

TRADITIONAL SINGING IN WEST SHEFFIELD, 1970-2

IAN RUSSELL
✓

VOLUME THREE

Presented in fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The Institute of Dialect and Folklife Studies, School of English, University of Leeds, 1977.

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Stanley Marsden

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All I Want Is You

Mar 1

S25

The mansion glittered with a thousand realms of gold

Standard (modulates from 5 to 1 with inflected 1#, 4#, 5# and 7#) ABABAB CDEF

VII - VII# V - 6 334343 4444

♩ 210+ and 180- 2
4

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

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

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

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

"That's one me father used to sing."

Rubato $\text{♩} 210 \pm$

Mar 1

The man-sion glit-tered with a thou-sand realms of gold,

The 'us-band stood up in the o-pen door,

I'm go-ing to the club, I shain't be home to-night,

But I have brought you some-thing from the store.

He took a dia-mond neck-lace from the pock-et of his coat,

But as 'e gave it 'er 'e heard her cry,

Don't give me dia-monds, all I want is you.

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

Pre-cious dia-monds, show-ers of gold, can-not change a heart that's cold,

Don't give me dia-monds, all I want is you.

Another Year Has Passed Away (inc)

Mar 2

S25

Standard

ABCD

I #

1 - 10

8 bars

♩ 168

3

4

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

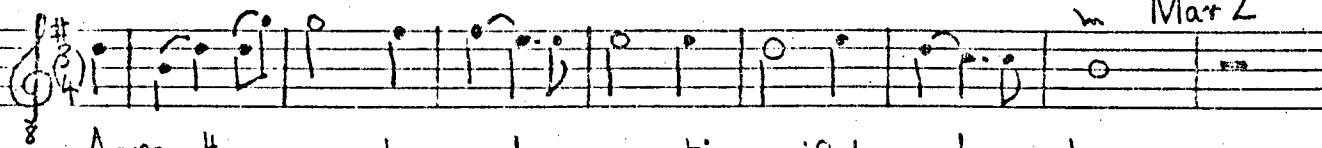
[Makes a false start by singing the first line to the melody of
The Jolly Waggoner.]

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

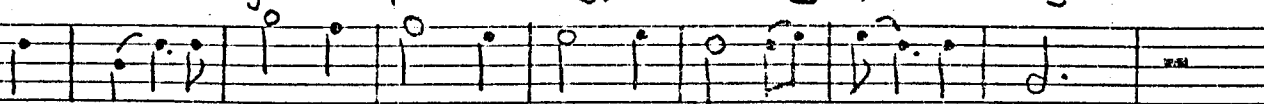
"That's first verse but there's some more. But, you know, half of
these here I can't get to 'em on me own like, but when there's
somebody leading you can follow."

Note

The final phrase is in the top octave.



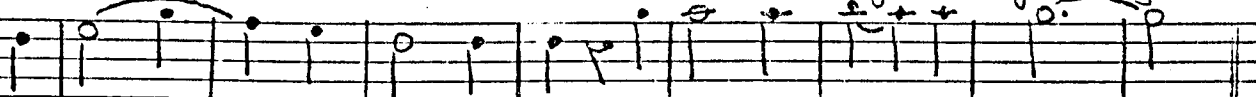
A-no-ther-year has passed-a-way, time swift-ly spends-a-long.



We come-a-gain to praise and praise and sing our-fest-ive song.



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



We come,— we come, we come, we come with songs— of praise.

Slows—

The Ash Grove (inc)

Mar 3

S24

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander

Standard (inflected 4#)

AABA

VI↓

IV - 6

8 bars

♩ 140

3

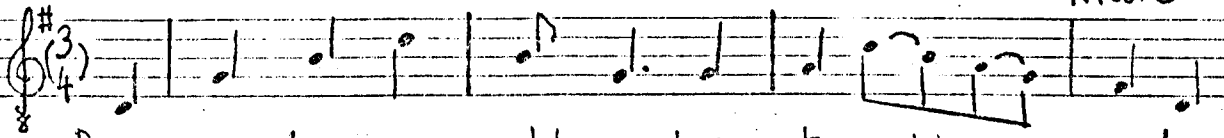
4

Stanley Marsden

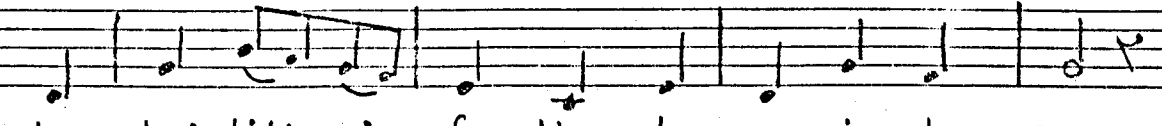
24/2/71

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

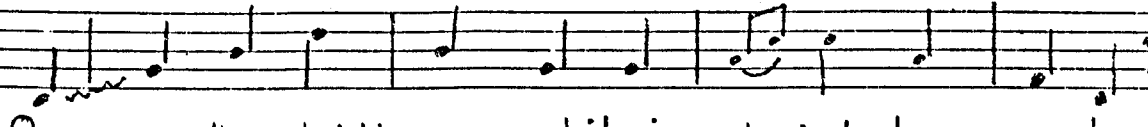
Mar 3



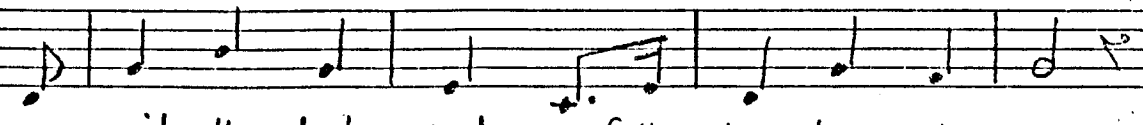
Down yon-der green val-ley where stream-lets me-an-der,



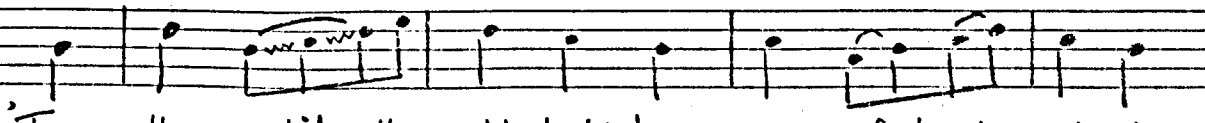
when twi-light is fa-ding I pen-sive-ly roam;



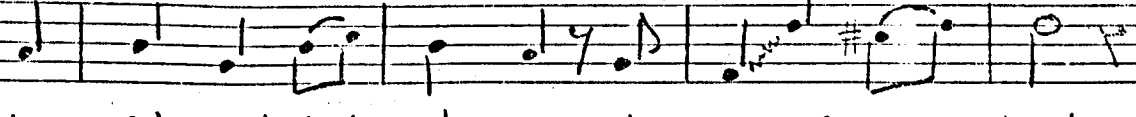
Or up the bright moon-tide in sol-i-tude wan-der,



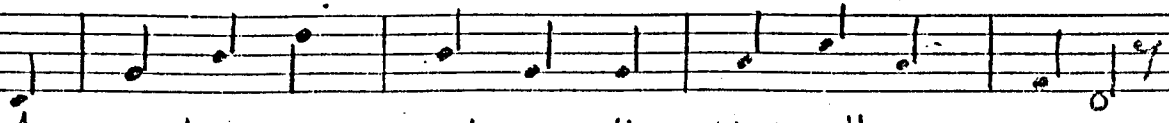
a-mid the dark shades of the lone-ly ash grove.




'Twas there while the black-bird was cheer-ful-ly-sing-ing,



I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.



A-round us for glad-ness the blue-bells were spring-ing,



I then lit-tle thought how soon we should part.

The Banks of Allan Water

Mar 4

S24

On the banks of Allan Water

Standard

ABCB

1 - 1#

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 100±

3

4

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

On the banks of Allan Water, when the sweet springtime did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter, the fairest of them all.
For 'is bride a soldier sought 'er and a winning tongue 'ad he,
On the banks of Allan Water none so gay as she.

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

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

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

Note

See The Banks of Allan Water, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S44.

Rubato slows

On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, when the sweet spring-tune did fall —,

Was the mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, the fair-est of them all.

For is bride a sol-dier sought 'er and a-win-ning tongue 'ad — he —,

Pitch rises

On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter none so gay as she.

Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

Mar 5

S24

Standard		ABCB
V - VIb	1 - 8	8 bars
♩ 130 [±]	3	
	4	
Stanley Marsden		24/2/71

"I sing that to me wife."

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

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

Note

Stanley compares his words with those in a printed song book and comments,

"Mind you there's words not just the same as I sing in this book ...
Mind you I'm probably wrong, you see."

Mar 5

Rubato

Be— lieve me, if all those en—dear—ing young charms,

which I gaze on so fond—ly to day, ..

Were to change by to—mor—row and fade in my arms

like— fair—y gifts fad—ing a—way,

Thou wold still be a—dored, as this mo—ment thou art,

let thy love—li—ness fade as it will;

And a—round the dear ru—in each wish of my heart

would en—twine it—self ver—dent—ly still.

A Bird in a Gilded Cage (inc)

Mar 6

S44

She's only a bird in a gilded cage

Standard (inflected 5#)

ABAC

VII#

IV - 3

8 bars

♩ 160⁺

3
4

Stanley Marsden

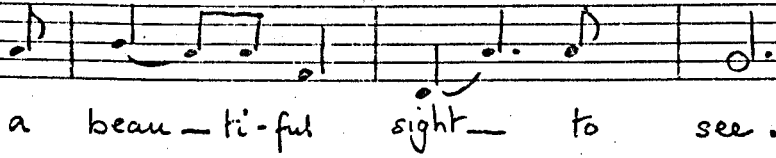
5/10/72

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

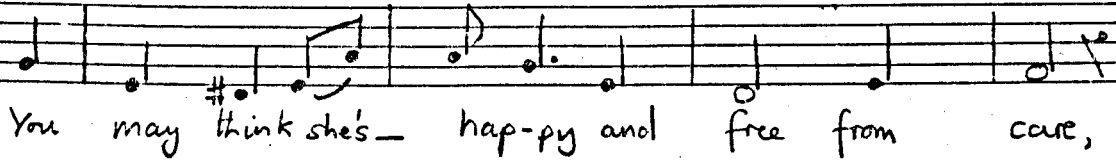
"There's a long story to that but I don't know it. That's an old one."

Mar 6

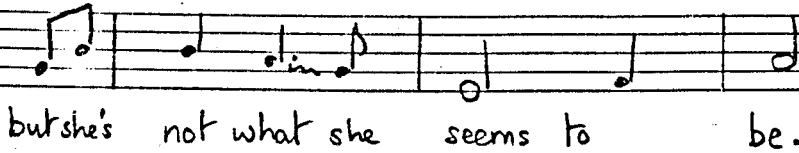
She's on-ly a bird in a gil-ded cage, -



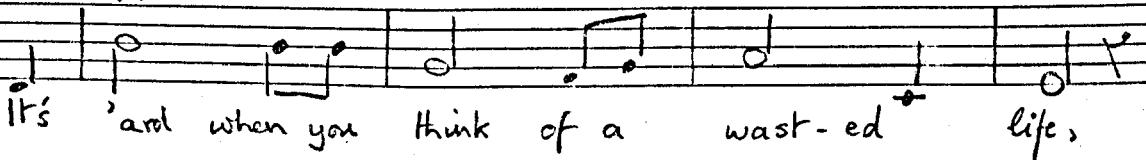
a beau-ti-ful sight - to see.



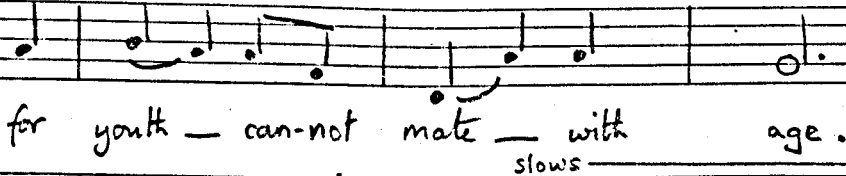
You may think she's - hap-py and free from care,



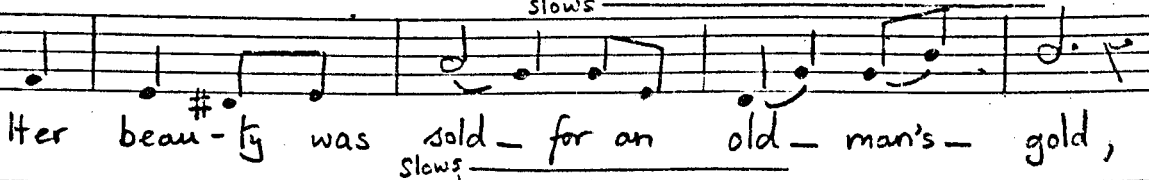
but she's not what she seems to be.



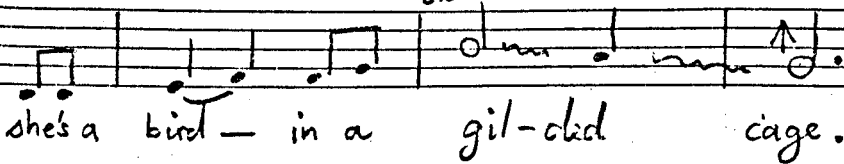
It's 'ard when you think of a wast-ed life,



for youth - can-not mate - with age.

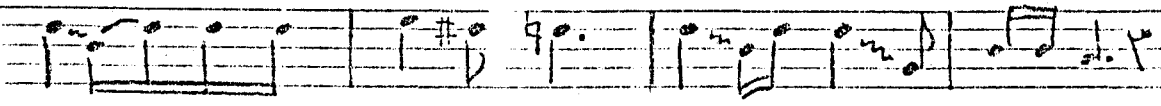
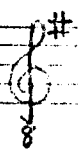


Her beau-ty was sold - for an old - man's - gold,



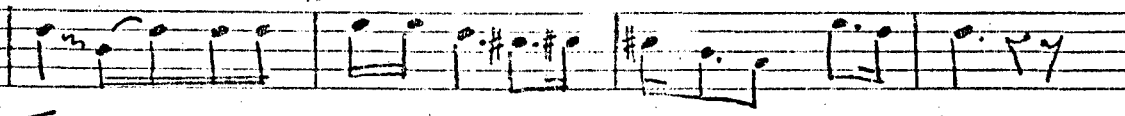
she's a bird - in a gil-ded cage.

Rubato



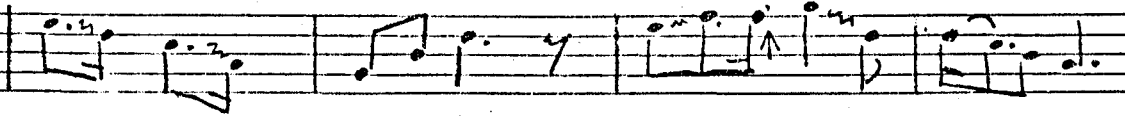
I am - but a poor blind boy though my - heart is full of joy,

b



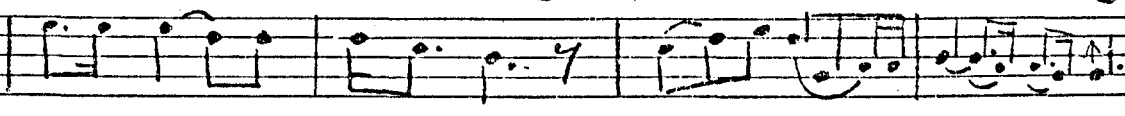
Though I - nev-er saw the light, nor the flow-ers that are so bright.

c



I've heard the sweet birds sing and - the wild bee on - the wing.

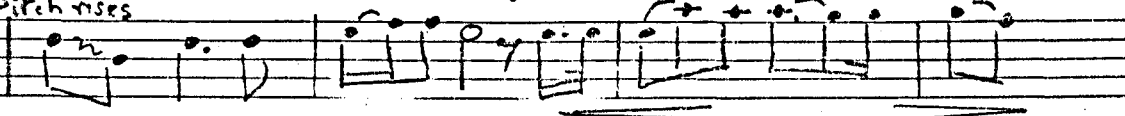
d



Birds and bees - and sum-mer wynd speak - to me - be-cause I'm blind.

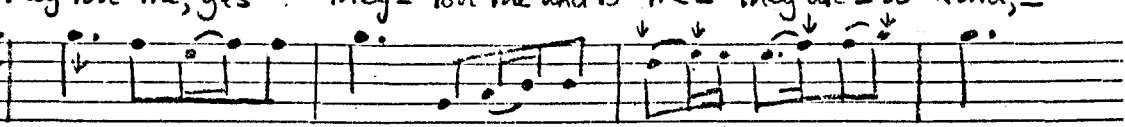
Pitch rises

e



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

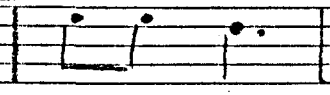
f



They - love - me, yes they - love me, yes they - love me - be-cause - I'm - blind.

Variation

II a 2



I can trace ...

The shot and shell was screaming above yon battlefield

Standard (inflected 5 #)

ABACDEAC FGFH

1#

III - 4

44434343 4444

♩ 160 and 180 2 6
 4 8

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

"Frank might 'ave sung you that one."

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

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

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

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

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

Note

See Break the News to Mother, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S44.

♩ 160 Rubato

Mar 8

The shot and shell was scream-ing a-bove you-batt-le-field,

The boys in blue're fight-ing there nob-le flag to shield.

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

Who'll vol-un-tee-r-to save it from dis-grace?

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

Then sprang in-to the thick-est of the fray.

He saved the flag but gave 'is young life, all for- is coun-try's sake,

They brought 'em back and heard 'em soft-ly say,

Just break the news to Mo-ther, she knows 'ow dear I love 'er,

And 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 Mo-ther,

And kiss'er dearsweet lips for me-and break the news-to her.

The Cuckoo (f)

Mar 9

S25

The cuckoo is a pretty bird

Standard

AB

IV VII# - 8

4 bars

♩ 200 4
4

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

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

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

Danny Boy (inc)

Mar 10

S45

O Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

Standard

ABACDEFG

V - VI b V - 10

2 bars

♩ 60[±] 4
4

Stanley Marsden

5/10/72

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

Mar 9

The cuc-koo is a pret-ty bird, she sing-eth as she flies;
 She bring-eth us glad tid-ings, she tel-leth us no lies.

Mar 10

Rubato

O Dan-ny boy, the pipes, the pipos are cal-ling,
 From glen to glen and down the mount-ain-side.
 The sum-mers gone an' aut-umn leaves are fal-ling,
 'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide;
 But come ye back when sum-mer's in the mead-ow,
 Or when the val-leys hushed and white with snow;
 And I'll be here in sun-shine or in shad-ow,
 O Dan-ny-boy, O Dan-ny-boy, I love-you-so.

Don't Go Down in the Mine Dad (inc)

Mar 11

S27

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

1 - 2

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 170[±]

6

8

Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

Stanley Marsden

2/3/71

Don't go down in the mine, Dad, dreams very often come true.
Daddy you know it would break my heart if anything happened to you.
Just go and tell my dream to your mates,
all as true as the stars that shine.
Something is going to happen today, dear Daddy don't go down the mine.

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

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

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

Note

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

Mar 11

Don't go down in the mine; Dad, dreams very of-ten come true.

Dad-dy you know it would break my heart if a-ny-thing hap-pened to you.

Just go and tell my dream to your mates, as true as the stars that shine.

Some-thing is go-ing to hap-pen to-day, dear Dad-dy don't go down the mine.

A min-er was leav-ing his home for his work

when he heard his lit-tle child scream.

He went to his bed-side, his lit-tle white face,

O Dad-dy, I've 'ad such a dream.

I dreamt that I saw - the pit was on fire

and the men strugg-led hard for their lives.

The scene it then changed and the top of the mine

was sur-round-ed by sweet-arts and wives.

The sun was set behind yond hill

Standard

ABCD

1 - 3b

I - 4

4446

J 140±

4

4

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

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

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

"What's next one?"

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

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

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

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

Note

Pitch rises about a semi-tone per verse.

Mar 12

The sun was set be-^hind yond hill a-cross yon dreary moor,

When wear-y and lame, a boy there came up to a farm-er's door.

Can you tell me if an-y there-be who-will leave me em-pty,

For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow, and to be a farm-er's boy

and to be a farm-er's boy?

Variations

III c1

IV d1

those that'll work it is... bles-ses his luck-y day e...

Do not trust him gentle lady

Standard

ABCB

III - IV 1 - 10

4 bars

↓ 90⁺

3

4

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

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

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

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

*Pitch rises.

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

Note

Although Stanley sings with the book open he only sings that part he already knows.

Mar 13

Rubato Slows

Do not trust him, gent-le la-dy, though his voice be low and sweet.

Heed him not who kneels be-fore thee gent-ly plead-ing at thy feet.

Now thy life is in its morn-ing, could not this thy hap-py lot.

List-en to the gip-sy's warn-ing, gent-le la-dy trust him not.

"Goodnight Pretty Maiden Goodnight"

Mar 14

S24

I'm bound for the hills and the valleys below

Standard

ABCD

4#

V - 4

4 bars

♩ 144⁺

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Stanley Marsden

30/1/71

[Tape off]

I'm bound for the hills and the valleys below,

So goodnight pretty maiden, goodnight.

Goodnight, goodnight,

Goodnight pretty maiden, goodnight.

Note

See "Goodnight Pretty Maiden Goodnight", Stanley Marsden, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.

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

Mar 15

S25

Standard

AB

VI♭

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 360

6
8

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

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

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

Note

Stanley refers to Billy Mills whose song it is. When Billy was asked about it he said that it was one of his father's songs. He never sang it in my presence."

Mar 14

Tape off

Handwritten musical notation for the first line of the song. It starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The first measure contains a whole note chord with a sharp sign above it. The rest of the line consists of a melody of eighth and quarter notes.

I'm bound for the hills and the val-leys be-low,

So good-night pret-ty maid-en, good-night.

Good - night, slows Good - night,

Good - night pret-ty maid-en, good night.

Mar 15

Handwritten musical notation for the first line of the second song. It starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth notes.

Played a-way with his hi-didd-le-didd-le

and dabb-led the pow-der all ov-er his midd-le;

He laughs, he laughs,

he chuck-les the same as me.

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

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

♩162⁺ 6
8

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

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

[Pitch IV]

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

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

[Pitch III]

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

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

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

Rubato

Mar 16



He thought of the love of his feeb-le old moth-er,



he thought of the col-teen so dear to his heart. "



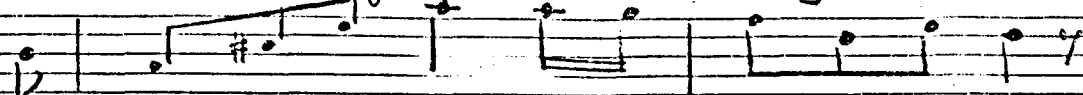
His bi-ble 2 pressed to his heart as a tok-en,



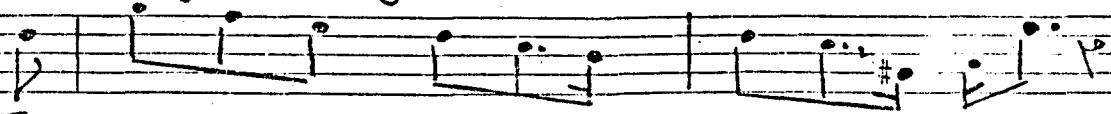
whilst know-ing how soon from them both he must part.



I blame not my com-rades for do-ing their dut-y,



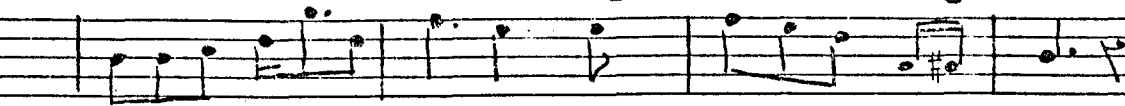
Ain straight at my heart, were the last words 2 said.



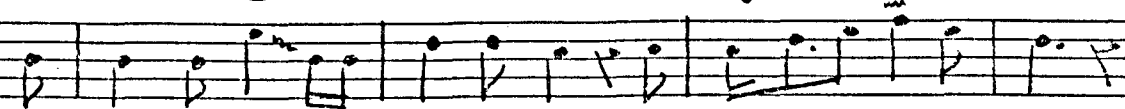
Ex-pos-ing 'is breast to the point of the rif-le,



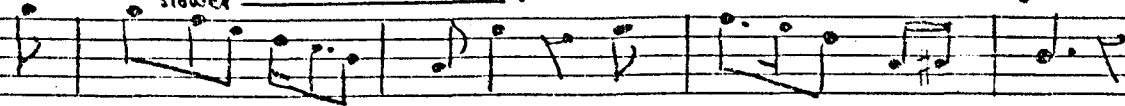
the smoke cleared a-way, the young sol-dier lay dead.



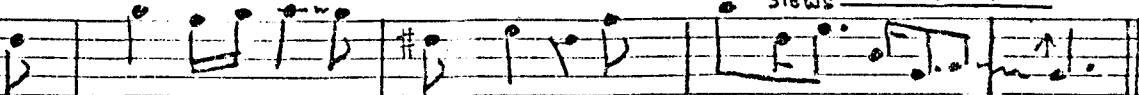
Well I'm a-way on the hill-side a - long with the brave and bold.



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



My con-science will never con-vict me, 2e said with his dy-ing breath.



May God bless the cause of freed-om on which I am sen-tenced to death.

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree (inc)

Mar 17

"Old Apple Tree"

S24

'Neath the shade of the old apple tree

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

VI \flat - VI IV# - 6 8 bars

♩ 162 and 180 $\begin{matrix} 3 & 4 \\ 4 & 4 \end{matrix}$

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

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

'Neath the shade of the old apple tree

where the love in your eyes I could see.

And the song that I [corrects himself] voice that I heard

like the song of a bird seemed to whisper sweet music to me.

You could 'ear the dull buzz of the bee

in the blossoms that you said to me;

With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you

'neath the shade of the old apple tree.

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

(Through the [tape off]) years I've wandered since we parted,

I seek the garden fair beside the stream.

I tread each path I know where'er we parted,

No-one seems further than the one sweet dream.

No more your loving smile shall greet me,

No more of your glad face then shall I see.

But memories of the past are ever near me

And linger round the dear old apple tree.

'Neath the shade of the old apple tree

where the love in your eyes I could see,

And the voice that I heard like the song of a bird

seemed to whisper sweet music to me.

I could 'ear the dull buzz of the bee

in the blossoms that you said to me;

With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you

'neath the shade of the old apple tree.

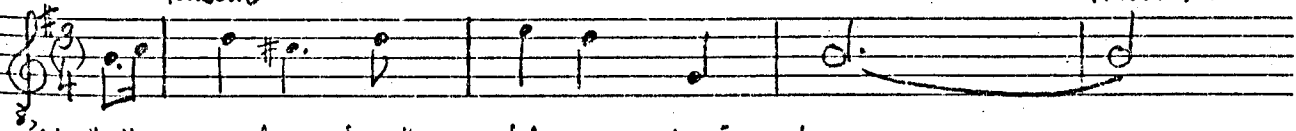
"And that second verse there's some little bits I'm not sure are right or not, it's just that I've made 'em up in between to fill gaps up."

Note

See In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S45.

Rubato

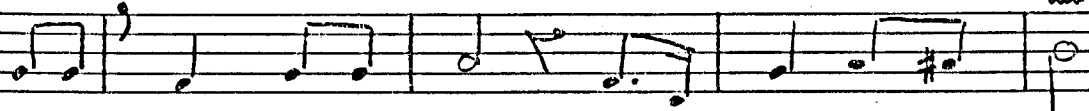
Mar 17



Neath the shade of the old app-le tree



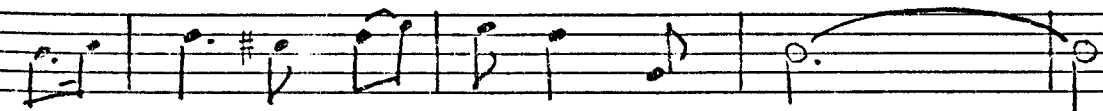
where the love in your eyes I could see,



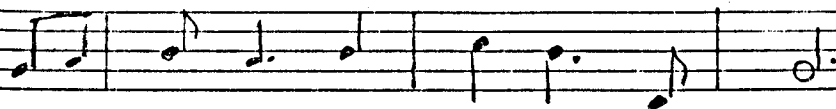
And the voice that I heard like the song of a bird



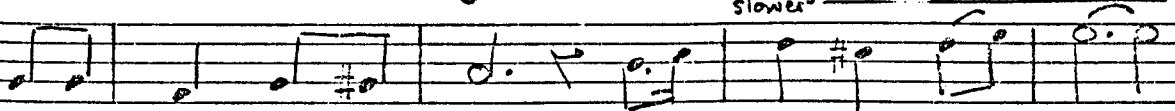
seemed to whis-per sweet mu-sic to me.



You could ear the dull — buzz of the bee



in the blos-soms that you said to me;



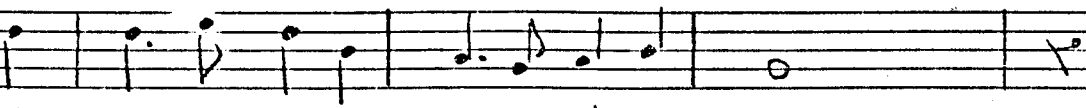
With a heart that is true, I'll be wait-ing for — you



neath the shade — of the old app-le tree.



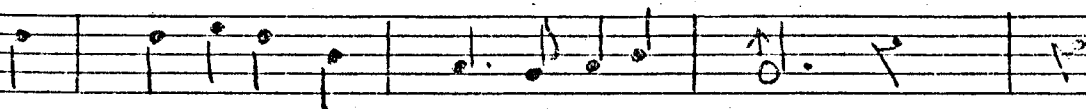
... the years I've wan-dered since we part-ed;



I seek the gar-den fair be-side the stream.



I tread each path I know where'er we part-ed,



no-one seems fur-ther than the onesweet dream.

Faster

Slows

No more your lov-ing smile shall - greet me,

no more of your glad face then shall I see.

But mem-ories of the past are ev-er near me

and lin-ger round the dear old app-le - tree.

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

Standard (inflected 1# and 5#) ABCADEF G

IV 1 - 10 44444446

♭ 210[‡] 2
 4

Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago when first you were ma bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green, the larks sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lips, Mary, and the lovelight in your eye.
The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
And the lark's loud song is in my ear and the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand and your breath warm on my cheek,
But I'll still keep listening for the words you never more may speak,
 you never more may speak.

"Now wait a minute, I'm getting wrong again. I can't think at all tonight."

[Some confusion over first line of second verse.]

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

"But I'm short of tune tonight."

Note

Learnt from his father.

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

Rubato
8

in sit-ting on the stile, Ma-ry, where we sat side by side,

faster

slows

On a bright May morn-ing long a-go when first you were ma bride.

-faster-

The corn was spring-ing fresh and green, the larks sang loud and high,

Quieter -

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

The place is litt-le changed, Ma-ry, the day is bright as then,

And the lark's loud song-is in my ear and the corn is green a-gain;

Slows

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand and your breath warm on my cheek,

faster

slows

But I'll still keep listen-ing for the words you nev-er more may speak,

slows

You - nev-er more may speak.

If I

Variations

If 3

But I'll not for- get you in the ...

If 4

sun shines al-ways there ... fair, were it...

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

Standard (inflected 1#, 2# and 5#) ABCDEF GHIJ

VI V - 6 454544 4443

♩ 200 and 180 4
 4

Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

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

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

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

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

Mar 19

Rubato *m*

Once up-on a can-ri-bal isle there dwelt a dark-eyed maid.

She lived all a-lone in a litt-le wood-en ut and on the is-land she reigned as the queen.

One day a stran-ger ap-peared on the scene

'E said, Dont waste your time out in this awful clime,

But come with me, my pret-ty litt-le maid, to my isle a-cross the sea.

She went red when she turned up'er nose and said,

I - wouldn't leave - my litt-le wood-en ut for you.

I've got one lov-er and I dont want two.

What might ap-pen, there aint no know-in', if e comes a-round, ya id bet-ter be a-going,

Cos I wouldn't leave my litt-le wood-en ut for you.

"Waggoners"

S25

When first I went a-waggoning, a-waggoning did go

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDE

VI $\frac{1}{2}$ and IV V - 8

4 bars

♩ 180 4
 4

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

[Stanley whistles the tune and I prompt the first line.]

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

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

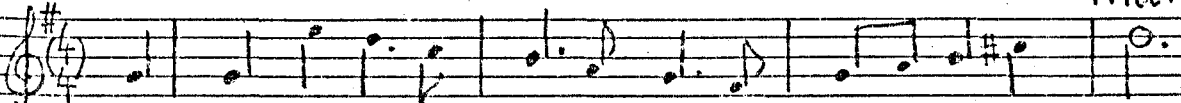
"But I've missed a verse out. There's one in between in't there?"

[Pitch IV]

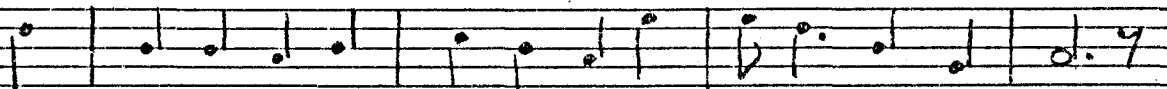
Now summertime is a-comin' on what pleasures [hesitates] shall we see.
The merry lark is twittering ("That's not it.") in every greenwood tree.
The blackbird and the thrushes too are singing merrily,
Sing whoa, me lads, sing whoa, drive on, me lads, hi-0.
For there's none can drive a waggon where the 'osses will not go.

"But they don't all sing that bit, do they, for the last? You see
we learnt that at school, but we didn't learn that bit at school.
Same tune but different words."

Mar 20



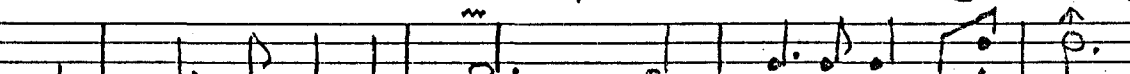
When first I went a - wag-gon-ing, a - wag-gon-ing did go,



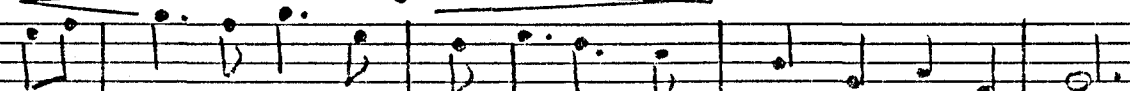
I filled my par-ents hearts with grief, with sor-row care and woe;



And ma-ny are - the hard-ships that I have since gone through,



Sing whoa, me lads, sing whoa, drive on, me lads, I - O!



For there's none can drive a wag-gon where the os-ses will not go.

"Just an Old Fashioned Lady" (inc)

Mar 21

S44

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

Standard (inflected 2#)

ABCD EFGHEIJK

VII# V - 5

4345 44444443

↓ 140⁺ 3
4

Stanley Marsden

5/10/72

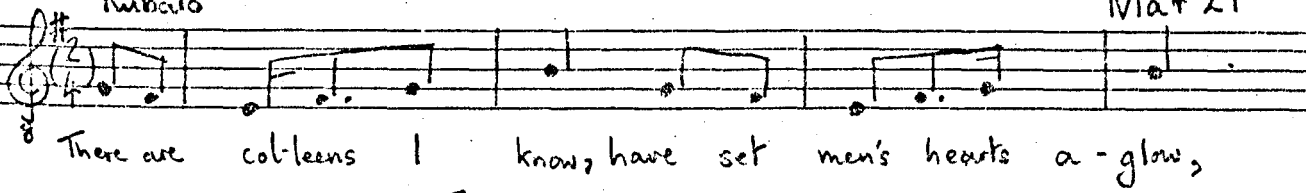
There are colleens I know, have set men's hearts aglow,
There are colleens that I've loved;
But deep in the heart there's a sweet memory
Of someone who still holds attractions for me.

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

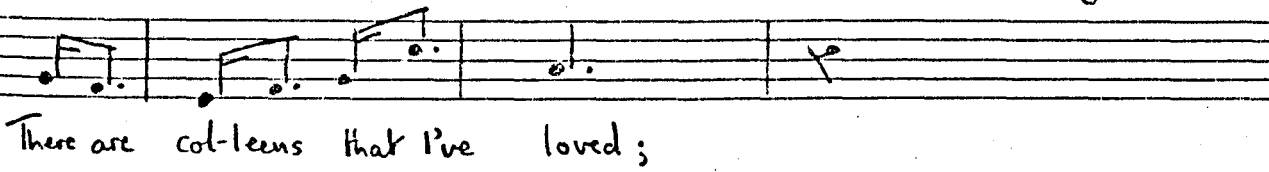
"There's another verse to that but I don't know it, just off hand."

Rubato

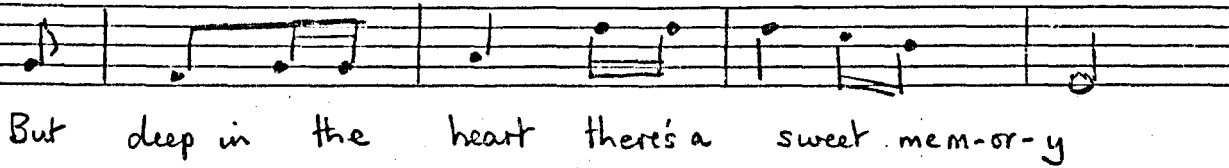
Mar 21



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



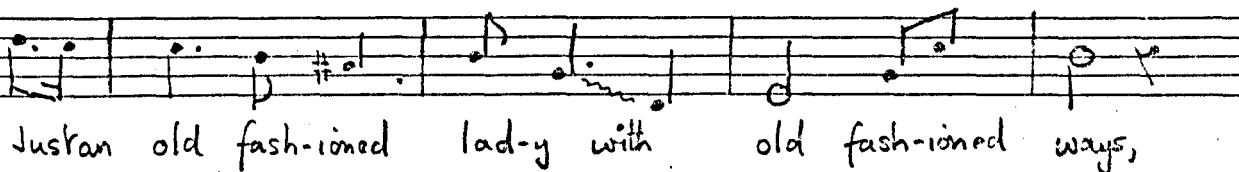
There are col-leens that I've loved;



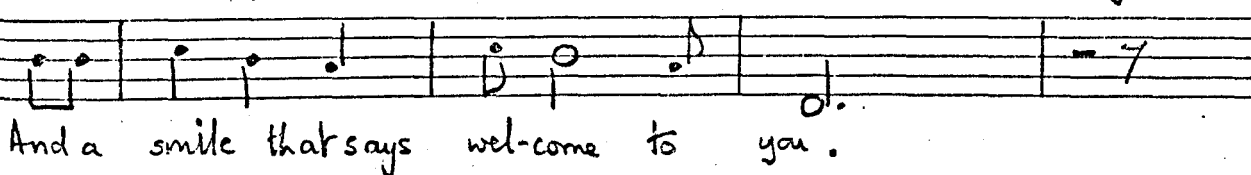
But deep in the heart there's a sweet mem-or-y



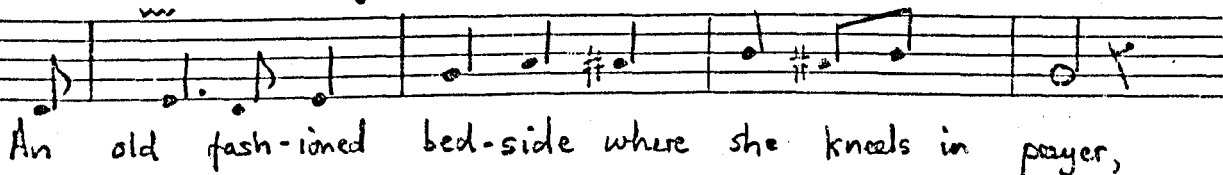
Of some-one who still holds at-trac-tions for me.



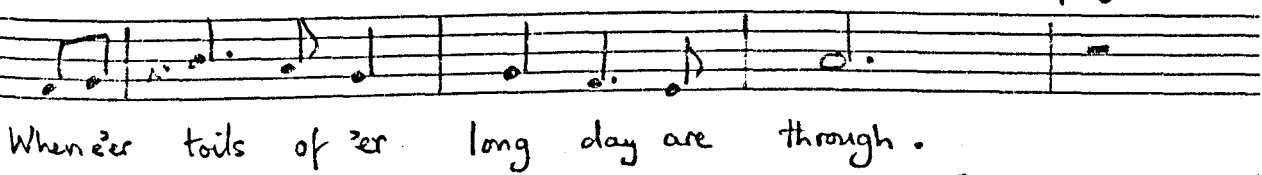
Just an old fash-ioned lad-y with old fash-ioned ways,



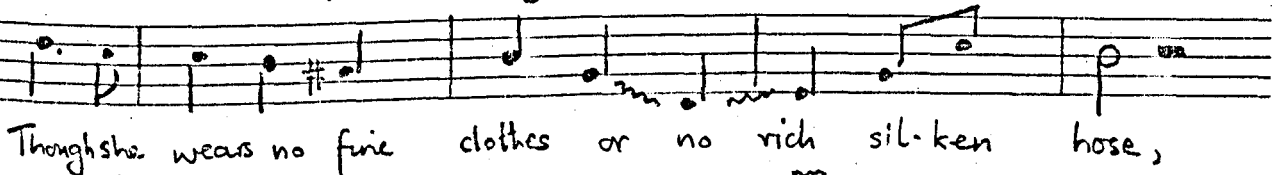
And a smile that says wel-come to you.



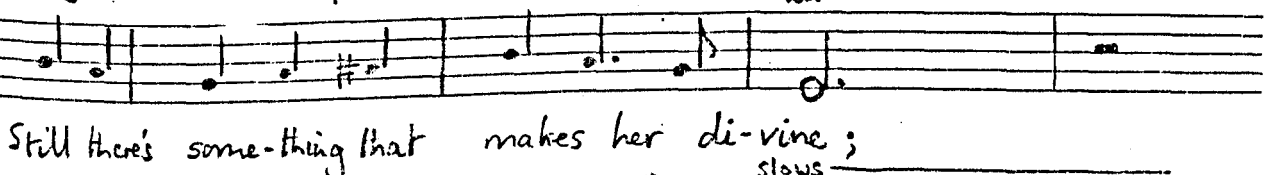
An old fash-ioned bed-side where she kneels in prayer,



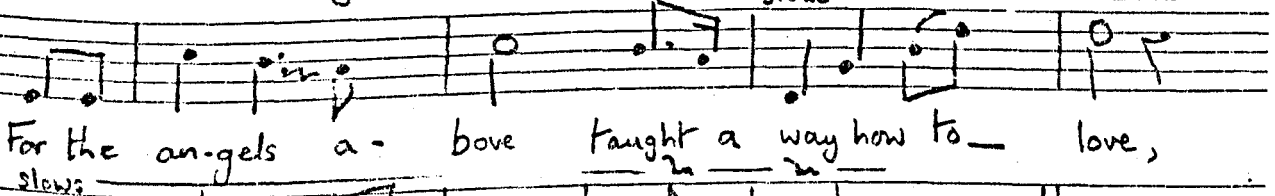
When'er toils of'er long day are through.



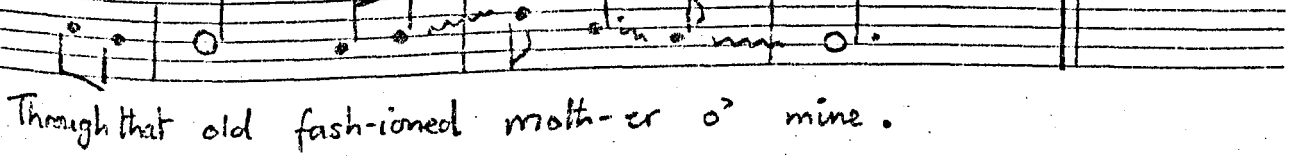
Though she wears no fine clothes or no rich sil-ken hose,



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



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



Through that old fash-ioned moth-er o' mine.

Just Like the Ivy

Mar 22

S44

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

Standard (modulates into 5 with 4#) ABCDEF GHGI

VII - 1 V - 6 434344 4444

♩ 108⁺ and 140⁺ 3 and 2 and 4
 4 4 4

Stanley Marsden

5/10/72

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

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

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

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

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

Note

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

Rubato

Mar 22

An old man sat at ev-en-tide, 'neath the old gar-den wall,

And the iv-y was cling-ing all a-round;

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

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

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

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

Just look at the iv-y on the old gar-den wall,

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

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

Just like the iv-y I'll cling to you.

The Lark in the Morn

Mar 23

S44

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCD

VII # V - 6

4 bars

♩ 180⁺ 4
 4

Stanley Marsden

5/10/72

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

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

Little Brown Jug (f)

Mar 24

S24

My wife and I lived all alone

Standard

AB

4# III - 3

4 bars

♩ 240 2
 4

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

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

"You know that one, don't you."

Mar 23

The lark in the morn, she will rise up from 'er nest, faster

And mount up in the air with the dew all on 'er breast; slows

And like the pret-ty plough-boy, she will whist-le and will sing, slows

And at night she will re-turn to 'er own nest back a-gain.

Mar 24

My wife and I lived all a-lone in a litt-le brown hut we called our own

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

Londonderry Air (f)

Mar 25

S45

O Derry Vale amid your Foyle's dark waters

Standard

ABAC

VI ♭

VI - 6

2 bars

♩ 60⁺

4
4

Stanley Marsden

5/10/72

"We used to sing that Danny Boy tune at school."

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

"But I don't know rest."

Note

Sung after Danny Boy.

Maxwelton Braes (f)

Mar 26

S24

Standard

ABC

VI ♭

1 - 10

4 bars

♩ 96⁺

3
4

Stanley Marsden

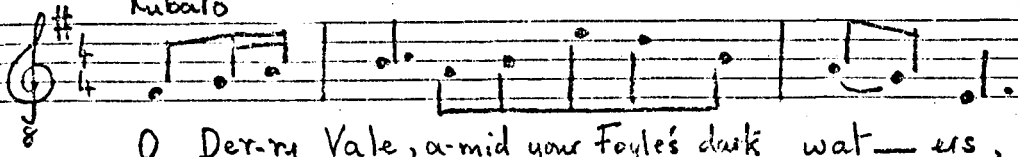
24/2/71

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

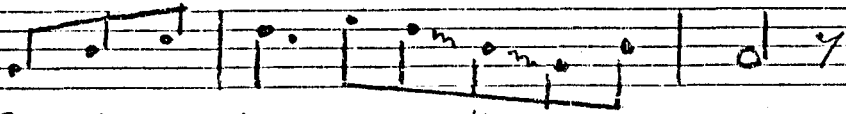
"She's laughing. [referring to his wife] I think I better sing
another one first. If I put that down [the book] I shall get
on, sha'n't I."

Mar 25

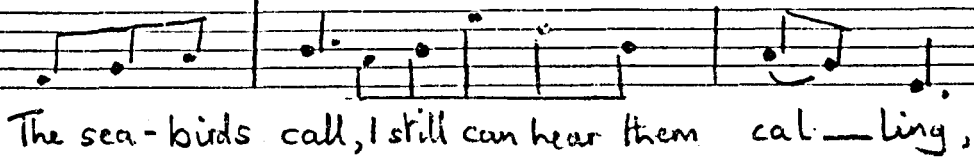
Rubato



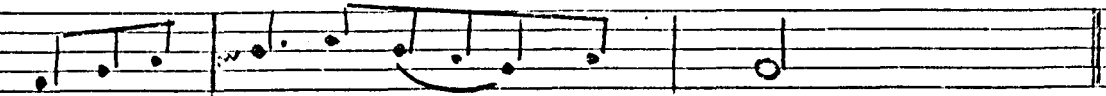
O Der-ry Vale, a-mid your Foyle's dark wat-ers,



The sal-mon leap a-bore the surg-ing weir;



The sea-birds call, I still can hear them cal-ling,

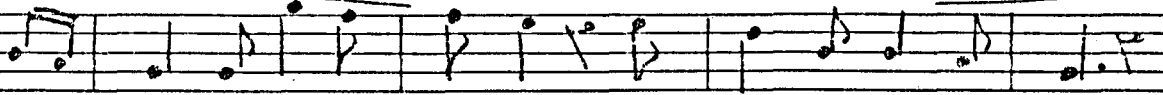


So far a-way a-cross — the sea.

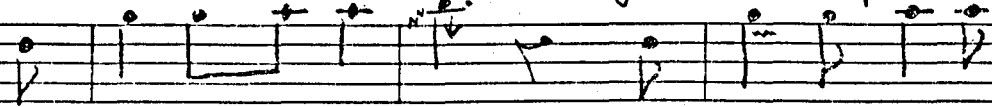
Mar 26



Max-wel-ton Braes are bon-my, where ear-ly falls — the dew, —



It was there that An-nie Lau-rie gave me her pro-mise true.



Gave me her pro-mise true that n'er for-got shall be

Dear Mary this London's a wonderful sight

Standard

ABABCDAB

1↑↓

V - 5

4 bars

↓ 175

3
4

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

"George Hancock will've sung you that."

Dear Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
With the people here working by day and by night.
They don't sow potatoes, no barley, nor wheat,
But there's gangs of 'em diggin' for gold in the street.
At least when I asked 'em that 's what I was told,
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold.
But for all that I found there, I might as well be
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

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

You'll remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course,
Well 'e is 'ere at the head of a force.
I met him today, he was crossing the Strand,
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand;
And there we stood talking of days that were gone,
While the whole population of London looked on.
But with all his great powers he's wishful like me
To be back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

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

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

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

Note

See The Mountains of Mourne, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S45.

Mar 27

Dear Mar-y, this

Lon-don's a won-der-ful sight,

With the peop-le here work-ing by - day and by night.

They don't sow po - ta - toes, no bar-ley, nor wheat,

But there's gangs of 'em dig-gin' for gold in the street.

At - least when I asked 'em that's what I was told,

So I just took a hand at this dig-gin for gold.

But for all - that I found there, I might as well be

Where the moun-tains of Mourne - sweep down to the sea.

Variation

IIe2

-self and you ...

"Thresherman"

S24

A nobleman met with a thresherman one day

Standard ABCDE

VII# - 1# III - 5 44454

┌170┐ 4
└┬┘ 4

Stanley Marsden 24/2/71

"Frank's sang you 'Thresherman', it's one of his."

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

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do mow,
And at other times a-hedgin' and a-ditchin' I do go.
There's nothing comes amiss to me, to the 'arrows nor the plough,
But still I get my living by the sweat of my brow,
But still I get my living by the sweat of my brow.

[Hesitates over the words.]

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

So well 'as thou spoken of thy wife,
I'll make thee to live happy all the rest of thy life.
I've fifty acres of good land I'll freely give to thee
To maintain thy wife and thy large family,
To maintain thy wife and thy large family.

"That's all I know anyway."

Note

Follows the same short line that Frank sings in the final verse.
Verse I has the form ABCD'.

Mar 28

Some-times I do reap and some times I do mow,

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

There's noth-ing comes a-miss to me, to the 'ar-rows nor the plough,

But still I get my-liv-ing by the sweat-of my-brow,

But still I get my liv-ing by the sweat-of my-brow.

Variations

I d 4 II e 1 III a 2

thou do ... But still we keep these ... spok-en of thy-wife ...

Standard

ABCB

VI 1 - 9

4 bars

♩ 80 4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

Stanley Marsden and chorus

2/3/71

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

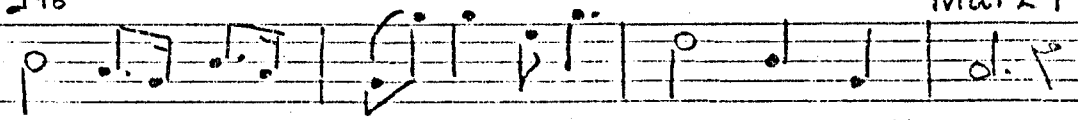
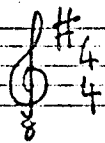
[In chorus]

All de world am sad and weary ebry where I roam.
O darcy, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at 'ome.

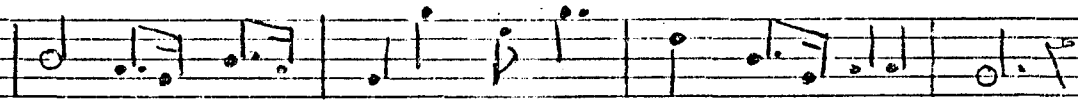
When I was working with my brudder, happy was I.
O take me to my kind old mudder, dere let me live and die.
All de world is sad and weary ebry where I roam.
O darcy, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at 'ome.

196

Mar 29



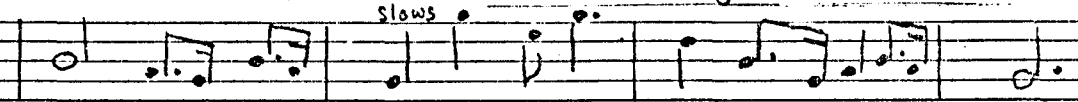
When I was work-ing with - my brud-der ; hap-py was I.



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



All de world is sad and wear-y eb-ry where I roam.



O dark-y, how my heart grows wear-y, far from the old folk at 'ome.

Standard (modulates from VII to 1) ABCBDE FGHI
with inflected 4# and 2#

VII#- 1# IV - 6 444444 8888

↓ 200± and 170± 6 and 3
8 and 8

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

"I know second verse. You might get somebody that knows first
verse. They could tell me how it begins."

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

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

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

Note

See The Pardon Came Too Late, Stanley Marsden, 24/2/71, S24 and
5/10/72, S45.

Rubato

A - round - the camp - fire burn - ing bright the stor - y was then told,

Of a moth - er on 'er dy - ing bed called - forth her son so bold.

He hast - end to o - bey her wish, was cap - tured on the way. Pitch rises

She nev - er saw her son so fair, he died - at break - of day;

And as the hours - slow - ly passed, a mes - sen - ger on wings did fly,

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

The vol - ley was fired at sun - rise, just at the break - of day,

And as the e - choes tin - gered a soul ad passed a - way,

In - to the arms of his mak - er and there to hear his fate,

With a tear on a sigh and a sad good - bye, the par - don came - too - late.

Patsy Fagan (inc)

Mar 31

"Hello Patsy Fagan"

S24

I'm working here in Glasgow

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCA ABCA

V V - 8

4 bars

♩ 220 2
 4

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

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

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

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

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

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

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

*decent pronounced 'day-cent'.

Note

See Patsy Fagan, Stanley Marsden, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 30/1/71,
S24 and 5/10/72, S45.

Mar 31

faster

I'm work-in' here in Glas-gow, I've got a de-cent job

Of mix-in' cen-ent and mor-tar, and ma pay is fif-teen bob.

I rise up in the morn-ing, I rise up with the lark,

And as I go walk-in' down the street you can hear the girls re-mark,

Hel-lo Pat-sy Fa-gan, you can hear the girls all cry.

Hel-lo Pat-sy Fa-gan, you're the app-le of me eye.

You're a de-cent boy from Ire-land, there's none that can de-ny.

You're a ra-rum-a tar-rum a dev-il may ca-rum, a de-cent Ir-ish boy.

Variation

II d3

de-cent Ir-ish ...

Poor Old Joe (inc)

Mar 32

S24

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay

Standard ABACDC

IV# 1 - 9 4 bars

♩ 130 and 108 4
4

Stanley Marsden 24/2/71

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

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

Gone are the days to a happier land I know.

Gone far away to a happier land I know;

I hear the gentle voices calling, Poor old Joe.

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

I hear the gentle voices calling, Poor old Joe.

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

Note

See Poor Old Joe, Stanley Marsden at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor,
30/1/71, S24.

Gone — are the days when ma heart was young and gay.

Gone are the days to a hap-pier land I — know.

Gone far a-way to a hap-pier land I — know;

I hear the gent-le voic-es cal-ling, Poor old — Joe.

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing though ma head — is bend-ing low;

I hear the gent-le voic-es cal-ling, Poor old — Joe.

"Out in the wilds of Australia there once stood a mine"

Standard (inflected 4 # and 5 #) ABCD EFGH

VI - VII III - 4 4888 8888

♩ 96 and 144 2 3
 4 4

Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

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

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

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

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

Note

See The Song of a Thrush, Stanley Marsden, 5/10/72, S45.

Out in the wilds of Aust-ra-lia there once stood a mine. slower

The min-ers were made up of all sorts of classes, slows

with man-y a scrape race and man-y a scam.

In-to their midst came a young man from Eng-land, #ad.

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

To hear the bird sing they would crowd round in do-zens,

the sweet lit-tle song-ster be-came quite a rage. Quicker

O there fell a deep hush as the song of a thrush

was heard by that mot-ley throng;

And man-y a rough fel-lows eyes were moist Pitch rises

as its voice rang out clear and strong.

Eyes like a dove with a bright yearning look,

as its voice trilled its beau-ti-ful lay.

It brought back to them dear old Eng-land and home,

thou-sands of miles a-way.

The Spaniard that Blighted my Life

Mar 34

S25

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

Standard

AABCD EE'FGHI

IV - V

1 - 10

44444 44 4424

♩ 200 and 250

6
8

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

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

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

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

"You'll have heard that one. Forced to have."

Mar 34

♩ 200

List to me whilst I tell you of the Spaniard that blight-ed my life.

List to me whilst I tell you of the Spaniard that pinched - my fu - ture wife.

'Twas at a bull-fight where we met him, we'd been watch-ing his dar-ing dis-play,

And while I'd gone out for some nuts and a pro-gramme the dir-ty dog stole her a-way,

O yes, O yes, but I swore that I'll have my re-venge -
faster -

When I get Al-fon-so Spi-go-li, the tor - rea - dor,

With a - mighty swipe I will dis-lo-cate his Span-ish jaw.

I'll fight the exit-fight-er, I will, if I catch the blight-er a-round her I'll kill

He shall - die, he shall die, he shall die-tidd-ly-i-ty-ty-ty - ty, he shall die,

He shall - die, he shall - die, -

For I'll lay the bun-ion on his Span-ish on-ion if I catch him bend-ing to-night.

Tennessee Waltz

Mar 35

S45

123567#

ABACDBAE

V V - 6 4 bars

♩ 148[±] 3
 4

Stanley Marsden

5/10/72

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

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

Mar 35

... Ten-nes-see - Waltz -

When an old friend I hap-pened to meet.

In-tro - duced im to my loved one, and - whilst they were a-walt-zing

My friend stole my sweet 'eart from me.

I re-mem-ber the night in the Ten-nes-see Waltz,

And I know just how much I have lost.

Yes, I lost my litt-le dar-ling the - night they were a-play-ing

That beau-ti-ful Ten-nes-see Waltz.

Thora (inc)

Mar 36

S45

"I Live In a Land of Roses"

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

V V - 8 44444 446

♩ 220 and 160 6 2
 8 4

Stanley Marsden

5/10/72

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

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

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

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

Note

See Thora, Ted Wragg and Stanley Marsden, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.

Rubato $\text{♩} = 220 \pm$

Mar 36

I live in a land of ros-es but I dream of a land of snow

When you and I were hap-py in the days of long a-go

Night-in-gales in the bran-ches tra-la-la-la-la - la

Slows

I on-ly could ear you sing-ing I on-ly could ear your song

Slows

I on-ly could ear you sing-ing I on-ly could ear your song

$\text{♩} = 160 \pm$

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

Child of my dreams light of my life an-gel of love to me

Slows Child of my dreams light of my life an-gel of love to me

An-gel of love to me

"Turn Turn the Good Brown Earth"

Mar 37

S25

"Out there in the morning light I go"

Standard

ABCDED

VII - 1

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 120

2

4

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

[Hums through the tune.]

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

[Starts with second line and corrects himself.]

"Wait a minute I'm wrong there."

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

"That's all there is to that one. I learnt that one at school."

Out there in the morn - ing

light - I - go,
faster

The good brown earth to till - and hoe;

For it mat-ters not to me if the birds should si-lent be,-
Pitch rises

For the mus-ic of the plough - is the song for - me .

Turn, turn the good brown earth,
slows

You're dear to ev-ery farm-er for 'e knows - your - worth.

Variation
II d I

fine - a ...

An old man gazed at a photograph

Standard

ABCD EFGH

2 - 3♭

IV - 5

4 bars

♩ 200⁺

6

8

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

An old man gazed at a photograph in a locket he'd worn for years.
His nephew then asked 'im the reason why that picture 'ad caused 'im tears.
Come listen my lad I'll tell thee now a story that's strange but true,
Your father and I were at school, me boy, met two little girls in blue.

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

That picture is one of those girls, me boy, to me she was once a wife.
I thought her unfaithful and quarrelled, lad,
and parted that night for life.
My fancy of jealousy round 'er heart, a heart that was good and true,
For two better girls never lived than they,
those two little girls in blue.

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

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

Note

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

Rubato

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

His neph-ew then asked in the reas-on why that pic-ture 'ad caused'im tears.

Come list-en my lad I'll tell thee now a stor-y that's strange but true,

Your fath-er and I were at school, me boy, 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 those two.

One litt-le girl in blue — lad she won your fath-er's heart,

Be-came your moth-er, I mar-ried the oth-er but now we are drift-ed a-part.

The preacher at our village church one Sunday morning said

Standard (inflected 2 #, 4 # and 5 #) ABCDEFCD GHGI

IIIb - IV# 1 - 9 4 bars

♩ 132⁺ 4
4

Stanley Marsden 5/10/72

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

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

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

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

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

Mar 39

Rubato

The preach-er at our vill-age church one Sun-day morn-ing-said,

Our or-gan-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 eug-er-ly they watched to see who fill the or-gan chair.

A man then 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;

But as e 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 (h)all a-mazed, the preach-er old and grey,

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

Wassail Song

Mar 40

"Here we come a-wassailing"

S25

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green

123456

AABC(DC)

VI_b - VI V - 8

4454(24)

♪ 280⁺ and 200⁺ $\frac{6}{8}$

Stanley Marsden

4/2/71

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

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wassailing so plain to be seen;
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours children whom you have seen before;
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children that around the table go;
For it is our Christmas time, strangers wander far and near,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
A New Year, a New Year,
So God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

Note

Stanley explains that the refrain he sings after the final verse
should be sung after every verse.

Mar 40
slows

Rubata $\Delta 280 \pm$

Here we come a-was-sail-ing a-mong the leaves so green,

Here we come a-was-sail-ing so plain - to be seen;

$\Delta 200 \pm$

For it is our Christ-mas time, stran-gers wan-der far and near,

slows

So God bless you and send - you a hap-py New Year.

III^e

A New Year, a - New - Year,

III^e

So God bless you and send - you a hap-py New Year.

II^a 1

We are - not olai-ly...

We Are All Jolly Fellows (f)

Mar 41

S24

Standard

V

3
4

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

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

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

Weaver's Daughter (f)

Mar 42

S24

Standard

IV

V - 5

4 bars

4
4

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

[Hums tune.]

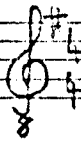
"I know tune and I know some of words but I don't know much about 'em."

Mar 4 1



... fel-lows that fol-low the plough

Mar 4 2



"What's Become of the Old Songs?"

Mar 43

S27

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#)

(AB)CDABC'E

1 V - 6

4 bars

♩ 300± 6 and 2
8 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

Stanley Marsden

2/3/71

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

Note

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

Mar 43

Rubato

[tape off] ...all I want to know,

With - out - - - - to me, you shall 'ear them play

I was on-ly teas-ing you and good-bye - Dol-ly Grey.

What's be-come of my - hat? said I-rish Mol-ly - O.

Stop your tick-l-ing Jock, and she's ma la-dy don't you know.

As soon as - - - - me, said Ma-ry - - - -

I would-n't leave my litt-le wood-en hut for you.

"When I Grow Too Old to Dream"

Mar 44

S45

Standard

ABCB DE AB

V V - 8

8 bars

↓ 144⁺ and 160⁺ 3
 4

Stanley Marsden

5/10/72

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

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

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

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

"That's all I know ... I should only be about ten. She used to
sing it to me. Used to go there for a week in summer holidays,
only at Greenhill."

♩ 144 ±
3/4

When I grow too old to dream I shall ave you to re-mem - ber,

And when I grow - too old - to dream your love will live in my heart.

So kiss me, my sweet, and then let us part,

For - when I grow - too old - to dream your kiss will live in my heart.

♩ 160 ±

Life has been gay, - go - ing a - way, You've been so beau - ti - ful, we've been so young,

Now you are gone, life will - go - on, like an old song we've sung.

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Mar 45

S24

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

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABA'C DEDF

IV# 1 - 10

8 bars

♩ 150⁺ and 108 $\frac{3}{4}$

Sportsman, Lodge Moor.

Stanley Marsden and chorus

30/1/71

There's a tear in your eye and I'm wondering why,
for it never should be there at all.

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

With that sweet lilting laughter like some fairy song,
and two eyes that do tenderly smile. [Frank Hinchliffe prompts]

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

[In chorus]

When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in spring;
To the sound of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing.
When Irish eyes are happy all the world is bright and gay,
But when Irish eyes are smiling, sure it steals your heart away.

There's a tear - in your eye and I'm won-der-ing why,

for it nev-er should be there at all.

With your sweet I-rish smile, sure a storm should be-guile,

and there nev-er a tear - drop should fall.

With that sweet tilt-ing laugh-ter like some fair-y song,

and two eyes that do ten-der-ly smile.

You should laugh all the while and all-o-ther times smile,

so just smile, — smile — for me.

When I-rish eyes are smi-ling, sure it's like a morn in spring;

To the sound of I-rish laugh-ter you can hear the an-gels sing.

When I-rish eyes are hap-py all the world is bright and gay,

But when I-rish eyes are smi - ling, sure it steals - your - heart - a - way.

Standard		ABAC D
2b	III - 4	4 bars
♩ 96 and 70	4	
	4	
Stanley Marsden		4/2/71

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

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

Note

Stanley is trying to remember The Song of a Thrush.

♩ 96

[Hums]

with the ros-es round the door,

A girl re-ceived a let-ter from a boy who was at war;

And with a moth-er's arms a-round her, she gave way to sobs and sighs,

♩ 70

And as she read that let-ter the tears fell from'er eye.

Why do I weep? Why do I sigh? My love is gone so far a-way.

We had to part...

The Wild Rover (inc)

Mar 47

S25

I've been a wild rover for many a long year

Standard ABACDC

VII - VII# V - 5 4 bars

♩ 144[±] 3
4

Stanley Marsden 4/2/71

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

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

Mar 47

Rubato

I've been a wild ro-ver for many a long year,

Sure I spent all me mo-ney on whis-ky and beer;

But since I give up ro-ving I put mo-ney in store,

And I nev-er shall play the wild ro-ver no more.

Sing-ing nev-er, no nev-er, nev-er no more,

I nev-er shall play the wild ro-ver no more.

an pitchises

slows

slows

Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime (inc)

Mar 48

S24

Standard

ABCD

VII#

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 145

3

4

Stanley Marsden

24/2/71

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

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

"That's about all I know."

Note

See Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime, Stanley Marsden, Frank Hinchliffe and Wilf Broomhead, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/3/71, S27.

Mar 48

If you go to the street end you'll see two girls stand-ing.

If you list-en to me you will hear one to the o-ther say,

Here comes the young sail-or whose mo-ney we've squan-dered,

Here comes the young sail-or—whom—we've led a-stray.

Variations

II b1

II c2



play the Dead ... church-yard and fire three vol-leys ...

The sun had set behind yond' hill

Standard

ABCD

VIb - VII#

I - 4

4446

♩ 85

4
4

John Taylor

10/4/70

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

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

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

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

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

"Got better as we gone on."

* Unclear.

Note

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

Tay 1

The sun 'ad set be - hind yond'-'ill, a - cross you dear-y moor,

An' wear-y spent, a boy there came up - to a farm-er's door.

Can - you tell - me if e'er there be an-y - one to me em - ploy,

For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow, and to be a farm - er's boy -

and to be a farm-er's boy?

IIc1

IIc4

IIc1

lit - le I am though - ... thou wilt me em - ... lad that - was the farm - er be and e'...

IIc1

luck - y, luck - y day when 'e ...

1234		AB
VI	1 - 4	4 bars
♪ 108	2	
	4	
John Taylor		10/4/70

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

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

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

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

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

* Rhymes with 'straight'.

Note

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

Tay 2

Jack hom - as is tall and straight,
He al-lus wants to fight.

The Jolly Waggoner

Tay 3

"Waggoners"

S8

When first I went a-waggoning

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCDE

vii# - I# (see below) V - 8

4 bars

J 100

4
4

John Taylor

27/3/70

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

"That's first verse to that one."

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

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

"We used to be able to sing that like billy-0."

* Not recorded.

Note

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

When first I went a-wag-gon-ing, a-wag-gon-ing did go.

I broke my par-ent's hearts_ with sor-row, grief and woe;

For man-y were the 'ard-ships that we 'ad to un-der go,—

Sing-ing, Whoa, ma lads, drive on, ma lads, drive— on, ma lads, drive— on!

For there's none can drive a wag-gon when the 'ors-es will not go.

On a cold and frost-y morn-ing I was wet through to my skin

And there we 'ad to wan— der till we reached to yon— der inn

There we sat a-talk—ing with the ...

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

com-ing, what ... black-bird and the thost—le sing in ... ev-ery lad shall.

on, ma lads, drive— on! There's ... wag-gon when the ...

"Thresherman"

S8

A nobleman lived in the village of Blay

Standard

ABCDE

VI \flat - 1#

III - 5

44454

♩ 90

4
4

John Taylor

27/3/70

A nobleman lived in the village of Blay.

He met a poor old thresherman and unto him did say,
Thou's a wife and seven childeren, I know it to be true,
For an' 'ow doth thou maintain them all so well as thou do,
For an' how doth thou maintain them all so well as thou do?

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

When my day's work is done I go home at night.
My wife and my family they all are my delight.
The children they are playin' and sprottlin' with their toys,
For that is all the pleasure that a poor man enjoys,
For that is all the pleasure that a poor man enjoys.

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

So well hath thou spoken and of thy wife.
May thou live happy and contented all the days of thy life.
Here's fifty acres of good land, I'll freely give to thee
For to maintain thy wife and thy large family,
For to maintain thy wife and thy large family.

Note

John sings this very forcefully with his foot tapping out the rhythm. His pitch rises constantly.

A noble man lived in the - vil - lage of Blay. *pitch rises*

He met a poor old thresh-er-man and - un-to him did say,

Thou's a wife and seven child-er-en, I - know it to be - true, *faster*

For an' 'ow doth thou main-tain them all so - well as thou do, *slows*

For an' how doth thou main-tain them all so - well as thou - do?

Variations

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

spok - en ... and con-tent-ed all the ...

For to main-tain thy wife - and thy -

In Sheffield Park a maid did dwell

123456

ABCD

V - V↑

V - 6

4 bars

.!90

3

4

John Taylor

27/3/70

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

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

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

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

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

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

Note

John sings this in strict time and pounds out the rhythm with his foot.

In Shef-field Park — a maid — did dwell

And a brisk — young man — I knew them quite — well

'E court-ed 'er — from day — to day

Till at last : 'e stole — 'er 'eart a - way.

Variation
IV b2

'im — that ...

We Are All Jolly Fellows (f)

Tay 6

S8

"Early one morning at the break of day"

123457#

ABCD

III \flat

V - 5

2 bars

♩ 144

6

8

John Taylor

10/4/70

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

"It's slipped me memory."

Note

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

White Cockade (f)

Tay 7

S8

IV#

1 - 6

2 and 4 bars

♩ 100

4

4

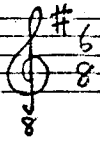
John Taylor

10/4/70

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

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

Tay 6



Ear-ly one morn-ing at the break- of day,

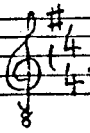
Cook was a-crow-ing each mor-tal to wake.

[Hums]

up quoth he,

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

Tay 7



He of-fered me some mon-ey,

He of-fered me some mon-ey, one gui-nea and a crown.

Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime (inc)

Tay 8

S8

"As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion"

Standard		A/ABCD/ABCD
III ♯	V - 5	4 bars
♯ 96	3	
	4	
John Taylor		10/4/70

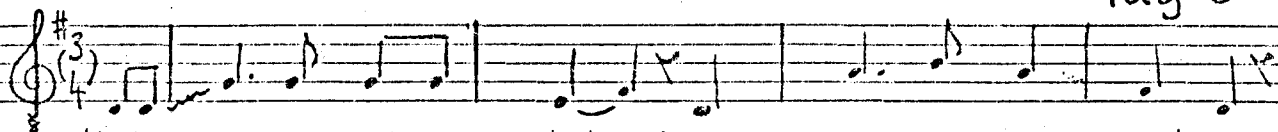
As I strolled down by the old Royal Albion,

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

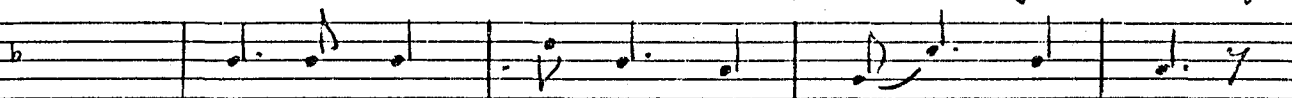
Then we'll beat the drums o'er 'im, play the fifes merrily.
Play the Dead March as we bear 'im along.
Take 'im to the churchyard, we'll fire three volleys o'er 'im,
For 'e was a soldier brought low in 'is prime.

"That's chorus like that. It's just slipped me memory. I've got to
be int' mood."

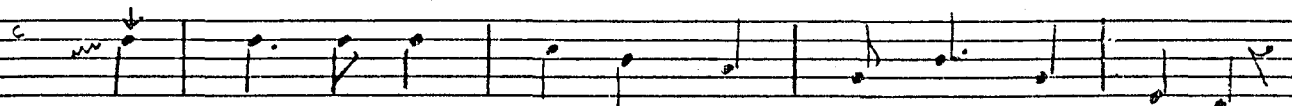
Tay 8



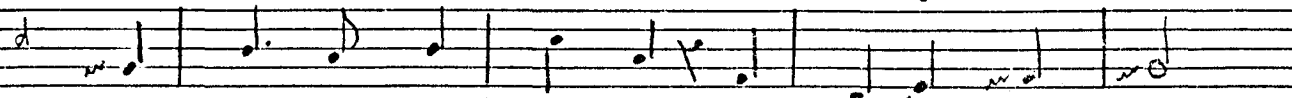
At the cor-ner of the street - I see two girls stand-ing.



One to the oth-er they both - do say,



'Ere comes the young sol-dier whose mon-ey we'll squan-der.



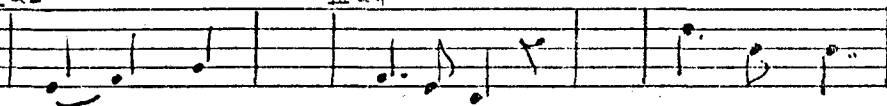
Here comes a young sol-dier they both - do cry.

Variations

III a2

III alt

III cl



o'er - 'im ... mer-ri-ly ... 'im to the ...

III = 3



fire three vol-leys o'er 'im, For'e was a young ...

"The Hymn that I Sang as a Boy" (f)

Tho 1

S10

Standard (inflected 5#)

ABC

VII

III - 4

4 bars

♩ 132

3
4

Fulwood Booth

Doug Thompson

30/4/70

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

"I don't know what other words are now."

Tho 1

Sat on the church win-dow I list-ened with joy

Tw'as the hymn that (h)I sang as a boy

Moth-ers heart would re-joice at the sound of my voice

The train went speeding onward

Standard

ABACDBACEFEC

4#

V - 5

4 bars

↓ 130⁺

4
4

Fulwood Booth

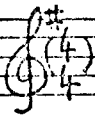
Grace Walton

30/4/70

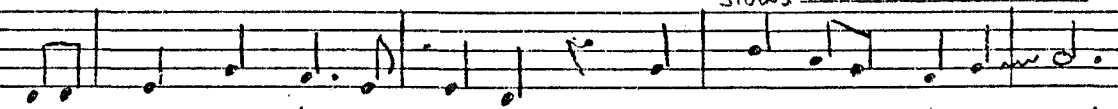
The train went speeding onward with a mother (h)and her babe.
 In 'er hand she held a letter from which now and then she read;
 A letter from a traitor who had lured 'er from 'er home,
 That night it left the husband all deserted and alone.
 The baby gazed in wonder at the landscape fleeting by.
 Night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

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

* Accentuated glottal stop.



The train went speeding on-ward with a moth-er(h) and her babe.



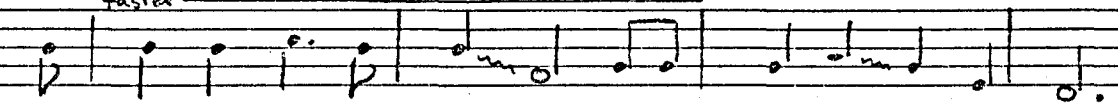
In'er hand she held a let-ter from which now and then she read;



A let-ter from a trai-tor who had lured'er from'er home,



That night it left the hus-band all de-sert-ed and a-lone.



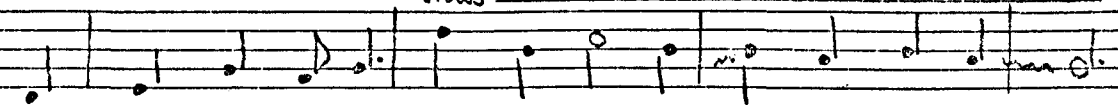
The ba-by gazed in won-der at the land-scape fleet-ing by.



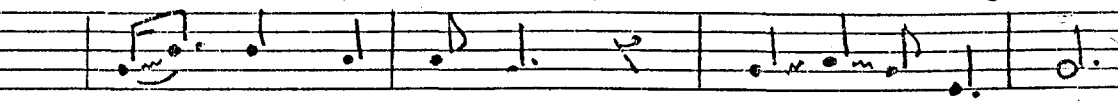
Night shades be-gan to gath-er, 's sleep-y Ma at-last;



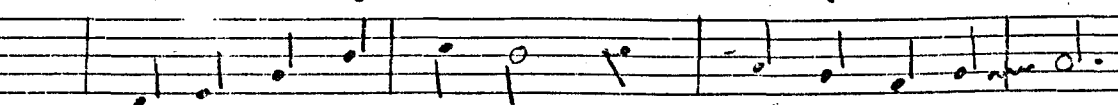
And cudd-ling to its moth-er's side, of stran-gers un-a-ware,



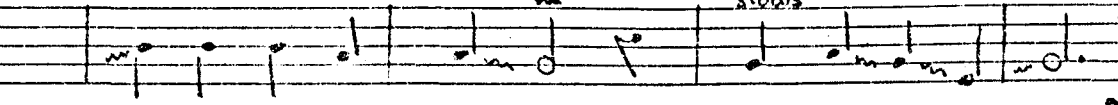
It closed its lit-tle sweet young eyes and list its eve-ning prayer.



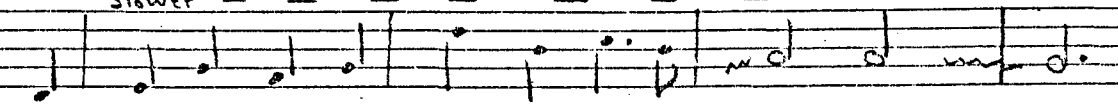
God-bless my ma-mma and my pa-pa too.



Make them love each o-ther, al-ways kind and true.



Keep them free from dan-ger, free from sin and pain.



May an-gels guard their foot-steps was the ba-by's prayer.

Bonny Blue Handkerchief (f)

Wal 2

S11

Standard

VII# and V VII# - 8 4 bars

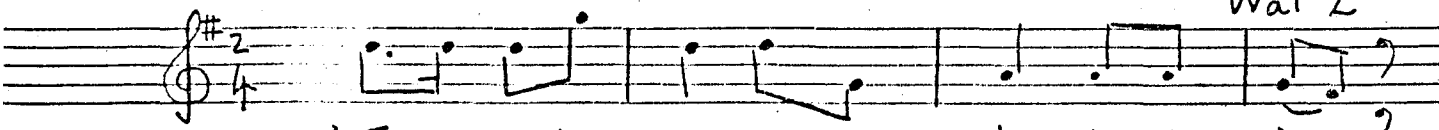
♯ 96 2
 4

Grace Walton 4/6/70

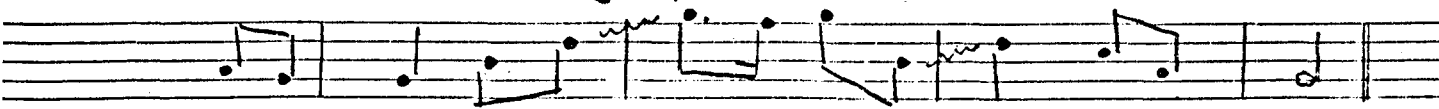
'Tis the country fashion I like to be in
 [hesitates and repitches]
With my bonny blue handkerchief tied under my chin.

Frank: "Tied up with a black velvet band!"

Wal 2



'Tis the count-ry fash-ion I like to be in -



With my bon-ny blue hand-ker-chieftied un-der my chin.

"Sailor's Bride"

S9

A fair maid walked in her garden

Standard

ABCD

7#

I - 5

2 bars

108

3
2

Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton

30/4/70

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

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

If thou not fitting for to be my servant,
I have a better regard for thee.
I mean to make thee my bride and jewel,

Grace: "No, that's wrong in't it Frank."

Frank: "It's not same un as I know any road."

And you'll have servants to wait on thee.

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

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

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

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

Down to the ground this fair maid did fall.

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

Grace: "I think that's it but I'm not sure."

Dorothy: "What did he pull out of his pocket?"

Grace: "Hoop, hoop, like it meant ring, you see."

Note

See Broken Token, Grace Walton, 29/10/70, S19, and 7/9/72, S41.

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

Variation

II d 2

-vant to be.

"Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie"

123457#

3b	III - 5	ABCD
120	4	4 bars
	4	
Grace Walton		7/9/72

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

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

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

"There really wants two to sing that."

Note

Grace has remembered the second verse since she was first recorded. See Hin 8.

Un-der-neath the banks of sweet ros-es she lie,—

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

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

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

Variations

II a1

II b2

II d4

She showed me the ... vowed that to ... ev-er - more ...

III b2

III d3

hap-py and con-s... love you — for ...

Edward (inc)

Wal 5

"What has thou killed thy dear brother for?"

S19

What is the blood on thy shirt sleeve

Standard

ABCDD'

VI↓

1 - 8

2 bars

.| 120+

4
4

Grace Walton

29/10/70

What is the blood on thy shirt sleeve?

My son, come tell it unto me.

It's the blood of my dear brother

That I slay under yonder tree,

That I slay under yonder tree.

What has thou killed thy dear brother for?

My son, come tell it unto me.

Because he killed those pretty little birds

That fly from tree to tree,

That fly from tree to tree.

What shall thou do when thy father comes home?

My son, come tell it unto me.

I shall plant my foot on board a ship

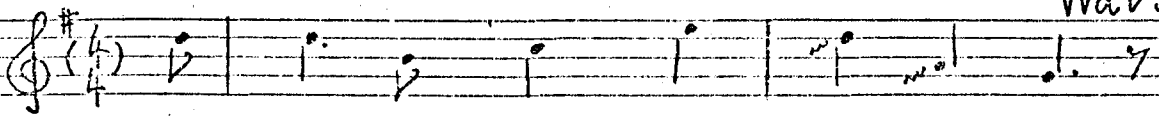
And sail across the sea,

And sail across the sea.

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

Note

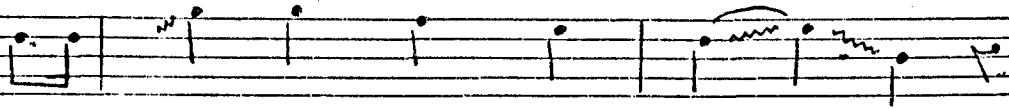
See 7/9/72, S41 and Hin 12.



What is the blood on thy shirt sleeve?



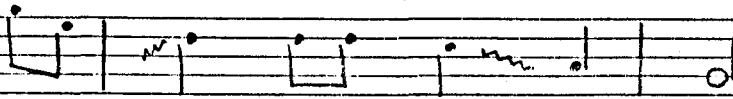
My son, come tell it un-to me.



It's the blood of my dear broth — er



That I slay un-der you — der — tree, —



That I slay un-der you - der tree.

II a 2 (passim)

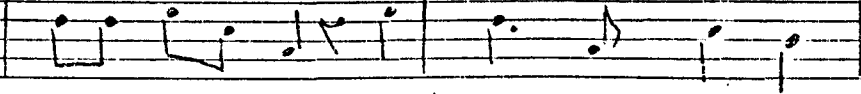
III d 1 (and c 1)



dear broth-er for? My... sail a-cross the ...

II c 2

(also II e 1)



pretty litt-le birds That fly from tree to ...

Old Ben Broomhead at Fairthorn

12345

ABCD

III - IV 1 - 8

2 bars

↓ 160

4
4

Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton

30/4/70

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

Old Ben Broomhead at Fairthorn,
An' old Con's wife she's Irish born,
And Thomas Gee at Grouse and Trout,
And Walter Woodhouse is very stout.

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

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

And Jim Swift 'e 'as a long chin,
And Johnnie Lawson likes his gin,
And Rachel Duke, she's as rough as gorse,
And 'Arry Thorpe he clammed [starved] 'is horse.

Now old Ben Marsden milk doth go'er, [go]
And George Silcock 'e lives next door,
Old Bill Fox is getting old,
And Bill Green's ear 'oil's allus cold.

Toora-roora-roora-lay
Toora-roora-roora-lay
Toora-loora-roora-lay
And drive away your waggon-O!

[Wal 6 continued]

And John Brocksup, 'e keeps sheep,
And Ben Green, 'e's allus asleep,
And Jack Garner lives int' Row,
And Billy Broomhead just below.

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

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

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

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

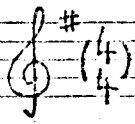
And Bill Hinchliffe's very lame,
And Bob Lawson's going t'same,
And Josh White lives in Crimicar Lane,
And Jim Marsden 'e lives int' same.

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

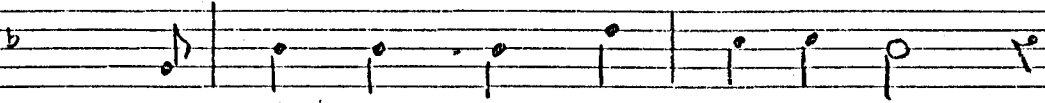
"I think there's some more to that."

Note

A version Grace contributed to Muriel Hall, More About Mayfield Valley and Old Fulwood (Sheffield, 1974), pp.111-2, has in addition
'Old Joe Grange is very fat
And Sam Broomhead's like a lat.
And old Bill Nicholson has a black mare,
Her shoes are all loose and her ribs all bare
And John Kenny he keeps cats
To keep in house to freeton t'rats.'



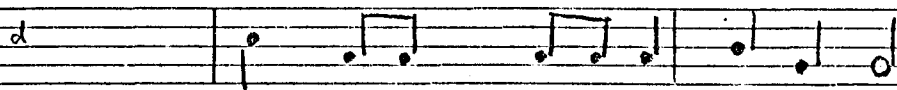
Old Ben Broom-head at Fair-thorn,



An' old Con's wife she's I-rish born,



And Tho-mas Gee at Grouse and Trout,

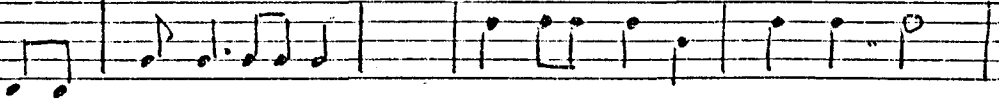


And Wal-ter. Wood-house is ve-ry stout.

Variations

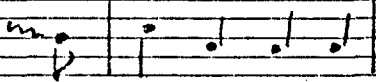
Ia1

IIc1



And there's Tho-mas Mars-den at... And Bil-ly Broom-head's beard is black ...

Vd1



And Bill Green's ear-bills ...

"Mary at the Garden Gate"

S19

The day being spent the moon shone bright

Standard

AABC

4

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 180⁺ and ♩ 120⁺ 6 and 4
8 and 4

Grace Walton

29/10/70

"We used to sing that in the concert, my cousin and I, lives down Blackbrook Road."

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

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

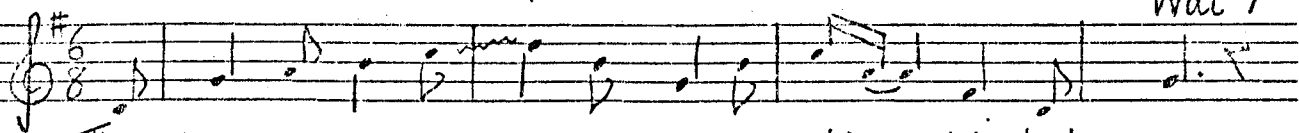
She paced the garden o'er and o'er, the village clock struck ten,
And William caught 'er in his arms, never to part again;
For he had been such a long, long way,
he'd been to buy a ring for the wedding day,
And how could Mary so cruel prove
to banish the lad that she dearly loved.

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

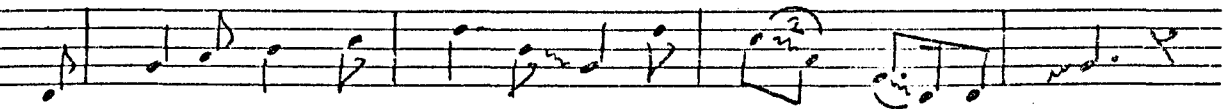
"And that's it as far as I know."

Note

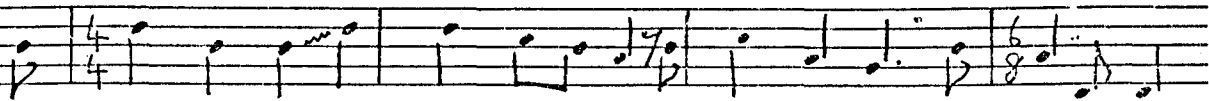
Grace sings this with great confidence. See also 7/9/72, S41, and Hin 18.



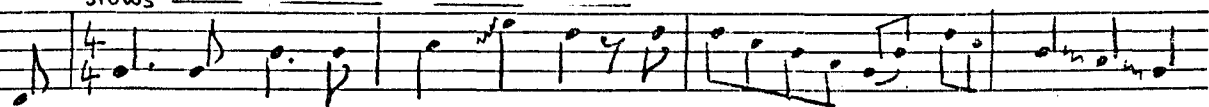
The day being spent, the moon shone bright, the vil-lage clock struck eight,



And Mar-y hast-ened with de-light un-to the gar-den gate;



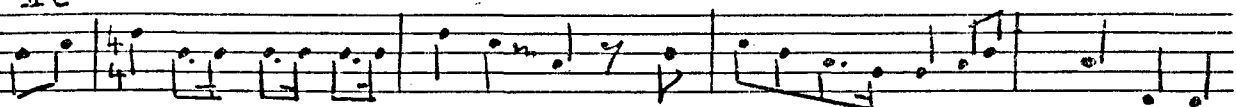
But what was there that made Ma-ry sad, the gate was there but not the lad.



It made poor Ma-ry sigh and say, Thou nev-er shall de-ceive me or make me wait.

Variations

II c



For you prom-ised to meet me at the gate at eight thou nev-er shall de-ceive me or make me wait...

III b2

III c3



in his arms nev... been to buy a ring for the... she did wait of her.

Geordie (f)

Wal 8

S41

Standard

5

V - 5

Grace Walton

7/9/72

[Hums tune.]

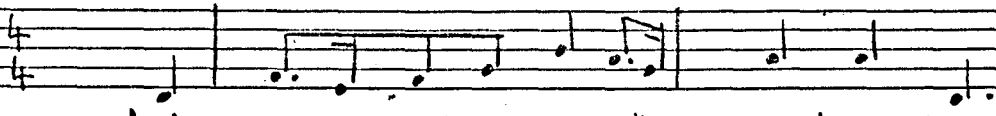
And Georgie shall be hung with a golden chain

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

And Georgie shall be hung with a golden chain

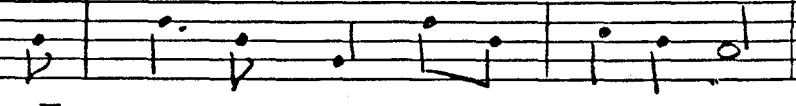
[Hums.]

"Nice swing with it like . . . Hanging him for something."



And Geor-gie shall be hung with a gold-en chain

[Hums]



"Now my father he's the king of the gipsy gang it's true"

Standard (inflected 4#)

AABA'CA'(see below)

VII# 1 - 9

4444 24

276

6
8

Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton with Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Note

Verses III and IV which are half forgotten are in an irregular form,
AACA' and ACACA respectively. Frank's variant is transcribed else-
where, see Hin 19. See The Gipsy Girl, Grace Walton, 29/10/70, S19.

Now me fath-er 'e's the king— of the gip-sy gang it's true,

And me moth-er she's a - teach-ing me some camp-ing for to do.

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

So off to Lon-don I set out some for-tunes for to tell,

Some for-tunes for— to tell.

So off to Lon-don I set out some for-tunes for to tell.

Variations

II a 1 (passiv)

II c 3

III a 2

I was a- ... lik-ed them so ... yes— Sir, give me ...

"A wealthy young squire in Timsworth we hear"

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCD

III↓

1 - 10

4 bars

♩ 180

4

4

Grace Walton with Rhoda Dronfield

4/6/70

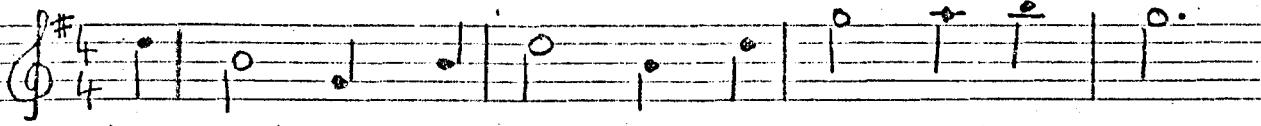
"Frank started it a bit different."

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

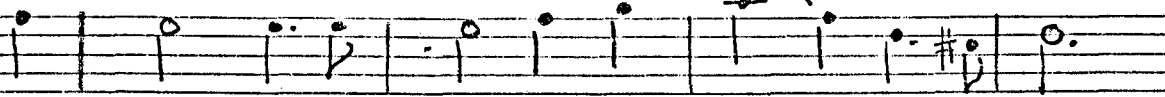
Frank: "Ah, your right an' all."

Note

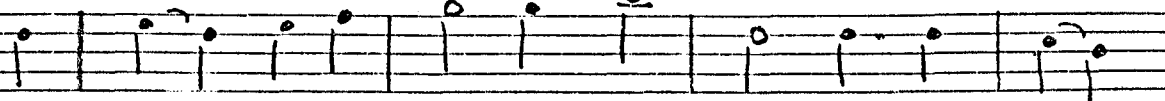
Grace sings the first verse after Frank's rendition to show me how it should go as Frank had sung part of it to the wrong melody. See Hin 21. When she sang with Frank her text varied as shown below.
IIId O my heart, O my heart, this fair lady did cry.
VIId I can't give her away for I love her too well.
VIIIId O the man that shall find it, my husband you shall be.
XIId I'll enjoy him forever I'll vow and declare.
That the song is a part of her repertoire was recently shown during a car journey when she performed it complete (noted 25/9/76).



A weal- thy young squi- re in Twis- worth, we hear,



He court- ed a nob- le - man's daugh- ter so fair;



And for - to get mar- ried it was their in - tent.



All - friends and re- la- tions did giv- en their con- sent.

When first in this country a stranger

Standard

AABC

3↓

V - 6

7 bars

.| 128

3

4

Grace Walton and Edith Lawson
(with Frank Hinchliffe)

4/6/70

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

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

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

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

[Frank sings.]

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

Note

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

* Not recorded.

II

I stepped up and I wished her good morn-ing,
 her fair cheeks they blushed like the rose.
 I says, The green mea-dow is charm-ing,
 your guard-ian I'll be if you choose.
 kind sir, I do not don't need a-my guard-i-an,
 young man you're a stran-ger to me.
 And over you-der my fath-er is a-com-ing
 on the green mos-sy-banks of the lea-s

Variation
Edit. If 3

shine _____

If Those Lips Could Only Speak (f)

Wal 12

S19

123457# (inflected 2# and 4#)

ABCD

VII #

VII - 5

4 bars

.|168

3

4

Grace Walton

29/10/70

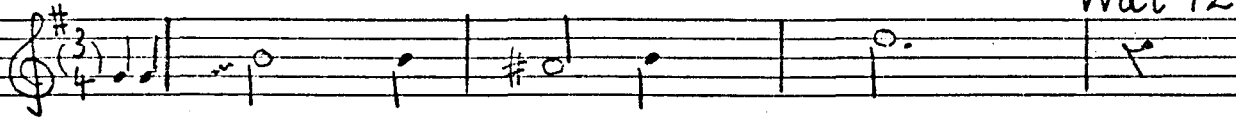
"I know me dad used to sing that one."

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

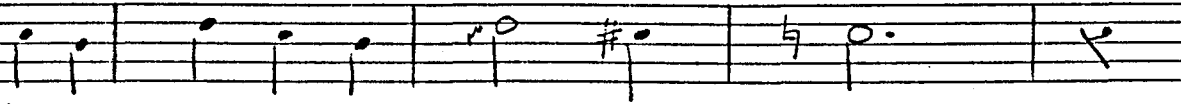
"I think Frank [Hinchliffe] knows that one."

Let me hold your hand
As you did in the days gone by.
[Hums to end of verse.]

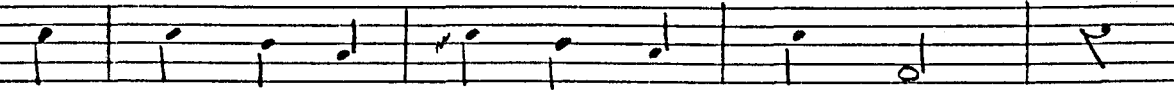
"A very nice old song like . . . I think it's like where the couple's
grown really old. There's a sort of story to it, sort of thing."



If those eyes could on-ly see,



And those lips they could on-ly tell,



They'd tell of a beau-ti-ful pic-ture



That hung in a gold-en frame.

It was one morn one sweet May day

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCDE

2

V - 9

4 bars

♪ 228

6

8

Grace Walton and Rhoda Dronfield

4/6/70

It was one morn one sweet May day

when nature painted all things gay/so gay.*

Taught birds to whistle/sing and lambs to play
and made the meadows fair.

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

His Sunday coat the youth put on,

for Jenny/Ginnie had vowed away to run

With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair.

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

[Rhoda leads.]

The cheerful parish bells are rung, with eager steps he struts along.

Rhoda: "Eh come on, sing!"

Each flower he garland round and round [hums]

Rhoda: "I can't sing on me own."

Grace: "I don't know it with those words though."

[Grace leads.]

He tapped the window haste my dear,

and Jenny impatiently cried, Whose there?

'Tis I my love and no-one near, jump gently down then not to fear

With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair.

Rhoda: "You're not recording it, are you? Not while we get into it."

Grace: "The gildering shepherd's cry."

Rhoda: "Will Ginnie be my charming bride."

[Grace leads.]

Behold the ring the shepherd cried, Will Ginnie be my charming bride.

Grace: "Something about 'I'll love thee, I will by all the powers',
is it? 'and never deceive thee'."

Rhoda: "'I will be constant will be true,

I will by all the powers above,

and ne'er deceive my charming love'."

Grace: "'The charming morn, the blooming day,

when Barny Kelly ran away,

With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair!"

* Grace's variant is given first and then Rhoda's.

Both sing

Rhoda:
Grace: It was one morn one sweet May day when na-ture pain-ted all things so gay
pain-ted all things gay.

Taught birds to ^{sing} whistle and lambs to play and made the mea-dews fair.

Rhoda leads
Grace leads

Young Jock-ey ear-ly in the morn a-rose and tripped it o'er the lawn.

Rhoda leads
Grace leads

His Sun-day coat the youth put on, for Jen-ny had vowed a-way to run

With Jock-ey to the fair, the fair, with Jock-ey to the fair.

Variation - Rhoda

II b1

Each flower he gar-land ...

Variations - Grace 30/4/70

Ic1

Now Jock-ey ear-ly ... Sun-day coat the youth put on for ...

Note

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

Me dad and ma is fast asleep and I am up and with the sheep,
And will you Jenny your promise keep which I have heard you swear?
I will by all the powers above.
I'll ne'er deceive my charming love.

The smiling morn, the blooming day when Barny Kelly ran away
With Jockey to the fair, the fair, with Jockey to the fair.

See also Jockey to the Fair, 30/4/70, S10, when Grace sings only the first verse; and 7/9/72, S41.

When first I went a-waggoning

Standard (inflected 7 $\frac{1}{2}$)		ABCDE
VII #	V - 8	4 bars
1140	4 4	Fulwood Booth
Grace Walton with Frank Hinchliffe		30/4/70

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

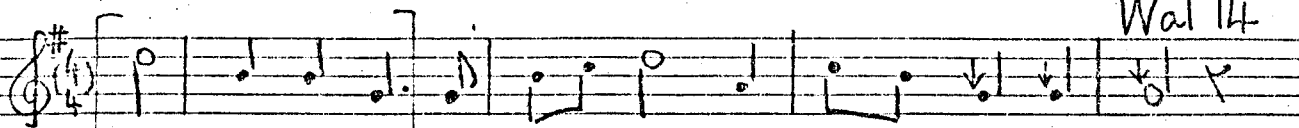
O the night was dark and stormy, I was wet through to the skin,
But I made myself contented till I reach to yonder inn,
And there I sat a-drinking with the landlord and his friends,
Singing, Whoa, me lads, I-O, drive on, me lads, I-O!
And none can drive a waggon if the horses will not go.

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

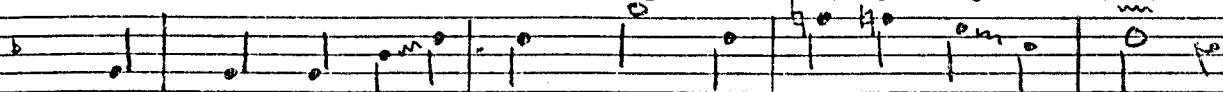
* Not recorded.

Note

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



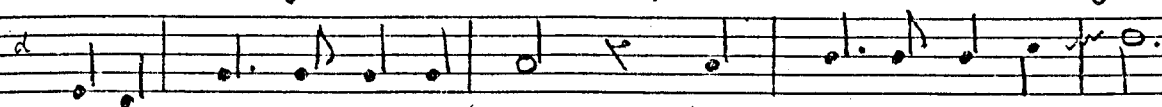
When first I went a - wag-gon-ing, a - wag-gon-ing did go,



I filled my par-ents hearts full of sor-row grief and woe,



And ma-ny were the hard-ships I had to un-der-go,-



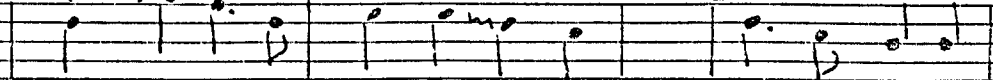
Sing-ing, whoa, me lads, I - O, drive on, me lads, I - O!



And there's none can drive a wag-gon if the hors-es will not go.

Variations

II b2 (passim)



III c2

-tent-ed fill I reached to yon-der... have a lass and ...

Little Brown Jug (f)

Wal 15

S48

My wife and I lived all alone

Standard

ABB

5 III - 3

4 bars

♩ 85 2
4

Grace Walton

7/9/72

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

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

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

Note

Grace sings only one line of chorus.

My wife and I lived all a-lone

in a litt-le wood-en hut we called our own.

She liked rum and I liked gin,

and I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

Ha - ha - ha , hee - hee - hee ,

slows

litt-le brown jug don't I love thee!

The Mistletoe Bough

Wal 16

S11

The mistletoe hung in the old castle hall

Standard

ABABCDCD EF

5) II - 3

2 bars

♩ 160 and 132 6
8

Grace Walton and Edith Lawson
with Rhoda Dronfield

4/6/70

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

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

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

* Not recorded.

[Wal 16 continued]

At length an old oak chest that had long laid hid
Was found in the castle they raised the lid.
And a/A skeleton form lied/lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
O sad was her fate in that sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring and the dreadful doom
The bride lay clasped in a living tomb.
O that mistletoe bough,
O that mistletoe bough!

Note

The form of the first verse ABABABCDEF is clearly a mistake on Edith's part. It is not possible to distinguish who is responsible for textual variations as the voices of the women are very similar.

II
(6/8)

♩ 160

I'm wear-y of danc-ing now, she cried,

Here tar-ry a mo-ment, I'll hide, I'll hide;

And Lov-ell be sure thou art the first to trace

The due to my se-cret hid-ing place.

♩ 132

A - way - she ran and her friends be-gan

Each tow-er to search, each nook - to scan,

And young Lov-ell - cried O where dost thou hide?

I'm lone-ly with-out thee, my own - dear bride.

O - the mist-le-toe bough,

slows

O - the mist-le - toe bough!

"The summer is ended and the harvest is past"

12345(7#)

ABCD/ABCD/ABCDEDED

4#

V - 5

2222/2222/222212

•| 100

4
4

Grace Walton

7/9/72

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

I go there a-courting and what harm is there in that.
We spend all our time in sweet harmony and chat.
She told me that she loved me and I thought she did so too,
So I told her we'd get married when we'd nothing else to do.

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

Note

Grace confirms that her version only includes a chorus after verse III. See Hin 43.

The sum-mer is end-ed and the har-vest is past.

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

There's a neat lit-tle cot-tage that stands in yon-der view,

And it's there I go a-court-ing when I've noth-ing else to do.

Noth-ing else to do, And en- ...

III e
II c 2 (passim)
Thought she did so too, So I ...

Now I don't want to offend you

Standard (inflected 4 #, 5 # and 1 #) ABCDAD/ABCDAD/ABCDADAD

3 ♭ VII# - 6 4 bars

♩ 208 4
4

Grace Walton 4/6/70

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

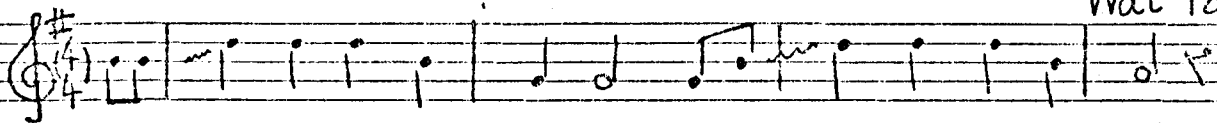
Now there's Mr Jones, the bobby, he dresses very fine.
His wage is eighteen bob a week while mine is twenty-nine.
He wears a gold watch and chain and gold rings, two or three,
But where the devil he gets 'em from, it's nowt to do with me.
So I never interfere, no matter where I be,
Let people do as they've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

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

* pronounced 'note'

Note

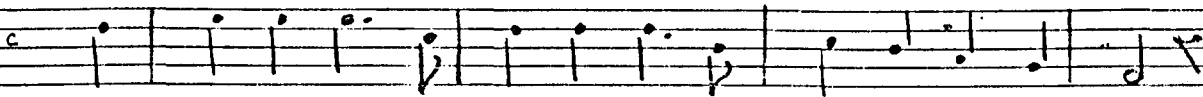
See "Nowt to Do with Me", Grace Walton, 23/4/70, S9, and 7/9/72, S48, where she comments "me dad used to sing that."



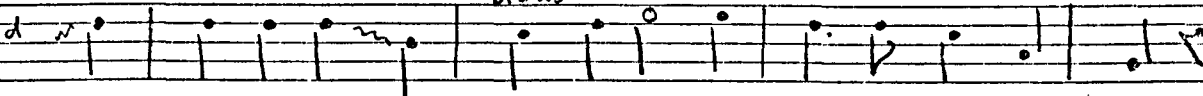
Now I don't want to of-fend you and I don't want you to frown,



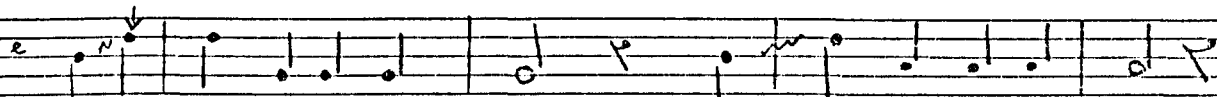
But I don't like that nasty way of tak-ing peop-le down.



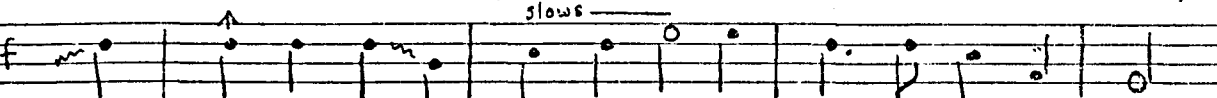
The rea-son is, I do what's right, no mat-ter where I be.



Let peop-le do as they've a mind, it's nowt to do with me.



So I nev-er in-ter- fere, no mat-ter where I be,



Let peop-le do as they've a mind, it's nowt to do with me.

Variations

II a1

II b2



Now there's Mis-ter Jones, the bob-by, he dres-ses "ver-y ... bob a week whil

II e1

III a1



nev-er in-ter... Mis-ses Brown me ... lod-ges four or

Nutting Girl (f)

Wal 19

S19

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

Standard (inflected 4#)

AB

1 1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 184 4
 4

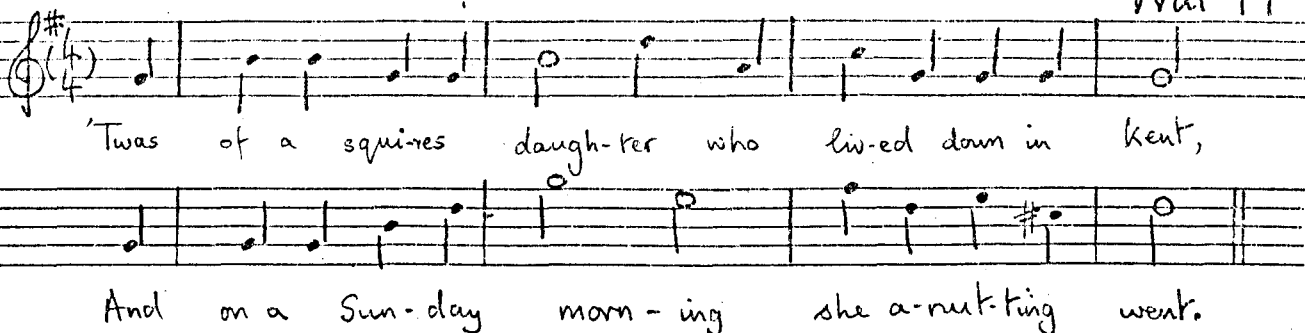
Grace Walton

29/10/70

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

Note

See Nutting Girl (f), 4/6/70, S11, where Grace confuses the song
with The Banks of Sweet Dundee.



'Twas of a squire's daughter who lived down in Kent,
And on a Sunday morning she a-nut-ting went.

The Outlandish Knight (f)

Wal 20

"Jump on jump on thy milk white mare"

S19

Standard

ABCD

VI↓

VII# - 9

2 bars

.b 264±

6
8

Grace Walton

29/10/70

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

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

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

Note

See 30/4/70, S10, where Dorothy comments that the song reminds her
of Henry VIII and Frank adds;

"The same as the couple that got married, you know. I say this here
couple got married and she was looking round one day and sees some
hats on top of wardrobe. So she asks him, husband, what they're all
about. 'Well, like they were me late wives and I wanted to keep
them in remembrance.' 'Ah!' she says, 'next un up there'll be a
bowler!'"

See also 4/6/70, S11, where Grace sings 'And she rode to and fro'
for the second phrase of verse II.

Jump on, jump on thy milk white mare,

An be- old - me dapp- le so grey ;

And they rode a- way till they reached the north sea -

Three ho- urs be- fore it was day.

Variation.

drown- ded here But the ...

Over the Garden Wall (inc)

Wal 21

S19

Just jump up and just jump down

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCDABEF

VI

1 - 8

2 bars

♩ 200

6
8

Grace Walton

29/10/70

"It was one me dad used to sing."

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

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

Note

Grace has difficulty as she seems to have pitched it too low.

Just jump up and just jump down,

Litt-le girl to me.

I've been wait-ing a long, long time,

And the wall's not hard to climb.

Just jump up and just jump down.

I wait let you fall,

And we'll play - at sweet-hearts, we're going to be married,

O-ver the gar - den wall.

Me and two other boys we went out for a spree

Standard

ABCDEF

3bA

V - 6

2 bars

150

4
4

Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton with Frank Hinchliffe

30/4/70

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

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

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

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

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

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

* past tense of 'light', meaning 'chance upon, find'. Grace also sang 'let of', 7/9/72.

[Wal 22 continued]

[Frank prompts.]

Now off to town I ran like fire,
The owner of the coat being my desire.
The owner of the coat were never found out
So I got a damn good coat for nowt.
Eeme-ayeme-am-a-like a daisy
Right-fol-de-riddle-olde-right-fol-de-day.

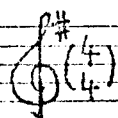
Come all ye fair maids wherever you may be,
Nivver go a-courting under a pear tree.
Never take off your coat to save their gown,
If you do the pears 'll come tumbling down.
Eeme-ayeme-am-a-like a daisy
Right-fol-de-riddle-olde-right-fol-de-day.

Note

Frank prompts the fifth verse as he had noticed that Grace had not performed it the previous week. See The Pear Tree, Grace Walton, 23/4/70, S9, and 7/9/72, S41, and The Pear Tree, Frank Hinchliffe, 8/6/72, Hin 49. 7/9/72 Grace includes the extra verse and it is interesting that the melodic variation does not follow Frank's version.

Off to the town I went like fire,
The owner of the coat was my desire.
The owner of the coat was never found out
So I got a dang good coat for nowt . . .

"That was one of Dad's favourites. He was always singing that."



Me an' two o-ther boys, we went out for a spree,

An' on our way we let for a pear tree.

Now to get some pears we felt in-clined

So up this tree I did climb.

Ee-me - aye-me am-a-like-a-dai-sy

Right fol-de - ridd-le ol-de right-fol-de-day.

Variations

II a 1

Well up this pear tree I .. gets land-ed The ...

II d 1

'Twas the man and the wo-man came ...

III a 1 recorded 7/9/72

Off to the town I went like fire

The own-er of the coat was my de-sire ...

"Ranmoor Inn" (f)

Wal 23

S9

Standard (inflected 4# and 2#)

VII

V - 5

↓ 104

4
4

Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton

30/4/70

[Tape off.]

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

"Me dad used to sing that. Another one that old Fulwooders made
up, like."



Then go down to the Ran-moor Inn, it is the best beer in the land.



Come on in here, a glass of beer, the best beer in the land.

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

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

[Grace sings.]

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

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

[Frank sings part of the chorus.]

Roo-dum roo-dum roo-dum day
Roo-dum tooral-ay-0.

[Grace hums first part of the tune and sings.]

A chap came smokin' in me face.

[She then hums the complete chorus.]

Note

See "Rotherham Wedding" (f), 29/10/70, S19, "I only know snatches
of it like. [recites]

'I bought a glass for lookin' in,
I bought a pipe for smokin' in,
I bought a pot for suppin' in,
And Nan asks price of cradle!'

That's about all I know like."

Grace Pitch = IV Wal 24

[Hums]

A Pitch = VII chop come smok-in' in me face

O we supped as much to make us run

As 'd drowned all folk in Rother-ham.

Pitch = IV#

[Hums]

La - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la
Frank joins in

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

Ros - dum - roo - ral - I - O.

"Take That Ring" (f)

Wal 25

S48

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABAC

3b

V - 6

2 bars

♩ 135

4

4

Grace Walton

7/9/72

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

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

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

Wal 26

S19

Standard

ABCA

VII #

1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 150

3

4

Grace Walton

29/10/70

There came a cold wind from the north.

[Hums]

And there came a cold wynd from the north.

"That's the tune of it, like. That's another old one."

Wal 25



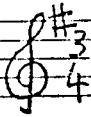
Take that ring from off your fin-ger,

Take that neck-lace from your neck,

And give it to that blue-eyed lov-er,

To the one that you love best.

Wal 2.6



There came a cold wind from the north.

[Hums]

And there came a cold wynd from the north.

Twelve Apostles

Wal 27

S11

"Stop and I will sing you"

Standard

Irregular ABCBA . . . DEF

6 I - 4

22223 . . . 444

♩ 192 and 256 2 and 4
4 4

Grace Walton

4/6/70

Stop and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you the ten times.
What by the ten times?
Ten by the ten commandments,
Nine by the nine bright shiners,
Eight by the Gabriel rangers,
Seven from the star of heaven,
Six 'Bowaters' coming,
Five comes o'er the border, three, three thribers,
Two gaily white birds and they were dressed in green-0,
One stole 'em all away and never no more shall be.

Note

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

♩ 192

Stop and I will sing you. What will you sing me?

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

♩ 256

Ten by the ten com-mand-ments, Nine by the nine bright shin-ers,

Eight by the Ga-briel rang-ers, Seven from the star of heav-en,

Six Bo-wa-ters com-ing,

Five comes o'er the bor-der, Three, three thri-bers,

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

One stole 'em all a-way and nev-er no more shall be.

"Ump Jump Jack" (f)

Wal 28

S10

I #

1 - 8

♩ 144

Fulwood Booth

Grace Walton

30/4/70

"Me dad used to sing that."

Ump jump Jack was as live as a bee
And a brisk young sailor he was [hums].

Frank: "For the sword he hath girded on!"

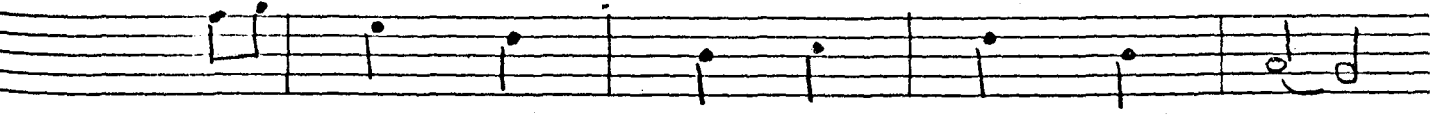
Grace: "'Tis a bit like Minstrel Boy."

Note

See 29/10/70, S19.



ump jump Jack was as live as a bee



and a brisk young sail-or he was ...

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

Standard

ABCA

3

VII#- 8

4 bars

♩ 176

3

4

Grace Walton

4/6/70

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The cock was a-crow-ing, the mast-er did say,

Come a-rise my good fel-laws and a-rise with good will

For your hor-ses want some-thing their bel-lies to fill.

Variations

-wake and a-... vow That we're ... fol-lows the ...

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

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

Frank: "It's different to what I know."

Dorothy: "Tune or words?"

Frank: "Both on 'em. That tune I've heard it sung to other songs."

Dorothy: "Sounds like Villikins and Dinah."

Grace: "Well you hear that on television. You hear other songs sung to different tunes. I've noticed that."

Note

Grace uses a slide up into some of her notes which is not passing ornamentation (it does not relate to the melodic contour) but is an example of a vocal 'scoop'.

As I walked out one bright May morn

Standard

AABA/BA/AABA

1 #

V - 8

4 bars

. | 120

4

4

Grace Walton

29/10/70

As I walked out one bright May morn across yon fields so early.
It was there I spied a pretty fair maid as bright as any fairy.
I said, Me pretty maid, where are you going?

and by the hand I caught her;

[Hesitates]

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

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

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

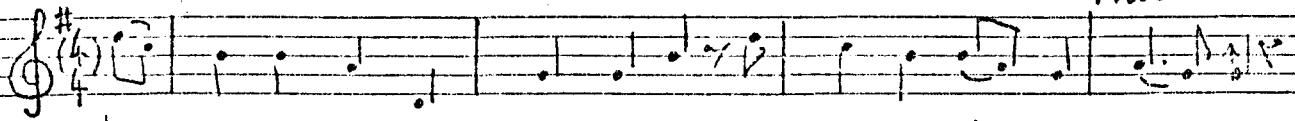
"There's some missed out, I know. Then he says";

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

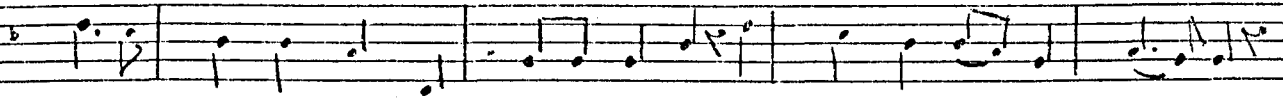
"We're getting a bit more."

Note

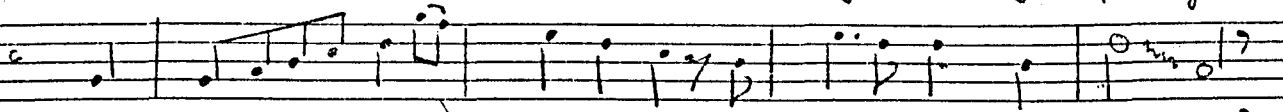
Grace sings this hesitantly. In phrase A notes 5 and V are inter-
changed. See also Hin 59.



As - I walked out me bright May morn a - cross yon fields - so ear - ly.



It was there I spied a pret - ty fair maid as bright as a - ny - fair - y.



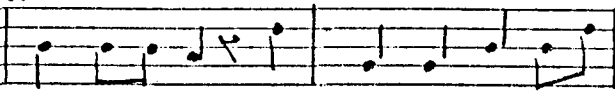
I said, Me pret - ty maid, Where - are you going? and by the hand I caught her;



But she turned 'er head and blushed and said, I'm a poor old weav - er's daugh - ter.

Variations

III a 1



well, fare thee well, sweet maid, he cried, may thy ...

"Underneath the beds of sweet roses she lie"

123457#

ABCD

VII

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 152

4
4

Lewis Ward

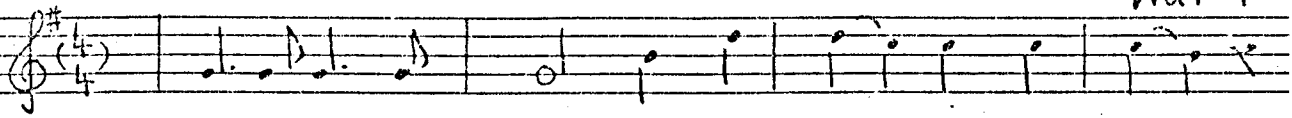
22/6/71

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

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

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

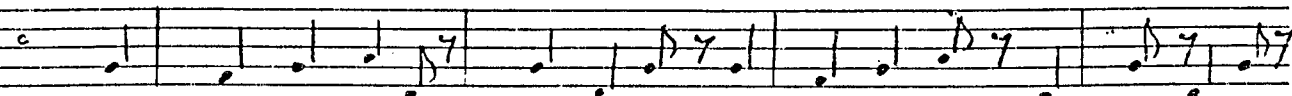
War I



Un-der-neath the beds of sweet rose-s she lie-



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



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

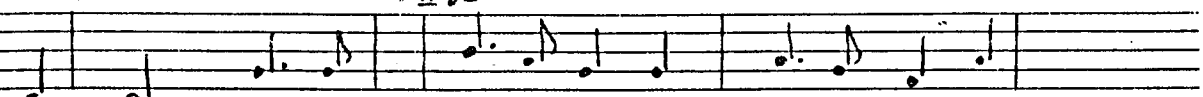


I'll come to the bow-ers where I love you for - ev-er.

Variations

IIa1

IIb2



To church then we... hap-py and con-tent-ed in the...

The Fox (f)

War 2

S30

VII

4 bars

♩ 200 2
 4

Lewis Ward, Mrs. Ward and sister

22/6/71

Mrs Ward: "Father used to sing that 'John John John the grey
goose is gone and the fox is off to his den-0'. He used to give
such a 'Ho!' at finish."

John, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is gone to 'is den-0!

"The Frost Looked Out" (f)

War 3

S30

Mrs Lewis Ward

22/6/71

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

"It's frost ont' window."

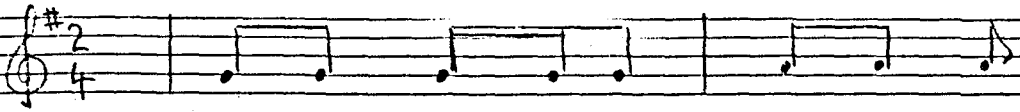
First 'e went to the window and powdered 'is crest,
And over the fields and the flowers 'e dressed.

"It's good."

Note

Mrs Ward half-sings and half-recites this item. The melody is too
vague to transcribe.

War 2



John, John, John, the grey goose is gone,



and the fox is gone to 'is den - O!

My lover she's a tailor

1234567

ABCD ABCD

V (see below) VII - 8

4 bars

♩360

6
8

Lewis Ward

22/6/71

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Note

Lewis learnt the song from his mother. I asked him if he could explain some of the obscure phrases but he could only comment that that was how he had learnt it. The pitch is approximate as the batteries in the tape recorder were fading.

Me lov-er she's a tail-or, a tail-or she's be trade,

And man-y a coat and waist-coat me lov-er she 'as made.

She ris-es in the morn-ing and fin-ish-es off at night.

She's a reg-ular tip and slash-er on the knick-er-bock-er line.

Watch 'er, twig 'er, a pipe a-round she goes.

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

She's one of those flash girls, so beau-ti-ful to shine.

She can do the doub-le shuff-le on the Knick-er-bock-er line.

Mr Gallagher and Mr Sheen (f)

War 5

S30

O Mr Sheen O Mr Sheen

123456 (inflected 4 #)

ABCD

VII V - 8

3344

♩ 252 2
4

Lewis Ward

22/6/71

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

"There's verse after verse of it."

Note

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

O Joe the Boat Is Going Over (f)

War 6

S30

Standard (inflected 4 #)

ABCD

VI IV - 4

2 bars

♩ 200 3
4

Lewis Ward

22/6/71

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

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

Note

Lewis also remembered that his grandfather had sung it.

War 5

Handwritten musical notation for the first line of 'War 5'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "O Mis-ter Sheen, O Mis-ter Sheen,"

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

Handwritten musical notation for the second line of 'War 5'. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "For the price is now so high, it's cheap-er now to die."

Ex-act-ly Mis-ter Gal-lag-her, Ab-so-lute-ly Mis-ter Sheen.

Ex-act-ly Mis-ter Gal-lag-her, Ab-so-lute-ly Mis-ter Sheen.

War 6

Handwritten musical notation for the first line of 'War 6'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "O Joe, the boat is going over."

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

O Joe, I wish I was in Dov-er,

I'd take you on the waters for a ride.

12345 ABAB
1 V - 5 4 bars
♪ 225 2
4
Lewis Ward 22/6/71

Mrs. Ward: "You daren't sing that one about cow."

Three men went a-hunting and (h)all that they could find
Was an 'aystack stuck in the middle of the field
that they 'ad left be'ind.

The Englishman said it was a 'aystack, the Scotchman 'e said nay,
Old Paddy said it was a church with the steeple blown away.

Three men went a-hunting an' all that they could find
Was an 'edge'og stuck in the middle of the field
that they 'ad left be'ind.

The Englishman said it was a 'edge'og, the Scotchman 'e said nay,
Old Paddy said it was a pin cushion wi' the pins stuck int' wrong way.
[Laughs]

Mrs Ward: "There's a bit more."

Lewis: "What's next un?"

Three men went a-hunting an' all that they could find
Was a cowflop stuck in the middle of the field
that they 'ad left be'ind.

The Englishman said it was a cowflop, the Scotchman 'e said nay,
Old Paddy said it was a plum pudding with the currants blown away.
[Mrs Ward laughs uproariously.]

Mrs Ward: "Now is that too bad for you? I know I used to laugh
when 'e used to sing it to me when I was in my teens."

Lewis: "That is an owd un, that. Me grandfather, he used to sing
that. I once went to a wedding when Owen got married. There were
an old man there from a farm down Lightwood Lane at Norton. An'
it were miles from anywhere then. An' this 'ere old farmer 'e sang
it. Old Syd Morton."

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

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

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

Old Pad-dy said it was a church with the steep-le blown a - way.

We Are All Jolly Fellows (f)

War 8

S30

123456

ABCD

1 V - 6

4 bars

♩ 180
3
4

Lewis Ward

22/6/71

"This one's a very good one if you know it. It's been on telly, part of it. There's some more verses before this one I know."

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

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

When the Fields Are White with Daisies (f)

War 9

S30

AB

V VI - 6

2 bars

♩ 144
4
4

Lewis Ward

22/6/71

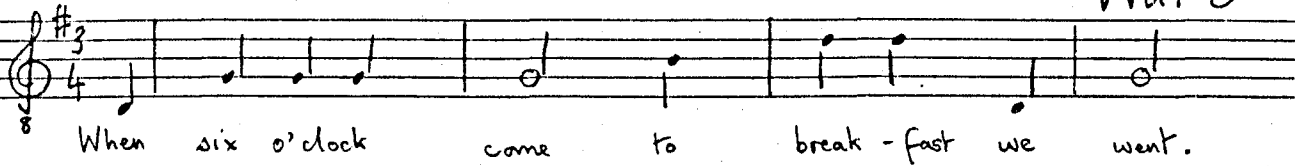
When the fields were white with daisies
And the roses bloom again.

"I've heard it on telly."

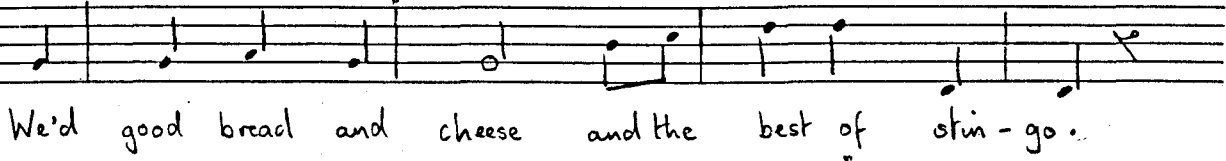
Note

Lewis's father sang it when he was drunk.

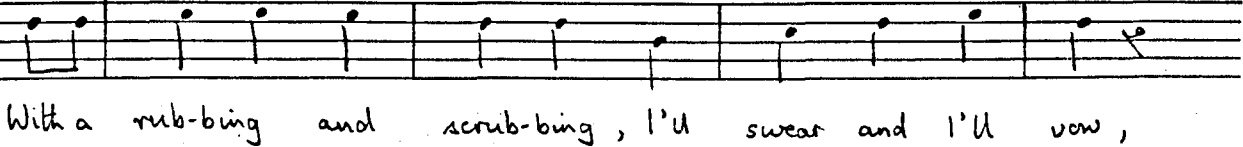
War 8



When six o'clock come to break-fast we went.



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

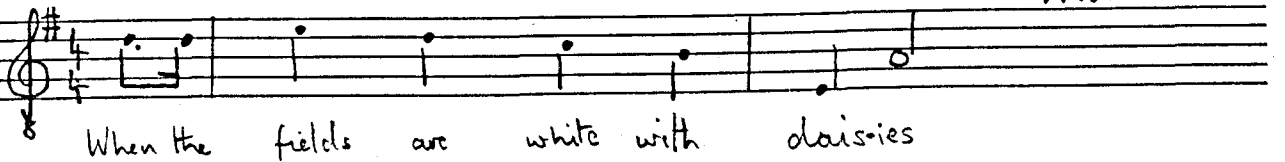


With a rub-bing and scrub-bing, I'll swear and I'll vow,



O we all jolly fel-lows that fol-lows the - plough.

War 9



When the fields are white with daisies



And the ros-es bloom a - gain.

The Banks of Sweet Dundee

Whi 1

"Farmer's Daughter"

S14

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

1234567(♯)

ABBA

III

1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 136⁺

4

4

George White

14/10/70

It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left her five hundred pound in gold.
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
And soon you shall hear this maiden fair did prove her overthrow.

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

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

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

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

The press gang came to William when he was all alone.
He boldly fought for liberty but there was three to one.
The blood did flow in torrents, Come kill me now, said he,
I would rather die for Mary on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

[Whi 1 continued]

This maid one day was walking lamenting for her love.
She met with the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove.
He put his arms around her, Stand off (base) man, said she,
You sent the (h)only lad I loved from the banks of Sweet Dundee.

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

"That's it."

Notes

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

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

The doctor was sent for, a man of noble skill,
Likewise a lawyer for 'im to make his will.
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
And now she lives quite happy on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

It's of a far-mer's daugh-ter, so beau-ti-ful I'm told,

Her pa-rents died and left her five hun-dred pounds in gold.

She liv-ed with her un-cle, the cause of all her woe,

And soon you shall hear this maid-en fair did prove her ov-er-throw.

Variations II d 2 - passim III c 2

plough-boy on the... for you on the banks of sweet Dun-dee ...

ap-pears to me like... Wil-liam from the ...

Ma-ry on the ... lad I loved from the ...

25/2/7: IX c 1 X a 1 X b 1

off then, said young... doc-tor was... Like - wise a

Barbara Allen (f)

Whi 2

S18

In Scarlet town where I was born

123567#

ABCD

VII

III - 5

2 bars

♩ 80

3

4

George White

25/2/71

"I've been trying to think about that Barbara Allen job. I used to know some o' that."

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

In Scar-let town where I was born,

The first line of musical notation is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. It contains four measures of music: a quarter note, a quarter note, a quarter note, and a quarter note.

There was a fair—maid dwell-ling.

The second line of musical notation is on a treble clef staff. It contains four measures of music: a quarter note, a quarter note, a quarter note, and a quarter note.

[hums] - - - - a well—a—day,

The third line of musical notation is on a treble clef staff. It contains four measures of music: a quarter note, a quarter note, a quarter note, and a quarter note.

Her name was Bar-bara Ab-len.

The fourth line of musical notation is on a treble clef staff. It contains four measures of music: a quarter note, a quarter note, a quarter note, and a quarter note.

Beulah Land

Whi 3

S18

My father comes and dwells with me

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

ABCD EFGHFD

V V - 6

2 bars

♩ 80

3
4

George White

14/10/70

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

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

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

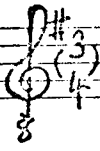
"You've never 'eard that before, O, I better get 'ymn book."

Note

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

Rubato

Whi 3



My fa - ther comes and dwells with me ,

A sweet com - mun - ion there will be .

'E gent - ly leads me by the 'and ,

And this is e - ver Beau - lah land .

slower

O Beau - lah Land , sweet Beau - lah Land ,

And on the 'igh - est mound I stand .

I look a - way a - cross the sea ,

Where man - sions are pre - pared for me ,

And view the shorn - in glo - ry shore ,

My heaven at 'ome for e - ver - more .

Break the News to Mother (inc)

Whi 4

"Four-wheel brake"

S26

Whilst the shot and shells were flying

Standard (inflected 2#)

ABACDE FGFH

IV III - 4

444343 4444

160

6
8

George White

25/2/71

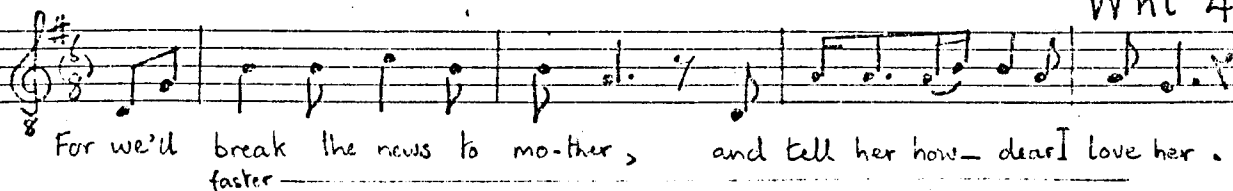
For we'll break the news to Mother, and tell her how dear I love her.
Tell her not to wait for me, for I'm not coming home.
Just say there is no other to take the place of Mother,
And kiss those two red lips for me and break the news to her.

"That's about a young soldier."

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

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

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



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

Just say there is no o-ther to take the place of mo-ther,

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

Whilst the shot and shell were fly-ing up-on the batt-le field,

The boys in blue were fight-ing, they wore a flag a shield.

When a voice from our brave cap-tain, look boys our flag is down,

Who'll vol-un-teeer to save it from dis-grace?

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

And then he sprang in the thickest of the fire.

Brennan on the Moor (f) (with Mary of the Wild Moor)

Whi 5

"Breddle on the Moor"

S18

Standard

II 1 - 9

4

4

George White

25/2/71

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

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

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

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

Note

George confuses two songs.

With Bred-dle on the moor with Bred-dle on the moor

It's the wynd that blows - bit-ter with Bred-dle on the moor

[Hums] - - - - -

"Sailor's Bride"

A pretty fair maid walked in her garden

Standard

ABCD

VII - VII#↓

I - 5

2 bars

♩ 136⁺

3

2

George White

14/10/70

A pretty fair maid walked in her garden.
A brisk young sailor came riding by,
Riding up to her thinking to own her,
He said, Fair maid canst thou fancy (h)I?

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

If thou not fitting to be my servant,
I got as good a regard for thee.
I mean to make thee my bride and jewel,
Thou shall 'ave servants to wait on thee.

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

If it's seven long years since thou love [hesitates] left me,
I'm sure he's either dead or drowned.
For seven long years makes an alteration,
Since thou true love is not to [hesitates] be found again.

He clasped his loving arms around her,
He said, Thou true love shall never be lost.
For I am thou true love and a single sailor,
And many a time the wild ocean crossed.

If thou my true and single sailor,
Show me the ring that thou gave to me.
Show me the hoop that we broke betwixt us,
And then I will give in to thee.

He put 'is 'and into 'is bosom,
'Is fingers they being thin and small,
Pulling out the hoop that they broke betwixt us.
Down to the ground this fair maid did fall.

This lovely couple they got married.
In wedlock banks they did both agree.
They lived together and they loved each other,
Down in a cottage down by the sea.

"That's it."

Rubato) faster

A pret-ty fair maid walked in her gar- den .

A brisk young sai-lor came ri-ding by ,

Ri-ding up to her think-ing to own her ,

He said , Fair maid — canst thou fan-cy (h)I ?

Variation

That's not... mean to — make thee my ...

se-ven more years I will... se-ven long — years makes an...

be found a-gain...

"Banks of Sweet Roses"

S18

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie

123457#

ABCD

V↓

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 136(+)

4
4

George White

25/2/71

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

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

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

"It wants two to sing that. It don't matter whether it's a
woman or not. Me dad and me used to sing it."

Note

A text of the song appears in Johnson's New London Song Book (London
[no date]), p.47. It is printed in two parts, 'Will You Come to the
Bower?' and 'I'll Come to the Bower'.

Un-der-neath the banks of sweet ro-ses she lie—,

A blush from 'er cheeks and a smile— from 'er eye—.

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

I'll— come to the bow-er and I'll— love you— for— e— ver.

Vanditinis

He ... happy and con- ...

Early One Morning (f)

Whi 8

S14

Standard

ABCD

III ↓

V - 8

4 bars

♩ 80

2
4

George White

14/10/70

Early one morning just as the sun was rising,
I met a pretty maid in the valley below;
O don't deceive me, O never leave me,
How canst thou treat a poor maiden so?

"I forgot the other. [words] ... Me sister knows that I'll bet you."

Ear-ly one morn-ing just as the sun was ri-sing ,

I met a pret-ty maid in the val-ley be-low ;

O don't de-ceive me , O ne-ver leave me ,

How canst thou treat a poor maid-en so ?

Edward

Whi 9

"What is that blood?"

S26

What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve?

Standard

ABCDD'

III ♯

1 - 8

2 bars

♯ 110

4
4

George White

25/2/71

What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve?

My son, come tell it unto me.

It's the blood of thy dear brother

That's layin' under yonder tree,

That's layin' under yonder tree.

What has thou killed thy dear brother for?

My son, come tell it unto me.

Because he's killed those three pretty birds

That fly from tree to tree,

That fly from tree to tree.

What shall I do now thy father's gone?

My son come tell it unto me.

I'll put my foot on board a ship

And sail across the sea,

And sail across the sea.

"One of these lads has shot these birds, you see, these pretty
birds. Course 'e's killed his brother - a serious job ..."

What is that blood on thy shirt sleeve?

My son come tell it un-to me.

It's the blood of thy dear bro-ther

That's layin' un-der you-der tree,

That's layin un-der you-der tree.

Variations

II d I passim

fly from tree to ...

II e I passim

fly from tree to ...

Old Ben Broomhead at Fairthorn

12345

ABCD

III|

1 - 5

2 bars

┌ 160

4
4

George White

14/10/70

Old Ben Broom'ead at Fairthorn,
Old Con's wife she's Irish born,
And Thomas Gee keeps Grouse and Trout,
And Walter Wood'ouse is very stout.

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

And Billy Marsden at Fulwood Booth,
He stands weather rough and smooth,
And Billy Broom'ead beard is black,
And Billy Parkinson wears a straw hat.

And Jim Swift [hesitates] has a long chin, [laughs]
And Johnnie Lawson likes his gin,
And Rachel Duke is as rough as gorse,
And Harry Thorpe he clams [starves] his horse.

And Ben Marsden milk does 'goer',
And George Silcock lives next door,
And Bill Fox is getting old,
And Bill Green's ear 'oils allus cold.

And John Brocksup 'e keeps sheep,
And Ben Green 'e's allus asleep,
And Jack Garner lives in t'row,
And Billy Broom'ead just below.

[Whi 10 continued]

And Fred 'Awk at Ful'ood 'all,
And Joss Fox 'as 'Ole in t'Wall,
And Harry Wilson is a little man,
And George Peat makes all t'beezoms 'e can.

And Charly Randerson he sells spice,
And Joe Woodcock says it's nice,
And Ben Thorpe [hesitates] keeps farm stock,
And Fred Elliot works among rock.

And George Marsden doctors cows,
And Jack Lomas kicks up rows,
Zenas Marsden fiddle doth play,
And Barny Kelly run away.

And John Thompson he sells stout,
And Jack 'Ewitt has a long snout,
And Jack Grange is very fat,
And Sam Broom'ead is thin as a lath.

And Joe Dungworth [hesitates] keeps Sportsman Inn,
And George Lawson's very thin,
And Josh White lives in Crimicar Lane,
And Jim Marsden lives in t'same.

And Bill Hinchliffe's very lame,
And Bob Lawson's going t'same,
And Dan Harrison makes saw 'andles,
And Sam Wildgoose sells tallow candles.

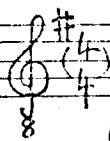
"That's all there is. Me dad could sing that. Me grandad White
not long before 'e died 'e wrote that."

Note

George confirms that his father sang a chorus,
'Toora-roora-roora-lay'.
See Fulwood Farmers and Neighbours, George White, 25/2/71, S26.
George sings another couplet at the end,

And Bill Nicholls has a black mare,
Her shoes were all rough and her ribs were all bare.

At George Silcocks he interrupts with, "That's him that was buried
yesterday."



Old Ben Broomhead at Fair-thorn,

Old Con's wife she's I-rish born,

And Thom-as Gee keeps Grouse and Trout,

And Wal-ter Woodhouse is ve-ry stout.

Variations

III a 1

V a 1 passim

And Bil-ly Mars-den at ...

And Ben Mars-den ...

XI c 1

IX c 2

And Josh White lies in E' ...

fiddle doth play And

XII c 2

makes saw and-les

"Dog and Gun"

S14

A wealthy young squire in Tamworth we hear

Standard

ABCD

III

VII# - 10

4 bars

♩180

4
4

George White

14/10/70

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

The time being appointed for their wedding day,
A young farmer was chosen to give her away.
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
O my heart, O my heart, this fair lady did cry.

Instead of getting married she took to 'er bed.
The thoughts of the farmer ran (h)into 'er head.
The thoughts of the farmer so ran in 'er mind,
And for to gain him she quickly did find.

[Long pause as George tries to read his father's copy.]

A waistcoat and trousers she then did put on
As she went y-hunting with 'er dog and 'er gun
She 'unted all round where the farmer did dwell,
For she knew in 'er heart that she loved him so well.

She 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,
As she went y-hunting with 'er dog and 'er gun.

I thought you'd have been at the wedding today,
To wait upon the squire and give 'er away.
O no, said the farmer, the truth to you I'll tell,
I can't give 'er away, I love her full well.

[Whi 11 continued]

The lady was pleased to hear him so bold.
She handed him a glove that was covered with gold.
She says that I've found it in coming along,
As she was y-hunting with 'er dog and 'er gun.

The lady went 'ome with her heart full of love,
And she gave out a notice that she had lost a glove;
And the man that shall find it and bring in unto me,
And the man that shall find it my husband he shall be.

As soon as the farmer did hear of the news,
Straightaway with the glove to the lady he goes.
'E says, My honoured lady I've brought you your glove,
And I shall be pleased if you'll grant me your love.

Your love's already granted, I will be your bride.
I love the sweet breath of the farmer, she cried.
I'll be t'mistress of me dairy and the milkin' of me cows,
While me jolly young farmer goes whistlin' with 'is plough.

So now we are married, I'll tell you of the fun,
As I went y-hunting with a dog and a gun.
So now (h)I have got him so fast in a snare,
I'll enjoy him forever, I'll vow and declare.

"That's the end o' that. You see, how she managed to get him, same
as my missis got me, she dropped glove and gave it 'im, you see."

Note

George starts singing the melody of The Banks of Sweet Dundee,
realises his mistake and restarts.

Whill

Unclear
Musical notation on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4.

A wealthy young squi-re in Tam-worth, we hear;

Musical notation on a bass clef staff. The notes are: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3.

He court-ed a nob-le-man's daugh-ter so fair;

Musical notation on a bass clef staff. The notes are: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3.

And for to get-mar-ried it was their in-tent,

Musical notation on a bass clef staff. The notes are: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3.

All friends and re-la-tions they gave their con-sent.

Variations

II a 1 passim
II a 3 passim
[Also VIII a 4]
Musical notation on a treble clef staff. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4.

The time ...

Their wed-ding day,

A young ...

III a 1
IV d 1
III d 2
Musical notation on a bass clef staff. The notes are: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3.

In-stead of get-ting ...

For she knew ...

him she ...

When first in this country a stranger

Standard

AABC ACC AABC AABC ACBC ACBC

V↓

V - 6

7877

♩ 120

3
4

George White

14/10/70

When first in this country a stranger curiosity caused me to roam.
Over England I resolved to ramble till I came to Philadelphia my home.
I quickly sailed over to England,
 in course of great beauty to 'shorne';*
Till at length I beheld a fair damsel
 and I wished in my heart she was mine.

One morning I careless did ramble
 in the meadow where the soft breezes blow.
It was there I espied a fair damsel, most beauty and splendour to 'shorne',
She rose from the reeds by the water on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I stepped up and I bids her good morning,
 and her fair cheeks they did blush like a rose.
Saying, I, the green meadows are charming
 your guardian I'll be, if you chose.
Young man I need no guardian, young man you're a stranger to me;
And yonder my father he's a-comin' o'er the green mossy banks of the Lea.

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

They welcomed me home to her cottage, soon after to wedlock did join;
And soon they erected a castle most beauty and splendour to 'shorne'.
Now this young gay Irishman, a stranger,
 to all pleasures and pastimes can be,
Like the daughter of a gentle Matilda
 on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Come all ye young maids take a warning no matter how poor you may be.
For there's many a poor girl that's handsome
 as those that have the large property.
By flattering let no man deceive you,
 you may know what your future might be.
Like the daughter of a gentle Matilda
 on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

* Geroge's pronounciation of this word follows his father's spelling
in the MS as shown above and certainly mean's 'shine'. See Whi 3
for an example of the same usage.

$\#3$
 $(\frac{3}{4})$

When first in His coun-try a stran-ger

cur-i-os-i-ty — caused me to — roam.

O-ver Eng-land I re-solv-ed to — ramble

till I came to Phil-i-del-phia my — home.

I quick-ly saild o-ver to — Eng-land,

in course of great beau-ty to shorne; —

till at length I be-held a fair — dam-sel.

and I wished in my — heart she was — mine.

Variations

I d 2

$\#$ g 3

splen-dour to — ... Ma - Eil-da on the ...

III e 1

man | — need — no ...

Jockey to the Fair (f)

Whi 13

S18

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDEEFGHI

II

V - 9

2 bars

♩240

6
8

George White

25/2/71

Me dad and ma is fast asleep,
And I am up and with the sheep.
And lambs to fiddle and lambs to play,
And made [hums] ...
The smiling morn, the blooming day,
[Hums]
The smiling morn, the blooming day,
When lovely Jeannie ran away
With Jockey to the fair, the fair,
With Jockey to the fair.

"Me dad used to sing that."

Me dad and ma is fast a-sleep ,

And I am up and with the sheep .

And lambs to fidd-le and lambs to play ,

And made [hums] - - - - -

The smi-ling morn-, the bloom-ing day ,

[Hums] - - - - -

The smi-ling morn-, the bloom-ing day ,

When love-ly Jean-nie ran a-way

With ^{slows} Joc-key to the fair , the fair ,

With Joc-key to the fair .

"Waggoning"

S18

When first I went a-waggoning

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDE

II

V - 8

4 bars

♩160

4
4

George White

25/2/71

Upon a cold and stormy night when wet through to my skin.
I filled my parents hearts with grief, with sorrow, care and woe,
And many (h)are the 'ardships that I have since gone through;
Singing, Whoa me lads! Drive on! Drive on me lads I-O,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

"I've got mixed up here, haven't I." [long pause]

Upon a cold and stormy night when wet through to my skin.
I bear it with contented heart until I reach the inn,
And there about the fire with the landlord and his kin;
Singing, Whoa me lads! Drive on! Drive on me lads I-O,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

Now the summer time is coming on, what pleasures we shall see.
The merry finch is twittering on every greenwood tree.
The blackbird and the throstle too are singing merrily;
Singing, Whoa me lads! Drive on! Drive on me lads I-O,
For there's none can drive a waggon when the 'orses will not go.

Note

George is confused over the first line of the first verse. This is resolved after he has recited the verse through.

II

U - pas a cold and storm-y night when wet through to the skin.

I bear it with con-ten-ted heart un-til I reach the inn,

And there a-bout the fi-re with the land-lord and his kin,-

Sing-ing, Whoa me lads ! Drive - on ! Drive - on me lads I - O ,

For there's none can drive a wag-gon when the 'ors-es will not go.

Variation

Ib2

hearts with grief with ...

Ic3

I have since gone ...

IIIa1

Now the ...

Now little pal when your Daddy goes away

Standard

ABCDAD EFGH

IV

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 152 and 108 $\frac{4}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$

George White

14/10/70

Now little pal, when your daddy goes away,
Promise you'll be good from day to day.
Do as your mummy says and never sin;
Try an' be the lad your daddy might 've been.
Your daddy didn't have an easy start,
And this is the way I'll keep within my heart —

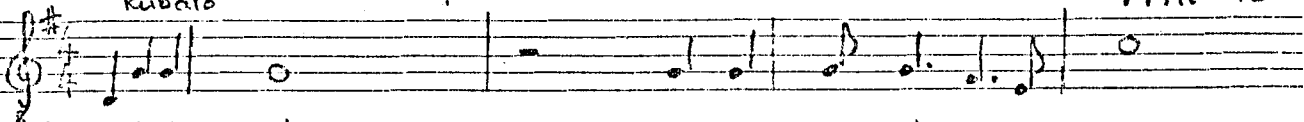
What I couldn't be, little pal,
I want you to be, little pal,
And if someday you'll be on a new daddy's knee
Don't forget about me, little pal.

"I used to know a lot of them sort of songs, you know, but I've
forget 'em."

Note

George is prompted to sing this by his wife. He had sung it to her
after an argument on one occasion.

Rubato



Now litt-le pal ,

when your dad-dy goes a-way ,

Promise you'll be good from day to day .

Do as your mum-my says and nev-er sin ;

Try an' be the lad your dad-dy might've been .

Your dad-dy didn't have an ea-sy start ,

And this is the way I'll keep with-in my heart -

What I couldn't be , litt-le pal ,

I want you to be , litt-le pal ,

And if some-day you'll be on a new dad-dy's knee

Don't for-ger a-bout me , litt-le pal .

McCaffery

Whi 16

S18 and S26

I was scarcely eighteen years of age

Standard (inflected 2 #)

ABCD

VI↓

V - 4

2 bars

♯66[†]

3

4

George White

25/2/71

"You see some people sing different words, that "McCaffery", buried in Fullwood churchyard in Preston. He shot colonel and he meant to shoot the captain. True that, true that, you know. You get put on a charge for singing that in t'barracks, could do."

I was scarcely eighteen years of age,
When into the army I did engage.
I left my home with a good intent
To join the forty-second regiment.

Now to Fullwood barracks I had to go,
To put some time in at that depot.
[Hums] ...

Now while stationed out on guard one day,
Some comrades children came out to play.
From orderly room my captain came
And he ordered me to take the parents' name.

Now I took but one, instead of three,
Neglect of duty he then charged me.
Neglect of a duty is a serious crime,
Ten days solitary confinement was my time.

"I'n't it sickening when you forget it, eh?"

[Whi 16 continued]

When stationed back on guard one day

[Hums] ...

I shot my colonel against my will,
It was Captain 'Ammond I intended to kill.

Now I shed his blood, I did the deed.
At Liverpool Assizes my trial stood,
And the judge said to me, Why McCaffery
Prepare for your death upon the barracks square.

Now I had no father to take my part,
Nor had I a mother to break her heart,
I had a pal and a pal was she,
She'd 'a' laid her life down for McCaffery.

Now all you officers take a tip from me,
Respect young soldiers with civility,
Treat them right for they'll ne'er forget,
An officer made a murderer of McCaffery.

"I learnt that with soldiers. I might have learnt it when I were
in Service Corps ... Barrack Room song."

Rubato

I was scarce-ly eight-teen years of age,

When in-to the ar-my I did en-gage.

I left my home with a good in-tent

To join the for-ty se-cond re-gi-ment.

Variations

II a1 passin

Full-wood bar-racks I... or-der-ly room my...

IV d 1

days so-li-tary con-fine-ment was my time.

VII E 1

Nor had I a m-ther to break her heart...

VIII d 1

An of-fi-cer made a mur-der-er of Ms-Caff-er-y.

"Thresherman"

S14

A nobleman lived in the village of Leek

Standard

ABCDE

VI b

III - 5

44454

♩ 144

4

4

George White

14/10/70

A nobleman lived in the village of Leek,
He kept a poor thrasher whose family was great.
He's a wife and seven children, and most of them are small,
With nothing but his labour to maintain them all,
With nothing but his labour to maintain them all.

So careful and constant each morning he went
Unto his daily labour with joy and content.
With his frail [flail] on his back and a bottle of beer,
As cheerful as those that gets a thousand a year,
As cheerful as those that gets a thousand a year.

The nobleman met his poor thrasher one day,
And kindly accosted him, Tell to me I pray,
Thou's a wife and seven children, I know it to be true.
How canst thou maintain them so well as thou do?
How canst thou maintain them so well as thou do?

Sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do mow,
And other times a-hedging and a-ditching I do go.
There's nothing comes amiss to me neither harrow, cart or plough,
But still I get my living by the sweat of my brow,
But still I get my living by the sweat of my brow.

My wife she is willing to join me in youth.
We live just like two turtle doves and seldom do provoke.
Sometimes we are hard up and sometimes very poor.
But still we keep those raging wolves away from the door.
But still we keep those raging wolves away from the door.

When my day's work is over I go home at night.
My wife and my children they are my delight;
The children they are prattlin' and playin' with their toys,
And these are the riches that a poor man enjoys,
And these are the riches that a poor man enjoys.

Now since thou spoke so well of your wife and family,
I make you live happy all the rest of your life.
There's fifty acre of good land I'll freely give to thee
To maintain thy wife and thy large family,
To maintain thy wife and thy large family.

Their tongues were unable in full to express
The depth of their joy and their thankfulness.
They make many courtesy and bow to the ground;
Such noblemen there are few to be found,
Such noblemen there are few to be found.

A no-ble-man lived in the vil-lage of Leek,

He kept a poor thrash-er-man whose fa-mi-ly was great.

He's a wife and se-ven child-er-en, and most of them are small,

With no-thing but his la-bour to main-tain them all,

With no-thing but his la-bour for to main-tain them all.

Variation

III e 2-passim

main-tain them so...

VI a 1

When my...

II c 4

beer As...

Now the summer is ended and the harvest is past

Standard

ABCD ED

IV

V - 6

2 bars

J 108

4
4

George White

25/2/71

Now the summer is ended and the 'arvest is past.
We've sown all our corn an' we've mown all our grass.
There's a neat little cottage that stands in yonder view,
And that's where I go a-courting when I've nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do, nothing else to do,
And that's where I go a-courting when I've nothing else to do.

I go there a-courting, an' what harm in that.
I spend all my time in sweet 'armony and chat.
She told me that she loved me and I thought she did so too,
And I told her we'd get married when I'd nothing else to do.

"That's all I know of that one."

Now the sum-mer is end-ed and the 'ar-vest is past .

We've sown all our corn - an' we've mown all our grass .

There's a neat litt-le cot-tage that stands in yon-der view ,

And that's where I go a-court-ing when I've no-thing else to do ,

More quietly
No-thing else to do , no-thing else to do ,

And that's where I go a-court-ing when I've no-thing else to do .

Outlandish Knight (f)

Whi 19

"Jump On Jump On"

S18

Standard

ABCA' CA' CA'

II

1 - 8

2 bars

♩198

6

8

George White

25/2/71

"I know a bit of that one."

Jump on, jump on thy milk white mare,
And be'old me dapple so grey.
It's six pretty maids has drowded here,
And the seventh is drownding thee.

And she took him by the middle so small
And she tumbled him into the sea.

"You know it's thirty years since I was singing these and you forget
the blooming things."

Fetch three of the best nags out your father's stable
That's where there lay three and thirty.

Jump on , jump on thy milk white mare ,

And be-³old — me dapp-le so grey .

Its six pret-ty maids has drown-ed here ,

And the se-venth is drown-ing thee .

Variation

II a 1

three of the best nags our your fa-ther's stable

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

123456

ABCD

2v

V - 6

4 bars

♯ 130

3

4

George White

14/10/70

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell
A brisk young lad; and I loved him well
He courted me, my heart so gay,
Until at length, he stole my heart away.

O mistress, O mistress you little do know
The pains and trials I now undergo.
Put your right hand on my left breast,
My aching 'eart can take no rest.

I went upstairs to make my bed.
I layed me down and nothing said.
My mistress came unto me and said,
What is the matter with you, my maid?

O write me a letter and write it with speed,
And take it to him, that's if he can read,
Then bring me a (h)answer without delay,
For he's been and stole my heart away.

She gathered the leaves to make my bed
A feathery pillow for my head;
And the leaves that fall from tree to tree
Shall make a covering over me.

This brings to mind the past and gone,
Night after night brings all things on.
You do a question ask of me,
May this in answer prove to be.

Note

See Sheffield Park, George White, 25/2/71, S18.

Handwritten musical notation: treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), time signature of 3/4, and a common time signature (C) written below the staff.

In Shef - field Park — there — once — did dwell

Handwritten musical notation for the second line of the song, starting with a bass clef.

A brisk young lad, and I loved — him — well.

Handwritten musical notation for the third line of the song.

He court - ed me, — my heart — so gay,

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including a triplet of eighth notes.

Un - til at length, he stole — my heart a — way.

Variations

Handwritten musical notation for the first variation, labeled "I d |", with the lyrics "My ach-ing ...".

Handwritten musical notation for the second variation, labeled "y.b |", with the lyrics "feath - er - y".

"Five comes over the border"

S18

Stop and I will sing thee

123456

Irregular ABCBA . . . DEF

III

I - 5

22223 . . . 444

♩ 180+

4 and 2
4 4

George White

14/10/70

Stop and I will sing thee.
What will thou sing me?
I will sing you the six times.
What by the six times?

"You've got to sing 'em all way down, everyone..."

Twelve by the twelve apostles,
Eleven by the 'leven archangels,
Ten by the ten commandments,
Nine by the nine bright shiners,
Eight by the Gabriel Rangers,
Seven from the star of heaven,
Six 'Bowaters' coming,
Five comes o'er the border,
Three three thrivers,
Two gaily white birds
And they were dressed in green - 0,
One stole them all away
And never no more shall be.

"You could get fair out o' wind with that job."

Note

George works this out slowly stopping to think. He first sings five times, then nine times and ten times, and finally twelve times.

George insisted that there was no four times.

See Twelve Apostles, George White, 25/2/71, S26.

"I've sung that wi' me dad. We used to let it rip, that one.
Build it all up and come down every time."

Stop and I will sing thee : What will thou sing me ?

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

Twelve by the twelve a-post-les, E-lev-en by the lev-en arch-an-gels,
Accelerates to end

Ten by the ten com-mand-ments , Nine by the nine bright shi-ners,

Eight by the Ga-briel Rang-ers , Seven from the star of 'eav-en ,

Six Bo-wa-ter co-ming ,

Five comes over the bor-der , Three three thri-vers ,

Two gai-ly white birds: And they were dressed in green-o ,

One stole them all a-way And ne-ver no more shall be .

We Are All Jolly Fellows (f)

Whi 22

S14

Standard

(A)BCD

II ♯

1 - 8

4 bars

♯ 180[±]

3

4

George White

14/10/70

[hums]

For we've all ploughed an acre I'll swear and I'll vow,
We're all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

[Thums]

For we're all ploughed an ac-re I'll swear and I'll vow

We're all jol-ly fel-laws that fol-low the plough

As I walked out one bright May morn

Standard

AABA BA ABA AABA

IV↓

V - 8

5 bars

♯ 114

4

4

George White

14/10/70

As I walked out one bright May morn across yon fields so early,
It was there I spied a pretty fair maid as bright as any fairy.
I says, My pretty maid, where are you going?
and by the hand I caught her.

Kind sir, she says, I'm going home, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

My mother's dead and in her grave, and the early lesson taught me,
To marry for love and not for gold,
cried the poor old weavers daughter.

My father he's lame and nearly blind, and he's almost past his labour;
And parted from me it never shall be, for he's been a good kind father,
Until he's layed in his peaceful grave, I'm a poor old weaver's daughter.

Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well sweet maid, he cried,
may the prospects never be blighted.
May the lad thou love may be constant and true and happy be united.
For friendship's sake this gold ring take,
and a charming manner thought her,
As long as I live I never shall forget that poor old weaver's daughter.

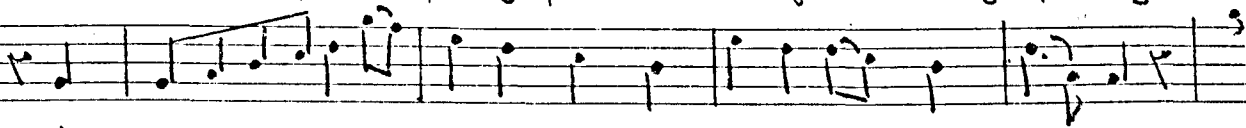
"That's all I know. I think there's another verse to that, but I've
forgot it, you know. My dad never wrote that one down, you see.
One of best int' lot."



As I walked out one bright May-morn a-cross yon fi-elds so ear-ly,



It was there I spied a pret-ty fair-maid-as bright as an-y fair-y.



I says, My pret-ty maid, where- are you going? and by the hand- I caught-her.



Kind- sir, she says-, I'm go-ing- home- I'm a poor old weav-ers- daugh-ter.

Variations

III a 1



fa-ther he's lame-and he's...

IV a 1



-well fare-thee-well sweet...

"What's the Use of Gold?" (f)

Whi 24

S18

Standard

ABCD

IV

V - 6

♩ 180

6

8

George White

25/2/71

O what's the use of gold if you are not 'appy?
Those that wait for money is oftime very sore.
But love is but the only guide for a bridegroom and his bride,
For half an ounce of love is worth a hundredweight of gold.

"That's all you get of that one."

O what's the use of gold if you are not 'ap-py?

Those that wait for mo-ney is of time ve-ry sore .

faster *faster*

But love is but the on-ly guide for a bridle-groom and his bride ,

faster *slows*

For half anounce of love . is worth a hun-dred weight of gold .

White Cockade

Whi 25

"White Cockayne"

S18

It was on one Monday morning when I crossed o'er yond' hill

Standard

ABCA

II

V - 6(8)

4 bars

♩132

4
4

George White

14/10/70

It was on one Monday morning when I crossed o'er yond' hill,
I had no thought of listing till a soldier did me cross.
He advanced me some money, he advanced me some money,
He advanced me some money ten guineas and a crown.

It's true my love had listed and he wears a white cockayne.
He's a very handsome young man and he gone to serve the queen,
Whilst my very heart lies breaking, whilst my very heart lies breaking,
Whilst my very heart lies breaking all for the love of you.

He pulled out a handkerchief to wipe a flowing tear.
Saying, Take this in rememberance till I return again.
Then I'll marry thee my true love, then I'll marry thee my true love,
Then I'll marry thee my true love when I return again.

Note

George's version has a four phrase melody in contrast to the usual five phrases.

It was on one Mon-day morn—ing when I crossed o'er yond' hill ,

I had no thoughts of list—ing till a sol-dier did me cross — .

He ad—van—ced me some — mo—ney , he ad—van—ced me some — mo—ney ,

He ad—van—ced me some mo—ney ten guin—eas and a—crown .

Variations

It's true my-love had list—ed and he... Whilst my ver-y heart lies— ...

He pulled — out a mar-ry thee my...

I've been a wild rover for many long year

Standard

ABAC DC

V

V - 5

4454 44

♩ 130⁺ 100⁺ 3
4

George White

14/10/70

I've been a wild rover for many long year.
I spent all my money on whisky and beer.
I have travelled the wide world, I put money in store,
I never will play the wild rover no more.
Singing nay, no, never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I go to my father, I asked him to forgive,
I asked him to forgive his dear prodigal son;
And if he forgives me, never again will I roam,
An' I never will play the wild rover no more.
Singing nay, no, never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I go to the Peacock, as I oft used to do,
I said to the landlord, My pockets are low.
Will you strap me a jar, sir? The (h)answer was, No,
I can have lots of customers like you every day.
Singing nay, O never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

"And that's all we've got o' t'Wild Rover."

Note

Joe Womack had written the words out for George but he had mislaid them and so sang from memory.

See The Wild Rover, George White, 25/2/71, S26.

Rubato faster

8 I've been a wild ro-ver for ma-ny long year.

I spent all my mo-ney on whisk-y and beer.

c

I have tra-velled the wide world, I put mo-ney in store,

d

slows

I ne-ver will play the wild ro-ver no more.

e

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

f

I ne-ver will play the wild ro-ver no more.

Variations

II a 3

II c 3

asked him to for-give...

nev-er a-gain...

III d 2

III c 3 "

cust-om-ers like...

the an-swer...

"Royal Albion"

S18

As I walked down by yon Royal Albion

Standard

ABCD

IV

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 140⁺

3

4

George White

25/2/71

"I've got all t'words of that down somewhere when I can find 'em."

As I walked down by yon Royal Albion,
Dark was the morning and bitter the day,
When who should I see there but one of my comrades,
Rolled in a blanket far colder than clay.

So we'll beat the drum o'er him we'll blow the fife merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we carry him along,
We'll take him to the churchyard and fire three volley's o'er him,
He was a young soldier cut down in his prime.

At the corner of the street you'll see two flash girls standing,
One to the other they whisper and say,
There goes that young soldier whose money we squandered,
Whose money we squandered on whisky and wine.

Six pretty young maidens will carry his coffin,
Six pretty young maidens will follow be'ind,
Each one of them carrying a bunch of white roses,
Then no-one will smell him as we pass him by.

So we'll beat the drums o'er him we'll blow the fife merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we carry him along,
We'll take him to the churchyard we'll fire three volleys o'er him,
He was a young soldier cut down in his prime.

Now all ye young fellows take heed of my story,
Now all ye young fellows take a warning from me,
And never go courting flash girls of the city,
Flash girls of the city were the ruin of me.

"I might 'ave missed one or two verses out o' that ... I was reading a book when I was a soldier, in Ireland at time, an' that song were in it. It were one of them there paperback books ... Some sing young soldier and some sing young sailor. 'E's knocking about with these women and gets a disease an' it kills 'im. He [father] never used to sing that. I'd heard somebody singing that, I knew a bit on it, and then I came across it in this 'ere book ... We used to sing in t'army and that. We used to sing a lot o' -army songs. Black and Tan, I forget that, Irish Rebel Song. If you start singing that in Ireland you're likely to get tar and feathered."

(Rubato)

As I walked down by — you Ro-yal Al-bi-on,

Dark was the morn-ing and bit-ter the day,

When who should I see there but one of my com-rades,

Rolled in a blan-ket far cold-er than clay.

Variations

II a 1 passim

So we'll beat the drum ...

II c 3

fire three volleys o'er him,

II a 3

car-ry his cof-fin ...

IV c 2

car-ry-ing a ...

V c 1

ne-ver go —

"McCaverty"

S28

When I was scarcely eighteen years of age

Standard

ABCD

IV

V - 5

2 bars

↓ 88⁺

3

4

Bert Womack

1/4/71

"I can't sing without I've had a drink or two."

When I was scarcely eighteen years of age,
Into the army I did engage.
I left my home with the best intent
To join the forty-second regiment.

Now to Fullwood Barracks I did go,
To serve my time in that old depot;
But out of trouble I was never free,
Since Captain Hood took dislike to me.

Now as I stood on guard one day,
Three soldiers' children they came to play.
From the officers' quarters the orders came
For me to take their parents' name.

Now I took one name, say, out of three.
Neglect of duty was the charge on me. [Hesitates.]

"I'm embarrassed singing like."

Ten days C.B.*and ten days' pay,
Say, for doing my duty the opposite way.

Now back to the barrack room I did go,
And with a loaded rifle, say, I let go.
Was Captain Hood that I meant to kill,
But I shot my colonel against my will.

I done my deed, I shed his blood.
At Liverpool Assizes my trial I stood.
The judge said, Guilty, prepare thyself,
For the gallows that thou's earned theeself.

Now I had no father to take my part,
Nor yet a mother to break 'er heart,
But I 'ad a friend and a girl is she.
She'd lay down 'er life for McCaverty.

"I'd've got that other bit if I'd 'ad a drink and been singing it."

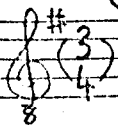
Note

See McCaffery (f), Peacock, 11/3/71, S26.

* confined to barracks

(Rubato)

Womb 1



When I was scarce-ly eigh-teen years of age,

In-to the ar-my I did en-gage.

I left my home with the best in-tent

To join the for-ty sec-ond reg-i-ment.

II d (III also)

Since Cap-tain Hood took dis-like to me...

She'd lay down 'er life for Mc-Car-er-ty.

The Wild Rover (f)

WomB 2

S28

I've been a wild rover for many a year

Standard

(A)BACDC

IV

V - 5

44454

♩ 128⁺

3
4

Bert Womack

1/4/71

(I've been a wild rover for many a year)*
I've spent all my money on whisky and beer.
I've travelled the world over but never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.
Singing, No, nay, never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

"We can sing you that up 'ere."

* Recited.

(3/4)

faster

I've spent all my mon-ey on whis-ky and beer.

I've trav-elled the world ov-er but nev-er no more,

I nev-er will play the wild ro-er no more.

Sing-ing, No, nay, nev-er, nev-er no more,

I nev-er will play the wild ro-er no more.

Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime

WomB 3

"Royal Albion"

S28

As I walked down by the Royal Albion

Standard

ABCD ABCD

IV

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 180⁺

3

4

Bert Womack

1/4/71

As I walked down by the Royal Albion,
Dark was the morning and bitter the day,
When who should I see there but one of my comrades,
Rolled in a blanket far colder than clay.

We'll beat the drums o'er him, we'll blow the fifes merrily,
We'll play the Dead March as we carry 'im along.
We'll take 'im to the churchyard and fire three volleys o'er him.
He was a young soldier cut down in his prime.

"This is old army song."

At the corner of the street you'll see six girls standing.
One to the other they whisper and say,
There goes that young soldier whose money we've squandered,
Whose money we've squandered on whisky and wine.

"Then repeat chorus."

Six pretty young maidens will carry his coffin.
Six pretty young maidens will [tape end]

Note

Unfortunately the last verse was not recorded. See Young Sailor Cut Down in his Prime, Peacock, 11/3/71, S26, where Bert recites the following,

" Six pretty young maidens will carry his coffin.
Six pretty young maidens will follow behind.
Each of them carrying a bunch of white roses,
So we will not smell him as we pass him by.

Now all you young soldiers take heed of my story.
Now all you young soldiers take warning by me.
Never go a-courting flash girl in the city,
Flash girls in the city were the ruin of me.

About a youth that has that disease."

(Rubato)

faster

Worm B 3

As I walked down by the Roy-al Al-bi-on,
Dark was the morn-ing and bit-ter the day,
When who should I see there but one of my com-rades,
Rolled in a blan-ket far cold-er than clay.

Jim the Carter's Lad (f)

WomJ 1

"Crackety Crackety Goes my Whip"

S26

Standard (see below)

ABCD

IV#

V - 3 (see below)

4443

♩228

6
8

Joe Womack

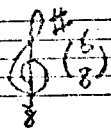
10/4/71

Crackety, crackety, goes me whip, I whistle and I sing.
I sit upon ma waggon, I'm as 'appy as a king.
The 'orse is always willing and it's a jolly life,
I'm Jim the carter's lad. [Laughs]

"There were three verse to all of them."

Note

The first line is obviously sung to the wrong tune (My Yorkshire Farm?). The fourth phrase is also confused.

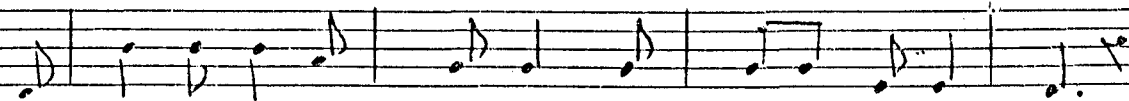


Crack-et-y, crack-et-y, goes me whip, I

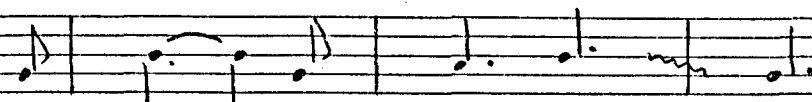
whistle and I sing.



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



The 'orse is al-ways wil-ling and it's a jol-ly life,



I'm d'm the cart-er's lad.

When first I took my Yorkshire Farm

Standard (inflected 4#)

AABCDEFGG

VIbvv↑

1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 132

4
4

Joe Womack

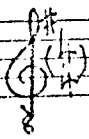
10/4/71

When first I took my Yorkshire farm it nearly turned me grey.
 The bulls and cows were ragin' and the farm-dog wouldn't stay.
 The 'orse won't kick, the cow won't milk, for I dare not feed the sow;
 For I was kind and gentle, and that's where I've to now -
 And if so be you will stay with me for a farmyard holiday,
 The ducks and 'ens won't do you any 'arm.
 They lay you eggs to take to town, [unclear]
 To think that you're a prodigal son on a dear old Yorkshire farm.

"I'm not very good at singing."

Note

Many of the words are difficult to hear. The song finishes in the top octave (8).



When first I took my York-shire farm it near-ly turned me grey.

The bulls and cows were rag-ing and the farm-dog would-nit stay.

The 'orse won't kick, the cow won't milk, forI dare not feed the sow,

For I was kind and gent-le and that's where I've to now -

And if so be you will stay with me for a farm-yard hol-i - day,

The ducks and hens won't do you an-y 'arm. _____

They lay you eggs to take to town, [unclear] - - - -

To think that you're a prod-i-gal son ova" dear old York-shire farm.

Slows

Nothing Else to Do (f)

WomJ 3

S26

Standard

ABCD

II

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 144

4
4

Joe Womack

10/4/71

[Hums first line.]

I spent all my hours in sweet 'armony and chat,
And she told me that she loved me as I thought she did so too.
I told 'er I would wed 'er when I'd nothing else to do. [laughs]

Wassail Song

WomJ 4

S26

"We've been a while a-wandering"

Standard

ABCD

VI♩

III - 5

4 bars

♩ 105

4
4

Joe Womack

10/4/71

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

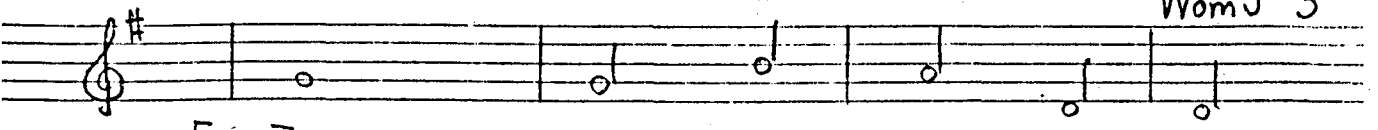
God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children around the table go.
God send a happy, pray God send you,
Pray God send you a happy New Year.

"That were one o't wessels. Girls used to go round village. We
used to go farther out to farms. We used to get a bit more money."

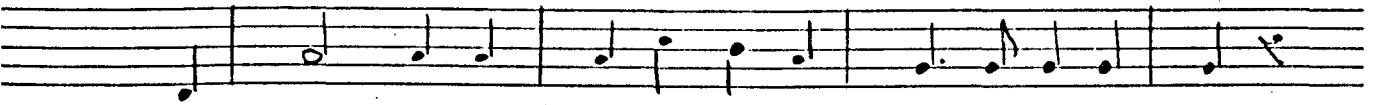
Note

Joesaid they went 'wesseling' on New Year's Eve. They also sang
Tinwood.

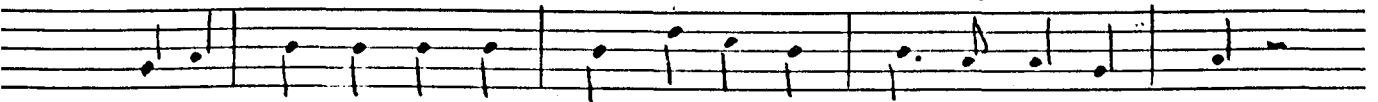
WomJ 3



[Hums]



I spent all my ho-urs in sweet 'arm-on-y and chat,



And she told me that she loved me as I thought she did so too.

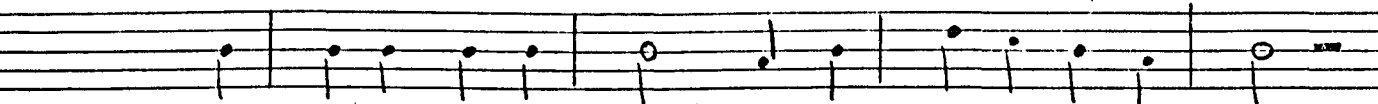


I told 'er I would wed 'er when I'd noth-ing else to do.

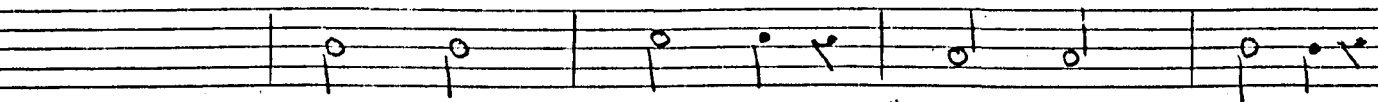
WomJ 4



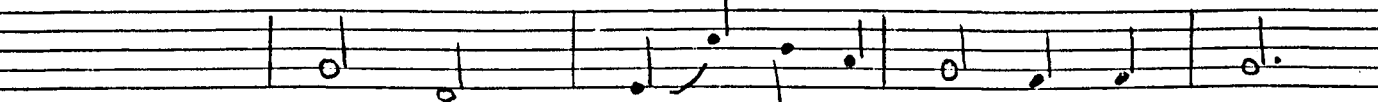
We've been a while a - wan - der - ing a - mongst the leaves so green,



But now we've come a - wessel - ing, so fair - ly to be seen.



Pray God send you, pray God send you,



Pray God send - you a hap - py New Year.

We Are All Jolly Fellows (inc)

WomJ 5

S26

'Twas early one morning before break of day

Standard

AAAA/ABCD

III ♭

1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 120

3
4

Joe Womack

10/4/71

'Twas early one morning before break of day.
The cocks were all crowing, the farmer did say.
Come arise my good fellows, arise with a will,
The 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

When six o'clock came we merrily rise,
And across to yon stable we merrily fly.
With a-rubbing and scrubbing, our 'orses to clean,
And we all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

"I don't know no more. Least, I've forgot it. There used to be
three or four long verses to that."

Note

The whole of the first verse is sung to the phrase 'A' of the melody.

II

When six o'clock came we mer-ri-ly rise,

And a-cross to yon stable we mer-ri-ly fly.

With a rub-bing and scrub-bing, our hors-es to clean,

And we all jol-ly fel-lows that fol-low the plough.

Variation
I a 2 (also b and d)

morn-ing be - fore break of ...

Standard

ABCD/CE

IV

V - 6

4 bars

J108

4
4

Joe Womack

10/4/71

(First I went a-waggoning,)* a-waggoning did go,
I 'ad no thoughts of listing till a soldier did me go.
'E advanced me some money, when I return again,
'E advanced me some money, one sovereign and one crown.

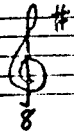
'E gave to me an 'andkerchief to wipe a flowing tear.
'E gave to me an 'andkerchief to wipe a flowing tear.

"That's all I know of that. There's two or three verses of that."

* Recited

Note

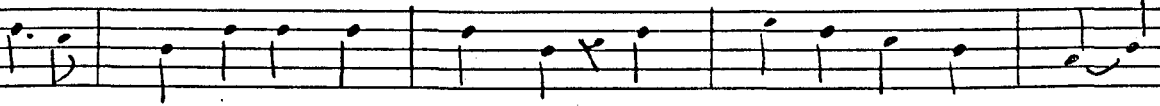
Joe confuses the first line with The Jolly Waggoner.



First I went a-waggoning a - wag-gon-ing did go,



I 'ad no thoughts of list-ing till a sol-dier did me go.

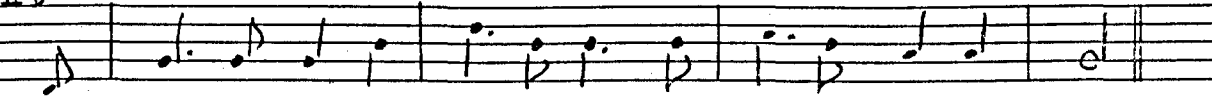


'E ad-van-ced me some mon-ey, when I re-tum a - gain,



'E ad-ven-ced me some mon-ey, one sov-er-ign and one crown..

II b



'E gave to me an 'and-ker-chief to wipe a flow-ing tear.

The Wild Rover

WomJ 7

S26

I've been a wild rover for many long year

Standard

ABACDC

IV#↑↓

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 100

3
4

Joe Womack

10/4/71

I've been a wild rover for many long year.
I spent all my money on whisky and beer.
I've travelled the wide world, I've put money in store,
For I never will play the wild rover no more.
Singing, Nay, O never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I go to the Peacock as I oft used to do.
I said to the landlord, My pockets are low.
Will you strap me a jar, Sir? The answer was, No,
I could 'ave lots of customers like you in a day.
Singing, Nay, O never, never no more,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I go to my father, I ask him to forgive.
I ask him to forgive me, his prodigal son;
And if he forgives me never again will I roam.
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I've been a wild rover for many long year.

I spent all my money on whisky and beer.

I've travelled the wide world, I've put money in store,

For I never will play the wild rover no more.

Sing-ing, Nay, O never, never no more,

I never will play the wild rover no more.

Variation

II d2

cust-o-mers like ...

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

PubP 1

"The Youth of Islington"

S26

There was a youth and a well beloved youth

Standard

ABCD

VI

VII# - 8

2 bars

J116

4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

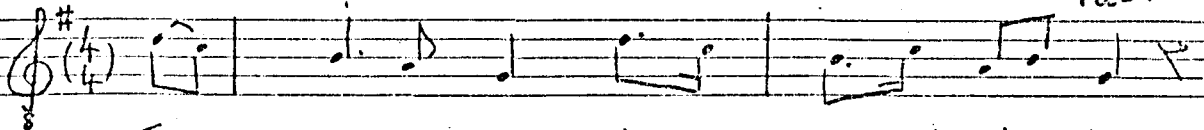
There was a youth and a well beloved youth,
And 'e was a squire's son.
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
That lived near Islington.

But as he walked along the road,
The weather be hot and dry,
He sat 'im down on a mossy bank
And 'is true-love came riding by.

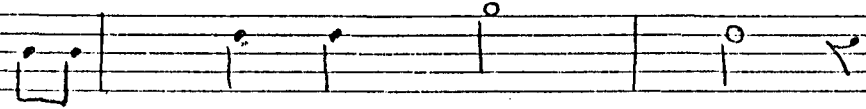
She partly blind, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle rein.
One penny, one penny, kind Sir, she said,
Will ease me of my pain.

But before I give thee a penny, he said,
Pray tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?
She's dead, Sir, long ago.

If she be dead then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also.
I may depart to some far country
Where no man . . . [Tape runs out.]



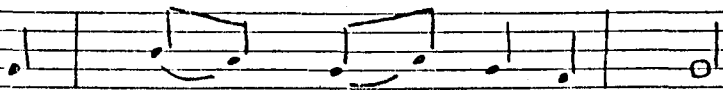
There - was a youth and a well be-lov-ed youth,



And 'e was a squire's son.



He - loved the bail - iff's - daugh-ter dear



That lived - near - Is-ling- ton.

"Bluebells Are Bluebells"

PubP 2

S26

Standard		AB
VI	VI - 5	4 bars
♩ 124	4 4	Peacock, Stannington
Ted Wragg		11/3/71

"Same line all along. No verses to it."

Bluebells are bluebells, bluebells are blue,
Bluebells are bluebells 'cos bluebells are blue.
Blue [Stops abruptly and laughs.]

Note

Ted comments that it was a favourite with soldiers who would sing the song ad infinitum.

"Cock-a-doodle-do" (f)

PubP 3

S26

134567#		ABAC
1	III - 1	4445
♩ 324	6 8	Peacock, Stannington
Jim Womack		11/3/71

(Cock-a-doodle)*-do, it's nothing to do with you.
It's a very fine cock you hold, no, but it's me cock-a-doodle-do! O!
A lady passing by she gave me a terrible shock.
I fell into the water and a fish gor'owd me cock-a-doodle-do!

* Not recorded.

Note

The last phrase leads straight into the chorus. This song form is an example of a 'suspended chain' (see Roger D. Abrahams and George Foss, Anglo-American Folk Song Style (New Jersey, 1968), p.76).

PubP 2

(4) 4

Blue - bells are blue - bells , blue - bells are blue ,

Blue - bells are blue-bells'cos blue - bells are blue. Blue -

PubP 3

6 8

Cock - a - dood - le - do , it's noth - ing to do with you .

It's a ven-y fine cock you hold, no, but it's me cock - a - dood - le - do O !

A lad-y pas-sing by , she gave me a ter-ri-ble shock.

I fell in-to the wat-er and a fish got owd me cock-a-dood-le-do

Come to the Bower (f)

PubP 4

S26

"Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie"

123457 #

ABCD

IV #

V - 5

4434

♩ 144

4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg and Bert Womack

11/3/71

[Ted leads.]

Underneath the banks of sweet roses she lie

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

Then will you, won't you? [Bert] Yes I will. I will, she cried,

[Both] I will come to the bower and I'll love you forever.

He's Been a Long Time Gorn (f)

PubP 5

S26

Standard

AB

III ♯

1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 88

4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

A long time going for that wood, he's been a long time gone.

Won't I wallop him when he comes home,

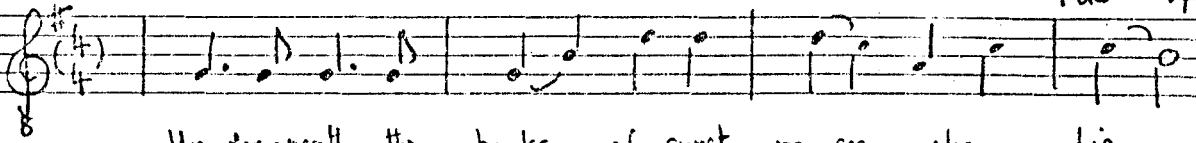
I'll make him wish he'd ne'er been born.

"This is a story about a kid who went to fetch some firewood. He went and joined British navy. About seven year after when he came home."

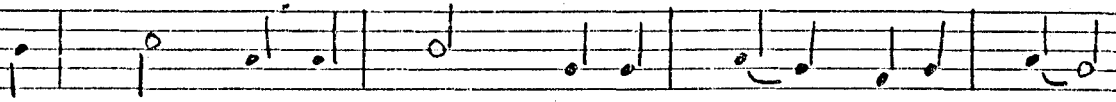
Note

See also He's Been a Long Time Gorn (f), Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 30/1/71, S24.

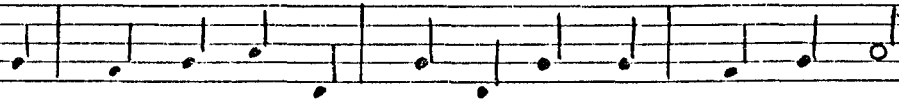
PubP 4



Un-der-neath the banks of sweet ro-ses she lie,-



A blush from her cheek and a smile - from her eye.-



Then will you, wait you? Yes I will. I will, she cried,

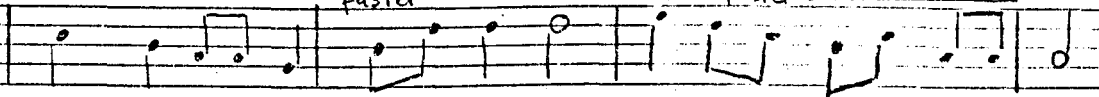


I will come to the bow-er and I'll - love you for ev-er.

PubP 5



A long time . going for that wood, he's been a long time gone .
faster faster



Wait I wal-lop him when he comes home, I'll make him wish he'd ne'er been born.

"If Winter Comes with Bitterness"

PubP 6

S26

Standard

ABC

II

1 - 8

442

.160⁺

3

Peacock, Stannington

4

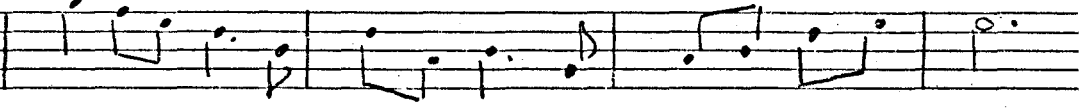
Ted Wragg

11/3/71

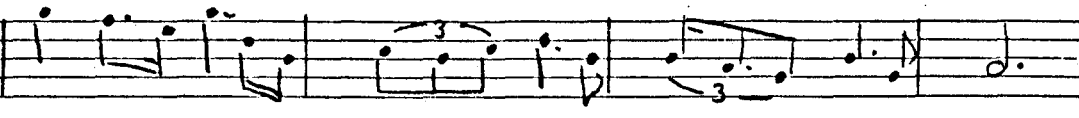
If winter comes with bitterness and every blossom kill,
Just jog along with a smile and a song for summer will come some day,
Summer will come some day.

"We used to sing them a lot you know, Colleys and all them lot —
Fred Colley."

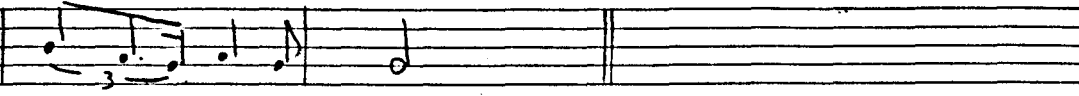
Rubato



If win-ter comes with bitt-er-ness and ev-ery blos-som kill



Just jog a-long with a smile and a song for sum-mer will come some day



Sum-mer will come some day.

Standard		ABCD ABCE
VII	V - 5	8 bars
♩ 168	3 4	Peacock, Stannington
Bert Womack and Ted Wragg		11/3/71

Bert: "I'm riding along in a free train,
Bound for no-one knows where.
When I left home this morning
My heart was heavy with care.

I quarrelled with my old father,
Because of the things I had done . . .
He called me a drunkard and a gambler,
Not thinking he called his son.

At first in this quarrel with my father,
I told him these words were a lie.
I packed all my clothes in a bundle
And turned to kiss Mother goodbye.

My mother broke down a-crying
And cried, O, my son, do not leave.
Your poor mother's heart will be broken,
And all her life long she will bleed.

I know she'll be stood there by the window,
Day after day as I roam.
Watching and waiting and praying
For a boy who will never come home."

[Bert leads]

I'm riding along in a free train,
Bound for no-one knows where.
I only left home this morning,
My heart is heavy with care.

I'm rid-ing a-long in a free train

Bound for no-one knows where

I on-ly left 'ome - this morn-ing

My heart is heav-y with care

I quar-relled with my dear old moth-er

Be-cause of the things I had done

She called me a — and a sin-ner

Not fit to be called her son

"We daren't go on with that in here."

[Ted leads.]

I quarrelled with my dear old mother
 Because of the things I had done.
 She called me a [unclear] and a sinner
 Not fit to be called her son.

Ted: "Old Lol Mason used to sing that and he always used to sing 'I quarrelled with my dear old mother'."

Bert: "No, but he turned round to kiss his mother goodbye. He's quarrelled with his father 'cos his father's been going at him for drinking and gambling."

Note

Bert recites the text and this reluctance to sing is explained above.
 See pp.128-9.

But in a churchyard in the city

123456

ABCDEFCD

III| 1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 144⁺ 4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

"You know that there one, don't you?"

But in a churchyard in the city, where I met a beggar old and grey;

Bert Womack: "This is a good un."

With 'is arms outstretched 'e asked me, O for pity,
and it nearly broke my heart to hear him say,
O I wonder, yes, I wonder, if the angels are up yonder,
If the angels play their harps for (me?).
A million miles I've travelled and a thousand sights I've seen,
But I'm ready for the glory of my Saviour.
But I wonder, yes, I wonder, if the angels are up yonder,
If the angels play their harps (for me?).

"Never get it out!"

Irish Emigrant (f)

I'm sitting on the stile Mary

Standard

(A)BCD

III| 1 - 10

4 bars

♩ 150⁺ 4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

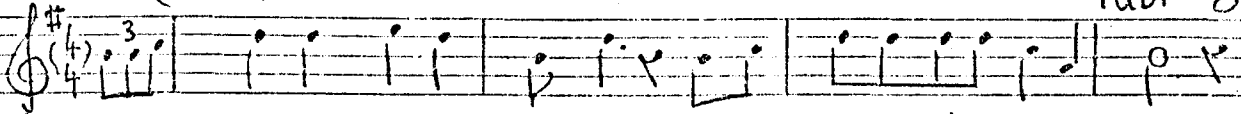
(I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,)* where we sat side by side,
One bright May morning long ago when first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green, the lark's loud song was high.
The red was on your lips, Mary, and the lovelight in your eye.

"I can't sing it."

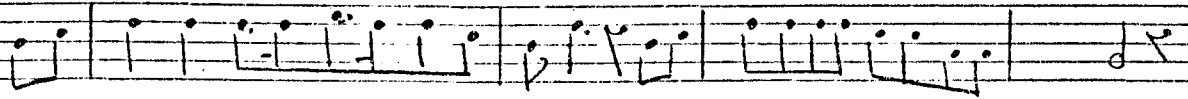
* Not recorded.

(Rubato)

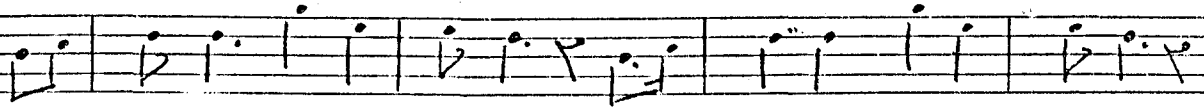
PubP 8



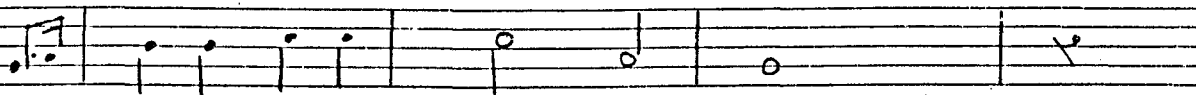
But in a church-yard in the ci-ty, where I met a beg-gar old and grey.



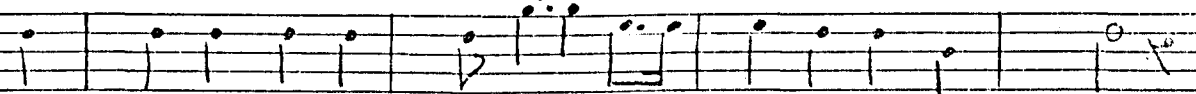
With 'is arms outstretched 'e asked me, O for pi-ty, and it near-ly broke my heart to hear him say,



O I wond-er, yes, I wond-er, if the an-gels are up yon-dar,



If the an-gels play their harps for

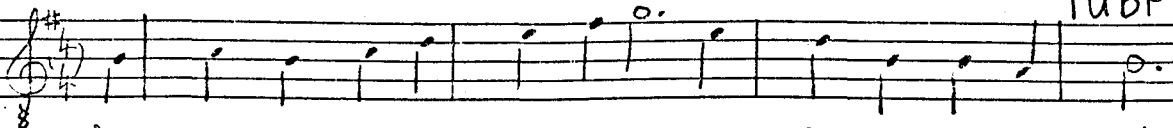


A mil-lion miles I've tra-velled and a thou-sand sights I've seen,

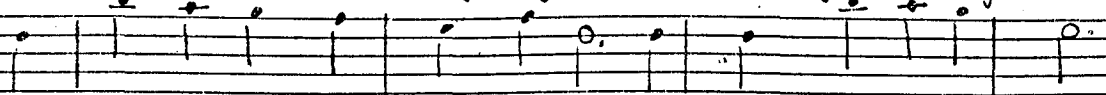


But I'm rea-dy for the glor-y of my Sav-iour.

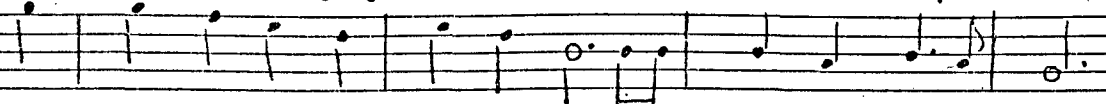
PubP 9



One bright May morn-ing long a-go when first you were my bride.



The corn was spring-ing fresh and green, the lark's loud song was high.



The red was on your lips, Ma-ry, and the love-light in your eye.

"Thresherman"

S26

A nobleman did live in the village of Leek

Standard

ABCD

1#

III - 5

4454

! 132

4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

"I don't know words. George White knows that."

A nobleman did live in the village of Leek.
He kept a wife and children and most of them small.
Yet how does he support them like he does do,
Yet how does he support them like he does do?

"Sometimes I do reap, sometimes I do mow.
Sometimes I go a-hedging or a-ditching do I go.
There's nothing comes amiss to me, the 'arrows or the plough,
And yet I get my living with the sweat of my brow."

Note

Ted finishes on VII#. See Whi 17.

A noble man did live in the vil-lage of Leek.

He kept a wife and child-ren and most- of them small

Yet- how does he sup-port- them- like he does do

Yet- how does he sup-port- them- like he does do

The summer is ended the harvest is past

Standard

ABCDEDE/A/ABCD

VII

V - 5

2 bars

♩ 96

4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

The summer is ended and the 'arvest is past.
We've mown all our corn and 'ave sown all our grass.
There's a quaint little cottage that I keep within my view,
And I go there a-courting when I've nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do, nothing else to do,
I go there a-courting when I've nothing else to do.

I told her I'd wed her when I'd nothing else to do.

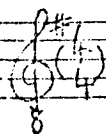
"Very comical this, isn't it . . . Next verse goes on."

So now we are married and both are hearts are at ease.
So now we are married we must not lament.
We must love one another like all couples ought to do,
And enjoy all our pleasures when we've nothing else to do.

"It's a comical song."

Note

Ted is really amused by this song.



The sum-mer is end-ed, the 'ar-vest is past.

We've mown all our corn- and áve sown all our grass.

There's a quaint lit-tle cot-tage that I keep with-in my view,

And I go there a-court-ing when I've noth-ing else to do,

Noth-ing else to do, noth-ing else to do,

I go there a-court-ing when I've noth-ing else to do.

In Sheffield Park a maid did dwell

Standard

ABCD

VI ♯

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 150

3
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

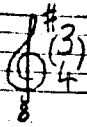
"You've heard it a dozen times."

In Sheffield Park a maid did dwell,
A brisk young man he loved her well.
He courted 'er from day to day
Till at length he stole her heart away.

"No, I can't sing no more."

Note

Ted's reluctance to continue singing is discussed in 'Pub Singing in West Sheffield', pp.128-9.



In Shef-field Park — a maid — did dwell,

A brisk young man — he loved — her well.

He court-ed 'er — from day — to day

Till at length : he stole — her heart — a - way.

Standard (inflected 4#)		ABCDEFGH
Modulates to 4 (inflected 7#)		
II	IV - 8	4 bars
♩ 120 and 80	6 and 4 4 and 4	Peacock, Stannington
Ted Wragg		11/3/71

"There's another similar to that." ["Through the Old Church Door"]

The sunset light was fading as by an old church door,
I pondered on the dear old hymns I heard in days of yore.

Bert Womack: "There all coming back now, you see. This is a good un."

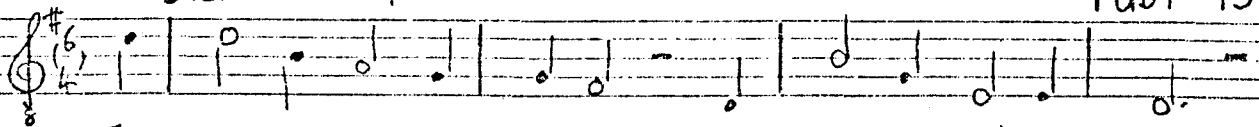
Like angel voices whispering, the twilight shadows fall,
The old church choir sang sweetly . . . [inaudible]
Sweet were the verses I heard the church choir sing;
Hosannah in the highest, our Saviour and our King,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty,
Rock of ages cleft for me were the hymns at the old church door.

Bert Womack: "That's really a good un. When 'e were singing that did thou see how many hymns 'e brought in?"

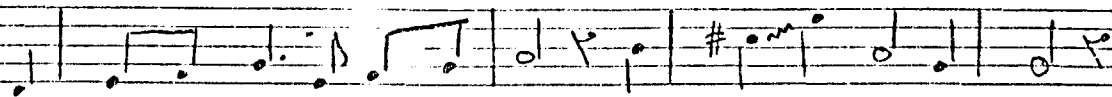
Note

A further example of a song that incorporates well known phrases from popular hymns is The Model Church, see Hin 40.

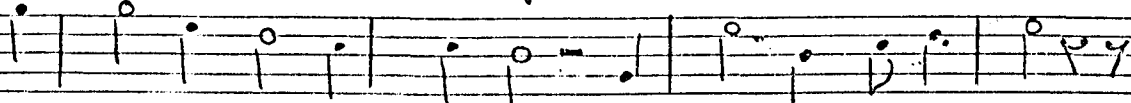
♩ 120



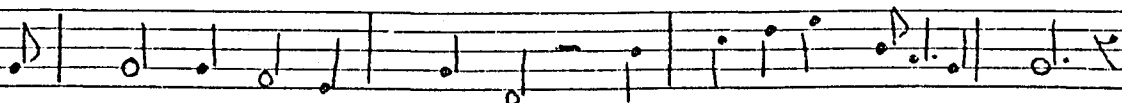
The sun-set light was fading as by an old church door,



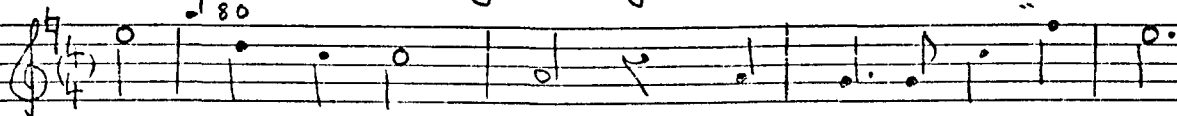
I pondered on the dear old hymns I heard in days of yore.



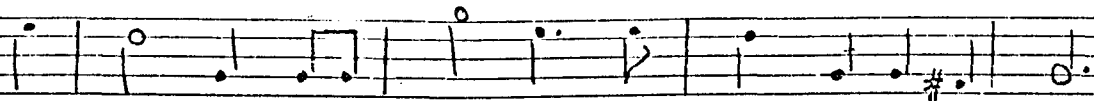
Like an-gel voi-ces whis-pering, the twi-light shadows fall,



The old church choir sang sweet-ly



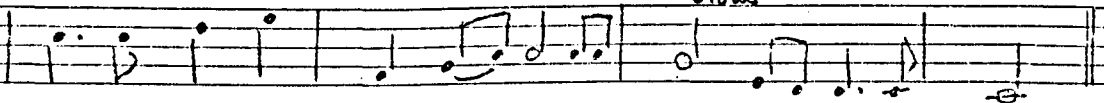
Sweet were the vers-es I heard the church choir sing;



Ho-san-nah in the high-est, our Sa-voir and our king,



Ho-ly, hol-y, ho-ly, Lord God al-might-y,



Rock of ag-es cleft for-me were the hymns at the old church door.

A Tall Stalwart Lancer (f)

PubP 14

S26

A tall stalwart lancer were dying

Standard

ABAC

IV# 1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 140 3
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

A tall stalwart lancer were dying.
As on his deathbed 'e lay,
To his friends all around him were sighing,
These last dying words he did say --

Wrap me up in my old staple jacket,
Say the poor buffer lies low.

"D'you know it? . . . 'Six stalwart lancers shall carry me'. If I
was singing, it would all come to me."

Note

Ted's remark is made because he is attempting to recite the
remaining verses.

"Through the Old Church Door" (f)

PubP 15

S26

II 3 - 8

AA

4 bars

♩ 84 4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Bert Womack

11/3/71

Through the old church door I heard the organ playing.
It was through that old church door I heard somebody playing.

"Then something made me enter, I thank the 'eavens above.
Through that old church door I found the way to love.'
There's a lot more verses. I can sing it thee all through."

A tall stal-wart lan-cer were dy-ing.

As on his death-bed 'e lay,

To his friends all a-round him were sigh-ing.

These last dy-ing words he did say -

Through the old church door I heard the or-gan play-ing.

It was through that old church door I heard some-bod-y play-ing.

'Twas early one morning before break of day

Standard

ABCA'

V

(V)1 - 9

4 bars

J 144

3
4

Peacock, Stannington

Jim Womack

11/3/71

"Some queer dos round here with singing . . . Same as that -- "

Arise my good fellows, arise with a will,
Your 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

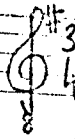
Ted Wragg: "Just been on about that."

'Twas early one morning before break of day
The cocks were all crowing, the farmer did say,
Come arise my good fellows, arise with a will,
Your 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

Jim: "That's going back a year or two. There in't many knows it."
Ted Wragg: "I've only heard thee father sing it all the way through."

Note

For an explanation of Jim's first remark see pp.128-9. His opening couplet, which resembles John Taylor's tune (see Tay 6), is from a different variant to his complete verse. His father's variant is transcribed at WomJ 5.



A - rise my good fell-ows, a - rise with a will,

Your 'ors-es are wait-ing their bel-lies to fill.

'Twas ear-ly one morn-ing be - fore break of day.

The cocks were all crow-ing, the farm-er did say,

Come a-rise my good fel-lows, a - rise with a will,

Your 'ors-es are wait-ing their bel-lies to fill.

'Twas early one morning just at break of day

Standard

ABCA'

VI↓

1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 144

3
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

'Twas early one morning just at break of day,
The cocks were a-crowing, the master did say,
Arise you young fellows, arise with good will,
For your 'orses are waiting their bellies to fill.

"I don't know all the verses. Uncle Joe [Womack] knows that right through."

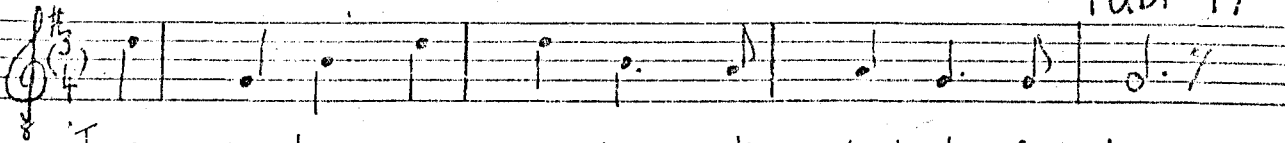
The master came out, to us he did say,
What have you been doing this long summer day?
You've not ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
That you're all idle fellows that follow the plough.

Then I stepped straight up to my master did say,
Dear master, dear master, you told a great lie.
*We've all ploughed an acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,
That we're not idle fellows that follows the plough.

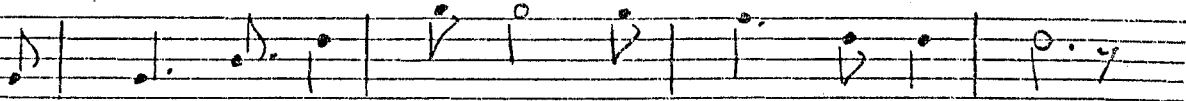
* Ted drops an octave because the pitch is too high.

Note

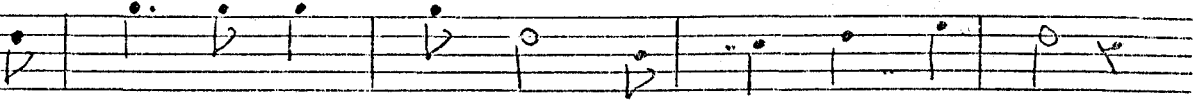
See We Are All Jolly Fellows, Joe Womack, WomJ 5, and We Are All Jolly Fellows, Jim Womack, PubP 16.



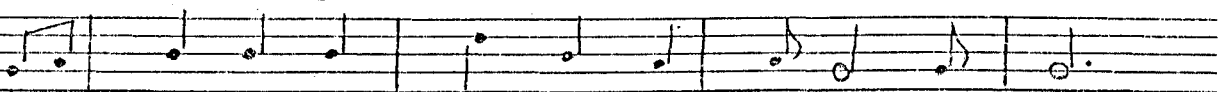
'Twas ear-ly one morn-ing just at break of day. ..



The cocks were all crow-ing , the mast-er did say ,



A - rise you young fel-lows , a - rise with good-will ,



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

It was one Monday morning as I went o'er yon moss .

Standard

ABBCA'

VI♯

V - 8

4 bars

♩ 136

4
4

Peacock, Stannington

Ted Wragg

11/3/71

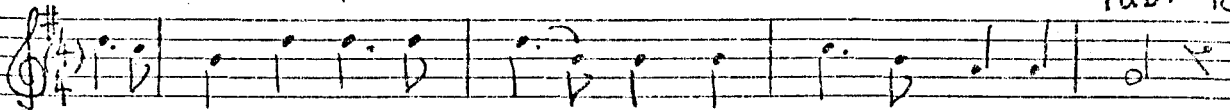
(It was on)* one Monday morning as I went o'er yon moss;
I had no thoughts of listing till a soldier did me cross.
He kindly did invite me to take a flowing bowl.
He advanced me some money, he advanced me some money,
He advanced me some money ten guineas and a crown.

"Can't sing at this pitch."

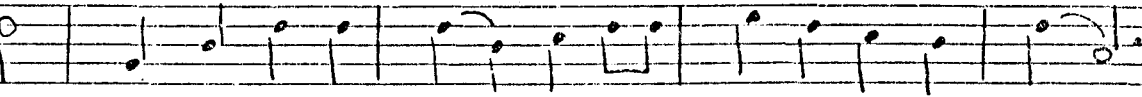
* Not recorded.

Note

Ted sings this song under his breath and his remark refers to the difficulty he finds singing at this volume. See White Cockade, Ted Wragg and Frank Hinchliffe, Royal Hotel, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.



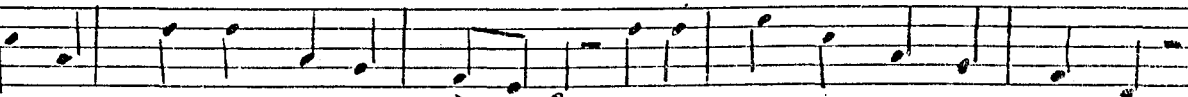
It was on one Mon-day morn-ing as I went o'er yon moss;



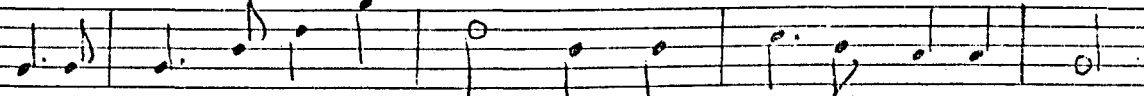
I had no thoughts of list-ing till a sol-dier did me cross.



He kindly did in-vite me to take a flow-ing bowl.



He ad-van-ced me some mon-ey, he ad-van-ced me some mon-ey,



He ad-van-ced me some mon-ey ten gui-neas and a crown.

Among my Souvenirs

PubR 1

S27

There's nothing left for me

Standard (inflected 2#)

ABACDEAC

IV 1 - 9

44444544

♩ 96 4
4

Royal, Dungworth

Ted Wragg and others

26/5/71

There's nothing left for me, the things that used to be,
They're just a memory among my souvenirs.
Some letters tied with blue, a photograph or two,
I find the most of you among my souvenirs.
A [inaudible] within my treasure chest,
And though I know by this [inaudible] consolation.
I count them all a part and as the teardrops start,
I find a broken heart among my souvenirs.

Note

The final is in the top octave.

There's not-ting left for me, the things that used to be,

They're just a mem-or-y a-mong my sou-ven-irs.

Some let-ters tied with blue, a phot-o-graph or two,

I find the most of you a-mong my sou-ven-irs.

A — — — — with-in my treas-ure chest,

And though I know by this — — — — con-sol-a-tion.

I count them all a part and as the tear-drops start,

I find a bro-ken heart a-mong my sou-ven-irs.

'Twas a bright and shining morn

123456

ABAC DBDC

VI b

III - 5

2222 4444

♩ 108

4 and 2
4 4

Royal, Dungworth

Joe Atkins and chorus

26/5/71

'Twas a bright and shining morn that I heard the hunting horn,
At earliest dawning of the day.
It was with the Duke of Buckingham, many a squire and ladies come,
The grey shadows they were softly fading.

But there was Dido, Bendigo, Gently there was also,
Traveller who never looked behind him;
There was Countess, Rowler, Bonny Lass and Towler,
These were the hounds that would find him.

Now at first our fox being young and his trials all before him,
He made straight for the cover.
He went up yon steepest hill and yon deepest gill,
Hoping there to hide himself for ever.

But there was Dido, Bendigo, Gently there was also,
Traveller who never looked behind him;
There was Countess, Rowler, Bonny Lass and Towler,
These were the hounds that would find him.

Our huntsman tried them through the plain,
 he weary tried them back again,
His horse and his hound wearied never.
It's just twelvemonths today since I heard the squire say,
Hark!* forrard, hark my gallant hounds together.

For there was Dido, Bendigo, Gently there was also,
Traveller who never looked behind him;
There was Countess, Rowler, Bonny Lass and Towler,
These were the hounds that would find him.

Now at last our fox being done and his trials all behind him,
He made straight for the river.
To save his life he sought to swim but Dido quick plunged after him,
And Bonny Lass destroyed his life for ever.

"Come away home!"

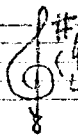
* Shouted (pitch is 3).

Note

Joe has learnt this in the Lake District. During the period of research, Joe was a keen contributor to The Survey of Language and Folklore at the University of Sheffield, and as an old friend of Ted Wragg he had come to help get the singsong underway.

Rubato $\approx 108 \pm$

PubR 2



'Twas a bright and shin-ing morn that I heard the hunt-ing horn,

At ear-li-est dawn-ing of the day.

It was with the Duke of Buck-ing-ham, man-ya squie and lad-ies come,

The grey shad-ows they were soft-ly fad-ing.

But there was Did-o, Ben-di-go, Gent-ly there was al-so,

Tra-vel-ler, who nev-er looked be-hind him;

There was Coun-tes, Rowl-er, Bom-my Lass and Towl-er,

These were the hounds that would find him.

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf

Standard		AABA CA/AABA CA/DBA
V	III - 5	4 bars
♩ 68	4 4	Royal, Dungworth
In chorus		26/5/71

[Jack Couldwell leads.]

(My grand)*father's clock was too tall for the shelf,
so it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
yet it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
it was always his treasure and pride;
But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock,
his life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock.
It stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

[Ted Wragg leads.]

Now in watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
many hours he had spent while a boy;
And from childhood to manhood the clock seemed to know,
and to share both his grief and his joy;
For it struck twenty-four when he entered in the door
with a blooming and beautiful bride;
But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock,
his life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock.
It stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Stanley Marsden: "Go on Ted there's another one yet."

* Not recorded.

[PubR 3 continued]

[Frank Hinchliffe leads.]

His grandfather said of those he could hire
not a servant so faithful he found;

Jack Couldwell: "It's not right that."

For it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
and its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Note

Jack sings some harmony which is indistinct. Frank's stanza is rather confused. He sings the first phrase to the melody of The Mistletoe Bough, realises his mistake and omits the second before returning to the usual melody. Someone simulates the 'tick tock' of the song by flicking the fingers. See Grandfather's Clock (inc), Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13, where a fragmented fourth stanza is sung which is led by Albert Broadhead.

Now it sprang an alarm in the dead of the night,
an alarm that for years had been dumb.

[Hums.] that the hour of departure had come.

For it struck twenty-four [Breaks down.]

My grand-fath-er's clock was too tall for the shelf, so it stood nine-ty years on the floor.

It was tal-ler by half than the old man him-self, yet it weighed not a pen-ny-weight more.

It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, it was al-ways his treas-ure and pride;

But it stopped short, nev-er to go a-gain, when the old man died.

Nine-ty years with-out slum-ber-ing, tick-tock, tick-tock, his life se-conds num-ber-ing, tick-tock, tick-tock,

It stopped short, nev-er to go a-gain, when the old man died.

Variations Frank Hinchliffe

My grand-fath-er said of those he could hire not a ser-vant so faith-ful he found...

hands nev-er hung by its ...

Down at Howtown we met with Joe Bowman at dawn

Standard ABCD EFGH

VI^b - VI III - 5 2222 4445

♩ 216 and 144 ⁶ and ²₈ and ₄ Royal, Dungworth

Joe Atkins and chorus 26/5/71

(Down at Howtown we met with Joe Bowman at dawn.
The grey hills echoed back the sound of his horn;
And the charm of its note sent the mist)* far away,
And the fox to his lair at the dawn of the day.

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds,
We'll drink to Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds;
For we ne'er shall forget how he woke us at dawn
With the crack [claps] of his whip and the sound of his horn.

Then with steps that were light and with hearts that were gay,
To a right smickle spot we all hastened away.
The voice of Joe Bowman, it rang like a bell,
As he cast off his hounds by the side of Swarth Fell.

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds,
We'll drink to Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds;
For we ne'er shall forget how he woke us at dawn
With the crack [claps] of his whip and the sound of his horn.

Master Reynard was anxious his brush for to keep,
As he followed the wind o'er the high mountain steep.
Past the deep silent tarn, past the bright running beck,
Where he hoped by his cunning to give us a check.

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds,
We'll drink to Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds;
For we ne'er shall forget how he woke us at dawn
With the crack [claps] of his whip and the sound of his horn.

* Not recorded.

[PubR 4 continued]

Though he took us o'er Kidsey we held to his track,
For we hunted, my lads, with the Ullswater pack.
Those gay bonny hounds they effected a kill,
By the silvery stream of the bonny Ramps Gill.

Now his head's on the crook and the bowl is below,
And we're gathered around round the fire's warming glow.
Our songs they are merry, our choruses high,
As we drink to all hunters who joined in the cry.

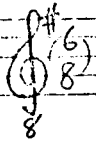
When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer abounds,
We'll drink to Joe Bowman and his Ullswater hounds;
For we ne'er shall forget how he woke us at dawn
With the crack [claps] of his whip and the sound of his horn.

Note

Joe learnt the song in the Lake District and he sings it from a printed collection. The text is included in Songs of the Fell Packs [Hunt Show Committee of the Melbreak Hunt, 1971], p.55.

Rubato $\Delta 216 \pm$

Pub R 4



Then with steps that were light and with hearts that were gay,

To a right smick-le spot we all hast-ened a-way.

The voice of Joe Bow-man, it rang like a bell,

As he cast off his hounds by the side of Swarth Fell.

When the fire's on the hearth and good cheer a-bounds,

We'll drink to Joe Bow-man and his Wls-wa-ter hounds;

For we nêr shall for-get how he woke - us at dawn -

With the crack of his whip and the sound of his horn.

At dreary midnight's cheerless hour

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCCDEFGHIJK

VII V - 8

444444644343

♩ 80⁺ 4 and 3
4 4

Royal, Dungworth

Jack Couldwell and Russell Davis

26/5/71

At dreary midnight's cheerless hour, deserted e'en by Cynthia's beam,
When tempests beat and torrents pour,
and twinkling stars no longer gleam.

The weary sailor spent in toil clings firmly to the weather shroud,
And still the length and hour to guile,
and still the length and hour to guile.

Sings as he views the gathering cloud,
Sings as he views the gathering cloud,
Larboard Watch, ahoy! Larboard Watch, ahoy!

But who can speak the joy he feels while o'er the foam his vessel reels,
And his tired eyelids slumbering fall, he rouses at the welcome call of
Larboard Watch, ahoy!
Larboard Watch, Larboard Watch,
Larboard Watch, ahoy!

With anxious care he eyes each wave
that swelling threatens to o'erwhelm,
And his storm-beaten bark to save, directs with skill the faithful helm.
With joy he drinks the cheery grog,
midst storms that bellow loud and hoarse.
With joy he leaves the reeling log,
with joy he drinks the cheering grog.

Marks the leeway and the course,
Marks the leeway and the course.
Larboard Watch, ahoy! Larboard Watch, ahoy!
But who can speak the joy he feels while o'er the foam his vessel reels,
And his tired eyelids slumbering fall, he rouses at the welcome call of
Larboard Watch, ahoy!
Larboard Watch, Larboard Watch,
Larboard Watch, ahoy!
[Applause.]

Note

Russell sings the tenor part and Jack sings the bass. An earlier attempt by Ted Wragg to sing the song with Jack had failed because Jack realised that Ted could not manage the top part on his own.

At dreary mid-nights - cheer-less hours, de-sert-ed e'en by - Cynthia's beams;

When tem-pest beat - and - for-rents pour, and twink-ling stars no lon-ger gleam.

The wear-y sail - or - spent in toil clings firm-ly to the weath-er shroud,

And still the length - and - hour to quile, and still the length and hour to quile.

Sings as he views the gath - ering cloud,

Sings as he views the gath - ering cloud,

Lar-board Watch, a - hoy! Lar-board Watch, a - hoy!

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

And his-tic'd eye-lids slumb-ering fall, 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!

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

Standard

ABCDBB

VII# - 1↑

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 90

4
4

Royal, Dungworth

Jack Couldwell and chorus

26/5/71

"I'll sing verses and you join in chorus."

There is beauty all around when there's love at 'ome.
There is joy in every sound when there's love at 'ome.
Peace and plenty e'er abide, smiling sweet on every side.
Time doth softly sweetly glide when there's love at 'ome,
Love at 'ome, love at 'ome,
Time doth softly sweetly glide when there's love at 'ome.

In the cottage there is joy when there's love at 'ome.
'Ate and envy ne'er annoy when there's love at 'ome.
Roses blooming 'neath our feet all the earth's a garden sweet.
Making life a bliss complete when there's love at 'ome.
Love at 'ome, love at 'ome,
Making life a bliss complete when there's love at 'ome.

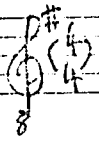
Kindly 'eaven smiles above when there's love at 'ome.
All the earth is filled with love when there's love at 'ome.
Swiftly runs the brooklet by brightly beams the azure sky
But there's one who smiles on high when there's love at 'ome.
Love at 'ome, love at 'ome,
But there's one who smiles on high when there's love at 'ome.

Note

Jack sings the harmony in the chorus.

Rubato Declamato

PubR 6



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,

Peace and plen-ty 'ere a-bide, smil-ing sweet on ev-ery side.

Time doth soft-ly sweet-ly glide when there's love at 'ome,

In chorus

love at 'ome, love at 'ome,

Time doth soft-ly sweet-ly glide when there's love at 'ome.

The morn is here awake my lads away away

Standard

ABCD

III

V - 6

4445

h360

6
8

Royal, Dungworth

Joe Atkins

26/5/71

(The morn is here, awake my lads, away, away!
The hounds are giving mouth, my lads, away my lads, away!
The Mardale Hunt is out today, Joe Bowman strong shall lead the way,)*
Who ne'er has led his hounds astray, away my lads, away!

"Can't see without me glasses."

Our Bowman is a huntsman rare, away, away!
His tally-ho's beyond compare, away my lads, away!

"That's chorus you see."

We always find him just the same, at Grasmere Sports you'll hear 'is name,
His Mardale hunts will live in r'ame, away my lads, away!

The Mardale pack is on the trail, away, away!
The fox is leading through the dale, away my lads, away!
Hound Miller's on the scent, I'm told,
so follow 'im lads through frost and cold,
The mountain breeze is pure as gold, away my lads, away!

Jack Couldwell: "It's nice, in'it."

On Branstree Fell the fox is seen, away, away!
The hounds are off the scent is keen, away my lads, away!
'Tis music sweet to dalesman's ear,
so when hounds give mouth so loud and clear,
So off my lads and lend a cheer, away my lads, away!

The air is keen, our hearts are light, away, away!
We'll scale with glee the frowning height, away my lads, away!
The fox has slipped and made his cave, so in we send the terrier brave,
The fox will bolt his brush to save, away my lads, away!

"I can't sing."

* Not recorded.

[PubR 7 continued]

Our terrier frail will win or die, away, away!
So too will Wallow Crag, say I, away my lads, away!
On Roman Tarn is mountain cave, we lost, alas, a terrier brave,
For good old Frisk we failed to save, away my lads, away!

Who'd weary with a sport like this? away, away!
Or who a Mardale Hunt would miss? away my lads, away!
Are hardy fellsmen [hesitates] huntsmen born
 will rally to the huntsman horn,
Nor heed be by rain and storm, away my lads, away!

Who'd hunt the fox with spur and rein? away, away!
To have a mount we all disdain, away my lads, away!
We love our hills, our tarns, our fells,
 we ken our moors, our rocks, our dells,
We love our hound, we love ourselves, away my lads, away!

When darkness comes to Mardale high, away, away!
For who the Dun Bull dares decry, away my lads, away!
Hal Usher kind will find a bed, to rest our limbs and lay our head,
We're welcomed, housed, and warmed and fed, away my lads, away!

In winter Mardale's drear and drear, away, away!
But 'tis not so if hunt is 'ere, away my lads, away!
We trencher well, we trencher long, we meet in dance, we meet in song,
For days are short and nights are long, away my lads, away!

We're lads from East and lads from West, away, away!
And North and South, but all the best, away my lads, away!
With Auld Lang Syne, and Old John Peel,
 with foaming glass and nimble heel,
We'll drink to all a healthy weal, away my lads, away!

Note

Joe learnt the song in the Lake District and sings it from a printed collection of hunting songs. It is found in Songs of the Fell Packs [Hunt Show Committee of the Melbreak Hunt, 1971], p.55, where it is attributed to Winson Scott and dated 1904.

II
 # 6
 8

Our Bow-man is a hunts-man rare, a-way, a-way!

His tally ho's be-yond com-pare, a-way. my lads, a-way!

We al-ways find him just the same at Gras-mere Sports you'll hear 'is name

His Mar-dale hunts will live in fame, a-way my lads, a-way!

Standard (inflected 2#)

ABACDEABAC

VI

V - 6

3 bars

♩ 288

6
8

Royal, Dungworth

Jack Couldwell

26/5/71

Now I'm going to sing a song to you this evening.
I've been a lovely singer from me birth;
And when you hear these pretty notes I render,
You'll say I possess the finest voice on earth.
Before the King I once appeared.
'E clapped 'is 'ands and 'e loudly cheered.
'E sent for me and says, Why, you're a marvel,
At singing you 'ave fairly got the knack;
And from out 'is tie 'e took a diamond scarf pin.
'E smiled at me and then 'e put it back.

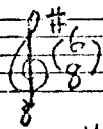
Now Paddy at 'is job worked like a nigger.
I've never seen one work so hard before.
I said to him, Why do you work so hard, Pad,
For you seem to do the work of three or four?
Says 'e, My man, you've touched the spot.
You think I'm working but I'm not;
For when I'm climbing up this great big ladder,
With the bricks upon me 'ead, it's simply fine,
And the boss, the silly ass, 'e thinks I'm working,
But I'm carrying up the same bricks every time.
[Laughter]

Now Dimple Dimple Daisy was a widow,
And by 'er 'usband's grave she went an' sat.
I said to 'er, If you stay there till midnight
Your 'usband will appear, you silly cat.
But Dimple Dimple sat down there
On a bunch of nettles, I declare,
And when those nettles they began a-tickling
To keep a modest face she did contrive.
Then at last she shouted, Charlie, do give over!
Thou's just as bad as when thou were alive.
[Laughter]

"Good un, that."

Rubato Declamato

PubR 8



Now I'm going to sing a song to you this eve-ning.

I've been a love-ly sin-ger from me birth;

And when you hear these pret-ty notes I ren-der,

You'll say I pos-sess the fin-est voice on earth. ..

Be - fore the King I once ap-peared.

'E clapped 'is 'ands and 'e loud-ly cheered.

'E sent for me and says, Why, you're a mar-vel,

At sing-ing you've fair-ly got the knack ;

And from out 'is tie 'e took a dia-mond scarf pin.

'E smiled at me and then 'e put it back.

Standard (inflected 4#)		ABCD/EF/ABCD
3 ♭	V - 6	4 bars
♩ 88	4 4	Royal, Dungworth
Russell Davis		26/5/71

O see you not my lady go down the garden singing?
Blackbird and thrush were silent to hear the alleys ringing.
O see you not my lady out in the garden there?
Banish the rose and lily for she, she's as twice as fair.

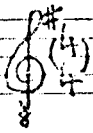
Though I am nothing to her, though she may rarely look at me,
And though I could never woo her, I'd love her till I die.

Surely you've seen my lady go down the garden singing,
Blackbird and thrush were silent to hear the alleys ringing;
And surely you've seen my lady out in the garden there,
Banish the rose and lily for she, she's as twice as fair.

Jack Couldwell: "Very good."

Note

Russell attended the singsong at the invitation of Joe Atkins. He lives near Stocksbridge and is a leading tenor with the Bolsterstone Male Voice Choir.



O see you - not my lad-y go down the - gar-den sing-ing? ..

Black-bird and thrush were si-lent to hear the - all-leys ring-ing.

O see you - not my lad-y out ^{slows} in the - gar-den there?

Ban-ish the rose and lil-y , for she , she's as twice as fair.

Though I am noth-ing to - her, though she may rar-ly look at me,

And though I could nev-er woo - her, I'd love her till I - die .

Passing By (to Deep Harmony)

PubR 10

S25

There is a lady sweet and kind

Standard

ABCD

VII

1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 80

4

Royal, Dungworth

4

In chorus

26/5/71

(There is a lady sweet)* and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind.
I did but see her passing by,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Her gestures, motions and her smile,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguile.
Beguile my heart, I know not why,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Cupid is wing-ed and doth range
Her country so my heart to change;
But change the earth or change the sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

* Not recorded.

Note

The harmonies are indistinct and no attempt has been made to transcribe them. The melody was composed by Handel Parker as a hymn tune.



There is a lad-y sweet and kind,

Was nev-er face so pleased my mind.

I did but see her pas-sing by,

Yet will I love — her till I die.

Standard (inflected 7 4)

ABCDEF

1# - 3b

II - 4

8 bars

♩ 136⁺

3

Royal, Dungworth

4

Jack Couldwell

26/5/71

"I never break down. I might not pitch right and 'ave to stop. I like to do things right. You can't guess much."

There's a dear little lady I always shall love
till the end of life's story is told;
And the sunbeam's caressing her beautiful 'air
turns the silvery ringlets to gold.
I kneel by her side where I first learnt to pray,
and taking 'er dear 'and in mine, I say,
There's a wonderful light in your eyes,
and each line on your face seems to shine,
For the bloom of your cheek never dies,
and the dimples are there all the while.
Mother dear, though you've lived many years,
still to me you will never go old.
May God bless each silvery hair on your 'ead
and your wonderful 'eart of gold.

"There's another verse but I'm bit tired. Me father used to sing it."
Ted Wragg: "I've 'eard Ted Colley sing it."

Rubato Declamato

faster

Pub R 11



There's a dear little lady I always shall love till the end of life's story is told;

And the sun-beam's ca-res-sing her beau-ti-ful 'air turns the sil-ver-y ring-lets to gold.

I kneel by her side where I first learnt to pray, and tak-ing 'er dear and in mine, I say,

There's a won-der-ful light in your eyes, and each line on your face seems to shine,

For the bloom of your cheek nev-er dies, and the dim-ples are there all the while.

Moth-er dear, though you've lived many years, still to me you will nev-er go old.

May God bless each sil-ver-y hair on your 'ead and your won-der-ful heart of gold.

Standard (inflected 4#)		AABC/ADBEF
IV# - V	VII# - 11	8887 88888
♩ 72	2 4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		5/8/72

[David Smith leads.]

Bless this house, O Lord, we pray, make it safe by night and day.
Bless these walls so firm and stout, keeping want and trouble out.
Bless the roof and chimneys tall; let thy peace lie over all.
Bless this door that it may be ever open to joy and love.

Bless these windows shining bright, letting in God's heavenly light.
Bless the hearth a-blazing there, with smoke ascending like a prayer.
Bless the people here within; keep them pure and free from sin.
Bless us all that we may be fit, O Lord, to dwell with thee.
Bless us all that we, one day, [pitch rising]
may dwell, O Lord, with thee.

Ethel Broadhead: "Walker's there."

Note

The song finishes in the top octave. Ethel's remark refers to Eric Walker who has sung the high notes with great enthusiasm. It is significant that it has the function of a goodnight or leave-taking song whatever time of year it is sung. See Bless This House, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 3/10/70, S15, 7/11/70, C21, 11/12/71, C42, and 29/7/72, S39.

Bless this house, O Lord, we pray, make it safe by night and day.

Bless these walls so firm and stout, keep-ing want and trou-ble out.

Bless the roof and chim-neys tall; let thy peace lie ov-er all.

Bless this door that it may ^{slows} be ev-er o-pen to joy and love.

II b

Bless the hearth a-blaz-ing there, with smoke a-scend-ing like a prayer..

II d

Bless us all that we may be fit, O Lord, to dwell with thee. ^[slows bend]

Bless us all that we, one day, may-dwell, O Lord, with thee.

Bonny Mary of Argyll

PubS 2

S37

Standard (inflected 5# and 4#)

ABCDAE

VI

V - 8

4 bars

♩ 60[±]

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

1/7/72

[Opening not recorded.]

• • •
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, and thy artless winning smile,
That hath made this world an Eden, bonny Mary of Argyll.

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

Though your notes have lost their sweetness
and thine eye its bright young look;
Though thy step may lack its fleetness and thy hair its lovely hue;
Still to me thou wilt be dearer than all the world will own.
I have loved thee for thy beauty, but not for that alone.
'Twas thy heart, my gentle Mary, and thy goodness was a wile
That hath made me thine for ever, bonny Mary of Argyll.

Note

The final is in the top octave.

II

Though your notes have lost their sweet-ness and thine eye its bright young look;

Though thy step may lack its fleet-ness and thy hair its love-ly hue;

still to me thou wilt be dear-er than all the world will own.

I have loved thee for thy beau-ty, but not for that a-lone.

'Twas thy heart, my gent-le Ma-ry, and thy good-ness was a wife

That hath made me thine for ev-er, bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyl.

Variation

Ma-ry of Ar-gyl...

In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty

12345

ABACAC

V#

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 78

3

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

29/7/72

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

(In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly)* Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!
Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O!
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

She was a fishmonger, and it was no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before;
And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!
Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O!
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]

She died of a fever, and no-one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
And her ghost wheels the barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!
Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O!
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

[David Smith leads.]

Alive, alive O! ("I thought they were all dead!") Alive, alive O!
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

* Not recorded.

Note

The last phrase finishes in the top octave. Albert sings the upper part where melodic variations are shown, and these result from his anticipation of the phrase's melodic peak or final.

She was a fish-mon-ger, and- it was no won-der,

For so were her fath-er and moth-er be-fore;

And they each wheel their bar-row through streets broad and nar-row,

Crying, Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, a - live O!

A - live, a - live O! - A - live, a - live O! -

Crying, Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, a - live O!

Come Ye Thankful People Come

PubS 4

S15

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

VI ↘ ↗

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 76

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

3/10/70

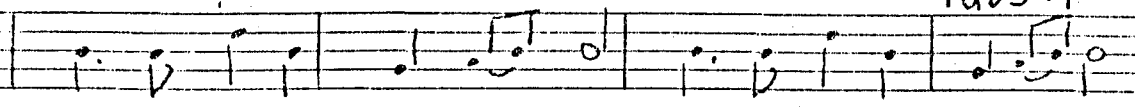
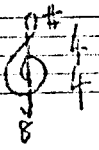
[Bernard Broadhead leads.]

(Come ye)* thankful people, come, join/raise the song of harvest home.
All is safely gathered in ere the winter storm begin.
God, our maker, will/doth provide for our wants to be supplied.
Come ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home.

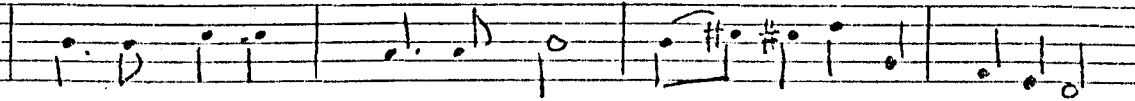
* Not recorded.

Note

Albert Broadhead is responsible for the melodic variations.



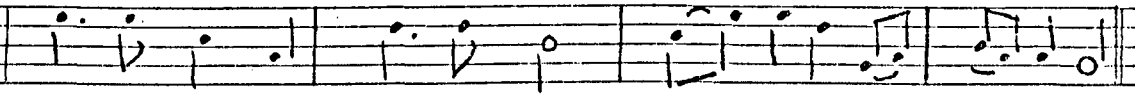
Come ye thank-ful peop-le, - come, raise the song of har-vest-home.



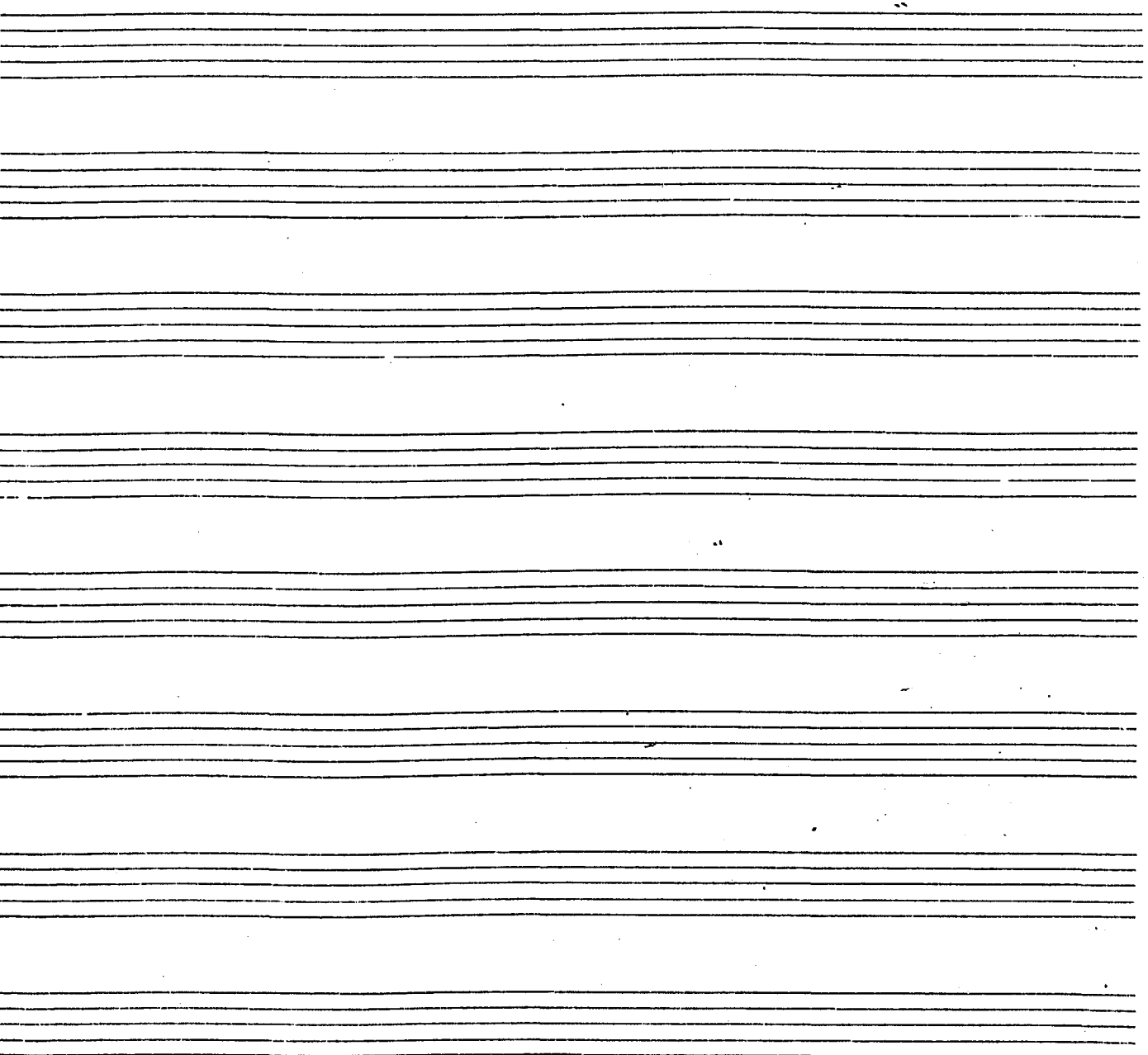
All is safe-ly gath-ered in ere - the win-ter storm be-gin.



God, our mak-er, will prov-ide for our wants to be sup-plied.



Come ye thank-ful peop-le, come, raise - the song of - har-vest home.



The Lord's my shepherd I'll not want

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

VI

VII# - 6

4343

♩ 68

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

5/8/72

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and my rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes.
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
Thy dwelling place shall be.

Note

Albert is responsible for the melodic variation in the second phrase.

The Lord's my- shep-herd- I'll not want.

He makes- me down to lie

In past-ures green, he lead-eth me

The qui-et wat-ers by.

Guide me O thou great Jehovah

Standard

ABCD

1#

V - 5

4442

♪ 64

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

1/7/72

[David Smith leads.]

(Guide me, O)* thou great Jehovah, pilgrim of the barren land.
I am weak but thou art mighty, guide me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain whence the healing waters flow.

David Smith: "Let the fiery cloudy pillar."

Let the fiery cloudy pillar

David Smith: "Lead me all my journey through."

lead me all my journey through.

David Smith: "Strong deliverer."

Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,

be thou still my strength and shield/I will ever give to thee,

[Much laughter at this mistake.]

Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordon bid my anxious fears subside.

Death of death and hell's destruction land me safe on Canaan's side.

Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee,

I will ever give to thee.

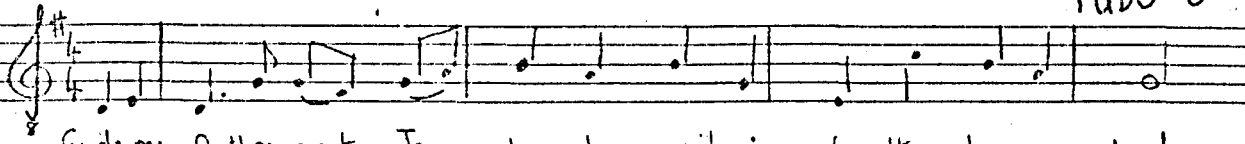
Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee,

I will ever give to thee.

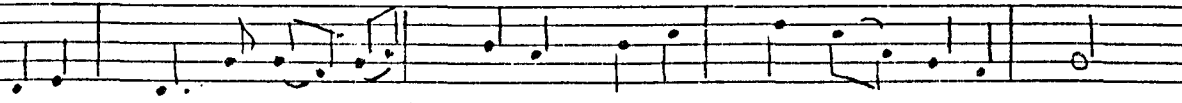
David Smith: "Bloody marvellous!"

Note

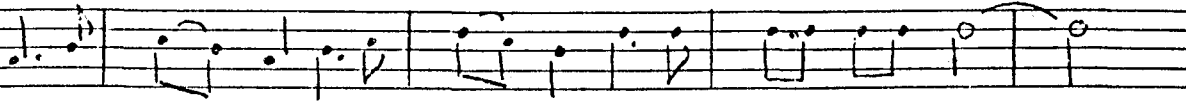
David lines out in verse two and also initiates the repeat of the final phrases. See also Cwm Rhondda, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38 and 5/8/72, S39.



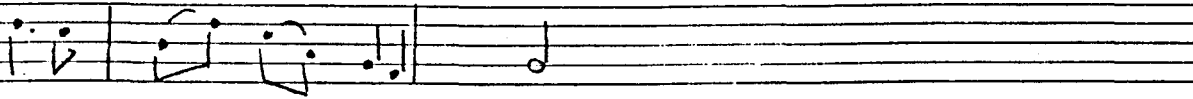
Guide me, O thou great- Je- ho-vah, pil-grim of the bar-ren land.



I am weak but thou-art- migh-ty, guide me with thy- power-ful hand.



Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en, feed me till I want no more,



Feed me till - I - want no more.

Now Mary Green loves me and I love her so

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDE/ABCDEFGE/ABCDE
ABCDEFGE/ABCDEFGE

IV - V

1 - 9

4 bars

♩ 168⁺

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Billy Mills and chorus

30/1/71

Now Mary Green loves me and I love her so.
We brush when we meet like all true lovers do.
Beside the plantation where green meadows run,
We fool in the dark and we 'ave lots of fun,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.*

We walk side by side through the long winding grass,
And the rhubarb grew sideways to let us get past.
We stood 'neath the trees and the birds up above
Were all busy dropping their tokens of love, [laughter]
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.
My girl climbed a gate and said, Turn your 'ead, Joe.
My neck was so stiff so I let meself go,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

The songsters were greeting the day newly born, [pitch rising]
The sheep in the meadows the cows in the corn;
But when sheep and cows had been round there a bit,
It's not a nice place for a lady to sit,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

My sweet'heart and I were be'ind a haystack,
When a bumble bee flew down the small of her back.
I saw what 'ad 'appened and in my distress
I pushed me right 'and down the back of 'er dress,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.
My hand down her back when she struck me a blow.
I'd no idea my hand was so far below,
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

A ten gallon can on the top of the hill
Came rolling towards us, my heart it stood still;
But Mary stood bravely, unflinching and true,
Her legs were so banty the barrel went through, [laughter]
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.
Our courtship was fast but our 'oneymoon slow.
The bed was so small so we both had to go
Down in the fields where the buttercups all grow.

"Good old Bill." [Applause]

* This phrase is sung each time in chorus.

Note

The song was recorded on a gramophone disc in the 1930s by Charlie Higgins. See Mike Yates, "Review of The Brave Ploughboy", Traditional Music, No,4 (Mid 1976), 25.

II Declamato

We walk side by side through the long wind-ing- grass,

And the r-hub-erb grew side-ways to let us get past.

We stood 'neath the trees and the birds up a-bove

Were all bus-y drop-ping their to-kens of - love,

Down in the fields where the but-ter-cups all grow.

My girl climbed a gate and said, Turn your 'ead, Joe.

My neck was so stiff so I - let my-self go,

Down in the fields where the but-ter-cups all grow.

Variations I c4

IV f2

run, We ... back when she ...

Garden Where the Praties Grow (f)

PubS 8

S27

123456

ABCA

IIIb

V - 6

4 bars

♩ 300

6
8

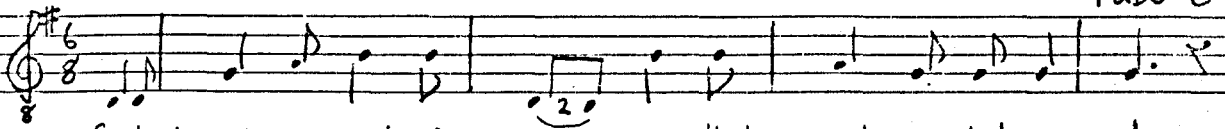
Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Billy Mills

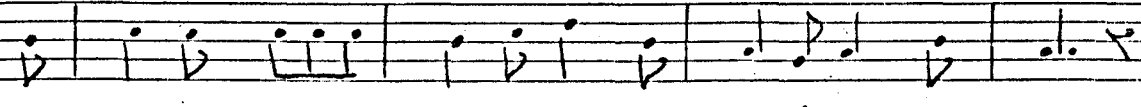
2/3/71

(She had just the)* sort of memory that nature did intend,
To walk right over the world, me boys, without a (wig and pen?).
But if I was a beggar, I guess you ought to know,
That I met 'er in the garden where the praties grow.

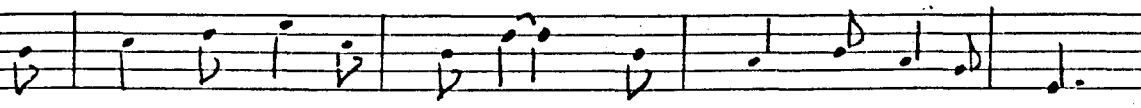
* Not recorded.



She had just the sort of mem-ory that nat-ure did in-tend,



To walk right o-ver the world, me boys, with-out a (wig and pen?).



But if I was a beg-gar, I guess you ought to know,



That I met 'er in the gar-den where the pra-ties grow.

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#)		ABCD ABCD EFGHI EFGHI
1#	II - 5	4475 4475 884126 884126
♩ 240 ⁺	6 8	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		1/7/72**

(Hail smiling morn, smiling morn,)*

That tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold;
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven,
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven.

Hail smiling morn, smiling morn,
That tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold;
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven,
At whose rosy fingers open wide the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven.

All the/O'er green fields that nature doth enfold,
 all the green fields that nature doth enfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away, flies away, flies away,
Darkness flies away, darkness flies away,
At whose bright presence darkness flies, darkness flies away,
 flies away, flies away,
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

All the/O'er green fields that nature doth enfold,
 all the green fields that nature doth enfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away, flies away, flies away,
Darkness flies away, darkness flies away,
At whose bright presence darkness flies, darkness flies away,
 flies away, flies away,
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

David Smith: "Good un!"

* Not recorded.

Note

Printed copies of the song attribute it to Reginald Spofforth. See also Hail Smiling Morn, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S39, 28/11/70, C1; at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40, 26/5/71, S27; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, and 12/12/70, C5. Also at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42, and 2/12/72, C51.

** At the Sportsman Hail Smiling Morn was generally thought of as belonging to the Christmas repertoire and singers would often object strongly to Albert Broadhead or David Smith leading the song out of season (see p.126). Their persistence would seem to result from the knowledge that at other pubs the song was not exclusively reserved for Christmas.

II A 240

Hail _____ smi - ling morn, smi - ling morn, ..

That tips the hills - with gold, that tips the hills - with gold;

At whose ro-sy fin-gers op-en wide

the gates of heaven, the gates of heaven,
slows

At whose ro-sy fin-gers op-en wide the gates of heaven.

All the green fields - that na-ture doth - en-fold,

all the green fields that na-ture doth - en-fold,

At whose bright pres-ence .. dark-ness flies a-way,
slows

flies a-way, flies - a - way flies a - way, flies - a - way

Dark - ness flies a-way, dark - ness flies a-way,
slows

At whose bright pres-ence dark - ness

flies dark-ness flies a-way, a - way

flies a-way dark-ness flies a-way
[slows to end]

Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail,
hail, hail

Standard [Standard (inflected 1# ,)]	ABCD [ABCD]
2 [VII #] v - 5 [VI - 6]	2 bars [4 bars]
♩ 84 [♩ 264] 3 [6]	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
4 [8]	
David Smith and chorus	19/9/72

[In chorus]

Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday dear Fred/Freddie.
Happy birthday to you!

"Hip hip hooray!" [Applause]

Twenty-one today, twenty-one today,
He's got the key of the door, never been twenty-one before.
On Saturday night you can do as you like and shout hip hip hooray,
For he's a jolly good fellow, twenty-one today.

Note

The occasion was Fred Bonnington's sixty-fifth birthday, two days before his retirement as landlord of the Sportsman. The information in square brackets relates to Twenty-one Today.

8 $\frac{3}{4}$ Hap-py birth-day to you.

Hap-py birth-day to you.

slows

Hap-py birth-day dear Fred!

slows

Hap-py birth-day to you!

Twen-ty one to-day, twen-ty one to-day,

He's got the key of the door, never been twen-ty - one be-fore.

On Sat-ur-day night you can do as you like and shout hip hip hoor-ay,

For he's a jolly good fel-low, twen-ty one to-day.

Pubs 11 The Holy City (II final phrase)

Ho-san-na in the high-est, ho-san-na for e-ver more

slows

Last night I lay a-sleeping

Standard (inflected 1 # , 4 # , 5 # , 7 ♯) ABACDEF/GHIJKCDEFL

1 and 3 ♯ III - 5

4 bars

♩ 80 and 60 4
 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

David Smith and chorus

4/3/72

Last night I lay a-sleeping, there came a dream so fair.
I stood in old Jerusalem beside the temple there.
I heard the children singing and ever as they sang,
It was the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang,
It was the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your voice and sing,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna to your King!

[There is a delay as some of the chorus singers have mistaken this phrase for the finale. David Smith repitches.]

And once again the scene was changed, new earth there seemed to be.
I saw the holy city beside a tideless sea.
The light of God was on those streets, the gates were open wide,
"Get choir in!"

And all who would might enter and no-one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night or sun to shine by day.
It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away,
It was the new Jerusalem that would not pass away.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna for evermore,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna for evermore!

"Good old Eric!"

Note

The final comment is addressed to Eric Walker who has sung the high notes of the finale with great zest. For the musical transcription of this phrase see Happy Birthday to You, PubS 10. See The Holy City, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38.

♩ 80

Last night I lay a - sleep-ing, there came a dream so fair.

I stood in old Je - ru - sa - lem be - side the temp - le there.

I heard the child - ren sing - ing and ev - er as they sang,

It was the voice of an - gels from heaven in an - swer rang,

It was the voice of an - gels from heaven in an - swer rang.

♩ 60

Je - ru - sa - lem, Jer - u - sa - lem, lift up your voice and sing,

Ho - san - na in - the high - est, ho - san - na - to your king!

II variations

And once a - gain the scene was changed, new earth there seemed to - be.

I saw the ho - ly city be - side a tide - less sea.

The light of God was on those streets, the gates were o - pen wide,

And all who would might en - ter and no - one was de - nied.

No need of moon or stars by night or sun to shine by day...

If You Were the Only Girl in the World

PubS 12

S37

Standard		ABCDABEFGH
IV	VI - 8	4 bars
♩222	6 8	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		1/7/72

If you were the only girl in the world
And I was the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world today.
We could go on loving in the same old way —
A garden of Eden just made for two
With nothing to mar our joy.
I would sing such wonderful things to you.
There would be such wonderful things to do,
If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.

Note

The singing is lead by an acquaintance of Albert Broadhead, who also sings the descant in the final bars.

$\text{F}\sharp$
(6/8)

If you were the on-ly girl in the world

And I was the on-ly boy,

Noth-ing else would mat-ter in the world to-day.

We could go on lov-ing in the same old way -

A gar-den of E-den just made for two

With noth-ing to mar our joy.

I would sing such won-der-ful things to you.

There would be such won-der-ful things to do,

If you were the on-ly girl in the world

And I ^{slows} were the on-ly boy.

I'll Be Your Sweetheart

PubS 13

S24

I once saw two lovers in a garden

Standard (inflected 4# and 7 $\frac{1}{4}$)

AAB CDCE

IV# - V

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 108⁺ and 126 $\frac{4}{4}$ and $\frac{6}{4}$

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Billy Mills and chorus

30/1/71

I once saw two lovers in a garden,
a little boy and girl with golden hair.
At first I thought of asking their pardon,
on second thoughts I watched the youthful pair.
The girl turned and gave the boy a kiss,
and tenderly he whispered this;

[In chorus.]

I'll be your sweetheart if you will be mine.
All my life I'll be your valentine.
Bluebells I'll gather, take them and be true.
When I'm a man my plan will be to marry you.

Note

Billy sings the turns.

(Rubato) ♩108±

PubS 13

I once saw two lovers in a gar-den, a lit-tle boy and girl with gold en hair.

At first I thought of asking their par-don, on se-cond thought I watched the youth-ful pair.

The girl turned and gave the boy a kiss, and ten-der-ly he whis-pered this;

I'll be your sweet-heart if you will be mine.

All my life I'll be your va-len - tine.

Blue-bells I'll gath-er, take them and be true.

When I'm a man my plan will be to marry you.

I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen

PubS 14

S41

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#)

ABCD AE

IV - IV#

V - 7

4 bars

♩ 56

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

David Smith and chorus .

19/9/72

[In chorus]

I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
to where your heart will feel no pain,
Ethel Broadhead: "You're wrong already."
To where your heart has ever been,
since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek.
I watched them fade away and die.
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak,
and tears bedim your loving eyes.

I will take you back, Kathleen, to where your heart will feel no pain;
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I will take you to your home again.

I'll take you home a-gain, Kath-leen,

to where your heart will feel no pain,

To where your heart has ev-er been,

since first you were my bon-my bride.

The ros-es all have left your cheek.

I watched them fade a-way and die.

Your voice is sad when-e'er you speak,

and tears be-dim your lov-ing eyes.—

I will take you back, Kath-leen,

to where your heart will feel no pain;

And when the fields are fresh and green,

I will take you to your home a-gain.

And did those feet in ancient times

Standard (inflected 4# and 7b)

ABCD

III

VI - 9

4 bars

♩ 80

3
2

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

4/3/72

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]

And did those feet in ancient times

walk upon England's mountain's green;

And was the holy lamb of God on England's pleasant pastures seen;

And did the countenance divine shine forth upon those crowded hills;

And was Jerusalem builded here among those dark satanic mills?

Give me my bow of burning gold, bring me my arrows of desire.

Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold, bring me my chariot of fire.

I shall not cease from mental strife,

nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,

Till we have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

Note

See Jerusalem, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38.

♩ 180

And did those feet in ancient times

walk up on England's mountains green;

And was the holy lamb of God

on England's pleasant pastures seen;

And did the countenance divine

172 shine forth upon those crowded hills;

And was Jerusalem builded here

among those dark satanic mills?

Seated one day at the organ

Standard (inflected 1# , 2# ,
4# , 5# and 7 $\frac{1}{4}$)

ABCDE/ABCDFGHI/ABJK

V \uparrow V - 8

44443 44444444 4445

♩ 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

David Smith and chorus .

4/3/72

[Bernard Broadhead prompts.]

Seated one day at the organ,

[Ethel Broadhead takes up the lead.]

I was weary and ill at ease,

And my fingers wandered idly, over the noisy keys.

[David Smith takes over.]

I know not what I was playing or what I was dreaming then,

But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great Amen,

[In chorus.]

Like the sound of a great Amen.

[David Smith]

It flooded the crimson twilight like the close of angel psalm,

And it lay on my fevered spirit with a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow like grief overcoming strife.

It seemed harmonious echo from our discordant life.

It linked all perplex-ed meanings into one perfect peace,

And trembled away into silence as if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that one lost chord divine,

Which came from the soul of the organ and entered into mine.

[In chorus.]

It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord again.

It may be that* only in heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.

It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord again.

It may be that* only in heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.

* Bernard Broadhead mistakenly repeats the first line of the verse.

Note

David's performance is somewhat subdued as he seems unsure of the words.

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease,

And my fingers wandered idly over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing or what I was dreaming then,

But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great a-men,

Like the sound of a great a-men.

It linked all perplexed meanings in to one perfect peace,

And trembled away in to silence as if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek vainly, that one lost chord divine,

Which came from the soul of the organ and entered in to mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord a-gain.

It may be that on ly in heaven I shall hear that grand a-men.

Love's Old Sweet Song

PubS 17

"Own Sweet Song"

S24

Just a song at twilight

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABACD EFGHIJ

1 - 1#

IV# - 6

4 bars

♩ 60

$\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

30/1/71

[Requested by Ethel Broadhead.]

Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.
Though your/the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight, come love's own song,
Come love's own sweet song.

Even today we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in my heart it dwells for evermore.
Footsteps/Fortunes may falter, weary grows the way,
Still we shall hear it at the close of day.
So to the end when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

"Altogether this time please!"

Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.
Though your/the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight, come love's own song,
Come love's own sweet song.

Ethel: "That's it, curtains down."

Note

See Love's Old Sweet Song, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 29/7/72, S38, and 5/8/72, S39.

Just a song at twi-light when the lights are low,
 And the flick-ering shad-ows soft-ly come and go.
 Though the heart be wear-y, sad the day and long,
 still to us at twi-light, come love's own song,

Come - love's - own sweet - song.

Even to-day we hear love's song of yore,
 Deep in my heart it dwells for ever-more.
 Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grows the way,
 Still we shall hear it at the close of day.
 So to the end when life's dim sha-daws fall,
 love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

Moonlight Bay

PubS 18

S38

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay

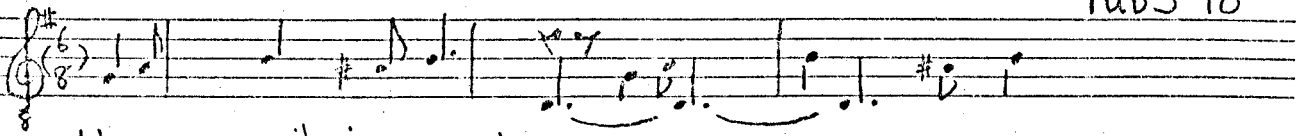
123456 (inflected 1# and 2#)		ABAC
VII #	V - 4	6878
♪ 480	6 8	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		29/7/72

[Words unclear.]

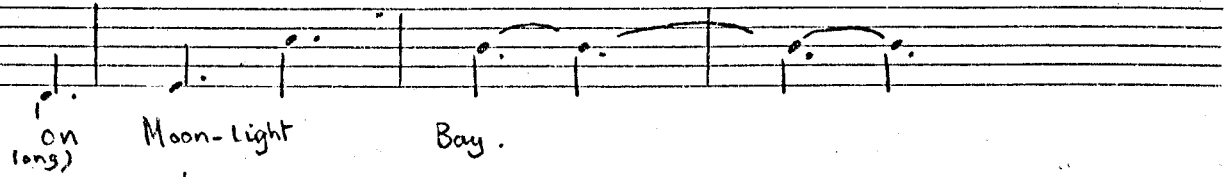
We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay.
You could 'ear the voices singing, they seemed to say.
You were strolling along the lunar way.
If this night would only stop on Moonlight Bay.

Note

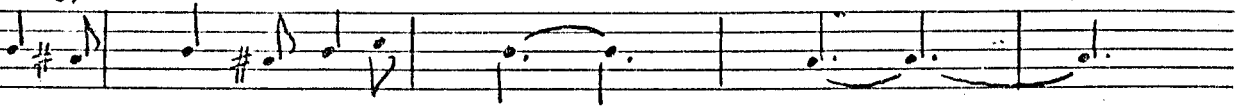
The second part is sung by David Smith as an echo.



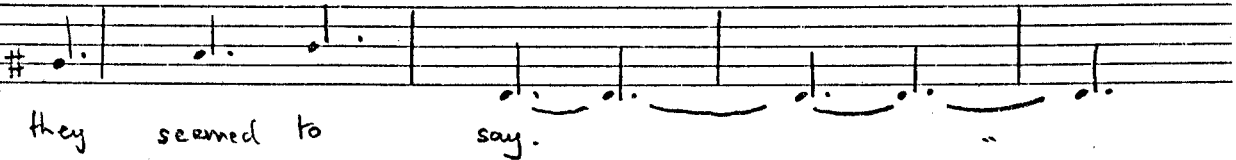
We were sail-ing a - long (we were sail-ing a -



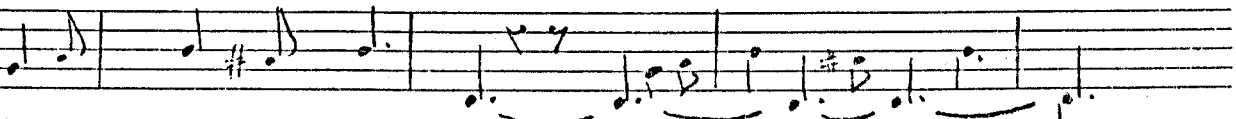
on long) Moon-light Bay.



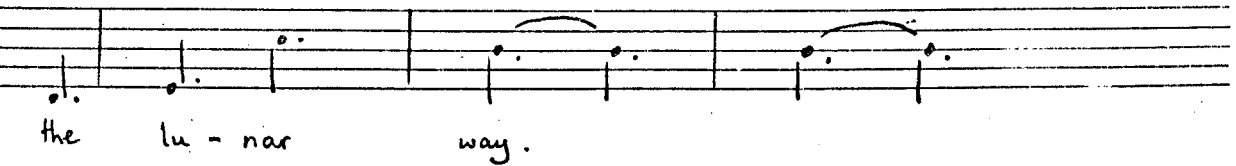
You could 'ear the voi-ces sing - ing,



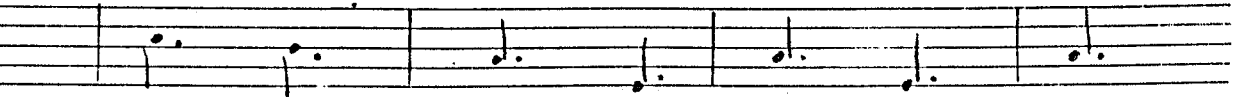
they seemed to say.



You were strol-ling a - long (we were strol-ling a - long)



the lu - nar way.



If this night would on-ly stop



on Moon-light Bay. (on Moon-light Bay)

There's a spot in my heart

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD EFEG

IV 1 - 10

4444 5445

♩ 80⁺ 3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

1/7/72

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

(There's a spot in my heart that no colleen may own.
There's a depth in my)* soul never sounded or known.
There's a place in my memory that my heart will fill.
No-one else can change it, no-one ever will.

For I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And a brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.
I kiss her dear fingers, so toil-worn for me.
O God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

Each sorrow and care in the dear days gone by
Was made light by the life and the light in your eye.
Like a candle that burns in a window at night,
Your kind hands have (guarded?) and guided me right.

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And a brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.
I kiss her dear fingers, so toil-worn for me.
O God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

* Not recorded.

II *faster*

Each sor-row and care in the dear days gone-by

Was made light by the life and the light in your-eye.

Like a candle that burns in a window at night,

Your kind hands have guard-ed and guid-ed me right.

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 fing-ers, so toil-worn for me.

slows

God bless you and keep you, Moth-er Mach-ree.

Standard		ABAC
V	1 - 8	4 bars
b294 [†]	6 8	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
Billy Mills and chorus		30/1/71

O it seems like only yesterday I wandered out of Cork.
I sailed away from Erin's isle and landed in New York.
There wasn't a soul to greet me there, a stranger on the shore,
But my mother will introduce them all and [unclear] galore.

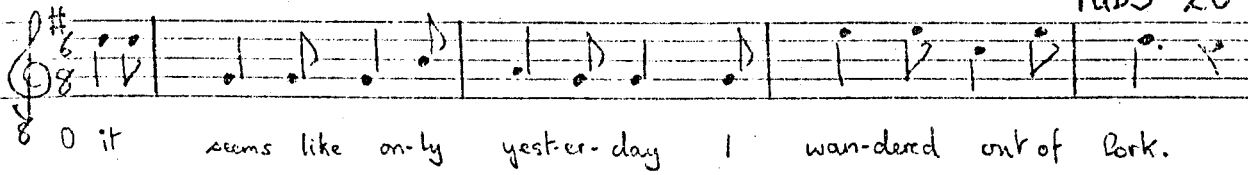
[Bernard Broadhead prompts.]

She passes your uncle by, my boys, and kisses your sister Kate,
And this is the girl I used to swing down by the garden gate.
She counted all the neighbours and Mister Kidd and all;
You're as welcome as the [unclear] in dear old Donegal.

"C'mon on Bunny, finish it off."

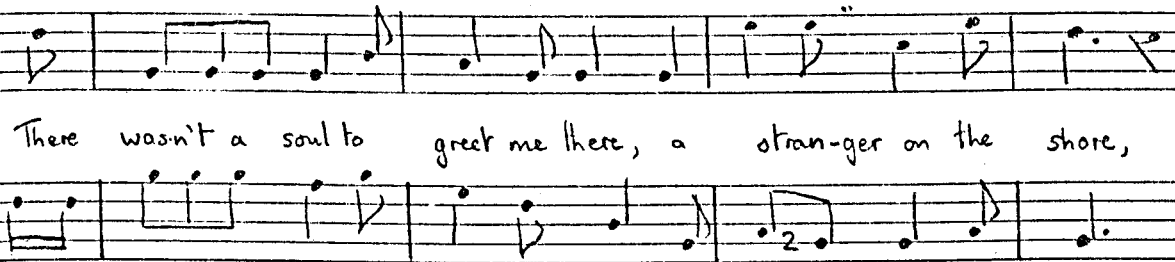
Note

Appeals to Bernard to finish the song are unsuccessful.



O it seems like on-ly yest-er-day I wan-dered out of Bork.

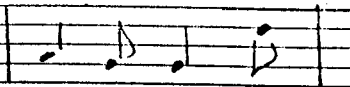
I sailed a-way from Fr-in's isle and land-ed in New York.



There wasn't a soul to greet me there, a stran-ger on the shore,

But my moth-er will in-tro - duce them all - - - ga-lore.

II a 2 (and c 2)



by, my boys, and ...

II c 1



You're as ...

Lonely I wander through scenes of my childhood

Standard

ABAC

VI

V - 5(6)

4 bars

♩ 66

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

29/7/72

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

Lonely I wander through scenes of my childhood.
They call back to memory those happy days that are gone.
Gone are the old folks, the house stands deserted,
No light in the window, no welcome at the door.

There's where the children played games on the heather.
There's where they sailed their wee boats on the burn.
Where are they now? Some 'ave left, some have wandered.
No more to their home will those children return.

Lonely the house now and lonely the moorland.
The children are scattered, the old folks are gone.
Why stand I now like a ghost and a shadow?
'Tis time I was moving, 'tis time I passed on.

"All sup!"

Note

See The Old House, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 22/8/70, S13, 3/10/70, S15, 30/1/71, S24, 1/7/72, S37, 5/8/72, S39, 19/9/72, S41; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S27.

Lone-ly I wan-der through scenes of my child-hood.

They call-back to mem-ory those hap-py days that are gone.

Gone are the old-folks, the house-stands de-sert-ed,

No-light in the win-dow, no wel-come at the door.

Variations

There's where the... sail their wee boats on the ...

home will those child-ren re-... scat-tered the ...

There's where they... mov-ing, 'tis time I passed-on.

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross

Standard (inflected 4# and 5#)

ABAC DEFG

VII# and 2

III - 4

4 bars

♩ 72⁺

3(2)
4 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

4/3/72

[Unidentified singer leads.]

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best,
For a world of lost sinners, was slain.

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]

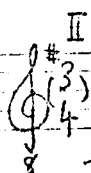
I'll cling to the old rugged cross,
(Till my trophies at last I lay down.)*
Yes, I'll cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

[David Smith leads and repitches.]

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear.
He calls me some day to his home far away,
Where his glories for ever I'll share.

So I'll cling to the old rugged cross,
(Till my trophies at last I lay down.)*
Yes, I'll cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchanged it some day for a crown.

* This phrase is unclear.

II


To the old rug-ged cross I will e-ver be true,

Its shame and re-proach glad-ly bear.

He - calls me some day to his home for a-way,

When his glor-ies for 'ev-er I'll share.

So I'll cling to the old rug-ged cross,

Till my troph-ies at last I'll lay down.

Yes, I'll cling to the old rug-ged cross,

And ex-change it some day for a crown.

Our Goodman (f)

PubS 23

S27

III

V - 1

4 bars

♩ 360

6
8

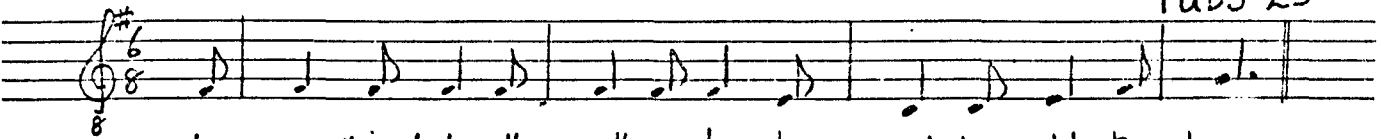
Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Billy Mills

2/3/71

[Whistles part of tune which was not recorded.]

I saw this hat upon the rack where my hat ought to be.



I saw this hat all on the rack where my hat ought to be.

There is a lady sweet and kind

Standard

ABCD

VI

VI - 6

4 bars

♩60⁺

2
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

29/7/72

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind.
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gestures, motions and her smile,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguile.
Beguile my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wing-ed and doth range
Her country so my heart doth change;
But change the earth or change the sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Note

See Passing By, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 1/7/72, S37, 19/9/72, S41;
and at the Royal, Dungworth, 26/5/71, S25.

8 $\frac{2}{4}$

There is a la - dy sweet and kind,

Was nev - er face so - pleased - my mind.

slows

I - did but see - her pas - sing by,

And - yer I - love her till I - die.

Variation

IIc1

Be - guile - my - heart I . . .

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain

Standard (inflected 5#)

ABAC DEAC

1# - 2

III - 4

4 bars

♩ 72

3

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

1/7/72

[Albert leads.]

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair like the rose of the summer.
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.
O no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle was spreading,
And Mary, all smiling, sat listening to me.
The moon through the valley her pale ray was shedding,
When I won the heart of the rose of Tralee.

Though lovely and fair like the rose of the summer.
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.
O no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee.

II

The cool shades of eve-ning their mant-le was spread-ing,
 And Ma-ry, all smil-ing, sat list-ening to- me.
 The moon through the val-ley her pale ray was shed-ding,
 When I - won the heart of the rose of Tra - lee.
 Though- love-ly and fair like the rose - of the sum-mer.
 Yet 'twas not her beau-ty a - lone that won me.
 O no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ev-er dawn-ing
 slows dim
 That made me love Ma-ry, the rose of Tra - lee.

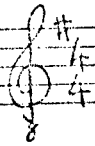
Standard		ABCB
III	1 - 8	4 bars
♩80	4 4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
Bernard Broadhead and chorus		4/3/72

Shall we gather at the river, [laughter]
the beautiful, the beautiful, the river?
Shall we gather at the river and there use (Arboy's?) soap?
[Ethel Broadhead leads.]
Yes, we'll gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful, the river.
Yes, we'll gather at the river and there use (Arboy's?) soap.

David Smith: "It's like being in a market place!"
Bernard: "That's what they used to sing, David; when they came
selling bloody soap they used to sing it."

Note

The humour of this song is double-edged. Firstly it is a parody of No.68 in Ira D. Sankey's, Sacred Songs and Solos (London [no date]). Secondly it is sung after The Old Rugged Cross, thereby suggesting that the singsong is beginning to resemble a religious revival meeting. In fact the song is obviously the subject of much local humour for Grace Walton calls it "The Milk Jogger's Hymn", referring to the practice of dishonest milkmen who would water their milk.



Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, the beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful, the riv-er?

Shall we gath-er at the riv-er and there use - Ar-boy's - soap?

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er the beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful, the riv-er.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er and there use - Mr. boy's - soap.

In Sheffield Park there once did dwell

123456

ABCD

III

1 - 6

4 bars

↓ 96

3

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

4

Edith Lawson

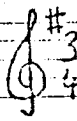
22/8/70

(In Sheffield Park)* there once did dwell
A brisk young** lad and I loved him well.
He** courted me, my heart so gay,
Till at length he stole my heart away.

"That's one I've been trying to get."

* Not recorded.

** She appeals unsuccessfully to Frank Hinchliffe or John Taylor to
join in — "Go on, go on!"



In Shef-field Park - there once - did dwell

A brisk young⁹ lad and I loved - him well.

He⁹ court.ed me, - my heart - so gay,

Till at length he stole - my heart a - way.

Rubato

There's a little brown road winding o-ver the hill,

To a little white cot by the sea.

There's a little green gate — at whose trel-lis I wait,—

White two eyes of blue come smil-ing through at me .

Variation III d2

smil-ing through at me .

The Soldier's Farewell

PubS 29

S41

How can I bear to leave thee

Standard (inflected 7 4)

ABCD EF

VI III - 4

2222 44

♩ 56

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Albert Broadhead and chorus

19/9/72

[In chorus.]

How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee;
And whatever e'er befalls me,
I'll go where honour calls me.

Farewell, farewell, my own true-love.
Farewell, farewell, my own true-love.

I think of thee with longing.
Think thou when tears are thronging,
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft while dying —

Farewell, farewell, my own true-love.
Farewell, farewell, my own true-love.

Note

See also The Soldier's Farewell, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/71, C40, 29/7/72, S39, and 22/8/70, S13, which also includes another verse:

In shadows may I behold thee,
[Unclear] enclose thee.
With spears [unclear] glancing,
I see the foe advancing.

How can I bear to leave thee?

One part-ing kiss I give thee;

And what-ev-er e'er be-falls me,

I'll go: where hon-our calls me.

Fare-well, fare-well, my own true-love.

Fare-well, fare-well, my own true-love.

Dear fates that hold the sweetest smile for me

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDEFEG

IV - IV#

VI - 8(10)

4 bars

♩ 52[±]

2

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

5/8/72

Ethel Broadhead: "I think we really should have Jim's tonight."

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]

Dear fates that hold the sweetest smile for me.
Were you not mine how dark this world would be.
I know no light above that could replace,
Love's radiant sunshine in your dear, dear face.
Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eye;
Life would not hold a fairer paradise.
Give me the right to love you all the while,
My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

Shadows may fall across the land and sea.
Sunshine [unclear] how dark this world would be.
For none shall see no cloud across the sun.
Your face will light my life till life be done.
Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eye;
Life would not hold a fairer paradise.
Give me the right to love you all the while,
My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

Note

Ethel refers to a friend with whom the song is associated. See The Sunshine of your Smile, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 3/10/70, S15, 1/7/72, S37, 30/1/71, S24.

Rubato

Dear fates that hold the sweet-est smile for me.

Were you not mine how dark this world would be.

I - know no light a - bove that could re - place,

Love's rad - iant sun - shine in your dear, dear face. —

Give me your smile, the love-light in your eye;

Life - would not hold a fair-er par-a - dise.

Give me the right to love you all the while,

My - world for - ev - er, the sun - shine of your smile.

"There's a Bridle Hanging on the Wall"

PubS 31

S39

Standard (inflected 5 #)

ABCD

VI ♯

V - 6

2 bars

♩ 96⁺

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Eric Walker

29/7/72

There's a bridle hanging on the wall.
There's a saddle in an empty stall.
You ask me why my tears do fall.
It's that bridle 'anging on the wall.

There's an 'orseshoe hung above the door.
There's an old rope that he always wore.
No more he'll answer to my call.
It's that bridle 'anging on the wall.

"Does thou know that, John? From Tidsa [Tideswell]."

Note

Eric comes from Tideswell.

There's a brid-le hang-ing on the wall.

There's a sad-dle in an emp-ty stall.

You ask me why my tears do fall.

It's that brid-le hang-ing on the wall.

"Tidsa Anthem" "Long Lost Goldmine in the Sky"
"In the Evening"

S39

123456 [Standard]

ABAC [ABCD]

VII↑ [VII] V - 4 [V - 4]

4443 [3 bars]

♩ 120 [♩ 144] $\frac{4}{4}$ [$\frac{3}{4}$]

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Eric Walker and Albert Broadhead

29/7/72

[Albert asks Eric if he knows the song. Eric sings.]

By the river in the moonlight, you can 'ear those darkies singing.

Albert: "No, no, 'Tidsa Anthem'."

Bernard Broadhead: "This is it."

In the evening in the moonlight, you can 'ear those darkies singing.
[unclear] . . . they will sit awhile and listen
To the music in the evening by the moonlight.

[Albert continues to disagree and sings.]

When we find that long lost goldmine in the sky,
Far away away, far away away, [hesitates]
We will wait while we watch the sun go by,
Till we find that long lost goldmine in the sky.

Note

Both Albert and Eric are correct in believing that they are singing "The Tidsa Anthem" as both melodies are incorporated in the version sung in the Tideswell district. This was confirmed at a visit to the Red Lion, Litton, 6/2/76. The information concerning Albert's fragment is shown in square brackets.

By the riv-er in the moon-light, you can 'ear those dark-ies sing-ing. ?

In the eve-ning in the moon-light, you can 'ear those dark-ies sing-ing.

... they will sit a-while and list-en

To the mus-ic in the eve-ning by the moon-light. " ?

When we find that long lost gold-mine in the sky,

Far a-way, far a-way, ?

We will wait while we watch the sun go by,

Till we find that long lost gold-mine in the sky.

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDEF

1 - 2

I - 5

4 bars

♩ 84

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

3/10/70

[Albert and Bernard Broadhead lead.]

(We plough the fields and)* scatter the good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine and soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.

He only is the maker of all things near and far.
He paints the wayside flower, he lights the evening star.

[Confusion with the words.]

The winds and waves obey him, by him the birds are fed.
Much more to us his children, he gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.

We thank thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest, our life, our home, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer for all thy love imparts;
And what thou most desirest, our humble thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.

* Not recorded.

Note

This is the second rendition of the song during the session. The melodic variations are those of Albert Broadhead.

We plough the fields and scat-ter the good seed in the land,

But it is fed and wat-er'd by God's al-might-y hand.

He sends the snow in win-ter, the warmth to swell the grain,

The - breez-es and the sun-shine and soft re-fresh-ing rain.

All good gifts a - round us are - sent from hea-ven a - bove,

Then - thank the Lord, O thank the - Lord, for all - his love.

"When You're Happy" (f)

PubS 34

S39

2	IV - 1	4 bars
♩ 64	4 4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
David Smith		5/8/72

[Albert Broadhead prompts.]

When you're happy, friend of mine, and all your skies are blue.

Note

The song is one of David's specialities but he is not willing to continue it as it is very late and he wants to go home.

Pubs 34



When you're hap-py, friend of mine, and all your skies are blue.

Standard (inflected 1#, 2# and 4#) ABCDCF
IVb IV# - 5(8) 8 bars
↓ 70 3 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
4
In chorus 4/3/72

[Opening not recorded.]
. . . we find in this life is it worthwhile . . . [unclear]
I've been wishing today, I could just run away
out where the west winds blow.
With someone like you, a pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find
A place that's known to God alone, just a spot to call our own.
We'll find a perfect peace, where joys will never cease,
out there beneath the moonlit sky
We'll build a sweet little nest, somewhere out in the west,
and let the rest of the world go by.

Note

See With Someone Like You, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 7/11/70, C21,
1/7/72, S37.

we find in this life

is it worth-while

I've been wish-ing to-day, I could just run a-way

out where the west winds blow.

With some-one like you, a pal so good and true,

I'd like to leave it all be-hind and go and find

A place that known to God a-lone,

just a spot to call our own.

We'll find a perfect peace, where joys will never cease,

out there be-neath the moon-lit sky.

We'll build a sweet little nest, some-where out in the west,

and let the rest of the world go by.

Won't You Buy my Pretty Flowers?

PubS 36

S41

Underneath the gaslight glitter stands a little fragile girl

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCB

VII A

V - 6

8 bars

♩ 88

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

Douglas Marsden, Edith Lawson and chorus 19/9/72

Underneath the gaslight glitter "Come on Edith!"

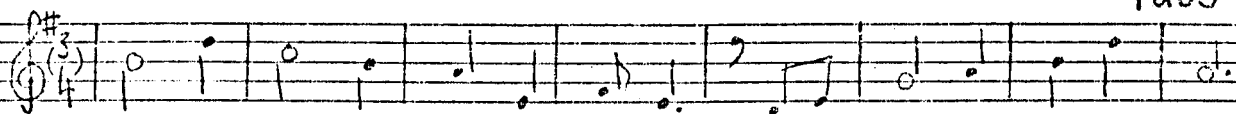
stands a little fragile girl.

Heedless of the night winds bitter; Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

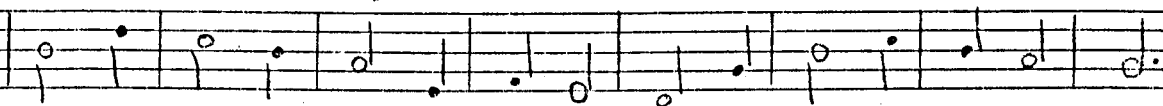
There are many sad and weary in this pleasant world of ours,

Crying every night for pity; Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

[Tape runs out.]



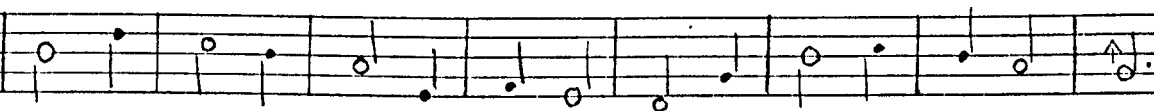
Un-der -neath the gas-light glit-ter ' stands a lit-tle frag-ile girl,



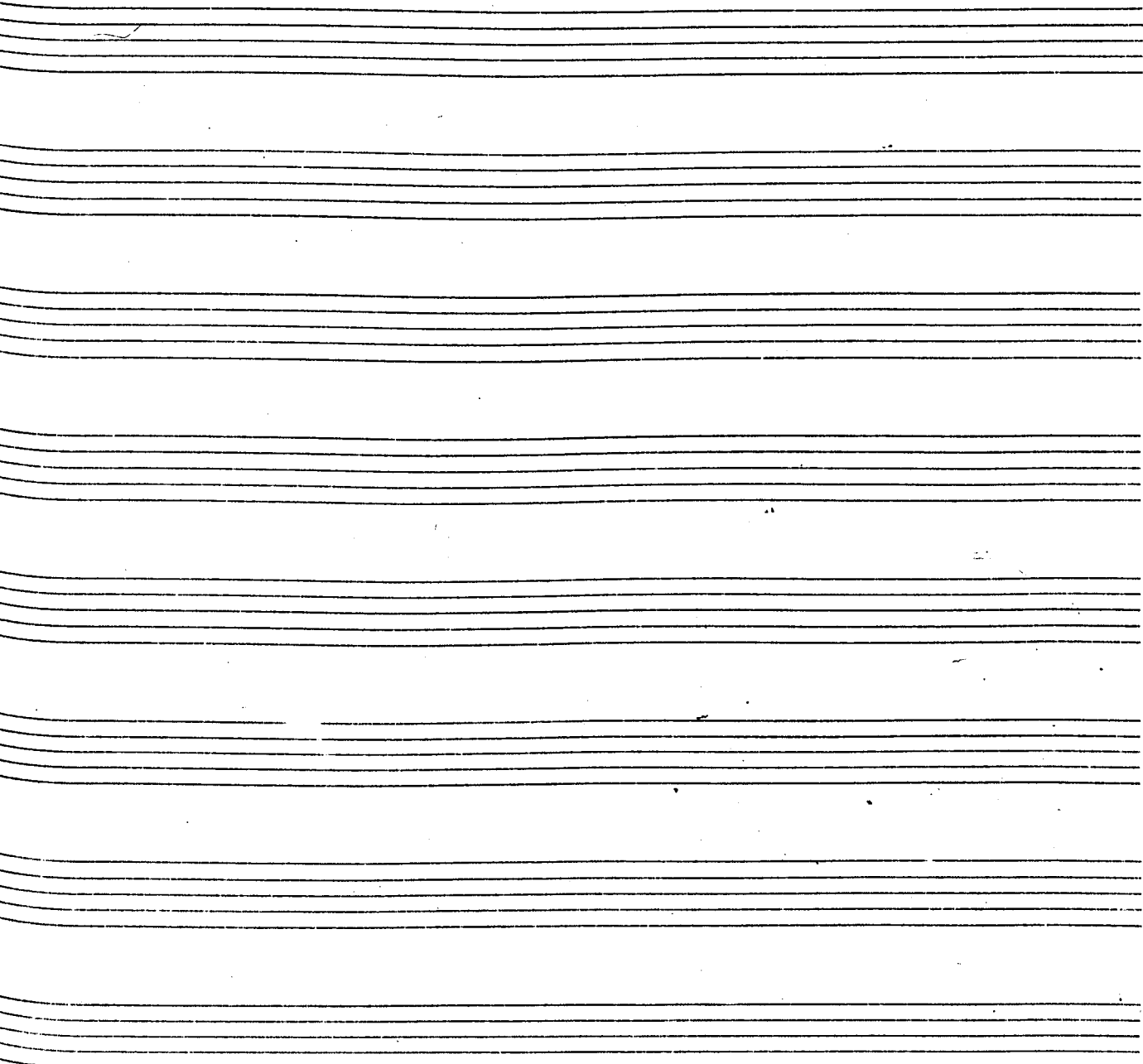
Heed-less of the night winds bit-ter; Won't you buy my pret-ty flowers?



There are man-y sad and wear-y in this pleas-ant world of ours,



Cry-ing ev-ery night for pi-ty; Won't you buy my pret-ty flowers?



Angels from the Realms of Glory

Chris 1

C5

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABACDEF GHIJKLMDNO

VI - VII 1 - 8

4444444 3333444444

♩ 96⁺ 3 and 4
 4 4

Peacock, Stannington

In chorus

12/12/70

Angels from the realms of glory
Wing your flights o'er all the earth.
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, your new-born King,
Worship Christ, your new-born King.

Angels from the realms of glory,
Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flights o'er all the earth.
Ye, who sang creations story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth, now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, your new-born King, worship Christ, your new-born King,
Worship Christ, your new-born King.

Shepherds in the fields abiding
Watching o'er their flocks by night.
God with man is now residing
Yonder shines the infant light.
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, your new-born King,
Worship Christ, your new-born King.

An - gels from the realms of glo - ry

slows

Wing your flights o'er all the earth -

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,

slows

Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth,

172

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship,

168

Wor - ship Christ, your new - born king,

Wor - ship Christ, your new - born king.

196

An - gels from the realms of glo - ry,

An - gels from the realms of glo - ry

Wing your flights o'er all the earth.

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,

slows

Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth, now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.

♩ 112

Chris I (cont)

Ye, — who sang — cre — a — -tion's stor — y,

Now — pro — claim — Mes — si — ah's birth.

Come and wor — ship, come and wor — ship,

Wor — ship Christ, your new — born king, wor — ship Christ, your new-born king,

Wor — ship Christ, — your new — born king.

Angels from the realms of glory,
 Angels from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flights o'er all the earth.
 Ye, who sang creations story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth, now proclaim Messiah's birth.
 Ye, who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
 Come and worship, come and worship,
 Worship Christ, your new-born King, worship Christ, your new-born King,
 Worship Christ, your new-born King.

Note

This melodically complex carol would seem to be the result of the amalgamation of two different tunes. The latter part of the melody is the same as that used for a West Country version of this carol, see Ralph Dunston, The Cornish Song Book (London, 1929), p.102. See Angels from the Realms of Glory, at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41. The form sung at the Royal is ABACDEFF GHIJKLADNO.

Standard		ABCDEF
2	III - 4	4 bars
♩ 104	4 4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		28/11/70

[Billy Mills leads.]

Awake, arise, good Christians, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day.
The self-same moon was shining that now is in the sky,
When a holy band of angels came down from out the sky.
Hosanna, hosanna, to Jesus we'll sing,
Hosanna, hosanna, our Saviour, our King!

Fear not, we bring glad tidings, for on this happy morn,
The promised one, our Saviour, in Bethlehem's town was born.
Up rose those simple shepherds, all with a joyful mind,
Then let us go in haste, they say, the holy child to find.
Hosanna, hosanna, to Jesus we'll sing,
Hosanna, hosanna, our Saviour, our King!

Then like unto the shepherds, we wander far and near,
And bid you wake good Christians, the joyful news to hear.
Awake, arise good Christians, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day.
Hosanna, hosanna, to Jesus we'll sing,
Hosanna, hosanna, our Saviour, our King!

Note

The interference on the recording is caused by a fruit machine. See Awake Arise Good Christians, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 7/11/70, C21, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C52; and at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70 and 12/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C4.

III

Then- like un-to the shep-herds, we wan-dex far-and near,

And bid you wake good christ-ians, the joy-ful news to hear.

A - wake, a-rise good Christ-ians, let noth-ing you dis - may,

Re - mem-ber Christ, our Sav-iour, was born up-on this day.

Ho - san-na, ho - san-na, to Je - sus we'll sing,

Ho - san-na, ho - san-na, our Sav-iour, our King!

slows

Behold the grace appears

Standard

ABCDEF

IV# - V I - 2

223543

♩ 96 4
 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

7/11/70

(Behold, the grace appears.)*

The promise is fulfilled,

The promise is fulfilled.

Mary the wondrous virgin bears,

And Jesus is the child, and Jesus is the child,

And Jesus is the child.

Go humble swain, said he,

To David's city fly,

To David's city fly.

The promised infant born today

Doth in a manger lie, doth in a manger lie,

Doth in a manger lie.

With looks and hearts serene,

Go visit Christ your King,

Go visit Christ your King;

And straight a flaming troop was seen.

The shepherds heard them sing, the shepherds heard them sing,

The shepherds heard them sing.

[Billy Mills exclaims.]

"What did they?"

All glory be to God,

And on the earth be peace,

And on the earth be peace.

Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,

Begin and never cease, begin and never cease,

Begin and never cease.

Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,

Begin and never cease, begin and never cease,

Begin and never cease.

* Not recorded.

Note

The final couplet is repeated. See Back Lane, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40 and 41. The tune is ascribed to W. Womack, see F. Morris, A Set of Old Favourite Christmas Tunes, No.1 (Sheffield [no date]).

II

Go humb-le swain, said he,

To Dav-id's cit-y fly,

To Da - vid's ci - ty fly.

The prom-ised in-fant born to-day
The prom-ised in-fant born to-day

Doth in a man-ger lie, doth in a man-ger lie,
Doth in a man-ger lie, doth in a man-

Doth in a man-ger lie.
ger lie, doth in a man-ger lie.

Bright and Joyful

Chris 4

C52

Bright and joyful is the morn

Standard (inflected 2#)

ABCA

VII #

V - 6

4 bars

! 70

3

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

2/12/72

Billy Mills: "Frank, let's have 'Bright and Joyful is the Morn'."
Eric Walker: "We've not had that for many a year."

[Doug Marsden leads.]

Bright and joyful is the morn,
"We used to stand up for this,"
Unto us a child is born,
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a son is given/a child is born.

"D'you know this?"
"Stand up."

All my trust on thee is stayed/I pray.
All my help from thee I bring.
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Frank Hinchliffe: "William, [Billy Mills] thou set off with 'Bright and Joyful' there, thou went into 'Jesu Lover' and then thou finished up with summat else!"

Note

As Frank observes the performance is very confused. The third verse is from Sovereignty. It is interesting to note that they used to stand in respect for this carol. The tune, which is Malin Bridge, is called by this title when sung to the words 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing', and is also the melody for Jesu Lover of my Soul, see Chris 15. The words (verse one) are attributed to J. Montgomery, see Walter Goddard's Collection of the Old Favourite Christmas Tunes (Sheffield [no date]), p.20.

Chris 4

Bright — and joy — ful is — the morn,

Un — to us a child — is born,

From — the high — est realms — of heaven,

Un — to us a — son — is given. -

Crimond (While Shepherds)

Chris 5

C21

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCD

VI

V - 6

4343

♩ 72

3

4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

7/11/70

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had siezed their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from men/heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Note

The harmonies are indistinct and are not transcribed. See Crimond, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41; and at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2.

Fear not, said - he, for - migh - ty - dread

Had siezed - their troub - led mind.

Glad ti - dings of great joy - I bring

To you - and all man - kind.

All hail the power of Jesu's name

Standard (inflected 1#)

ABCDE/ABCDE/ABCDEFGHI

VII III - 5 (6)

45446/45446/454462223

♩ 90 3 and 4
4 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

28/11/70

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

Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the foe, ye ransomed from the foe,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him, and crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall, we at his feet may fall.
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him, and crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all,
And crown him Lord of all.

Note

The melody is found in the Appendix to The Methodist Hymn Book (London, 1904), p.873, where it is attributed to J. Ellor and dated 1838. See Diadem, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3; and at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2.

III

O that with yon- der sac- red throng,

We- at his feet may fall, - we at- his feet may fall.

Join- in the e- ver last- ing song, -

And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, -

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

And crown him Lord of all,

And crown him Lord of all,

And crown him Lord of all,

And crown him Lord of all.

Christians awake unclose your eyes

Standard		ABCDE/ABCDE/ABCDECDE
VI ♯	V - 6	43444
♯ 100	4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
	4	
In chorus		28/11/70

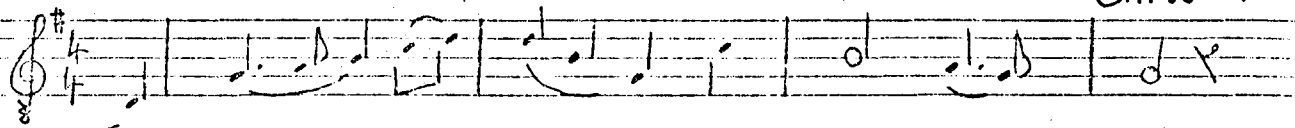
Christians awake, unclose your eyes.
Glad tidings now we bring.
To us is born a heavenly prize.
Arise, rejoice and sing, arise, rejoice and sing,
Arise, rejoice and sing!

This prize it is the Son of God,
And Jesus called by name.
Great wonders he hath shown abroad.
Salvation by him came, salvation by him came,
Salvation by him came.

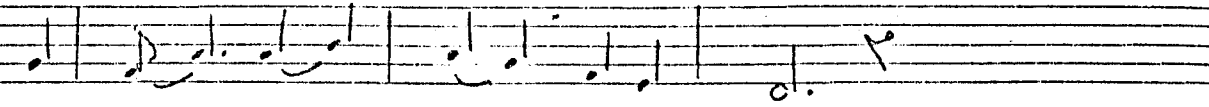
Therefore let us lift up our voice,
And hallelujah sing.
Forevermore let us rejoice
In Israel's holy King, in Israel's holy King,
In Israel's holy King.
Forevermore let us rejoice
In Israel's holy King, in Israel's holy King,
In Israel's holy King.

Note

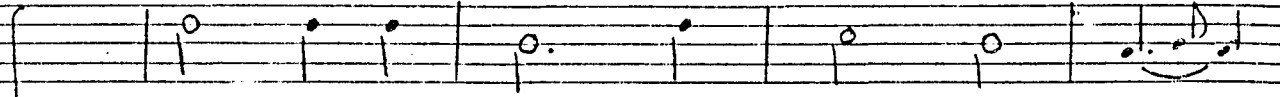
Only the principal parts have been transcribed. See Egypt, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40; and at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2 (two performances).



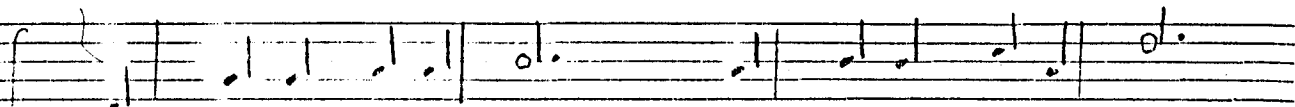
This prize — it — is — the Son of — God,



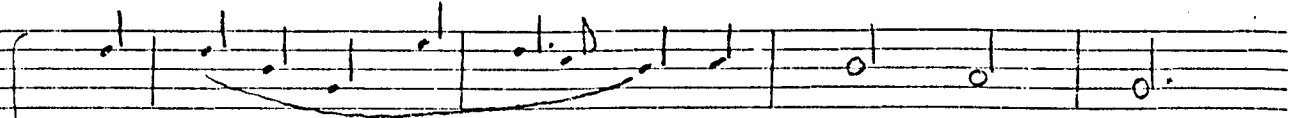
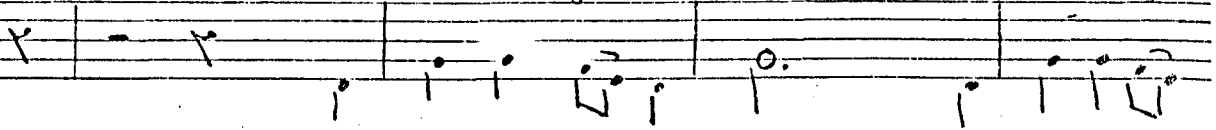
And Je — sus — cal — led by name.



Great won — ders he hath shown a — broad —
Great won — ders he hath shown a — broad.



Sal — va — tion by him came, sal — va — tion by him came,
Sal — va — tion by — him came, sal — va — tion by —



Sal — va — tion by him came, sal — va — tion by him came,
him came, sal — va — tion by him came.



While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard

ABCD

1# - 2

V - 4

4 bars

♩ 74

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

11/12/71

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had siezed their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Note

The melody is attributed to J.W. Drake of Sheffield. See Walter Goddard's Collection of the Old Favourite Christmas Tunes (Sheffield [no date]). See Fern Bank, at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2.

#3
4
6

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind.

Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind.

The First Nowell

Chris 9

C42

Standard		ABABCB
V	1 - 8(10)	4 bars
♩ 102	3 4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		11/12/71

[David Smith leads.]

(The first Nowell the)* angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields where they lay,
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

David Smith: "Ne'er mind all singing bloody tenor!"

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far,
To (view the King)** was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Billy Mills: "Very good!"

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
Who hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

* Not recorded.

** Unclear.

Note

The final of the melody is '3'.

II

And by the light of that same star

Three wise men came from country far,

To view the King was their intent,

And to follow the star where ever it went.

No well, No well, No well, No well,

Born is the King of Is-ra-el.

"Hark Hark"

C21

Hark, hark, what news those angels bring

Standard (inflected 4 # in bass) ABCDEA

3 (I)III - 4 444454

♩ 102 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
 4

In chorus 7/11/70

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

Hark, hark, what news those angels bring!
Glad tidings of a new-born King,
Glad tidings of a new-born King.
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,
Born without sin, from guilt secure,
Born without sin, from guilt secure.

Hail, mighty Prince, eternal King.
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.
Angels and men with one accord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, 'e comes and leaves the sky.
Awake, ye slumbering mortals, rise,
Awake, ye slumbering mortals, rise.
Awake to joy and hail the morn,
The Saviour of this world was born,
The Saviour of this world was born.

Eric Walker: "All sup! What's up with John? Has he fell asleep?"

Note

Eric comments upon the fact that John Taylor does not lead a repeat of the final couplet. The tune is ascribed to John Hall of Sheffield Park, see Ian Russell, 'A Survey of a Christmas Singing Tradition in South Yorkshire', Lore and Language, 1, No.8 (January, 1973), 23. See Good News at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; at the Peacock, Stannington, 12/12/70, C5; at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C4; and at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2.

Hail, mighty Prince, — e-tern - al king.

Let heaven — and — earth re-joice — and sing,
re-joice and sing

Let heaven and — earth re-joice and sing.

An-gels and men An-gels and men with one ac-cord,
with one ac-

Break forth in song to praise the Lord,
Break forth in — song to praise — the — Lord

slows

Break forth in — song — to praise the Lord.

"Hark Hark — Old Tune"

C21

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDE/ABCDE/ABCDE/ABCDEFGH

2 II - 4

4 bars

♩ 88 4 and 3
4 4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

7/11/70

(Hark, hark, hark, hark, what news those angels)* bring,
Glad tidings of a new-born King.
Born of a maid, a virgin pure,
Born without sin from guilt secure, born without sin from guilt secure,
Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail high-, hail mighty Prince, eternal King,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.
Angels and men with one accord
Break forth in song to praise the Lord,
break forth in song to praise the Lord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Behold, behold, he comes and leaves the skies.
Awake, ye slumbering mortals, rise,
Awake to joy and hail the morn,
The Saviour of this world was born, the Saviour of this world was born,
The Saviour of this world was born.

Praise God, praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost, praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

* Not recorded.

Note

The tail-piece is part of Sovereignty, see Chris 28. See Hark Hark Hark Hark, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2.

Praise God, praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Praise him all creatures here be-low.

Praise him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host.

Praise Fath-er, Son and Ho-ly Ghost, praise Fath-er, Son and Ho-ly-Ghost,

Praise Fath-er Son and Ho-ly-Ghost.

Praise him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host.

Praise Fath-er, Son and Ho-ly Ghost,

Praise Fath-er, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

Hark Hear Ye Not

Chris 12

C5

Standard		ABCDEFGH
VII#	III - 4	43344444
♩ 100	4 4	Peacock, Stannington
In chorus		12/12/70

Hark, hear ye not a cheerful sound,
Which makes the heavens to ring with joy,
Which makes the heavens to ring with joy.
See, where light stars, bright angels fly,
See, where light stars, bright angels fly,
A thousand heavenly echoes cry.
See, where light stars, bright angels fly,
A thousand heavenly echoes cry.

Hail, mighty Prince, eternal King,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.
Angels and men with one accord,
Angels and men with one accord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord..
Angels and men with one accord,
Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

Note

The variation in verse II would seem to have been influenced by the melody of Good News which includes the same verse. The melody of Hark Hear Ye Not is also sung for The Star of Bethlehem, see Chris 31.

Hark, hear ye not a cheer-ful sound,

Which makes the heavens to ring with joy,

Which makes the heavens to ring with joy.

See, where light-stars, bright-angels fly,

See, where light stars, bright-angels fly,

A thousand heaven-ly echoes cry-

See, where light stars, bright-angels fly,

A thousand heaven-ly echoes cry.

Variation IIa

Hail mighty Prince e-...

Standard		ABC/ABC/DEFGG/HIJK/HIJK
VII #	I - 4	226/226/44444/8756/8756
♩ 84 and 100	3 and 2 4 and 4	Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor
In chorus		20/12/69

[Bernard Broadhead leads.]

How beautiful upon the mountain,
How beautiful upon the mountain,
How beautiful upon the mountain are the fields of him
that bringeth glad tidings.

How beautiful upon the mountain,
How beautiful upon the mountain,
How beautiful upon the mountain are the fields of him
that bringeth glad tidings.

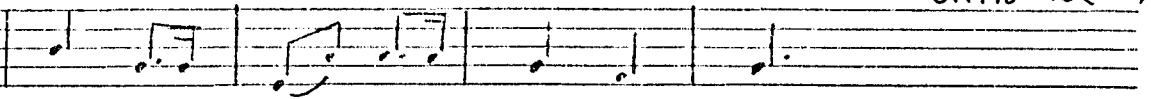
Glad tidings I bring, glad tidings I bring,
That bringeth glad tidings, glad tidings I bring;
That promiseth/publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion,
My God reigneth,
My God reigneth.

Break forth, sing together, sing together, sing together,
in the presence of Jerusalem;
For the Lord, he hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

Break forth, sing together, sing together, sing together,
in the presence of Jerusalem;
For the Lord, he hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

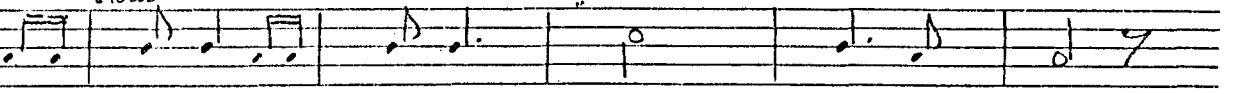
Note

See How Beautiful upon the Mountain, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C4, 5/12/71, C41.

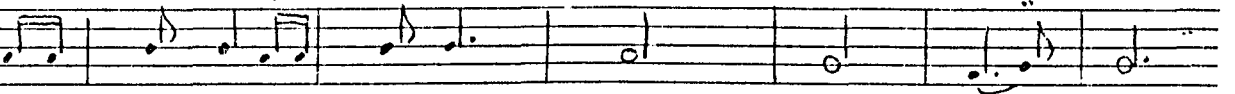


he hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

slows



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord!



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the - Lord!



At Jacob's Well a stranger sought

Standard (inflected 1# and 4#) ABCDEF

VI - VII VII - 6 465233

. | 100 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
 4

In chorus 7/11/70

(At Jacob's Well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer, his drooping frame to cheer.)*
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near;
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sighed, for richer draughts had sighed.
Nor had Messiah ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied;
Nor had Messiah ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

The ancient well, no glass so true,
Britannia's image shows, Britannia's image shows.
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the stranger knows;
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the stranger knows.

Yet Britain must this stranger know,
Or soon her loss deplore, or soon her loss deplore.
Behold, the living waters flow,
Come drink and thirst no more.
Behold, the living waters flow,
Come drink and thirst no more.
Behold, the living waters flow,
Come drink and thirst no more.

* Not recorded.

Note

The final couplet is repeated. Only the main harmony has been transcribed. This carol is believed to have been written by Hugh Bourne of Newcastle Under Lyme, founder of the Primitive Methodists. See Jacob's Well, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 1/7/72, S37, 2/12/72, C51; at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40; at the Peacock, Stannington, 12/12/70, C5; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2.

This had she - know, her faint - ting mind,

For rich - er draughts - had - sighed, - for - rich - er draughts had sighed.

Nor had Mes - si - ah e - ver kind,

Nor had Mes - si - ah e - ver kind,

Those rich - er draughts de - nied;

Nor had Mes - si - ah e - ver kind,

slows

Those rich - er draughts de - nied.

Standard (inflected 2#)		ABCA
VII#	V - 6	4 bars
♯ 82	3	Royal, Dungworth
	4	
In chorus		29/11/70

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

"Hide me."

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past.
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

"Your favourite that, in' it, Josh."

Note

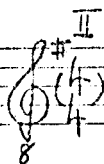
The remark is addressed to Josh White, an old man who is an uncle to George White. The carol is sung unaccompanied, after the main session, and only a few of the singers seem to know all the words. The tune, Malin Bridge, is also used for Bright and Joyful, see Chris 4. See Jesu Lover of My Soul, at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C4.

Je - su , lov - er of - my soul ,

let - me to thy bos - om fly ,

While - the near - er wat - ers roll ,

While - the tem - pest still - is high . ..

II


Fear not, said he, for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind.

Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 Glad tidings of joy I bring

To you and all man-kind, to you and all man-kind,
 To you and all man-kind, to you and all

To you and all man-kind,
 man-kind, To you and all man-kind,
 man-kind,

To you and all man-kind.

Lloyd

Chris 17

C51

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard

ABCD

IV#

VI - 8

4343

♩ 96

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

2/12/72

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Note

See Lloyd, at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Peacock, Stannington, 12/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 5/12/71, C40.

Fear not, said - he, for migh - ty dread

Had siezed - their trou - led mind .

Glad ti - dings - of great joy I bring

To you and all man - kind .

Merry Christmas

Chris 18

C21

We singers make bold as in days of old

Standard

ABACD

2

V - 5

4 bars

♩ 102

3

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

4

In chorus

7/11/70

We singers make bold, as in days of old,
To celebrate Christmas and bring you good cheer.
Glad tidings we bring of Messiah our King;
So we wish you a merry Christmas, so we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The shepherds amazed as upward they gazed.
Behold, holy angels to them drawing near/nigh,
Singing, Goodwill to men, as onward they came;
So we wish you a merry Christmas, so we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Let's join heart and hand to keep God's command,
To love him and serve him throughout the New Year.
In an innocent way we'll be happy today;
So we wish you a merry Christmas, so we wish you a merry Christmas,
So we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Note

See Merry Christmas, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1,
2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman,
Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14, and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70,
C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41.

The shep-herds a-mazed as— up-ward they gazed.

Be- hold, ho-ly an-gels to them draw-ing near,

Sing-ing, Good-will to men, as— on-wards they came;

Some wish you a mer-ry christ-mas, so we wish you a mer-ry Christ-mas,
So we wish you a mer-ry Christ-mas, we wish you a

slows

Some wish you a mer-ry Christ-mas and a hap-py New Year.
mer-ry Christ-mas, Christ-mas and a hap-py New Year.

The mistletoe hung on the old castle hall

Standard

AABBC

3b - 3

II - 4

4 bars

♩ 114[±]

6
8

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

David Smith and chorus

11/12/71

[David Smith]

The mistletoe hung on the old castle hall;
the holly branch shone in the old oak hall.

The baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
all keeping their Christmas 'oliday.

[Other singers join in.]

The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
his beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;

While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
the star of that goodly company.

O the mistletoe bough, O the mistletoe bough!

[In chorus.]

I'm weary of dancing now, she cried,
please tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;

And Lovell be sure thou'rt first to trace
the clue to my secret hiding place.

Away she ran and her friends began
each tower to search, each nook to scan.

And young Lovell cried, Where dost thou hide?

I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride.

O the mistletoe bough, O the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night, they sought her next day,
they sought her in vain till a week passed away.

The highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
young Lovell sought wildly but found her not;

And years flew by and their grief, at last,
was told as a sorrowful tale long past;

And when Lovell appeared all the children cried,
see the old man weep for his fairy bride.

O the mistletoe bough, O the mistletoe bough!

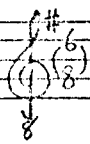
[Chris 19 continued]

At length an oak chest that had long laid hid
was found in the castle, they raised the lid.
A skeleton form lay mouldering there
in the bridal wreaths of a lady so fair.
O sad was her fate, in sportive jest,
she hid from her lord in an old oak chest.
It closed with a spring and the bridal bloom
lay withering there in a living tomb.
O the mistletoe bough, O the mistletoe bough!

[applause]

Note

The words are by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1829) and the music by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786-1855). See The Mistletoe Bough at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 2/12/72, C52, 28/11/70, C1; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70 and 12/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40.



The mist-le-toe hung on the old cast-le hall;

The hol-ly branch shone in the old oak hall.

The bar-ons ret-ain-es were blithe and gay,
Pitch rises

all keep-ing their Christ-mas 'ol-i-day.
slower D 104

The bar-on be-held, with a fath-er's pride,

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

While she with her bright eyes seemed to be

the star of that good-ly com-pan-y.

slows
O the mist-le-toe bough,

slows
O the mist-le-toe bough!

variation III b 2

week passed a-way...

Mount Moriah

Chris 20

S2

Glory to God the angels sing

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDE/ABCDE/ABCDECDE

1#

V - 5

44445/44445/44445445

♩ 104

4
4

Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor

In chorus

20/12/69

Glory to God, the angels sing.
Glad tidings, lo, I bring, glad tidings, lo, I bring.
In David's city lies a babe,
And Jesus is the child, and Jesus is the child,
And Jesus is the child.

Glory to God, let man reply,
For Christ the Lord is come, for Christ the Lord is come.
Behold him in a manger lie.
A stable is his room, a stable is his room,
A stable is his room.

Glory to God, let all the earth,
Join in the heavenly song, join in the heavenly song;
And praise him for our Saviour's birth,
In every land and tongue, in every land and tongue,
In every land and tongue.
And praise him for our Saviour's birth,
In every land and tongue, in every land and tongue,
In every land and tongue.

Note

See Mount Moriah, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40; and
at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40.

II

Glo-ry to God, let man- re- ply,

For Christ the Lord is come, for Christ the Lord is come.

Be- hold him in a man- ger- lie.

A sta-ble is his room, a sta-ble is his room,
a sta-ble is his room. a sta-ble is

A sta- ble is his room.
his room a sta- ble is his room.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard

ABCDEF

3b

I - 3

423243

↓ 108

4
4

Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor

In chorus

20/12/69

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
All seated on the ground.
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around, and glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had siezed their troubled mind,
Had siezed their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind, to you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
Is born of David's line.
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign, and this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven/men to men,
Begin and never cease, begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

Note

The fourth verse is the only one in which the fuguing part is successfully performed. The carol would appear to be unfamiliar to many of the singers.

IV
 (f)
 All glo - ry be - to God on high,

And on the earth be peace,

And on the earth be peace.

Good-will hence-forth from men to men,

Be-gin and nev-er cease, be-gin an nev-er cease,
 Be-gin and nev-er cease, be-gin and nev-

slows

Be-gin — and nev-er cease.
 -er cease, Be-gin and nev-er cease.

"Come Let Us All Rejoice"

C52

Standard		ABCDEF
2 ↑	I - 2	335223
♩ 108	4 4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		2/12/72

[Douglas Marsden leads.]

Come let us all rejoice,
And hail the perfect morn.
We'll tune our harps and raise our voice.
This day our Saviour's born,
This day our Saviour's born,
This day our Saviour's born.

Go, humble swain, said he,
To David's city fly.
The promised infant born today
Doth in a manger lie,
Doth in a manger lie,
Doth in a manger lie.

Glory to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease,*
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

.Doug Marsden: "You've got last verse wrong."

* Doug Marsden sings 'At our Redeemer's birth'.

Note

The carol is sung infrequently, hence the confusion over the final verse. Doug Marsden's verse appears to correspond to that found in Ye Old Christmas Carols (Sheffield [1968]), No.4

Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Goodwill to men, to angels joy
At our Redeemer's birth.

Go, hum - ble a - way - said - he,

To Da - vid's cit - y - fly.

The prom - ised in - fant born to - day
The prom - ised in - fant born to - day

Doth in a man - ger - lie,
Doth in a man -

Doth in a man - ger - lie,
- ger - lie, doth in a man -

Doth in a man - ger - lie.
- ger - lie, doth in a man - ger - lie.

O Come All Ye Faithful

Chris 23

C42

Standard		ABCA'D
1#	V - 5	4 bars
♩ 100	4 4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		11/12/71

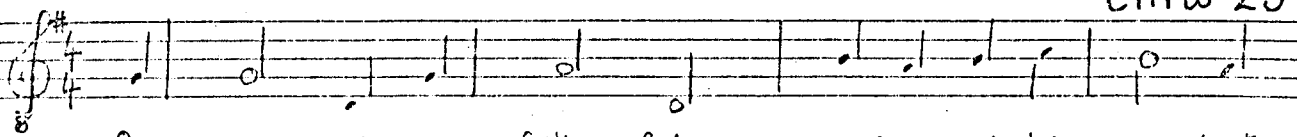
(O come all ye faithful,)* joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold him, born the King of angels.
O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, (sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God in the highest.
O come let us adore him, O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.)*

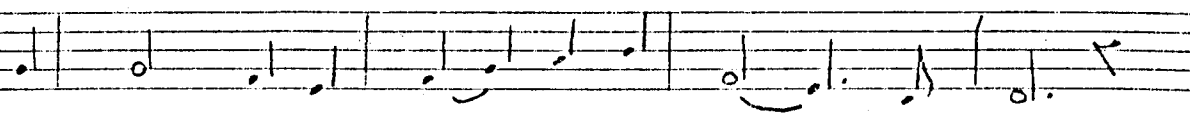
* Not recorded.

Note

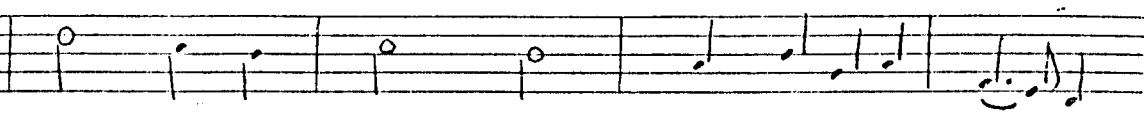
See O Come All Ye Faithful at the Royal, Dungworth, 5/12/71, C41,
6/12/70, C3; and at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14.



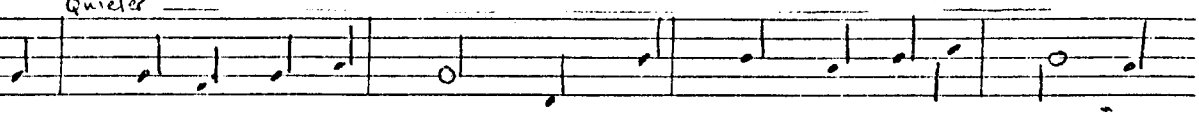
O come all ye faith - ful , joy - ful and tri - um - phant,



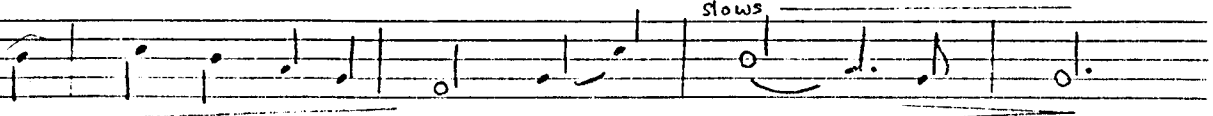
O come ye , O come - ye to Beth - le - hem.



Come and be - hold him , born the King of an - gels.
Quieter



O come let us a - dore him, O come let us a - dore him,



O come let us a - dore him, — Christ, — the Lord.

Old Foster

Chris 24

"Foster"

C3

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard

ABCDEFGG

3♭ (I)III - 4

4343324

♯106 4
4

Royal, Dungworth

In chorus

6/12/70

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around,

[See opposite for repeats during fuguing passage.]

And glory shone around,

And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread

Had siezed their troubled mind.

Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind,

To you and all mankind,

To you and all mankind.

All glory be to God on high,

And on the earth be peace.

Goodwill henceforth from men/heaven to men

Begin and never cease,

Begin and never cease,

Begin and never cease.

Note

Only the two principal parts are transcribed. Lol Loy plays an organ introduction and symphony between each verse. The setting is named after its composer, John Foster (1752-1822) of High Green House near Sheffield, who published it in his Second Collection of Sacred Music (York [about 1820]), p.25. See Old Foster, Sportsman, Lodge Mocr, 28/11/70, C1.

While shep-herds watched— their flocks by night,

All seat-ed on the ground,

The an-gel of—the Lord— came— down,—

And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round,

And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round,

And glo-ry shone— a— round,—

And glo — And glo — shone shone a — round. a — round.

slows

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Standard ABCDEFGH

IV# - VII VII# - 6 32342253

J 108 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
4

In chorus 28/11/70 (second performance)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had siezed their troubled mind,
Had siezed their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind.

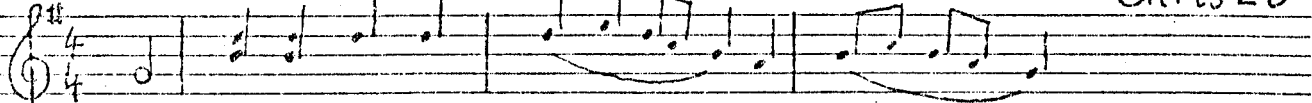
To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign,
And this shall be a sign.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heaven/men to men,
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease,
Begin and never cease.

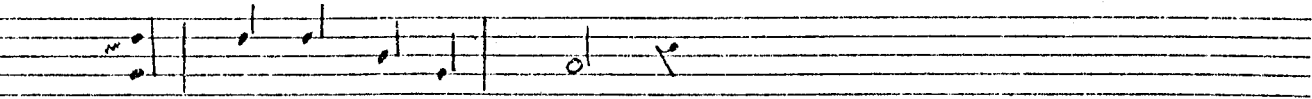
Note

Because the second part is indistinct only the main features are shown. See Pentonville, at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, (first performance), C1; at the Peacock, Stannington, 12/12/70, C8; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 5/12/71, C40.

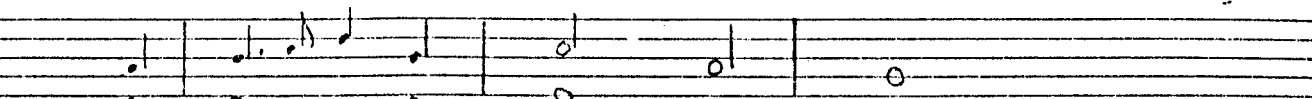
IV



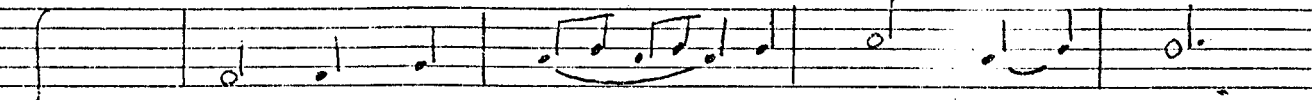
All glo-ry be to God — on high, —



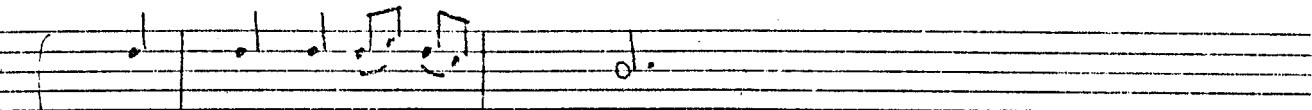
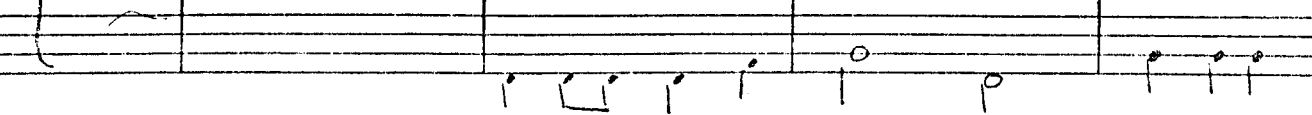
And on the earth be peace,



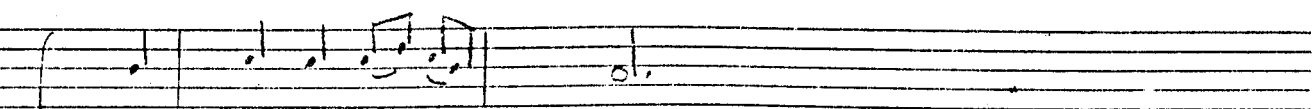
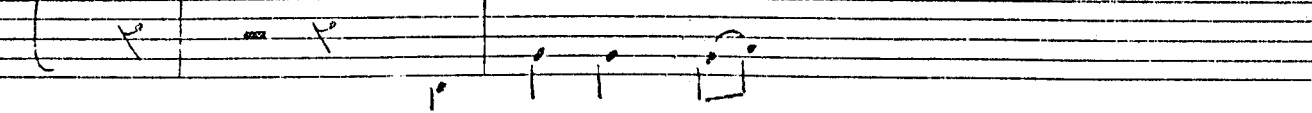
And on — the earth be peace.



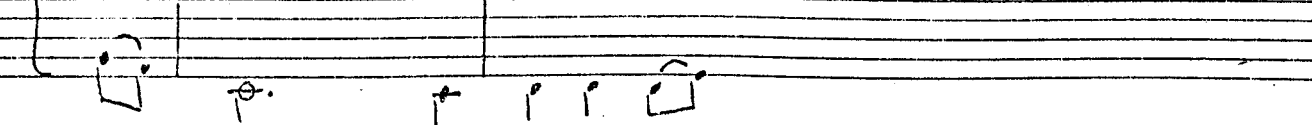
Good-will hence- forth — from heaven to — men,
Good-will hence- forth from heaven to men, to men,



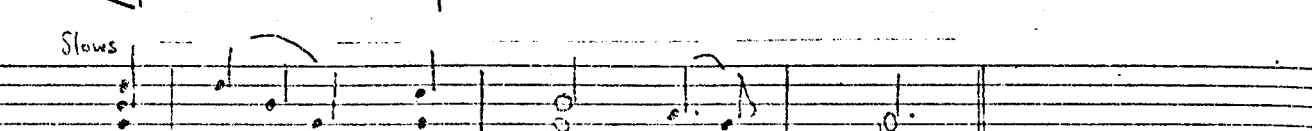
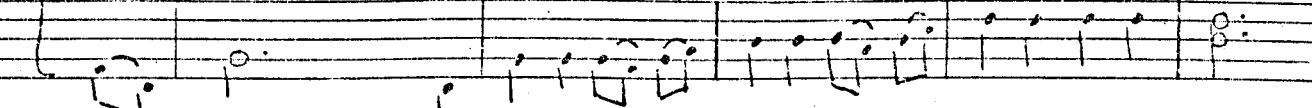
Be- gin and ne- ver- cease,
Be- gin and nev —



Be - gin and nev-er — cease,
- er — cease Be - gin and nev —



Be - gin and nev-er — cease, — slows
- er — cease God - will hence- forth from heaven to men - be - gin and nev - er cease



Be - gin — and nev - er — cease .

Standard

ABCCDE

III ♯

1 - 11

4 bars

♯72

3
4

Royal, Dungworth

Unidentified woman

5/12/71

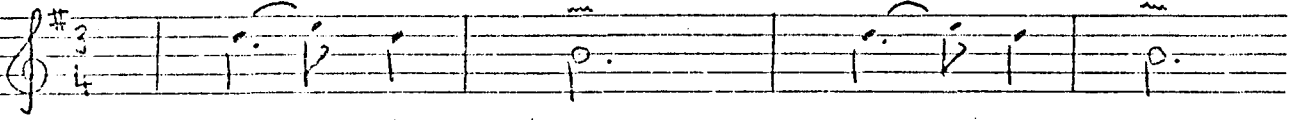
Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin, mother and child,
Holy infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar.
Heavenly host sing, Alleluia.
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

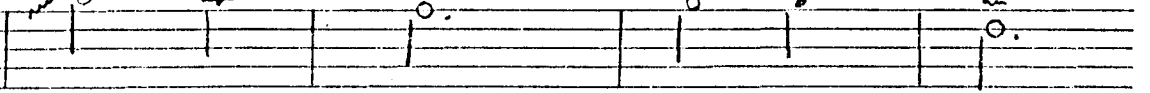
[She sings a third verse in German after which she is loudly
applauded.]

Note

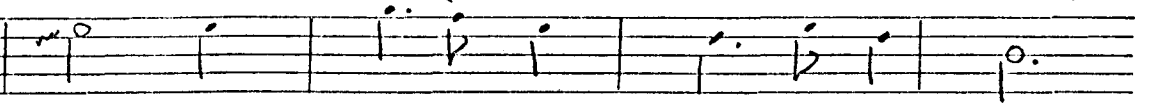
The singer is a professional concert performer, a contralto, and an acquaintance of David Smith. Lol Loy accompanies the carol on the electric organ, playing an introduction and a symphony between the verses. See Silent Night at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14.



Si - lent night, ho - ly night,



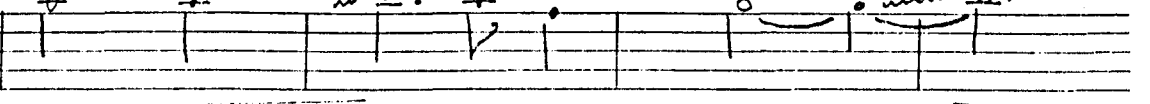
All is calm, all is - bright,



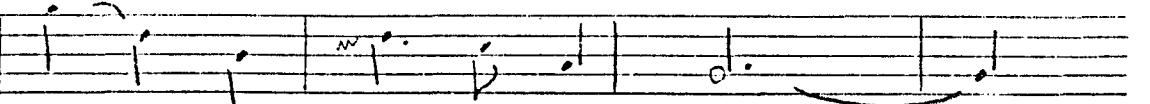
Round you vir - gin, moth - er and child,



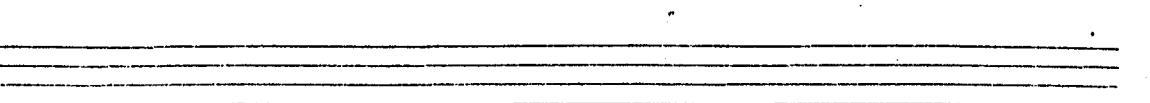
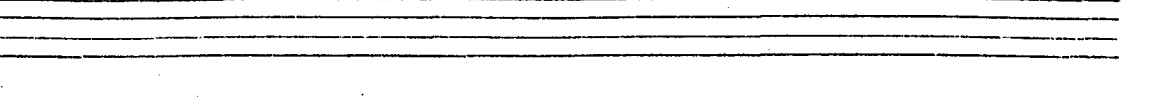
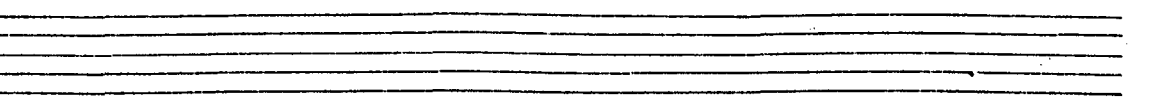
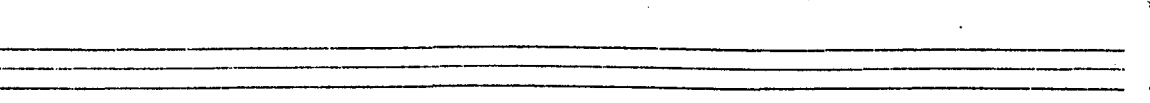
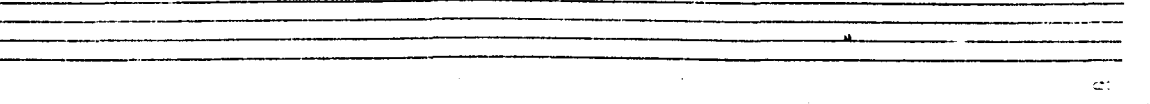
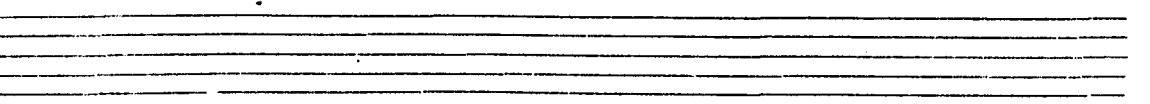
Ho - ly in - fant, so ten - der and mild.



Sleep in heav - en - ly peace,



Sleep - in heav - en - ly peace.



A Song for the Time

Chris 27

"Squire Came Forth"

C40

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime

12346

ABCD

VI

V - 5

2 bars

↓ 75

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

27/11/71

[David Smith leads.]

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray.
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

The squire came forth from his rich old hall,
And the peasants by two by three.
The woodman let his hatchet fall
And the shepherd left his sheep.

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray.
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

Through the churchyard snow in a goodly row,
There came both old and young;
And with one consent, in prayer they bent,
And with one consent they sang.

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
Calling rich and poor to pray.
On this glad morn when Christ was born,
On the holy Christmas Day.

We'll cherish it now in the time of strife
As a holy and peaceful thing.
For it tells of his love*coming down from above,
And the peace he deigns to bring.

* Confusion with the words of the last verse.

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
 Calling rich and poor to pray.
 On this ^{slows} glad morn when Christ was born,
 On the hol-y Christ-mas Day.

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
 Calling rich and poor to pray.
 On this glad morn when Christ was born,
 On the holy Christmas Day.

In those good old days of prayer and praise,
 'Twas a season of right good will.
 For they kept his birthday holy then,
 And we'll keep it holy still.

There's a song for the time when the sweet bells chime,
 Calling rich and poor to pray.
 On this glad morn when Christ was born,
 On the holy Christmas Day.

Note

The carol is believed to have been written during the nineteenth century by the Rev. Alfred Scott Gatty, vicar of Ecclesfield. See A Song for the Time, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 11/12/71, C42; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3 and C4, 5/12/71, C41.

Would Jesus have a sinner die

Standard (inflected 4#)

ABCDEFGGG'

3 I - 2

4 bars

♩ 90 4 and 3
4 4

Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor

In chorus

20/12/69

(Would)** Jesus have a sinner die?
Why hangs he then/here on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and for me,
Sinners, he prays for you and for me.
Forgive them, Father, O forgive.
They know not that by me they live,
They know not that by me they live.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him, all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

** Not recorded.

Note

In order to keep the transcription of both parts more or less within the staff lines the item has been written in the top octave. The melody is included in The Methodist Hymn Book (London, 1904), p.894 and attributed to J. Newton.

* Pronounced Sov-er-ren-i-ty.

16

Would Je-sus have - a sin - ner - die?

Why hangs - he - then on - you - der - tree?

What means that strange - ex - pir - ing cry?

Sin - ners, - he - prays - for you - and - for me,

Sin - ners, - he - prays for you and - me.

For - give them, Fath - er, O for - give.

They know not that by me they live,

They know not that by - me - they live.

Remember the time when our Saviour was born

Standard

ABCD

1#

III - 5

4 bars

♩ 72

3
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

7/11/70

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

Remember the time when our Saviour was born,
No house for a home but a stable forlorn,
His birthplace no more than where oxen did lie,
Yet he for all people most surely did die.

So now we will praise him for what he hath done,
And trust in his mercy for what is to come.
Be true to your King whilst the battle is o'er,
Then we'll sing hallelujah to God evermore.
Be true to your King whilst the battle is o'er,
Then we'll sing hallelujah to God evermore.

Note

The final couplet is repeated. See Spout Cottage, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C4, where they sing an additional verse between the two shown above:

So now he's ascended to heaven above
And there to all nations revealed his sweet love.
While angels before him in rapture doth sing
In hymns most delightful makes the heavens to ring.

The tune is ascribed to F. Thorpe, see F. Morris, A Set of Old Favourite Christmas Tunes, No.1 (Sheffield [no date]).

Re - mem - ber - the - time when our Sav - iour - was - born,

No house for a home but a stab - le for - lorn,

His birth - place no more than where ox - en did - lie,

Yet - he for all peop - le most sure - ly did die.

slows

"Sing All Ye People"

C42

Sing all ye people of the earth today

Standard

ABCD

VII #

V - 6

4442

.190

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

11/12/71

Sing all ye people of the earth today,
For Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day.
Ring out, ye joyous bells in heaven, ring on,
For Christ is born.

Born in a stable bare of humble birth.
Born of a virgin pure to dwell on earth.
Let all mankind rejoice on this great day,
For Christ is born.

He came to us that wars on earth may cease.
He came to bring us love and joy and peace.
Worship, O nations, at his feet today,
For Christ is born.

Glory to God on high, we all will sing,
Glory and praise we render to our King.
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men this day,
For Christ is born.

"Very good!"

Note

The carol was written by Mrs Mina Dyson of Stannington about 1952. The melody was originally composed for a Sunday School Anniversary hymn but proved so popular that she wrote a new set of words appropriate to Christmas. (Noted 5/3/71.) See Stannington at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, and 5/12/71, C41.

Sing all ye peop- le, of the earth to - day,

For Je - sus Christ was born on Christ - mas - Day.

Ring out, ye jos - us bells in heaven, ring on,
slows

For Christ is born.

When marshalled on the nightly plain

Standard		ABCDEFGH
1	III - 4	43344444
♩ 104	4 4	Sportsman, Lodge Moor
In chorus		27/11/71

[David Smith leads.]

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestrewed the sky,
The glittering host bestrewed the sky.
One star alone of all the train,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinners wandering eye.
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinners wandering eye.

Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks.
It is the star of Bethlehem.
But one alone, the Saviour speaks.
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er.
I'll sing first in life's diadem,
I'll sing first in life's diadem;
For ever and for evermore,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

Note

The final couplet is repeated. The melody is attributed to T. Dungworth. See F. Morris, A Set of Old Favourite Christmas Tunes, No.2 (Sheffield [no date]). Morris's setting is to Hark Hear Ye Not which is sung to T. Dungworth's tune in Stannington, see transcript Chris 12. See The Star of Bethlehem at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C52; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41.

II

Now safe-ly moored, my per-ils o'er.

I'll sing first in life's di - a - dem,

I'll sing first in life's di - a - dem;

I'll sing first in life's di - a - dem;

For ev-er and for e-ver more,

For ev-er and for e-ver more,

For ev-er and for e-ver more,

For ev-er and for e-ver more,

The star, the star of Beth-le-hem.

The star, the star of Beth-le-hem.

For ev-er and for ev-er more,

For ev-er and for ev-er more,

The star, the star of Beth-le-hem.

The star, the star of Beth-le-hem.

"Chiming Bells"

C21

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

123456 ABCCDD

VII 1 - 8 443344

♩ 100 4 Sportsman, Lodge Moor
4

In chorus 7/11/70

[Roger Hinchliffe leads.]

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around.

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,

They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells,

They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells.

To you in David's town this day

Is born of David's line,

A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,

And this shall be a sign.

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,

They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells,

They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells.

All glory be to God on high,

And on the earth be peace.

Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men

Begin and never cease.

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,

Sweet bells, sweet chiming Christmas bells,

They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells,

They cheer us on our heavenly way, sweet chiming bells.

Note

When this carol was first recorded in the Three Merry Lads no-one seemed to know it, but it quickly achieved popularity at Lodge Moor. It is normal at Lodge Moor to sing only three verses but elsewhere four are sung. See Sweet Chiming Bells at the Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 27/11/71, C40, 2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; and at the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C41.

While - sheep-herds watched their flocks by night, all - seated on the ground,

The - an-gel of the Lord came down and - glory shone a - round.

Sweet bells, sweet chim-ing Christ-mas bells,

Sweet bells, sweet chim-ing Christ-mas bells,

They cheer-us on - our heaven-ly way, ^{sweet} _{slows} chim-ing bells,

They - cheer - us on - our heaven-ly way, sweet chim - ing bells.

Second part

c3

d1

d3

sweet bells

sweet bells

sweet bells

Come all ye weary travellers come let us join and sing

Standard (inflected 5#)

ABCDE

1# I - 4

44424

♩100 4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

7/11/70

Come all ye weary travellers, come let us join and sing
The everlasting praises of Jesus Christ, our King.
We've had a tedious journey and tiresome it is true,
But see how many dangers,
But see how many dangers our Lord hath brought us through.

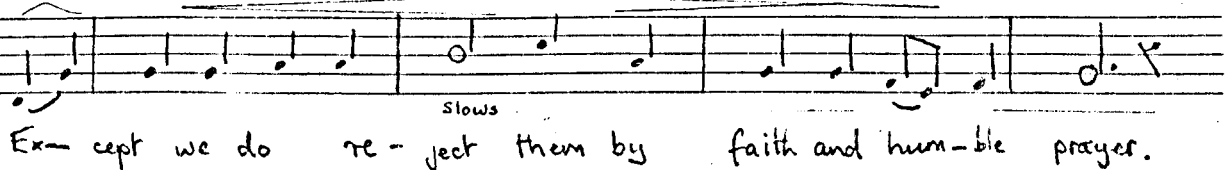
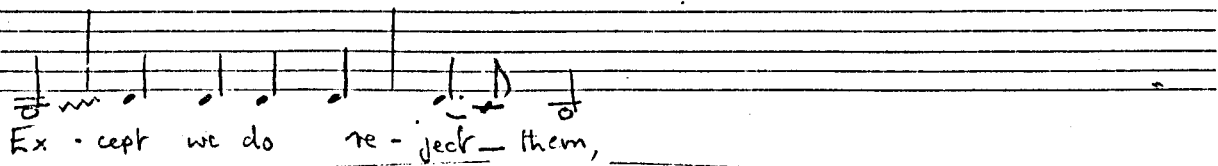
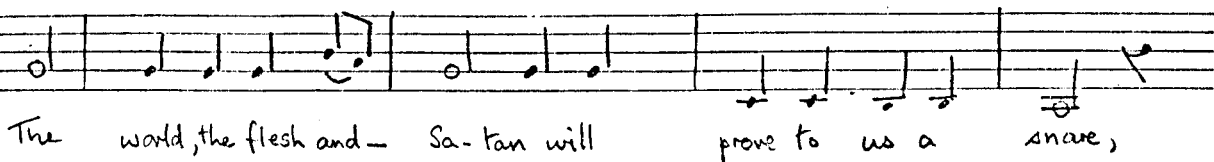
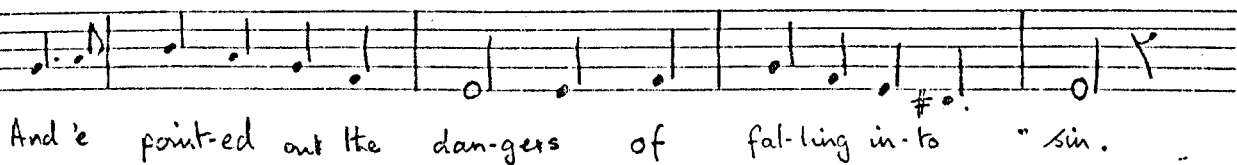
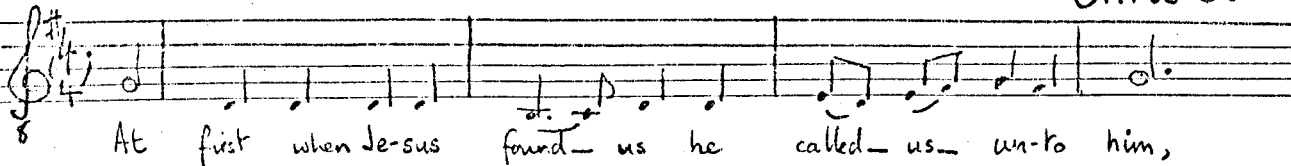
At first when Jesus found us he called us unto him,
And 'e pointed out the dangers of falling into sin.
The world, the flesh and Satan will prove to us a snare,
Except we do reject them,
Except we do reject them by faith and humble prayer.

But by our disobedience, in sorrow, we confess
We oftimes had to wander in that dark wilderness,
Where we might soon have fainted in that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster,
But now and then a cluster of pleasant grapes we found.

Note

See F. Morris, A Set of Old Favourite Christmas Tunes, No.1
(Sheffield [no date]) where the carol is attributed to Rose and
Womack, and the arrangement dated 1877. See Tinwood, at the
Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 28/11/70, C1, 11/12/71, C42; at the Three
Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Sportsman, Crosspool,
12/12/70, C14; at the Peacock, Stannington, 5/12/70, C5; and at
the Royal, Dungworth, 29/11/70, C2, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40.

II



Tyre Mill

Chris 34

C21

Hark hark what news those angels bring

Standard (inflected 2 # and 4 #)

ABCD

IV# 1 - 8

4 bars

♩ 90

4
4

Sportsman, Lodge Moor

In chorus

7/11/70

[Albert Broadhead leads.]

Hark, hark, what news those angels bring!

Glad tidings of a new-born King.

Born of a maid, a virgin pure,

Born without sin from guilt secure.

Hail mighty Prince, eternal King,
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.

Angels and men with one accord

Break forth in song to praise the Lord.

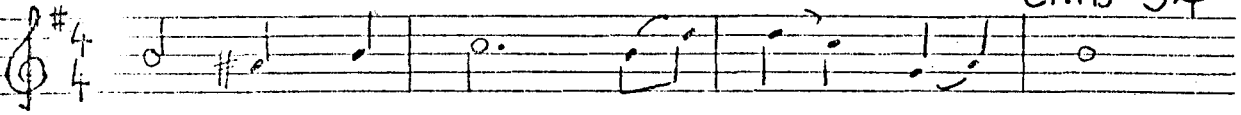
Behold 'e comes and leaves the skies,
Awake ye slumbering mortals rise.

Awake to joy and hail the morn,

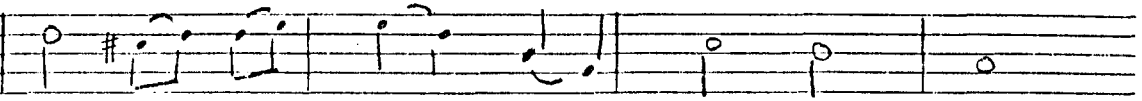
The Saviour of this world was born.

Note

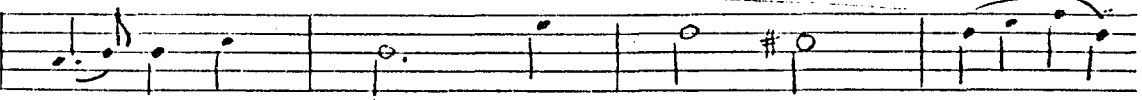
The harmonies are not transcribed because they are indistinct. See Tyre Mill, Sportsman, Lodge Moor, 27/11/71, C40, 11/12/71, C42, 2/12/72, C51; at the Three Merry Lads, Lodge Moor, 20/12/69, S2; at the Royal, Dungworth, 6/12/70, C3, 5/12/71, C40; at the Sportsman, Crosspool, 12/12/70, C14.



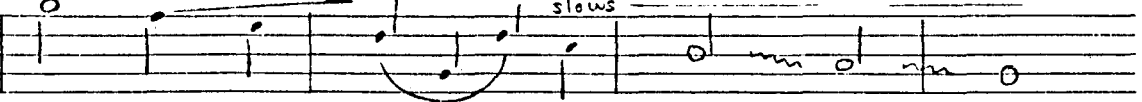
Hark, hark, what news these an-gels bring!



Glad ti-dings of a new-born king.



Born of a maid, a vir-gin pure,



Born with-out sin from guilt se-cure.



or are also sung.

Sweet Betsy Betsy to London went

123456

ABCDE

V

V - 6

22213

↓ 60

3

Recorded by Leslie Howarth

4

Margaret Marsden

about 1962

Sweet Betsy, Betsy, to London went
To seek for service was her intent.
Her master had but one only son.
Sweet Betsy's heart,
Sweet Betsy's heart he fairly won.

One Sunday night he took his time,
And to sweet Betsy he told his mind;
Saying, None but you, my love, 'tis true,
None but you, sweet Betsy
None but you, sweet Betsy, none but you I love.

His mother, hearing of these words,
Said she would contrive a scheme
To send Betsy back again,
To send Betsy,
To send Betsy o'er the watery main.

Betsy, Betsy, come pack up thy clothes.
Pack up thy clothes and come with me.
Some foreign friends I am going to see,
Some foreign friends,
Some foreign friends that you will like.

They rode, they rode to a seaport town,
Where ships were sailing both up and down.
They hired a boat and on board they went.
Sweet Betsy's heart,
Sweet Betsy's heart, it was discontent.

Sweet Bet-sy, Bet-sy, to hon-don went
 To seek for ser-vice was her in-tent.
 Her mas-ter had but one on-ly son.
 Sweet Bet-sy's heart,
 Sweet Bet-sy's heart he fair-ly won.

Three weeks later the mother returned.
 Welcome, welcome, this said the son;
 But where is Betsy tell me, I pray,
 That she so long,
 That she so long behind you stay?

Well now, my son, I can plainly see
 Thou art in love with Betsy.
 Pray, from such fancies as these, refrain
 For Betsy's sailing,
 For Betsy's sailing o'er the watery main.

A few days later the son fell ill.
 No man on earth could make him well.
 At first he sobbed and then he sighed,
 'Tis for you, sweet Betsy,
 'Tis for you, sweet Betsy, 'tis for you I die.

Three days later the son lay dead.
 They wrung their hands and they shook their heads;
 Saying, if their son would arise again,
 They would send for Betsy,
 They would send for Betsy to come back again.

Now all you parents that listen here,
 Do not control on your children dear;
 But let them marry the one that they love the best,
 Or else it will
 Or else it will their ruin prove at last.

A fair maid walking in her garden

Standard

ABCD

VII I - 5

2 bars

♩ 108 3
2

Recorded by Leslie Howarth

Margaret Marsden

about 1962

A fair maid walking in her garden,
A brisk young sailor came riding by,
Riding up to her, thinking to gain her,
He says, Fair maid, canst thou fancy I?

She says, Thou looks a man of honour,
Some man of honour thou seems to be.
How canst thou fancy such a poorer woman,
That's not fitting thy servant for to be?

If thou not fitting for to be my servant,
I have a good regard for thee.
I mean to make thee my pride and jewel.
Thou shalt have servants to wait on thee.

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

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

He clasped his loving arms around her,
And said, Thy true-love will never be lost;
For I am thy true and single sailor,
And many times the wild ocean crossed.

[Appendix (b) continued]

If thou art my true and single sailor,
Show me the ring that I gave to thee.
Show me the hoop that was broke betwixt us,
And then I will give in to thee.

He put his hand into his bosom,
His fingers being both thin and small,
Pulling out the hoop that was broke betwixt them,
Down to the ground did this fair maid fall.

He took her up all in his arms,
And gave her kisses, one, two, three;
And said, I am thy true and single sailor,
And just come home to marry thee.

This loving couple soon were married.
In wedlock they did both agree.
They lived together and they loved each other,
All in a cottage down by the sea.

Note

The song was Tom White's favourite. Margaret's verse IX does not appear in Tom's handwritten copy, and is not sung by either Grace Walton or George White.

(b)

A fair maid walk - ing in her gar - den,

The first line of musical notation is on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/2 time signature. The melody consists of several notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

A brisk young sail - or came ri - ding - by,

The second line of musical notation continues the melody. It features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Ri - ding - up to her, think - ing to gain - her,

The third line of musical notation continues the melody. It features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

He says, Fair maid, - canst thou fan - cy I ?

The fourth line of musical notation continues the melody. It features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

When first in the country a stranger

Standard

AABC

V V - 6

6686

.180 3
4

Recorded by Leslie Howarth

Margaret Marsden

about 1962

When first in this country a stranger, curiosity brought me to roam.
Over England I resolved to ramble till I came to Philadelphia, my home.
I quickly sailed over to Ireland, in course of great beauty to find,
Till, at last, I espied a fair damsel
and I wished in my heart she was mine.

One morning I careless did ramble
in the meadows where the soft breezes blow,
Down by the side of yon green mountain
where the clear purling water does flow.
It was here I espied this fair damsel
with such goodly appearance to see.
She arose from the reeds by the water
on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I steps up and I bids her, Good morning,
and her fair cheeks did blush like the rose.
Saying, In these green meadows so charming
your guardian I'll be if you choose.
Young man I do need no guardian, young man you're a stranger to me;
And yonder my father is a-comin' on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

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

[Appendix (c) continued]

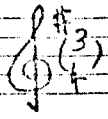
They welcomed him home to their cottage
and soon after in wedlock did join;
And soon they erected a castle with such beauty and splendour to shine.
This gay young Irishman, a stranger
to all pleasures and pastimes shall be,
As the adorer of the gentle Matilda on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Now all you young maids take a warning, no matter how poor you may be.
For there's a many a poor girl as handsome
as those that have large property.
By flattering let no man deceive you,
you may know not what your fortune may be,
Like the adored one, the gentle Matilda,
on the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Note

The song was learnt from Tom White. A comparison with George White's version and the handwritten copies in his possession that were written by his father, indicate that the text has been touched up.

(c)



When first in this coun - try a — stran - ger

cu - ri - os - it - y brought — me to — roam

O - ver Eng - land I re - solved to — ram - ble

till I came to Phila - delph - ia my — home

I quick - ly sailed o - ver from Ire - land

in course of great beau - ty to find —

Till at last I es - pied a fair dam - sel

and I wished in my heart — she was — mine