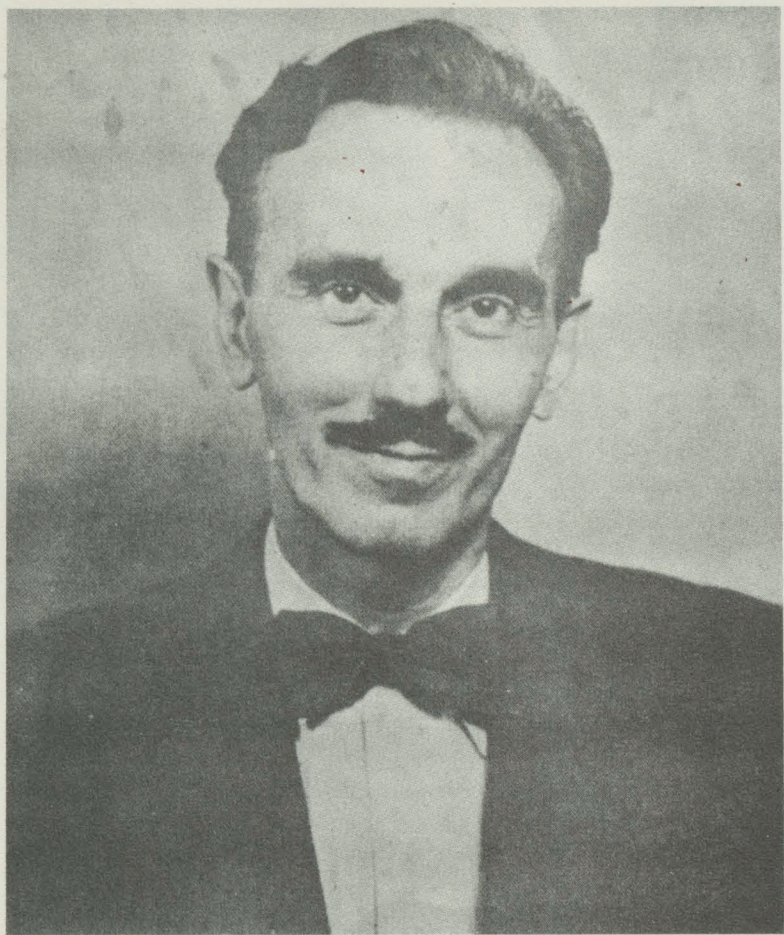


ENGLISH FOLK SONGS



I'm Seventeen Cum Sunday
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The Lover's Departure
Poachers of Lincolnshire
Old Farmer Buck
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Herchard O' Taunton Dean
Tally Ho! My Sportsmen
Johnny, My Jingalo
The Eddystone Light
Turmut Hoeing
Jack Hall
AA Hope Ye'll Be Kind To -
Me Dowter
Barkshire Tragedy
The Derby Tup
Jan's Courtship

sung by WALLACE HOUSE with guitar

LINCOLNSHIRE, YORKSHIRE, KENT, LANCASHIRE, DORSETSHIRE,
CUMBERLAND, SOMERSETSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, LONDON,
WESTMORELAND, NORFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, BERKSHIRE,
OXFORDSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP., N.Y. FW 6823

M
1740
H842
E58
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MUSIC LP

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Descriptive notes are Inside Pocket

Library of Congress Card Catalogue #R 54-302
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FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 6823
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sung by WALLACE HOUSE
with guitar

LINCOLNSHIRE, YORKSHIRE, KENT, LANCASHIRE, DORSETSHIRE,
CUMBERLAND, SOMERSETSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, LONDON,
WESTMORELAND, NORFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, BERKSHIRE,
OXFORDSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE.

On a visit to England in 1948, Wallace House traveled through the countryside listening to the songs of the people and refreshing his memory with dialects he recalled from his youth. Born in Guernsey, Channel Islands, his forebears all came from the south of England. His family went to Canada when he was nine years old and settled in Toronto. From his parents and their English friends he learned many English folk songs. As a boy he sang in the choir of St. Alban's Cathedral and later in oratorios, grand opera choruses and in operettas, before taking up his main vocation in life - acting. He came to New York where he played in a number of Broadway shows. Meanwhile he began a study of ballads of all countries and amassed a considerable repertoire of songs which he performed in clubs, theatre productions and radio. He became a member of the faculty of New York University and taught folk song there for ten years. Mr. House has appeared recently in a number of plays on television as a ballad singing actor and is at present on the faculties of both Columbia and New York Universities.

Introduction and notes on the recordings
by Wallace House

The dialects of England, although varying from county to county and sometimes from town to town, may be divided roughly into four major divisions. The people of the South West and Lower Midlands have a very heavy drawling quality predominant in their speech; those of the South East and lower North Sea coast counties possess a lighter quality which, in the United States, is sometimes confused with Cockney. The speech of the Upper Midlands -- notably Yorkshire and Lancashire -- has a close relationship with the drawl of the South West, modified by the crisper accent of the Celtic people of Scotland and Upper Wales. The dialect of the Northern Counties (Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland) has a strong savor of the Scottish Border speech.

These are generalizations, of course, and like all generalizations are capable of contradiction and modification, but for our purpose these arbitrary divisions should give us a helpful approach to the appreciation of English dialects. The first division would include the recorded selections from Dorsetshire, Lincoln-

shire, Somerset, Berkshire, Oxfordshire and Devonshire; the second division -- Kent, Gloucestershire, Norfolk and London; the third -- Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire; and the last division -- Cumberland, Westmoreland and Northumberland.

It is interesting to Americans to note that several speech sounds which are dialectical in the United States stem from certain English dialects: for example, the hard "r" sound used in Somerset and Devon may be found in the speech of parts of our Middle West; the addition of the "y" sound in "card" (yard) or in "gate" (gyate) as used in Lincolnshire is still a part of mountain speech in some of our southern states.

Notes on the Recordings

Band 1. (Lancashire) I'm Seventeen Cum Sunday. This song seems to be known among the country people of nearly every part of England. The version here presented was found in Lancashire and seems to have been used as a dance accompaniment. It very likely originated as such. The tune is in the Dorian mode.

As I walked out one May morning,
One May morning so early,
I overtook a handsome meyd,
Just as the sun was risin'.

With my rue doom dey, fol the diddle dol,
Fol the dol the diddle doom the dey.

'Er shoes were bright, 'er stockin's white,
And 'er buckles shone like silver;
She 'ad a black and rolling eye,
And 'er 'air hung down 'er shoulder.
With my rue doom dey, etc.

'Ow old are you, my fair pretty mayde?
'Ow old are you, my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully:
"I'm seventeen cum Sunday."
With my rue doom dey, etc.

Can you luv me, my fair pretty mayde?
Wilya marry me, my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully:
"I dare not for my mummy."
With my rue doom dey, etc.

I went down to 'er mummy's house;
The moon was shinin' clearly,
I sang beneath 'er window peyne:

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"Your soldier luv's you dearly."
With my rue doom dey, etc.

"O soldier, will you marry me?
For now's your time or never:
For if you do not marry me,
My heart is broke for ever."
With my rue doom dey, etc.

And now she is the soldier's wife;
And sails across the brine, O!
The droom and fife is my delight,
And a merry man is mine, O!
With my rue doom dey, etc.

Band 2. (Yorkshire) On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
A Yorkshire song, the title of which refers to a young man who has crossed the moor (Ilkley Moor) without a hat (bar t'at). This is a type of song found in many countries -- the song which completes a cycle. The French song, "Le Cycle du Vin", is one of the best examples. The musical structure of this song from Yorkshire is based upon church forms and the refrain is usually very thickly harmonized.

Whear 'ast tha been sin' I saw thee?
on Ilkley Moor bar t'at.
Whear 'ast tha been sin' I saw thee?
Whear 'ast tha been sin' I saw thee?
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at,
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at,
On Ilkley Moor bar t'at.

Tha's been a-coortin' Mary Jayun.
On Ilkley Moor, etc., etc.

Tha'll go an' get thee death o' cowlid.
On Ilkley Moor, etc., etc.

Then we shall ha' to bury thee.
On Ilkley Moor, etc., etc.

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the estate of the squire or rich land owner held great fascination for the village black sheep.

Wen I was beownd apprentice in fyamous Lincoln sheer,
I served my myaster faithfully, for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly he
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

As me and my companions were setting of a snare
'Twas then we spied the gyamekeeper--for him we didn't care;
For we can wrestle and fight me boys, jump over anywhere, --
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

As me and my companions were settin' four and five,
And tyakin' of them up agyen, we took the hare alive;
We popped 'er into a bag, me boys, and thro' the wood did steer, --
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

I threw 'er on my shoulders, and wandered through the teown,
We took 'er to a neighbor'sheows, and sold 'er for a creown;
We sold 'er for a creown, me boys, but I didn't tell you where, --
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincoln-sheer,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gyamekeeper that will not sell 'is deer, --
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

Er ring from 'er finger
She gentlie withdrew
Syein', "Tyke this, dear William,
An' yuh know I'll prove true."
An' wile they were embracin' of,
Tears from 'er eyes fell
Syein', "Mye I go along wiv you?"
"O, no, me love, farewell."
Syein', "Mye I go along wiv you?"
"O, no, me love, farewell."

Band 4. (Lincolnshire) The Poachers of Lincolnshire. This song is self-explanatory. "Poaching on somebody else's preserves has become a saying, and the practice of trapping small game, such as rabbits, on the estate of the squire or rich land owner held great fascination for the village black sheep.

Wen I was beownd apprentice in fyamous Lincoln-sheer,
I served my myaster faithfully, for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear.
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gyamekeeper--for him we didn't care;
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Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincoln-sheer,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gyamekeeper that will not sell 'is deer, --
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

Band 5. (Dorsetshire) Old Farmer Buck. This is in the nature of a comic song, many of which are found in rural English folk music. The chorus, translated, is "Why does he go for to act this way
Because he was a fool,
and a great big fool,
Because he was a fool,
as we all do say."

Awld Varmer Buck 'e baht 'im a duck,
An' 'e cut off 'er feet 'cause 'er walked in the muck;
An' wen 'er wouldn't go vur to roost like a crow,
'E cut off 'er 'ead vur to make 'er to do zo.

CHORUS:
Wy do 'e go vur to act thicky way?
'Cause 'e were a vool an' a gurt big vool,
'Cause 'e were a vool, as us a' do zay.

Awld Varmer Bourne 'e baht 'im a 'orn
Vur to get 'im up early in the chill o' the morn;
An' 'ow did 'e know what time vur to blow
'E zaid 'e could tell by the rooster's crow.

CHORUS:
Wy do 'e go, etc.

Awld Varmer Bunn 'e baht 'im a gun
An' 'e look'd down the barr'l vur to zee how
'twere dun;
At the very virst try it got 'im in the eye
An' 'e never had time vur to zay good-bye.

CHORUS:
Wy do 'e go, etc.

Band 6. (Cumberland) Because I Were Shy. Another comic song, this time from the northern county of Cumberland. This is a typical English song of naive love. Another example is the song from Devonshire, "Jan's Courtship."

As I were a-walking upon a fine day
I met a fine lady from over the way.
She smiled as she passed with a glint in her eye,
But I stood and I bloosh-ed because I were shy.

Says I to meself, "Cum, Johnny," says I,
"If tha'd wish for to win her the's naught but to try."
So I doff-ed me 'at as I wink-ed me eye;
Then I donn-ed it on again 'cause I were shy.

She walk-ed before me for nearly a mile
Until she got stook on the top of a stile.
Says she, "Wilya 'elp me? 'I'll try it," says I;
But I 'ollered for muther because I were shy.

She called me a noodle-- I made a grimace,
Then she oop wi' 'er fist and she slapp-ed me face,
When oop came me bruther so spruce and so spry
And off I skidaddled because I were shy.

She 'ooked 'is arm and she 'ook-ed 'im too;
They were wedded as soon as the banns 'ad gone through.
Now they've lots of wee childer and troubles foreby
So I think I were loocky because I were shy.

Band 7. (Somersetshire) Young Herchard o' Taunton Dean. This ballad of young Richard of Taunton Dean in Somersetshire is another example of the love-making theme -- this time successful. The gauche nature of the country boy, who seems, however, to understand the economics of the marital relationship, is excellently exemplified in this song. It is a very good one of its kind.

One Zunday morn, as I've heard zay,
Young Herchard mounted his Dobbin gray,
And over the hills he rode ameeun,
A-coortin' the passon's daughter Jeeun.

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble dum day.

Young Herchard had on his Zunday claws,
His buckskin breeches and silken hose,
A brand new hat upon his head
As were bedecked wi' ribbon so red.

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble dum day.

Young Herchard, he rode without any fear
Till he came to the whoam of his own sweet dear;
He up and he shouted, "Hullo, hullo,
Be the volks at whoam? Say ees or noo."

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble dum day.

The servants quickly let Dick in
So that his coortin' might begin;
And when he got inside the hall,
He loudly for Mees Jeeun did bawl.

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble dum day.

Mees Jeeun came down without de lay
To see what Herchard had got fur to zay,
He says, "Ah suppose ye do knaw, Mees Jeeun
That Oi be Herchard o' Taunton Deeun?"

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble dum day.

"Oi'm an honest lad though Oi be poor,
And Oi never was in love avoor;
But feyther he've sent Oi out fur to woo,
And Oi can't vancy noan but you."

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble dum day.

"If Oi consent to be your bride,
Pray how for me will you provide?"
"Oi'll give you all Oi have, Oi'm zure,
What can a poor vellow do fur ye more?"

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble dum day.

Fur Oi can reap and Oi can zow,
And Oi can plough and Oi can hoe;

Oi goes to market wi' feyther's hay,
And earns me nine pence every day."

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble
dum day.

"Ninepence a day would never do,
For Oi must have silks and satins too;
'Twill ne'er be enough for you and Oi,
"Oh coom," says Herchard, "Us can but troi."

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble
dum day.

"Fur Oi've a pig poked up in a stoi,
As'll coom to us when Granny do doi;
And if you'll conzent for to marry me now,
Whoi feyther he'll give us his voin vat zow."

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble
dum day.

Dick's compliments were zo polite,
He won Mees Jeeun avoor it were night;
An' when her'd got no moor fur to zay,
Whoi he gee'd her a kiss, and her coom'd away.

CHORUS:
With my dooble dum, dollykin, dooble
dum day.

Band 8. (Gloucestershire) Tally Ho! My Fine Sports-
men. This song was sung for me by my father. I have
never seen it in print anywhere. He didn't remember
who taught it to him but he learned it as a young man
while he was working in Gloucestershire. It is a good
example of the hunting song untouched by the hands of
the formal musician.

The sun was just peepin' its head o'er the hills
And the ploughboy came whistlin' across the plough-
ed fields
And the birds they did sing, how sweetly their lye.
Tally-'o, my fine sportsmen, Tally-'O, 'ark awye.

CHORUS:
Tally-'O, Tally-'O, Tally-'O, 'ark awye
We will sing to the joys of our fox-'untin dye.

Come, gentlemen sportsmen, and myke no delye,
Quick, saddle your 'osses and let's brush awye.
Sir 'Enry comes up with 'is musical 'orn,
Tally-'O, my fine sportsmen, come join us along.

CHORUS:
Tally-'O, Tally-'O, etc.

We ran 'im in chase full forty long miles
Over 'edges, over ditches, over gytes, over stiles.
The fox is in view and 'is mettle is gone,
We will soon overtyke 'im for 'is brush drags along.

CHORUS:
Tally-'O, Tally-'O, etc.

Side II

Band 1. (Westmoreland) Gently Johnny, My Jingalo.
This is another of those songs which are found in
many parts of England. There are many unprintable
versions of this song, I understand. I've never heard
them. I think this is a charming version and is the
one sung generally throughout the island. At any rate,
it's the one I got from Westmorelandshire. This is
also a dance song and has a modal quality - Mixdydn.

I put my hand all in her own
Fair maid is a lily, O,
She said "If you luv me alone

Cum to me quietly, do not do me injury
Gently, Johnny, my Jingalo."

I said "You know I luv you dear".
Fair maid is a lily, O,
She whispered softly in my ear,
"Cum to me" etc.

I placed my arm about her waist
Fair maid is a lily, O,
She laughed and turned away her face,
"Cum to me" etc.

I kissed her lips like rubies red
Fair maid is a lily, O,
She bloosht then tenderly she said,
"Cum to me" etc.

I slipped a ring all in her hand
Fair maid is a lily, O,
She said, "The parson's near at hand,
Cum to me" etc.

I took her to the church next day
Fair maid is a lily, O,
The birds did sing and she did say,
"Cum to me" etc.

Band 2. (Norfolk) The Eddystone Light.
When I was in Plymouth I was told many stories
about the Eddystone Light, but I had to go to Nor-
folk, a great seacoast county on the North Sea, to
collect this song. There are many variations on this
theme of the lighthouse keeper with strange family
ties. Several versions of this song may be found in
the United States.

Me father was the keeper of the Eddystown Loight
'E married a mer-my-ade one noight.
Out o' the match cyme children three,
Two was fish an' the other was me.

CHORUS:
Jolly stories, jolly told
Wen the winds is bleak, an' the noights is
cowld
No sich loife can be led on the shore,
As is 'ad on the rocks by the ocean's roar.

Wen I was but a boyish chp
They put me in charge o' the owld loight-ship.
I trimmed the lamps an' I filled 'em with oil
An' I played seven-up accordin' to 'Oyle.

CHORUS:
Jolly stories, etc.

One ev'nin' as I was a-trimmin' the glim
An' singin' a verse o' the ev'nin' 'ymn
I see be the loight o' me binnacle lamp
Me koind owld father blookin' jolly an' damp;
An' a voice from the starboard shouted "Ahoy!"
An' there was me gran'mother sittin' on a buoy--
Meanin' a buoy for ships wot syle
An' not a boy wot's a juvenile myle.

CHORUS:
Jolly stories, etc.

Band 3. (Oxfordshire) Turmut Hoing.
You might call this a vocational song. Turnip hoeing
seems to have been a most desirable occupation, at
least compared with mowing. The chorus, translated
is:

"The flies buzz, the flies buzz, the flies be on
the turnip
And it's all me oi' but I has to try to keep
them off the turnip."

'Twas on a jolly summer's morn, the twenty-virst
of May,
Giles Scroggins took 'is turmut-'oe, with which 'e
troodged away:
Vor zum deloights in 'aymakin', an' zum they van-
cies mowin',
But of all the trades as Oi loikes best, give Oi the

turmut-'oein'.
The vlies booz, the vlies booz, the vlies be
on the turmut;
And it's all me oi and Oi yus to troi, to kyeep
'em off the turmut.

Now the virst place as Oi went ta work, it were at
Varmer Tower's,
'E vowed an' swared an' then declared, Oi were
a virst-rate 'oer.
Now the next place as Oi went ta work, Oi took it
by the job,
But if Oi'd ha' knowed it a little avore, I'd zooner
been in quod.
The vlies booz, the vlies booz, the vlies be
on the turmut;
And it's all me oi and Oi yus to troi, to kyeep
'em off the turmut.

Wen Oi was ower at yonder varm, they zent vor Oi
a-mowin',
But Oi zent word back Oi'd zooner 'ave the zack,
than lose me turmut-'oein'.
Now all you jolly varmin' lads as boides at 'ome
zo warm,
Oi now concludes moi ditty 'ere, with wishin' you
no 'arm.
The vlies booz, the vlies booz, the vlies be
on the turmut,
And it's all me oi and Oi yus to troi, to kyeep
'em off the turmut.

Band 4. (London) Jack Hall.
Jack Hall was a chimney sweep who was executed for
burglary in 1701. This ballad is the precursor of the
later song, "Sam Hall," which was sung with great
success from 1845 to 1850 by a comic singer in London
named G. W. Ross. "Sam Hall" has been brought to
America and widely sung here. This original song,
"Jack Hall," is a London song but is sung throughout
the English countryside as well -- notably in Somer-
set. It is in the Aeolian mode.

Ow my nyme it is Jack 'All, chimney sweep,
chimney sweep,
Ow my nyme it is Jack 'All, chimney sweep.
Ow my nyme it is Jack 'All, an' I've robbed
bowth gryte an' small,
An' my neck shall pye for all, wen I die, wen I die,
An' my neck shall pye for all, wen I die.

I 'ave twenty pounds in store, that's no jowk,
that's no jowk,
I 'ave twenty pounds in store, that's no jowk,
I 'ave twenty pounds in store an' I'll rob for
twenty more
An' my neck shall pye for all, wen I die, wen I die,
An' my neck shall pye for all, wen I die.

Ow they tell me that in jyle, I shall die, I shall die
Ow they tell me that in jyle, I shall die,
Ow they tell me that in jyle, I shall drink no more
brown ayle,
But be dashed if ever I fyle, till I die, till I die,
But be dashed if ever I fyle, till I die.

Ow, I rode up Tyburn 'Ill in a cart, in a cart,
Ow, I rode up Tyburn 'Ill in a cart.
Ow, I rode up Tyburn 'Ill, an' 'twas there I made
my will,
Syein', "The best o' friends must part, so fare-
well, so farewell,"
Syein', "The best o' friends must part, so fare-
well."

Up the ladder I did growpe, that's no jowk, that's
no jowk,
Up the ladder I did growpe, that's no jowk.
Up the ladder I did growpe an' the 'angman spread
the rowpe.
Ow, but never a word I spowke, comin' down,
down,
Ow, but never a word I spowke, comin' down.

Band 5. (Northumberland) AA Hope Ye'll Be Kind To Me Dowter. This may be called a match-maker's song in which the father extols the virtues of his daughter and the pleasures of married life. This song is from the Tyneside district of Newcastle, the great coal mining center of Northumberland.

One neet Jack Thomson sat beside his canny sweet-heart's fethur-

"We'll hev a crack," the aad man said, "since we are met together.

Ye've gyen wi' Mary two years noo an' what aw'm gan te menshun

Is--aa hope that yor gan wiv hor wi myest honribil intenshun.

CHORUS:

For oh, Johnny, a canny lass is she and aa hope ye'll be kind to me dowter.

She may be kind o' flighty that's a falt wi' a' young lasses;

She may be kind o' tawky on myest ivverything that passes;

But if she wes ony uther way she waddent be a wummin,

An' by gox she's like hor muthor, and hor muthor is a rumm un.

CHORUS:

But oh, Johnny, etc.

Aa hope she'll be as happy as her muthor's been wi' me, lad,

Tho' sumtimes we faall oot a bit we varry seun agree lad,

Te leeve as jolly as can be byeth hor and me's detarmind

An' when we hev a row or two we nivvor see ne harm in't.

CHORUS:

For oh, Johnny, etc.

Ye'll treat wor Mary weel me lad an' always be kind tiv hor,

Ye'll nivvor rue yor bargain, no, aw's sartin that ye'll nivvor,

She can de the hoose-torns clivvor just as clivvor as hor muthor.

An' for sewin', knittin', darnin', whey thor isn't sich anuthor.

CHORUS:

Then oh, Johnny, etc.

We'll help ye ivery way we can te set the hoose up decent,

The fethur bed and ite day clock'll not be a bad prisint,

An' when ye've bairns we'll help ye tee, at borth or death or chrisnin',

But noo sa better haad me tung for fear somebody's lissenin'.

CHORUS:

But oh, Johnny, etc."

Band 6. (Berkshire) The Barkshire Tragedy.

The story of the Berkshire tragedy and of the sad death of the youngest sister has been transported to the United States and can be found in the song, "There Lived an Old Lord by the Northern Sea."

The words and tune are almost identical which is unusual in songs which have been passed from one country to another. Usually either tune or words resemble the original but seldom both.

A varmer 'e lived in the West Countree . . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

A varmer 'e lived in the West Countree, and 'e 'ad daughters, one, two and three.

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

As they were walkin' by the river's brim . . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

As they were walkin' by the river's brim, the eldest pushed the youngest in;

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

"O zister, O zister, pray gee me thy 'and . . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

"O zister, O zister, pray gee me thy 'and, and I'll gee thee both 'ouse and land."

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

"I'll neither gee thee 'and nor gluv. . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

"I'll neither gee thee 'and nor gluv, unless thou'lt gee me thine own true luv,

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

Zo down she zank and away she swam. . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

Zo down she zank and away she swam, until she came to the miller's dam,

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

The miller 'e got 'is pole and 'ook. . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

The miller 'e got 'is pole and 'ook, and vished the vair maid out of the brook,

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

"O miller, I'll gee thee guineas ten. . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

"O miller, I'll gee thee guineas ten, if thou'lt vetch me back to my vather agen,

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

The miller 'e took 'er guineas ten. . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

The miller 'e took 'er guineas ten, and 'e pushed the vair maid in agen,

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

They 'anged the miller beside 'is own gete. . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

They 'anged the miller beside his own gete, for drowning the varmer's daughter Kate,

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

The zister she fled beyond the zeas. . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

The zi ter she fled beyond the zeas, and died an old maid among zavagees,

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

Zo I've ended my tale of the West Countree. . . with a 'ey down, bow down;

Zo I've ended my tale of the West Countree, and they calls it the Barkshire Tragedee,

And I'll be true to my luv, if my luv'll be true to me.

Band 7. (Derbyshire) The Derby Tup.

"The Derby Tup" or "Ram" is a fine example of a song of exaggeration. This type of song in which exaggeration is the keynote is very common in cowboy folk music and is a variation in song of the tall story.

As I was going to Darby, Sir, 'twas on a soomer's day

I met the finest tup, Sir, that ever was fed on 'ey;

And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I never was given ta lie,

And if you'd been ta Darby, Sir, you'd 'ave seen 'im as well as I.

The tup was fat be'ind, Sir, the tup was fat before,

An' every time it put 'is's foot down, it covered an acre or more.

And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I never was given ta lie

And if you'd been ta Darby, Sir, you'd 'ave seen 'im as well as I.

The wool that grew on 'is sides, Sir, made fifty packs complete,

An' that was sent ta Flanders to clothe the British fleet;

And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I never was given ta lie

And if you'd been ta Darby, Sir, you'd 'ave seen 'im as well as I.

The tail that 'oong be'ind 'im, was fifty yards and an ell;

An' that was sent ta Darby ta ring the old church bell.

And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I never was given ta lie,

And if you'd been ta Darby, Sir, you'd 'ave seen 'im as well as I.

The butcher that killed the Tup, Sir, was in danger of 'is life,

'E called unto the company, ta bring 'im a larger knife.

And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I never was given ta lie,

And if you'd been ta Darby, Sir, you'd 'ave seen 'im as well as I.

All the old women in Darby, came beggin' for 'is ears, Ta make 'em a leather apron, ta last 'em forty years.

And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I never was given ta lie,

And if you'd been ta Darby, Sir, you'd 'ave seen 'im as well as I.

The man that killed this tup, Sir, was drowned in 'is blud;

An' all the people that looked on were washed away in the flud.

And indeed, Sir, 'tis true, Sir, I never was given ta lie,

And if you'd been ta Darby, Sir, you'd 'ave seen 'im as well as I

Band 8. (Devonshire) Jan's Courtship.

Another of the songs of lovers' naivete. It is interesting to note that "the stocks" are mentioned in this song which certainly gives it some age. The refrain "Yes, I will - Man, I will - Sure, I will etc." gives it a curious metrical form which is unusual in folk ballads.

"Come 'ither, zon Jan, zince thou art a man,

Oi'll gi'e the best counsel in loife,

Come zit down by me, and my story shall be,

Oi'll tell 'ow to get thee a wolfe.

Iss, Oi will! Man, Oi will! Zure Oi will!

Thoi zelf thou must dress in thy Zunday-go-best;

They'll at first turn away and be shoi.

But boldly kiss each purty maid that thou zee'est,

They'll call thee their luv, boi-an'-boi.

Iss, they will! Man, they will! Zure, they will!

They'll call thee their luv boi-an'-boi! Iss, they will!"

Zo a-coortin' Jan goes in 'is oliday clothes,

All trim, nothin' ragged and torn,

Vrom 'is 'at to 'is 'ose; with a sweet yella rose,

'E looked loike a gentleman born.

Iss, 'e did! Man, 'e did! Zure, 'e did!

'E looked loike a gentleman born! Iss, 'e did!

The virst pretty lass that Jan did zee pass,

A varmer's vat daughter called Grace.

'E'd scarce zaid, "Ow do?" and a koind word or two,

'Er vetchted 'im a slap in the vace.

Iss, 'er did! Man, 'er did! Zure 'er did!

'Er vetchted 'im a slap in the vace! Iss, 'er did!

As Jan, never wearin' o' nothin' at all

Was walkin' adown by the locks.

'E kiss'd the parson's wolfe, which stirred up a stroife

An' Jan was put into the stocks.

Iss, 'e was! Man, 'e was! Zure, e was!

An' Jan was put into the stocks! Iss, 'e was!

"If this be the way, 'ow to get me a wolfe."

Quoth Jan, "Oi will never 'ave none.

Oi'd rather live zingle the 'ole of me loife

An' 'ome to me mummy Oi'll run.

Iss, Oi will! Man, Oi will! Zure, Oi will!

An' 'ome to me mummy Oi'll run! Iss, Oi will!"