

**THE
NEURUM CREEK
MUSIC FESTIVAL**

**TRADITIONAL
FOLK**

SONG BOOK

August 2017

INTRODUCTION

This is a collection of traditional songs, mostly English, put together for an unaccompanied session at the Neurum Creek Music Festival held annually at the Neurum Creek Bush Resort near Woodford, Queensland, Australia.

For each song there is a set of lyrics, some brief notes, and a U-Tube Clip. Note that the words of the clips are not necessarily the same as those in the lyrics section and are intended only to give you the tunes. The clips have been chosen to give listeners a range of harmony singing – not necessarily the best version.

Use them to sing at this session and anywhere else you get the urge.

Sing loud, sing proud.

THE BELLRINGING

One day in October, neither drunken nor sober,
O'er Broadbury Down I was mending my way,
When I heard of some ringing, some dancing and singing.
I'll always remember that jubilee day.

CHORUS

'Twas in Ashwater* town, the bells they did sound,
They rang for a belt and a hat laced with gold.
And the men of Northlew rang so steady and true
That there never were better in Devon I hold.

'Twas misunderstood, for the men of Broadwood
Rang a peel on the tenor should never have been.
But the men of Northlew rang so steady and true,
A difficult matter to beat them I ween.

Those of Broadwood being naughty, then said to our party,
We'll ring you a challenge again in a round.
We'll give you the chance in St. Stephen's by Launceston**;
The prize to the winner a note of five pound.

So the match it went on, at good Callington,
And the bells they rang out o'er the valley below.
And the old and young people, the hale and the feeble,
They came out to hear the sweet bell music flow.

Those of Broadwood once more were obliged to give o'er,
They were beaten completely again in a round.
But the men of Northlew rang so steady and true;
No better than they in the West can be found.

* *Changes to "Callington Town" for v4 and "Ashwater town then in Callington Town for v5*

** *Pronounced Lance-ton*

The Bellringing, with its attractive tune based on the sound of the bells, is a song from the Baring-Gould collection Songs of the West. Broadwoodwidger, Ashwater and Northlew are all small villages near Broadbury Down, west of Dartmoor.

The Teacups

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UiJKwKPSNxQ>

THE BOLD FISHERMAN

As I walked out one May morning
Down by the riverside,
There I beheld a bold fisherman
Come rowing by the tide,
CHORUS Repeat last line, then third and fourth lines

Good morning to you, my bold fisherman,
How come you fishing here?"
"I come here a-fishing for your sweet sake
All on this river clear."

He drew his boat unto the bank
And for her mate did went,
He took her by the lily-white hand
Which was his full intent.

He took the cloak from off his back
And gently laid it down,
There she beheld three chains of gold
Hang dangling three times round

She fell down on her bended knee,
So loud for mercy called
"In calling you a bold fisherman
When I fear you are some lord."

"Rise up, rise up, my fair young maid,
From off your bended knee.
There is not one word that you have said
That has offended me."

He took her by the lily-white hand,
Saying: "Married we shall be,
Then you will have a bold fisherman
To row you on the sea."

This song has been widely distributed throughout the country; versions have been collected from Harry Cox and the Copper Family. It appears to be a simple story of boy meets girl, with the boy turning out to be a lord in disguise. However, Lucy Broadwood puts forward the theory that the song contains an element of Christian symbolism in its origins: the girl is the sinful soul who meets Christ—the fisher of souls—and recognises him by his "chains of gold". She begs forgiveness for her presumption, which is readily granted and she becomes the bride of Christ.

The Young Tradition

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jw8oM4YmeK0>

BRAVE WOLFE

On Monday morning as we set sail
The wind did blow a pleasant gale,
To fight the French, it was our intent
Through smoke and fire, through smoke and fire
And it was a dark and a gloomy night.

The French were landed on mountains high,
While we poor souls in the valley lie,
“Cheer up, me lads,” General Wolfe did say,
“Brave lads of honour, brave lads of honour,
Old England, she shall win the day.”

The very first broadside we gave to them
We wounded a hundred and fifty men,
“Well done, me lads,” General Wolfe did say,
“Brave lads of honour, brave lads of honour,
Old England, she shall win the day.”

But the very first broadside they gave to us
They've wounded our general in his right breast,
And from his breast precious blood did flow,
Like any fountain, like any fountain
And all his men were filled with woe.

“Here's a hundred guineas, all in bright gold,
Take it, part it, for my love's quite cold,
And use your men as you did before,
Your soldiers go on, your soldiers go on,
And they will fight forevermore.”

“And when to England you do return,
Tell all my friends that I'm dead and gone,
And tell my tender old mother dear
That I am dead, oh, that I am dead, oh,
And never shall see her no more.”

Major-General James Wolfe died romantically young in sufficiently striking circumstances to ensure him immortality as a folk hero. He was killed at the very moment of victory during the great battle of the Heights of Abraham against the French in Canada.

Legends clustered about his death. It is said that, after he was wounded for the third time on that bloody day of September 13, 1759, he said to the two grenadiers whom at last he allowed to assist him to the rear. “Don't grieve for me. I shall be happy in a few minutes.” When news of the victory reached him, he said “Now I am contented,” and then he died.

Maddy Prior

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jt_Z3uKPrko

BRIGHT MORNING STAR

Bright morning star a-rising
Bright morning star a-rising
Bright morning star a-rising
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh, where are our dear fathers (3*)
Some are down in the valley praying (3*)
Some are gone to heaven shouting (3*)

[Alternative verses
It is shining on the shepherds (3*)
Come see the wise men travelling (3*)
And hear the Angels singing (3*)]

*An Appalachian spiritual Bright Morning Star brought to us by The Young Tradition. Note:
The Star should be in the singular not plural as in the clip*

The Wailin' Jennys

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Fq6lCcAkpU>

BYKER HILL

If I had another penny
I would have another gill
I would make the piper play
'The Bonny Lass of Byker Hill'

CHORUS

Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more

The pitman and the keelman trim
They drink bumble made from gin
Then to dance they all begin
To the tune of the Elsie Marley

When first I went down to the dirt
I had no cowl nor pitshirt
Now I've gotten two or three
Walker Pit's done well by me

Byker Hill is a traditional English folk song about coal miners. Byker Hill is in the East end of Newcastle, as is the adjoining district of Walker, also mentioned in the song. Also have a listen to Martin Carthy's version in 9/8 time.

The Cottars

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LU5qVKwzZO4>

CADGWITH ANTHEM

Come fill up your glasses and let us be merry,
For to rob bags of plunder it is our intent.

CHORUS

As we roam through the valleys
Where the lilies and the roses
And the beauty of Kashmir lay drooping his head
Then away, then away, then away
To the caves in yonder mountain
Where the robbers retreat

Hush, hush! In the distance there's footsteps approaching
Stand, stand and deliver! It is our watch cry.

A song collected by Peter Kennedy in 1953 in Cadgwith, Devon.

Steeleye Span

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VMBpPYA8ebY>

CONSTANT LOVERS

Now as I was a-walking down by the sea shore
Where the wind it did whistle and the waves they did roar,
There I heard a fair maid make a terrible sound
Like the wind and the waves that did echo around.

CHORUS

Crying, "Oh-oh-oh, my love is gone, he's the youth I adore,
He's gone and I never shall see him no more."

She'd a voice like a nightingale, skin like a dove,
And the song that she sang it was all about love.
When I asked her to marry me, marry me please,
And the answer she gave: "My love's drowned in the seas."

I said I had gold and I'd silver beside,
On a coach and six horses with me she could ride.
She said: "I'll not marry nor yet prove a wife,
I'll be constant and true all the days I have life."

Then she flung her arms wide and she took a great leap
From the cliffs that were high to the billows so deep,
Crying, "The rocks of the ocean shall be my death bed
And the shrimps in the seas shall swim over my head."

And now every night at six bells they appear
When the moon it is shining and the stars they appear,
Both two constant lovers in each other's charms
Rolling over and over in each other's arms.

Constant Lovers, or The Drowned Lovers, is a song from Gordon Hall of Horsham, Sussex, Gordon said that the events that happened in this song may have occurred at Fairlight Cove near Hastings on the Sussex coast, where there is a "Lover's Leap".

Magpie Pie

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ve2_eW6A_zo

COUNTRY LIFE

CHORUS

I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning,
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon the laylum.
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new-mown hay.

In spring we sow, at the harvest mow,
And that is how the seasons round they go.
But if all the times if choose I may
't would be rambling through the new-mown hay.

In winter when the sky is grey
We hedge and ditch our times away;
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling through the new-mown hay.

[Another set of words]

CHORUS:

I like to rise when the sun she rises,
early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing,
Merrily upon their layland
And hurrah for the life of a country boy,
And to ramble in the new mowed hay.

In spring we sow at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
but of all the times choose I may
I'd be rambling through the new mowed hay.

In summer when the summer is hot
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a lot
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling in the new mown hay

In autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling in the new mown hay

In winter when the sky's gray
we hedge and ditch our times away,
but in summer when the sun shines gay,
We go ramblin' through the new mowed hay.

Oh Nancy is my darling gay
And she blooms like the flowers every day
But I love her best in the month of May
When we're rambling through the new mown hay

A Country Life, or Eggs for Your Breakfast in the Morning to use its alternative title, was written by the Victorian music-hall singer Harry Linn, who, together with J.W. Rowley and E. Cummingham, made it into something of a hit in the 1870s.

Folly Bridge

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=le7wU48Ktq0>

THE CUTTY WREN

“O where are you going?” said Milder to Maulder

“O we may not tell you,” said Festle to Foes

“We're off to the woods,” said John the Red Nose

“What will you do there

“We'll hunt the Cutty Wren,”

“How will you shoot her?”

“With bows and with arrows,”

“That will not do then,”

“Big guns and big cannons,”

“How will you bring her home?”

“On four strong men's shoulders,”

“That will not do then,”

“Big carts and big waggons,”

“How will you cut her up?”

“With knives and with forks,”

“That will not do then,”

“Big hatches and cleavers,”

“Who'll get the spare ribs?”

“We'll give them all to the poor,”

The Cutty Wren and its variants like The Hunting of the Wren are traditional English folk songs. The origins and meaning of the song are disputed. It is thought by some to represent the human sacrifice of the Year King, or the symbolic substitute slaughter of the wren as "king of the birds" at the end of the year for similar purposes, and such songs are traditionally sung on Boxing Day (26 December), just after the winter solstice.

*On the other hand, it is also attributed to the English peasants' revolt of 1381, and the wren is supposed to be the young king Richard II, who is killed and fed to the poor. However, there is no strong evidence to connect this song with the Peasants' revolt. This idea seems to have originated in A.L. Lloyd's 1944 book *The Singing Englishman*. The earliest known text is from Herd's "Scots Songs" 1776.*

Chumbawamba

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j3UdQzIXeho>

DADDY FOX

Daddy Fox he went out one chilly night
He prayed to the moon for to give him light,
For he'd many many miles to go that night
Before he came to his den-o,
Den-o, den-o
For he'd many many miles to go that night
Before he came to his den-o

So he grabbed the grey goose by the neck
And he threwed a duck all across his back
And he heeded not their quivvy-quivvy-quack
Nor the legs all a-dangling down-o

Then Old Mother Twiddle-Twoddle jumped out of bed
And out of the window she stuck her little head
Crying, "Oh John oh, now the grey goose is dead
And the fox is away to his den-o."

So John then he rode up to the top of the hill
He blewed his little horn both loud and shrill.
"Play on," said Reynard, "with your music still
While I trot away to my den-o,"

Then old Daddy Fox and his cubs and his wife
They cut up the goose without any knife,
Saying, "I've never ever had such a supper in my life
And the cubs they can pick on the bones-o,"

The Young Tradition

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S57W5RcIPV0>

DIDO BENDIGO

As I was a walking one morning last autumn
I've overheard some nobles foxhunting
Between some noblemen and the Duke of Wellington
So early before the day was dawning.

CHORUS:

There was Dido, Bendigo, Gentry he was there-o
Traveler he never looked behind him.
There was Countess, Rover, Bonnie Lass and Jover
These were the hounds that could find him.

Well the first fox being young and his trials just beginning
He's made straight way for his cover
He's run up yon highest hill, and gone down yon lowest ghyll
Thinking that he'd find his freedom there forever.

Well the next fox being old, and his trials fast a-dawning
He's made straight way for the river
Well the fox he has jumped in but an hound jumped after him
It was Traveller who strided him forever.

Well they run across the plain but they soon returned again
The fox nor the hounds never failing
It's been just twelve months today, since I heard the squire say,
Hark, forward then me brave hounds forever.

A fox hunting song that was known throughout England. Fox hunting may be despicable but it has produced many great songs.

The Watersons

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VyWKwnwxx4A>

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY

Now come, me brave boys, as I've told you before
Come drink, me brave boys, and we'll boldly call for more
For the French they have invaded and they say that they will try
They say that they will come and drink old England dry

CHORUS

Aye, dry, aye dry, me boys, aye, dry
They say they will come over and drink Old England dry.

Then up spake Lord Roberts, he's a man of high renown
He says he will fight for his country and crown
For the cannons they will rattle and the bullets they will fly
Before that they shall come and drink old England dry.

Supposin' we should meet with the Germans by the way
Ten thousand to one we will show them British play
With our swords and our cutlasses, we'll fight until we die
Before that they shall come and drink old England dry

[Some more recent verses

Then up spoke brave Churchill of fame and renown,
He swears he'll be true to his country and his crown,
Though the cannons they may rattle and the bullets they may fly,
They never, never, never shall drink England dry.

Now what if we should meet with some argies on the way,
Ten thousand to one, we will show them British play,
With our seaking and our harriers boys, we'll fight until they die,
Before that they shall come and drink old England dry.]

This was written around the time Napoleon threatened to invade England, circa 1800. The song was later adapted for the Crimean War (1853-1856). In 1936 a version of the song mentioned Lord Roberts and in the Second World War, Winston Churchill took his place. In much later versions the enemies were the Russians and even the Falklands War. In most versions the French are the enemy.

Also associated with the annual (since the 1800s) Haxey Hood game - a huge rugby-style scrum between two villages on the Lincolnshire-Nottinghamshire border in Northern England.

Bonus: The Haxey Hood game

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zws4PIKmcy0>

Haxey Singers

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IR-QuQE_F6M

FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you bold heroes, give an ear to me song;
I will sing in the praise of good brandy and rum:
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus (repeated after each verse):
I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum;
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come.
But stout and strong cider are England's control.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My wife she do disturb me when I'm laid at my ease,
For she does as she likes and she says as she please.
My wife she's a devil, she's black as the coal.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea
With no stone at his head by, what matters for he?
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

[Additional modern verse
My granddad he do lie all stretched out on the street
No hat on his head and no shoes on his feet
Wine stains on his tie and beer stains on his feet
The stupid old bastard he's pissed as a newt]

The word punch is a loanword from Hindi panch (meaning five) and the drink was originally made with five ingredients: alcohol, sugar, lemon, water, and tea or spices. The original drink was named paantsch.

The drink was brought to England from India by sailors and employees of the British East India Company in the early seventeenth century.

The term punch was first recorded in British documents in 1632. At the time, most punches were of the Wassail type made with a wine or brandy base. But around 1655, Jamaican rum came into use and the 'modern' punch was born. By 1671, documents make references to punch houses.

McSalty (Cliff Haslam)

Looks like the Sunday after a Saturday night session but sounds good

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l-fOe7lx6pw>

THE FOXHUNT

You gentlemen of high renown come listen unto me
That takes delight in foxhunting by every degree.
A story here I'll tell to you concerning of a fox,
Near Royston Hills and mountains high and over stony rocks.

Old Reynold being in his hall and hearing of these hounds
Which made him for to prick his ears and tread upon the ground.
“Methinks me hear some jubal hounds pressing upon my life;
Before that they to me shall come I'll tread upon the ground.”

We hunted full four hours or more by parishes sixteen;
We hunted full four hours or more and came by Barkworth Green.
“Oh if you'll only spare my life I promise and fulfil:
To touch no more your feathered fowl nor lambs in yonder fold.”

Bold Reynold beat and out of breath and dreading of these rounds
Thinking he might give up his life before those jubal hounds.
So here's adieu to ducks and geese, likewise young lambs also;
They've got bold Reynold by the brush and will not let him go.

A fox hunting song from the Copper Family. A wonderful song for a despicable “sport”

Fox and Luckley

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kwUgTAWLJBo>

HAL AN TOW

Take no scorn to wear the horn
It was the crest when you was born
Your father's father wore it
And your father wore it too

CHORUS

Hal-an-tow, jolly rumbalow
We were up long before the day-O
To welcome in the summer,
To welcome in the May-O
The summer is a-coming in
And winter's gone away-O

What happened to the Spaniards
That made so great a boast-O?
Why they shall eat the feathered goose
And we shall eat the roast-O

Robin Hood and Little John
Have both gone to the fair-O
And we will to the merry green wood
To hunt the buck and hare-O

God bless Aunt Mary Moses
And all her power and might-O
And send us peace to England
Send peace by day and night-O

The term “halan” means “calends,” or first of the month, and “tow” means “garland”. In the town of Helston, Cornwall, May 8 is called Furry Day (the Feast of St. Michael), and a procession is held each year. Early in the morning, in former times, a group of revellers would rise early in the morning, gather green boughs, and dance through the city streets. The revellers themselves were referred to as Hal-an-Tow. In recent times, the celebration consists of a kind of snake dance through the streets—and even in the front door of some residences and out the back. Parts of it also appear in Shakespeare’s “As You Like It”

The Watersons

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TiwLDI7jNQU>

Bonus: The 2016 Helston Hal-An-Tow

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S7T1YsrLaok>

HERE'S ADIEU SWEET LOVELY NANCY

Adieu, sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
I am going across the ocean, love, to seek for something new.
Come change your ring with me, dear girl,
Come change your ring with me,
For it might be a token of true love while I am on the sea.

And when I'm far upon the sea you'll know not where I am.
Kind letters I will write to you from every foreign land.
The secrets of your heart, dear girl,
Are the best of my good will,
So let your body be where it might, my heart will be with you still.

There's a heavy storm arising, see how it gathers round,
While we poor souls on the ocean wide are fighting for the crown.
There's nothing to protect us, love,
Or keep us from the cold,
On the ocean wide, where we must fight like jolly seamen bold.

There's tinkers, tailors, shoemakers, lie snoring fast asleep,
While we poor souls on the ocean wide are ploughing through the deep.
Our officers commanded us,
And them we must obey,
Expecting every moment for to get cast away.

But when the wars are over, there'll be peace on every shore,
We'll return to our wives and our families, and the girls that we adore.
We'll drink out liquor merrily,
And spend our money free,
And when the money is all gone - we'll boldly go to sea.

One of the Copper Family's best known songs

The Heathen Kings

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w9-JI2K7t0U>

HEY JOHN BARLEYCORN

John Barleycorn is an hero bold as any in the land,
For ages good his fame has stood and will for ages stand.

Chorus

Hey, John Barleycorn, ho, John Barleycorn,
Old and young thy praise is sung, John Barleycorn.

To see him in his pride of growth his robes are rich and green,
His head is speared with prickly beard fit nigh to serve the Queen.

And when the reaping time comes round and John is stricken down,
He yields his blood for England's good and Englishmen's renown.

The Lord in courtly castle and the Squire in stately hall,
The great of name in birth and fame on John for succour call.

He bids the troubled heart rejoice, gives warmth to Nature's cold
Makes weak men strong and old ones young and all men brave and bold.

Give me my native nut-brown ale, all other drinks I'll scorn
For English cheer is English beer, our own John Barleycorn.

Collected from road repairer George Attrill, of Fittleworth, Sussex. His version is more exultant than the usual sets of John Barleycorn, and has a good rousing chorus. It dwells less on the life cycle of the corn, to which has been ascribed various ritual meanings including the death and resurrection of the Corn God. Rather, it concentrates on extolling the virtues of English beer and its happy effects on the lucky imbiber.

Dave and Toni Arthur

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a-t6JNxUwi4>

THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY (THE SANS DAY CAROL)

Now the holly she bears a berry as white as the milk,
And Mary she bore Jesus who's wrapt up in silk.

CHORUS

And Mary she bore Jesus, our Saviour for to be,
And the first tree that's in the green wood
It was the holly.
Holly, holly,
And the first tree that's in the green wood
It was the holly.

Now the holly she bears a berry as green as the grass,
And Mary she bore Jesus who died on the cross.

Now the holly she bears a berry as black as the coal,
And Mary she bore Jesus who died for us all.

Now the holly she bears a berry as blood it is red,
And we trust in our Saviour who rose from the dead.

Another spring carol, proper to the period between Passiontide and Easter. In it the evergreen holly is celebrated along with the dying and resurrected god. In tradition this carol lasted longest in Cornwall. It shares some verses with the better known Holly and the Ivy.

Artisan

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pMy71QMe7WI>

THE HOLMFIRTH ANTHEM

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking
On one summer summer's evening clear
There I beheld a most beautiful damsel
Lamenting for her shepherd swain

The fairest evening that e'er I beheld thee
Evermore with the lad I adore
Wilt thou go fight the French and the Spaniards
Wilt thou leave me thus my dear?

No more to yon green banks will I take thee
With pleasure for to rest myself and view the lambs
But I will take you to yon green garden
Where the pretty pretty flowers grow

This florid and idyllic fragment was called the The Holmfirth Anthem because the people of Holmfirth, Yorkshire, were so fond of singing it. It is also known as The Pretty Flowers or Through the Groves and may still be heard in the Yorkshire Dales.

The Boathouse Chirk

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-ywSQA_Jnqk

LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over!
For tonight we'll merry-merry be,
For tonight we'll merry-merry be,
For tonight we'll merry-merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks small beer and goes to bed quite sober.
Here's to the man who drinks small beer and goes to bed quite sober.
He falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall.
He'll die before October.

But here's to the man who drinks strong beer and goes to bed quite mellow.
But here's to the man who drinks strong beer and goes to bed quite mellow.
He lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother.
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother.
She's a foolish, foolish thing.
She's a foolish, foolish thing.
She's a foolish, foolish thing.
She shall not get another.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another.
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another.
She's a boon to all mankind.
She's a boon to all mankind.
She's a boon to all mankind.
And soon she'll be a mother.

Houghton Weavers

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e0cRAZdKNDw>

LOWLANDS

I dreamed a dream the other night,
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John,
I dreamed a dream the other night,
My lowlands away.

I dreamed I saw my own true love,
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John,
I dreamed I saw my own true love,
My lowlands away.

He was green and wet with weeds so cold,
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John,
He was green and wet with weeds so cold,
My lowlands away.

I'll cut away my bonny hair,
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John,
For no other man shall think me fair,
My lowlands away.

For my love lies drowned in the windy lowlands,
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John,
For my love lies drowned in the windy lowlands,
My lowlands away.

The song is a bit of a mystery. It has often been found in tradition in Britain and USA but always as a sailor shanty, usually sung while working at the pumps. Two distinct sets of words accompany the tune: one text tells the present story of the dead lover who returns; the other text concerns the work and pay of cotton-lumbers in the port of Mobile, Alabama. Deceived by the latter version, some specialists declare it to be a Negro song. More likely, it's a fragment of an Anglo-Scots ballad, full form forgotten, that lived on among British seamen who passed it on to longshoremen in the Gulf ports. The "Lowlands" refrain may be an echo from the old ballad of [The Golden Vanity](#). Captain Whall, best of the pioneer shanty collectors, says that in Liverpool in the old days a crew of merchant seaman was often spoken of as "the Johns" so the term "my John" in the ballad is no more personal than "my lad". Anne Briggs sings Lowlands not as a shanty but as a ballad, in what is probably something like its original form.

Anne Briggs

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DIObhhN1kkk>

Stan Hugill

<https://mainlynorfolk.info/anne.briggs/songs/lowlands.html>

LYKE WAKE DIRGE

This ae night, this ae night
CHORUS Every night and all
Fire and fleet and candle-light
CHORUS And Christ receive thy soul

When thou from hence away art past
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoen
Sit thee down and put them on

If hosen and shoen thou ne'er gav'st nane
The whinnies shall prick thee to the bare bane

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last

If ever thou gavest meat or drink
The fire shall never make thee shrink

If meat or drink thou gav'st nane
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane

This ae night, this ae night
Fire and fleet and candle-light

The "Lyke-Wake Dirge" is a traditional English song that tells of the soul's travel, and the hazards it faces, on its way from earth to purgatory. Though the song is from the Christian era and features references to Christianity much of the symbolism is thought to be of pre-Christian origin.

The title refers to the act of watching over the dead between the death and funeral, known as a wake. "Lyke" is an obsolete word meaning a corpse. It survives in modern English in the expression lychgate, the roofed gate at the entrance to a churchyard, where, in former times, a dead body was placed before burial.

The Pentangle

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y_jKsQjuCfE

MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY

Tune: Ye Jacobites By Name)

My love's in Germany, send him home, send him home
My love's in Germany, send him home
My love's in Germany, fighting for royalty
He'll ne'er his Jeannie see, send him home, send him home
He'll ne'er his Jeannie see, send him home.

He's brave as brave can be, send him home, send him home
He's brave as brave can be, send him home
He's brave as brave can be, he'd rather fight than flee
His life is dear to me, send him home, send him home
His life is dear to me, send him home.

I fear he'll ne'er come home, Willie's slain, Willie's slain
I fear he'll ne'er come home, Willie's slain
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea, to his love and own country
This world's no more for me, Willie's gone, Willie's gone
This world's no more for me, Willie's slain.

My Love's in Germany is a poem written by Scottish poet Hector Macneill. It was first printed in 1794 and is the lament of a Scottish woman for her lover. The tune was later used by Robert Burns for his song Ye Jacobites by Name.

Patchwork

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-b3k5977GGM>

OH GOOD ALE

It is of good ale to you I'll sing
And to good ale I'll always cling
I like my mug filled to the brim
And I'll drink all you'd like to bring

CHORUS:

O, good ale, thou art my darling
Thou art my joy both night and morning

It is you that helps me with my work
And from a task I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home-brew
And better than one pint I like two

I love you in the early morn
I love you in daylight dark or dawn
And when I'm weary, worn or spent
I turn the tap and ease the vent

It's you that makes my friends my foes
It's you that makes me wear old clothes
But since you come so near my nose
It's up you comes and down you goes

If all my friends from Adam's race
Were to meet me here all in this place
I could part from all without one tear
Before I'd part from my good beer

And if my wife did me despise
How soon I'd give her two black eyes
But if she loved me like I love thee
What a happy couple we should be

You have caused me debts and I've often swore
That I never would drink strong ale no more
But you for all that I forgive
And I'll drink strong ale just as long as I live

A drinking song from the Copper Family

Paul Sartin, Jon Boden, Rob Harbron, Sam Sweeney

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D12-RKe1EgU>

PACE EGGING SONG

(THE HEYSHAM PEACE-EGGING SONG)

CHORUS:

Here's one two three jolly lads all in one mind
We are come a-pace-egging and I hope you'll prove kind
And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year

And the first that comes in is Lord Nelson you'll see
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee
And a star on his breast that like silver doth shine
And I hope he remembers it's pace-egging time

And the next that comes in it is Lord Collingwood
And he fought with Lord Nelson till he shed his blood
And he's come from the sea old England to view
And he's come a-pace-egging with all of his crew

And the last that comes in is Old Tossopot you'll see
He's a valiant old man in every degree
He's a valiant old man and he wears a pigtail
And all his delight is a-drinking mulled ale

Come ladies and gentlemen sit by the fire
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire
Put your hands in your pockets and treat us all right
If you give naught, we'll take naught, farewell and good night

Pace is from the Latin word for Easter, and pace egging was the practice of collecting eggs and other eatables by touring the houses and farms in one's locality. Little groups of men would either perform a pace egg play (like other seasonal plays, a semi-ritual enactment of death and rebirth), or would dress as some of the characters and present themselves simply with a song. St George, Admiral Nelson, Lord Collingwood, Mrs Pankhurst: these are just a few of the wide range of possibilities. These practices were largely confined to the north-western counties of Cheshire, Lancashire, Westmorland, Cumberland, and parts of Yorkshire, where some remains of pace egging can still be found.

The Watersons

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U9o3a6y3fbc>

PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

It was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn
And the green fields and the meadows were all covered in corn;
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day,
And the larks they sang melodious (3×) at the dawning of the day.

Now a sailor and his true love were a-walking one day.
Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away.
I'm bound for the East Indies where the load cannons roar
And I'm bound to leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore,
And I'm bound to leave you Nancy (3×) you're the girl that I adore."

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew,
Saying, "Take this, dearest William, and my heart will go too."
And as they were embracing tears from her eyes fell,
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, my love, farewell,"
Saying, "May I go along with you?" (3×) "Oh no, my love, farewell,"

"Fare thee well my dearest Nancy, no longer can I stay,
For the topsails are hoisted and the anchors aweigh,
And the ship she lies waiting for the fast flowing tide,
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride,
And if ever I return again (3×), I will make you my bride."

Louis Killen at the Bridge Folk Club Nov 2008

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WG6lxxtOn3M>

POACHER'S FATE

Come all ye lads of high renown
That like to drink strong ale that's brown
And pull a lofty pheasant down
With powder, shot and gun.

I and five more a-poaching went
To get some game was our intent
Our money being gone and spent
We'd nothing else to try.

The keeper heard us fire a gun
And quickly to the spot he run
And swore, before the rising sun
That one of us should die.

The bravest lad in all the lot
'Twas his misfortune to be shot
His memory ne'er shall be forgot
As long as we have life

For help he cried, but it was denied
He rose again to join the fight
While down upon his gallant breast
The crimson blood did flow

Deep was the wound that the keeper gave
No mortal man his life could save
He now lies sleeping in his grave
Until the judgement day.

As large-scale capitalist agriculture grew during C18, more and more of the common ground and woods where ordinary people grazed a few sheep and shot a few rabbits were fenced off as private property. These enclosures were bitterly resented, the more so as new rationalised farming methods meant widespread unemployment, and it was doubly hard to keep the family pot boiling. So from this time, and from this area, we get a large number of songs reflecting the widespread "poaching war" between the keepers and the poachers.

The Watersons

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S5j3AuraxmQ>

Peter Bellamy (The Moon Shone Bright version) – for further listening

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bAymGU_daR8

PRETTY DRUMMER BOY

I was brought up in Yorkshire and when I was sixteen
I ran away from home, me lads, and a soldier I became
With a fine cap and feathers, likewise a rattling drum
They learned me to play upon the rub-a-dub-a-dum

CHORUS

With a fine cap and feathers, likewise a rattling drum
They learned her to play upon the rub-a-dub-a-dum
With her gentle waist so slender, and her fingers long and small
She could play upon the rub-a-dub the best of them all

And it's many is the pranks that I saw amongst the French
And boldly I did fight, me boys, although I'm but a wench
And in buttoning up me trousers so often have I smiled
To think I lay with a thousand men and a maiden all the while

And they never found me secret out until this very hour
For they sent me up to London to be sentry at the Tower
And a lady fell in love with me and I told her I's a maid
And she went unto me officer and me secret she betrayed

He unbuttoned up my red tunic and he found that it was true
“It's a shame,” he says “to lose a pretty drummer boy like you.”
So now I must return to me mam and dad at home
And along with my bold comrades no longer can I roam

Norma Waterson

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JMaEpkZpE14>

THE PRICKLE HOLLY BUSH (MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS/THE GALLOWS POLE)

CHORUS:

Oh, the prickly bush, the prickly bush,
It pricked my heart full sore
If ever I get out of that prickly bush
I'll never get in any more.

“Hangman, oh hangman,
Hold your rope awhile,
I think I see my father
Over yonder style.”

“Father, did you bring me me gold?
Or have you brought any fee?
For to save my body from the cold clay ground
And my neck from the gallows tree.”

“No, I didn't bring you gold
Nor have I brought any fee,
But I have come to see you hung
Upon the gallows tree.”

[Repeat for his brother and sister; then his lover who responds:]

“Yes, I brought you gold,
Yes, I brought you fee,
But I've not come for to see you hung
Upon the gallows tree.”

A Child ballad that was widespread throughout Europe and later through America. In many versions, the story tells of a young woman captured by pirates or brigands; father, mother, brother, sister refuse to pay ransom, but the lover sets her free.

Jim and Holly Lawrence

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_4wVvqiURHI

ROSEBUD IN JUNE

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

CHORUS

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

When we have all sheared our jolly, jolly sheep,
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase.

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

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

Steeleye Span

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QP4jTQpShnQ>

THE SCARLET AND THE BLUE

Well I once was a merry ploughboy,
I was a-ploughing in the fields all day,
Till a very funny thought came to my head
That I should roam away.
For I'm tired of my country life
Since the day that I was born
So I've gone and join the army
And I'm off tomorrow morn.

CHORUS

Hurrah for the Scarlet and the Blue,
See the helmets glitter in the sun,
And the banners flash like lightening,
To the beating of the militia drum.
See the flag of dear old England,
Proudly waving in the sky,
And the last words of a soldier is,
“We'll conquer or we die.”

Well I'll leave aside my pick and spade
And I'll leave aside my plough,
And I'll leave aside my old grey mare,
For no more I'll need her now.
For there's a little spot in England,
Up in the Yorkshire dales so high,
Where we mast the good king's standard,
Saying, “We'll conquer or we'll die.”

But there's one little thing I must tell you
About the girl I leave behind,
And I know she will prove true to me
And I'll prove true in kind.
And if ever I return again
To my home in the country
I'll take her to the church to wed
And a sergeant's wife she'll be.

Written by John J. Blockley in the late 1870s, this song does not seem particularly well-known. So poor was the existence of oldtime farm labourers, even army life and army pay seemed a golden prospect. Recruiting sergeants exploited the situation by deception and sharp practise, depicting a life of ease, wenching, plunder and quick promotion, to the gullible yokels. The young ploughboy of this song has swallowed the bait readily enough.

Oak

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AOefx0xIHLU>

SHEEPSHEARING

Our sheep-shear is over and supper is past,
Here's an health to our mistress all in a full glass.
For she is a good woman and provides us with cheer;
Here's an health to our mistress, so drink up your beer.

Here's an health unto the master, he's the founder of the feast;
We hope to God with all our hearts that his soul in heaven do rest.
Here's hoping that he prospers, whatever he takes in hand
For we are all his servants and we are at his command.

CHORUS

So drink, boys, drink! And see that you do not spill,
If you do, you shall drink two, for that is our master's will.

And now we've drunk to the master's health, and why shouldn't the mistress go free?
Why shouldn't she go to heaven, to heaven as well as he?
For she is a good provider, abroad as well as at home,
So take your cup and sup it up, for 'tis our harvest home.

Two songs are spliced together here, both from the neighbourhood of Salisbury. One is for the end of shearing, the other for the completion of harvest, both occasions for ceremonial booze-ups that are an echo of ritual seasonal feasts of the past, when people felt they were taking some of the power of the gods through gluttony. Lucy Broadwood, who collected these songs, says the second one should be sung while a labourer went along the table filling the men's mugs with beer. The first verse and chorus would be sung over and again perhaps thirty times—till all were served. Then the second verse would be sung in the same manner. And on and on.

The Watsons

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qxQMngzzLEI>

SHEPHERDS ARISE

Shepherds arise, be not afraid, with hasty steps prepare
To David's city, sin on earth,
With our blest Infant—with our blest Infant there,
With our blest Infant there, with our blest Infant there.

CHORUS:

Sing, sing, all earth, sing, sing, all earth eternal praises sing
To our Redeemer, to our Redeemer and our heavenly King.

Laid in a manger viewed a Child, humility Divine,
Sweet innocence sounds meek and mild.
Grace in his features—grace in his features shine,
Grace in his features shine, grace in his features shine.

For us the Saviour came on earth, for us his life he gave,
To save us from eternal death
And to raise us from—and to raise us from the grave
To raise us from the grave and to raise us from the grave

Another gem from the Copper Family – one of their best known songs.

The Young Tradition

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9RRmED3f5UE>

SOUND, SOUND YOUR INSTRUMENTS OF JOY

Sound, sound your instruments of joy (x2)
Sound your instruments of joy (x2)
To triumph shake each string (x2)
Let shouts of universal joy
Universal joy, universal joy
Welcome, welcome
Welcome the new born King

See, see the gladdening dawn appears (x2)
See the gladdening dawn appears (x2)
Bright angels deck the morn (x2)
Behold the great I Am is here
Great I Am is here
Great I Am is here
The King, the King
The King of glory's born

Surprising scenes, stupendous love (x2)
Surprising scenes, stupendous love (x2)
The Lord of life descends (x2)
He left his glorious clouds on high
Glorious clouds on high
Glorious clouds on high
To be, to be
To be the sinner's friend

Let Heaven and Earth and Sea proclaim (x2)
Let Heaven and Earth and Sea proclaim (x2)
The wondrous love of God (x2)
And all the universal frame
Universal frame, universal frame
Sing praise, sing praise
Sing praises to our God

repeat first verse

Another splendid piece that has dropped out of our hymnbooks. This anthem, presumably of eighteenth century composition, survived among a few country choirs, chiefly in Devon and Cornwall. The Watersons learnt their version from an old (1934) BBC recording of the Mabe Male Voice Choir, from the Penryn district of Cornwall. The vicar of Mabe reported: "The choir sings as their ancestors did. Such music as they have is in manuscript. They stand in a circle, the leader gives out the first line, and off they go, full tilt. They more or less make up their own harmonies.

The Watersons

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HRzEdtQ4F_c

STARS IN MY CROWN

I am thinking today of that beautiful land
I shall reach when the sun goes down
When through wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand
Will there be any stars in my crown?

CHORUS

Will there be any stars in my crown
When at evening the sun goes down
When I wake with the blest in the mansions of rest
Will there be any stars in my crown?

In the strength of the Lord let me labour and pray,
Shall I watch as a winner of souls
That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day
When His praise like the sea billow rolls?

O what joy will there be when his face I behold
And with gems at his feet to lay down
It would sweeten my bliss in the City of Gold
Should there be any stars in my crown?

Stars in my Crown is number 787 in the Baptist Sankey hymnal

A Cappella Hymn

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8OajAkM_EC0

SWEEP CHIMNEY SWEEP

Sweep Chimney sweep is the common cry I keep,
If you can but rightly understand me.
With my brush, broom and my rake, with my brush, broom and my rake,
See what cleanly work I make,
With my hoe, hoe, hoe and my hoe
And it's sweep, chimney sweep for me.

Girls come unto the door I look as black as any Moor,
I'm as constant and true as the day
Although my face is black, although my face is black,
I can give as good a smack,
And there's no one, no one, no one there's no one
And there's no one shall call me on hire.

Girls come unto the door I look as black as any Moor,
Go and fetch me some beer that I might swallow
I can climb up to the top, I can climb up to the top,
Without a ladder or a rope,
And it's there you, there you, there you and there you,
And it's there you will hear me halloa.

Now here I do stand with my hoe all in my hand
Like a soldier that's on the sentry
I will work for a better sort, I will work for a better sort
And kindly thank them for it.
I will work, work, work and I'll work
And I'll work for none but gentry.

Yet another gem from the Copper Family

Steeleye Span

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zbKgo4aC8dM>

THOUSANDS OR MORE

The time passes over more cheerful and gay
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away
Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away

Bright Phoebe awakes so high up in the sky
With her red, rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye
Sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye
With her red, rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye

If you ask for my credit you'll find I have none
With my bottle and friend you will find me at home
Find me at home, find me at home, find me at home
With my bottle and friend you will find me at home

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more
Thousands or more, thousands or more, thousands or more
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more

A gem from the Copper Family of Rottingdean, Sussex. The family is very rare in that for some seven generations they have been singing in harmony. This was Bob Copper's favourite song.

The Copper Family

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8qq8VeoPIC0>

THREE JOLLY ROGUES

In good King Arthur's days
He was a merry king
He threw three servants out of his house
Because they wouldn't sing

CHORUS; Because they wouldn't sing
Because they wouldn't sing
He threw three servants out of his house
Because they wouldn't sing

The first he was a miller
And the second he was a weaver
And the third he was a little tailor
Three thieving rogues together

The miller he stole corn
And the weaver he stole yarn
And the little tailor he stole broadcloth
For to keep these three rogues warm

Now the miller was drowned in his dam
And the weaver was hanged in his yarn
And the devil put his claw on the little tailor
With a broad-cloth under his arm

The earliest complete text is a broadside in the Bodleian library, dated 1804, "The Miller Weaver and Little Tailor". It is also known as "In Good King Arthur's Days". The song is quoted by Thomas Hardy in "Under the Greenwood Tree".

The Teacups

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7MfdgaGZKf4>

THREE SCORE AND TEN

Methinks I see a host of craft spreading their sails a-lee
As down the Humber they do glide all bound for the Northern Sea.
Methinks I see on each small craft a crew with hearts so brave
Going out to earn their daily bread upon the restless wave.

CHORUS

And it's three score and ten boys and men were lost from Grimsby town.
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough many hundreds more were drowned.
Our herring craft, our trawlers, our fishing smacks as well,
They long did fight that bitter night and battled with the swell.

Methinks I see them yet again as they leave the land behind
Casting their nets into the sea, the fishing shoals to find.
Methinks I see them yet again and all on board's all right,
With the sails close reefed and the decks cleared up and the sidelights burning bright.

October's night left such a sight, was never seen before:
There was masts and spars and broken yards came floating to the shore.
There was many a heart of sorrow, there was many a heart so brave.
There was many a hearty fisher lad did find a watery grave.

In memoriam of the poor Fishermen who lost their lives in the Dreadful Gale from Grimsby and Hull, Feb. 8 & 9, 1889" is the title of a broadside produced by a Grimsby fisherman, William Delf, to raise funds for the bereaved families. Originally eight verses long it passed into oral tradition, and in so doing lost six verses and acquired a new one, together with a chorus and a tune. The oral version was noted from a master mariner, Mr J. Pearson of Filey, in 1957, and has subsequently, with some further small variations, become well known in folk-song clubs.

The Dubliners

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aUvwt6LYiSA>

THE TROOPER'S NAG

There was an old woman lived under the hill

CHORUS With a rowdy dowdy dow and a rowdy dowdy day

And if she isn't gone, she lives there still

CHORUS Ah ha ha, was it so, was it so

A jolly dragoon came a-riding by

He called for a pot 'cause he was dry

He drank it up and called for another

He kissed the daughter fair, likewise the old mother

The night coming on, the day being spent

They both went to bed with the mother's consent

"Oh what is this so stiff and warm?"

"It's only my old nag, he'll do you no harm."

"Oh what is this?" "It is a little well

Where your fine nag may drink his fill."

"But what if my nag should chance to slip in?"

"He must hang on to the grass that grows round the brim."

"But what if the grass should prove to be rotten?"

"He must bob up and down 'til he comes to the bottom"

Maddy Prior

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0nfDbcbSPt4>

STRIKE THE BELL

(tune: Click Go The Shears)

Up on the poop deck walking about
There is the second mate so steady and so stout
What he's a-thinking he doesn't know himself
But I wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

CHORUS

Strike the bell, second mate, let us go below
Look well to windward, you can see it's going to blow
Look at the glass, you can see that it's fell
And I wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell

Down on the main deck working the pumps
There is the larboard watch, they're longing for their bunks
Look out to windward, you can see a great swell
And they're wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell

Forward in the fo'c'sle keeping sharp lookout
There stands Johnny now, he's waiting for the shout
"Lights burning bright, sir, everything is well"
And he's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell

Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands
Grasping the helm with his frostbitten hands
Looking at the compass though the course is clear as hell
And he's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell

Aft on the quarterdeck our gallant captain stands
He's looking out to windward with a spyglass in his hand
What he's thinking we know very well
He's thinking more of shortening sail than striking the bell

"Strike the Bell" was a pumping shanty, used to co-ordinate the efforts of crew members as they worked the bilge pumps. The words refer to the use of the ship's bell to record the passage of time. The day was divided into watches of four hours duration: sailors would work one watch and then rest for four hours before returning for their next watch. Every half-hour the mate would mark the time by ringing the ship's bell to indicate the number of half-hours elapsed on that watch. So "Eight Bells" was rung when a full four-hours watch had been completed, and the crew could go below for a welcome rest period after their exertions.

Roy Harris

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G-eyxoRDKCM>

TWANKYDILLO

Blacksmith version

Here's a health to the jolly blacksmith, the best of all fellows
Who works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows

CHORUS

Which makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall
Here's to Old Cole and to Young Cole
And to Old Cole of all
Twankydilto, Twankydilto, Twankydilto-dillo-dillo-dillo
And a roaring pair of blow-pipes made from the green willow

Here's a health to the pretty boy, the one I love best
Who kindles a fire all in my own breast

If a gentleman calls his horse to be shoed
He'll make no denial of one pot or two

Here's a health from us all, to our sovereign the Queen
And to all the Royal family, wherever they're seen

Shepherd Version

The life of a shepherd is a life of great care
But my crook and dog Whitefoot I shall drive away fear

CHORUS

Twanky dillo twanky dillo, twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo
And he played on his merry bagpipes made from the green willow
Green willow, green willow, green willow, willow, willow, willow
And he played on his merry bagpipes made from the green willow

Well if ever my sheep go astray on the plain
Why my little dog Whitefoot it'll fetch em again

Well if ever I meet with the old shepherd's horse
I shall cut off his tail clean up to his harness

And if ever I meet with the old shepherd's daughter
I shall block up the hole where she do draw water

[Another verse

If ever I should meet with the old shepherd's wife-O
I'll make him a cuckold all the days of his life-O!]

No-one seems to know what the word twankydilto means. Just sing the ripping chorus

Cam Brown ? with Barry McCann

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-ABMskQ7S3c>

WHEN I DIE

Because I believe and have found salvation
(When I die), when I die, I'll live again
That I may take part in the jubilation
(When I die), when I die, I'll live again

When I die, when I die, I'll live again
I'll live again, Hallelujah, I'll live again
Because I'm forgiven, my soul will find heaven
(When I die), when I die, I'll live again, I'll live again

The fear of the grave is removed forever
(When I die), when I die, I'll live again
My soul will rejoice in the crystal river
(When I die), when I die, I'll live again

Because of the Lord I have made confession
(When I die), when I die, I'll live again
From now on my soul there is no transgression
(When I die), when I die, I'll live again

A gem of a hymn from the singing of Doc Watson, the American flat picker, and his family

Peter Bellamy
(with among others The Young Tradition and The Watsons)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ia6msU4XWml>

WHEN JONES'S ALE WAS NEW

Now, three men came over the hill, came over the hill together,
Come over the hill together for to join in the jovial crew.
And they ordered their pints of beer and bottles of sherry
To carry them over the hills so merry,
To carry them over the hills so merry,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the first to come in was a dyer; he sat himself down by the fire,
He sat himself down by the fire for to join in the jovial crew.
And he sat himself down with a good grace
For the chimney breast was his own place,
And here he could drink and dye his old face,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the next to come in was a tinker and he was no small-beer drinker,
And he was no small-beer drinker for to join in the jovial crew.
“Hast ye any old pots or pan or kettles?
I mends them with the very best metals
And I'll put all your pots in good fettle.”
When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the next to come in was a hatter and no man could be fatter,
And no man could be fatter for to join in the jovial crew.
And he placed his hat upon the ground,
Wished everybody'd place in a pound,
And then he'd be able to buy drinks all round,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the next to come in was a mason and his hammers need refacing
And his hammers need refacing for to join in the jovial crew.
And he sat his hammers against the wall,
Wished all the churches and chapels'd fall,
And then there's be plenty of work for all,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the next to come in was a soldier with a firelock o'er his shoulder,
And no man could be bolder for to join in the jovial crew.
And the landlady's daughter come in,
And he kissed atween the nose and the chin,
And the pints of beer they came rolling in,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

And they ordered their pints of beer and bottles of sherry
To carry them over the hills so merry,
To carry them over the hills so merry,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Here and there at Easter time, the “Jolly-boys” or “Pace-egggers” go from house to house, singing songs and begging for eggs. They wear clownish disguises: the hunch-backed man, the long-nosed man, the fettered prisoner, the man-woman etc. Johnson's Ale (or John's or Joan's) is one of their favourite songs. Whether the drinking song comes from the pace-egging version or the other way round, we do not know. It is an old song. Ben Johnson knew it and mentioned it in his 16th century Tale of a Tub. Its qualities are durable, for it has altered little in 350 years. It appeals most to those who are most elevated.

John Kirkpatrick

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aUvwt6LYiSA>

THE WHITBY LAD

Come all ye bold and ye rambling boys and a warning take by me
For I'd have you quit night walking and shun bad company

CHORUS:

(For it's:) Son oh son what have you done?
You're bound for Botany Bay

I was born and bred in Whitby town and raised most honestly
Till I became a roving blade which proved my destiny

Well I broke into some lady's house about the hour of three
And two peelers stood behind the door and they soon had an hold on me

It was at the quarters sessions that the judge to me did say
Well the jury's found you guilty you're bound for Botany Bay

Well I've seen me aged father there a-trembling at the bar
Likewise me dear old mother a-tearing her white hair

It was on the 28th of June from England we made way
And as we come down the Humber well we heard them sailors say

NEW CHORUS:

(Well it's:) Boys oh boys there are no joys
Down there in Botany Bay

Oh there is a lass in Whitby town and the girl that I love full well
And it's if I had me liberty along with her I'd dwell

A big family of highwaymen and poacher songs interbred with a family of transportation songs to produce a large number of offspring all resembling each other closely. A central feature of them all is the lamentation of the aged parents. The Whitby Lad was collected from Mr. W. F. Verril of Staithes some sixty years ago by R. A. Gatty.

Ian Giles

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YObiEgz75Oc>

THE WHITE COCKADE (MY LOVE HAS 'LISTED)

'Tis true, my love's enlisted and he wears a white cockade.
He is a handsome young lad likewise a roving blade.
He is a handsome young lad, just right to serve a king.
Oh my very (x4) heart is breaking all for the loss of him.

As I roved out one morning, as I wandered over 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 (x4) me the money two guineas and a crown.

My love is tall and handsome and comely for to see
But by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he.
May the man that first enlisted him not prosper night and day!
How I wish that (x4) he may perish all in the foaming spray!

And may he never prosper and may he never thrive
On that he puts his hands to as long as he's alive!
May the very ground he treads upon the grass refuse to bloom
Since he has been my (x4) only cause of my sorrow, grief and gloom!

She's then pulled out her handkerchief to wipe her flowing tears.
Wipe up, wipe up them mournful tears, likewise them mournful sighs!
And be you of good courage till I return again!
You and I love (x4) will be married when I return again.

My Love Has 'Listed has one of the commonest themes found in country songs. It tells of the fortunes of a girl and her young man who leaves her to join the army.

The Watersons

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IRPWRwsru0A>

WHO'S THE FOOL NOW

Oh, Martin said to his man,

CHORUS Fie, man, fie,

Oh, Martin said to his man,

CHORUS Who's the fool now?

Martin said to his man,

Fill thou the cup and I the can,

CHORUS Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now?

I saw the man in the moon

Clouting on St. Peter's shoon.

I saw the hare chase the hound

Forty miles above the ground

I saw a goose wring a hog

Saw a snail bite a dog

I saw the cheese eat the rat

Saw a mouse chase a cat

I saw a flea heave a tree

Twenty miles out to sea

I saw a maid milk a bull

Every pull a bucket full

The first printed version of this song appeared in Deuteromelia which was the second part of Pleasant Roundelayes, Delightful Catches, Freeman's Songs published by Thomas Ravenscroft of the Seven Dials in 1609. The theme is the degradation of drink, the master drinking out of the can and telling tall stories, whilst his servant drinking from the cup mocks him. In verse 2 the "Man in the Moon" is King Henry VIII and the man standing in St. Peter's shoes is the Pope. To clout in Old English means to mend; thus it was unlikely so see Henry VIII patching up his differences with the Pope as it was to see a cheese eat a rat.

Robin and Barry Dransfield

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FAvZm5fs0hw>

THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

O the summer time has come
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And wild mountain thyme
Grows around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

CHORUS

And we'll all go together,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a tower,
By yon clear crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile,
All the flowers of the mountain.
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds
And the deep land so dreary
And return with the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.
Will ye go lassie go ?

If my true love she'll not come,
Then I'll surely find another,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

A version of the Robert Tannahill song "The Braes of Balqhidder" made popular by the McPeake family of Belfast, Ireland

Sarah Calderwood

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v= G9VEvEx1Bc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G9VEvEx1Bc)

WILLY WENT TO WESTERDALE

Willy went to Westerdale
CHORUS I-do-a-dandy
Willy went to Westerdale
CHORUS; Clish-clash-mi-clandy
Willy went to Westerdale
He married a wife and brought her home
CHORUS Sing-a-lair-a, Tak-er-amang-yer

And he bought her twenty goodman kye
And she let nineteen of 'em dry

And she only milked it once a year
And that was to make butter dear

When she turned, she turned in her boot
And to make a print she put in her foot.

She made a cheese and put it on t'shelf;
She never turned t'cheese till t'cheese turned 'tself.

She roasted the hen, both feather and gut,
And heads and tails and wattles and foot.

She did a far dirtier trick than that;
She let t'bairn wet in his best nightcap

Comedies of shiftless wives have been popular since the Middle Ages, particularly in the North of England. Sometimes the wives were so helpless that it was thought they were devil-possessed, and so they were ritually thrashed, more to cure than to correct them. Nothing of the sort happens to the gormless wife who lived at the spot where the Cleveland Hills start rising out of the North Yorkshire moors, The song was obtained by the diligent Yorkshire folklore collectors Nigel and Mary Hudleston, from a singer from Goatland.

Supersheep

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rmMb25OcNkc>

YOUNG BANKER

As I walked out one morning fair
To view the green fields and take fresh air,
I saw young banker standing there
And his true love was a lady fair.

Chorus (after each verse):

Young banker he had (such) an handsome face
(And) all around his hat he wore a band of lace;
Beside such an handsome head of hair,
For my young banker I will go there.

He said, "My pretty fair maid, will you go on deck,
With a chain of gold around your neck?
Whatever you do I will prove true."
But the answer that she gave, "I'll have none of you!"

Young banker turned around for to go away
But she called after him for to bid him stay,
"Oh stay, oh stay, and I will prove true."
But the answer that she gave, "I'll have none of you!"

Now she thought she heard a foreign man say,
"Come pack up your clothes and come away."
It pierced her through the very heart
To think that young banker and her should part.

So come all you pretty fair maids your senses you've lost
Since the day in love you have been crossed,
For you may lament and you may say
Forever rue the day that you said nay.

Young Banker has words collected from a maidservant from the Isle of Axholme near Doncaster, set to a tune which Frank Kidson collected from Kate Thompson of Knaresborough. This particular banker, by the way, is part of the walling and ditching trade and in no way involved in finance.

The Wilson Family

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cJYQODYO9CE>

MORE SOURCES

One of the ideas for this songbook was to encourage folkies to expand their repertoires of English folk songs. No more do we have to scour record shops to find obscure records and play them over and over to get the words (and create wonderful mondegreens). Google and U Tube leave us with tons of resources – maybe too many.

Try listening to these groups on UTube and look at their websites. Use these to navigate to other groups and songs.

The Copper Family

The Watersons

The Young Tradition

Coope, Boyes and Simpson

Swan Arcade

Blue Murder

Waterson:Carthy

Oak

The Devil's Interval

Steeleye Span

The Valley Folk

Lady Maisery

The Teacups

The Wilson Family

The Voice Squad

The Johnstons