

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8719

FOLK SONGS
and BALLADS
of the
BRITISH ISLES



sung
and played by

PAUL
GWYNNE
PHILLIPS

M
1738
P562
F666
1964

MUSIC LP

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JOHNSON'S MOTOR CAR

The revolution of 1916 in Ireland gave birth to hundreds of songs. The explanations of references in this song, as given to me, are as follows: Johnson was a doctor whom the English authorities trusted and, as a means of identification, gave him a silver star.

Specials, otherwise known as "Black and Tans" (they wore khaki jackets and black trousers) was an auxiliary police force recruited in England, hated throughout Ireland. At one point railwaymen refuse to run trains carrying them. The I.R.A., Irish Republican Army, was the name taken by Irish patriots from the old Fenian name.

Finn Fein means "ourselves alone", a group that stood for complete separation from England, economic and political.

I first heard the song either from John Hasted or John Comley, both British singers - and English at that. I think Dominic Behan once told me that, in reality, Johnson was an Irish sympathizer who gave his car to the rebels and was re-imbursed for it by the English. Later he got his car back and, to cap it, the rebels helped him to drink the money away. I wouldn't swear that he told me so, but I think it.

As down by Cackers corner
One morning I did stray
I met a fellow rebel
And to him I did say

"I've orders from the captain to assemble at Dunvar
But how are we to get there without a moty-car
-Out a moty-car, out a moty-car
But it's how are we to get there without a moty-car?"

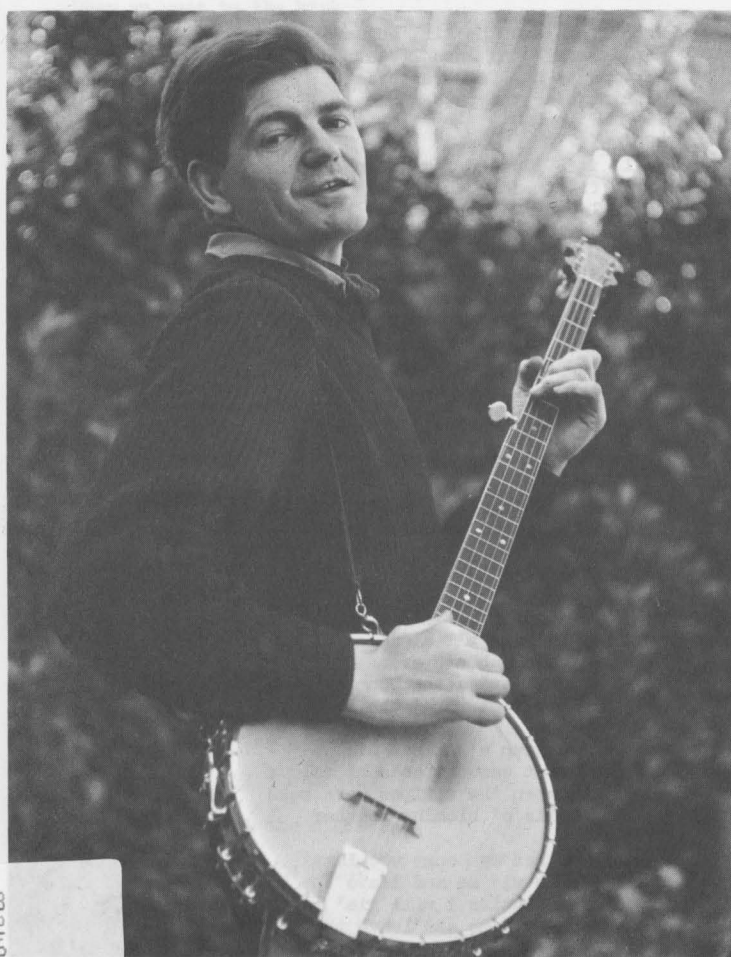
O it's Barney dear be of good cheer and I'll tell
you what we'll do
For the Specials they are plentiful, but the I.R.A.
Are few
We'll send a wire to stranolair 'afore we get that
far
And we'll give the boys a jolly good ride in Johnson's
moty-car
Johnson's moty-car etc.

When Dr. Johnson got that news he soon put on his
shoes
He said "This must be an urgent case and I have no
time to lose
He put on his fancy castor hat and on his breast a
star
Why you could hear the din all through Glenfinn of
Johnson's moty-car
Johnson's moty-car etc.

When Johnson got to the Railway Bridge the rebels
he saw there
And Johnson knew the game was up for at him they
did stare
Says he "I have a permit lads for to travel near
and far"
"It's to hell with your English permit we want your
moty-car
Want your "etc.

With guns and bayonets shining we filled it to the
brim
With guns and bayonets shining which made old
Johnson grim
Then we hoisted up the Sinn Fein flag and it fluttered
like a star
And away we went for Ballenrig in Johnson's moty-car
Johnson's. etc.

Now when the specials heard the news they soon put
on their shoes
"They've stolen Johnson's moty-car and we have no
time to lose



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They've searched around the valley they've searched
both near and far.
But the I.R.A. were far away in Johnson's moty-car
Johnson's etc.

BOLD ENGLISH NAVVY

By the side of Waterloo Station in London there's
a pub called "The Hole in the Wall." The pro-
prietor's brother gave me this song, but didn't
put in all of the verses because he said I was
"too young." Newcastle is in Northumberland,
"Navvies" are manual labourers who normally wear
great heavy boots called "Navy Boots."

I'm a bold English navvy
I work on the line
The place that I work
Is Newcastle - upon-Tyne
I was tired sick and weary
From working all day
To a cot down by the hillside
I'm making my way.

Well I first had me supper
And I shaved off me beard
For courting the women I highly prepared
For courting the women I soon hurried on
For to meet me true love with
With me navvy boots on

O, I knocked on her window
And me voice it was low
But out of her slumbers
Me voice she did know
And out of her slumbers
She cried is that John?
"O aye" I replied
With me navvy boots on

T'was in through her window
She handed me then
And into her bedroom
She landed me then
The night being cold
And the blanket drawn down
And I jumped into bed
With me navvy boots on

'Twas early next morning
There the stars in the sky
When to me this young maid
She did cry
"Sleep down, sleep down
You know you've done wrong
For to sleep here all night
With your navvy boots on"

O, I bent down me head
With a laugh and a smile
"What could I have done love
In that length of time?
And if I done wrong
I dont it in fun
And we'll do it again
With me navvy boots on"

'Twas six months being over
And seven being nigh
And seven being over
And eight coming by
With nine months being over
SHE GAVE ME A SON
And when I looked
He had navvy boots on

O it's come all ye lassies
Take heed what I said
Ne'er let a navvy near your bed
For if you do
One thing he'll think on
And he'll jump on your bones with his navvy boots on.

BARNYARDS OF DELGATY

One of a host of such, this is classed as a "bothy
ballad." A "bothy" is a one-roomed dwelling where
labourers lived. In the old days a man was taken
on at one of the "fee-ins" and engaged as a farm
labourer for perhaps six months or more. His lot
was often one of privation and hardship with no en-
tertainment other than their own. Like some Shanties,
bothy ballads are sometimes "racy" because they were
not intended for other than a male society and rare-
ly were heard by a mixed company.

SEE:

Ord, "Bothy Songs and Ballads."

As I came in by Turra Market
Turra Market for to fee
It's I met up wi' a rich old farmer
The barnyards of Dalgherty

CHORUS:

Linten aren too-ran-aran
Linten aren too-ran-ee
Linten aren lowren lowren
The barnyard of Dalgherty

He promised me the aye best pair
That ever I clapped e'en upon
When I gan hane tae the barnyards
They were naught but skin and bone.

CHORUS:

The old black mare sat on her back
The old white sat on her whime
For a' that I could "hup" and crack
They wouldna' rise at yoking time.

When I gae tae the kirk on Sunday
Many's the bonny lass I see
Sitting at her fathers' side
Winking o'er the pews at me.

CHORUS:

Well, it's I can drink and no get drunken
I can fight and no be slain
I can lay wi' another mans' lassie
And be welcome tae my ain.

My candle now it is burnt out
The snotters fairly on the wane
Fare ye well ye damned old barnyards
Ye'll never catch me here again.

BAREFOOT THRO' THE HEATHER

I heard this song sung by Robin Hall and I think
that it is one of the most poignant I've ever heard.

As I was walking all alone
It was upon a Sabbath even
T'was there I spied the bonniest wee lass
Skipping bar'foot thro' the heather

She wore a gown o' silken hue
Her petticoat was of pheasant colour
And in between the stripes were seen
Shining bells o' bloming heather

Says I tae her my bonny wee lass
Will ye come wi' me and leave the heather
O silks and satins I will gie' to ye
Gin ye come wi' me and leave the heather

Well it's o kind sir your offer's good
But I ken sae well ye will deceive me
And gin ye tak' my heart awa'
Better tho' I'd ne'er seen ye

And it's o but she was neatly dressed
She neither needed cap nor feather
She was the queen among them a'
Skipping bar'foot thro' the heather

OLD MAN CAME COURTING

This theme is common and at least one Sunday newspaper in Britain enjoys enormous profits from its all too numerous reports of the sequel What Happened When the Old Man Found out.

In D'Urfeys "Pills to Purge Melancholy", 1706, a similar version is printed "What Shall a Young Woman do with an Old Man," and yet another, "My Husband's Got no Courage in Him" is well known in Britain. I'm indebted to Robin Hall for I first heard him singing this song.

An old man can' a-courting me
A doo-a-doraday
An old man can' a-courting me
Me being so young
An old man can' a-courting me
A doo-a-doraday
Maids when you're young
Ne'er wed an old man

When we went to the kirk
A doo-a-doraday
When we went to the kirk
Me being so young
When we went to the kirk
I kent it wouldn't work
Maids when you're young
Ne'er wed an old man

When we went to our tea
A doo-a-doraday
When we went to our tea
Me being so young
When we went to our tea
He started teasing me
Maids when you're young
Ne'er wed an old man.

When we went to our bed
A doo-a-doraday
When we went to our bed
Me being so young
When we went to our bed
He lay as if he's dead
Maids when you're young
Ne'er wed an old man

When he lay fast asleep
A doo-a-doraday
When he lay fast asleep
Me being so young
When he lay fast asleep
Out o' his arms I'd creep
Into the arms of a handsome young man

There we lay all the night
A doo-a-doraday
There we lay all the night
Me being so young
There we lay all the night
In rapture and delight
Maids when you're young
Ne'er wed an old man

DID YOU EVER SEE

This song, originally from another Welsh song, "Y Mochyn Du," (the Black Pig), is sung all over Wales in Pubs, football matches, coach-tours, wherever. It is often associated with the Llanelly Football Team. I've seen two versions in print:

(1) McColl - Shuttle and Cage, London, 1954. There called "Coshier Bailey" there referring to an Ebbw Vale roadmaster. I consider this to be a local version, for throughout Wales the verses I have recorded, and some others more unzipped and bawdy, are sung.

(2) Hugill - Shanties from the Seven Seas, London, 1961. Here the song is made a capstan shanty in which "Coshier Bailey" re-appears as "Davy Davy from Nevin."

I cannot recall a time when I did not know this song.

O I had a sister Anna
And she played the grand piano
And when on it she did hammer
All the neighbours did shout "Damn her"

O I had a brother Hector
And he was a bus conductor
He went up and down the stairs
Shouting "Any more fares?"

Yes I had this sister Anna
Who could play the grand piano
She could knit or darn a stocking
But her cooking it was shocking

O I had this uncle Jake
And he thought he was a snake
He was crawling in the grass
Some-one kicked him on the ankle

O I had a brother Ike
And he had a motor-bike
He could drive you round the Gower
In a quarter-of-an-hour

O about this sister Anna
Who did play the grand piano
She could also play the fiddle
Up the sides and down the middle

O my brother went to Oxford
For to take matriculation
But he saw a pretty bar-maid
And he never left the station

CHORUS:
Did you ever see
Did you ever see
Did you ever see
Such a funny thing before

QUEEN JANE - CHILD 170

Jane Seymour, Henry VIII's third queen and mother of Edward VI, died twelve days after the birth of her son on October 24th, 1537. Various reasons are cited, faulty after-care and clumsy surgery being thought most likely, but she certainly did not have a caesarian section performed upon her. As a point of interest, a film entitled, "The Private Life of Henry VIII" perpetuated the legend that Queen Jane died in childbirth.

Some verses entitled "The Lamentation of Queen Jane" were licensed for publication in 1560, but the date of the ballad has not been ascertained.

Various versions have been found in North America and Britain.

SEE:

Sharp, "100 English Folk Songs"
Appalachian collection - Gavin Grieg,
"Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads"
Aberdeen, 1925 and Child.

Queen Jane lay in labour
Full six days or more
'Till her women grew weary
And they wished it was o'er

Good women good women
Good women if ye be
Please send for King Henry
For King Henry I must see

King Henry was sent for
King Henry he came in
O my darling Queen Jane beloved
Your eyes they look so dim

King Henry King Henry
King Henry if it be
Will ye cut my right side open
Ye will find my dear baby

Queen Jane my love Queen Jane my love
Such a thing could ne'er be
If we cut your right side open
You will lose that dear baby

King Henry went in mourning
And so did his men
For the darling Queen Jane beloved
Was surely dying

How wide was the mourning
How black were the bands
How yellow yellow were the flamboys
They carried in their hands

There was whistling there was dancing
On the day the babe was born
While the darling Queen Jane beloved
Lay as cold as any stone.

McPHERSON'S LAMENT

McPherson was a Highwayman who was condemned to die on November 16th, 1700. He was also reputed to be a champion fiddle player and legend has it that he sang and played this song whilst awaiting death. Although the song says that he broke his fiddle on a stone it is said that he broke his fiddle over the head of the executioner. Burns entirely re-wrote the song to make a stirring poem.

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong
Farewell, farewell to thee
McPherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree

'Twas by a woman's fateful hand
I was condemned to die
Atop a window ledge she stood
And a blanket threw o'er me

'Twas the laird of Grant
Yon highland sant
First laid his hands on me
He played the cause on Peter Brown
To let McPherson dee

Untie these bands from off my hands
And give to me my sword
And there's not a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word

There's some have come to see me die
And some to have my fiddle
But before that I do part with it
I'd break it down the middle

He took the fiddle into his hands
And broke it cross a stone
There's none none shall play on thee
When I am dead and gone

'Twas little did my mother think
When first she cradled me
That I should be a ranting lad
Aye die on a gallows tree

The reprieve was coming
O'er the brig or Banff
To set McPherson free
But they did put the clock a quart before
And hanged him on the tree

CHORUS

So rantingly,
So dantingly
So wantonly went he
And he played a tune and
he danled it roon,
below yon gallows tree

TROOPER & MAID (Child 299)

Soldier songs featuring seduction and ultimate betrayal seem to make the critical hackles of scholars rise in horror and make them very "prissy." Summerville, in the "Popular Ballad" describes this ballad as follows: "Brutal betrayal and desertion, unrelieved by romance is very rare; see "Trooper & Maid" a late and negligible ballad." Agreed, he is speaking of the Child ballads, but the whole statement has a much-holier-than-thou feeling. If it is rare in Child it most certainly isn't "in the less rarified atmosphere of Folk song." Other examples jump into my head, "Soldier, Soldier Won't you Marry Me" analysed reveals a motive of unrelieved cupidity, but children have delighted in it for 200 years and, yet another, ending "And now farewell my pretty little miss and let this be a warning/ the drum and fife are my delight and I'll be back for your mammy in the morning." Negligible? Perhaps, but very durable and reflective of the Common Muse.

This song is allied to the "Bonnie Lass of Fybie O" and the American version, "Pretty Peggy-O". I first heard this from a Scots singer named Enoch Kent.

SEE:

Britain; Child, Sharp, Greig. North America; Davis, "Traditional Ballads of Virginia;" Barry, "British Ballads from Maine."

A soldier lad came here one night
And O but he was weary
A soldier lad came here one night
When the moon shone bright and clearly

CHORUS:

Canny lassie I'll lie near yer
Canny lassie I'll lie near yer
And I'll made all your ribbons reel
In the morning 'ere I'll leave yer

She's taken the lad by the lily-white hand
Led him tae her chamber
Given him a stoup of wine tae drink
And his love it's flared like tinder

She's made her bed both wide and long
Made it like a lady
Ta'en her wee coat o'er her head
Says "soldier now I'm ready"

O he's leaned his sword against the door
Taken off his cap and feather
Taken his wee coat o'er his head
And now they're down together

O they hadna' been in bed but an hour
An hour but and a quarter
When they heard the drums come down the street
and ilka beat grew shoter

"O it's up and up our colonel cries
Up and up and away then
I must sheath my sword in it's scabbard-case
For tomorrow's our battle day then"

"O it's when will ye be back again
My ain my soldier laddie
When will ye be back again
And be your bairn's true daddy?"

"O it's hold your tongue my bonny wee lass
Dinna let this parting grieve ye
When heather bows grow oxen tongues it's
then I'll come and see ye"

She's taken her wee coat o'er her head
And followed him up to Stirling
But she's grown so full she canna bow
And he's left her in Dunfermline

O it's bread and cheese for carles and ames
Oats and hay for horses
Cups of tea for old maids
Bonny lads for Bonny lasses.

BLARNEY STONE

I first heard this song sung by Margaret Barry
at the "Bedford Arms" in Camden Town. I like
this song because there is a tongue-in-cheek
quality which to me seems to poke fun at all
the "Tin-Pan-Alley-ish" songs. It is a modern
song, but I can find no reference to the com-
poser.

O t'was on the road to Bandon
One fine morning in July
As I met a fair young maiden
As she came a-ranting by
I said "I am a stranger
Where the river Shannon flows
Could you kindly tell me where it is
I'll find the Blarney Stone?"

CHORUS:

For there's a Blarney Stone in Kerry
There's a Blarney Stone in Claire
There's a Blarney Stone in Wicklow
And there's plenty in Kildare
There's a Blarney Stone in Leitrim
And another in Tyrone
Sure the devil himself would only know
Where there ain't a Blarney Stone

"O I know you come from Galway
I can tell it by your brogue
And there never was a Galway man
But he was an awful rogue
But since you are a stranger
Where the river Shannon flows

Why the only Blarney Stone I know
Is underneath me nose!"

CHORUS:

O she looked at me a little
And she winked a roguish eye
And I felt me heart a-thumping
'Till I surely thought I'd die
Then I took her in me arms
And she never made a moan
As I kissed the blommig roses
Of the Bandon Blarney Stone.

THE TREES

Although no evidence exists to substantiate the
belief, nevertheless I have heard it cited that
this ballad dates from 1631. The young Lair of
Craigton was wed to a girl some years older than
himself and three years later, in 1634, he died.

The Rev. Baring-Gould in publishing a version of
this ballad said, "I advanced his age a little in
deference to the opinion of those who like to sing
the song in a drawing room or public concert."

The Rev. Baring-Gould found a link between a verse
he collected from a singer named Roger Hannaford and
a similar verse in Shakespear's Fletcher's "Two
Noble Kinsmen" (1634). The same singer reversed
the ages making it, "For I am only twelve and he is
scarce thirteen."

The curiosity to most collectors is that, although
the ballad is widespread in Britain, it seems to
have eluded Child's collection. The ballad is
rarely met in North America, Sharp having printed
but one version.

I cannot remember where I first heard this version
and think it's a sort of "topsy" and just grewed,
but in case any friend comes up at a later date and
says "you stole it from me" I'll apologise in ad-
vance.

Reference

Broadwood, "English Traditional Songs
and Carols"
Sharp, "100 English Folksongs"
Christie, "Traditional Ballads and Airs"

The trees are ivied
And the leaves they grow green
But the time has gone and passed my love
That you and I have seen
And it's a lang lang winter's night
That I must bide alane
For my bonny bonny laddie's lang a-growing

O father dear father
Ye have done me muckle wrang
For it's ye have wedded me
To a lad who's o'er young
For he is but 13 years
And I am 21
And my bonny bonny laddie's lang a-growing

O daughter dear daughter
I have done ye nae wrang
For it's I hae wedded ye
Tae a noble laird's son
And one day he will be the laird
And it's ye'll be waited on
Though it's lang lang time that he's growing

O father dear father
And gin it pleases you
I'll cut my lang hair off

And I'll bend it round my broo'
 And it's coats and britches I'll sae gladly put on
 And I'll gang tae the school with my laddie

She went doon tae the college
 Tae see the laddies all
 And there she spied some college lads
 And they're playing at the ball
 And they're all aye bonny bonny lads
 But he's fairest o' them all
 But her bonny bonny laddie lang-agrowing

It's at the age of 13 years
 He was a married man
 And it's at the age of 14 years
 The father o' a son
 But it's at the age of 15 years
 Round his grave the grass grew green
 Cruel death put an end to his growing

Well it's I will mak' my love a shroud
 Of holland aye sae fine
 And while I am making it the tears will run down
 Aye it's while I am making it
 The tears they will run down
 For my bonny bonny laddie
 Nae mair growing

BRAVE BENBOW

Vice-Admiral John Benbow was serving in Queen Anne's navy when, in 1702, he was killed during a naval engagement against the French Admiral, du Casse, off Santa Maria. This version of the text was collected by Cecil Sharp. I learned the song at school.

Come all ye seaman bold
 And draw near and draw near
 Come all ye seaman bold
 And draw near
 It's of an admirals fame
 O brave Benbow was his namd
 How he fought on all the main
 You shall hear you shall hear

Brave Benbow he set sail
 For to fight for to fight
 Brave Benbow he set sail
 For to fight
 Brave Benbow he set sail
 In a fine and pleasant gale
 But his captains they turned tail
 In a fright in a fright

Says Kirby unto Wade
 We woll run we will run
 Says Kirby unto Wade
 We will run
 For I value no disgrace
 Nor the losing of my place
 But the enemy I won't face
 Nor his guns nor his guns

The Ruby and Benbow fought the French
 Fought the French fought the French
 The Ruby and Benbow fought the French
 They fought them up and down
 'Till the blood came trickling down
 'Till the blood came trickling down
 Where they lay where they lay

Brave Benbow lost his legs
 By chain shot by chain shot
 Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot
 Brave Benbow lost his legs
 All on his stumps he begs
 Fight on my British lads
 'Tis our lot 'tis out lot

The surgeon dressed his wounds
 Cries Benbow cries Benbow
 The surgeon dressed his wounds cries Benbow
 Let a cradle now in haste
 On the quarter deck be placed
 That the enemy I may face
 Till I die 'till I die

It's all ye sailor lads
 Sing his praise sing his praise
 It's all ye sailor lads
 Sing his praise
 For he fought for good Queen Anne
 And he won just like a man
 And old England's flag did raise
 He did raise he did raise.

DUBLIN CITY

I've never seen this song in print and I first heard it sung by Mike McCall from Belfast, at the "Black Lion" in Kilburn. It's sometimes called "The Wheel of Fortune," a side-show game played at fairs. But, as the wheel normally has 24 quarters I think that the number of lovers the girl had is the reference actually made. I don't think it's more than 40 to 60 years old.

As I went out in Dublin City
 'Bout the hour of twelve of the night
 'Twas there I met a fair pretty maiden
 A-washing of her feet by candle-light
 Candle-light candle-light
 A-washing of her feet by candle-light

First she washed them then she dried them
 Round her shoulders hung a towel
 And in all my life I ne'er did see
 Such a fair pretty maiden upon the soul
 'Pon the soul pon the soul
 Such a fair pretty maid upon the soul

Round and round goes the wheel of fortune
 Where it's stopping nobody knows
 Fair maids are such false deceivers
 'Tis sad experience teaches me
 Teaches me teaches me
 'Tis sad experience teaches me

CHORUS

She had 20, 18, 16, 14
 12, 10, 8, 6, 4, 2, 0
 She had 19, 17, 15, 13,
 11, 9, 7, 5, 3, and 1

UNCLE TAM

I learned this song from a Scotsman named Jock Hearn in Vancouver, B.C. He learned it as a boy in the streets of Glasgow.

My Uncle Tam
 Frae Glasgow cam
 Along wi' my auntie Jeannie
 He did ye see
 Aye gie tae me
 A bright new shiny penny
 I went tae buy some candy rock
 Along wi' wee Tam O'Haro
 I gi'ed him a lick of my candy stick
 For a wee wheel of his barrow
 Och! the bonny wee barrows' mine
 It does-nae belong to O'Haro
 For the fly wee bloke ran off wi' me rock
 So I'm goin' tae flit wi' his barrow

I PUT MY HAND

I first sang this when I was about eight or nine years old and was taught it by my uncle Phil, who sang dozens of songs. On Sunday, after eating enormous meals, sometimes in the afternoon my uncle and myself would find ourselves in the front room, while the others visited, cooked more food or slept. He would sing me all sorts of songs. When my aunt heard me sing this she said. "Fine thing to be teaching that limb of the Devil." The song is of the type of "Gently, Johnny my Jingald," with a similar chorus being found in "Binnorie" or "The Twa Sisters."

I put my hand right on her knee
Whilst I was down in the dumps
I put my hand right on her knee
And she said 'O my dear
You are now drawing near
And the bells will ring
For me tossing
And I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me'

I put my hand right on her thigh
Whilst I was down in the dumps
I put my hand right on her thigh
And she said 'O my dear
You are now drawing nigh
And the Bells will ring
For me to sing
And I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me'

I put my hand right on her --
Whilst I was down in the dumps
I put my hand right on her --
And she said 'O my dear
You are drawing near
And the bells will ring
For me to sing
And I'll be true to my love
If my love will be true to me'

FUNNY ONE

Doug Gyseman was the recording engineer responsible for this record and I hadn't thought about any name before I was taped so I used this. I feel that in the interest of perserving "Folk Curses" his reply should have been left on the tape. The melody is, of course, the Welsh song "Llwyn On" or "The Ash Grove," in English. The song has suffered many indignities - John Gay used it in his "Beggars Opera" under the title "Cease Your Funning."

Doug Gyseman is a funny one
With a nose like a pickled onion
A face like a squashed tomato
And feet like flat fish

FIRST BLOODY THING

I first heard this fragment sung by a kid in Merthyr Tydfil when I was about eight years old. It's all that he sang and I am still trying to get the rest of the song.

O the first bloody thing
Is perserving life and limb
Hewing coal without timber
Is a cruelty and sin.

DUNLAVIN GREEN

In 1798 the patriots of Ireland probably had more unity and support than any other time before or since. Unfortunately it proved to be no protection, for when all the local insurrections had been put down terrible strocities resulted in the deaths of thousands of rebels.

During this period "The Times" said of Thomas Davis, a song-writing revolutionary, "His songs are more dangerous than O'Connells' speeches." This song reflects that particular tradition.

There is a variant in the Feis Ceoil Collection, also "Irish Street Ballads," O'Lochlainn, Dublin 1939-1956.

In the year of 1798
A sorrowful tale
The truth unto you I'll relate
Concerning our heroes
Whose deaths were there to be seen
They were shot down and murdered
All on Dunlavin Green

Bad luck to you and Saunders
For you did their lives betray
You said a parade would be held
That very same day
Our drums they did rattle
Our fifes did sweetly play
Surrounded we were
And privately marched away

Quite easy they led us
As prisoners through the town
All on the plain we then
Were forced to kneel down
Such grief and such sorrow
Were ne'er before seen
As the blood ran in streams
Down the dikes of Dunlavin Green

There's young Marty Farrell
Has plenty of cause to complain
Likewise the two Duffies
Shot down the plain
And young Andy Ryan
His mother distracted will run
At the murder of her only
brave eldest son

Bad luck to you Saunders
Bad luck may you never shun
That the widows curse may melt you
As snow melts in the sun
The cries of the orphans
Whose murmurs you cannot screen
For the murder of their fathers
All on Dunlavin Green

Some of our boys to the hills are going away
Some of them shot
And some going o'er the sea
Mickey Dwyer in the mountains
To Saunders he owes a spleen
For the murder of his dear brother
Shot on Dunlavin Green

JOHNNY LAD

This song is sung in various forms in Scotland. Originally, it was a Strathspey and sung with a lilting rhythm. This is an upbeat version containing some tongue-in-cheek references to Britain's Royal Family, fair game for which a closed season doesn't exist for Scottish nationalists.

Johnny is a bonny lad
Aye a bonny lad is he
I've never had a bonnier lad
And I've had twenty-three

CHORUS:

And with you and with you
And with you my bonny lad
I'll dance the buckles off my shoow'
With you my bonny lad

On the royal tour of Edinbro
I chanced to see the queen
Playing football with the lads
'Twas aye on Glasga' Green

CHORUS: The captain o' the other side
Was scoring with great style
So the queen she called a polis'man
And clapped him off inside

CHORUS:

Napoleon was an emporer bold
And he ruled on land and sea
He ruled a mighty army
But he ne'er ruled Josephine

The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey
The King was in the counting house
A-fiddling Scotlands' money

RECORDINGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN

On the average-size scale-map of the world, the territory known as Great Britain and Ireland occupies but little space, the total area is, in fact, some 94,000 square miles, rather less than half the territory of Texas.

The four nations who inhabit these two small islands, the English, Welsh, Scots and Irish, have a combined population of some 50 millions. The influence, which they have exerted on world thought during the last four hundred years has been considerable and their cultural contribution significant; their literature, one of the great monuments of post-renaissance Europe, has added priceless treasures to the cultural heritage of mankind.

It is, however, the highest structures which cast the longest shadows and when this is applied to the world of human creativity it generally means that works of 'high art' tend to overshadow the popular arts, particularly those forms of traditional art whose natural continuum is the artist-originator, audience-adaptor relationship. Consequently, though Shakespeare and Burns may be known to millions of people throughout the world, the music and traditional stories of generations of Scots, Irish, Welsh and English working-people are known only to a comparatively small handful of specialists.

No-one will deny that there is, in the traditional music of the British Isles, much that is splendid, much that is beautiful — these are qualities which are common to the traditional music of all nations; what is perhaps more unique is the quality of toughness, of durability and the folk-music and folksong of Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales have this quality in great measure, for not only have they survived innumerable transplantings in different parts of the world but they have proved sufficiently tough and vigorous to survive an industrial revolution which is said to have destroyed 'five generations in ninety years.'

In addition to this highly-developed survival characteristic, the music possesses an extra-ordinary variety of style and form, a variety which extends from heroic songs of Ireland's 'golden age' to the puirt-a-beul of Gaelic Scotland, from Hebridean waulking songs to Buchan bothy ballads, from the elaborate symbolism of the Lowland Scots love songs to the raw stanzas of the English sea-shanties, from the classic beauty of the traditional ballads to the crude jingles of the broadsides, from the white passion of the folk carols to the black anger of the miners' and weavers' songs. The instrumental tradition is no less varied ranging, as it does, from pibroch — the 'big music' of the great highland bagpipe — to the spoons played by Lancashire street-musicians, from the reels, jigs and slow airs of Irish uilleann pipers to the lyrical dance tunes of the Northumbrian bagpipes. It includes thousands of country-dance tunes, jigs, reels, hornpipes and strathspeys played on fiddles, flutes, penny-whistles, privet-leaves, concertinas, melodeons, harmonicas and button-accordions.

If the music is important, then the many questions raised by it are no less so; what, for example, accounts for the difference in form between so much Hebridean folksong and that of other Gaelic areas of Scotland and Ireland? Why should the nineteenth century, a period usually considered inimical to the continuation of traditional forms, have stimulated the great creative flowering which produced the fore-bitters and shanties? Why should the texts of the Lowland Scots songs and ballads be, generally, so poetically superior to the English and Anglo-Irish texts?

There are many questions and the answers to them may well illuminate areas of knowledge which lie outside folkloristic and musicological studies. One thing is, however, certain: to know and understand a people it is necessary to listen to the things they say, to the words they choose for communicating ideas and attitudes, to the music they make out of their love, anger and joy.

NUMERICAL LIST

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|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| FW3003 Crangemen of Ulster | FW8757 Scot. Pop. Songs |
| FW3006 Scottish Wars | FW8758 Robert Burns Sngs |
| FW3043 Broad-sides, 1 | FW8759 Bothy Ballads |
| FW3044 Broad-sides, 2 | FW8762 Irish Trad. Sngs |
| FG3507 Sam Lerner | FW8767 Shakespeare Sngs |
| FG3509 Child Ballads, 1 | FW8776 The Borders |
| FG3510 Child Ballads, 2 | FW8781 Trad. Irish, 1 |
| FG3515 Tony Wales | FW8782 Trad. Irish, 2 |
| FG3516 Irish, Cameron | FW8871 Field Trip England |
| FG3519 Lucy Stewart | FW8872 Field Trip Ireland |
| FG3522 Irish, Kines | FL9601 Murder Trial, William Palmer |
| FG3550 Scot Bagpipes | FL9825 Irish Lit. Trad |
| FG3551 Donegal Piper | FL9826 Behan on Joyce |
| FG3564 Shirley Collins | FL9834 Joyce, O'Connor |
| FG3565 Elliotts of Birtley | FL9840 Tyrone Guthrie |
| FG3566 Scot Tinkers | FL9851 Early Eng. Poetry |
| FS3805 Unfortunate Rake | FL9852 Changing Eng. |
| FM4002 Songs of Aran | FL9877 Burns, Poems & Letters |
| FE4430 Hebrides | FL9881 Early Eng. Blds |
| FD5444 Ding Dong Dollar | FL9882 Eng. Lyric Poetry |
| FD5901 Sounds of London | FL9886 20th Cent. Eng. Poetry, 1 |
| FW6817 Scot Bagpipe | FL9887 20th Cent. Eng. Poetry, 2 |
| FW6818 Irish Dances | FL9888 Contemp. Eng. Lit., 1 |
| FW6819 Jigs, Reels, Hornpipes | FL9889 Contemp. Eng. Lit., 2 |
| FW6823 Engl. Folksongs | FL9890 Ballad Book |
| FW6835 Welsh Folksongs | FL9891 English Verse, 1 |
| FW6839 Robin Hood Blds | FL9892 English Verse, 2 |
| FW6927 Great Scot. Blds | FL9893 Christian Poetry & Prose |
| FW6930 Scot Sngs, Blds | FL9899 Sam Small |
| FC7730 Nursery Rhymes | |
| FW8501 Singing Streets | |
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| FW8732 New Briton Gazet. | |
| FW8755 Two-Way Trip | |
| FW8756 Two Rebellions | |

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