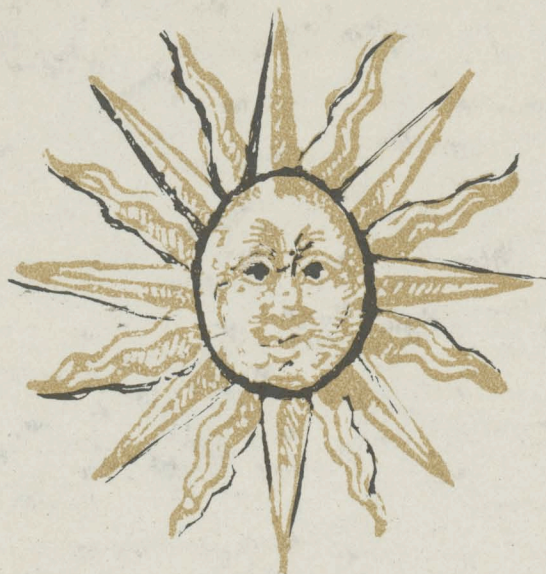


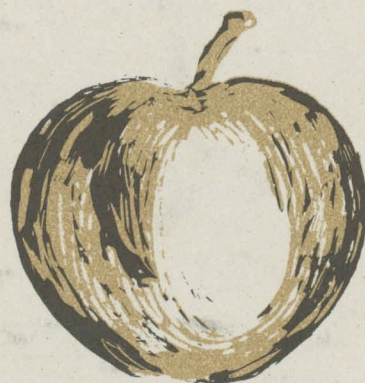
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Spoken Literature

early english ballads



Read by

kathleen danson read



the three ravens lord randal bonny barbara allen

robin hood's golden prize chevy chase and others

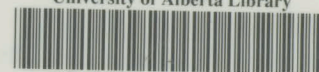
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early english ballads

READ BY KATHLEEN DANSON READ

The Three Ravens
Lord Randal
Robin Hood's Golden Prize
Bonny Barbara Allen
Chevy Chase or
The Hunting of the Cheviot
Sweet William's Ghost
The Wife of Usher's Well
The Unquiet Grave
Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight
Our Goodman
Get Up and Bar the Door
The Farmer's Curst Wife
Saint Stephen and Herod

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Spoken Literature

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early english ballads

Read by

KATHLEEN DANSON READ

Born in Burnley, Lancashire, England.

Educated in Burnley, Blackpool (England) and Pretoria (South Africa)

Studied Elocution and Dramatic Art under Mr. Ryder Boys of Manchester.

Holds the diploma of Associate of the Incorporated London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art and the L.A.M.D.A. Gold Medal for proficiency.

Was also awarded the Gold Medal for Elocution at the Wallasey (Cheshire) Musical Festival and has won many other trophies and medals at Eistedfords and Musical Festivals throughout Great Britain.

Ran a school of Elocution and Dramatic Art in Burnley, and was also registered as an associate teacher of the Incorporated London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art.

Has played in Stock (Repertory) Companies and with Amateur Societies in England and in Geneva (Switzerland) in Shakespearean, Classical and Modern Drama.

SIDE I, Band 1: THE THREE RAVENS (26)

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe;
There were three ravens sat on a tree
With a downe

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.

With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe!

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"
With a downe!

"Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.
With a downe!

"His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep:
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe!

"His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare come him nie."
With a downe!

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go;
With a downe!

She lift up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red,
With a downe, derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe!

She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake,
With a downe!

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere even-song time,
With a downe!

God send every gentleman,
Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe,
God send every gentleman
With a downe
God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman,
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe!

SIDE I, Band 2: LORD RANDAL (12)

"O Where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha been at the greenwood; mother mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"An' who met you there, Lord Randal, my son?
And who met you there, my handsome young man?"
"O I met wi my true-love; mother mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in a pan, mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting and fain wad lie down."

"And who gat your leavings, Lord Randal, my son?
And who gat your leavings, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting and fain wad lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"They stretched their legs out and died; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting and fain wad lie down."

"O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?"
"Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?"
"My gold and my silver; mother mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?"
"My houses and lands; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?"
"I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

SIDE I, Band 3: ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE (147)

I have heard talk of bold Robin Hood,
And of brave Little John,
Of Friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Locksley, and Maid Marion.

But such a tale as this before
I think there was never none;
For Robin Hood disguised himself,
And to the wood is gone.

Like to a friar bold Robin Hood
Was accouter'd in his array;
With hood, gown, beads and crucifix,
He passed upon the way.

He had not gone miles two or three,
But it was his chance to spy
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

"Benedicite," then said Robin Hood,
"Some pity on me take;
Cross you my hand with a silver groat,
For our dear Lady's sake!

"For I have been wandering all this day,
And nothing could I get;
Not so much as one poor cup or drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat."

"By my holydame," the priests replied,
"We never a penny have;
For we this morning have been robbed,
And could no money save."

"I am much afraid," said bold Robin Hood,
"That you both do tell a lie;
And now before that you go hence,
I am resolved to try."

When as the priests heard him say so,
They rode away amain;
But Robin betook him to his heels,
And soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pulled them down from their horse;
"O spare us, friar!" the priests cried out,
"On us have some remorse!"

"You said you had no money," quoth he;
"Wherefore without delay
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for money we will pray."

The priests they could not him gainsay,
But down they kneel'd with speed;
"Send us, O send us," then quoth they,
"Some money to serve our need!"

The priests did pray with mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring,
Sometimes they wept and cried aloud,
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had pray'd an hour's space,
The priests did stil' lament;
Then quoth bold Robin, "Now let's see
What money heaven hath us sent.

"We will be sharers all alike
Of the money that we have;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellows shall deceive."

The priests their hands in their pockets put,
But money would find none;
"We'll search ourselves," said Robin Hood,
"Each other, one by one."

Then Robin took pains to search them both,
And he found good store of gold;
Five hundred pieces presently
Upon the grass was told.

"Here's a brave show," said Robin Hood,
"Such store of gold to see!
And you shall each one have a part,
'Cause you pray'd so heartily."

He gave them fifty pound a-piece,
And the rest for himself did keep;
The priests they durst not speak one word,
But they sighed wondrous deep.

With that the priests rose up from their knees,
And thought to have parted so;
"Nay, stay," said Robin Hood, "One thing more
I have to say ere you go.

"You shall be sworn," said Robin Hood,
Upon this holy grass,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way soever you pass.

"Another oath you shall take is this,
Be charitable to the poor;
Say you have met with a holy friar,
And I desire no more."

He set them upon their horses again,
And away then they did ride;
And he returned to the merry green-wood,
With great joy, mirth and pride.

SIDE I, Band 4: BONNY BARBARA ALLEN (84)

It was in about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling;
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan!"
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling."

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raisè she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd Woe to Barbara Allan!

"O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I die for him to-morrow."

SIDE I, Band 5: CHEVY CHASE or THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT (162)

The earliest version of this song is believed to date from about 1425 and refers to historical events about 50 years prior to that date. The ballad singers were not very accurate in historical facts and mixed them with later events. The version I am about to read was

popular during the reign of James I of England (1604-25), and though lacking some of the dignity of the earlier ballad, contains fewer difficulties of wording, thus making it easier to understand and appreciate. The poem has been slightly abridged.

Lord Percy of Northumberland
A vow to God did make;
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer.
On Monday they began to hunt
Ere daylight did appear,

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
That, with their cries, the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he: "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweed --"
"O, cease your sports!" Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance!
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas, on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "Whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer."

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy, he
Who said, "We list not to declare,
No show, whose men we be;

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two shall die.
I know thee well - an Earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these, our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth -
Witherington was his name -
Who said: "I would not have it told
To Henry our King, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
Ye be two Earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had, in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions wode, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy!" Douglas said
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish King.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these;
"Fight on my merry men all!
For why, my life is at an end -
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then, leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said: "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!"

"Alas! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take."

A knight among the Scots there was
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear most bright,

Well mounted on a gallant steed
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And passed the English archers all,
Without or dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
His staff ran through, the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery.
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rang the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Of twenty-hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did flee.

Of fifteen-hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears;
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them, dead, a thousand times
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"O heavy news!" King James did say;
"Scotland may witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase,

"Now God be with him!" said the King
"Sith it will no better be;
I have, I trust, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revenged on them all
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the King performed
After, at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die.
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chase
Made by the Earl Percy.

There came a ghost to Margret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirmed at the pin,
But answer made she none.

"Is that my father Philip,
Or is 't my brother John?
Or is 't my true-love, Willy,
From Scotland new come home?"

" 'Tis not thy father, Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true-love, Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang."

"O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Margret,
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,
And for to do her best,
"Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willy,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willy?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's no room at my head, Margret,
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock.
And up then crew the gray;
" 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That you were going away."

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But with a grievous groan,

Envanished in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

"O stay, my only true-love, stay,"
The constant Margret cried;
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,
Stretched her soft limbs and dy'd.

SIDE II, Band 2: THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL (79)

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor flashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come home to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair enough.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For all my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle round about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said
"'Tis time we were away

"The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pair we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day."

"Our mother had nae mair but us;
See where she leans asleep;
The mantle that was on herself
She has happed it round our feet."

O it's they have ta'en their mother's mantle,
And they've hung it on a pin;
"O land may ye hand, my mother's mantle,
Ere ye hap us again!"

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Farewell to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

SIDE II, Band 3: THE UNQUIET GRAVE (78)

"The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true love,
In cold grave she was lain.

"I'll do as much for my true love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave,
For a twelvemonth and a day."

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak:

"Oh who sits mourning on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?"

'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek."

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.

"'Tis down in yonder garden green,
Love where we used to walk;
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.

"The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay;
So make yourself content, my love,
Till God calls you away."

SIDE II, Band 4: LADY ISABEL AND THE
ELF-KNIGHT (5)

Fair Lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,
Aye as the gowans grow gay
There she heard an elf-knight blowing his horn
The first morning in May.

"If I had yon horn that I hear blowing,
And yon elf-knight to sleep in my bosom."

This maiden had scarcely these words spoken,
Till in at her window the elf-knight has luppen.

"It's a very strange matter, fair maiden," said he,
"I can't blow my horn but ye call on me.

"But will ye go to yon greenwood side?
If ye cannot go, I will cause you to ride."

He leapt on a horse, and she on another,
And they rode on to the greenwood together.

"Light down, light down, Lady Isabel," said he,
"We are come to the place where ye are to die."

"Have mercy, have mercy, kind sir, on me,
Till once more my dear father and mother I see."

"Seven king's daughters here have I slain,
And you shall be the eighth of them."

"O sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,
That we may have some rest before that I die."

She stroked him so fast, the nearer he did creep,
With a small charm she lulled him fast asleep.

With his own sword belt so fast did she bind him,
With his own dagger so sore did she dang him.

"If seven king's daughters here ye have slain,
Lie you here, elf-knight, a husband to them!"

SIDE II, Band 5: OUR GOODMAN (274)

In the following humorous old Scottish ballad one
should not be too hasty to judge the goodwife as being
guilty of infidelity. She is probably some lesser
known Flora Macdonald, sheltering a fugitive rebel
in her home, and she wants to save her husband from
complicity in treason should their house be searched.

Hame came our goodman,
And hame came he;
And there he saw a saddle-horse,
Where nae horse should be.

"What's this now, goodwife?
What's this I see?
How came this horse here,
Without the leave o' me?"

"A horse!" quo she;
"Ay, a horse," quo he.
"Ye old blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
'Tis nothing but a milk cow
My minnie sent to me."
"A milk cow," quo he;
"Ay, a milk cow," quo she.
"Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a cow's back
Saw I never none."

Hame came our goodman,
And hame came he;
He spied a pair of jack-boots,
Where nae boots should be.

"What's this now, goodwife?
What's this I see?
How came these boots here,
Without the leave o' me?"

"Boots?" quo she.
"Ay, boots," quo he.
"Ye old blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's but a pair of water-stoups
The cooper sent to me."
"Water stoups?" quo he;
"Ay, water-stoups," quo she.
"Far hae I ridden,
And far'er hae I gane,
But silver spurs on water-stoups
Saw I never none!"

Hame came our goodman,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a sword,
Where nae sword should be.

"What's this now goodwife?"
What's this I see?
How came this sword here,
Without the leave o' me?"

"A sword?" quo she,
"Ay, a sword," quo he.
"Ye old blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's but a porridge-spurtle
My minnie sent to me."
"A spurtle!" quo he,
"Ay, a spurtle," quo she.
"Well - far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But silver handled spurtles
I saw never none!"

Home came our goodman,
And home came he;
There he spied a powdered wig
Where nae wig should be.

"What's this now, goodwife?
What's this I see?
How came this wig here
Without the leave o' me?"

"A wig?" quo she,
"Ay a wig," quo he.
"Ye old blind doited carle,
And ill mat ye see!
'Tis nothing but a clocken-hen
My minnie sent to me."
"A clocken-hen?" quo he,
"Ay, a clocken-hen," quo she;
"Far hae I ridden,
And farther hae I gane,
But powder on a clocken-hen
Saw I never none!"

Hame came our goodman,
And hame came he;
And there he saw a riding coat
Where nae coat should be.

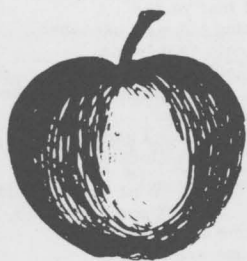
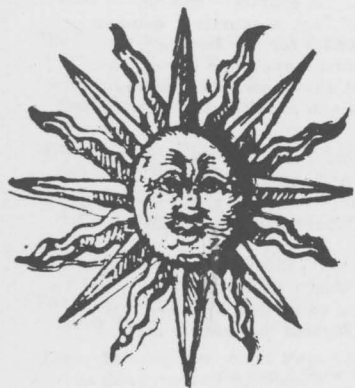
"O how came this coat here?
How can this be?
How came this coat here
Without the leave o'me?"

"A coat?" quo she,
"Ay, a coat," quo he.
"Ye old blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's but a pair of blankets
My minnie sent to me."
"Blankets?" quo he,
"Ay, blankets," quo she.
"Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never none!"

Ben went our Goodman,
And ben went he,
And there he spied a sturdy man,
Where nae man should be.

"How came this man here?
How can this be?
How came this man here
Without the leave o'me?"

"A man?" quo she,
"Ay, a man," quo he.
"Poor blind body,
And blinder mat ye be,
"It's a new milking-maid
My minnie sent to me."
"A maid?" quo he,
"Ay, a maid," quo she,
"Far hae I ridden,
And farer hae I gane,
But long bearded milking-maids
I saw never none."



SIDE II, Band 6: GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cold blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife;
"Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An it should nae be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaeer should speak,
Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But neer a word wad ane o them speak
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to herself,
Yet neer a word she spake.

Then said one man unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak off the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding-broo,
That boils into the pan?"

O, up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi pudding-bree?"

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor;
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door."

SIDE II, Band 7: THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE.

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
And he had a bad wife, as many knew well.

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough:
"One of your family I must have now.

"It is not your eldest son that I crave,
But it is your old wife, and she I will have."

"O, welcome, good Satan, with all my heart!
I hope you and she will never more part."

Now Satan has got the old wife on his back,
And he lugged her along, like a pedlar's pack.

He trudged away till they came to his hall-gate;
Says he, "Here, take in an old Sussex chap's mate."

O then she did kick the young imps about;
Says one to the other, "Let's try turn her out."

She spied thirteen imps all dancing in chains,
She up with her pattens and beat out their brains.

She knocked the old Satan against the wall:
"Let's turn her out or she'll murder us all."

Now he's bundled her up on his back amain,
And to her old husband he took her again.

"I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,
But I neer was tormented so as with your wife."

SIDE II, Band 8: SAINT STEPHEN AND HEROD.

Saint Stephen was clerk in King Herod's hall
And served him with bread and cloth, as every
King befalls.

Stephen came out of the kitchen, a boar's head
in his hand,
He saw a fair and splendid star over Bethlehem
stand.

He cast down the boar's head and went into the hall:
"I forsake thee, King Herod, and thy deeds one
and all.

"I forsake thee, King Herod, and thy deeds one
and all.
There is a child in Bethlehem born, better than
us all."

"What ails thee, Stephen, what is it that has
befallen thee?
Didst thou ever lack meat or drink in King Herod's
hall?"

"I never lacked meat nor drink in King Herod's
hall.
There is a child in Bethlehem born, better than
us all."

"What ails thee, Stephen, are you mad or do you
start to rave?
Didst thou ever lack gold or fee, or any costly
weed?"

"I never lacked gold nor fee nor any costly weed.
There is a child in Bethlehem born that shall help
us in our need."

"That is as true, Stephen, as true for a certainty,
As that this capon here shall crow that's in the
dish by me."

No sooner had that word been said, that word in
that hall,
When the capon crew, "Christ is born," among
these lords all.

"Rise up, my tormentors, go to, all, one by one,
Lead Stephen out of town, and stone him dead
with stone."

Tony took Stephen and stoned him by the way,
And therefore is his vigil on Christ's on holiday.