

Folkways Records and Service Corporation, NYC, USA FG 3515

# SUSSEX FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS

Sung by TONY WALES with Guitar

Ronald Clyne

M  
1740  
W173  
F666  
1957

MUSIC LP

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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Recorded in England / Edited and Notes by Kenneth S. Goldstein

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#### ABOUT THE SINGER

TONY WALES is in his early thirties, and has been singing, collecting, and generally immersing himself in folk songs for quite a number of years. When he is not singing folksongs, or writing about them, he is concerned with the general world of music, for he is manager of a music shop for one of the leading music concerns in England. There he sells other sorts of music - everything, in fact, from grand opera to rock and roll. Folk music provides an excellent sedative during his leisure time, and offsets the deluge of "popular" music of all types to which his ears are subjected during his working hours.

Mr. Wales was born, and has lived all of his life in the small Sussex town of Horsham, located only a few hours ride from London. He takes a keen interest in local affairs, and in his own county of Sussex. His local pride and his interest in folk music have resulted, naturally, in his intense preoccupation with Sussex songs. Unlike many collectors, he sees no reason why these songs need be considered merely things of the past, but believes the present generation can enjoy them, too, providing they retain their own distinctive character. In addition to collecting and singing folk songs, he also lectures occasionally on various aspects of folk music before interested groups.

#### INTRODUCTION

I suppose everyone feels that there is something particularly unique about one's own county. In fact we are probably all quite right in thinking so, as every county of England is unique. As a Sussex man, may I be permitted the conceit that Sussex is just a little bit more interesting than some of the others.

To my mind, Sussex symbolises everything that is distinctively English. Green fields, sanded country lanes, clean fresh beaches, welcoming white cliffs, farmyards full of mud, and country inns full of comfort. And the Sussex folk themselves; sturdy and dependable, yet withal, cussed and perverse. A Sussex man (or woman for that matter), just "won't be druv", and the proverbial horse being led to the water, was almost certainly born in Sussex.

In spite of the county's close proximity to the capital of the country, and the seat of its Government, Sussex folk have always felt that their way was best, even if it didn't always coincide with the prevalent ideas of the "folk in Lunnon".

A county in which many of the old men still remember smuggling and poaching as two quite respectable country pastimes, cannot be dismissed as conforming too easily to the pattern of behaviour as laid down by the Government of the land. Not that Sussex folk are law breakers at heart. It's just that they do not take kindly to anything which they cannot see any real reason for supporting.

Unlike some other of their countrymen, Sussex people are not exceptionally insular. With only the English Channel between them and the Continent of Europe, this is perhaps not surprising. In fact many of the county's finest sons have been sailors, and travellers. Something of the characteristics of the Sussex countryman should be reflected in his songs, but this is a little difficult to pin down. So many of the songs, whilst having been sung and collected in Sussex, are not the sole property of that county. Songs such as "Richard of Taunton Dean" and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" scarcely have a distinctive home within our Islands.

More truly, Sussex connections may be claimed for a few of the more modern songs. Songs such as "Buttercup Joe", "Farmer's Boy" and "Sarie", are still extremely well known in the Sussex countryside today, whatever the folk song expert may think of them. Here then are my "Sussex songs". Sung not, I admit, in the traditional style, but still I trust with their country character unspoiled and their country sentiments unaltered.

Tony Wales

Edited and notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

#### SIDE I, Band 1: SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY

In its many variant forms, this is one of the most common songs collected in the English countryside. It is also widely known in Ireland and Scotland, as well as in other parts of the English speaking world. Early versions of the song were apparently quite bawdy, for the Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould, in explaining his reasons for re-writing the song in Songs of the West (London, 1905), states that all the versions he collected, as well as those in Ireland and Scotland, were unprintable.

Mr. Wales collected this song in a fragmentary version, from the singing of Mr. and Mrs. C. Potter of Horsham, Sussex. Additional words were added by Mr. Wales from a version collected by Cecil Sharp.

1. "Where are you going, my pretty fair maid,  
Come tell to me, my honey."  
The answer that she gave to me,  
"On an errand for my Mummy."

Chorus: With a rutum, tutum, folly-tiddle-utum,  
Rifol tiddle-diddle-i-do.

2. "How old are you, my pretty fair maid,  
Come tell to me, my honey."  
The answer that she gave to me,  
"I'm seventeen come Sinday."
3. "Can you love me, my pretty fair maid,  
Come tell to me, my honey."  
The answer that she gave to me,  
"I dare not for my Mummy."
4. I went down to her Mummy's house,  
The moon was shining clearly;  
I sang beneath her window pane,  
"Your soldier loves you dearly."
5. "O, soldier, will you marry me,  
For now's your time or never;  
For if you do not marry me,  
My heart is broke forever."
6. And now she is the soldier's wife,  
And sails across the brine-O;  
"The drum and fife is my delight,  
And a merry man is mine-O."

#### SIDE I, Band 2: SING IVY

This appears to be a very reduced version of "The Elfin Knight" (Child #2). The original ballad takes

the form of a courtship, with one flirtatious lover setting a series of tasks and his companion meeting the challenge by setting an equally difficult series. In early forms of that ballad, an elfin knight poses the tasks. Modern folk, consistent with their tendency to reject supernatural elements, have made both characters mortal enough. One wonders if the plant refrain, also found in version sung here, was not originally intended as an incantation against the supernatural suitor. As sung here, the ballad has been reduced to the statement of accomplishing a seemingly absurd series of tasks.

This version was collected from Mr. C. Potter of Horsham, who had learned it from his father.

1. My father, he gave me an acre of ground,  
Sing Ivy, sing Ivy;  
My father, he gave me an acre of ground,  
Singing allegro-whistling Ivy.
2. I ploughed it with a ram's horn,  
Sing Ivy, etc.
3. I sowed it with some pepper corn,  
Sing Ivy, etc.
4. I cut it with my pen knife,  
Sing Ivy, etc.
5. I thrashed it with a rat's tail,  
Sing Ivy, etc.
6. I carried it away on a mouse's back,  
Sing Ivy, etc.
7. I measured it up by thimblefull,  
Sing Ivy, etc.
8. And money came back by sackfuls,  
Sing Ivy, etc.

#### SIDE I, Band 3: OUR GOODMAN

The earliest known text for this ballad (Number 274 in Child's collection) was printed in 1776 in a collection of Scottish ballads. There appears to be little doubt about the ballad being Scottish in origin, though it is sung widely throughout the English-speaking world. It is also known in popular tradition in Europe, where it became popular after it had been translated (from an English broadside version) into German in the late 18th century, and thence into other tongues. Modern variants of this ballad tend to be ribald and bawdy.

Mr. Wales' version was learned from the singing of his mother, who had learned it from her mother.

1. The old man he came home one night, and home came he,  
And there he saw a saddle horse, "Whose horse can this be?  
Whose horse can this be, my love, whose horse can this be?"  
"It's only a broad sow your mother sent to me."  
"Miles I have travelled, a thousand miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow's back I never have seen before."
2. The old man came home one night, and home came he,  
He saw a pair of jack boots, "Whose boots can these be?  
Whose boots can these be, my love, whose boots can these be?"  
"It's only a pair of water stoups your mother sent to me."  
"Miles I have travelled, a thousand miles or more,  
But silver spurs on water stoups I never have seen before."
3. The old man he came home one night, and home came he,

He saw a sword in the hall, "Whose sword can this be?

Whose sword can this be, my love, whose sword can this be?"

"It's only a porridge stirrer your mother has sent to me."

"Miles I have travelled, a thousand miles or more,  
But silver handled stirrers I never have seen before."

4. The old man he came home one night, and home came he,  
And there he saw a powdered wig, "Whose wig can this be?  
Whose wig can this be, my love, whose wig can this be?"  
"It's only a clucking hen your mother has sent to me."  
"Miles I have travelled, a thousand miles or more,  
But powder on a clucking hen I never have seen before."
5. The old man he came home one night, and home came he,  
And there he saw a great big coat, "Whose coat can this be?  
Whose coat can this be, my love, whose coat can this be?"  
"It's only a blanket your mother has sent to me."  
"Miles I have travelled, a thousand miles or more,  
But buttons upon blankets I never have seen before."
6. The old man he came home one night, and home came he,  
He saw a man stand in the hall, "Whose man can this be?  
Whose man can this be, my love, whose man can this be?"  
"It's only a baby that your mother has sent to me."  
"Miles I have travelled, a thousand miles or more,  
But whiskers on a baby's face I never have seen before."

#### SIDE I, Band 4: PIRI-IRI-IGDUM

This song is an interesting variant of "The Riddle Song" so popular both in Britain and America. All are characterized by the 'bird without a bone' and 'cherry without a stone' riddles, though these two riddles are occasionally followed by one or two additional riddles. Such lines are common in various British nursery rhymes, and have also proven popular as a college song both in Britain and America. In some versions, four brothers bare a gift which comprise the riddles; an equally common form has three sisters bearing the gifts (as in this version). The refrain is probably intended to be some garbled Latin words.

This version was learned from the singing of Mr. Wales' mother.

1. I've got three sisters across the sea,  
Piri-iri-igdum, do-man-wee,  
And very nice presents they all sent me,  
Portum, quartum, peri-cum-placem,  
Piri-iri-igdum, do-man-wee.
2. They sent me a chicken without a bone,  
Piri-iri-igdum, do-man-wee,  
They sent me a cherry without a stone,  
Portum, quartum, peri-cum-placem,  
Piri-iri-igdum, do-man-wee.
3. How can there be a chicken without a bone,  
Piri-iri-igdum, do-man-wee,  
How can there be a cherry without a stone,  
Portum, quartum, peri-cum-placem,  
Piri-iri-igdum, do-man-wee.
4. When the chicken's in the egg, it's without a bone,  
Piri-iri-igdum, do-man-wee,  
When the cherry's in the bud, it's without a stone,  
Portum, quartum, peri-cum-placem,  
Piri-iri-igdum, do-man-wee.

SIDE I, Band 5: ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

The earliest known text for this carol appeared on a 19th century broadside, though it is possible that the carol was known in tradition from an earlier period. It has not been collected frequently from tradition; several versions have been found in Sussex, however. The version sung here (with one stanza omitted) was collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams from Mrs. Verrall of Monk's Gate, Sussex. It appears to have been almost completely lost in tradition, though it is still sung during the Christmas season as learned from the many carol collections in which it is included.

1. On Christmas night all Christians sing,  
To hear the news the Angels bring;  
On Christmas night all Christians sing,  
To hear the news the Angels bring,  
News of great joy, news of great mirth,  
News of our merciful King's birth.
2. When sin departs before thy grace,  
Then life and health come in its place;  
When sin departs before thy grace,  
Then life and health come in its place;  
Angels and men with joy may sing,  
All for to see the new-born King.
3. All out of darkness we have life,  
Which made the Angels sing this night;  
All out of darkness we have life,  
Which made the Angels sing this night:  
Glory to God and peace to men,  
Now and for evermore, Amen.

SIDE I, Band 6: I'VE BEEN TO FRANCE

This drinking song was frequently sung at harvest suppers in Sussex, according to one informant from whom it was collected by W.P. Merrick at the end of the last century. The song was accompanied by a ceremony which required some dexterity on the part of its performers. An inverted wooden bowl, with a horn (cup) of ale standing upon it was placed before one of the company at the table, and he endeavored to raise the horn to his lips and drink its contents by clasp- ing the bowl in both hands. When the horn was emp- tied, the drinker would then toss the horn up in the air, at the same time that he turned the bowl upright in his hands, and attempt to catch the horn, as it descended, on the inside of the bowl. All this had to be done without touching the horn with the hands, or removing them from the bowl. Failure to successfully perform the deed was penalized by forcing the guest to try again. The attempt was made by each guest in turn, the song being repeated each time.

The version sung here was taken from the collection of Sussex Songs made by the Reverend John Broadwood, and added to by his niece Lucy E. Broadwood, and published in 1890.

1. I've been to France and I've been to Dover,  
I've been a-travelling over and over,  
Over, over, over and over,  
Drink up your liquor and turn the horn over.
2. I've been to Plymouth and I've been to Dover,  
I've been rambling, boys, all the world over,  
Over and over and over and over,  
Drink up your liquor and turn your cup over.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE

This ballad was a favorite with broadside printers in both the old world and the new. The theme of the maiden who rejects the advances of a wealthy suitor for the love of a ploughboy was an extremely popular one with country singers, and several ballads on this theme are still sung in tradition.

This version was learned by Mr. Wales from the singing of C. Potter of Horsham, who had learned it from his

father, who in turn had learned it from Harry Burstow, the most famous of the local folksingers.

1. It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful, I'm  
told;  
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds  
in gold.  
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,  
As you soon shall hear, this maiden fair did prove  
his overthrow.
2. Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved full  
well,  
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would  
tell;  
But there was a wealthy squire, who oft came her to  
see,  
Yet still she loved her ploughboy, on the banks of  
the sweet Dundee.
3. Her uncle rose one morning, and early went straight-  
way,  
And knocking at the bedroom door, he unto her did  
say,  
"Come rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you might be;  
The squire's waiting for you, on the banks of the  
sweet Dundee."
4. "A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes  
likewise;  
My William's hand appears to me like diamonds in  
my eyes."  
"Begone, unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,  
For I mean to banish William from the banks of the  
sweet Dundee."
5. Her uncle and the squire was a-walking out next  
day;  
"Young William is in favor," her uncle he did say,  
"But, indeed, it's my intention to tie him to a  
tree,  
Or else to bribe the pressgang on the banks of the  
sweet Dundee."
6. The pressgang come to William when he was all  
alone,  
He boldly fought for liberty, but they was six to  
one.  
The blood did flow in torrents, "Pray kill me now,"  
said he,  
"I'd rather die for Mary, on the banks of the sweet  
Dundee."
7. The maid next day was walking, lamenting for her  
love;  
She met with the wealthy squire down in her uncle's  
grove,  
He clasped his hands all round her, "Stand off, base  
man," said she,  
"Twas you that bribed the pressgang, on the banks of  
the sweet Dundee."
8. He clasped his arms all round her, and tried to  
throw her down.  
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his  
morning gown.  
Young Mary took the pistols, the sword he used so  
free;  
But she did fire and shoot the squire, on the banks  
of the sweet Dundee.
9. Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the  
ground.  
"Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you  
your death wound."  
"Stand off," then said young Mary, "Undaunted I  
will be."  
Then the trigger drew and her uncle slew, on the  
banks of the sweet Dundee.
10. The doctor then was sent for, a man of noted skill,  
Likewise came the lawyer, for him to sign his will;  
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,  
Then he closed his eyes no more to rise, by the  
banks of the sweet Dundee.

SIDE I, Band 8: TO BE A FARMER'S BOY

This popular English country song was believed to date from the early 18th century by Robert Bell (Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England, London, 1857). It was frequently printed by broadside presses in England and in America during the 19th century, and has remained popular in tradition to this day in England. Mr. Wales believes it to be the most widely known country song in Sussex.

Mr. Wales learned this song when still a young boy, though he has since collected other versions.

The sun had set behind the hills,  
across the dreary moor,  
When poor and lame a boy there came  
up to a farmer's door;  
"Can you tell me if here it be  
that I can find employ,  
To plough and sow and reap and mow  
and be a farmer's boy,  
And be a farmer's boy."

CHORUS:

To plough and sow and reap and mow  
and be a farmer's boy,  
And be a farmer's boy.

"My father's dead and mother's left  
with children great and small,  
And what is worse for mother still,  
I'm the oldest of them all;  
Though little, I'll word as hard as a Turk  
if you'll give me employ,  
To plough and sow and reap and mow  
and be a farmer's boy,  
And be a farmer's boy.

"And if you will not me employ,  
one favor I've to ask:  
Will you shelter me till break of day  
from this cold winter's blast?  
At break of day, I'll trudge away,  
elsewhere to seek employ,  
To plow and sow and reap and mow  
and be a farmer's boy,  
And be a farmer's boy.

"Come try the lad," the mistress said,  
"Let him no further seek."  
"O, do, dear father," the daughter cried,  
while tears ran down her cheek;  
"He'd work if he could, so tis hard to want food,  
and wander for employ;  
Don't turn him away, but let him stay,  
and be a farmer's boy,  
And be a farmer's boy.

And when the lad became a man,  
the good old farmer died,  
And left the lad the farm he had,  
and his daughter for his bride;  
The lad that was, the farm now has,  
oft smiles and thinks with joy,  
Of the lucky day he came that way  
to be a farmer's boy,  
To be a farmer's boy.

SIDE I, Band 9: SARIE

This song is probably not traditional in origin but is widely known by the people of Sussex. It may well be a music hall creation of the 19th century, for it bears great similarity in tone to several songs from that source concerning light-hearted kidding about one's sweetheart. Mr. Wales version was learned from a recording by the Sussex singer Albert Richardson. Both of Mr. Wales parents, plus other people in Sussex, knew fragments of the song, but were unable to sing it in its entirety.

Now I like my Sarie, she works on our farm,  
As long as she's true to I, I'll do her no harm;

When she told I, she'd marry I, I felt twice as big,  
For I'd rather have Sarie than Master's prize pig.

CHORUS:

For she's proud and she's beautiful, she's fat and  
she's fair,  
As the buttercups and the daisies that grows in the  
air.  
Fi dollar roller roller day, fi dollar roller day,  
Fi dollar rol, fi doller rol, fi doller roller roller  
day.

One day as my Sarie was a-milking a cow,  
The stool overbalanced and she fell somehow;  
"Have you hurt yourself very much," I started to yell;  
She said, "I only hurt my arm," but that wasn't where  
she fell.

My Sarie she fell in the river one day,  
And she might have been drowned had I not passed that  
way;  
When I saved her she looked at me as if I'd done some  
big crime,  
And said, "Just you minds where you grabs me next time."

Now when us two gets married, there's sure to be fun,  
For the parson, they say, he makes two into one;  
But I think that'll puzzle him, betwist you and me,  
There's enough fat on Sarie to make two or three.

SIDE I, Band 10: HORSHAM BOYS

This is a local horsham song refering to the Parliamentary election of 1847. One of the candidates was John Jervis. James was probably one of his political lieutenants. The song was used by Jervis' opponents in an attempt to discredit him for using an age-old devise in order to obtain votes. American listeners will recognize the song as a parody of the play-party and square dance tune of "Buffalo Gals". Mr. Wales learned the text from "A Parliamentary History of Horsham, 1295-1885" by William Albery (Horsham, 1927).

As I went lumbering down the street  
Down the street, down the street,  
Two rogues I did chance to meet,  
And this is what they say.

CHORUS:

Horsham boys, can't you come out tonight,  
Come out tonight, come out tonight,  
Horsham boys, can't you come out tonight,  
For a drunk with Jervis and James.

Then off to the Queen's Head they did go,  
They did go, they did go,  
With a very few voters, but the rest, you must know,  
Were the very scum of the town.

And there all night they dranked and smoked,  
Drinked and smoked, drinked and smoked,  
Till with punch they all seemed nearly choked,  
Disgusting was to see.

Electors of Horsham, what can ye think,  
What can ye think, what can ye think,  
Of that man, who, by giving you punch to drink,  
Expects you'll vote for him.

SIDE II, Band I: BUTTERCUP JOE

This song vies in popularity in Sussex with "To Be A Farmer's Boy" (Side I, Band 8). Such typical country songs concern the activities and life of the average English farm or plough boy, and as such are similar in content to the vast body of Scottish songs known as 'bothy' ballads. This version was learned from Mr. P. Laker of Brighton; he says these words were sung in Storrington and Pulborough around 1889. There is also an interesting version of this song called "Whistling Joe".

Now I be a rustic sort of chap,  
My mother lives o'er Thakem,

And my mother she's got lots more like I,  
 for her knows how to rear 'em;  
 Some they calls I Bacon Fat,  
 and others Turnip Head,  
 But I prove to you I be no mug,  
 because I'm country bred.

CHORUS:

Now I can guide a plow, milk a cow,  
 and I can reap and sow,  
 Fresh as the daisies in the fields,  
 and they calls I Buttercup Joe.

Now they gentry folks they laugh to see  
 how I eat fat bacon,  
 They would not touch a bit of it  
 and that's where they're mistaken;  
 On grogs and wine they do rely,  
 and take them at their ease,  
 But give I, a rustic chap,  
 a hunk of bread and cheese.

In Summer time, O aint it prime,  
 when we goes out haymaking;  
 The girls they love to tickle us,  
 and freedom will be taken.  
 Don't they like to rump about,  
 sit on our knees and play,  
 And don't they like us country chaps  
 to roll 'em in the hay.

Have you seen my young woman,  
 they calls her our Mary,  
 She works as busy as a bee  
 in farmer Jones' dairy,  
 And don't she make they dumplings fine,  
 by jingo, I mean to try 'em,  
 And ask her if she won't supply  
 a rustic chap like I am.

SIDE II, Band 2: THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

This ballad (number 105 in Child's collection) was printed frequently in broadside form in England and we can suppose it to have been extremely popular there at one time. In recent years, however, it is found to have hardly survived there in popular tradition. At the same time it has been collected rather widely in America. The various texts collected throughout the English-speaking world show an unusual lack of variation, and this is no doubt attributable to the frequency with which it appeared in print in broadside from the 17th century on.

This version was learned from Mrs. C. Potter of Horsham, who had learned it from her mother.

There was a youth, a well beloved youth,  
 And he was the Squire's son;  
 He loved the bailiff's daughter dear  
 That lived in Islington.

But she was coy and never would  
 On him her heart bestow,  
 Till he was sent to London town  
 Because he loved her so.

When seven long years had passed away,  
 She put on mean attire,  
 And straight to London she did go  
 About him to enquire.

And as she walked along the road,  
 The weather hot and dry,  
 She rested on a grassy bank  
 And her love came riding by.

"Give me a penny, thou goodly youth,  
 Relieve a maid forlorn."  
 "Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,  
 Pray tell me where you were born,"

"Oh, I was born at Islington,"  
 "Then tell me if you know

The Bailiff's daughter of that place."  
 "She died, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,  
 My saddle and bridle so,  
 And I'll go to some foreign land,  
 Where no man shall me know."

"Oh, stay, Oh, stay, thou goodly youth,  
 She standeth by thy side;  
 She's here alive, she is not dead,  
 And ready to be thy bride."

SIDE II, Band 3: HENRY MARTIN

This ballad (Child #250) is believed to have derived from the ballad of "Sir Andrew Barton" (Child #167), a longer naval ballad concerning piracy. "Henry Martin" texts usually contain the challenge to some merchant ship and its subsequent capture or sinking; "Sir Andrew Barton" continues from that point and has the King send out one of his captains to capture the pirates. The captain locates and defeats the pirates, and either kills or brings the pirate captain back to England to face the gallows. In America, both the shortened "Henry Martin" version and the longer ballad described above have been collected frequently. In England, however, only the shorter "Henry Martin" version has been collected from tradition.

The tune of the version sung here, and the last three stanzas of the text, were collected from Mr. C. Potter of Horsham. The first two stanzas are from a version collected by Cecil Sharp.

There were three brothers in merry Scotland,  
 In Scotland there lived brothers three;  
 And lots they did cast which should rob on the sea,  
 To maintain his two brothers and he, and he,  
 To maintain his two brothers and he.

The lot it did fall on Henry Martin,  
 The youngest of all the three,  
 All for to turn robber all on the salt sea,  
 To maintain his two brothers and he, and he,  
 To maintain his two brothers and he.

We've scarcely been sailing three cold winter's days,  
 Or scarcely three cold winter's nights,  
 Before we did spy a rich merchant man,  
 Come sailing upon the salt sea, salt sea,  
 Come sailing along the salt sea.

"Come lower your topsails, you merchantmen bold,  
 Come lower them unto me,  
 For I will take away all your rich flowing gold,  
 And send all your bodies to sea, to sea,  
 And send all your bodies to sea."

To broadside, to broadside, to battle we went,  
 We fought them three hours or more,  
 Until Sir Henry Martin, he gave the death wound,  
 And right down to the bottom sank she, sank she,  
 And right down to the bottom sank she.

SIDE II, Band 4: BRYAN O'LYNN

This favorite nursery song traces back to at least the 16th century. It is probably Scottish in origin, though usually identified as Irish, and is widely known in numerous variants throughout the English-speaking world. Modern versions have a tendency to become increasingly bawdy and ribald. The version sung here, as learned from Mr. Wales' mother, contains but a few of the innumerable stanzas to it which have thus far been collected.

Bryan O'Lynn was a gentleman born,  
 He lived at a time when no clothes they were worn;  
 As fashions walked out, of course, Bryan walked in,  
 "I'll soon lead the fashions," says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,  
So he brought him a sheepskin to make him a pair;  
With the wooly side out and the skinny side in,  
"A fine pair of breeches," says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no shirt to his back,  
So he went to his neighbors to borrow a sack;  
He puckered the meal bag up under his chin,  
"Oh, they'll take it for ruffles," says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn was hard up for a coat,  
So he borrowed a skin from a neighboring goat;  
With the horns sticking out from the shoulders within,  
"They'll take them for pistols," says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, his wife and wife's mother,  
They all got into the bed together;  
The sheets they were old and the blankets were thin,  
"So we'll lay close together," says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, his wife and wife's mother,  
Were all coming over the bridge together;  
But the bridge it broke down and let them all in,  
"Oh, we'll go home by the water," says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, he went courting one night,  
And he set both his wife and wife's mother to fight;  
To fight for his hand, they both stripped to the skin,  
"Oh, I'll marry you both," says Bryan O'Lynn.

SIDE II, Band 5: FOUR CHILDREN'S SINGING GAMES  
(The Farmer in his Den; Nuts in May;  
Poor Mary Sits A-Weeping; Oranges  
and Lemons)

Children the world over play games which are accompan-  
ied by singing. These games often involve simple  
activities, or are acted out. The four games sung  
here by Mr. Wales were learned as a boy in Sussex.  
They are not, however, indigenous to Sussex, or, for  
that matter, to England, for they are known and played  
all over the English-speaking world. To be sure,  
national and local pride and conditions affect the  
form of the games, but basically, aside from slight  
textual changes, the games are the same wherever they  
are played.

The farmer's in his den, the farmer's in his den,  
Hey ho, the fairy-O, the farmer's in his den.

The farmer takes a wife, etc....

The wife takes a child, etc....

The child takes a nurse, etc....

The nurse takes a dog, etc....

They all pat the dog, etc....

Here we go gathering nuts in May, nuts in May,  
nuts in May,  
Here we go gathering nuts in May, on a cold and  
frosty morning.

Who will we have for nuts in May, etc....

We will have Joan for nuts in May, etc....

Who will we have to take her away, etc....

We will have John to take her away, etc....

Poor Mary sits a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,  
Poor Mary sits a-weeping on a bright summer's day.

Pray tell us what you're weeping for, etc....

I'm weeping for a sweetheart, etc....

Then choose yourself a sweetheart, etc....

Oranges and Lemons, say the bells of St. Clements;  
You owe me five farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's;  
When will you pay me, say the bells of Old Bailey;  
When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch;  
When will that be, says the bells of Stepney;  
I do not know, says the great bells of Bow.

SIDE II, Band 6: THE WOODCUTTER

This is but one of numerous harvest-supper songs sung  
by the country people of England. In actuality, they  
were drinking songs, for the cup of each member of the  
company would be filled before this song began. The  
song was sung as many times as there were guests, one  
person drinking after each repetition, and in success-  
ion, until all had emptied their glasses. This version  
was learned from the collection of Sussex-Songs made  
by the Reverend John Broadwood, with later additions  
by his niece Lucy E. Broadwood. It was published in  
1890.

Here's a health unto the jolly woodcutter,  
That lives at home at ease;  
He takes his work a slight in hand,  
And he leaves it when he please.  
He takes the withy and he winds it,  
And he lays it on the ground,  
Around the faggot he binds it,  
Drink round, brave boys, drink round.

CHORUS:

Drink round, brave boys, drink round, brave boys,  
Till it does come to me;  
The longer we sit here and drink,  
The merrier we shall be.

Here's a health unto our master,  
The founder of the feast;  
I wish him well with all my heart,  
That his soul in heaven may rest,  
That all his works may prosper,  
Whatever he takes in hand,  
For we are all his servants,  
And all at his command.

CHORUS:

So drink, boys, drink, so drink, boys, drink,  
And see you do not spill,  
For if you do, you shall drink two,  
For it is our master's will.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE PLOUGHBOY

Here is another song with typical country sentiment,  
this time in praise of the ploughboy. There are  
several such songs, each of which borrows stanzas  
from the others. The picture it paints is a glowing  
one, though, to be sure, the ploughboy's lot was not  
an easy one. There was satisfaction in a job well  
done, however, and a ploughboy who smiled at his good  
fortune and made light of his ills was certainly  
capable of viewing his life through roseate glasses.

This version appears in John and Lucy Broadwood's  
Sussex Songs, published in 1890.

Come all you jolly ploughboys,  
come listen to my lays,  
And join with me in chorus,  
I'll sing the ploughboy's praise;  
My song is of the ploughboy's fame,  
and unto you I'll relate the same:  
He whistles, sings and drives his team,  
the brave ploughing boy.

So early in the morning,  
this ploughboy he is seen,  
He hastens to the stable,  
his horses for to clean;  
Their manes and tails he will comb straight,  
with chaff and corn he does them bait,  
Then he'll endeavor to plough straight,  
the brave ploughing boy.

Now all things being ready,  
the harness put on, too,  
All with smiling countenance,  
his work he will pursue;  
The small birds sing on every tree,  
the cuckoo joins in harmony,  
To welcome him they all agree,  
the brave ploughing boy.

So early in the morning  
to harrow, plough and sow,  
And with a gentle cast, my boys,  
we'll give the corn a throw;  
This makes the valleys thick to stand,  
with corn to fill the reaper's hand,  
All this you well may understand,  
does the brave ploughing boy.

Now the corn it is a-growing,  
and seed time it is o'er,  
Our master he does welcome us,  
and ope's the cellar door;  
With cake and ale we have our fill,  
because we've done our work so well,  
There's none here can excel the skill  
of the brave ploughing boy.

Now the corn it is a-growing,  
the fields look fresh and gay,  
The cheerful lads come in to mow,  
whilst damsels make the hay;  
The ears of corn they now appear,  
and peace and plenty crown the year,  
So we'll be merry and drink whilst here,  
to the brave ploughing boy.

#### SIDE II, Band 8: THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA

This touching little ballad is thematically similar to several broadside ballads concerning a foreign stranger who meets a pretty country girl and falls in love, proposes to her, wins her hand, and settles in his new found country as a wealthy man. It is not surprising that such a theme was popular with the poor country girls whose every dream would be fulfilled by such an occurrence. It is well known, in interesting variants, in other parts of England, as well, though this Sussex version is one of the best.

Mr. Wales learned this version W. H. Gill's Songs of the British Folk, as taken down from the singing of Mrs. Sivyver of Clapham, Sussex, in 1911, with a first verse added from a version of the same song sent to the West Sussex Gazette in 1904.

One morning I careless did ramble,  
Pure winds and soft breezes did blow,  
It was down by a clear crystal river,  
Where the sweet purling waters did flow.  
It was there I beheld a fair creature,  
Some goddess appearing to be,  
As she rose from the reeds by the water,  
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I stepped up and bid her good morning,  
When her fair cheeks did blush like a rose,  
Said I, "The green meadows are charming,  
Your guardian I'll be if you choose,"  
She said, "I'm in want of no guardian,  
Young man, you're a stranger to me,  
And yonder my father's a-coming,  
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I waited till up came her father,  
When I plucked up my courage once more,  
I said, "If this be your fair daughter,  
That beautiful girl I adore.  
Ten thousand a year is my fortune,  
And a lady your daughter shall be,  
To ride with her carriage and horses,  
On the green mossy banks of the Lea."

They welcomed me home to their cottage,  
Soon after in wedlock to join,  
And there I erected a castle,  
Where splendor and riches did shine.

So now the American stranger,  
All pleasure and pastime can see,  
With adorable, gentle Matilda,  
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

#### SIDE II, Band 9: RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN

This melodically gay, but textually sad story of an unsuccessful courtship by a young farmer lad has been a favorite of English country singers for several centuries. More romantically minded singers have created a version in which young Richard's compliments do so delight all concerned that he wins Mistress Jean before nightfall. Nineteenth century broadside versions of this ballad do not appear to have effected the ballad as sung in tradition, for numerous texts, some differing quite radically, have been collected up to the present day. This version was learned by Mr. Wales as a young boy.

Last New Year's Day, as I've heard say,  
Young Richard mounted his dapple grey,  
And trotted along to Taunton Dean,  
To court the parson's daughter Jean.

CHORUS:  
Dumble-dum-deary, dumble-dum-deary,  
Dumple-dum, dumple-dum, dumple-dum-day.

Miss Jean she came without delay,  
To hear what Richard had got for to say:  
"I suppose you know me, Mistress Jean,  
I'm honest Richard of Taunton Dean.

"I'm an honest fellow, although I be poor,  
And I never were in love before;  
My mother she bid me come here to woo,  
For I can fancy none but you."

"Suppose that I were to be your bride,  
Pray how would you for me provide,  
For I can neither sew nor spin,  
Pray what will your day's work bring in."

"Why I can plough and I can sow,  
And sometimes I to market go,  
With gaffer Johnson's straw or hay,  
And earns my ninepence every day."

"Ninepence a day 'twill never do,  
For I must have silks and satins, too;  
Nine pence a day won't buy us meat."  
"Adzooks," says Dick, "I've a sack of wheat."

"Besides I have a house hard by,  
Tis all my own when mammy do die;  
If thee and I were married now,  
I'd feed thee as fat as my father's old sow."

But strange to say, Miss Jean was shy,  
And did the diffident youth deny;  
Young Richard took huff, and no more would say,  
But he mounted old Dobbin and galloped away.