rich mer-chant in Lon-don did dwell.



'E 'ad but one daugh-ter, a con-stant young swell.

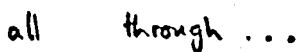


Her name it was Di-nah, scarce-ly six-teen years old,



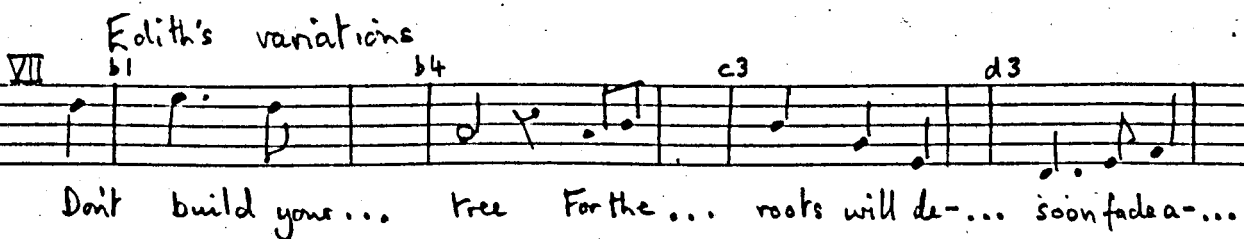
And she 'ad a large for-tune of sil-ver and gold.

Variation  
Id 1



all through ...

VII Kolith's variations



Don't build your... tree For the... roots will de-... soon fade a-...

The Wrangle Taggle Gipsies (f)

Hin 71

S11

Three gipsies stood at the castle gate

123b456b78

ABCD

III 1 - 9

2 bars

120

4  
4

Redmires Road

Frank Hinchliffe

4/6/70

(Three gipsies stood at the castle gate.)\*

They sang so high and they sang so low;

And a lady sat in her chamber fair.

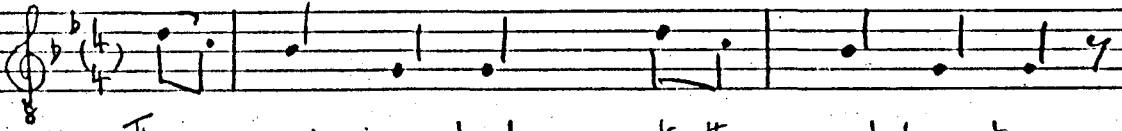
Her heart it was melted away as snow.

"I 'ave words to that . . . That's where that there 'then saddle  
me thy milk white mare'. He goes to find his wife. She went with  
gipsies . . . 'Last night I slept in a feather covered bed, Tonight  
I'll sleep with the wrangle taggle gipsies O'."

\* Not recorded.

Note

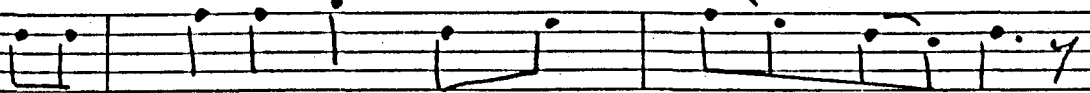
Frank confirmed that the song had been learnt at school.



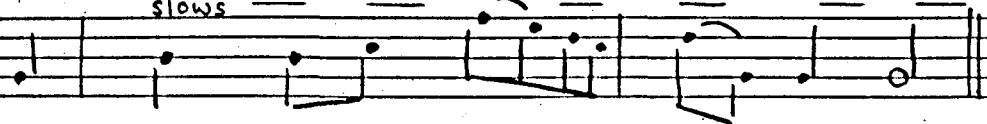
Three - gip-sies stood at the cast-le gate.



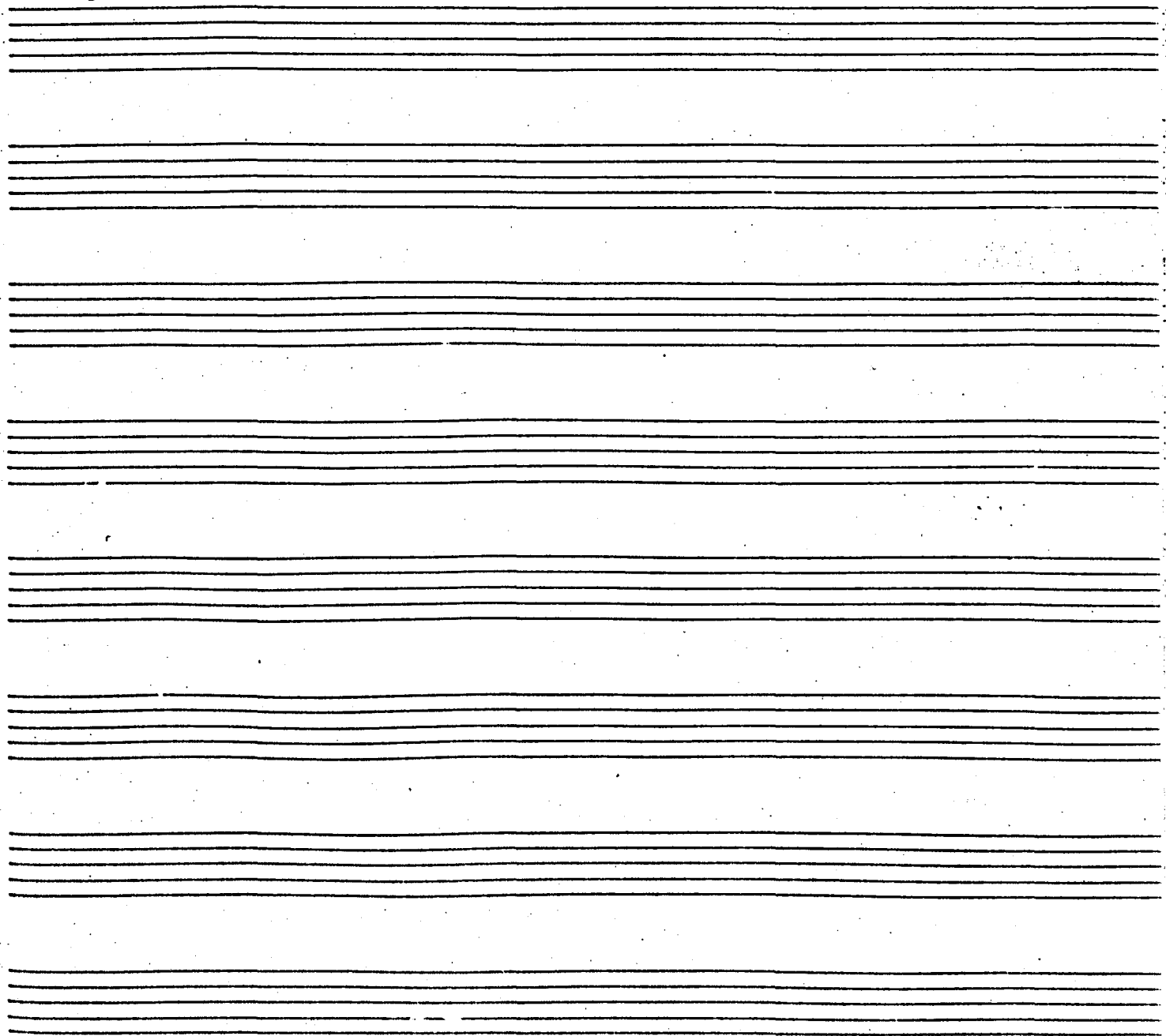
They sang so high and they sang so low ;



And a lady sat in her cham-ber fair.



Her heart it was melt-ed-a-way-as snow.



It was a steamship London

Frank Hinchliffe

2/9/70

[Recites.]

It was a steamship, London, an awful tale to tell,  
A disaster even worse than the Northfleet 'ath befell.  
Off Dover she was anchored with four hundred souls aboard,  
To Tasmania she was bound and with iron she was stored.

Her emigrants were navvies who agreed to go and toil,  
In hoping they'd be better off upon some foreign soil.  
Some took their wives and families to cross the ocean foam,  
But alas, it was a fateful day when they set out from 'ome.

The night was dark, the passengers were most of them in bed,  
When the watch on deck through darkness saw a steamer right ahead.  
What ship is that? 'e shouted out, Where are you coming to?  
But on she came and 'eeded not, at least seemed not to do.

Straightway the Northfleet stood, this strange ship came with a splash,  
And struck 'er on the starboard side with such an awful crash.  
[hesitates] and some they tried to save,  
But the captain with his pistol shot one cowardly knave.

"No, I'm afraid I can't go any further wi' it. No tune for it but I'll tell you Dorothy's father 'e 'ad, but 'e knew tune and 'e didn't know words. And I took words up. And from that day to this I don't know where them words got to. Whether 'e kept 'em to copy it out or whether I took 'em back. I've very few songs at all wrote out now. Our Vera's [his sister] more than what I have 'cos I started writing them out, then she took book off me."

Note

It is surprising that Frank should have remembered the words to a song for which he never learnt the tune.



"That Old Poaching Song"

S9

Come all ye wild and wicked youths

Standard

BC'BC'BCDD/ABCDD/ABC'BC'BCDD  
ABCDD/ABCDD

V - VI

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 132<sup>+</sup> and 96<sup>+</sup> 4  
4

Frank Hinchliffe

23/4/70

"Now this is owd un this. I'm gonna go back, it'll be fifty year sin' above me dad sung it in Bell Hagg an' it were reet owd un then. So it'll not be improved!"

Come all ye wild and wicked youths wheresoever you may be,  
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me.  
Me and five more went out one night into Squire Dungworth's park,  
All thinking for to catch some game but the night it proved dark.  
The keepers overhead us and trapped us with speed,  
And they marched us off to Warwick Gaol which made our hearts for to bleed.  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

We were tried at the March Assizes for the vow we did prepare.  
We stood like Job with patience for to 'ear our sentence there,  
But we'd been some old offenders which made our case go hard.  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

Now the ship that beared us from the land old Speedwell was her name.  
She had fifteen years and upward for to plunge the virgin main.  
With the rippling water around us and the deep blue skies above,  
We often looked behind us towards our native shore,  
Likewise to yonder cottage which we shall see no more,  
Likewise my good old father who tore his old grey hair,  
Likewise my tender mother the woman who did me bear.  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

Now we had a female servant, Rosanna was her name,  
And we used to tell our tales of love when we were blessed at home;  
But now we're rattlin' of our chains for some foreign land for to roam.  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

Now some they yoked like horses and chained them two by two,  
Some unto the harrows and the others to the plough,  
And the driver 'e comes over us with his man-lash and cane.  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare,  
Young men all be aware lest you're drawn into a snare.

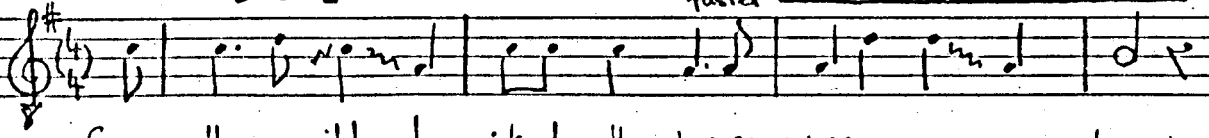
"By! That's some age . . . There's some long lines to it. You can't get no breather in between."

Note

Frank's son, Roger, refers to the song as 'Squire Dungworth's Park'.

Rubato  $\text{♩} = 132 \pm$

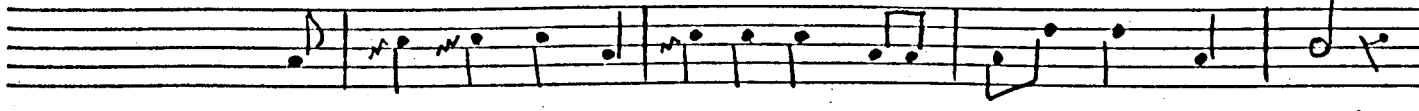
faster



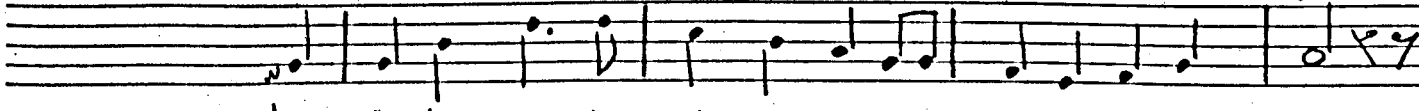
Come all ye wild and wick-ed youths where-so-ev-er you may be,



I hope you'll pay at-ten-tion and list-en un-to me.



Me and five more went out one night in-to Squire Dung-worth's park,



All think-ing for to catch some game but the night it prov-ed dark.



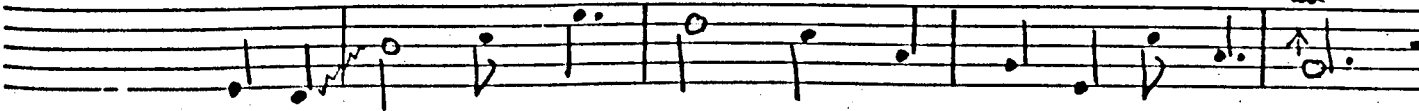
The keep-ers o-ver-heard us and trap-ped us with speed,



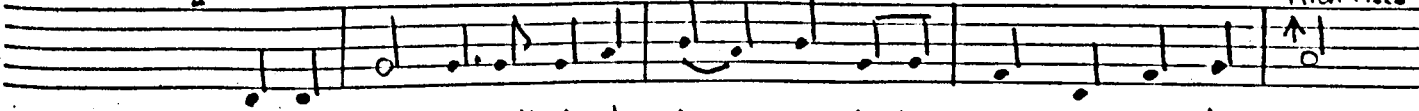
And they march-ed us off to War-wick Gaol which made our hearts for to bleed.



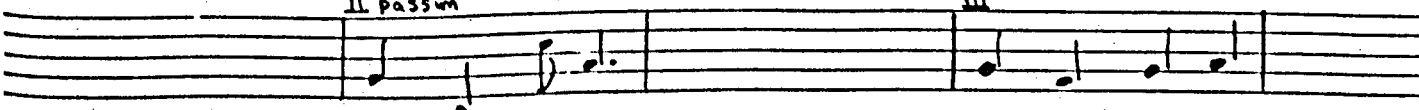
Young men all be a-ware lest you're drawn in-to a snare,



Young men all be a-ware lest you're drawn in-to a snare.



We were tried at the March As-siz-es for the vow we did pre-pare ...



drawn in-to a ...

ship that beared us...

Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime

Hin 74

"Royal Albion"

S27

As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion

Standard

ABCD

VII # V - 5

4 bars

♩ 128<sup>+</sup> 3 and 2  
4 4

Royal Hotel, Dungworth.

Frank Hinchliffe and chorus

26/5/71

As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion,  
So dark was the night and so cold was the day,  
And who should I see there but one of my comrades,  
Wrapped in a blanket so cold and so grey.

Now 'e asked for a candle to light 'im to bed  
He asked for a pillow to lay down 'is head.  
'Is head it was aching, 'is heart now a-breaking  
And just for one moment 'e wished 'imself dead.

We'll beat the drums o'er 'im, we'll play the fifes merrily,  
We'll play the Dead March as we journey along.  
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im,  
For 'e was a soldier cut down in 'is prime.

At the corner of the street there were two maidens standing.  
One to the other, she whispered and said,  
Here comes a young soldier whose money we'll squander.  
Here comes a young soldier who we'll lead astray.

We'll beat the drums o'er 'im, we'll play the fifes merrily,  
We'll play the Dead March as we journey along.  
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im,  
For 'e's a young soldier cut down in his prime.

Now 'is old ancient father, 'is heart broken mother,  
Oftime 'ad told him about 'is past life,  
Ne'er to go a-courting the girls of the city,  
For the girls of the city they'd ruin 'is life.

(Rubato)

Hin 74

As I strolled down by the old Roy-al Al-bi-on,  
So dark was the night and so cold was the day,  
And who should I see there but one of my com-rades,  
Wrapped in a blan-ket so cold and so grey.

Variations

bed - He ... break-ing And ...

O we'll beat the drums o'er 'im, we'll play the fifes merrily,  
We'll play the Dead March as we journey along.  
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im,  
'E was a young soldier cut down in 'is prime.

[Ted Wragg prompts.]

At the top of his tombstone these few words were written,  
All you young soldiers, take warning from me.  
Never go a-courting the girls of the city  
'Twas the girls of the city, they ruined me.

O we'll beat the drums o'er 'im, we'll play the fifes merrily,  
We'll play the Dead March as we journey along.  
Take him to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er 'im,  
'E was a young soldier cut down in 'is prime.

Frank: "I was forgetting that last un then, Ted."

Note

It is remarkable how Frank has learnt this song since he was first recorded singing it (23/4/70, S9) when he only sang two verses. See also 4/6/70, S11, with Edith Lawson, and with Stanley Marsden and Wilf Broomhead in the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27.

"Rich Farmer of Cheshire"

S11

It was a rich farmer of Cheshire

123457#

ABCD

V                    V - 5

4 bars

140

3  
4

Redmires Road

Edith Lawson with Frank Hinchliffe  
and Grace Walton

4/6/70

Edith: "'It's of a rich farmer in Cheshire  
Whose daughter to market would go.'"

Frank: "'With a basket of eggs on her shoulder.'"

Edith: "'Not thinking that anyone would harm her.'"

[She corrects Frank.]

Frank: "We've go one here! When they got home they found ten  
thousand bright golden guineas in the saddle bags, didn't they,  
'He counted ten thousand or more'.

I think last verse is about daughter --

'Seeing as thou hast been so fortunate I will wed thee my  
daughter'."

[Edith leads.]

It was a rich farmer of Cheshire,  
Whose daughter to market would go.  
Not thinking that anyone would harm her,  
Until she got on the highway.

She met with a rustic highwayman,  
[Edith hesitates so Frank takes the lead.]

Who stopped her and unto her did say,

"I've got wrong with tune." [Frank has sung a phrase from The Green  
Mossy Banks of the Lea by mistake.]

Deliver thy watch thy rings and thy diamonds,  
Deliver or else thou must die.

Frank: "'He gave her the bridle to hold'. That's int' third verse."

[Frank leads.]

She placed her left foot into the stirrup,  
She flung her right o'er like a man,  
She galloped o'er rock and o'er dark shady places,  
Shouting Catch me thou rogue if thou can.

Edith: "I think there's a verse in between. Something like  
shivering and shaking, in't there."

Grace: "I don't know, but I know there's something about this bag  
with ten thousand in gold."

Edith: "'While shivering and shaking or something he gave her the  
bridle to hold'."

Frank: "We're lost wi' it."

Note

See The Highwayman Outwitted, Hin 25.

it was a rich farm-er of Chesh-ire,

Whose daugh-ter to mar-ket would go.

Not think-ing that an-y-one would harm her,

Un-til she got on the high-way.